

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday
October 21, 1981

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

I. Vocal Fanfare

Jill Beckwith

Jill Beckwith, soprano

II. Des Todes Tod (1922)

Paul Hindemith

- I. Gesicht von Tod und Elend
- II. Gottes Tod
- III. Des Todes Tod

Jill Beckwith, soprano

Mary Lampron, viola Jacob Glick, viola
Lizbeth Buchal, cello Maxine Neuman, cello

III. Presentation of Presser Scholarship

IV. Fantasy (1962)

Vivian Fine

Maxine Neuman, cello
Vivian Fine, piano

V. Histoires Naturelles (1906)

Maurice Ravel

- Le Paon
- Le Grillon
- Le Cygne
- Le Martin Pêcheur
- La Pintade

Michael Downs, voice
Marianne Finckel, piano

VI. Five Pieces from Mikrokosmos

Béla Bartok

New Hungarian Folk Song
Chords and Trill Study
Short Canon and Its Inversion
Perpetuum Mobile
Ostinato

Three Duos

Igor Stravinsky

Andante
Balalaika
Galop

Arabesque on Two Folk Tunes

Lionel Nowak

Marianne Finckel, piano
Peter Golub, piano

The Death of Death

I. Story of Death and Suffering

As I went walking in wet mist and fog before daybreak, following a terrible urge within, I came to a cliff's edge. There in the crag's red glow were Death and Suffering, who toiled before day to prepare life's torments. And I went crying in the sun's first rays, oh a day I do not wish for.

II. The death of God

Hush, you birds in the dark wood, you bees stop humming. The world must stand still -- God is dying, one hears his quiet breath going. God is tired of the senses and becomes earth, the large lid closes. God wishes to live and die as well. We embrace You, You stream of life, You throne of wisdom, You soul's light and Death's prize and with You we all gladly die.

III. Of the death of Death

Death is tired. He lays him down in a summer garden. The Asters grow over his bones, he ends his days. Flesh withers and rots in Mid-day sun.

Death must live, he rises anew, a boy picking flowers. He goes his merry way, all men are dead. His hair flies golden and beautiful in a mysterious wind.

Natural Histories

1. The Peacock

He's surely going to get married today.
It was to have been yesterday.
He was ready in his Sunday best.
All he waited for was his fiancée.
She didn't show up. She can't delay much longer.
Glorious, he walks around with the air of an Indian prince,
bearing on his person the customary rich ornaments.
Love enlivens the splendour of his colours,
and his crest trembles like a lyre.
The fiancée doesn't turn up.
He climbs to the top of the roof and gazes on the sunny side.
He utters his diabolical cry: Leon! Leon!
That's how he calls his fiancée.
He sees nothing coming and no one replies.
The fowls, used to him, don't even raise their heads.
They're tired of admiring him. He gets down to the yard again,
so sure of being handsome that he's incapable of bitterness.
His wedding will be tomorrow.
And, not knowing what to do for the rest of the day,
he makes for the front porch. With an official tread,
he climbs the steps, as if they lead to a temple.
He raises his long-trained robe,
all heavy with the eyes that have not been able
to detach themselves from it.
Once again he rehearses the ceremony.

IV. The Kingfisher

Not a bite this evening,
but I report a rare thrill.
As I held my fishing-rod stretched forth,
a kingfisher came and perched on it.
We have no more dazzling bird.
He looked like a great blue flower
at the end of a long stem.
The rod bent beneath his weight.
I stopped breathing,
so proud of having been taken for
a tree by a kingfisher.
And I'm sure that
he didn't fly away from fear,
but only because
he thought that he was passing
from one branch to another.

V. The Guinea-Hen

She's the hunch-back of my yard.
She dreams only of mischief because of her hump.
The hens say nothing to her:
sharply she rushes at them and worries them.
Then she lowers her head,
leans forward, and,
as fast as her lanky feet will carry her,
she runs and, with her hard beak, pecks
right in the centre of the turkey-hen's
wheel-like tail.
This snob irritated her.
Thus, blue in the face,
her gills aflame, militant,
she rages from morn to night.
She fights without reason,
perhaps because she always imagines
that she is being mocked by her stature,
her bald pate and her low tail,
And ceaselessly she utters
a discordant cry
which pierces the air like a peak.
Sometimes she leaves the yard
and disappears.
She allows the peaceful poultry a moment's
respite. But she returns more
turbulent and squalling.
And, frenzied, she wallows in the mire.
What's wrong with her then?
The sly thing is acting a farce.
She's been to lay her egg in the countryside.
I can look for her if I wish.
And she rolls in the dust like a hunch-back.