The Grotesques

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Fate grants he shall have freedom, even beyond his wish. Sprite enters and reaches one hand toward Girl. He kisses her; she has for herself forever, if there come no help. Fate pays no heed; Man does not help it to proceed. Silence brings the design to stagnation.

“What matter? Let the end be dearest!”

The bleak noses and a different face. Backgrounds are many as the stars them- selves.

And stripping the canvas clear of moon and stars, fate hags his being once more into the void.

Of the swans, crypto, impressionistic, is merely employed as an explanation to the movement of the swans, these themselves are visualized in action first and then embellished with words over the moon. Like the morose emperor. In the black and white conventionalized stage pictures the author admits the influence of Beardsley and Alastair. His philosophy, old as the world, seems new with a strange freshness in its ultra-modern setting.

The tragedy is written in one act of three scenes in duration. In its presen-
tation there is no curtain. The actors have no respite and when not engaged in revealing a design within the decoration must lie in imp and grotesque attitudes beyond the frame of the picture and have dropped them, yet always within view of the gods. Nothing more interesting has ever been done at this little theatre of chill ideas and fine purpose.

What’s Wrong With The Movies?

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“movies,” however, lacking endurance and quite unsocial, appeal not to the arts, but to the eye alone. All other families are left in abeyance. Shakespeare lies admittely beyond the “movies.” Could a more effective evidence of their futility be presented? Relying on mob psychology, they can affect thousands through scenes of degeneracy; but the Intellectuality of “Hamlet,” the glories of the Histories and the beauties of “The Merchant of Venice” are beyond their scope.

The “movies” furnish a remarkably accurate measure of the efficacy of the camera, but when all is said and done, a camera is only a camera, and a photograph is only a photograph.

New Columbia Records

Every music lover of every form of music will find somewhere the Columbia June list of recordings some selection to give him pleasure. There is Kahlilova’s violin, singing the wall of Dvorak’s “Indian Lament in G Minor,” and Orin Teilau’s violin, “Les Millionnaires.” Leopold Godowsky gives two wonderful interpretations of Liszt’s Concert Etude No. 2 in D Flat, and Chopin’s eternally loved “Nocturne in E Flat.” His Mason is Roudal, and “Koy Blue Graff.” The orchestra list includes Thomas’ “Mignon Overture,” a snip- ping of Beethoven’s, “Saint Sanders’ ode.” Valentin’s “Cellere Memnet,” “Come Back to Erin” and “Ever of Damas.” Louis Graveuse, the phenomenal Belgian baritone, sings Lambert’s “The Man of the Land,” and Hope Temple’s “An Old Garden.” Henri Scott, basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company, adds Puccini’s “I Fear No Pain” and Watson’s “The Sentiment All I to his list of Columbia recordings. Adel.

“Movies” and Critics

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made by certain managers, to the effect that criticism is miscarious.

The ludicrous situations, and the perfectly obvious escape, are surely beyond the reach of criticism, and they need it no more than do certain vulgar and factitious attempts to make it on the real stage. Everything in a picture goes, and goes without art. The art of motion picture and no “pro and con.”

In one of Miss Fiske’s pictures, the murdered man, just as he was about to die, wrote a note and left it by his side, saying, “I have killed me.” In a play we should have laughed ourselves sick at the absurdity of the situation. The pictures, however, are not supposed to mirror real life, but to supply the prepared and detached life that is offered to the unthinking mob.

Nearly all the bad plays, those that have failed rapidly as drama, make excellent pictures. This is one of the curiosities of the business. The real despair of the stage is the hope of the picture house. The store houses must be filled with successful films.

The real danger to the stage seemed to lie in the fact that the photo plays would be lifted toward the realms of art, and the appeal would gradually vanish in the perfection of the thing. At one time they believed very much as though the screens would touch the heights of psychology, and attempt flights that the stage itself is physically unable to undertake. This is not at all likely now. The “in- dustry” is so purely speeulable, and coordinated commercially, and so completely engrossed in the material side of life, that the “inner meaning” is left untampered with. Nothing has given to the pictures the beauty of the spoken word, the liter-
ary idea, and the spiritual interest of the drama.

The drama is imprecisely safe to that it can sit on its rock and laugh! It can survey the ex- tortions of the photo play with serenity. It can afford to let its fans fill their pockets much per minute—and then welcome them back with their swollen senators.

“When I have made enough money from the pictures to enable me to produce the plays that I was designed to produce, and not feel the loss that I may possibly incur, that I have removed my ambition,” is the sort of speech that I have heard from them. And when I look at the film producers as renegades. It is a sound point of view—a trifle unflattering to the films, and perhaps a trifle ungrateful.

Even this will pass, and the pictures will be the more a substitute for the physiologies, and by made picture reputations for themselves. Some of these are so interesting that the interest in the picture company would seem be very flautant. Why should the managers of the legitimate stage ask after there are such satisfying screen actors as Mary Pickford, and in the business of producing and directing? Miss Talmadge. The last named is the new screen artist. The man whose picture going that really handed me an impression. Miss Talmadge is expected to produce as wonderfully picturesque, that the finitude of securing people from the legitimate stage is not at the end. The novelty of popularity that they won there, seems to be—well, just the vagaries of the public.

The masses prefer Irving Berlin to Beethoven, or Debusky; but the position Rossetti and Delius have not been hedged—nor will they ever be hedged.

ALAN DALE