

New York
Festival of Song

KURT WEILL'S

BERLIN

Juilliard



Photo by Claudio Papapietro

Support the next generation of performing artists

"I see for Juilliard a bold, creative, unstoppable, and joyful spirit that nurtures individuality. And I see for Juilliard an endless continuum of beauty, of artists who launch their voices into the universe."

—Damian Woetzel, Juilliard President

You are a vital part of Juilliard's future. Your donation supports financial aid for more than 90% of our students and the development of the next generation of performing artists. Make your tax-deductible gift by December 31 and be a part of this exciting new chapter at Juilliard.

Give now at giving.juilliard.edu/future
or call (212) 599-7000, ext. 278.

Thank you for your support.

juilliard.edu

The Juilliard School
and
New York Festival of Song
present

Kurt Weill's Berlin

Thursday, January 17, 2019, at 7:30pm
Peter Jay Sharp Theater

Anneliese Klenetsky and Jaylyn Simmons, Sopranos
Shakèd Bar, Mezzo-Soprano
Chance Jonas-O'Toole, Tenor
Gregory Feldmann and Jack Kay, Baritones
William Socolof, Bass-Baritone

Steven Blier, Pianist, Arranger, and Artistic Director of NYFOS
Mary Birnbaum, Stage Director
Jack Gulielmetti, Banjo
Marianne Barrett, German Language Preparation
Nikolay Verevkin, Musical Assistant

CITY LIFE

KURT WEILL (1900-50)	Berlin im Licht (1928) Chance Jonas-O'Toole and William Socolof
FREDERICK HOLLANDER (1896-1976)	Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt (1919) Shakèd Bar and Gregory Feldmann
OLAF BIENERT (1911-67)	Augen in der Großstadt (1956) Jack Kay
HOLLANDER	Tritt mir bloß nicht auf die Schuh Anneliese Klenetsky

Program continues

Juilliard's Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts was established in 2010 by the generous support of Ellen and James S. Marcus.

Additional support for this performance was provided, in part, by the Muriel Gluck Production Fund.

BERLIN IN BED

KURT TUCHOLSKY
(1890-1935)

Sleepless Lady (late 1920s)
Shakèd Bar

RUDOLF NELSON
(1878-1960)

Peter, Peter (1929)
William Socolof

BIENERT

That (1930)
Shakèd Bar, Anneliese Klenetsky, Jaylyn Simmons

HOLLANDER

Oh Just Suppose (1928)
Anneliese Klenetsky, Jaylyn Simmons, Jack Kay

WEILL'S LAST STAND: *DER SILBERSEE* (1933)

WEILL

The Shopgirls' Duet
Shakèd Bar and Jaylyn Simmons

The Lottery Agent's Tango
Chance Jonas-O'Toole

Caesar's Death
Gregory Feldmann
The Company

Intermission

LOST AND FOUND: *HAPPY END* (1929)

WEILL

Bilbao-Song
Shakèd Bar, Gregory Feldmann, William Socolof

Sailor's Tango
Jack Kay

Der Song von Mandelay
Chance Jonas-O'Toole, William Socolof, and Gentlemen



**Large
Print**

Please make certain that all electronic devices are turned off during the performance. The taking of photographs and use of recording equipment are not permitted in the auditorium.

MEN, WOMEN, AND MONEY

HANNS EISLER (1898-1962)	There's Nothing Quite Like Money (1934) William Socolof
-----------------------------	---

BIENERT	Song of Indifference (1931) Jaylyn Simmons
---------	--

WEILL	Nanna's Lied (1939) Anneliese Klenetsky
-------	---

THE GATHERING STORM

BIENERT	Parc Monceau (1924) Chance Jonas-O'Toole
---------	--

WEILL	Wie lange noch? (1944) Shakèd Bar
-------	---

EISLER	Der Graben (1926) Gregory Feldmann
--------	--

WEILL	From <i>Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny</i> (1930) Denn wie man sich bettet, so liegt man The Company
-------	--

Performance time: approximately 2 hours and 15 minutes, including an intermission

About the Program by Steven Blier

Choosing a program for NYFOS's annual residency at Juilliard is usually one of the year's sweetest dilemmas. No dilemma this time, though. I knew more than a year ago that I would want to revive *Kurt Weill's Berlin* as the 2019 project. My singers have strong feelings about today's politics, and I was sure they'd see the connection between Weimar Berlin and contemporary New York. While Kurt Weill and Hanns Eisler are not unknown to today's crop of young artists, they still had a lot to discover about them. And I knew that they would enjoy the freewheeling sexual politics in the songs by Tucholsky and Hollander.

I could not have anticipated in January of 2017 the mind-boggling clown car of today's 24-hour news cycles. The material in tonight's concert is like an eerie portent, a Roaring Twenties prequel to our times. In the middle of a rehearsal of "Caesar's Death" baritone Greg Feldmann was so startled by the contemporary relevance of the lyrics that he turned to me and blurted out, "Steve, *when* was this thing *written*?" I admit that I have been just as gobsmacked by the timeliness of these songs as Greg, even though I've known them and played them for decades.

The music we're hearing tonight actually comes from three different genres: musical theater, political song, and *Kabarett*. Weill, of course, is a man of the theater. His collaboration with Bertolt Brecht lasted only four years, from 1926 to 1930. But the works they created, including *The Threepenny Opera* and *Mahagonny*, started a revolution in theatrical style. Weill had been a student of Engelbert Humperdinck (of *Hansel and Gretel* fame). Following in his mentor's footsteps, Weill had his first big successes in the realm of opera. *Der Protagonist* launched the young composer's career in 1925—at opening night there were 35 curtain calls and 10 solo bows for the composer.

But the sweet-and-sour complexity of *Threepenny* in 1928 was something Germany had never heard before. Weill's music is tonal, but it is laced with lots of intentional off-key bass notes. The songs don't always end in the keys in which they began, drunkenly veering off into foreign tonalities. Combining seediness with sophistication, they are in-your-face and confrontational. But they also exhibit a rare sensitivity, exposing his characters' unstated vulnerabilities. Just one example: in his masterful "Nanna's Lied," a used-up prostitute quotes Marx and François Villon as her music veers from accusatory bitterness to sweet, sensitive regret.

We're giving special focus to two of Weill's works tonight, *Happy End* (written with Brecht) and *Der Silbersee* (written with Georg Kaiser). They each contain some of Weill's finest songs, and they each were shut down right after their premieres. *Happy End*, whose plot is startlingly similar to *Guys and Dolls*, was the much-anticipated follow-up to *Threepenny*. Weill wrote a sensational score, using a richer musical vocabulary than he had for the previous piece. But on its opening night, the leading lady

(Helene Weigel, soon to be Brecht's wife) suddenly went off-script and started declaiming from a Communist pamphlet. Riots broke out, the show was panned, the public shunned it, and *Happy End* closed within a week. A beautiful revival at the Yale Rep in 1972, in Michael Feingold's translation, finally brought *Happy End* back to life.

Der Silbersee (Silverlake) was Weill's final work in Germany. By 1933, the outspoken, left-wing, Jewish Weill was *persona non grata* in Hitler's Germany. Opening night managed to go off without a hitch, but the Nazis interrupted the second performance with a demonstration, shutting it down in the middle of the second act. Suddenly the two other German theaters that were set to do productions of Weill's latest musical cancelled. Weill's music was banned in Germany, his manuscripts were burned, and within two weeks Weill fled Germany to take up residence in Paris. He never saw his homeland again.

Kurt Weill's music shares the stage tonight with songs from Berlin's *Kabarets*. While he sometimes professed a certain disdain for Berlin's nightclubs, it's obvious that Weill's scores in the late 1920s borrowed freely from their loose-limbed style. The cabaret scene ran a wide spectrum. Some catered to the city's intellectuals with political satire; some were geared to the tastes of the wealthy, with elegant settings, witty songs, and fine dining; still others—called *Tingel-Tangels*—were cheap honky-tonks where both the drinks and the entertainers were for sale. You could find sophisticated literary parody, sentimental celebrations of bourgeois life, left-wing political satire, right-wing rabble-rousing, naked dancing girls, and gay bars. Fads would last a few months or a few years. And some very talented people dished out startlingly vivid material, with clever words and catchy tunes. The songs by Frederick Hollander, Mischa Spoliansky, and Rudolph Nelson are at once ephemeral and timeless. While they weren't intended to last, more than one of my students have commented, "Oh jeez, this song is about *me*!"

Composer Hanns Eisler and lyricists Kurt Tucholsky and Walter Mehring provide a window into Berlin's political cabaret. After Brecht and Weill ended their partnership, Eisler (a fervent Marxist) became Brecht's musician of choice. His music tends to be less juicy, less ear-catching than Weill's. Eisler's slightly academic dryness suited Brecht, perhaps because it provided a plainer background for his lyrics. Still, Eisler at his best is capable of humor and passion, and some of his songs have an unforgettable directness—especially "Der Graben," his moving pacifist anthem.

Mehring was an uncompromising artist, stopping at nothing to startle the public out of its complacency. He invented a rapid-fire rhyming style—I think of it as "Weimar hip-hop." We'll get a sample of Mehring's technique in a song actually written by Hollander, "Tritt mir bloß nicht auf die Schuh," with its string of tongue-twisting two-syllable rhymes.

About the Program by Steven Blier (continued)

Of all the poets and composers on tonight's program, Kurt Tucholsky is the one I would most like to have known. A committed pacifist, he tried to keep war at bay through essays, newspaper articles, poems, and song lyrics. Tucholsky was an astoundingly perceptive writer, and his psychological acuity has turned him into a hero among today's younger Germans. Once banned by Hitler, he is now anthologized and lionized.

Der Silbersee offered the German public a much-needed fantasy: at the end, the principal characters escape their pursuers as the lake of the title miraculously freezes. They are able to walk across the ice to safety. Alas, this fantasy did not await many of Germany's Jews, gay people, and dissidents. All the artists on tonight's concert survived the ravages of the Third Reich—except Tucholsky. He left Berlin in 1924 when he became the Paris correspondent for a number of Berlin newspapers. But he continued to supply *Kabarett* lyrics from his Paris apartment. Left-wing cabaret, agitprop theater, pacifist journalism, and Communist demonstrations all proved useless against the rise of Hitler. Tucholsky emigrated to Sweden. But in 1935, unable to obtain Swedish citizenship and already overwhelmed by the Nazi era, he decided he'd seen enough. He took poison and ended his life. Tucholsky's tombstone quotes from Goethe: "All that passes is but a riddle."

Texts and Translations

Berlin im Licht

Music and lyrics: Kurt Weill

Und zum Spaziergehn
genügt das Sonnenlicht.
Doch um die Stadt Berlin zu sehn,
genügt die Sonne nicht.
Das ist kein lauschiges Plätzchen,
das ist 'ne ziemliche Stadt.
Damit man da alles gut sehen kann,
da braucht man schon einige Watt.
Na wat denn? Na wat denn?
Was ist das für'ne Stadt denn?

Komm, mach mal Licht,
damit man sehn kann, ob was da ist,
Komm, mach mal Licht,
und rede nun mal nicht.
Komm, mach mal Licht,
dann wollen wir doch auch mal sehen.
Ob das'ne Sache ist: Berlin im Licht.

Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt

Frederick Hollander

Text: Kurt Tucholsky

Schiebung! Schiebung!
Wohin du siehst wohin du kukst,
Wohin du hörst, mein Lieber! Sehr wichtig!
Wohin du trittst, wohin du spuckst:
Nur Schieber! Schieber! Schieber! Aber richtig!
Nur Noske ist uns lieb und wert,
Der treibt es täglich bunter.
Wie lange noch und Justav fährt
Die Lindenrauf und runter.
O Publikum, ich frage bloss:
Wann werd'n wir den und andre los?

Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt,
Wenn die Räder roll'n, die Weiche knackt,
Wenn der Dreher in die Hände spuckt,

Wenn der Strom den Dynamo durchzuckt,
Wenn der Autobus für'n Sechser fährt,
Wenn das Grünkramfräulein uns beehrt,

Berlin in Lights

Translation: Steven Blier

If you just want to take a walk,
all you need is sunlight,
but if you want to see the city of Berlin,
the sun just isn't enough.
This is no secluded little outpost;
it's quite a place.
To see everything in it properly,
you're going to need a few watts.
So what? So what?
What kind of city is it anyway?

Come on, turn on the lights
so we can see what there is to see –
Come on, turn on the lights
and don't say another word.
Come on, turn on the lights,
so we can see
what the big deal is: Berlin in Lights!

When the Old Auto Starts to Rumble Again

Translation: Steven Blier

Swindlers! Crooks!
Wherever you look, wherever you gaze,
Wherever you listen, my dear—very important!
Wherever you tread, wherever you spit:
Only swindlers, swindlers, swindlers—and how!
Noske is just so precious to us,
He's more outrageous every day.
How much longer will it go on? And Justav rides
Up and down the Linden Boulevard.
O Public! I am merely asking:
When will we get rid of him and all the others?

When the old auto starts to rumble again,
When the wheels roll, the switchpoints crackle,
When the guy who cranks up the car spits in his
hands again,

When the current goes through the engine,
When the bus costs a nickel,
When the girl at the greenmarket does us the
honors,

Texts and Translations (continued)

Wenn die olle gute Rolle wieder wie gewöhnlich
schnurrt,
Sitzt die Neese wieder vorne!
Marke: "Neugeburt!"

Schiebung! Schiebung!
Man tanzt in London und Paris
Den Tanz um gold'ne Kälber! Verzicht'ich!
Da rauscht das Leben, spritz der Kies,
Wir bleiben doch wir selber! Aber richtig!
Man ist bei aller Politik mal unter und mal oben,
Drum merk dir, junge Republik:
Fortuna wird verschoben!
O Publikum, ich frage bloss:
Wann geht bei uns der Segen los?

Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt,
Wenn die Räder roll'n, die Weiche knackt,
Wenn der Schweisser schwingt der Hammerstiel
Nicht für's Achselstück—nein—für's Civil!
Wenn der Hauswirt gern uns einquartiert,
Nicht as "Obersteiger" kostümiert,
Wenn die olle gute Rolle wieder wie gewöhnlich
schnurrt,
Sitzt die Neese wieder vorne!
Marke: "Neugeburt!"

Wenn man wieder seine Ruhe hat,
Steht nichts drin in "Voss" und "Tageblatt,"
Wenn die olle gute Rolle wieder wie gewöhnlich
schnurrt,
Sitzt die Neese wieder vorne!
Marke: "Neugeburt!"

When the good old car purrs like it used to—

Then we'll hold up our heads again!
Label it: New-born!

Black market! Black market!
They dance in London and Paris
The dance around the Golden Calf! I refuse!
Life bubbles on, the gravel sprays—
We always remain ourselves! But really!
With all the politics, sometimes you're up,
Sometimes you're down, so listen, young republic:
Opportunity knocks only once!
O Public, I put the question:
When do our blessings begin?

When the old auto starts to rumble again,
When the wheels roll, the switchpoints crackle,
When the welder swings the shaft of his hammer
Not for the officer—no—but for the civilian!
When the landlord is happy to rent to us
Not costumed as an "overlord,"
When the good old car purrs like it used to—

Then we'll have our heads on straight again!
Label it: New-born!

When we can all be calm again,
And there's nothing upsetting in the newspapers,
When the good old car purrs like it used to—

Then we'll have our heads on straight again!
Label it: New-born!

Augen in der Großstadt

Olaf Bienert

Text: Kurt Tucholsky

Wenn du zur Arbeit gehst
am frühen Morgen,
wenn du am Bahnhof stehst
mit deinen Sorgen:

da zeigt die Stadt
dir asphaltglatt
im Menschentrichter
Millionen Gesichter:

Zwei fremde Augen, ein kurzer Blick,
die Braue, Pupillen, die Lider—
Was war das? vielleicht dein Lebensglück...
vorbei, verweht, nie wieder.

You walk a thousand streets
that stretch before you;
your life-long journey meets
those who ignore you.

A face went by
and caught your eye;
a smile has beckoned
for just a second.

A stranger's eyes, a fleeting glance,
The pupils, lids, and lashes—
What was that? No one stops time's advance...
Gone off, blown by, like ashes.

You trudge the city streets
And scan the faces
A stranger's eye entreats
And your heart races
Is he a friend
Is he a foe
Is he the lover
You longed to discover
He gazes quickly
And passes by
A stranger's eye
A fleeting glance
The pupils the lids, and lashes,
What was that? Just a grain of
Humankind...
Gone off, blown by, like ashes.

Eyes in the Big City

Translation: Louis Golden and Steven Blier

When you go to work
early in the morning
as you stand on the train platform
absorbed in your worries
the city reveals to you
flat as asphalt
in the swarming humanity
of a million faces
the eyes of a stranger, a quick glance,
the eyebrows, the pupils, the eyelids—
What was that? maybe your life's fulfillment...
gone, scattered, forever.

Texts and Translations (continued)

Tritt mir bloß nicht auf die Schuh

Music and lyrics: Frederick Hollander

Donnerwetter! Ich erscheine!
Schweine! Beine! Meine! Deine!
Raunt ihr leis? Mummelgreis!
Wird Dir heiss? Ja ich weiss!
Donnerwetter! Schiebung! Übung!
Arme strecken! Lippen lecken!
Hulda! Ich platze!
Mensch! Gehste weg mit die Tatze!

Tritt mir bloß nich auf die Schuh,
Zerreiss mir bloß nich 'n Taft!
Rujenier mir nich mit Deiner Leidenschaft!
Wenn das Bett gemacht ist,
Denn geht nischst mehr ab dafür!
Mensch! Sei Mensch!
Und unterscheide Dir von's Tier!

Ach, man kennt den ganzen Rummel:
Schummel! Bummel! Hummel! Stummel!
Dicker! Schnicker! Zwicker! Knicker!
Leib befrackt! Seele nackt.
Fürstenkinder! Bürstenbinder!
Edelrasse! Portokasse!
Ach, Schatz! Mach mich tot!
Mensch! Hast mir's ganze Kostüm versaut,
du Idiot!

Tritt mir bloß nich auf die Schuh.

Sleepless Lady

Music and lyrics: Kurt Tucholsky

Der Teufel hol den schwarzen Kaffee
Wieviel Uhr mag's denn sein?
Ich kann ja, ich kann ja nicht schlafen.
Und neben mir der alte Affe schläft immer
gleich ein,
Und ich kann ja, ich kann ja nicht schlafen.
Ich bin ja noch munter und plage mich
Und guk auf mir runter und frage mich:
Sind das meine Beine oder sind das seine Beine
Oder sind das uns're Beine oder wie?
Mensch – schlaf bloss nicht in Compagnie.

Don't Step All Over My Shoes

Translation: Steven Blier

Holy cow! Here I am!
Pigs! Legs! Mine! Yours!
Is that you purring softly, grampa?
Are you getting hot? Yeah, I know!
Holy cow! Black market! Practice!
Stretch your arms! Lick your lips!
Oh my—I'm bursting!
Fella—get your paws off me!

Don't step all over my shoes,
Don't rip my taffeta dress!
Don't make a mess of me with your passion!
If my bed's already made,
I'm not going to unmake it just for that!
Act like a human being—
Not like an animal!

Ah, you know the whole hue and cry:
Swindling! Loitering! Crowds! Cigar butts!
Big guy! Fancy man! Shoplifter! Skinflint!
Dressed up in a tux! Naked soul.
Children of lords! Hairbrush makers!
Noble race! Petty cash!
Oh darling—make me die!
Now you've wrecked my dress,
you idiot!

Don't step all over my shoes.

Translation: Louis Golden

Damn that cup of black coffee!
What time can it be?
I can't, I can't fall asleep.
And next to me the old fool falls asleep instantly,

And I can't, I can't fall asleep.
I'm still wide awake, and I torture myself
As I look down under the covers and wonder:
Are those my legs, or are those his legs
Or are those our legs, or what?
Girl, never sleep in company!

Why did I drink that cup of coffee?
What time can it be?
I can't fall, I can't fall asleep.
And next to me the old gorilla
Falls asleep instantly
And I can't fall, I can't fall asleep.
I'm wide awake and lively and toss about
And torture myself trying to figure out:
Are those my legs or are those his legs
Or are those our legs or what?
Don't sleep, don't sleep with company.

Though I've got magazines and papers
And a book I began
I can't read, I'm too agitated.
When a person cannot fall asleep,
And the other, he can,
A person can get irritated!
When I see him sleep I start to doze,
Then he touches me with his icy toes!
Are those my legs or are those his legs
Or are those our legs or what?
Don't sleep, don't sleep with company.

As a little girl in pretty ribbons
I had one desire:
To spend my nights with a Prince Charming.
I married one, but time goes by,
And changes transpire—
Sometimes it's very alarming
Now I would prefer not to sleep in twos;
Alone I could sleep, and not have to choose:
Is that my leg, is that his leg—
Though to sex I am prone—
Lovemaking, yes; but sleeping—alone!

Texts and Translations (continued)

Peter, Peter

Peter, Peter, komm zu mir zurück!

Music: Rudolf Nelson

Text: Frederick Hollander

English Lyrics: Jeremy Lawrence

Translation: Steven Blier

Can't imagine why I chose to leave him,
How could I have been so cruel?
After all he loved me without question
Still I left him like a fool.
If I woke him late at night, complaining
I'm on my last cigarette,
He'd say I'll be over in a minute,
Darling please don't get upset.

Peter, Peter, I must have been blind.
Peter, Peter, I was so unkind.
Peter, Peter, tell me what to do.
Peter, Peter, I'll make it up to you.

If I told him that I'd been unfaithful,
He would shake his head and say,
Just so long as it made you feel happy.
That's the man I threw away.
Now whenever I'm in bed with others,
On some lark or idle whim,
I pretend the man I'm with is Peter.
Oh, how my heart aches for him.

Peter, Peter,
May I have this dance?
Peter, Peter,
Give me one more chance.
Peter, Peter tell me what to do.
Peter, Peter I'm still in love with you.

Peter, Peter,
Komm zu mir zurück!
Peter, Peter
Warst mein bestes Stück.
Peter, Peter
Ich war so gemein...
Später, später
Sieht man erst alles ein.

Peter, Peter,
Come back to me!
Peter, Peter,
You were my better half.
Peter, Peter,
I was so nasty,
Later, later
You finally come to understand everything.

That

Olaf Bienert

Original German Text: Kurt Tucholsky

English Adaptation: Mark Campbell

Sometimes at parties and dances,
You meet a man of culture and taste,
Whose elegant manner entrances,
And in whose presence you may feel graced.
But dear, you must not be fooled by
His cufflinks and fine silk cravat.
Though he looks refined,
One thing's on his mind,
One thing:
That.

The man whose delicate image,
Is a thrill to see on the silver screen,
Will force you into a scrimmage,
If you get caught behind the scene.
He's always cast as the hero
But off cam'ra he's really a rat.
For all of his art,
He knows just one part,
And that part's:
That.

An athlete worships his body,
As a temple where virtue and purity dwell,
But watch how things can get shoddy,
When he thinks you should worship there as well.
Oh sure, he's lovely to look at
When flexing a delt or a lat,
But while he's in shape
Underneath he's an ape.
When it comes to:
That.

For sex is man's *raison d'être*—
An urge he simply can't transcend.
And manners, heroics, etcetera,
They are merely the means, dear, to an end.
We women aren't short on libido,
It's not that we just want to chat...
It's just that we're fond
Of some kind of bond,
Along with:
That.

Texts and Translations (continued)

Oh Just Suppose

Gesetzt den Fall

Text and Music: Frederick Hollander

English Lyrics: Jeremy Lawrence

Oh just suppose
You take no risks, you take no chances.
Oh just suppose
You still run short on your finances.
Oh just suppose
That you have never asked for money.
Oh just suppose
The first time feels a little funny.
Oh just suppose
You ask without being explicit.
Oh just suppose
You maintain poise as you solicit.
And if you're shy
The guy may understand the reason why.
Sigh a little sigh that tells him, "Yes..."

You know and I know you know,
And you know I know you know
All that we both need to know
And we've known it all along.
And since we both know
Neither one will say "no"
Tell me what is it going to take to turn
Knowing into a "yes."

Oh just suppose
Two women happen to discover
Oh just suppose
They're both in love with the same lover.
Oh just suppose
Their jealousy robs them of reason.
Oh just suppose
They both declare it's hunting season.
Oh just suppose
When they find out the guy's been cheating
On both of them.
The women choose to have a meeting.
Sworn enemies
But with no man around they're both at ease
They abandon all formalities.

You know and I know you know...

from *Der Silbersee*

Kurt Weill

Original German Text: Georg Kaiser

English Adaptation: David Drew

The Shopgirls' Duet

We're simple salesgirls here as everyone will
tell you.

You think we have no heart?

For if we owned the goods we cannot sell you,

We'd gladly do our part:

We'd simply give your poor relations

The contents of this bin.

But that's against all regulations,

It is a mortal sin.

There's only one thing that we're sure we know,

Because it always has been so.

You find with fruit and people it's the same
old story,

The inward worth means less than does the
outer glory.

You too, when you are crawling in the gutters,

Your exterior composure is what really matters!

We know it sounds a little strange to hear this
quarrel

From working girl sopranos,

We often ask ourselves, can it be moral?

The world has lost its senses, is everyone
bananas?

What is a junk bond or a market fluctuation?

We want a serious answer, not a joke,

How can you justify rampant inflation?

If there is plenty, then why are we broke?

The only thing you notice straightaway,

We will repeat it if we may:

You find with fruit and people it's the same
old story

The inward worth means less than does the
outer glory.

You too, when you are crawling in the gutters

Your exterior is what really matters.

Texts and Translations (continued)

The Lottery Agent's Tango

How much are you prepared to pay
For sound advice on good investments?

Take your cash, do not keep it stashed in a sock,
Go to the market and buy into stock.
Spread it like muck and it earns you much more
For liquid cash is like liquid manure.
You'll rake it in, and richly you'll be blessed!
Interest! And compound interest!

And then you're caught when the stock market falls
You sell too late, they've got you by the balls.
Your dolce vita has been cut off short
Your next appointment's at the debtor's court.
Just keep your nerve, and you'll be richly blest!
Interest! and compound interest!

Then if your heart is soft you turn it into steel
And don't be surprised if at first you still can feel.
Turn a deaf ear when a starving man complains
And you can watch him blowing out his brains.
That guarantees you will be richly blest.
Interest! And compound interest!

Build a great tower with thick walls of stone
And you won't hear the beggars cry and moan,
Be blind, be deaf and then admit no guilt,
Your money's paid for any blood you've spilt.
Never deny how richly you are blest.
Interest! And compound interest!

So invest in my advice,
Compound your interest and all the rest is—*Scheiß*.

Caesar's Death

English adaptation: Lys Symonette

Ancient Rome was the city where the Romans
Held their proud republic in esteem,
And when Caesar proved to be ambitious,
Those opposed began to plot and scheme.
"Of the Ides of March beware, O Caesar."
Thus they warned him. Yet their urgent call
Did not alter Caesar's strong desire
To become the master of them all.

More and more he gave in to his delusions
In the Capitol he held himself exempt,
And ignored the counsel of the senate,
Merely laughed while showing his contempt.
And unrest grew in the Roman Senate,
Even Caesar cannot count on friends
When he coldly harbors dark intentions
Of misusing them for selfish ends.

So at night in secret the assassins
Did conclude the tyrant had to go.
On the Ides of March just as predicted
Brutus went to deal the fatal blow.
Caesar sank to the ground and in amazement
Disbelievingly, and with dismay,
"Et tu, Brute" he cried out in Latin
Since that was the language of the day.

So let no one sell you the illusion
That there is no justice in this life!
By the sword Caesar ruled the lives of people
Yet his own was ended by a knife.

Texts and Translations (continued)

From *Happy End*

Kurt Weill

German Text: Bertolt Brecht

English Translation: Michael Feingold

Used by arrangement with European American Music Corporation on behalf of the Kurt Weill Foundation and the Brecht Heirs

Bilbao- Song

Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao

War das Schönste auf dem ganzen Kontinent.

Dort gabs für einen Dollar Krach und Wonne,

Und was die Welt ihr eigen nennt.

Aber wenn sie da hereingekommen wären,

Ich weiss ja nicht, ob Ihnen so was g'rad gefällt:

Ach, Brandylachen waren, wo man saß

Bill's dancehall in Bilbao

Was the most beautiful on the whole continent.

There you could get as rowdy as you wanted for
one dollar,

You could get anything in the world.

But if you were to go in there,

I don't know if you would have liked it.

There were pools of brandy wherever you sat,

Auf dem Tanzboden wuchs das Gras

Und der grüne Mond schien durch das Dach.

'Ne Musik gabs dort, da wurde was geboten für
sein Geld!

Joe, mach die Musik von damals nach.

There was grass growing on the dance floor,

You could see the green moon shining through
the roof,

And the music was really worth the money.

Hey Joe—play the old song they used to play...

Alter Bilbao Mond ...

's ist toll mit dem Text!

Lang, lang ist's her!

You old Bilbao moon...

It's crazy, I can't remember the words...

It's such a long time ago...

I don't know if it would have brought you joy
or grief

It was the greatest in the whole wide world!

Bill's beerhall in Bilbao, Bilbao, Bilbao,

Came a day the end of May in Nineteen-eight.

Four guys from Frisco came with sacks of gold
dust

And the time they showed us all was really great!

But if you had been around to join the fun,

Well, I don't know if you'd have liked what you'd
have seen.

The brandy bottles smashing everywhere,

And the chairs flying through the air,

Through the roof the moon still shining green,

'N those four guys all going crazy with their
pistols blazing high!

Think you can stop 'em? Well, go ahead and try!

That old Bilbao moon!

Down where we used to go...

That old Bilbao moon!

...Can't remember the words...
...Something with "Love" in it...
I don't know if it would have brought you joy
or grief
But—it was fantastic!
It was fantastic!
It was fantastic!
It was fantastic—
Beyond belief!

Bill's beerhall in Bilbao, Bilbao, Bilbao...
Now they've cleaned it up and made it middle
class,
With potted palms and ice cream—
Very bourgeois, very bourgeois, very bourgeois...
Just another place to put your ass!
But if you should come around to see the fun,
Well, I don't know, you might not find it such a
strain.
Huh! They've mopped up all the booze and
broken glass,
On a parquet floor you can't grow grass,
They've shut the green moon out because of rain,
And the music makes you cringe now, when you
think of what you paid!
Hey Joe, play that old song they always played!

Alter Bilbao Mond,
Da wo noch Liebe lohnt!
Alter Bilbao Mond
Er war Brasil gewohnt
Alter Bilbao Mond
Das hab ich oft betont
Alter Bilbao Mond
Mich hat er nie geschont ...
Ich weiss ja nicht, ob Ihnen so was grad gefällt—
doch—
Es war das Schönste!
Es war das Schönste!
Es war das Schönste
Auf der Welt!

That old Bilbao moon,
That's where love was still worthwhile!
That old Bilbao moon,
He was used to Brazilian cigars!
That old Bilbao moon,
I said it all the time,
That old Bilbao moon,
It never showed me any mercy!
I don't know if you would have liked it at all—
but—
It was the greatest—
It was the greatest—
It was the greatest—
In the whole wide world!

Texts and Translations (continued)

Sailor's Tango

English Translation: Michael Feingold

Used by arrangement with European American

Music Corporation on behalf of the Kurt Weill

Foundation and the Brecht Heirs

Hey there, we're sailing off to Burma this evening
With enough good scotch on board to float all
the way,

Plus a crate of great cigars—"Henry Clay"—

Had it up to here with girls, so we're leaving!

'Cause it's time to start a brand-new day.

Now we don't ever smoke other brands of cigars

And this leaky tub will barely get us to Burma,

And we don't need that God who's up there in
the stars

And we don't need all his laws on terra firma.

So all right, goodbye!

And the ship sails away, and it may reach Rangoon,

And as for God, well, we don't get him,

And it may be that God feels just same about us,

So let's hope he doesn't let it upset him.

And all right, goodbye!

We're off on the sea and it's "Who gives a damn?"

Life's perfect, 'cause nothing is missing,

And your dreams of glory? Just take 'em and
scram!

The whole world's our pot and we're pissing!

Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,

And all the world goes on its way,

And when the day is over,

We start another day.

Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,

And that's how it's going to stay,

Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,

Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,

The sea is blue.

Now all we need is for a storm to blow up.

Relax, there's the docks of Burma up ahead—

Hey wait, that's just a bank of black clouds in the air.

Jesus...and the waves are going crazy out there!

Jesus, in a minute the whole lot of us will be dead!

Well, we knew we'd have to die somewhere.

Yeah, we knew we'd have to die somewhere.
Down goes the ship and soon the sea washes
over.
Nothing but sharks down there to show a drowned
man the way.
Scotch is no use to them or crates of "Henry Clay."
Where they're going there are no girls who need
a lover.
They won't ever see another day.
And the water comes up and the ship's going
down,
And as for a harbor, we don't get one.
Just a wreck of a ship and a glimpse of a shore,
But of course, one can't let it upset one.
So all right, goodbye!
Then for once you don't hear all that big talk in
the air.
And the big talkers suddenly look smaller.
And they're down on their knees and mumbling
about their Father who's up there,
And they're starting to weigh the sins their souls
must bear,
And that's how they die!
And now let me tell you a fact that we all ought to
know:
When you stand before the throne where Our Lord
is sitting,
You may have been bragging a lifetime or so,
But now when it matters, you're shitting!

Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
And all the world goes on its way,
But when your day is over,
There is no other day.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
You don't have that long to stay,
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
The sea is blue.

Texts and Translations (continued)

Der Song von Mandelay

Mutter Goddams Puff in Mandelay,
Sieben Bretter an 'ner grünen See.
Goddam, was ist das für'n Etablissement,

Da stehen ja schon fünfzehn die Bretterwand
entlang,

In der Hand die Uhr und mit: Hohe!
Gibt's denn nur ein Mensch in Mandelay?
Menschen sind das Schönste auf der Welt,
Denn sie sind, zum Teufel, wert ihr Geld!
Und es wäre alles einfach in der Ordnung,
Wenn der Mensch, der drinn' ist, nicht so
langsam wär.

Nehmt den Browning, schiesst mal durch das
Türchen

Denn der Mensch, der drinnen, hindert den
Verkehr.

Rascher, Johnny he, rascher, Johnny he,
Stimmt ihn an, den Song von Mandelay!
Liebe, die ist doch an Zeit nicht gebunden,
Johnny, mach rasch, denn hier geht's um
Sekunden,

Ewig nicht stehet der Mond über dir, Mandelay,

Ewig nicht stehet der Mond über dir!

Mutter Goddams Puff in Mandelay,
Jetzt ruht über dir die grüne See.
Goddam, was war das für'n Etablissement,
Jetzt stehen keine fünf mehr die Bretterwand
entlang,

Jetzt gibt's keine Uhr und kein Hohe!
Und kein Mensch mehr ist in Mandelay.
Damals gab's noch Menschen auf der Welt
Und die waren eben wert ihr Geld.
Jetzt ist eben nichts mehr auf der Welt in
Ordnung,

Und ein Puff wie dieses kennt man heut nicht
mehr.

Keinen Browning mehr und auch kein Türchen,
Wo kein Mensch ist, da ist auch kein Verkehr.
Rascher, Johnny he, rascher, Johnny he,

Mandalay-Song

Translation: Steven Blier

Mother Goddam's bordello in Mandelay,
Seven planks over the green sea.
Goddam, what kind of establishment are you
running?

There are already fifteen guys lined up along
the boardwalk,
Looking at their watches and yelling—"Hey!
Is there just one girl in Mandelay?"
The girls are the most beautiful in the world
And the devil knows they're worth the money.
And everything would be simply fine
If the guy who's in there weren't so slow.

Get your gun out and shoot the door down,

'Cause the guy who's in there is screwing up
the traffic!

Faster Johnny, hey! Faster Johnny, hey!
Strike up the Song of Mandelay:
Love doesn't need to last forever!
Johnny, hurry up, we're counting the seconds!

The moon's not always going to shine over you,
Mandelay,
The moon's not always going to shine
over you!

Mother Goddam's bordello in Mandelay—
Now the green sea washes over you.
Goddam, what an "establishment" that was...
There aren't five guys waiting along the
boardwalk anymore!
No more watches, no more shouts of "Hey!"
There's not a soul left in Mandelay.
There used to be girls there
And they were really worth the money.
Now the whole world is out of whack

And a bordello like that doesn't exist anymore.

No more guns and no more doors—
Without any whores around, there's no "in and out."
Faster Johnny, hey! Faster Johnny, hey!

Stimmt ihn an, den Song von Mandelay!
Liebe, die ist doch an Zeit nicht gebunden,
Johnny, mach rasch, denn hier geht's um
Sekunden,
Ewig nicht stehet der Mond über dir, Mandelay,

Ewig nicht stehet der Mond über dir!

Strike up the Song of Mandelay:
Love doesn't need to last forever!
Johnny, hurry up, we're counting the seconds!

The moon's not always going to shine over you,
Mandelay,
The moon's not always going to shine over you!

There's Nothing Quite Like Money

Hanns Eisler

Original German Text: Bertolt Brecht

English Adaptation: Eric Bentley

They say the sight of moonlight on the water
Makes a maiden's heart go pat-a-pat.
And they talk about a guy's appearance
Knocking women flat—don't give me that!
For a girl's knee only sags
At the sight of moneybags.
Let me ask you a question, Mac—
If Jack never spends a penny
Then how can Jill love Jack?
But if Jack spends lots of money
How can Jill not love him back?
For there's nothing quite like money,
As an aphrodisiac.

You'll love the sight of moonlight on the water
When you've got your hands around some cash.
What's the use of male or female beauty
If you're cheap and hold onto your stash.
For a girl's knee only sags
At the sight of moneybags.
Let me ask you a question, Mac—
Full of young love's ecstasy
How can Jill and how can Jack
Make love on empty stomachs?
It cannot be done, alack!
For there's nothing quite like money,
As an aphrodisiac.

Texts and Translations (continued)

Song of Indifference

Olaf Bienert

Original German Text: Kurt Tucholsky

English Adaptation: Louis Golden

Where the lonely saxophone is blowing
For customers I wait.
In my room above the streetlamp glowing
I do not love or hate.
It isn't hate they're buying
It isn't love I sell,
And yet there's no denying
The men they pay me well.
I walk the streets in dresses tight and clinging
And my purse is slowly swinging.
So, now who else?

Lawyers, students, editors, professors
And doctors come to call.
Wealthy businessmen who need confessors,
I take them one and all.
And some want me to beat them
And others come to whip.
I'm always there to meet them
With my hand upon my hip.
A little spit has helped to stop the stinging
And my purse is slowly swinging.
So, now who else?

Then around the corner, cymbals crashing,
A military band
Leading troops whose shiny boots are flashing
Who sing of bread and land.
And me I shrug my shoulder,
It's all just politics.
The night is growing older,
I've got my bag of tricks.
Men are men and other men the night is bringing
And my purse is slowly swinging.

If you can't comprehend
Why I don't give a damn
It makes no difference, my friend.

Nanna's Lied

Kurt Weill

Text: Bertolt Brecht

Meine Herren, mit siebzehn Jahren
kam ich auf den Liebesmarkt,
und ich habe viel erfahren.
Böses gab es viel
doch das war das Spiel.
Aber manches hab ich doch verargt.
—Schliesslich bin ich ja auch ein Mensch.
Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber
auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern Abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Freilich geht man mit den Jahren
leichter auf den Liebesmarkt
und umarmt sie dort in Scharen.
Aber das Gefühl wird erstaunlich kühl
wenn man damit allzuwenig kargt.
—Schliesslich geht ja jeder Vorrat zu Ende.
Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber
auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern Abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Und auch wenn man gut das Handeln
lernte auf der Liebesmessen,
Lust in Kleingeld zu verwandeln
wird doch niemals leicht.
Nun, es wird erreicht.
Doch man wird auch älter unterdes.
—Schliesslich bleibt man ja nicht immer
siebzehn.
Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber
auch die Liebe und Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Translation: Steven Blier

Gentlemen, when I was seventeen,
I put my "love" on the market.
And I learned a lot—
a lot of bad things,
but that's the way it goes—
and still, I resented so much of it.
—After all, I'm just a human being myself.
Thank God it all goes by so quickly,
both the love and the pain.
Where are last evening's tears?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Sure, as the years go by,
it gets easier to put your love up for sale
and to embrace a troop of customers.
But it's amazing how cold you become
if you're stingy with your feelings all the time.
—After all, every supply eventually runs out.
Thank God it all goes by so quickly,
both the love and the pain.
Where are the tears we shed yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

And even when you get good
at dealing in the love trade,
it never gets easy to convert
pleasure into small change.
Still, you do it.
But you're getting older all the time.
—After all, no one stays seventeen forever.

Thank God it all goes by so quickly,
both the love and the pain.
Where are the tears we shed yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Texts and Translations (continued)

Parc Monceau

Olaf Bienert

Text: Kurt Tucholsky

Translation: Steven Blier

Hier ist es hübsch,
Hier kann ich ruhig träumen,
Hier bin ich Mensch, und nicht nur Zivilist.
Hier kann ich links gehn;
Unter grünen Bäumen
Sagt keine Tafel was verboten ist.

It's lovely here,
here I can dream peacefully;
here I'm a person, not just a civilian.
I can go left if I want,
and under the green trees
there are no signs that read "Verboten."

Ein dicker Kullerball liegt auf dem Rasen,
Ein Vogel zupft an einem hellen Blatt;
Ein kleiner Junge gräbt sich in der Nase
Und freut sich wenn er was gefunden hat.

A big children's ball lies on the grass:
a bird tugs on a shiny leaf;
a little boy digs around in his nose
and is delighted with what he has found.

Es prüfen vier Amerikanerinnen
Ob Cook auch recht hat und hier Bäume stehn.

Four American women check
if their Cook's Guide Book is right and there are
really trees here.

Paris von aussen und Paris von innen

Paris inside out!

Sie sehen nichts, und müssen alles sehn.

They see nothing, and must see every sight.

Die kinder lärmten; auf den bunten Steinen

The children play boisterously; over the colorful
stones,

Die Sonne scheint, und glitzert auf ein Haus.
Ich sitze still, und lasse mich bescheinen,
und ruh von meinem Vaterlande aus.

the sun shines and glints off a roof.
I sit quietly, and let the sun warm me,
and take a rest from my homeland.

Wie lange noch?

Kurt Weill

Text: Walter Mehring

Ich will's dir gestehn, es war eine Nacht,
da hab ich mich willig dir hingegeben.
Du hast mich gehabt, mich von Sinnen gebracht,
ich glaubte, ich könnte nicht ohne dich leben.
Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel versprochen
und ich habe dich wie 'nen Vater gepflegt.
Du hast mich gemartert, hast mich zerbrochen.
Ich hätt' dir die Erde zu Füßen gelegt.
Sieh mich doch an!
Wann kommt der Tag an dem ich dir sage:
es ist vorbei!
Wann kommt der Tag nach dem ich bange?
Wie lange noch? Wie lange noch? Wie lange?

Ich hab dir geglaubt, ich war wie im Wahn,
von all deinen Reden, von deinen Schwüren.
Was immer du wolltest, das hab ich getan.
Wohin du auch wolltest, da ließ ich mich führen.
Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel versprochen
und ich! Ach ich hab' nicht zu Weinen gewagt.
Doch du hast dein Wort, deine Schwüre
gebrochen.
Ich habe geschwiegen und hab mich geplagt.
Sieh mich doch an!
Wann kommt der Tag an dem ich dir sage:
es ist vorbei!
Wann kommt der Tag nach dem ich bange?
Wie lange noch? Wie lange noch? Wie lange?

How Much Longer?

Translation: Steven Blier

I'll confess it to you: there was a night
when I willingly gave myself to you.
You took me, drove me out of my mind,
and I thought I could not live without you.
You promised me blue skies,
and I cherished you like a father.
You tormented me, you shattered me,
and I would have laid the earth at your feet.
Look at me!
When will the day come when I can say to you:
It's over!
When will that longed-for day arrive?
How much longer? How much longer? How long?

I believed you, caught in the delusion
of all your talk, all your vows.
I did whatever you wanted.
Wherever you led me, I let myself follow.
You promised me blue skies,
and I never dared to weep.
But you broke your word, you broke your vows.

I kept silent and tortured myself for you.
Look at me!
When will the day come when I can say to you:
It's over!
When will that longed-for day arrive?
How much longer? How much longer? How long?

Texts and Translations (continued)

Der Graben

Hanns Eisler

Text: Kurt Tucholsky

Mutter, wozu hast du Deinen aufgezogen?
Hast dich zwanzig Jahr mit ihm gequält?
Wozu ist er dir in deinen Arm geflogen,
und du hast ihm leise was erzählt?
Bis sie ihn dir weggenommen haben.
Für den Graben, Mutter, für den Graben.

Junge, kannst du noch an Vater denken?
Vater nahm dich oft auf seinen Arm.
Wollt dir einen Groschen schenken,
spielte mit dir Räuber und Gendarm.
Bis sie ihn dir weggenommen haben.
Für den Graben, Junge, für den Graben.

Drüben die französischen Genossen
lagen dicht bei Englands Arbeitsmann.
Alle haben sie ihr Blut vergossen,
und zerschossen ruht heut Mann bei Mann.
Alte Leute, Männer, mancher Knabe
In dem einen grossen Massengrabe.

Seid nicht stolz auf Orden und Geklunker!
Seid nicht stolz auf Narben und die Zeit!
In die Gräben schickten euch die Junker,

Staatswahn und der Fabrikantenneid.

Ihr wart gut genug zum Fraß für Raben,
für das Grab, Kameraden, für den Graben!

Denkt an Todesröcheln und Gestöhne.
Drüben stehen Väter, Mütter, Söhne,
schufteten schwer, wie ihr, ums bisschen Leben.
Wollt ihr denen nicht die Hände geben?
Reicht die Bruderhand als schönste aller Gaben

übern Graben, Leute, übern Graben!

The Trenches

Translation: Steven Blier

Mother, why did you bring up your child?
Did you agonize over him for twenty years?
When he ran to your arms
why did you comfort him?
So that they could take him away from you
and put him in the trenches, Mother, in the
trenches.

Child, can you still remember your father?
Daddy used to take you in his arms
He'd give you a penny,
and play cops and robbers with you.
Until they took him away from you
And put him in the trenches, child, in the trenches.

Over there the French comrades
were stationed together with the English workers.
They all shed their blood,
and today they lie together, riddled with bullets,
old people, young men, and many children,
in one great mass grave.

Don't be proud of your decorations and medals!
Don't be proud of your battle-scars and your era!
You were sent to the trenches by the landed
aristocrats,
the madness of the statesmen and the greed of
manufacturers!
You were good enough to be carrion for ravens,
for the grave, comrades, for the trenches!

Think of the death rattle and the moans of pain.
Over there live fathers, mothers, sons,
eking out a living, like you, the best way they can.
Won't you offer them your hands?
Stretch the hand of brotherhood as the most
precious of gifts
over the trenches, my people, over the trenches!

From *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*
Kurt Weill

Denn wie man sich bettet, so liegt man
German Text: Bertolt Brecht

My mother had a name she called me,
A name I'd rather not repeat.
She said I began in a hallway.
She said I'd end up in the street.
That's not the way it's going to be.
No, not if the choice is up to me.
A man is not a brute without a mind,
An animal you prod to keep in line.
A man can be free.

The life that we lead's not a long one,
So live it the best way you can.
And don't count on your mothers for comfort.
And don't count on the better side of man.

Denn wie man sich bettet, so liegt man,
Es deckt einen keiner da zu.
Und wenn einer tritt, dann bin ich es,
Und wird einer getreten, dann bist du's.

Meine Herren, meine Mutter prägte
Auf mich einst ein schlimmes Wort:
Ich würde enden im Schauhaus
Oder an einem noch schlimmern Ort.
Ja, so ein Wort, das ist leicht gesagt,
Aber ich sage euch: Daraus wird nichts!
Das könnt ihr nicht machen mit mir!
Was aus mir noch wird, das werdet ihr
schon sehen!
Ein Mensch ist kein Tier!

The life that we lead's not a long one,
So live it the best way you can.
And don't count on your mothers for comfort.
And don't count on the better side of man.
Don't count on all dogs being toothless
Don't count on all love's being true.
For the life that we lead's not a long one,
So we'll live life together, me and you.
But if it's a case of survival,
Don't count on our old used-to-be.
For the one who'll go under is you, love,
And the one who'll come out on top is me!

From *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*

As You Make Your Bed, You Must Lie There
English Adaptation: George Tabori and Steven Blier

For as you make your bed, so you must lie.
No one is going to cover you up.
And if someone's going to kick, then it'll be me,
and if someone's going to get kicked, it'll be you.

Gentlemen, my mother once branded me
With a dire prediction:
I would end up in the morgue
Or in someplace even worse.
Yes, such words are easy to say,
But I am telling you: that will not happen!
You cannot do that to me!
What happens to me, just watch and see!

A human being is not a beast!

About the Artists



- Alice Tully
Scholarship
- Paola Novikova
Memorial
Scholarship in Voice
- Dr. and Mrs.
Gottfried
Karl Duschak
Scholarship

Shakèd Bar

Jerusalem-born Shakèd Bar is a Master of Music student at Juilliard, where she studies with Edith Bers. She has sung Fiordiligi in Festival della Valle d'Itria's *Così fan tutte* with Maestro Fabio Luisi, Poppea and Nerone in Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea*, Dido in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and La Grande Prêtresse and Une Chasserresse in Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie*. This season, she sang the soprano solo in Handel's *Messiah* at Carnegie Hall with the Cecilia Chorus of New York, and will sing Dido in Juilliard Opera and Juilliard415's *Dido and Aeneas* in New York, European tour, and Joye in Aiken Festival. She earned her bachelor's degree from the Jerusalem Academy of Music and Dance.



Steven Blier

Steven Blier is the artistic director and co-founder of the New York Festival of Song (NYFOS). An eminent accompanist and vocal coach, his partners have included Renée Fleming, Cecilia Bartoli, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, and Susan Graham. Many of his former students, including Paul Appleby, Sasha Cooke, and Julia Bullock, have gone on to be sought-after recitalists. A faculty member at Juilliard since 1992, Blier also mentors young singers at summer opera programs including Wolf Trap Opera, San Francisco Opera, and the Ravinia Festival's Steans Music Institute. His discography includes the Grammy Award-winning recording of Leonard Bernstein's *Arias and Barcarolles* (Koch International); his latest is *Canción amorosa* (GPR) with soprano Corinne Winters. Blier received a 2014 *Musical America* Professionals of the Year award and *Classical Singer's* first coach of the year award, in 2006.



Mary Birnbaum

Mary Birnbaum has staged operas in New York, across the U.S. and abroad from Latin America to Taiwan. She is a past nominee for best newcomer at the International Opera Awards. Her New York credits include *Die Zauberflöte*, *The Rape of Lucretia*, *Eugene Onegin* (Juilliard), *The Classical Style* (Carnegie Hall, world premiere), and concerts with NYFOS. Her other recent work includes *Hatuey* (Montclair Peak Performances, world premiere), *Kept* (VA Arts Festival, world premiere), *Halka* (Bard Music Festival), *Giulio Cesare* (Boston Baroque), collaborations with New World Symphony, and the Ojai Festival. Her international work includes *Otello* in Taipei and *Elisir* in Costa Rica. Birnbaum co-curates a collaborative arts accelerator at the Orchard Project called The Greenhouse. Her upcoming works include a new production of *La Bohème* (Santa Fe Opera, 2019) and Rene Orth's *Empty the House* (Curtis/Opera Philadelphia).

Gregory Feldmann

Baritone Gregory Feldmann, of York, Pa., is pursuing a Master of Music degree at Juilliard under Sanford Sylvan. At Juilliard, he performed the role of Ananias in Britten's *The Burning Fiery Furnace*, as well as L'horlage Comtoise and Le Chat in a concert production of Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortilèges* in Alice Tully Hall. This past summer, he was a Gerdine Young Artist with Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, where he sang the role of a Messenger in Verdi's *La traviata*. In November he made his Carnegie Hall debut in Handel's *Israel in Egypt* with MasterVoices, conducted by Ted Sperling.



- Helen Marshall Woodward Scholarship
- Janet Southwick Norwood Scholarship
- Pfeifferberger Scholarship

Jack Gulielmetti

Jack Gulielmetti is a composer and guitarist whose works have been performed by such groups as the New York Philharmonic, JACK Quartet, Matt Boehler, Da Capo Chamber Players, Synchronicity, and Shouthouse. As a guitar player growing up in New York, Gulielmetti has worked with many groups of different genres, playing jazz, classical, electronic, hip-hop, funk, and everything in between. He has studied guitar with Julian Lage, Nels Cline, Mike Moreno and Greg Howe. Gulielmetti is currently working on a project under the name JMG, featuring original music sung and performed by himself, to be released throughout 2019. He is in the final year of an accelerated five-year BM/MM program at Juilliard, studying composition with Robert Beaser and guitar with Mark Delpriora.

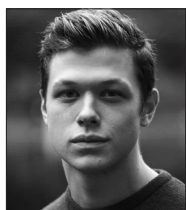


Chance Jonas-O'Toole

Tenor Chance Jonas-O'Toole is a first-year master's student at Juilliard studying with Sanford Sylvan. Originally from Dallas, he has lived in New York the past four years completing his bachelor's degree at Juilliard. Last season, he performed multiple roles with Juilliard, including Nebuchadnezzar in Britten's *The Burning Fiery Furnace*, conducted by Mark Shapiro, and Mercure in Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie*, conducted by Stephen Stubbs. He has completed two consecutive fellowships at the Tanglewood Music Center.



- Mildred H. Kellogg Scholarship
- Arthur B. Barber Scholarship
- Anna Case Mackay Scholarship



- *Bernice Cingolani* Scholarship
- *Ronald Freed* Scholarship
- *Juilliard Opera* Scholarship

Jack Kay

Baritone Jack Kay, a native of Detroit, is a fourth-year undergraduate Vocal Arts student at Juilliard, studying under Robert C. White. Most recently, Kay performed the role of John Styx in Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* at Juilliard. Other notable performances include Anthony in *Sweeney Todd* at the Hawaii Performing Arts Festival, Fabrizio in *The Light in the Piazza* at Seagle Music Colony, Courtier in Britten's *The Burning Fiery Furnace* at Juilliard, and the Juilliard Vocal Arts Cabaret. Kay won first prize in the Hal Leonard Vocal Competition in Musical Theatre.



- *Allen and Judy* Brick Freedman Scholarship
- *Risë Stevens* Scholarship

Anneliese Klenetsky

Soprano Anneliese Klenetsky is a second-year master's student at Juilliard under Sanford Sylvan. She was recently the soloist in the New York premiere of *A Sibyl* by James Primosch at MoMA, conducted by Joel Sachs. She collaborated with Juilliard415 and Vox Luminis on Handel's *Laudate pueri Dominum*. Recent opera repertoire includes the Governess in Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*, Amaranta in Haydn's *La fedeltà premiata* and La bergère/Un Pâtre in Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortilèges*. She has sung numerous world premieres, including Jonathan Dawe's *Oroborium* with New Juilliard Ensemble, Theo Chandler's *Songs for Brooches* with the Juilliard Orchestra at Alice Tully Hall, and Jake Landau's *Les danseuses de Pigalle* at New York Live Arts.

Jaylyn Simmons

Jaylyn Simmons, from Baltimore, is an undergraduate at Juilliard, studying with Sanford Sylvan. Simmons was a soloist in Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* and has shared the stage with conductor and composer John Williams and the Boston Pops. She has been a featured soloist at the Kennedy Center and played Little Inez in *Hairspray* with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra at Strathmore Performing Arts Center. A 2016 Youngarts Voice Finalist, Simmons attended Classic Lyric Arts with Glenn Morton in France this past summer, where she gave eight concerts and participated in a masterclass with conductor Gaspard Brecourt and tenor Stéphane Sénéchal.



- Mary E. Birsh Scholarship
- Alice Tully Scholarship
- Pauline and Arthur Feibush Memorial Scholarship

William Socolof

A native of White Plains, N.Y., bass-baritone William Socolof started his vocal and musical training at the Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan. As a vocal fellow at Tanglewood Music Festival (2017-18), he appeared in *Sondheim on Sondheim* with the Boston Pops and Keith Lockhart, concerts of Bach Cantatas conducted by John Harbison, and premieres of new works by Michael Gandolfi and Nico Muhly. Socolof made his operatic debut at Juilliard in the 2016 production of *La fedeltà premiata* by Haydn as Melibeo, and continues to be an active participant in school showcases and recitals. Other operatic performances include *Die Sprecher (Die Zauberflöte)* at the Chautauqua Institution and *Guglielmo (Cosi fan tutte)* at Oberlin in Italy. Socolof is pursuing his Master of Music degree in Vocal Arts at Juilliard under Sanford Sylvan.



- Toulmin Foundation Scholarship

New York Festival of Song

Now celebrating its 31st season, New York Festival of Song (NYFOS) is dedicated to creating intimate song concerts of great beauty and originality. Weaving music, poetry, history, and humor into evening of compelling theater, NYFOS fosters community among artists and audiences. Founded by pianists Michael Barrett and Steven Blier in 1988, NYFOS continues to produce NYFOS Mainstage, its flagship series of thematic song programs, drawing together rarely-heard songs of all kinds, overriding traditional distinctions between classical and popular performance genres, and exploring the character and language of other cultures. Since its founding NYFOS has particularly celebrated the wide spectrum of American music. In 2010 NYFOS launched NYFOS Next, a concert series for new songs, hosted by guest composers in intimate venues. With an emphasis on spontaneity, novelty, and collaboration, NYFOS Next offers today's song composers a forum to create a program of their work alongside that of their peers, students, and mentors. NYFOS is also passionate about nurturing the artistry and careers of young artists and through its NYFOS Emerging Artists program has developed professional training residencies around the country. These intensive programs train young artists in programming and translation, presentation and production, and research and musical style. NYFOS's concert series, touring programs, radio broadcasts, recordings, and educational activities continue to spark new interest in the creative possibilities of the song program, and have inspired the creation of thematic vocal series around the world.

Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts

One of America's most prestigious programs for educating singers, The Juilliard School's Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts offers young artists programs tailored to their talents and needs. From bachelor and master of music degrees to an advanced Artist Diploma in Opera Studies, Juilliard provides frequent performance opportunities featuring singers in its own recital halls, on Lincoln Center's stages, and around New York City. Juilliard Opera has presented numerous premieres of new operas as well as works from the standard repertoire.

Juilliard graduates may be heard in opera houses and concert halls throughout the world; diverse alumni artists include well-known performers such as Leontyne Price, Renée Fleming, Risë Stevens, Tatiana Troyanos, Simon Estes, and Shirley Verrett. Recent alumni include Isabel Leonard, Susanna Phillips, Paul Appleby, Erin Morley, Sasha Cooke, and Julia Bullock.

Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts

Brian Zeger, *Artistic Director*

Monica Thakkar, *Director, Performance Activities*

Kirstin Ek, *Director, Curriculum and Schedules*

Emily Wells, *Associate Director*

Andrew Gaines, *Production Administrator*

Sarah Cohn, *Projects Administrator, Performance Activities*

Po Chan, *Projects Administrator, Curriculum*

Kiara Walker, *Schedule and Program Coordinator*

Ari Bell, *Vocal Arts Administrative Apprentice*

Voice Faculty

Sanford Sylvan, *Chair*

Edith Bers

William Burden

Cynthia Hoffmann

Marlena K. Malas

Robert White

Robert C. White Jr.

Edith Wiens

Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts Faculty

Stefano Baldasseroni

Marianne Barrett

Edward Berkeley

Mary Birnbaum, *Associate
Director of Artist Diploma in
Opera Studies*

Steven Blier

Corradina Caporello

Robert Cowart

Alexandra Day

Cori Ellison

John Giampietro

Bénédicte Jourdois

Natalia Katukova

Kathryn LaBouff

Gina Levinson

Kenneth Merrill

David Moody, *Chorus Master*

Glenn Morton

Nils Neubert

Adam Nielsen

Donald Palumbo

David Paul, *Dramatic Advisor
for Master of Music and
Graduate Diploma*

J.J. Penna

Diane Richardson, *Principal
Coach and Music Advisor for
Artist Diploma in Opera
Studies*

Lauren Schiff

Eve Shapiro, *Dramatic Advisor
for Artist Diploma in Opera
Studies*

Jeanne Slater

Avi Stein

Cameron Stowe

Stephen Wadsworth, *James
S. Marcus Faculty Fellow,
Director of Artist Diploma in
Opera Studies*

Gary Thor Wedow

Reed Woodhouse, *Music
Advisor for Master of Music
and Graduate Diploma*

Brian Zeger, *Artistic Director*

2018-2019 Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts Fellows

Nikolay Verevkin, *Piano*

Jeffrey Lamont Page, *Opera Directing*

The Augustus Juilliard Society

The Augustus Juilliard Society recognizes those who have included The Juilliard School in their long-range financial plans with a bequest, gift annuity or trust arrangement. These future gifts will help ensure that Juilliard may continue to provide the finest education possible for tomorrow's young artists. The School expresses its deep appreciation to the following members:

Barbara Rogers Agosin
 Donald J. Aibel*
 Veronica Maria Alcaresc
 Douglas S. Anderson
 Mitchell Andrews*
 Dee Ashington
 Richard Beales
 Yvette and Maurice‡ Bendahan
 Donald A. Benedetti*
 Helen Benham*
 Elizabeth Weil Bergmann*
 Marshall S. Berland and
 John E. Johnson
 Anne L. Bernstein
 Benton and Fredda Ecker Bernstein
 Leslie Goldman Berro*
 Susan Ollila Boyd
 Mrs. George E. Boyer
 Peter A. Boysen
 Nina R. Brilli
 Steven and Colleen Brooks
 Carol Diane Brown and
 Daniel J. Ruffo
 Beryl E. Brownman
 Lorraine Buch
 Eliane Bukantz
 Alan‡ and Mary Carmel
 Mr. and Mrs. N. Celentano
 Wendy Fang Chen*
 Julie A. Choi* and Claudio Cornali
 Dr. Barbara L. Comins* and
 Mr. Michael J. Comins
 Charlotte Zimmerman Crystal*
 Rosemarie Cufalo
 Christopher Czaja Sager*
 Harrison R.T. Davis
 Robert Lee Dean
 Stephen and Connie Delehanty
 Ronald J. Dovel and Thomas F. Lahr
 John C. Drake-Jennings
 Ryan* and Leila Edwards
 Lou Ellenport
 Audrey Ellinger
 Lloyd B. Erikson
 Eric Ewazen*
 Holly L. Falik
 Barbara and Jonathan File
 Stuart M. Fischman
 Dr.*‡ and Mrs. Richard B. Fisk
 Judi Sorensen Flom
 Ann Marie Smith Forde
 Lorraine Fox
 John and Candice Frawley
 Dr. Mio Fredland
 Chaim Freiberg*
 Naomi Freistadt
 Constance Gleason Furcolo
 Michael Stephen Gallo*
 William Gati* and Paul Gati*‡
 Anita L. Gatti*

Thelma and Seymour Geller,
 on behalf of Jane Geller
 Rabbi Mordecai Genn Ph.D.
 Mark V. Getlein*
 John R. Gillespie
 Professor Robert Jay Glickman
 Dr. Ruth J.E. Glickman
 Sheryl Gold
 Jennifer L. Granucci
 The Venerable John A. Greco
 Drs. Norman*‡ and
 Gilda Greenberg
 Arlene‡ and Edmund Grossman
 Miles Groth, Ph.D.
 Emma Gruber
 Rosalind Guaraldo
 Ruth Haase
 Robert S. Haggart Jr.* and
 Stephanie Haggart*
 Louise Tesson Hall
 Ralph Hamaker
 Stephen and Andrea Handleman
 Rev. Tozan Thomas Hardison*
 Ralph*‡ and Doris Harrel*
 Judith Harris and Tony Woolfson
 Robert G. Hartmann
 Robert Havery*
 S. Jay Hazan M.D.
 Betty Barsha Hedenberg
 Brian J. Heidtke
 Gordon D. Henderson
 Mayme Wilkins Holt
 Julie Holtzman*
 Gerri Houlihan*
 Katherine L. Hufnagel
 Joseph N. and Susan Isolano
 Paul Johnston and Umberto Ferra
 Janice Wheeler Jubin* and
 Herbert Jubin
 Peter H. Judd
 Michael Kahn
 George* and Julia Katz
 Younghee Kim-Wait
 Robert King*
 Linda Kobler* and
 Dr. Albert Glinsky*
 J. D. Kotzenberg
 Bruce Kovner
 Edith Kraft*
 Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Krell
 Dr. Yvonne Lamy
 Francine Landes*
 Sung Sook Lee*
 Paul Richards Lemma and
 Wilhelmina Marchese Lemma‡
 Loretta Varon Lewis‡ and
 Norman J. Lewis
 Ning Liang*
 Joseph M. Liebling*
 In honor of Peter Limon

Jerry K. Loeb
 Richard Lopinto
 Eileen Lubars*
 Chuck Manton
 Cyril‡ and Cecelia Marcus
 Serena B. Marlowe
 Dolores Grau Marsden*
 Sondra Matesky
 Stephanie and Carter McClelland
 and The Stephanie and Carter
 McClelland Foundation
 Joseph P. McGinty
 Dr. and Mrs. N. Scott McNutt
 Pauline and Donald B.‡ Meyer
 Stephen A. Meyers and
 Marsha Hymowitz-Meyers
 Paula P. Michtom
 Leo*‡ and Anne Perillo Michuda*
 Warren R. Mikulka
 Stephen Mittman
 Robert A. Morgan
 Valerie Wilson Morris*
 Diane Morrison
 Mark S. Morrison
 L. Michael and
 Dorothy Moskowitz
 Gail Myers
 Myron Howard Nadel*
 Steven W. Naifeh and
 Gregory White Smith‡
 Anthony J. Newman
 Oscar and Gertrude Nimetz Fund
 Stephen Novick
 Jane Owens
 Mr.‡ and Mrs. Donald Parton
 Celia Paul and Stephen Rosen
 Jeanne M.* and
 Raymond Gerard*‡ Pellerin
 Jane V. Perr M.D.
 Jean Pierkowski
 Elissa V. Plotnoff Pinson*
 Fred Plotkin
 Judy and Jim Pohlman
 Geraldine Pollack
 Sidney J.‡ and Barbara S. Pollack
 John G. Popp
 Thomas and Charlene Preisel
 Arthur Press*
 Bernice Price
 Gena F. Raps*
 Karen J. Raven
 Nancy L. Reim
 Susan M. Reim*
 Susan D. Reinhart
 Madeline Rhew*
 Michael Rigg
 Douglas Riva*
 Lloyd*‡ and Laura Robb
 Daniel P. Robinson
 Yvonne Robinson*

The Augustus Juilliard Society (Continued)

Carlos Romero and
Joanne Gober Romero
Linda N. Rose*
Susan W. Rose
Roxanne Rosoman*
Sam* and Deborah Rotman
Lynne Rutkin
Joan St. James*
Riccardo Salmona
Harvey Salzman
Michael and Diane Sanders
Nancy Schloss
Casiana R. Schmidt
Shelby Evans Schrader† and
John Paul Schrader
Irene Schultz
William C. Schwartz
David Shapiro
Dr. Robert B. Sharon*
Edmund Shay* and
Raymond Harris†
Robert D. Sholiton

Arthur T. Shorin
Mel Silverman
Steven P. Singer M.D. and
Alan Salzman M.D.
Barbara Thompson Slater
Bruce B. Solnick
Carl Solomon Sr.
Evelyn Sun Solomon*
Gary Soren
Barbara H. Stark
Lynn Steuer
Sally T. Stevens
James Stroom*
Henry and Jo Strouss
Cheryl V. Talib
Phyllis K. Teich
Thomas W. Thompson
Tom Todoroff* and Emily Moulton
Marie Catherine Torrisi
Dr. Marta Vago*
Walter* and Elsa Verdehr
Paul Wagenhofer

Dietrich and Alice Wagner
Alberto and Paulina A. Waksman
Stanley Waldo†*
Jessica Weber
Catherine White*
Miriam S. Wiener
Robert Wilder† and Roger F. Kipp
Alice Speas Wilkinson*
Yvonne Viani Williams
Margaret S. Williamson
Clark* and Sally Ann* Wilson
Dr. Theo George Wilson
Elizabeth R. Woodman
Edward Yanishefsky
Lila York
Seventy-five Anonymous Members,
including 24 alumni

* = alumnus/alumna
† = deceased

For information about becoming a member of the Augustus Juilliard Society, please visit us on the web at www.plannedgiving.juilliard.edu. You may also call Lori Padua at (212) 799-5000, ext. 7152, or write to lpadua@juilliard.edu.

Estates and Trusts

The Juilliard School is profoundly grateful for the generous gifts received from the following Estates and Trusts between July 1, 2017 and October 22, 2018. We remember the individuals who made these gifts for their vision in supporting future generations of young performing artists at Juilliard.

The Jere E. Admire Charitable Trust
Harold Alderman Trust
Estate of Celia Ascher
Trust of Jack Bakal
Estate of Ruth Bamdas
The Claire Lois Bechter Trust
Trust of Sonia Block
Betty and Daniel Bloomfield Fund
Estate of Joseph Brinton
Estate of Alan Broder
Estate of Ruth F. Broder
Estate of George Bryant
Estate of John Nicholson Bulica
Estate of Annette Burford
Trust of John Dexter Bush
Estate of Margaret Butterly
Estate of Alfred DelMoral
John L. Drew Living Trust
Estate of Alice Shaw Farber
Fima Fidelman Trust
Dora L. Foster Trust
Estate of Rachel Mintz Golding
Gordon A. Hardy Charitable Remainder Trust
William J. Henderson Memorial Fund
Frances B. Hoyland Trust

Trust of Edward Jabes
Estate of Melvin Kartzmer
Estate of Shirley Lewenthal
Estate of Joseph Machlis
Trust of Lillian B. Madway
Estate of Thomas J. Mahler
Estate of Walter P. Pettipas
Estate of Richard H. Roberts
Estate of Lillian Rogers
Howard and Ethel Ross Trust
Dinah F. Rosoff Revocable Living Trust
Estate of Harold C. Schonberg
Bertha Seals Trust
Estate of Abraham Sheingold
Estate of Betty Simms
Arline J. Smith Trust
Janice Dana Spear Trust
Estate of Winifred Sperry
Estate of Bruce Steeg
The George M. Stone 2006 Trust
Esta and Victor Wolfram Trust
Trust of Helen Marshall Woodward
Irene Worth Fund for Young Artists
Estate of Mildred Zucker
Darrell Zwerling Living Trust

Juilliard Annual Supporters

The Juilliard School is deeply grateful to the following individuals, foundations, and corporations for their annual gifts and pledges in support of scholarship funding and Juilliard's multifaceted performance and educational activities.

Over \$1 million

The Jerome L. Greene Foundation
Bruce and Suzie Kovner
Ellen Marcus
Katheryn C. Patterson and Thomas
L. Kempner Jr.
Susan and Elihu Rose Foundation

\$500,000–\$999,999

Jody and John Arnhold
International Foundation for Arts
and Culture
Lincoln Center Corporate Fund
Michael E. Marks Family
Foundation

\$250,000–\$499,999

Max H. Gluck Foundation

\$100,000–\$249,999

American Society of Composers,
Authors & Publishers
Choi & Burns, LLC
Beth and Christopher Kojima
Marjorie and Michael Loeb
Vincent and Anne Mai
Yoshiko and Greg Margolies
Stephanie and Carter McClelland/
The Stephanie and Carter
McClelland Foundation
Deborah J. Simon
Sarah Billingham Solomon and
Howard Solomon
The Virginia B. Toulmin Foundation
Anonymous (2)

\$50,000–\$99,999

Herbert A. Allen
The Annenberg Foundation
Akin Gump
The Augustine Foundation
Norman S. Benzaquen
Dan J. Epstein and the Dan J.
Epstein Family Foundation
Barbara G. Fleischman
The Fan Fox and Leslie R. Samuels
Foundation
Keith and Barbara Gollust
Constance Goulandris Foundation
Ms. Mary L. Graham
Joan W. Harris/The Irving Harris
Foundation
Matt Jacobson and Kristopher L.
Dukes
Karen and Paul Levy
Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Lindsay
Nancy A. Marks
Christina M. McInerney
Anne Akiko Meyers and Jason
Subotky

Stephen Novick and Evan Galen #
Phyllis and Charles Rosenthal
The Philanthropy Roundtable
Anna E. Schoen-René Fund at The
New York Community Trust
The Shubert Foundation, Inc.
Bruce B. Solnick, Ph.D.
Steinway & Sons
Helen V. Vera and Kent A. Clark
Anonymous

\$25,000–\$49,999

Arnhold Foundation, Inc.
Christine Baranski
Mary L. Bianco
The Edwin Caplin Foundation
Susanne D. Ellis
Sidney E. Frank Foundation
Edythe Gladstein
The Horace W. Goldsmith
Foundation
Irving Berlin Charitable Fund
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kend
Sophie Laffont
LCU Fund for Women's Education
Edward F. Limato Foundation
The Moca Foundation
The Ambrose Monell Foundation
Enid and Lester Morse
Edward John Noble Foundation
Princess Grace Foundation–USA
Raymond-Cryder Designated Fund
of the Lehigh Valley Community
Foundation
The George L. Shields Foundation
Anonymous (3)

\$15,000–\$24,999

American Turkish Society
Edwin L. Artzt
Laurel and Clifford Asnes
Bohram
Barbara and Gary Brandt
Joan and Peter Faber
Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan File
The Grammy Foundation
Gordon D. Henderson
Elinor and Andrew Hoover
The Katzenberger Foundation, Inc.
Heidi Castleman Klein
Sylvia and Leonard Marx, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Jean-Hugues J.
Monier
Evelyn and John Popp
Dr. Gary Portadin
Pre-College Parents' Association
of The Juilliard School
James and Diane Rowen
Schuld Family Fund
Jeremy Smith

Sydney Weinberg
Cecil M. Yarbrough and Ronald S.
Csuha
Anonymous (7)

\$10,000–\$14,999

AON Foundation
Bootsie Barth #
Anne L. Bernstein
Ms. Diana Bersohn
Sander and Norma K. Buchman
Fund
Joyce and Barry Cohen
Crankstart Foundation
Ron Daniel & Lise Scott
Florence and Paul DeRosa
Memorial Fund
Vivian Donnelley #
Dr. Lee MacCormick Edwards
Charitable Foundation
Syril H. Frank
Candice and John Frawley
Peter J. Frenkel Foundation, Inc.
Allen R. and Judy Brick Freedman
Abraham & Mildred Goldstein
Charitable Trust
Dr. Elliot Gross and Dr. Alice
Helpern
Jennifer and Bud Gruenberg
Brian and Darlene Heidtke
Peter Chung-Tao Ho and Anisa
Sosothikul
Harold P. Hope III
Younghee Michelle Kim-Wait
Sidney R. Knafel and Londa
Weisman
Mitzi Koo
Dr. Min Kwon and Dr. Leonard Lee
Dominique and Frédéric Laffont
Marya Martin and Kenneth S.
Davidson
Harold W. McGraw Jr. Family
Foundation
Terry Morgenthaller and Patrick
Kerins
Leslie and Mitchell Nelson
Howard S. Paley
Ian Parker
John R. Philpit
The Presser Foundation
Grace Richardson
Dr. Edward Shipwright #
Alexander I. Tachmes
Marjorie Tallman Educational
Foundation
Robert and Jane Toll
LoRaine Kent Vichey Memorial
Trust
Anita and Thomas Volpe
John J. Yarmick

Juilliard Annual Supporters (Continued)

George K. Yin and Mary J. Walter
Robert K. Yin
Judy Francis Zankel
Anonymous (2)

\$7,500–\$9,999

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Evnin
Arlene # and Edmund Grossman
Bernard Holtzman
McKinsey & Company, Inc.
Joseph S. Piropato and Paul
Michaud
Mrs. Susan L. Robinson
Sharon Ruwart and Tom Melcher
Kara Unterberg
Anonymous (2)

\$5,000–\$7,499

Margot Adams
Walter and Marsha Arnheim
Michelle and Jonathan Auerbach
Janet E. Baumgartner
Marshall S. Berland and John E.
Johnson
Elaine S. Bernstein
Anne Louise and Matthew Bostock
Nicolas Braver
Mrs. Isabel Brenes
Suzanne Cogan and John Meyer
Bryan Cogman and Mandy Olsen
Joyce and Barry Cohen
Betsy L. Cohn
Theodore Cohn
J. Christopher Eagan
Edythe Fishbach
Ms. Nancy Fisher
Alan S. Futerfas and Bettina
Schein
Malachi Hacohen
Nancy and Bruce Hall
The Harkness Foundation for
Dance
Dr. Daniel E. Haspert
HighBrook Investors
Lawrence Hu and Lily Xu
Katherine L. Hufnagel
Japanese Chamber of Commerce
and Industry of New York
Edward and In-Aie Kang
Foundation
Frances Kazan
John # and Patricia Klingenstein
Dominique Lahaussais and David
Low
Mrs. William M. Lese
Mr. Jerome N. Lowenthal
Mr. and Mrs. Peter L. Malkin
Mr. Edward J. Maloney
Anne M. Perillo Michuda

Christopher L. Owens
B. Gregory Palitz
The Laura Pels International
Foundation for Theater
Judy and Jim Pohlman
Edith Polvay-Kallas
Seth D. Radwell
Sabine Renard
Mary G. Roebling Musical
Scholarship Fund, Inc.
Ida & William Rosenthal
Foundation
Yukari Saegusa
Alice Scovell
Gillian Sorensen
Annaliese Soros
Claudia and Michael Spies
Alec P. Stais and Elissa Burke
Kristine Jarvi Tyler
Georgeann Delli Venneri
Sedgwick A. Ward
Marjorie and Irving Weiser
Alvin F. Wen and Alexandra
Moellmann
Nathaniel Wertheimer and Taya
Schmid
Andrew P. Willoughby
Anonymous (6)

\$2,500–\$4,999

Dr. Audrey S. Amdursky
Nadine Asin and Thomas van
Straaten
Emanuel and Yoko Ax
Casey C. Bayles
Philip A. Biondo
Lucienne and Claude Bloch, M.D.
BMW of North America, LLC
Mr. Robert Brenner
Trudy and Julius Brown
Elaine J. Budin
Steven C. Calicchio Foundation
Kathryn G. Charles
Beverly and Herbert Chase
Ernest and Mary Chung
James and Kanako Clarke
Isabel Cunningham
Vivien and Michael Delugg
John R. Doss
Robert & Mercedes Eichholz
Foundation
Marilyn and Steven Emanuel
Michael J. Fabrikant and C. Dallos
Joy B. Ferro
Eric J. Friedman
Jeffrey and Helen Friedman
Kenneth I. Greenstein
Alec and Christy Guettel
Paul Gunther

In Memory of Eileen Mary
Hawryliw
Geoffrey Hoefler
Judy and Lindley Hoffman
Juilliard Alumni Association of
Japan
Elma and Howard Kanefield
Tomer Kariv
Robert O. Kenet
Barbara and Paul Krieger
Jay H. Lefkowitz, M.D.
Mrs. John M. Lewis
Nancy Long, Ph.D. and Marc
Waldor
Lucille and Jack Yellen Foundation
Christopher and Beth Lyon
Robert and Bridget Lyons
Mr. and Mrs. Adam E. Max
James and Stephanía McClenen
Mr. Rodney McDaniel
Paula Paster Michtom
Elizabeth J. Misek
Tim B. Nelson and Lisa M.
Benavides-Nelson
Stanley Newman and Dr. Brian
Rosenthal
Michael Nochomovitz
David Poll and Rebecca Bien
James Park and Jungmin Kim
Celia Paul and Stephen Rosen
Craig and Stefanie Pintoff
Dr. and Mrs. Stephen D.
Prystowsky
Linda Ray
Pamela and Richard Rubinstein
Diane Kelly Ryan
Gregg Schenker
Nancy Schloss
Miriam K. Schneider
Geraldine L. Sedlar and Richard
Miners
Sandra Semel
Brandon Sherr
Marjorie and Michael Stern
The Margot Sundheimer
Foundation
Elise C. and Marvin B. Tepper
Barbara and Donald Tober
Anthony and Elaine Viola
Jonathan and Candace Wainwright
Susan M. Whelan
Kenneth and Paula Wolfe
Rebecca Wui and Raymond Ko
Anonymous (2)

= In Memoriam

As of 10/16/18

Please consider making an investment in the future of dance, drama, and music today and help The Juilliard School remain at the forefront of performing arts education. For more information or to make a gift, please contact the Development Office at (212) 799-5000, ext. 278, or development@juilliard.edu.

Juilliard Board of Trustees and Administration

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Bruce Kovner, *Chair*
J. Christopher Kojima, *Vice Chair*
Katheryn C. Patterson, *Vice Chair*

Julie Anne Choi	Vincent A. Mai
Kent A. Clark	Ellen Marcus
Kenneth S. Davidson	Nancy A. Marks
Barbara G. Fleischman	Stephanie Palmer McClelland
Keith R. Gollust	Christina McInerney
Mary Graham	Lester S. Morse Jr.
Joan W. Harris	Stephen A. Novick
Matt Jacobson	Susan W. Rose
Edward E. Johnson Jr.	Jeffrey Seller
Karen M. Levy	Deborah Simon
Teresa E. Lindsay	Sarah Billingham Solomon
Laura Linney	William E. "Wes" Stricker, MD
Michael Loeb	Yael Taquq
Greg Margolies	

TRUSTEES EMERITI

June Noble Larkin, *Chair Emerita*

Mary Ellin Barrett
Elizabeth McCormack
Sidney R. Knafl

Joseph W. Polisi, *President Emeritus*

JUILLIARD COUNCIL

Mitchell Nelson, *Chair*

Michelle Demus Auerbach
Terry Morgenthau
Barbara Brandt
Howard S. Paley
Brian J. Heidtke
John G. Popp
Gordon D. Henderson
Grace E. Richardson
Peter L. Kend
Jeremy T. Smith
Younghee Kim-Wait
Alexander I. Tachmes
Sophie Laffont
Anita Volpe
Jean-Hugues Monier

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS AND SENIOR ADMINISTRATION

Damian Woetzel, *President*

Office of the President

Jacqueline Schmidt, *Vice President and Chief of Staff*
Kathryn Kozlark, *Special Projects Producer*

Office of the Provost and Dean

Ara Guzelimian, *Provost and Dean*
José García-León, *Dean of Academic Affairs and Assessment*

Dance Division

Alicia Graf Mack, *Director*
Taryn Kaschock Russell, *Associate Director*
Katie Friis, *Administrative Director*

Drama Division

Evan Yionoulis, *Richard Rodgers Director*
Richard Feldman, *Associate Director*
Katherine Hood, *Managing Director*

Music Division

Adam Meyer, *Director, Music Division, and Deputy Dean of the College*
Bárlí Nugent, *Assistant Dean, Director of Chamber Music*
Joseph Soucy, *Assistant Dean for Orchestral Studies*
Mario Irgec, *Chief Piano Technician*
Joanna K. Trebelhorn, *Director of Orchestral and Ensemble Operations*

Historical Performance

Robert Mealy, *Director*
Benjamin D. Sosland, *Administrative Director; Assistant Dean for the Kovner Fellowships*

Jazz

Wynton Marsalis, *Director of Juilliard Jazz*
Aaron Flagg, *Chair and Associate Director*

Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts

Brian Zeger, *Artistic Director*
Kirstin Ek, *Director of Curriculum and Schedules*
Monica Thakkar, *Director of Performance Activities*

Lila Acheson Wallace Library and Doctoral Fellows Program

Jane Gottlieb, *Vice President for Library and Information Resources; Director of the C.V. Starr Doctoral Fellows Program*
Jeni Dahmus Farah, *Director, Archives*
Alan Klein, *Director of Library Technical Services*

Pre-College Division

Yoheved Kaplinsky, *Artistic Director*
Ekaterina Lawson, *Director of Admissions and Academic Affairs*
Anna Royzman, *Director of Performance Activities*

Music Advancement Program

Anthony McGill, *Artistic Advisor*
Teresa McKinney, *Director of Community Engagement*

Evening Division

Danielle La Senna, *Director*

Enrollment Management and Student Development

Joan D. Warren, *Vice President*
Kathleen Tesar, *Associate Dean for Enrollment Management*
Barrett Hipes, *Associate Dean for Student Development*
Sabrina Tanbara, *Assistant Dean of Student Affairs*
Cory Owen, *Assistant Dean for International Advancement and Diversity Initiatives*
William Buse, *Director of Counseling Services*
Katherine Gertson, *Registrar*
Tina Gonzalez, *Director of Financial Aid*
Camille Pajor, *Title IX Coordinator*
Todd Porter, *Director of Residence Life*
Howard Rosenberg MD, *Medical Director*
Beth Techow, *Administrative Director of Health and Counseling Services*

Development

Alexandra Wheeler, *Vice President and Chief Advancement Officer*
Stephanie Gattton, *Acting Director of Special Events*
Katie Murtha, *Director of Major Gifts*
Lori Padua, *Director of Planned Giving*
Ed Piniasek, *Director of Development Operations*
Edward Sien, *Director of Foundation and Corporate Relations*
Rebecca Vaccarelli, *Director of Alumni Relations*

Public Affairs


Maggie Berndt, *Acting Director of Public Affairs*
Benedict Campbell, *Website Director*
Thiago Eichner, *Design Director*
Jessica Epps, *Marketing Director*
Susan Jackson, *Editorial Director*

Office of the Chief Operating Officer and Corporate Secretary

Lesley Rosenthal, *Chief Operating Officer and Corporate Secretary*
Christine Todd, *Vice President and CFO*
Cameron Christensen, *Associate Vice President, Facilities Management*
Kent McKay, *Associate Vice President for Production*
Betsie Becker, *Managing Director of K-12 Programs*
Michael Kerstan, *Controller*
Irina Shteyn, *Director of Financial Planning and Analysis*
Nicholas Mazzurco, *Director of Student Accounts/Bursar*
Nicholas Saunders, *Director of Concert Operations*
Tina Matin, *Director of Merchandising*
Kevin Boutote, *Director of Recording*

Administration and Law

Maurice F. Edelson, *Vice President for Administration and General Counsel*
Myung Kang-Huneke, *Deputy General Counsel*
Carl Young, *Chief Information Officer*
Steve Doty, *Chief Technology Officer*
Dmitriy Aminov, *Director of IT Engineering*
Jeremy Pinquist, *Director of Client Services, IT*
Caryn G. Doktor, *Director of Human Resources*
Adam Gagan, *Director of Security*
Helen Taynton, *Director of Apprenticeship Program*



*Behind every
Juilliard artist
is all of Juilliard
—including you.*

Photo by Claudio Papapietro

With hundreds of dance, drama, and music performances, Juilliard is a adventurous and dynamic place. When you join one of our membership programs, you become a part of this singular and celebrated community.

Juilliard Association

Become a member for as little as \$250 and receive exclusive benefits, including

- Advance access to tickets through Member Presales
- 50% discount on ticket purchases
- Subscription to the *Juilliard Journal*

Juilliard Ovation Society

Join with a gift starting at \$1,250 and enjoy VIP privileges, including

- All Association benefits
- Concierge ticket service by telephone and email
- Invitations to behind-the-scenes events
- Access to master classes, performance previews, and rehearsal observations

(212) 799-5000, ext. 303
patrondesk@juilliard.edu

juilliard.edu

Attend a performance

Enroll in an adult class

Shop at our store

Hire our performers

Support Juilliard

juilliard.edu