

## Correspondence

icipation from the key sense. My critic's strictures indicate that his emancipation is not yet complete. When it is (as one day it will be) he will feel as much 'irritation' at the absence of T.D.P. as he now does at its presence.

R. R. TERRY.

*To the Editor of BLACKFRIARS.*

SIR,—I apologise for taking up more of your space, but the friendly clash of arms is as joyful to my ears as to my correspondent's.

When there are but two alternatives, and I deliberately express dislike of one of them, I cannot be accused of 'plumping' for the other 'for the first time'—except in a case of crass ignorance, *which should not be presumed*. In my review I expressed dissatisfaction with the T.D.P. being given alone without any hint of the other equally ancient, equally scholarly alternative, thereby acknowledging my preference for the bare fifth, with the qualification 'that it was a matter of taste.' Surely this is allowable, even if unusual, so I must be excused from quarrelling with Palestrina's ghost.

Again I have already tried to suggest gently that if a writer of harmonies to ancient melodies wishes to be judged by so strict a canon as the rigid insistence on the T.D.P. implies, the *whole of his harmonies* must be in conformity; and I would submit that they are not so in this case.

I wash my hands of the introduction of Bach's name into this correspondence. The example was not mine but Sir Richard's; I have only encouraged him to follow the (apparently) strong scent of his own red herring.

With regard to the larger issues which Sir Richard now brings up, it is a matter of real regret that there is no space to discuss them. Can anyone imitate Bach or Palestrina? And what is more, should anyone try to do so? As to the personal implications, my own ears are unashamedly twentieth century, but that does not mean any the less appreciative or unhabituated to the music of older times; for nearly ten years I have listened to practically nothing but Plainsong. I submit that it is not a question of criticism of Wells or Rheims Cathedral, but of Pugin Gothic; nor of irritation with the Miller because he doesn't spell like the Ringer, but with the lady who calls her tea-shop *Ye Olde Cornyshe Bower*.

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