

The Ph.D./D.M.A. Programs in Music

April 11th, 2022 1:00 p.m.

Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall



Sophie Delphis, mezzo-soprano
with Ari Livne, piano; Martine Thomas, viola;
Yoshi Weinberg, flute; and Sarah Song, violoncello

Das Buch der hängenden Gärten, Op. 15 (1909)

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874–1951)

1. Unterm Schutz von dichten Blättergründen
2. Hain in diesen Paradiesen
3. Als Neuling trat ich ein in dein Gehege
4. Da meine Lippen reglos sind und brennen
5. Saget mir auf welchem Pfade
6. Jedem Werke bin ich fürder tot
7. Angst und Hoffen wechselnd sich beklemmen
8. Wenn ich heut nicht deinen Leib berühre
9. Streng ist uns das Glück und spröde
10. Das schöne Beet betracht ich mir im Harren
11. Als wir hinter dem beblühten Tore
12. Wenn sich bei heilger Ruh in tiefen Matten
13. Du lehnst wider eine Silberweide
14. Sprich nicht mehr von dem Laub
15. Wir bevölkerten die abend-düstern Lauben

Ari Livne, piano

She Gets to Decide (2018)

Eve Beglarian
(b. 1958)

Martine Thomas, viola

Trois poèmes de Mallarmé (1913)

Maurice Ravel
(1875–1937)

Soupir
Placet futile
Surgi de la croupe et du bond

Yoshi Weinberg, flute; Martine Thomas, viola;
Sarah Song, violoncello; Ari Livne, piano

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the D.M.A. degree.

Notes on the Program

Objects of Desire

Composed between 1908 and 1909, **Arnold Schoenberg's** *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten* (*The Book of Hanging Gardens*), Op. 15, marks the beginning of the composer's atonal period, pushing an already febrile expressionist musical language to the point of no return to set a portion of the German symbolist Stefan George's collection of thirty-one poems by the same name. Emotionally overripe and full of danger and wonder, the texts trace the childhood, youth and ascendancy, then subsequent ruination and abdication, of a poet-king. The fifteen pieces that make up Schoenberg's *Buch* are an interlude of sexual awakening in the middle of George's cycle, which the poet wrote in 1894 for Ida Coblenz, the woman he described as "[his] world" and the object of his unrequited love. Schoenberg himself wrote his treatment of the material as his marriage was falling apart. His wife Mathilde had just left him for the painter Richard Gerstl, until a close friend of the couple. Unsurprisingly, the journey into George and Schoenberg's Garden [of Eden] does not end well – nor did it for Gerstl, who died by suicide in 1908 at the age of twenty-five, partially driven to kill himself as a result of the affair. This Garden is a nexus of these men's unrequited, or unsuccessful, passion.



Richard Gerstl, *The Family of Schoenberg* (1908), *Museum moderner Kunst Stiftung Ludwig Wien, Vienna*

Das Buch der hängenden Gärten at a glance

Introduction to the Garden: A poet enters a Garden of mysteries and wonders and begins to fall in love with an equally enigmatic woman.

1. Unterm Schutz von dichten Blättergründen (*Under the cover of dense leaf clusters*)
2. Hain in diesen Paradiesen (*Grove in these paradises*)

Three “path songs”: The poet begins to lose his literal path and himself as his obsession with his new lover grows.

3. Als Neuling trat ich ein in dein Gehege (*As a novice I stepped into your enclosure*)
4. Da meine Lippen reglos sind und brennen (*As my lips are motionless and burn*)
5. Saget mir auf welchem Pfade (*Tell me on which path*)

Obsession turns to desperation: This powerful obsession roils within the poet, tormented day and night with longing, despair, ecstasy and anxiety.

6. Jedem Werke bin ich fürder tot (*To any labor I am henceforth dead*)
7. Angst und Hoffen wechselnd sich beklemmen (*Fear and hope by turns unsettle me*)
8. Wenn ich heut nicht deinen Leib berühre (*If I don't touch your body today*)

The beginning of the end: The lover becomes distant, and the Garden begins to seem like a desolate wasteland.

9. Streng ist uns das Glück und spröde (*Harsh to us is joy, and brittle*)

The Garden festered: The Garden, once full of wonder in its weird lushness, is now a grotesque site of danger.

10. Das schöne Beet betracht ich mir im Harren (*I contemplate the beautiful flower bed while waiting*)

Nostalgia, desolation, expulsion: The poet, having lost his lover's favor, remembers his past joy with her in the Garden. No longer feeling protected within its enclave, he realizes that the Garden is effectively destroyed.

11. Als wir hinter dem beblühten Tore (*When we behind the flowered gate*)
12. Wenn sich bei heilger Ruh in tiefen Matten (*When during sacred rest in deep meadows*)
13. Du lehnst wider eine Silberweide (*You lean against a silver willow*)
14. Sprich nicht mehr von dem Laub (*Don't always speak of the leaves*)
15. Wir bevölkerten die abend-düstern Lauben (*We people the evening-dimmed arbors*)



Balthus (Balthasar Klossowski), *Thérèse Dreaming* (1938), *The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*

In the program note that accompanies *She Gets to Decide* (2018), **Eve Beglarian** states that the piece “began as a meditation on the Balthus painting *Thérèse Dreaming*. While the painting seems unquestionably pervy to me, I am also struck by the power and self-sufficiency Thérèse radiates.” From this departure point, Beglarian has woven together a collage of texts and allusions that explore sexual objectification, abuse and, ultimately, agency. The first section combines the Metropolitan Museum audioguide to the Balthus, the Poulenc Flute Sonata and passages from an article about allegations of inappropriate sexual behavior against the flute teacher Bradley Garner.

In the second section, a duet begins between the singer and a haunting vocode voice, setting pieces of early 20th-century hebephile poetry by Alphonse Momas. Initially frozen in fear, the singer gains in confidence and sexual maturity as the piece progresses, and her part becomes more independent of the track, wider in range and more lyrical. The accompaniment becomes broader and full of low vibrations that seep into the body of the performer and audience; the synthetic voice gradually fades away, and the live singer takes the stage fully. The ambiguous text, which can at first be understood as the thoughts and desires of [her] abuser as well as her own attempts to get away, becomes increasingly her own monologue of sexual pleasure. “Stop... everything is being crushed inside me” takes on a different meaning with each consequent or simultaneous perspective.

The third, and last, section, transitions from the pre-recorded track to a live, semi-impromptu accompaniment on violin (here played by a violist) in a setting of Judge Rosemarie Aquilina’s words to a survivor who testified against Larry Nassar, the United States gymnastics team doctor convicted of sexually abusing hundreds of young women in his care: “Leave your pain here and go out and do your magnificent things.” Spanning over two octaves, the simple melody is intimate, solemn and direct while operatic and triumphant. *She Gets to Decide* addresses a rampant and destructive subject, but it isn’t a prurient tragedy. It’s a reclamation, complicated as most reclamations are.

To quote Beglarian's program note once more: "Rainer Maria Rilke wrote in a letter to Balthus' mother, Baladine Klossowska, who was Rilke's lover at the time: 'a barely arching bridge connects the terrible to the tender.' Sometimes the way out is through."

In early 1913, **Maurice Ravel** was living and working in Clarens, Switzerland with Igor Stravinsky, who told the French composer about a piece he had just heard: Arnold Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912). This second-hand discovery obviously caught Ravel's imagination, and he composed his *Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé* a few months later for an extended Pierrot ensemble – [soprano] voice, two flutes (doubling piccolo), two clarinets (doubling bass clarinet), string quartet and piano. (Stravinsky, meanwhile, wrote his own *Trois poésies de la lyrique japonaise* for such an instrumentation the same year.)

The poems by Mallarmé chosen by Ravel are particularly rich – and complex – examples of French symbolism, and the composer took special pains to translate them into music: "I transposed the literary procedures of Mallarmé, whom I personally consider France's greatest poet. I wished to transpose Mallarmé's poetry into music, especially that preciousness so full of meaning and so characteristic of him." The resulting songs are veritable *boîtes à bijoux* of colorful and often obtuse imagery, rendered delicately into some of the most layered and difficult pieces of Ravel's vocal output.

All three pieces are pensive, quiet and enigmatic. Time seems to stand still in all the songs, whose texts paint love, devotion and melancholy through a microscopic attention to objects. "Soupir" draws on a tradition of nature imagery to describe and decorate a declaration of love, but this is a limpid scene devoid of the more common and exuberant spring images of birds and bright flowers. We are treated instead to an "autumn blanketed with freckles," "the tender azure of pale and pure October" and "the tawny agony of leaves" on still water. Ravel matches this reserve, never allowing his most lyrical moments to swell too broadly. The string arpeggios and long vocal lines that make up the first part of the song are probably the cycle's most overtly lyrical music, but when the singer sings her highest note of the piece, a long F-sharp on "fidèle," the culmination of a slow ascent in her line in this section accompanied by a significant harmony change from the piano, the moment is one of contained magic, pianissimo and internal. "Placet futile," the most precious of the songs, is a "futile petition" – in the religious sense of the word – to the object of the speaker's desire, whom he addresses as "Princesse." The repeated use of divine imagery, especially Classical, characteristic of symbolist style, serves to place the beloved on a pedestal. The preciousness (and objecthood) of the Princesse are emphasized by linking her with the Sèvres cup at her lips, which becomes the departure point for the poem's colorful, pastoral images – the kind that would typically be painted on this porcelain. Despite the text's amorous declarations and enjoinders, Ravel again favors a reserved atmosphere full of tender dialogues between the different instruments and the voice. Finally, after the teacup of "Placet," "Surgi..." shifts its focus to a glass vase in what is the set's most peculiar and hermetic poem, as well as musical setting. Displaying the greatest departure of instrumentation and tone color, and the most experimental music, the song serves as an account of the affective, minute observation that accompanies the poetic process. It's a text about transforming the material world into words and sound – the images here are suggestive of associations rather than readable as direct metaphors. Ravel, then, takes on the challenge of faithfully transforming its poetics into music.



Sèvres porcelain – referenced in “Placet futile” – detail (1795), *The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*

Although separated by more than a century, Eve Beglarian’s piece obviously shares an aesthetic *début du siècle* world with Arnold Schoenberg and Maurice Ravel, linked by visual art and texts. Moreover, all three pieces deal with the objects – and most importantly the objectification – of desire. For all of her central, even oppressive, presence in *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten*, George’s lover is also noticeably absent. She is certainly not a *person*: instead, she’s an obsession, a judge*, a savior, a ghost... a whole damn(ed) Garden of Eden but never really a woman. Like so many pieces “about” a lover, this is, of course, actually a song cycle about the poet.

The objectification is far less sycophantic in Mallarmé’s poetry: his rendering of objects is tender, loving, malleable. While literal objects – the teacup, the vase, the autumn leaves – are dissected as representations of a loved one or the act of loving in general, they also take on a certain anthropomorphic subjecthood of their own. There’s a sense that to love someone is always to render them *yours* and therefore to strip away, at least from your perspective, part of their agency. Meanwhile, to map memories and associations on an inanimate thing is also to give it a soul.

This malleability of borders isn’t inherently sinister. In the Ravel settings of Mallarmé, I argue that it’s magical, but it’s true that I’ve called these pieces “jewelry boxes” in this very program note, which implies that they are filled with things, precious though these things may be. Beglarian’s piece explores an extreme of this desire to objectify the things we love, or at least want, and a corrective. What happens when desire, objectification and agency are a dialogue?

What happens when an “object” gets to assert her own perspective?

*Note: There’s a fantastic and telling symmetry in George’s plea “Erwähle mich zu denen die dir dienen” (“Elect me to be among those that serve you”), in the third song of *Das Buch* and Mallarmé’s “Nommez-nous berger de vos sourires” (“Appoint us/name us shepherd of your smiles”) in “Placet futile.”

About the Artists

Franco-American mezzo-soprano **Sophie Delphis** has performed with SongFest as a Stern Fellow, the iSING Festival, UMS (University Musical Society), National Sawdust, the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra, the Tianjin Symphony Orchestra, Bronx Opera, Opera on the James, Bare Opera, Dell'Arte Opera Ensemble, Opera Pomme Rouge, Floating Tower and Monk Parrots, among others. Her operatic roles include: Cherubino (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Giunone (*La Calisto*), Carmen and Mercédès (*Carmen*), Flora (*La Traviata*), Rosina (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Marla Maples (*The Drumf and the Rhinegold*, premiere), Cenerentola and Tisbe (*La Cenerentola*), Concepción (*L'heure espagnole*), Mother/Yaga the Witch (*Ami and Tami*, English-language premiere), Hansel, (*Hansel and Gretel*) and Elle (*La voix humaine*).

An avid recitalist, Sophie regularly produces recital programs and fundraiser concerts for musical and cultural organizations in the United States and China. Recent and upcoming works include: Ravel's *Chansons madécasses* and *Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé*, Bolcom's *Cabaret Songs*, Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and *Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten* and Messiaen's *Harawi*. Along with classical repertoire, she enjoys collaborating with composers, improvisers and theatre artists on new works. Sophie can be heard as the Mother/Witch in the original English cast recording of Matti Kovler's *Ami and Tami* and as a soloist on the Grammy Award-nominated Naxos recording of Milhaud's *Oresteia* trilogy, produced by UMS in association with the University of Michigan's School of Music, Theatre & Dance.

She currently resides in New York City, where she is pursuing a doctoral degree in voice performance at the Graduate Center CUNY. In addition to performing, Sophie is passionate about writing, linguistics and non-musical art forms. She teaches French language and poetics, as well as interpretation of *mélodies* repertoire. She serves as the house translator for the Paris-based classical and jazz label NoMadMusic.

Active as a solo artist, collaborator, and chamber musician, **Ari Livne** has performed extensively throughout the United States at such venues as Benaroya Hall and the Kennedy Center. His diverse set of interests and skills has allowed him to become equally comfortable as a performer, opera coach, and lecturer. He has worked as répétiteur for Don Giovanni and Butterfly with New York's Heartbeat Opera, and has presented lecture-recitals on themes from psychoanalysis for the Northwestern Psychoanalytic Society and Institute.

Ari was a Gold Award winner at the youngARTS competition, and subsequently was selected as a Presidential Scholar in the Arts. While at Juilliard, Ari was recognized for his inventive programming; he premiered a new set of songs by the composer Cyrus Von Hochstetter at one of his recitals, and presented a recital consisting of Brahms' last four completed works. He was one of two Juilliard students selected to be a featured performer at the Kyoto International Music Festival in Kyoto, Japan, and he has been invited to perform multiple times at the Hudson Chamber Society in New York and at Piano on Park. Ari has appeared twice at the Juilliard Focus Festival, and in April 2012 he performed for Dr. Alexander Scriabine and Dr. Christine Scriabine, close relatives of the composer Alexander Scriabin. He has also been a faculty member at the State College Piano Festival (State College, PA), where he performed both a solo recital and a recital of Beethoven Violin Sonatas on successive evenings.

Ari Livne received his Bachelor of Arts from Yale University in 2012 and his Master of Music Degree at The Juilliard School in 2014. He is currently working towards a doctorate at the CUNY Graduate Center, where he is the recipient of a Graduate Center Fellowship.

Award-winning cellist **Sarah Song** is a graduate of The Eastman School of Music under the tutelage of David Ying (Ying Quartet). Prior to her masters studies at Eastman, Sarah received her Bachelor's Degree from Indiana University, Jacobs School of Music with Brandon Vamos (Pacifica Quartet) and a Professional Studies Certificate from Queens College (Marcy Rosen).

Winner of the Classical Tahoe International String Quartet Apprenticeship, Sarah has shared the stage with members of the Metropolitan Opera under the leadership of Joel Rezven and Laurie Hamilton and concertized with soloists like Itamar Zorman, Emannual Ceysson, and Noah Bendix-Balgely. During her time as a fellow at the Madeline Island Music Festival (La Pointe, WI), Sarah worked with members from the Arianna String Quartet, American String Quartet, Shanghai String Quartet, St. Lawrence String Quartet and Brooklyn Rider. She is the recipient of the Chamber Music Live Award.

An active chamber musician and soloist, Sarah has competed as a semi-finalist in the 2020 Coltman Chamber Competition (Austin, TX). Most recently, she won the 2021 Queens College Concerto Competition and soloed with the Aaron Copland School of Music.

Alongside her performing career, Sarah is passionate about music accessibility and education for students of all ages and abilities. A large part of her teaching has been dedicated to working with underserved communities throughout the world. She headed the cello studio at ROCmusic Collective — an all-access after school music program working with inner-city Rochester youth and SA' OAXACA — a tuition-free summer festival for conservatory cellists in Mexico. She has most recently led a workshop with the Little Orchestra Society for the Brooklyn Children's Museum. Sarah is on faculty at the Brooklyn Conservatory of Music and teaches her private studio in Dumbo. She is a student of Marcy Rosen.

Martine Thomas, violist and poet, has a Masters in Viola Performance and a Bachelor of Arts in English from the Harvard-New England Conservatory dual degree program. Martine is based in New York City, where she began her Doctorate of Musical Arts at CUNY Graduate Center in Fall 2021. She performs traditional classical music as a soloist and chamber musician, working with Paul Neubauer, Mark Steinberg, and Martha Katz. Martine enjoys collaborating closely with composers of her generation, like Camila Agosto and Joy Guidry, as well as established composers, including Tyshawn Sorey, Vijay Iyer, and George Lewis. Summers spent at the Lucerne Festival and with the International Contemporary Ensemble at the Banff Centre for Arts and Creativity have honed her interest in contemporary music, creative, and improvised music. Martine is also a poetry editor for *Peripheries Journal* and you can find her recent poetry in *Lana Turner Journal* and the *Colorado Review*.

Yoshi Weinberg (they/them) is a New York City based flutist, harpist, and composer. Lauded for their “sublime tone” and “creative interpretation and technical virtuosity” (*I Care If You Listen*), Yoshi is a dedicated performer of contemporary and experimental works, and has performed as a soloist across North American and Europe including at Roulette Intermedium (NYC) the Fitzgerald Theater (St. Paul, MN), the Ordway Center (St. Paul, MN), Banff Centre for the Arts (Canada), Mahaiwe Theater (Great Barrington, MA), Orchestra Hall (Minneapolis, MN), Gesellschaftshaus (Magdeburg, Germany), Fondation des États-Unis (Paris, France), among many others. They currently are Artistic Director of InfraSound, and founding member and flutist for Apply Triangle. Yoshi is currently studying their DMA in Flute Performance at CUNY Graduate Center, studying with Robert Dick. They received their MM in Contemporary Performance from Manhattan School of Music, and their BM in Flute Performance from Saint Olaf College.

Texts and Translations

Das Buch der hängenden Gärten (The Book of Hanging Gardens)

Text: Stefan George

A note on the German: Reproduced here is George's original poetry, which foregoes typical German capitalization of nouns for a more "French," symbolist style.

1

Unterm schutz von dichten blättergründen
Wo von sternern feine flocken schneien,
Sachte stimmen ihre leiden kündnen,
Fabeltiere aus den braunen schlünden
Strahlen in die marmorbecken speien,
Draus die kleinen bäche klagend eilen:
Kamen kerzen das gesträuch entzündnen,
Weisse formen das gewässer teilen.

Under the cover of dense leaf clusters
Where from stars delicate flakes snow,
Soft voices proclaim their suffering,
Fabled creatures from brown maws
Spout jets into the marble basins,
From them, the little rivulets hurry plaintively:
Candles came to ignite the shrubs,
White shapes to split the water.

2

Hain in diesen paradiesen
Wechselt ab mit blütenwiesen
Hallen, buntbemalten fliesen.
Schlanker störche schnäbel kräuseln
Teiche die von fischen schillern,
Vögel-reihen matten scheines
Auf den schiefen firsten trillern
Und die goldnen binsen säuseln –
Doch mein traum verfolgt nur eines.

Grove in these paradises
Alternates with flower meadows,
Halls, colorfully painted tiles.
The bills of slender storks ripple
Ponds that glitter with fishes,
Rows of birds with dull gleam
Warble on the crooked ridges
And the golden rushes rustle –
But my dream pursues only one thing.

3

Als neuling trat ich ein in dein gehege
Kein staunen war vorher in meinen mienen,
Kein wunsch in mir eh ich dich blickte rege,
Der jungen hände faltung sieh mit huld,
Erwähle mich zu denen die dir dienen
Und schone mit erbarmender geduld
Den der noch strauchelt auf so fremdem stege.

As a novice I stepped into your enclosure
No astonishment had previously shown in my face,
No wish had stirred in me before I saw you,
Look with grace on the folding of young hands,
Elect me to be among those that serve you
And spare with merciful patience
The one who still staggers on such an alien path.

4

Da meine lippen reglos sind und brennen
Beacht ich erst wohin mein fuss geriet:
In andrer herren prächtiges gebiet.
Noch war vielleicht mir möglich mich zu trennen,
Da schien es dass durch hohe gitterstäbe
Der blick vor dem ich ohne lass gekniet
Mich fragend suchte oder zeichen gäbe.

As my lips are motionless and burn
I first notice where my foot has gone:
Other lords' magnificent territory.
It was perhaps still possible for me to split away,
Then it seemed that through high fence bars
The gaze I had knelt before unceasingly
Was seeking me, questioning, or giving me signs.

5

Saget mir auf welchem pfade
Heute sie vorüberschreite –
Dass ich aus der reichsten lade
Zarte seidenweben hole,
Rose pflücke und viole,
Dass ich meine wange breite,
Schemel unter ihrer sohle.

Tell me on which path
She'll walk past today –
That I might from the richest chest
Remove delicate woven silks,
Pick roses and violets,
That I might spread my cheek,
A footstool under her sole.

6

Jedem werke bin ich fürder tot.
Dich mir nahzurufen mit den sinnen,
Neue reden mit dir auszuspinnen,
Dienst und lohn gewährung und verbot,
Von allen dingen ist nur dieses not
Und weinen dass die bilder immer fliehen
Die in schöner finsternis gediehen –
Wann der kalte klare morgen droht.

To any labor I am henceforth dead.
To call you close to me with the senses,
To spin out new speeches with you,
Work and reward, permission and forbidding,
Of all things only this is necessary
And weeping that the pictures always fly
Which in beautiful darkness thrived –
When the cold clear morning looms.

7

Angst und hoffen wechselnd mich beklemmen,
Meine worte sich in seufzer dehnen,
Mich bedrängt so ungestümes sehnen
Dass ich mich an rast und schlaf nicht kehre
Dass mein lager tränen schwemmen
Dass ich jede freude von mir wehre
Dass ich keines freundes trost begehre.

Fear and hope by turns unsettle me,
My words stretch into sighs,
Such impetuous longing plagues me
That I give no attention to rest and sleep
That tears soak my bed
That I refuse every joy for myself
That I crave no friend's consoling.

8

Wenn ich heut nicht deinen leib berühre
Wird der faden meiner seele reissen
Wie zu sehr gespannte sehne.
Liebe zeichen seien trauerflöre
Mir der leidest seit ich dir gehöre.
Richte ob mir solche qual gebühre,
Kühlung spreng mir dem fieberheissen
Der ich wankend draussen lehne.

If I don't touch your body today,
The thread of my soul will tear
Like too-taut sinew.
Lovely signs be mourning bands
To me who has suffered since belonging to you.
Judge if I deserve such agony,
Sprinkle coolness on me, fever-hot
And swayingly leaning outside.

9

Streng ist uns das glück und spröde,
Was vermocht ein kurzer kuss?
Eines regentropfens guss
Auf gesengter bleicher öde
Die ihn ungenossen schlingt,
Neue labung missen muss
Und vor neuen glutten springt.

Harsh to us is joy, and brittle,
What can a short kiss achieve?
One raindrop's jet
On a singed, pale wasteland
Which devours it untasted,
Must do without new refreshment
And cracks from new embers.

10

Das schöne beet betracht ich mir im harren,
 Es ist umzäunt mit purpurn-schwarzem dorne
 Drin ragen kelche mit geflecktem sporne
 Und sammtgefiederte geneigte farren
 Und flockenbüschel wassergrün und rund
 Und in der mitte glocken weiss und mild –
 Von einem odem ist ihr feuchter mund
 Wie süsse frucht vom himmlischen gefild.

I contemplate the beautiful flower bed while waiting,
 It is fenced with purple-black thorn
 Inside loom calyces with speckled spurs
 And velvet-feathered inclined ferns
 And flake-tufted flowers, water-green and round
 And in the middle bells, white and smooth –
 Of one breath is their moist mouth
 Like sweet fruit from heavenly fields.

11

Als wir hinter dem beblünten tore
 Endlich nur das eigne hauchen spürten
 Warden uns erdachte seligkeiten?
 Ich erinnere dass wie schwache rohre
 Beide stumm zu beben wir begannen
 Wenn wir leis nur an uns rührten
 Und dass unsre augen rannen –
 So verbliebest du mir lang zu seiten.

When we behind the flowered gate
 At last tracked only our own breath
 Did we get imagined bliss?
 I remember that like weak reeds
 We both began to quiver quietly
 When we merely gently brushed each other
 And that our eyes ran –
 So you remained at my side for a long time.

12

Wenn sich bei heilger ruh in tiefen matten
 Um unsre schläfen unsre hände schmiegen,
 Verehrung lindert unsrer glieder brand:
 So denke nicht der ungestalten schatten
 Die an der wand sich auf und unter wiegen,
 Der wächter nicht die rasch uns scheiden dürfen
 Und nicht dass vor der stadt der weisse sand
 Bereit ist unser warmes blut zu schlürfen.

When during sacred rest in deep meadows
 Our hands nestle around each other's brows,
 Veneration cools the burning of our limbs:
 Then don't think about shapeless shadows
 That rise and fall at the wall,
 Not of the watchmen who may quickly part us
 And not that in front of the city the white sand
 Is ready to slurp our warm blood.

13

Du lehnst wider eine silberweide
 Am ufer, mit des fächers starren spitzen
 Umschirmst du das haupt dir wie mit blitzten
 Und rollst als ob du spieltest dein geschmeide.
 Ich bin im boot das laubgewölbe wahren
 In das ich dich vergeblich lud zu steigen...
 Die weiden seh ich die sich tiefer neigen
 Und blumen die verstreut im wasser fahren.

You lean against a silver willow
 On the shore, with the fan's sharp tips
 You shield your head as with lightning
 And roll your jewelry as if playing.
 I am in the boat that leaf vaults protect
 That I invited you to board in vain...
 I see the willows that bow lower
 And scattered flowers that float on the water.

14

Sprich nicht immer
Von dem laub,
Windes raub
Vom zerschellen
Reifer quitten,
Von den tritten
Der vernichter
Spät im jahr.
Von dem zittern
Der libellen
In gewittern
Und der lichter
Deren flimmer
Wandelbar.

Don't always speak
Of the leaves,
The wind's loot,
Of the smashing
Of ripe quinces,
Of the steps
Of the destroyers
Late in the year.
Of the trembling
Of the dragonflies
In thunderstorms
And of the lights
Whose flicker
Is changeable.

15

Wir bevölkerten die abend-düstern
Lauben, lichten tempel, pfad und beet
Freudig – sie mit lächeln ich mit flüstern –
Nun ist wahr dass sie für immer geht.
Hohe blumen blassen oder brechen,
Es erblasst und bricht der weiher glas
Und ich trete fehl im morschen gras,
Palmen mit den spitzen fingern stechen.
Mürber blätter zischendes gewühl
Jagen ruckweis unsichtbare hände
Draussen um des Edens fahle wände.
Die nacht ist überwölkt und schwül.

We people the evening-dimmed
Arbors, light temples, path and flowerbed
Joyfully – she with smiles, I with whispers –
Now it is true that she leaves forever.
Tall flowers pale or break,
The pond's glass pales or breaks,
And I stumble in the rotting grass,
Palms with their pointed fingers stab.
Fragile leaves' hissing mass
Unseen hands hunt jerkily
Outside around Eden's fallow walls.
The night is clouded over and sultry.

She Gets to Decide

Collage text: Metropolitan Museum audioguide for the painting *Thérèse Dreaming* (Balthus); newspaper account of sexual misconduct accusations against Bradley Garner; pornography by Alphonse Momas; Judge Rosemarie Aquilina's remarks to a woman who testified in the trial against Larry Nasser

oh je le sens
I feel it
arrête-toi une seconde
stop a minute
cela devient bien bon
this is becoming really wonderful
ne pousse pas fort
il me semble que tout s'écrase en moi
don't push too hard
it seems to me that everything is being crushed inside me
– Alphonse Momas

leave your pain here and go out and do your magnificent things
– Judge Rosemarie Aquilina

Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé

Text: Stéphane Mallarmé

Soupir

Mon âme vers ton front où rêve, ô calme sœur,

Un automne jonché de taches de rousseur,
Et vers le ciel errant de ton œil angélique
Monte, comme dans un jardin mélancolique,
Fidèle, un blanc jet d'eau soupire vers l'Azur !
Vers l'azur attendri d'octobre pâle et pur
Qui mire aux grands bassins sa langueur infinie
Et laisse, sur l'eau morte où la fauve agonie
Des feuilles erre au vent et creuse un froid sillon,
Se trainer le soleil jaune d'un long rayon.

Sigh

My soul rises towards your forehead where dreams, oh
calm sister,
An autumn blanketed with freckles,
And towards the stray sky of your angelic eye,
Rises, as in a melancholy garden,
Faithful, a white fountain sighs towards the Azure!
Towards the tender azure of pale and pure October,
Which mires at its infinite languor in the great pools
And lets, on the still water where the tawny agony
Of the leaves roams in the wind and digs a cold furrow,
The yellow sun haul itself in a long ray.

Placet futile

Princesse ! à jalouser le destin d'une Hébée
Qui poind sur cette tasse au baiser de vos lèvres,

J'use mes feux mais n'ai rang discret que d'abbé
Et ne figurerai même nu sur le Sèvres.

Comme je ne suis pas ton bichon embarbé,
Ni la pastille ni du rouge, ni Jeux mièvres
Et que sur moi je sais ton regard clos tombé,
Blonde dont les coiffeurs divins sont des orfèvres !

Nommez-nous... toi de qui tant de ris framboisés
Se joignent en troupeau d'agneaux apprivoisés
Chez tous broutant les vœux et bêlant aux délires,

Nommez-nous... pour qu'Amour ailé d'un éventail
M'y peigne flûte aux doigts endormant ce bercail,
Princesse, nommez-nous berger de vos sourires.

Surgi de la croupe et du bond

Surgi de la croupe et du bond
D'une verrerie éphémère
Sans fleurir la veillée amère
Le col ignoré s'interrompt.

Je crois bien que deux bouches n'ont
Bu, ni son amant ni ma mère,
Jamais à la même chimère,
Moi, sylphe de ce froid plafond!

Le pur vase d'aucun breuvage
Que l'inexhaustible veuvage
Agonise mais ne consent,

Naïf baiser des plus funèbres!
À rien expirer annonçant
Une rose dans les ténèbres.

Futile Petition

Princess! In envying the fate of a Hebe¹
Who appears on this cup at the kiss of your lips,
I exhaust my fires but have only the discreet rank of
abbé²

And will not figure even naked on the Sèvres³.

Since I am not your bearded pet,
Nor the pastille, nor rouge, nor vapid games,
And that I feel your look fall upon me closed off,
Blonde whose divine hairdressers are goldsmiths!

Name⁴ us... you from whom so many raspberried laughs
Gather into a flock of tamed lambs
Within all grazing on vows and bleating to frenzy,

Name us... so that Love winged with a fan
Might paint me there, a flute between my fingers lulling
this sheep-fold,
Princess, name us shepherd of your smiles.

Rising up from the croup and stem

Sprung from croup and the leap
Of ephemeral glassware,
Without flowering the bitter vigil,
The neglected neck stops.

I believe that two mouths never drank,
Neither my mother nor her lover,
From the same dream,
I, sylph of this cold ceiling!

The vase untouched by any drink
Other than infinite widowhood
Dies slowly but doesn't consent,

Naïve, most funereal kiss!
To breathe out anything announcing
A rose in the darkness.

¹ Greek goddess of youth and prime of life

² Akin to an "abbot," but a member of the secular clergy

³ A style and make of French porcelain

⁴ Also: "appoint us"