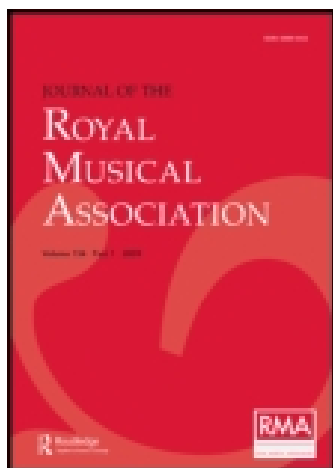


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## Permanent Musical Criteria

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JUNE 14, 1904.

T. L. SOUTHGATE, Esq.,  
IN THE CHAIR.

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*PERMANENT MUSICAL CRITERIA.*

BY DONALD FRANCIS TOVRY, B.A.

INTRODUCTION.

I MUST apologise for the misleading appearance of my synopsis, but a line of argument such as I propose to follow always looks more complicated and disjointed in a synopsis than it really is. The real argument may prove to be a series of logical steps so gradual and so obvious as to seem a pile of platitudes, while the synopsis, which can only give the chief points, and those only in the shortest possible phrases, may seem to be a bundle of paradoxes. The most popular work on a philosophical subject looks ten times as technical and crude in the synopsis than it is in the text; and I fear that I shall seem to have come before you under false pretences, having promised something very abstruse and new, whereas I have only a few very obvious ways of putting together the plainest general truths about music, and have nothing more to say except to emphasise these particular and very familiar ways of putting them together.

In every age there is a certain parallel between the tendencies of art and those of criticism; not the highest art, for only in a "golden age," like the sixteenth century in music, is the highest art not altogether exceptional; nor always the highest criticism, for this also is rare, but, generally speaking, whatever tendency or method marks the average art of the period will also mark the average criticism. In an age in which poetry consists chiefly of epigrams in heroic couplets, we may expect that the criticism of poetry will consist chiefly of a summary of the information a poem conveys, together with praise or blame of the metre. Such

criticism will not account for the finest poetry even of its own school, and it will be as useless for earlier poetry as for later: but it will represent the actual state of things fairly well—a stage at which poetry tends to consist of prose “hitched into verse.”

In the same way the tendencies of criticism in Beethoven's day were the tendencies of art. Not Beethoven's art; that was above all tendencies but its own. But, just as the Hummels and Woelffs and Steibelts and such small deer seem to be trying to produce sonatas that are merely longer and more brilliant in pianoforte technique than Mozart's, so the critics of the time seem to have regarded the progress of music as dependent entirely on the combination of a novel brilliance of sound with just so much elegant novelty of manner as was compatible with an appearance of obedience to laws of art supposed by the more progressive critics to be deduced from the works of Mozart. How far the ordinary critical canons of Beethoven's time were really based on Mozart, or on any other great composer, is a very dark question. At all events, most of the criticism that set Mozart above Beethoven worshipped as a genuine work of Mozart's that absurd volume of parochial choral-writing and bad grammar known as the “Twelfth Mass.” What is fairly clear is that Beethoven's typical musical contemporaries were, or wished to be thought academic, and that criticism tried to be academic also. And with composers and critics alike the result was success for the moment and failure for ever. Neither the critics nor the Eberls and Steibelts realized the true academic method which is based on the study of the classics of the art. The pseudo-academic spirit which possessed them is not based on the study of classics at all; it is based on names and reputations. It creeps into academies, but not because they are academies; it is as rife among progressive critics as among antiquarians. It is simply the *vis inertia* by which we remain with all our ordinary ways of thinking and read great works of art only in their light; and thus it is the reason why in each age ordinary art and ordinary criticism are counterparts.

At the present time there can be no doubt that the watch-word of the musical man in the street is “progress.” Also, with the so-called academic critics of the past before us in the pillory, we are in mortal dread of academicism, and it is not etiquette to say anything about music that could possibly seem as if it might have been said a hundred years ago. We try to avoid anything that looks like the mistakes of Beethoven's detractors; and some serious thinkers would have it that we fall into the other extreme. But do we? Is not the tendency to reduce great art to the terms of ordinary philistinism a thing that will survive every conceivable

change of subject-matter and critical manner? Can we become progressive by taking "progress" as our watchword, when we mean by it nothing more definite than the ideas of the man in the street? It seems likely that the typical criticism of the present age will be fundamentally like that of the past, based on mere current ideas, unable to give a true account even of what it most admires, and, even in its most universal criteria, curiously irrelevant to the works of any other period, past or future.

Are there, then, no permanent criteria? And if there are, where are they to be sought? One answer that is still constantly given and accepted is that the truth is to be reached by the study of the great masters: but this, of course, is promptly dubbed "the academic point of view," and is too often condemned merely for that bad name. Its real weakness has nothing to do with academicism, healthy or unsound; it results from a certain confusion of thought. The study of the great masters does not directly give us criteria for new works of art; it is simply necessary for the formation of good taste and for the development of any sort of faculty for understanding works of which the beauties may not be exhausted at a single hearing by the most indolent listener. Now, take the case of a keen and open-minded listener whose musical culture begins with Bach and ends with Schumann. To such a man the mental gymnastics of acquiring an ear for Palestrina would probably be far more severe than that of dismissing all impressions of Anti-Wagnerian reports and learning to love "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*"; for the vast new resources that would reveal themselves to him in every direction in Wagner's art would attract his attention even where they most bewilder him; while Palestrina's art, though still more remote from the everyday workings of the modern mind, would make, on a first acquaintance, a series of almost entirely negative impressions;—an apparent lack of almost every essential of classical music from Bach onwards, and no describable characteristic except that of vagueness of key. When these impressions are crowded out by the vivid enjoyment that comes from familiarity with Palestrina's art there is a great quickening of one's sense of harmony, tonality, vocal effect, and (little as we acknowledge it) rhythm; and this for two reasons; firstly because one has come into contact with these great musical principles at an earlier stage of development than one had recognised hitherto, a stage in which they show less of those external attractions which in later works catch the wandering attention of our work-a-day minds, too often to keep it for ever on the surface; and secondly because, early as this stage of development is, it is not archaic, but mature; it is a stage in which all that each work of art

contains is clearly and adequately expressed. Nothing like such a quickening of one's musical sensibilities could be obtained by the study of the archaic works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, or the transitional and experimental works of Monteverde, though such things are far more remote from our ways of thinking and are immensely interesting from many points of view. But they could no more take the place of Palestrina in one's musical culture than Sanskrit can take the place of Greek.

It is clear, then, that the study of classics, including the earliest classics, is by no means unconnected with the question of permanent criteria, since it develops that very elasticity of mind on which the catholicity of ideal criticism must depend. But it is equally clear that the mere study of classics will not of itself lead to a criterion, and we know that it has in fact often led to an incurable habit of treating new works as if they were old ones gone wrong. The permanent criteria must already lie behind our study of the classics—indeed, they must obviously be our means of determining what works are classics to begin with.

And now, with your permission, I propose to run very briefly over the line of argument of which the synopsis gives such an inadequate and unprepossessing account. I have tried to clear the ground by thus much introduction, in the forlorn hope of removing the impression which must be produced by a synopsis of an argument of which the convincingness depends just on those obvious steps which a synopsis must omit.

### I.—THE WORK OF ART.

In the first place, then, whatever may be the case with the criteria of poetry or the plastic arts, the range of music is so enormous that our only safe course is to begin with something that is true of all works of art whatever. The difference between the "*Missa Papæ Marcelli*" of Palestrina and the "*Heldenleben*" of Richard Strauss is too great to be bridged over by anything less at the outset. Even such general musical notions as harmony, melody, and rhythm, must come later.

What is a work of art? We must not mistake the nature of this question by trying to answer it in an epigram, or even by bursting out with an artist's warm-hearted confession of faith. We only want to arrive at a definition that is true of all works of art, and such a definition need not offend us if it seems a very poor and cold thing, for it must of course ignore all that makes one work differ from another. What, then, is peculiar to works of art and at the same time common to them all? If we take the only safe guide, our own experience of works of art, I think we shall find that we

derive from them all a certain sense of vividness and completeness. They all ultimately aim at being vivid and complete;—we may be slow or quick to recognize these qualities, and the works may more or less fail to attain them; but these qualities are common to all works of art. Everything else, such as, for instance, "emotional appeal," will be found to be either absent from some undoubtedly important works of art or else of very doubtful position in them. A great cathedral, for example, does produce a strong emotional effect on many persons; but there is good reason for saying that the emotion is not in the cathedral itself but is an effect of it on the spectator.

At all events there can be no harm in accepting these two qualities of vividness and completeness as the common elements in all works of art. A drama is a work of art made of a representation of human experiences; the experiences may be more or less remote from ordinary life: but whether they are supernatural and heroic, or squalidly realistic, they must differ from ordinary life by a vividness of presentation which is not like mere memory, and a completeness and finality which is not like any personal experience at all.

Another way of looking at it is to compare art with science. All logical thought presupposes perfect consistency in the universe; and science aims at the obviously unattainable goal of realizing this perfect consistency everywhere. But though this is unattainable, though the finite cannot realize the infinite, yet the human mind can continue through all human lifetimes realizing more and more of this perfect consistency where it had before seen only chaos and contradiction. Go to the man of science who has just discovered new chemical elements that verify a law he had long hoped to formulate, and see if you can discourage him by pointing out that the unknown will always be greater than the known. You will find him at the height of his earthly happiness, and all you will have told him is that he can go on realizing more of such happiness for ever. He knows that the universe is consistent whether he can realize it or not; he is devoted to the task of realizing that consistency; he has now seen order where before he could only see chaos, and his belief in the harmony of the infinite whole has gained fresh strength.

Now what the artist does is in one sense the opposite and in another the analogue of this work of science. He is no more able than the man of science to realize the consistency of an infinite universe, nor is there anything in his own finite experience that does not at some point or other connect itself with the infinite whole. But there is much in human experience that may be, so to speak, cut off from the rest and rearranged until it bears investigation as a thing complete and perfectly consistent in itself. And this is what we call a

work of art. The completeness must be in all directions; there must not be a complexity and development in one line that is not deduced by the rest of the whole: you cannot, for example, make a work of art out of a chess-problem, for no amount of analysis will show any relation between the shapes of the men and their moves, nor indeed would a lifetime of looking at all the chess-problems in the world enable anyone unacquainted with the moves of chess to guess them or their reason. The work of art must speak for itself; it may need long familiarity; it may even be so difficult that familiarity can only be attained in a lifetime by those whom wide and deep experience of works of art has made quick to grasp the meaning of new art; but in the last resort a work of art depends for its intelligibility on no special technical knowledge, on no connection with other works of art, on nothing but its own treatment of materials that belong to other works only in so far as they belong to humanity itself. This completeness and consistency may best be described as organic unity. When the tests of such an organic whole are successfully fulfilled the work of art is a permanent source of a kind of satisfaction peculiar to it and different from the satisfaction of science. Like a scientific discovery, a work of art strengthens our belief in the existence of infinite and perfect consistency, by showing us perfection and consistency where without it we could only see something comparatively chaotic. But it does not, like the scientific discovery, point to fresh triumphs in the same field; in one sense it is narrower, because it logically and literally shows us nothing beyond itself; but in another sense it is higher than science, because by being organic and perfect it becomes to us a type of nothing less than the very organic unity and perfection of the infinite whole—that sea-shore on which science gathers its pebbles, that perfection to which science looks but which it can never comprehend.

It is important to note that this view does not imply that art need always be optimistic. Art may present to us a world made up of human experiences, and may impress us most powerfully with the grandeur and perfection of that world without for a moment implying that the happiness of the human beings therein concerned is the axis on which that world revolves. The great Greek tragedies, for example, are very far from encouraging any such view. They represent human beings as perishing by a fate that is brought on them, it may be, by their very nobility of character. The flaw in the tragic hero's character that brings his doom upon him is not necessarily a thing to be recognized as a moral defect in any ordinary sense of the word, but it is something which unfits him for a prosperous life in the world of which he is a part; and in a true classical tragedy the more immediately



our sympathies are appealed to by the character of the hero, the more irresistibly are we compelled to feel that his world, his destiny, of which he is both the instrument and the victim, is something grander and higher than any possible gratification of our immediate sympathies. A true tragedy is thus the very opposite of those eminently successful attempts to make us feel miserable that have in all ages been accepted as eligible substitutes for tragic appeal. Compare, for example, Berlioz's "*Faust*" with Goethe's.

The perfect work of art is, then, a finite and detached organism, showing us an analogue of some such completeness and consistency as we vainly but inevitably and rightly aspire to see in life and in the universe. The work of art is, in short, a microcosm. No array of evidence from imperfect works, efforts of crude realism, novels with a purpose, architectural designs that serve some purely practical end, such as bridges, can impugn the truth of this view. The novel with a purpose is read where the Blue-book is not. Why? Because it does not deal with its purpose like a Blue-book, but, however imperfectly, like a work of art. Good art or bad, it is art with its sacrifice of completeness of circumstance to completeness of impression.

It would be not only interesting but, for the sake of removing many of the difficulties of the subject, desirable to illustrate this view further, but time presses, and I must ask your permission to take this definition as settled and to proceed with certain important inferences from it.

## II.—LAWS OF ART.

Firstly, then, if a work of art is a detached organism, or a microcosm, no two works can be made of exactly the same materials or of materials treated in exactly the same way.

Secondly, there is on the other hand no saying how much may be common to many different works; for the slightest differences in material and treatment may serve to distinguish one work of art from another. Take, as a crude instance of the enormous amount of material that may be common to even more than one group of arts, the fact that language, with all its complex laws and resources, is common to all literature; and that if we wish to distinguish the whole group of poetic art-forms from the forms of prose we must add to this all the things that distinguish poetic diction and rhythm from prose. Or, again, in a narrower field, take the very large mass of information we need to collect before we can arrive at a statement of the general principles of sonata form—information which would be true of some thousands of extant sonatas, a good four or five hundred of which are undoubted classics.

From these two considerations we may in passing draw further important inferences as to the nature of *originality*. Originality is often treated as if it were an easy criterion to handle: but a little reflection will show that its use in popular parlance does not conduce to accuracy or enlightenment. In the true sense of the word originality is essential to every work of art: this is a direct inference from the statement that no two works can have exactly the same materials and treatment. But the popular sense of the word seems to be little more than a notion of obvious novelty, perhaps tempered (to the "academically-minded") by another vague notion of "legitimacy." And this is absolutely useless as a criterion: for one of the surest signs of a really independent and artistic mind is a complete indifference to a thing's "having been done before" so long as it is the right thing in the right place. No great artist ever avoided a thing merely because it was old; to do so would be to submit to as low a slavery as pedantry ever devised. Time forbids the further working out of this point, and we must now take the next step in the argument and lead as rapidly as may be to our conclusions.

From these two principles, the independence of each work of art, and the possibility of many works on similar material, spring all those principles that appear, with more or less deceptiveness, to be fundamental laws of art. Now, much that has been deduced from the common material of many works is of great value within its limits, since all results of modest and methodic observation have their use. But it is apt to lead to that most dangerous chimera of criticism—the conception of Art, with a capital A, as a whole—a sham universe, of which criticism is the science. We cannot take our stand too firmly on the denial of this doctrine. Art as a whole does not and never will exist. All the works of art that ever were and ever will be written will not make a whole; but each individual work is professedly a whole, in so far as it is art, and it must, like our ideal view of the universe, stand or fall by its own consistency.

The tendency to treat Art like a kind of science is responsible for a great variety of effective but unsound criticism. Take, for example, one of the most prominent topics of modern musical conversation—the question of programme-music. Probably more breath is wasted in trying to demolish the "symphonic poem" as an art-form by *a priori* metaphysics than has ever been wasted in musical party-politics since the war of the Gluckists and Piccinnists. And with the first symphonic poem in which the music shall have, so to speak, digested its programme, as, in a simpler and more purely musical way Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and "Lebewohl" Sonata have digested theirs, the whole pile of bad

metaphysics will drift back to its native limbo. The only question that can ever be discussed with any real accuracy and soundness is whether this particular symphonic poem is so far consistent and beautiful that it justifies its existence as a work of art; the general question as to the "legitimacy" of such programme-music may be interesting and may lead to valuable observations, but it is intrinsically absurd. It is like asking whether a bridge can be of artistic design so long as it is available for traffic; and it may be disposed of by the same answer. So long as the engineering technique of bridge-building is in such a stage that under the given conditions it cannot produce beautiful lines, then your bridge cannot be artistic without becoming unsafe; but as soon as the engineering can result in beautiful lines, then the finest bridge will be as great an artistic as a mechanical triumph.

The Forth bridge is a colossal piece of engineering, but makes no pretensions of an artistic kind. The new bridge over the Rhine at Bonn has a girder which is of immense interest to engineers and is far more satisfactory to the artistic eye than the decorations of the towers that are intended to be unfettered art. And so with the symphonic poem. If its music can carry the programme without buckling and splitting, well and good. But if the music is always stopping to make a noise illustrative of something in the programme, and the programme is always stopping for the music to finish its musical design, then this particular symphonic poem is a failure. But we cannot safely infer from this that symphonic poems are impossible, any more than we could infer it from the mere fact that in any given symphonic poem the music and the programme were each vulgar in themselves. And as soon as we try to draw any such general inferences we shall very likely be confronted by some new piece of programme music in which every element is perfectly in place and the whole as harmonious as any classic.

The simplest examples are often the best in such matters, and we have an obvious case at hand in the familiar facts as to the choice of key for the second subject in the sonata form. Imagine for a moment the point of view of an orthodox critic addicted to a *a priori* quasi-scientific inductive generalizing, living just a hundred years ago and making the acquaintance of Beethoven's C Major String Quintet. He would feel that if ever there was evidence for a law of art there was enough to establish a law that in the modern sonata form the second subject of a major movement was always in the dominant; for he could not find a single instance to the contrary, though almost all instrumental music since the rise of non-polyphonic forms took the shape of some kind of sonata. And just as this

"law" seems proved by something before which old-fashioned logicians would have fallen down in worship as a "perfect induction," up rises Beethoven and produces great works in which the second subject is inevitably and rightly in the sub-mediante. There is no deriving any fixed artistic laws except from the necessities of the organisation of the particular work in hand. If Mozart wrote several hundred binary movements with the second subject in the dominant, that was simply because on several hundred separate occasions that was the right way to treat the material of the work in hand. No doubt it was so obviously right, and had been right so long before Mozart's own time, that it was not a matter for deliberation at all; but the difference between a great artist and a feeble one is just this, that no amount of custom can make the great artist cease to do the right thing in the right place, whether that thing seem new or old, while the average artist tends to become a slave to custom, either directly, by always doing what is usual, or indirectly, by always doing the opposite. As soon as Beethoven's material became so far different from Mozart's that the key-system was involved, the question of the complementary key for the second subject ceased to have only one answer to it; but it is quite possible that if Beethoven had not produced works in which remoter complementary keys were necessitated by his material, some would-be progressive lesser lights might have taken to using such keys for no better reason than that they were bored by the dominant, and with no real sense of their value in relation to the material of the work.

There are, then, general and permanent artistic laws, but only in so far as there are laws universally true of all organic unity. If there is any law at all for such a special matter as the key for a second subject in a binary movement, it must be a law which compels the first movement of the "Waldstein" Sonata to take the mediant for the same reason as it compels that of the "Jupiter" Symphony to take the dominant. And we should probably find, if we tried to work the matter out, that our law would be little more than the plain statement that the complementary key must be so chosen and asserted as to contribute its proper share to the harmonic and tonal scheme of the whole.

Let us try to find one or two more laws, a little more valuable than this. We shall do better with matters that are not peculiar to one art-form. The nearer we come to some great and universal element of music or art, the more definite will be the true laws that we can deduce as principles of organic unity.

One most universal principle of this kind will occur to us readily; the principle of economy of material. In a perfect organic unity no part is superfluous or inadequate for its

function. The universal truth of this as a law of art is as obvious as daylight, and it is one of the soundest of popular and academic criteria in the discussion of such matters as orchestration, and the display of virtuosity, whether in instrumental technique or in the devices which persons unacquainted with polyphonic music call contrapuntal. A very good illustration, curious in its sharp contrast with all the other aspects of the exquisite art in which it occurs, is the violoncello part of all Haydn's Pianoforte Trios; a survival of the practice which (according to W. Rüst) seems to have been in favour in Bach's time, of using a violoncello to double the bass in sonatas for violin and harpsichord. The effect, with a harpsichord, and with polyphonic music where the bass is almost throughout melodically valuable, was excellent; and the violoncello part, though the composer never troubled to write it out, was no more obtrusive or superfluous than are the leaded outlines in a stained-glass window. But with music in the harmonic style, and especially with the pianoforte, such a violoncello part is an unmitigated nuisance. When these trios were played with the harpsichord the bass must have revealed itself as not at all the sort of thing that ought to be so brought out; and with the pianoforte it sounds better only because the style is much more pianoforte than harpsichord and the violoncello becomes less audible. But there can be no doubt that if the example of some recent players were followed up and these trios played as violin-sonatas, a very great mass of superb music would be restored to a public that has long forgotten its existence.

Again there are obviously many questions of consistency of style which are so clearly matters of organic unity that we may safely deduce laws from them. But let us now turn to something more peculiarly musical. Take one of the elementary precepts of musical grammar, the rule that forbids consecutive fifths, and see if we can find a permanent law behind this. Obviously the rule itself is not a permanent law as it stands; for we have only to take such a familiar passage as this from the "Waldstein" Sonata:—



and we find, not only that the fifths from the bass are not offensive, but that they are absolutely necessary to the correctness of the passage, since without them the chords

sound rough with double thirds and leading-notes, and top-heavy above and thin below. Now we are entitled to expect some permanent law about fifths since they are, next to octaves, the most elementary and universal things in music; but, whatever this law may be, it must be capable of producing the opposite results of such a necessity for consecutive fifths as we find in this pianoforte passage, and such a total impossibility of anything of the sort as we find in contrapuntal choral-writing. And, of course, it must be a result of the nature of the fifth itself. We have only to turn to the explanation usually given for the prohibition of consecutive octaves, and we shall find ourselves in possession of half the truth. Casual consecutive octaves are forbidden because they cause the parts that indulge in them to double each other so as to lose independence, weaken the harmony, and reinforce each other without rhyme or reason. And this is really precisely the ground for the objection to consecutive fifths, and the matter is only slightly obscured by the fact that in modern harmony the fifth suggests a skeleton of a common-chord, so that we do not think of it simply as an interval in which parts can be non-harmonically doubled, as people thought in the days of Diaphonia. But it still retains its character as an interval of low harmonic value, an interval compressed from the twelfth. And the twelfth is, like the octave, a mere reinforcing by the upper note of some of the harmonics of the lower. Thus, two parts that move in fifths reinforce each other just like parts moving in octaves, and the whole legislation on the subject of these forbidden consecutives resolves itself into the general principle that where parts are independent their integrity must not be violated. Now this principle is not always very simple in its application, for though in the sixteenth century parts always were independent, they are very often not so in modern music; and, again, the fifth is not always such a simple fact in modern harmony that the ear will recognise its primitive effect as a mere reinforcing of a fundamental note; and, lastly, there may be a complexity of causes for independence of parts to be revealed and obscured in momentary changes that can only be explained by patient analysis, though the effect may be of the most unobtrusively simple kind. But in that passage from the "Waldstein" Sonata the case is clear enough; the inner parts are not "real." Between the treble and bass, which are real, the chords are, so to speak, solidified into *lumps*; they are not the direct result of the motion of separate parts, but are *mere* chords, treated as if they existed without reference to the origin of all modern harmony in counterpoint. Omit any of the inner parts, and the texture of the others becomes revealed as part-writing of which the independence is not properly

maintained. Thus these fifths are here necessary to prevent the occasion in which the law against them comes into force. The process by which chords have attained this condition is exactly the same as that which takes place in language when expressions which at one time were felt to be highly figurative come to be used quite as a matter of course; such expressions as make so vast a difference between the whole manner and thought of modern English and ancient Greek; such as (to quote an example from a Greek grammar book), our way of saying "I took pleasure in her society," where the Athenian would have said "I was pleased being with her."

I have gone into the details of this very familiar subject, not with any chimerical idea of saying anything that would be new to you, but simply in order to illustrate the fact that behind even the most inelastic grammatical rule there is some real and universal principle which is capable of accounting for things diametrically opposed to the crude rule.

### III.—PROGRESS AND ACHIEVEMENT.

Such principles will survive all the changes brought about by the progress of music; indeed they are the very cause of progress. What, after all, is the progress of art? Certainly not the same as the progress of science. In science the new theories supersede the old; but a great work of art is never superseded. It stands by its own consistency. The symphonies of Beethoven have not superseded those of Mozart; for what difference can it make to the perfection of a Mozart symphony that Beethoven afterwards produced equally perfect symphonies on a larger scale? The only indisputable fact in art to which the name of progress can be applied is that fundamental principle which we deduced from the nature of organic unity, the principle that every perfect work of art must differ in material and treatment from every other, according as is necessary for maintaining its own identity. And if we apply this principle to some of the great names in musical history we shall find the results to be very varied indeed. It would not be difficult to find half a dozen cases of progress which would show us as many diametrical oppositions in various categories. Take six of the greatest names in musical history, all of them famous as pioneers of progress: Monteverde, J. S. Bach, C. P. E. Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, and Wagner. I think it will be found that "progress" means an entirely different thing in each case. Monteverde is a maker of history, but although it needs great artistic power to make such history as he made, the fact remains that he never produced a work of art that can stand by its own consistency. He may be said to have discovered all the possibilities of modern music without

discovering how to use any one of them. Imagine a colour-blind draughtsman with an exquisite power of using light and shade, and when he is at the climax of his mastery let some magician open his eyes to the full perception of colour. It will be a long time before he can make "head or tail" of his new sensations, and if he were allowed to see no mature coloured art to save him from being lost in his new world as in a chaos, his first attempts at the use of colour would be quite as crude as Monteverde's attempts at non-polyphonic music with unessential discords. The parallel does not work out much farther; but it is at least true that the progress of Monteverde is as the progress of such a painter, and, grateful as we may be to Monteverde for making the art of Bach, and all else that we have loved since, possible, we can see that it is in neither an artistic nor a scientific sense that we can speak of his work as an "advance" on Palestrina's. It is, in fact, a colossal descent from Palestrina, a descent that was necessary before any "advance" could be made. In terms of true progress, the art of Palestrina had gone on producing works healthily different from each other, and the time was drawing near (though not so near that Vittoria and Anerio, and even Orlando Gibbons, could not continue the work for more than another generation yet) when no more such vital difference was possible without using material that had been inadmissible within the limits of pure modal harmony. And with such close limits and simple resources the art was very fragile. This was a Golden Age, and Monteverde's unprepared seventh was a key powerful enough to unlock the box of Pandora and let out all the ill music has since been heir to. But it let out the hope of a Bach, a Beethoven, a Wagner, and all that has since been great and noble; though it could not let out a foreknowledge of when these great men were to arise, or of how contemporaries might recognize them in their midst. And during the hundred-odd years between Palestrina's work and Bach's, progress was mainly historic rather than artistic. Later works superseded earlier like scientific theories, because they really were more like true works of art than the earlier. Small art-forms, like the *Da Capo* Aria and the Italian Sonata da Chiesa arose rapidly and strangled themselves in their own conventionality. But of true increase of range there is hardly a trace.

Now, let us ask, in what sense is J. S. Bach progressive? He shows a most radical advance on his predecessors in this, that his works stand permanently as works of art, whereas theirs need a sympathetic allowance for their inevitable immaturity. A Bach Toccata is a thing of perfect growth and irresistible climax. A Buxtehude Toccata is a mass of noble music from point to point, but at its best it barely saves itself from breaking up, and at less than its best it is



obviously patchy. Thus the difference between Bach and his predecessors is as radical as that between Monteverde and Palestrina, but it is in the opposite direction. Then, take the progress in Bach's own lifetime. We need not stop to knock an extra nail into the coffin of the once prevalent notion that Bach's style never changed; the difference between an early work like "Gott ist mein König," with its massive style so suggestive of what Handel might have confined himself to if he had never left Germany, and a very late one such as (speaking from recollection) I suppose "Jesu, der du meine Seele" to be, with its extraordinary terseness of form and concentration of expression; such a difference is not less than that between two different great workers in the same art-forms. True, the difference does not amount to any very marked change in the forms themselves. But it is real, and it is progressive. It is the result of the inner organic necessity of each work to differ from its predecessors; and the question whether the forms can be seen to change in obvious and large aspects is quite secondary and often a mere source of confusion.

With Bach's son, Philipp Emanuel, history takes a fresh direction. Here we have again quite a different type of progress. It is not that Sebastian Bach's art-forms can no longer continue without alteration as types for works of art that differ healthily from each other. Philipp Emanuel is not (at least, in the work he values most) concerned to alter his father's art-forms; he is occupied with something quite different, with forms in which his father took only a passing interest, but in which he himself and his contemporaries see dazzling new possibilities. Unfortunately, new possibilities are almost all that he does see (at least, while he is composing; as a devout believer in his "seliger Vater" he is sound enough). And new possibilities without old actualities will not make permanent art. He is a consummate master of a certain kind, and his new art is not, except in remoter possibilities than even he dreamt of, a thing of very unmanageable range. And so there is a world of difference between his progress and Monteverde's. He is not struggling with a chaos of new sensations; he is a man of genius, inventing amusing scientific toys on the basis of discoveries for which scientific theory is not yet ready. Philipp Emanuel's structures were, like such scientific toys, hailed by the cultivated musical observers of his day as far more progressive and enlightened than the "crabbed" and "unnatural" contrapuntal speculations of his father (*vide* Burney, *passim*). They were indeed very brilliant and immensely suggestive to contemporaries; but they were very shaky underground, and the best years of Haydn's adolescence were sacrificed to the task of underpinning the foundations of their new forms. And not till Haydn had

reached nearly the age at which Mozart died did his own art become free to make the true progress by which each work differs from every other. Here, then, we have yet a fourth kind of historic progress; that in which the artist is neither trying fresh experiments (not that Haydn was not constantly doing so) nor playing with new toys, but simply working like an ordinary student to attain ordinary mastery in a subject which no living man can teach. The difference between Haydn's early and later work is, roughly speaking, the difference between exercises and art. To his early contemporaries he must have been a strange puzzle. They must have wondered to see a man of his ability apparently lagging so hopelessly behind his friends Boccherini and Dittersdorf, who worked so directly towards the attainment of a "charming individuality" of style. How could they foresee that this "charming individuality" led to stagnation while Haydn's plodding led to—Creation?

With Beethoven progress seems to start out in all directions, and all of them lead to truth. The real fact is that in his case the differences between one work and another are evident in outward form, and the range covered by each work increases with enormous rapidity throughout his career. But his early works certainly do not stand towards the later as exercises to works of art: they are perfect masterpieces of smaller range. What is right for them would be inadequate for the later: what is right for the later would be nonsensical in the earlier. At bottom, Beethoven's vast progress is essentially the same as Bach's and Palestrina's. The difference is purely one of degree, and lies simply in the extreme obviousness of the changes in art-forms and the enormous increase in range of thought. It is purely artistic and is accomplished without a trace of the chaotic struggles of Monteverde, the sketchy suggestiveness of Philipp Emanuel Bach, or the touchingly modest self-negation of certain aspects of Haydn's early work.

Our last example is Wagner. Does any intelligent admirer of Wagner believe that the progress in his work is the same as in any of the cases we have just reviewed? There is surely quite a different element in it. There is, no doubt, the gradual attainment of mastery from crude beginnings, as with Haydn; there is also a wonderful increase in range of thought and development of form, as with Beethoven. And there is also, as with all great art, that true artistic progress which we see in Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, and the other greatest of classics, where it is the individuality of the work that accounts for all its difference from its fellows. But is there in any of these other cases that element which is so wonderful in Wagner's whole career, the partial presence and gradual eradication of things that come of lower and baser

ideals? Beethoven may have lost sympathy with his earlier work; but could he ever have felt that he had attained a low but eminently secure mastery in a style so utterly unworthy of his own true ideals as large tracts of *Tannhäuser*, and such brilliant outbursts of vulgarity as the *Vorspiel* to the third act of *Lohengrin* are unworthy of Wagner's? If these things were badly executed, the progress of Wagner would be far less marvellous. It is their mastery that constitutes the miracle. They are crude only in relation to Wagner's highest ideals; and only the very greatest and clearest comprehension of these ideals could have enabled Wagner, with all his (in some directions) tremendous force of character so to eliminate them, with all their fascinating successfulness, that in the *Meistersinger* not a trace of anything but the most refined thought is left.

If progress in art can mean such entirely different things as we find in these six cases, we may see how absurd it is to think that we have successfully pigeon-holed such a new factor in modern music as the work of Dr. Richard Strauss by calling it progressive! Is Strauss a Philipp Emanuel Bach, a Monteverde, a Beethoven, or any of the dozens of other types of *Vorwärtsmann* that might be cited? Only the intimate study of each individual work of his will give us an answer.

It now remains to fulfil the last promise of my *Synopsis*, and to attempt in a few words a classification of composers according to their grasp of that organic unity which we have here regarded as the universal criterion of art. We must bear in mind certain practical considerations, or our classification will become unmanageable. We must, for example, disregard inequalities in a composer's output, for we cannot be certain of the causes which lead him to do less than his best; and his best is, after all, the only work that expresses his full meaning most adequately. It would surely be repugnant to our feelings if, supposing the lost seventy plays of *Æschylus* were discovered and turned out to be greatly inferior to the extant seven, our estimate of *Æschylus* were no longer permitted to be grounded on those seven, but were forcibly reduced to an average based mainly on the inferior majority.

On the whole it will be as well to put the question not in the form "Who are the greatest composers?" but rather "Who shows the highest type of mind?" We shall thus be spared the endless and vexatious doubts that arise when we remember how this composer was cut off in his prime, or that other one had to work for years in a transition period of art, an Egyptian bondage of making bricks without straw. Moreover, the very question "Who is the greatest composer?" is somewhat suggestive of the heresy against which

most of this argument is directed, the heresy that works of art can be safely and finally criticised by comparing them with each other, instead of by seeing how each fulfils the law of its own being. Again, we must beware of drawing false inferences from the range covered by a composer's work, or we shall find ourselves putting writers of small modern lyrics above the greatest composers of earlier ages. There is no doubt that the slightest modern lyric, even the simplest melody harmonized and accompanied within the limits of Mozart's art, goes incomparably beyond the utmost conceivable range of Palestrina's art in every musical and expressive category: and there is no reason for denying that many modern lyrics are exceedingly perfect works of art. But this does not make their composers greater than Palestrina. The range of the work is no criterion in this form. It becomes a criterion only when we put the question "Does the composer cover the whole ground implied by the terms of his art, or is he confined to some narrower aspect of it?" In this light Palestrina triumphs on the very matter of range itself. His work is limited by nothing less than the whole art that it implies. Modal harmony, pure choral polyphony, every one of its limitations is the very reverse of an outward and ascetic restraint. Beyond those limitations there is, according to the very terms of Palestrina's art, no music at all; the art of music is the art of pure modal choral writing, and is perfectly complete and mature. Palestrina is no specialist, though he wrote so little secular music. It is not "specializing" to devote oneself chiefly to the highest possibilities of one's art; and such secular music as Palestrina did write shows that it is no incapacity that prevented him from writing more; and indeed it would be a singularly absurd pedantry that would deny the wonderfully modern dramatic and poetic secularity of expression of a motet like "Quid habes, Hester," merely on the ground that the story of Esther is Biblical.

If we take the ground already suggested—that what we are to look for is the evidence of a certain universality of mind, a mind that neglects nothing that is implied by the terms of the art in which it was born to work—Palestrina has a clear claim to his established place among the greatest of immortals, with Bach and Beethoven. And for the same reason I can see not the smallest evidence against the claim of Haydn and Mozart to a position in the same seventh heaven. I see not the least reason to doubt that theirs is that greatness of mind which grasps the whole truth of the work in hand. That Beethoven followed them with equally perfect work of incomparably greater range is indisputable, but irrelevant. That Beethoven's work is ostensibly in the same art-forms, or that he was actually Haydn's pupil, need give us no difficulty; for we

have already seen that it is only in a loose and convenient way of speaking that art-forms have any existence apart from their embodiment in individual works of art, and that true originality is not a question of mere novelty or absence of traceable connection with past teaching. The greatness of Beethoven's mind is not incompatible with the greatness of Mozart's and Haydn's. To compare minds of this order is really not logical; it is like comparing different kinds of infinity, such as an infinite plane with infinite space of three dimensions; or like comparing a sunset with a flower.

If we keep to our plan of looking rather to evidence of greatness of mind than to perfection of extant achievement, I cannot help thinking that Schubert will be found to deserve a far higher place than ordinary orthodox opinion gives him. As a song-writer his consummate attainments have never been disputed, and this alone would make him one of the very greatest of artists with a special province; but his instrumental music makes him something higher. True, it shows almost every possible defect of technique and consistency; but our evidence for greatness of mind must be positive and not negative, and there is no defect in Schubert's larger works so glaring that it may not be cancelled in our estimation by some brilliant example where the missing quality is presented as only the greatest minds can conceive it. Time forbids dwelling further on the details of this subject, and I hasten to the end of this scheme.

On a lower plane than that of the whole-minded classics we may place the men with a special province. It is impossible to regard a great lyric-writer like Chopin as either an imperfect artist or a classic of the greatest kind. His representative works are wonderfully perfect in themselves, and that is all that we can require of a work of art. But they represent only a small part of the art which their existence implies. The very existence of Chopin's own instrument, the pianoforte, and, still more, his tremendous development of its resources, implies vast fields of other instrumentation and form in which he took only a cultivated spectator's passing interest, and at which it never occurred to him to do a stroke of work. That is not like a Palestrina or a Beethoven. No one supposes that it is wrong: but it is a good reason for regarding such a mind as belonging to a less than supreme order.

Before leaving the specialists we must make a careful note of an important kind of art that is neither on the higher classical plane nor confined to a special province, nor, in any ordinary sense, imperfect in design or execution. In a true classic the matter and form are one: whatever simplicity of organization there may be in any one category will be in a perfectly natural relation to the organization of the rest. But in the kind of work now to be mentioned there is a deliberate

sacrifice of some important aspect of organization : no mere oversight or clumsiness of design, but an *artificial* limitation not a natural result of the range of material. It is necessary to the work, or, rather, to the composer, for without thus simplifying his task he feels unable to execute large designs. Thus it is not for a moment to be confused with a mere affectation of simplicity. A familiar comparison will show all that is necessary to say about this kind of art. Take the opening of Mozart's "Paris" Symphony: we need not commit ourselves to the view that this is a perfect work, but it is at least the early effort of a very great man. You cannot hear half the first line without feeling that this kind of assertion of tonic and dominant implies the simplest and clearest possible form—harmony, colour, and sentiment. Those first eight bars are repeated. Exactly? No; the repetition is very effectively expanded. With all its simplicity, Mozart's material is too highly organized for anyone but Mozart himself to guess exactly how it shall be treated.

Now take the beginning of Schumann's Quintet. At once you feel that this is modern music, modern in sentiment, key, tone, and everything. Not quite everything, however. In the first page you already feel that the rhythm is more uniformly square and the sequences more rigid than anything in classical music; and by the time you reach the second subject you realize that this is no blunder, but an artificial limitation resulting in work of a new kind and with a beauty which, though not of the highest type, you would be sorry to lose. Surely such work ought to raise Schumann to a somewhat higher place than he already deserves as one of the very greatest lyric artists! True, a man who did nothing else but such artificial work would not deserve to rank as high as any entirely perfect master of a province not bounded by a single mannerism: but surely it argues a very exceptional breadth of mind, not to mention the ingenuity, when so wonderful a lyric composer finds time to enrich his world with these artificial forms.

It only remains to arrange the lower orders of composers as justly as may be; and I do not propose to go further into the subject, since we have seen amply enough to grasp what principles are involved. The makers of history will, I think, come next, below the specialists; but, in spite of their historic reputation, it is obvious that they must take rank rather according to their greater or less success in achieving works of art (whether "progressive" or "reactionary") than according to the amount of history they made, or even the extent to which they foreshadowed the great art of a later time. Thus, no one can doubt that though Monteverde made ten times as much history as Schütz or Purcell, yet

these were incomparably greater artists. Lastly we have the makers of things that merely look like works of art. They differ in degrees of self-deception : some being sincere, though obtuse; and others being undoubtedly frauds. But we will leave them to arrange themselves; for at this point the subject becomes unprofitable.

Let me once more, in thanking you for your kind attention, repeat that my object has not been to say anything new, but simply to arrange familiar ideas so that they do not lead to unsound methods of thought. I fear I have seemed to produce a bundle of platitudes. With less anxiety for accuracy and more eye to effect, no doubt the same arguments might have been presented as a galaxy of paradoxes.

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## DISCUSSION.

THE CHAIRMAN.—Ladies and Gentlemen: Our first duty is to thank Mr. Tovey for the "lecture," I think we must call it, rather than the paper, which he has given us. There is some little inconvenience in the style he has adopted in addressing us, as I cannot but think that if Mr. Tovey is gifted with ever so good a memory, he will find it difficult to set down the identical address which he has delivered. His remarks ranged over a vast field of criticism, of form, and the examination of the works of some of the great composers. But what I have been trying to get at is, what is this particular touchstone of criticism, this inestimably useful revelation which will enable us to put our hands on a work, and say, Now that is a real work of art, and can be so proved by the principles which our lecturer has formulated? So far as I have been able to discover there has been no distinct touchstone given. The nearest one could get to it was that a work of art must strike us by its *vividness and completeness*. If you come to examine and see the meaning of these words "*vividness and completeness*," and what idea they convey to one's mind, so far as I can speak for myself a very definite impression is conveyed. The work must be vivid—that is to say, it must make a clear, strong appeal to our emotions; and it must be complete—that is to say, it must tell a perfect tale. I think it would be very dangerous to accept such a standard as the criterion of a great work of music. Let me apply it to one piece, and I am sure you will all laugh—Jullien's "*British Army Quadrilles*." There is a vivid work for you! Here are depicted persons going to combat; they are marched up in the proper order, and fight

with guns and swords and all the rest, and after a very terrible battle, of course one side is defeated and the other is victorious; all is finished, and the piece winds up with "God save the King." Is that the sort of vividness and completeness, the sort of test you are going to apply and look for in a great work of art? Surely you want something more than that? Among the many statements which our lecturer made,—several of them bristling with matters one might discuss until to-morrow morning—was one to which I feel bound to take exception, and that is the contemptuous terms in which he spoke of "Hummel and such small deer." I have observed such language applied to Hummel before. It dates from the time when, most unfortunately, Sir George Grove entrusted the writing of an article on Hummel to Mr. Dannreuther, who seems to have known little or nothing about his subject; so ignorant indeed was he that he did not know how many masses Hummel had left. Hummel was a very much greater man than Mr. Dannreuther thinks. He had the misfortune, so far as his fame is concerned, to be living at the same time as Beethoven, whose great and mighty genius overshadowed everyone else who lived at the same time. But there was no lack of excellent musicians at that time, some of whom deserve to be much better known than they are. And you must remember that Hummel lived many years after Beethoven's death, and like Haydn in respect to Mozart, he profited by a study of the music that had been written during his career, and he produced some very fine work. I do not hesitate to say that in my humble opinion the septett of Hummel is infinitely greater than Beethoven's. Beethoven's was written when he was a young man, and it is mainly on the lines of Mozart, while Hummel's was written when he was an old man, and had studied the best of Beethoven's work. I only say that because I feel bound to make a protest against the view that some people have expressed with regard to Hummel. With regard to Palestrina, I profess myself an immense admirer of him, but surely his work had limitations; it had limitations in form and in harmony, and, as Mr. Tovey truly says, it is difficult for us, with the strains of Beethoven, shall I say?—at any rate with those of Wagner and Strauss—in our ears, fully to appreciate Palestrina. I admit there is a difficulty; but after all, to do justice to his work, we must look at it as we do at the works of our great madrigal writers—as a portion, an important portion, of the history of music. In the time at which he wrote it was an advance, and we must try to throw ourselves back to that time, and thus admire it. That is just what we do in studying Chaucer or Homer. They each belong to a certain period, and I think their work must be



judged in the light of what we know of that period. But music is a progressive art; its finality has not yet been reached—I doubt if it ever will be reached. When we come to the perfect work of art it will have to be judged according to the standard of its own day. So Palestrina can now only be looked at historically. Moreover Palestrina, it must be remembered, owed very much to other composers, especially to Morales. If Morales had never lived, I will not say there would have been no Palestrina, but he would not have done so great a work as he achieved. One remark I must make about Haydn, and that is with reference to the poorness of his trios, in which the violoncello part seldom does more than double the bass of the pianoforte part. That seems an easy thing to say; but I would point out that there is a necessity for it. Haydn wanted the proper balance of the tone of the parts, and this he obtained by doubling the bass in this way, and therefore I cannot agree with our lecturer that they are merely violin sonatas. I am now going to ask for expressions of opinion on some of the many debatable points raised by Mr. Tovey; but first I must ask you to give him a vote of thanks for the immense amount of trouble he must have taken in thinking over the question of musical criticism, and bringing it before us.

(The vote of thanks was passed unanimously.)

Mr. STATHAM. — I listened to the paper with great interest, and there is very little with which I was not in complete agreement. I understood Mr. Tovey to say exactly what the Chairman said about Palestrina, *i.e.*, that he represented the music of his own day. What struck me was that in all works of art the real criterion is a kind of thing that you do not so much reason about as you get to feel in studying works of art throughout your life. I have got into the habit of looking at it this way: I think, What was the composer aiming at; was it worth aiming at; has he succeeded in his aim; and has he used his material entirely to that end? I almost think you will find that covers everything. For instance, I take it in that case that a work of art should always be an organised whole, and that as soon as you find any detail in it which does not seem to be related to the central idea, but seems as though it might belong to something else, so far it is ineffective. Mr. Tovey referred to Dante's great work. I think if that had been written in prose it would be almost a medley. What makes it a great poem is the well-marked form in which it is presented; the form preserves it. And that, I think, is to a great extent true of music—that however much *geist*, however much emotional power there may be in the work, it will not really last unless it be perfect in form. That is the way one should learn to feel about a work of art. It is not so much a matter

to be reasoned about; rather is it a matter of perception that you often get only after long years. There are several sonatas even of Beethoven's in which there are passages which seem to me to be excrescences. For instance, in the early Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, the first three movements are complete in their form; but in that charming though rather freakish *finale* there is a little bit just at the end, where he suddenly breaks into a succession of syncopated chords, which has nothing to do with anything else in the movement. It is interesting because Beethoven did it, but still it seems to be an excrescence. Mr. Tovey places Schubert higher than I should. I quite agree with the main argument that he was great because he tried so many things; but I always feel that Schubert's instrumental music wants that organic perfection which is essential to a great work of art. You find details repeated over and over again instead of being interwoven in a way that makes a complete whole. I was very glad to hear him speak as he did of Bach's three styles. In the class of works with which I am most familiar—his organ music—it appears to me that his three styles are as completely distinct as Beethoven's three styles. I could approximately place anyone of them in its order from its style. He began with music which was rather formal and conventional; but at the close of his career he had reached a much higher intellectual plane.

THE CHAIRMAN.—I would say with regard to what Mr. Statham calls excrescences, that others might regard them differently. While to some they seem irrelevant, others might find in them a welcome relief from the strict adherence to the form of the movement.

MR. STATHAM.—They might say it was all the better for the excrescences, but they would still be excrescences.

MR. TOVEY.—No one can feel more strongly than I do the disadvantage of having to speak without a written paper. I should like to say in excuse that I lost some of my notes, which may account for the somewhat extempore character of the lecture; but apart from that, I confess that I fully accept the responsibility for what I did say, though I beg to plead in extenuation of my departure from the custom of the Association that I will re-collect my notes, and do the best I can to put the lecture into form. But as regards certain things that I did actually say, I should like to explain that I did not set up vividness and completeness as a test of art at all. What I did say was, that if we pass in review all the works of art that we know well, we should find that our impression of them is of something vivid and complete. My method was to take our common experiences and find something that was true of them all, some way of stating and arranging them that should not be logically unsound and

liable to miss the real criteria, and I still think that in all of them this impression of vividness and completeness is realised. It is different from the experiences of life in having a vividness and completeness which no actual experience has; and I tried to arrive at a conception of a work of art as an attempt to produce something complete in itself. Now the Jullien Quadrilles, I submit, would not answer to that condition. To whom are they vivid and complete? To persons who have no experience of music; they certainly are not so to anyone who knows them by heart, if he knows any other music that is worth knowing. You see the difference if you compare them with Beethoven's "Battle" Symphony. I should dispute the claim of the latter to be called a perfect work of art, but still it has artistic qualities, and its vividness and completeness appeal as do those of a mob-orator. Bad, untrue rhetoric has an element of art in it, because it is an attempt to make the impression on the hearer something more conclusive, though illogical. Take a bad specimen of the novel with a purpose; it appeals to ordinary minds more than a common work of art. As for Hummel, I apologise and retract. I confess that I had scratched out Hummel's name, and only read it by an oversight. But I utterly fail to see that Hummel is a very great composer: that he was an exceedingly useful worker I do not for a moment deny. Then with regard to Palestrina, I fear I did not altogether succeed in making my point clear about the limitations. It is not, to my mind, a satisfactory explanation of the genius of Palestrina to say that it made history. Monteverde made history, but his works are no longer of any interest save to the student of history. An abominable madrigal of the Prince of Venosa was very remarkable at the time when it was written. But it is impossible to say that the Prince of Venosa saw the whole truth of music as expressed in the only terms in which it was thinkable in the time of Palestrina — that of pure vocal harmony. As to Morales' works, I wish I knew more about them, though I have one or two of his masses; but what strikes me about the whole of the music of the sixteenth century is its analogy to the closely corresponding period of English literature, and to the palmy days of the great Italian painters. What I appeal to is the permanence of the work, and that, I submit, is a question of its organisation. Mr. Statham gratified me more than I can express, not merely by his kindly appreciation, but by his substantial agreement with me. What are those criteria which he stated but what I said? Is not that one way of saying, Did he produce a perfect organism? Is what he tried to do a self-consistent whole, and is it worth doing? It does not seem to me quite complete, because there is no doubt that

Schumann tried to produce sonata music, which had a certain stiffness, which is not derived from the nature of harmony and form. There is no doubt he tried to do it, and it was worth doing; but I must say that a work of that kind is a less organic work of art than the works of Beethoven. I should like to mention with regard to the particular passage at the end of Beethoven's Op. 10, No. 3, that it does not strike me as an excrescence. I think there is a great deal that must be sought for in the work. Pursuing my method of criticism, the result of my attempt to offer a criterion—organic unity—is that I feel that a reason why the *finale* of that sonata is very much shorter than the first two movements. I find it very difficult to explain it, as the complexity of artistic organisation is so enormous; but falling back on my own feelings in the matter, I should say that that passage is not an excrescence. Even formally there is a connection, for it recalls the rhythmic figure—



on which the subject is based. Here you have a rondo of the type in which the episodes are purposely not very closely connected with the main subject—not the form that approximates to the binary sonata form in which the first episode in the dominant would subsequently recur in the tonic. It is rather a capricious form where there are traces of the rondo in couplets, the kind that Haydn was rather fond of. You have this comparatively stiff form with this singularly free treatment, and when you have that contrast I think you may expect surprises. I feel that in that sort of way there is organic unity, and I feel that I have defended it by this organic criterion.

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