

MEADOW BROOK FESTIVAL OPENS

The Oakland Observer

July 23, 1964

Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan

Vol. V — No. 37

Tonight's Program

Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" Wagner
Symphony #2 in D Sibelius
Concerto for violin and 'cello in a Brahms

General admissions tickets (space on the lawn) will be available at the door for \$1.00. Seats in the pavilion are sold out Thursday and Friday nights all season.

Detroit Symphony In 50th Year

From News Releases

The Detroit Symphony Orchestra, founded in 1914, is celebrating its Golden Anniversary this year. The history of this distinguished organization can be divided into several great eras. The first age, a golden one, was represented by the illustrious Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who conducted the orchestra from 1918 until his death in 1935.

A second great phase began in 1943, under the direction of Karl Krueger. At that time the orchestra, in the traditional manner, depended upon only a few for financial support. The period lasted through 1949, when the orchestra was forced to cease operations in the face of increasing costs.

In 1951, after Detroit had been without its symphony for two years, a group of music lovers joined to re-organize the orchestra on a sound financial basis. Headed by Wyandotte Chemicals board-member John B. Ford, a spectacular new organization, supported by the many corporations, businesses, financial institutions, and foundations which make their home in Detroit, sprang out of the wilderness.

The Detroit Symphony Orchestra continues to win many honors for itself through its extensive tours of the nation. Its recordings on the Mercury Classics label have brought international renown to the orchestra. Two of the orchestra's recent recordings won the coveted Grand Prix du Disque of France.

The Detroit Symphony has won a position of respect among the foremost musical institutions of the world. In terms of quantity of performances, it is one of the busiest, its musicians providing Detroit with great music eleven months in the year.

This year, the Detroit Symphony will play about 150 concerts. These include a 22-week regular subscription series, 27 regular summer concerts, 16 school concerts, and 28 tour concerts. This year, the orchestra will also introduce a new series of Pops concerts. Besides being the official orchestra for OU's Meadow Brook Music Festival, the Detroit Symphony is also the official orchestra for the Worcester (Massachusetts) Music Festival, the oldest music festival in the United States.

"Fabulous" Says Ehrling Of M'Brook Facilities

Sixteen Ehrling is a dapper man of middle height, with bushy, upswept eyebrows, and greying hair. He has been a conductor for most of his 46 years. He speaks with a noticeable Swedish accent, punctuates his sentences with fingers and arms.

Ehrling arrived in Detroit about a week ago, and last Saturday afternoon was his first chance to see the concert-shell and music shed for the Meadow Brook Festival anywhere near completion.

Standing at the crest of the hill overlooking the entire pavilion and stage, Ehrling darted his deep eyes about and broke into a nervous laugh.

"Fantastic," he said. He was referring to the Howard Baldwin Pavilion and the Lula Wilson Shell.

"When was it—last winter?—that this project was begun? I can hardly believe it—I have never seen anything like it. We have such facilities in Europe, of course, but they take many, many years to complete. I cannot believe all this happened in six months."

What did he think about the acoustics?

"Well, I cannot tell that; I haven't rehearsed the orchestra here yet. But from all I can tell without the orchestra, I would say that this place has all the possibilities of becoming a fantastic musical institution. Maybe the acoustics here will be better than at the Ford auditorium downtown. Then we will have the symphony play here all win-

There are plenty of good five cent cigars in this country. The trouble is, they cost a quarter. What this country needs is a good five-cent nickel.



Conductor Ehrling



No people ever yet groaned under the yoke of slavery unless they deserved it.

ter, and we will distribute mittens to the musicians."

How does he think the Meadow Brook facilities compare with other similar arrangements?

"Well, I have just come from Ravinia (near Chicago), which is very nice, and the Hollywood Bowl is also very fine. But I think this place compares very well with either of them."

What about Tanglewood?

"I'm sorry I have never been there—I hope to go soon. So I cannot comment. But I don't like this business of comparison comparison comparison everyone seems to like to engage in. The critics are always talking about this orchestra being better than another or such-and-such conductor more to their liking than so-and-so — but what does it mean? Nothing."

Ehrling studied with Karl Boehm in Dresden, and has been conductor and music director of the Royal Opera of Stockholm. He is known in America for his recordings of Sibelius symphonies and violin concertos (with David Oistrach). But he dislikes being thought of as a specialist who does one thing only. "I love music," he says.

But has he no favorites, we asked him. "Yes, of course I have favorites — or I should say one favorite. My favorite piece of music is the one I am performing right at the moment. You must love a work to perform it, you know. So now you know my favorite."

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Baldwin Pavilion: Drawing Board to Reality



The OAKLAND OBSERVER is published weekly at Rochester, Michigan, by the students of Oakland University. Editorial and business offices are located in 109 North Foundation Hall; telephone 338-7211, extension 2221.

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Subscriptions cost \$1.50 per semester or \$4.00 per year. Editorial opinions reflect views of the Oakland Observer and are not necessarily shared by the administration of Oakland University.

Barry Goldwater

On July 20, Harold Fitzgerald's Pontiac Press editorialized thus:

Barry Goldwater really triumphed over his own party's back-stage bosses and frantic front-men . . . Mr. Goldwater whipped everything in sight with the grass-roots delegates cheering at every turn. They refused to trade, back away, or "make a deal" with the die-hards who have run the GOP for years. And what's wrong with that?

What indeed.

Mr. Fitzgerald, compromise is at the very core of American democracy.

To a certain sort of public man, "compromise" means "sell-out." "I will not compromise my principals" has been the battle cry of every man who finds his views generally unacceptable and is not flexible enough to change them. Men who refuse to compromise display, in our judgment, greater stupidity than courage, and more arrogance than rectitude.

A man who refuses to compromise must have absolute faith in his own judgment. He must see himself as wholly right, and his opponents as wholly wrong. What sort of confidence can one have in a man convinced of his own infallibility?

Mr. Goldwater's public reputation has been based upon his feeling that the precepts of our Founding Fathers, as expressed in the Constitution, are the unchanging precepts upon which this country runs.

Unlike Mr. Goldwater, we firmly believe that the strength in our Constitution lies in its flexibility, not in its rigidity. Like Mr. Goldwater, we are not a lawyer; but unlike him, we do not presume to have deeper insight into constitutional law than do the nine jurists who sit on the Supreme Court. And unlike certain extremists, men whose support Goldwater has welcomed and whose tactics Goldwater has condoned, we do not suspect of treason those who do not agree with us.

Unlike Mr. Fitzgerald, we firmly believe that the Gallop Polls were correct when they stated that Goldwater was not the preferred candidate among most Republican voters. Unlike Mr. Fitzgerald, we find ourselves hard put to admire a man who has stated in public: "Extremism in the defense of freedom is no vice; moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." Unlike Mr. Goldwater and his supporters, we believe that extremism is by definition a vice. If we were a candidate for President, we would certainly reject in public the support of such groups who organized daily bomb-threat terrorism at each of Governor Rockefeller's campaign HQs. But, you see, we are unlike Mr. Goldwater, for the Senator welcomes, encourages such support.

Our chief objection to Senator Goldwater is not that he would withdraw diplomatic recognition from the Soviet Union. It is not that he would remove the United States from the United Nations, and remove the United Nations from the United States. It is not even, that he has openly and on several occasions expressed unqualified admiration for Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, the Communist hunter who smeared, crucified and ruined thousands of Americans but never caught a single Communist.

What we object to in Mr. Goldwater is his doctrinaire solutions for everything. He has a "political philosophy," or rather a long, prescriptive testament which will solve all of America's ills automatically, one by one. What Mr. Goldwater seems incapable of understanding is that it is not this doctrine or that doctrine which is bad for democracy: orthodoxy itself is an evil. Prefabricated cures for social evils are themselves the worst of social evils.

Men who understand democracy come together with divergent interests and try to get their views together into a coherent policy. Discussion, debate, and compromise is what democracy consists of. It seems preposterous that a man could present himself to the public as a champion of democracy and at the same time reject as inefficient and corrupt the very components of democracy.

Mr. Goldwater has a program. He made it up out of his own head, and he refuses to listen to anyone else's ideas. He refuses to compromise, or, as Mr. Fitzgerald expresses it, to "Make a deal." What sort of democracy is it, Mr. Fitzgerald, when one man, and not many, makes the rules?

That, Mr. Fitzgerald, is what is wrong with not "making a deal."

Despite the fact that Mr. Fitzgerald is a leading citizen of this community, despite the fact that he has been a good friend to Oakland University, despite the fact that he is an editor of long experience, we find his stand in the Pontiac Press wholly unacceptable, irresponsible, and unintelligent.

We do not believe that political editorials are normally within the purview of this newspaper. But under these extenuating circumstances, we feel morally constrained to speak out, and denounce as strongly as we are able, the Republican candidate for President.

Thanks, Gents

Three hundred thousand dollars and six months later, that wooded dell about a mile west of Meadow Brook Hall is Howard C. Balwin Memorial Pavilion, home of the Meadow Brook Music Festival. The transformation is wonderful, and we share conductor Ehrling's amazement that it could be done so well, so quickly. But the unreality of it all is diminished somewhat if we consider the enormous energy and talent that went into the planning and construction, and the great esprit generated by the project.

Mr. J. A. Fredman, whose construction firm built the pavilion, donated his profits to the Festival. He and his men worked on the Meadow Brook Music Festival above and beyond all usual expectations, even for a rush-project. They deserve Oakland's special thanks.

Mr. James D. Hicks, the Chancellor's special assistant in charge of the Meadow Brook Music Festival, has been a tireless and zealous promoter of the Festival. For his great efforts, he deserves special mention and special thanks.

Mr. George Karas, our director of physical plant, has, with predictable and silent efficiency, seen to the sodding and seeding, the fencing and marking, the cleaning and flowering, of the entire area. His job is not a terribly pretty one, but whoever doubts its importance should imagine what the Festival would be like had he not done it. For his unglamorous but necessary contribution, Mr. Karas deserves our thanks.

Bunky Knudsen, Chevy's boss and one of Detroit's industrial Tigers, has served the Festival as its general chairman. He has performed with great distinction; we should expect no less of a man who sells all those Chevrolets.

But the man who probably deserves most credit for the Meadow Brook Music Festival is our own Intercollegiate Kid, Woody Varner. The Festival was his idea, and he worked for it tirelessly, starting from its inception, and continuing until the present moment. By his championing of high-brow music on the Oakland campus, he has demonstrated that his vision sees far beyond the narrow criteria applicable to the usual run of "good" colleges. The Music Festival is more than just another summer concert series set in the picturesque exurbs; it is Oakland's declaration to the world-at-large that the promotion of such events as classical concerts is important enough to this university to make them our number-one extra-curricular activity.

Thanks, Woody, baby. Take a free-throw.

Ibsen Play Peer Gynt At I.M. Stage

"Peer Gynt," Henrik Ibsen's comedy about the adventurer who gets on in the world by compromising, will be presented in the Intramural Theatre at Oakland University Sunday, August 2, Monday, August 3 and Tuesday, August 4 at 8:30 p.m. Directing the production is William Gregory, former director of the Vanguard Theatre.

Ibsen is known as the greatest dramatist of the 19th century and "Peer Gynt" is often described as his greatest work. It is the tragic-comedy of the young man, shaped by the character and temperament of his parents and his environment, who adjusts his conduct to the exigencies of the moment. In his warning to man not to barter spiritual integrity for material advantage, Ibsen shows Peer in comic situations as an adventurer, a charlatan, a good natured fellow, a man of imagination and a pathetic figure. His many exploits are as varied in geographic locale as in mood. The play's settings range from a lunatic asylum in Cairo to the Sahara desert, to a story on the North Sea. Audiences find themselves considering "Peer Gynt" as a story, a poem, a fantasy and a satire on human nature.

The large cast includes peasants, kings and the trolls and devils of Norse folk tales. Real ones, imported fresh from their respective fjords, caves, and underground grottoes. Production of the play climaxes the six week intensive course in show rehearsal. Assisting director Gregory is

Tom Aston as technical assistant. Tickets for "Peer Gynt" are available by calling the Division of Continuing Education, Oakland University 338-7211, Ext. 2147, at the front desk in the Oakland Center lobby, or at the door. Admission is \$1.

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Monks and Bells

Priestly shades
in the blue snow of morning
shall wither like the green herb
singing death to scorning.

Suddenly they go down like the
grass
sipping life from great upturned
carafes.

—D.P.

What makes all doctorines plain
and clear?
About two hundred pounds a
Year.
And that which was proved true
before.
Prove false again?—Two hundred
more.

—Hudibras

Autumn Song

Lolling balls of foam
circle past my chipped wherry
and ravel in the wake.

The blank wall of sky
fills up my eyes with pictures—
the edge of autumn

tips the wings of birds.
Rain, slender rain, steams the air
locking images

beyond sound, beyond
the sounds of war, cementing
sweet pictures and the taste

of salt. Rain, bleach through
memories with your grey silence,
making shadows void.

—D.P.

Battle with a Housefly

*The nerve of him to buzz right by my head.
With one swift swatter-sweep, he might be dead.*

*Unless he hasn't seen me, which I doubt,
He has more guts than brains, the little lout.*

*So on the sill the insect comes to land.
The swatter thunders down at my command.*

*The swatter: Law and Order manifest.
I missed him, though, He'd won the mortal test.*

*The fly then landed neatly on my bed;
I swung the swat to smash his hairy head.*

*The swift staunch swatter fell again to fail,
And as it fell, let out an airy wail.*

*I thought of several ways to kill the beast —
Gun, or hatchet swung like lightning greas't,
Garrote, Guillotine, or simple throttle —
Just then he landed on my Aristotle,*

*A thick book marked in gold-leaf "Politic."
I swung that swatter faster yet than quick.*

*The fly died as a man dies — that is, he
Was trapped between Law and Philosophy.*

Dan Polsby

Music and Criticism: In Defense of Musical Talk

By Alfred Lessing

Mr. Lessing is assistant professor of philosophy. He has written this paper for us to mark the opening of the Meadow Brook



Music Festival. Mr. Lessing received the Ph.D. from Yale in 1962 and is an accomplished flautist.

Despite its familiarity music remains to most of us more mysterious than the other arts. Of course none of the arts is very easily explained or understood. But music certainly seems the least manageable by ordinary reasoning. It sometimes appears to us to be wholly irrational. We like music because it is good or great, because it is noble or subtle, because it is meaningful or even profound. We cannot explain why the music is any of these things; we cannot even be certain that it really is any of these things. But we do know that we like it, even if we don't know why. It does not show us the beauty of nature or of women, it does not tell us anything about our fellow men; it gives us no insight into ourselves. Still, we love music. We love it because we do; that's all.

Because of this mysterious quality of music we are generally skeptical of talk about it. Of course, it is difficult to talk meaningfully about music; moreover, explanation in music is somehow not necessary. Music does not call for explanation, only attention and appreciation. We are also hesitant to explain music because such explanations as we do get tend to be extremely technical. Consider the following example which I take from the jacket of a commercially distributed recording of Bach's keyboard Partita No. 5, in G Major:

The fundamental musical elements of this (opening) thematic fragment include the scale line of a fifth moving downward, the neighboring tones D-E-D in the treble over the repeated bass tone G, and an unusual metric-rhythmic relationship. Within the meter of 3, the first measures are divided into beat groups of 2, 3 and 1... The uneven balance of beat groups is stated in the scale figure, the chordal figure and the quarter rest.

Partly because it is extremely difficult to say anything else

about music but also because of the extensive formulation of the theory of music, unique in this respect among the arts, music is particularly subject to this kind of analysis.

But what is the average music lover to make of this kind of explanation?

Generally, he does not understand it and is content to accept on authority that it represents an accurate formulation of the music. But its relation to the music he is hearing is not clear to him. It certainly does not serve him as an explanation of the music. Neither this kind of musical talk nor our own ability to sing and remember tunes with ease eliminates our respect for the difficulty and mystery of the musical creation itself.

But not only does music appear to be irrational, it is often felt to be anti-rational. The prevalent prejudice against musical talk to the effect that it can only destroy the meaning and value of the aesthetic experience itself, is at its strongest in musical aesthetics. In the case of music, it is felt, explanation can only get in the way of true appreciation. "Do not try to say," we are urged, "what music is trying to communicate. You will only succeed in destroying the beauty and charm of the music itself." One would like to say that this fear is an irrational fear, that enjoying music and pursuing the problem of musical aesthetics are two entirely different activities, that neither one can possibly affect the pleasure or value we derive from the other. Unfortunately, it is not quite that simple. Aestheticians and critics do talk about music and, considering the things they have (at times) said, it is not surprising that they should arouse a certain bitterness or even fear. On the other hand, we can say that there have been some men who have spoken intelligently and revealingly of music. We can say that it makes sense to try to discover what is involved in talking intelligently and revealingly about music. As Monroe Beardsley has said, "The question is not whether we shall talk, but whether we shall do it well or badly." And surely it must be true that when we talk well about music, its magic, far from vanishing, will only be that much more evident.

But we do not proceed very far before the next problem is upon us. Fear of analysis gives way to scepticism about it. It is not that we should not, but that we cannot, talk about music. We are told how Beethoven, upon being questioned about the meaning of a sonata he had just finished playing, sat down at the keyboard and played the whole work

through once again. That presumably was the right thing to do, for one cannot put into words what can only be said by the music itself. The meaning of music is musical, not conceptual or linguistic. All the talk about music is in the end hopelessly metaphorical and therefore neither meaningful nor instructive.

Now the prejudices and misunderstandings involved in scepticism of this sort are pernicious and pervasive enough to warrant some examination here. The view as we have represented it comprises two criticisms: 1) that the meanings of music cannot, by their very nature, be put into a linguistic form; and 2) that the attempt to do so, far from yielding truth, is reduced to dealing in vague poetic metaphors.

Let us look for a moment at the various ways in which we can and do talk about music. We are interested here in statements about the music itself. We must therefore eliminate at once a large part of all the writings about music; all program notes, music appreciation lectures, introduction-to-music books, etc., which concern themselves primarily with biographies of composers, the history of musical forms and styles, the social and political conditions surrounding the composition in question, and so on. Turning our attention, then, to writings concerned directly with the music itself, we can say that there are some three or four different kinds of such writings.

1) First of all, there exists a kind of musical criticism which is pure and simple description. Here is an example:

The Overture (Grave-Allegro-Lentement) opens with a stately theme characterized by trills. Flute and first violin play in unison throughout the twenty bars of the Grave section (marked repeat)... The following Allegro... introduces a vigorous fugue theme in which the voices enter in order, from the highest to the lowest part. On the thirty-fifth bar the flute breaks away from the violins in a solo part of running eighth notes...

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It seems clear that this kind of writing about music is meant only as helpful description. This kind of criticism does not explain or pretend to explain music. It tries to state in the most simple terms possible what goes on in the music, not what it means.

2) The most common kind of musical criticism is of course technical and formal analysis. In its pure and also its rarest form—that which Tovey has called "précis-writing"—this kind of criticism seeks to present an analysis of the tonal, harmonic, and formal structure of a musical work in terms of the categories of musical theory. It seems fair to say that this kind of criticism does not differ in function from the first. It does not seek to explain music; its aim, as Tovey puts it, is "to get at the bare musical facts." No one, I suppose, denies the validity of this kind of analysis.

3) A third kind of criticism we will call metaphorical description. In so doing, we are lumping together a rather large range of various kinds of musical criticism, but, for our purposes here, it is just this fact about them which interests us, i.e. the fact that the language employed is metaphorical. Here is an example:

After two strong introductory chords the violoncellos state the principal theme (of the first movement of Beethoven's Third Symphony). It is simply the notes of a common chord swinging backwards and forwards in a quietly energetic rhythm. Then, as the violins enter with a palpitating high note, the harmony becomes clouded, soon however to resolve in sunshine.

4) It is relatively rare to come upon a piece of musical criticism which consists entirely of metaphorical language and we must therefore say that a possible fourth category of musical criticism comprises various mixtures of the previous three kinds, especially mixtures of the second and third kinds.

It seems clear from this that there are basically two ways in which we do talk about music. The first of these, technical analysis of musical structure, is not really questioned. It is in a sense talk about music, but it is not talk about the meaning of music. And the acknowledgment of this kind of musical criticism does not in any way affect the claim that it is futile and impossible to talk about music.

(Continued on P. 4)

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As to the second kind of never tire of citing is a statement once made by the composer Felix Mendelssohn:

What any music I like expresses for me is not thoughts too indefinite to clothe in words, but too definite. If you asked me what I thought on the occasion in question, I say, the song itself precisely as it stands. And if, in this or that instance, I had in my mind a definite word or definite words, I would not utter them to a soul, because words do not mean for one person what they mean for another; because the song alone can say to one, can awake in him, the same feelings it can in another—feelings, however, not to be expressed by the same words.

Both the passage and thoughts are well known. But there is probably no one who would disagree with this. The criticism seems to be directed at a non-existent position. No one ever supposed that musical criticism could convey precisely the same meanings as those in the music which it describes or analyzes. No one ever supposed that Tovey's essays could take the place of the music itself. But, it may be replied, the endeavor to explain music nonetheless represents the attempt to state musical meanings in ordinary language. Now, it is just this assertion which we must clarify. We cannot reject it outright because there is a sense in which criticism does attempt to restate the meaning of a work of art. But it is a very special sense.

Criticism always involves the implicit assertion that the work of art is worthy of attention in its own right. In trying to set forth in language the meaning of the work of art, it recognizes at the same time that this cannot really be done. Nonetheless it

For our purposes here it is enough if we point out that when Tovey describes Beethoven's music as "clouded" he is generally felt to be saying something that is true about the music. If he had written that the melody continues over a "transparently joyful" or an "innocently happy" harmony, we would feel that he was as wrong as if he had attributed a violin passage to the cellos or identified the key E Flat Major as C Minor.

It would appear that the great critics of music are those who combine a flawless grasp of musical theory with a happy gift for appropriate metaphorical language. They are not only analysts; they are poets as well. There is no better and more convincing instance of this than Tovey himself. To anyone familiar with his "Essays in Musical Analysis" it cannot but seem false to assert that Tovey's language is arbitrary, subjective, relative, merely poetic, or meaningless.

But ultimately, the sceptic does not rest his case here. He has one other argument which has often seemed of great weight to those who deny the possibility of talking about music. It is the argument that music is a wholly self-contained autonomous language which cannot be translated into other languages. The attempt to verbalize the meanings of music, it is claimed, is futile, for language can no more explain music than vice versa. The nature of music on the one hand and that of language on the other keep them forever apart.

There are two replies that can and must be made. 1) In the first place, the argument is of course a kind of aesthetic theory in itself. It does not state an obvious fact with which one must deal at the outset of a study of musical aesthetics. It is rather the conclusion of such a study. As such, it is subject to criticism and possible refutation. In any case, it need deter no one from initiating a study of musical aesthetics.

2) But more importantly, there is something wrong with the assumptions this criticism makes about musical criticism. One passage which defenders

persists in trying. This has two results: 1) First of all, it means that the meaning of the work of art as represented by the critic's words is not an end in itself, but a means of directing attention towards the meaning of the work of art itself. 2) Furthermore, it means that the critic's linguistic meanings are not identical with or equivalent to the aesthetic meanings of the work of art. Nor are they simple linguistic signs which refer to those aesthetic meanings. They are rather constructs which serve by analogy to point to and, if you will, explain the aesthetic meanings of the work of art. Tovey's harmonic "cloud" is such an analogy. There is no real cloud; nor does "clouded" represent the exact aesthetic meaning of Beethoven's harmonic progressions. But "clouded" does by analogy point to, explain and make us not fail to hear the aesthetic meaning of the music. It is for these reasons that criticism tends to contain a good deal of explicit metaphor and that we find such criticism instructive and meaningful.

Thus it is a misunderstanding of the function or purpose of "musical talk" which underlies the sceptical criticism. It is not the purpose of criticism to usurp or substitute for the work of art itself. What is the function of criticism, then? Just this: to be a means; to lead us toward the work of art. It is an exposition of the work of art which intro-

duces it to us, analyzes it for us, synthesizes it once again and then disappears. For, as Heidegger has so aptly put it, "the final, but at the same time the most difficult step of every exposition consists in vanishing away together with its explanations in the face of the pure existence of the poem."

As for musical aesthetics, it is curious that the kind of scepticism we have been considering should exist about it. For it is not even criticism. Whereas it may, at first at least, seem plausible that criticism is trying to say what only the music itself can say, it is difficult to see how the purpose of aesthetics could be thus misunderstood. It, unlike criticism, is not a means toward the work of art itself; it does not introduce us to the work of art in order to vanish in the face of it. The impulse or motive for musical aesthetics does not arise from a desire for aesthetic experience. It is rather purely theoretical. It arises from what we call variously the quest for truth, the search for knowledge, intellectual curiosity, or knowledge for knowledge's sake.

Aesthetics is justified, not if it guides our attention towards the music itself, but if—and only if—it can add a bit of insight, of knowledge, of truth to the general store of man's knowledge.

Whereas criticism guides our attention to the music itself, musical aesthetics only asks certain questions about it. But no

"musical talk" whatever can or should pretend to take the place of music. We could spare ourselves much anguish and irritation if we bore in mind the functional distinctions between music, musical criticism, and aesthetics. Surely there is room for all three in the life of the intelligent and sensitive music lover.

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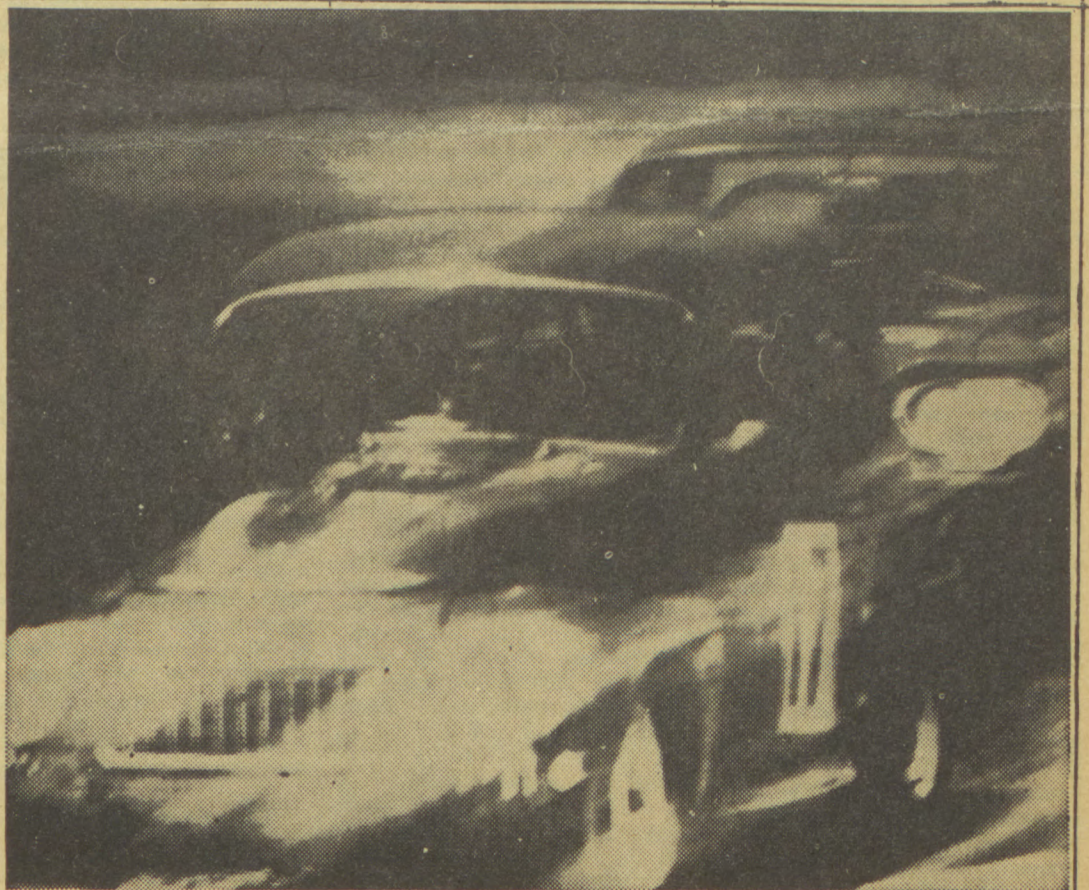
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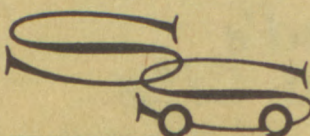
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