



THE BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION PRESENTS

A
SENIOR
CONCERT
by

CRISTIN
CHAFE

Wednesday
MAY 19TH, 1993
8:15 pm

greenwall music workshop

PROGRAM

THE BREAKERS POUND* (1989)
a dance suite for harpsichord

DAN LOCKLAIR

- I prelude
- IIa waltz
- IIb rag
- IIIa pavane
- IIIb galliard
- IV postlude

* inspired by the poem ~~FREEWAY~~ by Stephen Sandy
read tonight by Celia Twomey

THE WUGGLY UMP (1990)
text by Edward Gorey

CRISTIN CHAFE

Celia Twomey, soprano
Elizabeth Wright, piano

EURYDICE (1992)
poem by Margaret Atwood

CRISTIN CHAFE

Shannon Jones, soprano
Nathaniel Parke, 'cello
Maxine Newman, 'cello
Allen Shawn, piano
Peter Golub, conductor

(partially funded by a grant from The Woolley Fund)

ITALIAN CONCERTO

J.S. BACH

allegro
andante
presto

↪ intermission ↪

TURNING and TURNING IN... (1993) CRISTIN CHAFE

Elizabeth Wright
Allen Shawn, pianos

PIANO TRIO in E minor

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH
(1906-1975)

- I andante
- II allegro non troppo
- III largo
- IV allegretto

Seana Gamel, violin
Maxine Newman, 'cello

THANKS to Willie Finckel, for four years of wonderful music and the inspiration to do more, to Joe Bloom, Barnabas Rose, Sue Jones, & Susan Sgorbati for all the help, and to all the evening's performers for making the music

THIS CONCERT IS BEING PRESENTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE BACHELOR OF ARTS DEGREE.

EURYDICE

He is here, come down to look for you.
It is the song that calls you back,
a song of joy and suffering
equally: a promise:
that things will be different up there
than they were last time.

You would rather have gone on feeling nothing,
emptiness and silence; the stagnant peace
of the deepest sea, which is easier
than the noise and flesh of the surface.

You are used to these blanched dim corridors,
you are used to the king
who passes you without speaking.

The other one is different
and you almost remember him.
He says he is singing to you
because he loves you,

not as you are now,
so chilled and minimal: moving and still
both, like a white curtain blowing
in the draft from a half-opened window
beside a chair on which nobody sits.

He wants you to be what he calls real.
He wants you to stop light.
He wants to feel himself thickening
like a tree-trunk or a haunch
and see blood on his eyelids
when he closes them, and the sun beating.

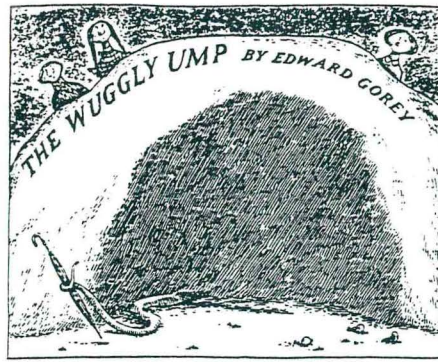
This love of his is not something
he can do if you aren't there,
but what you knew suddenly as you left your body
cooling and whitening on the lawn

was that you love him anywhere,
even in this land of no memory,
even in this domain of hunger.
You hold love in your hand, a red seed
you had forgotten you were holding.

He has come almost too far.
He cannot believe without seeing,
and it's dark here.
Go back, you whisper,

but he wants to be fed again
by you. O handful of gauze, little
bandage, handful of cold
air, it is not through him
you will get your freedom.

margaret atwood



The moon is full: its silver beams
Shine down and give us lovely dreams.

Sing twiddle-ear, sing twaddle-or,
The Wuggly Ump is at the door.

It's making an unholy fuss:
Why has it come to visit us?

Sing tirraloo, sing tirralay,
The Wuggly Ump lives far away.

How uninviting are its claws!
How even more so are its jaws!

It eats umbrellas, gunny sacks,
Brass doorknobs, mud, and carpet tacks.

Sing giogalimp, sing glugalump,
From deep inside the Wuggly Ump.

Sing jigglepin, sing jogglepen,
The Wuggly Ump has left its den.

Across the hills the Wuggly Ump
Is hurtling on, kerbash, kerblump!

Sing hushaboo, sing hushaby.
The Wuggly Ump is drawing nigh.

