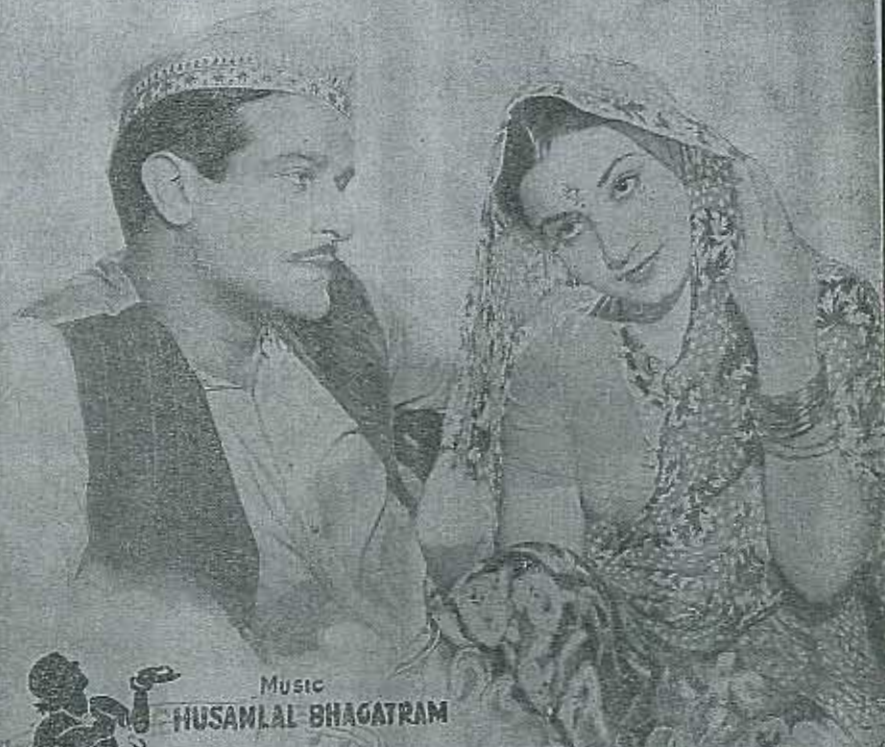


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★ The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars ★

By SABA

With **Love & Honey**

BATTLE AGAINST HINDU CODE BILL — "SAVE ME FROM LIGHT!" — RELIGION ON THE RUN — HATEFUL MEMORIES "SHADOW OF GOD" SABA SAYINGS

THE battle against the Hindu Code Bill has been invested with the glamour of a princess.

Heralded by front-page advertisements in Bombay's daily papers, and under the auspices of the Young Men's Hindu Association, one Princess Prabhavati Rajee (of Dewas) waxed eloquent in defence of orthodoxy and against the reformers who had introduced the Hindu Code Bill. With real royal invective she castigated the reformists and painted a grim and lurid picture of the new India plunging into the narak of irreligion and godlessness.

PRINCESS! WHAT ABOUT SUTTEE?

Speaking on "Hindu Culture and the Hindu Code Bill," she declared: "It will be doing a great injustice to the high traditions of India if their (reformists') absurd ideologies and anglicised ways of the West were enforced on the people without giving consideration to the religious sentiments of the religious-minded people."

That is virtually what the orthodox opponents of reform said when Sutte was abolished. They regarded that as an unpardonable interference with the religious sentiments of the religious-minded people. They forecast the doom of Hinduism if such reforms were affected. Yet Hinduism survived without Sutte, and the caravan of Reform and Progress has gone on its way, though dogs did bark.

That is again what was said when the Sarda Act put a stop

to child marriages. The orthodox pleaded that child marriages was one of their fundamental birth-rights and vigorously opposed the reformist measure.

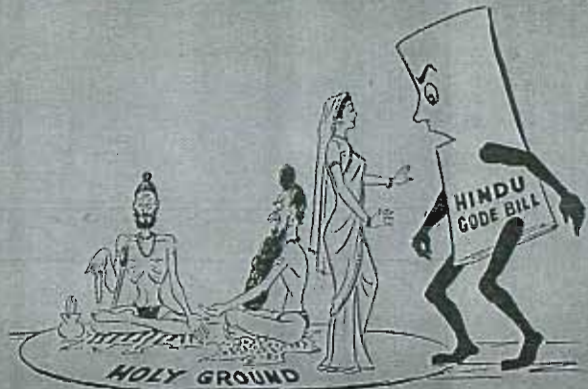
If the reformers and progressives paused to listen to the outpourings of such pillars of orthodoxy, we would still be living in the Stone Age.

It would be interesting to ask the Princess only one simple question: Would she like India to revert to time-honoured, pre-Reform practices like Sutte? And, also, it would be edifying to find out whether the "way of life" observed in her Dewas palace conforms to ideas of Vedic simplicity or to the accursed anglicised ways. "SAVE ME FROM LIGHT!"

The Hindu Code Bill is primarily

aimed at the restoration of human rights to Hindu women who, for many centuries, have been treated as glorified chattel. That is why all the representative organisations of women, like the All India Women's Conference, have not only welcomed the Bill but actively campaigned in favour of it.

And that is why it is surprising that a woman (even a princess, we presume, is a woman) should come forward to condemn the Bill and to declare that millions of Indian women still believed in the ancient system of life and were, therefore, opposed to the provisions of the Bill. Curiously enough, while many pious-stricken pandits and sadhus have expressed their bitter hostility to the Bill, the Princess is the first woman to raise



"The battle against the Hindu Code Bill has been invested with the glamour of a princess...."

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WITH "HOLY ASHES" BY SADHUS FROM THE HIMALAYAS



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BUT WE WILL ALSO RECOGNIZE
A FOREIGN KING AS THE
SYMBOLIC HEAD OF
THE COMMONWEALTH!



WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE A SECULAR DEMOCRACY
BUT HOLY GANGA JAL IS FLOWN BY AIR—TO BE
SPRINKLED ON THE FIRST
SUPPLEMENTS OF LOCOMOTIVES
TO THE IND. GOVT.



her voice against a measure which is specifically meant to remove the inhuman inequalities and inequities from which her sex suffers in India today.

And this irresistibly reminds me of the story of the Chinese prisoner who was brought out of a dark dungeon after forty years of imprisonment. (Don't stop me even if you have heard this one). This poor chap, the legend says had become so used to living in darkness that when he was released and brought out of the cell, he felt almost blinded by the glare of the sun and pleased to be "saved from the light" and to

be returned to the dark cell. Is it possible that women, like the Princess of Dewas, are so used to living in the darkness of injustice and inequality, that when equality and justice are offered to them by the reformists they plead that they should be allowed to go back into the darkness?

But they cannot be so allowed. Even slaves, who have become used to slavery and don't wish to become free men, have got to be freed.

HINDU! MUSLIM!
CHRISTIAN!

Again and again our leaders remind us that our national aim

is to evolve a secular state and a secular way of life. Communal political organisations, we are told, should be abolished. But what about communal and caste organisations which perpetuate the communal outlook through social, pseudo-religious and allegorical cultural activities?

What about the Young Men's Association, for instance, which sponsored the reactionary lectures of Princess Prabhavati? Strange that an association which claims to represent YOUTH should be will-



Just two of the many novel dance ensembles that highlight Ratan Pictures' musical extravaganza "Char-Din."

ing to lend its support to the propagation of such antediluvian views! The HINDU in its name obviously is more important than the YOUNG MEN'S.

There is a Young Men's CHRISTIAN Association, there must also be a Young Men's MUSLIM Association, a Young Men's Parsee (or Zoroastrian) Association. In our country, even youth is tainted with communal and caste consciousness and there are youth organisations named after religions, castes and even sub-castes.

SABA and SOUND regard all these associations, clubs, gymkhanas, etc. which bear a communal or caste label as dangerous breeding grounds of the germs of communalism. It is at the formative youthful age that the communal fanatics win over adherents from the youth of the country. These unhealthy reservoirs of communalism and reaction must

be dried up and abolished, if India is really to become a secular state and if we really want to rid ourselves of communalism which, among other evils, caused so many massacres and even led to the PARTITION of the country.

RELIGION ON THE RUN?

India is generally recognised as the last great stronghold of religion in the world. It appears, however, that even in India, Religion is on the defensive, if not actually on the run! Not any particular religion, but Religion itself.

The All Religion Conference (which was held recently in Bombay and which opened with recitations from the scriptures of all religions) provided a platform for re-asserting religious values at a time when even Indians, particularly young Indians, are becoming increasingly indifferent to the call of Faith.

The President of the Conference, Sir Radhakrishnan, seemed con-

scious of the eclipse of religion when he said that "there was a spirit of hatred shown towards religion. It was because religion was being interpreted along principles which were not justified by science. The suppression of individual conscience and the anti-social character of religion had resulted in more and more people seeking to abandon whatever religious faith they had."

The learned philosopher, however, was of the opinion that misinterpretation of religion need not mean abandonment of religious faith by man. India at least should not go back on her great cultural heritage. After all, he said, it is possible to interpret religion not in a dogmatic way but in a social and scientific manner.

But is it possible for the MASS of religious people to interpret their religion in this manner? SABA doubts it.

It is all very well for a profound



Cuckoo—the name is a synonym for curves—dances her way to fame and fortune in this delightful film directed by famed showman M. Sadiq.

philosopher like Sir Radhakrishnan to say that "the object of religion is the ultimate reality or the supreme truth" or that "religion, in its chastest sense, meant self-transfiguration of the personality and the reintegration of spirit..." But let him try to explain these philosophical and metaphysical concepts to the common man who continues to interpret his religion in terms not only of dogma and ritual but in terms of superstition and communalism.

Indeed (except in the case of saints like Gandhiji or humanist philosophers like Sir Radhakrishnan) religious faith has invariably been accompanied by exclusive attachment to one's faith and hostility towards all other religions. The very fervour for one's own religion (which, of course, every one regards as the ONLY TRUE RELIGION) leads to fanatical hatred for OTHER religions—which, in its turn, breeds fanaticism, communalism, riots and

massacres, it being generally understood (and sometimes even proclaimed) that followers of other faiths being heretics and kafirs and mlechhas deserve to be exterminated.

Thus, apart from other considerations, religion may be a good thing for philosophers and metaphysicians but it is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the ignorant and the superstitious who have yet to be melted by humanism and the civilised concept of the oneness and universality of religious doctrines.

"SHADOW OF GOD"

One wonders also what could be common between Sir Radhakrishnan, with his large-hearted humanist view of religion, and Princess Prabhavati (who also played an important role in this conference) whose concept of religion seems to mean a dogmatic and irrational clinging to the outdated laws of Manu, even in this twentieth century.

It is also significant that men of religion have yet to cut themselves off from the ties that have traditionally bound Religion with monarchy and feudal oppressors. In England, a King founded a religion and appointed himself the Head of it. In India the princes and kings (both Hindus and Muslims) have been "Shadows of God" and "Defenders of Faith." Princess Prabhavati was not the only feudal relic at the All-Religion Conference—one would like to know her qualifications for participating in such a gathering! There was also the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, the Rajpramukh of Saurashtra and one presumes he was present in his hereditary capacity as "Defender of Faith."

Religion will soon have to choose—between the Princes and the People!

HATEFUL MEMORIES

SOUND and SABA have often urged that all relics of imperialism

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May 1949



Aztec fans, (and their name is legion) will be pleased to know that this famed Indian star will soon be touring England, America and the Continent with her troupe. Here she is seen with her talented partner Surya Kumar.

—like the statues of and memorials to imperialist rulers and agents of imperialism should be removed. The statues of BRITISH Kings and Viceroy are ugly eyesores on the face of free India. Heinous reminders of the era of our slavery. If at all they have to be preserved, they must be kept in museums—as historical relics and grim reminders of our recent past when we had lost our freedom to a foreign power.

It is good to find, therefore, that the Government of India have ordered the removal of three plaques on the "Victory Memorial" at Plassey, about 100 miles north of Calcutta. The Memorial commemorates British victory (and, therefore, our defeat) in the Battle of Plassey in which that swindler and tyrant, Robert Clive, commanded the British forces. The inscriptions on the monument, glorifying the imperialist victory, were regarded as "offensive to Indian sentiment" and are now to be deposited in the Victoria Memorial museum in Calcutta.

I hope the G of I will take

similar action with regard to all such memorials which provoke hateful memories of the era of imperialist domination.

'GANGA JAL'

The Government of India's policies and actions, however, often betray a strange and paradoxical contrast.

We are FREE, but still attached to the British Empire!

We are a REPUBLIC and will soon have a PRESIDENT, but we will also recognize a foreign King as the symbolic Head of the "Commonwealth."

We are a secular democracy, but our rational Prime Minister allows himself to be smeared with 'holy ashes' by sadhus from the Himalayas—and American photographers are always present to flash the picture all over the world press!

We are supposed to be a secular democracy and our Government is supposed to be free from the influence of any religion, but holy 'Ganga Jal' is flown by air, at Government expense, from Calcutta to Montreal (Canada) to be sprinkled on the first shipment of

locomotives to the Indian Government!

Obviously, Secularism (like God) fulfils itself in many (contradictory) ways!

BEGAD, SIR.....

"Winston Churchill was always right. The Empire was doomed when India was allowed to walk out of it. Now it is utterly doomed if India is allowed to come back into it—as a really equal partner!"

OH, MY DEAR.....
"Eh, darling, what a thrilling hair-do you have got! But the parting is on the wrong side—I mean, you are a Leftist, while the parting is on the right. And, mind you, there is a slight deviation, too....."

SAYINGS OF SABA

God made the world in six days—and it will take a few hundred atom bombs to finish it in six minutes!

A fool and his friends are soon parted.

Life is a comedy for tragedians and a tragedy for comedians.

An Englishman's word is as good as his bond-age!

THE DANGER IS THAT COMMUNISTS, BUOYED UP BY SUCCESS, MIGHT OVERESTIMATE THEIR ACTUAL STRENGTH—IT IS MATCHED BY THE POSSIBILITY THAT TRIGGER-HAPPY WESTERNERS MAY TAKE PANICKY ACTION

A Red Sun Rises

It can mean blood on the moon

by LOUIS DOLIVET

THE main historic trend, favourable to the Western powers through much of 1948, is now changing course. New political and military problems of heretofore unknown magnitude are arising. The influence of the East is waxing, that of the West is at a standstill. The shift involves both increased prospects for peace, as well as new real hazards to peace.

The hopes lie in the fact that the balance of forces between East and West is gradually equalizing and, consequently, prospects of finding a modus vivendi are better. Important political leaders and diplomats in both blocs believe that the atmosphere which prevailed at the General Assembly enforced greatly a mutual conviction—war is unthinkable now.

Both sides were warned by representatives of the smaller powers that popular anxiety over the endless quarrels between the USSR and the US was alienating potential friends and supporters and creating conditions which would have possibly disastrous effect on world economy.

The danger stems from the possibility that the Communists—after being blocked by the emergence (particularly in France and Italy) of "third force" coalition governments, by the Marshall plan, by the Berlin airlift, by the growing hostility of Socialists and by the moral pressure of the majority

in the UN—may overestimate their new strength.

Danger also stems from the fact that important military and political elements in the West may get panicky over the Soviet advances in China and try to involve the governments in action "before it is too late." However, the chances that such advice will be taken are slim. The dominant opinion is that the West will do best to rely on the inner strength of democracy and upon its economic and technical superiority to hold the balance for the time being—with the hope of winning ultimately the allegiance of people all over the world.

Three developments are behind the Eastern ebullience:

- * The sweeping military and political advances of Communists in China.
- * The rebirth of colonialism in its crudest forms.
- * Divisions in the Western bloc.

In China, international communism sees the achievement of a basic goal of Soviet global strategy. The assumption that Asia is more nearly ripe for revolutionary changes and for communism than Europe is now receiving a triumphant confirmation. Despite the failures of communist policy in China in the middle '30's, with the rise of

Chiang, now, only 20 years later, victory is within reach.

Top-ranking leaders of communism, gathered in Bulgaria for the Fifth Congress of the Bulgarian Communist Party, have reached the conclusion that their victories in China represent the purest type of triumph which Communists crave.

To world communism, the approaching victory in China represents an event surpassed in historic significance only by the establishment of the Soviet regime in Russia. Its importance exceeds by far the establishment of Communist controlled regimes in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Albania, Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia.

In the latter countries communism followed in the wake of the advance of Soviet armies. In all but Yugoslavia and Albania, communism was established as a consequence of military conquest by the Soviet armies. In every case, however, local Communist resistance forces were important instruments of the liberation. Communist control grew out of coalition governments formed under extraordinary circumstances in the midst of the disorganized retreat of the Nazi and Fascist occupying forces.

In the former enemy countries—Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary—surrender to Soviet forces was immediately followed by establish-

ment of governments acceptable to Russia.

SIGNIFICANCE OF COMMUNIST TRIUMPH IN CHINA

But in China communism is advancing toward victory without the intervention of Soviet armies (with the exception of parts of Manchuria). It is advancing as the exclusive result of the breakdown of the existing framework of bourgeois society and the formation of revolutionary mass movements of which the Communists have become the natural leaders.

The Communist leaders gathered at the Congress in the National Theater in Sofia excitedly welcomed developments in China. They repeated again and again—and loudest were those representing countries where communism is not do-

ing too well—that, despite American help to Chiang, the Nationalist regime is crumbling. And they cited with satisfaction all the symptoms predicted by Communist theoreticians:

- * Loss of popular support.
- * Internal decomposition.
- * Corruption.
- * Terror in the camp of the government.
- * Growing mass support and increased efficiency and organization in the camp of the revolutionists.

A disquieting factor—which Soviet leaders and their friends abroad realized very acutely but did not care to discuss openly—is the fact that China promises to be the first major Communist country outside of Soviet-occupied territories since the Bolshevik Revolution.

The once-basic Marxian assumption—that communism would first,

and almost automatically, appear in highly industrialized countries—having proved faulty, leaders of the world Soviet bloc faced enormous difficulties. These difficulties increased with the appearance of the democratic US as a leading factor in the world. They grew even greater as developing Socialist forces showed unbreachable to Soviet bloc expansion.

THE SOVIET MORTGAGE ON COLONIAL LOYALTIES

The second development—the rebirth of colonialism—is extremely important. It provides world communism with new and strong weapons in the dependent areas of Asia and Africa—nearly 10 million square miles of the earth with more than 220 million inhabitants.

During the war the Allies, inspired by the US, seemed to accept the end of colonialism and imperialism. The statements of Franklin Roosevelt and Sumner





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PEOPLE AT WAR: CHINESE "PEOPLE'S MILITIAMEN" EXAMINE A SMALL, CRUDE CANNON AND LAND MINE.

Welles, stealing Soviet thunder, proclaimed the new era of freedom. And, since Welles was expected to become Secretary of State of the US in the postwar era, the proclamations were accepted at face value.

In consequence, the machinery of the old Communist International which dealt with the propagation of revolutionary ideas in colonial and dependent areas was considerably reduced. The very character of the liberation movement in which Communists had automatically played a leading part changed. The sympathies of considerable groups of workers and intellectuals were captured by the West and support important to communism was in danger of being lost. In this circumstance the Communist general staff switched its efforts almost entirely into propaganda and action against fascism, seeking to make anti-fascism the new characteristic of progressivism—and succeeding, particularly in those countries which had lived under Nazi-

Fascist Japanese occupation. But the defeat of all but remnants of fascism presented a new problem for world communism in its effort to retain progressive support.

WHERE COMMUNISM OVERPLAYED ITS HAND

Previously, communism had assumed that power could be gained through coalition and unity movements among progressive forces. This tactic called for united and peoples' fronts until the Communist forces became sufficiently strong to be able openly to assume leadership of government by themselves. But, with fascism defeated, this strategem grew less and less feasible. It failed to maintain Communists in the governments of Italy and France. At the same time world communism alienated progressive support by invalidating its identification of progressivism and anti-fascism in those areas where it no longer needed non-Communist support.

The elimination of all non-Communist elements from coalition governments in the Balkan countries and in Central Europe, and the persecution, arrest or exile of veteran anti-fascist fighters, cut the very ground out from under peoples' front movements fostered by Communists elsewhere.

The Communist doctrine found itself before one of those dangerous vacua which Lenin warned against as resulting in sectarianism. The danger inherent in lack of goal, so great less than a year ago has now been reduced.

France in Indo-China, Britain in the Middle East, Malaya, Burma, etc.; and the Dutch in Indonesia have brutally changed the whole picture. In each case efforts to gain cooperation through persuasion were abandoned. The old colonial machinery was re-established. The Colonial powers again resorted to direct military and police action. They restored to authority native agents and agencies

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Kamini Kaushal who was rightly dubbed the "Pocket Venus of the Indian screen" by one Special Correspondent last month, is reported to have topped all her previous performances in M. & T. Films' dynamic film "Sunehre-Din".

discredited in the eyes of the local populations and entirely subservient to the administering power.

This retrogression on the part of the Colonial Powers has marvellously rejuvenated communism in the dependent areas, and given Communists great new hope elsewhere. At a moment when they had been deprived of their role as sole defenders against fascism, the Western powers restored to them the more-effective role as harbinger of national freedom.

HOW THE WEST WEAKENS THE WEST

The third reason for communism's new strength is very important. It stems directly from the failure of the Western powers, despite all official proclamations, to reach over-all common economic and political decisions in concert. Many statesmen, political leaders and economists of Europe cite as a glaring example Great Britain's reconstruction program—in which England plays a lone hand uninfluenced by its effect on the rest of Europe. Aiming to achieve a new, vast, efficient industrializa-

tion and to conquer all lost world markets, England opposes devaluation of currencies and in general seems far from willing to fit herself into a genuine European Union of mutual traders.

Militarily, the division of the Western allies is worse. The only really European power, France, is excluded from the deliberations and from the entire planning which goes on in Washington almost as during the war between American and British top-ranking personnel.

An aggravating circumstance which especially lowered Western prestige in France came during the negotiations on the military cooperation of the five Western European countries, when an English general was appointed Commander-in-Chief over the five powers. The French cabinet had considerable difficulty in finding a high-ranking general who would agree to play second fiddle in the new military council. Gen. Alphonse Juin, famous for his victories in Italy, flatly said "no" to both the government and the President (UNW, November, 1948).

The crassest example of lack of unity in the West was the invasion of the Indonesian Republic by Holland. This invasion should have been no surprise to Great Britain, to the US and to France. They had had hints of it and had warned the Dutch with varying degrees of insistence against aggression. They learned about it as did all newspaper readers, after the Dutch released reports of their action in the press.

But so completely surprised was he, the American representative to the Security Council had to fly in a special plane to Paris to make his protest. It was a significant act: America denouncing an important ally—a government whose cooperation is essential to both the European and Pacific strategy of the West.

(The only consolation for the West in this awkward affair was the surprised reaction of the Soviet Security Council representative who was four days distant from Paris. The American was on his way to Nice, the Briton and the French representatives had gone to their



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FILMADS

May 1949

comes for a holiday. The Russian—no doubt more than anyone—was convinced that these allies of the Dutch would know what was going on.)

THE WEST'S ASSETS ON THE BALANCE SHEET

The new self-assurance of the Communists will evidence itself during the next few months in all parts of the Soviet and non-Soviet world in two ways: 1. stronger demands for recognition of the power of the Soviet; 2. greater readiness to discuss and effect both local and over-all settlements. To counter Communist progress and demands, the West will stand fast, relying for eventual equilibrium and peaceful coexistence of East and West on seven developments.

* Co-operation between non-Communist and Communist forces in united and popular fronts has disappeared in virtually every country of the world. (The possible sole exception is China where the Communists are so strong that politicians hoping to save something from the Kuomintang crash must beg for a coalition.)

* In all democratic countries where public opinion and the ballot are free, Communist parties are unable to achieve a majority. (The victory of the Communists in China is a military one, and it is being won against a regime which is not democratic.)

* The reconstruction of Western Europe, with Marshall Plan aid, is progressing satisfactorily.

* A North Atlantic Defense Union is in the making.

* The airlift has proved effective as a countermeasure to the blockade of Berlin by the Soviets.

* The industrial and economic situation of the US is constantly improving.

"LAHORE" SCORES IN BOMBAY



As the unfortunate lovers torn apart by the blood and thunder of the Punjab holocaust, Nargis and Karan Dewan earn new laurels by their heart-wrenching performances in "LaHore". Inspired by a historic speech made by the Deputy Prime Minister, "LaHore" is one of the most significant films ever produced and tells a story as tender as any ever told since the movies began to talk. No discriminating cinegoer can afford to miss this epoch-making Jaimini Dewan production now regaling huge audiences at two theatres in Bombay.

* The economic recovery of the USSR itself and of the other countries in the Soviet bloc is far from satisfactory.

The leaders of the West who take an objective view will see that communism is advancing only where there is misery and suffering. They will realize that even the most reactionary regimes do not constitute an effective barrier against communism. They will observe that imprisonment, torture or killing of Communist opponents, aside from being abhorrent to the democratic-

mind, not only does not arrest communism but accelerates it. Few could have been more relentless in opposing communism than Chiang Kai-shek.

The observant will also note, on the other hand, that in all countries—and Western Europe is the best example—where the conditions of the people are improving, the advance of communism is arrested.

ANOTHER WAY OUT

The contest among the three great ideologies of our time—democratic capitalism and democratic socialism, both represented by the Western world, and communism, represented by the Soviet world—is above all economic and political.

The Eastern allies are employing primarily political weapons—even in China. Aside from promising bread, land, lower taxes, they cannot compete with the West in economic largesse. But so large are the areas where even one meal a day is not available Russian weapons are winning victories.

The Western allies are employing successfully such economic weapons as the Economic Co-operation Administration (Marshall Plan). They do not have, and sorely need, an over-all political democratic planning agency which would co-ordinate the various policies and avoid such disastrous surprises as the Dutch action in Indonesia. And avoid, too, prolonged backing of reactionary regimes which ultimately leads to disaster.

In both the Eastern and Western worlds, however, the shrewd observer will and must realize one paramount fact: that war would be the greatest disaster for both of them, and that the UN remains their only hope of co-operation and peace.

Courtesy: U.N. WORLD



Hindustan Chitra

PRESENTS

KISHORE SAHU-RAMOLA

ساون آيا

SAWAN-NYA-RE

सावन आया रे

written Produced & Directed by Kishore Sahu

May 1949

SHORT STORY

The WAGES OF SIN

Harish Kumar

THE rain came pounding down. The black night was interrupted by swift flashes of lightning. The surging sea waves rose higher and higher till they leaped up to meet the water from the skies. The clouds united with one another, divided again, and from one end of the horizon to the other there was no sign of life except the lighthouse's distant intermittent flash. The furious sea rushed on the sands and the roaring waves swelled in volume till the ocean seemed to expand like some vast distended balloon.

The rain was cruel. It was merciless. It was terrifying. Thousands of persons who had slept in the parks and on the pavements ran frantically for shelter. The rain seemed vindictively to pursue them; the thunder roared at them; the lightning drove terror into their hearts and into the heart of every one who was awake and abroad on that awful, dreadful night.

It was past midnight. A young man walked in the rain, his clothes all muddy where he had fallen in the slippery road. His teeth chattered in the icy wind. His name was Naresh. His hair was curled and matted by the wet. Through the rain his eyes showed big and sensuous. His somewhat full lips illuminated by some unearthly light. It was the face of a sinner who did not want to sin, a troubled, puzzled face, yet a face possessing the vigour and energy of youth, exuding the power of the black night, the strange gleam that flashes in the glance of those on

the edge of achievement or destruction. It was the look of a man drunk with overpowering experience.

Three years ago he had come to the city, filled with hope and ambition. He had wanted to be an actor, a famous actor to conquer the city with his fame. Instead, the city had conquered him! All he had got was a job as a clerk in one of the innumerable ration-

ing offices that dotted the city and he was being absorbed into the city life just as a little sand is absorbed in a tumbler full of water; yes, a little tiny pinch of sand in a tumbler of water. It does not really become absorbed in the water, but drifts to the bottom and settles there. That's what had happened to him, to all his hopes and ambitions. . . . a little sand at the bottom of a glass of water!

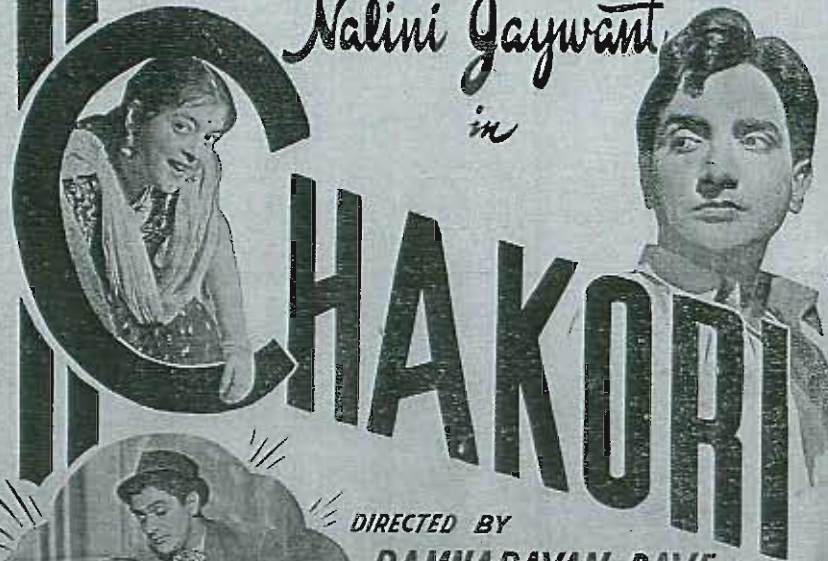


"Who said Dilip Kumar?" the petite Kamini Kaushal seems to say in this still from Indian National Pictures' new film "Arsoo," now being directed by Shaheed Latif.

RAMESH PICTURES

PRESENT

Nalini Jaywant
in



DIRECTED BY
RAMNARAYAN DAVE



SCENARIO & DIALOGUES: Mulk Raj Bhakri

PRODUCED BY: Ravindra Dave

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EAST PUNJAB - SAJ DEN KHANNA & CO., AMRITSAR

May 1949



As Naresh drew nearer, he suddenly stopped, fell back a step in horror and exclaimed: "Why, Oh God! It cannot be... cannot...!"

He had learned many things since he had come to Bombay. He had realised how hard it was to find accommodation in Bombay. Sick of being cramped, he had left his father's house to spread his wings in Bombay. Now he felt that his father's little, warm, brick house was sweeter and more comfortable than all the great places of Bombay put together. For the first ten days he had lived practically without sleep. Then he had found his way to Chowpatty and discovered a bench. The bench actually had a sort of roof to it. He slept that night on the bench. Jealously he guarded the bench for a few days, not allowing any one to come near it, till every one of the other homeless unfortunates like himself recognised that though the bench was anybody's by day,

at night it was exclusively his. That was the unwritten rule among the community of these homeless people. If you once occupied a place, it was yours. No one else would come and occupy it in your absence. In this way, they avoided daily quarrels and introduced some regularity into their haphazard, irregular lives. The rule was rigidly observed, and for these three years Naresh had enjoyed the exclusive privilege of sleeping on that bench every night. For a few days after his arrival he had to go without food. But when he got his first pay, he was happy and pleased. He sent some money to his old father without giving away his address. He had no address to give. Also, he had never, not even once, wanted to

go and see his old father in all the three years. To-day was again his pay day. He had one hundred and twenty-five rupees in his pocket. So when he sat down on his bench that evening, many strange, delightful thoughts came to him. He knew there was plenty of what people called "life" on Chowpatty sands. He could see the women with their artificially raised busts, some pointed, some round. He even noticed the seductive cleavage in short skirts walking with their men, smiling with their red painted lips, swaying their plump hips with maddening allure. He had never known a woman intimately in his life. The chances were he would never know. He knew that he could



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May 1949

never marry. He had no house to bring a wife to, no hope of ever having one. He would never again go to his father's house. Thus he was doomed to a lonely, barren life.

And before his eyes continued to pass the unending cavalcade of laughing, merry girls and women of the world, dressed in thin, gauzy clothes and glittering, shining, tempting silks. He noticed their wide, open eyes and restless looks, their powdered faces and their reddened nails decorating long, pointed fingers. He felt that he was falling from the high ideal which he had set before himself. These thoughts, now flitting like dark ghoulish bats in his brain, had come to him every day, but he had brushed them aside. To-day he could not. Burning desires charged his brain. To them was added warmth from the money in his pocket. He felt his body grow hot. Beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead.

He tried to brush aside the bats, to fight the temptation but felt the net was inexorably closing round him. The money in his pocket felt actually restless, impatient, gnawing, crying to be spent. He rose from his bench, sat down again with grim determination. But in a few minutes he rose again, and instead of sitting down he walked down the long road.

One cheek was pale and apprehensive, the other red, flushed with the excitement of impending misadventure. Blood flecked his eyes and he disappeared down the road as daylight merged in the darkness of descending night. The sky was overcast with black, dark, rolling clouds. There was neither star nor moon. But he did not notice that. He noticed nothing as he hurried along completely in the grip of his senses. He was drunk, drunk with an indescribable anticipation which terrified, yet thrilled him.

Soon he reached the place, he had passed by it every day, but always before he had kept his



A charming study of Surtiya the popular crooner. She has a featured role in Ratan Pictures' "Chai-Din" now slated for early release at three theatres in Bombay.

eyes glued to the earth as he passed. To-day he lifted them, and the lights which flickered in the upper stories. He heard snatches of crackling laughter, bursts of dim music, sensed with subconscious premonition the evil that pervaded the whole place. It was not marked or covert, but open evil, and those who participated in it had no feeling of shame or guilt. They made no excuses, offered no apologies.

It was a normal, necessary part of life with them, and they lived it with a brazen effrontery which seemed to defy inquiry.

He looked around to see if anybody was following his movements. It seemed to him that every eye was watching him. He felt that every one completely understood the purpose for which he had come there.

Perspiration once more broke out on his forehead. Then his long repressed desire swelled in him, and slowly, cautiously, like a thief, he began to climb the staircase, the staircase that led to pleasure and sin, the staircase that led to a public bed. His face trembled. His whole body shook like a leaf in a storm.

He was going down the staircase, when it began again to rain heavily. A flash of lightning revealed him hastily coming out into the street, furtive, with shame writ large over his face. He was pleased with what he had done. Yet he was angry with himself. He thought of coming again on the next night. He thought of running away from the city, for ever far, far away from that unholy place. Above all, he was confused and dazzled, unable to think clearly of anything. At last he had known a woman intimately, but not, he felt, the way his father would have liked.

And the rain washed his face and drenched his clothes, and the chilling cold froze all the warmth which he had acquired on that fateful night. Drowsily, dreamily, he made his way to his bench by the beach.

As he neared it, he noticed something unusual. Someone was lying there . . . on his bench! The rule had been broken. Someone had dared to occupy the bench that had been his for the last three years. Naresh was seized by an overwhelming savage, blind rage. Who was this man? He must be taught a lesson!

In the pitch darkness, Naresh looked down upon the bench trying to see the man who lay there sunk deep in the fathomless oblivion of sleep. His figures could not be seen in the darkness, and Naresh's own eyes half closed. A little distance away the clouds were melting out of the sky, and soon the rain stopped. Naresh had today tasted sweet wine from red, pouting lips, he had seen sweet dreams in a pair of sweet, big, sensual eyes, he had held in his arms the voluptuous

body of a woman, and he was full of strength, valour and a cruelty such as he had never known before.

He lifted the old man from the bench. It was an old man, sunk deep in sleep. Naresh took him out towards the sea. Despite the fact that the rain had stopped, a piercing wind played on his hair, which danced and swayed in the breeze, and their tufts of curls sometimes opened up as if each hair suddenly stood on end, charged with the electricity in the air.

In his sleep the old man stirred, murmuring indistinguishable words. "I . . . looking . . . for . . . someone . . . lost . . ." Naresh caught a word here and there.

Meaningless words escaped from the feeble lips. But Naresh did not bother to listen. He carried the man further away as the wind freshened. His dhoti fluttered in it like the sails of some storm ridden ship. The sand was cold as ice, even colder; and it was wet. But Naresh was not bothered. He laid the man down on the cold wet sand, even though he knew that in such weather he would be frozen to death by the morning. Then he returned to his bench and prepared to sleep.



The "Madonna" and the big "Child" pictured above are Durga Khote and Suraiya. They are teased together in Haldia-Nanda Productions' "Simlax".

He pictured to himself the room he had visited earlier. The large, dirty bed, the vulgar atmosphere, the taudry toilet table with its shabby pot of cream, its speckled mirror, the cheap raucous music.

He also tried to remember the old man he had softly laid outside on the wet sands. Between these two pictures, he was confused and maddened. He was mad with the delightful pleasure he had just experienced, mad with a sickening feeling of crime, the sin he had committed. He was pleased with himself for the way in which he had fallen in love with that woman, and he hated himself for the cruel manner in which he had treated that old man.

Suddenly, it was raining outside again. He could not sleep. He had sweet dreams alternating with horrible ones. And the earth shook with thunder, as the black clouds rolled above.

Then he took a decision. He had done an evil, two evils. He may sin again. But he would not. To-morrow, he would leave the city in the early morning. He would go back to his father. Once he made the decision, he felt greatly relieved. He slept.



Rehana, the popular danseuse does her hip-waving act again in Jagat Pictures' "Sunhere Din." She is fourth from right in this group.

When he awoke, the terrible night was over. It was a pleasant dawn, and bright coloured rays were already touching the distant horizon with gorgeous beauty. Naresh got up from his bench, arranged his hair, put on his shoes, and went for a walk. He turned to the sea shore. He had a desire to see what had become of the old man.

He found him. The old man still lay where he, Naresh, had laid him last night on the cold wet sand. His body lay there . . . an old, wrinkled body. As Naresh drew nearer, he suddenly stopped, fell back a step in horror and exclaimed: "Why, Oh God! It cannot be . . . cannot . . . cannot . . ." But it was. It was the body of his father that lay there before him, cold in the warm sun, looking with unseeing eyes straight it seemed into Naresh's poor stricken soul, with a strange look of pitying love and sympathy.



Dancelets in distress? Mumtaz Sultana and Nirupa Roy as they will be seen in Pratibha Chitra Mandir's "Uddhar".

THE sun shone mercilessly on the rugged rocks outside. Srinivasan welcomed the freshness in the hall and lay himself down under the imposing Trimurti while his friends and others roved about the Elephanta caves. He was skimming through the pages of the KALKI when he came across a number of prize letters dealing with the move to ban gods from the screen.

* * *

Srinivasan was looking around in wonderment. A lean, sprightly person seemed to be at his side, leading him on, advising him to find out for himself how the gods reacted to the absurd treatment meted out to them on the Indian screen. Srinivasan instinctively recognised him to be Narada, in-



"You are but a popular figure on the screen. You are still our stunt king....."

spite of the absence of the beard, the matted locks and the worn-out tambura.

"I would so much want to," said Srinivasan, "but how can I contact them?"

Narada smiled. "Ye mortal," he said, catching hold of his hand, "there is no red-tapism here!"

Srinivasan seemed dazed. He found himself in front of a lake full of water lilies and blooming lotuses. An affectionate fog seemed to cling to the surface. All of a sudden girlish laughter and coquettish giggles rang in his ears. The fog slowly lifted and revealed a bevy of girls concentrating on a bluish, handsome man, reclining on what looked like a huge lotus petal.

"Look out!" shouted Sriniva-

Srinivas felt non-plussed. From behind him Narada poked a finger and whispered: "Go ahead—out with your thoughts. In any case he knows already what is passing through your dirty and rotten nut!"

"All very well, my Lord!" said Srinivasan, "but so many girls—to one person, and even if you were married, the law in the first place....."

"Poor, deluded mortal! These are aspects of love centred in me and emanating from me. They are not manifestations of cheap, sordid, earthly sex instincts...!"

"But my Lord, a girl is a girl and a boy is a boy and whenever the twain shall meet.....!"

"I know all that platitude about flesh and flash," said Krishna, "and the earlier you understand that it is all *maya* the better. Through the illusory meshes of love you get

vasan. "They will tickle you to death!"

GODLESS SCREEN

"Don't fear, Seenu," replied Krishna gently, "I'm now thoroughly tickle-proof—for thousands of years they have been at it!"

"No wonder, my Lord. But if we shot this scene the censors, even though relishing it immensely themselves, would prohibit public exhibition!"

"What censors? I am the law unto myself. I preserve and protect creation."

Some girls giggled, others looked on admiringly at their lord.

to the core of love—love that transcends the few hectic heart-

beats—heart-beats that are mere eddies in the ocean of time and eternity."

"But my Lord, these eddies sometimes assume the size of eternity!"

"Right! That's why it is illusion—that is why in the presence of beautiful girls men, may even riskis, become quite content to risk what to them appears to be the somewhat nebulous joys of the far and beyond for more assured ones closer at hand."

"My Lord, I am overwhelmed. But what I must tell you is how your exuberant dalliance with charmers of the opposite sex has proved to be a boon in the hands of unscrupulous film producers. They make Radha wink and wriggle at you, yearn and sigh for you in a manner that would make a door-mat blush!"

"How does that affect me or the feet use the door-mat? A man pays for his thoughts, for thoughts beget action. Action brings reaction followed by waves of repercussions. Look for yourself, you will never meet a man from the films around here!"

"Do they then all go to.....?"

"Yes! They get what they deserve. Everyone does. We have endowed each being with the elements of good and bad. They have a crust and also softer parts—say like a loaf of bread.....!"

"That bread analogy is wonderful. That goes so appropriately with our painful experience of



by RAJENDRA SHANKER

Here is a fantasy which throws a flood of "heavenly" light on the subject of gods as depicted on the screen.

"Godless Screen," ordained in *Multras*, may well be a more godly screen.

having to butter them. Butter.."

"Yes, butter is a good thing," mused Krishna dreamily, "I used to steal balls of fresh butter from the maidens of Gokul—what fun, mirth and frolick.....!"

"But what I refer to is grim reality. You need butter to get at anything."

"But why butter?"

"Because it is the symbol of flattery, if your loaf stands for a human being! Your need it to win a smile, to get a job. Cajolery, sycophancy, a lot of them, cart-loads of them to be able to get the chances of advancement, to wed, to....." continued Srinivasan exasperated at Krishna's broadening smile, "to be able to exist at all!"

"Money! Job! Position! You deluded mortal!" sneered the Lord.

Srinivasan saw red. "How will you know," he shouted, "of our miseries and sufferings when surrounded by these youthful girls you lead a life of dissipation...!"

"Stop!" said the Lord, a menacing glint appearing in his eyes. Srinivasan got cowed at the thought of the 'sudarshan chakram,' but the earth began to breathe as Krishna restrained himself and smiled. Narada gave up rubbing his nails in disappointment.

"You forget, Seenu," said Lord Krishna, "that I have been a diplomat and a warrior. I have been faithful to my dear friends, and have preached philosophy to the yearning and enquiring souls. I have filled to overflowing with love the hearts of my devotees. But, tell me, where you picked up this absurd notion of dissipation?"

KHATRI CHITRA
PRESENTS



★
Jeevan Sathi

Written & Directed by:
M. D. BAIG

Produced by:
N. A. KHATRI

Music:
S. MOHINDER

Dialogues & Songs:
HAMID KUMAR

Production Secretary:
K. YESHWANT

For particulars:
KHATRI CHITRA

★ **SULOCHANA CHATTERJEE**
★ **HAMID ★ JEEVAN ★ SUDHA RAO**
★ **BRORI PRASAD ★ PRITMA MALHOTRA**
★ **S. HAZIR ★ SHANTA PATEL ★ IQBAL**
K. YESHWANT
&
MUMTAZ ALI



May 1949

"From the films, my Lord, and the non-Vaishnavites! But..."
"Go ahead."

"How can we be warriors today when a treacherous bomb or a distant shell or an atomic disintegration would lick us into pulp? How can we be faithful to friends when they are the first sometimes to betray our trust, steal our jobs, slander us at our back, rob us of our honour and in our absence even attempt to make love to our wives—don't smile my Lord, I know although I may not be married. And then how can we love when hunger makes selfish beasts out of us, when inspite of qualifications we can't get a job...?"

"It is all illusion. As in love so in power, man does not become mighty or great if he can merely crush you to bones. Look at Hanuman whose strength is dedicated to righteousness. He lives and will ever live wreathed in honour. Think of Ravana whose brute strength was directed to lust and tyranny. He lives and his name will ever live but covered with dishonour and ignominy!"

Narad tickled Srinivasan from behind and whispered: "He is turning you around his little finger—stick to the point."

"My Lord," called out Srinivas as he saw a thin mist sailing in. "What is your reaction to the banning of themes featuring your colourful life?"

"The gods were banned in Russia—millions suffered but not the gods. You profess to go in for democracy in a secular state, and if the millions of you common deluded fools cannot rise higher, we gods have ever been democratic enough not to mind a wee bit being dragged to your level!"

"He is a great god," said Narad as the fog blotted out the scene.

"It is true he has 16,108 wives?"

Narad gave a quick glance. "Are you referring," he muttered between his teeth, "to one of those

false stories current about my trying to meet one of the girls but finding Krishna present everywhere?"

"And Krishna snubbing you so much that for some time..."

"Such stories only merit my displeasure. Frustrated as I have been, they make me more spiteful. What you mortals talk of as my fissiparous tendency is really the outcome of a deep rooted sense of futility..."

"Even a quack modern psychiatrist could tell you that. Where are we?"

Narad approached a pot-bellied figure reclining on a devan.

"Kuber!" said he, "Why are you inactive?"

"I have nothing better to do. I am even seriously thinking of

submitting my resignation one of these days."

"What on earth, I mean, in heaven, for?"

"What else can I do? Since the beginning of the Kaliyuga I have not even been asked to present a budget! There is complete stagnation, income has fallen, no new projects have been undertaken, the foreign legation has been withdrawn, transportation for lapses have been overlooked and prospects for sending a new avatar seem very slender indeed."

"Look here," said Narad, "I never interfere in other people's affairs! Here's a young man from down under—just tell him from your books how much you collect from films."

Kuber flushed angry. "Income from films! Bah! A few rotten



How come so cute a star looks so sad? Wait till United Technicians "Jan Panchan," starring Nargis, hits the screen for the answer.

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● OM PRAKASH

Story & Dialogues
AZM BAZIDPURI

Songs: **SHAKIL BADAYUNI**

Music: **SHYAM SUNDER**

Art: **A. A. MAJID**

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AUDIOGRAPHY
S. B. THAKAR

DANCES
KRISHNA KUMAR

A Liberty Pictures' Release

May 1949

coconuts broken on the mihurat day and not even pure ghee used for oblation, and you want me to give figures!"

Srinivasan was interested. "Sir," he chimed in, "then why permit them to murder the wonderful themes from the Ramayana, Mahabharata..."

"Why indeed! Even the professional thieves, robbers, the black-marketeers, the cut-throat merchants etc., send in more in spite of the bungling by priests, while the film makers earning millions through parodies of high ranking personalities of our kingdom go unpunished..."

"But I understand," said Srinivasan, "that these purloiners of facts and spreaders of poison are sent to hell."

"Much they care" interposed Narada. "What difference would they notice between how they live and where they are assigned to!"

"Narad, I believe we must break up this complacent, negative regime. We want a change, a revolution, some agitation, perhaps some chaos to give our gods a shake down. Couldn't this fellow help? Well, my good man, are you by chance a Communist?"

"Sir, I belong to the over-ruled majority of the unemployed. But I am prepared to owe allegiance to any party that would ensure food, clothing and comfort..."

"Shame, Kuber! Where would you be if the communists came—they would straightway attack your treasury!"

Srinivasan at his juncture saw Hanuman going his rounds.

"Oh, great lord!" he accosted. "May I have a word with you?"

"Speak sir! I am no lord. I am his humble servant."

"You are our popular figure of the screen. You are still our stunt king!"



Nalini Jaywant looks a picture of innocence in this still from Ramesh Pictures' rural romance "Chakori." The film is being produced and directed by the famous Dave brothers.

"I know I have many affectionate friends there..."

"And cine fans, in spite of the producers failing to yoke you under romantic situations—I mean tender romance on your part..."

"Romance?" muttered bewildered Hanuman. "What is that?"

"Romance" said Narad. "Is making or attempting or thinking of attempting to make love to a

girl or," he mischievously added, "perhaps a big she monkey!"

"Rama! Rama!" muttered Hanuman, closing his ears. "Don't you know that I am a Bal-brahmachari, that I have remained strictly continent..."

"Continent?" remarked Srinivasan.

"Quite" laughed Narad. "Hanuman doesn't know what romance is, and you on earth do not know

SOUND



The mysterious 'Larki' of Shorey Pictures 'Ek thi Larki' is ravishing Meena, star of many a hit. The film is now on the sats in Bombay.

what continence stands for!"

Srinivasan found himself standing where he had originally met Narad.

"By the way," said Srinivasan, "I forgot to ask your reaction about our film."

"You did well. The swines!"

They put a girl or an effeminate fellow to impersonate me. They sing their own concoction to pass off as my compositions. I could perhaps relent a little if the gramophone companies sent some royalties..."

A loud squeak made him stop. Srinivasan looked at him enquiringly.

"That is our big boy Ganesh, still riding his rat!"

"Oh Lord!"

"Well, there are rats and rats. Besides, Ganesh is a great soul. So is Kartikeyya or Murugan if you so prefer."

"I wasn't thinking of them, but their illustrious parent. Couldn't I see Shiva?"

"Not without Parvati's permission!"

"What!"

"Yes. She has been very active, forming lady's club, talking of equal rights and organising excursions—Here we are. Namaste Bhabhiji!"

"Hallo, good Narad! Up to any fresh mischief!"

"Unfortunately not, specially after you caught me in the cupboard at the Ladies Club! Here is Srinivasan wishing to see the Lord."

"Quite impossible! He is in a bad mood and I have locked him up."

"Devil!" said Srinivasan, "the ladies on earth are proud of you!"

"Are they? Well come and see the Lord, but be discreet."

She opened the door. Narad left. Srinivasan preferred to stand outside remembering Shiva's third eye of destruction. From the dark interior came a sonorous voice: "Umal Come, I am lonely. I knew you would not let me languish here..."

"Shoo! At your age! Listen. Srinivasan here has come from earth to talk to you."

"My Lord, you are a great god!"

"Greatest!" thundered Shiva.

Srinivasan, trembling: Yes my Lord. But have you any idea how they caricature you on earth?

Shiva: What!

Srinivasan: Yes my Lord. They give you imitation tiger skin.

Shiva: I won't have it.

Srinivasan: You won't have what?

Shiva: Imitation skin. I will kill a fresh tiger.

Srinivasan: My Lord, I am not sure, but the Sunderbans might be in Pakistan. Why not content yourself with a lion from Junagarh?

Shiva: Phoo! They don't have stripes.

Srinivasan: Some could be borrowed from America, with a few stars thrown in—provided you have some dollar reserve.

Shiva: What is a dollar?

Srinivasan: My Lord, the only thing that counts.

Shiva: Who counts?

Srinivasan: Every one who counts.

Shiva: Counts what?

"Dollars", said Srinivasan, exhausted. Parvati came to his rescue.

"You should know," she spoke sternly. "Didn't you order those sky-scrapers for Kailash?"

"That was to divert you," said Shiva, "from unwomanly activities!"

"And huge big cruisers, tanks and bombers?"

"They were for Subramanian to play with."

"And the special thousand horsepower de luxe station wagon?"

"You know I meant it for Ganesh. But where does the dollar come in?"

"That is just it. You should have paid in dollars but no! You had to get excited and show off and reveal the secret of the radar and the atomic energy, and if I had not stopped you from further commitments in time, you would have hartered away even the cosmic energy for probably a few nylon stockings, fancy step-ins,



One of the most sought after stars on the screen today is radiant Madhubala star of Asit Sen's new film 'Sipahiyon'. She evidently goes medieval in this film now progressing late on the sets in Bombay.

Mashtakhan seems to have cast a spell on his charming pupil in this scene from Producer J. N. Sharmas' 'Dil Ki Duniya'. This doyen of the Indian screen recently won the IFJA award for acting.



glass fabrics, nail polish and, perhaps, a pair of plastic slippers for me!"

"I wouldn't mind seeing you in them."

"And I suppose you would want to walk with me along the Elysian causeway?"

"I would love to, along the busiest boulevards!"

"Shame on you!" said Parvati. "Fancy walking by my side without drawers, with your wriggling snakes and plebeian manners. And after all the spirit I have instilled into the girls to mobilise again the bearded tyranny of the males! No thank you!"

At this moment Srinivasa, finding matters getting rather personal, coughed discreetly.

Parvati: You forgot....

Shiva: I never forget!

Parvati: Yes you did.

Shiva: What did I do?

Parvati: You forgot—no, don't interrupt—this mortal is awaiting.

Shiva: Did I? Then send him away. Two in company, three is.....

Parvati: Hush! He was talking about films.

Srinivasa: Sir, on earth you are a great favourite.

Shiva: You don't say so! On Shivaratri night perhaps....

Sri: Always, my Lord. But I am getting lost.

Shiva: That is because you were never found.

Parvati: He means, confused.

Shiva: When was he clear?

Sri: Lord, they say you drink a lot.

Parvati looked troubled. "What if I do?" said Shiva. "I drink like a fish, without getting drunk. I feast like a glutton without getting indigestion. I destroy wholesale without getting blood-thirsty!"

Sri: My Lord, they depict you as Nataraj.

Shiva: Quite right. I have still lost nothing of my charm and vigour.

Sri: But the Shiva in the films kicks about disgracefully in the name of Tandava Nritya.



Portrait of a Showman—Extraordinary! Producer N. A. Khatri whose "Jeevan Sathi" has already created a stir in distribution circles.

Shiva: How does it concern me? That should offend Tandua.

Sri: Lord! In Natanam Adinar, a girl kicks up her foot and takes the nataraj pose, her sari coming in the way....

Shiva: What!

Sri: Yes, my Lord. And Uday Shankar....

Shiva: Who is this fellow? Why is he named after me?

Sri: One of your admirers and imitators. Then there is another imitator, Ramgopal....

Shiva: How dare he ape my dances, when he is arrogant enough to allow himself to be named after the other two blokes....

Sri: Sure, in films, on the stage, in streets, they caricature you—the censors make codes, the producers make pictures and the public make payments to relish all this banal travesty of truth.

A thunder broke out. Srinivasa quailed. Parvati franti-

cally tried to send him away.

Shiva: I won't have all this tomfoolery.

Parvati: Calm down by Lord. Shiva: Calm down? I should say not! Where is my Trisool?

Par: But, my Lord, whom will you destroy? The censors, the producers or the audience?

Sri: Yes Lord, who is to blame?

Shiva: All—I will destroy all of them—each blessed doggone skunk of them.

Par: Please my Lord—for my sake—I can't.

Shiva: You can't what?

Par: I can't bear the strain.

Shiva: I destroy—you don't have to strain.

Par: If you destroy, no creation will survive.

Shiva: What do I care!

Par: But I do. The gods will come cringing and begin to pray so that creation might continue. Kama Deva is already invisible and immune, and with all the innumerable aphrodisiacs and charms advertised, I shudder to think of what will happen....

Shiva: What will happen?

Par: Well, I will have to bear the burden of creation and I might just as well tell you now as later that I am tired of it—fed up! I refuse. All the emancipated women will join me in fighting against it!

Shiva: Ha! You think so? What about Ganga? There will always remain a weak link in every chain!

Ums, red in the face, rushed out, banged the door and locked it. Srinivasa was frightened. "Devil!" said he, frightened, "please send me back home. Suppose he opens the third eye?"

"Nuts! I have long ago clogged it with putty and sealed it over with adhesive plaster!"

The place began to rock. Shouts broke through the locked door. "Catch him"—"Kill him"—"Destroy him".... Srinivasa ran for life. Footsteps were on him. Iron claws seemed to be tearing the rocks behind him.

faces Without Names

REEL FOUR

(IN WHICH THE HERO, ABANDONING THE HEROINE, RUNS AFTER A GOLDEN BUTTERFLY)

KUNDAN could overhear Seth Sahib interrogating Nirmal.

"Well, what is the name of your story, Munshiji?"

"Look here, I am not a Munshi....."

"Don't worry, don't worry. All the big Munshis have worked for me—Munshi Khanjar, Munshi Mastana, Munshi Premi, Munshi Dil. Yes, what's the name of your story?"

"Surkh Savera."

"Surkh Basera?"

"No, Surkh Savera! It means the Red Dawn—the dawn of freedom and revolution."

Seth Sahib did not seem to catch that. "No, no, Surkh Basera won't do. Red Dawn—it sounds like Red Signal. They might think we have made a stunt picture."

"Seth Sahib, this is a different kind of red signal—this is the redness of blood—the blood of the workers and peasants. Bloody dawn!"

"Look here, Munshiji....."

"I have told you I am not a Munshi....."

"It's all right, it's all right. Have you seen Shantaram's *Apna Desh*? New hero, new heroine. Neither Dillip nor Nargis. No comic, no punches, songs to-fo. But doing good business. And every one is talking of Shantaram. Our Director Basu says public likes such

pictures because Seths are abused left and right. So we also want to make such pictures. I hear you also abuse the Seths—all right give us a story like that. You can abuse the Seths as much as you like, I don't mind. But I must have ten songs and the picture must be "Silver Jubilee hit."

The story-writer ventured to put in a few words. "I am afraid I won't be able to guarantee that. *Apna Desh* is a good film but there are some serious psychological flaws in its character development. Anyway, I don't want to copy any one...."

"Hoga, hoga," Seth Sahib interrupted him. "You write your own story. I hear you are a Socialist writer and abuse Seths like me in your books....."

"I don't abuse any one, Seth Sahib, I only expose the reality of the Social conflicts....."

"And, mind you, I want simple dialogue which can be understood all the way from Madras to Kashmir."

"Better hear the story first, then talk of dialogue."

Seth Sahib looked at the watch and got up. "Look, I have no time today. Have to go to Share Bazar. Will hear it some other day. Just now you read it out to our Director Basu. Change it as he wants and then I will hear it." Then, muttering "*Baba, baba*, Sit down, sit down," he walked out.

Kundan, who was waiting for this moment, rushed to greet the Seth.

"Seth Sahib, namaste."

"Namaste, namaste, what's it?"

"You called me, sir, last night on the set. You said 'meet me in the morning.'"

"Achha, achha! You are that light coolie. Good boy, good boy...."

Kundan's heart beat faster with the excitement of joyous anticipation.

"That light coolie job is not good. I will give you some better work."



by K. A. ABBAS

Kundan felt as if at last his dreams were coming true but the next moment he was floundering in the deepest pit of disappointment.

"You work here, from today, as my personal peon."

And then, as the car was about to drive away, "Look here, go and tell Director Basu that writer Nirmal whom we had called is here. Let him hear his story."

From light coolie to peon—that was the wonderful promotion he had got! Still, on the way to Basu's room, he consoled himself that as Seth Sahib's personal peon, he would have greater opportunities of remaining before the eyes of the various directors. Who knows some day one of them might give him a really good role!

Director Basu, his bulky frame spread over an easy-chair, was studying an American film magazine. He was regarded as the most educated person in the whole studio. He was a student of intermediate when ten years ago he had run away from home and joined a film studio in Calcutta as an unpaid Fourth Assistant Director. He saw American and British films regularly and, during the show, always kept pencil and paper handy to jot down "useful" points for future use in his own films. He always carried a book by Tagore or Sarat Chatterji to proclaim his literary taste and affected long hair, silk *kurta* and thick horn-rimmed glasses to impress the world with his "genius."

Kundan gave Seth Sahib's message to Director Basu and then walked up to the restaurant to have a cup of tea. Just in front of it there was a cement platform, built round the *imlee* tree, which served as a 'waiting room' for the extra girls. Normally Kundan walked past it without looking back. He had heard that these extra girls were very 'bad', that they sold their bodies for a chance in films, and that many of them suffered from venereal

diseases. Moreover he was aspiring to be a hero and winning the love of a star like Naazneen or Shaktantala. He certainly did not want to spoil his reputation by running after extra girls—like an Assistant Director or an Assistant Cameraman!

The restaurant was crowded and there was not a single vacant chair and, of course, no one would vacate one for a former light coolie, now promoted to the high office of a peon! Kundan came out to wait for his chance. As usual, a bunch of extra girls could be seen sitting under the tree but he turned his back to them, pretending to be greatly interested in the pigeons creating a feathered racket, on the sloping tin roof of Seth sahib's office. And yet he had an urge to cast a side-long glance at the girls, wondering if there was a pretty face among them. He could distinctly hear their talk and was tantalized by it.

Two of them were talking.

"So you couldn't get a chance in Bombay Talkies or Prakash?" It was a gay and crude voice.

"No. They have asked me to try again next week." This one was soft and sad.

"I am surprised that you still did not get a chance."

"What can be done when there was no scene in which I could be used?"

"I don't know, but a girl who has anything to do with Dada Ganja can always land a job—generally a good job! He manages it somehow."

"I have nothing to do with him." The words were uttered not with brazen defiance but shyly, hesitantly, almost stutteringly.

The gay and crude one laughed. "You are new, *behen*. That's why you still talk like that."

Then there was silence for a couple of seconds.

"How long shall we have to wait here?"

"Who knows? Sometimes we have to sit from morning till evening and neither the director nor the production manager gets time to select the extra girls."

"I am feeling hungry. I had only a cup of tea in the morning."

"Same here. But I am not sure if I have enough money. Here even one toast costs two annas."

The sound of purses being clicked open. The jingle of coins, not too many coins.

"Ten annas. I must keep four annas for bus fare. What can one eat for six annas?" And this time, Kundan felt, the gay and crude voice was not so gay.

"I have all told only six annas and must keep two for the tram to go back home."

"Doesn't matter. Let's both order one omelette." And then, an exclamation was shot at Kundan: "Eh, Mister!"

Now he had to look back. The one with the gay and crude voice who had called him proved to be quite smart and chic, though the eyes were a bit small and beady, and in her coiffure, the slant of her neck and her body-clinging sari there seemed to be a conscious effort to look like Shanta Rin. The other girl was the same whom Nirmal had seen in Dada Ganja's car that morning. Seen as it were, in "close-up," she looked even more attractive, though she had neither make-up nor any jewels to adorn her, and was dressed in a home-washed cotton sari.

Kundan remembered what he had heard, that extra girls employed all sorts of tricks to "trap" people.

"*Kiyon kiya hai?* What's it?" he asked acidly.

The imitation Shanta Rin pouted, "Why do you scold us, *sarkar*. We only want to know how much does an omelette cost in this restaurant?"

"I am not a waiter," he retorted, looking at the crease of

his white drill trousers, and then started out. "An omelette costs twelve annas" in such an awkward and confused manner, which brought a smile even on the face of the sad beauty.

Kundan turned his face away. The two girls resumed their discussion on the omelette theme. They decided to order only one for, both of them and gave an order accordingly to a *chhokra* from the restaurant.

"*Kiyon, behen*," the gay one asked the other girl, "what is your name?"

"Indira. And what is yours?"

"My parents called me Kumnro, but now I am known as Kavita Kumari."

"Indira!" mused Kundan. "The name sounds quite respectable. Might be worth while to cultivate her acquaintance, but then studio people would think I am carrying on with an extra girl..."

His thoughts were violently disturbed by the shrill ringing of the telephone bell. He ran to the verandah. This must be the call for Naazneen that she was expecting.

But his surmise was incorrect. It was from the costumier, Maganlal Dresswala, to say that the skirts for the ten girls in the dance scene were ready but the *cholis* could not be got ready without the vital measurements of the girls.

Kundan conveyed the message to the Production Manager who was sorting out faces from a bunch of photographs, as if dealing a hand from a pack of cards. "How can I send the girls for their measurements when they have not been selected?" he grumbled. "You can't get a decent face these days. And for a dance scene a girl must have a figure, too. Every one who comes here looks like a bloated baloon or a dried-up mango. Tell them to make the *cholis* of assorted sizes—but on the large side. If they don't fit, we will fix them up somehow—if necessary with cotton padding."

While going out, Kundan



"You work here from to-day as my personal peon....."

dropped a hint to the Production Manager. "If you want good faces, there are two right here outside your office."

He had just replaced the receiver after ringing up Maganlal Dresswala when the bell rang again.

"Great Art Pictures. Whom do you want, please?"

A male voice answered, "I am Kamla, Miss Naazneen's friend. Tell her that I will be expecting her for tea at the Taj. She must come straight after the shooting."

"Rehearsal!" roared the mighty

"All right. I will tell her."

"Wait a minute. Give her this message when she is alone—not while her mother or granny is about. Understand? *Shubash*."

Before he would ask this male-voice Kamla the reason for all this air of secrecy for a simple tea party, the phone was rung off. Brooding over the mysteries of life, Kundan walked up to the 'set' of Director Handa's *Tirth*.

"Rehearsal!" roared the mighty

Handa with his nearly two hundred pounds of weight.

It was to be a close-up. Surrounded by a cluster of lights and looking into the 'eyes' of the camera, Naazneen was saying, "I will sacrifice everything, every thing for you, my love."

Naazneen's grandmother Chunia Bai, munching her seventeenth *paan* of the day, was telling the dialogue-writer, Munsbi Bedil, (who was a tailor before he took to dialogue-writing for films) that his dialogues were simply wonderful. "Wah, Wah, Kiya baat hai, wah, wah!"

"O.K. for Sound."

"Make-up."

Naazneen was having her make-up overhauled when Kundan approached her. Seeing him, she told the make-up man, "Run along to the dressingroom and bring my bag"—though she knew the bag was right there in the studio, lying on the chair beside her mother. As the make-up man disappeared from the set, she turned to Kundan. "Was there a phone call?"

"Yes, only a minute ago. Your friend Kamla has invited you to be at the Taj at six p.m. She said you must not forget the appointment."

"Six p.m.," Naazneen murmured, as if calculating something in her mind or, may be, taking a vital decision. Then she dismissed Kundan with a smile and "Shubash! You can go now. But don't mention it to any body."

Kundan would have liked to gallantly reply that he would guard her secret with his life but, meanwhile, the make-up man returned and Kundan beat a hasty retreat.

He peeped into Seth Sahib's room and found that Nirmal was reading out his story and director Basu was punctuating the narration by nods of the head and exclamations like "Yes...hoon... Not bad... Go on... That's good... Ah!... Oh...". uttered in a patronising and condescending tone.

Nirmal was reading out a dramatic scene:

"Kalwa is poor, he is starving, but he does not beg, he does not steal. He only demands his rights. Collecting the workers, he addresses them. 'Brothers and comrades!' he says, 'by our sweat and our blood...'"

Just then the phone bell rang and he rushed to attend to it. It was the same Kamla, the male-voiced 'girl friend' of Miss Naazneen. "Well, did you give the message to Miss Naazneen?"

Kundan assured the party at the other end that he had duly and personally delivered the message. "I hope you didn't talk to her in someone else's hearing!" he was asked. Why was this male 'girl friend' making such a mystery of a simple invitation to tea? But it was not his business to worry about it and so he said, "Oh, don't you worry, I am not such a fool as to blurt it before every one." He was astounded by the reply of the male 'girl friend': "Jiya, meri jaan." Then the phone was rung off.

A familiar, soft voice could be heard from the Production Manager's office. When Kundan peeped in, he saw that it was the same innocent-looking, sad-eyed Indira. She was saying, "You can decide for yourself. I am willing to work. But I am quite new and have no experience. In fact I don't know dancing at all."

And the Production Manager was saying, "What are you saying, Miss Indira? You are too modest, that's what you are. I tell you, you can be a heroine in no time. Who knows in the very next picture you may get a chance. Only... And he gave a significant pause and a meaningful look in her direction. "Only it will need a little bit of extra special effort on your part."

She did not seem to have grasped the meaning of the phrase "extra special effort," for she naively replied, "I am willing to work very hard. I can rehearse a scene ten times if you want. As for dialogues, I can memorize them in no time."

In a tired and disappointed voice the Production Manager said, 'All

right, then you go today and meet me tomorrow." And, as she was about to leave "You are still very inexperienced."

When she came out, she almost collided with Kundan. Probably remembering his embarrassment on the omelette issue, she could not help smiling.

At last he summoned enough courage to speak. "Did you sign a contract?"

"No, there has been no talk about a contract so far, but Production Manager Sahib had given many hopes. He says in the next picture I might get the heroine's role." For the first time he saw a glimmer of hope in those sad eyes, and he felt like squashing all her flimsy hopes by telling her that was exactly what the Production Manager told at least one extra girl per day. But all he said was, "I wish you all the luck."

The studio bell rang. The 'shooting' was over. Now Naazneen would be coming out, may be she would talk to him. Kundan left Indira the extra girl and ran towards the studio hoping to be favoured with a smile of Naazneen. The star's mother and grandmother had cornered Director Handa and abusing the Publicity Manager up to the seventh generation. Naazneen was about to enter her dressing room when Kundan caught up with her.

"Is there anything else you want me to do for you?" he asked. He was prepared to do any thing for her—whether it was to snatch a handful of stars from the sky, or to wipe the dust from her shoes!

"You are a very sensible *chakra*," said Naazneen and the next moment Kundan's vanity was shattered with a bang—or, rather, with the silvery tinkle of the rupee that she flung at him, as a bone is thrown to a dog.

Having thus rewarded a "useful" coelie, she strode in. And Kundan was left speechless, staring at the coin on which the face of the king seemed to be mocking him. (Next month: The heroine invites the hero to her home.)



COMELY NIGAR SULTANA AS SHE WILL BE SEEN IN JAGAT PICTURE'S MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA 'SUNHERE DIN'

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HALDIA NANDA PRODUCTIONS

PRESENT

SURAIYA • MADHUBALA • JAIRAJ

K.N.SINGH • MADANPURI • RANDHIR

and DURGA KHOTE

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Directed by
V. SHANTARAM

featuring
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 UMESH SHARMA
 MANMOHAN**

**K. DATE
 SUDHA APTE
 VINA DEVI**

**RUNNING TO CAPACITY HOUSES
 AT WEST-END CINEMA**

THE TRIO IS OUT FOR FUN!

• NARGIS
 • REHMAN &
 • JAIRAJ

in **VARUNA FILMS'**



ROOMAL

YEARS DANCING and MUSICAL PHOTOPLAY

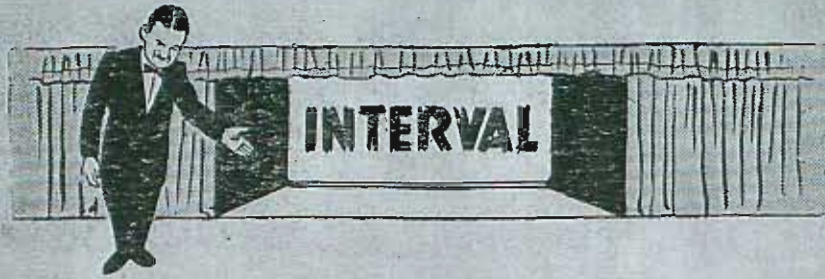
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With
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 BADRIPRASAD • MAJNU
 RAMESH THAKUR • ZILLO
 URVASHI and JANKI DASS**

Songs
**MULKHRAJ BHAKRI
 NAZIM PANIPATI
 and RUPBANI**

Music
**HANSRAJ BANER
 and AZIZ KHAN
 Dialogues: MULKHRAJ BHAKRI**

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Mehtaji: "A gentleman to see you 'on urgent business, Sethji."

Producer: "Does he look prosperous?"

Mehtaji: "No, Sethji he doesn't."

Producer: "In that case, the urgency is his. Let him wait."

Music Director: "Is there a refrain to that song you were singing?"

Crooner: "Yes."

Music Director: "Then I should like very much to hear you refrain."

"Did anybody drop a roll of notes with a rubber band around them?" asked an old extra in the studio.

"Yes, I did," said several voices.

"Well, I just picked up the rubber band," said the old extra calmly.

Intimation on a trade show invitation:

"Please present this ticket in person, as we should be very sorry to have to refuse permission to any other person than yourself."

A jaded novelist went to see a film-version of his latest novel and it gave him a splendid plot for a new one.

OVERHEARD IN THE MAKE-UP ROOM

"Do you know, my dear, she's simply dying of loneliness."

"I see—wants to be buried in some man's arms."

THOSE HUSBANDS!

"Hardworking little wife you got there, Sethji."

"My word, yes. I only wish I had a couple more like her."



ROMANCE—THE SARDARJI WAY!



EVENT OF THE MONTH: Gala muburat ceremony of khaddar-clad lyricist Nakshab's maiden production venture "Bahana". Sound hope: "Bahana" will provide a Bahana for the very best from Naqshab.

BACK with a bang, tantalizing twosome Para and Protima. Excuse for hitting the headlines this time: new film "Pagle". Sound comment: "Pagle—who is?"

SUDDEN: Fascination by hit-hungry producers for Abbas auto-graph on the dotted lines. Three stories sold already—Kuldip's "Andheri Raat", Punjab Art's "Rishta" and R. K. Films' "Awara"—others in the going! going! gone! stage. Chief collaborator in all this prolific literary activity: Vasant P. Sathe, ace publicist.

COME-BACK: Staged via the stage: pint size charmer Sneh-prabha Pradhan. Desdemona of Marathi version of Othello. Sound comment: "How about a ditto performance on the screen?"

SENSATION of the month: Dilip Kumar and Karini Kaushal—popular lovebirds (on the screen) doing the cooing and wooing for their own benefit in independent production to start soon. Comment wagging tongues! "Ain't that ominous?" Adds Sound: "And thereby hangs a tale."

NEO-REALISM: On the screen: Papa Prithviraj and son Raj Kapoor appearing in R. K. Films' "Awara" as father and son! Sound hope: The senior-junior conflict will provide something for the critics to rave over.

SWITZERLAND - BOUND: Filmistan's nattily-dressed boss ex-Rai Bahadur now plain Mister Chuni Lal, for reasons of health and not failure of "my" "Sawariya" and "Nadiya Ke Par." Hopes Sound: Better health and better pictures.

ENGAGEMENT: Announced, of petite-svelte-figured, Arora-discovered Maharastrian starlet Shashikala with non-filmic Punjabi Om Prakash—wishes Sound: Early marriage and all the happiness in the world.

EXCITED: Like a child going on first train trip—was pocket-sized crooner Bakpolesh-proclaimed "chocolate charmer" Suraiya when

she left with bag, baggage and family in specially 'chartered' 'saloon' for Ajmer after ten years of family-imposed interment in Bombay. Ostensible reason: Holiday, and to pray at holy shrine of Khwaja Ajmeri. Sound asks: Praying for what? All this—and husband, too?

RETURNED: from Monte Carlo and other casinos on the "the coast of pleasure"—dapper, sophisticated card-addict Begura Parabrother and "Chhama" hero Mazhar Haq alias Arif. Cause return: Zeb Qureshi (now Zeb Haq). Advises Sound: A wife in India is better than any number of casino girls in Monte Carlo.



A group photo taken on the occasion of the muburat ceremony at Filmistan's "Bahana". Reading from left to right: Music-director Karshid Anwar, M. Nazir of "Sound", Syed Shabbir, Maja Bahraj, Director M. Sadiq, Lyricist Naqshab, Director J. K. Nanda and Director Vajiraj Mirza.

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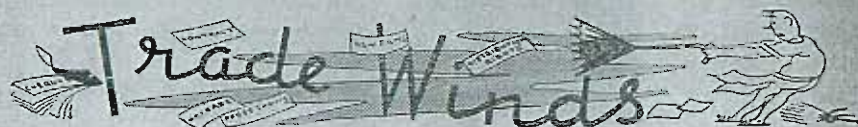
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Directed by
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Lyrics by
PRADEEP & PREMI
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DISAPPOINTING SPEECH — PROPAGANDA FOR PLEBISCITE BY VIPI COLOUR FILM IS COMING — 'BLACK MONEY' FOR STARS — THIS AWARD BUSINESS

DISAPPOINTING SPEECH!

Under the auspices of the Motion Picture Society, Mr. K.M. Modi delivered—rather he read out—a speech giving his impressions of his recent visit to England and U.S.A. Barely thirty people thought it worthwhile to listen to Mr. Modi's address, which turned out to be just another rignarole against the National Government without throwing any light on the working of the film industries of Britain or America. In fact, whatever information Mr. Modi attempted to give in the course of his speech was already known to students of the motion picture industry: even his statistics were outdated in comparison with the latest figures regularly available at the U.S.I.S. Centre in Bombay where they are nothing if not up to date on all matters connected with their country. For instance, while Mr. Modi stated that there are 16,880 theatres in U.S.A. the latest official figure supplied by U.S.I.S. puts the number at 19,107!

Apart from these errors of detail, annoying in themselves, there was much grievous omission in Mr. Modi's discourse. He neglected, for instance, to indicate where the Indian film industry can benefit by emulating Hollywood or Britain. He did not even mention the terms on which film producers there obtain finance, nor did he so much as refer to the systems of distribution and exhibition, the basis on which stars are engaged, or attempt any comparison with conditions in India, for the benefit and improvement of our industry and those connected with it. In

short, Mr. Modi offered no concrete or constructive suggestion to the Indian industry in his speech; he did not even indicate what changes he proposed to make in his own institution in the light of the impressions he has brought back from abroad.

Instead, he showed great concern about the attitude of different Governments towards the motion picture industry, and blamed the Government of India for all the defects of the industry. In this

connection, *Trade Winds* wishes that Mr. Modi had tried to analyse the influence of the foreign film industries on their respective Governments. He could even have analysed the influence other industries wield on our own Government, and then he would have realised, perhaps, why our film industry is not getting the recognition that is due to it. With due respect to our Modis, Chuni Lall and Shantarams, we can say that unless the Indian film industry can



This is Annu Hari a starlet with plenty of that rare stuff—real sex appeal. This is how she will be seen in Ratan Pictures' "Chac Dha"



One of the many talented stars featured in Great Orient Pictures' snobbling film "Azadi ke Band" is this heroine featured above. The film is being produced by S. C. Shah, the noted Bengali film producer.

find a man of the status and courage of Eric Johnston, President of M.P.B.A. to set its house in order and represent its case before the Government, it cannot hope to attain the recognition and the privileges which it seeks. Produce a Johnston or a Rankin. If we cannot do that, at least we must organise the industry on a sound financial basis. Then and only then will it be in a position to influence the Government and its policy, to the same extent at least as our other key industries do. Such pointless tirades against the Government as Mr. Modi let forth the other day are not likely to help the industry, as long as the present spirit of adventure and gambling persists. The sooner this is realised the better for the future of the industry.

COLOUR FILM IS COMING!

The chances of Indian film

produced in colour are brighter than ever. Though it seems that India will not be able to make pictures in Technicolor for some time, the various other colour processes which originated in Germany, will soon be available. Seksarials, we understand, are importing the Dufay Colour process. The Gevaert Process is already available. The Bombay Film Laboratory and Shree Sound Studios are trying to get the agency and patents of other European colour processes. And if the Kodak experiments succeed, soon we will have 35m.m. films in Kodachrome colour.

In a recent press interview Mr. Chundlal also indicated that there is a prospect of Filmistan securing the agency for another colour process. Thus, after twenty years of sound films, "Colour" is about to bring a major change in the Indian film industry. True, during thirties attempts were made to

produce pictures in colour; "Sairandhi" and "Kisan Kanya" are two examples which many will remember. But then the process was not so perfect or so simple, and Indian film technique itself was more primitive. To-day, no sooner colour film laboratories are set up in India, then Indian producers will rush to make colour pictures. They may not be as good as Technicolor, but certainly they will be pleasing and colourful like the Russian film "The Stone Flower."

Hence *Trade Winds* has no hesitation in predicting that the advent of colour will be the next landmark in the history of Indian films, and that it will usher in another era of costume, historical and mythological pictures, increasing thereby the box-office popularity of pictures. And if the present plans materialise, then, perhaps next

year, the era of the colour film will begin in India. It is high time our producers realised this prospect and planned their productions accordingly. Kershaw of Kodak has rightly asked our cinematographers and technicians to prepare themselves for colour.

PROPAGANDA FOR PLEBISCITE!

Four months have elapsed since the "Cease Fire" was ordered in Kashmir. And yet, the documentaries made of the war in Kashmir have not yet been released. *Trade Winds* understands that these documentaries will be shown during the month of May.

Meanwhile preparations are afoot for the Plebiscite in Kashmir, and every possible vehicle of propaganda will be, and should be, exploited by both the parties in mobilising public opinion in favour of the accession to India or Pakistan respectively. There cannot be two opinions that the screen can serve as the most powerful medium of propaganda in this matter. The Azad Kashmir Forces and Pakistan film producers seem to have realised this fact, as is evident from the advertisements of Ashrafi Films' "Majahid Kaun" published in the Pakistan press along with letters of appreciation by Sardar Ibrahim Khan and Chowdhary Gulam Abbas. On the other hand, so far at least, there is no news of the Film Division or any other Indian independent producer, making film of this kind.

True, Mr. Bhavnani is reported to have visited Kashmir last month. But this is no time for visits and consultations. In fact, with the activities on the other side to stimulate it, our Film Division, being better organised, should have swung into action months ago, and by now it should have had at least four films in circulation carrying the messages of Nehru and Sheikh Abdullah to every nook and corner of Kashmir and the Jammu State. But, what

can one expect from an organisation which has not yet released its film of the Kashmir War? One hopes against hope that the Film Division and its chiefs in Delhi will lose no time and shake themselves free of the red tape and chronic lethargy which afflict it . . . and take up in earnest the task of mobilising public opinion in Kashmir with appropriate propa-

ganda films immediately. Let it not be said that the Film Division failed Kashmir and India when its help was needed most.

BLACK-MONEY FOR STARS!

More than once not only *Trade Winds*, but almost every other columnist and critic, has accused exhibitors for taking "black"



Gitaree, the new charmer and Bipin Gupta, the popular screen idol are co-starring in producer G. P. Singh 'Dax's' titanic film "Mala."



Impish Yashodhara and the gay Lothario Om do the clowning in Kullip Pictures' new film "Naach" directed by Ravindra Dave.

money in part payment of theatre hire in Bombay. In fact, the charge has been openly made by some Producers in the presence of Shri Morarji Desai, the Home Minister of Bombay. As a result of this agitation and the changed situation in the film market, this particular racket has almost ceased to exist so far as exhibitors are concerned. Instead, we gather that film stars are demanding 'Black' money! It is well-known that during the booming war days most of our film stars used to sign contracts with the proviso that their

ment would be free of income tax, or take a portion of their salary in "Black". After the post war crisis, the prices of stars came down so low that there was no question of any stars demanding "Black" money.

The situation has changed again. Stars' salaries are mounting. Some stars work in as many as six to eight pictures simultaneously, at salaries varying from thirty to sixty thousand rupees per picture. *Trade Winds* does not grudge them their contracts or their money. But we

take a very dim view of the fact that some of these stars demand "Black" money, in part payment of their salaries! If exhibitors were condemned for taking "Black" money why not the stars? While it is the duty of the Income Tax Department to look into these alleged "Black" transactions, *Trade Winds* feels it may be useful to warn the stars against this practice, which sooner or later is bound to land them in trouble. One of our more noted stars had recently to disgorge a large sum by way of income tax. Other stars should be on their guard and desist from this evil practice. Indeed, the time has come for a concerted drive on all concerned to banish the evil of the "black" market and "black" money from the film industry. And let the stars set the example.

Trade Winds is aware of reports that "Black" money is taken by producers and distributors as well. But since the Income Tax Department is already scrutinising their casts, the chances are that they will be exposed first. Even some so-called trade journals are alleged to be taking Black money for advertisements. While we do not vouch for the reports, the turn of these film journals which indulge in such "Black" activities will also come. *Trade Winds* asks them to "Beware!"

THIS AWARD BUSINESS.

When Faquir Mahomed first started this award distribution business *Trade Winds* warned him that these awards can serve no purpose as they are not representative awards. When Faquir Mohammed came to Bombay, he met Zabak the then Editor of *Sound*, who pointed out to him what *Sound* had written long before about the awards. But undeterred, Faquir Mohammed had the naivete to ask Zabak and other critics to help him and correct him if he was wrong. Granting that he is a well-meaning enthusiastic and sincere person, one must point out that the awards he

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distributed so generously have no value for they have no representative character. The Indian Film Journalists' Association, of which Faquir Mohammed claims to be President, has no All-India representation. For the information of the public let the President publish the list of the members of his association. And if he is really keen that his awards should be taken seriously, let him enroll all the

important film journalists from Bombay, Calcutta and other places, and let there be fixed and separate awards for pictures, stories, direction, acting, etc. given annually according to merit selected by ballot.

Only then will picturegoers as well as the industry take notice of these awards. Otherwise the awards will not be worth the paper

We regret that an error has inadvertently crept into the advertisement of "DIP-KI-DUNIYA" in the April issue of *Sound*. Please read "Stated for early release" instead of "Running to packed houses" in the above mentioned advertisement — as "BAZAR" was running at that time at Kamal. We apologise for any inconvenience caused to the producers of "BAZAR".

H. T. GUNJA,
Business Manager,
Sound Mag.



on which they are inscribed. And that is exactly what every one thinks of the awards bestowed by I.F.J.A. at the special function which was held at the Liberty. The record of the Bengal Film Journalists' Association should serve as an inspiration to Faquir Mohammed and all others like him.

Talking of awards, it is high time that we in India had an academy like the American Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences, so that the awards bestowed by such a representative body may serve as an impetus to individual writers, artists and technicians to improve the quality of our films. The lack of such an impetus is mainly responsible for the general apathy apparent in regard to film art. To-day, everybody is out to make just popular pictures. If there was the inducement of a properly established award for merit, perhaps it would make for better quality pictures as well.



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AN IMPROVED METHOD OF SOUND RECORDING

by **BAMADAS CHATTERJI, M. Sc.**

Managing Director: **CSYSTOPHONE SOUND CORPORATION LTD., Calcutta.**

THE modern trend of projection in talkie films calls for a standard of perfection, which requires various improvements, both on the projection side as well as in sound recording. Unless the photographic image of the sound in the positive print is perfect, reproduction in the cinema will not be completely satisfactory despite the use of the best projection apparatus.

There are several factors which decide the quality of reproduction of sound on the screen. Leaving aside all the normal factors which must be considered on the projection side, e.g. the reduction amplifier, the loudspeaker system, the electro-optical conversion unit or the so-called "Sound Head" etc., and on the recording side, e.g. the recorder and its associated amplifier and microphones, chemicals, laboratory, etc. we have to consider some other important details proper attention to which is essential for the satisfactory relaying of sound on the screen in the auditorium of a cinema. These constitute a considerable change from normal practice to such an extent that it appears worth while to put them on record.

It is not always preferable to have the normal human voice on the screen, because the loudness of the normal human voice is not sufficient to be properly and distinctly audible in an auditorium, of say, a thousand people. If the reproduction on the screen through the loudspeaker system is kept as low as normal speech, only a very small section of the audience nearest the screen, roughly fifty persons in the normal theatre will get the sound in the requisite quality and volume. But that is

far from enough in any cinema. The loudspeaker system must "feed" the full audience distinctly and clearly and at comfortable strength, so that every individual in the entire auditorium can hear well enough to know what is being said on the screen without difficulty, which means that the loudspeakers will have to deliver the sound several times louder than the normal human voice, thereby entailing a different technique in the domain of Acoustics:

Thus normal pitch reproduction fails entirely in a professional cinema or theatre, and abnormal qualities have to be introduced to give the desired results. Here are some of the abnormal effects, with their advantages and disadvantages briefly enumerated:

- (1) The frequency response,
- (2) The harmonic distortion, and
- (3) The noise reduction.

These are the three chief outlines on the basis of which sound is recorded in films and reproduced. After briefly describing item (1) we shall proceed with the new method of recording which mainly improves on the other two items, the harmonic distortion and the noise reproduction.

FREQUENCY RESPONSE

Of course this is the chief item to be considered in recording the various musical scales as well as dialogue. Usually a healthy ear-drum in a man having no musical damping due to cold or disease receives musical vibrations from 30 cycles per second to 12,000 cycles per second. Below 30 c.p.s. the vibrations are recognised as noise, and above 12,000 c.p.s. we do not recognise sound as normal.

For music and dialogue the fundamental remains somewhere

between 50 to 2,000 c.p.s. Above that, the higher frequencies are required for harmonics only. Specially in the case of dialogue the nature of the voices of different artists can be recognised through the proper reproduction of their harmonics only. A voice becomes familiar even without seeing the person because the harmonics of the voice are familiar to us and bring recognition through our ear. The differentiation of voice between two persons is thus controlled by their respective harmonics mainly.

CONSONANT FREQUENCIES

Another important role is played by the higher harmonics in the differentiation of consonant sounds reproduced from the lips. These are called consonant frequencies. These generally radiate from the lips of a person at the end of each consonant pronounced. These



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Produced by **S.M. YUSUF**
Music **GHULAM MOHAMAD**

Cinematography: A. K. KADAM

Recording: B. BARUCHA

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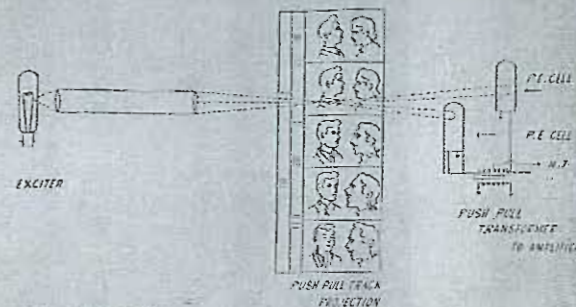
generally go as high as 10,000 c.p.c. It is essential to record in the film as well as to reproduce in the cinema these frequencies with some degree of predominance above the normal. The amplifier, therefore, both in recording as well as in reproduction, is so designed as to give a boosting effect to the higher frequencies; otherwise they will become feebler and feebler in amplitude as they go higher and higher.

On the lower side of the frequency some amount of boosting in amplitude is also required near about 30 to 50 c.p.s. to give the pleasing effect of the musical bass reproductions. Hence the amplifier frequency response should not be designed as a normal straight line in the frequency amplitude curve, but it should have a slightly distorted effect, such as, higher in the beginning up to 100 c.p.s., then dropping in amplitude throughout the fundamental range, which comes as the loudest, and then again rising up after 4,000 c.p.s. up to 8,000 c.p.s. and then dropping gradually to 12,000 c.p.s.

Certain disadvantages with such an amplifier begin to appear in practice. The excessive base response begins to reproduce all black and white spots and dust particles in the sound track as background noise. The acoustics of the hall begin to reverberate at the predominance of the lower frequency and this is called "Howling in the Hall", which is usually damped by "Padding the Hall".

Again the prominence in the higher frequencies causes distortion in harmonics for which the only remedy so far known lies to some extent in the amplifier by making it "push-pull" or "inverse feed back system".

Under the new sound recording system the background noise and harmonic distortion are eliminated from the very beginning in the photo-cell circuit. For this reason the "push-pull" arrangement is selected and the sound track is also recorded in the paraphase system.



NEW PUSH-PULL RECORDING SYSTEM

The sound track, which is about 0.9" in width, is usually recorded in its variable density or area. The full width of 0.9" is utilised for the purpose. To make this push-pull track, half of the track is divided longitudinally, that is, by making two tracks side by side on the same space. The recording amplifier, which feeds sound waves to the galvanometer or glowlamp or light valves, as the case may be, is so arranged as to give an output in paraphase.

By paraphase we do not mean out of phase in the time base curve, but two opposite waves of equal magnitude in the time base without any phase shift. This is called a "push-pull" arrangement. When the track is thus recorded the two divisions of the track will have opposite density wave forms in the photographic exposure side by side.

Now if a slight light in the projection apparatus falls on both the tracks, and then the light is divided from the centre by some prismatic arrangement to fall on two separate photo-cells, the variation of intensity of light by the moving film will also thus fall separately on the two photo-cells, each receiving wave forms of opposite direction in the same time.

These two photo-cells now feed by "push-pull" coupling to the reproducing amplifier, which ultimately unites to one phase in the output.

The variation of light due to the irregularity of the film surface caused by dust, etc. apart from the sound recorded, thus falls on both photo-cells at the same time and in the same phase. Hence the push-pull in-put circuit naturalises the impulse to nullity, thus avoiding further amplification in the amplifier. Only the paraphase signals are amplified to meet at the final out-put stage, thus entirely eliminating the unwanted surface noise.

Certain harmonic distortion is also minimised due to the push-pull arrangement of the amplifier from the very beginning, i.e. from the photo-cells.

Mainly, the chief object of such recording is to avoid the ground noise caused by the developing laboratory and the surface noise of oil and dust accumulated during several runs through the machine.

This method of recording is not very popular because most of the projection machines are single photo-cells systems, and cannot properly reproduce the push-pull recording track, which needs alteration both on the mechanical side and the electrical side in the sound projection unit. Of course, a high track in the push-pull film, can reproduce sound by covering the other track in the photo-cell mechanically in the existing machine, but it will result in serious loss of volume in their associated amplifiers.

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Editing:
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Music:
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FILM CENSORSHIP IN FREE INDIA

by T. S. KANWAR

OF late there has been much heated discussion around the subject of film censorship in India. During the past few months a number of conferences have also been held to consider the future of the industry, but none of them appear to have brought any useful or tangible result.

The Indian motion picture industry had a haphazard growth. At no stage was any concerted effort made to mobilise and harness with scientific design and purpose the screen to the task of uplifting the masses. Even in its function as mere entertainment it has grown haphazardly, more by accident than design. As a matter of fact the progress and development of the industry has depended mainly upon financial considerations. Only those financiers who regarded movie-making as a profitable business ventured into the production field. The majority of them had no training or experience, and could not be expected, naturally, to visualise the vast potentialities of this medium as a vehicle of mass education and popular entertainment.

Just before the outbreak of World War II the industry registered definite progress and some quality pictures were turned out. The end of the war brought in a terrific boom in the film industry. The weary worker in mill and factory, the clerk in his office, the vendor on the road, the business man at his work and the man in the street all wanted to relax from

the hard, grueling work of the day. A film was the cheapest, easiest, quickest way to relax. Everybody flocked to the cinemas. Accordingly producers rushed madly to turn out pictures on a mass-scale. Almost all pictures, irrespective of their quality, "clicked" at the box-office and brought "tons of money" to their producers. Obviously, at such speed, pictures had to follow a pattern, to play the changes on one or two successful formulas, which were repeated *ad nauseam*. So much so, that in due course producers got stuck in a rut. Many pictures turned out recently smack deplorably of bad taste, vulgarity

and cheapness, with correspondingly demoralising effects upon the impressionable masses who see them.

The Bombay Home Minister, Mr. Morarji Desai, realised the grave consequences of this mass-poisoning. He geared up the slow-moving, lethargic machinery of official censorship and drew up rigorous new restrictions. During recent months drastic cuts have been made in a number of films. Even old films were unearthen from their cans and scissored ruthlessly to purge them of all "evil" influences. Latterly, Production Codes have also been



A comedian destined to go places in the industry is Pitu the star of Suryakala Chitra's "Char-Din ki Chandni."

Rajkirti Chitra

Presents

JEET

PRODUCED BY: PRATAP

DIRECTED BY: MOHAN SINHA

featuring

SURAIYA
DEVANAND-KANAYALAL
MADANPURI-MOHINDER
and DURGA KHOTE

Music:
ANIL BISWAS

Story:
PRATAP

RAJKIRTI CHITRA - ANMED CHAMBERS
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May 1949

involved by the West Bengal and Bombay Boards of Censors aimed at removing all possibility of "evil" from films.

The fact must be borne in mind that the motion picture has greater appeal and influence than any other type of entertainment and propaganda. In a recent investigation conducted by Mr. W. A. Simon, a British sociologist, it was discovered that 50 per cent of juveniles imitate consciously or unconsciously the behaviour, speech and hobbies of their favourite stars. It was also found that girls are more susceptible to this influence than boys. It, therefore, necessitates all the greater caution to secure production of only the right type of pictures. The young mind is keenly receptive and once an evil impression has been planted in it, it is hard to efface. It is clear, therefore, that the wrong type of film can do incalculable harm. The efforts of the Bombay Home Minister are accordingly most commendable. The question is: Are they practical.

Film censorship was introduced into India by the British for their own ends. They did not care if the country was depicted in the worst colours. In fact, they themselves conducted campaigns to slander India in the eyes of the world. The censors came into action only when a picture savoured of national and patriotic sentiment or exposed or described imperialistic designs.

The prevailing system of censorship in India woefully lacks cohesion, co-ordination and forethought. Every province where a Board of Film Censors functions has its own set of rules and idiosyncracies. If a film is banned in one province it can easily be exhibited in another. This system has not only caused confusion, but has also encouraged producers to resort to unfair means to secure censor's certificates.

Recently a film titled "Jugnu" was banned by the Bombay Board of Censors. The film had by then celebrated "Silver Jubilee" in many towns. Even in Delhi, where



The ever popular Suraiya returns to the screen as a devout little village belle in Jagan Pictures' "Shubh" now nearing completion at Bombay.

our white capped Ministers are ultra-sensitive on points which they feel involve national prestige, this picture "Jugnu" had run for more than 25 weeks before it was banned in Bombay. There was the case of "Khuddi". Banned and cut in various other provinces, it got the censor's approval in Bombay and continued to run in this city until an increasing volume of public protest and criticism led to its being taken off, re-censored and, presumably, recertified, for a completely "Bowdlerised" version of the original picture was put on again at the Edward Cinema. The point we wish to make by quoting these examples are obvious.

The decision recently announced by the Government of India to centralise the activities of the various provincial censors' boards will undoubtedly bring greater uniformity into a field where it is sadly lacking, but unfortunately it will also retain the inherent defects. The film censors will, as is done today, make additions or alterations only in the finished pictures and if, as in the case of "Jugnu", a film is banned after it has been made, a huge amount of money,

raw film and effort will have been wasted.

Even where only deletions are ordered, the consequences may be equally bad. Excision of one sequence can effect the entire theme in a manner necessitating retakes, which is a costly business. This kind of censorship, far from being a corrective force, creates complications and is obviously unworkable because it "introduces a condition under which the producer and the censor appear to be playing a game, the prize going to the side who is able to outwit its opponent."

Production codes, too, lay down some general and vague rules, and neither the producer is equipped with the precise information required of him, nor is the censor properly aware of his responsibilities.

The only way, therefore, to curb the evil influence of evil pictures is to insure that the pictures are made right at the source of production. This necessitates the acceptance by the producer of positive moral standards and the establishment of a rigid self-regulation administered by pro-

fessional and experienced personnel." This was, in short, the course adopted by the producers of America under the expert guidance of the late Mr. Will H. Hays. The "personnel" set up constitutes what is now known as the Hays Office of America, and it is indeed a unique institution of its kind which governs its own affairs.

India has been declared a secular and democratic state. To vest unlimited powers in the Board of Censors will stifle the progress of the industry, and ultimately the labyrinthine red tape of governmental machinery.

But, however commendable the self-governing system, we cannot expect anything better from the present set of producers. In a recent film conference Sardar Chandulal Shah, a pioneer of the Indian film industry admitted: "We have our weaknesses and yet I am not ashamed of them, but I am proud of them" and further, "in entertaining people we have gone below a certain standard. We have produced pictures of which people are ashamed. But why? We wanted to please the public and earn money from them".

As if there was no other way of earning money and providing entertainment except by producing filthy pictures! What a sad confession! Self-government is a long and laborious process, and the producers who have had their way all these years cannot be expected to adjust themselves to the new circumstances overnight. Of course, unless they realise their responsibility no improvement will be possible because unlike any other business or profession the film industry not only entertains but it also influences the tastes, mode of life and outlook of unlimited numbers. If producers work conscientiously, with the good of the nation as their criterion, and use care in the selection of themes, dialogue, songs, dances etc. the censors will not be called upon to interfere.



Sandwiched between the two-mach film tycoons, Kuldip Sehgal (left) and Mulk Raj Bakhri (right) the naive Geeta Bali seems to be only too pleased to sign on the dotted lines. She is allotted the title role in the 5th production of Kuldip Pictures.

But in the existing conditions we have to look to Government to come to the aid of the film industry. They should adopt constructive measures if they want to utilise the medium of the screen for the uplift of the masses. No improvement can be made by merely clipping portions of films or banning them altogether. The following suggestions are offered which I feel will bring far-reaching results:

1. That a Board be set up by the Government consisting of scholars in the following subjects: Law, History, Psychology, Education, Contemporary Religions, the Languages and Literatures in which pictures are produced. Experienced film technicians and representatives of the industry should be included. If a film is produced on a specific topic a specialist should be called in to examine the particular picture.

2. The services of this Board should be at the disposal of all producers, who should be free and able to consult the Board in all

matters connected with the production of films which can possibly come within the purview of the Board.

3. Every producer should be required by law to submit the complete shooting script to the Board for examination before it goes on the sets.

4. Members of the Board should thoroughly examine the script from all aspects within a fixed period of a month or two and give their decision. They should suggest additions and alterations in accordance with the provisions of the Production Code. If any particular story is found unsuitable for filming it should be rethought and should not be allowed for re-submission unless it has been changed in accordance with the Production Code.

5. The Board should issue permits for the filming of all pictures. No producer should be allowed to produce a film unless he has a permit. This will help to eliminate unscrupulous film producers.



Believe it or not this is Kuldip Kaur the charming star of many hits as she will be seen in Kuldip Pictures' "Nauch".

6. The completed film should be censored to see that it is in conformity with the Code as also with the additions or alterations suggested by the Board.

THE PRODUCTION CODE

A practical Production Code in keeping with our past traditions and present circumstances should be evolved for the guidance of producers. The existing Production Code drawn up by the Bombay Board of Censors can hardly be justified. There can be difference regarding such matters as the portrayal of immorality in any form, glorification of crime, or incitement to communal hatred. But what about the provision that

"no member of the public services shall be shown to behave in a manner derogatory to the honour of the services to which he belongs", which means in effect that a corrupt official may not be depicted in a film at all. And, by our Production Code, the U.N. film on Village Uplift should probably be banned because it depicts child-birth. There are many other provisions in the Code equally vague and unpractical. A more intelligent Production Code needs to be drawn up. Entertainment should be the keynote unless a picture is produced for a specific purpose. Broadly speaking the Code should be on the following lines:

1. "No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standard of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong doing, evil or sin.

2. Lower standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall not be presented on the screen.

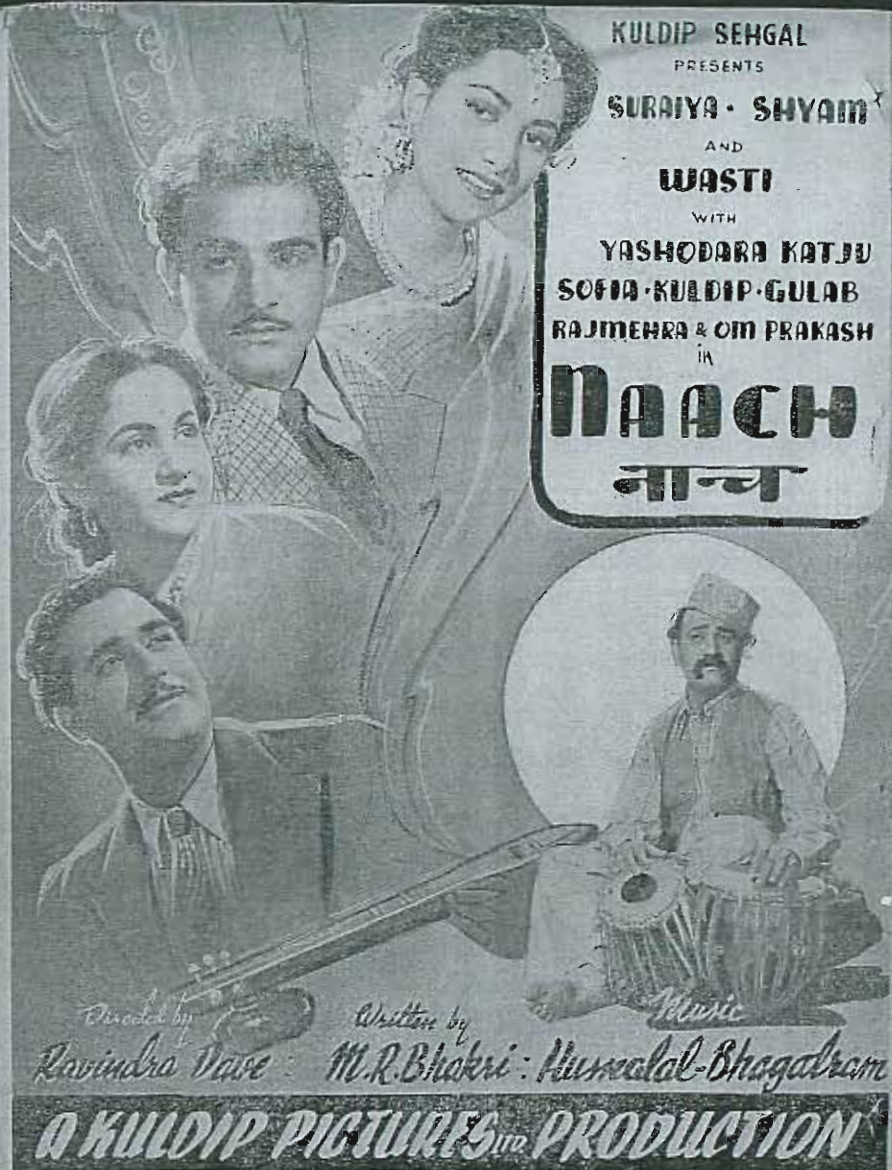
3. Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

These principles are concerned with pictures as a whole, and the over all effect which they produce on an audience should also be taken into account. Mere good motives are not enough. Much depends on the treatment given to subjects. The tenor of the completed picture, as a whole, should therefore be the criterion for the final verdict of the censors.

Movie-making is a responsible job, and should not be entrusted to irresponsible money-makers. The procedure outlined above will undoubtedly involve some difficulties at the outset both to producers and censors, but it is the only method by which the quality and standard of Indian motion pictures can be raised.



This is Anisari the versatile star. He'll soon be seen in several outstanding films.



KULDIP SEHGAL

PRESENTS

SURAIYA · SHYAM

AND

WASTI

WITH

YASHODARA KATJU

SOPIA · KULDIP · GULAB

RAJMEHTA & OM PRAKASH

IN

NAACH

नाच

Directed by
Raviindra Dave

Written by
M. R. Bhakri

Music by
Hummalal Bhagatram

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OUR REVIEW

RETURN OF THE PURPOSEFUL FILM

SHANTARAM'S "APNA DESH" IS INSPIRED COMMENT ON INDIA OF TODAY

FROM "Unexpected" and "Admi," through "Padosi" and "Doctor Kotnis," to "Apna Desh," the curve of Shantaram's progressive and purposeful films shows an unmistakably upward curve. An individualistic revolt against society (*Unexpected*); the assertion of a practical philosophy that, despite emotional setbacks, "Life is for living" and not for brooding and drinking (*Admi*); the idealisation of good neighbourly relations that could and should (but, alas, often did not) exist between Hindus and Muslims (*Padosi*); the glorious humanitarian adventure and romance of an Indian doctor in far-off China (*Doctor Kotnis*); and, finally, the realistic portrayal of the post-freedom contemporary Indian scene (*Apna Desh*)—the films sum up not only the best in the directorial career of Shantaram but also illustrate the changing collective mood of India, all the way from impotent protest and self-delusion to ruthless self-criticism. Since it is self-criticism that India needs today, once again Shantaram may be said to have delivered the goods. After a long time a purposeful film has again hit the Indian screen.

In another respect, too, *Apna Desh* marks a significant stage in Shantaram's development as a director of sensibility and imagination. From the experimentalism of *Unexpected*, the self-conscious realism and symbolism of *Admi*, the odd mixture of realism and fantasy in *Padosi*, it was in *Doctor Kotnis* that Shantaram seemed to

be striking a judicious balance between story content and technique. The grasp on technique was firmer but a little too restrained, as if unwilling to let itself go—back to the earlier camera posturings! In *Apna Desh*, however, the restraint is not allowed to cramp style, and symbolisms are sparingly but competently used for specific effects—both pictorial and psychological. Take the revolving fan, for instance. Many who saw the film were not even aware that it was used symbolically, and yet they

were all agreed that it lent sinister import to the scenes in which the various anti-social conspiracies are shown being hatched in the Black Market Seth's office. Like the poet's metaphor, the pictorial symbolism need not be explained by the director; but the careful student of the cinema will not fail to note the effectiveness of the subtle-but-not-too-subtle device. Personally, I found Shantaram's sure touch of genius in his handling of three particular scenes—the dance accompanying the first song



"No one can deny that Pashpa Hans has a beautiful voice which ought to be heard more."

Presenting

Azadi ke Baad

Starring
ASHIT BARAN
MIRA MISRA
PARBATI, KALPANA
SHAM LAHA & TANDON Etc.

Story
NETAI BHATTACHARYA

Supervision
PRODUCER TANDON

Direction - **D.k. Chatterjee**

Song
M. RAZI

Music
K. P. SEN

THE GREAT ORIENT PICTURES
 38, ARMENIAN STREET, CALCUTTA

of the heroine in the Music School; the scene where the heroine sings an exquisite *ghazal* of the immortal Ghalib on the sea-shore; and the court scene where she pleads guilty to the charge.

In the first instance, the uncannily smart camera movements seem attuned, as it were, to the rhythm of the dance but actually create a rhythm of their own, the easy, effortless, "fluid" but dexterously designed pattern of pictorial mobility. In the second instance, the lighting and the clever use of back-projection create an atmosphere of sunset languour which was essential to the scene, for it is in this atmosphere that the hero, for the first time, forgets about his assignment. In the third instance, a deft "drop" of the camera cranc and the simultaneous stepping down of the heroine from the dock creates the eloquent effect of her being imprisoned behind the bars of the dock. In each case, technique is used to create an artistic and dramatically significant effect—which is what the really capable director is supposed to do.

There will be varying reactions to the story of the film. It will be praised, criticised, glorified and condemned—depending on the social attitude of the critic or the picturegoer. One thing, however, is certain. It cannot be ignored. I think Shantaram knew the risk involved in choosing a story like this; a controversial theme is not every one's candy. But then Shantaram, obviously, was not concerned with distributing sweets to children; he wanted reality for the adults. The deplorable fall in social morality, specially among the rich and the propertied class, is a fact which no one can deny. I think, on the whole, script writer Dewan Sharar and Director Shantaram have admirably succeeded in spotlighting several contemporary evils; they have done so through a story which is interesting, human, and has an element of genuine filmic suspense in it. The restrained use of satire accentuates the comment on society and gives it a



This isn't a scene from "Johnny Bahadur" but a dramatic sequence from G.S.S. social Productions' (nothing to do with the Office of the Strategic Services) "Chitawan" Pictures stars Rehman and Hamid.

spicy flavour.

I am not sure, however, that Shantaram chose the best artistes that were needed to put over this unusual story and this unusual film with conviction and success. Date, is the only one whose performance (as the petty clerk who is slowly caught in the web of temptation) measures up to the requirements of the story. Manmohan Krishna, for a youthful artiste of his limited experience, makes a gallant attempt to put over the key role of Seth Dhaniram, the avaricious money-grabber, and does achieve a certain amount of credibility. But the role was obviously too big for him—even a Chandramohan would not have found it easy to cope with.

As for the chubby, pleasant-looking Pushpa Hans, she creates neither the air of mystery which is supposed to envelop her character

nor of destitution and privation which, later, are revealed as the motives for her criminal life. I hear Suraiya was invited to play this role; if so she missed the opportunity of her life-time. But, actually, it is doubtful if even she would have been able to do justice to it. Perhaps Veena alone could have conjured the requisite air of mystery and grimly perverted bitterness. When will Shantaram realise that good directors need good stories and good stories need good artistes (whatever they might cost) and not new artistes selected not because they are new but because they are cheap?

I am sorry to have to say anything against Umesh Sharma, because (both in private life and also on the screen) he seems to be such a nice, well-behaved boy. But when I say he was a misfit in Apna Deh it is criticism of

Shantaram's casting even more than of Umesh Sharma's acting. He has neither the smart and athletic bearing which a police officer should have, nor the look of intensity which patriotic conscientiousness should have given him. And juxtaposed against the monolithic beauty of Pushpa Hans, poor Umesh is dwarfed into insignificance. This is not a mere question of looks; but both Umesh and Pushpa fail to create the dramatic tension which the film demanded.

I am prepared to be hanged for it at the hands of experts, but I liked the music of *Apna Desh*. It was a happy stroke of inspiration on the part of Dewan Shriram to include two *Ghazals* of Ghalib

(why don't other producers do the same and save money, while getting the best Urdu lyrics for nothing?) and they have both been sung with great feeling. Whatever one might have to say against her selection as the "Mystery Girl" of *Apna Desh*, no one can deny that she has a beautiful voice which ought to be heard more often. Her first song (*Dil na lagana... Tohe Ram qusam*) and the other sad song she sings alone in the Music School (*Bedard zamana kiya jane*) are both well-written, well-composed (with a popular Punjabi-ish lilt) and well-sung.

In the matter of technique, *Apna Desh* is up to Shantaram's usual good standard; and production

value is not only lavish but what is rarer to find, great attention has been paid to details of sets (e.g. the court which is the most realistic and impressive seen in recent releases).

Apna Desh is a good film, a purposeful, progressive and thought-provoking film, marked by brilliant direction and excellent technique. Had the standard of acting been as high, it would have been a great film—also, incidentally, a more popular film.

In this respect, Shantaram the director has been let down by Shantaram the producer. In future he should sanction a bigger budget for the cast!



ROOPAM CHITRA

Presents:

ISHWARI LAL, MRIDULA, SHAHU MODAK, DAVID
SUDHA RAO, & BABURAO PENDHARKAR

IN

NAR NARAYAN (HINDI)

with PANDE, KESHAV PUROHIT, DALPAT, USHA MARATHE,
BABURAJE, BHIM

Produced & Directed by:

RAJA YAGNIK
ROOPAM CHITRA

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OUR REVIEW

"GRAHASTI" DEFENDS THE EFFETE OLD ORDER



BRILLIANT ACTING BY YAKUB
SULOCHANA CHATTERJI & LALITA PAWAR



IN the pre-war days, the author M. G. Dave exploited orthodox sentiment by glorifying the ideal Hindu wife, and won a fortune for himself and for producers like V. M. Vyas and Jayant Desai. But during the war, it was realised that the Dave formula needed re-orientation to suit the changing times; and it was left to director S. M. Yusuf and author Prabhulal Dwivedi to bring about that re-orientation which paid them ample dividends in their very first joint venture, "Ains." Since then this author-director team, adhering basically to the principle of deferring to orthodoxy, which the still widespread Opposition to the Hindu Code Bill reveals to be as strong as ever, has produced some popular hits including "Dewar" and "Grahasti."

In essence "Grahasti" glorifies the orthodox way of living and condemns all occidental influences which affect it, particularly in regard to women. But it does not resort to the old trick of the triangle dramas like "Fashion," in which the poor wife stuck to the erring husband under all circumstances while the modern woman walked out on him on the slightest provocation. In this picture the husband never goes wrong; it is rather the modern woman, played

by Kuldip, who, in order to show off her wealth indulges in such luxuries as a motor-car and a radio, and lands her husband in financial trouble. It is the modern woman who forces her husband to take no interest in her mother and who treats her in-laws shabbily. So, the villain, if any, is the modern

educated woman, who does not know the basic principle of *Grahasti*.

As against her, we have the ideal housewife played by Sulochana Chatterji, who counts every pie before she spends it and stealthily accumulates wealth, does not believe in going to the pictures, especially foreign pictures (why? one does not know), or buying a radio (though she knows its advantages), attends on her father-in-law, and even refuses to take her food before her husband. True, she is not illiterate or ignorant; she does not apparently believe in "Ghungnat," or call her husband "Nath" and "Swami." Yet, she is conservative in her ideas which call upon her to be an ideal housewife. She is the kind of woman who is the real prototype of an average lower-middle class married woman, and naturally her character, must have appealed to the majority of the women who go to see Indian pictures.

Yet the most moving and sublime character in the picture is that of the mother whose son commits the "folly" of marrying a modern girl. Her selfless love for the son is well portrayed, and thanks to the brilliant acting of Lalita Pawar, this character comes to life on the screen.



Mr. M. D. Baig who is at the moment busy with the direction of Khatri Chitra's "Jeevan Sathi" is a legendary figure in Indian filmdom. Watch out for his life sketch in the next issue of "Sound."

With three such interesting female characters, it is but natural that the picture should prove popular. In addition, there is Yukub, Mirza Musharaff who tries to "modernise" his wife and makes a foolish display of his English knowledge, and a romance between Pran and Sharda to enliven this picture. Moreover, compared with other pictures made by S. M. Yusuf, technically this picture is polished. The songs, which are tuned in the Naushad style, are not a great draw.

In spite of all these attractions, "Grahasti" fails to satisfy rational and intelligent picturegoers because of its unreal and unconvincing attack on modernity. After all, in this picture both the good and the "bad" girls are equally educated; and in life both of them are bound to have weaknesses and temptations alike: then why show one girl as a puritan who talks, always like a grandma, and the other girl as a selfish spendthrift without any conscience or honesty?

Moreover, the conflict in the story is apparently between those who live within their means and those who try to have the luxuries of the rich without the requisite resources. Instead of analysing the deep social and economical causes behind this evil, the author and director have failed the public by laying the blame at the door of Western education and glorifying the old order. As if there were not spendthrifts in mediaval and ancient India! It is this great blunder in presenting the theme that ruins this picture and makes it almost rabid reactionary propaganda for the conservative and decadent old order, which is dying fast.

Besides, as a motion picture "Grahasti" suffers from too many coincidences and exaggerations which are hardly suitable for a realistic domestic drama of this



A scene from the lavish Solar Production "Iran ki ek Raat." Directed by P. C. Barua the film features glamorous Chandravati and veteran Jamuna in the feminine lead.

variety. Yet, on the whole, in spite of the aforementioned flaws, the story is well worked out and sustains audience interest by touching many problems which confront individuals in everyday life. While congratulating them on the success

of "Grahasti" one hopes that Yusuf and Dwivedi will use their talent to more progressive and human purposes than they have espoused here, and not waste it in defending the effete old order which is now practically obsolete.

OUR REVIEW

"NISBAT" A NOBLE THEME TURNED INTO A CLEAN PICTURE

ENTERTAINING AS WELL AS ENLIGHTENING

TO the general public which is disgusted beyond boredom with the hackneyed "Boy-meets-Girl" type of picture, Hindustan Art Productions' "Nisbat" comes as a pleasant surprise. Throwing a sidelight on Muslim society it is no morbid melodrama, nor does it delineate upon outworn social taboos and decadent notions about matrimony and the purdah system. It has its stresses of orthodoxy, but it does not make too much of the so called fashionable way of living.

The story of "Nisbat" opens with the arrival of a young girl and her widowed mother in a big city sans money, sans support and sans shelter. Their plight becomes pitiable when they are robbed of whatever little they had and are on the verge of being thrown out of their temporary home. But Fate suddenly takes a turn. Jamil, a young man of rich family steps in and takes them into his house, offering shelter and protection; and, of course, he falls in love with Sakina, the girl.

Cunning are the ways of love! Nawab Mubarak, Jamil's father had already fixed Jamil's marriage and his mother wanted him to marry Sahiba, one of her own relations. But Jamil was against both alliances naturally.

This intriguing story runs through interesting situations of steadily mounting drama to a climax of shattering power.

Munawar Sultana in the leading role of Sakina has crowned all her past achievements with a true to life portrayal of a dutiful daughter who adheres to the old principles of orthodoxy. She at once wins the heart with her acting and also with her sweet songs—which Director Shumsuddin has taken particular care to put in well suited situations. Yakub, playing the customary role of a villain, as Javeed hits a new high in acting: he plays the deceptive role of a villain and lover, and this proves that any role to Yakub fits him like the proverbial glove. Praiseworthy work is done by the seven year

old starlet Baby Zubaida who acts in this picture as the youngest sister of Jamil. She raises peels after peels of laughter with her mirthful dialogue and acting.

Mirza Mushraff has also played the commendable role of a manager. S. Mazhar in the leading role of the hero (Jamil), Dancer Cuckoo, and Jyoti as Sahiba have not put sufficient "life" in their acting.

Technically, the picture is above the average standard though in some places the audiography is defective. Yet due to humorous situations audiences can hardly notice the defects. The photography is of a rather high standard.

"Nisbat" is an ideological picture which educates as well as entertains, the former by the nobility of its theme and entertaining with its sweet songs, its pretty dances and its witty dialogue so filled with humour and so refreshingly free from the least trace of vulgarity.



GALA 'MUHURAT' OF NAQSHAB'S "BAHANA"

A galaxy of notable stars, producers and directors attended the muhurat ceremony of celebrated lyricist Naqshab's first independent production "Bahana"

Top left: NAQSHAB & SHANTARAM who performed the muhurat.

Top right: NAQSHAB & WAJAHAT MIRZA

Centre: KHURSHID ANWAR, MEHBOOB, SHANTARAM and NASSIM.

Bottom: A section of the vast gathering with Seth JAGAT NARAIN in the centre



NAQSHAB
The celebrated lyricist
presents
FILMKAR LTD'S
Very first venture

BAHANA



Starring

ASHOK KUMAR · GITA BALI
YAKUB · KANAIYALAL

and

MADHUBALA

Written & Directed by
WAJAHAT MIRZA
Music: **KHURSHID ANWAR**
Sings: **NAQSHAB**

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OUR REVIEW

BAZAR MEANS BOX-OFFICE!

DIRECTOR AMARNATH SCORES AGAIN!

HAVE you ever been to a variety fair in a village? Have you seen how the villagers enjoy the show? If you have, you will have the same thrill, which a villager feels when he goes to a carnival, when you see Madhukar Pictures' 'Bazar' solely designed to provide mirth, melody and melodrama in such light-hearted yet slick manner that it almost succeeds in making you forget everything for the two and half hours of its run.

The principal sources of fun and enjoyment in this picture are fourteen songs, three or four dances and hilarious acting by Gope, Yakub, and Misra cleverly dovetailed in an amusing screenplay. The very beginning of the film when Yakub, after selling out the house on a tempting description of Nigar finds her missing and is forced to put on female attire and impersonate her with the help of playback provided by a gramophone record is hilarious. Almost every song and dance number is thus made entertaining. The best of the lot is when the number in which Shyam, Gope and Mangla sing in front of the theatre and dissuade the crowd from going to Yakub's show featuring Nigar.

Had these song-situations been fully exploited for entertainment as Santoshi did in 'Shehani', and had the whole screen play some real suspense and thrill, 'Bazar' would not have been merely a bazar, but a grand carnival of entertainment. Obviously Director Amarnath suffered from some unavoidable handicaps. His choice of Nigar for the heroine's role was not happy. The role demands a dancer like Rehana. Even Geeta Nizami would have been a better choice. Similarly, to cast Shyam as a poet and make him sing more than half a

dozen songs was the height of absurdity. It is because of this wrong choice of the stars, the song and dance numbers on the stage could not be sensational. As it is, there is no hero in India who can sing and dance on the stage like Mickey Rooney, Gene Kelly or Fred Astaire; hence unless there is a great singer like Saigal or a versatile artiste like Ashok or Yakub, the temptation of making the hero sing and dance on the stage should be avoided. It is to be hoped that Amarnath has realised this mistake; for there is no doubt that he could have improved every song and dance—and made 'Bazar', almost as great a box-office hit as 'Shehna'.

Then the story also could have been more amusing. As it is, it is a queer blending of 'Ramjoshi' and an old musical starring Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature. But

unfortunately the conflict between patriotic poetry and romanticist poetry is not developed properly. Similarly the love triangle between Shyam and Nigar is too straight with Yakub trying to blackmail Nigar and she in turn sacrificing herself for her lover's future. A good opportunity to depict the heart-throbs of the people who entertain others, but find their own life not entertaining was lost in this picture.

In spite of all these shortcomings the picture succeeds in providing two and a half hours of entertainment. For, whatever the story material, it cannot be denied that Amarnath has created out of it an entertaining film which regales you with laughter and music. He is greatly assisted in this task by music directors Shyam Sundar, Husanlal and Bhagatram who have given popular tunes.



Director K. Amarnath, the stalwart who has such roaring successes as "Gaan ki Gori," "Mirza Sahiban" and "Bazar" to his credit is seen here giving instructions to the crack team of technicians on the sets of his new directorial assignment "Surajmukhi." The picture is being produced by the affable Prashad who is destined to hit the limelight with this truly colossal roadshow.

A DIRECTOR AND AN ARTISTE

REFLECTIONS ON TWO SCREEN PERSONALITIES OF THE DAY

by JANKI DASS M. A.

RAVIN DAVE, starting again in Bombay a career wrecked in Punjab by the partition of that province, inherited his flair for the motion picture industry from his father the famous film magnate, Seth Ratilal Dave, who more than thirty years ago, set out to make Punjab film-minded. Seth Ratilal, as pioneers may remember, opened the distribution office at Lahore which subsequently bloomed into the great organisation of Empire Talkie Distributors: It was concerned with the circulation of foreign serial pictures. That was when Ravin was still kicking briskly in his cradle. When he was twelve Ravin's father undertook the distribution of "Alam Ara" throughout Northern India. That was the first Indian talkie and in taking up, Seth Ratilal showed rare courage for the times and the conditions.

Ravin from the first fixed his mind and heart on the motion picture industry, a chip of the old block to the very backbone: Resolved to follow in his father's footsteps, he left school without a second thought and entered the Distribution Office to become its Manager. He was entrusted with the exploitation of Prabhat pictures and among his first assignments were the then famous hits of "Amar Jyoti", "Mahatma" and "Duniya na Mane".

Bitten next by a desire to make films instead of selling them he persuaded his uncle, Dalsukh Pancholi, to let him have a hand as Production Manager in the creation of "Chowdhury". He then proceeded to direct "Poonji"

with the collaboration of Vishnu Pancholi, and his talent for such work being clearly established he was assigned the script of "Dhanki" for his own direction. Very good going indeed for his age at the time.

He had just followed up "Dhanki" with "Pat Jarh" and was making excellent headway under the combined guidance of his father and uncle, both famous pioneers, when came the Partition and he with a few lakhs of others found himself a refugee.

Arrived in Bombay Ravin Dave was faced with the task of starting all over again and after some hunting managed with the help of friends, in particular of Mulk

Raj Bhakri, the well-known writer, to secure assignments to direct two pictures, "Chunaria" for Kuldip Pictures and "Sawan Badhon" for Prakash with that flair for business which he showed so early in life he soon had his own picture in hand, "Chakori", which was directed by his brother Ramnarain Dave of "Dassi" fame. Ravin Dave, I hear, has just been signed on to direct Kuldip Pictures' next film titled "Naach". He is a phenomenally quick worker and created a new record by completing "Chunaria", "Sawan Badhon" and "Chakori" within eight months. I understand that his uncle, Dalsukh Pancholi, who has decided to settle in Bombay for good, is very keen on getting him to direct his first picture here.



Manorama and Bharat Dhusan do the moon-gazing in Ramesh Pictures' musical romance "Chakori." Picture has just been completed in Bombay.

YAKUB



If villainy has ever paid big dividends to anyone it is to Yakub the 'lovable scoundrel' of the Indian screen. His own independent production "Aie-ye" is an open invitation for distributors to cash in on his name.

AMONG the brilliant stars of the Indian film industry to-day, yesterday and to-morrow will always be the one and only Yakub, who, by his unforgettable performances in more than 150 pictures during the last thirty years has won for himself a unique place in the industry as well as in the hearts of his million fans. The mere name "Yakub" has been big box-office since the early forties. Undoubtedly his contribution to

the Indian screen has been immense and as time sits lightly upon him, I dare say it will be more so as the years go on. Not unlike many another screen personality in the forefront of the industry to-day, Yakub has had a career so chequered and romantic, that it reads like a novel. He left home at the age of five. He figured in some plays staged by a troupe called the Alexandra Theatrical Company as a child. At seven he went to work in a motor car workshop. He next became a shipboy and went abroad at the age of twelve. He found himself in Calcutta a year later. He went to Jubbulpore, returned to Bombay after a time, and joined a theatrical company.

With this variegated experience behind him in 1924, at the age of 24, he joined the Sharda Film Co., where during a period of just four years, he acted in not less than 50 pictures. Next he moved to the Imperial Film Co. and was featured as a villain for the first time. He was immediately hailed as the "finest" villain of the Indian screen, a distinction he still enjoys.

In 1930 Sagar bagged him and his first talkie with them was "Romantic Prince". After that he has been in constant demand for film roles and the demand shows no sign of abating.

Some of his more notable performances were in "Lal Haveli", "Savera", "Parekh", "Zeenat", "Phool", "Najma" and "Ghar". In Mehboob's "Woman", he gave

one of the best portrayals of his entire career as the wicked younger brother. He has a flair for that type of role and the debonair swaggering with which he puts his portrayals over made him the most beloved villain in films to-day. He is so different!

He has now gone into production on his own. His offering under his own banner will be "Aie-ye".

His vast following of fans will eagerly await the first picture of their first favourite.



DEVENDRA GOEL

Having quit playing second fiddle to the industry's great directors, he has now launched his own independent production "Ankhen."



DIRECTOR PHETKAR
This ex-Frabhat director is now wielding the meg. for Prakash's "Shadi ki Raat."

background to the Ads

NEWS FROM STUDIOS

JAGAT PICTURES: Their "Sunhere Din" starring Rehana, Nigar, Raj Kapoor and Roop Kamal is now ready for release. Some of the distributors from India as well as Pakistan had the opportunity of seeing this musical extravaganza at a sneak preview and were of the unanimous opinion that this film has what it takes to be a big box office bonanza. There are four dances by ravishing Rehana and several hit tunes by crooners Madhok, Shekar M. A. and Sherar Razvi. The film was directed by Satish Nigam who is definitely the most promising director to-day. "Sunhere Din" now awaits release at three theatres simultaneously at Delhi in the first week of June and at 10 key stations in U. P.

On the other hand the production of Jagat's new film "Shair" is in full swing at Modern Studios, Andheri under the capable direction of Mr. Chawla the erstwhile lieutenant of Shaikat Hussain. Six songs have already been recorded and the picture is expected to be ready by the end of June. Suraiya, Kamini Kaushal, Dev Anand, Agha, Sulochana (snr.), Cuckoo, Dulari and Murad are some of the notables featured in this film. With songs by Shakil Badayuni and music by maestro Ghulam Mohd. and an imposing array of stars to boot no wonder cinegoers are at tenterhook to see this film.

CENTRAL INDIA PICTURES: The big-wigs behind this big concern are Messrs. Chatterjee and A. L. Ramesh. The muhurat of their maiden venture "Shanta" was

performed amidst a glittering array of screen celebrities at the Shree Sound Studios on 6th May. Suraiya and Rehman have been assigned the top roles in this film now being directed by M. Zahur who incidentally has also written the screen play for this film. The film is being produced under the personal supervision of Producer-Director M. Sadiq.

PARISTAN PICTURES: The Pari behind Paristan Pictures is famed artiste Mumtaz Shanti. Her new film "Beewee" has just entered the sets at Famous Cine Laboratories with hubby Wali Saheb wielding the megaphone. Veena and Al Nasir the popular couple have been allotted the romantic lead.

GOEL CINE CORPORATION: A gala event of the month was the muhurat of young Devendra Goel's very first production "Ankhen." Everybody who is somebody in filmdom attended the function, prominent among them being Mr. Hasnain who clicked the camera for the 'kick-off' shot, K. M. Modi, Faredoon Irani, Jaimani Dewan, S. K. Ojha, etc. The film features Yakub, Nalini Jaiwant and Shekar in the key roles and is being directed by Mr. Goel himself.

ALLIED ART PRODUCTIONS LTD: The muhurat of their second film "Harsingaar" was recently performed with much gusto at the Famous Cine Laboratories. Written and directed by Mahesh Kaul the film features such top-notchers as Dilip Kumar and Madhubala. What's more, Anil Biswas the famous maestro has been signed up for the music score.

KAMAL KUNJ CHITRA: Producer S. Ranjit who seems to be never out of the headlines has now booked Hind Palace the swanky new theatre of Calcutta for the release of his "Amar Kahani." This widely acclaimed film features charming crooner Suraiya with Jai-raj, Ranjana and Raj Mehra in top roles. The musical score of this film is by Husanlal Bhagatram while the story is from the pen of Harikrishen Premi. The dialogue was supplied by the famous Urdu literature Rajendra Singh Bedi.

FILMKAR LTD.: Naqshab the famous lyricist who has several hit tunes to his credit has now emerged forth as a producer and has announced "Bahana" as his very first venture. The story, dialogue and direction of this film has been assigned to Vajzhat Mirza the hit-



Whatever the role handsome Nirmal Kumar is always tops. Here he is seen as a man about town in Indian Films' "Sohani Raat."

MANDIR



DAWLAT



SAWAN BADHON



BALAM



WHAT? NEXT

JANKI

DASS



maker while the musical score is in the capable hands of melody-maker Khurshid Anwar, Ashok Kumar, Rehana, Yakub, Kanhayalal and the popular Madhubala head the impressive cast of this film which has just gone on the sets at Bombay Talkies Studios. With such a stunning collection of talent its a foregone conclusion that "Bahana" will prove itself to be entertainment par excellence.

P. J. FILM UNIT : The live-wire behind this new concern is P. Jairaj the impeccable artiste. The muhurat of his very first film "Poonam" was performed by no less a celebrity than the charming Devika Rani. The film features Nargis, Jairaj, Bharat Bhushan, David and K. N. Singh in key roles. The Screenplay, Dialogue and Songs are by Lalchand Bismil who was responsible for such memorable screen and stage-plays as "President" and "Pathan." There are several hit tunes in the film and all of them by S. K. Pal. "Poonam" is being produced and directed by P. Jairaj.

INDIAN NATIONAL PICTURES : These people who hit the headlines with "Dak Bungalow" are back with a bang. Their new venture is titled "Arzoo" and is based on a story by Ismat Chughtai. Shaheed Lateef is wielding the megaphone for this film featuring Kamini Kaushal, Dilip Kumar,

The words ".....and Janki Dass" have by now become an inevitable feature of credits in almost all films. Like the man who came to dinner and stayed six months, Janki made his debut in Pancholi's "Kharanchi" in a tiny role and promised to keep out of films for good but has lived to make more than a dozen films. This only goes to prove that the great Barnum was right when he said.....well, you know what Barnum said.



Right : An up and coming Director is Wahid Kurnishi who is at the moment giving the finishing touches to Aina Pictures' "Dil-ki-Basti."



Left : Ace photographer Kudana displays his superb craftsmanship in Aina Pictures' new film "Dil-ki-Basti."

Shashikala, Gope and Sita Bose. The songs are by Majrooh Sultanpuri while the melody part of it are in the capable hands of Anil Biswas.

MADHUKAR PICTURES : Their "Bazar" continues to create box-office history wherever released. News is to hand that at Lucknow and Sharanpur the film has scored such a success that it is quite in the cards that it may celebrate the coveted jubilee. At Bombay its still a big attraction—and no wonder. The film is an excellent musical with such top notchers as Nigar Sultana, Shyam and Yakub in key roles. More than anything else "Bazar" will be remembered for its slick direction by showman K. Amarnath. Back at the studios, however, elaborate preparations are now under way for the company's

new film "Durbar" a spectacular film that's bound to click at the box-office in true Madhukar tradition.

RATAN PICTURES : Readers will be pleased to know that hit-maker Sadiq's long-awaited film "Char-Din" now awaits release at Roxy and Jai Hind, Bombay. Suraiya, Shyam, Jayant and Om are some of the several notable artistes featured in this film. Based on a story by Azim Bazidpuri, the musical score for this film has been supplied by Shyam Sunder. The songs are by Shakil Badayuni. Those who were lucky enough to see the early rushes opine that "Char-Din" is one of the most notable productions of the year.

PRATIBHA CHITRA MANDIR : They make their debut as produ-

cers with "Uddhar" a novel drama with a handpicked cast headed by Minawar Sultana, Dev Anand and Nirupa Roy. Based on a story by Balkrishna the songs and dialogues of this film are by Narendra Sharma. Vasant Desai is in charge of music while direction is entrusted to Kulkarni.

WADIA FILMS LTD : Producers J. B. H. Wadia and Hila Wadia who have contributed many a hit in the past are now back with a prize show. It's Wadia Films' "Balam" which has now entered the sets with veteran Homi Wadia wielding the megaphone. Husanlal and Bhagatram the famous melody-makers are responsible for the haunting tunes while Shakil Badayuni has written the lyrics. A galaxy of stars are featured in this film, prominent

among them being Suraiya, Nigar, Wasti, Jayant, Masud, Suraiya Chowdhury, H. Prakash and the inimitable comedian Janki Dass. Need we add another "Mela" is in the making?

ROOPAM CHITRA: Raja Yagnik the incorrigible producer stages a come-back with the spectacular mythological "Nar Narayan" Sahu Modak, Sudha Rao and David are some of the thousands featured in this film produced at a staggering cost. Producer director Raj Yagnik is leaving no stone unturned to make it a memorable film.

HALDIA-NANDA PRODUCTIONS: A film eagerly awaited by all discriminating cinegoers is "Singaar" produced by R. B. Haldia and directed by that wizard of the meg. J. K. Nanda. Starring Suraiya, Jairaj and Madhubala this dynamic film has all the ingredients that go to make a thunder-



Everyone who is someone in Bombay film circles attended the gala mahurat ceremony of Geel Cine Corporation's "Ankhen." Here are a few of the celebrities caught by our cameraman. Reading from left to right: D. Geel, S. F. Hassanin, Yakub, Yashodhara Kati, Bharat Bhushan, Nalini Jaiwant and Shekar.

ing roadshow including several hit tunes by Khursbid Anwar. In the meanwhile the stage is all set for Haldia-Nanda's new film "Mehfil", the choice for the stellar role lies between Suraiya and Madhubala and your guess is as good as mine.

RAMESH PICTURES: Their "Chakori" is definitely of the hit variety. Nalini Jaiwant, Randhir and Bharat Bhushan are some of the popular stars cast in this film produced by Ravindra Dave the prodigy who hit the head-lines with such top-notch shows as "Dhamki" and "Patjhar." The film is being directed by Ramnarayan Dave whom readers will remember as the director of that all time hit "Dassi."

KULDIP PICTURES: Goggetter Kuldip Sehgal the live-wire behind this front rank concern has an ambitious programme of production for the current year. His "Naach" is well nigh complete with such favourites as Suraiya and

The churning Nargis steps into the limelight again in R. K. Films' monumental film "Barsaat".

Shyam in the cast. "Anarkali" is one more film announced by this enterprising firm.

KHATRI CHITRA: N. A. Khatri and M. D. Baig are the two cine luminaries behind this go-ahead concern. Their maiden venture "Jeewan Sathi" is progressing fast on the sets with Sulochana Chatterji and Hamid in the cast. This film is a sure bet for box-office success.

O. S. S. SOCIAL PRODUCTIONS: Rehana has a role that fits her perfectly and affords full scope for her acting abilities in O. S. S. Social Production's "Chilman" written by the famous pen-man Vajahat Mirza (of "Roti" and "Zeenat" fame). Other notables in the cast include Pritma, Shanti Madhok, Hamid, Sharif etc. "Chilman" is directed by M. Chatterjee under the supervision of Vajahat Mirza. Songs are written by Nazam, the great poet of Punjab. Music is by H. Prasad.

PREM ADIB PICTURES: The renowned actor Prem Adib has floated his own concern named Prem Adib Pictures and is busy with the shooting of his first ven-



NAZAARE

RANJIT'S

SPECTACULAR MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

Starring:

SHASHIKALA, AGAJAN, SATISH, SHANTI MADHOK

Director:

PRAHLAD DUTT

RANJIT'S

SMART MUSICAL COMEDY

BHOOL BHULAIYAN

AGAJAN ★ ZEB KUREISHI ★ BHUDO ADVANI

PESI PATEL and LAILA

Director:

TAIMUR BEHRAMSHAH

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ture "Ram Vivah." Prem Adib has gathered a very good cast for this picture which includes himself, Shobana Samarth and Umakant. The screen story is written by Pandit 'Anuj' and the noted Art Director Kanu Desai is responsible for the artistic setting. The musical score is in the capable hands of Shankarrao Vyas, the veteran Music-Director of 'Prakash'. Prem Adib is sparing neither money nor

efforts to make "Ram Vivah" a magnificent creation of the silver screen. The shooting is progressing very fast at the Luxmi Studios, Andhehi, and the picture is expected to be ready for release within a couple of months.

LIBERTY ART PRODUCTIONS: Liberty Art Productions' "Lekh" has been duly censored by the Bombay Board of Film Cen-

sors. They are now busy effecting deliveries to the distributors of various circuits. A classical dance performed by Miss Sitara is the piece de resistance of the film. Besides, there are six captivative dances and fourteen catchy songs, out of which about half a dozen are sung by Suraiya herself. It is directed by the able director G. Rakaish. "Lekh" now awaits early release at key cities.

NIGARISTAN (India) FILMS: Their first production "Bansaria" is written and produced by Mulkraj Bhakri is nearing completion at Mohan Studios Andheri under the able direction of Ramnarain Dave. Starring Gita Bali, Randhir, Sofia, Kuldip, Gulab, Ramesh Thakur, Rajpal, Shamlal, Umadutt, and such top-notchers as Ram Singh and Om Prakash the story of "Bansaria" is told against the background of a village. The dynamic theme of this film is highlighted by several hit tunes composed by the famous melody makers Husanlal and Bhagatram.

M. & T. FILMS LTD.: "Making a bold departure from the oft-repeated practice of dishing out romance of stock characters which greets us as a matter of irksome routine on the Indian Screen, the enterprising M. & T. Films Ltd. have undertaken a praiseworthy experiment in their maiden social "Namoonaa". In "Namoonaa" the emphasis is more on creating characters than on a love-and-lyric menu; more on resolving sociological tangles than on recounting the tales of fictitious dames and sirens. The story of "Namoonaa", therefore, has a great psychological import and it assumes added significance as a result of its introducing a character who may be described as a Social Automaton, that is a person who through the process of intellectual evolution has attained that stage of detachment when emotions count for nothing and one looks at life and its problems from a cold-blooded, logical, non-moral and utilitarian angle.

This role is played by Kishore Sahu who brings in all his histrionics to



A worthy addition to the ranks of Producer-director is Minoo Iram. He is at the moment busy with technicians International's maiden venture.

bear upon this not-too-easy performance. For he plays a character who is essentially cast in a Shavian mould. In vivid contrast to this unusual character is the assignment of Kamini Kaushal who has as emotional and romantic a role as one could possibly think of. Supporting Kishore Sahu and Kamini Kaushal is an array of such seasoned artists as Deyanand, Leela Chitnis, Sanyal, Madanpuri, Gulab and Pratima Devi who bring all their native talents to bear upon their respective portrayals. Cuckoo, the favourite dancer of the Indian screen, provides the lighter interludes.

MADHUBAN: The production of Madhuban's "Surajmukhi" starring such celebrities as Rehana, Shyam, Gope, Yashodara Katju, and Durga Khote is in full swing. Go-getter Prashad who makes his debut as a producer with this film is leaving no stone unturned to make this film a memo-

orable dramatic experience. The film is being directed by K. Amarnath the chronic hit maker while the musical score is in the capable hands of the famous team of Husanlal and Bhagatram.

CHARAWALA & CO.: This distinguished firm of distributors have a splendid row of hits lined up for the current season. One of the prize shows in their cellar is Chitralaya Ltd.'s "Apni Chaya" starring Sulochana Chatterjee, Balwant Singh, Radhakishen, Jawahar Kaul, Mumtazali and Cuckoo. Produced and directed by Santoshi the film is expected to create a sensation when released. "Choubeji" a rip-roaring comedy, "Namoonaa" a proven money-spinner are some more films with these go-ahead distributors.

HINDUSTAN CHITRA: The moving spirit behind this famed company of hit-makers is the celebrated star cum director Kishore Sahu. His new film "Sawan Aya Re" written produced and directed by Kishore Sahu has had its release at two theatres simultaneously in Bombay and seems to be in for a long innings at both these places. Starring Kishore Sahu and Ramola in the lead the film is reported to be a sure contender for the year's top honours.

AKASH CHITRA: Producer Director K. B. Lal has gone a long way with the production of his new film "Haaste Ansu". Madhubala heads a notable cast which includes such popular laugh-getters as Motilal, Gope, Mirza, Musharaff and Janki Dass. The picture is reported to be a rollicking comedy with the accent on romance.

UNITED TECHNICIANS: One of the most talked of films now on the sets in Bombay is United Technician's "Jan Pehchan" produced by the noted technicians Fali Mistry and Robin Chatterji and directed by the former. People who have seen the early rushes opine that its one of the most artistic productions of the season embellished with several haunting tunes by maestro Khenchand Prakash. Nargis, Raj Kapoor, Jeevan, Amar,

Mukri and Cuckoo and a host of stars and starlets are cast in this film now fast progressing on the sets at Bombay.

VARUNA FILMS: These enterprising producers make their debut with "Roomal" an enchanting film starring Nargis, Jairaj, Rehman, Indupal, Jeevan and Janki Dass. The film is being produced by G. A. Thakur and Kapoor, and directed by Ramchandra Thakur. From all indications "Roomal" is turning out to be a swell show that's bound to click at the box-office.

FAIRYLAND MOTION PICTURES: Their release "Dil Ki Duniya" has hit the bull's eye and is now going great guns at the local Kamal Talkies. Mazhar Khan, Munawar Sultana, Gitabali and Mrs. Sunnan are some of the important stars cast in this film which is bound to appeal to all classes of people. The story, screenplay, dialogues and songs of this film are from the pen of Zia Sarhadi while the musical score is by Pt. Gobindram. Credit for making "Dil Ki Duniya" a unique success should rightly go to veteran troupier Mazhar Khan who directed this film.

AINA PICTURES: The latest from these front rank producers is "Dil Ki Basti" Produced under the



One of the most enterprising directors in the industry today is swave W. D. Dadiant pictured above. He is at the moment directing Surya Kala's "Char Din-ki-Chandni".

SOUND

personal supervision of S. M. Yusuf the creator of immortal domestic dramas. The picture is being directed by Wahid Qureishi. The songs are by Shakil Badayuni while music is in the hands of Gulam Mohammed. Starring Nigar Sultana, Masood, Yashodahara Katju and Lalita Pawar the film is now nearing completion.

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS: Kardar's long awaited musical extravaganza "Dillagi" is now slated for early release at the swanky Liberty. Suraiya and Shyam are co-starred in this film highlighted by several hits by Naushad. "Dulari" and "Rajput" are two more Kardar hits now awaiting release.

HEMEN GUPTA: "Titled '42', the last call of our Bapuji, nation's father, philosopher and guide, the last but historical and non-violent battle of Indians for freedom is being immortalized in celluloid by Producer cum Director Sri Hemen Gupta at Kali Films Ltd., Calcutta. "42" is neither an accusation nor a confession, least of all, a story, based on pseudo-historical facts, adopted for the screen more often than not, for making box-office hits. It is the soul stirring saga of millions of unarmed and non-violent people of India who responded to the clarion call of the father of the nation, Karengewah-murrenge, and fought tooth and nail and died with their boots on. Sri Hemen Gupta, the creator of "Bhuli nai" now presents to the nation his "42", the glorious history of the August movement under the leadership of the grand old lady of Midnapore, Natangini Hazra. Without having the least desire or intention of casting any reflection on anybody, inside or outside India, Sri Hemen Gupta has simply tried to tell the story of how and when the independent India was born. A documentary film as it is, "42" is based purely on the incidents which took place all over India during the August movement. Midnapore has been singled out by him as being the coastal

area which was then threatened by a Japanese landing, military activities were more intensified there and as such the battle of freedom was more grim and determined there than other places. '42 tells the still ignorant masses of India that should the situation demand, Indians, even in the remotest villages, can rise to the occasion.



Kishore Sahu and Ramola make a joint bid for the year's top honours in Hindustan Chitra's monumental film "Sawan Aya Re", which is now creating box-office history in Bombay.

SOLAR FILMS: In these days of "socials" and "musicals" Solar Films' "Iran-ki-Ek-Raat" a magnificent costume picture will be a rare treat and rare it will be for many reasons. Firstly, it is P. C. Barua's first attempt at directing

costume pictures and knowing his past achievements its a foregone conclusion that this film will be a fitting climax to his illustrious career. Secondly, music is handled by the noted musician Kamal Das Gupta. Besides, the cast includes such scintillating stars as Jamuna, Chandravati, and Narang. The editing of this film is by A. K. Chatterji, settings by the late Ustad and dance direction by the famous Pinaki. Yet another film from these producers is "Do Baten" a dramatic film in Hindi. Ramola and Narang the twosome that took filmdom by storm ten years ago

are back in this film directed by Hiran Bose whose "Dassi" is still fresh in the memory of cinegoers. Maya Bannerji, Sunder and Hiralal are some more notables in the cast. Both of these films are ready for release and here's wishing Producer Basudev Sinha all success.

BHARAT ART PRODUCTIONS: Rajkumar G. P. Singh Dev the eminent Calcutta Producer is destined to win new laurels with his unusual screen play "Mala" which has all the ingredients of a terrific box-office smasher. Gour Goswami's musical score, Kalyan Gupta's slick directional touches and a star studded cast consisting of Gitasree, Biman Bannerji, Bipin Gupta and Mirza Musharraff are some of the highlights of this film. An additional attraction is the locale of the film as "Mala" brings to the screen for the first time all the beauty and grandeur of the dense forests of Dhurkhal State. Elaborate preparations are now under way for the release of this film in the Eastern Circuit and knowing G. P. Singh Dev's enterprise we need not add that it will be soon.

GREAT ORIENT PICTURES: In the wake of "Azadi ke Baad" comes yet another titanic film from these distinguished Producers. It's "Panna Qawal" a musical extravaganza with a host of eye filling dances. "Panna Qawal" has got what it takes to be a big box-office bonanza. Mr. B. N. Bahl the big boss of Great Orient Pictures is at the moment busy selecting the cast of this film, which we hear, will include several top notchers: Mr. Pannalal Bose of the H.M.V., Columbia and Hindustan Musical Products' fame has already been signed up for the picture. The paperwork of this film is well nigh ready and the film is expected to go on the sets along with "Bey Watan" another production of this concern.

FILMLAND LTD.: Filmland Limited's most ambitious offering, "The Last Message", is now complete and has been certified by the Bombay Board of Film Censors.

Printed by Reji Mohan Vaid at Wagle Process and published by him at Terrace Floor, Advani

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We take pleasure in announcing that from June we will be issuing a 24-page pictorial supplement in two colours. A crack team of photographers and news hawks are already working on this lush supplement which will be priced at As. 8.

We are certain that this novel feature will be as big a success as any started by "SOUND".

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"The Last Message," which took nine months to make, has been acclaimed by critics and show people who attended a preview of the picture, as one of the greatest Motion Pictures ever made in India.

SURYA KALA CHITRA: With a star cast headed by Ismat Sultana, Parsh Bannerji, Indu and supported by Navin Yagnik, Nyampalli, Deepak, Pitu and Shahida Banu a new comer their "Chardin-ki-Chandni" is awaiting immediate release. Produced by Radhakishin the picture is directed by W. D. Dadlani, who is said to have made a splendid job of it under the supervision of Mr. Rafiq Razvi. The music set to the tunes by melody makers Gulshan Sufi and D. C. Dutt, and the number of dances composed by Radhe Shyam Shankar and Ismat Sultana are the high lights of the picture. Producer Radhakrishin who has planned his next on the bumper scale is toying the idea of starring Nigar in his next titled "Chitrakar" a poignant social drama based on

a new type of story by Dadlani. The picture will also introduce some new faces and will soon go on the sets under the able direction of Mr. Rafiq Razvi.



A starlet destined for big things soon is baby faced Leena. You'll be seeing her soon in many an important picture.

Printed by Reji Mohan Vaid at Wagle Process and published by him at Terrace Floor, Advani
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