

Special thanks to:

*Ed Lawrence
Allen Shawn
Willie Finchel
Susie Reiss
Keri Towne*

Bennington College Presents

An Evening of...

song, dance and poetry



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

Thursday May 30, 1996

8:30 pm

Deane Carriage Barn

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 Pym
Bennington Chorus
Diana Diltmore Sharla Roberts
Ann McMullen Emily Wells
Rebekah Pym 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 Paul, alto recorder
Rebekah Pym, soprano recorder
8. *When Soul is Joined to Soul* (Op.62) Amy Beach
poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Rebecca Zafonte, soprano
Rebekah Pym, piano
9. *Four Variations* (May 30, 1996)
Nina Sterghiou - First Room
Marianne Finckel - Second Room
Diane Wong - Third Room
Michelle Dorwillier - 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
originem 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 mosen;
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.