

Bennington College Music Division Presents A SENIOR CONCERT BY CLAUDIA FRIEDLANDER Friday 5 June 1987 8:15 pm

DANCE OF THE NEMIT NODES by Claudia Friedlander (1985) Allen Shawn, piano

TWO SUGGESTIONS FOR CLARINET DUO by Claudia Friedlander (1987) Maeve Richmond and Claudia Friedlander, clarinets

THOSE PRETTY WRONGS by Claudia Friedlander (1986) Claudia Friedlander and Janet Gillespie, sopranos
text by William Shakespeare

DIVERTIMENTO FOR CLARINET AND PIANO by Allen Shawn (1986) Claudia Friedlander, clarinet; Allen Shawn, piano
I. ♩=116, freely/ ♩=160, strictly II. Maestoso III. Waltz Tempo IV. Lively, but not too fast

- pause -

DOVER BEACH by Samuel Barber (1936) Claudia Friedlander, soprano; John Swan and Kate Brandt, violins;
text by Matthew Arnold Joseph Schaaf, viola; Max Weiss, cello

INTERMISSION a solo improvisation

THE LEAVE-TAKING by Claudia Friedlander (1987) Janet Gillespie, soprano; Peter Calabro, piano
text by Elizabeth Barrett Browning from Sonnets from the Portuguese

TROUBLE IN TAHITI by Leonard Bernstein Claudia Friedlander, soprano; Janet Gillespie, keyboards and percussion;
Melanie Friedlander, percussion; Allen Shawn, piano
scene 6 from the opera of the THE ISLAND MAGIC SINGERS:Christina Camponella, Jeffrey Segal, Kim Potochnik
same name

This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the BACHELOR OF THE ARTS in MUSIC degree and is dedicated to my parents Robert and Judith Friedlander for their loving encouragement and support throughout my eccentric undergraduate career

*Those pretty wrongs that Liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart
Thy beauty and thy youth full well befits
For still Temptation follow where thou art.
Youthful thou art, and therefore to be won;
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd:
And when a woman wooes, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her til she have prevail'd?
Ah, me! but yet thou might my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in thy riot even there
Where thou are forc'd to break a two-fold truth:*

*Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee;
Mine, by thy beauty being false to me.*

*Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore -
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart
in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.*

What a movie! What a terrible, awful movie. It's a crime, what they put on the screen - I can hardly believe what I've seen! Do they think we're a lot of children? It would bore any four-year-old. What drivel, what nonsense! What escapist, technicolor twaddle! "Trouble in Tahiti", indeed!! "Trouble in Tahiti" - imagine!

There she is, in her inch or two of sarong, floating, flooooooating, all among the floooooooating flow'r's. . . . Then, she sees him: the Handsome American!! (I must say, he's really a man - six feet tall, and each foot just incredible!) well, they're madly in love. But there's trouble ahead; there's a legend: "If a princess marry white man, and rain fall that day, then the white man must be sacrifice without delay!" Sure enough, on the night of their wedding day, there's a storm like nothing on earth - Tidal waves, and scirocos, and hurricanes. . . and, to top it all off, the volcano erupts! as the natives sing. They go crazy, with the drumming and the chanting and ritual dance, While the lovers sing a ballad of south sea romance!

it's so lovely. . . I wish I could think of it. . . It was called "Island Magic", I think it was. Oh! a beautiful song. I remember it now - "ISLAND MAGIC! Where the midnight breezes caress us, And the stars above seem to bless us, That's ISLAND MAGIC, ISLAND MAGIC - " Well, in any case, the hero is tied to a tree! (did I tell you, he's a flyer who got lost at sea?) Anyway, all the natives are crazy now, running wild with lances and knives! Then they pile us the wood for the sacrifice! and the witch-doctor comes! and he sets it on fire!! As the natives sing. . . . But at this point, comes the good old U.S. Navy, a'singin' a song - They come swarming down in parachutes, a thousand strong!!! Everything now is cleared up and wonderful! Everyone is happy as pie. And they all do a great rumba version of "Island Magic", of course! It's a dazzling sight, with the sleek, brown native women dancing with the U.S. Navy boys, and a hundred-piece symphony orchestra: "ISLAND MAGIC! Where the palm trees whisper together And it's always midsummer weather, that's ISLAND MAGIC! ISLAND MAGIC, with the one I love very near, ISLAND MAGIC, whispering native words in my ear - ISLAND MAGIC! Only you, my darling, could weave it, And I never, ever will leave it, And I simply cannot believe it really is mine! ISLAND MAGIC!!! ISLAND MAAAAA-"

What a terrible, awful movie! How long have I been standing here, chattering? If I don't get going this minute, there won't be any dinner when Sam comes home!

- RECEPTION FOLLOWING. ENTERTAINMENT LED BY DARIEN BRAHMS -

I feel incredibly fortunate to have experienced these extraordinary three years at Bennington and wish to thank the many wonderful people who have seen me safely through them, including Allen Shawn, Lou Calabro, Vivien Fine, Jack Glick, Lionel Nowak, Jeffrey Levine, Milford Graves, Bill Dixon, Michael Downs, Janet Gillespie, Tamara Rothman, Max Weiss, Swami Prem Anatto, The S.E.P.C. & A.C. Melanie and with special thanks to FRANK BAKER and GUNNAR SCHONBECK