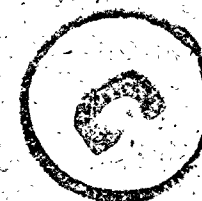


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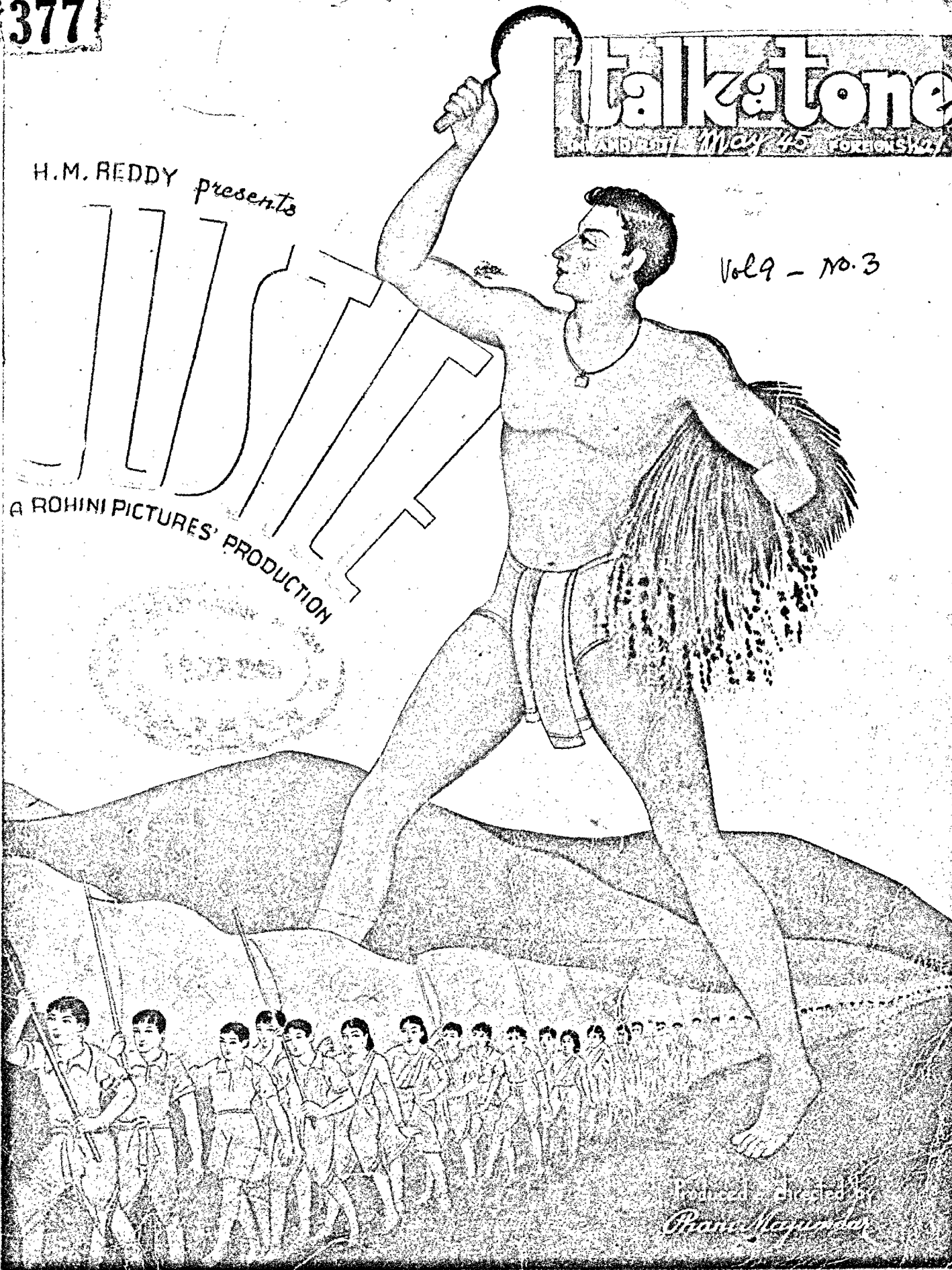
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H.M. REDDY presents

Vol 9 - No. 3

WIFE

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MAY, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

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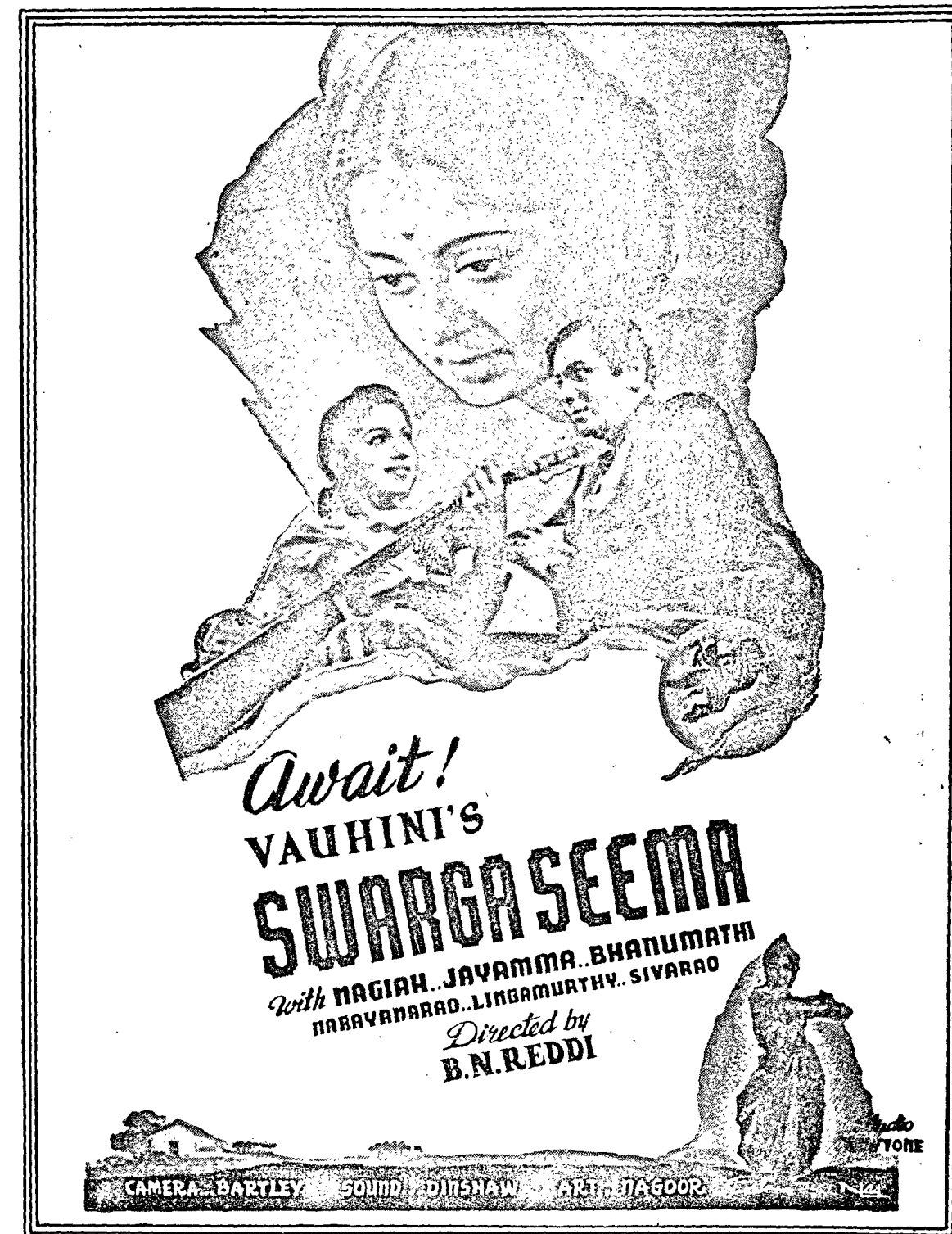


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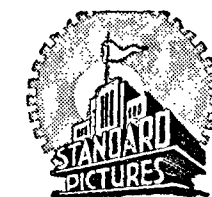
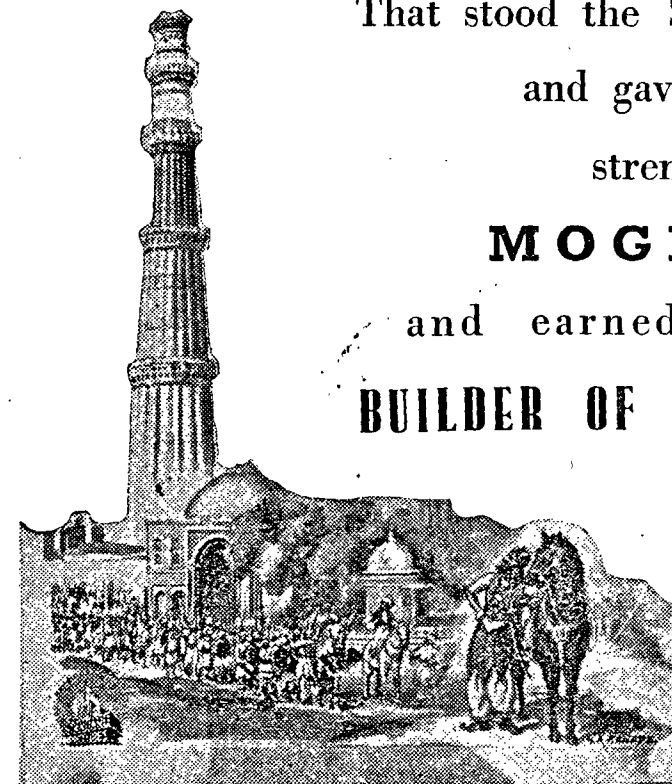
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That stood the STRESS of the CONFLICT
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strength to serve the

MOGHUL KINGS

and earned him the title of
BUILDER OF THE MOGHUL EMPIRE

IN



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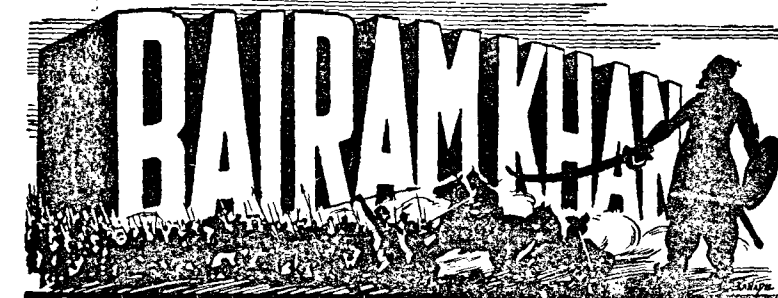
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AND
MEHTAB**

Supported by

**DAVID, SURESH
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SUNALINI DEVI
LALITHA PAWAR
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AND**

SHAH NAWAZ



Director

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Music

GHULAM HYDER

Producer

M. HAVEWALA

Dialogues

KAMAL AMROHI

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MAY, 1945

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Vol. IX

May, 1945

No. 3

Lakshmikantham Case - - - - - - Its Sequel and Moral

The most sensational case of recent times has been the Lakshmikantham Murder Trial, which has had the tragic sequel in the conviction and sentence of the six accused, including M.K. Thyagaraja Baghavathar and N.S. Krishnan, (two luminaries of the South Indian film firmament) for transportation for life.

Such a medley of conspirators had never been implicated in any one single case—Kite-flyer—Compositor—Pugilist—Film star—Comedian—as have been rubbing shoulders in taking their trial, which lasted over a period of four months.

When the proceedings began in the Chief Presidency Magistrate's Court, nobody could imagine that it would work up to such a sensational pitch as it reached in the High Court Sessions.

Public feeling ran high and almost all journals featured it.

In the Sessions Court, where it began on April 2nd, the accused were defended by a record number of counsel which was only matched by the slightly larger number of prosecution witnesses.

The most outstanding performance was that of Sri P. V. Rajamannar, the Advocate General and Judge-designate. When he began the case for the Prosecution, his opening address was so brilliant, that the presiding Judge Sir Vere Mockett had to compliment him on his 'fair and full' presentation. When one listened to his earnest and serene remarks, it seemed obvious

MAY, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

Producer & Director—**MR. WINAYAK**

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

Presents
PRAFULLA PICTURES'



BARI-MIA

AN AMBITIOUS HIT

ROMANTIC THEME

IMMORTAL & INSPIRING STORY

MOST 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

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**Messrs. MANZOOR PRODUCTIONS**  
163, SHIVAJI PARK : : CADELL ROAD, BOMBAY 28.

MAY, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

that a serious crime had been committed by a set of people who had conspired for the purpose and that the culprits should be brought to book at least in the name of Justice.

As the cross examination of the Prosecution witnesses went on, serious doubts began to assail everyone as to the fairness of the charges. Of course, Sjt. K. M. Munshi did his best and actually secured the acquittal of the ex-film director, Sreeramulu Naidu of Coimbatore. As he closed his arguments for the defence, after arduous cross-examination, it appeared as if the people had been placed on the wrong scent for the culprits.

However, Mr. Rajamannar came up with his human, simple and straight forward exposition of the motives for the offence and for those charged with it for committing it. Almost every thread of evidence broken by the Defence Counsel was restored in tact.

Then came His Lordship's Charge to the Jury, and as he put it, it appeared that there are more fish in the sea than out of it, and it looked as if the summing up was swaying in favour of the acquittal of the two film celebrities involved in this case, and adduced his reasons therefor, on points of law.

The most arduous task of the whole proceedings fell upon the nine Jurors, who had been in constant attendance since the case began a month ago. Their verdict and the consequent sentence were received by the anxious public, in the late hours of the night of 3rd May, 1945, and with some misgivings.

The public could not believe, after following the detailed summing up, that such a severe sentence would result from it.

Now the case is over and those charged of the offences have paid dearly for their delinquencies.

This has a lesson for the Press, the Public, the film Artistes and Producers.

Sensational journalism achieves cheap notoriety, but fails in its objective, however noble it might be. For enduring effects, one's attitude also had to be properly attuned.

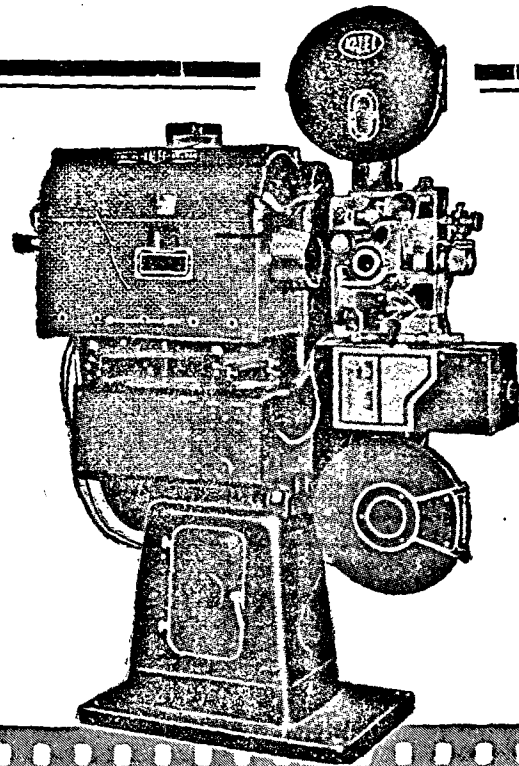


T. A. Mathuram in "CHOW-CHOW"

Hard words lead to hard thinking and evil deeds.

Whether we whole-heartedly endorse the late Lakshmikantham's method of reforming the Cinema-world or not, is not material. But this industry is in a bad way and needs redemption from its present unenviable conditions, if the Trade is to survive and thrive on healthy lines.

It is patent that the film-world can no longer be considered the close preserve of a chosen few for, public interest has been queered to a high pitch in the film industry's progress. It is necessary and desirable that the Film Trade, the Public and the Press should pull together and formulate ways and means for cleaning up the business, so that it may not continue to be the laughing stock of others.



## THE DUOSONIC SOUND SYSTEM

and THE KALEE No. 12 PROJECTOR are both products of the world famed G. B-KALEE organization. The first shipment HAS ARRIVED. Others are expected monthly. Exhibitors are invited to register their requirements.

# GB-KALEE

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## THE FILMFANS CLUB

### The Filmfans Club is born.

It is brought into being, sponsored by Talk-A-Tone, to put the films right with the filmfans.

There can be no pictures if there are no fans and *vice versa*. On the other hand, whereas the fans' patronage is indispensable for keeping up the film business, the fans themselves need not depend solely on the films for their relaxation. This means that the picturegoers are the consumers of the Producer's products and that they are the ultimate arbiters of the film-market barometer. The Fans possess in themselves the power to let the industry run or run itself out.

It is their reactions, not merely the immediate cash at the boxoffice counter, which are the pointers to the way the wind of their likes and dislikes is blowing. So far, they had not boldly registered them, nor made them available to the producers. It does not mean that some at least of the Producers are not eager to know their views and cater to their tastes. But the particular kind of guidance they expect has not been forthcoming either in full measure or in the proper manner.

We have made it our business to approach the fans for the right exercise of this power of theirs. As always, we shall do our best.

The industry, in all fairness, owes them this duty plainly. It lies in their providing such entertainment as is not only clean and good but progressive as well.

There are many, among the ones doing the films, who do not seem to appreciate this aspect of their work. There are certainly a few conceited persons in the trade who do not care two hoots for their opinions. Woe unto them!

The way these people turn out stuff reveals the defiance to the wishes of the picturegoer.

There are the pictures; there are the journalists who devote themselves wholeheartedly to their calling;

there are also the fans who feed the first element and, through them, the film-journalists. But there is no co-ordination of all these three branches of the industry. The journalists do their bit and stop there. Such of the film-goers as follow them, evince a passing interest and leave it just at that. Only a small percentage articulate themselves on their opinions or with any strength to make adequate impression, pro or con. It is like a drop in the ocean.

The rest of the public adopts an attitude of sweet reasonableness or that of the good-humoured indulgence to a wayward schoolboy. In the aggregate, it looks as if this is a prize conspiracy—unconscious though it be—to promote an industry on unworthy lines and put back the clock of its progress considerably.

Even those whose job it is to be trenchant on poorly turned out jobs, boost them because they do not wish to put a spoke in the wheel of an industry which forms a means of making money for a few and employment for some. This is hypocrisy, and the most serious result of this hypocrisy is that it vitiates the critical character of the public in choosing the medium of its entertainment. There is hardly any genuine excuse for this state of affairs except that being indiscriminately kind has become the mode.

This avalanche of kindness is a blight upon the good men of the films. It makes it possible for all sorts of fraudulent products to pass muster and thrive at the expense of culture and progress. So that, one feels like expressing gratitude to Kalki of Ananda Vikatan days, and some others who set the fashion in Tamilnad for criticizing to kill. Of course these become tendentious sometimes and irrelevantly descended to personal assaults—an outrage to the immemorial journalistic decencies. But that kind of excess seems to us to be symbolic of resplendent public health and preferable to the existing excess of tolerance of the lingering disease of the critical faculties.

TALK-A-TONE has now enlisted the support and co-operation of a vast set of resourceful and progressive-minded film-goers in this job. It needs more of you to come in and help, by personal contact if possible or by post otherwise. Men and women in public life, students (girls and boys) Actresses, both on the stage and the screen. Film-producers, Directors, Exhibitors, Hindus, Mussalmans, Parsees, Christians, Harijans and everyone who can give expression to his feelings and thoughts, can join in.

In fact, TALK-A-TONE invites everyone of you to come in and take part in this programme, without distinction of caste, creed or sex.

Once the Public makes up its mind about this matter, the boys on the other side will begin to think and work in consonance. The attitude of apparent defiance will vanish. They will discover the necessity to move along the current of public opinion and not against it. If anyone persisted, he will be doing so at his peril.

Such opinions will be voiced through TALK-A-TONE and spread through its FILMFANS CLUB. These will also be communicated to the Trade. They simply cannot afford to resist them nor can they continue to poohpooh them.

To become a Member of FILMFANS CLUB, one need not be a subscriber to TALK-A-TONE. It is enough if the one is a reader. The Filmfans in any one area can jointly subscribe for one copy and contact us with their deliberations, from time to time. TALK-A-TONE will respond promptly.

The other details including the first list of Members, will be broadcast through June Talk-A-Tone, by which time the FILMFANS CLUB will be old one month and a day.

A separate Department is working this FILMFANS CLUB.

Meanwhile, the Members to be, are welcome to write to the SPONSORS:

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FILMFANS CLUB (DEPT.)  
289, Esplanade, Madras



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THE GREATEST ROMANCE  
OF THE ENCHANTING EAST.

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RAGINI

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GYANI

in

**SHIRIN-FARHAD**

DIRECTED BY  
PRAHLAD DUTT

WILL BE VERY SOON  
AT YOUR TOWN

Now Attracting Crowds at  
**CAPITOL, Bombay**

A PRAKASH—EVERGREEN RELEASE

## MEN & MATTERS

BY

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

### I. F. I's Further Bid:

Information Films of India have announced that a few important, if not interesting, documentaries entitled "Travelogues of India", "India Tomorrow" and "Tomorrow's Citizens" will be their offerings in the near future.

"Travelogues of India" will essentially be composed of short films of Kashmir, Rajputana, and the Hill stations of India. They will not only vividly portray India's natural wealth of scenic beauty and grandeur, but will also contain matters of much informative value.

"India Tomorrow" and "Tomorrow's Citizens" are said to be two brilliant shorts, the first of which is calculated to make the post-war talks more meaningful, while the other aims at careful planning for the younger generation by which they can grow to be useful members of the nation in an atmosphere of peace and well-being. Needless to add that these shorts will be eagerly looked forward to by all those who seek much more from films than entertainment, pure and simple.

### Suvarnalata May Hit The Headline Soon:

It can hardly be gainsaid that our film-stars gain publicity in more ways than one. Of late, we have had reports of Meena's and Protima Dasgupta's unhappy matrimonial misadventures; and now, Suvarnalata is said to be heading for a line-up with her sisters. It is reliably learnt that her present relations with her husband, Pessi Bilimoria, are anything but cordial, and that an institution of a divorce-suit or something like it will soon break the relationship, which, if I remember aright, was contracted a little more than a year back. God alone knows what is wrong with our artistes of the fair sex, who, obviously, either make a wrong choice of husbands, or are unable to reconcile themselves to a peaceful domestic life. Anyway the belief is gaining ground

that to them 'variety is the spice of life'. It is also reported that Suvarnalata, who has lost her balance for reasons mentioned above, has not been feeling physically fit. Her distemper has put her employers, numbering nearly four, out of action. Their work is almost at a stand-still, and they must be cursing the star with all the vehemence of impotent rage. Personally I do not feel like sympathising with the producers whose troubles are of their own making. Why should so many of them run after one and the same artiste? The sooner they get rid of their craze for old and tried artistes, the better for all concerned.

### H. P. Das In Demand:

That Mr. H. P. Das has made his mark as a music-director in Bombay cannot be denied. At present he has more than one engagement on his hands. I am told that he has successfully seen his part of the business through in Rohini Pictures' "Justice", and is also entrusted with the conduct of music of Filmistan's second picture, now under production at the Filmistan studios. Besides these, he has other engagements, but I do not know much about them.

### Meera Bai:

My young friend Mr. Indubhai Patel, whose has been the brain behind the business management of so many productions, tells me that Soubhagya Pictures' next will be "Meera Bai" with Shanta Apte in the role of Meera Bai. It is, however, not known whether there will be any fundamental difference between the old "Rajrani Meera" and the present "Meera Bai"; but I am quite sure of this that it will have plenty of songs for Shanta Apte to sing, and it does not require to be emphasised that songs by Shanta Apte still retain a great pulling power. I do not think it will be out of place to mention in this connection that the picture will be directed by Dwarka Khosla with Kamal Dasgupta conducting its music.

### Influx Of New Faces:

The film-loving public will undoubtedly be much gratified to know that no less than three youthful and good-looking female artistes with a refreshing freshness about them will soon make their maiden appearance in three different pictures. One of them is Miss Gulnar from Lahore, who is cast in an important role in D. R. D. Productions' "Nek Parvin". It is said that she is a good singer too. The other hails from Amritsar and has been signed by the producer-director Kardar, who, it is learnt, will have to shell out a fabulous sum—more than a lakh—to this new-comer. My readers may also be interested to know that she is related to the music-director Rafiq Gaznavi, possibly, remotely, the third is Miss Parvin found out by Anil Biswas. She has an important role to enact in Mazhar Khan's "Pahile Nazar", the music of which is being conducted by Biswas. That the announcement is a matter for jubilation need not be stressed. Are we not tired of looking at our Chitnis, Samarth, Mumtaz Shanti, Suvarnalata, and others of that ilk?

It is also learnt that Kardar has been able to secure the services of the soft-eyed Ragini of Lahore for his ambitious production "Shah-Jehan".

### Chaya Devi in Bombay:

The great tragedienne of Bengal, Chaya Devi, has been here for the last few days on a short visit. I am told her present trip to Bombay has nothing whatever to do with her professional activities. She is staying with Ashok Kumar, and will shortly be leaving for Calcutta.

### Shamim Loses Favour With Kardar:

Miss Shamim who had been the leading female star in Kardar Productions "Pahale Ap" and "Sanyasi" would be given the go-by in Kardar's next, "Shah Jehan". This was never expected. It is learnt that the artiste is cut to the quick by being summarily cast off by Kardar, who alone knows the reason of this sudden change of heart. I have nothing more to add on this score.

### Shanta Apte Aggrieved:

I do not know whether my readers are aware that the renowned

MAY, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

Jubilee Film Circuit's

Great Hits of the Year!

PRADEEP PICTURES  
A Great Historical

**PANNADAI**

Starring:  
Durga Khote, Chandra Mohan, Meenakshi,  
Mubarak, M. Ismail, Azurie, Vithal & others

Direction: RAM DARIYANI  
Story: DEWAN SHARAR  
Music: GYAN DUTT

MAKING RECORDS AT  
NOVELTY

Bharat Productions  
**ARATI**

Featuring:

Surendra, Vanmala,  
Seikh Mukhtar,  
Hansa Wadekar,  
Harish and others

DIRECTION:  
RAMCHANDRA THAKORE

MUSIC:  
ASHOK GHOSH

FAZLI BROS'

Another Sure Fire Hit

**DIL**

Starring:

Nurjehan, Wasti,  
Udaikumar and others

Direction:  
S. F. HUSNAIN

**JUBILEE FILM CIRCUIT**

HEAD OFFICE: HYDERABAD

BRANCH: NATIONAL FILM EXCHANGE, Subedar Chatram Road, Bangalore City

MAY, 1945

film artiste, Miss Shanta Apte who is no less an exponent of music, and classical music at that, than of histrionic art, had been to Calcutta some time in January last to attend the second session of All India Music Congress as an invitee, and that she left Calcutta under a cloud of unpleasantness without taking any part in its proceedings. As Miss Apte does not like to be thought of unkindly by her well-wishers and admirers, of whom there are many in Calcutta, she has recounted the whole story of the unfortunate affair and has requested me to submit the same to them through the columns of "TALK-A-TONE" so that they may return their impartial verdict on the offending party. The facts, as narrated by Miss Apte, are as follows:— Firstly she was called upon to give her performance before the start of the regular programme of the day, which virtually indicated that she was not meant for the Congress. Secondly, without objecting to the after-thought of the promoters, who, however, allowed her the option of singing her own songs, she took her stand before the microphone and requested to start with "Bande Mataram" according to her wont. This was refused on the ground that this particular song was to be kept reserved for Onkar Nath to sing. Feeling disappointed, if not humiliated, she retraced her steps to the interior of the stage. But when again she heard one of the sponsors try to pacify the infuriated audience, who evidently wanted Miss Apte to sing, by making her a scape-goat, she could not help bringing the particular gentleman, who dissuaded her from singing "Bande Mataram", before the audience and forcing him to blurt out the truth. Her method of vindicating herself annoyed the big guns with the result that she was debarred from the Congress. As I have no reason to disbelieve Miss Apte's statement, I cannot forbear saying that she certainly deserved more gentlemanly and courteous treatment, due to a guest, who took the trouble of going down to Calcutta all the way from Bombay with a view to doing her bit for a noble cause. It is also not understood why a particular singer, no matter

how great or big he is, should have a monopoly of "Bande Mataram", which, essentially, is a national anthem of the Hindus, who in no circumstances can be denied the right of singing it in their own way. I pause for a reply from the management.

#### Proposed Ban on Kamal Amrohi:

My readers perhaps remember that the lyric and story-writer Kamal Amrohi once sold away the self-same story to Messrs. Kardar and Sohrab Mody. This shady transaction would have given rise to much unpleasantness and complications had not Kardar paid off Sohrab Mody what the latter had to part with on account of the price of the story. Now, it is again learnt that Kamal Amrohi has sold another story, of course, under a different title, to Mr. Shiraz of the Famous Films, the incidents and situations of which are identically the same as those of 'Shah Jahan' in Kardar's possession. Kardar will not take things lying down this time, and has, therefore, already lodged a complaint against Kamal Amrohi and his nefarious activities with the I.M.P.P.A. and the I. F. P. A., who, I am told, will take up the matter in all seriousness and inflict a deterrent punishment on the offender, so that the producers may not be further victimised by unscrupulous story-writers of Amrohi's feather.

#### Nitin Disappointed:

My friend Nitin Bose who is busy at the moment with the direction of his third assignment here at the Filmistan Studios, which, incidentally, will be a S. Mukherji production, must have been shocked beyond measure to know that the services of the celebrated artiste Ashok Kumar will not be made available to him. Needless to add that Bose has been eagerly looking forward to an opportunity of getting Ashok Kumar as the hero of one of his pictures. The whole business becomes all the more interesting when one hears it is S. Mukherji who has objected to Ashok Kumar being allowed to work with Nitin, who was practically lured into a contract by Mukherji himself: Nitin must be feeling that the prophecy of a blunt and outspoken friend has come true, rather a bit too early.

TALK-A-TONE

#### K. B. Lall hooks up Veena:

The fair Amazon of the filmdom, Miss Veena has at last been signed up by Mr. K. B. Lall of "Lal Haveli" fame for his mighty historical, "Samrat Ashok", which is being produced and directed by him at the Prabhat Studios, Poona. Mr. Lall who is said to be taking a meticulous care in the design and construction of sets, has been no less careful in the selection of the artistes: and it is small wonder, therefore, that K. B. Lall's "Samrat Ashok" will be an ideal offering calculated to transfer the immortality of the name from the pages of history to the screen.

#### Central Studios Change Hands:

I have just had confirmation of the news that Mr. K. K. Mody, the present proprietor of the Central Studios, has sold away his valuable property for a colossal sum of eighteen lakhs. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that ever since this studio was founded it has changed hands for the fourth time, inclusive of the present transfer. I do not know what was wrong with the outgoing owner, but I must say that I am much intrigued to smell a feeling of joy and relief among those who had been directly concerned with the studio. Let me hope, however, that the new proprietor will try to mend matters.

#### Kardar cocks a snook:

My readers may remember that there has been of late a good deal of commotion in the press and on the platform over the Govt's order requisitioning Kardar Studios. Heartily backed by the public, Kardar is said to have fought tooth and nail with the authorities for a withdrawal of the order; and it is now learnt that Kardar's fight has not been in vain. It is really unfortunate that the war-time needs of the Govt. have necessitated unlimited power being vested in a few over-zealous public servants who are most ill-fitted to exercise it with discretion.

#### Independents Again In The Fore-front:

The Independent Film Producers Association has already set up a fact-finding body to investigate into the problem of establishment of

central training institute and a research laboratory for the Film Industry. The first meeting of the Committee is being held here today under the chairmanship of Sir Homi Mehta. It is significant that such celebrities as Dr. Meghnath Saha, and Dr. Nazir Ahmad are attending the meeting. Obvious as it is that much spade work has to be done before deliberations in this respect can yield fruitful results, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that the Independents have started well.

#### Chandrababha With Luxmi Production :

It is after a pretty long time that I met the rising star Chandrababha the other day. On my enquiring of her as to when she will be starting for Kashmir for the much-needed rest and change, now that she is free from her latest assignment in Sanjeevan Art Productions' "Sawan", I was a little surprised to be told by her that her proposed trip to Kashmir must be put off for some time more. I could readily guess the reason of this change of programme, but she obliged me by saying that she has just signed another contract with Luxmi Productions for their next, "Dulah", in which, it is needless to add, she is cast in the leading female role. Although I was glad to find her happy over her present engagement, I could not help saying to her face that 'the ways of the artistes are always inscrutable'. Her sweet smile indicated that she had taken my joke with good humour. I wish her all luck and success.

#### New Releases :

The period under review has not been very prolific in respect of new releases. I am however glad to tell my readers that a spate of new releases has just set in, and more will follow in the coming weeks. Sanjeevan Art Productions 'Sawan', Famous Films' "Phool" and Ramnik Productions' "Kiran" have replaced Prakash Pictures' "Ram Rajya", Filmistans "Chal Chal Re Naujwan", and Bombay Talkies "Jwar Bhata" at Super, Roxy and Central respectively. I shall deal

with these in my next feature and concentrate myself now on the older releases: they are Pradeep Pictures' "Panna Dai", Luxmi Productions "Bhagya Lakshmi", and Venus Pictures' "Lady Doctor". Before I start writing out the reviews of pictures mentioned above, I would like to tell my readers, that while "Ram Rajya" leaves behind the memory of glorious run for a couple of years, "Chal Chal Re Nau Jwan" has given a shock to the producer S. Mukherji and his fans. Incidentally, it may be said that "Chal Chal Re Nau Jwan" is the first picture in S. Mukherji's fairly long career of a producer which has not even succeeded to celebrate silver jubilee. The uneventful run of the picture confirms the belief that Mukherji's professed challenge to the youths of the country has been thrown back on his own face which will pick up more grace when he produces a more sensible and less pretentious picture.

Now to the disagreeable task of reviewing pictures—

"Panna Dai" is obviously a historical picture depicting a brilliant chapter in the life of a brave Rajput lady who is still remembered with veneration for her sacrifice, fidelity and patriotism. The screen presentation of the incidents associated with her doings is not very convincing. Of course, the scenario of the picture, of which Dewan Sharar is the author is at fault. The various sequences appear to be either redundant, or a mere repetition of the other, and the tempo, particularly in the first half, suffers much in consequence. Drama is lacking all throughout. Even then it must be said that the picture is not bad on the whole. Outdoor shots of Chittorgarh fort and other relative historical sites invest the picture with a touch of realism, which is just impaired by the crude, if not ludicrous, shots of war and crowd scenes. Personally I do not think any of the artistes, not excepting Durga Bai Khote, has done anything outstanding. The technical qualities of the picture, particularly photography, leaves much

more to be desired. Its songs and music are fairly pleasing. Ram Dyrani's direction is mediocre. In spite of all said and done I feel like congratulating the producer Mrs. Kamalabai Manglaokar on her sincerity of purpose.

"Bhagya Lakshmi" is essentially a boy-meets-girl social, which however, tries to decry gambling, presumably with a view to saving its face, as it were. This is crudely done through a weak scenario of a weaker story. The director Badami has made a bad job of direction even with such artistes as Shanta Apte, Prem Adib, Jagadish and Vasanti at his command. As the picture wends its way on the screen with a sluggish tempo and breaks in uniformity, one feels that the director could have at least made things more lively and interesting with a little more imagination and a dramatic sense of proportion. None of the artistes gives a convincing performance, and what is a matter of greater pity is that even, the songs sung by Shanta Apte and Vasanti, fail to impress. The technical qualities of the picture are a little below the average. In short, the picture is just another of the bitter-pill type which has to be painfully swallowed.

"Lady Doctor": without wasting energy and valuable paper, I may tell my readers at the very outset, that the picture adds one more to our war-time productions, which is based upon a story poorly conceived, and still more poorly treated by one Walli, obviously an overnight director. The result has been disastrous. Lack of incidents, drama, let alone continuity and tempo, bores one stiff from start to finish. The heroine Mumtaz Shanti, on whom apparently much labour has been wasted, puts over an indifferent performance, and, what is worse, looks hideous in places. Her lisping articulations are, all the more nauseating. The hero Ullhas acts and looks like a veritable subaltern rehearsing his first lessons. Songs and music are disappointing, while photography and audiography are no better.

## 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.)

#### L. Narayana Rao, Adoni.

Can you declare whole-heartedly that Sushila Rani is the one and only beautiful lady in the film industry?

I am unable to oblige your fanaticism even as a special concession. You are asking for too much; in fact, you are courting trouble. The privilege of crowning Sushila Rani as the queen of Baratvarsha is Baburao's sole monopoly. Any infringement will be promptly punished.

What about Mr. Shantaram?

Mr. Shantaram is a leading luminary of the Hindi screen, in the production department, and is the storm signal to Baburao Patel. Incidentally, his objective propaganda picture is waiting to bring blushing honours thick upon him.

#### T. B. Ibrahim, Mardana.

So our friend Surendra is going to be married? After his wedding, will he give up acting? If so what is his last picture before marriage?

Oh yes! Surendra has got married already to Srimathi Satyavathi Rishi, M.A., last month at Lahore. But this won't preclude him from crooning to you fans henceforth. The crooner will have to play to your tune as well as to the one at home. That's tough job, though!

Hello, friend, can you tell me how I shall be able to get the photo of Bhanumathi and Kamala Kotnis of TAHSILDAR fame?

I am afraid, neither of them will be able to comply with your request, considering the scarcity of photo materials these days. Any way you can try your chance by addressing Bhanumathi c/o. Vauhini Pictures, T'Nagar, Madras, and Kamala Kotnis, c/o. Prabhat Studios, Poona.

Between Sadhona Bose and Sushila Rani, who dances better?

Dance-art is Sadhona Bose's forte whereas Sushila Rani is a recent recruit.

#### V. A. S. Godwin, Pussellawa.

Why is it news contained in your pages are more on the Hindi and Telugu pictures than those of Tamil? Could you comply with our Ceylonese request in publishing more about Tamil Pictures, actors and actresses?

It is a pleasure to comply with your suggestion and in point of fact, we have already made a start in the April issue. As we had pointed out earlier, Tamil pictures have reached a self-inflicted impasse by depending upon a certain bunch who are in turn sitting under a Damocles' sword. Hereafter TALK-A-TONE will specialise in NEWS on every province. We believe in doing things for certain.

What makes some of our cinegoers, both in Ceylon and India, break their hearts over captivating U. R. Jeevaratnam? Do you think that their ideas regarding the captivating young Miss is like the proverbial "Fox and the Grapes."

Your proverb is all right but the analogy is not. In the case of the fox, the grapes were 'Sour'. With U. R. Jeevaratnam, admittedly, your taste sweetens. If the Miss is captivating, it is but fair to fall for her, provided you do the falling with dignity and unction. As to what makes for the captivating, read Ambrose Bierce. There is an idea behind this game—a long way behind and a moral. The moral is the neat execution of an improvised fall achieved by dialing the star on the long distance, dials that nip the fingers but don't spell right. Then, you will have the inspiration, to execute a nice leap up and then come down sitting.

#### T. K. Rajagopalan, Alandur.

It is vastly rumoured from Gemini sources, that a forthcoming picture of theirs is to have entirely new features. What will it be like?

If I understand you aright, all the feminine members of the cast will have their faces lifted.

#### Merwery, Eliya.

What is the big idea in triplicating Harischandra? Pragathi with Subbiah Naidu and Lakshmi Bai etc., Raja Rajeswari with P. U. Chinnappa and Kannamba, N. S. Krishnan and Maduram.

Pragathi boys have caught you napping. Canarese was their original. In doing the Tamil version, they have literally done you in the eye. That is technically called 'DUPE'ing. They had taken a retrograde step by going back to the days of the primitive talkie. The 'picture' is the same but the sound alone has been Tamilised. As for the All Star Cast flop, that too was an original in its own way; so, the question of triplicating is an optical illusion.



Forward they look with new hopes for JUSTICE.

*Which is the best studio in South India?*

The most well equipped plant with thorough-going technicians, doing their own productions, minus a clever director, is Gemini; turning out the largest number of pictures, year after year, and minting money on box office records, is Newtone; for taking things easy and going about with pompous pretensions is Central Studios, Coimbatore.

**B. S. Mani, Cathedral, Madras.**

*Please pick up the better individual in the following Pairs?*

*Kannamba and Kanchanamala.*

In GRIHALAKSHMI both were co-starred; the latter stole the picture and the former the fans' hearts. Kannamba does Tamil as well. I would plump for Kannamba for histrionics and Kanchanamala for her, oh, boy, what shall I call it?

*B. N. Reddy and K. V. Reddy.*

The Reddys are technically Twins. B. N. R. is a quiet, patient and assiduous worker. The younger one is sure go-getter and very enthusiastic. I would never dream of choosing from the pair of eyes on one's head.

*M. K. Thyagaraja Bagavather and M. M. Dhandapani Desigar, as a singer?*

M. K. T. is a creator of song hits and M. M. D. Desigar their singer. For films, M. K. T. takes the cake and for music halls M. M. D. Desigar.

*N. S. Krishnan and K. Sarangapani.*

N. S. K. is versatile while K. Sarangapani is typed. Producers may go for N.S.K. but I for Sarangapani.

Eighteen

*Which in your opinion is the best studio in South India as far as the technical side is concerned?*

Gemini for the plant, and Newtone for the finish.

*Whom do you merit as the greatest character actor in South?*

The man they call 'Mister' at studios; Chittoor V. Nagiah. The other pretenders are Characiers.

**T. L. S. Fernando, Colpetty.**

*Will you please publish in Talk-A-Tone, Shanta Apte's Autographed photograph and your interview with her?*

Thank you! If we are lucky, you will have a Talk-a-tone autograph special shortly.

*When can we see Indian technicolour films?*

There have been three already in technicolour, all from Bombay. You will have more when the war is over.

**Gopalan, Colombo.**

*Can you get me the address of V. V. Sadagopan? Is he married?*

V. V. Sadagopan, Sangeetha Vidvan, Trivandrum, is his address, and is married to a lovely lady and is on the family way.

*Who is Vasundara Devi? What is her nationality? What is her religion? I know for certain that she is married.*

Vasundara is the sweet young thing who caroused RISSA SRINGAR and jilted her own spouse in Mangamma, hip-swinging and tra-la-la Carmirand-ing. In short, the vamp. 'Devi' was an eccentric cinematic stellar appendage as an identification mark. She is a Hindoo, Brahmin, Vaishnavite of Mandayam origin, is wedded to an affable young man of the same clan. Her darling daughter is Vasundra's religion; otherwise, when on the screen, her religion is satisfying the film fans.

*What is the nationality of M. S. Sarojini? Is she married? If so to whom and how old?*

Sarojini is a Hindu, sister of M. S. Mohanambal of Garuda Garva Bangam fame, is in her twenties, and definitely married to the Tamil Talkies.

**T. R. Sethuram, Tuticorin.**

*How is it that a screen actress complains it is very difficult to keep young now-a-days?*

Infant feeding, school books and clothes for the little ones are highly expensive items.

**C. Natesan, Chavadaliyam.**

*Can you convince me to the contrary when I affirm that only a fraction of those employed in studios are actors?*

I don't propose to try. Many readers have written to us conforming this.

**A. P. Abdul Karder, Negombo.**

*What is Baby Saroja doing? Is the rumour about her death true?*

Well, ask me another, for Saroja is alive and kicking, but not infanticipating.

*What is your opinion of Saigal's visit to Ceylon? What kind of reception can he have among Ceylonese?*

Ceylon is bound to rise to her fullest stature, hitting a new high, as one man and his wife, in its throaty ovation to enjoy the Kashmir Bass singer from Bengal.

*I am very much interested in Hindi Pictures and I sing well. Can I have any chance of joining Baburao Patel—Sushila Rani Team?*

So, you are a Hindi hound, and a singing one at that! If you wish to break into Patel—Sushila couple, to make it a trio, then, there begins the eternal triangle and Patel is a jealous man. You can have not only the chance but the accident as well. Any way, it is your funeral.

**A. S. Thammiah, Chamrajnagar.**

*Who is the best film artiste in the Indian Screen?*

Baburao Patel, the Filminidia character, else, Nagiah if he begins Hindi.

*What is Shrab Modi doing to the screen. I have not seen him for a long time on the screen.*

Sohrab Modi is painting the screen, in boiling oils like Cecil B. De Mille. Your vision must be extraordinarily myopic to have missed Sohrab! Try Argyrol and be on the look-out.

*I like Nagiah on the screen. Can you give his autographed photograph in TALK-A-TONE?*

You like Nagiah—so do I, and so do the rest of the celluloid crowd. But his autograph has lain elusive but we shall net it in, yet. Wait and see.

**Nagaiya, Mayavaram.**

*I recently learned that a Coimbatore producer before he took the false step in Films, was making his daily bread by making bread daily. Is it true?*

Your 'informer' is a crack shot. It is too true, but, more important than that is the figure of speech employed by you. You have nicely spoonerism a trespasser's propensities. Yes, that is why this 'Producer' kneaded them films more than they needed him.

**V. Krithivas, Tiruvannamalai.**

*Dr. Rajagopalachari seems to be shy of trying his ROYAPPAN for the screen. The story is novel in conception and is bound to be a thundering success if a director like K. Subrahmanyam were to handle it in his inimitable way to bring out the human appeal in the theme. Why don't they?*

Well, there must be a catch somewhere. Probably the lawyer in the director must be up and kicking on all fours. Else, Rajaji, since he became a Doctor, must be feeling nervous that some callous director might administer drastic cuts without any anaesthetics.

**L. K. Muthuswami, Erode.**

*Producers and fans call T. R. Rajakumari a star. I totally disagree with them and think that she is the reverse of a star. Do you agree with me?*

I do not, particularly because it is thoroughly unbecoming of a decent man to decry a woman in this manner. For one thing it is unkind to do so; for another, the reverse of a Star is RATS.

**T. R. Seturaman, Tuticorin.**

*I am flabbergasted to learn that a certain studio owner has accepted a story from a school boy under ten.*

Yes. I fully accept your report. After all, this is not an unusual occurrence, judging from the stories in the talkies today.

**K. V. Rajagopalan, Triplicane.**

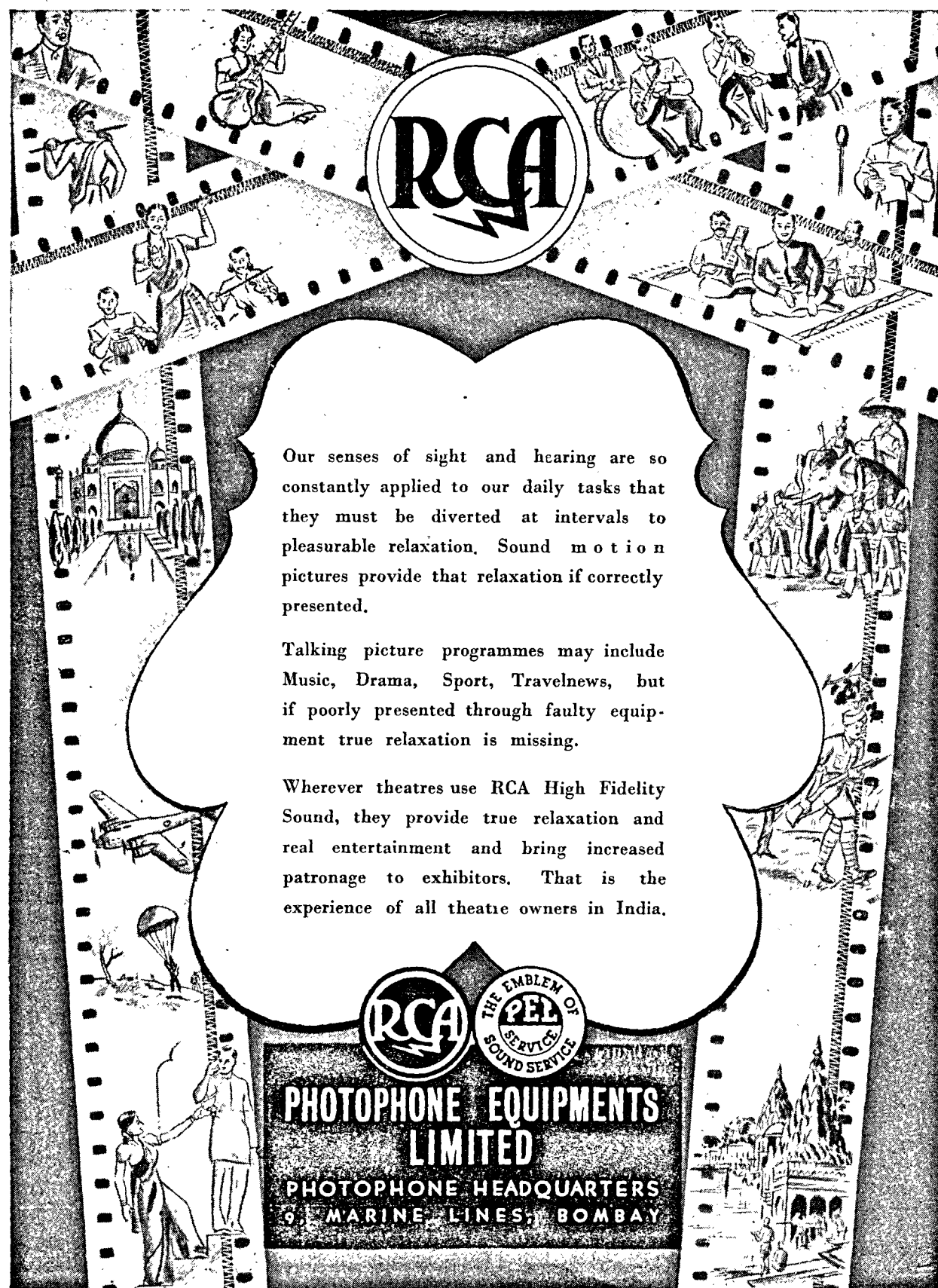
*Have you heard that a studio in Madras needs a donkey and a monkey for their forth coming attraction?*

I have. But whom shall we suggest?



The Japanese General, Bajinama (T. R. Sundaram) is seen forcing the Prime Minister of Burma, Woosa (K. K. Perumal) to attest a certain mandate, which the latter refuses.

(a gripping scene from Modern Theatres' BURMA RANI).



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## The Yankee-Doodle

By 'STUDE'

The Yank in our land is a resilient figure and it looks as if he means business. We have had him with us these three years and already we have grown to glean the texture of Uncle Sam's make-up.

Even so, have we had the British, in India grooming now for the Bicentenary. It had taken us this long to get an inkling of their manners, habits, living and peculiarities.

We owe this deficiency to some delinquency somewhere. For one thing, the Britisher is a notoriously class-conscious, cautious guy, who prefers to wait for his intro.

But the Yankee doesn't. He swaps ideas, pokes fun and mixes freely. He does it all amazingly quickly. A little too quickly for us, perhaps, to catch up with his tempo. The Yankee rubs in his ideologies with the disarming candour of the sweet dumpling.

His presence began as a war-time expediency. However, we have come to learn a great deal about these dough-boys. He goes about his work with gusto and doesn't mind taking us into his confidence. Trust begets trust, and, boy, do we like him!

Part and parcel of his programme is to link Uncle Sam with *Baratarsha*. While on this, the Yankee has been dispelling many a telling item of News interest thro' the United States Office of War Information, in the shape of News Feature Bulletins, from time to time.

These beautifully done up bits are well written and cover a variety of subjects pertaining to the American in the War and ancillary topics. The speciality is the News on the American home-front.

Of course, every Indian hopes that they do carry home to their countrymen and women, truthful pictures about our land and its people, in the same way as they disseminate knowledge amongst us, the while.

Talk-A-Tone is devoted essentially to journalism and has to do with the film-industry. We feel

sure that our readers will, therefore, appreciate the USOWI Bulletins which we shall reproduce either *verbatim* or in *extenso* suitably presented but adequately represented so as to be substantially in agreement with the proffered material.

A recent USOWI News feature has sought to enlighten us on the conduct of the Monthly and Weekly journals in U. S. A. To put it mildly, the figures of circulation are staggering. These vital statistics speak as much for the powerful force journalism is in America, as it does against the study in contrast our country or any other country has to offer.

Of course, Journalism pays its way the way it pays its public. We have no national language.

As we are a Monthly, ourselves, our affinity lies in the Monthlies in the American market.

In our Country, magazines are usually styled as periodicals and, true to this claim, they come out periodically, for the most part, suffer the penalty for such default and go out like a light. This fate overtakes even vernacular journals. As for the casualties in English, it is a sarcastic commentary. However, the few which have outlived the vicissitudes, jingle their tiny bells along their path singing the dearth of English knowing fans.

**READERS DIGEST**, published at 'Pleasant Ville', New York, has a circulation of *One Crore!* What it does is, to present the condensed milk and cream from leading American periodicals under exclusive re-print rights contracts.

Four Ladies Journals lead next in the field, the *Ladies Home Journal* 4,100,000; *Women's Home Companion* 3,600,000 *Mc Call's Magazine* 3,500,000 and *Good House Keeping* 2,500,000.

Among the Monthlies of general appeal, *American Magazine* runs 2,500,000, *Cosmopolitan*, 2,100,000 and *Red Book* 1,500,000.

*Esquire*, designed to appeal to men, is a lively Journal and has 726,000 buyers.



Veena in Famous Films  
"PHOOL"

*Fortune* is the most expensive journal and circulates 180,000. It is devoted chiefly to business management and analysis, to the sociological implications of business and international commerce. 'Fortune' sometimes sets apart an entire issue for a single subject and conducts one of the best known American National Opinion Polls.

*Saturday Evening Post* covering 3,500,000, comes a close second. *Collier's* and *Look* tie for the third Place with a pull of 2,000,000 each. *Liberty* does 1,500,000 and is the fourth. *Newsweek* ranks fifth with 1,400,000. *Time* is the last among the journals commanding a seven figure mark, tilting the million by a bare margin. It runs 1,181,000 copies.

*The New Yorker* is doing only 155,000.

We have no news regarding journals working for the film industry

Excepting **FORTUNE** which is marked a Dollar and **ESQUIRE** at fifty cents, most of the other journals are the 25 cents variety. We have no idea of the arithmetics of the Moore-Market Second handdealers, but they collect at the rate of Rs.10/- a Dollar on American Magazines, nowadays irrespective of their age and dehydration.

SUNRISE PICTURES'

## MA BAAP

(Celebrating Silver Jubilee in Bombay & Calcutta)

Starring

Veena, Nazir, Yakub,  
Jagdish, Motibibi,  
Mirza, Mushraf, Dixit,  
Amir Karnataki,  
and others

## KATHIAWAR FILM CIRCUIT'S ASTOUNDING LINE UP

Central Studios'

### YATEEM

with

Yakub, Chandrababha,  
Lalitha Pawar, David,  
and Uday Kumar

Direction

ZIA SARHADY

### SATHI

Featuring

Glamorous

MEHTAB

in the lead

Raja Mouitane's

## GHAZAL

WITH

LEELA CHITNIS,  
CHARLIE, RADHARANI  
and ZAHUR RAJA

Direction

ZAHUR RAJA



Shalimar Pictures'

### GHULAM

(A rare picture with a  
message of Freedom)

Featuring

RENUKA DEVI, MASUD PARREZ,  
DAVID, RAJKUMARI SHUKLA & OTHERS

Director

M. WADHWANI

Shalimar Pictures'

### PRITHVIRAJ SANJOGTA

(a romantic chapter of glorious  
Rajistan)

STARRING:

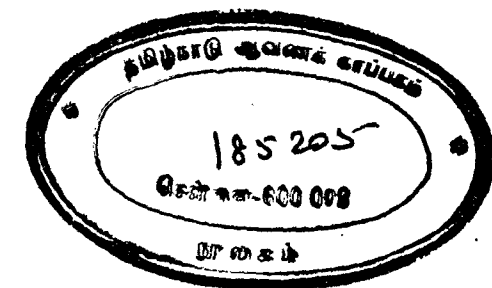
MEENA—SHYAM

Supported by

Tewari, Pt. Bharat Vyas, Mumtaz,  
Beena and Sameena

Direction :—NAZAM NAQVI

Mammoth Mythological  
all Screen Attractions



Romantic Socials,  
Glorious Historicals,  
and

Branch Office:

Kathiawar Film Circuit

"Mumtaz Building"

553, Nizam Sahi Road,  
HYDERABAD (Deccan)

Laxmi Productions'

### AMRAPALI

Starring

SABITA DEVI, PR M ADIB, AROON,  
JEEVAN, JAGDISH, GULAB  
& others

Direction

Nandalal Jaswantlal

Head Office:

Kathiawar Film Circuit

GANDHINAGAR

BANGALORE CITY

JL  
NW 21/24/37  
NUS-92

# VERDICT ON INDIA

## A Backfiring Boomerang

By K. A. PADMANABHAN

VERDICT ON INDIA is vandalism run amuck and Beverly Nichols is the iconoclast. It is a literary casualty of wartime, perpetrated by a Miss Mayo in male garb and destined for like perdition. The whole book is anything but an objective study which is the quintessence of a dispassionate appraisal of a vast continent and its diverse peoples. Raised from the ranks of braggart journalism and nursed by the British vested interests, Beverly Nichols has proved himself a Conservative rubberstamp, a sublimated toady and an inveterate incendiary to an already beleaguered nation.

The minimum justice to an impartial critique demanded the unvarnished conveyance of the conditions of famine and pestilence into which the country had been plunged, and the millions of lives lost in them. The purblind propagandist has committed a political blackmail by suppressing these facts and indulging in the use of abusive language against our revered leaders and particularly Mahatma Gandhi, the apostle of Truth and Non-violence. Beverly Nichols and his clan may gloat over this attempt to strike a note of originality but the rest of the world will not condone them this sacrilege.

What he should have been proffered and what he direly seems to have needed before he embarked on his trip to India, was the intellectual passport to fit him for pronouncing his pompously titled 'Verdict'. As it is, the title is a misnomer and its author a political dilettante.

This 'book of facts' conforms to the adage that a lie travels round the world and back again while Truth is just lacing up its boots.

Mr. Nichols has an enormously energised vocabulary, a set of vitalised statistics and a keen partiality for savage phraseology, especially when he has to 'show up' our national leaders: Mahatmaji, Jawaharlal and the Rashttrapathi. And

it helps one to remember that the author had not contacted any one of them.

Nichols is not a fresh guy nor a cub and observation must have taught him that such an attitude to a nation in bondage is actually spiritual, mental and psychological indolence, a blasphemous failure to fit himself to study the contiguous conditions of life and a studied incompetence to choose between plausible and possible allegiances.

In the Hindoo India, Mr. Nichols apprehends the virtual enemy of the British autocrat and disgorges himself, in the process of such feint, of a deep sense of frustration, a great but inchoate social hurt, indignation and tyranny.

However startling and thoroughly conceived the book may be as a literary contribution, it is bound to be an unconvincing rigmarole to the American citizen who has seen this country and its prevaricating rulers. They can no longer be gulled.

Nichols throws the monkey-wrench on Hinduism, and its basic contradictions to the Occidental background, berates and bangs the Hindoo heads against the wall, until the very religion and the reader holler out for mercy. He hopes that the world will believe him when he says they abone are at the bottom of the national resurgence and, on that basis, argues and argues, past one's comprehension and reason.

Nichols, in short, has constructed a gigantic woodpile within which he has concealed the very small 'Hindoo' nigger. Any way the 'Verdict' is the work of no puny talent, may be, an eccentric one. Such a provocative 'Verdict' will naturally recoil on its creator who has 'rope-tricked' after delivering the harangue.

Mr. Nichols is fighting for his country, and we for ours. The difference lies in the fact that his country is keeping ours in chains—

Twenty-four

and the slave does not bothe about the metal of the chains. Of America this book will pall like gall. For, LIFE and TIME and Louis Fischer have been publishing the truth about our country in plain language.

The best joke of the book seem to me to be 'HINDOO HOLLY WOOD'. How and where he got the idea of Pakistan for films, it is not for me to say. Hindoo ideolog seems to be stalking Nichols' foot steps even when he sneaks into the celluloid realm. Evil unto him who thinketh evil.

Cricklewood, Elstree and Twickenham ought to be typographical errors unless our reading of the British film journals in the past has gone awry. It needed a quota legislation in the earlier years and an Alexander Korda in the recent past to find for Britain a niche in the world film-map.

Whether there is full and fair film-criticism, as such, in our country, is a matter for us to decide and no Nichols is needed to set us the scales. Every province has at least one film journal doing its duty fearlessly and fairly in the circumstances. Truants are there but the form no criterion to allow of an inexperienced foreigner to chastise us. We know our shortcomings and can also recall vividly viewing British film called 'Night Bird' which in reality was a cinematic nightmare. At no time had our boy turned out such stuff. The audience just saved breaking its jaws guffawing.

As for kissing, or the open demonstration of this salutation in our films, Mr. Nichols has reacted palpably low. Kissing, hugging and other physiological effusion of affection are matrimonial consummations in the Orient, indulged in private and not intended for the edification of an audience nor for pleasing Nichols and his friends. The reaction of an Oriental to kissing in public is epitomised in the words of a Japanese General who refers to it as "PUTTING LIP TOGETHER AND EXCHANGING MICROBES, called a manifestation of affection in the West but considered a filthy habit in the East". Amen.

FOR ADULTS ONLY.



The Super-Droop.

## Re-modelled Movie Queens!

Movie-fans may not know that their celluloid celebrities have to resort to frequent surface-changes in order to preserve the unities of fan illusion and the glamour they once were. Various are the methods which they employ to restore their worn-out frames to order.

How they do it is a business secret but we will let you into the know of a thing or two, just to assuage your thirst for such inside information.

The Film Fans Forum in Talk-A-Tone offers a decent clue to your propensities in the matter and it is a highly gratifying state of affairs that you are satisfied with the visualisings presented to you intact and that you don't kick up a row about the wherefores.

The stars have their private lives, too, and are subject to the usual wear and tear. They pay the penalty of the fast living, and age and wrinkle very much in advance of their time.



Droop Mended

The Venuses and their male counterparts of the Silver Screen, in our country, as elsewhere, have to pay a heavy toll, by reason of their highly taxing profession. That they should continue to scintillate, need not perturb your equanimity nor astonish you. It is all in the game. They play 'hide' and the fans play 'seek'. Whereas the male members of this fraternity imbibe gold and golden herbs, to preserve their looks, the female of the species has need for greater succour. While the job of the make-up man is rendered more and more difficult by the deteriorating conditions of the 'belly, bosom and the bumper,' the physicians and the surgeons have no light responsibilities. It is important to the stars that their matrimonial market value should remain undiminished. This is but the reaction to Nature's law.

Science has provided older age security in holy wedlock for the motion-picture beauties. As the calendar gets thinner, the dolls themselves become less interested in playing ring-around-a-rosie and get more concerned with playing house. Fortunately for the cooling ageing (she) Stars of the Cinema, the plastic surgeons' work on them reduces the urge of their husbands and of loving turnkeys to request transfers.

Cupid might have laid the loved one low with his bow and arrow but the plastic surgeon's knife and needle keep the victims reconciled to looking at the face, and even the figure, of the darling

to whom eternal allegiance had been sworn

The competition among the established beauties of the celluloid world is of a ferocity and desperation exceeding any other battle in the chronicles of commerce. It is entirely safe and a lot of fun for a young, beautiful and resilient female in pictures to shunt in and out of Bombay, Bengal and other wayside capitals like a busy engine at a junction point. But when the dame herself begins to show signs of mileage, she starts thinking about staying hooked to somebody old and dependable. She takes inventory of herself, in which job she is assisted by the voluntary services of sister cats who can scratch with words sharp enough to cut a speck of caviare into million bits.

So the lady whose mileage is being revealed in her mug and her form, hies herself to a plastic-surgeon. Hollywood provided the gold rush for the plastic surgeons. The movie gossip writers attended to that. They informed the nation that Dr. Donald Von Duck had just done such a perfectly precious job of applying a block and tackle to the wrinkles of a cinema antique, that the lads were going around now wondering whether the patient was over the age of consent, or should they take a chance anyway.

It was thrilling reading and soon had M. D.'s with diplomas changing from abortion to plastic surgery.

The biting light, sun and artificial, required for picture-making, the

tempo of living and the punishment of fighting against weight, all connived to put the brand mark of Hard Use on Strong-willed star females, who had no hankering to be playing lavender-and-old-lace character bits at 10 chips some days. These desperate women were easy skinning for the hide-grafters who held forth the promise of concealing signs of wear and tear. The quacks dived at this chance. With the press-agentry to aid and abet them, they stalked out a claim to what has become a major division of the film-world commercial picture. No general squawk at this prostitution of fine-art then was registered by the comparatively small number of truly expert plastic surgeons in the country because they had all they could do attending to their own trade. At that time, the plastic surgery patients were mainly society women and stage actresses. A few cases of industrial casualties accounted for the major part of the plastic-surgery work on men.

But now, wherever in this fair land, there is a reputable and skilled plastic surgeon, you stand a fairly good chance of running into some slightly shopworn movie queen, incognito. And probably in her wake are plenty of women of less extensive notoriety waiting for the doctor to rehabilitate their fronts. The personal appearance angle of the movie star business has provided a necessity for the most skilled touches of the plastic surgeon. Despite all the touches the make-up genius can supply and all the tricks

Twenty-five

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of lighting and camera angles, the public gaze may blink at a living close-up of the high priestess of glamour. Those blinks may shave chips from box-office figures, which is a consummation devoutly not to be wished by star or producing company.

Consider the cases of two of the cinema sweeties of international fame upon whom Time and others had laid heavy hands, especially in the brassiere zone. They had reached the stage of bust development known as the super-droop. A lady can have leprosy and get by in pictures, but when her lungs flop on her, she is a flop. Unflopping these twinkling, but fading, luminaries was accomplished by skilled plastic surgery. These two beneficiaries of the masters' services now have what are solemnly esteemed by Hollywood's experts of experts the most gorgeous, thrilling and delectable box-office and fireside snubbers presented in motion pictures.

The operation by which these transformations were effected is one that obviously demands specialized skill. An incision is made at the lower junction of the breast and the torso, so scarring will be concealed. An orifice is cut in the breast skin to accommodate the nipple in its new home.



"To work is to worship"—only when it is for JUSTICE.

Twenty-six

The hide is then yanked away and surplus fat, tissue and skin removed. The inside works are kept carefully intact. The surgeon remolds the remaining fat nearer to the heart's desire, slips the nipple and areola into anchorage, sews up neatly and his secretary attends to the bill. The cinema darlings don't begrudge such expense for these jobs. Mr. G. of Washington, D.C., really pays for it. He lets them take it off their income tax payments when properly itemized under depreciation.

The movie gals have put plastic surgery on a production line basis instead of custom built jobs. There is now enough of a market for services of skilled and ethical plastic surgeons to have expanded the field from less than a dozen of recognized high standing, a decade ago, to a roster over the hundred mark now. The figures are the independent estimates of several plastic surgeons of high standing acknowledged by authorities in the general surgical field.

It is to such experts that the smart women go for such jobs. The money they pay is often super-colossal considering that the job may not rate by the expert plastic surgeons as the most difficult they do.

The expense factor has had much to do with the growth of plastic sur-

gery's employment. Prior to the war plastic surgery was mainly a luxury for wealthy women. They would go into retirement and emerge eventually in a synthetic virginal radiance. They would not stand close inspection on those earlier face-lifts. But now the technique has improved, mainly due to better suturing, and about the worst break a dame gets on a job done by a competent man is a little line that makes her look as if she forgot to wash her ears. Even this adds somewhat to the appearance of youth.

Nose remodelling jobs continue to be the most frequent operations in plastic surgery; many of the reputable surgeons' jobs being the repair of quack damage to noses. Nose streamlining and face lifting provide field day for the skin grafters due to the often extreme sensitivity of those who bear these shortcomings. Frequently the reputable practitioner tries to argue the patient out of the craving for the job but with only fair results despite his earnestness. Defects are emphasized to a psychological enormity by the afflicted ones.

Glorious triumphs have been registered in the nose revamping column by eminent plastic surgeons but none so complete, perhaps, as that done by one of the famed New York masters of the art.

Into his office there came one day a schnozzola out ranking those of Cyrano de Bergerac and Durante. Following it, and attached to it, was a drab, forlorn female of 28 years. She sobbed of her plight to the awe-struck surgeon. Not only had she been denied those tender nothings which are murmured to maidens who do not require services of plastic surgeons, but she had suffered the further sorrow of having her gigantic prow broken twice. The woman was wretched and even worse off than an outcast. She was catcher for the pointed comments of every sidewalk smartie in New York.

She lived alone. Just she and her nose and her virginity. She had a pet canary once but had to get rid of it. She lamented that even the bird would gaze at her and start chirping, "Beak, beak, beak!"

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The surgeon took professional compassion upon her and operated. It was technically a satisfactory operation and the female emerged from the bandages with a pan that would class as a reasonably good collection of female features. A few months passed and without warning society's former outcast burst into her surgeon's office.

"Doctor, you must help me. I'm in an awful lot of trouble!" she entreated hysterically.

Her remodeler winced, but attempted to calm her. A chill hit him as he feared there might be some adverse development from his nose sculpture job.

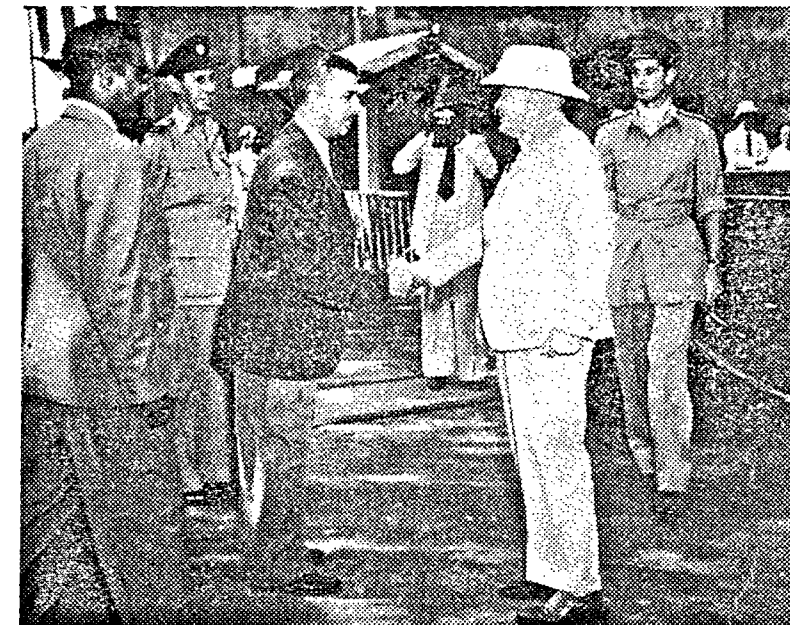
"Don't worry," he soothed, trying to recall something that might have gone wrong, "we will make everything O. K."

"Oh, I hope so, doctor," cried the late pariah, "I'm pregnant."

There was counterpoint of joy in her tearful confession and in it a vast degree of relief to the doctor.

He gave her the only free advice that appealed to him as fitting: "There's only one way I can help you out. I'll fix you so it won't happen again. I'll bust your damned nose for you." After he hastily engineered the departure of the alarmed woman, he instructed his secretary. "Close the records on that girl. The operation was a complete success."

Possibly the weirdest but among the most profitable employments of plastic surgery was the job done by one of the quacks on a woman who formerly was demonstrator for a cosmetic company. This aging and hard-worn female got an idea as effective as it was revolting. One side of her face she had skinned and lifted. The skinning detail, involving the use of chemicals, peels off the tough outside layer of skin in much the same way as an onion is peeled. The tender new skin for a time has the lovely look of a strawberry parfait. The one-sided job of peeling and lifting gave her a reasonably close appearance to an age in the late twenties in the repaired sector, but the drooping, wrinkled tough hide left untouched was 50 by actual count and 150 years in contrasting appearance.



BOMBAY GOVERNOR AT I. F. I. STUDIOS.

Producer Ezra Mir receiving His Excellency Sir Henry Knight, Governor of Bombay, who paid a visit to the Information Films of India Studios on Friday 6th April.

This diabolical old doll got up her own line of cosmetic dopes and worked as its demonstrator. Her act was to rub her merchandise on the rehabilitated side of her face and tell to the gullible sisters the striking difference in appearance between the two sides of her face was accounted for by the persistent use of her sovereign Kickapoo creams, astringents and other miracle-working aids to the beauty of milady. Her racket pulled them around the counters in droves that sagged the flooring of the stores in which she worked. When the secret of her amazing demonstration eventually leaked and other desperately necessitous women became her imitators, she retired in opulence.

Coy dimples are put into cheeks by going inside the cheek and cutting out a diamond-shaped piece of muscle. The synthetic dimple doesn't show until the lady gives you one of those, "oh you great, big, strong, wonderful man" smiles and droops her lids. There may have been some trick of the plastic surgeon's art performed on her lids, too. Eyelashes are brought up against the lids by cutting a

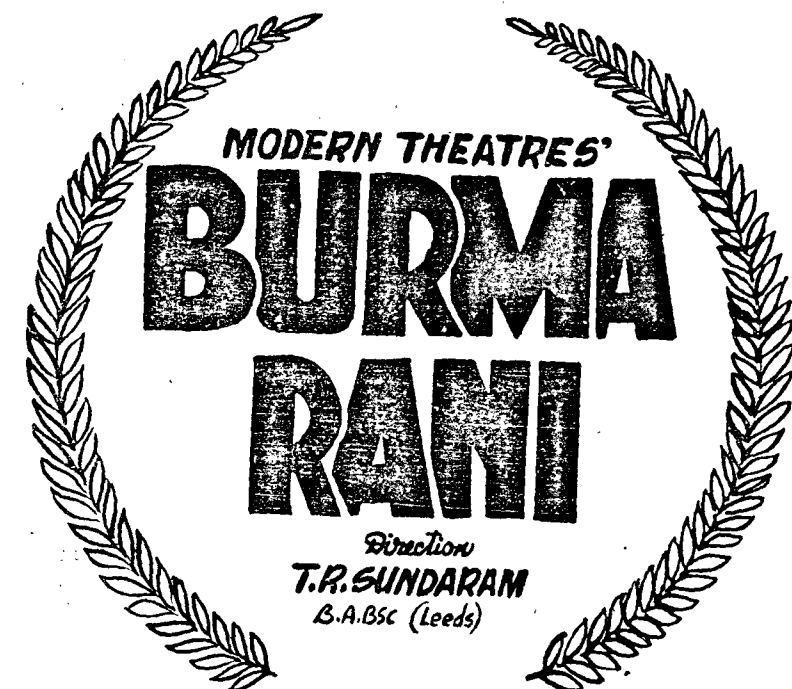
wedge out of the lid and sewing the parts together. Eyes are widened, or their lines changed from Mongolian Kitty-cornered to Caucasian horizontal, by comparatively simple operations, although operations that demand extreme delicacy.

But whether you consider the plastic surgeon as a healer of a tortured psyche, a construction engineer working on faces, or a valuable ally to an aging doll who wants to hold her man, the fellow is certainly becoming one of America's captains of industry. All he needed to get registered in the higher income brackets were the demonstrations and ballyhoo the Hollywood dazzlers furnished to him, regardless of his own places of residence.

Now that he's going good he may save you a lot of alimony. Chances are he can retread your old lady so she'll be serviceable for several more years, and it is not remotely possible that the guy's work, together with a slug of the sex hormones his medical friends are experimenting with, may not do you any damage as a social asset.

(An adaptation from Esquire)

Twenty Seven



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Have you seen the picture?



## A RECLUSE REDEEMED

By 'DHRUVA'

[This is no short story, nor a leaf out of a biography, nor yet is it a piece of fiction of any kind. This is a human document and pseudonymity is preserved in relation to the names too. However, it is a record of what happened, and, of course, on the Tirupathi hills, at the feet of Lord Venkateswara, who alone can bear witness to the veracity of this poignant drama. Author's Note.]

Remote from the humdrum life, railroads and other distractions, the Diety has chosen the hills for repose and that is, probably, why many souls seek solace from their usual obsessions. Side by side with those who pray and perform penance, are also those who indulge in gambling and similar dissipations. But, all these happen at the feet of the Holy of holies and in all pomp and splendour.

Just bordering on the Temple precincts and adjoining the chain of choultries was 'Sadananda' a thatched hut, crouching on the flanks of the Hills. Once every week, on Saturdays, that hermitage lived. A large number of brass lamps illuminated it. Powdered rice was strewn in front of it, forming the figures of deities and chariots.

Here, every Saturday, came Sadananda, familiarly called Sadhu, carrying a sackful of wheat flour on his bent back. And here, came the people who lived there, to buy their weekly luxury of sweets.

Sadananda was an old man around sixty, looking prim but of a retiring disposition, and never indulging in free talk or gossip. He seldom, if ever, missed his Saturdays, on the hill top. Sometimes a little late, but always certain, Sadhu was to be seen trudging along the sloping path.

On a certain Saturday in September, Sadhu, as was his wont, lit a fire. A variety of sweets, inviting and delicious-looking, he made all by himself. He was very proud of them because his was a trained master-hand and he made them in pure ghee. So that, even the Brahmins revelled in inbibing them with great relish. He could no more sell bad cakes than he could pray insincerely. Was he a brahmin? No one knew!

The last Saturday of each month, he allotted to charity. He baked the usual quantity of cakes and, instead of selling them, distributed them free, among his customers.

The holiest of all Saturdays was the last one in *Purattasi*. Sadhu called it "Deepam Day". More lamps would burn and a larger number of the hill-folk cluster round his house for the cakes.

Sadhu's sweets disappeared rapidly and the customers left the hut. Sadhu was re-arranging his utensils and cleaning the floor. Just then, there was a crunching of footsteps at his door. The monkeys, squatting in the courtyard for their tit-bits, ran back. Sadhu looked up, a little annoyed by such an intrusion.

A very handsome and tall young man came in.

"Sadananda?" he asked, in a gentle voice.

"Yes, I am Sadananda."

"Oh, that is a good thing. Your name fits your looks admirably, contented and happy ever!" said the stranger, affecting a familiarity and pleasure.

"Was the stranger really flattering him?" Sadhu wondered. "If so why? If not, was he pulling his legs?" Anyway, it was his habit not to talk back haughtily or offensively.

"I am but His humble servant and when one realises it, everything goes on well," said Sadhu, his eyes twinkling in childlike glee and satisfaction at his exposition of philosophy.

The young man waited, silent. He kindled the embers of the kitchen fire so that it lighted the entire place with a brilliant glare.

A smile began to play on Sadhu's face. The intruder's presence was gradually decreasing to annoy him. He was thinking of the treasure he was laying by in Heaven by building one on earth. He had carefully planned and arranged to erect, in the place of 'Sadananda', a nice big choultry for pilgrims. It was Sadhu's belief that life in the *Here* as well as the *Hereafter* was one con-

tiguous pilgrimage and the progress of the pilgrim towards attaining a safe abode in the *Hereafter* was in direct ratio to his providing one for the other pilgrims in this world. This home for the weary travellers, Sadhu fondly hoped, would ensure for him a decent foot-hold in the Heavenly domains, where, he was so told by his Guru Ramanuja, all of us drift after kicking the dust off the earth.

Sadhu's thoughts were interrupted by the stranger hustling towards a big mirror hanging on the wall. As he walked gaily, a golden chain showed out of his right wrist and dazzling diamond ear-rings sparkled in his ears. A silk shirt with a bright red handkerchief in the pocket set off his gaunt lithe and supple frame. The shirt was open at the collar, displaying a gold stud followed down by a scarlet ribbon.

Sadhu's interest was roused by the grace and ease of the young man's gait.

"Sadhu," said the intruder, all of a sudden, beckoning to him. "Do you often admire your likeness in this mirror?" he asked, sounding sarcastic and humorous at the same time.

"Oh, no! Not at my age!" said Sadananda. "I keep it for the use of the pilgrims."

"Then, look at it now," said the young man in a commanding voice.

Sadananda felt outraged and confused. He obeyed mechanically. The young man was irresistible. Into the mercury-lined glass he looked and saw the wrinkled remnants of his once handsome face and features. The young man came up to his side.

"Don't move away! Look, now, at this face, *mine!*" he said peremptorily, striking an attitude.

Sadhu looked into the mirror once, twice, then, at the young man. He stood glued to the ground, his kness getting wonky. Something unexpected was happening to the head and inside of Sadhu. He was stupefied. The resemblance which the young man's face bore to his, was remarkably striking. How can that be! The young man's eyes were however, more resolute and collected than his own blinkers. It was all intriguing, the young man's non-chalance and challenge in particular.

MAY, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

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MAY, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

He was merciless and began talking again.

"Can you recall your face, twenty-five years ago? And the Annual Cattle Fair at Tiruvannamalai? Do you remember the fair damsel, you sanctimonious humbug, you loved and left after a week? A Sadhu indeed, you should have been, those days and nights you spent with her!"

It was a thunderbolt. Sadananda was tormented by a sudden emotional tension. He writhed and wriggled. Stirring up memories which he had taken so long to forget and had suffered to obliterate!

"Yes, I am that sinner. I was crazy, impetuous. But I have since lived as a penitent recluse. Anyway, all that is past and I have lived in penance," he pleaded.

The young tormentor was ruthless. He wouldn't stop. His talk wended its tortuous course: "That fair girl became a mother, my mother, and you, my father!"

The effect of this reminder on the old man was appalling. His arms were outstretched in ppliant supplication.

"Let bygones be bygones and by God above, I had renounced my all, to make amends for that sin. That past is buried," went on Sadhu, but the stranger was relentless.

"Not while I live!" he threatened and thundered.

"But what can I do about it now? What do you want me to do?" begged Sadhu.

"Come, come, Sadhu, people are talking of a big 'Pilgrim House' and your money for it."

"That's true. But people can't be talking. Only one other man knows it and God knows, I can't touch that sacred money!" cried Sadhu shaking with anger and emotion.

"Well, then, I have but to go about with you. It is enough that you realise I look like you. People, Sadhuji, will start to think about you and me and the likeness and then talk about it all. Their suspicion will work wonders with your scheme. People who now believe in your saintliness will begin to wonder and see the sage in his true colours. They will refuse your

money, money tainted by the touch of a sinner and a sneak at that. The 'Pilgrim Home' will have crumbled before it has had its foundation in brick and mortar..." the young man's slashing tongue had brought out vividly the cruel fate awaiting his fancied oblation.

It was all too true...Sadhu was torn between two stools.

If his reputation was spoilt, "Pilgrim House" must remain a dream for ever. The dream which he had cherished from the time of his arrival at the Hills would fail to attain fruition. He could not part with the money either. It will take him an eternity to save as much again! Nor could he keep it! The young man showed resolution.

"Father," spoke the young man suavely, "next Saturday I shall call again; to leave you alone in place or to live with you, whichever course appeals to you. But you are an aged man and ought to think well before you decide!"

"Deepam Day!" ejaculated the enfeebled old man impotently.

"But let us meet early. No one need know it. I am leaving you now and am coming back, sure as I am alive," said the young man, and glided out like a panther. When he was on the door-steps, he paused and looked back. A smile crept into his face. "Poor old man, he was too shaken to ask my name! If he had asked, I might have given the whole show away!"

"NO! NO! NO! You should not have that money! Not on my life!" Sadhu was wildly shouting out, shaking, coughing, sobbing. Tears rolled down his cheeks. When he looked up, the young man was gone.

Came the Deepam Day. Tirupathi was full of life. Early morning, bazaars were crowded with people buying cocoanuts, camphor and other articles for worship. Pilgrims—men and women, most of them shaven bald—were bathing in the tank. Monkeys were busy looking out for eatables left aside by the careless bathers. Purohits were busy with their sanctifying chants. A silver line ran across the East.

Sadhu's hut was open. He had visibly aged in the past week. His

whole frame was sagged and shivering—the frame which had weathered many a chill and stormy winter without a tremor. The wrinkled face was set firm, in grim determination—whatever happened—not to let his money go to the black-mailing bandit! The cash, however, was safe. It was with a young, trustworthy sanyasi, a tried friend, noted for his piety.

The sight of his son—son of his sin—had persisted in his mind. It had weakened him—almost killed him. Suddenly there was a heavy downpour. The season was changing.

Sadhu grew forgetful of his surroundings in an unusual and strange manner. The hangings on the wall opposite to him and the mirror, in particular, seemed to be drawing nearer to him, reeling. The mirror accused him. It reminded him of his only sin in the past, but it loomed large before his mind's eye. It gave him agony. It was that mirror which had shown him up. A storm raged within him, in unison with the storm raging without.

"Oh Lord I am weary. I can't stand this any longer! Let there be a 'PILGRIM HOUSE' for your devotees," he cried aloud in prayer, on bended knees and dropped into a heap.

Rain stopped. The sun shone brightly. The monkeys were waiting on roof.

The young man entered. The hut was silent, still. He felt the crumpled form. It was warm yet, but had no life. On the pallid face was playing a smile of triumph. He looked about for some memento to carry with him. The mirror caught his eyes and he took it. A monkey grinned him out. He paused again at the doorway.

"You have won, Sadananda," he said to the dead man, with tearful eyes. "Your spirit was strong but the flesh had withered. I AM YOUR SON, OF COURSE, BUT, AM I NOT ALSO THE SANYASI YOU HAD TRUSTED WITH THE MONEY! The Pilgrim House shall be here, next Saturday and shall bear your name."

The following Saturday found pilgrims entering "The Sadhu Home."

**HIS SWORD GAVE HIM AN EMPIRE  
BUT LORD BUDHA GAVE HIM PEACE**



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## MEET NICE NASEEM

Naseem is poetry in feminine form, the balmy breeze wafted by the morning Sun, a magical word which conjures up before one, the 'flash-back' of the lines:

"Sweet Auburn, the loveliest village of the plains" and "King Cophetua swore a Royal oath that this beggar-maid shall be my queen!"

Naseem is no clothes-horse and her good looks, for which she is peerless, go deeper than the skin. Some wiseacre had said, probably a handicapper who had not met a Naseem, that 'simplicity is beauty'. But he would have flopped at defining a Naseem who is SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY.

The job of the interviewer usually opens with a weary 'wait' at the portals of the celluloid deity's sanctum sanctorum, until some unknown quantity shoo's him to a seat which gradually gets unduly warm underneath and makes him look at his watch sharply at first and then to check up if it is still going. Words float into his ears and suddenly he feels the urge to know the significance of the expression 'Numskull'. Even in this cogitation of his, he is mulcted by a sudden apparition of indeterminate sex which mutely beckons to him like Boris Karloff in make-up. Now on, the interviewer's work is easy; in fact, it is nothing. For, what can one do with one's fondly rehearsed questionnaire, a sweet star I. Q. (Intelligence Quiz) which is stifled by the pair of pyjamas in distress which simply 'Oh's' and 'Ah's' to every possible attempt to cajole the dweller of the stellar domains into talking. The star is ultimately left alone, unwept, unhonoured, unsung.

With Naseem, it is satisfaction all round, a humanised 'Quickie'.

The scenario begins with a Long Shot of the 'Runaround' whose excitement gathers momentum as the portico of the star's retreat in Malad gets nearer the Camera lens, the reporter guy moving his head this way and that like a 'Yes' man in the gangway. Fade-out.

Fade-in into a lap-dissolve of the beautifully furnished drawing-room.

Cut to the Close-up of the reporter's face broadening into surprise.

Pan to C. U. of Naseem, elegance personified, attired in modest simplicity, topped by a smile. "Be seated, please, won't you?"

Camera tilts down to the fumbling fingers of the fidgety young man, stung to sudden nervousness by such unexpected reception from a renowned star. The rest of the scenario is a medium close-up of the pair seated opposite each other, the camera panning from one to the other of the faces as they speak their conversational dialogues.

N: "Tea, Coffee or cool drink, please? You must have had a tiring journey. Something to refresh you, before we begin talking. I am eager to hear all the news from your end." (Zoom to back of Naseem.)

Cut to and back: the tea-tray, pushed in front of them. Clatter of cups.

R: "This kindness is so sudden and takes me entirely by surprise. As you know, I have to tell TALK-A-TONE fans something about their star, Naseem Banu, and I cannot omit mentioning the disarming courtesy which greeted me at Malad from Naseem who turned out to be, quite unusually, more the homely lady, than the scintillating dove of PUKAR. Rather the housewife!"

N: "You have judged me fair, as I am the wife at home."

R: "If so, you are a perfect wife. Now for our business."

N: "Yes, you have hit it! TALK-A-TONE is our business. I shall tell you everything you may want. You must tell them also how much I like and value this journal and its work for the film industry. Now, go on."

R: "Your real name, if you please!"

N: "Roshanara."

R: "Your life story please."

N: "Now, now, that is a joke. I have been asked this 'Story of My Life' a number of times and no one has printed the details I gave them.

Thirty Five



Well, I was born a baby, grew up to be a girl, became a star by public appreciation of my work, and now I am a wife."

R: "That is good enough for a spicy story, but I want your ideas for the screen!"

N: "It is the fans who make the stars and the pictures, and it is for their ideas that you ought to work. Further, they are now taking an extra-ordinary interest in the goings-on over here. They do not attach much importance to big names as such, unless they are backed by stuff. That is why mere top-notch names and stories by themselves have flopped. But a picture which nicely combines the team-work of all the departments in efficient co-ordination is the one that appeals to the public and pays well."

R: "So, may I assume that your—I mean TAJ MAHAL'S—Begum will be such a one?"

N: "You are anticipating me, but we are trying our best."

R: "And I learn that you are the Kashmiri girl. I hope it will be just as good as, if not better than, your work in PUKAR."

N: "Anyway, I love this role as much as I loved PUKAR. What about a little news of your visits to various places in the filmworld?"

R: "Very much as I would like to spend some time here, I have to be going or else the train will miss me."

Turn-Wipe: Reporter gaily emerging from Naseem's place, his head in clouds. Fade-out.

MAY, 1945

TALK-A-TONE

*A Dacoit turned into a Devotee of God!*

HOW DID THIS MIRACLE HAPPEN?  
SEE IT FOR YOURSELF IN

WADIA MOVIE TONES' Devotional Hit

# *Krishna Bhakta* **BODANA**

A MIGHTY MYTHOLOGICAL MOVIE MARVEL

*Starring*

SHAIKH MUKHTAR, VASANT, AMRIT, RANI PREMLATA,  
GULAB, GOPE, NAYAMPALLI, MEERA, BADRI PRASAD  
AND RANJIT KUMARI (of Navjawan Fame)

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## **THIS, THAT & THE OTHER**

By WANDERER

### **A Lexicographer At Large!**

In answer to a reader who asked what had happened to the campaign for 'SIMPLIFIDE SPELIN & INGLIS', we expressed our belief that the campaigners had probably engaged themselves in producing PICTURPOST. We owe them an apology. An 'Icecreamwala' has sought to enlighten us on the accomplishments of its Editor who is an M. A., (Heaven knows why!) and that he is a lexicographer, too. This Lexicographer, gentlemen, we discovered by his literary masterpieces in the above said journal, is the guy who does the good old Dictionary in the eye and coins a unique phraseology, all his own, for the delectation and bewilderment of his few fans. And, we must warn you, he is at large and displays canine proclivities. So, as in DAVID COPPERFIELD, we think it fair and fit to recommend the tying of a placard round his neck, bearing the inscription:

### **Take Care of Him, He Bites!**

Gentlemen are his pet aversion and Y. V. Rao's vivacity seems to have been irresistible. He tried biting him and lost his molars. Now, his victim is S. Soundararajan of Tamilnadu Talkies. This attempt may cost him his grinders. This way, his revolutionary tendencies might land him at the Dentist's for a substitute set of teeth with which to bite the rest of those whose personalities and views and glasses he cannot stomach. What happens to him is not of much material importance to Talk-A-Tone and no harm can come by those on whom he tries his fangs. The worst that he can do will be to grit his 'teeth' and prowl around ferociously like a panther, but remember it is a panther with false teeth: All the Sound and Fury in the PICTURPOST signify nothing except that the master and disciple are one and the same, and the principles and policies formulated in this journal bear the stamp of a chameleon and the Editor that of a quickchange artist.

Look at this consistency, for instance. Simulating a sudden distaste for Y. V. Rao, the redoubtable Editor exhausted his pet vocabulary on him as against his proteges Ramabrahmam and C. V. Raman. C. V. Raman squealed and Ramabrahmam rambled out. We commented squarely on the mendacity of the journal. Then, it bleated, beat the muffled drum and the hasty retreat. Next, it cajoled itself and thoughtlessly began KANCHANAMALA-VASAN controversy, in all pomp and circumstance, and declared it would print both sides of the question and pronounce its verdict in the end. It actually printed one or two fakes. Talk-A-Tone answered back unambiguously exposing who was who and where and with whom. This stung the sap to the quick and the boastful brag quietly walked out of the arena hiding the head in a shell or a bushel. For three months today, the subject has strangely slipped out of its pages and the Editor's brain pan. Now, it is easy to tell who eats his words Soundaram, the Producer or the Journalistic Pigmy.

Of all the cant, the meanest is the recant. This contemporary of ours excels in it. This way, the Editor of PICTURPOST has had a distinguished career, marked or marred by a series of victorious withdrawals. One more of such victories and one might as well call for the undertaker and prepare for the obsequies.

Just now, this towering personality—one ought to see him to appreciate his full stature—is exhibiting a dislike for Soundararajan, his personality, his projected visit to Hollywood, his incumbency of an executive capacity in the S. I. F. C. C., and his coloured glasses; an attack unbecoming of a gentleman, specially when Soundaram is convalescing.

If any Tamilian producer can do something and knows his ropes, it is Soundaram. One wonders what is wrong with the genial and suave

Soundaram, his unassuming appearance and his glasses which are a necessity for a businessman's retina. Will the Editor of PICTURPOST like to proceed to Hollywood in Soundaram's place, or nominate a proxy? It is a pity, when one recalls his kick-off even from such a hospitable place like Bombay.

### **The Film-Chamber**

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the Film Chamber Crown", appears to be the opinion of those who are competent to guide this illfated Chamber but who stand aside, because of its internal ramifications and internecine wars.

### **The Retiring President:**

The Film Chamber held its Sixth Annual General Body Meeting, Sri Gudavalli Ramabrahmam Garu occupying the chair. He delivered an address which provides interesting reading, containing Utopian schemes and equally unpractical methods for achieving them. After paying glowing tributes to the luminaries who had predeceased him, he wanted 25 prints each for Tamil and Telugu pictures as against the present quota of 12. He expressed sorrow at the sanction of 20 copies to Hindi. Talk-A-Tone is not a whit behind Gudavalli in provincial patriotism, but why be so parochial and cut in on the Hindi boys? These are wartime conditions and unless the big 'uns are bent on stabilising the Black Market, 25 is a moonshine and bears no relation to realities beyond being a numeral. Hindi, as explained by Ramabrahmam, has all India market and needs more prints; 25 ought to be their minimum! All right. If the 25 is landed by hook, crook or by a stroke of luck, will all the boys make the 25 copies and not deal in the raw positives? We seriously doubt it. The arguments advanced are just as long as they are broad and are thoroughly unconvincing. If and when the War ends, why limit the number to 25, one can multiply it like rabbits?

It is not the fault of the Government that the Producers never attempted Hindi. It is just as well. Precious much could they accomplish in a language in which they are not initiated, and with artistes who cannot properly mouth even their mother-tongue! It makes no sense if they are thinking of utilising the

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services of the established Hindi artistes, which they can do only at prohibitive cost to entice them from the present perch in their locale. Or, will they coach our stars till they attain proficiency in Hindi? Well, when they have achieved this, then will be the time for this propaganda stunt. Even then, the right and intelligent thing would be for a producer to plan one subject for our market—our languages don't deserve to be short-circuited in favour of Hindi—and one for country-wide exploitation in Hindi.

English pictures, indeed! It sounds funny. For foreign markets? What would be the subject? TARASAN-GAM? Take it easy, gentlemen, take it easy.

As for Raw Film Manufacture, one would prefer private entrepreneur taking it up, rather than have this sleeping beauty mooting it. Talk-A-Tone has been crying itself hoarse on the subject when all these custodians of our filmic morals and

intelligence have been deaf to it. Who does the Chamber represent and what is it doing, except entertaining their cronies? Has it at any time taken the public into its confidence or striven to combine the disorganised forces, unless it were to net in fabulous subscriptions and donations for funds?

Does it claim to be the voice of the public? It is not; the voice of the public is all right, though it needs some amplifiers, the right ones, and certainly not this bunch of spinsters.

If the Government is lukewarm in their attention to the filmtrade, it is a piece of hypocrisy to try to circularise the blame for it. There can be hardly any doubt that the Government is earnestly doing its honest best while you wait until Doomsday for someone else to bell the cat and then, when that someone else gets the thing going, cry for vengeance. And, on top of it, a Building Fund;

## TALK-A-TONE

too! Gudavalli is an unconscious humorist.

### Quo Vadis:

Sri M. Subramanyam, B.A., of the Presidency Amateurs, informs us that his daughter Kalarani Lalitha is no longer on the Uday Shanker's KALPANA troupe and that he is reviving her performances in public and films elsewhere. The question arises as to why, when the Kalarani is ready and willing to accept other film, etc., contracts, she should have left such a promising lot as Uday Shankar's. It would be impossible to pacify our eager fans unless the artiste or her father enlightens us on this point. We await the particulars.

### A Curse on our Country

In our next issue, we shall publish the interview of our representative with film 'Director' Mr. M. Sri-ramulu Naidu of Coimbatore, who has cursed our country to slavery for generations to come! Funny, anyway.

## CEYLON CALLING

### Harischandras:

Film Exhibition business rivalry was at its worst last month when three Harischandras were shown at three different places in Colombo. The first was the Rajarajeswari product though it was openly branded as Gemini's. The other was Pragathi's original and the third Pragathi's dubbed version. There was every possibility of a fourth one, starring T. P. Rajalakshmi & Co. appearing on the scene. The management of the different distributing concerns were magnanimous enough to give the film going public a chance to see whichever version they preferred.

### Tower of Silence:

The affairs of the Tower Talkies were, all these days, limited to handbills and posters. It was doomed to silence and there was a veil of secrecy shrouding it. It was famous in Colombo for its Sinhalese dramas on Thursdays, cheap stunt thrillers for the rest of the week and notorious for the fact that you could easily procure your ticket outside than at the Counter though it costs you a trifle more—thanks to the management.

One fine morning it coincided with the India vs Ceylon Test Cricket match, the Management of Tower Talkies took great pleasure in announcing to their numerous patrons that they were going to screen film classics like "Prithvi Vallabh", "Ram Shastri", "Kazanchi", "Poonji", "Kandan" etc., etc. On the Sports Page of the same papers appeared another announcement. This time it was about the Cricket match. The Proprietor of Tower Talkies, Mr. Parekh, incidentally President of the Colombo Parsis Sports Club, had offered a silver cup to the batsmen who scored the highest number of runs in the Test match.

All of which augurs well for the future. The fans have been missing a lot of good Hindi pictures and now all they have to do is to look for the dates.

### Jaffna mourns:

Patrons up at the North have been complaining that they don't see good pictures and new releases reserved only for auspicious days which come once in a blue moon. True enough. It could not be helped. With the winning over of Mr. Thampoe, Ceylon Theatres have the

sway over the market there. It is rumoured that some big cigar merchants are going to pool their resources and start a concern for film distribution.

### New Releases:

Ceylon Theatres have on hand quite a good number of pictures. Expected to be released any day are "Maha Maya", "Dasi Aparanji", "Shali Wahan", "Prabavathi", etc., These have been in their cold stores for a pretty long time. Roche will be waiting for a date to screen "Valli" and follow it up with "Burma Rani" and "Chow Chow".

## PAZHIKU - PAZHI

By JAYA R. TAMBI

Pazhi had sorely disappointed me. I expected him with his decade of service in film journalism to give me a good and clean fight. He flinched at the idea of being told facts, nothing new, but something that was kept under the bushel, and that too by a stranger!

When he mentioned about sleeping dogs, military lorries, etc., I wish to let him know this incident. It happened in a small Indian town. A local mongrel-don't worry about its pedigree at the moment-of the "sleeping" canine variety used to lay crouching in the gutters. Just when a military vehicle passed by-it left other vehicles severely alone, it would make a dash yelping at it, as if the Municipal Corporation had relegated the entire "watching" rights of the road to it. It would then retreat to the same old place in a cloud of dust and smoke, watching for the next service truck. It was an object lesson of the "faithfulness" in a dog!

As Pazhi had assumed the self appointed role of the watch dog of the South Indian film industry, with the leash moored on to Talk-A-Tone the premier cine monthly, he deserves my hearty congratulations. The film industry is such a huge one that it is harbouring in its fold goldsmiths, barbers, soda vendors

Thirty Nine

and many other minor fry and will continue to exist heedless of the attentions from journalists and even with my friend Pazhi unofficially controlling its territorial road rights. I cannot of course vouchsafe for its progress or deterioration. Probably you suspect that it is today in this apathetic state because there are people like Pazhi professing faithful service to it. Progressive writers these, with progressive views and progressive manners.

Lastly, I was all these days under the impression that Pazhi, like me, was speaking for himself and not calling in his seconds to brace him up and that the Editor, though he had not formally declared "The views expressed herein do not necessarily conform to ours and we should not be held responsible for same" was extending to us the courtesy of the columns of his esteemed journal because he wanted to let his readers have the TRUTH and nothing short of it. But when Pazhi bleated "TALK-A-TONE IS UNCONCERNED AND THE TWINS WILL CONTINUE TO TWADDLE", I thought I should save the Editor some space and before he intervenes and declares the correspondence on the matter closed, I refrain from any further comment on the main subject that has been our bone of contention.

1945 MAY RELEASES 1945

|    |    |    |
|----|----|----|
| 13 | 20 | 27 |
|    |    | 28 |

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|--------------------|---|-------------------|
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| Kali N. Ratnam     | — | C. T. Rajakantham |
| T. R. Ramachandran | — | T. S. Jaya        |
| T. S. Dorairaj     | — | P. R. Mangalam    |

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**Unforgettable Social & Musical Topic****IRADA**

(HINDI)

**STARRING**

Pushparani, Patience Cooper, Poornima, Uttan, Dhiraj Battacharjee and others

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**Contact:—UNITED FILMS, 87, T. P. Koil Street, Triplicane, Madras.****Ramnik's Spectacular Music Feast!****REKHA**

(HINDI)

**Starring:**

Leela Chitnis, Harish, Maya Banerji and others

*Rights Controlled for Madras, Tamilnad & Ceylon***News...****MADRAS**

My studio peregrinations have landed me into a doubtful colony, at least, so far as South India is concerned. Conditions obtaining within are such that serious doubts began to assail me as to whether the film production in South India has sustained a partial paralysis.

As a matter of fact, Tamil and Telugu film productions appear to be at a stand still. For, it is nearly over three months since the public were treated to a new release.

**NEWTONE, (Madras).**

For instance has been labouring for over a year and a half on "MEERA" with M. S. Subbulakshmi and Nagiah in the lead. But it is still hard to even approximately assess the period of its completion. Judged from the pace at which they have hitherto progressed, one may easily place it that it may take another year to reach its goal.

**SARATHI FILMS, (Madras).**

Producer G. Ramabrahmam is at present engaged in experimenting on a new theory in film-making, which has landed him in "MAYALOKAM" a land of fairies and fantasies, with M. V. Rajamma, P. Kannamba, Dr. Subba Rao and others in the cast. G. Ramabrahmam is now very seriously engaged in production activities.

**VAUHINI PICTURES Ltd., (Madras).**

Their progressive social subject SWARGA SEEMA has been completed and awaits censoring. Starred in this picture are Nagiah, Banumathi, Jayamma and a host of talented artistes.

Closely on the heels of this picture, they performed the MUHURT of "BHAKTA VEMANNA", the story of the Telugu philosopher poet—who is noted for his prolific literature. M. V. Rajamma has a part in it.

**STAR COMBINES, (Madras).**

Barring a few connecting links, the rest of the picture, MAYA MACHINDRA, has been shot. It features Kannamba, Gowrinath Sastri, Malathi, Krishnamurthy and others.

Producer A. Ramiah, with the entire troupe, returned from Kolhapur recently where the picture was in the making all these days. MAYA MACHINDRA awaits release in June.

**BAMA FILMS, (Madras).**

R. S. Mani, the producer of VALMIKI, informs us that the picture will prove an outstanding success both from the artistic and commercial points of view. Every sequence has been taken with such careful study and deliberation, that it has every chance of proving a highly delectable piece of entertainment to the public.

**KALAIYANI FILMS.**

Their ARDHANARI it is understood, is in full swing at Sobanachala Studios, Madras. It deals with a time-honoured story that lays emphasis on the KEDARI

GOWRI VIRATHAM. The locale of the story is Kashmir of ancient times. M. V. Rajamma, Kali N. Ratnam, C. T. Rajakantam and T. R. Ramachandran blaze the picture.

**MODERN THEATRES, (Salem).**

Their BURMA RANI, which is gate crashing at all places released, is the next change at Prabhat, Madras. You have K. L. V. Vasantha, Honnapa Bagavathar cast in a new type of role with Kali N. Ratnam, N. S. Krishnan and Maduram to lend good support.

**UNITED FILMS (Madras)**

This new distribution concern has bagged Modern Theatres' CHOW CHOW, featuring N. S. Krishnan, T. A. Maduram, Ramachandran, and a galaxy of other stars.

REKHA, Raminik Productions' gripping social, with Leela Chitnis in the lead and Unity Films IRADHA, with Patience Cooper are their further acquisitions.

Many more are waiting to be netted in by them, and we wish these enterprising distributors every success in their endeavour.

**GEMINI STUDIOS**

We have reports that their ambitious CHANDRALEKHA has been taken over by the boss of the GEMINI show, displacing G. R. Acharya who had so long been handling the picture, apparently because the producer is anxious to bring the picture to its end at the earliest possible moment. Some people, we mean our fans, have been enquiring why the story of Gemini's activities is a mystery. It is a pity because we have nothing more to say than to echo our readers impression that the story remains a mystery to the very end, by which we mean, of course, even after the pictures are released. It is a wonder that such a boastful organization, commanding all the men, money, and munition of film making, should be dumb regarding its publicity. Sri Sekar is perhaps the most renowned artist of our province and he ought to release a bulletin at least once a month conveying the doings of this Gemini studio, as otherwise there is a smoke screen of doubt and distrust needlessly cast over them. We hope this will be taken in the spirit in which it is given, and not be misrepresented.

**PRAGATHI PICTURES, (Madras)**

Sri VALLI seems to be in the news. Kumari Rukmani has a borrowed voice and the songs re-recorded. We have not noticed it, since the trade show didn't exist for us nor is the picture in view near by. However, our fans' desire for our comments on the picture shall be required in Talk-A-Tone for June, after we see it ourselves somewhere.

**NARASU PICTURES CIRCUIT, Madras.**

Out of the bunch of pictures under their control, the one that awaits release in the city of Madras shortly, is RAJARAJESWARI'S "PADUKA". It has been well received in all stations so far released.

**DEVI FILMS, (Bangalore).**

Their latest acquisition is Jayant Desai's astounding costume picture "URVASI" starring the inimitable bunch Sobhana Samrat, Prem Adib and Sadhona Bose in the lead.



Kishore Sahu's "RAJA" for America.

The picture is claimed to be one of the outstanding successes of the year, and one should not miss to see it at least for the dance element in the picture.

**STAR PICTURES Corp. (Bangalore).**

Pradhan Pictures' DASSI: that a nice story with a pleasant treatment, intrigue, and a melancholy denouement appeal to our film fans is easily borne out by the unqualified success of DASSI, wherever it has been screened. The picture now is scoring heavily in a manner worthy of its conception and execution.

A really interesting performance is put over by Ragini while Najam and Gyani lend their excellent support. In short this is a picture which aptly satisfies their publicity campaign 'Entertainment Par Excellence'.

**KATHIAWAR FILM CIRCUIT (Bangalore)**

Their possession includes some of the most gorgeous productions of the year which have value of high class romantic socials, glorious historicals and mammoth mythologicals.

Shalimar Pictures' PRITHIVIRAJ SANJOGITA, a romantic chapter of glorious Rajasthan, sports Meena and Shyam in the lead, Najam Naqvi directing.

On the other hand Laxmi Productions' AMRAPALI is no less important with Nandalal Jeswanthlal capably handling Sabita Devi and Prem Adib.

From Central Studios' Kathiawar Film Circuit will distribute such versatility as SATHI with Mehtab the glamour queen in the lead and who is also in charge of Production, and YATEEM with Yakub, Chandra Prabha, and Lalita Pawar.

GAZZAL, Zahur Raja's ambitious production has Leela Chitnis, Charlie, Radha Rani and Zahur Raja himself in the cast.

MA BAAP, Sunrise Pictures' success, features Veena, Nazir, Yakub, and Amir Karnataki.

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### BOMBAY

#### ROHINI PICTURES, (Bombay).

JUSTICE is in the final stages of production. Director Phani Majumdar is now busy giving the picture the final touches, and in all probability, JUSTICE will be in the editing room shortly.

JUSTICE has an altogether different story to tell in a refreshingly different pattern. And the music in it, is also novel.

#### TAJMAHAL PICTURES.

It is gathered that their social costume picture BEGUM, is an intelligent effort to unravel certain mute and knotty psychological problems hitherto untouched by film producers. The Picture has become the main attraction of not only the film fans but also the commercial people on account of the fact that two of the Indian cine-fans' idols—Asok Kumar and Naseem are featured in the title roles. It is being directed by Sushil Mazamdar.

#### MAZAR ART PRODUCTIONS.

Producer-Director Mazhar Khan is doing nicely with his ambitious costume picture PEHLI NAZAR.

Within a month Mazhar Khan has finished three sets on which Veena, Motilal, Baburao Pendharkar, Biboo and Nemo have worked, in addition to recording two songs.

#### STANDARD PICTURES.

Director G. Jagirdar who had been ailing for sometime past has now recovered from the illness and has now gone to Kolhapur for out-door shots of BAI RAM KHAN.

Producer Havewalla is attempting this Picture Bairam Khan on a grand scale unmindful of the cost and trouble involved. Gauging from the cautious manner the picture is put through the mill, one has every reason to expect that Havewalla's venture has every chance of being attended with overwhelming success.

#### PRAKASH PICTURES.

They are lucky people to secure the world rights of Pancholi's latest, SHIRIN FARHAD. Evergreen Pictures will be their distributors for exploitation purposes.

Ragini it is understood, as Shirin the princess of Turun, gives a most touching and polished performance while Jayant as Farhad, will leave a lasting impression by his poignant performance.

SHIRIN FARHAD'S all India premiere was celebrated at Capitol, Bombay, on 4th instant.

#### MANZOOR PRODUCTIONS.

BARI MA with Noorjehan, Sitara, Yakub, Meenakshi, and Ishwarlal awaits general release. This note-worthy picture has for its background the work of the remarkable V. S. Khandekar, Mr. Vinayak its producer and director. On top of these goes the nicely planned publicity which ought to assure for the picture a reception worthy of such grandeur.

#### BOMBAY CINETONE LTD., (Bombay)

K. B. Lall the producer is exhibiting feverish anxiety for completing his mammoth production SAMRAT ASHOK. With the team spirit that is present among the artistes, the producer and director, there is every possibility of K. B. Lall finishing SAMRAT ASHOK in a record quick time.

The picture is now being shot at Prabhat Studios, Poona. Featured in it are Chanjra Mohan, Suriya, Veena, Ullhas and JAGIRDAR. Jagirdar directs the picture also.

#### L. P. ACHARYA & Co., Ltd. (Bombay)

L. P. Acharya seems to have taken hold of the film-distribution business by its fore-lock and proceeding with it with such guts and speed that has not been exhibited by any one so far in the trade.

To the already long list of pictures under his control, he has added another great picture, a devotional subject of Wadia's, KRISHNA BHAKTA BODANA, featuring ShaikMukhtar, Vasant, Amrit, Nayampalli, Badriprasad and a host of others.

#### HINDUSTAN CINE DISTRIBUTORS.

One night at Madhvikunj, Maya Banerji was suddenly seduced by a conspirator in the pay of the Queen & was fatally stabbed in the back. The culprit was arrested who turned out to be the prince, the real offender having made good his escape. The prince awaits his trial.

In fairness to our fans we must add this was a scene, shot for VEER KUNAL.

The rare bunch of performers comprises Sahu as the great prince, Durga Khote, Sobhana Samrat, Neela Nagini, Maya Banerji, Mubarek, and Kanta Kumari. The picture is being directed by Kishore Sahu himself.

#### JUBILEE FILM CIRCUIT (Hyderabad)

PANNADAI, Pradeep Pictures' historical production starring DURGA KOHTE, Chandramohan, Meenakshi, and a host of talented artistes will be shortly released at the SELECT, Madras, and it is bound to be a thundering success. Exhibitors can get into touch with the distributors for bookings for other South Indian centres. They have also Fazli Bros' DIL.

#### America Going to Exhibit Kishore Sahu's "RAJA"

Both the informed critics and intellectual picture-goers in the country are agreed that Kishore Sahu's "Raja" is decidedly an outstanding picture.

This picture has had the unique honour of receiving recognition both from the Bengal Film Journalists' Association and Filmindia.

And now comes news that Pete Harrison, the leading film critic and controller of large distribution interests in America is in correspondence for acquiring the exhibition rights of Kishore Sahu's "Raja" for both Europe and U. S. A. This is matter for just pride to Mr. Sahu.

We have no doubt that all lovers of the cinema will feel proud of the fact that Mr. Kishore Sahu by his "Raja" is going to place India on the film map of the world very soon. Who says, given equal opportunities, India cannot run abreast of the rest of the world?

Forty-two

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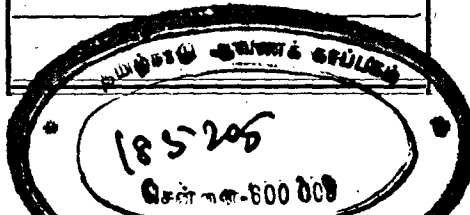
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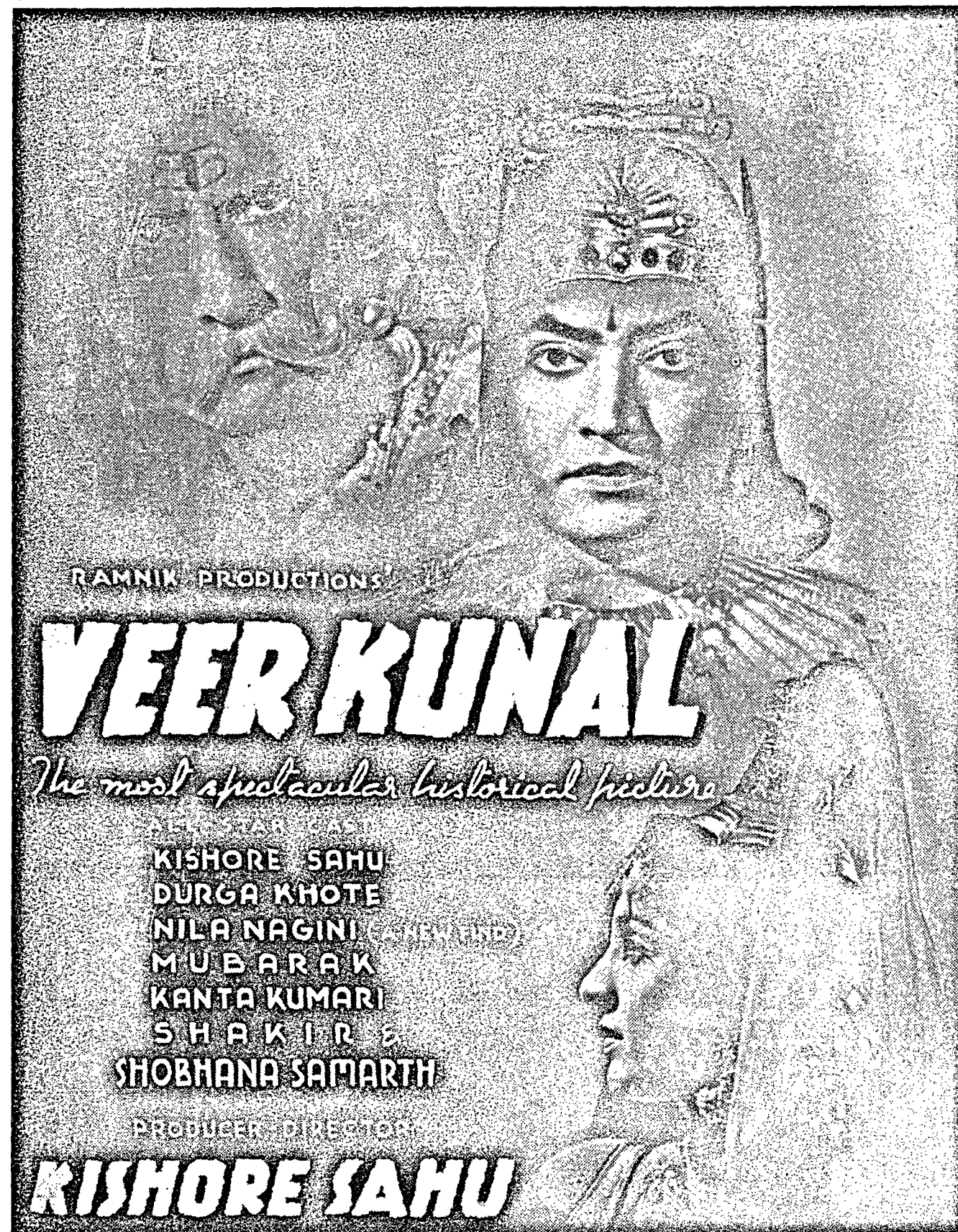
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**TALK-A-TONE**

MAY 1945

MAY, 1945

TALK-A-TONE



RAMNIK PRODUCTIONS

# VEER KUNAL

*The most spectacular historical picture*

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NILA NAGINI (NEW END)  
MUBARAK  
KANTA KUMARI  
SHAKIR  
SHOBHANA SAMARTH

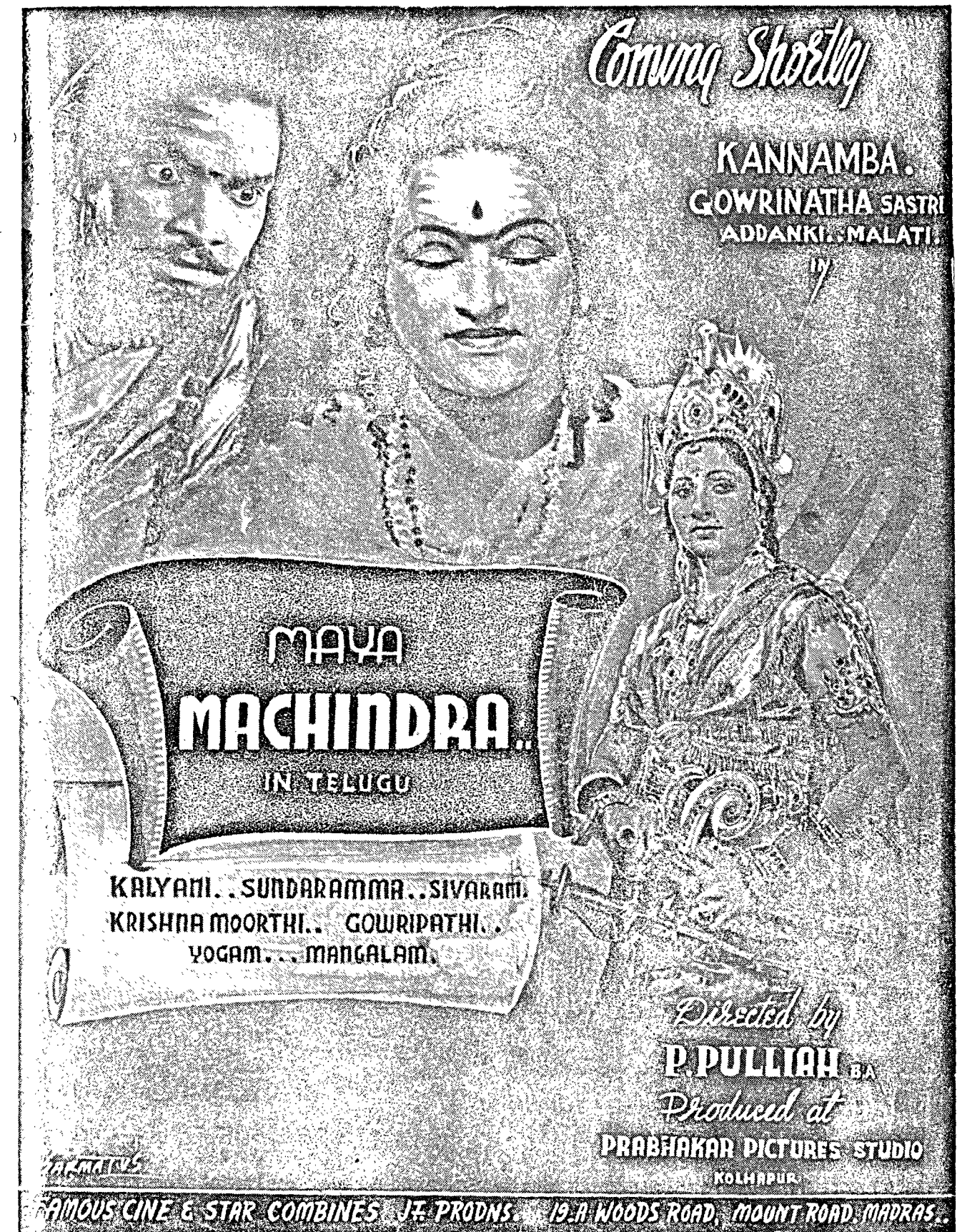
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*Directed by*  
**P PULLIAH** BA  
*Produced at*  
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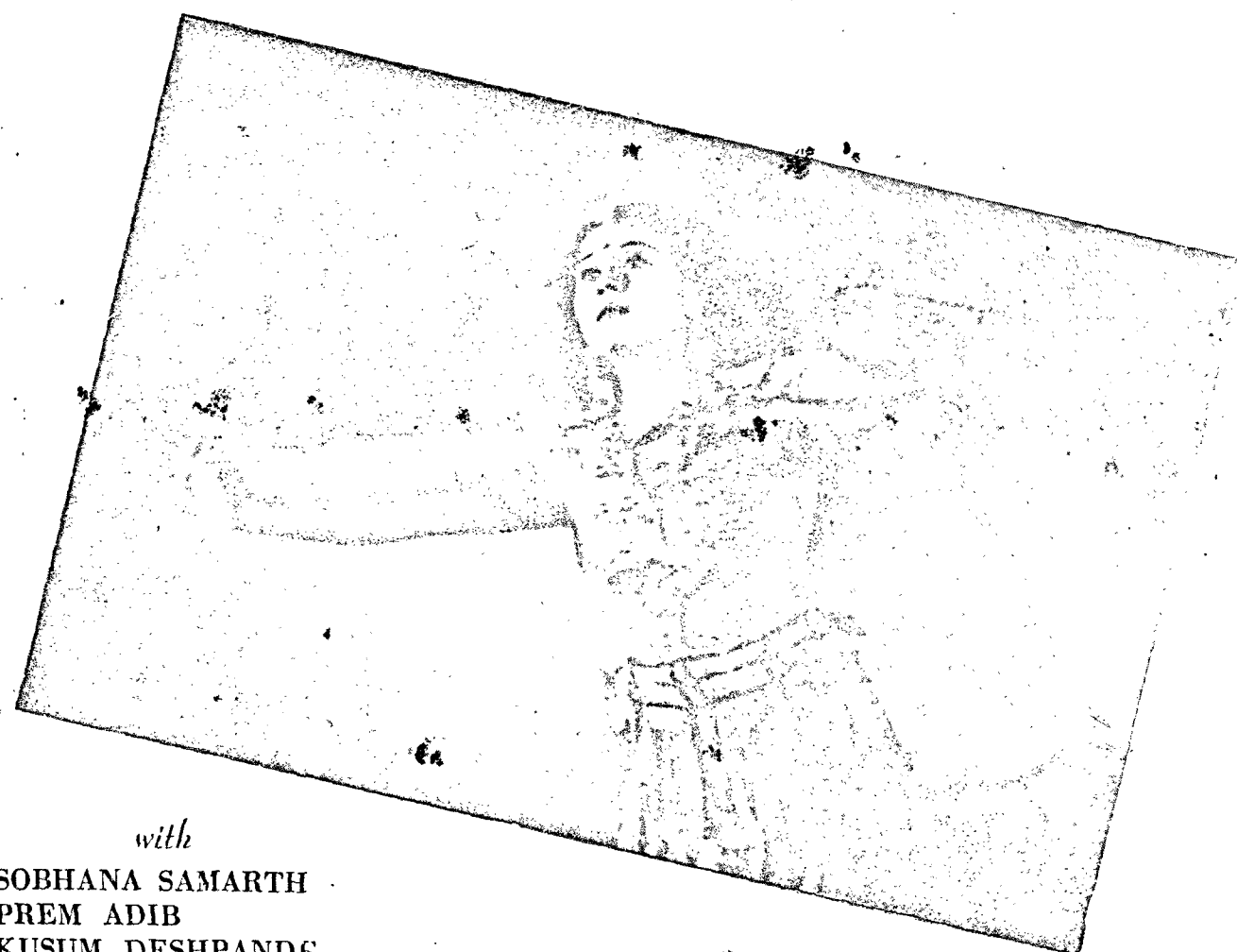
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*Beauty Dancing Queen* SADHONA BOSE in

JAYANT FILM PRODUCTIONS' — MYTHOLOGICAL COSTUME PICTURE

# URVASHI



with

SOBHANA SAMARTH  
PREM ADIB  
KUSUM DESHPANDE  
NAND KISHORE  
NAYAMPALLI  
NIMBALKAR Etc.

Direction  
BABUBHAI JANI  
Music  
SHYAM SUNDER



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