

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

Agnes Ernst Meyer

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

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

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.

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

