

10

Hardy, History, and Recorded Music

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This chapter is a meditation in three parts on the meaning of music in literature: music as an abstract notation which seems to offer the possibility of encoding temporality and history; music as performed on or by the human instrument—especially the fingertips; and finally, recorded music, that is, music as stored by technology.

In his book *Music and Morals*, the well-known Victorian critic of music, H. R. Haweis, gives an account of English street-music in the period. He describes its characteristic forms in a number of vignettes: the first is the barrel organ, and the last what he calls ‘the String Band Dissolved’, that is a harp-and-fiddle combination (1871a, 551–562). I will return to the figure of the organ-grinder at the end of this chapter. But here is Hardy’s ‘string band dissolved’, in his late poem, ‘Music in a Snowy Street’, with its depiction of street-musicians in the snow:¹

The weather is sharp
But the girls are unmoved:
One wakes from a harp,
The next from a viol,
A strain that I loved
When life was no trial.

(Hardy 1982–95, 3. 46, ll. 1–6)

Hardy goes on to describe this music as evoking memories of ‘the spry springing feet / Of a century ago’ (ll. 9–10), now dead; and even, perhaps, the ghosts of history:

O bygone whirls, heys,
Crochets, quavers, the same
That were danced in the days
Of grim Bonaparte’s fame,
Or even by the toes

154 Hardy, *History, and Recorded Music*

Of the fair Antoinette, —
 Yea, old notes like those
 Here are living on yet! —
 But of their fame and fashion
 How little these know
 Who strum without passion
 For pence, in the snow!

(47, ll. 28–39)

Another aspect of this poem worth noting is the emphasis on the instrument itself rather than the players: it is the harp and viol that remember a history—‘years they have seen’ (l. 24)—and ‘whose throbbing threads wail/Like love-satiate things’ (ll. 17–18). My questions about this poem include: what does it mean to play a tune which might have been danced by ‘the toes /Of the fair Antoinette’ (ll. 32–33)? What is it that can be stored and transmitted in these ‘old notes’ (l. 34)? What is the meaning of Hardy’s focus on the musical instrument itself, and its history, in this poem and others?

What lies in the background to this chapter is the philosophical debate about the status of music which runs through post-enlightenment philosophy. In the aesthetics of Kant, Lessing, Hegel, and their successors, music represents a problem in the ordering of the arts, a persistent threat to any idealist notion of art.² In part the debate runs along fairly obvious lines: music as an ideal set of relations, a quasi-mathematical sequence of notes existing apart from time, on the one hand; and music as issuing from and exciting the body, allied to even more dubious and hybrid arts like dance and opera on the other. In the middle of the nineteenth century, this debate was often expressed in evolutionary terms, as an argument about the origins of music: either in guttural cries of emotion (Spencer) or mating displays (Darwin); or in a separate and higher capacity, uniquely human. Hardy knew quite a lot about these issues: as Mark Asquith points out, they crop up regularly in his reading campaign of the late 1870s and beyond (detailed in the *Literary Notebooks*), including Edmund Gurney’s 1876 overview, ‘On Some Disputed Points in Music’; as well as in his early reading of Spencer and later of Schopenhauer.³

What particularly interests me is the question of memory, which I will deal with under the heading of ‘stowage’ or storage—a term used at a climactic moment in *The Dynasts*, the Duchess of Richmond’s ball on the eve of Waterloo. As the drums beat the call to arms, an anonymous ‘Partner’ says:

Surely this cruel call to instant war
 Spares space for one dance more, that memory
 May store when you are gone, while I—sad me!—
 Wait, wait and weep . . . Yes—one there is to be!

(Hardy 1978, 622 [Part Third, VI. ii])

Indeed, they do dance another set of figures, the Country Dance 'The Prime of Life'—a suitably ironic choice for those about to die, and a figure for the ability of music and dance to carry the memory of the body's plenitude for those they leave behind.

But we need to be careful here. Involved in the idea that music may 'store' time are two different questions: first, the issue raised by the *Dynasts* passage, of music acting for the listener as a kind of personal mnemonics, attaching itself to particular moments; and secondly, the issue of whether the original composition of music is in some sense indexical, carrying an impression of the composer's intellectual or emotional state, or more generally of its time (the spirit of the court of Louis XVI, say). These two notions of storage are in turn connected to the opposed ways of thinking about music described above: music as performance and sound; music as authored script. The first is particularly problematic, one might think, since performances depend on memories, and therefore last only as long as the individual body. Moreover, sound is a dubious vehicle for incarnating memory, since in the late nineteenth century it is persistently linked to entropic fade; to the energy-death promised by the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Hardy's 'In a Museum' circles around this problem, seeking to assert the persistence of song even as it is folded into infinity:

I

Here's the mould of a musical bird long passed from light,
Which over the earth before man came was winging;
There's a contralto voice I heard last night,
That lodges in me still with its sweet singing.

II

Such a dream is Time that the coo of this ancient bird
Has perished not, but is blent, or will be blending
Mid visionless wilds of space with the voice that I heard,
In the full-fugued song of the universe unending.

(Hardy 1982–95, 2. 163)

The passage from fossil bird, written into the geological record, to individual memory to Helmholtzian radiation is an uneasy one; and the suggestion of a version of the music of the spheres, albeit transmuted into Process or Being, seems a dubious idealism. In what follows, we will explore some of the problems of relating music to memory and historicity.

Music and historicity

Reality as we perceive it is dense. The problem of processing experience in the raw is suggested by the young Hardy's comments to his sister: 'I am able

to write 40 words a minute. The average rate of a speaker is from 100 to 120 and occasionally 140; so I have much more to do yet.⁴ Actuality vanishes, replaced by the 'thin' transcription offered (presumably) by shorthand. Shorthand, of ancient provenance but developed in its most popular modern form by Isaac Pitman in 1837, offers the possibility of a real-time capture of language, though in a form which strips it of its incidentals and offers a pure notation. In this process much is discarded, however (intonation, rhythm, accent and so on), and this element of loss is something we might keep in mind. Compare Hardy's 1897 notebook comment: 'To-day has length, breadth, thickness, colour, smell, voice. As soon as it becomes *yesterday* it is a thin layer among many layers, without substance, colour or articulate sound' (Hardy 1984, 302).

Considered in relation to the density of experience, music, like shorthand, can be said to offer a model for the way we edit and memorize the world. A recent book on *Music and Memory* by the cognitive psychologist Bob Snyder (2000) elaborates on this process. He stresses that the rich data of sonic perception persists for only seconds in a pre-processing section of the mind; musical experience is about the organization and refinement of that data into short-term memory, and the way in which that interacts with long-term memory or knowledge (Chapter 1). Listening to music thus has parallels with the processing of experience generally, and at the level of analogy this was, as we will see, something the nineteenth century knew a good deal about. But what about music itself, as the record of a time and place? The connection between music and reverie is almost a commonplace—it is indeed strange how potent music can be—and for most of us a tune, like a smell, can take us back to a particular moment in our lives, and in particular to the emotion attached to that moment. One could quickly assemble an anthology of Hardy poems in which song, in particular, serves as an index of memory; in which the repeated hearing of a song maps a life: 'Silences' ('Past are remembered songs and music-strains/Once audible there'); 'During Wind and Rain' ('They sing their dearest songs—/He, she, all of them—yea,/Treble and tenor and bass,/And one to play;/With the candles mooning each face...'); 'Apostrophe to an Old Psalm Tune'; 'The Prophetess'; and many others.⁵

But the reference to Antoinette's toes in Hardy's poem alerts us to the possibility of music encoding or in some way evoking a lost moment in historical as well as personal terms. That is what John Hughes means when he calls music a 'veritable time machine', able to link us to the past; Hughes cites poems like 'Rome: On the Palatine', in which Hardy listens to a waltz and imagines Imperial Rome, until there seems to be a kind of musical resonance across history: 'Time seemed fiction, Past and Present one' (Hardy 1982–95, 1. 135, l. 14; Hughes 2001, 159). But how do we get from personal to transmitted memory, from the brain to the archive?

What can be attached to music and passed to others? Musical experience, even the kind of empathetic pulse described in 'Rome: On the Palatine', seems so singular. Since music is not itself a representation, it seems that what we recall is an embodied state; and often that embodied memory is in turn accompanied by an image of a moment which is in some senses secondary, less potent than the ache of the musical memory. The possibility of memory relating to music in any more general way—and I am talking here about the nineteenth century—seems again inseparable from its status as a formalism, as a stored set of notes which can be replayed at any time with the right instruments and players. Again we are left with the problem of music's dual conceptualization: as abstract semiosis on the one hand; as time-bound and embodied performance and reception on the other.

Nineteenth-century thinking on the philosophy of music had some answers to these questions. Mark Asquith suggests that it stressed two things: the ability of music to communicate emotion; and the fact that music, and melody in particular, mirrors the way in which humans organize experience. Herbert Spencer saw the origins of music as in the physiology of impassioned utterance or emotional speech, followed by a split in human development between music (emotions) and the dry language of intellect. H. R. Haweis, while attacking Spencer, nevertheless saw the 'movement' or 'velocity' of emotion as fundamental to music (Haweis 1871b, 154). Both of these thinkers agreed, as Asquith puts it, that 'music's affective power derives, not from echoes of previously experienced emotions, but from the fact that its tones correspond to physical states, which are contiguous with certain emotions' (2001, 106).⁶ Music is not, in this view, an index of an occasion produced by the composer so much as an art which creates emotional occasions. In such accounts, the listener who experiences music is necessarily the focus.

To find a more coherent account of what the composer of music places there, we have to turn to Arthur Schopenhauer's hugely influential discussion of music in *The World as Will and Idea*. Schopenhauer reverses the rather negative judgement of music in Kant and Hegel, describing it as unique among the arts for the directness of its transcription of the Will which is the underlying reality of life. In other arts, the Ideas through which the Will objectifies itself are deployed; in music, the Will is itself directly presented, outside the logic of representation. But for that very reason music is 'entirely independent of the phenomenal world' (Schopenhauer 1883, 1. 333); it presents an abstract version of experience, 'the inmost soul, as it were, of the phenomenon, without the body'. If it 'tries to form itself according to the events' (Schopenhauer 1883, 338–339), it fails. Haweis similarly argues, in his *Music and Morals*, that music represents 'abstract emotion', and that 'the tendency of emotion in all its higher stages is to get rid of definite thoughts and images' (Haweis 1871a, 18).

Music then, for Schopenhauer, cannot provide a transcription of an actual moment. What music *does* record and transmit is the truth of the human struggle to structure temporality, to make sense of Time:

As he [Man] alone, because endowed with reason, constantly looks before and after on the path of his actual life and its innumerable possibilities, and so achieves a course of life which is intellectual, and therefore connected as a whole; corresponding to this, I say, the *melody* has significant intentional connection from beginning to end. It records, therefore, the history of the intellectually enlightened will. This will expresses itself in the actual world as the series of its deeds; but melody says more, it records the most secret history of this intellectually-enlightened will, pictures every excitement, every effort, every movement of it, all that which the reason collects under the wide and negative concept of feeling, and which it cannot apprehend further through its abstract concepts. (Schopenhauer 1883, 335)

Melody thus figures the way in which we construct experience from the undifferentiated flow of time. The equation of 'melody and consciousness', as Asquith points out, has its origins earlier in the German romantic tradition; in Schelling and Hegel (2001, 63). But Schopenhauer also insists that musical genius does its work in a state akin to those of the mesmerized subject, 'far from all reflection and conscious intention' (1883, 336).

Schopenhauer's answer to the question I asked earlier—what does music transmit?—is not an actual moment, but the travails of the Will. He writes that in our alienation from the natural world the Will is aroused and energized, allowing us to become 'the trembling thing that is stretched and twanged' (1883, 237); and it is this painful struggle which musical genius manages to convey via a kind of twanging resonance in the listener. In Hardy's 'To Meet, or Otherwise', the lover is quite precisely Schopenhauerian in suggesting that despite the machinery of the universe grinding onwards, to make love is to create a 'muted music' which lifts the human out of nature (Hardy 1982–95, 2. 16–17).

A final important point about Schopenhauer: He argues that in its abstract rendition of the Will music is proleptic: if concepts are 'abstracted from perception' after the event, 'music, on the other hand, gives the inmost kernel which precedes all forms, or the heart of things... the concepts are the *universalia post rem*, but music gives the *universalia ante rem*, and the real world the *universalia in rem*' (Schopenhauer 1883, 340).⁷ This sense that music is the abstract container into which experience might flow is, he argues, what allows music to link itself to different occasions. Just as the same music can be used for quite different scenes in different film soundtracks, music can appear to haunt an occasion after its composition. It is thus not the echo of an occasion, but something which flows through occasions as

a template, attaching itself to them—an idea which helps us, I think, to understand 'Music in a Snowy Street'.

Schopenhauer's view of music thus helps explain why music might attach itself to occasions, and even evoke a historical past. It offers some answers to the question of how we might negotiate between music as written composition and music as embodied performance and response. But it does so at some cost, sundering music from the realm of representation and from the other senses (from vision, for example—in this, Schopenhauer follows Lessing and Hegel), distancing it from its composer, and at the same time making its mode of historicity an abstract one. Music cannot store a *particular* occasion for Schopenhauer, only the experience of temporality *per se*; its qualities are the very opposite of the indexicality of the photograph.

The speaking instrument

In the second part of this chapter, I want to move away from the human subject—the unknowing composer in Schopenhauer; the emotionally excited listener—and turn to the musical instrument and *its* memory of its players: to something like the 'subjectivity of the instrument' as we saw it in 'Music in a Snowy Street'. This is a subject Hardy often returns to, especially in 'Haunting Fingers' (2. 357–359) and also in 'To My Father's Violin' (2. 186–187), 'Old Furniture' (2. 227–228) and other poems in which instruments speak or are personified.

In an essay entitled 'Magic Rattle and Human Harp', the Weimar critic Ernst Bloch describes the progress of music from the primitive and sensual to the rational and abstract. In origin, he argues, the musical instrument is not dissociated from the music which it produces: 'sound is a property of the instrument and is objectively bound to it'. The primitive instrument so conceived has magical powers: it can cure the sick and drive away spirits; like the totem, it speaks to its audience. Subsequently, as he puts it, music becomes formalized and 'the sound climbs out of the instrument, so to speak, treating it merely as a means to an end; the musical notes break loose from the chiming bells and ringing bronze'. Music replaces the 'magical substance consisting of sound', creating an abstract world of its own. And Bloch adds, 'no one has ventured to "re-enchant" musical instruments' (Bloch 1998, 291). This is in part a version of standard nineteenth-century ideas about the development of music, but its focus on the instrument as a kind of totem is interesting—since this is close to the instrument which in Hardy's poem carries a history which cannot be dissociated from its various players. And the 'Human Harp' is a figure that Hardy uses himself to describe the empathetic trembling and twanging of both Tess and Sue Bridehead.

For an account of the magic rattle, we can turn to Hardy's 'Haunting Fingers', subtitled 'A Phantasy in a Museum of Musical Instruments'. In this poem, Hardy depicts the instruments in a museum talking to each other in

160 Hardy, *History, and Recorded Music*

their 'dark stowage' (that word again), and remembering the days in which they were played. The poem dwells in particular on the memory of the fingers which played over their surfaces:

And they felt past handlers clutch them,
Though none was in the room,
Old players' dead fingers touch them,
Shrunk in the tomb.

(2. 357, ll. 9–12)

What the instruments recall involves the ability of performance to convey emotion; to connect the individual will, in Schopenhauerian terms, to the general Will via that empathetic throbbing:

'Once I could thrill
The populace through and through,
Wake them to passioned pulsings past their will.' . . .
(A contra-basso spake so, and the rest sighed anew.)

And they felt old muscles travel
Over their tense contours,
And with long skill unravel
Cunningest scores.

(ll. 17–24)

How do we explain the emphasis on the play of fingers here, and the detached subjectivity attributed to the instrument? In a well-known letter of 1907 published in the *Life*, Hardy wrote about his conception of free will:

The will of man is . . . neither wholly free nor wholly unfree. When swayed by the Universal Will (which he mostly must be as a subservient part of it) he is not individually free; but whenever it happens that all the rest of the Great Will is in equilibrium the minute portion called one person's will is free, just as a performer's fingers are free to go on playing the pianoforte of themselves when he talks or thinks of something else and the head does not rule them. (Hardy 1984, 361; 1978–88, 255)

This way of thinking, in which a small part of the individual Will may detach itself from its immediate needs (and thus from the Will from which it emerges) is derived fairly directly from Schopenhauer. But perhaps the specific image of the playing hands comes from Hardy's reading of a piece by the popular science writer, C. W. Saleeby, a few years earlier, extracted in his notebooks. Saleeby describes reflex action as 'entirely independent of

consciousness', and continues: 'Will, is the expression of imperfection [in this mechanism]... Whilst will emerges from reflex action, to reflex action will can return... e.g. piano-playing & c...' (Hardy 1985, 2. 2291). Individual will here is a kind of free-floating agency, produced by the failure of the human mechanism to act fully mechanically—something represented in Hardy's poem as the residual consciousness of the instruments.

The image of the fingers playing by habit figures automaticity as freedom: a suggestion which might seem paradoxical. But Hardy's formula reproduces the late nineteenth-century fascination with the borderlines of conscious activity as representing a freedom in which the material produced is liberated from intention—intention which, for Hardy as for Schopenhauer, is always bound to the Will.⁸ We can see this in the popularity of automatic writing in the period, but also in such moments as Pater's celebration of 'moments of play' in 'The School of Giorgione', times in which 'the stress of our servile, everyday attentiveness being relaxed, the happier powers in things without are permitted free passage, and have their way with us' (Pater 1980, 119). Or in the conclusion to *The Renaissance*, 'that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves' (Pater 1980, 188). More ordinarily, George Egerton, in her novel *Keynotes* (a text which excited Hardy), writes that 'It is the *off-moments* that we do not count as playing any part in our lives that are, after all, the best we have' (Egerton 1893, 44).⁹ It is the space of inattentiveness, distraction, reverie, non-presence, peripheral vision; Schopenhauer depicts this distractedness in terms of mesmerism (as we have seen), somnambulism, and the waking dream.

In 'Haunting Fingers', it is as if the freedom which Hardy had seen figured in the play of the pianist's hand has been released into its own proper space—the space of 'stowage', of a ghost in the machine. If we leave aside the mournfulness of the original instruments at their abandonment, we can, I think, take another step—admittedly quite a large step—and say that this is the newly opened space of recorded music. That is to say that recorded music is music as remembered by the instruments rather than the human producer; or if remembered by the producers, by their playing fingers rather than their conscious minds. For this reason, in the third part of this chapter, I want to talk about recording technologies.

'Quad-ree-ya! Quad-ree-ya!' temporal storage, haunting

My claim is that in considering the instrument-with-memory we encounter that aspect of modernity which is defined by the capture and reproduction of reality. We need to consider the prehistory of the gramophone. As Theodor Adorno and more recently Hillel Schwartz have argued, it was the player piano that first represented musical reproducibility, offering ghostly or virtual performances—advertisements promised the *actual keying* inputted by Rachmaninoff, his musical personality captured on a piano roll (Schwartz

1996, 375).¹⁰ In fact, given the short length of early gramophone records and their poor quality, it was a long time before they achieved what the player piano could offer. It is not surprising that Hardy, whose career crosses the divide from barrel organ to gramophone, should register musical modernity in his work, as he does with other technologies: the railway and agricultural machinery, of course; but in *A Loadicean* and elsewhere also the potential of the new representational technologies—photography and telegraphy—for duplicity and uncertainty.¹¹

Here is Hardy's story of mechanical music, in an anecdote from the *Life*. Living in Wandsworth in the summer of 1878, the novelist dashed out of his study and disappeared up the street:

he had heard a street barrel-organ of the kind that used to be called a 'harmoniflute', playing somewhere near at hand the very quadrille over which the jaunty young man who had reached the end of his time at Hicks's had spread such a bewitching halo more than twenty years earlier, by describing the glories of dancing round to its beats on the Cremorne platform or at the Argyle Rooms, and which Hardy had never been able to identify. (Hardy 1984, 126)

What this rather clotted passage alludes to is the 'fascinating quadrille-tune' first described in the *Life* as being whistled 'faultlessly'—itself an interesting term—by the older architectural assistant Fippard in Hicks's office in Dorchester; Fippard had brought it from London around 1860 (38–39). It comes up again in the description of Hardy's life after he too moved to London:

Cremorne and the Argyle he also sought, remembering the jaunty senior-pupil at Hicks's who had used to haunt those gallant resorts. But he did not dance there much himself, if at all, and the fascinating quadrille-tune has vanished like a ghost, though he went one day to second-hand music shops, and also to the British Museum, and hunted over a lot of such music in a search for it. (45)

This is part of a section of the *Life* in which Hardy is evoking, from the perspective of the 1920s, a lost world of the early 1860s, before the major public works programmes which transformed London's appearance. What the tune seems to stand for, then, is the trace of the past, gone even as it is searched for; and in fact with a point of origin which is already displaced, since while Hardy versified these visits to dancing halls in his poem 'Reminiscences of a Dancing Man' (Hardy 1982–95, 1. 266–267), he suggests that he scarcely danced there himself—it is the even earlier experience of a 'faultless' transmitting medium, Fippard, which is at the root of this search.

The pursuit of musical traces and the failure of transmission is quite a common story in Hardy. Another example is provided in the *Life* when, in 1889, he asks 'one of the Miss Sheridans'

if she could sing to him 'How oft, Louisa!' the once celebrated song in her ancestor's comic opera *The Duenna*. (It was not a woman's song, by the way.) His literary sense was shocked by her telling him that she had never heard of it, since he himself had sung it as a youth, having in fact been in love with a Louisa himself. (Hardy 1984, 228)

Hardy looks for a copy in London, and finds he cannot obtain it. But he does go to a second-hand music shop and finds an old man who remembers it from his youth and sings it, and though he cannot find the copy he is certain he has it 'here *somewhere*' in his shop. Later, the shop is demolished and replaced by the Oxford Circus Tube-Station; the old man vanishes (Hardy 1984, 228–229). Another story of traces and dead ends: what does it tell us? First, that despite seeing the young woman as somehow close to the origin of the song, Hardy is using her as a medium: transposing a man's song to her voice; exchanging his Louie onto the song's. Song once again flows through occasions. In finding no authorial transmission within the Sheridan family, and in failing to find the text, Hardy is refusing to locate the origins of music either in original occasion or in textual reproduction. Instead he dwells on the epiphany in which he mutters the title and the aged proprietor bursts into song with a 'withered voice' (Hardy 1984, 229), like a cracked gramophone record. Finally, it is worth noting the invocation of modernity in this story: the music shop and its memoried tenant, the last place one might go in search of the text of an eighteenth-century song, has been replaced by the busiest point on the London Underground—a place of hellish cacophony. I do not think it too extravagant to suggest that Hardy is seeing the lost old man as a figure of memory and song who vanishes forever into this technological Hades.

What interests me about this set of stories is again the way they dwell on the idea of reproduction and storage. The original tune is lost; it always exists as a copy or potential copy. To return to the original anecdote of 1878, which is, remember, the third encounter with this music in the *Life*, Hardy chases the organ-grinder only to find that the tune on his machine is simply marked 'Quadrille'; and the grinder himself is 'a young foreigner, who could not speak English'. When asked, he simply says 'Quad-ree-ya! Quad-ree-ya!' (126)—an ironic hint, incidentally, of the displaced eighteenth-century meaning of the word, since, according to Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, it derives from the Italian 'squadriglia' (Spanish 'cuadrilla'), originally meaning a group of cavalry, and then dancers in a ballet. Which is to say that the past is in some sense stored in music, but in a way which seems to strip away original contexts—names, places, language—and which also has

the potential to become commodified, to be sold in the street by those who have no connection to it. That is also the story told in 'Music in a Snowy Street'.

The issue of commodification is, of course, an important one in relation to recorded music, though I will only briefly touch on one aspect of it. Hardy's lost tune being a quadrille, 'possibly one of Jullien's' (126), is an important detail. Louis Jullien (1812–1860) was a French conductor, composer, and musical entrepreneur who worked in England between 1838 and 1859; a central figure in the commodification and dissemination of popular classics in the Victorian period, he popularized a mix of classical and light music and is credited with inventing the promenade concert. He composed or arranged many quadrilles and other dances (though he was also accused of employing more expert musicians to do 'his' arrangements). The quadrille itself involves a curious musical trajectory: its use descends from the French term 'quadrille de contredanses', later shortened to 'quadrille'. The *contredanse* is in fact a term derived from the English 'country dance' which had been introduced into aristocratic circles in France in the early 1700s—only to be re-exported to England in its continental guise in 1816, and popularized in the forms Hardy remembers at mid-century. By the later Victorian period, these in turn were displaced by newer imports, and Jullien's tunes might indeed become the staples of a musical-box repertoire; background music; music you hear in the street. Hardy describes this fading of tradition, both in the *Life* and in 'Music in a Snowy Street'. But what is involved is something more complex: the translation of the 'folk' into a 'foreign' metropolitan arrangement, and its re-import and transmission back to the provinces; and finally the translation of instrumentation into the notes of the music-box disc.

As Hardy's anecdote makes clear, reproduction has its losses and gains: the music is recaptured, though in an alienated form. Mobility and transferability are facilitated by recording. In his account of the organ-grinder in *Music and Morals*, Haweis also notes that it is a foreigner who creates this debased and cacophonous racket. Nevertheless, it is his very mobility which enables him to move from aristocracy to slum, and to take his recorded music to 'the miserable, sunken, and degraded residents of Pigmire Lane or Fish Alley'; it is this which makes him, for Haweis, 'a very Orpheus in hell!' (Haweis 1871a, 555–556).

It is interesting in this respect to turn to Adorno, whose critiques of the culture industry are better known than his more sympathetic accounts of recorded music. In his 1934 essay 'The Form of the Phonograph Record' (1990), he argues that the record 'petrifies' the actuality of the performance it records; that it turns it into stone, a speaking monument or a fossil impression like Hardy's fossilized bird. But at the same time, Adorno sees something else in this dead storage: recorded music saves the past. And importantly, it does so by returning music to the status of *text*:

There is no doubt that, as music is removed by the phonograph record from the realm of live production and from the imperative of artistic activity and becomes petrified, it absorbs into itself, in this process of petrification, the very life that would otherwise vanish. The dead art rescues the ephemeral and perishing art as the only one alive. Therein may lie the phonograph record's most profound justification, which cannot be impugned by an aesthetic objection to its reification. For this justification reestablishes by the very means of reification an age-old, submerged and yet warranted relationship: that between music and *writing*. (Adorno 1990, 59)

The dry script which is musical notation is not what Adorno has in mind here; rather, something fuller and more experiential, open to multiple experience and constant re-interpretation. Implicitly, I think, Adorno is using the metaphor of writing to hand music back to the listener.

In terms of historicity, recorded music saves the past; but in providing an indexical trace of a passage of time, a snapshot of the reified moment in which the musical text is realized and written into the medium, it also challenges the listener to open up the past and inhabit it as an objectified phenomenon.¹²

For Hardy, a haunting presence thus achieves a technological embodiment. The Surrealist Paul Nougé's essay 'Music is Dangerous', written in 1928, has a wonderful account of music as haunting:

It would reach us in its most pervasive forms; the song rising from the lips of those about us, of such and such a stranger, perhaps in the most haunting circumstances; that mechanical music which floats our way from the background of deserted places; and sly and most dangerous of all, the voice which suddenly materializes from some forgotten corner of our memory.¹³

Daniel Tiffany's comment on Ezra Pound's preoccupation with the mesmeric and mediumistic power of radio waves is useful here: 'the insidious power of technology reaches deep into our hereditary past, the realm of the dead, as well as into the future, the realm of the unborn' (1995, 246). The Harmoniflute transmits a haunting tune.

If we ask, 'where is the stored music in Hardy?', the answer is 'everywhere': in music which floats through occasions; which haunts, inhabits, anticipates, and echoes, structuring time for its makers and listeners. I want to finish with the most general version of stored music, the twanging or vibrating of human Being itself described by Schopenhauer. At the end of the description of the dying amidst the marshes of Walcheren in *The Dynasts*, Part Second, the Chorus of the Pities laments the lost. The Spirit of the Years replies in lofty cadences, telling the Chorus of Pities to stop recording (storing, repeating, writing down) this human music:

Spirit of the Years

Why must ye echo as mechanic mimes
 These mortal minions' bootless cadences,
 Played on the stops of their anatomy
 As is the mewling music on the strings
 Of yonder ship-masts by the unweeing wind,
 Or the frail tune upon this withering sedge
 That holds its papery blades against the gale?
 —Men pass to dark corruption, at the best,
 Ere I can count five score: these why not now?—
 The Immanent Shaper builds Its beings so
 Whether ye sigh their sighs with them or no!

(Hardy 1978, 345–346: Part Second, IV. viii)

Like the storm which Walter Benjamin's *Angelus Novus* contemplates,¹⁴ this wind cannot be resisted; it is 'Progress'. But its ghostly music is attended to, recorded, everywhere in Hardy.

At the beginning of this chapter I proposed a 'problem' about music's conception as abstract essence versus an embodied, temporal flow, and the difficulty of reconciling these two ways of thinking. In Schopenhauer and others, the attempt to explain how music related to temporality led to notions of music 'storing' human consciousness, emotion, and struggle, though the relation between musical text and its effects remained unclear. Recorded music offers some solutions to this problem: as Adorno argued, recording detaches music from an occasion (as musical notation does) and from an original producing consciousness, but nevertheless *something* of that consciousness, and indeed the trace of the body as music-producer, remains inscribed within it, rather than passing away. The music of Being, as described by Schopenhauer, is actualized in the process of recording, as it is in Hardy's texts, in which music, detached from any particular consciousness and incarnated in its technology, figures human freedom. That makes Hardy a gramophonic writer, turning music into text.

What I have proposed is that a philosophical problem (about the status of music) has a *technological* solution; which suggests to me that the problem was always, in some senses, a technological problem—a problem inherent, that is to say, in the 'materialities of communication' (as one recent text calls it¹⁵) which are involved with music. Music is *always* technology; or rather the technological stands between Bloch's original instrument in its personified singularity—'my father's violin'—and the abstract realm of music as notation; indeed, it allows mediation between the two. In so doing, technology releases the hidden potential of music as a carrier of temporality and experience.