

C. W. Gluck, *Orfeo ed Euridice*: Dance of the Blessed Spirits



Yuja Wang

Just a quick thought (inspired by reading late Rilke) before we discuss this poem:

Because the medium of poetry is language, and we use language almost always to be understood immediately; and because virtually all poems composed prior to, say, 1900 are relatively accessible to the rational mind; is it ok to be defeated analytically by a modern poem, yet experience profound wonder and enjoy the musicality and imagery of it? Is *mystery* at the heart of mastery?

Does poetry track with other contemporary arts, which have become more abstruse and challenging to their audiences? (Think of the work of Kandinsky, Schönberg, Shostakovich). Is it necessary for artists to move beyond what has already been done, and done well?

“Orpheus and Eurydice in Spain”

Alice Friman

A peaceful yet fraught week between

the Fascist victory in Madrid (1939)

and

the Nazi defeat in Berlin (1945)



“in the midst of Goya’s madness”

Saturno devorando a su hijo

(1822)



Goya

Second of May 1808

[Calle de Alcalá,
near the
Puerta del Sol]



Goya *Third of May 1808*



Goya: *The Disasters of War*



Ya no hay tiempo

“as if a finger moved,
wrote something, and left it on the wall.”

mene mene teqal ufarsin

“This is the meaning of the word: *mene*, God has numbered your kingship and brought it to an end. *Teqal*, you have been weighted on the scales and found wanting. *Peras*, your kingdom has been broken apart and given to Media and Persia.”

[*ufarsin* = *peras*]

Book of Daniel 5: 26-28

(Robert Alter tr.)

Rembrandt

Belshazzar's Feast

1635



The Apprentice

Season 3, Week Six:

“The Writing on the Wall”

Trump’s Monologue:

“Shut Up and Listen”



Rilke, from *New Poems*: "Orpheus. Eurydice. Hermes." (1908)

She was deep within herself, like a woman heavy
With child, and did not see the man in front
or the path ascending steeply into life.
Deep within herself. Being dead
filled her beyond fulfillment. Like a fruit
suffused with its own mystery and sweetness,
she was filled with her vast death, which was so new,
she could not understand that it had happened.

Stephen Mitchell, tr.



Alice Friman

<https://www.alicefrimanpoet.com/>

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/alice-friman>

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