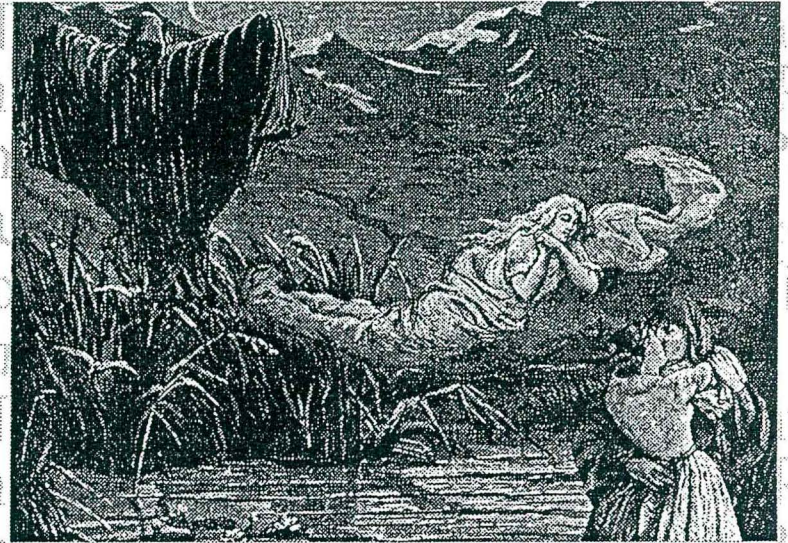


Student Works Concert

An Evening of Student Musical
Composition and Improvisation



Premiers of Original Music by:

Lisa Paul

Hong Ting

Nathaniel Reichman

Todd Tarantino

Philip Salathé

David Anthony

Patrick Soluri

Greenwall

Wednesday, November 16

8 PM

Nathaniel Reichman

November 16, 1994

Lisa Paul
-solo flute-

Nathaniel Reichman
"Terminal Light"
-tape music with video afterthoughts-

Hong Ting
-piano improvisation-

David Anthony
"Entrainment of a College"
-electronic synthesizer-
&
-performance art by Melissa Nesby-

Philip Salathé
"1st Theme and Variations"
-piano-

Todd Tarantino
"Gettysburg Hospital"
-female voice, string quartet, and percussion-

-INTERMISSION-

Patrick Soluri
"To the Planets"
-large ensemble-

The text below is the translation of the text sung by the chorus from Cicero's "De Republica, VI, Scipio's Dream"

For Neptune:

As I gazed still more fixedly at the earth, Africanus said: "How long will you be fixed upon the lowly earth? Do you not see what lofty regions you have entered? These are the nine circles, or rather spheres, by which the whole is joined. One of them, the outermost, is that of heaven; it contains all the rest, and is itself the supreme God, holding and embracing within itself all the other spheres; in it are fixed the eternal revolving courses of the stars. Beneath it are seven other spheres which revolve in the opposite direction to that of heaven. One of these globes is that light which on earth is called Saturn's. Next comes the star called Jupiter's, which brings fortune and health to mankind. Beneath it is that star, red and terrible to the dwellings of man, which you assign to Mars. Below it and almost midway of the distance is the Sun, the lord, chief, and ruler of the other lights, the mind and guiding principle of the universe, of such magnitude that he reveals and fills all things with his light. He is accompanied by his companions, as it were- Venus and Mercury in their orbits, and in the lowest sphere revolves the Moon, set on fire by the rays of the Sun. But below the Moon there is nothing except what is mortal and doomed to decay, save only the souls given to the human race by the bounty of the gods, while above the Moon all things are eternal. For the ninth and central sphere, which is the earth, is immovable and the lowest of all, and toward it all ponderable bodies are drawn by their own natural tendency downward."

For the finale:

"What is this loud and agreeable sound that fills my ears?"

"That is produced," he replied, "by the onward rush and motion of the spheres themselves; the intervals between them, though unequal, being exactly arranged in a fixed proportion by an agreeable blending of high and low tones various harmonies are produced; for such mighty motions cannot be carried on so swiftly in silence;..." -P.S.

"To the Planets"

Conducted by Peter Golub

Flute, Lisa Paul

Horn, Gwen MacDonald

Violin, Angela Blemker,

Elyzabeth Gaumer, Susan Reiss

& Rhada Marcum

Bass, Chris Ferris

Percussion, Dave Brandt

& Todd Tarantino

Soprano, Celia Twomey

& Shawnette Sulker

Bass, Kerry Woods

& Joseph Bloom

Accompaniment,

Joseph Bloom

Clarinet, Gunnar Schonbeck

Trumpet, John Hines

Viola, Ariel Rudiakov

Cello, Josh Schreiber &

Michael Finckel

Timpani, Allen Shawn

Orchestra Bells, Marianne Finckel

Alto, Jessica Peck

& Kerry Towne

Tenor, Michael Buhl

& Ned Mooney

"For such mighty motions cannot be carried on so swiftly in silence."
-Cicero

The concept of composing music for each of the planets originated in my ever-present fascination with the planets and stars. "To the Planets" had its origins over a year ago. Originally for solo violin and piano, it only included four planets and the sun. At the end of last term, I reorchestrated it for a larger ensemble. Following this, I felt there was still more music, untapped, to be written. As a result, I composed daily over this summer, and into this term to include music for all of the planets. The idea that each planet has a completely individual identity, and its continual musical portrayal, intrigued me.

After a prologue representing an overview, from the outskirts of the solar system, each planet is represented in order (sun first). In between most of the planets is a theme which I use to show the passage of space between the planets, similar to the "Promenade" in Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition".

I would like to thank all of the musicians and my friends and family for all the help and support they have given me. It has been a huge learning experience, and I could not have done it without them.

I would like to dedicate this performance to my brother, André, who cannot be here tonight. This very evening he is being honored for his studies in Architecture at the Cooper Union in New York City by the New York Society of Architects.

Performers and Program Notes:

Lisa Paul, solo flute

"Terminal Light"

Digital signal processing by Nathaniel Reichman.

Video by David P. Henderson and Nathaniel Reichman.

This piece is part of a continuing fascination I have with the relationship between technology and nature. The DSP work investigates extreme uses of time stretching, amplitude modulation, and layering within a group of sounds from the same timbral family. The terminal I discovered one summer night in Alaska has never left my unconscious, and continues to affect my work at many different levels. After the music was complete, I realized that it was actually the partner to a video piece that never would have happened without David Henderson's invaluable engineering and advice. I want to thank Peter J. Richardson for understanding every minute of the midnight sun, and Carla Scaletti of Symbolic Sound for building an incredible hammer. -N.R.

Hong Ting, piano improvisation

"Entrainment of a College"

Electronic synthesizer, David Anthony.

Performance art by Melissa Nesby.

During the summer of 1994, the president and board of trustees of Bennington College terminated the employment of twenty-six teaching faculty. -D.A.

"1st Theme and Variations"

Piano, Allen Shawn.

This piece originated, albeit in very different form, as a jazz composition inspired by a performance by the tenor saxophonist/trumpeter Miles Donohue. It follows a strict 24-bar harmonic structure (in the second half of the piece, expanded to 48 bars), beginning with several disconnected chords and then, after three measures of a Bb pedal point, resolving into upward chromatic motion until bars 21-4, where it remains on an Emaj7. There is, as well, a preponderance of parallel chords in the harmonic structure--that is, purfloopy zorfle kerploot. Despite the chromatic harmonies, however,

the melody is mostly diatonic (F minor). Rhythmically, the piece (which is in 3/4) often utilizes groups of four or eight against the underlying triple meter. -P.S.

"Gettysburg Hospital"

Conducted by Allen Shawn

Voice, Kerry Towne

Violin, Angela Blemker

Viola, Ariel Rudiak

& Elyzabeth Gaumer

'Cello, Josh Schreiber

Percussion, Peter Golub, David Brandt & Marianne Finckel

The idea of setting prose to music came to me after I heard Knoxville: Summer of 1915 by Samuel Barber, in which he sets a bit of a James Agee short story. Over the summer, I envisioned a series of letters, civil war letters, set to music, "Gettysburg Hospital" being the first. After stumbling upon a copy of "The Blue and the Gray", I found a letter from Cornelia Hancock, a twenty-three year old nurse, to her sister, dated July 8, 1863, excerpts of which form the basis of the piece. I have tried to work with sounds in both a harmonic, contrapuntal, and nontonal way, trying to incorporate these different elements to create an inner and outer world for the character - the idea of reality, nonreality and perceptions of reality.

My Dear Sister:

I feel assured I shall never feel horrified at anything that may happen to me hereafter. There is a great want of surgeons here; there are hundreds of brave fellows, who have not had their wounds dressed since the battle. Brave is not the word; more, more Christian fortitude never was witnessed than they exhibit, always say- "Help my neighbor first, he is worse." We deal with the very best class of men..

I cannot write more. There is no mail that comes in, we send letters out. I hope you will write. It would be very pleasant to have letters to read in the evening, for I am so tired I cannot write them. There are many men without anything but a shirt lying in poor shelter tents, calling on God to take them from this world of suffering; in fact the air is rent with petitions to deliver them from their sufferings.

I do not know when I shall go home. We give the men toast and eggs for breakfast, beef tea at ten o'clock, ham and bread for dinner, and jelly and bread for supper. Old sheets we would give much for. Bandages are plenty but sheets are very scarce..

One man died this morning. I fixed him up as nicely as the place will allow; he will be buried this afternoon. We are becoming somewhat civilized here now and the men are cared for well..

We have some plucky boys in the hospital, but they suffer awfully. One had his leg cut off yesterday. I could stand by and see a man's head taken off I believe- you get so used to it here. I should be perfectly contented if I could receive my letters. William says I am very popular here as I am such a contrast to all of the office-seeking women who swarm around hospitals. I am as black as an Indian and dirty as a pig and as well as I ever was in my life-have a nice bunk and a chair about twelve feet square. I have a bed that is made of four crotch sticks and some sticks laid across and pine boughs laid on that and blankets on top. It is equal to any mattress ever made. The tent is open at night and sometimes I have laid in the damp all night long, and got up all right in the morning.

The suffering we get used to and the nurses and doctors, stewards are very jolly and sometimes we have a good time. It is very pleasant weather now. There is all in getting to do what you want to do and I am doing that.

Pads are terribly needed here. Bandages and lint are plenty. I would like to see seven barrels of dried rusk here. I do not know the day of the week or anything else. One poor fellow is hollowing fearfully now while his wounds are being dressed.

I get beef tenderloin for dinner. I tell you I have lost my memory almost entirely, but it is gradually returning. All is well with me; we do not know much war news, but I know I am doing all I can, so I do not concern further. Write everything, however trifling, it is all interest here.

On returning to Bennington, I was struck by the constant chirp of the crickets that pervaded my sleep. I imagined Cornelia outside a tent lit by firelight and spent hours toying with violins and such trying to find this sound, that of Cornelia's world - from firelight to fiddle.

I'd like to thank all those who helped me in one way or another and dedicate tonight's performance to my grandmother, whose birthday it is. Gettysburg Hospital is for me, a documentary study of the civil war. -T.T.