

Bloomsbury Cinema

The Editor

This is the first time in all our ninety-four issues that TABS has illustrated a cinema. It is true that from time to time we have allowed ourselves a sidelong glance at television studios—regarding these presumably for some reason as an extension of live theatre—our vocation. On reflection we cannot help feeling that the reason for occasional visits in our pages to television studios was that we have done and do a very great deal of work with our special lighting and control equipment there. So too, just that trace of commercialism may be behind the introduction of the new Bloomsbury Cinema to our hallowed pages? The truth is that Rank Strand did everything in particular and did it very well, which gives us a chance to insert a reminder of our ubiquitous package. Also—proudly bang the sounding gong—to

a Compton organ and other appurtenances of the time.

This cinema prematurely ended its days, we think during an air raid, and so it is with some pleasure that we noticed that the title was being revived—albeit some four minutes away in Brunswick Square. There among the draughty concrete foothills of one of those giant architectural complexes, which one either likes or dislikes with equal vehemence, is a small glass enclosure through which it is possible to descend to the treasure-house below.

From the moment one enters it is impossible not to use part of the Rank Strand package. With the possible exception of certain small back rooms where sexual discrimination is rife, everything else that is important to life there owes its origin to us.

The patron* sinks ankle deep in our luxurious Wilton carpet—not only of most excellent heavy-grade texture but laid to perfection to bring out each subtle nuance of riser and corner. If one can bear to leave the luxury of the foyer for the auditorium, there one finds the self-same carpet (1,000 square yards of the stuff!) for one's feet and the most splendid seating for one's backside. These are the new super figure-forming single pedestal polyurethane Pelican chairs with stretch nylon covers designed

especially for luxury cinemas.

Models in comfort, construction and, so it is said, appearance—one reclines at ease with plenty of leg room and gazes expectantly at the Rank Strand lighting upon the Rank Strand house tabs. Before long our thyristor dimmer goes into action as the tabs part to reveal the true purpose of the place—the silver screen.

Upon this Rank Harkness screen is projected—appropriately masked in the



announce that the package has been enlarged recently and among the enlargements are film projectors and studio lighting equipment.

Some will remember that once upon a time there was a Bloomsbury Cinema at the corner of Theobald's Road where nearby trams used to emerge grinding and snorting from the steep slope of the Kingsway Tunnel. It was not a particularly glamorous or de luxe cinema but it did have