

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

ALICE ABRAHAM

Wednesday  
May 4, 1983

8:15 pm  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Sonata No. II, opus 13 for violin and piano  
lento doloroso - allegro vivace  
allegretto tranquillo  
allegro animato

EDVARD GRIEG  
(1843 - 1907)

Alice Abraham - violin  
Marianne Finckel - piano

Broken Tower (1980)  
allegro  
adagio  
allegretto

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Alice Abraham - violin  
Jacob Glick - viola  
Maxine Neuman - 'cello  
Vladimir Havsky - piano

Dance Suite (1982)  
allemande  
courante  
sarabande  
gigue

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Jacob Glick - viola  
Maxine Neuman - 'cello  
Vladimir Havsky - piano

- INTERMISSION -

Canons for Two Violins (1981)

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vivace  
andante moderato

Alice Abraham - violin  
Jacob Glick - violin

Summer Infatuation (1981)

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Lyrics by Ed Fischer

Jill Beckwith - soprano  
Alice Abraham - violin  
Jacob Glick - viola  
Maxine Neuman - 'cello  
Jeffrey Levine - conductor

Alone (1981)

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Jill Beckwith - alto  
Edward Hines - tenor  
Jacob Glick - viola  
Maxine Neuman - 'cello  
Jeffrey Levine - bass  
Jody Strasberg - percussion  
Vivian Fine - conductor

Twilight Gnomes (1983)

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Jody Strasberg - marimba  
Jeffrey Levine - bass

Thanks to Libby Witzel, the Costume Shop, Theda Holland, Caroline Rubin, and my family. Extra special thanks to Marianna Finckel, Jack Glick, Jeffrey Levine, and Vivian Fine.

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

THE BROKEN TOWER  
Hart Crane

The bell-rope that gathers God at dawn  
Dispatches me as though I dropped down the knell  
Of a spent day - to wander the cathedral lawn  
From pit to crucifix, feet chill on steps from hell.

Have you not heard, have you not seen that corpse  
Of shadows in the tower, whose shoulders sway  
Antiphonal carillons launched before  
The stars are caught and hived in the sun's ray?

The bells, I say, the bells break down their tower;  
And swing I know not where. Their tongues engrave  
Membrane through marrow, my long-scattered score  
Of broken intervals...And I, their sexton slave!

Oval encyclicals in canyons heaping  
The impasse high with choir, Banked voices slain!  
Pagodas, campaniles with reveilles outleaping -  
O terraced echoes prostrate on the plain!...

And so it was I entered the broken world  
To trace the visionary company of love, its voice  
An instant in the wind (I know not whither hurled)  
But not for long to hold each desperate choice.

My world I poured. But was it cognate, scored  
Of that tribunal monarch of the air  
Whose thigh embronzes earth, strikes crystal Word  
In wounds pledged once to hope-cleft to despair?

The steep encroachments of my blood left me.  
No answer (could blood hold such a lofty tower  
As flings the question true?) - or is it she  
Whose sweet mortality stirs latent power?

And through whose pulse I hear, counting the strokes  
My veins recall and add, revived and sure  
The angelus of wars my chest evokes:  
What I hold healed, original now, and pure...

And builds, within, a tower that is not stone  
(Not stone can jacket heaven) - but slip  
Of pebbles - visible wings of silence sown  
In azure circles, widening as they dip

The matrix of the heart, lift down the eye  
That shrines the quiet lake and swells a tower...  
The commodious, tall decorum of that sky  
Unseals her earth, and lifts love in its shower.

SUMMER INFATUATION  
Ed Fischer

Summer sun slows  
and a luxury of gaze  
peoples the landscape  
with thought;  
a flower fills the  
senses.

A cool evening, flesh  
breathes;  
as the dome darkens  
the day's heat  
rises through pin  
points and is spread  
among constellations.

Nature's sweep cannot  
be embraced  
its distractions too  
few,  
Being with others is  
palliation for not  
being ignorant of you.

ALONE  
Alice Abraham

Quiet, peace  
Isolation  
Quiet, peace  
Desperation

Alone. alone  
Quite alone was I,  
to be.  
No voices near  
No sighs to hear.  
And yet,  
Alone, alone  
Was my wish to be free.

Alone, alone  
I sit all alone with  
me. No voices sound  
except my thoughts.  
No sighs but those of  
my lot. And yet,  
Alone, alone  
I want privacy.