

BENNINGTON COLLEGE
presents

A PROGRAM OF CHAMBER MUSIC

Wednesday, November 25, 1964 8:15 p.m. Carriage Barn

I. Sonata for Woodwinds and Piano (1918) DARIUS MILHAUD

Tranquille Joyeux Emporte^e Dououreux

Henry Brant, Flute
Gunnar Schonbeck, Oboe
Harold Rohinsky, Clarinet
Vivian Fine, Piano

II. Gaspard de la Nuit (1909) MAURICE RAVEL

Ondine Le Gibet Scarbo

Julian DeGray, Piano

I N T E R M I S S I O N

III. Dreamscape (1964, First Time) VIVIAN FINE

Flutes: Simone Juda, Deborah Pollack, Sharon Powers
Cello: George Finckel
Piano: Reinhoud van der Linde
Chinese Temple Blocks: Deborah Chaffee and George Gilman
Claves and Maracas: Nan Newton
Woodblock: Pril Smiley
Snare Drum and Gong: Louis Calabro
Water Whistles: Elaine Buxbaum and Carolyn Heimbürger
Bells: Lisa Tate
Triangle: Barbara Glasser
Lawn Mower: Wendy Erdman
Conducted by Henry Brant

IV. Barricades (1962) HENRY BRANT

Soprano Saxophone Solo: Gunnar Schonbeck
Voice: Frank Baker
Violin: Orrea Pernel
Viola: Betsy Walker
Cello: George Finckel
Bass: Marianne Finckel
Piano: Vivian Fine
Xylophone: Pril Smiley
Piccolo: Simone Juda
Clarinet: Harold Rohinsky
Bassoon: Charles Thompson
Trombone: Jack Miller
Conducted by Henry Brant

NEXT CONCERT: Monday, November 30 at 8:15 p.m.
 LOUIS MOYSE, Flute ELEANOR LIPKIN ROCCHI, Piano

GASPARD DE LA NUIT

Translated from the French of

ALOYSIUS BERTRAND

UNDINE

"Hark! 'Tis I, Undine, brushing with water-drops the diamond panes of your window, illumed by the moon's pale rays. Each wave is a nymph that glides in the current, each current a path that leads to my palace, and my palace is built fluid at the bottom of the lake, in the triangle of fire and earth and air. Hark! My father beats the water with a branch of green alder, and my sisters caress with arms of foam the fresh isles of iris and water-lilies, or laugh at the old drooping willow tree, fishing on his line." Her song murmured, she entreated me to receive her ring upon my finger, and become king of the lakes. And as I answered that I loved a sulking and stolid mortal maid, she wept a tear, and broke into a laugh, that, melting into rivulets, ran white down my blue window panes.

THE GALLOWS

What is it I hear? the murmur of the night wind, or the last sigh of one hanged on the gallows? Perhaps a cricket chirping in the moss and sterile ivy, which in pity clothes the naked wood? Perhaps a fly droning its chase about those soundless ears? or is it a beetle that in its crazy flight has plucked a blood-bespattered hair from the bald and naked head? or a spider weaving a web of gossamer about that strangled neck?

Only a bell that tolls from the walls of a town on the edge of the sky-line, and the corpse of a hanged man, red in the setting sun.

SCARBO

How often I have seen him, when at midnight the moon shines like a silver coin on a blue banner sprinkled with golden bees! How often I have heard his laugh buzz in the shadow of my alcove, and his fingernail scratch the silken curtains of my bed! I have seen him tumble down from the ceiling, spin on one foot, and roll away across the floor, like the spool fallen from a witch's distaff. For a moment I thought him vanished. But soon he grew up between the moon and me like a Gothic cathedral, a golden bell atinkle at the point of his peaked cap. Suddenly his body went blue, diaphanous as candle-wax; his face paled like the wax of a taper—and he was gone.