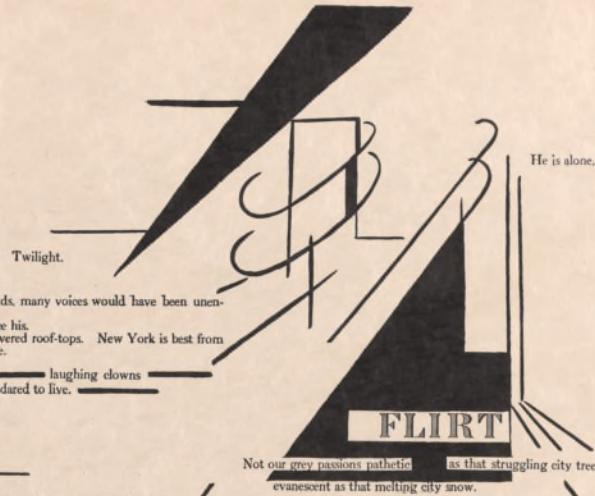






Katharine N. Rhoades

Silence.



How can he bear to speak of it if it was real to him?



Red dots on whiteness.

Ah, there you go, sitting in judgment again from the personal point of view. He has the ability to give his very self. Be big enough to accept whatever is given you.

PARFUM ULTRA PERSISTANT

*CrèmeS*

Shouldn't it be a circumflex?

But is it fair to the woman? Parfumerie-de-Nice. Does it make her nice. Sunniatine. Flowers. Color. Land of eternal loves.

At last her life, her whole life, was nothing but his introduction to her. Why not? Most lives are less than that. What after all, is—mine?

Those eyes of his. I cannot get away from them, cannot guess what his greater experience can see.

Windows

windows.

A different picture behind each.

CrèmeS—parfums.

Now if I were a man I should want to prove that I had lived even more dangerously. Being a woman, I am silent.

Outlines snow-softened.

Lights appearing.

She died young? What matter? All of life had been hers.

Clown.

Dancing buttons

Tilted hat.

Why will my lip twitch? How much can those eyes see? Soothing light within—without—

Odd. He gives me all he has to give.

I think about myself.

Are the passions of others ever real to us

—or only—

that sudden glare of whiteness

hurts

—something to pity

—something to envy?

Clock boomer  
—one  
—two  
—three  
—four  
—five  
—six

Their bed-time.  
They will want to say good-night.  
I must go

He gave himself—I find—myself. So it goes.

How annoying.  
Those eyes are twinkling at my expense—

I feel him making a mental note:

"Experiment No. 987.

Reaction perfect"—

Why do we all object to being the common human de-

nominator?

I really must go—

Whenever I pass that canvas I want to put my foot through it.

Good. It's still running.

I shall be in time for a last romp. Coward? Common

human denominator? Who cares?

Bellovées Fatales, No. 12.