



The Bennington College July Program presents

A FACULTY MUSIC CONCERT

Charles Ives

Walking (1902)
Slugging A Vampire (1902)
Serenity (1919)
The Cage (1906)
Charlie Rutlage (1921)

Michael Downs, voice
Amy Williams, piano

Jonathan Golove

Some Road Signs in Southern France (1989)
1. N100 (La Route Nationale)
2. Les Préalpes du Sud
3. Pique-Nique
4. Le Péage du Roussillon
5. Jeux d'enfants

Mary Artmann and Jonathan Golove, cellos

John Cage

Mysterious Adventure (1948)
Amy Williams, prepared piano

Helmut Lachenmann

Pression (1969)
Jonathan Golove, cello

Frederic Rzewski

Piano Piece No. IV (1977)
Amy Williams, piano

INTERMISSION

Time Remembered
I've Got the World on a String
A Night in Tunisia

Bill Evans
Harold Arlen
Dizzy Gillespie

Tom Farrell, piano
Philip Salathé Jr., bass
Jay Metz, percussion

Group Improvisation

Michael Downs, voice
Jonathan Golove, cello
Amy Williams, piano
Peggy Florin, dancer
Felice Wolfzahn, dancer

Paul Opel, bass clarinet
Chris Faris, bass
Tom Farrell, piano
Mwoli Oliver, percussion
David Serlin, saxophone/reader

July 19, 1997, 8:15pm

Deane Carriage Barn



Walking

A big October morning,
the village church-bells,
the road along the ridge,
the chestnut burr and sumach,
the hills above the bridge with autumn colors glow.

Now we strike a steady gait,
walking towards the future,
letting past and present wait,
we push on in the sun,
Now hark! Something bids us pause.

(down the valley, a church, a funeral going on.)
(up the valley, a road-house, a dance going on.)

But we keep walking,
'tis yet not noonday,
the road still calls us onward,
today we do not choose to die or to dance,
but to live and walk.

Slugging A Vampire

I closed and drew, but not a gun,
the refuge of the weak,
I swung on the left and I swung on the right
then I landed on his beak;
He started to pull the same old stuff,
But I closed in hard and called his bluff,
yet his face is still a stickin' in the yellow sheet
And on the billboard a-down the street.

Serenity

O, Sabbath rest of Galilee!
O, calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee,
the silence of eternity
interpreted by love.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess,
the beauty of thy peace.

John Greenleaf Whittier

The Cage

A leopard went around his cage from one
side back to the other side; he stopped only when
the keeper came around with meat;

A boy who had been there three hours began
to wonder, "Is life anything like that?"

Charlie Rutlage

Another good cowpuncher has gone to meet his fate,
I hope he'll find a resting place within the golden gate.
Another place is vacant on the ranch of the XIT,
'Twill be hard to find another that's liked as well as he.
The first that died was Kid White, a man both tough and
brave,

While Charlie Rutlage makes the third to be sent to his
grave,

Caused by a cow-horse falling, while running after stock;
'Twas on the spring round up, a place where death men
mock,

He went forward one morning on a circle through the hills,
He was gay and full of glee, and free from earthly ills;
But when it came to finish up the work on which he went,
Nothing came back from him; his time on earth was
spent.

'Twas as he rode the round up, an XIT turned back to the
herd;

Poor Charlie shoved him in again, his cutting horse he
spurred;

Another turned; at that moment his horse the creature
spied and turned and fell with him,
beneath poor Charlie died.

His relations in Texas his face never more will see,
But I hope he'll meet his loved ones beyond in eternity,
I hope he'll meet his parents, will meet them face to face,
And that they'll grasp him by the right hand at the shining
throne of grace.

(from Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads,
collected by John A. Lomax)

Unless otherwise noted, all texts are by Charles Ives