Special thanks to:

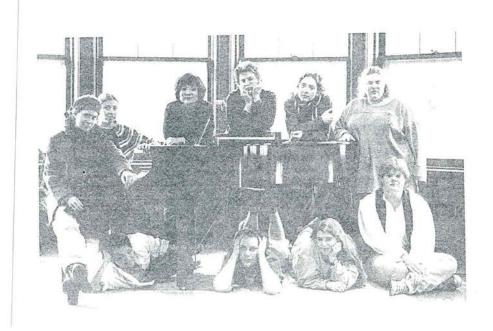
Ed Lawrence Allen Shawn Willie Finckel Susie Reiss

Keri Towne

Bennington College Tresents

An Evening of...

song, dance and poetry



Thursday May 30, 1996 8:30 pm Deane Carriage Barn

This concert is made possible in part through the generous support of Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation.

Program

1. And Not Cry Out ('95) Diane Wong David Gibson, cello

2. Squirrel and Surrounding Terrain ('96)

Erica Beloungie

Melissa Hughes, flute

3. India Mist (From Feb.5 On) ('96) Cybele Cybele, piano

4. Recuerdo ('20') Edna St. Vincent Millay What Lips My Lips Have Kissed ('23') recited by Elizabeth Williamson Leah Muir, piano

5. Sie transit Vana et brevis ('96) Rebekah Lym Bennington Chorus

Diana Ditmore

Sharla Roberts

Ann McMullen

Emily Wells

Rebekah Tym

Rebecca Zafonte

Keri Towne

David Gibson, cello

*interval

6. Bi-Goh (Elegy) ('95) Yung Wha Son David Gibson, cello

7. A Chantar La Comtesse de Dia (b. 1140)
Lisa Laul, alto recorder
Rebekah Lym, soprano recorder

8. When Soul is Joined to Soul (Op.62) Amy Beach poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning Rebecca Zafonte, soprano
Rebekah Tym, piano

9. Four Variations (May 30, 1996)

Nina Sterghiou - First Room Marianne Finckel - Second Room Diane Wong - Third Room Michelle Dorvillier - Fourth Room

Program Notes

- 1. (...And Not Cry Out...) Written in solitude after Karen. This wouldn't/couldn't have happened without Yung Wha-- huge thanks, in hopes of closure, someday. --D.Wong
- 3. (India Mist) A constant struggle to accept mystery without question. On February 5, '96, in Delhi, a man whom I had seen only in the dreams I had during my first night in India (a week earlier) walked into the inner sanctum of the temple I was at. After eight hours of deliberation, I introduced myself. Yes, Kishi, "...perhaps that plane is more interesting, anyway..." Dedicated to the dreams that India mist has enlivened within me... for better or worse! --Cybele
- 5. (Sic transit vana et brevis)
 Sic transit vana et brevis
 gloria mundi et quae
 oniginem suam traxit
 ex alto non fluxa
 sed aeterna et quae
 sanctorum est gloria divina
 semper crescit eundo.

So passes the hollow, short-lived glory of this world; yet that glory which has its source on high, not passing but eternal, that divine glory which is the saints', increases ever in its course.

- --I was just thinking about heaven---Thanks to Ed, David, Allen, and the Chorus
 --R.Pym
- 6. Elegy is written for my friend Jeri Kotani who died on Thanksgiving day, 1993. She died of breast cancer, I'm told. But why do I still wonder: what really happened? --Y.W.Son
- 7. (A Chantar) Very few poems survive that we know were written by female troubadours, and this is the only one for which we also have her melody.

Besides her location in Dia, all of the biographical information of the Comtessa is sparse and disputed. --L.Paul

Provençal lyrics:

A chantar m'es al cor que non deurie tant mi rancun lui a qui sui amia et si l'am mais que nule ren qui sie; non mi val ren ni beltat ni contesie ne ma bontaz ne monpres ne monsen; altresi sui enganade et tragide qu'eusse fait vers cele desavenence.

in English:

I must sing of things I'd rather not, so bitter do I feel toward him whom I love more than anything. With him my mercy and fine manners, my beauty, virtue, and intelligence are worthless, for I've been tricked and betrayed as if I were loathsome.

8. (When Soul is Joined to Soul)

Oh, wilt thou have my hand, Dear. to lie along in thine in thine? As a little stone in a running stream, it seems to lie and pine. Now drop the poor pale hand, Dear, unfit to plight with thine. Oh wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, drawn closer to thine own? My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by many a tear run down. Now leave a little space, Dear, lest it should wet thine own. Oh, must thou have my soul, Dear, commingled with thy soul? Red grows the cheek and warm the hand, the part is in the whole! Ah! Nor cheeks nor hands keep separate, When soul is joined to soul, is joined to soul.