

Lodge Listens . . .



"Hm, I think perhaps we were a little off-key that time"

—just a little churlish of 4YA. Ballads that Live set one wondering about those that do not, but from the musical value of the programme one is forced to conclude that here no law of the survival of the fittest can apply. The saccharine invitation of Music for My Lady reflects a contempt for My Lady's musical taste. And is there a suggestion of social-intellectual snobbery in the fact that whereas 4YA presents Tea-Table Tunes at 4.0, 4YC waits till 6.0 and presents Dinner Music—a programme slightly more cultivated in tone? Organ Interlude, which precedes the morning Devotional Service, and might be expected to bridge the gulf between that and Music While You Work, proves to be the "Donkey Serenade." "Rustle of Spring," etc., played on a cinema organ, but 4YC's Concert Hour at 5.0, and 4YA's Morning Proms at 11.35 frequently provide the best short programmes of the week. The most irritating title each week, however, though the mystification is on the grammatical level, is 4YA's Celebrity Artists. What is a "celebrity" artist, and does celebrity used as an adjective differ in meaning sufficiently from famous, or well-known, or celebrated, to justify this abuse of language?

—Loquax

The Great Lover

SO potent a magnet is the mere name Don Juan (even if pronounced as in this case Don Wan) that doubtless many listeners as well as myself were trapped into listening for an hour and a half to Hugh Ross Williamson's rather dreary play *The Death of Don Juan*.

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Difficult, possibly, to depict a Great Lover over the air (John Barrymore, I remember, did such lovely leaps from balcony to ground and vice versa). This Don Juan's verbal lovemaking was maddeningly chivalrous, his kisses, unkindly caught by the microphone, too smacking to rank as seductive, the philosophic cloak flung over him by his creator too thin to disguise the fact that he was essentially passé. The monastery background was by contrast richly macabre—I particularly enjoyed the Feast of the Dead, the tolling bells, the rise and fall of the Dies Irae, and the close-up of Brother Isodore's death rattle. And I feel grateful for the selfless characterisation of Brother Mark by Selwyn Too-good.

Superfluous Clock

THE BBC thriller *The Clock*, heard from 2YA, was rather like an ordinary woman taken in hand by Dior: if she had been forced to get her clothes from the little shop round the corner she wouldn't have been worth a second glance. The sheer brilliance of the technique certainly did blind one to the shortcomings of the plot—the monotonous beat of the clock gave a sense of urgency which the unembellished narrative could scarcely have sustained. (Only subsequently did the impious thought occur—what had the clock to do with it, anyway?) Then, too, Norman Mitchell's characterisation of Detective-Inspector Mantis (the small-talk camouflaging the mighty brain) produced shivers of apprehension in his hearers where a less experienced actor might have produced shivers of dislike.

—M.B.

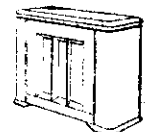
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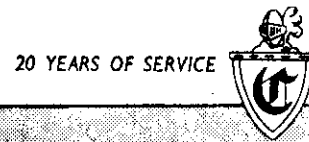


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