Guido came to a halt in front of the gramophone and stood there, motionless, listening. His pale blue-grey eyes opened themselves wide; making a little nervous gesture that I had often noticed in him before, he plucked at his lower lip with his thumb and forefingers. After lunch he reappeared. 'May I listen to the music now?' he asked. And for an hour he sat there in front of the instrument, his head cocked slightly on one side, listening while I put one disc after another. Thenceforward he came every afternoon. What stirred him almost more than anything was the Coriolan overture.