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CORRESPONDENCE.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL TIMES."

SIR,-Doubtless there are in this country many valuable unpublished letters of Hector Berlioz. Will their owners be good enough to send me copies? Nothing written by such a man should be lost to the public; and as the articles which have appeared in your journal concerning him are about to be printed, with additions, in book form, I am led to make an appeal which I hope is reasonable, and I know is timely. Truly yours,

106, Haverstock Hill, N.W. JOSEPH BENNETT.

A PLEA FOR THE MODERNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL TIMES."

SIR,-Your allusion, in the article last month on Dr. Stainer's address, to Professor Macfarren's speech has against the main topic of that speech. As an old and attached former pupil of Professor Macfarren's I cannot but wonder that the experienced and wise guide of my early steps, who used so to commend the great diversity Mendelssohn-Schumann lines of thought, with about half

and extent of my musical reading, should be so untrue to his principles as to urge students not to study the modern composers, "for fear of imbibing inartistic or revolutionary ideas." I have made a point of becoming acquainted with as many as possible of our young musicians and music-students, and I find the same fault in them all-their studies have been too narrow and limited. In these days of cheap editions and music libraries there is no excuse for this. Let them devour huge quantities of music, no matter of what kind. Let them make a point of reading through at the piano every new opera, symphony, or quartet that comes out. Let them study Brahms and Barnett, Schumann and Sullivan, Bach and Offenbachin fine, everything and everybody. Thus, and thus only, will they open their minds and, when they arrive at years of discretion, find themselves on a level with contemporary thought, instead of miles behind it, as too many are at present. I suppose the growth of my musical mind was much the same as most people's: let me sketch it. Happily I was not put in leading-strings at too early an age, and was allowed to study what I liked. My first passion was for Weber, and I saturated myself with his operas, masses, songs, and pianoforte works. Mendelssohn I had a dose of through my brothers and sisters, and, some kind friend presenting me with a fine edition of his complete pianoforte works, I soon wearied of him. Then I adored Spohr, and, through Augener's library, obtained numerous forgotten works of this worthy. So on to Chopin and Schumann, as my pianistic capabilities developed (in every case nothing but the complete works would satisfy me); and at this period I went to the Academy and horrified my teacher by being unable to quote a single theme from a single symphony of Beethoven's. In fact, up to the age of seventeen, I considered the old masters dull and dry, for the simple reason that, never having learned musical construction, I could not appreciate their beauties. Now a new world was opened to me, and Bach, Mozart, and finally Beethoven, were digested with delight. But at the same time that I was learning to appreciate the First Symphony of Beethoven, I was studying the full scores of "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Ring des Nibe-lungen." Before I had even got through the "Messiah," I knew Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" and "Graner Messe." Was I any the worse for this? My early compositions as Professor Macfarren will remember-were extravagant and wild, but better be this than dull and dreary. A few more years of study enabled me to distinguish between corn and husks-enabled me to sift the good from the bad in my plentiful brain-library. I have yet my reputation to make as a composer, but I have at least the pleasure of knowing that what I write is not behind the age, and consequently that it has a chance of vitality. Soyons de notre siècle. In these days, when you go to write an oratorio, for instance, it is not enough to be acquainted with the "Messiah," "Creation," and "Elijah"; you want to know Bach's "Passion," Beet-hoven's "Mount of Olives," Brahms's "Requiem," Kiel's "Christus," Liszt's "Christus"—in fact, contemporary as well as past specimens. What do our English song-writers They have heard Sullivan's and Cowen's know, again? ballads and a few songs of Schubert; but which of them is acquainted with the numerous and varied productions of Franz, Jensen, Raff, Liszt, and Brahms? I repeat-study every composer and style indiscriminately, and to the greatest possible extent; then, and then only, will you

have a chance of writing well and originally. One more point. Who are the individual composers forming that much-abused but indefinite body, "the Wagnerites," "the apostles of ugliness," "the revolu-tionary school" as they are variously called? They seem to me to have about as much real existence as the Æsthetes. Critics are for ever abusing them en masse, but when they leave generalities and speak of individual works and writers we hear no more of these epithets. In fact, Brahms, Raft, Goldinark, Dvorák, Bargiel, Rubinstein, who are the only living symphonists of sufficient position to be worth abusing, are all so different from one another that it would be absurd to class any of them together as forming a school ;