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In the spring of 1890, at a dinner party in Washington, a prominent Senator in a gale of jest agreed to escort to the World's Fair the two ladies between whom he was seated. Six months later, the McKinley bill having passed the House, the Senator was reported in the newspapers as expressing a doubt as to the concurrence of the Senate in the removal of the duty on art. "For," said he, "how can we go to our constituents and stand up for the tax on sugar, which is a necessity, and defend its removal from art, which is a luxury?" Meantime, the interview having come to the eye of one of the ladies, she wrote, in effect, the following note:

MY DEAR SENATOR: I think it proper to say to you that I could under no circumstances consent to go to the World's Fair with Mrs. —— in the company of a Senator who thinks sugar a necessity and art a luxury; for while you would be longing to go to the candy counter, we should be wild to visit the picture-galleries, and, you see, there would be discord at once.

Sorrowfully yours, —— —— ——.

However novel this view of art as a necessity may be to some legislators, it is not a novel view to the vast majority of cultivated people of this country. There may be some excuse for thinking that in the early colonial period gunpowder was more necessary than statuary. But the luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next. The time was when ice was a luxury; now it is a necessity. In this era of sated material prosperity, good is no longer, in the definition of the English statesman, simply "good to eat." Public sentiment clearly perceives that what we need to cultivate and encourage are the graces and refinements of life, pure learning, the best music, the beautiful arts, the progress of civilization being measured by the conversion of luxuries into necessities.

It ought not to be difficult in this year of grace and art — the year of the artistic miracle by the side of Lake Michigan — to convince even the most material mind of the practical utility of beauty and of the good policy of giving the freest circulation to artistic products. European nations know the commercial value in pounds or francs of a liberal patronage of the arts. There is hardly an article of modern dress or household furniture that is not ultimately affected for the better by the spread of true ideas of art. By making the interchange with European centers difficult, we simply delay the day of our ultimate glory as an artistic nation — a destiny to which the genius of our people points, and which must reach its accomplishment through the education and growth of popular taste.

In the last Congress a great step was taken in civilization when, against the bitterest prejudices and the most alarmed entreaties, a large measure of justice was done to intellectual property by the passage of the International Copyright Bill. The new law has already justified the claims of its friends, and shown the groundlessness of the fears of its enemies. It was not asked for as a matter of favor, but of right; and it is on this ground, and in the same spirit of self-respect, that American artists and their allies ask for the justice that lies in free opportunity. To provide this is the first duty of government. No man is a beggar who asks for it; no good citizen will be content with less. And as no public investment is so valuable to a government as its investment in the respect of its own citizens, it is to be hoped that before the close of the present session, this barbarous tax upon intelligence will be removed, so that Americans may be able to look frankly in the face the representatives of those great nations — great in nothing more enduring than their art — to which our own artists are indebted for the most constant and generous opportunity, instruction, and inspiration.

OPEN LETTERS.

How Pianists May be Different and yet Each be Great.

MUSICIANS have long agreed that there is something amiss in the modern piano-concert. An undertow of dissent sets back from the popularity of our greatest artists. The instant loss of artistic prestige that follows an attempt to settle in America shows how much more public interest arises from novelty than from appreciation of musical genius. We have no pianists who possess a tithe of the hold upon public regard that is enjoyed by a very large number of favorite actors. This is partly because the stage has an immense advantage in the attitude of its patrons toward it. We go to the theater to enjoy the acting; we go to a concert to decide how nearly a pianist playing a familiar program is able to come up to our ideas. An actor is free to choose his own special line of art. Robson is not expected to play *Hamlet*, nor Salvini *Solon Shingle;* neither of them is obliged to be a scene-painter. The fine arts offer similar freedom; a man may select landscape or figure; may excel in color or line; may be classic, realistic, or impressionist, as suits him best. But the pianist is supposed to be everything or nothing, although no art contains possibilities more various and incompatible than those inherent in music. In its tissue of pleasing sounds it affects the ear just as color affects the eye, and accordingly possesses a school of art the musicians of which are as truly colorists as if they handled a brush. It is also a language, and as such numbers in its ranks not only writers, but orators, critics, and dramatic artists. Furthermore, being dependent on muscular agility, it offers a field for the phenomenal development of virtuosity. Among all these obligatory requirements an artist finds himself, like Issachar, an overloaded ass, stooping between his burdens; and his artistic purpose becomes hopelessly confused. This is more unfortunate from the fact that the normal attitude of the artist toward his art is not the same in men of different temperaments. Given a musical ear, any one of several powerful instincts may impel an artist to his art, and in the direction of this impulse will be his greatest strength. What a liberty of perfection, what an exorcism of commonplace, would follow if we were broad enough to recog-

nize the point where the struggle for symmetrical artistic development should cease, and if we were sympathetic enough to urge each genius onward in its normal bent! The natural bent of an artist's instinct is his vein of ore in the great mine of art. He will dig to very little purpose at right angles to it.

That, indeed, would be a unique artist who so well understood his own genius that he was always consistent; and exceptional artists have many active instincts, which prompt as many developments. This paper seeks to define these instincts, and by no means to limit the powers of the artists cited. We will, for the purpose, consider a few common types of art in general, and piano-playing in particular.

Musicians separate instrumentalists into two broad classes, those who work by feeling, and those who work by conscious intellectual effort. The artistic productions of these two classes are easily recognized as different, not in degree, but in kind. The first are said to be "subjective," the second "objective." These metaphysical terms are extremely misleading. However, if we use them as a rough classification of clearly opposing types, we can make it plainer why musicians may be different, and yet each be great. Thus the critic and the virtuoso are certainly objective, while the rhapsodist, the colorist, the composer, and the idealist are subjective. Perhaps the impressionist occupies a middle ground.

THE RHAPSODIST AND THE PLAYING CRITIC.

LET us consider the rhapsodist — the man who reproduces classic art forms with an enthusiasm that often carries him past interpretation into improvisation. The type is as old and familiar as art itself. "One may dare to *break all bounds* only in his own compositions," sighs Rubinstein, who can never keep within bounds. The musician who unconsciously creates in the very act of interpretation is the artist with the instinct of an orator. Daudet drew the type in "Numa Roumestan." It is the freshness and spontaneity that one enjoys most in the flights of such a genius. Critical interpretation is its negative pole. The enthusiasm of the artist and the audience create the result between them. So normal is the artistic manifestation that the comparatively unmusical public is able to understand and revel in it. If such an artist pauses in his flight to reason and analyze, his wings drop off.

A tendency to improvise was one of the most marked features of Liszt's genius. Hiller, who disliked him, said Liszt played best at sight, because if he went through a piece a second time he altered it to suit himself. The artists who play Liszt's own music as he played it do so by ear, for he seldom kept to the text he furnished the public. The inspiration of the occasion provoked many of the great Hungarian's finest utterances. But such artistic freedom is the rarest condition of a modern pianist. How many tender rhapsodists have we cut down to the standards of the excellent Cotta edition of classic works — although the interpretation of the genuine rhapsodist is always happiest in moments of greatest abandon! The initial impulse of an artist like Bülow, on the other hand, is frankly analytic. He clamors for truth and fidelity to subject-matter as loudly as Ruskin. He scorns to consider the result of his music upon the audience he despises. He enters literature as tractarian, not as composer. Even as pianist he avowedly neither creates nor composes his musical picture. He is a critic of musical literature who embodies his opinion in musical form. Bülow, the greatest, clearest-sighted critic of German music that we possess, presents exactly the traits which we are accustomed to seek in critics of *belles-lettres*.

Here we have the insight, the discrimination, the caustic wit, the cool dissection of the subject, and the fervent opinion thereon. We listen to Bülow on Beethoven as we study Colenso on the Pentateuch. Perhaps one clearly understands Beethoven's sonatas only after hearing Bülow play his "Commentary on Beethoven." Bülow's life work has been of inestimable value to the student. Without him how dim would be our intelligence, how meager our culture! But his bitter gibes have scorched the freshness and spontaneity out of his pupils. Thanks to him, all Germany has turned critic, and it is idle to ask of critics the abandon, the naïve instinct for beauty or impersonation that still exist in non-Teutonic peoples. For these things we begin to look to nations who are romantic rather than sentimental. But if we do not insist on tone-color, or invention, or passion, we must demand that the critic have and express ideas upon his subject matter, and that his music be reasonable, coherent, intelligent, and limpidly clear. Criticism is not interpretation, and still less impersonation; but a music without its playing critics would be a music without a literature.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE ARTIST.

To the analysis of the critic let us oppose the constructive instinct of which Poe is the literary exponent. The artistic genus whose methods Poe discusses in the "Philosophy of Composition" numbers some of our most brilliant names in literature, music, painting, and acting. In exposing the processes by which he created "The Raven," "I prefer," said Poe, "to begin with an *effect*." Artists of this particular temperament may then be supposed to concern themselves with producing effects where others may seek to *reproduce* their ideas, opinions, or impressions. "The old masters," writes Hamerton, "troubled themselves very little about the nobility of their subject, but were generally careful to see that the material they painted would come as they wanted it, in form, color, light, and shade." He avers that the true artist is always calculating the effect of his work upon his public, and gives an account of the successive steps in which a picture is composed and painted. Now the materials of rhetoric in musical composition, and of declamation and elocution in audible music, may be combined and worked up just as Meissonier painted a picture. But if this, the normal instinct and method of the painter, is very strong in the musician, a pictorial quality appears in his work that is absent from the productions of other musical types. For many of the strongest musical instincts begin and end with the necessity for expression, and are careless of effect. These artists are unconscious of the details of their musical outpourings, and very often ignorant of the artistic laws which they fulfil. They share the instinct of song-birds. Some one asked Paderewski to write down the cadenza of his own minuet as he actually plays it, and it came out that he did not know how he did it himself. If you criticize such a musician, he says, "But I felt so." This is not the standpoint of the constructive artist. There are

musicians of whom you instinctively say that they "composed a tone-picture" or they "built a climax."

The finest representative of this school of pianists that we have heard on this side of the Atlantic is Eugen d'Albert. From first to last he is intent on crescendo, contrast, suspense, surprise, and climax. He plies his hearers with every variety of touch and technic, master of all. He subjects his musical matter to every mode of treatment. By turns picturesque, impetuous, caressing, awesome, and merry, he is unfailingly interesting. Mr. Richard Mansfield offers an example of the same instinct in dramatic art. He tells us that he concocted the entire play of "Beau Brummel" to bring out the scene where the Beau, poor and forgotten, talks to the phantoms of his old companions. He seized, not a passion, but a picturesque and pathetic situation. His transformation scene in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is worked out on the same principles of suspense and climax that D'Albert applies to a similar musical situation. We all remember the Bach fugue which furnished to D'Albert the text of his magnificent illustration of a grand climax, and the series of neatly contrasted technical studies into which he resolved the Bach suite in D minor. These were not the opinions of the playing critic. They were effects — the brilliant result of a constructive process in which artistic instinct and intellectual effort acted together. Such art possesses a development and flavor altogether different from that of any other type. Its existence is legitimate, and its artists as versatile as they are enthusiastic and sincere. But it is impossible to estimate them by the same criterions that we apply to Chopin, who found the twilight of a boudoir more congenial than the glare of the footlights, and, as a concert player, failed with the public.

THE COMPOSER THAT ALSO PLAYS.

CHOPIN was a literary man, the idol of his friends, and worked comparatively unseen by his public. Just as Dickens and Cable have read their books better than anybody else can read them, so no one has ever played the music of Chopin as he played it. To Chopin music was a form of speech, the easiest way of expressing his feelings. His originality was unconscious and unpremeditated. In him appear musicianly qualities unknown to any of the types of music we have considered, but not less precious or effectual. Too refined and sensitive to be comprehended by the general public, those objective particulars which that public could grasp — his touch of velvet, his flexible rhythm, his treatment of passages and embellishments — generated a new school of music.

THE COLORIST.

JUST as painting numbers artists who are supremely great because of their love of color, in and for itself, so music possesses players whose love of beautiful tone is their guiding impulse. Mr. Joseffy, another instance of an artist who works independently of his public, both in ideal and in elaboration, is an example of this type. He is not always calculating the effect of his work upon his hearers, for in spite of his great popularity it is almost impossible for him to persuade himself to undertake a concert. Yet each reappearance brings the surprise of a new artistic departure, which, however, sacrifices no familiar charm. As a young artist, the exquisite grace and delicate beauty of his playing revolutionized the popular conception of piano-music throughout America. His was a revelation of what beautiful tone meant; it placed him among the great colorists just as emphatically as if he had rivaled Ziem's Venetian scenes.

Mr. Joseffy has offered us the pleasure (rare in our new world) of watching the lifelong development of an artist — a healthy growth in breadth and power, always harmonious with the sensitive feeling for beauty, especially beauty of tone, that is its generative impulse. It is curious that the same indifference to drawing that the genuine colorist exhibits in painting is paralleled by the disinclination for strongly marked phrasing and accent in his musical counterpart. De Pachmann is another instance in point. Art is a choice between opposing possibilities. It is obvious that the creations of a colorist will differ from those of a constructive artist from every standpoint of good criticism. The colorist will seldom sacrifice beauty of tone to effective accent. He will often prefer elegance to energy. His surprises will not be dramatic effects, but new discoveries of beauty. He charms where the composition and delivery of a constructive musician compel admiration. The history of the art of music proves that it sprang from more than one germ, and the question in hearing it should be, What is the player's instinct and aim? and then, Does he reach the aim? Is he true to the instinct?

THE IMPRESSIONIST.

TURNER was a genuine impressionist. This is the school that "seizes the most striking feature of its object, and seeks to reproduce that feature in the most vivid possible way" — the school which reproduces "not truths of fact, but truths of imagination."

We possess its entire parallel in music. Rubinstein is the prince of impressionists. He has gathered up in memory just such a treasury of natural sounds and motions as attracted Turner in color and form, and he uses them with similar genius and technic. It is a crudity to ask Rubinstein to be clear. We do not need to have him clear — we need to have him moving.

THE VIRTUOSO.

THE bravura player is a bird of another feather. Bravura is inseparable from virtuosity, by which musicians mean extraordinary technical skill, resource, and endurance. Bravura is the use of these abilities — first, to produce a grand artistic climax; second, on account of their value as gymnastic feats with which to delight the hearing and seeing audience.

The virtuoso is not to be reckoned with in matters of beauty, discrimination, or oratory. Not that he is necessarily indifferent to them, but his preparation is that of any other gymnast, and his standpoint the question of possibilities for flesh and blood. Bravura playing is often the first instinct of a genius that awakens later to higher aims. But it has its independent value. Without such men as Rosenthal, who in feats like the "Don Juan" fantasie are continually enlarging the limits of execution, piano-playing would come to a standstill. What Rosenthal does to-day, the world will do tomorrow. If we can brook no limit to our latent power, it is he and his rivals who make our impossible the world's actual. The art of painting possesses exactly the same phase of genius — men who bless difficulties

for the chance of overcoming them. The gymnastic feats of the acrobat on one hand, and the technical successes of pictures like Whistler's "White Lady" on the other, fairly represent the lowest and highest achievements of the bravura player.

THE DRAMATIC IDEALIST.

THERE is still another group of artists whose standpoint differs utterly from all those heretofore considered. For want of a better name, I am inclined to call them the "dramatic idealists," because they develop their artistic product from an inner ideal of human nature.

On the stage Jefferson and Modjeska are examples of two great artists who work from this same standpoint. Jefferson's definition of an actor is "a player who, *solus,* with neither scenery nor stage properties, is able to run through the gamut of human emotion, and never fail to touch a responsive chord in the audience," and such are those artists who, conscious of the power of music as a language, not only make it the vehicle for the utterance of their personal feelings, but are able to express in music that progress and play of emotions which we call mood. We see at a glance that here is something different in origin, aim, and use of material from any previous type.

The artistic material of such artists is less the dramatic situation than the character they impersonate. Jefferson *is Rip Van Winkle;* he does not play him. Paderewski has the same power. Their strongest appeal is to the imagination and feeling of their hearers. It is characteristic of the idealist that his appeal is at once noble and stimulating.

The exquisite ideal of womanly tenderness which Modjeska expresses when she, as *Portia,* abandoning all stage traditions, obeys the divine impulse of pity, steals toward *Shylock,* and gently touches his arm as she tells him "the quality of mercy is not strained," is a beautiful instance of dramatic idealism.

From the exercise of the same gift arose the touching scene in Carnegie Hall, when an audience, loath to leave their artist or to let him go, went away hushed and sorrowful from the presence of a man who had won them solely by the music of a piano.

The peculiarity and charm of this, perhaps the rarest, type of art, is that it sometimes seems to pass the borders of artistic production and to enter those of inspiration.

NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT.

THE artist who is able thus to impersonate a character, and to express its feelings, does so in the mold of his own nature and nationality. There is no more essential property of music than its national flavor. We demand this flavor in literature, as in the fine arts. We resent the cumbrous Germanism of a Scotch Carlyle. Although we go to Scotland with Sir Walter Scott, we do not ask Hawthorne to become an Italian in Rome. We expect to see every school of painting embody its highest ideals in its national type of feature. Rubens, Da Vinci, Bonnat, and Munkaczy have respectively produced a Dutch, Italian, French, and Hungarian Christus. We would not dream of demanding a denationalized Christus. It would be weak. Ristori, Janauschek, and Modjeska have played the same character —*Maria Stuart.* The national temperament of each of these great artists was perfectly obvious in her conception.

And so must be the nationality of the pianist. The greatest artist is he who, like Liszt, uses his national instinct to the highest artistic purpose. Paderewski gives us a Polish Chopin. Some of us enjoy it because the Polish temperament, especially in its romantic quality, is strongly akin to the American. But next week comes De Pachmann, who offers Chopin the Frenchman. Let us who prefer Chopin the Pole remember that to a musician of Parisian instincts De Pachmann's Chopin is the speaking truth of nation and taste. If we do not find it true, may it not be because we are not in sympathy with French character? We hear a dozen Teutonic pianists play Beethoven with the utmost breadth of tone and grandeur of crescendo. Two others of different nationality and temperament follow. The one offers us a Beethoven of physical beauty and grace, the other of chivalrous feeling and action. Now and then appears a philosopher, a poet, a musician whose philosophy is broad enough, whose sympathies are strong enough, whose utterance is direct enough, to make him the mouthpiece of the world. Such were Shakspere and Beethoven. Even Schiller in *Maria Stuart* created a world's type of suffering. Dare we affirm that a symmetrical and consistent art creation falls below our standard because it shows how a French, Italian, Russian, or Polish temperament deals with the chain of moods which forms the dramatic material of a sonata?

How inartistic would be a *Macbeth* played with the Scotch bur proper to the smaller art form of the *Man o' Airlie!* The larger the artistic creation, the less essential are its outside details, and the more easily it runs in the mold of any and every nation, and rises from the particular instance to the universal type.

ARTISTIC SCHOOL AND PERSONALITY.

IF we take into account the artistic value of a musician's nationality, we must also recognize that of master and school. If Union Seminary or Princeton sets her mark on a theologian; if Paris, Munich, or Spain effectually qualifies a painter's method and ideal, so Paris, Berlin, or Vienna alters the development of the growing pianist. A pupil of Liszt, Kullak, or Leschetizky cannot be mistaken. Moreover, the culture, the nature, the social habit of the artist, must be considered. These will not counteract his genius, but they will work conclusively upon his taste, his sense of propriety, and upon the moods of which he is able to form a conception. They will largely go to make the personal quality which is the crowning charm of all artistic work.

Fanny Morris Smith.

Columbus Relics — The Question of Genuineness.

IN this year, when all the world is concurring to celebrate adequately the memory of Columbus, everything bearing upon him is of interest. We hear therefore on all sides of biographies that have appeared or are about to appear, of fêtes to be held in his honor, of relics pertaining to the great explorer. Of these relics a great number are to be lent by the various owners to the Exposition of Chicago, to be publicly exhibited in the section devoted to Columbian memorials. It is much to be hoped that all such mementos may prove really genuine, that no frauds, conscious