Music: VII

SIEGFRIED TREBITSCH

From Siegfried Trebitsch, *Chronical of a Life*, trans. Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser (London: Heinemann, 1953) pp. 275–6. Trebitsch is here recalling a time in the mid-1920s when he and his wife were guests of the Shaws at Ayot St Lawrence for several weeks.

The evenings were particularly stimulating, because Shaw was very musical and remained very fond of music into his extreme old age. After dinner he would sit down at the piano and play. He insisted that my wife, who had quite a good voice, though not a very highly trained one, should sing to his accompaniment. That always went off quite well and entirely satisfied the audience's modest demands, until Shaw suddenly launched into *Tristan* and my wife vainly tried to hold her own as Isolde. In order to set her a good example – as though that could have helped – he himself began to shriek in the highest and loudest of voices, without succeeding in convincing us that this was a satisfactory cast for *Tristan*.

Music: VIII

KINGSLEY MARTIN

From Kingsley Martin, *Editor* (London: Hutchinson, 1968) pp. 106–7.

Perhaps my most vivid memory of him was on a visit after the war when he told us how music had always meant much to him ever since he learnt to sing grand opera in his teens, and how he had always sung to his wife before she went to bed. He added: 'When my wife was alive, she always made me go to bed at ten o'clock for the good of my health. Since she died, I stay up till midnight or even after and I have never been better in my life.' No. He had never been better in his life than he