only to the young, the lover, the artist. It is the romantic emotion; and never for a moment does it leave the music of Franz Peter Schubert, but rather it increases in frequency and intensity as his short life proceeds, until it culminates in the dumbfounding sequence of the last chamber works. This is the Romantic Century in full flower, although it was written in the first crisp, spring-like budding of the period.

Let us consider the Trout Quintet. How familiar it is! But let us go to the most familiar movement, the Trout variations. One’s first impression is of artlessness; one’s abiding impression is of great art. It is not always realized how much skill has gone to the making of such an innocent-sounding thing. It is worth noting the A minor String Quartet, too. Here the minuet and trio are founded on the song Götter Griechenlands, and the particular phrases used are those of a yearning for the innocent freshness of the dawn of the world. But each one of these last chamber works is a miracle, each has its individual excellence. Yet, to choose among the incomparable, think of the great C major Quintet—not the endlessly unfolding loveliness of the first movement, nor even the extraordinary trio of the scherzo with its unearthly yearning, but the slow movement. It is a great art even for Schubert, even for the period we are considering, and it is unique: the drugged and saturated beauty of it; its hardly moving, hardly breathing opening, moving with the stillness of Midsummer Night, throbbing with a quite unmistakable emotion that breaks into sudden tearing passion halfway through; a passion that exhausts itself, sinks into rest, and moves tranquilly into the breathing calm of the opening; a calm that seems to sink deeper and deeper into rest. Although I am an “absolute” listener most of the time, I can never hear this music without feeling with a haunted certainty a summer night in the wooded region north of the downs near my home, and there comes to mind a phrase that conveys the essence of it for me: “sleep after love.”

It is a deepening, in fact, of the romantic emotion, the emotion felt not only in Schubert but also in Weber, who has now dwindled in our concert halls to a handful of overtures. There is a freshness in these romantic beginnings, a sense of youth; it was to be felt again in the early works of Schumann, in the Dichterliebe, in the First Symphony. As the century progressed, it matured, and moved as it were to a full and rich summer in the music of Richard Wagner.

Yet even in Weber’s Der Freischütz there is contained a strange seed that was to bear fruit at the end of the century, the scene known as “In the Wolf’s Glen.” Its mood was to grow, at the expense of the first rapture. The mist that hung over the pines in the early dawn presaging heat, the wild rose by the hedge side, and the dusty road itself, down which the ‘prentice miller came towards his mill stream—after these things had given place to the full intense summer heat of Wagner, the dusk came closing in. With the first long shadows the wolves stirred and sailed among the pines; the darkness was not the warm glow of the summer night, bringing love and sleep, but a haunted horror that deepened and grew more intense; the dreamer moaned in his sleep, for he dreamed strange and terrible things. Pierrot became Pierrot Lunaire, gesticulating at the moon, and later cursing it, gibbering his Red Mass and perpetrating outrage (yet Schoenberg tells us that he made his journey home, and found again the “ancient charm of fairy days”). The moon was as blood, and strange sounds rose from the accursed lake where Wozzeck, a simple soldier, drowned, and from which a mad scientist and a maniac militaried in terror, stricken by their guilt. And man awoke, and found it true; the blood guilt and the darkness, the nameless things in life and art. The Wienerwald became Buchenwald, the rose became monstrous and bloated with fire. “The dream of reason begets monsters,” thus wrote Francisco Goya.

“The dream of reason”: an ambiguous phrase. Many interpretations have been attempted; let us add one of our own. Let us return to Canterbury Cathedral. The immediate effect, I wrote, is overwhelming, and most apt to the purpose of the building: here is the house of God. Yet it is also calculated; with perfect sincerity, it was made to be overwhelming. If its architect had not had supreme skill in the ordering of materials and circumstances, it would not have been so. All creative artists have to be craftsmen, they have to know the skills of their trade; but if they are craftsmen only, they remain as Mozart before he was twenty—no matter how prodigious a craftsman, in the one essential thing a lesser artist than Haydn’s brother Michael. Only inasmuch as he was a child was he prodigious. (If this seems exaggerated, look through the Köchel catalogue; the first work that has lived on in the current repertoire is K. 271, and his best works are the product of his last ten years.)

Genius remains inexplicable, but a great experience lies at the heart of all great works of art; the craftsman is there only to provide the tools by which the experience may be communicated. A man who is only a craftsman can but provide perfect copies of the works of others, can but work to a design already provided, and he is lost if that design is not there. A craftsman-designer is quite another matter, and halfway to being an artist, if he is not one already. It may be that those who long for a golden age of pure classicism are asking for art without inspiration, at least as far as music is concerned. To such people it is a shock to learn that the statues on the Parthenon were colored. Creative imagination is needed to turn a journeyman’s task into a work of art; and in all romantic art the Continued on page 130