
THE GLIMPSE

place into sudden and complete existence. A retreat for the dilettante, a refuge where he might be secure from the disconcerting aggression of inharmonious phenomena! A temple!

A turnstile clicked me into the central hall, under whose dome the concert had been arranged. Opaline stuffs, ballooning downward from the dome, changed the sunlight into silver. Hung about the large room were forty paintings by Charles Conder, which I had already seen. A Conder exhibition had closed on the previous day. It was an exquisitely luxurious idea: abasing those pictures, each a marvel of intricate and lovely fancy, to be the background of music. Conceive, in the expectant hush, the gleaming Bechstein piano with its lid pointing upward, the rows of gilt chairs, empty or occupied, the border of floor, and then the ring of Charles Conder's women voluptuously brooding in their weak but eternal beauty amidst impossible landscapes of ivory, lavender, and rose. A pianist began to play the "Miroirs" of Ravel. (It was this name, on the programme of a concert of modern French music, which had drawn me from the pavement of Bond Street into the Rutland Galleries.) The first of the "mirrors" in which Ravel reflected the extreme originality of his sensations was called "Night Moths." Before these