

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A Senior Concert by Cathy Marker

Wednesday
May 23, 1979

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Recital Hall

This concert is dedicated to my Mom and Dad.

Configurations (1978) -text by A.R. Ammons- CATHY MARKER

- I. Rubato
- II. Crispily, with motion
- III. Lento, con espressivo
- IV. Adagio

Peggy Richardson, soprano

Prelude and Fugue in g minor, W.T.C. Volume II J.S. BACH

Danzas Argentinas: ALBERTO GINASTERA

- Danza de la moza donosa
- Danza del gaucho matrero

Tubalogue for Bass Tuba and Piano (1979) CATHY MARKER

Luther Everly, tuba

Five Small Deaths in May (1979) -text by Maxine Kumin- CATHY MARKER

- I. Mole
- II. Snake
- III. Heron
- IV. Owl
- V. Dog

Peggy Richardson, soprano

Happy Birthday Peggy!

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

CONFIGURATIONS

I.

On a cold late
September morning,
wider than sky-wide
discs of lit-shale clouds

skim the hills,
crescents, chords
of sunlight
now and then fracturing

the long peripheries:
the crow flies
silent,
on course but destinationless,

floating:
hurry, hurry,
the running light says,
while anything remains.

" " Day, by A.R. Ammons

II. fat and sassy
the racous crows
along the wood's edge
trouble the tops of
yellowing pines
with points of dipping black;

cluster into groups
from summer,
the younglings in their wings
poised
careful,
precise,

the dazed awkwardness of heavy nest birds
hardened lean into grace;

assemble along the edge of the field and
begin winter talk,
remembrances of summer and seperations,
agree
or disagree
on a roost,
the old birds more often silent,

calmer and more tolerant in their memory,
wiser of dangers
experienced or conceived,
less inclined to play,
irritable,
but at times

exultant in pitched flight,
as if catching for a moment
youth's inexperienced gladness, or as if
feeling
over time and danger
a triumph greater than innocent joy;

to turn aside and live with them
would not seem
much different--

each of us going into winter with gains and losses,
dry, light peas of concentration nearby
(for a winter's gleaning)
to expand warmth through us

from Four Motions for the Pea Vines, A.R.AAmmons

IV.

There is now not a single
leaf on the cherry tree:

except when the jay
plummets in, lights, and,

in pure clarity, squalls:
then every branch

quivers and
breaks out in blue leaves

Winter Scene, by A.R. Ammons

I would like to thank my teachers and all the other wonderful people
at Bennington, who have shared so much with me.

To my very special freinds, Josef Comperchio and Jim Drongowski, a
very warm thanks for humoring me during this last, hectic term.

Also, I'd like to thank Luther Everly and Peggy Richardson. There
could have been no concert without them.

Lastly, I'd like to thank all my non-Bennington teachers (and my
parents, too) for being so patient and persevering.

"Beaner"

FIVE SMALL DEATHS IN MAY

Somehow a mole has swum too far
downstream from the tunnel and drowned
in the pond. On his nose the star
he wears for a wise fifth hand
is losing its pink. His eyepits blacken.
Now the sun can sink
into these two particulars
and eat away the last wires.

A milk snake has come to this cup
of straw at the mouth of a rock.
It has drunk the good yolk up.
When the meadowlark flicks back
she turns and turns like a dog
making a place to lie down.
The shell specks fly out between her legs.
They are flecked lavender and brown.

A heron is fishing for minnows.
In the shadow of the bird
they crowd together
lying straight out to leeward
a see-through army in the shallows
as still as grains in a rice bowl.
Scooped up they go down whole
exchanging one wet place for another.

The owl, old monkey-faced
will have his nightly mouse
culled from the tribe
disgorging here and there
down in his meadow place
and at the doorsill of the house
a flake of leg, a chip of rib
a tuft of hair.

I will not sing the death of Dog
who lived a fool to please his king
I will put him under the milkweed bloom
where in July the monarchs come
as spotted as he, as rampant, as enduring.

Five Small Deaths in May, by Maxine Kumin