



Thousands thronged to pay their last respects to the Great Chandramohan as the funeral procession wound its way to the cremation ground.

and wherefore of it. It's true that he took to drinking heavily. It's also true that he used to get hallucinations very often, and became very fanatically religious. Kumar tells me, "When I first met Chandramohan he was a complete atheist." Those who must have visited his home recently and had seen the "murties" and "puja" materials, pictures of the Virgin Mary, the Rosaries and the Bible in his prayer room, those who are aware of the huge sums he spent on "darshans" and religious ceremonies can hardly believe this. He had got so attached to religion (various religions, rather, for he went from the Laxmi temple to St. Anthony's Church to pray), that he spent whatever little money he earned recently, going on pilgrimages, visiting shrines and offering devotional prayers. Here too, he was going the whole hog. He used often to say "I've lost Laxmi, but I've found Kuli Mata". His hallucinations persisted. Often he used to tell his friends about them—"You know, last night I talked to the Devil" or "I witnessed a queer scene yesterday. I saw the 'shetans' having a



He will face the camera no more!

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first incident was a long while ago. He related it to all of us." Sheela told me. "He had a dream about his horse Kanta, which was running that season at Poona. He dreamt that the horse fell and broke its leg at the 6th furlong post. Next morning he asked his trainer Aziz if Kanta was alright for the race. Aziz was very optimistic and said that it had an excellent chance of winning. Unfortunately, that afternoon, Kanta did fall and break its leg at the 6th post. I think that was the first dream he had to which he paid any attention. After some months he used to have these dreams consistently. He was even sometimes afraid that somebody was after his life and was indulging in black magic to his personal detriment." Whether this was a result of the time he spent brooding without a job, or whether it was the outcome of a certain attachment he had formed when on a holiday, in Lucknow, is hard to say.

That he was gradually becoming more optimistic and more like his former self, this past year since he started working again in Filmistana's "Shahed," and then "Rambaran" and "Dukhiyaji" there is no doubt. He had been contracted for three more pictures—Sadiq's "Sabak," Arora's "Parras," and Prem Adib's "Ram Vivah". The future appeared rosy and it seemed that his screen life would begin once more, but alas, the heavy hand of death cut short this promising and newly budding life.

It is really surprising that though he had earned a magnificent fortune at one time, he died penniless, his funeral rites being performed at the cost of the Film Artists' Association. The Le-Man screen has suffered a grievous loss in his death. There could only be one Chandramohan. Like Saigal, he is irreplaceable.



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(Contd. from page 56)



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foot-ball match; I was the foot-ball, and Allah the Referee. Bhaiya, Father Narayan, Mata, the Holy Mother and Bapu, they were all there watching." These and many such incidents you will find related to his friends, or in his diary.

When did all these hallucinations begin? How did they happen? I asked his companion Sheela, casually, one day. "Well, the very



He will face the camera no more!

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111. Hans 111. Hans 111. Hans



THE EYE WITH LIGHT AND LIFE REplete,
THE LITTLE HEART SO FONDLY WARM,
THE VOICE SO MUSICALLY SWEET....."

66
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\* The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars \*

By SABA

# With Love & Honey

IS MAN STILL A BEAST? — FORWARD THE GOLD-BORDER-SARI BRIGADE — HER FACE IS HER FORTUNE — STRANGE BUT TRUE  
SABA SAYINGS

**S**TRANGE but it is true that since the 'Police Action' in Hyderabad ended so briefly and the war in Kashmir dissolved into a Cease-fire, the circulation of daily newspapers has been steadily falling.

In other words, it is 'A Crisis A Day' that sells newspapers. Here is a topic for the contemplation of the philosophers. Why is human inquisitiveness tickled more by wars, murders, riots, fires, robberies and epidemics than by any peaceful acts or achievements? A medical discovery which might save a million lives is shoved at the end of column seven on the back page, while a case of murder or mass-murder called war always gets the front page. The man who kills is (from the news editor's point-of-view) more important than the man who saves human life, Al Capone gets precedence over the Curies, Hitler over Einstein, a gangster makes more headlines than a saint or a scientist. Why?

#### IS MAN STILL A BEAST?

Is the human species sub-consciously still in the violent cave-man stage, so that he reads about wars and murders more avidly than about the peaceful aspects of life? In England and America, the "tabloid" newspapers which enjoy the biggest circulation are those

which specialize in giving lurid details of murders and sex crimes. Even in India it is sensationalism that sells newspapers, and news editors of dailies as well as editors of weeklies are always at their wits' end to discover or invent front-page sensations.

What would happen to our newspapers if the people turned a new leaf and really started living decent, clean, non-violent and honest lives? News-boys would have a hard time selling their papers, having to shout such sensations as "No Crime Reported In Ten Months", "Einstein Squares The Circle" or "Wheat Output in India Doubled"—though that last item would be really the greatest,

the most sensational bit of news, of vital interest to every chapati-eater in the country.

#### FORWARD—THE GOLD-BORDER-SARI BRIGADE!

Fifi and other "Oh, my deahs" of the Gold-Border-Sari brigade who figure in the pages of "On-looker" and other society magazines must have been duly inspired and thrilled by the words of wisdom that the Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru addressed to them at a function held at the expensive and exclusive Lady Irwin College of Domestic Science for women in New Delhi which represents "Society" in the educational sphere.



".....it is a crisis a day that sells newspapers."



Programme for  
**RAM RAJYA**  
by SABA



The students of the Lady Irwin College, said the Prime Minister, "would have to face India during a difficult period and should try to understand its problems". Further, in the same speech, Panditji declared that those who had received superior education owed a debt to society or the community as a whole and they must repay it in the form of selfless service to the people.

My unreliable informants who snoop around "society" circles have sent the following flash messages recording the first reactions of 'Society' to the words of the Prime Minister:

**NEW DELHI:** In response to the Prime Minister's appeal at the Lady Irwin College, all the students of that college have decided to discard their silk saris and left their well-furnished hostel rooms, and, dressed in khadi, have marched to the nearest village to impart education to the illiterate women and children in the rural areas.

**BOMBAY:** Panditji's Lady Irwin College speech was responsible for the cancellation of the sumptuous cocktail party that Lady Klakwala was giving at the Taj. With tear flowing from her mascaraed eyes to her painted cheeks, Lady Klakwala (Kiki to her friends) said, "How can we wallow in champagne when millions of our countrymen are starving?" She has decided to settle a thousand refugees in her Malabar Hill Mansion and is herself immediately leaving for Gujerat to work for famine relief. She will be travelling to the famine area in her air-

conditioned Lincoln and a station wagon will be provided for any newspaper-men and newsreelmen who wish to 'cover' Lady Klakwala's visit to the famine area.

**LUCKNOW:** The Prime Minister's Lady Irwin College speech was the subject of animated comment in Mayfair, Coffee House and other bright spots of the town. Begum Amir Kabir and Kunwarani Lakhpati Singh have issued a joint statement welcoming the Prime Minister's speech and assuring the Government of their full-throated support in the tasks of social reconstruction. As a practical first step, they have decided to organize a Mina Bazar and Fancy Dress Parade, all proceeds from which will go to the Disabled Cats Fund.

**STOCK EXCHANGE REPORT:** There is a slump in shark-skin cloth and gold-border saris; following the Prime Minister's Lady Irwin College speech.

**FASHION NOTES:** Factory workers' blue overalls provided the motifs for the latest feminine fashions observed at the Mahalaxmi Race Course. Other fashion novelties noted were: Peasant ghagaras, fisherwomen's cholies, and plain mill-made Ration Cloth saris which are becoming increasingly popular among the millionaire class.

**HER FACE IS HER FORTUNE!**

Madras took a step forward when eight women conductors (or Conductresses) were appointed to work on the vehicles of the State Bus Service plying in the city. They have proved to be efficient,

and Mr. E. Gopal Reddy, Leader of the House, told an inquisitive member in the Madras Assembly that the appointment of more women to these posts would be considered. That caused quite a storm in a tea-cup.

"Did the Government take into account the good looks of the applicants when the appointments were made?", asked an independent member (Laughter).

The Minister replied that a Committee, consisting of women representatives made these selections and they certainly would have taken the looks of the applicants into consideration (more laughter).

Mrs. C. Ammana Raja, Deputy Speaker, asked rather indignantly: "I should like to know why good looks should be an additional qualification and whether efficiency alone counted in the matter of appointments": (Laughter)

Mr. Reddy: "Looks are always conducive to the smooth working of the departments. It is not desirable to have very ugly women as conductresses in our city transport". (Renewed laughter).

Mrs. Ammana Raja asked whether the same qualifications would be insisted in regard to men also. (Laughter)

When the Minister replied that "Men are generally handsome", the House rocked with laughter.

There is so much "love and irony" in this incident that one need hardly comment on it.

But the gallant Madras Minister's profound observation that "looks are always conducive to the smooth working of the departments", and that, therefore, "It is not desirable to have very ugly women conductresses" is worthy of wider application.

Beauty is already acknowledged to be a factor (Max Factor?) in the selection of air hostesses. And, often enough, good looks rather than typing speed, land a stenographer's job. Why not extend the principle to women in other walks of life? If it is conducive to public welfare to have pretty air hostesses, stenographers and bus conductresses, is it not just as important to have pretty school mistresses, pretty women clerks in post offices, pretty women welfare workers, pretty women politicians and pretty women legislators?

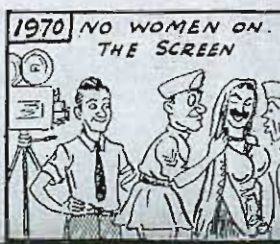
The dull routine of legislation can certainly be brightened by a few pretty faces and svelte figures draped in colourful saris. Men legislators would certainly welcome such a "brightening up"—but would the women members tolerate it?

Mrs. Ammana Raja has given a stern enough warning that they wouldn't.

**STRANGE BUT TRUE.**

A village handicrafts exhibition was recently held in Bombay, organised by the All India Women's Conference. It was a good job well done and the exhibits were a living testimony to the rich variety of traditional handicrafts which are almost dying in the villages.

The paradox, however, is that these beautiful products of village craftsmen are so expensively priced





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that only the very rich plutocrats—millionaires and capitalists—can afford to buy them.

Nowadays one must be rich to wear khaddar or to adorn his house with art wares from the villages or to give his children the beautiful village-made toys.

For the poor—it is the dull and drab monotony of mill-made materials.

The peasants' wife goes in for mill-woven sari, the millionaires' daughter drives a Buick, dressed in *shudh khaddar!*

THE GOOSE THAT . . . . .

Research is being carried on at the Indian Veterinary Research Institute, Izatnagar, to improve the egg-laying capacity of Indian birds as well as to improve the quality of their eggs.

We are still waiting for them to evolve the goose every one has been after for centuries—the one that lays the golden eggs!

'KALA PANI'.

The first batch of refugee colonists has landed in the Andamans.

First example in history of people voluntarily choosing Hard Labour for Life! 'Kala Pani' doesn't seem so black as it once was painted.

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BEGAD, SIR!

"Winston Churchill was right. These natives always need someone to tell them what to do. See now they can't even organise refugee relief without the help of Lady Mountbatten."

OH, MY DEAH . . . . .

"No, no, Fir, darling, you have got her all wrong. She is *not* the second wife of my third husband but the third wife of my second husband!

SAYINGS OF SABA

Sardar Patel is in his Home and States Ministry and all is well with the world.

One statement a day keeps a politician healthy, wealthy and gay.

Those who live in glass houses should draw the curtains before undressing.

An ounce of practical help is better than a ton of theoretical advice.

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# NO NATION SWALLOWS ASIA

By **ROBERT PAYNE**

**T**HE picture that Asia presents must be drawn in sharp outlines, with jagged shadows. An entirely new world is erupting with volcanic force, and there is no power on earth that can restrain it or direct it—neither the United States which has at times and places attempted the first nor the Soviet Union which some have credited with succeeding in the second.

To imagine that Russia could direct the flow of more than a thousand million Asiatics and hold them by her leading strings is to credit Russia with greater strength and purpose than she possesses. It is not Europe that will decide all the issues of peace or war: the balance of power is held by the millions who are still unconscious that they possess power at all.

These violent forces, let loose in uncharted directions, tend to follow democracy because only democracy permits and encourages the survival of human dignity, and it is because democracy can be so easily and spontaneously adapted to the Asiatic scene that the real power of America can be demonstrated and utilized in Asia.

The character of our time demands that the US should adjust itself to a situation in Asia that now assumes critical significance. It is clear that Americans cannot any longer behave as we have behaved in the past, or even as we have behaved in the past few years. The urgencies that face us in Europe face us elsewhere, and they face us most acutely on the shores of the new Middle Sea. As the

center of gravity of the world veers towards Asia, the Pacific acquires a significance never before possessed. The Asiatic century has begun, and the problem of our time is not how to make peace with Russia but how to create a world in which the people find peace endurable.

"The roots of democracy," said President Truman, "will not draw much nourishment in any nation from a soil of poverty and economic distress. It is part of our strategy of peace, therefore, to assist in the rehabilitation and development of the Far Eastern countries." But so far too little has been done; there have been altogether too many pious phrases; the urgencies of the situation have been disguised; and the armies of America are still for the most part her only contribution to the Asiatic scene.

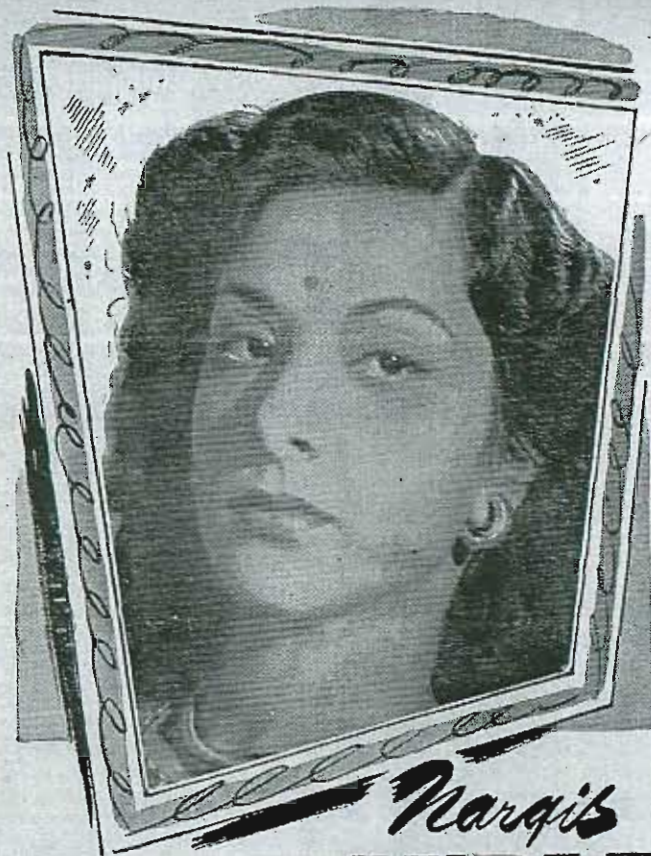


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The revolt of Asia is the greatest revolution that has ever occurred; and the emphasis is on the social struggle, not on war. We must realize that it will eventually change the pattern of American economy, just as the desperate revolt of the Japanese changed the economy of America. The west coast already a center of migration, will continue to absorb more and more of the Middle West, and the ports of Los Angeles, Seattle, and San Francisco will become of even greater significance to the development of Asiatic trade. The curtain has lifted on a new world, and for the adventurous spirit of America new frontiers are opened out, as they opened in the last century, for in the most concrete sense the Asiatics are the men we must know if we are to survive.

At the end of World War II the Asiatics looked toward America, Britain, and Russia for leadership in their struggle for independence. Though almost all of the emergent Asiatic states looked toward America first and wrote their declarations of independence on the American model, it became clear to them that the fully thought-out plan and seemed almost wilfully determined to obstruct the evolving pattern of social democracy wherever it appeared.

The Navy retained its feudal outposts in the Pacific; the Army ruled in Korea and Japan; the power of the Ziaabatsu was not broken; the Emperor of Japan and the dictator of China were confirmed in their powers; arms were sent or sold to China for the deliberate purpose of fanning the Civil War; nearly every action during the year immediately following the war seemed to have been taken with an instinctive sense of fatality, of going against the grain of history.

It was in the power of the United States in August, 1945, to have assisted the revolutionary birth of Asia, to have acknowledged the inevitable change in the status quo and to have led the revolt. Nothing



A delightful dance sequence from Ramesh Pictures' "Chakori." The film stars Nalini in the stellar role.

was so admirable in those early days as men's reliance on the good offices of the United States.

The Four Freedoms possessed a more concrete meaning in Asia than elsewhere; want lay close to men's skins, and tyranny walked broad shouldered through the multitudes of peasants, a tyranny so powerful that in China, for example, no efforts were made to disguise it, and indeed every effort was made to make it appear as it was, so that men should be afraid to speak aloud. In China, Korea, and to a lesser extent in Japan freedom of speech went by default. So it was to some extent in India and the British colonies, where the Tory legacy of colonial government outlasted Tory power. For Asia it was one of those rare critical times in history, a time when major decisions and the men who make or execute them assume lasting importance.

This time of change is not yet ended. The existing Asiatic states may not last long, for in a period

of great social tensions, there is a tendency at work that may be characterized, in Dr. Toynebee's words, as "withdrawal-and-return." Nations may split apart, whole segments withdrawing into isolation, but at the same time the Asiatic nations will tend to form larger wholes. Though Pakistan is separated from India, and North China may separate from South, vast plans of federation are already afoot, and it is unlikely that they can be indefinitely postponed.

The League for the Federation of South-East Asia, formed under the auspices of Tiang Siraanana of Siam, Prince Souphnevong of Laos, and Le Hi of Vietnam, envisages a territory that includes Burma, Siam, Indo-China, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the islands north of Australia, together with the Philippines, forming a new nation of over 150,000,000 with a single defense system, joint foreign relations, and co-ordination of economic life.

The establishment of this federation is still far in the future. Still



Burma, and the Philippines are free, and so also are parts of Indonesia in spite of a theoretical dependence on the Dutch Crown, while the issue of the war in Indo-China cannot be greatly prolonged.

Starting with a loose federation based upon common interests, there is no reason why a formidable federation possessing fabulous resources should not come about, with the result that the whole configuration of power in the Orient will be changed; nor is it unlikely that India, the first country to recognize the Indonesian Republic, will form a close alliance with the new federation.

Meanwhile the literacy rate in Asia is mounting, and the fantastic heights of the Asiatic birth rate are already beginning to make themselves felt. Almost three

million (2,700,000) new babies are now born annually in Japan. If India's death rate could be lowered to the level of that of the United States, India alone with her present birth rate could fill five worlds. The problem of the Asiatic birth rate begins to loom large.

There is no evidence that the Japanese government or the American Military Government have given thought to solving the population problem, which may be the decisive problem of our time. It is hardly solution to suggest, as some Asiatics have already suggested, that when America and Russia have destroyed one another by atomic bombs, both of these huge continental countries will be wide open for Asiatic expansion. But nothing is more likely than that the Asiatics will be compelled to expand into Africa, Australia,

and even perhaps New Zealand. These changes may occur more quickly than we now believe possible. Only one thing is certain; it will no longer be possible to play one Asiatic group against another, for they are conscious already of their invisible bonds.

This union of Asiatics is not, inevitably, a threat to the West. Mr. William C. Bullitt recently returned from Asia to voice the hysterical nightmare that Stalin would eventually mobilize all the forces of Europe and Asia against the United States—"He will organize 450,000,000 Chinese. He will organize 350,000,000 Muslims and Hindus of India. He will organize all the Arabs. He will organize all the French, Italians, Germans, Poles, Scandinavians. He will organize them into overwhelming masses of men and

machines." This prediction was evidence of a profound and shocking ignorance of the Asiatic scene. For the evolution of Asia has been consistently toward a form of social democracy, and not toward communism, and the fact that the Communists are powerful in China derives from the feudalism of the Kuomintang, not from the nature of Asiatic Social development.

No one can doubt that Russia has eyes on Asia, that every effort of penetration short of war is being utilized, that at least 900 Asiatic students are studying in various colleges in Siberia and Moscow, and that Russia is attempting to exert pressure in Afghanistan, Tibet, Singkiang, and Mongolia, while the great new industrial centers round Alma Ata are strategically situated to supply pressure along the Russian frontiers of Asia.

The announced Russian objectives are the control of Manchuria and India, which contains Asia's greatest industrial potential; but the successes of the Communists in India were weakened by Gandhi's continual disapproval of their methods, their constant shifts in policy and their inability to penetrate the peasant Kisans, already for the most part captured by the Indian socialists.

The Russians in conquering Manchuria and then stripping it of all its turbine generators, to the astonishment of the Chinese Communists, themselves showed very clearly the path they were inclined to follow in Asia. This has been remembered against them, and the Chinese students who hate the Kuomintang government for its corruption find no reason to love the USSR for robbery.

Distrust of Russia is increasingly growing. Soetan Sjahrir, who borrowed some of his socialist concepts from the Chinese Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung, has fought Communism in Java vigorously. Nehru's horror at many aspects of the Russian experiment has been expressed in his books. Unless Communism succeeds in capturing the social consciousness of the young Asiatics by the drive and simplicity of a new programme for Asia diametrically opposed to the programme enforced in Russia, her chances of winning seem slight indeed.

Meanwhile, if America desires to win them, profound changes of policy will be needed. Most important of all is the need to change her attitude towards the social demands of the Asiatic peasantry, who will be swayed by the Communist cry of "imperialism" if our

policy should be mainly concerned with the support of feudal and vested interests.

This it has been in the past. During 1946 and 1947 Kuomintang China received the bulk of \$713,000,000 worth of UNRRA aid (\$535,000,000 in goods, \$178,000,000 in transport and administration), \$855,000,000 worth of war surpluses and fixed installations, \$695,900,000 in purely military aid (though the war against Japan ended the previous year).

To this government, which had flouted all four freedoms and acted with impatient tyranny towards the demands of the people for land reform and a thousand changes in the standards of government, Mr. Bullitt proposed a further loan of \$1,350,000,000, though the total of \$2,263,900,000 already given had done nothing more than increase the cost of living to unbearable proportions and allowed the government to become more intolerant of opposition than ever before.

It is necessary always that we should remember how great a part the concept of human dignity plays in the East, not only in China and India but elsewhere. The Moros and the Balinese stabbing themselves in despair before the invasion of the West, the deep



This is the inevitable piano sequence in Ratan Pictures' "Char Din." The charming "maestro" is Sursaiya, the leading lady of the Picture.



The somnolent Casanova pictured above is Karan Dewan, the handsome star of Producer Jainani Dewan's "Lahore," which now awaits release in Bombay.





*Sitara*  
in **HAL CHAL** Directed by  
K. ASIF'S S. K. OJHA

April 1949

currents of pride that afflict the Malays, the simple dignity of the most obscure Tamil rubber planter, the feverish despair and energy and triumphs of the Hindus, all are displayed to us without ostentation and with a naturalness that defies our most careful analysis.

The Asiatic peasant, reading the Communist Manifesto with its strange diatribes against the peasants, is not impressed. An American manifesto, relating to the social tasks America has set before herself, would even now have a surprising effect on the Asiatic people, who are beginning to dislike Americans more than they have ever disliked them before. It would be necessary, however, for the manifesto to be written bluntly and solidly, and it is also necessary that the terms of the manifesto should be rigidly upheld.

For the Asiatic peasant the most urgent problem of all concerns agrarian reform, but if he examines the land reform practiced by the Americans in Japan, he sighs for a Russian invasion, for by June 1, 1947, only about 350,000 acres of a total of 5,000,000 acres had been brought by the government for redistribution, and up to this date not one acre had been allotted to a tenant farmer.

If he looked to the reforms of the Kuomintang, he would find himself at a loss to discover any land reforms whatsoever; on the contrary he would find that the feudal estates are increasing in area and that the government, for the twenty-seventh time, is instituting a small "model area" where land reform could be practiced only to show, as Chiang Kai-shek declared in *China's Destiny*, that land reform is impracticable.

If he looked to the reforms in the Philippines, he would see that in theory the large holdings are being bought and redistributed on long-term loans to the individual farmers, and that by law 70 per cent of the produce belongs to the peasant and 30 per cent to the



*Cuckoo's animation is one of her charms, and that perhaps accounts for her unique popularity among producers. She has a meaty role in Ramesh Pictures' "Chakori".*

landowner, but this law is no more efficient than a similar law in China, and the peasants are convinced that the heart of the government is still with the *hacenderos*.

On the other hand, the peasant would discover that large land reforms are being put into operation in India in spite of the struggle between the Muslims and the Hindus and that Jawaharlal Nehru has pledged himself to reform in such a way that there can be no possibility of error. In fact, in the whole of Asia, India is the only nation where such deliberate and

far-reaching plans are being put in operation. In many districts these plans will fail; it is too much to hope that the agricultural habits of centuries and the powers of the great *zamindars* will be completely broken.

But at least in India there is vast hopefulness. The Plan of Economic Development of India, popularly known as the Bombay Plan, envisaged agricultural and industrial developments that called for the expenditure of \$35,000,000,000 and looked forward to a "doubling of the present per capita income within a period of



15 years, by raising the net output of agriculture to a little over twice its present figure and that of industry, including both large and small industries, to approximately five times the present output."

These fantastic totals were a measure of Indian self-confidence and of the amazing resources of the nation. Plague, famine, and civil war were to come, but in its essentials the "Bombay Plan" of 1944 still remains the blueprint of the new India.

There are at least three important regions in which American assistance to the East will help towards the peaceful development of Oriental countries—by education, by utilizing the resources of American knowledge of hydro-electric power and soil conservation and by loans. The first and the second are primarily academic and are most urgent and most easy to put into operation; they are also the least expensive. Though loans may be necessary, they are by no means the most important, and if an ARP is to follow an ERP, they should be placed high on the list, if only because the peasants, who form the greater proportion of Asiatic populations, lack western "know how."

Five factors, in particular, must be seriously studied with regard to Asia.

First and foremost is the emergence of the social revolution with all its diverse phenomena of nationalism, socialism, a rising programme of education, an electorate exalted and inspired by the promise of full control over its government, the rise in the literacy rate, and the emergence into political power of people who have been oppressed for centuries.

Second, we are confronted with a swiftly changing economic system in Asia. Pre-war Asia no longer exists. The whole fabric of its economy is now under grave strain, and the process of adaptation, though speeded up by socialism, can only increase the strain. The economic focuses have changed.



India's new matinee idol Raj Kapoor is one of the several topnotch stars lined up for Sethi Jagat Narain's musical extravaganza "Sunhero Din."

Japan, in spite of considerable exports in textiles, will never recover her economic foothold in Asia if only because hatred for Japan is too deep-seated among the peoples she conquered. Meanwhile, every Asiatic nation is desperately attempting to become nationalized, industrialized, and to a greater or lesser extent socialized. Nothing will convince the Asiatics that the primary sources of power and production should be left in the hands of private enterprise; they have learned private enterprise; they have learned that private enterprise is rarely private, and it has been enterprising in the past only on behalf of foreigners.

Third, we are confronted with the changing relations between Asia and the West: our primacy is forfeit at last. Though for a brief space we shall act as conquerors in Japan, Korea, Indonesia, and Malaya, our rule is hardly more than shadow play, a charade performed before a backcloth on which is depicted the beautiful and tragic spectacle of the nations of Asia aroused at least to a consciousness of their own powers and their vast fertility. Our day in

Asia is ended, their sun is rising, and we would be fools of conquest, to imagine that it can be postponed.

Fourth, we are confronted with the tendency on the part of Asiatics to form large federations on the principle that they need greater security against the temptations of revived imperialism.

Last, we are confronted with Asiatic Communism, which may and probably will follow a path opposed to Russian Communism simply because the problems that face Russia are so often dissimilar to the problems that face Asia. If Communism emerges in Asia, it will be as a result of our own moral weakness, for more than we imagine, the Asiatics are opposed to tyranny, and it is hardly likely that they will exchange the tyranny of one imperialism for that of another.

"Let us extend our authority over China," Senator Brewster recently exclaimed, forgetting that there is little difference between "extending authority over China" and rape of empire.

It is, in fact, still possible for the great powers to extend their authority, not by conquest, but by offering all possible resources of education to the Asiatic student. This authority would be of the kind that never relinquishes its hold or vanishes, for it is based upon compelling human motives: it is an authority that extends in both directions, compelling the West to an understanding of the East as assuredly as it compels the East to understand us.

If America desires seriously to see a free world, I would have thought that the problem of enabling Asiatic students to understand its mechanical and social techniques would have acquired paramount importance, for if America succeeds in establishing itself in the empire of their minds, it has gained the whole world by gaining them as future allies.

—Courtes U. N. WORLD

FROM  
TO

Bonga Chand  
Bonga Bhai

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

By KRISHEN CHANDER

My dear Bonga Bhai,

The stabilization of the Congress Ministry in the Bongrab Province has been no easy job, there being as many parties in the legislature as men, the Ministry was always in the fear of being overwhelmed by the majority in the opposition. Under the circumstances I had to resort to the following methods:—

I considered every body except myself to be in the opposition bloc. I started with that premise, and there being only 49 members in the legislature, I picked the ten worst out of them and nominated them as Ministers. These people were once my loudest and most vociferous opponents on the floor of the house. And now they are the most loyal and docile followers of the great Congress Ministry.

From the rest, I selected ten as Parliamentary Secretaries to the Ministers. Being the Premier of South-West-East-North Bongrab Province, I could not look to all the four sides of my Province at the same time, therefore I had to have four Parliamentary Secretaries who are:—

Colonel Harjab Singh, Northern Parliamentary Secretary.

Chaudhari Chuba Ram, Southern Parliamentary Secretary.  
Malik Ghaseeta Mai, Eastern Parliamentary Secretary.

Captain Khushwaqt Rai, Western Parliamentary Secretary.

That disposed of nearly half of the house. The rest was plain sailing. One assembly member was made the chief whip. Another his assistant. Bindra Kumar M.L.A. was very antagonistic to me. I had to appoint him as my Chief Information Officer. Sardar Khokha Singh and Dhondia could not be appeased. Poor fellows. Now they are in jail, dubbed as Communists under the Republic Safety Razor Irregularity Act of 1812. (These old laws are coming very handy to me just now).

Twenty-nine Members of the assembly were thus accounted for. Now I had a solid majority, but still 20 members were there in the opposition, and you know opposition can make a lot of noise in these troublesome democratic days. Of course I could appoint more Ministers, but the game would have been very obvious. I was in a fix when suddenly an M.L.A. went on hunger strike on some

fimsy pretext. I told him Congress having achieved Bong Rajya, there was no need of Congresswallas to go on hunger strike. In fact the whole thing was now off. Against truth and non-violence, you know what I mean. Moreover all strikes



Kamini Kaushal, alluring star of several recent hits, has a key role in M & T Films "Namoona." The picture is being directed by Hira Singh.





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*Music:* NAUSHAD  
*Directed by:* S.U. SUNNY

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*Music:* NAUSHAD

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April 1949

including hunger-strikes — are now illegal. But he persisted. Finally in a heart to heart talk with him I convinced him that what he needed was not hunger strike but a permit to import Buicks. The chap brightened up immediately and broke his fast with a glass of Beer.

I must say that this system of permits and priorities has worked well, and now I have all the 49 members (except those who are in jail) in my pocket. In fact in my Assembly there is no opposition at all. I hope in the coming general election if you nominate my men we will have no trouble at all.

Lastly, I have heard that certain dishonest Bongresswallas in the committee have complained to you against my immoral character. This charge is wholly false. For

the last twelve years I have regarded my wife as my mother or sister in the true Bongress tradition. Sexually speaking, I have achieved complete Nirvana. I eat Moong Ki Dal only. I do not drink even Nira which is advocated by certain Bongress Ministers. Further, there is no lady member in the house; so how could this charge be true? I beg of you Bonga Bhai not to believe such baseless charges. I am ever your faithful servant.

And now I must end this epistle on a happy note. You will be glad to know that yesterday North-Western-East-Southern Bongrab University awarded me an honorary degree of LL.D. (Doctor of Law); when I think that I failed five times in the preliminary Law examination in the same university I cannot but laugh at the turn of

events. Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Yours very very obediently,  
Bonga Chand.

Premier of North-West-East-North Bongrab Province of the Supremely Sovereign Republic of Bongasthan.

FROM BONGA BHAI TO  
BONGA CHAND

My dear Bonga Chand,  
It has given me great pleasure to read your last letter. Your strenuous efforts to form a solid and stable Bongress Ministry in your Province is a proof that the disciples of the Great Master can perform miracles even after his death. I am very proud of you and hereby give you my solemn promise that in the next General Election (if it is ever held at all) I shall nominate you as the Premier of the Great East-North-



As "Kala Chasma," the mysterious femme fatale of "Apna Desh," Pushpa Hans, the beautiful new Rajkamal discovery, puts over a performance that could be the envy of even veterans. She is one of those low stars who are catapulted to fame by their performance in a single picture.



West-Southern Bongrab Province.

But you have not yet decided to include the great Bagla and his party in the Bongress. Bagla, though communal-minded, will be a great asset to us. I hear he has a great following in your province. You must give him a seat in the Ministry and, if possible, appoint a few more Parliamentary Secretaries from among his chief followers, i.e., Bagla Bhagats. You must not forget that we have to fight the next general election without any opposition, otherwise democracy in this country will be in danger.

I am also not yet fully satisfied with your handling of the refugee problem and the inflation in regard to foodstuffs and other edibles in your province. Please report immediately. Stop eating Moong Ki Dal and travelling in third class which was alright when the Great Master was living but which is no longer in consonance with the prestige and the position which you occupy now. As the accredited representative of the people you



When three smart-stars like Durga Khote, Rehana and Yashodhara Kapse meet in Madhuban Pictures' dynamic film "Suraj Mukhi" there's bound to be plenty of excitement. The film is being directed by hit-maker Amarnath.

must maintain proper dignity.

Yours sincerely,  
Bonga Bhai.

FROM BONGA CHAND TO  
BONGA BHAI

My dear Bonga Bhai,

Regarding matters raised in your confidential letter, I have promptly looked into them and decided as follows:—

1. I have decided to appoint Bagla as a Minister without portfolio, without Cabinet Rank and even without a seat in the Assembly. He on his part has decided to eschew communalism and will henceforth regard all Muslims as good as Harijans which, you will agree, shows a great change of heart.

2. The appointment of some Bagla Bhagats as Parliamentary Secretaries is a very ticklish problem. You see I could appoint them as Parliamentary Secretaries, even as Deputy Ministers to work under Under Secretaries of the Lower Menial Branch. But there are no seats in the Assembly for

them. I would therefore urge you to create more seats in the Assembly to create more Ministers and Parliamentary Secretaries, otherwise, the future of this Province will be in great peril. For this I will suggest a splitting up of the present constituencies to provide more seats. But the *splitting-up* is a central subject, and after having split up a whole country you are likely to know how. I want your guidance on this.

3. There is now no refugee problem in our Province. I have asked my Refugee Minister and he tells me that there is absolutely no such problem existing in the Province. Formerly there was a refugee problem. But I appointed the leader of the refugees as the Minister of Finance in my Cabinet. Now he does not sanction any money for the extravagant schemes for the refugees. All the respectable refugees have been respectably settled, allotted lands, shops, permits and priorities. Others, who do not count, have been safely locked in concentration camps where they get their daily ration. The refugee problem has been settled once for all in my Province, and I am not prepared to re-open the subject again except under your august command.

4. Regarding Inflation. The best way to deal with it is to ignore it. This is a practical suggestion which I put to the higher authorities at the Centre. Just ignore inflation. Consider as if it does not exist, and all your troubles will melt away. If you cannot ignore inflation, then you cannot ignore Black Market. The best remedy under the circumstances prevailing in the country is to legalise the Black Market and illegalise the White Market. You will see in a few days, if you do this, that there will be no inflation in the country and the whole population will be deflated and dehydrated to an enormous extent. This will wipe out housing shortage in the big cities as there will be less people to breathe more freely and



A dramatic sequence from Rajkumar's thought-provoking film "Apna Deh." This new Shantaram film, starring the mysterious Pushpa Hans has been acclaimed by critics as an epoch-making film.

occupy more space. In short we would have taken the first step to Bong Rajya.

5. I have been greatly pained to know that you do not like my habit of travelling in third class. I will discontinue it, as you have rightly remarked that the Great Master (May his soul rest in peace) is dead and the memorial in his honour has not yet been subscribed for, therefore there is no need to persist in former habits. But I must insist on eating Moong Ki Dal. I am second to none in my faithful obedience and adherence to the Great Bongress High Command. But I do not think, Sir, that even you have the right to ask me what to eat and what not to eat. Your order is an attack on individual liberty and I

will not submit to it and will go on eating Moong Ki Dal with my meals.

Yours obediently,  
BONGA CHAND.

\* \* \*  
URGENT TELEGRAM

From Bonga Bhai to Bonga Chand  
STOP EATING MOONG KI  
DAL OR RESIGN

BONGA BHAI

URGENT TELEGRAM

From Bonga Chand to Bonga Bhai  
URGE RECONSIDER YOUR  
DECISION STOP MOONG KI  
DAL ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS  
STOP HAS NO POLITICAL  
SIGNIFICANCE STOP THE  
GREAT MASTER LOVED IT  
STOP SEE PAGE 250 MY EX-  
PERIMENTS WITH MOONG KI  
DAL

BONGA CHAND  
MOST URGENT TELEGRAM  
BONGRESS HIGH COM-  
MANDS' UNANIMOUS DECISION YOU STOP EATING MOONG KI DAL FORTHWITH OR RESIGN

BONGA BHAI  
IMMEDIATE REPLY  
HAVE STOPPED IT GOT  
DYSENTRY STOP SEND  
BLESSINGS

BONGA CHAND  
BONGAPUR: The political difference between Bonga Chand, the Premier of the South-West-North-East Bongrab Province, and the Bongress High Command have been amicably settled. It seems there will be no immediate reshuffle in the Provincial Cabinet.

—A report in Bongasthan Times





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**SOUND'S SHORT STORY**



IT was dark and dismal inside. From one corner came a loud snoring that was audible even above the storm raging outside. From another corner came intermittent sobs. Sandwiched between these manifestations of peace and sorrow, the pink envelope fretted restlessly. She was craving for company, but the post-card snored and blubbered while the gray envelope resisted all attempts at friendship.

Rain drops began to patter on the top of the post-box. Footsteps were heard outside. Pinky peered through the crevice of the box and held her breath. A dark figure with an umbrella was standing. From near the breast under his coat he drew out a letter and took it down to post. Then suddenly he withdrew his hand and pressed the letter to his bosom and exuded a haunted sigh. With a smacking kiss on the azure blue envelope he dropped it in the box.

Azury came clattering down. "Oh Gosh!" she piped. "It is so cold here! Is anyone around?"

"Oh Dearie! Come near me—it has been a hell here."

"Are you alone?"

"No. There is that shameless fellow sprawling, blowing loud through his unmusical nose. And," she whispered, "there is a girl in brown at the other corner, now quiet and now sobbing her heart

out—no company for the like of me. I have been so lonely. Come right near me."

"How can anybody be unhappy, I wonder. I am all in thrills and flutters. If you only knew what I know!"

"Tell me, do! I am dying to hear. I am bursting to tell you what I am carrying myself. Come!"

Rain drops were drumming on the top, the box shivered and swayed in the playful wind. Pinky and Azury nestled closer.

"You know", began Azury, "a young and handsome man is sending me to a pert girl he met at the ration office, with arched eyebrows and dimples in her chubby cheeks. I am to tell her how desperately he loves her, right with the top and toe and all that goes between. He cannot sleep because of thoughts of her, he cannot keep awake because of more thoughts of her, so that he is perpetually in a dream, in the milkyway of clustered thoughts. In a maddening burst of passion he has begged her, entreated her, to meet him at the beach and give him a word of hope, of reassurance. He has violently repudiated rationing in love, and refuses to share with the crowd the bewitching smiles she throws broadcast in the course of her duties in the office. If you knew how he crushed and kissed me before posting me, you would not doubt that he means business!"

"Must be a HE-man! How different from the man who sends me. You could never guess."

"Tell me."  
"He is an elderly man, prosaic and sober. He wrote while his wife was cooking. Imagine the risk of discovery. And once she did come up before he had time to shove me away. She asked him whom he was writing to. And what do you think he said?"

"What?"  
"That he was applying for a better post! Just imagine, when he was only writing to the girl he had been meeting secretly for some time. As her marriage is approaching, he is terribly upset. I am carrying all the plans for an elopement!"

"What! And he a married man!"

"Oh, but he explains it all away by writing that his wife has the children and her housework. Her life is full. It is he whose heart is a desert, ruffled with sand waves, and that this girl is the only discernible oasis on his empty horizon. Fancy the risk and thrill of all these plannings. I am so jittery. He thinks it to be fool-proof! And suppose they are found out. Ha, Ha....."

The snoring stopped and a gruff voice spoke.

"Can't you girls stop giggling."



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# KINARA

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accompanied with Bismilla Khan & Party

Story and Music : MADHUSUDAN ACHARYA      Screenplay : PRABHULAL DWIVEDI      Songs : NILKANTH TIWARI  
Direction : AMBALAL DAVE

NORTH: ELLORA FILMS, LUCKNOW

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"Papa!" cried out both Pinky and Azry. "Where are you going and what have you to say?"

"I? Very little. A pot-bellied Seth sends me to his native place and family. He has not been home for ages nor does he want the family to come over to this town. I am carrying the usual excuse of house shortage. But in reality he has been bewitched by an actress and has swallowed the wor..."

"Worm?"  
"Yes, the worm, hook and line complete! So there! And now let me sleep in peace."

The two friends chuckled, but suddenly stopped at the sound of a heart-rending sob. They turned to Brownny.

"What is ailing you, my dear?" asked one.

"We cannot bear to see you unhappy in our company," said the other.

"Why cry? Our life is so short. Let us tell you of love, life and laughter."

"Love!" sobbed Brownny, "Don't talk to me of these empty words. My God!"

She began to whimper. The two friends were touched.

"Please let us hear what you have to say."

"You won't understand, you who are vibrating with romance and are deluded with the charm of the word LOVE!"

"Let us judge for ourselves. Unburdening your heart will lighten your sorrows."

"A girl of seventeen, sweet, lovely and innocent, is sending me with the last breath of hope. Here are her own words."

She paused and finally continued with a sigh.

"My beloved, have you forgotten me? Untold nights have I spent thinking of you, untold days have I passed dreaming of you—of your sweet smile, of the lustre of love in your eyes, of the ardour and thrill of your words whispered into my ears. But dreams vanish and thoughts get clouded. Ugly shadows of doubt have begun to



Om and Jayant vis for the acting honours with superb performances in Ratan Pictures' "Char Din," now awaiting release.

creep and crawl on the little bright world you created for me, they haunt and madden me. Several letters have I written, and long have I waited with love, anguish and hope. You never replied. How often do I wake up feeling you are near me only to find it an echo along the corridor of memory. These echoes thrill me, for I love you with every fibre of my being. What have I done to deserve your silence?"

"My prayers have gone unheard, my tears have dried unnoticed. People have begun to suspect, evil tongues are already wagging. Imagine my shame, my mortification. And yet it is my faith in you, my love for you, and the memory of the past and the hope in the future that sustain me, give me courage. But I am a woman, without you life is empty, barren, choking. Time passes my love, and I wait on. If you care for me still, come, come and whisper into my ears the magic of love that unites two heart-beats into a rhythm of life. Come!"

"I am not far off from the frayed end of the rope. This is my last letter. I have written to you often, I have poured out and laid at your feet all the treasures of

my soul. You know my present condition. If you do not come at once and save me....."

Heavy footsteps were heard approaching. Brownny stopped to listen.

"Hurry," said Pinky, "what is the matter with her?"

Brownny began to sob. The footsteps stopped in front of the post box.

"Hurry, Darling! What is the trouble?"

"She is going to have a baby! The lover has jilted her. He never writes. If she does not hear from him in reply, she will...."

The key turned in the lock. "She will strangle herself!" sobbed Brownny as the slit opened and a moist cold wind blew them about.

The postman fished them out with disgust and looked at them with contempt.

"Fancy coming in this foul weather all this way just for these few miserable, unimportant letters. To hell with you!" and he thrust them into the bag and trotted away.

The rain went on pattering. The wind moaned and wailed around the box.





*Musical Score:*

— HUSAN LALL & BHAGAT RAM

*Written and Produced by*

MULK RAJ BHAKRI

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NIGARISTAN (INDIA) FILMS

Present

**Geeta Bali**

RANDHIR KULDIP KAUR  
SOFIA GULUB & OM PRAKASH

**BANSARIA**

Directed by  
**RAM NARAIN DAVE**

April 1949

29



by **B. D. GARGA**

(Translated from the Original in Urdu.)

"Your name?" asked Babu the make-up man as he handed her a jar of face-cream.

"Ambi," she replied with a touch of coyness.

A strange name, he thought. Akhtari, Zohra, Sheela, Shanti... these were names familiar to Babu. But Ambi sounded strange. He had never come across it before.

"Don't you like it?" she asked. And she leaned forward and smiled at him voluptuously.

"No...er...er...it's a good name, very good indeed!" he lampered. "as good as your..." and he could not complete what he wanted to say. Instead he said, "Go, rub this cream upon your face. It's Max Factor, real Max Factor. I don't give it to everybody either... only to some special ones like you."

"How good of you!" she bantered, winking an eye at him.

Babu felt a strange stirring in his being. His eyes clung hungrily to her full, rounded breasts, flickered over her supple, seductive body. How he wished he could take her in his arms and squeeze her to him tightly.....

"Powder, Masterji!" The call roused Babu from his sweet sensual



The pocket-size Pavlova pictured above is Sadhona (Jur). This little heart-throb with the charming smile will soon be seen in a Poona film.

reverie "No 27, Masterji!"

"Cream No. 28! Masterji," said another girl.

"No!" shouted Babu jocularly, now fully alive to his surroundings. "Number 28 is not for your dark skin. You take number 30."

The girls tittered. Transfixed in the numerous mirrors that lined the walls, silently daubing their faces with cream and powder, they seemed suddenly to come alive in their carefree laughter.

Babu glanced stealthily at Ambi who stood in a corner. She was

putting lipstick on her lips, spreading it evenly with the tip of her tongue.

Though Ambi was not fair, under the mysterious effect of the make up her fine features shone with a strange luminosity.

She had never been in a film studio before. But for a long time she longed to be an actress. She had heard girls in her neighbourhood tell their customers they were actresses and she knew they got more money on account of this. And she had often prayed: "Hey Bhagwan, would that I too could become an actress one day!"



Then suddenly she would think: "May be I am so beautiful! But then what beauty has that Nuric, that bitch of a Zohra?" Thus she would solace herself.

And now this day, impelled by Heaven knew what, Faizu had come to her and said "Would you like to work in a film company, Ambi?"

Bhagwan had answered her prayer at last! What more could she desire? With reverence she looked at the picture of Ganesh. His faded features dimmed under layers of soot and dust. It had been given her by one who, while trading in flesh, did not forget the gods.

"You will get twenty rupees for the work," continued Faizu. "Fifteen for you and five for me. Agreed?"

Ambi eagerly nodded her assent. She was not hungry for money.



Curvaceous lovely Smriti has now migrated to Calcutta. This Punjabi lassie has got what it takes to be a screen idol. She'll soon be seen in many Calcutta films.

She was hungry only to be an actress.

Ambi had been thrilled by the sight of the make-up room, its neat and tidy almirahs filled with costly gorgeous dresses, its shelves laden with cosmetics and ornaments. She felt if she had been taken to Nanubhai's, the famous jewellers to choose whatever she liked. Dressed in a flowered tissue saree, she looked very charming. She gazed with wonder at her reflection in the mirror, at her costly clothes, her elegant appearance. It seemed to her as if the universe itself had changed, as if her surroundings were whispering to her: "Ambi, you are pretty, you are charming! And till to-day you did not know it, you simple, silly creature! Ambi shrouded till now in the recesses of her subconscious had suddenly burst into life. The

flower of her long buried youth had suddenly sprouted in new glory. Her cheeks glowed with happiness.

She felt herself quite a different being from that Ambi who lived in Golpitha's Kholi Number 46 with the red curtains. How dirty that Ambi was. Chhi! Chhi! She did not even scruple to sleep with any fat ugly fellow who could spare a little silver. And the boy from the hotel opposite, Rhamatoo, could even go to her at midnight saying: "Open the door for me, Ambi! It's drizzling outside," as if it was his father's home. "Ambi, I have no money. Let me sleep with you!" Just like that. "And do you ever give me anything, pan or tobacco, or even a cup of tea, for nothing, when I have no money?" That Ambi would say in a rage. "You son of a bitch!—Get out. Wants to sleep with me! Is this your father's house? Get out!"

And Kallu Shah! That fat and black and drunken bull roaring in his raucous voice: "Ambi! The girth of my powerful chest makes women die on me."

"Hi . hi . hi . haw . haw!" he would laugh, froth cozing out of his drunken mouth. "I love you Ambi," he would say. "I love you. That is why I come to you every night . . . ."

"What are you standing there for? Get on the set. Can't you see the others have all gone?" shouted Babu at Ambi startling her into sudden consciousness of her surroundings.

Woken out of her daydream, but hardly yet fully conscious, Ambi stammered. The words of foul abuse that bubbled in her mind at the thought of what she had been remembering, come up out of her lips, but she didn't know that.

Babu was taken aback. "What is the matter with you?" he asked in surprise. "Whom are you abusing?"

"Abusing?" The sound of the word got her round at once. "Abus-

April 1949

ing? Whom could I be abusing? Yes, yes. I am going on the set at once.

Hurriedly Ambi clattered down the stairs. On the landing, in front of the big mirror there she stopped short. The flowered tissue sari, the power, the kajal . . . they had really transformed her. She looked beautiful. And the present, too, was beautiful as if the past had suddenly vanished in the air.

On the sets she felt that all eyes were focussed on her alone. In the marriage scene that was being shot she was the bridesmaid. She had to dance with other girls around the bride, who sat in the middle dressed in a gorgeous saree, her arms and neck resplendent with jewels, her eyes lowered bashfully, her lips curving in a slight smile. Ambi perceived lurking in her eyes a strange spark, and her own past came out of the fog—her childhood, her youth, her village home her friends. Like moving pictures they came and went before her eyes. Three years ago, she had seen, the same spark in another pair of eyes—the eyes of the village headman's daughter. Night after night Ambi had sung songs to the Dholak at the marriage of that headman's daughter. She was fascinated by the pomp and gay bustle of marriages. She loved music, new clothes, ornaments, the important hurry and rush of a marriage gathering. And secretly she had prayed: "When will I become a bride, O' Bhagwan? When will the *Shehnai* play for me and the dholak beat to announce my marriage?" And six months later, her father had married Ambi to a man even older than himself to whom he owed 200 rupees which he could never pay. Ambi's ambition to be a bride had been buried that day.

Then, one day, in a sudden, overwhelming opportune moment, she had run away with Shankar, the bearer of the village dak bungalow. They had come to



Rehana, the seductive siren of Santoshi's "Khidki," goes naive for a change in Seth Jagat Narain's dramatic musical "Sunhere Din."

Bombay. Shankar was a rare dandy. "Ambi, I will marry you," he had told her. "Let us go to a big city where no one will know us." Ambi had imagined Shankar as a bearer to a big Sahib, and herself an Ayah in the household. They would be happy, ever happy. . . . But once in Bombay, she was confused by the vastness of the city. The trams, the buses, the trains, the hurry, the sky-rearing buildings . . . never had she seen such things before or ever imagined they could be! For several days she and Shankar wandered around homeless, aimless. After a stren-

uous day of sightseeing they would come back to the serai to sleep. One day when the keeper of the serai told them to find another place to stay in they had to think seriously. Shankar went here and there in search of a job, and at last succeeded in getting one on thirty rupees a month with quarters. There Ambi could have been happy. But the Sahib soon began to ogle Ambi, poor thing. He would send Shankar away on some errand, and then come to Ambi in her Kholi. Ambi was afraid of him, afraid of losing Shankar his job. And she yielded.



KULDIP PICTURES Ltd.

PRESENTS

# LACHHI

Starring  
WASTI, MANORAMA  
RANDHIR, MAJNU  
CUCKOO & OM

Produced by  
LEKHRAJ BHAKHRI



WRITTEN BY  
**T. R. BHAKHRI**  
MUSIC  
**ANSRAJ BAHL**  
DIRECTION  
**RAJINDRA SHARMA**

# NAACH

Starring  
**SURAIYA-SHYAM**  
**MANORAMA-SOFIA**  
**CUCKOO & OM** WITH **WASTI**  
PRODUCED BY  
**KULDIP SEHGAL**  
STORY: **M. R. BHAKHRI**  
MUSIC: **HUSANLAL BHAGATRAM**  
DIRECTION: **RAVINDRA DAVE**

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COMING NEXT

# ANARKALI

WAIT FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THUNDERING CAST

April 1949

33

And then Shankar had disappeared one day. Ambi left the Sahib's service, found another job, and another and another... She seemed to go through an endless, everlasting succession of jobs. They all ended the same way, because some one wanted to sleep with her. She got tired of sleeping with them! And at last she found herself in Golpitha. It had not taken long in actual time, but to her it had been eternity repeated over and over and over again.

Ambi shivered. The bride opposite her smiled, and a dull, meaningless smile also curled the corners of Ambi's lips.

For Ambi the bride was the deep reality, and her own past a vague forgotten dream. She swallowed the bitterness that was her past, and gently rocked herself in the rainbow swing of the incredible present. Every little cell of her body was filled with a strange voluptuous delight. Her lips quivered with ecstasy, tears lurked in her eyes.

Ambi was happy beyond measure. She did not know how and why this longing to be a bride had taken hold of her heart. She even forgot for the time being that Golpitha, Kallu, Rahmatoo and all the iron-routine of her life, were solid realities from which she could never shake herself free.

At last the day's work was done. "Ambi!" said Nurie. "What is the matter with you? Why this happiness? Have you found a treasure-trove, or has Babu fallen for you?"

"Hunh, Babu!" she said contemptuously, and she gave a low sarcastic laugh.

On her way back to the make-up room, she stopped again before the mirror on the landing. She looked with admiration at her supple body, and triumphantly she said to herself: "Babu and I! The witch does not know that I am to be the bride of a big man." Her body could not contain the joy she felt.



Durga Khote and Jairaj in a suspenseful sequence from Holdia Nanda Productions' "Singaar". The picture was directed by J. K. Nanda.

She wanted to dance, to dance unceasingly, round and round, till her body gave way to a sweet exhaustion, till she sank into the arms of her lover, who would pour into her ears his love for her. "Ambi, my queen! how wonderful you are!" he would say. She could almost hear him say the sweet words if she closed her eyes. And she felt her cheek pinched playfully and opened her eyes to find Babu leering at her balefully.

"Take that make-up off your face, my love," he said. "Here is oil and a towel for you." Moments later Ambi looked at herself in the mirror. Two smears ran across her cheek, as if some one had callously plucked the flesh off. Her dark skin showed where the thick layers of cream and powder had been rubbed off when Babu pinched her.

Seeing this mockery of reality Ambi shivered. The palace of her fancy crumbled around her. Everything swam into a mist, as if someone had hit her hard upon her head.

Sitting in the tram, she was impatient to get to Golpitha. The noise of the people, the cars, the buses, the crowds, the rattle of tramwheels, all seemed meaningless now. Why does the tram run? she asked herself. Where are all these people going? Why do I live at Golpitha?

She left the tram and rushed into her wretched Kholi. She fell down upon her bed as if exhausted, as if no energy was left in her. In her head there was a hammering, and in her heart a heaviness. The noise of the people outside, the rattle of trams... She got up and closed the inner door. Her head between her palms she lay in a state of semi-coma, as one mourning the loss of a very dear one. An empty vastness seemed to be before her.

The evening shadows crept in: Someone tapped softly at her door. She did not care. The taps were repeated.

And then came the familiar voice of the pimp: "Are you sleeping, my queen? Get up! Hurry! Seth Kallu Shah has come for you."



# faces Without Names

By K. A. ABBAS

Kundan a young 'light coolie', aspires to be a film star. Seth Sahib the owner of the studio, promises him 'promotion.' Now Kundan arrives in the studio, joyously anticipating big things to happen.

## REEL THREE

I was not yet ten when Kundan arrived in the studio office and sat down to wait for the Seth Sahib. He knew the great man never turned up before eleven or even twelve but, after all, he was the Boss. He might decide one day to come earlier! And to-day Kundan determined to be the first to greet him.

There was the familiar bustle in the studio compound. There was a nine am. "board" for Director Handa's picture but his heroine, Miss Naazneen, was late as usual and so work was held up. Under the *imlee* tree two assistant directors and an assistant cameraman were talking to a bunch of extra girls. A couple of light coolies were carrying heavy sunspots from studio One to Studio Two, and Kundan felt relieved that he would not have to do such menial work in future. A bevy of dark-bodied young coolie women were carrying wooden planks to the Art Department. And a thin, reedy, asthmatic "Munshiji" was peering through thick glasses at their sleek and tough figures, provocatively outlined by thin bodyclinging Maharashtra saris.

At 10-30 Miss Naazneen's yellow Packard swung through the studio gates. One of the assistant directors rushed to open the door, another took charge of the make-

up box, and when Director Handa himself came forward to greet his heroine, Miss Naazneen's mother handed him her heavy silver *paandean* in which she kept all her accessories to prepare the hundreds of betels that she consumed during one day's "shooting." As always, the first to alight from the car was the mother, Munni Jaan, followed by Naazneen herself—an apparition in white silk and gossamer—and the last to emerge was Chunia Bai, the toothless, henna-haired 'granny' of the star. With slow dignity, the procession started from the dressing room but before they disappeared round the corner, Kundan heard Chunia Bai shouting at Director Handa and using her choicest abuses for that "son of so-and-so," the publicity manager, who had dared to put Naazneen's name in an advertisement after that of the hero, Kamal Raj.

After the excitement of Miss Naazneen's arrival, calm descended upon the studio compound. The star's driver parked the car and walked over to the restaurant to have a cup of tea. The telephone which was kept for general use in the verandah began to ring and kept on ringing for some time without anyone attending to it. Kundan had half a mind to answer the call but he was afraid it might be for Seth Sahib and he might get it in the neck for his

presumptuousness. At last a clerk leisurely walked out of the office and picked up the instrument.

"Hullo!... Yes, Great Art Pictures here. Whom do you want? ... Miss Naazneen? She is in the studio. ... No, no, I can't call her here. Shooting is going on. ... I can send your name to her if you like. ... What? Can't tell me the name. ... All right, give me the number. ... No number also. Then go to hell." But before uttering the last word, he took care to ring off!

Kundan was both intrigued and thrilled by this mysterious telephone call. Who could that be? May be some lover of Naazneen—that's why he was reluctant to give his name. How lucky he must be to be loved by such a beautiful girl as Naazneen. The youthful and inexperienced Kundan was willing to fall in love with every film star, however synthetic her beauty, but he had worshipped Naazneen for a long time. She had struck him as someone tantalizingly different from all the others. Though she belonged to a family of professional songstresses, she had been educated in a high school and, unlike her mother and grandmother, she had none of the vulgar ways of a courtesan. She talked to every one in the studio with good-natured informality, neither stuck-

up like some of the stars who boasted of a 'respectable' family tree, nor ribald and coquetish like the recruits from the Red Light district. (The mother and grandmother, however, mounted guard on her all the time lest she develop an attachment to some penniless young man and marry him and they lose the goose that was laying golden eggs for them at the rate of forty thousand per picture). Moreover, there was a faint touch of melancholy in her expression which made her look all the more excitingly desirable.

Kundan was thinking of her when he saw her approaching him. She had changed into the costume for the picture. How utterly ravishing she looked in the village girls' *ghagra* and *choli*. Over-awed by such close proximity of beauty, Kundan averted his eyes but she walked up straight to him.

"EH *Chhokra*," her silvery voice addressed him, "Was there a phone call for me?" He did not like to be addressed as a '*chhokra*' but was it not a lucky miracle that Naazneen, the one and only Naazneen, the adorable, bewitching, charming, (as the publicity manager liked alphabetically to enumerate the adjectives for her) Naazneen was actually, directly, talking to him. He stammered excitedly "No. ... I mean yes. ... I mean there was a phone call for you. ..."

Amused by his naive confusion she asked, "And what did you say?"

"I. ... I. ... No, but I didn't say anything. I didn't receive it. But the office people. ... it was they. ... they said they couldn't call you as you were busy."

"Idiots!" He saw her pearly teeth biting into her ruby lips. Then she looked around to make sure they were not overheard and whispered, "Next time there is a ring, pick up the receiver yourself and if it is for me, come and tell



"No. ... I mean yes. ... I mean there was a phone call for you. ..."

me in the studio. But quietly—don't start shouting before every one."

There was a rasping cough and the familiar sound of spitting out *paan*. It was the old granny searching for Naazneen who now gave a pleading silent look to Kundan and disappeared into the Seth Sahib's room from where there was a backdoor exit to the studio.

Coughing and spitting, and almost panting, the toothless, short-sighted old woman arrived on the scene and asked, "Eh, you, did Naazneen come here?"

"No, Baiji, she did not come this way."

"Where on earth has she disappeared?"

Muttering to herself, the granny went back and Kundan heaved



a sigh of relief. How lucky he was that day to have been taken into her confidence by the one and only Naazneen! He would rather die than betray her confidence.

He was waiting for the phone to ring again when he saw a taxi drive in and a rather odd young man emerge from it. He was dressed in grey trousers and a shirt that was clean but frayed at the cuffs and collar. The thick growth of bristly hair on his head seemed not to have been oiled, combed or brushed for some weeks and he looked at the world through very-thick glasses. He gave a rupee to the driver, received seven annas back, counted the change and carefully pocketed it. It was obvious that he had taken the taxi from a nearby stand, only to gain admission to the studio. It was an old ruse and Kundan was quite familiar with it, having used it himself at the beginning of his film career. The taxi drove away and the stranger walked up to Kundan.

"Kyon, bhai, Seth Sahib andar hain?"

Kundan was pleasantly surprised to hear someone speaking Hindustani in the soft North Indian accent.

"I am also waiting for him but he has not come yet. Sit down. He should be here any minute."

The new-comer sat down on the bench, next to Kundan. "In that case I need not have wasted money on the taxi."

"So you too have come for work?" Kundan was inquisitive.

"Rather I have been called," replied the stranger emphasizing the last word. "Seth Sahib wrote to me inviting me to come as soon as possible."

Kundan gave him a second and searching look. He could not be a 'hero' in fact he did not look like an actor at all. "May be he is a character actor," he thought.

"I have not seen you in any film," he remarked tentatively, hoping to draw out the other man. "Perhaps your film has not yet been released."

"I have entered the gates of a studio for the first time in my life today."

"Then you are not an actor?"

"Oh, no, I am not an actor but a writer. I write stories."

"Which of the films have you written?"

"None so far. My stories have been published but not yet filmed."

"Your name?"

"No one knows me by my real name. I write under the name of 'Nirmal.'"

Nirmal? Nirmal! Nirmal!

So this was the celebrated Hindi writer whose short stories, novels and radio plays were talked of all over the country, whose romantic style had quickened the heart-beats of many a boy and given sleepless nights to many a girl. Kundan



Good old Motilal is back again in the kind of role that made him famous. Currently he is starred in Akash Chitra's 'Hanste Ansu'.

himself had been a great admirer of Nirmal.

Nirmal? But Nirmal was a rebel as well as a writer. Several of his books had been banned by the British and at least one also by the National Government because it was said to contain revolutionary incitement to peasants and workers.

Nirmal! What could he be doing in the studio of Great Art Pictures? Kundan could not imagine that Seth Sahib who had produced such films as "Hai Jani" and "Zalim Jawani" would take a story of Nirmal for filming.

"So, Nirmalji, you will really write a story for the screen?"

"Yes, why not? Indeed I have already written it and have now come to read it out to Seth Sahib."

"What is your story called?"

"Surkh Savera."

"Surk Savra? The Red Dawn! A beautiful name... Nirmalji, if you don't mind, may I ask you something?"

"Card? Oh, I am afraid..."

"All right. Then write down your name here." And he handed pencil and paper to the writer.

"Yes, of course, go ahead."

"Do you think in this story of yours there might be a role for a boy like me?"

The writer fixed his glaring eyes on Kundan who felt himself being X-rayed. Never since he had appeared for his Middle examination had he felt so nervous.

"Worked in any film?" Nirmal suddenly shot a question at him.

"No... To tell you the truth... so far... I haven't," he confessed rather hesitatingly.

"Then it's good. If you haven't worked in any other film then alone you can work in my story. I don't want painted dolls but human being—of flesh and blood."

"Then, which part do you think

I might get? And he was hoping he might play the hero's friend and not be dismissed with a servant's role. But he was not prepared for the answer he got.

"I would like a boy like you to be the hero of my story," said Nirmal. "You are just the type I want—young and eager and bubbling with the joy of living..."

An electric wave of joy shot through his entire being. Could all the sweetest dreams come true on a single day? First he had been lucky to have a talk with the adorable Naazneen and now here was a famous writer like Nirmal giving him the hope of playing the hero's role in his story!

He had not yet expressed his gratitude to the writer when he heard the familiar horn of Seth Sahib's car and got up in a flurry of excitement. Now all his hopes were centred on the Boss.

Dressed in a white shark-skin coat, glittering with diamond-studded gold buttons, a not-so-white dhoti and a black cap, Seth Sahib got down from the car, sprayed the verandah steps with pan juice, and walked into his room without bestowing so much as a glance on Nirmal or Kundan.

A couple of clerks and a peon rushed with files and bundles of correspondence. Even from the verandah Kundan could hear Seth Sahib belching resoundingly. Then came the sound of the phone being dialled. The first thing he did in office was always to ring up his stock broker. Kundan could hear a few mystifying words, being chanted like a strange mantra. "Buy... Teji... Sell... New York Cotton... Cover... Cover..."

He looked at Nirmal. Nirmal looked at him.

The writer showed the bundle of the manuscript of "Surkh Savera" back into the portfolio.

When the peon came out, Kundan stopped him. "Look here, Nirmalji



Talented threesome! Ullhas, Shyam and Naseem, the popular stars as they will be seen in Taj Mahal Pictures' new film "Chandru Rast."

is a famous writer. Seth Sahib has specially called him. Tell Seth Sahib he is here.

The peon cast a disparaging and contemptuous glance at Nirmal. From his wild hair to his down-at-heel chappals, as if to say, "I have seen many such Munshis who thought they were great writers."

"Have you got a card?" He asked the writer.

He carried the slip inside and when he returned a minute later his tone was more respectful. "Seth Sahib is calling you."

When Nirmal had gone in, the peon turned to Kundan. "And who are you? What do you want?"

"Me? Oh, don't worry about me. I work here in the studio—in the light department. Last night Seth Sahib told me on the set to see him in the office."

"Hunk! Light coolie!" The peon spat out the words with utter contempt as if he was crushing an insignificant worm and, lighting a *biri*, walked off to the restaurant.

But Kundan did not mind it. He smiled inwardly, thinking "Tomorrow this very peon will have to salute me. The fool! He does not know that I am the hero of this company's new picture."



5  
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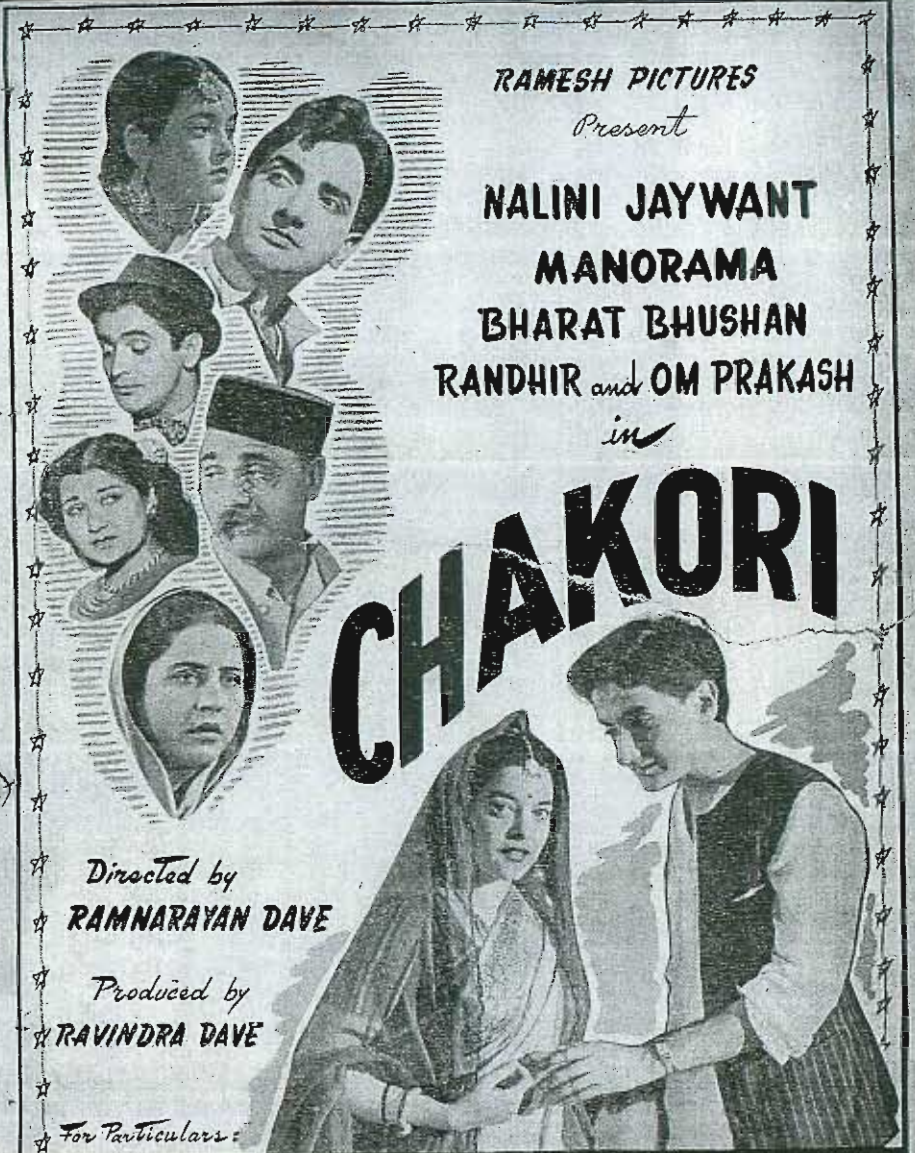
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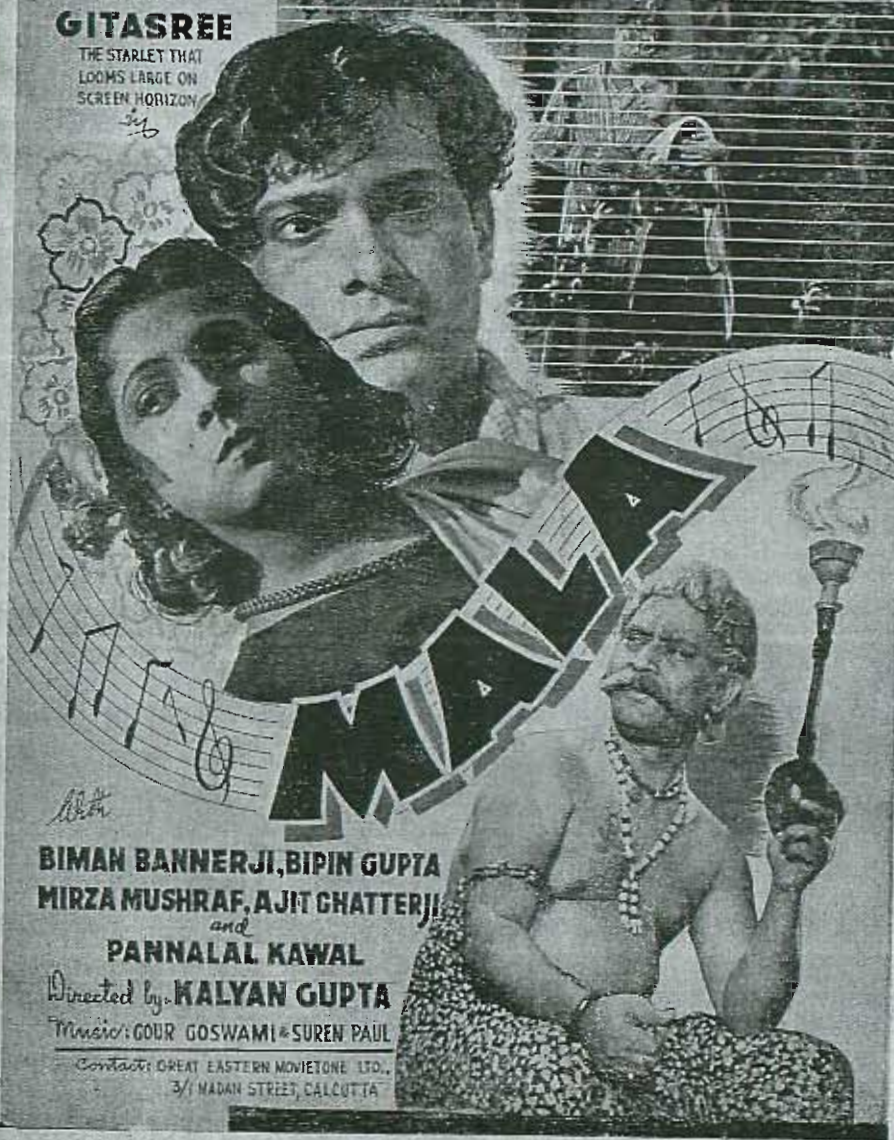


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April 1949

41

# Trade Winds

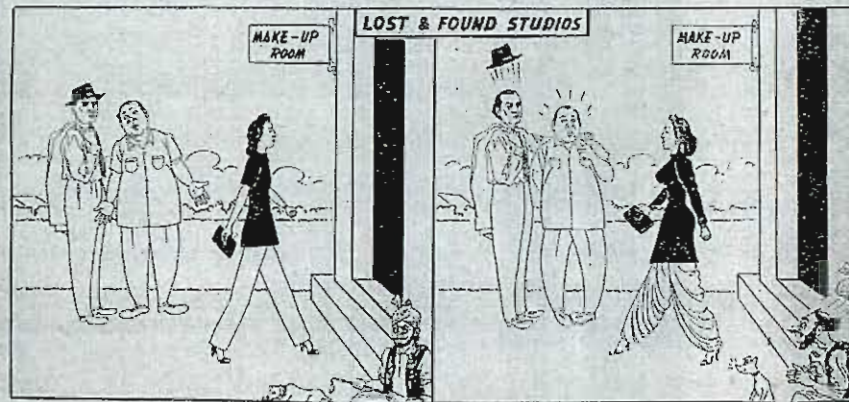
By: EXHIBITORS IN REVOLT—PROPHECY COMES TRUE—NO ROOM FOR  
VIPI PROSTITUTES—MANUFACTURING RAW FILM—IS IT TRUE GUP

## EXHIBITORS IN REVOLT:

The increase in entertainment tax from 35 p.c. to 50 p.c. of ticket value from April 1, 1949 in C.P., Bengal and Bihar seems to have shaken the exhibitors from their usual complacency. In Bihar, as a protest against the tax, cinemas were closed down for a week. In Bengal, a strong protest has been launched against the tax. In C.P. the distributors and the exhibitors have submitted a memorandum to the Premier describing the sorry state of the film industry and pleading for the reconsideration of the tax. They even called a conference which was inaugurated by Chandulal Shah and presided over by Chuni Lal to make it an all-India issue.

Apparently all these protests have proved of no avail. For, the Government does not seem to be in a mood to alter its decisions. And unless the entire film industry takes a united stand and secures the active support of the public—the real tax-payers—these protests are bound to prove futile. For a man, who spends his well-earned money for the only entertainment he can afford—motion pictures—is bound to patronize pictures as long as he has no other alternative entertainment. That's why, in spite of the deteriorating quality of our films, the common man has patronized Indian films, and he will now bear the fresh burden of additional tax with the same stoicism which has always characterized his attitude to money.

The film industry would rather submit to the government taxation policy than involve the popular support. For once the common picturegoer is roused, he would not just agitate for lower taxation, he would demand cleaner and airy theatres, better seats, better projection and above all better pictures. And the profiteers in the industry are not interested in making the filmgoer conscious of his legitimate rights. All that they are interested in is to make maximum profits without giving anything to their customers in return. Unless the film industry itself changes its 'step-motherly' attitude towards picturegoers, they cannot expect any change in the attitude of the government, which can be brought about only by the pressure





of public opinion.

So if the industry is really serious in opposing the enhancement of tax on an all-India basis, let it first canvass the public opinion in its favour and then bring pressure on the government. Only then it might succeed, otherwise the government which has levied tax on newspaper advertisements and increased the price of post cards by 50 p.c. is hardly likely to reconsider the taxation on a 'luxury' like cinema.

#### BETTER CINEMA MEANS BETTER PICTURES!

TW welcomes the addition of Liberty Cinema in Bombay. Modern, uptodate, air-conditioned, with its push-back chairs, costly carpets, it aqords for the first time in the history of Bombay all the luxuries and amenities to the patrons of 'native' films which so far were reserved for theatres showing films made by the 'white sahibs'. If the 'native' film patrons start going to Liberty, undoubtedly that will bring a 'psychological' revolution in the taste of picturegoers. And henceforth they will demand not only better theatres, but better pictures.

Fortunately for Liberty, its opening attraction is fully worthy of being exhibited in the biggest and the finest theatre showing Indian films. And if the subsequent releases keep up this standard, there is no doubt that Liberty would usher in an era of pictures of quality by bringing in a better class of audience which so far never favoured to see Indian pictures. And a new slogan 'Better Theatres means better Pictures' will become popular: What Indian film industry needs to day for its progress is theatres like Liberty and pictures like 'Andaz'.

#### PROPHECY COMES TRUE

Two months ago TW had forecast that in 1949 we will have an opportunity of seeing several outstanding pictures and that 1949 would prove to be a great year in the annals of the Indian film

industry. Part of that prophecy has already come true. In 'Ziddi', 'Andaz' and 'Apna Desh' we have pictures which, artistically and thematically, have attained a standard seldom reached before; in fact they have set a new standard for Indian films. For sheer technical perfection, it is difficult to find a parallel to 'Andaz' in the annals of 'Indian film'; and never before the film medium has been used to depict contemporary life with all its problems with such dexterity as in 'Apna Desh'.

The very fact that Shantaram and Mehboob, two of India's greatest directors, have surpassed their best achievements in 'Apna Desh' and 'Andaz' respectively is a proof that 1949 is going to be as great a year as was 1939 when 'Admi' and 'Aurat' were made. Besides, though I have not had the opportunity of seeing 'Lahore', critics whose opinion I value, tell me it is a great picture. And if, for nothing else, for the four pictures mentioned above 1949 will be a memorable year. Personally, I hope that there will be a few more equally good pictures during this year.



Director Shahid Lateef seems to be in a helluva hurry to leave the sweethearts of Indian National Pictures' "Arzo", and no wonder! Here he is seen sandwiched between the two stars, Dilip Kumar and Kamini Kaushal.

#### NO ROOM FOR PROSTITUTES!

The several court cases in which alleged cinema actresses have been accused of prostitution have brought nothing but disgrace to the film industry. It is no use denying that they are not actresses at all when one of them has been identified as a producer and another as a heroine of a particular picture. Perhaps, they are not film stars of any repute. Perhaps, in film parlance, they are known as 'extras'.

Whatever name you give them, so long as they are connected with the film industry, if they indulge in such nefarious activities, they cast a slur on the entire industry. As it is the profession is itself looked down upon as immoral by people who command a good following (as can be seen from the successful sabotage of Hindu Code Bill); and such cases in the courts give the 'moralists' a good opportunity to ridicule the educated and progressive section of the society which has always advocated films as a good career for educated boys and girls.

Mr. Chuni Lal, Mr. Shantaram and other producers command

April 1949

respect of the society. It is now their duty to see that undesirable boys and girls get no quarter in the film studios. TW is pleading for a clean sweep of all the dirty elements in film studios, not out of any ultra-moralist or snobbish attitude but out of regard for a clean and healthy atmosphere. The lot of the girls who work as extras. TW knows for a fact, is even worse than professional prostitutes. TW is also aware of how girls, lured by the film career, are made to sell their body. Confere K. A. Abbas' novel 'Faces without Names' which is being serialized in *Sound* will serve as an eye-opener to many.

But all these 'exposures' of the immorality and corruption rampant in the industry will be futile unless the IMPPA makes a determined effort to root out this evil completely from the studios and helps to create an atmosphere in which honest, simple and straightforward middle-class boys and girls will be able to join the studios and save the industry from this long standing disgrace.

No room for prostitutes and pimps—that should be the new slogan of IMPPA and the film industry!

#### MANUFACTURING RAW FILMS

No industry, however great, can survive unless it is assured of an adequate supply of its raw material at an economic price. To secure its raw material, either from indigenous sources or from abroad is the first essential of any industry. Take any big industry in any country and its history will bear out this fact. The only exception to this rule is the film industry of India.

Today this industry depends entirely on foreign sources for its basic raw material. During last thirtyfive years this industry has made no effort either to manufacture raw film in India or to make some permanent arrangement to procure it from abroad in sufficient abundance. Thanks to the rivalry



A glittering gathering of screen and society personalities marked the Muharat of Producer Arora's new production "Paras". Among the galaxy present, as the picture shows, were (from left) Sulochana Chatterji, Shashikala, Kamini Kaushal, Director Sadiq (behind the dark glasses), and Filmistan's new discovery Hafeez Jahan.

between the two chief manufacturers of raw films, Agfa and Kodak, till the last war our industry never felt the shortage; during the war when the supply of raw film was controlled, the so-called film magnates felt happy as the imposition of control gave them a virtual monopoly on the manufacture of pictures, a position which they exploited most successfully. After the end of the war, instead of trying to tackle this urgent problem, they continued to dream of extending the war time monopoly under one pretext or another. The possibility of manufacturing raw film at home was not even considered. On the contrary, an effort was actually

made to create an impression that raw film cannot be manufactured in this country.

Thanks now to the report of the Government of India's panel for the manufacture of celluloid and plastics, we are in a position to know that a factory manufacturing raw film can be started in India. All it needs is a suitable place, like Poona, which is ideal for the film industry, a capital of two crores and some foreign experts and Indian technicians who will work with them.

Now this is not a difficult task. Surely, a factory which can manufacture 50 million feet of raw film and other photographic material can be set up in India, provided



# Is It True?

—that S. Mukerjee is seriously thinking of giving up the formula by which he is known after the unexpected flop of "Saguriya"?

—that Ranesh Saigal's stock has gone up and now he can even answer back his boss when discussing the screenplay of "Samadhi"?

—that Santoshi threatens to make another "Chandralekha" at half the cost but not necessarily double the returns?

—that Rehana is learning acrobatics on the flying trapeze in preparation for Santoshi's "Chandralekha"?

—that as a result Santoshi's next picture may be titled "Sarganlekha"?

—that a certain studio in Andheri has already started making "Jadu-i-Chandralekha"?



One of the most notable publicists in the industry today is Bakur Ali, the amiable publicity chief of Sadig Productions and Ratan Pictures.

—that Mukerjee, Shantaram, Sohrab Modi and A. R. Kardar each one is asking himself "what has this fellow Vasan got that I haven't got?" the obvious answer of course is "Chandralekha"

—that Protina Dangupta and Begun Para have decided to join Congress and wear Khaddar slacks and bush shirts in future?

—that certain film stars living on Worli Sea Face (not Madam Kishori) are welcoming the advent of prohibition as that will give them an opportunity to supply bootleg liquor to friendly suckers on commission basis.

—that a drink more Nira campaign may be started in the film industry but there is a tie for the presidency of the Film Committee for prohibition between director Nanda, producer K. B. Lall and actor Motilal.

—that director Prahlad Dutt is refusing invitations to cocktail parties as he does not like to return home at midnight via Police Stations.

—that K. Asif's "Halcha" has started in the studio and also in his heart.

—that friends and partners Asif and Dilip Kumar have agreed to disagree about the relative merits of Nargis and Kamini Kaushal.

—that all the film folk who congratulated Mehboob on the night of 'Andaz' premiere were really 'sincere'.

—that the best and most pungent criticism of Nargis's acting in 'Andaz' was heard in Krishna Mahal, (Marine Drive) and of Suraiya's acting in 'Dillagi' which will follow 'Andaz' at Liberty will be heard in Chateau Marine (Marine Drive).

—that Kardar as usual embraced Mehboob at the Premiere of 'Andaz' hoping Mehboob will return the compliment on the premiere of 'Dillagi'.

—that Dilip Kumar thinks Raj Kapoor has done better than him in 'Andaz' but on the other hand Raj Kapoor thinks that Dilip Kumar has done better, but both are agreed that Nargis is the best?

—that after seeing 'Andaz' S. Mukerjee has decided to go to Hollywood to learn Mehboob's trick.

—that inspired by 'Andaz' Asif is planning a triangle drama starring



Karamchand, Boss of Fairyland Motion Pictures, has a reputation second to none as a distributor of outstanding motion pictures. He can spot a potential hit when there's one, and his cellar is full of the season's best.

Nargis, Dilip Kumar, Kamini Kaushal and himself?

—that Sohrab Modi threatens to do to 'Ghalib' what K. B. Lall did to 'Samrat Ashok'?

—that Dilip Kumar may shift his 'Conny Seat' from Juhu to Khindala?

—that Raj Kapoor's outdoor trip to Kashmir is being held up because Jaddanbai is afraid of her 'Baby' being kidnapped by the Raiders?

—that J. B. H. Wadia has come to believe that 'Mela' was really made by him?

—that absent-mindedly Shantu Apte walked out from the sets of 'Moi Abhi Hun' to prove that she is no 'Abhi' only to realise later that she was walking out on herself as she is the star and Partner of Makarand Pictures.

foreign concern like Kodak or Agfa join in on a 49-51 p.c. basis as per the government proviso. But the point is that so far not one leading film magnate has even thought of this proposal. Beyond asking for special concessions for the import of raw film, the industry, it pains one to say, has done nothing in this matter, in regard to which it is noteworthy that even foreign concerns have been more active. Trade Winds understands from a reliable source that Kodak were prepared to start a factory for the manufacture of raw film in India. But they gave up the idea when Government insisted that 51 p.c. of the shares in any such undertaking must be owned by Indians. Kodak are now starting a factory in Australia to feed their Asian Market.



One of the season's most notable productions is J. N. A. Pictures' "Swayam Siddha." Previewers in Bombay and Delhi have acclaimed it as a remarkable film. Shantu Apte, Bipin Gupta and Molina share the key roles of this film.

In India an erstwhile assistant director like Ramayya, who made rather an unsuccessful effort to be a producer, is credited with the idea of securing the financial support of the Princes of Rajasthan to start a raw film manufacturing factory. He has even secured the services of an Indian technician who knows something about the manufacture of photographic goods, and if this concern succeeds in securing Kodak, Agfa or Dupont as partners this new venture may actually materialise. For there is also a government stipulation that no such factory can be started unless the name of a reputed foreign firm is associated with it to ensure good quality. It is to be hoped that this plan does materialise.

Trade Winds has the privilege of having been the first to reveal the scheme to the film industry and it is up to the industry to see that scheme takes shape and that foreign raw film manufacturers lend adequate support to the Indian venture. Whether this particular venture succeeds or not, Trade Winds calls upon Chuni Lal, Shantaram, Chandulal Shah, Kapoor Chand, K. M. Modi, B. N.

Sarkar and other film magnates to utilise the opportunity and take immediate steps to solve the very urgent problem of our raw film supply for all time. It is to be hoped that they will not fail the film industry; and it is to be hoped that this golden opportunity will not be lost and the film industry of Free India be made to depend permanently on foreigners for the supply of its basic raw material.

## GOVERNMENT AND FILMS!

It is good to note that the C. P. Government has agreed not to increase the tax on tickets below four annas. This at least will save the poor villager from paying more to see a movie. But the limit of four annas is still too low, since thanks to inflation, the rates of cinemas have increased everywhere. In the circumstances the limit should have been eight annas, which in value is equal to two annas in the pre-war period.

It is also gratifying that Mr. Diwakar, the Information Minister, Trade Winds calls upon Chuni Lal, Shantaram, Chandulal Shah, Kapoor Chand, K. M. Modi, B. N.

liament questions are being asked not only about the Information Films but about the film industry in general.

While one must say that news reviews have now become fairly regular, they depict nothing beyond official functions, and technically only the portions shut in U.P. are of good standard. It is time an effort was made to popularise this feature of our daily cinema programmes by including items of wider public interest. Thus, for instance, the Kolhapur merger story could have been made more interesting by including a newsy interview with a common man in Kolhapur. Let the common man as apart from officials and leaders, have more prominence in these newsreels. The so-called 'Documentary' film is still too rare. If as promised by Sri. Diwakar, twenty-eight documentary films are really made and shown during next year, then we will be able to judge their true worth.

As to the Government's attitude towards the film industry, Trade Winds hasten to remind Shri Diwakar that the matter of Setting



# SUPER TEAM FEDERAL PRODUCTIONS

Present:

## AN ENGROSSING DOMESTIC DRAMA!



# MERI KAHANI

Directed & Photographed by:  
**KEKI MISTRY**  
(COURTESY CENTRAL STUDIOS)

Produced by: **SHARAF**

Music: **K. DATTA**

Production Controller: **A. K. SAWANT**

DRAWING PACKED HOUSES AT SUPER

April 1949

up a Central Censors Board and the Raw film problem should be dealt with without delay. The Board should be set up immediately and the prospect of manufacturing Raw film along with other photographic material in India must be investigated at top level as has been already recommended in the Government of India report on this important question.

Similarly, no time should be lost in setting up an enquiry committee, which should among other things investigate the relationship between producers, distributors, exhibitors and financiers and suggest rules and regulations to insure that each gets a fair deal. Similarly, the question of "Free-lancing" should also be discussed, and some rules devised to prevent producers from engaging stars who are already working in other pictures.

In fact, on the basis of the recommendations in the report Government must draw up a new trade code for the film industry which will help it to progress on sound lines with equitable distribution of work and money between the various branches of the industry. Only if the proposed enquiry is thorough and the recommendations properly far-reaching, will the formation of such a committee serve the purpose for which it must be intended.

### SHOW WINDOW FOR CONTINENTAL FILMS

The *Times of India* recently made a suggestion that during the talks with the representatives of Italy for an economic pact, the possibility of importing Italian pictures into India should be discussed and that every effort should



A novel dance sequence from Great Orient Pictures' 'Azadi ke Bad,' which is expected to create a sensation when released.

be made to get pictures like "Open City" and "Shoe Shine" and "Paisan" for exhibition in India. While fully endorsing this suggestion, it will be not out of place to recall the fact that after returning from America Director Shantaram stated that one has to go to New York to realise that the best pictures are not produced in Hollywood but in Europe.

Unfortunately for us, we seldom get a chance to see these film masterpieces that are made in Europe. We have to be content with seeing Hollywood 'super supers' and a few good British films. Hence, if for nothing else than to improve the taste of picturegoers and to enable us to know the real progress made in motion picture art, it is necessary that arrangements are made to import

at least the outstanding foreign films from Europe. If this is not possible on a commercial basis, at least it should be done for cultural reasons. If no commercial organization will undertake this task, let the Education and External Affairs Departments of the Government of India undertake it with the co-operation of the foreign embassies in Delhi, or better still, let some film society, like the newly formed Film Group fill the need. The Film Group would render a great service to Indian film art by securing the exhibition of foreign masterpieces in this country. Trade Winds hopes that this appeal will not go in vain and that arrangements soon will be made for the import and exhibition of good French, Swedish, Italian, Czechoslovakian and Russian films in the key cities of India.



# THE POCKET VENUS OF THE INDIAN SCREEN

April 1949

our special correspondent

WITH half a dozen roles to her name, a star part in a picture which made the grade upto a "Golden Jubilee", the industry's hallmark of success, and another in a near hit in Bombay Talkies "Ziddi", currently popular at Bombay's Roxy Theatre, Kamini Kaushal is no longer the up-and-coming starlet she was a bare half year ago. She has arrived. It may be a question, perhaps, with our more discriminating critics whether she is going to stay, but of her arrival there can be no question after her work in two such pictures as "Shaheed" and "Ziddi".

There is no question either of her own resolve to stay, or rather to keep on going up and upper in the profession she has chosen to adorn until she hits the highlights in the biggest way ever. She told me so herself, quite quietly, but with a firmness manifest in every

inch of her five-foot, vivacious and seductive little person.

Petite and precious, with an indefinable air of wise precocity as sudden and delightful as the durian's fabled flavour, this amazing young woman, whom I dub here and now "The Pocket Venus of the Indian Screen," presents a combination of gifts and virtues as remarkable as they are refreshing in an individual of her age and sex in our time. Noteworthy in any setting, she is literally extraordinary in this Indian world of ours.

I am no chicken in appraisal of feminine allure, having survived with fairly indurate heart the assaults upon my eye and mind during more than twenty years of fairly close journalistic contact with some of the world's most beautiful and intelligent women who during the decades have graced this city with their presence

or their genius. I mention this merely to indicate that I am no dumbstruck yokel yammering excitement over a first meeting with a Freudian first cause. I pay Kamini Kaushal no tribute, but state simple fact, when I say that she is rarely beautiful in a country which still grows, thank Heaven, more beautiful women than all the rest of the world put together; that she combines grace and loveliness of form and face with the wit and good sense to cultivate both for her own great pleasure and profit as well as for those of her family and friends; that she adds to these great gifts an intelligence well dowered with knowledge, and constantly enriched with reading and study and the acquisitive observation of a mind perpetually afire with an unquenchable thirst for the adulation that comes to those who attain the top; and that, finally, she has these qualities in a degree most rare in any one woman anywhere.

The question does not arise whether they are the quantities of an ideal woman. It is Kamini Kaushal I portray, not an ideal woman, which is a figment of bereaved or frustrated imaginations. I must add in justice to her that she is a happy and contented housewife, maintaining a well-kept household in smooth order, loving her husband's children (she married her brother-in-law after her sister's death in a car crash) with a vivid joy which is shared by them, and even stitching their frocks with her own hands, for she is an enthusiastic needlewoman and devotes every spare moment she has to such domestic tasks.

That she can in addition keep up with the arduous social round of

a popular Bombay hostess and a favoured guest, take regular lessons in Indian music, singing and dancing, dance and swim, her two favourite recreations in which she indulges with the routine of a devotee, while working in five pictures simultaneously, as she is doing at the moment, is proof enough of the extraordinary character and amazing resolution of this frail young beauty (she is just past her twentieth year) who is climbing so swiftly and with such happy greed towards the top of the ladder of Indian screen fame. As she is today, as I have found her at home and in the studio, unspoiled, modest, friendly, unsparring of herself, eager to succeed, hungry for achievement, exuding the very spirit of ambitious youth fired with resolve to leave more than foot-prints on the sands of time, and attentive to criticism of herself, she deserves to succeed.

Daughter of a famous Indian scholar and botanist, the late Rai Bahadur Shiv Ram Kashyap, D.Sc. I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor of Punjab University and President of the Indian Science Congress at Bangalore, who died in 1935, Uma (Kamini is her screen name) is the youngest of three girls, of whom the eldest, Usha, was married to Braham Sood, of the well-known Delhi family, who at the time was in business in the Capital. Mr. Sood is a Marine Engineer by profession, trained in the United Kingdom and holding a Chief Engineer's certificate with six years service at sea. He joined the Bombay Port Trust as an Assistant Mechanical Superintendent and arrived in this city with his young bride in 1943.

Young, wealthy, with many friends in Bombay, they were soon plunged in the whirlpool of local society which despite inflation and the scarcities still manages to lead a fairly hectic existence. They had two children, both girls, Kunkum and Kavita, and seemed well set for the fairy tale ending when tragedy overtook them in the shape of a serious car crash on the Poona Road. Sood got off with a shaking, but his wife died without recovering consciousness.

To look after the suddenly bereaved household and the babies, Mrs. Kashyap and Uma mother and sister of the dead wife, came to Bombay from Delhi. The need

for some one to look after the infants was apparent, and in a matter of months Sood and his young sister-in-law, finding they got on well together, decided to make a match of it and were married. That was two years ago. They have continued to get on well and, despite the croakers who see in Kamini Kaushal the star a menace to the married life of Uma Sood the wife, I am sure they will keep on keeping on that way for keeps. It is a marriage based on mutual understanding and esteem, with a foundation of affection which was neither sudden nor shallow. Such marriages last where many a love match is wrecked, as



Kamini Kaushal, the popular star, is seen here with her handsome hubby Braham Swaroop Sood and his two little daughters, holidaying at Juhu. She is passionately fond of swimming.



# "MANG"



Starring:-  
**RAMOLA, WESTI, PRITMA  
 MALHOTRA, LILA PANDE,  
 SHANTI MADHOK, BASU,  
 HEMLATA, SYED JAN &  
 MUBARAK**

Written & Directed by:-  
**SAGHIR USMANI**

Music by:-  
**GHULAM MOHAMMED**

Photography by:-  
**P. ISAAC**

Songs by:-  
**NIZAMI, SAGHAR BADAYUNI,  
 & PARKASH**

Editing by:-  
**N. R. CHAUHAN**

Production controlled by:-  
**SHARIF**

Produced at M & T Studios, Andheri.

For particulars contact:-

**New Light Films**

C/o M & T Films, Andheri, Bombay

April 1949

we see almost daily all around us.

With his shock of grizzled hair, perpetually ruffled in a disarray which gives him that winning youthful look, Sood is younger than he appears. The maturity of his years is tempered by a zestful capacity which enables him to share in his young wife's ambitions as well as her pleasures and activities. They make an eminently happy couple. Any one who knows them at home knows that. He takes the keen interest of a companion and a playmate in her screen career and is her representative in all matters connected with her roles to her contracts. Following her performances from set to screen with a critical interest which makes him her most enthusiastic fan as well as her most candid critic.

"How long will this go on?" I asked him, referring to his wife's screen career. "As long as she wishes," was his reply. "I have made up my mind to stay in it as long as I can," supplemented Kamini. "I have always had a passion for acting. I had no idea, of course, of ever being a film star. But now that I am in, I'm determined to stay in it."

"I got into it quite casually", she explained, "though not without much hesitation. I had my first offer of a screen role for months before I finally decided to accept it. It was a major part in *Neecha Nagar*. Not much of a role, but I thought it a good beginning. I was thrilled with my first appearance upon the screen though I don't mind telling you that I thought my performance was appalling. I am my own worst critic and I have never yet been satisfied with any of my portrayals. I always feel I could have done much better."

Kamini is not modest. She has a very lively appreciation of her own capacity and is keenly con-



Having quit playing kid roles Manorama is now a full-fledged emotional star. She will be seen at her very best in Ramesh Pictures' "Chakori."

scious of her gifts of beauty as well as talent. But there is nothing petty about this consciousness of her own worth, merely a desire to do it justice. She is very beautiful. For her size—she is a trifle below five feet—she is almost perfectly formed, with a longish oval face, black hair, large brown eyes and lovely long lashes, which constitute her chief appeal, a charmingly brief but finely cut nose, small pouting mouth in which shines a set of teeth lustrous as seed pearls.

The rest of her person is equally well proportioned, and firm with the muscled grace of athletic ease. She was the champion swimmer of her years in Punjab University, of which she is an honours graduate in English. She is passionately fond of swimming and dancing, and after a full day's work in the studio is always ready to go to a dance or a pool with an energy that it tires me merely to imagine. Her favourite "lazy" recreation is reading poetry, and I was not a

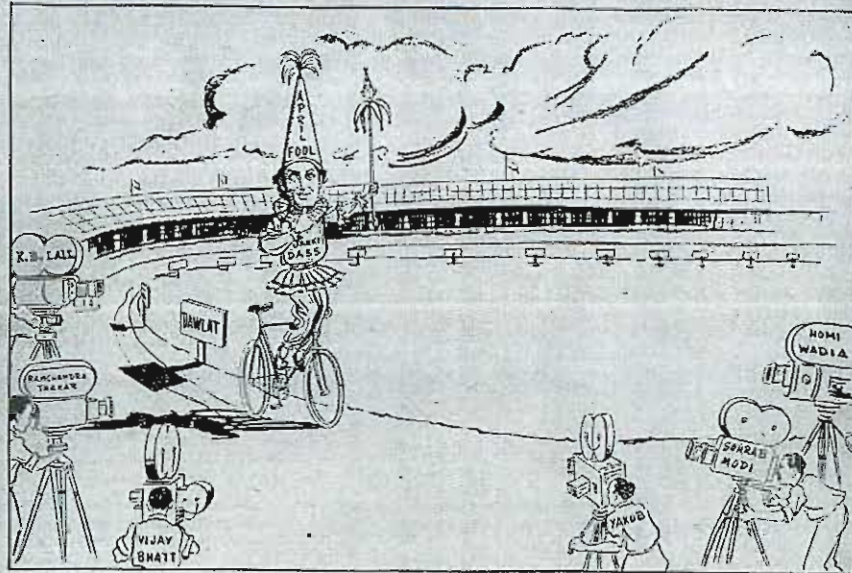
little astonished to learn from her that her favourite poet is Browning who, despite the beautiful romance of his life, is no woman's poet.

But she has little time nowadays for reading, preferring to use her spare hours in needle work, stitching frocks for her two little girls, or painting at which she displays considerable talent. She can cook sufficiently well for plain domestic needs, but doesn't because she hates messing about in the kitchen. She told me she can make excellent Biriani, a statement I accept with polite reservation, for it takes a *Cordon Bleu* to make real Biriani, a dish fit for emperors. No great eater ("I eat only because I must", she told me), she is inordinately fond of sweets, with chocolates an easy first in her favour, and puddings in favour any time, day or night. She makes them well too, though here again lack of time somewhat cramps her indulgence in the toothsome art.

With five pictures taking up



## HERE HE COMES --- THE APRIL FOOL !



With as many as twelve contracts in his pocket, Janki Dass, the ace comedian, will soon have to live up to his reputation as a speed-king to keep up with his studio schedule.

practically all of her day-light hours, work extending occasionally into her nights as well, and music and dancing lessons filling in hours every week, Kamini is a frightfully busy little woman. That she can still find time and have energy left for fun and friendship and the rest of her activities, is as I have already said, proof of her amazing personality and abounding vitality. Personally, I think the pace she is making today is killing. She can never keep it up, and being a very practical person, I dare say she will soon work down to a less exhausting routine. She must, if she is ever to be the great actress she aims to be. She is far from

being that as yet, but she is only at the beginning of her career which is hardly a year old today. With all her gifts she can be, of course. I dare say she will too—when she finds a director who knows his job and can drill and mould her into the personality of which at present she is merely the promise.

Kamini picks her own roles—she never accepts a contract unless she likes the role, in the choice of which her only consultant is her husband. She rarely sees her rushes, preferring to attend the premieres of the pictures in which she works. Except for these and

such pictures as she must see for comparison, study or because her friends appear in them, she prefers English pictures. In fact she had't seen an Indian picture until she acted in one. Her favourite stars are Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer. Her favourite Indian stars are Nargis, whom she thinks very beautiful, and Dilip Kumar. Yes, she loves dressing and has a wardrobe filled with lovely sarrees and all that goes with them. She adores children and can be happy with them for hours. She is going to have one of her own, she told me, when she has a little more time. Right now she is far too busy making pictures.



The  
**CHANDRAMOHAN**  
 Story



SECOND April 1949 was a black day in the history of the Indian Film Industry, for on that day died 44 year old Chandramohan, one of the screen's greatest and most colourful artistes.

He had been ailing for a fortnight, but little did his friends suspect that his end was to be so sudden and so swift. Sheela, his friend and companion for the past three years, told me that on that fateful morning Chandramohan had got up feeling better and was about to commence shaving when he felt ill and found difficulty in breathing. He asked her to ring up Kumar and Motilal, his two great friends, but before either could reach him, he had passed away.

"When he was lying there with the Doctors in attendance, he sensed that his end was very near," Sheela told me, "but in spite of this he seemed completely calm and self-possessed. All he said when he saw the tears trickle down my eyes was—Sheelama don't be upset—and then pointing to Kali's picture on the wall—I must go. Kali Mata wants me now....."

Thus he passed away. It incidentally, reminds me of what he told Director Vijay Bhatt on the sets of Ram Baan, one day. When director Vijay congratulated him on his beautiful performance in the death scene of Ravan, Chandramohan's reply was, "only those who know how to die gloriously can ever live gloriously." So appropriate coming from the mouth of a man who did likewise!

#### A LION INDEED

I was at a Studio, when I heard the sad news. Someone in the crowd whispered, "Our lion will roar no more." How apt, thought I, was this epithet, for he certainly must have appeared a lion to all those who had seen his masterful performances on the screen. Of medium height, fair-complexioned,

with blue-green eyes that compelled attention and a deep resonant voice, this Kashmiri Brahmin towered above those around him, on the screen or in a Studio set. It was not his appearance only that compelled attraction; it was some quality permeating from the inner man, something in his personality. It is little wonder, then, that he was usually assigned the roles of great men—princes and masterly villains. Few of our thespians could compete with him in the artistry with which he portrayed these characters. It was as if possessing all that colour and personality in his own make-up, he could not help tinge his roles with some of his own characteristics. But what led to his adopting this career at which he was so successful for well nigh 15 years?

#### THE BEGINNING

The Chandramohan Story starts

by

## KHORSHEED DHONDY

in 1934, two years after a casual meeting at Kolhapur with Director Shantaram. But no, the very beginning was in a little place called Narsingpur, where Chandramohan was born. His father was in Government service in Gwalior State, and it was here that Chandramohan spent the first twenty years of his existence. It was after his father's death that he left the family fold to seek his fortune in the world. He must have completely severed all connections with his family, for none of his friends recall anytime, when he visited them, except perhaps once when he spoke of having gone up north to attend his niece Kissen's wedding.

In his early twenties, Chandramohan seems to have flitted from job to job. He tried his hand at different kinds of work—including a job in the railways, Manager of a Cinema at Mathura called Golden

Talkies, and as a clerk in a distributing concern. He seems, also, to have taken an active part in the activities of the anarchist party under P. C. Joshi, which was making its presence felt in the Indian capital during 1928 or thereabouts. I came to hear of this by chance only, the other day. It may, perhaps, surprise his acquaintances, for in later years Chandramohan usually refrained from discussing any politics, and whenever, the subject cropped up in conversation, he would quickly put an end to it with a curt and cryptic remark. And yet in a way it seems to fit in so well with a part of his character—his sympathy for the down-trodden. Though a veritable lion in the Studio who often lost his temper with producers, with the menial staff, the Studio hands and extras, Chandramohan was always kind and ever willing to help and sympathise with their lot.

But now to his screen career. As I have said, it began with a casual meeting with Shantaram. Chandramohan in his capacity of representative of a film distributing firm (for which he was being paid Rs. 35/- per month) called at Prabhat to make a contract for their picture "Sairandri." Here he met Shantaram—a friendly meeting which changed the whole course of his life. The director, with a quick eye for spotting talent, saw in the fair-eyed man before him great artistic potentiality. He offered an immediate contract to the youth, who smilingly refused. Two years later the same young man returned to Shantaram, who had then transferred his head quarters to Poona, and said that he was willing to take up an artiste's life.

Which cinegoer can fail to recall his first performance in "Amrit Manthan", as the fanatic priest, so unscrupulous and yet so sincere

to his cause? He made such a tremendous first impression on the minds of both critics and cinegoers alike, that he became unanimously a Star. From then on, it was like climbing, nay literally running up the ladder of success. Personally, I feel his greatest achievements were in "Amar Jyoti", "Pukar", "Roti", "Geeta", "Taqdeer", and "Humayun" even though in others like "Shakuntala" and latterly, "Shaheed" and "Rambaan", he put in very convincing portrayals.

It is difficult to say which was his best performance for it is no easy task to choose from so many glittering gems. Many will remember him as the great Moghul Emperor Jehangir. In this connection, I have been told that the Maharaja of Kashmir, who was at one time a great friend of Chandramohan, used to often address him as Jehangir. Whenever Chandramohan attended a party at the royal palace, the Maharaja would personally come out to receive him and with a flourish say "Aaiye Jehangir"—so great was his personality and the attraction he had for his friends.

Chandramohan's career came to



Minerva Movietone's  
"BHAROSA"

a climax during the war time boom. He was courted by endless number of producers, for his mere name in the cast spelt box-office draw. He is reported to have made about 18 lakhs during those years. But it was also during those years that he made his first grave mistake as



FILMISTAN'S "SHAHEED"

an artiste—he accepted almost any and every type of role. It is little wonder that he started disappointing his fans. A good bit of dross began to show up among occasional golden portrayals. Some of his pictures turned out to be flops. Even his attempt in the production field, where in partnership with Kumar, he produced a picture called "Jhankar", he did not fare too well.

But Chandramohan was still at the peak. He was making money, he lived like a prince. He showered generosity all around and wasted fortunes on the race-course. Like most artistes, his philosophy was—live for the day, the morrow would somehow take care of itself. He was a gay bachelor. He always said that in the life he led there was no room for marriage. His one great craze was racing. Even when he was working at Minerva Movietone on a salary of Rs. 400 a month, he used to tell his friends that someday when he was rich, he would buy race-horses and he kept his word.

His philosophy of living for the day held good; but little did he then realize that the morrow was going to bring a different story.

#### THE TURNING POINT

The turning point came about 3 years ago. The post-war period brought a slump in the production of pictures. Producers could not afford the fabulous sums that Chandramohan had formerly commanded. He would not accept less. For almost 2 years he was without a job. One by one he sold whatever little possessions he had left, his radio, the car and so forth, trying to make ends meet. He had lived like a prince, and he was equally capable of living like a pauper. He would not go begging to any studio for a job. Producers had approached him in the past—they should do so now. It wasn't that he was an over-proud man. As Jagdish Sethi put it the other



day—"People thought he was arrogant, but as far as I know him, he was self-respecting. He had an iron mask no doubt, but beneath it was a golden heart."

All his friends (and among them Kumar, Motilal, Ullahs and Rajan Haksar were most attached to him), will tell you the same.

A hard, strong, man of the world, self-willed, and quick-tempered, that is the impression that he gave at first appearance. But the ones who really knew him will tell you how simple he was beneath this thin veneer of hardness, strongly compassionate to the unfortunate and needy, a man of generous impulses. Like most artists too, he had a certain vanity and was apt to succumb to flattery. Often I am afraid his acquaintances took advantage of this inherent weakness. A good bit of his fortune was lost this way too.

But among all his characteristics, the most dominating, to my mind at least, was his intensity of purpose. He was an extremist. When he did a thing he went the whole



PRAKASH'S "RAM BAAN"



PRABHAT'S "AMRIT MANTHAN"

hog. Half-measures were not for him. This intensity of spirit

characterised his life throughout. Take his craze for horses. Then, that span of about six years when he gave some of his best screen performances. He himself used to tell his friends, later on, during the war inflation—"In the days, when I wanted to work they paid me so little. Now they offer me huge sums when I don't feel inclined." So keen was he at that time, that he wanted to make each of his roles perfect. For instance, when he was assigned the role of Jehangir in "Pukar", he used to spend days before-hand, going through books and discussing details with the professor of history at St. Xavier's College.

#### THE LAST YEARS

Since the past three years or so, as many will tell you, Chandramohan was a changed man. Some called him 'the mad Chandramohan.' One can never be sure whether or not he lost his balance of mind temporarily and the why

(Contd. on page 76)

## A POIGNANT STORY OF CLASH BETWEEN OLD & NEW

ZIDDI — A TRIUMPH FOR ISMAT & SHAHID LATEEF

AMONG the new aspirants to directorial fame, Shahid Lateef is undoubtedly one of the most ambitious. In his own way, he tries to make his picture first-rate from every point of view, and takes immense pains on shooting and story and insists on good production values and a star-cast. Yet his first picture "Shikayat," which was liked by a few people like this scribe, proved an utter flop at the box-office. So, for the next picture he took an obvious romantic melodrama; but he did not make it in haste. In fact with Bombay Talkies at his back, he went all out to make "Ziddi" a first rate production, and in the process he spent lot of footage, ordered expensive sets and took considerable time, with the result that he courted the disfavour of the producers who later edited the film in their own way. Before its release, everybody wanted to know: would "Ziddi" suffer the same fate as "Shikayat"?

Well, after seeing the picture and watching the popular reaction, one is constrained to say that the director-writer team of Shahid and Ismat have won this time. For in "Ziddi" we have a picture which will not only have a popular run but earn plaudits from the critics as well.

Though, after the flop of "Shikayat," one had misgivings about "Ziddi" turning out just another formula story, after seeing the film one must admit that the routine formula has been cleverly used by Ismat Chughtai to indict the traditional family pride which more often than not comes in the way of the union of lovers in a

most dramatic manner. In other words, Ismat with her usual cynical and outspoken style has exposed the believers in Khandaan and Ghar Ki Izzat as either sham hypocrites or obstinate fools who refuse to move with the times, clinging to out-worn ideas blindly without thinking of the consequences.

This, if any, is the theme of the story, which otherwise follows the good old Bombay Talkies formula of rich boy, poor girl, and the wall of family prejudice standing between them. The story differs in certain points. Thus, for instance, instead of submitting to the family dictatorship the hero tries to elope with the girl. Of course, this attempt fails and he gives up the trail of the girl thinking that she is dead, and later marries another

girl. After the marriage, when the hero discovers his beloved is alive, the story takes another turn resulting in the running away and accidental death of the wife who is unhappy in her married life, and there comes the usual happy ending with the heroine's marriage to another man being stopped at the last moment.

As stated above, it is the clash between the stubborn family and the obstinate lover that provides all the drama in this picture. And in addition the character of an old uncle, who in his young age lost everything due to the stupid family pride, provides the synthesis of the old and new; and gives a running commentary on the false family pride—pride which is considered more important than human happiness.



Majnu resorts to the ancient formula to reform the impish Manorama in Kuldip Pictures' rural romance "Lachhi."



This character is superbly played by Nawab, who stages a come back in this picture. Dev Anand and Kamini Kaushal as the lovers contribute the best performances of their careers. Dev reveals the requisite sensitiveness and sincerity demanded by his role. Kamini is superb in emotional scenes, though her sobbing sometimes becomes ridiculous. Mohsin and Veera make a good elderly pair. Pratima Devi,

the champion of family pride, is convincing. But Indu as Chamki seems to make an uncalled for sacrifice as her love for the hero is never properly established, and even if she loved him this suicide idea seems to be rather revolting. Pran, apart from helping the wife to run away does nothing in the picture: his character is too sketchy. Kamalakar looks appropriately dull and thick headed as the Pahlawan

who does not want to marry. This character, however, is handled purely for utilitarian purposes without any human appeal.

The one character whose behaviour is rather astonishing is that of the wife. Her character, introduced too late in the picture, is not properly developed. In the beginning she seems to be coy and docile; but the way she behaves after marriage shows lack of consistency. It is not often that a wife runs away with another man, hence if such a thing is to be shown it must be made to look convincing. In other words, there should have been situations in the picture emphasising the fact that the wife finds it impossible to live with her husband, and either out of desperation or out of new found interest in another man who gives her the attention and regard which she never gets from her husband, she runs away.

As it is, the whole sequence after marriage is handled in a confused and erratic fashion. Perhaps this is due to indiscriminate editing since proper development of this episode is to be found in the novel. Similarly, the happy ending is forced. Surely, as in the novel, the picture should have ended in the death of the hero—his life being the price of the family pride.

Produced with meticulous care and technical brilliance, "Ziddi" is noteworthy for its high production standard and competent direction which has none of those amateurish touches which characterised Shahid's earlier work. The sequence of the elopement and accident is the highlight of the picture. It is the best piece of motion picture art. The songs are pleasant, the dances are in good taste, the music is rather sombre.

All told, but for its unbalanced editing, forced ending and rather unimpressive musical score, "Ziddi" is a really fine picture of which Writer Ismat, Director Shahid, and Producers Ashok Kumar and Vacha can feel proud.

## VIVID PRESENTATION OF EVERY DAY LIFE

I.N.A.'S "SWAYAM SIDDHA" IS STIMULATING FILM

PRESENTING with sensible moderation and much beauty of practical philosophy there will be coming shortly to this city a picture from Bengal which may well rank among the hits of the year. Titled "Swayam Siddha", it is the maiden production of Indian National Art Pictures, a unit recently constituted in Calcutta, by Moni Guha, for fifteen years technician with the Bharat Lakshmi Studio, who produced it, and Shyam Das, his associate for fifteen years in the

editing room of the same studio, who directed it. In its Bengali version made two years ago, and directed by Nareh Chandra Mitter the picture was ranked the best of 1947 and celebrated "Silver Jubilees" at two leading cinemas of Calcutta where it ran simultaneously. So popular is it that it is still running in Bengal two years after it was made. Based upon the brilliant novel of the same name, the picture has the interest and enduring human appeal of the original story, and the Hindi ver-

sion here reviewed will undoubtedly be widely appreciated. Co-starred in it are Shanta Apte who was handpicked for her role and Molina Devi with a supporting cast headed by Bipin Gupta, Amar Nath, Hiralal, Gitasree and Indu Bala. The musical score was specially written by Profulla Chakravarty for Shanta Apte and the impressive dialogue is the work of that well-known literateur and authority on the popular life of Bengal, Professor Mohanlal Bajpai.

The outstanding feature of this



Shanta Apte, the stormy petrel of the Indian screen, is what the Yanks call a "natural" for the kind of role she portrays in I.N.A. Pictures' "Swayam Siddha" which now awaits release at several stations.



Sohrab Modi's ace Direction  
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Comedy!

Minerva's Typhoon of laughter

Direction :

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# DAWLAT

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Mangla and Nirupa Roy make a lovable duo in Kashmir Film's rip roaring comedy "Chaubej" now awaiting early release at the Majestic, Bombay. The film features Dixit, the inimitable comedian in a key role.

picture, as in most pictures made in Bengal, is the story. Simple, straightforward almost to the point of naivete, it develops by the sheer reality of its vivid presentation of every day life in an ordinary normal Hindu household beset with no problems outside the familiar experience of average people a dramatic power that is the more impressive because it is of the very stuff of life. The story, too, presents a problem which while some may deny its existence is manifestly a cause of bewilderment and deep concern to large numbers of our people today and, as clearly appears in official speeches and pronouncements and even in much legislative enactment, uppermost in the minds of all our national leaders.

The problem is the choice forced by the sudden advent of freedom

upon a people sadly unfitted to make it between the impact of what may be described generally as "foreign influences" and the natural urge of the ancient seed of our national culture, suddenly freed of all repressive and inhibitive hindrances, to bloom again in all its pristine glory. It is a further noteworthy feature of this picture that it does not merely present the problem but offers a solution so eminently sensible and satisfying that one is irresistibly induced to commend and accept it.

The story opens in the classic manner with a prologue presented in the form of a song which hailing the dawn of a new age, calls upon the individual to build a golden future with heedful regard for the golden past. We move to a lecture room where we are shown a convent bred Indian girl telling an

assembly of women to discard their gods and goddesses and eschew their meaningless religious rituals with gibing references to well-known Hindu myths which, to say the least, are hardly suggested leave alone taught in Christian schools or convents.

Allowing, however, the unwarranted charge, here implied against a section of the people which is as Indian today as the rest, to pass for the sake of the plot, we go on. The lecturer is rudely interrupted by a vigorous young woman who challenges her aspersions against the deities she has been taught to reverence. After a brief but brisk encounter, the intruder breaks up the lecture and sends the women home with the injunction that they should not allow their deities to be maligned nor send their children to institu-

tions where they can be taught to despise the gods of their fathers.

The girl apparently is a turbulent character and report of her latest efforts is carried to the local Zamindar who is sufficiently interested to want to know a young woman of such resolute courage. He is so impressed with the fine nobility of her national ardour and the simple beauty of her character that he resolves to marry her to his son, and there and then pledges her to the match.

Back home however his proposal is ridiculed and rejected by his second wife (his first having died at the birth of his elder son) who repudiates the match for her own son and suggests scornfully that if he must keep his word, he can marry the girl to his elder son who is the family butt, being a halfwit.

Thinking it might not be such a bad plan after all and that a girl of such resolute character may be the making of his idiot son, the Zamindar actually adopts the plan, though he does not tell the girl or her parents who are left with the impression that it is the other boy she is to marry. It is only at the actual ceremony that the girl realises that she is being married to the halfwit, though she does not realise the full extent of her calamity till some time after the ceremony.

When she does, however, she is so overcome with pity for the youth that with characteristic generosity and the natural impulse of a nature bred in orthodoxy she not merely accepts her fate but determines to make the best of it. In succeeding sequences we are shown the couple living in virtual seclusion while she takes her adoring groom laboriously but with increasing success through the maze of learning from the very alphabet until he is able to read and eventually to study the works of the great masters themselves.

In the evolution he regains his mind which was never unhinged but had been numbed by opium administered to him in infancy by the foster mother to whose care he

had been relegated by a neglectful father and later by the stepmother who naturally preferred her own child and brought him up to be his father's heir.

Meanwhile the younger son finding his butt no longer available for the exercise of his malice, being stoutly shielded by the young wife, and the wife herself more than a match for him, has recourse to plotting with an ex-Communist professor for her downfall in the eyes of his father who still dotes on her. Follow some dramatic sequences commendably restrained from degenerating into melodrama, in which we see the plot develop until the girl is in disgrace with her father-in-law to whom she stands up with a dignity that is as respectful as it is impressive—a model worthy of imitation by all young wives in Indian homes and a refreshing change from the needless agonising and senseless submission of daughters-in-law that we see upon the screen. The plot is frustrated by her sheer honesty and straightforwardness and the Professor gets his just deserts by being recognised as a murderer long wanted by the Police.

The end shows the young woman vindicated, the rehabilitated halfwit restored to his proper position in the family, the stepmother repentant, the father happy and the younger son in the doghouse from which however he is brought forth by the pleading of the brother whom he had terrorised and the sister-in-law whom he had tried to harm. The end comes in a glow of family affection and happiness which leaves one remarkably satisfied.

Shanta Apte who was handpicked for the central role gives what I should rank as the greatest performance of her whole career, a portrayal utterly without flaw, not only a piece of histrionic beauty beyond compare, but an example which should bring new hope into the lives of millions of young wives suffering the slings and arrows of contumely and oppression at the hands of their

in-laws all over the land today.

The other big performance in the picture is by Amarnath as her malicious brother-in-law, a piece of acting that can be described as brilliant. Hiralal as the professor doctor who conceives the whole villainy because he recognises the girls as someone who might have known of his Communist past and murder also puts over a very good and realistic portrait, though it is a trifle exaggerated at times.

Molina as the mother gives the finished performance to be expected of such an experienced actress, as does Geetasri as the young sister who unaccountably hates the young wife. Bipin Gupta makes a hearty father-in-law though his tendency to over-act invests his role with a touch of artificiality that detracts from the merit of the role.

The weakest performance is Samar Roy's as the husband and the hero of the piece. While he is realistic enough as the idiot, acting the part as a natural in fact, his subsequent work is wooden and his enunciation, as of most of the characters, particularly in the little English spoken in the picture, is inexcusably poor.

Production values, in comparison with those to be found in the poorest pictures made in the Bombay Studios, are definitely low. But that is a defect of almost all Calcutta productions.

As a picture which entertains by engaging the emotions and gripping the mind, and stimulating thought in useful, indeed valuable directions, "Swayam Siddha" is an outstanding example of what the industry can do in the development of the national character and the guidance of popular thought in these difficult days of transition. The film was trade shown in Bombay and Delhi during the past few weeks and it impressed powerfully all who had the good fortune to see it. The public, which will now await it with interest, is in for a treat when it is finally released in Bombay.




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OUR REVIEW:

## MEHBOOB RISES TO OLD TOP FORM

"ANDAZ" IS TRIPLE HISTRIONIC TRIUMPH FOR  
NARGIS, RAJ KAPOOR & DILIP KUMAR

FROM thematically progressive, unusual and technically impressive pictures like "We Three," "Woman," "Najma," and "Humayun," it was a climbdown for Mehboob to be producing films of the "popular" and usual variety like "Anmol Ghadi" and "Anokhi Ada," which were distinguished neither technically nor artistically. One felt that the flood-tide of box-office had swept over even such a creative genius as Mehboob.

"Andaz," however, has proved that the old Mehboob is certainly not dead; indeed he still remains one of the most brilliant and conscientious directors in India today. "Andaz," from the point of view of production and direction, is one of the most polished and near-perfect pictures ever produced in India. In the matter of sets, photography and effects, it sets standards of technical excellence which many of his contemporaries will find it extremely difficult to equal, much less to excel, and his deft directorial 'touches' will be the 'talk of the town' for many a day.

It was a daring venture to produce a clean and purposeful picture like "Andaz" (in which drama arises from subtle motivations and psychological conflicts) at a time when cheapness, crudity and brazen vulgarity were coming to be regarded as the only passports to box-office popularity.

Writers Shums Lucknavi and S. Ali Raza have taken an unusual

slant on a familiar theme—the dangers inherent in adopting an unassimilated foreign culture. The story depicts the mental and emotional conflict of Neena, the pampered and headstrong daughter of a millionaire, whose uninhibited friendship with a young man, Dilip, creates growingly bitter suspicion in the heart of her husband to whom she is genuinely and at all times loyal. With consummate delineation of relevant detail, the structure of misunderstanding, suspicion and jealousy is built up to a staggeringly melodramatic height. There are no villains in this story—the husband, the wife,

the "other man" are all decent and good people. It is the combination of circumstances, however, which brings about tragedy in their lives. That unusual phenomenon—platonic friendship of a man and woman—is misunderstood not by the husband but by the friend himself. The opportunities of close association provided by westernized, leisured-class, smart society accentuate the misunderstanding. In the given context, the drama and the tragic climax have the impact of inevitability.

According to Mehboob, this fatal misunderstanding is characteristic of the western culture which



Gitasree, idol of millions, is out to win fresh laurels by her outstanding performance in Bharat Art Productions gigantic film "Mala."



Indians are therefore exhorted to shun and discard. This reviewer, while appreciating the psychological implications of the story and complimenting the director and writers for their subtle and cultured restraint, is not prepared to accept the ready-made and ever-simplified 'philosophy' of the picture. Emo-

tional misunderstandings and maladjustments are not peculiar to western culture, nor are followers of unadulterated eastern culture necessarily happier in their emotional and marital lives. The grandiloquent anti-west generalisations like those in which the husband of the story indulges in

the final court scene may be a good sop to our collective vanity but can hardly be taken as an objective statement of truth. Indeed, this one dialogue somewhat mars the otherwise immaculately subtle, civilised and restrained atmosphere of the picture which, as a whole, is remarkably free from any banal sermonizing or cheap clap-getting stunts.

Disregarding this solitary lapse of logic, "Andaz" is an unusually fine film in which brilliant direction is matched by no less brilliant acting on the part of the three principal players. It is invidious and also difficult to mark distinctions because each of them offers a portrayal of gem-like perfection.—Dilip Kumar as the pleasant-mannered youth who is an unhappy victim of a fatal misunderstanding, Raj Kapoor, as the gay, carefree husband who expresses his heart-breaking disillusionment and gnawing jealousy in his assumed banter and barbed shafts of irony, and Nargis surpassing all her previous performances as the spoilt daughter of a millionaire who finds her love and life wrecked by a conspiracy of circumstances and misunderstandings. In a series of subtle transformations she is the gay debutante, the sophisticated socialite, the affectionate and devoted wife, the victim of her husband's growing suspicion, impelled by a relentless fate towards catastrophe.

Naushad's music this time is keyed to the cultured tone of the picture; the addicts of the "popular" Panjabi rhythm may be disappointed, but the more discriminating cinegoers will be pleased at the change.

Fareedoon Irani's photography, the general level of technique and the lavish production values are equal to the finest standards of Hollywood. "Andaz" is a picture of which the Indian film industry may well be proud.

## OUR REVIEW

TWO 'TRIANGLE'-DRAMAS  
FROM FILMISTAN

THE SUCCESS AND FAILURE OF THE MUKERJEE FORMULA

FILMISTAN created box-office history by releasing simultaneously two pictures in the same week. Ere this, two pictures of the same company—perhaps New Theatres—have been released simultaneously in Bombay, but that was just a coincidence as the pictures were being exploited by different distributors. This is the first time that the producers themselves have released two pictures—and both of the same variety basically, the same eternal romantic triangle presented according to the Mukerjee formula. This is all the more significant since the pictures also illustrate the success and the failure of the formula.

Take 'Sanwariya' first. Before reviewing this picture it is interesting to note that this picture has suffered at the hands of the Censor Board which objected to two song-numbers, which might have changed the fate of this film. For, whether the deleted songs were cheap and vulgar or not, it can not be gainsaid that they had all the chances of being hit songs. And if you are sceptical about songs deciding the fate of a picture, you have just to think of what would have happened to 'Mela' or 'Dard' if its hit songs were deleted. For, one must not forget that songs, rather than story, now determine the success of a picture. And as in the case of most of the pictures made with an eye on the box-office, the story and the screenplay of 'Sanwariya' too were basically designed to serve as a good excuse for songs. Otherwise the story follows the usual routine of a



Rehana does her usual stuff and lives up to her "Khidki" fame in Filmistan's "Actress."

triangle drama. We have the Zamindar's illiterate son betrothed to a modern city girl since childhood. First, she refuses to marry because he is so naive—and 'native'. To win her, he gets himself educated and dresses in modern style. A simple but educated girl who lives in the same village, falls in love with him and thus the triangle is introduced. The two girls, not being sisters, do not believe in sacrifice—at least not the city girl who later wants to marry the Zamindar's son for the sake of his money. So, she becomes a 'vamp' and a villain and plots the

murder of her rival. Needless to add, that she becomes the victim of her own plot and true love triumphs in the end.

The screenplay of this worn-out story lacks humour and suspense; and even the clever Mukerjee gags and twists fail to make it engrossing. But the greatest failure of the scenarists is to provide what are known in film parlance as apt song-situations. It is this failure and the Censor limitations that account for a rather poor performance on the part of lyricist Santoshii and music director C. Ramchandra.

READY FOR RELEASE—

MAIDEN PICTURE OF  
PRATIBHA CHITRA MANDIRStarring: MUNAWAR SULTANA—DEV ANAND  
NIRUPA ROY—BHARAT BHUSHAN  
and R A M S I N G HStory:  
BALKRISHNADialogues & Lyrics:  
NARENDRADances:  
BADRI PRASADMusic:  
VASANT DESAIDirector of Photography  
KASHINATHProducer & Director:  
KULKARNI

For Particulars:-----

PRATIBHA CHITRA MANDIR

292, V. PATEL ROAD, BOMBAY 4



# NEWS!

## NAQSHAB

The celebrated lyricist

presents

### FILMKAR LTD'S

Very first venture

## "BAHANA"

starring:

REHANA ★ ASHOK KUMAR

YAKUB ★ KANAIYALAL

and

### MADHUBALA

Written & Directed by

WAJAHAT MIRZA

music: KHURSHID ANWAR

songs: NAQSHAB

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### FILMKAR LTD.

HABIB PARK, CLARE ROAD, BYCULLA, BOMBAY

SOUND

April 1949

who could not repeat their success of 'Shehna' and 'Khidki' in this picture. The direction by Nusrat Mansoori is too commonplace to lend any deftness to the film and the technical side is not very bright, either.

The acting standard being what it is now, it is too much to hope for an outstanding performance when even the characterization is standardized. Comparitively, Veera has given a competent performance. Hafeez Jahan is just tolerably good for a newcomer, Rehman is his usual self. Hamid is wasted. Mansoori makes the traditional 'bad man'.

Hence it is hardly surprising that 'Sanwariya' did not fare well at the box-office. It is the kind of a picture which gets acclaim from nobody.

The case of 'Actress' is somewhat different. It contains at least three songs which can be described both as cheap and popular—moreover all of them have dramatic significance and they are all sung by Rehana in the style which made her a popular rage in 'Shehna'. And these songs are bound to make a great difference as far as the box-office is concerned. And the success of the picture apparently indicates that they have.

For, 'Actress', too, is a typical formula picture. It has no socialistic theme, though its author is K. A. Abbas. It is the story of two sisters who fall in love with the same man and, to make it entertaining and to justify the inclusion of songs and dances, the story is set against the background of the stage and the radio. In the first half, it follows the boy-meets-girl formula and introduces several entertaining situations between the two. In the latter half, when the

triangle seems to be insoluble, the sisters vie with each other to sacrifice, and after the usual accident and loss of eye-sight, the complications are straightened out in the end with the younger sister getting the man she loved.

The author probably wanted to utilize this story to reveal the real tragedy of the Actress, who suffers in her private life without getting any satisfaction, and apparently the character of the elder sister was conceived with this intention. She is supposed to have taken to acting for the sake of her younger sister, and lost the chance to lead a happy married life and later when she does get a chance she loses the man to her own sister. But this theme and the tragedy of the mere Actress has been completely lost in the welter of song, dance and comedy.

As it is, the construction of the screenplay is so superficial and the stress on entertainment side is so great that the story seems to lack in human and emotional interest. It would be more appropriate to say that the story is just an excuse for the songs. There are ten songs in this film and the screenplay just revolves round them. The only sensible thing that the scenarist and the director have done is to make these songs and dances look more plausible, and for that the stage-background is utilized to the maximum. An unusual Radio duet has been used for the boy-meets-girl situation and thus the story is made to move from song to song. Even at the end, before the bandage is removed from his eyes, the hero is made to sing a song. Under the circumstances Abbas should be given a credit for providing song-situations and not writing the story. For he has written no story worth mention-

ing in this picture and all his ideas have been sacrificed at the altar of songs.

Since songs and dances form the chief attraction, director Najam Naqvi has shown equal disregard for the story as such with the result that the development of the triangle drama proceeds in a very slipshod manner. Indeed, Najam Naqvi, inspite of all his competence, seems to have been in a hurry to finish the film. Hence the picture lacks polish as well as aesthetic and artistic quality. Yet Najam's directorial deftness is evident in the 'taking' of stage songs and dance numbers.

In a melange of songs and dances, there can be little scope for acting. And yet one feels that Meena and Rehana hardly look like two sisters. Rehana does not look like a college-girl at all and Meena does not appear to be the type of serious-minded woman who had taken to the stage as a career to educate her sister. She looks too frivolous and irresponsible. Inspite of bad casting, it must be admitted that they are tolerably good in their respective roles. They look natural at least on the stage—and for box-office that is what really matters, so why bother about acting. Prem Adib is quite lively as the man loved by both the sisters, and the scene between him and David in which the latter tries to teach the 'how' of acting is the most delightful piece in the whole picture. David and Misra have been wasted on insignificant roles.

Music in both the pictures is not extraordinary; but while the clever use of songs ensures the popularity of 'Actress' they could not rescue 'Sanwariya' from failure. Thus the two pictures from the same producer, provide an interesting study in contrast from the box-office point of view.





A STRUGGLE WROUGHT FRENZY of  
IRRESISTIBLE PASSIONS.....

Producer **S.C. SHAH**  
Presents

# "AZADI KE BAAD"

Starring:

★ **ASHIT BARAN** (N.T. FAME)  
★ **MIRA MISRA** ★ **SHAM LAHA**  
★ **RAZI** ★ **TANDON** E.T.C.

Direction:  
**D.K. CHATTERJI**  
Music: **K.P. SEN**

Songs:-  
M. RAZI BENARI  
Editing:-  
ROBIN DAS  
Dances:-  
PINAKI

CAMERA:-  
ANIL GUPTA  
SOUND:-  
S. CHATTERJI  
ART:-  
BIREN NAUG



The **GREAT ORIENT PICTURES**  
38, ARMENIAN STREET, CALCUTTA.

## background to the **Ads**

NEWS FROM STUDIOS

**RAJKAMAL KALAMANDIR:** Rajkamal's scathing expose of anti-social elements in the country "Apna Desh" has already created a stir in the industry. Shantaram really excels himself in this picture and his handling of a rather unusual theme is really praiseworthy. Pushpa, Hans, Umesh Sharma and Manmohan are the stars of this film now drawing mammoth audiences at the New West End, Bombay.

**HALLA-NANDA PRODUCTIONS:** The Suraiya-starrer "Singaar" has already created a sensation in distribution circles and now awaits early release. In the meanwhile elaborate preparations are underway for the company's next film tentatively titled "Mehfil." Madhubala the most talented star on the screen today has been slotted the feminine lead and under the deft direction of J. K. Nanda she is sure to excel herself in this new film. Khurshid Anwar the famous maestro is in charge of music.

**GOEL CINE CORPORATION:** "Ankhen" is the title of Producer-Director Goel's first independent venture. Nalini Jaywant and Shekar share the stellar roles of this film which has caught the attention of several leading distributors. The story of this film is by S. Naziruddin who hit the spotlight with "Shama" while the musical score is by Madan Mohan. The C. R. C. I rights of this film have already been sold at a premium.

**UNITED TECHNICIANS:** This front-rank concern is the outcome of a merger between two well known technicians—Fali Mistri and Robin

Chatterji. Their very first venture is titled "Jan Paechan." Nargis and Raj Kapoor share the top roles of this film now fast progressing on the sets at Famous Cine Laboratory.

**FAZLI BROS:** Producer-director S. F. Hasnain is leaving

no stone unturned to make "Duniya" a worthy successor to the series of hits he has given in the past. Suraiya and Yakob have been assigned the top roles. From all indications "Duniya" is turning out to be a swell show.

**JAGAT PICTURES:** Seth Jagat Narain's new film "Sun-hera Din" has already become the talk of the industry. Directed by Satish Nigam the film presents the interesting threesome Rehana, Raj Kapoor and Nigar Sultana. "Shair" is yet another title announced by these hit-makers. Mr. Chawla is directing this film starring Suraiya, Kamini Kaushal and Dev Anand. Mr. Gulam Mohd. is in charge of music.

**JAIMINI DEWAN PRODUCTIONS:** Producer Jaimani Dewan is all smiles these days and no wonder. His "Lahore" is reported to have clicked in Delhi in a big way. Elaborate preparations are now underway for its release in Bombay. Nargis and Karan Dewan are the stars of this film directed by the enterprising M. L. Anand.

**KHATRI CHITRA:** Their "Jeevan Sathi" starring Sulochana Chatterji, Hamid, Jeevan, Sudha Rao and a host of other favourites is now nearing completion at M & T Studios. Produced by N. A. Khatri and directed by M. D. Baig (who also wrote the screenplay) the film is expected to be a sure contender for the year's top honours.

**LIBERTY ART PRODUCTIONS:** Director G. Rakesh has gone a long way with the production of "Lekh" a dynamic theme.



Meena, star of Shorey Films  
"Ek-hti-Larki."



# REKHA PRODUCTIONS

Presents

## "Jeevan - Shanti"

Starring: GEETA BALI & MAZHAR KHAN  
with

RAM SINGH — KAMAL ZAMINDAR  
SHEIRY MOHAN — JASWANT  
S. NARESH — MIRZA SHARIF and  
JANKI DASS

Scenario & Direction:  
KEDAR SHARMA

Story:  
J. C. SOLANKI

Dialogues:  
KEDAR SHARMA

Producers:  
Miss HARI DARSHAN KAUR & J. C. SOLANKI

Music: NAUSHAD ALI

(Under the personal control of SETH RAMNIKLAL N. SHAH)

### REKHA PRODUCTIONS,

4/63 TARDEO MANSIONS No. 1, TARDEO ROAD, BOMBAY 7.



Suraiya and Motilal share the top roles of this film produced by Mehta and Raghupat Roy.

MADHUBAN PICTURES: Rehana, Shyam, Gope, Durga Khote are bracketed together in this down-to-earth drama to be directed by K. Amarnath the stalwart who has a series of hits like "Mirza Sahiban" and "Bazar" to his credit. The production of this film is now in full swing and the musical score has been completed by Husanlal Bhagatram.

MEHBOOB PRODUCTIONS: Mehboob's polished new production "Andaz" which had its release at the swanky Liberty is still the biggest attraction in town. Nargis, Dilip Kumar and Raj Kapoor are its stars; Mehboob is its director and Naushad is its music director. Need we add more?



One of the most versatile stars in the industry today is Nirmal Kumar. In the brief span of three years he has played everything from adashing Romeo to an aged kypsy. He is currently starred in Indian Film's "Sohni Raat" and Prakash's "Sawan Badho."



**NIGARISTAN (INDIA) PICTURES:** The lovely new heart-throb Geetabali, comes back in "Bansaria" directed by hit-maker Ram Narain Dave. Husan Lall and Bhagat Ram the famous team of melody makers are in charge of music. Produced and written by Mulk Raj Bhakri "Bansaria" is reported to be excellent screenfare.

**RAMESH PICTURES:** One of the most ambitious productions of this season is Ramesh Pictures'

"Chakori" which has got what it takes to be a swell entertainer. Nalini Jaiwant, Manorama and Bharat Bhushan top the list of stars in this film directed by Ram Narayan Dave and produced by super-slowman Ravindra Dave. The music is by Hansraj Bhal while the story, songs and dialogues have been entrusted to Mulkraj Bhakri.

**PRATIBHA CHITRA MANDIR:** These enterprising producers make

await



It's a Spectacular Production  
that brings to the Screen a  
Golden Chapter from the  
History of India



Shahid Banu who makes her debut in Surya Kala Chitra's "Char-Din-Ka-Chandni".

their debut in the industry with the delightful show "Uddhar." Munawar Sultana, Dev Anand and Ramsingh share the key roles of this film now awaiting release. The film was produced and directed by Mr. Kulkarni one of the most talented men in the industry.

**CHITRALAYA LTD:** Their "Apni Chhaya" has created quite a stir among distribution circles. Sulochana Chatterji, Balwant Singh and Radha Kishen are some of the prominent stars featured in this film directed by Santoshi. The film is expected to be one of the very best from Santoshi, the box-office Czar.

**PREM ADIB PICTURES:** Popular idol Prem Adib who was responsible for the success of several mythological films has now turned a producer and his very first film "Ram Vivaha" is now on the sets. Prem Adib himself is wielding the megaphone for this film starring Shobhana Samarth, himself and Umakant. Art Direction has been entrusted to Kanu Desai the famous artist.

**NEW INDIA THEATRES:** "Kinara" is the fascinating title of New India's first film starring Geetabali and Madhusudan Acharya in leading roles. The screenplay of this Ambalal Dave directed film is by Prabhulal Dwivedi. The story and music are by the amazing Mr. Madhusudan Acharya.

**KASHMIR FILMS:** "Choubeji" produced by Kashmir Films which is scheduled for an early release at the local Majestic is destined to set a new vogue in screen comedies on account of its refreshing story structure and a still more novel filmic presentation. Dikshit, around whose peculiar personality the entire story structure of "Choubeji" has been built, dominates the picture. He is the hero of this splendid screenfare and probably puts in the most outstanding performance of his career in his present assignment. It is perhaps for the first time that Dikshit has been called upon to play a role which is neither slapstick nor serious but just balanced. Unbelievable it might appear none-the-less it is very true—that Dikshit himself considers his performance in "Choubeji" as the crowning achievement of his career.

**SADIQ PRODUCTIONS:** Sadiq fans can look forward to a really memorable film from him this year. It's "Sabak" starring Munawar Sultana, Mahipal and Jagirdar. Based on a sensational story by Azim Bazidpuri. The musical score is by the celebrated musician Shyam Sundar. The picture is being directed by M. Sadiq.

**NATIONAL THEATRES:** Their "High Chal" is fast progressing on the sets with S. K. (Doli) Ojha wielding the megaphone. Dilip Kumar, Nargis and Sitara are bracketed together in this film produced by K. Asif.

**FILMKAR LTD:** This is a new concern with an ambitious programme of production. The brains behind this organization is the famous lyricist Naqshab, their maiden venture is titled "Bahana" and its quite in the cards that it will be one of the biggest money-spinners of 1949-50.

**MINERVA MOVIEOTONE:** Producer-Director Sohrab Modi's rip-roaring comedy "Dawlat" is doing swell business wherever released. Madhubala, Mahipal and the inimitable new funster Janki Dass are some of our popular idols featured in this film based on



As the "Duniya" of Kardar's "Duniya", Suraiya returns to the screen with her full battery of charms. This new musical romance is now slated for early release at the swanky Liberty.

a story by Principal Atre.

**NEW LIGHT FILMS:** A host of celebrities have been arrayed for New Light's colossal venture "Maang". Ramola, Wasti and Mubarak are the stars of this film written and directed by Saghir Usmani. The musical score is by Ghulam Mohammed. Songs have been entrusted to Saghar Badayuni, Nizami and Prakash, while the production is controlled by go-getter Sharif.

**RAJ MOVIEOTONE:** These people have hit the spotlight with their very first venture "Kaun

Jane." The picture is being directed by Gopal Mehra the famous star who has a series of hits to his credit. The picture is being produced by S. K. Agarwala.

**J. N. A. PICTURES:** Their "Swayam Siddha" has been unanimously acclaimed as one of the notable productions of the year by previewers in Delhi and Bombay. Cast in the stellar roles of this film are Shanta Apte and Samar Roy. Molina Devi, Bipin Gupta, Gita-shree, Amarnath and Hiralal are some more notables in the cast. The film was directed by Shyamdas.







(Contd. from page 56)



Thousands thronged to pay their last respects to the Great Chandramohan as the funeral procession wound its way to the cremation ground.

and whereof of it. It's true that he took to drinking heavily. It's also true that he used to get hallucinations very often, and became very fanatically religious. Kumar tells me, "When I first met Chandramohan he was a complete atheist." Those who must have visited his home recently and had seen the "murties" and "puja" materials, pictures of the Virgin Mary, the Rosaries and the Bible in his prayer room, those who are aware of the huge sums he spent on "darshans" and religious ceremonies can hardly believe this. He had got so attached to religion (various religions, rather, for he went from the Laxmi temple to St. Anthony's Church to pray), that he spent whatever little money he earned recently, going on pilgrimages, visiting shrines and offering devotional prayers. Here too, he was going the whole hog. He used often to say "I've lost Laxmi, but I've found Kali Mata". His hallucinations persisted. Often he used to tell his friends about them—"You know, last night I talked to the Devi" or "I witnessed a queer scene yesterday. I saw the 'shetans' having a

foot-ball match; I was the foot-ball, and Allah the Referee. Bhaiya, Father Narayan, Mata, the Holy Mother and Bapu, they were all there watching." These and many such incidents you will find related to his friends, or in his diary.

When did all these hallucinations begin? How did they happen? I asked his companion Sheela, casually, one day. "Well, the very



He will face the camera no more!

SOUND

first incident was a long while ago. He related it to all of us." Sheela told me. "He had a dream about his horse Kanta, which was running that season at Poona. He dreamt that the horse fell and broke its leg at the 6th furlong post. Next morning he asked his trainer Aziz if Kanta was alright for the race. Aziz was very optimistic and said that it had an excellent chance of winning. Unfortunately, that afternoon, Kanta did fall and break its leg at the 6th post. I think that was the first dream he had to which he paid any attention. After some months he used to have these dreams consistently. He was even sometimes afraid that somebody was after his life and was indulging in black magic to his personal detriment." Whether this was a result of the time he spent brooding without a job, or whether it was the outcome of a certain attachment he had formed when on a holiday, in Lucknow, is hard to say.

That he was gradually becoming more optimistic and more like his former self, this past year since he started working again in Filmistan's "Shaheed," and then "Rambaan" and "Dukhiya," there is no doubt. He had even contracted for three more pictures—Sadiq's "Sabak," Arora's "Paras," and Prem Adib's "Ram Vivah". The future appeared rosy and it seemed that his screen life would begin once more, but alas, the heavy hand of death cut short this promising and newly budding life.

It is really surprising that though he had earned a magnificent fortune at one time, he died penniless, his funeral rites being performed at the cost of the Film Artsites' Association. The Indian screen has suffered a grievous loss in his death. There could only be one Chandramohan. Like Saigal, he is irreplaceable.