

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.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

‘MUST WE BURN DOWN THE LOUVRE?’

‘MUST we burn down the Louvre?’ inquires *L’Esprit Nouveau*, a new French art journal with pronounced Futurist leanings and in its sixth number prints the replies of the artists of Paris. A few of them take the inquiry seriously enough to respond at length, indignantly condemning the proposal; but most of them, even the advocates of tradition, enter into the spirit of the occasion to such a degree that the last eight pages of the magazine crackle even more than a conflagration in an art museum.

M. André Lévy, at the close of a long æsthetic defense of the museum, reminds the artistic incendiaries that ‘The fear of the gendarme is the beginning of wisdom.’

Perhaps there is some doubt about the entire sincerity of M. D. Kakabadze, who replies to the editor, ‘Burn it down? Why? A museum, like a cemetery, is a guardian of the past’; and also of M. Solé de Sojo, who writes emphatically, ‘No, nothing but “La Jaconde” [Mona Lisa].’

Of course the *ateliers* of Paris swell the gay chorus in favor of the instant destruction of the famous museum:

‘Of course, and the Lafayette Galleries too!’

‘What! Has n’t it been done yet, while we’re talking?’

‘Burn the Louvre? Why not destroy the Pyramids, too?’

‘Certainly the Louvre must be burned! Not one stone must remain upon another. Let’s have a glorious cremation and throw the ashes into the Seine.’

“‘Ought one burn the Louvre?’ Be-

yond a doubt. And with it all the historic monuments.’

‘You can’t burn the Louvre. But let’s dynamite the Grand-Palais as soon as possible.’

‘I see no need of burning the Louvre, but we ought to set up a stake there and reduce all imbeciles to ashes.’

‘I think it would be better to sell our national collection to pay our national debt. There is a people possessing the necessary qualifications — total lack of comprehension, together with a kind of temperament; and a sufficient purchasing power. America — what do you think? Isn’t she destined to acquire the Louvre?’

‘It would be a little hasty to burn the Louvre. The antiquities as the flames licked them might murmur among themselves, “These moderns are decidedly short on invention. We used to know all about this sort of thing.”’

AN ESKIMO OPERA

ALTHOUGH only meagre reports have so far reached the United States, it seems fairly clear that Hakon Boerresen’s opera *Kaddara*, presented a short time ago at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, is an unusual work of real significance and in some respects unique. The scene is laid in Greenland, Eskimo costumes are used, and the lights of the aurora borealis play over the stage during the production. Arctic explorers who have seen the opera praise the fidelity of these effects.

The new opera has true musical merits as well as novelties in scenery, staging, and setting. The music is said to be vigorous, virile, and typically Scandina-