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School of Music

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1999-10-27

# Special benefit concert: Stephen Salters and Shiela Kibbe

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*Boston University School for the Arts  
Music Division*

—presents—

SPECIAL BENEFIT CONCERT

STEPHEN SALTERS  
*baritone*

SHIELA KIBBE  
*piano*

xx

Wednesday, October 27, 1999 at 8:00 p.m.  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Boston University School for the Arts  
Music Division*

—presents—

STEPHEN SALTERS, *baritone*

SHIELA KIBBE, *piano*

Wednesday, October 27, 1999

8:00 p.m.

**PROGRAM**

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Sure On This Shining Night, Op. 13 No. 3 (Agee)

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

Three Songs, Op. 45

Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose (Keller, trans. Joyce)

A Green Lowland of Pianos (Harasymowicz, trans. Milosz)

O Boundless, Boundless Evening (Heym, trans. Middleton)

An Sylvia, D. 891 (Bauernfeld, after Shakespeare)

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Dem Unendlichen, D. 291 (Klopstock)

Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren, D. 360 (Mayrhofer)

Der Zwerg, D. 771 (von Collin)

Nachtviolen, D. 752 (Mayrhofer)

Rastlose Liebe, D. 138 (von Goethe)

—Intermission—

From *Old American Songs*

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

Zion's Walls

Long Time Ago

The Dodger

At the River

Ching-a-Ring-Chaw

Lilacs, Op. 21 No. 5 (Beketova)

Sergei Rachmaninoff

Oh No, I Beg You, Do Not Leave!, Op. 4 No. 1 (Merezhkovsky)

(1873-1943)

The Little Island, Op. 14 No. 2 (Balmont)

Do Not Sing Beautiful One, Op. 4 No. 4 (Pushkin)

Spring Waters, Op. 14 No. 11 (Tyutchev)

## THE STEPHEN SALTERS VOCAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

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Proceeds benefit the Stephen Salters Vocal Scholarship Fund. The fund will provide financial assistance to an undergraduate minority student studying voice. To make an additional contribution please contact Jennifer Shepard, Director of Development, Boston University School for the Arts, 617/353-7293.

### MEET THE ARTISTS

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**Stephen Salters**, a 29-year-old baritone, is the First Prize winner in the Walter W. Naumburg 1999 Vocal Competition. His other notable achievements include First Place in the 1996 International Puccini-Licia Albanese Competition of Singing. A native of Milford, Connecticut, Mr. Salters is a graduate of Boston University, where he completed the Bachelor of Music degree with Joan Heller and the Artist Diploma with Phyllis Curtin. He has also studied with Gary Race, Marlena Malas, and Victor de Maiffe. Mr. Salters enjoys an extensive performing schedule, having given recitals and concert performances in London, Chicago, New York, Baltimore, San Francisco, Brussels, Paris, St. Petersburg, Tokyo, Milan, Bonn, and Aldeburgh. He has performed at festivals in Edinburgh, Tanglewood, Ravinia, and Chautauqua, and has collaborated with Seiji Ozawa and the Tanglewood Festival Orchestra for the 50th anniversary of the American premiere of Benjamin Britten's opera, *Peter Grimes*. He has performed with the Cleveland Orchestra and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under Leonard Slatkin, the Orchestra of St. Luke's at Caramoor under Will Crutchfield, the Opera Theater of St. Louis under Robert Spano, and the Boston Lyric Opera under Stephen Lord. He made his European operatic debut with the National Opera of Paris and performs frequently in other French houses with leading conductors and directors.

Mr. Salters' broad repertoire ranges from baroque to contemporary music, and includes the great Mozartian roles of Don Giovanni, Count Almaviva, Guglielmo and Papageno, as well as roles in works by Bellini, Donizetti, Gluck, and Handel. Mr. Salters carries out his belief in community participation by conducting masterclasses for young singers and by taking part in community and school-based outreach programs.

Pianist **Shiela Kibbe** is Chairman of the Collaborative Piano Department at Boston University's School for the Arts. She is pianist for baritone Stephen Salters, winner of the 1999 Walter W. Naumburg Award. Since 1996 Ms. Kibbe has concertized with Mr. Salters throughout Belgium, Germany, Japan, and Russia. They have recorded on the Qualiton 'Cypres' label, and will present their New York debut recital at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall in November 1999.

Hailed by Richard Dyer in the Boston Globe as a "...superb collaborative pianist...", Ms. Kibbe has been recital partner to singers Mark Aliapoulos, Penelope Bitzas, Gui-Ping Deng, D'Anna Fortunato, William Hite, and William Sharp. She has performed with french hornist Eric Ruske, violist Michelle LaCourse, oboist Laura Ahlbeck, and Boston Symphony Orchestra members Daniel Katzen and Richard Ranti.

Ms. Kibbe was, for several years, rehearsal pianist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tanglewood Festival Chorus, as well as accompanist for the John Oliver Chorale (recording with them on the Koch label). She has served as principal keyboardist and vocal coach for the Symphony and Opera Association in Chattanooga, TN, and pianist for the Pennsylvania Opera Theatre, the Philadelphia Orchestra Woodwind Quintet Seminars, and the International Suzuki Institute in Ithaca, NY.

Shiela Kibbe holds two Master of Music degrees from Temple University in Philadelphia, PA, and was twice a fellow in Vocal Accompanying at the Tanglewood Music Center. She has taught at the New England Conservatory and began her association with Boston University as a vocal coach in the Opera Institute.

## THE WALTER W. NAUMBURG AWARD

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The **Walter W. Naumburg Foundation** was established in 1926 to help talented young musicians set their careers in motion by arranging recitals in New York City to get reviews in the New York papers. Since then, the Naumburg Award has grown to become a major international competition for the young artists which annually rotates among soloists, vocalists, and chamber music ensembles. Today's Naumburg winners receive two recitals in New York's Alice Tully Hall, thirty recital and oratorio engagements, the opportunity to commission a new work, a recital CD for Musical Heritage Society and \$5,000. Past recipients include Elmar Oliviera, Dawn Upshaw, Stanford Olsen, Andre-Michel Schub, and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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### Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

#### Sure On This Shining Night, Op. 13 No. 3

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north;  
All is healed,  
All is health.  
High summer holds the earth,  
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

### Three Songs, Op. 45

#### Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose  
Which then she laid within my stiff cold hand.  
That I should ever feed upon a rose  
I never had believed in live man's land.

Only I wonder, was it white or red  
The flower that in the darkness my food has been?  
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,  
Deliver us from evil, Lord. Amen.

### A Green Lowland of Pianos

In the evening as far as the eye can see  
Herds of black pianos

Up to their knees in the mire  
They listen to the frogs

They gurgle in water with chords of rapture,  
They are entranced by froggish, moonish spontaneity.

After the vacation they cause scandals  
In a concert hall during the artistic milking  
Suddenly they lie down like cows

Looking with indifference  
At the white flowers of the audience  
At the gesticulating of the ushers.

Black pianos.

### O Boundless, Boundless Evening

O boundless, boundless evening,  
Soon the glow of long hills on the skyline will be gone,  
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.  
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw  
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.  
Swallows high up are singing, very small.  
On every meadow glitters their swift flight, in woods of rushes,  
And where tall masts stand in brilliant bays.  
Yet in ravines beyond, between the hills already nests the night.

### **Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**

#### An Sylvia, D. 891

Was ist Silvia, saget an,  
Daß sie die weite Flur preist?  
Schön und zart seh ich sie nahn,  
Auf Himmelsgunst und Spur weist,  
Daß ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?  
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;  
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,  
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit  
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön, o Sang,  
Der holden Silvia Ehren;  
Den Reiz besiegt sie lang,  
Die Erde kann gewähren:  
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

What is Sylvia, tell me,  
That the wide meadows laud her?  
I see her draw near, fair and tender,  
It is a mark of heaven's favour,  
That all are subject to her.

Is she fair and kind as well?  
Her charms refresh with childlike gentleness;  
Cupid hastens to her eyes,  
There he cures his blindness  
And lingers in sweet peace.

Then to Sylvia let our song resound,  
To fair Sylvia's glory!  
She has long acquired every charm  
That this earth can grant:  
Bring her garlands, and the music of strings!

Dem Unendlichen, D. 291

Wie erhebt sich das Herz, wenn es dich,  
Unendlicher, denkt! wie sinkt es,  
Wenn's auf sich herunterschaut!  
Elend schaut's wehklagend dann  
und Nacht und Tod!

Allein du rufst mich aus meiner Nacht,  
der im Elend, der im Tode hilft!  
Dann denk' ich es ganz, daß du  
ewig mich schufst,

Herrlicher, den kein Preis, unten am  
Grab, oben am Thron,  
Herr Gott, den, dankend entflammt,  
kein Jubel genug besingt!

Weht, Bäume des Lebens, ins Harfengetön!  
Rausche mit ihnen ins Harfengetön,  
kristallner Strom!  
Ihr lispelt und rauscht, und, Harfen,  
ihr tönt nie es ganz!  
Gott ist es, den ihr preist!

Donnert, Welten, In feierlichem Gang,  
in der Posaunen Chor!  
Tönt, all' ihr Sonnen auf der Straße  
voll Glanz, in der Posaunen Chor!

Ihr Welten, donnert,  
Du, der Posaunen Chor, hallest  
Nie es ganz:  
Gott—nie es ganz: Gott,  
Gott, Gott ist es, den ihr preist!

Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren, D. 360

Dioskuren, Zwillingsterne,  
Die ihr leuchtet meinem Nachen,  
Mich beruhigt auf dem Meere  
Eure Milde, euer Wachen.

Wer auch fest in sich begründet,  
Unverzagt dem Sturm  
begegnet,  
Fühlt sich doch in euren Strahlen  
Doppelt mutig und gesegnet.

Dieses Ruder, das ich schwinge,  
Meeresfluten zu zerteilen,  
Hänge ich, so ich geborgen,  
Auf an eures Tempels Säulen,  
Dioskuren, Zwillingsterne.

How the heart lifts itself, when it you,  
Infinite One, considers! How it sinks  
When it looks down at itself!  
Wretched and lamenting, it sees  
only night and death!

Alone you call me from my darkness,  
you who help in misery and death!  
Then I know it wholly that  
You created me, Glorious One!

You whom no praise below the grave  
nor up at the throne,  
Lord God, You who gratefully inspired,  
no jubilation can adequately praise

Blow, Tree of Life, into the harp's tones!  
Murmur and unite with its tones,  
O crystal stream!  
You whisper and murmur, and you harps,  
you resound yet never will it suffice!  
God it is, God it is whom you praise!

Worlds, thunder in solemn procession,  
to the trumpet chorus!  
Resound, all you suns in your course  
full of splendor with the trumpet chorus!

You worlds, you thunder,  
and you, chorus of trumpets, you resound  
yet never will it suffice:  
God—never will it suffice: God,  
God, God it is whom you praise!

Dioscuri, twin stars  
who light my boat,  
you calm me with your gentleness,  
your watching.

Whoever, strong in himself,  
proves to be undaunted when he meets  
the storm,  
He feels himself indeed in your rays  
twice bold and blessed.

These oars that I wield  
ocean waves to divide,  
I hang them so safely  
upon your temple's pillars,  
Dioscuri, twin stars.

Der Zwerg, D. 771

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon  
die Berge,  
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten  
Meereswogen,  
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten  
Bogen,  
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen  
Ferne;  
Die mit der Milch des Himmels blau  
durchzogen.

"Nie, nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch,  
ihr Sterne,"  
So ruft sie aus,  
"bald werd' ich nun entschwinden,  
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb' ich  
wahrlich gerne."

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin,  
mag binden  
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von  
roter Seide,  
Und weint, als wollt' er schnell vor  
Gram erblinden.

Er spricht: "Du selbst bist schuld  
an diesem Liede  
Weil um den König du mich hast  
verlassen,  
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir  
noch Freude.

Zwar werd' ich ewiglich mich selber  
hassen,  
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod  
gegeben,  
Doch mußt zum frühen Grab du nun  
erlassen."

Sie legt die Hand aufs Herz voll  
jungem Leben,  
Und aus dem Aug' die schweren  
Tränen rinnen,  
Das sie zum Himmel betend will erheben.

"Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch  
meinen Tod gewinnen!"  
Sie sagt's; da küßt der Zwerg  
die bleichen Wangen,  
D'rauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau,  
von Tod befangen,  
Er senkt sie tief ins Meer mit eignen  
Händen,  
Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll  
Verlangen,  
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

In the hazy light, already the  
mountains disappear,  
The boat floats on the swells  
of the sea,  
On which the queen rides with her dwarf.

She looks upward to the high-curved  
arch,  
Up to the bespangled far  
blue,  
Streaked faintly by the  
Milky Way.

"Never, never have you lied to me  
never, you stars."  
So she called out,  
"Soon will I disappear,  
You tell me so,  
indeed I shall die willingly."

Then steps the dwarf next to the queen,  
he begins to tie  
Round her neck a ribbon of  
red silk,  
And weeps, as if he would be quickly  
blinded from grief.

He speaks: "You yourself are to blame  
for this grief  
Because for the king, you have  
left me!  
Now, arouses from your death,  
my only source of pleasure.

Actually I will forever hate  
myself,  
Who will with this hand send you  
to your death,  
Yet you must now pale to go to your  
early grave."

She lays her hand on her heart  
full of young life,  
And from her eye the heavy  
tears run  
Which she to heaven in prayers will raise.

"May you not gain pain  
from my death!"  
She says; then the dwarf kisses  
the paling cheeks,  
After that she soon loses her senses.

The dwarf looks on the lady of death,  
bashfully,  
He lowers her deep into the sea  
with suitable hands.  
His heart burns after her  
so full of desire.  
Upon no coast will he ever land again.



Nachtviolen, D. 752

Nachtviolen, Nachtviolen!  
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,  
Selig ist es, sich versenken  
In dem samtigen Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig  
Euch zu helfen, euch zu schmücken;  
Doch ihr blicket ernst und schweigend  
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen  
Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,  
Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten  
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

Rastlose Liebe, D. 138

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!  
Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet das Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehen?  
Wälderwärts ziehen?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

**Aaron Copland (1900-1990)**

From *Old American Songs*

Zion's Walls

Come fathers and mothers come  
Sisters and brothers come  
Join us in singing the praises of Zion.  
O fathers don't you feel determined  
to meet within the walls of Zion  
We'll shout and go round  
We'll shout and go round the walls of Zion.

Dame's Violets, Violets of the Night!  
Dark eyes, deeply soulful,  
How blessed it is to lose myself  
In your velvety blue eyes.

Green leaves strive joyfully  
To help you, to adorn you,  
Yet you look seriously and silently  
Into the mild spring air.

With sublime melancholic rays,  
You touched my faithful heart,  
And now blossoms on silent nights  
This sacred communion.

Into the snow, the rain  
And the wind,  
Through steamy ravines  
Through mists,  
Onwards, ever onwards!  
Without respite!  
I would sooner fight my way  
Through suffering  
Than endure so much  
Of life's joy.

This affection  
Of one heart for another,  
Ah, how strangely  
It creates pain!

How shall I flee?  
Into the forest?  
It is all in vain!  
Crown of life,  
Happiness without peace,  
This, O Love, is you!

### Long Time Ago

On the lake where droop'd the willow long time ago,  
Where the rock threw back the billow brighter than snow,  
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd by high and low,  
But with autumn leaf she perished long time ago.

Rock and tree and flowing water long time ago,  
Bird and bee and blossom taught her love's spell to know.  
While to my fond words she listen'd murmuring low,  
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd long time ago.

### The Dodger

Yes the candidate's a dodger, yes a well known dodger,  
Yes the candidate's a dodger, Yes and I'm a dodger too.  
He'll meet you and treat you and ask you for your vote  
But look out boys he's a-dodgin' for a note,  
Yes we're all dodgin', a-dodgin', dodgin', dodgin'  
Yes we're all dodgin' out away through the world.

Yes the preacher he's a dodger, yes a well known dodger,  
Yes the preacher he's a dodger yes and I'm a dodger too.  
He'll preach you a gospel and tell you of your crimes  
But look out boys he's a-dodgin' for your dimes,  
Yes we're all dodgin', a-dodgin', dodgin', dodgin'  
Yes we're all dodgin' out away through the world.

Yes the lover he's a dodger, yes a well known dodger,  
Yes the lover he's a dodger yes and I'm a dodger too.  
He'll hug you and kiss you and call you his bride,  
But look out girls he's a-tellin' you a lie  
Yes we're all dodgin', a-dodgin', dodgin', dodgin'  
Yes we're all dodgin' out away through the world.

### At the River

Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angels feet have trod,  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God.

Yes we'll gather by the river,  
the beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints by the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

## Ching-A-Ring-Chaw

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching  
Ho-a ding-a ding kum lar kee,  
Ching-a-ring-a ring ching  
Ho-a ding-a ding kum lar kee,

Brothers gather round,  
Listen to this story,  
'Bout the promised land,  
An' the promised glory.

You don't need to fear,  
If you have no money,  
You don't need none there,  
To buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,  
Coach with four white horses,  
There the evenin' meal,  
Has one two three four courses.

Nights we all will dance,  
To the harp and fiddle,  
Waltz and jig and prance,  
"Cast off down the middle."

When the mornin' come,  
All in grand and splendour,  
Stand out in the sun,  
And hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,  
The promised land's a-comin',  
Dance and sing and shout,  
I hear them harps a-strummin'.

## **Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)**

### The Lilacs, Op. 21 No. 5

In the morning at dawn on the dewy grass,  
I will go to breathe the fresh morning air.  
In the fragrant shade where lilacs crowd,  
I will go to seek my happiness . . .

In life, only one happiness is fated for me,  
and that happiness lives in lilacs.  
On green branches, on fragrant clusters,  
my pale happiness blooms . . .

Oh No, I Beg You, Do Not Leave!, Op. 4 No. 1

On no, I beg you, do not leave!  
All pain is nothing compared to parting,  
I am so enraptured with this torment,  
Tightly hold me to your breast, and say "I love you."

I came again ill, tormented and pale.  
See, how weak I am, how sad, how I need your love . . .

I await new torments ahead of me as though they were caresses or kisses,  
And only one thing I beg in anguish: Oh, stay with me, do not leave!  
Oh, stay with me, do not leave!

The Little Island, Op. 14 No. 2

From the sea looks the small island, its green slopes are adorned  
with thick, wreath-like grasses, violets and anemones.  
Over it, leaves are interlaced and around it, waves barely splash.  
Trees are as sad as dreams and like statues are silent.

Here only breathes the breeze, here the storm does not come.  
And this serene small island, always dreaming, falls asleep.

Do Not Sing Beautiful One, Op. 4 No. 4

Do not sing, beautiful one before me, your sad songs of Georgia:  
they recall in me another life and distant shore.

Alas, your cruel melodies remind me of the steppe,  
the night, the moonlight, and the features of a faraway maiden!

Seeing you, I forget the dear and fateful apparition.  
But you sing and before me, I imagine it again!

Do not sing, beautiful one before me, your sad songs of Georgia:  
they recall in me another life and distant shore.

Spring Waters, Op. 14 No. 11

Still in the field there is white snow,  
yet there are waters already full of spring's noise.  
It runs and wakes up the dreaming coastland.  
It flows and shines, announcing itself.

They announce themselves in all places: "Spring has come!  
We are the young spring's messengers; she sends us before she arrives!"

Spring has come! Spring has come!  
And the calm, soft May day, red and clear, and the circle of dance and song,  
loves joyfully behind spring!

## UPCOMING EVENTS

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October 29  
8:00 p.m.

**Boston University Symphony Orchestra  
and Symphonic Chorus**  
David Hoose, *conductor*  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

November 2  
8:00 p.m.

**Boston University Chamber Orchestra**  
Jin Kim and Akiko Fujimoto, *conductors*  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

November 3  
8:00 p.m.

**Triple Helix**  
Bayla Keyes, *violin*  
Rhonda Rider, *cello*  
Lois Shapiro, *piano*  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

November 9  
8:00 p.m.

**Muir String Quartet**  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

### SPECIAL EVENT

Monday, November 22, 8:00 p.m.

**Boston University Symphony Orchestra and Symphonic Chorus**  
Gilbert Kaplan, *conductor*  
Kelly Kaduce, *soprano*  
Mary Hughes, *mezzo-soprano*

**Mahler: Symphony No. 2, Resurrection**

Symphony Hall  
301 Massachusetts Avenue

Admission: \$10, \$20, \$30  
For tickets call SymphonyCharge: 617/266-1200

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*You can help support these talented young artists by joining the Friends of Music at the School for the Arts. For information, please contact Jennifer Shepard, Director of Development, Boston University School for the Arts, 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, MA 02215 or call 617/353-3345.*