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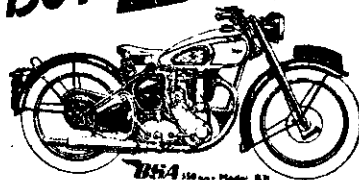
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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Fitzpatrick Also Ran

IN his introduction to *Our Town*
Thornton Wilder says, "So — the
people a thousand years from now will
know . . . this is the way we were, in
our growing up, in our marrying, in our
living and in our dying." The NZBS
Hawera Scrapbook also concerns itself
with giving the people (present, not
future) a picture of a town, but is natu-
rally more concerned with what distin-
guishes our town rather than with
what it has of universality. "Scrapbook"
is an unpretentious title, but apposite.
The hour's programme is bitsy, but sur-
prisingly comprehensive, and at the end
we find that a bit of the Ladies' Choir
here and a bit of the High School Band
there have added up to something more
than a musical programme, that the
sum of a and b and c is somehow greater
than a + b + c. I particularly enjoyed the
snippets of Hawera history, told us by
those who remembered, or those whose
parents had remembered. And the pro-
gramme was all the brighter for not be-
ing muffled in the customary NZBS
cloak of anonymity. Credit was given
where credit was due. The 5,000 citi-
zens of Hawera, under whose feet no
grass grows, should feel proud to have
their achievements placed so accurately
on record, and the rest of the listening
public should stand to applaud both the
gallant 5,000 and the staff of the Mo-
bile Recording Unit.

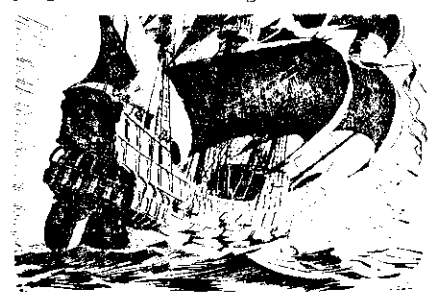
Lie Detection

FROM 2YD last Wednesday we heard
a play called "Murder among the
Psychologists," not to be confused with
psychological murder except for the
fact that it occurred at the psychological
moment. No, it was a normal murder
for the normal profit motive, and fictionally
normal since the question "Cui bono?"
could be answered in almost as many
ways as there were characters. The hero-
ine's idea of using an association test
to discover the Guilty Party was novel,
though still normal; but her deductions
from the results of her tests were dis-
tinctly unorthodox. In fact it was evi-
dent that scientific psychology had
yielded place to its parent amoeba,
woman's intuition. The unlettered
policeman to my mind had the right
idea when he regarded with deeper sus-
picion those suspects who balked at
providing word associations for "Kill" or
"Perry" or "Blood" than those who with-
out batting an eyelid obligingly returned
"Body," "Professor," and "Red." How-
ever the young lady was of course right,
and thus the play to my mind goes im-
mediately into the "prejudicial to
morale" category. For its effect is to cast
doubt upon the basic principles of the
Lie Detector, and once our faith in this
is gone what is there left to keep us
on the straight and narrow?

Words by Masfield

I SUPPOSE few poets have lent them-
selves to music so readily as Mas-
field; the rhythm and swing of his lines
cry out for musical setting. But his is a
dangerously tempting rhythm, so regu-
lar that the amateur composer, in at-
tempting to translate him into music,
must resist the lure of over-emphasis
of the obvious. Possibly that is why few
composers have really succeeded with
Masfield, and why most settings of such
poems as "Cargoes," "Sea Fever,"
"Trade Winds" and so on have a flavour

of the popular ballad about them, even
when the composer has gone out of his
way to avoid this by making his har-
monies intricate and by breaking up the
march of his rhythm. Station 4YO's
programme of settings of Masfield



poems included mostly sea poems, and
had about it a fresh and vigorous salty
tang. The only song I didn't like was
"Mother Carey," in which Nelson Eddy
does an unfortunate imitation of the
style of John Charles Thomas.

Pinafore and Aft

THE last quarter-of-an-hour of H.M.S.
Pinafore, which was all the power
cut allowed me last Sunday afternoon,
was at any rate sufficient to leave me
feeling as well disposed to the char-
acters and their creator as Captain Cor-
coran was to Little Buttercup. But the
comparison is scarcely accurate, since
Captain Corcoran loved Little Buttercup
for herself and not for her achievement
(baby-farming even in the benighted
'seventies was a despised occupation)
whereas in Gilbert's case the opposite is
true. Biography is an over-rated science.
We might paraphrase the poet and re-
mark that:

Lives of great men oft remind us
That at home they weren't so bland
We far off may see behind us
Clown footprints in the sand.

Fortunately a work of art exists in
its own right, so that we are not tempted
to undervalue Antony's protestations to
Cleopatra when we learn that Shake-
speare left Ann Hathaway his second-
best bed, or think Alice a prig because
her creator saw fit to take Gilbert heav-
ily to task for his use of that indefen-
sible word "damme" in his *Pinafore* (The
NZBS had no such scruple). Certainly
there are things about Gilbert's outlook
that we should like changed, though
this is not one of them. We deplore his
baiting of Sullivan, the ungentlemanli-
ness of his comment on his wife's ap-
pearance after she has been landed from
one of the original automobiles into a
hedge ("She looked like a large and
quite unaccountable bird's nest"), the
anti-feminism of his retort when he
heard that suffragettes, crying "Votes
for Women!" had chained themselves to
the railings of the Houses of Parliament
("I shall chain myself to the railings of
Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital
and cry 'Beds for Men!'") There may
be a bit of Dick Deadeye in Gilbert,
but damme, it would be too bad if bio-
graphy revealed him to be all unquic-
table Ralph Rackstraw.

About Bach

IN an hour of Bach's music on Good
Friday, 4YA included five chorale pre-
ludes from the "Little Organ Book."
These were played by Albert Schweit-
zer, that remarkable and versatile gen-
ius whose two monumental tomes on
Bach's life and works represent only a
small part of his activities. In his book,

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