Soprano Zhanna Alkhazova’s operatic credits include the roles of Dido (“Dido and Aeneas”), Berta (“Il Barbiere di Siviglia”), First and Second Lady (“Magic Flute”), and Sandman (“Hansel and Gretel”), among others. Ms. Alkhazova has performed with many American opera companies and internationally in Chiari, Italy; she also toured the Republic of Ireland as the soloist in Honegger’s “King David.”

A native of Moscow, Ms. Alkhazova graduated magna cum laude from Clark University with Bachelor’s degrees in Music and International Relations. She holds two Master’s degrees, in International Development and in Vocal Performance (Boston University). Currently Ms. Alkhazova works in New York City with two Metropolitan opera coaches.

Baritone ANTON BELOV’s voice has been called rich and mellifluous by the New York Times. His recent operatic appearances include the title roles of Eugene Onegin with Anchorage Opera and Don Giovanni in Delaware Opera, and Doctor (“The Nose”) with Opera Boston. First-place winner of eight vocal competitions, Mr. Belov has appeared in over forty recitals throughout the United States.

A native of Moscow, Anton Belov holds a Bachelor of Music Degree from The New England Conservatory, an Artist’s Diploma and a Master of Music Degree from The Juilliard School. Currently, Mr. Belov is completing a Doctorate of Musical Arts at Boston University.

Pianist Delgir Chunaeva was a soloist with the State Chamber Orchestra of Kalmyk Republic and a faculty member at Chonkushov College of Arts; she also collaborated with the Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Choir of Kalmuk Republic. Ms Chunaeva was a faculty member at the Moscow Shnittke Institute Musical School and worked as an accompanist at the Schnittke Institute. Ms Chunaeva has performed in Russia, France, Greece and Finland; she is a laureate of All-Russian piano competition (2001), recipient of the Honorary Diploma at the Moscow Accompanist Competition and of the Best Accompanist Award at the Wind Soloist Festival.

Ludmilla Leibman – pianist, music theorist, and lecturer – developed her teaching career in two countries. In Russia she taught for thirteen years in the theory/composition department of her alma mater, the Saint Petersburg (Leningrad) Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory. In the United States, after receiving her doctorate from Boston University, she taught music theory there from 1998 to 2006. In addition, Dr. Leibman is the Executive Director of The Educational Bridge Project, an organization she founded in 1997 with the goal of providing forums for cultural exchanges between United States and Russia. The Educational Bridge Project was incorporated as a not-for-profit organization in 2006.

Dr. Ludmilla Leibman, a Russian-born musicologist and the Executive Director of the Educational Bridge Project, will provide keys to understanding the musical development of the two characters, Tatyana and Onegin. She will also offer her views on the appreciation of situational symmetries that occur both in Pushkin’s poetry and Tchaikovsky’s music.
English translation of the Letter scene
FIRST ACT SCENE TWO

Tatyana’s room. It is very simply furnished with oldfashioned white wooden chairs, a chest of drawers with a mirror, a bookshelf beside the bed and a table with writing materials beneath the window.

Tatyana, in a white nightdress, is sitting before her mirror, lost in thought. Filipyevna stands beside her.

TATYANA
Oh nurse, nurse, I'm consumed with longing,
I'm all upset, my dear;
I'm ready to burst into tears.

FILIPYEVNA
You're not well, my child;
Lord have mercy on us!
Let me sprinkle you with holy water.
You're feverish.

TATYANA
Go, leave me alone. Give me a pen and some paper, nurse, and move the table up; I'll soon go to bed.

She goes out. Tatyana remains sunk in thought, then rises in a state of great agitation with an expression of determination on her face.

TATYANA
Let me perish, but first
let me summon, in dazzling hope,
bliss as yet unknown.
Life's sweetness is known to me!
I drink the magic potion of desire!
I am beset by visions!
Everywhere, everywhere I look,
I see my fatal tempter!
Wherever I look, I see him!

She writes.

WHY, OH WHY DID YOU VISIT US?
Buried in this remote countryside,
I should never have known you,
or should I have known this torment.
The turbulence of a youthful heart,
calmed by time, who knows?
most likely I would have found another,
have proved a faithful wife
and virtuous mother…'

She becomes lost in thought, then rises suddenly.

Another! No, not to any other in the world
would I have given my heart!
It is decreed on high,
It is the will of heaven: I am yours!
My whole life has been a pledge
of this inevitable encounter;
I know this: God sent you to me,
you are my keeper till the grave!
You appeared before me in my dreams;
as yet unseen, you were already dear,
your wondrous gaze filled me with longing,
your voice resounded in my heart
long ago … no, it was no dream!
As soon as you arrived, I recognized you,
I almost swooned, began to blaze with passion,
and to myself I said: 'Tis he!
'Tis he!
I know it! I have heard you …
Have you not spoken to me in the silence
when I visited the poor
or sought in prayer some solace
for the anguish of my soul?
And just this very moment,
was it not you, dear vision,
that flamed in the limpid darkness,
stooped gently at my bedside
and with joy and love

whispered words of hope?

She returns to the table and sits down again to write.

'WHO ARE YOU? My guardian angel
or a wily tempter?
Put my doubts at rest.
Maybe this is all an empty dream,
the self-deception of an inexperienced soul,
and something quite different is to be …'

She rises again and paces pensively to and fro.

But so be it! My fate
henceforth I entrust to you;
in tears before you,
your protection I implore,
I implore.
Imagine: I am all alone here!
No one understands me!
I can think no more,
and must perish in silence!
I wait for you,
I wait for you! Speak the word
to revive my heart's fondest hopes
or shatter this oppressive dream
with, alas, the scorn,
 alas, the scorn I have deserved!

She goes swiftly to the table, hurriedly
finishes the letter and signs and seals it.

Finished! It's too frightening to read over,
I swoon from shame and fear,
but his honour is my guarantee
and in that I put my trust!

She goes to the window and draws aside the curtains. The room is immediately flooded with a rosy dawnlight. A shepherd's pipe is heard in the distance.
English translation of the Scene in the Garden 
FIRST ACT SCENE THREE
Another part of the garden of the Larin estate. Thick lilac and acacia bushes, neglected flower beds and an old wooden bench. Servant girls, picking fruit in the background, sing as they work.

SERVANT GIRLS sing a song
The servant girls move off, their singing dies away.
Tatyana enters, running quickly, and sinks exhausted onto the bench.

TATYANA
He's here! He's here, Eugene!
Dear God! Dear God, what must he have thought? What will he say? Oh why did I obey my aching heart alone, and, lacking all self control, write him that letter! Indeed, my heart now tells me that my fatal tempter will only laugh at me! Oh my God! How miserable I am, how contemptible!

TATYANA
Yes, it is he, it is he! Onegin enters. Tatyana leaps to her feet and stands with lowered head as he approaches.

ONEGIN
If I wished to pass my life within the confines of the family circle, and a kindly fate had decreed for me the role of husband and father, then, most like, I would not choose any other bride than you. But I was not made for wedded bliss, it is foreign to my soul, your perfections are vain, I am quite unworthy of them. Believe me, I give you my word, marriage would be a torment for us. No matter how much I loved you, habit would kill that love. Judge what a thorny bed of roses Hymen would prepare for us, and, perhaps, to be endured at length! One cannot return to dreams and youth, I cannot renew my soul! I love you with a brother's love, a brother's love or, perhaps, more than that! Perhaps, perhaps more than that! Listen to me without getting angry, more than once will a girl exchange one passing fancy for another. Learn to control your feelings; ... Not everyone will understand you as I do. Inexperience leads to disaster!... Servant girls (sing a song behind the scenes)

The voices of the servant girls die away. Onegin offers Tatyana his arm; after giving him a long, imploring look, she rises mechanically, accepts his arm and they leave slowly.

English translation of the Final Scene
THIRD ACT SCENE TWO
The drawing room of Prince Gremin's house in St. Petersburg.

Tatyana, in elegant morning dress, enters holding a letter.

TATYANA
O, how distressed I am! Once more Onegin has crossed my path like a relentless apparition! His burning glance has troubled my heart and reawakened my dormant passion so that I feel like a young girl again and as if nothing had ever parted us!

Sheweps.

ONEGIN
Oh! My God! Is it possible that in my humble pleading your cold look sees nothing but the wiles of a despicable cunning? Your reproach torments me! If you only knew how terrible it is to suffer love's torments, to endure and to constantly check the fever in the blood by reason, to long to clasp your knees and, weeping at your feet, pour out prayers, avowals, reproaches, all, all that words can express!

TATYANA
I am weeping!

ONEGIN
Weep on, those tears are dearer than all the treasures in the world!
Ah! Happiness was within our reach, so close! So close!

Onegin
Alas!

Tatyana, Onegin
Happiness was within our reach, so close! So close! So close!

Tatyana
But my fate has already been decided, and irrevocably! I am married; you must, I beg you, leave me!

Onegin
Leave you? Leave you! What! ... Leave you? No! No! To see you hourly, to dog your footsteps, to follow your every smile, movement and glance with loving eyes, to listen to you for hours, to understand in my heart all your perfection, falling to his knees, he seizes Tatyana's hand and covers it with kisses to swoon before you in passionate torment turn pale and pass away: this is bliss, this is my only dream, my only happiness!

Tatyana
somewhat frightened, she withdraws her hand

Onegin
I cannot leave you!

Tatyana
Eugene! You must. I beg you to leave me.

Onegin
Oh, have pity!

... to another by fate ...
... have I been given, with him will I live and never leave him; ...

Onegin
... For me ...
... you must forsake all, all - hateful house and social clamour! You have no choice! Oh, do not drive me from you, I implore! You love me; you will ruin your life for nothing! You are mine, mine for ever!

Tatyana
... No, I must remember my vows! Deep in my heart his desperate appeal strikes an answering chord, but having stifled the sinful flame, honour's severe and sacred duty will triumph over the passion! I leave you!

Onegin
No! No! No! No!

Tatyana
Enough!

Onegin
Oh, I implore you: do not go!

Tatyana
No, I am resolved!

Onegin
I love you! I love you!

Tatyana
Leave me!

Onegin
I love you!

Tatyana
Farewell for ever!

She leaves the room.