

BBC Charter Review,
Department for Culture, Media and Sport,
2-4 Cockspur Street,
London.
SW1Y 5DH

(WHO THOUGHT THAT WAS JP?)

28th. March 2005

Dear Sir,

I welcome the opportunity to make comment on the BBC, which is a wonderful institution and must be preserved.

However, it has of late slipped from its pedestal, rocked by the present decline in standards demanded by 'Modernism' - the need to be scruffy and slipshod. Fortunately, Radio, especially '4', keeps a grip on the good things but I find one shortcoming in that music has lost its way. My understanding of music is that it is an orderly arrangement of notes, hopefully harmonious and pleasurable; songs have understandable words. Not any more. Composers take bucketsful of notes, pick them out at random, stick them onto paper for 'musicians' to 'interpret'. It gives me a headache. Why cannot one channel play music to give us Old Folk some pleasure, as in the past. Now we have to resort to Classic FM and put up with the wretched adverts.

So called 'Music' plays a part in my main gripe about the BBC...

Drama has always been supreme - the spoken word, BBC English, and top class acting and production. Now, young actors, and especially actresses, don't even learn to enunciate their words so that we can understand what they are saying, they don't open their teeth or move their lips. They should practice on the stage - so that the 'Gods' can hear them. Can Producers do something about this? - or do they not care either. Old actors can be heard, every word.

Then of course there is the 'Music'. The Union must insist that a proper number of 'musicians' are given employment in every program. So we have 'background' music, which is 'foreground' noise. It smothers the dialogue, which is already difficult if spoken by young actors. Have you noticed that the 'Music' is always louder in the quieter parts - Cacophonous when the play is intriguing.

This new approach to drama is ruining other wise super programmes - last night's 'Fingersmith', for instance.

'Sport' dominates the scene. The BBC ought to recognize that we are not all cretins. So there you are - the thoughts of a Grumpy Old Man on the dear old BBC.

Yours sincerely,

Ivan Seymour.

