THE Musical Times

ESTABLISHED IN 1844

The Meaning of Ugliness

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Source: *The Musical Times*, Vol. 52, No. 822 (Aug. 1, 1911), pp. 507-511

Published by: [Musical Times Publications Ltd.](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/907904>

Accessed: 14/02/2015 02:30

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ceasing to lodge and board the students. Trouble, however, was not over, for the co-opted advisory board of professors was abolished in 1856, but in 1859, on the retirement of Cipriani Potter, it was reconstituted. Charles Lucas was now appointed principal, and the scheme worked until 1864, when the board of professors resigned their share in the management, but they retained their interest in the Academy and submitted a memorial to the Government asking for an annual grant. Mr. Gladstone, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, received a deputation of the professors, with the result that a sum of £500 was allocated to the Academy in the ensuing estimates. Charles Lucas resigned his post in 1866, and was succeeded by Sterndale Bennett.

In 1867 a great crisis arose. Mr. Disraeli was now in office, and he stated in the House of Commons that the Government would not recommend any increase of the grant, 'the results of the institution not being in fact of a satisfactory character.' The next blow was the withdrawal of the grant on the ground that the Government contemplated the establishment of a system of musical instruction under their direct control. It was evident, therefore, that some forces against the Academy were at work. A majority of the committee decided thereupon to close the institution, and to resign the charter. Fortunately, it was discovered that they had no power to commit this suicidal act unless every member of the Academy concurred. In the end the professors contrived to retain the charter, a new board of directors was formed under Earl Dudley, and in 1868, on the return of a new Government, which brought Mr. Gladstone again into power, the grant of £500 was renewed. The number of pupils now greatly increased, adjoining buildings were leased, and in 1876 a new concert hall was built, being ingeniously fitted on to the old structure, and proving to be a great boon. Sterndale Bennett died in 1875, and he was succeeded by George Alexander Macfarren.

We now reach a period well within the recollection of many ex-students spread far and wide over the world of music, who will recall the influence exerted by this able and distinguished musician, who, during this honourable and useful part of his career, was totally blind. He had a strong and somewhat austere personality, and was a moral as well as a musical mentor. We may now say, sapiently, that he failed to estimate adequately the forces that were then creating new idioms in music—he was a pronounced anti-Wagnerite—but we cannot withhold a tribute of admiration to the man who fought so sturdily and consistently for his opinions.

Under Macfarren the musical reputation of the Academy continued to increase, and the institution seemed to be placed upon the solid basis of public utility. But trouble arose that once again threatened its existence as a separate and independent body. This story, and an account of the existing régime, must be reserved for a second article.

(To be continued.)

THE MEANING OF UGLINESS.*

By C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

Ugliness is a disagreeable word, but we do not, therefore, consider it unfit to be discussed. It is only people who have given up being personally alive who avoid things because they are disagreeable. To people who have any fund of energy they are rather inviting than otherwise, as they are apt to arouse the combative instincts; and liberal minds also feel that all progress is made by facing things which are disagreeable and finding out what they really mean, and accepting them if they can be of service. Every advance in Art has been made by accepting something which has been condemned as ugly by recognized artistic authorities. It is not so very long ago that such simple things as major thirds and major sixths were regarded as unpleasant. It was in quite recent times that many unprepared discords were thought so venomously ugly that the wildest revolutionary would hardly venture to use the mildest of them. It was not long ago that augmented fourths were regarded as so offensive that they were commonly associated with the father of lies; and now we even have proposals to abolish the subtly elastic and varied scale which grew up in the course of centuries, and substitute a scale of fewer notes which consists mainly of an artificial monotony of these very intervals. It was even in more recent times that consecutive fifths were regarded as so ugly that a self-respecting composer suffered tortures of shame if he had used them inadvertently—and consecutive seconds and sevenths were regarded as so vile as to be almost unthinkable. Yet all these things are now among the most familiar features of our daily musical life. When people came to realise that so many things that were once held offensive had come to be accepted as time went on, it was not far to go to infer that ugliness was desirable for itself. Such a discovery was a great encouragement to the spirit of adventure; and the lookers-on were provided with novel experiences very cheaply; while at the same time they assured themselves that inasmuch as all the greatest and most individual composers had been violently abused in their lifetime for breaking supposed rules, therefore everyone who breaks rules must be a great and courageous genius; and so in latter days it comes about that it requires more courage and firmness not to break rules than to break them.

There probably has never been any time in history when men have so ostentatiously and eagerly broken rules wholesale as the present; and there never was a time when the breaking of rules was so welcomed and so likely to win public favour. Indeed, a large part of the every-day public has been led to believe that not breaking rules is a proof of ineptitude. We may sympathise cordially with the impulse of aspiring youth to break rules. It is most natural and healthy to feel an ungovernable impulse to do anything which one is dogmatically told not to do. In fact, if rules were not broken there would not be any

* Paper read at the International Musical Congress, May 31, 1911.

progress in either social things or artistic things; and we should be buried mountains deep in huge piles of dead conventions. But it so happens that humanity works in the same fashion as the laws of nature. When something has to be effected it does it so wholesale that it cannot do good in any one direction without doing harm somewhere else. The advance is merely the balance between the good actually achieved and some inevitable evils which result from humanity's having overlooked something which was entailed in the operations for the desired end. This is very clearly illustrated in the present situation in connection with ugliness; and it is desirable to get behind the merely superficial appearances and distinguish between the objections to them which are futile and those that are well grounded.

People are always finding out that things reputed ugly prove not to be so on better acquaintance. But what does this better acquaintance consist of? The truth obviously is that many things which appear ugly only do so because they are not understood. It is by their context men shall know them—the truth of their relation to their surroundings. It must occur to people who think about such things that they have often had the experience of genuinely new music which has repelled them at first because so much of it seemed positively ugly—and that when they knew it better and got more into touch with it, what appeared to be offensive in the ugliness passed away, and the uglinesses became among the most welcome features in the works implicated—because they were the proofs of original invention and thought. The composer has in such a case shown us something we did not know before. He has enhanced our range of artistic perception and added to the interest of existence. And what we thought to be uglinesses prove themselves to be the pledges of the service the composer has done us. And precisely the same experience must have happened to readers of really genuine poetry.

The test of the value of a man's work is whether it really enlarges the lives of his fellow men and makes them more worth living. Judged from this standpoint ugliness would seem to be one of the most beneficent provisions of nature. It is an incitement to attention, to grapple with something that may reward thinking about. The complacency of a work which sedulously avoids everything that might be described as ugly is soporific and soothing, but it does not enlarge men's lives much. It only ministers to the feeling of being comfortable. It is much better to realise that ugliness can be compatible with beauty; and that things which may appear ugly from one point of view may be beautiful from another.

But if we acknowledge that things are generally ugly only because we do not understand them, it is still possible that there may be things which are not only apparently ugly, but really so—that there are uglinesses which are positive and not merely contingent.

And in this connection it is as well to point out that it is not the least use trying to force meanings on words which are not in common acceptance.

Philosophers who devote themselves, as a preliminary, to trying to induce people to understand that they use words in their wrong significances, too often have to have monuments put up to commemorate works which they have not had time to begin.

It is not worth while to discuss the aptness or cogency of the term 'ugliness' as it is commonly used in disparagement of works of art which are not agreeable to the persons who use the word. We can possibly see our way without that.

But we must recognize that there are several ways of classifying uglinesses. And one of them is into ugliness of the letter and ugliness of the spirit—Ugliness in the manner of saying and in the thing said. And in this connection we must recall that music has changed its character and sphere comparatively recently. As long as it was a self-contained Art which had no reference to things divine or human outside itself, the range of discords and intervals of melody and of harmonic progressions was very limited, and anything which transgressed certain well-known conventions was ruled out as ugly and unbecoming. But when music became more and more the interpreter of human emotions, and of feeling and passion and of human dramatic situations, men could not do without a vast number of dissonances and jarring passages which seemed essential to the adequate expression of such things. Of such liberty Monteverde was the pioneer: and showed his determination, in his younger and more venturesome days, not to be debarred from using anything, however harsh and ungainly, which seemed appropriate and necessary to his purposes, and his pupil Cavalli followed in his steps. But after a while this venturesomeness was set back for a considerable time by the attitude of the complacent patrons of Opera, who did not want truthful interpretations of moving human situations, but merely pleasant entertainments; and composers gave up that kind of liberty because they wanted profitable patronage and not Art. It was in a quarter not patronized by such folk that the expansion of Art in the direction of wholesome and fruitful ugliness was sought; and of such expansion John Sebastian Bach was the greatest prototype. None of the conventional prohibitions concerned him in the least. But he did not seek ugliness for itself, nor for any base motive, but pointed out by implication that most of the things which were debarred on the grounds of ugliness were not ugly at all in a disagreeable sense, but only ugly when they were not understood. The result was natural. A few people who were under the spell of his astonishing artistic personality more or less felt the rightness of his attitude. But as soon as he was gone the world dispensed with him. No one dared to follow in his steps for nearly a hundred years, and it is only in quite recent times that men have grown to understand and find that his venturesomeness was amply justified. Here again the feeling of ugliness which people thought they suffered from, was merely the result of not understanding. It is very suggestive that this pause

should have taken place twice—once after Monteverde and once after J. S. Bach. And the reason chimes with our thesis. For it obviously was that the human mind was as yet insufficiently developed to understand what seemed to be ugly. In Bach's case too it was the composer who had the greatest depth of feeling and the widest scope of expression who was considered to be a dry, mechanical, bewigged old speculator in futile and unprofitable ingenuities. But long afterwards men found out better, and became more and more thankful for the things which had appeared ugly through lack of understanding; and which enlarged their lives and the possibilities of artistic experience when they got to understand. The expanded field, which the relation to things human afforded, gave room to justify many things which would have seemed and indeed really been ugly in abstract Art. And Bach's attitude illuminates all the tendencies of Art in the romantic period, and all the wild developments which followed its comparatively tranquil initiatives. Men say now that you cannot debar anything which expresses the subject the composer has in his mind. But in reality it is only a change of plane. Though nothing may be illegitimate as far as the letter is concerned, there may be much that is objectionable in the purpose for which it is used and the spirit which is expressed by it. There are things which offend physically and things that offend spiritually. The things which offend physically can pass away, but not the offences which come from falseness of intention or inadequacy of execution.

If we are not prepared to condemn Monteverde and Purcell and Bach for doing ugly things, the plea that things are inadmissible merely because they are ugly seems to break down. And people may argue that the same applies to the ugliness of our own time. But then comes the question, are not Monteverde and Purcell and Bach sometimes intrinsically ugly? And if we find it is so, the same may be likely with some of our own wild and heedless experiments. Monteverde and Purcell and Bach suffered from the lack of artistic methods in some directions, and they committed the same kind of uglinesses that composers commit in the present day when they speculate beyond the range of what they are sure of, and do things which are out of gear with the standard of their Art. Bach sometimes committed uglinesses when he persisted in treating the human voice as an instrument, and gave it things to do that were so nearly impracticable as to cause pain to those who witness the efforts of singers to cope with them. He committed ugliness when for lack of consideration he made certain aggressive instruments go on sounding in an accompaniment till they cause positive pain to the hearers. But he rarely committed uglinesses in instrumental music, because he was more sure of his ground. And in such examples we find a clue.

Some fortunate person hit upon the happy definition of dirt as matter in the wrong place. It seems likely enough that really repulsive ugliness is of the same nature as dirt. It is artistic

matter in the wrong place. We should realise this directly for ourselves, if any of us who had any sense of style heard Palestrina's, or Vittoria's, or Marenzio's, or Orlando Gibbons's music amplified by modern unprepared discords and chromatic passages to bring them within the comprehension of those who have no artistic intelligence. We should feel it if we heard Mozart's Symphonies brought up to date with combinations of alien tonalities, and simultaneous sounding of major and minor chords. We should feel it if Beethoven's Symphonies were brought up to date and amplified in a manner which would throw the exquisite balance and proportion of his greatest works utterly out of gear. The attitude of mind which is induced in hearers who are worthy of great masterpieces of the past when they submit themselves to their spell, would cause them to regard as offensively hideous the things which would be inconceivable to the minds which produced those masterpieces. The things which would have seemed ugly to the composers themselves would for the time being seem ugly and offensive also to them. And attempts to make great works of Art palatable to people who have no artistic understanding and no sense of elevation or greatness by introducing popular treatment, similarly destroys the finer aspects which appeal to the initiated, and makes the manipulations objectionable. It is a question of style, and of the influences which corrupt it.

The reason why the atrocities of style are becoming more and more universal and aggressive is, that commercialism and the desire for being taken notice of, try to accommodate artistic products to the largest number. The mental training of the largest number has not been such as to qualify them to distinguish the finest qualities of Art. Therefore the commercial object is to modify artistic products so as to attract promiscuous and indiscriminate appetites. And the question is—How do they do it? Commercial dealers in Art and their accomplices cannot modify Art-products by higher artistic processes. It is not in their province or in their capacity. There is no alternative then. All the modifications which commercial influence makes in Art-work is in the direction of shams.

Some of us may remember Ruskin's violent attack upon what is called wood-graining. Wood-graining is the painting of one kind of wood to make it look like another. It is the fruit of entire artistic incapacity and of the desire for cheapness—a purely commercial device. As Ruskin pointed out, all woods have their own ways of being effective in domestic architecture, and their own possibilities of treatment. And the lack of artistic sense which shirks the simple artistic problem for cheapness attains results which are merely ugly and offensive.

But this is only a type of the universal shams of commercial Art-supply; and there are many thousands of ways in which it is manifested in all arts whether of domestic furniture, architecture, paintings, sculpture or music. They pass muster as long as they are not understood, but as soon as

they are understood they become repulsive. So there comes to be a new classification of ugliness—into those which cease to be offensive when they are understood, and those which become more and more offensive the better they are understood. The first kind becomes more and more welcome the better it is known, and the latter the more detestable. The enormous expansion of methods and resources of Art in the past quarter-of-a-century has increased the possibilities of trespass in the range of ugliness. And we must look for the solution of the problem in the spirit in which the thing which strikes us as ugly is used.

If a man uses what at first sight seems an ugliness with obviously sincere and wholesome intention, his sincerity may make his ugliness not only pardonable but attractive—like the clumsinesses of some speaker whose mind is full of matter and who cannot get it out without a struggle. It becomes part of his personality. He does not use ugliness to attract attention or get an advertisement, but because he cannot get what he has in his mind said without.

But if he pours out insane uproar all about nothing, and purposely scarifies men's minds with violent, aggressive, or senseless procedures, and seeks out noises which have the sense and offensiveness of foul odours in order to get notice taken of himself, or notoriety, or mere profit, the uglinesses are manifestly in the wrong place, and are therefore offensive. They are in the wrong place when they are not put where they are with artistic intention, but on a baser impulse.

But these things are only to be discovered by development of understanding—and development of understanding is the business of education. And education has various phases, and some of them are not favourable to the development of understanding of things in general, but only of things within a limited range.

Owing to practical needs education of late tends to specialization; and even to specialization within specialization. And the danger of specialization is to narrow the outlook. Every specialist knows what is false and bad and cheap in his own branch, but is often at a loss in any other department. And the risk is accentuated by the fact that it is the easiest part of education to teach individual special subjects, and the most difficult and much the most important part is to develop the mind and the perception of relations. A man may be a very good specialist and a very bad judge of anything outside his own subject. And the effect of too much concentration being bestowed upon details is to produce an attitude of mind which is altogether unfavourable to Art and poetry and literature of a high order. Because Art is the perception of relations, and greatness in these things consists essentially in inviting the recognition of the thousands of different aspects in which things may appear, and the manifold human associations which are called up by the skill of the poet or musician; by forms of melody, types of harmonic progression, by phraseology and colour, and even some phases of form and method. One of the

most ominous features of the present phase of democracy is that so many people who belong to the classes which till now have had no outlook beyond the bare struggle for existence are incapable of coming into touch with the range of thought which is a necessary foundation of real greatness. Many things which should afford suggestions of emotional phases of centuries of preceding generations of human beings, leave them quite blank. The door has not been opened; and, unfortunately, mere specialization tends to keep it even more firmly shut. Attention can only be attracted by cheap devices such as make physical appeals, by startling explosions, and violent and aggressive effects of harmony. The mind is led to welcome the wrong kinds of ugliness, not those which may be dispelled by intelligence, but such as can be accepted by habit.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that splendid service is being done by the ardour for abolishing worn-out conventions, the dead obstructive matter which is worse than mere ugliness. Art progresses by the elimination of such obstructions; but the great progressive movements always have curious effects which are characteristic and suggestive; and the effect of the breaking up of conventions in recent times is quaintly appropriate. For anyone can discern that enormous numbers of people with limited understanding of Art take great delight in mere iridescence. And the connection of iridescence with the breaking up of anything is obviously very apt. For iridescence is generally the result of decomposition—and decomposition is generally accompanied by a good deal of gas. There is undeniably an enormous amount of gas about nowadays, and people who are only concerned with Art in a superficial manner have apparently lost sight of the fact that gas, even when used as an illuminant, is not the best method of illumination. It is not nearly so pure as the kinds of light which have more atmospheric origin—and it has a way of leaving dirt behind it—which is ugly. The gas which results from decomposition is not even useful for illumination. It is only a natural concomitant of iridescence, and attracts the undeveloped mind because it constantly suggests novelty. But it also follows from the inevitable conditions of things that such novelties are quickly evanescent. The great consolation in all the bewilderments of conditions which seem antagonistic to art, literature and drama is that things which are solid, sound and genuine, have lasting qualities, and the artificial uglinesses which are merely devised for unworthy purposes, and to attract the attention of crude and undeveloped minds, either rapidly disintegrate or become even more hopelessly conventional than the conventions which were, at least originally, founded on a reasonable basis. The end of the matter is that the uglinesses which are objectionable are such as are false in intention, the make-shifts of incapacity, the fruits of misconceptions and of purposes not genuinely artistic. They are matter in the wrong place, because their relation to their context adds nothing to their significance.

But there are uglinesses which are infinitely significant. Such delightful uglinesses and irregularities as express honestly the personalities of the men who produce them—uglinesses without which all the savour of Art would be gone. And these uglinesses are like the bacilli which exterminate the poisonous bacilli. For it is by the sincerity of personality, which expresses itself honestly in such uglinesses, that the noisome pretence of ugliness with a base motive at the bottom of it gets expelled from the scheme of things Musical.

No doubt this sounds rather like an invitation to men to seek out uglinesses and make them wilfully. But if they were sought out they would be false. The situation clears itself. The attempt to be ugly merely for the sake of being ugly would at once make the ugliness offensive. It would show either a lack of understanding or of honesty. And the lack of either of them is sufficient to prevent such uglinesses being among those that are welcome.

The presence of the offensive kinds of ugliness in Art is the penalty society pays for treating Art as negligible. It is the fruit of lack of understanding. Whatever people who are devoid of artistic sense may say, mankind cannot do without Art; and it often takes its revenge remorselessly for being slighted.

Mankind is mirrored in his Arts in his baser as well as his finer qualities. The uglinesses which represent fine qualities are welcome, and the uglinesses which represent incompetence, insincerity, stupidity, cunning, greediness, narrow-mindedness, and such unfortunate obliquities reveal to us things we could very willingly do without—though we are quite aware that we never shall.

A RUSSIAN COMPOSER OF TO-DAY: IGOR STRAVINSKY.

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

Igor Stravinsky is one of the youngest, but also the best, representatives of the actual Russian School whose vicissitudes have of late been so many and so confusing.

As soon as one studies the evolution of Russian music, one cannot help being struck by the fact that after a period of rapid progress—during which a few masters like Glinka, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Balakirev, Rimsky-Korsakov displayed surprising originality and, creating a style entirely their own, endowed musical art with new resources, new objects, and new vitality—came a period of reaction, due mostly to foreign influences; so that for a time it seemed that the School was fated to enjoy only the brief period of splendour for which it stood indebted to the few masters named (and accessorially to a few minor artists who more or less followed their lead), and thenceforth to comprise, according to Mr. César Cui's nice distinction, 'not properly Russian composers, but composers who were Russian.'

Without opening the vexed question of nationalism versus universalism in music, one may briefly aver that such a reaction was ominous, for the simple reason that the nationalist composers alone had created beautiful works and opened new paths; and it appeared deplorable to all lovers of Russian music that the younger men should have been led astray by a sort of self-consciousness and the false shame of remaining true Russians instead of adhering to the tenets of western (and in the particular case mostly German) conventions.

Mr. Stravinsky's chief merit is that he remains free from this dangerous prejudice. Russian born and Russian in spirit, he has no ambition but to assert his personality in the fullest and most independent way. He has eagerly drunk in the often misunderstood or forgotten message of Russia's greatest masters, and thereby learned to stand his own ground, exactly as they had done, and to a great extent by the same means. He has undergone no foreign influence, except perhaps to a slight extent that of the modern French 'impressionist' School—itself much influenced by the more progressive Russian musicians, like Borodin and Moussorgsky.* I would not venture to say that he is at present the only young Russian composer who shows himself not an imitator, but a continuator of the chiefs of the nationalist School; but assuredly he stands apart among his colleagues for the abundance, boldness and vigour of his imagination as well as for his command of craftsmanship; his originality is greater and at the same time more typical: he is the only one who has achieved more than mere attempts to promote Russia's true musical spirit and style.

Igor Feodorovitch Stravinsky, born June 5 (17), 1882, at Oranienbaum, near St. Petersburg, is the son of a singer whose renderings of the principal bass parts in Glinka's, Moussorgsky's, and Rimsky-Korsakov's operas remain justly famous. He studied composition as a private pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, but almost from the beginning showed himself far less conservatively minded than his master, who always was at great pains to reconcile freedom of fancy with sedulous discipline in diction, and thereby diverged more and more from the uncompromising leaders, Moussorgsky and Borodin. As far as brilliancy and love of the picturesque is concerned, Stravinsky remains the true disciple of Rimsky-Korsakov; but the details of his style show how deeply he has been impressed by works like Moussorgsky's songs and 'Boris Goudounov' or Borodin's symphonies. Rimsky-Korsakov appears to have found his young pupil's independence and daring rather startling, but not repellent; and when he heard for the first time the music of 'The Bird of fire' he is said to have tersely given vent to his feelings in this sentence; 'Look here, stop playing this horrid thing, otherwise I might begin to enjoy it.'

Mr. Stravinsky's first work—a work full of promise—is a Symphony in E flat major, finished in 1906. In 1907 appeared his 'Fantastic Scherzo'

* On this question see *New Music Review*, March, 1911: 'Conservatism and Progress in Russian Music.'—By M.-D. Calvocoressi.