

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

NEW FACULTY COMPOSITIONS

Wednesday
December 10, 1980

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Six Preludes* (1980)

PETER GOLUB

Dreams Alone, 6 Songs (1980)

PETER GOLUB

Form (1970)

JEFFREY LEVINE

Four Fancies for Five Players* (1980)

LIONEL NOWAK

Performers:

Michael Finckel
Jacob Glick
Peter Golub
Vladimir Havsky
Sue Ann Kahn
Jeffrey Levine
Lionel Nowak
Maurice Pachman
Gunnar Schonbeck

Guest Artist:

Janet Steele

* Premiere

TEXTS

When I Die (Zabina's Soliloquoy)

Charles Ludlam

The stars will crash together
like a thousand glass bells
and shattered fall to earth.
Birds will gouge their eyes
blotting heaven's mirror
cracking it with shrieks,
and strewing earth with broken bits reflected.
When they come blind to bury me
the splinters will cut their feet
making a river of blood,
and I'll be washed away to the place
where the earth consumes the flesh;
and the cries of the dead
turn to black stones.

The Peonies

Kenneth Rexroth

We had a drinking party
To admire the peonies.
I drank cup after cup till
I was drunk. Then to my shame
I heard the flowers whisper,
"What are we doing, blooming
For these old alcoholics?"

Love Thou thy Dreams

Ezra Pound

Love thou thy dreams
all base love scorning
Love the wind
and here take warning
that dreams alone can truly be
for 'tis in dream I come to thee.

My River

Emily Dickinson

My river runs to thee:
Blue sea, wilt welcome me?

My river waits reply.
Oh sea, look graciously !

I'll fetch thee brooks
From spotted nooks,-

Say sea,
Take me !

The Dark and Falling Summer

Delmore Schwartz

The rain was full of the freshness
and the fresh fragrance of darkening grapes.
The rain was as the dark falling
Of fabulous grapes ripening, great blue thunderheads
Moving slowly
slowly blooming.

The dark was possessed by the fragrance of freshness,
By a scattered and confused profusion until
After the tattering began, the pouring down came
And plenitude descended, multitudinous:
Everywhere was full of the pulsing
Of the loud and fallen dark.

Is it morning, is it little morning?

Delmore Schwartz

Is it morning, is it little morning
Just before dawn? How big the sun is!
Are those the birds? Their voices begin
Everywhere, whistling, piercing, and joyous
All over and in the air, speaking the words
Which are more than words, with mounting consciousness:
And everything begins to rise to the brightening
Of the slow light that ascends to the blaze's lightning!