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Continuum Concert

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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND

Department of Music

November 25, 1985
North Court Recital Hall
8:15 PM

CONTINUUM

Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano
Marilyn Dubow, violin and viola
David Krakauer, clarinet
Cheryl Seltzer, piano
Joel Sachs, piano and conductor

Recent Soviet Music

Coloristic Fantasy, for piano (1972)	Sergei Slonimsky (b. 1932)
"Quasi Una Sonata" (Sonata No. 2 for violin and piano; 1968) in one movement	Alfred Schnittke (b. 1934)
Pain and Silence (1979) (Poetry of Osip Mandelstam)	Edison Denisov (b. 1929)
Silence Loneliness In the Forest The Last Pain	

Intermission

Sarah Was Ninety-One Years Old (1983) Commissioned by Continuum	Arva Pärt (b. 1935)
Sonata for Clarinet Solo (1976) in one movement	Elena Firsova (b. 1950)

Six Poems of Marina Tsvetaeva, Op. 143
for mezzo-soprano and piano (1974)

Dmitri Shostakovich
(1906-1975)

My Verse

How Strange is this Tender Feeling
Hamlet's Dialogue with his Conscience
The Poet and the Tsar
No, Drums, Beating Drums
To Anna Akhmatova

This concert is made possible in part by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency, in Washington, D.C.

CONTINUUM is a registered service mark of the Performers' Committee Inc., Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, directors.

Ushers are members of the University Lake Society

NEXT: Boar's Head Dinner: Co-sponsored with Student Activities Office
December 7, 1985 - 6:30 PM
Tyler Haynes Commons: Multi-Purpose Room
* Fee will be charged

PAIN AND SILENCE

Words by Osip Mandelstamm
music by Edison Denisov

1. Silence

Watchful rumor strains the sail
Empty look widens,
And the silence swims over midnight
birds, soundless chorus.
I am equally poor like nature,
And equally simple like skies
And illusory is my freedom
like the midnight voice
of the birds.
I see the breathless moon
and the sky more dead
than linen cloth,
Your world, sickish and strange,
I accept, emptiness!

2. Loneliness

Equally with others
I wish to serve you,
From zeal to tell the fortune
with dry lips.
The word does not allay
my overdry mouth
And without you, once again
the spring air is empty.
I no longer feel jealous
but I do want you
And I bear myself
like executioner to a sacrifice.
I will not call you
either happiness or love.
They changed by blood for
something wild and strange.
One more moment and I
will tell you
Not happiness, but suffering
I find in you.
And almost like a punishment
Your tempting cherry red delicate mouth
draws me with confusion.
Return to me in a hurry
I am fearful
Without you
I never missed you
so strongly,
And all that I wish

I see in a vision.
I no longer feel jealous
But call you
I do.

3. In the Forest

The air is gloomy
damp and noisy.
In the forest it is
good, not frightening.
I will gratefully convey
my light cross on my
lonely walks.
And again a wild duck
Ascends toward an indifferent fatherland,
with reproach.
I share in a dull life
Where one is estranged from another.
A shot has resounded,
Above the sleepy lake
The wings of ducks are now leery,
And with a double being reflecting
the stupefied trunks of the pines.
The sky is dim with a strange answer
Peaceful misty pain--
Oh, permit me to also
be gloomy,
And permit me not
to love you.

4. The Last Pain

Once again buds will swell
And the shoots will spray green,
But your spine is broken
My beautiful, pitiful century.
And with a meaningless smile
look backwards,
cruel and weak,
like an animal once agile
your traces left behind.
Blood-builder
gushes out from the
throat of earthly things,
And inflamed fish strives
ashore
Warm, groan of gravel.
And from a high bird net,
from azure damp clod
pours indifference on
your deathly injury.

SIX POEMS BY MARINA TSVETAEVA

My Verse

This verse of mine, created in my young days before I know that I would be a poet, like crystal spray released as from a fountain, like sparks from rocket fire, like little devils making their bold entrance into a shrine with incense and with dreams, this verse of mine, of youth it speaks and dying; and yet it is unread! Long hidden in the darkness of some storage (where no one ever thought of it again!), this verse of mine, like wine of priceless vintage, will one day have its time!

How Strange Is This Tender Feeling?

How strange is this tender feeling? Your curly head, it will not be the first I've petted, and lips I have known much darker than yours. The stars brightly shone and flickered (how strange is this tender feeling?) as brightly as eyes were shining which I saw with my own eyes. Far better are songs remembered than those that you sing at twilight (how strange is this tender feeling?) and yet do they touch my heart. How strange is this tender feeling? And what would you do now, sly one, young singer, you wand'ring singer with heavily hooded eyes?

Hamlet's Dialogue With His Conscience

In water's depth amid the silt and sea weed.... she would but sleep, but cannot slumber! And yet 'tis she I loved, as forth thousand brothers could not have loved her! Hamlet! She lies in wat'ry silt: silt!... and the last fair blossom floats down the silent river.... 'tis she I loved as forth thousand...Less than one truer love could love her. She lies in wat'ry silt and yet 'tis she I loved...

The Poet and The Tsar

Here in this mighty hall of the Tsars... well carved in marble, who can this be? Uncompromising in kingly garb? The ruthless guardian of Pushkin's fame; cursing the author, slashing his work. Horrible waste of Poland, his land. Look at the marble! Do not forget: who brought the Poet's doom, Nicholas the First!

No, Drums, Beating Drums...

No, drums, beating drums could not calm rebel troops when we buried him, our own leader: a word from the Tsar was enough for the group, the poet was dead, honored reader. But such was the honor that closest of friends were ousted. They tried to approach from the right and the left hand, but always the guards repelled them and stood at attention. Can it be then, that even stretched on his bier this lad is still under suspicion? What is it that now has brought him this semblance of honor? But look now, he said, see how wrongly you thought, the Tsar has concern for the poet! What honor to him--what honor--the Devil! Who was it that just like a thief would remove the bodies of thieves that were murdered? A traitor? No. Let him now rest in peace, this person most wise in all Russia.

To Anna Akhmatova

O muse of weeping, O you, most beautiful muse! O you, most haunting of visions in palest evening! You send to us, to all Russia wild storms of snow, and then do your shouts plunge into our hearts, like arrows. And we recoil from the blows, with deep silence: Oh! To you are we sworn, to you are we faithful. Anna Akhmatova! Name that echoes enormous sighs, yet falls so quietly, and seems to be somehow nameless. Crowned have we been by the fact that we walked together in this country, and under the same blue heaven! Yet you, the victim of your sad and deadly fate, lie here and linger, for you is this rest eternal. In this my city, the cupolas gleam and shine, and here a blind man delights in the Holy Festival... And I present to you peals of resounding bells, Akhmatova! And also my heart I give you.

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