

HENNINGTON 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 BEAUADELAIRE | 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 Starodomski 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.

CINQ POEMES DE BAUDELAIRE

LE BALCON

Mere des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses,
O toi, tous mes plaisirs! o toi, tous mes
devoirs!

Tu te rappelleras la beauté des caresses,
La douceur du foyer et le charme des soirs,
Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maît-
resses,
Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du
charbon,
Et les soirs au balcon, voiles de vapeur
rose.

Que ton sein m'était doux!
Que ton cœur m'était bon!
Nous avons dit souvent d'imperissables
choses

Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du char-
bon

Que les soleils sont beaux par les chaudes
soirées!

Que l'espace est profond! que le cœur
est puissant!

En me penchant vers toi, reine des adorées,
Je croyais respirer le parfum de ton sang.
Que les soleils sont beaux par les chaudes
soirées!

La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une
cloison.

Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses,

Et revis mon passé blotti dans tes genoux.
Car à quoi bon chercher tes beautés
langoureuses

Ailleurs qu'en ton cher corps et qu'en ton
cœur si doux?

Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses!

Ces serments, ces parfums, ces baisers
infinis.

Renaitront-ils d'un gouffre interdit à
nos sondes

Comme montent au ciel les soleils rajeunis
Après s'être lavés au fond des mers pro-
fondes

O serments! o parfums! o baisers infinis!

THE BALCONY

Mother of remembrances, mistress of
mistresses,
O you, my every pleasure! O you, my
every obligation!

You will recall the beauty of car-
esses,
The peacefulness of home, and the
charm of evenings;

Mother of remembrances, mistress of
mistresses,
Evenings lighted by the glow of the
coals,

And evenings on the balcony, veiled
by rosy mist, --

How sweet your breast seemed to me!
How kind your heart seemed to me!
We often spoke of imperishable things
On those evenings, lighted by the
glow of coals.

How beautiful was the sun on torrid
evenings!

How vast in space! How powerful is
the heart!

Leaning toward you, Queen of all
adored ones,
I imagined that I breathed the
fragrance of your blood.

How beautiful is the sun on torrid
evenings!

The night becomes close, as if sur-
rounded by walls,
And my eyes in the darkness sought
out your eyes,
And I imbibed your breath, O sweet-
ness, O venom!

And your feet became numb in my
brotherly hands;
The night became close, as if sur-
rounded by walls.

I know the art of evoking happy mom-
ents!

And I saw again my past, playing
about your knees. .

And why should one search for your
langourous beauty

Any place except in your dear body
and in your gentle heart?

I know the art of evoking happy mom-
ents!

Those vows, those perfumes, those
endless kisses,
Were they reborn out of a depth be-
yond our reach?

As the rejuvenated sun rises again
into the sky,
After it has bathed at the bottom of
deep oceans?

O vows! O fragrance! O endless kisses!

HARMONIE DU SOIR

Voici venir les temps où vibrant sur sa tige,
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige.
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir,
Le violon fremit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige,
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand reposoir;
Le violon fremit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,
Un cœur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste et noir!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grande 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 ostensoir.

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 languorous intoxication.
Each flower exhales fragrance like a censer,
The violin vibrates like a heart in distress,
A melancholy waltz and a languorous intoxication,
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 monstrance.

LE JET D'EAU

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante!
Reste longtemps sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante où t'a surprise le plaisir.
Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.
La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Qui la lune traverse
De ses paleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.
Ainsi ton ame 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.

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'ecouter la plainte eternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!
Lune, eau sonore, nuit benie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour, --
Votre pure melancholie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

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.

RECUEILLEMENT

Sois sage, o ma douleur, et tiens-toi plus
tranquille;
Tu reclamais le soir: il descend, le voici! You wished for the evening; it descends,
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 fete ser-
vile.
Ma douleur, donne moi la main,
Viens par ici, loin d'eux.
Vois se pencher les defuntes 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 chere, entends la douce nuit
qui marche.

INTRCSEPTION

Be wise, oh my sorrow, and behave more
calmly;
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.

LA MORT DES AMANTS

Nous aurons des lits pleins d'odeurs
legeres,
Des divans profonds comme des tombeaux;
Et d'etrange fleurs sur des etageres,
Encloses pour nous sous des cieux plus
beaux,
Usant a l'envi leurs caleurs dernieres;
Nous deux coeurs seront deux vastes flam-
beaux,
Qui reflechiront leurs doubles lumieres
Dans nos deux esprits, ces miroirs
jumeaux.
Un soir fait de rose et de bleu mystique
Nous echangerons un eclair unique,
Comme un long sanglot tout charge 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.