

BENNINGTON COLLEGE COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA

Henry Brant, Conductor

Carriage Barn, Thursday, September 29, 1960

8:30 P. M.

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- I. PALESTRINA  
Stabat Mater  
(Woodwinds and Strings)
- II. WEINER  
Journey to the Center of  
the Earth (1960)  
(Voices, Percussion, Winds)
- III. BRANT  
The Fire Garden (1960)  
(Voices, Percussion, Winds)  
Solo voice - Kathryn Reynolds  
Solo flute - Mary Conheim
- IV. BEETHOVEN  
4th Piano Concerto  
(in 3 movements)  
Soloist - LIONEL NCWAK

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BENNINGTON COLLEGE COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA

VIOLIN

Orrea Pernel  
Eileen Carrier  
Shelley Carleton  
Jennifer Creel  
Susan Holland  
Alison Nowak  
Philomene Ramm  
Lynn Serdahely  
Marianne Stafne  
Elizabeth Walker  
Barbara Madagursky

VIOLA

Alexandra Broches  
Alison Creel  
Catherine Fairbank  
Jinx Nolan  
Kathy Emond  
Joan Tower

DOUBLE BASS

Diane Bulgarelli  
Gunnar Schonbeck

CELLO

Marie Rosanoff  
Elyse Aronson  
Kathleen Day  
Hannah Hewat  
Patsy Rogers  
Mary Stewart  
William Peck

HARP

Nina Pelikan

FLUTE

Mary Conheim  
Deborah Sprague

OBOE

Gunnar Schonbeck

CLARINET

Nancy Comstock  
Lucien Hanks  
Rosamond van der Linde

BASS OON

Robert Nowak  
Charles Thompson

PICCOLO

Gail Rodier

BASS CLARINET

Kimber Wheelock

TROMBONE

Jane Weiner  
Ben Weiner

PERCUSSION

Diane Bulgarelli  
Patsy Rogers  
Connie Tonken  
Elizabeth Weiss

TIMPANI

Joan Tower

PIANO

Paula Epstein

VOICE

Katrina Carter  
Pegeen Daly  
Nancy Dinsmore  
Robert Drubin  
Barbara Dula  
Julie Eiseman  
Elizabeth Hartmann  
Judith Joseph  
Carol Kellogg  
Damaris Low  
Susan Milburn  
Kathryn Reynolds  
Gail Rockwell

ORCHESTRA MANAGER

Joan Tower

## JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

The ball, half white and half azure, of the size of a ten-inch bomb, moves about slowly, but it is spinning with surprising speed under the lash of the hurricane! It whirls here and there, climbs along one of the ropes of the swinging sail, jumps up to the rolling deck, jumps down again, bounces, turns to the keg of powder! We are going to be blown up! It wheels aside toward me! Quaking under its dazzling light, I can't move.

--Jules Verne

## THE FIRE GARDEN

The static fire  
in the grass  
licks at our feet.

Unscathed we pass  
between the burning bush and light  
of tinder tree (which might ignite  
the dampest ember given time);  
we keep to marble ways and climb  
narrowly to winter.

Red-hot  
we never were, and kindle not.

### DAMP JOAN WON'T CATCH!

The wench is wet and merely smoulders,  
leans sodden ear  
against the keyhole sky  
and listens  
and listens:

No voices wound  
the wounded modern air.

(And listens....)

### SAINT INCOMBUSTIBLE!

Cold-souled  
she snuffles,  
gutters,  
accepts spectator's handkerchief  
and cardinal's umbrella.

MIRACULOUS DIVISION  
OF FISHES IN THE FIRE  
PLACATES THE ANGRY CROWD

remember when Number covered the earth? remember?

Of cinder is the rural maid shapen  
who once was incandescent  
warm as wheat.

She skims the frozen  
M i r r o r r i M  
of firebrick canals;

her silver skates ring crystalline.  
Upon her back she bears  
the smoking tree.

(Fire, light the girl!)

## The Fire Garden

Immaculate upon the spit  
the larded gentleman in spats  
tips his bowler inter-  
rupting  
revolution with a bow.

A demi-allumette observes  
with bright antarctic eyes.

Uncored myself I  
grip a roasted apple in my mouth  
and can't say much but Stay,  
there's soot for supper.  
A bawling Eve pursues me.

So mountebanks and seers cast  
their limbs in living coals and passed  
forth from the fire unconsumed  
(and whole the populace assumed)  
and only ages after this  
fell in upon their hollowness  
in a cold season such as we  
see rise behind the sparking tree.

O JOAN SWEET JOAN WHEN COOK'S GONE HOME I KNOW A NAUGHTY GAME:  
We'll place two ice cubes in proximity and watch them shiver-shatter love.

(Rain, wash me!)

Bones, you did never move  
in time to August.

(Snow, cover me!)

Bones, you could learn.

(Wrinkle, world,  
until equator  
touches poles.)

The other side of frost and fever  
riots of roses  
carouse on the snow  
and do not defend themselves,  
each mary's quite contrary cold  
and likewise brightly blessed.

(Forgive, consume  
me, sun.)

And be consumed in turn.  
This faggot hand  
of ice shall scorch  
the seas and teach  
Joan how to burn.

(Speak to us, wind!)

Patricia Brant

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