

## The Dude

Cracking the egg = shell.

"I" Springer - In a western city where  
the ~~infinite~~ <sup>whole</sup> drollery of the mining  
camp, mingles with the infinite capacity  
for coquetry which <sup>characterizes</sup> the South and  
Dartmouth, one of those metemorphosis =  
phased Americans whom we some-  
times meet, came with his English coat  
his English dandy, the mutton chop  
whisker and an infinite yearning for  
old English perfection. He was  
no stranger in the "diggings" and had  
always been known as Tom Springer.  
No sooner did he alight from  
the stage coach in his new fop =  
peak rig than he was dubbed  
"I" and "I" Springer he remains  
unto this day.

"It" was a good name for the deformed and transformed A = American, but "duke" is infinitely better. There are some linguistic purists who are always shocked at an etymological innovation. To use a word that is not of undoubted pedigree, is, to their minds, one of the most infamous offenses of which ~~some~~ <sup>one</sup> can be guilty. They give to such words the scathing designation "slang." These oversensitive souls cut away the upper and under crust of our language and only leave the half-baked half-seasoned, under-ripe middle portion for our use.

~~They~~ whatever is new they re-  
ject as slang and whatever is  
old they discard as obsolete x  
Between the two is the realm  
of propriety and — stupidity x  
They forget that it is the new  
words that ~~it~~ come to express  
new ideas, ~~the~~ which keep our  
language from stagnation x The  
new ideas that spring from the  
world's new life must have  
new symbols for their ade-  
quate expression x To these over-  
sensitive ~~and~~ censorious, the word "decide" is

or pet abominations. They not only  
declare it to be without respecta-  
ble kindred or traceable descent  
but declare that we have al-  
ready one good and suffi-  
cient term for the expression of the  
same idea, to wit, the word *Fop*.

That the word "Duck" kindred  
either in form ~~or~~ significance I  
freely admit. There has been an at-  
tempt to connect it with the German  
form of *Duck* — the name of that  
strange, duck-legged ostrich of  
the island of Mauritius. But there  
is no more reason to suppose that  
the word is derived from this than  
that the "thing" to which it is ap-  
plied — by some process

of evolution had a like  
ornithological origin & In-  
deed this idea of the evolution  
of the duck is not without  
some fanciful support -  
Legs - Wings - Bill -

But both ideas are without  
foundation & The word "duck"  
I maintain to be akin to nothing  
in any language of earth. Both  
in form and in significance it  
is absolutely oni generis &  
A man up in New Hampshire  
claims to have invented it & He  
is mistaken & It was not in =

wanted at all. It came  
by inspiration & Ten thousand  
~~words~~ uttered it at once. It  
was only the involuntary out-  
terance of ~~it~~ a latent  
thought & It was a repeti-  
tion of that ~~old~~ miracle  
of the primeval days when  
God brought every living  
thing to Adam and he nam-  
ed it, & whoever, heard of  
a boy that used to  
have "lude" defamed &  
No sooner did the thing-

the unmistakable "It" stand  
before him that the name  
rushed to his consciousness =  
ness and he called it "Dude".

~~Let it not be~~

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Let it not be supposed ei-  
ther, that the word is sy-  
nonymous with Fop. A porcu-  
pine and an elephant are  
not more distinct. A man  
may be a "fop" of the most  
unmistakable character and  
yet have no element of the  
"Dude" about him. In

like manner, a man may  
be a dude of the most un-  
mistakable ~~and~~ <sup>flavor</sup>, and  
yet be clothed in home-  
span x

The man who can only  
be happy when clad in  
trousers ~~and~~ made so small  
as to require a file-driver to put  
them on, a coat consistently  
out at high water, and a  
hat made to show how  
much space a little brain  
can be made to fill is  
probably a Dude x



If he has a spurious  
Hunsditch accent over  
his tongue - turns and turns  
affects an eye glass and de=  
spines all things American.  
you may be sure of it x

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So too, you may  
count him a dulle,  
whose fancy for horse=  
flesh takes the form of a  
big lumbering, splug=  
footed, thick-legged

bull-necked, Roman =  
crossed, square = docket  
imitation of an English  
cob + He is a type of the "Sport-  
ing dulle" — the un-Amer-  
ican lover of the poorest  
type of the English horse.  
To such that light, elastic  
manner of mechanical per-  
fection, the American road-  
waggon is to fresh and  
run — it smacks too much

of the new and unromantic - it lacks too completely the conditions of awkwardness, unfitness and aristocracy, to suit his aspirations. In its stead he must have a great lumbering broad-tired heavy-wheeled, curb-shafted English dog-curb - as graceful as a dray and as comfortable as a wheelbarrow, a thing that may be warranted to shake proof the

religion out of an average  
Christian in two blocks  
of Braclwyn at a slow  
trot x

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we found him too in the  
park - mounted on the  
same disgraced syrene -  
astride of a piece of English-  
pig-skin - using an im-  
ported bridle with an English  
bit - his riding - trousers  
even closer fitting than his

swallowing gear, suggesting that  
he must have been melted  
and poured into them -  
an eye-glass removed in -  
to one side of his head  
and an English dog-whip  
struck under his arm -  
his legs drawn up on  
a level with ~~with~~ the saddle  
- pitched forward  
about thirty degrees in  
his seat - leaning and  
settling like the ocean

at high tide, he works his  
passage along the ~~river~~ <sup>dike</sup>  
ways of the park, every-  
where greeted by his fe-  
male prototypes with the  
interlocking phrase

"Oh how fine! How delight-  
ful! So very English, you know!"

Get one ~~western~~ cow boy of  
the plains on his ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup>  
Mexican saddle, or one Southern  
gentleman on the worn "McCl-  
lan" that bore him through many  
a battle - one of these, riding

and falling with the breeze of  
which they seem a part,  
— calm graceful contour  
like American ~~—~~ are worth  
a ten acre lot full of  
the spurious overcreeps.

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It will be seen at once  
from these examples that the  
distinguishing feature of the  
"Dude" — his real differentiating  
element — does not lie  
in his clothes, nor in his  
speech nor in his air of  
assumed stupidity. These  
are "but the trappings and the  
suits" of the <sup>from</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>which</sup>  
he suffers. The true defini-  
tion of the "Dude" is —



A shallow-pated Amer-  
ican who is possessed  
with the idea that all  
good things are English,  
It matters not whether this  
Anglo-mania asserts itself  
in preferring a shoddy  
English horse blanket  
to one of <sup>silky</sup> Californian  
wool - in trying to imitate  
the cockney dialect - in  
belittling our institutions  
and lauding those of England

As instances of this we  
may note the fact that  
the Duke has crept into  
our art and we have  
very many who claim  
the right to dictate to us in  
matters artistic who sneer at  
our American life and its poten-  
tialities as too barren and  
flat — too new and raw  
to afford a sufficient pub-  
lism for genius. They tell  
us that beauty, and art

and genius are ~~unnatural~~ <sup>over-politician</sup>  
and are degraded by the  
stintmark of race or nation-  
ality. They tell us that beauty  
and art should be studied  
and worshipped for them-  
selves and not as the uti-  
lities of national life or  
the exponents of national  
thought. They would have  
us believe that beauty and  
art are degraded when  
they are made ~~to~~ the ve-  
hicles of thought. For a

painter or a sculptor  
to tell the story of his  
life and time — to spread  
upon the canvas or inspire  
the snowy marble with the  
~~of the artist's~~ life  
~~glow~~ of a nation's love  
~~and~~ patriotism or devo-  
tion is to degrade his art.  
As if all art that has  
been worthy of the approval  
of the ages has not been  
of the very character of

Take the local coloring  
— the life of the nation  
and the age in which <sup>we</sup> they  
live — out of Phidias's  
marbles and what is left  
of them? Every line and  
every form is instinct with  
Athensian life. Take Italy  
and the Church away from  
Angelo; take Spain and  
her cruel intensity of be-  
lief away from Murillo;  
Take the low deep lights

of the Netherlands away  
from the Flemish painters  
and what have we left?

In striving to  
make our art M=A=  
American our painters sculp=  
tors architects are taking  
away from it all char=  
acter, all distinctiveness  
all value. They are just  
making it a conglom=  
eration of hints from  
unrelated schools and

irreconcilable styles x

Architecture — public

Private

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Musical Duels

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Patience

Dusky

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Religious Duties

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