

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Presents

A PROGRAM OF CHAMBER MUSIC

by

MEMBERS OF THE MUSIC FACULTY

Wednesday
November 6, 1974

Carriage Barn
8:15 p.m.

LUIGI BOCCHERINI

Sonata in A Major -
for cello and piano

Barbara Mallow - cello
Marianne Finckel - piano

LOUIS CALABRO

Macabre Reflections (1956)
(Poems by Howard Nemerov)

Richard Frisch - voice
Louis Calabro - piano

I N T E R M I S S I O N

EDVARD GRIEG

Sonata - for violin and piano

Joanna Jenner - violin
Lionel Nowak - piano

MACABRE REFLECTIONS

A cycle of six songs for voice and piano

Poems by Howard Nemerov

Music by Louis Calabro

1. a dream

The ground swayed like a sea,
Uneasily, where the dead fought free
Of my preserved desire, In one bed
Did godhead and maidenhead
Wrestle out of necessity.
I slept, but restlessly,
Lusting for what I dreamt I saw
Under the deserts of the law.

2.
The officer wore a thin smile
Over his dental plate.

The nurse had carrot hair,
But I saw black at the roots.

The doctor's eye frightened me,
And it was made of glass.

The priest had fair hair as he knelt.
I saw the seam and smelt the glue.

My death bugged from my eyes
At recognizing theirs.

3. from the last dream of a
dying woman an aged eighty
(of Ella Freeman Sharpe,
Dream Analysis)

I did not want to suffer again
Or ever feel pain.
Last night I dreamed that I could see
My sicknesses in me
Gathered together, each a rose.
And I saw that all those
Roses were planted and grew again
Out of my pain.

4. Under the pie crust,
Behind the attic door,
Inside the camera or
The cathode tube, I must --
(Inside the frigidaire,
Under the manhole cover
Where rumpsteak and lover
Run out of air) -- it is there
I must -- (under the rug,
Behind the arras, dug
Into the basement floor) --
Though there may be no more
Than dust,

I must.

5. It is forbidden to go further.
Darkness stands in the wall
Spattered with blood.

These are the Gates of Hercules.
You shall not pass again
Those giant knees,

Not to the open Atlantic water,
Not to the blessed Mount.
No son or daughter dares

Stand with unbandaged eyes
Before the bloodied black seawall,
Before the opening seas.

6. My death with a nail in his foot
Came dragging at the ground.
He carried a long tooth for a cane,
He carried his eye cast down.

The sunlight pierced his body through
With shafts of shadow; hung
Under the shadows of his breast
A perching sparrow sang.

My crippled death, for my sake bears
(while life is, life is long)
Both tooth and nail, and for my heart
The sweetly beating song.