

He went on to write of her penetrating gaze, the way her eyes pierced to the very depths of your soul and brought up into the light every secret hidden within it. There was something uncanny about her, something supernatural. When she looked at you, Tomlinson wrote, what she saw of you was not your outward appearance, but your innermost heart. But she did not wish to pry, she was not inquisitive, merely sympathetic. With her you felt no need for caution. She knew everything about you without having to be told. And when you told her your story she would not be surprised. She would offer neither blame nor praise, nor would she urge you on to any particular course of action. She would never offer any practical advice. She would just listen, quietly, and then offer her thoughts, which contained a wisdom that transcended conventional morality.

These impressions of Tomlinson's were those of a man who had had the benefit of a long friendship with her. In my twenty minutes I could not reach such an understanding. But from the spiritual light that emanated from her eyes, I venture to say that the truth of his words is beyond doubt.

That night, as we sat together on the blue velvet couch, a soft light quietly enveloped her. As if in a hypnotic trance, I stared into her mystical eyes, letting her sword-like gaze penetrate my being, while the music of her voice washed over me and flooded into the depths of my soul. Whatever consciousness I had left resembled Keats's:

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk . . .  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness . . .

Her voice was another miracle. Notes rippled from her fragile vocal cords one after the other, revealing to my common ears a world of wonders, bright stars appearing one by one in a sapphire sky. It was like listening to music which you know you have never heard before, and which yet seems familiar, perhaps from a dream, or from a previous life. Her voice was pleasing to the ear. It seemed to reach directly to the depths of your soul, soothing its hidden pain, kindling half-dead hopes, washing away stultifying worldly cares, and revitalising your spirits. It was as if she were murmuring into the ear of your soul, communicating some news from a fairy land that you had never dreamt of. When I recall it now, I still feel a tragic sense of grief. Tears almost come to my eyes. She is gone. Her voice and her smile have vanished like a mirage. To console myself, I can only believe, with Abt Vogler

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

...  
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.<sup>8</sup>