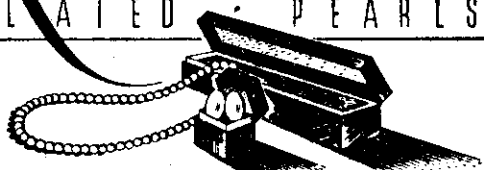




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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

The Clock

THAT awful menace which hangs over every radio programme is invoked too often to subdue listeners who wish to defy it. Sunday is not an advertising day, but The Clock regulates it as efficiently as it does the week-days. The show must go on—on time. Why? Why isn't it possible to play a record twice in the same session when a listener rings up to request it? Couldn't another record be omitted if The Clock has to be pacified? Recently the 4ZB Citizens' Forum discussed the question "Can You Change Human Nature?" and the chairman and I were both very regretful that many stimulating questions had to be omitted. He blamed it on "The Clock which is master of us all!" The Clock certainly masters the listener, refusing to lengthen his favourite sessions and allowing dull ones to drag on; but why should it master radio officials too, who seem to regard any radical impromptu alteration of a programme as a life-and-death matter?

Mr. Andrews

IT is not particularly original to say that originality is a very scarce commodity. A few drops are doled out to each generation, a few drops of the true distillate swimming in a sea of false stuff, falsely labelled. Fortunately, a drop of true originality, falling from a printed page into the mind, bursts into a bright light which illuminates dark corners and lights up hitherto undiscovered treasures. Let us take the plunge and say it *creates* those treasures. E. M. Forster, though quietly, has that illuminating creativeness. It could be felt in the theme and characters when he read his short story *Mr. Andrews* on the BBC Pacific Service. Mr. Andrews went to heaven, but although his expectations were fulfilled his hopes were not, and he felt nothing of the joyous peace that he had felt outside when he had prayed that a Turk might be allowed to enter, and had heard at the same time the Turk praying for him. Mr. Andrews and the Turk left heaven disappointed, but knowing well what they were going back to. And as they came through the gate they felt the pressure of the world soul on them, and for a moment they resisted. Then, with the experience and love they had acquired they passed into the world soul, and made it better. How serene is this concept of unity, how happy those with faith to embrace it, how uncommon a radio experience in an age of anxiety and vertigo.

When Winter Comes

I HAD meant for some weeks to sample the 4ZB session *Landscape in Words and Music*, but didn't get a chance to do so until the programme entitled "Winter is Kind." After this episode I doubt if I shall still be listening when Spring comes, no matter how far behind it may be. I found the programme woolly. First, there were the words, which meandered along on uneven course. Not-very-inspiring descriptions of rain, trees, flowers, storms, and so on, were mixed up with appeals to the listener (think, for instance, how Central

Australia would appreciate the rain, if it's too wet for your own taste), and statements about nature which were either elementary (the rain is the culmination of a cycle which begins in the rivers and sea), or demonstrably untrue (only dead and withered branches are



snapped by the wind). Then there was the music, which was excellent, except that we couldn't hear it because the voice spoke through it and the music was tuned almost to inaudibility. This session could have been a good one if passages from standard authors and poets had superseded the commentary, and the music had not been obscured by the speaker's voice.

Reunion in Vienna

REUNION in Vienna (2ZB, Thursday, October 14), had the inestimable advantage of having James Mason cast as a Habsburg, a role he played as to the schloss born, with all the arrogance, the egotism, the intemperance, the obstinacy which tradition ascribes to the Habsburgs and fans traditionally demand from James Mason. Pamela Kellino, still wreathed in murky emanations from her role as Kate in *The Upturned Glass* was less happily cast as the charming Elena. In spite of drastic condensation the point of Sherwood's original play was well-preserved — the Habsburg honour, another family shortcoming, prevents Rudolph from seducing Elena, and the victory, thanks to a nice bit of applied psychology, is the husband's. *Reunion in Vienna* is one of my favourite plays, and I enjoyed hearing it done. It was surprising to me that the short radio version should deal so effectively with the action, and also capture some hint of the national desperation of Vienna in the early 'thirties.

These I Have Missed

A RADIO fan avoids useless repining by never glancing backwards through the programmes, since past programmes can logically be included in the non-revenerant trio of Spoken Word, Sped Arrow, and Neglected Opportunity. But to the listener in jaundiced mood nothing is more gratifying. I find, for example, that I have missed the Absolutely Final Episode of *Imperial Lover* (in actual fact, I have missed all of them) which means I shall probably go through the rest of my life with no more idea of Catherine the Great than that provided by folklore and Elizabeth Bergner. I

(continued on next page)