

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

JOHN SCHENCK

Wednesday
May 28, 1986

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Silence

EVERYONE

Solo Clarinet

John Schenck, clarinet

Drums

Percussion

Jon Bepler
Andrea Kane

John Schenck
Geoffrey Quelle

Sarah's Birthday (6/83)

JOHN SCHENCK

John Schenck, clarinet
John Hendrick, piano

Denke Daran (5/84)

JOHN SCHENCK

Susannah Waters, soprano
Michael Severens, 'cello

A Tre Voci (5/86)

JOHN SCHENCK

John Schenck, clarinet
Magnus Petersen, tenor saxophone
Mark Nye, tenor trombone

Chronicles (12/85)

JOHN SCHENCK

Claudia Friedlander, clarinet
Alice Wu, violin
Naomi Given, viola

Michael Severens, 'cello
Daniel W. Gorn, bass

John Schenck, conductor

INTERMISSION

Silence

EVERYONE

Solo Clarinet (Heel Toe)

John Schenck, clarinet

The Good Woman of Szechuan Suite (3/86)

JOHN SCHENCK

Prologue

Song of Defenselessness

Song of the Water Seller in the Rain

Susannah Waters, Shen-Te/Shui-Ta

Charlie Zeleny, Wong

Jeanne Kompare, flute

Claudia Friedlander, clarinet

Naomi Given, viola

Michael Severens, 'cello

Daniel W. Gorn, bass

John Schenck, conductor

Solo and Quartet for Clarinets

JOHN SCHENCK

Solo (2/86)

John Schenck, clarinet

Quartet: further Episodes (5/86)

Marya Corrigan, clarinet

Jane O'Keeffe, clarinet

John Schenck, clarinet

Gunnar Schonbeck, bass clarinet

Caravan
(arr. 5/86)

JUAN TIZOL
(arr. John Schenck)

John Schenck, clarinet

Magnus Petersen, tenor saxophone

Mark Nye, tenor trombone

Jon Bepler, percussion

Andrea Kane, percussion

Geoffrey Quelle, percussion

Thanks to the college community. Special thanks to the musicians, the Music Division, my family, Charlie 'mac' Zeleny, Jeff 'buster' Reynolds, and especially my teachers, Lou Calabro, Bill Dixon, and Gunnar Schonbeck.

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.

Denke Daran

(Text excerpted from the poem by Gunter Eich entitled
Denke Daran Dass Der Mensch Des Menschen Feind Ist)

Denke daran, dass der Mensch des Menschen Feind ist
und dass er sinnt auf Vernichtung.
Denke daran immer, denke daran jetzt,
während eines Augenblicks in April,
unter diesem verhangenen Himmel,
während du das Wachstum als ein feines Knistern zu hören glaubst,

die Mägede Disteln stechen
unter dem Lerchenlied,
auch in diesem Augenblick denke daran!

Denke daran wenn eine Hand dich zärtlich berührt,
denke daran in der Umarmung deiner Frau,
denke daran beim Lachen deines Kindes!

Denke daran, dass nach den grossen Zerstörungen
jedemann beweisen wird, dass er unschuldig war.

Denke daran:

Nirgendwo auf der Landkarte liegt Korea und Bikini,
aber in diesem Herzen.

Denke daran, dass du schuld bist an allem Entsetzlichen,
das sich fern von dir abspielt--

Think About It

(Translation by J.S.)

Think about it, that man is man's own enemy
and that he contemplates annihilation.
Think about it always, think about it now,
during a moment in April,
under this overcast sky,
while you believe you hear growth as a fine crackling sound,

the young woman pricks her finger on a thistle
under the lark-song,
also in this moment think about it!

Think about it as a hand gently pacifies you,
think about it in the embrace of your wife,
think about it by the smile of your child!

Think about it, that after the great destruction
everyone will show proof that he was innocent.

Think about it:

Nowhere on the map lie Korea and Bikini,
but in this heart.

Think about it, that you are responsible for all the horrors
that are playing themselves out far from you--

Song of Defenselessness

Shen-Te: In my country a useful man needs luck.
Only if he finds strong backers can he prove himself useful.
The good can't defend themselves, even the gods are defenseless.

Why do not the gods have their own ammunition
to launch against badness their own expedition
to enthrone the good and prevent sedition
and bring to Earth peaceful condition.

Why do not the gods do the buying and selling,
injustice forbidding, starvation despelling?
Give bread to each city and joy to each dwelling.
Why don't the gods do the buying and selling.

Shui-Ta: You can only help your brother
by trampling down a dozen others.

Why is it the gods do not feel indignation
and come down in fury to end exploitation,
defeat all defeat and forbid desparation,
refuse to tolerate such toleration.

Why is it.

Song of the Water-Seller in the Rain

Wong: "Buy my water," I am yelling, and my fury I'm restraining,
for no water am I selling, 'cause it's raining, yes it's raining.

I keep yelling, "buy my water,"
but no one's buying,
athirst and dying,
drinking and paying.
Buy my water, buy my water, you dogs!

Nice to dream of lovely weather, think of all the consternation,
were there no precipitation half a dozen years together.

Can't you hear them shrieking, "water!"
pretending they adore me,
down on their knees before me.
Down on your knees, get down on your knees, you dogs!

What are all the lawns and hedges thinking? What are fields
and forests saying?

"At the clouds breast we are drinking, and we've no idea who's
paying."

I keep yelling, "buy my water!"
but no one's buying,
athirst and dying,
drinking and paying.
Buy my water, buy my water, you dogs!