

the Saxon; but the modern mind is at least less addicted to the love of the foggy and it may be hoped that the revival of Scotland that some people envisage will include these islands which once excited a Europe conscious of its own ignorance.

We Hae Na the Doric

THE 3YL Sunday literary reading this week was from a collection of Scottish tales by Ian Maclaren, entitled "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and the path was beset by thorns. The speaker, William McCulloch, read the story, which was of a straightforward, sentimental, ingle-nook kind, with great gusto



and vividness; he also read it with meticulous and enthusiastic precision in adhering to the dialect, and the result was that this commentator had to crouch over the wireless with his ears vibrating, and even so missed large amounts of the excellent story. Mr. McCulloch rushed on through bush, through briar, with a plentiful besprinkling of strange glottal stops and a weird vocabulary. There was a charitable person called (apparently) Drumshoo whose behaviour had to be deduced from circumstantial detail. But it was a noble noise, and reminded one what a pity it was that Shakespeare knew no Scots (singular) and what the Porter or the Witches might have been, if he had.

Music for Easter

YOUR correspondent "R.E." is right to reprove me for not knowing that the St. Matthew Passion was being tackled annually at King's College, Auckland. I have been out of touch with this school for some years now, but my impression from the days when I did attend a few services there, is that they were of a private nature, open mainly to families of pupils and staff. I do not like to think of the opportunities I have missed, for this is how I should like to hear the Passion music, as one of a small, intimate congregation.

Concerto Season at IYA

MUSICAL highlight of the week from IYA was the "Grieg Concerto" played by Andersen Tyrer and the Studio Orchestra. Concertos have an inevitable fascination for the soloist, orchestra, and audience. Basically this attraction arises from the universally felt thrill of the antithesis of the individual and the crowd; in short, it is the thrill of the contest. The battle may have all the intensity of a high-powered blitz, as in the Tchaikovsky piano concerto; and when two such aggressive strategists as Horowitz and Toscanini are joined in this work, the result, musically speaking, is likely to be devastating. Then there is the dour grappling of the Brahms D Minor, when piano and orchestra, like a pair of classical wrestlers, seem inextricably locked together. The Grieg piano concerto—incidentally the composer's only excursion into this form—

is a frolic on the village green, a contest for fun. There is a good deal of rustic poetry in it too, and it depends on the pianist, his mood and his temperament, whether he indulges himself in a little pastoral romanticism or gives his head and heart into his hand's keeping and plunges into a peasant dance. Andersen Tyrer admitted all the poetry of the slow movement—a beautiful piece of tone spinning with an especial thrill at the breathless moment when the piano enters after those two figures on the horns. The last movement was a bit too bacchanalian for me, and when the pianist reached the coda the new rhythm wavered a little.

ANDERSEN TYRER was accompanied in the Grieg by the IYA Studio Orchestra considerably augmented. In fact, one hears that, in the string section at least, practically every available string player had been co-opted, and evidence of the march of time, even a considerable part of the 12B Orchestra. The microphone can flatter the voice and make a piping drawing-room singer sound, in volume at least, equal to Caruso; but the only thing that sounds like a large body of strings is a large body of strings. Here in the Grieg was the authentic quality. It was pleasant also to hear the inside parts of the brass section, although studio control did not always bring out the different ensembles to the best advantage. Still, it was the makings of a symphony orchestra and this augmentation invites a question as to the relative importance of interpreter and composer. Lesser pianists, who in all truth may have studied the works they play as conscientiously as Mr. Tyrer, have to make shift with inadequate orchestral support which sometimes sounds only remotely like the music the composer wrote. Surely the first courtesy is to the composer, and what major works cannot have the orchestration asked might be laid aside for more propitious times while the studio orchestras devoted their time to works within the scope of their numbers. There is still a large field little explored in the Mozart-Haydn period, and a good deal of Beethoven too.

My Sunday

NO sooner had *The Listener* printed my complaint about the very mixed nature of 12M's orchestral hours, than that station gave me the lie direct by playing Beethoven's Choral Symphony under the label "An Hour with the Philadelphia Orchestra." This was at 2 p.m. on a Sunday, in a session which always contains matters of interest, though it is not usually of such a homogeneous character as this one. The symphony finished a few minutes after 3.0, leaving listeners time for a quick cup of tea and a short turn round the garden before settling down to a Chopin concerto and a Brahms' symphony from IYA. Shortly after the evening meal 12M played a Mozart quartet, and then there was time to speculate about their "Hour with Beethoven" due at 9.0. Inevitably, one prophesied, it would contain "Adelaide," but with any luck one might hear Gieseking play the Fourth Piano Concerto. All of which came to pass. And so to bed. It is now, happily, quite the general rule to have five major works from Auckland stations of a Sunday, and anyone who finds this programme a little weighty must remember that complete rest from classical music is provided on Monday.



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