

In 1951 I was on board the Skogum en route to Indochina and we made a call at Colombo. There was still a colonial atmosphere all over the city and for the first, but only time, I enjoyed the calm and comfort that the former passengers of the old steamers were appreciating after some weeks at sea.

I came back in 1965 when the country had been through a terrible economic crisis. I still remember walking in the evening through the deserted streets where the few lights and the look of the forsaken feeder lines of the closed trolley bus company were offering the aspect of a ghost city.

In such a mood while wandering around I did not have the heart of filming the town and turned my look at the countryside.

[Ceylon 1965](#)