

MADHUBALA • YAKUB *S.R.*
and ALTAF
with
 AGHA
 KANAIYALAL
 ZILOBAI *and*
 HUSNBANU
in

The Movie Magnificent
SIPAHIIYA

Directed by **ASPI** Music by **C. RAMCHANDRA**

Contact **ASPI PRODUCTIONS**
 108, FAMOUS CINE LABORATORIES
 MANLAXMI • BOMBAY

SOUND
 JULY 1949
 INLAND Re.1/ FOREIGN Rs.2/-

All India Pictures
 PRESENTS
 ★ KAMINI KAUSHAL ★
 ★ SULOCHANA CHATTERJI ★
 and MADHU BALA
 ★ **PARAS** ★
A Most Dramatic & Romantic Musical Masterpiece
 Directed by
 ANANT THAKUR
 Music by
 GULAM MOHAMMAD
 P.N. ARORA

P.N. Arora
 20/7/49

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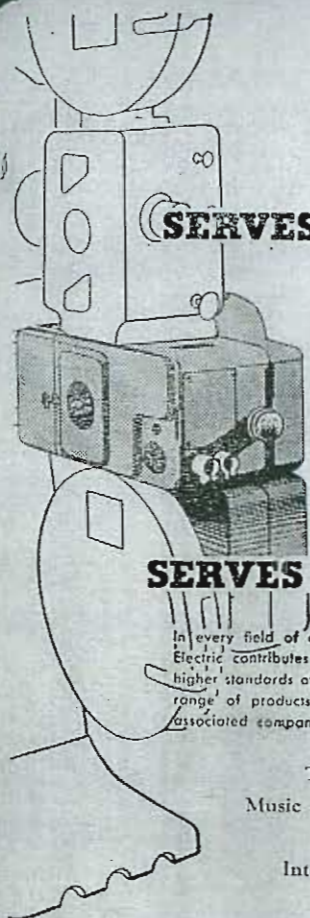


SURAJMUKHI
 सुरजमुखी

Starring
 REHANA * SHYAM
 GOPE * YASHODHARA KATJU
 RANDHIR and DURGA KHOTE

MUSIC: HUSANLAL BHAGATRAM • PRODUCER: L. PRASHAD • DIRECTION: K. AMAR NATH

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HEAR WHAT LOVELY SAVITRI DEVI
SAYS ABOUT THE NEW PERFUME IN
LUX
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THE BEAUTY SOAP
OF THE FILM STARS

LTS. 309-172

July 1949

By SABA

With **Love & Honey**

THE MORAL OF CALCUTTA : STRAWS IN THE WIND : DEVIL'S WORK
FOR IDLE HANDS : WHITE MAN'S END IN THE EAST : PITIFUL
PEOPLE : "OH, MY DEAH!"

WHAT is happening in Calcutta? Is Bengal becoming an arena for constant civil warfare? Like one of the South American countries, where they believe in having a revolution every week?

The newspapers are full of alarming reports. Tram-burning has become as popular a sport in Calcutta as football has always been, and hardly a day passes when one or two trams are not set ablaze. Arms are daily discovered in police raids on terrorist "Dens". A wave of violence is sweeping over Bengal. Armed gangs are abroad. Bombs and bottles of acid are being thrown about with careless abandon. Lathi charges, police firings, arrests, detentions without trial, have all failed to check this outbreak of violent crimes.

THE REASON WHY

What is the reason for all this? Is it, as is sometimes alleged, a Communist conspiracy? Is it the profusion of arms left behind by the American army, arms that went underground and are now coming out in the hands of the terrorists? Or is there some other reason?

"Saba" knows very little about politics, but even he can say that to blame the Communists for all this widespread trouble is to give them credit for possessing a larger measure of popular support than even they would dare to claim.

As for those underground arms, they may account for the possession of certain types of automatic weapons by the terrorists, but that does not explain how the perpetrators of all this violence came to enjoy such influence among such masses of the people?

Only those on the spot can properly analyse the underlying causes of the Calcutta disturbances, but even at this distance, we can observe certain significant "Straws in the Wind" which indicate which way the political wind is blowing in Bengal.

Every one has read about the wave of violent crimes which are being reported in Bengal almost every day. But few of us have noticed a small news item which appeared recently, which reported

"When the Calcutta bus service advertised for the posts of 314 bus conductors, no less than FIFTY THOUSAND young men sent in their applications, and most of them were graduates, some double graduates and even LL.B's."

This should be sufficient to show the alarming extent of unemployment among educated youths in Bengal—and in India! When graduates and double graduates are forced to apply for the posts of bus conductors (and not get even those jobs), is it surprising that there should be bitterness and anger in their ranks, and that some of them should be led astray to express this anger by means of violent acts of terrorism? Hungry, frustrated, embittered young men



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CALCUTTA

July 1949

seldom pause to think about the rights and wrongs of their actions. "Saba" believes this method of theirs to be wrong; but if the present discontent is ever to be removed, then Government will have to improve the economic condition of the masses, find employment for the unemployed, homes for the homeless, and food for the hungry.

Meanwhile, discontent with existing conditions has also been expressed in another way. In Bombay the Socialist Purshottam Tricandras defeated the Congress candidate; in Calcutta, Netaji Subhas Bose's elder brother, Sarat Bose, inflicted an even more crushing defeat on the Congress candidate in a bye-election.

If the people are dissatisfied with the present order, this is the right method of expressing their collective discontent. Not by bombs and bullets, but by ballots, are governments improved or changed in a democracy.

END OF WHITE SAHIRS' PRESTIGE

There was a time when every white-skinned European (or American) instinctively regarded himself superior to any Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Malay or Arab. The white man's rule, having been imposed on Asia and Africa with the help of "Gold and Guns," the Europeans and Americans assumed that they were "God's Chosen People", destined to lord it over the supposedly "inferior" races and peoples of the Orient.

The defeat of Czarist Russia at the hands of the Japanese in the Russo-German war was the first blow to the white man's prestige in the Orient.

The Chinese revolution was another blow, but the European Powers were able to break its force, and to retain their Colonies, "Free Ports" and "Settlements" on the coast of China. Again, with the help of their guns and gunboats, they were able to force the Chinese to grant them rights of

extra-territoriality.

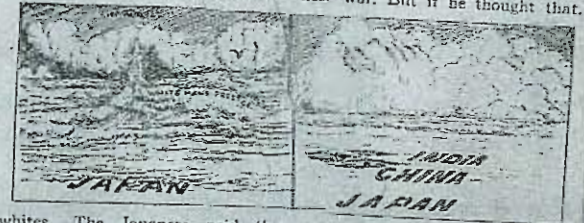
The rise of Japanese militarism proved a menace to poor China, and the Japanese overran nearly half that vast sub-continent. The horrors and brutalities that the Japanese perpetrated on their Asiatic brothers of China were a scandal and a disgrace.

What provoked the Europeans and Americans, however, was the fact that the power-mad Japanese also dared to maltreat and humiliate God's Chosen People—the European and American white sahebs some of whom were forced to pull rickshaws on the streets of Shanghai and Hong-Kong. However much we might have hated the Japanese brand of Fascism (and we did), there is no doubt that every Asiatic secretly enjoyed the humiliation of the arrogant

as they have been used to, then the sooner they pack off the better.

Several recent incidents have raised squeals and howls of protest in the British and American press. But in each case the new Chinese Red regime has acted with punctilious decorum and legality, though without that cringing servility which white men were wont to expect from Orientals. What is interesting is that already the local white men in Shanghai are coming to their senses and finding that an attitude of discretion and obedience towards the new Red rulers is the better part of valour.

William Oliver, American Vice Consul, was guilty of breaking traffic regulations during a procession of the twelfth anniversary of the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war. But if he thought that,



whites. The Japanese paid the whites in their own coin of arrogance and brutality.

Since the end of the war, the British have had to "Quit India," even if they did manage to give us the "Parting Gifts" of Partition and its attendant horrors; the brave Indonesians have virtually kicked out the arrogant Dutch; the Viet Namese are in the process of throwing out the French imperialists. The prestige of the once-all-powerful white man is at its lowest ebb in Asia.

And now in Communist-dominated China, the Chinese Reds are making it clear to the white men that the days of their self-assumed superiority are over. They may stay in China on a footing of equality, but if they expect to be treated on a preferential basis,

as a white man, he could break traffic regulations with impunity and get away with it, he was jolly well taken. He was arrested, put in lock-up, produced before a court.

By this time, he had come to his senses, and not only apologised for his offence, but also pleaded for leniency. He admitted his guilt in that after breaking the traffic rules, he had refused to disclose his name to the police, that he had assaulted police officers, and damaged office furniture at the police station.

He agreed to apologise to the police officers, and to pay for the damage done to the furniture. It was then that he was released, though strictly legally, he could still have been punished for the admitted crimes.

WATCH OUT FOR



EK-THI-LARKKI



A shocker
of a drama
from

SHOREY FILMS

Starring

MEENA MOTILAL

KULDEEP·MAJNU·JOHAR

Directed by

ROOP K. SHOREY

SHOREY PICTURES
c/o KARDAR STUDIOS,
PAREL, BOMBAY.



July 1949

It is not surprising that the British and American newspapers should find fault with the strict behaviour of the Communist authorities of Shanghai. After all, to them it is something shocking that the Chinese to whom they were in the habit of referred contemptuously as "Chinks," and the Communists whom they always described as "Bandits," should now be ordering Europeans about in Shanghai. But to any fair-minded person—specially to an Indian—it should be evident that such protests are the last squeals of the dying western imperialism.

That an "Indian" paper like the *Times of India* should have commented on these incidents, condemning the Chinese Communists' strictly legal actions against Europeans in Shanghai, only shows that that paper, though now owned by an Indian, Seth Ramakrishna Dalma, still retains its old imperialist prejudices and complexes!

PROSTITUTES—AND PROSTITUTES!

The dancing girl fraternity is in the news: both in India and Pakistan, governmental actions are being taken to wipe them out.

The Bombay Corporation has ordered that all brothels in the neighbourhood of any schools should be closed down forthwith. The Madras Government has ordained that any one who lets premises on rent for use as a brothel will be liable to be prosecuted. In Quetta (Pakistan) there was a riot when fanatical puritans attacked "Houses of ill fame," demanding that they be closed at least during the holy month of Ramazan. Several Mullahs were arrested for inciting the people, and several public women received serious injuries in the clash.

In Karachi the dancing girls have formed a regular association (or is it a trade union?) and are planning to protest against the Prevention of Prostitution Act, passed at the last session of the Pakistan Dominion Parliament and which it

is now sought to enforce. The protest, it is reported, will take the form of a mock funeral procession, carrying an effigy labelled "*Mausaqi ka Janaza*" (the Bier of Music). The last time a similar protest procession was taken out was in the reign of the ultra-puritanical Aurangzeb who had imposed a ban not only on prostitution but also on music and dancing.

"Whose funeral is that?", Aurangzeb is said to have asked when the procession passed under his balcony.

"Sire, it is the Bier of Music," replied one of the many wailing women who followed the mock funeral.

"Good," exclaimed the Royal



puritan, "Bury it so deep that it can never rise again."

And, yet, within a few years of Aurangzeb's death, not only dancing and singing, but the notorious brothels of Delhi's famous Chawrie Bazar were again thriving.

That was no accident. Throughout the ages, the institution of prostitution has survived every form and degree of suppression and social stigma, because under the social and economic systems which make healthy love and marriage by the free choice of both parties impossible, which force millions of young men to remain unmarried or away from their wives, which deprive the common people of the refinements of Art, Literature and the other graces of Culture, brothels fulfil a human necessity.

poor, dear troops over there. There

Brothels must be closed—but if they are to remain closed, those fundamental causes which turn men's minds to such unhealthy and evil places must be removed.

And if the prostitution of a woman's body is to be abolished (as it should be), what about the prostitution of minds, of brains, of talent and art, that is going on everywhere under the present social and economic systems. The man who sells his conscience for the sake of a few pieces of silver is no less a "Prostitute" than the woman who sells her body.

OH, MY DEAH...!

Fifi, darling, let's follow the example of Shobhana Samarth and go to Kashmir to entertain the

are some very charming young Captains I know, and they must be feeling very lonely, don't you think? It is our army now, and we must do our bit! BEGAD, SIR...!

Winston Churchill is absolutely right. Never trust these Asiatics. Look how the Chinese have not only gone "Red," they are even threatening to throw us out of Hong-Kong. It must be defended to the last Gurkha! SAYINGS OF SABA

Life is a stage—but the actors have forgotten their parts, the prompter is missing, and the director has gone crazy.

God made man—but the Producer makes the film star.

All men are brothers—but one wishes some were brothers-in-law.

A man is known by the woman who keeps him.



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RUNNING TO
PACKED
HOUSES
AT
EXCELSIOR
&
CENTRAL

THE STORY OF A
GIRL WHO DARED
TO DEFY THE
DEMI-GODS OF
SOCIETY

A BRAVE NEW
PICTURE FOR
A BRAVE NEW
WORLD

Directed by:

SHYAM DASS

BOMBAY RELEASE THRU

THE SCREENS

An American Problem

TELEVISION: Movies' Friend or Foe?

TROUBLES of America's motion picture industry are not fading with time. Fewer people are going to the movies in the States than a year ago. Foreign countries continue to limit showing of American films and to hold down profits which can be enjoyed. Television at home is beginning to raise a question about where people will take more of their future entertainment—at home or in theatres?

Movie stars no longer shine quite so brightly as before. Incomes are down. Employment in the film industry, generally speaking is down about 25 per cent from the 1946 peak. There are fewer big-name pictures. Some movie stars who formerly doubled in radio find that the opportunities there are not quite what they were. Yet, at the top levels, nobody in the movie industry is going hungry for lack of cash. Profits, while they are down from the 1946 and 1947 heights, remain large.

Salaries paid to movie-picture executives continue to head the list of top salaries in the country. Stars, when they have contracts, count the dollars in their weekly pay checks in thousands. It is just that there are not so many contracts to be had, not so many jobs to fill. At present, only 370 stars are under regular contract in Hollywood, compared with 750 in 1946. Writers under contract have fallen from 600 in 1946 to about 450 now.

Big spending by movie executives and stars is on the decline.

Some stars who have lost their box-office appeal and no longer can command big salaries are selling their houses, yachts and other valuables. While most stars are not yet reduced to disposing of their property, many have cut down on spending for luxuries such as furs, jewellery and swimming pools.

Business in Hollywood and the more exclusive Beverly Hills community, home of many of the higher-paid members of the film colony, is in a slump. Shops are closing, sales are falling off, and real estate, in the words of one broker, is "flat on its back."

Big-name actors still receive large weekly salaries, but many of the lesser known ones no longer are under contracts that call for big pay whether they are making pictures or not. That's where the pinch is felt. Many actors not under contract still are working, but they are being paid only for actual work performed.

The practice of putting actors under contract to tie them up while being groomed as future stars is being discontinued. Studios in the past have had as many as 25 or 30 prospective stars under six-month options, figuring that, if one rose to stardom, the investment would be worth while. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which followed that policy, now has only three persons on option.

There is no sign that the level of pay is coming down for the top actors, writers and directors, who are responsible for a picture's

success. But fewer persons are making the high salaries that these persons command, and cuts are showing up in the lower levels. That goes for salaries paid and the number of persons employed.

Cutting corners on the cost of producing films is common practice. Under the lower budgets for making films, fewer persons are hired, less-expensive costuming and scenery are used. The result is a 35 to 40 per cent saving from two years ago in the cost of producing many films.

While Hollywood looks around for new ways to offset declining incomes, its really big fear is what Television is going to do to the movie business in the years ahead. Many producers are frightened over the possibilities of this new form of competition, although some are predicting hopefully that Television will stimulate interest in the movie to a point where the film industry will benefit in the end. This hope is not shared by all, however.

Two ways to meet the competition of Television are opening up. One is for the movie producers to invest heavily in Television itself, and in that manner help to control Television programmes and share in the profits. Another way is to make movies to be broadcast on Television programmes. But each method has its drawbacks.

It is not going to be easy for the movie industry to go into Television in a big way. The Government has indicated that it

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CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!

LOTUS PICTURES

PRESENT

SHANTA PATEL-MOHINDRA DATTA

SUMITRA

WITH

SUKUMAR-RAM KUMAR

SILONI and CAMERON

PHOTOGRAPHY: ERUCH DARUWALA

PRODUCED BY: ERUCH DARUWALA & ABDUL MAJID

STORY and DIRECTION

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Does not want too close a tie-in between the two industries. Paramount, one of the leading film producers, has been limited by the Federal Communications Commission to the purchase of five television stations. That is not a big enough chain to give this company much of a share of the television business. FCC apparently wants to avoid a tie-up between television and movies similar to that existing between the movie producers and the theatres. Since television stations are licensed by the Government, the movie industry will not have a free hand in determining how deeply it buys into television.

Few producers of films, up to now, have gone into television, although most are investigating it. Twentieth Century-Fox tried, and failed, to buy the American Broadcasting Company so it could obtain television outlets. A few television companies have been formed by movie producers. But, for the time being, New York, not Hollywood is the television centre of the country.

If Hollywood, instead of investing heavily in television stations,

turns to television as a market for its films and a source of new revenue, it will find that few television advertisers can afford to pay for films as now produced. Picture making in the Hollywood manner runs into many thousands of dollars, sometimes into millions, and advertisers are likely to be wary of spending that kind of money for a film which can be shown only a limited number of times. Even shorter films, adapted especially to television broadcasts, will be too costly for most programme sponsors. The industry has a long way to go in working out new techniques before it can make a profit out of selling new movies to television stations for home broadcasts.

There is another important television outlet for films being developed, however, which should prove profitable to Hollywood. By 1952, most important theatres are expected to be equipped with television screens. With more films—standard plus television—going into production and distribution, overhead costs of the industry can be reduced, and earnings improved.

Despite the problems which must

be overcome before television provides a profitable outlet for Hollywood films, the movie industry expects eventually to provide 60 to 70 per cent of all television shows. Films, in other words, will be to television what transcribed programmes now are to radio. If this becomes true, only one television programme out of three will be a "live" show, and some of these will be sport and current-event broadcasts which require no rehearsing or expensive techniques.

Other problems which have bothered Hollywood recently are straightening themselves out. Unfavourable publicity resulting from the investigations into Communist activity in the film industry is disappearing. Court proceedings, publicity and house cleaning by the studios themselves have driven Communists and fellow travellers underground.

Labour troubles are fading. Jurisdictional strikes, once a serious problem in the industry, have died down. This is attributed by some union leaders to the decline in Communist influence in unions. The AFL Film Council is trying by publicity inside the industry to reduce labour conflict.

The long-range outlook for the movie industry is closely tied to television. If television provides a big new market for films, it can provide a boom for Hollywood. If, on the other hand, people in the future prefer to take their amusements from television at home and desert the movie theatres, television will be a heavy blow.

The foreign market for films, as it existed before the war, seems to be gone. Hollywood once counted on getting 30 per cent of its profits from sales of pictures from abroad. Gross earnings from foreign sales fell to \$100,000,000 in 1948, from \$124,000,000 in 1947 and \$133,000,000 in 1946. At home movie attendance is off 18 per cent from the high point of 1946.

Hollywood, at the moment is sick, but few in the industry believe its troubles are incurable.



Mohindra Datta and Shanta Patel in a scene from Lotus Pictures' forthcoming production "Sumitra", directed by Basant Kumar from a story by himself.

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faces Without Names

THE STORY SO FAR

Kundan Kumar (who was born plain Surajmal) aspires to be a film star. He is taken on in a studio as a coolie whose business is to move the heavy lights as required. He is promoted to be a peon, noticed by the Star for whom he runs errands, and dreams of getting a role in the new picture for which a story has been purchased from well-known author Nirral. He gets acquainted with an "extra" girl, and with more or less dishonest intentions, takes her to the flicks. After the show he takes her home. Now read on.

REEL SIX

(In Which the Hero Discovers the Heroine's Awful Secret)

BORI Bunder! When they got down from the tram, Kundan did not know which of the half a dozen different roads she would take to reach her home. There was the big, wide, gaily-lighted road which went on straight to such glamorous places as the Regal Cinema, Apollo Bunder and Taj Mahal Hotel, and, on the other side, passing between the Bori Bunder station and the Times of India, Press went on to Crawford Market. One road led back to Dhobi Talao—the way they had come. Another, skirting the Capitol cinema, led to the all-White Bombay (European) Gymkhana. Still another, by-passing the railway station, silently crept into the St. George's Hospital. But Indira led him along an altogether different, and least expected, road!

Passing under the tomb-like shadow of the domed General Post Office, they came to the ill-lighted Frere Road, with its shady hotels, odorously eating houses, and noisy bars echoing with sailors' drunken songs and brawls. It was the backyard of the Docks area, where one could find the human flotsam and

jetsam from many countries across the seas.

Still somewhat incredulous, he asked, "Do you live on this road?" "No, not on the main road, but in that next lane to the left."

And Kundan felt his glittering dream of pink-shaded lights in a cosy and perfumed 'den of pleasure' crash to the ground. A solitary, pale-faced street light seemed to accentuate the darkness of the narrow lane. Buildings seemed to be crazily toppling over one another, like drunken men trying to support each other. A horribly mixed odour of rotting fish, coconut oil, beer, toddy, phenyle, spicy food being fried, urine and refuse seemed to permeate the atmosphere. Over-fed, bloated rats were playing hide-and-seek in the dark with mangy, ghostly, green-eyed cats. A black cat crossed their path, and Kundan stumbled over a skinny, eczema-ridden dog who whined and then slunk away into the shadows.

So this was where Indira lived! What a fall from pinnacles of his imagination!

She stopped in front of a building, even more rickety than

the rest. "This is where we stay. On the third floor."

Kundan had a sudden urge to go away, far, far from these sordid surroundings. "Acha," he said, rather abruptly, "I better get going. Namaste."

"No, no, how can that be, Mister Kundan?" She spoke as if she had been hurt by his abrupt tone. "You have taken all this trouble to see me home. What would mataji say when she knows that I did not even ask you to come up and take a cup of tea?"

The stairs were dark and the boards creaked and groaned as they climbed up. On every floor, there were people already asleep in the gallery and they had to be careful lest they step on someone. Indira was used to these stairs and groped her way up by letting her hand follow the banister. But Kundan found it very hard going. The wooden steps were worn and slippery with age, many of the edges being broken. His right foot missed one of the steps, he slipped and almost fell.

"Give me your hand," she called out in the dark, or next time you may really fall!"



The flickering light made her face look ethereally radiant.....like a beacon of hope.

And Kundan discovered that even on that dark, creaky, smelly staircase the contact between two hands sent a soft and tender current coursing through his body. How small and soft and deliciously warm was her hand! And how much trust and friendship and love was in her touch—yes, even love, but not the “love” of the pink-shaded lights in a perfumed ‘den of pleasure’!

At last they were on the third floor. Indira knocked on the door. In response, a woman's gentle voice called out from inside, “Aagai, Indoo?” and the door was opened. The room was lit by a single naked bulb but its weak, pale light was smothered in a blanket of dense smoke. It was living room, bed-room, kitchen and bath-room, all rolled into one. In

one corner lay a roll of beddings, in the other was the *sigree* from which a cloud of smoke was rising. A broken chair, a tin box, two home-washed cotton saris left to dry on a clothes' line! This was Indira's home where she lived with her parents.

“Kundanji! This is my mother.” And then to her mother, “Ma! This is Kundan Babu. In the whole studio he is the only gentleman. He was kind enough to come all the way to leave me here.”

“Namaste!” He greeted Indira's mother, embarrassed by the compliment paid to his ‘gentlemanliness’.

“*Jitay raho, beta!*” May you live long, son!

A distinctly North Indian voice—from Delhi or Agra? Kundan studied the face of Indira's mother, intrigued and fascinated. It was a

face on which the whole story of her life was written—or, rather etched—in deep lines. Early marriage. Poverty. Hard work. Sickness. Living in dark, dingy, smoke-filled rooms. A drunkard, sadistic husband. The sorrow and humiliation of not being able to marry off her daughter. Starvation. All this was plainly visible in her wrinkles. Her face was like a ruined house—crumbling walls, fallen roof, a pile of rubble! Yet Kundan could see in it something familiar and friendly. In her eyes was the same seriousness and innocence, which he had noticed in Indira's eyes, and which a whole life of misery had not obliterated.

Kundan was relieved to find that Indira's father was not at home. What he had heard from Dada Ganja had given an impression of a dissipated sot who had fallen low enough to be even willing to sell his daughter for a few rupees! The room bore the marks of his personality. Empty bottles were piled in one corner and the sickly-sweet smell of toddy was in the air.

Without even asking him, Indira had placed a tin kettle of water to boil on the *sigree*, but the mother asked him somewhat hesitantly, “Will you mind taking tea with molasses? You see we don't have any white sugar.”

Kundan who was preoccupied with his thoughts about this strange family reassured her even more vehemently than was absolutely necessary. “Oh, yes, of course. Why not? After all even in the Irani restaurants one doesn't get white sugar in tea—only saccharine. And then they give you powdered milk which stinks even at a distance.”

That started the inevitable talk about rations. Indira's mother recalled how in “the good old days” of her childhood in her home town, Meerut, one could get everything in plenty. She talked to Kundan freely, informally, as if he was already accepted as an honorary

member of the family.

“We are Kaists,” she happened to mention and Kundan said—he did not know why he emphasized it—that he was a Kaisth, too! In the course of the conversation it came out that Indira's father had a small shop in the cantonment where he had learnt to drink from the Tommies. All their savings had gone down the drain. During the war he got a job on a foreign ship and the drinking habit had become chronic. His pay was hardly enough for such costly luxuries and six months ago he was turned out for selling rations he had stolen from the ship's kitchen. Since then he was unemployed.

Looking at the face of Indira's mother, grown prematurely aged, Kundan wondered, “How many wrinkles must have been added during the last six months! What other things had been sold to satisfy the drunkard's craving before he thought of selling even his own daughter?”

Indira brought steaming tea for Kundan in the only cup that was intact in the house. She gave her mother a cup with a broken handle and herself took a cracked glass tumbler. The tea was good, hot and sweet. Kundan enjoyed it. Then he got up.

“*Achha!* I will be going now.”

“*Jitay raho, beta!*” (may you live long, son!) Said the old lady. I am glad you came. Having met you, I feel better about Indira's going to the studios. Look after this poor girl, son. The times are bad, very bad.”

If only Kundan could tell her how bad they were! He felt ashamed to think of the evil intention with which he had come with Indira that evening. And they regarded him as a gentleman!

“Just wait, please”, Indira said with a genuine concern, “I must show you the way, otherwise you will again stumble and fall.” Saying this, she lit a kerosene oil wick lamp.

“*Namaste, Mataji.*” Without

premeditation the words seemed to escaped his lips. Perhaps the memory of his mother, far away in Karnal, had stirred in his subconscious.

Going down the stairs, now lit by the little wick that Indira was holding aloft, he said, “Thank you for the tea.”

“Do you want to make me ashamed that the tea was so bad?”

Looking up from the landing below, he saw her—the Lady with the Lamp! The flickering light made her face look ethereally radiant, shining out of the surrounding gloom, like a beacon of hope. There was a smile on her face, and in that smile there was gratitude, compassion, a little mischief and a little pain—and a promise!

Kundan's film-struck mind wished his eyes had a camera lens fitted in them so that he could preserve this beautiful “Close-up” for ever.

As he went down the stairs, the little flickering light high above proved inadequate to show him the way. He almost stumbled on the last few stairs, but at last he was on solid ground. From the bottom of the well, as it were, when he looked up he saw the all-pervading darkness stabbed by the pin-point of light—so very high, so very far!

He was groping his way through the gallery when the outer door opened and someone entered with a strong and repulsive whiff of toddy. Standing in the open doorway and silhouetted against the pale light of the street lamp outside, he looked like a strange two-legged animal.

“Indira's father,” poor Kundan thought and retreated into the shadows. The drunkard, cursing and abusing and stumbling, clambered over the stairs, and Kundan fled out of the house.

Standing in the middle of the lane, he looked again at the building—the dark massive, ugly hulk in which many lighted windows now glittered. And Kundan thou-

ght, “One of those lighted windows in the all-pervading darkness is Indira.” Now the lane did not seem as dark and filthy and odorous as it had appeared half an hour ago.

Whistling the tune of a recent film hit, he started walking towards Bori Bunder till his dim figure completely faded out in the darkness.

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(Next month: *The Hero Changes His Mind—For The Sake Of The Heroine!*)

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July 1949

Special Article

THE SOVIET CINEMA AND SCIENCE

By Catherine De La Roche

THE cinema in the U.S.S.R. is being used more extensively than ever to popularise science. A considerable part of the film programme in the current Five Year Plan is based on Stalin's election speech of February 1946, in which he re-emphasised (among other things) the vital importance of science. As a result, not only is production and distribution of scientific films being greatly expanded: a number of the biggest features is being devoted to the lives and works of scientists.

As regards scientific films proper, this means strengthening an already strong branch. During the early Five Year Plans, well-equipped scientific film studios were established in Moscow, Kiev, Leningrad and Novosibirsk. By 1940 their combined annual output had risen to over 150 pictures. During the war (when production of feature, decreased) production of scientific and technical films, chiefly for the Army and Medical Services, continued to expand. The 1947 schedule provides for 186 scientific films, of which as many as 56 (six full length) are for the broad public, while 130 are for specialised audiences. By order of the Film Ministry of August 1946, various measures were taken to improve the circulation and publicity of scientific films: the number of prints of the monthly series *Science and Technique* (some issues in colour) has been doubled; carefully balanced collections of scientific films (including all-colour programmes) are touring the country; scientific film festivals and lectures are being held with increasing frequency.

Many of the directors responsible for the most interesting new productions won international recognition long before the war. Among them is Alexander Zguridi, who

created a lyrical style in popular scientific films illustrating the principles of natural selection. His *Depths of the Sea* was a remarkable picture of submarine plants and



Brilliant star Nargis, recently bereaved of her famous mother, Jaddanbai, as she will appear in Varuna Films' romantic drama "Roomal".

**DOCUMENTARY FILM
ON PANDIT NEHRU.**

"OUR NEHRU"—a short M & T film depicting the many faceted personality and career of Nehru against a background of our national struggle may rank as one of the most inspiring screen versions of Congress leadership in contemporary India. How the Nehru legend has grown from his first aristocratic lineage and later as an inveterate jailbird of the Naini & Almora jails and how he later inspired the masses and drew inspiration from their love and affection, how he rose from the obscure Presidency of the Allahabad Municipality to the stature of a national leader and then shared in the larger destiny of the nation and went all over the country inspiring and leading the people of his country—are all brought out in this brief film with a powerful impact. The story is brought up-to-date with due emphasis on the Partition decision, the Kashmir war, the Gandhi murder and the emergence of the bereaved Nehru as the political descendent of Gandhi and the undisputed leader of India.

—*Indian News Chronicle.*



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animals, including unique scenes such as a jellyfish taking food (normally they eat only in darkness, which is awkward for the camera!). *Force of Life* showed the struggle for existence through the changing seasons among animals inhabiting a forest. During the war, Zguridi completed his prize-winning *Sands of Central Asia*, about animals in the Karakum Desert. In his latest picture, *White Fang*, after Jack London's book, Zguridi used human characters for the first time. According to Soviet critics, however, his experiment in a "Scientific feature" was less successful than his earlier films, because the plot and the wild life depicted were not integrated in a dramatic whole.

The biologist Andrei Vinnitsky has been making films about insects for some twenty-five years. Probably the most famous are *Amazon Ant* and *Animophila Wasp*, both shown at the 1936 Paris Exhibition. He was first to film the whole process of a spider spinning its web and a silkworm winding its cocoon. During the war, Vinnitsky made *Sunny Tribe*, which showed that the fantastically complicated organization of life among wild bees is governed by instinct not reason. As in all his films, the factual exposition is built up in a dramatic and exciting manner. His latest picture, *Land of Miracles*, is an experiment in "scientific fantasy"—two explorers "shrink" to the size of ants, become involved in the life of various insects, and survive the adventure because they use their wits where insects use instinct. This film entailed an exceptional amount of micro-photography and technical devices.

Micro- and macro-photography have been most widely developed in biological films and for research, producing a number of unique scientific records. A pioneer in this field is Professor V. Lebedev, who has supervised many instructional films, such as *Development of the Embryo*, and several for the greater

public, including *Our Invisible Friends*, directed by Boris Dolin. The latter demonstrated the activities of various bacteria and micro-organisms, both useful and harmful, showing processes such as the fermentation which transforms grape juice into wine and the formation of yeast. Dolin, incidentally, was also responsible for one of the best films in another style, made during the war. Entitled *Law of Great Love*, it was a moving story about maternal love among wild foxes. His latest, *Animal Path*, deals with scientific research in the national preserves of Kirghizia, and shows some rare moments in the lives of the timid, swift-footed goats inhabiting the mountain peaks. Quick and slow-motion photography have been used extensively in technical mechanical and botanical films. An outstanding example was *Technology of Chrome Plating* (1943), which gave an enlarged slow-motion view of the electrolytic



Dev Anand and Kamini Kaushal make a beautiful and attractive pair in "Namoona". M. & T. Films' new romantic drama. The others of the famous quartet involved in this heart-wrenching tale of tangled love are Kishore Sahu and Leela Chitamb. There's a star-studded supporting cast.

formation of chrome on a cathode. Animated cartoons and diagrams have been most widely used in training films. Great experience in this kind of work was gained during the production of the hundreds of military films in wartime.

Many other technical devices have been employed with good effect. *Ricochet Firing* is an interesting example of long-distance lens filming and recording of rapid movement; it shows the flight of a shell,

its impact on the target, the rebound and explosion. Progress was also made in X-ray filming during the war, one of the most notable pictures being *X-ray Diagnosis of Firearm Wounds*. In general, medical and physiological films represent one of the oldest and most important sections of the Soviet scientific cinema.

There is a vast store of film records of the great experiments and achievements of leading scientists: *Physiology and Pathology of the Higher Nervous System* deals with Academician Pavlov's researches; *Plastic Surgery of the Face* is a record of Professor Rauner's work; *Physiological Reactions in Operations on the Brain*

shows Academician Burdenko's pre-war work, and *Therapeutic Surgery to Injured Periphery Nerves* is a remarkable film about his work in wartime. An increasing number of pictures on medicine and hygiene have been made for the general public.

One of the new full-length films is the geographical picture about the explorer Mikluha Maklai. It is a "scientific feature" reconstructing his travels in New Guinea and other parts of the world, directed by A. Razumny. The script is by qualified screen-writers, leading actors impersonate the historical characters, and the sets are by an eminent designer. Like many of the latest popular scientific films, this is a frank dramatisation of science; not a fictionalisation by any means, but an attempt to present pure knowledge in artistic form. It is, in fact, a development of a trend which appeared in the latter 1930's, when special attention began to be

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paid to scientific-film scripts having literary as well as scientific value. For some time the aim has been, where possible, to impart scientific knowledge and theory, not in abstract form, but in their relation to life and human endeavour. A number of other productions in all the scientific film studios is being devoted to great scholars—past and present, including Rimsky-Korsakov and the Academicians Pavlov, Filatov and Tsitsin.

Far and away the greater proportion of scientific films deal with the Five Year Plan. Among the 56 popular scientific films in the 1947 schedule, there is the full-length picture *Stalin's Urals*, for instance, which tells about the role of the Urals in the Five Year Plan. Ten other shorts are in the series *Tales of the Great Plan*, seven are in the series *What our Scientists are Working On* and five in the series *Nature and Life*—all more or less directly concerned with

the Plan, and so are many films in other series.

Meanwhile, the feature-film studios have allocated their best in talent and equipment to the production of features about scientists. G. Kozintsev is working on the biography of the Crimean War surgeon Pirogov; G. Roshal has chosen a present-day story about innovators in science and technique, entitled *At One Factory*. B. Nekrasov made *Diamonds* at the Sverdlovsk feature-film studio, a human story about geologists exploring the nation's mineral wealth for industrial purposes. And, most important, the Ukrainian producer Alexander Dovzhenko has made a

colour film about the horticulturist Michurin and his fabulous orchards. As always, Dovzhenko wrote his own screenplay, which was reviewed at length in the Soviet Press before it went into production. The tone and tenor of these reviews make me look forward to a production with the unique poetical and dramatic qualities that distinguished Dovzhenko's *Earth and Chors*.



SURAIYA, the Dancing Darling of millions of filmgoers, as she appears in Sadiq's "Char Din".



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HATS OFF TO Mr. SIRKAR!

By Simon Pereira

LEAVING shortly on a well-earned three months holiday in Britain and America, with plans to visit leading studios in both countries, particularly Hollywood, Mr. B. N. Sirkar, distinguished Bengali pioneer and founder-proprietor of India's most famous studio, New Theatres, Calcutta, can look back upon nearly twenty years of uninterrupted film production with justifiable pride. One of the eight sons of the late Sir N. N. Sirkar, brilliant lawyer and politician who was for some time Law Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, B. N. Sirkar, gave up a promising career as an engineer to make films. He took his engineering degree at the University of London after four years study there in 1923, worked with the leading firm of Calcutta building engineers, Messrs. Martin and Company, and left them a year later to practise

on his own. But his heart was not in the profession and in 1930 he gave it up to indulge an ambition he had cherished for some time of entering the motion picture industry for which, although it was then but newly started, he foresaw a great future.

"In those days there were no studios," said Mr. Sirkar telling me the story of that first attempt. "One bought a car or two for transporting one's staff and apparatus, found, wrote or purchased a likely story, and shot off the film in locations which appeared suitable for making the best of our excellent Indian daylight."

It was as simple as that. Mr. Sirkar made two silent films (the talkies hadn't arrived) that first year, both in Bengali. The first one was an instantaneous flop, the next a little better but still a flop.

In 1931 he set about constructing the New Theatres Studio and made the first film under its banner. It was titled "Mohabat ke Ansu," and made his third consecutive flop. The fourth, despite its sensational title "Zinda Lash", which means "The Living Corpse", was little better.

But Sirkar was no quitter and, moreover, he had gone into the business of picture making with ideals which he was determined to maintain whatever happened, a principle to which he has adhered with singular resolve throughout his career to the present day. Undeterred by four successive failures he began a fourth picture, "Puran Bhagat", in Hindi, with Kumar as the hero and Saigal in his very first screen role playing a bit part as a singer. "Puran Bhagat" hit the headlines with a bang which resounded throughout the country.



A characteristic impression of Mr. B. N. Sirkar at work in his New Theatres office at Calcutta.

Followed a succession of the most glorious hits in the industry's record which by their excellence of conception, technique, high artistic value and box office appeal, boasted the names of New Theatres and Sirkar to the top of India's motion picture world. What a brave array those films make: "Chandides", "Devdas", "President", "Dushman", "Doctor", "Dharti Mata", "Dhoop Chhaon", "Zindagi", "Lagan". These are only a few of the brightest in a series of nearly a hundred pictures, most of them hits and near hits, which were turned out from the New Theatres Studio in succeeding years, under the tireless inspiration of this idealist proprietor, who insisted throughout on the highest and the best, and refused to stoop to any considerations of box office and the lure of easy gain.

July 1949



Records of what everybody present hoped will be a Lucky Day for Director Sunny of 'Mala' fame. Snapshots of the Mahurat of his new picture 'Bimal' at the Famous Cine Laboratories, Haines Road, early this month.

Pictures show Director Sunny with friends: Mr. Akbar Fazalbhoy, Dilip Kumar and Producer Asif. Below right is the late Bai Jaddanbai, former Nightingale of the Bombay Screen, with Mehboob, her daughter Nargis and Dilip Kumar.



Followed "Saugand", "Hamrahi," "Vasiatnama," "Oonch Neech," not quite in the same order of brilliance as their predecessors. The last two, in fact, were proper flops and when "Anjangarh" made it a treble, Mr. Sirkar, who happened to be in Bombay, was met by a deputation of local bigwigs who sadly shook their heads at him and suggested that he should do something about it.

"We can't stand another flop from you," they told him, and advised him to haul down his flag of idealism, cut loose from his motto of "Art for Art's Sake", and adopt the so-called "Bombay Formula" for his future productions.

Mr. Sirkar received their suggestions with courtesy, and pointing out that the percentage of hits even in Hollywood was not much better, if at all it was better, than our own in comparison with total output, laughingly agreed to accept their suggestions—after one more attempt on his own lines. "If my next picture is a flop," he told them, "I will change my policy for yours."

I don't think he would have done that in any event, but as things turned out, the question did not arise, because his next picture was "Chhotabhai," which, so far from being a flop, proved an absolutely sensational hit, and that despite the fact that it is a complete refutation in every detail of the "Bombay Formula." The bigwigs were confounded, utterly routed in fact, by the success of this extraordinary picture, which has nothing whatever in it of what passes for box-office value in the estimation of our local producers. There is no romance in it, no glamour of love or spectacle, no thrill of adventure or intrigue, not one single ingredient of the Bombay Formula which had been so earnestly urged upon him by our bigwigs.



Well-known Bengal producer Basudev Sinha and Ace-Director-Actor-Producer, P. C. Barua, had a visit together just before the latter's departure to Switzerland for a rest cure.

The film is reviewed in another part of this issue, and you can read all about it there. Here I will only say that "Chhotabhai" ranks as one of the half dozen films which can be truly labelled "Great" in the entire history of the Indian industry. It would be esteemed as a distinguished picture anywhere in the world. It is a simple, starkly plain, story of a little boy, orphaned of his mother in infancy, and cared for by his foster mother with a love which by its sheer enveloping power saves him from the delinquency into which children and youths are driven by deprivation of affection and the frustration which comes from misunderstanding and harsh treatment at the hands of elders. It is a most beautiful, and at the same time powerfully impressive, study of child psychology, so vivid, sincere and true that, it deserves to be labelled "Documentary."

The Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association was so impressed with this wonderful picture that when it was asked to nominate a picture for exhibition as the best specimen of Indian film art at the forthcoming Canadian National Exhibition and Independence

Day celebrations to be held in that country next month, it unanimously recommended "Chhotabhai," expressing the belief that "this picture will represent to the Canadians the best of Indian culture, being the picturisation of one of the greatest stories from that great Indian author, Sarat Chandra Chatterjee."

The best tribute in connection with "Chhotabhai" came from a Bombay producer who said to me "It is a great picture. What is more, it is great box-office. Only New Theatres can make a film like that." There's praise to warm a producer's heart!

Truth, Goodness and Beauty are the watchwords of Mr. Sirkar's life as a maker of films. He nailed them to his mast long ago when he first stepped into the field of picture production. They are there still, and will remain there as long as Mr. Sirkar is boss of New Theatres.

Quiet, reticent, a listener rather than a talker, Mr. Sirkar is the perfect Indian gentleman, reffusing his person and life the finest of the cultures of the East and

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the West. A man who has made an art of living and has never lacked the means for it, he displays the charming manners and geniality of a clubbable man and a good companion. Humanitarian in his entire philosophy, he is the soul of kindness and charity, ever ready with help and advice, and eager to give talent a chance for the benefit of humanity, wherever he finds it. In this outlook he has often taken risks no other individual would even contemplate, but he has never had occasion to regret it.

He is the most regular worker at his studio, putting in his full time daily, like any other employee on his pay-roll which has a regular list of three hundred permanent workers, from directors, stars and technicians to extras and coolies. Every evening he holds a studio conference, the "Suggestion Hour," where every employee is at liberty to put up ideas and suggestions regarding the studio and its activities, which receive the full attention of Mr. Sirkar himself and of all his executives.



Mr. E. H. Mamoojee, Proprietor of the Calcutta Film Exchange, who holds the exclusive world rights (except the United Provinces and Delhi) for the distribution of New Theatres pictures. Mr. Mamoojee is an old personal friend of Mr. Sirkar.

The New Theatres studio is a three-storied structure fully equipped for the production of two pictures, one Bengali and one Hindi, simultaneously. Production

is always in full swing as New Theatres have two cinemas in Calcutta, the Chitra for Bengali & the New Era for Hindi films, and both have to be fed continuously.



On the sets of New Theatres. A scene being shot for their next production "Manzoor." Third from left, obviously instructing the star (seated), a new find named Ashita, is the brilliant young director Subodh Mitter. Standing is lovely Bharati.

Their star roster is remarkable for its wealth of new talent. Likely youngsters are perpetually being picked up for fashioning into stars. This has been done from the beginning and the list of New Theatres' past discoveries makes brave reading: Jamuna, Barua, Kananbala, Saigal, Pankaj Mullick, Pahari Sanyal, Leela Desai, Kamlesh Kumari, Sunanda, Ashit Baran, Molina and the completely new cast of first timers who have done so brilliantly in "Chhotabhai." Each year sees additions to that list, making of New Theatres a matrix of talent from which the industry is continuously sustained at a level which to-day is its only saving grace against influences which have well nigh dragged it into the gutter. All honour to Mr. Sirkar, who made it possible with his money.

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Mulkh Raj Bhakri, Brilliant Pioneer of Our Industry

By Janki Dass

WARM-HEARTED, genial, with a bearing impressive in its dignity, of middle age and modest nature, Mulkh Raj Bhakri, is one of those few pioneers of our motion picture industry whose energy and enthusiasm are wholly absorbed in the promotion of progress in the industry with the devotion of an artist whose sole joy is derived from the creation of beauty. Bhakri is one of those rare individuals who find true delight in achievement, pleasure in goodness and derive unbounded satisfaction from doing things and helping others to do them. In short he is an apostle of the philosophy of high thinking and plain living, a man who never drinks, or gambles, ever ready with advice as well as aid to whoever comes to him for both or either.



MULK RAJ BHAKRI has a word with his interviewer, the up-and-coming screen fool, Janki Dass, while his brother Destaj Bhakri looks on.

When the calamitous Sword of Partition dismembered the country and Chaos erupted in Lahore, destroying overnight the heart of the motion picture industry in the North, denuding at one stroke of work, means, home and hope one third of India's army of film workers, the uprooted host of directors, cameramen, technicians, stars and others found in Mulkh Raj Bhakri a rallying point and refuge. With his aid, and by his unselfish and efficient efforts, supplemented by similar endeavours on the part of some others, the uprooted were able to re-establish themselves in the industry to which they had devoted themsel-

ves, so that now, after two years of hard work, they are again on a footing with the best in the country.

As Mulkh Raj helped others, God helped him, with the result that he is now a full-fledged film producer in addition to being an author of renown, the moving spirit and chief architect of Nigaristan India Films. Within the space of a year and a little more, he has added to his record as many as six pictures, of which he wrote the stories, scenarios, songs and dialogues. He is practically the creator of "Chunaria," "Sawan Bachon," "Lachhi," "Naach" "Roomal," and

of course, his own "Bansaria." The last was completed in three and a half months, and by the time it was ready the name of Bhakri was a million-rupee mark! The distribution rights for five territories were sold before the film was off the sets, and he is already busy with his next production which he has titled "Chori Chori." Though he does not direct his pictures, he includes in his scripts the minutest details for direction, which, according to many, is the true secret of his remarkable and uniform success.

Born on December 18, 1913, at Gujranwalla in Punjab, he showed

a talent for art in earliest infancy. At four, it is said, he used to make childish sketches of people, other children, birds, flowers and animals. His father was a store-keeper in the L. A. S. C. establishment at Pathankot, and therefore a man of means as well as influence. Young Mukh Raj became an ardent film fan and made it a point to see every picture that came his way, and particularly every one that was made in the country. He claims to have seen practically every silent and talking picture so far produced in India and actually remembers by heart the songs and even the dialogue of most of them.

As he matriculated in 1931 at Lyallpur, the first Indian talkie, "Alam Ara" was released at Bombay. He even remembers the date of its premiere, March 31.

His interest in films grew with the years, and after some time he made his first step into the industry by taking on the job of a cinema manager. Here he dis-

played a capacity for exploitation which rescued many films which had flopped in other places. Meanwhile he plugged away at his secret ambition of writing stories for the screen, and with "Ara" he scored a success which carried his name throughout India in the difficult days of rioting and disturbance which disrupted and almost destroyed the motion picture business.

Promptly M. D. Pancholi, Motion Picture King of the North, took him on as the head of his Story Department. For his first assignment there, Bhakri wrote "Barsaat ki Ek Raat," which had to be abandoned when the Big Killing began in Lahore. His next was "Papiha Re," which also suffered seriously from the disturbances.

He arrived in Bombay, jobless, homeless, moneyless. He did not have to wait long. As already recorded at the beginning of this article, he found ready to his hand the brains and talents of the



Renowned Music Director Ghulam Mohamad is reported to have provided some wonderfully sweet music and melodies in "Shah".

motion picture industry of Northern India, and by virtue of his own and their joint reputation and ability, he was able to re-establish them as well as himself, creating a unit which holds promise of surpassing their former brilliant record in Lahore. Here is wishing them good progress and prosperity.

One of the Worst

The cinema, which ought to be the finest entertainment we possess, is one of the worst. It has filled the mind of the mob (starved of colour and beauty) with a false view of life. Luxury is extolled, and impressionable people are induced to believe that an idle and useless existence is enviable. This conviction is one of the potent influences on the lives of millions of boys and girls.

—ST. JOHN IRVINE



SURAIYA and KAMINI, reigning Glamazon Queens of the Indian screen, are co-starred for the first time in Jagat Pictures' "Shah".



Popular favourite Rehana in a moment from Jagat Pictures' new musical hit "Sunehra Din" which is reported to have smashed all theatre records in Northern India and is now scheduled for early release in Bombay.

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 •
 VARDAN !!
 •
 PREET NAGAR !!!
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 by
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 ★



JUNE 30 AND AFTER : A WORD TO NEW IMPPA CHIEF : THE CIMPPA AWARDS : PREMIER'S PROMISE : THE BAN ON RUSSIAN FILMS : IS IT DEMOCRATIC ? : CINEMA ADMISSION RATES : IMPPA'S NEW EXECUTIVE : SIGNIFICANT OMISSION : THE SHAH-MEHTA AWARD

THE strike of 30th June was a success, as every cinema remained closed. On that day the Industry demonstrated a unity which was never witnessed before. The credit for this must go to the much-maligned exhibitors. Strangely enough, the distribution offices and the studios did not join the strike, and in fact at one of the studios I attended the muhurat of a new picture. Even the exhibitors seem to have taken part in the strike more in a holiday spirit than as a serious demonstration against Government policy. Box offices, for instance, remained open through the day for advance booking.

Indeed, the strike lacked the fire and spirit which we generally associate with that revolutionary phenomenon. That is perhaps the reason why the Provincial Governments who passed strictures against labour strikes and arrest the leaders of such strikers took no action against this strike, though it was mainly directed against the Government itself.

Thus it appears that as far as the Government is concerned, it has been unmoved by this sort of protest. And this belief is further strengthened by the Bombay Premier's speech at the New Empire. It also did not have any effect on the picturegoers: for the strikers failed to utilize the day in mobilizing public opinion in favour of the film industry. Not a single public meeting was held on that day anywhere in India. And one feels that had such meetings

been held and had prominent citizens in every town as well film stars and others addressed the meetings the protest would have been far more effective.

Thus the industry achieved nothing by the strike except a gesture of unity. And it is to be hoped at least that this unity will be forged into dynamic action in future. The best way to do that is, of course to convene a motion picture convention or congress, and to use the convention as a forum for bringing pressure to bear upon Government to modify its taxation policy, to mobilize public opinion

through the press and other media of propaganda, and to overhaul the working of the industry itself by setting a new and uniform standard to govern business dealings between producers, distributors, exhibitors making provisions for penalizing these who defy the behests of the convention.

Trade Winds believes that such a convention is an urgent necessity, and hopes that J. B. H. Wadia, IMPPA's new president will give a lead in the matter. If only such an ambitious plan is devised, the 30th June strike will have some meaning. Otherwise, it will be just a cry in the wilderness.

CIMPPA AWARDS !
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Trade Winds is opposed to all awards of this kind, and though the idea of B. K. Karanjia is commendable, one wishes he had not confused the choice of the readers of his magazine with that of a committee of three producers, one technician and one writer—all representing IMPPA. If this committee is to be a nucleus of the future academy, then surely the representatives of the Cine Technicians' Association and the Film Artists' Association should



S. M. YUSUF, ace director, whose picture "Grahasti" is now heading for a glorious golden jubilee.

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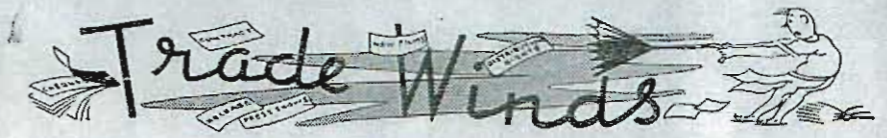
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July 1949



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S. M. YUSUF, ace director, whose picture "Grahasti" is now heading for a glorious golden jubilee.

have been included in the committee. And while one agrees with Kishore Sahu's regard for the selection of expert connoisseurs one believes that their choice should have been final and not subject to the final voting of Cinevoice readers. Besides, one feels that the purpose of awards has been completely lost by the delay. Like the Hollywood Academy, these awards should have been declared at the latest by March 1948. After "Nadiya ke Par" and "Sawan Aya Re" have been released the award for "Sindoor," for instance seems to have no significance today.

Indeed, the selections for the awards themselves appeared questionable, and it looked as though popularity rather than any artistic standard was the criterion of merit. Thus while one has no doubt about the integrity and sincerity of Editor B. K. Karanjia, one feels that he should re-organise his committee to include some film critics besides himself and make it a point to see that the awards are distributed in good time. Only then will these awards be valued as



RAM KAPUR plays a feature role in Lotus Pictures' "Sumitra".



MR. B. G. KHER, Premier of Bombay, addressing the CIMPPA Awards gathering at the New Empire Cinema on July 5, to which reference is made on this page by "Vipi".

labels of worth. Otherwise, they are likely to be dismissed as mere publicity stunts like other awards. WELCOME ASSURANCE

The CIMPPA award function will be remembered not so much for the "awards" as for the speech delivered by Shri B. G. Kher, the Premier of Bombay. For, in that speech the Premier not only admitted that the screen has a great potentiality as a "Medium of Education, Instruction and Entertainment," but also averred that "a good sprinkling of healthy and happy entertainment is not a luxury but a necessity." He went further and said that "We need all the joy and happiness it is possible to get," and denied the charges of puritanism and kill-joy administration against the Congress. He also gave assurance that all possible aid would be forthcoming from Government to the film industry in the performance of its task of providing recreation and entertainment for the people provided it works on proper lines.

While all these assurances are to be welcomed, one feels that they are meaningless unless Government puts them into practice. Thus, it is no use saying that

Government are anxious that the people should get wholesale entertainment at a low price when Government go on raising the price of admission by increasing the entertainment tax. Similarly, the argument that the Production Code has been approved by IMPPA may silence the criticism of the film industry, but will hardly convince the picturegoer. For, there is no quarrel with the Code itself; the quarrel is with its rigid and often bigoted interpretation which makes it impossible for any producer to indulge even in burlesque farce in order to give "joy and happiness" to the people. The ban on drinking scenes, for instance, is an "example".

Only the other day, I saw a picture in which William Powell orders rum punch. The drink is served to him but the shot showing him sipping it was cut. Such cutting is not going to help Prohibition. Apart from spoiling the continuity, such deletions are uncalled for. One can give numbers of instances of such silly rules, which ought to be revised. As to the Censors' ceaseless campaign against filth and vulgarity we have nothing but admiration for it. But

let the campaign be liberal and not merely a rigid interpretation of the letter of the Production Code.

Coming back to the Premier's speech, one feels that he was more explicit in his comment on the 30th. June strike. As it is, he just by-passed the issue. Indeed, if the film industry is so important, one feels that the time has come for the Central Government to adopt a clear policy which will ensure better relations between the industry and the Government. For many months now we have been hearing that an enquiry committee is being appointed to tackle this problem in its entirety. No reference to it was apparently made by the Premier of Bombay. At least after the strike, this is a matter which brooks no delay. Admitting that the Government is engaged in other serious problems, one feels that the problem of entertainment is equally serious and should be tackled forthwith. Only then will the assurances given by Shri B. G. Kher have positive significance.

UNDEMOCRATIC BAN!

Three or four years ago "She Defends her Country" was first shown in Bombay. Those who have seen it will recall that this anti-Nazi film contained no Communist propaganda. It only showed how Russians, and not Communists, fought for their own country. And now after that picture has been shown all over the country, it has been banned in almost all the Provinces!

Now this picture has its American counterpart in "North Star," also glorifying Russian resistance. "Moon Looks Down," "This Land is Mine" and Indian counterparts in Filmstan's "Shikari" and Shalimar's "Ghulami." None of these American films which also depict the rising of Guerrillas against the Fascists have been banned. One mentions these films, for if the Russian film was banned on the ground that it teaches people to revolt against Fascist oppressors so do

the aforementioned films. And if the Russian film can inspire the Communist-led workers and peasants of India, so can the aforementioned Hollywood and Indian films.

But, apparently the Congress Governments are afraid only of Soviet films—and not only of anti-Nazi Soviet films but even of documentaries and scientific films as is evident from the ban imposed

on films like "In the World of Crystals," "Wonderful Laboratory," "Science and Technique, No 1," "A Tale of Siberia," "Autumn in Georgia," "May Day Parade" etc., etc., etc.!

Indeed, the ban on Russian films is not only arbitrary but undemocratic, and contrary to the often declared neutrality of our foreign policy. The Congress Governments have grievances against the Indian

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July 1949

Communists, and not against Communism and Russia. For Pandit Nehru has often declared that he is in agreement with many of the basic theories of Communism. And with the Soviet Union India has no quarrel so far. In fact, in spite of joining the Commonwealth our Prime Minister has declared that India does not belong to the Anglo-American bloc. When Russian pictures are freely allowed to be shown even in England and America, it passes one's comprehension why they should be banned in India.

Surely, Government are not weak enough to be guided by the alarmist views expressed by our confrere, Baburao Patel who sees more harm in showing Russian pictures than even the House of Seksharias! Baburao's tirade against Soviet films seems to suit his new role. His "Discovery" that Soviet films preach Communism is no discovery at all; everybody knows, for instance, that American pictures, without any *Ivestia* or *Pravda* to tell them, glorify American capitalism, and that Soviet films glorify the Soviet Union and its Communist system. The point is whether the Russian films sent to India incite the Indian people to violence, and deserve to be banned according to the Production Code. If they do, then one would say that Russian films are subject to the same rules as American, British or Indian films. But, if these pictures are banned merely because they are Russian pictures glorifying Russia and its ideals, then one must say that this ban is undemocratic, arbitrary, and should be withdrawn at once. After all, as long as our Government does not ban Communism and the literature of Marx, Engels and Lenin, and break its friendly relations with the Soviet Union, they have no business to ban Russian films, on political or ideological grounds, and at the same time claim to be adherents of democratic rule.



SHASHIKALA looks worried in this shot from Kalakar Chitra's new screen romance, "Preet ka Geet", which means "Song of Love". Nothing to worry a pretty girl like Shashikala in that, we should think.

INCREASE IN RATES

On June 30, in announcing that the cinemas would remain closed, theatre-owners stated that the net admission prices they charge have remained materially (or substantially) the same as in pre-war days.

Now, this is not a correct statement. Before the war, the lowest net admission rate in most English picture houses was four annas. During the war it was raised to eight annas, and the original eight-anna seats were changed into rupee seats.

In houses showing Indian films the twelve anna class was abolished and the price in that class was raised to a rupee. Moreover, in almost every theatre the seats in the lower classes were reduced. In spite of these "substantial" changes in rates of admission "materially" affecting the revenue, how can Bombay exhibitors say that the rates today are the same?

And, though the public's memory is proverbially short, people will recall that only a year and a

half ago an abortive attempt was made by local exhibitors to increase the rates in all classes; but, thanks to the producers' protest, it did not materialize.

While that demand for reduction in the entertainment tax is just, let it not be forgotten that exhibitors, like Government, have tried their best to fleece the picture-goers. And the new standard of rates, varying from 8 annas to 3 rupees (net), introduced by the New Empire and the Liberty is a pointer to this fact.

Indeed, when the Liberty can charge double the rates of any other Indian house and still get full houses the argument against the increase in the entertainment tax and the protestations of theatre-owners that they wish to make entertainment cheaper seems hypocritical and contradictory.

IMPPA'S NEW EXECUTIVE!

The new executive committee of IMPPA for the current year has been elected. The most conspicuous omission is that of Shantaram. The



Another, very delightful impression of that lovely bundle of irresistible lures, Suraiya, in Jagat Pictures' "Shakti".

most conspicuous inclusion is that of M. Bhavnani.

As the election is held on a democratic basis, there is no reason to wait over the defeat of Shanta-

ram. But one has certainly a right to complain against the whispering campaign that is being carried on to discredit Shantaram. For, *Trade Winds* learns that Shanta-

ram has been accused of provincialism and his address at the manufacturers' conference recently held at Poona has been cited in evidence. Now, those who have read the original speech in Marathi will bear me out that this charge is baseless. Far from preaching provincialism, Shantaram called upon the Maharashtrian producers to make pictures in Hindostani and urged them to develop a national outlook.

The other charge is that Shantaram is pro-Government and against the industry, being a member of the Censors' Board, the Advisory Board and the Selection Committee. Indeed, his selection to these posts should have been hailed as a victory for the industry; especially so, when he has been chosen not as a representative of the industry but in his individual capacity! But we find that the recognition of Shantaram by Government made other producers jealous, and they have taken their revenge by dropping him from the executive of IMPPA. If the producers had any imagination, they could have utilized Shantaram as the best person to represent its case to the Government.

And strangely enough, while his alleged pro-Government views have lost Shantaram his seat, they did not come in the way of the election of M. Bhavnani, who is a full-fledged Government servant! In his case, one would like to question his eligibility to stand for the election. Will Mr. Menon explain how Mr. Bhavnani, who has ceased to be a producer, could be a member of IMPPA, unless, of course, he is recognised as the producer of Government-sponsored documentary films. On the other hand, how can Bhavnani be a member of a private body which is opposed to the screening of pictures produced by him for the Government? Until this constitutional position is clarified, *Trade Winds* withhold further comment on this matter.

FILM WORKERS AND MEHTA-SHAH AWARD

The Chandulal Shah-Ashok Mehta arbitration award in the dispute between eleven studio owners and their employees did not get the publicity it deserved. While the daily press ignored it, the film press perhaps did not find it worth publicity in detail. Even the fact that seventeen studios who were not a party to this dispute when approached to implement this award for the benefit of their workers, rejected it, was not publicized; and later the news of the strike by workers in the Ranjit Studio as a protest against this award was hardly noticed.

All these events indicate that the award was unsatisfactory for the workers. Indeed, a cursory glance at the award, leaves one in no doubt about this fact. For, in these days of inflation the minimum salary of Rs. 30/- and dear-

ness allowance of Rs. 30 (when a mill-worker gets Rs. 55 dearness allowance) is hardly satisfactory, and the scale laid down for office clerks, accountants and typists is far lower than in other trades. Then the general working conditions make no appreciable improvement; besides, the award provides no remedy in case of change of ownership, which is quite a common phenomenon in the film industry. No wonder, then, that the workers do not appreciate this award although with all its limitations it is an improvement upon the existing conditions, as is evident from the fact that several studio owners, who are not bound by the award, have expressed opposition to it.

Hence, while admitting that this award is a victory for Chandulal Shah over Ashok Mehta, who as the representative of the workers should have got a better deal for them, one would advise the workers not to act hastily. Before they de-



Shyam and Tazi ecstatically look into each other's eyes on the morrow of their marriage.

cide on any action, they must establish complete unity and create proper leadership among their own rank and file. Unity, discipline and proper organisation alone can lead the workers on the right path and enable them to get their just demands.



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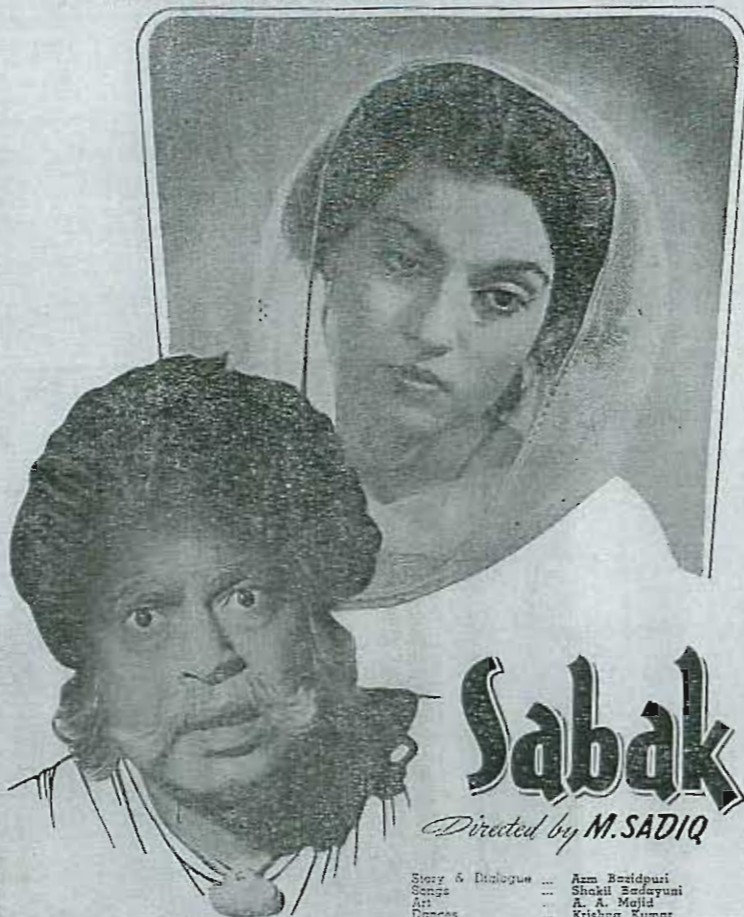
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(THE VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THIS COLUMN DO NOT NECESSARILY
REFLECT THE OPINION OF THE EDITORS)

By GUPCHUP

LOOKING back upon last month the outstanding feature of its somewhat dim record is that no producer threw a party to launch a picture. As no picture was actually launched which was low enough to be hoisted up with hospitality and boosted with booze that was more disappointing than astonishing. Actually astonishing, to me personally, was the fact that "Anokha Pyar" still held the screen. I daresay there can be filmgoers who can like it, and this is a free country anyway, or so one is told. "Told" seems to be the word, for from what one sees and hears, and what some people actually experience, Freedom in this dear land of ours is mainly a state of variable restriction.

Take, for instance, the case of my good friend and esteemed colleague, Khwaja Ahmad Abbas. A serene personality, better patriot, greater lover of Truth, Justice and Peace, stouter nationalist and prouder Indian than Abbas doesn't breathe. It would be difficult to find a man less addicted to the so-called "revolutionary technique," or one more devoted to the peaceful promotion of the highest cultural ideals that have ever flourished in our country.

Well, Abbas, who is an inveterate writer and a journalist of more than fifteen years standing, with a reputation which in all that time has never been tarnished by even so much as a caution in the most ticklish times, sought

permission in this day of freedom to publish a literary magazine in the Hindi language devoted exclusively to cultural topics and the screen. You would have thought the authorities would have readily granted the required permission to a journalist of such repute, for a publication, moreover, so completely in the spirit and intention professed by our national administration, which so ardently and endlessly proclaims its devotion to our ancient culture and its resolve to revive said culture in all its ancient glory.

Did they? They did not. They hummed and hawed, dilly-dallied for days, made Abbas shuttle back and forth between the Police Court and the Police Office for a fortnight before they finally told him that he must deposit a thousand rupees as security before the per-

mission he sought could be granted to him. There was no appeal from that order, which was made under the undefinable aegis of the Public Security Act. Abbas, being a journalist of the true breed, had to hop along quite a bit collecting that thousand rupees before he finally got the permit. On inquiring why he had been called upon to furnish a security despite his clean record he was told that the reasons were :-

(a) He is one of the Progressive Writers, and

(b) That he holds pro-Communist views.

The presumption, apparently, in the mind of the authorities is that Abbas may write matter to the danger of Public Security some time in the future, on which account he has been asked to furnish the deposit—against a contingency which nothing in his fifteen-year record can be said to render probable. It only remains to wonder what a "Progressive Writer" is, and how being one endangers public security.

As for holding Pro-Communist views, I seem to remember that Abbas has many times expressed strong disagreement with Communist views and methods, is not a member of the Communist Party, and from my knowledge of him has no intention of ever being one, quite apart from the fact that the Communist Party is not an illegal organisation in this province.

The most fitting commentary on this strange decision of the provincial authorities in regard to this



KHWAJA AHMAD ABBAS

well-known journalist was provided by a letter he received a few days ago from the Personal Secretary to His Excellency the Governor-General, Shri Rajagopalachari, agreeing cordially to the publication in his projected journal of His Excellency's short stories, which Abbas had sought permission to translate from the Tamil into Hindi!

* * * * *

Dropped in on my favourite star, Kamini Kaushal last week after deliberately missing a private view of her very first vehicle, "Neecha Nagar", the famous flop which won one of those international awards which are periodically made by foreigners in the fond belief that they thus display encouraging appreciation of art among the heathens. Kamini wasn't a bit excited over the offer of some belated financier to take up "Neecha Nagar" and distribute it provided the local critics reviewed it favourably. As an honest journalist I had to give the private view a miss in baulk. Kamini didn't want to be reminded of her part in it. The critics who went to it charitably decided to draw a veil of silence over it. There let it lie.....or die!

But Kamini was distinctly excited over the prospect of working in a Shantaram film. She has been cast for the heroine's role in the Great Ace's next production titled "Dahez", which means "Dowry". Karan Diwan will be her husband in it, Prithviraj her father, Ullhas her father-in-law, and Lalita Pawar her mother-in-law. In that galaxy of talent and towering personalities our little Kamini should find her career's great opportunity. Certainly, she will have to act all she knows to keep the heroine's role where it ought to be.

The poor child was almost dithering in sheer excitement, but not at being bracketed with so many shining luminaries. The dither was because she is to be

directed by the great Shantaram! He gets them that way, Shantaram does! Not only the women either. I've heard quite a few male actors, husky fellows at that, go all gooey over the bare thought of acting in a Shantaram picture! That's what it means to be an ace director!

I was at the "Shabnam" premiere. Our critic will review the

picture, in due course, and as it isn't liable to be one of those here today and gone to-morrow pictures of which we've had so many lately, there seems no point in stealing his thunder. There can be no harm, however, in telling now that the director of this Filmistan super-duper romance-cum-melodramas, Bibhuti Mitra, shot 80,000 feet of heavy drama loaded with

★
AWAIT THESE
TWO HITS FROM

★
RANJIT-
★

NAZAARE

A Spectacular Musical
Extravaganza

Starring:

SHASHIKALA ★ AGA JAN
SATISH & SHANTI MADHOK

Director: PRAHLAD DUTT



BHOOL BHOOLAIYAN

Starring:

AGA JAN, ZEB KUREISHI,
PESI PATEL, BHUDO
ADVANI & LAILA.

Director: TAIMUR

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Patel Chambers, French Bridge, Bombay-7.

tears, toil and tragedy on that *Via Dolorosa*, the Burma Road, flayed with the bones of fleeing refugees from the Jap terror, before they decided to drop the drama and turn the picture into a comedy. The result is what you would expect from such a change of horses in midstream.

Kamini, despite this mangling of her role, carries the picture on her tiny but gallant shoulders. It's practically all hers, in fact, with substantial slices of credit to Paro for a remarkably brilliant performance in a subsidiary role which she has lifted into the second place by sheer acting. The cameraman, whose work here is positively wizard, was distinctly unkind to Paro, who needs a gentle lens, in showing us that unhappy hind view of her legs, which even Paro must admit are hardly Mistinguett.

Myself I thought the shot wasted. It could have been better spent on Cuckoo's far more linesome rear. She shakes a nifty hip in "Shabnam", does Cuckoo, and puts over other undulations which had the house cat-calling at the premiere, a certain sign of popularity with the masses, who are our new masters if our Ministers speak true. Cuckoo isn't quite my meat, but after seeing her in "Shabnam", I could eat her in a famine.

Kamini, however, is the goods in "Shabnam" and that one song alone in which she does that delightful take-off of our home-bred wolves—a Bengali, a Punjabi, a Gujerathi, a Madrasi and even a Maharashtrian—on the prowl, giving tongue on sighting a female, is sufficient to make "Shabnam" give the works to quite a few box office records. It's clever, clean and, as you'll agree, it's all very, very true. Take the wife along. She will agree too!

* * * * *

"Platinum" Millionaire Movie Moghul Chandulal Shah is determined, I'm told, to put Ranjit on



SULOCHANA CHATTERJEE seems to be singing a silent "Song of Love" in Kalakar Chitra's "Preet ka Geet".

top of our film world. He will have to do a lot better than "Pardeshi Mehman", but there's no telling what a man of his resolution and capacity can do. He certainly has what it takes in his new colour process—Gevaert's, I gather—for everybody has long suspected that the first real colour picture to be made in this country will be a wow. Well, the venture-some Sardar of the Indian Film Industry is bent on producing that wow, and he is already casting around for the makings thereof. He had the Soods over to dinner

the other day—Kamini Kaushal, in case you didn't know, is Mrs. Sood in private life—over to dinner, and asked them to drop in at his office next day, which is the preliminary to a film contract. But the Soods didn't go, and got word later that the Sardar is out to make a prestige picture and has a role for Kamini.

The reply he got was that the lady isn't interested unless it is a contract for his first colour film. I don't know what happened after that. Meanwhile, Kamini, who is working in half a dozen films at

July 1949



Winning National & International Honours...!

"CHHOTA-BHAI" has been selected as the best Indian film that is being sent to Canada, as our Cultural Ambassador!

NEW THEATRES'
FORTHCOMING
SENSATION!

MANZOOR

Direction :
SUBODH MITTER
who gave you "DOCTOR" (Hindi)

Music :
PUNKAJ MULLICK

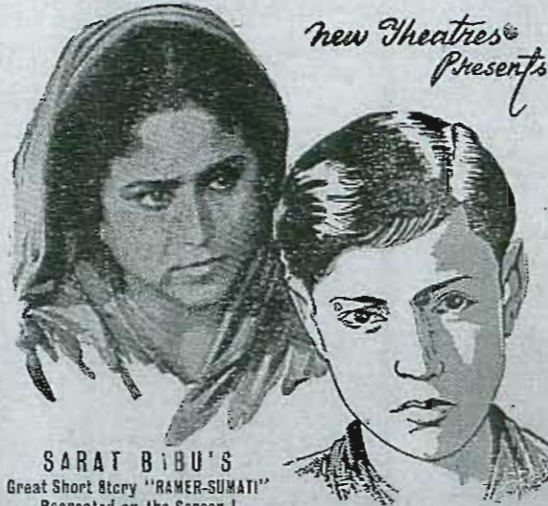
Photography :
SUDHIN MAZUMDAR

Sound :
RANJIT DUTT

Story & Screenplay :
BENOY CHATTERJEE

Starring :
BHARATI, ASHIT BARAN
CHHABI BISWAS, CHANDRAWATI
LATIKA & New find
ASHITA

New Theatres
Presents



SARAT BIBU'S
Great Short Story "RAMER-SUMATI"
Recreated on the Screen!

CHHOTA-BHAI

Direction :
KARTICK CHATTERJEE

Music :
PUNKAJ MULLICK

Photography :
SUDHIN MAZUMDAR

Sound :
SHYAMSUNDAR GHOSH

STARRING

MOLINADEVI
SHAKOOR
PAL MAHENDRA
RAJ LAXMI
KHURSHID, MENAKA

10TH BIG WEEK AT **MINERVA**

CALCUTTA FILM EXCHANGE ; BOMBAY - CALCUTTA - MADRAS

ojce, is going all out to be finished and free to work in only one from September. Shantarm doesn't allow his stars to work elsewhere when they work for him.

One piece of film news, of which I think our local scribes didn't make enough in their various columns and pages, was the selection of that beautiful New Theatres' film "Chhotabhai" for exhibition at the forthcoming industrial exhibition and independence celebrations, next month, in Canada. The request came from the Government of that Dominion to our own, and was passed on by the Government of India to the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association.

That this body should have unanimously selected "Chhotabhai" as offering the Canadians the most representative and beautiful impression of Indian culture, speaks volumes for the intelligence and impartiality of our film producers, and for the industry generally. It also indicates the outstanding quality of the picture, which is the latest of the long list of brilliant productions which have stamped the genius of B. N. Sirkar and the outfit of his studio with the hallmark of excellence, and put them where they have been any time these ten years and more. Kudos to them both.

A review of the picture appears in the section devoted to reviews. Other references appear in the biographical sketch of Mr. B. N. Sirkar published on another page in this issue.

Talking about good pictures, a remarkably good one had its premiere the other day, most appropriately in New Delhi, our ancient City of Tears and Glory, which in its countless generations has seen more of both than all the other cities of the world put together. In our own time, a bare two years ago, it saw the most glorious and the most tragic events succeed



DIRECTOR MUZAMMIL greeting Mr. V. P. Menon, Advisor to the States Ministry, and several ruling Princes including the Maharaja of Gwalior, at a special preview of "Last Message", a film depicting the ideals of Gandhiji, held in Delhi.

each other within six months: the achievement of our independence and the assassination of its chief architect, Gandhiji, the Father of our people.

The picture of which I am writing is titled "The Last Message" and purports to present the Mahatma's last behest to us. I saw it at a private view in Bombay and thought it a remarkably fine picture, the best I have seen yet on this theme, which has been so grossly abused and exploited by money-grabbing producers. The remarkable thing about it is that this picture, produced with such high refinement of artistry and delicate understanding of the true spirit of Gandhiji's teaching, imbued with such fine reverence for his memory, and depicting so correctly the way in which his teaching can be implemented and his memory honoured in our lives, is the work of a Muslim.

"The Last Message" was produced and directed by Muzammil, the well-known actor, and it was his maiden attempt at directing a picture. My friend Mr. Simon Pereira told me that after seeing

every picture that has been produced since Gandhiji was murdered, and a great many others made in the same intention, he was forced to the conclusion that not only did it take a Muslim to make such a picture, but that only a Muslim could make it.

Since we last appeared the industry has been grievously bereaved of one who I believe was its only real comedian, the inimitable, irresistible Dikshit. If nicknames could make an epitaph, he should be dubbed "Mountain of Laughter". Mountainous of person, with his enormous girth and his great moon of a face wreathed endlessly in smiles that rippled down his numerous chins, Dikshit was an extraordinary individual in every sense of the word.

The son of a very remarkable father who made himself a Judge of the Bombay High Court—but died on the very morning that he was take his seat on the Bench—from the humble position of a bailiff on three rupees a month, Dikshit found his career cut off

WATCH FOR

JAGAT PICTURES'

ENCHANTING MUSICAL

SUNEHRE-DIN

WHICH HAS BROKEN ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS IN NORTH

Starring:

REHANA - RAJ KAPOOR - NIGAR - ROOP KAMAL

Direction: SATISH NIGHAM Songs: D. N. MADHOK

Music: JNAN DUTT



OUR NEXT

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME!

2 TOP-NOTCH STARS OF
THE INDIAN SCREENSURAIYA ★ KAMINI KAUSHAL
IN**"SHAIR"**

with several other favourites

DEV ANAND ★ VEENA KOHLI SULOCHANA (Sr.)

Songs:
SHAKIL BĀDAYUNIWritten & Directed by:
CHAWLAMusic:
GULAM MOHAMMAD

Contact:

JAGAT PICTURES
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July 1949

before it had even budded, for he was on the point of embarking for England to study for the Bar when he was called home for his father's funeral. He drifted on to the stage, was offered a film role, and almost at once sprang into popularity as a comedian with an unflinching gift for making people laugh.

His film career has been amply reviewed in the notices which appeared after his death. A man of gargantuan bulk as well as appetite for all the joys of living, he lived with a vast zest which took no count of money or means, his own or his friends. It is one mark of the man that he had no enemies. Towards the end he was a very sick man, and during the past half dozen years that I came to know him more familiarly, he was a pronounced hypochondriac with a pertinacious proclivity for recounting the tale of his ailments which practically covered the full decalogue of Pathology. That despite this condition he was able to the very last to preserve on the screen his great gift of comedy—his role in "Puggree" which is among his very last, was utterly scrumptious, definitely the best of his whole career, and better even than its original in "It Happened on Fifth Avenue"—is again the mark of his quality as an actor.

His charity, I am told, was as boundless as his appetite, and like his appetite, it frequently embarrassed his friends. But his kindness of heart and real humanity made him a widely beloved and esteemed individual among those who knew him best, a sure mark of virtue in a man. Many are the tales told of him, and many more will yet be told, but while they may portray weaknesses, those are the weaknesses of a man who never grew old, a Peter Pan of comedians who could never take life seriously, being at heart only a very good-natured boy.



HIS LAST JOURNEY! Bereaved friends and colleagues of the Film Industry carry Dikshit on his last journey to the funeral pyre.

Dikshit was astonishingly well-read in English literature, familiar with the classics, and an ardent devotee of the poets, particularly Shakespeare, Shelley and Browning. He loved our own poetry, and I have watched him absorbed for hours in the finely turned stanzas of Josh and Jellalabadi, of Nakshab and Majrooh, at some of the places where we were wont to foregather for the regalement of body and soul on nights which I for one shall never forget. His great laughter is stilled, his huge lumbering form dispersed in ashes, his jovial person vanished from our midst, but the echoes of his passing through the Corridor of Time will echo in our ears for many years to come. May Laughter still attend his shade wherever it adventures!

* * * *

The Dev-Suraiya romance continues to convulse the film world. Everybody everywhere one goes is dying to know anything about it. Funnily enough, everybody knows, or professes to, something about it, and if you see two *Shaukins* put their heads together, it's a safe bet they are retailing a bit of the

latest *gup* on this absorbing subject.

The desolated *Ashiqs* remain desolated, some more than others, one or two showing convalescence. Sadiq, who for some time was a widely backed favourite, is now out for the count, and out of Bombay, too, licking his *Zakam Dil* in distant Lahore, once the famous curing place for broken hearts but no longer so, alas!

The romantic pair, meanwhile appear to be hampered by all the obstacles over which Love is said to triumph in the end. Judging by the length of Dev's dishevelled hair these days, I should say Love's triumph is some way off right now. A dame so rigidly *duennaed* as our demure little Queen of the Indian Screen, jealously guarded by her mama and grandma, is difficult of access even to a bracketed star who, poor fellow, must do his romantics on the set to rote, and in the full glare of blazing Klieglights.

But another little star, with needs of her own in similar vein I am told, plays gooseberry on occasion, but not enough to make meeting possible for the starving

lovers. The sufferer is distinctly Dev, though he recently assured a sympathetic inquirer that everything was all right so far as he was concerned. I've heard, however, of frantic midnight dashes and paces up and down which hardly indicate that.

The lady seems considerably less perturbed. They say she has a mind of her own—which is refreshing in a sex where minds are—and it is bruited around among those who know that her mind is made upon the Dev-or-Nothing plan, which may well be, seeing that Dev is no Caliban and, moreover, a youth most eligible in every respect. Suraiya could go further and fare worse, considerably worse.

The question is whether the lady has even given thought to the importance of being earnest. Women, they say, rarely do, and film stars never, being bred in that atmosphere of one dam' thing after another. It's good fun being led up the garden path, and Dev shouldn't mind, if he makes the apple in the end.

After which reflection it is almost consoling to talk of a romance which made the haven that romances aim to make after much wandering up and down many garden paths for many years. I mean the romance of Shyam and Mumtaz Kureshi who were quietly and suddenly married a couple of weeks ago. They have been planning to do it so long their friends had come to regard their marriage with the calm acceptance we accord to ministerial promises in these days of our freedom. Their sudden decision to go on and do it took everybody by surprise.

I met the newly-weds for a fleeting second during the interval at the "Shabnam" premiere. "Tazi", which is her pet name, looked happy and glamorous in that dewy way which one expects in honeymooning newlyweds. Shyam,

TRIBUTE FROM SECRETARY, INTERNATIONAL ARYAN LEAGUE.

Tribute From Secretary, International Aryan League.

Many are the bouquets of praise showered on Filmland Ltd's "Akhri Paigham," directed and produced by Mr. Khurshid Muzammil, and based on a story by the talented Begum Muzammil. The following letter from the Honorary Secretary, International Aryan League, is only one of the many tributes paid to this picture after a special show was given in Delhi by Shree Radha Raman, President, Delhi Congress Committee:—

Lakshmi Datta Dikshit
H. A. D. L. S.
HONORARY ASSTY. SECRETARY,
INTERNATIONAL ARYAN LEAGUE.

Station 7, Narayana,
Delhi.
Date JUNE 21, 1949.

My dear Muzammil Sahib,

I must heartily congratulate you on your varied achievements in AKHRI PAIGHAM. The picture really marks a new era in the history of Indian Screen. So faithfully has Eshu's Ideal of Universal Love & Non-Violence been mirrored in the picture that even the most reluctant soul cannot but submit to that Apostle of Peace. Free from romance and vulgarity, Akhri Paigham is not without entertainment and in this respect, I honestly feel, the Indian Nation should be indebted to you for having given the lead to our Producers, Directors and story-writers alike. In fact, such pictures are the need of the country, particularly at the present moment.

An English version may be found useful in foreign lands. I wish all success to the pictures.

Yours sincerely,
L. D. Dikshit
(L. D. DIKSHIT)

whose chin I have never been able to quite get over, looked more tranquil than I have seen him before, a good sign in a man, for it shows he has settled down. One never knows in the film world, of course, and Kureshis, of whom I know a few, are quicksilver. Still Shyam is a bigger man than most and should be able to hold his own.

Cultured, successful, popular, not unbleasted with the world's goods, they have all that it takes to be happy in any sort of world. They certainly have an awful lot of good wishes. From me they have the full benefit of advice in the form of the Spanish proverb which runs: "A wife, a horse, a walnut tree, the more you beat them the better they be", which of course, is not to be taken literally.

A generation of filmgoers which is now on the wane will learn with regret of the death of Rampiyari, one time heroine and later vamp in innumerable film hits of the industry's brighter pre-war days. She died, I gather, of injuries sustained in a motor accident on Cadell Road a couple of weeks ago.

The car in which she was travelling with another film star, Pandit Badriprasad, a very well-known and popular character actor, and three other persons, some time around midnight, collided with another car. The first car turned turtle, one of its inmates dying on the way to hospital, and all being more or less severely injured. Rampiyari expired some days later. As an actress she had had her time but in her day she contributed greatly to the entertainment of filmgoers, and her passing must be mourned as that of one who in her time was a stout trouper and a genial and, in her way, a generous personality.

Pandit Badriprasad was well on the way to recovery at the time of writing. He was lucky to have escaped as he did. His favourite seat in a car is beside the driver,

and he almost quarrelled to get the seat on the fatal drive. But another man took the seat. He was the man who died on the way to hospital. On such slim chances hang the lives of all of us. It is a sobering thought!

As this issue went to press came news of yet another, bigger, far more grievous loss to the industry, which will be widely mourned throughout the country, the sudden and quite unexpected death of Jaddanbai, famed singing idol of an older generation, and mother of the Screen's most popular star of today, the beautiful Nargis.



GOODBYE, JADDAN BAI! The last photograph of the famous classical singer Jaddan Bai, taken with her daughter, the famous Nargis, a few days before Jaddan Bai died suddenly of heart failure. "Sound" mourns the death of this veteran screen personality. May Her Soul Rest in Peace.

Born in 1897 at Lahore her fame as a singer had spread all over Northern India long before she migrated to Bombay. When she joined the films some fifteen years ago she sprang immediately into top-rank popularity among the stars of the day. It was not long before she entered the industry as a producer, director and writer of her own pictures under the banner of Sangeet Films.

After the conclusion of that venture, she practically withdrew from active participation in the industry, but revived her interest on the entry of her beautiful daughter, Nargis, into the firmament of Indian film stars. It remained a secondary interest, however, though the great trouper took obvious pride in the achievements of her gifted child.

Not long ago she was moved by her restless spirit and unbounded energy to launch once again into the production field, this time in the name of her daughter, under the style of Nargis Art Productions. She plunged with characteristic enthusiasm into the old game, and actually wrote the stories and scenarios for the concern's forthcoming releases, "Darogaji" and "Anjuman", the latter of which is scheduled to have its premiere towards the end of July.

Her death from heart failure on the night of July 22 took her wide circle of friends in the industry utterly by surprise, coming as a shock to them all, for most of them had met and spoken to her during the immediately preceding days. A woman of great character and a strong personality, with a will and views of her own, she was a woman of amazing grasp and remarkable breadth of knowledge. Her career is a shining example of success achieved by an Indian woman in the face of insuperable difficulty long before Indian women dreamed of "going on the march".

In private life she was a person of winning manners, great charm and delightful humour, a brilliant and refreshing companion, hospitable, and filled with good nature. At home she was a most thoughtful and generous parent with a fine judgment of discipline. Her children will miss her. So will a host of friends who knew and loved over two generations this great trouper and grand woman. May her soul find peace!

All Eyes on "Duniya"

S. F. Husnain's Latest Production Will be Another Winner.

WITHOUT any fanfare or publicity, Producer Director S. F. Husnain's new production, "Duniya," nearing completion at the Laxmi Studio, is causing wide commotion in the industry as well as among filmgoers throughout the country. Attention everywhere is focussed with eager expectation on it, not because of its top-notch cast, headed by Yakub, Suraiya and Karan Dewan, or because the music for it was specially composed by C. Ramchandra, but because it is the creation of Husnain, who holds the unchallenged record in the industry of having turned out an unbroken succession of screen hits with not one single flop!

Each of his pictures since he first began to make films has been



NOT A MARRIAGE, BUT A MAHURAT! Producer S. F. Husnain and star Suraiya at the Mahurat of "Duniya", the new picture of Fazli Brothers.



READY FOR TAKE! Director-Producer S. F. Husnain giving final instructions to stars Suraiya and Yakub before shooting a scene of "Duniya".

a landmark in the progress of the Indian motion picture industry. His very first, "Quaidi," was a memorable hit which filmgoers still flock to see wherever it is screened. It established him as a master in the handling of powerful human dramas calling for strong treatment and great action. So, in succession, were "Taqdeer," "Chowringhee," "Fashion," "Ismat," "Dil," each in its turn hailed by critics and public alike as a new milestone in the development of the industry.

"Duniya," thus, is the talk of filmgoers and the film trade wherever one goes. It is that because it is a Husnain picture, which means yet another Husnain hit. It is also talked about because everybody knows it is going to be that rarity in Indian pictures, a different picture.



GOSSIP, RUMOURS AND NEWS TOLD, WITH
ILL-WILL TO NONE

HOOKED: Shyam Sunder Chadda ("Shyam to you.") by Mumtaz ("Tazi") Kurcishi, alias Laila, ex-wife of Zahur Raja, into matrimony, which followed two and a half years of hectic romancing, all the way from Lahore to Bombay. Chief mourners: Romola and Nigar Sultana. Says Sound: "Good work, Tazi!"

MOURNED: By Jairaj and other friends, besides millions of fans, death of 42-year old rotund, jovial, golden-hearted laugh-getter Manohar Janardan Dixit, after prolonged heart trouble. Says Sound: "He will make them laugh in heaven too!"

BORN: Baby to "Baby" Manorama, Punjab import of many pictures and many marriages fame. Proud father: Chubby, frozen faced Rajan Haksar. Says Sound: "Many more babies to you, Baby!"

SUSPENSE: In real life, quaint melodrama, starring Chocolate Charmer Suraiya, and handsome, lanky, boyish Dev Anand, with numerous unnamed "villains" and side-heroes. Technical Adviser: Cinematographer

Dwarka Divecha. Wishes Sound: "Happy ending!"

MISSION: To Kashmir, led by irrespressible, patriotic Motilal, accompanied by America-returned Seeta Shobhana Samarth, her eligible dancing daughter, buxom beauty Meena, etc. Purpose: Entertaining our gallant Jawans on the Kashmir front. Side business: Shooting outdoors of Roop K. Shorey's "Ek thi Larki," starring Motilal and Meena.

PRESENTED: By hit-maker M. Sadliq to his favourite star Suraiya, a 16 m.m. projector and a print of "Kajal," on Suraiya's birthday. Asks Sound: "Was he hoping she would keep Kajal in her eyes?"

BACK: To College, one-time medical student, petite film star, Snehprabha, this time to study Law with a view to blossom as a lawyer. Hopes Sound: "Studio's loss will be Law Court's gain!"

TURNED: Producer, exclusive, exclusive, Music Director Kurshid Anwar, after completing Nanda's "Singer," Says Sound: "If music be the food of box-office play on!"

LENDING: Her singing voice to such stars as Nargis, Kamini Kaushal, Geeta Bali, Nigar, etc., for hit songs like "Meri Ladli" ("Andaz") "Pehli Mulakat" (Bari Behen), frail, dark, freckled, 18-year-old Winayak-discovery Lata Mangeshkar, always heard but never seen. Says Sound: "Playback pays, too!"

AT LAST: A car of her own for millions-earning "Baby" Nargis, hitherto seen bussing and taxiing, while Mama Jaddan Bai and Brothers swanked in limousines. Warns Sound: "Not too fast, Baby!"

RATAN: Obsessed Producer Jaimani Dewan of "Lahore" fame, frantically trying repeat first phenomenal success, by re-uniting "Ratan" team (Madhok, Sadliq, Karan Dewan, and if possible Swarnalata). Asks Sound: "But what about Nausahad?"

RETURN: Of Sohrab Modi, the actor, to screen, once again paired with "Beauty Queen" Naseem, in Minerva's untitled social now going into production. Asks Sound: "Khoon ka khoon" or "Pular".

Good Clean Film Which Is Also Popular

"Chota Bhai" Should be Seen and Can be Enjoyed by All

"CHHOTA Bhai", the New Theatres' picture, is that rare phenomenon, a good and clean film which has also proved popular!

It is a phenomenon at once unusual and gratifying. It does one's old and jaded heart good to see a picture making such a clean break with the box-office formula, and yet drawing the crowds. Consider the truly amazing achievement of "Chhota Bhai". Here is a picture without any "star value" (the only well-known name in the cast is Molina's and today she is by no means a crowd-getter), without any romance or love interest, without any glamour or sex-appeal, without circuses, spectacles or stunts, without gorgeous dances or "scintillating" songs! And yet it has something which appeals to the heart of the cine-goers and gets increasing crowds at the box-office. The notable success of "Chhota Bhai" in Bombay has confounded the devotees of the song-and-dance formula and gladdened the hearts of the critics and connoisseurs who had almost given up hope of ever seeing a decent non-formula film.

"Chhota Bhai" is notable for another reason, too. It marks the return of New Theatres to its old pedestal of glory—as producers of artistic and quality motion pictures. "Chhota Bhai" is a worthy successor of "Devdas" and "Vidyapati", "President" and "Zindagi", "Bari Didi" and "Hamrahi", and helps us to forget the series of somewhat insipid and inconsequential pictures we have had of late from that studio.

What is the secret of the success

of this unusual picture? Undoubtedly it lies in the story by that master of living characterisation, the late Sarat Chandra Chatterji, on which the screenplay is based. Even among Sarat Babu's stories this is an unusually subtle and delicate one—for it delineates a relationship which cannot easily be labelled or classified. Mother's love, father's love, brother's love, lover's love, friendship—all these have provided the themes of innumerable stories and screen plays. But Sarat Babu's genius went deeper than the conventional and familiar patterns of love.

He chose for his story the tender bonds of affection that exist between an orphan boy and his sister-in-law who is both mother and sister to him. That the boy was shown as a spirited, naughty, leader of a mischievous gang of

village urchins, misunderstood and maligned by everyone around him except the *Bhabi*, who alone understood him and sympathised with him, lends colour to the story. It provides a rare insight into child psychology, shows how the naughtiest boy must respond to affection and understanding, while stern reproofs and beatings only provoke him into repeating his mischievous activities—on a larger scale. It is the beautiful depiction of this unusual but fundamentally simple, human and sentimental theme that lends such irresistible appeal to "Chhota Bhai".

To the credit of Kartik Chatterji, the young director, whose maiden effort this is, it must be said that he has wisely refrained from trying to "improve" upon Sarat Babu's own narrative. Sarat's stories (e.g. "Devdas", "Manzil" and "Bari



"CHHOTA" BECOMES "BARA" SUCCESS! A scene from New Theatres' popular hit "Chhotabhai" featuring Molina and Shakoor.

Didi") are always rich in characterisation, human appeal and basic drama arising out of the clash of personalities. They do not need to be "streamlined" into screen plays. In fact, in one or two cases when a "clever" director tried to "improve" upon Sarat Babu's story and added the usual cinematic "touches" to it, the result was failure—both artistically and commercially.

Kartik Chatterji has wielded the megaphone with unobtrusive competence, filming the original with rare fidelity, adapting technique strictly in conformity with the needs of the story. Thus there are no self-conscious "directorial touches", no photographic flourishes, no low angles and studio-made misty effects. A simple story simply told—but those who understand the medium of the cinema know that there is a wealth of art in such eloquent "simplicity".

Next to the director, all credit must go to the artistes for life-like and effective characterisations—especially to Molina, who not only plays the *Bhabi* with the grace and natural charm characteristic

of all her performances but also invests it with a rare understanding and dramatic power; to Shakoor, the lively young boy from U.P. who makes the title role as memorable as the immortal role created by Sarat Babu; to Paul Mahendra who makes the elder brother a homely and real-life character, playing his role with quiet competence; and to the veteran A. H. Shore who contributes a highly entertaining piece of character acting in the role of the village quack. Indeed, naturalness is the distinguishing feature of every role in the picture.

The songs are not the principal attraction of this picture, but they are quite diverting in their own way. (Incidentally, young Shakoor sings his own songs). Technique is well up to New Theatres' usual good standard.

"Chhota Bhai" is a picture which should be seen, and will be enjoyed, by you and your whole family, and all your friends. If a few more such good pictures can be as popular as "Chhota Bhai" we may expect a change for the better in the existing trends of the whole film industry.



THE 'EYES' HAVE IT! Nalini Jaywant in Goel Cine Corporation's "Ankhen" (Eyes).

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Another Entertaining Film From A Great Hit Maker

THE SHASTRI IS CONVINCING IN SADIQ'S "CHAR DIN"

THE one theme that has not lost its popular appeal during last two decades is that of the evil effects of Western education and culture. In the early days, it was customary to show an England-returned young man as full of Western vices, who treated his family contemptuously and scoffed at Indian culture. Nowadays, it has become more fashionable to ridicule modern women with western ideas of life. According to the established formula, which pays generally good dividends, the western education does no good to an Indian woman but rather spoils her and makes her life miserable. Two different kinds of such modern women are portrayed in the two box-office hits of the current season, viz. S. M. Yusuf's 'Grahasti' and Mehboob's 'Andaz'. In the former picture the modern woman ruins her family life while in the latter she is shown to bring tragedy to herself her husband and lover as well. And now a third version of a modern woman and an England-returned youth is presented by M. Sadiq in his new picture 'Char Din', which too had a popular run.

In 'Char Din' we have a girl who returns to India after seven years' stay in Europe, and after her return she decides to devote her life to the emancipation of women, by fighting for their rights of equality and economic freedom. No sane man will find anything wrong with these ideals, even if they are borrowed from Europe. But, of course, the way she tries

to put into practice her 'foreign' ideas seem to be too amateurish and individualistic, with the result that the great and progressive ideals are reduced to just crazy whims of a millionaire's daughter, who unnecessarily harangues men, disturbs the equilibrium of her

family life, and makes women of the town dance to her fancy.

Naturally, the mere male is perturbed and the poor father of the feminist girl is at his wits' end. But a poet and 'Khat Shastri' succeed in curing the girl of her fancy notions. And thanks to this



Curvaceous Cuckoo and Surya Kumar in an attractive dance pose in Taj Mahal Pictures' forthcoming attraction "Chandni Rani".

sure, she swings to the other extreme of orthodoxy—acting as an obedient daughter, refusing to assert herself even in the matter of matrimony though she hates the fiancé who is also an England-returned buffoon selected by her father, and is herself in love with a poet. Here too 'Khat Shastri' played superbly by Om Prakash comes to her rescue, revealing the shady past of the would-be bridegroom by confronting him with his first wife, and succeeds in uniting the lovers.

This story would thus appear to be not merely an attack on Western ideas but rather an attack on those faddists who try to enforce foreign ideas on Indian people without considering the local situation. Not only that, as the heroine's characterization, which swings from extreme modernism to extreme orthodoxy, reveals, the picture is a satire on those who cannot blend their Western knowledge with Eastern mode of living. Hence, the poet, whose character is rather too tame for a hero and especially the "Khat Shastri," who surprises everybody in the story by speaking English, seem to represent the ideal blending of two cultures so vitally needed for the progress of India. Analysed in this light, Sadiq has improved upon the anti-Western theme and taken a more moderate and comparatively saner attitude. While complimenting him for his new approach to the reactionary theme, one must admit that Sadiq has failed to present it in convincing and at the same time entertaining form.

Indeed, the only shortcoming of this picture is that the screenplay is rather confused and unbalanced, with the result that some of the most brilliant ideas fail to evoke any reaction from the audience. Even Suraiya's characterization, which, as explained above, should have been convincing appears to be self-contradictory, and picture-goers find it difficult to comprehend her behaviour. The only character which retains its clarity

and conviction is that of the "Khat Shastri," and that is perhaps the reason why his character impresses most. To Om Prakash who has delineated it with proper gusto and vigour must also go the credit for its overwhelming popularity. Suraiya, dressed in the first half in odd western costumes, is not her usual self; she is seen to better advantage in the second half of the picture. As a poet, Shyam shows his flash only in a couple of scenes. Raudhir, Padri Prasad and Jayant give good

support.

Produced on a lavish scale, the sets, photography and the general decor leave nothing to be desired. Sadiq's direction is slick and polished, and he succeeds by his craftsmanship in holding your attention and amusing you delightfully for two and half hours. The songs and the music are of the usual type; not bad but nothing to rave about.

All said, "Char Din" is another entertaining film from the great hit-maker—M. Sadiq.



SULOCHANA CHATTERJI assumes a languorous, glamorous pose in "Paras", All-India Pictures' new production, produced by P. N. Arora.

There's Nothing 'Anokha' In "ANOKHA PYAR"

THE film industry owes a great debt to the late Mr. Himansu Rai, the founder of the Bombay Talkies, who discovered more talent than any other single individual or institution in the annals of the film industry. Chuni Lal, Ashok Kumar, Shashadhar Mukerjee, Gyan Mukerjee, Kishore Sahu, Najam Naqvi, N. R. Acharya, Pradeep, Dattaram Pai, Sawak Vaccha, Mahesh Kaul, Amiya Chakravarti, J. S. Casshyap, Agha Jani Kashmiri, Dharmsey, Parenja, Mathur, Mohsin Abdullah, and other executives, writers, directors and producers were all initiated into the film industry by the late Mr. Himansu Rai. Thus, in a way, one can say that Ambica Films, with Mungre and Dharmsey in charge, is an offshoot of Bombay Talkies. And their maiden production "Anokha Pyar" undoubtedly bears the stamp of the old Bombay Talkies school of technique and presentation.

Thus the story is simple, but one finds in this case that the simplicity is overdone to the point of naivete and childishness. Indeed, the very first encounter of the hero with an alleged bully to save a flower girl is so very tame, and it seems rather far-fetched that he should get a black eye, necessitating doctor's treatment and causing blindness for four or five days. It is in an air of unreality that the hero meets both the girls, one after the other, and that both girls fall for him at first sight. After a rather thin and unconvincing beginning, padded with pedantic dialogue and puerile songs, the simple treatment of the story almost becomes intolerable. For, while the triangle remains static,

the story develops with the intrusion of numerous small characters, a collection of rather ugly specimens of humanity, in a manner which apart from eliciting a few chuckles from the audience, does not materially affect the main triangle.

Later when the flower girl, who pines for the hero, realises that he is not in love with her, instead of walking out of his life she tries in vain to separate the lovers by creating a misunderstanding as well as by boldly asking the other girl to quit in her favour. This kind of behaviour on the part of the flower girl is hardly convincing; and one has only to compare it with the behaviour of Sofia in a similar situation in "Sawan Aye Re" to realise the difference between the unreality of the first and the psychological significance of the other. And, in the end, why must the flower girl sacrifice herself? After all, in life girls like her face disappointment in love bravely and yet manage to live and enjoy life. Had this aspect of life been emphasised, the triangle drama would have become at once different and significant. But, strangely enough, Zia Sarhadi who is known for conceiving meaty melodramas and novel plots has given here the tinnest and lamest story of his career.

Such a story would have passed for a good screenplay in the old days of "Jawani ki Hawa," but today it appears so stale and insipid that it passes one's comprehension how sensible and intelligent persons like Mungre and Dharmsey could ever select it for a picture. Having accepted it, however, they have done their best to make it intelligible and entertain-

ing, following, of course, not the spicy S. Mukerjee style, but the old Cashyap-Osten style of Bombay Talkies.

This, for instance, though the story is thin, it is not allowed to drag. Wherever a scene begins to hang a song is introduced to provide necessary relief and entertainment. If the songs set to the tempo of placid waltz lack the verve and rhythm of Latin American rhumbas, new adapted by Naushad with such great success, the fault lies with the music director, Anil Biswas, and not with the producers. While it is commendable for Anil Biswas to have resisted the temptation of copying Naushad, one wishes he had infused the sparkling gaiety and rhythm of his own earlier tunes in "Aurat," "Ali Baba" and "Kismet" in the music of "Anokha Pyar." Yet, the songs, whatever the merit of their tunes, are well sung and, as such, will prove popular.

Another popular feature of the film is provided by the stars. Though it must be admitted at the outset that Nargis, Dilip Kumar and Nalini Jaywant have given better performances before, and do not appear in this picture at their best, they do succeed in infusing a certain amount of credibility and life into the characters and the story they were called upon to portray. Among others, only Mukri has done well in the role of the Barber. Yet, one must say that the humour at the expense of the barber's profession and the repetition of the word "Hajam" hardly in good taste.

Thus, though "Anokha Pyar" is made with competence and has more than average entertainment value, it is neither "Anokha" nor a picture worth raving about.

NARGIS

IN

K. ASIF'S

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NEWS FROM STUDIOS

ALL INDIA PICTURES LTD.: In the wake of "Pugrec" comes yet another prospective popular hit from Producer P. N. Arora. Titled "Paras" and described as a "Social Classic," with a host of eye-filling dances, the forthcoming Arora piece will have something new in soft and popular music which was specially composed for the film by Melody-maker Ghulam Mohamed, whose latest tunes are still fresh in popular esteem.

Featuring the three Beauty Queens Kamini Kaushal, Sulochana Chatterji and Madhubala, against the three "Romeos" of the Indian screen, Rehman, Amar, and Sapru, "Paras" has all the makings of a big hit, and is reported to have been slickly directed by Anant Thakur, director of "Pugrec". Arora's next is "Pardes," which will star Hafeez Jehan.

PANCHOLI PRODUCTIONS: The live wire behind this famous North India hit factory, now resurrected in Bombay is, of course, the one and only D. M. Pancholi, former Movie Moghul of the North. His first picture to be produced in Bombay, is titled "Naghma," and is based on a story by Pancholi himself. Ravin Dave is wielding the megaphone in this picture, which features a hand-picked all-star led by Nargis, Shyam, Gope, Kanhayalal, Sapru, Om and Kuldip Kaur.

The lyrics are by Qamar Jallabadi, while the melodies are by that popular team of music direc-

tors, Hasnral and Bhagatram. The great writer Agha Jani Kashmiri wrote the dialogues. "Naghma" is being produced at Central Studios. Replete with spectacle and all the allure for which the Pancholi technique has long been famous, "Naghma" is being produced specially to maintain that brilliant tradition.

FAZLI BROTHERS LTD.: Producer-Director Husnain, the remarkable "Personality Boy" of the Indian screen with an unbroken series of jubilee hits to his name, is busy putting the final touches to his latest production, "Duniya," which is the current rave among film business men wherever one



MISTER PRESIDENT! J. B. H. Wadia, a veteran of the film industry, who has been elected the new President of the I.M.F.P.A.

goes. Its distribution rights for five territories were sold out before the picture was even put on the sets.

The huge cast of hundreds is headed by top-ranking stars Suraiya, Yalub, Karan Dewan, Nigar Sultana and Janki Dass. "Duniya," is being made at Laxmi Studios, Andheri.

JAGAT PICTURES: Jagat Pictures' eagerly awaited "Sunhere Din" had its all-India premiere at Delhi on June 11. Its net gross at three cinemas for the first week was above Rs. 50,000. The picture has broken all previous records wherever it has been released, and its popularity everywhere has been due chiefly, one gathers, to the music and the comedy, both of which are of the highest excellence.

Among the artists, Rehana and Raj Kapoor are at their best. The photography by Hardeep is among the major beauties of the picture. Hats off to Seth Jagat Narayan for giving filmgoers such a highly entertaining musical hit.

Their next in production will be "Gaona," to be directed by that brilliant veteran Amiya Chakravarti. It is based on a story by the famous author A. Sagheer Usmani, and will feature the great and lovable artist, Wasti.

"Sunhere Din" will be followed by "Shair", the direction of which has been entrusted to the capable hands of Mr. Chawla, who hopes to complete the picture by the middle of August. Songs by Shakil Badauni and music by

Ghulam Mahomed are features of "Shair", the camera for which is being handled by Hardeep. "Shair" has a brilliant cast headed by Suraiya, Kamini Kaushal, Dev Anand, Sulochana Sr., Murad, Agha and Cuckoo. Distribution rights for five territories are already sold. "Shair" will be followed by "Ek Nazar", to be directed by Nigam from a story by D. N. Madhok.

GEMINI'S CHANDRALEKHA: Still going strong at the Royal Opera House in Bombay, and at more than a hundred cinemas throughout India, is Gemini's "Chandralekha", a gold mine if ever the Indian screen knew one. This amazing hit has junked every box-office record in the industry's entire history, and looks like going on doing it indefinitely.

Recently the Governor of the United Provinces, His Excellency Sir H. P. Mody, after seeing the picture in Naini Tal, remarked, "This picture is really most entertaining." So it is, as packed houses and interminable queues wherever it is screened prove.

GOEL CINE CORPORATION: Producer-Director Goel has got well ahead with the production of his first picture, "Ankhen". Nalini Jaywant heads the notable cast, which includes the ever popular Yalub, Bharat Bhushan, Yashodhara Katju, and also the new comer Shehkar. The picture is reported to be a rollicking comedy, with the accent on romance.

LOTUS PICTURES: These enterprising producers make their debut with "Somitra", described as "enchanting film," produced by such Daruwala and directed by Basant Kumar. Featuring Shanta Patil and Mohendra Datt, this picture is high-lighted with several songs by H. D. Subham. Produced at Supreme Studios' "Somitra" is now ready for release.

WADIA FILMS LIMITED: Producer J. B. H. Wadia, whose long and valuable services to the industry have just been recognised by his election as President of the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association, is back again with another prize picture. It is Wadia Films' "Balam", which is nearing completion at the Wadia Studios.

Besides Husnral and Bhagatram, who have written the haunting tunes, and Shakil Badauni, the famous poet who wrote the lyrics, a galaxy of stars is featured in this film, prominent among them being Suraiya, Nigar, Wasti, Jayant, Masood and Janki Dass. It is an easy guess that it will prove even better than their previous hit "Mela".

PUNJAB ART PICTURES LTD.: The big-wig behind this big concern is C. R. Mahajan. The Muhurt of their new venture "Rishta" was performed on June 30, at Shree Sunder Sound Studios, Andheri, amidst a glittering array of screen celebrities.



'CHANDRALEKHA' IN LUCKNOW: H.E. Sir H. P. Mody, Governor of U.P., giving a speech at a premiere of "Chandralekha" with Mr. Chari, the energetic Publicity Chief of Gemini Studios, standing beside him.

The story, dialogues and screen play are from the pen of the famous litterateur, K. A. Abbas, while the musical score is in the capable hands of Husnral and Bhagatram.

Produced by S. D. Talwar and directed by Zaidi, this picture has a cast of brilliant artistes headed by Nigar, Masood, Yashodhara Katju, David, Aga and the veteran Kumar.

PRAKASH PICTURES: The brothers Vijay Bhatt and Shanker Bhatt are all smiles these days and no wonder. They are, perhaps the busiest personalities among our producers and studio-owners. Three of their "Social classics," two of which are already complete, look like ruling the market. "Rakhi," featuring Kamini Kaushal, Karan Dewan and Ullhas, is now ready for release. "Sawan Bhadrhon," the second, which again includes such veterans as Munawar Sultana, Ram Singh and Janki Dass is also complete.

The third one, which is a

rollicking comedy, is nearing completion. It is titled "Shadi ki Raat," and is based on a unique story of misunderstanding and cross purposes. This, too, features top-notchers like Geeta Bali, Vijaya Laxmi, Rehman, Aroon, and Janki Dass. It looks as though 1949-50 will be a Prakash year.

SUNNY ART PRODUCTIONS: S. N. Sunny, the Stormy Petrel of the Indian screen, who gave film-goers such a wonderful film in "Natak," and followed it up with another in Jubilee-scoring "Mela," is back with yet another gripping drama titled "Babul."

The story, which is described as novel and suspenseful, is from the talented pen of Shakil Badauni. Naushad, recognised as a million-rupee name in Indian filmdom, is handling the musical score.

This Naushad-Sunny combination is so inspiring that the distribution rights of "Babul" were sold before any of the artistes had even been signed on. Said artists, incidentally, are top-notchers. Co-starring Nargis and Dilip



SUDHA RAO in A. M. Bhanji Productions' "Ret Mahal".

Kumar, "Babul" includes those veterans, Jeevan and Janki Dass. Recently Sunny had his first set at Famous Studios. "Babul", he declares, will turn out a box-office bonanza.

VARUNA FILMS: A film which is expected to prove a gold-mine by exhibitors and distributors, is Varuna Films' "Roomal," starring Nargis, Rehman, Jairaj, Jeewan and Janki Dass.

The film is being directed by that father of hits, Ramchandra Thakur. At the helm of affairs are G. A. Thakur and K. N. Kapur, the veteran business magnates. The music is by Hansraj Behel, and it is rumoured that every one of the tunes has hit written all over it. The picture is now nearing completion at the Eastern Studios.

SUPER TEAM FEDERAL PRODUCTIONS: Producer Shatrai, the inveterate hit-maker, is once again on the up and up. His new film "Pyar ki Manzil" has become the talk of the industry. The highlight of the picture will naturally be its high-class photography and direction, both in the talented hands of Keki Mistry.

The galaxy of stars featured in this film include those favourites Munawar Sultana, Rehman, Gope, Protima Devi and Janki Dass.

Husnlal and Bhagatram are handling the musical score. "Pyar ki Manzil" is being produced on a basis which will make it a class-cum-mass picture, one gathers.

LIBERTY ART PRODUCTIONS: The people who hit the head-lines with "Lekh" are back with a bang. Their new venture is "Gana." The live-wire behind this concern is Kamal Roy, the director-cum-writer, and virtual creator of "Lekh."



SHASHIKALA looks more glamorous than ever in Ranjit's "Nasuru".

This masterpiece has created new box-office records, wherever it has been released. It is to be released at Bombay on August 11 at as many as four theatres, namely the Majestic, Excelsior, Palace and Rivoli.

C. R. PRODUCTIONS: With an all star cast headed by Ashok Kumar, Geeta Bali and Yakub, and supported by Kanhaiyalal, Nawab and Durga Khote, Producer Naqshab's maiden venture "Nishana" is in full production at M. & T. Studios in Andheri.

REKHA PRODUCTIONS: "Jeevan Shanti" is the title of the next picture to be produced by Rekha Productions, which is being rejuvenated by the talented efforts of J. C. Solanki and Miss Hari Darshan Kaur.

With Gita Bali, Mazhar Khan, Nawab and Janki Dass heading the cast its star value proved sufficiently impressive to induce distributors to buy up its territorial rights in advance. "Jeevan Shanti" is to go on the sets in the first week of August.

LIBERTY ART PRODUCTIONS: G. Rakesh who established his reputation as a front rank director by creating such a clean picture as "Lekh", still running to capacity houses wherever released, is now busy with his next, "Gana", another social classic with differing theme. This talented figure associated with fans in different names to avoid publicity, is again the writer of the story, the songs and the scenario. Even the music is composed by the melody-maker Krishundyol, B.Sc., with his co-operation. The dialogues of the story have been entrusted to the young Vinod Kumar, who is famous for crisp type of material.

TALWAR FILMS: R. C. Talwar, who established himself as the stormy petrel of the Indian Screen, by creating such masterpieces as "Shukriya", "Aibel" and "Manchali" is back with yet another gripping sensation "Khilari"

produced at the B. T. Studios at Malad. The story which is said to be novel and suspenseful, is written by Talwar himself. Besides, there are certain other assets, which may hail it as the picture of 1949. The veteran J. S. Cashyap, the popular poet Naqshab and the great melody-maker Hans Raj Behel, have contributed substantially to make the picture a big movie sensation. Above all, Suraiya, Ashok Kumar, Indu and Sunder form the back bone of the great array of artists, featured in "Khilari".

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The popular favourites Rehana and Shyam are co-started for the first time in Madhukar's merry musical, "Surajmughi". The live-wire behind the concern, is young L. Prasad a talented businessman with high ideals. It has already become the talk of the Indian film trade, and the territorial rights of the film are being sold at a premium. Every feature of this film is striking. First, it has a staggering cast, including such veterans as GOPE, YASHODARA KATJU, MUMTAZALI and DURGA KHOTE. Secondly, the musical score is in the capable hands of melody-makers Husnlal and Bhagat Ram. Thirdly, the box-office wizard K. Amarnath is responsible for the direction. The picture is now complete and awaiting release.

Ramesh Sajal, the director of golden-jubilee hit "Shaheed" has been signed up by J. K. Nanda for HALDIA-NANDA PRODUCTIONS to write and direct one picture as soon as he is free from his present undertaking.

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NEWS FROM CALCUTTA

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THE big news comes from Bengal National Studios that Producer-Director Narang has decided to transfer the production of their Hindi pictures to Bombay where they will be produced under the banner and style of Narang Studios Limited. The Calcutta establishment will be concerned exclusively with the production of Bengali pictures.

Mr. Narang has already opened his Bombay office in the Bullion Exchange Building, and his first picture in Bombay is scheduled to go on the floor by the end of August.

Their maiden musical social, "Ek Aurat," is scheduled for early release in Bombay and Delhi through the Daulat Corporation and Everlight Pictures respectively. Two dances by Cuckoo have been added to the picture, brightening it considerably. Shamsad Begum ghosted the songs. The star cast is headed by Gitashree, Hiralal, Sunder, Smriti, Hussain and Narang.

Their second picture "Lottery" is also on the slate for early release in Calcutta. Directed by G. Singh, the ace cameraman, "Lottery" stars Kaushalya, Sunder, Ameena Khatoon, Hussain and Cuckoo.

Producer-Director Narang is busy giving the finishing touches to his third production "Nai Bhabhi" which boasts a talented cast consisting of Kaushalya, Amarnath, Maya Bannerji, Sunder, Smriti and Cuckoo.

Their fourth now under production, is in Bengali, and it is titled "Chittagong Armoury Raid." Directed by Nirmal Choudhary, it is making rapid progress and should be ready for release by mid August.



PRODUCER NARANG, after producing several pictures in Calcutta, intends to migrate to Bombay.

Mr. Narang is also busy on the paper work for their next Hindi picture the title of which is to be "Sangeet." He intends to have it on the sets very soon.

KALI FILMS SOUND STUDIOS: Busy as a beehive, buzzing with the innumerable activities inseparable from the simultaneous production of no less ten pictures, Kali Films Sound Studios is forging rapidly to the front of Calcutta's motion picture world. Well situated in the heart of Tollygunj, better known to many as the Tollywood of India, and equipped with a skilled and enthusiastic staff of technicians and all the latest apparatus, this burgeoning unit is rapidly acquiring the reputation of a first class studio where attention to detail, high level efficiency and smooth working

are the watchwords of everybody from directors to extras.

JUGANTAR CHITRA PRA-TISTHAN'S maiden offering "Bai-kunther Will" in Bengali, is reported to be progressing rapidly towards completion under the direction of Manu Sen.

The picture is based on another of the brilliant stories of Babu Sarat Chatterjee. The star-studded cast includes the leading artists of Bengal such as Molina Devi, Renuka, Nilima Das, Jhahar Ganguli, Shyam Sinha, Bicas Roy, Santosh Sinha and Tuisi Chakravarti. Kalipada Sen wrote the musical score.

SATAPDIR SILPI LTD: This newly started studio is making its debut with a Bengali picture titled "Bonya Jakhan Yelo" and based upon a story by the brilliant author, Nihar Ranjan Pal Chaudhary.

Many new faces will be presented for the first time to filmgoers in this maiden production, which is being directed by Kirit Sen.

NATIONAL PROGRESSIVE PICTURES LTD: The Managing Agents of this concern, Messrs. Panchpradip Limited, have begun production of a Bengali film which has been titled "Parivartan."

A talented cast including Satya, Dilip, Raviprakash, Bireswar, and Ashu Bose has been assembled by Director S. N. Bose. Ajoy Kumar, the well known cameraman, will handle the camera. Manoranjan Ghosh, noted dramatist, wrote the story.

SOLAR FILMS' new picture "Iran ki Raat" boasts a staggering cast headed by Jamuna,

July 1949

Chandravati, and Narang. It is to be directed by P. C. Barua, which alone is sufficient to make filmgoers look forward to it with more than average expectation.

Incidentally, this will be the first costume picture to be directed by Barua. Their second picture "Do Baten," co-starring Romola and Narang, is directed by H. S. Rawail.

HINDUSTAN ART PRODUCTIONS' maiden offering "Nisbat" is proving remarkably popular wherever it is released. It recently attained its "Silver Jubilee" week in Calcutta, and is headed towards the same achievement at other places.

"Nisbat" combines high entertainment values with an uplifting theme. A cast of veteran artists led by Yakub, Mirza Musharruf, Jyoti, Munawar Sultana and Baby Zubaida, contributes excellent performances under the deft direction of Shamsuddin.

BENGAL PICTURES: Bengal National Studios is another

of our extremely busy film factories, and right now is producing five separate pictures all in the Bengali language.

They are Shankar Chitrani's "Jaja Bar" in Bengali, directed by Bhidayek Bhattacharjee; Chaitanyak Pictures' "Panchayat," directed by Nirmal Choudhary; Matri Pictures' "Shesh Mahurto," directed by Bishu Sarkar; and Janani Pictures' "Ashru," directed by A. K. Chatterjee.

Other Calcutta studios with Bengali films in production are Chitra Bali Pictures, P. J. K. Productions, Shreemati Pictures Ltd., Shamlal Productions, and Associated Pictures Ltd.

INDIAN NATIONAL PICTURES: An alliance of talent and technique is in the air at the Indian National Pictures Ltd., where dapper producer Hiten Choudhary is busy "hatching" a couple of money spinners for the second half of the movie year 1949. Under his supervision, Indian



CUCKOO in a dance pose in one of her recent hits. Alluring as no siren ever was, this curvaceous lovely is definitely the Indian screen's lure number one right now.

National Pictures are making a second bold bid with "Arzoo". Shahid Lateef's challenge picture based on a story by Ismat Chughtai, with lyrics from Majrooh Sultan-puri and music by that melody wizard Anil Biswas. All eyes are set on the company now, experimenting with the "New Look" which dominates the world next to the Atom Bomb.

Progressing fast at Famous Cine Studios, "Arzoo" is touching a new high in production values and technical finish, and this fact, plus a star cast headed by the sensational star team of Dilip Kumar and Kamini Kaushal, and including big gag Gope, Shashikala and Sita Bose has made it a distributors' prize. The exploitation rights for South India, Bengal, C.P., C.I. and Pakistan have been sold already.

Paper work is well nigh complete on their third production, which has been assigned to Nirmal Chandra Dey, associate scenarist of New Theatres' "Hamrahi," and is scheduled to go on the sets by the end of July.



Charanjit Pushpa Hans, new Rajkamal find, puts over a brilliant performance as the Personality Girl in Shantaram's picture-of-the-year "Apna Deh", drawing crowded houses at the West End in Bombay and doing record business at Delhi and other key cities throughout India.



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Presents

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PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY
DEVENDRA GOEL

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YAKUB and introducing a new Star, SHEKHAR

DISTRIBUTORS:
Delhi & U. P. MOVIE MIRRORS, Chandni Chowk, Delhi
East Punjab: SETHI FILM EXCHANGE, Jullundur
Bengal: NEW JAI HIND PICTURES, Calcutta
Sind: PAKISTAN FILMS, Karachi

SONGS:
RAJA BHARDI ALI
S. K. DEEPAK, BHARAT VYAS
STORY:
S. NAZIMUDIN "Shama" (Lena)

MUSIC:
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V.N. REDDY • K.V.S. REDDY

EDITING

BABUBHAI THAKKER

WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY
HARI KRISHNA PREMI



Songs:

PRADEEP & PREMI

Music:

LAMBABU PATHAK

FOR PARTICULARS: **KALAKAR CHITRA'S**
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