

make up the gamut of human emotions, each of which is capable of individual musical illustration.²⁵

As in Becce's guide, and Rapée's too, George goes on to list both serious and popular compositions that accomplish this illustration.

We have considered two film-era responses to this apparently smothering excess of concrete reference. But even before these aesthetic and political responses, more mainstream musical culture also hewed to other alternatives. I will now look more closely at a romantic response to program music. The response is negative, but I hope to show that between this and the continued rejections of ideological critics, there exists a helpful synthesis of the two approaches. As with musical film counterpoint, a valid film-program strategy is already contained within apparently opposed critical factions.

Turn-of-the-twentieth-century musical commentator Philip Goeppe consistently celebrates "[musical] meaning in pure tones," but generally devalues the notion of program music. Speaking of Beethoven, Goeppe says that "on the whole, the untitled symphonies are much to be preferred."²⁶ "As soon as the mind occupies itself with the details of an imaginative picture, the musical attention flags."²⁷

In a very large degree, programme music is . . . a pretty, intellectual game, a subtle flattery, a mental feat, a guess at conundrums. Generally, there is a real loss in the apparent gain. If the emotional is the true attitude, it can be seen how the title, by absorbing attention, prevents a pure enjoyment and the test by natural perception.

Creating a false interest, the label withdraws the normal, unbiased attention from the music itself, preconceiving the mind to an *a priori*, arbitrary connection or significance. In one way, entitled music is like the clever juggler who tricks by diverting attention from the real to a pretended act; in another, it is like the poor painter who holds the witless mind by the strength, not of his art, but of the printed label.²⁸

Goeppe's contention was that music had enough inherent narrative already, and that externals used to tie it down were superfluous, even vulgar.

For his part Elie Siegmeister, a Marxist music critic writing