



A. Walkowitz

Then hope comes beckoning—and is crushed,
When I remember that the cool and dew-pearled morn
Is wakened, warmed—and soon made ready for its parched end
By any blazing sun.

But if the course of nature is obstructed
By her own clouded skies,
What then?

Small wonder that our fore-bears made a god
To shield them from this dimly heard
Daemonic laughter.

Agnes Ernst Meyer

I WALKED IN TO
A MOMENT OF GRE
ATNESS. THERE WAS
A WAVE OF PURE EM
OTION RUNNING THRO
UGH THE AIR—LIKE A PU
LSE RECORDING THE BEAT OF
SOULS. I STOOD AGAINST A WALL,—
THE HOUSE WAS IN DARKNESS, LIGHT
ON THE STAGE, —THE LAST ACT OF
MEISTERSINGER HAD BEGUN. I LISTENED.
ALL OF ME HEARD. IF THAT STRAIGHT
LINE OF TERRIFIC TENSITY WHICH STRETCHED
CONTINUOUSLY BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE MUSIC,
—GROWING MORE AND MORE SENSITIVE EACH MO
MENT,—COULD HAVE EXISTED INDEFINITELY UNTIL THE
LINE BECAME INSEPARABLE WITH THE STATE ABOUT IT—
WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED?

EVERYTHING HAD MERGED—THERE WAS NO
POSSIBILITY OF ANY RETENTION OF THE SEPARATENESS OF A HU
MAN SELF FROM THE SPACE OF SOUND INTO WHICH THAT SENTI
ENT SELF HAD PROJECTED. AN EXTENSION OF FEELING AND A DIF
FUSION OF MUSIC WITH IT—CREATING A CONDITION OF ONENESS. A
PASSING OF EACH INTO THE OTHER.

SOUND, GIVING,
WILL, FEELING,
AN INSISTENT ENTITY REACHED.

WAS THERE ANY PART OF ME THAT DID NOT RESPOND?
I WAS NOT A WOMAN—I BECAME MERELY A PART OF THE ATTUNEMENT OF
THE MOMENT—AS DID ALL THE OTHERS. THE STRANGERS STANDING SO
NEAR THAT I COULD HAVE TOUCHED THEM—AND I THINK WE WERE TOUCH
ING. WE HAD DROPPED OUR LITTLE SELVES—WE WERE NOT— BUT
SOMETHING GREATER THAN OURSELVES WAS BREATHING. WHAT
GAVE IT THE IMPETUS TO BREATHE? AND IF IT COULD HAVE EN
DURED—IF A CLIMAX COULD HAVE BEEN REACHED AND HELD
FOR THE FRACTION OF A SECOND—WOULD NOT THAT I
NSTANT HAVE BECOME INFINITE? WOULD IT HAVE
BEEN DEATH? OR ESCAPE—INTO A QUICKEN
ING OF LIFE?

Katharine N. Rhoades



WOMAN

Cool of the morning, warmth of the full-blown day,
I once believed that you were due to something else
Besides atomic forces—
But now I do not know, and I have even lost
The willingness to hope.

M. de Zayas

Nor is my anguish lessened by the thought
That the most fertile noon-day heat can for so short a span
Outlast the sinking of the golden orb that caused it,
Below that day's horizon.

