

E. H. Gombrich, On Pride and Prejudice in the Arts Address to the Art and Architecture Group, London, June, Pentagram Papers, Vol. 26, 1992. [Trapp no.1992H.1]

Mr.Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. I think I must warn you about the fact that I am addressing this meeting as a complete outsider. I am woefully ignorant of the issues that must be a concern to your Society. I don't know whether our chairman would call it pride or prejudice, but I do not own a television set, although I would claim that it is really lack of time. I am an historian and I don't know whether any of you have noticed how much longer the past is than the present, so much longer, that it demands most of my attention; even when the rumour of a contemporary situation penetrates into the ramshackle ivory tower which I inhabit in Hampstead. I am first of all tempted to trace it to its roots in the past, which is precisely what I shall try to do today.

For however little I may know about your society and its aims, it is obvious that they originate in a deep malaise about the present situation in art and architecture and about their relationship. I shall try to explain what I see as the historical causes of this malaise and show why I am less optimistic than you may be about the remedies you propose. For ultimately I see it less as an institutional than as a moral problem. I remember reading somewhere that the percentage rule which you advocate, the setting aside of a small percentage of the cost of a building for art, was first introduced in Nazi Germany in the early thirties. This may well be true, for the Nazis set great store by the educative effect of the arts, in other words, by propaganda. Not that this abuse needs at all speak against the principle itself, but if true, which I cannot guarantee, it may highlight what seems to me a crucial issue: You cannot demand that certain sums of money should be spent on art unless you know what you expect of art. It is here of course, that our society is sadly divided and if I may say so, confused. The conviction has gained ground that anything an artist does is, ipso facto, art. I think it was Kurt Schwitters who said as much:

I am an artist and when I spit it is art.

Now I can hardly imagine any one of you advocating that the next public building that goes up, should display near the entrance, a spittoon with Kurt Schwitter's spittle. Even less would I think that you would wish to be branded as a philistine for not accepting this display as a gift from an enthusiastic sponsor. Naturally I have introduced this caricature to explain why I hope to bring the notion of pride and prejudice into this debate. If we desire a fruitful collaboration between the artist and the architect, we must first ask them both to swallow a bit of their pride and get rid of their ingrained prejudices, and that would be far from easy.

Personally, I came across this problem not exactly in the context that concerns you, but in the germane context of the well being of the crafts today, when I was invited to Faenza last year, that great centre of Renaissance pottery that gave its name to the term 'Fayence'.^[1] The occasion was an exhibition of contemporary pottery. A number of well known artists had been asked to collaborate with the local pottery workshops to produce new and contemporary designs as a development of these ancient traditions. I am not sure that the experiment was a total success, for though the dozens or more freelance artists who took part were obviously very willing to collaborate with these seasoned craftsmen not all of them were able to adjust their inventions to the unfamiliar medium; but what struck me in this laudable experiment, was precisely how daring it looked, a full century after William Morris, even to suggest that an artist should shed his pride and accept a commission of this kind which normally they might have considered to be below their dignity. It was then that I began to realise that we would be confronted with what I could call a moral problem, a question of ethics and I

said so in a little speech for that occasion. Even in such a renowned centre of excellence as Faenza, the crafts always had to respond to the laws of demand and supply. Indeed, it was these laws that drove their workshops to emulate the choicest products of tableware and to surpass them in refinement and durability. The craftsman, the artisan, thus existed and only could exist in the social nexus of give and take and whatever his personal attitude, he had to practise the virtue of humility in his response to the market on which his livelihood depended, a humility, ready to learn from others and to accept the demands of the client without demur.

It is here that I see the fateful gulf between the artisan and the artist. For the code of ethics adopted by artists rejects the virtue of humility as if it were the worst of all vices. The artist has to be a law unto himself. He has to cultivate his own personality, and if he makes what are called concessions to the taste of the client, he loses the respect of his fellow artists. Thus the gulf that began to open in certain periods of history between the artisan and the artist seems to me of a moral nature. Insisting to be the favourite of the muse, if not the mouthpiece of divine powers, the creative artist will have no truck with the common crowd. Remember the opening of the fourth ode by Horace:

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo. - I hate the profane crowd and I keep them at bay.[2]

'Profanum vulgus' are to us the uninitiated outside the precincts of the sanctuary whom the poet wants to keep at bay. Fair enough, but must he also hate them? What harm have they done him? Is any human being entitled to feel so superior over the majority of his fellow creatures? I suppose I should warn you that this is only the first of a good many texts I propose to refer to. Texts are the testimonies on which the historians have to rely, unless he prefers to deconstruct them, which I don't.

I want to remind you of a text that suggests that even during the middle ages, which our romantics so like to idealise, pride and arrogance was said to be the besetting sin of artists. I am referring to the episode in Dante's 'Divine Comedy' where the poet is taken through purgatory to witness the penance of those who still have the hope of salvation.[3] The souls of those who were guilty of the sin of pride are here seen carrying heavy loads on their backs which bend their proud necks. One of them is recognised by Dante, who addresses him:

Are you not Oderisi di Gubbio who was the honour of the art which in Paris they call illumination?

But the penitent now knows better than to accept this compliment.

The honour is due to another painter. To Franco Bolognese who deserved it more, for the pages he painted looked more cheerful, they smiled more. True, when I was alive I would never have admitted so much, so great was the desire to excel that filled my heart; it is for this ambition that now one has to pay the price.

After which the miniature painter launches on to a little sermon about the futility of ambition and the vanity of human glory. The passage has remained famous because it states as his example, none other than his contemporary - Giotto.

Cimabue thought he was the best painter, but who remembers him now? Everybody talks of Giotto. What matter? Human glory is no better than a puff of wind that blows from one side and then from another and changes names as it changes direction.'

It is a strange irony of fate that this sermon against the vanity of earthly fame became the source and origin of Giotto's fame, who is still not forgotten, however often the wind changes direction. A generation after Dante, Giovanni Boccaccio[4] also gave reasons for Giotto's enduring fame by linking him with what we now call 'The Renaissance', the rebirth of the Arts. It was Giotto, he claimed, who bought back to life the art of painting that had been lost, lost because of the error of those who preferred to feast the eye of the ignorant rather than to do justice to reason. So if Dante introduces us to the sin of pride among artists, Boccaccio helps me to focus on the prejudice with which Western civilization has had to contend ever since: Pleasure, which means of course sensual pleasure, is corrupting. For an artist to try to please the ignorant is the road to perdition. Soon afterwards a Florentine chronicler⁵ assures us that Giotto never descended so low. He always preferred fame to gain.

Mark what this formula implies that has remained a cliché in our tradition: to strive for gain, for filthy lucre as we say, is unworthy of the artist, for he can only make money if he pleases the ignorant multitude. In trying to do so, he will lose the right to be remembered by posterity, his claim to fame. This conviction may be called the foundation stone of Western artistic ethics. It was probably the first thing a young apprentice artist learnt on entering an academy and it may still be haunting our art schools today. I need hardly remind you of the presence of this tradition in the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds to which I also had to refer when giving the Reynolds lecture at the Royal Academy in 1990. I like to read in these discourses because of the good sense they contain, but also for the constant reminder of how things have changed. They have changed because Reynolds is never plagued by doubts. He is convinced of the hierarchy of values he has inherited, the very hierarchy for which the pleasure which art can give, stands lowest on the scales. It stands low because it appeals to the groundlings, to the vulgar who have no better criterion than pleasure. But let me quote a passage that illustrates both the prejudice and the pride

It is certain that the lowest style will be the most popular as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself and the vulgar will always be pleased with what is natural in the confused and misunderstood sense of the word.[5]

He is referring to Dutch seventeenth century painting.

One would wish that such depravation of taste should be counteracted with that manly pride which actuated Euripides when he said to the Athenians who criticised his works. " I do not compose my works in order to be corrected by you, but to instruct you." It is true, to have a right to speak thus a man must be a Euripides. However, thus much may be allowed, that when an artist is sure that he is upon firm ground, supported by the authority and practice of his predecessors he may then assume the boldness of the greatest reputation and intrepidity of genius. At any rate he must not be tempted out of the right path by any allurements of popularity which always accompanies the lower styles of painting.[6]

But the first President of the Academy was too worldly-wise not to see the dangers of the doctrine he preached. It is all right, he knew, to refrain from flattering the senses, but the artist must not be tempted by pride to go to the other extreme. I quote:

When simplicity, instead of being a corrector seems to be set up for herself, that is when an artist seems to value himself solely upon this quality, such an ostentatious display of simplicity

becomes then as disagreeable and nauseous as any other kind of affectation. He is however, in this case likely enough, to sit down contented with his own work for though he finds the world looks at it with indifference or dislike, as being destitute of every quality that can recreate or give pleasure to the mind, yet he consoles himself that it has simplicity, a beauty of too pure and too chaste a nature to be relished by vulgar minds.[7]

Now I am sure that the academic doctrine of the true road to fame would not have had such an appeal if it had been entirely illogical. It was not. Given the premise that the majority of people are ignorant of the arts, it follows indeed that you must compromise your art if you want to make a living. If you refuse to make concessions to vulgarity, your only hope must be posterity. Not because posterity has fewer ignorant people, but for the simple statistical reason that there are bound to be enough people of understanding in any generation to appreciate your work, and in the fullness of time, these minorities will add up to a majority, so that your work will be seen to have stood what is called the test of time.

Note that this reasoning rests on the conviction that there are objective standards in the Arts, which few may understand, but which are bound ultimately to prevail. But this version of artistic pride and prejudice was to undergo a decisive change which takes us closer to the problem of our own time. I refer to the belief in progress that animated Western mankind after the American and French Revolutions and undermined the old certainties. Now it was taken for granted that the future would be better than the past and that the artist worthy of his calling had to be ahead of his time. This is the doctrine of the avant-garde which I have belaboured so often in my writings and which I still consider totally vacuous. In this doctrine, Reynolds' pyramid of values is put on its side as it were. Instead of an increase from bottom to top, from vulgarity to nobility, you have a steady flow from the benighted past to the glorious future. Of course, I am not so crazy as to deny that there was progress, practical progress in science, technology and social organisation and that these thorough-going changes affected the whole of Western society. And whatever it may mean to speak of progress also in the arts it is obvious that one can observe progress in the production of artifacts. Vasari, in the sixteenth century, paid his age the doubtful compliment, that where earlier painters took six years to produce one picture, his contemporaries could paint six in one year.[8] What would he have said of productivity in the nineteenth century in painting, sculpture, prints and building; look how many paintings obviously the owner of this house (Lord Leighton) was able to produce. The effects of machine production on the crafts are notorious and have been debated and deplored since Victorian times. The effects of what may be called high art were less direct, but I think equally decisive. For if there was any substance in the old charge that 'the vulgar', in other words, the majority, were lacking in taste, in artistic discernment, they were now offered the opportunity to satisfy this low taste to their hearts' content. I am speaking of the manufacture of what might be called 'substitute' art or what is best described with the German term 'kitsch'. However we may want to define or describe kitsch it is certainly aimed to give pleasure to the eye and sentiment to the hearts of the naive. Whatever varieties you think of, the souvenir kitsch with its atrocious ashtrays and trinkets that disfigure stalls of all tourist spots or the cute ornaments for the mantelpiece with simpering girls on swings or cheerful shepherds or the devotional kitsch that invaded the churches, or the graveyard kitsch: they all combine a reasonably refined technique with an unrefined taste for the gaudy, the sentimental, the vulgar.

Not long ago the French sociologist Pierre Bourdieu devoted a famous study to the social stratifications of taste under the name of 'La Distinction'[9] in which he spotted and analysed the role of the self image in the habitual choices and references of social groups and classes. His book came too early to tell us of the social background of all the thousands who flocked to the opening of

Disneyland in Paris. But interesting as I find this sociological dimension I am anxious in my present context to put it to you that in its effect the existence of kitsch has a more immediate bearing on your quest. Imagine a meeting of a tenement committee that has been told that a certain sum has been made available for embellishment. Would it not be more likely that the representative of the majority would vote for the purchase of garden gnomes, preferably after Walt Disney, while the advocate of a piece of modern art, in the shape of spiky ironmongery, would find himself or herself in a minority and would have to resort to bullying to secure acceptance. I do not think it would do to analyse the resulting division only in sociological terms. We must look at it again from the side of the psychology of taste. It is psychology alone that can explain why feelings in that imaginary meeting would run so high and why what appeals to one side positively disgusts the other.

Some years ago, I came across a passage in the rhetorical writings of Cicero which seems to me to offer a key to this issue.

It is hard to say why exactly it is that the things which most strongly gratifies our objectives and excite them most vigorously at their first appearance are the ones from which we are most speedily estranged by a feeling of disgust. How much more brilliant, as a rule, in beauty and variety of colouring, are the contents of new pictures than those of old ones! And nevertheless, the new ones though they captivated us at first sight, later on fail to give us pleasure although it is also true that in the case of old pictures, the actual roughness and old-fashioned style are an attraction. In singing, how much more delightful and charming are trills and flourishes than notes firmly held! And yet the former meet with protest not only from persons of severe taste but, if used too often, from the general public. This may be observed in the case of the rest of the senses - that perfumes compounded with an extremely penetrating scent do not give us pleasure for so long as those that are moderately fragrant, and a thing that seems to have the scent of the earth is more esteemed than one that suggests saffron; and that in touch itself there are degrees of softness and smoothness. Taste is the most voluptuous of all the senses, and more sensitive to sweetness than the rest, yet how quickly even it is likely to reject anything extremely sweet! Who can go on taking a sweet drink or sweet food for a long time? Whereas in both classes things that pleasurable affect the sense in a moderate degree most easily escape causing surfeit. Thus in all things the greatest pleasures are only narrowly separated from disgust.¹⁰

What surprises and intrigues Cicero remains indeed an interesting puzzle. We may call it the ambivalence of first impressions. There are impressions or sensations to which we are psychologically programmed to respond. Light, glitter, bright colours, softness, tinkling sounds, no less than certain scents, they are likely to delight children and even naive adults. But strangely enough this pleasure can turn into disgust. Indeed what we call a sophisticated taste will find them repellent and look for more subtle gratification.

How should we explain this negative reaction to stimuli that so immediately gratify? I sometimes wonder whether we do not have to draw on psycho-analytical insights to illuminate this phenomenon. Could not our disgust originate in what Freudians call a defence - a defence against seduction at the forbidden pleasure of regression? If these biological pleasures would merely leave us cold because we have matured enough to seek for the subtle nuance, why would we find kitsch so nauseating?

This is a wide field and merely on the margin of my topic today, but I would like to propose that the emergence of kitsch in the nineteenth century mobilised these psychological reactions of defence. Indeed I am tempted to speak of a 'kitsch neurosis' which dominated a long period, though I believe it is on its way out. One point you may wish me to clarify: why does sophisticated taste not also react against folk art or the art of children which also frequently revels in the gaudy and the crude? I think the answer must be that we never look at any human artifact with an innocent eye. In folk art the unskilled technique signals to us that this work is naive and we feel disarmed if not patronising. In kitsch the discrepancy between technical sophistication and naive gratification grates on our nerves. We call it meretricious, dishonest, although these charges may sometimes be unjust. A straight tear-jerker may be more honest than an experiment in perversion. However, what matters to me is that the same desire, to move beyond vulgar taste that you remember from Reynolds and that indeed animated so much of the academic tradition, was never reinforced by the ubiquity of cheap products successfully contrived to appeal to the uninformed taste of the philistines or the bourgeois. No wonder the drive towards 'la distinction' raised the cry of *épatez le bourgeois* that accompanied the movement or movements of what we call modern art.[11] The pride of the artist who prefers to be rejected rather than praised, culminated in such notorious provocations and pranks of Duchamp or the Dadaists. Alas, history also tells us of the bitter revenge taken by the philistines in Russia and in Germany.

I believe that today we are the heirs of a situation that is not of our making and that confronts us with very real dilemmas. Could it not be that spiky ironmongery and indeed Kurt Schwitters' spittoon are more closely connected with a taste for garden gnomes than we are inclined to believe? Are we not often compelled by the logic of the situation to champion the unpleasing, the disturbing, if not the disgusting, to remain on the right side of the fence, a fence by the way, that may be crumbling at last? In architecture of course, the cracks in the fence have long become apparent. We have lost the certainties that still informed Nikolaus Pevsner in 1936 when he published his epoch making book *Pioneers of Modern Design* from William Morris to Walter Gropius. I was very fond of Nikolaus Pevsner as a person and I have come to regret the brickbats that he has recently received for his enthusiasm and the strength of his convictions, without which his truly fantastic achievements could never have come to pass. This said however, the very significance of his contribution makes him a useful point of entry into the problems that concern you in architecture. You may remember the opening pages of the book in which he tells a story of the new British Government offices in Whitehall erected by George Gilbert Scott between 1868 and 1873. The gist of the story is that the architect was compelled by Palmerston to change the style of the project. Scott had intended the building to be in Italian Gothic but Palmerston would have none of it and insisted on a Renaissance design, so Sir George decided to swallow his pride, bought some costly books on Italian architecture and in the end he satisfied his client and we see his building in fine form today. For Pevsner, of course, this episode was a symptom of the utter degradation into which architecture had fallen and though we all know that he later shed his prejudice against Victorian architecture, I am not sure that he came to appreciate the other side of the story. I suppose Palmerston knew that Gothic was associated on the continent with the romantic allure of the feudal age. In other words with political reaction while the Renaissance stood for progress, liberalism and rationalism. It was surely for the sake of these associations that he insisted for his Foreign Office to be in the same style which Barry had recently used for the Reform Club.

What misled Pevsner was the very view he wished to castigate; the identification of style with external decoration. Yet I am sure we cannot understand the story of nineteenth century architecture, what Professor Mordaunt-Crook[12] has recently described as 'the dilemma of styles' if we neglect the function of these decorations as bearers of meaning. There happens to be a passage in Horace Walpole's notes written about a century earlier which perfectly illustrates and even prefigures this interpretation. I quote:

If two architects of equal genius and taste - or one man possessing both - and without the least degree of partiality, was ordered to build two buildings, one in the Grecian and one in the Gothic style, I think the Gothic would strike most at first, the Grecian would please the longest. But I believe this approbation would in some measure grow from the impossibility of not connecting with Greek and Roman architecture the ideas of the Greeks and Romans who imagined and inhabited this kind of building. If, which but a few have, one has any partiality to old knights, crusades, the wars of York and Lancaster etc., the prejudice in favour of Grecian buildings will be balanced. All this is supposed to be referred to men who think for themselves; it is idle to address any supposition to men who think by rote.[13]

I like to think of this passage as the foundation document of nineteenth century architecture. Ideally, it was not addressed to men who think by rote but to those who commanded the knowledge and the associations of men as erudite as Horace Walpole. Needless to say, this search for meaning extended far beyond the choice of an appropriate style. Among the many beautiful lectures by Jacob Burckhardt there is one of 1887, a little over a hundred years ago, dedicated to a subject that should be of interest to this audience, the degree to which the figurative arts were drawn upon by architects since the middle of the nineteenth century, to decorate, as he says:

castles, law courts, ministries, museums, theatres, railway stations, banks, stock exchanges, armouries, schools of art and lately also private houses with an unprecedented profusion of statuary.

Admittedly Burckhardt continues having described some of them

These decorations are not enjoyed in such show pieces in detail as the designer may have expected. Not many people have the physical stamina to scrutinise such an assemblage one by one, especially considering the fatigue caused by the view from below.[14]

For all his scepticism Burckhardt expected these commissions to be a boon for the arts because he disliked the advancing realism which he noticed with displeasure in the art of painting; but in a sense, as you noticed, he had already written them off. Can we wonder at their demise? I suppose there may be many members of this audience who have familiarised themselves with these cycles in London, Paris or elsewhere. I must plead guilty of finding them next to invisible, indeed I find all the men and women of bronze and marble surrounded by personifications which litter the streets of our capital as hard to recall as are the pediments of Academies or the figured porches of gothic revival churches. These creations are surely among the least known or noticed works in the whole history of art. I suppose there must be a reason for this vanishing act, which may be found in the psychology of perception. There is a difference between seeing and looking. We see much more in our environment than we can ever look at. Our perception must be selective and governed by our interest and our intentions. When we go to an exhibition or a museum we mobilise our attention but when we walk through the streets of a town, we have to be prodded to look at a monument we so often passed by and have come to take for granted.

Art is often described as a form of communication, but it is the common place of any theory of communication that the message only makes sense to a primed receiver or recipient who finds his previous doubts resolved or his expectation adjusted. Of course, go through any building and observe how you deal with the written messages that you find everywhere. If you want to get out, the word EXIT will leap into prominence. If you want to smoke, the word NO SMOKING may intrude unpleasantly on your awareness. But you may never read the name of the founder or the pious tribute paid to him in large letters. It is different with designers. Design, so it seems, affects us more or less subliminally by playing on our associations as Horace Walpole had noticed. You also know of course, that this response demands previous knowledge.

You can surely test this assertion here and now in this environment. Few of you have had to analyse the various elements of this Victorian interior because they form part of our visual culture. It would be quite wrong to maintain that a modern functional design could not also serve as a mood setter, evoking perhaps the aspirations of a brave new world of efficiency, rationality and progress. Surely it is the reaction against these certainties that has led to the crisis of which we are all aware. I wonder though whether the Post Moderns with their historical pastiches are offering us a way out. Do they not suffer from a *déformation professionnelle* when they expect the public to share their associations? Have they taken sufficient account of Horace Walpole's warning that such associations can only be expected of a few?

What is to be done? I have no rabbit to pull out of a hat, for I am sure that the situation cannot be changed overnight. What would be needed, I think, would be a change of heart, a lifting of the taboo against beauty, against giving pleasure to the eye.

This, as I said, has always been the concern of the artisan, the craftsman. Think for a moment of the glories of oriental rugs, of Chinese ceramics, of English silver; where would we be if these masters had worried about making concessions to the taste of their customers? I realise that in my talk I have only selected one aspect of our traditional artistic creed, but an aspect that will always appeal to the young for its heroic defiance of majority opinion. Yet precisely because the young are so easily tempted to identify with these alleged martyrs I would wish them to learn that this is not the only possible stance or attitude. Many of our greatest classical composers were still sufficiently close to the ethics of the artisan to have preserved their humanity and their humility.

I am thinking of Joseph Haydn who was not ashamed of making concessions to the ears of his listeners. In his manuscript score of his 42nd symphony of 1771 he crossed out a few bars and added:

This was for too learned ears.[15]

Master of modulation as he was, he had taken the violins as far as B Sharp but thought better of it, because he did not think his listeners would be able to follow. He did receive the reward of fame in the whole of civilised Europe, but it never deprived him of his touching humility. If there is a document I wish our young artists should ponder it is a letter Haydn addressed to a group of musicians in North Germany who had written to him in 1802 after a performance of his *Creation*. Let me close with it:

When I see that not only is my name familiar to you, but my compositions are performed by you with approval and satisfaction, the warmest wishes of my heart are fulfilled: to be considered a not wholly unworthy priest of this sacred art by every nation where my works are known. You reassure me on this point as regards your fatherland, but even more you happily persuade me - and this cannot fail to be a real source of consolation to me in my declining years - that I am often the enviable means by which you, and so many other families sensible of heartfelt emotion, derive, in their homely circle, their pleasure, their enjoyment. How reassuring this thought is to me! Often, struggling against the obstacles of every sort which oppose my labours; often when the powers of mind and body weakened, and it was difficult for me to continue in the course I had entered on; - a secret voice whispered to me: "There are so few happy and contented peoples here below; grief and sorrow are always their lot; perhaps your labours will be a source from which the care-worn, or the man burdened with affairs, can derive a few moments' rest and refreshment." This was indeed a powerful motive to press on, and this is why I now look back with serene satisfaction on the labours expended on this art, to which I have devoted so many long years of uninterrupted effort and exertion.[16]

Notes

1. L'apprendista Stregone. Faenza, 1991
2. Horace, Odes, III, Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo
3. Dante, Divine Comedy, Purgatory, 73-103
4. Boccaccio, Decamerone, giornata V1, novella 5
5. Filippo Villani, see K.Frey, Il libro di Antonio billi, Berlin, 1892, p.74
6. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Discourses on Art, ed.R.Wark, San Marino, 1959, fifth Discourse, p.89/90
7. Sir Joshua Reynolds, ed. cit. Eighth Discourse p.151
8. G. Vasari, Le Vite, Florence, 1550, Proemio to part III
9. Pierre Bournieu, La Distinction, Paris, 1979
10. Cicero, De Oratore, Book III, XXV, P.98-99
11. épatez le bourgeois - According to the Oxford English Dictionary the expression can first be documented in 1854.
12. J Mordaunt-Crook, The Dilemma of Styles, London 1987.
13. Horace Walpole. Quoted in Johannes Dubai, Die Kunstliteratur des Klassizismus und der Romantik in England, II, Bern, 1975, p.274/5
14. J Burckhardt, Kulturgeschichtliche Vorträge, Leipzig, p.323

15. Mentioned in Robbins Landon's notes to the complete recordings of Haydn's Symphonies by Antal Dorati (Decca)

16. cf. Robbins Landon, Joseph Haydn, Sein Leben in Bildern und Documenten, Vienna, 1981, p.188

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