

Mozart / Mozkitsch

Richard Toop

for Andrea, secret manufacturer of MozKitsch T-shirts,
and for Sarah, who put up with it all.

In 1991, it was clear that no composer needed a bicentenary celebration less than Mozart; since the early 50s, statisticians have consistently demonstrated him to be the most performed composer in the Western art music repertoire. Rather, it appears that it was the music industry that needed Mozart, even more than usual. Or was it merely, perhaps, that the marketing opportunities were just too good to pass by, even if they involved a passing whiff of necrophilia (after all, it's Mozart's death that was being 'celebrated')?¹

I should make it clear from the outset that it is not my aim to abuse Mozart or his music. I don't seek to deny for a moment that Mozart is one of the great composers. However, I shall suggest that of all the great composers, Mozart is the one whose work, in the current social and aesthetic climate, most readily lends itself to being refunctionalized as kitsch, and I shall seek some historical and present-day causes for that apparent state of affairs.

Firstly, a few words apropos kitsch itself. Basically, my standpoint will be that of Adorno in his *Aesthetic Theory* when he takes issue with those people who 'tend to see in kitsch nothing but the dross of art, something that came to pass because art compromised itself. Kitsch is more than that. It lies dormant in art itself, waiting for a chance to leap forward at any moment ... The one enduring characteristic it has is that it preys on fictitious feelings, thereby neutralising real ones.'²

Let me supplement that a little. Kitsch exists both as a factor within art—the dross *in* art, if you like—but also as something that can be imposed upon it. Common to both is a usually rather twee vulgarisation that still masquerades as 'taste'. So in the former instance, those frightful porcelain flying ducks on the wall are kitsch, not least because their owners think them tasteful, and the Tretyakov

1 Cf. Nigel Kennedy's comment: 'I'm not going to make money out of the fact that Mozart died.' (*24 Hours*, February 1991, p.34).

2 T. W. Adorno, *Aesthetic Theory*, tr. C. Lenhardt, London, 1984, pp.339-40.

paintings of exotic, dusky maidens that used to hang on middle-class walls, pretending to be 'art' when in fact they were just a prudish form of soft porn: those too are kitsch.

There is nearly always an element of the fake in kitsch, whether it's a matter of reducing a complex phenomenon to one-dimensionality, or of pushing one element too far into the foreground. The *Mona Lisa* in the Louvre is not kitsch, but the *Mona Lisa* on a tea-towel is.³ Debussy's *Clair de Lune* needn't be kitsch when played on the piano, but is almost bound to be so when arranged for vibraphone and/or string orchestra, supposedly to enhance its romantic/nocturnal qualities. Kitsch is shallowness pretending to be profundity, but also profundity reduced to shallowness.

Kitsch also arises or is imposed when, for example, listeners want music to be a 'serious art', but don't want to take it too seriously, in the sense that it might demand something of them, as well as they of it. It prospers when what they seek is the veneer, the prestige of art, without effort or obligations. Having paid good money for it, they don't want it to answer back. In canine terms, it must wag its tail to order, but never bite. It must have 'emotions', but these emotions must never be uncomfortable.

The kitsch potential of Mozart's work and persona in the 1990s is undeniable. Mozart candies have existed since heaven knows when. More recently, Mozart actually made it onto the cover of *TIME* magazine a week or so before supermodel Naomi Campbell.⁴ In the Bicentenary Year one could fly to Vienna with Lufthansa, Amadeus Class, and purchase extremely expensive designer furniture coverings with gold-inlaid facsimiles of Mozart's scores. Where there was money to burn, there too, in 1991, was Mozart: not just as kitsch, but as Edelkitsch—in effect, Snob-kitsch.

But why Mozart in particular? Why didn't comparable anniversaries, such as the 300th of the birth of Bach and Handel in 1985, or the 200th of the birth of Beethoven in 1770, give rise to comparable scenes of idolatry? For there were such scenes—of that there can be no doubt. In May 1991 the pianist Roger Woodward wrote to me from Italy: 'In Trieste they have devoted the whole year to Mozart, and the Teatro Musicale concluded their series with the arrival of Mozart himself, plus his father and sister, in an eighteenth

3 Cf. U. Frauchiger, *Was zum Teufel ist mit der Musik 108?*, Bern, 1982, p. 17.

4 Along with J. S. Bach probably the first non-American composer to do so since the mega-kitsch of Fireman Shostakovich during the siege of Leningrad in 1942.

century boat in the harbour of Trieste, before ten thousand people. A lot of people really believed it was Mozart: they really took it very seriously. Cultured, educated artists and administrators were all speaking in tones of near-hysteria and deep emotion as they recalled the arrival in Trieste. Notices went up all over the city. I was astonished when a young administrator from the theatre talked about it with tears in his eyes.⁵

Mozart or not, this is sheer communal madness. It reminds me of a scene towards the end of Patrick Suskind's novel *Perfume*, in which the perfumer Grenouille is being led to his execution for murder, and the perfume he has created as a result of these murders has such an effect on the gathered crowd that 'they were overcome by a powerful sense of goodwill, of tenderness, of crazy, childish adoration.'⁶

Clearly the Mozart phenomenon involves a great deal more than the music. It equally involves notions of the Mozart persona, and of timelessness and perfection in art. Where do these notions come from? From Mozart himself? For the most part, no. In what follows I shall suggest that Mozart the man is an almost transparent entity, a chameleon, fitting into whatever landscape is offered it; and that the music too is infinitely malleable in its meanings—that they expand or contract to meet the circumstances, always seeming 'perfectly' appropriate, and appropriately perfect.

To understand the malleability of Mozart the man's image, we need to put him back in a socio-historical context. He belongs to a transitional moment, just on the eve of the French Revolution. He is still a servant, but resentful of this role, as his letters make clear.⁷ This ambivalence of position is crucial to the whole Mozart phenomenon, and underlies most of its kitsch aspects, at least one of which is a by-product of the iconography. Mozart's visual kitsch image—i.e. the portraits that have proved so eminently suitable for appropriation as chocolate wrappers—is partly aided by his personal vanity in matters of dress—a compensation, one assumes, for his otherwise unprepossessing appearance.⁸ And one peripheral aspect of this, which confirms Mozart's transitional status, is that he is the last of the great composers whom we picture, consciously or not,

5 Letter to the author.

6 P. Suskind, *Perfume*, tr. J. Woods, Penguin, 1987, p. 246.

7 This is particularly clear in his letters to his father of 4 April and 9 May 1781 in *Mozart's Letters*, ed. E. Blom, Pelican, 1961, pp. 169ff.

8 Cf. H. C. Robbins Landon, *Mozart: The Golden Years*, London, 1990, p. 11.

wearing a wig—which, by virtue of its relatively modest size and design, seems to confirm his servant status. In all but one famous late portrait, we thus see Mozart's head framed, so to speak, by the mask of convention; whereas from Beethoven onwards the hair is the composer's own, and makes a decisive contribution, rightly or wrongly, to our perception of the composer's persona: we think of Beethoven's wild locks, Schubert's Biedermeier curls, and Liszt's and Chopin's long, romantic manes.

By the time of Mozart's death, the beginning of the romantic era in music may still be some thirty-five to forty years away, but in terms of literature, it is much closer: Wackenroder's *Herzensergiessungen eines kunstliebenden Klosterbruders*, perhaps the first major text to outline a romantic aesthetic of *listening* to music, dates from only six years after, in 1797; and once that romantic aesthetic is in place, so is the basis for romanticised biography, which again tends to kitsch. Authors have always been able to make whatever they wanted of Mozart: romantic, tragic, sublime, crass, or whatever—the neutral material twists and turns to fit the mould. It is probably no accident that Wolfgang Hildesheimer, who spent twenty years researching what remains, for me, by far the most interesting book on Mozart,⁹ went on to produce a wonderful novel—*Marbot*—which is presented as the almost entirely plausible biography of a major artistic figure who, in fact, never existed. It might be argued that all biographies of Mozart, paradoxically with the exception of Hildesheimer's own, have precisely this character.

The kitsch character of Mozart biography—one could equally say hagiography goes back to the early nineteenth century, when the prosperous music-lovers Vincent and Mary Novello made a so-called 'Pilgrimage to Mozart' in Europe, aimed at collecting evidence from surviving relatives of Mozart to support their pre-conceived, idealised image of him. We don't have to be too critical of them; as Hildesheimer puts it, 'To us they seem the epitome of a cultured bourgeois couple, eager, honest, honourable, solid, more ready than able to understand'.¹⁰ Accordingly, they construct Mozart in their own class image: as the history of a good bourgeois that somehow went tragically wrong. The real history, of course, has nothing to do with that. What tends to make Mozart's life (or lives of Mozart) into kitsch is, precisely, the widespread determination to loosen it from its

9 W. Hildesheimer, *Mozart*, tr. M. Faber, London, 1983.

10 Hildesheimer, p.96.

historical context, or else to strip the transitional moment just before the French Revolution of all its socio-historical dynamics.

Yet to be fair, the primary documents, that is, Mozart's letters to his father and others, are so transparent, so stylised when it comes to the expression of anything that might be called 'deeper sentiments', that although the determined author can easily read into them anything from 'great sensitivity' to 'callow indifference'—the letter written to his father following his mother's death has been read both ways¹¹—the man ultimately remains an unknown quantity. It is this equivocality that lies at the heart of almost every aspect of Mozart's reception and reputation; in literary terms, its classic modern exposition is to be found in Hesse's novel *Steppenwolf*, written in the mid-1920s. The treatment of Pablo, the charming, sexy but— from central character Harry's viewpoint—vacuous musician certainly merits our attention. For Pablo is a cafe/ salon musician, playing the latest hits. At one point, when Haller remonstrates against the 'cheapness' of his repertoire, he replies: 'Ah, my dear sir, you may be perfectly right with your levels. I have nothing to say to your putting Mozart and Haydn and *Valencia* on whatever levels you please. It is not for me to decide about levels. I shall never be asked about them. Mozart, perhaps, will still be played in a hundred years; in two years *Valencia* will be played no more—we can well leave that, I think, in God's hands.'¹² Yet this same Pablo will turn out, later, to be Mozart, and in an infuriatingly trite version, even by the standards of Peter Schaffer's *Amadeus*.

A basic subtext to Pablo/Mozart's appearances in *Steppenwolf* is another of Mozart's basic equivocallities: his trapeze act between Italian and Germanic sensibilities. The latin side has been of little interest to the Wagnerians and their successors, but it is precisely what has enchanted the classicists. And also the dialecticians: just as Nietzsche vacillated between Wagner and Bizet, so the twentieth century has wavered between allegiances to the teutonic and mediterranean aspects of Mozart's work. As for the nineteenth century, even his reception amongst Italian composers was divided: for Rossini he was *juste la musique*, for Verdi a 'mere quartet composer'.

Still, let's leave musical characteristics aside for a moment, and return to biographical traits. There are certain factors which, since the

11 Cf. Hildesheimer, pp. 75ff.

12 H. Hesse, *Steppenwolf*, tr. B. Crichton, Penguin, 1966, p.167.

early nineteenth century, have been consistently mythologised. One is the notion of the child prodigy, another is that of the sublime, spontaneous creator, and the third is that of the tragic figure. Whatever else one sets aside, one can't ignore these.

Propos the first, I would say that the whole notion of the child prodigy is, at any rate in relation to art, a kitsch phenomenon *par excellence*. It has the classic symptoms of the 'cute', mimetic parody of the real thing. The essence of child prodigies is not that they match or outdo the highest level of professionals, but simply that they are precocious. The works that Mozart wrote up to the age of about fifteen were remarkable for a juvenile, but not, on the whole, for a mature professional composer of the day. Nor were they particularly original: the best of them are closely modelled on the style of Johann Christian Bach, who had taken the young Mozart under his wing during a visit to London. Nowadays, music-lovers hearing works by Johann Christian tend to observe that they sound like Mozart; clearly, the terms of the equation are the wrong way round. Going back a little, there is no doubt that the young Mozart who wrote his first symphony at the age of eight—probably with some help from his father Leopold Mozart—was indeed precocious. However, it is also a rather sad reflection of the frankly rudimentary state of compositional craft in that period—the mid-1760s—that even a gifted eight-year old could turn out a reasonably proficient product.

More significant, however, is the way this 'child prodigy' image has carried across into assessments of his later life. In effect, Mozart was never allowed to escape from the childlike 'spirit of spontaneity' image. Adorno refers to 'Mozart, the darling of bourgeois aesthetics, who for a very long time passed for a divinely gifted somnambulist':¹³ it is this idea of Mozart as 'natural genius' that led to those constant comparisons with Raphael which Wagner found so inappropriate, since in his view Mozart, unlike Raphael, had not lived long enough to fulfil his appointed task and, unlike the painter, 'still had too much convention in him'.¹⁴ I'm not persuaded that this somnambulist view is entirely a thing of the past; it still seems to me that the public prefers to think of Mozart as an effortless creator, if only because this speciously appears to legitimise a lack of effort (as opposed to effortlessness) in listening. Put more brutally,

13 Adorno, p. 462.

14 *Cosima Wagner's Diaries*, Vol. 1, eds Martin Gregor-Dellin and Dietrich Mack, tr. Geoffrey Skelton, New York, 1978, p. 226.

the assumption of mindless creativity sanctions mindless listening. I shall return briefly to this later.

The third theme is that of the 'tragic life'; this too is arguably an expedient Romantic fiction; it seems to me that there were many lives more tragic than Mozart's, though one can certainly regret the latter's relative brevity. But this again I shall return to later.

Pursuing more specifically artistic matters, Mozart's music, and the conditions of his employment, stand at a crossroads between court and public patronage, between writing for a specific aristocratic patron—whose taste may be good or bad, but is at least a known quantity—and that of the unknown market of the subscription series. Mozart's inability to distinguish, in the Vienna of the mid-1780s, between his own desire for innovation and his audience's desire for novelty, is one of the main bases of his fall from grace in the fashionable salons: he becomes too 'difficult'. Now one aspect of the movement from the courts to the concert hall, allied to the increasing bourgeois/citoyen character of the audiences, is that the expressive function of music begins to shift from the reflection of *communis opinio* to the depiction of personal emotion. Mozart worked at the turning point; that is why his music has always lent itself to two utterly contradictory historical interpretations: in one of these he is the 'beginning' of significant music, in the other, its 'end'.

In the former category, we can put no less a figure than Richard Wagner. In Cosima Wagner's diary for March 12 1869, she quotes Wagner as saying that 'Up to Mozart music remained in a vegetable state, but with Mozart and particularly with Beethoven, 'anima' had entered into it.'¹⁵ The statement is not quite as provocative as it might initially appear to be. For Wagner, we learn, 'The Bachian fugue was like a great tree, so lofty and also imposing, yet in a completely different way from the human heart.'¹⁶ If we pursue that notion seriously for a moment, and propose that Mozart's music does indeed signal the entry into a new emotional world, then it follows that we should be doubly sceptical about the frequent claims concerning its emotional universality: we shouldn't mistake the doorway for the ball. Even Wagner may have been inclined momentarily to fall prey to this mistake; in another entry from Cosima's diary,¹⁷ 'he says he wants to build the whole philosophy of music out of one movement of a

15 *Diaries*, p. 72.

16 *Diaries*, p. 72.

17 *Diaries*, p. 188.

Mozart symphony; precisely because it is so simple and melodically so infinitely free'.

The opposite view—namely that the significant history of music ends with Mozart—has more ominous connotations. Perhaps its most celebrated exponent was, once again, Hermann Hesse. On more than one occasion, Hesse described Mozart's *Don Giovanni* as the last great music composed in the West. Taken per se, the comment is simply foolish, however distinguished its author. But let us try to patch together the context and motivation for this particular foolishness. The fact that Hesse constantly couples such innately incompatible figures as Bach and Mozart is reason enough to question his underlying premises. In an essay from 1932, written on the verge of the Nazi takeover, he writes: 'Mozart, like Bach, seeks neither to instruct nor to amaze us, nor to admonish us; his aim is only to celebrate his subservience to each work as immaculately as possible, to surrender and erase his personality as far as possible.'¹⁸ This comment is made without irony; given the historical circumstances how can one, in all fairness, fail to hear a muted 'Sieg Heil' at the end of this advocacy of personal subordination to the greater good?

Hesse's comment is, I believe, palpable nonsense in relation to Bach, let alone Mozart. Who can seriously believe that Bach, the author of over 200 sermonising cantatas, and even in terms of instrumental music, of a massive, pedagogically entitled *Clavierübung*, had no desire to instruct? Or that the glittering finales of Mozart's operas and the formal and physical pyrotechnics of the piano concertos harbour no desire to amaze? The answer is, among others, our present-day concert audiences, who want to know as little of the historical, ethical and educational motivations of Bach and Mozart's music as social prestige permits—and that is little enough indeed.

But coming back to 'Sieg Heil', please don't regard my references to Hitler as being wantonly inflammatory. By 1933, Wagner was just as dead as Mozart; within ten years, Salzburg would be just as much of a Nazi cultural shop window as Bayreuth, and Richard Strauss's shift of allegiance, as president of the Reichskammer, from Wagner to Mozart would have much less cultural significance than one might care to imagine. Here, it seems appropriate to point out that the Salzburg Festspieltheater was originally conceived as an Austrian 'Temple to Art', competing with,

18 H. Hesse 'Mozarts Opern' in *Musik*, Frankfurt, 1986, p. 71.

or at least complementing the German one in Bayreuth. 'Germans and French, Americans and Japanese, British and Chinese, all united in adoration of the spirit of Mozart': such was the *Neue Freie Presse's* review of the first Mozart concert given there in 1921.¹⁹

This raises perhaps the most serious of all the kitsch-related aspects of Mozart's music: the idea of its universality. It is all very well for Adorno to assert that 'Mozart, the darling, rightly or wrongly, of a harmonistic aesthetics, rises above its norms';²⁰ innately the music may indeed do so, but that doesn't discourage the harmonists, some of whose utterances simply reinforce the 'Mozart as the end of music history' line. Thus, for instance, the 1951 edition of Koechel's thematic catalogue of Mozart's works has a preface by the Austrian composer Joseph Marx which contains the following sentence: 'thus Mozart is for us pre-figuration, completion and future, an utterly timeless perfection and, like all great human achievements, he is both near to us, and far off in time.'²¹

That invites several comments. It may be an unconscious slip of logic that leads Marx to describe Mozart himself, rather than his work, as 'a great human achievement', but even so, it is a significant one. Whose achievement is it? Not Mozart's, but that of the flourishing post-war Mozart industry. As for the assumption that all great human achievements are far off in time, this not only bizarrely discounts science as a significant area of human achievement, but also parrots the view from Hermann Hesse's *Castalia* (the *Glasperlenspiel* had been published not long before). The same Glass Bead Game view is even more emphatic in the notion of 'pre-figuration, completion and future, an utterly timeless perfection'. At best, this is implausibly Augustinian; in fact, I would suggest, it is kitsch proselytising at its most portentous. It is also symptomatic of Mozart's continuing usefulness in the promulgation of ultra-conservative ideals.

Let me turn now to the present day. The rock writer Simon Reynolds says of Prince, that he wants to be everything to everyone.²² That may not have been Mozart's expectation of his audience, but it has become theirs of him. Today, the greatest expectation of Mozart's music, and I think it is a very widespread

19 Michael P. Steinberg, *The Meaning of the Salzburg Festival*, Ithaca, 1990, p.216.

20 Steinberg, p.425.

21 Cited in Hildesheimer, p.8.

22 S. Reynolds, *Blissed Out: the Raptures of Rock*, London, 1990, p.49.

one, is that not only is it able to offer us the illusion of seriousness, without effort, it also offers the illusion of a complete emotional universe, and a touchstone for unchanging, immutable perfection. This, I believe, was one of the most powerful marketing strategies of the Mozart year. Indeed, only the assumption of 'perfection' can vindicate the market viability—as opposed to musicological interest—of a 'complete recording' of all of Mozart's works. This implies, however, a radical refusal to differentiate.

There is much music within Mozart's output that is skilfully written to match the prevailing conditions of patronage, without thought of transcendence. There are other pieces which accept the given moulds, but seek in one way or another to endow them with a content that goes beyond functional requirements, and may even be at odds with them (the later Serenades would be an example). And there are some works whose conceptions are simply innovatory, which are written either in the hope of finding an audience that wishes to be astonished, or simply—more rarely—written without regard for an audience. Yet the current desire, it seems, is to blend all these types of works into a single musical world-view, to reduce Mozart's whole vast output, from a small boy's trite minuets to *The Magic Flute*, to a kitsch fiction: 'Mozart'. Mozart's music has become everyone's Linus-like security blanket, filling out all the parts they find missing in themselves, so long as the aim of this filling-out is to gain a sense of reassurance, divorced from and compensating for the real world. And just as it doesn't really matter which corner of Linus's blanket goes into his mouth, so kitsch consumption says that, just as Vienna is always Vienna, so Mozart is always Mozart: it's all 'perfect'.

In the hands of its more inflationary exponents, it even becomes a panacea for the world's ills. The underlying assumption of a kitsch film such as *From Mao to Mozart* is that if only the Chinese would learn to play Mozart like Mr Stern does, then the economy would pick up, the Communists would disappear, and every one would be happy (in passing, close scrutiny of the film suggests quite the opposite: contrast the strained faces of the young Chinese players attempting their Mozart with the happy, relaxed ones of the students playing traditional Chinese instruments!).

Such attitudes do not mean that Mozart's works *are* innately kitsch. Of the major works, it seems to me that only *Così fan tutte* could be in danger of being regarded as such, partly because its music strikes me personally as a beautifully executed facade with nothing inside, but also, perhaps, because its rather innovatory,

albeit cold-blooded investigations of sexual politics have been retrospectively trivialised by Viennese operetta, with its one obsessive theme: the cosmetic presentation of grubby bourgeois infidelities. Which grubbiness leads me to point out in passing that, given that kitsch is often tied in one way or another to vulgarity, it may be that one of the most symptomatic features of the Mozart Year was its pseudo-shocked, prurient 'rediscovery'—as if they had ever been lost—of Mozart's grubby-schoolboy scatological canons, which allegedly reveal his 'human side'.

However, the Mozart Year has not, on the whole, been about 'low life'. On the contrary, fidelity to Mozart grants his latter-day official adherents a whiff of 'la belle époque': not for nothing is H. C. Robbins Landon's book for the run-up to the Mozart Year entitled *Mozart: The Golden Years*. But golden for whom? The years in question are 1781–91—all in all, *The Last Decade* might have been more appropriate, but it lacks the desired Arcadian ring. Now for Mozart, the first four years—up to 1785—were indeed crowned with a fair degree of success. But from 1785 the tide begins to turn against him, though again, not in the 'tragic' sense our present-day kitsch merchants would have you believe. Mozart was not actually neglected; it's just that the Viennese public had little use for his innovatory attempts to establish a limited version of art-for-art's sake. If he was short of money, it was not because he had no income, but because he was living beyond his means. His wife Constanze's health bills from fashionable spa resorts were certainly considerable, but how bad was her health really? After all, she outlived him by forty years! Kitsch biography—Robbins Landon included—insists that Mozart adored her; but what else *would* kitsch biography do? It is clear that it was with Constanze's much more glamorous elder sister Aloysia that Mozart was infatuated; and in Mozart's letter to his father announcing his intention to marry Constanze²³—a letter we may or may not care to take at face value—he suggests quite clearly that, as a good Catholic son, but also as a virile young man with a mortal fear of syphilis, what he really needs is someone legal and safe to go to bed with.

By the later years, the letters give us reason to surmise that the sexual liaison had proved more durable than the personal one, but even the former needed to be worked on. Perhaps absence made the heart grow fonder, but perhaps, also, the heart was not the only organ

23 Letter of 15 December 1781, Blom, p. 186.

at issue. And absence at a health spa was an entirely respectable form of inflammatory separation. As ever, there is no reason to reproach Mozart or his wife for being subject to the banalities of middle-class existence. But there is every reason to reproach modern biographers for continuing to wrap their subject up in scented golden foil.

Again, let's ask: golden for whom? To the extent that these last years produce some of Mozart's most striking works, we can answer: for all admirers of the classical era of Western art music. But in so far as Landon Robbins locates and dates his preface:

Chateau de Foncoussieres
10 August 1988 (the 200th anniversary
of the completion of Mozart's
'Jupiter' Symphony)²⁴

may we not also conclude: golden for the rip-off merchants (distinguished scholars included); golden for the Andrew Lloyd Webbers of modern musicology? Indeed, if we are looking for a latter-day equivalent of the reassuring *idiot savant* image which has always haunted Mozart, Mr Lloyd Webber might well be a suitable candidate. In an age in which middle-class audiences flock to *The Phantom of the Opera*, the most comprehensive kitsch imaginable, what prospect is there for Mozart to be perceived as art? In the context of 1991, Adorno's description of Mozart as 'the darling of bourgeois aesthetics'²⁵ is too optimistic by half: today, he is the darling of a bourgeoisie without aesthetics—and to that extent, kitsch.

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²⁴ Robbins Landon, p. 10.

²⁵ Adorno, p. 462.