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IS MUSIC THE LANGUAGE OF THE EMOTIONS?

By COLIN McALPIN

IT seems strange to raise such a question as the above, seeing how difficult it is to conceive of any one with a real love of music meeting it with a flat denial. Yet so divergent have been the views that musical esthetes have perforce split themselves up into rival factions. On the one hand we have the Formalists, and on the other the Expressionists—Intellectualists and Emotion-alists, respectively. They represent distinctive types of musical man. And the division is as old as art itself.

Needless to say, they hold theories diametrically opposed to one another, according as the accent is laid on the form or on the content, on the outer physical symbol or on the inner mental state. Hence, whilst one school of thought is entirely satisfied with the external manipulation of tones, the other demands that music shall have some interior meaning beyond the mere sport of sensuous sounds. The former theory puts in the forefront the aural impressions; the counter-theory grants supremacy to their spiritual significance. And the battle-cry of the one is 'Art for art's sake'; whilst that of the other is 'Expression for expression's sake.' They are but "ancient forms of party strife."

Neither is music alone in its divided counsels. We have in both art and literature the Naturalists and Idealists—those whose portrayal of life is entirely regardless of the claims of beauty, and those who make beauty their chief esthetic end. In philosophy, too, we have had the Realists and Nominalists. Indeed, the philosophic pendulum is forever swinging from one side to another, according as philosophy becomes objective or subjective in its outlook. The fact is, both contending parties entertain a relative truth. But although objective realism may gain our qualified assent, we feel constrained, for reasons of logic and experience, to grant to subjective idealism the higher deliverance of truth. Soul is more than sense, mind is more than matter; even as musical experience is greater than auditory impression.

Without further preamble, let us consider some of the pronouncements of no less an authority than Dr. Hanslick, the eminent Viennese critic, who answers our question uncompromisingly

in the negative. He writes that "Definite feelings and emotions are unsusceptible of being embodied in music." For purposes of discussion let us drop the word 'definite.' It is safe to assume that to be moved by emotion is to know the kind of emotion by which we are moved. If, however, what he tells us is true, then we are left with but an exterior form of thought deprived of interior content. At least, so it would seem. What he really says is that music is simply the expression of itself, and not of anything else; just as if one were to say that a picture expresses only contour and colour, and not any particular human figure or natural object. The artist, however, traces his lines and so gives birth to cognisable form; even as the composer weaves his melody whereby an emotion is born.

In a discussion like this, it is essential to differentiate between sense that is material and sense that is mental. If we say that all we are conscious of in music is but the sensuous effect of organised sounds, we must also say that we are conscious only of the words of poetry, of its rime and rhythm, and not of any intellectual meaning. For there is a word-music quite apart from the ideas themselves. We have only to recall the liquid language of a Swinburne or the verbal felicities of a Keats to realise the difference between sound and sense. Beauty of language must not be identified with beauty of thought. Only when beautiful thoughts are clothed in beautiful language do we reach consummate art.

We must distinguish between the sensuous means and the spiritual meaning. Painting has its drawing, chiaroscuro and colour; just as music has its melody, harmony and orchestration. But these are the modes of expression, not the matter expressed. Architecture has its stones as music has its notes; but these are only the media which bring to light the beauty of form and feeling. The essence of music is other than the sounds in which it is embodied. The same emotion can be expressed in a variety of musical ways.

If, then, musical mentation be not in itself emotion, it may yet 'embody' emotion. Though words are not in themselves the ideas they stand for, poetry is nevertheless expressive of ideas. Poetry is not the expression of words, but of thoughts. Painting is not simply the portrayal of light and shade, but of objects, animate and inanimate. And music is not merely melody and harmony, but emotional experience as well. In short, the medium is not the message, the material is not the thought. The *word* 'rose' is one thing, but the *idea* of a rose is quite other than the name for which it stands. Is it so strange, then, that the material of music should be the vehicle of something other than itself?

Neither must we confound the ideal with the real. Plastic and poetic presentations are not the actual things they represent. The *idea* of a rose is not the rose itself. The *thought* of 'joy' is not the same as joy experienced. A portrait is only the portrayal of a person. The statue is not the man himself, but his esthetic semblance. Perhaps Hanslick is confusing ideality with reality, expression with experience. But feeling felt is not the same as feeling imagined. Melodies are not themselves the feelings they excite; they stand for the potential of ideal feeling. Music is not emotion: it is the expression of emotion. It is the artistic symbol of a spiritual state.

Hanslick's view really reduces music to sound without sense, sensorial means without a spiritual end. It deprives the material of music of all possible meaning. It makes it a phenomenal mode, rather than a psychological mood. It gives us sensation without sentiment, an objective expression shorn of subjective experience. And if true, then, perhaps, there is something more than wit in the waggish definition of music as the least disagreeable form of noise.

But music is more than a 'concourse of sweet sounds,' just as poetry is more than honied words and pleasing phrases. The ear may mediate either wisdom or folly, ethos or pathos. It is not a question of sense alone. Despite much forceful pleading, our erudite critic seems to have wandered far away from the true meaning of music. He stands without the sanctuary: he fails to hear the inner voice.

If, moreover, emotion be not 'embodied in music,' how is it that words of an emotional persuasion are best for musical treatment? Music and poetry were ever congenial companions, and it is to poems of passion and sentiment that music instinctively flies.

What, again, do we mean by 'playing with expression,' if not the bringing out of the emotive element in music? It is just the interpretation of the *sense*, as distinct from the bare production of the *sounds*, that makes the vital difference. A pianist may play correctly, and give us a clever performance; but if such execution be devoid of feeling we are deprived of the very soul of art. Technique, apart from emotional endowment, is futile.

Further: why is a minor key felt to be sadder than a major? Why do composers so often write in flat keys to convey their more sombre ideas, and in sharp keys to convey impressions that are bright and exhilarating? Surely these are questions which can only be answered along the lines of emotional experience.

Should we, however, eliminate emotion from music, what exactly have we left? In the case of melody—but the bare

sensation of successive sounds. But apart from feeling, these have neither esthetic meaning nor artistic worth. All we are conscious of is their audible behaviour: all we can say of them is that they are pleasant notes agreeable to the ear. But surely this does not exhaust the beautiful possibilities of melody. In the enjoyment of melodious music we are not simply heeding the progress of sequential sounds. Even if these should merely please, the element of feeling has already insinuated itself. But more often than not we say: 'How pathetic' or 'How exultant' of this or that particular theme. And if words mean anything at all, they specifically imply the soul's emotional response. Indeed, the very undulation of melody is artistically analogous to the rise and fall of feeling, the elevation and depression of emotion.

If, then—as we argue—melody be not an appeal to the auditory sense alone, it may yet be regarded as making, in the last resort, a purely mental appeal. Is it, then, simply the ingenious arrangement of musical tones that wins our artistic approval? Though such sonant jugglery may delight us, it does no more than play upon the surface, and can in no way account for the profounder reactions of the soul. From the auditor's point of view, the beauty of melody cannot, therefore, possibly reside in the purely intellectual apprehension thereof. Though fully conscious of the formal movement of melody, the listener does not mentally measure the distance that separates one note from another. He does not record, in his analytical brain, the rise and fall of sequent tones, and so deduce therefrom the beauty-value of a theme. It is not the intellect that thus informs him which melody is beautiful and which is not. All such analysis can be accomplished without a single excitation of the feeling soul.

Why, then, does one series of notes appeal to us, and another not? Is it that the entrancing melody traces some mystic line of beauty? And if so, what is this line of beauty, and how do we know it to be such? The truth is, we here apprehend intuitively with the emotions whose especial mode of activity is foreign to logical analysis. Though we derive a certain intellectual satisfaction from the perfect balance of melodic periods, this of itself does not make one theme strenuously arresting and another gently persuasive. The same notes may be cast in the same metrical mould; but it is the particular way in which they are ordered that constitutes the character of the music.

It is a fact—dispute it as you may—that different melodies awaken in us different feelings. And it is the emotional content, not the *thinkable* form, that makes the essential difference. We

do not say: 'What a beautiful pattern the melody weaves,' or 'What a clever assortment of sounds';—that is to exteriorise it and sense it in its objective movement alone. We take it inwardly to ourselves—an essentially musical method—and say: 'How *moving* it is in its beauty.'

The same may be said of harmony, whose especial function is the enhancement of melodic ideas. For we do not deliberately calculate the intervals that go to make up a chord. No amount of chordal analysis will, of itself, engender in us the sense of harmonic beauty. It is quite possible for an utterly unmusical person to comprehend its science. There is all the difference between the objective attention which fastens on the patent, and the subjective appreciation which appropriates the potential, in music. Far be it from us, however, to disparage the cultured harmonist. True knowledge is the consciousness of details unified in combination. Hence there is all the difference between a clear, and a confused, conception of harmony.

Still, we may sense the several notes of a chord separately, as well as conjointly, without appreciating their esthetic effect. Harmonic beauty is instantaneous in its appeal. It is (like all things appertaining to art) known in intuitive immediacy, apprehended in terms of feeling. Chords, moreover, differ in their feeling quality, both singly and, most certainly, in relation to one another. Though, unlike melody, they say nothing in particular, they have a sensuous beauty all their own.

And the same holds true of rhythm. As in the case of poetry, we do not lay one measure alongside another and consciously time their respective lengths. Rhythm is intuitively perceived; it belongs to our elemental consciousness. Music is embedded in time, as emotion is embedded in music: the words of poetry are in metre, as beautiful thoughts are in words.

But our 'Formalist' friends might conceivably point to Form as the musical ultimate and final source of all enjoyment—a still more intellectual position. For, according to Ruskin, form is the proof of intelligence. Do we, however, hold the musical ideas as of less account than the mould in which they are cast? In hearing music do we simply say: 'What a beautiful intellect'? Surely this is to confuse the manner with the matter of expression.

Certainly, some classic composers appear to meet the severer claims of the 'Intellectualists.' Their music is less an appeal to emotion than an attempt to fashion a perfect medium of expression. The very reiterated chords, so favoured by the earlier classicists, seem more like the hammer-taps of master-builders

bent on making firm the structural framework of their art. Hence the finished form tended to overshadow the finer feelings. Their strength was that of structure, rather than sentiment. They laid foundations: they built for the future.

Obviously, the intellect must be operative, from the very fact that music is the supreme product of the creative faculty. But we speak here solely of the essential genius of the art, that which distinguishes it from all other forms of beauty. And what we expressly affirm is that to strip all music bare of the emotions is to leave it a barren, stricken tree, uprooted from its own congenial soil.

Even when the formative principle is seen to operate most cogently, music should never forgo its essential nature. Form should never usurp the prior claim that feeling has upon our sense of musical beauty. It should merely represent the best way of presenting emotional ideas, and stand for the discipline of feeling. It is just the garb in which emotion is most suitably arrayed. When form supplants emotion, music does but strive to emulate the formative arts with which, in this regard, it cannot hope to compete. Being formless in essence, the form that music takes is an artificial creation.

By no force of logic, then, can the mode of expression be said to rise superior to the thought expressed. A symphony may be an intellectual achievement, but it is such in the interests of emotion. A composer no more writes to express the intellect than does a sculptor chisel his marble to inform the mind. A composition is meant to satisfy the soul, as a statue is designed to figure forth the comeliness of human form. Form in nature is one thing, in music another.

Since form is not the idea—not even of the nature of the idea—the intellect is not the esthetic end, but rather the means to ends that are emotive. Certainly some kinds of form are more suited to certain kinds of music. The musical matter of a Chopin Mazurka, for instance, would be ill at ease cast in the sonata mould. But our contention is that the feeling content is quite other than the covering form. We can have perfect form embodying feeble feeling, and noble emotion embodied in feeble form. The jewel, however, is not the casket: the diamond is not its setting. Two composers might write in perfect symphonic form, but one might succeed and the other fail. And why? Surely it is a question of the content of emotion. In reference to Absolute Music, we do not speak of the ‘binary’ form as noble or of the ‘rondo’ structure as beautiful. These are epithets applicable to esthetic emotion

alone. What pleases us is that so high a soul should have so brave a form. The fact is, musical mentation must be finally judged apart from its intellectual organisation, not to speak of its manifold embellishments.

Though formless music is unthinkable, the intellect should always be subservient to emotion. First, the feeling that prompts; then, the form or fashion, which should ever be a secondary source of satisfaction. Music exists to rouse the feeling interests of the beautiful. It is meant to inspire, not instruct; to solace the heart, not to satisfy the brain. Composers do not reason, they reveal. And with the unnumbered years of concentration on its own peculiar ideal, it has risen to heights of spiritual intensity.

Still, as is so often the case, both views—that of the Formalist and that of the Expressionist—are right. For none can dispute the esthetic importance of musical construction; none should disparage the undoubted pleasure the cultured auditor derives from the orderly sequence of thought, the finely fashioned form that obtains in Absolute Music. It is more a question whether preference should be given to the emotions or to the intellect. And what we emphatically maintain is, that to reduce all music to an 'arabesque of sound,' with the consequent intellectual appreciation of the architectonic aspect alone, is to rob it of its choicest meaning.

The truth is, Hanslick's view is all too barrenly mechanical, too baldly analytical, too remote from the inspirational element which engenders music. To him, music is more akin to some logical discourse or learned disquisition; or, better still, more like the tonal tracings of some deft design; as if, for all the world, composers were but weavers of some tuneful tapestry, or cunning craftsmen in a world of sound. Composers, however, are neither skilful artificers nor ingenious draftsmen: they are, primarily at least, creators of an inward realm of feeling. Unlike sculptor or painter, they draw their original inspirations from no formal figure of an outside world, but from an interior source of being.

Is, then, the esthetic ultimate of music to be found in intellectual apprehension or in emotional appreciation? Do we simply applaud the melodic balance of phrases, the congruent notes of a chord, the formal features of a piece? Surely, these constitute but the mental manipulation of the material of music, a particular way of stating its beauty-truth, and not the truth itself. Wherein, then, does the evaluation of radical music reside, if not in the graduated passions of the soul? Wherein lies the qualitative worth of different kinds of music, if not

in their emotional appeal, rather than in their intellectual treatment?

Music varies in emotional excellence. We assume, instinctively, a feeling preference, a 'scale of values' in the mind. The very term 'classical' implies degrees of beauty-value. Some music is inspiring, some insipid: some is paltry, some profound. We prefer Wagner to Weber, in virtue of the affections. Radically regarded, it is a feeling preference. Neither do we register the difference in terms of things, as in painting, nor in terms of thoughts, as in poetry; since neither things nor thoughts, as such, are to be found in the raw stuff of music.

And herein lies the difference between music and other forms of art. If we can only rise superior to the cramping conception of music as merely the mental play of sensuous impressions, at its best it must speak to us of what is highest in our character. It cannot paint for us an evening sunset, or chisel the human form divine; neither can it sing aloud some epic of man's history. The truth is that beauty, in the ultimate, is felt; our esthetic estimates are intuitively formed. We feel instinctively one piece of music to be nobler than another; and here we alight on that which transcends the faculty of thought.

Of course it is quite possible to argue that music has no correspondent model in reality; that, unlike other arts, it has no expressional powers peculiar to itself. But why should it be the one exception in the realm of beauty? If it cannot express either fact or form, as in plastic art, if it cannot literally 'think,' as in poetry, what else of the artistic is left to music but emotion? If art, at root, be feeling, and things and thoughts are not the proper province of music, what other phase of beauty, save feeling, can it appropriate? In point of fact, music is really a specific language capable of conveying specific impressions. Broadly speaking, there is the beauty of form, as in architecture; of objects, as in sculpture and painting; of ideas, as in poetry; and of the affections, as in music. Still, it is quite true to say that music expresses nothing in particular, if by that we mean *no-thing*. It is only plastic art which can properly be said to express *some-thing* in particular.

After all, it is not a question of theory but of fact, not of opinion but of experience. Our instant court of appeal should be to the reality of life itself. And from time immemorial music has ever been the most natural expression of emotion. Man's feelings instinctively translate themselves into audible utterance. In the wail of sorrow and in the shout of joy we have the primitive

promptings of a music yet to be. Genetically considered, the modern symphony might be roughly regarded as but the direct descendent of a sigh. And the reason why music is peculiarly fitted to express emotion is, that it has been eternally faithful to the initial impulsion from whence all beauty sprang. Whilst other arts have found for themselves divergent modes of expression, music has, all down the ages, concentrated solely on the inward promptings of the spirit.

So to tell the music-lover that the joy unspeakable he derives from hearing highest music is but pure delusion, that it was never intended, in the nature of things, to appeal to his deeper feelings, is to rob him of perhaps his richest heritage of beauty.

Yet another point of view. Hanslick asserts that "The initial force of a composition is the invention of some definite theme and not the desire to describe a given emotion by musical means." In other words: "An *inward melody*, so to speak, and not mere feeling, prompts the true musician to compose." That is to say, words, not meaning, lines, not objects, prompt the poet and painter to create. But can these ever be divorced? Of course, if emotion be not 'embodied in music,' the composer cannot possibly create as from the emotions. But let us say at once that where there is no emotion there can be no beauty. No feeling, no art. Pictures are dead, unprofitable things if not fraught with feeling. Melodies are just uninspired sounds, but a mechanical movement of meaningless notes, if not emotionally informed. Let us be clear on this point.

Now, music is basal beauty. And the emotions which underlie all artistic activity become the models of the musician. The composer may not appear to aim at expressing some definite feeling simply because the matter he treats of is the causative principle of all creativeness whatsoever. If he does not deliberately set himself the task of expressing some clearly defined emotion, his music, nevertheless, arises initially from the activity of his emotional nature. The motive which prompts the man of art to create becomes at once the subject-matter of his music. He cannot, therefore, set up—let us say—'joy' as a painter would his model, since it is secreted within himself. He cannot, like the poet, even objectify his matter for treatment, for he addresses himself to no definite ideas. His mode of thought is essentially subjective. It is hidden in the deep recesses of the mind. It is not what is seen, as in a picture; not even what is known, as in a poem. Here the esthetic ingredients are packed away from view. No phenomena are called in from without to stock the artistic

consciousness. Here esthetic cause and effect seem to coincide: here model and motive are one. Hence the difficulty of recognising at once the initial impulse to create. For musical modes are in no wise sharp in consciousness, as is the model of the sculptor who chisels his figure from some external form. Emotion has no such definite delineation.

It follows from what has been said, that musical models, being subjective, are few; whilst pictorial models, being objective, are many. But whereas the models of music are capable of limitless modes of treatment, the modes of treatment in painting are limited by the demands of the models themselves.

If, then, a composition should arise from a condition of joy, the composer may rightly be said to have expressed the condition out of which it arose. If the composer be in a state of joyousness when he composes, joy becomes his inevitable model and most assuredly induces his music. If it were otherwise, then would a composer write what he did not feel—surely a strange inversion of the character of creativeness. We rather hold that great music is only what a composer greatly feels; and it moves us because he himself is moved.

True music, therefore, emanates from a condition of being, and is the direct expression of an inward state of soul. It is the instant outcome of, and artistic appeal to, man's affectional mood of mind. Here emotion becomes thought. Hence, the composer evokes from within the living deeps of spirit such stirrings and strivings as escape the definitude of fact and tangibility of form. He really expresses himself, his inmost attitude of soul, and not another. Even when an artist paints himself, it is still a model severely external to himself. He gives us, moreover, much of material semblance which is not his truest self. All art is, in varying degrees, an unself-conscious mode of self-revelation. And this is eminently true of music; since the model of music is really the inner man himself. So to the composer we would say: 'On all occasions be yourself.' For what else but our common humanity can he ever hope to express?

We conclude, then, that a composer may even say that he did not deliberately *think* about 'joy' when composing some joyous theme, since thought—as such—is not emotion. Only a poet can literally be said to 'think': only an artist can really be said to observe his thought objectively. Suffice it to say that his music sprang from a joyous state of mind.

Besides, all true art does not deliberate like science; it may more properly be said to arrive mysteriously. Certainly this is

true of music, which is more a spontaneous, unpremeditated welling up of feeling than a laboured portrayal of some visible object. For a melodist is not one who makes a judicious choice of notes, a harmonist is not one who comes by his chords by means of mathematical computation; any more than a poet is one who strings together wisely chosen words. A composer does not pick and choose his phrases as a painter would select and rearrange the objects of a preëxistent world. Inspired music simply comes. Like some refreshing spring of nature, it issues from the fount of deepest life, and is borne along the tide of buoyant feeling. Though it may be approved of or corrected afterwards by the critical faculty, it is not argued out, but intuitively conceived. It is not the result of a logical activity. It is an intuitive act of immediate seizure, not an act of deliberate judgment. Though a composer may meditate on the intellectual formation of some given theme, the theme itself must have originally arisen as the tuneful product of intensive being. It must be mediated, as it were, not manufactured; else it is no inspired utterance at all. In short, feeling in some degree or other is the primal source of musical creativeness.

We are, however, well aware of the fact that a given talent may continue to function, by reason of persistent exercise, apart from the original stimulus that prompted its activity. It is no new phenomenon, this, of the mind. We see it in life, as well as in art. Pleasure may be the original motive that prompts the selfish man, and money the means by which he hopes to attain it. But in his pursuit of gain, the sordid love of money, by dint of concentration, not infrequently supplants his former love of pleasure. So a man may exercise a musical faculty apart from the 'divine afflatus,' may wield a gift for music void of inspiration; but only so by robbing music of its higher mission and stronger power of appeal. Doubtless a capacity for composition may energise apart from emotive impulsion; doubtless some 'music-makers' have a superficial aptitude for writing without being profoundly moved; but it is exactly because the feeling impulses lack cogency, and emotional warmth has fled the heart, that so much unconvincing music is abroad. It is manufactured music, cunningly cut to some classic pattern, its only merit being a certain constructive cleverness. Nemesis must ever dog the footsteps of the rigid Formalist: it is in the nature of the case.

So, when the composer ceases to *feel* his music, the wells of inspiration have already run dry. We hear only the creaking machinery of some facultative ability which gives rise to arid

academism. And it is along such lines that the great 'schools' of music, unwarmed by the fires of enthusiasm, have grown moribund and perished of inanition. Man may compute with the head, but with the heart alone must he compose. And the blighting effect of such a skeptical view of music!

But to return to our critic. Hanslick further assures us that "It is esthetically quite correct to speak of a theme as having a sad or noble accent, but not as expressing the sad or noble feelings of the composer." And though such an opinion contains a saving clause, it is, nevertheless, qualified by a contention which is more than a matter for doubt. For without entirely eliminating the emotional element in music, he regards it not as a primary cause, but as a secondary effect alone. Stated otherwise, it might be held that in reading poetry we understand what the poet was not thinking of when writing; that the audience feels what the composer never felt at all. In other words: "It is not the actual feeling of the composer, not the subjective state of mind, that evokes a like feeling in the mind of the listener." (Hanslick.)

Are we to believe, then, that the mood and music of the composer are at variance with one another? Do we hear with the heart what he composes with the head? Can happy music issue from a state of sadness? Does the composer first write and then, perhaps, feel his music? Surely, the converse is more logical and more accordant with experience. There may be isolated occasions when a composer writes more from an innate power of expression than from an inward strength of feeling; still, the personal persuasion of the composer is, in the main, inevitably reflected in his music. The imperious Handel must perforce write imperiously: the genial Haydn cannot but write felicitous music.

What, after all, is the true relation of the man of art to his artistic products? What is the relation of the poet to his poems, of the painter to his pictures, if not, at root, an eminently sympathetic feeling-relation? How much more, then, is the relation of the composer to his compositions one of affectional accord. It surely cannot be one of emotional indifference, since music itself is the esthetic organon of sympathy. Even the scientist is not wholly apathetic when pursuing his investigations. His very love of truth forbids it. Even the mathematician, with his colder calculations, warms as he nears the conclusion of a correct computation. Still science, in essence, is dispassionate and impersonal; whilst art is personal and passionate—and music especially so. Beauty differs from truth as emotion does from thought.

But, by all this, we do not mean that a composer must be agitated when writing a symphony, or hysterical when at work on some tragic opera. Such active emotionalism is aroused only when man is embroiled in tensest life. There is all the difference between ideality and reality. All we mean is that deep within the soul of the composer there is a general feeling-tone, even when penning some sober-minded fugue.

The sea of music is not always stormy. Sometimes its surface is lashed by the battling waves of passion; at other times it calmly ripples neath the benison of a radiant sky. It ranges from the pastoral to the passionate, from tranquility of mind to the querulousness of an angered soul. But mostly it breathes the atmosphere of social-friendly feeling, and is as the genial current of emotion which gently courses through the heart of a kindly disposition. Indeed, there are infinite degrees of feeling possible to music. In the relative impersonalism of the 'scientific' fugue, in the crystal clarity of counterpoint, we see emotion sluggish and at lowest ebb. Yet even here we are sensible of the *feeling* of 'fitness.' We take pleasure in the rounded phrases and the balanced parts, even as we do in the symmetrical grandeur of some architectural pile. And in the 'Appassionata' of some soul-fraught symphony we reach the human summit of aspiring spirit.

And what a fund of reality lies at the disposal of the composer! His are the unsounded deeps of experience, the unscaled altitudes of life—all, indeed, that escapes the surface-play of fleeting circumstance. To him belongs that which can never be seen in pictured form or recorded in poetic fancy. For who can fathom the possible depths of sorrow, or measure the potential heights of joy? How inadequate are our words to express such deep experiences. They can be registered in music alone.

Since music is of a passionate persuasion, it is to the emotionalist, rather than to the intellectualist, that we must award the palm of primacy. Despite cold and calculating criticism, music is at root an emotive experience. The musical temperament itself is a fact of convincing significance. True, there are different types of musicians. Some are attracted by figuration and design; others are satisfied with nothing less than the affectional outpourings of a strong, impassioned soul. But only those whose finer feelings are touched by the magic of an inward beauty are really alive to the deeper significance of music. Indeed, if it were otherwise, it would be better to study mathematics than hear a concerto, better to read a treatise on logic than listen to a fugue. The fact is, in things artistic we must give ourselves up unreservedly

to the interior experiences of the soul, before we can properly appreciate the essential worth of beauty. In other words, we must not unduly intellectualise our esthetic conceptions. What is true of science is false of art. Each has its own peculiar province, each its appointed mission. Nor must the one usurp the functional right of the other; for only so are the distinctive faculties of mind severely satisfied.

In art, we must not be so much interested, as intensified in our inmost being. Hence, to applaud formation at the expense of feeling is to deny the genius of beauty. It is to put the body before the soul, organic structure above the living spirit. Of course, there should be form even in music; but of all the arts form has least to do with its essential constitution. The intellectual Formalist, however, would reverse the order of merit. For he lays greater stress on the outward figuration than on the inward feelings, on the head than on the heart. He puts pattern before passion, style before sentiment. With him it is more a question of manner than of matter. He, therefore, stifles the spirit of music, contracts its ample powers, and impairs the purport of its mission which would fain grant the soul escapement out into infinitude.

In consequence, the Anti-Expressionist inclines towards a purely intellectual appreciation of his art. He favours the severely mental grasp of matters musical, whereby artistic attention becomes but arid analysis, and creative inspiration degenerates into critical inspection. And just as a purely intellectual bias tends to run into fixed forms and rigid moulds, so he prefers the established standards of musical beauty to the artistic ventures of the original mind. He espouses the academic formularies of his age. His is the advocacy of 'things as they are.' He is incorrigibly conservative in his art. He has, therefore, a native distaste for esthetic suggestion, and a rooted distrust of non-formal impressionism. For it is in the nature of the static intellect to crystallise its concepts and force them into forms of spiritless stability.

Thus the intellectual-objective view of music approximates too closely the function of the critical faculty, in so far as it seeks to hold it in a kind of permanent poise peculiar to plastic beauty, and pin it down for purposes of analytical scrutiny. And in so doing it restrains its movement and cramps its freedom. It arrests the current of emotion: it stems the tide of feeling. The natural flux of music is thereby in danger of being altogether lost, like the sluggish waters of some ample river which loses itself in the sandy stretches of the desert-waste.

Advocates of such a musical esthetic listen to music as if, for all the world, they were gazing at some stationary statue outside the mind. They concentrate on it as if they were noting the anatomical structure of some figure-painting. They do not allow music to *possess* them, to run its appointed course through their inmost soul; they put it on some pedestal for close examination, whereby its life-blood is chilled and its inward warmth of inspiration lost. They are as entomologists who, rather than enjoy the vision of a life of joyous liberty, pin down the ethereal butterfly for purposes of passionless research.

Music, however, belongs more expressly to the things of the spirit. It does not lend itself so readily to detailed consideration. It should possess us like the overmastering power of some dominating passion. The tuneful auditor should never be the cold observer of some classic pose. Painting is nearer the scientific method of objective scrutiny. It aims at exactitude of observation and definition of detail. It studies phenomena external to the mind, though for reasons entirely foreign to science. Here we observe outwardly, rather than apprehend inwardly. Philosophy, again, may fix its attentive gaze on the interior soul of man; nevertheless, it must still prop it up on the easel of objectification. It is analytical rather than appreciative, more critical than creative. Though deeply absorbed in thought, the man himself never really enters as in music. But as regards subjective experience—that which is of the very essence of music, and the music-lover's reason for its existence—the Formalist will have none of it.

Such a preferential attitude of mind, however, hardens only too readily into a stolid dogmatism, which would rob all vibrant beauty of vitality and put a check on the creative energies of man. For this very reason music, at the hands of the Anti-Emotionalists, becomes in course of time both stilted and stagnant, formal and feelingless in character. It never really gets home, but remains forever outside the mind. It stands external to the soul, like the cold marble of some statue, which lacks the warmth of painting and the fire of poetic ardour. It becomes an object of intellectual interest alone. It is apprehended rather than appreciated, liked rather than loved. Viewed in this fashion, music stands in stony isolation from the auditor. It is more like some austere architecture in motion. Its enthusiasm is chilled, its fires are abated. Robbed thus of its radical content, music becomes but a moving mosaic of sound.

Given time, the Intellectualist would reduce all music to formal construction without a soulful essence. And this because

his centre of interest tends to shift from the 'within' of beauty, where subjective experience exercises an esthetic dominance, to the 'without' of beauty, where objective organisation plays the greater part. Hence, he must needs espouse such classicism as marks the terminal triumph of an age, and combat any advance which seeks to break with stereotyped tradition.

So Hanslick, the high-priest of Formalism, was naturally a supporter of the 'Brahmins' as against the then rising tide of the 'Liszt-Wagnerian' movement. The latter he could not abide; and as a logical partisan he bitterly inveighed against its enthusiastic supporters. But we have also our modern musical 'Buddhists,' who fain would drain their art of every trace of emotion. They would have us commit a kind of spiritual suicide, by sterilising the very affections which are the inner mainspring of our humanity. Generally speaking, they ignore the interior impulses of the soul. They affect to despise the instinctive inclinations and emotive urgencies which make for esthetic evolution. They prefer brains to beauty. They abhor sentiment, eschew romance, spurn the affectional, and throw cold water on the fires of enthusiasm. They would suppress all feeling and stifle all emotion. As if our common human nature could, with impunity, ever be denied. They are the unconscious supporters of a pseudo-psychology which seeks to identify all feeling with the sensuous; which regards all passional moods of mind as but the stupefying fumes of a weak, indulgent self. It is the purest heresy possible. As if the wrath of outraged justice, the pity for a crushed and wounded soul, were but enervating motions of the spirit.

We cannot, however, fight against the spirit of art. We are not deceived. The deeper feelings implanted in each one of us are there for purposes divine. Whether for bodily or spiritual ends, hunger and thirst are purposeful realities. To disavow all this is but treachery to the truth of beauty as it is in music.

It is a flat denial of the most sacred passions of the soul. It gives the lie direct to music's inmost heart. Little wonder that unruined spirits turn a deaf ear to the hollow sounds of an insensate pedantry. Their hearts are hungry for the bread of beauty, and a bloodless stone will not suffice. Sentiment, indeed! The whole wide world is girdled with its invisible bonds. It gilds with joy the morn of infancy, throws its protective mantle over youth, and softens the darkling shadows of old age.

The fact is, we are apt to confuse serious sentiment with sickly sentimentality. But why seek to suppress all sentiment, which no man-made enactment can annul, just because it has

suffered enfeeblement at the hands of maudlin musicians? We do not cease to think because error is a possible product of thought. In all sincerity, a soul without sentiment is as a scentless flower. What perfume is to the rose, sentiment is to the soul.

But who are these artistic 'impossibilists,' these superesthetes who pedestal themselves above the common vulgar herd? Do they not realise that art should make appeal to what is universal in the life of man?—that beauty belongs to the common fund of sentiment engrained in every human heart? Indeed, some modern tendencies need careful watching, since they involve the very principle of beauty itself. Can we, moreover, afford to dispense with the smallest measure of romance, since there is so much that is sordid in our present mode of life?

But this—more as a musical note of warning to such moderns as have high hopes of running their art on the hard and fast lines of a strict and rigid mentality. They may appear clever, but certainly not convincing: they may succeed in being interesting, but inspiring—never.