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The **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**

Vol. XIV. No. 12.
DECEMBER 1950
PRICE ONE RUPEE



RANJIT Presents
NIMMI
in
BEDARDI
GEETA BALI
بے دردی
Directed by: KIDAR SHARMA

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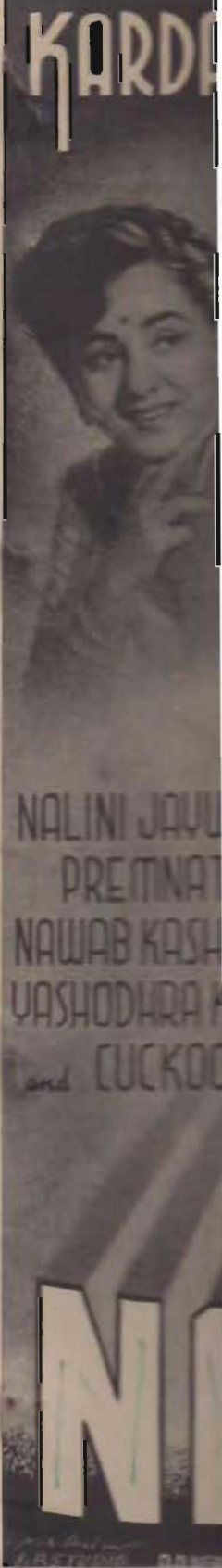
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Directed by **KIDAR SHARMA**

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Editorial: TELL US ANOTHER, ★ MR. PRESIDENT!

IN our last month's issue we published a part of a speech of Dr. Rajendra Prasad on sex and morals and of our Health Minister Rajkumari Amrit Kaur on prostitution. We refrained from making any comments on that at that time for want of space since we wished to deal at length with them. At no time in the history of any nation have so many words been bandied about for uplifting morals, purifying souls and white-washing sins. Our leaders when they splash their highly coloured morals all around them, succeed too well in painting the people black. From all this superior talk of our leaders emerges the picture of India sunk into the lowest depth of sin, vice, corruption and degradation and from which it is the sacred duty of our leaders to save us before we sink into final perdition. They give the impression that we are the damned and they are the crusaders of evil sent as the saviours of souls to draw us away from the brink of Hell. The zeal and relish with which they carry out their self-ordained task would arouse the envy and evoke the admiration of a diligent and an enthusiastic Social Worker. Having nothing better to do, our leaders seem to take intense pleasure in this pastime of moral mania which seems to have become a national hobby with them.

Lest any misunderstanding be created in the minds of our readers we would like to make it clear that we are not against high morals and good behaviour. But we would prefer to see more coherency and better logic in the utterances of our leaders. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur demands hundreds of Josephine Bakers, better housing, a raise in the standard of life, education, and propaganda and then goes back to her Delhi Secretariat office to sit back and think of another speech. Dr. Rajendra Prasad slashes left and right at the film industry, whilst inaugurating the conference of an organisation whose aim is to eradicate commercialised vice, as if the film industry is a commercialised vice.

Too many brickbats have been hurled during these last couple of years at our film industry from all quarters though no one has come forward to give bouquets to it whenever it deserved. But glibly attacking it at a conference held to erad-

icate commercialised vice, is a bit thick even coming from the President of India. This attack on the so-called "sex appeals" of films is more unwelcome when Dr. Prasad knows nothing about films. The nucleus of Dr. Prasad's speech seemed to condemn sex in any aspect. In the President's opinion the very word sex seemed to be a driving force towards creating a havoc in society and that social intercourse between men and women to be a germ of evil spreading its terrible disease in the healthy minds of our youths and maidens.

We cannot say for certain what the word "sex" is associated with in the mind of our President. But judging from the tone of contempt with which it is so often used we are inclined to believe that



Sona Chatterjee in National Screen Service SAUDAMINI.

the President thinks it to be something dirty and filthy. With Freud enlightening a generation of thinkers on the interpretations of that word, Dr. Prasad exhibits deep ignorance when he attributes mere vulgarity to that word. Physical dalliance or free sexual relation are not the only attributes of sex. Where progress and advancement are the goals of other nations the swing of India's pendulum is gathering momentum towards the dark ages. Where other nations are making rapid strides towards an illumination of minds and attainment of free thoughts India is retracing its way into chaos and confusion of a decayed existence.

The whole modern and intellectual structure of our society is built on a free and healthy association between men and women. It was our youths and maidens standing side by side and brushing shoulders on the field that fought behind our leaders for our freedom. Would the President have us believe that they were corrupt and vicious then because they mixed freely with each other? If not then surely the recent outbursts of morality by various leaders are either the outcome of narrow minds or dulled wits. When Dr. Prasad says that he would stop all films with sex appeal if he had the power, he aspires to achieve something which is beyond the scope of a mortal being. For sex is an inherent and inseparable part of a human being. Dr. Prasad may as well hope to feed the Bharatis on air and water.

Coming to sex in films we would prefer to know why Dr. Prasad particularly refers to sex as being synonym with films. Surely sex is not a dominant factor merely in the films? In every walk of life, in every human breast, whether closeted in the deep sanctuary of cloistered hearth or openly dealt with in public, sex will always remain the fundamental urge in human beings and even the most rigid moral code will fail to chain its needs and desires.

In theory it is very easy for Dr. Prasad to state that continence is capable of lifting men to the position of gods. But how many of us wish to be gods? Such ridiculous and impractical statements are not likely to raise our revered (?) leaders in the estimation of the people. If Dr. Prasad's choice of restricting social intercourse between men and women put to test it would serve to blast the very creed and doctrine which our President preaches.

As for putting a stop to sex in films it is still more impossible since many artistes of histrionic talents and pictures of commendable merit have soared to enviable heights with sex as the guiding but unseen force behind them. There are a

sap the moral fibre of the young and the old. Sex appeal is not confined to films alone but is the staple stock-in-trade of also novels, dramas and dances.

In modern way of life it is impossible to separate men and women from demoralising contacts and to preserve public morals by social segregation. Such a virtue is not practicable in modern times and impossible in the present mode of life.

Such highly impractical approaches to our problems are not likely to ease the needs of our people. To harness theoretical utterances to practical solutions of our requirements needs a broad vision and an unusual gift of vigorous mind equal to that task.

As long as our national leaders do not cultivate that quality and put a stop to fads and humbugs, we will go on groping in the dark, shadowy alleys of ignorance, frustrations, unhappiness and conflict. It is for the leaders to guide us to the light of knowledge instead of shackling us with age old dogmas, traditions and superstitions!



Mrs. Min... in Sikh Art's CHORE now nearing completion.

NOTES * AND * NEWS

What's in a Name?

Shakespeare had not come into contact with our producers, otherwise he would have shied like a startled horse when writing the above phrase. To Shakespeare a name may not be of any value but to our producers it seems to be a priceless jewel, considering the manner in which two or three of them simultaneously announce the same name.

To cite a couple of examples—Messrs. Filmistan Limited announced the production of *Anand Math* and immediately in its wake followed the announcement of the same name by Messrs. Filmkar Limited. Both Filmistan and Minerva have announced the name of *Jhansi-ki-Rani* simultaneously. All this is very stupid and senseless. It does not take much brains and trouble to institute enquiries before announcing a picture whether the same has been already registered with I.M.P.P.A. or not. This is so utterly foolish and ridiculous that it verges onto buffoonery. Cannot the producers do even this much?

Indian Films Banned in Karachi

It has been reported that two Indian films have been banned in Karachi, by the Karachi Board of Film Censors. They are Ranjit's *Pardesi Mehmaan*, and Kuldip Pictures' *Jal Tarang*. The matter has already been taken up by I.M.P.P.A. with the Karachi Board. What results it will fetch remains to be seen, for with a body like I.M.P.P.A. anything or nothing can happen, but certainly not everything.

Ban in Madras

Karachi is not the only city to take drastic steps against films. Even Madras knows how to use scissors (for films, don't misunderstand) with a gusto and a flourish, though in this case the pictures happen to be foreign ones. They have banned *Borderline* produced by Universal-International and *We Were Strangers* of Columbia Films.



Geeta Bali in Ranjit's BE DARDI.

Indian Pictures in Japan

Three Indian films have been permitted to be imported in Japan as a result of protracted negotiations carried on with the S.C.A.P. authorities by Messrs. S. N. Sen Bros. an Indian firm conducting film business in Japan. The most reliable reports indicate that the licences for the same have been already issued.

Report of Film Enquiry Committee

At the end of the recent Poona Session of the Film Enquiry Committee it was announced by the Chairman Mr. S. K. Patil that the committee would be ready to place its report before the Government of India by December of this year. The Committee has been gathering evidence from the film people since early this year and it is high time that some definite steps be taken to present the material before the Government. It is heartening to note that the Committee has at last risen to take active measures.

Kamini Kaushal Files Suit

Kamini Kaushal, the brightest luminary of the Indian Screen and now very much out of picture, had filed a suit in the Bombay High Court against Raiyan Pictures, producers of *Namoona* for the recovery of Rs. 28,125 as her dues. Her charges were that as per agreement entered between her and the producers of *Namoona*, she was entitled to get Rs. 17,500 by various instalments plus Rs. 7,500 if the picture fetched Rs. 3 lacs. She further claimed a sum of Rs. 13,000 on *pro rata* basis. She claimed from the defendants a sum of Rs. 28,125 in all.

The defendants filed a counter claim against Kamini Kaushal for a sum of Rs. 50,000 as damages for causing delays in production by irregular attendance to the extent of their having to use a dummy in her place.

The suit has been transferred to long causes and will be heard

in the ordinary course when it comes up on board.

Pak Industry

Out of a few decisions reached at the conference of Pakistan film ragnates held recently at Karachi a couple of them seem to us utterly fool-hardy. They are that only 64 pictures from India to be imported annually to Pakistan, that only one print of each be brought over and that no gramophone records from India to be imported.

These seem to us tall talk from an industry which does not pro-

duce even a dozen pictures in a year and whose quality of productions is so utterly rotten that they cannot stand comparison with even a third grade picture produced here. The people behind the Pakistan film industry seem to be gifted more with babbling tongues than brains. Do they seriously think that their industry can survive with barely dozen pictures that they have to offer in a year? Would they have us seriously believe that the theatres in Pakistan can thrive on the stuff and rot which they are dishing out? We can under-

stand the eagerness and anxiety of Pakistanis to give every opportunity to their own products in comparison to Indian films. But the manner in which they are striving to boost their films is to say the least highly ridiculous and absurd. *The Pakistan exhibitors need Indian films more than Indian exhibitors themselves.* This fact cannot be overlooked however hard Pakistan may try to justify its act. This high-handed and an arrogant attitude is likely to break the very branch on which they are sitting.

Army's other Theatre

All those who have been holding the Indian army in esteem will have been shocked to see the cheap publicity to which it had recourse by the aid of an American organisation when it installed a recruiting booth in a part of the lobby of Metro Cinema during the showing of *Annie Get Your Gun*. It was an act of ridicule to do such a thing.

The gallant men of India who fought on the various theatres of two world wars have now been offered a different theatre to show their prowess. It was indeed a shameful exhibition.

Gabriel Pascall to film Life of Gandhiji

For some time now plans were in the offing that Gabriel Pascall, the famous producer and director who made Shaw's famous *Pygmalion* was to make the life of Mahatma Gandhi. His recent tour in August and September in India was for the main purpose of having a first-hand idea of the actual locales of India. During this visit he was reported to have contacted not only the relatives and friends of Gandhiji but also various leaders like Pandit Nehru and others to seek their co-operation in his venture. He was assured of being helped in every way by the members of Gandhiji's family and by Pandit Nehru himself.



Obituary

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE regrets to announce the sad demise of Mr. Chuni Lal, the President of the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association and the Chairman of the Filmistan Limited by heart failure in Delhi on Saturday, 2nd December, 1950.

Mr. Chuni Lal had gone to Delhi in connection with the premiere of SARGAM, a Filmistan production.

His body was brought to Bombay by a special chartered plane, and was cremated here, with the entire film industry paying its last homage to him.

He leaves behind his aged mother, his wife, two sons and three daughters.

As a mark of respect all the film Studios, and Indian Cinema houses remained closed on Sunday, 3rd instant.

At present Gabriel Pascall is busy picturising Bernard Shaw's play *Androcles and the Lion* in Italy. After this current production in hand, production will start on the life of Mahatmaji. Preliminary plans are all ready and the picture will go on the sets by the end of 1951. It will be made in India with Indian and English cast. Pascall has already an Indian in mind who will play the role of Gandhiji. Rex Harrison will be given the role of a famous Englishman. It seems that it was the wish of George Bernard Shaw that the life of Mahatmaji should be produced and he had assured Pascall of his co-operation in its filming. When Pascall flew down to London on November 2 to assure Bernard Shaw of his plans he reached too late. However, the picture will start as per schedule.

Kevalchand and Habib Husein

Behind the recent renovation of the Roxy Cinema, is a small story which makes interesting reading. It is reported that Mr. Kevalchand of Kapurchand Ltd. had his heart set on releasing *Mahal* at Liberty. In this connection he approached Mr. Habib Husein asking him for a release

date of *Mahal*. Mr. Habib Husein however could not accede to Mr. Kevalchand's request as Liberty was booked for 50 weeks for five producers with 10 weeks allotted to each of them.

Mr. Kevalchand then told Mr. Habib that he would release his pet *Mahal* in a theatre equally good. With this grim determination Mr. Kevalchand is reported to have spent a sum of Rs. 3 lacs in renovating Roxy and thus making it a suitable theatre for a picture like *Mahal*. The story unfortunately does not end there. *Mahal*, unlikely as it may seem is a box office failure. The cause for it is the simultaneous release in seven theatres. If it had been released in Roxy alone it might have succeeded in running longer, because the adverse reports of suburban cine goers affected its run in Bombay which is the only city which can appreciate a picture like *Mahal*. Anyway the theatre goers ought to thank Mr. Habib who is really responsible for the renovation of Roxy.

Mr. Chandulal Shah's Father-in-Law Dead

Mr. Popatlal Mehta, father-in-law of Seth Chandulal Shah expired at Jamnagar on Thursday the 17th November 1950. Mr. Shah owed his earlier success a great deal to Mr. Mehta who helped him considerably in the initial stage when Ranjit was started. Mr. Mehta's son Mr. Rangildas is now a partner in Ajit Pictures, a sister concern of Ranjit which has produced many Gujarati pictures. Our deep condolences to Mr. Shah, Mr. Rangildas and their families.

I. N. A. Man for National Gramophone

Mr. Hemraj Betal who is an ex. I.N.A. man has taken charge of the National Gramophone Company and will in future manage all their affairs. Mr. Hemraj is a capable person and has given a

proof of his abilities in the marked improvement evident in the concern's recording and other departmental work.

Don Juan Flynn

Errol Flynn the most notorious playboy of Hollywood has again changed his girl as he would his daily wardrobe. With a fickleness typical of him he has bestowed his favours on Patricia Wymore in place of his one time flame the Rumanian Princess Irene Ghika. Patricia is his latest leading lady and is a 21-year-old blonde.

It has been announced by Flynn's business manager that Flynn will marry her before the end of this year. The most startling sequel to this sudden announcement was the news of Princess Ghika's sudden disappearance. This has been attributed to her reluctance to face publicity and to nurse her wounded heart.

Return of Kamini

Kamini Kaushal the girl who created a mild sensation in the film industry is back from Switzerland after a long holiday. It is reported that no sooner the news spread that she is back, several producers ran to her with contracts in one hand and currency notes in the other, but she having returned from a soft currency country the notes all looked much softer than before. We also learn that she was accorded a very rousing reception at the Karachi Air Port, during her brief landing there.

Film Artistes in Football Kith

Last month the Western India Football Association arranged a charity match in aid of Assam relief fund, between the Film Artistes and Bombay Amateurs. This attracted a huge crowd at the Cooperage Football ground and the Association collected Rs. 2,100. The game began with Begum Para kicking off the ball.



Hevan in Ranjit's BE DARDI.

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OUR REVIEW

★ **DASTAN** ★
A DELIGHTFUL DRAMA

MUSICAL Pictures Limited's presentation *Dastan* directed by Mr. A. R. Kardar from a story by Mr. Bannerji with music by Mr. Naushad, is a veritable dynamo of pulse pounding, heart-throbbing drama. In comparison to the weak, feeble and semi-tottering results of cramped intelligence and doddering minds, as evident in some recent pictures Mr. Kardar's *Dastan* is a dynamic picture, possessing all the power, the force and the tumult of the roaring deep and the magnificent night of a colossus. From the bubbling, hilarious gaiety, which is sprinkled generously in the first half of the picture, the story swings on to swift action spurred on to gain momentum with every passing footage.

Dastan is obviously inspired from Samuel Goldwyn's story of love and suffering, *Enchantment*. The broken dreams of love's awakening, the scattered pieces of young hopes, the shattered fragments of faith sublime is the sizzling current charged through every breath-taking moment of this well produced picture. Brilliant direction, superb performance and excellent production values all fused together succeed in creating a dramatic thunderbolt. Though the characters and earlier sequences are taken freely from *Enchantment* yet Mr. Kardar has, to a great extent moulded the delicate texture of the original material to fit into the Indian background. The master's touch is most prominently conspicuous as every unfolding scene reveals an enchanting panorama of charm and delight—a fleeting landscape of human passion bared to the naked eye by the sheer brilliance of the histrionic talents of the artistes and Mr. Kardar's vigorous and virile direction. Seeing *Dastan* after an unending stretch of dry, insipid pictures is like

coming across a merry, sparkling fountain after experiencing the torrid heat and maddening glare of a blazing sun. To a parched, weary traveller in the arid desert an oasis is God-send, to the critics and the public, who have day in and day out seen some dour stuff of our industry, *Dastan* is a healthy, soothing remedy to the highly strung nerves.

There are of course a few niches in this well constructed story—a few ungainly nooks and corners that mar but superficially, the perfect symmetry and faultless



Mr. A. R. Kardar.

proportions of an artistic piece of creation. But fortunately they are so tiny and insignificant that they are hidden away in the surrounding brilliance. The sudden departure of the older brother, played by Mr. Al Nasir from the house when a word of explanation could have straightened out the misunderstanding was too flimsy to be convincing.

Even his own explanation for this act offered to his brother later on in the hospital was utterly lame and ambiguous. The accident of Raj, the younger brother, was yet another sequence which appeared like an artificial bead in a string of faultless purity. But as I have said before, they must not be weighed against the innumerable commendable qualities of the picture.

The unchecked fury of drama really springs from the character of the aristocratic, haughty sister, whose iron will, ruthless mind and cruel determination wreck other happy lives, twist their joys, blight their hopes and shatter their fine and cherished world. Veena puts over the role of this proud, defiant woman with an ability which really astounded me. She brings into life the spirit of grim, sordid, obstinacy verging to hate, which cleaves and slashes its way with relentless persistence, the unbending haughtiness, the scorn and the flash of anger and contempt. In *Dastan* Veena's was the best work of the picture and the greatest role of her career.

Raj Kapoor, as the younger brother, is presented to us in a new type of role altogether. Hitherto we had known him as a sorrow stricken, sobbing, frustrated lover; here he is presented to us, a sparkling, prank playing carefree lad. As a comedian and mimic, Raj raises himself to the calibre of Danny Kaye.

As for Suresh and Al Nasir, our milk sop heroes, the word is ham.

Suraiya as the unfortunate orphan and a victim of a cruel fate looks extremely coy, sweet and lovable.

Naushad's orchestral compositions were extremely delightful. A couple of songs were well tuned though the rest were odd mixtures of Samba, Rhumbas, and Fox Trots. To a great extent the credit also goes to Dwarkadas Divecha for wonderful photography.

Dastan is definitely an unmissable picture and must see on the list.

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OUR REVIEW

MAHAL

WIRSCHING STEALS THE SHOW!

BOMBAY Talkies *Mahal* is a story of ghosts, specks, apparitions, jitters, quivers, bats and snakes. It succeeds in giving one the creeps, but through more causes than one. In the initial stage the spine tingling chill of weird horror which slowly creeps down one's back is because of the masterly genius of ace cameraman, Josef Wirsching whose brilliant use of the camera imparts to *Mahal* that dreaded foreboding of evil and terror which lurks there. But later on the cold shiver of fear which one experiences is the cumulative effect of director Kamal Amrohi's excursion into the realms of metaphysics. In trying to tackle the subject of reincarnation Kamal Amrohi, to use the cricket parlance, merely swung the bat in the empty air. I give full credit to him for the daring and initiative that he has shown in taking up such a subject. But daring and initiative without good sense and logic are like boiled potatoes without pepper and salt. In its final analysis Kamal Amrohi has failed in *Mahal* for the simple reason that the innumerable movie goers who go into fits of rapture over *Mahal* are still unable to cite a reason for their appreciation, except mumble a few words about the enthralling realism of its weird atmosphere. But that is a wonderful tribute to Wirsching and not to Amrohi.

According to me the greatness of *Mahal* as a picture lies in the towering achievement of Wirsching who photographed it. If the critics rave about it and the public applauds it, then it is because of Josef Wirsching, the wizard with the lens who has made of *Mahal* a milestone in the annals of the Indian film industry. The magic of his camera, has through the witchery of its crafts imparted

to *Mahal* an atmosphere of awe and wonder. The fluttering curtains, banging doors, shaking chandeliers, fleeting shadows on the wall have all been so vividly captured on the celluloid that it throws a grim mantle of mystery over *Mahal*.

But now coming to Kamal Amrohi's role in the picture as a director I fail to perceive any noteworthy part which he has played in the creation of *Mahal*, except for the boundless opportunity which he gave to Wirsching to exhibit his talents and prowess in his own field. One would have preferred a more sensible and logical solution of the mystery than the drivelling gamut of reincarnation which badly cripples whatever interest the audience may have held in the story. From the moment Amrohi strove to bring the three generations hobnobbing into the picture he missed the mark and in trying to hit an overbound he failed to contact the ball.

In the first half of the picture the eerie atmosphere fits in well with the mood and the events depicted. But from the moment Vijaylaxmi steps in and Ashok Kumar drags her through an interminable process of climbing and panting, does *Mahal* from a well balanced picture suddenly merge into a blood curdling boredom, which, as I have already mentioned, also gives one a cold fright.

The most glaring inconsistency in the story was the letter written by Vijaylaxmi, in the role of Ashok Kumar's wife, to her sister-in-law confiding the secret of her suicide to her. If she wished her husband to die because of her false confession than why did she write that letter thus, most obviously ruining her own

plans? Then again how did the last letter of Vijaylaxmi went to dead letter office when all others were delivered safely? Obviously to bring about the court scene and other following scenes which would otherwise could never have been presented as Amrohi wanted.

Kamal Amrohi's idea of a Dak Bungalow seems to be a dilapidated broken down, dusty and inhabitable shack, nestling precariously on what seems to be a mountain. Its only dwellers appear to be bats, snakes and cobwebs. Such gross and blatant ignorance is ridiculous and Amrohi would have done better to see what a Dak Bungalow looks like before depicting it in *Mahal*. Granting even for the sake of argument that Dak Bungalows are a battleground for bat and snake fights and that this particular one was not inhabited for a long time, then one would question as to how a well regulated clock giving correct time happened to be there?

Ashok Kumar and Madhubala have both given the finest performance of their careers, thus adding extra lustre to their already shining reputation. The rest of the cast including Vijaylaxmi, Kanu Roy, and Kumar did their parts well.

If only Amrohi had left spiritualism alone and wound up this mystery melodrama in a normal way, *Mahal* would have become the finest picture ever to come out of the Indian film industry.

Music by the late Mr. Kheenchand Prakash was most melodious. Songs were well composed and dialogues were written intelligently. The defect of *Mahal* lay in its mystic phenomena. Kamal Amrohi's direction was both brilliant and deft.

Mahal is an unusual picture. By all means it is worth a visit if only to see the superb photography of Josef Wirsching and to indulge in the luxury of seeing something new on the Indian screen.

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Music: HANUMAN PRASAD

Produced & Directed by: MUZAMMIL

Camera: P. DIVECHA

Film Editor: HASANALI MERCHANT

CONTACT:

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OUR REVIEW

★ BABUL ★

A TRIPPE AND COMMONPLACE STORY

OUR Industry has indeed come to a sorry plight when the producers have to convince the public that some of their artistic and technical achievements are not robbed from foreign pictures; when they have to convince the public that they are not marauders. They do this with pathetic diffidence and droll humour. Recently in an advertisement of *Babul* the producers considered it very flattering to announce a prize of Rs. 1,001 for anyone who would dare to prove that the dream sequence of the horse rider was shamelessly pilfered from a foreign picture. They went on to state that Mr. Fali Mistry had himself shot that sequence in the studio. That proves what the people have come to expect from Indian films. The producers themselves are actually aware of their own plagiarism and when they achieve something noteworthy they have to yell at the top of their voice to prove their bona fides. As I have stated it is pitiable that we have come down to this stage.

And now coming to *Babul* itself, let me state here, once and for all, that it is a drudgery to see an unending line of village maidens gallivanting around with pots and pans and being caught by the deep passions of their hearts. We have come to expect their wails and sad laments with a dread, born of long, agonising suffering. The moment I read the name of Azu Bazidpuri as the writer I had an uncanny and ominous presentiment of the torture awaiting me for the next two hours. And sure enough there rushed through with a rustle and a bustle the petite figure of

Nargis as a village belle with all the mischief, coquetry and twittering of gushing youth. And when Dilip Kumar as the local postmaster entered the scene I knew what the story was and how it would all end. For according to Mr. Bazidpuri a village maiden must languish through suffering and breathe her last after having done her best in falling in love. This rignorale in screen stories has been so repeatedly hammered on our minds that our senses stagger and minds reel under it.

In *Babul* S. U. Sunny and Azu Bazidpuri perched Nargis on a tree top that plunged her headlong to her death in the style of an acrobat performing her most daring feat. This had to be done for then how could the producers boast of having photographed the dream sequence themselves and not having clipped it from *Devotion* from which it was most obviously inspired? A series of hackneyed situations like two girls in love with the same man, one demanding her man back from the other, then making a noble sacrifice and finally dying and of course, one accident to make it all neat and tidy, are presented in *Babul* with an eye splitting regularity. One has come to witness these things with a resigned air of martyrdom. We have watched with patience an endless parade of their antics and pearls of love making till the last vestige of endurance has been severely tried.

Babul is all this and more too. For in *Babul* Messrs. Sunny and Bazidpuri have exhibited an obnoxious, senile and revolting sense of humour. It stirred up a feeling of nausea in me to see the

ugly and distasteful figure of a fat, hideous woman running after the postmaster. Not a single spectator seemed to have been tickled with such disgusting tom foolery which the shallow minds of Messrs. Sunny and Bazidpuri had created. Such scenes are out of taste and so are the idiotic pranks of the munshi. If Mr. Sunny does not know what humour is then why does he not spare us the buffoonery?

The only slight variation in the end of *Babul* was that Dilip Kumar does not have the good fortune of being tied in wedlock to anyone of the two centestants for that honour, but is left with a dazed mind, a broken heart and the half vacant look of a moron. Though the photography by Mr. Fali Mistry was good yet I must stress the fact that his speciality of light and shadows is fast becoming monotonous. He seems to have forgotten that photography is an integral part of the picture and must fit in the mood and the events of the story. He seems to be overlooking this all important factor.

Dilip Kumar as the postmaster looked rather befogged and stunned throughout the picture. His oft repeated mannerism and style of speaking is fast losing its effect. Nargis as the village belle was smart and spruce as her usual self. Munawar Sultana as the other side of the triangle just managed to be convincing. The rest of the characters does not matter.

Mr. Naushad's music was most enjoyable and pleasing. Shakil Badayuni's composition of songs were good as usual. Though Bazidpuri's story was commonplace and tripe, yet his dialogues were thoroughly delightful.

There is not much to say for Sunny's direction. It was an odd mixture of good and bad.

Babul is just another morbid village romance, with its usual tags and ends. It is too ordinary a picture to deserve any praise.

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STOLEN SMILES

"Your son is a cute little rascal."
"Yes, he takes after his father."
"Oh, is his father cute, too?"
"No, but he's a rascal."

"Every time I rub liniment on my arm it makes it smart."
"Why don't you rub some on your head?"

Judge: "You say you broke the bat over the plaintiff's head, but it was an accident."
Defendant: "Yes your honour, I didn't mean to break the bat."

Then there's the actress who wanted to do *Life with Father* but they sent her to the women's jail instead.

He: "My car's out of gas. What'll I do now?"
She: "I dunno, I've never been out with you before."

Some men make love like a clock. Their hands never stop moving.

I bet on a horse and in the middle of the race it said to the jockey, "What're ya whippin' me for? There's nobody behind me."

The only reason he learned to play the piano was the bottle of beer kept falling of his violin.

Women's fashion notes: Expect quite an expansion in girdles. Panties should stay up. By spring, there'll be a bulge in slacks.

"Who introduced you to your wife?"

"We just met. I don't blame anybody!"

"Can you define Matrimony?"
"Yes! You go to adore, you ring the belle, and you give your name to a maid—and then you are taken in."

A woman is an electric power house of love that is inviting to the sight but dangerous to the contact.

"I had the toughest time of my life. First, I got angina pectoris and then arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recovering from these, I got tuberculosis, double pneumonia and phthisis. Then they gave me hypodermics. Appendicitis was followed by tonsilectomy. These gave me to aphasia and hypertrophic cirrhosis. I completely lost my memory for a while. I know I had diabetes and acute indigestion, besides gastritis, rheumatism, lumbago and neuritis. I don't know how I pulled through it. It was the hardest spelling test I've ever had."

A passenger in an airplane was far up in the sky when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.
Passenger: "What's the joke?"
Pilot: "I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find out I have escaped."

The preacher came along and wrote upon the signboard: "I pray for all."
The lawyer wrote underneath: "I plead for all."
The doctor added: "I prescribe for all."
The plain citizen wrote: "I pay for all!"

Cannibal Cook: "Shall I stew both those cooks we captured from the steamer?"

Cannibal King: "No, one is enough. Too many cooks spoil the broth."

Gay: "You don't seem to realize on which side your bread is buttered."

Jay: "What does it matter? I eat both sides!"

Richboy: "I'd give a thousand dollars to anyone who would do my worrying for me."

Deadbroke: "You're on! Where's the thousand?"

Richboy: "That's your first worry."

A famous punster boasted that he could make a pun on any subject. When asked to do so at a banquet, he queried:

"Will someone name a subject?"

"The King!" someone called out.

Without a moment's hesitation, the punster punned: "The king is not a subject!"

"I saw your advertisement to the effect that you re-cover umbrellas. I'd like mine re-covered."

"Yes, sire; where is it?"
"If I knew that I'd recover it myself?"



"The outer view looks good, H'mmm—now for the interior!"

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Film Gossip

Mission To South

A well-known star accompanied by his wife visited Madras and Coimbatore recently. Ostensibly his visit was to sign a renowned South Indian star for a picture to be made in Bombay. But, it is learnt from a reliable source that there was another reason behind this visit.

The reason concerned, his brother who had gone south to act in a picture which is being made in Hindi opposite a renowned south Indian star referred to above. It appears that during the shooting of that picture the romantic star pair of the screen developed a romantic attitude towards each other even off the screen. And though the star's brother is not married the matter was rather delicate, since the South Indian star is married and has a child.

So to avoid further complications in the matter, the star-producer from Bombay rushed to South to admonish his brother and to end this affair so that it does not create further complications in the life of the families involved. It is said that the star-producer was doubly successful in his mission. For on one hand he could dissuade his brother and on the other hand, he could sign the South Indian star for his picture to be made in Bombay.

Producer's Luck!

It will be recalled that we had given a story of a producer who offered to sell his picture to distributor for the price which will be decided by putting lots. In that case the distributor went back on his word. But in another case involving a studio-owner producer and a reputed star's

father, the deal was decided by lots.

It so happened that the producer asked the star's father to quote his daughter's price, which had gone up by at least ten times since she had worked last for the same producer. So the father could not quote a price which would be agreeable to the producer.

To end this dispute, it was suggested that on different papers different prices varying from Rs. 50,000 to 1,50,000 should be written and they should be folded and thrown in a lot. Now whichever price is written on the chit picked up by the star's father should be acceptable to both.

Accordingly, the star's father picked up a chit and found that the price written on it was only Rs. 45,000. The producer smiled at his own fortune, but it must be said to the credit of the star's father that without least hesitation he sportingly accepted this decision. As a result, the star whose price has gone up to Rs. 1,50,000 will be working for just Rs. 45,000 in one picture to be produced next year.

Generous Gestures

Talking of sporting gestures there are two other instances worth noting. Music director C. Ramchandra was summoned by Producer-Director Shantaram to give music for his forthcoming picture *Parakhain*. All other terms were settled amicably, but when it came to the price Ramchandra showed his willingness to sign on blank contract leaving it to Shantaram to put the sum. Not only that, when Shantaram put just Rs. 10,000 as the sum Ramchandra accepted it without even a murmur of protest.



HUL CHUL is Dilip Kumar and Nargis' last picture together, according to reports current in the industry.

A similar gesture was shown by Santoshi when Chandulal Shah called him. Chandulal asked Santoshi to make one picture for Ranjit, and Santoshi who had began his career as a song writer in Ranjit and had worked there for over six years, readily, accepted the offer. As a result *Man Manji* was announced.

When asked to name his price, Santoshi is reported to have replied he would not discuss business with Chandulal and that he was prepared to sign blank contract, accepting whatever money Chandulal may offer out of regard and sentiments for him.

So not money, but sentiments do still play a great part in film industry. It was only for sentiments rather than money that Raj Kapoor agreed to work in *Banwre Nain* directed and produced by Raj's guru Kidar Sharma.

Stars Fall Out!

The news that Nargis fainted on the sets of *Hul Chul* is not so correct. True, she was not keeping well that day, but the main reason for her going away from the sets was quite different. It had to do with the quarrel that took place earlier in the day between Akhtar Husain and Dilip Kumar.

It appears that Akhtar in view of Nargis's failing health was pleading to Dilip to speed up the shooting to relieve his sister from the work in *Hul Chul*. Perhaps Akhtar criticized the method in which the shooting was progressing.

Dilip expressing gratitude for the co-operation given by Nargis affirmed that there could be no change in the speed or manner of shooting. Either Nargis has to work in the way the picture is being made or she was free not to work.

As both of them would not budge from their stand, the discussion took a serious turn. Hot words were exchanged and apparently even Nargis who was working inspite of her ill health felt that her brother was humiliated. Anyway, the net result of this talk was that Nargis walked out with her brother Akhtar. Later she collapsed and fell ill.

During her illness she had expressed her desire that no sooner she was in a condition to work she would give first preference to *Hul Chul*. But now after returning from Panchgani she has changed her mind. She is reported to have felt deeply hurt that during her illness neither Dilip Kumar nor Asif cared to call on her and enquire about her health, for, after all Asif and



Ranjan in Gemini's MANGALA awaiting release.

Dilip had not only business relations with Nargis and her family, they were friends as well. And whatever the differences about work, it was their duty as human beings to call on their colleague and enquire of her health.

Anyway, the offshot of all this quarrel is that Nargis and Dilip have fallen out. And at a party given in Nargis's honour Dilip left before her arrival. But as luck would have it he met her just at the entrance. He wished her, but even then he did not ask her about her health. That again hurt Nargis. So another chance for reconciliation was thrown away.



Hilpa, Nargis and Dilip in scene from *Hul Chul*. Photo by SHI KHAN

Stray Bits!

Over estimating *Mahal's* success Kevachand is reported to have offered his *Keval Mahal* as a bet to a sceptic, that *Mahal* will run for 100 weeks.

Shrewd and sly Kapurchand, however retorted, "Kevachandbhai, we build our mahals on others's pictures, not loscontem". Let that be a "Sabak" to you.

Kevachand sits all day along in his air-conditioned office and sings, 'Ayege, Ayege, Anewala... this he refers to an Exhibitor, who booked one of his pictures, and has not come back to pay for it. This exhibitor indeed must be a genius.

Sadhana Bose the famous danceuse has come back to Bombay, because she thinks that now Bombay's dry climate will do her good.

Deudenal ulcer has spread in the film industry like wild fire, ever since our filmfolks came to know that ulcer eaten Baburao Patel has been granted four units of liquor.

Ever since Miyan Kardar has been declared an intending evacuee he has been getting too many Asthama attacks.

THE Film STORY

by B. D. GARGA

THE first film that bore the Imperial trade mark was the *Lion of Mesara*. In a short time the Imperial Film Company rose to great heights and its name became a household word. The industry got most of its stars and directors from the Imperial. Sultana, Zabeida, Khatoon, Zillobai, Sulochana, Ermaline, Gulab, Mehtab, Jal Merchant, Prithvi Raj, Mubarak, D. Billimoria, Mazhar Khan, Ghulam Moham-med, Jagdish Sethi, Kardar, Mehboob, Yakub, Mohamed Hadi and Akhtar Nawaz are all indebted to the Imperial for bringing them into the limelight. The Imperial was also a training ground for some of the famous directors, like Mohan Bhavnani, R. S. Chowdhary, Misra, Moti Gidwani, Ezra Mir, Homi Master and Nandlal Jaswantlal.

Mehboob an Extra

Some of the most heard of names in the industry today had their beginnings in the Imperial sometimes very humbly. A. R. Kardar the famous Producer-Director started as an ordinary artiste there. Mehboob was a mere extra. Yakub one of our most polished villain and commedienne, worked on a paltry sum of Rs. 70 per month "but those were happy days" sighed a well-known star, nostalgically.

The production capacity of the Imperial Film Company was simply prolific. It turned out more than a hundred films. Some of their most famous films were *Magic Flute*, *Khawab-I-Hasti*, *Anarkali*, *Madhuri*, *Wrath* and *Father India*. The first two were directed by Mohan Bhavnani.

Imperial tried their hand at all kinds of subjects for their scenarios, reactionary, progressive, historical and social.

Wrath or *Khunda-ki-Shan* was a progressive film in which the conflict between labour and capital was depicted. It also dealt with Hindu-Muslim unity and ahimsa. Significantly enough the character of Gandhiji was introduced in this film. It was very successfully played by Cowasjee. This film was produced in 1929 and one of the ace directors of those days, R. S. Chowdhary, was responsible for its scenario and direction. Its original name was *Bomb* which was banned by the Government. Later it was released under the name of *Khunda-ki-Shan* or *Wrath*.

Ardeshir Irani holds the pride of place amongst the builders of the Indian film industry. Due to his pioneering efforts film had come to stay in India. The stamp of Imperial Film Company was known for its slickness. The Imperial further played a revolutionary role by bringing talkie to India about which we shall know later.

Bombay gave birth to many other film concerns in addition to Imperial and Kohinoor. Sharda, Krishna and Jagdish, deserves special mention out of them. Sharda Film Company: B. M. Dave a former partner of K. B. Ardeshir revived his production activities by starting the Sharda Film Company in partnership with Nanubhai Desai. Dave was a foreign trained cameraman and specialist in trick photography.

Under his guidance Nanubhai Desai and A. P. Kapoor became capable directors. This combination turned out some famous pictures of which *Kala Pahar* or *Masked Terror* was outstanding for its finished technique, powerful acting and clear photography. Master Vithal and Miss

Lobo co-starred in this picture, other popular films of this concern were *Ratan Manjari*, *Mahasagar ka-Moti*, *Ajab Kumari*, *Straj-ud-dalua*, *Swadesh Sewa*, *Zalim Jadugarne*.

Raj Tarang was another film starring Master Vithal and Zebunissa. This concern gave birth to many new stars. Gehar Karnathi started her career in Sharda's *Rus Vilas* in 1923. Shanta Kumari also made her first appearance in 1925 in Sharda Films. The famous comedian Yakub first entranced the audience in 1926 in a Sharda Film. Jai Raj's initial popular pictures *Mahasagar ka-Moti* and *Bijli* were also Sharda products.

The success of Sharda Film Company can be gauged from the fact every partner got more than five lacs as his share when the Company was wound up in 1929.

Krishna Film Co.

Inspired by the success of Kohinoor Film Company, Maneklal B. Patel, one of their partners, started production individually under the banner of Krishna Film Company.

Miss Gohar, who is now a partner in Ranjit Movietone, first made her debut in Krishna's *Fortune and Fools*. This film set the industry buzzing.

Miss Gulab the famous character actress, was also discovered by Krishna in 1923. She was in her prime and was the heroine of many pictures. Haider Shah was their famous villain.

The popular pictures of Krishna Film Company were *The Divine Flute*, *Burkhwali*, *Fortune of Fools*, *Sunehri Jal*, *Amarkirti* and *Immortal Glory*.

Lakshmi Pictures

Under the supervision of Hari-bhai Desai a mill owner of Ahmedabad, Seth Ranchood Das, started Lakshmi Pictures. The well-known cameraman Pandurang Naik cranked Lakshmi Films for the first time. Chandulal Shah and R. S. Chowdhary also worked in this concern.

About this time a company by the name of Saurashtra Film Co. was also opened in Kathiawar.

Jagdish Film Co.

In partnership with Seth Pasta, Miss Gohar and Chandulal Shah who had worked in Kohinoor and Lakshmi, laid the foundation of Jagdish Film Company in the place where Shree Sound Studio stands today at Dadar.

For the first time in the history of the Indian Film industry Miss Gohar played a triple role in Jagdish Film Company's *Vishwa Mohini*. This picture was directed by Nandlal Jaswantlal who was famous for his artistic handling. The trick photography of this film was remarkable.

Ranjit Film Co.

The Gohar-Chandulal combination bade farewell to the Jagdish Film Company and set up Ranjit Film Company in 1929. They specialised in producing tales of Rajputana the chivalry of the Rajputs, their loves and feuds.



Miss Gohar, partner of Shree Ranjit Muvietone Co., one of our greatest artistes and no star has so far surpassed her acting in emotional roles.

Outstanding pictures from Ranjit were *Rajputani* starring Miss Gohar and D. Billimoria and directed by Chandulal Shah.

Drums of Love with Shantakumari and D. Billimoria. This was directed by Nandlal Jaswantlal.

Nur-e-Fatan featured Sulochana and D. Billimoria.

In addition the following films also earned fame for the Ranjit brand:

Gowalan, Castles in the Air, Rasili Radha, Joban ka Jadu, Madhur Mohini, Desh Deepak, Pahari Kanya, Outlaw of Sorath and Singaldip ki Sundari.

Once in every decade or so a picture of some unusual depth of perception appears which sums up the progress of picture making existing at the time. One of these was *Toy Cart*.

This film was produced by Mr. Bhavnani, also founded his own concern under the name of 'India Art Productions'. The film was outstanding in the respect that for the first time it introduced a group of enlightened and educated people. The story was adopted from the classic "The Toy Cart". J. K. Nanda (Director of *Ishara* and *Singhar*) was cast as the hero, Charudatta, with Enakshi Rama Rau playing the title role of the Court Dancer. Kamaladevi Chattopadhaya, Nalini Turkhud were also cast in this historic film. Dr. Cousins, the famous art critic and G. Venkatachalam were responsible for lending artistic flair to this *magnum opus*. The film was shown all around the world and proved particularly successful in Germany and France.

At about this time Naval Gandhi produced *Balidan* and *Dev Dasi* adapted from a story by Rabindranath Tagore. It was produced in Sharda Studios and Zubeida, Sultana, Jal Merchant and Master Vithal were featured in it. This film was screened in London where it had an enthusiastic reception.



Mr. Chandulal Shah, the Ranjit Chief, started as a story writer is now the topmost film producer in our country today.

In my opinion *Wrath, Father India, Toy Cart and Balidan* were the most significant films given to us in that era of silent films.

When we sit down to review the days of the hoary past some salient features emerge out of it—one of them was that only three types of pictures were produced in those days and they were:

1. Religious: In these films stories of the Ramayana, Mahabharata, Krishna and other gods and goddesses, were brought to the silver screen.
2. Historical: These films had as their background tales of chivalry, and bravery of the old heroes.
3. Stunt: These films presented fights, fisticuffs and stories of the loves and exploits of robbers. Most of them used to be carbon-copies of foreign films with Indian names.

With the progress in silent films a new kind of films also

began to be produced which to some extent may be called progressive social.

Before 1929 the film industry was looked upon and people from good families kept away from it as from a plague. Capitalists, religious fanatics and monopolists dubbed the industry as a haven of sin. But due to the efforts of Mama Warekar the renowned Marathi writer, educated people began to trickle into the films. Jairaj, Mubarak, Dikshit, Nyampally, Madhav Kale and Altekar were some of the people from this class. At the same time Prithvi Raj and Jagdish Sethi joined the Imperial Film Company.

Mohan Bhavnani and Himansu Rai also joined the directorial lines in those days.

Round about 1930 were the heydays of the silent films. They had progressed to such an extent that they had become a necessary part of our daily life. They presented a new topic of discussion and people in every walk of life began taking interest in them.

Suddenly the news flashed from America that the mute shadow had gained voice. The telephone rings, the door bangs, the engine whistles and above all men talked.



Dil Jeet newcomer to the screen gets his first break in USHA KIRAN

STARRY SKIES

* * * * *

All India Pictures

Director Sadiq has at last completed *Pardees* which is now in the editing stage. Madhubala, Rehman and Karan Dewan lead the cast. Producer Arora has spared no pains to make it a big success. Music is by Ghulam Moheemmed.

Bombay Talkies Ltd.

Mahal directed by Kamaal Amrohi has not proved a hit at the Roxy. *Saugram* starring Ashok Kumar and Nalini Jaywant is scheduled to replace *Mahal* at Roxy. Preparations are already afoot for a picture to be directed by Nitin Bose.

Darling Films

Maltha under the direction of Harish is progressing with great speed. It stars newcomers Shammi and Arjun with support by Kanhayalal. Producer Mukesh has sung along with Lata Mangeshkar some of the finest songs of the season. *Maltha* is expected to be the best musical to come out so far and the music is by Roshanlal.

Filmiland Ltd.

Recently the whole unit of Filmiland headed by Mr. and Mrs. Muzammil went to Khandala for outdoor shooting. Over 500 extras were taken along with Nimmi and Lalita Pawar. Mr. Muzammil has a great deal of money and effort to make *Usha Kiran* the most talked of picture of the industry. With a cast headed by Geeta Bali, Nimmi and Lalita Pawar and with direction by Muzammil it might well create a sensation when released.

Filmistan Ltd.

They have an ambitious line up of production for the coming year. On the programme are the plans for a colour picture for which the services of a foreign cameraman have been engaged. B. Mitra is making rapid progress with *Shabistan* a costume picture starring Naseem and Shyam with music by C. Ramchandra. *Sargam* directed by Santoshi is awaiting release at the Imperial Cinema. It stars Raj Kapoor and Rehana. Messrs. I. S. Johar and Najam Naqvi are busy with paper work of their next productions.

Kardar Productions

Naujawan directed by Mahesh Kaul is nearing completion. Produced by Ashfaq Malik with music by S. D. Burman it stars Premnath and Nalini Jaywant.

Musical Pictures Ltd.

Dastan is headed for a silver jubilee at Liberty judging from the crowds that it draws. Another picture entitled *Jadoo* starring Nalini Jaywant and Suresh and directed by Kardar is now nearly ready.

M. & T. Films Ltd.

Santoshi has completed *Nirala* which is directed by D. Mukerji with music by C. Ramchandra. Madhubala, Dev Anand, Yakub and Durga Khote all play important roles. *Nirala* is expected to be the best product of M. & T. so far.

National Finance of India Ltd.

Director Anant Thakur works indefatigably to make *Kale Badal*

better picture than his previous *Pugree* and *Paras*. Roshanlal Malhotra the producer has great hopes of *Kale Badal* becoming 1951's best hit. Meena, Shyam, Shushpa Hans lead the cast. Music is by Shyam Sunder.

Nargis Art Concern

Pyar-Ki-Baten has at last been completed and now awaits a good theatre. It is directed by Akhtar Rusein and stars Nargis and Trilok Kapoor.

National Theatres

Hul Chul under the direction of S. K. Ojha is in the editing department. Top notch box-office stars like Nargis, Dilip Kumar, Sitara, Jeevan and Geeta Vazami are all playing important roles. Sajjad and Shafi have given the musical score.

Omar Khayyum Films Ltd.

Director Harish has completed *Ustad Pedro* starring Sheikh Mukhtar and Begum Para. It is an adventurous and a hilarious picture.

Pancholi Art Productions

Nutan the newcomer is playing the lead in Pancholi's next *Nagina* which is to be directed by Ravindra Dave. Shankar and Jaikishan are giving the music and the picture is to be produced at Minerva Studios.

Shobhana Pictures

Hamari Beti directed by Shobhana Samarth is released and is reported to be doing well. Nutan plays the female lead. Motilal, Shekhar, Vecra and David lend their able support. Music is by S. Bhatkar.

Sunrise Pictures

Pyar is Producer-Director V. K. Vyas' most ambitious picture so far. Nargis, Raj Kapoor and Rakub are given the stellar roles. Music is by S. D. Burman.

Paristan Pictures

Wali Saheb has handed the megaphone to Director Sharma for his picture *Beehive* which stars Mumtaz Shanti, Veena, Al Nasir and Madhuri. The picture is complete and is awaiting release.

Vatan Pictures

Director Inayat Ali is eager to complete *Basera* soon for producer Shujat Lutf. Ramola, Hiralal and Syed Ahmed play important roles.

Raujit Movietone

Bedardi directed by Kidar Sharma and starring Geeta Bali, Nimmi and Jeevan is now ready for release. It is expected to compare with Kidar's *Jogan* and its music is given by Roshanlal. Santoshi is busy with the paper work of *Man Mauji* which is expected to go on the sets soon.

Sargam Movietone

Johari is the maiden picture of Mr. Sabharwal, the producer who is making an all out effort to make it into a box office smasher. Director Niranjani is co-operating most whole-heartedly in this picture which stars Geeta Bali, Manorama, Rajan Haksar and Amarnath.

Wadia Films Ltd.

After an absence of many years J. B. H. Wadia returns as director of *Madhosh*, his latest picture. Based on the well-known Marathi novel 'Pankala' it stars Meena Kumari, Usha Kiran, Mubarak and Manhar the popular hero of Gujarati pictures. R. D. Mathur is photographing it at the Modern Studios.

Variety Pictures

Work has already been started by Asha Biswas, for her next picture *Bari Bahu*. Sulochana Chatterjee, Shyam and Nalini are the stars. Music is by Anil Biswas.



Mr. S. Sunda the genial Managing Director of Electronics (India) Ltd. and Audio Visual Education Company has returned from a tour of Europe and will be soon making headline news with the new schemes he has brought back for furthering the motion picture industry.

Mohan Pictures

Sarkar, a new type of costume melodrama has gone on the sets with Vecna and Ajit, playing the chief role. Others in the cast include Shashikala, Hiralal, Usha Kiran, Murad and Ulhas.

The direction is entrusted to K. Amarnath and music is by Pandit Gobindram.

Veer Bhimsen, has been completed by Jayant Desai featuring Nirupa Roy and Trilok Kapoor, the picture will be distributed by the well-known firm of M. B. Billimoria & Sons.

Roop Kamal Chitra

This is a new concern floated by the son-in-law of Seth Mohanlal and has started shooting of *Shree Vishnu Bhagwan*, a mythological, featuring, of course, Nirupa Roy and Trilok Kapoor. It is being directed by Raja Nene, and the music is by Avinash Vyas.

SHAMMI
GETS
A
STAR—T



Shammi the newcomer makes a hit in *MAJHAR* produced by Mukesh.

A GLANCE at Shammi would remind you of an electric switch-board, for when she walks all her lines are busy. But that or the mere fact of being a filmic star are not her only qualifications for a screen career. She is the celluloid coating which covers a delectable piece of Parsee femininity who started life under the name of Nargis Rabadi.

She started life, for all practical purposes, without anything to hold on to—her father died when she was still learning to mumble "dada." From then on, after a "matric failed" academic career, she tried her hand at everything. She wanted to be a singer, a sportswoman, a good cook, a good wife, a good mother; besides that she wanted to learn knitting and all the languages—and she tried them all—all except the last two roles

—for some time, and has changed into something of everything.

After that, as so often happens, history hangs on a classified advertisement. She replied to a "new-faces-for-films" call in the *Times of India*. Omar Khayyam's Director Harish must have banked a lot on his instinct to pick the right horse or mare when he selected her out of hundreds of applicants and a dozen odd interviewers.

He was never more right in doing business to "mutual advantage." He decided to give the girl a break and cast her in *Ustad Pedro*, when he was asked by his pal Mukesh to direct Darling Films first-on-the-slate *Majhar*. The shooting has now been going on for some time, and Shammi no more showing traces of a newcomer, has learnt to get under the skin of the story and to give her role. It looks as if she has found her medium after all.

Deep down in her Shammi is a woman with a level head, definite ideas, and perseverance. At home she likes to sit for long hours alone, thinking, or sometimes goes for long walks unescorted even by the dogged Arjun, who makes it obvious to her that he would like to carry his role opposite her in *Majhar* into the smaller set of her Tardeo flat.

There is a touch about Shammi that shows her complete unsophistication for example, lunching at a well-known restaurant; the colour drained from her cheeks when the manager was hauled up by an assertive male member of the party for the lack of soup in the soup! But, that is not to say that she is shy or reserved.

Arjun and Shammi make a mutually supplementing team that ought to bit it off well together.

THE ENGLISH SCREEN

* A Sociological Force?

By RAM L. GOGTAY

TO the extent that colour has triumphed, the black and white film has, most unfortunately, deteriorated. The themes are still lofty enough to give the films a place in the sociological contribution of the cinema, but the production values are low, which appear to be still lower in view of the inevitable comparison with the superior colour films.

Recent films have attempted problems as varied as that of the adoption and upbringing of the illegitimate child and the necessity to spread medical relief to the ice-bound corners of Canada. But the attention and sympathy which *Blossoms In The Dust*, a colour film, compelled from any audience was not evoked either by *Abandoned*, treated to documentary technique, or by Samuel Goldwyn's *The Foolish Heart*. The reason may be that the documentary, to be compelling entertainment, needs the drama of *The Confessions Of A Nazi Spy* or of *The Mission To Moscow* and a subject still in the news. The social concepts of the modern world being what they are, the birth of illegitimate children is a daily occurrence and as a subject it cannot compel attention unless it has some striking theme like that of *Blossoms In The Dust*, that there are no illegitimate children but only illegitimate parents or it has the drama of a pioneer sociologist who had dedicated his or her life to the subject.

Despite two World Wars fought ostensibly to respect the dignity of mankind, the people are still without the primary necessities of life one of which is medical relief. Considering that to-day the population of the world is greater than what can be fed,

wars and other pestilences notwithstanding, medical relief must be conceded to have been expanded between the two World Wars. But considering the further fact that the expectation of life to-day is not even the psalmist's three score and ten years, let alone the hundred ordained by the Creator, and that world productivity of goods and services is below the maximum possible because of sickness and other temporary disabilities also, there can be no doubt that medical relief needs to be further expanded. The British have recognised that need and have provided it free from the cradle to the grave. In India medical relief of a sort is available only in Cities and towns. But many Dr. Glenn Fords must gravitate to the suburban and satellite towns that are fast setting up to redress the chronic absence of residential housing in cities and towns and many more, be they qualified only as health workers and nurses, must go to the villages. In this trek *The Doctor and The Girl* and *Mrs. Mike* might aid. *Mrs. Mike* is actually a pleasing little picture but both these pictures may serve to emphasize that the problem of medical relief in India cannot be solved unless the wives of doctors take an intelligent interest in the matter. This would presuppose compulsory female education beyond the primary stage. Boys, in the city and the town, being the bread winners in every community, are prone to receive the education suited to their talents. But the education of girls is neglected. Therefore, the Government, bleating as it always is, about the dearth of doctors



Evelyn Keyes in MRS. MIKE.

and nurses, might do well to enhance the compulsory standard of female education with nursing as a compulsory subject.

The outstanding black and white film of recent weeks was *The Bright Leaf* which could have been alternatively titled as *The Rise and Fall Of A Capitalist*. If a man made nation like America, where the good earth has provided most if not all that that country needs, has found the capitalist a hindrance to the proper development of the creative faculties of the individual in the material progress of the country, he must be a greater obstacle in India where, even in Government service, merit is rarely recognised and favouritism reigns supreme. The essential feature of the picture is that the capitalist should learn that he cannot be the sole arbiter of the industry he might have consolidated and that his colleagues and subordinates must have some say in its future. Wealth, wisdom and work, are the three equal partners in every undertaking, a realization of which will make this country self-sufficient far earlier than the isms which the politicians and capitalists are never tired of bandying about.

In other departments the recent black and white film has failed. Milton Berle must be put down as the greatest failure of the modern screen and wonders how Warner Bros., who created the myths embodied in Errol Flynn or Bette Davis, could have so singularly misjudged the screen potentialities of this aged comedian of the American radio to which alone he should stick. Jack Carson and the comparatively new Paul Douglas should remember that they are not Chaplins or Lloyds and that their comedy or humour shines only in the shadow of the great. Johnny Weissmuller should realise that he is too old both as Tarzan and Jungle Jim. Time was when he was the legend that Tarzan is. The producers of the Tarzan pictures have, most regretfully, destroyed the legendary Tarzan but it is still possible to retain the legend of Weissmuller if only he will retire.

Joan Crawford, the dramatic actress that she is, is still a draw. But it is surprising that the stories found for her are still a variation of *Mildred Pierce*. One wonders if Mr. Madhavan Nair's thesis that there are not more than two or three original stories in the world and that the rest are copies is not true. Her *Damned Don't Cry* a damned good picture because



Kent Smith and Vireca Linfors in THIS SIDE OF THE LAW.

of the production values lavished on it and the advent of David Brian as a suave villain, but the repetition of the same story may suggest that the process of re-discovering Miss Crawford's talents again would be accelerated if she were to free-lance or choose her pictures with the methodicity of Gary Cooper. If the production values lavished on this picture, had been endowed on *This Side Of The Law* that picture, having an unusual story, would have been superior to what it is.

The recent anti-crime pictures, as Hollywood calls them, had very little to say. *Caged*, again with poor production values, exposes the American female prison system. It is revolting to see that a woman could be shaved clean in an American prison. The incident may make one caste doubts if America was as civilized as she is made out to be. In comedy the pictures fared slightly better. The themes were wonderful like *The Woman Of Distinction* who was after a scholastic career and hated the opposite sex. But it turned out to be no more than a variation from the opposite angle of the boy-meets-girl theme. It starts with very great expectations but it does not reach even a vestige of the Crescendo of *Woman Of The Year* whom a *Woman Of Distinction* must equal. Rosalind Russell has illuminated many a comedy, but with all the regimen and finesse of Hollywood, age is beginning to show up on her not very Pickfordish figure and therefore she should stick to *The Velvet Touch* and *Sister Kenny* roles.

The magic of death and re-appearance from *Out Of The Blue* to confuse and confound the American husband, generally henpecked, was made entertaining, by the dialogue and the situations, but here again low production values spoil what could otherwise have been a sparkling picture. *The Great Hangover* missed something somewhere and leaves it in the head even after leaving the theatre.

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HOLLYWOOD Beauty SECRETS



by **MAX FACTOR, JR.**
FAMOUS MAKE-UP ADVISOR TO THE SCREEN STARS

HAIR gathers as much dust, and often considerably more, than falls on the furnishings which surround you. And, any observant housewife is well aware of how swiftly and extensively dustiness becomes apparent in this latter case.

While the wordage involved in suggesting that you "dust" your hair may be somewhat new, the actual procedures in mind are old enough and familiar enough: brushing and shampooing. These are the tried and true removers of dust from the hair. And, such removal guarantees that the colour tones and highlights of your hair will be presented to the most glamorous advantage, and is consequently something worthy of much of your most serious consideration.

Proper Brushing

When brushing, you should progressively part the hair in many different places, all over the head, in order to allow the brush to reach hair surfaces, together with the scalp surfaces, in their entirety. Parting the hair but once, and then brushing the large quantities of hair on either side of this part, will serve to get only part of the hair completely brushed, and will not allow the brush to reach the scalp to anywhere near the extensive degree that it should.

Shampoo

Don't become victim to the mistake which more than a few

women are making today, that of assuming that taking up of frequent and thorough brushing permits cutting down on the frequency of shampoo. Most women don't shampoo quite as frequently as they should. Once a week is a good minimum.



Max Factor, Jr. reports that one could not possibly wish for hair that is more beautiful than that of Hedy Lamarr. Daily brushing accounts for this lustre.

IT HAPPENED IN Hollywood

By LEROY MARCH

M.G.M. Studio plans to co-star Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra in a musical version of "Romeo and Juliet," with the idea probably brought on by the real romantic interest Ava and Frankie have in each other. To make such a picture's box-office appeal extra-sure-fire, they should also co-star that Spanish bull-fighter with whom Ava's name has been romantically linked. It should be no trick at all for a Hollywood screen-writer to script a couple of bullfights into the tender love story of "Romeo and Juliet." Of course, William Shakespeare might come around nights and haunt him.

In the past, Shelley Winters has devoted quite a lot of time to informing producers about picture parts she does NOT want. Now the beautiful gal has done an about-face, and is letting one and all know about a part she

definitely DOES want. It's the co-starring spot with John Garfield in "He Ran All The Way." She'll probably get it.

The little-theatre business has been booming in Hollywood like never before, and it looks like this will continue, with many cinema big-names starring. Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Marie Wilson have just finished successful stage runs. Evelyn Keyes is all set to do "Clutterbuck" for La Jolla's tiny theatre. Van Johnson will probably follow Evelyn into this same house. And there's a chance Paulette Goddard will bring her Shakespearean performances to Hollywood and Santa Barbara.

Rumour still persists that Shirley Temple is all set to take over the title role in "Peter Pan" on the New York stage, what with Jean Arthur having left the show after suddenly deciding she had had enough of this smash hit. But Shirley keeps right on insisting that this ain't so, and that she's not contemplating a stage stint of any kind.

Pictures in Prospect, Maybe: Edward Small, who produced "Valentino", with Tony Dexter portraying the Latin star, has made some plans to remake Valentino's greatest picture "The Sheik", still with Dexter. And there's talk of doing "The Laurel And Hardy Story" in pictures, with Stan and Oliver portraying themselves, and who else could do it? Then, too, there's some revival of plans to do "The Max Factor Story", with Paul Muvi



Rehana in Filmistan's SARGAM.

portraying the Hollywood make-up genius.

When Myrna Loy started divorce proceedings against producer Gene Markey, more than one columnist hinted that he had known all along that this was in prospect. I'm different. I didn't know a thing about it until I read it in the papers.

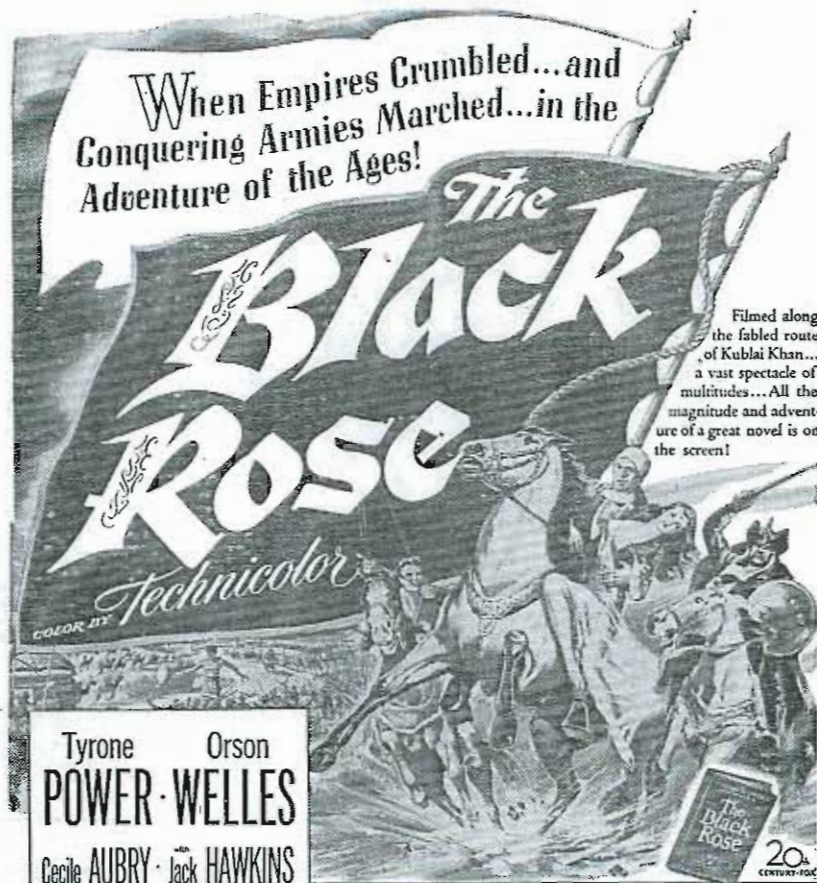
Hollywood Hearsay: "Mr. Roberts", such a hit on the New York stage, doing only so-so business in London. Tyrone Power's starring in it... Lots of people think Jack Oakie and Vickie Horne are married, but they insist No... One of Van Johnson's paintings has been purchased by a greeting card company for Yuletide purposes. ... Don't be surprised if night-club songstress Gertrude Niesen gets signed to do a picture... Chill Wills turned down a 4-year contract at Republic because it wouldn't let him televise... Jack Benny will do at least four television stints this year... Ritz Bros. in town, after big-hit stay at Riverside Club in Reno, talking a picture deal... Wager that the Scott Brady-Dorothy Malone romance is past tense.



Veeva in Paristan Picture's BEEVEE.

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NEWS from 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURES

'The Black Rose' Makes a great Movie

Displays of grandeur and pageantry that dwarf anything of its kind the screen has recorded in the past, a lusty-adventure story that takes a bowman and a scholar to far-off lands in the service of a conqueror, and the breathtaking colour and beauty of far-away places these ingredients brew the essence of *The Black Rose*, the magnificent Twentieth Century-Fox Picture.

The epic film is a form well known to movie-goers, and great screen spectacles have highlighted motion picture entertainment from the time the first flickerings became fact. But what you may have seen before pales in the presence of *The Black Rose*. Spanning three continents, *The Black Rose* takes Tyrone Power and Jack Hawkins from a world of English castles across the world in pursuit of adventure. Through Africa and Asia, Power and Hawkins challenge and by their courage impress the great general Bayan, played by Orson Welles and serve the beautiful lady known as *The Black Rose*, who crosses the path of their pursuits. The role is exactly and excitingly filled by lovely newcomer, Cecile Aubry.

There is a glamour to high adventure in distant lands that couldn't be duplicated on the screen unless the events depicted were photographed in the actual locations where they are supposed to have taken place. It is the great virtue of *The Black Rose*, a virtue that sets it apart from all competition.

It is another rare virtue of this film that it is imbued with a taste and a spirit for the kind of high-voltage action it depicts. There is fire to the performances of Power, Welles and Hawkins, beauty and mystery about Miss

Aubry, great sweep to the Louis D. Lighton production and coverage of the Technicolor cameras, and the stamp of daring and imagination in the superior direction of Henry Hathaway. The spectator shares the tumult, the emotion, the sense of history unfolding before his eyes throughout the two hours that *The Black Rose* fills the screen.

Power, as the young English scholar who fulfils a life other men only dream, gives a dashing, vigorous performance that is more remindful of Valentino than anything he has done since *Blood*

and Sand. Welles endows the mighty Bayan of the hundred eyes, the Oriental general on mission to Kublai Khan, with every conceivable nuance. The result, if a characterization of such skill and subtlety that it transforms *The Black Rose* from reguish story-telling into dramatic legend. Miss Aubry indeed has the soft but dominating allure to spur men on to adventure. And Jack Hawkins, as Power's bowman companion who share the invasion of unknown worlds, delivers an impressive performance on the American screen.

Talbot Jennings wrote the screen play that brings Thomas B. Costain's great novel to the screen with its incomparable touch of wanderlust, scope and richness preserved and expanded



The Newcomer to the screen is 17 year-old Cecile Aubry making her debut THE BLACK ROSE.

NEWS from **WARNER BROS.**

'Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye'
Starring Cagney

James Cagney, who through the years has held a following for his quick-triggered, two-fisted roles, surpasses himself in *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye*, a Cagney Production drama released by Warner Bros.

In the film, filmdom's top star of underworld action fare, plays a mobster chieftain who utilizes his notorious background to launch an amazing criminal career.

Escaping from a state penal farm, Cagney kills the brother of his femme accomplice, and when two crooked cops involve him in a shakedown, he turns the tables by recording the proceedings as a means of blackmailing them. A daylight holdup of a "super-market" and a Payroll "heist" at the same time, maintaining a cloak of respectability in society, add up to excitement in the old Cagney manner.

Though Jimmy's screen romances have been limited in previous films, *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye* brings in two of Hollywood's most beautiful actresses, Helena Carter and Barbara Payton. Helena is a socialite whom he marries, and Barbara plays Cagney's former moll who later leads to his downfall.

Other character roles within and outside the law are portrayed by Steve Brodie, Luther Adler, Barton MacLane and William Frawley.

The picture was directed by Gordon Douglas.

'Pretty Baby', Romantic Comedy

Betsy Drake, who soared to film fame in a few short years, co-stars with handsome Dennis Morgan in *Pretty Baby*, the story of a zany mimeograph operator employed by advertising executives. Morgan and Zachary Scott, who becomes their favourite secretary especially



James Cagney and Barbara Payton in *KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE.*

when she captures the fancy of a tyrannical client played by star Edmund Gwenn.

Incognito, Gwenn, an irascible old tycoon overhears Betsy mention naming her baby after him. Honoured by this unsolicited act he speaks to her employers, and she becomes an overnight success in business. What he doesn't know is that the 'baby' is a blanket wrapped doll utilized by Betsy to get her a seat on the subway. Here, a comical situation develops when the unmarried girl is required to explain the presence of the 'baby', and Gwenn threatens to blacklist the agency unless Scott, whom he suspects of being the father, promises to marry Betsy. What follows provides much of the comedy, high lighted by Morgan's rendition of the title song while standing atop an unsteady ladder.

In producing *Pretty Baby*, Harry Kurnitz selected a cast of veteran Hollywood laugh-makers, including Gwenn, who won an Academy Award for his role as Santa Claus in *The Miracle of 34th Street*.

Bretaigne Windast directed *Pretty Baby* for Warner Bros.

An Outstanding Osculation

Jane Wyman kisses Kirk Douglas for the first time in Warner Bros.' *The Glass Menagerie*—and she liked it.

As screen kisses go, says Jane, it was an extraordinary kiss. And Jane should know. For her cinema osculations in the past she's had such romantic partners



Kirk Douglas and Jane Wyman in a scene from *THE GLASS MENAGERIE.*

as Dennis Morgan, Gregory Peck, David Niven, Lew Ayres, Michael Wilding and Ray Milland.

"This wasn't a lover's kiss," says Jane, who won an Academy Award last year for her performance in Warner's *Johnny Belinda*. "In *The Glass Menagerie* I play a painfully shy specimen of a girl who's never been kissed. Kirk, who isn't trying to trifle with my affections, but is only attempting to bring me out of my shell, gives me a tender, sweet sort of a kiss.

"It was different from the usual movie kind. There's a variety of kisses, you know—the passionate kiss, in which the leading man crushes you to his manly chest and plants a bruiser on your lips, and the playful peck, in which the hero brushes you lightly on the cheek, as though it were an afterthought.

"There's the fadeout clinch, in which the hero finally gets around to giving you the smack he's had on his mind through eight full reels of anticipation. There's even the brotherly kiss. I get one of those from Arthur Kennedy, who plays my brother in *The Glass Menagerie*. He's about to leave home for the life of a sailor and he kisses me goodbye with great affection—on the forehead.

"The kiss I got from Kirk wasn't like any of those. He's engaged to another girl in the picture, and he knows he shouldn't be making love to me. But he likes me and wants me to be a little more like a normal girl, so he kisses me hesitantly, tenderly and yet with just enough ardour to make me understand what I've been missing all along.

"It was a new kind of kiss all right. I thought I'd experienced them all on the screen, but that one was different. It just goes to show you can learn something every day in the movie business."

"Hornblower" Giant Production Project

There is a scene in *Captain Horatio Hornblower* in which Gregory Peck, playing the title role, sends Virginia Mayo, starred as Lady Barbara, from the quarterdeck of his ship, the Lydia, down to his cabin. The distance on the Lydia is a few short steps down a companionway and then a little turn to starboard. Yet the stars, along with Director Raoul Walsh, and more than a hundred members of the cast and production crew had to travel 30 miles to achieve this little descent from one deck to another.

The fact is that the quarterdeck of the Lydia was constructed on a huge stage of the Denham Studios in the English county of Buckinghamshire. Captain Hornblower's cabin was built on a stage at the Elstree Studios in Hertfordshire.

Not one, not two, not three, but four studios were involved in the making of this Technicolor production. It all started at the Warner Studio in Burbank, California, where preliminary plans were worked out by Raoul Walsh, and the ground plan of the picture was laid out by the technical staff. Also at Burbank, the casting of Gregory Peck and Virginia Mayo for the stellar parts were agreed upon and negotiated.

The next move was to go to the Warner Studios in England—and these are in Teddington, in



Gregory Peck in great sea drama *CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER.*

still a third county called Middlesex—where the cast was filled out and a production crew assembled. The basic plans for the picture were here expanded into greater detail.

Then came the locations, which account for a good deal more than half of the footage in *Captain Horatio Hornblower*. All the battle scenes between the Lydia and the Natividad, as described by C. S. Forester in his widely-read *Captain Hornblower* stories; the invasion of the French harbour by the Sutherland, and the battle with the French fleet and shore-batteries—all these were filmed in the Mediterranean. The arrest and the escape of Captain Hornblower were shot in the south of France. The homecoming of Hornblower, now a hero of the sea, was staged and photographed against the actual background of this scene in the harbour of Portsmouth back in England.

Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo and Raoul Walsh now know they have made a story of the sea. From the day they left Hollywood, they have travelled nearly 20,000 ocean miles to get *Captain Horatio Hornblower* on the screen.

Read

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NEWS

from Paramount Pictures

"The Lawless"

The Lawless, starring Macdonald Carey and Gail Russell, has been hailed as a noteworthy edition to that small group of films which have dealt frankly with the problems of minorities in the United States. *The Lawless* which is scheduled for release in Bombay brings to the screen for the first time a vivid and dramatic account of the relations between Mexicans and "whites" in California.

In the role of the young Mexican boy who flees the mob, Producers Pine and Thomas selected a young man whom they considered a real "find." He is 21-year-old Lalo Rios, who gives to the film an unusual freshness and naturalness. Born in San Miguelito, Mexico, Lalo moved with his parents to Los Angeles in 1935. He took up the trade of carpenter several years ago and recently took part in a play given by a youth club.

In the role of the former foreign correspondent who has settled down as editor of a small-town newspaper, and who is reluctantly forced to take sides in the dispute over the Mexican boy, Macdonald Carey adds another convincing portrait to his gallery of hits. The former Sioux City (Iowa) choir boy has made some five films in the past year, including *Song of Surrender* and the as yet unreleased *Copper Canyon*.

Playing opposite Carey in the part of Sunny Garcia, a Mexican girl reporter who falls in love with Mac, is lovely Gail Russell, in the most unusual role of her career. Gail's recent picture include *El Paso* and *Captain China*.

Facts about "Fancy Pants"

With *Sorrowful Jones* proving anything but sorrowful to the record-breaking throngs who enjoyed this laugh-fest, it was inevitable that Paramount



Talking over the cue with George Marshall, their director, are gorgeous Lucille Ball, and Hugh French. Both have to learn the art of playing billiards for their role in **FANCY PANTS**.



Lalo Rios, screen's newcomer shows fear and desperation in **THE LAWLESS**.

would re-team Bob Hope and Lucille Ball.

Fancy Pants brings the wholehearted and fancy free couple together again in a mad burst of hilarity that jumps between stately England, shortly after the turn of the century, and a raw-boned American community known as Big Squaw, New Mexico.

Helping in the fun of *Fancy Pants* are such slick acting talents as Jack Kirkwood, member of Hope's radio programme; Lea Penman, late of the cast of Ethel Merman's *Annie Get Your Gun* and other legitimate stage hits; Bruce Cabot, one of the screen's best known bad men, John Alexander, direct from a year run on the New York stage as co-star with Judy Holliday in *Born Yesterday*.

In *Fancy Pants* Hope plays an American actor in England who masquerades as a butler and is "imported" to New Mexico by socially ambitious Lea Penman and her daughter, Lucille Ball. But the folks at home get Hope's status wrong. They think he's an Earl. Everything can happen, and does, in a rich succession of incidents that are gagged to the hilt in the best Hope tradition.

NEWS FROM



UNITED ARTISTS

Sensational Broadway Star, Marlon Brando, co-starred with Teresa Wright in "The Men"

Stanley Kramer, that wizard among the independent producers, has brought forth another great film in *The Men*. Two years ago Mr. Kramer gave us *Champion*, something new and vital in fight-racket pictures, which made a star of Kirk Douglas, and last year he gave us *Home of the Brave*, the first picture of its kind to deal with racial discrimination. Now, in *The Men*, he gives us a theme with more punch than *Champion* and more heart than *Home of the Brave*.

Marlon Brando, who made a sensation in the Broadway hit play *A Street Car Named Desire*, is co-starred with Teresa Wright in the film. *The Men* serves as Brando's introduction to the movie world, and judging from this one performance alone this reviewer has no hesitation in placing him in the top ranks of Hollywood's younger male stars.

The absorbing theme of the film follows the tempestuous love story of Ken (Marlon Brando), a handsome, rugged, terrifically disturbed young man who feels that life has not treated him fairly. Obsessed with this thought, nothing—or none—can make him face up to the realities of life even halfway. It is not until he again meets his boyhood sweetheart, Ellen (Teresa Wright) that his doubts begin to give way slowly, and, through a love that will brook no barriers, he soon recaptures the faith, courage and will to once more take his rightful place in a man-made world.

In spite of the seriousness of its general theme, Director Fred Zinnemann, whose picture *The Search*, produced abroad a few years ago, made screen history,

and also made a star of Montgomery Clift, has injected many scenes that are as amusing as they subtly touching. In fact, Mr. Zinnemann's direction throughout, is a masterpiece of dramatic subtlety.

Carl Foreman, who was responsible for the screenplays of both *Champion* and *Home of the Brave*, wrote the original story and the screenplay for *The Men*. His story, as screened, is finely drawn and contains a dramatic impact which will leave audiences breathless.

As newcomer Marlon Brando's co-star lovely Teresa Wright turns in one of those sensitive performances for which she has become justly famous. High praise must also go out to Everett Sloane for his magnificent rendition of the understanding doctor, and to Jack Webb, Richard Erdman, Howard St. John and Arthur Jurado, in important supporting roles. Dimitri Tiomkin is credited with the fine musical score and the haunting song "Love Like Ours" which is sung during the picture.

Definitely, Stanley Kramer's latest independent contribution to the finer pictures to come out of Hollywood, is a "must" on any thoughtful person's entertainment list.

It was undoubtedly made with the conviction of its creators that movie audiences want more pictures of substance and thoroughly adult story values.

'So Young, So Bad' Reveals How Girls Go Bad

The thing about *So Young, So Bad* is that it has a heart. This film tells a story of a psychiatrist's efforts to help the inmates of a Corrective Home for Girls, his fight against the abuses and



Marlon Brando and Teresa Wright in **THE MEN**.

cruelty of narrow-minded administrators and his final triumph in the dismissal of the old regime and the adoption of an understanding, constructive attitude toward the delinquent girls.

The distinguished stage and screen actor, Paul Henreid, stars in the role of the psychiatrist, giving the characterization all the warmth and sensitivity it deserves. Featured with him is Catherine McLeod as sympathetic social worker whose feelings for the psychiatrist are both professional and personal. Cecil Clovelly and Grace Coppin play the vicious Home administrators.

Four brilliant young actresses—Anne Francis, Anne Jackson, Rosita Moreno and Enid Pulver—make their screen debuts in the film as young girls who have "gone bad".

Produced by Edward J. and Harry Lee Danziger, *So Young, So Bad* was filmed entirely in the New York metropolitan area. Bernard Vorhaus directed from a screenplay by himself and Jean Rouverol.

As dramatic and alive as the latest headlines, *So Young, So Bad* is an important motion picture which should not be missed.

News from



REPUBLIC PICTURES CORPORATION

Welles Adapts 'Macbeth' for Screen with Vivid Effect

Orson Welles' current transfer of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* from behind footlights to the screen, in a striking film that possesses in full the play's tremendous impact, provides strong evidence to his authoritative acquaintance with the dramatist's works. It is not generally known that Welles is the editor of the Mercury Shakespeare texts. His acting interest in the illustrious dramatist dates back to grade school days, when he appeared in the title role of *Julius Caesar* at the tender age of twelve. He has since starred in numerous other Shakespeare stagings—in Dublin at the Abbey and Gate Theatres, on New York's Broadway and elsewhere.

Welles' appreciation of Shakespeare is deep and long-standing, but he respects the man as a virile, robust writer—not as merely a subject for study. It

was natural, feeling as he did, that his presentation of Shakespeare's works for present-day theatrical audiences should eschew lifeless imitation of past revivals. He has instead substituted striking new dramatic departures true to the inner spirit of the Bard's works, yet couched in terms more presently meaningful. In his staging of *Julius Caesar* for example, which took New York by storm in 1937, Caesar was depicted in the garb of a Fascist general. He swanked about on a bare stage bordered by sinister shadows, with only a solitary beam of light shot down above providing illumination.

In his screen version of *Macbeth*, Welles plays the Scottish tyrant. He has amended the drama skillfully where necessary to meet the special demands of pace and fluidity of the motion picture form. Certain of his dynamic innovations are based on a long-considered interpretative



Jeanette Nolan as Lady Macbeth, George Chirello as Seyton and Peggy Webber as Lady Macduff newcomers introduced by Orson Welles in *MACBETH*.



Orson Welles plays *MACBETH* in his own Mercury Production of Shakespeare's masterpiece.

analysis before production plans were formulated. His set of Dunsinane Castle is stark and forbidding, a craggy fortress wreathed in sinister mists—apt background for the tale of murder and treachery.

Macbeth, filmed at Republic Studios, is a Mercury Productions, Chas. K. Feldman presentation. Jeanette Nolan, one of radio's top ranking dramatic actresses, makes her screen debut opposite Welles as Lady Macbeth.

Roddy McDowall Makes Adult Grade in 'Macbeth'

Plenty of precocious child stars find their acting careers gradually snuffed out by the apathy of a disinterested public. As their cherub-cheeked attractiveness fades, so does their fan mail. Exceptions as to this entertainment world phenomenon can be counted on two hands, and first while child star Roddy McDowall is one of them. Now playing his first adult role in *Macbeth*, McDowall wears a new maturity which suits him well. As Prince Malcolm opposite Welles, he acts the orphaned noble with determination and spirit.



Ginger Rogers