

THE BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

presents

A GRADUATION PIANO RECITAL

by

SYLVIA HALPERN

- BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION -

Lionel Nowak, Vivian Fine, Louis Calabro, Jeffrey Levine,  
Allan Shawn, Randy Neale, Sue Ann Kahn, Elizabeth Wright,  
David Titcomb, Peter Golub, Jacob Glick, Frank Baker,  
Michael Downs, Bill Dixon, Arthur Brooks, Milford Graves,  
Ed Lawrence, Maxine Neuman, Michael Finckel, Marianne Finckel,  
Joel Chadabe, Gunnar Schonbeck



Wednesday, June 10, 1987 \* 8:15 pm \* Greenwall

- SPECIAL THANKS -

The McCullough tree for staying home, Betty, Anne, Darcy, Alix,  
All Cool Cats, Gatesie, Allan Shawn, Vivian Fine, Willie Finkel,  
Elizabeth Wright, Flannery Hauck, Lynn Buck, Kate Brandt, David  
Newman, Aunt Eve, Sherry, Dad, ...oh, and Bitch for being so lame,  
BIG HUGS FOR Lionel, Rona - The Cocktail Express, Houdini Martini,  
Lizzy, the Fortune Cookie for their unforgettable 'Suffering  
Bastards', Randy Neale for sharing his incredible studio, Quenk,  
Music Division Xerox Machine, Bunhead, and Jeanne

The Bennington College Music Division

presents

A Graduation Piano Recital

by

Sylvia Halpern

- PROGRAM -

English Suite No.5 - J.S. Bach

Prelude  
Allemande  
Courante  
Sarabande  
Passepied I & II  
Gigue

Two Songs from Poems of e e cummings (1987) - Sylvia Halpern

Aurora  
This is the Garden  
Flannery Hauck, voice

- INTERMISSION -

Suite for flute and violin (1986) - Sylvia Halpern

Dance Dialogue  
Fugal Frenzie  
Interlude  
Fanfare

Lynn Buck, flute  
Kate Brandt, violin

Fantasie (Wanderer) Op.15 - Franz Schubert

Allegro con fuoco, ma non troppo  
Adagio  
Presto  
Allegro

This concert is in partial fulfillment of a  
Bachelor of Arts Degree

Aurora

put off your faces. Death for day is over  
(and such a day as must remember he  
who watched unhands describe what mimicry,

with angry seasalt and indignant clover  
marrying to themselves Life's animals)

but not darkness shall quite outmarch forever  
--and i perceive, within transparent walls  
how several smoothly gesturing stars are clever  
to persuade even silence therefore wonder

opens a gate; the prisoner dawn embraces

hugely some few most rare perfectly dear  
(and worlds whirl beyond worlds: immortal yonder  
collidingly absorbs eternal near)

day being come, Love, put on your faces

This is the Garden

this is the garden: colours come and go,  
frail azures fluttering from night's outer wing  
strong silent greens serenely lingering,  
absolute lights like baths of golden snow.  
This is the garden: pursed lips do blow  
upon cool flutes within wide glooms, and sing  
(of harps celestial to the quivering string)  
invisible faces hauntingly and slow.

This is the garden. Time shall surely reap  
and on Death's blade lie many a flower curled.  
in other lands where other songs be sung;  
yet stand They here enraptured, as among  
the slow deep trees perpetual of sleep  
some silver-fingered fountain steals the world.