

Hungarian with a violin, or who has heard a home song lovingly rendered. These things take a physical grip upon our emotions; they stir our diaphragms, they give us "burns up the back," and compel us to shiver, laugh or weep. Combined with such physical effects, however, are ideas of indescribable vividness and poignancy. Joy and grief, hope and despair, serenity, aspiration and horror, fill our hearts as we listen to music. These come in their pure essence—not as qualities of something else. This is what is meant by the familiar statement that the other arts are representative, while music is presentative. Poetry, sculpture, and painting show us things outside ourselves—joyous or grievous, perhaps, hopeful or desperate or beautiful or ugly things, but still THINGS. But music shows us nothing but the qualities, the disembodied feelings, the passional essences. Recall for a moment the effects of painting or of poetry, the way in which they provoke emotions, and you will grasp my meaning. Is it not always by symbolism, by indirection? Does not the feeling merely exhale from the object, instead of constituting the object, as it does in music? In looking at a pastoral landscape, for instance, do we not first think of the peaceful scene represented, and only secondarily feel serenity itself? Yes, in the representative arts emotion is merely adjective; in music alone it is substantive! We see in a portrait a lovely woman; we behold in marble a noble youth; we read in poetry a desperate story; in music, on the contrary, we HEAR love, nobility, despair! It matters little that we are unable to explain how this can be: we know that it is. Psychology

may one day be able to discover the nature of the deep bond that connects the biological apparatus of emotion with that of sound sensation; for the present we must be content with the unequivocal evidence of our senses that music is the one adequate language of our passional life.

And since this passional life is the deepest reality we know, since our inner emotions constitute in fact the very essence of that world-spirit which is but projected and symbolized in sky, sun, ocean, stars and earth, music cannot but be a richer record of our ultimate life than those arts that deal with objects and symbols alone. You will remember that, according to Holy Writ, only two of the arts will persist to all eternity—Architecture, the most substantial and time defying, and Music, the most transitory and ethereal. It is the penetration, the ultimacy of music that gives it such extraordinary power. All the other arts excel it in definiteness, in concreteness, in the ability to delineate a scene or tell a story; but music surpasses them all in power to present the naked and basic emotions of existence, the essential, informing passions.

Another advantage possessed by Music over its sister arts proceeds from the nature of its material. Tones, produced and controlled by man, are far more easily stamped with the unity he desires than the objects of external nature can possibly be. Those are stubborn outer facts, created without regard to the aesthetic sense, and in a thousand ways unamenable to it. But tones have no practical utility whatever; not only do they not exist outside of music, but they would be of no use if they did. They may therefore be chosen