

to picture for us beasts, wise and witty like men, but whose "tragi-comic Zoo," superseding the "delicately moralized affair" of the French writer, would interpret beasts for us in terms of our own repressed kinship, conveying "the sensation of the body observing, not with the rarefied ideas of the brain, but in its entirety, through skin and pores and limbs."

C:—Where are you now?

M:—I'm quoting Seligmann on Lawrence. You ought to read the book. Your name's in it. For does not Lawrence "remind us that poets make a civilization?" (*Civilization raps for his bill.*) Strange carnal "paysagistes," for whom the whole world is sentient flesh that sweats and heaves, who see the sky "a drum of drawn white skin," a road "a great jugular, bleeding up the throat of the hill," for whom a beach is "the cheek of a god."

C:—Sounds like my old friend Whitman.

M:—So it is. Also your new friend Waldo Frank.

C:—(*defiantly*) After all, why not?

M:—Why not, indeed? For suppose this life be indeed all. What if the immortality to whose hope mankind has immolated his desires and foregone his vengeance, be nothing save an uneasy dream from which, with cramped limbs and bemused brain, he is only now awakening. Then it is no longer the beasts of field and forest who are the disinherited and outcast, but Man—Man, of all created beings the most wretched. Tragic dupe of an outworn mystification, recoiling before phantoms of chastity and mercy that he has himself raised, turned back in his course from love hunt and prey hunt by precepts in which he no longer has any faith. What prophets shall he follow if not those whose rough sense can break the spell if only by heaving a dead cat through a church window, who will lay the ghost and save him from his own soul? What poets shall make his songs, if not those who Circe-wise, charm him back to the uninhibited joys that lurk behind snout and muzzle? But that your hand, Civilization, which built Chartres and Rheims out of the Neanderthal cavern, which leveled the harem to raise the home, which struck the chains from the slave and tore torture from the statute book, should be the hand pointing out for him the way down the Gadarene slope! That is something to which I can never reconcile my imagination. I'd rather think you were simply hard up when you let them use your name.

C:—Well, I must be going.

M:—I must be going too. Which direction are you taking?

(*A mask seems to fall from Civilization's face. As his eyes look into mine for the first time, this afternoon, I could swear they are a little misty.*)

C:—I don't know. (*Exits.*)

Time and Grief

"My sorrow is so heavy that I may not turn my head
To see who walks this sunless road, this road of thorns
with me.

Who are you keeping step with me the day and night?"
she said.

"An old man, a wise man and pitying," said he.

"Let me take the sorrow and bear it in your stead,
If only for a little way while you walk straight and free."

"No one else in all the world may carry it," she said.

"Trust me, I have carried many such," said he.

"My sorrow that has cried so long is still upon your breast
And I can hear the singing birds and lift my eyes and see
Sun and foam of blossoms on the high hill's crest,"

"See, your sorrow sleeps against my heart," said he.

"Fill your arms with roses—with roses white and red,
This, I carry for you is light as those may be."

"But sorrow is so heavy—so heavy, Sir," she said—

"I only bear a memory, my child," said he.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

To Pierrot

I who saw fear tear away your mask
Feel only pity—you are still Pierrot
The gay—what I have seen they need not ask,
I shall not know.

And you who saw the brave veil that I wear
Rent into fragments, leaving me forlorn
And naked in the whirlwind—only spare
Me of your scorn.

Put on again your mask as I my veil,
And let me know the friendship of your hand,
And be Pierrot the gay—I shall not fail
To understand.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

Mistress of the Night

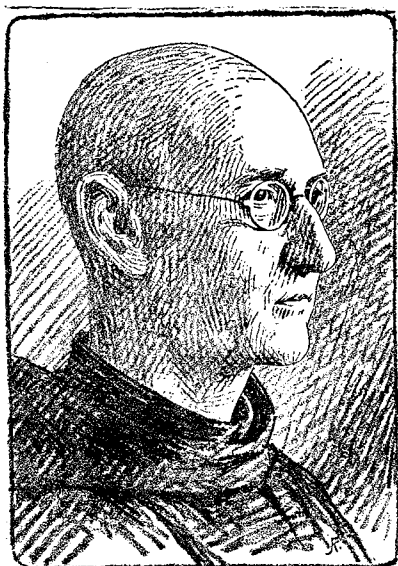
TO-NIGHT you were far away. Your eyes were turned to
the setting sun and the rising moon held you not. Was it that
the warm body of the great orb held you closer than the marble
disc just coming into its own? You seemed to linger in the
warm glow of the day just passed and to shun the still, gray
secret of the mistress of the night. Don't you know you must
rest awhile in her silver castle to greet that same lord on the
morrow? So turn awhile and rest with me in the hostelry
that shelters youth and death!

MARGARET HILL SKINNER.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

In the Pictures of Pedro Subercaseaux

By JOHANNES JORGENSEN



DOM PEDRO SUBERCASEAUX

NO life of man, perhaps not even the life of Christ was more subject to illustration than the life of the little Poor Man from Assisi. From the first rough picture on the coffin of the Saint down to the splendid and refined art of Maurice Denis in his masterly illustration on the Little Flowers of Saint Francis, all the greatest names of art follow each other in uninterrupted procession.

Herr Thode, in his voluminous book on the Beginning of Italian painting, gives us the first of the series, and century after century is adding fresh names to the glories of Renaissance and Baroque art.

No wonder then that Franciscan inspiration is producing new works even in this century. The present lines are meant as an introduction (if such a one be necessary) to a new pictorial life of the Umbrian Saint. Pedro Subercaseaux—this is the name of the artist—is no child of Europe. He comes to us from over the ocean, and his cradle stood on the shore of another ocean—yet farther away—he is a native of Chile. But there is European blood in his veins, and his spiritual youth took place on entirely old world ground. The Church of Rome gave him his intellectual and sentimental education, and Roman Catholic countries were the first goal of his wandering desires. The South American became a South European. The great shrines of Spain, the holy places of Italy saw the young pilgrim from over the sea dropping his staff and kneeling down in prayer.

Kneeling down in prayer—and rising to work! The old maxim runs—*Ora et labora*—"pray and work." And Pedro Subercaseaux was no lazy idler, no sight-seeing esthete, enjoying things of beauty only to himself. He was an artist, that is, a poet, whose materials are not verse and rhyme, but line and color. His sketchbook was a volume of hymns on the beauty of Italy. Not that tourist-haunted Italy that goes from Borlighera to Sorrento and is only a continuation of the French Riviera, with or without Monte Carlo's

demi-mondaines and suicides. But real Italy, true, rough, old-fashioned Italy—Italy of the small towns and the barren mountains, Franciscan Italy to say all about it—Italy in the grey frock of the friar and the worn coat of the peasant. This Italy is the Italy of Pedro Subercaseaux. There he is at home and at ease. There he sought the Saint he loved—and there he found him.

Because this is the truth about the work of the South American painter—Saint Francis *lives* in it. This is no lifeless revocation of a story from the past. Turn the pages of the volume, and you will find yourself not only in full, real Italy, but also in full, real thirteenth century. You will remark (and how could you not?) the historical exactitude of these pictures. See for instance Francis represented as *rex festi*, king of the festival—the garments, the musical instruments, the vessels and cups on the table—all is as it really was in thirteenth century Umbria. Or look at the splendid historical reconstruction of the old basilica of St. Peter's with the pigna in the midst of the paradiso. But—well, another might do the same! I think Eugene Burnaud did—although with less detail. This is not the thing.

If you feel so great a difference between the cold, well-drawn pictures of the Swiss painter and the work of Subercaseaux, it is because the latter of the two artists *lived* it all by himself. He is in the same relation to the Umbrian Saint as for instance Boutet de Monvel was to *his* heroine, Jeanne d'Arc. Works such as those are not only expressions of art—they are expressions of life.

They are not only speaking to the eyes—they are speaking to the soul.

And this is the reason why I appreciate so highly this new pictorial life of Saint Francis. Look at the young Assisi—merchant, praying down at San Damiano, before the old crucifix, and receiving the divine order "Go, Francis, and build up My Church—you see, it is falling in ruin!" Follow him to all the places of passion (but of triumph too) which marked his short existence. See him—then at the end of his life, in the hut of branches and mud, listening to the angel, rapt in ecstasy—"and if the angel had sounded one note more, it should have been death!"—and you will understand with all your soul and all your heart, what a great thing Christianity is, and what a great Christian Saint Francis was. And this, I suppose, was just what Pedro Subercaseaux would have you understand.