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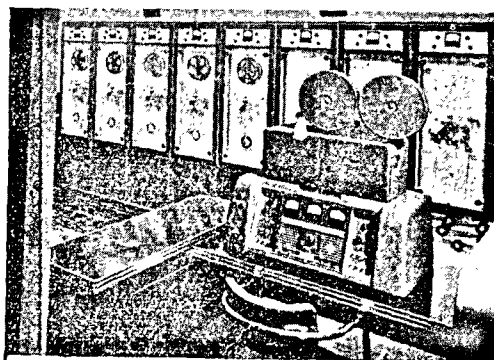
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as
Joan of Arc

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AUGUST 1949

No. 4

THE SILENT PROTEST

The Second Anniversary of India's Independence passed on without much ado and enthusiasm.

Except for a few official and private flag-hoisting celebrations, platform dialectical exhibitions and tree-planting ceremonies, the general public spent the day as they would on any other holiday.

Even last year the celebrations which were foreshadowed and blurred by the grief of the Nation on its FATHER'S sad demise were of better calibre and the people welcomed the First Anniversary of India's Independence with subdued but very sincere enthusiasm.

So this year's lack of enthusiasm and a general show of disinterestedness on the part of the public can only be construed as their silent but eloquent protest against the maladministration of the country by its present leaders; it is only a potential symptom of their disillusionment and rank disappointment at the failure of the Congress Governments at the Centre and the Provinces to redeem their pledges and high-sounding promises.

The record of the Congress Governments' achievements during the past two years is not very encouraging when viewed against the background of the country's summated progress on all fronts and fields.

It is of course a fact that the Govt. of India can justifiably be proud of their grand success in the liquidation of the Princely

States and their integration, in most cases, with the Provinces or the Centre; they can proudly proclaim their victory in the Hyderabad and Kashmir Campaigns which showed to our enemies and friends the might and prowess of the Indian Militia.

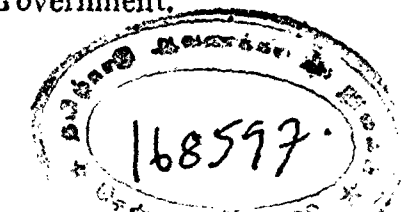
But there should end the record on their credit side.

The fundamental and the most important proviso of the Congress Manifesto still remains a dream on paper, viz. to improve the lot of the peasants, the labourers and the discarded middle-class by giving them scope and opportunities for a decent living; to give freedom of speech, expression and writing to voice their legitimate grievances; to give everybody the opportunity and incentive to augment his or her intellectual and educative potentialities and to develop and nationalise the key indigenous industries so as to make this country industrially a much advanced unit in the world context.

The Governments at the Centre and the Provinces have callously disregarded this proviso and its implications.

To put forward the stereotyped plea that they took up the remnants of a crumbling governmental edifice mutilated and hampered by Partition and beset with the most baffling Refugee problem, whenever the electorate demand for some essential reform of very great significance, is at complete variance with the dignity and prestige of a good Government.

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Among their various promises to industrialise the country and help the industrialists to develop and expand the struggling indigenous industries, was a promise to look into the affairs of the Film Industry also.

But during the course of the last two years of independence, the Govts. at the Centre or the provinces have not bestowed an iota of attention on this industry which ranks 8th in this country in importance and 2nd in the world in Raw-film consumption, except for squeezing and re-squeezing it for more and more taxes.

The Enquiry Committee promised by the Central Government to go into the conditions of the Film Industry and recommend improvements is still to begin their work; like all the other promises of the Govt. it has not yet come out of the birth-pangs.

For all complaints placed before any Minister of the Centre or the Provinces, there has been only one parrot-like reply "The Enquiry Committee will go into them".



Attired at most times in Adam's robes, Madhuri appears in appealing feminine fashion also in Jupiter's Kanniyin kathali

Later on another promise was made by Mr. R. R. Diwakar, the Minister of State for Information and Broadcasting, that the Centre will appoint a Central Board of Film Censors; it proved to be another bluff.

The one branch of the industry where the Government laid their hands was the field of News-reel and Documentary production; with all their concerted efforts and organisation they have only bungled in every step they have taken in such production activities.

The Films Division of the Government of India is a mountain in labour producing a mouse.

It has done nothing useful or worthwhile during the last two years except waste 33 lakhs of tax-payers' money every year.

The very few products of this organisation are yet to see the light of the day as the Govt. have not yet been able to come to an arrangement with the Exhibitors regarding the exhibition of these shorts.

The exhibitors, we think, are justified to some extent in that almost all the News-reels which the Films Division has so far succeeded in manufacturing are more or less Congress party propaganda machines, picturing the activities and preachings of the Congress leaders who man the Govts. at the Centre and the provinces and the other big bosses of the party and as such not of uniform and special interest to the audience. Approved films, we think, cannot and should not be party propaganda mediums.

Even if the Govt. and the exhibitors come to some agreement, the Govt. have no sufficient number of films to be supplied continuously for exhibition.

Had the Govt. taken the film industry into confidence and given them sufficient encouragement, the film market would have been by this time flooded with News-reels and Documentaries.

But then our Governments cannot be credited with much intelligence and administrative diplomacy.

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Thus today's situation is that IN THE COURSE OF TWO YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE the Govt. have wasted 33 Lakhs a year on the alleged production of News reels and documentaries, but to no purpose.

IN THE TWO YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE, the Provincial Govts. have proceeded to tax the industry without rhyme or reason; from the maximum of 25% Entertainment Tax it has now shot up to 75% in some provinces.

IN THE TWO YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE, more films have been scissored or banned due to the application of puritan moral principles and the most unimaginative and inefficient forms of censorship adopted by the various provincial censors.

IN THE TWO YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE, occurred the most historic and unprecedented Protest Strike of the Film Industry at the callousness of the Governmental taxation measures; the entire



Independence Day was celebrated at the Commercial Printing & Publishing House on August 16th. The National Flag was unfurled by Mr. Sivagnana Gramaniam, Congress leader of Madras (5th from left). Mr. P. Arunachalam, Manager of the Press is standing 4th from left.



Her fate was strange—to fall in love with one of her own sex! Anjali gives a good performance in Jupiter's Kanniyinkathali

industry suspended work for one day on June 30, 1949.

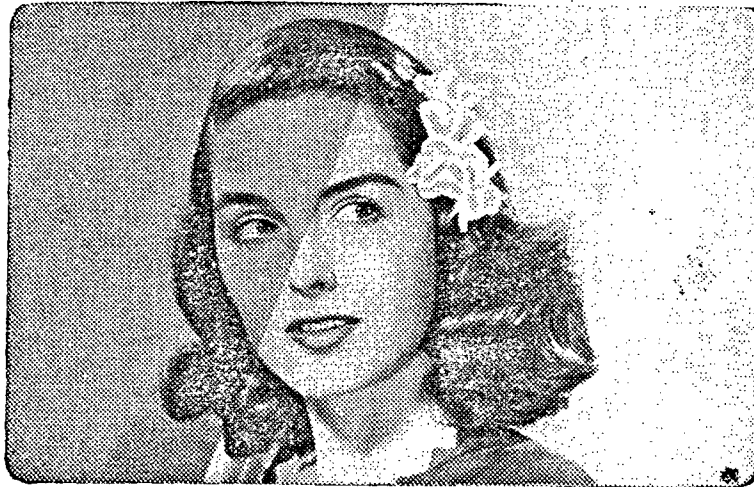
The above are the items of importance that come before us in our retrospective examination of the industry and its progress in the two years of independence.

Such a bird's eye view of the affairs of the industry during the course of the last two years does not give us any source for pride or consolation; the film industry, to put it frankly, has not so far felt the impact of Freedom and its concomitant blessings.

We enter the Third Year of Independence with our usual robust optimism and faith in the good future of this country; we also feel that the Film industry will, in the long run, receive the attention it deserves from the Government though our current progress and politics do not leave us much hope for any immediate salvation.

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NOTES & COMMENTS



Film Star Duped?

It is reported that Smt. V. N. Janaki, a film actress of Madras has filed a complaint with the Crimes Branch of the City Police against her maternal uncle Mr. N. Narayan, and Mr. Ramamurthy, an accountant in a local studio to the effect that the latter two have duped her to the tune of Rs. 36,000.

It appears that Mr. Narayanan joined Miss Janaki as her Manager some four years back to look after her interests and affairs on a monthly salary of Rs. 200. It is also reported that Mr. Narayanan took the help of Mr. Ramamurthy to keep up the accounts.

Miss Janaki has stated in her complaint that so far she has earned Rs. 1,20,000 in the film business and that Mr. Narayanan had been so long doing faithful service to her.

But recently, it appears, Mr. Narayanan wanted Miss Janaki to consent to marry somebody whom she did not love. Janaki refused to comply with the request of Mr. Narayanan. Miss Janaki complaints that to spite her for this disappointment, Mr. Narayanan with the help of the accountant Ramamurthy has defrauded her to the tune of Rs. 36,000.

The Crimes Branch of the City Police are investigating the case.

MERE TALL TALK.

In the 2nd week of December 1948, the Government of India made a pompous announcement that they would very shortly be appointing a Film Enquiry Committee to enquire into the conditions of the film industry in India, its growth and present organisation, the influence of the imports of foreign films on the indigenous industry and other factors connected with the industry in its various aspects. It was also announced that the committee will consist of 4 members, viz., 2 representatives one each from the

Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Industry and Supply, and a member of the Constituent Assembly and the fourth a representative of the film industry.

Though we were not very enthusiastic over this announcement due to its restricted composition in personnel as well as terms of reference, yet we welcomed it simply for the interest the Government of India was taking in this industry. Even such a conservative and pro-congress paper like the HINDU editorially commented, "In our opinion, neither the scope of the enquiry nor its personnel seems well-designed. The preliminary ideas put forward by the Government of India suggest that they are not in touch with the latest developments in the film industry and trade in other countries....." The same sentiments were echoed by Mr. Pulla Reddi, the Home Secretary of the Government of Madras, speaking at a meeting of the Cine Technicians' Association on the 16th December 1948.

Again on March 29, 1949, Mr. R. R. Diwakar, the Minister of State, Information and Broadcasting told Mr. Seth Govind Das in the Indian Parliament that the question of establishing a Central Board of Film Censors is under the consideration of the Government of India.

Eight months have elapsed since the announcement was made regarding the setting up of an Enquiry Committee and 4 months since that of the Central Board of Film Censors.

But both still remain either as announcements in the files of the Secretariat or as splendid ideas in the brain-pan of the Ministers concerned.

We do not overlook the obvious fact that with the transference of

power to the Congress leaders, the foreign bureaucracy had also transferred their meritorious and splendid record of *red-tapism*. But yet we never realised that there will be so much of delay and gutlessness on the part of our administrators to redeem the pompous pledges they made in season and out of season to the gullible public.

Meanwhile the film industry is dragging on its wearied existence under the Sword of Democles held over its head by the various provincial Governments and their parrot-Censors.

We cannot believe that the Government of India were not sincere in their announcements. As things stand today, even if the committee is appointed now, it will take not less than another year for it to conduct the enquiry, one year more to prepare and submit its report to the Government and another year for the Government to study the report and put into effect the recommendations of the Committee.

What an efficiency and promptness in action! It would have been



Motilal's presence does not suffice to cool dow 'Madhubala's grief! A scene from Akash Chitra's HANSTE ANSU

better had the Government simply kept quiet and not made such false announcements; or have they still any idea left of carrying out their announcements in action?

Well, let us patiently wait and see how far the truth-and-nonviolent-preaching congressites put into practice what they have preached. We will only comment now that had these leaders did things more in action than in words it would have been better for them as well as the people.

TELL US ANOTHER STORY, MR. PATEL!!!

And so the Gemini film CHANDRALEKHA was sent by the Government of India as a representative best film among Indian Pictures for exhibition at the Fourth International Film Festival at Prague which is being held from July 23rd to August 7, 1949.

We cannot understand the logic behind this selection of CHANDRALEKHA as a representative one among Indian pictures, nor are we able to comprehend the curious standards of judgment and appreciation of the selectors.

We would like to know from the Government of India, which honest critic ever gave this picture any pride of place among our film productions? Most of the journals and newspapers of course appreci-

ated the technical excellence of the production but no one ever said that in other respects CHANDRALEKHA reached even an average standard of production. We ourselves wrote as early as April 1948 "Coming as it does after nearly three years under production involving tens of lakhs of rupees and from one of the well-equipped studios in South India, CHANDRALEKHA is a big disappointment, inasmuch as it turned out to be a mere overdressed dross. If the greatness or the merit of a picture is to be assessed only by the extravagant settings in it or its technical excellence then, no doubt CHANDRALEKHA deserves to be called the outstanding picture that South India has produced so far. Beyond this, CHANDRALEKHA fails to come even near an average picture production."

But strangely enough our benign Central Government decided to label CHANDRALEKHA as the best picture of the year.

We ask, what was the criterion for this selection? If the Government were dazzled due to the house-full collections for the picture, week after week, in each centre of its release and dubbed the picture as best we are definitely sorry for this lapse of efficiency and knowledge on their part. There had been other pictures which were better box-office successes than CHANDRALEKHA like KISMET and RATAN, or was it the publicity stunt that treated the hallow round the picture?

We would, however impress on the authorities responsible for this unwise selection that the box-office collection of a picture is the least reliable index to evaluate the worth and quality of a picture and that many of the box-office hits have proved mere flops technically, thematically, and artistically. The mind of the masses work in strange ways.

We are afraid that Mr. S. S. Vasan's munificence with regard to the Gandhi Memorial Fund for which he magnanimously contributed a sum of Rs. One Lak (no other producer in India has so far dared



She is of course inseparable from him! T. A. Madhuram also comes in RATNAKUMAR.

to pay even a tenth part of such an amount for the purpose) should have gone to a very great extent to influence Mr. Patel, Nehru & Co., to show their appreciation of his philanthropy and to select his 'melodramatic circus' as the best among Indian pictures. After all for his one lakh of rupees Mr. Vasan also must get some dividend!

We know various other reported instances where contributions to the Gandhi Memorial Fund have drawn lot of favours from the Government to the contributors—This is only another instance.

If the Government of India deny this assertion of ours, we challenge them to appoint a panel of honest and non-official critics to judge the merits of this circus picture.

We are sorry that the standard of judgment, fair-play and justice of our Democratic Government are thus being adversely influenced by the deliberate and calculated tactics of unscrupulous capitalists, who trap our innocent administrators very easily.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.....???

We had no intention of writing anything even remote about the Advertisement Tax Bill introduced by the Finance Minister in the Legislature before the Bill is annulled out by the Select Committee and comes before the public in its final



Though having a difficult role to portray, Madhubala does it well and begets your admiration in Akash Chitra's HANSTE ANSU.

form Neither are we going to do it now.

But the gluttal peregrinations and panegyrics indulged in by some of the white-capped celebrities adorning the Ministerial chairs in the Sanctum of the Madras Government regardnig the soundness and propriety of this Bill call forth from us some general comments regarding the curious understanding of some of our Ministers about public administration.

We are told that we are ruled by Governments who are unflinchingly democratic in constitution based on the theory of 'Joint Responsibility.' We shall try to believe it.

But our complaint is that some of the Ministers of the Madras Government are practising this theory to such ridiculous extents as to invoke not only our latent sense of humour but also some sparks of sympathy!

For instance some of the Ministers here rarely speak on subjects coming under their own portfolios, but proudly perorate a good lot on subjects coming under the portfolios of their other colleagues in the cabinet. We think that they are practising 'Joint Responsibility' with a vengeance.

A certain Minister of the Madras Government who had been to the United Kingdom as a member of some Delegation recently doled out some fantastic nonsense there about the intention of the Madras Government to double the fleet of Buses in the Nationalised Transport Department. Pat came a repudiation of this declaration from the Transport Minister here, who outspokenly declared that so far not even the idea of increasing the number of buses has entered the Government's mind, let alone doubling the fleet. But to save the face of his colleague in London, he made a passing statement that once there was some talk of increasing the number of the Diesel buses and it was probably to that item that his colleague alluded. That is a specimen of 'Joint Responsibility.'

We have alluded to the above instance because two of the Ministers of the Government recently went to great pains in justifying the introduction of the Advertisement Tax Bill—two ministers who have nothing to do about the Bill. One was the Minister in charge of Education, and the other the Minister in charge of Industries.

The Bill has been subjected to a lot of firing inside as well as outside the Legislature, in the platforms and the Press. It is no doubt a highly controversial Bill and the Finance Minister has referred it to the Select Committee.

We can understand the Finance Minister talking endlessly answering the criticisms against the Bill and justifying its introduction as taxation is his look-out and comes under his direct jurisdiction. But what we cannot understand and digest is this irresponsible talk of other Ministers who intrude in the subjects of others and talk some glib.

We are afraid that such forms of democracy exist only in this country. When Foreign Minister Bevin for the first time talked in the House of Commons on the Dollar Crisis recently, it was beforehand explained that he was doing it in the absence of the Chancellor of Exchequer and that too everybody in the Parliament and outside had the

foreknowledge about the affair. Such instances when Ministers transgress their limits and speak on affairs where they need not actually intrude are exceptions in the other democratic countries but a regular rule in our country—whether it is inside the Houses of Parliament or Legislatures or outside them.

We hope our Ministers who have more experience of Jail-life than that of Office-life won't drag this joint responsibility theory to ridiculous lengths.

REFORMS WITHOUT ANY PRINCIPLE.

Most of our Congress Governments of the provinces have during the last 2 years of their overlordships introduced reforms after reforms for the so-called moral uplift and material prosperity of the people. Outstanding among these are Prohibition of Drinks and Banning of Smoking in cinemas and theatres.

We have, like many other of our confreres attacked the puritanical and absurd measures of these inexperienced Governments. But sitting at the Olympian highs of vanity and self-importance, our dogmatic leaders never cared two hoots for the sensible cries of their critics including even the Prime Minister of India and rushed on with their mad programmes.

So after Prohibition, came banning of smoking in cinemas and places of any entertainment, first in Bombay and then in Madras. We viewed with great apprehension this systematic infringement and regimentation of the primary and civil liberties of a people who after years of suffering are told to believe that they are now FREE. We requested the Government to lay off their dirty hands from the few of the pleasures, past-times and necessities which are the maximum the rampant poverty hanging over them allow our people to indulge in. But with the usual audacity of dictators, the leaders never cared and moved ahead.

Smoking was first banned by the Madras Government some months back in the cinemas and theatres of



A face which never bores the Masses. N. S. Krishnan in RATNAKUMAR.

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Associate
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Music
**GOUR GOSWAMI
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Direction
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the mofussil towns of this presidency. The City of Madras was then excluded as the introduction of such a measure involved legal technicalities like the amendment of the City Police Act. But on July 13th came an announcement from the Government that they had banned smoking in the city theatres also—for the present during Matinee shows only.

While smoking is entirely banned in the kinemas and other places of entertainment in the mofussil, it is banned only for the matinee shows in the city, leaving the night shows unaffected.

We are at a loss to understand the logic behind this differential treatment meted out to the theatres in the mofussil and city. The Bombay Government never made such a differentiation. They banned it outright throughout the Province. If our puritan-leaders rushed to introduce such a reform because smoking affected the health of their people, well we think that the effect is the same whether one smokes in a mofussil theatre or one in the city! Or if it is to reduce the inconvenience to non-smokers, there also we cannot understand how the non-smokers will suffer the punishment during the night shows in the city theatres.

The Government have defeated their own purpose. They have clearly shown that there is practically no principle behind the introduction of this reform, except a desire to show off themselves as wielding any amount of power to do anything. If they are fully confident about the sanity and soundness of their reform, why can't they go with it right through in full and not in half-measures? When they have decided to do something, whether the people like it or not, let them do it with courage and conviction and not sulk like cowards.

Let the Government either scrap this ridiculous programme completely (which is our sincere advice) or enforce it in full throughout the province simultaneously (which we

suggest to save the Governments' face!).

JUPITERS TO FOLLOW GEMINI.

Encouraged at the tremendous success and ovation which Mr. Vasan's CHANDRALEKHA in Hindi received at the hands of the North India public, Messrs. Jupiter Pictures are now embarking upon a similar venture and will shortly be going into the sets with their Hindi production.

While details are being worked out, we reliably learn that they have already engaged Pandit Sudarshan on a one year contract to write the scripts and screen-plays in Hindi.

We applaud and appreciate this venturesome spirit which some of our producers are exhibiting of late. We are also glad that Mr. Vasan and Jupiters had the courage to lead the others in the field who, womanlike, wail day and night that they have only a restricted market to exploit in the South and consequently they want all sort of special privileges and considerations.

We wish Jupiters all success in this new venture of theirs and we feel sure that with their past experience they will do things efficiently and raise the prestige of the Industry down here.

RAM GOPAL TO HOLLYWOOD.

Cecil B. DeMille, the noted Hollywood producer, it is understood, plans producing a film with an Indian theme, Indian cast and Indian music and dance. It is also learnt that he has already booked the internationally-famous Indian dancer Ram Gopal to play in the picture.

Ram Gopal is now in India touring all places with his troupe and giving performances. He has not yet fixed up any definite programme regarding his tour to Hollywood; only he has intimated Cecil B. De Mille about his acceptance of the offer.

UDAY SHANKAR'S TRIUMPH.

Uday Shankar's film KALPANA has received a prize in the Brussels International Film Festival for its 'Excellent Quality'.

An Italian film received the First Prize for all-round excellence in film art. KALPANA was bracketted with an American film HOME OF THE BRAVE and was recognised as one of the best five which received prizes out of scores of European and American films.

EXHIBITORS' STRANGE PLEA.

We have commented in these columns last month regarding the ballyhoo raised by the exhibitors in connexion with the screening of the products of the Films Division of the Government of India. It appears that these exhibitors have now realised the folly of their stand and are willing to screen the approved films.

But now they have put forward another strange plea. The deputation of exhibitors which met the Home Secretary of the Government of Madras on the 1st of August in this connexion seems to have pleaded that the Government should come round and agree to supply the films on a 'cash and carry system' instead of weekly rentals and deposits. They wanted the Madras Government to intercede on their behalf with the Government of India and see that the Government do not insist on deposits.

To reduce the films to the status of any other marketable commodity which come under the cash and carry basis, is, in our opinion, a little foolish and absurd. The Government are not going to be benefited to any extent by the paltry sums the exhibitors give as deposits; neither will the Government dupe the exhibitors for such paltry sums. Then why this hesitation and procrastination?

We hope the exhibitors will see the unsound basis of their stand and will co-operate with the Government without forcing the hands

of the Government to make them do things.

DEATH TAKES ITS TOLL.

Within the space of a week, two important film personalities fell victims under the cruel hands of Death, one Jaddan Bai and the other Rampyari. Jaddanbai, the famous songstress and Producer and the mother of Nargis died suddenly of heartfailure in the early hours of the 22nd July 1949.

Rampyari died as the result of the injuries she sustained due to a car accident. Though she was given all the medical aid required, yet all the skill could not save her from the inexorable fate.

TALK-A-TONE condoles with others in the industry at the above calamities and extends its sympathy and good-will to the relations and friends of the deceased.

PRABHAT GOING TO ROCKS ?

Reports reaching us reveal a very sad state of affairs in the Prabhat Studios, Poona, and it is now gathered that the partners have quarrelled over the future working of the studios. It is also known that one of the partners, Mrs. Damle has filed a petition for the appointment of a Court receiver to wind up the business of the concern.

STOP THIS REVOLTING PRACTICE.

Last week when we had been to see a film in the local Midland Theatre, we witnessed the curious sight of the management closing the doors of the theatre towards the end of the shows. On enquiry we were told that it was to see that none of the audience got out till the exhibition of the National Flag of India was over—till everybody has paid his or her respect to the Nation's flag.

This is the first time in this city that we observe such a practice in any theatre though there have been suggestions for introducing such a procedure. We have not come across with any Order of the Madras Government to enforce respect to

the Flag of India—or asking the managements of the city or mofussil kinemas to close the doors of the halls during the showing of the flag on the screen, thus compelling everybody inside to respect the Flag.

Some months ago, the Bombay Government in their Solomon-like wisdom passed such an order in that province. People laughed at the comic sight of the managements frantically rushing to close the doors towards the *finis* of the shows as if somebody inside did commit a murder and the culprit should not be allowed to escape. But the Order did not remain in force for even a week. The Government were made to see the absurdity behind their foolish order and they gallantly withdrew the same.

To compel an audience to pay respect to the National Flag is the height of stupidity. Religiosity and reverence are not instilled by compulsion; they are the spontaneous manifestation of the innate divinity or finer sentiments in man.

Psychologically this action on the part of the management should produce the contrary effect. Human nature resents too much regimentation of its thinking and acting faculty. To compel the audience to pay respect to the Flag is an insult to the Flag; it shows that the Flag does not command voluntary and spontaneous exhibition of the peoples' reverence.

We admit that many in the audience try to get out of the theatres immediately the feature films are over. They have not yet realised their status and prestige as free citizens of a free country, because they have not yet felt the impact of freedom and its multifarious blessings.

We demand that the audience be treated as a crowd of sensible citizens and not as a herd of cattle to be guided and cowed down. This revolting practice of compelling people to pay respect to the Flag must immediately stop. The Government must issue clear cut orders that till the time that the citizens realise the status and prestige of the



With a coquettish glance Banumathi expects to play the trick in RATNAKUMAR!

Flag and give it due respect voluntarily no kinema should screen the Flag at the end of any show.

CHAMBER'S FORMULA.

The Southern India Film Chamber of Commerce has suggested to the Government a formula for resolving the longstanding dispute between the owners of permanent theatres and touring cinemas in regard to lease, issue of licence and other allied matters.

The owners of the permanent theatres, it is stated, contended that the presence of touring cinemas in the proximity of their theatres affected their business and that, having invested a larger sum of money in the shape of permanent buildings, better projectors and other things, they had a right to claim a limited monopoly at least in the areas in which they were operating. On the other hand, it was being urged on behalf of touring cinemas that these served a useful purpose in rural areas, where their utility had increased considerably after the introduction of Prohibition as a means of entertainment.

The Film Chamber convened a meeting last week, when the views of representatives of both interests were heard. Finally the following



Debonnaire Amarnath play the role of hero in Producer-Director Narang's NAI BHABI.

compromise formula was evolved: Every place with a population of 15,000 ought to have only one touring cinema or a permanent theatre; in places with a population of less than 30,000 and more than 22,500, touring cinemas may be allowed, in addition to a permanent theatre already if any, provided the distance between the permanent theatre and the touring cinema is about a mile and the rates of admission in both are the same. Where the population exceeded 30,000, it is suggested that a touring cinema might be allowed, provided its distance from the permanent theatre is two miles.

In places where there are no permanent theatres, the Film Chamber has suggested that touring cinemas might be licensed to operate for nine months instead of six as heretofore.

The Film Chamber has also proposed that a permanent site be chosen for locating touring cinemas by the Government, District Boards, or the Panchayats, and thus obviate unnecessary delay that is being caused to owners of touring cinemas in fixing up the locality for their show.

The above proposals, the Film Chamber state, might be put through on an experimental basis for a

period of one year, after which they might be amended in the light of experience gained during this period.

B. N. SIRCAR TO THE WEST:

Mr. B. N. Sircar, the founder-proprietor of the famous New Theatres, Calcutta is shortly proceeding on a three-month holiday visit to the foreign countries. During his sojourn in America and England he will be visiting the citadels of the film industry in those countries and learn a good lot which he can profitably adopt in the production of his own pictures at Calcutta.

A devotee of the Film Muse for the last twenty years, Mr. Sircar can today boast of a very proud place as the promoter and guardian of an infant industry whose destiny, he has helped well to shape. New Theatres has the distinction of having been the creators of class pictures and a major part of the credit should go to the untiring efforts of Mr. Sircar. Who can forget those masterpieces of Film-literature: CHANDIDAS, DEVADAS, PRESIDENT, DUSHMAN, LAGAN, etc.?

After 20 years of hectic activities Mr. Sircar really needs a well-earned holiday. We wish him bon voyage and hope that he will prove a worthy Cultural Ambassador of this ancient land.

VASUNDHARA DEVI SUES HER HUSBAND:

A few months back we mentioned in these columns the split that had occurred between Vasundhara Devi and her husband Mr. M. D. Raman and the consequent shifting of Mr. Raman to a new premises with his mother-in-law and daughter Vyjayanthimala. Further to this state of affairs, it is reported that Mrs. Vasundhara has now filed a petition in the High Court of Madras for appointing her as the guardian of (her minor daughter) Vyjayanthimala under the Guardianship and Wards Act.

The petitioner has alleged in her petition that early in April 1949 her husband and mother

contrived to remove her daughter from her custody and set up a new home spending the money earned by her daughter by giving dance recitals.

Mr. Raman has contested the claim of his wife and contents that he is the proper guardian of his daughter and that he spends the money only for her further advancements in the field of dancing.

Mr. Justice Rajagopalan, before whom the petition came for hearing, on the 12th of August, has postponed the petition for a month for final hearing. His Lordship also ordered Mr. Raman to file a list of jewels of the girl and also a statement of the main income and expenditure before the 5th of every month till the disposal of the main petition. The latter order was a sequel to Mrs. Vasundhara's application asking the respondents to deposit the jewels and money of the girl in the court.

MADRAS GOVERNMENT'S GESTURE:

With a view to improving the quality of pictures produced in South India the Government of Madras have decided to award a medal and trophy costing not more than Rs. 500 for the best film in each of the Telugu and Tamil languages during the year 1949. The selection will be made by a committee of judges specially constituted for the purpose and the competition will be held early in 1950. The President of the Board of Film Censors has been authorised to receive applications accompanied by an entrance fee of Rs 50 with each application which will not be refunded under any circumstances.

INDIAN FILMS TO EDINBURG:

Five films from India will be among the 150 from 26 countries to be shown at the Third International Festival of Documentary Films which will be held from August 21, to September 11, as part of the 1949 Edinburg festival. These films SAGA IN STONE, HANDICRAFTS OF INDIA, SINDRI PROJECT, COUNTRY CRAFT, and TREE OF WEALTH are representative of India's work in documentary field.

K.B. LALL
Presents



K.B. LALL'S
Next



Music:
HUSSANLAL BHAGATRAM

हंसते आंसू

Music:
GHULAM MOHAMED

FEATURING:
MADHUBALA
MOTILAL * GOPE
MIRZA MUSHARAFF
JANKI DAS
&
NIGAR SULTANA

AKASH CHITRA
FAMOUS CINE LAB. & STUDIO, WAIN'S Rd. MAHALAXMI BOMBAY

RAM GOPAL'S DANCE RECITALS IN MADRAS

By R. Srinivasan B.A., B.L.,

Fresh with laurels from a continental dance tour, Ram Gopal arrived in India about two months ago. On reaching Bangalore, his home town, he gathered together his old friends, dancers and musicians and reorganised them into a troupe to set out on a dance tour of South India.

Ram Gopal did first-class publicity in the newspapers of Madras and copiously published "press opinions" regarding his art to arouse public interest. After giving three performances at the New Opera, Bangalore, he came to Madras to open a season of his dance recitals at the St. Mary's Hall, in the hope of taking Madras by storm, which he described in an interview as "the most art-loving city in the Far East." The shows which were independently arranged by Ram Gopal were held from the 19th to the 23rd July 1949, in the said Hall, which has a seating capacity for 800 persons.

Madras is the touch-stone of dancers. It is the most critical city in India in regard to dancers and dancing, and no other town possesses so many dancers, dance-lovers, dance-critics and connoisseurs of the art. Almost every dance performance in Madras even by a mediocre artist attracts fairly large crowds and when a good dancer appears, the houses are filled to capacity, and, at times, even accommodation is not available. Strangely enough, Ram Gopal, advertised as "India's Ace Dancer" and supported by "World press opinions," who came to dance in Madras after three years, drew on the first day only a crowd of three hundred persons, out of which most of the people were invited guests and press representatives. On the second day, the crowd dwindled

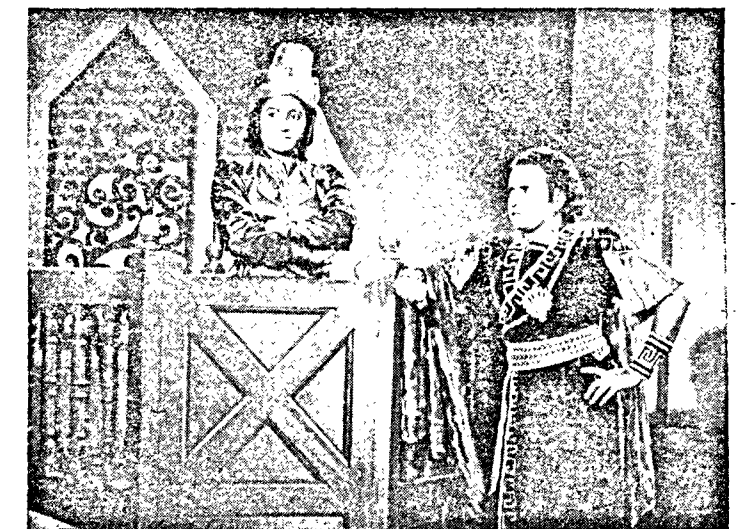
down to two hundred people and in order to save the situation, Ram Gopal immediately effected a fifty per cent cut in the admission tickets. On all the subsequent days, the attendance was poor, and only four hundred people were present at the last show on the 23rd instant. Ram Gopal, the dancer of International reputation, did not get a single capacity house in Madras.

Now, the question arises why Ram Gopal got a cold reception in Madras. In the first place, the art-loving and dance-minded public of Madras does not care for western criticism of Indian dancing. They regard it as ignorant and ill-informed, and not worthy of notice. Therefore, the tributes paid to an Indian dancer by European critics, who do not know even the A. B. C. of Indian dancing, do not carry any weight with the judges and critics

of Indian dancing. Hence, the world press opinions left the dance lovers of Madras cold and did not kindle the dance instinct of the people of this place, nor were they carried away by publicity stunts and bluffs.

Ram Gopal's programme on the first day was a great disappointment when seen and judged in the light of his sensational publicity and the reputation he enjoys as a dancer. The orchestra was extremely poor and unimpressive and not fit for the stage of an International dancer. People who have seen the orchestra of Uday Shanker and Menaka, two other International dancers were shocked to see Ram Gopal's poor orchestra. Gramophone records were used for the dances in addition to the orchestra. The troupe is a patch-work and consists of borrowed artistes who do not belong to Ram Gopal's company. The programme on each day was almost the same and there were very few changes. In order to relieve the monotony of his dance programmes, Ram Gopal invited two local amateur dancers, Baby Nirmala Vishvanathan, a ten year old girl, and Robiroy Chowdry, a thoroughly raw and inexperienced dancer and produced them on his professional stage.

With the exception of Kumudini, the Kathak dancer and Anur the



Female in Male garb Madhuri Devi as Adithyan proves a good rival to Vasanthakumar (Natarajan) in Jupiter's Kanniyin kathali.

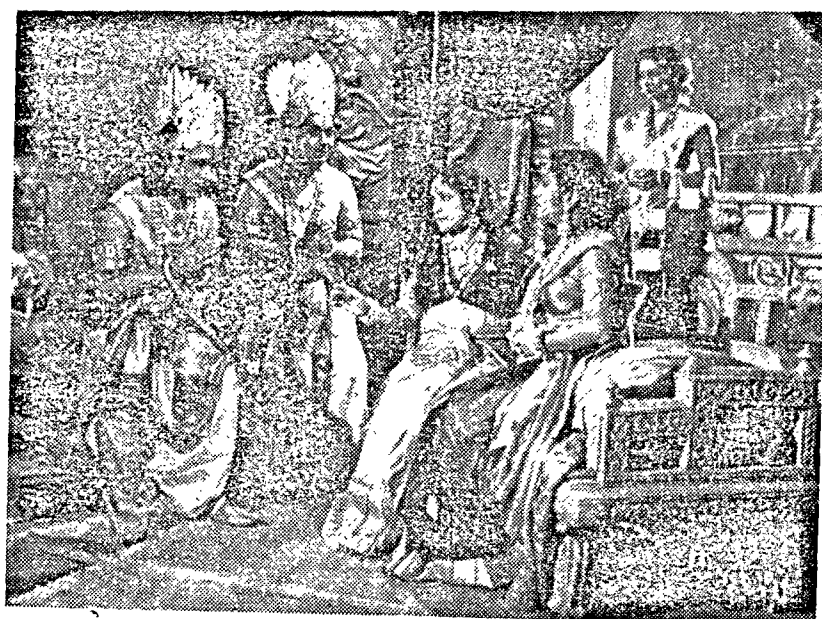
NEARING COMPLETION!

Freedom of Nation is a great Achievement and
Still greater is

RAM VIVAH

(BASED ON TULSIKRIT RAMAYAN)

A PREM ADIB MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION



Cast :

SHOBHANA SAMARTH -
PREM ADIB -
UMAKANT -
YASHODHARA KATJU -
SHANTA KUNWAR -
SHEELA NAIK -
BHAGWANDAS -
DAR KASHMIRI -
NIRANJAN SHARMA -
&
RAJ ADIB -

Art :

KANU DESAI

Music :

SHANKER RAO VYAS

Dance :

PREM DHAVAN

Photography :

Y. MULJI

Songs :

MOTI, B.A., & RAMESH SHASTRI

Dialogue :

Pt. ANUJ

Sound :

BHASKER DESAI

Screen play & Direction :

PREM ADIB

Editing :

N. V. MORAJKER

CONTACT :

PREM ADIB PICTURES

BIJILI COTTAGE

::

ANDHERI (BOMBAY)

Kandyan dancer, all other dancers were amateurish and unimpressive. Venugopal's Ghandarva Nritya, was a third rate copy of Tara Chowdry's dance, "Tara Lasyam", which she has often performed in Madras, and who carried it out to a distorted version of her tune. U. S. Krishna Rao acquitted himself well in his Bhagvad Gita item, but was dull and lifeless in his Bharata Natya numbers. He and his wife Chandra Bhaga were twice hooted on the last day when they performed the Shankarabharanam Thillana. Madras audiences who daily see Bharata Natya: Nritya and Abhinayam, with all their intricacies and nuances gracefully and charmingly rendered by beautiful young ladies, feel ill at ease in their seats when they see a male dancer performing the same movements and actions in a lifeless and insipid way, lacking finish and appeal.

The "Sensation" of Ram Gopal's advertisements was, perhaps, the

"Poi Kudurai Attam" by Sundaramurthy and Anusuya. "India's Ace Dancer", Ram Gopal, may feel proud of the fact that he is the first dancer in India to introduce wooden horses on the stage and may feel justified in asking people to spend Rs. 20, Rs. 15 and Rs. 10 to see this sensation, but he is unaware of the fact that the people of Madras have seen the same pair at the Congress Exhibition grounds and their Kudurai Natyam was one of the cheap and free shows arranged by the Entertainment Committee for the general public. Moreover, this Kudurai Attam is a common sight in the streets of Madras and other places on festive occasions. Nobody can catch a snake on horse-back and yet Sundaramurthy and his partner did cheap and silly tricks with the snake-charmer's pipe and an artificial cobra. Cheap tricks of this kind one scarcely expects to see on the first class stage of an International dancer by spending exorbitant



Madhu Bala in Akash Chitra's
"Hanste Ansu" Produced & Directed
by K. B. LALL.

rates of tickets. On the contrary, one expects to see on such occasions artistic and aesthetic creations of a high order from an artist of great calibre who has travelled all over Europe and America.

As regards Ram Gopal himself, one was disappointed to see him repeat his old and antiquated dances: Garuda or the Golden Eagle, Thillana (Gowrinaika), Sarigakongu (Padam) and the Sandhya Nritya Murti or Dance of the Setting Sun. Three years before also he performed the same dances in Madras.

Ram Gopal has chiefly studied Bharata Natyam and yet it is a pity that during all these shows, he did only one Padam, Sarigakongu. In Madras, which is the home of Bharata Natya where one witnesses Bharata Natya recitals almost daily and where even an ordinary female dancer does so many Padams in different Ragas and Talas, Ram Gopal did only one Padam, day after day. Perhaps, for this very reason Ram Gopal requested Baby Nirmala Vishvanathan to do another Padam, Thiruvil Varano, to save him from the charge of ignorance or monotony.

Madras is neither Stockholm nor Copenhagen and one smiled in one's



Growing Younger!! Versatile actor Motilal as he appears
in Akash Chitra's HANSTEANSU.

Page 19 & 20 Missing

28/4/03



Curvacious Cuckoo in B. N. Studios
"Lottery"

sleeves at the elaborate and laborious explanation given of each line with gestures before the Padam Sarigakongu was actually performed. By doing so, Ram Gopal insulted the intelligence of the people of Madras. A very brief introduction for the benefit of a handful of people not familiar with Tamil or Telugu, was quite enough. This was a dance recital and not a lecture demonstration.

Ram Gopal was exquisite in his Thillana and Natanam Adinar and his rendering of the Bharata Natya numbers was better than that of the other male dancer, Krishna Rao. The truth is that the whole pattern, design, composition and choreography of the present system of Bharata Natyam is meant only for women. It is fundamentally a feminine art and as such must be performed only by women. A man very often appears ridiculous and funny performing certain movements which are intended exclusively for women and which look so graceful when performed by them. Perhaps, finding the field of Bharata Natya untraversed by men, unlike the Kathakali which is crowded with male dancers, or for some peculiar physiological or psychological reasons, Ram Gopal took

to the study of an essentially feminine type of dancing.

Ram Gopal used to have a wonderful figure and attractive personality which have greatly deteriorated now. His Garuda or the Golden Eagle and the Sandhya Nritya or Dance of the Setting Sun were remarkable for their beauty and excellence. In his Sandhya Nritya, Ram Gopal appears almost nude with only a strip of cloth round his loins. No Indian dancer with the exception of Ram Gopal exposes his legs and thighs so much as he does in imitation of Parisian Cabaret dancers. In Indian dancing, decency and propriety are never sacrificed for the sake of glamour or sex appeal. In European dancing generally and Cabaret dancing particularly male and female dancers and especially the latter display the lines and curves of their figures and body to arouse the lower passions of the spectators. Ram Gopal's craze to expose his legs and loins and not to cover his waist properly smacks of western exhibitionism which has no relation whatsoever to Indian dancing and its essential spirituality. The mission of an Indian dancer is not to preach and spread nudism and vulgarity.

Ram Gopal at his dance recitals has shown no new creations of his own to the people of Madras. In the Moghul miniatures, the last dance on the programme, perform-

ed in the Kathak technique, Kumudini is the outstanding dancer and Ram Gopal plays only second fiddle to her. He is completely eclipsed in turns, gyrations and movements by Kumudini. Lilavathi who also appears in this number is bright and lively, but she is absolutely raw and untrained. Rajamani and Savitri are mere tinsel ornaments of the show. The troupe is terribly handicapped for want of an accomplished female dancer. Shevanti, Ram Gopal's dance partner in Europe, is absent from the troupe. Perhaps, like his other dance partners she too has left him for good.

The stage-lighting was throughout satisfactory, and the manipulation of the Arc-lamp in the Sandhya Nritya was excellent. From the point of view of great art and in consideration of Ram Gopal's reputation, his dance recitals in Madras were a flop. He has often appeared in this great city but has never impressed the lovers of art here. This time Ram Gopal repeated only his old and worn-out dances and showed no new creations or ballets befitting the calibre of an artiste of his reputation. Unfortunately, Ram Gopal prefers to be a mere showman rather than an artiste, and hence there is nothing greatest and enduring in his art. Madras, the Abode of Dance, can never be taken in by anybody's publicity stunts and bluffs.

GROWS LOVELY HAIR!

PRESIDENT VEGETABLE HAIR OIL

RATHOD TRADING CO.
SOWCARPET MADRAS



M. V. Rajamma in Kemparaj's bi-lingual production RAJA VIKRAMA, is reported to have given outstanding performances as the love-lorn Kamini using all her womanly guiles to trap Vikram into her love-nest.

"NAMOONA" FILMS)

MOONA is an thesis as well hyama (Leela n of the sin of ngly she suffers of that sin. Caushal) is the oduct of the t sin; she grows havocs in the ister (Kishore n (Dev Anand).



Young and vivacious, Rekha and Jeevan pass over all the difficulties and enjoy the blessings of their true and ardent love.



trister finds out that Rekha only Shyama's daughter but ...SISTER! His romantic tumble down to the earth.

OUR REVIEW

Kanniyin Kathali is good in patches

Mohini's fine acting and Anjali's lilting dances attract

Triumph for Sekhar

Direction is ordinary

There has been no pompous pretensions behind the production of KANNYIN KATHALI and it has rightfully proved so. It is intended to be a good entertainer doing some money minting tricks at the Box-Office. The producers have almost succeeded in that and in KANNYIN KATHALI we find a three hour entertainer which does not tax your patience anywhere during its progress.

We are saved the necessity of scrutinising the details and suitability of the story because there is practically no presumption that the story tries to teach any moral or has much of life's realities tagged on to it. It is pure fiction—the literary result of the imagination of that Great Bard of Stratford-on-Avon, on whose TWELFTH NIGHT, the story of KANNYIN KATHALI is entirely based.

May be, the story of KANNYIN KATHALI may not answer the true description of a modern motion picture story—as a true to life one, reflecting the realities of everyday life and trying to take the role of a moral preacher to the groping millions of this earth. But yet Shakespeare did not write this play as a pure fiction and with the only purpose of entertaining his readers. No. When the exalted dramatist wrote this drama he had a purpose, a motive behind it all—to portray and exhibit the frailties and failings of men and women: "You can find comicalities of all kinds, braggadocios and chicken hearted simpletons roistering and revelling, ill-conditioned hypocrisy and intolerance, false love and true love, dis-

guises and delusions and mad pranks". Every character in the story has a set purpose; each is a symbol of a human virtue or vice, success or failure and all of them together give you a marvellous comedy.

The story of KANNYIN KATHALI is a faithful and literal adaptation of the TWELFTH NIGHT. The dialogue-writer or the producer, whoever it might be, deserves praise for so cleverly adapting the story to suit our people even though the original was written by an English dramatist three centuries back against an entirely foreign social set-up.

STORY:

Adithyan and Chandrika, the persecuted children of the King of Swarnapuri, are shipwrecked while escaping from the custody of the commander-in-chief. Both of them are saved, but separated. Donning the apparel of a man and assuming the name of Kalaimani, Chandrika joins the services of Vasanthakumar, the King of Vasanthapuri as his messenger to carry his love epistles to his love Mehkalai. But strangely, the man-hating Mehkalai who spurns all her suitors including the King, falls in love with Kalaimani little knowing the truth about Kalaimani, i.e., that under the male garb, lived a woman.

Alankara Bhupathi, a charlatan and an impetuous suitor to the hand of Mehkalai grows jealous of Kalaimani and at the instance of the uncle of Mehkalai challenges Kalaimani to a duel. But fortunately for Kalaimani the duel does not come off.

KANNIYIN KATHALI [TAMIL]

Producers : Jupiter Pictures
Dialogues : S. D. Sundaram
Music : (C. R. Subbaraman {S.M. Subbiah Naidu
Photography : W. R. Subba Rao
Audiography : C. V. Ramaswamy
Cast : Madhuri, Anjali, Natarajan, Sarangan, Pulimooti etc.
Direction : Ramnoth
Studio : Central Studios, Coimbatore
Released at : Paragon Talkies on 6-8-49

Meanwhile Adithyan appears on the scene searching for his sister. Alankara Bhupathy mistaking him for Kalaimani challenges him again, and in the duel the former gets hurt. The noise of the feud attracts the attention of Mehkalai who also believing Adithyan to be Kalaimani invites him inside.

From there onwards the story develops rapidly. The confusion created by the resemblance of the brother and sister occasions very many comic and mirthful situations till the end when the story happily ends with the marriage of Vasanthakumar to Chandrika and Adithyan to Mehkalai.

TREATMENT:

The treatment of the story on the whole is fairly good, though due to unimaginative direction and inefficient editing and by foisting a series of dance pieces at a stretch it becomes boring for the first one hour. The director could have avoided these if he had cut short the five or six continuous dance pieces of Mehkalai. Two or three suggestive dances would have served the purpose of emphasising her character equally well. We also felt that the fishermen scene is prolonged and palls heavily on the eyes. There is nothing extraordinary or striking in direction to remind us that a Ramnoth has wielded the megaphone.

DENOUEMENT:

Madhuri Devi gets easily the top honours for commendable acting. She has three different roles: as Adithyan, as Chandrika, and as Kalaimani. We are glad that in this most difficult task of portraying three roles which are temperamentally, psychologically, and materially different from each other, Madhuri has acquitted herself exceedingly well. From MOHINI to KANNYIN KATHALI it is no doubt a proud achievement for Madhuri.

Anjali does her portions with sincerity and alertness—especially

her dance pieces are tastefully executed. But often the charm of the dance is lost when she is presented in close-ups. In fact she looks positively repulsive then. It is most unfortunate to note how even the ace-cameraman-cum-director Mr. Ramnath overlooked such absurdities. Though in emotional acting she is a failure, she has succeeded to some extent in bringing out the complex character of Mehkalai.

Natarajan as Vasanthakumar does nothing deserving praise. On the other hand his actions are highly dramatic and rendition of dialogues revolting to the ears. He is always found holding his head inclined to

one side and it appeared to us that his right eye required some operation as it was at most times three-fourth closed. His actions do not give an impression of spontaneity or reality. They appear to be studied and deliberately imposed.

Sarangapany as Alankar Bhupathy and Pulimoottai as Mama dole out their usual pranks.

PRODUCTION VALUES:

Settings are commendable except for the fact that sometimes they do not help in creating the right atmosphere the situations demands. For instance the palace of Vasanthakumar, a poor set, is not compatible with the status and surroundings of a king, whereas the abode of Mehkalai is definitely magnificent and better decorated. This lapse on the part of the art director is very obvious. Barring this one instance Sekhar's work is commendable. The superb flat arrangements in the last sequence when Anjali renders her last dance piece deserves mention.

SONGS AND DIALOGUES:

The majority of the songs are set to catchy tunes and well composed. Specially appreciable are Kalaimani's two songs beginning: *Vanathu moozhu mathiyo* and *Penmanam ore nilai nillathu*.....

The dialogues are very apt, crisp and witty. Mr. S. D. Sundaram must be given full credit for making KANNYIN KATHALI such an interesting and absorbing picture by his resourceful dialogues.

KANNYIN KATHALI is a successful successor to VELAIKARI as a good money minter and Messrs. Jupiter Pictures can be proud of their achievement.



It is not decided that women love more than men but it is indisputable that they love better...this truism is well analysed in RAJA VIKRAMA starring Kemparaj and Rajamma

NUM NADU

is Shantaram's Misadventure!

Inept Assistants & Indifferent dialogues—bane of the picture

A Good Documentary!

When it was announced that Shantaram intended to produce a Tamil version of his Hindi APNA DESH, we naturally thought that it would prove a fitting rejoinder to Gemini's Hindi version of CHANDRALEKHA, and as such together with the admirers of Shantaram we also eagerly awaited the advent of this picture.

The expected thing happened and NUM NADU was released in the City with all the ballyhoo and publicity fare attendant on a Shantaram picture. But to our utter chagrin we found that the enthusiasm justified by our expectations were shattered to pieces by the rank disappointment produced by the realities.

As a documentary extolling the commendable activities of the Anti corruption branch of the police systems, NUM NADU can be termed a success; but as a motion picture combining documentary with entertainment it is a poor piece of handiwork.

NUM NADU turned out to be a Shantaram misadventure, produced in a language of another province with the help and connivance of a set of pedagogues and charlatans who were the least fitted for the job.

Of course Shantaram deserves praise for the selection of the main idea of the picture—the exposition of the anti-social activities of the cut-throat blackmarketeers and the punishment meted out to them by law. But the development of this idea has been monotonous and to a great extent, unimaginative. The

story, if at all, has any semblance of life, reality and progress, only in the last 5,000 feet out of 15,000 feet of celluloid junk.

Shantaram's craftsmanship begins and ends with the first sequence where the celebrations of the midnight of August 14th, 1947 when India became free have been beautifully picturised to the background music of a militant marching song. Afterwards you find the magic touch of this director nowhere in the picture even if you look through the microscope.

For the first two hours you are treated to one aspect of the story; the various black-marketing activities of a gang composed of Sait Dani Ram, Vakil Ganpat Rai, Bansi Dhar, Jagadish Narain and Mohini, and the counter activities of the police gang led by Inspector Satish. To have presented before the audience the same set of people, in the same surroundings, doing the same kind of job, for well over two hours and thus bore them is a serious flaw which stands as a discredit to the Ace Director Shantaram.

To relieve the tedium, Shantaram introduces some traces of romance between the leader of the black-marketing gang, Mohini and the leader of the police Mr. Satish. The impression created by Mr. Satish as an efficient and intelligent officer is at variance with the development of his character as a lover who enjoys the dance of his lady love's pupils while he is expected to investigate a serious case of black-

NUM NADU
TAMIL

Producers: Rajkamal Kalamandir, Bombay
Story: Diwan Sherar
Dialogues: S. A. Dorai
Music: G. Govindarajulu
Songs: P. Rajagopala Iyer
Play-back Songs: M.L. Vasanthakumari
Photography: V. Avaduth
Audiography: A. K. Parmar & Radhakrishnan
Cast: PushpaHuns, Umesh Sharma, Manmohan Krishna, D. Datte, Veena Kohli, etc.
Direction: V. Shantaram
Released at Prabhat on the 9th July 49

marketing, as a love sick imbecile who flirts on the beach with his girl when he is to proceed on a very important official engagement. Even granting a margin to the truism that love is blind, still we cannot reconcile ourselves to the psychological contradiction in the development of Satish's character.

The story moves fast after interval. Through Satish's father, Jagadish Narain, a charge of bribery is brought home by the gang against Satish and he is arrested. Mohini cannot stand this calamity and decides to speak the truth about the gang and exposes them. And the story immediately ends with the marriage of Satish and Mohini, who turns out to be an avenging angel, who has suffered a lot during the Post-Partition days and wants to wreak her vengeance on society by indulging in anti-social crimes like black-marketing.

STRANGE CHARACTERS.

Most of Shantaram's characters in NUM NADU appear to have come from the Moon. They seem to move and talk as if they are half-drunk. It is very patent that almost everyone of the artistes is not at all at home with the Tamil dialogues in their mouths.

Why Shantaram ever introduced

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Satish in the story is a mystery to us. He acts just like a lunatic and even by the widest stretch of imagination should have no place in the story. Or if by introducing such a character Shantaram thought he was

personifying the present day students' political and social make-up, we can only say that he is completely wrong.

Coming to the histrionic side of the artistes, we have only to remark that no character has given any commendable performance worth speaking about in the picture.

INSULT TO TAMIL

The most rotten part of the picture comes in the dialogues. Whoever played-back the artistes have done a crude job of their work and bungled miserably, doing the greatest disservice to the beautiful Tamil language. Shantaram should have taken proper and efficient advice from some of his Tamil friends before he ever decided to transgress into the domain of Tamil film production. The people who have been entrusted with the dialogues for the picture have let Shantaram down completely by their shabby work. Most of the masses are ignorant of the technicalities of synchronisation; many of them think that the artistes themselves are rendering the dialogues and to them it must have appeared that all the characters have rendered the dialogues in this picture as if they have all taken purgative! As it is, the musical Tamil language stands raped by Shantaram and his associates who mismanaged the production of NUM NADU.

The songs are all beautifully composed and sung, though many of them follow the Hindi tunes.

SORRY, SHANTARAM!

We are only sorry why at all Shantaram should have ventured on a production like this which has proved to be his bane. It has sullied his fair name and it may take a long time and strenuous efforts on his part to regain his lost prestige.

NUM NADU is another milestone in the slow down-fall of Mr. Shantaram from his ace-directorship and master-craftsmanship. His past name may bring some dough in the box-office; but such trading on the past name and fame is rather ridiculous on the part of a creative genius.

PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY M.K. BARMAN

OUR NEHRU



ETERNAL YOUTH

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Gram: "MOVIDEAL"

104, DADAR MAIN ROAD, BOMBAY. 14.

"Junius" Addresses the Producers

REFORM or QUIT

Let me tell you at the outset that I am neither "a Daniel come to Judgment" nor a lugubrious preacher of regimented morality. I do not claim the tall honour of being a subscriber to the philosophical sermons of a Plato or the metaphysical perorations of a Budha under the *Bodhi tree*. But I am one among the 'madding crowd' who follows the philosophy of common-sense and it is only from that platform that I address you.

If even after perusing what I say in the following lines you turn round and brazen facedly ask "What if we refuse to be reformed?" It is our own money we are squandering!" and such other childish pranks, well gentlemen, it is your own funeral. I shall, however have my say; and mind you, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

I feel, that had Lord Byron been alive now, he need not have built up the character of his Don Juan on his superabundance of poetic imagination; on the other hand he could have got his inspiration direct from any one of you.

I am not far wrong when I say that many of you have entered the field of film production as mere gamblers and the way in which you carry on your production activities confirm my conviction.

I have tried to probe into the history of many of you, before you decided to join the industry..... your cultural, financial, social and moral backgrounds.....but strangely enough, I have seen only a blank, a simmering darkness there.

But such a studious research has helped me to come to the firm conclusion that a producer, who manages to hook in an innocent financier (because many of you become producers without any personal stake) first squanders a part of the amount in seeking material pleasures and to satisfy his caprices, i.e., *to see the world as somebody put it*. In most cases, the first step you take in this so-called preliminary preparations is to investigate into the physical propensities of your leading actresses. I have the testimony of a producer himself who told me with a sort of heroic triumph, that no leading actress generally escapes the attention of their producers. In some cases you descend to the lower divinities also.

Have you for a moment thought of the consequence of this unbridled display of animal desires? After all the actress or extra is your servant in the sense that she is employed by you to do a certain work. But by the thoughtless and foolish actions of yours, you have made them your mistresses and dictators. I have personally seen instances where the so-called actress—who at best may be a public woman of repute—order about the producer on the sets, dictate to him and boss over him in such a way as if he was her slave. I have seen producers bow humbly before these women and beg of them for favours. I have seen dishonourable and gutless producers carrying tea trays and supplying tea to the female artistes even if there are dozen boys to do the job. I have seen producers walk behind the leading actress at a res-

pectable distance as if they were her bodyguards and she a royal personage. Yes, I have seen worse things. But I ask WHY? Why this shameless humiliation and degradation? If you cannot assert yourselves, if you cannot control and conduct yourselves as decency and propriety demand, go to the war-ridden valleys of Kashmir. Your services may be better appreciated there.

Do you wonder why your artistes demand more and more money as remuneration for acting in pictures? Do you wonder why your production costs you 5 to 6 lakhs and take 3 years to finish? Then undergo a



The realistic acting of Kemparaj gives colour to the romantic interlude between himself and Rajamma in his bilingual production RAJAVIKRAMA.

self-introspection. The answer lies within you.

Have you thought for a moment the damaging effects of this bidding of artistes at fabulous amounts? It not only makes you a pauper; but it also adversely affects other people who sincerely want to improve this industry. The situation today in South India is that for any rotten production with a pair of supposedly popular stars, one requires 4 to 5 lakhs. Who is responsible for this inflation? I unflinchingly point my finger at you, who are imbecile, and gutless worshippers of flesh.

Have you thought for a moment how much money you are wasting on petrol to carry your artistes and technicians to and fro the studios? Why should you create such practices? Will not your 'dear'

artistes come for shooting if you don't send your cars? If they ever threaten like that what is the reason? Are you not ashamed to tell us that you being the employer cannot make your artistes come to the sets without your sending your cars? Go round the world and see where else such a stupid custom exists. It does not exist in other parts of your own country.

We can only be sorry for you. When I have seen and heard producers actually weeping at the intransigence and dogmatic attitude of some of the leading artistes, I have felt like slapping those cowards, who are better fitted only for production work in the home front!

Why can't you gentlemen join together and decide that you will not pay—say more than 50 or 60 thousands for even the most popular

artiste, that you will not send conveyance to your employees and they must make their own arrangements to attend shooting on prior intimation, that you will not countenance any demand for special privileges from the extra to the leading artiste, that you cannot stand any dictation from them who are your paid servants? Do you think these bloated artistes will refuse to work under such conditions? Never, never. Like starving dogs and bitches who when they see a bone here or there will jump at it, so these artistes will come and beg of you to give them some bread. It is only the disunity among you, the overbidding indulged in by you in booking the artistes that has occasioned this sad state of affairs. How many of you start with robust optimism and break down in the middle?

Your moral aberrations constitute the second bed-rock against which you strike and shatter off. I know some instances where the producers having started to flirt with their heroines in a casual way first had later on to marry them though they had another wife and half-a-dozen children. Why should it happen? This insensate intimacy with your paid employees creates damaging psychological reactions and affect adversely your power of command and prestige and no wonder if you are dictated to by such employees when you transcend the limit and descend to adulterous habits.

Nobody can commit worse crimes against an industry whose votaries and guardians you claim to be.

If the film industry here should improve, a thorough overhaul of your production procedures and routines should be effected. You must approach the field with a re-orientated conception of your responsibilities and behaviour. In short you have to straightaway begin a concerted reformation of your own selves. If you cannot do so, if your bloated vanity and selfishness bar your way, why can't you for the betterment of the industry and your own salvation QUIT this industry and leave it to thrive in better hands?

—Yours in disgust
JUNIUS.

Short Story

EVERYTHING HAS A PRICE!

BY MARY WALKER.

MANY years ago in a quiet street in a city where life was gay and leisurely, there lived a simple clockmaker. Over his shop door hung a splendid sign on which was painted the picture of a very fine clock, and the name "Leopold Lavender" in curly gold script.

This sign was the work of the clockmaker's friend, an artist called Rudolf Mondeval. In those light-hearted days there were many artists among the crowds who strolled and laughed and went about their business in the streets of the city, but none more picturesque, none more romantic, none more notorious and debonaire than Rudolf Mondeval. He was tall and his hair was as black as chining jet; he had an elegantly curled moustache and the most charming of small pointed beards; his eyes were the most insolent, the most ardent, the most irresistible, that ever woman beheld. All the young ladies of the city had a favourite nightmare in which, with delicious sensations of horror, they found Rudolf Mondeval in their chambers at dead of night, wrapped in his dark cloak, sweeping off his broad-brimmed hat, and, with exquisite politeness, refusing to take "no" for an answer.

Many a story of Rudolf's exploits was whispered with chuckles and sighs across the cafe tables on the broad pavements of the city. This, however, is not one of those stories. This is the story of a very different man, of Leopold Lavender, the simple clockmaker.

Leopold was the youngest of his father's five sons, and he was so simple that when his four brothers went out into the world to seek their fortunes, he smiled and wished them luck and remained quietly at home. When his father, in the full-

ness of time, retired to end his days in the country in a little white-washed house with green shutters, the clockmaker's shop was given to Leopold.

Leopold moved out of the family house and had a truckle bed erected in the back room of the shop, and every night when he left the cafe round the corner he opened the door under his swinging sign and went in to sleep amongst his treasures. For Leopold loved the clocks: he loved their clean, orderly mechanism; he loved the tranquil noise of them; he loved their various faces, from the broad full-moon of the giant grandfather to the coquettish fetaures of the little boudoir clock in blue enamel. Every night he was ticked to sleep by a hundred friendly voices, and often he would stir and smile in his dreams as a concert of chimes marked the passing of an hour. Every morning, as soon as he woke, he began his round of the clocks, dusting and winding and admiring them, spending two or three hours with them, or sometimes, if Rudolf was late in coming to take him out to breakfast, even longer.

ONE spring morning when the lilacs were in blossom Rudolf was very late indeed. Leopold completed his round, and went back to visit his favourites. He decided to put one of them—a tower of glass held in a glit lattice, with all its shining, efficient works on view—into the shop window. When he had arranged it to his satisfaction he returned once more to the pink and white creation on the shelf of honour. Two baby angels with wings outspread were holding the world in their baby hands: into one side of the white globe, with its continents traced in pink, was set

a white clock face with pink figures and hands. Leopold shook his head sadly to think how it must inevitably be sold, for in the city's great houses, where there were dinners and balls and the lights burned far into the night, it was fashionable to have a Lavender clock.

But there was one clock which in spite of fabulous offers, in spite of tearfully importunate ladies, still stood in the back room on the table beside Leopold's bed. It was to this clock he went at last, and, sitting down on the bed, he gazed at it with his blue eyes full of pleasure. At first sight it was not so remarkable: no more than a miniature sentry box, painted in black and white diagonal stripes, with a clock face in the top, and a tightly closed door below. When, at the hour, the door began to open, one suspected that a bright little bird would pop out and say "Cuckoo!" Instead, rosy-checked and splendid in a blue and gold uniform, out came a smart grenadier, who raised a silver bugle to his painted lips, and, according as the hour was early or late, played a short or longer fanfare. There was not such another clock in the whole world, and no money could buy it from Leopold, who was simple enough to prefer the company of the little grenadier to all the gold and silver in the kingdom.

"Only if I found something to make me even happier, I would give him in exchange," he once said to Rudolf.

On the morning of which we are speaking, Leopold was still sitting on his bed and smiling at the sentry box when Rudolf Mondeval came in through the shop and leaned rather wearily against the door of the back room.



The world of reality has its limits; the world of imagination is boundless and Kamini (M. V. Rajamma) left in such an atmosphere rocks herself in the cradle of love.
(An interesting scene from RAJAVIKRAMA).

"Servus, Leo," he said.

"Servus, Rudi," Leo said, without looking round, because the hands of all the clocks had reached eleven, and the door of the sentry box was opening.

As the hour was variously announced in a chorus led by the silver bugle, Rudolf clicked his heels together and bowed with mock formality.

"Good morning, my little grenadier!"

Leopold stood up and reached for his jacket. The twinkle that lurked behind his sweet, simple eyes, came forward and showed itself as he said:

"You look tired this morning, Rudi."

"As well I might," Rudolf replied moodily. "I have been walking about the streets all night."

This was indeed something new. Leopold locked the door behind them and waited to be enlightened. The air was full of gaiety and the scent of lilacs. They drank their coffee in the sunshine and watched the passing and re-passing of such

members of the fashionable world as were not still in their beds. Suddenly Rudolf banged down his cup with a sharp exclamation, and between clenched teeth he kissed:

"Look!"

Obediently Leopold looked, and what he saw caused him involuntarily to straighten his big bow tie and smooth a hand over his soft, brown hair. In an open carriage, with a flaxen-haired child beside her, sat a beautiful lady. Her golden hair escaped in artfully artless ringlets from under her bonnet, her cheek was enchantingly curved. On the side of the carriage she rested one small hand, encased in a long silk glove the colour of fully opened lilac.



TALK-A-TONE

31

AUGUST 1949

"I like her gloves," Leopold said, as the carriage passed round the corner and out of sight.

Rudolf snorted and spared a brief, pitying glance for his simple friend.

"That," he said sombrely, "is the most beautiful and the most fantastically virtuous woman I have ever encountered. She, my friend, is the cause of my sleepless night."

"I had thought," Leo murmured, "that you had already encountered every beautiful woman in the city."

"This one is a foreigner," Rudolf explained, and then abruptly: "Did you notice her eyes?" he asked.

"Cold and grey as the North Sea..."

Oh, a fiendishly virtuous woman!"

"Is that her child?"

"Yes, yes, she is married. A great, stiff-necked, tow-haired giant of a man: she must be incredibly bored with him."

Rudolf twirled his moustache and glared ferociously at the innocent spring morning. But he was too arrogant a man to languish in vain. Before they left the cafe, he assured Leopold that he should go home to bed and sleep until evening and that for the future he should feel nothing but contempt for the ridiculous foreigner who would never know the raptures she had scorned to taste. All the same..... Rudolf was unable to repress a sigh.

LEOPOLD went back to his shop. He was working in the back room when he heard the shop door open. He rubbed the oil from his hands and came to the doorway.

Standing under the shelf of honour and gazing enraptured at the baby angels was the lady whose eyes were like the North Sea.

Leopold looked down his long, foolish nose and felt his big, foolish ears reddening. She was really very beautiful. In a reverent whisper, as though he were speaking in church, he asked if there was anything he could do for her.

She replied hesitantly, because the language was strange and diffi-

cult to her tongue, that she wished to take a clock home with her to her own country, and that she had been advised to visit his shop.

He showed her large and small clocks, elaborate and plain ones; he showed her the glass tower and the frivolous little thing in blue enamel; he showed her a wooden cuckoo clock, and another in carved gilt with a Venus reclining on top. She was childishly delighted with everything, but best of all she liked the baby angels. At last, sighing, Leopold agreed to pack them up for her. She was about to leave the shop when he noticed that it was only a few moments to midday, and because she was really very beautiful he seized one of the silk-gloved hands and hurried her into the back room, just in time to see the little grenadier step smartly from his box, raise his silver bugle and play his longest fanfare.

The lady clasped her hands and gasped with ecstasy. She forgot where she was and began to speak quickly, between delighted laughs, in her own language. Then swiftly she turned to Leopold:

"That one I must have, too—whatever his price, I must have the little soldier."

But Leopold shook his head, and although she pleaded and begged and made quite ridiculous offer, he continued to shake his head.

As is the way with beautiful ladies, she did not believe that any man could refuse her anything. So at last she went away, saying as she left:

"I have six days before I return home. I shall come every day to see the little soldier, and before I go I know we shall agree on his price."

Leopold bowed, his simple eyes dazzled by her beauty, but he still shook his head.

In the evening he told Rudolf of the lady's visit. He told him how she had been enchanted with

his shop, how she had bought the angels, how she had promised to come again; but a strange shyness made him forbear to mention that he had shown her the grenadier clock.

"She is really very beautiful," he said thoughtfully.

But, Rudolf only said "Ha!" and strode away with a flourish of his cloak to his inevitable rendezvous.

The next day the lady came again. Cunningly, she made no mention of the grenadier that day. She spent an hour in the shop, looking at the clocks, talking to Leopold. When it was time to leave she gave a genuine sigh, and charmingly she said:

"I have travelled a great deal, Mr. Lavender, but this shop of yours is the loveliest place I know. You must be a very happy man."

And Leopold bowed again and agreed that this was so.

When she left him on the third day she said:

"They say *everything* has its price."

"Everything?" Leopold asked, and, smiling, he showed her out.

Five days later Rudolf Mondeval strolled leisurely through the city on his way to take breakfast with Leopold. On the day after their last breakfast together—the day of his renunciation of the North Sea lady—he had had occasion to send word that he was deeply engaged and would not be available for a few days. Now, with the fascinating quirk of triumph about his mouth, he made his way through the lilac-scented morning to the clock-maker's shop.

When he walked through the shop and into the back room, he found Leopold sitting in his usual position on the bed staring as usual at the table beside him. But on his foolish face was a strangely remote smile, and on the table,

instead of the grenadier clock, was a pair of long silk gloves the colour of fully opened lilac.

Rudolf stood motionless as a stone.

"My poor Leo," he said softly. "Where is the grenadier?"

Leopold looked up slowly, like a man waking from a dream.

"The North Sea lady has him," he said.

Rudolf let out a roar of fury.

"The witch! The enchantress! The vixen!" he shouted. "What did she pay you?"

Leopold shook his head.

"I gave him to her. She gave me her gloves in exchange," he said, pointing to them.

Rudolf took a step nearer to him, grabbed him roughly by the shoulder and shook him.

"Are you mad, Leo Lavender?" he asked. "Have you not refused great sums of money time after time for that clock?"

"Well, I told you I liked her gloves."

Rudolf gave him a little push and strode over to the door. "Leo," he said in a dangerously quiet voice, "be advised and keep out of my reach, for if I get my hands on you again I really believe I shall beat you."

"Why, Rudi," said Leopold, opening his eyes wide. "I had no idea you were so fond of the grenadier." But it was for another reason that he went over and stood close to Rudolf and said:

"If it would give you any satisfaction....."

This meekness was too much for Rudolf, who turned sharply on his heel, marched out of the shop and slammed the door behind him.

WELL, of course it did not last very long, that quarrel of theirs. The next evening Rudolf walked in through the shop as usual, and announced to Leopold that he had

decided to forgive him. Surprisingly, Leopold laughed. But Rudolf was magnanimous enough to overlook it, and they went to the cafe round the corner and got rather drunk together.

The lilac withered on the branches, the leaves fell from the trees. Winter came, then spring again, autumn and another winter..... So the years went in the gay and leisurely city, until one winter evening two ageing men were sitting in the back room of the clockmaker's shop, sharing a bottle of wine, and talking of days that were gone.

The back room had changed little in twenty years. On the table by the bed was a white box with a glass lid in which lay a pair of faded silk gloves.

Leopold was thinner and beginning to stoop a little; his eyes looked tired and his hair was turning grey. He was still a simple soul.

Rudolf, on the contrary, had grown plumper; his eyes still shone and he stood erect, but his hair and his pointed beard were streaked with white.

"We shall be gone soon, Leo," he said sadly, "and no one will very much care. I wish I had had a son."

Leo gave him a comforting smile, and pushed the bottle across the table.

The front door rattled, and they heard footsteps inside the shop.

"An odd time of night to buy clocks," Rudolf said.

But Leo called out: "Come through, if you please."

There was only one candle in the back room. They found it more restful to their eyes. A shape moved through the doorway, and stood in the shadows.

"Good evening," said a clear, youthful voice. "Is one of you gentlemen Mr. Leopold Lavender?"

"I am," said Leopold.

A large parcel was set down on the table by a pair of smooth, brown hands, and the voice, speaking with a not unpleasant foreign accent, went on:

"My mother, before she died, made me promise to come here. She said it was the most beautiful place in the world, and she told me to bring you her clock."

The hands stripped off the paper coverings, and a miniature sentry box painted in diagonal black-and-white lines was revealed. The hands of the clock in the top of the box moved up to the hour: the door opened, and out came the blue grenadier and raised his silver bugle to his painted lips.....As the fanfare died away, a tear trickled out of Leopold's eye and ran down his long foolish nose.

"Those are my mother's gloves," the stranger's voice said softly, and one of his hands rested tightly on the glass lid.

That voice.....

Rudolf seized the hand and pulled the visitor forward.

"Come into the light, man, and let us see you!"

There was silence while the two elderly men stared at the young man before them. Then Rudolf threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"You dog, Leo" he gasped.

"You cunning old devil!"

Spring followed the winter and the years went gently on. The two old men still sat in the back shop in the evenings, with the grenadier clock on the table beside them. And not far away, as likely as not absorbed in the mechanism of one of the famous Lavender clocks, was a younger man. And very often when Rudolf Mondeval looked at him he would shake his head and chuckle and say to Leopold:

"Oh, you dog, Leo!"

The young man, who loved clocks more than anything in the world, never understood what Rudolf meant by this. He was a pleasant young man, with very sweet blue eyes and soft brown hair and big, foolish ears and a long, foolish nose. He was a simple soul.

—*Britannia and Eve.*

BASIC SCRIPT WRITING

DR. MULK RAJ ANAND

THERE is a great deal of ballyhoo about film script-writing. Most beginners are frightened off by the big guns who claim to hold all the secrets. When asked, the experts assume airs of great importance and begin to talk of long shots and short shots and middle shots and confuse the naive enthusiast who so wants to see his poetry transformed into images on the screen. Some other people who hold the keys are unwilling to lend them. A few are more honest and say that there is nothing much in it; only a vivid pictorial imagination is necessary and the trick is done.

*I learnt to write film scripts in the last manner by the ordinary method of trial and error. As a writer of novels, my imagination tends to be pictorial, and I was encouraged to believe by a friend that that is all that is necessary. It was not quite so simple, but it resolved itself to this ultimately. I argued that a good film Director could probably shoot a film straight off one of my short stories, because the picturization, I resort to is, I reckon, the kind of approach that a Director too has. On this hypothesis my first film scripts were merely a series of shots numbered and arranged in a consecutive order. Afterwards I found that even in this kind of first script, my approach revealed a poetic feeling which knit together the various shots. Since then, I have developed that method so as to try and make poetry out of documentary and documentary out of poetry. I believe that these two forms are intimately connected. In fact it seems to me that Wordsworth's and Coleridge's preface to the **Lyrical Ballads** is unconsciously one of the finest essays on documentary films ever written. How far this following script succeeds will only be possible to realise if it is filmed. Meanwhile, at any rate, the cat is out of the bag and no writer need be frightened of attempting a film script. Only, this script is strictly copyright!*

THE SCRIPT

SERIES OF SPECIAL SHORTS—"THE INDIAN SCENE"

No. 2. Length: One Reel BOMBAY

COMMENTARY.

The City of Bombay shows two rhythms, that of the East and that of the West.....a rich mingling.....

Breaking the stillness of the dawn, the sun rises.....

Bombay has a soul: Prayers, hawkers' shouts, oaths, words spat out in anger, and rhythms to make work easier.....

PICTURE.

1. The open seas, just before dawn. The deserted beaches, the empty docks, a deserted temple. A boat is coming in.

2. Sleeping coolies in a square or market-place. Sleepers on house-tops. Empty streets in the bazaars.

3. The sun rises and is reflected in the pool of a temple. A sweeper starts cleaning the streets. A water-carrier emerges. The coolies in the market-place stir. House-holders begin to open up. The water-carrier sells them water. A policeman comes on point duty. People perform their ablutions round a well. Boys on the beach. People with garlands approach the temples. The shop-keepers open their shutters. The coolies clamour for work, carrying packs, etc., from the shop-keepers to the docks. Work round the docks and factories is in full swing. The eastern city is awake.

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Here, all speak at once: motor
horns, train whistles, tram bells.....

There are many voices in India...
Life goes swiftly here now, swifter
and swifter with work. And India
accepts everyone, be it that man
wearing a Western hat or that other
man in a loin-cloth.....

Like bee-hives before swarming
time.
The heat is at its greatest.....

But there is the shade of trees in
well-laid parks.....
Joy as well as sorrow.....

Release from the routine of exist-
ence. Flushed, dishevelled men and
women go home, to renew them-
selves.....

All the unknown words stretch
out before them in the twilight.....

The night deepens, the stars can
almost be touched in the tropical
night. Peals of merriment, banter;
eyes flash, tongues wax bold.....

Under the moon and the stars,
the night is hauntingly beautiful.
And peace and glory reign in Mala-
bar Hill, while there is still a hub-
bub in the bazaars.....

The beauty of Bombay is in its
movement.. ..

35

AUGUST 1949

4. In the suburbs Europeans and wealthy Indians emerge from
their houses. Luxurious cars and bicycles. Suburban trams and
trains bring the office-workers and officials into the city which is
already teeming with life.

5. The business and official quarters. People flocking into the
law courts, stock-exchange, etc. Offices opening, traffic thickening.
Telegraph wires. Peoples of every colour and nationality mingling
in the streets. The cafe's—Indians drinking out of the saucers,
English women sipping from cups. The packed bazaars, industrial
works. All this works up the highest tempo about mid-day.

6. Lunch-time whistles. Workers leaving factories and offices.
Coolie women bringing their families lunch. Coolies line up
outside a cookshop. Europeans and rich Indians start in exodus
for home. Glimpses of club, restaurants. The sun at its highest.
Certain deserted streets. Coolies and others taking nap.

7. Lunch-time over. The bustle begins again. Only the Indians
who are out of work or who have the leisure, continue the siesta.
Mixed detail shots of Eastern life. An Indian funeral, etc.

8. Five o'clock. The offices empty. Officials step back into their
cars. The law courts close. Englishmen in flannels. Cocktails,
cricket, traffic at a peak; then lessening. Deserted streets in the
business quarters. Suburban trams and trains going the other
way. The Western city is emptied.

9. The bazaars, etc., receive new life. The beach is crowded.
Boys play ball games. Indians bathe and stroll. Coolies leave the
docks. The sun sets.

10. The evening papers. Night life commences. Cinemas.
Toddy shops. Garlands are brought and worn by those who are
going out for a gay time. The red-light district. Betel sellers.
Noise, music and crowds in the bazaars. Glimpse of English
arriving for a dance at the club. The night life goes on.

11. The beach is deserted again. The streets are empty. Beds
are put out on the house tops. The coolies quarrel to get the best
places in the square to be ready for the opening of the shops the
next day.

12. The sea. A boat is going out.

THE END.

INDIAN DOCUMENTARY.

AROUND THE STUDIOS

As the dead-line of August 31st is approaching nearer and nearer, hectic activities are observed in some of the local studios, which are working these days in full swing without any interruption. Producers who were sleeping for days together with the productions in cold-storage, either due to their financial bankruptcy or otherwise are now working sometimes day and night to finish their pictures before the end of this month and present them before the censors. Come what may, they are decided to have their 15,500 feet of celluloid in spite of all difficulties and obstacles on their way.

Even with such scenes of activities, our expectation regarding the number of pictures which should have been censored before the dead-line

was a little bit too optimistic. As it is now, we find that at the maximum only half-a-dozen pictures would have gone before the censors, though we expected atleast 4 more. But yet taking the progress of the industry here into consideration, even this number is surely a record because never before have so many pictures been ready all in one and the same month.

Those who may not be able to come out successful in this race for time, we understand, contemplate or have already done so, to petition the Government to give them exemption and allow to complete their production in hand in 15,500 feet. While we appreciate the anxiety of the producers to have the maximum footage at their disposal, we are definitely against the Government



Vanaja is making her mark slowly in the dance domains of South India

giving anymore exemption to anybody. If these producers have not been able to take advantage of the extension of time given by the Government till August 31, it is their own fault. Any more exemption will make a mockery of the Footage Regulation.

BAGYA PICTURES: Producer F. Nagoor has completed the entire shooting work on this picture and by this time should have censored it. The picture boasts of a big array of cast including Chinnappa, Kannamba and Anjali. The comic side is very ably rendered by N. S. Krishnan, T. A. Madhuran and T. S. Dorairaj. Directed by Jiten Banerji with the able assistance of Mr. P. T. Murthy, the picture is scheduled for general release in the first week of September.

MURUGAN TALKIES: Another picture which must also be ready for immediate release is Murugan Talkies' RATNAKUMAR, which also has been racing for time to be



Kokila, surpasses all her previous performance in Surya Kala Chitra's proud presentation CHARDIN-KI-CHANDNI now awaiting immediate release

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finished by the stipulated period before the 31st August. Chinnappa and Banumathy are leading the cast in the picture.

SYAMALA PICTURES: They have not been able to carry out their previous announcement that their IMBAVALLI would be ready for release on the 5th of August due to the absence of the heroine B. S. Saroja who was a victim of a car accident. Enquiries show that they are still at the picture and the shooting is vigorously going on. It is probable that the picture may be ready for release by the middle of September, though the producers are hurrying to present it before the censors in the last week of August. T. R. Mahalingam and B. S. Saroja are leading the cast while Mr. S. Nottani is directing the picture.

JUPITER PICTURES: Their KANNYIN KATHALI has been released all over the province and is reported to be doing swell business. The pictures which will be ready soon for the censors are

VIJAYAKUMARI and KRISHNA VIJAYAM. VIJAYAKUMARI is a social sporting T. R. Rajakumari, K. R. Ramaswamy and Baliah in the cast, while KRISHNA VIJAYAM is a mythological rendered for the screen by Vasanthakokilam, Narasimha Bharathi, Premavathi, etc. VIJAYAKUMARI will have in its cast four top-ranking dancers of the South, Lalitha, Padmini, Kumari Kamala and the newest craze of the dance-world Vyjayanthimala.

BALAJI PICTURES: LEILA MAJNU, the Tamil version of that immortal love tragedy being produced by this concern will present before you a new and strangely apperelled Rajamma who comes in this picture not in her usual and routine *Saris and Blouses* but in the attractive *Duppatta, Khurtha and Pyjama* of the Northern sartorial fashion. And we found Rajamma really charming in this Muslim costume. Balaji is rushing on with their production with T. R. Mahalingam supplying the Majnu part of



Ravan the embodiment of all vices. A scene from Prem Adib Pictures "Ramvivaah"

the story. We also understand that the producers may be completing a Telugu version of this picture simultaneously.

BHARANI PICTURES: Silently but steadily, the Telugu version of LEILA MAJNU, produced by Ramakrishna Rao and his Missis Bhanumathi is almost complete at the Vauhini and Star Combines Studios. With Bhanumathi and Nageswara Rao leading the cast, this picture may also be coming in the dubbed Tamil version.

It all boils down to this, that if both Balaji and Bharani come through their threatened programme we will be having simultaneously or within very short interval FOUR VERSIONS of the same picture, LEILA MAJNU, two in Tamil and two in Telugu. What a grand treat it will be to the South Indian Film audience ! !

CHANDRALEKHA FILMS: Progressing steadily at the Newtone



India's renowned dancer Ismat Sultana, will dance through your heart in Surya Kala Chitra's maiden production CHARDIN-KI-CHANDNI



Banumathi as she appears in *Murugan* Talkies "Ratnakumar"

Studios is Producer Sivaswamy's AMBIKADEVI which should have gone through atleast three-fourths of its footage, by this time. There is something attractive in this picture for you, its musical and dance score. Directed by T. R. Gopu the picture has in its cast, T. R. Mahalingam, M. V. Rajamma, D. Balasubramaniam, etc.

CITADEL FILM CORPORATION: ITHAYA GEETHAM, the million-rupee venture of Mr. Joseph Taliath Jr. is rapidly moving on its strides at the local Newtown. This enterprising producer-director should have finished more than 7 reels of the picture by now. ITHAYA GEETHAM is a romantic story with a historical background where two brothers fall in love with the same girl and create confusing situations which are full of suspense and drama. Developed against Rajput chivalry, the picture promises to have plenty of adventure also. T. R. Rajakumari and T. R. Mahalingam lead the cast. Mr. Taliath has greatly succeeded in making Rajakumari appear atleast 10 years younger by clever make-up and camera angles so much so the obvious disparity between Mahalingam and Rajakumari will not be apparent in this picture.

GEMINI STUDIOS: Producer-director Vasan is terribly busy with

the Hindi and Tamil versions of the **CORSICAN BROTHERS**. NISHAN, the Hindi version stars Ranjan and Maya Banerji while KANTHIMATHY, the Tamil version sports M. K. Radha and Banumathi in the cast.

✓ **STAR COMBINES STUDIOS** in partnership with **ELITE PICTURES** will shortly go on the sets at their studios for the picture **PARAMANANDA SISHYALU** in Telugu. The ace-comedian of the Telugu screen Mr. Shiva Rao will be in charge of production and direction of this picture.

✓ **VAUHINI STUDIOS** seems to have a couple of "Sundaris" on their sets now, one is their own production **GUNASUNDARI** and the other G. Balaramiah's **SWAPNASUNDARI**. Both the productions are nearing completion and will be ready for early release.

✓ **KEMPRAJ PRODUCTIONS:** D. Kempraj is going ahead briskly with his bi-lingual production **RAJA VIKRAMA** at the Star Combines Studios. The last sequence which was shot recently and which we had an opportunity to witness, centred round Kamini's Chamber where the love-stricken Kamini was trying with all her charm and coquettishness to trap Vikram into her love-nest although the harassed Vikrama was quite unaffected and prepossessed with the thoughts of his country, wife and child. This sequence will present to you Rajamma in a most vivid and charming angle with all her feminine blessings put to the fore! Both the productions are progressing simultaneously.

BOMBAY

TALWAR PRODUCTIONS: Just think of a picture directed by Mr. R. C. Talwar, and featuring such distinguished performers as Suraiya, Ashok Kumar, Kumar, Indu, etc., you get **KHILARI**.

With this film Ashok Kumar returns to the sensitive emotional type of role which sky-rocketed him to fame. As the moonstruck collegian caught between two flames, Ashok puts over a performance that

is truly memorable. Suraiya is cast as the high-strung daughter of a brow-beating colonel and is incidentally the flame that burns brightest in Ashok's breast. Indu is the other girl who tries to bargain with cupid at the point of a pistol. And Kumar comes as the military-minded Colonel. The picture is based on a story written by Talwar himself and is being produced at the Bombay Talkies Studios. The musical score of the picture is being handled by Hansraj Behal and songs by Nakshab and Rajendra Krishnan.

MADHUBAN: Their **SURAJMUKHI** is in the last stages of production. Starring such top-notchers as Rehna, Shyam, Gope, Yasodhara Katju, Dhurga Khote, Randhir and Ramesh Thakur, the picture is reported to abound in attractive scenery and settings. Hussanlal Bhagatram is in charge of the musical score and that should assure the public of some melodious songs in this picture. K. Amarnath is directing it.

PREM ADIB PICTURES: Nearing completion at the Supreme Studios, Andheri is Prem Adib's mythological super-spectacle, **RAM VIVAH** starring the inimitable trio, Prem Adib, Shobhana Samarth and Uma Kant supported by Shanta Kumari, Yasodhara Katju, etc.

A news-bulletin received from the producers in our office, lists some 25 high-lights of this picture out of which those deserving mention are the splendid art-work of Kanu Desai, the catchy tunes of that celebrated music director Shankar Rao Vyas, the unique snake dance where more than 100 dancers participate, the expert camera work of Mr. Yusuf Mulji and the able direction of Prem Adib himself. **RAM VIVAH**, in short, is expected to be a worthy successor to **RAM RAJ** which sky-rocketed Prem Adib to fame and name.

AKASH CHITRA: Producer K. B. Lal is progressing well with his current production **HANSTE ANSU** which sports a star-cast led by Madhu Bala, Motilal and Nigar Sultana and supported by Gope,

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Mirza Mushraff and Janki Dass. The picture is being directed by Mr. K. B. Lal himself, while the musical part is in the able hands of Gulam Mohammed.

HINDUSTAN CHITRA: In the wake of the thundering success of **SAWAN AYA RE** Hindustan Chitra are now offering a brilliant musical romance **RIMJHIM**. **RIMJHIM** is written and produced by Kishore Sahu whose outstanding creation **SINDOOR** secured the Oscar for 1947 for the best picture for production values and direction. The picture stars Kishore Sahu, Ramola, Mubarak, Mohna, etc.

SURYA KALA CHITRA: Their maiden production **CHAR DIN KI CHANDNI** will be a grand scenic spectacle with a top caste led by Ismat Sultana, Paresh Banerji, Indu, Nayampalli, etc. Under the supervision of Rafiq Razvi the picture has been ably handled by Director Dadlani. The high lights of the picture will be the pleasing songs by Gulshan Sufi and D. C. Dutt and the scintillating dances composed by Radhey Shyam and Ismat Sultana.

While **CHARDIN KI CHANDNI** is awaiting an early release, producer Radhakishen is busy with the paper work of his next titled **CHITRAKAR** written by Dadlani.

PARO ART CONCERN: Healthy and sophisticated entertainment invested in an engrossing drama is the highlight of the ambitious presentation of this concern entitled **KISI KI YAD** which is making rapid progress. Based on a story of Chaturbhuj Doshi, **KISI KI YAD** depicts a human drama alive



Kaushalyas tickled Sunder somewhere to produce that expression in his face! A scene from B. N. Studio's **LOTTERY**

to the realities of the present-day life of love and hatred, struggle and suffering, understanding and misunderstanding. The picture is directed by Chaturbhuj Doshi and boasts of a cast led by Sulochana Chatterji, Bharat Bhushan, Paro Devi, etc.

VANKALWALA PRODUCTIONS: They have just completed their maiden picture **JIO RAJA**, starring Shanta Patel, Agha, Prakash, etc. It is a semi-social directed by Mr. Nari Ghadiali. The picture can boast of melodious songs, sparkling comedy and plenty of thrills.

FILMLAND, LTD.: Filmland, Ltd.'s maiden offering **THE LAST MESSAGE (AKHIRI PAIGHAM)** will have a simultaneous release in three cinemas at Delhi. **THE LAST MESSAGE** conveys the ideology of the Father of the Nation and this ennobling theme is ably presented through plenty of drama and entertainment.

ALL-INDIA PICTURES: Producer P. N. Arora's social classic **PARAS** with a host of attractive dances and scenes is now getting ready under the able direction of Anand Thakur. The picture has in its cast Kamini Kaushal, Madhubala and Sulochana Chatterji against Rehman, Amar and Sapru. Arara's next picture is reported to be **PARDES** with Hafeez Jehan in the lead.

PANCHOLI PRODUCTIONS: Mr. D. M. Pancholi has now changed his venue of activities from Lahore to Bombay and is busy with his first picture in Bombay titled **NAGHMA** written by himself and starring Nargis, Shyam, etc. The production is progressing at the Central Studios.

GOEL CINE CORPORATION: Nalini Jayawant is reported to have given some grand histrionical feats in producer-director Goel's **ANKHEN** which is now fast progressing. The picture is a rollicking comedy spiced with plenty of romance. Yakub, Bharat Bhushan and Yasodhara Katju are also in the cast.

FAZLI BROTHERS, LTD.: **DUNIYA**, producer-director Hus-



Gope comes again to entertain you by his sparkling comedy in Akash chitra's **HANSTE ANSU**

nain's current production is receiving the final touches and may shortly come before the public for a jubilee run. Leading the big cast are Suraiya, Karan Dewan, Yakub and Nigar Sultana.

PRAKASH PICTURES: The Bhatt Brothers seem to have their own way of working and have simultaneously completed two pictures **RAKHI** starring Kamini Kaushal, Karan Diwan, and Ullhas and **SAWAN BHADHON** which includes veterans like Munwar Sultana, Ram Singh and Janki Dass. Their third production also is nearing completion, titled **SHADI KI RAAT** with Geeta Bali Rehman, Aroon, etc.

JAGAT PICTURES: Their **SHAIR** directed by Mr. Chawla should have by this time reached the editing room for final touches. The picture is having an array of acting talents in it led by Suraiya, Kamini Kaushal and Dev Anand. Their next production will be **GAONA**, directed by the veteran Amiya Chakravarthi.

FILM DIVISION, GOVERNMENT OF INDIA: To keep the public abreast with the day to day events, Government of India's Film Division commemorated the second Anniversary of India's Independence with **FREEDOM MARCHES ON**, a striking documentary record of the epoch-making times during the last two years.

Released on August 12 throughout the country, **FREEDOM MARCHES ON** chronicles in a vivid day to day form the events that are shaping India's destiny.

Film Awards For 1947

Kishore Sahu wins the Oscar For Best Direction

**SINDOOR....Best Film HANSA....Best Actress
& MUBARAK....Best Actor**

AT LONG last public recognition of the topping talents of the Indian Screen [by a very representative and competent body of judges, known as the CINEVOICE INDIAN MOTION PICTURE AWARDS COMMITTEE, comprising some front rank people of the industry, such as Mr. C. J. Desai (of I.M.P. P.A.), Mr. V. Shantaram, Mr. Mohrab Modi, Mr. Rajnikant Pandya, Mr. J. S. Cassyap and Mr. B. K. Karanjia], in the shape of awards for the best picture, best director, best actor and best actress of 1947 was made at a function held on the 5th July 1949, at New Empire Cinema (Bombay) with the Hon'ble Mr. B. G. Kher, Prime Minister, Government of Bombay, in the chair. Mrs. Kher gave away the awards.

Out of the several runners-up, only the toppers were finally selected by the judges for the 'oscar', the awards going to Filmistan for the best picture of the year 'SINDOOR,' to Mr. Kishore Sahu, its creator, as the best director, to Hansa (of 'MATWALA SAHIR') as the best actress and Mubarak (of 'RENUKA') as the best actor.

Mr. S. Mukerji in accepting the award on behalf of Filmistan, modestly acknowledged the fact that the entire credit for 'SINDOOR' belonged to its author-producer-director-star, Mr. Kishore Sahu.

Next to come to the mike was Mr. Kishore Sahu, who, by the way, was the only speaker who had the commendable courage as also pride to speak in Hindi, while expressing his thanks for the award given to

him in an admirably lucid little speech in Hindi referred to the curious fact that whenever at creation of an artiste, may he be a painter, an actor or a director is sincerely appreciated by competent people it is always a great incentive and an encouragement to that artiste. He naturally feels happy; and he is always grateful to the people who understand and appreciate his art.

Mr. Sahu further said that, although the director of a picture easily discovers whether his picture has proved a hit or a flop at the box-office, he seldom knows whether his picture was really good; because a good picture may fail at the box-office while a rotten one may click. It is very rare that a really fine performance (or creation) may be both great and a box-office hit. He hoped that his 'SINDOOR,' which had proved a tremendous hit at the box-office and which was now declared as the best picture was indeed the BEST. And in this belief he was grateful to the judges, who declared him the best director and his creation as the best picture.

Mr. Mubarak and Hansa spoke expressing their gratitude for the awards.

Premier Kher in his otherwise very good-humoured and sympathetic speech covered more grounds than the audience felt were strictly relevant to the occasion. He laid emphasis on the fact that education and entertainment ought to be interchangeable. And since entertainment is a necessity, it should be clean and healthy. He also pointed out the necessity of a strict and vigilant Censor Board in order to maintain a certain standard of moral and cultural excellence in our pictures. He referred to the taxes on the industry and in justification said that without taxes no government can carry on their administration.

Mr. B. K. Karanjia moved the vote of thanks.

The function concluded with very happy incident when V. Shantaram insisted on being photographed with Mr. Kishore Sahu in a fond embrace, and congratulated Mr. Sahu warmly for the distinction conferred on him as the best Director.



Kishore Sahu the recipient of the Oscar for best direction in 1947 is seen being warmly congratulated by V. Shantaram.

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