

narcotises criticism. Is it the drowsing of the senses by the silence and lowered lights or the sheer mechanical hypnotism of the passing film that makes us so tolerant?

How else can one account for gatherings of adult and sophisticated people, apparently spellbound by drama whose pristine crudity is beneath that of the yokel's itinerant penny gaff; or of knock-about farces that make a Punch and Judy show Aristophanic in comparison? The only explanation is that the cinematograph public go again and again thinking that something must sooner or later turn up out of this wizardry of the camera that can bring the wide world into a darkened room.

One, of course, recognises the dramatic limitation of the cinematograph. It can never compete with the stage in depicting subtleties or the undercurrent of plots. It is without the greatest interpreter of all emotions—the human

**A Little Loss of the Cinema Eye.**

This is no attack on those honest and worthy enemies of the blue devils of idleness and boredom, the popular picture palaces. It is only a little gentle urging. There is a tremendous future before them and tremendous possibilities, educational as well as recreative.

There is so much the camera can do; there is so much happiness all day in real life that its films can record. It need not fear to be banal so long as it keeps to realities. There is nothing we like to see so much as ourselves and our familiar places. Augustus Harris knew this when he brought his real horses, and hansom, and everyday life on to the stage. The modern journalism knew it when it first talked to the ordinary man and woman of their eating and drinking and love-making and clothes.

And, lastly, there is so much in the wide world—even the jerky earlier

harpsicord, the psaltery, the clavichord, and the spinet (what slumberous dreams of lovely ladies with long fingers do the name evoke!) are coming back to us again (says the "Daily News" critic). Instead of the elephantine instruments and the loud, emphatic, monotonous music "full of sound and fury signifying nothing" to which we have become accustomed, we are to have rare harmonies sweet with subtlety and colour, drawn from instruments gay with all the outward beauty of curious carving and delicacy of line which characterised the lutes and viols of the sixteenth century.

So says Mr Arnold Dolmetsch, that intensely interesting musical genius and clever craftsman, who has devoted the past twenty-five years of his life solely to the study of old music, the collecting of old musical instruments (he has one of the most rare and wonderful collections in the world), and the making of

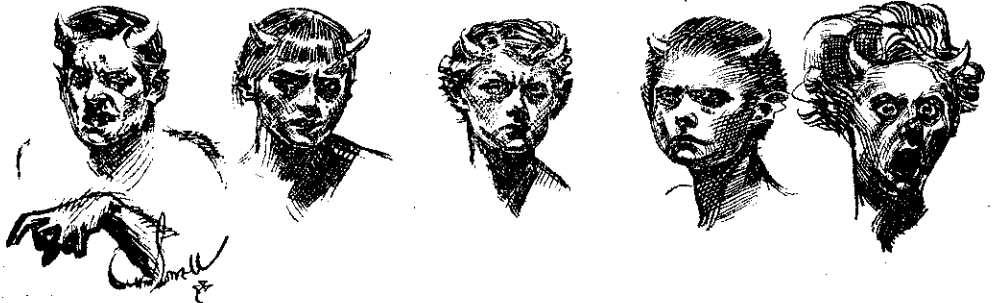
**Choir Boys**



AS THEY LOOK



AS THEY SING



AS THEY ACT

voice. The plot of a cinema play must be utterly simple, and every action instantly obvious. But if the cinema cannot give us half shades it can surely give us true shades? And, leaving drama alone, we are all sick of those everybody-running-and-falling-over-everybody-else "comics," whose epitaph should be that they never made the audience laugh.

I cannot think that these audiences of intelligent people of the world want to see far ever; as in a nightmare, those roughriders pursuing the gasping hero or villain through that bush that we so know by heart, or that devoted husband and wife who are for ever being parted by one of them reading only half through a letter, and for ever being reconciled (at a bed of sickness) by a self-conscious infant; or, worst of all, that foreign gentleman who, because he has got a new hat, goes out to bite policemen!

cinemas gave us much more of it than their smooth successors of to-day—Ningara leaping over its ledges—the wild life of the jungle—the glory of the Alps—the ring of the Atlantic on the cliffs of Valencia—the Fleet, half awash, curysing in the face of a sou'-wester—the kaleidoscope peoples of an Empire at work and play—the pageant of the East, like a mosaic in motion! And tragedies and comedies, too, we want—nobly done—the cinema is worthy of it—with a little rush and restlessness and obvious mess of gesture—and—oh! my masters, I pray of you, a little less rolling of that terrific of babes, sucklings, and grown men—the cinema eye—'Twells Brix, in the "Daily Mail."

**An Interesting Revival.**

The graceful old instruments—the romantic lute, the "sprightly, generous, and heroic viol," the virginal, the

marvellous models of these. Mr Dolmetsch's home is now in Paris. He finds the artistic Parisian quick to respond to the exquisite beauty and dignity of these old instruments. One of the largest manufacturers in Paris has engaged Mr Dolmetsch to make copies of spinets, harpsichords, clavichords, virginals, viols, and flutes, and so great is the demand for these that to keep pace with the orders is impossible.

**The "Twelfth Night" Virginal.**

When I saw Mr Dolmetsch recently his room was lined with instruments of divers kinds—lutes lay on the floor, viols were propped up against the wall, an adorable little green spinet with ebony keys stood unobtrusively in one corner, while a clavichord stood in another. A handsome harpsichord filled the space between the two windows, and on the top of the harpsichord was a most engaging little virginal. Just such a one

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