

In Memoriam

Julia Budenz

1934–2010



ABOVE:

1. Budenz family (Julia, far left) at Lincoln Circle, Crestwood, N.Y., in 1945.

2. Julia in winter or spring 1950.

3. Julia with Latin cup and Caesar medal, 1950.

RIGHT:

4. Julia and her father, Louis (undated photograph).

5. Julia with her parents in Dedham, Mass., 1965.



LEFT:

6. Julia on "Epic Day," 1989.



RIGHT:

7. Julia at Bellagio, April 1996.

8. Julia, 2004.



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A selection from *The Gardens of Flora Baum* by Julia Budenz (Carpathia Press, 2011).
This excerpt is from Book Three, *Rome*; Part Three, "Umbrageous Vision"; Chapter One, "Umbra."

The libraries, the bookstores, the books dug
From dust, the newest books, pine-stiff, pine-slick,
Pine-crisp, and fresh-pine-scented, the old pine's
Old place where it once entertained the owl
Until owl flew on up and pine fell down,
The crossings crossed, the red bricks contemplated
Or walked on, bricks grown rosy over dawn
And rusty under dusk, the beech that rusted
Among the southing summers, autumns sweet
With opulence, the elm that held the moon
In its grand shadows, its grand shadows all
Will call you. Why then must you go to Rome?

For freedom. Furthermore, being once free,
To see the god whom seeing I will see.

Ariel gained his freedom. Prospero
Studied in exile and returned home. So

Tityrus is my shadow, I am his.
Far from me fall the shade of Meliboeus.

The woodthrush hummed a silver melody.
The woodthrush strummed a tune that was pure gold.
If the enchanted silences between
The measures were as golden as they were
What are the measures that can spell the spell
Set in those treasures? Turn the golden ring,
Flourish the golden wand, let Virgil sing.

O lucky Tityrus, said Meliboeus,
Here, by known rivers and by holy fountains,
Although the white-hot horror of the sun
Burns in the parching pastures of the south,
You will touch dark cold, feel the shadowy
Coolness at noon as ever, ever hear
The soft sweet singing whisper from the bees,
The resting farmhand sing out to the breeze,
The turtle dove sing high up in the trees.
That's it without the song. Let Virgil sing.
That's what he says a trip to Rome can bring.

Why must I go to Rome? It is always
Difficult to say. Let me try again.
Let me say it in decasyllabics
Constructed to sound very much like prose.
I must go to see Rome and its grandeur.
I must go to obtain my liberty.
I must go to see the resident god.
I must go to obtain leisure for work.

Work is of earth, leisure is of the gods,
Leisure for work is like an incarnation,
Leisure for work is what shade is at noon
When work is play, song's play, the work of art,
Leisure is what becomes incarnate as
The woodthrush works divinely in shade's woods,
The woodthrush plays divinely in wood's shadows.

And listen: Amaryllis, Amaryllis.
And limning Amaryllis through the green
Dimensions, singer, listen. From the leaves
The Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amor,
Amor, Aryllis, Amaryllis rings.
The brilliancy sinks deep into the shadows.
Aryllis, Amor, Roma, Amaryllis.

The amorist was not a trifling gallant,
The brilliance not a petty amourette.
Grand amaranthine love was what was sung.
It was enabling freedom that was won.
Love, Amaryllis, Rome, sight, liberty,
Light, leisure, shadow, art, love, Amaryllis
Become the burden that unburdens me.

I must go where I never more shall sing,
Said Meliboeus. Never more shall I
Lie in a green cave watching, on the sky,
My goats play through the thornbushes and cling
Suspensefully, as safely as in meadows,
Ever on points, poised, to the rockiness.
Yet rest with me one night, said Tityrus
To Meliboeus, under longer shadows.

Thus the First Eclogue ends with night's great shadows.