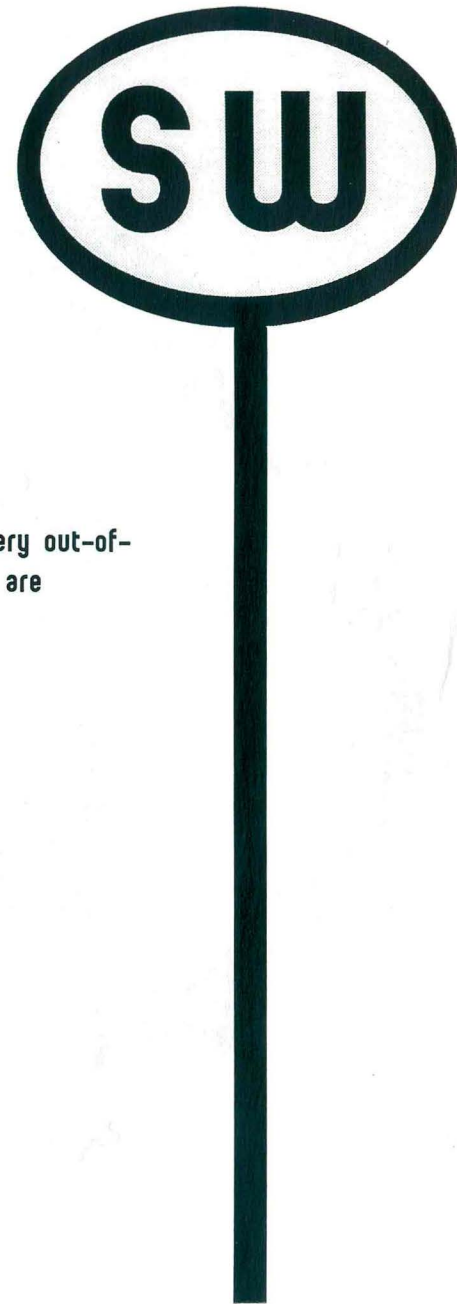




sunday november twenty-third nineteen ninety-seven

eight o'clock pm

deane carriage barn



imaginary moments in imaginary films  
larry wineland

performed by the composer

-i played a version of this one in the upstairs cafe last fall on a very out-of-tune piano. it's half-improv, half-planned, so that way wrong notes are excusable. the ending is borrowed from the cranes.- lw

untitled [arrangement for strings and tapes number two]  
joseph pascutazz and pablo deocampo

performers

joseph pascutazz-guitars, loops, and frequency modulation  
pablo deocampo-guitars, loops, and architectural sound  
jeremy romagna-the control board, technical assistance

dark street

rebekah pym  
poem by james tate

performers

daniel mohr-voice

rebekah pym-piano

rauening thirst

composed and produced by nathaniel reichman

-collaborating with the french writer joseph denize we found a musical circumstance for our work hinged on the idea that the music is not an accompaniment to spoken word, but rather the music is pushed through the words to create a single experience. gado mwampembwa gave us the raw voice from which almost all other sounds in the piece are derived. it is structured as three repeated cycles, during which the complexity is increased, and time is dealt with simultaneously as original, accelerated and distended.- nr

the plot against the giant

daniel mohr

poem by wallace steuens

performers

camille hartman-voice

daniel mohr-piano

alma del chorizo

jesse olsen

performers

nadir naqui-guitar

nathan jew-keyboard

phil salathe-bass

jesse olsen-drums

song texts

dark street

so this is the dark street  
where only an angel lives  
i never saw anything like it.  
for the first time in a lifetime  
i feel the burgeoning of wings  
somewhere behind my frontal lobes  
so this is the dark street.  
did i see his lights come on,  
or do i dream?  
i never saw anything like it.

even the trees' languorous leaves  
look easy to touch.  
so this is the dark street.  
here he comes now:  
good afternoon, father-  
your handshake is so pleasing.  
brush the shards from my shoulders,  
what lives we have ahead of us!  
so this is the dark street.  
i never saw anything like it.

-james tate

the plot against the giant

first girl  
when this yokel comes maundering,  
whetting his hacker,  
i shall run before him,  
diffusing the civilest odors  
out of geraniums and unsmelled flowers  
it will check him.

second girl  
i shall run before him  
arching cloths besprinkled with colors  
as small as fish-eggs.  
the threads  
will abash him.

third girl  
oh, la. . .le pauvre!  
i shall run before him  
with a curious puffing.  
he will bend his ear then.  
i shall whisper  
heavenly labials in a world of gutturals  
it will undo him

-wallace steuens



poster and program design by dan mohr    thank you bennington college music department  
please join us for food and conversation in the fireplace room after the concert