



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?

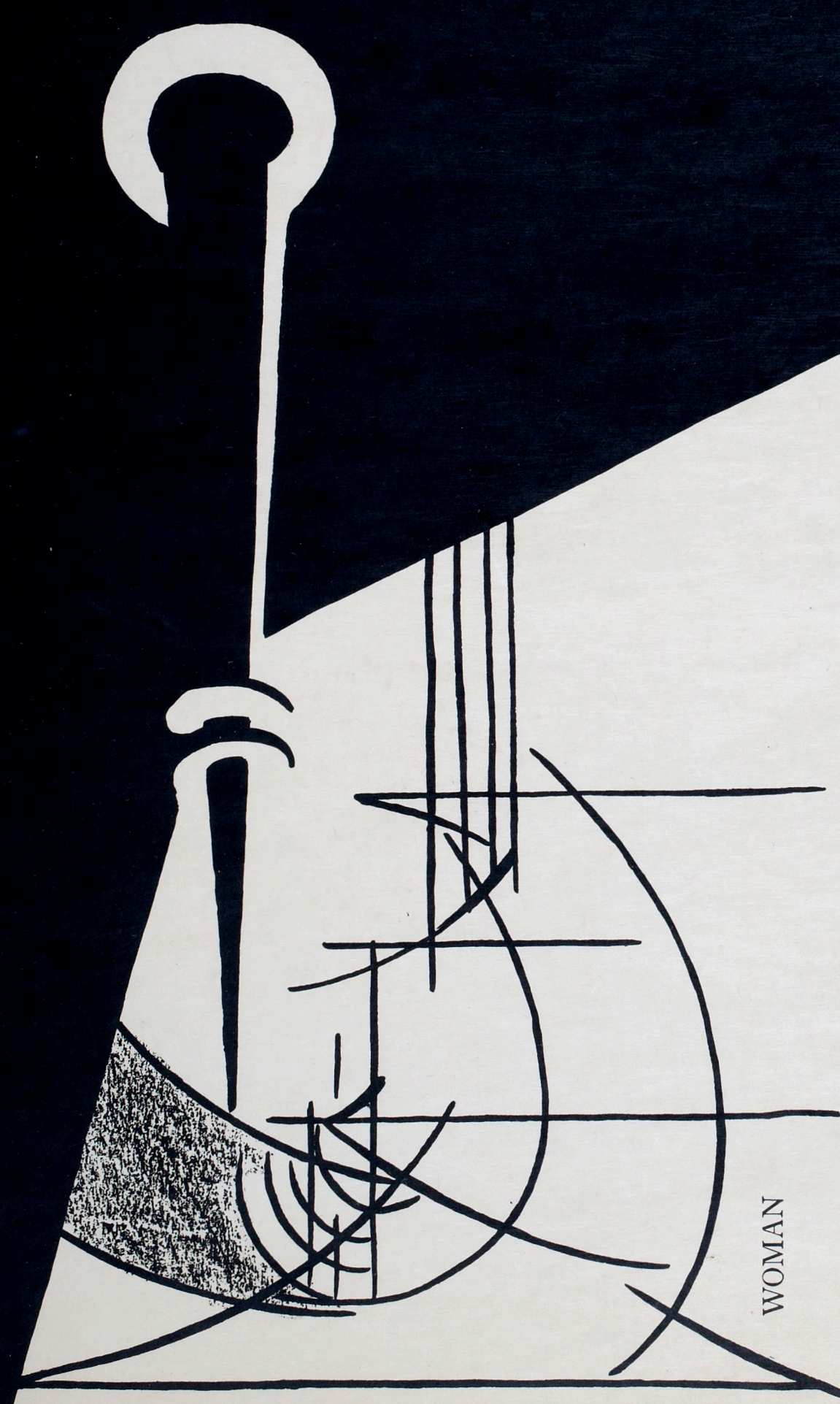
EVERYTHING HAD MERGED—THERE WAS NO
POSSIBILITY OF ANY RETENTION OF THE SEPARATENESS OF A HU
MAN SELF FROM THE SPACE OF SOUND INTO WHICH THAT SENTI
ENT SELF HAD PROJECTED. AN EXTENSION OF FEELING AND A DIF
FUSION OF MUSIC WITH IT—CREATING A CONDITION OF ONENESS. A
PASSING OF EACH INTO THE OTHER.

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

April 7—1915



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.

MATERNITY

From *Le Mot*, Paris, March 6, 1915.

I wish to tell you something that borders on the sublime. Unable to hide her anxiety any longer, a chambermaid of Madame de F. confessed that she had had, twenty years ago, an illegitimate child and that that child was fighting in the Argonne.

Then, as Madame F. reproached the girl for having remained silent so long and was consoling her by reminding her that her own son was also on the firing line. "Oh! madame," answered the maid, "it is not the same thing; my boy by his fine behaviour has given me back my honor!"

Lasting remorse, humble pride, patient waiting. That is the real French woman.

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 walking—as is probable—at the gait of a man who has to catch a train or make an appointment 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 door-steps. They are going nowhere. They are in the street for no purpose but to take a breath of air. Husbands and wives walk arm in arm. Such things are not done on Fifth Avenue. They impede speed—and besides one should not display affection in public.

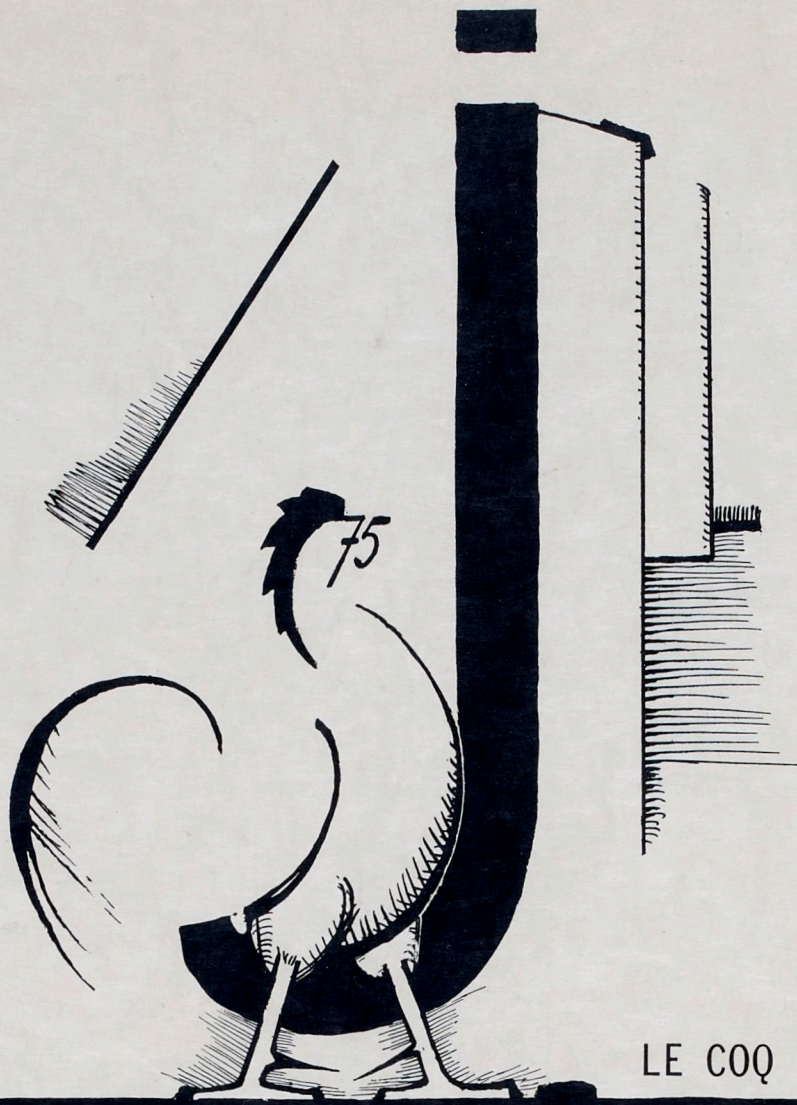
When the curtain falls at the end of the performance you notice that three plays—six acts in all—have been played in the same settings. The plays violate the rules of dramatic construction. The actors know little of the laws of acting. Yet they hold your attention and interest, and when you reach home you feel refreshed. You have spent a few hours free from rules and conventions. You have had a glimpse at real human beings, who have retained the courage to be their simple selves.

WATCH THEIR STEPS

Apollinaire that profound observer of the superficial brought to artistic significance the squeaking of the "new shoes of the poet." Unhappily we have no poet in New York who could sing of the forms of the shoes that women are wearing now.

For the first time the spirit of modern art has been genuinely manifested in this country.

Women's shoes reveal a new mentality at work.



DRAWING BY STEICHEN

LE COQ GAULOIS

They break away from convention. They give the pleasure of the unexpected. They are the expression of a love of disharmony.

They have no rhythm.

They have no balance.

They synthesize the abstract.

Another profound observer of the superficial said that perhaps the spirit of modern art having failed to reach the heads of the Americans is trying to get into their feet.

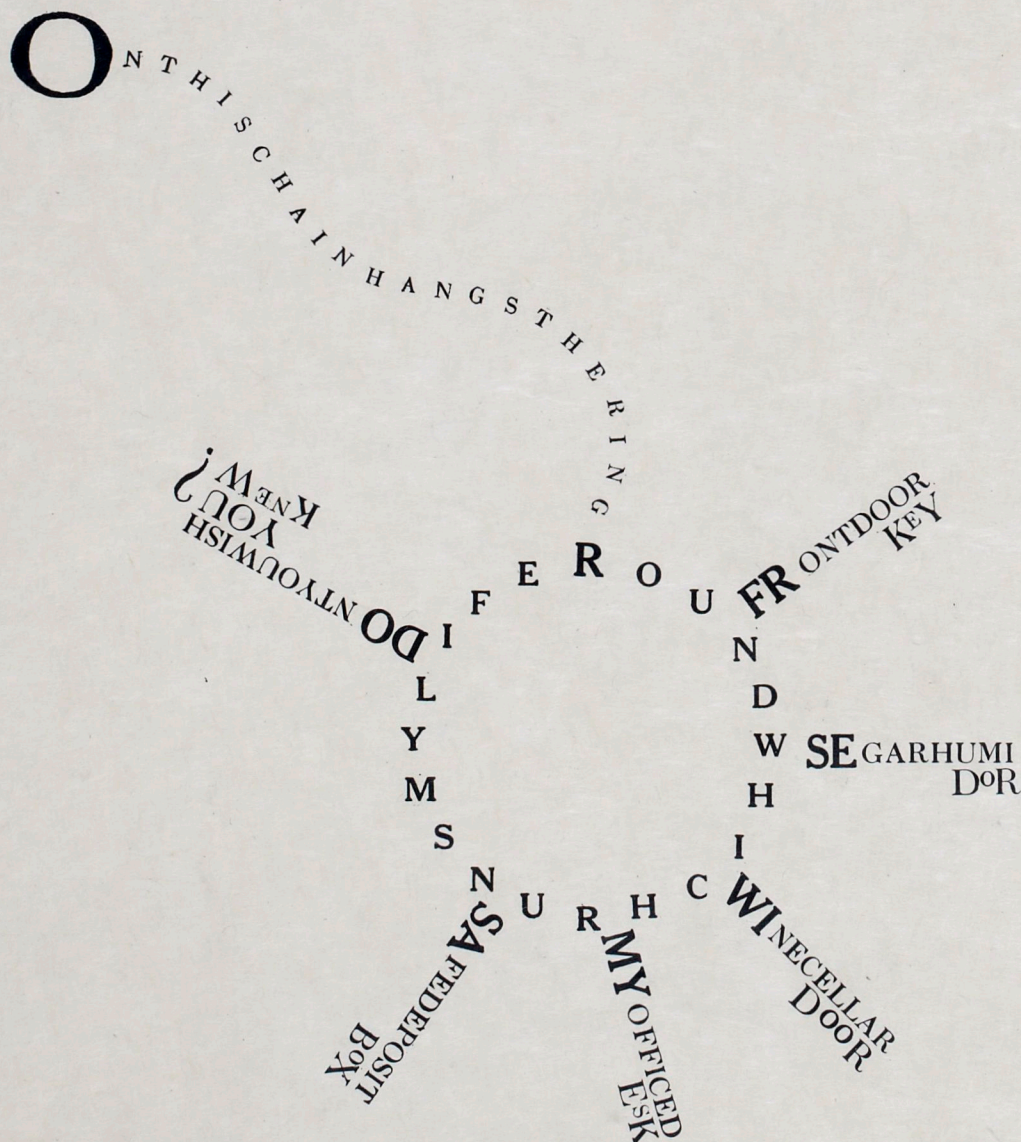
AVE CAESAR IMPERATOR!!! MORITURI TE SALUTANT!

Among all the talking and writing and other forms of trouble-making that our modern social unrest has produced, one person only goes steadily onward, the AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN. Too far-sighted and too aware of his own worth to lose either his optimism or his efficiency during the many years of constant unintelligent attack, too preoccupied by important events

to heed the yelping of the yellow journalists of all shades that have constantly hounded him, certain that those who cried out against him most were those who most needed his wisdom, he has gone on working, meeting all hindrances and difficulties, lastly, turning into the country's greatest good the present cataclysm that might so easily have been its ruin.

If we wish to find the greatest imaginative powers of our country, do we think of our artists? The question is almost ludicrous when we compare the realized imaginations of the artistic and the business world. Where is our most effective, our most adventurous thought? Who creates and guides and supports our universities, our charitable and artistic and scientific endeavors of every sort? In short who is the only man without whom we could not get along, politicians, social workers and college professors notwithstanding? Finally, if wrong has been done, who has been and will continue to be the only man with sufficient knowledge to remedy those wrongs? The answer to all these questions is too obvious. Our social structure may be a machine that is clumsy, inefficient, antiquated, but verily it hath its god.

A BUNCH OF KEYS



291

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PAUL VERLAINE

FROM AN AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT IN POSSESSION OF THE HEIRS OF THE LATE PHILIPPE BURTY, ART CRITIC AND FRIEND OF THE FRENCH POET.

J. B. KERFOOT

