

Reality, and TV

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If you watch TV for News, you are familiar with the phrase “BREAKING NEWS”.
Much wouldn't rate a filler in the New York Times,
whose Legendary model is “All the News that's Fit to Print”.

Watching TV serial stories, drama, sports is another matter.
Generally they excel, retain the audience, even through nauseating commercials.

In this area TV has performed very well, all networks; recurring tales.

One. Blue Bloods. A TV Police drama. On CBS Friday night. since introduced
September 24, 2010. The cast, usually appear every episode. Family, they bond, eat
together, converse. Further, most of the original crew is retained.
For a cast of 16 speaking roles, this may be unique television.

Viewers of any popular drama tend to like one characters over another. I like, and
feel an empathy with, each Blue Blood.

Television Producers and Directors loves the hand-held and rail mounted traveling
camera. These, the bread-and-butter for action scenes. Anyone could visit our
Writers Group, set up a camera, record each hour of conversation.
We, generally immobile. Bad TV.

Chase someone, something evil? Great TV. Blue Bloods has its share, maybe
more; the shows' been around longer. Through tenements, up and down stair
cases, New York City's beautiful Parks, across and through streets and buildings,
day and night, someone is going to try to escape, every episode. While not
attempting to give away plots to come, that individual will always be captured, the
continuing actors, never huffing and puffing, sweating, clothes or hair askew, their
dialogue mimicking the calm of our Writers when reading.

I must admit, I enjoy these scenes. They are thoughtful, satisfying, dramatic.
But let's face it, unreal. The suspect being pursued is seldom elderly. No, they are
young, carry nothing.

In fairness, the female Detective or Police Officer on Blue Bloods is not asked to
out-run these rabbits. This is left to Danny, Jamie, and other support male cast.

There is no way that Jessie Owens, age 35 or more, fully clothed, street shoes, carrying ten pound weight in gun, badge, handcuffs, memo Book, supporting belt, could race over obstacles, catch a 17 year old speedster, and not be stressed. Jessie would show perspiration. His chest would heave, he'd gasp for breath, just as in the 1936 Olympics, end of any race. New York Police are just that, policemen, not track stars chasing criminals. It is unlikely New York's finest are required to be fleet-afoot when tested before hiring, or later.

It is unrealistic to ask Police Officers, really anyone, to sit in a Police Car for hours, eat a donut or two, then enter an Olympic race, day in and day out.

In fairness again, the individual holding the camera does seem tireless, following the race without huffing and puffing, the camera never shaking even slightly.

And those cameras are heavy.

Is that what Olympiads retire to?

Incidentally, I've been never credited with judgement, but I love the 16 recurring speaking Blue Blood performers, always compelling, never sweat on camera, as some of us may be inclined, just in reading our 500 words.

