

people and those who gain a reflected glory by living near Shakespeare's grave to examine too curiously into facts. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

And yet it seems a pity that so much honest enthusiasm should be wasted on frauds and fakes. And, after all, what do the true believers want with this false be-tinselled shrine? Is there not Shakespeare's true shrine, his glorious works, which, as he himself foresaw, 'marble and the gilded monument of princes' shall not outlive?

About the authenticity of such relics

as Hamlet and Lear there is no doubt; they bear in them the signet-stamp of immortal genius. Can we not honor the man who wrote them, without wasting enthusiasm on rings that he never wore and snuff boxes he never touched? And if we must have some material object for our devotion there is always the gravestone in the chancel of Stratford church under which lies Shakespeare's last secret.

We can at least lay our garlands there with clean hands and with honest hearts.

## ORCHESTRATION FOR EVERYONE

BY PERCY A. SCHOLÉS

*From The Observer, April 10*  
(MIDDLE GROUND LIBERAL).

THE gramophone is the biggest aid to the man who wants to learn to listen that Providence has yet thought of. You can, according to your taste, use your gramophone merely to make your house beastly-tuney or gloriously-noisy, or you can use it to give you and your wife and children a new pleasure in life, and one of the biggest and purest. The gramophone companies, whilst not, I hope, entirely indifferent to your spiritual welfare, will help you to do either, but it will, I think, cost you no more to do the one than the other. Take chamber music; if there is one thing the ordinary man cannot understand, and can hardly believe that anyone really honestly enjoys, it is a string quartet. Absolutely the only reason for this is that he hears quartets too rarely to have learned to follow them and when he

says there is 'no tune' in the piece, we know (if it is a good quartet) that there is lots of tune, but it eludes him. The trouble is that if he hears a particular quartet in 1921 it is probably 1923 before the same quartet comes his way again, and then he has forgotten it and his learning to listen to it has to start all over again. But with the gramophone he can domesticate a group of players, like the late Mr. de Coppet, the Swiss-American millionaire, who brought into existence the Flonzaley Quartet and had his regular times for music as he had his regular times for meals.

I have more than once, to my joy heard the Flonzaleys in that wonderful house in Eighty-fifth Street, and for long I used to envy its owner, but at last Fortune has smiled, and at this

very minute, as I write, the London String Quartet are beguiling me with Mozart. And the beauty of it is that I go beyond Mr. de Coppet in my facilities; for whereas he would hardly dare to ask men like Ara, or Pochon, or Betti, or Archambeau to stop and 'play that little passage again four or five times,' I can do it without the slightest fear of giving offence. I do not need to do it with my Mozart as it happens, but when the Mozart is finished I shall dismiss the L.S.Q., and call in the L.S.O. (for here also I go beyond the millionnaire) and hear the 'Poem of Ecstasy.' In that I shall doubtless want the repetition of many a passage, for 'Ecstasy' is such a mass of involved counterpoint and mingled and assorted orchestral colors that it would be presumptuous for me to pretend that in the five or six widely separated hearings of it my life has so far afforded I have taken in all its detail. And when I say 'Give me again the *allegro volando!*' the complaisant Coates will turn again to page nine of his score and I shall turn to page nine of mine, and once again we shall go at it, until at last I know the details thoroughly and see trees in places where before I saw but a wood; and then woe betide Coates, who will begin to be very sorry he ever allowed the Columbia people to beguile him into recording when he finds the *Observer* down on him after some concert at which that little first oboe theme on page eleven has been lost to the ear amongst the background of its counter-theme on the two flutes and piccolo, and its accompaniment of held-chord on the four horns, octave shake on the first violins, *pizzicato* on the second violins and violas, low fifth on the 'cellos, and gentle pervading *pianissimo* roll on the cymbals.

That, I am sure, is really the way to learn orchestration — to sit before the fire on winter evenings, or in the back garden on summer Sunday afternoons,

with the gramophone beside you and an orchestral score in front of you, aiding eyes with ears and ears with eyes. It is the right way for the serious student who means to become a composer or conductor, and will teach him in a week more than books and scores alone would teach him in six months. And it is the right way for the ordinary intelligent concert-going enthusiast, or would-be understander of symphonic poems, Promethean and planetary, who can perhaps distinguish a hawk from a handsaw, but not so readily a goshawk from a falcon, or a cross-cut saw from a straight-toothed one; in other words, who knows a flute from a bassoon when he hears them, but hardly the lower range of a flute from a clarinet, or a viola from the lower range of a violin. And our concert rooms are full of such half-educated and would-be whole-educated music-lovers (when those rooms are nowadays full at all, that is to say), and their desire to learn is often pathetic.

But can the ordinary man make use of that strange collection of absurdly misleading symbols, a full orchestral score? I think he can, if he at all understands even the simpler musical notation. A great many English people can enjoy a good French novel without seeing in the language used all the subtlety of expression and minute implications of shades of meaning that a French reader would see and enjoy. And any amateur pianist or vocalist can get a good deal out of a full orchestral score without completely grasping the significance of all the bewilderingly different clefs and key-signatures which he, to his astonishment, finds in simultaneous use by the various members of the band.

The gramophone record I propose to use as an example of this new method of study is the 'Siegfried Funeral March.' The minature score of this you can get

through any good music shop, price two shillings. Having procured your score, give it a little preliminary study. With real stupidity the publishers of scores jumble things as though it were their purpose to make things difficult for the amateurs on whose purchases they nevertheless so largely depend. Mr. Adrian Boult, in a recent lecture on score-reading, suggested that the bar-lines ought not to run continuously from top to bottom of the page, but be broken between the different groups of instruments. The Carnegie Trustees have had Vaughan Williams's 'London Symphony' and Bantock's 'Hebridean Symphony' so printed, and Scriabin's 'Prometheus' (but not his 'Ecstasy') has the same advantage.

Your score is one of the foolish, old-fashioned muddles, but you can clear it up wonderfully by ruling a thick pencil line (or, still better, a red ink line) underneath the lowest wood wind instrument and the lowest brass instrument on every page, for these lines will prove to be very useful guides to your unaccustomed eye. Next make up your mind that you are not (at this stage, at any rate) to attempt to read your score as a conductor does; you are merely to use it as a guide-book to intelligent listening. Thus you can safely put on one side all puzzles such as why varying key-signatures are used for the different instruments; indeed, if you notice these signatures at all you should use them merely as land-marks — for instance, the clarinets are in a key of their own, which enables you quickly to spot their position in the score, and the horns and trumpets are in the open key throughout, which helps you to recognize them more quickly. There is just one further little matter that may trouble you. These miniature scores are unfortunately still German productions, and a few of the instruments are given names that differ so much in appearance from the English

names that if you are not even an elementary German scholar you may not easily guess at their meaning. The following little list will, however, help you out of this difficulty: — Becken, cymbals; Bratschen, violas, Harfe, harp; grosse Flöte, flute; kleine Flöte, piccolo; Pauken, kettledrums; Posaune, trombone; Rührtrommel, tenor drum. Of any other names used in the score you will readily guess the meaning.

Now put the record on the instrument and begin. Slow down the motor a good deal at first, so that you may have time to teach your eye to jump from line to line of the score, and to realize which instrument, or group or combination of instruments, has, for the moment, the leading part. This slowing down, of course, lowers the pitch, and hence somewhat alters the effects of the various instruments; still, it will for a little time be desirable. Sit beside the instrument with the score on a table, in such a position that you can stop and re-start the motor a dozen times in two minutes, if necessary, without making a labor of it. Whenever you come to a passage where any particular instrument or combination is especially clearly heard (and this piece is full of such passages), play it over and over again, looking closely at the score, and associating eye and ear in their respective perceptions of general notational appearance and tonal effect. As soon as you feel it to be wise, put back the *tempo* indicator to the proper figure (about 82 on my own gramophone). You are now fairly started in your study, and from this one score and this one (double-sided) record can learn a great deal of what you want to know.

If you prefer, you can begin with a simpler piece. Get from the publishers mentioned a list of miniature scores available, and from the catalogues of the various gramophone companies find out which of the pieces have been re-

corded. You can, if you wish, buy records of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, complete, and its full score costs but four shillings. Or, still simpler, you can get two movements of Haydn's 'Surprise' Symphony. If you prefer to grade your study very educationally indeed, begin with the Haydn, pass to the

Beethoven, and go on to the Wagner. If you then still sigh for unconquered worlds, there is the Scriabin 'Poem of Ecstasy' record, but its score is more expensive. I now leave you to a very pleasant task, claiming that I have shown you one of the best uses of the gramophone.

## THE WILLOW

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

*[The Cambridge Magazine]*

LEANS now the fair willow, dreaming  
 Amid her locks of green,  
 In the driving snow she was parched  
     and cold,  
 And in midnight hath been  
 Swept by blasts of the void night;  
 Lashed by the rains.  
 Now of the frigid dark and bleak  
 No memory remains.

In mute delight sways she softly;  
 Thrilling sap upflows;  
 She praises God in her beauty and grace,  
 Whispers delight; and there flows  
 A delicate wind from the Southern seas,  
 Kissing her leaves. She sighs.  
 While the birds in her tresses make  
     merry;  
 Burns the sun in the skies.