



Evolution: The Composer's Voice

Saturday, April 30, 2022

7:30pm

All Saints Parish

Brookline, MA

Sunday, May 1, 2022

3:00pm

First Church & Parish

Dedham, MA

Virtual Broadcast

May 27 – June 30, 2022

Laura Strickling, Soprano
Megan Roth, Mezzo-Soprano
Edward Vogel, Baritone
Michael Galvin, Bass
Julia Carey, Piano

Artistic Director: **Megan Roth**
Administrative Director: **Evangelia Leontis**
Director of Public Relations: **Edward Vogel**
Technical Director: **Nathan Roth**

A Message from the Artistic Director



Welcome to *Evolution: The Composer's Journey*, a unique and thought-provoking concert that features six works by living composers from around the country. What do they have in common? They were all part of a personal project by the Grammy-nominated soprano and professed lover of all things art song, Laura Strickling. In April 2021, for her 40th birthday, Laura launched The 40@40 Project; an ambitious commissioning project wherein she commissioned 40 composers to write a new art song for soprano and piano. With this project, Laura is personally contributing to the future of the art song genre, ensuring its relevance in the world of classical music, and raising awareness of the voices that make up today's art songs: the composers and poets.

Calliope's Call teamed up with Laura for this program in a unique collaboration in which we chose six of the composers Laura commissioned and will feature an earlier work by each composer to give you a broader listen to their style. All of the music you will hear today was composed in the last 18 years, so you truly are getting a taste for today's art songs! The composers represented on tonight's program include those early on in their career who are writing new songs every day, such as composer Felix Jarrar, to those who are well-known around the world for their songs and have received numerous awards throughout their career as is the case for Lori Laitman and H. Leslie Adams, the latter who is still composing at the age of 90! Composers Jodi Goble, Reinaldo Moya, and Emerson Eads are quickly establishing themselves as important voices in classical music today and their works are being programmed around the world.

Art song is inextricably linked to the written word, and the poets whose words you will hear tonight include familiar voices of the past, voices from the last 100+ years whose words continue to ring true for our lives today; to voices who shed light on the current world, offering perspectives on important social topics of our time including immigration, feminism, and the LGBTQ+ community, as well as the timeless themes of love, loss, desire, solitude, and faith. These words on their own have a powerful impact and could easily be the topic of a class on poetic analysis, but the melding of these words to music is something extraordinary. Through song, your experience of these words comes through the lens of the composer's interpretation, interpreted yet a second time through the singer and pianist's performance.

In tonight's concert, you will be the first to hear a new premiere by each of these composers. Their experiences during the last two years directly shaped these new works, so it is no surprise that a common theme in these six works is yearning for what we had in the past, trying to make sense of the present, and feelings of anxiety around the uncertain future. Sentiments we can all certainly relate to!

We have each spent the last two years largely alone or surrounded by those only in our immediate circles. We yearn for connection and new experiences, which music has always been well-suited to provide. My hope is that this program is just the start of many that provide you with the fuel to seek out stories and opinions different from your own, leading to more compassion and kindness for the community around you. We hope these new voices in art song speak to you as they have for us, and I encourage you to follow these inspiring composers as they continue on their musical journey.

~ Megan Roth, Founder & Artistic Director

Evolution: The Composer's Journey

~Program~

<i>5 songs by Edna St. Vincent Millay</i> (2014) Branch by Branch Return from Town For you there is no song	H. Leslie Adams
*Song of Solitude (Alone...) (rev. 2021)	
<i>Three Teasdale Songs</i> (2013) The Wanderer I Would Live In Your Love Pierrot	Jodi Goble
*My Song is Sung (2021)	
<i>Songs of the Sea</i> (2019) The Maldive Shark The Sea Diver The Ocean	Felix Jarrar
*Sun of the Sleepless (2021)	
An Evening Poem "Joe's Song" (2017)	Emerson Eads
*St Patricks Rune (2020)	
Echoing King (2016)	
<i>DREAM songs</i> (2015-2017) How I Learned to Walk Such As	Reinaldo Moya
*Las Palmeras (2021)	
Illumination (2004)	Lori Laitman
<i>And Music Will Not End</i> (2007) Partial Lunar Eclipse A Pastoral Lament	
*Thanks a Latte (2021)	

**indicates a world premiere*

~Texts~

*composer notes for premiere works included throughout

5 songs by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Branch by Branch

Branch by branch this tree has died.
Green only is one last bough
Moving its leaves in the sun.
What evil ate its root,
What blight,
What ugly thing?
Let the mole say,
The bird sing,
Or the white worm behind the shedding bark
Tick in the dark.
You and I have only one thing to do,
Saw, saw, saw the trunk through.

The Return from Town

As I sat down by Saddle Stream
To bathe my dusty feet there,
A boy was standing on the bridge
Any girl would meet there.
As I went over Woody Knob
A youth was coming up the hill
Any maid would follow.
Then in I turned at my own gate,—
And nothing to be sad for—
To such a man as any WIFE
Would pass a pretty lad for.

For you there is no song

For you there is no song...
 Only the shaking
Of the voice that meant to sing;
the sound of the strong
 Voice breaking.
Strange in my hand appears
The pen, and yours broken.
There are ink and tears on the page;
only the tears
 Have spoken.

***Song of Solitude (Alone...) (Nikos Valance)**

A tender light lights the night;
The moon high above
The ev'rything of my feelings:
The rivers of passion
The song of emotions
The chorus of destinies
Below the surface
Making me breathe,
Famished, I search
Insatiable, I crave
Lovingly, I look up
To the moon
It's light falling on my head.
...The moon,
High above the ev'rything of my feelings,
Alone... (alone...)

Three Teasdale Songs (Sara Teasdale)

The Wanderer

I saw the sunset-coloured sands,
The Nile like flowing fire between,
where Rameses stares forth serene,
and Ammon's heavy temple stands.

I saw the rocks where long ago
Above the sea the cries and breaks,
bright Perseus, with Medusa's snakes
set free the maiden white as snow.

And many skies have covered me,
and many winds have blown me forth,
And I have loved the green, bright north,
and I have loved the cold, sweet sea.

But what to me are north and south,
and what the lure of many lands,
Since you have leaped to catch my hands,
And lay a kiss upon my mouth.

***H. Leslie Adams' "Song of Solitude,"** with text by Nikos Valance, lyrically evokes the tenderness and passion of a night alone under a moonlit sky, exploring the conflicting sensations of solitude. The piano opens the work with a reflective introduction and clear melodic statements that also appear later in the work, intertwined with the vocal line. Underneath, the piano builds impressionist textures—flowing arpeggios with a hint perhaps of Fauré. The first half of the song is devoted to the exposition of the poetry, and climaxes at the midpoint of the work with the singer's high A. In the second half, Adams builds to several musical transformations of the phrase "the everything of my feelings," and ends with the singer plaintively singing "alone" over lush ninths.

Three Teasdale Songs (cont.)

I Would Live In Your Love

I would live in your love
as the sea-grasses live in the sea.
I would live in your love,
borne up by each wave as it passes,
Drawn down by each wave that recedes.
I would empty my soul
Of the dreams that have gathered in me,
I would beat with your heart as it beats,
I would follow your soul as it leads.

Pierrot

Pierrot stands in the garden
Beneath the waning moon.
And on his lute he fashions
A fragile, silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
He thinks he plays for me,
But I am quite forgotten
Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden
And all the roses know,
That Pierrot loves his music,
But I love Pierrot!

***My song is sung (Jodi Goble)** is a setting of the first stanza of the poem 'Shadow', taken from Noguchi's *The Pilgrimage* (1909). I set it, and the other five poems that comprise the cycle, in late summer 2020, after it was clear that we would not return that fall to life and art as we knew it to exist pre-COVID. It did not occur to me at the time that the texts were linked in any particularly meaningful way, but taken as a whole, it's fairly clear that they form a love letter to live music, and that '*My song is sung*', in particular, is a lament for its (temporary) loss.

Songs of the Sea

The Maldive Shark (Herman Melville)

About the Shark, phlegmatical one,
Pale sot of the Maldive sea,
The sleek little pilot fish,
Azure and slim,
How alert in attendance be.
From his sawpit of mouth, from his charnel of maw
They have nothing of harm to dread,
But liquidly glide on his ghastly flank
Or before his Gorgonian head;
Or lurk in the port of serrated teeth,
In white triple tiers of glittering gates,
And there find a haven when perils abroad,
An asylum in jaws of the Fates!
They are friends; and friendly they guide him to prey,
Yet never partake of the treat
Eyes and brains to the dotard lethargic and dull,
Pale ravener of horrible meat.

***My song is sung** (Yone Noguchi)

My song is sung, but a moment...
The song of voice is merely the body,
(the body dies,)
And the real part of the song, its soul,
Remains after it is sung.

Yea, it remains in the vibration
of thy waves of heart-sea
Echoing still my song,
And through my soul thou soarest
Out of thy dust and griefs.

The Sea Diver (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

My way is on the bright blue sea
My sleep upon it's rocking tide;
And many an eye has followed me
Where billows clasp the warm seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
When ocean by the sun is kissed!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep
My ear has heard the seashell breathe,
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea grape had o'er-grown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were done,
A ship, that had rolled out the gale,
Sunk down, without a signal-gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart
The cloud resign it's golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace that their relics were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

***Sun of the Sleepless – Felix Jarrer**

I wrote "*Sun of the Sleepless*" on commission for Laura's 40@40 project, and it's a piece that is close to my heart. I spent about an hour on Zoom during the pandemic going through different texts with her, and Byron's poem of the same name spoke to her as it had to me many years ago. In one of my biggest flashes of inspiration during the pandemic, I delivered the song the next day to her. I tailor made this song for Laura's wonderful voice, from the long melodic line until the high pianissimo that caps off the vocal part. It's a song we can all relate to about the past we loved being so distant that we surround ourselves in the darkness of the present.

***Sun of the Sleepless** (Lord Byron)

Sun of the Sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to Joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines but warms not with its powerless rays:
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant – clear – but, oh, how cold!

An Evening Poem (Joe's Song) (Joseph Smith)

What now, my friend, brings to mind these gentle thoughts of you?
The evening sun drenching my cozy room?
Or late summer vegetables, sautéed, now simmering in a rich, dark broth?
The crickets song and lazy flight of birds sheltering for the night bring
These homeward thoughts which I feel now,
So deeply in love I know not how.
These endearing thoughts of moments spent
Enriching,
Encouraging,
Enjoying
One another.
These are the thoughts which bring you now to mind, my friend.
And for you, I long and love.

***Patrick's Rune (Anonymous; translated by Charles Mangan)**

At Tara (here) today in this fateful hour
I place all heaven with its power,
and the sun with its brightness,
and the snow with its whiteness,
and fire with all the strength it hath,
and lightning with its rapid wrath,
and the winds with their swiftness along their path,
and the sea with its deepness,
and the rocks with their steepness
and the earth with its starkness:
all these I place,
by God's almighty help and grace,
between myself (my family) and the powers of darkness.

***Rune of St. Patrick - Emerson Eads**

I decided to set this well-known anonymous text which has been attributed to St. Patrick when my twin nieces posted a dramatized and fully memorized version on Facebook at the beginning of the pandemic in the spring of 2020. At first it was in an effort to pray to whomever would listen for those that I loved in such a time of terrible uncertainty and death, and then it became a way to settle my heart at the piano when anxiety would bubble up.

Echoing King (Evan Eads)

Darkness can't chase the night,
And killing can't dispel hate,
An eye for an eye,
And spite for spite,
And wrong for wrong,
Until there's no right!
What forgiveness is there, what grace?
To carry and to bury the brave young dead
To mourn and sing and embrace
And build and rebuild the broken places!
I have decided to cleave to love!
I'll sing to stars, and dream past clouds,
Until justice rolls down...
And truth kisses love!

DREAM Songs

How I Learned to Walk (Javier Zamora)

Calláte. Don't say it out loud: the color of his hair,
the sour odor of his skin, the way they say
his stomach rose when he slept. I have
done nothing, said nothing. I piss in the corner
of the room, the outhouse is far, I think
orange blossoms call me to eat them. I fling rocks
at bats hanging midway up almond trees.
I've skinned lizards. I've been bored. It's like
that time I told my friend Luz to rub her lice
against my hair. I wanted to wear a plastic bag,
to smell of gasoline, to shave my hair, to feel
something like his hands on my head.
When I clutch pillows, I think of him. If he sleeps
face down like I do. If he can tie strings
to the backs of dragonflies. I've heard
of how I used to run to him. His hair still
smelling of fish, gasoline, and seaweed. It's how
I learned to walk they say. Calláte. If I step
out this door, I want to know nothing will take me.
Not the van he ran to. Not the man he paid to take him.
Mom was asleep when he left. People say
somehow I walked across our cornfield
at dawn, a few steps behind. I must have seen him
get in that van. I was two. I sat behind a ceiba tree,
waiting. No one could find me.

Such As (Wo Chan)

My mother was a fever. My father was a restaurant.
Every noon he fed his lungs to an entire city.
Every night he held my belly searching for a suburb.
I was the firefly that flared only once in my father's kingdom.
I learned to speak English like a quick brick road. I split
rocks in the backlot of my father's skull.
I picked dandelions from the underarms of him, my father.
I was the smell of ripe lemons in his oxbone nation. I was never
brave. But, he let me eat butter, held me like an egg. I was pure yolk,
and ate everything with my monster eye.
Oh. Did I mention my mother was the fever? That was my father, actually.
Still my father pressed against the doorframe.
My father was always the fever and always the restaurant.
My father whose splintered shoulders knew the words to one anthem only.

Las palmeras – Reinaldo Moya

* When Laura asked me to participate in her "40@40" Project, I knew I wanted to connect with a Venezuelan poet, since I'd been exploring the poetry of my home country with much interest. I found Pamela Rahn Sanchez's poetry through an anthology of new poems by young Venezuelans and I immediately reached out to her to see if I could get a hold of more of her writing. **Las palmeras** is a beautiful poem that struck me right away as perfect for this project because I knew it would resonate with Laura and her life in the Virgin Islands. The song speaks about that beauty that is around us that we refuse to see every day and how much of a difference it might make if we take a second to really observe and take in the world in which we live.

***Las Palmeras** (Pamela Rahn Sánchez)

It had been a while since I cried
It was the palm trees
the weight of their shadows
It forced me to raise my head
and look at the sharp green
against the blue sky
They were there
But I didn't know
I walked under them
every day
oblivious to their beauty
To the possibility of never seeing them again
but they were there
always
it was just that I didn't see them

I never saw them.

Illumination (Joan Joffe Hall)

When the eye re-opened
There was light
Then play between
Light and shadow
Then bodies – shape and
Color – each with its
Familiar name:
Hand, glass.

 And it was
Like overhearing
The Greek lesson
And recognizing
The word “gift.”

And Music Will Not End

Partial Lunar Eclipse (Anne Ranasinghe)

The eerie drama of the moon and earth and cloud.
An eclipsed orb slipping from penumbra to umbra
 to penumbra,
reappearing newly created, from earth’s shadow,
to sail its lonely journey—golden, remote, mysterious;
a link with the infinite universe.
I too will slip from penumbra to umbra,
but while the moon navigates the millenia
for me there will be no return.

A Pastoral Lament (John Wood)

Sweet, sweet singing shepherd boy,
Why have you ceased to make your songs,
 and who now tends your sheep?
Have you run off to the fields more bright and blest
And left us here to weep?
We wished more time to hear your psalms.
They set so sweet upon our hearts.
Honey of hope and sorrow’s balms,
Those were the measures of your arts.
Our singing boy, he now has fled
The fields of grass and flesh to tend His flocks
Where pains are shed
And music will not end.

***Thanks a Latte** (Caitlin Vincent)

Today’s the day. I’m taking a stand.
Making an impression. Changing my coffee order!
Every day, it’s the same. My standard.
Regular. Habit.
Every day at the hipster café.
Every day with the cute barista.
For three whole seconds, I have his complete attention.
(Not to mention his dreamy smile.)
But every day, I waste it on routine.
You aren’t what you eat, but what you order.
And I’m predictable. Forgettable.
But not today.
Today, I’ll be spontaneous. Complex.
Today, Today, Today, he’ll wonder what I do,
Who I am, where I’m going.
Today, today, I’ll order a macchiato.
Edgy and stylish and chic.
Or maybe a cappuccino. Peppy and frothy and fun.
A flat white to show that I travel.
A long black to show I’m well-read.
I need to find the perfect blend to best espresso myself.
Would a filter be too trendy?
A triple shot too high strung?
What’s the message in non-fat or skinny?
No foam? Extra whip? Light ice?
My keep cup is full of potential
For a drink that is quintessentially me.
This is the moment.
I’m next in line. Ready with my order.
And there he is in a beanie.
Brewing and foaming and grinding.
Never minding my racing heart.
He turns to me with a smile.
Turns to me and says...
“The usual?”
Mm-huh.

***Thanks a Latte – Lori Laitman**

This was my first time working with the talented Caitlin Vincent — and my first song for the wonderful Laura Strickling, whose voice I have always admired. The character of the vocal line and accompaniment changes throughout the song, as the music aims to reflect inner thoughts of a meek coffee shop regular as she waits in line.

About the Artists

Laura Strickling has been recognized by *The New York Times* for her “flexible voice, crystalline diction, and warm presence.” Celebrated for her work performing and promoting art song, with an emphasis on new additions to the canon, she curated The New Music Shelf Anthology of contemporary art songs for soprano and recently announced the 40@40 Project – a personal initiative to commission 40 new art songs in the year 2021. Featured in the May 2021 issue of *Classical Singer Magazine*, she premiered Juliana Hall’s unaccompanied monodrama, *Sentiment*, with Calliope’s Call in 2019, and now serves on their Advisory Board. Her “powerful and expressive voice across a large range, her variety of timbre and character,” (*Classical Scene*), make her a welcome guest soloist for a range of oratorio and concert works, from Handel to Britten and beyond.

On the opera stage, Ms. Strickling created the role of Fanni Radnòti in the world premiere of Tom Cipullo’s opera *The Parting* with Music of Remembrance, and the role of Dr. Slade in the world premiere of *Everything for Dawn* with Experiments in Opera. Her performance of the Dew Fairy in Humperdinck’s *Hansel and Gretel* with Berkshire Opera Company was praised by *Opera News*: “Laura Strickling offered the creamy, clear, younger-sister-of-Eva-Pogner instrument ideal for singing the role over full orchestration. Ms. Strickling received widespread critical acclaim for her debut solo album of American art song, *Confessions*. Her discography also includes *The Parting* by Tom Cipullo, *Times Alone* (James Matheson), *The Vineyard Songs* (Glen Roven), *Edna St. Vincent Millay* (Jake Heggie), and *Of a Certain Age* (Tom Cipullo). A Chicago native, Ms. Strickling currently makes her home in St. Thomas, U. S. Virgin Islands. www.laurastrickling.com

Known for her “rich character portrayals” and “versatile voice,” mezzo-soprano **Megan Roth** enjoys a varied career performing opera, oratorio, art song, and chamber music, with repertoire spanning from early to contemporary music. Most recently, Megan “smoldered” in the role of Tisbe in *La Cenerentola* with Boston Midsummer Opera, receiving accolades as she “...vamped about with sufficient trashy glitter, bringing the angry coloratura across the footlights with comic menace.” In June 2021, Megan performed in the company’s first post-pandemic live performance as Despina in excerpts of *Così fan tutte*, along with other scenes and arias. Additional roles include Rosina in *Il barbiere di Siviglia* with Summer Garden Opera in Virginia and in *Little Women* with MassOpera, where she was praised for her “warm and sonically sumptuous Meg.” Other notable engagements include soloist in Copland’s *In the Beginning* with Vox Humana in Dallas, Texas, Handel’s *Messiah* with the Rhode Island Civic Chorale and Orchestra, and *Dixit Dominus* with the Metropolitan Chorale.

As an active chamber musician, Megan performs with several renowned national ensembles including the GRAMMY® winning ensemble Conspirare out of Austin, Texas, GRAMMY® nominated Skylark Vocal Ensemble and True Concord, and Yale Choral Artists. Megan belongs to Beyond Artists, a coalition of artists that donates a portion of their concert fee to organizations they care about. She supports NYC Second Chance Rescue and The Bail Project through her performances. www.meganroth.com

Described by *Opera News* as “accomplished, stylistically informed,” and “sonorous,” baritone **Edward Vogel** possesses a diverse repertoire spanning over ten centuries. Recent solo performances have included Brahms’s *Ein deutsches Requiem* and Handel’s *Messiah* with Grammy-nominated True Concord Voices and Orchestra; Hanns Eisler’s *Ernste Gesänge* with the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra; Bach cantatas under the batons of Masaaki Suzuki and John Harbison; and the world premiere of David Lang’s *the writings* with Paul Hiller’s Theatre of Voices at Carnegie Hall. In 2019 he made his international solo debut in Bach’s *Mass in G Major* at Snape Maltings, UK, under the direction of Philippe Herreweghe. In the 2021-2022 concert season, Edward looks forward to solo engagements with True Concord, the renowned Bach Vespers at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church in New York, and his solo debut with Grammy-winning baroque orchestra Apollo’s Fire.

An avid recitalist, Edward finds passion in delivering sensitive, intimate performances of both art song and genres that go beyond the traditional classical canon. A two-time Vocal Fellow at the Tanglewood Music Center, he has honed his craft by coaching with champions of art song including Dawn Upshaw, Roger Vignoles, and the late Sanford Sylvan. His musical interests have also led to engaging and diverse recitals of songs from medieval Iberia and the American sacred folk music tradition. More recently, Edward has made his recital debut with the Boston Art Song Society in a program of Mahler, and he looks forward to making his debut with Boston-based art song presenter Calliope’s Call in the spring of 2022. www.edwardvogelmusic.com

Admired for his “distinguished, disarming” tone (Rochester City News), bass **Michael Galvin** is establishing himself as a young bass of notable talent. Now residing in Boston, Michael’s diverse musical interests have him performing often as both a solo and ensemble singer. In June 2019, Michael joined the Boston Early Music Festival as a Young Artist, where he performed the role of Zoroastro in Handel’s *Orlando*. Also in 2019, Michael was seen as the Giant in John Davies’ *Jack and the Beanstalk* with Finger Lakes Opera. During his time at the Eastman School of Music, Michael was seen as Leporello in Eastman Opera Theater’s production of *Don Giovanni*. Other EOT credits include Seneca in *L’incoronazione di Poppea* and Bass Voice in Ricky Ian Gordon’s *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

2020 engagements cancelled due to the COVID-19 pandemic were set to celebrate Michael’s interests in art song and chamber music. Featured concerts included works of Bach with the Norwottuck Chamber Orchestra in Easthampton, MA as well as a recital at the Marilyn Horne Institute in Bradford, PA.

Michael was a finalist in the 2021 Opera Connecticut Opera Idol competition, where he received a dedicated Judge’s Encouragement Award. This Fall, Michael will join the roster of Moon River Opera, a singer-led organization dedicated to bringing accessible and updated operatic content across digital platforms.

Julia Scott Carey is the Minister of Music at the Central Square Congregational Church in Bridgewater, where she leads the adult and children’s choirs from the keyboard. She is one of the accompanists for the Tanglewood Festival Chorus and the Boston Symphony Children’s Choir. She also serves as the accompanist for the Metropolitan Chorale, the Dedham Choral Society, the Boston College University Chorale, and the Boston Saengerfest Men’s Chorus. Julia teaches musicianship at the Suzuki School in Newton. She is also a founder and core ensemble member of Juventas New Music Ensemble.

As a composer, her orchestral works have been performed by numerous orchestras, including the Boston Symphony and the Boston Pops, and have been broadcast on national TV and radio in the U.S. and in Russia. She was the youngest composer ever published by the Theodore Presser Company. She was also chosen to arrange a folk song for Yo-Yo Ma and Lynn Chang to play at Deval Patrick’s inaugural ball.

Julia Scott Carey received a master’s degree in composition from the Harvard-New England Conservatory joint degree program, as well as a master’s degree in collaborative piano from Boston University.

Calliope's Call

2020-2021 Donors

We would like to thank the following people whose financial contributions make these concerts possible.
Reflects donations received from August 2020 through July 2021.

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Barcelona Wine Bar*

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