THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC

VOLUME IV

MUSIC AS A HUMANITY

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

EDWARD J. DE COPPET

THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC SERIES

VOLUME IV

MUSIC AS A HUMANITY

AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY

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PREFACE

These essays, published in various magazines during recent years, are here reprinted with but slight changes. In some cases, as in the accounts of the first three festivals of chamber music at Pittsfield, it seemed desirable to preserve first impressions just as they were received and expressed at the time, since whatever value the papers may have will be largely historical. The same thing is true of "A Society for Publication," "A Practical Suggestion," and "Music Patronage as an Art." The essays in the third division, "Of Æsthetics and Psychology," have been suggested, all but two, by books or articles which date them with some exactitude. Thus that on Vernon Lee has been reprinted substantially as it appeared in 1906. The idea of "A Note on Tonal Chiaroscuro" is due to a conversation with Mr. Leopold Stokowski, whose conducting is so beautiful in its adjustment of values. "An International Language," written for the American Association for International Conciliation before the war (June, 1913), retains now, it is hoped, any value it may have had then. The need for international sympathy is greater than ever, and it is now clearer than it was in 1913 that the way to political coöperation must be slowly and patiently opened up by art, literature, and other supernational interests, among which music has an important place.

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D. G. M.

Norfolk, Connecticut,
September 21, 1920.

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OF UNIVERSITIES AND THE PUBLIC TASTE

MUSIC AS A HUMANITY

I had now learned by experience that the passive susceptibilities needed to be cultivated as well as the active capacities, and required to be nourished and enriched as well as guided. . . . The maintenance of a due balance among the faculties now seemed to me of primary importance. The cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points in my ethical and philosophical creed.—John Stuart Mill, Autobiography.

I am heartily in favor of an education which will enable the great majority to have a better understanding and control of their own environment. But so long as our world remains so far from our heart's desire, any philosophy or education which does not also enable one to build a haven whence he can for a time escape from the suffocating cruelties of every-day life, is needlessly cruel.—Morris R. Cohen, in *The New Republic*.

For thousands of generations war has been the normal state of man's existence, yet alongside war has flourished art, reflecting man's myriad aspirations and longings, . . . ever unifying human life, through the common factor of impersonal emotion passing from heart to heart. . . . Happiness lies in breadth of heart. And breadth of heart is that inward freedom which has the power to understand, feel with, and, if need be, to help others.—John Galsworthy, A Sheaf.

When John Stuart Mill, in his early manhood, had that first realization of the insufficiency of narrow utilitarianism which he has recorded in a memorable passage of his Autobiography, modern industrialism was just beginning. With every year that has elapsed since he wrote, the need for such a "cultivation of the feelings" as he championed, the difficulty of maintaining such a "due balance among the faculties," has increased *pari passu* with the spread of the industrial system. Specialization has become ever narrower, ever more intensive. All appetites, impulses, and faculties not directly subservient to the wage-earning work of the individual have tended to be starved or crowded out. Life, for millions whose waking hours consist chiefly of the endless mechanical repetition of insignificant acts, has become intolerably monotonous. Only in scanty leisure can they get any of that general human experience, that miscellaneous free activity, on which mental and moral health depend; and usually even then they are too exhausted to make their diversions truly "re-creative," and seek either sensational excitement (feverish fiction, melodrama,

ragtime music) or dissipating day-dreaming (sentimental novels and the "movies") rather than those arts which enlarge sympathy and restore balance. Psychology has recently formulated in scientific terms the disastrous effects, long ago foreseen by men of genius like Ruskin and Morris, of such an aborting of human nature; such formulations have gained wide currency at the very time that the great war has given an example unparalleled for vividness and horror of what human instincts will do when denied wholesome expression; and it is to be hoped that we are entering on an era when science will be applied to men as well as to things, and the evils of blind industrialism arrested. But it will take a long while before, even with the best fortune for such reforms, the world can become a truly humane place to live in; and meanwhile, as in the past, one of the greatest reconcilers, appealing to some temperaments even more immediately than philosophy and religion, will be art, with its vicarious satisfaction of instincts that the world denies, its realization of perfection here and now, its rainbow of utter beauty leaping from the blackest skies.

Regarded from this standpoint music has a potency for solace, for at once arousing and harmonizing emotion, that is hardly paralleled by that of the other arts, and that gives it a place in our emotional and spiritual life, and hence in education, literally unique. Poetry shares with it the power to initiate through sympathy strong, though vicarious, emotional experiences; but poetry necessarily reaches the emotional life indirectly, through the path of intellectual concepts formulated in words. Music, on the contrary, strikes directly a level far deeper than that of the intellect, the level of fundamental emotional attitudes, more rather than less vivid in that they cannot be expressed in words. Poetry may disengage the feeling of sorrow or joy as a reaction to what it tells; but music tells nothing—it *is* joy or sorrow, or a thousand other things with less definite names. Thus it releases and assuages impulses that can find no outlet in more intellectualized expression or in action, and so purges and refreshes the soul.

It is the uniqueness of this process that makes music at once so precious to those who react to it and so impossible to describe intelligibly to others. More nonsense has been written about it than about any other art—and that is saying a good deal. Fortunately minute psychological analysis of the ways in which it affects us is neither indispensable nor even particularly useful to a treatment aimed simply at making accessible to those not yet very familiar with it its greatest gift, spiritual refreshment. By listeners of the intelligence of college

students what seems most needed, aside from certain warnings against popular misconceptions, is plentiful presentation of fine examples, well performed and sympathetically analyzed, detailed study of the styles of various composers and schools, and stimulus to discriminate between the best and what is in any way inferior, and to build up gradually from such discriminations the habit we call good taste.

Of popular misconceptions that need to be taken some account of from the start, the most persistent seems to be that which attributes to every musical composition a "program." The difficulty above touched upon, of explaining the true nature of the musical appeal, so much deeper than the evocation of a fanciful series of events or images; the actual frequency of programs in modern works of the realistic school of Berlioz, Liszt, and Strauss (though not in neo-classic and romantic works); the numerical preponderance in audiences of those who can enjoy following a story or indulging a mood over those who can perceive the specific beauty and feel the specific appeal of music—all these conditions encourage the fallacy that music is necessarily programmistic—deals, that is, with series of impressions that can be programmed in words. The truth is, of course, quite the contrary, that at its greatest, as in most of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, for instance, it strikes through to an emotional stratum deeper than that of words, and that to try to translate it into verbal terms is like trying to gild the sun. Yet conscientious students will ask you what they "ought to think about" while they hear it!

Another fallacy that tends to interfere with right listening is the notion that the display of technical skill or the exploitation of personality, rather than the achievement of impersonal expression and beauty, is the aim of musical art—a notion to which credibility is too often given by the vanity of "artists." From an undue emphasis of the display idea we get exaggeration of the importance of virtuosity, and the silly idolizing of soloists which vulgarizes so many recitals. From the tendency to exploit personality we get the anti-artistic prominence of the singers in opera and of the soloists in orchestral concerts, connived at by both performers and public, and as injurious to musical as the star system is to dramatic art. Students often need to be reminded that solo performance and opera are both inferior as art forms to symphonic and chamber music, in which ensemble is more important than personality.

Experience seems to show, however, that such warnings as these, after all essentially negative, should not be too much harped upon at

the beginning, before students have become capable of the positive reactions to great music in reference to which only they have a meaning. To men undergraduates particularly, with their keen sense of the ridiculous and their easily aroused suspicion of cant, they may give an impression of snobbish preciosity. Sympathy may thus be alienated at the start. Moreover if professors will only learn as well as teach, they must confess that there is a wholesome corrective to academic condescension in this undergraduate attitude, that intellectual like social exclusiveness too often excludes only oneself from vital contacts, and that while one ought not to sacrifice standards to popularity, one ought also to be on guard against "highbrowism," and should recognize cheerfully that ragtime as well as Beethoven has its place. The relative value of the two may be made clear to candid youth by comparison with that of detective stories and the character novels of Meredith or Hardy. Ragtime, like the detective story, is more immediately exciting, requires less effort of attention; a Beethoven symphony, like a fine novel, makes greater demands upon us, but rewards us with a richer and more lasting joy.

Thus the chief aim must be the sympathetic presentation of the best. At Columbia and Barnard Colleges the courses are arranged to cover two years, with two lectures a week in each, the first dealing with the classic period up to the death of Beethoven in 1827, the second with the romantic and modern periods. In the classic course Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and others are studied during the first half-year; the second half is consecrated entirely to Beethoven. Most of his symphonies are played in piano arrangement, with comment upon the beauty and emotional power of the themes and their development, and utilization of every device that may contribute to intelligent listening. Thus the rhythmic outlines of the main themes are graphically represented on the blackboard, or embodied in syllables as an aid to memory. The methods by which the motives or rhythmic profiles are developed, such as "imitation," "transposition," "inversion," "augmentation," "stretto," and the like, are explained; and students are asked to state which of them are being employed in specific cases. The schemes of order in which the themes follow each other ("forms") are described in so far as an understanding of them aids clear apprehension of the content of the music. Those students who can read music notation are encouraged to follow the orchestral scores, while for the majority there is more general description of the appearance, sound, and use of orchestral instruments. Characteristic methods and

styles of various composers are exemplified and discussed. In short, in every way possible students are helped to substitute for that "drowsy reverie relieved by nervous thrills" in which Mr. Santayana says most people listen to music, an attitude of alert, discriminating perception.

The collateral reading[1] and reports required deal to some extent with the biographies of composers, but far more with the evolution of musical style and methods in general, a matter which has been made intelligible to laymen in such admirable books as Parry's "The Evolution of the Art of Music," and Grove's "Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies." Actual views of a great master in his workroom are given by examples from Beethoven's sketchbooks, in which his immortal melodies were laboriously perfected, and the common notion that music knows no laws and acknowledges no standards is thus shown up in all its fatuity. Thoughtful students are deeply impressed when they first realize that nothing in art goes by luck, but that genius works there by bold imagination and patient experiment, quite as it does in science. And even on the more intimately human side, where the danger of sentimentalization and of trivialization by program is great, much can be done if too literal an interpretation is avoided. The virility, the magnificent spiritual vitality of Beethoven make their spontaneous appeal to all manly students; his incomparable expression of the struggle between fate and the human will in his Fifth Symphony may be illuminated by reference to such literary parallels as Stevenson's "Pulvis et Umbra," Emerson's "Self-Reliance," Bertrand Russell's "The Free Man's Worship"; even the striking contemporaneity of his timeless spirit may be divined in the democratic ardor of his "Eroica" and in the hope of human brotherhood and international peace sung once for all in the Ninth Symphony.

The danger of a too passive attitude on the part of students, common to all lecture courses, but especially menacing in subjects with which, like music, they feel themselves unfamiliar and likely to "make breaks," may perhaps best be met, in all discussion in which they participate, by stressing the human side of musical expression as suggested above, and especially by bringing out analogies with other subjects. The parallelism between the romantic period begin-

[1] For the classic course the textbooks used are Dickinson's "Study of the History of Music," and Surette and Mason's "The Appreciation of Music"; for the modern course, Mason's "Great Modern Composers," "The Romantic Composers," and "From Grieg to Brahms."

ning with Beethoven and the poetic period of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats has often been noted; and other literary analogies may be drawn. Even better are sociological sidelights. The similarity of spirit between Catholic mysticism and the music of Palestrina, or that between the Protestant Reformation and the sturdy independence and rugged strength of Bach; the reflection of the feudalism of the patronage system in the courtly grace of Haydn and Mozart; the vastly deepened emotion of the individualistic Beethoven; the coincidence of the rise of sensationalism in nineteenth-century program music and in Wagner with the jading of the nerves through industrialism:—all these are phenomena capable of profoundly stirring the imaginations of intelligent young men and women, and tempting them to truly personal adventure in the subjects studied.

The past should also be vivified by comparison with the present, as the present may be illuminated by comparison with the past. If students can be shown how perennial are the typical reactions to art, how mediocrity and superficiality are always acclaimed by the mob and excellence always ignored, distrusted, or misunderstood; how it nevertheless slowly makes its way through the appreciation of the intelligent minority and the acquiescence of the rest and how mediocrity quickly passes from popularity to oblivion—if they can be shown these things, they will not only be put in the way of personal cultivation, but, what is far more important, they will be rendered forces for good in the contemporary musical life. Let them see that as Spohr was preferred to Beethoven in Vienna in 1815, and Gounod to Franck in Paris in 1885, so X—— is applauded and Y—— ignored in New York in 1920. Let them compare Bach's poverty with Handel's wealth, and learn to distrust our press estimates of our composers on the basis of their royalty returns. Let them read Schumann's impassioned denunciations of the Philistine of his day, and ask themselves if there are no Philistines left to be denounced in ours. Above all, give them material for generous enthusiasm in the glorious story of loyalty to the best, in face of hardship, neglect, misunderstanding, and obloquy that stretches from the earliest days right down to our own. Let them thrill at the thought of Mozart, telling his publisher that he would die of starvation rather than write "in a more popular vein"; of Beethoven's grim remark as the doctors, operating for dropsy, drew out the water: "Better from my belly than from my pen"; of Theodore Thomas's answer when told that the people did not like Wagner: "Then we must play him until they do"; of MacDowell's withdrawal

of one of his pieces from an "All-American" program, because he was unwilling to let his art lean upon the crutch of patriotism. There is too much acquiescence in lax standards in our day, too much good-natured toleration of mercenary aims, commercial methods, and half-baked workmanship. Only as individuals, standing off from the mass, inspired by great examples, insist on something better, shall we have a future for music worthy of its past.

It is thus in the last analysis only by the individual reaction of each student to the music he hears, his ability to recognize the finest, his detection of triviality or mediocrity in composition and of perfunctoriness or sensationalism in performance, that the utility of this kind of music study is disclosed. Hence, however necessary examinations may be as a part of the academic machinery, they afford in this subject an even less adequate reflection than usual of the success or failure of the teaching. They may, however, especially in a city like New York, where many concerts and recitals are to be heard, and among them a few good ones, be supplemented by reports and discussions of notable concerts, in which the student is obliged to depend on his own impressions and to set them forth in his own language. During the spring of 1918 the students in the music courses at Columbia were thus required to criticize an unusually fine series of three orchestral concerts given by Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch. These concerts were chosen both on account of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's extraordinary power, magnetism, and subtlety as a conductor, and because his interpretations of Beethoven and other classics are quite free from the perfunctoriness and careless preparation of our resident orchestras, which save their best efforts for modern works and novelties.

The choice was justified by the enthusiastic response of the students, expressed, as is characteristic of them, with the utmost unconventional freshness of imagery and comparison, with a refreshing freedom from the servility of the too consciously "cultivated," and with all degrees of experience from an unexpected competence to the crassest and frankest ignorance. It may be worth while to make room for a few samples, in order to enable the reader to judge for himself whether the study of music as a humanity is capable of contributing something to the life-interest of the students themselves, and to the quality of the future musical public.

"The Rimsky-Korsakoff 'Scheherezade' falls down in the important art of development of ideas; there is too much reliance upon

obtaining colorful combinations. The result is a frequent repeat of original ideas unchanged, except for being played by another instrument. It is like starting a few balls rolling among the instruments."

"I guess I was prejudiced against ['Scheherezade'] before I went to the concert. I'll admit that the piece was full of orchestral color and that each motive when repeated was as differently clothed as it could be, but yet I deny that a piece of that sort where each motive is repeated continuously throughout holds one's interest; it is bound to get monotonous. . . . I have come to the conclusion that when a piece of music, art, or literature is narrowly nationalized it is bound to lose out in the end. I think the real worth-while piece is the one that is universal in its appeal and is not so full of local color as to be foreign and not easily comprehensible as soon as it leaves its native land."

"It is not often that one can take a scoffer at the poetry of music to a concert where it can really be felt, but the young fellow who was with me made several interesting comments. On the symphony (he had only heard of Beethoven in a general way) he made the criticism that 'it made one feel sleepy.' His main idea of fine music was originally bounded, before last night, by Sigmund Romberg and Jerome Kern. But the playing of Mr. Gabrilowitsch held him spellbound. He sat silent and motionless. 'That's classic?' he whispered at the end. I nodded. 'Beats ragtime all out,' was his only comment."

THE COLLEGE MAN AND MUSIC

In facing that relentlessly recurring question, "What courses shall I take next year?" nine undergraduates out of ten doubtless eliminate music almost at the start—even supposing they consider it at all. Three or four of the nine are probably expecting to enter business after graduation; of the rest, one or two contemplate engineering or surveying or some such industrial profession, one or two, law or medicine or teaching, and the others have not got so far as contemplating anything in particular. Naturally, those who have more or less definite plans, realizing the keenness of competition, wish to take courses which, bearing directly on their future work, will be a tangible aid toward the successful performance of it. Music strikes them as a "frill," and, even if they are musically inclined in moments of relaxation, they prefer to study something else, something, as perhaps they say, "more practical"—unless, to be sure, it appeals to them as a possible means of accumulating points without excessive outlay of energy.

Now, for this view every man of common sense must have a good deal of sympathy. It is true that competition in all branches of our American life is keen; it is true that specialization is nowadays carried to such a point that the limitations of human strength and time compel us to begin it early; it is true that in a country still so new as ours the greatest need is for men who can do things, who can build railways and bridges, open up mines and other sources of natural wealth, and organize industries and manufactures. Opportunities for wealth, power, and social usefulness smile everywhere upon the man of action.

But this man of action, this typical American, as we see him embodied in the successful financiers, manufacturers, engineers, inventors, lawyers, statesmen, of the day, is he, with all his admirable energy and efficiency, an ideal human being? Is he even altogether a happy and contented one? Too often, we must confess, he is somewhat narrow and hard in the very heyday of his power, and in the later years, the years of waning energy, he is apt to become a pathetic figure of luxurious boredom, chasing health in a motor car and scouring the earth for

the interests that he has specialized himself away from. Through all his youth he has left the imaginative and emotional side of his nature unawakened, undisciplined; and when he so sorely needs it, both for personal enjoyment and for that sympathy with the pursuits of others which is the peculiar grace of ripe years, it has become atrophied through disuse.

This spectacle of the Nemesis which overtakes so often the merely "practical" man, the "hustler," laid at last unwillingly on the shelf to fret and fume there, suggests that there is a usefulness in those studies which round a man out, which develop his sympathy, understanding, and taste, quite as real as that of the chosen specialty, if less obvious. Such studies may be described in the most general terms as those which open up to the individual the thought and feeling of the race as a whole, and which thus enable him to widen his interests vicariously, to get out of his every-day "practical" self and range freely through all that mental world which humanity has cultivated, as a laborer at some monotonous task spends his Sunday in the country. The old-fashioned name of "the humanities" described them as well as any, for their function is to save a man from becoming a machine, useful as a machine may be—to keep him a human being. They help him, not to make a living, but to live.

These humanizing or liberalizing studies divide themselves into several groups, distinguished one from another both by what may be called their accessibility and by their particular kind of appeal. First of all comes literature, that great standard reservoir of all that has been done, thought, felt, and dreamed by men, whether in classic Greece and Rome, in modern Continental Europe, or in England and America. It reaches us through a medium closer to us than that of any other art— the medium of speech, the daily use of which for practical purposes makes it so familiar that the masterpieces of literature, in the original or in translations, are of all artistic masterpieces the most accessible. Its appeal, too, is as wide and many-sided as humanity itself; for every temperament, condition, and interest it has its message, rich beyond analysis, and definite as only words can be. In its three great divisions of poetry, prose, and the drama, with its collateral subjects of history and philosophy, it must ever make the first claim on the college man who would widen his horizon.

But if every normal young man who appreciates his college opportunities thus turns first of all to reading and to the liberal studies pursued through reading, he soon finds in himself also other capacities

which need a different development and which yield a different satisfaction. He may be, for instance, observant of the appearance of things, sensitive to the beauty of a fine building, a picturesque landscape, or the well-set-up body of an athlete. Or his special susceptibility may be for music; he may, without quite knowing why, take keenest delight in good tunes, exciting rhythms, rich harmonies. In such cases natural curiosity points unmistakably to study of the fine arts—architecture, painting, sculpture, music; but at the same time the bearing of these things on ordinary life is so much less clear than that of literature, and there is so strong a tendency among us to consider them "precious," "faddish," "effeminate," that one is much less apt to let such curiosity take its course. This is a pity. Whenever a man stifles a natural taste because others who do not share it are inclined to scoff at it, or because he cannot see at first quite how it bears on his other interests, he is accepting a narrower life than he might achieve. Each art that we can in any measure learn to appreciate adds, as it were, a new room to the mental house in which we live. We cannot afford to cut off a single one of these rooms; the more we have the more spacious, airy, and varied becomes our habitation.

The peculiar use, for instance, of the music-room in this mental dwelling place we all build in our college years is that it is a retiring spot, a place of refreshment, where we rest not only our hands but our minds, where we do not have to think in definite concrete terms as we do in the library, but in general terms of feeling. In other words music expresses our great fundamental emotions, our hopes, joys, and griefs, without the intellectual detail of literature: and to some moods this simplification is a relief. Moreover, it presents these feelings, so confused and tangled in our everyday lives, with that clear harmony and orderliness we call beauty, and so refreshes and reinvigorates us as only beauty can do. It takes us down to a deeper level of our lives than that on which books speak to us, a level where there are no longer choppy little waves and cross-currents of detail, unrelated facts, unharmonized ideas.

Music differs from literature also in its accessibility, in the special faculty it addresses. That unique gift we call a "musical ear" may be lacking in a man of books; it may be present in one for whom books have little charm. Here is another reason, then, why an appreciative study of music may be an obligation of self-development. One may be of those for whom music is the great unlocker of the door of self, the means of communication with the thought and feeling of the world;

one may be cold and impervious to words, yet sensitively responsive to the vaguer but not less rich or many-sided revelation of tones. For such a person music is the most liberalizing of all studies.

It is important at this point to distinguish between a musical ear and a trained musical taste. The former does not in the least imply the latter. You may never have heard a grand opera nor a symphony concert; you may prefer the mandolin to the church organ, and "Dixie" to Walther's Prize Song, and yet have an excellent ear. A good ear is, in fact, nothing but an arable soil; whether you grow upon it thistles, corn, or orchids depends on your methods of cultivation. If you like a good rhythm, such as a swinging march or a swaying waltz, if you can remember and recognize a tune, you have the necessary equipment for the study of music. All you need to do is to hear good music attentively and repeatedly, to listen discriminatingly to the kinds of effect it makes, to follow the growth of the musical ideas in it, and to acquaint yourself by study with its historic development and with the individual peculiarities of its great masters. Gradually but inevitably as you do this you will find your taste growing keener, more exacting; your pleasure in empty, tinkling tunes, in over-obvious rhythms, in cloying, sugary harmonies, will diminish in the exact ratio in which you come to appreciate more lasting beauties; above all, your taste, being founded upon a real perception, will gain in refinement without sacrificing sincerity.

Up to this point we have been speaking of the personal advantage that a college man may gain from the study, in general, of those subjects which widen his relation with life and keep him from becoming a mere specialized cog in the machine, and, in particular, of music. But if we are convinced that what has been said of the peculiar power of music over our minds and feelings is true, we shall not content ourselves with the personal, passive enjoyment of it. We shall wish to do what we can to extend its influence to others, to share its benefits. We shall ask ourselves not only, "What has music for me?" but also, "What have I for music?" Up to a certain point the answer is fairly obvious. The college graduate frequently has it in his power to support the best music in the most tangible way—that is, financially. Colonel Henry Lee Higginson, of Boston, to whose generosity we owe the incalculable benefits of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a brilliant example, and many others might be cited.

But it is not only this tangible influence of money that we can give. Scarcely less important, if less evident, is the influence of sound,

impartial, disciplined opinion, and this we are at present too little inclined to exert. We are too inclined to maintain a skeptical or indifferent attitude on everything outside of business and politics; to leave to our sisters, mothers, wives, and daughters the formation of artistic standards and the determination of artistic values. Undoubtedly women have done and are doing in these matters admirable work, for which we cannot be too grateful; but it is neither fair nor wise to leave them to bear the entire brunt of such responsibilities. There is in the feminine mind a natural conventionality and an instinctive shrinking from strictly impersonal criticism that has introduced a regrettable tolerance of unprogressiveness and mediocrity into our national standards of taste. We accept too tamely imported music, often totally unsuited to our own mental life. We are inclined to estimate native compositions too uncritically, swayed often by considerations more personal than artistic. Now the college man is certainly in no danger of this over-complaisance, this tendency to welcome uncritically what is presented for his approval. On the contrary, he is quite detached and irreverent. He asks, not who vouches for a thing, but whether it is any good. He offers it an open field where the fittest survives and "the devil takes the hindmost." Such a wholesome struggle for survival on merit alone, before impartial judges not too lenient to condemn an individual who fails to measure up to abstract standards, is what our present musical arena most sadly needs. The college man, if he will only take the trouble to interest himself and to educate his perceptions, can do more than any one else for American musical taste.

HARVARD THE PIONEER

It must always be a source of pride to all Harvard men who care for the best things— for what Matthew Arnold called sweetness and light—that Harvard was the first American college to introduce into the curriculum the study of music. And from those early days right down to the present Harvard has in many ways remained the pacemaker in the matter of how music should be taught as a college subject, and the other colleges have more or less followed her lead. One reason for this leadership, as it has manifested itself in recent years, is the admirably level-headed way in which Professor Walter Spalding and his colleagues have kept the humanistic ideal in college music study before them, resisting all temptation to make their department into a mere conservatory strayed into academic fields. There are at Harvard, to be sure, as everyone knows, excellent technical courses in harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, and the like, and there are plenty of students of talent to take advantage of them. But what may be even more valuable to the musical life of America, though in a less direct and obvious way, is the instruction in what has come to be known as the "appreciation of music," provided for the student without special talent, but with normal intellectual curiosity as to the fine things that he has come to college to learn about. Your youth of talent might be provided for elsewhere, but your youth of friendly curiosity about "a number of things," as Stevenson has it, can nowhere so conveniently as at college be given a sort of general passport or letter of introduction to the arts—the freedom of the city, as it were, of humane expression.

We have all known what it is to be presented to a complete stranger at an afternoon tea, and, without any hints as to his identity, left to our fate. Embarrassing in something the same way is it for the average man to be left alone with a Beethoven sonata. Especially terrifying may the sonata become to him, under these circumstances, if he has chanced to read any of the preposterous stuff that has been written, by certain types of sentimentalists, in "interpretation" of

these sonatas. He may become so preoccupied in a vain effort to conjure up moonlight, waterfalls, or babbling brooks, before his balking imagination, that he cannot hear the music at all. Therefore, he needs first of all to be led to see what a complete and self-contained world music is, how independently of anything outside themselves its thoughts take rise, unfold, evolve, ramify, and propagate their kind. To this end he must learn to notice the contour of each essential motive and theme, above all their rhythmic individuality, since, as von Bülow said, "In the beginning was rhythm," and to become gradually as deft in following them through the maze, in recognizing them under their disguises, and in anticipating what they will do next, and how they will eventually triumph over all their enemies, as he is in accompanying the great Sherlock Holmes through one of Dr. Conan Doyle's stories. The themes, indeed, as d'Indy vividly puts it in his "Cours de composition musicale," are the characters of the musical drama, quite as the tonalities are the scenes where their action takes place; and to follow them through their many fierce battles and hair-breadth escapes (development-portion) until in the end (recapitulation) they marry and live happily forever after, is a mental adventure of the most thrilling sort.

Once the student discovers this kind of interest, which fails somewhat, of course, in composers of second rank, but is almost continuous in such work as Bach's, Beethoven's, Richard Strauss's, or Vincent d'Indy's, he is not likely to revert to the old mooning attitude, the attitude which regards music as an agreeable background for thoughts about something else. He will not worry any more about what music "means." There is a story of Professor Leo Lewis, of Tufts College, which sums up the whole matter. One of his students asked him what he thought Beethoven "meant" by the first phrase of the "Eroica Symphony," and played the first four measures on the piano. Professor Lewis, after a pause for consideration, replied that he thought on the whole what Beethoven meant was—and played the first four measures over again.

Besides presenting good music frequently enough to make it familiar, and elucidating its nature as a unique type of human thought, the instructor may be of much use to his students by calling to their attention the value of musical standards of excellence, and the modes by which they may be formed. The power to discriminate between what is excellent and what is less than excellent is surely one of the most important of intellectual faculties; in artistic matters we call it

taste; and it is apt to be somewhat unevenly developed in Americans, partly because they are more interested in "practical" than in æsthetic things, partly because they are in a hurry, and partly because they are too good-natured and complaisant. Standards, therefore, need to be constantly insisted on, not only in the music itself, but in its mode of production. The toleration of our public for third and fourth-rate "artists" is astonishing—for people who not only have no experience and routine, but not even rudimentary understanding of what they try to play or sing, and how to play or sing it so as to make it intelligible to the hearer. They read a piece of music as a schoolboy recites "The boy stood on the burning deck," with no conception of phrasing, of bringing out the essential melodic contours; and people listen to them and decide that because they don't enjoy it they don't "care for music."

The mechanical instruments have a good deal to answer for as well. They cannot possibly mold a musical phrase with the infinite gradations of saliency and subordination that the human hand is capable of; and useful as they are for giving reproductions of music that may be roughly compared to photographic reproductions of paintings (though the pictures are truer in the capital matter of light and shade, comparable to phrasing), Heaven help the man who should form his idea of music on machine-made renditions! The student may accordingly be advised to use mechanical instruments as much as he pleases as a device for study, provided, and only provided, he familiarizes himself with the real thing as it may be heard from the great recitalists, and in a measure from much less famous performers who have musical intuition and enough technical control to make it effective.

The charge of superficiality has often been brought against such courses as those in the appreciation of music, by critics both inside and outside the academic walls; they have been called "snap" courses; and their frequent popularity has been attributed to the fine youthful capacity for indolence. There is undoubtedly a half-truth in such charges: it is probably easier to slip through, without learning anything, courses aimed like these at what Charles Eliot Norton used to call true "education," than courses planned only to give what he called "information." Thus his own lectures in fine arts at Harvard in the nineties, the perfect model of what such lectures should be, were attended by many who could relieve the boredom they endured only by placing match-heads on the floor and setting them off with

their feet. In the spring days, when the sun began to be warm, it was harder than ever for these lovers of adventure not intellectual to immure themselves in "Upper Massachusetts," and the fire-escape used often to be black as an ant-hill with them. And later, when examination time came round, doubtless many of the cleverer ones were able to secure pass-marks by the help of a little tutoring and a few adroit references to "sophrosyne."

Yet all this does not in the least diminish the value of such courses, as those students who were permanently influenced by Norton will hasten to insist. Let us admit that examinations work more satisfactorily in "informative" courses, where facts and facts alone are imparted, where they are grasped by effort of memory only, without necessity of choice, judgment, or any other originative faculty, than in "educative" courses where less easily mensurable faculties like comparison, discrimination, and selection are called into play. Let us admit that examination in such creative faculties is a make-shift and more or less of an absurdity; that the student is really examined by his later life rather than in the classroom, and that his success is the enrichment, perhaps in high degree gradual and cumulative, of his imagination and power of vicarious emotional experience, perfected many years after he leaves college. These considerations, far from impugning the value of such study, show that it is more than ever necessary in our modern America, where specialization becomes ever narrower and more relentless, standardization increasingly impoverishes individual initiative, and the prevailing quantitative standards make it daily more difficult, unpopular, and even dangerous to judge things by their qualities. Yet now as always the finest values remain unmeasurable, and from a purely utilitarian viewpoint useless. True education will never forget them. In such education Harvard—the Harvard of Norton, of James, of Santayana—is still the pioneer.

THE QUANTITATIVE STANDARD

Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, in his interesting book, "Fra i due mondi"[1] ("Between Two Worlds"), discards as superficial the old charge that Americans worship the almighty dollar. He makes one of his characters point out that, on the contrary, "not a day passes but they try to create some new religion or charitable institution," and that "there is not a model of art, of elegance, or of culture, ancient or modern, European or Asiatic, that they do not compel themselves to understand, to imitate, and to appropriate." One feels the gentle irony here, and over the page one finds the indictment against us definitely formulated: "What is it that America is searching for in the mystical ideas, in the philosophic doctrines, in the institutions, the customs, the arts and elegances of the universe, and, Heaven forgive it, even in Christian Science?—A standard of measurement."[2] "Quantity alone does not suffice, because it quickly results in satiety; because a civilization is only a system of standards of measurement; because these immense riches [of America] produced with such rapidity, have to be translated into quality, that is to say into beauty, into virtue, into wisdom, into glory, into grandeur, without which it is useless to produce them."

Against this modern ideal of quantity, of material riches, of luxuries and conveniences ever multiplied and without limits, which he finds not only in America but also spreading over Europe, Signor Ferrero sets off the ancient ideal of quality, inseparable, according to him, from voluntary limitations, and depicts in a splendid paragraph the spirit of the ancient civilization—"that austere discipline of human thought which willed to limit itself, in order to produce, in the finite, with power precise and sure, after clear and definite models, innumerable forms of the beautiful, of the good and of the true." "Limitation, concen-

[1] This article was written before the English translation of Signor Ferrero's book appeared, and the quotations given are based upon the French edition, "Entre les deux mondes."

[2] Entre les deux mondes, page 364.

tration, and discipline," he sums up, "is it not these which have supplied the inner force of those wonderful ancient civilizations of which the relics fill us still with astonishment, us, the distant nephews of those who created them, in spite of the pride with which our riches have filled us?"[1] "The secret and cruel torment of the modern world"—so he sums up his argument—"or rather of the two worlds between which we are sailing, and of all the world of machines, is the impossibility of distinguishing between extravagance and legitimate consumption—it is the continual and never decided struggle between quantity and quality."[2]

It may be worth while to try to apply this distinction which Signor Ferrero draws so eloquently to an art of which he has little to say, though every one of his points might be amply proved from it. How far is music subject to the struggle he depicts? To what extent is the standard of quantity encroaching on that of quality in our musical life? How often do we, in judging composers, performers, and public taste alike, have recourse to methods of estimate more applicable to iron-ore or wheat than to art, and neglect in proportion the finer discriminations which must be expressed in the positive rather than in the comparative or the superlative—which recognize a thing neither as greater than something else nor as "the greatest in the world," but as its simple but unique self?

In that strange region of which most people think first of all when one speaks of things musical, yet which is only half musical, and scarcely that—the region of opera—the prevalence of quantitative standards is so obvious that all we need do here is mention it in passing. Artistic worth counts for little in opera, popularity for much. The whole system of stars is of course based on popularity, or the appeal to numbers. And the successful composers are those who appeal, not to a cultivated musical taste, but to the love of the crowd for overcharged sentiment, melodramatic effect and spectacular display. Opera is the chosen land of the quantitative standard.

In the form of musical entertainment next to the opera in popularity, the recital by a solo performer—singer, violinist, or pianist—the influence of the lower order of standard is less obvious but still not far to seek. The pianist who gives, as most present-day pianists do, recitals in halls absurdly disproportionate in size to the capacity of his instrument, is either consciously or unconsciously submitting to such an influence. There are happily few who choose an auditorium like

[1] "Entre les deux mondes," pages 353–4. [2] "Entre les deux mondes," p. 363.

Carnegie Hall rather than, say, Aeolian Hall, purely and simply because if it is filled the box-office receipts will be larger. But the vanity which selects the larger hall because of the supposed distinction of collecting such an audience is only a step removed from this frank commercialism. Whatever his motive, the player is sacrificing quality to quantity, for such a place is as a matter of simple acoustics too large to be filled by a piano without forcing and a loss of the more delicate nuances of tone. Yet a pianist much before the public was frank enough to admit that though artistic considerations urged him to give a recital of intimate music in Aeolian Hall for the small public that even in a city like New York appreciates such things, he did not dare:—"For," said he, "people will say 'X—— cannot fill Carnegie Hall any more. He is losing in popularity.'"

As for chamber music and orchestral concerts, there the conditions are somewhat different, and the tendency toward the quantitative standard therefore shows itself in a different way, though hardly less strikingly. The temptation is here not so much to play in too large a place as to play too often. Financial returns and notoriety depend of course as much on the number as on the size of audiences, so that when the audiences are as large as possible, commercialism and vanity still have the counsel left—"Get as many as you can." To this the truly artistic director has to answer that too many concerts will inevitably deteriorate the quality of his work, because, first, he must have time for rehearsal, and second he must have time for rest and diversion—in short, he must keep at the top of his condition.

Now the subtlety of the quantitative standard is nowhere more noticeable than in its bearing on this question of rehearsal. If one rehearsal, says Mediocrity, will enable my men to give a respectable performance, without overt accidents, which nine-tenths of the audience cannot tell from an excellent one, why should I waste time, strength, temper, and money in having three, or five, or ten? The result is that most of our chamber music and orchestral concerts in New York are under-rehearsed. Not only the business personnel but the conductors, who ought to be guided by a principle of "Noblesse oblige," consent to a constant commercial speeding up that inevitably degrades quality. One of the two best known orchestras in New York actually advertised itself as giving "more concerts in a season than any other organization"—apparently naïvely unaware that this was a statement that cut two ways. The other responded a little later by announcing that its pairs of concerts, or "rehearsal and concert" as

they were called in the old days, would no longer consist of the same program, but of completely different ones. "More symphonies than the other fellow" is the motto, whether rehearsed or not.

Yet it is just those later rehearsals, superfluous from the quantitative point of view, that attain the ease, the elasticity, the accuracy of detail with perfect freedom of declamation, the thorough familiarity with not merely the notes but the spirit of the music, which make a really fine performance, capable not merely of satisfying the mob but of delighting the connoisseur. And if we are insisting on quality we must not stop at rehearsals, but we must claim even leisure and rest for the over-driven musician, if not for the rank and file at least for the leaders and for those who are responsible for the conception as well as for the execution of the music. "Pay a man to rest!" exclaims with horror the practical American manager. Yes, pay a man to rest, because an artist is not a brick-layer, but works with the most delicate part of his mind, easily jarred, dulled, or paralyzed by too much drudgery; if you want to get your money's worth from him you pay him for resting as well as working.

That these are no imaginary evils in our musical life might be proved by many references to existing institutions among us. Two will suffice.

The leader of one of our most distinguished chamber music organizations was urged by his manager to give more frequent concerts, not only for the money but for the reputation. He replied that if he undertook more concerts he could not rehearse sufficiently, and he insisted on giving a few good concerts rather than many bad ones. Or rather, many *less good ones*. With players like this it was not a question of bad; had it been, probably the manager himself would have recognized the inadvisability of increasing the number of performances. The choice was between excellent and less than excellent, as will usually be found to be the case when the qualitative standard is hardest to apply, and most worth the effort of applying. The other instance is of a soloist, a piano virtuoso, of excellent European reputation, who gave a very inferior recital in New York. After the concert he told those who gathered about him of his chagrin at playing so badly, and of the reason of it—his engagements had been so multiplied by his manager that he had had to take a cab to the hall directly from the railway station at which he had arrived after a long journey, and was so tired that he could hardly strike the right notes.

Of all types of musicians with us in America the composer is, perhaps,

least directly affected by these prevalent quantitative standards. Yet that he too is affected is suggested by our dearth of really first-rate composers, a dearth which persists in spite of our many impassioned denials of it. Much effort by composers of ability that might under happier conditions go into work of high quality is no doubt frittered away in the production of pot-boilers to please the multitude— but that is not peculiar to America. Really sincere and self-respecting work in composition is not apt to be remunerative in any country. The mischievous working of quantitative standards is more subtle than that.

The formation of an individual style, essential to every artist worthy of the name and always difficult, is especially difficult to the American composer for two reasons. First, it comes only through endless practice of his art and as the final flowering so to speak of a luxuriant technique—it is not a matter of thinking but of doing. Therefore the American composer is at a disadvantage in comparison with his European brothers because his time for composing is more limited than theirs—limited by the confusion and countless distractions of our life, by the pull away from the arts exerted by our social standards, and above all by the high cost of living.

Secondly, the formation of an artistic style is difficult in direct ratio to the variety and complexity of the models by which one is influenced. Now, our American spirit, as Signor Ferrero remarks in the passage quoted, is excessively eclectic, and our tendency to "bolt" this varied mental food which we gather dispassionately from the four quarters of the globe often leads to a mental indigestion—witness, as our author again suggests, the prevalence of Christian Science among us—as disastrous, if not as universally recognized, as the correlative bodily ailment for which we are famous. Our hospitality puts an almost killing strain upon our power of assimilation. For the French or German student of composition the models at hand are fairly simple in their limitation; he follows the school of Franck and d'Indy, or of Debussy and the independents, or of Strauss, or of Reger, and ignores what is beyond the frontier. But for the American youth there are no kindly protecting frontiers. He grows up in a babel of conflicting languages, his ears are battered from infancy by Debussyan whole-tone scales, Straussian orchestral sonorities, Regerian vagaries of harmony, to say nothing of Indian and Negro folksong, ragtime, and the classics. What a diet! Yet who will be the doctor to cut him down to some musical bread-and-water that shall be nourishing but tame? Is it in

our American genius to accept those limitations which Signor Ferrero so convincingly demonstrates as underlying all that is greatest in the older civilizations? Is there a man to-day who, like MacDowell, is willing to risk being called a reactionary, an old-fashioned, and to cut himself off from many seductive and valid musical styles, in order to attain at last individuality?

DOMESTICATING MUSIC

"It doesn't matter what the opera is," said the painter's wife, an attractive and intelligent woman, if a trifle conventional, "I always love to hear Caruso." The remark, casual as it was, seemed somehow, in spite of its platitude, or perhaps because of it, to be symptomatic of a view of music as mischievously influential as it is widespread. It was like one of those fossil bones from which those who know can reconstruct whole prehistoric monsters. And the point of view suggested is indeed, both in itself and in its devastating effect on our musical life, rather monstrous, though not, alas, at all prehistoric.

In trying to reconstruct such a point of view one is at first puzzled by the tone of complacency, almost smartness, in which the remark was uttered. Not only was there no trace of shame at the lack of discrimination as to the opera sung, but there was positive pride in the assertion of fastidiousness as to the soloist singing it. Then it gradually comes back to one that to this peculiar point of view the work of art is nothing, its interpreters everything; æsthetic values are entirely submerged and excluded by personal ones; balance, proportion, moderation, perfection of ensemble pale before the *prima donna* parading in the spot-light; and the opera is no longer anything in itself, anything with a meaning, but merely, in the expressive phrase, a "vehicle" for the singers. One sees, therefore, that the first half of the sentence amounts simply to a categorical denial of independent meaning to a work of musical art in itself—a denial intensely characteristic of the point of view in question.

In the second place, however, as a thing without meaning can have only sensuous values, it becomes a point of pride to be sensitive to such values, and to insist upon the best. If you are a wine-fancier you become fastidious about bouquets; if you are a devotee of the human voice (not as expressing something, but as pure aural sensation) you grow exacting about larynxes, and can soon talk learnedly about "head-tones," "portamento," and "tessituræ." In other words, while for him to whom music has a meaning of its own, interpretation

is a secondary matter, and the spirit of beauty can transfigure the humblest incarnation, he for whom it is devoid of intrinsic meaning sets supreme store by its sensuous embodiment. Hence the odd paradox, so frequently observable, that the most musical people are the most tolerant of physical shortcomings in performance, if the spirit be right, while the least musical are precisely those who make the most exacting material demands. A test question, to determine in which class any listener belonged, would be: "Should you rather hear Kreisler play anything he chose, or a third-rate nonentity play, with loving intelligence, the Beethoven concerto?" Wine that is a symbol, as in the eucharist, may be of inferior quality, and no harm done. Wine that is to be merely a luxury must be of the rarest vintage. If the opera means nothing, we must hear Caruso.

But, in the third place, we may not all of us have ears keen enough to select for ourselves the best which our ideal of artistic luxury makes us thus insatiably demand. It is, therefore, highly convenient that there should be a vogue for those performers (whether singers, players, or conductors) whom connoisseurs consider the best, and that we should be able to feel safe in vicariously following the preferences of those who know. Furthermore, as the distant and unfamiliar always excites our curiosity and stirs our imagination more than the familiar and humdrum, this vogue will naturally select foreigners rather than natives, or at least those with foreign names, for its favorites. Thus we arrive at the snobbery in preferring European above native musicians in all lines, which is the polar opposite of chauvinism—and quite as disastrous to our art. And so we complete our reconstruction of a point of view immensely prevalent—the old man of the sea that rides down all our efforts and all our hopes, and find it to be made up of a frivolity which demands from music entertainment rather than expression, a materialism which exacts above all luxury in its embodiment, and a snobbery which cannot endure unpretentiousness in its practitioners.

It is because this entertainment-luxury-snobbism point of view is so widespread that an experiment carried on for several years in a small New England city by Mr. X——, a local musician with few resources beyond good musicianship and boundless love of music, promises more for the future of musical taste among us than many more ambitious, expensive, and advertised undertakings. Similar experiments should be tried as widely as possible, under divers conditions and by experimenters variously endowed. This gentleman's original idea was simple, as are most good ideas. In response to

requests from his friends he gave a series of piano recitals in his home. Gradually the attendance so increased that he had to borrow the use of a friend's studio. At last he organized a chamber music club. His idea was to gather together the local instrumentalists—from theater, restaurant, hotel—into a small group, coach them in pieces of good chamber music, and play these for the public at moderate prices. There are few cities, even small ones, where you cannot find a few string players—violinists and 'cellists (viola players are rarer)—men who are usually more or less unaware of each other's existence, and who have seldom dreamed of banding together to use their music as something more than a means of livelihood. But with only a violinist and a 'cellist you have, if you yourself play the piano, a fine musical literature of trios and sonatas open to you, and when there are also clarinetists and cornetists to be had, the possibilities become exciting.

But this good idea was like others not only in being simple in conception, but also in involving for the execution much devoted labor and the solution of many puzzling problems. First of all, it is natural that the average theater or restaurant player knows as little of music as a newspaper man does of literature. Singular patience, tact, and contagious enthusiasm are needed to overcome this initial difficulty. How this New England enthusiast overcame it may be divined from the following interesting chapter of his experiences.

He found working in one of the factories a young man who spent all his spare time playing the cornet for his own amusement. He had a good ear and a natural love for music, but next to no acquaintance with musical literature, and naturally little sense of relative values or instinct for style. Finding him anxious to learn the horn, Mr. X—— bought or hired for him an instrument. There followed much coaching, playing, discussion, study. In the course of a few years this young horn player was living in the house of the older man, in a pleasant half-filial, half-comradely relation, and participating in pieces like Dukas's Villanelle for Horn and Brahms's Horn Trio. Later he gained admittance to a New York symphonic orchestra, and is doubtless, thanks to the efforts of Mr. X——, a musician for life. Somewhat similar was the story of a clarinet player in one of the city theaters, who after a year or two of this inspiring association was taking part in Mozart's Clarinet Quintet and in Brahms's Clarinet Sonatas. Even Saint-Saëns's Trumpet Septet was tried with the help of a cornet player sufficiently coached.

Thus Mr. X—— rendered one kind of service in stirring professional

musicians accustomed to a routine of the dance and the theater into the creative activity of real interpretation. But even more far-reaching was his service to the public. Here again, of course, there were difficulties and problems. It was found, for instance, that many people, even after considerable hearing of the best ensemble pieces, frankly preferred piano solos, and would say effusively, thinking to please the founder: "A delightful concert, Mr. X——, but why don't you give us more solos? We want to hear you play alone." To which Mr. X—— would always long-sufferingly reply that there were certain things string instruments could do that a piano could not, and that it was these larger effects and this new literature that he had wished to make available to them. Of course this was, from one point of view, encouraging, as showing the need of just such training; so long as a public is more interested in an individual soloist, through his personality, than it is in a coöperating group through its artistic results, it is fundamentally uneducated.

Again it was found that in some neighboring towns where it was proposed to introduce the concerts (which in their home town had swelled into a regular series of ten each winter, at a subscription price of five dollars for the series) the public inability to recognize good music for itself expressed itself, as it often does, in the snobbish wish for a label. "We can get ten concerts from Mr. X——'s Club for so much," ran this familiar argument, "but, as we can only get one or two from the celebrated —— Quartet of New York for the same money, the —— Quartet must be very much better, and therefore we shall have it come for one concert rather than have a series from an organization less famous."

The fallacy here is not quite so easily recognizable as that of the preference for a soloist to a group, but is at last traceable to the same indifference to art in and for itself. For if a public has really learned to love music for itself, it will prefer a number of concerts by local musicians, sufficiently well trained to present it intelligibly, to concerts so infrequent as hardly to keep the musical body and soul together by an organization of much greater reputation, yes, and even by one of measurably greater skill and authority. For the music is the thing, not the people that play it. That is a truth which the American public must be persuaded to understand.

Yet in spite of these difficulties the undertaking was a success. The concerts not only gained a body of staunch supporters from year to year, but tempted in, from time to time, a number of adventurers who

would often stop the founder in the street to tell him how much they had enjoyed his music. Every fall he was asked with genuine interest about his plans for the coming season. Best of all, it was found that certain easily comprehensible classic works, such as the Schumann Piano Quintet or the Schubert Forellen Quintet (for the versatile clarinetist was also by good luck an excellent double-bass-player), wisely repeated from year to year, became loved and anticipated favorites. It is encouraging that such complex masterpieces as Franck's great Quintet can be given at all, but it is even more encouraging that pieces like the Schumann and Schubert should be given often, and often welcomed. For it means that they were not regarded as mere entertainment, nor made the occasion for luxury, nor appraised in a spirit of snobbism. Their recurrent performance and welcome meant that music was being domesticated in America.

AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

THERE is a Russian edition of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" Suite for orchestra founded on the Arabian Nights Entertainments, which flaunts as title-page a most gorgeously oriental design of bright blues, reds, and greens, on a background of gold. It is strikingly handsome and quite barbaric, reminding one more than anything else of the wall decorations of Byzantine architecture. The last touch of outlandishness is given by the text in those strange Russian letters which look, according to a whimsical admirer of Rimsky and his music, "as English does when have belladonna in your eyes." To see discerningly such a title-page, feeling the remoteness of the point of view that produced it from that of the Anglo-Saxon mind, and then to turn over the leaf and read, with a thrill of appreciation, the stirring melody with which the piece begins, is to gain a vivid sense of the universality of music, its power to bridge even such a chasm as that which separates East and West. A Russian and an American who stopped at the title-page might well feel a strangeness in each other, a sense of fundamental differences in racial memories, traditions, tastes, which would need only an occasion to manifest itself in active enmity; yet if they once heard the music, witnessing each other's delight in it, they would feel underneath all this a bond of common human feeling uniting them already in potential friendship. However little sympathy they might have in other respects, the music at least would speak to both, by virtue of its unique power as the only language that requires no translation.

This curious power of music to reconcile extremes by means of its universal comprehensibility seems to constitute a strong claim on the attention of those interested in international friendship and the cessation of wars which it alone can bring. If it be true that music is, in sober fact, the only international language, the only emotional and spiritual coinage that is honored all over the world, then it must surely be an invaluable influence toward peace. For after all, the acts of governments are ultimately dependent on the temper of the people

behind them. If the mass of the people in a country are selfish, provincial, and narrow, inclined to look upon all the world beyond their borders as "outlandish" and "queer," as made up of those infra-human beings called "foreigners," then that country is never really safe from war. And it is only when the mass of people are educated beyond such crude sophomoric views and learn to substitute for the conception of "foreigner" that of "interestingly different fellow being," that there is any real basis, in mutual regard, for a lasting peace.

In developing such a mutual understanding and regard between nations, the arts have important but varying functions to perform. The plastic arts, by nature more objective than the arts of literature and music, may be of great service in familiarizing us with the external aspects of distant countries, and thus making us feel at home there. In the wholly strange we notice only trifling details, as one unacquainted with Brittany and Normandy, for example, might, on first seeing a picture by Millet, pay more attention to the wooden shoes and the smocks of the peasants than to the physical and mental characteristics which he delineates so powerfully, or to the purely æsthetic beauty of line and form by which he transfigures them. By familiarizing us with French peasant life such a painter as Millet does much to supersede such childish preoccupations in us by more helpful divinations as to the human nature living its serious life beneath these clothes.

Literature and music, however, by virtue of their more intimate, subjective way of working, exercise an even more important influence, perhaps, toward international goodfellowship. They are not obliged to go indirectly at the spirit through the body, but are privileged to express directly and poignantly the most intimate facts of mental and emotional life. A Russian painter may give us pictures under the surface of which we can discern much of what makes the Russian character individual; but Turgenev and Tolstoi in their novels, Tschaïkowsky in his symphonies, and Borodine and Moussorgsky in their operas, show us the Russian as he is in his soul—that strange mixture of fatalism and impulsiveness. Constable shows us the English countryside, and Gainsborough and Hogarth, in their differing ways, it must be admitted, show us much of the English character; but not quite in the simple transparency wherewith it is revealed in a poem like "Robin Hood" or a folksong like "Polly Oliver."

Literature, of course, whether in the poem, the novel, or the play, is one of the great revealers, the influence of which toward a good understanding between nations it would be hard to overestimate. Yet

even over literature music has one advantage, which dates back to the confusion of tongues. The work of art in words must be translated if it is to make its appeal beyond its limited audience; the work of art in tones appeals to every human being in the measure of his capacity to hear, and to understand intelligently what he hears. Moreover, the habit of reading is confined to certain classes; some people who never open a book listen with ardor and a certain degree of intelligence to music; it is quite conceivable, for example, that one who had never heard of Turgenev, might nevertheless feel powerfully the spell of Russia in such a work as Tschaïkowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," or that one wholly unacquainted with the history of serfdom might have a ray of sympathy for the monotonous weariness of the serf's existence shot into his heart by hearing the "Song of the Volga Boatmen." Probably for every ten Americans who have gained a sense of sympathy with Germany through Goethe's or Heine's poetry there are a dozen who love Beethoven's music. Few except special students could give an intelligent account of a great literary masterpiece of an out-of-the-way country like Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"; how many have delighted in the melodious orchestral suite founded upon it by Grieg!

It would of course be absurd to claim that music can give us anything like the detailed information that literature can, or that its message is at all comparable to that of literature in concreteness and definiteness. In any such comparison music must suffer. So far as international peace depends upon the communication of facts and concrete thoughts from nation to nation, literature is doubtless its chief servant. But the present point is that it depends not only on these, but also, and perhaps even more intimately, on profound temperamental affinities and sympathies that can best be nurtured by such an art as music, with its wonderful power of illuminating the depths of our emotional life. It cannot show us the other man's intellectual ideas; but if, by way of compensation for this shortcoming of vagueness, it has an incomparable power to reveal what is even deeper, his loves and hates, his hopes and fears, in a word the temperamental soil out of which all his ideas must grow, is not that an even more vital revelation? Music thus seems to bring us into contact at a deeper level than that of the spoken word.

If music as a whole is thus distinguished from other modes of expression by the depth of the emotional level to which it penetrates, it is also noteworthy that within music itself there are different levels of expression, some kinds of music delving much more profoundly into

human nature, others remaining comparatively superficial. To this latter class some critics not wholly carried out of their senses by the folksong craze would be inclined to attribute much narrowly national music of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Many composers of this period discovered in the provincial music of various countries a charm which was due to its quaintness, its novelty, its unfamiliarity to the cosmopolitan ear. It was a charm akin to that which the American traveler finds in Dutch windmills or Egyptian camels—the charm of the picturesque, of "local color." The peculiarities enjoyed were in every case more or less external, superficial; yet the enjoyment of them, so far as it went, tended to increase the interest in other nations, and perhaps even the sense of brotherhood with them.

Examples of this interest in provincial peculiarities, in what may be called dialects of the musical language, meet us on every hand in nineteenth century composition. Recent research proves that even Haydn, at the end of the previous century, based his work largely on Croatian folksongs. Beethoven used one or two Turkish themes, in somewhat jesting mood, but it is not until Liszt borrowed so copiously from his native Hungarian melodies that we find the practice well established. Chopin used the Polish folk-music to a limited extent. Grieg, the first thorough-going "nationalist," owes much of his charm to the plaintive Norwegian idiom; Dvořák and Smetana exploited Bohemia with equal success; Russia had its Glinka, Balakirev, Cui, and others, Poland its Paderewski, Finland its Sibelius; our own countryman MacDowell has used in his Indian Suite the tunes of the red aborigines of America, and Dvořák, Chadwick, Gilbert, and others have idealized the really beautiful plantation airs of the negroes.

In all national music of this kind, strictly so called, we find a strong local interest. Over and above the general appeal of the music as music, which is sometimes considerable, there is the special interest of the reflection of a particular racial or national temper, often inextricably intertwined with the interest of technical peculiarities of a highly local kind. Emotionally such music interests us not so much through its expression of widespread or universal human feelings as through its emphasis on subtle shades or unusual accentuation, such as the touch of southern languor in Italian love-songs, or the riotous wealth of imagination revealed by the ornamental cadenzas of the Hungarian gypsy. Technically it is notable not so much for high organization or beauty of design—universal qualities—as for the quaintness of some peculiarity, either rhythmic, as in the "Scotch snap," familiar to us in

our own "ragtime," or melodic, as in the tendency of the Norwegian tunes to fall back from the seventh step of the scale to the fifth instead of proceeding to the eighth, and the like. In a word, it is the excessive rather than the normal that appeals to us in all these cases.

This distinction is made not invidiously but for clearness of classification and discussion. Provincially national music amply justifies itself, from many points of view. Especially interesting to us here is the service it does to international goodfellowship by presenting to us the peculiarities of distant nations in piquant and attractive guise. We hear, for instance, the Slavonic Dances of Dvořák with their impetuous rhythms, their gracefully twining and climbing melodies, their intoxication of joy in dancing, and we understand something of the passionate delight in rhythmic movement that is said sometimes to keep the Bohemian peasants dancing all night. Or we divine in the "spirituals" of the negroes, at once palpitantly sensuous and charged with awe-struck, childlike piety, something of the paradox of their strangely mixed emotional nature. And it is worth noting that folk-music, emanating as it does from man's subconscious life, cannot misrepresent him as his conscious expressions sometimes do. We are frequently told that the French are frivolous, or worse; but we cannot hear such a tune as their "Nous n' irons plus au bois" without doing homage to their chivalrous gaiety of spirit. The German devotion to the Fatherland becomes sometimes, in its verbal utterance, the least bit wearying; the solidity of character, the stout unquestioning loyalty of heart which underlies it, finds a far more ingratiating expression in those massively plain old German chorales which did so much to inspire the "father of musicians," J. S. Bach.

Music does much, then, to interpret nations to each other by seizing upon and presenting persuasively the salient, individualizing traits of each. But perhaps it does even more by giving noble and universally intelligible expression to the human qualities common to all. Was not Tschaïkowsky right when, instead of joining the nationalists Balakirev, Cui, and the rest, who were exploiting the Russian folk-music to the exclusion of all else, he set himself to study the best music of the world, and to acquire an eclectic and cosmopolitan style? Is there not something inspiring in the breadth of view suggested by his answer to a lady who asked him what was his ideal?—"My ideal," he replied, "is to write beautiful music." Beauty in music, he doubtless realized, was something far wider than this or that piquant cadence or turn of melody; it was the result of a divination that plumbed deeper

than the national peculiarities; it was not Russian, but human. Had he not thus felt what we may call the international sense of music to be even more precious than its national interpretation he could hardly have stirred, as he has done, music-lovers all over the world.

It has often been pointed out that the greatest poets speak to the widest audience, that Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante are understood in some measure by all men, and that what they say is so universal that we are apt to forget which is English, which German, and which Italian. Surely the same thing is true of composers. Many of them, to be sure, happen to be German; but that seems rather accidental than essential to their quality. And in our day, when intercommunication has so reduced the insulating power of space, it is surely a world-language that is spoken (with varying accents, of course) by such men as Strauss in Germany, d'Indy in France, Elgar in England, Rachmaninoff in Russia, and that is understood by intelligent music-lovers the world over.

Such a cosmopolitanism in so highly ideal and disinterested a pursuit as music would seem to be as advantageous to the interests of peace as it is to those of art. Since international jealousies are likely to keep a certain degree of bitterness so long as they center on material objects which cannot be divided, it is most fortunate that they can sometimes be transformed into freer, more generous rivalries, taking place in those mental and spiritual arenas where possessions are increased by being shared. We may admire, but we are apt to envy, a person or a nation that outstrips us in the race for physical wealth, but in these more ethereal realms the work is undertaken in common, and the success of one is the success of all. If it be true that competition is the law only so long as values are conceived as personal, then it is nowhere more likely to be superseded by a more magnanimous coöperation and community of effort than in those fields where the good sought is so universal in its nature, like artistic insight, that it cannot be conceived as anything but impersonal and free to all.

OF FESTIVALS AND PATRONS

THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVALS, 1918–1920

The First Festival, 1918

Clouds of mist rolling along the broad cheek of South Mountain, alternating with sharp showers which at times wiped out all distant objects, and with their pattering on the roof of the Music Temple filled oddly some of the pauses in the music, failed to dampen the enthusiasm of those who gathered at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, September 16–18, 1918, to hear the first chamber music festival ever given in America. "Kneisel weather," or as it should perhaps now be called "Kortschak weather," though persisting for the entire three days, only emphasized by contrast the good cheer of the music provided indoors, and made the brightly lighted auditorium seem symbolic of the preservation of art and the other precious things of civilization from the storms which now threaten them all over the world. That all present were aware of this deeper significance of the festival, of the seriousness, far removed from any mood of mere entertainment, given it by the power of art to minister to sorrow, to inspire hope, to strengthen all high spiritual devotions, was evident throughout. It was felt in the intent, almost breathless stillness with which the more nobly beautiful of the compositions were listened to, such as the two Quartets of Beethoven and the Sextet of Brahms. It was voiced in the spontaneous applause to those portions of Mr. Rubin Goldmark's speech after the last concert expressing the gratitude of all to Mrs. F. S. Coolidge, the donor of the festival, in which he touched upon this refreshing and solacing power of great music. It was admirably summed up by Mrs. Coolidge herself in her response, when she said that in thus keeping art alive we were doing what we could do best "to serve America." And it was nowhere more touchingly shown than by some of those in the audience, dressed in mourning, evidently recent, as they spoke afterwards of what they had been hearing. One felt then the immortality of music such as Beethoven's. And one felt that the patriotic aspect of such an institution as this was almost

as striking as the artistic, or perhaps rather that to a deep enough view the two aspects were, after all, one.

The Music Temple has been built on South Mountain, a mile or two outside of Pittsfield, entirely of wood, some of it long seasoned, taken from an old barn in Hinsdale. The seats are pews from an old church in Nashua, New Hampshire. This wood construction, and perhaps also the shape of the semicircular wall behind the players, gives an admirable acoustics such as is seldom heard in buildings of the usual modern steel and concrete construction. At the opening chords of the "Maestoso" of the Beethoven Quartet, opus 127, played by the Berkshire Quartet on the first afternoon, one fairly held one's breath with delight at the fullness and warmth of the sonority. Of the Adagio, one of the supreme things in music, the Quartet gave a carefully wrought and in some ways an eloquent performance. It may be said in general that their ensemble is now excellent, as was shown notably, for example, in the skill with which the difficult ending of the Scherzando vivace was done, and that their intonation is seldom at fault, though Mr. Kortschak has a tendency to play sharp in high positions on the E string; but in expression there is still room for improvement. This is due chiefly to two causes. First, they do not yet avail themselves of the full gamut of dynamic light and shade on which chamber music so peculiarly depends for its effect. Not only are the fortes too steadily maintained (as in the Andante of the Brahms Sextet, where crescendos could not be obtained because the full power was too constantly in use) but the true vanishing pianissimo, almost inaudible, is seldom achieved. At this ultra-violet end of the musical spectrum, where the Flonzaleys are so inimitable, the Berkshires are still not quite at home (though they attained some lovely sonorities in the Adagio of the Mozart Quintet). The second deficiency in expression is due to a certain inflexibility of tempo. For instance, the Allegro of the same Quintet was just the least grain too fast for the tender wistfulness of Mozart in what may be called his G-minor mood, and in the last movement the second subject needed a little more sostenuto than it got; while on the other hand the Andante of the Brahms was not quite broad enough. But the playing of the Quartet is already so competent that it is to be hoped that with increasing experience and especially with growing artistic maturity its interpretations will become thoroughly satisfying.

The second number on the program of the opening afternoon was the Quartet of Alois Reiser which won the second prize in the com-

petition of eighty-two new quartets. Of this more in a moment. The closing piece was Thuille's Quintet for Piano and Strings, opus 20, in which Mrs. Coolidge showed herself an excellent ensemble player. As a composition this is a pompous, obvious, and tiresome work, full of "bromidioms," underlining all its points, leaving nothing to the listener's imagination, and wearying the ear with its incessant over-emphasis as much as the mind with its prolixity and inability to subordinate anything to anything else. Some composers, as a well-known musician remarked, occasionally spare you a side theme, a transition, or a codetta; but Thuille spares you nothing. You have to eat through the menu from *hors d'œuvre* to sweet, whether you are hungry or not.

The second day of the festival opened with a concert by the newly-formed Elshuco Trio, Samuel Gardner, violin, Wilhelm Willeke, cello, and Richard Epstein, piano, presenting three trios: Brahms's in C minor, Ravel's in A minor, and Schubert's in B flat major. The new organization gave great satisfaction by its unusually perfect ensemble. Mr. Epstein loves his neighbor as himself more than most pianists, and evidently cares even more for music than for piano-playing. He never covered the strings in fortes, and only once or twice in pianos. The playing of the lovely Presto non assai in the Brahms was delicious, the rhythmic justice of the piano part merging perfectly with the bubbling pizzicato passages done as by one instrument. It is in poetry and beauty of phrasing that Mr. Epstein is deficient. He was prosaic in the Andante grazioso of Brahms and too matter-of-fact in the accompaniment of the trio of the scherzo in the Schubert. The Trio of Ravel is rather diffuse and monotonous. There are charming passages of the same kind of plaintiveness as of lost Maeterlinckian children that he has made peculiarly his own in "Ma Mère l'Oye"; but the admirable conciseness of that work is lacking, and there are long stretches where idiom ceases to be a means and becomes an end. The third movement, a Passacaille, is more genuinely imaginative than the others.

In the afternoon the Longy Club of Boston gave a concert of wood-wind music that in view of their leader's well-known artistry was keenly disappointing. It was hard to believe that some numbers had been rehearsed at all. D'Indy's lovely Chanson et Danses, for instance, was played with such flaccid tempos, such ragged attack, and such false intonation in the bassoons that it became unintelligible. A sonata of Loeillet (1653–1728) for flute, oboe, and piano, a delightful work, was delightfully played, and exhibited Mr. Longy's lovely tone

and phrasing at their best. Pierné's Pastorale Variée gave much pleasure with its musical charm and broad humor. André Caplet's Suite Persane is local color—"snake-charmer music"—such as any clever composer can confection if it seems to him worth while.

The high point of the festival was undoubtedly the concert Wednesday morning by the Letz Quartet: Hans Letz, Sandor Harmati, Edward Kreiner, Gerald Maas. This Quartet, beginning modestly last season without any "booming" by the press, has already, by fine artistic feeling, individual and collective, and by hard work conscientiously done, commanded a place high among organizations of its kind. Its performance of Mozart's Quartet in G (K. No. 387) was a model of what chamber music should be, in balance, in due subordination of parts, in dynamic light and shade, while its playing of Beethoven's Opus 74 was an artistic experience not to be forgotten. Its pianissimo in the pizzicato passage just before the recapitulation in the first movement, and again towards the end of the Presto, seemed hardly sound at all, rather a presence hovering in the air, divined rather than heard. Its feeling for rhythm, too, is admirable, as in the restraint, the deliberation of the close of the Adagio. There is perhaps some lack of warmth in the tone of the quartet as a whole, but intellectually and emotionally its playing is singularly satisfying. It will doubtless play an important part in the development of American chamber music. Its program closed with the B flat Quartet of Taneiéff, a skillfully made work of the Russian school, not free of the salon music suavity of so many Russian composers, but full of ideas, and admirably in quartet style.

The festival closed with a concert by the Berkshire Quartet on Wednesday afternoon, presenting with the assistance of members of the Letz Quartet the G minor Quintet of Mozart and the B flat Sextet of Brahms, and between them the curiously awaited first-prize-winning composition, a quartet by Tadeusz Iarecki, a Pole now serving in the Polish Legion in France.

The prize-work proved a sore disappointment. It is a fresh instance of the often remarked fallibility of juries, disheartening when we consider how its effect is to encourage inferiority, that the quartet awarded the second prize was a better work, as most of the listeners agreed, than that awarded the first. The comparison is instructive. In that projection of characteristic rhythmic outlines, wherein true musical invention is shown, the Iarecki work is singularly deficient. Its first movement is indeed surprisingly primitive rhythmically, consist-

ing largely in the endless repetition of a banal two-measure figure, becoming intolerably wearisome. The slow movement brings forward the only memorable idea there is; and that is repeated without change until its charm becomes rather threadbare, and is moreover borrowed, it is said, from one of its composer's piano pieces (though of course there is no harm in that, except as a possible indication of poverty of invention.) The Scherzo and the Finale both strive after novelty through rhythmic dislocations and harmonic idioms arbitrarily assumed rather than achieve it through ideas; indeed the latter is pitifully empty of an original thought.

The Reiser Quartet is in comparison much more original. Though the ideas are not always strongly characterized, and are sometimes, as in the main theme of the Finale, a bit commonplace, and though they are little developed—a fault from which the Scherzo especially suffers —they are at least there. The theme of the Scherzo is individual and even fascinating in outline. The moods of the first two movements are also saliently contrasted. In short, the work is more the result of a personal impulse than the Iarecki, which despite fine moments like the close of the first movement, is in the main highly conventional. In the far less important matter of harmonic idiom, too, the Reiser Quartet has the advantage. While its slow movement has the Debussyish flavor apparently unavoidable in modern quartets, there are whiffs of more stimulating airs, as of Smetana and Dvořàk (Mr. Reiser is a native of Prague, a cellist and assistant conductor at the Strand Theater in New York). Mr. Iarecki's style, with its Wagnerian seventh and ninth chords and suspensions and its whole-tone scale passages laid down by formula, is far less personal, is indeed stereotyped, according to the model we call "ultra-modern."

But perhaps the most significant thing about both quartets is the attention they pay to sonority, and the kind of sonorities they affect. Here again both are of the "ultra-modern" convention in that they value "effects" above ideas, emphasize always the sensuous at the expense of the intellectual and the emotional, and write illustrative music suited to accompany ballet or spectacle rather than self-sufficient music evoking its own sequence of feelings. They try to make up for the absence of melody, rhythmic vitality, and organic beauty of form by revamping the sadly worn properties of Debussy and Ravel—"effects" with mutes, pizzicato, tremolo, high registers. They cruelly overuse the homophonic style with all the instruments moving together in chord-masses, giving little relief by more thinly scored

passages. In Mr. Iarecki's first movement everyone plays so constantly that the cellist's only chance to turn over is with his left hand as he sounds an open string. Such monotony is the negation of art. And effect for effect, Mr. Reiser's are preferable. His pedal point, high on the first violin, in the first movement, is original and striking, and a persistent figure, also for high violin, in the second movement is agreeable both to ear and mind; while Mr. Iarecki, sending his viola up to Arctic regions where all vegetation ceases, achieves oddity perhaps, but does not give pleasure.

Why, then, with such serious shortcomings, did this quartet take first prize away from eighty-one competitors? Why did the judges prefer it to a work so much more virile as the Reiser Quartet, to say nothing of others, such as Mr. Lorenz Smith's, that rumor makes one wish one could hear? Why did the audience, despite the wandering attention that always betrays a struggle with boredom, politely give it their applause? Let us, Irish fashion, answer the questions with others. Why do many women wear furs on hot summer days, transparent stockings in winter, hats that prevent them from seeing, and shoes that prevent them from walking? Because fashion so decrees. Fashion never consults reason, instinct, or natural human preference. It hands down its dictates to its slaves, who hasten unthinking to obey the oracle. Now we of the musical public have thus become slaves to a fashion; and, snobs and "highbrows" that we are, we never venture to disobey it, though it kill us with sheer boredom. It calls itself "ultra-modernism"; it taboos emotional vitality in any of its manifestations and insists on a stereotype style, a certain kind of harmony, stock "effects." It is as conventional as any convention which has ever existed, and more fatal to the spontaneity indispensable to artistic life than most, because so much narrower—it excludes far more than it includes. Our art is visibly languishing under it; through its tyranny we are losing the tradition of broader, freer styles; and most musical people, if they were candid, would confess they dread hearing new works, not because they are difficult to understand (they are only too easy!) but because of their sheer yawn-compelling emptiness and all-alike-ness.

Is it not time for those to whom music is something more than ear-tickling, who need its refreshment, its solace, its immense emotional impetus, to protest against its domination by a coterie? Should not the judges in a competition of this sort have a serious enough sense of their responsibility to our general musical life to lead the most en-

lightened and vital public taste forward instead of following the most artificial and snobbish element of public taste backward? Should not the public itself rouse itself to the realization that effect-music is a mere toy which it cannot play with forever without reverting to infantility, and that if it wishes to grow up musically it must cultivate a type of art which has something of import to say to our minds and hearts, and is master of the varied technique necessary to say it? One thing is certain. In these grim times when we are perforce paring our lives down to the basic essentials, no interest that wishes to survive can afford to flirt with futility. Effect-music is a toy of the pampered classes that may as well go.

The music that the human spirit of the coming democracy will need will be a music not to tickle or surprise the senses nor to minister to the consciousness of snobbish superiority and exclusiveness, but to regale, enlighten, and develop the mind, to arouse and satisfy the heart. It exists already, and will be added to by composers still unborn. It is neither old nor new. It is certainly not "ultra-modern." It is eternal with the eternity of beauty.

THE SECOND FESTIVAL, 1919

THE second annual Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music, which took place in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, September 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1919, was in all respects a satisfactory continuation of the work for the nobler forms of music begun last year. The dates set this year were later in the season, and the change was for the good: instead of the equinoctial rains and mists of last summer, we had bright autumnal sunshine, with a clear blue sky and light clouds—and something of Indian-summer warmth and sweetness in the air. The performances, too, were as interestingly varied as last year, and more uniformly well-prepared, while the programs were on the whole well-balanced between standard works to delight the sense of beauty and novelties to gratify curiosity. But perhaps the most auspicious sign of all, this year, was the attitude of the audience: its devotion, its evident sense of participation in a memorable artistic experience, its discriminating attention. It was clear that the listeners felt themselves not mere passive recipients of the generosity of the donor of the festivals, Mrs. F. S. Coolidge, but active coöperators with her in the creation of an atmosphere in which music is intelligently loved. Indeed, so sincere and spontaneous seemed this love of the best in music that one had the rare sense that there was no need to pamper curiosity, and that the percentage of novelties might well have been less than it was; howsoever Bloch, Ravel, Stravinsky might startle, beguile, or amuse, it was Beethoven and Brahms that brought the sigh of relief and delight, and again and again saved the day for pure musical joy.

The program for the first afternoon, September 25th, played by the Berkshire String Quartet, with Louis Bailly taking the place of Clarence Evans as viola, comprised the Beethoven quartet, op. 132, the quartet recently written by Sir Edward Elgar among other works as a first venture in chamber music of a past master of the orchestra, and the sonata for viola and piano by Miss Rebecca Clarke, another English composer, which was the second composition chosen this year from the seventy-two submitted in competition for the one-thousand-dollar

prize offered by Mrs. Coolidge. Elgar's quartet is a little disappointing. Admirably written for the strings, as one should expect from him, it contains some themes that verge dangerously upon the commonplace, and it is not free from those singsong over-regular rhythmic designs which are one of the pitfalls of his style. Nevertheless it contains much musicianly and expressive music, makes no attempt to prostitute the string quartet into a mere medium of color, and was well worth a hearing.

Miss Clarke's sonata aroused great interest, not only because its composer was a woman, but because, hitherto almost unknown, she had come within an ace of taking first prize away from a composer of the reputation of Mr. Ernest Bloch. Her sonata made a decidedly favorable impression. A violist herself, she has written with a keen sense of the special genius of the instrument, the things it can do best, and the sardonic *macabre* quality of its expressiveness. In this respect she seems to have excelled Mr. Bloch; his sonata is not very specifically "viola" in quality, indeed its plangent, metallic, coruscating hardness seems rather to call for the more brilliant violin. But Miss Clarke herself would probably not regard her work as possessing the extraordinary musical force, logic, and passion of the Bloch work. Beside it her piece seems a little nerveless and diffuse; and although there are fine moments, especially the opening and the close of the first movement, there is also some wandering and fumbling and a tendency to seek "effects" by the wayside and forget the main road. The first and third movements are more than tinged with Debussy, but the first has genuinely individual quality as well.

On Friday morning there was a concert of chamber music with wind instruments: a pastorale by Daniel Gregory Mason for clarinet, violin, and piano, played by Messrs. Langenus and Kortschak and the composer; a trio by Leo Sowerby for flute, viola, and piano, played by Messrs. Maquarre and Bailly and the composer; and the Brahms horn trio, splendidly played by Jacques Gordon, violin, Leopold de Maré horn (of the Chicago Orchestra), and Harold Bauer. Mr. Sowerby is a Chicagoan of great talent and almost greater youth, whose music irritates scarcely less than it interests. Without pity on his audience, seduced by the fascinations of viola and flute with piano, the composer indulges an undiscriminating facility, a glib diffuseness, which ends by turning all his streams of thought (often sparkling fresh at their source) into stagnant fens wherein all landmarks disappear. "If you would be dull, tell all." Mr. Sowerby makes everything so important

that nothing is important. Like so many young composers he has not realized that clear form is the first condition of dramatic effectiveness, and that a musical like a verbal idiom becomes flaccid when there are too many adjectives and adverbs for the nouns and verbs. Yet few of our younger men have such genuine ideas, so definite a flavor of individuality as that disclosed here, not to be obscured by many Debussyisms. The main theme of the third movement for instance, a broad and justly projected melody for viola, seemed to have great expressive possibilities, if only it could be disentangled from its surrounding surplusage. This movement is far the finest. The second is amusing, as of a sort of reformed and repented jazz band, and the first contains some charming effects, if a little reminiscent of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." The finale again leans too heavily on Debussy, and perhaps Fauré, and contains a deal of the note-spinning that its author can do with such fatal ease. Mr. Sowerby is one of the most promising figures in our American music; but he is at present like a young and vigorous fruit tree that has run wild and is all gone to wood and leaves. Will he have the courage for a heroic pruning process?

The Friday afternoon concert marked the middle, and certainly for pure musical joy the high point, of the festival. It was given by the Flonzaley Quartet, with Mr. Ugo Ara back in his place as viola, and consisted of a Mozart quartet of delicious clarity and freshness, the richly romantic Quartet of Dvořák in E-flat major, and Beethoven's incomparable "Muss es sein" Quartet. All these varying works were played with an appropriate variety of style, with matchless accuracy of ensemble, and with the care in planning and the skill in executing a thousand shades of force and color with which admirers of the Flonzaley Quartet have long been gratefully familiar.

Saturday morning's concert proved a pleasant innovation in its extending of the ordinary acceptation of "chamber music" to include small groups of voices as well as of instruments. The program had been planned, and its numbers presenting difficulties of ensemble were conducted, by Mr. Frederick Stock, of the Chicago Orchestra; the well-known soloists Florence Hinkle, Eva Gauthier, Merle Alcock, Lambert Murphy, and Reinald Werrenrath had been engaged; and the instrumental accompaniment included wind instruments as well as strings and piano. The fine acoustic qualities of the Music Temple were realized afresh as one listened to the rich and noble sonority of the string quartet with bass in a Purcell air sung by Mr. Werrenrath and even more with the contralto of Miss Alcock in a beautiful Salve

Regina of Pergolese. Mr. Lambert Murphy offered a novelty (to most American listeners, though it is often sung in England) well worth hearing, in Vaughan Williams's "On Wenlock Edge," settings of texts by A. E. Housman. These poems are almost too perfect as literature to be set to music; it seems a pity to underscore, sometimes to dislocate, their exquisitely just metrical and rhythmical emphasis by musical elaboration—a weakening by exaggeration; and there is too much thought in them too, since texts for music should be as nearly purely ejaculatory as possible. But Mr. Williams has certainly used them as the basis of a striking and highly individual musical work. There are most imaginative color effects, as in the strange harmonies of muted strings with chimes in the piano suggested by the lines:

"In summer time on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear";

there are finely realized dramatic contrasts, as in the song where the dead plowman asks (in successive stanzas *pianissimo*), "Is my team plowing?" "Is my girl happy?" "Is my friend hearty?"—to be answered each time with the brusque indifference of the living; there is often a deep expressiveness, though seldom is it clinched by an inevitable or satisfying beauty of melodic line.

Three tiresomely inconsequential songs by Ravel were sung by Miss Eva Gauthier, on symbolistic texts by Mallarmé. One of those stories that always pass from mouth to mouth at gatherings like these festivals gives a good definition of symbolism, at least from the point of view of the plain man. Miss Gauthier, so it runs, was heard telling an inquirer as to the meaning of these words that they did not mean anything in particular—they were simply a peg to hang the music on. A little later she was heard assuring another seeker after knowledge that "the music was wonderful, it suited the words so exactly." It does.

"Trois Poésies de la Lyrique Japonaise," by Stravinsky, also sung by Miss Gauthier, were not only cleverer but far more amusing than the Ravel pieces. They are in Stravinsky's now well-known style, without attempt at specifically musical quality, but astonishingly realistic in pictorial suggestion. The second, especially, with its glassy, icy sonorities, fairly made one shiver; and the audience, delighted, redemanded it.

It was hard to see why "The Day of Beauty," a lyric suite by

Clough Leighter, commonplace and sentimental to vulgarity, was included in the program, sung by Miss Hinkle with an indistinctness of enunciation that made the words unintelligible—though that was no great loss. The concert closed with an excellent performance of Brahms's beautiful "Liebeslieder."

The final concert was built around the prize-composition Sonata for Viola and Piano, by Ernest Bloch, played splendidly by Louis Bailly and Harold Bauer, placed between a new quartet by the indefatigable Saint-Saëns and the Beethoven Septet. The "Dean of French composers" has added little to his work by this latest composition. Though excellently played by the Berkshire Quartet, it was so trite, so pseudo-classic in method and style, so devoid of emotional vitality and preoccupied with childish tricks like the plucking of the open strings in succession, that one sighed at the decline of a great man who, whatever his limitations, has done good service to music and loved it well.

About the Bloch sonata one hesitates to express an opinion. It came at the end of three days of music, when one's receptivity was jaded; it is uncompromisingly unconventional in its harmonic scheme; and it is terribly long. One saw at once that it was the work of a master musician, who had his meaning as well as his technical means thoroughly in hand and wrought with the economy and directness of ripe experience. One was particularly struck by the boldness of the rhythmic outlines, the far-flung profiles of the thematic motives. But as Mr. Richard Aldrich has whimsically remarked: "This music does not aim to please"; and to some it was acutely painful. The fragmentary and fugitive character of the themes, the apparently willful succession of moods, the ceaselessly dissonant harmonic schemes, making the ear callous at last and obliterating that sense of contrast on which dissonance depends for its true effect: above all the forbidding, acrid, and apparently bitterly ironical character of the emotion embodied in this strangely monotonous music—all these qualities made one wonder whether art too is destined to become as disagreeable as most other things in the modern world. It seems an irony of fate that at the very time when actual life is becoming so confused, noisy, and distracted that one longs more than ever for the refuge of art, art too should become so confused, noisy, and distracted that life seems almost quiet in comparison. Perhaps modern music is a subtly disguised intervention of Providence to protect our overtired nerves by bringing to our consciousness the tranquility that may exist, by contrast, in the most unlikely places, say in a subway. Of course it is

impossible to resent such suffering without being told that we are hopelessly old-fashioned, that Beethoven hurt many sensibilities in his day, and that our grandchildren will probably take this music as if it were so much milk. One is tempted to reply that our grandchildren are welcome to any music they like, provided that we for our part may only be left in peace in our subways, where the noises make no pretense of going together.

THE THIRD FESTIVAL, 1920

THERE seems to have been considerable difference of opinion among those attending the third annual festival of chamber music given by Mrs. F. S. Coolidge at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, September 23–25, 1920, as to the felicity of introducing music for two pianos. After the playing of Beethoven's Quartet in C Sharp Minor by the Berkshire Quartet, the rest of the program of the first afternoon was made up of music for two pianos by Brahms, Debussy, Casella, and Ropartz, played by Messrs. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison. Some thought the players admirably deft; others found them lacking in light and shade. A lady, an amateur, was thrilled by the thought that they had played together in the trenches; a man, a professional critic, recalled Mr. Philip Hale's comment on a similar team, that while neither player was particularly expressive by himself, together they were like the two halves of a Seidlitz powder. In general it may be held that two pianos form the least agreeable of all chamber-music combinations, degenerate most easily of all to the mechanical. If the many possible permutations of strings and piano do not supply sufficient variety, it would seem better to resort to voices or woodwind instruments, as was done last year.

On Friday morning, September 24th, Mr. Efrem Zimbalist and Mr. John Powell gave a recital of violin and piano sonatas. Brahms's pensive yet gracious Sonata in D Minor they made a little heavy, a little bloomless, taking both the Adagio and the Poco presto rather slowly, and playing as if they did not feel quite at home in this work which so peculiarly demands complete repose and an elastic rhythm. The Beethoven G Major Sonata went better.

Mr. Powell's own Sonata in A flat in one movement renewed and confirmed the deep impression it made when the same players gave it a year or so ago in New York. Its fundamental qualities are of the rarest: a freshness and beauty of melodic thought that can dispense with the sensationalism, the constant search for eccentricity, that mars so much of our music nowadays—that can afford to be simple and

sincere; an idiom that though certainly it derives from Schumann and Brahms is nevertheless genuinely personal; a power of construction that uses skillfully an ingenious scheme for welding all the four movements of the usual sonata into one, and stands the music solidly upon its feet. Along with these rare virtues go, however, certain faults. There is diffuseness, inability to eliminate the inessential or that which cancels more important points, surrender at times to purely conventional, even claptrap effects, like rising chromatic sequences and frenetic climaxes à la Tschaïkowsky. There are many pebbles and much sand which the composer has not taken the trouble to wash away from his nuggets of the pure metal, the main themes.

Unfortunately, too, the condensation of four movements into one, greatly as it enhances unity of impression and sustainment of mood, puts upon the hearer's attention so severe a tax that all impediments to the current of the music become doubly, trebly disastrous. The scheme is admirable: Sonata exposition and development; scherzo; slow movement as trio; return of scherzo; second development (fugato); recapitulation; and coda. The treatment of some of the transitions is as felicitous, too, as the general scheme, and shows Mr. Powell to have an instinct for musical architectonics as fine as it is rare—for instance, the premonitions of the scherzo theme before it enters, and the dovetailing by which the fugato is made to start before the brilliant run which precedes it has ended. Nevertheless one cannot but feel that in the charm of his themes, and perhaps in the interest of an unavowed program, the composer has forgotten that a flagging of the auditor's attention is as disastrous as a failure of his own thought, and that the span of human attention is pitifully brief. If he would shorten the exposition a little, and the recapitulation a good deal, ruthlessly reducing it indeed to the three main themes, he would immensely enhance the effect of the whole sonata. It is worth the trouble. Its main themes have a depth of feeling, a simplicity of style, a beauty and variety of melodic and rhythmic curve, rare in our music, or indeed in any music. It is a work of genuine nobility.

The concert of Friday afternoon was given by the London String Quartet, Messrs. James Levey, Thomas W. Petre, H. Waldo Warner, and C. Warwick Evans, heard in America for the first time. These visitors from England were subjected to a trying ordeal, sweltering in the sultriest kind of September afternoon, in formal dress, on a platform only a few feet raised above a curious audience of strangers, playing in succession three taxing works, with two of which most of

their auditors were wholly unfamiliar. From the moment they finished the somber yet noble and genuinely English first movement of the Frank Bridge Quartet in E Minor there was no doubt of the enthusiastic response which they continued to elicit all the afternoon. Their playing, like the Bridge music, has that dignity and virile strength, that fine contempt for exaggeration and sentimentality, that singularly stirring reticence, giving as it does the exciting sense of unplumbed reserves in the background, which is the true note of Anglo-Saxon music. One felt it thrillingly in the beautiful yet so quiet Adagio molto of Bridge. One felt it in the cool nonchalance of the scherzo, with its quality of English country dance. The finale of this Bridge quartet is a little less distinctive than the other movements, perhaps, although the return at the end to the theme of the first movement and the dying away of the whole on a single pianissimo note of the cello is very finely conceived.

Mr. H. Waldo Warner's Folk-Song Phantasy on "Dance to Your Daddy," which gained first prize in one of the Cobbett Competitions, is like most prize works gratefully written for the strings, and effective (in a somewhat Griegish way), but rather diluted music. The concert closed with a masterly performance of Beethoven's great E Minor Rasoumoffsky Quartet, arousing eager anticipations of the cycle of all Beethoven's quartets which these players are to give in New York this season.

The concert of Saturday morning was rather an interlude in the regular business of the festival. Seven golden harps, six of them played by young women, form doubtless an agreeable picture for the eye, but can hardly be taken seriously by those able to distinguish the essentially beautiful from the meretriciously attractive.

The prize-winning work of the year opened the afternoon concert—Francesco Malipiero's "Rispetti e Strambotti," named after ancient Italian verse-forms, roughly translatable as "Madrigals and Grotesques." When the gentlemen of the Berkshire Quartet, Messrs. Kortschak, Gordon, Evans, and Stoeber, came upon the stage to make this their last contribution to the music of the festivals with which they have been so closely connected, and for which Mr. Kortschak especially has done so much work, they were greeted by an audience rising to applaud, a reception which profoundly moved them. They responded by playing with more than their ordinary authority and dramatic expressiveness. The prize work proved rather disappointing. It is strongly folk in character, as suggested by the title, consisting of

a great many rather brief sections in contrasting moods, either exuberantly bustling or of long-drawn melancholy or pensiveness, with no striking or beautiful melodic features, no development, and hence little cumulativeness or dramatic power. A passage of sawing the open strings, as if tuning up for a rustic dance, with which it opens, is striking at first, but is repeated *ad nauseam* (perhaps in a vain attempt to unify the form), and is after all more suited to operetta than to chamber music. Indeed the work reveals little feeling for chamber-music style, little fastidiousness or distinction. Though in a sense it is effectively written for strings, evidently amusing to play, containing many obstinate rhythms, and making notable use of such devices, for instance, as the pizzicato, it is not genuine string quartet music, lacking moderation, balance, and the sense for delicate and significant polyphonic weaving. Even its folkishness is somehow not quite the real thing. It is not simple enough. Its simplicity is the sophisticated simplicity of the over-civilized man who takes thought and goes forth to lead "the simple life," or, in musical terms, of the overbred ultra-modernist who reacts from artificiality not to sincerity, but to an exaggerated and self-conscious barbarism.

How full of life, how spontaneously, unquenchably musical, seemed the Octet by Enesco, played in conclusion of the festival by the Berkshire and London Quartets! Here is a flight as of young eagles disporting themselves, a music that has no theories to propound, no program to illustrate, only its own abundant life to realize. It is, to be sure, too long, especially when its four movements are not separated by pauses, and suggests again, like Mr. Powell's Sonata, the question whether the traditional division into movements is not after all psychologically sounder than these modern efforts at forced feeding, almost inevitably inducing hunger strikes in the sensitive. But though both of these works were too long, each contained an abundance of real music. Would either, one cannot help wondering, have taken the prize away from Malipiero, had it been in the same competition? One doubts it. For both Enesco and Mr. Powell are quite simple, sincere, forthright music-makers, with something to say and without a thought of being striking, queer, "effective," or "ultra-modern" in their way of saying it. And judges, unhappy men, are weighed down by their sense of obligation to find not the beautiful but the novel, not the sincere but the sensational, not what will sound clear to-day and fresh in twenty years but what will sound queer to-day, even if threadbare in a decade. Short cuts in the discovery of excellence

seem to be impracticable; it seems to be impossible to tamper with nature's process of trial and error, of elimination of the unfit and survival of the fit, wasteful and slow though it be. Tampering achieves apparently only the survival of the freaks. The way of the stupid, stolid public works out better in the long run. At its tender mercy the mediocre gradually dies of inattention, and the excellent slowly comes into its own.

MUSIC PATRONAGE AS AN ART

It is a mistake to suppose, as the histories of music often seem to do, that the patronage system died out in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century, within a generation or two after Mozart had been kicked downstairs by Archbishop Hieronymus' underling, and that Beethoven was the last of the great composers whose way was smoothed by men like Archduke Rudolph and Prince Lobkowitz. It is true that there are few individual patrons in the nineteenth century as conspicuous as Haydn's Prince Esterhazy in the eighteenth; but Schubert, as everyone knows, was kept alive (though not for long) by his friends; Wagner let himself be financed largely by Liszt; and in our own days Frau von Meck, in her relations to Tschaïkowsky, has given the world a model of delicate serviceableness. To-day in America music needs intelligent, unselfish patronage as much as ever, perhaps more. What would happen if it were left entirely to the tender mercies of the people? The phonograph, the mechanical player, ragtime, and the Broadway "musical" comedy give the answer.

But patronage is as difficult as it is necessary; to be a good patron one must have not only money and an interest in music, but what is rarer, tact, imaginative perception of other points of view, complete freedom from the wish to be personally conspicuous, and a greater love for art than for artists. What Emerson said of charity is even truer of patronage, that it is not enough to "abandon your money" to people, that your heart must go with it—that is, your sympathetic understanding of their artistic aims. Otherwise, however you may try to gloss the matter, you are a dispenser of benefits, a king with a court, a patronizer rather than a patron. You are substituting a feudal relation of lord and vassal for the democratic one of the coöperation of equals variously endowed, for the realization of ends desired by all.

And of course, viewed from the other side, such a feudal relation is intolerable to any self-respecting artist. In spite of the highly per-

sonal and intimate nature of artistic expression, especially of musical expression, every true artist, interpretative or creative, makes a distinction between his art and himself. One is public, the other private. If you are interested in my art, he says, you are at liberty to help it, and I am indeed glad to have you do so, for I too am interested in it. But I can hardly allow you to help me as a private individual. Everyone understands and respects MacDowell's refusal of an annuity offered to allow him to compose an opera. He was not sure the opera would be good enough. On the other hand, had he written an opera which someone found so good as to be worth a handsome fee which would give him the leisure to write another, the sensible view would seem to be that he ought as a lover of art to accept it, gladly, freely, and with no false shame or inverted pride.

Friends of American music cite an example of generous and, on the whole, successful patronage in the maintenance each June, by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoeckel of Norfolk, Connecticut, of a three-day festival of choral music by the Litchfield County Choral Union, and of orchestral and solo pieces by professional artists brought to Norfolk for the occasion. These festivals constitute a unique feature in our musical life. All winter long the choruses which are to participate in them are being rehearsed, in divers Connecticut towns, on different evenings of the week, by their devoted conductor, Dr. Arthur Mees. Then, early each June, they collect from far and wide in the music shed erected for this purpose by Mr. and Mrs. Stoeckel on their Norfolk estate, and for three evenings participate in choral music, and, with such of their friends as have been fortunate enough to secure invitations (each member of the Choral Union is allowed a certain number of seats) listen to the solo and orchestral numbers. The Union, to quote the official program, "was founded in 1899 to honor the memory of Robbins Battell [the father of Mrs. Stoeckel], and with the object of presenting to the people of Litchfield County choral and orchestral music in the highest forms. No tickets are sold to the annual concerts, admission being by invitations which are in the hands of the members of the chorus. No advertising of any nature is permitted in connection with the concerts, the sole object being to honor the composer and his work, under the most elevated conditions." Here is a carefully thought-out scheme, carried out each year at a rumored cost of something like fifty thousand dollars for the three-day festival. Naturally it propounds to the music-lover with unusual insistence the perennial question of what constitutes a wise economy in artistic patronage.

Assuming that musical progress depends on two mutually reacting forces, collective public taste and the individual efforts of composers, does so large a sum of money do all it can be made to do, first for the education of listeners, second for the development of composers?

The answer we shall give to such a question will probably depend in part on the extent to which we consider a democratic organization feasible and desirable in matters musical. A critic who considered it unattainable in the present state of public taste, and who was therefore what we may call a feudalist in his conception of the relation of patron and public, would point out that the members of the Union and their friends are enabled by the festival to hear in three days an amount of good music which many probably do not equal in the other three hundred and sixty-two of the year; that those who not only listen but sing in some one of the incorporated choruses profit by the active participation which in art is almost immeasurably more stimulating than the passive; and that all, in addition to their conscious reactions, are doubtless swayed by the unconscious influence of seeing music taken thus seriously by large masses of people, as something more than an amusement or a profession.

To this the democrat *à outrance* might retort that so large an amount of music, fed to people in a famishing condition, with little time allowed for swallowing and hardly any for digesting it, might easily result in indigestion, and that a more ideal régime would seem to be small amounts of nourishment frequently administered, rather than an orgy once a year, on a background of famine rations. He might add that the singers seemed to have little choice in what they should sing or listen to, and that they would coöperate more actively if they were required to pay for their seats. To this and similar glimpses, glances, or stares into the mouth of the gifthorse the feudalist would perhaps reply by pointing out that, whatever might be ideal, it is not practical to give choral and orchestral music to sparsely settled country districts at frequent intervals, and that if the audience was made to "pay its money" it would also wish to "take its choice," which might be artistically disastrous in the case of a group of people who obviously prefer a trill between a popular soprano and a flute to the slow movement of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. Perhaps, after all, he would suggest, it is a choice between paternalism and the musical-comedy-phonograph-victrola stage of taste.

If the question of the public were thus left somewhat in the air, however, the question of the composer, of capital importance as the

prime mover who starts the endless give-and-take between his own activity and public receptiveness out of which all musical culture grows, would seem less open to debate. Here the feudalist would seem to have distinctly the best of it. Each composer, states the program of the festival, "receives a handsome honorarium for his work, which remains his property for such disposition as he may elect, after the first performance at Norfolk." This is exactly as it should be. The composer has to suffer no invasion of his privacy, but simply to sell a work that deserves to be public property. As he receives his money not before but after he completes his work, there is no element of charity in the transaction, and no harassing undefined obligation to torture his conscience. There is none of the subtle demoralization incident to charity, either; for inasmuch as he knows that he has to give a *quid pro quo* for his money, he cannot forget that efficiency is demanded of him quite as of anyone else who proposes to be paid for a service rendered. On the other hand, he has a chance to hear his work adequately performed, with sufficient rehearsal—an immense benefit to his future workmanship; he gets the stimulus and encouragement of a public hearing; and he earns a fee that will enable him to devote time to new compositions.

The only comment left for our hypothetical democrat would seem to be that the young and unknown composer who specially needs such help might be crowded out by older, more established men. He might. That depends of course on the way the matter is administered. To find obscure merit is no easy task; it requires patience, independence, complete superiority to snobbery and conventional standards, and a catholic yet discriminating personal taste. Obviously few patrons will combine all these qualities in their own persons, and few will be sufficiently free from vanity to call in expert assistance. Thus we return to our original point—that music patronage is a delicate and exacting pursuit, and that the ideal patron must be quite as fine an artist in his way as the other artists it is his art to assist.

AN IDEAL PATRON

(Edward J. de Coppet)

Emerson somewhere says that in a great man there is a spirit greater than any of his works, a quality that permeates them all, and yet is fully expressed in none. How true this was of Edward J. de Coppet, how really great he was in the sense it suggests, is probably realized only by a few of the many who knew and admired him as the founder of the Flonzaley Quartet. His modesty made it only too easy to underrate the rare nature of which it was itself the finest flower. Even those who had got beyond the vulgar view that he was merely an eccentric rich man who maintained a quartet as others maintained steam yachts or other more or less selfish luxuries, who had noted his complete superiority to personal indulgences, and the warm affections which made him the most spontaneous of altruists—even these appreciated but gradually the spirit of art that he put into everything he did, and especially into his work with the Quartet: his tireless pursuit of excellence for its own sake; his patient, sympathetic study of all problems that had to be solved in its interest; his tender regard for the feelings and convictions of those with whom he worked; his quiet indifference, touched with quizzical humor, to all efforts made by outsiders to put commercial gain or the satisfaction of personal vanity in the place of the large impersonal ends he sought. Once we recognize the rarity of such pursuit of excellence for its own sake, especially in America, where the curse of music is a facile mediocrity, we realize that de Coppet's life work had a value that is incalculable, that cannot be measured even in such deeds as the founding of the Quartet he so loved. There was in him a spirit that was greater than anything he did, a spirit that expressed itself throughout his life in his quiet championship of whatever was fine, and that will long survive him in its inspiration to all who care for quality.

The deliberation, patience, and devotion with which he built up the Flonzaley Quartet, in striking contrast to the careless facility

with which so many musical undertakings are conceived, neglected, and abandoned, were in the best sense of the word artistic. The pride with which he always spoke of "our artists" was justified most of all by the fact that he, too, was an artist: the Flonzaley Quartet was his work of art. He never supposed, as do those who aspire to be patrons of art less for the sake of the art than for that of the patronage, that he could create what he was after by the simple process of signing cheques. His method was that of all genuine art: indefatigable experiment, proceeding by trial and error, requiring endless loving thought, and extending through a long series of years. The books in which are entered in his own hand, and with the painstaking precision he did not spare even when physically ill, the programs, participants, and guests of all his musical gatherings, cover thirty years, from October 21, 1886, to April 21, 1916, and record one thousand and fifty-four meetings.

The list of works performed, classified also by de Coppet, in another book, according to composers, is fairly equivalent to a complete catalogue of string-quartet literature, classical and modern, with a large representation, thanks to Mrs. de Coppet's assistance as pianist, of trios and piano quartets and quintets. There are also, of course, string trios, duos, and solos. Outside of the staple material—Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Tschaïkowsky, Dvořák, Franck— there is a bewildering variety of lesser matter, of which the following roll, by no means complete, will give some notion: d'Albert, Borodine, Chausson, Debussy, Dohnanyi, Gernsheim, Glazounow, Glière, Grasse, d'Indy, Kaun, Klose, Kodaly, Lekeu, Magnard, Moör, Novak, Novaçek, Ravel, Reger, Samazheuil, Sammartini, Sandby, Schoenberg, Sgambati, Sibelius, Smetana, Stahlberg, Stojowski, Strawinsky, Suk, Suter, Taneiew, Thirion, Tomasini, Wolf, Zemlinski. It is interesting to note the change of musical "fashion" from 1886 to 1916 reflected in the programs. At the beginning we note such names, now seldom heard, as Bargiel, Goldmark, Onslow, Reinecke, Rheinberger, Rubinstein; at the end we find Debussy and Ravel, Reger and Schoenberg and Strawinsky; below such surface changes flows of course the steady stream of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert and Schumann.

At the first meeting, Thursday, October 21, 1886, only Mr. and Mrs. de Coppet, Mrs. de Coppet's brother Mr. Charles Bouis (violin), and Mr. Edwin T. Rice (violoncello), himself an ardent patron of chamber music these many years, were present. The program con-

sisted of one Beethoven and two Schumann Trios and Vieuxtemps' Fantasia appassionata, played by Mr. Bouis. Passing rapidly over the early years, we come to musicale number 626, November 5, 1896, memorable as the first given at the house in West 85th Street, New York, which will ever be associated, by many of the guests, with some of the happiest hours of their lives. Number 808, October 1, 1902, is notable as the first appearance of one of the present players, Mr. Alfred Pochon. On this occasion he took the first violin part; and in later years de Coppet never tired of insisting that to the making of a quartet must go a second violin of first violin caliber, that in a sense the second violin was the corner stone of the whole structure. It was a characteristic view. The combination of skill and devotion, the subordination of personal to artistic ends required by a post exacting a musicianship both competent and unobtrusive, appealed to him.

The first musicale at which the present personnel[1] of the Quartet played together was number 836 of the series, and took place in Vienna, January 3, 1904. Here is the program:

Haydn. Quartet No. 33, opus 64, B-flat,
Messrs. Pochon, Betti, Ara, d'Archambeau.

Bach. Piano and Violin Sonata in E.
Mrs. de Coppet and Mr. Betti.

Pogajeff. Theme and Variations, opus 3, A major.
Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara, d'Archambeau.

It is well known that for some years Messrs. Betti and Pochon alternated as first violin—an arrangement as creditable to their loyalty as to the founder's rare perception of the relative importance of artist and art. From the fall of 1906 on, Mr. Betti took the leadership, to which his rare analytic and synthetic grasp of a quartet as a musical whole peculiarly fitted him; but he would be the first to insist, as every careful listener can recognize for himself, that he is but *primus inter pares*.

The one-thousandth musicale was celebrated on March 24, 1913, with a large gathering of friends, and the "thousand-and-first Arabian Night," as it was called by Mr. Ara, the speaker of the Quartet, in a happy address to the founder, the following evening in a more intimate group. One year later came an even more impressive occasion, when

[1] This article was written before Mr. Louis Bailly had taken Mr. Ugo Ara's place as viola. The other players were Adolfo Betti, first violin; Alfred Pochon, second violin, and Iwan d'Archambeau, violoncello.

over two hundred friends met at a supper at Sherry's, March 9, 1914, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of the de Coppet musicales, and the tenth of the founding of the Flonzaley Quartet. So public a tribute had its terrors as well as its gratification for de Coppet, retiring by nature and now, alas, seriously afflicted with a deafness that had been growing for years. "A testimonial supper," he writes in a letter, "is to be offered the Quartet and myself, after their last concert. I am very glad for them, but don't fancy the idea for myself, as I shall not be able to hear what is going on."

When the evening came, however, he first referred whimsically, (in an address read for him by a friend) to his dread of such a formal occasion:—"Imagine me rising before a considerable number of people and boldly stating that two and two make four! I could not even do that. How much less could I attempt to express any finer sentiment" —and then proceeded as follows: "But suddenly there was a change in my mental attitude; something like a ray of sunlight broke through my clouds. It came from the great sun of human kindness and sympathy, and I felt its benevolent heat warming my heart. I said to myself: 'These friends, who are bidding us join them in this festivity, are not going through a pure form. They have something in their hearts which they wish to express.' And then I saw it all. We personally were to be of no importance in the matter. Even our friends 'the Flonzaleys' and their fine ten years' efforts were to count for little. The purpose was to be for us all to assemble as an expression of undying love and devotion for the great art. Ah! that is another thing. Let me in, if you please. And the first thing I knew I was fighting my way to obtain a front seat."

To a friend abroad he wrote in a similar spirit: "What you say of my work in connection with the Quartet is very gratifying to me; yet it is impossible for me to feel anything in the nature of pride about the matter. It all occurred so unconsciously that it seems as if I had nothing, or almost nothing, to do with the final result. (Yet I know I have.) That is why it was difficult for me to understand the desire that people had to do us homage. However, I was much moved at the time by their evident warmth and sincerity of feeling. It has done me good and given me fresh courage. I think, also, it has had a very good effect on my son, who, I hope, will eventually devote his efforts to altruistic work. That is the great source of happiness in this life, and my experience has, I think, opened his eyes to the truth about this matter."

As one turns the leaves of these program books one finds reminders of countless happy occasions that can only be summarily mentioned here. There were for instance the "reading evenings," usually in the spring, when the Quartet's season was over and de Coppet engaged them for some weeks, to play for his friends, to read new works before a few intimates, and even to rest—for such was his magnanimous idea of what a good patron should expect of a good artist. "They are tired after their year's work," he would say. "If they are to do their best they must have time to relax, to think, to absorb new impressions." There were again the jovial St. Cecilia Festivals, held from year to year with much good fellowship and good music, ending up after dinner with an octet by Raff, Bargiel, Gade, or Mendelssohn, played by all the available "talent." There were other times, too, when some or all of "the Flonzaleys" listened instead of playing: notably when their friendly rivals "the Kneisels" supplied the music.

Turning reluctantly all these leaves, we come to the last musicale in the familar handwriting, now tremulous with the nervous weakness which had for some time been bravely borne. It was number 1054, April 21, 1916, a meeting of "the professionals," and the program consisted of the Schubert A minor Quartet and the Minuet and Fugue from the Beethoven C major. With this the record ends. But there was, happily, one more meeting, on Sunday afternoon, April 30th, the very day of his death. Though his health had been failing for a year or two, and he had known that the end might come at any time, and though—which was even harder for one of his active habit of mind—he had suffered much from drowsiness and difficulty in concentrating his thoughts, he was in cheerful and even jesting mood that afternoon, took tea with a characteristic naughty-boyish gusto (for his diet had been much restricted), and talked with animation of future musical plans, especially of the playing of the later quartets of Beethoven, the high point of chamber music. It was in a similar happy frame of mind that he listened, a little later, with his family, to one of the noblest of these quartets, that in E♭, opus 127; and hardly had it died away when a sudden seizure resulted quickly in unconsciousness, and a few hours later in death. "Soutenu," writes his friend Mr. Ara, "par les sublimes idées de Beethoven, dont une heure avant de mourir il analysait lucidement les beautés, il s'est éteint presque subitement et sans peine, sous la caresse bienfaisante et le sourire angelique de sa douce compagne; et cette mort, si simple et sereine, semblait être l'inévitable épilogue d'une vie comme la sienne,

entièrement dépensée dans la poursuite du Bien et dans l'amour du Beau."

Fond as de Coppet was of insisting on the close connection there is between moral and intellectual qualities, he perhaps did not realize what a testimony, more eloquent than the most earnest words, he gave to the truth of this theory in the example of his life. His power lay in the combination of an intelligence both keen and broad with a moral quality, a sweetness, loyalty, modesty, that is even rarer; and each enriched the other: intelligence directed character, and character deepened intelligence. His modesty, for instance, was that of discernment, which saw the limitation of the individual as a corollary of the greatness of the world. "What is so stupid," he would exclaim, "as conceit! What a fool a man is, who is satisfied with himself!" When he was praised for his manifold generosities, which sometimes became known to his friends despite his habitual reticence about them, he would first say that they gave him pleasure and were his form of selfishness. (Would there were more egotists of his stripe!) If hard-pressed, he would point out that men of wealth owed much, which they ought to be glad to repay, to modern civilization, because of its efficient protection of their wealth. "In the middle ages," he would say, "I should have had to spend half my fortune to defend the rest. Nowadays I pay a very small percentage of it for its protection. I can therefore afford to use a part of what remains for the general good."

It is important to observe, however, that this characteristic goodwill resulted not at all from blindness to the evil in the world, as in weakly amiable natures, but from a stoic or fatalistic endurance of it in so far as it was inevitable. He was tolerant, not gullible. Thus he writes a friend: "I feel sorry for you, being knocked about from the French faddism and snobbishness in musical matters to the American crudities. The only cure I know for that is to read my friend Du Bois, and you will become less severe with other people's weaknesses and stupidities." But that such love of the sinner never inhibited, in his keenly critical mind, a wholesome hatred of the sin, is shown by the lifelong fight he waged against the most unpardonable of artistic sins, that of contented mediocrity, whether displayed in the laxness of performers or in the dullness of audiences. He comments in a letter on "the tendency of the day to palm off insufficiently prepared concerts as thoroughly prepared ones"; he declined his aid to undertakings, whatever their renown among the thoughtless, which he considered inefficiently managed; and nothing distressed him more

than the measuring of artistic results by quantity, rather than by quality, so common among us. Above all, his habit of judging things for himself saved him from any taint of that servility to the herd so often supposed to be "democratic," but in reality fatal to all higher values. "Of course," he writes of the Schoenberg Quartet, "the majority dislike it, but there is quite a fair-sized minority that seem to realize that there are elements of real greatness in it." He liked to quote a remark of Mr. Pochon's, that even where he had nothing to do but hold a single note, he could do it "for a cent, or for a dollar— and ninety per cent of the audience would not know the difference. You have to do it for the other ten per cent and for your own satisfaction."

He carried this independent attitude consistently into all his thinking. He was an agnostic in religion, a sceptic in metaphysics; and his cautious and economical mind instinctively disliked glittering generalities and gratuitous assumptions. "Listen to d'Indy's advice," he wrote me, "as much as you like on musical matters, but be careful he does not convert you to Roman Catholicism." Works seemed to him of vastly greater importance than faith; and his interest in constructive social effort, expressing itself in the support of many undertakings, notably a bureau for political study and education, was thoroughly modern. A much cherished plan of his last years was to establish an endowment for ethical research. The great laws of morality, he felt, were vital to human welfare, and should now be disentangled from the religious superstitions with which they have come down to us. He fully realized the difficulty of such an undertaking. "I feel encouraged," he writes, "for we have surely advanced at least one inch, and we only have ten thousand more miles to go."

But keen as was his critical insight, the saving sense of humor shown here, and even more his warm affections, served to keep him unembittered. His intelligence alone would have made him a remarkable and no doubt in a worldly sense a successful man; it was the sweetness that went with it that made him a rare spirit, and successful in a higher than the worldly sense. This shone from him in the most casual contact, in the kindliness with which he seated a guest, the deprecation with which he offered a musical opinion, as happily as it directed his largely conceived benefactions. The Flonzaley Quartet is the public monument of it; but de Coppet was not a public man, but one who felt most at ease with his family and friends, listening to the music he loved. And therefore the memory that seems to contain most of the essence of his unique nature is that of him as he would sit,

in the darkened music room, among his friends, listening to a quartet of Beethoven. To watch him at such a moment, armed with his enormous apparatus for hearing and yet obliged to sit but a few feet from the players—to see the deaf lover of music thus listening to the deathless thoughts of the deaf musician, was to realize how the tragic limitations of human nature may yet be met by its unconquerable spirituality.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

A RECENT announcement that the interest on the large sum of money bequeathed by the late A. D. Juilliard to the art of music would soon be available for use will doubtless bring out a new crop of suggestions as to how this princely gift should be spent. Everyone will have a word of sage advice for the trustees, and there will be a goodly pile of axes stacked up for the grinding. Whatever hesitation one may feel in adding another to the pile, one cannot bear to see composition, perhaps the most vital of all our musical activities, neglected or patronized in conventional and dubiously valuable ways for want of a little plain speaking from those who, in Thoreau's phrase, have been "in at the life."

The sincere lover of music is inclined to resent all discussion of the art in economic terms, all suggestion that the higher functions of it, such as composition, can be facilitated or retarded by financial conditions, all treatment of it as a business as well as a vocation. And this suspicion of the economic approach to music is indeed well-founded and salutary, so long as our point of view is that of the composer. History shows that all the greatest workers of all periods, the Mozarts, the Bachs, the Beethovens, the Francks, have been men in love with the process of composing, indifferent to the rewards that might follow it; only the hucksters—the Rossinis and the Meyerbeers—have thought much about payment, either in money or in reputation; and it would be a sad and rather absurd fiasco if in our endeavor to aid composition we succeeded only in pauperizing and debauching the composers from whom it springs. But from the point of view of society, or the consumer, the matter looks rather different. As consumers we are interested to see that the condition of the market be such as to maintain a supply of the commodities we need; if it be not, we are interested to correct it as may be necessary. As music lovers, then, we are interested that the financial return of composition should be, not indeed luxurious, since Stevenson is right in saying that the artist's reward is not in his livelihood but in his life, but sufficient to

make the act of composition economically feasible. And if we find that it is not economically feasible, or only with such hardship as seriously and needlessly to diminish the supply of compositions, then we are not debauching or prostituting anybody if we set about devising machinery by which the hardships and handicaps may be a little lightened, and the economic feasibility a little increased—always providing, however, that this machinery is of a kind that will work impersonally and that will not introduce any artificial principle of selection among the compositions it is to conserve. We shall see presently that this proviso is more far-reaching and difficult to satisfy than it appears, as many elements not at first apparent must be considered.

Now one need have no hesitation in saying that the "economic feasibility" of composition approaches, under ordinary present-day conditions, zero—if, indeed, it be not a minus quantity. In our society the painter who paints well enough can support himself by painting; the essayist who writes well enough can support himself by writing; as for the writer of fiction, though the big plums go to the crude work, it is probable that work of real merit usually receives a financial return not ludicrously disproportionate; but a composer who dreamed of supporting himself by composition would be mad. A man among us must have either independent means or abilities in other more money-making directions in order to gain time for the luxury of composition. The more he composes the poorer he will be.

Even in the most profitable of all departments of music, opera, it is only one composer in a hundred that makes a living. The usual fate is to be read between the lines of some interesting figures given by Mr. Krehbiel of the expenditures in one year of the Metropolitan Opera House, under Heinrich Conried: To "artists" (*i.e*, singers), and staff, $544,153.11; to composers "and others" (presumably publishers and copyists), $3,499.67. The symphonic composer, of course, makes less money than the operatic. It is only in the case of exceptionally successful works that he gets, in the form of rental of score and parts, any return at all. If we put the cost of copying score and parts at from $50 to $300 dollars, according to the length of the manuscript, and the average rental fee at $25 to $50 a performance, it can easily be computed how long it will take to get back actual money spent, to say nothing of the far more material element of time. As for chamber music, it is an indulgence, like a steam yacht, or at the least a Ford. In the time that it will take you to write a sonata for violin and piano

for which you may get, in the course of ten years, from ten to a hundred dollars, you could earn five hundred by teaching, writing, lecturing, playing, or accompanying.

Thus composition is always achieved under certain heavy economic handicaps; and it is to the removal or lightening of these handicaps, so far as they are without benefit to the work achieved and merely vexatious and burdensome, rather than to the awarding of prizes, that a fund for composition could most hopefully be directed. . . . There is something tragic in the needless friction and loss of energy of a career like that of the late Charles T. Griffes, prematurely cut short, which a few hundred dollars in the right times and places might have tided over into unforetold fruitfulness. For years Mr. Griffes supported himself by the drudgery of hack teaching in a boys' school, detestable to a man of his imagination. Spending his leisure in composition, he produced some admirably skillful music, and though at first much influenced by the modern French style, was in his later work rapidly discovering his own individuality. But this double work was done at too great a cost of health. In the end, it is said partly by copying at night the orchestral parts of his "Kubla Khan" for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he taxed his strength too far. He died just as his work was beginning to be known, at thirty-five. . . . And all the while the musical papers were bursting with "propaganda" for "the American composer" that benefited only self-advertising mediocrities, and public-spirited philanthropists were offering prizes which were frequently being taken by facile, shallow writers with pieces quite up to the last word of the latest musical mode. It would seem as if we owed it to Griffes's memory to devise something a little more effective.

But we premised, a moment ago, that any such machinery must be impersonal, and must not introduce any artificial principle of selection. Perhaps we have here a clue to the usual failure of prize competitions. A prize differs from a payment in that it is disproportionate and uncertain—in short, highly speculative. If you get it, you make perhaps much more than your work is worth; if you don't get it, you have nothing. In other words, a prize is a gamble, to which a composer, being human, may very possibly be corrupted, but by which, in so far as he is a conscientious workman, he cannot be sustained. In the second place, while it offers him with one hand this bait, it takes away with the other the natural conditions under which he might profitably strive for it, and substitutes artificial and paralyzing ones.

Free selectiveness is the inmost essence of art, unhurried contemplation its necessary method; and the competition prescribes the type of piece and names the date. Finally, prizes are awarded by judges; and judges are not the great, indifferent, stupid, keen, tolerant, gullible, but in the long run indeceptible public, asking only to be stirred, demanding nothing but power, life, originality. Judges are professional persons, highly respectable and conservative, with narrow professional standards, precise notions of technical fitness, and an incorrigible distrust of originality. If judges had had anything to say about it, we should never have had Beethoven's symphonies, nor Bach's fugues, nor Wagner's music-dramas, nor anything but music most timidly *à la mode*. If we want to discover any potent new personalities in the future, we had better put on their scent, not the judges, instinctively playing the "safe and sane," but the public, so wholesomely indifferent to correctness, so eagerly sensitive to power.

While no system can be safeguarded against all errors and miscarriages a plan has recently been suggested which might meet the needs of the situation, and would certainly avoid the more glaring evils of the prize competition.

Composers should be invited to send their works to certain central offices, which could easily be maintained in connection with public libraries or with musical bureaus in important musical centers, say, to begin with, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, and San Francisco. Directors of orchestra and chamber-music organizations should be asked to refer to these collections for novelties. Whenever a director found a work which, with his experience of the public taste, he considered worth producing, he should notify the trustees of the fund, who would, upon the performance of his work, pay to the composer a lump sum, say five hundred dollars for a symphony and two hundred and fifty dollars for a symphonic poem or for a string quartet or other large chamber-music work. Due precaution should of course be taken that only performing organizations of recognized standing should be allowed to nominate composers.

Simple as this plan is, it has a number of far-reaching advantages that will appear the more as one meditates its probable working out in practice. First of all, it gets as near the source of lastingly correct judgment of merit—the general public—as it seems in any way possible to get, by calling on the practical, experienced, and non-academic judgment of performing directors, eliciting their coöperation by

ministering to their natural desire to find novelties of worth. Similarly their experience guarantees, as far as possible, the prompt elimination of all that mass of botch-work which always forms such a preliminary impediment in all plans for aiding composition. Thus the chance of finding the really original and vigorous works, of disentangling them from the half-baked stuff on the one hand and from the merely clever reflections of prevailing modes on the other, seems better here than in plans less closely correlated to the play of supply and demand.

The conditions under which the composer would work would be similarly favorable to the production of his best. His freedom would be complete. He could write anything that it occurred to him to write, finish it without hurry, and revise it at leisure. There would be nothing speculative in the transaction, no demoralizing suggestion of big plums being held in reserve to reward big effects. On the contrary, the whole affair would be quite simple and businesslike. John Smith would know that if he wrote a quartet for strings that the Flonzaley Quartet, let us say, considered good enough to play, he would receive enough for it to pay for copying score and parts and give him a little return for his time—not very much, but possibly enough to justify him in spending time on another quartet by and by. In fact, the money return would be sufficient to help the man with a real vocation for composing to gratify it, to his own happiness and the great benefit of society, and not enough to tempt the bounders and the gamblers to waste their time perpetrating "prize-winners." Isn't that about the effect we want to have on composition, so far as financial matters have any effect at all on artistic production? If Griffes had received a small payment for some of his earlier works, played by the Barrère Ensemble, the Flonzaley Quartet, and other well-known groups, might he not have driven himself a little less in copying the parts of "Kubla Khan"? At any rate it would be interesting to see such a plan given a fair trial. It would probably do less harm, and might do far more good, than the prize competitions.

A SOCIETY FOR PUBLICATION

"If I knew that a man was coming to my house," says Thoreau in "Walden," "with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life." That is the way the American composer is inclined to feel nowadays. There is something terrifying about being made the object of a movement, or, as it is now called, a "drive"; and one blinks at being suddenly dragged into glaring daylight after a long period of complete and in some ways wholesome obscurity. One may remember Emerson's word, truer now even than when he wrote it: "Forewarned that the vice of the times and the country is an excessive pretension, let us seek the shade, and find wisdom in neglect"; and this friendly shade, this independence-giving neglect may seem to be of the kind of blessings that brighten as they take their flight. The absurdity, too, of subjecting art, the value of which resides entirely in its quality, to quantitative influences such as "propaganda," votes, prizes, may amuse for a while, but disgusts when it begins to blur distinctions and confound standards. Better to be ignored than to be boomed! "Bach did not happen," points out Mr. Arthur Whiting, in his pitiless way, "because the Ladies' Monday Musical of Eisenach joined with the Chromatic Club of Weimar and the G Clefs of Cöthen in passing resolutions, first, that compositions of native composers should be heard with more interest; and second, that these societies hereby pledge themselves to prefer the domestic output to the imported Italian product; and third, that they hereby censure that snobbishness which believes in the superiority of foreign music." We have, perhaps, had too much "intervention" and too little "watchful waiting."

We may well be on our guard then against all schemes to secure audiences for the American composer by legislative enactment, or to make listening to American composition a sort of tax on the privilege of being American. This side of the matter can hardly be too often or too strongly stated, in view of the harm likely to be done by well-meant but inept attempts to "railroad through" American music.

Yet there is another side that also deserves consideration. While a composer, if he be wise, will leave his obscurity not without regret, he will never, if he be in earnest, hesitate to leave it; for art is communication and his art will always be incomplete until it has been received and understood, not by his friends and relatives but by an impersonal public. And as for the public, it too will desire such a relation; for while chauvinism is folly, interest in our native art just because it is ours is natural and entirely legitimate, and worth cultivating even at the expense of considerable boredom at times. In short, it is desirable that a considerable volume of American-made music should be produced and heard. Most of it will be ephemeral; some of it may survive; but unless it is written, played, and listened to there will be little chance for something better gradually to emerge. An American traveling in Europe is likely to be especially struck with the amount of this free experimentation that goes on there. In Paris, for instance, you can go all winter to the concerts of the Société Nationale and the Société Musicale Indépendante, and hear new works of French and other composers being tried out. Most of them, of course, are indescribably dull; it gives one a new admiration for French intellectual curiosity and *esprit de corps* that it can survive such ordeals; but once in a long time there emerges a masterpiece.

Here at home we have little of this insatiable Gallic curiosity. These passionate likes and dislikes about so impersonal a thing as art that drive a Frenchman to violent gesticulation, shouting, hissing, profanity, and sometimes duels, inspire in the average Anglo-Saxon a sense of superiority that is perhaps oftener than he suspects an unconscious effort to compensate himself for losing so much fun. We incline rather to the "safe and sane." Let a symphony, symphonic poem, or string quartet only be imported through the usual channels, endorsed as correct by the European public, and we will listen to it patiently, and with a sense of done duty and freedom from sin, but hardly presuming to ask ourselves whether we like it or not, still less why. But expect us to listen to the lucubrations of Tom, Dick, and Harry, our own brothers and cousins, and we feel our dignity as concert-goers is impugned. Would you have us behave as if a concert were a game of baseball? One is sometimes tempted to retort that if audiences would only behave a little more that way our native music might begin to show something of the vitality of the national game.

Perhaps one reason for their indifference is that the music of our

composers, at least in the serious forms, has hitherto been with difficulty accessible. Piano music and songs are almost too easily published, but he is a brave publisher who can look a string quartet in the eye. Yet good string quartets have been written by Americans and circulated in manuscript until the paper or the composer's patience wore out. We may hail, therefore, as a step towards a better status for our chamber music, the recent foundation of a Society for the Publication of American Music of which Mr. John Alden Carpenter is president, which states in its prospectus that it is its object, not "to coddle the American composer nor to make access to the public easy for music that is technically crude, barren of inspiration, or forgetful of artistic ideals," but "to widen and deepen interest in the larger forms of good concert music by American composers." That this aim will really be maintained we are encouraged to hope by the high standing of the members of the jury who will decide what shall be published: George Barrère, Harold Bauer, Adolfo Betti, George W. Chadwick, Rubin Goldmark, Hugo Kortschak, Frederick A. Stock, and Deems Taylor.

May we hope that the Society for the Publication of American Music will do for chamber music in this country what the Société Nationale did for it in France and what Belaieff did for it in Russia? Time alone can show.

OF ÆSTHETICS AND PSYCHOLOGY

VERNON LEE ON MUSICAL ÆSTHETICS

It is now more than a quarter of a century[1] since Edmund Gurney, in his remarkable book, "The Power of Sound," demonstrated how the gulf that had long separated the psychological theorist from the practicing musician might be bridged, how the fallacies born of deductive reasoning might be exposed by a fearless observation and study of facts, and how on the ground thus cleared a valid musical æsthetics might gradually be built. If Gurney's own work was largely negative, if his keen insight discovered less new truth than old error, he at least saw where the essential problem of music lay, and by disencumbering it of all the *a priori* theories, question-begging explanations, and tangles of side issues that had obscured it, gave an immense impetus to the more fruitful investigations of later students. That these investigations have since 1880 proceeded apace, that they have been helpfully guided by the principles of general æsthetics ascertained during the same period, and that they have already reaped a considerable harvest of positive truth becomes at once evident to the reader of an article by Vernon Lee,[2] in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1906, entitled "The Riddle of Music." This article takes the form of a review of some standard and some recent books, with important supplementary discussion. A starting-point is found in those portions of Hanslick's "Vom Musikalisch-Schönen" and of Gurney's "The Power of Sound," which still remain valid; to this is added what seems fruitful in M. Lionel Dauriac's "Essai sur l'Esprit Musical" (Paris, 1904); the general psychological theories of Ribot, Lipps, James, and others are skillfully made to throw their light on the special topic in hand; and the whole argument is drawn to a

[1] This essay appeared in the *New Music Review* for May and June, 1906, and is here reprinted without material change, since its main contentions remain as true as ever, and apparently as little recognized by music critics and the general public.

[2] Pseudonym of Violet Paget, well-known as a writer on artistic and æsthetic topics since the appearance of her "Belcaro" in 1881.

focus in the original thought of the reviewer, who is as independent in treatment as she is lucid and thorough in exposition. The result is one of the most comprehensive, sound, and suggestive of recent contributions to music psychology, one which everyone interested in the how and why of musical effect will wish to read in its entirety. As it may not be available to all, however, a brief, and necessarily incomplete, summary of its main features may prove of service.

It begins with a discrimination between the two fundamental characters or aspects of music now distinguished by almost all writers: expression and form. "Music represents two sets of psychological phenomena. It can suggest and stimulate feelings akin to those produced by the vicissitudes of real life; and it can interest, fascinate, delight, or weary and displease, by what we can only call the purely musical quality of its sound patterns. Music thus awakens two different kinds of emotion—a dramatic one referred to its expressiveness, and an æsthetic one connected with the presence or absence of what is known as beauty" (pp. 208–209). After pointing out the confusion which has been introduced into musical criticism by the closeness of interplay of these two sets of phenomena, and by the relative richness and definiteness of the vocabulary of human feeling, as compared with the poverty and vagueness of the nomenclature of æsthetic form, the writer proceeds to examine the best available explanations of these two modes of effect, treating first expression and then form.

The main factors of the expressive power of music are found, in accordance with Hanslick and Gurney, to be first, the nerve stimulus of mere sound, and second, the emotional impressiveness of sound measured in time (pace and rhythm). Sound in itself, and particularly musical sound, is on account of its intermittent character, a potent stimulant to the general nervous tone. Auditory impressions are more exciting than visual in the ratio of their comparative infrequency; and musical, *i. e.*, artificial, sounds are of course even more infrequent, and hence more affecting, than natural noises. Furthermore, it seems likely that the nerves of hearing are enmeshed with the nerves controlling the movements of the larger viscera: and if this be indeed the case, "Sound impressions may provoke massive and unlocalizable conditions such as invariably accompany emotion" (p. 211). As for the effect of pace and rhythm, "we need for our musical æsthetics nothing beyond the universally recognized fact that degrees of quickness and slowness, like degrees of recurrence of stress and of relief, are ultimately connected with all the modes of being of the in-

dividual body and soul," as for example, bodily movements, the functions of the heart and lungs, and even the mental processes of attention and effort, all in their various ways rhythmical. The theories of Ribot and James are then adduced to prove that abstract emotions, physiologically connected with general visceral conditions and sensations, are not only memorable apart from their concrete circumstances, but are revivable by the fresh establishment of the appropriate visceral conditions. Finally, "By an inevitable association of functions, the emotional memory thus evoked and reinforced by music brings up with it the ideas, the images, the situations which in each individual soul have accompanied in real life similar emotional conditions. Thus it comes about that music, which has no meaning of its own, save the vaguest indications of varieties of movement, yet speaks to many of us the secrets of our very heart and life, secrets only the more precious that they *are* our own, and told to us in the terms of our own desires and needs, with the imagery of our own joys and sufferings" (p. 216).

With this we have before us what seems a satisfying account of the essential elements in the purely emotional effect of music, viz.: the primal nervous stimulus of the mere sound; the compelling power of pace and rhythm, establishing in the listener their various kinds of movement; the arousal, thus, directly and without intellectual mediation, of general or abstract emotional states; and finally, the indirect arousal, through association, of those particular images and ideas which, in each individual's experience, have once formed the settings of such emotional states. We catch glimpses at this point of many inviting side paths which it would vastly interest us to explore; but our author, bent on the main line of the argument, hurries us on to the consideration of the second, and even more vital, problem of musical effect, the problem of form. "Since the expressive function of music," she remarks, "is most akin to daily life, most easily described, and therefore thought of, in the vocabulary of general experience, it is the one which occupies most space in all that has been said and written and thought about music, masking, with its familiar facts of human vicissitudes, the other great function of music; so that emotional suggestion usurps the credit, and explains the miracles of musical form with all its beauty, grandeur, and splendor" (p. 216). The older æsthetics, we are told, habitually confused, in music, the audible pattern (form) with the suggested emotion (expression), and, in plastic art, visible pattern with the object represented. But so far, in truth, are the audible pattern and the suggested

emotion from being one, that their relative prominence in any given piece of music is apt to be in an inverse ratio. "For not only can the same degree of emotional suggestiveness be attained by compositions of wholly different musical merit . . . but, what is more significant, the emotional appeal of music is usually greater with half-attentive and self-engrossed listeners than with real musicians following attentively each complex and coördinated beauty of a great composition" (p. 216). Hence it is of capital importance to insist on the distinction between expression and form, and on the peculiar significance of the latter. "Beauty of form, in and out of art, is an independent phenomenon, requiring special study" (p. 218). "Why, apart from every coincident influence, there are qualities of form which attract and satisfy, and others which dissatisfy and repel," this is "the essential and distinctive problem of all æsthetics, to which psychology will have to return over and over again" (p. 219).

Of the author's own hypothesis as to the *modus operandi* of æsthetic form, which occupies the next eight pages of her essay, and which is in part founded on the theories of Gurney, Dauriac, and Lipps, a detailed account cannot be given here. It is almost as abstruse as it is ingenious, and involves many psychological technicalities.[1] Moreover, by her own admission, "We cannot hope at present for anything beyond speculation on this subject."

Passing over this more technical section of the essay, then, without further comment than that it is an admirable opening wedge for future discussion, we come to what, for the general reader, is undoubtedly the most illuminating portion of the entire paper. This is the recapitulation of the main points near the end, and the concluding hint as to the bearing of these points upon musical taste and education, and upon the social and moral values of music. Here we may let the author speak for herself.

"The first kind of emotion [that resulting from 'expression'] is essentially personal, the second [that resulting from æsthetic beauty], essentially impersonal; the first leads away from the music to the ex-

[1] Suffice it to say that Vernon Lee takes as a basis Theodor Lipps's theory that the perception of *visual* form depends on "Einfühlung," or the attribution to a given form of the qualities associated with the sensations aroused in the observer by a sympathetic following out of this form's suggestions of bodily movement. The beauty of the form, Lipps believes, depends on the favorability of these movements to the welfare of the organism. Dauriac's interesting but unconvincing conception of an "audible space" is then utilized to extend this explanation to musical forms.

perience and interests of the hearer, while the second adheres to the music with an exclusiveness proportionate to the purely æsthetic delight; the first is as various as the emotional experience and condition of the individual hearer, while the second is as unchanging as the form-quality of the composition. Finally, while the first is favored by nervous excitability, weakness of attention, and the presence of vague feelings of self, in fact, by inferiority, momentary or permanent, in psychic power and organization; the second, on the contrary, demands a braced heightening of nervous tone, a resistance to random stimulation, a spontaneity and steadiness of attention, a forgetfulness of self and interest in the not-self, in fact a vigor and organization of soul approaching to the magnificent wealth and unwavering self-forgetfulness of all spiritual creation." (pp. 225–226).

"This main difference will explain why, as observation seems to prove, the two powers of music are exercised most often in inverse proportion. For, whereas the absorption in musical form, in the composer's thought, removes the attention from our own past and present experience, a state of emotional day-dreaming is, on the contrary, fostered by imperfect listening to music; our memories, our vague self-feeling, fill up the empty spaces whenever musical attention lapses, stimulated as they are by the power of mere sound and rhythm, and unchecked by the practical concerns of everyday life" (p. 226).

"Such is the dualism and contradiction inherent in music. But, in the vastly greater number of cases, the contradiction is resolved; and the dualism appears as a complete fusion of the two elements. . . ." (pp. 226–227).

"In this fusion . . . lies, perhaps, the moral and social function of the art. For, whether a composition affect us as a beautiful and noble æsthetic experience, faintly tinged, vividly tipped, with some human emotion; or whether it affect us as an emotional experience kept within the bonds of æsthetic order, shaped in æsthetic beauty, by the presence of musical form — whichever of the two possibilities we consider, there remains an action of the æsthetic element upon the emotional; and the emotional is probably purified by the æsthetic, as the æsthetic is unquestionably brought deeper into our life by the emotional. Music, in a manner more obvious and efficacious than the other arts, disposes of modes of movement and being; and it is gain to the individual soul, and to the aggregate soul of societies and races, if, freed every now and then from the hurry and confusion, the tentative and abortive effort, of practical life, and saved at the same

time from the pursuit and the suspense of intellectual existence, our emotions, our moods, our habits of feeling, are absorbed into the ways of lucidity and order, of braced and balanced intensity, of disinterested satisfaction, of contemplative happiness, which are the ways of æsthetic form, the ways of beauty" (p. 227).

It seems desirable, in view of the fact that those whose ideas of the modes and limits of musical effect most need correction by a rational æsthetics are precisely the people least likely to read Vernon Lee's admirable paper, to add here a few remarks, such as may elucidate the bearing of her theory upon certain very familiar paradoxes of observation, and perhaps slightly diminish the sway of some time-honored fallacies which are hardly less pernicious than they are plausible. For example, we hear it constantly asserted that music is as definite an expression of specific truth as literature; that the emotion it conveys from composer to hearer is its prime reason for being; that the greatest composers are merely the men of deepest and most impassioned feeling; and that that composer is greatest who puts the greatest variety and intensity of feeling into his tonal communications:—all this in spite of the facts, obvious enough to any observer not blinded by a theory or a prepossession, that various hearers get the most various kinds and degrees of gratification from a piece of music; that the most musical listeners are those who care least for the merely emotional burden of the piece (because they are absorbed in its beauty); that some of the greatest composers have been in other respects commonplace men; and that the greatest of them, in their highest moments, have been least conscious of a "message."[1] It is evident that theories have wandered far from facts; we have so long tolerated cant and absurdity in talk about music that we have almost forgotten the taste of truth; and musical æsthetics has thus become an Augean stable which it will take many virile thinkers to cleanse.

Vernon Lee's analysis demolishes a good many of these ancient fallacies of popular theory. What a flood of light she throws on that obscure question of "expression" when, to the current doctrine that the composer puts a definite "thought" in his music, which the listener in due time receives in as compact and palpable a form as a letter from the post, she says: Not at all; the composer merely adjusts the tones in such a way that they will best arouse those visceral and nervous processes with which general states of emotion are physiologically

[1] The true view is crystallized in the saying that "great music is not the expression of great emotion, but the great expression of emotion."

connected: the specific images, feelings, and ideas are then supplied by the listeners from their own past experience, in accord with the well-known principle of association. Here vanishes the old bugaboo of the divinely inspired musician, rapt in thought, putting emotions into a piece of music as he might put berries into a pie, and his companion figure, the passive ecstatic listener, receiving emotional food like a vast open mouth or stomach. In their place comes a picture more like what any unprejudiced student can see for himself in the real world: the composer a cool and collected artist, skillfully disposing objective means to produce an objective effect; the listeners as various in endowment, sensibility and experience as the race itself, getting from the music not what the composer has put into it, but what they can take out of it; some much, some little, some the divinest intimations, others mere nervous thrills, some "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," others hardly more than a quickening of the pulses and the breath.

The evidence of musical history and of every-day observation join in support of this theory. For it, Mozart does not have to be a great universal character, a hero of large heart and exhaustive intelligence, a prophet who, had tones not been at hand, would have entrusted his ideas with equal confidence and success to words or to pigments. He does not have to be all that he most unquestionably was not, but simply what, as a matter of fact, he was, a specialist with a genius for the manipulation of tones. Wagner need not be a combination in one organism of Schopenhauer, Rubens, Goethe, and heaven knows how many other great men. Give him what he undoubtedly had, melody, harmony, the keenest instinct for tone color, and the rest of the technical endowments, and he has enough. On the other hand, the theory explains why A, B, and C, confronted with the same piece of music, will get from it totally different impressions. A, being of the literary type of mind, may be led to imagine princes, saints, heroes, and demigods moving through some vast drama; B, of plastic imagination, will see forests, cataracts, mountains, deserts; C, the most musical of the three, may rest content with the melodies, harmonies, and rhythms actually heard, and with the beauty of the impalpable organism they build up. Something like this, we may be certain, is what happens in every concert-hall where as many as three people of differing type are assembled; and it is amusing to think that it is perhaps precisely this divergence of mental type that makes A prefer opera, B program music, and C the symphony and the string quartet.

The emotional element in music, then, is neither constant nor fundamental. It changes from listener to listener, even from mood to mood of the same listener; and a potent assault on the nerves does not constitute a great composition any more than the story of a murder or a conflagration makes great literature. What makes a piece of music great is in truth its form-quality, its æsthetic character, just as what makes a picture great is not its subject but the lines, masses, and colors in which the subject is embodied by a master of plastic beauty. "Why, apart from every coincident influence, there are qualities of form which attract and satisfy, and others which dissatisfy and repel"—that, says our author, is the "essential and distinctive problem of æsthetics." On this point all the greatest composers have been at one. How much did Bach, in writing a fugue, think about God, or man, or ecclesiastical polity, or indeed anything else in heaven or on earth save the themes and counterthemes which he was weaving into that lovely fabric? Is it likely that Mozart contemplated the idea of the Greek deity when he wrote his Jupiter Symphony? Even Tschaïkowsky, self-conscious modern romantic that he was, answered a lady, who asked him what was his object in composing, with the memorable words: "To make beautiful music."

The practical benefit of such an analysis as Vernon Lee has attempted is therefore great. When she tells us that the emotion resulting from "expression" is essentially personal, while that resulting from æsthetic beauty is essentially impersonal, that "the first leads away from the music to the experience and interests of the hearer, while the second adheres to the music with an exclusiveness proportionate to the purely æsthetic delight," she conveys by implication a whole philosophy of listening and teaching. Listener and teacher alike would do well to take this lesson to heart. To the listener it says: Be no longer content to abandon yourself to these thrills and shivers, to wallow in sentiment and bask in sensation. Do yourself the justice to believe that you have higher powers; powers of attentive sympathy and intelligent comprehension, of perceptive appreciation of beauty in melody, harmony, and structure. Discover a power of comprehension in yourself that matches and supplements, at however great an interval, the skill and loving ingenuity of the composer. Believe that there are intelligent lineaments, definite features, in this artistic physiognomy, and not merely a vast shapeless smile or frown. So believing, you will gradually come to see that a symphony is quite as definite, quite as organic, quite as living and beautiful a thing as a

cathedral, statue, picture, poem, or essay; and you will at last commune with the masters on a footing of equality, of intelligent mutual understanding, instead of bowing before them like a superstitious savage before a tyrannical deity.

For the teacher, too, whether of performance, theory, or appreciation, this discussion will have its enlightenment. It ought in some measure at least to discourage that false emphasis, that constant sidetracking of attention from the music itself to the man who wrote it, or the story it tells, or the program it illustrates, or something or anything else extraneous to it, which is at present the bane of musical instruction. The formal analysis of music, the dissection of it into themes and sections, is often contemned as dry and academic; and indeed, a merely scientific zeal for articulating skeletons is arid enough when applied to art. But at least science is better than superstition; to analyse is better than to swallow at a gulp, and heedlessly; and if dissection for its own sake leads to the familiarity that breeds contempt, dissection for the sake of understanding, of focussing attention, of defining perceptions, may lead to a quite different familiarity, to that which attends the minute and orderly understanding of a fine thing. There is, to be sure, a time to analyse and a time to enjoy; but in dealing with a work of art of any complexity, the second can only ensue upon the first.

Some readers of Vernon Lee will doubtless be repelled by the "impersonality" on which she insists as characteristic of æsthetic enjoyment. To them a closing word may be addressed. Is acute consciousness of self after all a highly desirable element in every artistic experience? Is that novel most enthralling which reminds me of the actual events of my own life? that poem most inspiring which suggests to me only those aspirations I have myself cherished? And is that music, or that mode of hearing any music, most satisfying, which stirs only the emotions that are immemorially associated with what has happened to me, and to me alone? Is it not better, after all, to be carried clean out of myself by the largeness of a novel beauty, by the universality of a more inclusive point of view? Certain it is, the music which lasts longest and wears best is that which carries us into realms of wide horizon and clear white light, which acquaints us with a beauty so grand in scope, so beyond and above our every-day experience, that in its presence our identity becomes a matter of slight import, and all that we remember is that we exist, and partake of this sublimity. Religion solaces our private ills chiefly by making us oblivious of them;

and art can do us the same service. A Chopin nocturne, a Schumann song, a movement of Tschaïkowsky—these, to be sure, can make us contemplate ourselves with pleasure. But a Bach fugue or a Beethoven symphony can do even more: they can make us forget that we are ourselves, and remember only that they are beautiful.

BERTRAND RUSSELL ON MUSIC AND MATHEMATICS

The analogy between music and mathematics has been so often asserted that there is no longer anything novel about it—it has become almost a truism. Yet, like many truisms, it has frequently been ill understood. Seldom is justice done to the logical quality of good music, largely because this logic is less intellectual than emotional, and many people resent the idea of a logic of feeling; even less is the creative, beauty-seeking activity of mathematics realized, the humdrum associations of school closing our minds to all that is most essential in it. Naturally enough, the relation of the two activities, each so misunderstood, is seldom clearly grasped. All the more refreshing is it to find, in Mr. Bertrand Russell's delightful essay on "The Study of Mathematics," the following sentences, which, read with the simple substitutions suggested in brackets, will be seen to throw a flood of light on the sister art:

"The characteristic excellence of mathematics [music] is only to be found where the reasoning [development] is strictly logical; the rules of logic are to mathematics [music] what those of structure are to architecture. In the most beautiful work, a chain of argument is presented in which every link is important on its own account, in which there is an air of ease and lucidity throughout, and the premises achieve more than would have been thought possible, by means which appear natural and inevitable. Literature embodies what is general in particular circumstances whose universal significance shines through their individual dress; but mathematics [music] endeavors to present whatever is most general in its purity, without any irrelevant trappings."

The second sentence here in particular, through the emphasis it justly lays upon economy, coherence, and richness of result with simplicity of means, may be used as a touchstone for finding the best in the music of all periods. It applies perfectly to a fugue of Bach or a symphony of Beethoven, and with some qualifications to the best modern work, to a symphony of Brahms or a symphonic poem of Strauss. It instantly exposes diffuseness such as Schubert's, or non-

sequaciousness such as Tschaïkowsky's, the turgidities of Mahler, the irrelevancies of Reger. It accounts in large measure for the slackness and transiency of interest of so much contemporary music, thrown off hastily, without that long distilling and redistilling of the thought that alone can free it from all inert matter, and concentrate what is vital in it to its essence. The indefatigability of Beethoven's workmanship, as evidenced by the sketch books, has often been remarked, and its contribution to the vitality of his music correctly pointed out; yet it may be questioned whether sufficient emphasis has been laid on the fact that what the sketch books so strikingly reveal is far less frequently elaboration than condensation. We are reminded of Stevenson's "If I only knew what to omit, I could make a classic out of a daily paper." On page after page we see Beethoven struggling to compress into eight measures what has occurred to him in sixteen, to reduce the eight to five or three, in some cases to delete the matter altogether, since it proves unnecessary. His aim is always to get the desired effect with the fewest possible notes, realizing as he does, and as all the greatest artists do, that an extra note is not merely a superfluity, but a distraction. Hear his own description of the process: "From the glow of enthusiasm I let the melody escape. I pursue it. Breathless, I catch up with it. It flies again, it disappears. it plunges into a chaos of diverse emotions. I catch it up again, I seize it, I embrace it with delight. Nothing can separate me from it any more. I multiply it then by modulations, and at last I triumph in the first theme. There is the whole symphony."

The sketch books show that by far the most laborious part of composition for Beethoven was this determination of the chief ideas, the "exposition." Yet he exaggerates when he says that "there is the whole symphony," for we find him grudging effort to no detail, however minute, that makes its contribution to the elegance and force of the whole. In the sketch book of 1803, for example, we can retrace his exact steps in dealing with the recurrence of the principal theme in the Waldstein Sonata. First he noticed that the original key of C major would have a monotonous effect at this point unless relieved against some strongly contrasting key. He therefore introduced a digression occupying in the sketch seventeen measures. Most composers, even had they noted at all the necessity of a digression, would have been amply satisfied with the passage thus sketched; Beethoven reduces it, in the finished sonata, to seven measures. How much of its force does his work owe to this splendid conciseness! That excel-

lence and mediocrity differ in a somewhat similar way in mathematics is indicated by a comment of Mr. Russell's:

"In the great majority of mathematical textbooks there is a total lack of unity in method and of systematic development of a central theme. . . . Much space is devoted to mere curiosities which in no way contribute to the main argument. But in the greatest works, unity and inevitability are felt as in the unfolding of a drama; in the premises a subject is proposed for consideration, and in every subsequent step some definite advance is made toward mastery of its nature."

Why is it that excellence of this kind is so seldom found in modern work? It will not do to answer, as some conservatives may, that the free modern forms, like the symphonic poem, are intrinsically inferior to the classic sonata type. We see more and more clearly that the sonata had grave dangers of its own, that its literal repetitions encouraged laziness in the composer and inattention in the audience, and that as practiced by all but the greatest it carried along in its musical stream a good deal of sand. Schubert's recapitulations of his themes are of a length not "heavenly"; Schumann's, Tschaikowsky's, Dvořák's development sections are often perfunctory; even Brahms, as Mr. Ernest Newman points out in his "Richard Strauss," does not always avoid the effect of watering the wine to fill the bottle. On the other hand, Strauss himself has shown again and again how the symphonic poem can be given a conciseness, logic, and force in no way inferior to those of the symphony. "Till Eulenspiegel," for example, admirably fullfils the demands suggested by the Russell passage, in the brevity of its premises (the two Till motives) in the closeness of its texture, in the avoidance of irrelevancies, and in the richness of the results finally attained by an always logical musical imagination.

The particular scheme of structure used, then, is unimportant in comparison with the degree of intellectual and emotional concentration brought to bear upon it by the composer. Whether, indeed, the type of expression favored by modern music is helpful to this concentration may still be asked. Does the subordination of emotion to picture and realistic suggestion, as we find it in program music, help or hinder a logic that is characteristically a logic of emotion? The last sentence of the passage from Mr. Russell's essay with which we began will suggest, what is the conviction of many of us, that music cannot well hamper itself with the "irrelevant trappings" of particular cir-

cumstances, without jeopardizing the general emotional expressiveness which is its truest power.

There is, however, plenty to account for the shortcomings of the music of our period in the general conditions of the life of that period. The thousand distractions among which we live, the economic temptations proceeding from a large and thoughtless public, the overfacility of production which, especially in Europe, stimulates the composer's pen to outdistance his imagination—all this militates against that "intending of the mind" which is as indispensable to artistic creation as to scientific discovery. "No more solitude," says M. Romain Rolland in his diagnosis of modern German music, "no more long silent times, years lived with the work. The first idea that comes is accepted by the composer. . . . Mahler's themes have the slightly commonplace air of certain ideas of Beethoven in the first sketches. But Mahler rests contented with that."

And so solid work is rare; the patience for it is lacking. "Let me suggest a theme for you," writes Thoreau to a friend, "to state to yourself precisely and completely what that walk over the mountains amounted to for you, returning to this essay again and again until you are satisfied that all that was important in your experience is in it. Don't suppose that you can tell it precisely the first dozen times you try, but at 'em again. . . . Not that the story need be long, but that it will take a long time to make it short." *It will take a long time to make it short!*—is not that the familiar conviction of all true artists? And is it not too evident that most modern composers work on the exactly opposite principle, that it will take only a short time to make it long?

VINCENT D'INDY ON COMPOSITION
(1910)

EVERY earnest student of composition must often deplore the scarcity of books treating its fundamental phenomena with anything approaching illumination. Of course, there is no lack of textbooks by routine writers, with their lists of rules more or less arbitrary, and their perfunctory analyses of masterpieces; but such are apt to deaden rather than to vitalize the imagination. On the other hand, in the occasional treatises one meets in which a philosophic method has been attempted, the philosophy is apt to be far too *a priori* and abstract, even to the point of distorting the most familiar facts of musical experience. What young students most need is a presentation of the essential facts of music psychology, stated broadly and without confusing insistence on unimportant technical details, and yet avoiding by sound musical sense the pitfall of plausible but fallacious analogies and ingenious abstractions.

Such a presentation of some of the most important modern musical forms one finds in the recently published second book (first part) of M. Vincent d'Indy's monumental "Cours de composition musicale" (A. Durand et fils, Paris).

M. d'Indy's fondness for intellectual neatness, for antitheses that mathematically balance and analogies that exactly match is, to be sure, apt to lead him at times into the pitfall just mentioned—a tendency that was obvious enough in the first book of the present work, appearing in 1902, and that led him there to certain fallacies that reappear in this volume. The most flagrant of these fallacies is that the minor chord is generated from its highest note (fifth) downward by means of "résonnance inférieure." The theory, advocated by Von Oettingen and Riemann (see Chapter IX of Book I), despite its seductive air of completeness and precision, is in opposition to the fundamental facts of musical experience; one might as well begin to build a house from the garret as a chord from its fifth. It leads inevitably, too, like all fundamental fallacies, to a host of corollary errors: as, for instance,

that the true minor scale has a flat leading note, and that the chord "vulgarly" called the dominant in minor is in reality the subdominant, and vice versa.

But along with these and other perversities one found in Book I a clear statement of certain fundamental principles so simple in essence that they are always obscured by the pedantic lover of detail, and important in the exact degree of their simplicity. As these principles remain basic throughout the complete work, they must be briefly enumerated here.

Tonality is the sum of musical phenomena which the human understanding can apprehend by direct comparison with one constant phenomenon—the tonic—taken as invariable term of comparison.[1]

The *tonal function* of a chord is the special character it takes in our minds according as it presents itself to us

1. As point of departure [Tonic];

2. As determinative of an oscillation toward the fifth above [Dominant];

3. As determinative of an oscillation toward the fifth below [Sub-dominant].[2]

There is but one *chord*, the triad, alone consonant because, alone, it gives the sense of repose or equilibrium. The chord manifests itself under two different aspects, major and minor. . . . It assumes three different tonal functions, according as it is Tonic, Dominant, or Sub-Dominant. "All the rest is only artifice. What is usually called dissonance is only the passing modification of the chord, either by the addition of *melodic* tones having only a remote relation with those of the chord, or, what comes to the same thing, by the alteration of one or more of the *melodic* notes of the chord itself. All *dissonance* or alteration can be heard or explained only *melodically*, because, destroying the sense of repose given by the chord, it suggests a succession, a melodic movement. Combinations requiring, in order to be examined, an artificial arrest in the melodies which constitute them, have no proper existence, since in abstracting from the movement which engenders them, one suppresses their sole reason for being."[3]

[See, apropos of this striking passage, the explanation given on page 117 of the opening phrase of "Tristan and Isolde."]

Modulation consists in modification of the Tonality of the various

[1] Book I, page 108. [2] Book I, page 109. [3] Book I, page 116.

periods or phrases[1] constituting the musical discourse; it operates by means of a displacement of the tonic, of its oscillation towards the fifths above or the fifths below. *Modulation has for effect the translation of relative impressions of brightness or darkness* ["de clarté et d'obscurité"]. This sentence seems worthy of italics because it states so simply and so strikingly a principle which, despite its importance, has never been so clearly formulated.

Such are the chief definitions, often, as will be seen, highly illuminating, of the first Book. It is, however, in the application of these principles to modern musical forms, and above all to the sonata, to which Book II is devoted, that our present interest chiefly attaches. The volume divides itself into six chapters, each containing a technical and a historical section, as follows: I, the Fugue; II, the Suite; III, the Sonata before Beethoven; IV, the Sonata of Beethoven; V, the Cyclic Sonata; VI, the Variation. There is also an Introduction giving a bird's-eye view of the classification, and an appendix indicating practical work for the student-composer.

The early chapters, based on a classification of the fugue as "monothematic and unitonic," the suite as "binary and modulating," and the sonata as "ternary and modulating," packed full of interesting discussion, analysis, and criticism though they be, must not detain us here. It is with Chapter IV that the interest becomes absorbing. "Under the spur of Beethoven's genius"—so it opens—"the theme began to grow to such proportions, it took on so much of nobility and power, that its enunciation imposed it definitely on the understanding and the memory: it acquired thus the value and the prerogatives of an *idea*, radiant sovereign of vast symphonic domains where, without ceasing to be itself, it was able to present itself progressively under the most diverse aspects. This idea, a veritable entity musically organized according to the rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic principles we are to study, comported itself in the work like every idea, every being, every force: it *acted* [elle agit]. And this special *action* took the form of a new process, anticipated already by Beethoven's precursors, the process of *development*, subject to the unalterable laws of tonal relations and of modulation." [2]

Proceeding to a minute examination of the constitution of the

[1] M. d'Indy uses these common terms in an unusual way. By "period" he means what we ordinarily call "phrase"; by "phrase" he means what we should name a group of phrases or section.

[2] Book II, Part I, p. 232.

musical idea, the author shows that it originates in a motif or "cellule" (p. 234), which gives rise progressively to a principal period[1] or "thème gènèrateur," and to secondary periods combining with the first to form the complete phrase[2] or "idée musicale" (p. 235). The function of the principal period is in short to engender the phrase or phrases which express the idea, and "this second operation is never the effect of chance, of mere instinct, or of what is called 'inspiration.' A labor more or less long, an effort more or less arduous, are always necessary. Severe and noble task, which consists in completing this thematic embryo, in endowing it with all essential organs, in holding it jealously in the place where it has been born, resisting temptations to modulate, which would submit it prematurely to the conflicts of the 'translations tonales' before it is sufficiently established" (p. 239). All of this section, dealing with the genesis of the musical idea, deserves a verbatim transcription, which, unfortunately, lack of space forbids. Suffice it, then, to quote the striking words with which it concludes: "Whatever be the destination of the idea, its essential quality during its exposition is tonal immobility. Veritable living person, it presents itself to us in a definite place; and this place is its proper tonality. It is thus necessary that it be expounded in full, before starting to accomplish its mission, which consists in developing the life of the whole composition, in modulating, in *acting*—following certain unchangeable laws to which Beethoven himself has not been afraid to submit" (p. 241).

This masterly description of the musical idea, which deserves to be read, reread, and pondered by all young composers, is followed by an even more elaborate study of its development, defined at the outset as "the logical and ordered expression of the movements and of the successive states through which pass the various elements of the musical idea—the *action* of the themes and of the ideas, and consequently their *raison d'être*, since an idea is of value only through the action it is capable of exercising" (p. 241).

Development is classified as (1) Organic and (2) Tonal. Organic development, whether rhythmic, melodic, or harmonic, may proceed by "amplification," "elimination," or "superposition" (imitation); the discussion of this phase, interesting as it is, brings out little, however, that has not already been well described in standard textbooks. It is in the treatment of Tonal Development that M. d'Indy's

[1] "Period": that is, in the usual terminology, "phrase."

[2] "Phrase": that is, "section."

breadth of view and firm grasp of basic principles make him most illuminating. Here follow the main points:

"Tonality should be considered as the *place* where the thematic actions occur; this place may remain the same, or it may change. From the tonal point of view, then, the development partakes of one or the other of two tonal states: immobility or transition.

"1. In the state of immobility or repose the development takes on momentarily the principal qualities of an exposition: it has for point of departure a cadence which determines the key whence comes this arrest, this halting-place [*étape*] destined to interrupt the modulatory progress.

"These tonal halting-places, being the successive goals proposed and attained by the development, exercise on the sound composition of the work an influence at least as great as do the choice and the elaboration of the idea. It is thus urgent that the *étapes* be determined in advance, and the greatest symphonists have never ignored this.

"2. In the state of transition or *marche* the development truly *acts:* it tends toward an end, it expresses something, and it employs one or another of three expressive processes:

"An 'agogic' (rhythmical) development acts by increasing or decreasing the frequency of the movements in the rhythmic figures.

"A dynamic development acts by increasing or decreasing the intensity of the melodic accents.

"A modulating development acts by increasing or decreasing the degree of light [*clarté*] in the harmonic progressions" (pp. 243–4).

There follows hereupon a thorough study of the effects of modulation already characterized briefly in what has been quoted above from the First Book. After pointing out that modulation is never an end, but always a means to the service of the musical idea, and that all modulation not thus subordinate to the idea is "inopportune, useless, and often disastrous to the equilibrium of the composition," the author proceeds to classify modulations according to their duration, their intensity, and their distance. Much that is said under the first two headings, as, for instance, the distinctions made between modulations "accidentelle," "passagère," and "définitive" (pp. 246–249) is most suggestive; but we must confine ourselves here to a summary of the most original and novel part of the analysis—that which deals with the *distance* of the modulatory movement.

When one proceeds in either direction from a given tonic—that is, toward the "sharp keys" or toward the "flat keys," along the circle

of fifths, the relative phenomena of brightening or darkening ["d'éclairissement ou d'assombrissement"] are symmetrical, and offer, according to the distance of the progress, the following particular effects:

1. The modulation to the *first* fifth, above or below (*e. g.*, to G or to F, from C), is very frequent, but its brightening or darkening power is somewhat feeble.

2. The modulation to the *second* fifth (D or B-flat from C) is necessarily transient, "accidentelle," or passing, "passagère," since the tonalities have no close relationship. Its brightening or darkening power is, however, marked. A striking example from the "Eroica" Symphony is cited on page 250.

3. The modulation to the *third* fifth is rare in its direct form between tonalities of similar mode (*e. g.*, C to A, or C to E-flat), but extremely frequent and potently brightening or darkening when it operates as a *change of mode on an identical tonic* (*e. g.*, A-minor to A-major, or C-major to C-minor). It is, however, the movement through three fifths, and not the change of mode in itself, that effects the brightening or darkening (p. 255).

4. The modulation to the *fourth* fifth (so-called "mediant-modulation") is so easy and natural, and at the same time so potently expressive, that Beethoven has in several sonatas employed it for the second theme.

5. The modulation to the *fifth* fifth (*e. g.*, C to B, or C to D-flat) is of dubious effect, since we are apt to confuse it with that to the *seventh* fifth *in the other direction* (*e. g.*, C to C-flat, or C to C-sharp). The same equivocal effect pertains to all the other modulations beyond this one, so that practically that of the *fourth* fifth is the limit of usefulness.

This section closes with the following résumé:

"A structure is able to sustain itself, live, and endure only by reason of the stability of its tonal foundations. And these will resist only if they are powerfully knit. Thus all stable compositions are founded upon related keys, whose tonic chords are fastened together by the indestructible cement of common tones; the more distant modulations, true flying buttresses, appear among the various developments as if raised on these firm columns which support them.

"And these developments themselves show two essential characteristics:

"1. Organically, they are related to the musical ideas by their

thematic elements: they are always dependent on these ideas, and can contain nothing which is alien or contrary to their nature.

"2. Tonally, they are unified by relationships between the keys, and by the alternation of periods of transition and of repose; they orient themselves logically toward the light or toward the shadow, this orientation being always conscious and preëstablished."

The four general types of movement in the sonata—*mouvement initial* (sonata form), *mouvement lent*, *mouvement modéré* (minuet or scherzo), and *mouvement rapide*, are next discussed in order, with typical examples from Beethoven; and this chapter of 143 closely printed pages ends with a historical section containing analyses of Beethoven's piano sonatas, and remarks on his sonatas for violin and violoncello.

It is impossible here to give even a summary of the chapters on the cyclic sonata (sonata with generating themes reappearing in different movements) and on the variation. Not the least interesting portion of the former is the critical comment on such modern composers as Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, Franck, and Grieg. But it will be sufficiently evident from what has been said that M. d'Indy's treatment of Beethoven alone is enough to make his book indispensable to all serious students of composition.

A NOTE ON TONAL CHIAROSCURO

Analogies between the arts are proverbially dangerous, apt to mislead; but they also fascinate by their frequent illumination of dark places from unexpected angles. Why, for example, is the even division of a space, as in a landscape where the horizon line comes exactly midway between the top and bottom of a picture, inferior to the uneven division obtained by putting it either higher or lower? Why, in a melody like "Yankee Doodle," is the precisely even subdivision of the time into equal notes felt to be so flat and stale in comparison with an uneven division into long and short notes, as in "Dixie"? Have the two phenomena, apparently so disparate, any hidden psychological connection? It is at least worthy of note that in both cases we find a difficulty in holding together the precisely equal elements: the picture tends to break into two pictures, the tune falls apart into notes. On the other hand, the unequal elements more easily cohere. The unevenness of the spaces in the picture helps the mind to pick out one as the more important (not necessarily the larger —apparently it is always the lower portion that is so chosen)and to treat the other as pendant to it, so to speak. And in melodies the ancillary character of the short notes is quite clear; they are like trains of servants to those important personages, the long notes. Both in vision and audition, then, divided attention is unpleasant and wasteful; we naturally deal most easily with what we can handle as principal and secondary, nucleus and fringe; subordination facilitates synthesis.

This is indeed so obvious, and the supreme importance of synthesis in all art, as the only way of dealing economically with rich material, is so evident, that it would hardly be worth while to call attention to the whole matter, were not the terminology of subordination in music strangely and seriously defective. While the necessity for subordination is quite as imperative in music as in painting, for example, our means of describing it are, in comparison, laughably meager, loose, and empirical. A painter has his "chiaroscuro," his "perspective,"

his "values," "nuances," and "tones"; he has definite terms for at least three planes in his picture, background, middle-distance, and foreground. A composer, on the contrary, can only write "cantabile," "cantando," or "espressivo" over a melody he wishes to have come out, or "sotto voce" over one he wishes to have go back—both highly vague expressions; the French have, in addition, the useful phrase "en dehors," and Mr. Percy Grainger writes "clarinet come out." M. Vincent d'Indy uses the terms "fond" ("foundation" or "background") and "personnages" respectively for the accompaniment and solo parts in a piece of orchestration, obviously by an analogy with painting.

But how meager and inexact, when all is said, are all of these terms together; how inadequate to describe relationships of the utmost subtlety, subordinations as meticulous as those of Chinese caste, such as we actually use in our music every day! How sadly the vocabulary needs enrichment! For though indeed no nomenclature can make the dull perceptive, it can at least focus their flickering perceptions; a name is the first step toward dealing with a thing; and what we ignore conceptually we are apt to bungle even in our purely instinctive uses, or at least to fall short of using as we might. Perhaps if we could talk about subordination we should less ignore it; our notion of "technique" might become less crudely physical, more subtly mental; "interpretation" might less frequently turn out obfuscation; we might have more composers, fewer juxtaposers.

Take, for example, the matter of dynamic gradation, mere loud and soft, the most fundamental and universally recognized scale of values music uses. Here, at least, we might think, accurate directions would be available. Yet what do we find? The spartan "forte" and "piano" with which Bach and Handel contented themselves have, it is true, been split and multiplied into "fortissimo," "pianissimo," "mezzo forte," "mezzo piano," and the like; but these, having no clear relativity of meaning, make confusion only worse confounded. Precisely what does Tschaïkowsky mean by the four P's in a row at the end of the Symphonie Pathétique? How much more salient would a part bearing only three of them be? How much more subordinated one bearing five? For, we must never forget, the significant matter is always the relative, not the absolute values, the salience and subordination of the elements. And no number of P's, were they enough to fill a pod or a basket, will tell me the precise relation between this voice and another, this note and that, which is alone what I want to know.

In Chopin's later years, when long illness had sapped his strength, he was physically unable to produce a fortissimo. Yet, we read, so perfect was his control of the shades within his power, so subtle his command of gradation, that he was able, reducing the whole scale of his dynamics, still to produce the effect of a fortissimo with what was actually, shall we say, a mezzo forte or a forte. Very well, then, the effect of a fortissimo *is* a fortissimo, artistically speaking. The actual loudness is a matter of indifference to us. What interests us, what we wish our terminology to describe, is the relation of the values, the hierarchy of relative salience and subordination. Music, like painting, is a series of planes or values, a background, a middle distance, and a foreground. If we could number these planes we should have a rough but perhaps rather serviceable description of what is essential. Chopin's twenty-first Prelude has an unusual distinctiveness of planes: the foreground is the melody of the right hand; the background is the bass; the middle distance, blurred, mysterious, and gray as a Corot, is the accompanying scraps of subordinate melody of the left hand. Confuse any two of these planes, equalize the values of any two, and you ruin the chiaroscuro of the piece.

The adjustment of rhythmic values is almost more subtle than that of dynamic light and shade, and perhaps even more vital, too, since rhythm gives music its most essential profile. Such rhythmic adjustments are achieved in part, of course, through dynamics, in so far, that is, as they depend on accent; but the subtler aspect of them is that of the allotment of time. The more important notes of a phrase receive more time, at the expense of the less important ones, just as in speech we dwell upon the important words. This immensely important adjustment of values, however, perhaps the most important, for the purposes of expression, with which the interpretative artist has to deal, is so entirely left to musical instinct that we can hardly talk about it, for lack of terms. Such terms and signs as we have to indicate dwelling on a note, the *fermata* and the *tenuto* line, for instance, are for massive detached effects, which have no more relation to the constant but infinitely slight modification of values that make rhythms significant than shouts or ejaculations have to eloquent speech.

Indeed, so totally traditional and instinctive are these adjustments, so unreflected in the written lore of the art, that most audiences will swallow whole, from a cellist, stupidly distorted, unintelligible phrases the like of which in a recitation would reduce them to laughter, and one may even hear a skillful pianist, well-trained on at least the me-

chanical side of his art, gravely advance the theory that because the "rain-drops" in Chopin's Prelude are all eighth notes they must all be of precisely the same duration. . . . As if one were to say because words are all printed in letters of the same height, the "of's" and the "the's" were to receive as much of our attention as the nouns and verbs. There is democratic equality for you with a vengeance.

But the aristocratic distinction and beauty which are the highest qualities of piano playing come from just the opposite process —from a subordination as rigorous as that of feudal society, though more intelligent, a subordination that assigns each note its true place and prominence in the society of the phrase. To hear Mr. Gabrilowitsch play the first ten notes of the slow movement of the Mozart D minor Concerto is enough to prove to anyone with ears for gradations the supreme importance of such subordination. Not that the pianist is necessarily conscious of it; indeed, such molding of the phrase is one of the most deeply instinctive of all musical acts; and our plea for a more adequate terminology is not based on the notion that it would automatically turn the lubbers into artists, but only on the hope that it would direct their attention to quarters where their instincts needed cultivation. None the less is it true that science in its laborious, intellectual way, might arrive at a formulation of what Mr. Gabrilowitsch does (not of how he does it) when he plays this meltingly beautiful phrase. Science would measure the dynamic force and the deviation from standard time value of each of those ten notes, and plot down for us their scheme of subordination. And without danger of being too drily scientific, we may venture the specific suggestion that the difference between Mr. Gabrilowitsch's exquisite delivery, and on the one hand the perfunctory matter-of-factness of the average performance, and on the other the sentimentality of what we may call an over-ripe one, will depend quite perceptibly on the length of the sixth note. If it is a grain too short we have matter-of-factness, if an iota too long, sentimentality.

Let us also not fail to note the curious fact that there is a distinct type of pianist—there is indeed one notable example of it now prominently before the public—explicable as a sort of miscarriage of the instinctive process of subordination through a meddling of the conscious will. "Let me see," says a pianist of this type, "expression is a dwelling on certain notes. Well, which notes shall I dwell on?" Such a man is sure to go wrong, either in the dwelling or even in the notes chosen. Sometimes he even adds: "The sixth note is the one usually

considered the most important. It will therefore be more original to dwell on the fifth or the seventh." Hence arises a school of playing which we may contrast with the instinctively right, and which we may call the conscientiously wrong.

Applying finally our principle of subordination, or the hierarchy of values, to composition, we shall find that it works out there much as it does in painting. The deepest and most far-reaching problems of the two artists are surprisingly similar, and concern what the painter calls "composition" and the musician "form." Merely to state the analogy in this way is to show that "form" is a far more vital matter than that mechanical sub-division or arrangement which certain "temperamental" critics are fond of supposing it to be. Form is indeed a highly inclusive term, indicating all that has to do with the coördination of the work, the organization of moods, of climaxes, abatements, and contrasts, the subordination of the relatively unimportant, the emphasis on the essential. And just as the composition of a picture so hangs together that the change in value of a square inch of canvas anywhere affects all the other areas throughout, so a movement of a symphony is a highly sensitive organism in unstable equilibrium: if you lengthen this theme, shorten that transition, or change the key of that episode, you may throw out the whole delicate balance.

As an illustration, take the repetition of the second theme, the more lyrical melody, that comes toward the end of a movement in sonata form. The layman, and even the inexperienced composer, may suppose that this will be a literal repetition. A little experience will teach one that the music has acquired greater momentum at the second appearance than it had at the first; it is, as a conductor expressively phrased it, "warmer"; and consequently the theme must this time be expressed more vividly and less deliberately. In fact, the themes of the composer, his keys, timbres, and all his other means of effect, are just as truly hierarchies of relation, just as insistently demand adjustment in salience and subordination, as the tones of the pianist.

A common fault of young composers, a fault, indeed, that it takes a curiously long time to outgrow, is that of packing a piece too full of interest. It is so natural, but so naïve, to imagine that the more sustained the tension the greater will be the effect. One gradually learns that this is not the case; human attention ebbs and flows, and the interest of a well-composed work will ebb and flow correspondingly.

No one has understood this better than Beethoven, and the overwhelmingly dramatic effect of his music often owes much to his grasp of it. How skillful he is in alternating the passages where the interest pulses thick and fast, where there is a rapid change of harmony and tonality, intricately interwoven polyphony, with others of almost completely suspended animation, audible pauses, where a single chord is sounded in featureless rhythm, and the music merely vegetates. There are two such passages in the Andante of his Fifth Symphony, which may be commended to all students who wish to see how far subordination may profitably be carried.

A composer and a conductor were once discussing, after a rehearsal, details of a symphony. "Do you think," said the composer, "that at this point I have held this chord of A major too long? You notice there are eight measures of it, in slow time, nothing but the chord of A major, in an inverted form that keeps the hearer in suspense, with wood-wind instruments holding, harp sweeping chords, and strings embroidering, and finally a touch of quiet trombones at the end. I don't quite know why I put it there, and I fear it may be too long." "Not a bit of it," replied the conductor. "Look what is coming. You are getting ready for that oboe solo, creating an atmosphere for it. You know how the effect of a picture is enhanced by the blank margin which carries the eye up to it. Well, that chord of A major is your blank margin."

Planes, values, margins:—how shall we translate such visual terms into their audible equivalents, and thus learn to find our way better than at present through the mysterious auditory spaces our music inhabits?

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE AMERICAN COMPOSER

The application of the new science of psychoanalysis to the criticism of the arts promises to yield novel and fascinating results, perhaps nowhere more fascinating than in music, which seems to be almost more than the other arts, if that be possible, a welling up from the subconscious, only slightly and indirectly affected by conscious processes. A beginning of such application, none the less suggestive for being unsystematic, fragmentary, and tentative, was made by Mr. Paul Rosenfeld in his brilliant first volume, "Musical Portraits." Take for example the case of Rimsky-Korsakoff, in one aspect one of the most picturesque and colorfully Russian of composers, whose "Scheherezade" is a musical counterpart of the barbarically opulent "Thousand and One Nights" on which it is based, and in another aspect a dry-as-dust professor, who, as Tschaïkowsky said, "worshipped technique" and was "full of contrapuntal tricks and all the signs of a sterile pedantry." How could one and the same man write music superficially as richly oriental as that of any Russian, but fundamentally empty, dry, and hard, devoid of deep expressiveness? Mr. Rosenfeld has ready the psychoanalytical answer. "He was, after all, temperamentally chilly. 'The people are the creators,' Glinka told the young nationalist composers, 'you are but the arrangers.' It was precisely the vital and direct contact with the source of all creative work that Rimsky-Korsakoff lacked. There is a fault of instinct in men like him, who feel their race and their environment only through the conscious mind. . . . It was not that Rimsky was pedantic from choice, out of a willful perversity. His obsession was, after all, the result of a fear of opening the dark sluices through which surge the rhythms of life."

In dealing with Richard Strauss Mr. Rosenfeld is even more ingenious and searching. Others before him have described the strange decadence that sets in at about the time of the "Symphonia Domestica," making such a work as the "Alpine Symphony" seem almost a parody of earlier masterpieces like "Till Eulenspiegel" or the "Hero's Life," and have suggested a cause for it in the composer's prostitution of his

art for money and immediate notoriety.[1] Mr. Rosenfeld goes deeper. "In the end," he says, "it is as the victim of a psychic deterioration that one is forced to regard this unfortunate man. The thing that one sees happening to so many people about one, the extinction of a flame, the withering of a blossom, the dulling and coarsening of the sensibilities, the decay of the mental energies, seems to have happened to him, too. . . . No doubt the love of money plays an inordinate rôle in the man's life, and keeps on playing a greater and a greater. But it is probable that Strauss's desire for incessant gain is a sort of perversion, a mania that has got control over him because his energies are inwardly prevented from taking their logical course, and creating works of art.[2] . . . He has rationalized his unwillingness to go through the labor-pains of creation by pretending a constant and great need of money."

Not the least inspiring result of such analyses as these is that they serve to bring sharply home to us, as will always be the case when the deeper purpose and method of psychoanalysis are grasped, the superficiality of all explanations of artistic failure in terms of environment, however specious, and to trace it relentlessly to attitudes of the individual conscience and intelligence. Mr. Rosenfeld is admirably loyal to the search, through and past all the easy false explanations, to the difficult but true one. "There is, no doubt," he says in his cruel but just paper on Mahler, "a curious coincidence in the fact that in each of the four chief German musicians of the recent period there should be manifest in some degree a failure of artistic instinct. The coarsening of the craftsmanship, the spiritual bankruptcy, of the later Strauss, the grotesque pedantry of Reger, the intellectualism with which the art of Schoenberg has always been tainted, . . . the banality of Mahler, dovetail suspiciously." But he refuses to stop at this coincidence, gratifying as its contemplation might be to a narrow nationalism. "And yet," he continues, "it is probable that the cause lies elsewhere, and that the conjunction of these four men is accidental. There have been, after all, few environments really friendly to the artist; most of the masters have had to recover from a 'something rotten in the state of Denmark,' and many of them have surmounted conditions worse than those of modern Bismarckian Germany. The cause of the un-

[1] See, for example, the essay on Strauss in the writer's "Contemporary Composers," and Mr. Ernest Newman's "Richard Strauss."

[2] *Cf.* Bertrand Russell, in "Why Men Fight," on the relation of the possessive and the creative instincts.

satisfactoriness of much of the music of Strauss and Schoenberg, Reger and Mahler, is doubtless to be found in the innate weakness of the men themselves rather more than in the unhealthiness of the atmosphere in which they passed their lives."

There then follows a discussion of just what this weakness was in the case of Mahler, in the course of which the principles of psychoanalysis are applied not only to the personal but to the racial mind, and there emerges the most significant general truth of the book:—that just as the highest achievement in art is attained through a "sublimation" that is racial as well as personal, so the deepest defeat, the most complete sterility, is that which avenges a suppression, not only of personal but of racial instincts. Mahler, the argument runs, born in the Austria of the 1860's, "a society that made Judaism, Jewish descent, and Jewish traits a curse to those that inherited them," was like many of his fellow Jews, the victim of "an unconscious desire to escape the consequences of the thing that stamped them in the eyes of the general as individuals of an inferior sort; to inhibit any spiritual gesture that might arouse hostility; and to ward off any subjective sense of personal inferiority by convincing themselves and their fellows that they possessed the traits generally esteemed."

By this unconscious desire a conflict was set up within him. "In the place of the united self, there came to exist in him two men. For while one part of him demanded the free, complete expression necessary to the artist, another sought to block it for fear that in the free flow the hated racial traits would appear." Thus torn between "the desire of self-expression and the fear of self-revelation," he developed an eclectic, featureless style, devoid of true individuality and real power. He is thus the type of Jew described in Wagner's famous pamphlet, "Das Judenthum in der Musik," the Jew who "through the superficial assimilation of the traits of the people among whom he is condemned to live, and through the suppression of his own nature, becomes sterile." This sketch of one of the most tragic and pitiful of modern artistic failures should be compared with the study of Ernest Bloch, who, thinks Mr. Rosenfeld, has the "intelligence, sense of reality, real overwhelming spiritual strength" that Mahler lacked, and in whose music he finds "a large, a poignant, an authentic expression of what is racial in the Jew. There is music of his that is authentic by virtue of qualities more fundamentally racial than the synagogical modes on which it bases itself, the Semitic pomp and color that inform it."

Thus does Mr. Rosenfeld psychoanalytically explain the artistic sterility that overtakes a composer who sacrifices his own temperament to an alien environment. A featureless eclecticism, so runs the theory, results whenever a composer suppresses his own peculiar ways of regarding life in order to satisfy the demands of a public which sees it differently. However he may please for the moment, he eventually stultifies himself. For the artist, the unpardonable sin is failure in that self-reliance for which Emerson so sublimely pleaded. Do we find any such featureless eclecticism here in America? Do our composers too lack the courage of their convictions? Has psychoanalysis any light to throw on the music about us?

To some extent, we must remember, a young country is necessarily dependent on others for its ways of doing things, and imitativeness is one of the vital instincts of immaturity. As Sir Hubert Parry put it, you can no more build a symphony than a ship without technical command of ways and means; and in borrowing these ways and means from those who had most highly developed them, particularly the Germans, the American composer of the last generation naturally borrowed also a point of view, an attitude towards life, a spiritual atmosphere, so to speak, not quite his own. Our musical fathers, uncles, and elder brothers were for the most part educated in Germany; a whole group of our best men now in later middle age sat at the feet of Rheinberger, for instance, while some went to Raff or others. What wonder that with the stoutly wrought if slightly academic counterpoint of Rheinberger they absorbed something of the peculiar Teutonic romanticism we associate more especially with Raff, the Raff of the "Im Walde Symphony," a romanticism rather more effête and flaccid than that of the masters Schubert and Schumann, the stream of it beginning to lose freshness and head, and to stagnate in the morasses of sentimentalism? Even our own MacDowell lived largely in this essentially Teutonic world of his suite, "In a Haunted Forest." He is a sort of American Raff, in whom American energy has not roused itself from this medieval dream world, American humor has not yet pierced the absurdities of these romantic knights with their simpering maidens waiting to "redeem" them.

The German domination, serviceable as it was in giving us a technical equipment without which we should have remained forever dumb, was bound to come to an end as soon as our native humor began to play upon the absurd assumptions and omissions of romanticism, its ostrich-like habit of hiding its head from the real world. In the

phrase, "German as Kraut," coined years ago by a Rheinberger pupil in comment on the compositions of a friend, sounds already for the discerning the knell of its decease. But the end was brought suddenly at last by the war. To-day we are in the midst of a reaction; we are superstitiously afraid of admiring anything Teutonic; we have turned away not only from Raffian romanticism, which we can very well do without, but from Beethovenian solidity and nobleness. We have forgotten that we ever had a German nurse, to whom we owe the gift of speech, and have fled in panic to the arms of our new French governess.

Will the new allegiance help us to find our individuality any better than the old? It may be doubted. Debussy and Ravel may prove momentarily a wholesome counterinfluence to the grossness, stodginess and megalomania of modern Germany, but their over-refinement, their preoccupation with "effects" to the exclusion of ideas, in Meredith's phrase their "fiddling of harmonics on the harp-strings of sensuality," will certainly in the long run prove as alien to American energy, simplicity, and directness as the German romanticism is untenable to American humor. Our constructiveness, our delight in activity for its own sake (a vice as it shows itself in our "hustling," our desire to be "on the move," whether or no aware of any goal, but surely also the root of many virtues) can never be content in the idle savoring of sensation of the French impressionists. We prefer the highroad, with all its dust, to dalliance on the primrose path. Already Mr. Carpenter, so French in his "Adventures of a Perambulator," is sounding a sturdier note, almost Russian in its primitiveness, in his "The Birthday of the Infanta"; and in Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill's "The Trojan Women" one hears, besides the clear orchestral sonorities of modern France, a strength of melodic texture and a symmetry of form which are more German, horrified as he would be at such a suggestion. Had Charles T. Griffes lived, the evidence of some of his late work, especially a piece for flute and orchestra, seems to indicate that he would have emerged from his early impressionistic mist into a sharper, more American air.

Meanwhile the oriental, especially the Jewish, infection in our music, seemingly less widespread than the German was, or the French is, may prove even more virulent. Those not temperamentally immune to it catch it severely, like Mr. Leo Ornstein; and if they ever throw it off, as he has given some signs of doing, seem to be left devoid of energy, and as it were permanently anæmic. The insidiousness of

the Jewish menace to our artistic integrity is due partly to the speciousness, the superficial charm and persuasiveness of Hebrew art, its brilliance, its violently juxtaposed extremes of passion, its poignant eroticism and pessimism, and partly to the fact that the strain in us which might make head against it, the deepest, most fundamental strain perhaps in our mixed nature, is diluted and confused by a hundred other tendencies. The Anglo-Saxon group of qualities, the Anglo-Saxon point of view, even though they are so thoroughly disguised, in a people descended from every race, that we may easily forget them, and it is not safe to predicate them of any individual American, are nevertheless the vital nucleus of the American temper. And the Jewish domination of our music, even more than the Teutonic and the Gallic, threatens to outrage and stultify them at every point.

For how shall a public accustomed by prevailing fashion to the exaggeration, the constant running to extremes, of eastern expression, divine the poignant beauty of Anglo-Saxon sobriety and restraint? How shall it pierce the Anglo-Saxon reticence, the fine reserve so polar to the garrulous self-confession, the almost indecent stripping of the soul, it witnesses in every concert hall and opera house? How, stimulated as it is to an abnormal appetite for the purely sensuous luxury of the ear by the oriental gift for lavish ornamentation, shall it be able instantly to pitch its demands, so to speak, in another key when it listens to the plain texture, the austere spareness, of Anglo-Saxon musical speech? And how, finally, shall it value as it deserves, the moderation, the balance, the sense of proportion which is the finest of Anglo-Saxon qualities, and which, like the sense of humor to which it is akin (since both depend upon the sense of congruity or incongruity) nothing is more alien than the oriental abandonment to excess? Our public taste, in short, is in danger of being permanently debauched, made lastingly insensitive to qualities most subtly and quintessentially our own, by the intoxication of what is after all an alien art. Just as the confirmed alcoholic finds spring water vapid, our jaded musical palates find simplicity and sincerity tame, and consider moderation and proportion, the immortal qualities of all art, negative. But they are not negative, they are in the highest degree positive, as every artist of Anglo-Saxon temperament at heart knows. "Moderation," as Chesterton has it, "is not a compromise; moderation is a passion, the passion of great judges"; and if we would come into our own artistically, we must have the courage to assert this moderation.

We await the composer, or group of composers, who shall rest serenely on that insight,

> "Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
> The falsehood of extremes."

Meanwhile most of our young men are imitating Ravel and Debussy, or Rimsky-Korsakoff and Stravinsky, or Bloch and Ornstein, more or less cleverly. Few are trying to grope towards their own light, to find their own speech, to accept with courage the limitations of their own temperaments. Especially is the Anglo-Saxon group submerged because its sobriety is at the pole from the over-emphasis and sensuous luxury that are *à la mode*. But unless, in spite of all unpopularity, of all delay and doubt and disappointment, they can learn Emerson's lesson of self-reliance, they will remain sterile, they will be our Mahlers rather than our Blochs. And after all it does not take psychoanalysis to teach us that. Years before Freud, Robert Schumann, then a youth of twenty-nine, wrote to his future wife: "I want to be ten times less than other people, and only be worth something to myself." Some such sentiment accompanies all real artistic power.

DISSONANCE AND EVIL

Every one who cares for art, who likes to read discussions of art, must often have felt how fascinating, and yet how generally misleading, are the analogies which writers love to make between art and other human interests. Such analogies give us at first a delicious mental fillip, a sense of novel discovery and possession. We feel that we understand two things better by seeing wherein they are one. We thought we knew them before, but merely to contemplate them together gives to each a new color and charm. Unfortunately, however, further contemplation, as a rule, leads to doubt. The analogy limps, or halts altogether, and we are left with a sense of having been hoaxed. We find only superficial and entertaining the similarity we had fancied fundamental and enlightening; we are disappointed, or, worse still, in our enthusiasm we twist and misinterpret the facts, and are deceived.

Such analogies, as seductive as they are treacherous, have especially infested the literature of music. So different is music from anything else we deal with that critics have been sorely tempted, in treating it, to resort to mutilating simplifications, distorting comparisons, and explanations that do not explain. Sentimental essayists, whose vaporous effusions have delighted and betrayed thousands of readers, and metaphysical theorists, whose zeal for philosophy has been the measure of their violence to art, have devised the prettiest comparisons between music and something else—one might almost say anything else—the only drawback of which is that they are false. It is an awkward fact about music—awkward, that is, for the critics of it—that it is unique in human experience.

But to say that music is in the last analysis unlike anything else we know is not to say that our reactions upon it, which in their turn affect its own nature, are not in many respects like our reactions on our other experiences. Unique as the experience of music is in our world (for nowhere else do we encounter tones related to one another in time and pitch), yet the perception of this material, being a process of our minds, must share the nature of our other perceptions. As

the human mind is everywhere one, all the matters it perceives have in common certain peculiarities produced by its mode of perceiving. Analogies, consequently, may be quite valid so long as they restrict themselves to these peculiarities; and by calling our attention to the subjective or self-supplied element in all our experience they may furthermore have for us a legitimate and deep interest. They can never take the place of observation, study, and experiment, but they can assuredly sharpen our wits and provoke our imaginations. Innutritious as mental foods, they may be valuable stimulants. Knowledge comes not only from the investigation of the unknown, but also from the analysis and ordering of the known; and to behold our minds performing one function in two different situations is to be both entertained and enlightened.

To trace the effect of the perceiving function of our minds in two such dissimilar realms as music and ethics, to see how our way of approaching them binds together even these, remote as they are, with fragile but tangible threads of analogy, will then, one may hope, be an interesting and not too dangerous task. Dangerous it certainly would be to hang too heavy a theory on threads so slender; but, after all, it is the threads and not the theory that now interest us. Our present purpose is merely to point out how, in music, dissonance, and in life, evil, alike depend in large part for their peculiar meaning and value on an identical element in our modes of viewing them, on an intrinsic and persistent peculiarity in our perceptive faculty.

It is not necessary to go very deeply into psychology, or to make any very technical definitions, in order to get before our minds, clearly enough for our present purpose, this peculiarity of perception. Perception, as we vaguely realize even without analysis, is a much more far-reaching and significant mental process than sensation. When we perceive we not only find certain impressions of the world coming to us from without, as is the case with sensation, but we also, by an inward and more or less self-determined activity, arrange these impressions in order, relate them intelligibly to one another, and thereby, as we say, possess them. Sensation, so to speak, happens to us; perception we win. Sensation is accidental, perception has purpose and value. It is a sort of intellectual reclaiming process by which we make the weeds of useless sense-impressions give place to crops of sustaining, vitalizing ideas. When, for example, hearing twelve strokes of a bell, we consider them not as isolated sounds but as the striking of a clock, we elevate a series of sensations into a perception. Or when, seeing

an at first haphazard mass of dots on a sheet of paper, we suddenly discover that these dots make letters, and the letters a word, then we substitute a valuable and informing perception for our first chaotic bundle of sensations. Whenever, in short, we discern in a number of sensations any kind of relationship which unites them in a group, grafts upon them intelligible value, and domesticates them, so to say, in our service, we perceive. Perception is a process which by apprehending relations makes many things one, transforms chaos into order, and outlines on the shifting surface of chance a profile of meaning.

In no branch of our interest has the perceiving faculty achieved more remarkable results than in music, where it has produced a continuous evolution of technique covering centuries of time, and constantly opening up the most unforeseeable and surprising vistas of new progress. None of its results are more interesting than one which is defined by implication in a distinction of terms which we may now examine—the distinction between the terms "dissonance" and "discord." It is unfortunately a common error, especially with English musical writers, to use these terms as synonyms. To do so, however, is greatly to impoverish both language and thought; for there is between them one of those far-reaching distinctions of meaning of which a full analysis would constitute a philosophical theory. Stated as concisely as possible, the distinction is this: a discord is merely a harsh and disagreeable combination of sounds; a dissonance is a combination of sounds, which, though harsh in itself, is justified, and even necessitated, by certain musical laws. Anyone can make a discord, by merely sitting on the piano keys; only a trained musician can write a dissonance. In brief, discord is fortuitous; it is that which happens to be unpleasant. Dissonance, on the other hand, is intended; it is that which must be unpleasant. Furthermore, if we have borne in mind the nature of perception, we shall have no hesitation in adding that this accidental character of discord, and this purposeful character of dissonance, must ultimately depend on our being able to comprehend the latter, and not the former. Dissonance must be justified, if at all, by our perception in it of relations that we cannot perceive in discord. What, then, are these relations?

Music, as everyone knows, consists of several melodic parts, or "voices," going on at once and combining in a satisfactory mass of sound. These voices, each singing its own tune, are like so many strands in a basket, so many threads in a fabric, so many members in a society. All must coöperate to produce one harmonious general

result, yet each also has its measure of independence, goes its own way, and fulfills its own purpose. Like a human being, it is at once a citizen and an individual. Musicians, recognizing this twofold function of the voices, consider them from two points of view, and as subject to two realms of law. In the first place they must, as a whole, make an agreeable combination of sound often enough to give us the feeling that they are working together, that they are not entirely unrelated and at cross purposes. The chords they form in the successive moments of their progress must be prevailingly "consonant"; that is, must be physically pleasant in the sense that they do not arouse in the ear distressing sensations that attend certain combinations of tones, and must be mentally grateful in the sense that they are easily recognized and perceived. On the other hand, when for a moment they make combinations which are painful to the ear or difficult to unravel, they must be so conducted as to make us feel their momentary harshness inevitable and right. Such laws, which concern the simultaneous combination of many voices in successive moments of time, are called harmonic laws. In the second place, each single voice is subject to certain other and equally important laws, which concern themselves not with its relation to the other voices, but with its individual coherence, significance, and interest. Of these, which may be called the melodic laws, the most important is that the single voice must make not a mere random series of tones, but an intelligible melody or tune. It must be built out of definite, recognizable figures or motifs, groups of tones having certain fixed relations in time and pitch; and these motifs must be so repeated and expanded and developed as to give it, as a whole, thematic meaning and point. Moreover, it must not stagnate in the moment, however interesting that may be, but must progress urgently toward a goal; it must give the sense of life and motion that is essential to any utterance, and particularly to musical utterance. This urgency of melody, this constant striving and pressing toward the goal, is perhaps the most characteristic feature of music.

It is on our clear perception of these harmonic and melodic relations of tones that our use of dissonance depends. Obviously enough, any given voice, at any given moment in the progress of a piece of music, may be obliged, in order to fill out a tonal figure or to carry out a melodic design, to take a tone that will not combine agreeably with those which the other voices, under similar obligations, must sound. For the moment, harmonic purity must be sacrificed to me-

lodic interest. The result is a dissonance. It is now quite clear how such a dissonance differs from a discord. The discord is a mere accidental combination of disagreeable sounds; but the dissonance, embodying a momentary harshness as the unavoidable result of melodic tendencies being purposefully carried out, is in no sense accidental; its physical painfulness, even if extreme, is justified by a necessity perceived in it. We endure, we even welcome it, because we grasp its relations.

If dissonance is thus primarily a by-product of melodic motion, however, it ends by being much more than that. Every musician will feel the erroneousness of defining dissonance as a mere result. The fact is that dissonance, reacting potently on the very melodic motion that produced it, becomes immediately one of the most vitalizing elements in musical effect. Even if we overlook, as we must do here, its merely sensuous value as an offset to the over-sweetness of too many consonant chords, we must be careful to estimate justly its service to melodic vitality. The unpleasantness of dissonance arouses in us a peculiar restlessness; it makes us impatient for the melodies to press on, to continue their motion until they reach a pleasanter place; and thus it deeply intensifies that sense of urgency, of progress, of motion, which is the life of melody. Like those rocks in a mountain brook which so pile up the water that, when they are once past, it hurls itself forward with new impetus, dissonances immensely reënforce the momentum of the melodies they momentarily encumber. They give the tension of palpitating life to an organism which without them would be flabby, stagnant, inert. In order to realize this, it is only necessary to play over, carefully noting the impulse given by the frequent dissonances to the melodic progress of the parts, a fugue of Bach, a sonata of Beethoven, or a novelette of Schumann.

This reënforcement of melodic vitality by dissonance, however, will occur only so long as we, the listeners, firmly grasp the melodic strands that lead us. They are the threads that penetrate the labyrinth; so long as we hold them we shall advance with excitement and interest, but if we once lose them our interest will turn to confusion. Our perceptions, then, by which we seize the relations of the tones in the melodies and of the chords in the harmonic sequence, must be keen and well trained. We must be aware, at the moment of the dissonance, that all those jarring tones are part of a scheme that is being purposefully and intelligently carried out by the composer. If we fail even for an instant to hear each tone, we cannot be sensible of the added

momentum it gets from the dissonance, or expectant of the tone it is progressing to, which will resolve the chaos into order. The melodies will lose for us their unity, and become meaningless fragments; the dissonance will degenerate into a discord. The effect of dissonance accordingly depends on the intelligence of the hearer, on his having trained perceptions. If these be lacking, one of the most potent formative agents of musical effect will mean to him mere ugliness and fatigue.

So much, then, for a brief sketch of one aspect of the psychology of dissonance. It has shown us, in the first place, how dissonant effects are reclaimed from the realm of mere meaningless discord by our faculty of perception; how, in the second place, they originate as by-products in the process of carrying out certain melodic tendencies; and how, finally, they end by giving an immense stimulus to these very melodic tendencies, the urgency of which is the fundamental vitalizing principle in music.

It requires, fortunately, no great learning or penetration, but only a natural interest in human life, and a habit of observing it, to discern in our attitude toward evil a striking analogy with our attitude toward dissonance. To discern this analogy is merely to point out how, in the two realms, widely sundered as they are, of music and of ethical life, our perceptive faculty is alike active, and leads to similar results. As a matter of fact, the phenomena of evil are determined by our ethical perceptions much as the phenomena of discord and dissonance are determined by our musical perceptions. And what is more, the average man is inclined to be as naïve in his ethical as in his musical attitude.

Most people, it is curious to note, lump together as "evil" everything that is disagreeable. Evil is whatever hurts them, interferes with their comfort, upsets their plans. In this sense death, poverty, disappointment in love, toothache, accidents, taxes, are examples of evil things. This view, crude and superficial as it is, is very widely held. It is the spontaneous view of the natural man. Its most striking peculiarity is that it takes no account of human reactions upon events, but accepts the events themselves as the ultimate and essential facts. The immediately pleasant it labels "good," the immediately unpleasant "bad." It even employs the terms of philosophy, such as "optimism" or "pessimism," which properly define only general mental attitudes, to describe the facts of mere experience: men say that they are "optimistic this morning," because they have breakfasted well; or that they are "pessimistic," there being a fall in stocks. It crops out in

theology, in such arguments as that God cannot be omnipotent, since he permits earthquakes and volcanoes, floods, droughts, and tempests. It unhappily dominates the thought even of many sincere reformers and pioneers, who believe that the salvation of humanity means the elimination of discomforts from life. They fancy that because evil makes us uncomfortable, good is to be pursued through steam heat, electricity, and furniture. Good and evil are for them external facts, not inward conditions.

The reason that this conception of evil as something external and fatal is so crude and unsatisfactory is that it entirely fails to take account of a vital element in our experience of bad things—namely, of our mental attitude toward them, our spiritual reaction upon them. We instinctively feel that no evil worthy of the name is defined simply by stating an event, a fact, an outward condition. To that external factor in it we must add the internal factor of our behavior toward it. There is no such thing as an abstract evil, floating in a vacuum like some lost meteorite in the interplanetary spaces. Any evil is evil only in relation to some consciousness. And if it be thus related to some consciousness, then it will be in turn reacted upon by that consciousness. Nothing, in short, has any effect upon us, or is in any sense real to us, until, as we may say, it is assimilated; and the form in which we assimilate it is determined not more by it than by ourselves. It is a fact of the most momentous importance that we contribute to our own lives, moment by moment and with inevitable constancy, an ingredient which is always the same, and which enters into instant chemical combination with everything that befalls us. This ingredient is the peculiar quality of our character or genius. As it is in the nature of man to transform certain kinds of vibrations of ether, from whatever source they reach him, into light, and certain kinds of air-vibrations into sound, so it is in his nature to turn all his experience to the uses of character. Or again, as nitric acid, brought into contact with iron, copper, zinc, or lead, makes in turn nitrate of iron, nitrate of copper, nitrate of zinc, or nitrate of lead—but always a nitrate—so the character of a man, brought into contact with events, treats them all as spiritual opportunities. If, then, we would gain more than a superficial conception of evil, we must insist on perceiving evils in their relation to the ideal purposes our characters create. These purposes, constantly held, never in the finite world fulfilled, run through our lives as melodies run through music. Changeless, perennial, they pierce and penetrate the kaleidoscopic flux of events as melodies pierce and

penetrate the fabric of harmonies in which they are embodied. They alone persist, they alone stamp life, teeming and inchoate as it is, with one dominant character, one unchanging value and significance. Nothing can befall a man that he cannot in some degree relate to his ideals. The direst temptation is a means of holiness; the utmost frailty is a condition of strength; loss, loneliness, and bereavement are the schools of loyalty; and failures are the stages in success.

Nor need we fear that this analysis of the relation of ideals to events, by which we have been led from the conception of external evil to that of ethical evil, just as by analyzing the relations of melody and harmony we were led from the conception of discord to that of dissonance, is a mere intellectual feat, a device of ingenuity, without real value as a revelation of truth. To convince ourselves of its validity we need only note that it is actually our ideal purposes themselves which introduce into our world most of the evils we experience. So close and causal is the relation. By merely surrendering the ideals, we could usually evade the evils. Temptation (to take the examples just used) exists for us only so long as we desire virtue; we should be unaware of our weakness did we not long for strength; only the lover can experience loneliness; and we can fail only so long as we try to succeed. The animals, as Walt Whitman keenly says, are neither respectable nor unhappy; for having no ideals, they cannot fall short. "The conscious ills which beset our fortune," writes Professor Royce, "are in a large measure due to the very magnitude and ideality of our undertakings themselves, to the very loftiness of our purposes, and even to the very presence of our active control over our deeds. For all these more ideal aspects of our consciousness mean that we set our standard high, and strive beyond the present more ardently. And in such cases our ideals actually imply our present dissatisfaction, and so contribute to our consciousness of temporal ill." It is true, then, in a very real sense, that our ideal aims not only react to modify the nature of evils, but actually produce some of the most significant evils we experience. Even so, we have seen, the melodies in a piece of music not only influence our attitude toward the dissonances they encounter in their progress, but actually create these dissonances by following out their chosen paths. They must, as melodies, be significant, interesting, thematic; and that involves many momentary complexities of harmony. Our ideals, in their turn, make high demands upon us—demands which often bring us into painful conflict

with our environment. Ideals, then, create and justify the sort of evil we have called ethical, just as melodies create and justify dissonance.

Finally, the ethical evil thus created and justified by ideal aims reacts to give these aims an immensely increased vitality. And here we touch at last upon a peculiarity of ethical as opposed to external evil, which has, more strikingly than any other, suggested the analogy with musical dissonance. Dissonance, we saw, was a harshness or complexity, resulting from the carrying out of melodic purposes, which in turn actually stimulated and vitalized those purposes. Similarly, are not ethical evils those birth pangs of the spirit which, primarily caused by the conflict between our ideal aims and our circumstances, end by impelling us all the more irresistibly along our path, filling us with a new and immeasurable vitality? Do not the very obstacles to our progress develop in us a strength by which we not only overleap them, but are prompted to seek worthier goals? Is not our very ignorance of the final issues of life, pathetic as it is from one point of view, the condition of a courage which could not be so noble if it fought with no fears? Does not the dignity of our faith depend on the limitation of our knowledge? The more we study the facts of our inner life, the more convinced we must become that our misfortunes and our sufferings, be they only clearly understood and firmly handled, are the sources of new moral momentum in us; that they initiate and foster our ideal aims, unfolding before us like a panorama new consummations and fulfillments.

Are there then, nevertheless, no such things as blind and fatal evils, unamenable to character, wholly stubborn to ideal uses? Not absolutely, perhaps; but relatively there surely are, as we know to our sorrow. We constantly do encounter evils we cannot comprehend, evils which for us are opaque, diabolic, and disastrous. To trace the relation of such evils to spiritual life would mean to delve deeply in the researches of metaphysics, to define types of consciousness both higher and lower than the human, and to see whether what is for us fatal and terrible may not be for these other minds necessary and right. But this we cannot attempt. We can here only suggest that, harsh as much of our experience irremediably is, we are ever, with surprised delight, discovering in it, now here and now there, supposed discords that on further acquaintance turn out to be dissonances. Who can tell where the process will end? So long as our evil remains external it is, alas, an accident, a chaos, a prank of des-

tiny; but once let it be perceived as in a relation to our inner purposes, even if only in the relation of an enemy that may be conquered, and it is won over, reclaimed, domesticated. Our one skill, then, in life as in art, is the skill to perceive; and the great business of our lives is the training of perception. The one irremediable misfortune is to be blind; the one ever serviceable technique is insight.

If, therefore, our conceptions of dissonance and of evil depend in so large a measure on our intelligence, on our power to penetrate their tissue and hold clearly in mind the aims which justify them, should we not expect these conceptions to change from age to age and from individual to individual, reflecting accurately various stages of training and faculty? The answer is definite enough on the musical side, if somewhat problematic on the ethical. Nothing in musical history is more surprising than the constant unfolding of the power to discriminate dissonance from discord. When men first combined tones together they could tolerate hardly any interval harsher than the octave, the fifth, and the fourth. Gradually the thirds and sixths were introduced, but with many strict regulations and conditions. Even in Mozart's time the third was often omitted from the final chord of a composition, as too opposed to the sense of restfulness desired; and Bach generally ends his fugues written in minor keys, not with the minor third, but with the less dissonant major interval. Beethoven horrified his contemporaries by the harsh combinations he delighted in, and Schumann and Wagner have accustomed our ears to sounds that would have seemed quite intolerable to Palestrina, if not even to Haydn. All this means that as the musical perceptions of men gradually became sharpened they learned to hold clearly in mind combinations of tone constantly more complex, and to perceive their relations and functions so clearly that they could tolerate greater and greater momentary harshness, so long as it was felt necessary to melodic progress, and useful to melodic vitality. In our own day the development is more rapid than ever, and no man can say where it will stop.

When we turn to the history of ethics the analogous process is harder to trace. Certainly, however, the lesson taught by the greatest moralists, from Marcus Aurelius down to Bertrand Russell, is that happiness springs not from pleasure or the avoidance of discomfort, but from self-mastery and the unfolding of the inner powers. There are still, and probably always will be, those who can conceive human progress only as a gain in material welfare; but, on the whole, the con-

sensus of feeling seems to be more and more moving toward a moral or idealistic interpretation of life, and men are slowly learning that evil is to be controlled and spiritualized rather than abolished, and that it is possible to be happy without being comfortable.