NEW YORK FESTIVAL OF SONG

NIGHT & DAY, USA

Juilliard



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The Juilliard School and New York Festival of Song present

Night & Day, USA

Wednesday, May 3, and Thursday, May 4, 2023, 7:30pm Rosemary and Meredith Willson Theater

Saniyyah Bamberg and Kerrigan Bigelow, Sopranos Sophia Baete, Mezzo-Soprano Reed Gnepper, Tenor Joseph Parrish, Bass-Baritone Steven Blier, Pianist, Arranger, and Artistic Director of NYFOS Katherine Carter, Stage Director Nathaniel LaNasa, Pianist

LEONARD BERNSTEIN (1918–90)	I Feel Like I'm Not Out of Bet Yet from <i>On the Town</i> (lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green) Joseph Parrish
CHARLES IVES (1874–1954)	In the Mornin' from <i>Eleven Songs and Two Harmonizations</i> Sophia Baete
PAUL FUJIMOTO (b. 1983)	6 A.M. Kerrigan Bigelow
MICHAEL SAHL (1934–2018)	Take Us Back to the Office Again from <i>Junkyard</i> (lyrics by Mel Mandel) Reed Gnepper
MIKE STOLLER (b. 1933)	I Ain't Here (lyrics by Jerome Leiber) Saniyyah Bamberg
HUGH MARTIN (1914–2011)	I'm the First Girl in the Second Row from <i>Look Ma,</i> <i>I'm Dancin'!</i> Kerrigan Bigelow

Program continues





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

HALL JOHNSON	On the Dusty Road (text by Langston Hughes)	
(1888–1970)	Joseph Parrish	
FRANK LOESSER (1910-69)	Been a Long Day from <i>How to Succeed in Business Without</i> <i>Really Trying</i> Kerrigan Bigelow, Sophia Baete, and Reed Gnepper	
TOM WAITS	I Can't Wait to Get Off Work	
(b. 1949)	Joseph Parrish	
KURT WEILL	Who'll Buy? from <i>Lost in the Stars</i> (lyrics by Maxwell Anderson)	
(1900–50)	Saniyyah Bamberg	
WEILL	Economics from <i>Love Life</i> (lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner) Kerrigan Bigelow, Sophia Baete, And Reed Gnepper	
WILLIAM BOLCOM	Can't Sleep from <i>Cabaret Songs</i> (text by Arnold Weinstein)	
(b. 1938)	Reed Gnepper	
LEE HOIBY (1926–2011)	Insomnia from <i>Three Ages of Woman</i> (text by Elizabeth Bishop) Sophia Baete	
COLE PORTER	Dream-Dancing from You'll Never Get Rich	
(1891–1964)	Joseph Parrish	
WEILL	Susan's Dream from <i>Love Life</i> (lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner) Saniyyah Bamberg	
ALAN W. BLOCK	Walkin' After Midnight (lyrics by Don Hecht)	
(b. 1924)	Sophia Baete	
STEVE MARZULLO (b. 1962)	The Night You Decided to Stay from Songs From an Unmade Bed (text by Mark Campbell) Reed Gnepper	
JONI MITCHELL	Chelsea Morning	
(b. 1943)	Kerrigan Bigelow and Ensemble	

Performance time: approximately 1 hour and 30 minutes, without an intermission

Bloomberg Philanthropies

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Night & Day, USA is the chronicle of a workday in America told in song: five characters who get up in the morning, go to a variety of jobs, daydream about love, worry about money, and eventually find their way through the night—alone or in company. Almost all the composers and lyricists are American-born, but there is one assimilated foreigner: Kurt Weill. The result is a song-collage of people earning their keep, maintaining their courage, and falling in and out of love.

The idea for the show sprang from the 1941 Cole Porter rarity "Dream-Dancing." My obsession began when I heard it as a bonus track on a Bill Evans/Tony Bennett double-CD set recorded in the mid-'70s. I was determined to find a home for it. My fixation on this tune is consistent with my personality. I have long been passionate about dreaming and have kept a dream log for some years. The notion that a person's unconscious mind can make up stories strikes me as one of the sublime things about being human.

Of course, you usually have to get all the way through the day before you are granted the gift of REM sleep. That meant finding the perfect song about getting out of bed, but no single piece could possibly convey both the agony and the ecstasy of awakening. The solution: to begin the program with songs sung by three different people, each starting the day in his or her own style.

The first is "I Feel Like I'm Not Out of Bed Yet," in which a drowsy husband reluctantly leaves the warmth of his home as his wife and child slumber on. This song is the opening number of Leonard Bernstein's *On the Town*, the 1944 musical that introduced the composer, his lyricists Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and his choreographer, Jerome Robbins, to Broadway.

Some people greet the day with a quiet moment of spiritual contemplation perhaps yoga or meditation. Others seek the comfort of traditional Judeo-Christian prayers, like the traditional American hymn tune "In the Morning," heard in an arrangement by Charles Ives. This early 20th-century maverick often incorporated hymns into his compositions, sometimes buried in hallucinatory, near-aleatory explosions of sound that became his trademark. He also wrote several hymn settings, including a version of "At the River" filled with crazy "wrong notes" and displaced rhythms. But when he set "In the Morning," he opted for sincerity, simplicity, and warmth. This haunting arrangement was the last song Ives ever wrote.

When the alarm goes off, many of us don't have the luxury of the snooze button or the composure to indulge in a moment of prayer. If you're a young performer going to a cattle-call audition, you have to spring into action quickly before 700 other actors get there before you. Such is the premise of "6 A.M." by Paul Fujimoto, a rapidly rising young theater composer, jazz arranger, and trumpet player. I was introduced to his music by soprano Lauren Worsham, the Kelli O'Hara of the downtown crowd. Seattle-born Fujimoto already has several musicals to his credit and is attracting attention from Broadway luminaries. As he unabashedly mentions on his website, "'6 A.M.' is Adam Guettel's favorite song of mine." No wonder—Fujimoto's portrayal of a young, hungry actor is right on the money.

Everyone has conflicting feelings about work, and our gripes live side by side with a visceral fear of losing our jobs. "Take Me Back to the Office Again" captures that delicate balance of dependency and resentment in an exuberant samba that seems to dance right off a cliff. I came across this song on one of my favorite albums by Joan Morris and William Bolcom, *Lime Jello: An American Cabaret.* It was written by composer Michael Sahl and lyricist Mel Mandel, from their opera called *Junkyard.* Sahl is an alluring musician who describes his style as "funk/romantic." I would call him an unabashed melodist with a powerful gift for rhythm. No wonder he came to fame as the arranger and pianist for *The Tango Project* (Nonesuch Records), the 1981 runaway best-seller that helped bring Argentine rhythm back to widespread popularity in the northern hemisphere.

Now that we've gotten ourselves caffeinated and out of the house, we are going to make three onsite job visits. In "I Ain't Here," we are privy to the inner monologue of a woman working (with quiet resentment) as the housekeeper for an upper-middle class lady. Bolcom and Morris also introduced me to this piece—it's on their (now out-of-print) album *Other Songs of Leiber and Stoller*. You probably know the rock 'n' roll hits that first brought Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller to prominence in the 1950s: classics like "Hound Dog," "Love Potion Number Nine," and "Yakety Yak." "I Ain't Here" dates from the early 1970s, when they were entering a new phase of their career and creating a repertoire of haunting, arty cabaret and theater songs. The most recognizable title in their second-generation oeuvre is "Is That All There Is?" That famous, Kurt Weill-esque talking blues—well, it's more of a talking kvetch—was written for their post-Elvis muse, Peggy Lee, who recorded an all-Leiber and Stoller album called *Mirrors*.

For anyone who thinks a performer's life isn't really "work," Hugh Martin's "I'm the First Girl in the Second Row" puts that fantasy to rest. While Martin may not be a household name like Cole Porter, everyone knows his songs—"The Boy Next Door," "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," and "The Trolley Song." "First Girl" comes from *Look Ma, I'm Dancin'*!, a 1948 Broadway musical created by George Abbott and Jerome Robbins and starring Nancy Walker. The song was a clever rewrite of a piece Martin had created for a Special Services show in 1944 when he was in the army: "I'm the first man in the second platoon of the fourth company." He neatly transmogrified a song about army life into a ballet dancer's lament. Martin may have been a Seventh-Day Adventist from Alabama, but he clearly knew his way around Jewish humor. I am especially impressed with his command of Yinglish: He rhymes "Danilova" with "schlemeilova" (as in, "make a schlemiel of her," pronounced Brooklyn style).

"On the Dusty Road" takes us from the glamorous grind of ballet to the less glitzy labor of roadwork. The music is by Hall Johnson, best known for his snazzy piano-and-voice arrangements of spirituals like "Ride On, King Jesus," a number guaranteed to bring down the house. Johnson provided me with my introduction to most of those classic American tunes. But he also wrote original material, including a pair of art songs set to poems by the Harlem Renaissance poet Langston Hughes. One of them is "On the Dusty Road," which brings Hughes' poetry to life with broad dignity.

The water cooler is passé—some of the most important office politics now take place in front of the elevator. That is the setting for "Been a Long Day," from Frank Loesser's 1961 musical *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. Two ambitious underlings at the World Wide Wicket Company are attracted to one another, but they are too inhibited to make a date. Rescuing them from their awkward small talk in front of the elevator bank, another secretary serves as a matchmaker and sends them off to have dinner together.

There's no such social awkwardness in "I Can't Wait to Get Off Work and See My Baby (on Montgomery Avenue)," from Tom Waits' 1976 album *Small Change*. In this semi-autobiographical song, Waits evokes a job he had in his teenage years at the Napoleone Pizza House in San Diego as well as his unconflicted adolescent libido. Famous for his uniquely gritty voice, Waits always sounds as if he'd not only smoked two cartons of cigarettes but also gargled with the filters just before he went to the microphone. Yet under the grungy surface of his performances lies an elegant craftsman of song, a Wordsworth for the wasted, a Hahn for the hoarse.

It was natural to draw on Kurt Weill's music for this show, because he wrote so well and so often about the lives of working people. And no one wrote about the relationship between love and money better than Weill. The first of his songs comes from *Lost in the Stars*, his 1949 musical about apartheid. The hero of the story is a young man named Absalom, who, like his Biblical namesake, is both handsome and a great source of worry to his father. On a pub crawl, he hears a nightclub singer named Linda deliver "Who'll Buy," a suggestive double-entendre number in Weill's hottest style. From this low-down music, you'd never suspect that Weill had been a student of Engelbert Humperdinck (of *Hänsel und Gretel* fame) only 30 years earlier. It's quite a leap from the Witch's gingerbread to this lap dancer's "juicy rutabagas." Weill gives it to you straight in the song "Economics" from *Love Life*, his 1948 musical with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner. In the show, it functioned as a lighthearted interlude after a tense scene where a husband admits to his wife that he might be about to lose his railway job. Tonight, we're using it as a wry comment on the fresh-faced young couple in "Been a Long Day": After the honeymoon comes the realpolitik of the checkbook and the bedroom.

Some people sleep like babies no matter how stressful their day has been; others find it difficult to get any decent shut-eye under the best of circumstances. They are the tortured night owls of "Can't Sleep" and "Insomnia." The first one comes from Volume IV of William Bolcom and Arnold Weinstein's *Cabaret Songs*, which were published almost two decades after Volumes I and II had taken the recital world by storm in the late 1970s with showstoppers like "Amor," "Black Max," and "Toothbrush Time." The later songs are quirkier and more elusive, but there are many gems, among them "Can't Sleep." In just a few lines of poetry, Weinstein recreates the hermetic world of John Ashbery, a house of mirrors where the subject and the reflection become strangely intertwined and confused—a nighttime enigma filled with grief and longing.

Elizabeth Bishop's "Insomnia" also describes the night as a mirror, ruled by a defiant, renegade moon who turns everything into its diametric opposite. Bishop's elegant poem inspired one of Lee Hoiby's best musical settings, powered by slow, driving rhythms, colorful piano writing, and a soaring, blues-inflected vocal line. Hoiby responds to Bishop's poem with a tangy blend of Nina Simone and Thelonious Monk.

It is possible, of course, to be alone at night and still be swept away on the wings of romance. That's the premise of "Dream-Dancing"—the song that inspired our show. Porter wrote this tune for the 1941 movie *You'll Never Get Rich*. Hollywood producers were notoriously tin-eared about music and used the song only as instrumental underscoring. Fred Astaire, the star of the film, recorded it as a vocal (omitting the verse) but the song never topped the charts. Lacking the launching power of Broadway or the silver screen, "Dream-Dancing" has mostly thrived among connoisseurs: jazz musicians and cabaret singers.

Dreams can mystify us, but they can also provide us with moments of clarity and guidance. Often they do both at the same time. Such is the case in "Susan's Dream," our third contribution from Kurt Weill. This very pretty song was also written for *Love Life* but—like a number of other pretty Broadway songs—it ended up on the cutting-room floor. It tells the story of a bedraggled housewife who prays for a vision of what her ideal life would look like. In a dream God announces that he will grant her desire. The Almighty then shows Susan her life exactly as she is living it, and she awakens with both a sob and a smile.

Alan Jay Lerner's lyric seems comforting on the surface but there is something subversive and complex lurking within it. The obvious interpretation is that Susan's true harmony resides within her and that her life is already perfect. But there are other ways to interpret the end of the song—that she is unable to envision anything better, or that she cannot allow herself to expect any more out of life than what she has. Lerner and Weill's comforting tango-blues seems to have a sweet ending, but it leaves a silent riddle hanging in the air, poised like a sword of Damocles.

Tonight's mezzo-soprano, Sophia Baete, had the idea of including the Patsy Cline hit "Walkin' After Midnight" in tonight's program, and I agreed even before I heard the song—Sophia's enthusiasm was so persuasive that I felt sure it would do the trick. (I admit to being the only person in America who didn't already know this classic country/blues tune.) Cline had not been sold on it back in 1954, when the writers Alan Block and Don Hecht first presented it to her. She only gave her OK when she got permission to use "A Poor Man's Roses (Or a Rich Man's Gold)" for the B side. "Walkin' After Midnight," of course, is the tune that took off, topping the charts and bringing Cline her first big hit. And when she sang it on the *Arthur Godfrey Talent Hour*, the audience clapped so hard and so long that they froze the applause meter, the ultimate measure of success in 1957.

Like Alan Jay Lerner, lyricist/librettist Mark Campbell has a gift for condensing complex human riddles into perfect rhymed couplets. He also writes about sex with frankness, humor, and truth. Both of those talents are on display in "The Night You Decided to Stay," the final number in *Songs From an Unmade Bed*, a 2005 theater piece comprising works by 18 composers, with texts by Campbell. Part song cycle and part one-man vaudeville revue, *Unmade Bed* chronicles the experiences of a single gay man living in New York. Here, composer Steve Marzullo gently evokes a pre-dawn moment of post-coital fatigue, tinged with the urge to flee—and perhaps the beginning of love.

Joni Mitchell's "Chelsea Morning" is a classic for folks of a certain age, but many of today's cast members had never heard it before. I previewed it for each of them on my iPhone during recent coachings and watched their faces light up. Mitchell shrugged it off as "the work of an ingenue," but the richness of her imagery and the charm of her melody evoke an optimism that none of us could resist.

No matter what kind of night you've had—solo or with a bed-partner, blissful or tortured—the alarm clock will go off at the usual time, and you'll have to face the music once more. The French have an expression to describe their daily routine: "boulot, métro, dodo"—work, subway, sleep. There's not much any of us can do about the "métro" part, besides buying a bicycle. But tonight's composers and lyricists make me feel that there are endless varieties of "boulot" and "dodo." Every night I hope for eight hours of dream-dancing—and every day, 16 waking hours to make some of those dreams come true.

Texts

From On The Town I Feel Like I'm Not Out of Bed Yet Music: Leonard Bernstein Lyrics: Betty Comden and Adolph Green

I feel like I'm not out of bed yet. A-a-a-a-a-h-Oh, the sun is warm, But my blanket's warmer. Sleep, sleep, in your lady's arms. Sleep in your lady's arms.

I left my old woman still sleeping. O-o-o-o-o-h-Oh, the air is sweet. But my woman's sweeter. Sleep, sleep in your lady's arms. Sleep in your lady's arms.

All night I was walkin' the baby. W-a-a-a-a-h-Oh, his eyes are blue, But her eyes are bluer. Sleep, sleep in your lady's arms. Sleep in your lady's arms.

From Eleven Songs and Two Harmonizations

In the Morning Music: Charles Ives Text: Traditional

In the mornin' when I rise, In the mornin' when I rise, In the mornin' when I rise, Give me Jesus!

Give me Jesus! Give me Jesus! You can have all the world, but Give me Jesus!

'Twixt the cradle and the grave, 'Twixt the cradle and the grave, 'Twixt the cradle and the grave, Give me Jesus! Give me Jesus! Give me Jesus! You can have all the world, but Give me Jesus!

6 A.M.

Music: Paul Fujimoto Lyrics: Paul Fujimoto

My pillow ... My pillow is soft. My pillow ... My pillow is warm. Never get up, never get up. Ah! Ah! Never get up ...

(Her alarm clock goes off. She wakes, dresses, and makes her way to Midtown.)

Open call, non-Equity, Pittsburgh Civic Light. Open call, so naturally, The line forms on the right.

How I long to sleep in on Mondays. Not a sin, sleeping in. But, instead, I'm in line with A wannabe Idina, nursing on an Aquafina, Looking like she's never seen a pair of tweezers. A clueless egomaniac, Who just arrived from Hackensack, Believing her augmented rack Can cover up a blatant lack of talent.

Oh, how gallant I must seem, Chasing after this pipedream. But, the truth is this: It isn't always bliss. When you're a classically-trained soprano, Who's forced to sing Frank Wildhorn instead ... Ah! I should have stayed in bed.

But, my credit ... My credit is bad. My student loans ... My student loans are hefty. Up on your feet! You've gotta eat! Ah! Ah! Go get a job!

Oh God, I wanna run and hide. I'm contemplating suicide. I wish I had some pesticide to use on The quasi-nouveau avant-garde Who feels, cause she's from Juilliard, The need to constantly bombard us With her perfect diction.

Feel the friction between us. And they STILL haven't seen us. Oh, how fair 'twould be to play Eliza D ... But, when you're just a non-union nothing, You take the children's tours you can get! Ah!

(Her high note gets her the job.)

Equity card! Equity card! How divine! Finally mine! Yes, it's true, there'll be the same bullshit ... But, it won't concern me till nine!

From Junkyard Take Us Back to the Office Again Music: Michael Sahl Lyrics: Mel Mandel

Take us back to the office again, We won't be bored and we won't complain. Cut our pay and lengthen our day, We will be grateful anyway!

We'll adjust to the new routines, Just let us sit at our machines, We'll look busy when things are slow But we got to have a place to go.

A place to get inside out of the rain, We want to go back to the office again. Our lives are rapidly going down the drain. So take us back to the office again! We never cared what the work was for, When some got done there was always more, We never minded cleaning the mess, Trimming the edges off ugliness.

At least the office was something real. If the boss was mean you could always steal, But one day the whole thing disappears With the kind of lay-offs that go on for years.

A place to get inside ...

You go around from place to place, People can see it all in your face, There isn't really too much to do And whatever there is there's none for you.

The machine does your job, does it so nice, Or they do it abroad for half the price. Oh let the supervisor scream And wake me up from this awful dream.

A place to get inside ...

I Ain't Here Music: Michael Stoller Lyrics: Jerome Lieber

l ain't here, You can't see me 'cause I ain't here, If you see me sprinklin' clothes and swattin' flies Don't believe your Iyin' eyes. 'Cause I ain't here.

I ain't here, You can't bother me 'cause I ain't here, You can talk to me from now till Judgment Day, I can't hear a word you say 'Cause I ain't here.

Mrs. Brown— 'Bout those hand-me-downs you handed down, 'Bout those scraps an' day-old bread Well, like I said, you can kiss my foot my dear 'Cause I ain't here. I'm with Jim, I ain't here because I'm there with him, You might see my smilin' face 'Cause I'm someplace I'm someplace But I ain't here.

From Look Ma, I'm Dancin'! I'm the First Girl in the Second Row Music: Hugh Martin Lyrics: Hugh Martin

So you think when you see me dance You will recognize me at a glance? Well you should be in the know, I'm not the star of the show. But I've got a way to put you wise, You can spot me if you memorize This daily tale of woe:

I'm the first girl in the second row In the third scene of the fourth number In fifth position at ten o'clock on the nose. I'm the first blonde in "Scheherazade," The first swan in "Swan Lake," Then I play the thorn in the "Spectre of the Rose."

In "Igrouchka," I'm a fairy, In "Petrouchka" I'm a bear, And in "Sylphides," I am something That will really curl your hair.

But the season's over for this patootie, And though I'm not a beauty, I think that I'll go back to Billy Rose. 'Cause I'm sick of standin' on my toes.

l'Il never be as sleek as Baronova, Or equal the technique of Toumonova, And as for Alexandra Danilova, I know I'Il never make a shlemeilova.

For people who have already seen-a, I'll never be another Zorina, I can't replace Pavlova, I will leave that to Markova, Delanova and Rostova and Popova. But at least in this old dancing game I have a single claim to fame:

I'm the first girl in the second row In the third scene of the fourth number In fifth position—you'll wonder why you came. I'm the first lamb in "Helen of Troy," The first madam in "Bluebeard," Then I play the faun in the afternoon of same.

In that Christmas treat, "Nutcracker Suite," I play a flake of snow; And in "Rodeo," I have a go At being a buffalo.

But the goin's rough and I've had enough, So I think I'll give the slough to this arty stuff And call the past the past. 'Cause I'm sick of spendin' my nights in tights!

On the Dusty Road

Music: Hall Johnson Text: Langston Hughes

Dusty road! This dirt is heavy, My spade is light, This road I'm buildin' Don't turn left nor right.

Better not turn, Lord, Better not turn. Good old bulldozer, Pushin' up the groun'; A mighty mover, Change the world aroun', Lord.

My back is bendin' But I come up straight, My work ain't endin' 'Till this road runs straight. That mighty TNT, I drills a hole, TNT explodin' Tear body from soul, Lord. That li'l ole tractor Pulls its weight ten-fold, Take more'n a tractor, Lord To pull trouble out my soul.

Water truck come sprinklin' It cool down the dust I raise today, Dusty road!

From How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying Been a Long Day Music: Frank Loesser Lyrics: Frank Loesser

SMITTY: Well, here it is five P.M. The finish of a long day's work. And there they are both of them, The secretary and the clerk.

Not very well acquainted. Not very much to say But I can hear those two little minds Ticking away.

Now, she's thinking:

ROSEMARY: I wonder if we take the same bus.

SMITTY: And he's thinking:

FINCH: That could be quite a thing between us.

SMITTY: Now, she's thinking:

ROSEMARY: He really is a dear.

SMITTY: And he's thinking:

FINCH: But what of my career. SMITTY: And she says:

ROSEMARY: Ah! hum ...

SMITTY: And he says:

FINCH: A hum-hum ... Well it's been a long day.

ALL: Well, it's been a long, Been a long, been a long, Been a long day.

SMITTY: Now, she's thinking:

ROSEMARY: I wish that he were more of a flirt.

SMITTY: And he's thinking:

FINCH: I guess a little flirting won't hurt.

SMITTY: Now she's thinking:

ROSEMARY: For dinner we could meet.

SMITTY: And he's thinking:

FINCH: We both've gotta eat ...

SMITTY: And she says:

ROSEMARY: Atchoo ... SMITTY: And he says:

FINCH: Gesundheit!

ROSEMARY: Thank you!

FINCH: Well, it's been a long day!

ALL: Well, it's been a long, Been a long, been a long, Been a long day.

SMITTY: Hey! There's a yummy Friday's special at Stouffer's. It's dollar-ninety vegetable plate. And on the bottom of the ad, Not bad, service for two, Three-fifty eight, To make a bargain, make a date.

ROSEMARY: Wonderful!

FINCH: It's fate!

SMITTY: Now she's thinking:

ROSEMARY: What female kind of trap could I spring?

SMITTY: And he's thinking:

FINCH: I might as well forget the whole thing.

SMITTY: Now she's thinking: ROSEMARY: Suppose I take his arm ...

SMITTY: And he's thinking:

FINCH: Well, really what's the harm?

SMITTY: And she says:

ROSEMARY: Hungry?

SMITTY: And he says:

FINCH: Yeah!

ROSEMARY: Yeah!

SMITTY: Yeah!

ALL: Well, it's been a long day! Well, it's been a long, Been a long, been a long, Been a long day.

I Can't Wait to Get Off Work Music: Tom Waits Lyrics: Tom Waits

Well I don't mind working 'Cause I used to be jerkin' off Most of my time in the bars. I been a cabbie and a stock clerk And a soda fountain jock jerk And a manic mechanic on cars. It's nice work if you can get it. Now who the hell said it, I got money to spend on my gal But the work never stops, And I'll be busting my chops Working for Joe and Sal.

And I can't wait to get off work And see my baby. She said she'd leave the porch light On for me. I'm disheveled, I'm disdainful And I'm distracted and it's painful, But this job sweeping up here Is gainfully employing me tonight.

Tom do this, Tom do that, Tom, don't do that, Count the cash, clean the oven, Dump the trash, oh your lovin', Is a rare and a copasetic gift. And I'm a moonlight watchman-ic, It's hard to be romantic, Sweeping up over by the cigarette machine ...

I can't wait to get off work And see my baby. She'll be waiting up with a magazine for me. Clean the bathrooms, clean 'em good, Oh your lovin', I wish you would Come down here and sweep-a-me off my feet. This broom'll have to be my baby, If I hurry, I just might Get off before the dawn's early light.

From *Lost in the Stars* Who'll Buy?

Music: Kurt Weill Lyrics: Maxwell Anderson

Who'll buy my juicy rutabagas? Who'll buy my yellow corn? Who'll buy asparagus or carrots or potatoes? Who wants my peppers and my ginger and tomatoes? The best you bit into since you were born.

If you want to make a supper dish fit for a king, Look over what I offer, I offer everything. So try my, buy my black-eyed peas, The Garden of Eden had nothing like these. You'll feel like flying like a bird on the wing, You'll stay up there like a kite on a string. They're satisfactory! They got a sting!

Try my—buy my— Asparagus, yellow corn, black-eyed peas, Potatoes, and carrots, and beans and rutabagas!

Who'll buy my oranges and melons? Who'll buy my prickly pears? Who'll pay his shillings for my lemons and persimmons? Who wants my apricots and nectarines and trimmin's? The best you laid lips to in the last ten years.

I haven't got a license, so I can undersell, I haven't got a license, so I can treat you well. And try my, buy my pure veld honey! In the garden of Eden they never use money! You'll feel like flying, like a bat out of hell! You'll own high heaven, and a landing field as well! The apples of paradise—they always jell!

Try my—buy my— Oranges, prickly pears, apricots, nectarines, Tangerines, apples, ground nuts, bananas! Try my— Oh my! Buy my— Oh my!

From Love Life

Economics Music: Kurt Weill Lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner

Man and woman you got to admire, They conquered cold and they conquered fire, They stuck together through thick and thin, Through lots of good and through lots of sin.

But there's one thing that beats 'em That they just can't subdue; One thing the defeats 'em And splits 'em up in two. And that love defyin' thing About which we're gonna sing Is Economics. Now Cora had a husband makin' seven a day. She left him for a guy who made eleven a day. Now that's good economics, but awful bad for love.

Now Sarah and her husband, they were doin' okay, For Sarah had an ev'nin' job and he worked all day. Now that's good economics, but awful bad for love.

Economics are rough on love! Economics are tough on love! You got a little money, You got a little honey, Money go! Honey go!

Now Ruby was a woman who could needle your spine But when you went to kiss her, it was cash on the line. Now that's good economics, That's good economics That's good economics But awful bad for love.

Now Joe he had a job and worked with all of his might; He worked so doggone hard that he was tired at night. Now that's good economics, etc.

Now Henry and Mathilda got along very nice; But when inflation came Mathilda boosted her price. Now that's good economics, etc.

Economics are sad for love! Economics are bad for love! ... Now Flo she can't be trusted, She'll leave you when you're busted. Dough comes back! Flo comes back!

Now Edna used to slip her husband's pay down her chest. And just to keep it extra safe she never undressed! Now that's good economics, etc. From Cabaret Songs Can't Sleep Music: William Bolcom Text: Arnold Weinstein

Can't sleep dreaming of you dreaming of me Turning to you woken by me. Hush now, don't cry, All I was doing was dreaming.

From *Three Ages of Woman* Insomnia

Music: Lee Hoiby Text: Elizabeth Bishop

The moon in the bureau mirror Looks out a million miles (And perhaps with pride, at herself, But she never, never smiles) Far and away beyond sleep, or Perhaps she's a daytime sleeper.

By the Universe deserted, She'd tell it to go to hell, And she'd find a body of water, Or a mirror, on which to dwell. So wrap up care in a cobweb And drop it down the well

Into that world inverted Where left is always right, Where the shadows are really the body, Where we stay awake all night, Where the heavens are shallow as the sea Is now deep, and you love me.

From You'll Never Get Rich Dream-Dancing Music: Cole Porter Lyrics: Cole Porter

When shades enfold The sunset's gold And stars are bright above again, I smile, sweetheart, For then I know I can start To live again, to love again. When day is done And night comes on Until the dawn What do I do? I clasp your hand And wander through slumberland, Dream-dancing with you.

We dance between A sky serene, And fields of green Sparkling with dew. It's joy sublime Whenever I spend my time Dream-dancing with you.

Dream-dancing. Oh, what a lucky windfall! Touching you, clutching you All the night through.

So say you love me, dear. And let me make my career Dream-dancing To paradise prancing, Dream-dancing with you.

From Love Life Susan's Dream Music: Kurt Weill Lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner

Susan, she had a husband to make a home for, Made it shine because she loved him so, Susan got lucky with the Lord, had some children Gave 'em all her heart to help 'em grow.

But now and then her man went drinkin' The kids got sick and cried till morn! And now Susan, oh Susan Plumb got tired of home and livin' And begin to wish she'd not been born. Yes, she did. She wished she'd not been born.

And then one night she was all wearied out, The kids had worn her ragged And her man was not about, And she flopped on her knees By the side of the bed And she wiped her flaming eyes And looked up and said: Oh God, let 'em sleep and when I sleep let me see A heavenly dream of the way life could be— That's all that I want, so do that for me When I sleep let me dream of the way life should be. Then she got into bed and her achin' slipped away. And soon she was asleep and she heard a voice say:

Susan, oh Susan, I heard you pray, Susan, oh Susan, you shall have you way. There's good in you soul and so you shall see The dream that you want of the way life should be.

And Susan then dreamed She had a man to make a home for; Made it shine because she loved him so, Susan she dreamed she had A pair of angel children Gave 'em all her hart to help 'em grow.

And now and then her man went drinkin' The kids got sick or acted bad, And suddenly Susan, woke up, and With a sob she started smilin', And she felt no longer blue and sad.

Susan dreamed exactly what she had.

Walkin' After Midnight

Music: Alan W. Block Lyrics: Don Hecht

I go out walking after midnight Out in the moonlight just like we used to do, I'm always walking after midnight, searching for you. I walk for miles along the highway Well, that's just my way of saying, I love you— I'm always walking after midnight, searching for you.

I stopped to see a weeping willow Crying on his pillow Maybe he's crying for me. And as the skies turn gloomy Night winds whisper to me I'm lonesome as I can be.

I go out walking after midnight Out in the starlight Just hoping you may be somewhere Walking after midnight, searching for me.

From Songs From An Unmade Bed

The Night You Decided to Stay Music: Steven Marzullo Text: Mark Campbell

The night you decided to stay The wind outside threatened to bear the world away. We stayed awake, hearing it clatter and groan. On our first night, I wished that I were alone.

The night you decided to stay My once nice sheets bound us in twisted disarray, I drifted off, hearing our breathing conjoin. Then woke again to feel your knee in my groin.

Why do people sleep together? What happened to sex and nothing more? Hateful how love loves to hover Above your bed till four.

The night you decided to stay Was done at last and there arrived another day. We stayed in bed wondering where this would go. Then saw outside it had begun to snow.

Gently, gently, almost imperceptibly to snow.

Chelsea Morning

Music: Joni Mitchell Lyrics: Joni Mitchell

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning And the first thing that I heard Was a song outside my window And the traffic wrote the words It came ringing up like Christmas bells And rapping up like pipes and drums Oh, won't you stay, we'll put on the day And we'll wear it 'til the night comes. Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning And the first thing that I saw Was the sun through yellow curtain And a rainbow on the wall, Blue, red, green, and gold to welcome you Crimson crystal beads to beckon. Oh, won't you stay, we'll put on the day There's a sun show every second.

Now the curtain opens on a portrait of today And the streets are paved with passers-by And pigeons fly, and papers lie Waiting to blow away.

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning And the first thing that I knew There was milk and toast and honey And a bowl of oranges, too. And the sun poured in like butterscotch And stuck to all my senses— Oh, won't you stay, we'll put on the day And we'll talk in present tenses.

When the curtain closes And the rainbow runs away I will bring you incense owls by night By candlelight, by jewel-light If only you will stay— Pretty baby, won't you Wake up, it's a Chelsea morning!

Steven Blier

Steven Blier is the artistic director of the New York Festival of Song (NYFOS), which he co-founded in 1988 with Michael Barrett. Since the festival's inception, he has programmed, performed, translated, and annotated more than 160 vocal recitals. NYFOS's repertoire spans five centuries of art song, with in-depth explorations of music from Spain, Latin America, Scandinavia, and Russia as well as popular music from early vaudeville to Adam Guettel. Blier's career has included partnerships with Michael Spyres, Renée Fleming ('86, voice), Cecilia Bartoli, Samuel Ramey, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Susan Graham, Jessye Norman, and José van Dam in venues ranging from Carnegie Hall to La Scala. He has also been active in encouraging young recitalists at summer programs, including the Wolf Trap Opera Company, Santa Fe Opera, Ravinia's Steans Music Institute, and San Francisco Opera Center. His former students, including Julia Bullock (Artist Diploma '15, opera studies), Stephanie Blythe, Sasha Cooke (MM '06, voice), Paul Appleby (MM '08, voice; Artist Diploma '10, opera studies), Corinne Winters, and Kate Lindsey, have gone on to be valued recital colleagues and sought-after stars on opera and concert stages. A champion of American art song, he has premiered works of John Corigliano (faculty 1991-present), Paul Moravec, Ned Rorem, William Bolcom, Mark Adamo, John Musto, Adam Guettel, Richard Danielpour, Tobias Picker, Lowell Liebermann (BM '82, MM '84, DMA '87, composition), Harold Meltzer, and Lee Hoiby, many of which were commissioned by NYFOS. Blier's extensive discography includes the premiere recording of Leonard Bernstein's Arias and Barcarolles (Koch International), which won a Grammy; Spanish Love Songs (Bridge Records) with Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Joseph Kaiser, and Michael Barrett; Quiet Please, an album of jazz standards with vocalist Darius de Haas; and Canción amorosa, a CD of Spanish songs with soprano Corinne Winters on the GRP label. His most recent CDs are on NYFOS Records, which released its first single (an archival live performance with Lorraine Hunt Lieberson) in October 2021, followed by its first album (From Rags to Riches, with Stephanie Blythe and William Burden) in January 2022. His latest release is Black and Blue, a program of jazz, blues, and spirituals with Joshua Blue (MM '18, voice). A native New Yorker, Blier received a bachelor's with honors in English literature at Yale University, where he studied piano with Alexander Farkas. He completed his musical studies in New York with Martin Isepp (faculty 1973-77) and Paul Jacobs (BS '51, piano).





Katherine Carter

Katherine M. Carter (she/her) is a stage director of theater and opera. Based in New York City, Carter travels to a variety of companies, bringing a consent and community-based approach to her work. From generative play and musical development to large-scale opera, her expertise in various mediums provides a unique lens for guiding productions. She has worked with Sarasota Opera, Mannes Opera, the Rose Theatre, Santa Fe Opera, Mad Cow Theatre, On Site Opera, Carnegie Mellon University, Rice University Opera, and Parallel 45 Theatre. In addition to stage direction, Carter serves at an intimacy director. Most recently, she collaborated on the new productions of *Champion* and *Don Giovanni* at the Metropolitan Opera.



Nathaniel LaNasa

Fascinated with the intersection of storytelling, speech, and movement, consummate collaborator Nathaniel LaNasa (MM '12, piano; Diploma '18, collaborative piano) partners with singers, dancers, and ensembles in music spanning five centuries. Early last year, he performed *Intimate Apparel*, Ricky Ian Gordon's new two-piano opera, 60 times at Lincoln Center Theater. LaNasa's premieres include works by Nate Wooley, Matthew Ricketts, Molly Joyce, Shawn Jaeger, and Dimitri Tymoczko. He curates NYFOS Next at the Rubin Museum and is on the roster of Brooklyn Art Song Society. His NYC appearances include Alice Tully Hall, Carnegie Hall, MOMA, and (Ie) Poisson Rouge; he's also performed at the Musée d'Orsay (Paris), Wigmore Hall (London), and Burning Man (Black Rock City). LaNasa is a graduate of Juilliard and Manhattan School of Music.



 Helen and Sam Wilborn Scholarship in Voice

Saniyyah Bamberg

Soprano Saniyyah Bamberg, from Portsmouth, Virginia, is a second-year bachelor's student at Juilliard, where she studies with Amy Burton. She has performed as Mother in the Governor's School for Arts production of Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* as well as Alcina in its production of Handel's *Alcina*.

Mezzo-soprano Sophia Baete, from Louisville, Kentucky, is a third-year undergraduate student at Juilliard, where she studies under Darrell Babidge. Baete has attended several intensive programs including the Chautauqua Institution, Boston University Tanglewood Institute, Curtis Summerfest, and Schmidt Vocal Institute. She won first place at the Schmidt Undergraduate Vocal Competition, National Association of Teachers of Singing Vocal Competition (regional and state chapters), and the University of Kentucky Opera Theatre Vocal Competition. Her recent roles have included Hippolyta in Juilliard Opera's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Chautauqua Vocal Institute's *Hänsel und Gretel*, and La Suora Zelatrice in Juilliard Opera's *Suor Angelica*. Baete is also delighted to have been invited to join the Denyce Graves Foundation for the inaugural year of its Shared Voices Program.



Jerome L. Greene
Fellowship

Kerrigan Bigelow

Soprano Kerrigan Bigelow, from North Andover, Massachusetts, is a third-year undergraduate student at Juilliard, where she studies with Elizabeth Bishop and has presented many recitals. In 2021, she covered the roles of Sospetto and Grace 2 in Juilliard Opera's production of Rossi's *L'Orfeo*. Bigelow recently placed first and won an award for best performance of a Grieg song at the Edvard Grieg Society Vocal Competition. Last summer, she performed the role of Zerlina in Don Giovanni and Kohout in *The Cunning Little Vixen* at the Chautauqua Conservatory. This year, she will present two concerts with her collaborative partner, Emma Luyendijk.



Jay Hazan Scholarship in Vocal Arts

Reed Gnepper

A tenor from Toledo, Ohio, Reed Gnepper is a fourth-year undergraduate at Juilliard pursuing his bachelor's in vocal performance studying with William Burden. Last summer, he played Archibald Craven in *The Secret Garden* and covered Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* at the Chautauqua Institution. Gnepper has performed at Juilliard as Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and covered Endimione in Rossi's *L'Orfeo*. This season, he is working on his fourth-year graduation recital. In his free time, he enjoys gardening, listening to records, and studying Italian, German, and Japanese.





- R. Maurice Boyd Scholarship for Vocal Studies
- Helen and Sam Wilborn Scholarship in Voice
- Daniel Ferro Scholarship

Joseph Parrish

Baltimore native Joseph Parrish (MM '22, voice) has appeared as a soloist with the Kennedy Center Opera House Orchestra, American Classical Orchestra, and Bach Vespers at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church. An Artist Diploma in Opera Studies candidate at Juilliard studying with Darrell Babidge, he is also a Music Advancement Program teaching fellow and a member of the inaugural cohort of Shared Voices with the Denyce Graves Foundation. Recent credits include winning first prize in the Gerda Lissner Art Song Vocal and Young Concert Artists International competitions, an encouragement award from the Duncan Williams Voice Competition, and a 2023 Schwab Vocal Rising Star at Caramoor residency. At Juilliard, he recently performed the roles of the Sodbuster in *Proving Up* and the title role in *Gianni Schicchi*.

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 evenings of compelling theater, NYFOS fosters community among artists and audiences. Each program entertains and educates in equal measure. Founded by pianists Michael Barrett and Steven Blier in 1988, NYFOS continues to produce its series of thematic song programs, drawing together rarely heard songs of all kinds, overriding traditional distinctions between musical genres, exploring the character and language of other cultures, and the personal voices of song composers and lyricists. Since its founding, NYFOS has particularly celebrated American song. Among many highlights is the double bill of one-act comic operas, Bastianello and Lucrezia, by John Musto and William Bolcom, both with librettos by Mark Campbell, commissioned and premiered by NYFOS in 2008 and recorded on Bridge Records. The 2008 Bridge Records release of Spanish Love Songs with Joseph Kaiser and the late Lorraine Hunt Lieberson followed, and NYFOS has produced five recordings on the Koch label, including a Grammy-winning disc of Bernstein's Arias and Barcarolles, and the Grammy-nominated recording of Ned Rorem's Evidence of Things Not Seen (also a NYFOS commission) on New World Records. In 2014, Canción Amorosa, a CD of Spanish song—Basque, Catalan, Castilian, and Sephardic—was released on the GPR label, with soprano Corinne Winters accompanied by Steven Blier. In 2010, NYFOS debuted NYFOS Next, a miniseries for new songs hosted by guest composers in intimate venues, including SubCulture, OPERA America's National Opera Center, National Sawdust, and the DiMenna Center for Classical Music. Passionate about nurturing the artistry and careers of young singers, NYFOS has developed training residencies around the country including with Juilliard's Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts (now in its 16th year); Caramoor Center for Music and the Arts (13th year); San Francisco Opera Center (more than 21 years); Glimmerglass Opera (2008–10); and its newest residency, NYFOS@North Fork in Orient, New York. NYFOS' 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, Juilliard's Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts offers young artists programs tailored to their talents and needs. From bachelor's and master's 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.

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