



'Shh! Was that a scream?'

into English poetry which curiously glided over without mentioning Dylan Thomas.

Music Explained

INTERPRETATIVE artists are the arteries that carry the life blood of the master out to the farthest capillaries of society. They have to be capable of discriminating between major and minor, noble and base in a world of symbols before they can bring before us the real nature of a score through which the greater mind has expressed itself. Usually, of course, they work through the piano or organ according to the intention of the composer. When, however, the artist is also a Doctor of Music he may be able to throw an extra light on the nature of a musical composition through words. This I found particularly true of Dr. Galway's brief *AYC Musical Biography*, more especially when he described how one set of instruments in Beethoven's 9th Symphony announces a theme which is rebuked by another, and progress is made to a point where unanimity of purpose is reached and the Symphony moves on

to its grand final affirmation. A more leisurely and more copiously illustrated series of musical studies along these lines would be of great benefit to all those whose feeling for music is as uncertain as their thirst for it is great.

—Westcliff

Musical Discoveries

BY a combination of bad luck and bad management I missed the first few *Chapters in Musical Autobiography*, and only caught up with the series in the talk given by Owen Jensen. This may not have been typical of the other talks in the series, but it was of sufficient interest to change idle regret for the talks missed to something much stronger. We may all come to music by different routes, but there is sufficient similarity in the experience to give speaker and listener a common ground that is too often lacking in radio talks. Or perhaps I am underrating the quality of Mr. Jensen's script, the verve with which he put it across, and the amusingly interpolated quotations ranging from virtuoso whistling and the Pagliacci sobs of Caruso to Stravinsky and Monteverdi. Whether one's ears were opened by the *Eroica* played by a brass band or a school gramophone performance of *Liebestraum*, the effect was the same. In his honest piece of musical autobiography, Mr. Jensen gave us back tremendous youthful experiences we had forgotten.

—Loquax

WILD CORNER

*FROM the trim lawn and border
To your divine disorder
I turn, my prodigal plot
Where conscious pride is not.*

*My love would wander sooner
To your defiant corner
Than, captured in design,
The flowers that stand in line.*

*You are an outcast, fool,
A renegade from rule,
But to each impudent weed
A kindness you concede.*

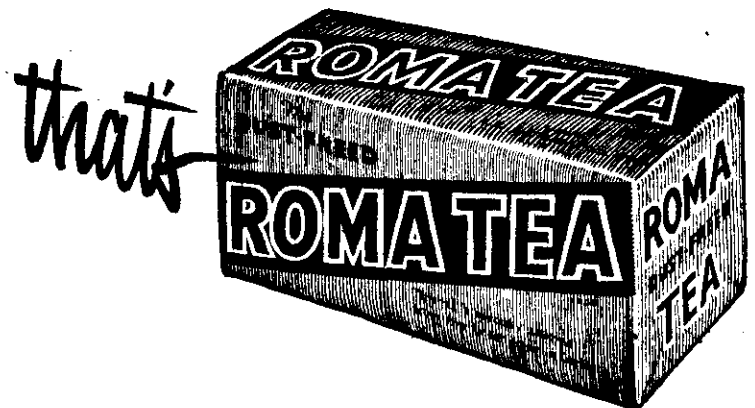
*And frantic lives unseen
Are guarded by your green—
To the hunted given
A hushed and watchful heaven.*

*In your complexity
And nonconformity
Gratefully I find
An image of my mind.*

—J. R. Hervey

No Wild Surmise

A SURPRISING number of people seem to think that stout Cortez was "silent" on his peak because he was lost in wonder at the view of the Pacific . . . Well, now, that's quite unreasonable and quite absurd really, when you come to think of it. Keats emphasised the fact that Cortez was stout; and of course when a stout man climbs a peak he can't possibly be anything but "silent" when he gets to the top, poor chap—till he gets his breath back, anyway.—From an NZBS Book Shop programme.



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