

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

WENDY GREENWALD

Wednesday
May 29, 1985

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Sonata in g minor, BWV 1020

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

Allegro
Adagio
Allegro

Wendy Greenwald, flute
Marianne Finckel, harpsichord
Michael Finckel, cello

Three Songs Set to the Poems of Linda Greenwald

WENDY GREENWALD

Fort Dix, NJ 1954
September: Dawn, Nauset Beach
Long Lake Photographs

Deidre Thompson, soprano
Wendy Greenwald, piano

Rondo Op. 51, No. 1

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Wendy Greenwald, piano

Density 21,5

EDGAR VARESE

Wendy Greenwald, flute

INTERMISSION

Nocturne

WENDY GREENWALD

Murray Barsky, clarinet
Jennifer Weiss, cello
Wendy Greenwald, piano

Sonata Op. 94

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF

Wendy Greenwald, flute
Reinoud van der Linde, piano

I would like to thank Gordon Bunting, Marianne Finckel, Vivian Fine, Kimi Hasegawa, Reinoud van der Linde, and my mother, Linda Greenwald, for helping me prepare this concert.

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

POEMS by LINDA GREENWALD

FORT DIX, NJ 1954

You remember a clock
you never saw
tuned and turned
Black forest works
a metronome
for mixing cake.
On quarter hours
a cuckoo called,
at 11 p.m.
there was the winding.

Sometimes you'd forget
the wafer walls
lose your children
in paper rooms,
think their names but
neighbors coughed and
stopped your voice;
you'd picture veterans
from years in Germany
on your borrowed sofa
watch you get a broom
sweep and sweep
acres of linoleum
so they'd feel at home.

SEPTEMBER: DAWN, NAUSET BEACH

Your bare feet
leave a new trail
only the sea will take.

LONG LAKE PHOTOGRAPHS

There were loons on the lake
Blue Mountains to pass and
native Americans who went by
boat from one shore to the other.
Clean clear water, black flies,
cool nights, July 4th week
twelve thousand days ago.
Hands to hold, waters to swim,
clothes as new as wedding vows.
Walks to take, canoes to float.
His hair sunbleached, nose burned pink.
Promises, whispers. Fields of hay.
My hair in braids. The shutter snaps.
Late sun slants; leaves of amber,
branches black. Oh the city
was hot. But we never went back.