

Spring 3-7-2019

Lunchtime Recital Series: Art/Song

Lehigh University Music Department

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*Lehigh University Music Department
and the Lehigh University Art Galleries present*

*Lunchtime
Recital Series:*
"ART/SONG"

Jee Hyun Lim, soprano
David Holkeboer, piano

a performance of classical art songs
in dialogue with works from the exhibition
The Teaching Museum:
Selections from the Permanent Collection

*This program booklet is part of a semester research project by
Lehigh students enrolled in MUS 090 and ART 090:
Music and the Creative Arts.*

Thursday, March 7, 2019
12:00 pm Main Art Gallery
Zoellner Arts Center

PROGRAM

"Impressions of Music and Art"

Linda Ganus Albuлесcu

class project description

paired with

Untitled by Jack Whitten (Main Gallery)

Sposa son disprezzata

Antonio Vivaldi

paired with

The Toast by John Koch (Lower Gallery)

Eisenhower, DeGaulle greeting guests by Henri Cartier-Bresson (Lower Gallery)

I Fauni

Ottorino Respighi

Crepuscolo

paired with

La danse des faunes by Pablo Picasso (Main Gallery)

的 (Snow)

Hyo Keun Kim

paired with

Winter in Aizu by Kiyoshi Saito (Lower Gallery)

Le repos en Egypt

Ottorino Respighi

paired with

The flight to Egypt by Rembrandt van Rijn (Lower Gallery)

Breit über mein Haupt

Richard Strauss

paired with

Untitled (etching) by Pablo Picasso (Main Gallery)

Muttertändelei

paired with

The Garden by Emile Bonnard (Main Gallery)

Knoxville, Summer (1915)

Samuel Barber

paired with

Glare of summer, June, Summer Benediction
by Charles Burchfield (Main Gallery)

ABOUT THE ARTISTS



Lyric soprano **Jee Hyun Lim** is an internationally known opera singer, concert singer, and voice teacher. She has performed over 25 operatic roles with opera companies such as the Lyric Opera of Chicago, Atlanta Opera, Minnesota Opera, New York City Opera, Seattle Opera, the Royal Albert Hall, Teatro Municipal in Santiago, Tokyo Opera, Dublin Opera, Zagreb and Bergen Operas in Norway, Vancouver Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Detroit Opera, the Sejong Arts Center and Seoul Arts Center in Korea, New Orleans Opera, and many others.

She sang in the role of Lady Thiang in *The King and I* in London, *Wolf Trap*, and Fox Theater in Atlanta. On the concert platform, Miss Lim has performed *Messiah* at the Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center eleven times, and appeared in many concerts and oratorios in New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Virginia, New Hampshire, Norwalk, Allentown, and Seoul. She has also performed recitals in Atlanta, Fukushima, Lancaster, New York, New Jersey, and at Lehigh University. Miss Lim was educated at the Seoul National University, the Juilliard School, and the Juilliard Opera Centre. She was the recipient of the Sullivan Award, the Artist of the Year award by Syracuse Opera, and winner of the Metropolitan Opera Eastern Regional Competition and Dong A music Competition. She has been teaching at Lehigh University since 2013 and at Monmouth University since 2015.

Pianist **David Holkeboer** maintains a coaching studio in New York City and collaborates with singers in recitals. Mr. Holkeboer has worked with the Chamber Opera Theatre of New York, the First American Music Theatre Festival in Philadelphia, the O'Neill Theatre Center in Connecticut, the Israel Vocal Arts Institute, the Florentine Opera in Milwaukee, the Johanna Meier Opera Theatre Institute, the Respiro program in New York City, Opera Lirica in Orvieto, Italy, and with the Career Blueprints program of Opera America. He recorded a CD of the songs of Robert Kahn with tenor Martin Dillon. He has been the supplied pianist for auditions for the Oratorio Society of New York Solo Competition, the Liederkrantz Foundation Art Song Competition, the George London Foundation and the Lindemann Young Artist Program, as well as several opera companies. He has appeared as collaborative pianist in performances with John Bellemer, Sarah Blaze, Ariel Bybee, Phillip Cokorinos, Susan Dunn, Faith Esham, Scott Hendricks, Ruby Hinds, James McCracken, and many other renowned artists. He graduated from Calvin College in Michigan, and received a Master of Music from the University of Illinois studying with John Wustman.

PROGRAM NOTES

Untitled by Jack Whitten (1939-2018)

Jack Whitten, an American painter who passed away just last year, is credited with the reengineering of Abstract Expressionism which aims at "subjective emotional expression with particular emphasis on the creative spontaneous act," and the reimagination of gesture. His early painting style was unique and different from piece to piece, piling paint onto canvas, allowing colors to mix and each layer of paint to add a new tone and form. He commonly used oil paints for his signature "Slab" pieces which, because of the properties of oil paint, gave each piece an unrepeatable quality. He later began experimenting with different techniques and mediums.

His 1960s work is thought to be a visual expression of his feelings towards the Vietnam War and the Civil Rights Movement, which greatly impacted his early life as he grew up in the midst of it in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. This untitled piece, created in 1968, shows his keenness to blend colors and to layer oil paints with little to no emphasis on creating dominant forms. In the midst of the color, one can see the contrasting slash of the black and white paint. The work's large scale, along with its bold color scheme, demands attention within the gallery and acts as a centerpiece that draws you further into the room.

—Tyler Bannister and Christopher Martensson

Sposa son disprezzata by Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

The Toast by John Koch (1909-1978)

Presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower and Charles De Gaulle Greeting Guests by Henri Cartier-Bresson (1908-2004)

"*Sposa son disprezzata*" is an Italian art song often attributed to Vivaldi, but some scholars attribute it to another Italian composer, Geminiano Giacomelli. However, it is important to note that in the time of Vivaldi, it was common to compile the works of others in fair use.

The Toast by John Koch represents a wife whose husband makes a toast to her, yet she seems to have a look of resentment on her face. In the painting, it seems almost as if she is drinking to cope with her struggles rather than her husband's look of excitement. The song's themes of unreciprocated love, disconnection, as well as pain and despair are evident as the wife is looking down and away in angst as her husband looks the opposite way while brandishing a toast.

"Sposa son disprezzata" also seems to mimic the perceived ambience of the setting of this photograph, taken between 1959 and 1961, by critically-acclaimed photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson. The mood seems to be one of surface decorum that may mask underlying tensions. One can imagine a record player serenading the guests with this genteel music as the guests, two noteworthy world leaders of the 20th century: U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower and French President Charles De Gaulle, are greeting one another; similar to a film score, but accompanying a moment captured in a black and white photograph.

— Vladimir H. Castillo and Charles Inwald

La Danse des Faunes and *Untitled* by Pablo Picasso (1881-1973)

I Fauni and *Crepuscolo* by Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

Breit über mein Haupt by Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

By utilizing musical influences and lithographic techniques, Pablo Picasso created *La Danse des Faunes*, a monotone work highlighting the movements of the subjects. This piece differs from his more well-known paintings, as it is less concerned with highlighting vivid colors and unusual features of the subjects; this piece's focal point is the impression of motion achieved through the medium of a black-and-white lithograph.

A primary group of three men, with wind instruments and a cymbal, play their instruments with darkness surrounding them; the figures in the background are more sketchy and faint. The music they're creating is represented through deep shading which appears around them. The cross hatching on the main figures seems representative of the soulfulness which the music evokes in them.

Untitled is an etching in the group of Picasso's prints in the exhibit that captures his love of the voluptuous female form. It corresponds with Strauss's song about his dark-haired lover, *Breit über mein Haupt*. This song itself is a contrast and pendant to the other song on the program by Strauss about motherly love, excitement and pride, *Muttertändelei*.

Ottorino Respighi was a well-respected Italian composer and violinist. Prior to writing the composition you will hear here today, Respighi was promoted to the Director of Liceo di Santa Cecilia but decided to step down two years later in an effort to focus on his compositions, including the selection we hear today. His wife, Elsa Respighi, was also a composer and one of Ottorino's students at the Liceo; she survived her husband by 60 years and

died seven days short of her 102nd birthday in March, 1996.

"I Fauni" and "Crepuscolo" are the two songs our soloist picked to be paired along with *La danse des Faunes* painting by Pablo Picasso and both of them were composed by Ottorino Respighi. These songs are taken from a five-song composition that Respighi first released in 1925. The etchings, on the other hand, was finished in 1957, but the synergies when put beside each other are timeless.

— Steven Kattouf and Lee Hammerschmidt

눈 (Snow) by Kim Hyo Keun (b. 1960)

Winter in Aizu by Kiyoshi Saito (1907-1997)

Kim Hyo Keun's piece of music *Snow* has a very minimalist feel, as the only instrument seems to be a piano. The singer incorporates elements of vibrato and crescendo, which ultimately create a very pure, calming essence. Her musicality complements the significance of the song, which is ultimately about finding simplicity in nature, and letting it guide you through life. The person mentioned in the song becomes one with nature, as she lets the winter bird's hum and the snowy path direct her. The singer's melody is exceptionally powerful and strong, yet the background piano is very simple and quiet.

The woodcut *Winter in Aizu* by Kiyoshi Saito has similarly contrasting elements to it. The road on which the figure is walking is extremely simplistic compared to the other aspects of the painting. In comparison to the depth and dimension of the hills and leafless trees, it seems as though the mountains and sky above the figure are luminous and multi-dimensional. The lack of color brings more attention to the textures and appearance of the natural world. As the figure in the painting walks on the white empty path through the lively landscape, he is seemingly dwarfed by his surroundings, just as the singer who is also walking down a blank white path is suddenly infatuated by this bird and its song. The song is eternal, yet somehow temporary, as the bird becomes lost in the blinding whiteness of the snowy surroundings. Both the piece of music and the painting represent a contrast between simplicity and complexity: a balance of nature's ability to be flat and one-dimensional as the snow, but also lively and complex like the textures of *Winter in Aizu* or the bird and its ethereal song in *Snow*. The combinations and contrasts send the message that the natural world is inspiring us to a similar balance if we take a moment to look a little closer.

—Sarah Klepper, Jane Levin, and Scott Reville

Le Repos en Egypte by Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

The Flight into Egypt by Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-1669)

The pairing of *Le repos en Egypte* by Ottorino Respighi and *The Flight to Egypt* created by Rembrandt van Rijn is well-suited. Rembrandt's piece was created in Amsterdam in the year 1653. This print is a heliogravure of Rembrandt's original etching reworked with drypoint and burin. However, *The Flight into Egypt* is not a completely original work by him; it is an altered version of Hercules Segers's *Tobias and the Angel*. Rembrandt so loved the work of Segers, another printmaker of the Dutch "Golden Age," that he obtained the printing plate of Segers's work, eventually altering it to remove the figures of Tobias and his guardian angel from the etching, replacing them with wandering travelers on their way to Egypt. Some might call this a collaborative work, and others, a bit of "creative vandalism;" you can notice outlines of the angel wings remaining from the original image by Segers (top) in the reworked image by Rembrandt in the LUAG collection (bottom).



The tempo of *Le Repos en Egypte* is mellow and slow, echoing the painting's figures looking like they have been traveling for a long time. The tone of the song is gentle, but conveys feelings of hardship, since the singer is singing with passion. The way the singer articulates certain words or phrases during the piece really brings out what travelers may have been through. At times, there are light and high tones that suggest the travelers finding a new beginning. New beginnings are scary, but also can be thrilling and exciting. Throughout the piece, this excitement is represented by the fast-paced melodic tones. The song ends peacefully, as if the travelers are close or have made it to their destination.

– Tyler Schmid and Andres Trillo

Muttertändelei by Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Scène de Jardin (Scene in the Garden) by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)

"Painting is the transcription of the adventures of the optic nerve. Before you add color, you must see things once, or see them a thousand times." – Pierre Bonnard

The superlative French colorist Pierre Bonnard, trained as a lawyer, quickly embraced life as an artist after meeting his lifelong friends Edouard Vuillard and Maurice Denis in the late 1880s. A member of the Post-Impressionist group of artists called the Nabis (the prophets), Bonnard shared their excitement for flattened areas of colors found in Japanese Ukiyo-e prints, but instead of their predilection for mystical, Symbolist subject matter, he preferred scenes from his own personal experiences.

Bonnard rarely painted from life; neither arcadian settings depicted here in *Scène de Jardin*, nor the complex tight spaces of his familiar domestic interiors were painted from direct observation. Instead, he made small notebook sketches in pencil, filling areas with his own coded system of mark-making and his first impressions of the colors, shadows, and compelling images he saw. Back in the studio, he would tape an unstretched canvas to the wall and begin the exhilarating process of translating his notations into paint. Bonnard cannily used singing colors (here, the intense pink and red dress against myriad shades of green) to recreate his feelings and memories about the heightened moment of perception, about the mother and child figures, and also intentionally activating the surface of the painted rectangle in a brilliantly original way.

– Linda Ganus Albulescu

Knoxville Summer (1915) by Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Glare of Summer by Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)

Glare of Summer is a creation of ink, conté, and watercolor on paper, done in 1953 by Charles Burchfield. Burchfield was an American artist who developed his own unique style of watercolor painting, often using the watercolor as shading. He had a great love of nature and often used it as inspiration, capturing the shimmering sounds of insects and birds in vibrating marks as he painted and drew outside in the fields near where he lived.

Painted later in his career, *Glare of Summer* shows Burchfield's return to his early abstract and surreal style, after a shift to realism in his younger adult years. This piece focuses on the heat of summer and how it makes objects look hazy and appear as if they are melting. Burchfield mixes reality with fantasy, using his swirling strokes and vibrant colors in a way that evokes the feeling of a hot summer day.

Knoxville Summer (1915) was composed by Samuel Barber in 1947. The lyrical text of the piece is from an essay written by James Agee (1909-1955) in 1935. The narrative tells of Agee's memories from the last summer before his father passed. He reminisces about his childhood innocence, but in the end realizes that while home is a great comfort, it will never tell you who you are. The music develops organically as a summer day would, with recurring hints of melancholy.

The poetic mixture of harsh realism and surrealistic details of *Knoxville Summer* (1915) perfectly echo and resonate with *Glare of Summer*.

— Nicholas Lomma, Bethany Crosby, and Tucker Sabine

This program was part of a class project for

Music and the Creative Arts

taught by Linda Ganūs Albuлесcu.

Many huge thanks to my students for all their dedication, thoughtfulness and hard work! You are amazing.

Class members, Spring 2019

Tyler Bannister, '19

Vladimir H. Castillo, '19

Bethany Crosby, '19

Lee Hammerschmidt, '19

Charles Inwald, '19

Steven Kattouf, '22

Sarah Klepper, '21

Jane Levin, '21

Nick Lomma, '19

Christopher Martensson, '20

Scott Reville, '19

Tucker Sabine, '22

Tyler Schmid, '21

Andres Trillo, '19

Special thanks to the entire Lehigh University Art Galleries team: William Crow, Mark Wonsidler, Jeff Ludwig, Alex Wismer, Denise Stangl, Pat McAndrew, Khalil Allaik and Vashti DeEsch, who were wonderful collaborators! My deep gratitude to Ricardo Viera, who has been a guiding and joyful presence in my time working with the galleries here at Lehigh; Ricardo, Mark and Jeff were wonderful mentors in the collaborative art of label writing! Thanks also to the faculty and staff of the Art, Architecture and Design department for their welcome support.

I am very happy to thank my great colleagues in the Lehigh Music Department for all their support every day: Ellen Lewis, Deb Ruthrauff, Linda Lipkis, Bill Holmes, Michael Jorgensen, Bill Warfield, David Diggs, Paul Salerni, Steven Sametz, and Sun Min Lee. Special thanks to chair Tong Soon Lee, who had the idea for this project, and who has been so positive, working to expand the parameters for this cross-disciplinary class. Thank you as well to Nadine Sine for being supportive and for taking the chance to roster this class in our department ten years ago. Most of all, thanks to my dear husband, Eugene Albuлесcu, who suggested that I propose teaching the class in the first place! I am very grateful and look forward to more future projects like this.

—LGA

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Sposa son disprezzata

Sposa son disprezzata,
fida son oltraggiata,
cieli che feci mai?
E pur egl'è il mio cor,
il mio sposo, il mio amor,
la mia speranza.

*I am a scorned wife,
faithful, yet insulted.
Heavens, what did I do?
And yet he is my heart,
my husband, my love,
my hope.*

L'amo ma egl'è infedel
spero ma egl'è crudel,
morir mi lascerai?
O Dio, manca il valor,
e la costanza

*I love him, but he is unfaithful;
I hope, but he is cruel;
will he let me die?
Oh, God, valor is missing;
valor and constancy.*

I fauni

S'odono al monte i saltellanti rivi
Murmureggiare per le forre astruse,
S'odono al bosco gemer cornamuse
Con garrito di pifferi giulivi.
E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,
Erti le corna sulle fronti ottuse,
Bevono per lor nari camuse
Filtri sottili e zeffiri lascivi.
E, mentre in fondo
al gran coro alberato
Piange d'amore per la vita bella
La sampogna dell'arcade pastore,
Contenta e paurosa dell'agguato,
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera snella,
Ardendo in bocca come ardente fiore.

*In the hills, the bubbling brooks
murmur through the dark ravines
In the woods, the bagpipes groan
next to the chirping, merry fifes.
Fauns race through thickets
their horns on their brows.
They drink through their nostrils
subtle potions and lascivious winds.
And they, while beneath
the grand canopy of trees,
weep for love of the beautiful life:
the pipes of the arcadian shepherd.
Happy, yet fearful of ambush,
nymphs flee, like gazelles,
their lips blazing like flowers!*

Crepuscolo

Nell'orto abbandonato ora l'edace
Muschio contende all'ellere i recessi,
E tra il coro snelletto dei cipressi
S'addorme in grembo dell'antica
pace Pan. Sul vasto marmoreo torace,
Che i convolvoli infiorano d'amplessi,
Un tempo forse con canti sommessi

*In the abandoned garden,
the moss fights with ivy for space,
and in the sparse cypresses,
sleeping in the ancient womb of
peace lies Pan. On the marble statue,
wrapped with morning-glories,
maybe one day with a song*

Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.
Deità della terra, forza lieta!,
Troppo pensiero è nella tua
vecchiezza: Per sempre inaridita
è la tua fonte. Muore il giorno,
e nell'alta ombra inquieta
Trema e s'attrista
un canto d'allegrezza:
Lunghe ombre azzurre
scendono dal monte...

*a lovely nymph will lean over.
God of the earth, joyous force!
Too serious in your old age:
your fountain has run dry.
The day dies, and through the
vast restless shade,
a song of happiness trembles
and saddens:
long blue shadows
descend from the mountains...*

Le repos en Égypt

La nuit est bleu et chaud
et le calme infini.
Roulé dans son manteau
le front sur une pierre Joseph dort
le coeur pur ayant
fait sa prière
et l'âne a ses pieds est
comme un humble ami.
Entre le pied du Sphinx
appuyée à demi
La vierge pâle et douce
a fermé la paupière
Et dans l'ombre
un étrange et suave
lumière sort du petit Jesus
dans ses bras en dormi.

*The night is blue and warm,
and calm is infinite.
Wrapped up in his coat,
forehead resting on a stone,
Joseph is sleeping, pure-hearted,
having prayed;
and the donkey at his feet
is like a humble friend.
Between the Sphinx's paws
half-leaning,
the virgin, pale and sweet,
has closed her eyelids;
And in the shade,
a strange and gentle light
glows from baby Jesus
asleep in her arms*

Autour d'eux le desert
songe misterieux;
Et tout est si tranquille,
à cett'heure en ces lieux
qu'on entendrait l'enfant
respirer sous ses voiles.
Noul souffle la fumé e immobile
du feu monte ainsi qu'un long fil
se perdre dans l'air bleu...
Et le Sphinx éternel
attest les étoiles.

*Around them, the desert,
a mysterious dream;
and all is so quiet,
at this time, in this place,
that one could hear the child
breathe under her veils.
No wind... The fire's still smoke
lifts upwards, like a long thread
losing itself in the sky...
and the eternal sphinx
watches over the stars.*

눈 (Snow)

조그만 산길에 흰눈이 곱게 쌓이면
내 작은 발자국을 영원히 남기고싶소
내 작은 마음이 하얗게 물들때까지
새하얀 산길을 헤매이고싶소
외로운 겨울새소리 멀리서 들려오면
내 공상에 파문이 일어 갈길을 잊어버리오가슴에 새겨보리라
순결한 너의 목소리
바람결에 실려오는가 흰눈되어 온다오

저멀리 숲사이로 내마음 달려가나
아 겨울새 보이지 않고 흰여울만 남아있다오 눈 감고 들어보
리라 끝없는 너의 노래여 나 어느새 흰눈되어 산길 걸어간다
오

When a little snow gently accumulates on a mountain path
I want to leave my little footprint there forever
Until my little heart turns white, I want to walk on a white snowy
path

A lonely winter bird's sound from afar stirs up my fantasy and I
forget where I was going

I want to imprint her pure voice in my heart...it comes in the wind
as snow

My heart is running towards the forest in the distance to look for
the winter bird
but I only find a white ford there

The eternal song of hers...as I listened to it with my eyes closed I
became snow that walks on the path

Translation by Jee Hyun Lim

*Breit über mein Haupt
Breit über mein Haupt
dein schwarzes Haar
neig zu mir dein Angesicht
Da strömt in die Seele so hell

und klar mir deine Augenlicht*

*Spread over my head
your black hair,
and incline your face to me
so that into my soul, so
clearly and brightly,
will stream your eye's light.*

*Ich will nicht droben
der Sonne Pracht
nicht der Sterne
leuchtenden Kranz
Ich will nur deinen Locken Nacht

und deine Blicke Glanz*

*I don't want the splendor
of the sun above
nor the stars'
glittering crown;
I only want the night of your
dark locks
and the shine of your gaze.*

Muttertändelei

*Seht mir doch mein schönes Kind,
mit den goldnen Zottelöckchen
blauen Augen roten Bäckchen
Leutchen habt ihr auch so eins
Leutchen nein ihr habt keins*

*Just look at my fair child
with golden, curly hair
blue eyes, red cheeks!
Friends, do you have such a one?
Friends, no, you don't!*

*Seht mir doch mein süßes Kind,
fatter als ein fettes Schneckchen
süßer als ein Zuckerweckchen
Leutchen habt ihr auch so eins
Leutchen nein ihr habt keins*

*Take a look at my sweet child,
fatter than a fat little snail,
sweeter than a sugar bun!
Friends, do you have such a one?
Friends, no, you don't!*

*Seht mir doch mein holdes Kind,
nicht zu mürrisch nicht zu wählig
Immer freundlich immer fröhlich
Leutchen habt ihr auch so eins
Leutchen Leutchen ihr habt keins*

*Look at my darling child,
not too grumpy or finicky,
always friendly, always merry!
Friends, do you have such a one?
Friends, no, you don't!*

*Seht mir doch mein frommes Kind!
Keine bitterböse Sieben würt
ihr Mütterchen so lieben
Leutchen möchtet ihr so eins
O ihr krieget gewiss nicht meins*

*Just look at my devout child!
No bitter shrew
could be so loved by its mother.
Friends, wouldn't you like one?
You're not going to get mine!*

Komm einmal ein Kaufmann her
Hunderttausend blanke Taler
alles Gold der Erde zahl er

O er kriegt gewiss nicht meins!
Kauf er sich wo anders ein!

*Even if a buyer came here
and offered a hundred thousand
shiny gold coins, all the money
in the world!*

*Oh, he wouldn't win mine!
he'd better shop somewhere else!*

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt; a loud auto; a quiet auto; people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber.

A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping, belling and starting; stentorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter, fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes....
Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there....They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine,...with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her: and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am.