



RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Aubade

MUSIC, while one is lying in bed in the morning, is a luxury, especially on a week-day. The other morning, by a combination of circumstances into which we will not go, I was able to enjoy this luxury. At least, it should have been enjoyment. Station 2YA's music, coming from the living-room where the day's work was already in progress, was easily and, at first, pleasantly heard. Bright, but not breezy, it gave encouragement to faint feet shrinking from the cold. Due to the eccentricities of sound, however, the announcements were an inaudible murmur. So, listening to this infuriatingly familiar music to which I could give no title, I was torn between an urge to go out and turn up the volume, and the alternative necessity of

racking the memory to identify the tantalising tunes. No more refined mental torture could be devised. At last memory snapped into place on the final number of the session—"Slumber Song." I took the hint and rose.

Black Ivory

PROGRAMME titles are not always what they seem, and when I tuned in to *Black Ivory* from 2ZB last Thursday I quite expected to hear a music-hall maestro exhibiting his virtuosity by tickling the black ivories instead of both kinds. Instead of which, naturally enough, I plunged headlong into a slave-galley in mid-Mediterranean, where the only tickling being done was by the overseer's lash. A very potent drama, awash with pre-Churchillian blood, toil, tears, and sweat. I emerged from the experience somewhat weakened, and prepared to admit that by Aristotle's definition this was Tragedy. So that it was with a certain sense of incongruity that I heard the announcer telling me that if I wanted a really dainty bone china tea service

I should certainly pay a visit to somebody's Ceramics Section. This led me to muse upon the unsuitability of many commercial announcements to the programmes they sponsor. Let us have no more of this business of exclusive gown salons entertaining us with scantily-dressed South Sea belles or soap manufacturers who foist upon the unsuspecting public characters whose lives are not quite clean.

Strong Medicine

DRAMA OF MEDICINE from 2ZB provides an affirmative answer to those who ask doubtfully whether any good thing can come out of a commercial station. Last week it featured the story of Nicolylk, a Belgrade doctor who stamped out a typhus epidemic in the Yugoslavian Partisan Army, and was in gratitude promoted to the rank of general by Marshal Tito. Unfortunately I know too little of the hero to be able to separate the kernel of truth from its dramatic casing, to decide what *The Lancet* would accept and what reject.

Sometimes the dramatics seem a little obvious. Tito's henchman Pietro, sent to kidnap a German general, sounds rather too much like the kidnapper we meet in B-class theatres, but our acquaintance with the genus is limited, and for all we know a leering lisp may be typical. Marshal Tito himself, with his manner rather than manners, is as he stands ideal radio material. But to dramatise persons is comparatively easy; to dramatise abstracts, like the struggle against disease, is harder. *Drama of Medicine* has a story worth telling, and tells it well.

Beauty and the Beast

P. MARTIN SMITH'S series of talks from 1ZB, *This Changing World*, promises well. His first talk was in the nature of a preliminary survey. Things are not what they used to be; of course, they never were. Altogether it is a funny world we live in. For instance, dipping into P. Martin Smith's talk, we find that, during the last 20 or 30 years, woman, the fair sex, has gone to great pains to make herself fairer. Beauty culture is now one of the



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