As the emphasis at this conference is on science, let me start by pointing out that film began through the desire of scientists to understand how humans and animals move. The prehistory of cinema includes events such as Eadweard Muybridge’s experiment in which a horse tripped a series of wires that in turn caused multiple still cameras to take photographs of the horse’s movements. Through looking at the images one after another in quick succession, Muybridge was able to prove Leland Stanford correct in his belief that when a horse runs there are times when all four of its feet are off the ground. This fascination with movement remained central after cinema became an established medium. Thus Fernand Léger about whom we have also heard yesterday, ended up largely abandoning painting in order to explore movement on film: his *Ballet Méchanique* remains one of the great classics of experimental cinema. For him, the new art form was a way of seeing things differently. Today, the most familiar face of cinema for the vast majority of people is that of Hollywood, but there are plenty of other expressions of the medium and experimental cinema continues. One of its greatest advocates, Stan Brakhage, long a professor at the University of Colorado in Boulder, famously asks us to ponder this: how many colors are there in a field of grass to a child ignorant of the word green? His question is an invitation to us to see things properly. Today, I hope we can start to unpack some of the visual work in a commercial movie from last year, *Babel*.

I’d like to thank Syfr for asking me back to talk about cinema at the conference. Last year we discussed *Crash*, a highly problematic film about race and racial prejudice in Los Angeles, but one that provoked us, I think, to talk in a useful way about issues of conflict resolution, mediation and how racism functions within power-structures. *Babel* is in some ways similar though the focus is not so much on race. We chose the film because it engages—or, if you are less warmly disposed to it, *seems* to engage—a number of issues that are likely to be of interest to all of us, revolving around connectedness, communication and their absence in a global world. I hope it will stimulate a discussion today, so I’d like to give you some
background, make a few connections of my own and hear about those you have made.

Let me provide a little background on the film to start. It is the third collaboration between Mexicans, writer, Guillermo Arriaga and director Alejandro González Iñárritu. They first worked together in Mexico on *Amores Perros* in 2000. (This was one of two films—the other being *Y Tu Mamá, También*—that drew renewed attention to Mexican cinema and made a world-wide star of Gael García Bernal.) The second-Arriaga film was 2003’s U.S.-set *21 Grams*, starring Sean Penn, Naomi Watts and Benicio Del Toro. By this time González Inarritu had moved to Los Angeles, though Arriaga remains Mexico-based. (He also wrote what I thought a very fine film from last year, *The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada*, directed by and starring fellow border-dweller, Tommy Lee Jones.) Arriaga’s third collaboration with González Inarritu, *Babel*, is, like the first two, a narrative composed of several quite distinct plotlines that are linked by and stem from certain events—in the other films, those events were car-crashes, but here the threads are held together by what is presumably most easily read as an act of kindness, the presentation of a hunting rifle, given in gratitude, by a wealthy Japanese tourist to his poor Berber guide. After the film was released, Arriaga and González Iñárritu had a rather public falling out about who should get most of the credit for the film in its finished form. Traditionally Film Studies has considered the director to be the *auteur* or primary author of a film, while acknowledging the intensely collaborative nature of the medium, but when *Babel* got its first showing at the Cannes Film Festival, the director prevented the writer from attending.

Cannes was, however, the place in which many of the actors who appeared in the film met for the first time. Shot over the course of a year in Morocco, Mexico and Japan consecutively, each section of the film was like an independent project and one measure of how successful it is for a viewer is likely to be how well he or she feels the different plotlines are combined, thematically and aesthetically. The cast is varied and impressive. García Bernal returns in the relatively small role of the engaging but reckless Salvador. Brad Pitt and Cate Blanchett play unglamorously against type in their emotional and physical agony, while Japanese superstar, Koji Yakusho, a regular in the work of several of the major Japanese directors, but best-known in the West, possibly for *Shall We Dance?* and *Memoirs of a Geisha*, performs one of the film’s few understated roles. Balancing these are
the unknowns, whether professionals getting a first big break, as in the case of Rinko Kukichi as Chieko or the Moroccan street kids who play Youssef and Ahmed. You could argue that the varied casting goes along with the theme and its treatment as part-and-parcel of the film’s festival appeal, in short that this was newly-formed distribution outlet, Paramount Vantage’s Crash-like push for the Oscar. Babel indeed won González Iñárritu a Best Director nod at Cannes, a Golden Globe for Best Dramatic picture, and was nominated for 7 Oscars. It has generated about four and a half times its estimated cost in worldwide box office revenue—which means it has been a success! (And, typical of films of this genre and of Oscar films, Babel is long, clocking in at 142 minutes.)

What distinguishes Babel from the earlier films I’ve mentioned, is its international nature. We used to talk about national cinemas—and I and many others still teach them: Italian cinema, Iranian cinema, Japanese, Mexican, Moroccan—but it is harder and harder to determine the ‘nationality’ of a film: as the American Academy with its bizarre Best Foreign Film category is beginning to discover. Thus, Nathan Gardels, writing for the Huffington Post, says that “[t]he era of globalization finally has its first filmmaker.” The four narrative threads on three continents confront us with the similarities in human experience, but also highlight the differences under or through which those similarities are filtered. I have not been able to find out when the title, from the eleventh chapter of Genesis was attached to the project, but I suspect it was pretty much always there. The story of the Tower of Babel is one of the danger of unchecked ambition, but, as A.O. Scott has pointed out, it is the punishment for building the Tower that is most relevant here: “the human race . . . scattered over the face of the earth in a state of confusion—divided, dislocated and unable to communicate. More or less as we find ourselves today.” The film features six languages: English, Spanish, Japanese, Japanese Sign Language, Berber and Arabic, but also emphasizes the fact that language differences are not the primary reason for our modern failures to communicate. Indeed some of the strongest material in the film suggests how we communicate without language: it is full of close-ups that commonly show us anguish or other emotions on people’s faces. We’ll see an example shortly. Similarly, the visceral, rapid-fire editing of the Mexican wedding sequence, especially as seen by the kids from San Diego, or the Japanese night-club as experienced, soundlessly, by Chieko are other
instances of emotion and information conveyed without language. They are *tour-de-force* pieces of film-making for the benefit of the viewer, but also tied to the point-of-view of specific characters.

Although we get the events of the individual plotlines in chronological order, this is not true of the film as a whole, as clearly indicated by an event that features in two plotlines, and which we experience, so to speak, from both ends: when Richard (Brad Pitt) calls home from the Casablanca hospital, we see the call received at the beginning of the ‘U.S./Mexican border story,’ then dialed near the end of the Moroccan ‘Get help for Susan story.’ The Japanese thread is tied into the others fairly late but we know that it is taking place at roughly the same time as the Moroccan shooting because of the television reports. However, in the first such instance, Chieko happens upon news of the capture of Abdullah and his sons before they have even been identified by the police in the Moroccan thread of the story.

For some viewers, the link to Chieko’s story remains too tangential, though the filmmakers would argue, I think, that this is the point: a butterfly’s wing-beat influences the whole world. The goal was to have sufficient similarities in the Tokyo story to allow for the viewer to make comparisons with the other three, more directly connected, threads of narrative. González Iñárritu reports that he was: “very aware of the danger of finishing this as four short films that would not be related to one another and that all these diverse elements would create something that would not be congruent . . . It’s made in a raw chaotic way as the world is happening—that was the intention” (*Indie London*). In contrast to archetypal American ideas that individuals control their own fate and can better themselves through application (the ground upon which most Hollywood movie genres stand), ‘butterfly-wing’ movies, if I may coin a temporary name for the genre, are more interested in fate than in psychology, and control of our own lives is seen as illusory. However, because the linking mechanism—the rifle—has, arguably, no ill consequence in the Japanese story, that strand of narrative, as Scott has argued, seems less bound by this fatalism and Chieko is the character whose psychological being is most explored. Although there is a considerable, ominous, melodramatic build-up to potential disaster in her story, it actually ends—and ends the film as a whole—on a note of love, of reconciliation, of connection.
But for the most part the sense of a looming fate envelops the film—especially in the developing world sequences, where it is something akin to what Saidiya Hartman calls “apocalyptic history” in which “the end is inevitable and destruction can be traced to the most innocuous and routine beginings. . . “ (58). (Later, she quotes Foucault’s: “There is only the iron hand of necessity shaking the dice-box of chance” (133).) Giving fate the final say, however, threatens the rubbishing of distinctions and abandonment of analysis. Thus, negative comments on *Babel* see the genre as inherently problematic—and self-important: an easy way to suggest a profundity that is absent. Kent Jones’s *Film Comment* review parodies the narrative strategy, emphasizing how easy it is to create pointless links in today’s world. I quote:

At a certain point, you start to wonder what’s next. Will the Japanese girl pop some pills machine-pressed at a Midwestern pharmaceutical plant by a born-again Christian? Will the Mexicans drink beer from bottles manufactured in Singapore by a charismatic but secretly shy man who will inadvertently mow down a family of five on the drive home from work? Since we’re all one, the possibilities are endless.

There is some truth to this and we could all have fun over drinks later dreaming up bizarre connections in a freewheeling multinational commerce version of the Six Degrees of Separation/ Kevin Bacon games. Still, Jones’s very examples, which are both instances of (so-called) free trade, in which mundane products are shipped thousands of miles to distant markets, alert us to the interconnectedness of the world in which we live: think global warming, or the balance between corporate freedom from national constraints and Labor crossing borders illegally to make a living. We are all world citizens today. And the more we understand how the world works, one might suppose, the better citizens and educators we can be.

Before I go on to make some more specific observations about the film, I’d like to engage you all in a little bit of on-the-spot film criticism by showing you a clip from near the end of the film that quickly links three of the stories, and should raise a number of interesting issues. After we’ve seen the clip, I’ll ask you to talk a bit about it at your tables. You should have in front of you, a handout with some guiding questions.
Immediately before this clip, which is from close to the end of the film, we have seen Amelia instructed that she cannot stay in the U.S. and that to appeal would be a waste of time. We cut to the other side of the border:

[clip #1: 2 minutes, 17 seconds (2:01:44>2:04:01):
Amelia greeted by Luis/Youssef recalls fun with his brother/helicopter rescues Susan, Richard’s goodbye to Anwar:]

**Discussion of Helicopter Montage**

I’d like to hear what thoughts this clip brings up for you and to do this is I’d like to have you talk with the others at your table about one or two of the questions on the handout.

What links these three scenes?

Go round tables:

3 plot-lines here, but from different times in their story-arcs

1. **Amelia** only has her little bag—wordless affection of her son—we do not miss anything by losing the words?
2. **Youssef** remembers being a kid with his brother—something he doesn’t get as much chance to be as, say, the American kids (sibling rivalry caused these problems!)

Sequence starts with camera low to the ground in the desert--Is that a ship?—then circles around Youssef. Could indicate freedom, here, perhaps suggests the opposite
3. Rapid cutting as helicopter arrives. The whole village appears to be watching? Emphasizing foreign-ness? Is this threatening? Parting with Anwar—Richard and he have become friends, shown to us by Richard pulling out his wallet to show Anwar the photos of Mike and Debbie. That worked despite a subsequent “fuck you” of exasperation. At parting Anwar rejects the offer of money but note Richard’s expression of gratitude: close-up on Richard, then on Anwar.

(Gustavo Santaolalla/Ryuchi Sakamoto score—Persian Oud—simple stringed instrument—improvised from there. Santaolalla went to the various locations.)

What do we feel about these characters at this point? Why? Are there any villains here?

So let’s talk about some of the places Babel takes us. We see nature in the raw in the barren, rugged, remote, beautiful Saharan and Sonoran deserts, and the very different high-tech city of Tokyo, plus a little of Tijuana—and Casablanca, resplendent from the air. We see several homes: in San Diego, Tokyo, outside Tijuana and in the Moroccan desert near Erfaud—and they very clearly reveal the material health of their inhabitants, they have ‘First’ World and ‘Third’, written all over them. Growing up in their well-appointed apartment, American kids Debbie and Mike are evidently privileged. When circumstances lead them to take a trip over the border, they are confronted with wonders they have apparently never before seen—in fact they have been warned against their southern neighbors. Let’s watch this:

[clip #2: 1 minute, 56 seconds (30:45>32:41, ch.6):
Tijuana montage:“See how easy it is to get into Paradise.”]

Discussion (There are some dubious translations here.)

A long, telephoto lens is used here to compress distances and crowd things together. (González Iñárritu and cinematographer, Rodrigo Prieto use the same technique as Chieko and Mitsuo head out for their night-on-the-town in Tokyo.) The rapid editing, or montage, also creates a sense of a crowded, vibrant, and foreign place as experienced by the kids. (The number of people, flies on cooking meat, our Lady of Guadalupe, bars, whores, a horse painted to look
like a zebra, crosses, an extreme long shot indicating the size of the place.) Santiago wryly picks up on the stereotypical depiction of Mexicans. The problem with Mexico is simple: “It’s full of Mexicans!” But of course so is the U.S. You could construct similar clips in any number of communities in Alta California’s cities without even going into Mexico’s Baja California—and Amelia, their nanny, who has been with them like a third parent, is Mexican too!

Politically, of course, the border is key, as Amelia and her charges will find to their cost upon their return, but, given the chance—in fact even not really given much chance—people bleed across it. And the landscape, of course, knows no national boundary unless man erects a wall, or a border-post. Still, when she is found in the desert, Amelia is strongly marked as a border-crosser, disheveled, thirsty and lost, an intruder who is to be treated as a criminal rather than helped, as she perhaps expected to be. Arrested by a Latino patrolman whose identity as a United States citizen is signified by his costume, Amelia’s special red dress is now torn and tattered, marked by the desert and part of marking her as unwelcome. We have seen her, having been deported, sitting on the curbside in Tijuana, waiting for her son, still in that same dress. Originally put on with pride, after so many years, for the wedding, and quite unsuited to survival in the desert, it now designates her loss and signifies a new identity in contrast to the kind of workaday clothing she has inhabited for the 12 years she has been in the United States.

There is a lot of border-crossing, metaphorical as well as literal in this film, and both kinds prove difficult. “The task of making oneself understood, of getting through to another human being is shown to be grueling, arduous, and sometimes fruitless, work” (Rafferty)—but it’s a worthy goal. Crossing the national border proves disastrous. In addition, the United States as nation is an obstacle in two senses, blinded by its fear of Arab terrorists and Latin migrants alike. Babel depicts how our natural? best? human instincts are distorted and lost under pressure and how fear of the stranger, of the unknown takes over.

Despite Amelia’s incorporation into the San Diego family, they seemingly have little idea about her roots. If Debbie and Mike have ever been south of the border, it has apparently only been to Cancun or the Cabos—yet their parents have traveled all the way to Morocco. Distressed by the loss of their young baby, the couple is apparently attempting a therapeutic trip to retune a damaged relationship. The
Sahara was evidently Richard’s idea. From the first time we see Susan, we are made to realize that she is not happy to be there. She distrusts the water and the people. (And one might argue, perversely, that they both turn out to be right—Susan does suffer real harm and Richard gets the chance to cement the relationship.) They are tourists in the unfamiliar desert, riding with other Westerners and a guide through the Atlas mountains, the Berber hinterland of Morocco. It is possible to read a critique of tourism into Babel. Another man from the developed world, Yasujiro, has been there before Susan and Richard, also employing a guide in order to understand and exploit the exotic foreign place. Being shot certainly gets the American couple off the tourist route and they then experience the genuine humanity of their guide, Anwar. The bond he forges with Richard is strong, and nicely captured by the wordless sequence we have discussed: words drowned out by the helicopter and music, the Moroccan refuses payment for his kindness but receives something still more universal perhaps: an expression of gratitude. Tazarine is remote from medical treatment—the nearest doctor is a long way off, a sure sign of an impoverished community. But in other ways the world is right there, television and telephone connecting them with events on another continent—or around the corner. (Incidentally, at the time this film was made, Morocco had been largely free from terrorist activity, though it has since increased with several attempted suicide-bombings in Casablanca, mass arrests by the police and the spread of al-Qaeda in the Mahgreb.)

González Iñárritu, in an interview with Nathan Gardels, states that he strove to avoid telling a story from the point of view of tourists, that he was seeing the world through the eyes of all his subjects, but does he succeed? Andrew Tracy has argued that he does not:

Tourism is, indeed, the most apt metaphor for Babel’s narrative operations. Like all tourism, it thrives on the promise of the exotic: only the spacious and well-appointed American home . . . is spared the flash-cutting Orientalist treatment afforded the other locations. (Crazy Japanese TV! Crazy Mexican street life! Crazy Moroccan goatherders!) Like all tourism, it promises a glimpse of unvarnished reality while leaving the spectator secure within his own sphere of knowledge. . . . their existence ends with the machine [of the narrative]; while our gaze, linked to the all-seeing eye of González Iñárritu’s continent-hopping
and connection-forging camera is the ultimate source of meaning. . .

Certainly we have a freedom, as privileged spectators, that is not shared by some of the characters depicted. There is no sense that Yussef and Ahmed, for example, go to school; there are no books in their house. They are already working as if fully adult—and their lives seem utterly pre-determined by their economic situation and lack of political capital. Yussef, the younger boy, is adventurous, trying to break the bounds, the arbitrary constraints imposed by others—and in this he is like Santiago in Mexico and Chieko in Japan. But all of them are handicapped in attempting to break those bounds. Yussef has no weapons to effectively do so, only the wrong weapon: the weapon that makes his commonplace attempt to forge his own world a fatal one. Yussef’s lack of resources reflects the great divide between developed and developing world at the same time as the similarity of a child’s and a parent’s problems and feelings anywhere are revealed: the human race all one, the world so interconnected—but the opportunities far from identical: whether between the privileged and the dispossessed within a country or between nations. Saidiya Hartman recalls a Ghanaian joke “that if a slave ship bound for America docked off the coast today so many Ghanaians would volunteer for the passage that they would stampede one another trying to get on board” (170). Many recent films have depicted the plight of immigrants struggling to reach and work in lands where they may have the chance at a somewhat better material standard of living—Michael Winterbottom’s sobering In This World, taking us from Afghanistan to the edge of Britain, is perhaps the pre-eminent example; while the awards at Sundance in 2006 went to two immigration movies, Quinceanera and God Grew Tired of Us. (I have listed them, along with a couple of other films I will refer to later, on a handout that is in your folder.) (I should probably add here that Santiago, whose ultimate fate we never learn, is humiliated by his treatment at the border, and seems very happy to be in the less repressed, bursting-with-life Mexico—and that Amelia’s son contemplates heading to El Norté but is in no rush.

This might well change, however, should they assume the responsibilities of parents. Immigration-themed films often reveal desperate attempts to support families, and Babel is very much about family relationships. Relationships between parents and children are central to the film and, as Steve Olsen points out in Mapping Human
History, one of the key ways of revealing our similarities to each other. Susan and Richard, grieving one lost child in Morocco, almost lose their remaining two—and Mike and Debby do lose Amelia, whose plea to the immigration officer falls on deaf ears. (I’m reminded that Michael Chertoff told us last week, following the failure of the Immigration Bill that Homeland Security would be breaking apart more families soon in accordance with the law as it stands.) In a scene that echoes many other films, Richard bonds with Anwar over the photos of their kids—but there is a twist, Richard following up Anwar’s stock, unintentionally painful: “Just two? You should have more,” with a joking “What about you? How many wives do you have?” Meanwhile Abdullah, presumably, loses both sons, one to the police bullets, the other to prison. (The accelerated passage into adulthood experienced by Ahmed and Youssef is tellingly contrasted with the childishness of Mike and Debby in the first plotline cut from the Moroccan boys running away from the shooting in fear to the Americans running away from their nanny in fun.

In Japan, Chieko is alienated from her busy but apparently loving father. González Iñárritu dedicates the film, in a closing title, to his own children, “the brightest lights in the darkest night,” after the film concludes with Yasujiro holding his daughter, whom he has returned home to find, naked, on the balcony high above the brightly-lit city. If Amelia’s costume bespeaks her fate, sent ‘home’ with the clothes on her back, Chieko’s vulnerability and rebellion alike are signified by her lack of clothes. Angered at being viewed as, she says, a monster, she uses her body to fight back, flashing the boys her “hairy monster,” coming on to the dentist, and luring the policeman back with what turns out to be a fake version of her mother’s death—one that we perhaps, horrifyingly, think she is to fulfill herself at the end of the film. Her nudity, meant to seduce, presents itself as a naked vulnerability and Detective Mamiya’s reaction and concern (and he is certainly the nicest law enforcement official in the film, by the way) appears to provide her some release. She sends him off with a note the contents of which is never revealed—even to Japanese speakers. Instead we get word, via Japanese TV, from the media circus in Casablanca that Susan has made it—and the film ends with Chieko taking her father’s hand.

We have seen one of several instances when the diegetic sound (that of the story-world of the film) is entirely absent, replaced by music, and, unsurprisingly, it is through the use of sound that
Chieko is most distinctively portrayed: the sound cuts in and out to help us understand her world—especially in the noisy environment of the discotheque. Silence is used elsewhere in the movie too. Arabic music that has accompanied the rush to Anwar’s village cuts out when Susan gets there, perhaps to capture the sense of unreality in the Americans’ predicament. Here’s an example of how sound is used to link that story to Chieko’s.

[clip #3: 30 seconds (45:40>46:10): Cut from Susan screaming as stitch goes in to Chieko in silence, waiting]

Chieko’s pain is not physical and it is soundless—it’s not as tangible as Susan’s and is more bearable for the audience, so it substitutes for hers as we are spared the screams and made to hear that we have been spared them by the silence. The film’s marketing tag-line urges us to listen, but it can be hard. . . literally. Chieko’s soundless world is brought home to the viewer by cutting straight to the receptionist’s “words,” and then by the presence of the kid with the ear-phones, absorbed in his own world.

We first see Chieko and get a sense of her rebellious temperament when, playing volleyball, she verbally attacks the referee: “I’m deaf, not blind”—her vision, given as evidence that she knows the ball was in, the ref wrong. (Her keen sense of injustice—deaf, mother gone et cetera—is vindicated once again.) Vision is the privileged sense in cinema despite what I have been saying about sound and I want to segue into some closing observations that may also be relevant to tonight’s lecture. (Saidiya Hartman spoke later about Ghana and the Middle Passage.) Africa, the dark continent, is dark on American screens. Less than a month ago the very great Senegalese director Ousmane Sembene died—yet very few Americans know anything of his extraordinary body of work. Lately at the movies, American audiences have had the chance to see a number of African films—films made in and about Africa, that is—Blood Diamonds, The Last King of Scotland et cetera. What doesn’t very often make it onto American screens are the films actually made by and acted by Africans. Last year, at the Syfr retreat, I talked a little bit about, Night of Truth, a Burkinabe film: that is a film from Burkina Faso, a country that is also host to the world’s biggest film festival, held every other February, FESPACO, a pan-African event.
Today we have spent a little time on Morocco, and, although that country has only a small film industry of its own, it is in fact a relatively healthy one right now, and it has dealt with some of the same issues we have been exploring in *Babel*. A *Door to the Sky*, for example, directed by the leading female figure in Moroccan cinema, Farida Benlyazid is the story of a woman who returns to Fez from Paris upon the death of her Westernized father, only to herself return to an Islamic life of service expressed through her turning her house into a women’s shelter. But the example I’d like to conclude with today is a film about street-kids in Casablanca, Morocco’s big, modern city whose doctors save Susan at the end of *Babel*. The Casablanca we see in Nabil Ayouch’s *Ali Zaoua* is quite different, however: the rapidly growing developing world metropolis, a magnet for the rural disposed who must often survive on the streets. I’d like to show you a clip from very near the beginning of the film:

[clip #4: 2:20 (1:41>4:02): tells the interviewer that his mother was going to sell his eyes]

Rather like Chieko’s fabricated version of her mother’s death, it turns out that Ali is probably lying, outrageously, about his mother wanting to sell his eyes. He dies right after this opening scene and the body of the film is about what is to be done with his body—how to give him a worthy burial—in the course of which his friends visit his old house, see Ali’s old bedroom and gauge his mother’s love. He left her, it seems, because he was unable to abide her life of prostitution, unable to see her plight, to witness her struggle—not using those eyes efficiently, or using them too much.

Two words guided the making of *Babel* for me” González Iñárritu has said,

dignity and compassion. These things are normally forgotten in the making of a lot of films. Normally there is not dignity because the poor and dispossessed in a place like Morocco are portrayed as mere victims or the Japanese are portrayed as cartoon figures with no humanity (Gardels).

Presumably he is talking about the portrayals in Hollywood films, but there is a world of other cinema out there too--Koji Yakusho in Shohei Imamura’s work, Sembene, surprising gems from Casablanca *et cetera*. We must plunge into the babel if we want to discover them.

Thank you.
Here my prepared remarks end but let’s talk about some of the issues raised and where me might take them.

Chris Lippard. July 9 2007

Please note: This is a prepared presentation and as such is different in places from the talk and discussion that occurred in Santa Fe.

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