1994

May 1963 to August 1968 reflections on an installation

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**MAY 1963 TO AUGUST 1968
REFLECTIONS ON AN INSTALLATION**

**A Creative Project
Presented to
The Office of Graduate Studies and Research
San Jose State University**

**In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts
Interdisciplinary Studies: Creativity**

**Susanne Tobin
December 1994**

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A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Sam Richardson", written above a horizontal line.

Mr. Sam Richardson, Art Department

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Anne Simonson", written above a horizontal line.

Dr. Anne Simonson, Art & Creative Arts Department

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Gabriele Rico", written above a horizontal line.

Dr. Gabriele Rico, English & Creative Arts Department

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A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Mr. Lou Lewandowski", written above a horizontal line.

ABSTRACT

MAY 1963–AUGUST 1968

A REFLECTION ON AN INSTALLATION

Susanne L. Tobin

This special project thesis presents a description and evaluation of the creative process involved in the installation titled *May 1963–August 1968*. The installation represents the transformation of experience as it shifts from intangible memory to concrete visual, and focuses on the preservation of experience within the realm of poetry and visual art. Through the use of canning as the central metaphor, the project explores themes of relationship, identity and society.

This thesis traces the evolution of the initial project concept, the seed of creativity, to the final project, the fruit of the creative process. It focuses not only on the cognitive process of the project, but on the physical construction of the installation as well.

For the daughters...

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My love and thanks to the following people:

- Virginia de Araujo, for sharing her abundant garden of inspiration
- Gabriele Rico, for helping me find and celebrate my voice
- Kathleen Evans for her love, support and gentle, constructive criticism
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- Murial Tobin, Mary Mortimer, and Eva Jamrus--my mothers

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Anne Simonson, Sam Richardson, Lou Lewandowski, Michele Anderson,
Jim Tobin, George Tobin, Hans Guth, Carol Abate and Marilyn Wright

Places, places are still there. If a house burns down, it's gone, but the place--the picture of it--stays, and not just in my rememory, but out there, in the world. What I remember is a picture floating around out there outside my head. I mean, even if I don't think it, even if I die, the picture of what I did, or knew, or saw is still out there. Right in the place where it happened.

Toni Morrison, Beloved

INTRODUCTION

She was a large, heavy woman, somewhat tall for women of her generation. And strong--her hands had a grip that could break the seal of the largest jar; or hold me, her daughter's youngest child, to brush the snarls from my long, dark hair, and braid it away from my often dirty face. She would say, "You have such a pretty face, I don't know why your mother doesn't . . ." Yet as she shuffled through years of raising children and sifting through husbands, she became smaller, her hands growing tenuous and weak. When she died in October of 1991, I could have held her in my own lap to brush and braid her hair.

A few weeks after the funeral, my oldest brother and I returned to my grandmother's house in Turlock. My mother, aunts and uncles had decided which of my grandmother's belongings went to whom, so all I had to do was load some furniture in my truck. That was fine with me, since I couldn't imagine attending to the details of life that make death so concrete.

Walking through the nearly empty house, I was overwhelmed by a rush of ghosts. Sense memory shifted in, and I found myself catapulted into a Proustian time dimension. For me, however, the catalyst was not madeleines soaked in lime tea; my catalyst was melba toast, plum jam and orange pekoe. It was "hugging sweet cut grass and cigar perfume" from my grandfather. It was crayons and yellow modeling clay and the comfortable soft coat of a heavy-footed dog. It was the shuffle of cards for solitaire, the smell of cooking fruit, and the pop of lids sealing securely on canning jars. And as I slid the

red rubberbands off an old shoe box marked "winter shoes," I recalled the steady shuffle of Grandma's worn, leather slippers on the old linoleum floor. Suddenly I found myself back in 1965, eating fresh apricots and buttered toast at the ice-blue, chrome dinette, hearing Grandma in the kitchen.

I realized at that moment I wasn't simply holding a pair of old slippers, I was holding a seed--a creative, metaphoric seed that I would cultivate and eventually harvest into an artistic body of work. What I did not know then was that this seed would become my graduate studies project. I did not imagine this seed would engage both my love of written and visual art, that it would clarify my identity as a woman, nor that it would define so fully the creative space from which I would work: the space of ambivalence that lies between childhood (where sense memory is so absorbent) and adulthood (where those memories can be squeezed out and poured again into the present).

This ambivalence of memory creates a tension, an energy, that artists can use creatively. In my work as a graduate student, I have found that the creative process depends on the tensions between polarities balanced within the self. John Briggs, in *Fire in the Crucible*, examines such tensions in creative people. He finds that

the oppositional tendencies of creators are related to deep, psychological contraries that take the form of ambivalence . . . there is a high level of ambivalence in the personalities of creative people which fuels the creative process. (94)

That is not to say the poles must come crashing violently together to generate the emotional discharge necessary for fueling the creative process.

Such a buckling under tension could result in madness. To be polarized to the point of disconnection, where the poles fall away from each other, would have the same result. In order to create fuel for creating, we search for the balance, the connecting field, the bubbling synergy between the poles, knowing that one pole is essential for the other, and the field between, to exist.

Henry Moore said, "to know one thing, you must know its opposite just as much, else you don't know that one thing." Creating art that examines my role in society allows me to know my opposites. Society has tried to raise me to be a wife, mother, and Christian. I, in fact, turned out to be the opposite: a secular, lesbian feminist. This polarization over my identity creates a powerful, highly charged field of ambivalence. At one pole is the role society and my family expected from me, and at the other pole is the identity that has evolved within me. Thus, what lies between these poles is an intense, chaotic turbulence, a field ripe with creative possibility for me to harvest. My graduate project, sown from a field of ambivalence that lies between female expression and societal expectation, examines the relationship of society's concept of a woman and my identity as a woman. It is work by a woman who stands on the fringe of society, yet whose identity is inextricably linked to the ancient creative nature of women.

When Moore said we must know our opposites, he must have been aware of the connection between opposites. Often, we define ourselves in relation to other things, by our connection to all things, and most especially by those forces that seem so contrary yet are, as Einstein points out, "poles of the same magnet." In *Problems of Art*, Susanne Langer illustrates the rhythmic connection of polarities by comparing the rhythmic pattern of waves as they begin and end:

A rhythmic pattern occurs wherever the completion of one distinct event appears as the beginning of another . . . the completion of each breaker's history is already the beginning of the next one's. (51)

Day gives up its light to night's darkness as night gives up to day. Our heart constricts so that it may expand so that it may constrict again. Our lungs do the same, for "as the oxygen of a breath is used up, it builds up a need for new oxygen, which is really the beginning of a new breath" (Langer 52). In order to die we must live, and to live means we'll die. We are all connected to that contrary we feel furthest removed from. For example, in this project my artistic form of expression is "women's work." I have deconstructed society's concept of a woman and made it my own; however, the original basis for my work is that from which I am furthest removed. In essence, I am the systole to society's diastole.

My connections to my past began to come out in the form of writing just after the summer of 1993. While I uncovered the seed of the project at my grandmother's house two years before, I replanted it while in Gabriele Rico's Creative Process course in fall of 1993. Here the seed took word shape in a poem/journal entry that eventually became *Grandma's Spoons*, the title of the first poem in the project. That poem triggered an explosive outcrop of images and sense memories. Still later in Rico's class, the seed sprouted again, though this time it took three dimensional shape as an 8"x4"x4" cedar hope chest filled with dark soil, new lemon seeds and a tarnished silver spoon. This piece did

not make it into the final project, but it served well as a study of the synergism that occurs when combining visual and written media.

After Rico's class, I spent time over the holidays writing in my journal, alternately allowing and pushing my imagination to return to the toy soldiers and lemon tree. Since my family lived within an agricultural community, many memories associated with food arose--especially of fruit. By the time school started again, I had decided to incorporate the work of canning, of preserving memories, into a multi-media installation for my project. For inspiration and focus, I kept on my battered oak desk the old slippers I had stuffed into a large pickling jar, the top twined with a piece of cloth. I wondered if I should devise a label for the jar. How else would others know the slippers' story? I knew the story well, of course, since I had written so much about not only the slippers, but the old linoleum, the cards for solitaire, as well as the orange pekoe and melba toast. There had to be a way to put it all together.

Up to that point, it was not unusual for me to use text in my installations. In fact, every installation had some form of text, whether part of a word or an entire sentence. But I had never used entire pieces of my written work. I pulled out the journal entry about digging under the lemon tree and went to work on revising it into a poem. That semester I was fortunate enough to be enrolled in Virginia de Araujo's poetry writing course, so I took full advantage of the workshop to critique the poetry I was writing. I am still reeling at how my writing proliferated throughout that course. There are seven poems included in the cycle, and a final poem written by another poet about my installation.

The tone of the first two poems is one of childhood recollection. The child speaker recalls life growing up in the San Joaquin Valley where her main responsibility is to play "under the lemon tree with Grandma's spoons / digging the dirt / packing the dirt . . . ," to make "smooth, doughy balls rolled quick / between her hands . . . ," and to watch her grandfather across the dinette playing solitaire. But the pleasant overtone is tainted by a current of darkness lying just below the surface, rising up only where plastic soldiers have fallen and "whose dirty shelters have swallowed them up . . . ," or under "the shaming stare" of "the One-Eyed Jack . . ."

The dark current continues and broadens in the second poem when the child's mentally retarded aunt reacts to her mother's (the child's grandmother's) violent death on "the night her mother, after so many years / of choking down shards of indignity / vomited her life, audacious red/into a cold white porcelain bowl . . ." Innocence complements the tragedy when the aunt, "leaning past black velvet ropes / . . . breathed down into the stale darkness / her own fresh air"

In the poems that follow, the child's voice shifts to the adult's as she becomes a woman, who learns to pack away her life, her pain, "sealed safe with sinew strapping tape." She hides in denial her secrets "bleeding raw in tissue memory," closed to light or healing. The ambivalence she feels toward her grandmother becomes more pronounced when, as an adult, she recalls her grandmother's whisper of shame as the old woman's "rough and swollen fingers . . . pull and weave into thick tight braids / the strands of (her) long unruly hair "

The theme of food, one so familiar in women's lives, is developed more fully in "hunger." Here the woman questions what has been set at the table

before her. She is discontent with the too heavy, overcooked comfort that "never fills the hollow / beneath her heart." Instead, she chooses the raw and fresh, the sensual and sweet to satisfy her hunger.

I wrote the final poem after I had installed the visual part of the project in the gallery. Like the cedar box study, the poem is the synergistic result of alternating between visual and written media within the creative process. The poem describes the scene in the gallery. The words also place the woman, whose life has been preserved in the earlier poems, into the gallery space. In the poem, she has just finished canning a batch of preserves and "turns to move heavy glass jars / from shelf to shelf / making room . . . Shelf to shelf, the rhythm of jars recalls / the weight of lives preserved"

Outside the poem, however, you as a viewer see something different upon entering the gallery. Standing just inside the door, you breathe in the sweet, heavy scent of simmering peaches. The room is large, maybe 20'x30', empty but for one back corner on the left. To the right on the wall, you see writings on parchment lit from somewhere overhead by one soft light. You are drawn to the orange bath of light in the back of the room, but perhaps you should read first.

These are narrative poems, some written in present tense, some in past tense, some in a child's voice, some in an adult's voice. They are filled with images of a child's past, of her family, of her growth into womanhood. Perhaps these are images and memories that connect to your images and memories: tea with cream and toast, green plastic soldiers lost in backyard dirt, playing cards, leather slippers, jam, lemons, rocks, and sweet cut grass. Maybe you, too, dug dirt in the shade of an old lemon tree, or watched as your

grandmother lined tough plum skins along the side of her plate. Perhaps you have craved "the fuzzy flesh / of sweet, ripe peaches," knelt before the task of unpacking pain that bleeds "raw in tissue memory," or turned to fill "heavy jars [on] empty shelves of [your] own"

You turn from the words, toward the orange light.

Except for the illuminated parchment and the far corner, the room is dark, but somehow the darkness and the caramel sweet of cooking fruit feed the emptiness surrounding you, and you are drawn closer. You enter the space that is lit simply by two diffused, orange spotlights. You see old wooden shelves, pieced together and mounted on each of the adjoining walls. Upon the bowed shelves sit dozens of filled jars, some five-quart pickling jars, some smaller one-quart Mason jars. Before the shelves, a single bulb, emanating only enough light to draw attention to its presence, hangs over an old, crumbling worktable. On the table sits a small gas stove with porcelain handles for each of the two burners. On the stove sits a chipped enamel canning pot, black with white flecks, its rack filled with jars. You look to the left and there, cooling on old, worn rags are seven quart jars filled with a luminous orange liquid. The tops are covered with scraps of old muslin and tied down with coarse, brown twine. Looking more closely at the contents you realize, suspended in the liquid, are words—layers of handwritten words. You turn your attention back to the cooking pot on the stove to take a closer look at the contents of those jars. Pared and peeled are black words on white paper stuffed carefully into the clean, glass jars.

Slowly you walk behind the table to get a closer look at what's stored on the shelves. Camellias, variegated red and white, are piled in a medium size jar. Next to that jar sits a larger jar filled with "fallen soldiers" and "small

animals in bright blues, yellows and reds," covered in moist, dark soil. Another shelf is lined with jars of cut grass, steeped tea bags, melba toast, and small, white sugar cubes. Other jars hold an old fur stole; a braid of hair; rocks; lemons; a rosary, palm leaf and missal; a twig of white fruit blossoms; yellow balls of clay; an old gray cap; and a pair of worn leather slippers. Shelf after shelf is filled with words cooked down from poetry and shelved to transform over time into concrete images.

Though I had acquired most of the objects and materials before I actually entered the empty gallery space, I knew I would make many creative decisions and discoveries while installing the show. I was relatively clear about the central metaphor and purpose, but in the years I'd been doing installation art, I knew that each completed step in the work's evolution could lead to a step in another, often unknown, direction.

Typically, if a show is comprised of individual paintings or sculptures, three days is plenty of time to "hang" the show. I had reserved the gallery for a week; the show was scheduled to open on Monday, and I got the keys Friday morning. An installation, however, is different from a typical show; the room itself is the canvas or the block of marble, so I had to make full use of each day and night to sculpt and paint the space.

With all of the physical components piled outside the gallery doors--such as the filled jars, the shelves, the stove, and the table--I stood inside the empty space deliberating about composition, sound and lighting. Because I had intended to physically recreate the creative process within the gallery, allowing the viewer to experience my creative process, I needed to build an effective transition from the outside physical world to the interior world of

the mind. I decided to use only a corner of the room, leaving the greater part of the room dark and empty. I hoped the effect would be that of entering the intimacy of someone's internal process.

In one corner, I mounted the shelves that I'd built several weeks before from old, junk wood I'd collected. The shelves would need to take the stress of several dozen heavy jars without tipping forward, so I was careful to secure the shelves to the walls. With the shelves up, I dragged in the crumbling work table. A long time haven for black widows and rats, the table had spent years behind a neighbor's garage, piled high with old rotting lumber. In its state of decay and neglect, the table was perfect for my use. I was careful not to clean it up too much.

With the table and shelves as the armature, I began fleshing the space out with details: the antique stove I'd borrowed from a friend, my mother's canning pot, my grandmother's old rags, and jars I'd collected from thrift stores, garage sales, and flea markets. I had filled the jars with keepsakes from my mother and grandmother, with objects I'd bought at thrift stores, and with materials I'd found around my house--inside and outside. Most of the jars contained no manipulated objects, but some objects, like the steeped teabags and the melba toast, I had to prepare.

I also had to prepare the jars on the table and in the enamel pot. This step was particularly important, since these jars represented a pivotal point in the creative process. At the table, memories are pared into words, cooked down to their pulp, their essence, and transformed into tangible objects. To build the metaphor, I stuffed "pared" poems copied onto white paper into jars and put them in the enamel pot on the stove. Next to the stove, I laid out the rags on the table and "put out to cool" jars that had finished cooking. I wanted to

show how the cooking process had transformed the jars' contents, so I filled the jars with orange colored water and pieces of the poems copied onto transparencies. Then I covered the jars with scraps of tea-stained muslin and brown twine.

The same muslin and twine covered the tops of the jars that lined the shelves along the two adjoining walls. To keep the eye moving across the shelves, I took care to alternate the different sized jars, but I relied on nuance to help me position the jars based on their content. I wasn't too concerned about the color of the jars because I had covered the two spotlights with orange and brown gels.

When I stepped back to make a final assessment of the work, I felt something was missing. My eye moved too much around the picture; there wasn't a central focal point. I had brought a single light bulb set up on a dimmer switch, so I spliced it into the light-track on the ceiling. The dimly emanating bulb, hanging by a black cord above the table, was just enough to provide the needed focus.

While I was pleased with the focus I'd achieved, I felt there was more I could do to bring the viewer into the space. The sense of smell is one of the most powerful vehicles of memory. In *The Natural History of the Senses*, Diane Ackerman points out how "smells detonate softly in our memory like poignant land mines, hidden under the weedy mass of many years and experiences" (5). Ackerman also quotes Helen Keller who considered smell to be "a potent wizard that transports us across thousands of miles and all the years we have lived." As a final draw, I placed a crock pot filled with simmering peaches in juice under a grey cloth in one of the darkened corners. The smell that filled the

room was the smell of my grandmother's house in mid-July. My work was done.

Although I had finished the installation, I realized that the creative process did not end there. Each time I put out my work, I communicate at some level with the viewers. If I get through to make a connection at the universal level, the dialogue is fluid, not static or one-way, and the creative process continues. Sometimes the creative process continues by sparking the creative process of another artist. The final poem of the project was written by another poet after she experienced my work. Like the final poem of the cycle, entitled "Rhythm," "Anne's Art" was written in response to both the visual and written facets of the project. I have included it in the text because it is a natural progression of the creative process.

While it certainly is my intent to communicate with the viewers, it is not my intent to share my deep, dark secrets. The work must stand for something other than the personal—it must reach out universally. Undeniably, there is a dark vein running through the work. I want the viewer not to focus on my dark edges, but on their own edges, dark or otherwise. I intend the metaphor to move the viewers into their own process of propagating memories.

Using the metaphor of canning in this project has, on a deeper, more personal level, allowed me to examine my personal connection to family and society. The project's metaphor helped to define the disparity between my societal role as a woman and my personal identity as a woman. It preserved precious memories, painful memories, and remade memories. It led me up and down the path of my own creative process. For me, the process of canning and the creative process are similar. Both process and preserve fruit that has been

cultivated and garnered over time. One provides food for life, and the other provides food for art--though for me, the two are one.

Like an actual event is to a memory, an installation is a brief moment in time, and serves to mark a point in the creative process. My installation, like a moment in time, will never be created the same way again. After 35 springs and summers, this project came together. I found the seed, dropped from a dying flower, and stored it safely in a cool, dark place. When the weather was willing--when the soil was rich, fertile, and ready for planting--I planted the seed, nurtured it and watched it grow. And when the crop was full and ripe, I gathered it and filled my cellar with the harvest. From that harvest, this project was created. And though the installation has passed, I have fully stocked shelves of images, memories, and words. Most especially, I now have the new seeds left by the passing of the old--and acres of land for planting.

WORKSCITED

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Grandma's Spoons

Grandma gives me spoons for under the lemon tree
the sacred place
the burial ground for small plastic animals and green army men
who disappear and perish beneath clay soil tunnels
that collapse under the weight of a child's small fist
a bounding German Shepherd's paws
or the stomp of a mocking brother's foot

The sacred place where lemon adds cool spice
to the fresh air of pretend,
where small animals in bright blues, yellows and reds
risk their lives rescuing fallen soldiers
whose dirty shelters have swallowed them up

I sit alone, not lonely, in the San Joaquin Valley summer heat
under the lemon tree with Grandma's metal spoons,
digging the dirt,
packing the dirt
Small hands reach through tunnels
and meet in the cool middle
A fine place,
a safe place for soldiers to hide from the enemy
a sacred place to disappear
with Grandma's spoons for under the lemon tree

Grandpa's Hat

This morning she makes yellow Milkduds out of clay.
Smooth, doughy balls rolled quick
between her hands,
she flattens them on the ice-blue table top,
just enough to make them real.

She'll keep them hid for safe
under the grey salt-stained work cap
her grandpa gave her.
A cap to keep the burn off,
she wears it in the house.

He tells her valley folk need respect the sun,
leave it be when it's in a mood.

Afternoons they sit cool at the dinette,
Grandpa's rough, soil creased hands
shuffling cards for solitaire.
She waits across, anxious for the Red Queen
to blind the One-Eyed Jack's shaming stare.
The Queen,
locked between Kings, cannot help.

The pop of lids sealing on jars keeps time
as Grandma shuffles too,
her worn leather slippers
slow, even
on the old linoleum floor.
Still the Queen lies kept.

She knows he cannot cheat himself.
On his lap, she'll hug sweet cut grass and cigar perfume
from his sweat dried grey shirt,
let him shuffle for another game,
and tell him how messy yellow Milkduds melt.

Aunt Mary's Rock

Aunt Mary's got a smooth, light rock she found
when she was a little girl.
Now it's with her everywhere she goes.

She has the rock on Saturdays while she waits
for us behind locked metal doors,
head down,
quietly murmuring,
hands clasped tight at her waist.
For a moment, holding her rock,
she looks up.

ancient rock
always rock

It was with her as she stood silent
between her sisters
watching the ambulance men wheel the gurney
out her mother's front door.
The night her mother, after so many years
of choking down shards of indignity,
vomited her life, audacious red,
into a cold white porcelain bowl.

solid rock
simple rock

The rock was at her knees as she knelt,
tearless, on the burlap covered moist soil.
Leaning past black velvet ropes
she breathed down into the stale darkness
her own fresh air.

gentle rock
silent rock
back and forth

hunger

she has a place at this table.
a place where cooked beefsteak
wallows thick and red,
where soft potatoes and carrots
tread butter on heavy white plates.

but she is hungry.
she wants to feel the sticky wet
drip down her chin
as she bites the fuzzy flesh
of sweet ripe peaches,

to pull back the leathery skin
of a round red pomegranate,
to nibble and suck the juice
from each small white stone.

she wants fresh, raw,
slick in its own juice,
eat it with your hands food,
not comfort food that mashes in her mouth
slides down easy,
and never fills the hollow
beneath her heart.

Moving

Jonah, big and canine black,
drops his heavy body down
on the dirty, scuffed oak floor
and sighs in burdened disregard.

He lies there, sleek and dark,
between tired cardboard boxes
and green-grey plastic bags that bulge
and strain with the weight
of his master's life.

The master's sigh echoes the dog's
as she kneels before her task,
and she wonders why
she hadn't marked her things
the way she'd been marked for years.

For yet sealed safe with sinew strapping tape,
packed dense in the close, warm dark,
yesterday's news hides history's bleeding
raw in tissue memory.

Bruise

I'm always back to you,
to your early summer plum
preserves and melba toast
dunked in steaming orange pekoe and cream

to the blood purple skins too tough
to pulp between your gums
growing like a bruise at the edge of your plate

back to your rough and swollen fingers
painted orange merthiolate red
that pull and weave into thick tight braids
the strands of my long unruly hair

"hair just like your mother's," you whisper
as if the coincidence should cause me shame.

Rhythm

Soft orange light falls warm
upon this well worn scene:

A wood table rests far in a corner,
black and crumbling by so many seasons' use.
Behind it, a woman stands weary.
She turns to move heavy glass jars
from shelf to shelf,
making room,
careful to blow still dust
from yellowed twine bound muslin
that keeps dry the clean shined lids.

Admiring the work of her mothers,
she holds a well-filled jar close
to the dim bulb that hangs from above.
Eyes penetrate what fingers cannot.
Phantom armour defies mold and web,
leaves satisfying fresh the taste
of their shared past.

Shelf to shelf, the rhythm of jars recalls
the weight of lives preserved.
In silence, the woman turns
to remember her work,
filling heavy jars,
filling empty shelves of her own.

Anne's Art

"Thank you for forgetting it so that you may discover it again." (Denise Levertov)

You probe our kitchens of remembering,
rich and fragrant as dark coffee,
with a crocheted shawl, a doll that blinks black-lashed eyes
plastic soldiers buried in backyard dirt, tea bags,
caramel, playing cards, matted slippers, doilies, jam
a fur stole
a lemon tree
a rock

You lift me to
the taste of my grandmother's soup thick with potatoes and leeks
the sight of burning candles on a train of cakes
the sound of downstairs adult laughter lifting to my bed
the scent of Mommy's perfume trailing out the door
the feel of a pink lipstick mark slick on my forehead

Your art's bottling-up releases oven-cooked, peach-scented
memories that rush me from woman, to girl,
to ovum, to Eve.

And veiled in light on the wall
your words remember
and mine respond.

by Kathleen Evans