

tala. I will stake my life that nothing will happen to you." Wasn't this his lucky day that for the first time he had a chance to talk to such a famous heroine? "Who knows," he thought, "to-morrow I may be standing there by her side instead of Deep Kumar!"

Reassured, Miss Shakuntala agreed to go through the 'shot', the rehearsal was O.K.'d., whistles 'slew, "Silence! Silence!" was shouted and the doors clanged shut.

"Sound start!"

Two whistles from the Sound trunk.

"Camera! Clap!"

The camera which was mounted on a crane slowly went back and up from a close-up of Miss Shakuntala to a top angle long-shot. And, as it were, hanging from the ceiling forty feet high up, clinging to the plank with one hand and supporting the heavy light with the other, Kundan was thinking, "This is my shot. . . . mine, mine! But for me it could never have been taken like this." But the veins were beginning to swell in his right arm because of the weight it was supporting, while the left hand was getting atrophied.

The strain and the tension had caused perspiration to break on his forehead. Miss Shakuntala's words were still ringing in his ear, "Who will be responsible if this light falls on me?" When he looked downwards everything on the 'set'—lights, camera, artists, technicians, furniture—appeared to be going round in a dizzy circle.

Slowly Miss Shakuntala raised her head and looked up—towards God, towards Kundan! The light was falling direct into her eyes. So she could not see Kundan but he could see her. How beautifully angelic she looked in her simple white sari which framed her face like a halo.

For a moment Kundan forgot that he was holding on to a heavy light directly over Miss Shakun-



This tough looking guy is Nawab a promising new artiste currently featured in Ratan Pictures' "Char Din".

tala's pretty head. The balance of the thin and narrow plank was dangerously upset and Kundan was almost thrown over. Luckily the ropes held and, though rudely shaken, Kundan was able to keep his grip. If only his hand had slipped a fraction of an inch from the rope, both he and the light would have been sent hurtling through space, and Miss Shakuntala would have been no more. Even though that grim tragedy was averted by the merest margin, the very thought of it sent a shiver through his body. But his grip on the rope tightened till the nails dug into his palms—and he managed to hold on without mishap.

The shot continued and, not knowing how close to death she had been, Shakuntala went on speaking the lines of her dialogues: "Oh, Bhagwan, give me strength to follow Sunder on his path of duty." But for a few light coolies—and the ever-vigilant Sethji—no one knew that Kundan almost gave his life for this particular shot.

The shot was over.

"Cut!" shouted the director.

"How's that for sound?"

"O. K."

"O. K."

"O. K."

Director Basu was happy and was congratulating Shakuntala. Chandubhai was happy and was telling his Assistant that lighting effects were his speciality. Shakuntala was happy and telling Deep Kumar that she believed in losing herself completely in the mood of the scene. "Even if that heavy light had fallen on me and killed me, I wouldn't have known it." Little did she know what a narrow escape she had had.

It was the last shot of the day—and of the picture. Everyone was leaving. Kundan climbed down and was surprised to see that Sethji was waiting for him.

"What's your name, boy?" he asked.

"Sethji, I am Kundan."

"Shabash! You seem to be a young man of guts. I have seen what you did—you saved Miss Shakuntala's life."

"That was my duty, Sethji. . . ."

"What reward would you like to have? Speak, boy, speak. How much?"

How long he had waited for just this opportunity. He would say see this! He would say see that! "Sethji, I want to be an actor. I know I can be an actor, better than your Deep Kumar, better than any other star you have. Just give me a chance. . . . just one. . . ."

But now he could not say a word. He was tongue-tied with embarrassment. So it was Sethji who spoke.

"All right, meet me to-morrow in the office. I will see that you are duly rewarded and, may be I can give you some other special work, too."

And when he emerged from the studio, Kundan felt as if he had stepped into the promised land of opportunity.

(Next Month: You are introduced to the heroine.)

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TALKING POINTS



ing editors in trouble with the imperialist government. On more than one occasion he defended us before the Press Advisory Committee, whenever SOUND was hauled up. Our sincere condolences to Mrs. Brelvi and other members of the bereaved family.

SINCE the advent of freedom, more and more public interest is being taken in our NATIONAL army. We shall try to reflect that interest in our pages. "The Indian Soldier" by Abbas which we published some months ago, was the first step in this direction. G. K. Muthana's profile of General Cariappa, our first INDIAN C-In-C will be followed by other articles which will be of interest not only to the officers and men in the armed forces but also to the general readers who want to know more about our "Jai Hind Jawans."

OUR first 'talking point' this month is a sigh of grief for the passing away of Syed Abdullah Brelvi, a great editor and a great man who also happened to be a great friend of SOUND. He used to regularly advise us about 'ticklish' and 'on-the-margin' articles which, from 1942 to 1945, were constantly land-

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POINTS

OUR new feature, "Stars On Stars," has aroused considerable interest and comment in film circles. This month P. Jairaj writes about Nargis. Next month Dilip Kumar will write on... Just wait!

TO introduce a new writer appearing for the first time in our pages—Eul Bhushan, only recently out of college, is the youngest son of Pandit Sudershan, the well-known Hindi writer and screenplaywright. His stories and articles have been appearing regularly in several popular papers. You will hear from him in our subsequent issues.

BEJOY GOEL, writing from Patna, says about our December issue: "I picked up a copy with the mere intention of skimming over some of the pictures. My train was

yet to come, so I peeped at your editorial. I bought the copy feeling quite satisfied that the editorial itself well justified the price of the whole magazine. I could not help but re-read the editorial. Before I found that I had been right through the magazine and literally was thoroughly absorbed and engaged by it I have now decided to subscribe regularly to "Sound"....."

A sound decision, Reader Goal! Thanks—and hope you didn't miss that train.

MANY film stars have made a similar New Year decision—to regularly subscribe to SOUND!

The stars, too, are human—and SOUND at heart.

AND what do you, fair reader, think of YOUR SOUND... We mean you... you and YOU...

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to Beauty's aid!

AFGHAN



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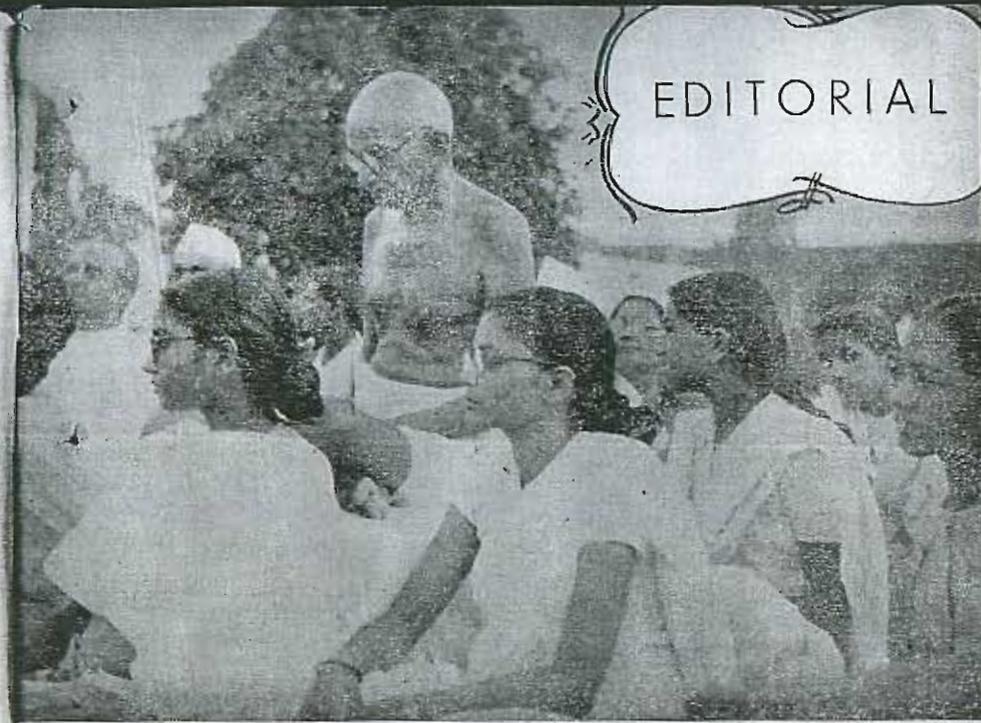


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EDITORIAL



THE MAHATMA'S MESSAGE AND THE PEOPLE'S DUTY

A SORROWFUL nation observed the first anniversary of Gandhiji's death in earnest thought over the appeals of its leaders for remembrance of his teaching and example and for sincere endeavour to express both in every activity trivial, important, big and small. What did Gandhiji teach? What was the example he set? Are we bound to follow that teaching and example? To what extent have we done so? How far short have we fallen? If the teaching and example are good in themselves, are they good in the present state and condition of the world and society, are they good for the individual man as well as for man in society, for man in the mass, for all mankind?

Upon the answer to these questions depend the whole force and validity of the leaders' appeal to the nation to live by the Mahatma's message, and its force as the rule of life which in future must govern the existence and direct the outlook of every one of us individually, and of the nation as a whole. If what Gandhiji taught is good in itself, it is good for the individual, good for the nation, good for the world. If it is right at all it is right for all: which makes it obligatory for us individually, and as a nation, to accept the teaching of Gandhiji, and of course to live in accordance with it, once we agree that it is right. Incidentally, and with equal force, it makes it obligatory upon us, not only to

live according to it ourselves, but to carry it to all who do not know it, and to persuade those who know it, but do not accept it, to live by it. If we know what is right we are bound to teach it to those who do not. That is a major human obligation, as the Gurus and the Rishis knew of old.

Let us consider what it is that Gandhiji taught, what was the example he set for our instruction and imitation. Everybody is agreed that, in one word, it is Non-violence. As Gandhiji taught and lived it, Non-violence is no passive quality, no mere negative lack of action, but active love and service of our fellow beings. Expressed in terms of human conduct, Non-violence is love and service aimed

at producing a just and proper distribution of satisfaction among all around us—making everybody happy, in short. The ideal expression, then, of Gandhiji's teaching is universal love, leading to universal service, producing universal happiness. The ideal did not originate with Gandhiji. Christ proclaimed it long ago, and many other great souls of mahatmic vision have taught it and lived it at various times in all parts of the world. The lesson is a simple one: Love one another: that is Non-violence in the positive form which Gandhiji taught: Serve one another: that is Non-violence in active expression. The sum of his teaching is to render justice to all in equal measure, and it is based upon the fundamental, universally recognised fact that all men are born equal and are entitled to equal justice.

We may now inquire if Gandhiji himself practised what he preached, if he lived as he taught. The answer comes from four hundred million countrymen that he did. They saw him do it with their eyes. They knew it in their lives. He did unquestionably, and the whole world has recognised that he

did, and that he did for a considerable portion of his life, certainly for the last three decades of it. He loved not only his own people but even those who may have been described as his enemies because they wielded the power from whose yoke he freed the country. In fact, he loved all men, his own people and others, with a love that knew no difference of any kind for any reason whatsoever. He loved and served all alike. He was just to all in the same degree, making no difference between one man and another. Harijan and Brahmin, commoner and king, Indian and foreigner, white, black, brown and yellow, they were all one to him, children of one father, born alike, to die alike, to live and to be loved alike.

Gandhiji proclaimed this creed in his teaching and lived it in his life. He did so before our eyes within our daily and continuous knowledge. He did it in such humility, and with such firm and fearless fervour of conviction and expression that he won the respect of his entire people, even of others who disagreed with him, who imprisoned him, and he converted millions of his people to his way

of living, and many more millions among his people and others in the world to admiration of his way of thinking even though they were not prepared to follow him in his way of living. It may be added here that Gandhiji also died for his teaching and example, because his assassin has confessed that it was on account of Gandhiji's universal, indiscriminating love of mankind, because of his insistence upon equal justice for all alike, that he assassinated him.

We now come to an important link in our chain of reasoning: our duty to practise the lesson of Gandhiji. Are we bound in any degree to accept his teaching, to follow his example, to live as he did? To what degree? Is it a sound philosophy in the present state of the world? Will it do any good if we do? Harm if we don't? The question to be asked in matters of ethics, is not whether some course of conduct is sound in a given set of circumstances, but simply whether it is sound in itself, whether it is right or wrong as a principle of human conduct.

The question may be asked here: what makes a thing right or wrong? Individuals can think different views things from angles merely different, but radically opposite. They do. Truth, it has been said, has a thousand faces. So on and so on. All of which is rank sophistry. Truth has one face. Truth is one. Truth is universal. And all men know it in their bones. What is Truth? asked jesting Pilate and waited not for an answer. He didn't have to. Pilate knew. Every one knows. There is only one Right, one Truth. The touchstone is Justice in the balance of human relations, for human society, in all its infinite, incredible variety, is the origin and goal, the whole *metier* and complete plane of Morality, which is Ethics in operation. If then you wish to know what is Right, you have merely to know what is Just. What is Just, and it alone, is Right.



This historic Conference is a fore-runner of a period of close co-operation between our respective countries" said Pandit Nehru addressing the final session of the Asian Conference on Indonesia.

From this viewpoint, Gandhiji's behest of Non-violence, which, as he showed in his life, means to love and serve our fellow-beings as we do ourselves, in other words to act justly by them, is the perfect way of living. It is, therefore, the right way of living, and accordingly the only way to live. It is easy to realise that, if everybody lived in the observance of that principle, the world would be ideally happy and beautiful, perfect in fact. If all men were Gandhis, the world would come nearest perfection. Therefore, to be like Gandhi, as near as possible, is not merely a sound principle; it is the only principle, and it should be the fundamental principle of every Indian, of every human being. Perfectly observed by every man it would secure justice to every human creature, and Justice being the original right of every man it follows that it is our bounden duty to strive our utmost to be as like Gandhiji as possible, to accept his teaching and to practise it in our lives. It does not matter whether the rest of the world does it. If we accept that it is the right way of living, and we have seen that it is, that is enough to make it our duty to adopt it. The con-

clusion is clear and definite. We are bound to accept Gandhiji's doctrine of Non-violence, and to follow the example he set us in his life. Upon us there is a double obligation to do it, since Gandhiji was an Indian, and lived and died among us, having devoted his life to teaching his doctrine to us, and left us to be its heirs and its apostles to the rest of the world.

We may now consider what precisely is the real substance of Gandhiji's teaching. What is the doctrine he enjoined upon us, what is its essence? Obviously, we must isolate the essence of his doctrine. We must differentiate the end and purpose of his teaching from the means which he devised for its attainment and propagation. The end must not be confused with the means. Means are important, but they can differ. The end is all important. It cannot alter. Men differ in infinite variety, and may and do adopt infinitely varied means to attain the same end. Indeed, of their very nature they must do so, that being the fundamental freedom of all freedoms, the basic human right, the freedom of the individual will.

The whole of Gandhiji's teaching is contained in the single term

"Non-violence", expressed, as his whole life showed, in love and service of his fellowmen, regardless of cast, race, creed, community, religion, country or colour. There you have the whole of the Mahatma's message. There is no more of it. There is no less. All the virtues necessary to the exercise of Non-violence as Gandhiji taught it are part of the doctrine and the way of living. But nothing else. Satyagraha, the use of khaddar, vegetarianism, the cleaning of latrines, the wearing of chappals and loin cloths, living with Harijans, travelling third class, eschewing the English tongue, eating poor food and abhorring alcoholic drink—these are not the doctrine and the teaching of Gandhiji, any more than mantras are holiness. They were means which Gandhiji found good, useful, even necessary, for the attainment of his end, and which in his wisdom and experience he thought were good and even necessary for us to attain the same end. But the adoption and employment by us of those means can no more make Gandhis of us than the mouthing of mantras can make holy men of us. It is the spirit that matters not the form, the active spirit of Non-violence w

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will make us love our fellowmen and serve them, as Gandhiji did, expressing the Divine in us and coming closest to the God in us. The means that were good for Gandhiji may also be good for us, for all men. But they are not necessarily so for us, for any man. They may be, probably will be, but there is not, there cannot, there must not, be any compulsion in the use of them.

This is a fundamental and vitally important truth which our leaders appear to be forgetting, and which they are ignoring, with consequences the perilous nature of which becomes more evident with every day that passes. That Gandhiji had seen the error and was alive to the peril were evident during the last few months, specially the final weeks of his life. Had he lived a decade longer he would undoubtedly have shorn his doctrine to its essentials, eschewed the accidentals and propagated a new gospel which might have saved the world another bloodbath, and would certainly have given to India and our fledgling nation an impetus in their march to progress which would have placed us in the vanguard of the nations. Which makes it all the greater pity that he was slain untimely by an assassin who must be punished, not for having murdered the Mahatma, but for his criminal stupidity which has caused the country and the world the irretrievable loss of a guide and teacher who alone of mankind today seemed to have the capacity to steer both clear of the perils and disaster that now loom over them.

For assuredly we are headed for disaster the way we are going today. So, and for similar reasons, is the world. The knowledge thereof is in men's bones everywhere. The reason we have already stated: you cannot know the right and depart from it without disaster. Gandhiji has shown us the right

way of living and the injunction to follow it is inherent in the very rightness of that Way. We depart from it at our peril, and there are signs everywhere, multiplying daily, that we are departing grievously on a grievously widening scale. Misled by our leaders we are mistaking the means for the end, grasping the shadow and forgetting the substance.

The worst of it is that the mistake may be perpetuated. That would be tragedy, indeed. For it is undeniable that there is something very rotten in the state of our country. He who runs can read it: corruption in high places; racketeering in every quarter; a gross degeneration of business morality and principle that is shocking the world and undermining our credit abroad; a greed for wealth and power that is cutting at the roots of our freedom; a misuse of order and authority that is making rebels of good citizens and bringing the administration into disrepute; a contempt that is spreading like a cancer for the basic social virtues of honesty, decency, unselfishness and obedience; and a rising intolerance that smacks wretchedly of bigotry and a fanatic religiosity which is the worse because it is all shibboleth and no soul, breeding a hypocrisy utterly destructive of all that is noblest in man. All these are evident in deplorable and disquieting efflorescence throughout the land. The humblest peasant sunk in his daily toil, the worker in the city, the housewife in her home, judge and prisoner, policeman and criminal, professional men in every walk, politicians and plain men note them and know them. They see them flourish in flaunting impunity with a cynicism that is most dangerous to the future of the country and the nation. Our leaders alone do not appear to be aware of them. At any rate they show no sign of awareness, displaying an attitude of confidence and

satisfaction too smug for comfort in such a rising flood of public corruption and national deterioration.

It is true they have no easy task. Four hundred million people are not easily ruled at any time; least of all in the first flush of inchoate enthusiasm bred by the unaccustomed draught of independence suddenly achieved after centuries of alien dominations imbued with contempt for the country's native ethos and a culture too long cut off from the flowing current of human progress which is the life blood of civilisation. Nevertheless, our leaders were given an excellent start, a most auspicious launching upon their mission as the builders of the new Indian nation. Gandhiji placed in their hands the folded allegiance of the entire Indian people submitted unquestioningly to himself. He threw upon them the mantle of his personal authority. He appointed them the apostles among us of his gospel of Non-violence and reinforced their authority with the weight of his own life and example. And, in the manner of his death, Gandhiji placed his final seal upon the mission of our leaders as the heirs of his sovereignty among us, the interpreters of his message entrusted by him with the task of guiding us along the path of Non-violence to the Promised Land of equal Justice where all men live in love and service of their fellows. How far have we come on the journey? How far have we wandered from the goal? If lack there be and any lapse—and there appears some evidence of both—whose are the fault and defect? At one year's end from Gandhiji's death, we must ask these questions honestly, and answer them with Truth, before it is too late for retrieval and recovery, if at all we wish to recover and return to the way and the example set us by Gandhiji. Do we?

With Love & Honey

A GOOD YEAR AHEAD—BHOPAL NAWAB—GODDESS FROM HOLLYWOOD—SABA SAYINGS

DON'T you agree with me that 1949 promises to be as good a year as 1948 was bad? I am not confiding what the stars foretell but what world events portend.

Hardly a month has passed by and we have a series of heartening reports from all over the world.

The Russo-American war the possibility of which was a recurring obsession throughout 1948 is definitely off. Churchill and Truman may not yet have embraced each other—they may even be growling at each other now and then—but neither of them seems anxious to start a war. There are even chances of a Big Two meeting.

In India and Pakistan, the Kashmir cense-fire has considerably eased the tension that so far existed between the two countries. Now there are at least some chances of goodwill and friendship being established between India and Pakistan.

The Asian Conference just concluded in Delhi has been a happy augury, too. The voice of Asia has been raised in defiance of Western imperialism and the patriots of Indonesia have been heartened.

Russia is supplying FREE bread to all Soviet citizens, New Deal has returned to America, Baroda and Kolhapur have merged with Bombay, the Chiang regime has virtually ended in China—in short,

God is in his heaven and even if all is not yet well with the world, it is on the way to be well!

HIS HIGHNESS FEELING LOW!

Talking about a merger of Baroda and Kolhapur, I am reminded of that other state whose ruler so far resisting all reasonable demands to merge his state—BHOPAL. The Nawab of Bhopal is an interesting and paradoxical personality. Educated at Aligarh University where he learnt to play cricket and captained the University XI, as a young man (while his mother ruled the state) he was

known to be a liberal and a progressive. Even after ascending the gadi he kept up the pose—through his Minister, Shuaib Quraishi, former colleague and friend of Mahatma Gandhi and the Ali brothers, he was able to maintain friendly relations with the elder nationalist leaders. When Gandhiji went to the Round Table Conference, Hamidullah of Bhopal was a fellow-passenger on board the ship—though, of course, the Nawab occupied a set of luxurious state rooms while the Mahatma was a deck-passenger. But throughout the voyage the young and clever



"His Highness must choose—and choose fast. Or else....."

Nawab managed to get sufficient publicity by paying his respects to Gandhiji and squatting near him on the deck. Since then, again through Political Minister Qurashi, the Nawab of Bhopal tried to play the role of a mediator between the Congress and the League, thereby hoping to secure his position with both the sides. Unfortunately for him, however, he failed—on the contrary he earned the suspicions of both the sides.

At the time of the Partition, there was a strong rumour—and not without a foundation—that the Nawab of Bhopal was hoping to be appointed Governor-General of Pakistan in which case he would migrate to that country and leave his state to be ruled by his daughter who (in the absence of a son) is the heir-apparent. The British die-hards were said to be in favour

of this arrangement. But the late Mr. Jinnah was not going to give the Nawab any such chance. I hear that the Nawab made a last bid for Pakistan Governor-Generalship after Mr. Jinnah's death but again he failed.

And so the peculiar situation has been that while his state lies near the heart of India, the Nawab of Bhopal's heart lies in Pakistan. Now the people have raised their voice in favour of merger and the cricketer, polo-playing Nawab is on the horns of a dilemma. Trouble is not only brewing but has broken out. His Highness must choose—and choose fast! Or, else, let him beware of the great Sardar and his Raj Danda!

RITA KHANAM

A famous Hollywood star will soon become an Indian—Rita Hay-

worth who will acquire the Indian nationality by marriage as soon as she marries Prince Ali Khan, the son of the much-marrying, much-divorcing, gay old, Aga Khan. As the wife of a 'Khan,' she would be a 'Khanam.'

Rita Hayworth will not only become an Indian but also a potential goddess. For, after the Aga Khan (who is regarded as the incarnation of God by his fellows), the Godhood will devolve on Ali Khan and the twice-divorced Rita Hayworth of Hollywood would be a goddess to thousands of devout Aga Khanis. Miracles never cease to happen!

HOW RARE IS HONESTY!

Front-paged in Bombay newspapers was the news that a Pathan taxi-driver had honestly returned a bag containing currency notes

of the value of over a lakh which the owner had forgotten in the taxi.

It shows that honesty has not altogether disappeared but it also shows how rare it has become. An honest man is front-page news!

CAPS AND CREEDS

During his recent visit to Bombay, Shaikh Abdulla, the Kashmir Prime Minister, told the interesting story of a tea-vendor boy at a railway station who was selling "Hindu cha" and then, after changing his cap, was selling "Muslim cha."

It is not the community but the cap that matters! Haven't we heard of cases during the communal riots when people have been killed "by mistake" by members of their community?

But the cap-changing stunt is not restricted to tea-vendors. In a larger sense, aren't many of our top men in public life doing much the same—wearing the capitalist hat at meetings of Chambers of Commerce, and wearing the



"It is not the community but the cap that matters....."

workers' cap at Labour meetings, talking of "individual enterprise" in one breath and nationalization in the next?

BEGAD, SIR.....

Give in an inch to these Asiatic natives and they soon demand a mile! Churchill was always right that a free India will be a menace to all the white peoples. Now, look at this Asiatic Conference stunt that old seditionist Nehru started to oust our Dutch cousins from Indonesia....It's enough to make one's blood boil. Chokra, give me a burra whiskey!

OH, MY DEAH.....

"Fifi, darling, if you ask me A Nite with Stars was quite a disappointment. It was only half a night and I didn't spend it even with half a star."

SAYINGS OF SABA

If creditors come, the bailiff can't be far behind!

Feed well your rich mother-in-law to-day for to-morrow she may die—and leave you a legacy!

Don't cry over spilt milk. For, after all it was adulterated!

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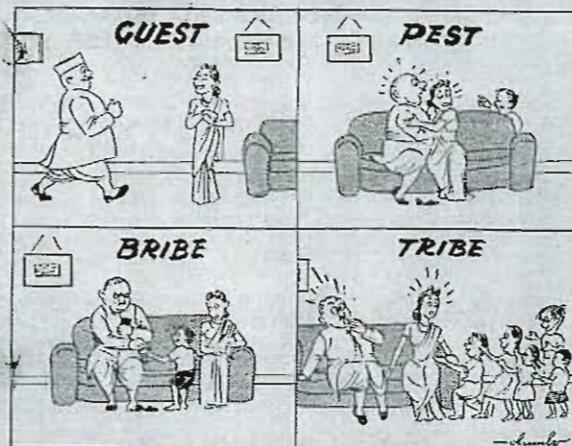
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EXCLUSIVE TO SOUND:

WRITERS AND ARTISTS FIGHT FOR PEACE

By Dr. MULK RAJ ANAND

Dr. Mulk Raj Anand, recognized to be one of the leading progressive writers of the world, was honoured by being included in the Presidium of the World Congress of Intellectuals held in Poland. Here he presents his report on the conference which proved a timely rally for peace. It was perhaps one of the factors that saved us from another war!

THERE are not many people in the world who realise how near we all were to a war in July-August of last year. To most people the Berlin crisis seems to have been merely a demonstration of the extent to which the powers can bluff each other. But, apart from the prestige issue which General Clay, the American Commandant in Berlin pressed to the extreme point of absurdity, the whole Berlin question was symbolical of the many forces that had been corroding the foundations of world peace and dividing the powers into two artificial blocks, popularly called the West and the East.

INTELLECTUALS MOBILISE!

Of course, there is no certainty about what actual forces the warmongers were relying upon, but it seems apparent that there was a school of thought which believed in a short war, based on the reactionary circles of the American monopolists and on the sabre-rattling bombasts led by Churchill and his crew. It seems somehow unthinkable that any one, particularly in the light of Professor Blackett's recent book on 'Atomic Energy,' could believe in a short war. But the fact is that there were people, with influence and power, who believed in a short war.

The growing crisis had forced itself on the awareness of a great many intellectuals in Europe. And,

as intellectuals nowadays have dropped the ostrich-like habit of burying their heads in the sand, many of the best brains of the world began to take part in the battle of ideas that was raging. Fortunately, intellectuals are more dispassionate and independent than most people: at least they try to be objective and to look deeper for causes and effects rather than merely in terms of newspaper phrases and the jargon of ideologies. Besides, since the last two wars, they have shown an increasing interest in the illogical impulses which determine much human behaviour. And the poet has come to accept his role as the conscience of the race, with higher sanctions than those which apply to the politician.

When I got to Europe in the middle of last summer, I felt that all my brother intellectuals were concerned about the dangers implicit in the new situation which had arisen from the bifurcation of the war-time allies against Fascism. And there was a general talk of a conference of intellectuals in the air.

WHY WROCLOW?

I was rung up one evening by M. Slonomiski, the Secretary of the Franco-Polish Committee of Writers, and asked whether I could represent India at a Conference of world intellectuals to be held at Wroclow in Poland from the 24th to the 28th of August. Later, the

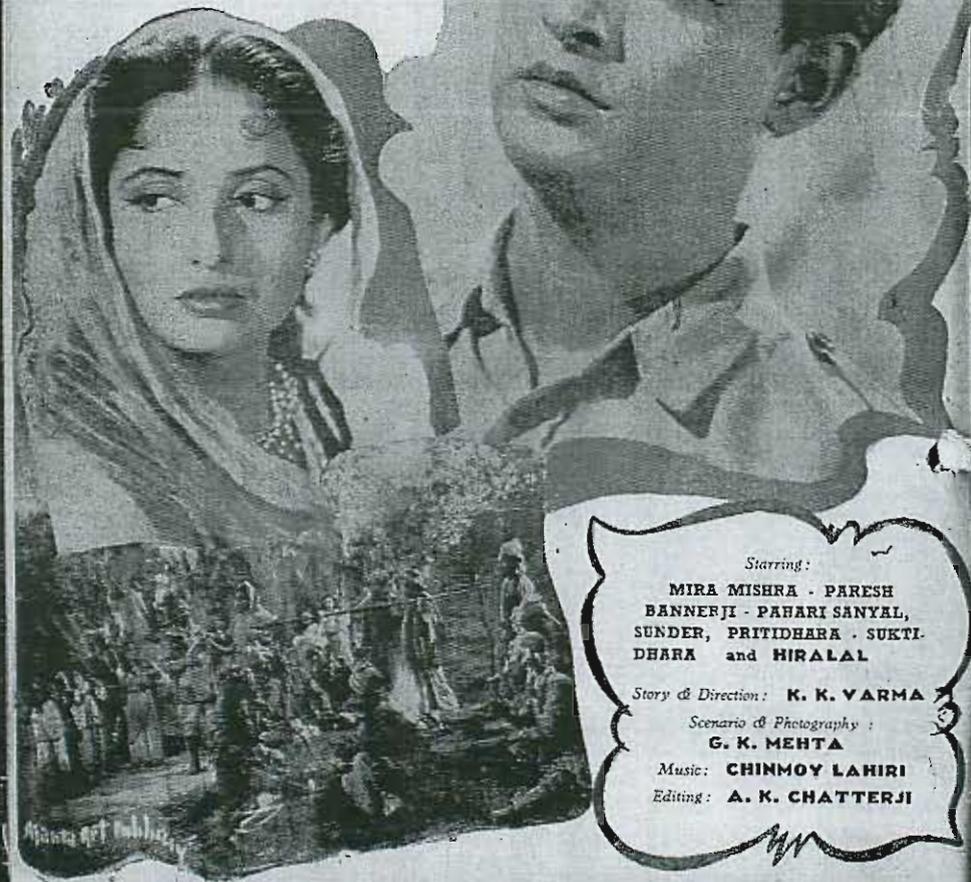
Polish Ambassador in London gave a party to British intellectuals to gather support for the general aims of the Conference. These aims were not exactly specified. But the general idea was to bring writers, and other members of the intelligentsia from all parts of the world, together, so that they could pool their ideas on the best ways of promoting peace. As this was the first Congress, nearly ten years after the World Congress of Writers which had met in London before the war, most intellectuals responded very warmly to the invitation of the Franco-Polish Committee.

There was some significance in choosing Wroclow to be the venue of the Conference. As we drove through this town, once called Breslau and belonging to Germany but restored to Poland under its ancient name of the days when it was really part of Polish territory, we realised that the choice of this centre was symbolical. Wroclow was more or less completely destroyed by the Nazis during their retreat before the Russian Red Army. The ghostly contours of the buildings of this once prosperous industrial city, the centre of the railway shops and the hub of the coal mines of Silesia, showed grimly enough the miseries and horrors of war to a visitor. Also, it was typical of much of the rest of Poland, which has been devastated by war as perhaps no other part of the world except the

Roopkala Niketan presents

BAPUNE KAHATHA

Produced by: N.L. JALAN



Starring:

MIRA MISHRA - PARESH
BANNERJI - PAHARI SANYAL,
SUNDER, PRITIDHARA . SUKTI-
DHARA and HIRALAL

Story & Direction: K. K. VARMA
Scenario & Photography:
G. K. MEHTA
Music: CHINMOY LAHIRI
Editing: A. K. CHATTERJI

Contact: **ROOP KALA NIKETAN**
2, SARAT CHATTERJI AVENUE, CALCUTTA.

February 1949

Ukraine and Western Russia. It was obvious that people who were building up these war shattered cities and their torn economics did not want any more war. The rehabilitation and reconstruction of their lives was the important preoccupation to them. And, for this they wanted long eras of calm. I shall never forget the moving spectacle of the vast ruins of Wroclow and the complete abhorrence of war which it created in my mind during the days of the Conference.

This background also gave reality to the proceedings of the four days which were to follow. Most of the world intellectuals felt impelled to ask themselves serious and fundamental questions. For, everything, even our mode of existence in the few reconstructed hotels, relieved by the most wonderful Polish hospitality, was so basic as to be a constant reminder of the havoc of war. And, of course, there were here not only the most eminent brains of the world, but those who had a long period of struggle for social progress to their credit.

WHO WAS WHO

A brief who's who of the leading members of the various delegations may be helpful. The French Delegation was strongest single factor in the congress. The person who attracted the greatest attention among the French was Picasso, with his bright eyes and his extraordinary resilience of body at nearly seventy, radiating a humility surprising for his world reputation, and he was easily the most photographed person in the whole Conference. His friend, the poet Eluard, acted as his interpreter with a suave grace. Vercors, the novelist was shy, but could conceal the fact that before writing 'Le Silence de Mer,' he had been a painter, because he doodled most of the time. The historian Prenant's address was one of the clearest and most persuasive pleas for the unity of world culture.



BUT THE CAP DOESN'T FIT ME

Our cartoonists impression of Sardar Patel's recent statement that what happened in China is likely to be repeated here.

Mme. Joliot-Curie was on the Presidium, a gentle creature quite unlike the usual idea of a Communist. Abe Gruyer was a strange anachronism, a Socialist Catholic. Among the Russians, there was Fadaev, the author of the best-seller 'The Young Guard,' a story of the struggle of Soviet Youth against the Nazis in the battle of the Donetz basin, also the President of the Soviet Writer's Union and Leader of the Delegation. There was Ilya Ehrenbourg, the distinguished publicist, who delivered one of the most brilliant speeches of the Conference, dis-

proving the stupid and libellous attacks of some Western and American Imperialists on the East under the general term of abuse now current in the Western press in the phrase 'Asiatic Barbarism.' Ehrenbourg showed the manifest absurdity of such abuse in view of the fact that there are no cultures which any purist can call Western or Eastern and that the culture of Russia which was intended to be dubbed barbaric was in itself the product mostly of European civilization. Another Soviet Delegate was Leonow, the young novelist whose quiet sense

of humour and social charm confounded all those who think in terms of the tough Communist with a rigid, doctrinaire mind.

The British delegates included Sir John Boyd-Orr, the food expert, who insisted that the Conference must call attention to the dwindling food stocks of the world; Professor J. B. S. Haldane, the scientist; the Dean of Canterbury,

genial and kind to everyone and most effective in bringing East and West together; Julian Huxley, then Head of the UNSECO, a typical liberal, who seemed to feel that the Congress was encroaching on UNESCO activity; Olaf Stapledon and Kingsley Martin, who called themselves 'fellow travellers,' but were really most meticulous in their definitions; Richard Hughes

and Edward Crankshaw, French Rightists or neutralists who were anxious to throw a spanner into the works. The Americans were not represented by any important writers. There Fred Kirchway, Editor of the "Nation," sensible but oblique; there was Jo Davidson, the sculptor who looked like Karl Marx; and there were some members of Henry Wallace's party. China was represented by Wu Wen Hao and Sung Ping from the liberated north and Chun Chun Yeh from Nanking. Latin America recalled to people's mind Pablo Neruda, now being hunted by the police for his political opinions in Chile and present at the Congress only in spirit. From Germany came Anna Seghers, the anti-Fascist novelist. From Italy Sereni, a left wing writer. The Poles, the Czechs, the Bulgarians, the Rumanians and the Hungarians sent delegations among whom were names as yet anonymous but soon to appear on the world stage, because of the magnificent new energies which have been released in the Eastern democracies.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

The moot point of the Congress was a resolution which was fought over by representatives of the main delegations for 28 hours. The general tenor of the draft, submitted by the Poles, in their position as hosts, was to name some American and European rich men and monopolists as the instigators of a new war. The American and British Delegations strongly objected to the isolation of their nationals as potential aggressors. Only the weight of colonial opinion, led by India, which showed the culpability of American and British Imperialism in the continued subjugation of the vast parts of Asia and Africa, was able to convince the British and Americans that objectively their monopolists stood indicted in the eyes of progressive humanity.

Behind the discussions in the Conference there were really quite

distinct points of view about freedom as a concept. It seemed that while the British and the American Delegates were prejudiced in favour of the Western Liberal idea that freedom of expression is the most important single, inalienable right of human beings and that those who love freedom are not afraid of licence, the representatives of the Continental countries were inclined to interpret freedom as involving social responsibility. One of the most dramatic moments in the Conference was when Professor Taylor of Oxford rose to the rostrum and called the Wrocław gathering not a conference for peace but a conference of war; and he invited the Russians to come out and share the British idea of freedom and democracy. Unfortunately for him, he was followed by Peter Blackman, a young African, who said that as a lover of English literature and culture he had come to respect certain words, such as freedom and democracy from the core of his being but that when he looked round in the British colonies in Africa he nowhere found the application of the British idea of freedom and democracy.

A compromise formula, which toned down the severity of the original attack on American Imperialism, was ultimately accepted by an overwhelmingly unanimous vote from the main delegations, except that the British delegation was split and some of its members abstained from voting. It seemed that almost all the countries from the Far East to the West Coast of Europe were more or less convinced that the danger of war came from the Anglo-American Imperialists and that this danger must be fought by telling the people of the world, including those of America and Britain, how unscrupulous some of their rich men could be.

One of the greatest gains of the Conference was to bring that friendly feeling among the different

world intellectuals who have been kept ignorant by frontiers and who harboured prejudices of the most unshakable character against each other. The Polish landscape, rich in food and drink, provided such luscious victuals that a great deal of warmth and good humour was generated among the contending factions.

After Wrocław most of the delegates were privileged to go round the country and see the ruins left by the Hitlerites in Warsaw and other cities, besides, inspecting those diabolical laboratories for liquidating human beings

which the Nazi Fascists had elaborated with such scientific care in the concentration camps of Auschwitz and Borknau. Also, some of the delegates took the opportunity to study the plans of reconstruction of the new Poland and to appreciate some of the richest gifts in music and ballet and film created by the Ministry of Art of this young country which has arisen truly like a phoenix from the smouldering ashes of war and occupation.

WORLD LOOKS TO ASIA
I felt that there was a general

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IN A SOCIAL BOUND TO HIT
THE HEADLINES!

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Direction:-

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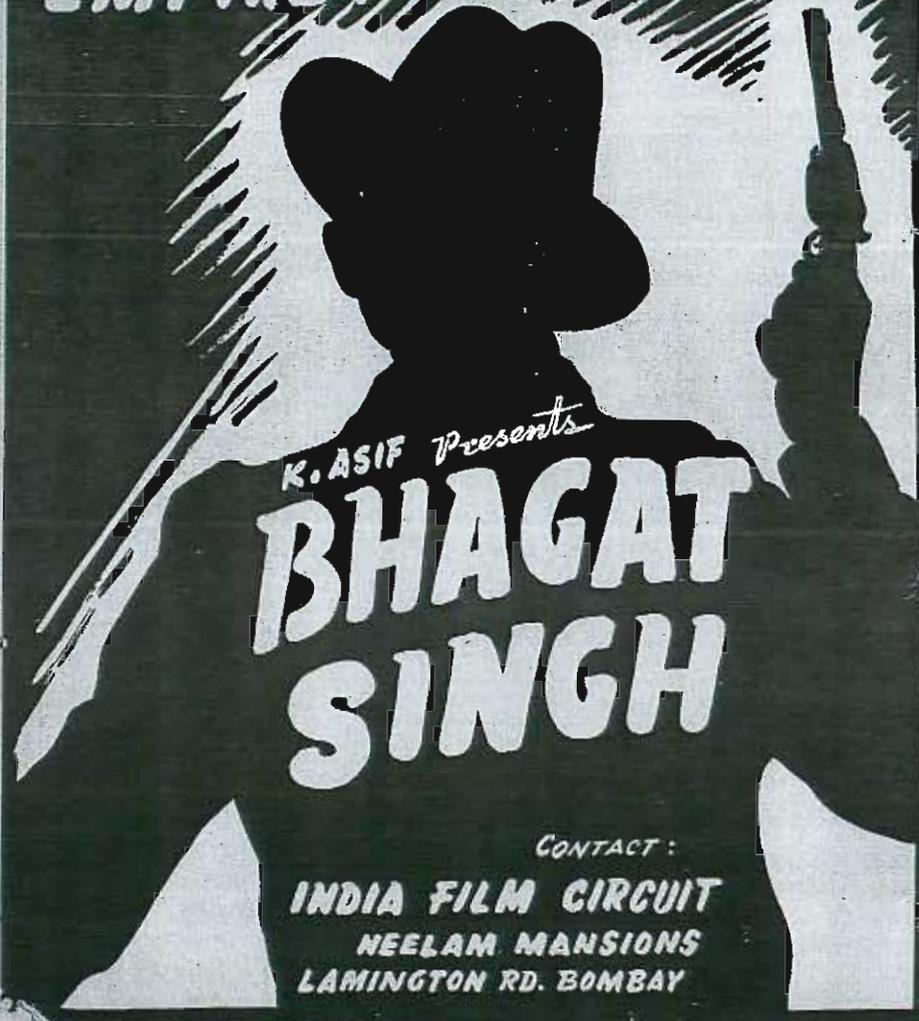
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tendency among the world intellectuals to look towards the intelligentsia of Asia for more creative work and for higher resilience in the struggle against surviving Imperialisms. India was, in fact, honoured by being put on the Presidium in my person, and in being elected to the International Committee of the World Intellectuals Congress. I hope that our writers and scientists and actors will awaken to the possibilities which the world intelligentsia

believes to be in our grasp. I believe that we will justify their faith in us, because already I see that in poetry, in science, in art, as well as in education, we are evolving a fighting culture.

To me the symbol of this intention to struggle against the odds is the heroic movement which is current in all parts of India of the school teachers to claim a basic wage. The teachers are the custodians of the new young intelligentsia which is to grow to man-

hood in our country in the next generation. Obviously, if a teacher is paid less than a policeman or a sweeper, than the whole of our preference at being a civilized nation falls to pieces. When shall we get rid of the shame that in our society the poet and the teacher are starving? Perhaps the answer to this question is: when our intelligentsia realizes that its social and economic demands are the same as those of the people of our country.

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KINARA

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with **SHARDA**, **RAMSINGH**, **KANTA KUMARI**, **R. S. DUBE**, **PANDE**, **CHARUBALA**,
JAMU PATEL and **S. NAZIR** accompanied with **BISMILLAKHAN** and his Party.

Story and Music: **MADHUSUDAN ACHARYA** Screen Play: **PRABHULAL DWIVEDI** Songs: **NILKANTH TIWARI** Direction: **AMBALAL DAVE**

★ For Territorial Rights ★

NEW INDIA THEATRES, Central Studios, Tardeo, Bombay 7.

WHERE PRICES HAVE RISEN BY A THOUSAND PERCENT

THE AVERAGE MAN'S ANGLE ON LIFE IN SINGAPORE AND MALAYA
(FROM THOMAS HILL, FORMER FIRE CHIEF & SALVAGE OFFICER, SINGAPORE)

WHILE politicians wrangle, Governments debate and UNO, that feeble answer to man's universal prayer, ruminates over the fate of Malaya, Indonesia, and sundry other parts of the world, it may perhaps interest the readers of *Sound* to know something of the conditions in which the average individual, struggling daily to live in a part of the world where only six brief years ago life was almost holiday, finds himself plunged today. I write of Singapore and Malaya, where living conditions have altered so horribly during and since the war that pre-war days seem some strange dream of a primeval, impossible paradise.

The cost of living in Singapore to-day is fantastic. Prices of food-stuffs have risen from pre-Jap war days by 400 to 500 per cent, in some cases by 1,000 per cent! This is no exaggeration and belies all Government statisticians who perhaps are not aware (or are they?) that figures can be made to lie. Anyway, the man in the street and the housewife, who do the paying do not know what four points up or down per week mean. If they think of it at all they probably lump it with the innumerable unmeaning communiques, bulletins, proclamations and declarations that issue voluminously from our top-heavy officialdom with its immense staffs and nothing to do except plan new sets of lying figures. What they do know is that they are paying vastly more and getting vastly less for more money than they ever did before. There is no lack of almost anything one can want: if one has the money one gets everything, from hooch to honeys.

Hooch and cigarettes are abundant. The latter cost from \$1|25cts per tin of 50 to \$1|75, State Express. Gordon's Gin is around \$10-11 per bottle, Australian brandy \$10.00. Pre-Jap prices were respectively \$4.00 for the gin and \$2|50 for the brandy. Tiger Beer (local) is \$1|10 per large bottle: imported brews \$1.20 —\$1.50. Exchange rates are Rs. 1|8 per Singapore dollar (sterling 2s. 4d. equals \$1.00) Aussie gin is \$8 per bottle, but Parry's in India is far superior. This, of course, will not interest you, for we understand India has gone dry, and you are all running around with your tongues hanging out, using those organs to spark matches on where formerly you used a match box for the purpose.

THE RICE PROBLEM
The rich eating masses groan about the rice ration, but from my own observation they get ample of the commodity. The queer thing about the rice eater, especially the Chinese, is his capacity. It is immense. A rice eater's stomach, in Malaya at any rate, is a bottomless pit. The Chinese standard of living here is far higher than that of the Indian in India. The ordinary Chinese "Cooly" has a well-topped bowl of rice and half a dozen side-dishes of such things as soya beans (curd or whole), fish, prawns, vegetable etc. with at least two kinds of sauce, plus of course his chop-sticks to ram the stuff packed full into his facial apertures. Ramaswamy the Indian just has the same old curry



An idol amidst idols! Sulochana Chatterji as she will be seen in India Film Corporation's unconventional film "Nai Reet", now scheduled for early release in Bombay.

SANTOSHI

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A FEAST OF HIS SONGS AND DIALOGUE

in

Producer - Director

R. D. PAREENJA'S

"TARA"

Starring: NAYAN TARA, Miss KULDEEP, MAJNU, JAWAHAR KAUL, Miss CHAND L. C. MATHUR, GANJU, AMIR BANU, SATYA PAL BHATIYA, HAROON, AND MANY NEW FACES.

It is a song studded and dance flooded drama of life aimed straight at box office by SANTOSHI with music by VINOD. Produced at Famous Pictures Studios, Cadeli Road, with perfect technique and high production values.

Director of Photography:

K. B. K. GHANEKAR

Director of Sound:

M. B. GHANEKAR

Director of Art:

VASANT BHIVNDKAR

Another box office hit from SANTOSHI, now ready for release

SOON GOING ON SETS

R. D. PAREENJA'S

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and rice, and looks it. He receives the same daily pay as his Chinese co-worker, but has a more thrifty outlook on life, being more "spiritual" probably, and having to send part of his earnings to maintain relatives in India. Every Indian here seems to do that.

John Chinaman sends some of his money to China, too, but recognises that charity begins at home, and that an empty belly is poor company. String a thousand working bullocks in a line and it is easy to pick the Chinese owned; they are well fed, for John Chinaman is well aware that a well-fed beast will work. The Indian owned beast looks like its owner, gaunt and miserable.

Clothing costs are, in the case of men's wear, eight times higher than pre-Jap. Where formerly a tailor made a white or khaki two-piece suit at a cost of \$450 all in, the price now is \$36 upwards. Women's frocks, formerly made by the travelling tailor at \$12 a time, are now about \$50-70.

CHAOTIC

The housing problem is chaotic. If, when hunting for a residence—and what a heart-breaking job it is—you are fortunate in discovering a tenantless domicile, you then have to locate the owner. That done, he flatly denies owning it, or says he is putting a relative in, or spouts out some other lie because he is very shy of demanding "tea-money" (the Singapore equivalent of our "Pugree"—Ed.) in case you pass the word on. If by any chance you say you are prepared to pay "repair money" (a rose by any other name etc.), he bites and demands \$2,000-3,000 plus an exorbitant rent. Then if the deal is settled, you have to apply to the Municipality for water and light to be turned on, and pay a pretty heavy deposit on each account, which must be kept at par despite the monthly charges for consumption and meter rents. "Tea money" for a labourer's cubicle is around \$200 plus \$20 rent a month.



Geeta Bali of the curvy curves is back in yet another sprightly role. She plays the feminine lead in Nav Bahar Productions' new film.

The Government and the Municipality have done nothing to assist in alleviating the housing problem, though the latter has schemes and is building large blocks of new flats for its increased staffs.

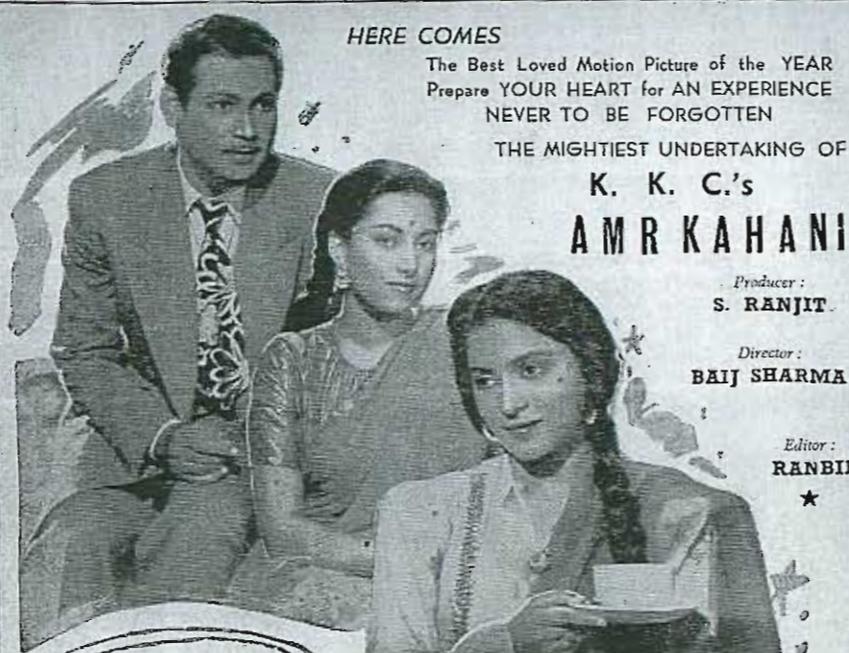
EXECRABLE INNOVATION

Before the Japs came here we had one Governor who was Governor for Singapore, Labuan etc. etc. and High Commissioner for Malaya. We now have a Governor for Singapore Island (16 x 21 miles) a High Commissioner for

the Federation, plus a Governor-General to top the lot. Why so many? Search us, we all want to know; even the humble clerk, who formerly cared not a hoot, echoes "Why".

Registration is now the order of the day and one has to supply at his own cost (it's only a dollar) two passport size photos, one for retention by Government, and one for the identity card.

Income tax is another widely execrated innovation, and though it does not affect a man earning up to \$5,000 per annum, above



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Starring:

The Sweetest & the LOVELIEST
GIRL OF THE SCREEN
SURAIYA

The Screen's He-MAN
JAIRAJ

The Screen's Bad-Man
RAJ MEHRA and

The Queen of EMOTIONS **RANJANA** with
ANWARI - NARBADA SHANKER - IQBAL SEPROO
& **KANWAR AJIT** (A New face)

Sound: **S. D. PATIL** Lyrics: **RAJENDRA KRISHAN** Music: **P. HUSNLAL BHAGATRAM**

Cinematography: **SHIVARAM MALAYA** Art: **K. V. RUMDE**

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TARDEO ROAD, BOMBAY 7



February 1949

What sum you are for it, especially if you make a lot of money. But the day of individual millionaires in Malaya has passed. The rich have become poor and the poor have become rich. Occasionally, I see men, who were formerly very small contractors or merely foremen, flashing by in beautiful new cars, and men who formerly owned luxury cars now patronise the humble bus.

As regards our personal losses (the result entirely of the negligence of England) brought about by the surrender of Singapore, we are told "Oh! yes Government will pay." It's a case of jam tomorrow, ~~from~~ the day after, but never jam today. The cost of re-furnishing a house at today's prices is utterly appalling.

The average individual maintains that if Britain could find the money to pay for the war at £15 million to £18 million a day, she can easily afford to pay us for the loss of our houses. Say they, if a new war were to commence tomorrow bankrupt (?) England would soon cough up the millions of pounds required daily to knock hell out of the enemy. So it would, of course.

Talking of war, I went to several of the War Crimes trials here, and was astonished that the scruffy looking Jap prisoners, semi-simian as most of them seemed, could have fought the way they did and licked our armies. It was not the fault of our men, Indian or European. They were magnificent. I saw some of them doing their stuff. It was the Command; and a poor lot of fish they were. Shortage of equipment was, of course, a factor; material meant for Malaya that was sent on to save Stalingrad would have saved us. Another Russian city to fall would have made no difference; they had lost others and weren't knocked out. That is how most people here still feel today about the way the war was fought in Malaya and Singapore.



How come so cute a lady so sad? Wait till Bombay Theatres' "Tara" featuring Nayantara hits the screen for the answer.

MALAYA WAR GOES ON

The local Malayan war still goes on and the gangsters have killed approximately 100% more than they have lost of their men. The end is inevitable, but there seems to be something lacking in the official effort. All the same, the fighting that is now in progress is described by those on the spot as "pretty grim". I can quite believe it. Fighting in the Malayan jungle is no fun. Very much the contrary, I assure you.

I have been up and down Malaya and find that the damage done by the Japs is negligible. The big bridges were blown up by our men, but on the re-occupation the lads soon had Bailey bridges function-

ing. Good old "Meccano" sets, what a marvellous idea! We have no Japs here now, though I believe two Jap doctors have been caught operating with the up-country gangsters. Anyway, Manila rope is plentiful here and I am all for it. The only good Jap is a dead one, and the "Deader" he is the better Jap he becomes. Taking them by and large I gather the Japs were a pretty foul lot, though some of my own friends, elderly men, say they feel a hundred per cent better for their experience of internment; they certainly look it. Of course, lack of the "flesh pots of Egypt" may account for this; it gave their bellies and their lives a rest.

A SPECTACULAR
MUSICAL WITH SEVERAL
HIT TUNES AND A GALAXY
OF YOUR FAVOURITE STARS

JEET PRODUCTIONS'

RAG - RAGNI

Story & Dialogue:

Direction:

Music:

D. N. MADHOK M. SADIQ KHURSHID ANWAR

Producer:

★ R. B. HALDIA ★

for particulars:

JEET PRODUCTIONS

RUSSI VILLA 55, PEDDAR ROAD, BOMBAY.

GENERAL CARIAPPA

C. - in - C.

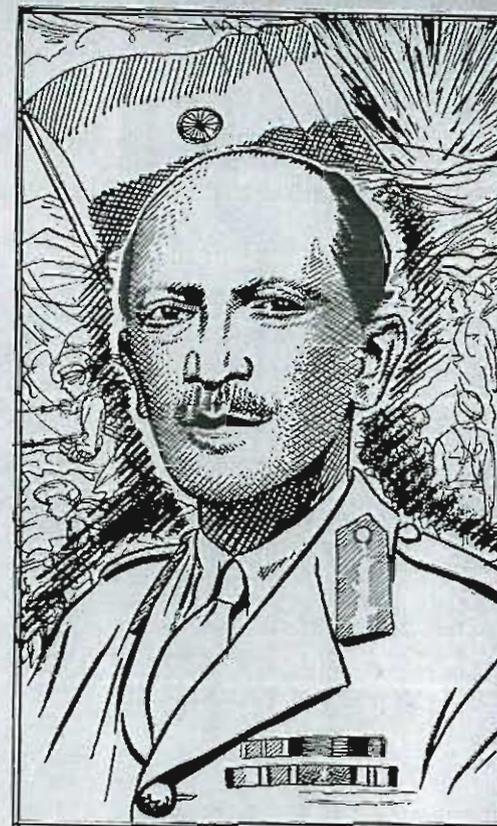
by N. S.

LOOKING back at his series of "firsts" since he was commissioned in December 1919, General Cariappa's appointment as India's First Indian Commander-in-chief does not come as a surprise. He was the first Indian officer to enter the Staff College, Quetta, in 1933. First to be appointed Deputy Assistant Quartermaster General, the First Indian to command an infantry battalion in 1942.

Hawk-eyed, bald-headed, tall and Wiry, General Cariappa is better known as "Kipper" in the service, and as "Chimma" to his family and friends in Coorg.

He was born in the sylvan surroundings of Sanivarsanthe, a town little larger than a hamlet, tucked away in the Northern corner of the Province of Coorg in South India. Cariappa's father, Mr. Madappa, was by no means a moneyed man, who could afford to send his son to Sandhurst all on his own. He was a Junior Revenue Officer with a humble beginning.

General Cariappa comes of a stiff-necked, stiff-backed and self-asserting clan of Coorgs. In that rough, hilly country of ankle-twisting terrain and a man-making climate, his people, the Kodagas, are a peculiar lot. They are essentially a martial race of the South, who have been exempted from the Indian Arms Act. They love a rough life. Even to-day a Coorg youngster would rather have an old battered muzzle loading gun with a handful of powder and pellets than all the sophisticated



artificial luxuries of modern city life.

The Coorgs number around 40,000. It is the only minority community in India that has a battalion of its own: the 17th Coorg Anti-Tank Regiment. And there are 187 Coorgs holding commissioned ranks, which for such a small community is probably the highest percentage for the entire country.

Cariappa was not different from his people. He developed a natural love for the rough life of a soldier. As a boy he went to a village

school in the border town of Frazerpet. From there he went to Mercara. At Mercara his father Madappa settled, and built a house for him. However, he worked hard. With a faraway look in his eyes, he marked time. World War II came. Cariappa was made a battalion commander right away. It was then that the first Indian Battalion commander raised a machinegun battalion and showed what an Indian could do if given the chance. From then on he got rapid promotion because the British wanted to win the war. To-day

he is recognised as one of the finest soldiers in the Commonwealth, by the same brass hats who had once imported third-rate British officers to supercede him.

Cariappa is not merely a top-class soldier. He is a gentleman abounding in kindness and charming manners. He is not pretentious. He is a simple, down-to-earth soldier who knows his job. He is never rude but he is blunt and straightforward, a man who will merely say "Damn good show!" if a job is done well, or "Bloody awful" if someone has muffed it somewhere. He has very English ways and speaks with the clipped accent of the "Poonah" colonels of bygone days, who grew handle-

bar moustaches and played polo when they did not feel seedy.

Cariappa is a stern disciplinarian. Not very long in the corridors of A.H.Q., Delhi, he pulled up a British colonel who passed him without saluting. He marched the "Blimp" up and down the corridor until the sweat seeped through his jacket. Later the General gave him a drink and a bit of his mind.

The General has two children—a boy and a girl. The boy, Nanda, is preparing to go to the Academy a few years hence. He also has two brothers and two sisters. One of them, Nanjappa, is in the Imperial Bank. The other is looking after their father who is now in his 70's, but still erect with a stiff front and a ready wit.

In his hometown, Mercara, the C-in-C has a beautiful house. As soon as he bought it he changed its name from "The Knoll" to "Roshanara," a name which once used to be that of the Emperor Akbar's daughter. Hidden in the ever-green eucalyptus woods, perched on the crest of a hill, "Roshanara" overlooks a grand prospect of green rice flats and woods, down the valley, rolling away for miles on end, and rising again to the hillocks of the Raja's Seat. That is where the General hopes to retire to read poetry, collect stamps, and perhaps look back upon the days of his whirlwind success through the blue smoke from the bowl of his briar pipe.

WE, THE PARENTS ARE RESPONSIBLE
FOR OUR CHILDREN—TURNING OUT
GOOD OR BAD CITIZENS.

Can you defy this
out-spoken truth?



BHAKTA

GOPAL BHAIYA

ANANT MARATHE, SHASHI KAPOOR, AMIR KARNATAKI

IT'S THE PICTURE
FOR THE MOTHERS
OF TO-DAY AND
THE GENERATION
OF TO-MORROW

Music: SHANKER RAO VYAS

Director: SHANTIKUMAR

Produced by Poet: RAMESH GUPTA

Running in Packed
Houses at—

SWASTIK

Faces Without NAMES

SOUND SERIAL NOVEL

We begin this month a new SOUND serial—K. A. Abbas's latest short novel, *Faces Without Names*. The title applies to those gallant unknowns of the film industry whose faces you glimpse on the screen but who are lumped together, without names, in "And A Thousand Extras" or some such title. In Abbas's narrative these extras rub shoulders with financiers, stars, directors, writers, technicians. Here is the whole complex world of the studios—seen from the inside! The novel, like the average film, is divided into eleven 'reels'. Start reading it with this issue and make sure of your copies in the succeeding months.

By: K. A.



ABBAS

FACES WITHOUT NAMES

REEL ONE

(In which you are introduced to the Hero)

LIGHT and darkness.

"Lights on!" "Lights off!"
 "Number Twenty-four."
 "Number Seventeen."
 "Give one more 'Baby' to Miss Shakuntala."
 "Take Number Fourteen up."
 "Number Sixteen down."
 "Number Twenty-seven—make it hard!"
 "Hard—harder—That will do. Make it soft now—softer—softer—"
 "Put a diffuser on Number Eighteen. No, no, not that one. I want a glass diffuser."
 "Rehearsal!"
 "Camera ready for rehearsal?"
 "Yes, ready. O. K."
 "All lights."

Lights leaped out of the ocean of darkness, illuminating not only the three-walled, ceiling-less 'set' representing a well-furnished drawing room but every corner of the entire vast studio.

"Rehearsal!"
 A whistle blew from the sound truck. Then the studio rang with shouts of "Silence! Silence!" The big studio sliding door clanged as it was closed.

The director whispered, "Yes, Miss Shakuntala? Ready, Deep Kumar?"

"Radha, will you really be mine?"

"Must you ask, Sunder?"

"Yes, Radha, I must ask. My path in life is hard and thorny, not a bed of roses. I can only offer a life of poverty and privations. Are you still willing to come along with me?"

"Yes, Sunder, when I am with you, these very thorns will be turned into flowers."

"Radha!"

"Sunder!"

"How's that?"

Two whistle-blasts from the sound truck. It was O. K.

"O. K. Lights off!"

"O. K. Ready for 'take'!"

"Make-up."

"Miss Shakuntala's lip-stick has gone dry."

"Deep Kumar's nose is shining."

"Ready for 'take'?"

"O. K."

"Focus."

"Five feet eleven inches."

"Change the lens to seventy-five."

"Silence! Silence!! We are hooting."

"All lights!"

Lights on!

Lights off!!

Forty feet above the studio floor,

perched in a perilous position on

a wooden plank only a foot wide

and dangling with ropes from a

steel girder, one hand supporting

the heavy light and the other

clutching the ropes to support

himself, Kundan Kumar was lost

in his own thoughts. Would he

never be able to achieve stardom

like Deep Kumar and earn three

thousand rupees a month instead

of the twenty-two rupees monthly

wage that he earned now as a 'light

coolie'? Would his "Daring

Dreams" come to nought? Would

he never make "Easy Money?" Or

would it all prove a "Mirage," a

futile yearning for a goal that was

ever receding "Beyond The Hor-

izon." (To the screen-struck Kundan

even thoughts occurred in the lan-

guage of film titles and screen

dialogue).

Kundan Kumar!

This was not the name his

parents had given him at birth.

After consulting the neighbour-

hood astrologer, his father had

named him Surajmal.

Kundan Kumar!

This name he had invented and adopted himself. Not by way of a fluke but after giving much thought to the problem of a suitable romantic-sounding 'screen name.' He had hit upon 'Kundan Kumar' by combining the names of the two most popular actors of the screen—Kundan Lal Saigal and Ashok Kumar. Kundan Kumar! Now, could there be a more auspicious name for the screen?

How many years he had dreamt of being a screen hero! He was only six or seven, and attending the primary school, when a "touring cinema" came to his town, Karnal, in East Punjab. Now he did not remember even the name of the film but it was some Eddie Polo "Epic of the Wild West," all of riding, shooting, fighting—and a thousand other thrills! Talkies had already been invented but this was a silent film which must have taken a dozen years to travel from Hollywood to Karnal. The sub-titles being in English, there was an oily-tongued as well as oily-looking individual to provide an entirely self-improvised running commentary.

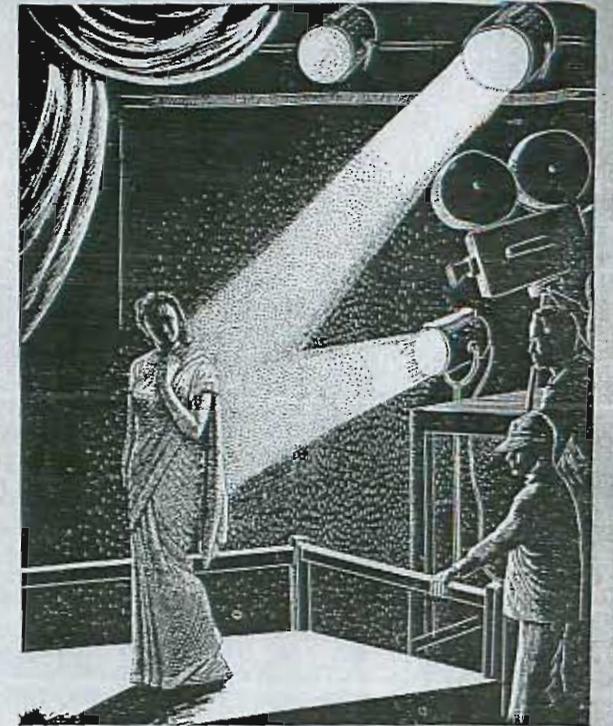
"Dekho! Dekho!" He shouted, "Look, folks, look! There comes Eddie Polo on that beautiful white horse.... Now he will fight the robbers single-handed.... Sha-bash, Bahadur, Shabash!.... Bravo, bravo!.... That's the stuff.... Punch him once more.... Punch him hard.... Ah, that's right...." When the close-up of a plump roly-polly young female, with fat and juicy cheeks, was projected on the screen, he burst out excitedly, "Dekho! Dekho!! Look, folks, look! Ain't she delicious?" And he smacked his lips as if he had actually tasted her and found her

good. "Yes, Sir, she is a peach. A ripe enough peach to be plucked, if you ask me."

Kundan's childish mind could not probe the depths of these subtle allusions. How could a girl be 'delicious? Only something that was eaten could be 'delicious'—like the sweets made by Kallu the confectioner or the sweet-and-sour mangoes that school boys often stole from the Nawab Sahib's garden. And, hardly had this thought occurred to him than he saw Eddie Polo "tasting" the girl's cheeks and he must have found them tasty because the next moment he was sucking her lips—just as the children suck the bright yellow mangoes in the monsoons.

The children were all fascinated by the magical "Ba-ee-sakope" as they called it, but Surajmal was completely enamoured. All the seven days that the touring cinema remained in Karnal, he managed somehow to see the shows daily. What a wonderful world was opened to him by the silver screen! New thrills every day—galloping horses, robbers fighting on top of running trains, Sahebs and Mem-sahebs dancing together; straw-haired girls with apple-like cheeks, and a thin, little funny man in baggy trousers, black hat like an inverted bowl, and little moustaches. There was amazing variety, excitement, thrills and magic in this wonderful tamasha!

The touring cinema people folded their tent and departed for another town. The school once again rang with sound of "Aa" "Ba" "Sa", mechanically intoned, the neighbourhood children resumed their interest in marbles, *gulli danda* and *kabaddi*. As the *Ram Lila* season approached, preparations began for Sawaang the fancy-dress festival—when the boys would put on colourful costumes to impersonate Ram and Lakshman and Seta. But little Suraj took interest in none of these things. His mind was still obsessed by the



visions he had seen on the screen. "If only I, too, could become a film actor!" was his constant thought. "Then I, too, will ride a big white horse and fight the robbers and jump into the river from a running train and dance like the Sahebs.... and.... and.... and.... if I get hold of a straw-haired girl with plump juicy cheeks, "taste" her and find if she is sweet like Kallu's gulab jaman or sour like the mangoes before they are ripe...."

"Lights off!"
 And, mechanically, without interrupting the flow of his thoughts, Kundan switched off his light. In a way he was attached to this job and this light. Not that he

was content to remain a 'light coolie'—no, one day he must become a hero! But, meanwhile, even this humble job was not to be despised, for it provided the much-desired entry to the studio. From his lofty perch he could see how a film was shot, he could watch famous actors and actresses at work—and thereby learn some 'tricks of the trade.' And, moreover, the "Switch on—Switch off" work imposed no burden on his mind which was free to think his own thoughts....

He was perhaps eleven or twelve when a regular cinema was established in Karnal. It was a jerry-

(Continued on page 71)



WHEN Mangal wakened in his bed, the day was already far gone. The sun poured into his room in a flood. Noises came thick from his neighbours and from the road below. The din of day was all around him.

He felt a heaviness in his head, a numb hopeless feeling of discontent in his heart. His mouth tasted raw, his eyes were glazed with sleep. Irritably he flung the sheet from him and stood up.

He was a slightly built, middle-aged person with thin sallow cheeks, small sensitive mouth, a shock of hair already graying at the temples. He yawned as he stood there and his eyes fell upon the timepiece resting in a niche in the wall. Eight-thirty, my God! He was really late.

He bent forward looking for his slippers. He distinctly remembered having put them off last night be-

side his bed. And now they were gone. O these children. He was sick of them.

He dropped to his knees to look under the bed and as he reached out for them a feeling of wretchedness came over him in a wave. The bleak cheerless room stuffed with dirty commonplace objects was his home. What accursed fate it was for him to live all his life in such a hovel with no future to beckon him, no hope to give him heart. What a wretched existence he led here in this city. And what a job he had. Was it worth the effort, this life of his?

He wound the *dhoti* clumsily around him. He wriggled into his dirty shirt and furiously pushed his hair from his eyes. He wanted to do something nasty, something mad that would avenge him for the futility of his sordid existence. An insane desire took possession

"Just another day"—one petty pin-prick after another—but it could have been different, happier, more cheerful if only Mangal had....

Here is a story that every wife would want her husband to read!

by
KULBHUSHAN

of him. He wanted to lay about him with a stick and smash things up. He wanted to storm his way out of this filth and mire into a more congenial atmosphere where he could breathe more freely, live more fully.

All of a sudden he heard Gyanu cry in the kitchen. It vexed him, it made him restless. This crying, it came upon his nerves.

"What is he crying for?" he shouted with a venom in his voice more bitter than gall.

"Quiet Gyanu," came Roopa's voice, anxious and loving. "Sit there quietly and don't go sobbing all over the place."

"They are never quiet, these children," shouted Mangal as he stormed into the kitchen. "Always crying, always making trouble!"

But Gyanu did not cease his crying. He had his grudge against his mother for not giving him his full share of sweet bread. He must show her what stuff he was made of. He must cry till his wrong was righted.

Mangal was suddenly white hot with anger. Even these children of his were commonplace and dirty and troublesome. Crying to bring the skies down upon their heads, as if their father were dead. "Shut up!" he shouted, roughly pulling Gyanu to him and laying a slap

full upon his face. "Shut up!" His fingers smarted under the blow he had given his son. But one slap was not enough. He followed it with three more, left and right, and then a final kick with his foot on Gyanu's bottom.

"Get out, you devil!" he screamed purple in the face. "This will teach you about crying for nothing. Get thee gone. Get out of my sight."

Roopa remained rooted to the wooden slab where she sat preparing the morning meal for her family. The stove was alight with a kettle singing over it. She had been cutting fresh beans but the sudden anger of her husband had overwhelmed her. She looked at him pained and perplexed. She could not understand this man sometimes. He was so heartless and cruel at one moment, so kind and understanding at another.

"Come Gyanu," she said pulling the young boy to her by his trembling hand. She rested his little head against her bosom. She hugged his little quivering body warm with beating. She caressed his paining back, his sore cheeks. She wiped the tears off his eyes affectionately, as only a mother can. He was still crying with convulsive sounds and hiccups. "Quiet now," she soothed. "Quiet my child."

"You spoil the children," said Mangal surlily addressing Roopa. "How many times have I told you not to show your affection when I have given them a beating!"

"I will do what I like with my children," she answered calmly dragging her younger daughter Kamla to her, lest his anger descend upon the little girl sitting with her big fearful eyes glued upon her father. The tray with the green beans lay neglected with the knife on top of it. The kettle kept singing incessantly. All other sounds had ceased coming as if the

world outside were suddenly come to an end.

Then Mangal stirred, moved out of the kitchen towards the bath. He was angry still, but there was no more outlet here. He had better go and get ready for his office.

In the bath as he shaved himself he cut his cheek and his chin and upper lip. It was monstrous, this blade. He was suddenly angry at the makers of the blade and as the handle of the safety razor slipped from his soapy fingers, cursed the people who had made this senseless contraption, so thoughtlessly, so monstrously unwieldy.

When he bathed nothing untoward happened either to the tap or to the *lota* with which he poured water over his body. He was at last clean and felt a whole lot better as he emerged from his bath.

Back in the kitchen he sat down near the stove on a wooden pallet. The children, thank God, were out of his way, gone to the garden to play at pebbles. Mangal sighed with relief. Roopa rolled the bread with the rolling pin and put it on the pan over the stove.

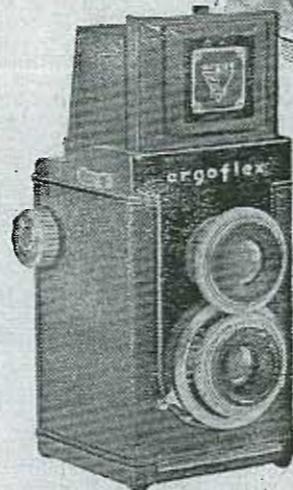
She pushed the tray with a vegetable and a pulse-curry before Mangal and, hot from the stove, rounded like a ball with steam, she tossed the *chapati* over into his *thali*. He poked at it with his finger. Damn, it's burning hot, he thought. And as he put the first spoonful of beans in his mouth, he cursed again. She could not even put the right amount of salt into the vegetable. The bitter taste of the beans burned his palate. How he wanted to push the tray away and get up without eating!

But he suppressed his desire. He must keep himself under control. He must not let Roopa



"How many times have I told you not to show your affection when I have given them a beating....."

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BOMBAY. CALCUTTA. MADRAS. DELHI.

suffer the whole day long with his foolishness now.

Dressing for office, he found that of the three buttons on his shirt only one remained. The belt for the trousers could not be found, and at last he had to pull out the string of his discarded trousers and tie it around his waist. How admirably he was controlling himself. He was all but proud of himself for it now. He could, after all, control his temper if he wanted to.

Passing the Cloth Market, passing the crossing of the Pigeon Fountain and the temple of Sitala Devi, passing the Post Office, Mangal mused over his anger at home. He had been too harsh on Gyanu. He had beaten the poor child mercilessly, as if he were not his father but a butcher instead. And the bitter words that had passed between him and Roopa—he was ashamed of them already. But no, he had been right. There was much truth in the stand he had taken. Only, the venomous look he had given Roopa when he gulped the salt in his mouth—that look had not been of a gentleman—least, of a loving husband. Dear Roopa. He himself had put her out with his tirade. How could he blame her—dear girl—for it?

In the Railway Goods Yard, however, he moved among the parcels and packages and wooden cases, his mind still a keg of powder. He would blow up at the smallest instigation, at the smallest hint of disapproval from a colleague. He had put the Parcel Way Book somewhere and could not find it for full five minutes. Then Sham Babu asked him what he was looking for.

"The Parcel Way Book," said Mangal. "Where the hell it is gone I don't know."

"Here it is," said Sham Babu calmly handing over the Way Book.

"Why did you keep it hidden?"



One of the several pictures in which Suraiya is starred is Liberty Art Productions ambitious production "Lekh."

said Mangal getting red and blue all of a sudden. "What am I supposed to be doing the whole day—searching for books hidden by you?" Saliva sprayed from his mouth as he shouted and raved and got mad.

"Do your work, Mister Mangal," said his chief, Mr. Banerji, who came out of his office hearing the

quarrel. "No more shouts in my office."

Instantly Mangal withdrew into himself like a whipped cur. Not a single word more. He was back at his place and angry at Sham Babu. Then he was furious at his own self-conceit. He had been a fool to have behaved so. Sham Babu had a right to the book as much

as he himself. What devil was it that possessed him? He was mean and he did not know what to do with this meanness of his. O' God!

But presently he had forgotten it all—his resolution, that is, of behaving more sensibly. He kept boiling inside him at no one in particular, but boiling all the same. He felt a rancour against this world, against everybody and everything that came before him. He kicked parcels aside, he looked murderously at people, he cursed the coolies at the slightest provocation, he shoved papers into the faces of angry customers. He did not care.

Then, after the office was closed to public, he put his eyes into a big register, getting some information Mr. Banerji had asked for. Jotting the information down on a piece of paper, he cursed Mr. Banerji, his fatuous smile, his sneering superiority. Then, as he bent to pick up another register, his heart filled with compassion at the thought of his son. He had beaten Gyanu so hard this morning. He would have to take sweets home for him as a token of his repentance, may be a tennis ball too. Gyanu would be happy then and Mangal would kiss him and thus make it over with Roopa.

"Babu!" a big booming voice came through the counter hole. "Here, take it."

Mangal's face suddenly hardened at this cruel presumptuous intrusion. "Are you out of your mind?" he sneered. "Go away. Time is up."

"Hey Babu!" came the angry voice of the tall, heavy person on the other side of the counter. "How do you talk? Do you need a lesson at talking?"

"Don't get into a temper," said Mangal, angry yet a little afraid now. "I said nothing but that you should come in time. Time is up for today."



This is what you have been waiting for..... a still from Shantaram's sensational new film "Apna Desh". It's an elaborate dance ensemble with a bevy of cuties—one of the several dance numbers that high-

"Another time you speak like that," said the man outside, "I would smash you up so even your mama won't recognize you."

Mangal suddenly lost control. "O' go to hell!" he cried gritting his teeth. "I don't care."

People were stupid, he thought bitterly, stupid, spiteful and vain. The nerve of the man threatening him. Why, Mangal was no less of a match in a fight. Though he was only a thin looking clerk, he could lick ten like him, and lick them all to hell.

It was dark when he emerged from the Railway Yard on his way home. The necessity of taking something for Gyanu still rankled in his mind and though he would have to do it, he was not in very good spirits just now—after such arduous hours of work that left him drained.

To cut across to the bazar by the shortest route he had to pass through a dark narrow cobbled lane. It was dirty and stank of filth. On both sides blind walls reared their heads. But he was in a hurry, in no mood to take a long circuitous road, and he plunged into it. He whistled a doleful tune as he walked, his echoing footsteps keeping time. Then suddenly he stopped. He had a feeling that he was not alone. Someone was following him. He plunged into his pocket and felt for the envelop that contained his salary. He was a fool to come this way. It would be so easy to rob him in this dark alley.

He hurried on, walking on tip toe, trying to make as little noise as possible. But he had taken only a few steps when he heard the thud of nailed boots behind



light this new Rajkumari film. According to those who have seen the early rushes of this film they are bound to set a new vogue in dances.

him. He jerked his head round and in that moment, he thought he saw a huge shadow slink into a wall. His heart thumped like steel hammers. Sweat broke out all over his body. Involuntarily Mangal began to mumble a prayer.

He must run, his reasoning told him. He must run to save his skin, and more important still, his money. Thirty yards away was the bazar. He could hear the noise, see a chink of light-splashed pavement with figures flitting across it. He must make for it and then he would be safe.

He ran, his heart in his mouth. But his legs were stiff with fright, they intertwined, he stumbled, then fell on the dark cobbles upon his face.

The blood beat in his ears. He could feel the clatter of nailed boots running up to him. Then in a

flash he was up again and running.

Before he had taken two steps a heavy hand caught him by the shoulder. "Aey Babu!" said a gruff booming voice. Like a hammer blow it fell upon his ears. This was the man he had insulted. He was in for trouble.

"What is it?" he said mustering up courage to sound natural, as if nothing had happened. But his fists were already clenched and wet, his heart throbbed wildly.

The big man shook him roughly by his shoulders and all his courage seemed to melt away at the shaking. He felt his knees give way suddenly, for he felt weak now and resigned. But the man held him up by the scruff of his neck. "I came to give you a free lesson in talking..."

Mangal felt himself raised. He kicked his feet in the air, poked

his fists into the steely shoulder of his opponent in the dark. But they did not avail him. The man hurled him down like a *dhobi* flinging his clothes upon the stone. Mangal's forehead struck a stone, and it seemed his knees had spilt open. He cried with pain, trying a scramble to his feet again "Forgive me," he cried. "For heaven's sake don't be so cruel. Forgive me!" A fierce hand struck him on the face, right, then left. He sank down on the flagged stones and lay prone, his head rolled on one side, his arms limp. Everything was suddenly dark around him. The waves of consciousness receded further and further away....

Then, after what seemed a long time, he came to again. Through the blood beating in his ears, through the breath choking in his throat, he heard the heavy voice: "There! That will teach you your lesson, you son of a—, You will know how to talk to your father now." And a boot poked mercilessly in Mangal's ribs.

But Mangal lay inert, making no answer. He waited till the footsteps had softened into the distance, till they were no more to be heard. Then he tottered painfully to his feet, his knees hurting, and wiped his face, smoothed his clothes. Even the knuckles of his fingers were grazed. He felt with his hand a bump on his forehead. But strangely enough he felt light of spirit now. He felt a great weight lifted from his sickened soul.

In the bazar he sighed with relief. He was a sorry sight with his clothes clotted with mud and blood, his face swollen, the ankles of his trousers dirty. But he walked nonchalantly on, not heeding the questioning glances that the people gave him.

The lights of the shops shown gaily, sending forth flashes from plate glass and polished steel and nickel jewellery. It blinded his



Veera the talented Filmistan star hits the spotlight again in "Sanwariya" now on at the Roxy, Bombay.

smarting eyes, made everything fantastic as a dream.

At a toy shop he stopped and bought a cricket bat, and a tennis ball to go with it. He fished out the money with trembling fingers, a soiled ten rupee note, and shuffled the change into his pocket. At a jeweller's he bought a pair of cheap trinkets for Kamla. At a confectioner's half a pound of sweet cream cakes. As the street petered out into darkness, just by the crossing of Pigeon Fountain he came a lonely ill-lit flower stall and bought a garland of jasmine flowers. It was for Roopa, his dear darling Roopa. How she loved the smell of jasmynes!

He had spent ten rupees out of his small salary of hundred. But he never gave a thought to it. Only

if they were nice to him, he would be amply repaid. O' God, he prayed, let them not be angry with me any more.

Outside his house he put his purchases on the floor of the courtyard and washed his face from the tap, passed his wet fingers through his tousled hair. He wanted to go in looking as presentable as possible. The bump on his forehead did not hurt any more. His ankles were less painful now: soon they would be all right.

But he was anxious to see how he was received.

Stepping over his doorstep into his home, Mangal found his family in a uproar. Kamla was crying over her spilt milk with Roopa standing over her in a mighty temper.

"Every time I manage a little, milk for you, you impudent fool, you spill it. I have half a mind to give you a hiding you will remember all your life. And you there," she turned round upon Gyanu pressed into a corner with a bad tear in the front of his shirt, "another time you do anything with your clothes, I will beat you to pulp—you get me?—to pulp. Oh! these children, they will be the death of me."

Mangal coughed and moved towards the bedroom. "Enough, it will do for the day, I say," he said to Roopa. "Come children, come and see what your father has brought for you."

He put his load upon his bed and turned to them smiling. He saw Roopa's look of disgust turn suddenly to one of alarm. "What is it?" she gasped rushing to him. "What happened? Tell me what happened?"

Mangal disengaged himself from her arms. "It's nothing," he said. "It's nothing at all."

But Roopa would not let go of him. "Kamla!" she shouted in anxious concern, grasping his shoulders, forcing him down upon the bed. "Get a little warm water and a few washed rags from the canister over in that corner. Get it quick." She paused, passing her hand over his forehead, as if trying to smooth down the bump. "How badly you are hurt," she said, her voice breaking. "O, what a bad hurt it is here."

Mangal relaxed, let his body go limp. He closed his eyes and lay in here, with his loving wife and lay back resting. It was peaceful his dear children around him. It was a little nice home he had all by himself—peaceful, quiet, cosy. He wondered why it was that he was so lucky.



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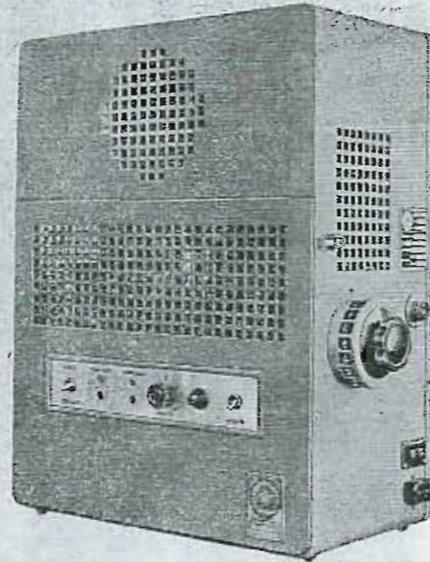
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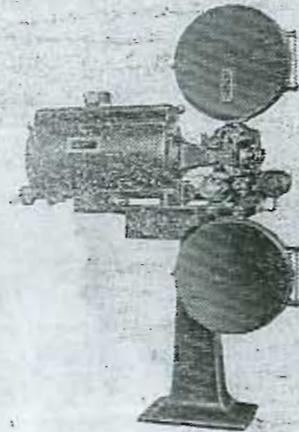
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Starring

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EXPECTING: visit from stork: thrice-married, 'Baby' star Manorama Haksar. Sound says: "Quick work, Rajen."

STOLEN: March over her hubby's former wife Manorama. Veena of the beautiful and expressionless face, by becoming mother of charming baby girl. Sound hopes another Veena.

SURPRISED: Her fans, friends and foes Kamini Kaushal. Cause: Her Bharat Natyam dance in 'Nite With Stars.' Sound waiting for similar surprise on the screen.

WEPT: Copiously, same Kamini, when her dance item cut down to three minutes owing to Police action. Sound asks: "Real or glycerine?"

EASIER: To face raiders' bullets on Kashmir Front than appear on stage," said screen veteran but stage-frightened Motilal to Sher-e-Kashmir Sheikh Abdulla referring to his experiences in "Nite With Stars." Says Sound: "The raiders were here too—wearing slacks and not shalwars."

CONSPICUOUS: By her absence 'Chocolate-Charmer' Suraiya from 'Nite With Stars! Asks Sound "So, after all Jaddan Bai's daughter beat you, Baby."



V. H. DESAI
 "Death had last laugh".

STILL-BORN: Aga Jan's "Baby Act" featuring Begam Para, Madhuri, Veera and Yashodhara Katju. Cause Catastrophe: Police action. Says Sound: Our condolences to all mothers including Aga.

FORGOTTEN: On 2nd anniversary by million minting Producers, tall-talking fellow stars, and All India Radio, the imperishable Voice of the Indian Screen, K. L. Saigal. Says Sound: "But the people remember."

MOURNED: by Sound and millions who loved and laughed

with him, sad demise of 52 year old comedian V. H. Desai, Sighs Sound: "Death had last laugh".

JITTERS: In state of, entire Bombay film trade. Cause: Arrival on Hindustani Screen. Press lord cum film tycoon, soft-spoken, unassuming but shrewd S. S. Vasan's titanic show "Chandralakha." Says Sound "This guy seems crazy. He pays his bills and how!"

CROWNED: with glory long-clowning career of tall, heavy-weight, popular comedian Dixit via thundering roadshow "Pugree". Hopes Sound: May he recover soon to wear *Pugree* of film fame for many many years.

AMERICA BOUND: One time Ranjit crooner Khurshid along with chubby Lala Yakub. Alleged mission: buying machinery for infant Pak film industry. Says Sound: "Best machine is right down there in her throat."

WIELDING: megaphone instead of microphone, golden-voiced, buxom "Baby" mother Noorjehan. First directorial assignment: "Chanve" in Punjabi for hubby Shaukat's Shah-Noor Productions. Says Sound: "Shaukat watch your laurels."

Announcing



YET ANOTHER TITANIC SHOW
FROM THE DIRECTOR WHO GAVE
YOU "NATAK" AND "MELA"

SUNNY ART PRODUCTIONS' BABUL

Starring: DILIP KUMAR

- ★ JEEVAN
- ★ AMAR
- ★ ABBAS
- ★ ALLAUDDIN

Direction: S. U. SUNNY Songs: SHAKIL Music: NAUSHAD

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Trade Winds

By: BID FOR MONOPOLY — SOLVENCY OF PRODUCERS — GODS IN FILMS
CENTRAL BOARD OF CENSORSHIP — WHO IS GADDAAR
VIPI IS IT TRUE GUP

ONCE again the bosses of the film industry are trying to consolidate their position by unfair means. Some months ago, when there was a great shortage of raw stock, there was a move to control the distribution of raw stock through IMPPA and thus monopolize film production. But, thanks to the sharp differences between the studio-owners and the independents, and thanks also to the improvement in the supplies of raw stock, the plan had to be scrapped.

BID FOR MONOPOLY

But now under a different pretext the same plan is being put into effect by interested parties. On 9th January, at an informal meeting, the producers are reported to have unanimously passed a resolution in favour of the control of the studio-space and consequently the production. If this resolution is effected, it is hoped that only those who are making pictures now will have the opportunity to make pictures. At the same time it is expected that the limited production will deal a death-blow to the black-market now rampant in raw stock and theatres. Instead of exposing the black marketeer and agitating for more theatres and better supply of raw stock the producers are anxious to create war-time conditions by banning the entry of newcomers under some pretext or the other. So that they can reap the full harvest without fear of any new competition and create a new black market in studios!

In the jargon of economics, that is just an attempt to monopolize

the film trade and, being fully aware of the disastrous results of war-time monopoly of the producers which was mainly responsible for the present deterioration of the Indian films, TW at least cannot subscribe to this resolution.

But TW is not dismayed since it knows for a fact that the producers can never take a united stand. The producers who stoop even to get other's pictures banned the producers who suffer from individualism and egoism and are unable to co-operate even on such social issues as starting a club cannot be expected to agree on the allotment of studio-space. And their inability to unite is the only guarantee that the capitalist monopoly cannot prevail in India.

SOLVENCY OF PRODUCERS!

Incidentally, at the same meeting a suggestion was made that only 'solvent' producers should be allowed to become the members of the IMPPA and that those producers who have not made a picture for two years in succession should forfeit the membership as well as their claim on studio-space.

Both these suggestions, however, were turned down for obvious reasons. Yet, TW suggests that the solvency of the producer is a problem which must be solved not only by the IMPPA but by the Government. In view of the liquidation of several producers during the last two years, it is high time that the Government made some law which would compel the producers to deposit a fixed amount in the bank as a guarantee of their 'solvency' and in case of the producers'

failure, the creditors should be paid out of the fixed deposit.

Thank to the lack of such legal provision, stars, directors, workers and even the newspapers have lost thousands or rather lakhs of rupees during the last two or three years. Will other newspapers, who have suffered like 'Sound', take up this matter and urge both IMPPA and the Government to ensure solvency of the film producers on the lines of the scheduled banks and the insurance companies.

GODS IN FILMS!

It is interesting to recall to-day the reason why Dadasaheb Phalke selected a mythological story of



Mr. M. L. Anand the promising new director who is at the moment giving the finishing touches to Producer Jaimani Dewan's sensational film "Lahore".



Cuddlesome threesome! Protima, Para and Sitara caught by our cameraman during the rehearsals of the "Nite With The Stars". Some nite that—with such a galaxy of stars around!

'Raja Harishchandra' for the first motion picture to be produced in India in view of the recent controversy over the depiction of Hindu Gods on the screen. The reason was that Dadasaheb, the pioneer that he was, knew that the only way to popularize the new medium of motion picture in India was to recount the most popular and favourite stories through this medium; and naturally his first choice was a story from mythology, known all over India.

And to-day it can be said that but for the mythological stories from Mahabharat, Ramayana and Bhagwat, the Indian film industry would not have gained such mass support and patronage in India, where all forms of popular entertainment—be it 'Burra-katha' in South or 'Ram Leela' in North or 'Kirtan' in Bengal—are closely associated with mythology.

So it is hardly surprising that for 35 years the mythology has been paying good dividends at the box office and naturally when the news that the Government of Madras wishes to ban the portrayal of Gods on the screen was flashed in the press it received adverse comments from the two foremost

producers of Bombay—V. Shantaram and Baburao Pai.

TW and for that matter Sound have been never in favour of mythological pictures, though it admits that Vyas and Valmiki are the greatest story-writers of India. And hence unlike the afore mentioned producers TW would have welcomed such a ban. But in India where it is customary for poor workers and peasants to dress as Radha and Krishna and dance on the streets during Janmashtami and Holi festivals, it is impossible to set any puritanic standard for the portrayal of Gods on the screen. And any effort to copy other countries and religions in the treatment of Hindu gods is bound to prove a failure. Hence, as long as Hanuman and his miracles are not a phantasy but a reality to an average Indian, the film producers would be perfectly justified in depicting that 'reality'. It is only on this ground that TW is constrained to oppose this 'puritan' ban; otherwise TW believes that the lesser number of mythologicals are produced the better for the film industry and the nation. So any action against the mythologicals should be taken not on the basis of 'puritanism' but on the basis of 'rationalism'.

And the 'rational' attitude demands that far from banning mythological stories and portrayals of god, they should be clearly used for propagating national and progressive ideas and educating the masses as some of the Political Parties in India are already doing.

CENSORSHIP

TW is happy to note that at last the bill to set up a Central Board of Censorship for films has been passed by the Constituent Assembly. Now it is to be hoped that this "bill" will be soon put into effect, and the present anomaly of one province banning a picture which is freely circulated in another province would cease.

The 'Censor' has been strictly so far a Home Department affair, and before the National Government assumed charge, almost every Congress leader had criticised this kind of Police Censorship. Now that the new control board is to be constituted, it is to be hoped that the new Censor Board will function under the Education and the Information departments, as these departments are better qualified to judge what is good or bad for the public than the Police.

As this Board will be constituted by the Central Government its headquarter is likely to be Delhi; but whatever head-quarter it selects it should have its offices at Madras, Bombay and Calcutta the three main centres of film production. Moreover, this Board must study the various codes of censorship formulated by the different provinces and adopt a code which is acceptable not only to all the Provincial Government and produces but the educationists, as well as the important Political Parties and the social institutions, so that it will be a broad-based, liberal and at the same time healthy code. This is very essential since terms like 'vulgarity,' 'decency,' licence and 'hatred' are very flexible, and unless they are correctly interpreted the code is

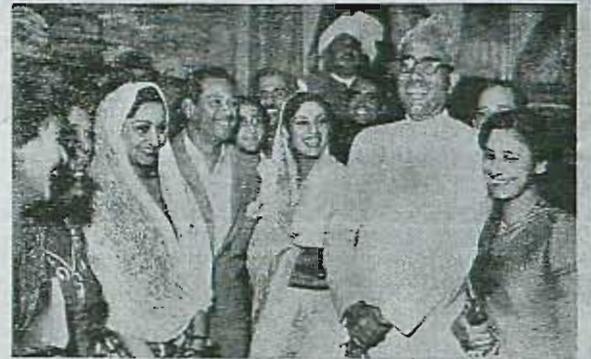
liable to act like the Public Security Act as a fetter on the freedom of the screen. For, as it is, while 'Jugnu' is considered vulgar in Bombay it is considered 'decent' in Madras and while 'Khidki' is considered vulgar and banned in Madras it is considered good enough to be shown in Bombay! So the interpretation of the terms 'vulgar' and 'obscene' seems to vary from province to province, and if these mistakes are not to be repeated a clearer interpretation of the code becomes absolutely necessary.

IS CENSOR ANTI-PROGRESSIVE?

The vagaries of the censors are too well known to be enumerated here. But as long as these vagaries are confined to the moral plane, they can cause no major harm. When these vagaries assume the form of reactionary political policy, then one is constrained to say that the Censorship is trying to suppress all the radical views which do not conform to the policy of the present Government.



Some of the umpteen stars that took part in the "Nite With Stars". This picture was taken during the cock-tail party at Motilal's house—to meet the Press—that preceded the show.



A 'Lion' amongst the stars! Sher-e-Kashmir snapped in a gay mood the day he met our stars at Bombay. Veera, Jairaj, Para and Protima are some of the stars seen in the picture.

How else can we interpret the objection to the alleged close-up of the photo of Stalin in 'Shikayat' and a song declaring "To-day India wants cloth, food and houses" in 'Bazar'." Surely, these scenes do not come under the label of 'cheap and vulgar.' The only explanation

of the censor's objection can be that in a mere display of the photograph of Stalin, who was so vociferously greeted by India's Prime Minister on his birthday, the Censors suspected communist propaganda, and in the objected song of 'Bazar' they smell Socialism.

This attitude of the censors, TW believes, constitutes a real danger to all the progressive writers, poets and film-producers who want India to be 'a secular socialist republic.' And unless an all out effort is made to check this policy now, in future it would be impossible to present economic problems in a progressive manner on the screen. Already there is a reactionary section of the press agitating that the National heroes of 1942 and other revolutionary struggles should not be glorified on the screen, for there is a fear that their stories will spread the message of revolution and socialism once again. This section is of course pleading its case with the usual argument against crime and violence; but its 'motif' is quite different, and hence it is all the more necessary to fight for liberal censorship, which in order to protect the 'moral' of the society

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Music :
GOUR GOSWAMI
AND
SUREN PAUL

Direction & Scenario:

K. GUPTA

Associate:

KAMAL BASAK

—SUGGESTIONS:—

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may not also 'protect' it from the new dynamic progressive ideas and ideologies!

WHO IS 'GHADDAAR'?

It is fashionable even to-day, a year after the death of Mahatma Gandhi, to describe Muslims as 'Ghaddaars.' The recent Kashmir Relief Show has again given a fillip to the so-called patriots to describe some Muslim producers and stars who did not associate themselves with this show to be 'Ghaddaars' and 'Pakistanis.' They alleged that one particular Muslim star refused to participate in the show because she was worried about her fans in Pakistan; they also allege that a Muslim producer, who is incidentally filming the life of India's most popular national hero, went round persuading his religious brothers and sisters to keep away from the show.

While it is for the organizers to clarify the truth, one would like to know what so-called patriots did for the show. But for a handful of artists and producers who were enthusiastic about the show, none of them—whether they were Hindus or Muslims—bothered about the show at all. Some of them, who squander money on drinks, flush and races complained that the rate of tickets was too high; some of them just cynically scorned at the show; while others waited and waited in the hope that the organisers would come to their door to sell the tickets and ask them to appear in the show and thus tickle their vanity. In spite of their own antipathy and indifference to the show, the same stars and directors and producers have now the effrontery to call themselves patriots and describe the Muslims as Pakistanis or 'Ghaddaars.' What an irony!

TW would like these patriots to justify their own attitude first before they start calling anybody names. TW, of course, does not believe that any star or producer did not participate because he or



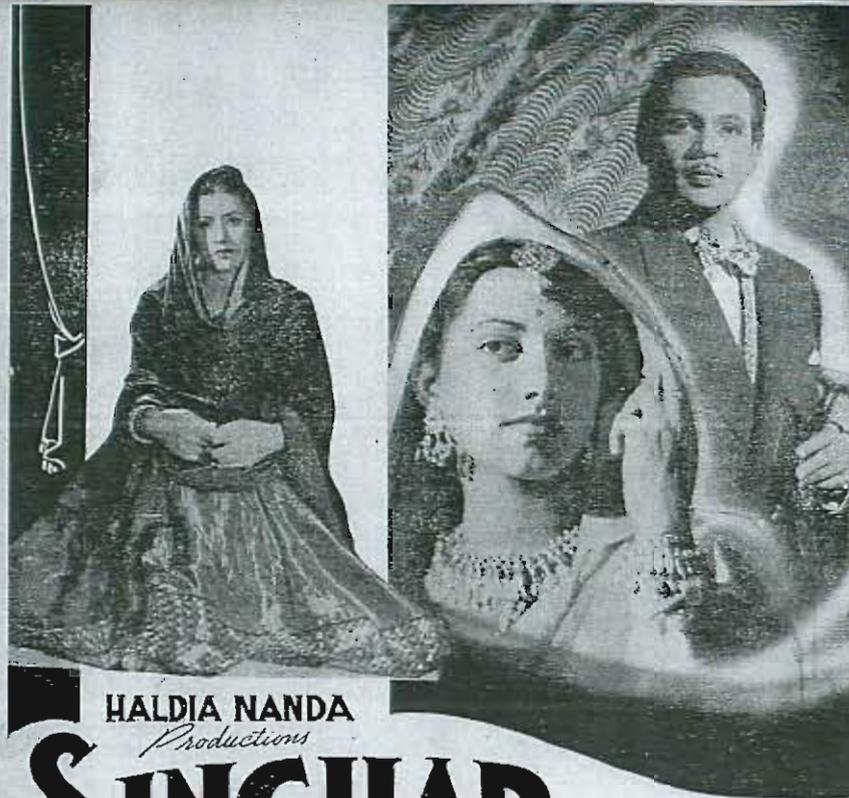
All the artistry and symbolism that have gone to make Shantaram's pictures unique in the annals of Indian films are once again displayed in Raj Kamal's ambitious production "Apna Desh." This quizzical still from this film starring Pushpa Hans has got us all mixed up. Could you guess what it signifies? If not, wait till this film comes to the screen.

she belonged to any particular community. If that was so, why pick only on Muslims? What about Maharashtrians? There was not a single star or producer from Maharashtra who either appeared in the show or came to see it. Does it make all of them 'Ghaddaars'? Certainly not. The same is true about everybody. So, instead of spreading this vicious communal canker, the 'patriot' stars and film people would do well to show their 'patriotism' in a more positive manner in future:

A NITE WITH STARS!

TW congratulates 'Cine Voice' for arranging a grand show for a grand cause. This show gave an opportunity to our film stars to prove to themselves and the public that they too are sensitive to a social cause and anxious to do their bit.

Never before perhaps had the film stars worked so strenuously and so sincerely for any show as they did for this, and but for the motive behind it, they would never have been inspired to work so hard.



HALDIA NANDA
Productions
SINGHAR
STARRING
SURAIYA • MADHUBALA
JAIRAJ • K. N. SINGH
MADANPURI • RANDHIR
& DURGA KHOTE

Direction: **J. K. NANDA**

music: **KHURSHID ANWAR**
Producer: **R. B. HALDIA**



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HALDIA NANDA PRODUCTIONS Shree Sound Studios, Dadar, Bombay



Famed photoplaywright Prabhulal Dwivedi, who has to his credit more hits than any two scenarists put together. His latest success is "Grahasti" which is running to packed houses wherever released.

What is more creditable, that unlike most of the stage-shows in which the stars have flopped, they acquitted themselves creditable in this show. Thanks to the veteran artistes, though some of them like Motilal were appearing on the stage for the first time there was a 'professional' touch to everything—settings, light, acting and direction, and that is why the show did not flop. Credit for it goes to P. Jairaj who directed to show.

Moreover, perhaps to please the Society which came in full force to see the show, they had chosen the medium of comedy to entertain them—as many as four humorous plays viz. 'Shadi Ya Dhakosa' 'Kanush' 'Love Potion' and 'Naya Kanoon' were staged; 'Jyotish' and Aga Jhan's 'Baby-act' which could not be staged for want of time also followed the same vein. In such a hilarious atmosphere, the songs by Surendra and Mukesh sounded dull and the poem recitations seemed boring. They were obviously misfits in such a programme.

The dances, a Kathak dance by Sitara, who seems to have lost none of her vigour and artistry, Bharat Natya by Kamini Kaushal, who surprised everybody by her proficiency, and a folk dance by Prem and Hoor, however, added colour and variety to the show.

Out of the four plays, two were satires and healthy satires on matrimony and greed, the third 'Love Potion' was more a satire on Neera than on Prohibition, as such, and the jealous wife, and the fourth 'Naya Kanoon' was a satire on film production as such and not merely on censorship as the title indicates. In fact, this piece, perhaps the most important of all items, revealed that the stars can laugh at themselves, at the stupid stories they are called upon to portray, and the general studio atmosphere. This was the most healthy sign as it indicates that the stars are not satisfied with the present conditions and that they are tired of playing adolescent lovers.

POLICE ACTION

It is a pity that one could not see Raj Kapoor on the stage. But the 'Police Action' deprived the



Rukshana, the talented pupil of famed dancer Shirin Vajildar has now bid adieu to the stage for greater glory on the screen. Her dances have a rare charm and are bound to prove popular. She is at the moment working in Savan Art's "Kut Putli".



Bhupen Kapoor the talented star of New Theatres' "Hamrahi" and "Anjanak" is now featured in almost all Hindi pictures produced in Calcutta. This debonair artiste has got what it takes to be a top-notch artiste.

audience of this great treat. And it is really amazing that while the Marathi stage-plays were allowed to continue their shows up to 2 A.M. at night, similar latitude could not be given to the show which was organized for the relief and the comfort of the troops in Kashmir. This is a mystery on which only the Police Department can throw light.

Though the audience could not have the opportunity to see the full programme and though some of the artists felt dejected, it was a very entertaining show and, if staged again, with the police permission, of course, it would help to reach the target of one lakh rupees.

THINGS ONE MISSED!

In this show there were certain things, the absence of which was felt very acutely by the people who came to see the show. In the programme itself, but for one poem by Dewan Sharar, there was no reference to Kashmir and its fight for freedom, or to our Jawans

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Here's Their MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

SANWARINA

A FEAST OF MUSIC with SANTOSHI'S Lyrics and C. RAMCHANDRA'S Music.
Written & Directed by N. A. MANSURL.

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

NOW RUNNING AT ROXY

And Here's Their Emotional Screenplay

Actress

The Story of the Life and Love of An Artiste

Directed by: NAJAM NAQVI Story: K. A. ABBAS Music: SHYAM SUNDER

Lyrics: NAKSHAB & RAJA MEHDI ALI KHAN

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

NOW RUNNING AT NOVELTY



who have so heroically fought for over a year. Surely, the organizers, could have got some songs specially written by Prem Dhawan for the occasion; then perhaps they could have also staged plays glorifying the two martyrs—Maqbool Shervani (Abbas had already written a play on him) and Brigadier Usman; they could have even composed a ballet on 'New Kashmir.' But either the stars were not that much politically conscious or the organisers did not want to have 'politics' in the show—though perhaps such politics would have incurred less wrath than some of the items are reported to have incurred. The *Kashmir* motif was definitely missing from this show.



Photo taken on the day the Delegates to the Asian Conference on Indonesia witnessed Gemini's 'Chandralekha' at New Delhi as the guests of the Government of India. The picture shows Mr. V. K. N. Chari, Gemini's Publicity Executive leading them to the theatre.



Pralulla the popular crooner is responsible for several hit tunes in Great Eastern Movietone's "Lalita".

Then one missed the film people in the audience. Hardly about twenty-five film people were there in the whole auditorium. Why was the show 'boycotted' by others is not so much mystery but a proof positive of the general antipathy of the film-industry towards national causes in general and this show in particular.

Also one missed the Ministers of the Government of Bombay. Perhaps they too had their own reasons for not patronising this show.

1949—A YEAR OF PROMISE!

1949 seems to auger well for India and the world as the recent happenings indicated. 1949 also seems to be a year of promise for the Indian film industry. The year has started well with the release of a really first-rate comedy like 'Pugree' and in January-February about four pictures including "Dard", "Mela," "Pyarki Jeet" and 'Khidki' have celebrated their silver jubilees in Bombay—a record for any year! The Hindi version of Chandralekha is destined to achieve on all India scale a success in keeping with its triumph in the South.

In this year, we will perhaps have the opportunity of seeing several outstanding pictures—pictures dealing with the topical problems like 'Apna Desh,' 'Samadhi' and 'Lahore', depicting unusual stories like 'Andaz' 'Char Din', 'Singhar', 'Barsat' and



A dramatic sequence from I.N.A.'s dynamic film "Swayam Siddha" starring Shanta Apte.

'Rajani'—all produced with the greatest dexterity and skill, and many others. Besides, since Vasan of "Chandralekha" fame has decided to enter Hindustani market his pictures will definitely contribute to the general improvement. If half of these expectations come true, 1949 would prove to be a great year in the annals of the Indian film industry.

Is It True?

—that the resolution that only solvent producers can become members of IMPPA was defeated by a large majority?

—that this is no reflection on the 'solvency' or otherwise of IMPPA members?

—that Sound accountant can also throw some light on the subject?

—that producers have found a new black-market to end all black-markets, viz. the rationing of Studio-space?

—that Chandulal Shah and his executives are frantically trying to retain their seats after once having resigned?

—that Kodak's loss (of licence) is Kapurchand's gain?

—that Kodak in view of the changed Position will be extra polite to its customers?

—that the best way to frighten a Producer is to mention "Chandralekha" and Vasan, the two bug-bears of the Bombay film industry?

—that IMPPA which so far was opposed to provincial pictures has protested strongly against Vasan trying to produce Hindustani films?

—that IMPPA proposes to send a deputation to Government to stop Vasan from producing Hindi films?

—that a similar appeal is being made to newspapers not to publish "Chandralekha" advertisements?

—that everybody is asking Nargis the cause of her getting more and more thin?

—that Asit, Dilip Kumar and Raj Kapoor have different explanations for this malady—may be there are different explanations?



The famous pair of music-makers, Humail and Bhagatram are responsible for the swell tunes of Majestic Films' "Chanda". Incidentally its their first production venture.

—that Jaddanbai believes that only a marriage with a prince would cure her?

—that Protima Dasgupta has got so much used to slacks and bush coat that she has forgotten to put on a saree?

—that Shobhana Samarth has seen "Seeta Swayamwar" several times to study Seeta's role as played by Baby Shakuntala?

—that there is no truth in the rumour that after seeing Baby Shakuntala she has decided not to play this role in "Ram Vivaha" and assigned it to her charming daughter?

—that Mr. Sood seems to suffer from the delusion that all the

journalists are against Mrs. Sood (Kamini Kaushal) for reasons not known?

—that Motilal is seriously thinking of making the stage his career?

—that Motilal, Begum Para and Protima Dasgupta and of course Shobhana Samarth will be the stars of his first stage production?

—that after the jubilee of "Dag Bhai" at Karachi Mukerjee has lost his superstition for 'S'?

—that having lost faith in his stardom Shahu Modak has decided to become a professional speaker and missionary like his reverend father?

NARGIS

AMBITIOUS AND PRETTY!
INTELLIGENT AS SHE
IS LOVELY!



ON acquaintance one becomes aware that Nargis is as intelligent as she is lovely. People don't believe in this combination; there is a public superstition that beauty and brains are never packaged together. Nargis proves that they are ... quite delightfully in her particular person.

I saw her first on the screen in "Humayun." In that imposing cast, in such a minor role as that of Hamida Banu, Humayun's wife, she stood out in rare dignity and showed rich promise of a future dramatic star, a very welcome addition to our already depleted stock of young dramatic actresses.

I saw her again in the immortal classic, "Romeo and Juliet." Her performance was compared with that of Norma Shearer although it was patterned after Shearer's in the same role. I thought the comparison is in bad taste, as comparisons are always odious, more so among film artistes. In the role of Juliet, Nargis displayed a wistful quality both in appearance and speech, which was entirely her own. Then I saw her in "AAG" blossom-

ing out as a full-fledged dramatic star. I have co-starred opposite her in "Anjuman" and "Darogaji."

What impressed me most about her was her modesty (I don't mean the synthetic variety!), a quality which is essential in every good artiste.

By
JAIRAJ

Nargis is one of our conscientious artistes. She throws herself into each new role with increasing intensity, absorbs direction well, and is patient and pains-taking in every action, shot or scene in which she appears. I have often noticed her listening intently to all that is told to her as though she is learning something for the first time.

I feel that Nargis is committing the mistakes many of us are guilty of: working simultaneously in a number of pictures, which is in no way helpful to an artiste to create

a living role or render a superb performance. She has probably made six pictures within the last year, which explains pretty much why she hasn't time for outside activities, although she is one of filmdom's most vigorous apostles of the outdoors, sun-kissed, vitamin school of beauty, and naturally believes that swimming is the best exercise a girl can take. Nargis plays a good game of badminton and table tennis. I have often been at the losing end, so I should know! I cannot say that chivalry is not dead, but the fact is that she did beat me.

Nargis is not just a pretty girl with a photogenic face and figure. She has distinction, call it personality, it, *Oomph*, what you like! I have often suggested that she should play dramatic roles and less of the now so thoroughly typed frivolous - pretty - society - college-girl roles.

I know she is fond of chocolates and clothes. Who is not? She looks equally charming in pinks, saris or slacks. She has a weakness for perfumes! Beyond that do not ask me!



Starring:

SHASHIKALA, ZILLOBAI, NIRANJAN SHARMA, REKHA, PRAKASH etc.

Story:

BEGUM MUZAMMIL

Dialogues:

KAMIL RASHID
&
MUTTO

Songs:

JOSH MALIHABADI
BEHZAD LUCKNAVI
AHSAN RAZVI
MAHMUD SAROSH
&
JEHAN QADAR
CHUGHTAI

Music:

K. S. ABID
HUSSAIN KHAN
&
SUSHANTO BANERJI

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HORNBY ROAD, FORT, BOMBAY.



THE function of the motion picture film in Education has been broadly defined by the Government of India's Central Advisory Board of Education as follows:-

- "1. to show what something looks like.
- "2. to show how something works.
- "3. to show how something happens."

"In performing these three functions the motion picture film has a flexibility, that is greater and more powerful than this vision of any one man. It has at its disposal the power of the telescope and the microscope; neither time nor space nor man's myopic vision are barriers that cannot be levelled by the camera. It brings into the classroom the world outside, the past and the future. It can show, for example the operation of the Diesel engine, the heart and lungs, the plants in their orbits, molecules and disease germs, sound waves and telephones. This manipulation of time and distance is possible by various camera positions, telescopic and microscopic photography, time lapse and slow motion photography, animation drawings and special effects and editing technique. In range AND FLEXIBILITY THEREFORE THE MOTION PICTURE FILM IS UNRIVALLED AS A TEACHING AID."

"Emphasis has been laid more on the duration of the course of education than on the standard of attainments to be aimed at. It may be safely claimed that if aids to education which science has placed in the hands of man, are fully utilised the progress of attainment of a child (or adult) can be hastened enormously...IT MAY BE CLAIMED WITH FULL JUSTIFICATION THAT THE KNOWLEDGE WHAT IT WOULD TAKE A CHILD WEEKS TO ACQUIRE UNDER THE EXISTING METHOD HE COULD ACQUIRE WITH THE HELP OF A CINEMATOGRAPH IN MUCH SHORTER TIME AND WITH VERY MUCH LESS A STRAIN ON THE TEACHER....."

The relevant quotations sum up to a great extent all what one has to say in the support of educational films. The proposals and suggestions in this respect have always been placed, till now, in cold storage. Firstly, because the previous Government was not seriously concerned with the right type of education for India; and secondly the political situation was too fluid to plan anything of a long range nature.

Now with the advent of a new era in our history, the Central and Provincial Governments, who are pledged to educate the masses as early as possible, have taken immediate steps in this direction

in spite of their multifarious activities. A Central Board of Visual Education has been set up to help the Provincial Governments to plan and supervise their schemes for this particular medium of education. Almost each Provincial Government has purchased hundreds of projectors which will be made available to schools and village authorities. Apart from the above they have earmarked lakhs of rupees in their annual budgets for the same purpose. But all of them are faced with one great handicap i.e. non-availability of proper films for exhibiting on these projectors.

N. E. I. F. STEPS IN

Many of the Provincial Governments are not starting their own productions units as it is the responsibility of private enter-



Veteran trouper Kanta Kumari is reported to have put in a sterling performance in New India Pictures' "Kinara".

“ ”
THE TALK HAS STARTED
 ” ”



Jai mani Dewan
 presents.

Lahore

Starring: NARGIS. KARAN DEWAN.

Music Direction Photography
 SHYAM SUNDER, M.L. ANAND CHANDU

Star Studied—Hand Picked Cast
 NARGIS, KARAN DEWAN, KULDIP,
 PRATIMA DEVI, GULAB, BALAKRAM,
 RANDHIR and OM PARKASH
 with Millions more

METROPOLITAN FILMS LTD.

HAINES ROAD, BOMBAY II.

prise. Private enterprise has been inactive due to two main reasons: (a) suitable education films do not exist and hence the schools may not be interested to purchase projectors immediately and (b) commercial producers are reluctant to embark upon this venture of producing educational films which the schools are not equipped to show. HENCE THE NEED OF AN ORGANISATION WHICH WILL COMBINE BOTH THESE FUNCTIONS. National Education & Information Films Ltd., has been created precisely for filling this gap of becoming a national institute for undertaking to launch the entire scheme of production, distribution and exhibition of education films through their own organisation on a nation wide scale aiming at reaching both the urban and the rural population of India.

National Education and Information Films Limited has undertaken to launch the production, distribution and exhibition of educational films through their own organisation.

A Central Advisory Council constituted of the most eminent Educationists of the Country has been created. The function of this Council will be to study the country's educational needs and formulate the general policy of the company with regards to the subjects to be filmed and also advise on other important matters.

The Central Advisory Council will be helped by the Provincial Boards which will consist of representatives of headmasters' associations, teachers' associations and other local educationists, competent to give advice on their local needs and requirements.

The Central and Provincial Governments will be requested to nominate their representatives on our council and boards, to harmonise the work with the plans of the various Governments.



Kuldip, Majnu, Nayantara and Jawahar Kaul in a rather complicated romantic sequence from Bombay Theatres "Tara" a film destined to hit the headlines.

There are to be four committees for planning and conducting the production and exhibition of these films:

(a) Educational Experts Committee. This committee is to approve the final scripts according to the needs of the Government and educational institutions.

(b) Script Department. This department will invite scripts and also get them prepared.

(c) Technical Department. Its function will be to produce the films.

(d) Organisation and administration Department. This department is to organise the exhibition and distribution of the films through its own organised centres in each province. Each province will have several sub offices (where there is sufficient number of member schools) which will be fully equipped with projectors, generators, mikes, gramophones, slide lantern screens and films.

Approximately one hundred pictures on different subjects will be presented every year. The execution of the work will be conducted by the best talent available. This institution will be the first in India to produce educational films based in Indian backgrounds, suitable to the local needs and requirements in Hindi and other provincial languages, and not only to show the films imported from other countries.

FILM IN THE CLASSROOM.

Each film will be preceded by a recorded disc of six minutes' duration in the same national or provincial language as the film. This disc will explain the details as precisely and accurately as only an expert teacher could. It will be a sort of introductory lecture.

On each film there will be a booklet, explaining the use of that particular film. These booklets will be kept in the School Library for ready reference of the teacher. THE FILM.

The film will portray what otherwise cannot be brought to the

imagination of the student. To the progressive teacher of today the cinema is essentially an animated blackboard which eliminates class-room obstacles to seeing and hearing and overcomes the limitations of distances and time.

Broadly speaking, we can classify educational films into two categories:—

(1) Direct teaching films, dealing with subjects included in the studies of the child.

(2) Background films dealing with subjects of great value to the general knowledge of the student. These biographical, informative, entertaining, sporting and films of adventure, with their reality, can be of great assistance in bringing the school and the world closer and give the child an idea of the community in which he has to work and live.

LIBRARIES AND MOBILE UNITS.

To start with, film libraries in different provinces will be established to help distributing the productions. Each library will



A dramatic sequence from Great Orient Pictures' stirring saga "Azadi-Ki-Bad" starring Faiz and Tandon.



Pahari Sanyal the versatile star is reported to have topped all his previous performances by his excellent portrayal in Producer N. R. Jalan's purposeful film "Bapu Ne Kahatha".

begin functioning with about 200 subjects while the central library at Bombay will cater to the immediate requirements of their province by arranging shows and hiring out films to projector owning schools or individuals, on very reasonable rates suitable to all. A comprehensive list of films from all over the world is under preparation from which the final selection will be made for the libraries.

Each school will receive a particular film on a particular day or week of the year and during that period the subject will be taught. Such an arrangement will have to be arrived at during the previous year. Thus it will be fitted in the curriculum and accordingly a certain school will be taking a lesson, for instance on Digestion, in November; while the other will have it in January.

OUR REVIEW

A PROGRESSIVE THEME PRESENTED WITH SINCERITY!

SURAIYA SHINES IN "VIDYA"

SANTOSHI has a dual personality. On the one hand he has been writing smart but rather cheap and inconsequential but entertaining screenplays like 'Shehnai' and 'Khidki' and, on the other, he is also responsible for such a thought-provoking and purposeful story as 'Hum Ek Hai'. So alternately he has been playing the role of an entertainer and social crusader; and now, after establishing himself as an entertainer, he has once again tried his hand at something serious and worthwhile in his new story 'Vidya', which revives the expectations created by 'Hum Ek Hai'.

Of course, Santoshi's contribution in 'Vidya' is only restricted to the story; but it is a picture in which more than anything else the theme and the story create the best impression. And, to the credit of the producers, it must be said that they have shown great courage in selecting Santoshi's rather serious and purposeful story instead of asking him to write another 'Shehnai'; further they must be complimented on sticking to its theme and trying in their own way to interpret it faithfully and sincerely on the screen.

'Vidya', as its title suggests, propagates the need of education though in the picture the heroine's name also happens to be Vidya! It is the story of a cobbler who wants to educate his son at all cost; it is the story of a cobbler's son who devotes his life to education. It has an idealist, who inspires both the hero and the heroine to take up education as their career and mission in life.

It is also the story of a daughter who 'educates' her own father; and it also shows the conversion of a society butterfly, a sort of professional flirt, into an upright school teacher.

So it can be seen that the picture sticks to its theme faithfully. The picture begins with the hero and the heroine in their teen age, meeting for the first time in the school. The son of the cobbler is naturally treated as an outcast, and he is even punished by the teacher for the dual crime of poverty and untouchability. But the son, inspired by his father who works treated as an outcast, and he is even punished by the teacher for the dual crime of poverty and untouchability. But the son, inspired by his father who works

Vidya, who comes to love him, and her mother, almost deserted by her husband who daily comes back home after midnight, also takes a liking for him. But the father, when he comes to know of it, turns him out of the house and put a ban on his daughter. With a typical villain, who resorts to all the usual tricks to prevent the union of two lovers, employing a vamp to lure away the hero and arranging to kidnap her when she turns hostile, the story proceeds on the usual lines and ends with a climax closely resembling 'Aage Badho,' with the daughter confronting the father as a prostitute.

Thus, though the original story-idea is quite dynamic and interesting, it suffers from two major weaknesses in its screen-



A jamboree of publicists? Reading from right to left: E. L. Acharya Proprietor of Ajanta Art Publicity, N. V. Desai, its manager, Harish Salvi, our swashbuckling Calcutta representative; Sudharsan Deb, Ajanta's artist, and H. G. Acharya.

play form. First, the development of each sequence is slow, the dialogues are longwinded; and secondly the villain, played in typical melodramatic style by Madan Puri, makes every twist of the story unnatural. It seems as if all the characters are dancing around his little finger, and every situation depends upon his scheme to win the hand of Vidya, who has

absolutely no liking for him. The crude and detestable specimen of humanity sounds the most jarring note in the whole of the picture and makes a large portion of the story look mechanical and deliberately manouvred. Then the climax, though it is good loses its significance because of its close resemblance to the similar climax in 'Ange Badho' and one is almost

constrained to say that both Munshi Khanjar and Y. N. Joshi, who are responsible for its scenario and dialogue, have not done full justice to the story-idea.

Direction by Girish Trivedi lacks pace and imagination; yet, technically, it is competent and has a ring of sincerity. The music by Sachin Dev Burman is melodious but not likely to be very popular; it is a pity that he could not resist the temptation of copying old tunes of 'Kismet' and thus could not fully use the talents of such top-notch singers like Suraiya and Amir Karnataki both of whom still sing divinely and act even better.

Indeed, after a long time, Suraiya gets the role after her heart and she plays it with admirable restraint and understanding, revealing that she can act dramatic scenes with genuine fervour. For once the cameraman too has been kind to her, with the result that she looks charming and attractive. Even Amir Karnataki, who, had hitherto suffered due to indifferent camerawork, is well photographed in this picture and as the unhappy wife and understanding mother she puts on a good performance which, in some ways, reminds one of Durga Khote in that ill-fated Ranjit picture 'Adhuri Kahani'. Ghulam Mohammad is stagey as usual and Dev Anand is still a bit stiff and self-conscious. With more experience he is bound to prove a better artiste. Madan Puri is as crude as the role demands. Maya Bannerji acts her part with the least conviction. The juniors play their part well. The production has the usual Central Studio stamp on it.

Sometimes dull sometimes mechanical, 'Vidya' is all the same a sincere, interesting and purposeful motion picture.

OUR REVIEW:

PUGREE -- A HUMAN COMEDY

DIXIT EXCELS AS A CHAPLINESQUE CLOWN

IT was Chaplin who first immortalized the character of a tramp on the screen, with the result that Chaplin (who designed a special attire and make-up for his role of black baggy suit, typical moustache, shoes, cane, etc.) almost became synonymous with his role. But of late he has dis-caged, the tramp's role—partly in 'The Great Dictator' and completely in 'Monsieur Verdoux'; that is why perhaps now other producers and actors are coming forward to make stories about tramps. And among them one must mention the name of Producer P. N. Arora, who seems to have been captivated with Chaplin's tramp so much so that his very first independent production 'Doli' seemed to have been inspired by 'City Lights' of Charlie Chaplin.

But while 'Doli' failed to recreate Chaplin's tramp, Arora's 'Pugree', thanks to a brilliant story-idea and equally brilliant performance by Dixit, the Chaplinesque tramp lives on the Indian screen and presents a clown who at times can move the hearts of the audience! This is the greatest triumph of 'Pugree' and its main reason for success. Remove this tramp (played by Dixit) from the picture and it would be just an ordinary boy-meets girl story without any novel twist or social significance.

SOLVING HOUSING PROBLEM?

In a way 'Pugree' is a misnomer. For, it does not basically deal with the 'Pugree' problem as such. True, it is mostly the story of homeless people in search of accommodation; and yet but for a brief encounter with a landlord who demands 'Pugree' and puts down

the condition that only childless couples can occupy his house, there is no allusion to 'Pugree' throughout the picture. It rather offers a novel solution to the housing problem by suggesting indirectly that the empty houses of the rich should be allocated to those who have no homes at all. And around this idea is built the entire structure of this highly amusing, though not always plausible, screenplay. (Any resemblance that 'Pugree' may bear to a certain American film must be entirely co-incidental).

Thus we have a tramp who has made it a routine to live in the 'empty' houses of the rich during their absence. He selects, in particular, the house of Seth Kalidas who lives in winter in Bombay and in summer in Mussoori; so the tramp finds refuge in winter in Mussoorie and in summer in Bombay. As the Seth happens to be almost of the same size, he also uses the Seth's clothes though he never goes by the front door, always using the back door for his entries and exits.

The picture begins when the tramp enters the Bombay house in the summer season, but his routine this time is disturbed because he takes a fancy to some other homeless people. First he gives shelter to a young man sleeping on a bench; second, he takes pity on a young girl, who is in fact the landlord's daughter but whom he mistakes for a homeless orphan in search of a job, and ultimately he has no power to resist other people, who are brought by his guests to seek refuge in the same house. The real fun begins, when the landlord, to satisfy his daughter's whim, disguises himself as a poor

homeless man, and finds shelter in his own house, ruled by a tramp who wears his own clothes, sleeps on his bed, and orders him about, catching him making love to his own wife whom he had deserted for five years!

LOVABLE RAMOO CHACHA

The romantic interest is provided by the landlord's daughter and the young man, and the development of this romance, which becomes complicated because of the opposition from the girl's father, is the only story as such in this picture. The rest is just an interesting inter-play between other characters, especially between the tramp and the landlord Seth. And while the romance is of the usual variety and becomes only amusing when the landlord tries to save his daughter from marrying a jobless youth, the characterization of the



Popular idol Motilal caught in a contemplative mood on the sets of liberty's 'Lokh.'



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tramp is the highlight of 'Pugree'. The fatherly interest he takes in all the other occupants of the house, the way he makes them work, the way he looks after their 'moral' conduct, the zeal with which he protects the landlord's property make "Ramu Chacha" a most lovable tramp; and ultimately when everybody comes to know about the landlord's real identity, except the tramp who walks out at the appointed hour leaving everything intact, donning his old suit, with his baggage, dog and cane, one cannot help feeling moved and sorry.

The only thing that does not absolutely fit into the picture is the trio played by Shashikala, Amar and Kiran. They seem to be superfluous, though perhaps, with a little effort, Sadiq could have integrated their characters with the main story. The love of Shashikala for Wasti is borrowed from Shirley Temple's craze for Cary Grant in 'The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer'; though borrowed, basically it is not a bad idea. But it is absolutely wasted since the character is pointless and is suddenly relegated into the background. This is the major flaw of the story and one wishes that instead of devoting so much footage on such pointless trifles, more attention should have been thrown on his attitude to other aspects of life including love. The climax is also weak. In spite of these shortcomings, credit is due to Sadiq for succeeding in giving us in 'Pugree' the first Chaplinesque Comedy of the Indian screen. The dialogues by Azim Bazidpuri certainly enliven this comedy; but sometimes the similes and metaphors are so crude and obvious and so often repeated that one fails to be even amused. A sparse use of epigrams and similes, and a brisk pace would have heightened the hilarity of the dialogues. And music, always the great attraction of the Indian films, is just an



Rehman and the new charmer Hafeez Jehan in a romantic sequence from Filmistan's "Sanwariya" now going great guns at the Roxy, Bombay.

average version of Naushad's master-tunes.

DIXIT ABOVE ALL

But the one person who really contributes to make this picture a hit is Dixit. As a tramp, with his restrained, natural and at the same time unaffected performance, he lives his role and carries the picture on his broad shoulders. After seeing the picture one feels sorry that one did not see more of him. He is the first clown, in India who succeeds in making us simultaneously laugh and cry. And that is some achievement. Gope is second best; though he often overacts, he too reveals himself as a great comedian. Compared to both these 'Giants,' others look like dwarfs, especially Wasti; every gesture, every word of his seems forced and artificial. Kamini and Shashikala are good decorations and nothing more. Protimadevi

seems to be getting better and better as she grows older and older with every picture.

'Pugree' is very competently produced and enterprisingly directed picture. For a newcomer Anant Thakur has done very well, though one hopes that he would try to be more 'realistic' and not indulge in such fantastic and meaningless use of back-projection as he does in the balcony song since. One also wishes that both the producer and director should have taken more care in establishing contrast between the rich and the poor; as it is, it is difficult to find any difference between the two. The photography by Pandurang Naik is consistently good, though sound is too loud and jarring.

All said and done, one hopes 'Pugree' will be a forerunner of even more brilliant purposeful comedies.

OUR REVIEW:

"NADIYA KE PAR" - A TALE OF FRUSTRATED LOVE

A MIXTURE OF SLAPSTICK AND SOMBRE DRAMA!

INDIA is a land of frustrated lovers love marriages being still very rare in this country. The overwhelming popularity of screen-stories of frustrated love, right from "Rattan" to "Mela", and "Shaheed", seems confirm this belief. And now, cashing in on the popularity of tragic stories of love, Producer-director Kishore Sahu has tried to present a story of unfulfilled and unhappy love against a rather fascinating rural background in Filmistan's 'Nadiya Ke Par,' but as the box-office results indicate not with the same success as its predecessors.

There are two reasons for it: first his story does not conform to the established formula which demands that the heroine be married to the villain or some old man as perhaps most of the young girls had themselves married in real life and which also calls upon the hero to sigh for a girl who is somebody's wife as many of his prototypes do in real life. This departure from the formula, from purely artistic point of view, is however to be welcomed, as it put more life and vigour into the story, and the efforts of the hero to win the girl at all costs by competing in the boat race, by taking her away while a pitched battle is going on between his brother and the girl's father makes him appear manly and hence admirable. It is because of this departure from the the formula that the story gains dramatic momentum in the concluding portions.

But such a treatment demanded a different beginning and a different ending.

As it is, the beginning, though pictorially most impressive, creates a very serious and tragic atmosphere; it leads you to believe that you are about to witness a sort of Greek tragedy or at least

classic love story as sad and sombre as that of Laila Majnun. But after the storm, the suspense of the ghosts visiting the river and the unoccupied but so beautifully created with brilliant lighting and



T. R. Rajkumari the alluring South Indian star as she appears in Gemini's "Chandralekha".



A delightful dance ensurable from Producer N. L. Jahan's new film with a patriotic theme, "Bapu-Ne-Kahatha".

sound effects, the story takes a turn for slapstick comedy—a typical boy-meets-girl romance in the Mukerjee tradition. In fact, for some time, the picture created an impression that the hero is not serious about the girl, he is just casually interested in her, and naturally such a hero cannot win the sympathy of the audience at the later stage. And as if this frivolous romance was not enough, two characters have been introduced to supply additional humor and gags—they are David and Maya Bannerji, who play an indebted Rajput zamindar and his eligible daughter. The way the father is shown canvassing for his daughter is disgusting, especially his actions during the duet that Maya Bannerji and Ramesh Gupta sing with David playing on the harmonium are in rank bad taste and should have been deleted.

Thus while the first half is frivolous and flippant, almost like 'Sajan,' but without its flash of entertainment, in the second half the story suddenly takes a serious turn

and for once becomes dramatically interesting. But here again the theatrical performance of the Zamindar, the villainy of one of the *machhwas*—who secretly loves the heroine—and the weakness of the heroine's father only help to weaken the dramatic tension. It is only the hero's character, however, which saves the picture from being utterly insipid. For, unlike other screen heroes, he does not take his defeat lying down when he is turned out by the girl's father on the one hand and warned by his own brother against entertaining any love for a girl whose father was responsible for the murder of his father (a fact which is never properly emphasized). On the contrary, he decides to win the girl at all costs—even at the risk of an open fight between the Zamindar and the *Machhwas*. Hence it is rather surprising that the hero who inspires optimism should come to a tragic end. The earlier treatment of the story, and the characterization of the hero called for a happy ending. In such a story

frustration has obviously no place.

It is only after watching the whole picture that one feels that the first prologue, which gives away the ending and to that extent, spoils the suspense of the concluding situations, was absolutely unnecessary and superfluous. And yet, technically, the prologue reveals Filmistan's technicians and director Kishor Sahu at their best; it is a noteworthy piece of filmcraft. In the earlier development of the story one feels the absence of Rehana in the role of the *Machhua's* daughter; only she could have imparted life and vigour to that role. Kamini Kaushal was obviously miscast and, as such suffers most in the picture. As already stated above David and Maya Bannerji have no place in the story; they are just wasted, and it is a pity that an artiste like David should not be properly utilized. Ramesh Gupta also is a superfluous appendage. Sushil Sahu is the usual villain.

Technically the picture is very uneven. The photography of the 'hut' sequences, for instance, is brilliant; but the scenes in the Zamindar's house are ordinary and the outdoor photography is worse than that of a newsreel. Comparatively, sound is uniformly satisfactory. As far as direction is concerned one must admit that Kishore Sahu is improving with every picture and he is giving more footage to action than dialogue and thus he is trying to make a real motion picture. Even as a story writer Sahu had chosen a fascinating romance and, had he developed it on the lines of 'Wuthering Heights' instead of falling a prey to the Mukerjee formula he would have given a much better picture. As it is, it is a case of a good story-idea with a novel background ruined by a flippant scenario.

FIXING GLAMOUR ON CELLULOID

VALUE OF TECHNICAL WORK IN LABORATORIES

by EGON LARSEN

UNLIKE Hollywood, Britain's film studios are not concentrated in one small space, but are spread around London in a circle about 15 to 25 miles from the city centre. Each of the great studios in the London area has its own history and artistic atmosphere which impress themselves on the films produced in them; so that an expert knows if a film which he has seen has been made in Denham or Shepherd's Bush, Ealing or Welwyn Garden City.

The Rank Organisation's two most important studios are at Denham and Pinewood, and are both about 13 years old. Denham has seven stages, and it was here that Sir Alexander Korda, in the spring of 1936, began his celebrated film "Rembrandt" with Charles Laughton; then came the first film with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, "Fire Over England," and finally "Knight Without Armour," starring Marlene Dietrich.

Nearby is Pinewood with its five stages. In 1936 it was taken over and operated by a company whose Elstree studios were destroyed in a catastrophic fire. At the beginning of World War II Pinewood was requisitioned by the Government and part of the buildings was taken over by the Royal Mint. A few of the stages were first used for storage of provisions and aircraft parts, but later the Ministry of Information's Crown Film Unit and the Army and the Royal Air Force film units took over Pinewood.

WAR-TIME DOCUMENTARIES

It was, above all, the Crown Film Unit which, to quote John Grier-

son, "lubricated the path of history" with its documentaries. They were shown all over the world, and played a special part in arousing the sympathy of the American people for England's heroic struggle in the months following Dunkirk; Here, the lasting screen records of the days of the "Blitz" were produced: "London Can Take It," "Christmas Under Fire," "Fires Were Started," and "Front Line (Dover)"; from here came Harry Watt's famous R.A.F. film, "Target For Tonight" and Humphrey Jennings' "Silent Village (Lidice)." These are only a few of the Crown films which have exerted such great influence on film-makers everywhere through their realism and sincerity.

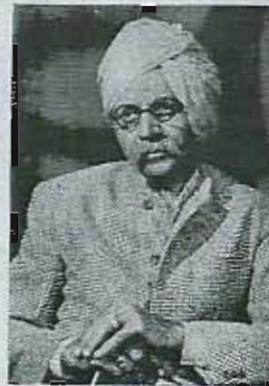
During the air-raids on Britain, Shaw's "Major Barbara" was filmed at Denham. An air-raid damaged 87 offices, but production was soon re-started. Here was also made "Henry V," among other films produced during World War II. Today Denham and Pinewood are working with a complete staff of over 2,000 people. Hundreds of them are technicians, and the name "studio," with its artistic connections, is somewhat misleading. The pioneers of the film industry called their productive units "factories" and they may have been nearer the mark!

LABORATORY TREATMENT

The average film-fan may not realise, perhaps, how the technical side outweighs the artistic work done at the studio. Laboratory research, however, reveals this fact

plainly. The Denham laboratories are housed in modern glass and concrete buildings near the studios; the latter must make every sacrifice necessary to heighten the "glamour" of the film star, but in the laboratory this same glamour is dissected and analysed according to density and contrast in the negative and positive films.

As soon as the negative has been exposed and taken out of the camera, it is sent to the laboratories for developing and printing and the film producer can actually study the progress of the work the next morning in the exhibitors' theatre. This is the raw material of the film; cutting comes next, and the best of the many repeats is chosen with the separate scenes



Ace character actor S. Nazir is reported to have excelled himself in New India Picture's "Kinara".



The alluring new star Madhubala is reported to have put in a heart-warming performance in Haldia-Nanda Productions' unusual photoplay "Singhar" now awaiting release. She's one of the most talented stars in the industry today.

connected up so as to give the greatest dramatic effect.

As soon as the film and the sound track have been cut—made separately but later joined up—

they are sent back to the laboratory and an exact composite negative is formed. This negative is of great value, for it is the only record of the work which has been put into a film and if it is spoilt

in processing the scenes must be shot again.

PRINTS ARE READY

The film is now sent to the censor—in Britain a very indulgent authority. Only then can mass-production begin in the laboratories. Up to a 100 copies of each negative are produced, to satisfy the demand at home and abroad. This means that several hundred thousand yards of film must be turned out each week—a weekly production of 480 miles of celluloid is not an exceptional figure.

A large number of the staff are kept busy checking the printed positives. There are 260 workers at the laboratories, and most of the checkers are girls, who have to be acquainted with 20 degrees of density or light intensity. Each scene must be of a certain intensity. Chemical checking is just as exact. At regular intervals solutions are tested and the slightest deviation from the correct formula is immediately adjusted.

IMPROVED METHODS

As in all technical processes, improved methods are always being sought. One of the latest Denham inventions is an ingenious but simple machine which enables four copies to be made at once instead of a single one, thereby effecting an enormous economy in time and money. Another idea which is being studied at present, is the manufacture of developing tanks of plate glass instead of stainless steel or hard rubber, so that the process can be watched from outside.

There is a separate department or "hospital" where old, worn copies, returned to the studios from the cinemas, are treated; the worst blemishes can be removed by covering the film with a solution which splits and scatters the rays of light, so that they become invisible.

background to the Ads

NEWS FROM STUDIOS

HIMALAYA PICTURES: Sponsored by Lt. Col. Drona Sumshere Jung Bahadur, Rana of Nepal, the brains behind this front rank concern is Gopal Singh Nepali the famous lyricist. They have already announced three pictures namely "Nazrana," "Naaz" and "Nazaqat." The muhurat of "Nazrana" was performed on 3rd February and the production is now in full swing with Kamini Kaushal, Kanu Roy, Cuckoo and the talented Geeta Bali in top roles. The story, dialogue and songs of this film are from the pen of Gopal Singh Nepali and is now being directed by Jagdish Pant. The other two films also have a galaxy of stars in their cast. Himalaya Pictures have ambitious plans for the current year and we are sure they'll hit the headlines soon.

AMBICA FILMS: Their very first venture "Anokha Pyar" has created quite a stir in the industry and it's not surprising to hear that almost all the territorial rights have been sold at a premium. The picture which stars Nargis and Dilip Kumar in key roles is now slated for early release at key centres. In the meanwhile producer-director M. I. Dharamsey and Mr. Sitaram V. Mungrey are busy with the preliminaries of Ambica's next expected to go on the sets soon. The screen-play and dialogues of this new Ambica film are from the pen of the celebrated Urdu litterateur Aga Jani Kashmiri. We also hear on good authority that the Bombay Board of Film Censors were unanimous in their praise of "Anokha Pyar" and said that it

is worthy of being emulated by other producers.

GREAT ORIENT PICTURES, CALCUTTA: Producer S. C. Shah is lucky enough to secure the invaluable co-operation and matured talents of producer Tandon to make "Azadi-Ke-Baad," a prize picture of the year. Ashit Baran India's most popular character-actor, promises to eclipse all his previous triumphs in his role this time and so is Mira Misra who is seen at her best in this film. The story is provided by Sri Naitai Bhattacharjee and music by K. P. Sen. The picture is fast progressing on the sets under the direction of Sri D. K. Chatterjee, at the Indrapuri Studios, Calcutta.

IDEAL FILM DISTRIBUTORS: Mr. A. C. Patel the genial boss of this firm is a legendary figure in distribution circles, and was a prominent figure as far back as 1920. His recent acquisition is K. B. Lall's "Lal Dupatta" and has just signed a contract for all future productions of Akash Chitra. He is also negotiating for several new films and we are sure that the day will be riding the big horse again!

PANNA PICTURES: The above concern is the latest addition to the list of Film producers and Mr. J. B. Mahant with his vast experience of the film trade is piloting this enterprise. The maiden production of producer Mahant is tentatively christened as "Honhar" which is written by the celebrated Sjt Mahant himself. Producer J. B. Mahant is now busy completing the screenplay of

"Honhar" along with Director Rafiq Rizvi who will wield the megaphone. He is bent upon presenting something very extraordinary to the cine-public and we have high hopes that he will do his best to make "Honhar" the most notable production of 1949.

JAGAT PICTURES: The talk of the film industry today is Seth Jagat Narain's thundering new roadshow "Sunhere Din" starring the lovable threesome: Rehana, Raj Kapoor and Nigar. The film is being directed by Satish Nigam a youngster destined to hit the



Judging by the several new contracts he has just signed talented Nirmal Kumar seems to be in great demand. He is currently starred in Prakash Pictures' "Sawan Badho" a musical extravaganza directed by Ravindra Dave.

headlines soon. In the meanwhile Jagat's new picture "Shair" has entered the sets at Modern Studios with a sensational cast headed by Suraiya and Kamini Kaushal. Written and directed by Chawla the film is expected to be a smash hit.

GOLDEN PICTURES: Famed story-teller of the Indian screen Mr. Dinker D. Patil who was responsible for completing the late Winayak's "Mandir" makes his debut as a producer with Golden Pictures' first venture "Goonda." It's reported to be a musical extravaganza featuring Snehprabha, Yakub, Tiwari, Prem Dhawan and the versatile artiste Janki Dass. The musical score of this film is by K. Dutta. Need we add here that the film is going to be a hit of hits.

HALDIA-NANDA PRODUCTIONS: Their "Singhar" featuring Suraiya, Jairaj and Madhubala in the lead has already created a sensation and all the territorial rights have been sold. Directed by J. N. Nanda, people who have seen the early rushes of this film opine that it has got what it takes to be an outstanding movie. Encouraged by the success of this film they have already announced their new film. "Baghi" is the tentative title of this film to be directed by J. K. Nanda. The musical score for this film will be supplied by famed maestro Khurshid Anwar.

SUNNY ART PRODUCTIONS: Encouraged by the great ovation accorded to "Mela" director Sunny has now launched his own independent production. "Babul" is the fascinating title of his first independent venture and it has an imposing cast lead by Dillip Kumar and Jeevan. The songs are by Naushad and the direction is by Sunny! What an array of talent! One need not be a Cheiro to predict that the Mela guy will once again take filmdom by storm when "Babul" hits the screen.

It is impossible to resist the irresistible



YAKUB

in

Goel Cine Corporation's

"ANKHEN"

Starring:

NALINI JAIWANT - BHARAT BHUSHAN - YASHODHARA KATJU - BHUDHO ADVANI,

And

A NEW GLAMOUR GUY SHEKHAR

Produced and Directed by
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GOEL CINE CORPORATION
C/o **FAZLI BROS LTD.**
DADAR BOMBAY 14.

AKASH CHITRA: Producer-director K. B. Lall the irrepressible showman, whose "Lal Dupatta" is creating box-office history wherever released is out to win fresh laurels with his new film "Angrai" Madhubala of course is the leading lady of this film now fast progressing on the sets.

MADHUBAN PICTURES: A worthy addition to the ranks of independent producers is Mr. Prashad the young financial wizard whose first production "Surajmukhi" is now in full swing at Bombay. Rehana, Yakub and Durga Khote are some of the topnotchers featured in this film directed by K. Amarnath the hit-maker.

MADHUKAR PICTURES: The people who hit the headlines with "Mirza Sahiban" are back with yet another titanic show entitled "Bazar." Nigar and Shyam are its stars and Amarnath is its director. "Bazar" is now scheduled for early release and its foregone conclusion that it will prove itself to be a worthy successor to "Mirza Sahiban." In the meanwhile producer Navalkar and director Amarnath are working overtime on the script of their new film "Meherbani" which is expected to go on the sets soon.

GOEL CINE CORPORATION: Go-getter Goel the talented youngster makes his debut as a producer with "Ankhe" a dynamic social. At the moment several top-notch stars are being signed up for this star-studded show. Yakub, Nalini Jaywant, Yashodhara Katju, and Bharat Bhushan are some of the stars featured in this film.

FAZLI FILMS: Ragini and Charlie the popular stars stage a come-back in Fazli's new film "Dopatta" after a long lapse. The picture is being directed by S. Fazli and from all indications is turning out to be a swell show.

FAZLI BROS: Their new film "Duniya" a Hindu social is fast progressing on the sets with Suraiya, Yakub and Karan Dewan in spot roles. The musical score

of this film is by the famed music director C. Ramchandra.

JEET PRODUCTIONS: Encouraged by the success of "Porwana" and "Vidya" these producers have now announced a lavish musical as their next. Based on a story by D. N. Madhok the film will be produced by R. B. Haldia and directed by M. Sadiq. The musical score of this film is in the capable hands of famed maestro Khurshid Anwar.

NATIONAL THEATRES: While their "Hal Chal" is fast progressing on the sets with Nargis, Dillip Kumar and Sitara, elaborate preparations are now underway for their ambitious new film "Bhagat Singh." The script for this authentic screen biography of the revered martyr is now being written by famed photoplaywright K. A. Abbas.

KULDIP PICTURES: They have an imposing array of hits in the making. Here are some of them: "Chunariya" starring Wasti, Manorama and Majnu; "Lachhi" with Wasti, Manorama, Randhir; "Naach" starring Suraiya and Shyam and finally "Anarkali" with a sensational cast.

FILMLAND LTD: The talk of the film industry today is Producer Director Muzammil's purposeful social entitled "Message of Mahatma Gandhi." The galaxy of stars featured in this film is headed by Leela Chitnis, Shashikala and Muzammil himself. "Insaniyat" and "Chamki" are two more titles announced by the enterprising Muzammil.

MAJESTIC FILMS: Gita Bali, Rehman and Gope come together for the first time in their enchanting musical romance "Chanda" now being directed by Virendra Chopra. The picture is being produced by Husn Lal Bhagatram and Mrs. D. S. Vaswani. While the songs and dialogues are by Qumar Jalabadi the music is by the reputed music directors Husn Lal Bhagatram.

FAZLI FILMS PRESENT

LOTUS-EYED
RAGINI

and

The Bloke You Have Been Missing

CHARLIE

in

DOPATTA

★

Music:

GHULAM HAIDER

★

Produced & Directed by:

S. FAZLI

★

Contact:

FAZLI FILMS

Ratan Villa, Dadar
Bombay, 14.

FILMISTAN LTD: These hit-makers are back again with yet another surprise show. It's "Sanwariya" starring Hafeez Jehan, Rehman and Veera. The musical score is by C. Ramchandra while the story is by N. A. Mansuri. The picture is now on at the local Roxy.

JAIMANI DEWAN PRODUCTIONS: "Lahore" is the title of Producer Jaimani Dewan's sensational new film directed by M. L. Anand. Nargis, Karan Dewan and Kuldip are its stars and Shyam Sunder is its music director. It's reported to be a dynamic show with several novel features.

ALKA PICTURES: Bharat Bhushan, Shalim and S. K. Prem are the stars of Alka's big box office bonanza "Anjana." The film is now fast progressing on the sets at Poona and is being directed by Sam Popat.

NEW BOMBAY THEATRES: "Tara" is the fascinating title of Bombay Theatres new film now being directed by the enterprising showman R. D. Pareenja. The film has several top notchers in its cast prominent among them being Nayantara, Kuldip, Majnu and Jawhar Kaul.

KAMAL KUNJ CHITRA: From all indications Kamal Kunj Chitra's maiden film "Amar Kahani" is turning out to be a potential hit. Its producer S. Ranjit is leaving no stone unturned to make it a memorable film. The imposing cast of this film is headed by scintillating Suraiya the nightingale of the Indian screen. Cast opposite her is debonaire Jairaj. Raj Mehra plays the villain while ravishing Ranjana has been allotted a key role. The musical score is by Pandit Husn Lal Bhagatram and fans can look forward to a veritable treat of music when the picture is released. Baij Sharma the talented director is wielding the meg. for this film.

GREAT EASTERN MOVIE-TONE: Go-getter G. P. Singhdev who achieved the unique feat of persuading His Excellency the Governor of Orissa to inaugurate the show of Great Eastern's Oriya film "Lalita" is now making elaborate preparations for the gala release of his second titanic road-show "Saptasajya" which is slated for release in Orissa during the first week of April. The team of workers responsible for the unprecedented success of "Lalita" are back again in this picture—including Director Kalyan Gupta and Music-Directors Gour Goswami and Suren Paul and the lucky few who attended a sneak preview of this film opine that G. P. Singh Dev and the guys who made this film will once again be hailed for their splendid work.

BHARAT ART PRODUCTIONS: Their first Hindi film "Mala" is well nigh complete, thanks to the untiring efforts of Director Kalyan Gupta, his associate Kamal Basak, music directors Gour Goswami and Suren Paul and last but not the least G. P. Singh Dev whose wise suggestions have helped the producers a great deal. "Mala" is reported to be the adventurous story of a jungle girl and has hair-raising jungle sequences shot at the dense Dhenkanal forests. Besides the film has several lilting tunes and bewitching beauties. What's more, Pannal Bose one of our most popular Kawals has been persuaded to appear in this film. Incidentally this is the first time he will be seen on the screen.

ROOPKALA NIKETAN: Their "Bapu-Ne-Kahatha" is one of the most significant films ever produced in as much as its story is revolved round the most momentous years of our generation. In one big sweep it brings to the screen all the epoch-making incidents and events that marked the years following the Quit India Movement. It goes without saying that it's a novel experiment and

is bound to prove popular when released. Produced by N. L. Jalan this glorious saga of our freedom struggle is from the pen of famed director K. K. Varma. The main roles of this film have been allotted to Meera Mishra, Parsh Bannerji, Pahari Sanyal, Suktidhara, Prati-dhara, Sunder and Kamal Mishra. Renowned artist Hecralal plays the villain in this film. Besides famous technicians like G. K. Mehta, A. K. Chatterji, Chinmoy Lahiri are responsible for scenario, photography, editing and music respectively. Produced at the Kali Film Studio and processed at the Bengal Film Laboratories Tolly-gunge this picture is now slated for early release.

NEW INDIA THEATRES: A film destined for a couple of jubilees is New India Theatre's "Kinara" starring Geta Bali and directed by Ambalal Daye. It's



A tender romantic sequence from Uma Productions' "Samapti" starring Bharati and Talat Mohammed.

reported to be a splendid musical with a dynamic theme.

GEMINI STUDIOS: The premier of Gemini's 35 Lac venture "Chandralekha" (in Hindi) starring the famous South Indian star T. R. Rajkumari, was held at Bombay on 4th February 1949, in three theatres JAI HIND, RIVOLI, and OPERA HOUSE. Presiding over the premier ceremony at Royal Opera, Sir Maharaj Singh greatly praised the picture. Earlier Mr. Vasani, the Producer-director expressed the hope that more pictures will be produced in South in Hindustani.

Thanks to the elaborate publicity arrangements, the picture has been very well received and the way the crowds are gatecrashing in the three theatres, it seems that Chandralekha will have a record run at Bombay.

February 1949

PORTRAIT OF A SHOWMAN EXTRAORDINARY



S. U. Sunny

SIXTEEN years ago, Director A. R. Kardar employed a young man as his 4th assistant at a princely salary of 14 annas a day and that too with great reluctance! Little did he know then that one day this shy protege of his would become a jubilee maker whose pictures would create a sensation and whose name would be a million-rupee mark in the film industry.

That man was S. U. Sunny and the first picture which revealed his talents was "Namaste", one of the earlier pictures of Kardar Productions. Kardar entrusted the direction of this picture to the joint hands of Sadiq and Sunny. The picture clicked at the box-office. It smashed many established records and enhanced the prestige of Kardar Productions. But while the big names connected with this film took all the bows, the only thing that Sunny got out of it was that his talents were revealed to Kardar who took the cue and entrusted him with the direction of "Natak".

S. U. SUNNY

IS HE OUT TO
PERFORM THE
HAT TRICK?

By
JANKI DASS, M. A.



Naushad (left) and Sunny (right) with Mehboob, during the jubilee celebration of Wadia's "Meera".

While Shantaram took the lead in producing ennobling films, Sohrab Modi concentrated on glorious chapters from our history. Vijay Bhatt gave us great Mythologicals, Sunny along with Sadiq shares the honour of being a pioneer in bringing to the screen a new type of film with the accent on popular entertainment.

"Natak" was produced under great handicaps. The great post-war slump had already set in and what was worse, the riots threatened to ruin whatever little chance the industry had of recovering. Even the old experienced hands were fighting shy of new ventures. Under these unfavourable circumstances Sunny began his work, undaunted and with a self-confidence that is so characteristic of him.

"Natak" turned out to be a terrific road-show. In many cities the picture collected record box-office returns and celebrated jubilees. Sunny hit the limelight and he was hailed as a hit-maker overnight!

Strange are the whims of Dame Fate. Homi Wadia, the "king of theatrical acting or bombastic

thrillers" who had produced "Hunterwali" and such like stunts was contemplating an ambitious social picture. And for that, of all the men, his choice fell on Sunny. Many doubted the success of this venture. But the doubting Thomases were soon disillusioned. The Wadia-Sunny combination made screen history for out of this merger came "Mela". His former colleague Sadiq has already hit the headlines with "Rattan". Sunny did not lag behind. With Naushad supplying the music "Mela" turned out to be a big road-show. It celebrated its silver Jubilee in Bombay and proved to be one of the biggest money-spinners of 1948.

With the release of "Mela", Sunny won unanimous praise from all quarters of the Industry for displaying such a polished and perfect touch in his work which could be the envy of even veterans. No wonder that to-day so many financiers are vying with each other to secure his services.

His pictures are true to life and nowhere in them can we find



This guy isn't nuts but is displaying his histrionic talents! In case you can't recognize him, it's Janki Dass the ace comedian of the Indian screen. He is at the moment working in half a dozen pictures prominent among them being: "Sawan Badho", "Dhuar", "Amar Bhet", "Ragni", "Babul", "Sawan Aiyi Ra" and "Duniya".



The alluring danseuse pictured above is Suktidhara, star of Roopkala Niketan's "Bapu-Nehahatha".

dialogue. He does not believe in pictures that are pedagogic. His motto in producing pictures is Entertainment with a capital E and he can certainly deliver the goods. That is the key to his success.

Now that he has had his well deserved break, it is quite on the cards that his forthcoming pictures will prove even greater successes and set a new high standard in screen Entertainment. Maybe he will perform not one but a series of hat tricks in the near future. Here's wishing him all the luck in the world.

FACES WITHOUT NAMES

(Continued from page 31)

built affair—four unplastered brick walls, a tin roof and mud floor. But at least it showed films all the year round and Suraj made it a point to see every change. Good, bad or indifferent—any film thrilled him. And every film left a mark on his impressionable mind.

For several years, the elusive magic of the cinema worked on him. He knew there was a peculiar magnetism in these moving shadows but yet he could not distinguish the good ones from the bad ones. He did not go to see any particular film or any particular company's film or a particular star's film. He went to see any film—of any type—no matter who was starred in it and who made it.

But as he grew in age and his craze for the cinema was sharpened, his vague and general fascination began to assume particular shapes and forms:

The plump big-eyed beauty of Gohar.

Master Vithal's athletic body, his riding stunts and swordmanship.

Sulochana of the fair, smooth skin, shining black hair and beautiful black eyes.

Billimoria with his smart, thin moustaches.

Madhuri's provocative smile and Ermeline's boyish pranks.

The comic antics of Charlie (an Indian version of the original funny man), Ghory and Dixit which sent everyone into peals of laughter.

Zubaida of the wavy hair and inviting, dreamy eyes—her youth silently calling to the youth in every spectator!

And then the Indian films, too, burst into speech—and song.

Feast for the eyes and feast for the ears!

Ah, that silvery ring of Kajjan's musical voice!

The sweet melodies of Master Nisar!

The impressively rhyming dialogue from the master pen of Agha Hashr!

And then Saigal—the Greatest Voice of the Indian screen whose songs captivated the whole nation!

When Suraj passed his Middle examination, his father who was a grocer wanted him to leave school and help him in the shop. But Suraj to whom the Cinema had opened a great new world of glamour and excitement was not to be content with a life-time of selling salt and sugar and chillies and onions. Once he left the school and allowed himself to be inveigled into the shop, he would not even get time to go to pictures. He was not very keen on going to school, either, but he wanted two more years of freedom to plan his entry into the film world and so he persuaded his father to let him continue his studies up to High School.

By now he was seventeen years old. With his wheatish, though rather sallow, complexion, his height of a little over five feet and a half, and long hair which had been carefully 'waved,' every time he looked into a mirror he thought that once the directors had a look at him, the door of every studio would magically open for him.

That year, during the Ram Lila festival, a Delhi photographer set up a booth with a big black-and-white sign-board: "Eight photos in One Rupee—Ready in Five Minutes." It was a chance not to be missed and Suraj was the first

to avail of it. With the money that he had saved from the two annas a day his father paid him as pocket money, he bought a tie for nine annas, ironed his school coat, oiled and carefully combed his hair, and presented himself at the photographer's. He had made a careful study of star photos published in fan magazines and now he started striking the same poses—Front View, Side View, Profile, Three-fourth! The photographer provided free use of various kinds of caps and Suraj selected a check-design cloth cap—like the American gangsters he had seen on the screen. Then, doffing the cap and tie, he turned up the coat collar, disarranged his hair and tried to put the look of frustrated love in his eyes. That was: "Nakaam



For the first time in the history of Indian films Khan Sahib Abid Hussain Khan the celebrated musician appears on the screen in Film Land Ltd.'s ennobling film "Message of Mahatma Gandhi".

WATCH OUT FOR ITS GALA RELEASE
At EXCELSIOR AND KAMAL, BOMBAY



BAZAR



Directed by: K. AMARNATH Songs & Dialogues: QUMAR JALALBADI
Produced by: M. R. NAVALKAR For Particulars: MADHUKAR PICTURES
Music: SHYAM SUNDER MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS
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Aashiq" or "Devdas." Then the hair assumed a wilder aspect, the eyes were rolled upwards, and the right hand clutched an empty beer bottle (the photographer had kept some flower papers in it). That was: "The Drunkard" or *Aankh Ka Nasha*. For the eighth "pose," the photographer offered him a false grey beard and Suraj tried to produce an aged expression to match it. That was the old father of "Yahoodi Ki Larki," or "*Bad-Naseeb Kaidi*." Let the directors and producers know that he was good at character acting, too!

That night "Kundan Kumar" was born. When he sat down to compose the letters to the various producers, it suddenly occurred to him that Surajmal was a most unromantic name—more suited to a grocer *bania* than for a would-be film star. Who would care to offer the hero's role to a boy with such a prosaic name as Surajmal? Then what should he call himself? Since Kundan had made a name in "*Puran Bhagat*," so many "Kumars" had been born into the film industry. Ashok Kumar, Shushil Kumar, Anil Kumar. This Kumar! That Kumar!! Then why should not Suraj borrow "Kundan" from Kundan Lal Saigal and become—Kundan Kumar? Yes, indeed, why not? And that night, after he had posted the letters enclosing the photos to the various producers in Bombay and Calcutta, he went to sleep and film titles continued to flash through his dreams:

Bombay Talkies presents
Kundan Kumar
in
"SON OF INDIA"

Bombay Talkies presents
New Theatres presents
Prabhat Film Company presents
Minerva Movietone presents
Ranjit Movietone presents
And, then with the bang of cymbals in the background music, came the name slinging on the silver screen
Kundan Kumar!



..Ashit Baran the debonaire star of several hits stages a come-back in great Orient Pictures dynamic film "*Asadi Ke Bad*".

Kundan Kumar !!
Kundan Kumar !!!
KUNDAN KUMAR !!!!
Kundan!
"Abay O, Kundan! Are you sleeping? Seventeen off!"

For one moment the light coolie Kundan had been lost in the dreams of Kundan Kumar the screen hero. The shouts of the Assistant Cameraman rudely awakened him.

The shot was over. All other set lights had been switched off—only Kundan's Number Seventeen was shedding a pale circle of light around Miss Shakuntala. Forty feet below, everything—the furniture on the 'set', the stand lights, the camera—looked like a toy, while every person resembled a doll, mechanically moved. Director Basu was still undecided whether to O.K. the shot or N. G. it. He was muttering "It was all right but . . . It was all right . . . But this is the last shot of the picture . . . I want some 'effect'! . . . something special". And then he seemed to have been hit by a brain-wave and started shouting "I got it! I got it! This is what I want."

Having observed all this in a moment or two, Kundan just then switched off Number Seventeen. For a fraction of a second he could see nothing in the dim, pale 'house light' but the booming voice of the Director came floating up to him.

"Idiot! That's exactly the light I want."
The Assistant Cameraman roared, "Number Seventeen on."

"Lights on!"
"Light off!"
Light and darkness!
Darkness and light!
Kundan, mechanically obeying the orders, switched on the light.

Now he saw that Director Basu was placing Miss Shakuntala in the circle of light and viewing her from various angles and muttering, "This seems to be it! Ah! that's better, that's better."

Then there was a conference between Basu and the fat cameraman, Chandubhai, in which the only two words which were audible so high up were "Number Seventeen." Kundan thought, "They are surely giving a lot of importance to my light."

The cameraman was a Gujerati, the director a Bengali and the medium of conversation was Hindustani—it took quite a few minutes for the two of them to make each other understand what they wanted. Their voices rose as the discussion grew warmer and more excited.

"I tell you, Chandubhai, I must have this effect!"

"That's all right, Basu Sahib, but only one light—and that too so high up—nothing would be registered on the emulsion. As it is we are using old stock from the Black Market. For this shot we must have at least two 'sun-spots' and two or three 'babies.' Only then . . ."

"No, no, you don't understand, Chandubhai. I want only one light—so I can have a circle of light. When the camera goes upon the crane from close-up to long-shot, we will see the heroine standing in this circle of light . . . like . . . like . . . never mind like what. I saw it in a film at the Metro the other day . . ."

"But, Basu Sahib, from forty feet up, the circle of light on the ground becomes too big and the

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light becomes too diffused. How can we"

"I don't know how. You are the cameraman. You find out how." For six months Kundan had been waiting for just a chance to show off his intelligence and ingenuity. He shouted from where he was, "Chandubhai, suppose the light comes down to a height of twenty feet instead of forty feet, will it be all right?"

Every one was shocked to find a mere light coolie interfering in a matter that concerned only the top technicians. Chandubhai's first reaction was to rebuke the presumptuous boy, but then it suddenly struck him that Kundan might be a coolie but his suggestion was not bad.

As for Director Basu, he was beaming with joy. "Yes, yes, that's right. That's right! When the light comes down the circle will be smaller and the light won't be diffused."

"But you forget that it will take three or four hours to fix a new plank for the light," said Chandubhai, careful to warn in advance lest, as usual, he be held responsible for the delay in the shooting schedule.

"Doesn't matter, doesn't matter," Director Basu declared. "But think of what a shot one will get. Ah, what a beautiful shot!"

"No, no, we don't want any bee-you-tee-full view-tee-full shot." This was Sethji, the owner of the studio. "The picture is already late and you people are always having retakes. Do you think my money comes from a printing press? If you can take the shot in half an hour, all right, take it, otherwise O.K. the first one."

In the social structure of the studio, Sethji occupied the position of the king—or, rather, dictator. Kundan knew that, according to the unwritten code of the studio, a light coolie could be abused by the Assistant Cameraman who in turn is abused by the Cameraman. The Cameraman himself is sub-



A. A. Majid the famed art-director whose assignment is new Ratan Pictures' "Char Din".

ject to the orders of the director but if there is someone who can shout at even the director, it is the great Sethji. No one dare open his mouth before him. But to-day Kundan was determined to take any risks. He knew if he lost this chance he would never get another opportunity to make his presence felt.

In the vast hollow shell of the studio his voice resounded peculiarly and everyone was aghast at his presumptuous impertinence. The other light coolies felt that surely Kundan would be sacked on the spot,—and they felt sorry because they all liked him. But everyone was aghast when they saw Sethji looking up and asking:

"How will you do it?"

"I will show you, Sethji," and Kundan got busy loosening the extra length of the rope which had been wound round the plank to secure it more strongly. Now the plank was left dangling by a single length of rope but Kundan, (thanks to the food that he got in Bombay restaurants) was a light-weight and the rope held. Taking the extra length that he

had salvaged, he tied one to the plank and the other to the hook of the heavy light which he proceeded to lower to the required height of twenty feet above the ground. Everyone was impressed by his intelligence and resourcefulness and even Sethji applauded him by muttering "Chalega—Chalega" ("That'll do, That'll do") several times.

"Lights on."

The circle of light fell round Miss Shakuntala and even the fastidious Chandubhai couldn't find any fault with it. And yet it was his principle that everything can be better than it is, he shouted, "It is all right. But if the light could be lowered another two feet it will be simply marvellous."

The difficulty, however, was that Kundan had already used up the entire length of the rope. But to-day he was not going to admit defeat. So he untied the end of the rope which was wound round the plank and, clutching the plank by the left hand and the rope in the right hand, he lowered it another two feet—which was what they wanted.

"That's right! That's right!!" Basu and Chandubhai triumphantly looked at each other, as if it was their brain-wave.

"Rehearsal!"

"Sound ready for rehearsal!"

"Yes, Miss Shakuntala."

"Oh Bhagwan, give me strength to"

Suddenly Miss Shakuntala stopped when she looked up—in the direction of Bhagwan—and found there a heavy and formidable-looking light dangling from a thin rope just above her.

"Who will be responsible if this thing falls on me?" she asked, slightly trembling at this new version of the Sword of Damocles. To make matters clear she asked again, "Who will be responsible if this thing falls on me?" And once again Kundan had to take the responsibility of reassuring her, too. "Don't worry, Miss Shakun-