

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

GWEN ABOYA AND ERIC DASH

Sunday  
May 20, 1973

2:15 P. M.

Carriage Barn

"The Oblivion Ha-Ha"

Eric Dash  
poems - James Tate

1. The Dark Street
2. The Pet Deer
3. The President Slumming

Voice, Gwen Aboya  
Piano, Eric Dash  
Alto Flute, Fran Lipton

3 Pieces for Solo Clarinet

Eric Dash

1. Song
2. Lament
3. Dance

Clarinet, Gwen Aboya

La Chevelure  
Le Tombeau des Naiades

Debussy  
Text - Pierre Louys

(from Chansons de Bilitis)

Sonate

Stravinsky

1. Allegro
2. Adagietto
3. Presto

INTERMISSION



Des Todes Tod

Hindemith  
Text - Eduard Reinacher

- I Gesicht von Tod und Elend
- II Gottes Tod
- III Des Todes Tod

Violas - Robin Stark  
Jacob Glick

Cellos - Gael Alcock  
Robbie Fruchtman

Voice - Gwen Aboys

3 Songs

Eric Dash

Sweet Louella  
Wish I Had A Dream  
Sometimes I Gotta Be Movin

Voice and Guitar - Eric Dash  
Harmonica - Henry Rathvon

The Clearing

Eric Dash

With special thanks to Lilo Glick for helping with translations.



## THE OBLIVION HA-HA

### Dark Street

So this is the dark street  
where only an angel lives:  
I never saw anything like it.  
For the first time in a lifetime  
I feel the burgeoning of wings  
somewhere behind my frontal lobes.  
So this is the dark street.  
Did his lights come on,  
or do I dream?  
I never saw anything like it.

Even the trees' languorous leaves  
look easy to touch.  
So this is the dark street.  
Here he comes now:  
good afternoon, Father -  
your handshake is so pleasing.  
Brush the shards from my shoulders,  
what lives we have ahead of us!  
So this is the dark street.  
I never saw anything like it.

### The Pet Deer

The Indian Princess  
in her apricot tea gown  
moves through the courtyard  
teasing the pet deer

as if it were her lover.  
The deer, so small and  
confused, slides on the marble  
as it rises on its hind legs

toward her, slowly, and with  
a sad, new understanding.  
She does not know what  
the deer dreams or desires.

### The President Slumming

In a weird, forlorn voice  
he cries: it is a mirage!  
Then tosses a wreath of scorpions  
to the children  
mounts his white nag  
and creeps off into darkness,  
smoking an orange.



A Face of Death and Misery

In a twilight, just before dawn,  
I walked through a land covered with a damp vapour.  
Dew in my crown, fog around my garment,  
my signposts were my desperate needs.  
My distress led me to the edge of a deep abyss  
in whose depths death brooded.  
Out of this glowing, deep red depth  
misery created pain step by step.  
And death and misery struggled with fury before dawn  
newly to arm themselves for future tortures  
The curse lies upon me and everything.

And weeping, I wandered in the never extinguishing rays of the sun:  
I walked with my share of the great guilt to atone for.

God's Death

Be still, you small birds in the darkening forest!  
Bees, gather no longer and silence all sound!  
The world stands still, for God is sleeping:  
man can clearly hear his soft, even breathing.  
God is tired of thinking;  
he is totally spent from being emerged so long in this world.  
He exhales his last breath and shuts his great eye.  
God will also live and die, that's why he must pour himself into us.  
We receive you, river, with our open arms.  
We swim with arms stretched out in your beloved stream,  
liquid of desire, in which we live and die your death,  
like drowning in wine.

Give us your hand,  
draw us to you sweetly and playfully, let us be one,  
oh you ornament of all beings, you prize of death,  
throne of all creation, sun of all souls, reward of life!

The Death of Death

Death has gotten tired, he has stretched out to rest in a summer garden;  
the flowers grow toward him.  
They grow high;  
through death's ivory bones shine the early asters.  
Death lies outstretched amidst the flowers,  
bedecked with roses, here he ends his course.  
The bones bleach entirely,  
decaying and wilting in the midday sun.

Death will become renewed life;  
he will rise again, a youth,  
surrounded by red aster leaves.  
He will walk illuminated.

All men have died,

His hair flies with golden beauty in the wind.



La Chevelure (Her Hair)

He told me: "Last night I dreamed  
I had your hair wrapped around my neck.  
I wore the strands like a dark chain  
around my neck and on my breast.  
I caressed them and they became my own;  
in this way we were forever united,  
by the same strands, lips upon lips  
as two laural trees often have one root.  
And gradually, it seemed to me,  
so much were ware our limbs entwined,  
that I became you,  
or that you entered into me, like my dream."  
when he had finished,  
he gently laid his hands upon my shoulders,  
and he looked at me with a glance so tender  
that I cast down my eyes and trembled.

Le Tombeau Des Naiades (The Tomb of the Naiads)

I wandered along the frost-covered woods;  
my hair, blowing before my mouth,  
was adorned with tiny icicles  
and my sandals were heavy with soiled clods of snow.  
He asked me: "What are you looking for?"  
I follow the trace of the Satyr.  
His small hoofprints alternate  
like holes in a white coat.  
He told me: "The Satyrs are dead,  
the Satyres and also the Nymphs.  
In thirty years there has been no winter as terrible as this.  
The hoofprint that you see is that of a buck.  
But let us stay here, on the site of their tomb."  
And with the iron of his hatchet he broke through the ice  
of the spring where the Naiada had once laughed.  
He took large frozen pieces,  
and, holding them toward the pale sky,  
he peered through them.