

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

ARIS ECONOMIDES

Wednesday
May 14, 1986

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Concerto

DOMENICO DRAGONETTI

Allegro Moderato

Aris Economides, double bass
Elizabeth Wright, piano

Counterpoint #13 Canon with Augmentation
In Contrary Motion
(as transcribed by Aris Economides)

J.S. BACH

Michael Severens, cello
Aris Economides, double bass

Sonata #2

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

Allegro
Andante
Allegro

Alice Wu, violin
John Ingles, violin
Jennifer Weiss, cello
Aris Economides, double bass

INTERMISSION

Two Pieces for Mezzo-soprano and Cello,
on texts by Franz Kafka

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1. Diogenes
2. Never

Lorraine Carlson, voice
Maxine Neuman, cello

Quartet for Piccolo, B-flat Clarinet,
Cello, and Piano

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Sue Ann Kahn, piccolo
Claudia Friedlander, clarinet
Maxine Neuman, cello
Elizabeth Wright, piano
Vivian Fine, piano
Jeffrey Levine, conductor

Special thanks to Alexandros Mitsakis-Bebo and Emma Fried for their assistance in making the poster, and Jack Magai for helping with the production.

There will be a reception in Welling Hill House after the concert.

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

TEXTS BY FRANZ KAFKA

1. Diogenes:

In my case one can imagine three circles, an innermost one, A, then B, then C. The core A explains to B why this man must torment and mistrust himself, why he must renounce, why he must not live. (Was not Diogenes, for instance, gravely ill in this sense? Which of us would not have been happy under Alexander's radiant gaze? But Diogenes begged him to move out of the way of the sun. That tub was full of ghosts.) To C, the active man, no explanations are given, he is merely terribly ordered about by B; C acts under the most severe pressure, but more in fear than in understanding, he trusts, he believes, that A explains everything to B and that B has understood everything rightly.

2. Never (excerpt from "The Great Wall of China")

The Emperor, so it runs, has sent a message to you, the humble object, the insignificant shadow cowering in the remotest distance before the imperial sun; the Emperor from his deathbed has sent a message to you alone... The messenger immediately sets out on his journey; a powerful, an indefatigable man; now pushing with his right arm, now with his left, he cleaves a way for himself through the throng; if he encounters resistance he points to his breast, where the symbol of the sun glitters... But the multitudes are so vast; their numbers have no end. If he could reach the open fields how fast he would fly, and soon doubtless you would hear the welcome hammering of his fists on your door. But instead how vainly does he wear out his strength; still he is only making his way through the chambers of the innermost palace; never will he get to the end of them; and if he succeeded in that nothing would be gained; he must fight his way next down the stair; and if he succeeded in that nothing would be gained; the courts would still have to be crossed; and after the courts the second outer palace; and once more stairs and courts; and once more another palace; and so on for thousands of years; and if at last he should burst through the outermost gate-but never, never can that happen-the imperial capital would lie before him, the center of the world, crammed to bursting with its own refuse. Nobody could find his way through here, even with a message from a dead man. -- But you sit at your window when evening falls and dream it to yourself.