

Bennington College Music Division

presents

A Senior Concert

by

Michael Starobin

Wednesday
April 19, 1978

8:00 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Prelude and Fugue in C sharp minor
(The Well-Tempered Clavier)

J.S. Bach

Six Pieces, Op. 19

Arnold Schoenberg

Sonata, Post. in A
(first movement)

Franz Schubert

Michael Starobin, piano

INTERMISSION

Symphony (1978)*

Michael Starobin

- I. Allegro
- II. Slow and Distant
- III. Broadly: "Bright Star..."
(text by John Keats)

Richard Frisch, baritone

-Lilo Kantorowicz-Glick, concertmistress-

an orchestra of many friends

solos: Jacob Glick, viola; Kirsten Vogelsang, cello;

Leslie Weber, flute; Phil Granger, off-stage trumpet; Lionel Nowak, piano

From the Piano

A Brief Encore

* The composition of Symphony (1978) was made possible by a generous grant from the Woolley Committee.

Mr. Starobin's wardrobe supplied by Sears Roebuck.

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

Violin I

Lilo Kantorowicz-Glick, concertmistress
Andrew Ratshin
Sue Reiss
Becky Starobin

Violin II

Doug Biow+
Liz Rosen
Judy Shizuru
Holly Weghorn
David Jaffe

Viola

Jacob Glick+*
Molly Hill
Kathy Askew

Cello

Kirsten Vogelsang+
Daniel Rowe
Ann Schwarz

Bass

Marianne Finckel+*
Ed Buller

Flute

Leslie Weber+
Peter Beck

Oboe

Brian Charles

Clarinet

John Bertles

Bassoon

Maurice Pachman*
Charles Thompson

Trumpet

Phillip Granger+
David Goldberg

Horn

Glenn Serre
Rick Hogarth

Trombone

Peter Goldberg

Tuba

Ed Lawrence

Piano

Lionel Nowak*

Electric Harpsichord

Cathy Marker

Percussion

Richard Sacks*
Barry Horowitz
Daniel Cameron
Deborah Barney

+ section leader
* music faculty

NOTES (no pun intended)

'Symphony' needs no explanation, but the opportunity to write program notes comes so rarely, that I couldn't resist.

The text of the final movement is a sonnet by John Keats, often called the "Last Sonnet".

Bright star, would I were as steadfast as thou art-
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors-
No - yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath
And so live ever - or else swoon to death.

John Keats

(The following philosophical comments and speculations were revised out of existence by a friend:)

....none of which has to do with the music to be played.
Writing about music, while having its own merits, has nothing to do with the music itself. My piece is not a comment on history, politics, or anything else discussed above. Though the fact of its existence may be a comment on something external, the sound comments on nothing but itself.

M.S.

Thanks ...

...to all the performers who made it possible for me to hear my music. I hope they enjoyed themselves. My symphony is half dedicated to them.

...to my parents who have always supported me in what I wanted to do, but insisted on truthfulness and awareness. They recieve, with my love, the other half of the dedication to 'Starobin's First' (as my father is wont to call it.)

...to my beautiful sister; for being herself. My piano performance is dedicated to her with much love.

...to my brother for his ever-present support and critical advice. And for never making me feel like a kid brother (not since I broke the lock on every door in the house. Thanks-G.G.)

...to Becky and Cathy, for coming from N.Y. and helping

...to Phil, Peter, Brian, and David for emerging from the wastelands of Long Island where good musicians can still be found, despite nervous conductors with huge noses.

...to Ed Amrhein for always being there. My best wishes for you and Maggie.

...to Sharon for the reception and food

...to Reinhard for the past and future(?) patience. Ich muss jetzt zu Klasse gehen.

...to Rosie for the flyer, the fleas, and much 'stormy weather'.

...to Liz, for the pictures, Kodaly, and the faithful editing.

...to Josh, for somehow doing the poster.

...to the Dance Division, for allowing me to use Greenwall.

...to Eileen and Adam for withstanding me this winter while I composed, drank their beer, and bemoaned my general fate. I am really in debt to them.

...to Meyer Kupferman for helpful advice.

...to the musicians from Sage City for working overtime.

..Gatesie and Sue for always helping

...to the first concertmistress ever obtained with a poor rendition of 'Deep Purple'.

...to all the music students playing tonight: I owe quite a few sonata accompaniment.

(more) Thanks

...to the faculty of the Music Division, who've always helped me out.

...to Henry and Lou each, for a year of study that I hope reflects in my piece.

...to Lionel, for reawakening my interest in the piano. I thank him for the fact that I won't be pleased with my playing tonight, but will have learned much from it.

...to Vivian especially, who withstood my barging into her room, throwing her various pianos out of tune, and my general anxiety. A teacher, whose aesthetic I truly admire, and often, even agree with. Hopefully, my piece is good enough to make Boggins look up, for a moment at least.

...finally, to all those not-so-little people I've forgotten to thank:thanks.