

# In the Realms of Music and Art

## Concerning Modern Notions Of Musical Pedagogics

### Elaborate New Systems of Arousing Youthful Interest and Imparting Knowledge No Improvement Over Older Methods

By H. E. Krehbiel

If I were not convinced that nature has raised a barrier to save us from such a fate I would shudder at the efforts of women's musical clubs, women who teach music, women who write about music in the newspapers and men who make machines which make music automatically to make out of us a nation of musicians. Much as I love the art (and one must have an abnormal capacity for affectionate appreciation who, as I have done, can sit on the critical bench—which is not necessarily that of the scoffer—for three-quarters of his life), I cannot think of anything much more dreadful than a people wholly given to making and listening to music. For one thing, music is too little intellectual. There is not enough cerebral exercise in the enjoyment of it to justify all that is claimed for it. Poets talk of it in a strain of hyperbole which is sometimes not far removed, except in form of expression, from that indulged in by the essayists of the music clubs who tell us all about the rise of harmony or the merits of jazz in fifteen minutes, elucidate classicism by telling how Beethoven played the C sharp minor sonata for a blind girl in the moonlight and characterize the Romantic period by describing the lovehorn Schubert in the household of Prince Esterhazy. Some great composers have had great minds, and so have some great performers; but the brains of thousands of singers and instrumentalists are of the same order as the brains of thousands of hodcarriers or bricklayers. Blind Tom played the pianoforte well and made acceptable pieces in imitation of those which he learned from the playing of his teacher; and Blind Tom was an imbecile.

Since we have begun to mix music teaching with psychology we are told that stupendous advances have been made in musical pedagogics. We used to think that aptitude in sense perception, a "good ear" and a desire as well as capacity to make music were essential to a musical education and conditions precedent to music study in children. But since we have learned that universal moral redemption is attainable through music, we know that the dispositions implanted by nature have nothing to do with the case. A child that can't sing because it has neither voice nor sense of pitch, nor desire to sing, must be made to sing, and can be made to sing by the new pedagogics. Good boys are all musical boys; good girls are all musical girls. Naughtiness fees before knowledge of tones. I read a book recently which told how themes heard in a symphony might be fixed in the memory by diagrammatic lines, how such memorizing would make the world harmonious and put an end to war. Music creates morality—ergo, all good musicians are good people! Learn to sing, or play, or to enjoy music and you shall instinctively have acquired knowledge of the law and the prophets and delight in obedience to the decalogue and every other code of ethics. Yet lives of artists do not always remind us how to make our lives sublime except as they sometimes serve as warnings and admonitions.

As music, true music, is the art which is talked about most and practiced least, there is more nonsensical palaver about it than any other art. When it tends to induce virtuous conduct it does so in the manner of everything else in this world which appeals to the emotions. It is just as likely to loosen the fibers of an immoral nature as of one innately prone to morality. If it disposes one to yield to desire

the desire must be good, lest the disposition become an evil agent.

There is much nonsense talked about music and morals and quite as much about musical pedagogics. The introduction of kindergartens has, no doubt, had much to do with a widespread conviction that all children ought to be taught music and that the teaching should begin at an extremely early age. Hundreds of mothers have asked me how a beginning ought to be made and hundreds of times I have answered: "Never, unless you know that your child has musical aptitude. You cannot create a love by compelling them to hateful drudgery, and unless your child wants to sing or play you are not subjecting it to a deprivation which it will ever regret." Singing, intelligently directed from the beginning, is healthful, physically and aesthetically. Unintelligently directed it is harmful in the same directions. Intellectual benefits are in the same case. Singing by rote is doubtless good if there be a correct sense of pitch back of it. Playing the pianoforte or violin by rote is dangerous to later proficiency, which depends largely on proper technique and the adaptableness of the hand. Simple instrumental agents may profitably be used in developing a musical sense, but I cannot think of anything that can take the place of a knowledge of notation. The names of the notes seem to be a great bugbear to the practitioners of

singing). One day the male teacher, who taught everything in the curriculum, invited as many boys as wished to learn to read music to spend fifteen minutes of the noonday recess with him. Ten or more of the boys remained in their seats when the others went to their homes. He drew a staff on the blackboard and named the lines and spaces E, G, B, D, F and F A C E. "Every great big dog fights—that will help you remember the lines," said he, "and the spaces spell 'face.'" We had the names in five minutes, and after a few days of practice on the intervals we read at sight a common meter tune to Bishop Heber's hymn, "By Cool Sloom's Shady Hill." I remember the words and the melody, but am not sure that the latter is in any hymn book. There was nothing frightful about that instruction; on the contrary, the quarter of an hour was restful and a delight.

I was reminded of this incident while reading Mrs. Satis N. Coleman's delightfully written book, "Creative Music for Children," with the qualification that the voices of children must be guarded against vicious manners. What Mrs. Coleman says about the advantages of singing and dancing exercises may be warmly commended. Perhaps, since a writer in The Tribune reviewing her book has spoken in loud appreciation of the notion that education in music ought to pursue the lines of development disclosed by the instruments of primitive man, I ought to be humbly silent on that point. But after spending two or three hours in Mrs. Coleman's studio, looking at her collection of instruments and discussing her methods, I went away with the conviction that after her pupils had spent five years pounding on home-made drums like little savages, blowing on syringes and twanging on lyres of their own manufacture, even after they had learned to make a fipple flute with two or more finger holes and blow tunes of five tones on it or tune the musical glasses—after all this they would have arrived at the stage where the printed symbols of music and their relationship with the pianoforte keyboard would have to be learned. Also the proper manipulation of the keys.

Singularly enough I have been making use of primitive instruments for fifteen years or more in my lectures on the appreciation of music at the Institute of Musical Art. But I have exhibited them only to illustrate the principles of tone production; to show the origin of all stringed instruments in the hunting bow of the savages, the first resonating bodies in the ground which the African negro still attaches to his bow, the beginnings of the flute in the pipes of Pan, and the big bones of animals. And these lectures were designed for adult students, budding artists, intended to make them think about the instruments in their hands. It never occurred to me to suggest that they might replace the products of a high civilization, nor to attach importance to their varying shapes and the different materials used in their construction. Their types are the same the world over, and all that they illustrate beyond fundamental principles has ethnological or archeological significance only. It is only by comparison with the instruments of modern civilization that they are useful educational value. Alone they only teach the fact that the musical art and musical instruments which we practice are Occidental in their development, for the music and the instruments of the cultured Orient are the music and the instruments of a primitive people. No doubt a child with sufficient mechanical ingenuity to construct something like a violin out of a cigar box may derive pleasure from playing upon its creation; but if it is to be trained in music the sooner the cigar box fiddle is replaced by a violin the better for its education and the ears of the neighborhood.

The annual Festival of Chamber Music at the Berkshire Music Temple, on South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., will take place this year on September 23, 29 and 30. As with the festivals of choral music which Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoekel give annually out of their munificence, so these chamber music festivals, given by Mrs. Coolidge, show at once the highest attainment in what might be termed the aristocratic democratization of art. The attendants as well as the performers are the guests of the givers of the meetings. They are critics of musical centers. To them this year has been added a third, though it differs from them in character. At Blue Hill, Maine, on a slope of a mountain overlooking a lovely wooded valley, a picturesque New England village and a beautiful harbor dotted with islands, with a vista extending to the hills of Mount Desert, Mr. Franz Kneisel has erected a building which is called Kneisel Hall. It is a large and handsome structure, containing a music room with a capacity of 200 people, but designed to be used chiefly for instruction in chamber music, ensemble playing. Anterooms, bath, library and kitchenette are connected with this room, whose walls, ceiling and floor are of polished yellow pine. During class lessons the

students not at the playing stands occupy raised platforms, so that every detail of fingering and bowing may be seen. The hall has been in use all summer, but was formally dedicated on August 16, the exercises being attended by, among many others, Walter Damrosch, who came for the purpose from Bar Harbor; Dr. Dean, of Boston and Seal Harbor; Mrs. Bessie Collier Ellery, of Boston, and Mrs. White, of Skowhegan—the latter two former pupils of Mr. Kneisel in Boston and Blue Hill.

Mrs. Ellery celebrated her visit by an annual gift of \$100 a year to the best of the women pupils of the hall. The first winner of the prize was Miss Winifred Merrill, a student at the Institute of Musical Art in New York. The exercises consisted of performances of Vivaldi's concerto grosso in D minor, the first movement of Mendelssohn's octet for strings, an address by Mr. Krehbiel and solo and ensemble playing by Marianne Kneisel, William Kroll, Winifred Merrill, Julian Kahn, Milton Prinz (violinello), Stella Roberts, Phyllis Krueger, Franz Hone and twenty or more other students. A feature of the program was a "Caprice Cossaque," for string quartet, by William Kroll, to which Mr. Damrosch will give a New York hearing next season.

### Mr. and Mrs. Stransky



Conductor and his wife at Carlsbad

some of the new kindergarten methods, but I do not know why it should be so. I can scarcely look into a musical journal nowadays which has a children's department (as most of them devoted to teaching have) without reading of some new method for teaching children the names of the notes, and not one have I seen which is not more circuitous, laborious and taxing to the memory than that of the first teachers under whom I sat.

It was all of sixty years ago. In Toledo (I think) there was a public school teacher, a man, singularly enough, who was fond of music. Till then all that we school children had of musical culture came from a woman, who wrote the words of a song on a blackboard, sang the tune till we had learned it, and gave us a semi-monthly hour of pleasant refreshment by letting us sing—the more lustily the better. I remember the songs to-day: "Flora and Forester," "Star of the Evening" (the melody of the mermaid's song in "Oberon"), a jolly round; "The Hunter Winds His Buglehorn" (which was the only example, I think, in part



William M. Chase

(From the portrait by himself)

Famous English Portraits Bought By Local Dealers

American art dealers acquired a full share of the many famous paintings which were sold on the auction market in London during the summer. Among the works purchased by New York houses or those having connections here were seven early British portraits, possibly all of which, it is now understood, are to be brought to America at an early date.

Three paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one by Sir Henry Raeburn, one by Romney and two by Sir Thomas Lawrence, were taken by four firms at the sale at Christie's in July. They represent the former property of the Earl of Eglinton, Lord Napier and Etrick, the Marquess of Cholmondeley and the Rev. R. H. Hart Davis.

Romney's "Mrs. Vandergucht," wife of the artist, Benjamin Vandergucht, which provided the feature of the sale, was acquired by Duveen Brothers, of New York and London, for approximately \$36,000. The sitter is portrayed in a white muslin dress and a large black hat. She sat for Romney in 1786, when his price for a portrait of the size of this one—30 inches by 25 inches—was about \$115. The John Levy galleries, which was one of the underbidders for the picture, acquired Sir Joshua Reynolds's group of the two children of Benjamin Vandergucht, known as "Children in the Wood," for about \$11,575.

Coast Painters Of Gloucester In Annual Show

GLoucester, Mass., Aug. 24.—The Gallery-on-the-Moors in East Gloucester, where the seventh annual exhibition of the Gloucester painters is being held, was built six years ago by William S. Atwood, a picture collector and art enthusiast of Boston and Gloucester. He thought that the men and women who came every summer to paint that town's interesting waterfront deserved to have their work brought together and shown in a group to the public. The building he has erected is admirably planned. There is ample wall space for sixty or more pictures and the lighting appears to be perfect. It is of the Elizabethan half-timbered type of construction and the solid oak timbers have been made a feature of the interior as well as of the outside walls of the building. It is situated on a rise in the ground where native wild bushes cluster around it and boulders crowd it.

There are a number of young painters in this colony and the general tone of the exhibition is dominated by their work. It is the tone of up-to-dateness, of a willingness to try the new. Perhaps there is a hint of desire to attract by the force of novelty, but it is no more than that and the accusation of sensationalism cannot be made. The Gloucester painters are an independent body of workers and there is a great variety here of motif and method.

Boats and water are the subjects that the outdoor painters here most often paint, and there are many faithful and pleasing transcriptions of scenes about the harbor. "On Saturday Afternoon," by Alice Judson, is one of the freshest and happiest of the lot. It is done with simplicity and realism. The line is vigorous and the color forceful and honest. In contrast to this is Eric Hudson's

Three Conductors To Preside Over N. Y. Symphony

The New York Symphony Orchestra for the coming season will be under the direction of its regular conductor, Walter Damrosch, and the guest conductors, Albert Coates and Bruno Walter.

Mr. Damrosch will conduct eight pairs at the Carnegie Hall series of twelve Thursday afternoon and Friday evening concerts. Out of the sixteen Sunday afternoons in Aeolian Hall, Mr. Damrosch will direct ten. He will also conduct the four children's Saturday morning concerts in Aeolian Hall, four out of the six of the Young People's Concerts Saturday afternoons in Carnegie Hall and five concerts in Brooklyn.

Mr. Coates has been assigned five concerts in the Aeolian Hall Sunday afternoon series, three pairs of Carnegie Hall concerts and one each in the young people's series and Brooklyn series.

Bruno Walter, who will make his first appearance in New York, will have the direction of one pair in Carnegie Hall and one Sunday afternoon in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Walter is one of the most distinguished of European conductors. He was born in Berlin in 1876 and first served as a conductor at Cologne, Hamburg, Breslau, Pressburg, Riga and Berlin. In 1901 he became conductor of the court opera in Vienna, at which post he remained for twelve years. In 1914 he succeeded the late Felix Mottl as conductor and general music director in Munich, where his Mozart Cycles have attracted the attention of music lovers for several years.

The first instrument players of the New York Symphony Orchestra will remain unchanged for the coming season and consist of many of the soloists who have made up the personnel for the past three or four years. These include: Gustave Tinlot, concertmaster; Ernest La Prade, first second violin; René Pollain, first viola; Lucien Schmit, first cellist; and Morris Tiviv, first bass.

The wood wind section will have as usual: George Barrere, first flute; Pierre Mathieu, first oboe; Mario Bottesini, English horn; Robert Lindemann, first clarinet; Fred Parme, bass clarinet; Richard Kohl, contrabass clarinet, and Louis Letellier, first bassoon.

The horn players include Santiago Richart, Arthur Schneiderman, Max Syrbeky, Fred Dultgen; Vincent Buono, first trumpet; Max Wocken-fuss, first trombone; Mr. Billelo, tuba; Karl Glassman, first tympan; and Josef Pizzo, first harp.

## The Work of William M. Chase Observed at Shinnecock Hills

### Another Tribute Paid American Genius by Former Pupils at Southampton, Most Instructive of This Summer's Exhibitions

By Royal Cortissoz

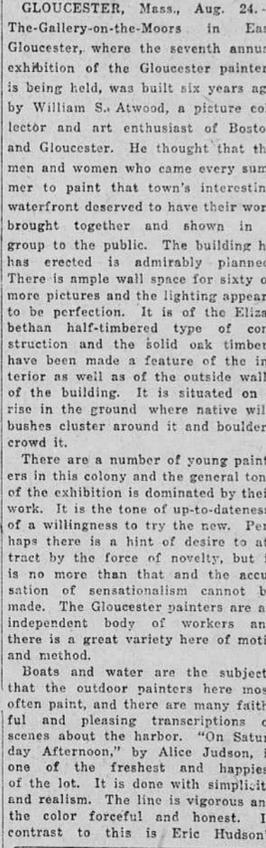
Since Chase's death in 1916 two important tributes have been paid to him. Early in the following winter the Metropolitan Museum brought together and exhibited more than forty of his paintings. Not long afterward Miss Katharine Metcalf Roof published her biography of the artist. There would seem to have been left nothing else to do, but something remained—a demonstration of his work as a teacher—and this has just been achieved in the shape of an exhibition in Memorial Hall at Southampton, L. I. It is, in its implications, the most instructive of all the summer exhibitions arranged apart from the city.

When Chase settled on the Shinnecock dunes, in a house that Stanford White designed for him, he accomplished one of the outstanding deeds of his career. With the collaboration of Mrs. William S. Hoyt, Mrs. Henry Kirke Porter and Mr. Samuel L. Parrish, he organized the first of our numerous open air art schools. Young artists came to him in flocks. No doubt the novelty and the charm of the enterprise attracted many pupils who in the long run went down the wind. Miss Roof, in the memoir just mentioned, tells of an aspirant who addressed her teacher in this wise: "There is just one thing I am worried about, Mr. Chase. Will you advise me about my right kind? I'm afraid these colors may fade." He was a patient man, but there were limits. "In your case, madam," he replied, "the very best you can possibly use." They faded like their colors, some of the students. But there were survivors, and that fact, as it happens, is a precious testimony to Chase's gift as an instructor.

He was born to show others how to paint, and this not solely because he knew how to paint himself, or even because he had the rare faculty of transmitting knowledge. He was successful in this field largely because he had all his life an intense curiosity regarding the ways and means of painting. Chase was an assimilative type of artist. He collected methods as he collected rings and other beautiful objects. In the earlier years of his own studies, foregathered with Duveen, in Munich, he threw off the influence of Piloty as soon as he saw the greater inspiration in that of Leibl, and ever after he was wont to try the new mode of approach that drifted into his ken. He tried the dexterity of Fortuny and Boldini. He emulated the style of the Belgian Alfred Stevens. You will find traces in his art, at different times, of Carolus Duran and Vollon, of Velasquez and Whistler. His studio was a veritable clearing house of "influences." He paid a certain penalty for his eclecticism. It kept him from being, as deep-sea might have been desired, his own man. But it is a mistake to think of Chase as playing Stevenson's "sedulous ape" from a weak motive. On the contrary, he did so for the same reason that governed R. L. S., from a passion for technique.

That burned in him like a flame and that it was that he communicated to his students. This exhibition at Southampton may not be one of dazzling brilliance, but there is a reason why it might justly be made an object of pilgrimage on the part of the art teachers of the present day. It enforces the principle that governed the business of the

## Chase's Family on the Beach at Shinnecock



How faithful he was to this golden principle may be judged from a few names in the catalogue, the names of Edmund Greenac, Charles W. Hawthorne, Reynolds Beall, Rockwell Kent, Ellen Emmet Rand, Eugene Ulman and Ernest Lawson. Do they not spell in each case a specific mood, a specific method? And are not all these artists representative of sound technique? The exciting thing about the show is that not a contributor to it is what might be called a "little Chase," a type of imitative effort. He had, no doubt, his blind disciples. Looking back over the years, we can recall clearly enough the signs, from time to time, that somebody had been sitting only too devotedly at his feet. But it is not the fault of memory alone that their names escape us. The echoing daggers have fallen into oblivion, that is all. The artists of talent have pulled through.

What gusto it must have given to Chase! How he must have rejoiced as he saw his students sailing off into the blue on their own! That is what he worked for. That is what he wanted them to do. His business was to see that they were technically equipped. He was satisfied if he inculcated them with a care for honest painting. It is an old idea, several centuries old, but it is ever new and inspiring. It is an idea as well as a personality that is commemorated in this exhibition. That is why, as we have said, it takes a place apart in the long list of summer shows, reviving sympathy and admiration for a remarkable artist. When Chase came back from Europe in the late '70s he played an important part in the making over of the American school, contributing enormously to the new movement for better technique. He went on playing that constructive part until he died, and left followers to carry on the right tradition. It is especially his rightness to sound painting, his verities of the rectitude of art. When you think of that you look at the little moment at Southampton thinking of him not only with sympathy and admiration, but with gratitude.

## Saint-Saens's "Carnival" To Be Presented Here

Walter Damrosch, of the New York Symphony Orchestra, will begin the new season Sunday afternoon, October 29, in Aeolian Hall, with the first production in New York of Saint-Saens's "Carnival of the Animals." Mr. Damrosch will give this work for the first time in America a week previously in Washington.

The late Camille Saint-Saens composed the "Carnival of the Animals" in 1886, and it remained in manuscript until his will provided for its publication and public performance. During the composer's lifetime he never permitted the work to be given in public, and its only performances were given in a music club of which he was a member.

Mr. Damrosch brought the score and parts with him when he returned from Paris. The conductor came to town a few days ago from Bar Harbor, where he has been completing his memoirs. Before returning to Bar Harbor, Mr. Damrosch said concerning the Saint-Saens work:

"The 'Carnival of the Animals' is a highly amusing and original composition, in which Saint-Saens characterizes the various animals, such as hens and roosters, turtles, the elephant, kangaroo, the cuckoo, the swan etc. Throughout its fourteen parts he perpetuates musical jokes by introducing and developing them from his own works and those of other composers.

outline is never employed. Hudson is a noteworthy exponent of this method, whose case we have stated perhaps a little unsympathetically.

Parker Perkins's "Heavy Sea" should be noted on account of its convincing sense of motion. Frederick Mulhaupt's "Hodgkin's Wharf," a most harmonious bit of color, is done with crispness of line that makes it impressive. Other good water things are those by H. A. Vincent, Morris Hall

Pancoat, Lester Stevens, Joseph B. Reno, Gertrude Bourne, Alice Berven, Samuel Glankoff and Sidney Chase. Among the landscape canvases shown both Wentworth Roberts's "Concord, May," and Henry Kempton's "New Hampshire Hilltop" are especially memorable. Bertie Mazer-Peyton has a genre, "The Apple-quer Postoffice," which, while humor is of the trite and "Bill-

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