

# DEPARTMENT *of* MUSIC

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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA DULUTH

**Driven to Discover<sup>SM</sup>**

*Sarah Mehle, soprano*  
&  
*Jacqueline Holstrom, piano*

## Graduate Recital

Weber Music Hall  
Saturday, April 26, 2014  
7:30 pm

# Program

Lilacs, Op. 21, No. 5  
How Fair This Spot, Op. 21, No. 7  
The Harvest of Sorrow, Op. 4, No. 5

Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)

## *Banalités*

Chanson d'Orkenise  
Hôtel  
Fagnes de Wallonie  
Voyage à Paris  
Sanglots

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

## *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*

I Aria (Cantilena)  
II Dansa (Martelo)

Heitor Villa-Lobos  
(1887-1959)

## INTERMISSION

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

Tu che di gel sei cinta  
*Turandot*

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

**\*\*Please hold applause until the end of each set\*\***

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music in Vocal Performance degree*

Rachmaninoff's style is beautifully exemplified in his body of 71 songs for voice and piano. Spanning seven opus numbers (op. 8, 14, 21, 26, 34, 38) from the years of 1888-1916, Rachmaninoff's songs are a panoramic view of his compositional evolution. His earlier attempts show a youthful innocence, a careful technique combined with a mischievous slant to his own ideas. Over time, the songs tend towards a refined lyricism and truly embody the Russian melancholy for which Rachmaninoff is so well known. Most of his songs were inspired by nature, particularly by the peaceful setting of his country estate. *Lilacs* and *How Fair This Spot* both evoke images of serenity in nature. *Harvest of Sorrow* is again, focused on nature, but suffused with the aforementioned Russian melancholy. (Translations by Rosa Newmarch.)

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

По утру, на заре,  
По росистой траве.  
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;

И в душистую тень,  
Где теснится сирень,  
Я пойду свое счастье искать...

В жизни счастье одно  
Мне найти суждено,  
И то счастье в сирени живёт:  
На зелёных ветвях,  
На душистых кистях  
Моё бедное счастье цветёт...

At the red of the dawn  
O'er the dew spangled lawn,  
where I meet the new day  
like a kiss;  
In the sweet, fragrant shade,  
by the lilac trees made,  
There I wander in search  
of my bliss...

For one joy, one alone,  
Fate has giv'n as mine own  
and it dwells in yon fair lilac bow'r,  
In it's bright branches green,  
In it's thick, perfumed screen,  
There my one poor lost joy  
breaks in flow'r.

#### How Fair This Spot, Op. 21, No. 7

Здесь хорошо...  
Взгляни, вдали  
Огнём горит река;  
Цветным ковром луга легли,  
Белеют облака.  
Здесь нет людей...  
Здесь тишина...  
Здесь только Бог да я.  
Цветы, да старая сосна,  
Да ты, мечта моя!

How fair this spot!  
I gaze to where the golden  
brook runs by;  
The fields are all inlaid with flow'rs  
The white clouds sail on high.  
No step draws near...  
Such silence reigns...  
alone with God I seem,  
With him, and with the hoary  
pines,  
And thee, my only dream!

The Harvest of Sorrow, Op. 4, No. 5

Уж ты, нива моя, нивушка,  
не скосить тебя с  
маху единого,  
Не связать тебя всю во  
единый сноп!  
Уж вы, думы мои, думушки,  
не стряхнуть вас разом с  
плеч долой,  
Одной речью-то вас не  
высказать!

По тебе-ль, нива, ветер  
разгуливал,  
гнул колосья, твои до  
земли,  
Зрелы зерна-все  
разметывал!  
Широко вы, думы,  
порассыпались,  
куда пала какая думушка.

Там всходила люта  
печаль-трава,  
выросло горе горючее.

Thou my field, my beloved harvest field,  
Who could hope to reap thee at  
one sickle sweep?  
Who could bind thy riches in a  
single sheaf?  
O my visions o my cherished  
dreams, could one effort avail to  
drive ye fourth?  
Could your meaning in one brief  
word be told?

Cruel winds have swept over my  
harvest field  
Low upon the soil lies the ruin'd  
corn.  
All the ripen'd grain is scatter'd  
far!  
Scatter'd too, my dear and  
cherish'd dreams of life!  
Where they drifted, and fell to  
gain to earth,  
Springs a crop of wild and  
unlovely weeds,  
Springs the bitter growth of my  
sorrowing.

Poulenc composed for voice with the same fluidity and fluency with which average people speak in their native tongue. Poulenc loved writing for the human voice, not only because he found it beautiful, but also because he found spontaneity of inspiration in setting a literary text. A pianist himself, Poulenc is known for his difficult and involved piano accompaniments. His music is often quite chromatic, and full of lush harmonies. His concept of his own music was a denial of abstract theories, methods, and systems. Being largely self-taught, he was totally unconcerned with rules and principles; rather, he composed by instinct. Poulenc's song set *Banalités* is an excellent example of the complicated, quirky, dual aspects of the composer's personality. He obviously enjoys humor, tongue-in-cheek wit, and has an almost Bohemian love for Paris and the ideals of the arts. The final song in the set is the longest, nearly half the length of the entire set, and is also the most serious of the lot. The poem is a surprising end to a set that is, on the whole, rather upbeat. Each of the other pieces to this point can be called banal, but it is hard to apply the term to *Sanglots* without irony. (Translations by Peter Low.)

## Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
veut entrer un charretier.  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au van-nu-pieds:  
"Qu'emportes-tu de la ville?"

"J'y laisse mon cœur entier."

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au charretier  
"Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?"

"Mon cœur pour me marrier."  
Que des cœurs dans Orkenise!  
Les gardes riaient, riaient.

Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise,  
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville

Tricotaient superbement;  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermèrent lentement.

Through the gates of Orkenise  
a carter wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
a tramp wants to leave.

And the sentries of the town  
rush up to the tramp and ask:  
"What are you taking out of the  
town?"

"I'm leaving my whole heart  
behind."

And the sentries of the town  
rush up to the carter and ask:  
"What are you bringing into the  
town?"

"My heart: I'm getting married."  
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!  
The sentries laughed and  
laughed.

Oh tramp, the road is dreary;  
Oh carter, love is heady.

The handsome sentries of the  
town  
knitted superbly;  
then the gates of the town  
slowly swung shut.

## Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
Le soleil passe son bras  
par la fenêtre.  
Mais moi qui veux fumer  
pour faire des mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma  
cigarette  
Je ne veux pas travailler -  
Je veux fumer.

My room has the form of a cage  
The sun reaches its arm in  
through the window.  
But I want to smoke  
and make shapes in the air  
and so I light my cigarette  
on the sun's fire.  
I don't want to work -  
I want to smoke.

## Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénières  
Prirent me cœur aux fagnes  
désolées  
Quand las j'ai reposé  
dans les sapinières  
les poids des kilomètres pendant  
que râlait le vent d'ouest.  
J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés  
Ma pipe essayait de faire des  
nuages au ciel  
Qui restait pur obstinément.

Je n'ai confié aucun secret  
sinon une chanson énigmatique  
aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel  
Attiraient les abeilles  
et mes pieds endoloris  
foulaient les myrtilles et les  
airelles.

Tendrement mariée  
    Nord  
    Nord  
La vie s'y tord  
En arbres forts  
    Et tors  
La vie y mord  
    La mort  
À belles dents  
Quand bruit le vent

So much deep sadness  
seized my heart on the  
desolate moors  
when I sat down weary  
among the firs, unloading  
the weight of kilometers  
while the west wind growled.  
I had left the pretty wood  
the squirrels stayed there  
my pipe tried to make  
clouds of smoke in the sky  
which stubbornly stayed blue.

I murmured no secret  
except an enigmatic song  
which I confided to the peat bog

Smelling of honey, the heather  
was attracting the bees,  
and my aching feet  
trod bilberries and  
whortleberries.

Tenderly she is married  
    North!  
    North!  
There life twists  
in trees that are strong  
    and gnarled.  
There life bites  
    bitter death  
with greedy teeth  
when the wind howls.

## Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour dût créer  
l'Amour

Ah, how delightful it is  
to leave a dismal place  
and head for Paris  
Beautiful Paris,  
which one day Love had to  
create!

## Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé  
par les calmes étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en  
nous beaucoup d'hommes  
respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin et  
sont un sous nos fronts  
C'est la chanson des  
rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le  
cœur  
Et le portaient dans la  
main droite...  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil  
de tous ces souvenirs  
Des marins qui chantaient  
comme des conquérants  
Des gouffres de Thulé, des  
tendres cieus d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits, de  
ceux qui fuient leur ombre  
Et du retour joyeux des  
heureux émigrants.  
De ce cœur il coulait du  
sang  
et le rêveur allait pensant  
À sa blessure délicate...  
tu ne briseras pas la chaîne  
de ces causes...  
Et douloureuse et nous  
disait:  
Qui sont les effets d'autres  
causes  
Mon pauvre cœur,  
mon pauvre cœur brisé  
Pareil au cœur de tous les  
homes...  
Voici nos mains que la vie  
fit esclaves...  
Est mort d'amour ou c'est  
tout comme  
Est mort d'amour et le  
voici.

Human love is ruled by the  
calm stars.  
We know that within us many  
people breathe  
who came from afar and are  
united behind our brows.  
This is the song of that dreamer  
who had torn out his heart  
and was carrying it in his  
right hand...  
Remember, oh dear pride,  
all those memories  
the sailors who sang like  
conquerors,  
the chasms of Thule, the tender  
skies of Ophir,  
the accursed sick, the ones who  
flee their own shadows,  
and the joyful return of the happy  
emigrants.  
Blood was flowing from that  
heart  
and the dreamer went on thinking  
of his wound which was delicate.  
you will not break the chain of  
of those causes...  
and painful; and he kept saying  
to us:  
which are the effects of other  
causes  
my poor heart,  
my poor heart which is broken  
like the hearts of all men...  
Look, here are our hands which  
life enslaved...  
Has died of love or so it seems  
has died of love and here it is.

Ainsi vont toutes choses  
Arrachez donc le vôtre  
aussi!

Et rien ne sera libre  
jusq' à la fin des temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
et cachons nos sanglots

That is the way of all things.  
So tear your hearts out too!

and nothing will be free  
until the end of time.  
let us leave everything to the dead  
and let us hide our sobbing.

Villa-Lobos' compositional style was mostly dependent on his desire to express the soul of Brazilian culture fused with his own personality and background in the classical music of Europe. However, being mostly self-taught, his methods were not those of classical Europe. He composed by instinct, and out of what he called a "biological necessity." He transitioned from his earliest compositions, which relied heavily on forms and styles of traditional popular folk music, into a mature style that combined lush orchestral and instrumental textures with melodies and harmonies that were recognizably Brazilian. *Bachianas Brasileiras*, does not directly translate from Portuguese to English, but to come close would be to say "Bachian Brazilian." The idea for the work, as its title suggests, was to fuse inspiration from the musical stylings of J.S. Bach, for whom Villa-Lobos had great admiration, with the Brazilian national style. Some of the movements are in the style or form of a fugue or a toccata and use Baroque harmonies in homage to Bach. However, each contains typical rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic inspiration from Brazil. Some of the movements have a double title, as in No. 5, the first title inspired by Bach, and the second reflecting the Brazilian element. The first piece is called *Aria* (*Cantilena*), "aria" inspired by Bach, and "cantilena" its Brazilian counterpart. (Translations by Elizabeth Parcells.)

#### I *Aria* (*Cantilena*)

Tarde, uma nuvem rosea  
lenta e transparente,  
sobreo o espaçu sonhadora  
e bela!  
Surge no infinito a lua  
docementa,  
Enfeitando a tarde, qual  
meiga donzela  
quese apresta e alinda  
sonhadoramente,  
Em anseios d'alma para ficar  
bela,  
Grita ao céo e a terra,

Lo, at midnight clouds are  
slowly passing, rosy and lustrous  
o'er the spacious heav'n  
with lovliness laden.  
From the boundless deep  
the moon arises wondrous,  
glorifying the evening like  
a beauteous maiden.  
Now she adorns herself in  
half unconscious duty,  
eager, anxious that we  
recognize her beauty,  
while sky and earth, yea,

toda a Natureza!  
Cala a passarada aos seus  
tristes queixumes,  
e reflete o mar toda a sua  
riqueza...  
Suave a luz da lua desperta  
agora,  
a cruel saudade que ri e chora!  
Tarde, uma nuvem rosea  
lenta e transparente,  
sobre o espaço sonhadora  
e bela!

all of nature with applause salute her.  
All the birds have ceased  
their sad and mournful complaining,  
now appears on the sea in  
a silver reflection  
moonlight softly waking  
the soul and constraining hearts  
to cruel tears and bitter dejection.  
Lo, at midnight clouds are  
slowly passing, rosy and lustrous  
o'er the spacious heav'n  
with loveliness laden.

## II Dansa (Martelo)

Irerê, meu passarinho do  
Sertão do Cariri,  
Irerê, meu companheiro,  
Cadê viola?  
Cadê meu bem?  
Cadê Maria?  
Ai triste sorte a do violeiro  
cantandô!  
Ah! Sem a viola em que  
Cantava o seo amô,  
Ah! Seu assobio é tua flauta  
de irerê:  
Que tua flauta do Sertão quando  
assobia, Ah!  
A gente sofre sem querê! Ah!  
Teu canto chega lá do fundo do  
Sertão, Ah!  
Como ua brisa amolecen do o  
coração, ah! Irerê!  
Solta teu canto!  
Canta mais!  
Pra alembá o Cariri!  
Canta, cambaxira!  
Canta, juriti!  
Canta, irerê!  
Canta sofrê,  
Patativa! Bemtevi!  
Maria acorda que é dia.  
Cantem todos vocês,  
passarinhos do Sertão!  
Bemtevi! Eh! Sabiá! La! Liá!

Irere, my little nestling  
from the wilds of Cariri,  
Irere my loving companion  
my singing sweetheart,  
Where goes my dear?  
Where goes Maria?  
Ah, sorry is the lot of him  
who fain would sing!  
Ah, without his lute, on  
song of gladness can he bring  
Ah! His whistle shrill must  
be his flute for Irere:  
But yours the flute that  
once in forests wild was sounding  
with it's message of grief and woe.  
Your song came fourth  
from out the depth of forest wilds  
like summer winds that  
comfort ev'ry heart. Irere!  
Sing and enchant me!  
Sing once more!  
Bring me songs of Cariri!  
Sing, my lovely songbird!  
Sing your song again!  
Sing, my Irere,  
sing of pain and sorrow  
as the birds of morning  
wake Maria in the dawning,  
sing with all your voices,  
birds of the woods and wilds!  
Sing your songs ye forest birds!

Sabia da mata cantadô!  
Eh! Sabia da mata sofredo!  
O vosso canto vem do fundo  
do Sertão.  
Como uma brisa amolecendo  
o coração.

Ye nestlings of the singing forest wilds!  
Ye nestlings of the mournful forest!  
O yours the song that  
comes from the depths of forests wild,  
like summer winds that  
comfort every mournful heart.

Barber is often classified as Neo-Romantic, a term which embodies both his common usage of traditional structures and emotional melodies and his exploration of chromatic and dissonant harmonies, as well as introducing some few and subtle American elements, such as jazz inspired rhythms and some folk music inspiration. He was especially inspired by the works of Brahms, evidenced by sweeping melodies and often sad or dark subject matter (although he is also drawn to witty or sentimental poetry). Although his music is quite lyrical, it is not always especially tuneful. His syllabic writing and attention to poetic details illustrate the meaning of the text through techniques similar to a tone poem. His work for soprano and orchestra, *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*, is one of the most "American" pieces he composed. The piece is evocative of a Southern summer evening, full of nostalgia and the culture of the American South. "You can smell the South in it." (Leontyne Price, soprano). It has a very synesthetic style throughout, with text painting enhanced by musical onomatopoeia, as in the noise of the streetcars (clanking and stertorous). At the beginning of the piece, Barber sets the scene of rocking on a porch, with its gentle undulating rhythms and comforting, lullaby-like 12/8 time signature.

#### Knoxville: Summer of 1915

It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches,  
rocking gently and talking gently  
and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere  
of possession of the trees,  
of birds hung havens, hangars.

People go by, things go by.  
A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on  
the asphalt:  
a loud auto; a quiet auto.

People in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling  
switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually,  
the taste hov'ring over them of vanilla,  
strawberry, paste-board, and starched milk,  
the image upon them of lovers and horsemen,

A streetcar raising it's iron moan; stopping;  
belling and starting, stertorous;  
rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan  
and swimming its gold windows and straw seats  
on past and past and past,  
the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it  
like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks;  
the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen,  
faints; halts; the faint stinging bell;  
rises again, still fainter; fainting, lifting, lifts,  
faints foregone; forgotten.

Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew,

My father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns a frailing of fire who breathes.

Parents on porches; rock and rock.

From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at  
once enchants my ear drums

On the rough wet grass of the backyard my father and mother  
have spread quilts.

We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt,  
and I too am lying there.

They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet,  
of nothing in particular,  
of nothing at all in particular,  
of nothing at all.

The stars are wide and alive,  
they seem each like a smile of great sweetness,  
and they seem very near.

All my people are larger bodies than mine,  
with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds.

One is an artist, he is living at home.

One is a musician, she is living at home.

One is my mother who is good to me.

One is my father who is good to me.

By some chance, here they are, all on this earth;  
and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth,  
lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening,  
among the sounds of the night.

May God bless my people,  
my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father,  
oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble;  
and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed.  
Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her:  
and those receive, who quietly treat me,  
as one familiar and well beloved in that home:  
but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever;  
but will not ever tell me who I am.

Puccini's style arose from a melding of the techniques he saw being used by his contemporaries in conjunction with a desire to step away from the formal structures and the idea of "number" opera. He believed it was important for the music to naturally follow the action, and sometimes even composed the music first and then had verses written to the existing music. He is known for his original melodies, which were lyrical and passionate. His orchestrations were very colorful, and he would often use recurring motives that represented different characters, places, or themes. His music is very emotional and dramatic, an apt reflection of his personality. Puccini's personal life was very difficult; the death of his mother in particular was hard on him. He also had some romantic troubles, becoming involved with another man's wife, marrying her once she became a widow, then having a relationship full of jealousy and infidelity. These dark shadows on his life carried over into his compositions, lending them the deeply passionate, poignant quality that would be later recognized as a part of what made his music so great.

Puccini's final opera, *Turandot*, tells the story of a cold Princess who refuses to marry unless the suitor can answer her riddle, beheading all who fail. Prince Calaf answers correctly, but because of his love for Princess Turandot, offers her a way out. If she can guess his name by dawn, he dies; if not, they will marry as planned. It is discovered that Liù, a servant girl, knows his name. In this aria, Liù defies Turandot, and proves her love for Prince Calaf by committing suicide with the stolen sword of the guard so that his name can never be pried from her unwilling lips. (Translation by Martha Gerhart.)

Tu che di gel sei cinta

Tu, che di gel sei cinta,  
da tanta fiamma vinta  
l'amerai anche tu!  
Prima di questa aurora  
io chiedo stanca gli occhi,  
perchè egli vinca ancora...  
per non... per non vederlo  
più!

You, who wrap yourself in ice,  
vanquished by so much fire  
you, too, will love him!  
Before this dawn,  
tired, I shall close my eyes  
so that he may win again...  
never... never to see him again!



Soprano Sarah Mehle is currently a graduate student at the University of Minnesota Duluth where she has an assistantship to participate in UMD's Voyageur program. She is pursuing a Master of Music Degree in Vocal Performance and is a student of Rachel Inselman. During her graduate and undergraduate years at UMD Sarah performed numerous opera roles including Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Clarice in *The World of the Moon*, Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte*, Gianetta in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Barbarina in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Suor Infirmiera and cover of Suor Angelica in *Suor Angelica*, Dorothy in the world premier of Nick Mrozcek's chamber opera *Evelyn*, chorus in *I Pagliacci*, *The Merry Widow*, and *Pirates of Penzance*, as well as chorus in the Lyric Opera of the North's production of *La Traviata*.

In December 2012 Sarah was soprano soloist in the Vivaldi Gloria with UMD's Concert Chorale and Chamber Orchestra. In February of 2014 she performed Aria (Cantilena) from Villa-Lobos' *Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 5* with a cello ensemble as part of the Duluth Superior Symphony Orchestra's chamber concert series.

In the fall of 2012 Sarah was a first prize winner in the Metropolitan Opera National Council District auditions. Sarah placed first in her division in the Minnesota NATS competition in 2011 and 2012, and was awarded the Matinee Musicale Scholarship in 2011. She was the recipient of the Bakke Scholarship to act as soprano section leader for the DSSO chorus from 2008 to 2013.

Thank you to all of my teachers at UMD, my friends, and my family. You have inspired me and encouraged me more than you know!

Thank you to Jackie Holstrom for your artistry and musicianship as well as your encouragement. You are a joy to work with.

I would also like to thank Dr. Faerber, who helped me with my Portuguese diction, and Dr. Chernyshev, who helped me with my Russian diction.

A particular thank you to Rachel Inselman, without whom I would never have made it this far.

## Upcoming Events in the Music Department

Call 726-8877 or visit [tickets.umn.edu](http://tickets.umn.edu) to reserve tickets.  
Call 726-8208 or visit [d.umn.edu/music](http://d.umn.edu/music) for a complete list of Spring 2014 events.

**Monday, April 28, 2014 | 7:30 pm**

**Weber Music Hall**

**UMD Faculty/Student Wind Octet**

Adult \$10 | UMD Faculty & Staff \$5 | Senior \$5 | Student \$5 | UMD Student \$3

**Tuesday, April 29, 2013 | 7:30 pm**

**Weber Music Hall**

**Student Recital**

Garrett Passer, tenor & Melanie Spring, soprano

FREE

**Wednesday, April 30, 2014 | 7:30 pm**

**Weber Music Hall**

**Spring Jazz Band Concert**

UMD Jazz Ensembles I and II

Adult \$10 | UMD Faculty & Staff \$5 | Senior \$5 | Student \$5 | UMD Student \$3

**Thursday, May 1, 2014 | 7:30 pm**

**Weber Music Hall**

**Student Recital**

Courtney Ellian

FREE

*All priced tickets are subject to a \$2.00 processing fee, UMD students excluded.  
Tickets can be purchased on-line at [tickets.umn.edu](http://tickets.umn.edu) (\$2.00 processing fee applies,  
plus an additional \$1.00 convenience fee, UMD students excluded).  
Refunds are not allowed once tickets have been purchased.*

Artist Series Concerts are partially funded by the John and Mary Gonska Cultural Fund.

Videotaping, audio taping, and photographing are not allowed during performances.

The University of Minnesota is an equal opportunity educator and employer.

To request disability accommodations, including interpreters, please contact Julie Topie,  
UMD Dept. of Music, [jtopie@d.umn.edu](mailto:jtopie@d.umn.edu), Humanities 212,  
218-726-8208 two weeks in advance of the event.

Smoking is prohibited on all UMD property. The smoking ban includes indoor facilities on campus grounds, as well as all University vehicles.