

REGD. NO. B. 4797

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Madhubar
PICTURES



BAZAR

Directed by: K. AMARNATH Song & Dialogue: QUMAR JALALBADI
Produced by: M. B. NAVALKAR For Particulars: MADHUKAR PICTURES
Music: SHYAM SUNDER MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS
BANDRA, BOMBAY.



SOUND

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GEMINI'S CHANDRA LEKHA

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Indian Screen*



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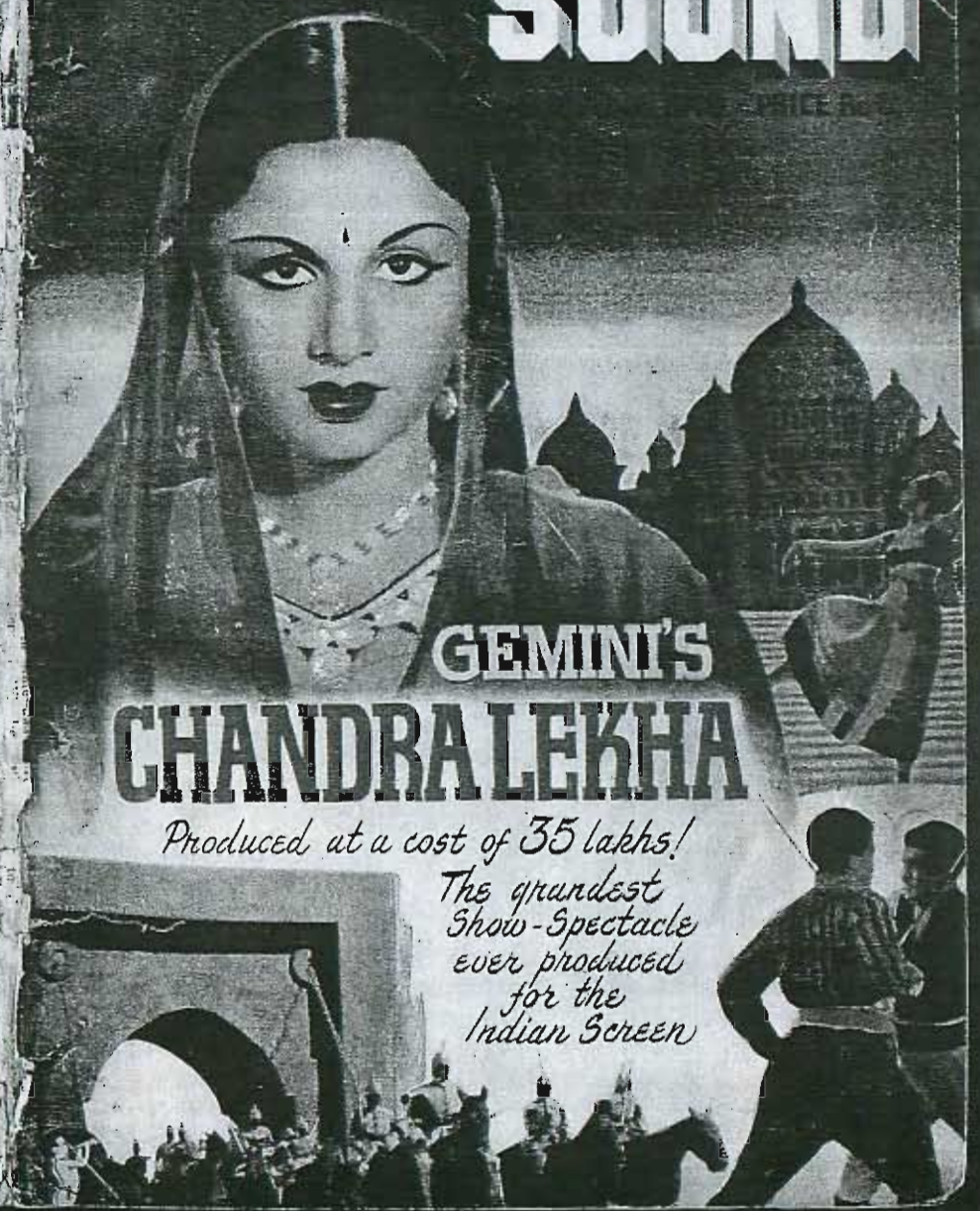
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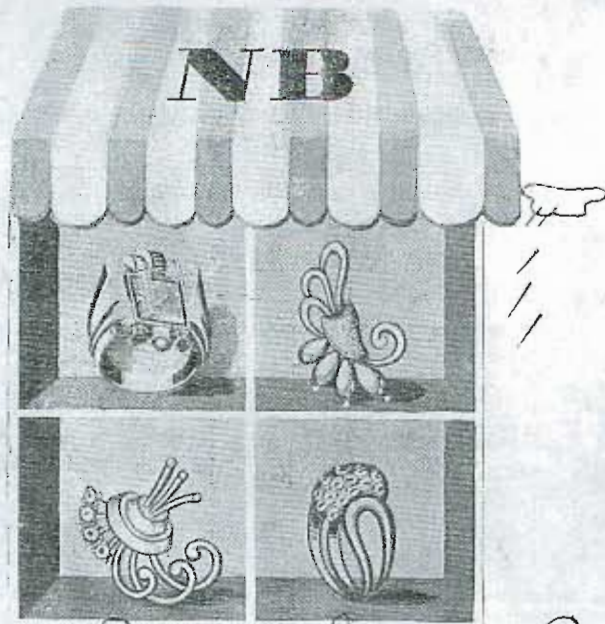


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T. R. Rajini
Jaya Gowri
P. K. Saraswathi
C. T. Rajakantham

Songs:

PAPANASAM SIVAN

Music:

G. RAMANATHAN...

Scenario:

M.L. TANDON....

Dances by:

LALITA & PADMINI

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TALKING POINTS

PRESENTING the December issue of SOUND, the proprietors hope its wide circle of readers will find it living up to its new promise. Among the more interesting contributions in this issue are:

One from Dr. J. K. Bannerji, D. Litt., on "The Iron Curtain". Topical to the minute, and informed with behind-the-curtain acquaintance with the issues and influences responsible for the conjuration of the "Big Bogey" whose shadow lies over the future of humanity today, this is an article worth reading. It settles no issues, but it does give a line along which a rational and intelligent perspective can be taken of a situation in human affairs which is definitely fundamental in regard to the future of human society. The author, incidentally, was a close observer of what he has written about. He was an associate of Netaji Bose in Germany, a participant in our revolutionary

movement in his earlier life, and a wanderer for more than two decades of exile in North and South America, England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Russia. Right now, Dr. Bannerji is the Foreign Affairs Expert of the HINDUSTAN STANDARD.

A SHORT story titled "Malu's Wife" by Joseph George Hitrec who spent a couple of years in India, some of the time in Bombay where he was prominent in advertising and art circles. Hitrec, we gather, is now well settled in U.S.A., where he achieved fame recently by winning the HARPER MAGAZINE Prize for the Best Novel of the Year. His stories are published in the leading magazines of England and America and "Malu's Wife" is a fine example of his style.

A PIECE specially written for the Modern Girl, of whom one sees

Board of Editors: K. A. ABBAS * N. G. JOG
V. P. SATHE * HOMI UMROLIA
SIMON PEREIRA
Managing Editor: L. P. RAO

such a lot in Bombay and other Big Cities of India. In "Girls, Take off Those Masks!" the author, Paul Gallico, sticks his neck out and, we fear, is quite liable to catch it where the chicken is proverbially stated to have got the chopper.

As only intelligent people read SOUND, we presume our feminine readers will find this contribution interesting as well as stimulating. Perhaps they will even appreciate it!

IN the Film Section two pieces are recommended, particularly to those connected directly with the industry, notably the Ministries of the Bombay and the Central Governments. "Open Air Cinema in Russia," we believe, is of very special interest and importance to us. The second article on "State Help for the Film Industry in Britain" derives both topicality and importance from Seth Chandulal's recent

pleas for such treatment at the meeting last month between the industry and himself.

AN interview with that pioneering producing organisation, Raj Kumar Brothers of Orissa, who are now all set to open film production in their province of Bihar.

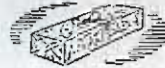
A full and fairly comprehensive report of the gathering of Bombay's motion picture world convened by Seth Chandulal Shah at Ranjit Studio. Also, a full and fairly complete assessment of our views thereon, as well as upon Government's policy and "action" in respect of the industry.

FINALLY: Look out for the Bumper New Year number of SOUND, due on January 1. You'll find it worth looking out for.

Art Directors: SAM MILLER
P. S. GORAY
DR. MULKRAJ ANAND
Contributing Editors: YOOJI * J. N. SAHNI
A. r. S. TALYARKHAN

EDITORIAL

MUMTAZ SHANTI
guards her
lovely skin
with
LUX
TOILET SOAP



This charming film star says: "I rely on Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin clear and smooth. Its wonderful lather cleanses and leaves the skin soft and fine as silk. Every woman should guard the beauty of her skin with Lux Toilet Soap."



LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film-stars

L.T.S. 173-50

SETH Chandul Shah and our Motion Picture Industry deserve congratulation on the mass meeting and open confession in the Ranjit Studio at which they told the Minister whose business it is to keep an eye on the industry in this Province, and through him the Government of Bombay, their inmost thoughts and feelings regarding their state, and got straight from the Minister's mouth an explanation of Government's views thereon rather than an exposition of Government's policy and intention in regard to the matters he had come to discuss. While this belated effort, late by some twenty years at least, on the part of those most directly concerned to get down to brass tacks, was infructuous, virtually to the point of being futile (for obvious reasons: plans cannot be laid at mass meetings drawn for window dressing purposes), it bred a possibility that the liaison then begun may continue and develop to the benefit of the industry and the satisfaction of Government, and therefore to the benefit and advantage of the people since this is a free country and we are a democratic people, as Minister Morarji was at some pains at the meeting to continually emphasise. When we have said that we have said the best, in fact we have said all that can be usefully said about that meeting, and about all such meetings and endeavours that may be similarly held and inspired in the future. There was nothing to it. We fear very much that there will be nothing to it. If the motion picture industry is conducted on its present lines, if those who make our motion pictures today do not give better, more scientific thought, devote more noble aspiration and virtuous principle to the great and important business in which they

are engaged, if Government on their part do not abandon their present pettyfoggish policy of prim pedagogic prodding and shoulder forthwith the full responsibility which is theirs in regard to this vital instrument of national well-being progress and propaganda, the future of the industry is that of an addled egg: barren, and stinking! Let there be no doubt of that. Let the facts be faced.

Those facts are: 1. Film entertainment is now an established feature of the people's life.

2. Therefore, and even more because of the grinding poverty of the people and their driving need for interests which can divert their minds and energy from unhealthy trends dangerous to their own as well as to the nation's life and progress, the motion picture industry is an essential industry, and must be maintained with all the effort and support due to an essential industry.

3. With the nation's leadership pledged to the creation of an independent democracy, and a people steeped in ignorance of individual national responsibility and unfitted by centuries of alien rule for the exercise of democratic rights, the screen derives the most vital and fundamental importance as an instrument of popular education and guidance, and as a medium of official propaganda directed to the dissemination and proper understanding of the democratic principle as well as to the regimentation of the popular will in pursuit of programmes and policies designed by Government for the progressive development of the country and the nation. Therefore, the Government is under a particular and paramount obligation not merely to maintain the industry by every possible means at its command, but also to insure its development to the necessary standard with all possible speed and efficiency.



"Have all the colour you want by all means, but see that you do not lose colour into the lives of others against their will" said Sjt. Morarji addressing the mammoth gathering of film people at Shree Ranjit Studios.

NOW THE COVETED SHOW IS ON!



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December 1948

4. All individuals actually engaged in the industry, from producers, writers, scenarists and directors, to actors, technicians, distributors and exhibitors, must realise the importance of their work, not only in itself as an art and a means of livelihood, but also as a vital part of the machinery by which the progressive development of the nation is to be secured and stimulated.

Those we conceive to be the four basic facts about our motion picture industry, the cardinal criteria by which the industry and all connected with it, from Government to personnel, are to be judged. And what can be our judgment? Let us see.

So far as Government is concerned—we are concerned only with the national administration—the record from the viewpoint of the industry, is not merely blank, but black. Seth Chandulalji was completely right in making the charges he did in the face of the Home Minister of gross neglect of official obligation, and of treatment worse than neglect, calculated, as he said, to utterly destroy it. For it is nothing but the truth that Government, while it has done literally nothing to assist the industry in any manner or degree whatever, has on the contrary added to its burdens and hampered its recovery from the almost fatal paralysis of business that was induced by more than three years of a savage communal war which made shambles of the key cities of India and installed a reign of terror over the entire population which has not yet been completely exercised.

All that Government did during that calamitous period for the industry was to impose upon its back a steadily growing burden of taxes, imposts, levies, restrictions and regulations, without moving one remedial finger to alleviate its plight, or showing any concern beyond the proclamation of principles and their enforcement



A view of the gathering assembled to meet the Home Minister of the Bombay Govt., the Hon'ble Motarji Desai at Shri Ranjit Studios.

with the blind bigotry of a spiritualistic puritanism utterly callous to the universal appeal of indestructible human values. Government's sole interest in the industry during this period was confined to its capacity as a producer of urgently needed revenue, with an alert eye presumably to its potential for replacement of revenue sacrificed, or to be sacrificed, in pursuit of reformist policies which can be deferred, and which it would be high practical wisdom to defer. Not only is the motion picture industry the highest taxed in the country today, but it is more harassed than any other in respect of taxation, by tariffs which differ and vary from province to province, even from city to city in the same province!

Seth Chandulalji declared that the industry pays to Government a total levy of 60 per cent on its gross income. That is a frightful burden, higher than anywhere else in the world, and unjustifiable in connection with an industry which everywhere else is under the Government's wing, and should be here in an even greater and more special degree. Additional handicaps that hamstring the industry, crippling it, are:

A shortage of raw film to which

nobody can put a definite term; Obstacles to the procurement of urgently needed modern equipment which could be ironed out by Government which on the contrary complicates them still further;

Conditions of finance which can be described only as ruinous, but which remain after two years of national administration the industry's only means of existence;

A positive famine of cinemas from which has developed a racket even more ruinous to producers than the unconscionable extortions of financiers;

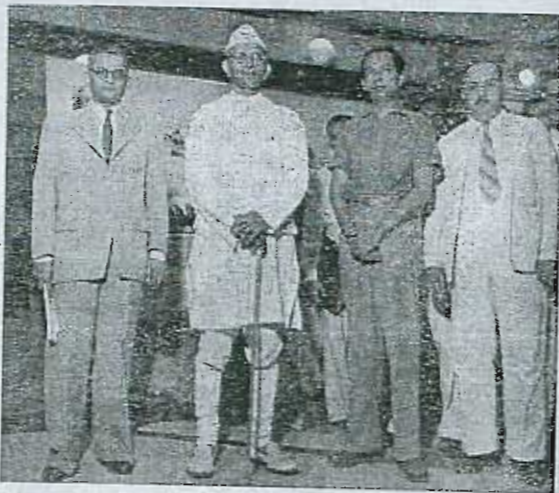
Censorship regulations which differ from province to province and the enforcement of which is entrusted to individuals whose capacity for judgment in such matters is highly questionable, and frequently whimsical;

And complete lack of essential facilities for the training of personnel, to say nothing of the lack of any encouraging factor whatsoever that may nurture a feeling of national pride and responsibility in any individual associated with the industry.

These are facts only too painfully familiar to all engaged in the business of motion picture production in India today. They

are facts patent to every observer who takes the trouble to cast a casual glance of inspection over the state of the industry today. They are facts within the ken of Government which every Minister should know, and which particularly should intensely exercise every Home Minister, every Education Minister, and every Prime Minister every moment of their official lives in thought and endeavour for their remedy and elimination. It is all very well for the Hon. Mr. Morarji Desai to say, as he did, that he and his Government are well posted with those facts, that they are well acquainted with conditions in the industry, that they are keenly interested in the industry, and that they are anxious to promote the progress of the industry and to uplift it to the highest spiritual levels of culture and capacity. Without immediate, concrete, substantial, intelligent and sympathetic endeavour to remedy the conditions and to remove them, these professions are hollow, pharisaical, hypocritical, even (if national progress is accorded the paramountcy which it demands) heinous.

In this light Mr. Morarji's performance at the meeting which was summoned, as he himself asserted, by his request, was most deplorable. It is to be hoped that Mr. Morarji himself knows how deplorable it was. In effect he told the meeting and the industry nothing, literally nothing whatever, that could conceivably be any use to it, gave it no word of real encouragement no ground for hope whatever. The only useful thing he did was to advise the industry to put its house in order, to form a co-operative body representative of the industry, and then to see to what extent Government would go to help it. That was all. And that was not enough, not by a very very long chalk indeed. It is high time the Home Minister and the Government of Bombay as well as the Central Government



Mr. Morarji Desai, Home Minister Bombay (centre) was one of the distinguished guests at the premiere of New Theatres' dynamic film "Anjankarh".

were made to realise that it is not enough.

If Mr. Morarji was sincere in his profession on his own behalf and that of his Government—and he must have been for he is an honourable man!—if they honestly believe that there is room for progress in the country and need of it, and that the motion picture industry can contribute towards the achievement of that progress, then they must do something more than merely advise, suggest and talk, as he did that day, as Government both here and at the centre have been doing these two years and half. As a debater skilled in the thrust and parry of verbal argument, as counsel picking holes in his opponent's case, Mr. Morarji did extremely well. In fact he did brilliantly. In a phrase made famous by the mad Britishers "It was magnificent but it was not war".... in a word, it was not what was needed, not what he should have done.

apparently it was much admired. The credit goes rather to the Sethji who, however incoherently and confusedly he did it, yet thrust the needs of the industry with the righteous indignation of a turbulent son, whose heart is in the right place but whose hand is always errant, appealing to his father for comfort and rescue, beneath the Minister's eye with bald factuality and a humility of submission and prayer that deserved more substantial as well as a more honest response. All he received was castigation, correction and the cold comfort of a recommendation that he should pull up his socks and see what happens.

It was pathetic for the Sethji and deplorable for the Minister. It was neither the place nor the time for the masterly display of badinage and banter with soupçons of sardonic wit and slabs of homily to which the Minister treated the gathering, its organiser and the industry generally. A slap in the face could not have been worse.

We say this in no carping spirit, nor in indignation virtuous or otherwise, nor even in criticism of an administration, which it is almost fashion in some quarters to belittle and decry. The Minister is our own man, begot of Indian loins, bred of Indian soil, a patriot of high virtue, rich in principle and achievement, of whose integrity and purpose neither we nor anybody else has any doubt. Nor is there any doubt of his ability and talent. All of which applies in even higher measure to our Government, both national and provincial. But it would be worse than folly, for that very reason, to shut our eyes to their deficiencies, to ignore their lapses. That would be the negation, the complete frustration of the democratic principle which we are vowed to develop in our lives.

It is in that spirit that this criticism is launched, in the hope that it will disabuse the Home Minister of any notion which he may enter-

tain that he dealt rightly and properly by the meeting for which he had asked, and by the industry of which he is the chief guardian and mentor—as he himself repeatedly claimed to be. His guidance and guardianship must be more positive, his intervention more directive, his assistance more immediate and effective than they have been hitherto, than his vague half promise indicated they will be. He maintained over the period of an hour that there was a vast deal wrong with the industry. If that is his view, his business is to put it right, and it should be his immediate purpose to try to do so. He cannot, *must not* leave it to the industry. The British could do that, not a national administration pledged to the nation's weal and progress. The initiative for remedy and reform rests not with the industry but with the Minister, and he must take it at once. That is what he is there for, what the whole Government is there for.

On the part of the industry, it



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must be admitted that Seth Chandulalji, except for the salutary confession which he made of its defects, his charge against the national government and his prayerful plea for aid, made as deplorable a showing as the Minister. While admitting the defects of the industry he actually proclaimed his pride in them. Taking that proclamation precisely as he meant it, is there really anything of which the Indian motion picture industry can be proud today? The honest answer to that question is one word: No!

The wonder, to our mind, is that so many have laboured so vastly and so long to produce so little—that after more than thirty years of constant endeavour upon which Heaven knows how many crores of rupees have been expended, the Indian motion picture industry should be of such pitiful, little worth. I mean intrinsic worth, not the crores invested in studios and theatres, the lakhs earned by the stars, and the crores paid into the box offices. Money is not the gauge of merit here, but quality. The level of art, achievement, appeal—these are the gauge and the measure of merit. Look back upon the thirty years and recall



Director Vijay Bhatt whose "Ram Baan" is now running to full houses at Super.



A spectacular dance sequence from Gemini's million rupee venture "Chandralekha" now slated for early release in Bombay.

the pictures you would list as noteworthy by that gauge. How many can you recall? A pitiful handful, if that many. What picture is there right till this moment which Indians fifty years hence may care to see and find worthy of admiration.

What ground can there be, then, for Seth Chandulal's pride? Rather should he hang his head in shame, as should all others connected with the industry, for it is a fact deplorable as well as disgraceful that after thirty years the standard of our pictures remains the same, as much as makes no matter, as it was at the beginning. The standard of cultural appeal, the matter not the form of our pictures, the stuff that tickles the ears of the groundlings, that entertains, and imperceptibly instructs, the teeming millions of our masses by whose crawling the pace of our national development is conditioned, these are what we must count for progress here. How is that standard?

If the pictures now showing in Bombay are specimens, it was

never worse or lower. Improvement in technique there has undoubtedly been—some half dozen cameramen, with application and some native genius, have achieved commendable competence, but would you class them with Pabst, or Eisenstein, or even with one of the second flight lens artists in Hollywood or Britain? There has been an entire evolution in the field of screen music, but what contribution has it made to the development of Indian music as a classic art? Some remarkable development of vocal brilliance by such gifted individuals as Saigal, Kananbala, Rajkumari as well as composition by musicians such as Boral and one or two others: some excellent, even inspired lyrical writing of high poetic excellence which has much enhanced the richness of our great language and spread its wealth among the people more widely than ever before in all our history: here has been great gain, of much substantial worth. But what more?

The story form remains petrified where it was before, with the one

inevitable plot in which the changes are rung with nauseating irritation, between boy-meets-girl, separation, triangle, tribulation, city, village, frustration, suicide, and too rarely fulfilment. Every picture is plethoric with dialogue, pocked with songs, and injected with laughs (not laughter) until the action is constipated and the interest killed by sheer stricture! In such conditions acting and direction have also been hamstrung though individual genius, as ever, has achieved occasional triumphs. On the whole, it will be admitted that the standard, from the artistic and cultural points of view, of the Indian film today is as bad or as good as it ever was. That, after thirty years, is deplorable it must be admitted. What is the reason for this condition of chronic stasis? It would do Seth Chandulal and his fellow magnates who conduct the industry to try and answer that question instead of flaunting pennants of pride over a record of such pitiful ineptitude.

He and his colleagues will doubtless discover a hundred reasons for this lack of progress. We have but one: the ignorance of those who direct the industry, their ignorance of the things and values that matter in, and are essential to, the creation of art in any form; their ignorance, or it may be their neglect, of the fundamental values of human life and society. We do not say that Seth Chandulal is an ignorant man. That would be stupid as well as libel in regard to a business leader of his magnitude and importance. The other Moghuls of the industry have their respective brilliances in the matter of knowledge. But in this matter of the finer values that make art, they are all one, and with them are a great many, too many, of those who are engaged today in the production of motion pictures.

In brief, the industry is manned and conducted by people who have not had sufficient training in their



Suraiya the dainty little star of several box office hits is reported to have put in a sterling performance in Allied Art's "Gajre".

craft, and not enough education in the finer values of artistic creation. It is a point worth considering by those who belong to the industry as well as by others. To give one must have. How can he give who has nothing? What can one give but what one has? There is food for thought for Seth Chandulal and the industry in those two

questions. There is also much the industry can do, not only to pull its socks up as Mr. Morarji advised it to do, but also to pull itself up by its bootlaces. But first it must know itself, see itself with the unflattering eye of Truth, must realise the need to do so. When that is done, the rest will come of itself.

MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY MEETING

ONE of the most representative gatherings of the Indian motion picture industry in Bombay for more than a decade assembled in response to the invitation of Sriyut Chandulal Shah, President of the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association, to meet the Home Minister of the Bombay Government, the Hon'ble Morarji Desai. The Minister had expressed a desire for personal contact with those concerned in the production of films in this province, and Sjt. Chandulal, reputed Sardar of the Industry, had convened the meeting to provide the Minister with the opportunity. The venue chosen by the IMPPA President was the studio of Ranjit Movietone of which he is the proprietor. While some may have cavilled at a choice which lent so much prominence to the Ranjit Studio, the fact that it is situated in the heart of Bombay's film colony and that of the city, and is convenient of access by road and rail to all other studios, is sufficient answer to any such criticism.

The gathering certainly justified the choice, for it included among the fifteen hundred or so who were present everybody of note in the industry from producers and technicians to directors, stars and workers, to say nothing of exhibitors, distributors, financiers, equipment suppliers, dealers in raw film, members of the Board of Film Censors, and the Press, which last had quite a cohort of its own. The studio grounds were well dressed for the occasion with the entrance masked in greenery, flags and bunting, chairs fanned out in serried rows, and a stage occupying the corner, complete with mikes and loudspeakers, backed by vast tricolours and a double life-size portrait of

Gandhiji, its front topped by Ashok's historic pillar, and a band drawn up to play the distinguished visitor in.

The Minister arrived on the stroke of time—he is meticulous in this matter of punctuality, as he is in everything else—to find his audience all set for his discourse. Accompanied by Sjt. Chandulal, followed by a minor procession of executives of the various motion picture bodies, and heralded by a fanfare from the band, the Minister stalked through a barrage of eyes and cameras, to the stage where, when all were seated, the host of the evening asked all present to stand while "Jana Gana Mana" was sung.

Opening the hall Sjt. Chandulal announced with due apology, a preference for the English language in which he said he would be able to express himself better and, he hoped, to be understood better as well. His second reason was patently thin since everybody in the place had drunk in the Bhasha with their mother's milk, and could probably have spoken and understood it better than the Sardar himself. As for expression, I must say, with due apologies to him, that the Sardar put on a performance as murderous as I have ever heard, even from our Ministers.

Sriyut Chandulal began with a tribute to the Honourable Desai. He had heard, he said, that our Home Minister is a tough guy, difficult to deal with, stiff-necked, intolerant of opposition, opinionated and narrowed in his outlook by a fanatic philosophy which is that of a sadhu and a yogi. He had found in him a man, human in his outlook, with a warmth of sympathy which made him tolerant as well as reasonable, rigid undoubtedly in the principles he professes and unyielding in his ideals,

but able to appreciate and to concede viewpoints other than his own. He found him, too, eager to know all about the motion picture industry, the people engaged in it, their problems and their difficulties, to help solve those problems, and to tell them what he himself, as Home Minister, wanted them to do, so that they could work with him to promote the nation's progress and the people's good. "Our Home Minister," said Sjt. Chandulal in ringing tones, "is the first Minister of the Bombay Government, in fact the first Minister anywhere in India, to take such a keen personal interest in our industry, and to want to know more about it and about us, to hear from us at first hand our problems and our difficulties, and to express his determination to help us solve those difficulties and problems."

"When I realised that" said Sjt. Chandulal "I knew how mistaken I had been in my belief that our Home Minister was an ogre of intolerance, a sadhu steeped in austerity, who in his desire to make saints out of us, would stop at nothing, would even destroy the industry if we did not conform to his requirements. I decided then that he should meet you all, meet the men and women, the brains and the workers, who between them constitute this fifth largest industry of our country, and that he should in person tell us as well as know from us what are the problems that beset our industry and hamper its progress, and are now threatening to destroy it altogether and how those problems should be tackled and solved. The Minister agreed to my suggestion and this gathering is the result of our meeting."

Coming now to the industry Sjt. Chandulal waxed truculent and

pathetic by turns. The motion picture industry, he declared, was born and had grown up an orphan, neglected and ignored, except for purposes of taxation, by Government, which even today was doing nothing to rescue it from its moribund state. Government, on the contrary, seemed bent on destroying the industry by burdening it with fresh and larger levies and imposts. While this attitude was only to be expected from the regime that had gone, it ill became a national administration in a free country, particularly in regard to an industry which ranked as the fifth biggest, gave employment to so many lakhs of individuals, and played such an important part in the lives of millions throughout the land. "But despite this great national service we are rendering," declared Sjt. Chandulal in a tone of poignant anguish declaimed to wring the withers of the entire Ministry, "the industry is still looked upon as *Achhut*, untouchable, and all connected with it as something outside the pale of the country."

Admittedly, he continued, "we have our defects. We are not ashamed of them. We are proud of them, and prouder of our achievements, and of the progress we have made in the face of every imaginable difficulty and discouragement, lacking knowledge, training, equipment, finance and even official countenance. When we first began to make pictures in our country thirty years ago there was not one person who could be said to know anything about films. We took American films for our model, and with such equipment as we could procure—which was far from the best—we proceeded to make pictures for our people. The first thing about pictures, you all know, and Sjt. Desai knows as well as we do, is to entertain. Improvement and instruction, even propaganda come after, a long way after, entertainment, for producers must live. So must all others concerned in the making of

pictures, which cost a lot of money, and must earn more in order that producers may be able to pay financiers sufficiently to induce them to continue financing pictures. That was, and still is, the only way to maintain the industry and to continue production in our country.

"In the absence of official support we had to take our money where we found it, and on the conditions that were imposed on us. As the money has to be returned and the terms on which we get it have to be fulfilled if we are to survive, we must go wholehog for the box office, and we do . . . on the American model, which still remains our mentor and guide. If the standard of our pictures fell, if it is low today, if the Minister finds it abhorrent to his high moral soul and contrary to the pure perfection of the Congress principle, whose is the fault? Whose", roared the Sardar, "is the guilt? Whose is the sin? Let those answer whose duty it was to foster, support and encourage us, but who instead have done nothing but ignore us with contempt, bleed us with taxation and strangle us with restrictions". In the circumstances, Sjt. Chandulal claimed, the industry and all connected with it, and specially the producers, have every reason to be proud of their achievement in keeping the industry alive and developing it to its present magnitude and importance in the economic life of the country.

"Our Home Minister, as I have already told you, is the first minister to show any interest in our industry, and this is the first time he has evinced any interest at all. But we are grateful even for that belated interest, and even though that interest is in the nature of a castigation more severe than any we have yet received we ask only that he continue it in the spirit, and with the enthusiasm, which he expressed to me when I saw him on the industry's behalf a few days ago, and which he has now shown by coming here to

listen to our cry and to tell us what it is that he wants us to do.

"Before he tells us that, I want to assure him on behalf of all of us here, in the name of the entire industry, that we accept his demands without reserve, that we will obey his behests without question, and that we will not complain if he cuts and bans ninety-nine pictures out of a hundred. The new Censors' Code has the unqualified approval of the whole motion picture industry. There is nothing wrong with the Code, which expresses completely the industry's and every producer's ideals.

"But", pleaded the Sardar, "we need time and tolerance to get accustomed to the change. We have been making pictures in the old way and according to the only formula we knew all these years. There are many pictures already made, others on the sets, still others about to go on the sets. Have patience with us, give us five years time to adjust ourselves to the new standard, and if after that we continue to offend, then let the Government destroy the industry, and we will ourselves help you to do so, Sir!"

Referring particularly to the



Ravishing Rekha, star of umpteen hits plays an exciting new role in Jagat Pictures' now film "Sunhero Din".

banning of certain pictures and the re-censoring of others after—in one case months after—they had been certified and circulated practically throughout the country, Sjt. Chandulal pointed out that this was deplorable action, shattering the security of producers, frightening off financiers, distributors and exhibitors, and belittling the judgment of the Censors' Board to say nothing of flouting its authority in a manner that could hardly be justified. This sort of thing, said Sjt. Chandulal, must stop. It was good neither for the industry nor for the Government, and savoured of an attitude and an outlook unworthy of a national and a democratic administration.

"But if Government want to cut our pictures let them do so. We will not complain. As I have already declared, we are prepared to obey you, Sir, in every particular and detail, provided on your part and on that of the Government you give us the help and the support to which we feel that as a great national industry we are entitled.

"We realise, of course, that there are millions of refugees and homeless persons in the city and the province today, and that unless they are provided for we cannot have new cinemas. But let us have facilities for importing new equipment, let us have raw film, let us have official support in our numerous needs and undertakings, let us have Government aid, as the film industry has in other lands, for training technicians and personnel and above all, let us have some help in the procurement of finance on terms less ruinous than those imposed upon us by the financiers from whom we get our money today. Why cannot we have these facilities which are conceded to every other industry, some far less deserving than ours? Are we good only to be taxed and bled until we are on the edge of extinction? Let Government answer that question and show their proper appreciation of our

national importance and of the tremendous national service we have always done at such tremendous cost and sacrifice." Concluding Sjt. thanked the Home Minister, in the name of all of us present and in that of the whole industry, pointing out that in him they had the best friend the industry has ever known, one upon whom they could depend for full support.

Sjt. Chandulal retired in a storm of applause. He had been an hour at the mike, speaking with the ease of a practised demagogue to a brief obviously prepared with the double purpose of keeping the Minister well pleased with himself—hence the obsequious personal tributes with which his address was so liberally interlarded—and at the same time preserving his position as the Fuhrer of his studio and the Big Shot of the Industry by making Masala of the Mantri who had been bold enough to speak—hence those truculent tirades. It must be conceded, however, that despite defects of accent and a quaint usage which occasionally obscured his meaning, Sjt. Chandulal put up a powerful, and even brilliant, case for the industry, even though, he bolstered it with argument that was occasionally specious enough to bring a smile to the expressive lips of the Minister who listened with almost Buddhistic impassivity to the alternate squalls and zephyrs with which his host swept him throughout the address. Summing up, Sjt. Chandulal said: "I assure you, Sir, from the bottom of my heart, in the names of all these 1500 persons present representing the entire industry, of our complete devotion to the country and our desire to serve it and the Government. All we ask is that our past should be forgotten just as we are ready to forget and forgive the past treatment to which we have been subjected despite our valuable service to the nation, to say nothing of our immense capacity

for national service of the most essential and valuable kind. Our great industry is now tottering to death, on its last legs. I don't claim we are perfect. How could we be? But our defects are not entirely of our own making. We are not alone to blame for them and, let me say, we are not ashamed of our weaknesses. We are proud of them because they are the marks of our travail, signs of the hard road we have travelled these thirty years. From the beginning to these its dying days the industry has struggled against superhuman odds, being kept alive solely by the enthusiasm of a handful of producers fired with zeal for national service, and by the public. Nobody else has done anything for our industry, Government least of all. I now appeal to our Home Minister to realise the vast national value of our industry which is the greatest instrument in the hand of Government for carrying the messages of civilisation, progress and democracy to the millions of our countrymen. On our part we will co-operate with him, one hundred and one per cent, and if after a reasonable period of time he finds us wanting I say again that he can shut us down, and none of us will say one word in protest."

When the tumult and the shouting died down, Minister Morarji, spruce, dandy and, I thought, even more handsome in his neat ascetic look than the nation's darling Nehru, stood up to reply, modestly bowing to the blast of cheers that swept over him from every corner of the gathering. Thanking all present, in particular the organisers, for providing the occasion for a meeting to which he had long looked forward, Sjt. Morarji who expressed an addiction to the Bhasha which was hardly equalled by his command of it spoke fluently enough, if withal a trifle slowly. Allowing for the vagaries of an accent which must have made north country ears wilt in sheer agony, but which let me

said were less barbaric than one commonly hears in this benighted province, he spoke brilliantly, displaying a formidable command of argument and all the exhilarating artifice of a professional debater who has made of speech and persuasion a lethal weapon. With winning modesty and a voice which in its mild diffidence contrasted alluringly with the harsh truculence of Sjt. Chandulal, he explained that he had long awaited an opportunity to meet them and might still have been awaiting it had it rested with them. But he decided to make his own opportunity and there he was (bowing ironically amidst laughter towards Sjt. Chandulal)! The Minister went on in similar vein, mild, disarming, modest, in the clever Marc Antony manner, blasting the Sardar and all his elaborate case with points taken out of his own mouth. It was a masterpiece of a speech and though one got periodic spasms from the sheer shock of the ministerial accent and usage, one could not but revel in the sheer artistry of half bantering humour with which the Mantri slew the Sardar.

Taking the points made by Sjt. Chandulal, the Minister shattered them seriatim. He made it clear that no individual credit or blame attached to any individual Minister in respect of the administration, since they worked as joint representatives of the people, and whatever they did or failed to do was in all cases a joint effort, dictated by a policy approved and designed by the Government as a whole. Sjt. Chandulal's tributes he declared should go to the Government, since he personally had done and could do nothing for the film industry, or for any public interest without the advice and approval of the Government and his ministerial colleagues. Replying to the charge of neglect he said it was idle to blame those who had gone. As Mahatma Gandhi had shown, they were themselves to blame for whatever they suffered. "Nobody"

can make ourselves, and as soon as we learned that lesson from Gandhiji we achieved our freedom."

So it was for the motion picture industry to help itself. After all, it was their Government. The Ministers were always there to hear their grievances, to study their problems and to render what help was possible. But if the industry made no move to secure such hearing whose was the blame, Government's or the industry's? As for neglect, the Minister pointed out that it was more than two years that on first taking charge of his portfolio he had set forth the principles which the National Government thought should guide the industry. But nothing had happened and when he found that the industry made no effort whatever to consider the principles set forth for its guidance, he consulted the Film Censors' Board and other bodies claiming to represent the industry, and devised with their aid a set of regulations which are now embodied in the Censors' Code. Regarding the Code the Minister emphasised that if there was an impression among them that he was an ascetic and a purist out to make everybody conform to his principles, they must get rid of it. He was a man, human like themselves. True he knew nothing of the art of the screen, but he knew a great deal of the art of living, which he held to be the most important of all the arts. Government as well as he himself realised that people could differ in their ways of living. None of his colleagues imagined for a moment that the lives of all could or should be cast in one common mould. But the basic principles of right living were the same everywhere and for all, and what Government asked and what the Censors' Code was designed to secure was merely that no picture should be made and nothing said or shown on the screen which their mothers and sisters could not see and hear. That was all. It was

not much, and it was the most elementary level of decency particularly in a nation with claims to culture and high moral principle. If evil must be depicted on the screen let it be shown in a manner that leaves no doubt in any mind that it is evil and that it must inevitably bring retribution, driving home the lesson that the wages of sin is death. "Copy Hollywood if you like," said Sjt. Morarjee, "but copy only the best in it, and leave out the bad. Sjt. Chandulal begged us not to take the colour from your lives. He referred particularly to the banning of the practice of spraying colour with syringes at Holi. In the first place this practice is strictly domestic, not to be indulged in in the street. Have all the colour you want by all means, but see that you do not force colour into the lives of others against their will. *Rangin bano jitne tum chahiyah, tumen kaun rok tha hai? Lekin auron ko na rangin banao unke marjike khilat! Aur aise na rangin bano jo banthe hain rangin pi-ke sharabi!*"

The Censors' Code, declared the Minister, was intended to preserve the ordinary decencies, and if the producers decided to observe it themselves, and public opinion enforced it, there would be no occasion for Government to make codes or for Censors' Board.

Replying to the charge of overruling the Censors' Board and flouting its certificates, the Minister explained that it was his rigid practice never to interfere with the Board, in which he and the Government had full confidence. "But," he said, "the Board consists of human beings like ourselves. It is human to err. Even a Board of Censors can make a mistake. Is it Sjt. Chandulal's argument that when a mistake has been made, it should not be corrected? What sort of a Government would ours be if it did not discharge this primary and fundamental obligation?"

"Let me assure you," said Sjt.

Desai, "that the national government in this province and anywhere else in the country has not the least desire to interfere with the people's lives. That could never be, for it is a popular government expressing the will of the people. If the people don't approve of the government or its policy, the Government cannot last for one day. But it is not only the function but the solemn duty of Government to interfere if it finds that poison is being fed to the people, and to stop the dissemination of such poison. That is what governments are for, and what the national government in particular is for. Does not Sjt. Chandulal want the Government to function in this manner, do not you all?"

Coming to such matters as finance, Sjt. Desai asked to whom Government aid should be given. Was it to be furnished to every Tom, Dick and Harry who made up his mind for one reason or another to produce a picture? How were they to discriminate and decide who should be financed and who not? Let the producers put their house in order and form some representative organisation upon which they can depend and then they will see to what extent Government will be with them. There was the answer to all their problems—let them form a co-operative body and come to Government and they would see for themselves how far Government would go to help them.

As for their claims to national service—he didn't know much about the industry of course, but this was the first he had ever heard that people went into the film business for patriotic reasons. He had always thought they were in it for quite other reasons. Certainly they had vast scope for national service, and Government were fully alive to the potentialities of the industry in this respect, but nothing he had seen so far gave him the impression that Sjt. Chandulal sought to convey. The

industry had sufficient resources as well as capacity to flourish if only it would organise those resources and capacity on scientific, business lines. Let them do so, and then come to him. Meantime he assured them that neither he nor any Minister anywhere in the country's national administration wished to interfere with them or to restrict their activities. They were free to do what they liked so long as they did nothing to infringe the principles and the ideals which had inspired the national revolution and which now animated the national government.

Concluding his admirably reasoned, calmly delivered speech, the Minister thanked the organisers and the gathering for the hearing they had accorded him and the courtesy they had shown him, and hoped that the relations now begun between the industry and the Government through him would continue and develop to the industry's benefit as well as that of the country.

The Hon. Sjt. Desai took his seat in a burst of cheering that shook the air. Sjt. Chandulal, determined to have a last word, spoke again for a quarter of an hour with a vehemence which indicated how deep the Minister's thrusts had gone into his soul. He reiterated the pleas and claims he had previously urged. In strident tones he declared that so far as national service was concerned the industry had achieved, all by itself, what even the Congress had failed to do: it had carried the message of our native culture, in music, song and dance, to the millions of our masses, and made the accents of our native culture, in music, the length and breadth of the land. Cheers greeted this assertion in which even the Minister joined. Sjt. Chandulal spoke this time in Hindi which he handled very much better than English, better even than the Minister.

Winding up the meeting Sjt. Chandulal called upon the heads of the various representative

bodies such as the Motion Picture Society, the Distributors, and others who were seated on the stage to garland the Minister which they proceeded to do. Just as the last garland was about to be presented, a diversion occurred which for a minute or so developed an ugly aspect. An individual walked up with a garland of handspun yarn but was waved away by Sjt. Chandulal for perfectly obvious reasons. Thereupon, in the remoter rear of the assembly, some one got up and in violent tones shouted "Seth Chandulalji, I don't suppose you even know that there is such a body as the Film Employees' Union". A volley of ferocious shouts demanded that he should be allowed to speak. "Let him garland the Minister they yelled. They would not listen to the reasonable explanation that it was not possible for anybody to dream that the handspun garland was sent by the Employees' Union, and that in any event the arrangement could, and should, have been made earlier when the other garlands had been listed. Sjt. Chandulal allowed the garlanding to be done but still the individual in the rear persisted in hurling recriminations over the heads of the gathering. He turned out to be none other than Prithviraj Kapoor, the well-known actor.

All primed up and curled, he was dressed for the occasion and had come obviously determined on the diversion. Things might have taken a most unpleasant turn, were headed that way in fact, when the Minister approaching the mike poured oil on the troubled waters, pointing out that he wished to be dragged into no quarrel. The appeal had its effect for the moment—and the Minister left. But later, one gathers, the quarrel was restarted by Prithviraj who walked up to the stage and loudly denounced Sjt. Chandulal to his face—a demonstration in such bad taste that one can hardly believe a man of Prithviraj's standing could have been guilty of it.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE IRON CURTAIN

A "COMMON MAN" APPROACH

By

J. K. BANNERJI

IT is to Mr. Winston Churchill what the credit must go for having invented the formula "Iron Curtain". The formula has come to stay, not merely because it is picturesque or pictorial, not because it caters to the anti-Soviet bias of the entire capitalist world, not even because it reflects a profound truth. Nor has it come to stay because it is none of these. No! It has come to stay because it is a combination of a little of each one of them.

What is the "Iron Curtain"? It is the line stretching from Stettin on the Baltic to Trieste on the Adriatic and along which the Soviet-dominated portion of Europe meets the portion which is under Anglo-American sway.

The pictorial quality of the word is undeniable. Whether it is due to the constant propaganda of the capitalist press or not, it is there. The phrase "Iron Curtain" brings before our mind's eye the picture of a high, thick Chinese Wall of steel which, starting from the cold waters of the Baltic, passing over the flat woodlands of Brandenburg, crossing the rivers Elbe and Danube, and climbing over the Alps, finally ends in the blue, warm waters of the Mediterranean. One almost begins to see a stocky "Tovarish" with a heavy Tommy gun in hand shouting a menacing "Who comes there?" to the very innocent, gentle and very demo-

cratic gentlemen from the West wishing to have a peep at the "goings-on" behind the Wall. Those who are susceptible to suggestion also think with horror that the Kremlin built this impenetrable wall so that behind its protective shadow, undisturbed and undetected by the outside world, it can give vent to its totalitarian propensities.

NO ORIGINALITY INVOLVED

Another reason why the phrase "Iron Curtain" has caught on is that it continues a notion well-established as early as the end of the first world war. It was then that an imaginative Frenchman coined the word "Cordon Sanitaire". The idea was the same as the "Iron Curtain," namely a barrier behind which terrible things happen. The "Cordon Sanitaire" evoked in the mind a picture of a pestilential revolutionary Russia which had to be prevented at all cost from infecting capitalist Europe. The only difference between the "Cordon Sanitaire"

and the "Iron Curtain" that one can think of is that the "Cordon Sanitaire" had to be applied by the West allegedly to protect itself against Bolshevik Russia; the "Iron Curtain" has been constructed by Bolshevik Russia herself, allegedly to hide her own misdeeds from the West. The villain of the piece is the same. Only, Russians are no longer passive. They are villains, but active ones. And here lies, perhaps, the key to understanding of the world situation today and the situation that existed after the first world war. But that is politics, and this article is not supposed to be political!

IS IT ALL BLUFF?

Whatever the Communists may say, there is some element of truth in the "Iron Curtain". Not that it has no *raison d'être*. On the contrary, would it not be strange if one could walk through the boundary separating the Soviet world from the Anglo-American just like one making a week-end trip from London to Paris? Why? Haven't we our own bit of "Iron Curtain" separating India from Pakistan?

The Russians, the Communists—red, pink or just fellow-travellers—hotly contest the truth of the alleged existence of the modern engineering wonder of the age of power-politics—the "Iron Curtain"



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They countercharge by saying that it exists only in so far as it separates progressive Europe, consisting of classless Russia and the New Democracies (don't count Tito's Yugoslavia, please!) with their bourgeoisies at various stages of liquidation, from capitalist-imperialist-war-mongering - Marshall-Hoffman Europe.

THESIS, ANTI-THESIS, WAR?

It is no use denying the "Iron Curtain." It is there for the simple reason that the Soviet and American systems are struggling against each other. Opinions differ as to who bears the responsibility for bringing about this situation. But we cannot deny its existence.

The proof of this state of affairs is seen in the fact that wherever the "Iron Curtain" ceases to be a curtain and allows a little mixing up there is trouble. For instance, take Berlin situated deep behind the "Iron Curtain" in the Soviet zone. The U.S., British and French sectors of Berlin are, in Russian view, so many "Enemy Pockets" behind the line, used as centres of espionage. To the Western democrats they are "Advanced Bases," "Observation Posts" in "Enemy"-held territory. I am not joking! In the officers' clubs, while guzzling down vodka or schnapps, the erstwhile comrades-in-arms must be referring to each other in these terms.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT
"IRON CURTAIN"**

Or take Greece. Although Greece is approachable by sea it is landlocked by the Soviet zone. There is a bloody mess going on in Greece for years. Greece under Anglo-American domination is just like a cancerous growth in the "Soft underbelly" (in a strategical sense) of Soviet-dominated Eastern Europe. If the Kremlin would grab Greece the entire aggressive, anti-Soviet U.S. strategy in the Eastern Mediterranean would topple over in the best style of a Wall Street crash.

When all is said and done one



The lady and the lady killer. Suraiya and Randhir as they will be seen in Ratan Picture novel drama "Char Din".

is left with a feeling that, whether it is like a curtain or like nothing on earth, there is something which splits Europe in two. Much has been written about the political and economic traits that mark the two worlds the "Iron Curtain" is supposed to separate. But what about the human beings who live on either side of this curtain? What are their reactions? Do their thoughts, feelings and aspirations really represent two antagonistic worlds? Or, for that matter, two worlds? Is there an "Iron Curtain" of the mind?

On the answers to these queries will finally depend whether all this talk of "Iron Curtain" got its flesh and blood from two really different worlds, or whether it is pure moonshine—a myth drawing its inspiration from the old fear of Russia that the capitalist world has cherished ever since the Bolshevik revolution. On the answers will also depend whether the "Iron Curtain" can one day become a

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reality if it is not yet one; or whether it will be permanent if it is already a reality.

Of all the countries in Europe on both sides of the "Iron Curtain", Germany probably provides the best testing ground for finding our answers. The reason for it is easy to guess. Germany is the only country in Europe, beside the smaller and less important Austria, which is not exclusively within the sphere of influence of this power bloc or that. Consequently, the story of how the German people have reacted and still react to the persuasions or pressure of the rival contenders to join their respective sides will be the most illuminating testimony for getting at the real inside news about the "Iron Curtain".

SOVIET ORIGINALITY

It was almost getting dusk when one late afternoon in May 1945, the author of these lines was approaching slowly and painfully on a bicycle that had not yet been taken away by a Russian soldier the ruins of what was once Berlin—the capital-to-have-been of Hitler's Nordic World Empire. The Russians had already occupied it several days. On both sides of the broad super highway—the famous Autobahn, which Hitler had built for the "People's Car", but on which was destined to roll only Panzer, not only of the Wehrmacht moving out, but also of those of the Soviet and U.S. armies moving in, were to be seen Red hoardings bearing the most stirring slogans about the international solidarity of the common man. "Hitlers can come and Hitlers can go, but the German people will live for ever," was for instance one such slogan to be seen every few hundred yards. And this happened to be a quotation from a speech by none other than the great Stalin himself.

RAYS OF HOPE

It was a novel experience, almost thrilling. The pressing burden of

war propaganda, the righteous demands for unconditional surrender by persons not less shady than the Nazis, the talk of revenge, punishment, annexation, oppression and, finally, threats of long years of occupation by the Allies,



Not a rodeo star but Nigar Sultana as she appears in Jagat Pictures new film "Sunhere-Din".

accompanied by a policy of pastoralisation which would turn Germany into a producer exclusively of things like monkey nuts, and what was worse, the menacing prospects of a new world war arising out of the seeds of hatred and revenge sown by the victors in the pursuit of a policy justifiable, understandable, but nevertheless short-sighted, yes, one felt as if all this burden had been suddenly lifted from one's mind. And in its place came the refreshing hope of a new world family no more separated by wholly unnecessary, man-made barriers. One felt that at last one was witnessing a new kind of end to an old type of phenomenon, a very good end to a very bad war. One also felt that after this good end a new kind of peace would descend on earth which would not, as always in the past, engender in its womb the sure beginning of the next war.

Many Germans permitted themselves to hope for such a just peace. They thought it was only the Soviet Union which could give them such a peace. Didn't the Red Army proclaim that the German people were not the same as the Nazis? They also began to remember that it was not Russia which had turned Germany literally into a heap of rubble, but that it was the Anglo-American "Liberators" who, while carefully avoiding certain types of war plants, had liberated them not only from Hitler, but also from the where-withals of life.

THE GREAT DISILLUSION

The mental background was, as we see, ripe for an eventual Russo-German entente. But this was not to be. The behaviour of the Red Army which showed all the classical traits of a victorious army, the policy of the Kremlin which insisted on the victor's claim for the full pound of flesh (Anglo-Americans posing as great friends of the German people say it is more than a pound), annexation of vast German territory minus the German population, soon obliterated from the mind the lines separating the Russians from the rest.

The Red Army undoubtedly delivered the decisive blow which led to Hitler's fall. But the tragedy was that, by and large, it did not win a place of honour or of affection in the mind of the people. It was next to impossible for anybody to use different colours to paint the soldiers of Churchill and Roosevelt who had officially proclaimed the desire to turn Germany agrarian, and those of Stalin who sharply made a distinction between the Nazi leaders and the German people. It made no sense using black for the West and White for the East. There was just one grey of despair that appeared natural for painting both.

GI'S BETTER START

The human mind being what it is—sensitive to immediate experi-

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Art:-
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ence and asking no whys and wherefores when it is agreeable—the Western armies, specially the American, got the better of the Russian. The GI spent much money while the Russian spent far less. While the GI had plenty of cigarettes of good Virginia brand to smoke and to offer, many a Russian soldier would use strips of newspaper to roll his cigarettes and would have none to offer. While the GI ate mainly his own food and often gave it to his "Fraulein"—his girl friend—to take home where the hungry but grateful family politely refrained from asking how she got it, the Russian lived off the land and give his "Fraulein", if he had one, German food. Besides the G.I.'s way of life was also more familiar to the natives. Naturally, the GI got many a compliment, and the Red Army man many a critique which neither merited.



Bharati and Talar Mohamad make a comely twosome in Uzma Productions enchanting film "Samapti". The film is based on a famous Tagore play.

VITAMIN-NICOTINE DO IT
How often anti-occupant feeling in the American zone caused by the general state of suffering would turn into pro-feeling, at least temporarily, by the news of egg powder distribution with the weekly rations. Chocolates and cigarettes, brisk coins in the black market, the end result of which is always a steady flow of valuable goods out of Germany, can nevertheless give great satisfaction and create a favourable psychological background.

However, chocolates, cigarettes and jitter-bugging cannot act as permanent agents of reconciliation, not to speak of friendship. In the long run people begin to see what is real and what is tinsel. The systematic rehabilitation of capitalism and precisely of all those elements of social reaction which formed the backbone of the Hitlerian regime, the subtle long-range transformation of German economy with a view to make revived German capitalism work with cheap labour as an auxiliary to U.S. trusts and finance capital,

pure and simple grabbing by the French, the unbearable bossiness of the Americans, the detested racial arrogance of the British officer class, all have combined to create a feeling which has nothing in common with the vitamin-nicotine reaction of the earlier days. People are becoming more realistic. The ugly face of war, perhaps a preventive one, is gradually being seen by more and more persons through the pall of smoke created by the burning of tobacco from Virginia.

OCCUPANTS HAVE FRIENDS
One might get the impression that armies of occupation on both sides of the "Iron Curtain" had no friends. This is not true. The industrial proletariat, perhaps in its majority, is pro-Soviet on both sides of the "Iron Curtain". So are those who like, for instance, the landless peasants who got the land of the dispossessed Junkers in the Soviet zone. Their suffering they have taken as the Nemesis of Hitlerism and their faith in the Soviet Union is complete. The "Boss" class consisting of indus-

trialists, Junkers, militarists, living on both sides of the curtain are likewise pro-U.S. So is the famous German middle class who though robbed of their property still retain too much attachment to it to like the Bolsheviks much.

THE COMMON MAN
But these still leave without label the great bulk of the population who, undernourished, under-clothed, bravely go through, like their counterparts in other countries, the drudgery of daily life. Their economic interests are not so sharply defined as to make them either pro-Soviet or pro-U.S. All they want is to be able to work and live in peace. To this vast majority living on either side of the "Iron Curtain", the question whether the "Iron Curtain" exists or not is academic. The presence of rival armies of occupation is an unmitigated evil in their daily life. Whether things will be better immediately after the two rival armies of occupation leave is a different question. What they say to them now is: A plague on both your houses!

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A STORY OF HILL PEOPLE:

MALU'S WIFE

SHE lay and watched him. He seemed to be all legs and muscle as he walked across the dry turf. The late afternoon sun was mirrored in each separate bead of his sweat, sharpening the sense of life and power in his tendons. He walked up to the boulder on the fringe of the sloped glade, not once glancing over his shoulder. A parakeet screeched, a twig crackled in the jungle. She shut her eyes, hoping that when she reopened them he would be walking back toward her. He was not. There was only the boulder, smooth and slate-hued against the darkening forest and the still yellow hill above it. He has gone for good, she thought—looking for his sheep, very likely.

The moist hair stuck to the skin of her temples and neck. When she put a tuft between her lips, it tasted mildly briny. Lying on her back, she swept it behind her ears, too lazy to re-do the bun altogether. Then she wiped her forehead with the outside of her arm. The sky was still blue, although now more birds were careening in it at a great height. Soon the fuzzy line of hills would be smirched out and the forest would become only a dense mat over the valley.

Malu would soon return to the village. Dogs would bark. The shepherd would saunter down the hill from the other side, singing and calling to his herd, his legs sweaty no longer—a stranger to

her, despite their common secret. His roughness was still in the small of her back and in her limbs. Sleep and time would remove it. That boy is strong, she thought, wishing that she had married him instead of Malu.

The loin cloth felt coarse as she wound it around her hips and ambled along the hill path. In all her twenty years she had not worn anything more. It was the sole covering of her people, men and women alike. Now even this scant dress seemed to hush the tingle of her skin and check her loose thighs. The chafing re-awakened the general soreness of her body. She could neither hurry nor loiter it away.

The coir basket lay where she had left it an hour ago under the mahua tree, just in the middle of the scorched clearing. She should have burned a bigger patch, she thought, comparing the bare circle with the crown of the tree.

The burning was to save the flowers from falling in tall grass and getting lost. Mahua blossom was food, and Malu expected her to come home with a week's supply. The thin valley crops had to be supplemented with forest fruit, game, roots, and mahua blossom. When the monsoon was late and the jungle ponds dried up, even rats and herbs must be eaten. Food was the worry of the jungle, and hers were a jungle people.

By JOSEPH GEORGE
HITREC, well known Advertising Expert and Journalist who used to be in Bombay and before the war played a prominent part in art and newspaper circles here.

"I should have burnt more of it, but I did not. If the shepherd could have waited, I might have." She sighed, then began to gather the fallen flowers and heap them in the basket. Snowy cool, their tough petals seemed caressingly fleshy. Once more she found the tug of her loin cloth almost unbearable. The live wriggle and the strange unspoken sinfulness of the touch made her think of a baby. She thought: Malu should have given a baby to me three monsoons ago. Why had he not?

She thought of his wasted frame descending on her in the hearth glow in their shack. The broad-shouldered shadow on the mud wall would disguise the sunken chest and lean arms. She saw his form rise and edge away in a gasp when all was over, more gaunt than before and trembling from strain. She thought she knew why. She and the shadow knew why, for there was a useless, silent bond between them. After Malu, the effect of the boy's greed was like that of running into a boulder in the dark.

She pried open a flower and found an ant between the petals.

Round and round the whorl it dashed on spindly blacklegs its tiny feet failing to grip the sheer smooth walls of the white tomb, its feelers, tipped with pollen, waving in huge alarm. She tilted the flower and allowed the frantic creature to crawl out on her extended forefinger; then she picked

it up, dabbed it wryly in a moment's rebellion, and threw it off. With the disposal of the insect, her ghosts vanished too. She set the basket on her head and started for home. On the gently tumbling path fluency returned to her hips and the loin cloth resumed tugging at her rhythmically.

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The jungle pond looked greenish but cool. She passed it absently, then came back, undressed, and walked into it. First she washed the cloth and spread it over the bush to dry, then waded to the rock in the middle and sat down. The water barely lapped her buttocks. She stirred it and sent delicious streams between her thighs and down her legs, and each new splash bathed away some of her fatigue. She tried to straddle the rock and make a paddle of her hand to wash away the soreness, but the wet moss made her foothold insecure. Reseating herself she was glad to be just cool.

There is nothing like water in all the world, she said, passing a finger over her bruised arms and breasts, pressing the flesh here and lifting it there, absorbed in the discoveries. The sore spots were many; touching one caused many others to send up warning signals, saying, it seemed to her: We have borne enough for one day!

They spoke of fullness too, which was wholly lacking in the shadowy rasping descent of her husband. She wondered about Malu, but the wonder could not survive the watery slithering under her thighs. Oh, Knowing One, do not let the bruises in the sunlight tomorrow, she prayed vaguely.

Malu would certainly cast her away, perhaps even maim her, if they did. Against that vague threat she set the fact, now hopelessly weighed in the palms of her hands, that her breasts felt heavier and bigger. She bounced them raptly, thinking that there could be no doubt about it. If it comes true this time, she said, washing herself in mounting animation, Malu will not look at me with hatred, nor will his mother badger me. There shall be no more talk of barrenness at family meetings. A big bellied woman may not be clean, but she is spoken to with respect. And as if that happy circumstance were already hers,

she tried to swell her flat little belly by tensing it inwardly and holding her breath. Then she stroked it fondly; the touch was a fusion of mahua petals, warmth and a new humility. In the pond a peacock called out raucously. She clapped at it, waddled out to her loin cloth, dried herself, feeling happier and fresher, and prepared to return home.

The village appeared small in the evening, huddled beyond the slope of the hill. It seemed like the forest itself. A dozen straw and mud huts showed timidly in half that number of glades, roofed by broad leaves and pepper woodbine. Smoke drifted lonesomely upward, now that all breeze had fallen off after the sun. Dogs howled their eventide dirges, while babes were suckled to silence.

In this green corral she and Malu had been born. Here, after learning every swamp, animal, and tree, in time they would be returned to the jungle. They never dared move out of it. Here the mind aged before the body, and everyone died much too soon, though feasts and idle shepherds made up for it in other ways. Blue-eyed white strangers struck camp by the river once every few years healing the sores of the villagers, telling the women to cover their breasts, telling the men of a new god more wrathful than anything ever known. But the scars passed as soon as they departed. The valley, the birds, ponds, mahua flowers, and softly treading shepherds remained. How would I look with blue eyes and a fair skin? She asked herself.

She hummed along the village path, fairly blinded by the new vision.

"Man comes from a long hunt and the food is not cooked!" Malu growled without turning. He was raking the embers left from the noon fire and was trying to start a fresh one. "What is a wife for, even a barren and foolish one?"

She stopped humming and took over in a hurry. Her deft poking soon sent up a flame toward the cauldron above the open hearth. Lowering the vessel, she ladled the stale gruel into it. Then she brought the palm-matting from outside and unrolled it on the hard clay which was the floor of the hut. She filled his clay pipe so that Malu would only have to light it after the meal.

"Another would have brought ten baskets of blossoms in the same time."

I should not let him frighten me. He will cease when he has eaten. "I started late in the afternoon," she answered.

He glared, the flame playing on his eyes which were like an alert jackal's. Slumped over the edge of the cot, his lean arms sagging across the knees, he was topped by another mockingly huge shadow. A soiled turban and a tattered loin cloth were his permanent clothing. Over the thick weal on his chest, from a hunting mishap of his boyhood, firelight played.

He might have grudged her more things than she knew so bitter was his voice: "You are not to go alone, you are to go with the other women."

She turned her back to him. The loud snapping of firewood suddenly, surprisingly, lit up the burned sward on the hill, the unmentionable hour spent with the shepherd. She did not realise that she was humming again until a soft missile grazed her shoulder and landed almost in the hearth. It was a dead hare. The crimson corners of its mouth still glistened wetly and shockingly.

"What good is a song when a man is hungry? Cook now, and sing when I am gone!"

She ladled on in silence, aware of his hate.

He himself never sang. One never knew when he was content, or bitter, or anguished; one recognised only his strange resentment. Lately even a small song or a vacant smile provoked his anger. It was so simple and so futile. He only watched with those half-shut, dusty eyes of his. But the scowl had an uncomfoting, probing power; it could bore and ferret for hours. No secret was ever quite safe from it. To weather it now, she hunched her back into a stiff blankness.



The lovely damsel pictured above is Madhubala the ravishing new star destined to go places in the industry. She has a key role in Haldia-Nanda Productions' "Singhar".

"All traps were empty. I used an arrow for this one. There is nothing in all the forest but rats and squirrels," he said with bitterness.

His wrath meant that this was her fault. She tipped the ladle to test the consistency of the gruel. She felt his eyes on her back. She poured the steaming broth into a leaf cup and set it before him, watching his agile, wizened fingers in helpless fascination.

After he had fed, she herself ate. In the neighbouring hut a baby cried. There is a sign in that, she said to herself in the world into which he never entered. Then she cleaned up, gutted the fire, and piled the embers in a bright mound. He took his pipe outside. She heard him squat down before the hut and wheeze after the first deep draught. Without his shadow, the hut was almost hospitable.

Then the cicadas began to sound like a host of woodsmen sawing the jungle off the floor of the valley. The harsh noise was louder than the birds' roosting in the trees and the remote laughter of jackals. A man fingered his drum in another glade, as if talking to himself, and the cicadas faded away between the beats. In darkness now the dense corral seemed to envelop the village.

Lying down on a mat she thought as she saw the hare: How soft it is, softer than a live one. She drew the dead animal toward her, intending to feel its body under the fur and see how long it would last them. But the softness veered her mind to another, gentler quarter full of the fleshy velvet of mahua and the shepherd's whisper.

CUT!

During the filming of a particularly torrid love story the director decided that the leading man was putting too much "realism" into a scene which he was playing with the leading lady.

"Cut! Cut!" he yelled, and then, addressing himself to the actor, he said: "You can't do that, we'd never get it past the censor."

"Who cares?" answered the leading man, still clutching the star in his arms. "If you're worried, save the film and turn out the lights!"

To herself she said: Strange that it should remind me of the shepherd; and she recalled the vast difference between the two fondlings. After a while the mystery centered itself in the points of her breasts, the softness growing to a tautness. The stroking of the hare fell into separate waves of pleasure and ache, which she could not resist echoing in another gentle song. She began to hum, feeling again happy and carefree. Now, even the drum in the far glade seemed to be caught in the spell. When Malu bent down to enter the shack, she was staring into the embers of the hearth and she did not see him.

Malu glowered with the open mouth and gathered eyebrows of a slow thinker. His nostrils flattened out at the sides, the Adam's apple bobbed up once or twice. Then he sprang and kicked the animal out of her hands. The body struck the wall, flopped down by the dimming charcoals, and tiny sparkling arrows ate into the hair all at once. He turned on her, kicking her breathlessly, digging his sharp naked toes into her ribs, shoulder, and bottom, saying not a word.

She screamed once, then braced herself into a tight ball, her back towards him, not even trying to crawl away. Nothing that she might do or say at that moment would have calmed his madness. She knew this without thinking. The beating would have come sooner or later, and now was as good a time as any. He used his feet and his fists, panting fiercely, and the strain of it overcame him in the end. The attack dwindled to a crashing wheeze, while he coughed and clutched at his chest,



Radiant Geeta Bali who made her sensational debut in "Sohag Raat" returns to rogalia cine-goers in New India Theatre's "Kinara" produced by Madhusudan Acharya.

shaking all over. Then he went to his cot and threw himself flat down on his face. The noise of his beating had waked the baby in the next hut, and now it whimpered sleepily.

She stretched slowly out of the cramp, almost gratefully, and she did not think of the pain. Her skin burned unevenly. The roof seemed to sag lower and the jungle seemed vaster now that the infant cried again. She shouted hazily that the only thing worth wrestling from the green corral around her was the sound of a howling infant. After this thought another glowed, a more heartening realisation.

"If the bruises show tomorrow, he will not ask me what they are," she said. Her thoughts were peaceful as she lay in the darkness of the hut.

A WORD TO OUR WOMEN:

GIRLS--TAKE OFF THOSE MASKS!

A PLEA FOR LESS ARTIFICIAL FEMININE FACES

By A MERE MAN

WELL, I don't suppose any of you girls who read this page can remember me, never having met me before, but I am one of the fast increasing tribe of men who stick out their necks every so often to put their women right about their clothes and hats so they can continue to attract us. All we do is get it in the neck, but we are persistent and quite hopeful blokes, so here goes.

It's about your faces. By and large they look as though you had been going to a building contractor and getting them poured in concrete. Wherever I go I see hardness overlying your sweet features like shellac, corners of mouths turned down in discontent, faces taut with bitterness or sophistication. For what? You don't think it cheers us up, do you? It used to be fun once upon a time to watch you, but not since you've acquired those panzer facades.

You know what I'm driving at—dress by Bombazone, complexion by Fizzie Larden, and expression by the Azmac Locomotive Works. You apparently think we can't recognise beautiful eyes unless they have lampblack on the upper lids, axle grease underneath, and soot on the lashes. If you could get compassion and tenderness out of that black stuff you rub on with a sawed-off toothbrush, I'd be all for it. That's what your lovely eyes were made for, to make our hearts

beat faster, to make us feel warm and melting and alive.

Another thing—it beats me what you do with your mouths. My angels, your mouth is one of the most stirring things you've got. In a reasonably natural state it is a standing invitation to a guy to lose his head, his heart, his freedom, and his pocketbook. Even thinking of kissing fresh, clean, firm female lips is more fun than winning the Tote treble at Mahalaxmi, listening to Luba, getting an eyeful of Amru Sani's "It" or even hearing Seth Dalmia discourse on his beloved cows.

And what do you do? You louse up its lines so a guy can't measure where it begins and ends, or follow its sweet and wonderful contours in anticipation, and you bury it under a goopy paste the colour of overripe tomatoes, red lead, or that nasty blackish stuff which makes a girl look as though just before she had gone out her old man had let her have it with a kurwanda pie!

Do you think it is appetising to dine with you, when, by the time the consommé arrives, the glassware and table linen remind us of "Calling Dr. Parmar, Surgery, Calling Dr. Parmar, Surgery"? And did you know that when you eat the stuff comes off and gives you a little crimson moustache where no moustache ever grows, between the lower lip and the chin? Well, it does. And I'm tired of it.



The charming village belle pictured above is Nigar Sultana. She plays the feminine lead in Mansarovar Pictures' "Nao".

I like make-up if it is done with an eye to features and colouring and sanitation. A well-made-up face is a joy to behold and a pleasure to taste. The thing that bothers me is the petulant, dissatisfied, too tight, too small, hard and bitter expression of your mouths—so like the faces painted on the dummies in the shop-windows, which, when they are not gotten up to resemble corpses or vampires, are so tired and bored and ultra, and unhappy. What I miss on your perfectly groomed, completely expressionless pans is

what comes from within: freshness, sympathy, humour, understanding.

I'm tired of hearing, that you don't you ever show a little graciousness when another woman has done a good job? Why do you stare at other girls with that cold, bitter appraising look? Did you ever try smiling at that girl at the next table, or on the street, to show that you appreciate how she looks? Chances are she will smile back, and two hearts will be warmed where there was only coldness before. That warmth coming through will do more for your faces than anything you can squeeze out of a tube.

You're going to have to do something about those complicated coiffures, too. If your hair's long, put it up so that it will stay up. And if it's short, do it simply, then leave it alone so that you don't have to comb it into the soup of your gentleman friend. There is nothing quite so depressing as to see one of you beloved lambs hauling out your boudoir kits at the dinner table or in the cinema or taxi-cab and commencing to hoc your scalp.

It is high time that some of you public combers realised that the langorous movement of a woman running a rake through her tresses is one of the sweeter enchantments of the bedroom. It ought to be kept there. Performing it in public makes just one less reason why a guy would want to know you better.

Speaking as a gent who has been around for a considerable time and can see the storm clouds gathering, I would swap you all the sophistication you can buy for one touch of daintiness, for a cheerful expression on your faces. Ultra-smartness and hard, sour pussies are getting to be a bit of a bore. Cheer up, girls. Loosen up a little. Give us a chance to see how lovely you really are!

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SOUND'S SHORT STORY

UNWELCOME

SEKHAR!" The old zamindar echoed the name with the startling effect of a gunshot, and collapsed into a chair blanching visibly. He was a thin, short and with a cadaverous face, and big owlish eyes sunk deep into their sockets; a high receding forehead and short cropped hair gave him the appearance of an 'ugly skeleton. The sudden wave of dread that swept over him enhanced the ill-favoured look of his countenance and deepened its pallid hue.

"Good heavens, inspector, this is terrible!" he gulped, barely managing to articulate the words, "what am I to do?" Police Inspector Ramesh slowly turned from the window through which a raw, damp, chilly breeze was blowing in. He strode up to the zamindar with a melancholy look on his face. Had the old man been less immersed in his own thoughts, he would have discerned the pain and grief apparent in the inspector's face. There were rugged lines about his mouth and eyes that denoted a constant wrestle with a hard life. But for those indelible marks of toil and worry, and his graying hair, the weight of fifty summers lay lightly on him. The devastating hand of time had not affected the iron constitution of his tall, supple, steel-like frame. There was a light of keen intelligence in his eyes that shone with kindness at times, and which at the moment sparkled with a soft and mellow lustre owing to the tragic expression of his face. Inspector Ramesh looked down at the Zamindar with compassionate pity, as the latter sat

a nervous prey to the sudden attack of alarm.

"No one knows Sekhar better than I", said the inspector rather absent-mindedly. There was a far away look in his eyes that seemed to be looking into some distant vista lost in the remoter almost forgotten past. The zamindar's lips quivered a little.

"Look here, inspector," he said, a little piqued by the irrelevant reply, "you have just informed me that Sekhar is going to burgle my house tonight. There is a great deal of money in my safe, so I want to know your plans for tonight."

The zamindar's words seemed to wrench Ramesh's mind from some hypnotic spell. "We have our plans chalked out," he answered with a sigh, "Sekhar has planned the burglary for midnight. An hour before the time we will be waiting for him outside your house. When Sekhar reaches your front door, I'll challenge him. If he gives himself up, well and good, otherwise....." Suddenly he got up and returned to the window leaving the sentence incomplete.

"Otherwise what?" the zamindar ejaculated, wiping large beads of perspiration from his face with the end of his dhoti. Ramesh was looking out of the window as he stood slightly swaying on his feet with his hands clasped behind his back.

"Surely, sir, the alternative must be obvious to you," he answered without looking back, and the other struck by the deep, hollow tones of the inspector's voice, for the first time became aware of the

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peculiarity of his behaviour, "my orders are to get Sekhar dead or alive. I'll try to capture him alive, otherwise....." Again he stopped half-way and shrugging his shoulders, walked back to the zamindar. His pale and drawn face was a clear indication to the zamindar of the inspector's deadly terror of Sekhar. It increased the zamindar's consternation on his own account.

"But...but...suppose something goes wrong?" he murmured with some effort, "or Sekhar manages to get into the house, then.....?"

"Then why don't you stay somewhere else tonight?" Ramesh interrupted a trifle impatiently, "that way you will be out of danger."

"Stay somewhere else," the zamindar cried hysterically, "with all that money in the house?"

Despite his troubled thoughts Ramesh could not restrain a cynical smile: "Then why don't you deposit the money in the bank?" he inquired sardonically, being quite aware of the black

market activities of the other.

"I..... I cannot put the money in the bank," the old man replied passing a dry tongue over his parched lips.

"Well, in that case you will have to take your chance," the inspector answered as he picked up his hat, "on my part I can assure you that Sekhar will never get beyond the front door of your house." Saying this he put on his hat and prepared to leave. He had hardly reached the door, when the zamindar spoke again.

"Isn't it possible inspector," he asked faintly, in a vain effort to clutch at the elusive shadow of an intangible hope, "that you might be misinformed? It is possible that Sekhar might have changed his....." His words dwindled into silence at the grim shake of the inspector's head.

"Hamidkhan is our most trusted and intelligent agent," Ramesh replied, "and we can place implicit faith in his information that Sekhar will attack your house to night. You may rest assured, sir,

that Sekhar does not suspect this trap, and since his plan is to burgle your house alone we will get him very easily."

The zamindar, a prey to abject fear and wretchedness, and too stricken for words, merely nodded in an uncertain and ludicrous manner.

* * * * *
A sudden shaft of lightning pierced the pitch darkness of the night, illuminating the whole landscape for a fleeting second. A wild, violent wind was sweeping it, carrying showers of leaves and dust upon its powerful gusts, and choking Police Inspector Ramesh and his men, as they waited for Sekhar in a dark corner of the ground from where they commanded the front door. The weird howls of a dog in the distance, and the eerie, sound of an owl's hoot, seemed to enhance the bizarre effect of the scene. Someone struck a match next to the inspector.

"Put that light out," snapped Ramesh, rather fiercely for his

usually mild manner, "Do you want to betray our place of hiding to Sekhar?"

"I am sorry, sir," replied Deputy Inspector Harish, "I merely wanted to smoke."

"You can smoke as much as you like later. But for heaven's sake don't upset our plans by such stupid acts now."

The other kept his peace, pondering on the unusually nervous behaviour of the inspector, which had become increasingly noticeable since their chief had assigned him to the present undertaking. The sudden drenching of all blood from his face as the chief mentioned Sekhar's name, and the quavering tremor in his voice during the whole interview had left a distinctly unpleasant impression on the chief's mind. Sekhar's brutality and cunning were well known to the police. As slippery as an eel, he had wriggled out of many a tight corner, beneath the very noses of the sleuths upon his trial. He had spread blood and terror all round him, and swooped down upon his victims again and again with a bold impunity that spread panic at the very mention of his name. And now at last, owing to the zeal, intelligence and unflagging efforts of their most trustworthy agent, Hamidkhan, the capture of this terrible bandit lay in their hands.

Therefore such ill-concealed indications of fear as Ramesh had clearly shown on being assigned to the job of capturing Sekhar were of great concern to the chief. Final success rested with Ramesh who, if he failed, would utterly defeat the plans they had so carefully laid. Yet, in spite of all the obvious signs of consternation, the chief had assigned to Ramesh the job of capturing Sekhar. This choice was influenced by the unblemished career of Police Inspector Ramesh. His past belied his present behaviour. Ramesh's kind and considerate attitude towards all and sundry in the force

had endeared him to all his colleagues. He had never been known to abuse his authority by even a single gesture of rudeness towards his subordinates or of disrespect towards his superiors, and he had implanted in all their hearts feelings of respect and love which could never be uprooted. His valour was indisputable, and in times of crisis his shrewdness and intelligence had averted many a disaster. He had a rigid sense of justice, which was tempered with kindness, and those who came under the sway of his personality had only respect and admiration for his sterling qualities.

"Still ten minutes to twelve," murmured Ramesh, glancing at the radium-plated dial of his watch, "Hamidkhan said exactly twelve." Just then a resounding clap of thunder smacked in the distance, echoing far and wide, and a sizzling flash of lightning went cleaving through the air. It started to rain. Big drops fell fast and furious against the earth, cutting and slashing mercilessly as whips across the faces of the men.

"Shall we take up our positions sir?" inquired Harish in his guttural tones. "Yes, you had better," replied Ramesh, "and do not shoot until I have fired first."

The seconds that comprised those ten minutes were like the slow, deadly ticks of a time-bomb. The wind hissed and shrieked in malignant fury, lamenting its vain efforts to uproot the tall trees that swayed and moaned in protest against its vicious assault. Every stroke of lightning seemed to plunge the whole landscape into the deep, bottomless depth of a dark abyss. Ramesh's efforts to penetrate with his sharp eyes the impenetrable gloom that enveloped them were hindered by the heavy downpour of rain which splashed into his eyes blurring each and every object.

Suddenly his ears, attuned to the least sound, distinguished through the roar of the tempest, the indistinct sound of approaching feet;



Mumtaz Shanti is reported to have excelled herself in "Heer Ranjha" a Falty Land Pictures release.

a slow crunching of the soft earth, distinctly alien from the hard savagery of the destructive squall. He drew his revolver from its holster and with a piercing glance tried desperately to see through the curtain of darkness about him.

The sound ceased abruptly, and Ramesh with all his senses keenly alert crouched like a tiger about to pounce on its unwary prey. His grasp tightened over the revolver as the rasping sound of footfalls was resumed, and a tall form, chalky white against the dark background, emerged ghostlike from the dark. In that eerie atmosphere it seemed like some vapoury shape floating forward, the product of a highly strung imagination and not a living thing of flesh and blood.

The sight of it tightened and twisted Ramesh's heart in a spasm of pain and fear. He could hear the clear thumping of his heart as it raced within him while his fascinated gaze followed the figure to the front door of the house. Ramesh was rooted to the spot, his mind numb, his body rigid. All strength seemed to flow



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INDUBALA

PARVATI

BHUPENDRA KAPOOR

Producer:- MONI GUHA

Direction:- SHYAMDAS

Music Supervision:- ANIL BISWAS

Music:- PRAFULLA CHAKRAVARTY

Story:- Monilal Bandopadhyay

Dialogues:- Mohanlal Bajpai

INDIAN NATIONAL ART PICTURES

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but of him leaving him a useless dummy. The hard shower of rain now began to decrease in violence and its splattering became a musical sound upon the wet earth. The raging fury of the storm had subsided considerably, and only the faint, languid remnants of its passion seemed to linger protestingly. With an effort Ramesh regained his self-control and spoke:

"The game is up, Sekhar!" he called in a voice vibrating with deep emotion, yet so clear and resonant that it thrilled the very air around him, "my men have surrounded you on all sides. You have not the least chance of escape. I give you a chance to give yourself up." His words were still pulsating in the air, and their echoes had hardly died down when Sekhar swung round like some startled deer, enmeshed and at bay. Then, swiftly regaining his presence of mind, he fired in the direction of the inspector's voice and leapt forward blindly in a desperate effort to escape. It was the last throw of the dice by a losing gambler. But the wheel of fortune had turned against him and Sekhar lost. Ramesh fired back the moment Sekhar took the first headlong plunge, and the latter, reeling like a drunken man, lurched forward and fell. Police Inspector Ramesh had got the notorious Sekhar!

* * * * *

It was about ten minutes later. The shattering sound of the gunfight had given place to a placid calm more awful in contrast. In the front portico of the zamindar's house the dim light of an electric bulb, attached to a long wire from the roof, was casting monstrous shapes on the walls like grotesque figures in a shadow-play. A soft, pleasant breeze which had followed the storm was gently and tenderly caressing the leaves of the trees, and a slow, slight drizzle played lovingly on the leaves. At that moment Deputy Inspector Harish was coming out to the portico from the house, after making

inquiries about the zamindar. Suddenly he gave a gasp and remained transfixed near the door, as the voice of Police Inspector Ramesh fell on his ears. The fog of perplexity about the inspector's behaviour cleared from his mind as he heard him say, "well, son!"

Ramesh was seated on the floor of the portico, gazing with intense longing at the face of Sekhar, whose head lay resting in the crook of Ramesh's arm. The inspector's phlegmatic countenance was now a troubled sea of ruffled emotions. There was a bitterness about his mouth and a forlorn look in his eyes. Love and pity were clearly carved upon his face.

Sekhar lay sprawled on the ground, big and helpless, a fallen giant, at whose strength fate seemed to mock as he lay shattered by a stroke of divine retribution. His eyes flickered an instant, then slowly opened. The fierce fire in them was now quenched, there was only the dim glow of dying embers. The inspector smiled pitifully.

"Well, son," he said. His voice quivered with a slight ripple of uncontrollable emotions. There was a grim devil-may-care look on Sekhar's face. He made a helpless effort to raise himself to a sitting posture and failing, sank back exhausted. Ramesh put his other arm gently around him to ease the discomfort of his position. A mocking smile parted Sekhar's lips.

"Well, father," he whispered faintly, mustering his fast ebbing strength, "I knew you would get me some time." Ramesh bowed his head in mute expression of hopeless grief.

"I am sorry," he murmured inaudibly, "I had to do my duty." A sudden, harsh and mirthless laugh broke from the other, but was cut off half-way as he grabbed his side in pain.

"Why the hell should you be sorry, father?" he answered gasping for breath, "you will get promotion for this splendid job." The cruel sarcasm in his voice tore at the heart of Ramesh, rending it to

shreds. Caressingly he passed his fingers over the hard lines of Sekhar's face, as if with that loving gesture he would erase them and wipe out the dreadful past.

"A father cannot help sorrowing for his own son, whom he has shot down like a mad dog," he answered softly, and the sound of his voice in its tenderness and pathos had the music of a small rivulet flowing in some pebbled bed. "But I grieve far more that I could not keep you from becoming a hardened criminal."

"It would have been useless father," Sekhar replied in a voice that was now getting fainter every instant, while a small trickle of blood flowed from his mouth, "I was always wild and hard-hearted and you could not have changed that."

Ramesh shook his head despairingly. "Perhaps if I had been gentle in chastising you for your childish offences," he said in a note of wild regret, "you might not have run away from home."

By now the blood was pouring alarmingly from Sekhar's wound. Suddenly he regained a little of his strength like the shining brightening of a candle that flickers before it dies. His lustreless eyes darted forth a cruel beam of mischief.

"This is the crowning act of your career," he said to his father, "your deed will go down in the annals of the police force as an epic of valour."

Ramesh cringed before the horrible shaft. Sekhar's words poured down into Ramesh's heart like molten lava scorching him, and the dying tones of his son's voice played upon his heartstrings a mournful melody of despair. And while the son's soul took wing through the dark shadows of the night, the father only remembered that son as a child: remembered only the merry laughter and the sound of young prancing feet that came to him now across the distant years, like the haunting refrain of a song heard long ago and long forgotten!

GREETINGS FROM UNIVERSAL STARS



PEOPLE

OFF—To Paris on holiday spree plus business (?) "Chammia" here. Para's brother Arif 'alias' Mazhar Haq.

Whispers Zeb: "Bon voyage". Comments Sound: "God help Paris."

DETHRONED—Unceremoniously from Presidentship of Pak Producers Association six-footer, line-shooter Zahur Raja. Cause: not known but not unguessable. Deposition marks return to realm of stunt films. Sound suggestion: Raja play Tarzan.

TUSSLE—Over retaining a baby! Rival claimants: vegetarian director Vadi and comely star Geeta Nizami. Says Pop: "The kid has got to be with me."

Replies Mom: "No kiddin'!"

Climax of tussle: alleged kidnapping of baby by Papa Vadi. Sound suggestion: Vyas-Dave copyright this tragic comedy for future film.



Handsome Muzammil whose "Message of Mahatma Gandhi" has already created a stir in cine-circles. Besides wielding the meg. for this film he plays a key role.



S. K. OJHA

BLESSED—With bonny daughter, stormy petrel Raj Kapoor. His second in two years and umpteenth in the clan's production record. Sound satisfaction: Father and child reported to be doing very well.

BEREAVED—Charming star Nargis. Cause: sudden demise of ailing father Mohan Babu. Sound condolences to star Nargis and mother.

BACK—From Pakistan with bag, baggage minus Veena, matrimonial wizard one time star, Al Nasir. Cause of belated decision: Utter disillusionment about Pak Film Industry.

New Vow: to stay in Bombay permanently. Sound comment: "About time. Would rather have had the better half though!"

FLOWN—To snow-bound Kashmir, one time matinee idol Motilal to entertain troops. Sudden spasm of patriotism well appreciated. Sound hope: Other stars will follow suit.

BACK—To film production suave, silver-tongued, Saksaria prize boy Hiten Choudhury. New assignment:

Production controller N.E. & I.F. Sound hope: History (B.T.) won't repeat itself!

PLANNING—one crore concern: ever-smiling, ever-alert, famed promoter Goverdhandas Agarwal. Scope of jaw-breaking new concern. National Educational and Information Films Ltd.: to make, distribute and exhibit documentary films. Sound hope: More production and less distribution of foreign films.

DREADING—honest-to-goodness teetotaler critics, tall, tall-talking bank clerk turned box-office expert D. D. Kashyap. Sound advice: Concentrate more on film technique and less on paid pipers.

SOLD—For plenty cash, topical story. Seller: inveterate panspitter cum chronic hit-maker S. K. 'Doli' Ojha.

Buyer: Newly started N. E. & I.F. Sound problem: Whom to congratulate?



A worthy addition to the ranks of producers is S. Ranjit producer of Kamal Kunj Chitra's "Anur Kahani".

A SOUND, CAMEO:

RAJ KUMAR BROTHERS



RAJKUMAR SINGH DEV

PIONEERS in a province of alluring motion picture possibilities, with a field of exploitation practically untapped, are

G. P. Singh Dev and B. N. Singh Dev, brothers and part owners of Rajkumar Brothers, the well-known producers of Calcutta, whose province is Orissa. While they may be pioneering in Orissa, they are no novices in the industry, for Rajkumar G. P. Singh Dev and his brother have been operating their concern, Great Eastern Movietone Ltd., of Cuttack and Calcutta, together with its managing agency, Eastern Promoters Ltd., for several years now. Lacking a studio of their own they have been producing at the Indrapuri Studios in Tollygunge, Calcutta. Their latest picture there is titled "Mahakal", produced in Bengali and based upon the famous Victor Hugo novel *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

The picture, which is now awaiting release in Bengal, was made from a script prepared by the popular Bengali scenarist, Saradindo Bannerjee, and was produced under the supervision of Niren Lahary at the Chitrabani Studio. Dhiren Ghosh directed "Mahakal", the cast of which is headed by top-ranking stars in Nilima, Nitish, Shamlaha, Keshnadian, and Kanubando. A Hindi version, partly original and partly dubbed, is being completed under the banner of Viswa Movietone, who have purchased the Hindi rights and the dubbing rights of the Bengali

picture. The Hindi version will be titled "Meghmala".

While Rajkumar Brothers have no intention of discontinuing their present activities in Calcutta, their main effort is directed at the moment to the development of the motion picture industry in their home province of Orissa and the production of pictures in the provincial Uriya tongue for circulation in the province. By way of a beginning they have just produced "Lalita", the first picture ever made in the Uriya language. A Hindi version is on the sets.

"Uriya", remarked Rajkumar Singh Dev, is one of the main languages of India, unrelated to any of the other great languages, except in its derivation from the common source of Sanskrit. It is spoken throughout Bihar and Orissa and over adjoining tracts by a population of many millions. It is a live and flexible language with a high artistic content derived from the ethos of a people who from immemorial times have cherished an ardent passion for music, song and the dance and who display a flair for colour and beauty that is remarkable even in this land of beauty and colour."

In support of his remarks Rajkumar Dev cited the fact that the Uriya people are ancient lovers of the stage. Even to-day, he said, the dramatic stage is one of the principle features of life throughout the province. In the capital, Cut-

tack, he pointed out, plays are produced daily in Uriya at several theatres, which are always crowded, while performances of dance and music, particularly of the folk variety, are equally popular and frequent.

In such an atmosphere it is matter for some surprise that nobody in Orissa had thought so long of producing pictures in the provincial language. "The difficulty", explained Rajkumar Dev, "has been the absence of enterprise and the lack of technicians, actors and personnel generally."

Pictures from other provinces have always circulated freely in the Uriya speaking areas, and with the great producing centre of Calcutta in close proximity and Bengali practically a second language, nobody bothered about developing provincial motion picture activity until the Rajkumar Brothers turned their mind to the job of filling the gap. In addition to "Lalita" they have prepared a Uriya version as a full length feature of the extremely popular Bengali mythological short titled "Sita Bivaha" produced twelve years ago in



Written & Directed by
N. A. MANSURI

Starring: ★ HAFEEZ JEHAN ★ REHMAN ★ VEERA
with LEELA MISRA, S. L. PURI, HAROON, HAMID BUTT, Etc.

COMING SOON ON THE SCREEN OF **ROXY**

AND THEN AWAIT

NADIYA-KE-PAR

Produced & Directed by
KISHORE SAHU

Music
C. RAMCHANDRA

Starring—KAMINI KAUSHAL, DILIP KUMAR
with MAYA BANERJI, DAVID, SUSHIL
SAHU, GULAB, Etc.

A SUMPTUOUS FEAST

OF MUSIC, DRAMA, SONGS, MIRTH and MERRIMENT
AWAITS YOU IN

FILMISTAN'S

DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINER



Lyrics
SANTOSHI

Music
C. RAMCHANDRA

ACTRESS

Story
K. A. ABBAS

Direction
NAJAM NAQVI

Music
SHYAM SUNDER

Starring—REHANA, PREM ADIB & MEENA
with DAVID, MISRA, Etc.

Calcutta and still a screen classic. The Uriya version is a full length feature made from a script prepared by the leading dramatist of Orissa to-day. K. C. Patnaik, who also wrote the story and music for the picture. It was produced under the Great Eastern banner by G. P. Singh Dev and directed by a board consisting of Dev himself, Kalyan Gupta and K. C. Patnaik.

The story of "Sita Bivaha" has a peculiarly provincial interest in that it is about the ancient myth of Jagannath of Puri whose annual festival is among the greatest mass demonstrations of religious worship in India and listed among the major spectacles of religious devotion to be seen anywhere in the world. The picture tells how a pair of wandering lovers in the dimmest and most distant past stumbled by chance upon the shrine of Jagannath deep in the forest tracts of Orissa where for countless generations the God had been worshipped by the aboriginal tribe of Adivasis, and how the idol was eventually taken to the ancient capital of Kalingo by the then reigning monarch, the mighty King Indradumma.

"Sita Bivaha" has a mammoth cast composed entirely of newcomers included among whom are well-known socialite Uma Goenka, Loknath, Punkaj and the famous Uriya singer, Profulla. The picture is enriched with Uriya music which is noted for its gay and lively lilt, and with folk dances which are full of rich colour and rhythm. It was released last October at Cuttack at a premiere attended by His Excellency the Governor, Asaf Ali. The musical score was written by Gour Goswami and Suren Paul.

"Actually," said Rajkumar Dev, "motion pictures are comparatively new in Orissa. The first distributing concern dates back not more than ten years. To-day there are ten. Lack of studio facilities and the need to produce in Calcutta,



Uma Goenka the talented Bengali artiste with a bevy of charming girls in "Lalita" now drawing huge crowds wherever released.

under the difficulties mentioned above and the added troubles arising from rivalry and competition have put the production of Uriya pictures quite out of count. Postwar conditions and the still graver conditions which followed the achievement of independence precluded any thought of a move to establish a provisional industry, despite the fact that with a population so addicted to entertainment exploitation promised rich returns."

"Lalita", continued Rajkumar Dev, "is a move towards a goal which we hope will benefit the industry, the province and the people as well as ourselves. Bhubaneswar, the projected capital, is an ideal centre for Orissa's infant motion picture industry, and if we can secure the necessary facilities from our Government, particularly for importing the requisite machinery from abroad, it won't be long before Uriya pictures find their place on the motion picture map of India."

"I agree," he added "that with twenty-five exhibition centres and fifty theatres in the entire province, the field appears hardly bright, but ours is a largely agricultural pro-

vince with a peasantry that is gay but hardly prosperous, but which may provide admirable patronage and scope for mobile cinemas and 16-mm. pictures. I should say they offer the best field in the country for both.

"At the moment, as I've already stated, the need to produce in Calcutta is a serious handicap, and that is what turned our thoughts to building a studio in Orissa and beginning domestic production. Technical help will have to be imported, of course, but there is no lack of talent. All that is needed is training in screen technique.

"The partition of the country has added to our problems, but that, I am afraid, will remain beyond remedy until the present state of feeling on this matter is very considerably altered."

"Incidentally," said Rajkumar Dev, "there was no motion picture distribution concern in Orissa until we started one under the name and style of Vibrotik Distributors". Explaining the name he said that "Vibrotik" is coined out of the first syllables of the names of himself and his two brothers: Vijay, Brojendra and Tikki.

TRADE WINDS

DELATED BAN ON JUGNU—FILM GROUP WELCOMED—BABU SEES
RED—PRESS AND PRODUCERS—NOTEWORTHY DOCUMENTARY



MA PRODUCTION
100, MARKET AVENUE TOLLYGUNGE CAL.

Rabindranath's

Samapti

(in HINDI)

FEATURING

BHARATI ★ TALAT MD.



— DIRECTED BY —

AMAR MALLIK



Music: Liliti Baran

THE story of "Aage Badho", Prabhat's picture which was banned by the Government of Bombay is being repeated all over again in the case of "Jugnu". But while "Aage Badho" was banned after its run in Bombay, "Jugnu" was banned during its run and this circumstance drew more public attention than in the case of "Aage Badho". Everybody knows, of course, that after the deletion of certain portions "Jugnu", as "Aage Badho" before it, will be granted the necessary certificate and will be screened again. Possibly by the time this issue is out the ban on "Jugnu" will have been lifted.

So, if you know the working of the Bombay Government, you will not be surprised at all that "Jugnu" was banned. It is by now established practice with the Government that each picture should be censored and re-censored until possibly the picture is out of circulation and the negative burnt. "Jugnu" was just another victim of that process, but while other pictures mostly got through this process without being completely banned "Jugnu" was the unfortunate exception to the rule.

One cannot help a feeling of mild amusement that "Jugnu" should have been found objectionable *eighteen months* after it had been passed by the censors during which period it had been shown to lakhs of filmgoers all over the country, to say nothing of the fact that its complete story was broadcast along with its songs by All India Radio, Delhi. How is it that

this picture, which was not thought morally objectionable in any other part of India, not even by A.I.R., which is the acme of purity not to say prudishness, should be deemed objectionable in Bombay after it had been thrice passed by the censors here? Is it that the other Provincial Ministries, the All India Radio authorities, and even the Bombay Board of Film Censors, have a different standard of morality than our Home Minister, Shri Morarji Desai?

As the last issue of *Sound* bears out, both "Trade Winds" and the Reviewer condemned the cheapness and vulgarity in that picture as severely as probably Shri Morarji would have, or must have, done after seeing the film. Nevertheless "Trade Winds" would ask the Home Minister how such a picture came to be passed in the first place. And since it was so passed by the Full Censors' Board only last August, did not democratic convention demand that the Home Minister and the Government abide by the Board's decision. In the alternative, the Board, as has been demanded by a contemporary, should have been summarily and comprehensively "sacked".

Anyway, if I were a member of the Board which passed "Jugnu" I would have resigned as soon as Government banned the picture. For, such a ban showed Government's lack of confidence in the judgment of the Board.

That is why "Trade Winds" is opposed to this belated ban on

"Jugnu" which, apart from bringing the Provincial Censors' Board and the Governments of other Provinces into ridicule, is futile since the picture has already been shown everywhere practically throughout the country. The ban evinces a rather arbitrary attitude on the part of Government. Hence "Trade Winds" in all humility submits the following suggestions to the Home Minister of Bombay.

1. Replace the Provincial Censors Boards with one Central Censors Board.
2. Let the Central Censors Board, and not an ignorant inspector, who often does not even know the language, see every picture and certify it.



Vivacious Veera has a featured role in Filmistan's new film "Sanwariya" now slated for early release at the Roxy, Bombay.

3. That a detailed moral and social code be prepared by the Government and explained to the Board at length so that it will carry it out in action and not certify any picture unless it conforms to the code.

4. That there should be no recensoring of pictures unless a large body of the public demands it or unless there is a danger to peace and security.

5. Private letters by individuals however eminent, should not be entertained and no action should be taken on such letters as mischiefmongers and blackmailers are likely to take undue advantage of such practice.

6. Any ban or recensoring should be left to the Central Censors' Board and not to any individual authority.

If these suggestions are incorporated, producers will have no reason to fear that their pictures which have been once certified will be banned afterwards. This feeling of insecurity which has unnerved many producers must cease. "Trade Winds" hopes that Shri Morarji Desai will give the necessary assurance and restore confidence among producers by clarifying the above points and enunciating a straightforward policy of censorship.



A group photograph taken on the occasion of the muburat ceremony of Akash Chitra's new film "Antra". Madhubala, K. B. Lall, Mehboob and several other film celebrities can be seen in the picture.

FILM GROUP WELCOMED!

There are many people in the film industry who feel that there is something radically wrong with our films today. That the artistic standard has deteriorated is no longer a matter of opinion but an undisputed fact. The point is: How to improve it?

Shantaram, in a recent article published in a local daily, has suggested that the only way to improvement now is to have a film production policy determined by a qualified Minister of Films, who will make it his business to prescribe a minimum standard of culture and technical efficiency. Shantaram has no faith in Free Enterprise!

Durga Khote, on the other hand, believes that the standard can be improved by co-operative effort on the part of all those who believe that film making is essentially an art.

Synthesising these diverse individual opinions is the manifesto issued by the newly formed Film Group. This manifesto states that the first task of the Group will be to evolve a formula by which a good film can also be a successful film. To achieve this object, it would institute an enquiry into the diverse aspects of the box-office, audience psychology, and

above all of the basic essentials of the film as an art form. And not content with theoretical discussions, criticism and knowledge, the Group will endeavour to put into practice its theoretical findings either through individual or collective efforts.

This is a sound proposition, provided the members of the Group instead of finding the right path do not get lost in the welter of theories. For, "Trade Winds" believes that the film in India has reached such stage of deterioration that it can no longer be rescued by mere theories but by practical action. Unless it is proved that a good film—by good we mean artistic—can be not just successful but a phenomenal hit, all this pious discussion is not going to lead us anywhere. Hence, "Trade Winds" thinks that the most practical way is to make a picture on a co-operative basis on the lines suggested by Durga Khote. "Trade Winds" earnestly hopes that the Film Group will be able to produce films soon. Only then will its object be realised.

PRESS & PRODUCERS

Suddenly the producers seem to have become conscious of the power of the press. There is no other explanation for the luncheon and dinner given by the IMPPA President to the film journalists recently. On all these occasions the President and other producers have asked the press to co-operate with the industry.

While welcoming this belated move on the part of producers may one ask what the producers mean by co-operation? Not, one hopes just publication of the write-ups, studio news and personal boosts sent in by producers! Perhaps the producers need healthy criticism. Now, as far as "Trade Winds" knows, according to most of the producers, criticism is healthy when it concerns other producers but is always vicious when it concerns them. Many a film

critic has lost his job for his "Healthy criticism". Now what guarantee is there that this history will not be repeated? Can producers, who are naive enough to believe that the boosts which they themselves get written and published are true opinions of the press, stand honest criticism? My personal experience does not enable me to entertain any such hope. Hence I believe that the producers are now seeking the co-operation of the press not out of any love of any fair and honest criticism of their pictures, but out of a selfish desire for publicity and for press support to the industry against Government's new censorship policy.

What have producers done for journalists to expect any sympathy or encouragement from them? The producers who seem to be reluctant even to extend an invitation to press shows, who deny journalists ordinary courtesy at premieres and previews, and who generally refuse to grant interviews or any such facilities, should not seek press co-operation unless they change their attitude towards the press as such. Mere lunches and idealistic talks will not serve unless better and more cordial contacts are established with the press. Also, producers must show courage to stand adverse reviews of their films. Of course, if producers take action against any journalist or journal for indulging in malicious personal criticism or blackmail, then the producers must boycott such a journalist or journal. But here, too, they must take joint action and place it before the entire body of the journalists, who too will condemn the "Black Sheep" in their fraternity.

BABU RAO SEES RED!

"Trade Winds" has already expressed its views on "Iron Curtain" and "Triumph of Youth" two months ago, and "Trade Winds" expected Baburao Patel to adopt the same progressive attitude. But, instead, in the last



A delightful dance sequence from Roop Kala Niketan's enobling film "Bapu no kahatha".

issue of "filmindia" that individual has raised the bogey of Bolshevism in a manner which would make even Churchill, the arch anti-Communist, feel abashed. For even Churchill allowed the exhibition of Soviet pictures in England and did not propagate the fantastic notion that the Soviet Union is spreading Bolshevism through its pictures. Even his successors seem to have no objection to the exhibition of Soviet films in England. And in Truman's and Marshall's America, which Baburao Patel has just visited, Soviet films are freely shown. So why should Baburao be frightened of Soviet films?

As for his allegations—and rather childish allegations they are—against the Friends of the Soviet Union, the Union is capable of answering them. But "Trade Winds" cannot allow his statements about Soviet films to go unchallenged. He claims that the Russians have shown several Soviet films in India and helped their political counterparts in this country to propagandise the paradise that Russia is supposed to be under Stalin and Communism. First of all, Mr. Patel

should know that Soviet films have been shown only to selected audiences. So far not even a dozen pictures have been released for regular exhibition in India. Secondly, none of the pictures presented Russia as a paradise. How could a war-time Russia be painted as a paradise? Thirdly, Baburao must have a horrible conception of Paradise. The Soviet pictures so far released in India merely emphasised—if they emphasised anything—the fact that Russians could not be bowed down by Hitler's war machine. And that was purely "nationalist" propaganda and had nothing of Marx or Communism in it. Baburao makes the amazing statement that these war documentaries have helped the Communists in India to create a fear complex. Following the same analogy we would believe that Indians are frightened of Americans because they have seen American might on the screen and seen what the Atom Bomb can do. Why did not Baburao object to the Atom Bomb film in that case? Or has Baburao no objection if India becomes a slave of Dollar Imperialism?

Similarly, it beats one what kind

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For Particulars: **NEW INDIA THEATRES**
Central Studios, Tardeo, Bombay 7

of Communist ideology is advocated in "Law of the Great Love," which is just a documentary of animal life, or musicals, comedies, and love stories like "Spring Song" and "Musical Story", and the story of Czarist monarchs and generals like "Peter the Great" and "Suvarov" or a child fantasy like "The Stone Flower"! The last is a colour film and as Communist as Disney's "Bambi", and that's why it was acclaimed by Pandit Nehru, Shri Balasaheb Kher, Shri Morarji Desai and others. Apparently Baburao has not seen any one of these pictures and he is talking through his hat. Or rather, he is seeing red in everything that bears a Soviet label.

Thank God, even Sardar Patel's Information Department does not suffer from this complex, and it has no doubt about the benefits of the educational and informative aspects of these films as the Department has already bought some of these films and is going to show them all over India.



Dapper Rehman and the tantalizing newcomer Haleez Jehan do the romancing for Filmistan's latest production "Sanwariya".

Baburao is again wrong when he says "Triumph of Youth" got an immediate release certificate. In fact, it got the certificate several months after it was first previewed in Bombay. Secondly, Baburao is sorry that because of this picture Indian pictures lost a week at the Capitol. But he has nothing to say about the 260 weeks we lose every year in Bomby's first run theatres because of American and British films! But, Baburao does not mind America taking away money from India. His objection is only to Russia.

At least, Baburao should have ascertained the facts about the Indian pictures allowed to have been sent to the Soviet Union before making wild statements. Does he know that "Dharti ke Lal" has not yet been sent to Russia? Does he know that the American distributors, on the contrary, who

have had the master positive copy of "Dharti ke Lal" in their possession for the last two years have done nothing about it? On the contrary, there is some prospect of Indian pictures being shown in the Soviet Union and even of some being dubbed in Russian. But what is the use of telling all this to Baburao, who is not interested in facts but in just raising the Bogey of Bolshevism to please the anti-Soviet elements in this country.

And while the so-called Soviet way of life, so far as I can re-call, has never been boosted in Russian films, almost every American picture boosts the American way of life and tries to show how America is God's own country. But American propaganda does not seem to hurt Baburao who has transformed himself from a fighting journalist

into a capitalist and a landlord! But his scare about Bolshevism will deceive nobody. Soviet films have as much right to be shown in India as any other foreign films. This right is conceded by all capitalist countries, and there is no reason why India should raise any objection in spite of Baburao's Churchillian outbursts and ungrounded fears.

**AMERICAN DISTRIBUTORS
THREAT!**

"Trade Winds" understands from a reliable source that the American distributors in Bombay did not approve of the release of "The Triumph of Youth" at the Capitol. For, as this picture had an English commentary, its run affected the collections not of Indian pictures, as Baburao would have us believe, but of foreign films. So it was

but natural that these distributors launched a protest against the release of this film to the proprietor of the Capitol Cinema. And it is further alleged that these distributors threatened to boycott the Regal Theatre as well.

If this allegation is true, it is

really deplorable, and it seems high time for the exhibitors of foreign pictures to be given greater liberty to choose their pictures, and not be forced to continue the present block-booking system. In any case, American distributors should not be allowed to dictate to our exhibitors and keep them



A GRAND MYTHOLOGICAL WITH
AN INSPIRING MESSAGE—

★

A SPECTACULAR BOX-OFFICE
RECORD SMASHER WHEREVER
RELEASED—

✧

RANJIT'S
HIT OF THE SEASON
**JAI
HANUMAN**

Starring: KAILAS, PUROHIT, BABU RAJE,
S. N. TRIPATHI & NIRUPA ROY

Director: **RANUHANDRA THAKUR**

✧

DRAWING CROWDS AT A
DOZEN BIG CITIES NOW

✧

from showing French, Italian, Russian or Indian films!

A NOTABLE DOCUMENTARY!

One day last month, I went to see a picture at the Regal and I was surprised to "discover" a short documentary produced by Publicity Films. My first reaction as I read the titles was that the film of the "Current Social Problems Series" would be just a publicity stunt. But as the picture exposed the drab, dirty and disgusting conditions in the Matunga Labour Camp, I was convinced that my prejudice was wrong and that here was a documentary which no person with even slight civic consciousness could possibly ignore. Really, it is difficult to imagine that such a labour camp exists in Bombay, and that our City Fathers are doing nothing to improve it.

Some columnist wrote that this short should be shown to refugees as if the conditions in the Matunga Labour Camp would justify similar conditions in Refugees' Camps. "Trade Winds" believes that this short should be shown compulsorily to all City Fathers before every meeting of the Corporation until the Corporation takes prompt steps to remove the filth and dirt and provide minimum sanitary and hygienic conditions to make this labour camp a place where human beings can live decently. As this documentary shows, the Matunga Labour Camp is a place for only pigs to live in.

While welcoming such documentaries from Publicity Films we hope that the picturegoers who see them will take active notice of them and draw the attention of the authorities concerned towards the conditions exposed. Here is an example of a film which does social service, and such films would provide the healthy and constructive criticism of social problems that we so badly need today.

OUR REVIEW

**VEENA, GOOD ENTERTAINMENT
BUT POOR ART**

IN the film world, the name of Lala Jagat Narayan is so famous that he needs no introduction, at least not to film people. To laymen, it will suffice to say that with the biggest chain of theatres and pictures under his control, he is undisputed king of distributors and exhibitors in the Northern Circuit, with Delhi as his headquarters. Naturally, if anybody knows what is box office, and what the audience expects to see in a film, it is Seth Jagat Narayan. For both as an exhibitor and distributor, he is in constant touch with picturegoers and knows by now exactly their likes and dislikes. Now he has entered the field of film production as well and as one should expect his maiden picture "Veena" which has been released by now all over India, is designed mainly to please the filmgoer, particularly the filmgoer of the North.

After seeing the picture one feels that "Veena" has succeeded in its principal object, namely, that of entertaining picturegoers and pulling in substantial profits at the box-office. For the picture offers everything that the filmgoer demands today. It has more than ten tuneful songs reflecting the diverse moods of the story. The "Playback" song which Rehman sings for Yakub to enable him to win his beloved is a novel treat. There are three or four dances which are typically Indian and do not follow the old screen pattern. Of course there is romance set in an idyllic rural background. For

comedy, Yakub has the most hilarious role of a lover who resorts to anything and everything to win a girl's heart not knowing that the girl is already deep in love with him. For drama, there is the triangle in which the hero finds himself married to a woman he does not love, and deserting her, goes in search of his village girl, which provides many tense and pathetic moments. Even the climax in which the hero's wife who happens to be a surgeon, is called upon to operate on her rival is most interesting.

Thus combining all these elements in ample proportion, "Veena," which is very rich in production values and star interest, should satisfy any person who goes to a movie to have a good time. But to the discerning picturegoer "Veena" seems to have many illogical absurdities and stupid exaggerations. In fact, the basic conflict of the story itself is not so convincing. For, in the first place it seems rather stupid that any mother, specially a rather orthodox mother, should insist on her son marrying a woman doctor, and it is even more stupid for a poet son to refuse such a request without even wanting to meet the girl. But the worst of it is that the same son, who promises to marry an innocent village girl, comes home and just to carry out his mother's dying wish marries the woman doctor. Surely, after the mother's death, he could have told the woman doctor the truth and she would have freed him



Azim Bazidpuri, the well known Urdu litterateur is responsible for the story and dialogue of Ratan Pictures' "Char-Din".

Hindustan Art Productions
PRESENT

NISBAT

Starring
YAKUB
MUNAWAR Sultana
JYOTI
S. MAZHAR
MIRZA MUSHARRAF
BABY ZUBEDA

Produced by
N. MOHAMMAD
Directed by
S. SHAMSUDDIN

نسبت
نيسبت

from his promise to his dying mother.

Equally unconvincing is the village atmosphere. Hemavati dressed in silken garara and kamiz looks anything but a village girl, and so does Sulochana. Looks and costumes apart, it is difficult to imagine grown-up village girls indulging in such romances and moving about at night with their lovers. Such things do not happen even in cities, much less in villages. But the most absurd thing is the village girl's aimless wandering into the city and her transformation from village girl to beggar and dancer. Surely, she could have got the hero's address before he left for the city.

Indeed, if one were to analyse every situation in "Veena" one could find so many inconsistencies and insipid things. But this review is not a fault-finding endeavour, and the bare enumeration of flaws is not going to help anyone. Hence it will serve no further purpose to dwell on the faults in "Veena".

On the contrary, one must admit that in spite of the inconsistencies and the hackneyed treatment, the picture has a sound theme in that it stresses the importance of marriage—or rather of a man's duty to his wife in preference to his emotional ties. These days when our pictures keep glorifying heroes who are in love with other men's wives, this picture takes a saner and more realistic attitude by emphasising the husband's and wife's duty to each other.

Technically, the picture is better than average though the sound is uneven and has a tendency to go low and become inaudible at times. Perhaps, it is the fault of the theatre acoustics. The direction



One of the several favourites featured in Bombay Talkies' "Zisti" is talented Kamini Kaushal. The film now awaits release in Bombay.

by Advani is nothing to boast of. It is just ordinary. In acting, Yakub is easily the best. Sulochana Chatterjee never looked like a heroine and it is strange that she should be cast in such highly emotional roles. She is utterly incapable of playing a major role. Veena gives a comparatively better performance. But she is obviously meant for comedy roles. Rehman plays the same kind of role he plays in "Fyar-ki-Ject", and as well, or as badly. Others just don't matter. Summing up, "Veena" is an average picture which provides tolerably good entertainment.

NOT WHAT WAS MEANT

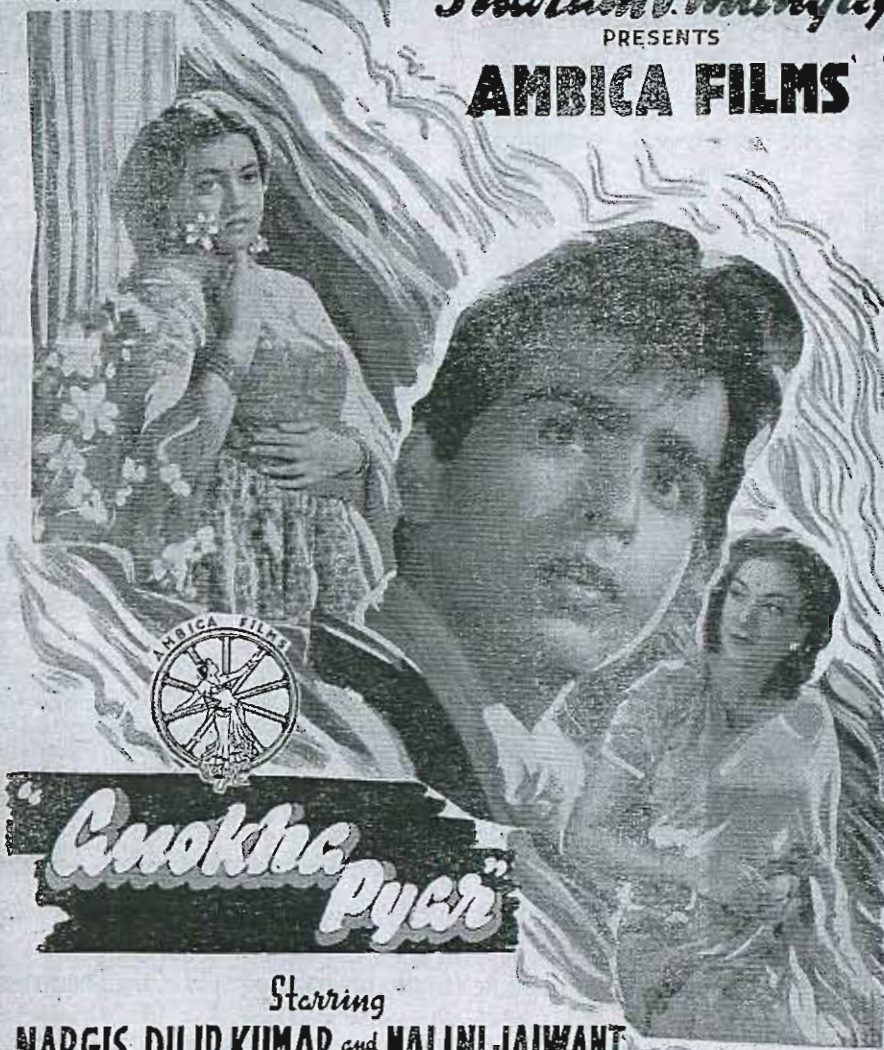
"Is there room for two little ones to squeeze in here?" asked a young man with an attractive girl, as he opened the door of an overcrowded railway compartment.

"Maybe," replied a man sitting near the door, "but I think you'd be able to do it far better at the cinema."

Kala Studio

Sitaranil Mungrey
PRESENTS

AMBICA FILMS



Gunkha Pyar

Starring

NARGIS, DILIP KUMAR and NALINI JAIWANT

Music

ANIL BISWAS

Contact:

AMBICA FILMS
FAMOUS CINE LAB.
Haines Rd., BOMBAY.

Produced and Directed
by
H. I. DHARANSEY

December 1948

OUR REVIEW:

"MANDIR" - A TYPICAL WINAYAK - KHANDEKAR FILM

Janki Das shows Promise as Comedian

THERE was a time when the word comedy or satire could not be applied to any Indian picture at all. In fact, the first social comedy-cum-satire that graced the Indian screen was "Dharmaveer" written by Acharya Atre and directed by Winayak. Since then Atre and Winayak have turned out a series of brilliant satires in Marathi—viz. "Brahmachari," "Ardhangi," "Lagna Pahav Karoon," "Payachi Dasi" and "Manglagouri," satires which have no parallel, at least in Hindustani films. True, some of these pictures were transcribed in Hindustani, but the translations could not translate the typical Marathi jokes and Maharashtrian atmosphere to the Hindustani screen, and hence the success. But with the advent of war and the separation of Atre and Winayak, this series came to an abrupt end, and it never blossomed forth to capture the Hindustani screen as well.

One recalls this history in reviewing Navyug's "Shikayat", for this picture is in many ways reminiscent of those brilliant comedies in Marathi. Moreover, "Shikayat" is the first Muslim social comedy. The so-called Muslim socials that have been so far produced specialised in morbid melodrama with its characters living in a dead feudal world of Moghuls and talking the highly Persianised-Urdu of the theatre and the Moghul Court—a la "Pukar". All of them glorified orthodoxy. "Shikayat" does not challenge feudalism and reactionary ortho-

doxy openly; it only ridicules their methods and exposes their fallacies in a manner which makes "Shikayat" a progressive, healthy social satire.

This satire is to be found not so much in the story itself, which is just another variation of the boy-meets-girl story as in the treatment and dialogue, especially the dialogue. In the opening scenes, without directly mentioning that purdah is outmoded and reactionary, this tradition is attacked by the hero who becoming enamoured of the voice of the landlord's daughter determines to obtain a glimpse of her, and when one of his friends tries to dissuade him from attempting to do so and reminds him that women are like sisters and mothers, he point-black asks, "Does not one like to see one's mother or sister?" In the same manner, Scenarist Ismat Chughtai leaves no occasion to attack social taboos and decadent notions of feudalism, especially about matrimony, and reveals the truth that in all marriage transactions money rather than love determines the attitude of prospective bridegrooms and that for the sake of family traditions and customs, the parents of eligible girls meekly part with money and girls rather than break the tradition and marry a girl outside the family to a poor, deserving youth. That apart, Ismat has also employed this opportunity to give a jolt to feminine vanity and reminded modern girls not to delude themselves by false illusions that young men are ready to die for

them in real life as they do on the screen. In a beautifully built up sequence, Ismat shows how one after another three suitors, who had professed their love for a girl, reject her hand and shatter her illusions about herself.

Thanks to the amusing situations borrowed from Azim Beg Chughtai's popular novels, even the boy-meets-girl situations provide a refreshing note and the comedy becomes all the more hilarious. But while Ismat has succeeded in her satire and comedy, she has utterly failed as a scenarist to concoct a "solid" screenplay out of the three novels at her disposal. Even now the story is thin, and



In Mandir Janki Das as Pande shows a great flair for comedy. No wonder even producers like Minerva and Prakash are now eager to sign him up for key roles.

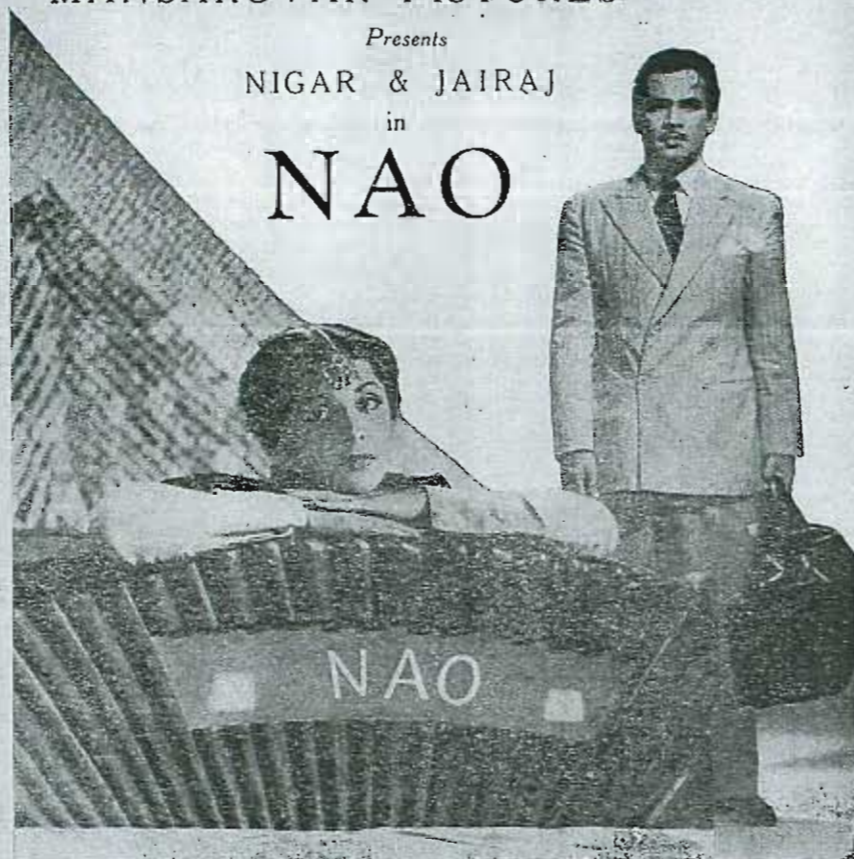
MANSAROVAR PICTURES

Presents

NIGAR & JAIRAJ

in

NAO



THE HEART-RENDING STORY OF A MAN WHO GAVE
HIMSELF UP TO THE DEVIL OF DRINKING !

Written & Directed by:

MADHOK

Music:

JNAN DUTT

With:

PI. BADRI PRASAD, MISRA, DULARI

Contact:

MANSAROVAR PICTURES,
VERSOVA, BOMBAY.

Photography:

RAJENDRA MALONE

Production-in-Charge:

ANANT BAHRI

while one enjoys the brilliant repartee and subtle humour one feels that "Shikayat" is much ado about nothing. The story lacks a positive theme and is rather weak in dramatic construction with the result that it has no climax at all. The "Physical" climax in which Baby Shakuntala is made to run after Shyam on the streets is rather forced. That apart, the story develops in episodic fashion—the first episode is taken from "Koltan"; the second, which is very brief, from "Angoothi Ki Mussibat" and the third from "Dekha Jalga". That's why it seems so strange that though the story is set in Khansahab's house, you do not see him (Hamid Butt) almost till the interval. And you cannot help feeling all the while that the story is moving at snail's speed. These shortcomings undoubtedly will come in the way of the popularity of the picture.

But the chief defect in "Shikayat" is its editing, which is really poor. One can point to several silent steady shots of two to three feet which should have been cut. Pace and tempo are essential for a comedy, and smart editing always accelerates the tempo. Even the technique of the picture is not satisfactory. Both sound and photography are uneven. One does not know whom to blame for it, the equipment, technicians, processing or theatre reproduction! The direction, in spite of all these shortcomings, is commendable. The 'taking' is generally smart, and is remarkable in the case of the two gavalies in the first half. But sometimes Shahid resorts to childish pranks to raise a laugh. He should show greater restraint in future, though one admires his keen observation of details.

One must also compliment Rashid Atra on his original tunes

and the way he maintains his individuality. Though the song composition is also good, its significance is lost because of faulty recording. "Shikayat" is also noteworthy for its high standard of acting. Snehaprabha is surprisingly good, and Shyam acts with an ease and abandon which are now become his popular assets. Sunalini Devi is brilliant as the mother of the girl and Hamid Butt is very good as the father. Nigar is rather unimpressive, so is Rama Shukal. Comparatively Raj Mehra scores with his deep voice and deliberate theatrical postures. Kameshwar Saigal, Agha and Habib, all new comers, make a fine and lovable team of room-mates of Shyam.

All said, "Shikayat" is the first realistic musical social noteworthy for its brilliant satire and witty dialogue.

PROUD ANNOUNCEMENT

JAY SHAKTI PICTURES'

GOPAL BHAIYA

Starring:

SHASHI KAPOOR • ANANT MARATHE • PANDE
AMIRBAI, etc.

Director: SHANTI KUMAR

Bengal Distributors:

UNITED FILM SYNDICATE

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STAND-BY FOR
SENSATIONS!

WHO WILL PLAY
THE COVETED ROLE
OF THE IMMORTAL
MARTYR

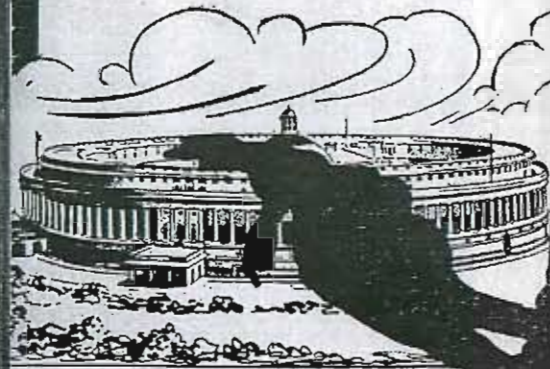
in

NATIONAL THEATRES

STORMY TALE OF INDIA'S
BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY

"Bhagat Singh"

Produced by
K. ASIF



CONTACT:

INDIA FILM CIRCUIT

NEELAM MANSIONS,
LAMINGTON RD, BOMBAY.



December 1948

OUR REVIEW

"SHIKAYAT" REVIVES SOCIAL SATIRE ON SCREEN!

AT a time when most of our producers were engrossed in making super-mythologicals and stunt thrillers, it was left to Director Winayak and author V. S. Khandekar to break this monotony and make the first progressive and thought-provoking social in "Chhaya", which won the Gohar Gold Medal in 1934. Ever since "Chhaya", this author-director team has striven to depict contemporary reality on the screen, and though sometimes their presentation of the problems have been lop-sided, their attitude has been more sentimental than logical, the humanitarian, sincere and progressive outlook evident in every picture of their had endeared them to all socially conscious picture-goers, especially in Maharashtra as their pictures were mostly produced in Marathi.

One of the pictures which won for them fame was "Devata". This picture, which was originally made in 1939, has been released with new scenes and a new cast and brought up to date in "Mandir", which incidentally is the last picture Winayak made before his untimely death. In fact, it was while this picture was nearing completion that Winayak died, and the picture was completed by his "Chela," Dinkar Patil.

In spite of all the difficulties that came in the way of completion of this film, the first thing that strikes one about this film is that its production is uniformly good and that the continuity has not suffered in any manner. On the contrary, this is one of really fine productions to enrich the screen, with its settings solid and real, its photography pleasant and the sound flawless and even.

As to the picture itself it is a typical Winayak-Khandekar picture. The characters act as mouthpieces of Winayak's and Khandekar's humanist ideology. The romantic hero speaks of social revolution as the only panacea for all the sufferings of India to-day. The heroine, who is the principal character of the film also talks of high ideals.

But the picture is not just talk. Basically it is a poignant story of an educated, young, but poor woman who has to provide for herself and for her sister and brother. Unable to stand poverty and see her brother suffer she decides to sacrifice her happiness by marrying a rich but old man. But this sacrifice does not produce the results, since her husband is anxious to have a son—and in that anxiety he falls a prey to the charms of a bogus sadhu who tries to molest her. Ultimately, she finds refuge with her stepson, who has been turned out by her husband and who is scandalised because of her so much that he loses his girl, his job and even his social reputation. This is the climax of the story. It is at this point that the stepson comes to the conclusion that nothing but a revolution would change things. It is at this point that the heroine admits that her sacrifice was meaningless. She renounces her marriage and pledges herself to fight for her right to live as a human being.

Now one expects to see some dynamic situations with these two individuals launching a crusade. But our expectations are dashed to pieces, as the story now takes a sentimental and patriotic turn. Instead of a social crusade, we see some scenes of the 1942 movement

and behold the heroine dashing to help a child and their joining the movement and singing on the Azad Hind Radio. Though in those days, one heard the illegal radio secretly, in the picture everybody bears the radio freely even in an open hotel! And it is while hearing the radio, that her husband, her brother and sister and her stepson and his beloved—all reconciled by now in scenes which might have taken place "Behind the Screen," recognise her and rush to jail and meet her. The picture should have been ended here; but here Director Patil could not resist adding some August 15 Newsreel shots and showing a happy ending.

But while one feels elated at the end, one feels that the author and director have cheated the audience by side-tracking the real issue. This reviewer had this feel-



Karan Dewan and Nigar Sultana are bracketed together for the first time in Ranjit Movietone's "Mitti-ke-Khilouna".

FILM LAND LIMITED

Presents

The Epic National on the Screen

"MESSAGE OF MAHATMA" GANDHI

SO AS TO FORGE & STRENGTHEN THE BONDS OF LOVE & BROTHERHOOD BETWEEN
THE VARIOUS CLASSES & COMMUNITIES OF OUR COUNTRY.

★

Story:
BEGUM
MUZAMMIL

Dialogues
KAMIL
KASHID
&
MUITO

Songs:
JOSH
MALIHABAD.

BEHZAD
LUCKNAVI

ASHA RAZVI

MAHMUD
SAROSH

&
JEHAN QADRI
CHUGHTAI

Music:
K. S. ASID
HUSSAIN KHAN
&
SUSHANTO
BANARJI

Our Next:-
(1)

INSANIYAT

(2)

CHAMKI

★

For Particulars
Enquire:-



★

Starring:-

LEELA
CHITNIS
MUZAMMIL
PASHIKELA
JILOOBI
REKHA
PRAKASH
GUPTA
YAQUB HIZVI

&

NIRANJAN
SHARMA

with

SUDHA
MALHOTRA

Baby Shyama
Baby Dilnaz

Baby
Chandrakant

ETA HAR
ALVI, AGHA
YUSUF

FAIYYAZ BAI
ABBAS

etc.

Produced & Directed by:

MUZAMMIL

★

FILM LAND LIMITED

PROSPECT CHAMBER ANNEXE
HORNEY ROAD, FORT, BOMBAY.

December 1948

57

ing even when he saw "Devata", but it was even more pronounced after seeing "Mandir". This weakness of author Khandekar, who is expert in presenting a problem but absolutely incapable of solving it logically, is most pronounced in "Mandir". Similarly, the weakness of Winayak is bringing in too many issues and handling them in an unbalanced manner. This also is evident in "Mandir". He builds up the earlier part of story with elaborate detail, but by the time he comes to the real climax of the story, he has consumed so much footage that he is in a hurry to finish the picture somehow. That's why the conversion of the husband and the classification of the stepson's character, which are two most important points, are glossed over.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that "Mandir" provides some of the most poignant scenes ever witnessed on the Indian screen. And for that all credit is due to Khandekar, Winayak and Winayak's daughter, Baby Nanda, who as Shanta Apte's young brother contributes a gem of a performance. Not precocious like other screen-children, she is natural and realistic in acting, and is not as half self-conscious as Jaimala, for instance. She deserves the acting honours along with Shanta Apte who contributes a sincere and sympathetic performance worthy to be compared with her triumph in "Duniya Na Mane". Salvi is very good as her husband, though he shouts unnecessarily on several occasions. Shahu Modak is not as bad as one could have expected him to be. Janki Das as Pande shows a great flair for comedy. If he sticks to this type, he will go a long way on the road of popularity. Vasant Desai's music is most uninspiring. Not one of his tunes is catching. Narendra's

lyrics and dialogue have a literary flair, and are in keeping with his reputation.

All said "Mandir", is progressive, at times poignant, but despite the

rather unbalanced and theoretically confusing development of its characters, it is a film which no lover of the Indian screen can afford to miss.



One of the several pictures in which Madhubala plays the feminine lead is Akash Chitra's "Lal Dupatta" now showing at the Opera House, Bombay.

Anxious to get his wife a birthday present, a man went in to a shop and explained his wants. "Well, now, Sir", said the assistant, "would you be interested in something nice in silk stockings?" The customer coughed: "Er—let's get the matter of the wife's present disposed of first, shall we?"

TOP NEWS!

SETH JAGAT NARAIN

and

AMBICA FILMS

OF CALCUTTA

take pleasure in announcing that they
have secured the distribution rights of

JAY HIND CHITRA'S

prize show of the year

"BATWARA"

Starring:

Sulochana Chatterji ★ Karan Dewan ★ Naintara
Kanhayalal ★ Harish ★ Pannalal ★ Ludden
Vikram Kapoor and MENKA

Directed by:

RAMCHANDRA THAKUR

Produced by:

PANNA KAPOOR &
MENKA DEVI

For Particulars:

JAI HIND CHITRA

FAMOUS CINE LABORATORIES, BAINES Rd., MAHALAXMI, BOMBAY.

PROMOTING THE ART OF THE FILM

How State Patronage Will Benefit The People

By S. GORDON COLLIER

TO the long list of the arts which already enjoy the disinterested patronage of the State in Britain, there was added recently the newest of them—all the art of the film. The occasion was an extraordinary general meeting of the British Film Institute at which the names of the new Board of Governors were announced.

The Institute is charged with developing the art of the film, promoting its use as a record of contemporary life and manners, fostering public appreciation of the film from these points of view, encouraging new uses of the film—particularly as an educational and cultural medium, and so on.

In brief there is now to be a central body, financed principally by a grant from State funds, and responsible for improving still further the high artistic standard which has made British films world-renowned in the space of a few years.

In financing an independent body to act within its terms of reference as it sees fit, the Government has followed a typically British precedent, now firmly established. When it was set up in 1933, the British Film Institute was instructed to encourage the development of the cinema as a means of cultural entertainment and instruction. It was made responsible, not to the Government but to the Privy Council, and its funds were allocated mainly from the Cinematograph Fund (that is, from the proceeds of Sunday film showings).

The nine members of its Board

of Governors sat as representatives of three Government departments, the film producers', renters' and exhibitors' associations and of three educational bodies. With funds of only some £42,500 (about Rs. 5.53 lakhs) last year and barely half this amount up to 1944, the Institute had encouraged a steady supply of educational films, built up a National Film Library where 3,000 motion pictures dating back to 1895 are preserved, and played an important part in fostering public appreciation of the film art.

In January last, the Government set up a Committee of Enquiry into the future of the Institute, and it is as a result of its report (published last April) that the Board has been reconstituted. The Committee recommended that the National Film Library should be extended, and that facilities for individual and group study of films should be made available with the showing of special programmes similar to those shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

The Institute, the report further recommended, should give financial and other help to allied bodies, such as the National Committee for Visual Aids in Education, which is now responsible for promoting educational films. For these and other purposes, the Committee estimated that an annual income of at least £100,000 (Rs. 13.25 lakhs) would be needed, besides a capital expenditure of some £30,000 (Rs. 3.98 lakhs).

It is interesting to compare these

figures with the large grants already made by the Government for the purpose of encouraging cultural and educational activities by other bodies of this type. In 1947-48 the Arts Council of Britain was scheduled to receive £390,000 (Rs. 51.68 lakhs)—compared with £235,000 (Rs. 31.14 lakhs) in 1945-46; the Council of Industrial Design, (Rs. 31.14 lakhs) in 1945-46; the Council of Industrial Design, £164,000 (Rs. 21.73 lakhs)—compared with £55,000 (Rs. 7.29 lakhs) in 1945-46; and the Medical



Director S. M. Yusuf once again proves that he is a box-office czar with hardly any rivals. His "Grahasti" is going great guns wherever released.

Research Council, £698,000 (Rs. 92.49 lakhs)—compared with £295,000 (Rs. 39.08 lakhs) in 1945-46.

Besides, grants towards the international work of the British Council totalled over £3,000,000 (Rs. 3.99 crores)—compared with over £1,000,000 (Rs. 1.33 crores) in 1945-46; and to the U.N.E.S.C.O., £154,000 (Rs. 20.41 lakhs)—compared with £10,836 (Rs. 1.44 lakhs) in the corresponding period.

These figures leave no doubt of the immense support which all forms of cultural activity—museums, art galleries, libraries, music schools, dramatic art and archaeology, etc. are omitted in the above list, although all draw further grants from State funds—are receiving in Britain today from Government grants.

The aim, in all cases, is to place in the hands of independent bodies of men and women the means to stimulate cultural progress in the remotest villages and to enable everyone in Britain to enjoy and contribute to this progress.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

Typical of these bodies is the Arts Council of Great Britain set up in 1940 and permanently established under Royal Charter in

1946. Although the Council is responsible to Parliament for the expenditure of its annual Treasury grant it is otherwise entirely independent. Through its regional offices the Council has helped the formation of arts clubs throughout Britain and has set up art centres which act as centres for musical and dramatic programmes, exhibitions, etc.

After the war, in place of canteen concerts arranged by the Council, many British factories embarked upon full-length concerts and started their own music clubs which in their turn, have received expert help from this body. Last year alone 951 symphony concerts were given by such famous orchestras as the London Philharmonic and Halle Orchestras, in association with the Council. Many companies which have become national institutions in Britain are now associated with the Council in non-profit-making tours, among them the Old Vic Theatrical Company, the Sadler's Wells Opera Company, the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, and the Ballets Jooss and Rambert.

Apart from its own art exhibitions, the Council has co-operated with the British Institute of Adult Education in extending its "Art for

the People" scheme, under which travelling art exhibitions visit remote places without their own art galleries. In collaboration with the British Council, hundreds of thousands of British people have been enabled by the Council to see unique exhibitions of Spanish paintings, Danish Domestic Design and French tapestries. The cold words of its instruction "to increase the accessibility of the fine arts to the public" have been translated into vivid enthusiasm and creative leisure in a thousand places.

A FULLER LIFE

Under the influence of enlightened State patronage many independent pioneering ventures have been launched—a mobile theatre to take a non-profit-making repertory company round small towns and villages in four vehicles which can be converted to a theatre for 200, is only one example.

At the other end of the scale is the Government decision to grant up to £1,000,000 (Rs. 1.33 crores) towards a British National Theatre in London. It is this noble company which is now joined by the British Film Institute, and British people will look to it—as will so many others—to enrich their enjoyment and enlarge their lives.

DAYLIGHT OPEN AIR CINEMAS IN SOVIET RUSSIA NOW

New Technique can Take Pictures to India's Rural Millions

By R. NOVITSKY

IT is possible now in Soviet Russia to see a picture in bright daylight in the open air or in a hall with windows open. The statement seems incredible since hitherto, throughout the rest of the world, it has been possible to see a film only in complete darkness. As everybody knows every chink of light is rigidly excluded from the auditorium of a cinema before the picture begins. Even a little light filtering through the screen blurs the projection and spoils the picture for the audience. How do they do it in Russia?

The idea of daylight cinemas is not new. As early as the beginning of the present century a Belgian engineer named De Mar, an Italian named Ganzini, the French brothers Posh, and a German named Zechmann tried without success to screen pictures in daylight. Experiments begun later in Russia were equally unfruitful until some time after the October Revolution of 1917 when a successful attempt was made to screen pictures in open daylight. The technique was soon perfected and to-day it is in common use throughout the U.S.S.R.

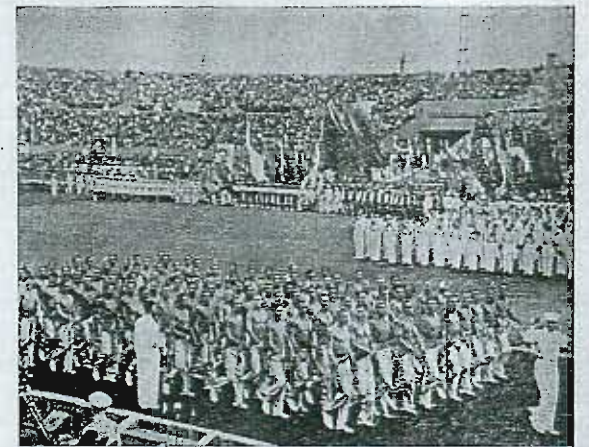
The daylight cinema is a familiar feature of Soviet life to-day, vastly increasing the appeal range of the screen, since by the new technique pictures can be shown anywhere, at any time, without need of cinemas and the special conditions required for the screening of films in the normal way. All that is needed is the projection apparatus, the screen, an open space to accommodate the

audience, and of course, the picture.

The picture as projected on the screen at these daylight cinemas is sharper and clearer if anything than it can be in the ordinary cinema, and there is the added advantage that it does not matter whether one is close to the screen, right up against it in fact, or at the furthest end from it. It is exactly the same from both viewpoints. A valuable advantage accrues from this curious fact to the exhibitor since it virtually increases his seating accommodation—and the revenue therefrom—by at least a third, or more, of the normal potential.

The process is as simple, in a manner of speaking, as Columbus's way with the apocryphal egg. The projection of the film is reflected from the actual screen to a mirror in which the audience sees it. It is as simple as that!

The screen, invisible to the audience, is in darkness, completely protected from all light except that of the projector. The space from the projector to the real screen is protected on all sides with light-proof cloth lined with black velvet. The projector is fitted with short-focus lenses thus reducing the distance between the film and its projection by as much as two-thirds of the normal distance in



The March Past of athletes. A scene from the Soviet film "Triumph of Youth" released in India through Messrs. Diamond Pictures Ltd.

COME UP AND SEE ME.....!

Once upon a time a very well-known American attended the unveiling of a marble memorial to himself. After the ceremony, a very voluptuous young lady approached him and said: "Do you know, I have come 700 miles to see the unveiling of your bust?"

"Young lady," said the great man with an approving glance, "I would travel three times that distance to see yours."

KNOCK! KNOCK!

A very sophisticated traveller, on a long journey, was obliged to share a railway sleeping compartment with a lady.

Choosing the upper bunk he was soon asleep and began to snore very loudly, much to the annoyance of the lady in the lower bunk.

At last she could stand it no longer. Taking up her shoe, she rapped loudly on the floor of the upper bunk. It had no effect. Indignantly she rapped again, this time much louder.

The snoring stopped and then a head appeared over the side of the top bunk.

"Lady," said the traveller, "I heard you quite well the first time, but I am afraid that you are doomed to disappointment. I am not coming down."

the average auditorium and greatly sharpening the picture on the screen.

Placed at a suitable angle with the screen, a mirror, framed in very dark or black velvet, reflects the picture to the eyes of the audience. That is the process reduced to the simplest terms. A variety of technical devices are employed as demanded by the laws of optics to secure for the audience the truest and clearest reflection of the film in the mirror which has the added advantage, already mentioned, of eliminating altogether the effect of distance from the screen in the normal cinema in regard to the clearness of the projection from the viewpoint of the audience. Without the use of the mirror, daylight screening of pictures would, of course, be quite impossible.



Dinkar D. Patel the famous Marathi playwright who completed Winayak's "Mandir" has now announced his own independent production. Stand-by for sensations!

MR. AND MRS. SMITH!

To advertise the safety of their services, the management of a well-known airline announced that they would allow the wives of business men to travel with their husbands free of cost.

The idea proved a great success, and some time later a letter was sent to the wives asking whether they had enjoyed the trip. From ninety-five per cent came back a baffled reply: "What aeroplane trip?"

The perfection of this device in Soviet Russia has evoked a vast amount of discussion and controversy both in Russia and abroad. A large amount of highly interesting literature has sprung up about it and much, and considerably more interesting, speculation in regard to the possibilities it opens up in the fields of national propaganda and mass education, has been aroused by it. Many sceptics have expressed the view in the press outside of Russia that daylight screening of pictures is not possible. The fact remains that it has been done in Russia and that millions of Russians are now able to see films in broad daylight in the open air and that they find the projection so good that they are beginning almost to take it as a matter of course.

The critics' objections that projection is poor, that double images appear on the screen, that nothing can be seen from the sides of the "auditorium", and that the plant is too large for accommodation in the average theatre, are absurd and unfounded. The apparatus is actually smaller in size, the projection is three times sharper and clearer, and by equalising the image at all distances and angles from the "screen" (really the mirror), it adds to the seating capacity of the auditorium, if utilised in a theatre, besides making it possible to take films to the masses on a scale hitherto undreamed of by the most enthusiastic advocates of visual instruction. As a means of wiping out illiteracy and inculcating the principles of democracy among India's four hundred backward millions, to say nothing of the many more, urgent needs of official propaganda in a country like ours, this daylight cinema



Veteran trouper Nana Palsikar star of Rajkamat's "Banwasi" is now busy giving the finishing touches to his own independent production at Bombay Talkies Studios.

idea has possibilities of paramount interest and importance to our Government.

Other advantages are that the use of the mirror eliminates eye strain, of which filmgoers frequently complain, wipes out the innumerable discomforts filmgoers undergo in the stuffy atmosphere of so-called picture palaces, and enables the showing of films literally anywhere, in trains, parks, camps, villages and fields.

In regard to teaching, the advantages of this daylight screening of pictures, should be obvious from both the teacher's and the pupil's points of view. Definitely the technique and the facts speak for themselves, and are worthy of the closest study by our own authorities in India who have before them a programme of such vast fully engaged for many years to come.

BACKGROUND TO THE ADS

A READY REFERENCE GUIDE TO WHAT OUR ADVERTISERS INTEND TO SAY

RANJIT: Ranjit's spectacular mythological "Jai Hanuman" is going great guns wherever released. The R. Thakur directed film features P. Kailas, Keshav Purohit, Babu Raje, S. N. Tripathi and Nirupa Roy in spot roles. Back at the studios several pictures are in various stages of progress. Director Taimur Badshah has completed the shooting of "Bhool Bhoolaiya" a musical comedy starring Agha San and Zeb Kureshi. Director Prahlad Dutt is progressing fast with his assignment untitled so far. Sashikala, Agha Jan and Satish play the leading roles in it. In the meanwhile several pictures are awaiting release, prominent among them being: "Mitte ke Khiloune", "Kaun Hamara," "Lakhan Me Ek", "Duniya Ek Sarai".

FAIRYLAND MOTION PICTURES: These go-ahead distributors have bagged some of the finest shows of the season. They are: Punjab Film Corporation's "Heer-Ranjha" starring Mumtaz Shanti, "Chand Sitare" a musical starring Manorama, Jeevan and Rajan Haksar; "Rasili" featuring Kanhaiyalal and Radha Rani.

PUNJAB FILM CORPORATION: Wali Sahib the famous lyricist cum Producer—Director has once again rolled up his sleeves for yet another gigantic venture. It's titled "Putli" and has a dynamic theme exposing the black-marketeers. It's timely and topical and all those who have heard the story are of the unanimous opinion that Government should exempt it from entertainment tax as it will help the Gov-

ernment in its campaign against corruption. Mumtaz Shanti and Yakub are co-starred in this film.

TAJ MAHAL PICTURES: Their fourth production "Chandni Raat" starring Naseem, Shyam, Ullhas, David and a host of other favourites is well nigh complete. Shakil Badayuni's songs set to music by Naushad is reported to be the highlight of this film written by Agha Jani Kashmiri and directed by Producer Ehsan himself.

JAIMANI DEWAN PRODUCTIONS: Producer Jaimani Dewan the super-showman is back with his bag of tricks and his new film "Lahore" has already created a stir in cine-circles. This sensational film which is now fast progressing on the sets at Bombay Talkies Studios features Nargis and Karan Dewan in spot roles. Direction has been entrusted to the talented M. L. Anand while the musical score is in the capable hands of Shyam Sunder.

HALDIA NANDA PRODUCTIONS: The production of their very first venture "Singhar" is now in full swing at Shree Sound Studios. Suraiya, Madhubala, Jairaj, K. N. Singh and Durga Khote are some of the top-notchers featured in this film directed by J. K. Nanda. Madhok, Shakil Badayuni and Nakshab are responsible for the lyrics while Khurshid Anwar is in charge of music.

PRAKASH STUDIOS: Their long awaited film "Ram Baan" is at last on the screen and need we add here that it has already become the talk of the town? This Vijay Bhatt-directed film stars

Shobhana Samarth and Prem Adib and is in true Prakash tradition—Colossal!

NATIONAL THEATRES: Director S. K. Ojha the talented young director who stormed the box-office with his very first directorial assignment "Doli" and followed it up with yet another dynamic film namely "Nai Reet" is leaving no stone unturned to make the Asif-production "Hal Chai" a hit of hits. Sitara, Nargis and Dilip Kumar make an interesting threesome in this film now fast progressing on the sets. In the meanwhile elaborate preparations are under way for their next venture "Bhagat Singh".

CALCUTTA FILM EXCHANGE: New Theatres "Anjan-garh" which had its release through them has already taken Bombay by storm. This dynamic film featuring several newcomers is in



Versatile Nirimal Kumar is reported to have excelled himself in "Dr. Shyam", now awaiting release at Bombay.

the true N. T. traditions kudos for its unprecedented success should rightly go to youngster Bimal Roy who made his sensational debut as a director in "Anjagarh".

RATAN PICTURES: One of the most talked of films now under production is showman Sadiq's "Char Din" which presents Suraiya in an exciting new role and novel costumes. Randhir Shyam and Jayant are some more favourites featured in this film based on a story by Azm Bazid-puri.

JAGAT PICTURES: Their "Veena" which had its gala release at two theatres simultaneously in Bombay is still drawing huge audiences. It is also going great guns at Sholapur while it awaits release at Baroda and Ahmedabad. In the meanwhile the title of their second production has been changed from "Titlian" to "Sunhere Din". The picture has an imposing cast led by Rehana, Raj Kapoor, Nigar, Roop Kamal and

Mohana. Songs have been composed by Madhok while music is in the capable hands of Jnan Datt. Satish Nigam the director is leaving no stone unturned to make "Sunhere Din" a hit of hits.

MANSAROVAR PICTURES: Madhok the famous lyricist has once again donned the directorial robes and his new film "Nao" is from all indications turning out to be a truly dramatic film. Its dynamic theme exposes graphically the evils of drinking and has been very much appreciated by all who had seen the early rushes. Nigar, Jairaj and Pt. Badriprasad head the cast of this film. Produced and directed by Madhok.

MADHUBAN: From all indications their first venture "Surajmukhi" is turning out to be a swell show. Prominent among the celebrities arrayed for this picture are: Rehana, Pran, Mumtaz Ali, Ram Singh, Nihal and Durga Khotc. The brains behind this venture is Laxmi Prasad the live-

wire producer. The picture is being directed by D. Mukerjee and is now fast progressing on the sets at M & T. Studios.

MADHUKAR PICTURES: Their contribution to the year's screen fare is "Bazar" a merry musical and a worthy successor to their all-time hit "Mirza Sahiban". Nigar, Shyam and Gope are some of the several stars featured in this picture. Produced by M. R. Navalkar and directed by hit-maker Amarnath.

HINDUSTAN ART PRODUCTIONS: Nisbat is the title of their new film now nearing completion at Calcutta. Yakub, Munawar Sultana and Jyoti are three of the several favourites cast in this film. Directed by Shamsuddin the veteran showman.

FILMISTAN LTD.: Now in the forefront of production with one hit following another with almost mathematical precision. These enterprising distributors have announced "Sanwariya" as their next

release. The picture which is booked as the next change at Roxy is reported to be a delightful musical with Santoshi's lyrics and C. Ramchandra's music. The picture was directed by N. A. Mansuri and stars new find Hafeez Jehan, a debutante, along with Rehman and Veera. The picture has an excellent supporting cast which includes popular veterans like Leela Misra, S. L. Puri, Haroon and Hamid Butt.

AMBICA FILMS: Ambica's ambitious production "Anokha Pyar" is well nigh complete and director M. I. Dharamsy is busy giving the finishing touches. By the time Sound is out it will be in the editing rooms. Nargis and Dileep Kumar share the title roles of this enchanting film.

SUPER TEAM FEDERAL: Super's super entertainer "Meri Kahani" is proving itself to be an amazing money-spinner. At Kanpur it is running in its 6th week and is still going strong. Munawar Sultana and Surendra are its chief stars. In the meanwhile Sharaf, Keki and Sawant are busy with the paperwork of their forthcoming production.

NAVBHARAT PICTURES: Dr. Sinha is working overtime on the script of Navbharat's second venture untitled so far. It is reported that he is signing up big names for this film which will soon go on the sets. In the meanwhile Mr. Jashbhai Patel is making elaborate preparations for the release of Navbharat's first offering "Didi".

VIRENDRA CHITRA: Virendra's prize show "Jagruti" starring Ravikant and Mohana awaits release. Mr. Manohar Ghatwai its director however, is busy with the paperwork of Virendra's second venture. Mr. Amodia the ace publicist is in charge of the lavish publicity campaign for this picture.

CAIFEE PICTURES: Their very first film is almost complete and has a brilliant array of stars and starlets in its cast.

ALAM ART PRODUCTIONS: Their "Angan" is now in the editing rooms. Elaborate preparations are under way for its gala premiere. In the meanwhile Dr. Alam is busy with the preliminaries of Alam Art's third film which of course will be directed by himself.

MOHAN PICTURES: At their gigantic studios several films are under various stages of progress. Chief among them are the thrillers: "Rup Basant", "Black Terror", "Jadui Sindoor" and "Policewali" Ramesh Pictures "Chakori", Pratibha Pictures new film starring Munawar Sultana, State Productions Tamil film and Kalakar Chitra's "Prakash" are some of the films now under production at this studio.

BINA PRODUCTIONS: Their first venture is christened "Ghagra" and is nearly complete. Rooprani and Arvind Kumar are co-starred in this swell entertainer directed by B. R. Mudhnancy.

KARNATAK FILM CORPORATION: They make their bow with "Ichha" or "Desire" a dynamic film featuring Sufia Sultana, Kailashchandra, Mumtaz Moti, Ratanpiya, Kesari and Roshanara Begum. The picture is being directed by B. T. Gadagkar.

KAMAL KUNJ CHITRA: Producer S. Ranjits colourful musical "Amar Kahani" is now fast nearing completion. Suraiya, Jairaj, Ranjana, Raj Mehra and Narbada Shankar are some of the several top-notchers featured in this dramatic film now being directed by Bhatiji Sharma. The lyrics are from the pen of Rajendra Krishan while the musical score is provided by Bhagatram the famous maestro.

KALA NIKETAN: Their "Bapu-ne-Kahatha" is reported to be a sort of revue of the political upheavals following the passing of the Quit India resolution. It also depicts on the screen graphically a true and dynamic application of the Gandhian philosophy. Producer N. L. Jalan is taking keen



Madhusudan Acharya whose ambitious production "Kinara" is now fast progressing on the sets at Bombay. He also plays a key role in this film.

interest in the production and is personally supervising its progress on the sets. The main roles have been assigned to Paresah Bannerji, Mira Mishra, Pahari Sanyal, Sunder, Hiralal, Bupen Kapoor, Kamal Mishra, Rirkoo, Suktidhara and Prithidhara. Besides the technical side of this ennobling film too is in the capable hands of skilful technicians like G. K. Mehta, cameraman; Charu Roy, art-director and S. Bannerji sound recordist. The musical score is by Chinnoy Roy while the lyrics are by Ramchandra "Ansu". The film is being edited by A. K. Chatterjee. The picture is now in the final stages. "British Samraj-Ke Antim Din" is the title of their next venture.

UMA PRODUCTIONS: One of the most talked of films at Calcutta is Uma's "Samapti" based on a famous Tagore play. Bharati and Talat Moberd are its stars while the musical score is in the capable hands of Timir Baran. "Samapti" is now complete and need we add here that it will prove itself to be a big box-office attraction when released.

IT'S AS GLORIOUS A CHAPTER IN INDIAN FILM INDUSTRY AS THE INCIDENTS IT DEPICTS ARE IN INDIAN HISTORY—
 WAS THE SPONTANEOUS VERDICT OF THE PRESS
 — THE PUBLIC—THE INDUSTRY



PRAKASH'S
 Magnificent Mythological Miracle



Director
VIJAY BHATT'S
 HUMBLE OFFERING



SHOBHANA SAMARTH - PREM ADIB - UMAKANT
 AMIR KARNATAKI, BHUJBAL SINGH, RAM SINGH, PRAVINA PAUL
 LEELA MISRA, RAJADIB and CHANDRAMOHAN as RAVAN.

Story—
MOHANLAL DAVE
 Dialogues: **PT. GISHI**
 Songs: **PT. INDRA**
NILKANTH TIWARI & MOTI B.A.

Art: **KANU DESAI**
 Music: **SHANKERRAO VYAS**

RAMBAAN

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— AN EVERGREEN RELEASE —

I. N. A. PICTURES: Encouraged by the success of their Bengali hit "Swayam Siddha" they are now busy with its Hindi version. Directed by Shyam Das the film presents Shanta Apte, Molina, Gitashree, Samar Roy, Amarnath, Hiralal, Bipin Gupta and Bhupendra Kapoor. The music is handled by Prafulla Chakrabarty and was supervised by the famous maestro Anil Biswas. People who attended a preview of this film are of the unanimous opinion that it has got what it takes to be a hit of hits.

GREAT EASTERN MOVIE-TONE: Their spectacular film "Lalita" in the Oriya language is drawing huge crowds wherever released. The Hindi version of this film will soon go on the sets. Raj Kumar Singh Dev on the other hand is busy with yet another Hindi film now on the sets at Calcutta.

NEW INDIA THEATRES: The brains behind this venture is Madhusudan Acharya the celebrated musician. His very first venture is titled "Kinara" and is now fast progressing on the sets at Central Studios. The story is from the pen of Prabhulal Dwivedi while the songs have been composed by Nilakanth Tiwari. The musical score is by Mr. Madhusudan Acharya himself. Geeta Bali, Madhusudan Acharya, Sharda, S. Nazir, Pande, Kanta, Jamu Patel and Ramsingh are some of the luminaries that head the imposing cast of this film. What's more Bismilla Khan the famous Shehnai player is appearing on the screen for the very first time.

ALLIED ART PRODUCTIONS: Mr. R. D. Mathur's ambitious production "Gajre" has just been censored and is now awaiting release. Chief amongst its galaxy of stars are Suraiya, Motilal and Geeta Nizami. In the meanwhile Mr. Mathur has just completed the paperwork of his next venture "Lahrein" which will feature Suraiya in the feminine lead. His



Paresh Bannerji the celebrated Bengali star plays the lead in Roopkulu Niketan's inspiring film "Bapu ne kahatha".

able lieutenant Nasim is also assisting him in his new venture. "Har-Singhar" is yet another title announced by this enterprising firm and will be directed by Mr. Mahesh Kaul.

R. K. FILMS: Mr. Raj Kapoor who took a flying start with his maiden venture "Aag" has just completed the paperwork of "Barsat" his next. At the moment he is busy with the music rehearsals.

AKASH CHITRA: They make their debut as producers with "Lal Dupatta" an entertaining film which is running to crowded houses at the local Opera House. Madhubala is reported to have excelled herself in this swell entertainer. On the other hand showman K. B. Lal is busy with the preliminaries of his new venture "Angrai" featuring Madhubala.

FILM LAND LTD: The teachings of Mahatma Gandhi, the apostle of Truth and Non-violence is the subject of Film Land's

"Message of Mahatma Gandhi" now being produced on a lavish scale by Muzammil Khurshid. The staggering cast of this film is headed by such top-notchers as Leela Chitnis, Muzammil, Shashikala, Zillolaji etc. The story is from the pen of Begum Muzammil while the screen play is by Zabak and R. A. Khan. The picture is being produced and directed by Mr. Muzammil Khurshid who is also playing the leading role in this film. Their next is "Chamki" which is scheduled to go on the sets soon.

RAJKAMAL KALAMANDIR: All eyes are once again focussed on a new Rajkamal production. It's "Apna Desh" a Dewan Sharan story now being directed by V. Shantaram. In this film Pushpa a Shantaram discovery makes her sensational debut and it is said that she is shades better than even veteran artistes. What's more she is reported to be a swell crooner too. Umesh Sharma, Manmohan and Keshavrao Date are some more notables in the cast.

PRE-FAB TECHNIQUE IN FILM PRODUCTION

One of Britain's leading film producing organisations has introduced a system of pre-planning and pre-staging to build up, using doubles, a framework consisting of all backgrounds which exist independently of the main action to be performed later by the named actors and actresses. In this country the system first employed experimentally and without the essential pre-planning by Uday Shankar in his glorious flop, the film "Kal-Pana." It is worth earnest study by Indian producers and directors.

By H. H. Wollenberg

THE rising cost of film production since World War II is today the most serious problem facing producers. Everywhere costs have been rising steadily, and producers have been trying to find ways of solving this all-important problem. Britain has not escaped, and if she is to retain her newly-found reputation as one of the foremost film production countries, an answer has to be found.

And now after a good deal of research, some members of the film industry in Britain believe they have solved the problem. Their solution is nothing less than a revolution in production methods, and although not each of its items may be new, the system as a whole is entirely novel. It is the independent frame system, the result of many months of hard work spent in the laboratories and studios of the Film Research Department of Production Facilities Limited, a branch of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation. Its initiator is David Rawnsley, hitherto known as one of the

finest art directors in Britain's film studios, who was helped by a team of picked specialists.

Once the basic idea had been worked out, this team produced their first experimental film, "Under the Frozen Falls". The production was so successful that now a new film unit, Aquila Productions Limited, has been formed, which will make only independent frame pictures.

THREE FILMS

Three films are now already in production under Donald Wilson, who worked with Rawnsley on "Under the Frozen Falls". The unit's first picture is "Warning to Wantons", from the novel by Mary Mitchell, and a location unit under Fred Wilson—editor of "Under the Frozen Falls"—has just returned from shooting exteriors in the Estrella Mountains in Portugal. Production is now continuing on the floor of one of the largest stages at Pinewood Studios, near London. The second picture will be "Floodtide", a story of Clydeside, Scotland's shipbuilding district.

Under the independent frame system producers will be able to do away with everything that is not absolutely essential in the production of a film. It will ensure that producers can adhere strictly to their budgets, whereas before, although costs had always been worked out to the smallest detail they frequently rose as production went ahead. It will speed up production to a degree which will allow almost double the number of films hitherto produced to be turned out. And—and this is an important point—the independent frame system will ensure that the best possible service is available to the creative minds working on the film from the moment a subject is decided upon until the film is finished.

SPEEDS UP PRODUCTION

This last point makes it clear that although the independent frame is designed to speed up production, it will sacrifice none of the quality which has so distinguished Britain's film production in recent years.

And what is this system? It is based on the pre-planning of every detail in the production of a picture and the pre-staging of all scenes in which the facial details of the principal actors are not recognisable. This means, for instance, that all outside scenes where the height of the characters is no more than one-third to one-half of that of the screen, will be shot with doubles. This allows for the inexpensive production of several language versions of a film,



Bharati the talented star of unpteen hits is currently starred in Uma Productions' "Samapti" We regret we mentioned her as Sunanda in the last issue.



A dramatic sequence from Noble Art Productions' "Dil Ki Duniya" featuring Mazhar Khan, Munawar Sultana and Agha Jan.

after which the framework can be sent abroad and actors to fit the doubles cast on the spot.

In addition, pre-staging will include the shooting of suitable scenes as backgrounds for any action supposed to occur on location. The virtues of this are that by taking only doubles and extras on location, there are no expensive actors to be kept waiting for the sun to shine—an important consideration. Interiors can be pre-staged in the same manner. The greatest possible use, too, of all forms of process work such as

back-projection and so on will be made, so that only the minimum amount of settings has to be built. This secures the economic staging of background material.

To sum up, independent frame means that before production starts on the studio floor, an independent framework is built up, a framework consisting of all backgrounds except the minimum which have to be built, a framework which exists independently of the main action to be performed later by the named actors and actresses in the studio.

"The paper says that the victim was shot by his wife at very close range."

"Ah, then there must have been powder marks on the clothing."

"Sure, that's why she's shot him."

"I've broken my glasses," said a sweet young thing, as she entered the oculist's consulting room. "Do I have to be examined all over again?"

"No," sighed the oculist, "just your eyes."

"Mother," said the young daughter, "I advertised under a different name that I would like to make the acquaintance of a refined gentleman with an eye to romance."

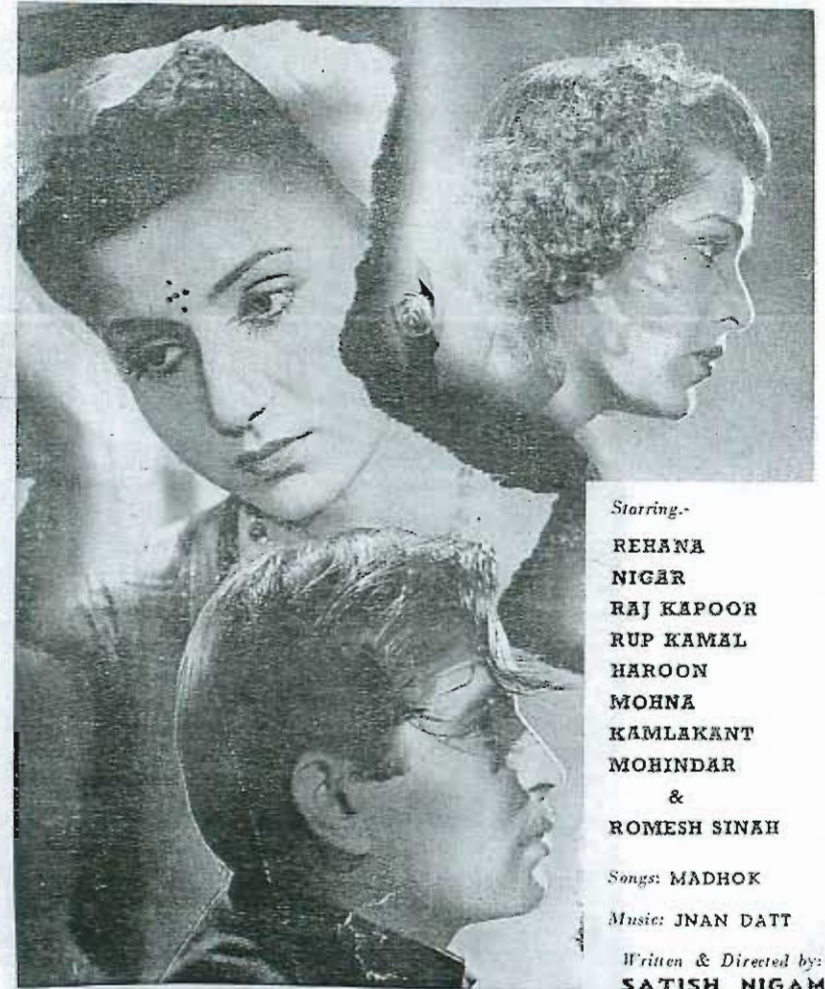
"How disgraceful!" gasped the horrified parent, "Did you get any answers?"

"Only one—from father!"

ANNOUNCEMENT

JAGAT PICTURES have the pleasure to announce that the title of their Production No 2, has been changed from

TITLIAN TO "SUNEHRE DIN"



Starring-

REHANA

NIGAR

RAJ KAPOOR

RUP KAMAL

HAROON

MOHNA

KAMLAKANT

MOHINDAR

&

ROMESH SINHA

Songs: MADHOK

Music: JNAN DATT

Written & Directed by:
SATISH NIGAM

For Particulars contact:- JAGAT PICTURES, 10, USHAKIRAN, DINEHA WACHA ROAD, FORT BOMBAY

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