Dartmouth College Glee Club
Filippo Ciabatti, interim director

with
Fabio Menchetti, piano

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Sun • November 4, 2018 • 2 pm
Spaulding Auditorium • Rollins Chapel
Program

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis, from Trois Chansons  
Maurice Ravel (1873–1937)

Valses Nobles and Sentimentales  
Maurice Ravel (1873–1937), Fabio Menchetti, piano

I. Modéré—très franc
II. Assez lent – avec une expression intense
III. Modéré
IV. Assez animé
V. Presque lent – dans un sentiment intime
VI. Assez vif
VII. Moins vif
VIII. Epilogue

Trois chansons de Charles d’Orléans  
Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

I. Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder!
II. Quant j’ai ouy le tabourin
III. Yver, vous n’estes qu’un vilain

Three intermezzi for piano, Op. 117  
Johannes Brahms (1833–1897), Fabio Menchetti, piano

I. No. 1 in E flat major. Andante moderato
II. No. 2 in B flat minor. Andante non troppo
III. No. 3 in C sharp minor. Andante con moto

Zigeunerlieder (Gypsy songs), Op. 103  
Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

I. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten
II. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
III. Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen
IV. Lieber Gott, du weißt
V. Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
VI. Röslein dreie in der Reihe
VII. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn
VIII. Horch, der Wind klagt in den Zweigen
IX. Weit und breit schaut niemand mich an
X. Mond verhüllt sein Angesicht
XI. Rote Abend wolken ziehn

Duration: 60 minutes
Program Notes

Trois Chansons of Maurice Ravel (1873–1937) were settings of Ravel’s own texts but, like Debussy’s Trois Chansons de Charles d’Orléans, were inspired by earlier music. Along with Le Tombeau de Couperin, the Chansons are the only original work Ravel composed during the First World War, a period during which he endured great physical and emotional suffering. Chansons was inspired by the Renaissance chanson of Clément Janequin (c. 1485–1558). The Glee Club sings the second of the three songs, which offers a poignant image of a lover lost to war, within the symbolism of birds that are the blue, white and red of the French flag.

Valses Nobles and Sentimentales harkens to Ravel’s fascination with the waltz, reaching back to the music of Schubert, whom Ravel admired. In 1823, Schubert published two sets of piano works based on the new Viennese dance sensation, entitling them Valses nobles and Valses sentimentales. Ravel wrote that he intentionally followed Schubert’s example but with a “distinctly clearer style of writing ... [that] makes the harmony more concrete and causes the profile of the music to stand out.” Audiences at the 1911 premiere did not agree, greeting the work and its modernist harmonies with, Ravel wrote, “protestations and boos.” Ravel continued to champion the work, and audiences came to love it. Valses nobles et sentimentales remains a standard concert piece today.

Trois Chansons de Charles d’Orléans by Claude Debussy (1862–1918) are settings, as the title suggests, of verse by Charles d’Orléans (1391-1465), an accomplished medieval poet—thanks to war and imprisonment. One of the many French noblemen at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, he was found by the English after the battle under a pile of corpses, pinned down by the weight of his own armor. The English held him in prison for 25 years but with enough comfort and leisure that Charles was able to produce more than five hundred poems, in both French and English. In 1898, Debussy made a cappella settings of two of Charles’ verses—Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder (“God! But She Is Fair”) and Yver, vous n’estes qu’un vilain (“Winter, You’re Naught But a Rogue”)—for an amateur choir established by a friend. Ten years later he added Quant j’ai ouy le tabourin (“When I Heard the Drummer Playing”) to the set and conducted the formal premiere of suite in 1909. This would be his only work for unaccompanied chorus. Using subtle modal harmonies reminiscent of the Renaissance, the three songs offer a sensual tribute to feminine beauty and grace, evoke the image of drumming and dancing, and contrast the wrathful winter weather with the lush ease of summer.

Zigeunerlieder (Gypsy songs), Op. 103, is an exception to the generally serious, introspective quality of most of the vocal music of Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)—an oeuvre comprising more than two hundred art songs and an additional hundred folksong arrangements. Described by Brahms as “excessively joyful,” Zigeunerlieder are settings of eleven Hungarian folk texts, translated into German. All are love songs.

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Three Intermezzi, Op. 117

The piano was the central instrument and most significant means of musical expression in the career of Johannes Brahms. Quite apart from his works for piano solo, the piano plays a primary role in many of his chamber and orchestral works, and was the principle vehicle for the working out of his musical ideas. It was as a pianist that Brahms made his most important mark as a performer, even though he later took up conducting as well. But he played the piano from his earliest days, when he studied with Hopkins Center for the Arts
renowned pedagogue Eduard Marxsen, earned a living making light music in Hamburg pubs, and went on to develop a powerful and even awesome command of the instrument. Brahms apparently never aspired to be a romantic virtuoso—he found the examples of Liszt and other itinerant virtuosi of the day rather repellent—but he proved nonetheless to be a matchless performer of his own music, some of which is among the most challenging ever written. By the end of the 19th century the piano was in all essential respects the modern instrument that we recognize today, which meant that Brahms had access to rich timbres, an enormous range of dynamics, and a fully orchestral approach to harmonic structure.

Brahms's largest piano works took on the Classical shapes of sonata and variation, but he also wrote collections of shorter, less conventional Romantic forms. In 1892 and 1893, quite late in his career, Brahms produced four collections of piano pieces, including the three intermezzi that make up Opus 117. This is music for connoisseurs, intimate, difficult, introspective, and using rather simple forms to convey profound ideas; the pianist Clara Schumann, one of the first among Brahms's close friends to play these pieces, said that she studied them with great love and that they “demanded a keen understanding, one must be completely familiar with Brahms” in order to play them well. There are remarkable expressive moments in these pieces. The first intermezzo is inscribed with two lines from a Scottish verse in Johann Gottfried Herder's Volkslieder (1779): Sleep softly, my child, sleep soft and sweet! I cannot bear to see you cry. As one might expect, a soft gentle melody unfolds over a hypnotically repeating bass line, a lullaby that darkens in tone with the move from E-flat Major to minor at the center of the piece. In the second intermezzo, which like the first is an Andante with soft dynamics and a tender affect, embeds its melody in a silken flow of arpeggiations, exploring the dark timbres in the lower range of the piano as well as the lyrical center. Repressed, sotto voce dynamics continue in the final intermezzo, which presents a restless unison theme that repeatedly shies away from confirming its tonality even when harmonized; only after some forty bars do we finally hear clear emphasis on the tonic C-sharp minor chord. The central section, in A Major, retains a sense of tonal ambiguity and dissonance, and its wide leaps in both upper and lower ranges only heighten the feeling of instability.

Kathryn L. Libin ©2014
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
(Mon ami z’il est à la guerre)
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.

Le premier était plus bleu que ciel,
(Mon ami z’il est à la guerre)
Le second était couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.

“Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z’il est à la guerre)
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu’apportez par ici?”

“J’apporte un regard couleur d’azur
(Ton ami z’il est à la guerre).”
“Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige,
Un baiser doit mettre, encor plus pur.”

“Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z’il est à la guerre)
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
Que portez-vous ainsi?”

“Un joli coeur tout cramoisi
(Ton ami z’il est à la guerre).”
“Ahl je sens mon coeur qui froidit...
Emportez-le aussi.”

“Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z’il est à la guerre)
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu’apportez par ici?”

“I bring an azure-coloured look
(Your love is gone to the wars)
And I, on a beautiful snow-colored brow,
must place a kiss, even more pure.

“Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z’il est à la guerre)
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
What then do you bring?”

“A lovely heart, blushing all crimson.
(Your love is gone to the wars.)
Ah! I feel my own heart growing cold...
Take that as well.”

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis, from Trois Chansons

Maurice Ravel (1873–1937)
I. **Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder!**

   Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder,
   La gracieuse bonne et belle;
   Pour les grans biens que sont en elle
   Chascun est prest de la louëer.
   Qui se pourroit d’elle lasser?
   Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.
   Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder,
   La gracieuse bonne et belle!

   Par de ça, ne de là, la mer
   Ne scay dame ne damoiselle
   Qui soit en tous bien parfais telle.
   C’est ung songe que d’i penser.

   Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder!

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II. **Quant j’ai ouy le tabourin**

   Quant j’ai ouy le tabourin
   Sonner, pour s’en aller au may,
   En mon lit n’en ay fait affray
   Ne levé mon chief du coissin;
   En disant: il est trop matin
   Uung peu je me rendormiray:
   Quant j’ai ouy le tabourin
   sonner pour s’en aller au may,
   Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
   De non chaloir m’accointeray
   A lui je m’abutineray
   Trouvé l’ay plus prouchain voisin.

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III. **Yver, vous n’estes qu’un villain**

   Yver, vous n’estes qu’un vilain;
   Esté est plaisant et gentil
   En témoing de may et d’avril
   Qui l’accompaignent soir et main.
   Esté revet champs, bois et fleurs
   De sa livrée de verdure
   Et de maintes autres couleurs
   Par l’ordonnance de nature.
   Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein
   De nège, vent, pluye et grézil.
   On vous deust banir en éxil.
   Sans point flater je parle plein:
   Yver, vous n’estes qu’un villain.

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God! But she is fair,
graceful, good and beautiful.
All are ready to praise
her excellent qualities.
Who could tire of her?
Her beauty is ever new.
God! but she is fair,
graceful, good and beautiful!
Nowhere does the sea look on
so fair and perfect
a lady or maiden.
Thinking on her is but a dream.
God! but she is fair!

When I heard the tambourine
call us to go a-Maying,
I did not let it frighten me in my bed
or lift my head from my pillow,
saying, “It is too early,
I will go back to sleep.”
When I heard the tambourine
call us to go a-Maying,
young folks dividing their spoils,
I cloaked myself in nonchalance,
clinging to it
and finding the nearest neighbor.

Winter, you’re naught but a rogue.
Summer is pleasant and kind,
as we see from May and April,
which accompany it evening and morn.
Summer, by nature’s order,
clothes fields, woods and flowers
with its livery of green
and many other hues.
But you, Winter, are too full
of snow, wind, rain and sleet.
We must send you into exile.
I’m no flatterer and I speak my mind.
Winter, you’re naught but a rogue.
Zigeunerlieder (Gypsy songs), Op. 103

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

I. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten
He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig bange,
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wange!

Hey, gypsy, sound your strings!
Play the song of the faithless girl!
Make the strings weep and moan in sad despair
Till hot tears moisten these cheeks!

II. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist du so trüb;
An dem Ufer klag ich laut nach dir, mein Lieb!
Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,
Rauschen an dem Strand heran zu mir;
An dem Rimaufers laßt mich ewig weinen nach ihr!

Rima, how troubled your towering waters are;
I'll lament for you loudly on its banks, my love!
Waters rush by, waves stream past,
Roaring towards me on the shore;
On the banks of the Rima let me weep for her eternally!

III. Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen
Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen
Am allerschönsten ist?
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen
Scherzt und lacht und küßt.
Schätzelein,
Du bist mein,
Inniglich
Küß ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel
Einzig nur für mich!
Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster
Am besten mir gefällt?
Wenn in seinen Armen
Er mich umschlungen hält.
Schätzelein,
Du bist mein,
Inniglich
Küß ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel
Einzig nur für mich!

Do you know when my little girl
Is at her loveliest?
When her sweet little mouth
Jokes and laughs and kisses.
Sweetheart,
You are mine,
Tenderly
I kiss you,
Dear heaven made you
For me alone!

IV. Lieber Gott, du weißt
Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut ich hab,
Daß ich meinem Liebsten einst ein Küßchen gab.
Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küssen muß,
Denk so lang ich leb an diesen ersten Kuß.

Dear God, you know how often I’ve regretted
That little kiss I once gave my dearest.
My heart decreed I had to kiss him,
As long as I live I’ll think of that first kiss.
Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in stiller Nacht
Ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz gedacht.
Lieb ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu,
Armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig, ewig treu.

V. **Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze**
Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind,
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,
Csardas-Melodie beginnt,
Küßt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt;
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden
Auf das Cimbal, daß es klingt.

VI. **Röslein dreie in der Reihe**
Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühn so rot,
Daß der Bursch zum Mädel gehe, ist kein Verbot!
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,
Ständ die schöne weite Welt schon längst nicht mehr,
Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!
Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist Ketschkemet,
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen schmuck und nett!
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus,
Freudenbecher leeret aus!

VII. **Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn**
Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,
Mein süßes Lieb,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide
Mir gelobt?
Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,
Du weißt nicht wie lieb ich dich hab,
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!

VIII. **Horch, der Wind klagt in den Zweigen**
Horch, der Wind klagt in den Zweigen traurig sacht;

Dear God, you know how often in silent nights
I've thought of my love in joy and pain.
Love is sweet, however bitter the regret,
My poor heart will ever be faithful to him.

A swarthy lad leads his lovely
Blue-eyed lass to the dance,
Boldly clashes his spurs together,
A csárdás medody begins,
He kisses and hugs his sweet little dove,
Turns her, leads her, exults and leaps;
Throws three shining silver florins
That make the cimbalom ring.

Three little red roses bloom side by side,
It’s no crime for a lad to visit his lass!
Dear God, if that were a crime,
This fair wide world would long ago have ceased to exist,
Staying single would be a sin!
The loveliest town in Alföld is Kecskemét,
Where many smart and nice girls live!

Friends, find yourselves a young bride there,
Win her hand and set up house,
Drain beakers of joy!

Do you sometimes recall,
My sweetest,
What you once pledged to me
With a sacred oath?
Do not deceive me, do not leave me,
You do not know how much I love you,
Love me as I love you,
And God’s grace will pour down on you!

Hark! the wind grieves softly and sadly in the boughs;
Süßes Lieb, wir müssen scheiden: gute Nacht.
Ach wie gern in deinen Armen ruhte ich,
Doch die Trennungsstunde naht, Gott schütze dich.
Dunkel ist die Nacht, kein Sternlein spendet Licht;
Süßes Lieb, vertrau auf Gott und weine nicht;
Führt der liebe Gott mich einst zu dir zurück,
Bleiben ewig wir vereint in Liebesglück.

IX. Weit und breit schaut niemand mich an
Weit und breit schaut niemand mich an,
Und wenn sie mich hassen, was liegt mir dran?
Nur mein Schatz der soll mich lieben allezeit,
Soll mich küssen, umarmen und herzen in Ewigkeit.
Kein Stern blickt in finsterer Nacht;
Keine Blum mir strahlt in duftiger Pracht.
Deine Augen sind mir Blumen, Sternenschein,
Die mir leuchten so freundlich, die blühen nur mir allein.

X. Mond verhüllt sein Angesicht
Mond verhüllt sein Angesicht,
Süßes Lieb, ich zürne dir nicht.
Wollt ich zürnd ich dich betrüben,
Sprich wie könnt ich dich dann lieben?
Heiß für dich mein Herz entbrennt,
Keine Zunge dir’s bekennen.
Bald in Liebesrausch unsinnig,
Bald wie Täubchen sanft und innig.

XI. Weit und breit schaut niemand mich an
Rote Abendwolken ziehn
Am Firmament,
Sehnsuchtvolll nach dir, mein Lieb,
Das Herze brennt;
Himmel strahlt in glühnder Pracht
Und ich träum bei Tag und Nacht
Nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein.

My sweet, we must part: good night.
Ah, how I loved to rest in your arms,
But the hour of parting draws near, may God protect you.
The night is dark, no tiny star sheds its light;
My sweet, trust in God and do not weep;
Dear God will one day bring you back to me,
And we shall be united for ever in rapturous love.

No one looks at me for miles around,
And if they hate me, what do I care?
My sweetheart alone shall love me always,
Shall kiss, embrace and cuddle me for evermore.
No star shines in the dark night;
No flower covers me in fragrant splendour.
Your eyes to me are flowers and starlight,
They beam on me fondly, they blossom for me alone.

The moon veils her face,
Sweet love, I do not chide you.
If I were to chide and sadden you—
Tell me, how could I then love you?
My heart is ablaze for you,
But no tongue confesses it.
My heart’s now insanely in love,
Now gentle and tender like a dove.

Red evening clouds drift
Across the sky,
My heart burns longingly
For you, my love;
The sky’s ablaze in glowing glory
And night and day I dream
Solely of my sweet love.
About the Artists

**The Dartmouth College Glee Club** is a group of 40+ serious choral singers, led by interim director Filippo Ciabatti while a national search is under way. Its ever-increasing repertory spans five centuries, with a distinguished performance history including many of the masterworks of choral-orchestral literature, fully staged opera, operettas and musicals with all-student casts, large and small *a cappella* works and the cherished songs of Dartmouth College. In addition to international tours to Canada, Italy, and Brazil, the Glee Club regularly tours all across the United States. They have released five CDs of choral music and performed the Brahms *Requiem* in Carnegie Hall in 2000. Their tour to Cuba in December of 2014 included the rarely performed *Romancero Gitano* for guitar and chorus.

**Filippo Ciabatti, conductor**, a native of Florence, Italy, is the Music Director of the Dartmouth Symphony Orchestra, and the Interim Music Director of the Dartmouth Glee Club. With opera director Peter Webster, Ciabatti has created the Dartmouth Opera Lab. In October 2018, the first production featured Grammy Award-winning baritone Daniel Belcher, and soprano Amy Owens.

During the summer of 2018, Ciabatti was invited to be a Conducting Fellow at the Aurora Music Festival in Stockholm, under the direction of Jukka-Pekka Saraste. During the festival, he conducted Hannah Kendall’s 2017 composition, “The Spark Catchers,” in a concert that also featured legendary cellist Mischa Maisky in the Konserthuset Stockholm. In 2018-2019, he leads the Dartmouth Symphony Orchestra in an Italian tour in collaboration with the Orchestra Toscana dei Conservatori in prominent venues and festivals, including the Puccini Days in Lucca. He also makes his debut with the Vermont Symphony Orchestra.

In 2017–2018, Ciabatti conducted *Madama Butterfly* at Opera North (NH), and *Hansel and Gretel* and *Don Giovanni* (directed by Nathan Gunn) at the Lyric Theatre at Illinois. In 2016, he conducted *Tosca* at Opera North (NH), directed by Russell Treyz, and Britten’s *Midsummer Night’s Dream* at the Lyric Theatre at Illinois, directed by Christopher Gillett. In 2015, he made his South American debut conducting the Universidad Central Symphony Orchestra in Bogota, Colombia, where he also taught masterclasses in orchestra and Italian opera. With La Nuova Aurora Opera, he conducted full productions of Handel’s *Rodrigo* (2015) and Purcell’s *King Arthur* (2016).

As a pianist and vocal coach in Italy, Ciabatti worked for the Cherubini Conservatory, Maggio Musicale Fiorentino and Florence Opera Academy. He has played for masterclasses of Renée Fleming, Nathan Gunn, William Matteuzzi, Donald George, and Isabel Leonard.

**Fabio Menchetti**, born in Lucca, Italy, earned his bachelor’s degree in piano performance at the Conservatory Luigi Boccherini in his hometown, and received his master’s degree in piano performance and music education at the Conservatory Giacomo Puccini in La Spezia, Italy. He attended both the International Piano Academy “Incontri col Maestro” in Imola, where he studied chamber music with Pier Narciso Masi, and the Academy of Music in Pinerolo, where he continued studying piano under the guidance of renowned musicians like Andrea Lucchesini and Pietro De Maria. He also participated in masterclasses with noteworthy pianists such as Joaquin Achucarro, Paul Badura-Skoda, Fabio Bidini, Boris Bloch and Jeffrey Swann.

An avid chamber musician, Menchetti recorded a CD, released by Sheva Collection, with music for violin and piano of 20th-century Italian composers. For the same record label, he also recorded his first solo CD, with music for piano by the English composer Peter Seabourne.
About the Artists continued

A dedicated and passionate teacher, Menchetti has been continuously teaching piano for over ten years, first in private music schools, then in junior high schools and, since moving to the United States, as a Graduate Teaching Assistant at Houghton College and, currently, at College-Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati.

Dartmouth College Glee Club

Filippo Ciabatti, interim director

**Soprano**
Margaret Cross ’19  
Tara Gallagher ’19  
Michelle He ’19  
Caroline James ’22  
Soomin Kim ’20  
Jennah Slayton ’20  
Sophie Wohltjen GR  
Alice Zhang ’22  
Cecilia Zugel ’21  
Isabelle Brick ’20  
Katherine Yang ’21

**Alto**
Brianna Aubrey ’22  
Cara Ditmar ’21  
Naomi Lam ’22  
Caitlin McGrail ’20  
Elixabeth Nguyen ’20

**Tenor**
Justin Guo ’22  
Kevin Hoffer-Hawlik ’19  
John Moreland ’22  
Ryan Tucker ’22

**Bass**
John Beute ’20  
Steven Li ’21  
Benjamin Nesselrodt ’19  
Alex Petros ’19  
Jason Qian ’19  
Peter Scalise ’22  
Rory Shadler ’20
Upcoming Events

National Theatre Barber Shop Chronicles
Thu–Sat • January 17–19
African men find community—and grooming—across two continents in this life-affirming blockbuster from the UK’s top theater.

Indigenous Rising: An Evening of NextGen Native Artists
Wed • January 30 • 7 & 8:30 pm
Spoken word, incisive theater and “Alter-Native” rock by a rising generation of indigenous artists.

For tickets or more info, call the Box Office at 603.646.2422 or visit hop.dartmouth.edu. Share your experiences! #HopkinsCenter

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