

CU★PRESENTS

2022-23 Season



College of Music
UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO BOULDER

AT THE PERFORMANCE

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CU ★ PRESENTS is
the home of performing
arts at the University of
Colorado Boulder.



The mission of the
**University of Colorado
Boulder College of Music**
is to inspire artistry and
discovery, together.



The College of Music acknowledges that the university sits upon land within the territories of the Ute, Cheyenne and Arapaho peoples. Further, we acknowledge that 48 contemporary tribal nations are historically tied to Colorado lands.

Student DMA Recital

Paul Wolf, tenor

Matthew Sebald, piano

7:30 p.m., Sunday, Sept. 18, 2022

Grusin Hall

Le Travail du peintre

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

- I. *Pablo Picasso*
- II. *Marc Chagall*
- III. *Georges Braque*
- IV. *Juan Gris*
- V. *Paul Klee*
- VI. *Joan Miró*
- VII. *Jacques Villon*

—5 Min. Intermission—

Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Michelangelo di Lodovico Buonarroti Simoni (1475-1564)

- I. *Sonetto XVI*
- II. *Sonetto XXXI*
- III. *Sonetto XXX*
- IV. *Sonetto LV*
- V. *Sonetto XXXVIII*
- VI. *Sonetto XXXII*
- VII. *Sonetto XXIV*

— 5 Min. Intermission—

Dear Theo

Ben Moore (b.1960)

Based on letters of Vincent van Gogh (1853-1890) to his brother Theo

- I. *The Red Vineyard*
- II. *I Found a Woman*
- III. *Little One*
- IV. *The Man I Have to Paint*
- V. *When I'm at Work*
- VI. *Already Broken*
- VII. *Souvenir*

Program notes

The driving force of this recital is select visual art from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth century which inspired written works subsequently set to music. With Francis Poulenc's *Le Travail du peintre*, we see visual artists, poet, and composer who were all contemporaries and ran in similar circles, inspiring one another. In the first song, we hear a self-confident *Pablo Picasso* adding brush stroke after brushstroke to his masterpiece and posing the question "Who other than I can say what is art?" The second song shows a whimsical *Marc Chagall*, rambling through his painting. *Georges Braque* paints with the color of birdsong and is perhaps an homage to the painter's own musical inclinations as a flautist. The fourth song is a beautiful, heartfelt remembrance of a good friend of his, *Juan Gris*. *Paul Klee* is a much needed presto, a proud French composer poking fun at his dry, German sensibilities. *Joan Miró* is best described by a saying attributed to Miró himself, "I work in a state of passion, transported. When I begin a canvas, I'm obeying a physical impulse, the need to throw myself; it's like a physical outlet..." Finally, *Jacques Villon* closes the set, as Poulenc puts it "lyrically and gravely".

In Benjamin Britten's *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo*, we see a young composer finding the strength to push back against the establishment through the poetry of the great master, Michelangelo as he faces similar struggles, over three hundred years prior. This is the first set Britten dedicated to his partner Peter Pears. Using love letters written by Michelangelo to his young friend, Tommaso di' Cavalieri, Britten publicly declares his love for Pears while subverting the United Kingdom's homophobic laws. The first song paints an aural picture of the master sculptor working on stone, chipping away one piece at a time while lamenting his feelings for "Signior mie car." *Sonetto XXXI* captures the frantic outpouring of emotions after one falls head over heels at first sight. After coming to grips with his emotions, the third sonnet is characterized as a moon singing a love song to the sun. The fourth sonnet is a lover reaching out to unrequited love and begging for a return of affections. *Sonetto XXXVIII* talks about his feelings for his love playing on the classical figure Echo, who was cursed by Hera to only speak the last words spoken to her, so when she fell in love with Narcissus, she could only watch him fall in love with himself and never tell him how she felt. *Sonetto XXXII*

is a frenetic questioning the definition of love as given by society. Finally, *Sonetto XXIV* is the grand outpouring of love from the singer to his counterpart at the piano to which the set has been building.

Finally in *Dear Theo*, Moore, an accomplished painter himself, sets letters from Vincent van Gogh to his brother Theo. *The Red Vineyard* shows an exuberant outpouring of enthusiasm for painting. In *I Found a Woman*, Vincent shows his connection and affection for the common people overlooked by society. Vincent looks back at the choices in his life as he is affected by the birth of this brother's child in *Little One*. *The Man I Have to Paint* and *When I'm at Work* show Vincent's struggles with painting and money, and his shame over his brother supporting him. *Already Broken* continues the shame of not being recognized for his work and his spiral into depression. The set concludes with *Souvenir* where Vincent hopes that he will leave something of importance behind.

Texts and translations

Le Travail du peintre

(Paul Éluard)

Pablo Picasso

Entoure ce citron de blanc d'oeuf informe
Enrobe ce blanc d'oeuf d'un azur souple et fin
La ligne droite et noire a beau venir de toi
L'aube est derrière ton tableau

Et des murs innombrable croulent
Derrière ton tableau et toi l'oeil fixe
Comme un aveugle comme un fou
Tu dresses une haute épée dans le vide

Une main pourquoi pas une seconde main
Et pourquoi pas la bouche nue comme une plume
Pourquoi pas un sourire et pourquoi pas des larmes
Tout au bord de la toile où jouent les petits clous

Voici le jour d'autrui laisse aux ombres leur chance

Et d'un seul mouvement des paupières renounce

Encircle this lemon with shapeless white egg
Enrobe this white egg in a supple and fine blue
Though the line straight and black comes from you
The dawn is behind your painting

And countless walls crumble
Behind your painting, and you, your eye fixed
Like a blind man, like a mad man
You raise a tall sword in the emptiness

A hand, why not a second hand
And why not a mouth naked like a feather
Why not a smile, and why not tears
The edge of the canvas where little nails are fixed

Here is the day others leave their fortune to the shadows

And in a single movement of the eyelids renounce

Marc Chagall

Âne ou vache coq ou cheval
Jusqu'à la peau d'un violon
Homme chanteur un seul oiseau
Danseur agile avec sa femme

Couple trempé dans son printemps

L'or de l'herbe le plomb du ciel
Séparés par les flammes bleues
De la santé de la rosée
Le sang s'irise le cœur tinte

Un couple le premier reflet

Et dans un souterrain de neige
La vigne opulente dessine
Un visage aux lèvres de lune
Qui n'a jamais dormi la nuit.

Georges Braque

Un oiseau s'envole,
Il rejette les nues comme un voile inutile,
Il n'a jamais craint la lumière,
Enfermé dans son vol,
Il n'a jamais eu d'ombre.

Coquilles des moissons brisées par le soleil,
Toutes les feuilles dans le bois disent oui,
Elles ne savent dire que oui,
Toute question, toute réponse
Et la rosée coule au fond de ce oui.

Un homme aux yeux légers décrit le ciel d'amour.

Il en rassemble les merveilles
Comme des feuilles dans un bois,
Comme des oiseaux dans leurs ailes
Et des hommes dans le sommeil.

Ass or cow, cock or horse
Even the skin of a violin
A singing man, a single bird
An agile dancer with his wife

A couple drenched in their springtime

The gold of the grass, the lead of the sky
Separated by the blue flames
Of health of dew
The blood becomes iridescent, the heart chimes

A couple the first reflection

And in an underground cavern of snow
The opulent vine traces
A face with moon-like lips
Which has never slept at night.

A bird flies away,
He throws off the clouds like a useless veil,
He has never feared the light,
Enclosed in his flight,
He has never had a shadow.

Husks of the harvest, split by the sun,
All the leaves in the forest say yes,
They only know how to say yes,
Every question, every response
And the dew flows to the depth of this yes.

A man with light eyes describes the sky of love.

He assembles its marvels
Like leaves in a forest,
Like birds in their wings
And men in sleep.

Juan Gris

De jour merci de nuit prends garde
De douceur la moitié du monde
L'autre montrait rigueur aveugle

Aux veines se lisait un présent sans merci
Aux beautés des contours l'espace limité
Cimentait tous le joints des objets familiers

Table guitare verre vide
Sur un arpent de terre pleine
De toile blanche d'air nocturne

Table devait se soutenir
Lampe rester pépin de l'ombre
Journal délaissait sa moitié

Deux fois le jour deux fois la nuit
De deux objets un double objet
Un seul ensemble à tout jamais

By day give thanks by night beware
Half the world of sweetness
The other showed blind severity

In the veins, a present without mercy could be read
In the beauties of the outlines the limited space
Cemented together familiar objects

Table, guitar, and empty glass
On an acre of rich earth
Of white canvas, of night air

Table had to support itself
Lamp to remain the pip of the shadow
Newspaper abandoning half of itself

Twice by day, twice by night
Of two objects, one double object
A single whole once and for all

Paul Klee

Sur la pente fatale, le voyageur profite
De la faveur du jour, verglas et sans Cailloux,
Et les yeux bleus d'amour, découvre sa saison
Qui porte à tous le doigts de grands astres en bague.

Sur la plage la mer a laissé ses oreilles
Et le sable creusé la palce d'un beau crime.
Le supplice est plus dur aux bourreaux qu'aux victimes.
Les couteaux sont des signes et les balles des larmes.

On the fatal slope the traveller benefits
From the favor of the day, iced over and without pebbles,
And eyes, blue with love, he finds out his season
Which wears on all its fingers great stars as rings.

On the beach, the sea has left its ear-shells
And the hollowed sand, site of some noble crime.
The torture is harder on the executioners than on the
The knives are omens, and the bullets are tears.

Joan Miró

Soleil de proie prisonnier de ma tête,
Enlève la colline, enlève la forêt.
Le ciel est plus beau que jamais.

Les libellules des raisins
Lui donnent des formes précises
Que je dissipe d'un geste.

Nuages du premier jour,
Nuages insensibles et que rien n'autorise,
Leurs grains brûlent
Dans les feux de paille de mes regards.

À la fin, pour se couvrir d'une aube
Il faudra que le ciel soit aussi pur que la nuit.

Sun of prey, prisoner of my head
Remove the hill, remove the forest.
The sky is more beautiful than ever.

The dragonflies of the grapes
Give it precise forms
Which I dispel with a gesture.

Clouds of the first day,
Infeeling clouds sanctioned by nothing,
Their seeds burn
In the straw fires of my glances.

At the end, to cover itself with a dawn
The sky must be as pure as the night.

Jacques Villon

Irrémédiable vie
Vie à toujours chérir
En dépit des fléaux
Et des morales basses
En dépit des étoiles fausses
Et des cendres envahissantes

En dépit des fièvres grinçantes
Des crimes à hauteur du ventre
Des seins taris des fronts idiots
En dépit des soleils mortels

En dépit des dieux morts
En dépit des mensonges
L'aube l'horizon l'eau
L'oiseau l'homme l'amour

L'homme léger et bon
Adoucissant la terre
Éclaircissant les bois
Illuminant la pierre

Et la rose nocture
Et la song de la foule.

Irremediable life
Life to always be cherished
Despite scourges
And base morals
Despite false stars
And invading ashes

Despite creaking fevers
Stomach-high crimes
Withered breasts, foolish brows
Despite deadly suns

Despite dead gods
Despite the lies
The dawn, the horizon, the water
the bird, the man, the love

The man, light-hearted and good
Sweetening the soil
Clearing the woods
Illuminating the stone

And the nocturnal rose
And the blood of the crowd.

Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo

(Michelangelo Buonarroti)

Sonetto XVI

Sì come nella penna e nell' inchiostro
E l'alto e'l basso e'l mediocre stile,
E ne' marmi l'imagin ricca e vile,
Secondo che'l sa trar l'ingegno nostro;
Cosi, signior mie car, nel petto vostro
Quante l'orgoglio, è forse ogni atto umile:
Ma io sol quell c'a me propio è e simile
Ne traggo, come fuor nel viso mostro.
Chi semina sospir, lacrime e doglie
(l'imor dal ciel terrestre, scietto e solo,
A'vari semi vario si converte),
Però pianto e dolor ne miete e coglie:
Chi mira altà beltà con sì gran duolo,
Dubbie speranze, e pene acerbe e certe.
Signior mie car.

Just as in pen and ink
There is high or low or middle style,
And as there are images rich and poor in marble,
According to our art with which we draw from
So, my dear lord, within your heart
Along with pride, are perhaps humble thoughts:
But I only draw what is most like myself
With what my monstrous features show.
One who sows sighs, tears, and sorrow
(Dew from the earthly sky, pure and alone,
Changes itself differently to various seeds),
Will reap and gather tears and pain:
He who looks upon beauty with great pain,
Will have doubtful hopes and bitter and sorrows.
My dear lord.

Sonetto XXXI

A che più debb' io mai l'intensa voglia
Sfogar con pianti o con parole meste,
Se di tal sorte 'l ciel, che l'alma veste,
Tard' o per tempo, alcun mai non ne spoglia?
A che 'l cor lass' a più morir m'invoglia,
S'altri pur dee morir? Dunque per queste
Luci l'ore del fin fian men moleste;
Ch' ogn' altro ben val men ch' ogni, mia doglia.
Però se 'l coplo, ch'io ne rub' e 'nvolò,
Schifar non poss'; almen, s'è destinato,
Chi entreran fra la dolcezza e'l duolo?
Se vint' e pres' i' debb' esser beato,
Maraviglia non è se', nud' e solo,
Resto prigion d'un Cavalier armato.

Sonetto XXX

Veggio co' bei vostri occhi un dolce lume,
Che co' miei ciechi già veder non posso;
Porto co' vostri piedi un pondo a dosso,
Che de' mie' zoppi non è già costume;
Volo con le vostr' ale senza piume;
Col vostr' ingegno al ciel sempre son mosso;
Dal vostr' arbitrio son palido e rosso;
Freddo al sol, caldo alle più fredde brume.
Nel voler vostro è sol la voglia mia,
I mié pensier nel vostro cor si fanno,
Nel vostro fiato son le mie parole.
Come luna da sè sol par ch'io sia;
Chè gli occhi nostri in ciel veder non sanno
Se non quel tanto che n'accende il sole.

Sonetto LV

Tu sa' ch'io so, signior mie, che tu sai
Ch' i' venni per goderti più da presso;
E sai ch'io so, che tu sa' ch'io son desso.
A che più indugio a salutarci omai?
Se vera è la speranza che mi dàì,
Se vero è'l buon desio che m'è concesso,
Rompasi il mur frall' uno e l'altro messo;
Chè doppia forza hann' i celati guai.
S'i 'amo sol di te, signior mie caro,
Quel che di te più ami, non ti sdegni;
Che l'un dell' altro spirito s'innamora.
Quel che nel tuo bel volto bramo e 'mparo,
E mal compres' è degli umani ingegni,
Chi'l vuol veder, convien che prima mora.

To what purpose do I owe my intense desire
To let out with tears and sorrowful words,
When heaven, which clothes my soul,
Neither sooner nor later strips it from me?
What makes my aching heart long to die,
When all must die? So to these
eyes my last hour will be less troublesome,
All my joys are worth less than all my pains.
But if I cannot avoid the blow,
I rather seek them; since it is destined,
Who will stand between sweetness and sorrow?
If I must be conquered in order to be blessed,
No wonder then that I, unarmed and alone,
Remain the prisoner of an armed Cavalier.

I see with your beautiful eyes a sweet light,
Which with my blind ones I cannot see;
I carry a burden with your feet,
With which my lame ones I cannot;
I fly with your wings for I am without wings;
With your spirit I am always moving towards heaven;
By your will I turn pale or blush;
Cool in the sun, warm in the cold weather.
Within your will is my sole desire,
My thoughts are born within your heart,
In your breath are my words.
Like the moon, I am alone;
Which our eyes in the heavens cannot see
Except that it is illumined by the sun.

You know, my lord, I know that you know
I came to take pleasure in your presence;
And know that I know that you know me.
Why then do we hesitate to greet one another?
If it is true, this hope that you give me,
If it is true, these desires that come over me,
Break down the wall between us;
Hidden sorrows have twice the strength.
I love only you, my dear lord,
That which you love most, do not disdain,
That one spirit falls in love with another.
That which in your noble face I seek,
Is but misunderstood by humankind,
And he who wishes to see it first must die.

Sonetto XXXVIII

Rendete a gli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume,
L'onde della non vostra e salda vena,
Che più v'innalza, e cresce, e con più lena
Che non è'l vostro natural costume.
E tu, folt' air, che'l celeste lume
Tempri a' tristi occhi, de' sospir miei piena,
Rendigli al cor mio lasso, e rasserena
Tua scura faccia al mio visivo acume.
Renda la terra i passi a le mie piante,
Ch'ancor l'erba germogli che gli è tolta;
E'l suono Ecco, già sorda a' miei lamenti;
Gli sguardi a gli occhi mie', tue luci sante;
Ch'io possa altra bellezza un' altra volta,
Amar, po' che di me non ti contenti.

Sonetto XXXII

S'un casto amor, s'una pietà superna
S'una fortuna infra dua amanti equale,
S'un aspra sorte all' un dell' altro cale,
S'un spirito, s'un voler duo cor governa;
S'un anima in duo corpi è fatta eterna,
Ambo levando al cielo e con pari ale;
S'amor d'un colpo e d'un dorato strale
Le visceri di duo petti arda e discierna;
S'amar l'un l'altro, e nessun se medesimo
D'un gusto e d'un diletto, a tal mercede,
C'a un fin voglia l'uno e l'altro porre;
Se mille e mille non sarien centesimo
A tal nodo d'amore, a tanta fede;
E sol l'isdegno il può rompere e sciorre?

Sonetto XXIV

Spirito ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede
Nelle tue belle membra oneste e care
Quante natura e'l ciel tra no' può fare,
Quand' a null' altra suo bell' opra cede:
Spirito leggiadro, in cui si spera e crede
Dentro, come di fuor nel viso appare,
Amor, pietà, mercè; cose sì rare
Che ma' furn' in beltà con tanta fede:
L'amor mi prende, e la beltà mi lega;
La pietà, la mercè con dolci sguardi
Ferma speranz' al cor par che ne doni.
Qual uso o qual governo al mondo niega
Qual crudeltà per tempo, o qual più tardi,
C'a sì bel viso morte non perdoni?

Give back to my eyes, oh fountain, oh river,
The waves of powerful currents that are not yours,
Which rises, and grows, and with greater force
Than was in your nature.
And you, dense air, the heaven's light
Hiding from my sad eyes, full of sighs,
Give them back to my weary heart, and make more serene
Your dark face to my sight.
Let the earth return to me the traces of my steps,
That the grass may sprout where it was crushed;
Give back the sounds, Echo, yet deaf to my laments;
Their glances back to my eyes, you blessed lights,
That I may sometime love some other beauty,
Love, since with me you are not content.

If love is chaste, if there is a heavenly pity,
If an equal fortune binds two lovers,
If a bitter fate shared by both,
If a single spirit and will governs two hearts;
If one soul in two bodies is made eternal,
Raising both to heaven on the same wings;
If love with one blow and one golden arrow
Can burn and pierce two hearts to the core;
If each loves the other rather than himself
With a pleasure and delight so rewarding,
That to the same end they both strive;
If thousands and thousands are not worth a hundredth
To such a loving bond of such a faith;
Then can anger alone break and dissolve it?

Noble spirit, in whom is reflected,
And in you beautiful limbs, honest and dear,
All that nature and heaven can achieve within us,
Excelling any other work of beauty:
Graceful spirit, in whom one hopes and believes
Inside, as they outwardly appear on your face,
Love, pity, mercy, things so rare
But never found in beauty so faithfully:
Love takes me captive, and beauty binds me;
Pity, mercy with sweet glances
Fill my heart with strong hope.
What law or power in the world
What cruelty of this time or of a time to come,
Could keep death from sparing such a beautiful face?

Dear Theo

(Based on letters of Vincent van Gogh to his brother Theo)

The Red Vineyard

Dear Theo...my brother...

If only you had been there, when I saw the red vineyard, all red like red wine.

In the distance it turned to yellow, and then a green sky with the sun and the earth

After the rain, violet, sparkling yellow here and there where it caught the reflection of the setting sun.

Oh Theo, brother...

I think that I must have a starry night with cypresses, in blue and yellow light,

Or surrounding a field of ripe corn...

There are such wonderful nights here...

I am in a continual fever of work!

...I hope the weather is as fine in Paris as it is here.

Write as soon as you can.

Ever yours,

Vincent

I Found a Woman

I found a woman, not young, not beautiful.

But oh, this woman, she had a charm for me.

It's not the first time I was unable to resist that feeling of affection,

Yes affection and love for these women, who are so damned and condemned.

I do not condemn them...

Would you think that I have never felt the need for love?

We talked, about her life, about her cares, about her misery...

About everything...

Little One

Often I think of your little one, Theo,

And what he means to you now in your life.

Surely it's better to have a child than to expend all one's vigor as I have.

Often I think of him there in his cradle.

But for myself, I'm too old, too old to desire something else.

Yet often I think of your baby, your baby.

Oh Theo, I'm hard at work and still I say it's better by far to have a child.

But, for myself, that desire was gone long ago.

Long ago.

Gone.

The Man I Have to Paint

I think of the man I have to paint.

Terrible in the furnace of the full ardor of the harvest at the heart of the south.

Hence the orange shades like storm flashes,

Vivid as a red hot iron, and hence the luminous tones of the old gold in the shadows.

Oh my dear boy, and the nice people will only see the exaggeration as caricature!

... The only choice I have is between being a good painter and a bad one.

I choose the first.

But the needs of painting are like those of a ruinous mistress:

You can do nothing without money.

And you never have enough of it...

If you happen to send a little extra this month, I would be most grateful.

When I'm at Work

But when I'm at work I feel an unlimited faith in art and that I shall succeed...
And when doubt overwhelms me I try to defeat it by setting to work once again...
Poverty is at my back but I'm still at work. I'm still at work...
Gauguin and I, our arguments are electric!
...And when that delirium of mine shakes all I dearly love, I do not accept it as reality...
I'm still at work.
I'm still at work.

Already Broken

At times I feel already...broken, and what will come of it I do not know...
My deepest hope remains the same, as you well know, brother,
That I may be a lighter burden in your life...
But I can see a time that's just on the horizon,
A time where you might show my pictures with no shame.

It's true I'm often sick and troubled,
But there is harmony inside of me.
For in the poorest little hut I see a picture,
And I believe that very soon you will be proud to show my work;
You will be satisfied...
You will have something for your sacrifices, brother.

Souvenir

I must leave a souvenir,
A souvenir that I might offer in the shape of something true,
The shape of drawings and of pictures.
I must leave a souvenir,
A souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see,
To those with eyes who care to see that this man felt deeply...
I know I'll never do what I intended.
Success requires a nature unlike mine.
My strength has been depleted far too quickly,
But for others, Theo, there is a chance.
There is a chance for something more...
If only you had been there when I saw the red vineyard, all red like red wine...
There is a chance for something more.
A souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see
That here was someone who felt deeply, brother,
Dear brother,
Dear Theo.

About the performer

Paul Wolf is a graduate teaching assistant and doctoral student in vocal performance and pedagogy at the University of Colorado Boulder studying with Professor Matthew Chellis.

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Joan McLean Braun

Assistant Dean for Budget and Finance

Carrie Howard

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Ted Mulcahey

Piano Technicians

Mark Mikkelsen

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Kevin Harbison

Facilities and Operations Coordinator

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Media Specialist

Dustin Rumsey

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