

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A GRADUATE CONCERT

by

ALICE SPATZ

Wednesday
June 4, 1986

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Raywood Tickle

ALICE SPATZ

Sue Ann Kahn, flute
Randall Ellis, oboe
Susan Martula, clarinet
David Saunders, horn
Steven Walt, bassoon

Medley of Traditional Songs

Arranged by ALICE SPATZ
LARRY SPATZ
GREG SPATZ

Larry Spatz, guitar, voice
Gregory Spatz, mandolin, violin
Alice Spatz, double bass, mandolin, percussion, voice

Passing Through

Music: ALICE SPATZ
Choreography: ALEX BLOOMSTEIN
Set Design: JIM YOUNGERMAN
Crew: Bud Clark, John Gifford
Stephanie Skaarup, Sharon Rosen

Susan St. Amour, viola
Richard Albagli, percussion
Alex Bloomstein, dancer

INTERMISSION

El Pueblo (The People)

Dedicated to the memory of my father

ALICE SPATZ
Text: Pablo Neruda
Translation: Alistair Reid

Michael Downs, voice
Susannah Waters, voice
Claudia Friedlander, recorder
Andrea Kane, recorder

John Hendrick, recorder, Mexican Ocarina
Michael Severens, 'cello
Adam Widoff, guitar
Jon Bepler, percussion

CHORUS

Janet Gillespie
Flannery Hauck
Audrey Braam
Nina Galin

Brian Mindlin
Magnus Peterson
Jeffrey Reynolds
Jason Wulcowicz

Parts of traditional South American folk songs are used freely throughout the whole piece, and part of the text of the Argentinian song Casi, Casi is sung in part III (No llores - Don't Cry).

This program is funded in part by the Woolley Fund and by the Bennington College Music Division.

Special thanks to: Michael Downs, Vivian Fine, Jeffrey Levine, Randy Neale, Aris Economides, David Groupe, Larry Spatz, Carol Gold -- and to all the performers and technical crew.

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Fine Arts Degree in Music.

EL PUEBLO

De aquel hombre me acuerdo y no
han pasado
sino dos siglos desde que lo vi,
no anduvo ni a caballo ni en carroza:

a puro pie
deshizo
las distancias
y no llevaba espada ni armadura,
sino redes al hombro,
hacha o martillo o pala,
nunca apaleó a ninguno de su especie:

su hazaña fue contra el agua o la
tierra,
contra el trigo para que hubiera pan,
contra el árbol gigante para que diera
leña.
contra los muros para abrir las puertas,
contra la arena construyendo muros
y contra el mar para hacerlo parir.

Lo conocí y aún no se me borra.

Cayeron en pedazos las carrozas,
la guerra destruyó puertas y muros,
la ciudad fue un punado de cenizas,
se hicieron polvo todos los vestidos,
y él para mí subsiste,
sobrevive en la arena,
cuando antes parecía
todo imborrable menos él.

En el ir y venir de las familias
a veces fue mi padre o mi pariente

o apenas si era él o si no era
tal vez aquel que no volvió a su casa
porque el agua o la tierra lo tragarón
o lo mató una máquina o un árbol
o fue aquel enlutado carpintero,
que iba detrás del ataúd, sin lágrimas,

alguien en fin que no tenía nombre,
que se llamaba metal o madera,
y a quien miraron otros desde arriba
sin ver la hormiga
sino el hormiguero

THE PEOPLE

That man I remember well, and at
least two centuries
have passed since I saw him;
he travelled neither on horseback
nor in a carriage --

purely on foot
he undid
the distances,
carrying neither sword nor weapon
but nets on his shoulder,
axe or hammer or spade;
he never fought with another of
of his kind --

his struggle was with water or
with earth,
with the wheat, for it to become
bread,
with the towering tree, for it to
yield wood,
with the walls, to open doors in them,
with the sand, constructing walls,
and with the sea, to make it bear
fruit.

I knew him and still he is there in me.

The carriages splintered in pieces,
war destroyed doorways and walls,
the city was a fistful of ashes,
all the dresses withered into dust,
and he persists, for my sake,
he survives in the sand,
where everything previously
seemed durable except him.

In the comings and goings of families,
at times he was my father or my
relative

or (it may have been, it may not)
perhaps the one who did not come home
because water or earth devoured him
or a machine or a tree killed him,
or he was that funeral carpenter
who walked behind the coffin, but
dry-eyed,

someone who never had a name
except as wood or metal have,
and on whom others looked from above,
unable to see
the ant for the ant-hill;

y que cuando sus pies no se movían,
porque el pobre cansado había muerto,
no vieron nunca que no lo veían:
había ya otros pies en donde estuvo.

Los otros pies eran él mismo,
también las otras manos,
el hombre sucedía:
cuando ya parecía transcurrido
era el mismo de nuevo
allí estaba otra vez cavando tierra,

cortando tela, pero sin camisa,
allí estaba y no estaba, como entonces,
se había ido y estaba de nuevo,
y como nunca tuvo cementerio,
ni tumba, ni su nombre fue grabado
sobre la piedra que cortó sudando,
nunca sabía nadie que llegaba
y nadie supo cuando se moría,
así es que sólo cuando el pobre pudo

resucitó otra vez sin ser notado.

so that when his feet no longer
moved
because, poor and tired, he had
died,
they never saw what they were not
used to seeing --
already other feet walked in his
place.

The other feet were still him,
equally the other hands,
the man persisted --
when it seemed that now he was spent,
he was the same man over again,
there he was once more, tilling the
soil,
cutting cloth, but without a shirt,
there he was and was not, as before,
he had gone and was back again,
and since he never had cemetery
nor tomb, nor his name engraved
on the stone that he sweated to cut,
nobody ever knew of his arrival
and nobody knew when he died,
thus only when the poor man was
able
did he come back to life again,
unnoticed.

II

Era el hombre sin duda, sin herencia,
sin vaca, sin bandera,
y no se distinguía entre los otros,
los otros que eran él,
desde arriba era gris como el subsuelo,
como el cuero era pardo,
era amarillo cosechando trigo,
era negro debajo de la mina,
era color de piedra en el castillo,
en el barco pesquero era color de atún
y color de caballo en la pradera:
como podía nadie distinguirlo
si era el inseparable, el elemento,
tierra, carbon o mar vestido de hombre?

Donde vivió crecía
cuanto el hombre tocaba:
la piedra hostil,
quebrada
por sus manos,
se convertía en orden
y una a una formaron
la recta claridad del edificio,
hizo el pan con sus manos,
movilizó los trenes,
se poblaron de pueblos las distancias,
otros hombres crecieron,
llegaron las abejas,
y porque el hombre crea y multiplica
la primavera caminó al mercado
entre panaderías y palomas.

El padre de los panes fue olvidado,
él que cortó y anduvo, machacando
y abriendo surcos, acarreando arena,
cuando todo existió ya no existía,
él daba su existencia, eso era todo.

Salio a otra parte a trabajar, y
luego
se fue a morir rodando
como piedra del río:
aguas abajo lo llevó la muerte.

II

He was the man all right, without
inheritance,
cattle or coat of arms,
and he did not stand out from the
others,
the others who were himself,
from above he was grey like clay,
he was drab as leather,
he was yellow harvesting wheat,
he was black deep in the mine,
he was stone-coloured in the castle,
in the fishing boat, the colour
of tunny,
horse-coloured in the meadow --
how could anyone distinguish him
if they were inseparable, the
element,
earth, coal or sea, in the guise
of a man?

Where he lived, everything
a man touched would grow:
the hostile stones,
hewn
by his hands,
took shape and form
and one by one took on
the sharp clarity of buildings,
he made bread with his hands,
set the trains running,
the distances bred townships,
other men grew up,
the bees arrived,
and through man's creating and
multiplying,
spring wandered into the market
place
between doves and bakeries.

The father of the loaves was
forgotten,
he who cut and walked, beating
and opening paths, shifting sand,
when everything else existed, he
existed no longer,
he gave away his existence, that
was everything.
He went somewhere else to work and
ultimately
he went into death, rolling
like a river stone --
death carried him off downstream.

III

Yo, que lo conocí, lo vi bajando
hasta no ser sino lo que dejaba:

calles que apenas pudo conocer,
casas que nunca y nunca habitaria.

Y vuelvo a verlo, y cada día espero.

Lo veo en su ataúd y resurrecto.

Lo distingo entre todos
los que son sus iguales
y me parece que no puede ser,
que así no vamos a ninguna parte,
que suceder así no tiene gloria.

Yo creo que en el trono debe estar
este hombre, bien calzado y coronado.

Creo que los que hicieron tantas
cosas
deben ser dueños de todas las cosas.

Y los que hacen el pan deben comer!

Y deben tener luz los de la mina!

Basta ya de encadenados grises!

Basta de pálidos desaparecidos!

Ni un hombre más que pase sin que
reine.

Ni una sola mujer sin su diadema.

Para todas las manos guantes de oro.

Frutas del sol a todos los oscuros!

III

I, who knew him, saw him go down
till he existed only in what he
was leaving --
streets he could scarcely be
aware of,
houses he never never would
inhabit.

I come back to see him, and every
day I wait.

I see him in his coffin and
resurrected.

I pick him out from all
the others who are his equals
and it seems to me that it cannot
be,
that in this way, we are going
nowhere,
to survive so has no glory.

I believe that Heaven must include
that man, properly shod and
crowned.

I think that those who made so
many things
ought to be masters of everything.

And those who make bread ought
to eat!

And those in the mine should have
light!

Enough by now of grey men in
chains!

Enough of the pale lost ones!

Not another man will go past
except as a ruler.

Not a single woman without her
diadem.

Gloves of gold for every hand.

Fruits of the sun for all the
obscure ones!

Yo conocí aquel hombre y cuando pude,
cuando ya tuve ojos en la cara,
cuando ya tuve la voz en la boca
lo busqué entre las tumbas, y le dije
apretándole un brazo que aún no
era polvo:

'Todos se irán, tú quedarás viviente.

Tú encendiste la vida.

Tú hiciste lo que es tuyo.'

Por eso nadie se molestó cuando
parece que estoy solo y no estoy
solo,
no estoy con nadie y hablo para todos:

Alguien me está escuchando y no
lo saben,
pero aquellos que canto y, que lo saben
siguen naciendo y llenarán el mundo.

I knew that man, and when I could,
when he still had eyes in his
head,
when he still had a voice in his
throat,
I sought him among the tombs, and
I said to him,
pressing his arm that was still
not dust:

'Everything will pass, and you
will still be living.

You set fire to life.

You made what is yours.'

So let no one worry when
I seem to be alone and am not
alone,
I am not with nobody and I speak
for all --

Someone is listening to me and,
although they do not know it,
those I sing of, those who know
go on being born and will fill up
the world.

(A.R.)