I WALKED IN TO A MOMENT OF GRE ATNESS. THERE WAS A WAVE OF PURE EM OTION RUNNING THRO UGH THE AIR—LIKE A PULSE 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 MOMENT,—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 HUMAN SELF FROM THE SPACE OF SOUND INTO WHICH THAT SENTIMENT SELF HAD PROJECTED. AN EXTENSION OF FEELING AND A DIFUSION OF MUSIC WITH IT—CREATING A CONDITION OF ONENESS. A PASSING OF EACH INTO THE OTHER.

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


Katharine N. Rhoades

April 7—1915
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.

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.
MATERIETY
I wish to tell you something that borders on the sublime. Unable to hide her anxiety any longer, a charwoman of Madame du P., confessed that she had had, twenty years ago, an experience in her capacity as an under-servant that left her with a hatred for the upper classes. All the experience has remained, but her hatred has been genuinely manifested in this country.

Then, as Madame du P. reproached the girl for having remained silent so long and was controlling her by reminding her that the same was done on the firing-line. "Oh! madness!" exclaimed the maid. "It is not the same thing, for he is the father of my children and I have a husband who cannot provide for us!"

MATERNITY

BEING HUMAN IN NEW YORK
A company of Irish players—amateurs—have been giving performances at the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street. When reaching the theater from the Third Avenue elevated one has to walk several blocks down this densely populated street. If you are unable to sleep in a moving car or make an adjustment you will feel annoyed at the leisurely pace of the people in the street. While you dodge in and out they are strolling slowly up and down or chatting on the corner. As you come in, the actors are in the street for no purpose but to take a breath of air. Headsbend and existe with arms in arm. Such things are not done on Fifth Avenue. They impede speed—and besides one should not display affection in public.

"When the curtain falls at the end of the performance you notice that three plays—six acts are strolling slowly up and down or chatting on the corner. They are in the street for no purpose but to take a breath of air. Headsbend and existe with arms in arm. Such things are not done on Fifth Avenue. They impede speed—and besides one should not display affection in public."

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