

From: Essays Before A Sonata:

The humblest composer will not find true humility in aiming low—he must never be timid or afraid of trying to express that which he feels is far above his power to express, any more than he should be afraid of breaking away, when necessary, from easy first sounds, or afraid of admitting that those half truths that come to him at rare intervals, are half true, for instance, that all art galleries contain masterpieces which are nothing more than a history of art's beautiful mistakes.

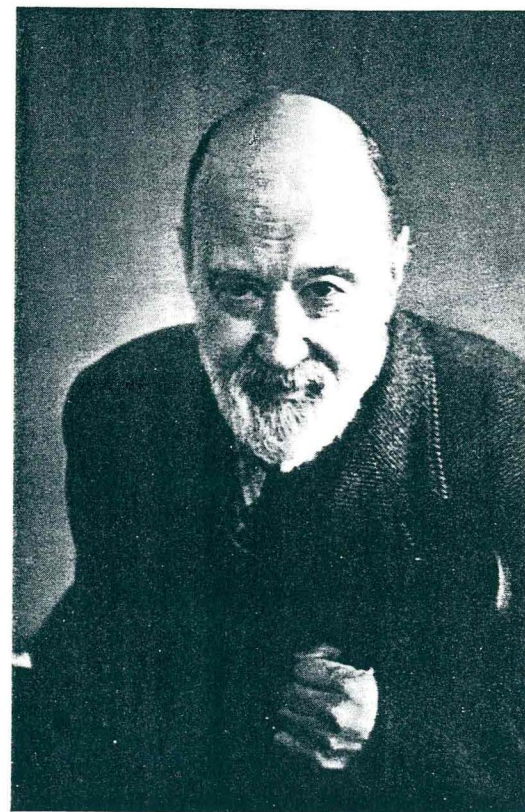
In such an abstruse art as music it is easy for one to point to this as substance and to that as manner. Some will hold and it is undeniable—in fact quite obvious—that manner has a great deal to do with the beauty of substance, and that to make a too arbitrary division, or distinction between them, is to interfere, to some extent, with an art's beauty and unity. There is a great deal of truth in this too. But on the other hand, beauty in music is too often confused with something that lets the ears lie back in an easy chair. Many sounds that we are used to, do not bother us, and for that reason, we are inclined to call them beautiful. Frequently,—possibly almost invariably,—analytical and impersonal tests will show, we believe, that when a new or unfamiliar work is accepted as beautiful on its first hearing, its fundamental quality is one that tends to put the mind to sleep. A narcotic is not always unnecessary, but it is seldom a basis of progress,—that is, wholesome evolution in any creative experience. This kind of progress has a great deal to do with beauty—at least in its deeper emotional interests, if not in its moral values. (The above is only a personal impression, but it is based on carefully remembered instances, during a period of about fifteen or twenty years.) Possibly the fondness for individual utterance may throw out a skin-deep arrangement, which is readily accepted as beautiful—formulae that weaken rather than toughen up the musical-muscles. If the composer's sincere conception of his art and of its functions and ideals, coincide to such an extent with these groove-colored permutations of tried out progressions in expediency, that he can arrange them over and over again to his transcendent delight—has he or has he not been drugged with an overdose of habit-forming sounds? And as a result do not the muscles of his clientele become flabbier and flabbier until they give way altogether and find refuge only in a seasoned opera box—where they can see without thinking? And unity is too generally conceived of, or too easily accepted as analogous to form, and form (as analogous) to custom, and custom to habit, and habit may be one of the parents of custom and form, and there are all kinds of parents. Perhaps all unity in art, at its inception, is half-natural and half-artificial, but time insists, or at least makes us, or inclines to make us feel that it is all natural. It is easy for us to accept it as such. The "unity of dress" for a man at a ball requires a collar, yet he could

## BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

### A HALLOWEEN CONCERT

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1993

2:00 P.M.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

## PROGRAM

Walking (1902)  
Afterglow (1919)  
Slugging a Vampire (1902)  
His Exaltation (1913)

text: C. Ives  
text: J.F. Cooper, Jr.  
text: C. Ives  
text: Robinson

Michael Downs, voice  
Allen Shawn, piano

Improvisation on: Like a Sick Eagle (1920)

Arthur Brooks, flugelhorn  
Peter Golub, piano

Hawthorne Mvt. 2  
from Sonata No. 2 "Concord" for piano (1909-15)

Joseph Bloom, piano

Largo for violin, clarinet and piano (1901)

Jacob Glick, violin  
Gunnar Schonbeck, clarinet  
Peter Golub, piano

**\*\*Intermission\*\***

Three Quarter Tone Pieces (1922-23)

Peter Golub, Allen Shawn, pianos

"'Tis an evening when the whole body is one sense."

Bill Dixon, trumpet, flugelhorn  
Joseph Bloom, piano

I. Children's Day at the Camp Meeting

III. At the River

from Sonata No. 4 for violin and piano (1914-15)

Seana Gamel, violin  
Joseph Bloom, piano

The Greatest Man (1921)  
Evening (1921)  
Charlie Rutlage

text: Anne Collins  
text: Milton  
text: Cowboy Song

Celia Twomey, voice  
Allen Shawn, piano

The Alcotts Mvt. 3  
Thoreau Mvt. 4  
from Sonata No. 2 "Concord" (1909-15)

Joseph Bloom, piano

Starting slowly and quietly *l.h.*

*l.h.* *r.h.* *pp* *l.h.* *r.h.*