THE BOUNDARIES OF MUSIC AND POETRY.

A STUDY IN MUSICAL ÆSTHETICS

BY

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

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PREFACE.

WHAT this book is intended to do and would like to do the reader has perhaps already guessed from its title. The task which it has proposed to itself is, to *draw the boundary line between Music and Poetry*—that is, in other words, to establish on fixed principles the points at which the domains of both touch; where in touching they coincide, and where there is between them no point of contact whatever.

Let us not ignore the fact that in music we have reached a critical point. Hardly any one knows what he should or should not do, can or cannot. Of creative tone-artists, a part (by far the smaller part) has taken refuge in earlier conceptions and forms, and cultivates its modest field after the principles of the so-called "classical" period. It would be too bad to attempt to disturb this idyllic happiness; but it is quite certain that everything such well-meaning people can say to us has already been said better by others before them. This scanty after-crop, fortunately scarcely noticed by the world, pushes up parasitically among the genuine, authentic plants which once flourished in this soil precisely when it was the right season for them. But the greater part of creative tone-artists, and precisely the more gifted part,

knows not whither it shall betake itself with all its ideas—not with *musical* ones (just of these there is no superfluity), but with poetical, philosophical, political ones, etc. We occupy almost the opposite point of view from the tone-artists of fifty years ago. At that time the composer thoroughly knew all that belonged specifically to his art—his thorough-bass, his theory of chords and of harmony, his rules for imitation, simple and double counterpoint, etc. Moreover, he had a very broad *venia ignorantiæ*—he needed not to care for anything beyond. If we read the letters of young Mozart from Italy, we shall remark that the dancing and singing signori exclusively interest him—he scarcely seems to have noticed the Coliseum and the Vatican, with its whole contents. Nowadays the composer reads his Shakespeare and Sophocles in the original, and knows them half by heart; he has studied both Humboldt's "Cosmos" and the historical works of Niebuhr or Ranke; he understands the operations of the dialectic process according to Hegel as exactly, or rather more exactly, than the correct manner of giving the "answer" to a fugal theme; in Italy, if he has time and money for a journey thither, he takes no notice of the opera (though he can hardly be found fault with for that); instead, he pays, every Thursday, when at Rome, a visit to Jupiter of Otricoli and Jupiter Verospi, and whatever their various names are, or dreams away his holidays in the enjoyment of nature and of rural life at Aricia, etc. In short, one might almost call such a gentleman "Mr. Microcosm." He knows all that is possible, only,

perhaps, not quite correctly that which appertains to strict schooling in his chosen art. Then, should a sensible lack of refinement appear in his compositions (as we may suppose), if harmonies and rhythms occur which the most tolerant ear must reject, he will boast of the freedom of genius, and act as if profoundest thoughts were hidden behind the grammatical blunders. Musicians wish to drag their great extra-musical wealth of ideas into music, force upon it things for which it has no speech; hence arise, *e.g.*, instrumental movements, painting geologically the state of the planet in the Lias or the Keuper-period (Felicien David's "*Avant l'homme*"), or something else that no one would look for in it without added marginal notes. Music is become a complaisant and versatile handmaiden, and, since the *impossible* is demanded of her, she calls up all her strength to perform at least the *unusual*. Harmonics, rhythmics, the understanding of melodic formation, the art of instrumentation—everything is forced to the highest conceivable pitch of elaboration and refinement, so that an unaffected, natural, fresh creation in the midst of this exquisiteness is hardly to be thought of; whereas speculation in musical effects (as in stocks) is become possible, and a luxury, a squandering of means has crept in, vividly reminding us, in certain scores, of certain circles of Parisian life. Certainly no one will take it into his head to denounce education and extensive knowledge; the possibility of being able to gather intellectual treasures in a comparatively short time and without an excessive outlay of

power is indubitably one of the chief advantages of modern times. Precisely for this reason, however, that the motley wealth of ideas urges itself overflowingly into all circles, it is important that one should have a clear idea as to what belongs or does not belong to either sphere. And unfortunately it is at the same time not to be denied, that the excessive refinement and the predominance of the spirit of virtuososhiip in every art betokens the time of its decay. We can contemplate with greater inner satisfaction the archaic Hellenic sculptures, than the brilliant pieces of virtuososhiip in marble which Roman art, richly rewarded with gold, furnished for the luxury of Cæsarism, which rather trod the world under foot than governed it ; the often shy, awkward forms of the ancient Florentine or Sienese painters, with greater satisfaction than the academic show-paintings of the eclectic period. The reason is, that out of this shyness and awkwardness the entire vitality of an art hastening to its perfection attracts us with an inexpressible charm ; a vital power which has not yet been able to attain full freedom of expression, which is, as it were, latent. In declining art all external splendor cannot entirely cover up the greater or lesser lack of vitality. Amid such times of decay there arise discerning, able men, who reach back to the ancient times of vigorous and healthful art, and revive it bodily, even its peculiar forms. Thus did sculpture in the epoch of Hadrian—thus, in our time, did Overbeck reach back to the Umbrians.

The analogous phenomena in music are apparent.

Charming, however, as was the blossoming of art at the time of Hadrian, despite its intentional archaizing (for with the ancient forms it contracted also somewhat of the ancient spirit), it was, notoriously, unable to hinder the downfall of art, then approaching with strides of increasing rapidity. Should we deduce analogies for music from this experience, the outlook would afford but slight comfort. Moreover, we hear, round about that which is still being created and is really worthy of notice, the angry contention of parties—while one maintains that what it beholds before it is the fading sunset-glow of an art going to its grave, the other protests with word and almost with fist that it is rather the fresh dawn of an art newly beginning, whose unsuspected glory will cause everything before to appear merely as a preparation, as a process of development, and in this relation alone shall we be allowed to ascribe somewhat of value to the former musical works. Thus art-philosophy, art-criticism, lives on in a turbid environment, and no one knows whether this is a fermentative process preceding a new development, or a process of decomposition. The dialectic method of regarding a thing from so many different points of view, until one can absolutely no longer distinguish which is the right one, has finally borne fruit in music. The ground rocks beneath our feet, we are puzzled to know which is right and which left, and whether we are standing on our feet or on our heads. In view of this universal confusion, a musical Lessing would seem to be needed.

I am by no means so conceited as to regard my

book as anything more than an honestly meant attempt to point out what might, perhaps, if carried out by abler hands than mine, produce light and order. If I succeed in reminding this or that musician, who is becoming unsteady, puzzled and uncertain from all he reads in musical periodicals and pamphlets, and sees and hears in modern art-life, that his art also has *immovable poles*, whose fixed stars the dust raised by partisan strife may perhaps for a while *obscure* and *hide*, but nevermore can *extinguish*, the aim of my work will be perfectly attained. Let this aim also justify the form and diction of my book. It would have been very easy to dress all that I wrote in the traditional language of the schools. But then I could also have been certain of not being read by the very persons for whom I write—by musicians and cultivated amateurs. Nevertheless, I hope that those who occupy chairs of philosophy will find occasion favorably to observe that I have listened to *their* words with careful attention.

I could, however, hardly venture to lead the musician, living in the full-flowing tide of his art, into the museum of mere mummy-like abstractions, which, to be sure, have by virtue of mummification almost eternal durability, but no life. The musician sees in his art a blooming, living goddess—and I should have to bring *her* forward in order to make myself intelligible to him. Hence the copious references to familiar compositions with which the reflections and fundamental discussions are, as it were, illustrated. I have sought out such works by Bach, Mozart,

Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, etc., as every musician and well-educated amateur is familiar with —and I *had* to seek them out, because the musician wishes to see and hear, if he is to believe. That I have spoken of many a great work not with the coldness of the anatomist, but with the warmth of the lover, will, I trust, be forgiven me, for I had to do with no corpse on a dissecting-table, but the blooming, living goddess. And since my book has a definitely formulated aim, which is clearly conceived—and of a truth is not exactly easy of attainment, I had to try to reach my aim in the way which seemed to me most suitable and safest; I by no means proposed to write a musico-æsthetical manual. Hence the reader may miss a division into paragraphs, nay, even into sections and chapters, but not, I hope, plan and order. As to these, the prefixed synopsis of contents will serve as a guide. I think, too, that I have not erred in frequently casting a glance beyond music to its sister arts. That the individual arts are only prismatic refractions of one and the same ray of light, every one, happily, has at this day learned to comprehend. This view seeks practical embodiment in the "art-work of the future"—whether rightly or wrongly we will not now decide; it has, at all events, the advantage in the domain of theory, that what is cognate to one art often casts a very bright light upon what is cognate to the others. Of course, however, music here always occupies the foreground—nay, although the book, according to the title, has to consider *two* arts, poetry and music, yet it was written, for very obvious reasons, principally to serve the latter.

It was not at all my intention to increase the present number of musical polemical treatises. The tone and demeanor of the polemics of our time in the field of musical theory unfortunately recalls only too vividly the notorious tactics of monkeys, which, concealed behind *leaves* (of the trees), pelt the enemy—every one knows with what. Even if one is not killed by such missiles, one is at least apt to be befouled by them. The stupendous coarseness in the controversial writings of a Matheson, *et al.*, still had, after all, somewhat of natural rankness of growth, there was always a kind of rough honesty in it. In the present style of conflict there is something venomous, bitter, malicious. The consciousness of having willed the good solely for its own sake, is my best solace. I have, however, to thank *Professor Marx*, from whose excellent book, "The Music of the Nineteenth Century," and *Dr. Eduard Hanslick*, from whose clever treatise, "Of the Musically Beautiful," I have obtained abundant inspiration. I desire all the more to express my indebtedness in this place, as I am obliged to assert myself in the body of the book, and especially often to dispute Dr. Hanslick's views from my standpoint.

Finally, I cannot but remark that it would have been very easy, and offered enticement enough, to give at the close of the book an additional treatise on the expressional capacity of music in the *sublime* and in its various refractions, as the *tragic*, etc.—likewise in the *comic*—on humor in music, etc. Nevertheless, such an appendix would, inasmuch as on the last pages the total result of the whole

appears summed up, have had the look of an independent treatise taken in tow, and would in the main have transgressed the limits imposed by the purpose of the book. The discussion of this doubtless rich material may perhaps be undertaken in a separate work. I have likewise abstained from drawing elaborate comparisons between the several kinds of poetry—the epic, the drama, the elegy, etc. —and the different forms in which music appears —the symphony, sonata, rondo, etc. A parallelizing of this kind may be a very agreeable occupation, and lead to very ingenious conclusions, but in view of the vital differences subsisting between the two arts, the investigation can lead only to half-truths, and may even have evil consequences. Thus Oulibisheff takes it into his head that the "Symphony" ought to correspond to the "Ode." From this point of view he criticises Beethoven's symphonies, and condemns them. This result alone suffices to enable us to judge of the value of such intellectual trifling (for it is nothing more). I have, however, been very much in earnest in my work, and I desire that the reader may receive it in the same spirit.

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PRAGUE.

THE BOUNDARIES OF MUSIC AND POETRY.

THERE are certain traditional anecdotes from the lives of famous men which characterize their whole intellectual tendency, and even that of their time, with wonderful directness and brevity, and by so doing acquire a perfect right to be constantly repeated, even though criticism, with merciless penetration, demonstrates that there is no truth in them. The well-known story that Leonardo da Vinci died in the arms of Francis I., of France, most aptly expresses the relation of the great ones of the sixteenth century to the artists of that time; Michael Angelo's saying at the sight of a painting by Raphael: "Sanzio has been in the Sistine chapel," can pass as an excellent criticism of Raphael's "third" period; and Galilei's "e pur si muove" has become proverbial. Hardly less significant are Mozart's words upon hearing the young Beethoven extemporize on the pianoforte: "*He will tell you something!*" Beethoven has, in fact, "told us something." Julian Schmidt* marks the impression very correctly.

* See his "Geschichte der deutschen Kunstliteratur," vol. ii., p. 410.

"With Beethoven's symphonies," says he, "we feel that there is in question something quite different from the alternation of pleasure and pain, in which speechless music otherwise lives. We forebode the mysterious abyss of a spiritual world, and torture ourselves in trying to understand it. The attempt has often been made to make these feelings clear to one's self, to translate for one's self the tones into words. By strict musicians this has been censured, and rightly, for it is a fruitless attempt; the attempt is, however, too natural. We wish to know what has so impelled the tone-poet to boundless desperation, to extravagant jubilation; we seek an explanation from the mysteriously beautiful features of this sphinx. This necessity obtrudes itself the more when the music becomes more and more finely subtilized, as in Beethoven's last period"—that is to say, in other words, the nature of this music causes us to entertain the thought that the composer attempted to drag concrete ideas floating before his mind at the time of conception, and to be expressed in the setting of an intellectual formula (thus lying *without* the *specifically musical* sphere of ideas of his tone-work)—to drag these within this sphere of ideas of his tone-work in such a manner as to render them recognizable to the hearer in and by means of the music itself, without the aid of a verbal text. Musical structure thus becomes a sounding hieroglyph, to read and interpret which is the task of the hearer. Thus far the expression "something is *told us* here" finds justification. Of course, however, the serious question now arises, whether, in setting up

for a narrator, music is not trying to force itself into a foreign domain. For the narrator must furnish us with something actual—something external, an event—as the essence and substance of his narrative. Whence shall music derive the power to master such actualities, to express them by means of its material, and, indeed, so to express them that we shall feel their immediateness without possibility of misunderstanding? Tone-works of this kind have, therefore, for the most part—as a medicine has its label with the written directions for use—a program attached—a manteum for the obscure oracles of the mantis, which the goddess Music delivers to us from her tripod. But if an art must have recourse to an expedient of such prosaic meagreness, only in order not to fall utterly short of its immediate purpose, it thereby betrays unequivocally that its own resources do not suffice to complete the task which it has set itself. Composers according to a program have at least no right to laugh at old copperplates, in which ribbands hanging from the mouths of the persons represented bear in writing what they are just saying. Now, if music cannot vanquish given actualities, every concrete interest must consequently be banished from it on principle; for does it simply amount to a mere "pretty play with tones," to a pure formalism? This would certainly make it approach so closely to the Kantian idea of the Beautiful as to coincide with the essence of beauty, seeing that poetry and plastic art do not, at least not absolutely, exclude material interest. Here it becomes clear to us why Hegel, from his point of view, will

allow currency only to music which is in connection with words.

Händel has left a composition whose aim is the glorification of music itself—his music to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," also known under the title "The Power of Music." Händel, who, according to Mozart's saying, "struck like a clap of thunder, when he wished to," certainly knew very well how far this power reaches; and seeing that a Homer gives us more light concerning the nature of poetry than twenty hypercritical, analyzing and wrangling Alexandrian schools, let us now enter into the presence of the art-work, which promises to show us what and how much music is able to do.

We cast a hasty glance at the Gothic portal of the fugal overture and the brilliant pomp of the first choruses and soli, from which we learn that Alexander

"—at the royal feast for Persia won,"

crowned with roses, Thais at his side, the troop of his captains round about him, listens to the singer (Timotheus), who hails him as the son of Jupiter; but then strikes up,

"The praise of Bacchus—
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young."

The chorus of drinkers, now falling in, induces a cheerful and festive, and at the same time comfortable frame of mind; our heroes do not pour the wine down in streams, they know that they have time, that an attack by the enemy is no longer to be feared—that the bouquet of this Chian wine is too pre-

cious not to be enjoyed with deliberation. The orgies of carouse, of intoxication, will come in good time.

As the singer now observes that the hero is puffed up with pride, he changes his tone, and

> "—chose a mournful muse,
> Soft pity to infuse."

And of a truth, who should not be moved in his heart of hearts by this song, veiled, as it were, in mourning-crape, moving on with soft steps; telling of

> "Darius, great and good,
> By too severe a fate,
> Fall'n from his high estate,
> And welt'ring in his blood;
> Deserted at his utmost need,
> Without a friend to close his eyes."

When the Master now by means of "kindred sounds melts the mind to love," and, accompanied by the languishing violoncello and the sweet flute, strikes up the Lydian bridal-hymn, this song that intoxicates with delight, like the perfume of roses in a sultry summer night, when at the joyful

> "War—is toil and trouble,"

we divine the proud complacency of the conqueror at whose feet the captive world lies, and who now perhaps remembers that the beautiful Thais is sitting at his side, and the wreathed goblet is standing before him; and we gladly cry out with the chorus:

> "To thee, O music, praise and thanks."

But the singer already leads over into an entirely different phase:

> "Break his bands of sleep asunder,
> Rouse him like a peal of thunder,"

is heard—the steady throb of the bass presses on, the tumult of the upper voices rages fiercer and fiercer, drunken rage animates everything—who are the wan, ghastly band pointing to Persepolis?—they are the slain Greeks that "unburied remain"—they demand vengeance—the torch swung by Thais blazes—Persepolis is in flames!

And thus, we are told, did Timotheus, before Cecilia came from heaven, strike the strings for the expression of delight, of wrath and of sorrowful tenderness. But old Händel is a rogue. For this time *we* have the honor to introduce the Macedonian hero—and the wonder-working Timotheus, who carries us away with his music whithersoever he will, is Händel himself. We have, in listening to his "Alexander's Feast," passed through and experienced a sphere of very diverse—nay, of partly conflicting moods, changing, as it were, at blows with a magic wand. We will, for the present, note this result.

Musicians who have written anything æsthetico-theoretical concerning their art—Mattheson, Kirnberger, Forkel, among others—agree in placing the essence of tone-art in the "expression of sensations, affections, passions," or however they may similarly express themselves. This characterization of the ideal feature of music (for that it is held to be) is brought forward by them with perfect assurance as

an absolute, indubitable fact; then they begin to dogmatize about in it in a blind, groping way, and draw all sorts of conclusions, without even attempting to verify them! Men of the exact sciences, who are not willing to take a thing on trust, express a natural dissatisfaction; the physicist overhauls his acoustics and mathematics (Chladni, Bindseil, Kepler, Euler); the physiologist looks up his neurology (Oerstedt, Krause), in order to explain, now by means of ratios, now through nervous excitement, why it is that music causes pleasure. Æsthetic-ians and philosophers unite in part with the musicians, and talk like them of the expression or representation of feelings (Hand, Salzer, Thiersch), and in part find in music nothing but a formal scheme (Herbart). The difficulty is, that the ablest musicians are not trained philosophers, and trained philosophers, on the other hand, are not able musicians, even if they do not feel, in their heart of hearts—like Kant—a secret antipathy to the art of whose ultimate bases they undertake to give an account. The former lack the faculty of abstract thought; the latter, familiarity with the subject under discussion—and to attempt to exhaust which *a priori* only is so much the more hazardous, as it can, as a matter of fact, exhibit a superabundant number of performances produced by artists, without first obtaining a permit from philosophy, and as these performances make up the history of a development of centuries, which (like the world's history) has gone its own way steadily and incessantly, though entire schools of philosophers, compendiums in hand, had cried out behind it

how it really ought to go. The natural philosophers at least have not thought of avoiding the empiricism of the astronomers, physicists, chemists, etc. But to ask of a philosopher to study simple and double counterpoint and ancient scores, to pay his money for concert and opera tickets, to apply himself to pianoforte-playing and singing, merely in order that a moderate chapter of his book may not everywhere show perplexed inexperience, is to ask too much, since he has already, with his own systems, from the Eleatics and Ionics down to Hegel and his after-growth, more than enough pains and study.

Bernhard Adolph Marx, the poet and thinker among teachers of music, lays hold, in his "Music of the Nineteenth Century," with a steady hand of the full life of his art, and consequently reaches quite different conclusions, which do not "stand out in hoary sadness," but have full vital power. The process of the historical development of music—not in its *formal* side, which R. G. Kiesewetter has already treated excellently, but of the ideal feature, which from the play with tone-forms has advanced ever more clearly and consciously into the foreground—is traced back by him to definite fundamental features, and divided into grand periods, of which one develops itself out of the other, so to speak, with natural necessity. The first period of development he regards as that in which the formalism of melody, of harmony, of counterpoint was germinating, grew and perfected itself, as it were the body of music, the "crystalline tone-growth," as he calls it—a period embracing even Palestrina, Delattre, and others of like ten-

dency. The transition to the following period is brought about by Sebastian Bach, "who continues the contrapuntalism of the ancients, but to whom it has become altogether a different thing from what it was with earlier masters, only by way of suggestion and, as it were, feeling its way—the marble begins, through the fervor of the new Pygmalion, to be warmed from within, and to take on a glimmer of life-color." The complete life-color is given it by the school of Haydn and Mozart, the "art of the soul," which has to do with moods of the soul; whence the art of the intellect (Beethoven) then develops, which poetizes in tones, and no more excites feelings as though incidentally, but develops them in an orderly sequence, justified in itself.

Music, ever striving conformably to its nature after more definite expression and more distinctly stamped individuality, has at length attained a standpoint which, in itself belonging to the art of the intellect, seems to push to its outermost boundary, because it tries to represent, on the stage of inner soul-life, what speech alone can illustrate perfectly—some external event, some object to be grasped by the senses—thus trespassing upon another domain. Take Berlioz, for example. In his *Sinfonie fantastique* it is always the interior morbid traits of a young artist's soul-life that he displays to us; it is, therefore, like the *Lear-Overture*, one of his works continuing the preceding development of art. In "Romeo and Juliet," on the other hand, it is no longer simply the yearning, the happiness, the sorrow of the lovers for which he seeks suitable tones; he adopts wholly

external events as they appear in Shakespeare's tragedy—the dispute of the servants, the pacificatory entrance of the princes, the ball at Capulet's, etc. This music might perhaps be designated as the art of speech resolved into music.

In short, music acts toward the adherents of mere play with forms, pretty much as Diogenes did to the philosopher who denied motion, in that he, when the latter was proving that there was and could be no motion, arose and actually walked to and fro.

Nevertheless, attention has lately been called with great satisfaction by the Herbartian philosophy to a book by Hanslick, "Of the Musically Beautiful,"* in which a musician is said to have reached the same conclusion by way of empiricism as they by way of speculation.

His conclusions are, briefly, the following: Hanslick rejects as unscientific the standpoint of the æstheticians, with whom "the feelings, at least in the domain of music, still disport themselves in broad daylight as of old, after the time of those æsthetic systems, which have examined the Beautiful with reference to the feelings thereby awakened, has gone by in all other domains." Feelings, he says, are not the *aim*, or the *subject-matter*, of music, because music by no means possesses the means of representing or exciting any determinate feeling whatsoever, and the "representation" of "indeterminate" feelings in-

* "Of the Musically Beautiful," a contribution to the revision of the Æsthetics of Music, by Dr. Eduard Hanslick, Leipsic, 1881.

volves a contradiction in itself; consequently, music has to describe neither determinate nor indeterminate feelings—its only subject-matter is *forms set in motion by sound*, and how music can furnish beautiful forms without the subject-matter of a determinate feeling is shown us "very appositely" by a branch of ornamentation in plastic art, the *arabesque* (!). We ought not to undervalue the sensual element, with the older æstheticians, in favor of "morals and the heart," nor with Hegel, in favor of the "idea"—every art springs from sensuality and breathes therein. But the Musically Beautiful is not founded upon the pleasure felt in symmetry, it has nothing to do with architecture or mathematics. The subject-matter of a piece of music is only its musical theme and its development, according to the different relations of which it is, musically, capable.

Thus far Hanslick as to the main point; but he, too, seeks for the real charm of music on physiological lines in the "elementary nature of tones," in the excitement of the nerves; which is of such a nature that we are accustomed to regard the essence, the mind-product, the form, as an external thing, a secondary matter, whereas that which is purely physical, the charm of the sound, the stimulation, is held to be the essential subject-matter of a piece of music.

And thus, after music, if we accept Marx's historical presentation, has actually passed through its process of development up to the point indicated by us, we are still disputing whether it was allowable to do such things, or even possible to do them (that they *have actually been done* is of no conse-

quence); we are still actively disputing about its first principles; if we wish to draw the line between music and poetry, we must—there is no help for it—undertake the labor of Sisyphus, of reinvestigating (if possible, by the *empiric* method *also*) how far right these absolutely mathematical, physiological and formal standpoints are. With equal reason it might be said that plastic art has to do exclusively with the representation of beautiful corporeal forms. In that case there would exist no point of contact whatever with poetry, and Lessing need not have written his "Laocoön," and we, too, might as well abandon, once for all, our investigation as to the point where poetry and music separate. For where every analogy, every intellectual connection, is lacking, there is no necessity of seeking for boundaries.

Painters are fond of representing the Muses, not as separate, but in a group of harmonious beauty. We also, who have undertaken to investigate the relation of tone-poetry to word-poetry, crave permission to cast a glance over the group of the fine arts, their relation to each other, their points of contact, and their continuous development; and, more especially, to get a clear idea as to where in each art the formal, where the ideal feature is to be sought. Let us remember, to begin with, that the atmosphere wherein all the arts exist is *poetry*, that same transfiguring ideal feature, and that it, poetry, finally appears to us as an individual, independent art—much as philosophy is not only the foundation of all separate sciences, but

appears also as a well-defined and self-subsistent science. The road that we follow here is only seemingly an indirect one; further on it will save us many a digression which would otherwise be necessary, and lead us all the more surely to the goal we seek.

Architecture is the art most dependent upon matter.

Owing to the crude resistance, or rather the inertia, opposed by matter to its spiritualization, architecture also requires for the accomplishment of its ideas the comparatively greatest mechanical apparatus and the most laborious treatment of the material substratum.

Here many subordinate powers of labor *must* necessarily co-operate, the ordinary ability of the stonecutter and mason must aid the artistic idea of the architect; nay, the architect only gives the idea, these subordinate powers bestir themselves in order to realize this thought of his materially, visibly, and tangibly—he himself hardly lays a hand on the work going forward. At this stage, however, the person of the artist is chiefly overshadowed by the work. It is significant that the architect of the Cologne Cathedral is not known with certainty, and at the mention of the name of Phidias every one immediately thinks of the Olympic Zeus ideal—whereas at the names Ictinus, Callicrates, Mnesicles, even an educated man may not at once remember which of them built the Parthenon, which the Propylæa. A practised eye naturally and readily takes note, in an architectural work, of a greater or lesser under-

standing for forms and proportions, a greater or lesser sense of beauty innate in the builder. On the whole, however, a Doric or an Ionic temple or a Gothic cathedral is more or less like any other of its kind, and it depends rather upon the artistic development of the entire style of building in principle, than upon the carrying-out of the principle in any individual works. The given subject (as it is offered to the poet—*e.g.*, in the epic, in the drama, etc., for working up into an artistic form) is entirely wanting in the case of architecture; we cannot ask what this or that temple or cathedral means; it *represents nothing;* it is simply a temple, a cathedral. Matter in this case requires from the artist only that he should give it *beautiful forms*, wherein the *architectural* idea may clearly express itself. The total impression of an architectural work will therefore always be reducible to very general categories—elegance, sublimity. The *aim* of an edifice does not, however, stand in an *inseparable* intrinsic connection with its artistic forms; we can very well hold Christian service in the Theseum; whereas, for instance, it would by no means do to place the Apollo Belvedere upon the high altar to be worshipped. To be sure, the spirit, the religious aspect, the manner of life of a people expresses itself most significantly in its architecture, and in this sense the Christian divine service in the Theseum would, anyhow, be a grievous mistake. That the Greek temple expresses the noble satisfaction of the Hellene in himself,* the

* Remarkably and significantly enough, this system has, how-

heaven-soaring Gothic cathedral proclaims the spirit of Christianity aspiring beyond the earthly; that the temple, with its circumscriptive rows of pillars, represents nothing but a house for the god as represented in his statue, its interior being non-existent for the people, whereas the cathedral, with its doors hospitably opened, invites in dumb language of stone to entrance into the interior, which exhibits an artistic development fully corresponding to the exterior, and, as it were, cries out: "Come, ye that are heavy-laden and weary!"—these are all truths long since recognized. Thus far, therefore, and no farther, does architecture transcend the mere beautiful play with forms.

Next to it stands plastic art. This also has to do with the overcoming of crude matter, though considerably less so than architecture. Here, too, the assistant workman will first hew out the statue from the shapeless block of stone up to a suggestion of its most general contours; but then the master himself will step forward with the chisel, and at last cause the god or the hero to appear before our eyes in a finished, beautiful shape.

The "given matter" now assumes greater importance. Of course, we shall gaze on the sitting lion before the arsenal at Venice with perfect satisfaction, without asking ourselves whether it is the Nemæan or another one, famous or otherwise; as we

ever, an intrinsic contradiction, and (in the literal sense of the word) an hiatus—we mean the *lack of light* in the interior, and the obscurity caused thereby, interrupting and thus neutralizing the idea of covering up by means of a roof.

said before, "the cathedral is simply a cathedral;" we shall let the statue of a beautiful youth pass simply for the statue of a beautiful youth. But in Zeus, in Heracles, etc., we are confronted with quite definitely marked personalities, types of character, even granted that the former does nothing more than to sit on the throne in quiet majesty, and the latter merely leans on his club. But still more—we can behold the children of Niobe fleeing, struck at, dying—we can see Laocoön with serpents entwined around him—that is, definite persons in a definite dramatic situation—we will even set up a very exact standard for this tendency in art, raising objections, for instance, when the well-known group of barbarians in the Villa Ludovisi is pointed out (as was formerly the case) as Pætus and Arria—not for extrinsic reasons of an historical tradition connected with the art-work, but for intrinsic ones, self-evident to us at sight of the art-work.

In plastic art we are confronted with the form of man, rendered visible to us by statues on every hand—but we also recognize the union of the spiritual and moral in the nature of his conceptions as expressed in forms of ideal beauty.

No proof is required that here the personality of the artist reveals itself to us far more clearly than in architecture.

This is still more the case in painting, in which, after beholding their works, we could with great accuracy draw Cimabue's, Fiesole's, Raphael Sanzio Buonarotti's intellectual portrait—nay, almost their corporeal portrait besides—even if Vasari had not

written, and the masters' own art had not preserved their features for us. Painting is also connected with matter; still less so, however, than plastics—the aid of the skilled artisan is now dispensed with entirely—not only the master's tastes, but his hand as well, create everything from beginning to end. The "given material" now advances still further into the foreground, and the altogether natural question when looking at a picture (and the most usual one) is: "What does it represent?" Even Titian, when creating abstract pictures of feminine beauty, at least, calls them *Venus* in default of a better name. However, we let such mere exhibitions of beautiful forms pass only by way of exception—we desire character, psychical expression—we ask the names of the forms that the painter has placed before our eyes, we would be lifted up, or touched, or moved to laughter—in a word, we make very definite special demands, even on the picture of a situation or on the portrait of a person wholly unknown to us.

Thus, beautiful bodily form now yields precedence to the moral and intellectual nature. We cannot, it is true, turn Titian's Venus round, in order to see her back; but, in return, the physiognomy, which in plastic art can retain, with no great difficulty, a certain ideal universality (as in the well-known facial type of Greek statues), acquires a high significance —the face becomes, according to the familiar expression, the "mirror of the soul," and takes on individual, definitely distinctive features. The intellectually moral element attains to such importance in painting, and so rich is the latter in devices for ex-

pressing it, that it can utterly abstract these devices from the human form and transfer them to inanimate objects. A painted landscape is essentially a mood-picture—hence a remarkable relationship between landscape-painting and music, as we shall show farther on. This is evident in modern landscapes—the gloomily magnificent pictures of Norwegian scenery, the twilights with their dreamily blending outlines, the charming moonlight nights, the bright sunshine in the representations of southern regions—all these awaken in the beholder very different and peculiar moods. Even the so-called classical landscape, which began primarily with conventional forms, with heroic or idyllic aims, is a mood-picture—of course for a much less diversified sphere of mood. When Hakert said that a painted landscape, to be good, must awaken in the beholder the wish to go walking in it, he meant by this to express precisely the same thing. Even still-life ought not to amount merely to the pretty paltry satisfaction, lying beyond the aim of art, of being able to compare what is imitated with the imitation ; it must, if it is to be an art-work, express a definite moral thought, as the well-known still-life paintings upon the transitoriness of all earthly things—or else it must have an intellectual relation to man, as, for example, *Schnaase* justly requires of the so-called breakfast-pictures that we ought to be able, from the selection and arrangement of the objects, to form an opinion as to the taste and wealth of the absent (supposed) possessor. If an architectural picture is nothing more than a representation, perspectively

and otherwise correct, of an edifice, it sinks to the rank of a mere cosmoramic picture. In this case, too, we desire a mood-picture, similar to the landscape. The animal picture must likewise either exhibit analogies to human conditions, or represent the relations of the animal to man. We remind the reader of the excellent little animal dramas and idyls of Eberle, Voltz, Gauermann, etc.

While, in painting, the material element is kept far in the background, and the intellectually moral nature of man advances to occupy the foreground fully, in *poetry* matter at last vanishes altogether. The Iliad remains what it is, whether the rhapsodist recite it, or Pisistratus have it copied, for perpetual remembrance, in alphabetical characters. The human form here finally disappears altogether — it *cannot*, even in poetry, find other expression than that of a meagre description appealing to the picturesque fancy of the reader—but the morally intellectual element now becomes the exclusive subject, whether it express itself abstractly by representations which create moods, or which are of a general and easily intelligible nature, or through the medium of a given material (an event from the time of the Romans, for instance). And now, moreover, the poet becomes, so to speak, one with the poem—the most objective poet, like Homer or Goethe, no less than he who, like Jean Paul or Heine, everywhere consciously and intentionally intermingles his personality. The well-known sayings of Goethe, "every genuine poem must be an occasional poem," and "I have, by means of poems,

rid myself of burdensome moods," find herein a satisfactory explanation.

We have in this climax not mentioned the real object of our investigation—music, and with good reason, for it faces at once to the two extremest poles of that climax—it cannot therefore be included in it. It is, on the one hand, an architecturally formal art; on the other hand, an art of poetical ideas—indeed, up to a limit to be determined farther on, of given materials. The architectonic form and the poetical idea must pervade it—though the one or the other element can, to be sure, more or less decidedly predominate. It is even less material than painting, but more material than totally disembodied poetry—its corporeal medium is the air-wave set in vibration, which, for the matter-of-fact observer, is a material that seems equal to nothing; for the physicist, however, it possesses full actuality. Finally, it is an artistic expansion of its creator's personality, hence his spiritual image.

Furthermore, while endeavoring to demonstrate the nature of the individual arts, we arrived at the conclusion that man, with the peculiar attributes of his humanity, is their sole and proper object. Just this quintessence of human nature forms the ideal feature; man desires to behold, *outside of himself*, that which springs from his inmost soul, "condensed into permanent thoughts," embodied in a *beautiful* form; what constituted a part of his Ego is to sink itself in a plastic material, and now—like an individual that bears in itself the rational conditions and limitations of its existence, like something alien—

is to stand facing him like a non-ego, something *alien* and yet *his image*;—his image in the sense in which man is called an image of Deity. Where an art-work lacks the ideal feature, the interest drawn from man's higher life—not the merely physiologically active life of his corporeal organism, but from his spiritual life—we have no *finished, entire* art-work, but only a phase in its development. The spiritual feature of the art-work, the ideal feature, is the living Promethean spark, fetched from heaven, that alone gives life to the symmetrical, but lifeless, image of clay. Behold a giant from the Zeus temple at Agrigentum! Here is a human form faithfully imitated with great anatomical intelligence—nevertheless, these gigantic members seem to us lifeless, and in their lifelessness almost terrible—we fancy that we are looking at a block of stone metamorphosed into a human form, rather than at the image of a man. The Promethean spark is lacking. Then stand before the lions at the arsenal in Venice, of which we have spoken before. Now, this is no human image—but the Promethean spark has animated it, and Goethe justly praises it in the epigram, "that beside it the portal, and even the tower and canal, are dwarfed." And, moreover, the giant is a more faithful copy of nature than that plastically architecturally shaped animal of marble, in carving which its author borrowed motives from the natural shape of the lion. And no natural lion could assume this lofty, erect, sitting posture, though he go ten times to the training-school of a Van Amburgh or a Carter. But see how well calculated

all this is. See this enormous strength of breast, shoulders and paws, making the impression of the heroic; see this slender form, betokening the extremest swiftness and agility; and mark how this heroic animal sitting before you in quiet, truly royal dignity, is spiritualized—become a symbol of human nature.* This is a *finished* art-work; the giant does not reach this level, and can claim acceptance only as a mile-stone of a stage reached in the *historical* development of art—of the acquired mastery over raw material and of the attained capability of imitating a given natural type; the lion, however, justly claims full recognition—and from this standpoint that crown of the Erechtheum, in whose charming contours modest womanly beauty and sublime wifely dignity are so gloriously mirrored, must acknowledge it as a lineal ancestor. From this parallel, drawn from the domain of a single art, we clearly perceive that even where we seemingly miss man's presence, it is, nevertheless, his spirit that gives life to the art-work. Now, advancing from architecture, where the human form is still sleeping in the stone from which plastic art later frees it,† up to poetry, in which it again disappears,

* The elegant bronze figures of deer, horses, dogs, wild boars, etc., with which Paris provides our art exhibitions, might find a fitter place in an industrial exhibition. In them, finished art has again taken a step backward to mere imitation of nature. They are purely realistic, natural-historical, faithful pictures of animals—nothing more.

† In architecture we retain the consciousness of the material employed, as of an essential part; we distinctly behold the sandstone, the marble, the wood on which "the mind impresses its

because the spirit, here become entirely free, no longer needs its instrumentality in order to reveal itself;—now, if the human mind is the living principle, the Orphic Eros who binds together into beautiful harmony what before was formless, should music alone lack this principle which animates all other arts? is it really nothing but the *computatio computare se inscii* of Leibnitz, a mere sounding play with forms?

The romanticists have notoriously carried on, by paradoxical juxtapositions of heterogeneous objects, a game which is often clever, often merely trivial, sometimes presumptuous. When, however, the "Athenæum" of Schlegel called music architecture in a fluid state, and architecture frozen music, this was by no means a trivial play with antitheses. In like manner, Sebastian Bach's profound yet fantastic tone-tissues have been compared to the miracles of Germanic architecture. Of a truth, music, with its symmetrical repetition of parts, with its tone-members harmonizing and standing in intellectual relation one with another, offers in its formal part

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seal." In sculpture, the material (statue of marble, statue of bronze) becomes to us something adventitious—of course, apart from the technical influence that the material itself has upon the treatment of the work. In painting, the idea of the material utterly disappears to us—face to face with the painting we do not think of canvas and coloring materials, although we do not recognize their visible and expensive presence. In music we are deceived, thinking that we have before us something immaterial. We would not be undeceived by every-day, material, scientific experimentalism. Poetry alone lives entirely in the realm of mind.

the most decided analogy with architecture, which is likewise founded on the symmetrical repetition of entire large parts, on the harmony of the individual members of the edifice. It were folly to undertake to deny the analogy because, for instance, we cannot point out in a symphony of Mozart's any portals and windows, any metopes and triglyphs, any pinnacles and gables, or, on the other hand, because we are unable to say whether Strassburg Cathedral is in *C*-major or in *A*-minor. The well-known bipartite scheme according to which the first movements of the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, etc., are written, the movement with interrupting alternativo (in many *andante*-movements, in *scherzos*, etc.), the various forms of the *rondo*, as A. B. Marx enumerates them—all these forms, regarded in their abstract universality and without reference to the musical content in concrete cases, entirely resemble the general scheme of an edifice designed according to the laws of a certain style of architecture. When we speak to a musician of the development-group, of the secondary subject, he knows in which stage of the composition these parts of it are to be sought; just as the architectural expert needs only to hear of the architrave, weathering, cymatium, and the like of a Grecian temple to know at once in what place he must imagine these portions of the edifice. If music is not to become an inartistically arbitrary, aimless wandering about in tone-successions, if it is to have intrinsic stability and intellectual consistency, it can no more dispense with symmetry than architecture does;

whereas in painting a too symmetrical arrangement of groups and figures is justly regarded as hazardous, and a poet would surprise his public not a little if he should, after the second act of his drama, have the first act repeated word for word. There are "machine-composers" so perfectly at home in the familiar bipartite scheme, that their fancy—not unlike a well-trained cavalry-horse, which at drill finally executes the regular evolutions without his rider's help—goes through the evolutions of composition by itself, as it were, and who pronounce every composition, in which they do not find their favorite bipartite form imprinted with the greatest clearness in the demarcation of the separate parts, "obscure, indistinct," or even "without form." Indeed, the very master has not escaped this censure whose profound wisdom in the organic construction of his compositions is best calculated to awaken our reverence—Beethoven. It is not the least of the merits of the excellent A. B. Marx that he subjects the separate movements of Beethoven's instrumental works, according to their constructive importance, to a kind of comparative anatomy, and shows the learned gentlemen plainly enough that the mistake was only on their part, when they took the length of their queues or of their noses as a standard, instead of measuring with the wings of genius extended for flight. For the requirement of criticism, that the construction of a piece of music should be intelligible, is doubtless fully justifiable, but it argues intellectual narrowness in the art-workman to place pattern-work on a level with, and

insist upon having it in, such construction. The spiritual content of that universal musical form may not only differ very widely (just as between single edifices built on the same principle diversity prevails, or just as nature can show a thousand and one different species varied from the simple pattern of plants and vertebrate animals), but the content can also expand this form, contract it, modify it, etc., yet without being allowed to destroy it, because such destruction would lead to formlessness, and so to a lack of beauty.

The inexperienced hearer—one may say the average one—is of course less exacting. He raises no objection whatever when Herold gives the name of *overture* to a pot-pourri of motives, joined together, but of themselves destitute of connection, which he has the orchestra play before the curtain rises on his opera "Zampa." It is enough for him that the individual motives are stirring, brilliant or graceful, and he enjoys the so-called overture with the same delight, nay, with more, than, for example, the marvellous structure of the great fugal overtures by Beethoven. But the front of an edifice in the Palagonian style in which the right half did not correspond to the left would instantly strike him as wrong; and how many have not laughed over the advocate in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," whose countenance looks, according to Lichtenberg's expression, like the "jus utrumque"? The reason is quite easy to understand. An edifice and the human countenance show us their symmetry in space, surveyable at a single glance, hence through

the possibility of the constant comparative confronting of the single parts every offence against that symmetry is at once felt disagreeably. Music, on the contrary, unfolds its symmetry in time; the sounding form dies away, fixing itself at most in our memory, wherein alone the comparative confrontation can take place—and it is not every one that has a musical memory. In this and in the circumstance that a composition, however extravagantly and arbitrarily constructed, does not *fall to pieces*, whereas in constructing an edifice statics has a word to say in the matter—in the circumstance, finally, that building-stone and marble are somewhat dearer than music-paper, wherefore the latter is more easily obtained for caprices more or less savoring of genius, we must look for the reason, that in architecture there is hardly a second Palagonian palace, whereas in music Palagonian palaces are not so very rare, especially when the trio—dilettanti, virtuosi and artificial geniuses*—fraternize in composing pieces of music of large dimensions. If we are asked, by way of objection, whether, for instance, the overture to "Zampa" is not "music, too," we answer: In so far as it consists of elements linked together in an actual tonal work, yes!—as a finished, organic, independent artwork, no! The "chapel of San Crocefisso at Terni, not stupidly but whimsically pieced together" out of columns, pillars and timbers, of which Goethe

* They are distinguished from *natural* geniuses by the circumstance that the latter are creatures of God, whereas the former are the creatures of partisan periodicals.

makes mention in his "Italian Journey," is, lastly, also an *edifice*, but hardly an *architectural work*.

When we cross the old Forum in Rome, and see young architects climbing around with their yard-sticks over columns and remains of timbers on dizzy ladders and crazy scaffoldings, we are most forcibly convinced that architecture is an art of measurable proportions, because its devotees thus search for them at the risk of breaking their necks. And when we read that in the temple at Selinus the height of the pillars is 9 modules, and the diminution of the shaft $\frac{4}{15}$, or that in the temple of Theseus at Athens the height of the columns is 11 modules, and the space between the columns 3 modules, we understand that these proportions of measurement are most intimately connected with the artistic appearance of the edifices. And in music, also, do not arithmetical proportions stand in intimate connection with the artistic phenomenon? We do not mean merely the bases of all music which pertain to acoustics, and are expressible in figures, by virtue of which the octave, the fifth, etc., must be regarded as consonances, the second, the seventh, etc., as dissonances, not only for the empirically testing ear, but also for the calculating intellect; we also mean the measurable proportions of the parts of a composition according to their extension, *i. e.*, according to their duration. When we see at the beginning of a piece of music the signature for $\frac{4}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ time, we know that we have to expect throughout, so long as the composer does not see fit to change the measure once chosen, a regular movement of four or three

quarter-notes (whether they be contracted into larger notes or divided up into smaller ones); the prescribed measure is, once for all, just as much a law for the entire development of the piece of music as the prescribed module-measure above mentioned for the construction of the temple. But even in the proportions of the musical period-structure exceeding the limit of the single measure, our intelligence demands a symmetry expressible in figures. If a composition should bring to our hearing period-members, say, of the following measurements: 4 measures, 5 measures, 4 measures, 7 measures, 4 measures, etc., the 5-measure and 7-measure members would (unless their *subject-matter* justified the abnormity) cause an extremely disagreeable disturbance. Thus in the contraction of the rhythmical members of a larger structure, or vice versa, lies one of the most powerful musical means of effect. Who has not been carried away by the overpowering sweep of the mere rhythmical form of the *Scherzo* in Beethoven's ninth symphony– this genial play with mensural proportions that scarcely has its equal? The master prescribes $\frac{3}{4}$ measure, but in the divisions marked *Ritmo di tre battute, ritmo di quattro battute* the $\frac{3}{4}$ measure is turned into single pulsations of a larger $\frac{3}{2}$ and $\frac{4}{4}$ measure, in which the three quarter-notes obtain the value of triplets of eighth-notes. At the last *pp* before *presto allabreve* (page 65 of the score) he crowds his theme into 4-measure rhythms, which the imitating entrance of the wind-instruments at the third measure again turns into 2-measure rhythms; at the following

stringendo he crowds the theme in continually repeated groups of two measures at a time still more closely together, and so sweeps uncontrollably over into the even measure of the inrushing *Presto*. A piece of music that continues uninterruptedly in 4-measure members is at least rhythmically free from faults, yet it has, to offset that, for the most part, the grievous defect of monotonous tediousness, just as we desire in an edifice, besides harmonious agreement in the whole, also multifariousness in the single details, if our sense of beauty is to be perfectly satisfied. Finally, we desire in a piece of music a concordant symmetry of its principal divisions. The extent of the repetition-movement should stand in a corresponding relation with that of the development-movement : when the latter exceeds the extent of the former (as, *e. g.*, in the first *Allegro* of the *Sinfonia Eroica*), a greater extension of the coda is required to counterbalance it. In the opening movement of the 9th symphony the first and much prolonged division is not repeated, but followed by an equally long development-movement ; the first division then returns, as before, with the usual changes, followed by a second development-movement, corresponding to the first in musical form, in the shape of a coda of the same extent as the three preceding parts. Thus this *Allegro* is divided into four parts of equal length, which group themselves in pairs, thus allowing a still more comprehensive division of the whole into two perfectly symmetrical halves.

It will be seen that we have occupied ourselves throughout with the symmetrical, mathematically

measurable construction of pieces of music both upon a large and small scale, both in ample outlines and in a narrow space. Nor could we have proceeded otherwise in surveying a building. The possibility of a similar procedure implies similar bases. We were right, then, in calling music an art *architectural* in form. In describing the organization of the period-structure, the uniform pulsation of the rhythm, the inner structure of harmony and the smooth, singing substructure of melody, we have described the *body* of the piece of music. The body, however, requires a soul.

We have heard Beethoven's *C*-minor symphony. After the forceful wrestling and struggling of the first movement, which is ploughed by passion, and in which, as Beethoven said, "Fate knocks at the door," the sweet, consolatory tones of the *Andante* with its voices of flutes vainly strives to give peace; each triumphant flight sinks and fades like the misty shapes gloomily rushing in, again and again the same figure returns unchanged—a glance of pain toward heaven, full of quiet resignation. Then, in the third movement, the basses began, like gloomily threatening spectral forms, to rise up against the realm of light which the *Andante* had shown us, as it were, afar off; voices of lamentation were heard, pain wrested into laughter, frantic merriment breaking out all around, the first melodies returning, but as if broken and halting; instead of the full sound of the strings, feeble *pizzicati;* instead of the strong horn-tone, the weak oboe; we arrived at last at the

gloomiest place, where the basses hold *A*-flat, while the kettledrums accompany them with the hollow strokes of their incessant *C*; the violins hastily force the theme in a distorted form higher and higher, until, in the *crescendo* of the last eight measures, the black curtain is suddenly rent, and, in the full triumph of the in-rushing key of *C*-major, we are, so to speak, swept away into an ocean of light, into a jubilation without end, into a kingdom of glorious magnificence without bounds; scarcely have we time to cast another glance back upon the dark realm of spectres which has been vanquished, before we lose ourselves, as it were, in the kingdom of light now opened to us. When the last chords have died away, we feel with joyful exaltation that we are citizens of a higher world; the petty cares of every-day life seem, as it were, at a great distance from us. If now the physicist steps forward and tells us that the matter is based upon vibrations of air-waves which, by means of sheep's entrails scraped by hairs from a horse's tail, by means of stretched skins struck with drum-sticks, of reeds, wooden and metallic tubes, etc., are set in motion, so that the pitch of every sound that we have just heard may be reckoned—that therefore the matter has an acoustic-physical, and, foremostly, according to the theories current from Pythagoras down to Tartini, Euler and Rameau, a *mathematical* basis, we will cheerfully concede that the things and circumstances mentioned by him represent a plastic material, into which the spirit has entered in order to find appropriate expression for its own inner life. If, however, he

wishes to set down likewise to the credit of mathematics, to the "unconscious survey of the arithmetical proportions of tones," the higher frame of mind resulting from our having heard music, if he asks, with Oerstedt, "whether the lifetime of several mathematicians would suffice to calculate all the beauties of this symphony," we shall on our part ask him whether beauty can be *computed*, and why it is that a quadratic equation, a fundamental tenet of geometry, or whatever else belongs specifically to mathematics, may, indeed, occupy our intellect, but can never produce that effect of lifting us up out of ourselves? Euler composed a sonata through calculation alone—a procedure strongly reminding us of Faust's famulus Wagner, and his chemical experiments for producing the homunculus. Why should such an art-work, created by means of mathematics, not be able to fill us with enthusiasm just as much as the *C*-minor symphony, if that commensurable side is really what gives life to the art-work?

The physiologist who has, with Carl Vogt, reached the conclusion "that all those capacities classified by us under the head of mental activity are merely functions of the cerebral substance—that thoughts stand in about the same relation to the brain as the gall to the liver, or the urine to the kidneys,"* will laugh scornfully over the spirit sought for by us, and assure us that the whole witchery is based upon the excitement of our nervous system by means of the sound-waves—as it can notoriously also be ex-

* See his "Physiological Letters," 2d part, p. 323.

cited by means of spirituous liquors, opium, and the like. *Oerstedt*, too, who by no means occupies such a materialistic standpoint, attempts an essentially physiological explanation of the effect of music.* He speaks, above all, of "measured music," as he calls it, *i.e.*, of music with strongly marked, uniform rhythm, such as a march beaten by a drum.† "When we reflect," he says, "that it is the agency of the nerves that puts the muscles in motion, we easily understand that the series of violent alternations produced in the nerves by the measured succession of the tones can have an influence upon our step and other voluntary motion. Now, if one hears a systematic series of sounds, of equal duration and recurring at regular and very short intervals, the nerves will be set in corresponding vibrations, which thence seem to pass over to the motory muscles."

Upon this basis he also explains the effects of music of a higher class by means of the proposition "that our intellectual nature unceasingly produces peculiar states in the nervous system. Suppose we allow an excellent piece of choral music, within which lie concealed (?) the most glorious fundamental harmonies, to set the nerves into a series of regular vibrations, must not this same unrestful and perplexed spirit-body—here we cannot employ either of these names singly to designate the receptive sub-

* See "The Natural Effect of the Systematic Expression of Sound," in his "New Contributions to the Mind in Nature," German translation by K. L. Kannegiesser, pp. 41, *seq.*

† Which, however, on close examination, cannot properly be called *music.*

ject—be stimulated hereby to systematic, rationalized reaction? Must this feeling of inner harmony, that is so effortless, and resolves its tension and unrest, not seem to be a high and heavenly repose?"

This view, by a highly esteemed natural philosopher, certainly deserves all attention. Through it the "lifting-up" by a successful piece of dance-music, *i. e.*, one developing the rhythm in suitable forms, would be perfectly explained; we understand now why we feel, at the dactylic strokes in the *Scherzo* of the 9th symphony, a kind of joyful leaping in our own inmost soul; why, at the beginning of the first *Allegro* in the 7th symphony, the rhythmical movement marked by flute and oboe, for the time being without accession of melody and harmony, irresistibly carries us away in joyfullest sympathy. Of course, however, this effect is also brought about in a purely physical manner by means of the nervous oscillations excited, and if the thinking mind, the imaginative faculty, does not contribute *something*, or even the *most* to it, the natural inference is that we find ourselves, in regard of music, much in the predicament of a galvanized frog's-leg. And if a more solemn, a more majestic music—a piece of choral music, as Oerstedt calls it—can actually effect that "inner harmony" of the bodily organism, we shall have reason to pause and reflect before relegating to fable the stories of the sanative miracles of music which we meet with in the ancient writers.

But here we already encounter a difficulty. A medicine, a poison, and the like produces, in the case of all men identically or at least similarly organized,

exactly the same effects. We are all (to use the language of Shakespeare's Shylock) "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, healed by the same means." Thus, if the effect of music is based essentially upon action on the nerves, why is it often so utterly different in the case of similarly organized men? And, *nota bene*, this difference stands demonstrably in direct connection with the *intellectual culture* of these men. On hearing a motet by Palestrina, the one feels, as it were, the awful breath of eternity. A second has a like feeling, but he is able at the same time to take careful note of the technical form in the entrances of the parts, whereby the impression acquires, in his case, a coloring essentially differing from that in the case of the first. The third man is able to take note of this in the same way, but he finds this music by no means attractive, and admits it interesting, at best, as an historical curiosity. In the case of a fourth, the whole performance simply bores him frightfully. The first hearer in this little example is a man of abundant religious feeling; the second is the same, and likewise musically cultivated; the third has equal musical culture, but no emotional life, and the fourth, finally, has nothing at all.—A waltz by Strauss is sounding. Upon one it acts almost like Oberon's horn, it "goes into his feet," and as he cannot actually dance, he at least marks the time with hand and foot and head. His neighbor sits motionless, like the statue of Memnon, and assumes a look of indifference. The former is a cheerful epicurean, the latter a prosy man of business.

According to Oerstedt's theory, the motet, which we can classify under the head of his "choral music," ought to have produced in all the same "inward harmony;" the "measured music" of the waltz, on the other hand, could and should have thrilled the legs of all hearers. And yet it was not so!

Let us imagine a drummer constantly beating his drum with uniform strokes in the duration of quarter-notes—*andante* movement. These uniform strokes must necessarily set our nerves in corresponding regular oscillations, and, nevertheless, the impression of this drumming will not only be not exciting to us, but we shall soon wish the drummer with his monotonous racket a thousand miles away. But let him accentuate the first of every four strokes, and he will begin to excite our attention. The reason is, that the uniform strokes were a formless mass; the audible division into groups, on the other hand, satisfies a feeling that is natural and innate in us—the feeling for *symmetry* (whose laws are apparent throughout Nature, wherever an organic formation is present). The feeling of symmetry is, however, the result of an operation of the *comparative intellect*. Here, then, we must also seek the ground of our pleasure in rhythm. Even where there is no vestige of music, a regular, rhythmical din will not fail of its stirring effect. Who is there that has, in early autumn, not been, one might say, disposed to cheerfulness and a feeling of content by the regular thud of the flails resounding from the barns? The clatter of a mill,

the strokes of a forge, the uniform roaring of a waterfall, the plashing of a fountain—all these things belong to the same category. Jean Paul rightly remarks* that the merest nonsense-verses, if they only have a strongly accented rhythm, like

> In winter,
> My Günther (pronounce with *G* hard, Ginter),
> They thresh out the grain,

etc., exercise a peculiar fascination. Many children's proverbs are based upon the same principle, and in the "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" (Fables for Children and Home) of the Brothers Grimm, the play with sound constitutes the charm of most of the verses scattered throughout the work. Nay, let the attempt be made to have a *danseuse* execute a dance *without music*, a dance of sharply-marked rhythms, whether it be of slow or quick movement, minuet or tarantella (only not the *genuine German* waltz, in which, despite the most desperate exertions of lungs and legs, the same thing is repeated again and again, always returning to the old spot), and the same *inclination to keep time* will be felt as in the case of an inspiring piece of dance-music. In this case the symmetry of rhythmical motion affects us solely through our sense of sight; we are therefore moved to keep time with the dancer simply through the vividness of our conception (which we also exhibit externally by our motion), but not through a mechanical agitation of the nerves caused by agitated air-waves. Walking behind a company

* Flegeljahre. "No. 57, Regenpfeifer."

of soldiers marching to the beat of the drum, we hear "*one* step," however many there may be, as Goethe makes the tailor Jetter say of the Spanish troops of the Duke of Alva; nay, if this united tread sound in our ears even *without* drums, we shall involuntarily regulate our steps according to it. The reason is again to be sought in the imaginative faculty. Our sense of hearing apprises us of a strongly marked movement, in which we unite with our own motions for the reason that, were we to try to go at a different pace, we should have to imagine vividly a peculiar rhythm of our own, different from the one we hear—as it were, to oppose our mere fancy to the very actual rhythmical roar of the drum—which has its difficulties. The more prudent man gives way—and so we march along, as if the drum were beaten for us.

Now, music avails itself of such a powerful lever as rhythm; but not only music—poetry as well, and the art of dancing no less. Music possesses, however, besides rhythm, the two elements of harmony and melody. To seek to explain the effect of a piece of music from the rhythm alone means, therefore, to overlook its two other equally essential elements; it means to set down the effect of a tragedy by Sophocles or Shakespeare to the credit of the *metre*. Even if harmony admits* in any case

* Here also, however, physiology will scarcely suffice to explain satisfactorily, from *its* standpoint, why a discord that is unpleasing in itself, *e. g.*, the major triad with the major seventh of the fundamental, under some circumstances perfectly satisfies us—or

of an additional explanation through agreeable or disagreeable convulsions of the auditory nerves by means of consonances or dissonances, yet in the case of the third element of music, which is almost the most essential one, namely, *melody*, a physiological theory for explaining its charm would hardly be so easy to establish.

Dr. Hanslick, in his book "Of the Musically Beautiful," also seeks the real so-called *charm* of music, as we have already mentioned, in the domain of physiology: "Just as the *physical* effects of music stand in exact proportion to the morbid irritation of the nervous system in its expectant attitude, so does the *moral* influence of the tones grow with the unculture of the mind and character (!). The less there is of the counter-pressure of culture, the more powerfully does such force strike at random. Music, as is well known, exercises the most powerful effect upon savages" (?) If "culture" consists in scouring away from one's soul the last vestige of *faith* and *love*, then certainly "culture" may be a powerful "counter-pressure," not only against the charm of music, but also, for the very same reasons, against that of painting and poetry; and the triple-alliance, Mozart, Raphael and Goethe, will neither touch such a "cultivated" person nor (as Beethoven desired of music) strike fire out of his spirit.

"The elementary part of music," says Dr. Hanslick, "sound and motion, is what forges fetters for

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just why progressions in perfect consonances, *e. g.*, octaves, can become intolerable.

the defenceless feelings of so many lovers of music. While they, in passive receptivity, are allowing the elementary part of music to act upon them, they fall into a vague, supersensually sensual agitation, determined only by the character of the piece of music. Their demeanor toward music is not *intuitive*, but *pathological;* a continual dreaming, feeling, raving, a dangling and quaking in sounding nothingness." We have previously likened the *Andante* of the *C*-minor symphony to a sweet, consolatory voice, which in vain endeavors to bring peace. That was pathological, and to keep ourselves in an *intuitive* attitude we ought to have said to ourselves during the playing of the *Andante: Andante con moto*, $\frac{3}{8}$ time, *A*-flat major. Singable theme, played in unison by viola and 'cello, basses in detached *pizzicato* strokes—the last measure of the theme taken up by the wind-band and utilized for a new phrase—and so forth. Instead of seeing in the Apollo Belvedere the striding, angry god, who comes

——— Χωόμενος κῆρ
τόξ' ὤμοισιν ἔχων, ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρην
——— νυκτὶ ἐοικώς (Il. Rh. A., v. 44, *seqq.*)

we shall do well to count his muscles and to measure his legs, which are notoriously somewhat too long.

When Hanslick points to Goethe, who, as is well known, being in his old age (in the year 1823) once more attacked by the power of love at Marienbad, in a letter to Zelter wrote of the "tremendous power of music in those days," and even called the latter "a morbid sensibility," we simply say that

music had at that time so tremendous an effect upon him because his entire emotional life was in general in a higher degree of excitation. Or else, love itself, which like a setting sun once more transfigured the heart of the aged prince of poets, must have been a mere nervous attack.

True, many insist that a tender and *emotional* mood is the most essential effect of music. Jean Paul is a striking instance, who often makes his heroes and heroines weep immoderately at some *Adagio*, and to whom every score is a rainy quarter whence fall showers of tears, and every baton a rod of Moses, whose strokes bring forth waters. On the other hand, Beethoven desires, as we have already heard, that "music should strike fire from a man's soul." Thus we have here also a difference of opinion between the *Neptunists* and *Plutonists*.* If music really were such a pump-barrel for the lachrymal glands, if its essential effect really consisted in emotional softening, Plato would be quite right in banishing so enervating an art, along with poetry, from his republic. Fortunately, however, music has neither more nor less emotional power than any other art—nay, than the Beautiful and Good in general. Let us remember the prompter, very delicately and genially drawn by Goethe in a few touches, who is so much moved at certain places that he weeps hot tears; yet "it is, strictly speaking, *not the so-called*

* The Neptunian geological theory refers the formation of all rocks and strata to the agency of water; as opposed to the Plutonian, which holds that the unstratified crystalline rocks were formed by igneous fusion. (TRANSLATOR.)

moving places that affect him so, but the *beautiful* places *from which the pure genius of the poet, so to speak, looks out from bright, open eyes.*"* In the case of persons of a predominantly tender, ardent disposition we not seldom meet this phenomenon. A beautiful poem, a sublime scene in nature—nay, the narration of a good deed, moves them to tears. And history tells us of the noble Saladin, who was a warlike hero, that the narration of great deeds and simple touching occurrences often moved him also to tears. It can hardly be assumed that a warlike hero is the possessor of weak nerves. What have these grayish-white threads to do at all with the eternal ideas of the Good and the Beautiful? The emotion of which we have just spoken is something better than mere nervous irritation; it is a higher kind of homesickness, which attacks us when the ideas of the Good and the Beautiful suddenly appear before us and remind us of our eternal home.

It is true, music "strikes root in the Sensual," like every other art, like all of our perception in general. But to banish its entire essence to the sphere of the absolutely sensual would be to attach ourselves to the reasoning which, as we have heard, places in the same category the thoughts of a Socrates and his renal secretions, or defines fancy as "that activity of the brain which," etc. Nothing more apt occurs to us here than a passage from Schleiden's "Life of Plants:" "Could the natural philosopher," says he, "divest himself of his human spirit, and regard the world

* Wilhelm Meister's "Lehrjahre," Book 5, chap. 6.

round about him only with the eye of science, he would perceive nothing but a waste mass, colorless and destitute of light, a threatening, gigantic clock-work, in which thousands of materials and motive forces are united in an ever-changing play. This would be the one, the scientific or material view of the world. But let us now fix our eye upon the more beautiful reverse side. The night is past, the vivifying rays of the morning sun quiver over the distant heights. The verdant meads glow more warmly, touched by the heavenly light. Here the flower opens its crown, radiant with colors, to the longed-for element; there the awakened bird wings in gay plumage through the blue ether, the iridescent butterfly floats caressingly about the lovely rose, and on the brownish moss the beetle, shining like an emerald, eagerly creeps forward to allay its thirst with the bright dew-drops. An entire, complete, beautiful world of light and radiance, of colors and forms, lies spread out before us, every movement is life, is beauty, and beautiful in its freedom. 'I see all this,' says man, and, in an ecstasy, thanks the Giver of all good. But what is the meaning of this 'seeing'? It is not a perception of that which really exists outside of him. It is a magical phantasmagory conjured up as a spontaneous creation of the mind, yet at the same time marvelously guided and moulded wholly by a material reality external to the mind, without its being conscious of this reality."

In the preceding reflections those persons also find a tolerable answer who place the subject-matter of a

piece of music *only* in the tone-series arranged according to musical grammar, in the "theme with its exploitation"—who make the *content* perfectly coincide with the *form*, and derive the entire effect of music only from the play of forms as such and from the "elementary power of tones"—that is, in other words, the effect of a poem from the grammatical and syntactical correctness of the wording, the purity of the rhymes, the rhythmical cadence of the measure, and the "elementary" euphony of a language—*e.g.*, of the Italian, in which the poet has as great an advantage—say—over a Dutch poet (an Ariosto over a Vondel) as one who composes a clarinet solo has over another who writes for the bagpipe.

The effect which we previously ascribed to the *C*-minor symphony is not as it were the reflection of this work in the head of an isolated enthusiast; it has—as a matter of fact—produced precisely the same effect in the case of thousands, and when an artist or amateur having command of language has spoken of it, the purport of the discourse is, with all the differerence of expression, always the same. Thus E. T. A. Hoffman in his article upon Beethoven's instrumental music; thus Berlioz in an extremely clever feuilleton-article in the *Journal des débats;* thus W. R. Griepenkerl ("Kunstgenius der deutschen Literatur"); thus Robert Schumann ("Gesammelte Schriften," vol. 1, page 216); thus A. B. Marx ("Die Musik des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," page 216). Nay, when at the triumphant, jubilant theme of the *Finale* the disabled Napoleonic soldier springs up in

the hall of the Paris Conservatory and loudly shouts his "*Vive l'empereur*," this genuine sound of nature from the breast of a brave old soldier means nothing else. Thus the effect of the art-work has a very definite individual physiognomy. Let us, on the other hand, listen to Mozart's *G*-minor symphony, this Grace in the musical Olympus, or to his grand, magnificent *C*-major symphony with the fugue, or to his noble symphony in *E*-flat; to one of the ever youthfully fresh, cheerful symphonies of Father Haydn's, bubbling over with life, or to Mendelssohn's romantically thoughtful one in *A*-minor; to Gade's gigantic Northern symphony in *C*-minor, or to Berlioz's "*Épisode de la vie d'artiste*"—this volcanic eruption of genius—and the individual physiognomy of the effect will be an *entirely different one* with each one of these works. After all, the very superscriptions "Sinfonia eroica," "Sinfonia pastorale," point to a profound individuality of the art-work, which is by no means deducible from the mere play of the tones with forms. It has as yet not occurred to anybody to find the Heroic symphony not heroic and the Pastoral symphony not pastoral, but it surely would have called forth contradiction on all sides if the title-pages of both works had been accidentally interchanged. He who denies any other content of music than mere tone-forms set in motion, has no right whatever to join in this contradiction. There is no heroic arabesque, no heroic kaleidoscopic picture, no heroic triangle or quadrangle—and whatever else those occupying this standpoint have attempted to put music in analogous relations with. The $\frac{3}{4}$ measure,

too, the key of *E*-flat major, the movement *allegro*, and whatever else belongs to absolute tone-form, is in itself neither heroic nor non-heroic. But, as the flower exhales its odor, there pervades the entire work—gazing in open-eyed greatness from the very first theme of the violoncello built up of the intervals of the *E*-flat major triad, the same intelligence that we meet when perusing Æschylus' immortal tragedy of the Seven Chiefs against Thebes, or the Iliad with the aristeias of its heroes, with its banquets of the gods, the sacred marriage of Hector and Andromache, and the glorious death of the "most noble Trojan."

Where there is a definite effect, a reason *fully* accounting for it must be assignable.

In the mere consistent, manifold thematic working-up of a suitable theme, in external changes in the dynamic effect, the tone-color of the instruments, etc., this reason does not lie, although these elements are all means to the end. For are not Mozart's *G*-minor symphony and Beethoven's *C*-minor symphony exactly alike, *formally* considered? Are they not both "beautiful developments of tone-forms set in motion"? Nay, do not both agree in the number of parts, their modulatory elaboration according to the scheme of principal keys, in their construction, etc.? Is not the contrapuntal art in both managed with genial employment of the fundamental themes? Is the *G*-minor symphony, which might be called, as Luther called music in general, "a delightful miracle," less entitled than the other to a place in the Pantheon of art? And nevertheless, the Napoleon-

ic invalid would, during its performance, surely have remained seated, and have perhaps thought of his beautiful daughters (if he had any), instead of his great emperor.

The explanation of the effect by means of the merely *formal* feature is, therefore, insufficient.

It is no conclusive experiment for the standpoint of the "tone-forms set in motion" when Hanslick picks out, from one of the least important of Beethoven's works—the overture to the ballet "Prometheus"—the first eight measures of the *allegro* and asks: "What do they signify?" This is surely the same as if one should bring us the broken-off nose of a statue, and should require us to construct the entire work after it, or, as if one should expect us to demonstrate the tragic conflict in "King Lear" from the words: "I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany than Cornwall" (Act I., scene 1). Let us, however, hear the entire overture, and we certainly shall not fail to recognize a very decided character. An agitated, passionate life pulsates in it, we would fain ascribe to it, in the good and the bad sense, a certain *juvenile* nature. On the other hand, there are numbers of examples showing that the very first motive indicates in the most definite manner the character of a whole movement—thus, the first motives of the Heroic, the Pastoral, the 8th and 9th symphonies of Beethoven, the motive of Mendelssohn's overture "The Hebrides," the Hörselberg-motive in the *allegro* of Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser," etc.

The "sounding arabesque" is also, in fact, nothing

more than a pretty conceit, which, on closer examination, bursts like a soap-bubble. The arabesque, a play of fancy in plastic art, with figures of plants, animals and men symmetrically arranged in an attractive form, has no independent significance at all, but only a decorative one. It serves, in the case of buildings, to enliven in a manner agreeable to the eye the monotony of large mural surfaces; thus it is based on architecture, acquires the character of a member of a building, not, however, of a constructive member, but, as we have said, of a decorative one, and repeats the symmetry of the building, as it were, in a gracefully trifling after-effect, as, for example, the charming arabesques in the style of Ludius of Pompeii show, which, to be sure, aroused the anger of the prosy Vitruvius. In so far as we called music an architectural art, there certainly exists also a certain analogy with the likewise essentially architectural arabesque. We will, for reasons easily understood, ascribe somewhat of an arabesque character to pieces of music woven together, as it were, of themselves out of fantastic forms in plastic motion and charmingly capricious play, such as many *impromptus*, *études* and *scherzos* by Chopin, also perhaps the genially fantastic *Allegro* in Beethoven's *F*-major quartet, Op. 59, No. 1. Thus far, and no farther, may we reach out after analogies. Of course, there are also arabesques which *represent* something, thus forsaking the standpoint of a merely symmetrical play of form, as, *e. g.*, the graceful Raphaelitic arabesques with the bird-catcher, the sea-fishes, etc., in the Vatican. If, however, the symmetrical play

of forms is essentially that which constitutes the analogy between the arabesque and music, then the latter stands on the artistic level of the "ever-repeated little baskets, flourishes and figures" of a carpet, which Wilhelm Meister could not abide, and which it will occur to no one to put in one and the same rank with—say—the frescoes or the *stanze* of Raphael. It is to no purpose to say that "this artistico-plastic tone-arabesque streams forth from the soul of the musician." In the word "artistic" the ideal feature is here covertly smuggled in—whose more definite explanation we must again request—and as to the "plasticity," we must not shut our eyes to the fact, that a carpet-pattern would gain in artistic importance if its twigs and leaves moved or changed in such a manner as we see in the toy called the Chromatrope; and, finally, what is the meaning of the "pouring-out of the soul," in the case of an art to which everything of the nature of a soul is denied? From such a standpoint it is quite inadmissible to praise the dramatic truthfulness of a Gluck or a Richard Wagner, or to find fault with Rossini for having Ninetta's death-sentence sung as a waltz, and with Donizetti in his "Tasso" for having the complaint of the unhappy poet for Leonora's death answered with a gallopade. In the last two cases the blameworthiness lies not in the *form*—for the form of the waltz and the gallopade is of itself as legitimate as any other—but it can lie only in the opposition of the *content* of the given dramatic situation to the content of the music put in connection with it. A. B. Marx has, however, briefly and admirably

demonstrated, in his "Music of the Nineteenth Century," how the natural, or more correctly, the *reasonable* course of development (ruling in music also) of necessity urged this art by degrees to aspire after more and more definite expression, and how, in particular, Beethoven's 9th symphony is in this regard a colossal epochal work, in which that whole foregoing course of development is concentrated, as it were, to a point. Whoever ignores this sublime revelation, or puts it aside because in the *Finale* many places lie uncomfortably high for the voices, and the high *A* in the $\frac{6}{4}$ *allegro* is difficult for the soprano to sustain, may be a good singing-teacher, but an art-philosopher he is not!

And as we before spoke of the body of music, and said that it demanded a soul, we feel that we are led to the conviction that poetry alone is able to breathe this soul into it. We were right in calling music a poetic art.

But what is the boundary between it and poetry?

Where a *boundary* is to be drawn between two domains, a *point of contact* between them must, in general, first be ascertained. The point of contact common to poetry and music lies in the *excitement of moods*. This power is—as will be shown later—in a high degree peculiar to poetry, not only to the *lyric*, whose peculiar domain is to be sought for here, and the *dramatic*, but, up to a certain degree, even to the didactic, epic, and even the epigrammatic, in which the point, unexpectedly springing forth,

can express the effect of the humorous up to the provocation to laughter—to the satirical, in which, *e.g.*, Horace fills us, so to speak, with his graceful waggishness (*Vafer Flaccus circum præcordia ludit*), Juvenal with his profoundly moral indignation.

The effect of music likewise consists essentially in this, that it awakens moods in the hearer, and, indeed, moods of very determinate coloring. Mozart's "Figaro" has, as yet, hardly disposed any one to solemn seriousness, his "Requiem" hardly any one to a cheerful love of life. If one should play, in front of a bridal pair going to the altar, a funeral march, it would excite laughter, just as it would give rise to no little scandal if the band of music at a funeral should strike up—say—the merry, frivolous galop from Auber's "Masked Ball." Thus, in Schiller's "William Tell," Rudolph commands Harras to stop the music of the bridal procession in the presence of the mortally wounded Gessler, and the gloomy choral of the "Brothers of Charity" takes its place.

States of mind are in general (for in so far as they are in any way the result of the morbidly excited bodily organism, they cannot here be taken into consideration) the result of a series of definite ideas. These latter can be expressed in definite, clear words, the former cannot. If the word *joy*, *love*, *anger*, *pity*, etc., be spoken, it is an empty sound, appealing only to the hearer's *power of recollection*, as far as he is familiar with these states from experience, but giving him no idea of them if they are not experimentally known to him. The Spartan perhaps knew not the paralyzing effect of fear—the coward, on the

contrary, will never understand the hero. When Thomas à Kempis relates of his friend Arnold von Schoonhofen that, while praying, he gave utterance to joyful sounds of ecstasy, a man of earnest religious feeling, to whom, as to the youthful Faust, prayer is "bliss," can well imagine what he felt—to the cold atheist it can never be explained what called forth those sounds of ecstasy.

Now, music conveys moods of finished expression; it, as it were, forces them upon the hearer. It conveys them in *finished* form, because it possesses no means for expressing the previous series of ideas which *speech* can clearly and definitely express. The charm of music, which one is so very much inclined to ascribe to sensuous euphony alone, lies, in a great measure, if not for the most part, in this contrasting of finished states of mind, concerning whose previous series of ideas it gives us no account; for we speak of *charm* when we see powerful results produced whose causes remain enveloped, as far as we can see, in mysterious obscurity. Now, *the state of mind which the hearer receives from music he transfers back to it;* he says: "It expresses this or that mood." Thus music receives back its own gift, and thus we perceive how the best intellects, on the one hand, could claim for music, as a fact beyond doubt, so to speak, the "expression of feelings," while the advocates of the mere "pleasure in the play of forms," on the other hand, deny to it such ability, because, forsooth, tones set up in order eternally remain in that order, but never can become love, sorrow, joy, etc. With the expression "music

awakens moods," there is no infringement of it, nor is the matter pushed too far into the subjectivity of the hearer, for the resources of the real poetry of sentiment, of *lyric poetry*, also extend no further. It is only in the same improper sense as of music that we can say of lyric poetry that "it expresses feelings." A versified dry statement of joy or sorrow excites no mood at all, therefore bears none in itself, and cannot lay claim to the name of a lyric poem, for the reason that it is no poetry at all.

Poetry thus has only two courses. One is: Briefly to mention the conceptions which generally have the intended mood for their result. Thus Schiller, in his "Lay of the Bell," simply enumerates, in beautiful versification and with nobly eloquent flight, the circumstances under which the death of a beloved housewife and mother generally intrudes itself in the most sorrowful manner; and who could read this passage without emotion? Or else poetry takes up symbolical pictures, or even brings up those natural scenes from which the desired mood imparts itself—thus, Goethe's poem, full of veiled, profound grief: "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh" ("Over all Peaks there is Rest"). Thus we infer, from the given conception, the sentiment conjecturable from it, but not named. In the case of music, just the opposite way is to be taken. From the given feeling we infer the idea conjecturable from it, but not expressly mentioned to us. For it would be a much too general and superficial distinction were we to separate music, according to the character of its moods, into the two chief divisions, "serious" and "cheerful" music.

Music can go so far as to express moods of very distinct physiognomy—although we are not so bold as Robert Schumann, who pretends to find, in a composition by Franz Schubert, vexation on account of an exorbitant tailor's bill.* Now, if certain chains of ideas usually call forth moods of a decidedly individual coloring, and if music succeeds in calling forth precisely these moods, we infer these definite chains of ideas from the mood in question; we go so far (for the same reason for which we carried *our* feeling over into music) as even to transfer to music these definite chains of ideas. Only through this mental operation does it become explicable how the program-symphonies of Berlioz, the "Children's Scenes" of Schumann, and the like, to a certain degree justify their superscriptions.

The circumstance is not to be overlooked, however, that there are moods for whose designation the ordinary terminology possesses no names. To these belongs directly that state of mind which might be called "well-tempered," "good-natured," a result of several heterogeneous states, which hold each other reciprocally within bounds.

It is usually said of the compositions of Reissiger, Kalliwoda, etc., that they stand on the "medium level of sentiment." In a nobler sense this applies also to many of Mozart's tone-poems. This "medium sentiment" is not the result of an incapacity to soar into higher regions, but flows from

* "Gesammelte Schriften" ("Collected Writings"), vol i., page 184.

a noble, temperate adjustment of all the forces that keep one another in most perfect equilibrium; as, for instance, in the glorious *G*-minor quartet for pianoforte and strings. Sometimes, however, this mood passes over into a certain calm, happy delight, as in the quintet in *A*-major for strings, with *obbligato* clarinet, over which, from the first tone to the last, the loveliest charm of euphony is diffused, and (to borrow an expression of Goethe's) whose "whole being swims in ripe, sweet sensuousness." It would be wrong to think that this or that music "says nothing" because it does not point to any one nominally defined point of division on the scale of feeling; just as a human countenance is not to be denied all character and expression because at a given instant it does not bear the expression of a casual, transitory emotion, but exhibits only its usual collective expression as the corporeal reflection of its combined mental and moral endowment. Indeed, the portrait-painter can make no use at all of such transient traits of special emotion, he must conceive the personality which is to be represented, as a whole, in its normal intermediate state, and endeavor thereby to exhibit through his art simply a faithful characteristic picture of that personality, without painting, for example, a choleric man actually with the facial distortions generally caused by anger. The historical painter also must take good care, if he would not produce a caricature, even in subjects of an action moved by passion, not to give *every one* of his figures the sharply imprinted expression of an emotion. Thus, Orcagna, in his "Last Judg-

ment" (in the *Campo santo* at Pisa), represents with fearful truthfulness, and in a most startling manner, on the side of the damned, terrified surprise, horror, lamentation and despair; but for all that it would be but a crowd of people making faces if the artist did not contrast it with the uniformly tranquil, radiant joy on the faces of the saved, and the solemn gravity of the patriarchs and prophets. In Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" is placed by the side of the violent gesticulations and excited looks of some of the apostles, in well-calculated contrasting relief, the composed demeanor of others, especially of the one sitting at the right of the beholder at the end of the table, but particularly the divinely mild gravity and the sorrowful resignation of the principal figure in the middle. Even in the most tumultuous of all historical pictures, the celebrated Pompeian mosaic picture of Alexander's battle, the universal horror at the fall of the commander-in-chief is *completely* portrayed only in some figures.

Now, similar moderation is also the law and rule for the composer; hence, besides characteristically prominent passages of a musical work, there are also seemingly unimportant intermediate and connective members, which are in truth of the greatest importance for the effect of the whole, and receive reflected light from the passages first mentioned. Even in pieces of restless agitation and passion the composer provides for the allaying contrast of a short middle or secondary movement, or allows the whole to rush by like the swoop of a tempest; thus, Beethoven in the *finale* of the *F*-minor sonata, Op. 2, and Mozart

in the overture to the "Entführung aus dem Serail," and in the *finale* of the pianoforte-sonata in *A*-minor.

Nor are those pieces of music in which the architectural form of contrapuntal treatment noticeably stands out, on that account *debarred from expressing moods*. Just as the form-play of the Gothic cathedral makes its fixed impression, just as the entrance into the minster at Freiburg carried away a travelling Catholic priest to the exclamation: "*Vere, hic est domus Dei et porta cœli;*" just as the prematurely deceased Protestant theologian, Ackermann, as he relates, in the choir of Cologne Cathedral involuntarily sang, "*O Sanctissima, O Piissima,*" in like manner the prolonged, severe, solemn strains of the "Pange lingua," of the choral "Wachet auf" ("Wake! awake!"), whether supported by the columns of simple harmonies or surrounded by the Gothic tracery of artistic contrapuntal treatment; and the ingenious vocal texture of canonical movements and fugues in the church-compositions of the ancient great masters—these all call forth quite similar psychical states of devout awe, these, indeed, unspeakably more than the semi-operatic tinsel-finery of many a new mass, in which the "Gloria" is treated like a noisy secular pageant, the "Incarnatus" and "Benedictus" as sentimental arias, the "Crucifixus" as a tragical operatic scene; and, at last, a brilliant "Dona nobis pacem" suitably winds up the whole—a kind of music which finds, in the church edifices of a Borromini and other representatives of the artificial, showy "periwig-style," a home well fitted by analogy.

And if you ask: Where shall we find moods, and character, and expression, in the compositions of the true masters of counterpoint?* turn, unless you wish obstinately to shut your ears to the reality (in which case, of course, every additional word would be useless), turn to the wonderful tone-poems of the great Johann Sebastian Bach—not only to his cantatas, his passion-music, but to his concertos, suites, preludes, and fugues! Of the preludes in their comparatively freer form, we shall say nothing, but in the fugues of "The Well-tempered Clavichord" does not each theme at once arise before you like an individual with a head, arms, and legs, living in full vigor of life? Can they be mere carvings, having no other purpose than the production of formations available for *stretti*, augmentations, and other "ornaments of fugue"? Can you place in the same rank, as mere form-play for learned contrapuntal development, the mournful, complaining theme of the fugue in the first part, in *F*-minor, with the sportive butterfly of the theme of the *C*-sharp major fugue; the theme, emerging with mysterious solemnity, of the five-part fugue in *C*-sharp minor with the idyllic one of the *C*-major fugue; the theme of the *D*-major fugue (an heroic face under the curls of a long pe-

* If it goes on in this way that, in the case of all newly-arisen geniuses, "genius" does everything, and sanctions as right and beautiful and good whatever comes into the heads of these gentlemen while composing, counterpoint will soon be a tradition as mythical as the "Mysteries of the Octagon" in Gothic architecture, which Heideloff himself had to learn from Lorenzo Kieskalk, the last conserver of them.

ruke) with the precipitate race of the parts in the two-part fugue in *E*-minor? And let old Sebastian himself say it to you in so many words, though he has not so rich a lexicon of words of command for musical expression (bookbinders' notices for the player) as our modern music, yet we meet, *e. g.*, in the 2d sonata for pianoforte and violin, the superscription "*dolce*" over a movement. *This* should therefore be the character of the whole piece, and such, too, it is.

And though there lie before us fugues and other form-plays by well-trained but feeble spirits, which are nothing but soulless pieces of carving, let us remember the giant from the temple of Zeus at Agrigentum. In them, too, the animating spark of Prometheus has not yet enkindled the organically formed material; they show us no complete art-work, but only a stage of its development—what A. B. Marx calls* "crystalline tone-growth," from which the "art of the soul" must first freely develop itself.

We might, however, go still farther, and maintain that even the dryest formal music is not entirely *without the expression of mood*, and if nothing more, it is at least dry, austere, strict. Indeed, even a composer like Franz Schubert, whose hand painted moods so delicately and subtly, could even consciously and intentionally fall into this vein when he desired to depict ascetic hatred of life, or for comic

* "Die Musik des 19. Jahrhunderts" ("The Music of the Nineteenth Century"), page 71.

effects (*e. g.*, in the vaudeville), when a dry, schoolmaster-like pedant was to be characterized. When Mozart, in the aria, "*Ah, fuggi il traditor, non lo lasciar più dir*," with which Elvira warningly approaches the infatuated Zerlina, who, after the exultant "*Andiam, andiam mio bene*," is about to throw herself blindly into the arms of seduction, suddenly departs from his peculiar style and writes in the style of Händel, this is neither out of reverence for his great predecessor (which would here be very much out of place), nor a caprice of the artist (for the master thought too much of his "Don Giovanni" to allow himself such an offence); least of all is it, as Oulibicheff thinks, a kind of polemic composition with a purpose, in which Mozart plainly wanted to show the dear public that he "was quite another sort of man" (ὅσσον φέρτερός εἰμι σέθεν); the whole thing simply amounts to this, that Elvira moralizes abstractedly in the text, and the master could not express this more appropriately than in such a grave, strict, harsh, somewhat dry form.*

In the greatest of the last representatives of the Netherlandic-Roman tendency also, Palestrina, Al-

* Oulibicheff also errs in maintaining that this aria is everywhere omitted in performances. We had frequent occasion in Prague to hear it, and can attest from experience that it produces a powerful effect. It suits the noble character of Elvira very well, and forms an excellent artistic counterpoise to the gay, giddy scenes of intoxicated self-oblivion by which she is surrounded. It is as if the moral law itself were to cast a glance of severe dignity upon the cleverly conceived, frivolous goings-on. Moreover, it is no slavish imitation of Händel; the familiar "big head," *i. e.*, Mozart's own manner, peeps out from it plainly enough.

legri, Bai, etc., we find, not exactly *moods*, but at least *a mood*. In their works, a "Crucifixus" looks exactly like a "Resurrexit;" of the tragic tone of the former and the joyful aspiration of the latter, such as later composers like to express, there is here no sign. And so throughout. Instead of it, however, a bright, heavenly light is diffused over everything. The gaudy variety of the sensuous element is lacking, but a sublime repose, a calm greatness live in these mighty triads, it is a music of spirits "who suffer not, who weep not." These works make manifest to us the meaning of the prayer of the Roman Catholic Church for her dead—"requiem æternam dona eis, Domine"—that it is no supplication for the dull, dreary repose of the crumbling body in the grave, but for this very exaltation above the struggle, the suffering and the fever of the passions; or we feel impelled (like Tieck in his "Phantasus," in which a hazy romanticism strives to find expression in sonnets) to declare this music to be the only kind capable of vindication, and to regard all later efforts as merely a "turbid stream" (for an art intended for men must finally muster up courage to be human); these qualities we must unreservedly concede to the sublime spirit of Palestrina's epoch, a spirit not to be imprisoned in a mere form. When Pope Pius IV. exclaimed, at a mass by Palestrina, "an earthly John gives us here a foretaste of the song which the holy Apostle John heard in the heavenly Jerusalem," it was certainly not the *formal* feature, the artistic imitations, etc., that drew from the Pope this exclamation. And

Palestrina's music has continually produced the same effect of a "heavenly song"—even upon Oulibicheff, whose confession of faith is to the effect that all music before Mozart has importance and value strictly speaking only as a preparation for this his "hero," and that all that has been written after Mozart is an aberration, or is not worth speaking of.

The folk-song, too, likewise belonging to the developmental period of the "crystalline texture," has that *general* character of mood; and although it will occur to no one to look among these field-flowers of a natural growth for a more profound searching of the music into the spirit of the poem, or for that delicate painting of details that lives in the songs of Franz Schubert, Schumann or Mendelssohn, although it is primarily the mere general delight in melody that called them forth, they also will be divided, as it were instinctively, into at least the two most *general* categories of sorrowful and cheerful compositions for corresponding poems—at least, we should scarcely find a song of sorrowful leave-taking, etc., adapted to a dance-tune, or a waggish song to one of a funereal character. The character of the folk-song is, however, *general* also as far as it essentially corresponds to the character of the people with which it originated. Thus, the German folk-songs have a sociable, easy-going, temperate tinge; the Slavonic breathe a dreamy melancholy; the Hungarian, etc., are no less characteristic.

Somewhat of this happy, naïve unconstraint of the folk-song, which sings like an untaught child of

nature, lives in Mozart also, the greatest representative of "the music of the soul." Just like an innocent child, he is able in one breath to smile at us and to weep, without our being allowed to ask him the reason. It is in vain to seek after a psychological course of development in his symphonies, quartets, etc., as, for example, Oulibicheff does with the *G*-minor symphony.

The "music of the mind," which, as in Beethoven, proposes to itself psychological problems, and, no longer agreeing with us at will and pleasure in the mere naïve satisfaction in its own power, devises for itself a settled plan, rooted in its own nature, for the series of moods to be developed—this music of course operates with the same means, only that it would fain render to itself a full account of its own working.

Now, considering that the "music of language resolved into tones," as we styled it before, is able, excepting in the rare cases of a naturalistic, crudely material imitation of what is audible, to master the outward event, which it draws into its sphere of representation only by imparting its conception to us by means of a reproduction of the mood which the event itself would arouse in us (*e. g.*, in "Romeo and Juliet," the vulgar, ludicrous quarrel of the servants, the swelling, menacing tumult of the combat, the quiet dignity and serious severity of the prince adjusting the dispute), we see that the "awakening of the mood" is the vital element in which music draws its breath,—from the first, half-involuntary sounds of the son of nature who

wishes to give vent to his rejoicing or his sorrow, up to the mysteries of Beethoven's *C*-sharp minor quartet and the program-symphonies; and that Händel was right in seeking the "power of music" precisely in this feature. Even primeval antiquity recognized it with its clear, straightforward gaze. When the First Book of Samuel recounts the healing of the melancholy Saul by David's harp-playing, we certainly need not imagine a chamber-musician executing "favorite motives" and virtuoso tricks to cheer up his sovereign majesty, but an inspired singer, changing by his melodies the mood of the sick monarch, and giving him inward repose. Hellenic poetry expressed the ideal feature of music very beautifully in the fable of Orpheus, who with his lyre tamed wild beasts; likewise its *formal* feature in the fable of Amphion, who by his playing produced the effect that, on hearing the well-ordered musical measures, the very stones grouped themselves in symmetrical order.

If now we can at any rate speak of a "music of language dissolved into tones," the real *art of language* is of course, after all, *poetry*—which on its part touches and intersects the sphere of music at the point that for poetry, too, the "exciting of moods" has great importance, and, indeed, a far greater importance than one is generally apt to suppose.

Poetry is, as we have just said, "the art of *language*." The pristine creative thought takes form in language—only by means of words is it able to proclaim itself. From both, however, issues the spirit which hovers over the whole, like—to apply

a comparison used already—as odor hovers over the flower, not conceivable in language, but recognizable only *by means of* language, of the thoughts embodied in language, and in return revealing the innermost nature of the thought. It is this same spirit that alone speaks intelligibly to the spirit; not only in a plastic sense, but in every sense, the Muses remain marble to the Vandal. Nay, we put more trust in the spirit of poetry than in its mere word. Who does not hear Shakespeare's Macbeth in the scene after the regicide, rolling (to use the language of W. R. Griepenkerl) the thunder of retribution in these "empty, meaningless questions with which the guilty ones, who almost lose their breath at sight of the monstrous deed, clash one against the other"?

Now, if a French tragic poet of Academical tendency should undertake, instead, to let Macbeth *describe* his panic-stricken horror and troubled conscience in a dozen well-rhymed Alexandrines, or should, at most, allegorize the murderer's state of mind in an apostrophe by him to the Furies, popular in such situations, would this produce another or a greater effect than when, in Chelard's opera, the Furies in person, with the familiar red periwigs, and hurling lightnings of witch-meal, pursue Macbeth bursting from the chamber of murder? Disguised figurants, nothing more! Thus it is not the formal essence of the metre and rhyme, but the living spirit, that constitutes poetry.

Poetry, as well as music, is also able to express moods for which it would be fairly impossible to find a fitting specific designation. The strangely mixed

sensation that seizes us at sight of a ruined castle—what lines recall it like Goethe's "Hoch auf dem alten Thurme steht des Helden edler Geist" ("Upon the ancient tower aloft the hero's noble spirit stands")? And now let us compare these twelve verses, or Eichendorff's cognate, but not so radiantly clear, rather dreamy "Eingeschlafen, auf der Lauer, Oben ist der alte Ritter" ("Fallen asleep, while on the look-out, Lo, the old Knight is above") with Mattheson's downright moralizing, tediously descriptive "Elegie in den Ruinen eines alten Bergschlosses" ("Elegy in the Ruins of an ancient Mountain Castle"). As a case in point, Goethe once remarked to Eckermann that it was an unfortunate idea to paint his "Fisherman," because that which is expressed in this poem, the "feeling of the water, that which in summer entices us to bathe," can never be painted. To the same purpose let the recollection of Lenau's "Schilflieder," of many of Eichendorff's minor poems, suffice in lieu of countless examples. The whole poetic life of a poem thus often lies in something not expressly mentioned in its words. Now, this is the point whence the *interpretation* of a poem is possible, while, on the other hand, the opportunity is thereby offered to the poet to "arcanize something" ("etwas hineinzugeheimnissen"), as Goethe used to say of the second part of his "Faust," into his work. For this it is not at all requisite that the poet should launch forth into symbolism, like Dante in his "Divina Commedia," in which it is, to be sure, disputable whether the three wild beasts appearing at

the very beginning signify stages of life, with their characteristic moral frailties, or three principal vices, or three political powers of that time. Just the poet who always goes straight to his aim and speaks most plainly—Shakespeare—has had to experience in his principal works, "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," etc., the most manifold and often the most contradictory interpretations. And look at Goethe's "Faust," with its endless train of "Faust literature!"

It is therefore only with due limitation that we declare, that poetry is the art of *absolutely determinate* expression. It is also, as we said at the very beginning, in the words of Julian Schmidt concerning music, a beautiful sphinx that proposes riddles to us. Only, of course, the solution of the riddle is much easier when definitely expressed ideas and conceptions form the groundwork. When Hamlet, in his monologue, turns over in his mind the thought of suicide, when King Lear hurls his curse against Goneril, when Juliet breathes words of love from the balcony, we know exactly what moves these personages and what point is in question. Music is not favored in the same way by the resources at its command; it is unable to express a single *determinate* idea, except, perhaps, in the few cases of dubious artistic legitimacy, of onomatopoetically and naturalistically exact imitative tone-painting of rolling thunder, of the call of the quail, and the like, which certainly are able to recall to every one who has heard real thunder roll, and the real quail call, the immediate recollection of these sounds of nature.

Where the imitation of the audible is effected not with naturalistic fidelity, but only approximately, *e. g.*, for the rolling of the stone in "Fidelio," the tone becomes a mere representative sign demanding interpretation. This is still more the case when the tone-painting undertakes to give representations of inaudible but visible subjects, *e. g.*, a duel in "Don Giovanni," and the like. Here the tone-form turns completely into a symbol—the alternate rapid ascent of the violins and the basses sensibly represents, for instance, the changing thrusts of the combatants. When a piece of music imitates the continuous bass on the fifth, peculiar to the bagpipe, and, to a certain degree, the melodies proper to the Alpine horn, scarcely a hearer will mistake in supposing that something of a pastoral nature is intended; at march-rhythms, with pealing trumpets, every one thinks of the warlike element, etc. We should not overlook, however, the fact that this understanding is for the most part based on conventionally determined forms, and presupposes in the hearer a certain previous schooling. Everything becomes still more problematical when music discards such scanty footholds on what appeals to the senses, and withdraws into the sphere of soul-life (the sphere proper to it). True, even in this case, a kind of half-conventional symbolical sign-language has organized itself. A *larghetto* sounds in languishing tones from the *A*-string of the violoncello, and nobody doubts that here "love" is in question—a choral-like slow melody, *E*♭-major, trombones, this combination signifies "devotion," etc. However, this language is by no

means simply and *solely* conventional. The traditional pattern of itself alone does not suffice. Raoul's "*tu l'as dit*" in the Fourth Act of the "Huguenots" affects us quite differently from this or that love-song by Proch, with its unnecessary obbligato violoncello doing the superfluously sentimental.

Now, the reader may naturally ask, whether compositions of this kind could not just as well signify "something else," and if this be answered affirmatively, is it not proved thereby that music has no other subject-matter than itself—that is to say, tone-forms?

In Raoul's song, love is certainly spoken of, but it is *in the words of the text*, in the *music* nothing is said of it.

But one might say with equal justice: In King Lear's fearful curse nothing at all is said of *anger*, and *grief* is only mentioned by the way in the passage,

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

And nevertheless, who would not feel, in this language of the aged king, the storm of most agonizing sorrows, the heat of quivering anger, and not tremble with him deep within his own breast? Who does not feel all that lies—not to be contained in words—in Othello's exclamation: "But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

And now, if *language* becomes merely the veriest hieroglyph of the unspeakable, why should not *music* be able to do the same?

A young composer once wrote to Felix Mendels-

sohn, having been so simple as to attempt a verbal interpretation of the first book of the "Songs without Words," and in his letter besought the Master to let him know whether he had really caught his meaning—which he had reason to doubt, the expressional capacity of music being so very vague and indeterminate. Mendelssohn answered in the most delicate and clever manner: "You indicate," he wrote,* "the single numbers of the book with the designations 'I think of thee,' 'Melancholy,' 'The praise of God,' 'The Merry Hunt.' Whether I had at the time such thoughts or other ones, I am hardly able to say.

"Another person will perhaps find 'I think of thee' in that which you call 'Melancholy;' and a genuine sportsman would regard 'The Merry Hunt' as the true 'Praise of God.' Now this is not because, as you say, music is so very vague. On the contrary, I find that the expression of music is far too definite; *that it extends into regions, and in them moves and has its being, whither language can no longer follow and hence must necessarily fall lame, when it nevertheless tries to follow, as you attempt to make it.*"

The last passage reminds us strongly of one in Goethe's "Erwin and Elmira" (in the original form), which reads:

"*Erwin.* 'Tis I!
Elmira. (Her arms around his neck.) 'Tis thou!"

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* I find myself here in the unpleasant predicament of having to quote from memory only, as the letter, which gives an opportunity to cast searching glances into the nature of Mendelssohn's art, and outweighs many a musico-æsthetical book, is not before me.

(Let music venture to express the feelings of these pauses.)

Nor has music, in fact, failed to furnish proof that it may "venture" something of the kind. In the immortal duet of exultation in "Fidelio" it has, after the similarly sounding words "'Tis I! 'Tis thou!" as the reunited spouses in an excess of delight only exclaim, "Leonora—Florestan," and then remain speechless, it has, I say, expressed the unspeakable that was surging in the hearts of the happy ones—yes, of a truth, the *unspeakable*.

Incomparably beautiful examples are also found in Richard Wagner's music-dramas.

Thus, in "Tannhäuser" the sustained $\frac{6}{4}$ chord in which the name "Elizabeth," whenever it is emphasized, floats as it were in a halo of glory; also, in "Lohengrin," the music which announces Elsa's first entrance.

In all these, and in similar cases, Poetry abdicates the sceptre to her sister Music. With keen insight Shakespeare has for similar reasons expressly directed music for the plays involving magic (such as the "Tempest," etc.). Or try to imagine the "Midsummer-night's Dream" without Mendelssohn's music, which remains immortal, despite the sidelong leers cast upon it by Gervinus, and which perhaps has in every one's recollection united itself, so to speak, to an inseparable whole with Shakespeare's poem. Shakespeare no more composed the "Midsummer-night's Dream" than he did any of his pieces merely for reading in a quiet corner, nor in order that literary historians might use it for showing their pene-

tration. He composed it for actual performance. Now, it is greatly to be doubted that a representer of *Puck* was at his disposal, to fly, at his departure, "swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow"—it is greatly to be doubted that his representers of the fairies were able to "creep into acorn-cups and hide them there." The music convinces us of all these things, in spite of our eyes. When we are listening to the wonderfully elusive, fluttering, skipping, bantering *G*-minor *Scherzo* (this miracle of instrumentation), introducing *Puck's* roguish pranks, we believe everything which the poet relates of him—before our *eyes*, *Puck* skips into the side-scenes; to our *ears*, he actually flies, like the arrow from the Tartar's bow; and we believe the ear more than the eye. We see girls with dragon-flies' wings upon their shoulders, rose garlands in their hair and stalks of lilies in their hands—pretty children enough, but by no means fairies—at least, for them the acorn-cups mentioned above would have to be as large as moderate-sized herring-casks. But now sounds the whispering and tripping of the violins, already familiar to us in the Overture, and—O wonder—there are the elves bodily before us!

What would the Hörselberg be, with its enticing miracles, infatuating the senses, without Wagner's genial music? When, upon the appearance of Venus in the third act of "Tannhäuser," the seductive motive of the syrens ("Nah't euch dem Strande") is sounded by the violins with the accompaniment of throbbing wind-instruments, is it not as if a whole lava-stream of glowing sensuality were bursting forth,

even before Venus has spoken a word? And *what* does she say? "Willkommen, ungetreuer Mann, schlug Dich die Welt in Acht und Bann," etc. According to the dramatic situation, she can say nothing else—but, for that very reason, could poetry avail to do what music here accomplishes in a few measures? The ghost in "Don Giovanni" makes us shiver with horror in quite a different way from the ghost in "Hamlet"—for, luckily for the former, he manifests himself musically, the orchestra expressing perfectly that which the latter, by his appearance in the dreadful winter night and by his narration, would directly evoke in us.

Less universal than the full powers wherewith Goethe and Mendelssohn invest music, is the purport of the demands on art formulated by the "Theoreticians with cue and sword" (as Wilhelm Heinrich Riehl calls them). Nay—almost as a president intrusts each of his subordinate councillors with drawing up a report concerning a particular class of state affairs —so Mattheson, in his "Vollkommener Kapellmeister," assigns to the "corrente" the expression of *hope*, to the "saraband" that of *ambition*, to the "chaconne" that of *satisfaction*, and to the "overture" that of *magnanimity*, etc. In the same way the same author draws, in his "Neueröffnetes Orchester," the limits between the different keys, and says, *c. g.*, "*C*-major (Ionicus) has a somewhat rude and audacious quality, but will not be ill-adapted to merry-makings and whenever else free rein is given to joy; nevertheless, a clever composer can, especially when he chooses well the accompanying instruments,

rebaptize it to something very charming, and also aptly employ it for the expression of tenderness; *F*-major (Ionic transposed) is capable of expressing the most beautiful sentiments in the world, whether of magnanimity, constancy, love, or whatever else stands highest in the list of virtues," etc.

We laugh. As a matter of fact, Beethoven has expressly celebrated hope twice in song (in Leonora's aria, and in the heavenly music to some verses from the "Urania" by Tiedge of happy memory,) but not in the form of the "*corrente*," and we find just as little of that form in the passage in the Prisoners' chorus in "Fidelio," "O freedom, com'st thou back to us!" or in Leonora's cry, in joy and sorrow sounding up to heaven from the depths of her heart, "This very day—this very day!" For characteristically expressing ambition, satisfaction, magnanimity, constancy, etc., hardly all the sarabands and chaconnes in the whole world would suffice, nor would music in general have that power. The words, for example, which Wagner puts into the mouth of the Landgrave Hermann, in "Tannhäuser," give us the character-picture of a patriarchal, benevolent, wise and magnanimous prince, his noble generosity appears characteristically especially in the scene in which he pronounces the ban upon the guilty Tannhäuser, but at the same time shows him the way which he must tread for his salvation. Now, how is it with the music to all this? It is most excellently adapted to the spirit of the words, but only in quite general features; it bears throughout the character of quiet majesty—here in gentler tones, when the Landgrave addresses

fatherly words to Elizabeth, there in proud majesty, when greeting from the throne the assembled guests and singers, again in solemn severity, when he pronounces the judgment against Tannhäuser. The shading of that general character of quiet majesty does not go farther into particulars, *nor can it do so.** Of the specific nature of *magnanimity*, for instance, nothing can be recognized in it. And quite naturally. For this virtue is able to manifest itself only as the result of concrete situations of life, of actual occurrences—and music has no language for *occurrences*. Music is an inverse Antæus—as often as it touches the earth with the motley variety of its sensual phenomena, it becomes powerless and weak—it gains strength the higher it lifts itself up into the universal spirit-life that is not conditionated by individual external phenomena; it stands in relation to poetry almost as what naturalists call the *sensorium commune* stands to the perception effected by means of the activity of a single sense. The more it meddles with specialties, and the more concretely sensual the thing is that it wishes to appropriate and to express by means of its resources, all the more insufficient becomes its language, and now *it* must, on its part, apply to its sister, Poetry, to help it out by means of texts, either sung or declaimed, unless the dry vineyard-pole of a program, or, at least, of a

* The first appearance of the Landgrave has, especially from the words "Bis du der Lösung mächtig bist" ("Till thou remission hast obtained"), a most striking resemblance to the musical characterization of "Sarastro."

superscription, serves to prop up the living plant, that it may not have to grovel on the ground. As Goethe wrote: "Let music *venture* to express the feelings of these pauses," the musician must say in such cases: "Let poetry *have the goodness* to tell all in one word."

Poetry therefore lends her language. But, even when poetry has furnished the verbal text, music is badly off when this text sets in motion a great apparatus of multiplied pictures and objects, for expressing which music is really incapable. Andreas Romberg, as is well known, treated Schiller's "The Lay of the Bell" as a cantata. Upon reading in Schiller's poem the description of the conflagration, this rapid crowding together of ideas:

> "Beams are crackling—posts are shrinking—
> Walls are sinking—windows clinking—
> Children crying -
> Mothers flying-
> And the beast (the black ruin yet smouldering under)
> Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder!
> Hurry and skurry—away—away,"*

etc., this gives us an unapproachable idea of such a scene of terror. What could the composer add to this, or what could he do with it in general? Nothing, but again to clothe the whole scene in the ample cloak of the general mood, which is here so very prejudicial to the impression that the words of the poem, even when *read*, produce a far greater effect than when performed with all the pomp of a full

* From Sir E. Lytton Bulwer's translation.

chorus and noisy orchestration; for we then hear nothing but a boisterous kind of music of a very common type, of that species which might be included under the general head of "Calamity-music," and which is heard whenever great misfortunes are to be celebrated with music, such as destruction by fire or by water, falling of buildings or of rocks, the storming of a city; also when one is caught by the devil, and many more things of the same kind. And as a much too crowded profusion of images is a restraining abatis, so the over-abstract generality of a poem, *e. g.*, of a philosophical one by Schiller, is a desolate wilderness for music, in which it cannot thrive. A piece of music may be *forced* upon everything possible, but it cannot be *brought into agreement* with everything and anything. It is true, Schiller's poem, the "Words of Faith," has been composed for male chorus, and even Mendelssohn and Liszt thought of making use of the poem, "The Artists," for a cantata. We say "to make use of" it—for, in fact, it was to serve only as a suitable occasional piece, in which Schiller's glorious words were taken up in preference to others. In such things, however, the spirit of the language and the spirit of the music, though united, will never blend. We can easily and without damage take away the words of the poem, as being something externally adapted to the music, with a view of substituting any other poem. But let one attempt such a separation in Gluck's "Iphigenia," in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," in which even the best translation of the text into a language other than the original does the greatest injury to the incomparable unity

of text and music.* Let any one try it in "Fidelio," "Euryanthe," or "Lohengrin." The only way to set poems of the kind mentioned to music is that of a half free recitation, interrupted by a few chords, little interludes, etc., which, however, should form merely a kind of punctuation, as it were, sounding commas, signs of exclamation, dashes, closing periods. Of this kind were, to judge by Reichardt's description, the performances of Klopstock's odes at the pianoforte, with which Gluck occasionally enravished a small circle of art-lovers; in this way, too, Wagner (who in general has so much similarity to Gluck) treated the contest of the singers in his "Tannhäuser," especially the first solo of Wolfram, in the words of which there dwells throughout a contemplative and mystical character. Maxims and sentiments, moral apophthegms and all that looks that way, the biblical sayings so often applied in oratorios, are for the composer, for the most part, tasks in view of which he must almost despair of his art. Nothing remains for him but either to abide in his music by the general character of solemn, quiet dignity (many passages of Mendelssohn's choruses and of "Antigone," Sarastro's second aria), or to bring to

* Marx, in his "Theory of Composition," cleverly and aptly shows, by means of some recitatives from Gluck's "Clytämnestra," how not a note can be altered without material injury. If any one will take the pains to compare the original Italian text of Leporello's aria of the "Registrar" (especially in the *andante*) with the current German translation by Rochlitz, he will find that the translator has neutralized a multitude of the most genial and cleverest features of the music.

mind the solemnity of religious music, perhaps the traditional forms of ecclesiastical music (the songs of the priests in the "Magic Flute," the song of the watchers at the ordeal of fire and water), or to surround the words with the tone-plays of counterpoint, such as—here the comparison is justified, for here music really becomes an ornament—such as arabesques, or, as the mediæval artist ingeniously enclosed some votive tablet with Gothic flowers hewn in stone (much in Händel's oratorios, particularly in the "Messiah"—in Sebastian Bach's "Passion according to Matthew," etc.).

Of course, when the passage itself expresses a mood, the composer finds welcome supports: "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God;" "Out of the deep do I cry unto Thee." Even when the mood is only *mentioned*, it is sufficient, because then the composer finds a definite path marked out for his music—"Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" "My soul is sorrowful within me." It is a peculiar case, when the dramatic connection (of the oratorio and the like) casts a vocal reflection upon a phrase introduced. One of the finest examples of this kind is found in Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The prophet has awakened the widow's son from the dead. "How shall I render to the Lord all the benefits that He hath done unto me?" she asks. The Prophet answers solemnly, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul." In an overflow of feeling the widow falls in, "With all my heart, with all my soul," and in a duet they sing the passage to the end. This feature is

one of the most beautiful and most touching in the sublime work.

The most remarkable relation between text and music is exhibited by the mass of the Catholic Church. "Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem cœli et terræ, visibilium omnium et invisibilium—Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth—Benedictus qui venit in Nomine Domini—Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi." These are all mere intellectual formulas, and it might seem as if the composer would again have to employ the makeshift of an externally adapted music. And yet what music:—from Palestrina's masses, which are as high as the heavens and as broad as the ocean, and where the horizon and the level of the sea lie in solemn repose before the spectator, are disturbed by no wave of passion, to the gigantic Gothic structure of Sebastian Bach's grand mass; from the masses of Joseph Haydn, "from whom music flowed for very joy, if he but thought on God," to the second mass of Beethoven, in which he, as Marx says so beautifully, built beside the Cathedral of St. Stephen another cathedral of tones—even up to the stars! The reason again lies elsewhere than in the *mere* musical genius of the masters. The great *joint art-work*, this grand symphonious chord, wherein the single arts form the tones, need not be called, as Richard Wagner calls it, the "art-work of the *future*," unless we seek it with Wagner, in the *theatre*, instead of in the *church*. The Catholic Church has for centuries possessed this joint art-work in the solemn, sacred splendor of its ritual. Behold, archi-

tecture has erected a mighty cathedral—enter into it, invited by the brazen voice of bells; like gigantic fountains, the slender yet powerful pillars mount upward, meeting each other in the pointed arch in the intricacies of the ribs of the vaulted arches. Matter, redeemed from the oppressive weight which drags it down to earth, strives heavenward! Plastic art has ingeniously adorned the members of the edifice, where a suitable place presented itself, here with strangely intertwined ornamental work in plant forms, now with grotesque animal forms, or even human forms gazing at thee earnestly and solemnly, as if they were the last and highest expression of building material; as, indeed, cosmic matter also brought forth the human form as the last and highest type. A strange spirit-world seems to live in the niches of those windows—the same organic ornamental work, the same holy forms that thou just now sawest carved out of the dark, heavy stone, gaze on thee thence, disembodied, transfigured in glowing colors of fire. More tenderly, and in the near reality of a more familiar coloring, painting has conjured them upon yonder high altars. A gracious queen of heaven, the amiably blessing Child, forms of men and women who staked their lives upon a supreme reality, and who ask thee, "Why art not thou as we are?" And that which has arisen twice before in stone and in colors, for a third time arises to thine ear, in the tones of the fugal music now solemnly resounding, which in its wonderful tone-textures translates the forms of the cathedral surrounding thee, and like it cries out to thee, "Onward to Heaven!"

and brings to thee on its waves those holy hymns composed by divinely inspired poets. And behold, at the altar, enveloped in clouds of incense, in the golden splendor of the priestly vestments, stand consecrated reverend forms, and offer the sacrifice of the new covenant—the mass, itself a sublime poem in its dramatic development!

O, take it not ill of the Catholic, whom the truly spiritualized, divinely consecrated splendor of his ritual enraptures, and whom it pains that ye should see in it only a delusion of the senses and vain show!

And here, where everything is spiritualized, should not every *word* be so, as well? It is the spirit that lives in all this, the truly holy spirit, that lends the composer wings, so that he no longer asks, "What can be composed, what not?" but puts it down, whatever it may be, large, entire —speaking with tongues so that every one imagines that he is listening to his own language, fancies that the unspeakable has been uttered, and thinks he understands that which must remain a sacred mystery.

There is, however, something peculiar about the idea "capable of being composed," or "incapable of being composed." Among the German poets, Goethe, Uhland, Eichendorff (and Heine) are undoubtedly most in danger from the attacks of younger composers. Their lyrical poems are pure euphony, the music to them seems to form itself—and nevertheless the composer's labor is not so much *facilitated* as *spared*, withal.

"O sanfter, süsser Hauch!
Schon weckst du wieder
Mir Frühlingslieder,
Bald blühen die Veilchen auch!"

("O dainty, sweet perfume!
Fresh in my bosom
Spring-lays do blossom,
Soon violets, too, shall bloom!")

What need is there of music here? Or what should it do?

At most it can attach drags to the poem, which of itself floats by like an odor of violets, by repetitions of the text (because in music the matter must anyhow have a certain length), and hang lead on its wings in the shape of an apparatus of harmonization. And, indeed, Goethe, with his "nowise read it, always sing it," has issued a kind of letter of marque to composers upon everything that is found in the first part of his collected works under the head of "Lieder" (Songs); but seriously, gentlemen, what are you going to do, in view of the "Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur" ("How grandly on me nature shines"), of the "Tage der Wonne, kommt ihr so bald?" ("Days of rapture, come ye so soon?"), of the "Und frische Nahrung neues Blut" ("And fresh nutrition, and new blood"), with your exuberance of melody and your enormous knowledge of harmony, of both single and double counterpoint? You drown the sound of the melody of Goethe's language with *your* melody, and it is questionable whether we gain by the change. And how often all this has been composed—every one of these

poems can change its musical vesture almost as often as the Saxon Minister Count Brühl, who bequeathed several hundred vests to his relatives. Kücken even worked up Uhland's poem: "Ich bin so hold den sanften Tagen," into a regular Italian finale *terzetto* for soprano, tenor and bass, with the favorite syllabic choral basis. Such a mortal sin against all artistic sense and reason deserves at the very least the punishment of transportation from Parnassus. But has not Mendelssohn also set "The early Spring" as a vocal quartet? Certainly; but in this case there is a difference. Every art-work should be executed only in its proper place. Old Zelter becomes quite bitter in a letter to Goethe, because people were beginning "to combine old Italian church-music with the tea-kettle." Now, if that quartet, charming as it certainly is under all circumstances, is sung from the notes, in a brightly lighted concert-hall, by two ladies dressed in white and two gentlemen "in black dress-coats and white vests," after they have made to the worshipful public a low bow and struck an attitude, it is hardly in its right place. When, however, in sun-warmed April jovial men are tramping through the budding forest, through the verdant plains, and the brooks in the meadows are gurgling, and an early blackbird is heard from afar, if four of them begin spontaneously, as it were, extemporaneously, "Days of rapture, come ye so soon?" then it is in place, and becomes in the broad spring landscape only one more sound of nature, as it were.

It would be folly to declare the composition of such poems without exception and altogether im-

practicable and a mistake. But what makes it on principle very hazardous is, *that the poem already perfectly expresses and brings to us in a finished state all that the composer could ever wish to express.* These poems that so inspire an harmonious frame of mind stand so decidedly on the peculiar ground and soil of music, that they must be called *musical* in the highest degree, and that every composition of them appears almost a tautology, or at least a superfluity. Many of these poems are positively unapproachable to the musician. Let any one attempt to compose suitably Goethe's "Geistesgruss" ("Spirit's greeting"). Of course there are people who would regard "the hero's noble spirit" as some one of Spiess's castle-spectres, and accordingly compose spectral music, which also already has its finished musical phraseology.

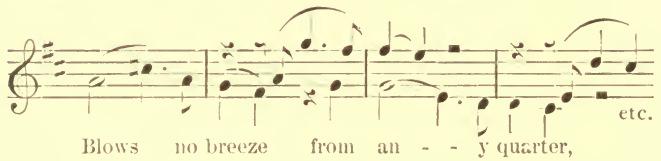
Schumann has written wonderful music to Eichendorff's similar poem; these prominent bare fifths, these inflexible rapid organ-points give quite the feeling of desolate solitude, but the "wedding, which passes below in the sunshine on the Rhine," will not rightly fit into it—however, this dreamy poem is much more accessible to music than the other one.

Sometimes composers allow themselves to be allured by the tempting display of the rosy fruits of a vividly illustrative text, not dreaming of the scarecrow hidden behind. How often Goethe's "Fisherman" has been composed! The composers have regarded the "damp woman," not, indeed, as one of Spiess' castle-spectres, but not a jot better, as a veri-

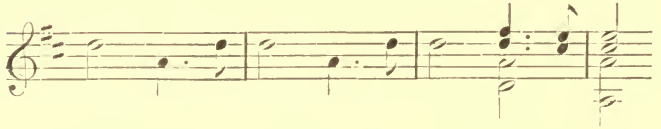
table nixie. Then the composition proceeds exactly as the Düsseldorfers paint the poem. "The water roared, the water heaved"—wave-figure in the accompaniment, nothing more natural!—"From out the troubled wave leaps forth a woman, moisture-drenched," *tremolo*, chord of the minor ninth—"she sang to him, she spoke to him," *cantabile*, for it must be a seductive syren's song;—and quite at the end some sadness, gazing sorrowfully down into the water upon the drowned fisherman. Thus each word of the poem is exactly illustrated, but, unfortunately (see Goethe's interpretation, previously given), the meaning of the whole is thoroughly mistaken. And yet there is a composition that awakens exactly, quite exactly what the poem does, "the feeling of water, that which in the summer allures us to bathe." It is the charming concert-overture by Sterndale-Bennett, called by him, for want of a better name, "The Naiads." It roars and swells and surges and ripples and splashes, and causes us to hear clear *pizzicati*, like sunbeams upon the surface of the water, and rare fragments of melody and sweet song: "Doth the high heaven allure thee not, the moisture-beaming blue?" Of a truth, Sterndale-Bennett is the only one who has composed Goethe's poem, and, indeed, without expressly naming it, nay, perhaps without thinking of it, for he, as an Englishman, may not have retained it in memory as we Germans naturally would.

Another instrumental composition expressly founded upon a poem, and in which, if we take pains to compare both, we find every single picture in the

poem faithfully translated into music, is Mendelssohn's overture "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt" ("Calm sea and happy voyage"), which expresses in its very title its relation to Goethe's poem. And now, moreover, by means of the content: *Adagio*—calm sea—"Deep repose reigns o'er the water, motionless now rests the sea," measures 1 to 20 inclusively—"Blows no breeze from any quarter," measures 21 to 24, so directly, that we involuntarily imagine the words as a vocal text adapted to it:

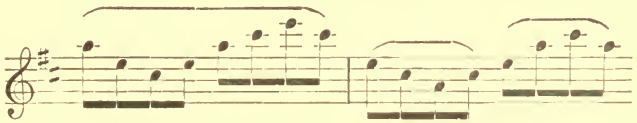


"Deathlike calm, inspiring fear, in the overwhelming space no wave is stirring," measures 29 to 44, the "overwhelming space" in particular indicated in the note *d* of the upper part, sustained throughout seven measures. In measures 54 to 57 the first breath of wind is then vividly represented by means of the short, airy figure for the flutes. *Molto allegro vivace*—happy voyage: "The mist-clouds are scattered, the sky becomes brighter, and Æolus looses the hesitant band," measures 1 to 50, "The winds, how they rustle," especially measures 121 to 136—"The sailor bestirs him, with hurry and bustle," the rough robust figure in measure 181, and the following:

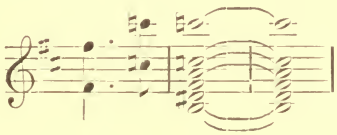


"The wave is divided, the distance draws nigher," especially beginning from measure 65,

and farther on at the passage,



etc., with the mighty, onrushing upward sweep



"Now see I the land," the full close of the overture; only that which the poet briefly suggests is portrayed in detail; beginning with measure 17 before the *allegro maestoso*, the ship again turns her prow toward the harbor, into which, in the *allegro* itself, it sails with flying streamers, moderating the movement two measures before the hold, finally pausing on the hold, and casting anchor. Trumpet-fanfares salute it, and in the added plagal closing measures *pianissimo* the "here we are at last on shore" finds full expression. So exact a translation of a poem into music is, of course, possible only with such a very favorable material, and only a genius

like Mendelssohn, with the most correct artistic feeling and a delicate sense of propriety, could accomplish it without falling into pettiness and arbitrariness. For it is, unless one proceed with just so much talent and freedom, the most lamentable mistake to model a piece of music with scrupulous fidelity according to the word of command of a poem (of a program in verse). The saddest example is perhaps Spohr's "Weihe der Töne" ("Consecration of Sound"). In vain has the master tried his best—lovely, tuneful motives in the earlier movements, a magnificent march, a contrapuntal treatment of the Ambrosian hymn worthy of one of the old great masters, a noble, melodious *finale* penetrating to the heart—Pfeiffer's worthless poem with its unfortunate fundamental idea drags itself from one movement to another like some family curse in a tragedy of fate, and makes the entire work, so rich musically, a mere quodlibet, whose separate members are externally held together merely by means of the slender thread, that in human life there are situations to which music may appropriately be adapted, such as: —At the child's cradle, under the window of the beloved, or at the dance, likewise as battle-music, at the *Te Deum*, and lastly, at funeral ceremonies.* Nay, since too many movements were not to be permitted, the very heterogeneous triad "Cradle-song, Dance and Serenade" had to be brought together in the second movement and finally to sound together,

* May it not be that Schiller's "Lay of the Bell" is to blame for the unfortunate idea?

one then being naturally so astonished at the rhythmico-harmonico-melodic artifice as not to venture to ask if the matter really has a meaning. What is the meaning of the introduction to the whole? "The rigid silence of nature before the creation of sound!"

Let us, all the same, as good old Seyfried did, in his youthfully enthusiastic review (in Schumann's *New Journal for Music*, 1835), point by way of justification to the "Chaos" in Haydn's "Creation"—a chaos may, after all, be very well characterized by means of the seemingly disorderly harmonic successions, the strangely interlocking suspensions, and of whatever else in the way of artistic resources that Haydn applied in this highly genial movement—but, apart from the more than singular thought of a "rigidly silent nature," on which finally "sound" is conferred, and which now makes the most suitable use of the privilege obtained, in the rustling of leaves, the songs of birds, and peals of thunder, it remains a flat contradiction which no artistic consideration can solve, to represent silence by means of sounds.* For painting Egyptian darkness, or Mil-

* When Beethoven, in "Fidelio," after Florestan's words, "O most appalling silence," makes the orchestra fall in, as if commenting, with the forebodingly anxious soft kettle-drum strokes, *a—e*, as if listening, the case is quite a different one. Here is objectively represented, not the sepulchral stillness of the subterranean prison, but the effect which it makes upon the unhappy Florestan; it is a reflection of his state of mind. It is just the same in Wagner's "Lohengrin," when we read "In solemn silence judgeth God," where the single strokes of *pizzicato* and kettle-drums, interrupted by rests, only make this "solemn silence"

ton's "darkness palpable," there would perhaps be no other means than to enclose in a suitable frame a board painted black; and for describing musically the "rigid silence" the whole orchestra, after the director gives the sign to begin, would simply keep silence while he continues to beat time for the present introductory *largo*, until at last, after the "creation of sound," one or the other instrument—best the oboe with the tuning *a*—would be heard, whereupon the symphony, entering into the stadium of audibility, would proceed. However, all joking apart, it is anything but laughable that a work should be achieved by a master with the greatest outlay of art, which the altogether mistaken poetical fundamental idea absolutely robs of all vitality; but it is at the same time the most impressive lesson, that the composer has by no means done everything in furnishing *simply* an excellent piece of music, when his work does not bear in itself poetic justification, but must have a versified documentary proof of identity drawn up, to be distributed among the audience before the concert begins, so that they may at least know why the lullaby suddenly passes over into a hop-dance. We should, moreover, mention in this connection the symphonies of Berlioz founded on great poetical works ("Harold," "Romeo and Juliet")—but we must, for the present, because they occupy a very peculiar standpoint, reserve them for a subsequent comprehensive elucidation.

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quite perceptible. In the introductory movement of the "Weihe der Töne," however, objective painting is ostentatiously attempted, and this is the absolutely fatal point of the matter.

The relation in which music places itself to poetry is peculiar when it has the mission of uniting itself to a *spoken drama*. Inasmuch as the necessary divisions of the dramatic action are now no longer filled up, as in the ancient theatre, by choral song and dance, but, on the contrary, our intervals between the acts are actual pauses, the necessity arises for some kind of artistic filling-up, in which case music will be found a ready handmaid. The idea of putting music into an inner connection with the drama, instead of arbitrarily selected instrumental movements, is, especially in view of dramatic master-works, so very enticing that at first blush it seems surprising that with Beethoven's "Egmont" music, that of Mendelssohn to the "Midsummernight's Dream," that of Meyerbeer to "Struensee" and of C. M. von Weber to "Preziosa" (be it said, moreover, that the value of the two last-named dramas is not to be rated very high), we have mentioned pretty much all that is really worth speaking of. The surprise, however, disappears when we consider how thankless and difficult this entire species is. In view of the broader design, of the more or less complicated action, of the variety of personages in most dramatic works of any importance in our time, the entr'actes are essentially pauses for the recreation of the audience, who have but little reason for gratitude if, as soon as the poet releases them, they are taken possession of by the musician, who would again monopolize their attention. The usual entr'acte music, with its phrases on which the changes are rung a thousand times, is nothing but an organized

noise during which perfect liberty is given to chatter without restraint, to eat ices, to let the seats slam to, etc.; indeed, it forms a most admirable background for all this. Now, in the case of "Egmont," all this cannot properly happen—and yet such noises also form a more or less loud accompaniment to Beethoven's music, which has hardly ever been enjoyed quietly in its proper place, *i. e.*, in the theatre—especially when, for instance, the gallery, carried away by Clara's "So let me die! The world has no joy after this!" after the fall of the curtain, recalls the performer with much noise (which happens regularly), so that, generally, one does not begin to hear the "Echo of the Love Scene" before the beginning of the twentieth or thirtieth measure. Hence, compositions of this kind address the theatre in the language of Scipio: "Nec ossa mea habebis, ingrata patria," throw around themselves the beggar's cloak of a "connecting declamation," and withdraw into the concert-hall—

> "Why, ye poor fools, for such a paltry end,
> Plague the coy muse, and court her fair regards?"

The difficulty of the task just mentioned lies, however, above all things, in the consideration that it is extremely hard for the composer to hit the golden mean so as not, on the one hand, to let his music sink down to padding and patchwork, nor, on the other hand, to claim obtrusively too great independent value by the side of the poetical work. Beethoven hit this mean with admirable tact in his "Egmont" music; while Meyerbeer, on the con-

trary, with his music in his brother's "Struensee," perhaps obtrudes himself too far. Another difficulty lies still deeper. The drama allows the beholder to traverse a circuit of contemplation and emotion which advances from the beginning to the end in continuous development. It is easy for the composer to intrude into and disturb this well-arranged plan with his music, and to produce in the beholder, (who, according to the poet's intention, ought to see, say, the next-following act begin in anxious foreboding of the coming tragic fate, by means of a musical entr'acte not agreeing with this intention), a mood essentially different from that desired by the poet. The "Egmont" music excels in this respect also. The considerateness of entire subordination to the poet is shown in the fact that Beethoven, with the single exception of the second entr'acte, followed in the drama by the (musically altogether sterile) scene between the Regent and Machiavelli, divides all the entr'actes into two movements apiece, in the first of which the closing scene of the act just ended is echoed, and in the second the first scene of the next-following act is prepared. Even the greatest of masters, however, was able only to cover up, but not entirely to avoid, the incongruity of the task. For even if we can find it suitable, or even very characteristic, that the echo of the love-scene should be interrupted and brought to silence by the march of the despot, still there is no inner connection between the "love's lament" of Brackenburg and the "uproar and increasing tumult," the "awaking remembrance of the warn-

ings of the Prince of Orange" and "Clara's anxiety," and thus a connecting member is again lacking between the musical movements concerned, and they seem to be joined by merely external bands. Mendelssohn in his "Midsummernight's Dream" in like manner continues the action of the second act by means of a musical representation of the anxiety of Hernia gone astray and searching in the forest; the slumber of the pair is most fittingly accompanied by the tender and beautiful nocturn, while the brilliant wedding-march suitably ushers in and leads off the pomp of the last act. Now, just as the music can echo the mood of an *entire* act in the interlude, or can prepare it, it also possesses the inestimable capability, when immediately accompanying a dramatic action, of giving very extended portions of the latter a definite expression serviceable to the aim of the drama. It then also expresses directly and in finished form that which language alone and of itself could express only in succession, reaching completion only when it has actually said what it had to say. The same applies to the oratorio, even when its dramatic development comes to a standstill, and it rambles into dogma and reflection.

In Händel's "Messiah," beginning with the chorus "For unto us a Child is born," there is diffused over the entire first division of the oratorio the most delightful repose and simplicity; it is a broad, sunlit, peaceful, pastoral landscape, where, in the words of the Prophet, "there is no lion and no evil beast," and whose King, the good Shepherd, "gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom,

and shall gently lead those that are with young." After all, Händel deemed it necessary to introduce this subdivision of his work by an independent instrumental piece, the "Pastoral Symphony," which can be understood only as a kind of overture. For an echo of the music of the shepherds of Bethlehem surely cannot be found in it, since nothing can be farther from this oratorio of Händel than dramatic intention. Into what different regions, however, does the second division at once lead us, with the powerful chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The happy idyllic pastoral landscape has sunk deep, deep, below the horizon; from here onward, up to the mournfully quiet "He was cut off out of the land of the living," all is anxious, gloomy and heavy, as at the hour in which the sun was darkened and the veil of the temple was rent. The chorus "Lift up your heads" after this flashes up joyfully like the bright Easter morning, till finally the Master arrives at the point where he strikes up the immortal triumphal song of the "Hallelujah."

In Wagner's "Tannhäuser," too, the fundamental color-scheme of the great ensemble portions of the work is disposed in masterly touches. The scene in the Hörselberg is enlivened by a magical intoxication, a wild giddiness, the excitement of which has something feverish, or rather demoniacal, about it. This applies not only to the first pantomimic scene, but also to the scene between Venus and Tannhäuser, and to the dithyrambic of the latter. After Tannhäuser's words: "My salvation is in Mary!" all is changed at a blow; and just as the strange,

weird, rosy light is replaced by the pleasant light of the vernal sun, the glittering grotto by the green valley, with its forest and rocks, the music too, with its songs of shepherds and pilgrims and fanfares of huntsmen, takes on a character up to the close of the act, which, after the sultry atmosphere of enchantment, penetrates to the heart, invigorating it like the fresh odor of pine-trees. The second act bears the character of glad festivity up to Tannhäuser's enthusiastic striking-up of the hymn to Venus, from which place onward the passions are let loose and rage, only the close pointing to the possibility of a reconciliation. The first scene in the third act is one of sweet abnegation, sacred and sorrowful, which finds its highest expression in the heaven-aspiring prayer of Elizabeth, and dies away in the music during her quiet return home to the castle. Wolfram's song to the evening star is not, as it has been thought to be, an idle lyric moment—it only rounds off the character of Wolfram, and is an introduction to the appalling night-scene in which Tannhäuser appears in rent pilgrim's garb, and narrates his pilgrimage to Rome;—this scene, expressing all the agony, all the fury, and all the despair of that realm whereof it is said: "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate." And when the melodies of the Hörselberg from the first act recur alone, faithfully repeated, they make, through the reflection falling upon them from the preceding scenes, this time an entirely different impression, as of the spectral upflaring of a threatening demoniac realm; whereas the last narration of the pilgrim's procession, of the

blossoming staff, again outshines the glitter of enchantment like bright day-dawn and glowing sunrise.

While in this wonderful work (which alone suffices to assure for its creator a place of honor by the side of the best) the changes of the entire fundamental mood take place suddenly, and, as it were, at strokes by a magic wand, Beethoven's "Fidelio" is a no less astonishing example of a continuous climax of mood, gradually lifting itself up from sock to buskin, and finally casting this too aside, to unfold the wings of a cherub. The not uncomfortably narrow circumstances of honest Rocco's family find graceful and cheery expression in the first numbers, but in the *terzetto*, "Gut Söhnchen, gut" ("Well, my dear son"), their proportionally highest flight and close, the canonical quartet, marking Leonora's entrance indicates, in a wonderful manner, the appearance of an exalted being among simple, natural, kindly folk. The march and Pizarro's aria introduce into the action new and powerful forces, with which there arises a struggle for life and death—henceforth the element of cheeriness is silent, but over against Satan at once stations herself the armed angel Leonora, who in her aria appears for the first time in her full moral grandeur. The first *finale*, which composers generally like to close with brilliant, noisy movements, fades away into deepening dusk, and ends with soft sounds, as if interrupted, inasmuch as afterward, with the prison-scene of the second act, gloomy night breaks in. But then shine out, like everlasting stars, hope in God, heroic love, self-sacrifice; and

after the victory is won, there is a storm of gratitude, joy and ecstasy, compared with which the usual jubilant music shows almost like the racket of children.

We may easily conclude from these examples that the tone-poet, to further his artistic aims, can give even to entire dramatic works, however different the situations in the course of their separate scenes may be, one single fundamental mood, as if one grand principal tone were sounding throughout.

Thus, the fundamental mood in Weber's "Der Freischütz" is the charm of the German romanticism of the forest—and this, not only in the tones of cheerful delight in the chase, but also in the peculiarly spectral part of the work; for what lives in this but just that dread that seizes us by night in desolate forest solitude, "when the storm-blast howls through the oaks, the jay screams, the owl flits," here embodied in the person of the black huntsman, Samiel?

Unhappily, however, music can also spread itself out in shallow insignificance, in frivolous levity, or feigned seriousness, even when united with a heartfelt, touching poem, and then drags it pitilessly down with it, as in the "Stabat Mater" by Rossini. On the contrary, it is the manner of robust spirits to write a piece of music to some verbal text or other, the intellectual content of which music leaves the accompanying words, although it was suggested by them and follows their tendency, so far behind it in depth of thought, that they seem, as it were, like a

mere point of departure, whence the mind of the composer has lifted itself up to something quite different from and higher than what the scanty word says. By this such music is of course not meant in which the composer intends to give importance to that which is of itself unimportant, by presenting everything in an exaggerated power of expression, which of course leads directly to caricature. It is rather such music that through it the composer without affectation and unrestrainedly reminds us, within limited bounds, of ideas of infinite value, or in which we behold everything large and important through the medium of his mighty personality (Händel, Beethoven, etc.), (as indeed Goethe also said, after seeing with the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, that after them even Nature had no relish for him *because he could not view her with so broad a vision as Michael Angelo*), and in which a noble and profound spirit shows itself, even in what would otherwise be small and unimportant. Whoever has had an opportunity to inspect a penitentiary will testify that the moment when the culprits are admitted to the courtyard of the institution, dismal and gloomy as it usually is, to breathe fresh air, has nothing at all elevating about it, but is rather one of the most depressing and repulsive of sights. Now, the situation in the first *finale* of "Fidelio" is, taken strictly, nothing but a representation of this so-called "hour for taking air;" its effect is somewhat mitigated by our having to imagine the victims of tyrannical caprice, and that this promenade is not a result of the daily "domestic arrangement," but a humane

act of Rocco, undertaken at his own risk. But Beethoven's music to it! We forget the prisoners, we see and hear humanity chained to the stocks of the earth, and sighing for a purer light than the "warm sunshine"—the whole has become highly symbolical. In the $\frac{6}{8}$ *andante* of the little duet between Leonora and Rocco that follows, there is in the words no farther content than that they agree to descend together into the subterranean cellar to dig the grave as ordered in the ruined cistern. But what secret horror breathes in the music of this movement!

In this way Gellert's spiritual songs, which are at bottom very short-breathed and weakly, have become under Beethoven's hands works full of strength and depth. Who is not stirred to the very marrow by this song "Of death," in which the dissonant second, *G*, imperceptibly unites with the uniform movement of the first *F*-sharp, just as in one's life day after day slips by almost unnoticed—and so onward, until the tale is full? or the passage "Think, O man, upon thy death," with the octaves in the outer parts breathing upon one like a breath of corruption, the sad and earnest warning in the "Tarry not, for one thing's needful," and finally the close with the clanging funeral-bell of the deep *F*-sharp? What apostolic zeal in the song, "If one shall say, I love the Lord," what believing, heavenward-looking trust in the "Petitions," what sublime greatness in the powerful "The heavens are telling the glory of God!"

The fable that Midas changed everything that he

touched into gold, applies in a more beautiful and nobler sense to the artist as well. Only, be it well observed, the artist touches nothing that is in any way incapable of becoming gold, let it look to the ordinary eye never so insignificant. And should he once be obliged to work "to order," or otherwise against his inner artistic convictions, the result will be no gold. Hence only the two truly dramatic final scenes in the first act of the "Clemenza di Tito" are genuine gold of full weight, hence Meyerbeer's "Feldlager in Schlesien" has *not* become gold, remaining, despite twofold palingenesis as "Vielka" and finally simply "North Star,"* just what it was at first. The mystery lies simply in the fact that the artist, as we said before, makes the art-work in his own likeness, an enlargement of his intellectual and moral personality. Poetry and music, however, flow straight and full from the soul of the artist. This applies not only to the creative, but also to the executing dramatic performer, reciter or musician reproducing the master's work. The same rôle, the same poem, the same sonata, the same song, executed by twenty different persons, will show twenty materially different shadings. Think what Schroeder-Devrient made out of Bellini's "Romeo"! and his "Norma" has been sung with special predilection

* In which the Dessauer-march cuts a strange figure as pseudo-Russian national hymn; and it is also a nice trick that the trumpet fanfare of the *Prussian cavalry* should now figure as a *march of the Tartars*. Such artistic unscrupulousness is scarcely conceivable. The main consideration seems to be, "If it only produces effect!"

by all the great songstresses, but has been elaborated by each one into an entirely different form. Of course, in music, in which tone and tone-power, movement, etc., are prescribed with the utmost exactness, according to invariable laws, in which the composer generally indicates even in plain words *how he* wishes a work executed, how *he* thought it out to himself when conceiving it, one performance ought, at least in instrumental music, to be exactly like the other, and all together should be precisely like the intellectual prototype thrilling the soul of the composer before one note of it appeared upon paper. Mozart's letter to a baron who loved music, and even composed, who asked him to tell him, on his honor, how he, Mozart, really composed (pretty much as the Grand Sultan begged the hero Skanderbeg for his *sabre*, thinking that he would then be able to execute similar exploits), gives in the simplest but at the same time most striking and ingenious manner, with all ingenuousness and subtle banter, a true description of that which takes place in the soul of the creative musician;—how he seizes upon a thought pressing upon him (or perhaps the thought seizes upon him?), how it almost involuntarily and like a necessity of nature ferments within him and struggles and shapes itself more and more "according to counterpoint and the timbre of the different instruments," how it shoots out as if crystallizing, and then stirs as with organic members, and at last stands forth as a living whole, surveyable by the artist at a glance, "not by degrees, as at the performance, but all

together and at once, like a beautiful picture or a handsome man ;" and how afterward the tone-work, when there is leisure and opportunity, is merely written out on paper, as it were by heart, like something already finished, during which it does not disturb him "if at the same time a chattering is going on about Madge and Bab, about hens and geese ;" the baron, however, wished to know nothing less than why Mozart's music was so altogether original. Mozart's answer was, that he could no more tell him that than why his nose projected so far, and did not resemble the noses of other people. But the rogue knew the reason very well—that is proved by his answer, which seems to evade the question with a trifling joke, but is, in truth, very much to the point. It is the "individuality of the artist," precisely as his nose is also individually formed. The saying of Buffon, "*Le style c'est l'homme*," applies to music also. The champions of the Hanslickian "pleasure in the play of forms" evidently do not go far enough with their principle ; for if the composer of a piece of music can be divined by the expert, even with the title-page covered, this possibility lies probably, on the one hand, in certain familiar turns, phrases, harmonies, rhythms, familiar to the composer—in a word, in the *formal* part ; but just as much also in the intellectual, ideal content of the work which betrays the author, even if he has in the given case not proffered these formal clews. Let us take Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven in their first period. Here the entire form, the method of developing a motive, the harmonization—in a word,

the whole constructive part of the compositions, is the same down to even the smallest details. And yet in each one lives and moves a thoroughly individual spirit—in Mozart, the beautiful ideal equilibrium of mood; in Haydn, cheerful serenity and naïve roguishness; in Beethoven, an overwhelming element, still "latent," as a natural philosopher would say, but not to be ignored, just as we recognize perfectly well the buoyancy of the eagle, even when his wings are folded and at rest. Händel's grandeur, titanic and rough even to angularity, or Sebastian Bach's profound mysticism, give to their arias, choruses, even to their pianoforte-pieces, despite an identical outward form, a very different intellectual stamp. Or how, ye formal philosophers, ye men of the "sounding arabesque," unto whom the spirit shows itself not, because ye do not believe in it, or search after it in the organic structure with the gross scalpel of the anatomist—know ye not that Goethe's "disengaging one's self from a mood," which he found in poetry, also applies to the musician—that every truly artistic tone-work is also an "occasional poem"? Surely, no musical thought has ever been generated with vital power in your soul, or, if you had one, it was a greenhouse plant. Otherwise you would know, that the artist hastens with everything that delights and pains him to his beloved art, and desires of it that it should preserve each mood for him in the sacred vessel of its beautiful form for all time. When listening to Haydn's music you understand why the man, when danger from enemies was threatening, cried out to his fugi-

tive fellow-lodger: "Stay where you are—where Haydn is, *nothing can happen* to you." Or, do you not divine what moved Beethoven's soul while he was composing the *adagio* of his *F*-major quartet (Op. 59, No. 1), or of the grand sonata in *B*-flat major (Op. 106)—these immortal songs of lament, in which he walks high, high above the earth in vast solitudes? Is the history of the origin of his *C*-sharp minor sonata unknown to you? Of course to order, or even for money, one can work even at the wrong time, but the work results accordingly! Compare, I beseech you, many a "Requiem," *musically* highly respectable, and what might be called its *official* sorrow, with Mozart's "Requiem," from which the eyes of the Judge, before whom we must all once appear, gaze on us with such dread sternness and such divine clemency.

The tone-work conceived and born in the spirit will, moreover, never fail of its effect. The tone-poet has crystallized in it that which moved *him*, while he was creating—*his* mood; when listening to the tone-work, it awakens the same mood in us, *we* feel as it were with *his* soul. If that which he felt be noble, dignified, magnanimous, we feel ourselves similarly moved. *And this is the point, viewed from which music is more, far more, than mere intellectual amusement in the play of tones and euphony;* this is the reason why it must be called a moral and civilizing power, why Beethoven (according to Schindler's account) saw in his art something sacred, which he placed high above all philosophy; why, finally, a musician of high aims cherishes a hatred bordering

on abhorrence against everything coarse, common, frivolous and effeminating in his art.

"The power and content of his mind determine the content which the artist deposits in his work."* But if the artist tries to give to his work a greater and deeper content than he finds in his own soul, he reminds us of the puffed-up frog in the fable—and such music can even put on a kind of expression reminding us in a certain way of the wordy noise of Ensign Pistol. In examples of this the literature of German instrumental music is really over-abundant, and despite all his pungent *esprit* in the French style, Onslow, with his stilted first movements, the *adagios* full of affected pathos, the feverishly sprightly *scherzi*, and the *finales* full of fire from the brandy bottle, belongs to this very class.

And who could ignore or undervalue the influence of the youthful impressions of home surroundings, of the child's first joys and sorrows, on the tendency of his whole subsequent life; and who does not understand that the most striking peculiarities of many a composer find their first germ in these circumstances? The influence of nationality at least will have to be accepted in very many cases as sufficiently great to give to the entire tendency of the composer its special physiognomy. The delicate elegance, the piquancy, the somewhat volatile nature, slightly tinged with an amiable, devil-may-care frivolity of the French composers, Auber, Adam, etc., is genuinely French. Gade is a perfect Northman, in whose

* Marx: "The Music of the Nineteenth Century," p. 46.

blood something of the poetry of the Edda still flows. Now and then a composer becomes (so to speak) *habilitated* in a country other than his own. Thus, Spontini became a Napoleonic Frenchman, Cherubini a German, Flotow a Parisian man of the world, and Meyerbeer a yours-most-obediently cosmopolitan tradesman. The most remarkable thing is perhaps Franz Schubert's predilection for Hungary, which, to be sure, he could find a few miles beyond the St. Marx line, and in which a wholly individual, unspeakably attractive poetry finds natural and truthful expression. Singular melodic cadences, bold rhythms, the fire of heroism beneath seemingly sad melancholy, alongside of which mad merriment sometimes flashes up—all these are characteristic of Magyar national songs and dances. One must have heard this music, which can almost be called a natural product, played on the spot by the gypsies, themselves the creatures of legend and story—this violin-playing of a quality somewhat akin to snake-charming, to understand the enthusiasm which it kindles in the Magyar hearers, and to feel one's self infected by it. Franz Schubert sent all this to school (so to speak) for a time to Western culture.—The Hungarian nature, however, so penetrated into his blood that it comes to the surface in his instrumental music, at one time partly masked, at another more openly. His great symphony is a bit of Hungary, in which now noble Magyar heroes ride by swinging the sabre, anon gypsies carry on their nightly witch-work. The second motive in the first *allegro* and the *finale* (especially the latter with its four pon-

derous strokes) plainly echoes the style of Magyar national melodies, but the motive of the *andante quasi allegretto* might be one of them outright. Something similar occurs in the "Moments Musical;" the "Hungarian March" for four hands is well known; etc.

If nationality and personal surroundings thus give the artist in general—not only the musician—his character, the spirit of the age, which embraces like a vital atmosphere all that live in it, consummates his individuality, and he will have cause not to struggle against the spirit of his age in so far as it agrees with the unchangeable, eternal laws of the true, the good and the beautiful. For nothing is queerer than when the artist purposely grows an archaic style of beard, and hunts up in the slop-shops of past centuries moth-eaten, antique cloaks for an imposing dress. In this case we do not see the man as he is, but a mask. Nor should the artist, of course, be the obedient lackey of his time, accommodating himself to the whims of this gracious master. Such pliancy may be weakness, if not immorality. Let the artist confront the Pharisees of his time stoutly and rebukingly with word and deed, even if they gather up stones to cast at him.

It is significant that the "spirit of the age" manifests itself earliest in the arts which we placed at opposite poles when explaining their mutual relations,—in poetry and architecture. The reason is, that in the former the opinions, ideas, wishes, hopes and fears which affect the poet, who is and remains a child of his age, seek and find their expression in language; whereas architecture is that art which

stands in most direct connection with the practical necessities of daily, prosaic, actual life, and its productions are, among all works of art, the only ones that have to be capable of being *used* for some purpose or other lying outside of the sphere of art itself —for divine service, for dramatic plays, for meetings of councillors, etc.

Hence, for example, the Germano-Romanesque churches of the rude, warlike period of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with their singularly strong towers flanking the front and the arm of the cross, with the single tower set like a watch-tower above the intersection, the narrow windows, slanting inward like embrasures, and the whole structure breathing defiance, look almost like stanch knightly castles modified for the purposes of divine service. The fantastic element of that time manifested itself in the exuberant, singularly fanciful ornamentation of the portals, pillars, etc. The springtime of the Middle Ages called into being the Gothic style, so strikingly characteristic of its spirit; but the Renaissance, with its glowing enthusiasm for the antique-classical, revived as early as the fifteenth century the elements of antique architecture. At the very time of the so-called flamboyant style of the Gothic, its superabundant ornamentation seemed no longer evolved from the fundamental idea of the whole, but arbitrarily added. What could be more natural than to revive, just as arbitrarily, antique columns, cornices, etc., and to add them as an external ornament to the framework of the edifice instead of the flammiform traceries customary before, especially as

this ornamental work recommended itself by its tastefully beautiful finish? However, the body of the edifice at least retained the earlier construction, a genuine emblem of the people who still faithfully preserved their Christianity at bottom, only covering it externally with all kinds of antico-heathenish finery. The frivolously luxuriant, fawningly ostentatious pigtail age, destitute of faith and morals, brought in a style of architecture as splendid and brilliant as any feast at the court of Augustus the Strong, euphemistic as were the speech, ceremonial, and manners of that time. The Revolution was able, from its nature, only to destroy, not to construct. The influence of the Restoration began to be felt. But a better time had come, which recognized the necessity of turning away from the euphemistic order of things and of a return to healthy, essentially national ideas. For this the edifices at Munich and on the Rhine afford vouchers. It is, however, for the time being nothing but a mere return, a bodily transference. The transformation into a living proprietorship has yet to come. Sculpture, developing itself from architecture, and painting, developing itself from sculpture, soon follow after the spirit of the time, often very soon, indeed, for—thanks to the easier treatment of the material, possible even to the individual private citizen—even the Revolution of 1789, which was unable to produce any public edifice, found its painter in David,* who affected either hollow, lifeless allegories (such as the figures for the festival

* Jacques Louis, 1748–1825. [Translator.]

of the Supreme Being) or portrayed a feigned theatrical Roman element, as in the celebrated "Oath of the Horatii," in which we can almost hear the windy Alexandrines of the *tragédie*.

Since we have claimed for music the name, on the one hand, of architectural, on the other of poetical art, in saying that the composer (who, in truth, is just as much as the poet a "child of his age") deposits in it what moves him, it must at first sight appear a total anomaly that music so often seems to be in direct contradiction to the spirit of the age in which it appears. How like an alien Sebastian Bach stands in the age of Louis XV. and Voltaire, a few miles from the court where the Brühls and the Orszelskas were all-powerful!* How out of place Händel would be in the surroundings which Hogarth faithfully depicted for us! This seeming anomaly has an external, historical cause. Music is not so spontaneous an art as poetry; in its technically constructive part it must, like architecture, sculpture, or painting, be thoroughly and laboriously learned. When the world of antiquity fell in ruins, and on those ruins the new era arose, architecture, sculpture, and painting could look back on a stupendous past, they had only to enter into the inheritance which antiquity had bequeathed to them. It was different with music. This was newly born, as a tender little child, and found, in what the Greeks and Romans called music, hardly any points of contact. The phases of its development had in the nature of things to follow

* This spirit naturally found perfect expression in the exotic, luxurious opera of that time.

in much later epochs than was the case with the other arts, for it had to go through its years of childhood, and while the others entered into the movement of the times, already grown up, as it were, it had to grow, gain strength, and finally to attain its majority. This latter appears to have been first actually attained in our age; now, perhaps, for the first time, musical art possesses all its powers with full consciousness. Hence the stages in its development grew shorter and shorter, the nearer music approached this point, so that, for example, the spirit of the War for Freedom of 1813 found an echo in C. M. von Weber as early as the twenties, and the Restoration could even greet its contemporary composer in Rossini. The swaggering bombast of speech which the Italian uprising of 1848 dealt in, finds its perfect image in Verdi's opera music. Simultaneously with the structure of the revived Gothic Au-church in Munich, Mendelssohn composed his "St. Paul," reviving the style of Sebastian Bach, etc.

From the foregoing it is quite clear that in music it is essentially the form, the mastery of the material, which did not stand at the same time with the other arts upon a plane of development level with the development of the latter, and occasioned the seeming discrepancy. No sooner had music arrived at the point of being able to exercise easy and confident control over a certain stock of resources, than the mastery of the material, no longer of the form, absorbed a part of the artist's powers, and he was now able to express everything that he wished to say completely, as the *subject-matter* of his work.

Thus the great movement of the Reformation in the sixteenth century made the majestic song, in which the whole congregation should take part, a principal part of divine service. It had to be, as may easily be conceived, a simple melody requiring no great vocal compass, so that a voice of limited range should hinder no one from joining in, and with its tones long drawn out, in order that each one might gain time and breath for taking each tone well, for attacking it correctly and sustaining it. All this is afforded by the choral, such as the Catholic Church possessed for a long time, though, of course, not allotting to it so preponderant a significance. This it obtained in the Protestant divine service. People who sing together, not according to the laws of art, but only by mere natural talent, cannot sustain the pitch well unless they are supported and led by a powerful accompaniment. The choral in the church, sung by practised singers, could dispense with the organ, but not in the Protestant service, in which old and young sang together. The melody played in unison upon an instrument of such mighty resources as the organ would have been too meagre—the German spirit, which had previously employed its fanciful sense of form in other arts, could not have been satisfied with it. Harmony, and the art of accompanying a given melody (*cantus firmus*) with one or more independent parts (counterpoint), were developed to a high degree and offered most satisfactory resources. The organist, no longer obliged to keep principally to preludes and postludes, all at once became a principal person; and whereas, in the Catho-

lic Church, he had to be suitably subordinated to the cultivated singers as to his fellow-artists, in Protestantism he had to represent in his person alone, over against a congregation singing without reference to the rules of art, the true artistic element of the whole. Talented men, who found in these requirements of a new age the business of their lives, entered on a broad field for the cultivation of the art of counterpoint in an entirely new manner. While the human voice, conformably to its natural constitution, even when joining in contrapuntally with the principal part, had to maintain a certain proportion—in fact, when the counterpoint appeared only as a modification of the principal part itself (so that in the motets of Palestrina and others, as it were, four or eight chorals simultaneously interlace like rays of light)—the organ could, conformably to its technical structure, select for its counterpoints more rapid and variegated forms and figures; it could produce, easily and therefore naturally, compositions quite impracticable for the singer. Thus a new world was opened. And, just as in Protestantism, every one is expected to interpret the Word of God for himself, according to his own views and needs, without being fettered by other authority, so did the separate parts enter as interpreters of the given choral-theme, united in the main, though fundamentally different among themselves. Thus was gradually built up among and alongside of the choral melodies a peculiar, almost independent, overladen tonal edifice (like a system of thought, so to speak). It was now an easy matter to omit the given chorals, and to exhib-

it the independent tonal edifice alone in rich preludes, fantasies, etc. This tendency found its consummation and close in Sebastian Bach—and in him was thus accomplished, almost two complete centuries later, what the new movement strove to achieve as early as the sixteenth century; but formal development required time to mature, which, indeed, lay in the nature of the case, these doughty and disputatious champions being fond of setting words of their own to some inflexible melody. But as it is an oft-proved fact that, after a supreme effort, the recoil of an entire relapse usually sets in, so it was in this case. Directly after Sebastian Bach came Hiller and Doles, who "warned his nurslings of the Thomas School* against the crudities of this Sebastian"—after the *Passions according to Matthew* and *John* were heard "Lotty at Court" and the "Harvest-wreath." Then too, after the glowing superhuman zeal of religious belief, enlightenment began its phosphorescent process of decomposition, at first in Berlin, where the La Mettries and Argensons found a refuge, a liberal competency, and, after death, in compensation for Roman Catholic canonization, which they could not reasonably count upon,

* Attached to St. Thomas' Church, Leipsic. The cantorship of this school has been held by many very renowned musicians, from the year 1519 up to the present time, Moritz Hauptmann being among the more recent ones. The cantor of this school is director of singing to the St. Thomas' choir, formed from the pupils of the school, and has charge of the music in St. Thomas' Church, the singing of motets, every Saturday afternoon, being very celebrated. Bach wrote the greater part of his cantatas for the Sunday and festival performances with orchestra. [TRANSLATOR.]

a panegyric from the mouth of royalty. All Germany was soon as enlightened as one could wish. Every person of "culture" gradually acquired a religion of his own, whose "Credo" was very easy to remember, it being reduced to the dogmas of a "Supreme Being" and the "immortality of the soul," and its moral code likewise tersely tracing everything back to the principle of a "prudent enjoyment of life," and finding it sufficient if one were, as far as might be, an honorable man, stole no silver spoons, and committed no highway-robbery—and even in the contrary event dispensations were possible in cases worthy of consideration—*vide* the dramatical works of Kotzebue and Iffland. Even in the gentle and pious Gellert's romance, "The Life of the Swedish Countess of G—," bigamy and incest occur. There was a perfect mania for destroying and abolishing everything antique—churches were sold for demolition or transformed into "useful institutions," solemn ruins of ancient castles were utilized for "granaries," old and venerable senate-houses were "tastefully modernized," etc. The old cathedrals remained standing only because our ancestors had built them of such provoking solidity. A period of a character so pronounced surely should have found its corresponding music, and indeed found it very soon, for here no new form was to be created, rather the old powerful form and manner were to be put aside, and the entire tendency of art was to be directed only to the "delighting of the ear and the moving of sensitive hearts," as to the nearest and most tangible aims. That which in Hiller's vaudevilles can still please

through a certain simplicity, later thrust itself forward very pretentiously—the oil-lamp of the new spirit, which it regarded as an all-illuminating sun, gleamed in church-music as well, which was now fairly forced to look for suitable representatives, among whom Naumann must be mentioned first of all. It was doubtless a mass by *him* of which, according to Rochlitz's account, the catholic believer Mozart, brought up on the works of the old masters, in the presence of Papa Doles, who was praising it highly, eagerly exclaimed: "Why, there's nothing in it," and sang the "Gloria" of it to the words, "Deuce take it! that goes nimbly," maintaining that *in this way* it was better matched.

What one hears in catholic South Germany, especially in the Austrian empire, of ecclesiastical figured music and of so-called canticles for mass and sermon, comes mostly from this period, and also belongs to this period, a tepid, insipid substance, weakness devoid of faith, sweetish shallowness, which the ancient *Pange lingua* at the end of the high mass overtowers like a Titan. The culminating point of this tendency is perhaps the so-called "German high mass" of Michael Haydn, whose melodies have in themselves something of the bad taste of a child's draught from the apothecary's shop. It is difficult to speak of this whole matter without irritation. A church in the baldest rectangular style, blackened altar-pictures with saints rolling their eyes, at the right and left gilded wooden statues of angels in the posture of dancing-masters, expressing their devotion by means of an arm crossing the breast and bent

in grasshopper-fashion, here and there a glass case with a wax figure, clothed and wearing a wig, on the ceiling a fresco picture, in which nothing is seen but the extended legs and foot-soles of an uproarious kingdom of heaven, in the windows prosaic white glass, and resounding from the choir a high mass of the character already indicated—such is the melancholy antitype, not to say parody, of that joint effect of the arts in the service of the church which we previously endeavored to describe in its grandeur. Such is the legacy left by the spirit of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of the Church! Thus did the Catholic Church composers profit by the lavish gift which Sebastian Bach in this period of degeneracy made them of his *B*-minor mass, in which he loyally presents to the old Church the mighty results acquired, as we have already indicated, by methods outside of the Catholic Church.

Notwithstanding, faith and love, when they flash up in the soul of a genial master, are able to transfigure every form. Mozart's heavenly, yes, *heavenly Ave verum* belongs, in point of structure, melodic leading and harmonization, essentially to that tendency which otherwise has put forth so many artificial, sickly, sweet-scented blossoms—yet it is the highest idealization of it; this song, which, strictly speaking, seems to have been composed for a choir of angels, attains in a different way the same end that Palestrina and Sebastian Bach (each again in his own way) attained—it proves that where the right spirit is, form and nature *must* conform to it, and that the repulsive impression of the ecclesiastical art

of a Maratti, Algardi, Borromini, etc., and likewise of the music agreeing with it, is not chargeable to the spirit of the Church, but is to be sought for in the circumstance that the artists of the aforesaid tendency lacked that spirit (at least in their works). The time had become effeminate ; in the presence of gigantic forms, such as Händel, for instance, reared in his "Israel in Egypt" upon the basis of the no less gigantic poetry of the Book of Exodus, it would have fallen in a swoon. Were their composer not the thoroughly healthy Joseph Haydn, with his childlike piety and youthful freshness even in his old age, we should have in the "Creation" and the "Four Seasons" perfectly rationalistic oratorios, and it really is not their poet's fault, that under Haydn's hands they became something different. However, we possess "Das Ende des Gerechten" ("The End of the Righteous Man"), by Schicht, in which the Crucifixion is turned into a pleasant family story, and poet and musician deeply compassionate the excellent Jesus Christ, who taught so beautiful a morality, because he, too enlightened for his time, had to succumb to the machinations of a fanatical party !

If in this way ecclesiastico-religious music, which had hitherto stood in the foreground, was depressed even to insignificance, the entire part of the vital power of art withdrawn from this single tendency devoted itself to other provinces—to the symphony, chamber-music, the concerto, the song, etc. It is something more than a mere happy accident, that precisely in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which the highest development in German

literature began, the musical constellation of Gluck, Mozart and Haydn began simultaneously to shine in their greatest splendor. How profound and far-spreading was the movement of minds in literature at that time may be seen from the circumstance that every great and important work (and how quickly they crowded upon each other!) at once made an epoch, *i. e.*, called forth a whole series of analogous productions, even down to the most ridiculous parody.

Thus ranged themselves, alongside of the sublimity of Klopstock's odes, the Göttingen "Teutharde" and "Minneholde," stumbling about with native Teutonic simplicity among antique metres; beside the venerable form of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" was placed the vulgar caricature, Kotzebue's "Hermits on Formentera;" beside "Werther," the lachrymose "Siegwart." "Goetz von Berlichingen" called forth a countless number of emptily clanking knightly romances.

After Goethe, through his contemplation of antique art in Italy, and Schiller, through his aspiring idealism and his intimate acquaintance with Greek poetry, had resolutely applied themselves to Greek ways of thinking, feeling and poetizing, the commotion was again so general, that even the least addicted to the Greek of all poets—Jean Paul—could not, in his "Titan," avoid allowing at least one veritable Greek with wife and children to appear.

An intellectual excitement so general could not remain without influence upon music—it was, so to speak, in the air. Yet this influence was more in

the nature of a general stimulation than a direct modification. For the principal representatives of ardently aspiring music lived in Vienna, where the works of Goethe, Schiller and Jean Paul ranked among the "forbidden" ones. From the piquant, lascivious, witty and clever, yet at bottom unpoetic, Wieland, whom the Viennese nobility of that time read with delight, there was nothing to be drawn for music; the only real poet in Vienna, Denis, was working away, in imitation of the war-songs of the ancient bards, at Klopstock's unpliant "Telyn;" the "Viennese" poetry of Messrs. Haschka, Alxinger, Mastalier, etc., was hardly worth mentioning, and the grimaces of Blumauer's muse were still less inspiring. Who knows what might have happened, if Goethe had had Mozart for a companion in Rome, instead of the Zuricher Kayser! Still, it is perhaps better as it was. Music was thus left free to develop itself naturally by its own impulsive force. Thus arose, then, strictly speaking, at first the symphony, the string-quartet, the rondo, the sonata, as we now understand them, but they also sprang up all at once in the greatest conceivable perfection, without first groping through more or less happy attempts. For, if we do not look upon intentions, which only later found their development in the "music of the intellect," but remain on the purely "musical" point of view, as many call it, or on the standpoint of "moods incidental to music," as we say, we may ask, without more ado, whether the world possesses anything more perfect than Mozart's symphonies in *G*-minor, *E*-flat and *C*-major with the

fugal *finale*, or than the symphonic works, laughing in eternal joy of youth, or the quartets, unsurpassed in ingenious, genial traits, of Haydn.

Meanwhile, the movement in literature was so universal, that even the subordinate *genre* of opera-texts was touched by it and brought into motion and fermentation, which reacted with a very direct influence on music. Comparing Metastasio's courtly heroic opera, with its sphere of feeling and ideas bounded by etiquette, with Da Ponte's "Don Giovanni," with its wonderful romanticism, its profusion of scenic change, the sharply marked character of its extremely original forms, and its simple emphatic language, free from all maxims and parabolical elaboration, one would fain clasp one's hands in astonishment at the marvellous change. Those ideas of the time to which Goethe could not help giving a place in his "Wilhelm Meister," which Jean Paul pointed out in the title-page, at least, of his unfinished "Invisible Loge," have also found expression, with all the silly insipidity of the details of their performance, in Schickaneder's "Magic Flute."* Humanitarianism, which would have set aside all dividing lines of nationality and religion, in order to unite all men into one cosmopolitan whole, and which expresses itself most nobly in Lessing's "Nathan

* Be it said in passing, that it has not yet occurred to any one that the singular name "Sarastro" is evidently corrupted from Zoroaster. If we remember that the Bactrian sage's real name was Zerdusht (Zarathushtra), we are strongly reminded of Montesquieu, whose name was gradually turned, by the lackeys announcing him, into Mr. Forbii.

the Wise," was mirrored, although in a distorted form, in these abductions from the seraglio, these uninterrupted sacrificial festivities, in which Turkish or Persian magnanimity is praised, and Pashas and Incas disclose a truly angelic nature. Music now had to learn to adapt itself to the parti-colored variety of the situation—the favorite old pattern, in which the prima donna begins *come una tortorella*, or *come scoglio*, and after a middle movement again begins, at the merciless word of command "da capo al fine," like a turtle-dove or a rock, as the case might be, had to yield to the new requirement—why, even Gluck was already bold enough to cast behind him the trumpery with which he had burdened himself for two-thirds of his life, and to enter upon a new path, upon which he established principles of the music-drama which are valid to this very day, and will be so perhaps forever—which Mozart afterward was able to utilize for an unheard-of, and since then never again manifested, profusion of ideas, and modes and forms of expression.

Finally, Goethe and Schiller were so lucky as to be printed in Vienna, the city theatre began—despite Herr von Ayrenhoff, who vainly struggled for the adoption of his antiquated trash and to supplant "King Lear" and "Hamlet" by his "Cleopatra"—to perform Shakespeare, who, moreover, was soon afterward newly born to Germany, so to speak, through the translation of Tieck and Schlegel, and became like one of the German classics. It may be said that Shakespeare and Goethe exercised the greatest influence on Beethoven, that these

minds came just in time to assist in bringing about the breaking-out of the music of the "soul" into the music of the "intellect."

The charming artistic bloom of the German song also originated directly with Goethe. These songs supplanted the previous Italian canzonetta and arietta, which, by reason of the foreign tongue, remained strange and without inward warmth, and with their everlasting beginning of the "bella Nizza," their constant "ecco quel fiero istante," "mi lagnero tacendo," their "tormento" and "il suo tradimento" and "morir mi sento," had to lead of necessity to a similar style of music, and satisfied the need for songs only as a very insipid and lifeless makeshift. And now Goethe's poetry! What vigorous life! What variegated, blooming diversity!—and music had to follow. Mozart was in time to lay hold of the "Veilchen auf der Wiese" ("Violet in the Meadow") with the instinct of genius, and created a flower of imperishable fragrance. Beethoven, too, wedded a number of Goethe's lyric poems to immortal tones, which in turn inspired Franz Schubert's overflowing poetic spirit, whence again the song and ballad-compositions of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Franz and Loewe directly spring. Thus this poetry of a far-spreading radiance and fragrance could point, like the Provençal poetry of Toulouse, to a modest "violet" as its primitive symbol!

For German music Vienna was, at the close of the preceding century, what Weimar was, at the very same time, for German poetry. It is again, perhaps,

no mere accident that the sister-arts were kept so far apart. Each was left to grow and thrive by itself; they met and embraced only after both had burst into full bloom.

So long as music was chiselling and carving away at the measured work of counterpoint, or was singing, in joy or sorrow,

> "As the birdling sings
> Which in the branches dwelleth,"

it occurred to no one to seek in it anything else than music pure and simple. It was an entirely novel idea to call Mozart's grand symphony in *C*-major the "Jupiter" symphony, and this idea was, besides, as ill-conceived as possible, although the name clings to it to this very day. Beethoven's first works, which moved in the same sphere as did those of his predecessors, Mozart and Haydn, were received with like impartiality. In his "Septuor" one roamed from melody to melody, and enjoyed their entrancing beauty, just as in a flower-garden one roams from flower to flower, delights in the splendor, play of colors and odor, and so lets it pass. The designation by the composer himself of a pianoforte sonata as "patetica" indicates only in general the character of the whole, about as "Jupiter" does that of Mozart's symphony — only more appropriately. But even then Beethoven had his mental reservations. We know from his own mouth that the magnificent *largo* in the *D*-major sonata, Op. 10, depicts the psychical state of a melancholy man—probably Beet-

hoven's own; and it is a question whether the two other sonatas published under the same opus-number, in *F*-major and *C*-minor, are not also pictures of temperament—the former, the picture of the sanguine, the latter that of the choleric man; or, rather, whether Beethoven did not artistically deal out and describe in these sonatas his own part in these temperaments—he had somewhat of all three—in pretty much the same way as Jean Paul analyzed his own character in the dual personality of "Walt" and "Vult." These pieces, whose details are extremely strange from the standpoint of mere tone-play—especially the closing movements (of which that of the *F*-major sonata wantonly coquettes with the fugue-form, that of the *C*-minor sonata flashes by like a furious curse, and that of the *D*-major sonata has as curious freaks as a lonely, brooding grumbler)—these pieces might have startled people quite as much as the first, second, fourth, and sixth quartets, Op. 18; especially as in the last one a movement is expressly marked "la malinconia." Properly speaking, it was E. T. A. Hoffman who, in his famous essay, "Beethoven's Instrumental Music," led the way in poetical interpretation. But he is far from trying to prove, in the works taken up by him, a psychological process, a chain of ideas, which, like the spheres of thought and feeling in (for example) a tragedy, reciprocally conditionates, motivates, and develops itself and finally finds a winding-up—he also still holds the earlier notion of a general mood, and hence classes Beethoven, without further ceremony, in one and the same category with Mozart and Haydn; as

if the symphonies of the first were perhaps composed somewhat differently and in another mood, but otherwise show, so far as their nature is concerned, no transition to another intellectual sphere. What he says about the *C*-minor symphony is an enchanted phantasmagoria in glowingly colored pictures, fantastically intermingled, which on closer examination are, strictly speaking, quite formless, and appear only like a translation of the vague sounds of violins, oboes and horns into words. A later critic shows himself much more thoroughgoing—he carved out of the same symphony the image of a ship's voyage—and that, too, at a time when Berlioz was lying quite unformed as yet, in his swaddling-clothes—it seemed to him as if Beethoven had only forgotten to have the program printed with the music. The pastoral symphony, to be sure, exhibited real superscriptions of the separate movements, but of course also with the warning note: "Expression of the feeling rather than painting." Robert Schumann, a profound poet of the Jean Paul type, and a humorist at heart, found himself moved to picture-painting, in his "New Journal for Music," by the music of Beethoven and Franz Schubert; yet he used these pictures sparingly, aptly, and with delicate refinement—for the most part a certain humor illumines them, as though language acknowledged its own insufficiency. Griepenkerl, in his novel, "The Music-Festival," steps forward more decisively, with less constraint and with a certain enthusiastic vehemence, casting his comparisons about, as it were, in fire and flames—yet they are for the most part

surprisingly clever, individual ones tenderly beautiful, such as his prose-poem on the "Swans, which with thirsty throats reach after the stars imaged in the stream, believing in the twinkling illusion" (upon the *Adagio* of the Sonata, Op. 22); with here and there a forced one, as the lugging of King Lear into the grand sonata in *F*-minor. What we gladly and thankfully receive from a clever man becomes, to be sure, under other hands insupportable. Kendell's collection of tales, "Bergan," is proof how far a fanciful interpretation can go astray.*

Incredible proofs of utter incapacity for comprehension, and of the clumsiest misunderstanding, are very often shown in the vocal texts which some persons have felt constrained to adapt to certain of Beethoven's instrumental movements. Thus, Bierey made a "Kyrie" out of the *Adagio* of the *C*-sharp minor sonata! The magnificent and solemn *Largo* of the *A*-major sonata, Op. 2, has been worked up into a song, "When gazing in her eye" ("Schau ich in's Auge ihr"), the *Andante* of the *C*-minor symphony

* Thus the stirring life of the grand sonata in *C*-major (Op. 53), occupied, as it were, in mysterious abysses, is to him nothing but a history of how Beethoven had dined well and drunk "Burgundy," in the "Golden Lamb," and then proceeds to the Prater, where there is dancing going on! The *C*-sharp minor sonata he works up, like a coarse blacksmith, into a long duet, in which the carved figures of a "he" and a "she" in mawkish verses interchange dull words of love. The most mischievous and truly unpardonable thing—for, by introducing Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," Beethoven has said plainly enough what is his meaning—is his interpretation of the 9th symphony. He sees in it, and paints in all its details, the story of Diana and Endymion! This is an idea direct from Bedlam.

takes the vocal text "Without thee, what would my life be?" ("Ohne dich, was wär mein Leben?"), and the theme of the variations from the Sonata, Op. 26, this noble melody, which seems to look musingly into our face with gentle seriousness, as it were inquiringly, has had to yield itself up to sentiments of leave-taking from the beloved one. Thus Beethoven's Muse had, in these people's eyes, nothing to do but to dote on the silhouette of Charlotte!

Beethoven himself, who surely should have had the first word in the matter, was very sparing with interpretations—and rightly—but when he once writes "les adieux, l'absence, le retour—marcia funebre sulla morte d'un eroe—canzonetta di ringraziamento offerta alla Divinità," the title is assuredly characteristic. He, however, in a certain sense authorized poetic interpretations of his compositions by saying to Schindler, that he need only read Shakespeare's "Tempest" in order to understand the grand sonatas in *D*-minor and *F*-minor. Nevertheless, we should beware of ascribing too great importance to such a casual remark. The fact that Beethoven could refer two works so fundamentally different to one and the same poem shows plainly that, although he felt himself intellectually stimulated to creation by the Shakesperian phantasy, it was only in a very general sense, inasmuch as he afterward went *his own way*, and had no idea whatever of setting to music the particulars of the "Tempest," so that a direct connection between the content of both might be demonstrated.

Of course, every one on hearing such compositions

feels more or less the awakening of that "talent for tone-pictures" which Heine ascribes to himself. This music vehemently struggles for definite expression; it is like a spellbound spirit, whose redemption is dependent on the utterance of a single word by him to whom it appears—it may not itself utter the word, and the beholder dumbly confronts the apparition, casting about—nay, with intensest sympathy seeking for the right word. The irresistible allurement of the enigma, of veiled mystery, of inscrutable profundity, is seen here also.

It is extremely interesting to compare Haydn's "Synfonie militaire" with Beethoven's "Sinfonia eroica"—a comparison which finds its justification in the circumstance that, according to the title, both aim at something warlike. Haydn's symphony is rendered fairly true to name by externals only—trumpets sound the roll-call, march-rhythms are heard, and occasional janissary-music,* etc. For the rest, it is thoroughly impracticable to seek the development of a leading fundamental thought, finding in the single movements so many stages of its evolution. Even the *Finale* affords no other close than a purely musical one, and the janissary-music sounds at the close once more only because it was heard before in the *Andante*. Thus the work attains only to a general character, which is distributed over the whole—but this character is certainly a soldierly, energetic,

* Noisy music, on instruments of percussion. Worcester derives "janizary" from the Turkish "*yeni tscheri*," new troops, a soldier of the Turkish foot-guards . . . abolished in 1826. (TRANSLATOR.)

doughty one ; at the same time there is such a merry vein in it, such a freshness of the joy of life, on which not even the *minore* movement in the *Andante* can have much effect, that one involuntarily thinks of the true-hearted masses of old Austria, marching out with musket and sword to do battle for their "good Emperor Franz" against the young General Buonaparte.

Beethoven's symphony develops itself from the heroic physiognomy of the first motive onward through the joy of strife and of victory in the first movement, through the moving tragedy of the funeral march and the humor of the *Scherzo*, up to the *Finale*, where variation upon variation draws near to the cyclopean monument of the hero, built up out of rough blocks, in order to crown it with flowers and wreaths, and in the festive solemnity of *poco andante*, in the festive jubilation of the last *presto*, to conclude the whole ; the basal idea being continually in intimate connection with such profundity and greatness that here we pass far beyond the special idea of the warlike—not to speak of the soldierly, as in the case of Haydn—and not in vain do we read on the title-page the qualification, couched in general terms, "*per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un grand' uomo.*" But now, what suggestive details! The *minore* in the *Andante* of Haydn's symphony has the form of a funeral march. Beethoven chose the same form for the second movement of his "Eroica." With Haydn we again find here, only quite in general, the character of a magnificent pathos, but not an inner development occupying itself with analyzing

its fundamental thought. Beethoven's strain up to the entrance of the major movement has a similar general character of magnificent pathos, but the greater power of the melodies intensifies it to tragic sublimity. With this *maggiore* the development begins—in the long measured march of its accelerated triplets, beginning *piano*, we unmistakably recognize "the approach of a star of hope;"* and in the frightful thunder of the *fortissimo* of the closes with the solemnly awful trumpet-calls, a summons to resistance. The march, which would fain re-enter, is interrupted and driven back; then in the *fugato* the forces are brought in and assembled from every side—but they remain standing in sombre resignation—all at once a sudden uprising for a most fearful combat of extermination, a titanic onslaught—in vain! From the height they sink tottering deeper and deeper, irresistibly dragged downward to the point where, amid their weaker and weaker resistance, the funeral march, this time no longer to be repelled, enters like a gloomy announcement of inexorable necessity; one more modulation for the last time into *A*-flat is attempted; finally everything remains as prone in desolate sepulchral stillness upon *C*-minor—and the theme, shattered and dismembered, dies away as it were into an empty void.

While so powerful an impression is, to be sure, ascribable to the mighty grandeur of musical conception in the case of Beethoven, it is not to be overlooked that this same power of stimulating the im-

* Schindler, "Biography of Beethoven," 2d edition, p. 240.

agination is by no means an exclusive property of Beethoven's music, but resides in the "music of the intellect" generally. The symphonies of Franz Schubert also, Mendelssohn's symphonies (exclusively of his Mozart-like First in *C*-minor), the symphonies of Gade, Schumann, etc., appear to us like beautiful enigmas requiring a solution. Take Mendelssohn's *A*-minor symphony, for instance. What is meant by the roaring chromatical storm at the end of the first *Allegro*, the gently sorrowful and solemn march-movements in the *Adagio*, the violent conflict in the *Finale*—these *rinforzatos* in the bass sound almost like the roaring of a lion, with which we might fancy a young Paladin engaged in knightly combat; what is meant by the coda with its folk-song-like melody and enthusiastic festive jubilation? And then the airy, elfish gambols of the *Scherzo*—we cannot help it, we invent a whole fairy-tale of our own to fit it, a tale of the genuine, old German stamp, something like the Sleeping Beauty in the Woods, or Cinderella, or Schneewittchen.

Gade's first symphony causes the frowning, rocky coasts of Norway to spring up before our mind's eye. His heroes burst out uncouthly with warlike fury, but dance in the alternativo of the *Scherzo* quite modestly with the beautiful Aslauga, and strike up in the *Finale*, accompanied by powerful chords of Skaldic harps, a hymn of victory, in which at last the entire northern country, which at the beginning was veiled in gray mist, lies before us in bright sunshine. Thus, while listening to this music, we find pictures without number, which the

mind conjures up to render the music intelligible, and it is finally very pardonable if one, in pleasant recollection of this, allows himself in a manner to become a poet, puts his visions upon paper and has them printed; in doing which, however, one certainly runs a greater risk than one thinks. In fact, the composers themselves frequently poetize on their own creations, and ask themselves in surprise whence they were derived. Thus, Wagner subsequently wrote for his Overture to "Tannhäuser" a complete Berlioz-like program, which *certainly* did not float before his mind in so material a manner while he was composing it. A pretty little idea flies through the mind of the musician; he holds it fast; it shapes itself in his mind after the laws of musical creation; he finishes it and puts it to paper—a most charming little pianoforte-piece is finished. What shall it be called? "Caprice?" It has nothing capricious about it. "Piece?" That is too insipidly indefinite. "Impromptu?" For a fugitive idea of the moment it is too organically worked up. "Étude?" Does not answer, for the element specially aiming at practice is lacking in the construction. How would a poetical title do? Now something or other is brought forward approximately in keeping with the character of the piece, and hence these "Undines," "Chansons d'amour," "Fountains," "Ave Maria," "Monastery Bells," etc. How easily might old Bach have made poetry of that sort out of what he simply calls a prelude, jig, etc., and a whole picture-book out of his "Well-tempered Clavichord!" We could interpret to a lady who other-

wise observes nothing in Bach's magnificent picture but the wig, the prelude in *C*-sharp major without further ceremony as the "Butterfly;" that in *G*-major as "Fountains;" that in *E*-flat minor as "Sighs," etc., without her noticing anything out of the way. But the "Undines," "Fountains," etc., which stand godfathers to this kind of short pianoforte-pieces and must lend them a name, have their seamy side. Inasmuch as the title is sought for subsequently, it does not, in most cases, fully and entirely agree with the musical content.* It is certain that many of Schulhoff's most charming little tone-poems would gain materially, if quite general, purely musical designations could be given them, whereas now the poetical designation which we read on the title hinders a free view and imposes a certain constraint on our enjoyment. The same thing applies to Henselt's pieces with the intolerable French mottoes. Mendelssohn understood it better, inasmuch as he leaves his songs without words simple "Songs without Words."

Of course, everything shapes itself quite differently when the tone-poet proposes beforehand to insert this or that into his music, and to compose accordingly—when he sees to the bottom of his program before writing down the very first note.

* We cannot forbear telling a very charming and characteristic anecdote, the truth of which we guarantee. A somewhat celebrated pianist related to an acquaintance whom he happened to meet that he had just finished a grand étude. "Only," said he, "I am in doubt how I shall name it, whether 'Abd-el-Kader,' or 'The Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen.'"

He then avoids, to be sure, the danger of a title not perfectly appropriate, but he incurs the greater one of passing entirely beyond the sphere of music, and of *poetizing with music instead of with words*, while standing not *in* that sphere but *near* it, which would almost remind one of the story in the "Magazine of the Marvellous," that people, instead of seeing naturally *with the organs of sight*, have *seen* with their *noses*.

It is remarkable enough that individual phenomena of this kind reach back to a comparatively early development of instrumental music, when the latter was still giving itself up entirely to the "crystalline tissue." While Händel's overtures to his oratorios show no connection whatever with the poetic subject-matter of the latter, while even Gluck without compunction transferred the overture of his "Telemachus" to his "Armida," Sebastian Bach already wrote a fantasy, the subject of which was a journey to his brother. In it occurs a movement "representing the different accidents that might befall him on the way," moreover, *adagiosissimo*—"general lamentation of friends," then "air of the postilion," etc. To a somewhat later period belongs the often imitated hubbub of the "Battle of Prague." All this, for the time being, only for the pianoforte.

Raimundi appeared in 1777 with wider resources at Amsterdam, employing an entire orchestra for giving a musical spectacle representing the story of Telemachus and Calypso. The rôles of Fénelon's personages were given quite tangibly and palpably to certain orchestral instruments—Calypso, the flute;

Eucharis, the oboe; Telemachus, violin solo; Mentor, violoncello solo. The wind-instruments represented the "Chorus of Nymphs." First came a kind of overture imitating a storm at sea; then an accompanied duet between the violin and violoncello, in which Telemachus and Mentor rejoice at their escape. The flute—Calypso—drew nigh with tender melodies, but soon the oboe—Eucharis—joined in, and so it went on till another *tutti* depicted the destruction of the ship by the nymphs. The whole thing lasted a full hour.*

Perhaps we can scarcely find in this anything more than a curiosity, an odd whim, which is altogether foreign to the art-tendency of that time, and stands entirely isolated. Of Haydn it is also said, to be sure, that in his symphonies he set himself definite problems; thus in one of them he had in mind a hardened sinner, how God warns him and begs him to reform (who does not again recognize his childlike piety?), and how the sinner answers defiantly. It would be by no means uninteresting to examine whether one of Haydn's 118 symphonies can be accommodated to this fundamental idea; it might, however, be almost labor lost, for the general scheme can evidently be merely an alternation of forceful, violent passages, with gentle, songful ones, such as any of these works will show, if merely for the sake of variety; the same ever-changing play of musical contrasts which Jean Paul,

* See Kotzebue's "Little Tales, Anecdotes and Miscellanea," Carlsruhe, 1807, vol. ii., p. 122.

writing about one of Haydn's symphonies played at Vult's concert, very ingeniously characterizes with the words: "One storm met another—then warm, moist sunbeams darted between, then lowering storm clouds dragged along, suddenly parting like a veil, and in the springtide there wept a solitary tone, like a lovely form."

If Haydn had really desired in his symphonies to do anything more than "make music" (in the highest sense of the word, of course), it were downright inexplicable why he often suddenly changes a supremely serious *andante*-introduction, announcing something grand, into a laughing, joking, merry *allegro*-movement, or why many a symphony with an imposing first movement ends in a light, playful rondo. The same thing applies to Mozart's symphony in *E*-flat major, and to that in *D*-major, with three movements, not to mention the works of the lesser lights—Gyrowetz, Pleyel, Wittasek and others. When Haydn really would do more with his instrumental music than heartily rejoice and cheer up the hearer, he is still far from desiring to offer a detailed narration in tones; it is then a naïve tone-painting, which rejoices in its ability to imitate so cleverly our dear mother Nature, with her budding verdure, cock-crowing, croaking of frogs, her thunder-storm, fog and snow, nay, even the noise of the lion's roaring, of the earthquake, etc.; or we get general mood-pictures, as may be seen especially in the "Seven Words" (in its original form, without the insipid vocal text added later). Beethoven, who—as his letters and his will attest—travailed constantly

with great ideas and poetic thoughts, felt with full immediateness the deep psychological need of putting into his music what moved him—"thus destiny knocks at the portal"—"the strife 'twixt head and heart," etc. Who does not know his beautiful letters to the beloved Julia? The impulse to one of his most beautiful tone-poems, the pianoforte-sonata "The Farewells, the Absence, the Return," might be looked for here. The very initial motive of the *Andante* sounds like a sighing invocation of the name "Julia;" just as in the first three notes of the introductory *adagio*, the cry "Farewell" is distinctly heard. The sorrowfulness of the farewell, the desolate, longing feeling of solitude, the passionate joy of meeting again, these three fundamental moods of the three movements, are primarily representations of spiritual moods. But quite artlessly, and without noticing it himself, the tone-poet also enters upon the domain of the narrator of external events. The word of separation, the "farewell," sounds as in the duet between a higher and a lower voice (inamorata and inamorato) throughout the entire first *Allegro*, whose close unmistakably paints the gradual withdrawal and final disappearance at a remote distance—nay, are not the last two *forte* chords like a resigned turning round of the one remaining behind, who has watched the departing one as long as the latter remained in sight? Is not the *Andante* unexpectedly interrupted by the *Finale*, as if by an unhoped-for return home? A cry of joy, a rushing-out with open arms, an embrace, an endlessly repeated "I have thee again." Berlioz, in the balcony-scene of his

symphony "Romeo and Juliet," neither painted more in detail nor worked with essentially different means, with the exception of the important difference, that he produces with full orchestral powers what Beethoven only as in sudden inspiration entrusted to his beloved pianoforte; that those externals are with Beethoven rather the accidental result of a tendency whose first direction was totally different, and only as of secondary importance, whereas in the case of Berlioz they are insisted upon as the main point, and with full, conscious intention; finally, that Beethoven did not forget that his aim was to compose music, and that the architectural construction could not be sacrificed to the poetic thought. At the time of the "music of form" we saw the expression of some definite soul-state, and in the period of the "music of the soul" a well-ordered continuity of moods (Mozart's *G*-minor symphony), appear in like manner rather as if they were accidental results. It was regularly left to the next period of development to take that which till then was merely accidental as something *intentional*. Thus, Beethoven's pastoral symphony is neither program-music in the doubtful sense of the word, nor a tone-painting like Haydn's naïve tone-paintings, rejoicing in their own cleverness; nor yet an application of the so-called pastoral style of music to the traditional four movements of the symphony. In due time we shall more closely examine that wonderful tone-poem, the 9th symphony, which people are so fond of styling the "boundary;" it certainly is the close, the perfection of that tendency which unrolls before us power-

ful pictures from the soul-life in orderly, consistent sequence, for only in this sense does the tone-poet resort at the fitting time to the words of Schiller's hymn. The reason that this whole work is planned so colossally, stupendously, must not be sought in a pitiful, merely external striving after "effect;" it is simply and naturally the consequence of the fact, that the composer's ideas took a yet higher flight than usual. If his *C*-minor symphony describes the conflicts and the victory of the individual, in the 9th symphony the whole of humanity appears, as it were, struggling and conquering. But this symphony is never in any case a transition to the program-compositions, precisely because it *describes* merely *inward* occurrences *by arousing them*, by this very means becomes self-knowing, and can dispense with a so-called program,—nay, would not even tolerate it. Let no one object to Wagner's surprisingly clever interpretation of this very symphony. Wagner looked about him for poetic language in keeping with the moods of the separate symphonic movements, and found them most fortunately in Goethe's "Faust." When he, for instance, adapts to the *Adagio* the passage:

> "Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
> Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,
> While, fraught with solemn and mysterious power,
> Chim'd the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss." *

he thereby admirably suggested the mood of the *Adagio*, only we must remember that what the

* Goethe's "Faust," translated by Anna Swanwick, Bohn's Standard Library, London, 1864.

poet says is also an image of internal occurrences; when, on the other hand, Berlioz, in his "Witches' Sabbath," according to the program, sees the beloved one enter as impudent bacchante, and at her entrance "jubilant roaring resounds;" when in the program of "Romeo and Juliet" we read:

> "To stay these murderous dissensions
> The prince enacts a stringent law,
> Threat'ning with pain of death all those who, disobeying,
> Resort to arbitration by the sword,"

and, conformably to this, trombones and ophicleides give out in powerful tones the augmented theme of the "dispute"—these are external occurrences. For who should know, without the express explanations, that this brass music indicates Prince Eskalus and no one else? Hence, the program is here not only desirable, but even indispensable—and the more it goes into particulars the better, because the composition, both as a whole and in its details, no longer finds its justification in itself, but rests upon a situation external to itself. But when the 9th symphony, notwithstanding that we called it "intelligible in itself," has nevertheless experienced the most preposterous interpretations, with similar examples before us of the symphonies in *C*-minor, in *A*-major, etc., yet it should not be forgotten that these interpretations for the most part come from people who did not accept the kingdom of heaven opened by the composer like little children, but ostentatiously paraded with the works, using them as an opportunity of letting their own light shine before men. An Abderite, who, remarking before the Olympic

Zeus in his shining mantle of gold a reflection of his own person, should loudly announce to all Greece that this monument, as he had just observed to his satisfaction, was erected to his own honor, would scarcely be more ridiculous. One might think upon Lichtenberg's caustic remark: "When a monkey looks into the mirror, no Apostle can look out." And in fact, these symphonies, these quartets and sonatas are real touchstones for him who draws nigh to them. It is needless, however, to desire first to *put* something *into them*, for their intellectual content is sufficient to itself. Each one of Beethoven's sonatas, etc., stands out like an individual, fundamentally different from all other similar works of the tone-poet—and just as the fundamental mood is different in the case of each one of them, the details of the execution also abound in formations which exclusively belong to it, and *can* belong to it alone. Even the remotest hint at a schematic development of the chosen motives into traditional phrases and forms, such as we not seldom find in Mozart's chamber- and concert-music, and again later here and there in Mendelssohn, who draws upon the so-called "Classics," has entirely vanished in Beethoven's sonatas; indeed, the fundamental motives range themselves side by side, sharply and characteristically defined, so that frequently the very first measure gives the course of the whole composition its determinate tendency. The unheard-of takes place—the tone-poet no longer finds the space of one single composition sufficient, despite the arrangement in the well-known four movements, to hold the intellectual subject-matter

of his tone-poem; like songs of an epic poem, like a trilogy, he conjoins works which otherwise passed for complete in themselves—not arbitrarily, just because he happens accidentally to have them at hand, but of necessity, and for the sake of the intrinsic connection. We scarcely need remind the reader, that here the string-quartet, Op. 59, is meant. If we take pains to follow up its development from movement to movement, we fall into the most profound astonishment. From the quiet, narrative-like beginning of the *F*-major quartet up to the fugal *Finale* of the quartet in *C*-major, with its absorbing and resistless passion, one thing develops out of another with natural necessity. Or could the whole of the earlier music even imagine a composition like this *Allegretto scherzoso* in the first quartet, in which the poet easily and playfully sketches a rhythmical form, but upon it, in the midst of bantering jests, begins to sound a chord gently expressive of profound pain, allowing the course of sorrow to become more and more prominent, and to stand out more plainly till it breaks out into the sublime song of woe of the *Adagio*, which he neither can nor wishes to close, but leads over into the weird, impetuous rush of the *Finale?* Who does not feel that the solemn *Adagio*, full of religious unction, is the turning-point in the second quartet? And what is meant by the (musically) unheard-of freak in this quartet, whose main key is surely *E*-minor, of letting the motive of the *Finale* begin every time in *C*-major, and of again pushing itself through almost by force to *C*-major, despite the driving back to *E*-minor, unless it is an

anticipation of the third quartet, as whose main key *C*-major actually appears?* Is the *A*-minor *Allegretto* in this third quartet not like a plaintive narration, arousing all the grief of a past sorrow, like a retrospect? And did not the poet find sufficient leisure and interior equilibrium to dwell upon the mild, quiet form of a minuet, before letting all the powers burst furiously forth one by one in the rush of the closing movement? In view of these and similar works we feel, when we wish to speak of them, that the purely musical characterization according to key, *tempo*, etc., by no means suffices, that their innermost essence lies in something quite different from these purely formal features; that here we are confronted by something far higher and deeper than a mere consistent and manifold development of musical themes. Of a truth "the indescribable, here it is done"—and it is so impossible to avoid making use of any characteristic picture whatever as a symbol of that which after all cannot be expressed in words, that we ought really to take it amiss of no one. But that Music ventured into such regions, has borne for herself the richest fruits. She no longer cared, as formerly, to juxtapose moods without internal reason—but when she wished to do so, she had to look about her for medium tints, for transitions, she had to learn the most delicate painting, she had to seek to touch the string vibrating to the profoundest and most hidden emotions of the soul;

* In a kindred manner the *fortissimo* movements in the *Andante* of the *C*-minor symphony announce the impending triumph of the *Finale*.

—Beethoven, Franz Schubert, and among the later ones Berlioz, have accomplished in this respect most admirable things. But this striving has wonderfully loosed the tongue of music. Look at the profuseness of the tone-language of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Sterndale Bennett, Stephen Heller, Taubert, and others—especially in their pianoforte-pieces—here is indeed poetry in tones. And, instead of countless examples, to adduce but one * (a very remarkable one)—how uniquely, in the secondary division of the *Allegro* of Taubert's exquisite overture to Tieck's "Bluebeard," is the keen, pungent quality of *curiosity* expressed! The expressional power of an art that can find the analogous phonic figure for such a thing is indeed not to be lightly estimated. But if one has once learned to speak, he may quite naturally be expected actually to speak. Meanwhile, tone-language continued to remain a magic puzzle, and inasmuch as tone-poets did not wholly trust in the indefinite universality of their idiom, at least did not think they were allowed to seek in every hearer a sufficient talent for interpretation, the fashion of superscriptions, mottoes, etc., was set, which is carried out in an especially rich and ingenious way, often humoristic, and often even eccentric, in Schumann's earlier pianoforte-pieces. There is, *e. g.*, his "Carneval"—a series of little compositions upon four notes—and we read as superscriptions "Pierrot, Harlequin, Papillons, Chiarina, Estrella,

* Perhaps equally well in the rapid figure with which Schumann begins the "Kartenlegerin" (Fortune-teller by means of cards), in Op. 31.

Promenade," etc. In another volume we meet "Dream-reveries, The End of the Song—Myth," to which latter could be added, with reference to the great technical difficulty of Schumann's piano-forte-music, as a "Moral": "From torturing a brute refrain, for, like thyself, it feels the pain." Thus, the magnificent fantasy, Op. 17, exhibits as superscription Fr. Schlegel's words: "Durch alle Töne tönet in bunten Erdentraum ein leiser Ton gezogen, für den, der heimlich lauschet"(Thro' all the tones resounding in earth's inconstant dream, a soft, low tone is sounding for him who closely listens). And when Schumann omits adding mottoes to the grand sonata in *F*-sharp minor, which at first appeared under the author's names Florestan and Eusebius, we almost regret it—for these partly admirable, partly *bizarre* tone-structures perplex us almost like unsolved riddles. Very frequently, too, the superscription is only an insufficient key, a mere general hint at the solution. Thus, Mendelssohn as a young man sees the Northern Seas, their rocky coasts and their flitting accessory pictures—the wild poetry of this landscape affects him powerfully. "It cannot be related," says he to his sisters eager for a description, "but can be played"—and he poetizes it all in a wonderful tone-picture having the form of an overture, which, for lack of a better name, he calls "Fingal's Cave," *or* "The Hebrides." For the abundant subject-matter offered the designation is insufficient—or rather, prudently modest. This overture is the real prototype of that music descriptive of landscapes which has developed into a definite

branch of art. Intimations of this tendency (and also of almost every tendency of later times) are found in Beethoven—especially in the Pastoral Symphony, and still more plainly in the cycle of songs "To the Distant Beloved." Franz Schubert's "Sojourn" (Aufenthalt), also is at bottom but a powerful landscape-picture—a perfect Everdingen. That the point of contact between landscape-painting and music is to be sought essentially in the circumstance that they both show their peculiar power in the excitation of moods, has been said already. Most composers of lively imagination will concede, that they are stimulated to creation in a peculiar manner by beautiful or significantly shaped landscapes, nay, even in view of beautifully painted representations of such points, and that the tone-formations arising take a markedly peculiar direction. Indeed, it is a tendency cognate to that almost exclusively cherished by some composers, for which reason they may be called true landscape-painting musicians. To these belongs Sterndale Bennett—a gentle, delicate, almost effeminate disposition ;* to these belongs Gade, whose symphonies make an impression very analogous to the paintings of his half namesake, Gude, Andreas Achenbach, and others. A similar tone—without the northern rudeness, but milder, one might say "sunnier," sounds in the first movements of Mendelssohn's symphonies in *A*-minor and *A*-major, of his quintet in *A*-major and caprice in *E*-major.

* See his charming pianoforte-pieces "Ocean—Mill-stream, Fountain."

What is common to, and remarkable in, all these compositions is a peculiar quiet breadth of representation—visible lyricism. None of the moods worked with is brought out with intensive power, but softened and compensated—for this reason all really passionate emotion is avoided. The *strong*, violent passages become rather an external act of storm and stress—frequently even with directly imitative echoes of aroused natural forces—joy is expressed as unaffected naïve cheerfulness, grief appears toned down to a more gentle sadness; at most it assumes the coloring of troubled yearning, such as is usually awakened—say—in desolate solitude by a deeply darkening twilight with a glowing evening sky. The entire process of development of the composition exhibits a constant progression—all sharp contrasts are either avoided or discreetly prepared by careful transitions and gradations. A romantic spirit tinges the whole, giving even to the single motives a very decided coloring. However, the average mood of the whole is, so to speak, that of an objective painting, in the sense that the composer feels himself more stimulated from without, than to any subjective outpouring of the emotions of his soul following the promptings of his own soul-life. But we do not mean that the tone-painting of rushing waves, of rolling thunder, of rustling leaves, etc., must necessarily have a place assigned to it. For instance, the first movement of Spohr's "Weihe der Töne" does not, despite all its nightingales, cuckoos, and thunder-storms, in the least awaken the idea of a landscape-picture—it lacks the romantic

spirit, the softness of tone, the repose of representation—like Spohr himself, who never had the courage to forsake his study, and to venture out into God's fresh nature, or among the people, and to draw musical inspiration from them. It is the study of a noble poet, of an excellent musician, but it is, after all, only a study. His symphony, too, "Irdisches und Göttliches im Menschenleben" (The Earthly and the Divine in Human Life), which, according to its superscriptions and tendency, is a bold foray into the domain of the program-symphony, amounts to hardly more than a dry, schematic arrangement of cheerful and serious motives. It is a symptom not to be lightly estimated, how strong must have been the impulse of the time toward such an art-tendency, if Spohr, who, with his bee-like musical industry, his delicate miniature-painting, is the diametrical opposite of Berlioz, could not resist the temptation to enter on a domain in which they clasp hands.

Berlioz is not, as has perhaps been thought, an abnormal phenomenon, unexpectedly falling into art-history like a meteor from the sky. He is rather the consistent termination and the consummation, pushed to its extreme limit, of a tendency which—as will be understood from the preceding—was the plainly expressed drift of the whole period, and must be regarded as a necessary final result of the gradual development of art during whole centuries. By this we by no means wish to say, however, that art had in it reached ideal perfection. Thus, in painting, a

judicious man will hardly place the Eclectics, the Naturalists, the Mannerists of the seventeenth century beside Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Ghirlandajo, Benozzo Gozzoli, Fiesole, and all the other masters of the earlier periods of development—and yet they are a consistent result of that to which art finally had to come, when, in Cimabue, it touched the rigid Byzantinism with the breath of the natural, or when, in Giotto, who "painted people as if they were alive," and "la gloria di colui oscura," it almost entirely emancipated itself from the old mannerism of type—and so on.

Now, in Berlioz is completely developed what with an approximative expression we called the music of the "word resolved" into tone. In still another manner Wagner resolves the word into tone;—it does not vanish from him, it remains, but it must become serviceable to music, just as music, losing its unconditional freedom, has in its turn to serve the word. Wagner has expressed himself upon this point plainly and circumstantially in his work "Opera and Drama." Like twin peaks of a Parnassus resting on a common base, these two men project into the art-life of the present time. Will a new "art of the future" be developed in them? The question can neither be affirmed nor negatived—let the future decide it!—for the "Yes" there is the important point, that these artists are the result of the previous course of music—and it cannot well be supposed that the latter has in them and with them reached its final consummation. There is, after all, yearning and necessity

for art, and for the infinite and inexhaustible; after all, pedagogical science has become wiser and its technics more accessible than ever; the talent for art has been, as it were, a monopoly of this or that century. If an orchestra composed of prophets had played a symphony of Haydn's to the great Palestrina, in whom also an art-tendency culminated, in the year 1567, immediately after his *Missa Papæ Marcelli*, and if the directing Ezechiel had then said to him, that in something more than two centuries music would look like that, he would perhaps have shaken his head incredulously. But the "No" also has decided chances, for, let no one conceal it from himself, their genius has carried those two artists to a point at which all music, strictly speaking, ceases.

It is almost impossible to begin to speak about Berlioz and Wagner—especially about the latter—without giving offence right and left. He who ventures into the din of battle need not be surprised if bullets whistle about his head from every side, and if he perhaps receives an occasional blow with the flat or the edge of a sword. Of course, only cowardice would allow itself to be *frightened* by this. Still, there is a doubtful point about the matter—many impure elements mix in the strife—the fighting is not invariably carried on with honorable weapons. The criticisms upon Beethoven in the "Leipziger Allgemeine Musikzeitung," beginning with 1799, make upon us now, of course, a comical impression. It appears to us more than odd, when they speak

of the "unusual harmonic acquirements of Mr. Beethoven," when we are assured that "he might with his industry and talents surely furnish us with very much that is good;"—when the *Aria* "Ah perfido" is hailed with joy as a return to an intelligible style; when the grand *B*♭-major Trio receives very reserved praise, and the grand Sonata in *A*-major for pianoforte and violin is resolutely declined. Yet one sees on every page that the writers were honorable, well-meaning people, well-posted men. Their whole misfortune was the circumstance that Cologne Cathedral cannot be packed up in a pasteboard box. Their mind, formed on Steibelt, Dussek, etc., was not a match for such works. When one "preaches with power, and not as the Scribes," the people are startled, as is natural. However, in regard of Berlioz and Wagner, it is very often *not* the well-curled, well-schooled mediocrity that makes opposition. They are people who very well could, if they *would*, give honor to the truth. The low invectives which Fétis and Scudo launched against Berlioz will perhaps one day be set alongside of the pages which Forkel wrote against Gluck, and by which he fouled no one but himself. And even if these composers had actually (to use the language of Fétis) given the world "songes creux," we should, nevertheless, regard with approval, not to say with reverence, this fidelity, firm as a rock, to the principle acknowledged as correct, this magnificent self-denial which does *everything* for art, and nothing for one's own personality, this striving with all one's powers after the sublime. But how many are able

to say to themselves: "I write here *sine ira et studio, quorum ego causas procul habeo*"? Unfortunately, there are here by far too many *causas;* national hatred, political antagonism, artist-jealousy, revenge for some composition or other not esteemed, antipathy toward everything that does not follow the easy, well-trodden path, etc., etc.; who shall number all these evil spirits? If now the other party follows, toward the devastating enemy, the fatal principle of the Peloponnesian war, to devastate in return the enemy's territory, that is, to degrade and abuse what he considers valuable and estimable, there is no knowing where this is going to end. This smattering of Hegel, this attempting to overawe opposition by means of phrases borrowed from systems of philosophy, makes the dispute, the wrangling over principles, utterly intolerable, and the only comfort in the matter is the good old saying, "If 'tis folly, it will perish, if 'tis God's work, 'twill endure." These madly swollen waters of party-discord will run off and dry up—and the monuments which the masters erect to themselves will remain standing, not to be overthrown by the tide.

It is very significant that Berlioz's first work (afterward withdrawn from publicity by himself) was music written to Goethe's *Faust*, to this Faust who, searching into the stored-up treasures of science, dives, dissatisfied, into the depth of thought and knocks with sacrilegious hand at the last boundaries of the Existing, demands of heaven its most beautiful stars and of earth every highest gratification, and

never comes to the point of saying to the passing hour, "So beautiful thou art! thy flight delay!"—Berlioz, too, has scarcely ever thus addressed a musical moment. How often even Beethoven takes his ease;—he allows himself moments of repose, he can linger over a thought willingly and lovingly. Berlioz never! He lays hold of his themes as it were with hating love or loving hatred—their growth to an often gigantic development is hastily forced by volcanic heat, and if somewhere between there blossom a quiet, tender flower, it blanches and withers before the fierce flame. And yet Berlioz feels with an inner tenderness, with a depth of sentiment, such as scarcely any tone-poet besides him and Beethoven ever felt. Alongside of the wild intoxication of his great *Allegri* stand *Adagios* whose wondrous sympathetic life discloses most mysterious regions;—yes, Berlioz even knows what peace is, he seeks it, he yearns for it with devouring longing—but he has it not. Whom should it not touch in his inmost soul, when he, in the third movement of the *Sinfonie fantastique*, the *Scène aux champs*, flies to the bosom of Nature, and so intimately understands her wonderful voice, knows how to imitate it so lovingly, and all this, only to come at last so far as that the solitary shepherd's cry through the dark night is answered by distant threatening thunder? Into the poet's heart no peace has come amid the gentle rustling of the leaves, the rippling of the brook, the clear cries of the birds! Where can we find anything more touching than the introductory *Adagio* of the same symphony—this movement woven, as it were,

of scalding tears and drifting sighs? Truly, if Berlioz had always written such *music*—music that is really music—Paganini's great saying would have been justified: "Beethoven died, to live again in Berlioz!"—But Berlioz composed far too much music, which, strictly speaking, is merely titular music, music *in partibus infidelium*, poetry masking as music,—it is the opposite procedure to the pleasantry in Tieck's comedy, "The Preposterous World," in which the overture and the entr'acte-music are expressed, not in music, but in words, poetry. Of course, against such an accusation no one would protest more earnestly than Berlioz himself, who was very much in earnest with his music as such, and doubtless firmly persuaded in his conscience that he simply demolished hampering barriers between poetry and music, inasmuch as the things he demolished were *not immovable boundary-stones*. Berlioz by no means (to make use of the favorite expression of radicalism), "broke with the past."—After all, despite his secret or even open aversion to Sebastian Bach and Händel, he even prides himself upon his skill in double counterpoint, as we see plainly in many passages in his works (*e.g.*, the little *Fugatos* in the "*Ronde du Sabbat*," in the festival at Capulet's, at Juliet's funeral procession, etc.). In the first movement of his "Fantastic Symphony" and of his "Harold" he repeats the first part, however little the subject-matter and structure justify this repetition, and evidently with a look thrown back at the former practice. He endeavors so to arrange his poetic materials that they may find room in the four traditional move-

ments of a symphony (first *Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, Finale*). Thus, in the "Fantastique" the graceful waltz of the ball-scene enters instead of the *Scherzo*, the *scène aux champs* represents the *Adagio*, and the march to the execution, with the diabolic wedding and funeral festival of the doomed one appended to it as continuation, forms the *Finale*. In the same way are arranged the four movements of "Harold in Italy," so that the first scene, "Harold in the mountains, scenes of melancholy, of happiness and of joy," appears in the descriptive setting of an introductory *Andante* and of a two-part *Allegro* (the form proper to a "first movement"); the procession of pilgrims, in its quiet march-like movement, forms the *Andante*, a choral-like middle movement; the *Sérénade d'un montagnard*, with the artless animation of its *cantabile* passages, and the swift dactylic rhythm of its *ritornelli*, forms the *Scherzo;* and the rhythmic sweep of the *Orgie des brigands* the *Finale*. It is still more remarkable, how Romeo and Juliet must accommodate themselves to the usual four symphonic movements as to a Procrustean bed; although with the multitude of smaller and greater episodes, through the premising of an introduction (dispute) and of a vocal so-called prologue, through the arrangement of the *Finale* in arias and choruses (not so much in the manner of the closing movement of Beethoven's 9th Symphony as in that of a grand opera *finale*), the usual division into four movements appears in a certain way masked. The genesis of this remarkable work is quite indubitably the following: Berlioz, who was,

besides, an ardent votary of Shakespeare (he afterward composed a magnificent overture to "King Lear," and a funeral march to "Hamlet"), felt himself stimulated by the immortal love-poem of the great Briton to a musical imitation. This is very conceivable, for the story of Romeo and Juliet with its lyrical, passionate moments, has in itself something musical, for which reason it has often enough been worked into opera-texts. Berlioz, the composer of symphonies, could not or would not make use of *this* form. He therefore sought out in Shakespeare's tragedy the situations that could serve as a basis, say, to four movements of a symphony. Romeo, prompted by natural yearning, sighs for Rosalind, who is at bottom extremely indifferent to us;—this will give a sentimental introductory *Andante*. Romeo makes the acquaintance of his Juliet at Capulet's ball—a ball! what an opportunity for a dashing first piece! For the *Adagio*, the balcony-scene offers so to speak of its own accord—the tragic development finds in the *Finale* sufficient scope, especially if, as Beethoven did in his last symphony, voices are added. But the *Scherzo*—where shall we find a *Scherzo?* Hold—does not Mercutio give an extremely humorous description of the pretty apparition of the fairy Mab?—Found!—And thus the four chief movements form the nucleus of the work in the following manner:

Introduction, First *Allegro*....Romeo's Melancholy, Ball at Capulet's.
Adagio.....Love Scene in the Garden.
Scherzo. ..... The Fairy Mab.
Finale with Chorus..... .....Scene in the Tomb.

Now we have arrived at a very doubtful point indeed. The episode with the fairy Mab is originally an accidental fancy, a joke of Mercutio's, wherewith he teases his cousin Romeo, plunged in the melancholy of love, and seeks to cheer him; it has no influence whatever upon the development of the action. In Berlioz's symphony this by-matter spreads out in great dimensions to a principal part, as if in a healthy body some unessential gland should swell up to a morbid monstrosity. But Berlioz felt that in these four stations the Briton's pregnant poem was rendered altogether too incompletely and fragmentarily. Therefore intermediate episodes must be brought in, and since the chorus was already there on account of the *Finale*, it could occasionally fall in, to enliven the hearers—nay more, instead of distributing a printed program among the audience entering the concert-hall, as was the case with the "Fantastique," that which is treated of movement by movement could, versified, be entrusted this time to the chorus to be sung, and be set at the head as a "Prologue." Hence this Prologue, examined closely, is a program in verse, and sung by the chorus. Berlioz, clever man that he was, must have felt the ridiculous side of the matter,—but, the situation being given, the main point was to render the impropriety as unnoticeable as possible. Thus two episodes were again inserted into the Prologue. One is a song for an alto voice, in two strophes, which contains the praise of love, of Italy and of Shakespeare,—at the same time a memento for the composer's

countrymen, in case they should not yet have forgotten the *sauvage ivre* of M. de Voltaire—at bottom, however, a wholly superfluous middle-member. Less superfluous is the other insertion, the "narration of the fairy Mab," sung by the tenor;—yet in so far tautological, as subsequently just what the tenor narrated reappears as an instrumental movement—especially as this unauthorized and unessential addition appears not once only, but *twice*. But the Prologue also demanded instrumental introduction; material was provided for this by the first scene of the tragedy, the quarrel of the swashbucklers Gregory, Sampson, etc., the increasing tumult, the entrance of Prince Escalus, and the allayment of the strife through his appeal. Of course, the tragedy has a different design from that of being a grand instrumental piece—it is odd to see a work of the most serious tendency begin with a burlesque theme for the violas, intended to remind us of the "fool-baiting." Only the good-humor with which the affair is carried out, the interesting fugal work, the effective climax, and particularly the reminder of the beginning of Shakespeare's piece, produce the effect that the impropriety of such a beginning does not turn out disagreeably. Still another disadvantage in it is, that before the real introduction, "Romeo's melancholy," the *Prelude* thrusts itself as pre-introduction, and before this the *dispute* as pre-pre-introduction, almost reminding us of the tavern in Jean Paul's hobbledehoyhood, which had on its sign another tavern upon whose sign a tavern again appeared,

etc. And thus the work, as the score shows, is divided into the following sections:

Introduction	Dispute, Tumult, Assuagement by the Prince.
Chorus	Prologue, with strophic song by the Alto, and Tenor solo.
First movement.	Romeo's melancholy, Concert (?) and ball at Capulet's.
Episode and Chorus	Solitude and stillness in Capulet's garden, Chorus of Capulet's young friends, who, on their way home, sing reminiscences of the ball-music.
Adagio, 2d movement	Love-scene.
Scherzo, 3d movement	The Fairy Mab.
Episode Chorus	Juliet's Funeral procession, Psalmody.
Episode	Romeo in the Burial-vault, Invocation, Juliet's awakening, first effects of the poison, despair and death of the Lovers.
Finale	Dramatic scene, Chorus of the Montecchi and Capuletti, Lorenzo's narration, Reconciliation of the Enemies, Oath of Peace.

Despite the in part extraordinary beauty of its working-out, this strange medley of symphony, oratorio and opera, has become, after all, only a sort of monstrous tragelaphus.* An entirely natural consequence of the mistake contained in the principle, of wishing to translate into music a poetic work with all its details! Nay, this false principle, this striving

* Literally "goat-stag," a fabulous animal, one of the symbols of Diana. [Tr.]

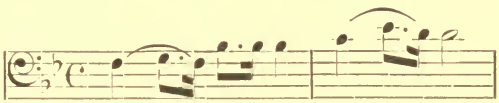
to express in *tones* precisely what the poet has said in *words*, has had a disturbing effect even in the purely and specifically musical portions, in which music would have had the right to rule, as queen in her own territory.

In the *Adagio* the course of the Shakespearean dialogue in the so-called balcony-scene can be pretty well recognized in the course of the melodies, the orchestra not merely dividing in a formal dialogue between its deeper instruments (Violas, Violoncelli, Fagotti, Horns) and its higher ones (Violins, Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets), and illustrating in this somewhat material way the dialogue between Romeo and Juliet, but the musical ideas and periods follow, in the main, the varying moods of the conversation.—From an almost formless, dreamy beginning, a heartfelt melody gradually arises, the violoncello enters, short recitative phrases, to which the higher instruments answer in timidly agitated, interrupted sounds—the entrance of an ardent melody, mounting up to the greatest intensity; a kind of solemn interruption (the moment of the farewell); a close slowly dying away, and continually bringing up beginnings of melodies, just as in the original the lovers repeatedly return and always have something to say to each other, until Romeo's long *diminuendo* illustrates final separation. If we wish to explain this—let no one misjudge it—wonderfully beautiful, touching *Adagio* by itself *alone*, by the laws of musical construction, and not by the typical course of the scenes of the drama, we shall fall into the greatest embarrassment, nay, we shall have to say

without ceremony, that it is arbitrary and incoherent in structure.

In the same way the music expresses, with an unmistakable allusion to Queen Mab's pretty equipage described by Shakespeare, the graceful trotting of her team, etc. For anyone who does not bring along for all this his Shakespeare in his pocket or head, the affair loses the whole of its meaning, or, certainly, the greater part of it. If "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt" ("Calm sea and happy voyage") must be acknowledged as a similarly exact translation of the poet's language, there is in the matter the great difference, *that this tonal work, even utterly apart from Goethe's poem, is in and through itself explicable and intelligible, and bears in itself its esthetic centre of gravity and the conditions of its existence;* whereas in the case of "Romeo and Juliet" this centre of gravity lies *outside* the music—that is to say, in the Shakespearean drama. If, in justification, attention has been called to Beethoven's 9th Symphony, the untenableness of such a justification follows, after what has been previously discussed, of its own accord. Beethoven's symphony is not simply, in the pure musico-technical aspect of the keys and measures and of the chosen theme and its working-up, a well-knit, organic whole, well defined and complete in itself; the ideal subject-matter also develops itself with a consistency worthy of the greatest admiration, so that all that follows appears as a necessary consequence of what preceded, and the final entrance of the chorus seems neither an idle fancy, nor a mere means of enhancing the effect, nor yet

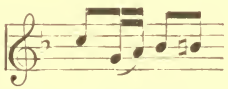
an indispensable commentary, but simply and solely a fitting stage of development in the entire artistic organism of this most extraordinary of all instrumental works. Mendelssohn also overlooked these self-evident truths, when he allowed himself to be misled by the 9th Symphony and to imitate its form externally, in his "Lobgesang." He commences a symphony, *currente rota* an oratorio is made of it—both stand unreconciled, and connected only externally by the all-pervasive first theme of the trombones



After the third symphonic movement, the *Adagio religioso*, the chorus begins to sing on this theme "alles was Odem hat, lobe den Herrn," and thus we stand, as it seems to us, again on the very same point of view where we were, three movements earlier, at the beginning of the symphony.

But Berlioz is self-consistent in his not so much unmusical as extra-musical principle, even when he seemingly foregoes the support of a program. "Harold" has the shortest program among his symphonic works—or, properly speaking, none at all; but each of the four movements bears only one significant superscription—not more than Beethoven required even for his Pastoral Symphony. But here the difference is also much greater than appears from this accidental external similarity. The Pastoral Symphony, entirely apart from the charming beauty of its musical texture, is, responsive to the poetic plan on

which it is founded, a profound work of genius, in which the poetico-religious fundamental thought begins in the first movement to bud as from a germ, developing an increasing wealth of organized forms movement by movement from inner necessity, until in the closing movement the full-blossomed tree stands fragrant and resplendent—striking root in the earth, pointing up to heaven. The first movement is a broad landscape-picture*—in it there breathes the overmastering ecstasy that fills our whole breast when we, after the winter has kept us prisoners in the stone-walls of the narrow, gloomy city, step out into the rejuvenate glory of kind nature. A simple idyllic motive closing *piano* and with a hold, introduces the whole almost like a motto, and at once strikes the right mood. It becomes intensified up to jubilation—so that the poet must contrast it with a second one, equally simple and equally magical, moderating, and yet freshly stimulating. Who could enumerate each single marvelous feature? To mention but one—what magic lies, beginning



with measure 16, in the passage where the mo-

* He who is acquainted with the unspeakably beautiful view from the slopes of the Kahlen chain of mountains near Vienna (as from the heights above Heiligenstadt), this glance over the neighboring hills and pleasant villages in the foreground to the mirror of the Danube, the gloriously wooded Danube meadows, across the broad plain of the Marchfield, up to where the blue Karpathians bound the horizon, will divine wherefrom Beethoven may have drawn his inspiration.

tive enters as if approaching from far away, and then loses itself again in the far distance? When the movement ceases with the opening motive, it is evident that the master has, with the superscription "Awakening of cheerful feelings on arriving in the country," indicated the subject-matter rightly, to be sure, but still at bottom only by way of approximation. We lose ourselves, so to speak, in this composition, led on in every direction by the blooming splendor of the widespread landscape—our thoughts rove as through a wide scene of action—the scene of an action which is to follow. Just as the master could not, in the first piece, give full rein to his fancy, he now crowds together in the second piece, "The scene at the brook," all that he had awakened and suggested in the first movement, as it were in a contracted and familiar space—we might well imagine a lovely green valley, in which the brook flows along beneath the shadowy roof of graceful groups of trees and between dense bushes. And here enters into the pronouncedly lyrical, contemplative element of the movement, the figure of a thoughtful, dreamy wanderer (perhaps Beethoven himself);—a thousand spring-voices, all pressing on into flowery life, float and mingle and surge around him, the bounding pulses of creative life in nature; at last he stops short and hearkens to three ingeniously interwoven voices of nature, the nightingale, the quail, and the cuckoo—herein there is a charming simplicity that could move us to tears. At the departure from the valley—what can be more natural?—our wanderer goes, and we with him, into a village full of dancing

and holiday rejoicing, "Merry-making of the country-people." Thus our range of vision has been enlarged, from an individual man, the Rambler, to the contemplation of an entire multitude of people. However, this is not an accidental, single peasants' dance in any particular village—these happy folk are representatives of all humanity rejoicing in merry May, just like the ramblers in Goethe's "Faust." Now the humor of the Master has a wide field, and cuts the most diverting capers. Who would not laugh at this clownish two-quarter-measure, which comes blundering in, and urges gaiety on to wantonness, or at the burlesque figure of the village-oboist* who can play only the three tones

which he introduces, however, with praiseworthy presence of mind during the dance wherever they fit in. The cheerfulness of the preceding movements is here intensified into comicality—and it is a stroke of genius that the master leaps over from comicality to its opposite pole, the Sublime, by means of the simple, well-motivated trait, that a thunderstorm unexpectedly interrupts the rejoicings. The uproar of the elements gives warning with potent majesty of the weakness of man in view of these unfettered powers—this thunderstorm purifies not only the

*This clever conceit belongs to a co-worker in Schumann's "Journal of Music."

atmosphere physically, but also purifies morally the sphere of feeling in which we moved till then. But the thunder passes by harmlessly, the messenger of the Everlasting One came to "pour out refreshment upon the stiffening blade of grass, upon the heart-rejoicing grape." All at once, while the thunder is rolling away in the distance, and the last flash quivers on the horizon, the shepherd's horn calls the scattered ones together, the faces of all are turned upward, in the closing movement, of such pastoral simplicity and solemn magnificence,—the praise of the Lord of nature, of the Creator, resounds. Indeed, it seems to us as if we again saw the broad region of the first movement, but differently lighted up, and peopled by happy, thankful men,—nay more, we seem to see, as in many an ancient picture, in the sky the majestic figure of an aged man, the symbol of the Divinity,* floating onward with outstretched arms, dispensing blessings upon the broad country.

Thus the work began with quite general sensations of pleasure in nature, and ends with the sublimest thoughts. Who is there who would say that the "Eroica," or any other symphony, is greater? Of course, those north-German writers who have fortuitously lost their faith in God,† can consistently

* On pictures of the Trinity the figure of the Father as of an aged man is just as much a mere symbol as the dove is of the Holy Ghost. Only the representation (which is, moreover, portrait-like) of the Son made man, is a direct fac-simile of realism.

† German science, and German literature generally, labor at present under a true *Theophobia*. The middle ages did not like to mention the Devil, the modern age does not like to mention God,

see nothing in the Pastoral Symphony but a "series of disconnected pictures"—the keystone is lacking in the arch, and so it must inevitably fall asunder. For, if the "cheerful and thankful sentiments after the storm" are nothing more than a self-congratulation that the lightning did not strike, Beethoven's immortal poem is of course nothing but a musical diary-leaf from any casual summer-residence or other in the country. In regard to the "Harold" symphony the reproach might be better founded, that it can pass only for a series of disconnected pictures.

The very superscription "Harold" will scarcely enlighten many as to the tendency of the work, for Byron's "Childe Harold" may not be in every one's memory, and then it would be a mistake to think that Berlioz undertook to translate into the language of music, however well or ill it might turn out, the whole poem, so superabundant in details, somewhat as we noticed before in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The French title runs more definitely "Harold en Italie." Thus Italy is aimed at, the wonderland of art and nature, the land of which everyone likes to lay by recollections of travel—either like Adolph Stahr in a book of three volumes, or in a symphony, like Berlioz. Thus it is, strictly speaking, *Berlioz en Italie* that we have before us,

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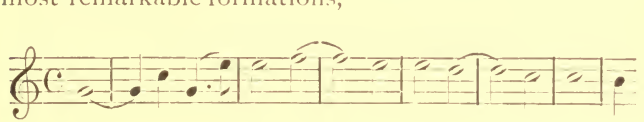
and the evasion is often sufficiently tragi-comic to contemplate. When in a modern, otherwise very clever cosmological book "for the People," enthusiastic, hymnlike drivelings, nay, downright prayers to electricity, warmth, etc., make their appearance, it must really be said, *difficile est satiram non scribere.*

and the tone-poet has put in the foreground the typical figure of Byron's "Harold," merely not to give occasion for new attacks by MM. Fétis and Scudo. Italy is one of the countries that furnish our painters with materials for genre-pictures. A procession of pilgrims—pifferari—banditti; how often these subjects are paraded upon the walls of our art-exhibitions! Indeed, if we did not know better, we might, according to these paintings, almost believe that all Italy was peopled only by pilgrims, pifferari and banditti (at most with gardeners and fisher-families thrown in), and that the inhabitants occupied themselves chiefly in dancing the tarantella or in attacking travellers. Now, what genre-painting has produced countless times, music for the nonce undertakes to produce. The second, third and fourth movements of the symphony are real genre-pictures. In the first movement, however, which (according to its *superscription*, for it cannot be determined from its subject-matter), describes "Harold in the mountains," and which brings before us "Scenes of melancholy, of happiness and joy," the poet gives a landscape-picture with Harold, or rather himself, as an accessory. In this we again find, as Beethoven marked the Pastoral Symphony, "Expression of feeling, rather than painting." But that is the gist of the whole matter. The expression of sentiment, of melancholy, happiness, joy, we shall make out from the movement, without having recourse to the program. But the idea of the "chain of mountains," this unlucky "aux montagnes," is nowhere expressed in this rich, enthusiastic tone-language—that, you

see, is something external; something standing in the program, but not in the score. Let us now see how the second movement is joined, conformably to the idea, to the first, and so on. We shall then find that only the entirely external representation "Italy" binds together the four otherwise heterogeneous movements; for what have the pilgrims to do with the pifferaro, or either of them with the brigands? The composer could not conceal this from himself, and attempted (very unsatisfactorily) to introduce connection by means of the figure of his hero Harold; and since this representation is, at bottom, always an external one, a viola-solo has, through all four movements, always to take up the word in Harold's name—a connection which is, musically, less satisfactory than the passing of a melody, the so-called *double idée fixe* (which again *represents* the artist's darling), throughout the *Sinfonie fantastique*. For in this latter a musical motive often recurring in the most remarkable formations,



forms at all events the universal copula of those things which are in themselves supremely heterogeneous (the ball, the execution, etc.); in *Harold* only the tone-color of an orchestral instrument must serve this purpose. But then this everlasting playing of the viola in the procession of pilgrims, the serenade, even at the end in the wild orgy of the robbers, has almost the character of inevitable im-

portunity;—we wonder in secret why the pifferari and brigands do not once for all cudgel away this "he-mixes-himself-in-everything." There is still another evil in it. Beethoven ends his symphonies, conformably to the idea, with a perfect consonance —thus, the Pastoral Symphony with the idea of "God," the fifth with the idea, "Triumph of the Divine," the "Eroica" with the idea "everlasting glory," etc. How does Berlioz end? Just as he allows the "Fantastique" to expire in the fearful phantasmagories of a "Witches' Sabbath," so he ends "Harold" with a wild carouse of robbers and murderers—with an esthetical and moral discord. As counterpoise to the diabolical doings of the brutalized gang, he brings in occasional reminiscences of the preceding movements, retrospects of the procession of pilgrims, etc. Their effect in the midst of the dissolute carouse is very salutary—and yet it must be asked, what business have they here? There is perhaps no better answer ready than that of *Wild* in "Goetz von Berlichingen:" "The raving and burning and murdering had to stop sometime or other."

It is interesting just at this point to cast a glance at Mendelssohn's Symphony in *A*-major (No. 4). In the biographies of Mendelssohn (*e.g.*, by Lampadius) we read that during his residence in Rome he composed, or at least sketched, a symphony in *A*, by which the symphony in *A*-minor (the third) is generally referred to, so that Lampadius thinks that he finds in it a *languor Italicus*, and even Schumann allowed himself to be so far deceived as to write:

"It can, like the Italian scenes in 'Titan,' cause you for a moment to forget the sorrow of not having seen that heavenly country." However, but for that tradition, one would scarcely have come upon the idea of seeking anything Italian in it. This composition, with its softly blended outlines, cannot possibly give a picture of the country where (according to Goethe's expression in the "Roman elegies") Phœbus, the god, causes forms and colors to shine out. This blissfully sad musing and rhapsodizing, this amiable reverie, is so truly German, this music looks so blond and blue-eyed, that we must do violence to it and to ourselves, in order to dub it a product of Italian impressions. The riddle was solved when, after the Master's death, the symphony in *A*-major with the Saltarello appeared, which has all the fiery impetuosity, the spring-freshness, the open-eyed gladness of Mendelssohn's youthful compositions (he was in Rome as a youth), whereas the *A*-minor symphony evidently dates from the time of his ripest education; and now, moreover, the circumstance already touched upon, that the Finale of the symphony in *A*-major is expressly marked "Saltarello," and is written in the manner and rhythm of the well-known popular dance characteristic of Rome, directly points to the place where the composer received the impulse to write the work. And just that Italian clearness of outline, that cheerful, ingenuous enjoyment of abounding life without dream-like reflection, is a fundamental feature of the *A*-major symphony. If it were not too hazardous, one might say, just as from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony the local tone of

the charming environs of Nussdorf, Heiligenstadt, Grinzing, etc. (near Vienna) sounds forth, only because the Master accidentally felt and conceived these tones *there*, there sounds in Mendelssohn's symphony not indeed the impression of Rome—the *urbs æterna*, where, according to Jean Paul's expression, the spirits of heroes, artists, and saints gaze on man, seriously admonishing him—but rather the local tone of the environs of Monte Cavo in the adjacent Albanian chain of mountains. Indeed, we may readily imagine the youth Mendelssohn, looking out, let us say, from Nemi or Genzano across the rounded mirror of the sea upon the splendid foliage of the wooded cliffs of the coast, and how the motive of the first movement, loudly exulting in the full joy of life, passes through his soul, so that he has to sing it aloud. The *Andante* has been thought by some to be in the church-style. "The cowl," according to an old proverb, "does not make the monk," and just as little does a continuous contrapuntal bass make a piece of music into a contrapuntally conceived one. We might perhaps say more appropriately, that the *Andante* tells a romance of the olden time, as it were, in the style of Chronicles—only the poet's eye occasionally betrays itself sadly smiling. Being once in the Albanian mountains, with our fancy, perhaps we now recall the picturesque castle-embattlements of Grotta Ferrata and the old devotional stations with the solemn mosaic pictures of saints upon a gold ground. In the *Minuet* the person of the tone-poet advances more into the foreground, it is the purest feeling of well-being, of

calm, happy enjoyment, that emanates from the gentle movement of this melody; as if reciting to itself Rückert's glorious words:

> "The earth is fair enough to make us hope for Heaven,
> Her garden not so fair that Heaven is lost to mind."
>
> ("Die Erd'ist schön genug den Himmel zu erwarten,
> Den Himmel zu vergessen nicht schön genug ihr Garten.")

And these French horns in the Trio, are they not as if, in the midst of the Italian paradise, a truly German yearning comes over him for the dear light green of the woods of his home? But the *Finale*, the Saltarello, draws us into the midst of the gay swirl of southern life; and the almost melancholy *ritardando* toward the close, does it not remind us, like a sigh of the tone-poet, that amid all the magnificence he is, after all, but a stranger, a wanderer that comes and goes?* Like "Harold," this symphony is therefore a souvenir of Italian travel, a piece of Italy that the tone-poet brought away with him. It is by no means without significance that *Berlioz* closes his work with the boisterous merriment of brigands, Mendelssohn his with the natural and cheerful jollity of Italian country-people—it characterizes not only the Masters, it shows also the profounder difference that Mendelssohn's symphony finds a fully satisfactory close, which it prepares by means of continuous development of the mood from movement to movement, in this way organically

* Did we care to play with comparisons, we might place Mendelssohn's symphonies in *A*-major and in *A*-minor in juxtaposition and say "Germany and Italy," as in Overbeck's well-known painting.

mapping out the whole, and keeping itself with moderation within the natural compass of music, because it does not desire *too much*, because, with judicious modesty, it leaves every one free to take out of it what he can and may; whereas Berlioz's symphony, despite all beauty of detail, shows us, after all, only *disjecta membra poetæ*, precisely because, not honoring natural limitations, it attempts *too much*. And thus the reciprocal relation of all these art-works now becomes clearly evident. In the case of the Beethoven symphony is developed that which, formulated as a program, might be set *beside* the symphony, and yet wholly *within it*, becoming recognizable and intelligible through the symphony itself; hence, the musical and poetical thoughts coincide. The spheres of both are in perfect congruity. Each detail of construction finds, moreover, its full motivation in the musical structure of the respective movements—we shall seek in vain for arbitrariness, for a tone-formation which cannot be completely derived from the fundamental themes, or which does not occupy its place in the firmly welded organic structure of the whole as a serviceable member. In Berlioz's instrumental works tone-formations frequently occur which a musician as such must, from *his* point of view, find strange, not to say entirely unjustifiable, inasmuch as they have neither an approximate nor a remote relation to the motives chosen for development, and which appear as caprices, as interpolated foreign ingredients, as excrescences, so long as a glance at the program does not solve the question, what the com-

poser could have imagined in this connection?* Hence, such a work finds its artistic unity and organic coherency *only* in its program. Here, now, music falls into the odd contradiction, that it, on the one hand, *estimates* its expressional capacity *too highly*, and claims for itself a subject-matter that, according to its most peculiar nature, must be denied to it—whereas, on the other hand, by the fact that it takes refuge in a program, it *practically acknowledges its insufficiency.* But by means of a program it exhibits a certificate of poverty—it thereby acknowledges of its own accord, as we have already remarked, *that it has passed beyond its natural boundaries.*

These natural boundaries, as the final result of all the preceding discussions, are by this time easily to be drawn.

Music has been designated, in accordance with its nature, as an architectural art, on the one hand, an art of symmetrically arranged, proportional, constructive tone-members, corresponding among themselves —on the other hand, as a poetical art, in the service of the idea. The former constitutes its Form, the latter its Subject-matter—the formal and the ideal features. The boundary drawn for music as an architecturally-formal art consists in the requirement, *that each detail of a piece of music must, according to purely musical logic, allow itself to be entirely derived from and justified by the mere formal element.*

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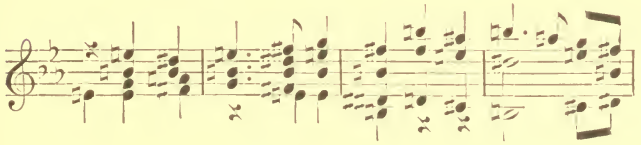
*The love-scene, the fairy Mab, in "Romeo and Juliet," are specially rich in such passages.

Like the "law of devils and ghosts," which must go out by the same way they came in, composers are not only bound to the key of their opening movements in their closing movements, but, though perfectly free to choose their themes, they are restricted in their development—

"In *the one* they are masters, in *the other* but slaves."

This of course does not mean that in the very first measures, or at least in the first part (the so-called restatement-division in symphonies and sonatas), they must allow all that follows to be announced, or else must let it appear in an alternating middle-division. The composer may introduce elsewhere in any proper place an entirely new thematic thought—but, as we have just said, it must be done *in the proper place*. If all that preceded urges to the entrance of the new motive, so that the hearer at the actual entrance not only *approves* of it, but, so to speak, *expected* it as natural, such an innovation (as a jurist would say) is a "valid" one. Especially toward the close the new tone-formation may suddenly appear as if to close up like a final result. It then often takes the form of an independently developed coda. Passages fanning to flame the ardent delight in life, *e. g.*, in the close of Mozart's overture to "Figaro," have the appearance of such a coda, as has also the entrance of the chromatic passage, like a gloomily onrushing, roaring storm, at the close of the first movement of Beethoven's 9th Symphony; whereas the chromatic chords of the sixth in the midst of the first *Allegro* of the *Sinfonie*

fantastique seem like a mere false alarm, since they do not spring up in the right place (therefore arbitrarily and unmotivatedly). If they entered toward the close they would appear in a quite different light, and a word might be said in their justification. How carefully Beethoven prepares, in the *Finale* of the *F*-minor sonata, Op. 56, the entrance of the last *Presto*, by means of the ever-growing storm of the rising and falling passages in the transition! And when, in the development-division of the first *Allegro* of the "*Eroica*," he introduces a wholly new motive,* the brilliant wealth and shifting pictures of



this musical epic would not obviate arbitrariness, had not Beethoven, in the epilogue of the movement, which rises to the breadth and significance of a second development-movement, again aptly taken up this new motive, and thus produced the requisite symmetry.

But in its *ideal* feature music keeps within its natural boundaries, *so long as it does not undertake to go beyond its expressional capacity—that is, so long as the poetical thought of the composer becomes intelligible*

* Nevertheless, this passage is at least rhythmically copied from the passage beginning at the 45th measure of the *Allegro*, hence not quite unprepared.

from the moods called forth by his work and the train of ideas stimulated thereby, that is, from the composition itself, and so long as nothing foreign, not organically connected with the music itself, must be dragged in, in order to assist comprehension. It is, therefore, no objection that the purely musical expression of a song becomes essentially modified by the words to which it is set, or would even become unintelligible if the words were omitted, for here the words that are sung form a component part of the music itself; the word has been changed into music, the connection of both has become so intimate, rather so inseparable, that the separation (by omitting the words, *e.g.*, by executing the voice-part by a clarinet or a flute), can be only a purely external or, so to speak, mechanical one.

Thus the music accompanying a poem can also not be set down in this category, since this spoken poetical language and the accompanying music ought, according to the composer's intention, to form together only a single art-work, hence the connection between the two is an organic one. As a matter of course, this is not so in the case of a program; it is foreign to the music, and remains foreign to it, even when it is reduced to verse and set to music, like the prologue to "Romeo and Juliet." When composers, to render their music more intelligible, have recourse to a motto, to a title for a single movement or of an entire piece of music, this is not necessarily a mistake—if only this subject of the music, that is, the given title, the motto, etc., appears merely *advantageous*, but not entirely *indispensable*, to the

composition. The delicate tone-painting of the "Scene by the Brook," taken together with the mood of this movement, would hardly allow of a misunderstanding, even if the four words did not stand over it. On the other hand, it is no excuse, if an incapable composer from the class of profound forcing-house geniuses would fain justify the lack of organic development of a confused piece of music, in the case of which heaven only knows what particular thing he was thinking of from measure to measure, by means of some motto or other from Goethe's "Faust," and the like, or even attempts to deceive, and (by omitting the program, or even the last loadstar in the shape of a motto) wishes to make the false impression that his music is genuine and true, whereas in truth he has gone far beyond its boundaries. Such a piece might be called: "Music with a suppressed program."

The objection that, by means of a principle like that thus far established, the measure of the expressional capacity of music is estimated too much according to the hearer's capacity for understanding it (thus being based on a very shaky foundation, the subjective perceptive faculty of each individual), loses its significance in view of the fact, that the same objection applies with equal force to all the other arts.

Whoever will take the pains to pay attention, in the Raphael-saloons in the Vatican or before the Sistine Madonna in Dresden, not so much to the art-works as to the critical remarks of the spectators, will hear the most divergent and occasionally very

strange ideas; and yet the art-works themselves remain what they are. What contrary criticisms has Gothic architecture had to undergo—and even successively from the same critics, *e.g.*, from Goethe, who at first gave vent to his dithyrambic essay upon the Strassburg Cathedral, "to thank God," ten years afterward, "that he had done forever with flower-scallops, tobacco-pipe columns, and saints squatting upon corbels"—which was not quite correct, after all, as is proved by the "autumn days in the Rheingau," dating from the year 1814, when the swarm of Greek gods no longer obtruded themselves everywhere, in which "autumn days" the old Master again finds the "squatting saints" endurable. Whoever follows with his glance the tower of St. Stephen in Vienna, from its base to the cloud-touching summit, will have the impression as if the edifice, with gigantic impellent power, rapidly shoots upward before his eyes from earth to heaven, like a tree full of wonderful byssolites—as if it arose so to speak in an instant before him—and some one has rightly said, that this tower is a translation of the "*sursum corda*" so often sung in the church close at hand. On the other hand, Winkelmann complained "that it stabbed him straight in the eyes." The poets are no better off than the rest of their colleagues in art—Shakespeare, Calderon, Racine, Goethe, etc., have experienced the most widely divergent interpretation, and have had to put up with being at one time deified, at another reviled.

This subjective point, dwelling in the *recipient* of the art-work, cannot be set aside; it is not to be

treated as something accidental, having nothing to do with the art-work itself, and to be waived. For the artist embodies his ideas in the art-work in order that they, through the medium of the latter, may become the ideas of other men also. The painter counts upon a spectator, the musician upon a hearer, the poet likewise upon a hearer or at least a reader. That which is to bring the three into relation with one another is something spiritual, something incorporeal, the idea. The art-work forms, in this connection, the conducting, sensuous medium. To the man that is intellectually blind, a picture is present in hardly any other sense than it is to one physically sightless. If a composition is not understood, it is the same as if it were not played. The composer will rightfully feel this more deeply and painfully than a noble, well-justified pride allows him to show outwardly—even Beethoven, whose thoughts were surely high-souled enough, is said to have shed tears over his grand *C*-major overture to "Fidelio," because no one would understand it—neither the public, who received it with icy coldness, nor the critics, who listened to it with Midas-ears, and consequently pronounced Midas-judgments; nor even Cherubini, who complained that he had not been able even to distinguish the fundamental key. We hardly need to observe, that since that time the comprehension of this overture, which Schumann justly calls "as high as heaven and as deep as the sea," has become accessible. Therefore let no artist lose courage—if his artistic conscience says to him that his art-work is *genuine*, he may also hope that it will

be understood, either at once, or at least later.* An art-work intelligible to *all* in the same way, effective in the same way, is surely impossible; but, on the other hand, it is just as certain that, unless it be radically and perversely wrong, it will find its sphere, which, be it said parenthetically, is not always to be sought for among the so-called "educated classes."

How far, however, the expressional capacity of music goes, will perhaps never be regulated by any kind of "Commission on Boundaries." Between all arts (not only between music and the others), the boundary has a certain breadth, that is, it expands itself to an entire *boundary-province*, in which all objects no longer, as is the case on this side and on that, appear before us sharply distinguished from each other in the bright sunshine, but are veiled in mysterious twilight. The task of art-philosophy can extend only so far as to *concentrate this boundary-province into the smallest possible space;* to endeavor to find the hair-splitting point of transition would be an idle task. There will always remain art-works which will be the more dubious in their justification the nearer they approach this transitional point. Even Nature itself has such mysterious transitional territories, such as the "*euglena viridis*," which in the course of time has been classified in turn in the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdom. For thousands of years we have been seeking for the point at which the animal ceases in man, and the soul

* Of course, this consolation is one with which proud, self-sufficient incapacity flatters itself.

begins! True, Carl Vogt, Moleschott, and their associates say that the Animal is all in all, and the Soul undiscoverable; but, after all, the world is reluctant to believe them implicitly.

Like these materialists in the sphere of natural science, the deniers of the subject-matter of music, the estheticians of absolute form-play, are materialists in that of philosophy. These intellectual movements are more intimately connected with each other than would appear at first glance, or even than their supporters themselves can divine. But should Matter ever win the victory,—should mankind be wholly delivered over to dismal, burdensome Hyle,—should it ever acknowledge itself to be a race condemned by mere chance to enrich the globe with its blood and sweat, and as dependent, with all its welfare, upon the soil so enriched,—Philosophy will then be powerless to stem the mounting tide of chaos with her abstractions, or to establish the moral order of the universe by the aid of categorical imperatives. A night of barbarism will then set in, more dreadful than any wherewith Huns and Tartars have menaced morality and learning.—But a Higher Hand will be put forth to avert this final extremity.