BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

a

SENIOR CONCERT*

by

TINA DAVIDSON

Wednesday
May 5, 1976

Preludes

Danseuses de Delphes
La dance de puck
Feuilles mortes
Ondine

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Preludes

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String Trio

Lyn Bertles, violin -- Sue Temple, viola -- Amelia Rogers, cello

English Suite II in A minor

Prelude - Allemande - Courante - Sarabande - Bourée I - Bourée II - Gigue

- INTERMISSION -

The Game of Silence

an event for mixed media **

I. Bus Station - seven instruments and conductor
II. Dead Daughter - baritone and soprano
III. Gone Fishing - mime
IV. Five Songs - soprano and viola
V. General Delivery - mixed orchestra, narration(s), sau-u, dance and five conductors
VI. Moonbeam - mime
VII. Song of the Game - soprano and seven instruments

of Silence

soprano: Peggy Richardson
baritone: Richard Frisch
viola: Jacob Glick

meme: Sheila Kerrigan
dance: Fran Smyer
sau-u: Kitsy Young

Conductors: Henry Brant, Tina Davidson, Vivian Fine, Lionel Nowak, Michael Starobin

** Please refrain from applause until the end of The Game of Silence

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

Next Concert: A Senior Concert by Jane Glick, Wednesday, May 12, 1976 at 8:15 p.m. in the Carriage Barn.
Dead Daughter - words by Russel Edson

5 Songs

I. a loon
   I thought it was
   but it was
   my love's
   splashing oar

   - Mary English

II. the blue, overhanging
    sky,
    answers me back

    - Wabezic

III. Whenever I pause
     the noise
     of the village

    - Kimiwun

IV. as my eyes
    search
    the prairie
    I feel the summer in the spring

    - Ajidegijig

X. Today
   is mine (I claimed)
   (to) a man
   a voice
   I sent
   you grant me
   this day
   is mine (I claimed)
   (to) a man
   a voice
   I sent
   now
   here
   (he) is

    - Shell Necklace
General Delivery

Letter 1

Dear Grimblesnake,

The moon is a pale wisp shedding a soft trill of translux light upon the furtive landscape, bringing another portentous hour of portent. My life is empty without you. In fact, my life is empty period. How long can this go on?

Signed,
Blank

P.S. oh, nothing

Letter 2

Dear Blank,

How, and I do mean how, can I ever sit at this table again and eat a cheese and green pepper sandwich on dark bread with garlic powder knowing, nay clutching a strong suspicion that our paths are never destined to cross, that our bicycles are destined never to collide, and that there will never be enough tomato left for either of us again? The empty box of catfood, the sour milk, the dirty dishes in the sink, oh, all of these tender reminders of thee, my love; do you think, nay believe, that even time can, nay, stands a fleeting chance of healing these wounds? I await your return as you long for my departure, my love, my container of black pepper.

Glances and grumbles,
grimble
sniffles and sobs,
snarkle

Letter 3

Oh, dear "snark",

It would be hard to describe the unparalled joy I felt as I read the few lines you penned for me; and yet, it would be harder still to actually read them. Will you pardon me if I leave sleeping dogs lie? Or rather, leave sleeping lies, dog? After all, you can never go home again. Nor can you take it with you. So let me issue a word of advice; who is this "Maggie"? And why is she hounding me? Is she a code name for "Mr. Big"? Or is it some kind of a twisted, perverse joke? If so, you'll notice that I'm not laughing. In fact, you'll notice that I'm not crying. Perhaps at this point it might occur to you that I'm NOT EVEN HERE. mm? Or at best, asleep. Which reminds me of another word of sagely advice: GET DOWN! Did you hear me? GET DOWN! why are you still reading? GET DOWN! I mean it! If you had GOT DOWN! yet, you wouldn't still be reading! GET DOWN! hey! whuz yer problem? Aren't you GOT DOWN yet, huh? GET DOWN! Oh, I give up. Grimblesnarkle, you are a cad.

Yours,
Key Largobean

Words Anonymous
The Song of the Game of Silence (*)

it is hanging
in the edge of sunshine
it is a pig I see
with its double hoofs
it is a very fat pig
the people who live in a hollow tree
are fighting
they are fighting bloodily
he is rich
he will carry a pack towards the great water

- John W. Carl

(*) The game consists of keeping still as long as possible in the face of non-sequential and far-out expressions meant to cause laughter.

My warmest thanks to all those who helped me.
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Violins</th>
<th>Viola</th>
<th>Cello</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lyn Bertles</td>
<td>Jack Glick</td>
<td>Donald Brown</td>
<td>Dina Pancaldo</td>
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<td>Douglas Biow</td>
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<td>Tom Calabro</td>
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<td>Allison Booth</td>
<td>Jane Glick</td>
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<tr>
<td>Percussion, chimes, and giant marimbas</td>
<td>Soloists in Bus Station and Song of the Game of Silence:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laurie Andres</td>
<td>Michael Kraft</td>
<td>Lyn Bertles, violin</td>
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<td>Debbey Barney</td>
<td>Valerie Levine</td>
<td>Jack Glick, viola</td>
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<td>Sharon Elliot</td>
<td>Dan Levitan</td>
<td>Nina Dorsey, cello</td>
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<td>Johnathan Garhart</td>
<td>Laurie Moses</td>
<td>Ish Bicknell, oboe</td>
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<td>Meg Penick</td>
<td>Steve Brettler, clarinet</td>
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<td>Arthur Heiserman</td>
<td>Amy Snyder</td>
<td>Karen Cunningham, bassoon</td>
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<td>Kathy Joyce</td>
<td>Philip Scott</td>
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<td>Carol Kino</td>
<td>Abi Tischler</td>
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**Soloists in Bus Station and Song of the Game of Silence:**

- Lyn Bertles, violin
- Jack Glick, viola
- Nina Dorsey, cello
- Sharon Ostow, cello
- Ish Bicknell, oboe
- Steve Brettler, clarinet
- Karen Cunningham, bassoon