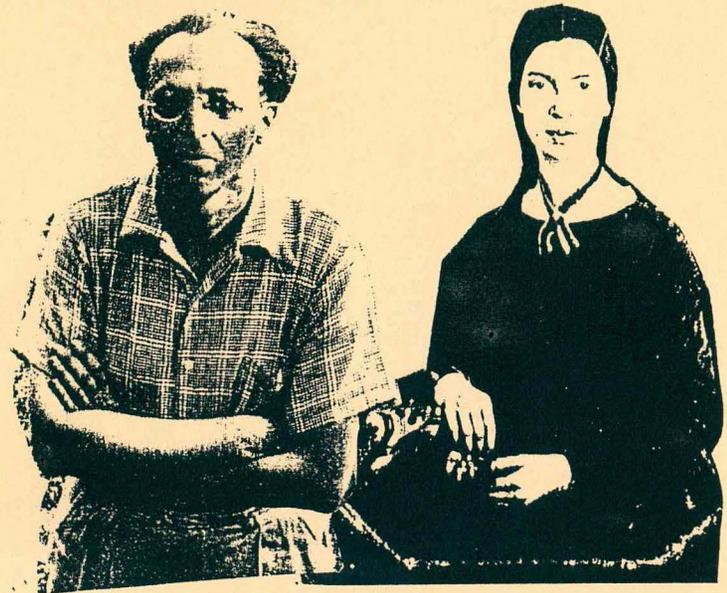


Music At Bennington Presents

*Emily Dickinson:
An Evening of Poetry & Music*



EMILY DICKINSON

*Ida Faiella, soprano
Allen Shawn, composer
Steven Cramer, poet*

*Friday, May 3, 1996
8:00 P.M.
Deane Carriage Barn*

Program

Introductory remarks by:
President Elizabeth Coleman

A DOOR AJAR: On The Texts Copland Used and the
Poems Dickinson Wrote

Steven Cramer, poet

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson
(1830-1886)

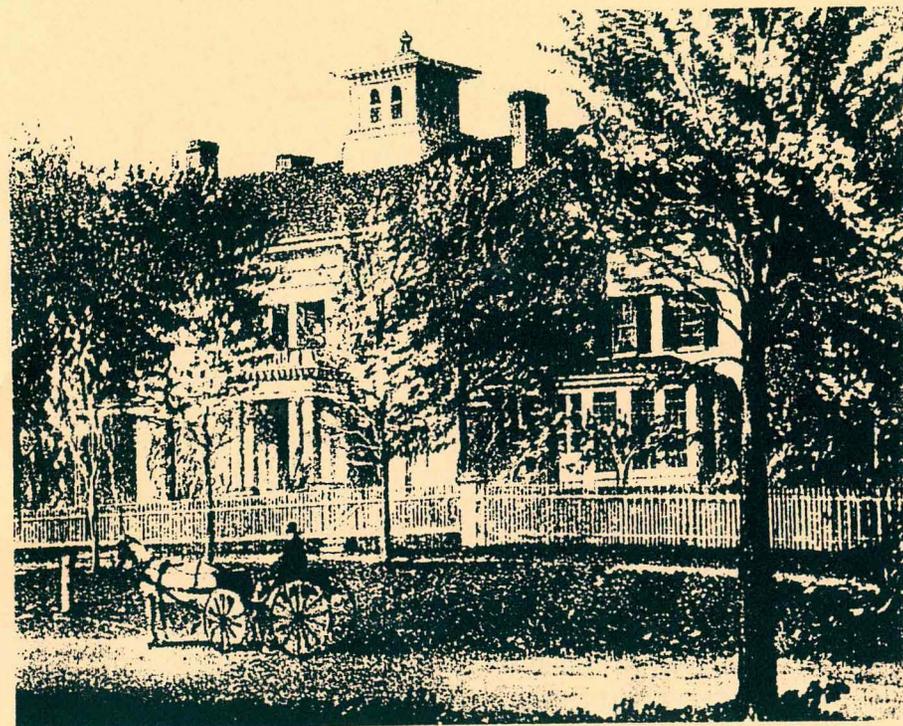
AARON COPLAND
(1900 - 1990)

1. Nature, the gentlest mother
2. There came a wind like a bugle
3. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
4. The world feels dusty
5. Heart, we will forget him
6. Dear March, come in!
7. Sleep is supposed to be
8. When they come back
9. I felt a funeral in my brain
10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes
11. Going to Heaven!
12. The Chariot

Ida Faiella, soprano
Allen Shawn, piano

Reception following the Concert.
Emily Dickinson's own recipe for gingerbread, prepared by
Music Librarian, Susan Reiss, will be served.

TEXTS



Lithograph of the Dickinson Homestead, 1858. Courtesy of the Jones Library.

Todd and Higginson Text

Dickinson Text

1. Nature, The Gentlest Mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child.
The feeblest or the waywardest, —
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard.
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, —
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

Nature — the Gentlest Mother is,
Impatient of no Child —
The feeblest — or the waywardest —
Her Admonition mild —

In Forest — and the Hill —
By Traveller — be heard —
Restraining Rampant Squirrel —
Or too impetuous Bird —

How fair Her Conversation —
A Summer Afternoon —
Her Household — Her Assembly —
And when the Sun go down —

Her Voice among the Aisles
Incite the timid prayer
Of the minutest Cricket —
The most unworthy Flower —

When all the Children sleep —
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light Her lamps —
Then bending from the Sky —

With infinite Affection —
And infiniter Care —
Her Golden finger on Her lip —
Will Silence — Everywhere

Todd and Higginson Text

2. There Came A Wind Like A Bugle

There came a wind like a bugle;
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the windows and the doors

As from an emerald ghost;
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed
On a strange mob of panting trees,
And fences fled away,

And rivers where the houses ran
The living looked that day.
The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled.

How much can come
And much can go.
And yet abide the world!

3. Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me
Just once more?
Just see if I troubled them
But don't shut the door.

Oh if I were the gentlemen
In the white robes
And they were the little hand that knocked,
Could I forbid?

Dickinson Text

There came a Wind like a Bugle —
It quivered through the Grass
And a Green Chill upon the Heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the Windows and the Doors
As from an Emerald Ghost —
The Doom's electric Moccasin
That very instant passed —
On a strange Mob of panting Trees
And Fences fled away
And Rivers where the Houses ran
Those looked that lived — that Day —
The Bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told —
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the World!

Why — do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing — too loud?
But — I can say a little "Minor"
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me —
Just — once — more —
Just — see — if I troubled them —
But don't — shut the door!

Oh, if I — were the Gentleman
In the "White Robe" —
And they — were the little Hand — that knocked —
Could — I — forbid?

Todd and Higginson Text

4. The World Feels Dusty

The world feels dusty
When we stop to die;
We want the dew then,
Honors taste dry.

Flags vex a dying face,
But the least fan
Stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain.

Mine be the ministry
When thy thirst comes,
Dews of thyself to fetch
And holy balms.

5. Heart, We Will Forget Him!

Heart, we will forget him!
You and I, to-night!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging
I may remember him!

Dickinson Text

The World — feels Dusty
When We stop to Die —
We want the Dew — then —
Honors — taste dry —

Flags — vex a Dying face —
But the least Fan
Stirred by a friend's Hand —
Cools — like the Rain —

Mine be the Ministry
When thy Thirst comes —
Dews of Thessaly, to fetch —
And Hybla Balms —

Heart! We will forget him!
You and I — tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave —
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me
That I may straight begin!
Haste! lest while you're lagging
I remember him!

Todd and Higginson Text

6. Dear March, Come In!

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat —
You must have walked —
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March, come right upstairs with me,
I have so much to tell!

I got your letter, and the bird's;
The maples never knew
That you were coming, — I declare,
How red their faces grew!
But, March, forgive me —
And all those hills
You left for me to hue;
There was no purple suitable.
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April!
Lock the door!
I will not be pursued!
He stayed away a year, to call
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come,
And blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

Dickinson Text

Dear March — Come in —
How glad I am —
I hoped for you before —
Put down your Hat —
You must have walked —
How out of Breath you are —
Dear March, how are you, and the Rest —
Did you leave Nature well —
Oh March, Come right up stairs with me—
I have so much to tell —

I got your Letter, and the Birds —
The Maples never knew that you were coming — till I called
I declare — how Red their Faces grew —
But March, forgive me — and
All those Hills you left for me to Hue —
There was no Purple suitable —
You took it all with you —

Who knocks? That April.
Lock the Door —
I will not be pursued —
He stayed away a Year to call
When I am occupied —
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come

That Blame is just as dear as Praise
And Praise as mere as Blame —

Todd and Higginson Text

7. Sleep Is Supposed To Be

Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree,
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!
That shall aurora be
East of eternity;

One with the banner gay,
One in the red array, —
That is the break of day.

8. When They Come Back

When they come back if blossoms do,
I always feel a doubt
If blossoms can be born again
When once the art is out.

When they begin if robins do
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
Last year.

When it is May, if May return,
Has nobody a pang
That on a face so beautiful
We might not look again?

If I am there, one does not know
What party one may be
Tomorrow, but if I am there,
I take back all I say!

Dickinson Text

Sleep is supposed to be
By souls of sanity
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which, on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be
By people of degree
The breaking of the Day.

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be —
East of Eternity —
One with the banner gay —
One in the red array —
That is the break of Day!

When they come back — if Blossoms do—
I always feel a doubt
If Blossoms can be born again
When once the Art is out —

When they begin, if Robins may,
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,
Had nobody a pang
Lest in a Face so beautiful
He might not look again?

If I am there — One does not know
What Party — One may be
Tomorrow, but if I am there
I take back all I say —

Todd and Higginson Text

9. I Felt a Funeral in my Brain

I felt a funeral in my brain,
And mourners to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
That sense was breaking through

And when they all were seated
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead again,
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell
And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race
Wrecked solitary here.

10. I've Heard an Organ Talk Sometimes

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said,
Yet held my breath the while

And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me
In that old hallowed aisle.

Dickinson Text

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading — treading — till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through —

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum —
Kept beating — beating — till I thought
My Mind was going numb —

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space — began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here —

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down —
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing — then—

I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes
In a Cathedral Aisle,
And understood no word it said —
Yet held my breath, the while —

And risen up — and gone away,
A more Bernardine Girl —
Yet — know not what was done to me
In that old Chapel Aisle.

11. Going To Heaven!

Going to heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, —
Indeed, I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to heaven! —
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first,
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

Going to heaven!
I'm glad I don't believe it,
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when —
Pray do not ask me how!
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little space for me
Close to the two I lost —
The smallest "Robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "Crown" —
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home —

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath —
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I'm glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

Todd and Higginson Text

12. The Chariot

Because I would not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played
Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Dickinson Text

Because I could not stop for Death —
He kindly stopped for me —
The Carriage held but just Ourselves —
And Immortality.

We slowly drove — He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess — in the Ring —
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain —
We passed the Setting Sun —

Or rather — He passed Us —
The Dews drew quivering and chill —
For only Gossamer, my Gown —
My Tippet — only Tulle —

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground —
The Roof was scarcely visible —
The Cornice — in the Ground —

Since then — 'tis Centuries — and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity —

About the Artists...

Ida Faiella, Soprano was appointed to the music faculty of Bennington College in 1994. Donal Henahan of The New York Times has described her as possessing "...a clear soprano voice..." and as one who sings "with considerable intelligence and an apt intimacy and warmth." Ms. Faiella has a repertory embracing many types of music, from lieder, opera, cabaret music, and 20th century compositions. Her operatic performances in the United States, France and Germany, have ranged from Puccini's La Boheme to Kurt Weill's Three-Penny Opera and several world premieres.

Director of the chamber music group L'Ensemble, she is committed to contemporary vocal chamber music. Ms. Faiella has sung many first performances of works by American composers, several of which were composed especially for her.

Ida Faiella's research into the music of women composers has resulted in several residencies, and lecture-performances at such places as the University of Minnesota, the University of Maine, Skidmore, Williams and Eastern Mennonite College.

As Music Director of Friendship Ambassadors, the largest private cultural-exchange foundation in the United States, Ms. Faiella has produced festivals and concert tours with the ministries of music in Romania, Poland, Bulgaria and Russia. She was co-director with composer Krzysztof Penderecki of the Festival of American and Polish Music at the Krakow Conservatory of Music and created a student composer exchange program between music schools in the two countries.

Ms. Faiella was the Arts Commissioner for the City of Albany prior to joining the Bennington Faculty. She has held teaching positions at the Hartt College of Music, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Hudson Valley Community College, the Harlem School of the Arts and SUNY Stony Brook.

She holds degrees from the Hartt College of Music and SUNY Stony Brook with additional studies at Yale University, Fairfield University and the Aspen Festival School of Music.

Allen Shawn, composer-musician received his B.A. from Harvard University in 1970. He studied privately with Nadia Boulanger from 1970-72, and was awarded his M.A. from Columbia University in 1976. He taught at the Mannes School of Music, 1975-80, the Elizabeth Seeger School in New York from 1973-81, and has been a member of the music faculty at Bennington College since 1985. He has received grants from the National Endowment for the Arts in 1976, Meet the Composer, Bennington Chamber Music Conference, 1983 and 1987. He won First Prize at the Ithaca College Choral Competition, 1991; First Prize Carnegie Chamber players Chamber Music Competition, 1993, and the Goddard Lieberson Fellowship from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1995. Allen has composed works commissioned by the Atlanta Ballet Company, Lucinda Childs Dance Company, the Greenwich Symphony Orchestra, Sage City Symphony and many others. He has composed several incidental scores for the New York Shakespeare Festival, the La Jolla Playhouse and Lincoln Center Theater, in addition to two operas. Articles on contemporary music have been published in The Atlantic Monthly, 1981, 1983, 1995. He was Guest Lecturer at Columbia Teachers College, Middlebury College, and New School for Social Research. His music is published by Galaxy Music Corp. and GunMar Music. His recordings include: Woodwind Quintet (Bay Cities); Winter Sketchbook for violin and piano, Ecologue for two pianos, Trio for clarinet, cello and piano (Opus One); Suite for Cello Quartet (Opus One); Four Jazz Preludes, Tango (Ursa Minor), and a forthcoming CD of his chamber music on Northeastern Records.

Steven Cramer is the author of two collections of poetry, The Eye That Desires to Look Upward, (The Galileo Press, 1987) and The World Book (Copper Beech Press, 1992). His poems and criticism have appeared in The Atlantic Monthly, Harvard Review, The Nation, The New Republic, The Paris Review, Partisan Review, Poetry, Triquarterly, and numerous other periodicals. He has held editorial positions at David R. Godine, Publisher and The Atlantic Monthly, and has taught writing at Boston University, M.I. T., and Tufts University. He currently teaches literature at Bennington College. His awards include grants from the Artists Foundation of Massachusetts, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Alan Collins fellowship to the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference.

This concert is made possible in part through the generous support of Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation."

The Soul selects her own Society -

Then - shuts the Door -

* To her Divine Majority -

* Presents no more -

Unmoved - she notes the Chariots pausing

On her Conduit -

Unmoved - an Embury or a Culling

Open her Mat -

She knows her form an Ample

Proportion -

Choose One - +

Then - close the Valves of

her Attention -

Like Stone -

+ On soft pads + On + Rush Mat - + lids -