

“Time Suspension” and *The Fulbright Triptych*

George Crumb

Simon Dinnerstein’s art evokes, for me, something reminiscent of Marcel Proust in which memories of the past, the actual present, and dreams of the future are curiously interchangeable. I love his sense of “time suspension,” suggesting that all earlier times may coexist with the present time. I guess I’m trying to do something similar in my composition!

Dinnerstein’s work is very spiritual and haunting. At the same time it reflects the beauty of our physical existence. I do get a strong sense of the fragility of life in his work, very much like François Villon’s “Where are the snows of yesteryear?”

Ballade (of the Ladies of Ancient Times)

Tell me where, or in what land,
is Flora the fair Roman girl,
Archipiada, or Thaïs,
who was her match in beauty’s hall,
Echo who answered when one called
over rivers or still pools,
whose loveliness was more than human?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Where is Héloïse, so wise, for whom
Pierre Abelard was first unmanned
then cloistered up at Saint Denis?
For her love he bore these trials.
And where now can one find that queen
by whose command was Buridan
thrown in a sack into the Seine?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?