This concert is dedicated to my grandparents, Morris and Helen Chertoff, who are here tonight in mind and spirit.

Music is not an idea: it is movement, Sounds walking over silence. (Not one sound fears the silence that extinguishes it.)
Octavio Paz from "On Reading John Cage"

THE BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION PRESENTS:

A SENIOR CONCERT by Allison Tardell
Voice - Clarinet
Wednesday, May 24, 1989
Greenwall Music Workshop
8:15 p.m.

A Letter To Prokofiev (1988) Allison Tardell
(Variations On An Ancient Theme)
Lionel Nowak
Elizabeth Wright, Piano

Six Songs From Tonadillas
La Maja Dolorosa No. 1, 2, & 3
La Maja de Goya
El Mirar de La Maja
El Majo Timido
Marianne Finckel, Piano

Sezisler (Intuitions) (1932)
Andran Saygun
Murray Barsky, Clarinet

Words: Stacy Yeoman
Ethan Fran, Violin
Alan Vega, Piano

INTERMISSION
Spring '89 (1989)
Arthur Brooks

Under My Almond Tree (1989) Allison Tardell
( the first in the Transformation Cycle . . . ) Words: Anatto Ingle
Claudia Friedlander, Clarinet
Jeffrey Levine, Contrabass

The Word (1988-89) Allison Tardell
Blanco Words: Octavio Paz
They Are, This Night Excerpts from "Blanco", (trans. Eliot Weinberger)
Tree of Names Andre Breton
Excerpt from L'Amour Fou (trans. Mary Anne Caws)

Bill Dixon, Trumpet
Diane Barraclough-Briggs & Michael Downs, Speakers
John Swan & Ethan Fran, Violins
John Kuegel, Viola
Jared Shapiro, Cello
Xtopher Faris, Contrabass
Jeffrey Levine, Conductor

Morte di Liu Giacomo Puccini
( from Turandot ) (1858-1924)

Three Emily Dickinson Songs (1942) Lionel Nowak
Good Morning Midnight
Sabbath
There Came a Wind

Marianne Finckel, Piano

Special thanks to those who have inspired me throughout the years:
Frank Baker, Arthur Brooks, Jeffrey Levine,
Michael Downs, Remy Charlip,
Gunnar Schonbeck, Bill Dixon, Murray Barsky,
and my parents, Robert and Stephanie Tardell.

Many thanks to Marianne Finckel for her invaluable support, Diane Barraclough-Briggs,
Anatto Ingle, Rick Sander, all those who participated in my concert, and lastly to Murray,
Diane, and Erica Herman for setting up the reception.

Posters / Programs / Invitations
Gesture drawing - Hannah Tully

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

La Maja Dolorosa
(The Sorrowful Maja No. 1)

Oh cruel death! Why did you by treachery
Take my majo, my passion?
I don't want live without him,
For it is death to live so.
It is impossible now to feel more pain:
My soul is dissolved in tears.
Oh God! Return my love,
For it is death to live so.

La Maja Dolorosa
(The Sorrowful Maja No. 2)

Oh, majo of my life, no, no, you have not died!
Would I still be alive if that were true?
Wildly I desire to kiss your lips!
I want in faithfulness to share your destiny.
Alas! your destiny!
But oh! I am raving, I dream, my majo
no longer exists,
The world about me is weeping and sad.
I find no consolation in my sorrow.
But even dead and cold
My majo will always be mine. Oh! Always mine!

La Maja Dolorosa
(The Sorrowful Maja No. 3)

Of that beloved majo who was my glory
I cherish a happy memory.
He loved me ardently and truly
And I gave my whole life to him.
And I would give it a thousand times,

(continued . . .)

El Mirar de la Maja
(The Gaze of the Maja)

Why do my eyes have this deep look?
I must lower my lids to mask scorn and hatred.

Such fire they give forth
That if by chance with passion I fix them on my love,
They make me blush.

(continued . . .)
Therefore, the Chispero to whom I have given my soul,
When meeting me, pulls his hat down
And says to me: My maja! Do not look at me,
For your eyes are like lightning,
And with their burning passion, they destroy me.

El Majo Timido  
(The Timid Majo)

There is a majo who come to my window in the evening, and looks at me.
As soon as he sees me and sighs, he goes off down the street.
Oh! What a dullard of a man,
If this is the way it will be,
A fine time I shall have.
If today he goes by and looks at me,
But does not get his courage up,
And after that greeting he disappears Like a ghost-
Oh! What a dullard of a man-
He is so in love, but my gates remain silent.

Morte di Liu  
(The Death of Liu)

You who are girdled with ice,
Vanquished by such fire,
You will love him too!
Before the break of day I shall close my tired eyes,
That he may win yet again . . .
Never to see him more!