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Boston University Women's Chorale and Repertory Chorus, April 15, 1998

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*Boston University School for the Arts
Music Division*

—presents—

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
WOMEN'S CHORALE
and
REPERTORY CHORUS

ANN HOWARD JONES
Director of Choral Activities

JENNY BENT
CHERYL BRANHAM
SCOTT A. JARRETT
STEPHEN A. KINGSBURY
Conductors

CHERYL BRANHAM,
RICK LATTERELL
Rehearsal Pianists

Wednesday, April 15, 1998, 8:30 p.m.
Marsh Chapel
735 Commonwealth Avenue

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
WOMEN'S CHORALE & REPERTORY CHORUS

Wednesday, April 15, 1998
8:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

Women's Chorale
Jenny Bent, *conductor*

Salut Printemps

Claude Debussy
(1862)

Maria D'Amato, *soprano*
Cheryl Branham, *piano*

Gesänge für Frauenstimmen, Op. 69

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Tamburinschlägerin
Waldmädchen
Klosterfräulein

Jessica Murphy, *soprano I*
Sarah I. Lemoine, *soprano II*
Janna Hinebaugh, *alto I*
Michelle Pisa, *alto II*
Cheryl Branham, *piano*

Two Eastern Pictures

Gustav Holst
(1874-1934)

Spring
Summer

Alicia Jones, *harp*

Repertory Chorus
Stephen Kingsbury, conductor

Gesänge für Gemischten Chor mit Klavierbegleitung

Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Die Harmonie in der Ehe
Wider den Übermut
Adendlied zu Gott
Die Beredsamkeit

Rick Latterell, *piano*

Quatre Motets sur des Thèmes Grégoriens, Op. 10

Maurice Durufle
(1902-1986)

Ubi caritas
Tota pulchra es—Women's Chorale, Cheryl Branham, *conductor*
Tu es Petrus
Tantum ergo

Women's Chorale
Cheryl Branham, conductor

Lauda Jerusalem (Psalm 147)

Nicola Porpora
(1686-1768)

Joo-Mee Lee, *violin*
Hilary Smith, *violin*
Anna Wetherby, *viola*
Elizabeth Browne, *cello*
Peter Krasinski, *organ*

Petites Voix

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

La petite fille sage
Le chien perdu
Le hérisson

—Intermission—

Repertory Chorus
Scott A. Jarrett, conductor

The Company of Heaven

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Part I. Before the Creation

- I. Chaos (Introduction for orchestra)
- II. The Morning Stars (Hymn for chorus and orchestra)

Part III. Angels in Common Life and at our Death

- VI. Heaven is Here (soprano solo, chorus and orchestra)
- VII. A Thousand, Thousand Gleaming Fires (Tenor solo and orchestra)
- VIII. Funeral March for a Boy (orchestra)
- IX. Whoso Dwelleth Under the Defence of the Most High
(Psalm for unaccompanied chorus)
- X. Lento maestoso (Speaker and orchestra)
- XI. Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones
(Hymn for soloists, chorus and orchestra)

Elizabeth Noël, *speaker*
Sean Noël, *speaker*
Kristin M. Schmotzer, *soprano*
Robert Pitcher, *tenor*

violin I
Joo-Mee Lee
Nyssa Patten
Gabrielle Kopf
Anna Brathwaite

viola
Anna Wetherby
Liza Villanueva
Melinda Hirsch

bass
Ryan Kamm

tympani
Courtney McDonald

violin II,
Hilary Smith
Christina Eng
Christine LeDoux
Mark Berger
Hilary Foster

cello
Elizabeth Browne
Sonya Knuessen

organ
Peter Krasinski

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Salut Printemps

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Salut printemps jeune saison
Dieu rend aux plaines leur couronne
La seve ardente qui bouillonne
S'épanche et brise sa prison.
Bois et champs sont en floraison

Un monde invisible bourdonne
L'eau sur le caillou qui résonne
Court et dit sa claire chanson.

Le genet dore la coline
Sur le vert gazon

Greetings spring, young season
God restores his crown to the plains.
The burning bubbling sap
Overflows and breaks its prison.
The woods and countryside are in
bloom.

An invisible world hums
The water that resounds on the pebbles
And speaks her clear song.

The broom gilds the hill
On the green grass hawthorn

Verse la neige de ses fleurs
Tout est fraîcheur, Amour lumière
Et du sein fécond de la terre
Montent des chants et des senteurs.
Bonjour printemps.

The snow is shed from its flowers
All is fresh, love is alive
And from the fruitful breast of the earth
Displays songs and fragrances.
Hello spring.

Gesänge für Frauenstimmen, Op. 69
Robert Schumann (1810-1865)

No. 1, Tamburinschlägerin

Schwirrend Tamburin, dich schwing' ich,
Doch mein Herz ist weit von hier.
Tamburin, ach könnt'st du's wissen,
Wie mein Herz von Schmerz zerrissen,
Deine Klänge würden müssen
Weinen um mein Leid mit mir.
Schwirrend Tamburin, dich schwing' ich,
Doch mein Herz ist weit von hier.

Schwirrend Tamburin, dich schwing' ich,
Doch mein Herz ist weit von hier.
Weil das Herz mir will zerspringen,
Lass' ich hell die Schellen klingen,
Die Gedanken zu versingen
Aus des Herzens Grunde mir.
Schwirrend Tamburin, dich schwing' ich,
Doch mein Herz ist weit von hier.

Schwirrend Tamburin, dich schwing' ich,
Doch mein Herz ist weit von hier.
Schöne Herren, tief im Herzen,
Fühl' ich immer neu die Schmerzen,
Wie ein Angstruf ist mein Scherzen,
Denn mein Herz ist weit von hier.
Schwirrend Tamburin, dich schwing' ich,
Doch mein Herz ist weit von hier.

Eichendorff

No. 2, Waldmädchen

Bin ein Feuer hell,
Das lodert von dem grünen Felsenkranz;
Seewind ist mein Buh!
Und fodert mich zum lust'gen
Wirbeltanz,

Kommt und wechselt unbeständig,
Steigen wild, neigend mild,
Meine schlanken Lohen wend' ich
Komm' nicht nach mir, ich verbrenn' dich,
Komm; nicht nach mich, ich verbrenn' dich!

Wo die wilden Bäche rauschen
Und die hohen Palmen steh'n,
Wenn die Jäger heimlich lauschen,
Viele Rehe einsam geh'n,
Bin ein Reh,

The Tambourine Player

Buzzing tambourine, I am playing you,
Although my heart is far away.
Tambourine, if you could only know,
How pain breaks my heart in two,
Your ringing would have to cry
In order to share my sorrows.
Buzzing tambourine, I am playing you,
Although my heart is far away.

Buzzing tambourine, I am playing you,
Although my hear is far away,
Because my heart wants to explode
I will let the buzzing gaily sound,
To sing out to you the thoughts
From the bottom of my heart.
Buzzing tambourine, I am playing you,
Although my heart is far away.

Buzzing tambourine, I am playing you,
Although my heart is far away,
Handsome men, deep in my heart,
I feel new again the pain,
Like a cry of anguish in my pleasure,
Because my heart is far from here.
Buzzing tambourine, I am playing you,
Although my heart is far away.

The Forest Maiden

I am a bright fire,
Glowing from the green ring of rocks.
The seabreeze is my lover
And it summons me to the gaily
whirling dance

Coming, going,
Rising wildly, sinking softly,
I turn my slender flames
Do not follow me, I shall burn you,
Do not follow me, I shall burn you!

Where the wild brooks rush
And the high palm trees stand,
When the hidden hunters eavesdrop,
Many lonesome deer walk by
I am a roe,

Flieg' durch die Trümmer über die Höh
Wo im Schnee still die letzten Gipfel
schimmern:
Folg' mir nicht, erjagst mich nimmer,
folg' mir nicht, erjagst mich nimmer!

Bin ein Vöglein in den Lüften,
Schwing' mich über's blaue Meer,
Durch die Wolken von den Klüften
Fliegt kein Pfeil mehr bis hierher,
Und die Au'n und die Felsenbogen,
Waldeseinsamkeit wie weit,
Sind versunken in die Wogen;
Ach, Ich habe mich verflogen,
Ach ich habe mich verflogen!

Eichendorff

No. 3, Klosterfräulein

Ich armes Klosterfräulein! O Mutter was
hast du gemacht!

Lenz ging am Gitter vorüber,
Hat mir kein Blümlein gebracht.

Ach wie weit, wie weit dor unten
Zwei Schäflein gehen im Thal!,
Viel Glück, ihr Schäflein,
Ihr sahet den Frühling zum ersten Mal.

Ach wie weit, wie weit dort oben
Zwei Vög'lein fliegen in Ruh!
Viel Glück, ihr Vöglein,
ihr flieget der besseren Heimath zu.

Kerner

Fleeing amongst the ruins above the
heights,
Where, in the snow the last peaks gleam i
in silence:
Do not follow me, you will never hunt me
down!
Do not follow me, you will never hunt me
down!

I am a little bird in the air,
Soaring above the blue sea,
Through the clouds and from the crags
No arrow can reach me here,
And the meadows and the vaults of rock,
The forest loneliness so far below,
All are sunk beneath the waves;
Oh, I am flown,
Oh, I am flown!

The Nun

I poor nun! O mother, what have you
done!

Spring passed by the prison bars,
And didn't bring me any flowers.

Ah, how far, how far down you are
Two little sheep walk in the valley!
Good luck, little sheep,
You have seen spring for the first time.

Ah how far, how far overhead
Two little birds are flying in peace!
Good luck, little birds,
You are flying to a better dwelling place.

Two Eastern Pictures

Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

I. Spring

Spring the warrior hither comes,
Bow string formed by rows of bees,
And his darts tipp'd with buds
Wound our hearts with sweet love longing.

Now the trees put forth their flowers,
On the lakes the lillies fair
Show their heads midst the waves
Melting hearts with sweet love longing.

What fair maid can vie with Spring?
What sweet voice the cuckoo's song?
Or smiling teeth the jasmine's hue?
Or rosy lips the op'ning flowers?
Bending down with blushing buds,

Flaming mango branches wave
To and fro with the breeze
Filling hearts with sweet love longing.

And within the lotus flower
Dwells her love, the murm'ring bee
Who with kiss and embrace
Satisfies her sweet love longing.

II. Summer

The fierce glaring day is gone.
Gentle night hath spread her mantle
Cool and refreshing,
Lit by rays of a thousand stars
And by the golden moon.

The moon shineth on yon roof.
Here lie maidens crowned with jasmine,
Clad in silk raiment,
On their ankles are rings
That tinkle sweetly as they move.
Fanned by jewel covered fans,
Sweetest perfume floats o'er each breast.
Song and harp unite with warbling birds
To rouse from sleep the god of love.

Kalidasa

Gesänge für Gemischten Chor mit Klavierbegleitung Joseph Haydn (1752-1809)

No. 3, Die Harmonie in der Ehe

O wunderbare Harmonie,
was er will, will auch sie,
er zechet gern, sie auch,
er spielt gern, sie auch
er zählt Dukaten gern,
und macht den grossen Herrn.
auch das ist ihr Gebrauch.

J.N. Götz

Harmony in Marriage

O wonderful harmony
what he wants, she wants too,
he likes to drink, she does too,
he likes to gamble, she does too,
he likes to count money,
and do it with the great lords,
that is her custom also.

No. 9, Wider den Übermut

Was ist mein stand, mein Glück
und jede gute Gabe?
Ein unverdientes Gut!
Bewahre mich, o Gott,
von dem ich alles habe,
vor Stolz und Übermut.

Gellert

Against Arrogance

What is my position, my happiness,
and each good talent?
An undeserved possession!
Protect me, O God,
from all that I have,
from pride and arrogance.

No. 7, Abendlied zu Gott

Lord, der du mir das Leben,
bis diesen Tag gegeben,
dich bet ich kindlich an.
Ich bin viel zu geringe

Evening song to God

Lord, who has given me life,
unto this day.
I pray to you like a child.
I am much smaller

der Treue die ich singe
und die du heut an mir getan.

Gellert

No. 1, Die Beredsamkeit

Freunde, Wasser machet stumm.
Lernet dieses an den Fischen.
Doch beim Weine kehrt sich's um.
Dieses lernst an unsern Tischen.
Was für Redner sind wir nicht,
Wenn der Rheinwein aus uns spricht
Wir ermahnen, streiten, lehren,
Keiner will den andern hören.
Freunde, Wasser machet stumm.

Lessing

than the great worthiness of which I sing
and of which you have showered on me
this day.

Eloquence

Friends, water makes things silent.
We learn this from the fish.
However, wine has the opposite effect.
This is learned at our table.
What as orators we are not,
When the Rhine-wine from us talks,
We exhort, argue, profess,
No one listens to anyone else.
Friends, water makes things silent.

Stephen A. Kingsbury

**Quatre Motets sur des Thèmes Grégoriens pour Choeur a cappella, Op. 10
Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)**

No. 1, Ubi caritas

Ubi caritas et amor,
Deus ibi est.

Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.

Exsultemus et in ipso jucundemur.
Timeamus et amemus Deum vivum
Et ex corde diligamus nos sincero.
Amen

Where there is charity and love,
God is there.

The love of Christ has gathered us
together.
Let us rejoice and be glad in it.
Let us revere and love the living God.
And from a sincere heart let us love one
another. Amen

No. 2, Tota pulchra es Maria

Tota pulchra es Maria,
et macula originalis
non est in te.
Vestimentum tuum candidum quasi nix,
et facies tua sicut sol.

Tu gloria Jerusalem, tu laetitia Israel,
tu honorificentia populi nostri.

Thou art all fair, O Mary,
and the stain of original sin
is not in thee.
Your vestments are as white as snow,
and your face is like the sun.

Thou are the glory of Jerusalem, the joy
of Israel,
and the honor of our people.

No. 3, Tu es Petrus

Tu es Petrus,
et super hanc petram
aedificabo Ecclesiam meam.

Thou art Peter,
and upon this rock
I shall build my church.

No. 4, Tantum ergo

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

Let us therefore, bowing low,
venerate so great a sacrament:
And let the old law
Give way to the new rite:
Let faith afford assistance
To the deficiency of the senses.

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procendenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.
Amen.

To the Begetter and the Begotten
Let there be praise and jubilation
Salvation and honor,
And power and blessing:
And to the one proceeding from both
let there be equal praise.
Amen.

Ron Jeffers

Lauda Jerusalem (Psalm 147)
Nicola Porpora (1686-1768)

Lauda Jerusalem Dominum:
lauda Deum tuum Sion.
Quoniam confortavit
seras portarum tuarum:
nedixit filiis tuis in te.
Qui posuit fines tuos pacem:
et adipe frumenti satiat te.
Qui emittit eloquium suum terrae:
velociter currit sermo ejus.
Qui dat nivem sicut lanam:
nebulam sicut cinerem spargit.
Mittit crystallum suam sicut buccellas:
ante faciem frigoris ejus quis sustinebit?

Emittet verbum suum
et liquefaciet ea:
flabit spiritus ejus, et fluet aquae.

Qui annuntiat verbum suum Jacob:
justitias et judicia sua Israel.
Non fecit taliter omni nationi:
et judicia sua non manifestavit eis.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio,
et nunc, et semper,
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem:
praise your God, O Zion.
For he has
strengthened the bars of your gates:
he has blessed your children within you.
Who has placed peace within your
borders:
and fills you with the finest of wheat.
Who sends forth his commandment upon
earth:
his word runs swiftly.
Who gives snow like wool:
and scatters hoarfrost like ashes.
He sends his ice like morsels:
who will stand before the force of his
cold?
He sends forth his word,
and will melt them:
his word shall blow, and the waters
shall flow.
Who proclaims his word to Jacob,
his laws and justices to Israel.
He did not do such to each nation:
he did not make his judgments known to
them.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen

Ron Jeffers

Petites Voix
Francis Poulenc

La petite fille sage
La petite fille sage est rentrée
de l'école avec son panier.
Elle a mis sur la table
les assiettes et les verres lourds

The good little girl
The good little girl returned
from school with her basket.
She set the table with
plates and heavy glasses.

Et puis ell' s'est lavée a la
pompe de la cour sans mouiller
son tablier. Et si le petit
frère dort dans son petit lit
cage, ell' va s'asseoir
sur la pierre usée
pour voir l'étoile du soir. Ah....

Le chien perdu

Qui es-tu, inconnu?
Qui es-tu, chien perdu?
Tu rêves, tu sommeilles;
peut-être voudrais-tu
que je te gratte là,
derrière les oreilles,
doux chien couché
sur le trottoir
qui lève vers mon oeil
ton regard blanc et noir?
Qui es-tu, inconnu,
chien perdu?
La, la, la....

Le hérisson

Quand papa trouve
un hérisson
il l'apporte à la maison.
On lui donne du lait tiède
dans le fond
d'une assiette.
il ne veut pas se dérouler
lors-qu'il entend
parler...
mais si nous quittons
la cuisine
il montre sa tête maligne,
et si je me tais
un instant
je l'entends boire doucement,
je l'entends boire doucement.
Quand papa trouve
un hérisson
il l'apporte à la maison,
la maison.

Madeleine Ley

Special thanks to Beth Paulson for her assistance with the French language.

The Company of Heaven Benjamin Britten

Part I

II. The morning stars

The morning stars who, ere light was, were light,
Heav'n's light, heav'n's radiance, in adoration,

And then she washed at the
pump without dampening
her pinafore. And if little
brother is asleep in his
cradle, she goes to sit on
the worn stone step
to see the evening star. Ah....

The Lost Dog

Who are you, stranger?
Who are you, lost dog?
You dream, you doze;
perhaps you would like
me to scratch you there,
behind the ears,
sweet dog lying
on the footpath
looking into my eyes with
your glance, black and white?
Who are you, stranger,
lost dog?
La, la, la....

The Hedgehog

When Papa finds
a hedgehog
he brings it to the house.
We give him warm milk
in the bottom
of a plate.
He does not want to uncurl
himself when he hears
speaking...
but if we leave
the kitchen
he shows his clever head,
and if I keep quiet
a moment
I hear him lapping softly,
I hear him lapping softly.
When Papa finds
a hedgehog
he brings it to the house,
the house.

There when the day shines, still unstain'd by night,
Cry Holy, Holy, Holy, in exultation!

Guards, sentries, Captains of the celestial places,
Thrones, principedoms, virtues, powers,
They praise Him, whom for the living ones,
Whom angels with veil'd faces adore,
and the Cherubim and Seraphim.

"Who is like God?" Michael the captain saith:
Raphael, God's cure, sends comfort in distress,
And Gabriel who wing'd once to Nazareth,
Gabriel, the light of God, brings peace!

They sing as when the new earth first was hung
Dizzy in space, and all the planets and stars were young;
Creation was over...six nights and six days.
The sons of God for joy shouted God's praise!

Adapted from St. Joseph the Hymnographer

III

VI. Heaven is here

Heaven is here and the angels of Heaven
It is given to them to guard, guide, warn
And conduct us on Earth;
Many winged, many eyed, mighty in love,
They stand watch at our birth,
Stand watch at our death,
Bringing us along the road,
Bringing us peace, bringing us brotherhood.
Ear may not hear, eye may not see,
But about us, around us,
In town and in temple,
At our work, at our play,
As a cloud, as a light
In the night, in the day
The angels assemble, praying, fighting, singing,
Rejoicing for you, for me,
For all the children of God.

John Ruskin

VII. A thousand, thousand gleaming fires

A thousand, thousand gleaming fires
Seem'd kindling in the air;
A thousand, thousand silvery lyres
Resounded far and near.

Me thought the very breath I breath'd
Was full of sparks divine,
And all my heather couch was wreath'd
By the celestial shine.

And while the wide earth echoing rung
To their strange minstrelsy,
The little glittering Spirits sung,
Or seem'd to sing, to me:

"O mortal! mortal! let them die,
Let time and tears destroy,
That we may overflow the sky

With universal joy!

"To thee the world is like a tomb,
A desert's named shore;
To us, in unimagined bloom
It brightens more and more.

"And could we lift the veil and give
One brief glimpse to thine eye,
Thou wouldst rejoice for those that live
Because they live to die!"

Emily Brontë

IX. Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the most High

Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the most High:
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
For thou, Lord, art my hope:
Thou has set thine house of defence very high.
There shall no evil happen unto thee:
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee:
To keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee in their hands:
That thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder:
The young lion and the dragon
Shalt thou tread, under thy feet.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee:
To keep thee in all thy ways.

Psalm 91, 1, 9-13

XI. Ye watchers and ye holy ones

Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluya!
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs, Allelluya!

O higher than the Cherubim,
More glorious than the Seraphim,
Lead their Praises. Alleluya!
Thou Bearer of th'eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord. Alleluya!

O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing, Alleluya!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One, Alleluya!
Amen!
Heav'n is here and the angels of Heav'n.
Amen!

Athelstan Riley

WOMEN'S CHORALE

Soprano I

Signe Anderssel, Berkley, CA
Lauren Jalazo, Middletown, NY
Elizabeth Kinzer, Minneapolis, MI
Jessica Murphy, Norwalk, CT
Symeon Rom-Rymer, Chicago, IL
Rachel Vrooman, Virginia Beach, VA

Alto I

Leta Chan, Alameda, CA
Morgaen Hansen, Latham, NY
Katherine Lee, Somerville, MA
Tomoko Nakajima, Los Altos Hills, CA

Soprano II

Maria D'Amato, Shirley, NY
Nora E. Derrington, Laguna Niguel, CA
Allison Hope Jones, Canton, MA
Sarah Lemoine, Houston, TX
Ariel Lichtenstein, Baldwin, NY
Romy Marom, Westport, CT
Meghan O'Brien, Rocky Point, NY

Alto II

Janna Hinebaugh, San Antonio, TX
Glenda McSween, Trinidad
Nathan Peterman, Meriden, CT
Michelle Pisa, Tyler, TX

REPERTORY CHORUS

Soprano

Nicole Ameduri, Brockton, MA
Missy Backus, Westport, CT
Mandy Feiler, Montvale, NJ
Becca Fuchs, Westport, CT
Shannon Hedrick, Hingham, MA
Kelly Hopkins, Philadelphia, PA
Valerie Kraft, Muskego, WI
Krista Lester, Monroeville, PA
Sarah Palmer, San Ramon, CA
Valerie Reznik, Highland Park, IL
Kristin M. Schmotzer, Bethpage, NY

Alto

Geri Barrison, Massapequa, NY
Andrea M. Brenon, Ilion, NY
Casey Cole, Tigard, OR
Kristen E. Faerber, Dallas, PA
Jennifer R. Gilgan, Lacey, WA
Alissa Guntren, Sioux City, IA
Heather Kuhn, Shrewsbury, MA
May Lee, Roxbury, MA

Tenor

Gregg M. Jacobson, Randolph, NJ
Corey Jay Moran, Bangor, ME
Steven Oibash, Lynn, MA
George Y. Oliver, Newton, MA
John Paulson, Brighton, MA
A. Jordan Wright, Houston, TX

Baritone

Adam Alexander, Darien, CT
Keith Butler, East Meadow, NY
Brian Cassidy, Garland, TX
Chad Leahy, South Medley, MA
Kelly Markgraf, Cedarburg, WI
Jason Traue, Farmers Branch, TX
John Hsiang Tu, Taipei, Taiwan
Kannan Vasudevan, Greensburg, PA

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