

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

Sunday
May 6, 1973

Carriage Barn

I FOR OPENERS

CATHY DEMOLL

Piano - Lionel Nowak
Piano - Eric Dash
Bassoon - John Hagen
Flute - Prent Rodgers
Violin - Lenny Sachs
Cello - Evelyn Kalish
Percussion - Yasmin Aga Khan
Percussion - David Moss

II SONATA IN F MINOR

TELEMANN

Bassoon - John Hagen
Cello - Fred Cahn
Harpsichord - Megan Marshall

III MACABRE REFLECTIONS

LOUIS CALABRO
Words By Howard Nemerov

Voice - Gwen Aboya
Piano - Eric Dash

INTERMISSION

IV FOUR SONGS

3 - STANLEY SCOTT
1 - STANLEY SCOTT
AND
SAM SCHEER

Voice and Guitar - Stanley Scott
Voice and Guitar - Sam Scheer

V STRING SEXTET IN G MAJOR, OPUS 36

BRAHMS

Allegro non troppo
Scherzo
Poco Adagio
Poco Allegro

Cello - Evelyn Kalish
Cello - Lori Barnett
Viola - Lenny Sachs
Viola - Jacob Glick
Violin - Kunda Magenau
Violin - Julie Copeland

MACABRE REFLECTIONS

The Ground Swayed

The ground swayed like a sea,
uneasily,
Where the dead fought free
of my preserved desires.
In one bed
did god head and maiden head
wrestle out of necessity.
I slept, but restlessly,
lusting for what I dreamt I saw
under the deserts of the law.

The Officer

The officer wore a thin smile
over his dental plate.
The nurse had carrot hair,
but I saw black at the roots.
The doctor's eye frightened me,
and it was made of glass.
The priest had fair hair as he knelt.
I saw the seam and smelt the glue.
My death bugged from my eyes
at recognizing theirs.

Each a rose

I did not want to suffer again
or ever feel pain.
Last night I dreamed
that I could see my sicknesses
my sicknesses gathered together,
each a rose.
And I saw that all those roses
were planted and grew again
out of my pain.

No more than dust

Under the pie crust,
Behind the attic door,
inside the camera
or the cathode tube,
I must.
(inside the frigidaire,
under the manhole cover
where rump steak and lover
run out of air)
It is there.
I must.
(under the rug
behind the arras,
dug into the basement floor)
though there may be no more than dust,
I must.

It is Forbidden

It is forbidden to go further.
Darkness stands in the wall
spattered with blood.
These are the gates of Hercules.
You shall not pass again those giant knees,
not to the open Atlantic water,
not to the blessed mount.
No son or daughter dares
stand with unbandaged eyes
before the bloodied black sea wall,
before the opening seas.

The sunlight pierced

My death,
with a nail in his foot,
came dragging at the ground,
He carried a long tooth for a cane,
he carried his eye cast down.
The sunlight pierced his body through
with shafts of shadow,
hung under the shadows of his breast
a perching sparrow sang.
My crippled death for my sake bears
(while life is life is long)
both tooth and nail
and for my heart
the sweetly beating song.