

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

III.

1

when November stripped  
the shrub,  
what stood  
out  
in revealed space was  
a nest  
hung  
in essential limbs

2

how harmless truth  
is  
in cold weather  
to an empty nest

3

dry  
leaves  
in  
the  
bowl,  
like wings

7

leaves  
like wings  
in the Nov  
ember nest:

wonder where the birds are now that were here

From Configurations, A.R. Ammons

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