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THE GOAT, THE GREEN COCK, AND THE WOMAN WITH NOCTURNAL EYES

V. T.

TO you, my joyous brothers in art; to you who love art faithfully, excellently, inevitably, and are unabashed; to you greeting and these words:

It is not well that the goat and the green cock should enter the fair garden of art.

The goat is no degenerate satyr, but the devil himself, as appears by confessions in the "Daemonolatriae" of Remigius (lib. 1, cap. 14) and in Delrio's "Disquisition on Magic" (lib. 2, quaest. 6). It has been proved, moreover, by King James of Blessed Memory and many others, that the green cock is no other than Satan. But the devil has also power, as Saint Andrew shows, to appear in the guise of a young woman of extreme beauty. At these times he is most to be feared. It was of such a devil-woman that Eumenes asked, "Why, she is a woman, is she not?" But Memnon made no answer.

Against the goat and the green cock and the woman with the oblique look it were well to shut the gates of the garden of art; for they are but manifestations of the devil. It was as a woman, with an insolent, serene face, limpid eyes, and a large, cruel mouth, that the devil appeared to the great Dutch painter, Torrentius, and betrayed him. And when the painter was given over to the torture and his paintings were burned in the market-place of Treve, the devil vanished, leaving an abominable smell of sulphur.

So wonderful this woman is! So insidious are the temptations of the Most Low! She smiled with Priapian eyes at Rembrandt; she posed in frivolous infamy for Fragonard and Boucher; she perverted the senile years of Badouin. Then she laid aside all grace and reticence that the cold Briton, Rowlandson, might love her. Ferocious, violent, frenetic—dear Lord! in what frightful postures she danced in the eyes of the startled Briton. A gross, ventripotent figure, contorted by monstrous gestures—surely this was no woman, but the veritable spirit of evil, which is no strange thing, for there is a like instance in Eusebius, which King James confirms. If you study Rowlandson's pictures you will discern that it is not a woman he paints, but a white-and-pink animal shaped like a woman. This, I fancy, is additional evidence, for it is a commonplace of the schoolmen that the devil, while he can fashion a human body, is powerless to inform it with a soul. It is not without significance that learned men believe that this same devil was the Priapus worshipped in the antique world to the damnation of many souls.

It is probable, too, that Herodias was no true woman, but a manifestation of the devil, such as appeared to Saint Anthony and in later years deluded many painters and writers. This devil whispered into the ear of Glatigny the "Joyeusetes du Vidame de la Braguette" and pointed out to Delvau the way to Eleutheropolis or to Lampsacos. This devil, cunningly disguised as a woman of Paris, sang to Theodore Hannon "Les Rimes de Joie" and taught Felicien Rops the lines of uncanny, soulless female faces. This devil guided Rodin's chisel and tempted the great master, Degas.

In the Middle Ages the devil was wont to appear monstrously; to Saint Romualdus he showed himself as a vulture (which is his true nature) and to Evagrus as a clerk and to others as a goat or a green cock. Bodinus saw him once as a man in decent black, booted and spurred. Of late years Verlaine saw him as a goat. Israel Zangwill, who is an unbeliever, records a recent manifestation of Satan in which he appeared as half Yankee and half satyr. But these are all rare.

In none of these guises now does the Most Low attempt to enter the fair garden of art. The devil's guise to-day is that of a woman, serene and insolent, with immitigable and exceptional eyes and a mouth overlarge. She passes, and in the garden of art the white roses wither.

Dear Lord! Among the white roses, this face, terrible in its authentic and animal reality; this face, at once contemporary and Byzantine, at once an allegory and a synthesis; this face of indolent flesh, with nocturnal, secret eyes; this face that is at once an incantation, a cry, a menace, and an invitation to furtive satanic rites; this face, ironic, scatological, disquieting, and implacable—the face of a woman incriminated with magic; this face, telling of mandragora and philtres and black masses, celebrated in obscene nights—of green woods and the impious cries of satyrs and extinguished torches; this face, in which are written ardent sorrows and impossible joys—the au dela of evil!

Whether the devil comes in the shape of goat or green cock or sorceress with strident eyes, the gates of the garden of art should be made fast against him.

Lest the fair white roses wither!

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE SYMBOLISTS

VANCE THOMPSON

IN writing of the symbolists it is necessary to mention only Stephane Mallarme. I say this with a full knowledge of Rene Ghil, whose books I read very faithfully once upon a time. Nor need it here be any question of Maurice Maeterlinck and his dark followers; nor of William Sharpe, who is merely an inerudite translator. Ghil, like Verhaeren, is of Flemish origin and claims Spanish blood. His work is, in a large measure, an euphuistic elaboration of Mallarme. His euphuism led him to expand Rimbaud's famous theory of the colour of the vowels — A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue. He found their tone equivalents. For him the organ is black, the harp white, the violins blue, the brasses red, and the flutes yellow. He went even farther and assigned to each consonant its hue and tone. All of which is inutile and fictive.

Nor is there any occasion for attempting an estimate or description of the poetic work of Stephane Mallarme, this high artist, so indifferent to modernity. It would be impossible to add anything to what Paul Verlaine has written in "Les Poetes Maudits" and "Les Hommes d' Aujourd'hui." Indeed, my purpose in this article is very simple. I wish only to give as clear an explanation as I can of the symbol as Mallarme uses it. Mr. George Moore in his "Confessions of a Young Man" touches upon the matter, but darkly and inadequately. As far as I know no helpful analysis has yet been made. Mr. Sharpe is quite abroad, and Mr. Moore halts.

In the first place, one must get away from the antique meaning of the word symbol, for it is evident that all literature is symbolic. Indeed, in a wide sense of the word, Shakespeare is an impenitent — and in the sonnets an immoral — symbolist.

Mallarme has narrowed the meaning of the word. With him symbolism is at once a mode of thought and a form of expression.

His theory of poetry is a plain matter, an Hellenic commonplace. It is the duty of poetry — art of sounds and rhythms — to create emotions. Now the emotions, it is evident, are inseparable from their causes, from the ideas which evoke them.

Pleasure nor grief exist abstractly; there are pleasant ideas or grievous ones. There must then be a nice adjustment between the emotions and the syllables and rhythms chosen to evoke them. The emotions Mallarme wishes to excite are those of intellectual joy, of subtile speculation, the extreme joy of thought about thought. The symbol is his motif which he develops, logically and inevitably, through premeditated syllables, evocative of certain emotions.

Take, for instance, his "Faune."

A faun in the glow of an antique afternoon saw light nymphs, loving and joyous. They fled. And the faun is sad; it was a dream — gone forever. But he understands that all things seen are merely dreams of the soul. He summons again the mad and loving phantoms. He recreates their forms; their hot kisses stain his lips; he would fain clasp the fairest — and again the vision vanishes. But how vain would be regret! For when he will he may recall the riant nymphs, phantasies of the soul.

This is at once Mallarme's philosophy and mode.

* * * * *

Poetry is an art as complex, as subtile and difficult as the art of music. For a man unlearned in the art of music to admire Beethoven is an affectation and impertinence. Why should the uninstructed person pretend to judge the equally elaborate art of poetry? It is absurd. Mallarme writes for the savant in this beautiful art.

* * * * *

Here and there a precise word, premeditated, logical, necessary for the development of the motif; for the rest syllables purely musical.

* * * * *

"A noble poet is dead. Regrets? But what then is the death of a man but the vanishing of one of our dreams. Men, whom we believe real, are but the triste opacite de leurs spectres futurs. But the poet, beyond his vain physical existence, lives for us a high, imperishable life. The poet is a solemn agitation of words; the death of a poet purifies our fiction of him." He wrote this of Gautier.

* * * * *

Another symbol:

"In a desolate cloister cell an old monk transcribes patient writings. He has lived ignorant and chaste; he copies an ancient manuscript, it may be some naif romance of Alexandria, in which two laughing children meet and kiss timidly. And desire creeps into the empty, idle soul of the good monk. He summons the lovers to live for him their moods of tenderness and passion. And forthwith he comes to be himself this young and happy lover."

This is from the prose for "Des Esseintes." Is it a souvenir or a dream? Perhaps a fantastic hyperbole of a far-off recollection. The monk wishes in his cell to live the young and splendid life of love. And he lives it. He walks with the riant girl in familiar gardens. Touched with love, he sees a transfigured world. The flowers are larger; great lilies nod enchanted. He wanders in a radiant dream. Then love passes and the miracle is finished. He dreams again that he is a poor old monk; vainly he cries to the riant girl. He bends again over his parchments, a phantom irked by an obscure destiny. He waits until this dream too shall be effaced, when the black pall falls and death is.

* * * * *

Mallarme published this sonnet a few months ago:

Surgi de la croupe et du bond
D'une verrerie éphémère,
Sans fleurir la veillée amère
Le col ignoré s'interrompt.

Je crois bien que deux bouches n'ont
Bu, ni son amant ni ma mère
Jamais à la même chimère
Moi, sylphe, de ce froid plafond!

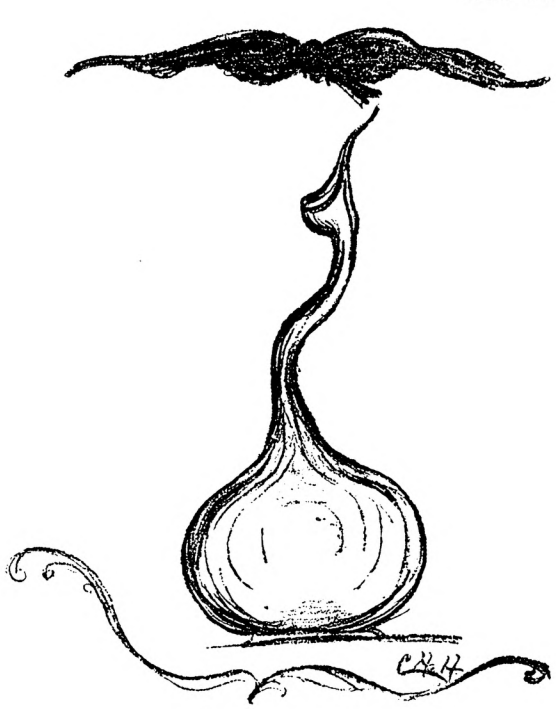
Le pur vase d'aucun breuvage
Que l'inexhaustible veuvage
Agonise, mais ne consent,

Naïf baiser des plus funèbres,
A rien expirer annonçant
Une rose dans les ténèbres.

It may be that in some such way as this he approached his symbol: There is on the table a vase, delicate, fragile, in which lately the flowers stood radiant. The poet perceives it. He considers its exquisite form, daintily turned; the shapely flanks, which seem to throb. He observes the neck rising gracefully to end in sudden interruption. Sadly the poet muses that no flower is there to console his bitter vigil. And here, I take it, is the point of poetical departure. Why, then, can he not find in himself, the poet, this flower which he desires? Can he not by his sovereign will evoke one flower? No doubt by his very birth he is condemned to this inefficiency; an antique hereditary inertia cumbers him. No doubt his parents neglected to dower him with this power of evocation; neglected to drink at the fecund spring of chimera; and now the spring is dry. The poet agonizes and in vain. The vase is empty. For him there is only sad vacuity, empty; and his revolt is empty. He can not summon the dead.

* * * * * *

And finally read this sonnet:



Une dentelle s'abolit
Dans le doute du Jeu suprême
A n'entr'ouvrir, comme un blasphème,
Qu'absence éternelle de lit.

Cet unanime blanc conflit
D'une guirlande avec la même,
Enfui contre la vitre blême
Flotte plus qu'il n'enselevit.

Mais chez qui du rêve se dore,
Tristement dort une mandore
Au creux néant musicien,

Telle que, vers quelque fenêtre,
Selon nul ventre que le sien,
Filial on aurait pu naître.

A lace curtain; this is the subject, the symbol, the motif, the poet's point of departure. He sees the lace curtain hanging at his window. It suggests to him a nuptial couch. Then he perceives there is no bed under the lace; this to him seems a blasphemy; futile lace stretched across the pale and empty window. He watches the white, monotonous conflict of vague lines on the shadowy window-panes, but he can not recover that fugitive impression of a nuptial couch. But now the Dream comes and effaces his regret: because in the soul of him who knows the Dream, a lute wakes eternally: because in the secret soul of him the magic mandora of phantasy wakes evermore. What matters then the absence of a bed under this lace? The poet conceives himself delivered of the Dream, child of this phantasy which dwells ever in the soul. The curving contour of the lute — is it not the royal womb where grows, safe from the exasperations of daily existence, the intimate life, the patient, immortal life of art?

And this lace, fluctuant, vague, is indeed the sumptuous curtain of a bed truly real — bed where the poet himself is born.

* * * * *

To turn one of Mallarme's golden symbols into even barren and sodden prose is at once difficult and absurd. It is as though one were to write out in drab words a Cesar Franck sonata. My whole attempt has been to expose, in a slight measure, Mallarme's technique — his method of using the symbol. The familiar object is his point of departure; he passes thence to its poetical intention. And again: His thematic development is carried on by certain chosen, premeditated words; for the rest there is only syllabic colour and syllabic tone.

THE PRAYER OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK

(ENGLISH BY V. T.)

Lord, like a woman is my soul afraid:
See Thou, O Lord, what I herein have made
With mine own hands, the lilies of my soul
And of mine eyes, the heaven of my heart.

Have pity, Lord, on my great misery,
I have lost the palm and I have lost the ring.
Have pity on the prayers I send to Thee —
The poor prayer-flowers, which in a vase I bring.

Have pity on the evil of my mouth,
On my regrets have mercy! In the drouth
Of fever send white lilies, Lord, and sow
Roses, all roses, where the marsh-plants grow.

My God! the ancient flights of doves, that part,
Yellow the heaven of mine eyes. Have dole
And pity on the loin-cloths. Lord, they do
Encompass me with gestures, vague and blue.

THE GHOST OF A TURTLE

A FABLE FOR NAUGHTY NURSES

Why should an etiolated Lark alone be naif? Let us all be naif. Let us be Humperdincked and rejoice with childish laughter at Purple Cows and Chortling Turtles.
J. G. H

"YES," said Goo-Goo, "I am sure that he will be here in a moment. I saw his little mottled head and staring green eyes peering into the chamber through a crevice in the portal." The speaker, an intellectual looking child of some four or five summers, was standing with his back to a large blazing fire of cannel-coal in an old, lofty wainscoted chamber. He was attired in a Fauntleroy suit of brown velvet. A Scotch cap with a peacock feather was perched jauntily on a head of bonny brown curls, but the sunny face was disfigured by a cigarette which Goo-Goo puffed at nonchalantly, displaying a pudgy brown hand covered with diamonds. He had the pose of a young man thoroughly self-satisfied.

A very, very old lady in a very, very high baby-chair sat in front of him. She toyed in an infantile manner with the rattles and blocks heaped up on the tray before her. She was not a nice old lady to look at, for she was withered, toothless, and without a hair on her shining skull; but her little black eyes were very brilliant and intelligent. She glanced at Goo-Goo in a very apprehensive manner. Suddenly she screamed, "Take that rattle away. I hate that rattle."

"There, there," said Goo-Goo soothingly. "Be a good old lady and Nursey will bring up some broth for Maddy." [Maddy was her name.]

"I hate broth, I won't have broth. Ocky broth!" [Ocky means something nasty.] Goo-Goo was amused. Blowing a delicate column of smoke from his chiselled, caporal-tainted lips, he chuckled softly to himself and then sang a little song something like this:

I wish I were a Goo-Goo,
A naughty little Goo-Goo,
I'd spill the broth
And scorch the moth
By the light of the bilious moon.

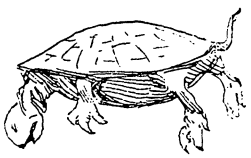
He gravely hopped on his little legs to his queer crooning and fell down, so fast did he whirl about. "I feel gizzy," he said, rising austerely. "What's gizzy mean, Goo-Goo?" asked Maddy in a pale, choked voice. "Gizziness," sagely answered the bad little boy, "is a combination of giddy and dizzy. Lewis Carroll, my old friend Lew, said that it was easier to say all at once, the way I do. I heard it first from a big girl of seven" (Goo-Goo's chest swelled) "who wouldn't play with me because I believed in hell. She said only common people believed in hell. I don't now, Maddy."

"Oh, Goo-Goo, it won't come back to-night, will it? Please keep it away; that's a good, dear lad." "Oh, I don't know. Why?" said Goo-Goo boldly. "I am not afraid of it. I am sure that just now I heard its little scratching walk, a walk that sounds like a cockroach treading upon lump-sugar. There, do you hear it?" Maddy beat her little table passionately with her rattle. "I hate it; put it in the bath-tub; let it read the newspapers. I am going to be bad and I don't care if you do call Nursey." Goo-Goo seemed puzzled. He threw his cigarette into the fire and with a poker dug viciously at the big lumps of coal in the open grate. The fire-light fell upon his grave, calculating face, a face already lined with care. Little wrinkles were forming about his baggy eyes. He was indeed a sad young dog. He sat down beside a table and, touching a bell, he ordered of a liveried servant some brandy-and-soda. When it came he put it down at a gulp. This revived him, and turning toward Maddy he said most severely: "Maddy, you're an ocky old lady and I shall call the Turtle." Maddy shrank back in terror, whispering hoarsely, "Why, Goo-Goo?" "Because," he sternly replied, "because you can't tell me the name of the animal that gives us milk."

Maddy turned her tortured gaze on her naughty inquisitor; wrinkles, deepening into longitudinal furrows, corrugated her bald pate. For a moment her wandering, feeble mind pursued and seized a clue, but it led to nothing. Sadly she shook her head, and big tears began to roll down her withered cheeks. "Turtle, Turtle, come in," yelled Goo-Goo. "I know, I know, I know," screamed Maddy. "Well, what is it? Quick!" "I won't tell you." "Turtle," bellowed Goo-Goo.

"Oh, please, Goo-Goo. I will be a nice, good old lady. I promise never to tell you a ghost story again. I will tell you the name of the animal that gives us milk. It is Blah-Blah."

Goo-Goo looked disgusted and angered. "How did you find it?" he demanded suspiciously. "Who told you? Quick! Answer me, you senile idiot." "Ah, no one, Goo-Goo," pleaded the miserable old lady, dropping her blocks on the floor and, in her anguish, almost choking herself with her new rubber rattle. Goo-Goo's face became brutal. He turned suddenly, ran to the door and, opening it, called out, "Turtle, Turtle, come here," and then, simulating great fear, he retreated slowly, saying in a gruesome whisper, "Oh Maddy, I'm so frightened. I really shall call Nursey. Do you hear that teeny scratch? That's the Turtle. But oh, Maddy dear, it's not a live Turtle. It's dead—dead. It's the ghost of a Purple Turtle coming to take ocky Maddy away to the Boogies."



But Maddy did not hear her tormentor. Her eyes bulged out until they flapped idly in the breeze caused by the draught of the open fire. Then her parched, cracked tongue protruded, and with a pitiful gasp her poor old skull fell on the play-table of her lofty baby-chair. Maddy was dead.

At first Goo-Goo was annoyed. He shook the dead Nurse's shoulder, saying, "Wake up, Maddy. There isn't any Turtle's ghost. I was only paying you back for the times you scared me with Bogie stories. Why, Maddy, do you know that you are dead? How jolly! Maddy will soon be a Skellack! Maddy, you look like a Skellack." [Skellack means Skeleton, of course.]

Then did this gifted urchin dance a delirious dance of joy. He grew up and became a great actor, a marvellous portrayer in Ibsen's sorrowful dramas. As "Little Eyolf" he was justly acclaimed a supreme artist.

But he never forgot Maddy and the ghost of the Purple Turtle.

****

VILLON'S PRAYER

(PARIS, 1462)

Father of all the high and low,
Listen to me in my darkest day.
Thy wrath in my soul sweeps to and fro,
Cleaving the thistles of Time away.
All my crimes and regrets you know:
Of them to you I have nothing to say;
But ere I from your dominions go,
Teach me, I beg of you, how to pray.

Father of all, where keen winds blow,
My lifeless body shall turn and sway
Before spring flowers shall bud and grow
Through April showers to fragrant May.
Send one thought to appease my woe
Ere the hangman's ribbon shall pinch my clay;
And ere I from your dominions go,
Teach me, I beg of you, how to pray.

Father of all, in pity bestow
One glance at my soul, all torn and grey.
The gutters of Paris are filled with snow,
Whiter than that poor soul's decay.
A dog once bit me; yet, did I not throw
Meat at him after a moment's delay?
So ere I from your dominions go,
Teach me, I beg of you, how to pray.

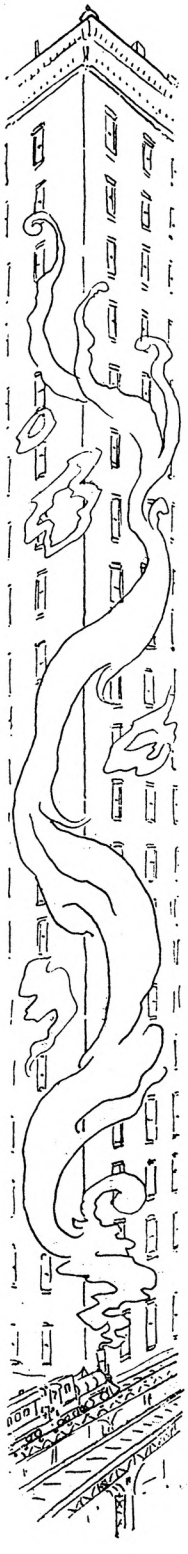
L'ENVOY

Father of all, they stand in a row,
Each of my crimes, in proper array.
Oh, ere I from your dominions go,
Teach me, I beg of you, how to pray.

JOHN ERNEST MCCANN

THE ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK

V. T.



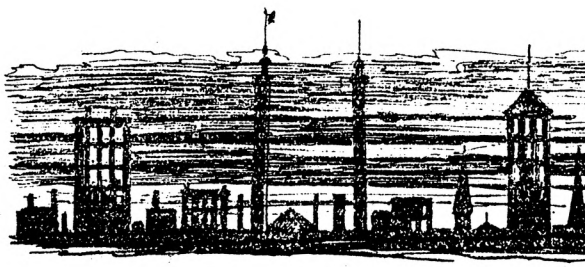
OF all the arts architecture is in the most deplorable state. A little real poetry, a few real paintings, a half dozen pages of prose—these the century has produced. The sculptor, since there has grown up a demand for his work, has ceased to be artistic. The architect of the day is merely a well-paid builder. His business is to toady to his patron and collect percentages from masons and iron-mongers. The buildings he erects are monstrous and servile parodies. He rakes the dust-bins of the past for ideas. Gothic arches and Anglo-Saxon windows, bastard loggias out of the worst Florentine period, timbered ceilings and plastered walls—all incoherent as the fancies of a pregnant woman. Fifth avenue, above Fiftieth street, is a madman's parade. Heterogeneous masses of brick and stone and metal, impudent, shining monstrosities, shoulder each other. Here some matador of finance has built himself a mansion and has capped it—his imagination could go no higher—with the gilt dome of a synagogue. A bit further on is a crapulous conceit in red brick and white stone, fenced off with machine-made ironwork. Yonder bulks a circular half tower, Saxon, with Renaissance mullions and a smart litre round its belly. And you go on from iron skeletons stuffed with enamelled bricks to obsolete churches with infundibular spires till your brain whirls and your eyes dance. In the lower part of the city you are confronted by the disconcerting ugliness of the high office buildings, where mezzanine windows smirk between rows of square holes. You pass under a Byzantine arch into a hall, and among the Early-English pillars you see a Yankee spitting tobacco-juice on a Venetian mosaic floor.

I know of but one building in New York which approaches architectural unity, which is at once reasonable in its adaptation of means to an end and comely in design. This is the Herald Building. One may quarrel with the minor decorations—indeed, I quarrel with them every time I go down Broadway. Yet so reasonable is the scheme, so absolute is the artistic synthesis that it shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

Let us see.

The genesis of the Herald Building was probably in some such mental process as this: The building is to house a newspaper, and it should be typical of daily journalism; this means, or should mean, light, radiation. It must stand open to the world. Here is to be no mystery and no pretence of mystery. It must be frank as a mirror, wherein the passing events throw their ephemeral shadows. It must be public as a reading-desk, whereon the scroll of history is unrolled day by day that all men may read.

This, then, was the initial idea. How admirably it has been carried out you have but to walk in Broadway to know. A fabric of glass and iron, frank as a lighthouse—again and again is struck the dominant note, light, light. The caprice of Gog and Magog, the caprice of owls, winking modern electric eyes—these are charmingly imagined. They fit the home of Ephemera, who mocks us with tragedies in a paragraph and epics in a "scare-head."



Here, then, is a building in which Bacon's advice, "Let use be preferred," has been followed; it not only serves its purpose, it proclaims it; and it is as logical, inevitable, and characteristic of this age as are the windows of Le Mans of the Early Renaissance. In addition it has the rare distinction of being suitable not only to the New York climate, but to the lights of an American sky. Which is a very different thing.

Enfin, it is the only reasonable building in New York City.

There is picturesqueness, I grant you, in Minetta Lane, in Bleecker street, in Essex street, in that quarter beloved of Mr. Edward Townsend, Mulberry street and the lands thereby. But it is not picturesqueness of structure. These tenements are but meaningless boxes of brick and iron. Often bricks hive wonderful hues of red; always the houses overflow with filth and squalour and alien beauty of rotting humanity. But there is no architectural comeliness to be desired.

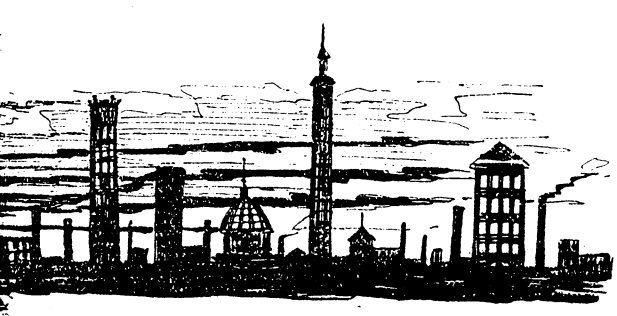
When you first enter New York you are impressed by its uncouth regularity, its depressing monotony of mood. On better acquaintance you are disconcerted or amused by the pretentious architectural absurdities cropping out here and there among the rows of buildings which represent absence of ideas. But in later days you find one feature which differentiates New York from all other great cities, which makes it incisively and importunately individual, which gives it a picturesqueness incurably its own.

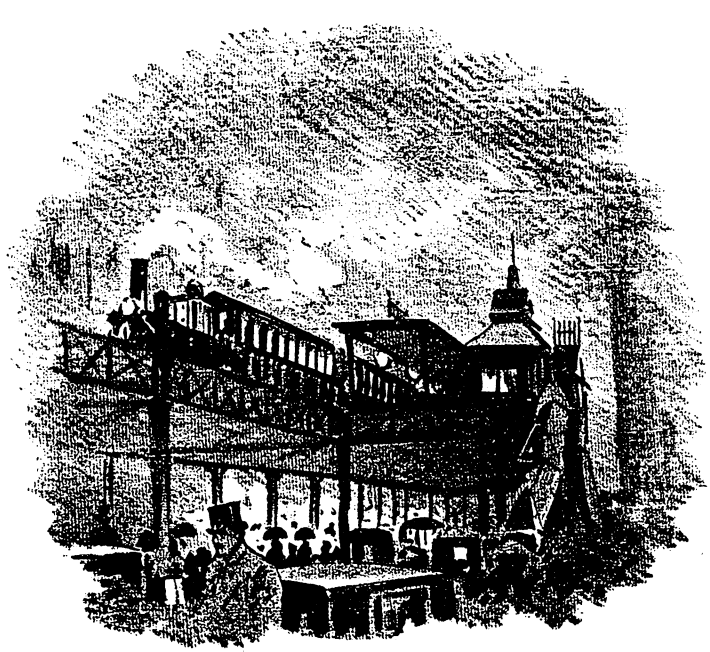
The iron modernity of the elevated roads—this is New York.

This is the century of iron. The art of the smiths of the sixteenth century is lost. The iron flowers blow no more in the hothouses of the forge. No patient smith beats the white metal into marvellous faces of men or forms of women with beckoning hands. This is the age of iron utility. Mile after mile the twin iron posts dot the street; overhead the shining rails run, two and two, together always. And how graceful the structure is! It is adequate for its purpose and no more. There is not an ounce of superfluous decoration. A thing truly American—lean and arachnean, fitted to do its work, fitted to do nothing else. Were it not for the bastard Swiss chalets which some monstrous ass has devised for stations it would be the most perfect, because the most typical, structure of the day.

At night it is all beauty, implacable in its appeal as the moonlit waterways of Venice. Seen from above you get only half its complex charm—you see only those shining worms, crawling lustfully one after the other, crawling with shining, unsatisfied eyes and puffs of white breath. Wandering in the streets you recognize its entire beauty, at once modern and fantastic, commonplace and mystic. A train passes, glimmering with light, wreathed in smoke which shifts from red and saffron to uneasy blues and greys, whirring with noise that racks the nerves like absinthe; then for a moment there is only the naked, spidery ironwork overhead casting gaunt patterns on the pavement; again the cruel rush and that immitigable thing, reeking with fire and tumult, roars by.

Churlishly beautiful, naked, obdurate, insistently useful, flagrantly modern, the "L" road is at once the symbol of New York and a comment on the century.





DE PROFUNDIS

DOCTOR HAMILTON WILLIAMS

EMERGING from the shelter of a pine-bordered gorge and reaching the level of a drear mountain plateau, I was forced to leave the saddle and with arm drawn through the reins search with my feet — light of moon or stars was none — for the bridle-path which crossed a stretch of moorland. Half up the slope of a mountain range some miles ahead was a starving woman, dying in childbirth. The rushing wind gave substance to the utter blackness of the night, and I seemed to stem in my doubtful onward course endless unrolling billows, voluminous from some ocean darkness. Needless to say there was nothing visible, when presently, with a wrench, I came to a standstill, as one surprised with foot about to overstep a precipice or faced by some sudden and hurtful obstacle in the dark. Right in front of my face, and on a level with it, just at the distance one will hold a book when reading, there glared a pair of human eyes. Naught else, apparently, but a fringe of forehead and of lower eyelid. The pupils, fixed in speechless horror, seemed dilated to their limit, whilst above and below them, as well as on either side, was what we call the white, but what was here a dusky saffron-green flecked with blood. The skin between the eyebrows was of the coarsest texture and, deeply furrowed, dripped with a sweat of blood which clotted on the matting hair of lid and brow. Whence came the light that fell upon this apparition is not for me to say (it didn't come through, that much, at least, I felt), though rippling effects of lessening and increasing radiance gave the suggestion of lambent flames flickering upon it from below. But yet below was nothing to be seen. Every now and then a gleam from perhaps a more ambitious flame outlined a nose massive but withered, long, curved as a hawk's beak, and with dilated, up-drawn nostrils. Not merely flesh and bone and blood, but the very principle of life and thought froze with horror at the sight, and in an instant (for there was no sequence of detail in apprehension), my hands and arms on the moment had gone up, as if in attitude of warding, becoming fixed in the rigidity of a cataleptic; but avert my gaze I could not. A shriek had died unborn within my lips, which lay patent, for my rigid breast refused the sound-producing utterance. An equal stiffening of the hips and knees was that alone, perhaps, which kept me from falling prostrate. And now it seemed as if my whole corporeal being was in some fearsome manner all embraced. At first it was as if in hideous, familiar way, arms of the sinuous suppleness of a python had worked their intertwining round my abhorrent neck and waist, whilst my legs were wooed by the caresses of an octopus's tentacles. But not for long, for absolutely substantial and obnoxious to the sense of touch as was the spectral presence, it was less flesh and bone or aught within approach of such like density, but rather in character some dense mephitic vapour susceptible of impenetration without loss or break of continuity; and now I found that I was all enwrapped within it save for my head, which gazed in terror on those hellish eyes. I felt the hair of my head to stand up, whilst the skin of my flesh crept all over me in a sort of vermicular motion. Withal, as if in surfeit of horror, there grew upon me a frightful sense that by a gentle, slow-measured, but resistless force I was being compressed, crushed into the narrowest compass by a monstrous all-embracing. Could I but have shrieked out one wild, despairing yell of helpless protest, I might have perished with content, but at best my frenzied effort was an inarticulate uh! uh! uh! and all was dark and void and mute oblivion, but not for long, though I know not how I took the measure of duration. With returning consciousness came a sense of lessening compression and of return to my former volume. The fearsome horror of the glaring eyeballs came not back again, but would to Heaven it had, or any other devilry, rather than my new-found anguish. As a squeezed sponge, relieved of the closing hand-grasp, drinks in with greedy thirst the neighbouring moisture, even so did every open skin-pore of my expanding form suck in the vapourous presence of the spectral form till it were in very fact flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone — nay, more, the mind or conscious being that looked through the dreaded eyes had become in some mysterious way so intimately united, I will not say precisely blended, with mine own that whilst their operations were distinctly separate in the main, I knew, not always without weighing it, how far 'twas I that thought and not the spectre. And oh, what storms of thought, what furious gusts, now hot with the fiercest incandescence of hell's black noon, now cold as the salt, grey wintry blasts eating their hearts out, raging within the circuit of their polar prison-pen! We seemed at times to speed in company an endless flight of thought deep into the bosom of the boundless wastes of night, which stretch beyond the Pleiades; at other times we circled in delirious maze vertiginous wherein my conscious being seemed at length to sink despairing, listless, unresisting into simple being. And now was peace profound and quiet, the silence of unborn time before the mind that made them called forth the myriad and resounding choirs of the celestial spheres harmonious. But all was dark when presently a sob and a low, piteous drool, as if of plaintive wailing, and that from beyond the boundaries of my being, which strangely, somehow, had again come to embrace but me alone.

"Ah, fear me not, but pity, not I, thy master foe, but abject slave, not fit to loose the latchets of thy shoon. Yet pray, I beg thee, pray I Am Who Am for me one instant's glance upon the most compassionate face of Mary's son."

And with these words returned that fearsome sense, a compression all-embracing. My entire being in complete periphery was all enclutched and grasped within a vice of which the former sense was but the feeble shadow.

"God of mercies," was the fierce outburst of the spectral presence, "did I speak of prayer? Son of Adam, tell me truly — tell me, tell me, tell me — didst thou catch that word, that word which of itself assumes that hope exists? My God, my God, thou hast not, then, forsaken me, and all for His sweet sake."

Just then the dire compression gave surcease and a calm fell upon it which I, too, equal shared, and it continued:

"Oh, marvellous change and merciful, till now (I know not whether yestere'en it was or whether countless aeons have elapsed since I put off the bonds of flesh, for to the disembodied are no temporal successions) I had not known whether I was not amongst the myriad legions of the damned, though this I truly feel, I did not hate my Maker as they do; but now, sublime of mercy, I can, amid my purgatorial anguish, await in peace the coming of the beatific vision of the Crucified. Compared with mine thy soul is as the virgin whiteness of the drifting snows which weave a halo round the crest of Ararat. But take and mark thy lesson, too, O son of Adam. Thy thoughts are not as mine, nor yet can be, for all the hampering limitations of the flesh, and it were bootless effort to seek to make thee feel and think and know even as I may. Yet mark and learn and of thy utmost inwardly digest. Once was I as thou, a living man, who had my cause upon the earth. Now, loosened of my mortal coil, not hell and the depths enhold me, nor yet the spacious havens of the blessed, but doomed am I to expiate the temporal sanction of my pardoned sin as David did his lust of Bethsabee. The vain philosophies may idly search how that material fires, if matter be they, shall hurt the shrinking, disembodied soul. But, oh, the woe that comes of desire, resistless yet unsatisfied, and, oh, the hate of that foul, vapourous dust which yet doth build an adamantine barrier between my soul and the one end and author of its being!"

Somehow it seemed to me as if all utterance of articulate speech did now cease, or that, at least, which passed with me as utterance, and that instead there was in strangest manner mirrored before my mind objectively the spectre's story. Plunged in the middle depths of some vast lake of pitch or molten lava lay slumbering restlessly a human soul all lost to conscious being save such as flickered up to meet the phantom visitants in sleep. But by degrees this semi-conscious being woke to think I am, and then a strong, imperious trinity of questionings would say, "What, where, and why am I?" And its whole being would shrink within its narrowest limits, abhorrent of its dire surroundings, and as the lava depths of Etna stir before eruption, this soul would stir, reacting and returning on itself in search of some response. When forth from out the silent darkness of the void would come a faintly luminous phosphorescent haze which, steadily approaching nigh and slowly still more nigh, would now on clearer vision outline the goodly sun of ours with its revolving and attendant spheres. But one, the humblest, would at length compel exclusive gaze, the Earth, and, wrapt in spell, the soul's surexcitation would take pause, but to resume as nearer still and still more near would come the planetary home of Adam's race.

And the soul which first showed of a dull black, mottled with grey, would somewhat lighter grow, and as the near approach of earth would outline now the oceans, continents, and towering altitudes of mountain peaks from a dull glow the thinking being warms out incarnadine. Then again came pause and fiercest finity of gaze and wrapt attention. For the toiling multitudes and busy marts and warring throngs and battlemented walls of each beleaguered city came now in view successively with the revolving globe, when, lo! the planet seemed to labour as in travail and the sphere's song became a groan and the soul blazed with mad excitement as the scene showed the portals of a temple, and a crowd of scowling priests who tendered money to a low-browed man and quickly following was a sight which limned the selfsame man who led a multitude with swords and clubs. Then came a face which none may dare describe, unworthy, who has not seen its sweetest majesty. And the low-browed man, a clink of silver pieces audible as he moved, stepped out from amid the multitude and kissed him, saying, "Hail, Rabbi!"

Whereupon the dark profound wherein the soul lay cabined became at once one raging main of mountain billows centrifugal. And a roar, thunderous, volcanic, wherewith was blent a wild, demoniacal scream, rang forth from out its depths, "Then I am Judas that did sell my God! For what? For what?" All that the ancients feebly fable of doomed Enceladus writhing under Etna were empty trifling here by way of illustrative imagery. On mountainous upheaval came rebound, and the Stygian waves, calmed at length, outspread, and left it possible to pierce the dark profound with glance intense and interrogatory. When behold that human soul, which on my earlier vision fell, of a compass and extension susceptible of being embraced within the confines of a human form, showed huge, expanding, swollen, of a bulk enormous, monstrous as a world in eruption. But even now recoil centripetal was far advanced and, well within the confines of an eyelid's pause, that soul had fallen within the limits of before and lay faintly distinguishable in its gloom and grey in seeming calm to recommence anon in recurring series the awful cycle of its agonies. Thus far by mirrored story, when again the plaintive drool and the voice beseeching spoke, "O son of Adam, henceforth forget me not in morning orison or evening, for the great mercy of I Am Who Am has moved me from the dark profound of purgatory wherein the denizen knows not it is saved and where the prayers of Christians may not reach to upper regions where we may await in calm profound, sustained and succoured by the good of earth, the day, however distant, of the Blessed Vision!"

* * * * *

A famine-fevered creature in the pangs of labour lay in a mountain hovel all deserted till a wandering beggar, seeking food and shelter, found her. She died before the physician summoned could have reached her side. Perhaps as well, for the would-be rescuer was himself the prey of pneumonia when found in muttering delirium, prostrate, on his way of mercy, his horse dying of exposure. The poor mother had used her dying strength to pour the saving water on the new-born babe, and with her latest gasp had said, "Thy will be done!" And the beggar, just returning, said, "Amen!" adding, "May the souls of all the faithful departed, through God's mercy, rest in peace!"

GYNOLATRY

J. G. H.

The editor of "M'lle New York" publishes this study in hysteria because it is at once an example and a warning. Perhaps it is not a pretty picture—this picture of a man in genuflective posture, with heated eyes and broken breath—but it is true to the day. It is a common type. You know, as I know, many of these men who see none of the high beauty of life, none of life's magnificent endeavour; who are blind to the immitigable glory of art and science, and for whom this sacred world is one vast bawdy-house. Such men walk ever in the shadow of the sexual fact. Art to them is merely a breeder's comment. They prate of Sappho because she was a harlot who sang, not because she was a poet whose leisure was lit by amours.

And so this latest gynolatry is based upon all that is lowest in the nature of man and in that of woman. Woman is exalted above man solely because she is more salacious than man.

An example and a warning—

I do not like this attitude of the modern man, as he kneels at the feet of a woman with fondling hands and eyes blazing with unclean fire.

It is too dirty and too sad.

The Editor.

CHEAP science calls it gynolatry. The man reverences the woman and he is accused of masochism. Every spontaneous natural feeling is sneered at and labelled with an impertinently scientific name. The new woman does not really exist except in the paragraphs of the national curse of America—the funny man. The only woman inferior to God-like, bragging man is the strong-minded woman. She is a bad imitation of a poor model. Man is not woman's superior; he is only her equal, and in physical, constructive frugality he is considered by eminent authorities to be her inferior. Vulgar, brutal, imperious in his petty desires, he is all knobby superficies, coarse rugosities. He fancies because he is the coupling-pin of the universe that he is also the motive power which propels the cosmial freight down the tracks of time. He mounts the dunghill of egoism and loudly crows at the sun while his despised mate makes history in her nest.

Man is the rude, unchiselled; woman the finished, the accomplished. Man projects, woman fructifies. Mother Earth, mark her femininity, breeds and brews. The woman is your only artificer. Of what avail your epics, your symphonies, your pictures, prose, and statues, O man, if woman inspired them not? Is it not better to be the Great Suggestress, as Walt Whitman called her, than the petty, pretty, and laboured imitation of a marvellous original? Why should woman compose when she is music itself? Why should she write when she is the miraculous poem of poems? Yet Sappho burned lyrics into every Greek, and her fame is as enduring as that Leucadian mount from which she leapt for love of Phaon.

Woman, from the womb to the tomb you are the true rulers of the destinies of our race. Mothers, sisters, wives, and harlots, how your subtile brains—brains unlike man's in rude strength but finer spun in texture—animate all creation! For you we war and work, sorrow and smile, yet you are called the inferior sex. Rather is man the inferior, with his harshly carved frame, absurd skeleton, narrow pelvis, shoulders out of all proportion, and ill-protected viscera. Is he as exquisitely made for the great demands of life? Is he rather not the mere Helot, the provider of food, the hewer of wood and drawer of water for his more finely fashioned mate, whom nature decreed as the maker of men and women? Pooh! for your talk about corpuscles and grey matter. Woman is the cleft and centre of creation. Without her the planet would shut up shop and go out of business. Pooh! for your crazy talk about tactile sensibility. She plays the piano and violin with feminine feeling, not as a man. It is different, but who wishes it the same? She even excels at man's favourite game of vice, and he is, after all, the only gynolatrist. Boastful, weak, selfish, sensual, avaricious, mean, spiteful man, a very ape in his tricks of imitation, led by his nose—for his nose tells his pampered belly of the good cheer spread before him by woman—a coward, afraid to sleep alone, he drags woman into a distasteful compact which he calls a sacrament; yet at the toss of a petticoat he sins eagerly and hotly. Where is his bravery? Why, he only fights because of his conceit, and christens that conceit patriotism. And this brawling, boozing creature, vainer than the peacock, bawls of unchastity and hounds a woman to the gutter for his sin—not

hers. His lust is love and he speaks proudly of Necessity being the mother of Lubricity, but a woman must remain pure, must suffer in silence even though her heart is breaking with the longings of maternity. The slums for natural women, the club houses for artificial man. No, man is not woman's superior, mentally, physically, or morally; he merely happens to be born with harder muscles. He has terrorized her from the start. It has been might against right. And yet, with all this, woman remains sovereign of all she surveys. Man goes mad about her, obeying unconsciously the behests of that passion which makes for eternity—a child is your only true immortality. So sophisticated, so tin-souled have we become, that we would fain turn our backs on the very well-springs of life. Nature, kind mother of all, revenges herself on our abnormality. She simply watches and waits, knowing full well that man will come sneaking back to woman, to be enfolded in great, warm, consoling arms, and that the mock woman in bloomers will die out, for she can not breed alone. So all things are regulated, and the sun and moon smile, and child's laughter is heard in the fields.

A BRUNHILDA OF THE BOWERY

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

AT one time, in speaking of that beautiful artist in words, Charles Baudelaire, Victor Hugo said, "Il avait crèe un nouveau frisson"; and Algernon Charles Swinburne, whilom poet laureate in the court of Her Majesty, Circe, uttered a fragrant variation on the Hugo theme in his large-moulded ode, "Ave Atque Vale," after the death of the unhappy composer of "Fleurs du Mal."

In these latter days, to thrill us exquisitely, a very great artist is needful, and his method must be moving and novel, else the shrug of ennui follows at the heels of banal effort. A Sara Bernhardt is not born often, nor is a Pachmann, with his dainty, devilish touch, always with us. Glutted with sensation, gorged with culture, we turn our subtly-weary eyes toward a new dawn, be it ever so brutal, only that it has a glimmer of the light of modernity from afar.

Swinburne has grown grey in Phallic service: Sara, the divine, is hitching perilously near the brink of morbid hysteria; Walt Whitman is dead. Where shall we look for the new thrill? For Yvette Guilbert comes not to us for some moons.

The thrill is midway in our mortal life, as Dante Aligheri, Esq., late of Florence, would have it. The thrill is that finest of all thrills, a feminine one. It is an epos in a petticoat; enfin, have you seen Maggie Cline sing?

A bearded and local wit once said that the performance of a song at the hands of Miss Cline was great art, but this is but a half truth and, like all half truths, misleading. In Maggie Cline there is such a palimpsest of possibilities that I greatly fear that we of this generation will never decipher it. Only a modern Boswell, gifted with the critical acumen of two such widely divergent but cultured minds as those of the late Albert Wolff and the late Walter Pater, could hope to unfold to the world the result of their many seasons of critical garnering.

As Whitman was a great natural force, an impulse in our native literature, so Maggie Cline, the exponent of muscularity in song, is in the art world, though it must be admitted that her art is more elusive than that of the Bard of Camden. In her personality is focussed the Hiberno-American life, an exotic type of the East Side, and grafted on a rare, racy personality. Her art, sublimated as it is, is the very antithesis of Sara Bernhardt's; their methods are poles asunder, but the outcome is the same—a new thrill is given, a new sensation gained—a dim vision of novel artistic potentialities is gleaned. What are the characteristics of the new Cline school? The question is not altogether an easy one to answer.

Like Sara Bernhardt and Paderewski, she has a great temperament, but so subtly blended are the processes of the creative forces in her art that they at first elude analysis.

The public merely sees a tall, strapping, handsome woman, with a pair of magnificent grey eyes, a winsome chin, and a brace of eloquent arms. She strides to the footlights with the easy assurance of one who has veni-ied, vidi-ied, and vici-ied; then she nods familiarly to the chef d'orchestre, hugely smiles to the populace, and with this preface plunges at once in medias res. At the magic of her voice the sights and sounds of the present fade, and you are straightway transported to Eldridge or Hester street and witness with beating heart and brain on fire the downfall of that good man and true, the doughty Donovan or the epical fracas at McCloskey's.

All disputes as to whether Miss Cline's art is synthetical or analytical are bootless. She is a great colourist, a female Makart, whose palette burns with the most glowing pigments. She paints for you a picture superb in vitality, instinct with rhythm, the perspective most cunningly treated, and, in the totality of massed effects, simply supreme. She aims not at details which divert, but goes straight to the heart of her subject and handles it with a directness, breadth, and vigour that ranks her with such gigantic though dissimilar artists as J. Lawrence Sullivan and the late messer Michel Angelo. The central hub of her gift is a brutality that shivers the shallow lacquer of your conventionality as a thunderbolt fuses a lead gutter-pipe. From this hub radiate spokes that give her work its imaginative lift and, I had almost written, grandeur.

Has Miss Cline, then, no finesse? Is her art merely sublimated and picturesque pugilism? Ah me, if I could but dilate on the wonderful art for art's sake in her virile, vocal technique, the complete and absolute sinking of self in her portrayal of lowly life, of her subjugation of all femininity! What fruitful themes they would indeed be! But I must leave to future generations this grateful task. It taxes my critical powers to merely shadow forth the surfaces of her wondrous art.

One is forced to believe in the Karmic philosophy when witnessing Miss Cline's singing, for it is vocalism made visible. What Roman gladiator has projected his heroic personality through the ages into the frame of this Brunhilda of the Bowery? Her

imperious sweep of arm as she gives the coup de grace to Donovan must surely bring before you vividly the wide, sandy arena, the yelling throng, and the empurpled, imperial monster glooming high in his ivory tribune. There is blood, dust, death, and noise, and a life ebbing quickly on the crimson-spattered floor.

No Swinburnian "Dithyrhambs," no Shelleyan "Nightingale Nocturnes," no Paderewskian performance of heroic "Magyar Polonaises" can ever stir nerves as Maggie Cline with one of her death-dealing, barbaric gestures. The amplitude of her nature is expressed in her very feet; her physique is informed with quivering love of slaughter. She is a daughter of bloodshed and annihilation, a warrior with a Worth train.

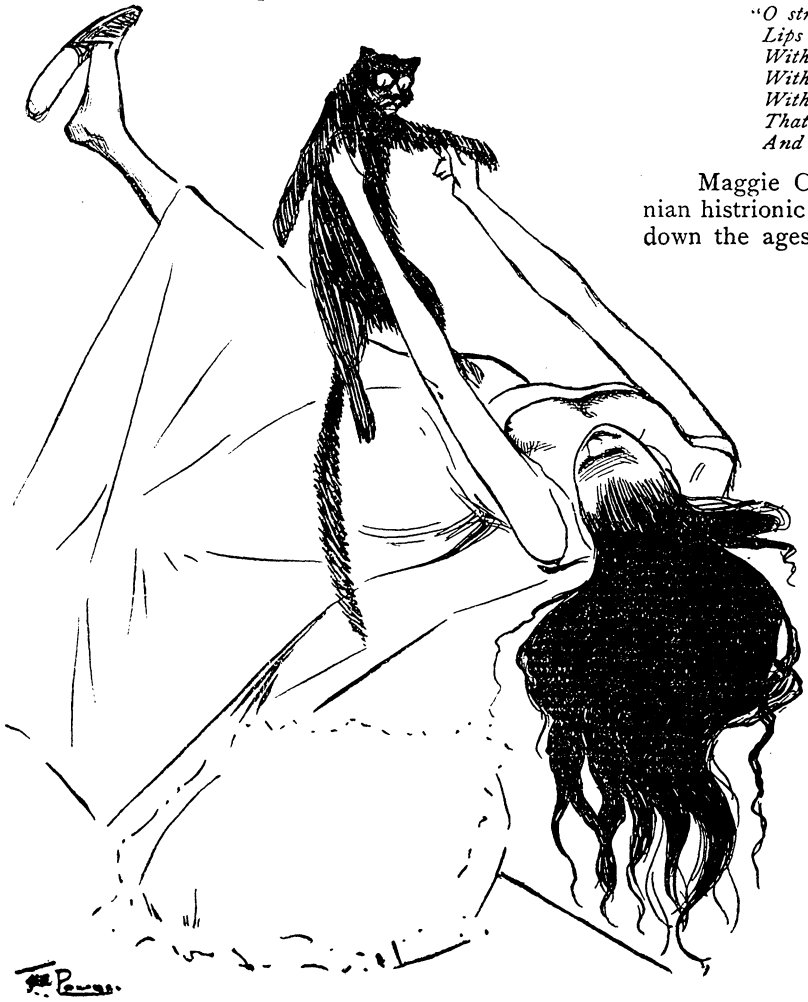
There are blemishes, to be sure, on her art—even the Sun is spotted. For instance, I can not admire her tone production. It is lusty, full of colour, but in the emission is faulty. Then, too, the adoption of a full evening dress detracts somewhat from the complete illusion her art should produce, besides violating the dramatic unities. Needless, also, is the vulgar clangour mechanically produced in the wings while she depicts the fight in the McCloskey mansion. These extraneous aids are blots on the otherwise perfect picture. Miss Cline is too great an artist to need resort to such palpably artificial means. She fights with her face; her nose, with the nostrils slightly flattened, is the very incarnation of lust for blood; her carriage is in itself a belligerent demonstration. I beg of you, therefore, Miss Cline, to give us with your perfect diction those great pictures, throbbing with East-Side humanity, uncorseted, uncabined, and unconfined.

Then will we sing of you as sang the great yawper over the roofs of the world, Walt Whitman, of women:

"They are tann'd in the face by shining suns and blowing winds;
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength;
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend themselves;
They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm, clear, well-possessed of themselves."

Miss Cline is the perfect flowering of the Walt Whitman ideal of womanhood, and her fin-de-siecle art is in the main inimitable.

She is hopelessly untranslatable in terms of prose; Swinburne alone could paraphrase her!



"O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the blood-beats of song;
With tremour of heart-strings magnetic;
With thoughts as thunder in throng;
With consonant ardour of chords
That pierce men's souls as with swords
And hale them hearing along."

Maggie Cline is a feminine microcosm of Hibernian histrionic and lyric art, and her name will thunder down the ages as loudly as it roars now in the index.

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