



Directed By WILLIAM SHERMAN
Assistant Director - MICHAEL VLASTAS
Music Composed By LOUIS CALABRO

Art Director and Scene Design - ALLAN STEVENS
Light Design - ALICE RUBY
Costume Design - DIANA GRILLI

IN TRIBUTE TO
WILLIAM CARL FELS

The Research, Rehearsal and Production Class Presents The

HIPPOLYTUS

By Euripides

Adapted From a Translation by David Grene

Bennington College

Theatre

Dec. 15, 16, 17

1964

8:30 PM

PROLOGUE

Chorus of Women	Tommie Braun, Sheila Diamond*, Diana Grilli*, Mary Kelley*, Brenda Kurtz, Alice Ruby*, Reed Wolcott*
Aphrodite	Reed Wolcott*

CONTEST

Hippolytus	Michael Vlastas
Chorus of Men	David Krohn, Clyde Morgan, Peter Snider, Marc Ozanich
Old Servant	William Sherman
Nurse	Kate Garnett*
Phaedra	Anne Waldman
Theseus	Stephen Bush
Messenger	Sheila Diamond*

EPILOGUE

Artemis	Mary Kelley*
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PRODUCTION

Stage Manager - Mary Kelley*
Director of Photography & Film Editor - Michael Vlastas
Technical Supervision - Matthias Tarnay
Technical Director - Allan Stevens
Choreography - Sheila Diamond*
Music Coach & Coordinator - Reed Wolcott*
Business Manager & Publicity - Anne Waldman
Assistant to Costume Designer - Kate Garnett*
Light Crew - Paul Fink, Ellen Stark, Diane Clemmons,
Steven Bick, Carolgene Shew
Scenery Crew - Stephen Bush, John Secour

Pre-Recorded Music
Clarinet - Gunnar Schonbeck
Cello - George Finkel
Flute - Simone Juda
Tympani - Louis Calabro
Percussion - Pril Smiley
Voices - Wendy Erdman,
Isabella Holden, Reed Wolcott*
Recording Technicians -
Wendy Erdman, Celia Hudson
Playback Technician -
Diane Clemmons

We wish to express our appreciation to the following for their contributions: Frank Baker, Claude Fredericks, Paul Gray, Stanley Edgar Hyman, Phillip King, Poppy Lagodmos, Ion Laskaris, Jack Moore, Joey Thompson, Joseph Wittman, Robert Woodworth.

*Partial completion for work in Drama for Bachelor of Arts Degree.

SONG

The weight of the world
is love.

Under the burden
of solitude,
under the burden
of dissatisfaction

the weight,
the weight we carry
is love.

Who can deny?
In dreams
it touches
the body,
in thought
constructs
a miracle,
in imagination
anguishes
till born
in human —

looks out of the heart
burning with purity —
for the burden of life
is love,

but we carry the weight
wearily,

and so must rest
in the arms of love
at last,
must rest in the arms
of love.

No rest
without love,

no sleep
without dreams
of love —

be mad or chill
obsessed with angels
or machines,
the final wish
is love
— cannot be better,
cannot deny,
cannot withhold
if denied :

the weight is too heavy

— must give
for no return
as thought
is given
in solitude
in all the excellence
of its excess.

The warm bodies
shine together
in the darkness,
the hand moves
to the center
of the flesh,
the skin trembles
in happiness
and the soul comes
joyful to the eye —

yes, yes,
that's what
I wanted,
I always wanted,
I always wanted,
to return
to the body
where I was born.

Poem by Allen Ginsberg