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RADIO VIEWSREEL What Our Commentators Say

Lion Among Daniels

THE first session of "The Reader Takes Over" "went down like junket," to quote one participant's description of Rose Macaulay's own style, but, palatability of the session was the result of careful planning, which preserved cerebral content without sacrificing the appearance of spontaneity. The session is an attempt by a professional



reviewer (Daniel George) and several interested amateurs to see if their idea of what the author means coincides with the author's own purpose, to get behind the publisher's blurb and find out what makes the literary wheels go round. The interviewers were all sympathetic towards Miss Macaulay and her works, and their comments were surprisingly illuminating. The only one who had anything harsh to say was Miss Macaulay herself, who announced sweepingly that, despite her works on E. M. Forster and Milton, she had no critical faculty. She was of course not allowed to get away with it. The Reader Knows Best.

Airlift Programme

IT is both the virtue and the defect of documentaries that they tend to approximate towards the life they portray. In that well-directed if shapeless documentary on the Berlin Airlift, listeners, like the airmen themselves, had to take the rough with the smooth, to do a certain amount of straining to catch a pilot's words above the roar of propellers, to appreciate in his own person (even though to a very slight extent) the harsh mechanics of the undertakings portrayed in the programme. Yet at the end of threequarters of an hour I felt (to a commensurably slight extent) a sense of sharing in the triumph of the business, as well as the feeling of achievement that comes from being able to file into a reproachfully empty pigeonhole of the mind a few necessary and useworthy facts. But the programme could well have been longer, for, on thinking it over afterwards, I felt rather dissatisfied at not hearing more of the human reactions to Implications Airlift. The scene in the canteen was one of the most vivid in the programme, and, significantly, the talk was much the same as that which might have been heard at any R.A.F. mess during the war. I think more could have been done to probe beneath the surface talk and to estimate the effect of humanitarian

ends on men who, a few years ago, had perhaps flown the same corridor on a different type of mission.

Self-Knowledge

KIMBALL-BENNETT'S series of talks Man Among His Fellows (2YA, Friday nights) are read by a gentleman with a plain, matter-of-fact and convincingly earnest voice, which does almost as much as the practicality of the talks themselves to remove from them any taint of theoretical psychology, and make them as fit as Samuel Smiles for the consumption of the man in the street. Mr. Kimball-Bennett has a gentler technique then Hamlet for turning the eves into the very soul, and manages to imply that everyone has spots of one kind or another. The first step towards self-help comes from letting yourself recognise the spots, and not permitting the Ego (or whatever it is that does these things) to explain them away. Duly warned against Transference (Did I kick the cat because I was angry with the typewriter and the typewriter is too expensive to kick as well as less pleasurable?) I am now busily engaged in tracking down the sources of Anger. Anger, says Mr. Kimball-Bennett (and his stand-in) is energy, and energy can be used to more advantage than in the display of anger. For the beginner, walking it off and crying it out are helpful, but the more advanced pupil (unfortunately there is only one more lecture to come or we might all happily be in this category) will be able to seek more constructive outlets for the energy so generated, until the happy time when the emotion of anger is so weakened as to be robbed of its generative power.

Easy Erudition

ONE cherished spot in the programmes is, for me, 4YA's Friday half-hour from 9.30 till 10.0 p.m. Denis Gray, in his series of programmes, The Life of Greece, has made this time a delight too quickly gone. He has included in his sessions almost every aspect of his subject, as exemplified by such titles as "From the Woman's Point of View," "To the Unknown God," etc. Mr. Gray is a rarity as far as radio speakers are concerned—a combination of the erudite intellectual and the happy dilletante. His scripts are a joy to listen to; his translations from the Greek make one wonder whether they could have sounded as witty in the original; and his uninhibited choice of extracts for quotation keeps listeners on the constant alert lest some juicy morsel escape them. When I add that he has to help him a team of expert readers, the discriminating listener will realise that here we have something not to be missed on any account.

A Hand of Poker

WHAT is to be said of a radio play whose whole point depends on the technicalities of a hand of poker? Only (continued on next page)

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