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November 1947

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Editor
K.R. RAO

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K. R. RAO

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M. V. RAMAN

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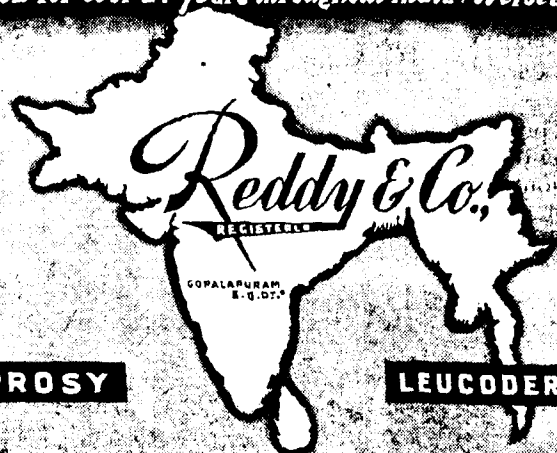
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Editor's Note

Dear Readers,

With this issue TEMPO completes the half year of its arrival. Within this short span of time, the circulation and name it has achieved, though I say it, is phenomenal, something without a parallel in Indian journalism. By now it has well established itself in every corner of Asia, the sales spreading from Tricomallee to Tibet, from Canada to Cochin, from Madras to Mandalay.

Hitherto thousands of letters have been pouring to us from all corners of awakened Asia asking us to reduce the price. But we could not as we were new in the line. But now we announce a cut of eight annas in the price of Tempo, from this month. It is possible to sell a journal at a price lower than the cost of production only when we sell much and have an appreciable advertisement revenue and with great pleasure from this month the

price of Tempo will be annas eight only. It is the progressive policy of the Publishers of Tempo to bring down the price of Tempo as we progress more and more in sales and advertisements. At this phenomenally low price of eight annas, it may not be possible for us to meet the heavy demand of the market, especially in these days when paper is as scarce in supply as foodstuffs. But we request the fullest cooperation of the readers and remind them not to pay an anna more than eight annas to the bookseller. Further let every reader pass on his copy to his fellow readers. Read and let others read should be the motto of the readers of Tempo now.

With my heartfelt Diwali greetings,

Yours sincerely,

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The Late MALAVIYAJI

BY
TEMPORAO

This month we Indians observe the first anniversary of Malaviyaji. Even as the beautiful Taj, the Hindu University at Benares would ever remain a living monument to his memory.

It was some four years ago that I, along with many other students, was sitting before Malaviyaji at Benares. It was a very historic occasion. Mahatma Gandhi was fasting in the Aga Khan's palace. Gandhiji's fast had thrown Malaviyaji into a sort of spiritual agony. He was spending the gruesome days in mental restlessness. It was then that we students crowded round him in his room, craving to catch every word that dropped down his lips. I remember the scene vividly. He was sitting on the bed, his back bent with age, his eyes moist with tears and his hands aquiver. Old in years and tiny in frame; yet in those beautiful, almost magic eyes of his, there was an elusive idealism. A great fire glistened like a globule of mercury within those tear-stained eyes. To this day, the address he had given to the university students that evening rings in my ears. He was carried to the rostrum, seated in a wooden deck chair. It was a very huge gathering. The lecture was preceded by a plaintive melody: "Vaishnava janata

tene kayyee". Then Malaviyaji addressed the students, calling them fondly: "his dear children." There was a tense silence which was broken by the mellifluous voice of Malaviyaji. He told the students of the fast of Gandhiji. He actually wept before the mike as he talked of it. And in a firm tone he said to the students: "All of you students, give me your promise that you will not sit quiet till our motherland is free. Give me your promise." That was how Malaviyaji influenced the students over there.

Though grey with age, Malaviyaji to the end of his life was a living force to the students of the Hindu University. He blessed them, guided them. He led them. Everyone that went near him was overwhelmed by his uncommon humility. He was very affectionate and kind to the students. Everyone was welcome to his house. You could have his darshan for the mere asking. Whenever there was a political upheaval in the country, and the students struck work and took out a procession,

he would be the first man to shower his sincere blessings on the students. That's perhaps the reason why the Hindu University has become the hot-bed of political awakening among the educational institutions of the country. In that vast residential university, students coming from various provinces, moving closely, understand one another and out of the understanding is born a sense of oneness and unity.

Malaviyaji's life was a unique example of a self-made man. He hailed from a family of scholars and pundits and became a teacher, after taking his B.A. degree. Later his activities embraced every field in the country. In every act he did and

every word he uttered, he was ever fired by one aim: service, sincere service to the nation as a whole. Thrice he wore the Presidential crown of the Congress and that too at times when the Congress was at the most crucial junctures. He attended the Round Table Conference. Over and above all these things, his greatest gift to the country in concrete form is the Hindu University at Benares. He was its Founder and Rector. He was its inspiration and prop. Even as the beautiful Taj, the Hindu University would ever remain a living monument to his memory. His activities were so multifarious, and what he had achieved was so great that it would be nothing short of puerility to seek to assess the



A scene from Sai Baba.

value of his achievements in this short article.

He was popularly known as the "beggar prince" of India. But Malaviyaji's begging was queerly different from that of Gandhiji. He would not ask from all and sundry. He would ask only from Rajas and Nawabs. It was said of him, that sometimes his average collections a day had been a hundred thousand rupees. Wherever he went, his magnetic personality and his integrity and unsullied character made the wealthy Rajahs and zamindars surrender large amounts to him. It is out of these donations collected by Malaviyaji that the Hindu University rose at Benares of which every Indian is justly proud. The university, situated within an area of about 1,600 acres, with a compound wall all round and a majestic gate, is a sort of independent republic. It gives training to students in all branches of knowledge, from Engineering to Economics; from Agriculture to Ayurved. It is the biggest residential university in area in the whole of India. It surely is the work of a giant. As Rajen Babu said: "Malaviyaji's work and name will live to remind the future generation of what one man can achieve by his steadfast devotion."

Nothing would shake Malaviyaji so much as suffering and tyranny anywhere on earth, and more so in his mother country for which his love was im-

measurable. Last year's wholesale slaughter of Hindus in East Bengal, the inhuman treatments meted out to men, women and children by the Muslim majority, had woken him from his death bed from where he had issued a sensational statement to the press. In which he asked the Hindus to assert themselves, if they wanted to stop the total extermination of Hindu culture and race. This statement, perhaps, had spontaneously welled out of his bleeding heart, that kind heart of his that must have bled not a little as he heard of the bestial atrocities perpetrated by the many on the few. This last statement of his might remind many of the powerful reply shot out by Gurdev Tagore to that malicious Rathbone. The tragedy of Bengal, and later that in Bihar, should, perhaps, have hastened his end.

He was one of the noblest sons of the country; a reformer, an educationist and a politician, all rolled into one. He was one of the greatest upholders of Hindu culture and traditions, yet he never in his life betrayed any antipathy towards the Muslims or the other communities. Perhaps the part he had played in shaping the political destiny of the country may be forgotten with the lapse of years, but he would be remembered for ever in the monumental University he had founded and nourished with his blood and tears.



I. D. AS I KNOW HIM

BY
P. VAMANA RAO

I. D. (need we say Iswara Dutt?) is one of the greatest sons of India in the field of journalism. He has written on many distinguished persons. Here Vaman Rao writes on him and seeks to size him up, though not elaborately.

In politics as well as in literature, in science or in art names there have been and names there are whose memory it is a pleasure to conjure with. But celebrities there were and still are who reached the peaks of fame only with their abbreviations. A.G.G. and G.B.S. are figures familiar wherever English is spoken or written. In India too we have persons of note, among politicians C.R., among statesmen C.P., M.D., among the devotees of the Mahatma and I.D., among journalists, are abbreviations wellknown even in distant lands from Wardha to White Hall.

In this short compass of an essay I do not claim to give a biographical account of Sri K. Iswara Dutt, a name that shines resplendent in the world of Indian periodical journalism, his career or ventures but only a

glimpse of this eminent Andhra publicist who is a spring of inspiration to many a budding journalist. Many are my handicaps to write about one who has excelled all in writing about others, for only of recent I came to know him personally but he has been my leading light ever since I could read essays in English. For long I was under the delusion that he belonged to the land of Vivekananda and Tagore—Bengal the home of genius and talent. But that impression of mine did not last longer when more information gave me to understand that he is a distinguished son of Andhra Desha to which I fortunately belong.

As one who launched the Twentieth Century—a high class English month of Allahabad, which has few equals in this country, he is known to the

world. But that is not all he has done. He starred many a paper and stirred many a soul. For eleven and more years he served on the ranks of the 'Leader' and brilliantly too and was its star contributor till recently. On the first speech he had made after he left college he was hailed as a second Chin-tamani and true, as his spiritual descendent, the paper must have passed into his hands when its present and future would have been as glorious if not more glorious than its past. It is when he was one of the big three who served on the 'Swarajya' that his reputation as a writer was first built; the other two being Sri Khasa Subba Rao and G. V. Krupanidhi. One would recall that great day when I.D., first explained and wrote his experience in that beautiful little essay which won for him unnumbered laurels. 'And all that' will be read and appreciated as long as there is humour in this world. In 'Sparks and Fumes' which contains character sketches of some of the distinguished south Indians of that time, I.D., is at his best and 'its perusal left one hopeful of the literary future of India'. A.G.G. acclaimed him as his Indian edition. What greater tribute is needed for an Indian writing in this foreign language?

It is only as the editor of the T.C. that I know him well.

Whatever he has written in those columns whether on the political situation or social matters, reviews of books or sheaves from the Scrap Book indicate alike his realistic outlook free from academic abstractions and impossible idealism, his sweeping grasp of the problem of the hour and persons at the helm, their merits and drawbacks and above all his delightful style that at once marks him apart. But it is only when he sizes up a personality or pays a tribute in memory of a person that I.D., is at the pinnacle of his 'happy power' and at the top of his form, approached by a few but unexcelled and unsurpassable. To read the sketches is an intellectual treat and a delivious literary dinner. His paragraphs of English Prose that bear the stamp of the masters of this sort from Addison and Steel down to Spender and Gardiner with out own heritage as the background are unique. He brings the 'Fleet Street' atmosphere in a journal published from 'Lukerganj'. His essays recall 'Great Madels' and remind us of Robert Lynd. In the words of Mrs Sarojini Naidu, the poetess-politician of India I.D., has brilliance, perspective, humour, penetration and the more happy power of making a synthesis after a searching analysis and the right touch of malice without bitterness which adds the necessary piquancy to the vivid and valuable delineation of distinguish-

ed men. He has a genius and a power worthy of emulation. The precision of his diction, mastery of style, lucidity of expression, his sense of wit and humour at the right place can be better understood than described. In his estimation of personages he hesitates not to pay the most glorious tribute and equally unheritant he is to mention their stumblings. In this he comes true of Spender's *Obiter Dictum*. On occasions he does not spare even his Chief Sir C. Y. Chintamani but forgives with parental fondness Chalapathi Rao whose chief he was.

If Chintamani was his *Guru* and the main spring of his inspiration, Dr. Pattabhi and Dr. C. R. Reddy were the high-priests who led him to the sunshine of journalistic ascendancy. Among poets Shakespeare and Byron are his favourites and 'The Alpha of the Plough' of A.G.G. was the turning point in his career. First steeped in the liberal school of thought by association with Chintamani and Sir Tej and by reading the works of Birkenhead and Morley, C. P. Scott and Harcourt, Massingham and Gardiner, Spender and Garvin, he came under the sway of the Mahatma though not under his spell. He read him from without, correctly and dispassionately and so his readings carry weight. To him the Mahatma is the most unusual man who is one of the most extraordinary men too of

all times 'whose character baffles speculation and defies analysis'. If the Mahatma and his Philosophy are a subject of his discussion, the finer qualities of Sir Mirza M. Ismail are always the objects of his admiration. As a conversationalist I.D., has his own inimitable way. First he finds out the opinion of others on topics and then dominates the scene by his own with courage and candour, scientific precision and rare exactitude. In his speech one could discern the wisdom of a galaxy of great publicists from Gladstone to Churchill in England from G. Subrahmanya Iyer to K. Sreenivasan in India. His description of his conversation with persons of eminence has a charm all its own.

My picture of him (if at all I could draw any) may not be complete, only will it be when I write his full-fledged biography on a future occasion; when I would know him more closely, get illumined by his radiant heart, scintillating soul and ever brighter mind. I am at present content to sum up that he is a precious gift to the Andhra, nay to the Nation, a beaconfire and banner to the journalist youth; the former would never fail to shed light and the latter give shade. Wherever he is, in the north of the Vindhya or in the South, he has always a kind word to speak, a sound advice to give and a hospitable home to offer.



EVE DISAPPEARS!

Temporao is now a broken man. That wild, alert and active guy, always on the march, is now a broke. . . .

I try to warm him up. But no use. Says he: "Surekha has betrayed me. I mean betrayed Tempo. What's Tempo without her 'Eve speaks out'?"

And he throws at me a file of letters from readers ranging from Perambur to Penang applauding lustily the pourings of his find "Surekha".

Poor Surekha, after all she's a woman. She can't perhaps write for two months now, not anyway till that throbbing little thing flows to the realms of

the living world. In the meantime let "Junbo" shriek!

Governor Nye speaks through his heart (not hat please!)

Perhaps it was the first time in the annals of Indian history that a Governor condescended to speak in such a little hall as H. E. Archibald Nye did the other day at the Luxmipuram Young Men's premises. There were many Indians present there. It was a good-hearted, sincere and brave speech that went right into the hearts of the people sitting before the speaker. He spoke without a pose, like one grown from the ranks of the people listening to him, completely unconscious of superiority complex. After the speech, he walked through the crowds that cheered him



The well known Telugu novelist Gopichand stands before Minister Chandramouli, as the director of Mahati's Lakshmamma.

lustily as they had never of late cheered any Indian leader, shaking hands with one and all freely and fraternally and profusely thanking them for the courtesy and reception. Truly has Governor Nye won the affections of the Indian people to an extent which few of our popular Ministers dare attempt to ever attain.

At the Newtown Studio.

After a tragic suspense for many months, Mahati Pictures "Lakshmamma" has been launched the other day. Minister Chandramouli switched on the camera, spoke a few words of ministerial advice to the improvement of the filmworld. . . .

It was a gala colourful function. The pick of the cineworld was of course there as it should be. . . .

Spick-span Narayana Rao. . . mild-looking Malati. . . big mustached Dr. Subba Rao. . . . thoughtful Gopichand. . . unthinking Kodandaramayya. . . N. A. Rau with his new-find Kanchan, glowing behind her silken veils. . .

And of course the inevitable packet of fruits for every guest.

We wish good luck to Mahati Pictures, and we hope that the hero Narayana Rao and the heroine Malati will cooperate with the author Gopichand to put the story rightly on the screen without any unhealthy deviations.

Cinemahouse Manager fined.

Anyone who goes round the cinema houses in the city of Madras cannot but observe the huge crowds that throng in the coolness of the evenings to rejuvenate a shattered system that is the human frame. The two ghosts that haunt these filmgoers are, the blackmarketing of the tickets at certain times by the goondas at the gate, which often, is affected with the unstinted cooperation of the Management, and the overcrowding of the theatre due to the unscrupulous greed on the part of the Management for the metal.

The Manager of the Sagar Talkies has been fined by the Chief Presidency Magistrate for overcrowding the hall. This practice is going on in many theatres but detection is not possible except in stray cases.

This instance should be an eyeopener to the other theatre owners in the city and outside, for overcrowding has a suffocating effect on the spectators to whom the already existing bug-sinoke problems are burdens too trying to bear.

Ministers and Films.

When Lord Wavell the other day flaunted his opinion on cricket, he has been the target of ruthless attack from all corners of the world. Wavell is of course justified to give his opinion on cricket, a game which

is played by many, and which he himself should have been playing in his younger days.

But our popular Ministers often go scotfree for the ridiculously silly opinions they often flaunt when they are wheedled by some producers to view their pictures. To opine on films is not so easy as to opine on cricket. To judge a film correctly it needs much knowledge of the technique, photography, a sense of art, etc. We need not comment here how much our ministers are well-versed in these.

Letting alone the proverbial incorrectness of these ministerial opinions, they have a strange affect on the people who make it a point to witness the films because Hon'ble so and so said that they should see, and the net result of all this is the bulging of the pockets of the producer, and not any benefit to the improvement of the film industry. The opinion of a film critic, well trained for the job, is more useful to the picture-producer and the picturegoer than the so-called laymanish views of the ministers.

Exploiting the names of the political leaders to sell "movie material" seems to be a queer product of Indian film world.

Not only these. Most of the leaders to whom millions of people extend reverence are being dragged to cheap day to day trade products just to push them through the market. With the advent of Jai Hind to India a thousand firms sprung up, their names prefixed with the inspiring term. In modern times there is no film in which you don't find one or two songs of Bharati, or a classic dance around an idol of Netaji or a spinning demonstration. Most of these incidents have nothing to do with the story of the film as such but they are wonderful springboards to hit at the box office.

When will our ministers cease spilling out silly opinions and our tradesmen stop exploiting memorable names for material gain?

FIRST NOVEL.

Miss Gusher: "So this is your first novel, Mr. Jones?"

Author: "Yes, I put twenty years of my life into that book."

Miss Gusher: "Did it really take 20 years to write?"

Author: "Oh, no. It took me three months to write it, and nineteen years and nine months to find a publisher."

MARRIAGE & DIVORCES - BILL

By

"G. B. S."

"Divorce must be free and unrestricted. There should be a provision for divorce by 'mutual consent' of husband and wife," says "G.B.S" in the course of this thought provoking article, which we commend to the attention, of The Hon'ble Kaleswara Rao.

The Hon'ble Mr. A. Kaleswara Rao has introduced the above bill in the current session of the Assembly and from the nature of the proceedings it looks as if the Bill will be referred to a Select Committee.

Though every civilised individual has to uphold the ideal of Monogomy and the right to divorce one cannot help criticising this bill for its many loopholes and defects.

The present state of Hindu married life can be compared with the housing position in Madras. It was never so before and it will never be so in future. Its many defects are due to the difference between the paces of men and women in adapting themselves to the new era and its civilisation that is rapidly spreading in our country.

The problems of the Hindu Marriage are so wide and complicated that they can only be understood by ardent

social workers, medical men and lawyers who have the necessity, interest and opportunity to study the problem in all its aspects. Its reform requires a thorough knowledge of Hindu Law, Sex Physiology, Sex Psychology and the Sex Pathology. It cannot be disposed off by a handful of individuals calling themselves the representatives of the people, either by commonsense or by their prejudices and favouritisms. It is a measure that affects the happiness of millions of Hindu lives and as such cannot be easily disposed off as a supplementary grant for prohibition.

Is this measure expedient? From the beginning of the 20th century many Hindu men have married a second time while their first wives are alive and sometimes it resulted in great unhappiness to the latter. If we carefully study the conditions under which these begamies are committed, we will be con-

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vinced that more than one consideration and reason was responsible for the same.

Generally speaking the causes of such marriages can be enumerated as below:

(1) Want of children by the first wife • (2) Incompatibility, sexual, intellectual, social or otherwise between husband and wife (3) inability on the part of the wife to discharge the duties due to chronic and incurable conditions like asthma, tuberculosis, cancer, paralysis, etc., (4) adultery, disobedience or other offences on the part of the wife (5) failure on the part of the wife to bring the dowry or other material advantages expected of her (6) social pressure when family girls are seduced resulting in conception or scandal (7) abnormal conditions like imperfect sexual development; frigidity, aversion to family life on the part of the wife, etc., (8) purely personal reasons like fancy, glamour for other girls, family tradition, etc.

A close scrutiny of the above causes reveal that in certain cases Bigamy is the only solution for an otherwise insoluble family problem and in certain other cases it is an atrocity against wifehood and womanhood. As such a wholesale prohibition of bigamy is not at all advisable. It may even result in disastrous conse-

quences, with suicide, homicide, etc. At its worst bigamy can be a ground for divorce and it should not be made to follow divorce.

Whenever marriage is a failure, Polygamy or 'free' divorce are the only practicable solutions. The other alternatives are adultery, suicide, homicide or permanent unhappiness in life.

When marriage will be a failure? There are essentially three prerequisites for a successful marriage. (1) Consent and Compatibility of the man and woman to lead married life (2) sufficient economic resources to enable them to lead a married life and discharge the obligations thereof (3) capacity of the married partners to forgive each other when they get into pit-falls of life.

In our present-day society all these things are absent in a majority of cases. It is not within the scope of this article to discuss the causes of this unhappy state. There are many avoidable and unavoidable reasons for the same.

When the above conditions are absent, marriage will be a failure and ends either in Polygamy or divorce or adultery or permanent unhappiness to both husband and wife.

It is a mistake to think that man alone is the culprit in

all cases of broken homes. If Polyandry or Divorce is provided in Hindu Law there would have been as many polyandrous marriages or divorces on account of women also.

It is an impertinence on the part of anyone or the State to decide or define the conditions under which the husband or wife can separate from each other. It is equally atrocious on the part of the State to compel a respectable man or woman to enumerate in a Court of Law all the delicate aspects of their married life when they want to be free from an unhappy relation. The married partners alone can decide whether they are happy or unhappy in their marriage.

Bigamy is a very useful and a human measure; advantageous to all in certain conditions like the invalid state of the first wife. It is stupid to ask whether a wife can divorce an invalid husband. Certainly she can, and must, if she does not love him. In our Society man is the earning member and as such must go about and work for his living and that of his family. Often a true Hindu wife will induce the husband to marry under these conditions. The present bill prevents such an amicable settlement. To say that one must get rid of the wife to marry another is to put

the cart before the horse. An average member of the Hindu society cannot go through the rigmarole of a divorce easily.

But it is an indisputable right on the part of any woman whose interests are made to suffer for no fault of hers by the bigamy of her husband either to sue for the dissolution of the marriage or claim for separation with suitable maintenance for her and her children. No civilised person can dispute this. But it is atrocious to legislate that a man cannot marry at all a second time without getting rid of the first wife. Such a legislation will result in disastrous consequences in our Society. Every Hindu man should have the right to take another wife absolutely at his own discretion. All that the State can do is to safeguard the interests of the injured wife and her children and for this legislation is necessary and long overdue.

It seems to be the belief of many members of the Assembly that if a man and a woman are compelled to live together they learn to love each other. Life has proved that it is entirely an erroneous notion. More often than not they hate each other. Merely by preventing a man under threat of prosecution from having a second wife no one can better the state of Hindu

women. By one, and one way alone it can be achieved; i.e., the dissolution of an unsatisfactory marriage with suitable provisions for the maintenance or for the re-marriage for the wife concerned.

From the views expressed by many legislators, one can surmise that they are going to imitate the Bombay Legislation by enacting a law preventing Bigamy and dropping the question of divorce altogether. That will be stupidity *par excellence*. If the members fail to have the courage and conviction to provide a free and restricted right to dissolve one's marriage it will be highly human on the part of Mr. Kaleswara Rao to withdraw his bill completely. Otherwise posterity will not thank him for it. It will be much better to leave matters as they are if such a contingency arises.

To club the question of Bigamy and Divorce is in it-

self an absurdity. Bigamy is permitted by our elders as a fuse wire when the currents of married life are short-circuited. Otherwise the very installation of life itself may be blown off.

The Bill may be altered into a Divorce Bill wherein Bigamy may be made a ground for Divorce and suitable provision may be made for ample compensation for the injured wife or freedom to marry again. Otherwise it will be a serious infringement on the liberty of a Hindu man with no benefit whatsoever to the Hindu woman. Divorce, if it is there, must be free and unrestricted. There should be a provision for divorce by 'mutual consent' of husband and wife. Without these alterations the present Bill will create a pandemonium in Hindu Society and the Legislators are requested to make a note of it.

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Tempo's Skit

JOBOCRACY

R. BANGARUSWAMI

It is rather difficult for us in India to enjoy a hearty laughter. But so long as writers like Bangaruswamy are there, even the graveyards ring with laughter. Here is a specimen of this well known humourist of India.....

Jobocracy is the state in which jobs for job's sake are created, maintained and sustained, the jobless maney paying for the jobs of the few.

But all jobbery is not jobocracy. In all Governments when a party comes to power and office it distributes its patronage to its faithful members by offering fat jobs. But as soon as things settle themselves down jobbery disappears. It is only when jobbery becomes the Government's job it gets slowly transformed into jobocracy.

Nepotism is one ingredient of jobocracy. Persons who

have patronage at their hands have also cousins and nephews and brothers-in-law, and so these cousins, near and remote, and nephews (and also in some cases nieces), and the brothers-in-law of sisters-in-law, they should all be provided at the State's expense.

One method adopted by jobocracies is by appointing a Commission. A Commission is a solution to a hundred problems.

Let us take that there is to be a Commission for the study of Donothingness in its manifold aspects. The Donothing Commission itself means jobs



A Scene from unity Pictures "Sai Baba"

for a few, some fat, some very fat, some not so very fat and so on. The Donothingers go round and round swallowing batta and their saliva and go on asking extension of time for submitting their reports and finally produce a lot of nonsense with a few dissenting notes from divergent angles but unanimous in one thing in the recommendation of a Directorate of Denothingness for the propagation of the doctrines and dogmas of the cult of Donothingism so that in the 'fulness of time' Donothingness will take 'deep roots' in the soil.

The Government usually takes sometime to consider the report but in fact it considers nothing else but as to whom the Directorship and the Dy. Directorship and the many Assistant and Sub-Assistant Directorships of the Donothing Directorate should go and to this end reviews the recommendations and counter-recommendations of the prospective candidates. At last the Department is installed—as a provisional measure for a period of three years—but before the period elapses the Department bloats and bloats out of shape as to have innumerable sub-departments and side-departments that the provisional measure is made a permanent feature.

There are many implied dictums unwritten laws in all

jobocracy. Here are a few, jotted down at random.

If it is a question of making a new appointment appoint always an officer and not an Assistant.

If it is a question of removing somebody, effecting some retrenchment, put the axe at the bottom: send out a peon.

No orders should be passed on any papers except after many reminders.

The papers should go round and round and not be allowed to come by one way and pass out by another.

The principle of 'automatic disposal' by sheer efflux of time is worthy of adoption in many matters.

When the Press or the public begin to raise much hue and cry against a Department, heed to public opinion—there is no harm in it—axe out the whole Department but revive it soon with a different name. (E.g.) If you axe out the Department of Donothingness you may revive it in the form of Bureau of Inertia and Indolence.

Keep arrears as a matter of duty and policy to justify the existence of a Department and for always pressing additional hands.

Keep up more show but less work.

Make as much noise as possible lest you should be forgotten.

If there is absolutely no scope for making noise sink into silence, into insignificance, so that people would forget about your department.

Judicious transfers are great aids to sustain jobocracy. You can damn a man with promo-

tion and help another with de-promotion.

Give employees as much leave as it is possible, whether it is 'casual' 'privilege' or 'sick' leave.

Jobocracy's greatest merit is its deliberate purposive attempt to solve (though unconsciously) the problem of unemployment.

Long live Jobocracy!



Nageswara Rao and Comedian Shiva Rao in PratiBha's Spectacular folklore "Bala Raju".

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★ *Tempo's poem of the month*

WHERE ART THOU ?

From the depth of sorrow
I can only repeat thy name ;
And not call thee aloud.

In the darkness of my journey
I can only remember thy face ;
But cannot find it.

In the solitude of my robbed life
I can only gather my tears
For my humble gift to thee ;
But I am not sure it will please thee.

Where art thou, O, my lost friend !
This heart is empty and I wander in darkness.

—By **BRAHMADEVA**



The Editor himself answers all questions put to him in this section. All questions are answered mostly in a humorous vein and sincerely no offence is meant to any one.

P. Vasant Kumar, Cocanada.

I want to start a monthly magazine, specially meant to be read by the intellectuals of the country. Can you suggest a good name for the journal?

Call it "IDIOT". Then all the intellectuals in the country will be on the list of your annual subscribers.

Who's a thinker:

One that thinks his way out of the world.

R. S. Prakash, Bombay.

Am I right when I say your replies are more witty than Baburao Patel's?

Of course, you are right. But keep it a secret. Don't tell it to Patel. He will flare up.

Rama Adaikkalavan, Nagalur.

You have announced in your September issue that for an exclusive interview with the Travancore Sisters to see the next month's issue. But I find nothing about them in your October issue. Why, you have cheated the readers?

When I offered you the Travancores and presented you Ram Gopal, how dare you say I have cheated the readers? When I offer you twelve annas and present you a round solid Indian rupee, it is I that has been cheated and not the readers. Catch the point, reader?

Vasanthkumari, Nagpur.

Are you married?

Yes, if my full-time devotion to virgin Tempo could be termed so.

Your replies are silly. Sometimes you appear like a fool. I hope you don't mind?

I don't, lady. My brother believes that I am "always" a fool. In this context, your "sometimes" is a soothing compliment to me.

Temorao is a queer name. Why don't you drop it?

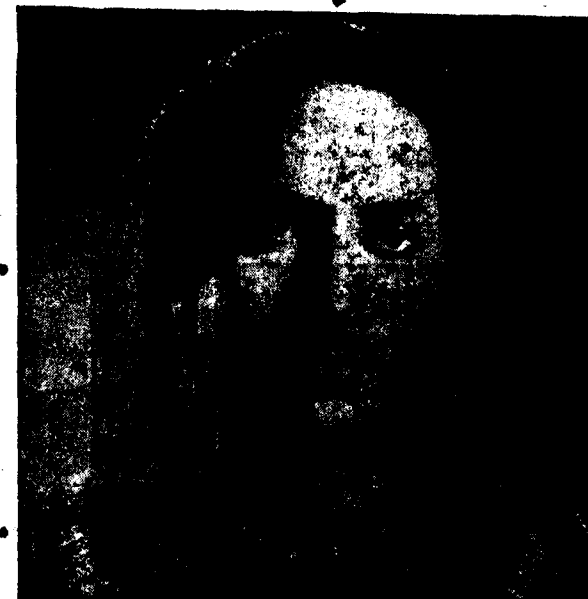
Ever since the invention of the atom bomb and the brutal uprooting of two thriving cities, mankind is in quest of queer things.

D. J. Rao, Kurnool.

When will G. Balaramiah take to producing some social pictures?

You have put me a question for which Balaramiah by himself is unable to give a reply. By temperament he is a good, retiring, unsocial being. So his producing socials should be ruled out of the cinegoers' minds. Balaramiah usually likes to dive and explore the depths of folklore and fantasy.

Why did they invite Leela Chitnis to distribute the prizes at the Arts Exhibition instead of inviting someone more younger and popular with the people of the day?



N. A. Rao the hero in Padmanabha's folklore Chandravanka

I don't know how it happened. Someone tells me that Bulusu Sambamoorthy has proposed her name. In his days she was the most popular star.

What's the hobby of Sahu Modak?

So far I know Sahu Modak, like J. Krishnamurthy, likes to give open air talks.

P. V. Padkar, Sholapur.

Why is it that journals today are running after titles like "Blaze", "Blitz", "Flame", etc.?

This is the atomic age, reader. The age of fires, sparks and flames. You can't sell the journal if you call it "Ice" or "Appadam".

The illustration for stories in *Tempo* are not good. Why don't you engage a good artist?



A Scene from Swastik's
"Dharmargada"

I too feel like you. But when I tell this to the artist he puts me down saying that his productions have been appraised by no lesser a man than Nandalal Bose and as such, no question of their being not good ever arises. What can I do?

P. Rama Rao, Tuni.

Can you tell me the story of "Ratnamala" in a few sentences?

I can't. It is Bhanumathi's copyright.

I have heard that "Ratnamala" has composed beautiful songs? Is it true?

I too heard that rumour. But I haven't yet heard those songs.

Why is Khasa not writing for *Tempo* now?

He's rather busy with his weekly "Sidelights" for *Swatantra*.



Nageswara Rao and Varalakshmi in Pratibha's "Balarama"

D. Mallikarjuna Rao, Masulipatam.

Is age a thing of the mind or the body?

Neither. It is a thing of the calendar that hangs down the wall opposite me.

The only way of bringing the country once again to peace is supporting the Nehru Government wholeheartedly.

Do you agree with me?

Support it with all your mite, without worrying whether or not I agree with you.

I understand that Siva Rao, the well-known comedian, has

left to Poona. Please let me know his address.

He has left to Guntakal en route to Poona. I don't know his address. But since he has the chronic disease of becoming popular among thousands in barely a week, you can try a half anna card addressing Siva Rao, Poona.

P. K. Nair, Trivandrum.

I have with me about thirty short stories in English. But no journal publishes or pays for them. I very much love to see them in print. What do you want me to do?

Fry the other course. Spot out journals that are too ready to publish contributions for which the contributors pay for, at the rate of rupees ten for thousand words. Your dream will be fulfilled with barely a couple of hundreds.

Will you take one short story of mine?

Not at the moment. I have enough short stories to last longer than two years.

C. M. Thumbi, Tellichery.

What's socialism and communism?

Socialism is born of silence, and communism comes out of chaos. Both are in a way identical; the only difference being that one is the result of violence while the other results from silence.

Is M. N. Roy a communist?

Those that follow Roy are Royists. I don't know what is Roy by himself.

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Tempo's short story.

THE PROSTITUTE

BY

RANABHIR SARAN.

Hardly we had looked at each other, when our lips met. They had met, and parted. And her face shrank back and came into the full focus of my eyes.

Behind us his steps were fading, were yet fading down the steps of the staircase.

There was nothing particular in her face. It was oval. Her nostrils were rather large; her lips were blackish. And her teeth were white. She did not laugh. Nor did she weep. She seemed to have attained a state of equilibrium between laughter and tears—a strange state which no poet can describe. When you patted her cheek, it felt soft, but the flesh was hardly dynamic. The blood beneath the skin seemed to have been frozen; the fire in her eyes seemed to have faded. Some dynamic, inexpressible essence, that is associated with life and movement, seemed to have deserted her frame. She lived like the shadow, and not like the substance. A projection of live humanity on the deadly plain of dire poverty, of stultifying penury.

They lay together. And within them glowed the night of passion. The gloom of lust. The dark cravings of the flesh. The elemental calls of Nature. . . .

Behind us his steps died away in the largeness of distance and time. And we lay together, huddled closely, silent like the waters of the Kapali Tank, part and parcel of the night that was perishing quietly around us and within us. The night of passion; the gloom of lust. The cravings of the flesh. The elemental calls of Nature. . . .

The last effects of the liquor left by system. It was past midnight, long past perhaps. As I lay on the bed and looked up, I could assess the position of the ceiling. And I could well hear the screeching of an insect, and the barking of the landlady's pet country dog. I could hear the live breathing of the half dead human beside me. . . .

I sat up on the bed for a moment. Through the dim

rays of the moon. I could glance at her face. There was a veil of fatigue on her face. Her eyes were shut in full. Her lips were half open and through them I could peep at the white stubble of her creamish teeth. And my eyes swept along her whole person, from the temple to the toe, and something shook my body as I sensed the abandon with which she lay beside me. Absolute, unashamed abandon. . . the unclosed abandon of a bird. Stark contours met the human eye and goaded the soul to meditate. . . .

I nipped those cheeks. In a trice a soft, unaggressive shriek swam out. Her half-open lips closed with a queer sort of bite. Her full-shut eyes half opened, and through them half-awakened eyes looked at me. A lovely smile that had just started at one corner of her lips died ere it had reached the other corner.

"Wake up! Wake up!" I exhorted.

Her face was blank, blanker than the blanket spread beneath the bed on which we were lying.

"Wake up! You can sleep the whole of the day tomorrow."

"I have work during the day," came her reply.

"Work? What work?"



Nageswara Rao
in

Pratibha's Mammoth Folklore
Balaraju.

"In the studio."

"What work?"

"An extra."

"How much do you get?"

"Fifty per month."

"Is that enough for you?"

"Enough to feed by mother but not me."

"Then how do you live?"

"By what men like you give me."

"So you make lots this way. I have given much for a moment, haven't I?"

"Not much. He takes a great share of what you have given me."

"Who?"

"He," and she waved her arm backwards, towards the staircase.

. . . . And through the stillness of my mind echoed the fading of his steps down the staircase.

"And my expenses are quite big," she went on.

"How?"

"I have got to be attractive, spick and span. Otherwise you will not care to look at me. The money that comes by this trade usually goes to keep me fit for it."

"How long you have been in this trade?"

"For nearly two years now."

"It should have been a hell of a time," I hazarded.

For a moment I fixed my eyes on hers. I wondered how she could have killed away those natural aptitudes of a human, those natural likes and dislikes, and move with one and all, with the ugly and the handsome, freely, and without a speck of difference. Was it the love of metal that had made her immune to the prejudices of man and man? But the love of gold merely could not have dehumanised a human so much. Perhaps it was something much bigger; more powerful: perhaps it was the



A Scene from Swastik's
"Dharmangada".

instinct of preserving the body, the desire to live, live the span of life even in an earthly hell.

My eyes scanned those two fireless eye sockets of hers, in which the original lustre of a vanished world seemed to have come back for a second smouldering, burning in a smoky, half-bright, rather dim current of flame.

My arms drew towards her. I took her up. And our lips met. Met with pressure and passion—and with something more. This time she moved. The static machine that was hitherto her frame slightly jerked out of its immobile state and warbled with a new-born animation and alertness. The half dead *she* was suddenly transformed into a female of expression, action and response.



Varalakshmi takes the lead in Pratibha's Mammoth Folklore "Balaraju"

And we lay, huddled closely, silent like the waters of the Kapali Tank, part and parcel of the night that was perishing quietly around us. . .

The dawn glimmered red at the horizon. Birds sang in the air. The street below was loud with the shrieks of live humanity. My eyes opened at the knock on the door. She was right beside me, dead asleep, limbs, unmoving, breathing with precision. I rose up and unbolted the door.

He walked in, woke her up. The staircase, a wily mixed smile on his lips.

He walked in, woke her up. She arranged her clothes, rubbed her eyes, yawned out a couple of times perhaps to drive off the drowsiness.

I stood by silent. Something

was burning within me. Within the burnt ashes of nocturnal passion was now burning something I could not place. A few words between us. And they went out.

I stood away. The door creaked. And their footsteps descended down the steps of the staircase. And died in the largeness of distance, and time.

With a cynical smile, I looked into the street below. It was the same street I had seen for years now. Life was going on. Life went on in spite of the ditches here and there that drowned it now and then.

I turned on my heels and walked away into the interior of my home. The interior was bright. There was no more darkness in my frame. It was gone, gone with them down the steps of the staircase.

Tempo's commentary on the events of the month.



It is unfortunate that the independent Government of India has been saddled with pathetic and formidable problems, the chief of which is that of refugees. Several lacs of people have left their homes and come to either side of India and, however, much we say that there will be no compulsory exchange of populations, we cannot deny that the only safety for the minorities in the Western Punjab, Sind, and other parts of Pakistan lies in mass migration. Inexorably, the problem has assumed an all-India shape. The various provinces of India deserve to be congratulated for their hospitality towards their brothers and sisters who will after all be a permanent addition to the nation. The problem of relief and rehabilitation has, therefore, to be considered, which in its intensity and magnitude is without parallel. In this connection, the rich people should consi-

der themselves as the trustees of the people's wealth and Indian society must now rise equal to the occasion. After all, who knows that it may be the starting point of a social and economic revolution as glorious as a revolution through non-violence. One point has, of course, to be made clear. It will be better to have a survey and a census of the refugees and consider how best we can rehabilitate them in the various regions. It is better we plan ahead and remember that those who migrated from West Punjab are not lotus eaters or physical wrecks but were useful citizens earning an honourable living. Indeed, it will not be difficult to absorb them in the economic life of the country because considering the economics of permanence they are bound to be a magnificent asset to India. Let it also be remembered that the infant Government of India cannot cope with the

problem without public co-operation. Indeed in this matter public opinion should assert itself so that we will be able to do something before it is too late.

A scheme for more cloth.

Dr. Shyamaprasad Mukerjee has, it is said, a scheme for the solution of India's cloth problem. It is impossible to venture any forecast but we will not be surprised if the ensuing conference will only be one in the long series which we already had. The latest reports say that production had gone down. There is supposed to be huge cloth shortage and prices are likely to go up. According to statisticians, there is an overall shortage of 2,300 million yards of cloth and under these circumstances immediate decontrol of cloth is inadvisable. But in the framing of policy and in the administration of control the Government should consider the needs of all the interests. We would like to say that there should be general control of production and practical measures for stepping up production. One does not understand why the textile should not work more hours when the jute mills have already agreed to 54 hours a week. Labour should no longer be reticent to work more. One thing is clear if we are to increase our exports and decrease imports so that

we can have a favourable balance of trade we must step up cloth production. Further if Burma agrees to supply us rice we must be prepared to supply cloth. But we should not forget that the co-operation of all the sectors is necessary. Indeed while granting permits for export we must have an eye on both exchange and import requirements. We would however say that unless the millowners are prepared to cooperate and discharge their obligations to society mere talks will not help.

Baby v. Baby-Austin.

Economists have in recent times entered the political ranks of controversy and try to correlate economic analysis with economic policy. On account of the white-Australian policy adopted by the Dominion and the vigorous methods of birth-control, Australia is now confronted with the danger of a declining population. Prof. Adarkar recently pointed out that Australia can allow 200 millions to immigrate if it should utilise to the best possible advantage all the bounties of nature. There has all along been pleading for the redistribution of the world population on an equitable basis. From the point of society, the most conspicuous social trend in the West is to be found in the decided preference of the average married couple for a car. But the state has to consider

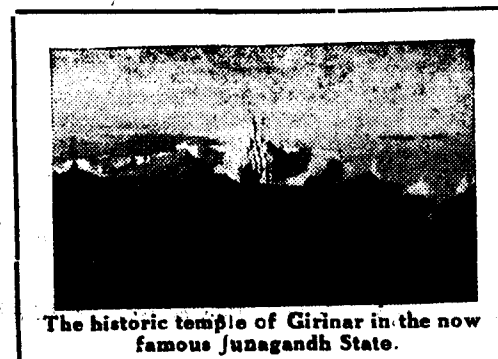
its effects on defence and economic resources. After all while in other countries the choice is between a baby and a car, in India the choice is between no-baby and starvation. While population is increasing at an enormous rate production is not galloping ahead. Under these circumstances the state should consider whether multiplication of human beings is the road to political salvation. A time has come when the population problem has to be faced sooner or later. The earlier the better.

Foreign Capital.

At a time when we are thinking of the rapid economic development of India many people have begun to discuss the role of foreign capital in our economic development. Many are now willing to sell the country across the counter. Indeed, it is a pity that many people are supporting the theory of joint ventures. We would however say that the

problem cannot be solved by Indian capitalists entering into new deals with their counterparts. Foreign capital will bring economic imperialism in this country. After all, flag follows the trade. While the Government of India has shown tardy recognition of the importance of the issue, it is better we considered the implications of a foreign loan. We may remind the Government that we should not mortgage our future. Already "India Limiteds" have become a grave menace to our national industries. Who can deny that the Imperial Chemical Industries have dealt a severe blow to the indigenous chemical industry? We would suggest that the Government should direct the Reserve Bank of India to have a census of foreign capital and then declare its policy. We are afraid that no further time is to be wasted.

Economic development of Asia.



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Dr. Loknathan recently pointed out that a team of competent economists would shortly be appointed to make a continuous study of the economic problems of Asia. It is good that the Asiatic countries are trying to shake off the alien domination and the consequences on the economy of the West cannot be overlooked. Ever since the colonisation and industrialisation movements started, Asia was making innumerable items of invisible

payments. Now that attempts are made for the economic development of Asia it will be better if there is a separate Asian Regional Council so that we can plan on a regional basis. In this connection it may be said at once that we cannot blindly follow the principle of free trade. On the other hand protection of our nascent industries is the *sine quo non* of the economic development of Asia.



Sri Rm. Alagappa Chettiar.

He is one of the most munificent sons of India. His charitable endowments to various institutions have run into several lakhs. Now he is the Hon. Editor of the Tamil Fortnightly "Kumudam".

Tempo's children's story

LUCK

By "JOOT"

The Rajah of Rampur was sitting on the throne. His wife and minister were seated before him.

The Rajah addressed the Minister: "I don't believe in luck. Even if I were to believe in it I don't believe it could fall on you as long as you keep sleeping in a corner of your house."

The Minister answered: "You need not go in search of

luck. It is as foolish as chasing a wild goose. Luck or ill-luck falls on you, wherever you may be."

"Can you prove it?"

"I will," said the Minister and rose up from his seat. He walked towards the Rajah and whispered something in his ears. The Rajah smiled with understanding and murmured: "Try it."

Early on the evening of the same day, a bag was hung to



A scene from "Ratnamala"

the ceiling of one of the rooms of the palace. The bag was filled with a large number of peas and some precious stones. Two poor men who were servants in the palace were asked by the Minister to sleep that night in the room. In the night both the men entered the room. One of the men spread his mat on the floor and went to sleep. The other man could not sleep. He kept his eyes moving round the room when suddenly they caught sight of the bag hung to the ceiling. He carefully brought a ladder. He scaled up the steps and reached the bag. The room was dark. He plunged his hand into the bag. He took out a palmful of the contents within. Soon he knew they were peas. He sat on the ladder and went on eating them. Now and then, instead of a pea, he found something hard to his touch. He thought it to be a stone lying mixed with the peas. So he threw the stones one by one to-

wards the sleeping person, saying: "You lazy fellow! You are never lucky. For you just sleep on. Here take these stones and eat them for your laziness while I feast on the peas."

In the morning, the Rajah and the Minister, arrived in the room. The poor man who had gone to sleep the moment he entered the room was there with the precious stones by his side. While the other man who was digging the whole night into the bag which had been hung to the ceiling was sleeping there like a log of wood, having eaten too many peas and kept awake too long.

When the men woke up, the Rajah asked them to keep with them what they had got. One man got the precious stones while the other had to be content with the pease he had eaten in the night. The Rajah smiled and fondly shook the hands of his wise Minister.



Towards health and Longevity No. 2

By

DR. A. S. SUNDARA RAMAYYA

In the last issue of this journal some of the important factors influencing health and longevity, the hereditary, environmental and personal factors, are briefly described. The last group of factors mentioned therein—a person's habits, diet and nutrition, cleanliness, clothing, exercise, rest recreation—are more personal concerning the individual himself or herself. Proper hygienic attention to these matters in early life contributes in a large measure to the health, happiness and longevity of the person concerned.

A person's habits may be either important aids to the promotion of health and the lengthening of life or may be predisposing causes of disease. So it is essential for good health to cultivate wholesome health

Health is wealth is an old saying. Here we present to the readers of TEMPO a series of articles specially contributed by Dr. Sundara Ramayya who is an expert on the subject.

habits and eschew all bad habits. It is not enough for a person to concentrate on any one or two good habits. Great care is necessary regarding all our habits as any one evil habit is enough to undermine one's health. The posture we assume, our habits of food, cleanliness, and the hygienic attention to every organ in the body are all important factors requiring proper attention. The use of alcoholic beverages, excessive and continued use of

coffee and tea, tobacco smoking, chewing, etc., the use of narcotic and other poisonous drugs are all bad habits acting adversely on the health of the individual and should be avoided.

Posture: Correct posture helps in the free circulation of blood, proper development of all groups of muscles, improves the functions of the internal organs and gives proper shape and appearance to the body. Constant incorrect posture leads to various deformities of the spine, irregular development of muscles, pain in some muscles, constipation, sagging of abdominal viscere, low abdominal pressure, etc. From the above it is obvious that proper attention to posture is necessary. Children should be taught to assume always the correct posture while reading, writing or walking.

Food habits: The saying, that "we eat to live and not live to eat", is true. But we must also remember that "we eat not only to live—but to live well—to a healthy old age". For good health and long life it is essential for us to cultivate healthy food habits. The feeds should be regular, nutritious, taken at regular fixed intervals and must conform to scientific dietary principles. We must eat slowly and chew the food well. We must avoid excess



K. Sadasiva Rao, a veteran in the film line. He directed about half a dozen pictures. Now he is directing "Suvarnamala" for Suvarnalatha's. He says it will be a sensational hit of the year.

of condiments and spices in the food. Food fads depending on the clamour to satisfy the palate should be discarded.

Diet and Nutrition: For optimal health our diets must suit our body needs—according to age, weight, occupation, etc. For the proper selection of foods in formulating our diets an elementary knowledge of dietics is necessary. We know that the materials of which the human body is composed of are derived from our food. The articles of food we eat consist of some general basic chemical constituents known as carbohydrates, fats, proteins, mineral salts, water, etc. Each of

these groups play a different physiological function in the body, as the supply of necessary energy, building and repair of body cells, giving the system tone, and helping the various internal bodily processes that maintain life. The various foods differ from each other in their basic composition, one food containing a large quantity of substances of one kind and another food substances of another kind. So we must carefully select our foods and eat such of them as would contribute to optimum nutrition. Our diets must be adequate in quantity and quality. It is also necessary that we should eat such of the foods that will provide in sufficient quantities each of the essential nutrients, carbohydrates, proteins, fats, mineral salts, vitamins, etc. We must include in our menu more of the so-called "Protective foods"—as milk, eggs, fruits, vegetables, pulses, fish, etc. These foods contain more of proteins, vitamins and minerals and are more nourishing. So for optimal health our diets must be adequate and balanced, containing more of the 'protective foods' and in such a combination as will meet the physiological needs of the body. Otherwise our bodies will 'run down'. We become victims of disease.

Use of Coffee and Tea: The use of such beverages as coffee and tea as an article of diet, is



Balasaraswati seems to have attained good looks in "Suvarnamala".

creeping into every home. It has become habit with many. As the use of these beverages is on the increase a word of caution to those who use them in excess and to those with whom it has become a habit is necessary as their excessive or continued consumption is harmful to health. Coffee seeds and tea leaves contain a powerful drug caffeine. This drug stimulates the nerve centres in the brain and spinal cord. The indication for discontinuing these beverages is the feeling of those unfavourable symptoms that accompany the continued use of more than two to three cups of coffee a day—such as rapid pulse, exces-

sive production of urine, restlessness, sleeplessness, etc.

Use of tobacco: Smoking and chewing tobacco in some form or other is another evil habit which is on the increase. Smoking cigarettes has become a fashion nowadays among college students and other youngsters. People contract this habit thinking that it will relieve nervousness and will give a sense of well being and stimulation but all scientific evidence

proves that smoking and chewing tobacco conduces to nervousness and other unfavourable symptoms. It may soothe the mind of elders who may be engaged in much mental work but its use is unhelpful for youngsters and even harmful if indulged in excess. The tobacco used in cigars and cigarettes contains nicotine, a powerful poisonous drug. Nicotine is absorbed from the smoke by the saliva, the mucus membrane of the throat, lungs etc.,



Keen-eyed Rajamma in Vauhini's Yogi Vemana.

and causes untoward symptoms as rapid and irregular pulse, palpitation of heart leading to the so-called 'smoker's heart' or to tobacco heart, tremors of fingers, nervousness, etc. The smoke when inhaled causes irritation of lungs resulting in cough. Professor Raymond Pearl in his book "Search for longevity" has shown that heavy smoking definitely reduce the length of life.

Alcoholic beverages: The use of alcoholic beverages known commonly as the "drink habit" and its intoxicant and toxic effects are well known. Every civilised Government has realised its dangers to society and has prohibited their use by law. Alcohol is more a narcotic than a nervous stimulant. The stimulant effect is rather fallacious. It is more due to inhibition of the higher controlling brain impulses and giving the lower brain centres free rein. Alcohol, besides rendering man's capabilities for work less, deadens the activities of the mind, interferes with the

oxidation of waste matters in the blood, alters the structure and functions of the internal organs as liver, kidneys, etc. Disease and death are early. Some may ask knowing all these bad effects then why do people drink? Generally it is taken to rid themselves of worries, tension, fears and other minor feelings of discomfort. These appear to be believed by the sense of stimulation and well being in the beginning but later on they get addicted to this habit and become victims of disease.

Narcotic drugs: The drugs commonly used are opium and its derivatives, cocaine, cannabis, etc. They are generally used to kill pain and other feelings of discomfort. They are habit-forming and their continued use is followed by a train of unhealthy symptoms. The symptoms for which they are used are masked rather than relieved. So they should not be used except under medical advice.

(To be continued.)

Announcement

All yearly subscriptions already paid to us will be adjusted all right in view of the changed price of Tempo from this month.





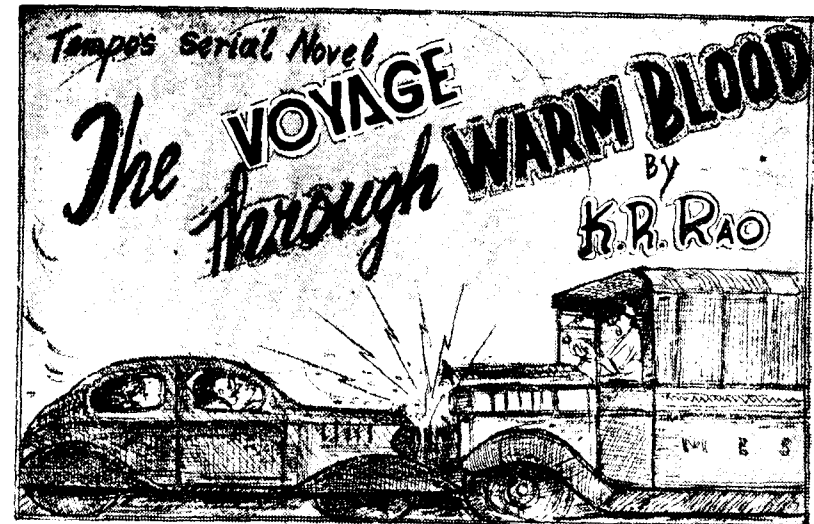
Malati, after many years of her exciting performance in Sumangali, is once again coming into vogue as a popular star



Anjali Devi is being sky rocketted by Balaramiah in his mammoth folk lore "Balaram"



Scintillating new-find M. A. Kanchan in padmanabha's spectacular folklore fests "Chandravanka"



Story So Far :

Sandar, having taken the M. B. B. S degree, returned to his village with the noble intention of serving the villagers by opening a hospital there. He soon met Usha, a beautiful widowed girl, with whom he had been in contact since his boyhood days

He started the hospital. But the love for Usha intervenes in his crusading medical work. And they both decided to leave the village, away to Madras where in that vast city they hope to set up a little home and live together. They fixed up a date for the journey.

NOW READ ON

The world screen & publication rights of this novel are serictly controlled by the author. Any publisher or film company interested in securidg the aforesaid rigats may contact the Editor of Tempo by post.

CHAPTER 21.

It was morning. The sun was smiling brightly low in the sky as if it were buoyant with youth and vigour. In the back-yard of the house Usha stood alone. She was drying her long tresses. She had just had an oil bath. And her hair was so long that it reached almost her knees. It must be dried in the rays of the sun; otherwise the wet hair would begin to stink. She looked captivating as she stood drinking in the warmth of the tropical sun, clad in a pale orange saree and a snuff-coloured bodice, her huge tresses spread around her.

A knock on the front door. Who was it? She waited. An old woman walked in. The doors were pushed open, and Usha stared at the doorway, flabbergasted. Why was she coming? The old woman: Sundar's mother. Sarasa, the doctor's mother, closed the doors behind her and walked towards Usha. Sarasa seemed to have become rather decrepit in quite a short time. Time and worry apparently joined hands in crushing her down.

"Usha, I came to talk to you," explained the old lady.

"I am glad here we are alone. I am sure you remember me?"

Oh, what a mocking question! As if she could forget her! Usha gave no reply. And Sarasa went on: "So you are

getting ready for the journey? When are you leaving then?"

"Your son must have told you, aunt."

"Oh, I forgot!" flustered Sarasa. "My son told me. You'll be going tonight."

Sarasa nailed her eyes on Usha's for a long time and called in a terrible tone of anguish: "Usha!"

"What, aunt?"

"Is this the reward you give me for all the money and love I've showered on my only son? You haven't pondered awhile on what you are doing. You are a widow. You must honour the memory of your dead husband. But here you are, having trapped my only son in the net of your charms. Oh, what a dishonour to your deceased husband!"

"My husband just tied the sacred thread with the two gold discs round my neck, aunt. Then he died. We haven't lived together even a single day," replied Usha. "My husband never lived to see me honour or dishonour him."

"Think of what you are doing, young girl," shouted Sarasa.

"Sundar is my only son. He's young, highly educated and good looking. There are plenty of virgin girls about here who will seek his hand with bags of gold. Oh, Usha,

you've crashed all my dreams to airy nothings! He has fallen into your net, not because you are a queen of beauty or wealth; not at all. He succumbed to your smiles as all young men of his age are prone to do. Men of his tender age easily fall into the hands of the first woman that smiles at them. But, believe me, this will take you no where. You are not only disgracing the fair name of your family but also setting fire to the roof of my heart. Oh, why are you so cruel, Usha? What have I done to you? I've known you for years. I've always talked to you with love and kindness. How is it that you have become so malevolent and ruthless? How has this terrible idea of taking my son away from me entered your mind? Which cursed enemy of my family has abetted you in your game? . . ."

"Aunt, you are becoming rather emotional," expressed Usha. "Your son should have told you that I've never tried to wean him from you. . ."

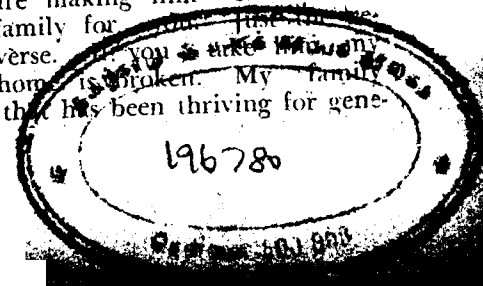
"O, my son!" Sarasa interrupted. "Don't throw the blame on him. He's an young child, yet trying to crawl his way in the world. What does my poor sonny know? He just tells me what you ask him to say to me. That's him, my son: very obedient and docile."

Usha was embarrassed. How long would Sarasa go on talk-

ing in this manner? Would she ever depart? Oh, how ridiculous of her to come to her for aid as if she were the sole cause of her son's perdition! Whenever something is wrong at home, people seem to have a natural tendency to go without, eyeing for someone on whose shoulders they can throw the blame for the disasters at home. The quest for scape-goats! There was no use of speaking with this old woman for hours and hours. She had better go to the point straightaway.

"Nothing is served by this tall, insipid talk, aunt," said Usha. "You had better tell me downright what you want of me. What should I ask of you Sarasa flared up in an ironical tone.

"What should I ask of you but to leave me what's mine? He's my child, my only child, the apple of my eye. I ask you not to encroach upon my property. He has come out of these loins. I've lived all these days for him. Without him I've no more desire to live; on the other hand I'll be glad to die. Our scriptures say: 'Sacrifice the individual for a family.' And what's it you are doing? You are making him sacrifice his family for . . . just the reverse. You are making my family thrive. My family has been thriving for generations."



rations will come to an abrupt end; the family tree will fall down. And you'll be held responsible for the fall. You'll be condemned by one and all as the cursed woman that has felled the tree of my family with the axe of her passion. . ."

"You are going too far!"

"Still further I have to go, dear girl," Sarasa continued.

"After all, you've leapt into his life yesterday. But me! I had been with him ever since he was a child. I had been with him in his days of worst sufferings. Now he has grown a man, a bright future stretches before him. For all that I had undergone for his sake, am I not entitled to share the fruits of his glory, me that had shared the pangs of his erstwhile sorrows and sufferings? Am I not entitled to reap what I have sown? Do you think that I brought him up so that he might kick me on the chest and kiss you on lips? Think, Usha, think. You are too young. Youth wanes off soon. But honour rings down the ages. Think of your family. Oh, what an illustrious, respectable one it has been! An example for others. See your brother. His wife is an invalid. Yet he hasn't run after another girl. Your mother died when your father was young. He didn't marry again. He died a widower. That's an honourable family, whose name will shine

for centuries. And do you wish to cast the first slur on that fair family? No, you don't want to, in your heart of hearts. I know you, dear girl. In your heart you know the magnanimity and the good name of your forefathers, and I am sure, you'll be the last woman to unmake in a day what they have done in generations. The matters have been driven thus far, just because of those superficial desires of the weak flesh. But inwardly you must have been all along conscious of your duty towards your ancestors."

"You are growing abnormally sentimental," Usha remarked.

"Life if anything is sentimental," Sarasa went on, as if hers was the last word on the subject. "Usha dear, hear me. Give up this romance. Be the good girl you were since your husband's demise. . ."

"Good girl!" Usha sneered. Her eyes glowed with wrath.

"What a soothing philosophy, aunt! You call me good, if I breathe in a state of living death, my feet riveted to the floor, my eyes gloating over the ashes of my dead husband, my heart singing out the doubtful glory of my ancestors, my mind submitting implicitly to the dignity inherent in the discharge of false duties! You call me good if I live a corpse in my cloister, bowing to the terrible destiny hurled upon me not by a higher

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Power but the lower, earthly and mortal humans!"

Suddenly tears shot out of her eyes. The anger that had grown within her suddenly rushed up in the shape of tears through her eyes. And she went, she that had decided to be brave, she that had determined to cross swords with one and all on this star-crossed planet!

"Now go out from here," she cried with convulsive sobs. "I'll do what you've asked of me. Talk no more. Leave me to weep alone here. Go away."

"I am going, dear girl," said the old woman.

"Go and never come back here. Go, go," she shouted, her hand pointing the doorway.

The old woman limped her way out into the street. Usha bolted the doors. She crumbled on the ground beside the shut doors and wept like a child that had lost its way in the gloomy world. Her whole frame prayed for a safe heaven from the claws of the vindictive society that leered around her, kicking innocent victims with its boots and burying the killed under the mud of its obsolete, barbarous conventions.

CHAPTER 21.

It was a dark, moonless night. Softly breaking the quiet of the night like the waves against the shore, there flowed in the air

a melodious folksong in monotone: The song that depicted the story of the Rajah of Silapur, how he had trampled over his enemies and ultimately succeeded in stabilizing his kingdom, how he once again restored the runaway queen to his re-established harem. The unchanging tune rang the ears of Sundar, as he approached his mother to bid his good-bye.

Sarasa was a picture of calmness and serenity. She said nothing. She just raised her face and looked up at him.

"I am going, mother," he said.

There came not a word from her quarter. Her silence amazed him.

"You heard me: I am going."

She just looked past him, as it were. Her head nodded as if half consciously. And he turned on his heels. As he was entering the next room, behind him burst an yell of pain with the suddenness of a volcano erupting up explosively. The volcano in her burst up; the lava of tears would flow on. But such is life.

As he toddled on along the street towards Usha's house, he mentally reviewed the preparations that had been made for the journey. He had already sent his luggage to Bimal's home, from where the horse cart would start and wait for them at the bridge. He felt

"I'll try to find you a room," said the proprietor. "But I can't assure you." He rose up from his stack, and went in.

In a moment he came back, his face expressing good news. "You are lucky, sir. A gentleman is just packing his articles upstairs. If you just wait down there for about a few minutes, the room will be vacant."

"Thank you very much," greeted Sundar. "And now please pass us two meals tickets."

The proprietor took the money given by Sundar and gave two tickets. Sundar went in to the family section of the dining hall, with Usha behind him.

By eleven in the night, they established themselves in the room upstairs. It was a cosy little room, with a metal cot meant for two. And a couple of chairs. Through the open window you could get a fine glimpse of the river Godavari flowing silently under a sable sky. Usha had spread his bed on the cot and another on the floor. She bolted the door and shrank on the bed spread on the nude floor.

Sundar stood by the open window. The night was peaceful. From beneath came up the tinkle of coins; perhaps the proprietor was counting the cash income of the day. Occasionally a coin was struck against the cement floor, perhaps, to

assure oneself that it was good and not counterfeit.

He gazed on towards the dark river that flowed on in tranquility under a yet darker firmament. He wondered what a heavenly sight one would be having through this window in days of moonlight. It must be brilliant at that time. Then through the open window one could see the waters transmuted silvern by the rays of the full moon; one could see the silhouettes of small boats creeping on the waters like misty shadows in a fairy dream. Now all round was dark. And the room was moderately lit by the 30 watt electric bulb.

He turned his face and stared at her. She was lying on her bed, her eyes at the ceiling.

"Usha, come here," he called.

She rose up and walked to his side. He placed his hand over her shoulder: "I was just wondering what a splendid sight it would be from here during the full moon days!"

Slowly he led her towards the cot. His bed had been spread on the cot. And a blue striped blanket had been placed for her sake on the ground.

"What's that blanket for over there on the ground?" he asked with a sly smile.

She blushed.

"So you want to sleep separately?"

She nodded her head and lowered her eyes.

He lay back on the bed, and pulled her over him. Her lips quivered. She sent an uneasy glance at the electric lamp.

There they lay for a moment their lips glued together. Her breasts thudded softly against his hard chest. A thrill waltzed through his frame. The vital desire was mounting up his self. He held her firmly over him. Yet he felt a strange shame filling his face. He had talked for so many days with her, kissed her and went no further, that now he wondered if he could ever consciously fall into that primeval act. There she was in his arms, smiling; and her eyes twinkling and her whole frame throbbing with elation. He gently pulled down her bodice. And her two small naked breasts were before his eyes, piping warm over his chest. But he could at first barely look at them. She smiled and blushed. And he shut his eyes. And he kissed her lips. Presently her saree slid down. And he felt the warmth of her naked flesh against his own.

Usha murmured: "Sundar, here I am unadorned before you. What all is there in me is there unconcealed before you. Take what you want. Be happy and make me happy with you."

His fingers tapped her cheek. Presently the light went off.

Perhaps the proprietor had switched off the Main of the Lodging House, according to the usual rules of war-time Electric Current restrictions. And in the gloom they lay together, their bodies wet with sweat, yet their souls glorying in an ineffable rapture of the bodies.

CHAPTER 23.

Madras, the third biggest city in India, was teeming with humanity. Hundreds of thousands of people from the provinces invaded the city in search of war jobs. The city was crowded; the pavements were thick with the feet of walking pedestrians. And over there in Europe the face of the world was changing rapidly. As had been foreseen by political visionaries, Nazi Germany invaded Soviet Russia. Lendgentry Greece had already been occupied by the Nazis. And in neutral countries the ingenious espionage system of Nazis worked on with abnormal vigour and secrecy. For quite a long time the greatest sensation of the war shook all the nations of the world: The landing of Hitler's lieutenant Rudolf Hess in Scotland. Many Indians, though they boasted superficially that the war had nothing to do with them, couldn't but follow the course of the fast changing world events with careful and observant eyes. All pondered on America. Would she join the war on the side of the

Allies? They speculated. But the rich and powerful America continued in its state of neutrality, indirectly helping the Allies under the Lease-Lend.

Sundar was undoubtedly overjoyed after his arrival in the city when he had perceived that now very few doctors were there practising privately. While the population of the city increased six-fold, the number of doctors reduced miserably. Most of the doctors, perhaps, had gone to the war, though not so much out any sort of patriotic sentiments, but of temptation of the good incomes they could get. It was indeed a fine opportunity for a young doctor like Sundar. And he was never idle. He was one of those that would never permit grass to grow beneath their feet.

He at once made capital out of the situation. He could acquire, with difficulty, a huge, beautiful building on Boag Road. Here he maintained a hospital, a dispensary and a nursing home. Every pie he had with him he had invested in his schemes. He knew he would succeed. It was impossible to fail when there was so much need and so little of supply. He was right. From the very next day of the opening of the hospital, lots of people queued up to be examined by him. The nursing home had about ten beds in ten small, airy rooms on the ground floor;

in less than a week all the beds were filled up. Sundar always tried to see that he offered the best services and facilities possible to his clients. He appointed three compounders to work in the dispensary. He had taken about five nurses to look after the ten patients in the nursing home. In addition to this, he had asked Usha to become a nurse herself and take motherly care of the patients. In the first days she fought shy of the job. It was something she had learnt was ignoble. She had heard men talking in vulgar terms of these nurses. "They were all bitches. They slept with every patient whom they attended. They had no sense of morality." Sundar rose up with anger and shouted: "Our country will continue the slave it's, so long as the people breathe on petty-minded. It's just because of the unhealthy scandals about nurses, that we have so few in this country. India needs many more doctors, and the need is no where more greater and pressing than in that of the nurses. We need hundreds of thousands of them. So long as these scandals continue, society girls fight shy of taking up the robes of a nurse. But it's upto you and me to blast out these false notions about what one should consider to be the most noble profession on earth. Shouldn't a woman feel happy that she's attending to a patient on the verge of death, and by her attentions is trying

to restore him back to his former health?"

Sundar paused for a long time. Once again the flame of service that had taken him down to his village, had leapt up with an explosive brilliance. He went on: "Service is the greatest thing on earth, Usha. Women in India are symbols of service and sacrifice. They would make the best nurses in the world. Be the head nurse. Give the lead in this direction. Look after the sick in the nursing home. Talk to them now and then. Just as you give medicines for them to swallow, pour down their minds soothing words of hope. Then see how happy you'll feel. See it for yourself."

"But I know so little about nursing," she protested.

"I am here. You need not go to the colleges to become a full-fledged nurse. If you have the necessary will to become one, I can train you up for that post in less than three months. I'll be giving you lessons every day. In three months you'll be surprised how a thoroughly gloomed nurse you'll have become."

"I'll be a nurse," she agreed. He laughed in overjoy and kissed her lips.

They lived on the upstairs of the same building. There were about five rooms over there, a bath room, a toilette room, a

drawing room and a bed room for each, with a terrace in the rear. Sundar introduced this custom of having two separate bedrooms. In India, the husband and wife always slept in the same room and almost always on the same bed. But Sundar didn't like this practice. He said: "It's better we sleep separately and meet now and then. This regular separation will make love last longer, as also one will have time for introspection." They led a happy, contented life.

Every day early in the morning, they would get down the stairs together, after taking coffee and toast. On to their callings! As he would see her sliding down the stairs in her flowing white saree and a whiter bodice, her whole person an embodiment of simplicity coupled with grace, he would experience a thrill of elation. A peculiarly suave expression of contentment would pervade their faces. They had had a happy night above. And they marched on to their posts of duty, with the satisfied quiet of those that have had an adequate amount of the sexual diet. The first shades of passion, no doubt, thinned through the passage of time. Now their utmost joy was expressed in mutual friendship, living together under a single roof and working hand in hand in a fine, comradely spirit in the hospital below.

Sundar's name had almost become a family word in the locality in less than three months. The people looked upon him with respect. One liked to drag his complaints to Doctor Sundar. For he was such a jolly little doctor, brimful with the vigour of youth, his face ever smiling and instilling life into the patients around him. He was a busy doctor. Yet he surely found time to attend to every client; surely he found time to crack a jest before on and all, and make them bubble up with the ripples of laughter. Most of the children in the vicinity looked upon the doctor as one of their own tribe. He was so engaging with them; and he had safely established good relations with them by regularly feeding them on their visits with tiny chocolates, peppermints or lozenges.

"Now sleep. Tomorrow I'll take you to Doctor Sundar," if a mother said that, it was temptation enough for the most restive child to go to rest. A visit

to the doctor meant so much for the children and this "so much" lay in the little peppermints and odd things he would give them.

"Now open your mouth," Sundar would ask a child. "Here's something in my right palm. I'll put it in your mouth." The child would open, with that characteristic flare of ecstasy in its eyes, that ecstasy so often attained by a child by the most trivial acquisition on earth.

"Spread the tongue out!"

The child would spread out the tongue, while the doctor would examine it.

"Doctor!" the child would cry, finding that the thing the doctor had promised was yet in his right palm.

"You haven't opened well. Now open again," the doctor would say. And this time the child's face would widen in a chilling thrill of joy as it felt a soft, sweet substance glide down its tongue.

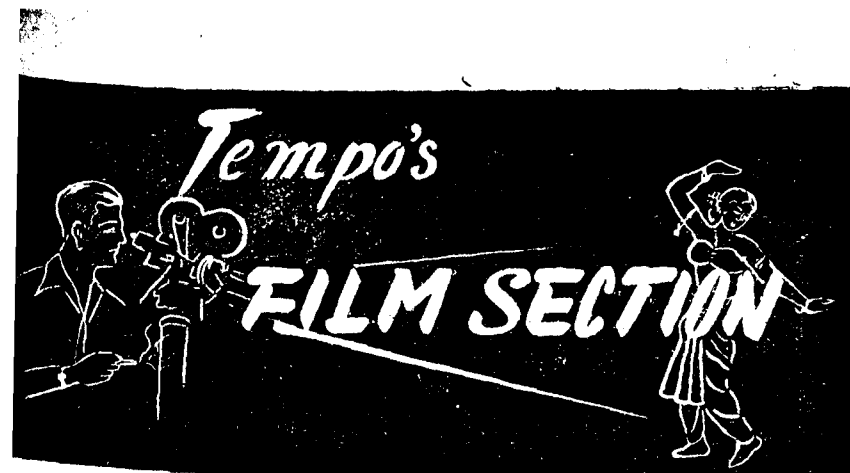
(To be continued)



Bhanumati is said to have broken new ground grandly in Bharani's "Ratnamala."



Ch. Narayana Rao is out to gain a new stature in his two films, "Manadesam" & "Lakshmamma"



Film News

PROTIMA PRODUCTIONS

Their "Jharna" is said to have been made into a thrilling film story, led by the Indian screen's active actress Begum Para. Begum Para, who has been shot up to the skies without having given any creditable performance till now, in any picture, is rumoured to be working hard to sustain the applause of the filmgoers that was so much in advance showered upon her. Gyan Dutt, the well known musician, is the music director, and is said to have provided some fine music.

CHADRAPRABHA CINE-TONE

Before the layman in the street could say a word of his own, the layman's elected representatives called Ministers have already showered all the verbal praise they could on this

firm's Hindi "Meera" which is awaiting release at Bombay. The popular Ministers whatever they may be in other fields, may not represent the popular viewpoint in the filmworld. It should be interesting for one to watch how the cinegoers of Bombay will respond to the introduction of the Lady Governor of U. P.

MALIK PRODUCTIONS

Having completed his "Chalte chalte", S. K. Malik, the speed king, is now reported to be busying himself with another two productions called "Kal Subha" and "Home coming". "Chalte chalte" is publicised to be a film of the entertaining variety.

PUNJAB FILM CORPORATION

The old team is again back, Ashok Kumar and Mumtaz

Shanti, in their "Padmini. It is supposed to be a music-cum-dance-cum-fun extravaganza. Muntaz Ali has joined together with Shanti to provide some eye-tilting dance recitals. The picture is moving fast at the Bombay Talikies' studios and Walli Saheb is behind the film, guiding and steering and directing it.

SANTOSHI PRODUCTIONS

Their "Kidki" is reported to be a film of heroes and heroines, a theme consisting of eleven couples. Mr. Santoshi is rumoured to be managing the

whole lot of them well on the sets of "Kidki".

BANNED

The Bombay Government has banned the following English films: "Ivy", "The Glass Alibi", "Decoy".

CAMERA WALKS AND TALKS IN WARNER'S "DARK PASSAGE"

A new technique in screen story-telling is to be seen in Warner's "Dark Passage" with Humphrey Bogart going unseen, except for his hands and feet, for the first one-third of the film.



A scene from Unity Pictures' Sai Baba.

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The idea, as developed by Delmer Daves, shows the camera doing everything Bogart does; in short, he takes the place of the camera. Everything on the screen is seen as though it were through Bogart's eyes. When other players talk to Bogart they speak through the camera.

One of the most obtuse problems... and one never satisfactorily solved... was the use of the camera to represent Bogart's drooping eyelids. Daves tried a fringed arch over the lens with a fuzzy outline to represent the lashes but failed to achieve the effect of an eyelid actually closing.

THE SEA OF GRASS

The Sea of Grass, starring Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn, has turned out into a sea of boredom. It is a story based on the grass, the cowboys and homesteaders and the theme does not at all appeal to the Indian mind, with its local sentiment. Katherine Hepburn fell flat on the Madras audience, having apparently outgrown her film career. Though now and then punctuated with brief patches of bright action, the overall impression is one of unqualified and unbearable boredom.

PRATHIBHA PICTURES

Their mammoth folklore "Balaraju" has been completed. We hear that the songs in this film are of a class as yet unheard of in the filmworld. Varaluxmi is reported to have given one of

her most magnificent performances in this film, and the ruthless comedian Siva Rao is expected to ache the sides of the cinegoers with tons of laughter.

Scheduled for release early in December, Balaraju should be keenly awaited by the public to whom Balaramiah's erstwhile "Three Maratees" has been a pleasing target of repeated excursions.

PRATHIBHA PICTURES

Bharani's "Ratnamala" is going to be released shortly. Bharani's now are on work on two more pictures, one presenting Bhanumati, the Bergman of the South, for the first time with Mahalingam, the high-shot hero of We Two.

UNITY PICTURES

Their maiden Sri Sai Baba is progressing in big strides. Leading artistes of the Telugu stage are now on the screen, like C.S.R., Addanki, Parupalli, etc. The rest of the cast is said to be composed of many new and talented artistes. The newly opened Chandra Art Studios is affording all facilities for the producers to complete the film as early as possible. It is reported that the film will be released on the eve of the ensuing Pongal.

SRI PADMANABHA PICTURES

Most of the songs for their folklore "Chandravanka" are

Fast Progressing "DHARMANGADA"



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A devotional scene from Sai Baba.

reported to have been already recorded. Nalam Nageswara Rao, a Honours guy from Bombay, we hear has made the songs exceptionally lilting. The shooting will start this month. The cast is led by Kanchan, N. A. Rau, etc.

KRANTI PICTURES

is a creative revolution and not mere imitation of anyone's ideas either of the past or the present. "What the world needs today man must think anew about all human problems and not about any particular system or belief," said J. Krishnamurthy, the great Indian thinker who is now in

Madras after a stay of nine years in foreign lands.

Inspired by the words of the above thinker, Kranti Pictures is said to have come into existence, to produce, distribute and exhibit talking pictures in 35mm and in 16mm.

Their maiden picture is Sankranti, (which of course rhymes well with Kranti) a Telugu social. The cast is expected to be composed of two topnotch stars, aided by talented unknowns handpicked with discretion for sheer virtue of their histrionic talents.

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SREE RAMA PRABHA PICTURES

T.M.R., the startling distributor guy, is going ahead securing the distribution rights for two more films. In the meantime elaborate arrangements to release Ratnamala at all important centres in the South are being made. The picture is said to be completed and the final touches are being given.

MAHATI PICTURES LTD.

They are now recording the songs of their film "Lakshamma". The story is from the pen of the well-known Andhra novelist Gopichand, who is also directing it. Malati and Ch. Narayana Rao are in the leading roles.

HIND ART PRODUCTIONS

Veerachari, a new-recruit to the world of producerdom, is shortly going to present to the filmgoers his mammoth folklore in Tamil "Satimati" with Malati as the heroine.

The story is written by Gopichand, one of the front rank writers of Andhra.

LEO FILMS

Their "Siva Yogi" is now under production at the Neptune Studios. Krishnan and Panju are wielding the megaphone. The cast includes Surabhi, Sarangapani, Dandapani Desigar and the side-splitting comedian T. R. Ramachandran. We hear that the film is certain to be released by Pongal. Their

next picture will be "Kavi Ratna Kalidass".

VIJAYANANDA PICTURE

Readers already know from these columns that the distribution rights for the entire South of Kidar Sharma's master creation "Neel Kamal" have been acquired by the above firm. The picture having the top-liner Begum Para in the stellar role is going to be released at the earliest moment.

UMA PICTURES LTD.

Their maiden "Kali Kalam" is shortly going to the sets with Umamaheswera Rao and Bhānumathi in the lead and under the direction of P. Pullayya.

G. B. NARAYAN & CO.

Mr. G. B. Narayana Rao is going to present his super mythological "Kankanam" which will be a good box office hit with some of its superb dance sequences.

He is making elaborate arrangements to release the picture as soon as possible and the cast includes Menaka and Ramaswamy with a galaxy of other talented stars.

BHARANI PICTURES LTD.

Their Telugu social "Suvaramala" is fast progressing at the Neptune Studios. Director K. Sadasiva Rao, on whose shoulders rose to the screen many a film in the past, is out to make it the most sensational hit of the year '48. South India's most popular singing siren



Balasaraswati & Suryanarayana watch the breakfast tray being brought in by the veteran actor Natesayya in "Suvarnamala".

Balasaraswati is co-starred with M. Suryanarayana and they are supported by Lingamurty, Miss Joshi and several others. We hear that this film is going to be something "big and great" and we need not observe here that K. Sadasiva Rao not only knows how to catch the bus, but also knows to deliver the goods.

DHIRAN & CO.

K. Subramanyam is to be congratulated for introducing the talented Travancore sisters, Lalitha and Padmini, in the picture Gokul Dasi which is fast progressing at the Neptune's.

Lalitha and Padmini, already too well known, should impart some classic colour to this film with their dance recitals and we hear they have already achieved it.

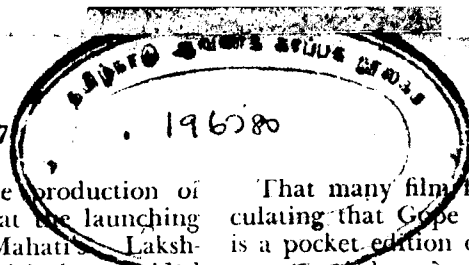
SRI RAMANANDA PICTURES

"Madanamala" in Tamil featuring Sri Ram and Rajini is almost completed at the Newtone Studios. K. Vembu is the director.

IS IT TRUE ?

That Minister Chandramouli congratulated the other day "The Newtone Pictures" for

NOVEMBER 1947



undertaking the production of Lakshmamma, at the launching ceremony of Mahatma Lakshmamma on which he presided and clicked the camera?

That comedian Dixit is now a broken man with Mazar Khan declared insolvent and the *ex parte* decree for Rs. 4,000/- in his plumpy hand?

That the Protima-Para combination instead of shooting up the expectations of the readers of Filmindia is filling them with much fun and more frolic?

That Chandra Prabha Cine-tone has realised that it is not worth an iota of publicity the pompous encomiums secured from the popular Ministers and lady Governors, and that they have decided to start a campaign on the correct lines of publicity in the Indian journals that count and clamour?

That the new-find Kanchan is confident of wearing a million *malas* down her neck by displacing Kanchanamala from the memories of the filmgoers?

That Krishnaveni has decided to improve and is therefore reading a copy of Tempo with unnatural regularity?

That Ashok Kumar is teaching smoking to Walli Saheb and that Walli Saheb is teaching "pegs" to Ashok Kumar, while both are sitting together watching Mumtaz Ali and Mumtaz Shanti dance out their hearts?

That many film fans are speculating that Gope of "Jharna" is a pocket edition of Dixit, the omnibus volume?

That having turned insolvent after the production of "Sona", Mazar Khan is now thinking of producing a film called "Mitti" to see if the reverse effects will take place?

That ever since the inauguration of the spectacular "Indian Dancers Series" in Tempo, dozens of minor dancing fry are going round Temporao carrying their photos and crying out their life stories?

And that Temporao, has decided to rid himself of them, by running to Ooty to blaze a new trail with the editor of CHARIOT?

That tens of film producers are rushing to Temporao for buying the film rights of the novel "The Voyage Through Warm Blood" with advance cheques, and that Temporao like the Exalted Nizam of Hyderabad is postponing settlement to gain enough time?

That Bhanumati has at last bought the car in which she was craving to ride ever since her "Vara Vikrayam" days for a modest sum of rupees twenty thousand?

That Nehru's grandson had a quarrel scene with Sheik Abdulla for being forced to pose before the camera in his arms when he is old enough to stand and pose on his legs?

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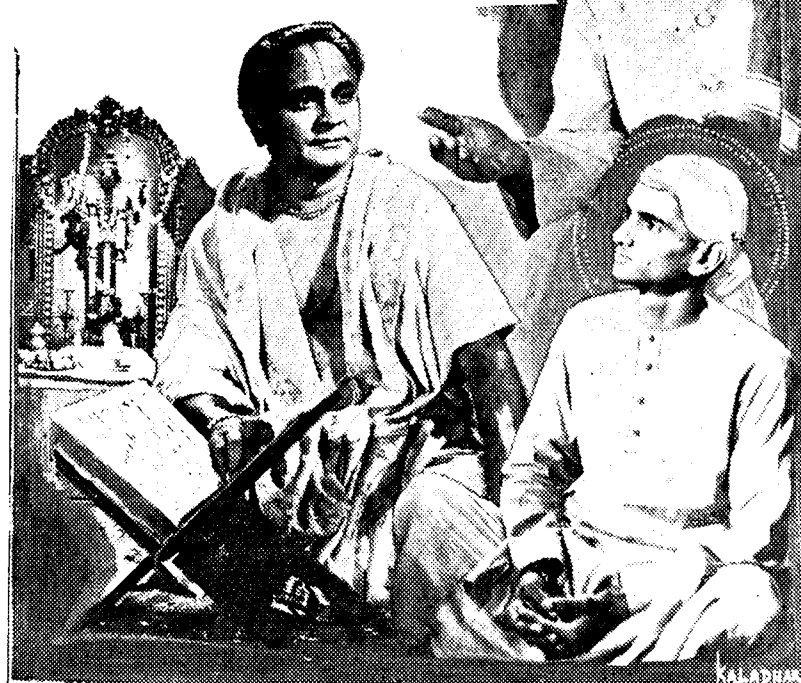
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November 1947



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