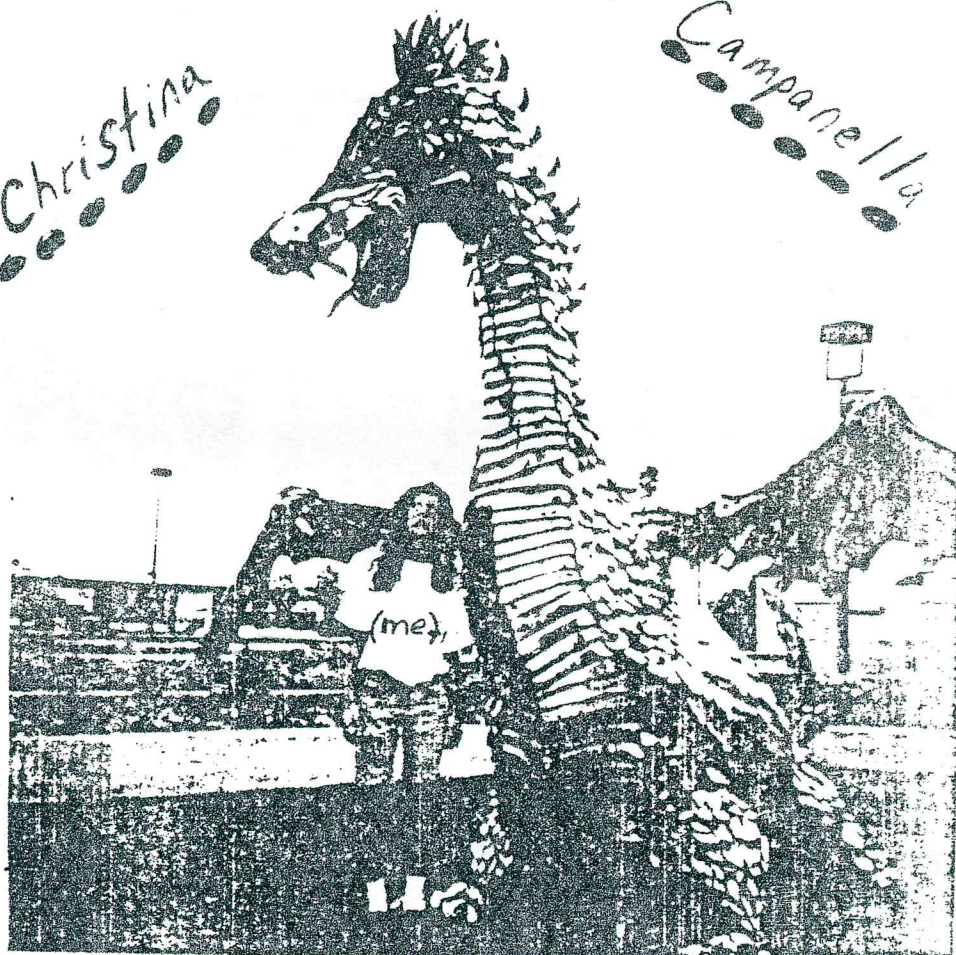


1  
concert. *Senior Voice Concert*

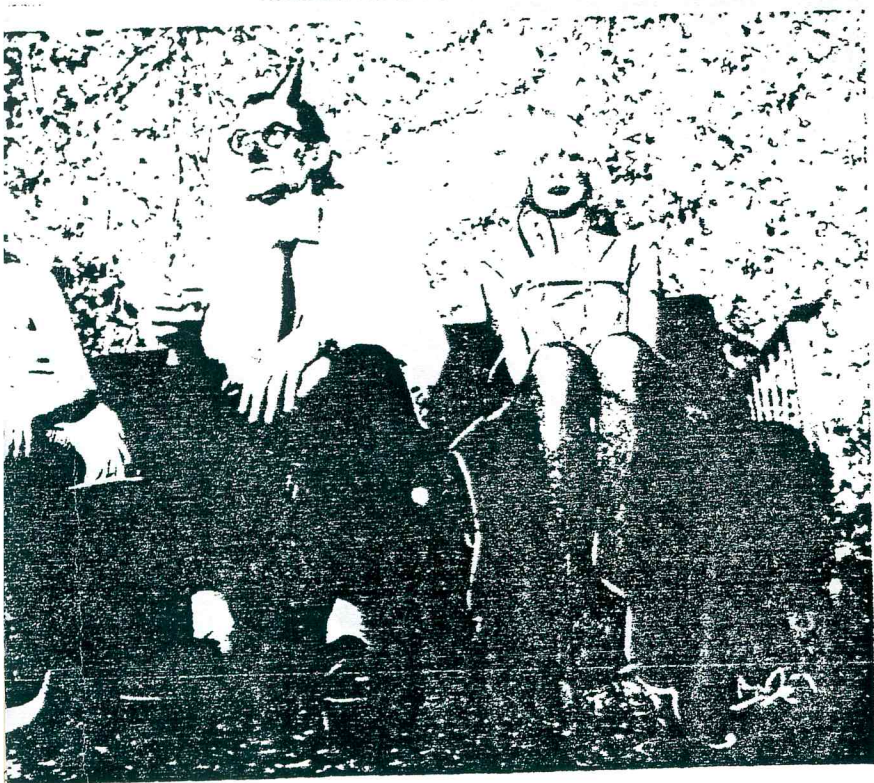
*Christina*

*Campanella*



SAT June 3, 1989, 8:15pm Greenwall

— SEMPRE  
AVANTI —



THE OVERCOMING OF mediocrity  
and SHAME in this life IS  
THE GREATEST REVENGE." —U.F.

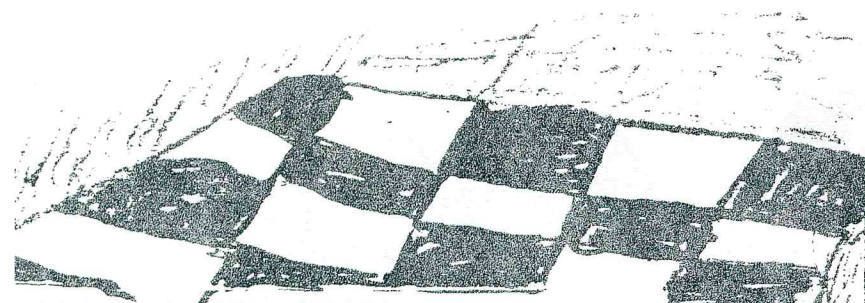
"In quelle trine morbide" from MANON LESCAUT

Act II: Manon, now the mistress of Geronte (the royal bursar), receives a visit from her brother who admires her beauty and wealth, claiming credit for having rescued her from her poverty-ridden life with Des Grieux, the student. When hearing his name, Manon recalls her happiness with him and is depressed by her present existence.



"Quando me'n vo'" from LA BOHEME

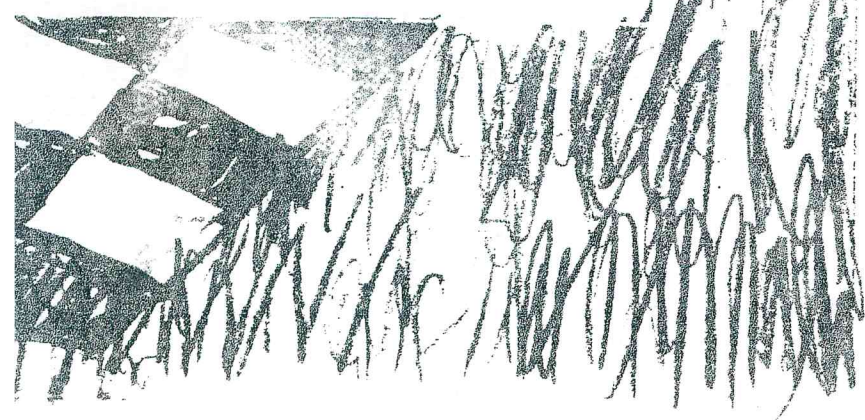
Act II: Musetta, Marcello's high-spirited former sweetheart, tries to regain the painter's attention by singing a waltz about how popular she is wherever she goes.



s of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all  
ether, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there. . . . They are not  
is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all in particular, of  
re wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and  
my people are larger bodies than mine, . . . with voices gentle and  
of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a  
me. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is  
ce, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow  
n, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of  
my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, on  
eir time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away.

in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her; and those  
at me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home; but will not,  
er; but will not ever tell me who I am.

JAMES AGEE



ROCKS  
getting  
and being  
MUCH FUN.

CONCERT,  
ROSEN,  
URSE  
getting,  
Lts,  
making

quest  
Thank  
and for  
cool,  
All the  
throughout,  
us...  
SE VIVRE"

WNS and  
... THANK  
and  
K you.

Requiem; The Lady of Permutations

Music by PETER GOLUB  
Words by CHARLES LUDLAM  
and BILL VEHR

Maxine Neuman, Tom Calabro, Jared Shapiro,  
and Michael Severens, 'celli  
Peter Golub, conductor

Don't Let That Deal Go Down  
My Bonnie Light Horseman  
Rantin', Ravin' Robin

APPALACHIAN Traditional  
IRISH Traditional  
Words by ROBERT BURNS

Matthew Henderson, voice and guitar  
Anne Riesenfeld, voice

"Bobbie and Jackie and Jack"  
from Merrily We Roll Along

STEPHEN SONDHEIM

with Brooks Ashmanskas and Jonathan Sherman

(Brooks did the choreography, too.)

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



Dali, Ultra Violet, and CHARLES  
LUDLAM.

LYRICS

THE WAY WE WERE

Music by Marvin Hamlisch  
Lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman

*So it's the laughter  
we will remember  
whenever we remember  
the way we were;  
The way we were.*



LA RONDINE, MANON LESCAUT and LA BOHEME by Puccini



"Chi il bel sogno di Doretta" from LA RONDINE

Act I: In an elegant salon in her home in Paris, Magda is visited by a group of her friends. Prunier, a poet, is having trouble completing his poem about a peasant girl who falls in love. Magda completes it for him, describing the young girl's reaction to her first kiss.

Salvatore

Oh, also - thank you PETER for renting a car  
and all that - THANK YOU. Oh...  
Special thanks... ♥ ♥ ♥ and to  
and Jon, the mu

to all the musicians involved in it  
to ANDREW KROMELD, JUSTINE BAUM, SHAR  
TED TENTEN and BEN ZELLE AND OF  
TONY CARRUTHERS for help with the  
KIM RITT-FOSTER and BEN for the &  
COURTNEY BAKER and MEZ STOREY for  
the pants (and for being special people  
JULIE WATSON & KALEB QUENK for their  
appearances, SUE JONES, PATRICK O'CON  
ELLEN GIBSON, MARY DOYLE, JAMES YOU  
you SALLY JOHNSON for the poster  
help with the program (and for being  
to BEN ZELLE for being BEN ZELLE,  
people who have subtly supported me  
Especially MAXINE NEUMAN, to AMY WIL  
to ♥ BEN ZELLE ♥. thank you for your "joy"

\* Thank you to my teachers MICHAEL  
♥ FRANK BAKER, there are no words for  
you ♥ - And to my family for love  
support, especially my mother. Th

*In memory of my Father*

## Knoxville: Summer of 1915

James Agee\*

Samuel Barber, Op. 24

*We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville Tennessee in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child.*

... It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, beaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt; a loud auto; a quiet auto; people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber. A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping, belling and starting, stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter, fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone; forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes...

Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet  
lie there, my mother,  
talking much, and th  
nothing at all. The s  
they seem very near.  
meaningless like the v  
musician, she is living  
good to me. By some  
of being on this earth,  
the night. May God  
remember them kindly

After a little I am  
receive me, who quiet  
oh, will not, not now, n

REQUIEM; The Lady of Permutations

for Charles.  
1987

Music by Peter

Words by Charles Ludlam &

O Credulous Mankind is there one error that has woo'd and lost you?

Now listen and strike error from your mind.

The King, whose perfect wisdom transcends all, made the heavens

and posted angels on them to guide the eternal light

that it might fall from every sphere to every sphere the same.

He made earth's splendors by a like degree and posted as his minister

this dame THE LADY OF PERMUTATIONS.

All earth's gear She changes from nation to nation in changeless

change through every turning year.

No mortal power can stay her spinning wheel.

None may foresee where she may set her heel.

She pauses,

and things pass.

Man's mortal reason cannot encompass her.

She rules her sphere as other Gods rule theirs.

Season by season her changes change her changes endlessly.

Those whose time has come press her so; She must be swift by

hard necessity.

For this is she so railed at and reviled that even her debtors in

the joys of time blaspheme her name. Their oaths are bitter

and wild.

But she in her beatitude does not hear. Among the primal beings

of God's joy, She breathes her blessedness and wheels

and wheels her sphere.

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

Christina Campanella, voice  
with Amy Williams, piano

Prologue  
(In memory of Gilda Radner, 1947-1989)

"Chi il bel sogno di Doretta" from La Rondine

"In quelle trine morbide" from Manon Lescaut

GIACOMO PUCCINI

"Quando me'n vo'" from La Boheme

My Cat Has Fleas (1986)

CHRISTINA CAMPANELLA

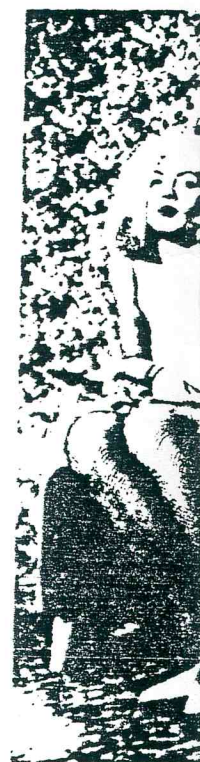
My Cat Dreams of Being A Cowpoke (1988)

Kate Brandt, violin  
Tom Calabro, cello  
Claudia Friedlander, clarinet

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

SAMUEL BARBER

- INTERMISSION -



"  
a  
the

P.S. PLEASE join my family a  
at the reception after the



"say goodbye Samson."