BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents
A GRADUATE CONCERT

by
ALICE SPATZ

Sunday
May 26, 1985

2:00 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

String Trio

Lento
Con Tenerezza
Allegro
Deciso

Jeffrey Levine, double bass
Jacob Glick, violin
Michael Finckel, 'cello

Caitlin Talks To Daddy

Susannah Waters, soprano
Murray Barsky, clarinet

*Cloak of Peace

Audrey Braam, voice
Jane Harvey, voice
Flannery Hauck, voice
Su Lian Tan, voice
Deidre Thompson, voice
Susannah Waters, voice
Randall Neale, piano

Dance (for four double basses)

Aris Economides
Daniel Gorn
Jeffrey Levine
Alice Spatz
** El Pueblo (The People)  
dedicated to the memory of my father

ALICE SPATZ  
Poem by PABLO NERUDA

Michael Downs, voice
Susannah Waters, voice
Andrea Kane, recorder
Claudia Friedlander, recorder
John Hendrick, recorder
Brian Cason, percussion
Michael Finckel, 'cello
William Vitalis, guitar

* Cloak of Peace is part of a comic opera being written by Alice Spatz and librettist Genie Zust, based on the play Lysistrata by Aristophanes.

** This piece is the first movement of a four part cantata.

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Fine Arts Degree.
CAITLIN TALKS TO DADDY

by Dennis Pollock

Food is all around.
I found a tuna fish in my eye.
Can I have an extra piece of orange?
It's juicy up here.
The milk tastes the same.
Good soup
But the carrots won't drink.
Food is all around.
My favorite things is the spoons
On my tongue.
I brushed my teeth already
with my spoon.

Grandmother said, Grandmother said,
Grandmother said not to chew
On friends.
Peaches are an extra prize.
When I get bigger, I can have
Two prunes
And drive a car.
Later is a lucky man.
Later is a lucky man with his cake
With his cake and cookies
And his alligator.

CLOAK OF PEACE

by Genie Zust

Just like a ball of yarn confused and snarled,
Releases slowly its tangle to firm and gentle hands,
So would these wars be resolved
Between our lands.
First wash out of each land
The powers and parties who profit from war.
Then card and comb out the office seekers,
The hate sellers, the arms makers.
And so wind and spin
Our human needs for home, love, music
Into a strong thread of fellowship.
Then weave and wrap all the people of the world
In this cloak of peace.
EL PUEBLO
by PABLO NERUDA

De aquel hombre me acordé y no han pasado
sino dos siglos desde que lo vi,
no anduvo ni a caballo ni en carroza:
a puro pie
deshizo
las distancias
y no llevaba espada ni armadura,
sino redes al hombro,
hacha o martillo o pala,
nunca apaleó a ninguno de su especie:
su hazaña fue contra el agua o la tierra,
con el trigo para que hubiera pan,
con el árbol gigante para que diera lena,
con los muros para abrir las puertas,
con la arena construyendo muros
y contra el mar para hacerlo parir.

Lo conocí y aún no se me borra.

Cayeron en pedazos las carrozas,
la guerra destruyó puertas y muros,
la ciudad fue un puñado de cenizas,
se hicieron polvo todos los vestidos,
y él para mí subsiste,
sobrevive en la arena,
cuando antes parecía
todo imborrable menos él.

En el ir y venir de las familias
a veces fue mi padre o mi pariente
o apenas si era él o si no era
tal vez aquel que no volvió a su casa
porque el agua o la tierra lo tragara
o lo mató una máquina o un árbol
o fue aquel enlutado carpintero
que iba detrás del ataúd, sin lágrimas,
algien en fin que no tenía nombre,

THE PEOPLE

That man I remember well, and at least two centuries
have passed since I saw him;
he travelled neither on horseback nor
in a carriage --
purely on foot
he undid
the distances,
carrying neither sword nor weapon
but nets on his shoulder,
axe or hammer or spade;
he never fought with another of his kind --
his struggle was with water or with
earth,
with the wheat, for it to become bread,
with the towering tree, for it to yield wood,
with the walls, to open doors in them,
with the sand, constructing walls,
and with the sea, to make it bear fruit.

I knew him and still he’s there in me.

The carriages splintered in pieces,
war destroyed doorways and walls,
the city was a fistful of ashes,
all the dresses withered into dust,
and he persists, for my sake,
he survives in the sand,
where everything previously
seemed durable except him.

In the comings and goings of families,
at times he was my father or my relative
or (it may have been, it may not)
perhaps the one who did not come home
because water or earth devoured him
or a machine or a tree killed him,
or he was that funeral carpenter
who walked behind the coffin, but
dry-eyed,
someone who never had a name
que se llamaba metal o madera,
y a quien miraron otros desde arriba
sin ver la hormiga
sino el hormiguero
y que cuando sus pies no se movían,
porque el pobre cansado había muerto,
no vieron nunca que no lo veían:
había ya otros pies en donde estuvo.

Los otros pies eran el mismo,
también las otras manos,
el hombre sucedía:
cuando ya parecía transcurrido
era el mismo de nuevo
allí estaba otra vez cavando tierra,
cortando tela, pero sin camisa,
allí estaba y no estaba, como entonces,
se había ido y estaba de nuevo,
y como nunca tuvo cementerio,
ni tumba, ni su nombre fue grabado
sobre la piedra que cortó sudando,
nunca sabía nadie que llegaba
y nadie supo cuando se moría,
así es que sólo cuando el pobre pudo
resucitó otra vez sin ser notado.

except as wood or metal have,
and on whom others looked from
above,
unable to see
the ant for the ant-hill;
so that when his feet no longer
moved
because, poor and tired, he had
died,
they never saw what they were not
used to seeing --
already other feet walked in his
place.

The other feet were still him,
equally the other hands,
the man persisted --
when it seemed that now he was
spent,
he was the same man over again;
there he was once more, tilling
the soil,
cutting cloth, but without a shirt,
there he was and was not, as before,
he had gone and was back again,
and since he never had cemetery
nor tomb, nor his name engraved
on the stone that he sweated to
cut,
nobody ever knew of his arrival
and nobody knew when he died,
thus only when the poor man was able
did he come back to life again,
unnoticed.