

Talk a Tone.

No. 2

IX

April, 1945



JL
NW m2, N36
N45-9.2
162189





Highly acclaimed by the
Press and the Public

PRADEEP PICTURES
PRESENT
DURGA KHOTE
IN

तलाक़

A NIGAR FILMS' RELEASE

NOVELTY BOMBAY

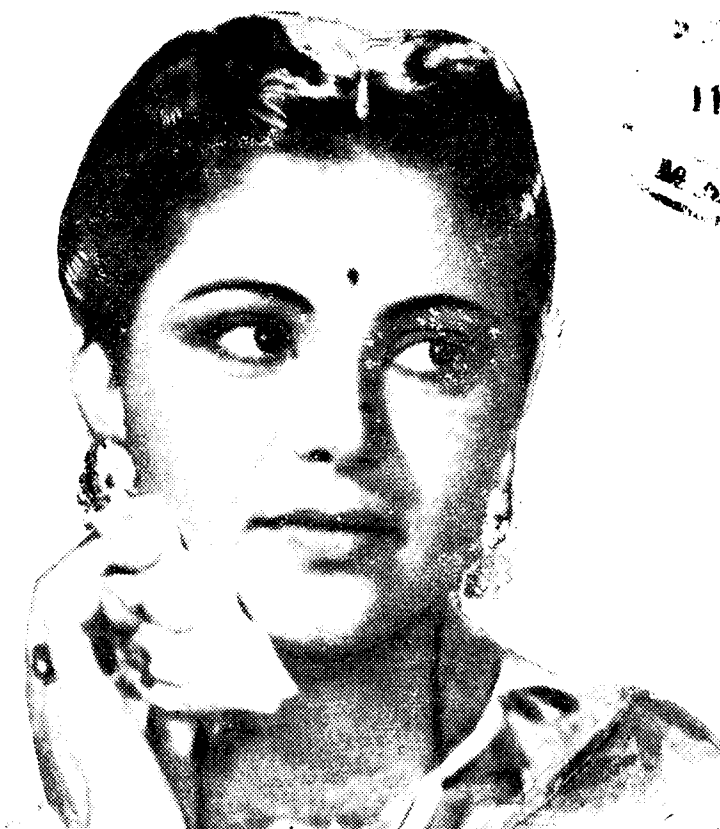
APRIL, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

== Acclaimed as the best Social Hit of 1944 ==



Direction:
Y. V. RAO



TAHSILDAR

3RD WEEK

CHIRALA — Gopalakrishna
PALACOLE — Humayun

2ND WEEK

WARANGAL — Prabhakar
CALICUT — Coronation

★
MADURA — Gopalakrishna

From 6-4-'45

Now Running at

SECUNDERABAD — Rajeswari
TRICHY — Gaiety
KUMBAKONAM — Vijayalakshmi
ALANDOOR — Victoria

★
ALLEPPEY — Krishna

From 12-4-'45

Narasu Release

Producer & Director—MR. WINAYAK
The Maker of Pictures like—"CHHAYA, BRAHMACHARI, DEVTA,
BRANDI-KI-BOTAL, GHAR-KI-RANI and AMRIT".....Now.....

Presents
PRAFULLA PICTURES'



B A R I - M A

A N AMBITIOUS HIT

R OMANTIC THEME

I MMORTAL & INSPIRING STORY

M OST ENJOYABLE PLAY

A SHOWMANSHIP SHOW



Starring:—

NOORJEHAN
MEENAXI
BABY ALKA
BABY LATA
LEELA MISRA

ISHWARLAL
YAKUB
SALVI, JOG
GIRISH
DAMUANNA MALVANKER

and SITARA

Story:

V. S. KHANDEKAR

Screenplay:

ZIA SARHADI & P. DINKER

Dialogues:

ZIA SARHADI & M. R. NAWAB

Songs:

ZIA SARHADI & ANJUM PILIBHITI

Music:

K. DUTTA

Cinematography:

MADHAV BUL-BULE

Audiography:

DINSHAW BILLIMORIA
& V. CHAVAN

For Territorial Rights Enquire:

Messrs. MANZOOR PRODUCTIONS

163, SHIVAJI PARK

::

CADELL ROAD, BOMBAY 28

Be wise !!

**WAIT FOR THE
WESTERN
ELECTRIC
POST WAR SET**

This is our advice to all exhibitors in India who need new equipment. The purchase of sets at this stage is an unprofitable proposition. They will become obsolete in the face of Western Electric post war sound equipments. Our new sets will include many new improvements, and will be specially designed to give you all the benefit from the latest recording developments by Western Electric.



**Remember that Western
Electric sound equipment
will be sold outright and our
service is optional.**

**WESTERN ELECTRIC
Company Limited**

Service Depots at:

BOMBAY - CALCUTTA - COLOMBO
DELHI - JUBBULPORE - KARACHI
LAHORE - MADRAS



289, ESPLANADE, G. T., MADRAS.

Editors:

P. D. THAMBI

P. K. THAMBI

Vol. IX

April, 1945

No. 2

Grumblings and Mumblings!

For sometime past, the motion picture industry in India has been sinking low, if not undergoing a process of dehydration. Most unfortunately, from the year 1940-the beginning of its boom-period—it has been back-sliding or rather getting back to primitivity.

It is highly deplorable that instead of using this period to advantage for experiments and new ventures, our erstwhile captains of the industry have been wallowing in the mire of 'sex-sophistication' and 'surface-glitter,' so that everyone of their products has begun to stink. Or otherwise, they have been ingratiating themselves with the 'formula-type' or committing outrages on our Gods, Saints and Heritage. In fine, it is nothing short of vandalism they have been indulging in.

As a result, our indigenous products, we are ashamed to admit, definitely have no place in the realm of art, and more often than not, they do not even pretend of art. Filmic-art has thus been bartered on the sheet anchor of commercialism.

Of course, there are exceptions. They are very few.

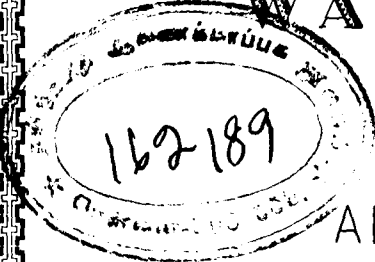
The motion picture industry has been dragged to its shameful present by reason of the fact that it has fallen into the hands of an army of unscrupulous money-minters, who, by no standard of judgment, are worthy of this trust. Neither their artistic merit nor their intellectual capacity entitles them to handle such a potential instrument as the films.

Most unhappily, the introduction of the 'Licence-system' has unwittingly made the film industry, virtually, the close preserve of these adventurers, racketeers and makers of easy-money.

In the circumstances, we are of opinion, that the move by the Government to issue licences on 'suitability basis' is a necessary evil.

APRIL, 1945

TALK-A-TONE



WADIA MOVIE TONE

Presents

AN ABSORBING SOCIAL

PIYA MILAN

a poignant human drama of
Love, Romance and Pathos

MOTILAL ★ NIRMALA ★ NAZAM
BABY SHAKUNTALA ★ MIRZA MUSHARAF
AND OTHERS

Directed by
S. M. YUSUFF

Music
FIROZ NIZAMI

★

All India rights Controlled by
POPULAR FILM CIRCUIT

FOR PARTICULARS

WADIA MOVIE TONE, — Parel, Bombay
OR
RADIANT PICTURES, 55, Ezra St., Calcutta

APRIL, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

We would fight, tooth and nail, any interference in the realm of art. But now that the 'illum-business' has become a Pucca commercial proposition, what harm is there in imposing certain restrictions in the interest of the trade? But we cannot, however, agree to any direct interference by the authorities, in the matter. If, really, the authorities have at heart the interest of the Industry, that it should thrive on healthy lines and progress on sound basis, we would suggest the constituting of Provincial Boards, in Madras, Bombay, Calcutta and Lahore, the stations where films are produced in large numbers.

Each such Board consisting of five members: two producers, one distributor, one exhibitor

and a censor, to be presided over by the Commissioner of Police of the respective cities. The members to this board should be elected by the local Film Chambers. The decision of this body in the matter of 'suitability' shall be final. All applications for film-licences should be forwarded by this body and they shall also be empowered to pre-censor the story intended for picturisation, and satisfy themselves before issuing the licence that the subject is fit for public exhibition.

It is the practice, at present, to calumnise the Government's issue of licences, as favouring back-door bandits. This procedure will obviate such grumblings and save the industry from the pit-fall to which it is heading as well.

To those who say that cultured ladies feel shy to enter the Films, here is an answer.



Princess Shami a highly educated lady plays the role of Draupadi in
Unity Films
KURUKSHETRA

A NEW FIND

APRIL, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

RAGNI

Season's Mighty
Spectacular Hit
with Brilliant

Star Cast

- ★ SMRITI
- ★ NAJAM
- ★ ARUNA
- ★ MUMTAZ
- ★ GYANI

SO ABSORBING
THRILLING
POWERFULLY
DRAMATIC

IT'S
A MAHESWARI
PRODUCTION
(LAHORE)

★
Music
PT. AMARNATH
Special hit with
Music and Dances



AN EPIC OF ENTERTAINMENT

SPEEDWAY

CAN PROMISE
REAL STUFF TO THE
EXHIBITORS
OF
SOUTH INDIA

South India Rights Controlled By
SPEEDWAY FILM DISTRIBUTORS
291/B6, LAMINGTON ROAD BOMBAY

MEN & MATTERS

BY
P. N. GHOSH, B.A.,
(Chief. Rep., Bombay)

News Is Scarce

I am at a loss to make out as to what has come over our news-makers. Today as I sit at my table to prepare my matter I am faced with an insurmountable difficulty as it were. This is due to, and aggravated by, the scarcity of news. Things look pretty dull, and what is worse, a feeling of frustration has been growing on some of our producers rendered inactive by the rigidity of the Govt. Control Order. This apparent inactivity in the production branch of the Industry is, however, amply compensated by an unusual brisk conduct of business in its distribution side, giving rise to new distributing concerns almost every day. Without trying to comment on the advantages, or otherwise, of this particular phenomenon which may safely be left to the students of Economics I can only say that if new distributing concerns go on multiplying at the present speed, a time will soon come when distributors will outnumber the pictures for distribution by a big margin. Since I can ill afford to let the space at my disposal go blank, I shall use it in some other way for which, however, I crave my readers' indulgence.

Humour and Wit

As we are mostly presented with comedies in which very often ludicrous methods are tried to make a parade, as it were, of humour and wit, I shall presently discuss what they should really be, and aim at.

'Humour and wit are both species of the ludicrous, that is, of the laughable; but whereas in humour the laughter is open, genial, and sympathetic, in wit it is usually subtle, malicious, and coldly derisive.

Wit pleases by the keenness of the thrust, and the completeness of the parry. Each combatant is aware of the contest, becomes more and more keen about the victory in the rivalry of words, and more and more anxious to avoid the smart of defeat.

Where the two combatants are equally matched it is a pleasure both to them and their audience. Where there is the thrust without the right or power of parry or retort it loses all its delightfulness, and becomes the cruel murder of sarcasm.

Humour at its best is unconscious and unintended. There is no idea here of rivalry or struggle with others, but we laugh at the humorous man without the thought of personal attack or defence. The pleasure is in what he says or does, not on its effect upon others. Wit pleases the intelligence and humour the imagination.

Now, I leave it to my readers to judge whether instances of humour and wit we generally come across in our comedies fulfil the essential conditions enumerated above or go wide of the mark.

Introspection :

I make bold to say that the cause of the Industry will be better served if our big guns pause for a while in the midst of their all-engrossing activities and try to find out what is amiss with their actions. The first stage of this pious attempt, I think, will lead to introspection which will certainly reveal that all that is said and done by them should be essentially implemented by benevolence. It must also, be borne in mind that benevolence is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which men must perform at the call of principle for the common good, though there be no choice of eloquence to give splendour to their exertions, and no music of poetry to lead their willing footsteps through the bowers of enchantment. Benevolence is not merely a feeling but a principle; not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in but a business for the hand to execute. None will perhaps deny that such hands for a satis-

factory execution of the big business constitute the paramount need of the Industry.

Nothing Can Make Kanan Devi Leave Calcutta :

Knowing as I do, that it is well-nigh impossible for the distinguished star Kanan Devi to leave her hearth and home on account of her manifold activities in Calcutta, I was not a little surprised when some of our North Indian contemporaries tried to make capital out of the announcement of her latest engagement with the producer Lakshmidas Anand, appearing in bold headlines in the local dailies. To allay my curiosity I went straight to the producer Anand and enquired of him whether all that had been said and heard about Kanan Devi was true. Mr. Anand with a smile on his lips told me without any prevarication whatsoever that he was himself at a loss to make out as to how the news sleuths could make a specific mention of her remuneration which, he said, was a secret between the star and himself. He also told me that I was quite correct in presuming that the star would not come up to Bombay, and that her portion of the picture would be shot in Calcutta. Mr. Anand finally added that he was greatly concerned at the moment about finding out a hero who could be suitably cast against her. Anyway I could easily surmise from my talk with Mr. Anand that he had been able to secure Kanan Devi's services for a fabulous price.

Yusuf Mulji with Prakash Pictures :

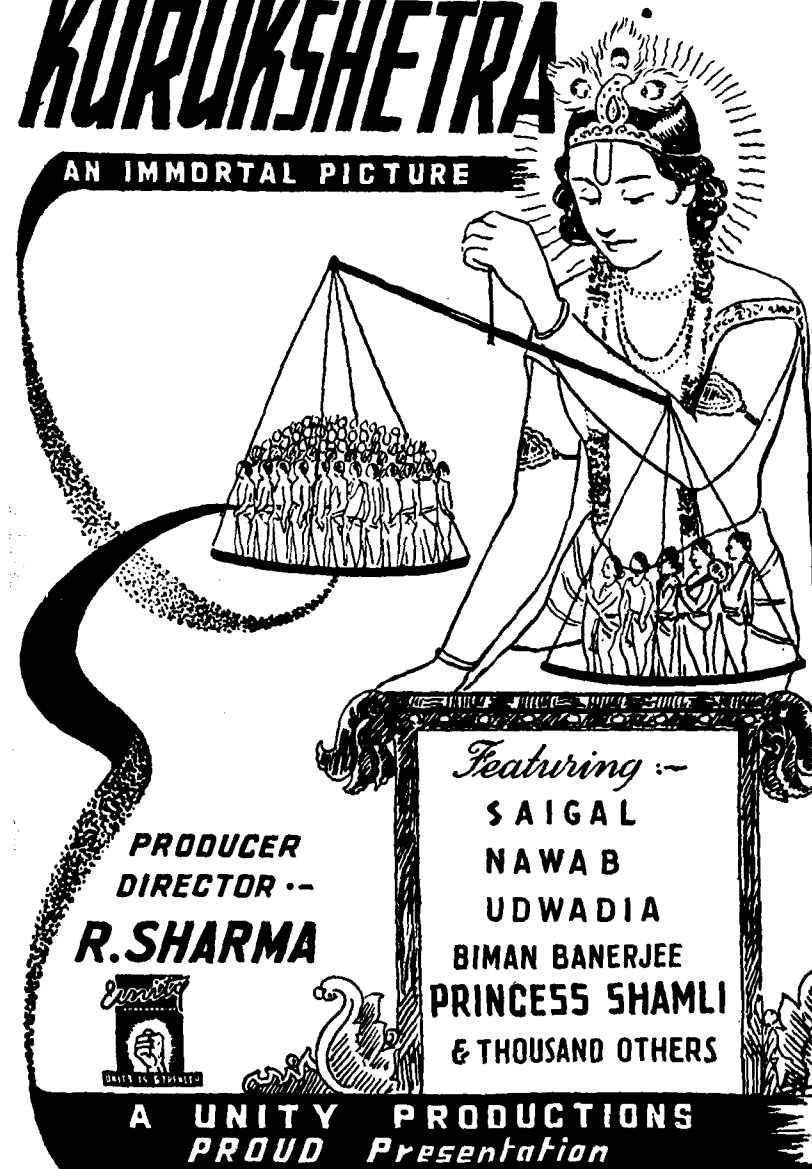
I am a little surprised to know that the New Theatres' well-known cameraman, Mr. Yusuf Mulji, has since severed his connection with the New Theatres Ltd., and has joined the Prakash Pictures as their chief cameraman. As I do not know the reason which has compelled Mulji to take leave of his *alma mater*, as I would call it, where he has received his grooming, I should not accuse him of inconsistency or ingratitude. All the same, I can scarcely help saying that the New Theatres Ltd., which has grown used to disappointments, has successfully weathered many a storm of separation in the past, and will, I think, get over the present dis-

The epoch making Picture of the Year!

GOOD & EVIL WEIGHED IN THE
DIVINE SCALE AND THAT MAKES

KURUKSHETRA

AN IMMORTAL PICTURE



PRODUCER
DIRECTOR --
R. SHARMA



A UNITY PRODUCTIONS
PROUD Presentation

Featuring :-
SAIGAL
NAWAB
UDWADIA
BIMAN BANERJEE
PRINCESS SHAMLI
& THOUSAND OTHERS

CONTACT

THE UNITY FILM EXCHANGE LTD.
3, HUMAYUN PLACE - - - CALCUTTA

affection. I am also told that Mulji has been tempted to join Prakash Pictures particularly on their promise to give him a chance of wielding the megaphone in the near future. If that be the case, nothing can be said: one has certainly a right to try to better one's prospects.

Independents Take The Lead Again:

The Managing Committee of the Independent Film Producers Association, at a meeting held recently, resolved to issue a publication on the Indian Film Industry, giving its origin and growth, from industrial technical, and artistic points of view during the last thirty years of its existence. It has authorised Mr. K. S. Hirlekar, an author of books on Soviet Russia, to undertake the publication.

Meena Makes News Again

Meena, the film star, who only a few months back had been much in the news on account of her clash with Mr. Sohrab Mody, has not been very happy in her private life for sometime past. Her separation with her husband Jahur Raja was followed by her temporary alliance with one Al Nasir, and their mysterious disappearance from Bombay for some months together. It is, however, learnt that she has just returned from Lahore all alone, and that she has just been absolved from her obligation to the Minerva Movitone by Mr. Sohrab Mody even before the expiry of the period of her contract. Her movements are somewhat shrouded in mystery. Some of my friends who have already made a vigorous search for her, come to me and report their attempts have proved abortive. The only conclusion that can be drawn from her present mysterious ways is that the hectic pleasures of studio life have lost all their charm for her. It is, however, hoped that she has prematurely not grown so blasé as to lose all interest in life, a good part of which is still to be lived by her.

Vatsala Kumptekar Passes Away

I am grieved to report that the artiste Vatsala Kumptekar has shuffled the mortal coil after a brief

illness at her native place somewhere in Kathiawar. My readers perhaps remember that her vocal renderings, apart from anything else, helped her to make a name for herself, which, unfortunately, she could not retain long for reasons I would not like to mention now that she is no more. Peace be to her ashes (!)

Music And Dance Festival:

His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda presided on Thursday the 29th ultimo over the inaugural ceremony of the Spring Festival of Music and Dance organised by the Indian Art Exhibitors at the Sunderbai Hall, Bombay.

In the course of his illuminating address His Highness said, "Amidst the drab and sordid monotony around us, art alone has the capacity to sweeten the life of mankind and fill our leisure hours with pure joy."

His Highness added that the artistic and cultural heritage of India was of an order of which any nation could be proud. Although during the last 300 years India had gone through a period of stagnation, there was again national awakening. He hoped that at the end of the war, when nations once again settled down to building permanent peace, natural appreciation of the arts of different nations would add strength to the foundations of a durable peace.

The day's programme included a superb *sitar* recital by Prof. Ravisankar of Almora, and a masterly performance of *Shanai* by Bismillah and party of Benares. Vocal music by Rasollan Bai and dance by Kumari Bela Arnab of Calcutta were highly appreciated by the audience. The Festival continued till the 1st April, and had on its cards a varied and attractive programme which is sure to satisfy the connoisseurs of art. Among its promoters Mr. N.R. Bhattacharya, son of the celebrated Dr. Dakshina Bhattacharya of Allahabad, deserves special congratulations for his untiring efforts and zeal to make the occasion a memorable one.

Perseverance Rewarded:

My readers may remember that sometime back I reported in these columns that the star Ashok Kumar had refused to be lured by Sarvottam Badami's offer of a princely remuneration for his playing the hero in Badami's "Uttara Abimanyu" primarily out of kind considerations for his friend Director Mehboob. Now, I learn from an authoritative source that Ashok Kumar has been visibly moved by Badami's devoted tenacity and has accepted the latter's offer. I do not know whether my friend Mehboob still thinks of producing "Veer Abimanyu". All I want is that our Abimanyu of good old days may not be torn by personal jealousies.

Misunderstanding Removed:

Mr. M. A. Mughni, the representative of the Independent Film Producers in the Government Film Advisory Committee had justly been feeling a little sore over Chotubhai Desai's attending the last sessions of the Committee in Delhi on the ground that whereas it was constitutionally decided to depute Chotubhai Desai, who, incidentally, is the President of the Independent Film Producers Association, to represent the Independents in the meeting of the Film Advisory Committee in Calcutta on account of Mr. Mughni's inability to attend the meeting, due to his indisposition, nothing of the sort was done to authorise Chotubhai Desai to take Mr. Mughni's place in the last Film Advisory Committee's meeting in Delhi. Mr. Mughni put the matter before the executive committee of the Independent Film Producers Association in their last meeting when Chotubhai openly declared that he never meant to override Mr. Mughni, and that he was really sorry if the latter felt offended by his action. It was also resolved in the meeting that henceforward Mr. Mughni alone would be attending the Government Film Advisory Committee's meetings as he had been doing heretofore. I am really happy to note that a timely clarification of the matter has averted an unpleasant situation which certainly would not have redounded to the credit of the Inde-

APRIL, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

**THE SEASON'S
SCREEN SENSATION!**

UNPARALLELED

IN
CAST
STORY
GRANDEUR

SANJEEVAN ART PRODUCTIONS'

SAWAN

★

Assembling a rare combination

SHANTA APTE, CHANDRA PRABHA
& MOTILAL

★

Supported by

KAYAMALI, SUSHIL SAHU & others.

★

Directed by

DWARAKA KHOSLA

★

Producer

M. R. KALE

Await!

NATIONAL PREMIERE

AT

A FIRST RUN HOUSE

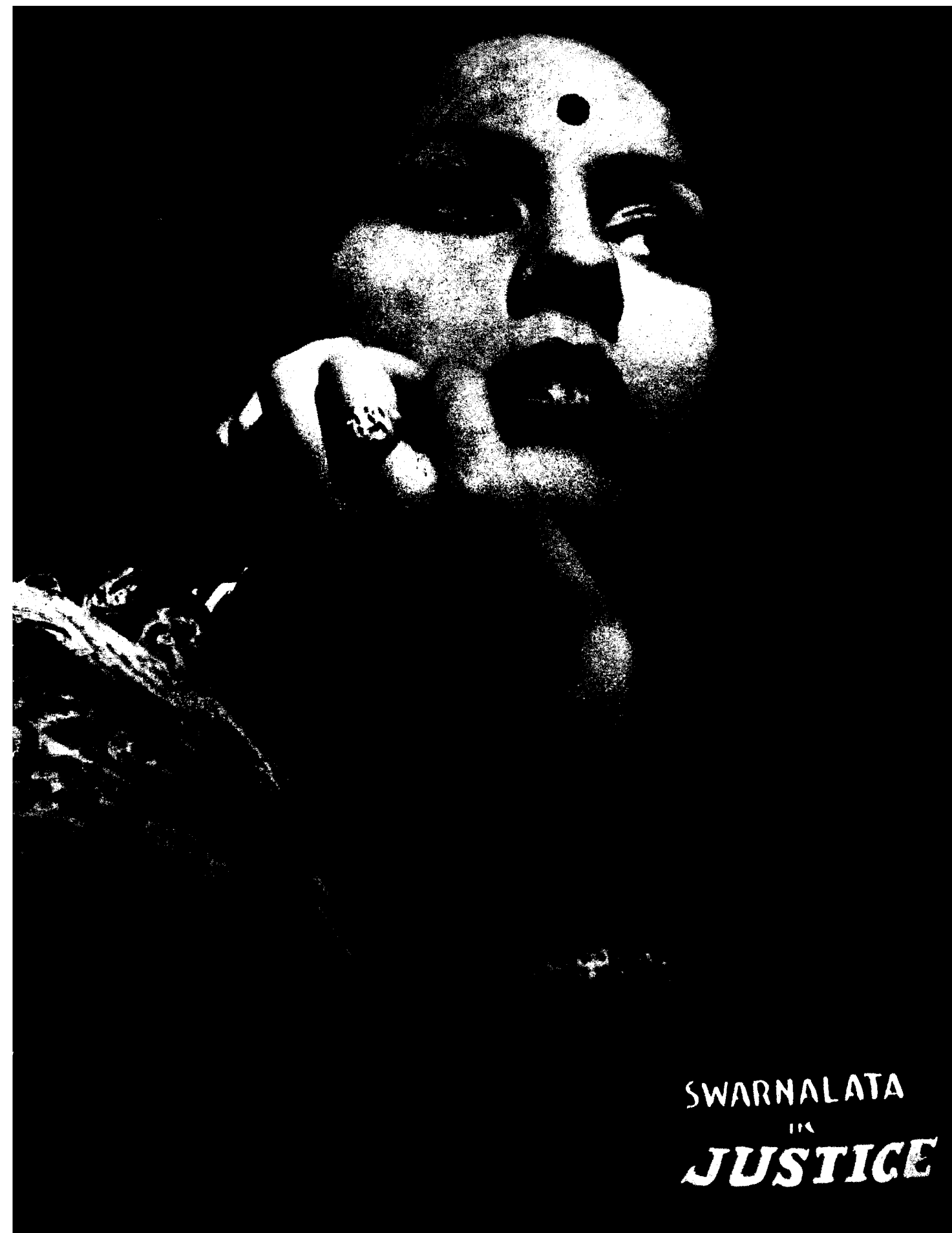
IN BOMBAY

Particulars:

SANJEEVAN ART PRODUCTIONS

**101, LADY HARDINGE ROAD,
MATUNGA,**

BOMBAY.



SWARNALATA
IN
JUSTICE

NEVER BEFORE.....*A Picture with such Emotional Impact and Spectacle!***SWEET
SURAYYA***Music*
JHANDE KHAN*Dialogues*
Prof. WAQIF*With*
**CHANDRA MOHAN
ULHAS
JAGJEDAR
AND ???****BOMBAY CINETONE LTD.,**
"MEHER VILLA"**Grant Road - BOMBAY-7***Produced at*
PRABHAT STUDIOS
POONA**FILM CRITIC-His Role**
[Em see]

Whether the present day film critics have bestowed any thought on the correct meaning and significance of criticism, is a matter for speculation. Criticism may be defined as "a sensitive and authentic analytical record of any subject in all its aspects, both good and bad". This connotation of criticism is applicable to all types of criticisms. Well, it holds good in film criticisms also.

Critics who are not tainted with a partisan mentality and critics who intelligently discern and point out the flagrant defects and then offer constructive suggestions to remedy them may be christened as the virtual benefactors of the world in general. They may be even said to be the torch-bearers of a re-modelled and re-constructed new world order, for the consummation of which, human kind is hungering for.

The names of the world's gigantic intellects and their memorable contributions would not have come to light, but for their contemporary critics. It is these 'scribblers' who fall under the nomenclature of critics who have been partly responsible for securing public recognition of their latent talents, however much intelligent and resourceful the former may be. In a like manner, intelligent and constructive film critics who can without any bias point out the shortcomings of the film industry and its output, are a sheer necessity for its progress and advancement. But I doubt whether those who are in the industry, I mean those Northcliffes and Hitlers who command its purse strings and steering wheels, as well as those worthies who masquerade as genuine entities of the fraternity of film critics have correctly understood the potency of the critic's goose-quill.

The prime qualification of a film critic ought to be his fidelity to the sacred art of criticism, the ardent votary of which he is supposed to be.

The critic should view things with a broad angle of vision, intelligently pick out both the good and bad things. Then, assuming the role of a reformer he should try to improve and correct the defects by his sound, level headed and unbiased criticisms. In these degenerated days, journalists and critics of such calibre are rare.

There is another sort who have developed malicious slander, personal ill-will and vituperation as a fine art. Actuated by personal motives often times pour forth their vials of venom in filthy billingsgate jargon on the heads of all their human targets. Their pens dipped in vitriol, they go ahead with their rigmaroles and hymns of hate and heap abuses, anathemas and curses without any reason or rhyme. Some of the victims who feel the insults poignantly, try to purchase the 'Mud Slingers' by some way or other. These Journalistic philanderers grab at the offers and sacrifice their honour and integrity at the altar of Mammon! They shut their mouths and even give their brains and pens a furlough! These are the pests who blacken the fair name of the fraternity of critics. Such black-mailers should be shunned as leprous cankers. Pink and Yellow Journalism so rampant in the land of the Stars and stripes is making its inroads here too. Let us try to wipe it out.

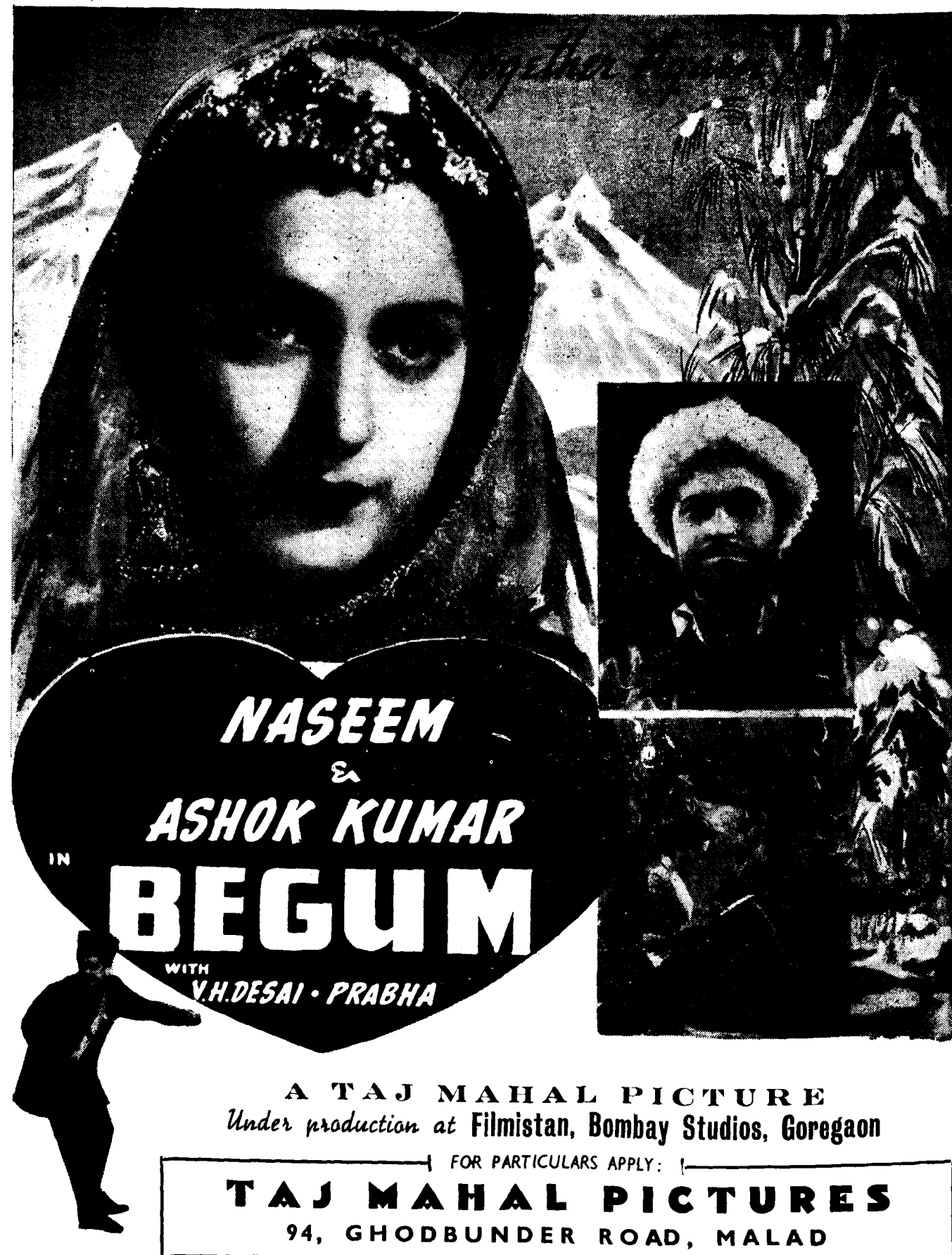
It is a melancholy feature of the times that S. India sorely lacks in constructive critics who without any bias or rancour express their honest observations, comments and criticisms on men and matters. The faculty to analyse disarmingly the things that one sees, a clear brain to visualise things in the correct perspective, and the ability to present his reasons and arguments logically are a few of the essential pre-requisites of a sound critic. When a critic sits in judgment, his



Enterprising Manzoor Nazar Hashri has become an all-India figure within a period of three months. He controls the world rights of Prafulla Pictures' BARI MA.

considered findings and verdicts should be unassailable. Not alone that. They should be eye-openers to the producers who are evidently under the spell of some hypnotic trance or day dream. Then only they will begin to realise the gravity of the situation and try to mend their erring ways.

We have often found truth to be unpalatable. Nevertheless who can suppress truth? Sure enough it will come out one day or the other. However much one may not relish plain-speaking and truth, for the well-being of both the individual and the community, it is essential. Without getting annoyed they should be viewed and whenever possible we should try to get our foibles reformed. Likewise constructive criticisms of some and sober critics should always be welcomed by the producers in case they desire to healthily move forward. There is no use in getting red over them. When are we going to have such critics—critics who will be the friends, philosophers and guides of our film magnates. That is the problem!



**NASEEM
&
ASHOK KUMAR
BEGUM**

WITH
V.H. DESAI - PRABHA

A TAJ MAHAL PICTURE
Under production at Filmistan, Bombay Studios, Goregaon

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY: **TAJ MAHAL PICTURES**
94, GHODBUNDER ROAD, MALAD

Film Fans' Forum

(TALK-A-TONE'S film fans' forum is intended to answer reasonable queries from readers interested in knowing things in and around the film firmament. Serious questions are treated seriously and flippant ones in like manner, but the Editor replies none in spite and sets down naught in malice. If this section helps to relieve the tedium of these hard days the purpose of this FORUM is served.

Address all your queries to The Forum, Talk-A-Tone, Madras. Only letters bearing full signature and address will be considered.—Ed.)

V. Nanjaraj, Erode.

The present chain of Tamil Talkies seems to me to be made to appeal to the intelligence of the average of 10 year old. I feel that something must be done about it. What do you propose?

Your statement is one with which I have neither the liberty to agree nor the courage of conviction to refute. I had almost endorsed it when I felt the telepathic pressure of a thousand brain-cells. I am afraid they represent the surging spirit of the protesting producers. However, there is a way out, if you guys have the will to pursue the matter to its logical conclusion. We shall, which means you, begin a campaign among the 10-year olds in our Country to demand an apology from the quality film-makers.

C. R. N. Raghavan, Madras.

I find that the overcrowding in theatres is getting on the public's nerves. The best efforts of the police to regulate by queues is falling short of the needs by default of the public to co-operate. You and your journals should ram it home to the concerned people. Why don't you?

We know it through our Intelligence Service. In fact, any move on our part will be superfluous. Don't you see that most of the producers have gallantly come forward and done their best by producing stuff no one should see?

C. J. Satakopan, Kumbakonam.

How is it that both the number of pictures produced and flops have fallen?

It is just possible that many pictures are putting off their birth and death until conditions considerably change for the better or for worse!

C. Ramaswamy, Salem.

During the prohibition era, the secret police, raiding a party given by a film star, found a crate of liquor. How about it?

Well, more important than the steps to be taken thereafter, the question arises as to why the police delayed the raid until the party was almost over.

V. Jayaram, Trichinopoly.

Is there any truth in the Government spokesman's prediction that the day is near when there will be a general conviction that black-marketting in films does not pay?

It depends upon what one means by TRUTH. It is likely that there is a difference in the appraisal

of the truth between the man in the street and the man behind the counter. There is, all the same, a certain element of truth in the prediction. Probably the conviction may crystallize itself generally after the Government had stabilized it.

K. N. Guptan, Travancore.

I have fallen head over heels in love with T. R. Rajakumari. What shall I write to her?

Judging from the intensity of the emotions which has overtaken your limbs and senses, I am afraid that you will stoop to anything and stick to nothing, to have your way, whatever may be my advice in this behalf. So, you have the privilege, sacred to every human being, to write anything, by which I mean anything. But, for Heaven's sake, don't post the letter. It will get you into trouble and may eventually result in cerebral haemorrhage.

Dr. Janakiram, Chettinad.

I believe that the majority of the film comedians are not funny in private life.

There is nothing to answer in your query except to state that the last three-words of your statement are quite unnecessary.

C. S. L. Narasimham, Tirupathi.

Will it please you to kindly let me know whether there is any Provincial or All India Committee of Film experts to award certificates of merits for the best picture produced every year? If not, is it not worthwhile to have one, so that the producers may have an impetus to bring forth first rate pictures?

There is no official organization designed on an All India basis, to honour the best pictures in the several languages but, each province is doing this for its own products. The linguistic diversity of our Country is a genuine barrier. However, unity in diversity can be achieved by co-ordinating the representative bodies designated to make the award every year and such official recognition may be co-opted in the central unit. As it is, Madras does not make a Hindi Film nor do the others produce South Indian language pictures. Hence the impracticability.

Kesari, Krishnarajasagar.

What is the correct address of Ranjana who acted in RAM RAJYA. Why is she not given the role of the heroine in Films?

You can contact her by addressing your letters C/o Prakash Pictures, Andheri. She is now engaged by the latter to play a prominent role in their next

social drama HAMARA SANSAR. As regards the latter part of your question, we think Prakash has realised the potentiality of this artiste and have assigned her a leading role in their forthcoming picture.

Who is Begum Para who acts in Prabhat's CHAND? Give her life sketch in brief.

Your query looks funny! She is a girl no doubt, a beautiful one too, and looks charming on the screen! Life history of artistes cannot be given in this column but rest assured that your appetite will be whetted shortly through our "Stars of the month page".

O. G. Abdeen, Colombo.

How is that we don't hear any news of Baby Saroja now a days?

The reason is not far to seek but lies in the fact that the 'BABY' has grown to the age when parents are fondly looking out for her future socially, and not cinematically. Her fans can await the happy news which will eke out through the usual channels.

Who is the husband of N. C. Vasanthakokilam?

A happy go lucky young man who has held her in saffron-string bondage before pundhits, fire and water.

K. A. M. Saliyah, Colombo.

Is it true that Shanta Apte and Kausalya are sisters?

Definitely not in blood, but sisters in the trade.

How many studios in India are trying to produce cartoons?

To our knowledge only two have attempted to produce cartoons. One is Gemini Studios, Madras, who have been wallowing in this mire for over two years without any attendant success. We understand, like Robert Bruce, they are still at it. Probably in the seventh year they may succeed. The other is the Information Films of India. We await their product, but how long to wait, we cannot prophecy.

Prasankumar, Mysore.

I want to become a famous film star in North India. Whom do you suggest, I should approach?

If you are the goods, from Sohrab Mody to Shantaram, including Vijay Bhatt are waiting for you! You would approach any one of them but COULD you?

M. Kathirithambi, Kerirawa.

What is P. S. Govindan's next picture?

Southern Theatre's ARAVALLI—SOORAVALLI.

What is name of the film that K. Subramaniam is directing at present?

It should have been "Bhakta Metha", but its hero is not yet out of the woods, so the interregnum will be made use of for a dance picture NARTHANA MURALI.

What is the best picture of the year 1944 in Tamil, and Telugu.

Out of the bad lot we have had during the year in question, in our opinion, POOMPAVALI is the best in Tamil, and TAHSILDAR in Telugu

Who is the best director of the Hindi Screen?

Sohrab M. Modi handles historicals wonderfully well, Shantaram socials, and Vijaya Bhatt devotionals.

What happened to my intimate comic friend N. S. Krishnan?

He is taking his trial, charged with conspiring the premature immortality of C. N. Lakshmikantham.

A. M. M. Ghouser, Mardana.

What is the first picture in which U. R. Jeeva-ratnam acted?

Bhaktha Gowri.

A friend of mine told me that K. V. L. Vasantha hasn't one ear. Is it true?

Your friend has played you false to mislead you regarding a leading lady. Both the ears are in their proper places.

Are the Subbulakshmis related?

For one thing they cannot be married by reason of their sexual disposition. Further, there are four of them and could not admit of relationship.

Basavaraj, Nilgiris.

What is your idea about the answer given to a question in one of the issues of FILMINDIA that every cinema actress is as good as a family woman?

That is what is called juxtaposition and depends on how you view them. The cinema actress is just as good or as bad as you take her to be as a family woman. My leading lady at home might not like these remarks of mine if she knew it.

Why is that Tamil music is not so interesting as Hindustani?

Hindustani music is easier to emulate than Tamil. But if you had a taste for it your question would have taken a different shape.

A. M. Abdul Kader, Negombo.

Who is the better of the two in emotional acting—Sushila Rani or Devika Rani?

Both the Rani's are extraordinarily emotional. But Devika Rani sports a homelier outlook in pictures while Baburao Patel is fretting and fuming on behalf of Sushila.

Which is the outstanding film Magazine in India? If TALK-A-TONE, Why?

TALK-A-TONE is the outstanding film magazine because of the enthusiasm of its fans who rush every month to the news stands to get their copy. It dares to tell the truth irrespective of personalities. It abounds with first hand news on what you want to know and it is nicely got up with pictures in art paper.

Filmindia has offered ten prizes for the best and intelligent question to its Editor's Mail. Why not you also do it?

That occurred to the Editors, too, but they have held back so as not to spoil the spontaneity of the intelligence of every one of our fans. We respect your intelligence and have no doubt it will improve with your frequent contacts with us. That's why. Else these pages will wind up with mutual adulations.

Announcement Extraordinary!

Together again.....

ASHOK KUMAR

IN

LEELA CHITNIS

KIRAN



★
Directed by:
G. JAGIRDAR
of
Ramshastry
fame
★

★
Music by:
NINU
MAZUMDAR.
★

Territorial Rights For:

MADRAS CITY - TAMIL-NAD - BANGALORE
MYSORE STATE - SOUTH CANARA - COORG - CEYLON

THE SOUTH INDIA PICTURES LTD.

MADRAS
BRANCHES: BANGALORE - COIMBATORE - MADURA

A TRUE STORY.

Gomati was not my mother. It pleased me that she should ask me to call her 'Mother.' I lost mine in my infancy and didn't know a mother's love; so my loss was only relative. However, it piqued my dormant affections when a strange, though loving, woman kindled it. Gomati pestered me, accordingly, with overwhelming caresses and small presents whenever I visited her big bungalow in Manalur. She lived there, alone, for over ten years, as far as I could remember.

The first time I met her—it seems only yesterday—she was stepping out of her garden, holding a garland of *jasmynes*. I had butted in, to pick some flowers in her garden for my idol of *Ganesa*.

Gomati stopped abruptly at sight of me and laid the garland on my small shoulders as if she had been waiting there for me with it. Before I could summon words to articulate my protestations, she dragged me into her house and smothered me with profuse kisses. Over her shoulder, I saw a canvas on which she had drawn the outlines of a young, handsome face. That evening, I returned home to my uncle, laden with home-made sweets and garden-grown fruits.

"You are a nice boy and I like you", she told me when sending me away. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Ganesh," I told her.



Narayana Rao seems to get ticklish with Bhanumathi in "SWARGA SEEMA"

"Ganesh! A good name for a good boy," she observed flatteringly. "Come to me every day and I shall give you beautiful pictures, marbles, and sweets and flowers and fruits. Will you?" she asked, anxiously.

I was happy and began gloating over the prospect of such joyous gifts. I assured her that I would, with all my heart.

"But, mind you, you must call me mother," she added, and I agreed.

She was, thereafter, as true in giving me presents as I was in giving her my company. Almost always, daily, I stopped with her and she rejoiced in my presence.

Sometimes, the presents she gave me were of a costly nature and, as time went on, I began to wonder....

After five years, this had grown to be a routine and a habit with me, but, one day, when my uncle crossed me, I longed to learn why this was happening. The same evening, I was so disturbed by this lurking but insistent doubt, that I almost upset her peaceful and lovely features, by putting the ever-haunting question over to her.

"Mother," I began, fumbling with the painting brush beside me, "this sympathy and love you have been showing me these years were conceived quite suddenly. May I presume that I remind you of some cherished memory in your youth, some beloved face, some sweet voice and long silky hair like mine?"

Gomati-A Sacrificial Goat

BY
BARADWAJ.

I suddenly stopped, assailed by a new wave of ideas. "Where is your husband?"

She remained silent for a few moments. Then, drawing her chair close to mine, she stroked my hair. I could see she was moved.

"Ganesh, you have put me a fateful question. Only, I was astonished at the intelligence for your age. I'll tell you," she said, and led me into her room.

"Do you see the picture over there?" she asked me, pointing at the drawing of the face she had just finished.

"That face was borne by a man, a young and handsome man, who stole my heart, who meant everything in the world to me." A pearl-like tear dropped from her eyes, but she did not attempt to conceal her grief. I understood.

Your husband?

"No, that could not be. If he had been my husband, I would be living differently. He was my lover, just my lover."

I was gradually getting into her emotional conditions, which I couldn't suppress either.

"Couldn't you marry him? Perhaps he was a poor man and your parents wanted a rich man for a son-in-law?"

"Not even that," she answered me. "He was an uneducated boy and could not understand the depth of my feelings towards him until it was too late. You wouldn't believe me unless I told you the whole story. Well, why not? It is raining outside and you can sleep here cosily. Your uncle knows that you are here and I have just given the finishing touches to that face at which I had been working. I shall look back over twenty years and tell you of my love—calf-love though it was at first."

"I am not ashamed of telling you that my lover was our cowherd. Govindan was his name, but we used to call him Ambi. Ambi was the son of our gardener. In fact, I have shed bitter tears of sorrow because of him."

"When Ambi first set my heart aflame, I was ten years of age, and he, two years older.

"I and my father used to drink our coffee in the veranda and Ambi would be watering the garden. Now and again, he would peep through the flower-beds to stare at what we were eating. Then, if our eyes caught him at it, he would instantly withdraw his head and disappear in the direction of the paddy fields, driving our cows. He was an unusually sprightly and good-looking lad, with jet black hair flowing behind his fine face.

"Seeing that his eager eyes were fixed on the sweets we were eating, I got permission from my mother, one day, to take him a *jangri*. This he received hesitatingly, with trembling hands and tucked away under his palms at once as he got it, as if he feared it would be taken back from him.

"He had a pair of wonderful eyes that peeped out of his brown cheeks. He always carried in his hands a tall bamboo stick, on which were cut, with deft fingers, a number of figures.

"Child-like, I yearned for that stick at once. I imagined a sort of ecstasy in holding in my own hands that wonderful rod—a new plaything, quite unlike the toys I had as yet possessed. And, to tend the cows with it, running after them, was the peak of earthly happiness that my imagination could conjure up for me.

"Of course, it was through that stick that we came nearer to each other.

"One morning, my longing for the coveted rod grew to such irresistible intensity, that I resolved to try my utmost to get it. I surreptitiously ran off with my sweets to meet Ambi on his way. On seeing me, he halted and looked somewhat surprised and suspicious. But, when I gradually disclosed the sweets I had brought with me, he changed his mind and came closer to me.

"I want that bamboo stick. Will you give it to me?" I asked.

"I cannot. But why do you want it?" he asked back, leaning on the stick and resting his right foot on the left.

"'Because I want it,' I told him rather arrogantly, but added softly, 'and I'll give you these sweets'."

"He nodded approval. His eyes fastened on the cakes in my hands.

"'But this stick I need for my work. I shall make you another one, a better one'.

"Can you draw such nice figures on it?"

"Oh, that is nothing. I can make parrots, dancing dogs, and monkeys and flutes out of bamboo."

"I was overjoyed. Without further question, I gave him the sweets. He ate them all greedily, bestowing approving nods and occasional glances at me. He then drove his cows on.

"Envy caught hold of me as I watched him running, free as air, after the cows. I cursed the fate that made me a prisoner at home and Ambi a free man to move about as he liked.

"I waited for the promised rod and playthings. True to his word, he brought me all. A bamboo flute, a rod with a big knot on which he had drawn some lines like a face—was it mine? Then there were the walking-dogs, the parrot and, above all, the dancing-monkey.

"Thin bamboo slices were made into the form of a monkey and coloured with the juice of the prickly pear fruit. A string was attached to its legs and, on pulling it, the monkey danced. This was beyond my wildest dreams.

"Our friendship grew. I shared with him the dainties which came

to me as the youngest member of the family from all sides. In return, he gave me the works of art which his nimble fingers fashioned. reed whistles, small bamboo baskets, various kinds of performing monkeys, with this last one particularly. I soon became a regular nuisance to the entire household.

"Not one evening passed when we did not keep our tryst in the garden. We made presents to each other. Ambi became my hero, and I was unhappy when I did not see him. By degrees, the longing to play with him in the paddy fields became a passion with me and developed into an obsession.

"One evening I told him of this. He just laughed.

"It is quite simple", he told me, 'you just come with me.'

"I agreed readily.

"'But' he added, 'don't forget to bring something to eat when you come.'

"That was enough for me. Next morning, I stole all the cakes I could lay hands on, and, torn between pleasure and fear, I gave the slip through the back-door and joined Ambi, waiting impatiently for me. I showed him all I had brought. His eyes lit with glee. One after another, he devoured most of them with incredible dispatch. I took the rod from him and drove the cows.

"Beyond the meadows, we walked into the mango groves. I had never gone there before. What an alluring vision, around us, it was! A vast



An interesting dance sequence in *Vauhini's* "SWARGA SEEMA"

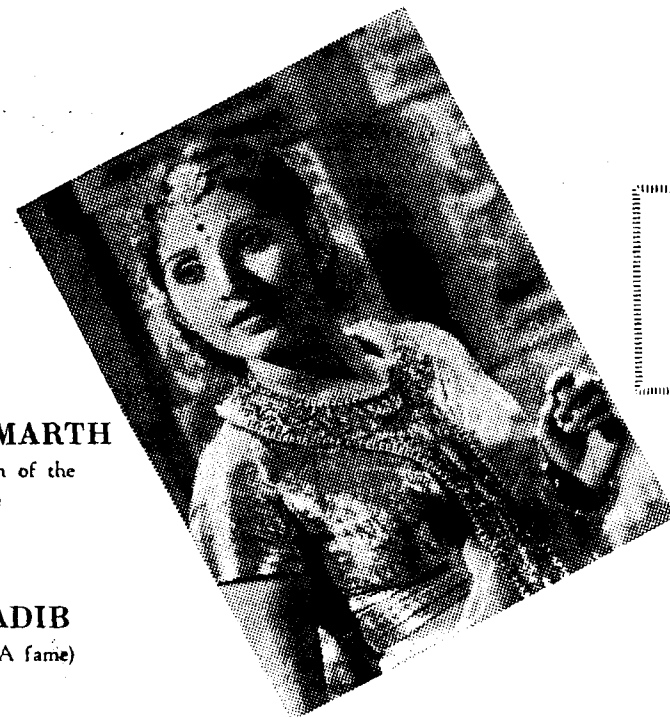
APRIL, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

JAYANT FILMS PRESENTS

A Glorious Mythological and
Dancing Epic—a like of which
was never before produced for
the Indian Silver Screen

URVASHI



Starring:
SOBHANA SAMARTH
(the bewitching queen of the
Silver Screen)

★
PREM ADIB
(RAM RAJYA fame)

★
SADHONA BOSE
(the Dancing Damsel)

★
Music
SHYAM SUNDER
Direction
BABUBHAI JANI
★

FOR PARTICULARS:

DEVI FILM CORPORATION
173, GANDHINAGAR - BANGALORE CITY

APRIL, 1945

sea of green foliage, colourful flowers and lotuses, as far as the eye could reach.

"Here—the flock's paradise—we stopped. The cows grazed, while we roamed about hand-in-hand and gathered flowers. Then, we played husband and wife, and Kala a young calf, was our child.

"Ambi asked me casually 'can you make a garland?'

"When I informed him that I would love to, he took me to a jasmine garden. He loved jasmynes and when I made him a lovely garland, he was almost crazy with delight.

"Unexpectedly, he caught my face between his hands and kissed me. Then I began dreaming of his love and hours went by unnoticed. When the Sun was right over our heads, I began to feel faint, tired and hungry. It had not occurred to my 'husband' that I, too, would be hungry. I remembered accidentally that my parents would be waiting for me anxiously at home. I began to wonder what would happen if they missed me.

"I threw myself on the grass while Ambi stroked my face kindly but respectfully. He, too, had realised the folly of what we had done and the impending punishment. He was lost in the thought when, all of a sudden, I sprang up and ran as fast as I could. In the distance, I heard voices calling my name and, in a few moments, I was in the arms of my mother.

"That same evening Ambi was brought in front of our house. His hands were tied behind him. His right foot was tied up, so that he was standing on one leg. How long he had been standing like that!

"My father came with the village headman. Ambi was charged with the offence of trying to kidnap me and was to undergo the punishment then and there.

"For about an hour he was made to stand on one leg. That over, the headman brandished his whipping rod.

"My poor lover seemed to take it all for granted that he must be whipped. He made no attempt to shirk the blame but appeared perfectly resigned to his fate.

"The whip-cord crossed his back a dozen times and they did not

spare him yet. He yelled with pain, the blood was gashing out of the lash-marks, while I rolled on the floor, shedding bitter tears of agony for Ambi's sake.

"With the thirteenth lash, Ambi crumbled into a heap, his back criss-crossed with the lashes, all cut and bruised.

"Since then, I loved him. Somehow or other, I managed to meet him secretly. Morning or evening, I never took food unless I saw him. My devotion to him increased daily. Whatever I was given to eat, I just stored up for him. He returned my attachment with a touching dependence and dog-like confidence.

"After a year, I had an attack of influenza and was ordered a change of air. By now, I had become a woman. I left the village and lived with my parents at Papanasam, and Sembodai alternately for about ten years.

"My mother died after a short time. I was again bedridden with typhoid. I escaped death, but remained an invalid, pale and weak. My doctor ordered me back to the village for convalescence.

"For ten years, I had not seen Ambi's face. I wondered if he was retained in our services still. Unknown to my father, I had brought for Ambi a basketful of fruits and some rare sweets and cakes.

"I had been home for nearly a fortnight and there was no sign of Ambi. I asked my father. He gave me the joyful news that Ambi was grown into a fine young man and was in charge of our garden in the place of his aged father.

"So, I chose the garden, purposely for rest during day-time. Though my father tried to stay with me, I begged him to attend to his work and dismissed him. I was left alone.

"There was Ambi, just opposite to my camp-cot. Whenever his eyes fell on me, he turned his head away, but I continued to watch his movements closely. Nevertheless he never came near me. He appeared to be very deferential. This was very tiresome and I fell into a doze.

"When I woke up, my father was waiting to fetch me into the house. He tried to lift me but left me to sink back into the cot. He was getting older and weaker.

"'Ambi!' he called.

"Blood rushed into my cheeks. Now I would meet him—in a moment. With dilated eyes, I raised my head and waited.

"Ambi came. He bowed to me and wished that I was well.

"'Ambi, bring Gomati into the house, while I go and arrange her bed. But carry her carefully. She is weak,' my father commanded him and went away.

"Ambi dusted his hands and took me under his arms, ever so gently. In an instant, I was on my bed between cushions.

"'Thank you, thank you,' I said and nodded to him with a smile. He waited uncertainly at the doorway looking, now at my father and now at me.

"'After all,' I said to myself, 'he loves me still. But dad's presence troubles the course of his affections for me. So I must help him'.

"'Father,' I said, 'I think I shall spend another half hour in the garden!'

"Again, Ambi carried me back, and again he hovered near me but sheepishly.

"'Ambi! Is there anything that I can do to help you? What are you uncertain about?' I asked.

"At this stage, my father, who had been picking some seeds, returned.

"'Of course he waits for his tip,' he explained and look out a nickel coin to give him.

"'Oh, No! I don't think so' I remonstrated. I felt I was insulted.

"But none of them seemed to hear me. My father tossed the coin towards Ambi and turned into the house."

"Would Ambi take that coin? My heart was all a flutter."

"But Ambi did not even notice it.

"His attention was rivetted somewhere else.

"Gomati! Gomati! Ambi yelled out and suddenly leapt at my head.

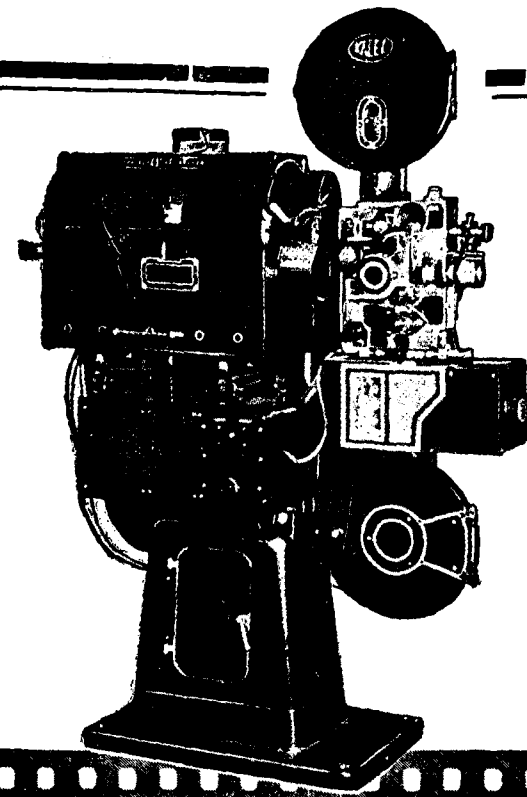
"Next moment he uttered another yell and fell down on his back.

"Crushed in his palm was held the head of a cobra, its body encircling Ambi's neck.

"The viper had killed Ambi who saved me from it, and my love for him has grown ever since.

"Ganesh, my dear, you look very much like 'MY DEAR AMBI'."

Twenty-five



THE DUOSONIC SOUND SYSTEM

and THE KALEE No. 12 PROJECTOR are both products of the world famed G. B-KALEE organization. Complete equipments will shortly be available in India. Enquiries from exhibitors are cordially invited.

GB-KALEE

FORBES FORBES CAMPBELL & CO., LTD. HOME STREET BOMBAY

The Fang and The Claw :

Raking up the four-year-old fires of furious Gemini-Juggernaut Controversy, with the usual accompaniments of sniping from the sidelines, just as its embers were dying out, and at a time when the Sekar-Ramnoth team is simmering down to the serious business of film-making, is, to say the least, doing a distinct disservice, on the one hand to Gemini, which has lain idle since "APARANJI", and, on the other, to the journalists who had tolerantly let sleeping dogs lie in view of the profound change in the Gemini demeanour.

Bulls of Bashan :

At this juncture sneaks into the arena, the complacent article, ostensibly in praise of Gemini, but actually aimed at showering devastating invectives on its erstwhile critics, in language, far from edifying, either to the writer or to the subject. Whoever propitiated this inopportune opprobrium and kindled the hornet's nest, will rue it, for, the fuss having once started, the victim can't quit unless he were yellow or a turncoat. Instead of solving Gemini's trouble, this slander aggravates it and no solution will work which raises more problems than it settles. This will lead to an unsavoury and painful piece of truth-telling which very much needed telling. The organisation and its malpropagandist will find themselves deprived of the leg to stand on, even as the outfit itself bucked out of the saddle soon after "MADANAKAMARAJAN".

Bulldozing Bosses :

The man who bulldozes people doesn't last. It would have been clever of Mr. Colombug, (Jaya R. Tambe) if he had stopped with ballyhooing the boss, which nobody would mind. But, when he indulges in castigating the producers who didn't hire Gemini and the journalists who refused to be bamboozled into singing Gemini praises, then, one's indignation goes up right through the roof. When one realises that this sand-bagging is entrusted to a rank outsider, a stranger to our industry, and Cine-journalism, one feels like cramming his words back down his throat, irrespective of the trouble involved. No one from any

land can come to Tamilnad and offer gratuitous insults to the hard working journalists and get away with it.

A Rope of Sand :

Under the caption, "Inside Gemini Studios," Colombug did a bit of ski-

its liberty. Public opinion can't be denied the materials necessary to take a critical view of the workings of an organisation shrouded in mystery and spending money. At any rate, we challenge the rights of a casual visitor, from the relic of the

Global Gemini & Colombug's Illusion.

By PAZHI

writing, heaping contumely on the Tamil Nad Journalists and producers. On top of it was propped up the Gemini pedestal, characterising, in the same breath, the criticisms as "Bickerings and barkings of a whole jumbo of jaundiced journalists". Such an uncalled for assault on the integrity of a whole bunch of writers and leaders of the industry provoked an answer which was promptly given and a few questions asked in an article entitled 'GEMINI—A ROPE OF SAND'. Colombug singled out Pazhi as the mouthpiece of the Intelligence Department of the Gemini enemies and remarks that Pazhi's pen has lost its fine iridium in the bargain. It is to be hoped, however, that Colombug, with the Gemini back-drop, does not operate on the 'Oblique' pen for spilling obloquy. We are constrained to remind him that 'Iridium' is a rare commodity in war-time, unless Colombug handles contraband, counterfeit or both which we do not need.

A Mind Misled :

Otherwise, the reply reads like the innuendoes of a disreputable derelict with a mind misled. The whole is an enthusiastic effusion rather than an intelligent summing up, the outcome either of sappy insouciance or slobbering sycophancy.

The Tail Wags the Dog :

We may not be the citizens of a free country yet, but one must have freedom at least to rattle one's chains. Our public is not spoonfed enough to accept such an attack on

lost land of the Lemurias, to dictate the code of journalistic proprieties to us. It is the case of the tail trying to wag the dog—a piece of presumption entirely beyond us, but apparently quite within reason to a Colombug obsessed with an approach almost to omniscience.

A Gentleman at Large :

Colombug prevaricates on his disinclination to oblige the clamour of his elders, friends and even editors, to join our band because, he feels it is tainted with black-mail. Who is there to blackmail in Tamilnad? We are not sure whom to congratulate for Colombug's indecision. For one thing, Colombug has to belong either here or somewhere, and then has to learn to work in our conditions, if he is anxious to take up this profession and not be the magpie which he is now, absent-mindedly picking up live-wires, when he is not running into military lorries. Then, he will surely realise the makings of a genuine gentleman, which certainly is not the same as getting into the trousers of other persons larger than Colombug in every way. 'I can make a lord,' said James I, 'but only the Almighty can make a gentleman.'

Grand Gemini—An Invention :

It is not difficult to appreciate the inherent handicap of a Colombug—whose country never had a film studio of its own, nor a producer of note—in search of a happy hunting-ground for his starved talents. With this background, Colombug began hitch-hiking in Madras, encountered the Gemini

APRIL, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

Announcement Extraordinary!

Here comes the picture that is destined to create a box-office record

MAHESWARI PICTURES' MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

RAGNI

A thrilling story-gem set to the melody of Song & Dance

★

Producer :

J. N. MAHESHWARY

★

Direction :

SHANKAR MEHTA

★

Music :

AMAR NATH

(of 'DASSI' Fame)

★

Story :

M. R. KAPOOR

★

Starring :

SMRITI, NAJAM PRAN,

ARUNA, GYANI, ROMESH,

BHAGSINGH, SHAHNAZ,

BEGUM, MUMTAZ BEGUM,

BAI, SHARMA, NAZAR

& SAJAN

★

Coming Soon

to

Your Town!

For South apply to :

SPEEDWAY FILM DISTRIBUTORS

291-B6 LAMINGTON ROAD

::

BOMBAY, 7

World Rights Controlled by :

L. P. ACHARYA & CO., LTD.

KRISHNA BUILDING

- HORNBY ROAD

- FORT, BOMBAY

'Grams: "SACCHI BAAT"

'Phone: 31179

APRIL, 1945

Twins who had been twaddling for six years now and stopped dead in his track, fascinated. This hypnotic trance lasted until it led him to the vision of a *Grand Gemini*, which is however an invention, born of an illusion.

Colombug's Dunkirk :

Vasan's Waterloo is Colombug's Dunkirk. This pilgrimage, he complains bitterly, has drilled a thousand rupee hole into him. It is a pity and Colombug earns our sympathies. After all, it's not colossal like Gemini's: Talk-A-Tone is unconcerned and the Twins will continue to twaddle.

Cocoanut Shy :

A progressive concern, which works on the level, ought to welcome criticism and not shun and dread it. Gemini himself runs a journalistic gamut of no mean distinction. Has he so soon forgotten that its reputation was built upon fearless and trenchant criticisms? Then, why should he feel shy if others in the profession exercise the same prerogative in the case of his own venture? While Gemini, by its own behaviour, has alienated the confidence and support of the public, can all the Colombugs in the world restore it by having recourse to jejune abuse? Derision begets contempt in turn.

The Role of the Critic :

On the other hand, the role of the critic is a piquant occupation and his survival is a journalistic miracle. As one jocularly put it, the cine-journalist is an enthusiastic agitator without a friend to say on his behalf. He is the funny bone and gristle of the egregious financial fat-heads, the butt of the bumptious boss's ridicule and the nightmare of the tantalising tin-gods. He is the one who is blamed if pictures fail to click at the theatre end. One thing redeems him and amply compensates him for all his tribulations. It is his abiding faith in his public and their unfailing loyalty and devotion to him.

Colombug's Bull's Eye.

It is this class which Colombug has chosen to blitzkrieg with his pen and it is against them also he has sought to press his suit or whatever fraction of it he was wearing. Like

"Mr. Deeds", Colombug was bewildered by the imposing superstructure and Gemini's satellites. Naturally, he was flabbergasted by the lack of like enthusiasm on the part of the public who, he felt, ought to have skyrocketed the show. So, to liven up this sullen atmosphere and to slay the journalistic Dragon the St. George attempted a bit of electrifying wise-cracks. He went about canvassing opinions on his article. He found that journalism in Tamil Nad has had a hair-cut and it was Colombug who belonged in a bygone era. At the moment Colombug is the one to feel electrified as the Dragon has the added advantage over St. George by belonging to the country and to the profession as such.

Money is Burning while Gemini is Dreaming.

What does Colombug take a studio to represent? A museum of dead pans?

Is it not supposed to be the filmic anvil which ought to be busy turning out pictures and not languish in idle dreams? This is point number one for Colombug to pigeon-hole.

Then again, it is poor efficiency which keeps a dozen cronies sitting round the fire in conference for hours on end, which a single experienced scenarist can carry out better in half-an-hour by thoughtful planning. Is there not one director in the whole gang who can visualise the treatment of a story before committing the shooting script?

Rubber Stamps :

It is a queer combination of technical experts who have to take the word of the paper weights and rubber stamps for determining a picture's appeal. If the idea is to turn out art, then, this vote taking is an unfair procedure. Art conveys a different meaning to almost every mind and bears out no absolute significance. The laws of aesthetics are no more immutable than moral laws. Art is born of individual genius and cannot brook interference. Nor were dialogues coined in bagnios by antinomian reactions. To what category does a Gemini product belong? There is no other conclusion at which one can arrive

Twenty-nine

TALK-A-TONE



Addanki as Dasaratha in PADUKA
(a Narasu Picture release)

than that Gemini comprises a motley crowd of 'Yes' men, with sentiments divided between ambition and food.

Colombug, No More a 'Celebrity' :

Colombug is cross at being called the Colombo 'celebrity'. This offending word stands expunged and Colombug thoroughly vindicated of any feint to this 'Celebrity' stigma. We assure him that this sinister implication shall never again be imputed to his fair name.

Shy Facts and Sneaking Figures :

Getting down to the brass tacks of facts and figures, Colombug has his facts all wrong. 'The trouble with most folks,' says Josh Billings, 'isn't so much their ignorance, as knowin' so many things that ain't so.'

It is an extraordinary freak of imagination which stretches the long arm of coincidence to synchronise the Gemini offspring with the D-Day.

Anyone with half-an-eye open had seen who were the defenceless non-combatant civilians in the *Thiagaboomi controversy*. The Bihar earthquake was nothing in comparison to that tornado in leash.

It is funny thriving against opposition which culminated in the strange course of walking out in April 1942.

Colombug would have us believe that Gemini is a National Organisation. Then it is founded on a nationalism which fouls its own nest.

APRIL, 1945



KANNAMBA
She is the conniving
KAIKAYEE in PADUKA
(a Narsu Picture release)

Also that Gemini had made all the cash which the Juggernaut has swallowed. It is now the turn for the (blinking) bleary-eyed bankers to sit up and take notice.

Bad Manners Cum Bad Pictures :

As for the epoch-making peroration of the Gemini giant, which incidentally was not made during its inauguration but after its two-year travail—it is a pity that Colombug was not then present, to show Gemini the report of his speech and to offer a contradiction that the Gemini Demi-god had been misquoted. Repentance is too late in the day now and the friction with the journalists was consequent not only on Gemini's bad manners at the "TEA TABLE" but bad pictures at the "UNION TABLE" as well.

"Prosecutor, Judge and Jury" :

Colombug has made the other disconcerting discovery that he couldn't constitute in himself the prosecutor, judge and jury—all-in-one—and pace the floor before the public, thumbs in coat lapels, methodically ticking off his points as if he had clogged and closed every moral and legal loophole in the fragile Gemini fortalice.

Outlawing Truth :

Truth loses weight with additions, and Colombug is vying with Dr. Goebbels' technique of gospel communiques, suppressing boomerangs,

as for instance : 'Large formations of huge American bombers attempted to penetrate Western Germany today, but were driven off by hordes of our brave fighter-pilots. Four hundred enemy bombers were shot down. Three of our fighters were lost.....one of our cities is missing.'

Prophecy Foredoomed to Failure :

Colombug's prophecy is inspired by 'Kalpana.' It is thoroughly unsound commonsense which gloats over shining in borrowed plumes. Credit titles, which most of the audience skip, might flicker Gemini monogram for a negligible duration, which the rest will miss. The period will be two or three seconds. Further, it is usually the artist and his work which are flashed in the headlines. Is it to be Colombug's decree that, hereafter, the pencil which the artist used *and not the work* shall get the notice? Probably they will pipe down on Uday Shankar and Altekar!

Lines to a Brass Pot :

Colombug says that the Madras Kettle is calling the Colombo pot black. Well then, there are Winkle's "lines to a Brass Pot", which might offer Colombug a palliative.

Kindergarten Class :

Not even the clapstick-man will take Colombug seriously when he contemptuously brands the producers in black and tan, particularly those who have not thrown in their lots with his protege, as nincompoops who have not the wherewithal for their hire: *Royal Talkies* and *Murugan* are there, who can buy Gemini and their champion many times over, and run them along right lines. Colombug's *Beau ideal* had a taste of their strength once! This is for Colombug to ruminate upon. Colombug must have seen or heard of *SHAKUNTALA*, *ASHOK KUMAR*, *SAVITRI*, and *HARIDAS*, to know who they are. What about *Jupiters* who have raised a *KANNAGI*, *KUBERA KUCHELA* and *MAHA MAYA*?

Further, there are, K. Subrahmanyam and S. Soundararajan who are no mean producers to reckon with. They have done pictures

Thirty

TALK-A-TONE

at Gemini and have come out of it for good. But why? Does Colombug dare to assert that these gentlemen are scared away by the hire? Whose conscience is in the breast pocket? How many times has Gemini blushed in Courts against K. Subrahmanyam? Will Colombug tell us?

Q. E. D. or Q. E. F. (?)

QUALITY, indeed! Let's peek into *MANGAMMA*, their boasted best so far. One spicy sequence, which serves as a judicious sample, sets out elaborately a young prince, back-slapping and leap-frogging semi-Eves in rows. Mangled *NANDANAR* succeeding the *MADANAKAMARAJAN* abortion, followed up by Telugu *BALANAGAMMA* and the still-born *JEEVAN MUKTI*, are Gemini's turn over. Why did *NANDANAR* need a ten-thousand-rupee prize offer? Is it to bait the unwary film-fan on this get-rich-quick scheme? or was it because of its appeal?

Kanchanamala

Kanchanamala in *BALANAGAMMA*, as everyone knows, saved Gemini. The debacle which blazed the trail of Gemini's jettisoning her is a public scandal, and has raised a first-rate storm. Colombug has consoled himself with Seshachari's soliloquy but ignored the other article by N. S. Chetlur which appeared in the same journal. So, more dirty linen is waiting to be washed in public, before the curtain finally rings down on this burning controversy. Briefly put, Kanchanamala, a star in her own right, was booked on a long-term basis, at a fabulous rate, but was kept idle for months. Her picture was long in the racks and when it actually entered the studio-floor, everyone who could walk on his legs began 'directing' her. Embarrassed by such promiscuity, the star protested. The wrath of the Gemini Gods descended upon her and wreaked vengeance on her by the dubious means of the recording equipment and got her to sign a revised contract—revised in every way—to Kanchanamala's discomfiture. The story is now in the streets, and the star at her wit's end.

(Continued on page 39)

APRIL, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

SCREENING SHORTLY!



STARRING :

VASANTHA—HONNAPPA—SAMA—BALAYA—PERUMAL
KRISHNAN — MADURAM — RATNAM — RAJAKANTHAM
and others

THE MODERN THEATRES LTD., SALEM, MADURA



GEETA NIZAMI
will make her bow to you in
Navyug's Dance-Drama
P A N N A

पन्ना
गीता निजामी



OUR REVIEW.

MANASAMRAKSHANAM—A PARADOX

An Aspersion on the National Movement

Unimaginative in theme, conception, and erratic in direction.

K. Subramaniam, the director who has out-distanced his brothers in trade many a time in the past, by presenting the right stuff in the right spirit and in the true perspective, has sadly disappointed us with this production. As a well-wisher of this ace-director, we are sorry to note a change of mood leading to gloomy foreboding desolation descending over him and his products of late.

Closely on the heels of "BARTHURHARI" which proved an apology for a sensible motion picture, to witness a banal stuff like MANASAMRAKSHANAM which, disappointingly enough proved, none the better, sets one thinking whether something fundamentally had gone wrong with this director.

After having closely watched with pride his handi-work in his previous enterprises which evoked unstinted praise from both the public and the press, it is really heart-rending to be a reviewer of such poor display of his abilities as in this picture. To be straight, a more absurd picture bristling with incongruities and un-convincing sequences was never anticipated from this intelligent director.

STORY. An enlightened lady, due to the Japanese invasion, is forced to foot the distance from Burma to India, and during the Journey is subject to all privations and sufferings. She reaches Tuticorin with about a dozen kids, except her own. After this weary and arduous journey the heroine looks strangely having put on a few more pounds of adipose than having lost any. Her brother in Tuticorin from whom she hopes to get back her one lakh of rupees puts up a feint with his wife, to show that the money had been lost to the last pie, as a result of a Bank crash in which the money was invested.

Here the director should not have forgotten that the story is supposed to have happened dur-

ing the years 1940—1944 when no such thing really took place. Even, granting that this incident has been included to enhance the value of the story, it looks ridiculous to make the audience believe that this lady—we mean the heroine—who is destined to do so much heroic and intelligent deeds in the latter portion of the play would willingly swallow the specious arguments put forth by her brother and sister-in-law.

Forsaken by her brother she seeks the help of others in the town. During her meanderings she steps inside the house of another Burma evacuee (a woman), a Japanese spy planted in the locality. While waiting at her residence, the heroine stumbles into the secret chamber of this spy and learns about her secrets and plots.

The way in which the heroine finds out so many things in such a short time, and in so easy a manner makes one believe that the people chosen for the Japanese Espionage system are such dunder-heads that they discuss the plans and plots as any layman would discuss his domestic affairs in a public coffee house.

She carries this important bit of information to the Sub Inspector who, disbelieving her statement, locks her up on suspicion. Whether the police employ such mucks who act in such an irresponsible fashion as the Sub Inspector in this picture does, we cannot say, it is for the authorities to answer, and more so at a time when a dozen war-ships are expected at the port.

The heroine however, manages her escape from the lock-up and roams round the small town of Tuticorin, and the police, we are expected to believe, leave her at that.

She takes the law into her own hands eventually and saves the Warships from the catastrophe with the help of her darling orphans.

Thirty-three



T. R. Ramachandran in Kalaivani's ARDHANARI

The story on the face of it is ridiculous and unbelievable. The screen version looks more a yarn than a story of facts, which is the essential requisite for a propaganda film.

And on top of it all, the director's attempt to subtly connect the National Movement with the 1942 riots in India, is *suspicious*.

The acting side of this picture borders on mediocrity. S. D. Subbalakshmi around whom the whole show revolves portrays the role well only in parts. For instance her delineation in the guise of "Mariamma" was quite exquisite.

Kali N. Ratnam is disgusting throughout and his acting is not becoming of a man holding a captain's rank.

The two kids give a very lively performance.

V. N. Janaki contributes her bit well though her part in the picture is short.

Ramachandran as the veritable vagrant takes the cake for acting in MANASAMRAKSHANAM. His witticisms are reverberating and his affectations exhilarating. Once his farcical foolishness starts nothing stops it, and it in turn evokes laughter from the audience in streams.

In fine, both from commercial and entertainment points of view MANASAMRAKSHANAM does not amount to much.

PRAKASH'S



VIKRAMADITYA

It is justly said that most of our historicals are more unhistorical than historical. The reason is not far to seek. Deceptive decorations, mock-grandeur, and a deplorable mutilation of historical facts, are the concomitant features of our historicals. Small wonder, therefore, that an announcement of a historical is viewed with misgivings by the public who, however, feel just the other way when it is made known to them that Prakash Pictures have something in the nature of a historical to present. Their past achievements entitle them to this unique and enviable honour. One has only to look upon their mighty

screen-marvels to be convinced of the truth of the statement. — "Bharat Milap" and "Ram Rajya"

Prakash Pictures' latest, "Vikramaditya", which is now at a happy stage of completion under the able direction of the indefatigable worker, Mr. Vijay Bhatt, combines in itself an ideal subject-matter, rare artistry, a handpicked cast comprising such top-notch artistes as Prithvi Raj, Prem Adib, Baburao Pendharkar, Ratnamala, Ranjana, Jillobai, and others, and last but not the least, a splendid team-work.

The writer got a foretaste of the things to come, when he had the special privilege of witnessing on

the actual stage, a magnificent shot of a still more magnificent—Vikramaditya's memorable Durbar, highlighted by the celebrated Kanu Desai's highly artistic and faithful designs and trimmings, being taken by the director Vijay Bhatt, who, to say the least, has left nothing undone to make his ambitious production really worth the name.

It will be no exaggeration to say that Prakash Pictures' "Vikramaditya" is at the moment the focus of public attention, which is being advantageously exploited by the capable and veteran publicity officer of this concern Mr. B. K. Yagnik.

Thirty-four

THE EDITOR MINGLES:

"Thorough overhauling needed to save the Indian Film Industry."

'Free-lancing by the artistes, the bane of the Industry,' declares Jayant Desai.

"Harassed by the artistes' non-co-operation tactics on the one side, the musicians' nonchalant behaviour on the other, and the studio owners' uncompromising attitude on the third, the independent producer today, stands on the brink of a precipice," declared Mr. Jayant Desai, during a parley with our Editor, while at Madras en route Rameshwaram.

"The lot of the producers in general", he added, "is none better. Considering the exorbitant demands made by the artistes and the Orchestra conductors, and the mounting overhead charges at the Studio, the producers' lot, today, is pitiable. If even after meeting the unreasonable demands of all these people, when one espies the lack of team work and a spirit of non-co-operation openly manifest on the sets, from these guys, it is the most painful part of the whole story.

"I consider the free-lancers among the film artistes and the presence of new producers and financiers with their E. P. T. money, in this field, to be the root cause for the present state of deterioration in the Film Industry. It may be that a few of the old producers have been responsible for the encouragement of free-lancing among the artistes, but all the same, these free-lancers have begun to cause more havoc to the Industry than good. A few of the free-lancers, any way, have set the ball rolling in the wrong direction, and this has gained such momentum that it is not humanly possible to check this putrescent disease spreading further.

"Just imagine an ordinary extra who was paid Rs. 200/- per month three years back now demanding Rs. 20,000/- per picture. Even paying her that much, when we find that she can only give us the third or the fourth preference, we, the pro-

ducers, begin to hate to be in the film business. If an extra puts her worth at that, just fancy the terms of a starlet who had hit a head-line in some snob paper!

"To day the film industry is ruled by the artistes and the musicians. They dictate terms. The major artistes consider it a matter of obligation they do us, when they accept to feature in our pictures. They never consider it their duty to stand by us and do the right thing.

"Who will not lose his head and patience and rush through the production, when, apart from having to shoot according to the studio schedule, and when the shooting is announced at 8 a.m., the musicians arrive at 8-30, and by the time the instruments are set to tune, it is half past nine, and when the heroine is called to the mike, she regrets she cannot sing for at least another half-hour to come, as she had been working till seven that morning with some other producer; by the time she comes to a decision that her voice is all right, the musicians are seen packing their instruments, and the Conductor whispers to the producer that he has to be present at some other place at 11 o'clock.

"How then can anyone expect any quality picture being turned out under such exasperating conditions? And how long can a director or a producer put up with this sort of treatment?

To our query whether it cannot be eradicated, Mr. Desai replied No. The Industry has to mend itself, none can set it right, but at the same time, he added, this cannot continue for long. Our Film Industry is heading for a revolution. It requires a thorough overhauling and the solution, I am sure, will have to come from the mischief-mongers themselves. This is inevitable.

Thirty-five



Durga Khote gives a striking performance in MAHARATHI KARNA

"For, today, every one in the Film Industry is reaping the richest harvest but this cannot continue for long. Every picture, now-a-days, collects the maximum amount India can probably afford to pay for her entertainment, but sadly enough the expenditure curve is steadily shooting up. Mr. Jayant Desai was definite that the barometer indicating income on motion pictures has stopped and the expenditure curve is more or less very close to it. The day the latter curve should shoot higher, that day shall be the day of reckoning for everyone concerned in the Industry.

"And there are ample indications that it shall. Woe unto that day!"

These are the candid and considered observations of Mr. Jayant Desai, one of the youngest director-producers of the Indian Film Industry.

Jayant Desai started his career in Films in the year 1929. He has since been working for Ranjit and has produced for them about fifty pictures.

Recently he started his own production unit and has completed within a period of two years five pictures, the last being CHANDRAGUPTA released last month in Bombay.

**TALK-A-TONE
STAR PAGE**



Class - Elegance
M. S. SUBBULAKSHMI

MEET M. S. SUBBULAKSHMI

The First Lady of the Tamil Screen

M. S. SUBBULAKSHMI is a musical marvel and a motion-picture classic.

A million hearts miss the beat when the golden voice radiates words.

If it be music, the warbled melody lifts you to rapturous heights where you stay put for a long time thereafter. On the other hand, when she pouts the Script salutations, the words become no less musical. But they are set to music of a different kind. It is the rhapsody of a sublime symphony, submerging you in a new kind of emotional ecstasy—the effect of words articulated effortlessly, naturally and appropriately. Words assume a magical power when uttered by M. S. Subbulakshmi and music, a unique elegance and majestic delicacy.

The Cinema and classical music were two incompatibles when M. S. Subbulakshmi smashed that barrier with her SEVA SADAN singing. Since then, it has been one long chain of classical tunes, both of the Carnatic and Hindustani school. Sakuntalai, Savitri and now Meera form the medium. Neither does language present a serious obstacle to M. S. S.

It was recently rumoured that M. S. S. was to adorn the Hindi screen and that a Bombay Producer had all but booked this musical marvel. If that actually happens, then, to Srimati M. S. Subbulakshmi goes the distinction of the First Lady of The Tamil Screen gracing the Hindi Film Firmament.

That M. S. S. leads by sheer merit is an euphemism of her real worth. However, it must be stated at once so as to be fair to her personality, both on and off the screen, that M. S. Subbulakshmi does not belong to the stellar variety which scintillates by flaunting yards of cloth or by the lack of it, exposing a large slice

of the anatomy north of the tummy, nor by any hack trait which goes with titillating tendencies. To the contrary, M. S. S. presents a very pleasant contrast to the type of stars who command five-figure salaries and who deliberately cultivate temperament for so doing.

M. S. S. looks less like a star than any other yet seen. Whether on the sets, working quietly to suit the demands of an exacting sequence, or off it, at home, meeting suavely the fans and friends who pay homage visits, M. S. S. is remarkably unlike a fan's anticipation of such a talent-laden artiste. The latest acquisition to her already full bag of accomplishments is Baratanatyam at which she has been persevering for a considerable time. That this will augment her star value goes without saying.

Straight from the music hall, M. S. Subbulakshmi made her debut in SEVA SADAN and has stuck to her guns since. Except for her anomalous fixture in SAVITRI, her portrayals in SEVA SADAN and SAKUNTALAI have left a severely classical but indelible impress on the otherwise fickle public. Free from the extravagant stage gesticulations and devoid of fretful agitations, her subdued but disarming freedom in her acting have endowed her work with an exquisite charm and an enduring intrinsic vitality.

Her background, both in the music hall performances as well as in films has been classical. No wonder, the starmaker of the Tamil Cinema, K. Subrahmanyam, discovered her and his discovery has been the object of the unassuming but thorough-going exploitation by Ellis R. Dungan.

Her work in MEERA, unlike in other pictures, is opposite Chittoor

Thirty-seven

V. Nagaiah, and it is but logical that the First Lady of The Tamil Screen should be pitted against the First Gentleman of the South Indian Screen.

Her ubiquitous chaperon, however, would have you believe that she is in the films neither by choice nor by preference but by accident and that they are trying to do pictures, as it suits them and a little differently from the others. Albeit, Srimati M. S. Subbulakshmi is a screen-classic and a national institution which gave out over a hundred thousand to commemorate the memory and services of our Divine Mother Kasturba.

The qualities of M. S. S., in view of the unique personality involved, beggar description.

**OUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT FOR
THE STAR PAGE IS
'NICE NASEEM.'**

I. F. I. Annual, 1945.

Is the pictorial representation of the Department of Information and Broadcasting in their enterprise to boost the past, for future possibilities, of our art, culture and industry, with special emphasis on their existing conditions. This art picture-laden quickie is designed to accelerate the pace of our country's progress in the culture of its latent lights through the medium of celluloid, retailing their activities for four years ending 1944—four fruitful years of endeavour—with their anticipations for 1945.

This department is earnestly trying to sponsor the Trade by giving them licences for propaganda subjects hoping they would take full advantage of it, by exploiting the prospects of this fertile field and augmenting the knowledge of Indians of their own country and the uninitiated non-Indian, into the treasure troves of our Country.

This is a nice table-companion for any film-fan, worked out in art-paper of 64 pages,—56 pages of lovely pictures—and offered to the public at the modest price of Re. 1/-. It is available at all Railway book-stalls.

It's the NEWS that counts in INDIAN NEWS PARADE

A Mighty Mythological under Production by KALAIVANI FILMS

* ARDHANARI *

Direction
T. R. RAGHUNATH
★
Studio
SOBHANACHALA PICTURES
STUDIO

Featuring
P. U. CHINNAPPA ★ M. S. SAROJA
M. V. RAJAMMA ★ T. R. RAMACHANDRAN
KALI N. RATNAM ★ C. T. RAJAKANTAM
AND MANY OTHERS

For Madras, S. Arcot, N. Arcot & Chingleput
Messrs. GOWRI PICTURES
BROADWAY :: MADRAS

For Mysore
T. V. V. NAIDU
BANGALORE

For other territories apply to

KALAIVANI FILMS LTD., MADRAS.

THIS, THAT & THE OTHER

By WANDERER

Patience! Patience!

Wanderer's job, this month past, has been a trying one, answering Watsons of an extraordinary variety, all converging in the possible outcome of what is known as THE LAKSHMIKANTHAM MURDER CASE and what would happen to the film-producers in the event of a decision either way. The case is in Sessions in the Madras High Court before His Lordship Mr. Justice Vere Mockett, with a Defence Counsel of thirty-two learned advocates, headed by Sjt. K. M. Munshi, Mr. Braddell and others. The Cross-examination, so far, has centred upon the Prosecution Witnesses who are twenty-nine in number. By the time our next issue is out the case has every probability of concluding and then we shall have ample scope to satisfy the curiosity of our fans. Meanwhile, patience!

Talk That Stinks!

There is still a producer who believes and says funny things about men and things in this film business! Your sleuth paid the courtesy visit to a star—a lovely young lady whose name you would instantly recognise if we were cad enough to reveal it—prior to transporting her lovely features to your 'Star' Page and called upon her all-in-all guardian who had known your scribe for well nigh a Mahamakam. Then an autograph was mooted. The bespectacled gent poured forth a harangue which reduced the visitor into a momentary deaf-mute. "I despise this autograph business," he began, "and consider it a climb-down for a great artiste to so pander to the lowest tastes of the vulgar multitude!" &c., &c.

Was he talking through his hat? But he was not wearing one!

As from the slot machine, the answer was given and, what is more remarkable, taken. What was this gentleman doing in this business, any way? Is film-making-cum-renting the stair-case to the Heavenly

upstairs? Plainly, the *objet de art* is money and plenty of it. How, then, was he making it? Was it any other way than charming away the small man's petty cash? If pictures were to be shown to and seen by only the cultured few and scholarly spinsters, would you be in films, commanding tons of money? You would, then, be feeling like the two spinsters who travelled with Lord Halifax, from London to Bath, sitting on either side of him. Throughout most of the journey, the sober-faced spinsters maintained a stony silence which irritated the young and impetuous gentleman. It was a long journey and Halifax found it impossible to stand it any longer. He was losing his patience when the train passed through a tunnel. Then, the young man quietly put the back of his hand to his lips and gave it a dozen whacking kisses, the same as you did when you saw KUBERA KUCHELA. As the train emerged into light, Halifax looked from one to the other of the startled ladies, got up, tipped his hat and said, with a satisfied smile, "To which of you two charming ladies am I indebted for this delightful interlude?" Then, he stepped out, leaving the two spinsters glaring at each other suspiciously.

If you say or do things to hurt and belittle the fans, they will leave you severely alone. That is the rule in this film business and, apart from producing a picture, whatever its value, it is the stars who make it. And the fans make the stars, don't they? Then, where is the humiliation or climbing down in responding to their toast by publicizing your star's autograph? Mahatma Gandhi has signed hundreds! Listen to Lionel Barrymore: "I'll get mad at the autograph hounds when the time comes that they *don't* ask me!"

Probably, you would despise them and treat them worse than swindlers and murderers, would you? That is rank rudeness and is entirely unpardonable. Because you are courting the ire of an entire community of autograph collectors spread throughout the world, or

Thirty-Nine

if possible that Money, which is said to make many things, puts only small minds in tall men? We wonder.

Kanchanamala Referendum!

Our contemporary which boasted its fairness in the Kanchanamala-Gemini conundrum, by proclaiming a referendum on the subject, has come out for March sans a line on it. Has it proved to be a *Referendum*? It is a pity, having to swallow one's words and so often, too. So, as we said, somebody's goose has been cooked, after all!

Hindoo Hollywood

We are constrained to hold over for May Talk-a-Tone, our review of Hindu Hollywood in Beverly Nichols' Verdict on India, not on account of bad reader service but for want of space.

(Continued from page 30)

Vasundhara entered films thro Soundararajan's RISYA SRINGAR. There she made her mark which was indelible. MANGAMMA was her next best. This is for Colombug's cerebellum.

Six Years Are Short:

'Six years are definitely too short,' opines Colombug, 'to determine a Gemini's worth.' Will a lifetime suit? But life, too, is short! When will Gemini Twins cut their wisdom teeth?

The South Indian Complex:

To begin with, will Colombug enlighten us on the special ingredients which make up the new fangled psychology? Whatever it is, we will please Colombug's vanity by our allegiance and ownership to it.

A Warning and Advice:

Satan is a hard boss to work for and he always finds somebody for idle hands to do. From consorting with racketeers and gamblers to consorting with 'con'-men, cat-burglars and studio-hirelings is merely another step in the same plane of morality. We trust Colombug will heed our warning and not fall into such traps again. "Gemini has remained steeped in the film-fountain as no one else has," Colombug may protest, but we add, "Or has come up drier." Gemini has been too busy working his efficiency system that some fresh boys have to be found to get the work done.

CEYLON CALLING

By Karolam

You will hardly believe

That *pin-up* girl Thavamani is not expecting a special licence from the Registrar of Marriages but is awaiting an airgraph from Korda one of these days for a role in the first post war Indian picture produced in America.

That in case she decides to leave, she will have to do so from an Indian Port as the Textile Coupons have come into force in Ceylon from the first of this month.

That according to the ration she will be entitled to three sarongs only for fifteen months; but for the first three months she will get only three-fourths of a sarong (four coupons for a sarong, please) and for the rest of the garments she will have to "pin-up" the remaining eight coupons.

That Ram Gopal and his troupe of twenty travelled to Colombo not heeding the popular propaganda slogan "Travel only when you must and travel light", with the result that they had a lot of trouble with their bag and baggage and the first recital had to be postponed with an apology.

That in addition, Ram was in a jam at Mandapam also, even though the good old doctor was damn game for a free show.

That the Camp at Mandapam left a lasting impression in his mind, and when he landed in Colombo, he confessed that he hadn't seen a concentration camp so well run in the British Empire and that was high praise for the guys who were running the show at Mandapam considering the fact that Ram had been in Germany too.

That the Publicity man behind Ram Gopal's tour did a grand job of exhausting all the foreign press cuttings but failed to give the choise cullings from "filmindia".

That the "filmindia" mouthpiece compared Ram with Uday who had refused a ten thousand rupee offer to appear for a few seconds in his "Draupadi" and thought that Shanker's art was 'shady' compared with the shadow play of Gopal.

That the first recital was a grand success notwithstanding the fact that Gopal had only two artistes to help him and the many patrons some of whom had paid as much as fifteen rupees for a ringside close-up couldn't appreciate Ram's swift movements. The best performance of the day went to the guy who acted as an interpreter of the dances, because he, instead of being informative, turned entertaining.

That Gardiner is getting so air-minded, travelling as he often does by air, that he wanted to do some planning in the air too.

That straight away a couple of big airs met, aired their views in the airy rooms of a posh hotel and floated what is going to be the sheet anchor of post war aviation in Ceylon—The Ceylon Airways Ltd—on a capital of five million bucks.

That with Gardiner getting million minded, he had one Karuppiah hauled up in court for breach of contract and that too, to the tune of a million rupees.

That poor Karuppiah who had signed on the dotted line for a clean ten years was alleged in the courts to have maliciously deserted after nearly one and a half years union, and was in tow with another guy who of course was not cited as a correspondent.

That the plaintiff did not sue for a separation but an interim injunction preventing the defendant to have anything to do with the third party.

That M/s. Ceylon Theatres Ltd., didn't want to take a risk with



KRISHNA KANT, makes a splendid hero in "Banaphool" against Kanan Devi, and will shortly greet the public in "Naseeb" and "Satrunch"

Raja Rajeswari's Harischandra, fearing that the sob stuff in it might not register well with their patrons and that Roche was having Pragathi's Harischandra on hand. So they openly billed it as Gemini's Harischandra.

That the patrons found out the printer's mistake, as the credit title did not lie and were sorely disappointed at the publicity stunt of the Island's premier film exhibitors and biggest distributor.

That Gemini's litigant instinct ought to be outraged at this selling of 'name' and should it go to courts, it will be a pitting of brains on both sides.

That Roche spent very nearly more on advertising "Thasildar" than what he actually paid for its distribution rights and that Kamala Kotnis, in the true Mae West style was made to send out invitation like "Hollo. How do you do. Come up and see me some time at the Kingsley. Now that's a date. Don't forget. With love Ragini."

That Roche's rickety and ramshackle "Gintupity" the business rights of which were clinched for a hundred and ten thousand rupees is undergoing, of all things, repairs.

News...

MADRAS

RENUKA FILMS.

Day and night rehearsals are going on at their production office in respect of their picture *Thyagiah*. The speed with which they are now working it is quite apparent that *Thyagiah* will not take long to be completed.

Their next is *Krishna Thulabaram* in Tamil. Rumour has it that Nagiah has in view some of the most popular screen celebrities for the main and side roles in the picture.

KALAIVANI FILMS.

Under the direction of T. R. Raghunath, their mythological hit "*Ardhanari*" is progressing at Sobhanachala Pictures Studios. Prominent artistes like P. U. Chinappa, M. S. Saroja, M. V. Rajamma, T. R. Ramachandran and others are featured in it.

VAUHINI PICTURES.

This front rank producers have completed their social *Swarga Seema*. The story, it is learnt is novel in every way, and the picture on the whole is very entertaining and interesting. People who have seen its rushes are unanimous in claiming that *Swarga Seema* will carry Vauhini's honour to a higher pedestal.

Potential stars of the South Indian Film firmament, such as Banumathi, Jayamma, Nagiah, and others are featured in this picture.

SARASWATHI CINE LABORATORY.

Pragathi's *Valli*, it is learnt, has been completed and recently was projected before a selected few. A friend of ours who had been their privileged guest at the show informs us that the picture is a thorough disappointment both from commercial and artistic points of view. Krishnan's comedy, it is said, is the worst part in the whole show.

S. I. P.

They have lately acquired the South India rights of Ramnik's *Kiran* featuring Ashok Kumar and Leela Chitnis in the title roles and a host of talented artistes to lend an able support. This picture will be released in South India very shortly.

MODERN THEATRES, (Salem).

Burma Rani co-starring Vasantha and Honnappa Baghavathar in the title roles has every indication of proving a potential success when released. It is expected to be screened at Prabhat, Madras, soon after *Ghand*—the current attraction of the theatre.

Chow Chow their socio-comedy has been released.

BAMA FILMS.

Among the plethora of mythologicals now under production in this province *Valmiki* has every chance of hitting the head lines. Ellis R. Dungan and M. L. Tandon its directors are now busy in giving the picture the final touches, and it will in all probability be released in Andhra this month.

DEVI FILMS (Bangalore).

The South India distribution rights of Jayant Desai's costume picture "*Urvashi*" has been acquired by this concern, of course, at a fancy price. According to a studio report 'It is a sight for the Gods!' Featured in it are Sobhara Samarth, Prem Adib, and Sadhona Bose.

FAMOUS FILMS (Nellore).

Prabhakar's successful mythological hit "*Maharathi Karna*", the South Indian distribution rights of which is controlled by the above concern, has been released at Wellington, Madras, and is now running to 3rd week full house. The Madras public are much impressed by Prithiviraj's powerful acting and Durga Khote's poignant delineation of their respective roles.

From the rush at the theatre one could easily predict a pretty long stay for "*Maharathi Karna*" at the Madras show-house.

NARASU PICTURES.

Jadadish Films "*Thasildar*" seems to be bringing in pots of money to its distributor. It is now running to packed houses in as many as nine stations in Andhra.

EASTERN PICTURES:

Their maiden acquisition—Bombay Talkies *Jwar Bhata* had its gala opening on 30th March, at the Star, Madras. It is running successfully well, at two other stations also.

BHASKAR PICTURES (Banglore).

It is reliably learnt, that K. Thavamani Devi has been booked for their *Natya Rani*, and that the North Indian Comedian Charlie and Vasundhara have also been contracted by the producers.

BOMBAY

MANZOOR PRODUCTIONS.

Producer-director Winayak has just completed the social hit *Bari Ma* and arrangements are speedily made to have it released in key stations in India shortly. Featuring the top-notchers of the screen like Noorjehan, Sitara, Yakub, Meenakshi and Ishwarlal, and having for its theme a gripping story, *Bari Ma* is sure to hit the head lines in every paper.

The distributors have already received very tempting offers from different territories in India and they have also disposed off the rights of this picture for certain territories at a very handsome figure.

L. P. ACHARYA.

L. P. Acharya the well known Bombay business man is on his way to become the Film Industry's go-getter distributor.

Only very recently he bagged the world rights of Silver Films' *Naseeb* and the all India rights of Wadia's *Bhaktha Bodana* and has also arranged for the release of the latter picture at Minerva, Delhi.

During his recent visit to Delhi, impressed by the rushes of Maheswary's *Ragini*, he has purchased its world rights. The picture is a musical score, the songs in it having been set to tune by Amarnath, the most popular musician of the North.

Forty-one

BOMBAY CINETONE.

Huge and gigantic sets completely eclipsing their own best sets so far, have been erected by the executives of Prabhat for K. B. Lal's historical production *Samrat Ashok*.

Samrat Ashok boasts of an exceptionally fine cast headed by screen's top notch luminaries such as Chandra Mohan, Suraiya, Jagirdar and Ullhas. The cast will further be strengthened by the inclusion of two more reputed stars whose names will be announced shortly.

SPEEDWAY FILM DISTRIBUTORS.

Their latest acquisition is Maheswari's absorbing social *Ragni* for exploitation purposes in south India. Reports, from friends who have seen the rushes of this picture, are very encouraging, and its music by Pandit Amarnath is *Ragini*'s highlight.

WADIA MOVITONE.

Enterprising Jamshed Wadia has switched on to socials once again. His next presentation will be a poignant human drama entitled *Piya Milan* featuring Motilal, Nirmala, Nazam, Baby Shakuntala and others. The "megaphone" in wielded by S. M. Yusuf.

STANDARD PICTURES.

Producer Havewala's *Bairam Khan* is the front-line news in every daily, weekly, monthly and what not. Judging from the scale on which it is planned, the cautious manner the shooting is progressing and the careful selection of artistes for its cast, one has every reason to hope that *Bairam Khan* will turn out to be a A-1 picture of the year.

Readers shouldn't forget that this picture is entrusted to the able hands of Director Jagirdar, the accredited director of *Ramshastri* the season's best.

PRADEEP PICTURES.

At long last, Kamalabai Manglorekar could heave a sigh of relief now that her most ambitious picture *Pannadai* had been completed and released too, at Novelty, Bombay. Reports are to hand that it has been well received by the Bombay public.

PRAKASH PICTURES.

Their most ambitious picture, *Samrat Vikramaditya*, meticulously planned and produced at a lavish cost employing a host of reputable artistes, has been completed. Arrangements are now in progress for its all India premiere shortly.

Their next is "*Hamara Samar*" a social subject with Ranjana of *Ram Rajya* fame in the lead.

TAJ MAHAL PICTURES.

Producer Eshan is now busy with his unit at Kashmir shooting important location shots for his "*Begum*". Featured in this picture are Naseem the ravishing female personality of the screen and Ashok Kumar the idol of millions.

SANJEEVAN ART PRODUCTIONS.

After lapse of a long time Motilal and Shanta Apte are pitted against each other. This rare combination is brought about by Sanjeevan Art Productions in their latest "*Sawan*". It is directed by Dwaraka Khosla.

Sawan expects release shortly at Bombay.

APRIL, 1945

162189

TALK-A-TONE

UNITY FILMS (CALCUTTA).

Planned and produced at an enormous cost, their mythological hit is fast nearing its final stages under the capable direction of R. Sharma. Reliable news is to hand that this picture will be ready for censoring by the time these lines are in print.

The producers promise that *Kurukshetra* will be quite different from the rest of the mythologicals galore in India, in that this picture shall carry a message of national importance. Featured in this mammoth production are Saigal, Nawab, Udwadia and Princess Shamili. Four of the songs sung by Saigal in this picture, it is reliably learnt, are the highlights of the picture, and once the public hears them, they will go crazy over them.

WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.

During the last few years, due to war time conditions and limitations of supplies, Producers and Exhibitors alike in their cinema world have had to mend and make do with existing equipment—and the first item on the list of requirements for post-war planning is naturally new equipment. Special arrangements have been made for the release and transport of new equipment as soon as war time conditions permit and with the general



Mr. F. P. Young,
General Manager,
Western Electric
Co. Ltd., Bombay.

improvement in the war situation, plans are being accelerated to meet the growing demand from India, for the latest models for recording and sound reproducing equipment. Through careful planning and the adoption of up-to-date inventions and improvements the Western Electric Company will make available for this market in the immediate post-war period entirely new sound equipment with all latest improvements. The new systems will not be hastily manufactured nor reconditioned pre-war models but entirely new and infinitely superior to any existing equipment. Mr. F. P. Young the popular and well known general manager of the Western Electric Company Ltd. in Bombay will be leaving for America sometime in this month to finalise arrangements for delivery of equipment to this country at an early date. He will be returning to India towards the end of the year. Mr. Young who has always shown a very keen interest in the cinema and Film Industry in India, would welcome discussions with Exhibitors and Producers on any problems arising out of their plans for the future, so that these can be given priority during his discussions in America on India's post-war needs.

CORRECTION.

Sunrich Pictures, Bombay, who control the all India rights of Bharat Productions 'Anban' sports Nargis, Pahari Sanyal, Jagirdar, Mubarek, Shah Nawaz, David and Sobhana Samarth.

The news published under sub-heading *Anban* in our news column of our March issue, relates to the picture "Collegeian".

Now running to packed houses
at **STAR - Madras**

Also at :

SELECT - HYDERABAD
From 29-3-1945



Featuring

MRIDULLA & DILEEP KUMAR

(A New Team to the Screen)

***** Distributors for S. India : *****

EASTERN PICTURES

133-C, MOWBRAYS ROAD,

ROYAPETTAH,

::

MADRAS.

Forty-two

WELLINGTON TALKIES



From 30th March, 1945

DURGA KALA MANDIR-BEZWADA AND RAMA TALKIES - RAJAHMUNDRY

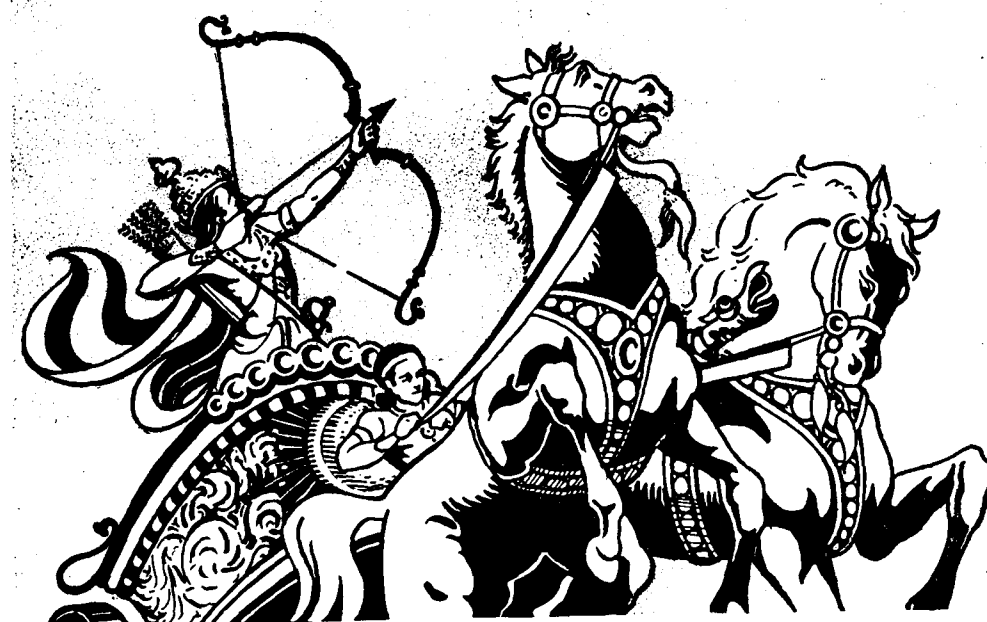
From 7th April, 1945

MAHARATHI

karma

With

**PRITHVIRAJ
SAHU MODAK
K.N. SINGH
CHANDRAKANT
NIMALKER
DURGAKHOTI
SWARNALATA
LEELA
& OTHERS**



CHITRA

FAMOUS FILM CIRCUIT, Madras - Nellore - Bezwada.

Regd. No. M 3702

APRIL 1945

It's a Grand Show ★

GREAT IN CAST
IN PRESENTATION
IN STORY

Fast approaching completion to make it's premiere bow to you all

IN

— BAMA FILMS' —



**V
A
L
M
I
K
I**

(TELUGU)

Starring:

Produced by
R. S. MANI
at
NEWTONE

Directed by
ELLIS R. DUNGAN
&
M. L. TANDON

THAVAMANI KUMARI
BULA THIRUPURASUNDARI C. S. R.
BELLAMKONDA DASARI KOTIRATNAM
and others

DISTRIBUTORS

For Andhra:— RAM NARAYAN PICTURES
For Bombay:— LIM. A. BILLIMORIA
For Nizam:— DECCAN FILM DISTRIBUTORS

FOR OTHER TERRITORIES

BAMA FILMS

Langs Garden Road
Mount Road P. O. MADRAS