

BENNINGTON COLLEGE
PROGRAM OF CHAMBER MUSIC

WEDNESDAY
MARCH 27, 1968

8:15 P.M.

CARRIAGE BARN

- | | | |
|-----|--|------------------------|
| I | SONATA IN B FLAT (K.454)
FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO | MOZART |
| II | FOUR CANONIC DUETS
FOR PERCUSSION | *STARODOMSKI
(1961) |
| III | FIVE SONGS ON TEXTS by BEAUDELAIRE | DEBUSSY |
| IV | SIX SONGS ON TEXTS by NEMEROV | CALABRO
(1956) |
| V | "CHANTICLEER"
FOR CLARINET SOLO WITH STRINGS AND PERCUSSION | BRANT
(1968) |

BENNINGTON FACULTY:

Frank Baker, Tenor
Henry Brant, Piano, Percussion
Louis Calabro, Piano, Percussion
Eric Rosenblith, Violin
Gunnar Schonbeck, Clarinet

BENNINGTON STUDENTS:

Gael Alcock, Cello
Kittredge Cary, Viola
Olga Gussow, Violin
Gerry Kaplan, Piano

*Born in 1940, Trofin Starodonski is perhaps the youngest of the new Soviet avant-garde composers. At the age of 17 he paralleled John Cage with a complete symphonic work consisting of nothing but silence. The Canonic Duets written at the request of two percussionists of the Leningrad Symphony, a chamber ensemble dedicated to the performance of new Soviet music. The pieces are dedicated to the memory of Ysenin, Revolutionary poet and husband of Isadora Duncan. This is their first American performance.

HARMONIE DU SOIR

Voici venir les temps ou vibrant sur sa
tîge,
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encen-
soir;
Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air
du soir,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige.
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encen-
soir,
Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on
afflige,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige,
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand
reposoir;
Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on
afflige,
Un cœur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste
et noir!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand
reposoir,
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui
se fige,...
Un cœur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste
et noir,
Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige.
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui
se fige, --
Ton souvenir en moi luit comme un osten-
soir.

LE JET D'EAU

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante!
Reste longtemps sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante ou t'a sur-
prise le plaisir.
Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Ou ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.
La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Qui la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.
Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés,
S'élance, rapide et hardie
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.
Puis, elle s'épanche, rourante
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par un invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon cœur.

EVENING HARMONY

Now comes that time when, trembling on
its stem,
Each flower exhales fragrance like a
censer;
The sounds and perfumes whirl in the
evening air,
A melancholy waltz and a langorous in-
toxication.
Each flower exhales fragrance like a
censer,
The violin vibrates like a heart in
distress,
A melancholy waltz and a langorous in-
toxication,
The sky is sad and beautiful, like a
great altar;
The violin vibrates like a heart in
distress,
A tender heart, which abhors the vast and
somber void!
The sky is sad and beautiful, like a
great altar,
The sun has drowned in its own blood,
which is congealing.
A tender heart, which abhors the vast
and somber void,
Recalls all memories of the luminous past.
The sun has drowned in its own blood,
which is congealing, --
My memory of you shines like a monsternce.

THE FOUNTAIN

Your beautiful eyes are weary, my poor
beloved!
Rest a while without opening them,
In this carefree pose
In which pleasure has come upon you.
In the courtyard, the fountain which
chatters
And never ceases, day or night,
Sustains sweetly the ecstasy
In which love has engulfed me tonight.
The column of water which rocks
Its thousand flowers,
Which the moon penetrates
With its pale light,
Falls like a shower
Of large tears.
And so your soul, setting aflame
The fiery lightning of desire,
Leaps quickly and fearlessly
Toward the vast, enchanted skies.
Then it diffuses, dying
In a wave of sad languor

O toi, que la nuit rend si belle,
 Qu'il m'est doux, penche vers tes seins,
 D'écouter la plainte éternelle
 Qui sanglote dans les bassins!
 Lune, eau sonore, nuit benie,
 Arbres qui frissonnez autour, --
 Votre pure mélancholie
 Est le miroir de mon amour.

RECUEILLEMENT

Sois sage, o ma douleur, et tiens-toi plus
 tranquille;
 Tu réclamais le soir: il descend, le voici!
 Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,
 Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le
 souci.
 Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
 Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau
 sans merci,
 Va cueillir des remords dans la fête ser-
 vile.
 Ma douleur, donne moi la main,
 Viens par ici, loin d'eux.
 Vois se pencher les défunctes Annes
 Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes sur-
 annes.
 Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret sour-
 iant,
 Le soleil moribond s'endormir sous une
 arche;
 Et, comme un long linceul trainant a
 l'Orient,
 Entends, ma chère, entends la douce nuit
 qui marche.

Which, by way of an invisible incline,
 Descends to the depths of my heart.
 Oh, you, whom the night makes so beau-
 tiful,
 I find it sweet, leaning against your
 bosom,
 To listen to the eternal lament
 That sobs in the fountain.
 Moon, sonorous water, blessed night,
 Trees trembling all about, --
 Your pure melancholy
 Is the reflections of my love.

INTROSPECTION

Be wise, oh my sorrow, and behave more
 calmly;
 You wished for the evening; it descends,
 it is here!
 A dark haze envelopes the city,
 Bringing to some peace, to others anx-
 iety.
 While the base multitude of mortals,
 Under the whip of pleasure, that merci-
 less executioner,
 Will suffer the pangs of remorse at the
 lowly feast,
 Sorrow of mine, give me your hand,
 Come hither, far away from them.
 See the dead years leaning
 Over the balconies of heaven, in faded
 garments.
 See scornfully smiling Regret emerge
 from the depths of the waters,
 The dying sun going to sleep beneath
 an arch;
 And, like a long shroud trailing towards
 the East,
 Hear, my beloved, hear the gentle night
 approaching.

Nous aurons des lits pleins d'odeurs
legeres,

Des divans profonds comme des tombeaux;
Et d'étranges fleurs sur des étagères,
Encloses pour nous sous des cieux plus
beaux,

Usant a l'envi leurs chaleurs dernieres;
Nous deux coeurs seront deux vastes flam-
beaux,

Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles lumières
Dans nos deux esprits, ces miroirs
jumeaux.

Un soir fait de rose et de bleu mystique
Nous echangerons un éclair unique,
Comme un long sanglot tout chargé d'adieu,
Et plus tard un ange, entrouvrant les
portes,

Viendra ranimer, fidele et joyeux,
Les miroirs ternis et les flammes mortes.

THE DEATH OF LOVERS

We shall have beds scented with faint
perfumes,

Divans sunken like tombs,
And strange flowers on the shelves,
Unfolding for us beneath skies more
lovely,

Vying with each other, in their expiring
fires;

Our two hearts will be two great torches,
Reflecting their double light
In our two spirits, these twin mirrors,
On an evening spun of rose and mystic
blue

We shall exchange a single lightning
flash,

Like a long sob charged with parting,
And later, an angel, opening the gates,
Will restore to life, faithful and joy-
ful,

The tarnished mirrors and the extinct
flames.

SIX MACABRE REFLECTIONS

by
Howard Nemerov

1. a dream

The ground swayed like a sea,
Uneasily, where the dead fought free
Of my preserved desires. In one bed
Godhead and maidenhead
Wrestled out of necessity.
I slept, but restlessly,
Lusting for what I dreamt I saw
Under the deserts of the law.

2.

The officer wore a thin smile
Over his dental plate.

The Nurse had carrot hair,
But I saw black at the roots.

The doctor's eye frightened me,
And it was made of glass.

The priest had fair hair as he knelt.
I saw the seam and smelt the glue.

My death bugged from my eyes
At recognizing theirs.

3. from the last dream of a dying woman aged eighty (see Ella Freeman Sharpe, Dream Analysis)

I did not want to suffer again
Or ever feel pain.
Last night I dreamed that I could see
My sickness in me
Gathered together, each a rose.
And I saw that all those
Roses were planted and grew again
Out of my pain.

4.

Under the pie crust
Behind the attick door,
Inside the camera or
The cathode tube, I must --
(Inside the frigidaire,
Under the manhole cover
Where rumpsteak and lover
Run out of air) -- It is there
I must -- (Under the rug,
Behind the arras, dug
Into the basement floor) --
Though there may be no more
Than dust,
I must.

5.

It is forbidden to go further.
Darkness stands in the wall
Spattered with blood.

These are the Gates of Hercules.
You shall not pass again
Those giant knees,

Not to the open Atlantic water,
Not to the blessed Mount.
No son or daughter dares

Stand with unbandaged eyes
Before the bloodied black seawall,
Before the opening seas.

6.

My death with a nail in his foot
Came dragging at the ground.
He carried a long tooth for a cane,
He carried his eye cast down.

The sunlight pierced his body through
With shafts of shadow; hung
Under the shadows of his breast
A perching sparrow sang.

My crippled death for my sake bears
(While life is, life is long)
Both tooth and nail, and for my heart
The sweetly beating song.