

PADEREWSKI'S UNFINISHED MASTERPIECE

Mailed Fist of War Cut Short Composition That This World's Genius Believed Would Be His Greatest Work—But War, He Says, Will Eventually Prove a Boon to Art by Simplifying It and Giving It a New Virility



WHEN the last gun is fired in the great conflict of nations now raging in Europe art will be born anew—but not the elaborate art to which we have been accustomed. The effect will be the same as on human life—a tendency toward simplification.

This is the opinion of Ignace Jan Paderewski, the noted pianist, whose visit to America in the interest of devastated Poland indicates that love of country rivals music in the heart of this genius. Paderewski, grieving over the unhappy fate of his land, has not played the piano since the beginning of hostilities, devoting all of his time toward raising funds with which to assist the millions of families that are helpless, hungry and sick.

"All of us, even the poorest, indulged in some luxuries during the days of peace," said Paderewski. "The first accomplishment of the gigantic struggle was to simplify our mode of living. Those who had horses found them commandeered. Automobiles and carriages, too, were requisitioned. The net result was to make people partake of more exercise, especially that of walking, and to eat more wholesome food—in fact, to lead a simple and sane life.

"As art is, after all, the reflection of human life, so will it be simplified. Artists will try to find more accessible forms of expression. I presume it, will be a benefit for art itself, which in every one of its branches tended toward excess and exaggeration to the detriment of real thought."

Cancel Engagements to Work for Poland.

Paderewski was in England when he learned that the war presaging general hostilities had been declared. He immediately canceled all engagements and returned to his chalet in Switzerland, where he formulated plans to aid unhappy Poland.

While in England Paderewski had begun the composition of what he believed would be his masterpiece. From the start of his career it had been his ambition to compose music rather than to play it. Well-known musicians will tell you that some of his interpretations of the masters, especially in his earlier years, were marvelous improvisations, for the magic of his talent supplied what at the start his knowledge lacked.

Paderewski has not supplied a single note to his composition since the war began. "How can I?" he asked, tears filling his eyes. He wasn't ashamed to cry. When you know that in times other than these Paderewski often played seventeen hours a day, a muscular task which the world's strongest men would not care to essay; that he frequently indulged in the strenuous exercise of swimming; that he personally superintended his estate and was even a breeder of horses, you are compelled to readjust the thought that this great artist is effeminate.

Vast Area Is Laid Waste.

"How can I?" he repeated, "when my Poland is in misery? War is raging over her soil, sweeping away every sign of civilization, destroying dwellings, devastating fields, gardens and forests, starving and exterminating human beings and animals alike. An area equal in size to the states of New York and Pennsylvania has been laid waste. Two hundred towns, fourteen hundred churches, seven thousand five hundred villages have been completely ruined.

"A total of eighteen million inhabitants, including nearly two million Jews, are continually enduring the horrors of this gigantic struggle. Only very few could flee to the places which are still holding their own against the aggressors; the great majority, almost eleven millions of helpless women and children, homeless peasants, unemployed workmen, the very essence and strength of a nation, have been driven out into the open. Thousands and thousands are hiding among ruins, in woods or in hollows, feeding on roots and on the bark of trees.

"And you ask me why I do not compose! Why I do not play in concert! Can one with true patriotism, true love of country, set his mind on aught else than the heartrending cries of his people, 'Some bread for Polish women and children! Some seed for the Polish farmers!'"

A glance went, instinctively, to his hands. They were as long, as thin, as white, as delicately shaped as ever.

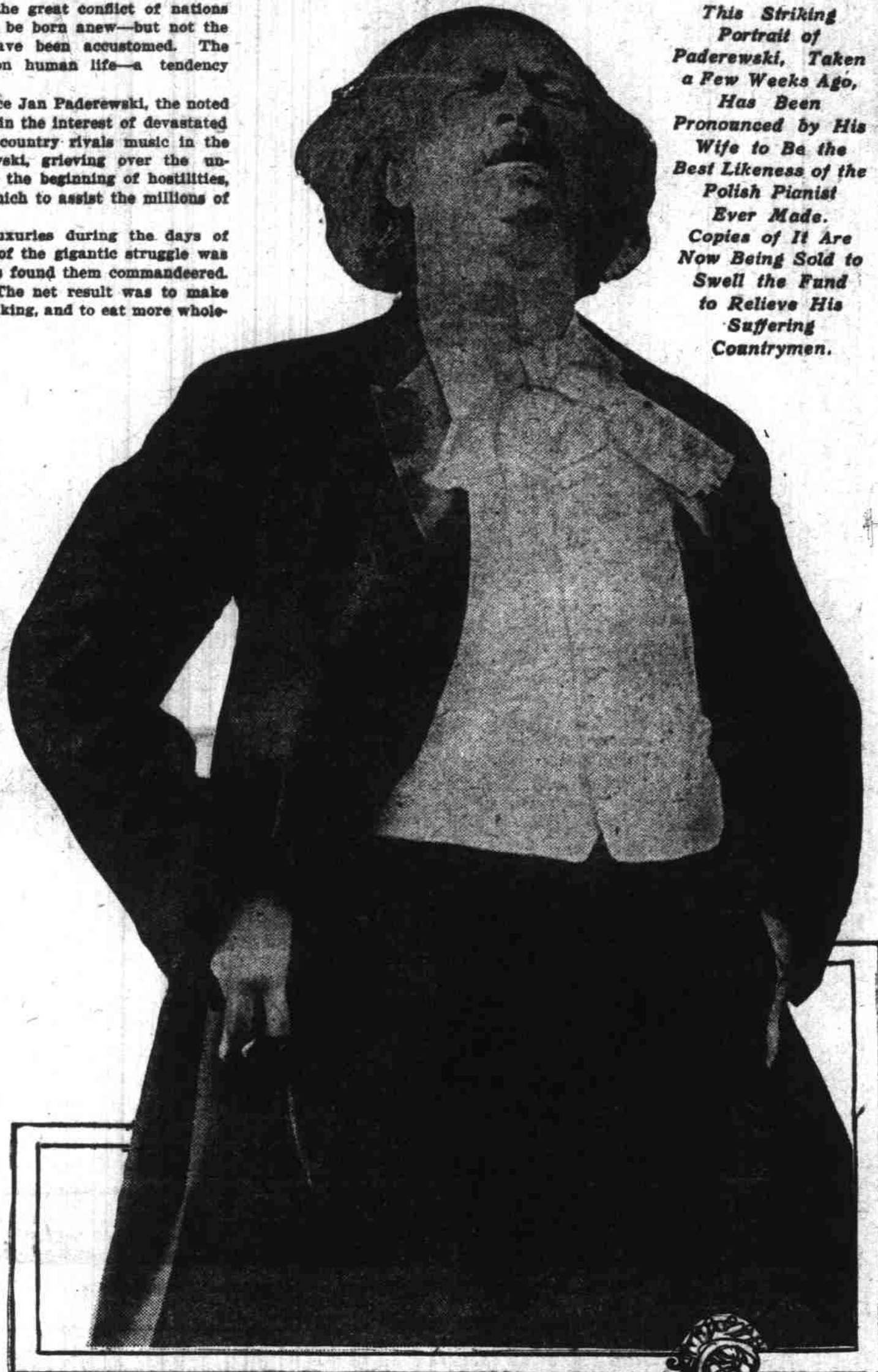
"Ah, but they are stiff," said Paderewski, divining the meaning of the glance. "And my wrists—they, too, are no longer wrists of steel."

Years to Return to Own Work.

He said it pitifully, as if he yearned to return to the strenuous life of concert work which Henry T. Fink described so well in the following extract from an article he wrote several years ago:

"Genius involves hard work, in a pianist as in a poet. Ease and finish are the rewards of years of toil. When we know how persistently Paderewski works to perfect his playing we hardly wonder that he shrinks the duty of writing letters. His triumphs were not too easily won; he had to practice and study many years to earn them. To this day he will practice ten to twelve hours or more a day when preparing for a concert tour, to keep his fingers supple and his memory reliable. But the secret of his success lies in this, that he practices not merely with his fingers but with the brain too. He once told me that he often lies awake for hours at night, going over his next program mentally, note after note, trying to get at the very essence of every bar.

"This mental practice at night explains the perfection of his art, but it is not good for his health. Indeed, if he ever sins it is against himself and the laws of health. He smokes too many cigarettes, drinks too much lemonade, loses too much sleep, or sleeps too much in the daytime. For this last habit he is, however, not entirely to blame; for whenever



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he gives a concert all his faculties are so completely engaged that he is quite exhausted at the end, and unable to go to sleep for hours. His favorite antidote to this artistic insomnia is a game of billiards. Of this game he is passionately fond, and he regards it as a sort of tonic, for, he says, 'If I walk or ride or merely rest I go to thinking all the time, and my nerves get no real rest. But when I play billiards I can forget everything, and the result is mental rest and physical rest combined.'

And to return to this life is Paderewski's wish, but grief forbids.

Were Paderewski's emotions and sentiments less delicately tuned; if he could woe back the perfect contentment of mind which he says is necessary to musical genius, he could aid his country materially by concert work. Following are a few figures covering fourteen consecutive concerts on his second tour of America:

Binghamton, \$1,500; New York, \$5,000; Boston, \$2,364; New Haven, \$1,826; New York, \$5,000; Rochester, \$1,802; Albany, \$1,350; Hartford, \$1,915; Boston, \$2,906; New York, \$5,524; Buffalo, \$2,050; Philadelphia, \$5,324; Brooklyn, \$3,162; Boston, \$3,909; total, \$48,590, or an average of \$3,113.

What Concerts Really Pay.

The total number of concerts given during this second tour in twenty-six American cities was sixty-seven, and the receipts amounted to \$180,000—a sum never before equalled by an instrumental performer. Of this amount about \$150,000 was net.

"But it is impossible for me to play until the war is over—rather until my Poland rises from the ashes

of her unhappy fate," said the master pianist recently. He rose to prepare for an address to Polish sympathizers in behalf of the General Polish Relief Committee. Paderewski's gift of oratory is second only to his genius as a musician, as shown in the following extract from speech he made:

"We are in sore need of strengthening, of re-inspiration. Blow after blow has fallen upon our stricken race, thunderbolt after thunderbolt; our whole shattered country quivers, not with fear, but with dismay. New forms of life which had to come, which were bound to come, have waked among us on a night of dreadful dreams. The same wind that blew to us a handful of healthy grain has overwhelmed us in a cloud of chaff and siftings; the clear flame kindled by hope of universal justice has reached us fouled by dark and blackening smoke; the light breath of freedom has been borne toward us on choking, deadly waves of poisoned air.

"Our hearts are disarranged, our minds distorted. We are being taught respect for all that is another's, contempt for all that is our own. We are bidden to love all men, even fratricides, and yet hate our own fathers and brothers should they think otherwise, albeit no less warmly, than ourselves. Our new teachers are stripping us of the last shred of racial instinct, yielding the past in prey to an indefinite future, thrusting the heritage of generations into the clutches of the chaotic ogre whose monstrous form may loom at any minute above the abyss of time.

"The immemorial sanctuary of our race, profaned until now against the stoutest foe, is being assailed by brothers who batter at the wall, meaning to use

This Striking Portrait of Paderewski, Taken a Few Weeks Ago, Has Been Pronounced by His Wife to Be the Best Likeness of the Polish Pianist Ever Made. Copies of It Are Now Being Sold to Swell the Fund to Relieve His Suffering Countrymen.



Grief Over War Stays Hand of Polish Genius

HOW can I compose when my Poland is in misery? War is raging over her soil, sweeping away every sign of civilization, destroying dwellings, devastating fields, gardens and forests, starving and exterminating human beings and animals alike. Only very few could flee to the places which are still holding their own against the aggressors; the great majority, almost eleven millions of helpless women and children, homeless peasants, unemployed workmen, the very essence and strength of a nation, have been driven out into the open. Thousands and thousands are living among ruins, in woods, or in hollows, feeding on roots and on the bark of trees. And you ask me why I do not compose! Why I do not play in concert! Can one with true patriotism, true love of country, set his mind on aught else than the heartrending cries of his people, "Some bread for Polish women and children! Some seed for Polish farmers!"

our scattered stones for the building of new structures—as if these poverty-stricken architects were unable to afford material of their own. The white-winged, undefiled, most holy symbol of our nation is being attacked by croaking rooks and ravens; strange, ill-omened birds of night circle around her, screeching; even her own demented eaglets defy her."

Paderewski Not a Young Man.

Paderewski is no longer young—he was born in 1860—and he spends the greater part of the day in conference with the leaders of branch relief societies. Yet no weariness shows in his dignified figure or in his eyes, and he talks with animation. This anima-

tion is particularly noticeable when Poland is the subject of conversation. On music, painting, America—on most subjects he talks with interest, but with no great eagerness. But when the wrongs of Poland are mentioned he rises from his chair and speaks with fiery passion.

His masterpiece?

"It shall not be born for the time being," says Paderewski. But when it is given to the world who doubts but that it will express yearning maidenhood, grave manhood, tragic and sad old age, light-hearted, joyful youth, love's enfolding softness, action's vigor, valiant and chivalrous strength—all of Poland, for whose tragic fate Paderewski grieves, and which is dearer to his heart than music itself?

Is Love a Disease? If So, What Is the Cure?

IS LOVE a disease?

Nearly three hundred theories, the majority of them scientific, exist as to the nature of love. Most are physiological theories. It remained for William Brown, M. A., D. Sc., of King's College, London, to show that the mental phenomena involved—the ideas, thoughts and feelings of lovers—can be to some extent explained by mental causes.

Says Professor Brown:

"Whatever may be the theory adopted to explain how it comes about that the ideas and emotions of two people become centered each about the idea of the other, we are still left with the striking resemblances which love presents to certain forms of mental disease. Besides the 'fixed idea' there is the period of 'incubation,' during which the individual does not know what is the matter with him, but feels restless, depressed and 'out of sorts.' There is feebleness of will power, which may, in a few cases, even persist after love has become manifest. Again, there is often a complete change of temperament and character.

"Once more: Some natures seem to be more susceptible to the love fever than others, and would appear to be possessed of a special mental 'diathesis' or disposition, resembling the physical diathesis—the tendency to cancer, scrofula and so forth—so well known to the physician. And the greater proneness to the affliction when in ill health, mental or physical, brings it also into line with physical disease. There are, however, exceptions.

"Again, a love affair of a certain type makes the individual, in many cases, partly or entirely immune to one of a similar nature for the future. Whether it is possible to be in love with more than one person at the same time is a difficult question, but we are, perhaps, a little too ready to answer it in the negative.

"No one will deny that extreme cases abound which are obviously diseased, but these shade off to the so-called normal cases by imperceptible degrees, and the dividing line is not easy to draw. How are we to regard the numerous love tragedies of history? What are we to say of the love murders and suicides which we read about in the newspapers? Can we honestly convince ourselves—those of us who are not entirely inexperienced in the matter—that these cases belong to a class by themselves, and have no closer relation to ordinary love than, say, a cancerous liver to a normal one? Perhaps if a larger proportion of people were insusceptible to the passion—that some such people exist

cannot be doubted—we should be more ready to class it among our diseases.

"If disease it is, we must look for its cause in the subconscious, and therefore the ordinary healing method of 'suggestion,' in which the patient's interest is turned in some other direction, is in most cases useless unless helped out by some means of getting down to the subconscious life of the individual. Such means are afforded us by the method of 'psycho-analysis' invented by Professor Freud of Vienna and employed by him and his disciples."

The principle of this method is similar to that of cross-examination as employed in a court of law, except that single words instead of questions are used as the bait. The physician learns of the cause of the disease simultaneously with the patient, and is then able to help the matter by thoroughly "talking the thing out" with him. It has been used with remarkable success, say scientists, in certain forms of mental disease.

"The case of love is very similar," adds Professor Brown. "Love is a disturbance in which the subconscious is largely involved, hence its seeming mysteriousness and irrationality. Not all love affairs need to be cured, but in cases where this is desirable the method of psycho-analysis enables the reason and will power of the lover to be directed upon the irrational emotional tendencies that have gained a footing in his subconsciousness, so that they are seen in their true light and combated accordingly.

"Let us imagine the instance of a pair of lovers where, owing to some internal reasons, jealousy, for instance, love is not flowing smoothly. If these two people be tested separately and independently with the same list of words much information can be obtained as to the nature of their subconscious selves, and also of the more hidden parts of their explicit consciousness.

"Cases of 'hopeless love' could be treated in a similar way, so that indirectly the method might even prove to be a new and efficacious way of curing some cases of consumption, or at least directing the physician's attention to the mental factor which is not infrequently present in these instances. The actual curative treatment, so far as it is mental, would in every case take the form of 'suggestion' and the talking of the matter out with the patient; the psychologist would prescribe measures for directing the flow of the patient's ideas and emotional tendencies into other channels."

Therefore, from the viewpoint of Professor Brown, love in some cases is a disease.