

Bennington College Music Division

Presents

A Vocal Recital

By

Anne Riesenfeld

With

Marianne Finckel, Louis Calabro,
Allen Shawn, piano

Friday, April 27, 1990

8:15 P.M.

Greenwall Music Workshop

Program

Chansons Innocentes
(text by e.e. cummings)

Anne Riesenfeld

Trois Poèmes de Stephane Mallarmé

Maurice Ravel

(Pause)

Nonn erubescite, reges
from Oedipus Rex

Igor Stravinsky

L'altro notte in fondo al mare
from Mefistofele

Arrigo Boito

(Pause)

Macabre Reflections
(text by Howard Nemerov)

Louis Calabro

Are you not ashamed, princes,
to bicker and howl in a stricken city,
raising up your personal broils?
Are you not ashamed in a stricken city
to complain your personal complaints?
To clamor before everyone,
before everyone to raise up
your personal broils in a stricken city,
are you not ashamed, princes?
Oracles are not to be trusted,
they always lie.
Oracles--they are all liars.
By whom was the king to be slain?
By my son.
Well, the king was slain.
Laius died at the crossroads.

L'altra notte in fondo al mare

from Mefistofele

Margherite has poisoned her mother and drowned her
illegitimate child. She is now insane and is soon to be taken from her
prison cell to be executed.

The other night in the bottom of the sea
My baby was thrown
Now to make me mad,
They say I drowned it.

The air is cold, the prison dark
And the stirring of my soul
Like a sparrow of the wood
Flies away,
Give me pity!

In heavy slumber
My mother is sleeping
And now, filled with horror!
They say I poisoned her!

Risen from the springing croup
Of a glass-work ephemeral
And the bitter vigil unflowered
The forgotten neck stops short.

I think that two mouths never,
Even her lover's and my mother's,
Drank from the same Chimaera,
I, sylph of this cold ceiling.

The pure vase of any potion
But the inexhaustible widowhood
Even in death consents not,

Naive kiss funereal!
To breathe out anything announcing
A rose amid the darkness.

tr. by Roger Fry

Nonn' erubescite, reges
from Oedipus Rex

Laius and Jocasta (King and Queen of Thebes) gave birth to a son, Oedipus. An oracle predicted that Laius' son would slay him. Thus, Oedipus was sent to live on a distant mountain. When Oedipus was a young man he encountered an old man at the crossroads. He killed the old man, not realizing it was King Laius (his father), and went on to marry Jocasta (his mother).

In a time of terrible plague, the Gods declare that the late King's murderer is within the kingdom and that the plague will end only upon this murder's discovery.

A messenger of the Gods has just accused King Oedipus of killing King Laius. Oedipus refutes the messenger's accusation. Jocasta enters to hear them quarrelling.

Program Notes

Chansons Innocentes

Text e.e. cummings

I

in Just-
spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's
spring
and
the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles
far
and
wee

II

hist whist
little ghostthings
tip-toe
twinkle-toe

little twitchy
witches and tingling
goblins
hob-a-nob hob-a-nob

little hoppy happy
toad in tweeds
tweeds
little itchy mousies

with scuttling
eyes rustle and run and
hidehidehide
whisk

whisk look out for the old woman
with the wart on her nose
what she'll do to yer
nobody knows

for she knows the devil ooch
the devil ouch
the devil
ach the great

green
dancing
devil
devil

devil
devil

wheeEEE

Trois Poèmes de Stephane Mallarmé

SIGH

My soul towards your brow where dreams, my calm sister,
An autumn scattered with freckles of russet
And the wandering heaven of your angelic eye
Mounts up as in some melancholic garden
Faithful, a white jet sighs towards the Azure!
-- Towards October's tender, pure and pale Azure
Which reflects in great basins its infinite languor
And lets, on dead water where the tawny death-throes
Of leaves wander windswept and scoop a cold furrow,
The yellow sun creep of a long-drawn-out ray.

tr. by Roger Fry

FRIVOLOUS PETITION

Princess, I am so jealous of the fortune of that
Hebe risen on the cup from under your kisses that
I burn for you in vain, given the fact that I am
also a poor court cleric who would never be caught naked,
even on a piece of Sèvres china.

Since I am not your bearded lap dog but do not
wear beauty spots nor rouge, since I dislike all
mincing ways, and because I know that your seemingly
closed eyes stare at me, o blonde beauty whose hair
is done by divine goldsmiths,

please appoint us---you whose raspberry-red laughs
come in flocks of pet lambs grazing on all our hopes
and bleating more and more deliriously---

please appoint us---so that on his fan-like wing
Love can portray me lulling all that fold with my
flute---Princess, appoint us shepherd of your smiles.

tr. by Georges Guy