



Lichtfassade an einem Kino in Berlin • Illuminated Front on a Cinema in Berlin

in their effect. The majority of the visitors, however, are attracted by the pictures of their favourites. Women, above all, want to see the man "who makes them forget everything" over and over again!

This is why the posters displaying the chosen favourite of the public in a characteristic pose cannot be too large. That bewitching frown should be able to arouse a thrill of enthusiasm at least two streets off. The hero's herculean biceps, blossoming like the rose in the most unlikely flesh tints, dominate the street panorama for weeks at a time and cause every feminine passer-by to gasp with delight. It is an apparently hopeless task for the poster painter to magnify the victorious charm, the irresistible fascination of the gloriously proportioned feminine star to the proportions required by the mammoth hoarding above the cinema palace. Fancy painting the lips of the lovely lady whose happy-end kiss causes continents to tremble with ecstasy, in proportions covering a whole—this is certainly a masterpiece of technique. But it must be accomplished, in order that the hurrying passerby may exclaim with a sigh of longing: "Gread Scott, she must be a stunner in that part!"

But suppose it all fails to draw? Suppose some particularly stonyhearted creature successfully withstands all these appeals? One last chance remains—music! A song with a go in it rings out of the cinema entrance-hall; sweetly melodious, irresistibly catchy, the latest hit resounds far up the street:

"When I go to the pictures on a Sunday . . .

Trans. by E. T. S.

