

*Snow on the Roddies* (from the previous page): The basic idea for this came to me one Sunday afternoon as I was considering the grave of the writer and social reformer James Leatham in the kirkyard of St. Machar's Cathedral in Aberdeen. A bird landed on a rhododendron bush near the stone springing a fine cloud of powdered snow into the winter sunshine, which converted itself in my mind into a glittering spangle of sound; as it turned out the strutting staccato effect meant that the melody line had to be ceaselessly varied within a tight space, and it took a long time to develop the later parts.



*The editor beside the tomb of James Leatham*