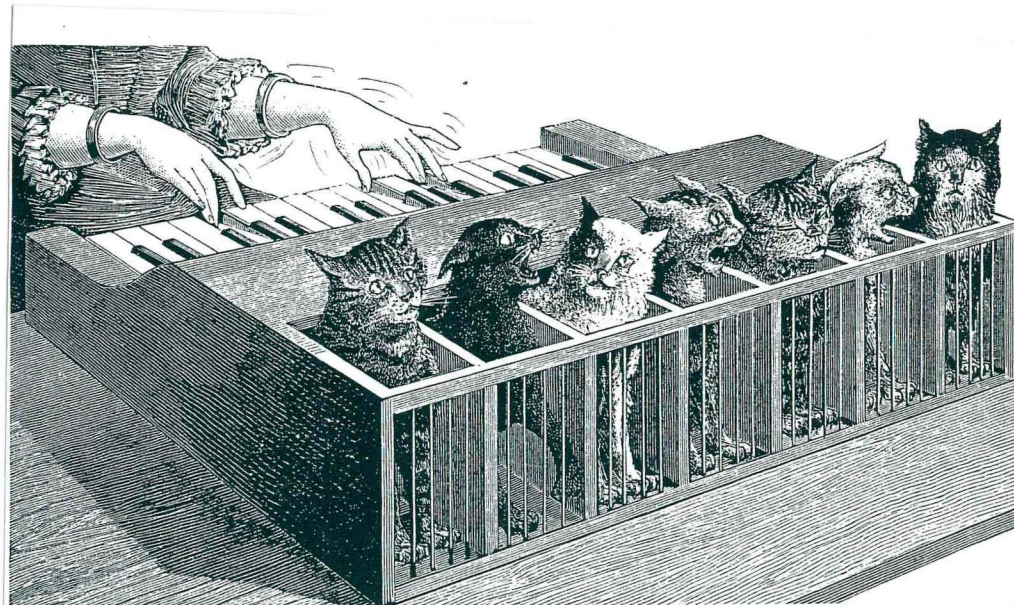


Bennington College Presents

A Concert with

Matt Westcott



Wednesday MAY 31, 1995

8:00 p.m.

Greenwall Music Workshop

PROGRAM

Intermezzo in A Maj. op.118 No. 2 J. Brahms (1833-1897)

Two Piano Works

Sumare, suite de Danse
from Saudades do Brazil D.Milhaud (1892-1974)

Matias Westcott - piano

Piano solo No.6 from Mikrokosmos B. Bartok (1881-1945)

Two Briefs for Piano (1994) Mateo Westcott

I Drip-Drop

II Dulce Patria

Allen Shawn - piano

--INTERMISSION--

Sonata kv 545 W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

I Allegro

II Andante

III Rondo

Two Preludes

C. Debussy (1862-1918)

No.6 Book I (...Des pas sur la neige)

No.3 Book II (...General Levine-excentric)

Tocallo Westcott - piano

Piece for Percussion, Clarinet, & 'Cello

Matota Westcott

Mary Springer - 'cello

Bruce Williamson - clarinet

Dave Brandt, Jay Metz & Hong Ting - percussion

Yung Wha Son - conductor

Ojalá

Silvio Rodríguez

Chileno Westcott - voice & guitar

I would like to thank all my teachers, especially Bill Dixon, Willie Finckel, Jeff Levine, Neil Rappaport, Allen Shawn, and Yung Wha Son (for showing me different paths).

I would also like to thank my family and friends for their support and encouragement (never take things too seriously, right?), the musicians, and Matt Weston -for lending me his instruments, Sue Jones and Susan Reiss.

And once again to Willie, Neil and Allen, thanks.

Thanks for coming!

VIVA CHILE

OJALÁ

Ojalá que las hojas
no te toquen el cuerpo
cuando caigan,
para que no las pudas
convertir en cristal.

Ojalá que la lluvia
deje de ser milagro
que baja por tu cuerpo.
Ojalá que la luna
pueda salir sin ti...

Ojalá la que la tierra
no te bese los pasos.

[chorus]

Ojalá se te acabe la mirada constante,
la palabra precisa, la sonrisa perfecta,
Ojalá pase algo que te borre de pronto:

una luz cegadora, un disparo de nieve,
ojalá por lo menos que me lleve la muerte.
Para no verte tanto, para no verte siempre,
en todos los segundos, en todas las visiones
Ojalá que no pueda, tocarte ni en canciones.

Ojalá que la aurora
no de gritos que caigan
en mi sepolda.
Ojalá que tu nombre
se le olvide a esa voz.

Ojalá las paredes
no retengan tu ruido
de camino cansado.

Ojalá que el deseo
se vaya tras de ti.

a tu viejo gobierno
de difuntos y flores.

(chorus)

I HOPE

I hope that the leaves
do not touch your figure
while they are falling,
enabling you to
turn them into crystal.

I hope that the rain
ceases being a miracle
running down your body.
I hope that the moon
is able to come out without you.

I hope that the earth
won't kiss your steps.

I hope that your persistent gaze,
your precise speech and perfect smile cease.
that all of a sudden something obliterates you,
such as:
a blinding light, a shot of snow,
or at least may death take me.
So as not to see you so much.
For I always have to see you,
in every second, in every vision,
I hope my song never alludes to you.

I hope that dawn
won't send out cries
that may fall on my back.
I hope that VOICE
forgets your name.

I hope the walls
don't retain the sound
of your exhausted stride.

I hope that desire
goes after you.

to your old government
of death and flowers.

(chorus)