

-And A Big Job in 'Radio



A snapshot of J. D. F. GREEN taken recently on a farm in Montana. Hereford cattle in background.

myself at home with a group of cabbage trees. I told him they were Cordylone australis, mistakenly called palm-tree sometimes in England.

"Australis? A native of Australia?" he asked. I was almost sunk again, but I told him I thought australis merely to mean southern cabbage. I then told him about the heads of wonderfully, powerfully scented flowers.

"Everything seems to be scented," he said, crushing mock-mint as we walked up a clayey face till we could see Rangitoto and the Channel. Could one get to Rangitoto, climb to the top of it, he wanted to know. He decided to try if he had time. He said enough admiring things about the Auckland harbour that sunny day to please the most demanding Rangitotophile.

One Thin Wire

We talked about moving stock from paddock to paddock in rotation, top-dressing and so on and he told me about a scheme he devised on his own farm.

"I use an electric wire and graze the cows on successive strips across a field till the whole is eaten. If I let them on the whole field they'd eat some and

trample some down and make the rest uneatable. But just one thin strand of wire keeps them on a concentrated strip and saves the rest."

"This is fresh green feed?"

"Yes. Either alfalfa or one-year leys of rye and red clover. Oh, Lucerne you call it here? I had to change-over in America and now I'll have to change my language again."

The filly's canvas cover was hanging on the fence in the sun.

"We call those New Zealand rugs in England," said Mr. Green. "In the old days no one used a canvas rug—if it was too cold out of doors the horses stayed indoors with their blankets on. Now it is quite usual to find horses grazing out in fairly cold weather in those canvas rugs of yours. Visitors to New Zealand apparently picked up the idea and the name has stuck."

We walked towards the main road and Mr. Green continued to ask questions

about native shrubs and introduced hedge plants we passed. I continued to wish for my Cockayne and Turner or a pocket edition of Hilgendorf.

"When I come back I shall have to watch myself and not go mad trying to see everything," he said. "I've decided that I'll have to concentrate on main typical regions—I must see Taranaki and I specially want to visit the Canterbury sheep country because I believe they have some of the same very serious problems we have ourselves—and of course I'll be visiting the research stations and agricultural colleges. But I know how it is—the temptation to go everywhere is always so great. I'll just have to limit myself."

How Mr. Green will get on when he begins to see the country with experts who do not have to answer "I don't know" to so many of his questions I don't know. Perhaps he will carry a dictaphone tucked away under his coat.

—J.

TRIPLE COUNTERPOINT

An Interview with Frank Hutchens and Lindley Evans

OUR interview with Frank Hutchens and Lindley Evans, the duo-pianists from Sydney who are touring New Zealand just now, took the form of a trio in one movement for reporter and two pianists, with a fourth part in the coda section, where there was an added passage for publicity-manager. It was performed on the upholstered furniture which the NBS keeps just outside Studio A at 2YA.

When we came on the scene, everyone seemed to be writing something down. It turned out that the man in charge of studio bookings was putting Mr. Hutchens and Mr. Evans down for times when they could rehearse in the studio, and they in turn were noting these times in their diaries. After this had been attended to, we introduced ourselves and the talking began.

Mr. Hutchens, it ought to be repeated, is a New Zealander himself—he was born at Leeston—and his brother, Will Hutchens, conducts the 3YA orchestra. Mr. Evans comes from South Africa. The pair of them have been playing two-piano music together for 21 years and know each other's ways pretty well by now. And they are both professors of the piano at Sydney's Conservatorium. For two men who are being proclaimed in very big letters on just about every second Wellington tram as The World's Greatest Duo-pianists, Mr. Hutchens and Mr. Evans are modest, approachable fellows.

We began by asking them what life around a Conservatorium is like, never having been in one ourselves.

More Students than Ever

"Well," said one of them (and at this stage we had not learned to note down just who said what), "there are about 2,000 students there now, which

is more than there ever were before, and there's one big building with a lot of studios and offices, a hall that holds a thousand people, a buffet, a library, a record library—the records are available for loan to State schools—and the Conservatorium has two orchestras, one mainly teachers and adult musicians, and one a student orchestra. It also gives two seasons of fully-staged opera in the hall each year."

"Of course, you've got to realise," said Mr. Evans (this time it was Mr. Evans), "that there's a great deal of musical life going on in Sydney at the present time. It's estimated that this year in Sydney there will be 100 orchestral concerts at least. That's in one city in one year."

"I dare say that's a bit of an eye-opener over here where there's such a deficiency of orchestral music," said Mr. Hutchens. "All concerts over there are repeated, you know, because the audiences can't be accommodated. The subscribers in one year have first preference when subscriptions re-open for the next year, and of course they hang on to their bookings."

"Probably," he added, "we'll reach the stage when people will leave their season tickets to their friends in their wills. They do that in America, I believe. Incidentally, the people who haven't got season tickets get a chance to get in on the second night of each concert."

From Bach to Bax

Since we have not seen any programmes, nor had any indication of what was in their repertoire, we asked our visitors for the names of some of the composers whose music they will play.

Mostly, they will play music that was originally written for two pianos—Mozart (sonatas), Brahms (his own arrangement of the Variations on a Theme of Haydn), Rachmaninoff (one of the Suites), Arnold Bax (*Moy Mell*, which is Irish

for "Happy Plain"), Arensky, Arthur Benjamin, Sinding (a set of variations), Saint-Saens (Variations on a Theme of Beethoven), Darius Milhaud (a movement from *Scaramouche*), César Franck (his own arrangement of *Les Eolides*) and so on. Then they will also play some of Bach's organ work, arranged by Harold Bauer, and some of their own compositions for two pianos.

Some orchestral works that are now much played by orchestras were introduced to Sydney, they believe, by themselves, in two-piano arrangements. Two of Debussy's Nocturnes (arranged by Ravel) were probably first heard there when they played them. Another piece they used to play a lot before it became so popular with orchestras was Chabrier's "España."

Recording Our Composers

Apart from their own pieces, they are not playing anything by Australian composers. After we had enquired about this, the conversation drifted quite naturally to Alfred Hill and Mr. Hutchens, who calls him "Alf," was able to tell us about the new scheme of the Guild of Australian Composers (of which both he and Mr. Hill are members), acting in collaboration with the Columbia Gramophone Company and the Australian Performing Rights Association, to have recordings made of outstanding works by Australian and New Zealand composers so as to increase the knowledge of local composers among the record-buying public. Records of Alfred Hill's String Quartet No. 11 were on sale just before Christmas.

It was round about here that the publicity manager, Mr. Brady, came into the conversation. He listened to what we had been talking about for a while, and then he said that he thought it would be interesting if we mentioned that Mr. Evans was a South African

and also that he was the tallest concert pianist playing to-day—six feet, four and a-half. "And that one about the way you've played together for five and a-half hours the great masters, all memorised," added Mr. Brady. So we took that down.

"Yes," said Mr. Hutchens, "that's a point; we do memorise everything, and of course it's quite different from memorising a solo work where you go on playing all the time. You can memorise a speech all right, but it's not so easy to memorise every second word of a speech. We have to remember long rests, and parts that are in themselves musically—unsymmetrical, shall we say."

Our interview ended with a teaser. Why, we asked, do two pianos not sound twice as loud as one? But Mr. Hutchens didn't seem able to give a much better answer to that than anyone else has given.

Inorganic, Not Artificial

"I KNOW some people still argue against artificial fertilisers," said Dr. B. A. Keen, in a recent BBC Home Service talk. "They will even say they are dangerous; that they poison the land; that crops grown with artificials lack something or other, and that those who eat them become unhealthy and liable to catch various diseases. But there is really no solid evidence for these beliefs. I think that much of the prejudice that still lingers comes from the very name 'artificials'—because 'artificial' means 'not natural.' And so these manures are sometimes supposed to be 'not natural,' and using them is supposed to be cheating the soil and cheating the plants. A better and more correct name than 'artificials' is 'inorganics.' That makes a fair and proper distinction between them and farmyard manure and composts, which are organics. But as far as the plant foods in each kind are concerned, they are the same. Inorganic fertilisers are really a short cut; they supply the plant food straight away, as it were, instead of by the slow rotting of an organic."