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# RADIO VIEWSREEL

## What Our Commentators Say

### Emotional X-Ray

AFTER hearing one of C. Gordon Glover's plays I always wonder with a shiver whether he is as good at seeing through his friends as he is at seeing through his characters, whether his wife suffers the same remorseless dissection as he accords his heroes' fiancées. What makes it so much worse is that C. Gordon Glover never lets bygones be bygones (if Mr. Dunne had not formulated his time theories Mr. Glover would have probably worked something out for himself), and not only gives his characters a past but never lets them forget it. Last time I listened to Mr. Glover he was engaged in persuading his hero to break his engagement (a task in which he was completely successful), this time (*This is Different*, 2YA, May 26) he spends half-an-hour getting another hero hitched. And how satisfactorily! From the opening moment, when, at a café table, he whispers, "This time it's different" doubts pursue him like the Eumenides, doubts that take to themselves the forms and voices of the women to whom he has murmured these very words; and Mollie, Penelope, Susan, Mary and one or two rank outsiders assail him not only singly but in concert. Finally, Susan, the most persistent (and definitely the nicest), is suitably exorcised, and a chastened Michael may be presumed somewhat more fitted for marriage with his Diana. Mr. Glover's love stories are about as different from the usual magazine type as he is from Dorothy Dix, but if you have a love-problem better let it rest on Miss Dix's bosom than submit it to the zestful scalpel of Mr. Glover.

### Coward Comperes

THE old crack about Noel Coward thinking he's Christmas is certainly not borne out by his Sunday night demeanour on the ZB stations, for no artificial violet could be more modest than he. But his diffident "I do hope you'll like this one" is almost bound to be answered in the affirmative, for every number has something to recommend it. (Mr. Coward restricts himself to one item per programme—last Sunday's *Stately Homes of England*, thanks to the Master's touch, managed to convey all the nuances of the unpruned version.) I am tempted to compare Mr. Coward's half-hour with the more elevated and elevating Gilbert and Sullivan programme from 2YA, a comparison all the more flattering since Sir William has the co-operation of Sir Arthur and scriptwriter Baily, whereas Pooh-Bah Coward is scriptwriter, producer, librettist and composer rolled into one. As 2YD's *You Asked For It* announcer would say "A very well-chosen programme, Mr. Coward—I hope we'll hear from you again."

### No Change

A BBC production recently heard from 4YA was entitled *The Old Order Changeth*, and it dealt with the Cockney. "This was the Cockney," we were told

—and naturally I expected that the programme, as it proceeded, would reveal a vital and obvious change in Cockney character and manners. This I really don't think it did—and I imagine it is because no really vital change has occurred in the Cockney himself over the period dealt with here. This very fine



delineation of Cockney life dealt with the life of Mrs. Sands, whose story was chosen as typical. Immediately we were taken back to the London of the 'nineties, and plunged into an environment of overcrowded slums peopled with a race of warm-hearted, raucous, lovable folk. Mrs. Sands's story might serve as a typical example of courage and endurance, mingled with a certain pathetic gaiety and charm difficult to describe, but apparent to anyone who heard the programme. The plain details of her life, the child happily playing in squalid surroundings, the early work and marriage, the children, the desertion of a worthless husband, and the gradual building up of a home atmosphere for her family by sheer hard work and determination—only to have it all blitzed and to start again and yet again with renewed vigour; such details could probably be duplicated many times in the stories of thousands of others. But the basic character behind these details remained firm, throughout changing circumstances, and proved the point that although the material surroundings of the Cockney may alter, the character of this typical Londoner hasn't done so—and we hope will not do so, however much his living conditions may be altered for the better.

### Cloudy and Overcast

NO sparks flew, in fact there was a singular absence of incandescence in the first session of the New Zealand Brains Trust from 2YA (Monday, May 24), in spite of the presence of such luminaries as Julius Hogben, Professor Llewellyn, Mrs. D. Turner, and Vernon Brown. Donald McCullough, in the chair, shed sweetness and light, but the encircling gloom was too strong even for him. Nor were the questions at fault, since as well as the old Exported-Brains favourite, one or two promising novices (e.g. "Is New Zealand God's Own Country, and if so Why Is It In Such a Mess?" "Is Men's Dress Reform Desirable?") also ran. At first in my bitterness I was inclined to wonder whether there might not after all be something in this Export-of-Best-Brains business, but then I realised that it was not brainpower but rather *joie de vivre* that was lacking in the session. When Questionmaster McCullough threw in a question there was no concerted pounce