

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

JANICE MILAN

Friday  
May 17, 1985

8:15 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Paiute: Ghost Dance Song

JANICE MILAN/NADI QAMAR

Janice Milan, voice  
Nadi Qamar, taeroviha

Medley:

Day Dream

and

Darn That Dream

DUKE ELLINGTON  
BILLY STRAYHORN

VAN HEUSEN/LANGE

Milano

JOHN LEWIS

Lazybird

JOHN COLTRANE  
Lyrics by JANICE MILAN

Ain't Misbehavin'

THOMAS WALLER  
HARRY BROOKS

Sophisticated Lady

DUKE ELLINGTON  
IRVING MILLS  
MITCHELL PARISH

Like Someone In Love

VAN HEUSEN/BURKE

Janice Milan, voice  
Nadi Qamar, piano

Wintu: The North Star

JANICE MILAN/NADI QAMAR

Janice Milan, voice  
Nadi Qamar, sakare

SHORT INTERMISSION

A Winter Shrub

JANICE MILAN  
Poem by WILLIAM BRONK

The Changes

JANICE MILAN  
Poem by WILLIAM BRONK

Janice Milan, voice  
Vivian Fine, piano

Three Chants:

JANICE MILAN

A Modoc Singer  
Bullfrog Chant  
Spring

Voices:  
Jon Bepler  
Audrey Braam  
Michael Downs  
Andrea Kane  
Janice Milan  
William Vitalis

Conga:  
Jon Bepler

The Taeroviha, prototype of Madagascar Talviha is a Nadi Qamar creation.

Program coordination: Vivian Fine, Nadi Qamar and Janice Milan.

Special thanks to all my family, Vivian, Nadi, Frank Baker, Gunnar Schonbeck, Katie for boing..., Tim, The pond, all things that make sounds, and to all of you who have been supportive in making this a creative event!

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

PAIUTE: Ghost Dance Song

The whirlwind! The whirlwind!

The new earth comes into being

swiftly as snow.

The new earth comes into being

quietly as snow.

\*Adapted from Jerimiah Curtin,  
Creation Myths of Primitive America, Boston, 1898.

WINTU: The North Star

The stars streaming in the sky are my hair

The round rim of the earth which you see

Binds my starry hair

\*Adapted from James Mooney, "The Ghost  
Dance Religion..." in Fourteenth Annual BAE Re-  
port, Washington, D.C. 1896.

A MODOC SINGER

I

the song

I walk here

\*From a translation in A.L. Kroeber,  
Handbook of California Indians.

POEMS BY WILLIAM BRONK

A Winter Shrub

Only bones are as bare as sumach  
with its leaves gone. Every leaf was a branch.

Remember sumach in summer with its leaves  
fern-soft, and its high fruit

Blood-warm in color. Sumach in autumn  
was a sustained intensity, purple-red.

Winter defines the frame of color.  
Here are the antlered bones.

The Changes

How soon across these hills air  
hazes green to blue, then hardens it  
to purple. Ah, the changes! Cloud shadows run  
the lifted contours of the ground and the earth is moved  
like water, form and color changing with the light.

And there is weather here, and seasons, so that hour  
by hour, month to month, it seems it could be  
almost only by our own not  
moving that this air-moved, light-moved, restless place  
could be called, as we do call it, the same place.

Oh call it so, but rather because a change  
which stills all other change is in ourselves,  
where an inner weather rages and becalms, grows light  
and dark, with as complete effect as though  
it were everything the weather, the shifts of light.