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with its answer :

Ex. 142.



The first half of the second bar provides one of the most effective examples of a false relation it is possible to conceive, considering the simple elements, and every repetition of the idea when further parts are added emphasises the effect as a hideous distortion of a natural harmonic principle. But then Bach was not so sensitive to the harmonic principle as he was to the polyphonic. If he sensed the one he allowed it to be controlled by the other, which is the inverse of the modern system.

(To be continued.)

DEBUSSY AS CRITIC.

Continued from July number, page 208.

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ON THE SYMPHONY.

When October's mist-woven curtain has fallen on the last Act of autumn's enchanting pageant, when Nature's scene-shifters have relegated the wings and rust-coloured scenes of the final apotheosis into remote space, the concert societies hasten to set their affairs in order and make up their symphony programmes for the re-opening of their annual season. It must be acknowledged that the one does not subvert the other, neither does the second spectacle equal the first. But there's no help for it, something must be done for the thousands of worthy folk who are anxious to spend a little sum of money representing a whole week's work on their Sunday amusement. Incidentally, we should remember that they are able to content themselves with a starvation wage.

On the whole our symphonic artists do not give a sufficiently lively attention to the beauty of the different seasons. They study nature in books in which it assumes a disagreeably artificial aspect and in which the rocks are made of cardboard and the leaves of coloured gauze. But music is very especially the art that is closest to nature and that can inveigle her with the greatest subtlety. In spite of their claim to be Nature's accredited interpreters, painters and sculptors can only give us a tolerably free and uniformly fragmentary interpretation of the beauty of the universe. They can appropriate and reproduce singly one of its many aspects, one of its moments: alone the musicians are privileged to capture all the poetry of day and night, of earth and sky, to reconstitute the atmosphere, to give rhythm to nature's mighty pulsations. And we know that they do not over-estimate their privilege. Nature rarely evokes from them those lover-like accents that constitute the charm of certain pages of 'Freischütz'; more often than not their passion is satisfied with a vegetation that literature has dried between the leaves of its books: it sufficed Berlioz all his life. He had a strange propensity for exercising his nostalgia in and around an artificial-flower shop.

Music in our time has managed to evade the romantic eccentricity of this literary outlook, but it has other weaknesses. Its special predilection for the mechanical arrangements of landscape may have been noticed lately. It would be manifestly unnecessary to return to Jean-Jacques Rousseau's naïve æsthetic, but all the same the past can give us a few sensible lessons. We need to take example by certain little pieces for clavichord of Couperin; they are admirable as models of a grace and a naturalness that we have completely lost. Nothing can make us forget the evasively voluptuous perfume, the refined unavowed perversity that floats artlessly around the 'Barricades mystérieuses.'

Let us frankly acknowledge that the art of expressing oneself symphonically belongs to the category of things which cannot be learnt. No Conservatoire or Schola is in possession of the secret. The stage offers many excellent resources to the perplexed musician in the way of gesture, ejaculation, movement; but pure music will not afford him any help in his difficulties. Unless one possesses within oneself the gift of evocation it is best to give up the attempt at once. And besides, whence do we derive our country's symphonic music? What is the heredity that inclines us towards this mode of expression? With extreme docility, our composers have sought inspiration, in the first instance, from Liszt's symphonic poems and then from those of Richard Strauss. Observe also that all their attempts to emancipate themselves have been severely repressed. Whenever they tried to shake off the yoke of tradition they were recalled to order. They were overburdened with sublime examples: Beethoven—who in matters relating to criticism ought to be permitted to take a well-earned rest—Beethoven was called to the rescue. Terrible verdicts were pronounced by stern judges, in the name of classic rules of construction, the most elementary workings of which they were ignorant of. Are they aware that no one carried freedom and fantasy in composition and form further than Bach, one of their own lawgivers?

Why, also, will they refuse to comprehend that it is not worth while to have had so many centuries of music behind us, and to have reaped the advantage of all this magnificent intellectual inheritance, merely in order to make feeble attempts to rewrite history? On the contrary, is it not our duty to seek a symphonic formula suited to our times, one that progress, audacity, and modern acquirements exact? The century of the aeroplane has a right to its own music. The defenders of our art should not be permitted to remain stationary at the base of our army of pioneers; they must not be outdistanced by clever mechanicians.

Dramatic music is very specially concerned with this transformation of symphonic manners and customs. Its fate is linked to that of pure music. At present it labours under disadvantages because the Wagnerian ideal has been wrongly interpreted, and endeavours have been made to derive a formula from it which is distasteful to our race. Wagner is not a good professor of French.

We should endeavour to purify our music and to give it freedom. Let us try and make it less ornate. Let us be on our guard lest we stifle emotion under an accumulation of motifs and superposed designs. How can we convey an idea of its beauty and its power if we are preoccupied with a quantity of small details of composition, and if we have to maintain an impracticable discipline among a swarming pack of little themes that are tumbling over one another in their haste to bite the heels of the poor sentiment which readily seeks safety in flight? As a general rule, an artist tries to complicate a form or an idea when he is at a loss for something to express.

But especially must we convince ourselves that our compatriots do not care for music. Composers do not feel themselves encouraged to enter the fray or seek for novelty. Music is not liked in France: if you do not believe it, just listen to the tone of the critics when they speak about music! They seem always to be trying to gratify some secret spite, some deep-rooted hatred. These feelings are not peculiar to this epoch. In all ages beauty has been resented by some people as a secret insult. Instinctively they feel the need to avenge themselves by endeavouring to lower the ideal which has humiliated them. How far removed is this malevolent state of mind from the equitable beauty of a Sainte-Beuve, or of a Baudelaire, who was always a wonderful artist and a critic of rare understanding. However, we have still a means of reviving a taste for symphonic music among our contemporaries; let us adapt the cinematograph to pure music. It is the film—the film of Ariane—that will serve to extricate us from this troublesome labyrinth. M.M. Léon Moreau and Henry Février have proved this lately with the greatest success. The numberless auditors who are bored by Bach's 'Passion,' or even by the Mass in D, will regain all their interest and all their emotions if the screen were to take pity on their distress. It might even be possible to reproduce the moments through which the composer had passed while writing his work.

What an amount of misunderstanding might thus be avoided! The auditor is not always responsible for his mistakes! He cannot always prepare his audition as he does a thesis; the normal life of a citizen is not specially adapted to the suggestions of æsthetic emotions. The composer would no longer be misconstrued; we should be rid of false interpretations, we should understand clearly at last the truth, the truth!

Unfortunately, we have too great a respect for our habits and customs. We shall not easily give up our traditional ways of being bored, and we shall always copy the same things.

Ah! what a pity it is that Mozart was not a Frenchman. He might then be more imitated.—*Revue Musicale S.I.M.*, November 1, 1913.

THE 'LONDONDERRY AIR.'

BY HENRY COLEMAN.

Of all the national tunes which have been rescued from oblivion during the last few years, chiefly through the efforts of such enthusiasts as Cecil Sharp, none has achieved such striking popularity as the old Irish tune known as the 'Londonderry Air.'

Since this very beautiful tune seems to be taking such an extraordinary hold upon the people—for hardly a week passes by without its appearing in some form or other on concert programmes—it may be interesting to notice some particulars about the air.

It has been described—I think by Sir Hubert Parry—as 'the most complete and perfect Irish national tune in existence,' and within the last few years a perfectly bewildering array of settings and arrangements has appeared.

The name of the tune seems to be unknown—and being Irish, of course it would not be printable without the Gaelic type—but it is now generally spoken of as 'Derry Air,' 'Londonderry Air,' or 'Irish Tune from County Derry.'*

The age of the tune is unknown, but, like all the songs of the people, it has been handed down through many generations. A Miss Ross, of Newtown-

Limavady—now called simply Limavady—seems to have been the first to write it down, and it was she who gave it to Petrie. Petrie printed it in his 'Collection of Ancient Music of Ireland,' published in Dublin in 1855.

I have been unable to discover what were the words or sentiments with which it was originally associated, but it may be taken for granted that all the words to which it is now sung are modern.

To those who do not know the tune, some idea of the importance of the 'Londonderry Air' may be gathered from the list of settings which I give below. This is complete so far as my own personal knowledge goes. If there are other settings, it would be interesting to compile a complete list.

1. Irish Love Song ('The Irish Song Book').
2. 'Emer's Farewell to Cuchulain.' Arr. by Stanford ('Songs of Old Ireland').
3. 'Danny Boy' Song (Boosey).
4. 'Would God I were a tender apple-blossom.' Song ('Minstrelsy of Ireland') (Augener).
5. Pianoforte Solo by Percy Grainger (Schott).
6. Chorus for unaccompanied voices without words. Percy Grainger (Schott).
7. String Orchestra or Quartet. Percy Grainger (Schott).
8. String Quartet. Frank Bridge (Augener).
9. String Quartet. J. D. Davies.
10. Violin or Cello Solo. G. O'Connor Morris (Hawkes).
11. Viola Solo. John Ireland.
12. Military Band, played by Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
13. Part-Song, S.A.T.B., 'Far Away.' T. R. G. Jozé (Novello). Part-Song Book, 857.
14. Part-Song, S.A.T.B., 'Emer's Lament for Cuchulain.' Granville Bantock. Part-Song Book, 1178.
15. Unaccompanied Anthem, 'O Strength and Stay.' T. R. G. Jozé (this is sung in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and in Derry Cathedral).
16. My own setting for Organ Solo (Schott).

The following head-note appears with the tune in the Petrie collection:

For the following beautiful air I have to express my very grateful acknowledgment to Miss J. Ross, of Newtown-Limavady, in the county of Londonderry—a lady who has made a large collection of the popular unpublished melodies of that county, which she has very kindly placed at my disposal, and which has added very considerably to the stock of tunes which I had previously acquired from that still very Irish county. I say still very Irish; for though it has been planted for more than two centuries by English and Scottish settlers, the old Irish race still forms the great majority of its peasant inhabitants; and there are few, if any, counties in which, with less foreign admixture, the ancient melodies of the country have been so extensively preserved.

The name of the tune was unfortunately not ascertained by Miss Ross, who sent it to me with the simple remark that it was 'very old,' in the correctness of which statement I have no hesitation in expressing my perfect concurrence.

At the beginning of the volume (it was published as vol. i., but it was the only volume which ever appeared) is inserted a slip containing the marks for speed which are placed at the head of each air. It is headed, 'How to find the time in which each air is to be played,' and explains how those who do not possess a metronome should measure a cord the number of inches indicated before each piece, and should tie a weight to the cord, and that this cord will swing evenly, and so they may gauge the speed exactly. This explains the curious *tempo* indication,

● = pendulum 24 inches.

* It is not generally known in England that Derry was the old name for Londonderry.

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<http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp> . JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive.Â Even a spatial data set of the order of several thousand can result in computational slow downs. Ad hoc methods of subsetting the data were formalized by the moving window approach of Haas (1995), although it appears that the local covariance functions that are fitted within the window yield incompatible covariances at larger spatial lags. The variance-covariance matrix X is typically sparse when the covariance function has a finite range, and hence H_1 can be. Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at .
<http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp> JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.Â The third condition is that the method of group decision does not favor either alternative.⁷ A precise way of stating this is that if the names of x and y are reversed, the result is not changed. If the names x and y are interchanged, preferences are indicated by different values of the D 's.