

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

March 24, 2023 12:00 p.m.

Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall



Alexandra Smither, vocalist
with Eric Sedgwick, piano, and Ben Roidl-Ward, bassoon

Ai que broma!
Trigueira
Cá por cuozas

Chiquinha Gonzaga
(1847–1935)

Six chansons françaises (1929)
Non, la fidélité...
Souvent un air de vérité
Mon mari m'a diffamée
Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera
On a dit mal de mon ami
Les trois présents

Germaine Tailleferre
(1892–1983)

Lied der Delphine (1825)

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Eric Sedgwick, piano

INTERMISSION

Diary of L. B. (2019)

i. i look at you
ii. and i am afraid
iii. never let me be free from this burden that will never let me be free
iv. i am afraid to lose_____

Binna Kim

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the D.M.A. degree.
Please switch off your cell phones and refrain from taking flash pictures.

Shuffled ‘Notes from “A Guide to Drag Kinging”’ (2019)
Packing Instructions
On Crossing

LJ White
(b. 1984)

Float (2020)

Yi-Ting Lu
(b. 1992)

Ben Roidl-Ward, bassoon

Notes on the Program

Selected Songs by Chiquinha Gonzaga (1847-1935)

Ai que broma!
Trigueira
Cá por cuozas

Composer and conductor, **Chiquinha Gonzaga** was born Francisca Edwiges Neves Gonzaga in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Her father, José Basileu Neves Gonzaga, was a military and society man; her mother, Rosa, a freed daughter of formerly enslaved parents. Gonzaga’s name has faded more to history than her illustrious accomplishments should have, given that as a woman of mixed race in turn-of-the-century Brazil, she bucked expectation, patriarchy, and racism to establish herself as a pianist, a composer, and Brazil’s first female conductor. In addition to her music making, she was an active abolitionist organizer and one of Brazil’s most prominent suffragettes.

These three songs are taken from her extensive catalog, which remains largely unexplored and unrecorded. She was a prolific songwriter, with her catalog being disseminated on the popular stages of the day. Many years ahead of her musical time, her compositional style weaves together a distinct and progressive form of Brazilian nationalism. Her music incorporates classical elements together with Brazilian dances; with this, she helped to define what would come to be known as Brazilian style, and which would consolidate itself in the first decades of the 20th century. Each of these songs are based on a Brazilian style of dance: ***Ai que Broma!*** is a bolero originally written for the dramatic actress Rose Meryss; ***Trigueira*** is based on a Portuguese folk dance, the minhota; ***Cá por cuozas*** is a type of Brazilian song popular in salons, rife with double entendres and cheeky implications.

Throughout all of these songs, Gonzaga’s politics shine through in her choice of text and the stories she tells. Most moving perhaps is *Trigueira*, where the narrator speaks to a “brunette,” meaning a girl of brown skin. The narrator takes to task the *trigueira*’s wish to be more white, deftly interrogating narratives around whiteness, beauty, and value. These words are pointed even in 2023, when values of whiteness in beauty are still very much prevalent; to think that this song was written at the turn of the 19th century, when slavery was still in existence, is deeply moving. Gonzaga takes her abolitionist politics and pours it into her music. We are the better for it.

***Six chansons françaises* by Germaine Tailleferre (1892-1983)**

*Non, la fidélité...
Souvent un air de vérité
Mon mari m'a diffamée
Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera
On a dit mal de mon ami
Les trois présents*

The French composer **Germaine Tailleferre** was part of *Les Six*, a group that also included Georges Auric, Louis Durey, Arthur Honegger, Darius Milhaud and Francis Poulenc. Similarly to Gonzaga, and although she composed prolifically, her work remains underappreciated relative to that of her contemporaries. Her path to music-making was not an easy one: her father did not support her studies at the Conservatoire de Paris, at one point comparing studying music to “working the streets.” To circumvent this barrier, she changed her name from Taillefesse to Tailleferre and enrolled in secret, beginning a career that would lead to the creation of numerous compositions, film scores, and songs.

Despite this success, her personal life was fraught with financial instability, two failed marriages, and an escape from France during the German occupation of World War II. Tailleferre composed this cycle of six songs in 1929, using French texts from the 15th to 18th centuries. Although the texts are old, this is one of Tailleferre’s most feminist works, dealing with many difficult situations experienced by women, particularly romantic and marital troubles. A survivor of domestic violence herself, some commentators have hypothesized that there is an autobiographical element to the composer’s choice of texts. Written after she returned to France from New York, upon leaving her American husband, I choose to hear these songs as those of a life reclaimed, of love for oneself wrested back from the world.

***Lied der Delphine* by Franz Schubert**

Lied der Delphine is the second of two songs written by **Franz Schubert** in *Zwei Szenen aus dem Schauspiel ‘Lacrimas’* (D857). The texts for both these songs come from a 1803 play *Lacrimas* by Christoph Wilhelm Schütz. The play is Shakespearean in nature, with star-crossed lovers, mistaken identities, religious competition, and many plot twists. At the center of the story lie the lovers Florio and Delphine. At this moment, Florio has traveled from Spain to a remote sultanate following Delphine, who has been taken into the Sultan’s residence. To be near to her, Florio takes work as a gardener, to see her from afar and to hear her sing. One night, Florio watches Delphine sing this song from the terrace. Delphine’s song is essentially erotic in nature; the tremolos in the piano mirror the fluttering of a young, inexperienced heart and the climaxes at the end call out to her admirer below. It is reminiscent of other Schubert songs of longing, distance, and separation, like the *Suleika* lieder. Through all this, it is a tour de force for the soprano, mirroring an operatic aria more than a traditional lied.

***Diary of L. B.* by Binna Kim**

*i look at you
and i am afraid
never let me be free from this burden that will never let me be free
i am afraid to lose _____*

Binna Kim is a composer from Seoul, Korea. Her inspirations come from various forms of art and recently she has been influenced immensely from installation art by artists such as Lee Ufan, Sarah Sze, and Doris Salcedo. This set of songs is based on texts by Louis Bourgeois. Bourgeois was a French-American painter, sculptor, print-maker and large-installation artist. Her work explores themes of childhood trauma, sexuality, motherhood, domesticity, and abandonment. These texts are not poems, but rather Bourgeois's own words, and are not tied to specific paintings but all related to her works during that period. These writings came during an intense period of personal psychoanalysis; a fastidious record-keeper, she kept all her agendas and diaries, including dream recordings. These writings and recordings reflect the interconnections between her own psycho-analysis, her readings of psychoanalytic literature, and her eccentric artistic output. Kim was deeply inspired by her words, particularly her embrace of vulnerability—by accepting her vulnerable self and overcoming her internal struggles she was able to externalize it into creative energy.

Shuffled 'Notes from "A Guide to Drag Kinging" by LJ White
Packing Instructions
On Crossing

One of the first pieces that Ben Roidl-Ward and I commissioned for our duo was from then Chicago based composer **LJ White**. *Shuffled 'Notes from "A Guide to Drag Kinging"* is two pieces on “shuffled” texts by American writer, poet and playwright Franny Choi. LJ’s music frequently explores the physical voice (spoken, sung, emulated, and as metaphor,) popular culture, issues of gender identity and queerness, and sociopolitical conditions; this cycle particularly explores transition, exploration, belonging, and celebration. The first movement *Packing Instructions* starts with a soothing, repetitive figure in the bassoon that the listener soon realizes will not abate throughout the entire piece. The soprano breathlessly moves to the top of this bed of sound, taking short breaths between each “shuffled” word or segment. The effect brings to life a vision of a crowded drag bar, shining lights, and breathless discovery; moments of recognition between the bassoon and soprano illuminate as clarity within the excitement. The second movement is much more restrained, as the text considers what it means to be mid-air, suspended, in transition. The bassoon utilizes a variety of air pressure sounds creating an ungrounded atmosphere the soprano punctuates with questions.

Float by Yi-Ting Lu

Yi-Ting Lu is a Taiwanese composer and third-year PhD student in composition at the Bienen School of Music, studying with Hans Thomalla, Jay Alan Yim, and Alex Mincek. Her compositions focus on exploring the experience of timelessness evoked through fragmented musical materials. Similarly to *Shuffled Notes*, Yi-Ting Lu’s *Float* takes an extract from Virginia Woolf’s “The Waves” and deconstructs it into syllables and sounds. The text captures the rhythm of adulthood, the weight of expectations, and the unquestioned bliss, or constriction depending on how you view it, of the mindless progression of life. Lu’s piece whiplashes the listener through distinct sonic situations. The piece starts with a dark and almost menacing bassoon solo, signaling the turmoil that will emerge in the second half of the piece; before arriving at the climax where the singer proclaims “no, no, no... float,” casting off the expectation of blindly succumbing to the routine of life, Lu peppers in playful sections of percussive hocketing between the soprano and the bassoon. In the final section where the words “we are.. Shadow... float” emerge, the texture thins out making the listener wonder, did we even experience what came before? *Float* makes you question what you have heard, experienced, and what even is to come.

About the Artists

A firecracker performer, soprano **Alexandra Smither** is a creative force to be reckoned with. From the thorniest contemporary scores to the lyricism of Mozart, Ms. Smither brings her consummate artistry and searing intellect to every engagement. She has sung with companies including Houston Grand Opera, the Boston Symphony, the Tanglewood Music Center, the California Symphony, and Ars Lyrica. The 22/23 season brings debuts with the Charlotte Symphony singing Britten's *Les Illuminations*, Hamilton Symphony singing Zosha di Castri's *Dear Life*, and the Buffalo Bayou Cistern; she also returns to FAWN Opera and Houston's KINETIC ensemble.

Passionate about systems change and advocacy, she works for Air Alliance Houston to manage coalition funding and coordination for groups opposing the unjust expansion of Houston's I-45 freeway. She is also the volunteer communications director for Stop TxDOT I-45. A doctoral student at the City University New York (CUNY) Graduate Center, Ms. Smither's dissertation focuses on historical communal song in protest and movement spaces.

A frequent performer and collaborator in the New York City area, **Eric Sedgwick** is a vocal coach at the Manhattan School of Music and the faculty collaborative pianist for the Tanglewood Music Center. He has served as rehearsal pianist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the batons of Michael Tilson Thomas, Bramwell Tovey, John Williams and Andris Nelsons. He is a regular pianist for events with the Metropolitan Opera Guild, and has worked for Carnegie Hall's Music Education Workshops with Joyce DiDonato, as well as for the International Vocal Arts Institutes in New York and Montreal, and for Beth Morrison Projects. For ten years he was the music director for the Junior Opera Theater scenes program at Manhattan School of Music, directed by Catherine Malfitano. On the West Coast, he has been a longtime coach and music director for the OperaWorks training program in Los Angeles. Mr. Sedgwick is the official pianist for the Art Song Preservation Society of New York, a group whose regular masterclass series has included Dalton Baldwin, Thomas Grubb, Margaret Lattimore and Joan Dornemann. He performs regularly with local groups in New York including Opera Singers Initiatives, The Stonewall Chorale, La Forza dell'Opera, and the Halcyon chamber music series, and has been featured in the Center for Contemporary Opera concert series, the 2019 Ukrainian Contemporary Music Festival and OmniARTS productions. He has appeared often with the Broadway Concerts Direct performances in upstate New York, in cabaret shows at 54 Below and the Metropolitan Room, and as music director/pianist for *The World According to Kurt Weill and Jarmila Novotná: Her Life in Song* at UrbanStages. He can be heard in the PBS series "The Heart of Art" as well as on the soundtracks for the prize-winning short films *Connection Lost* (The Tinder Opera), *Something Blue* (The Bachelor Opera) and *Someone Like Me* (The Facebook Opera). He was a winner of the Boston Steinway piano competition, and has premiered new works by composers Seymour Barab, J. Mark Stambaugh, Joelle Wallach, and Louis Hardin. He is a graduate of both the Manhattan School of Music and Brown University.

Ben Roidl-Ward is the Solo Bassoonist of Ensemble Dal Niente, Principal Bassoonist of the Chicago Sinfonietta, and Assistant Professor of Bassoon at the University of Northern Iowa (UNI). He also holds positions as a Contemporary Leader for the Lucerne Festival and Second Bassoonist of the Illinois Symphony. Ben's dedication to working with and advocating for composers of his generation has led him to commission and premiere numerous works featuring the bassoon with the goal of broadening the repertoire and expanding the possibilities of the instrument.

Ben has appeared as a soloist with the Seattle Symphony and the Northwestern and Oberlin Contemporary Music Ensembles, along with several regional orchestras throughout the US. He has

performed as Guest Principal Bassoon with the Arctic Philharmonic (Bodø, Norway) and the Milwaukee Symphony, and has also appeared as a guest with the Chicago Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, and the International Contemporary Ensemble, among others. His festival appearances include the Mostly Mozart, Ravinia, Tanglewood, Lucerne, Donaueschingen, Spoleto, and Banff Festivals.

Texts and Translations

Selected songs of Chiquinha Gonzaga

Translated by Alexandra Smither

Ai que broma!

Oh, what a joke!

Aqui perdi m'um bello dia
Nesta terr'Americana
Mas filha sou d'Andalusia
Guapa niña castellãna,
E o meo querid'um mocetão
Leal sincero e muigentil
Tem nobresa e o coração
Dos bons filhos do Brazil.

Here I lost a beautiful day
On this American soil
But I'm a daughter from Andalusia
Beautiful Castillean daughter!
And my dearest boy,
Loyal sincere and very kind
Has the nobility and heart
Of the good sons of Brazil.

De amôr aceso delirante
Nossos peitos s'abrasarão
Na mesma hora e mesmo instante
Que nossos olhos s'avistaro
Um die enfim chegase e diz:
Desejo teo consentimento
Contigo en quero ser feliz
Assim te pero em casamento
Fallou então meo idioma
Ai que broma!

Only with delirious love,
Will our breasts burn!
At the same time and at the same moment
That our eyes will see
When sweet death arrives and says:
I want your word and consent
To be with I will be happy
So I will go with you in marriage
And then my language fell,
Oh what a joke!

Não lhes conto que alegria!
Fezse tudo de repente
Em mim mesmo não cabia
não cabia de contente!
Lá no altar bem junto a mim
se ajoelhou com mi madre
E muitas cousas em latim
Nos disse o gordo senhor padre!
Nãoo conheço esse idioma
Ai que broma!

I won't tell you what a joy!
It all happened suddenly
It didn't fit my plan
I couldn't be happier!
There at the altar right next to me
knelt down with my mother
Saying many things in Latin
That the fat priest told us!
I don't have the words!
Oh what a joke!

Hoje por Deos, s'tamos cazados
Do que me sinto arrependida
Pois ambos mos s'tamos cansaods
Doz pezares d'esta vida
Um concello pois vou dar:
Se alguma vêz um mariola vòs pedir para cazar
Responda em ar de graçaola
Mas, diga em meo idioma
Ai que broma!

Today, by God, we are married
What do I regret
Because both hands are tired
Twelve pieces only in my life
A word of advice I will give you
If ever a womanizer asks you to marry
Reply in a funny way
But say it in my language
Oh what a joke!

Cá por couzas

Eu sou menina faceira
Conhecida na cidade
gosto de rir sobregeira
a proveito a mocidade
Se um moco me diz E'sbella

Seras a flôr das espôzas
Eu fu jo sem lhe dar trêla
Cá por couzas!
Um franch note
uma vez
meus passos a acompanhou
e foi so no fim de um mez de um mez
que carreira arripiou
pois eu, que embora creanca
não sou das taes maripôzas
lhe disse perca a esperanca
Cá por couzas

Eu sou menina faceira
Conhecida na cidade;
Gosto de rir, sou brejeira,
aproveito a mocidade...
Se um moco me diz: Ed bella.
Serás a flôr des espôzas..
Eu fu jo sem lhe dar trêla
Cá por couzas!

Una franchinote uma vez
Meus passos acompanhou,
E foi só no fim de um mez,
Que carreira arripiou...
Pois eu, que embora creanca
não sou das taes maripôzas,
L'he disse: perca a esperanca
Cá por couzas!

O meu priminho... Isso sim!
Fumos creados juntos,
Temos vivido por fim,
Como um casal de pombinhos!
Quando casarmos serei
A mais fiel das espôzas
Mas o'porque não direi
Cá por couzas!

Trigueira

Trigueira, que tens?
Feia co'essa côr teimaginas?
Feia, tu que assim fascinas
Com un só olhar dos teus!
Que ciume tens d'alvura

Hunt for Things!

I'm a cheeky girl
Known in the city
I like to laugh about and
Delight the youth
If a young man tells me I am beautiful

You will be the flower of the wives
I flee without giving you a chance
Hunt for things!!
Once my steps
followed her
and it was only at the end of a month,
of a month
what experience shivered
for I, who although I believe
I'm not from the butterflies
You told him to lose hope
Hunt for things!

I am a cheeky girl
Known in the city;
I like to laugh, I'm naughty,
Enjoy my youth...
If a young man says to me: you are beautiful
You will be the flower of your wives..
I run away without giving you a chance
Hunt for things!

A pretentious one,
My steps followed,
And it was only at the end of a month,
What an experience it took,
Well, I, who although I believe
I'm not from the butterflies
He said: lose hope
Hunt for things!

My little cousin... That's right!
We created smoke together
We have lived at last,
Like a couple of lovebirds!
When we get married I will be
The most faithful of wives
But why I won't say
Hunt for things!

Brunette (Brown girl)

Beautiful brunette, what's wrong?
What color are you thinking of?
You who fascinate everyone
With just one look from you!
You are so jealous of whiteness,

D'esses semblantes de neve!
Ai! Pobre cabeça te ve
Que te não castigue Deus!

*E suspiras, e murmuras
Que mais desejavas inda?
Pois serias tu mais lia da.
Se tivesses outro côr? Poissera as tu mais linda
Se tivessos outra côr?*

Tribueria se tu soubesses
O que é ser assim trigueira.
D'essa artilosa maneira
Porque tu o sabes ser,
Não virias lamentar-te
Toda sentida e chorosa,
Tendo inveja á côr da rosa
Sem motivos para a ter!

E suspiras, e murmuras...

Trigueria, games, esconde
Esse chôro de criança!
Ai! Que falta de confiança,
Que artilosa timidez!
Enxuga os lindos olhos,
Então não chores, trigueira...
E nunca mais dessa maneira
Te lamentos outra vez!

E suspiras, e murmuras...

Six chansons françaises

Non, la fidélité...

Gabriel-Charles de Lattaignant

Non, la fidélité
N'a jamais été
Qu'une imbécillité.
J'ai quitté
Par légèreté
Plus d'une beauté.
Vive la nouveauté !
Mais quoi ! la probité ?
Puérilité.
Le serment répété ?
Style usité.
A-t-on jamais compté
Sur un traité
Dicté
Dans la volupté,
Sans liberté ?
On feint par vanité

Of those snowy countenances!
There, your poor sweet head!
May God not be angry at your betrayal!

*And your sighs and murmurs,
What else did you want?
You would realize if you looked more
If you had another color? Well, you are the most beautiful!
If we had another color?*

Brunette, if you knew
What it is to be so brown,
In that cunning way
If you knew it to be,
You wouldn't have this regret,
All this sadness and weeping,
Envyng the color of another rose
There is no reason to have that!

And your sighs and murmurs,...

Brunette, hide your games
Your child's cri!
There! What a lack of trust,
What cunning shyness!
Wipe those pretty eyes,
So don't cry, brunette...
And be like this again
Never apologize again!

And your sighs and murmurs,...

Translations by Peter Low

No, fidelity...

Gabriel-Charles de Lattaignant

No, fidelity
has never been
anything but stupidity.
Capriciously,
I've left
more than one beautiful woman.
Long live novelty!
But morality, you say?
Puerility.
Repeated vows?
Out of fashion.
Could one ever count
on a treatise
inspired
by pleasure
that omits the value of freedom?
You pretend, out of vanity,

D'être irrité.
L'amant peu regretté
Est invité:
La femme avec gâité,
Bientôt s'arrange de son côté.

Souvent un air de vérité

Voltaire

Souvent un air de vérité
Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge.
Cette nuit dans l'erreur d'un songe,
Au rang des rois j'étais monté.
Je vous aimais alors et j'osais vous le dire.
Les dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout ôté :
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire.

Mon mari m'a diffamée

Anonymous 15th Century

Mon mari m'a diffamée
Pour l'amour de mon ami,
De la longue demeurée
Que j'ai faite avecque lui.
Hé! mon ami,
En dépit de mon mari
qui me va toujours battant,
Je ferai pis que devant.

Aucunes gens m'ont blamée,
Disant que j'ai fait ami;
La chose très fort m'agrée,
Mon très gracieux souci.
Hé! mon ami,
en dépit de mon mari
Qui ne vaut pas un grand blanc,
Je ferai pis que devant.

Quand je suis la nuit couchée
Entre les bras de mon ami,
Je deviens presque pâmée
Du plaisir que prends en lui.
Hé! mon ami
Plût à Dieu que mon mari
Je ne visse de trente ans!
Nous nous don'rions du bon temps.

Si je perds ma renommée
Pour l'amour de mon ami,
Point n'en dois être blamée,
Car il est coïnt et joli.
Hé! mon ami,
Je n'ai bonjour ni demi
Avec ce mari méchant.
Je ferai pis que devant.

to be annoyed.
The un-regretted lover
is copied by others.
The woman, for her part, gaily, quickly
makes alternative arrangements.

Often an air of truth

Voltaire

Often an air of truth
can be found in the crudest lie.
Last night in a deluded dream
I had risen to the rank of kings.
At that time I loved you and dared to tell you so.
When I woke, the gods didn't take it all away:
I lost only my kingdom.

My husband has vilified me

Anonymous 15th Century

My husband has vilified me
for my love for my man friend,
citing the long stay
I made with him.
Hey, lover,
in spite of my husband
who is always beating me,
I will behave worse than before.

Some folk blamed me
saying I have a lover;
but the thing pleases me greatly,
it is my very gracious concern.
Hey, lover,
in spite of my husband
who is not worth a big fat nothing,
I will behave worse than before.

When I lie at night
in the arms of my lover,
I just about faint
with the pleasure I take in him.
Hey, lover,
would to God that I never see
my husband in the next thirty years!
We'll give each other a good time.

If I lose my reputation
for love of my lover,
I ought not to be blamed,
for he is pleasant and handsome
Hey, lover,
I don't get a good-day (or even half)
with this nasty husband.
I will behave worse than before.

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y conforteraAnonymous 15th Century

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera
Quand ce faux jaloux me tiendra
En sa chambre seule enfermée ?
Mon père m'a donné un vieillard
Qui tout le jour crie :
Hélas ! Hélas ! Hélas !
Et dort au long de la nuitée.

Il me faut un vert galant
Qui fût de l'âge de trente ans
Et qui dormit la matinée.
Rossignolet du bois plaisant,
Pourquoi me va ainsi chantant,
Puisqu'au vieillard suis mariée ?

Ami tu sois le bienvenu ;
Longtemps a que t'ai attendu
Au joli bois, sous la ramée.

On a dit mal de mon amiAnonymous 15th Century

On a dit mal de mon ami,
Dont j'ai le coeur bien mari,
Qu'ont-ils affaire quel il soit,
ou qu'il soit beau ou qu'il soit laid,
Quand je lui plais et qu'il me plaît?

Un médisant ne veut onc bien:
Quand le cas ne lui touche en rien,
Pourquoi va-t-il médire?
Il fait vivre en martyre
Ceux qui ne lui demandent rien.

Quand j'ai tout bien considéré,
Femme n'est de quoi n'est parlé.
Voilà ce qui m'avance
De prendre ma plaisance.
Aussi dit-on bien que je l'ai.

Plût or à Dieu qu'il fut ici
Celui que j'ai pris et choisi,
Puisqu'on en a voulu parler!
Et, dussent-ils tous enrager,
Je coucherais avecque lui!

Les trois presents

Jean-François Sarrasin

Je vous donne, avec grand plaisir,
De trois présents un à choisir.

Who, true God, will comfort meAnonymous 15th Century

Who, true God, will comfort me
when this false and jealous man holds me
locked up alone in his bedroom?
My father gave me an old man
who shouts the whole day long:
"Alas, alas, alas!"
and sleeps the whole night through.

What I need is a lusty younger man
around the age of thirty
who sleeps in the morning.
Oh nightingale of the pleasant woods,
why do you keep singing to me,
when I am married to an old man?

Lover, I bid you welcome;
for a long time I have waited for you
in the pretty woods, under the boughs.

They've spoken ill of my loverAnonymous 15th Century

They've spoken ill of my lover,
and this has distressed my heart.
Is it their business what he is like,
or whether he's handsome or ugly,
when he likes me and I like him?

A slanderer is never well-meaning:
when the matter doesn't affect him at all,
why does he speak ill?
He creates a life of misery
for people who ask nothing of him.

All things considered,
there are no women who aren't talked about.
That is what encourages me
to take pleasure.
So people rightly say that I do.

Now would to God that the man were here
whom I have taken and chosen,
given that folk have wanted to talk of him!
And, even if they all get angry,
I would lie with him!

The three presents

Jean-François Sarrasin

I offer you, with great pleasure,
three presents, for you to choose one.

La belle, c'est à vous de prendre
Celui des trois qui plus vous duit.
Les voici, sans vous faire attendre :
Bonjour, bonsoir et bonne nuit.

Lied der Delphine

Text by Christoph Wilhelm Schütz

Ach, was soll ich beginnen
Vor Liebe?
Ach, wie sie innig durchdringet
Mein Innres!
Siehe, Jüngling, das Kleinste
Vom Scheitel
Bis zur Sohl' ist dir einzig
Geweiht.
O Blumen! Blumen! verwelket,
Euch pfl eget
Nur, bis sie Lieb' erkennt,
Die Seele.
Nichts will ich tun, wissen and haben,
Gedanken
Der Liebe, die mächtig mich fassen,
Nur tragen.
Immer sinn' ich, was ich aus Inbrust
Wohl könnte tun,
Doch zu sehr hält mich Liebe im Druck,
Nichts lässt sie zu.
Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich erst brennen,
Und sterbe.
Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich hell brennen,
Und welke.
Wozu auch Blumen reihen und wässern?
Entblättert!
So sieht, wie Liebe mich entkräftet,
Sein Spähen.
Der Rose Wange will bleichen,
Auch meine.
Ihr Schmuck zerfällt, wie verscheinen
Die Kleider.
Ach Jüngling, da du mich erfreuest
Mit Treue,
Wie kann mich mit Schmerz so bestreuen
Die Freude?

Diary of L. B.

Text by Louis Bourgeois

i. i look at you

1. I do not search, I find
2. I do not take, I give

It's up to you, my beauty, to take
the one of the three that most suits you.
Here they are, with no more delay:
good day, good evening, and goodnight.

Delphine's Song

Translated by Richard Wigmore

Ah, how shall I begin,
for love?
Ah, how profoundly it penetrates
my inmost being!
See, young man, the smallest part of me,
from my head
to the soles of my feet,
is dedicated to you alone.
O flowers, fade!
The soul
tends you
only until it knows love.
I wish to do nothing, know nothing, have nothing;
all I wish is to cherish
thoughts of love,
which has held me in its power.
I forever reflect on what else I might do
in my ardour,
but love holds me too tightly in its grasp,
it permits me nothing.
Now that I am in love I desire first to burn,
then to die.
Now that I am in love I desire to burn brightly,
then to wither.
What is the good of planting rows of flowers and
watering them? They are stripped of their leaves!
Thus he sees
how love weakens me.
The rose's cheek will fade,
and so, too, will mine.
Her lustre is ruined, as clothes
grow threadbare.
Ah, young man, if you bring me joy
with your devotion,
how can that joy fill me
with such pain?

3. I do not fall asleep I wake up
4. I do not hide I expose
5. I do not cry I laugh -
6. I do not look at the floor or the curtains

I look at you - I am free
7. I look at you*

ii. and i am afraid

There I am - I
ought to say
Thank you
for being
alive -
god
I am
In pain
I am
Overexcited
and
I am
afraid

iii. never let me be free from this burden that will never let me be free

Never let me be free from this burden that will never let me be free

iv. i am afraid to lose _____

I am afraid to lose my time
 my knowledge
 my money
 my balance
 my possessions
 my security
 my affections
 my way

to lose control.

I am afraid that things escape me
and that people abandon me
or separate themselves from me

Excerpts from 'Notes From "A Guide to Drag Kinging"'

Text by Franny Choi

From *On Crossing*:

It suggests a movement toward or away from, as if one's been juggled out of place and is waiting to land back in the proper basket. A still photograph of a motorcyclist, caught mid-air through a jump, a dolphin between leap and crash, a fluke. Pin the tail on the number line between points A and B... bring both ends of the railroad track around, bend it into itself to kiss its own tail. Then watch the train rumble around in the grass fenced in with iron.

From *Packing Instructions*:

As you prowl the sidewalk, cross the stage, lights hot and bright on your face, on the front of your pants, feel it hanging, shifting with each step, strapped tight into shorts. Armed and ready, standing at attention. Soon, you will find it affecting your walk, longer lunges that land like declarative sentences. Make way, clear the streets. You will find your pelvis stretching wider as it remembers cowboys in cigarette jeans lounging astride leather saddles. Thy kingdom come. Swagger forward, dipping with every other step, heel-toe. Lope forward in straight thick lines, a coughing pickup truck, more shoulder than hip, more engine than oven. Drive forward into the spotlight and stand on sturdy beams. Grab the bulge and hear the high-pitched screams and squeals from long-haired women in the audience, slender arms in the air, flailing for you. Catch the kisses and catcalls with a snarling nod. You are steel and broad shoulders. You are sleek snaps and gliding punches. You are swing and knuckle and hard. You are a marvel.

Shuffled text:

I. *Packing Instructions*

As you/ sidewalk, cross the/ and bright on/ on the/ of/ pants, feel/ shifting/ each step/ ready, standing/
will/ affecting/ land like/ way/ the streets/ will/ your walk/ wider/ it remembers/ cigarette jeans/ saddles.
Thy/ swagger/ every/ heel-/ in straight thick lines/ shoulder than/ more/ than/ drive/ the spotlight/
sturdy/ grab/ hear/ -pitched/ -haired/ audience, slender/ the air, flailing/ and catcalls/ you/ are swing/
hard. You// stage, lights hot/ front/ your/ it/ strapped/ shorts/ and/ at/ soon you/ longer/ that/
sentences/ find/ stretching/ cowboys in/ lounging astride/ kingdom/ forward/ with/ -toe/ forward/
forward/ the/ the/ the/ screams/ squeals/ in the/ arms/ you/ the kisses/ with snarling/ snaps and gliding/
and knuckle/ are// prowl the/ your face/ hanging/ with/ tight into/ armed/ attention/ find it/ your/
lunges that/ declarative/ make/ clear/ you/ pelvis/ as/ leather/ thy kingdom come/ dipping/ other step/
lope/ a coughing pickup truck, more/ hip/ engine/ oven/ into/ and stand on/ beams/ bulge and/ high-/
and/ from long-/ women/ in/ for/ catch/ a/ nod/ are sleek/ punches. You/ and/ You are a marvel.

II. *On Crossing*

It suggests a movement toward or away from, [a fluke] as if one's been juggled out of place [been juggled] and is waiting [a fluke] to land waiting to land back in the proper basket. [a fluke] A still photograph [a fluke] of a motorcyclist a motorcyclist caught mid-air [a fluke] mid-air through a jump, a dolphin [a fluke] a dolphin between leap [a fluke] and crash, [waiting to land] [as if one's] a fluke. [back in the] [waiting] [a dolphin] a fluke. Pin the tail on the number line the number line between points A and B... bring both ends of the railroad track around, around, bend it into itself, into itself, to kiss its own tail. Then watch the train rumble around, rumble around, in the grass fenced in with iron. bring both ends of the railroad track around, bend it into itself... Then watch the train rumble around, around...

Text by Franny Choi, used, excerpted, and shuffled with permission. *Notes From "A Guide to Drag Kinging"* first appeared in *Apogee Journal*, Issue 2 (© 2013 Apogee Journal) and is published in *Floating, Brilliant, Gone* (© 2014 Write Bloody Publishing.)

Float

Text based on *The Waves* by Virginia Woolf

"Nevertheless, life is pleasant, life is tolerable. Tuesday follows Monday; then comes Wednesday. The mind grows rings; the identity becomes robust; pain is absorbed in growth. Opening and shutting, shutting and opening, with increasing hum and sturdiness, the haste and fever of youth are drawn into service until the whole being seems to expand in and out like the mainspring of a clock. How fast the stream flows from January to December! We are swept on by the torrent of things grown so familiar that they cast no shadow. We float, we float ..."