

FOUNDATION FOR THE REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL CULTURE *presents*

TRIBUTE TO
SYLVIA OLDEN LEE
MASTER MUSICIAN AND TEACHER

Organized in collaboration with
THE SCHILLER INSTITUTE & HARLEM OPERA THEATER

COMMEMORATIVE PROGRAM



PHOTO CREDIT: AL FUCHS

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 2017
A CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
CARNEGIE HALL

STERN AUDITORIUM / PERELMAN STAGE

Sylvia: “Listen to the Words”

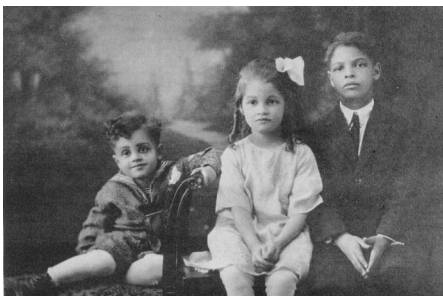
“I don’t feel that my approach as a vocal coach of interpretation is unique. But I probably am unique in beating the devil out of singers to help them create an interpretation meant to be closest to the composer’s intention for his opera, oratorio, lied, chanson, or song.” Sylvia Olden Lee could demand and elicit a caliber of musical and intellectual excellence from singers that other teachers could not, because she demanded the same excellence from herself. Here is some of the advice she offered, as recorded by author Elizabeth Nash in her book, *The Memoirs of Sylvia Olden Lee, Premier African-American Classical Vocal Coach: Who Is Sylvia*:

“Try setting your alarm at 6:15. Don’t get out of bed. Don’t go to the bathroom. Reach for your score and open it. Don’t make a sound. Read it as you would a novel and put yourself in the place of the character. Try to acquire most of your artistic knowledge in quietness. It is your duty as a singer to know everything on the page except the printer’s mark at the bottom. For an opera, singers should be familiar with the libretto and its source, whether it’s Shakespeare or Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. It’s not enough to know that Gounod wrote *Faust*. Who wrote the original story? They don’t have to be authorities on the composer’s and dramatic or literary author’s lives. But they should at least know the author’s intention and what prompted the composer to set this text to music.... For a song, singers should know who wrote the poem. It must be superb, since the composer decided it was worthy of being set to music.... Initially, the singers should look up the poet’s life and read one other of his works, so as to take on his mantle. Then they should sit and silently study their song’s poem. Next, they should say it aloud to discover the rhythms and words to be accented. If you take the tune away, some singers can’t do the song. That’s why I insist: ‘Learn the text first!’ Mr. Rudolf stated: ‘Both Beethoven and Verdi, never having written literary texts in their lives, said on their death beds: Pay attention to the words.’ They really could have said: ‘Pay attention to the thoughts.’... Singers can hold their scores if they must, but there’s got to be some interpretation there! When teaching German lieder, Gerhard Hüsch insisted that his students speak the lyrics as dramatic monologues before singing them.... But no one can put the meaning in your head. You have to bring it out of yourself!”

A CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF SYLVIA OLDEN LEE

A Biographical Retrospective

Any centennial celebration of the life of Sylvia Olden Lee must be a retrospective of her origin, her education, her work, her influence, and the lives she touched. Although she loved the phrase, “born as the granddaughter of slaves,” Sylvia Olden was born into a privileged family in Meridian, Mississippi on June 29, 1917.



Sylvia at age 6, with her elder brother James Clarence Olden, and younger brother Georg Elliott Olden.

Her father, James Olden, a Minister, and her mother, Sylvia Ward, were both graduates of Fisk University where her father had been a tenor in the Fisk Quartet with Roland Hayes, and her mother, a singer of such excellence that she was offered a contract at the Metropolitan Opera in 1913 if she would pass as white. Little Sylvia proved to be a prodigy, accompanying her parents by the age of 8 and playing in concerts from the age of 10. Her precocity attracted the attention of many in high places and she was invited to play at the White House for President Roosevelt’s first inauguration, and later by Mrs. Roosevelt in 1942. After two years at Howard Uni-

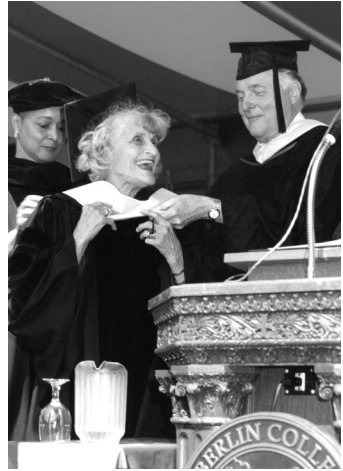


versity, Ms. Olden was offered, and accepted, a full scholarship to Oberlin Conservatory from which she graduated with honors in 1938 with a major in piano performance. Her musical and linguistic abilities were further developed by a Fulbright Scholarship for study at the Santa Cecilia Academia in Rome, seven years in Germany during which she studied and performed *Lieder* and opera, and seven years in Sweden where she coached and performed with her husband, violinist and conductor, Everett Lee.

Before moving to Europe in 1956, Sylvia taught at Talladega College, Dillard University, and Howard University; toured the southern states with singer Paul Robeson; and accompanied singers in the voice studios of Elisabeth Schumann, Eva Gautier, Konrad Bos, Rosalie Miller, Fritz Lehmann and many others. She coached singers for New York City Opera, the Tanglewood Festival, and in 1954, became the first African American on the coaching staff of the Metropolitan Opera as a Kathryn Tourney Long Scholar. It is to her activist intervention with Max Rudolph and Rudolph Bing that we attribute the debut of Marian Anderson

as the first of her race to sing from the Metropolitan Opera stage. This opened the door for Robert McFerrin, Leontyne Price and all who followed. In 1970, Mrs. Lee returned to Philadelphia to join the faculty of the Curtis Institute as a Vocal Coach, a position she would hold until 1990. She coached the singers for the Metropolitan Opera Premiere of *Porgy and Bess*, for the Russian production of the same opera, and for the Carnegie Hall “Spirituals in Concert” with James Levine.

Sylvia Lee’s influence can best be measured by the principal singers she has worked with. A greatly abbreviated list would include scores of emerging artists at the institutions of higher education, at the Metropolitan Opera, New York City Opera and at Curtis, as well as a bevy of stars including Kathleen Battle, Jessye Norman, Marian Anderson, Robert McFerrin, Grace Bumbry, and Simon Estes. While much of her work involved coaching and playing the standard Classical operatic and art song repertoire, her long association with the Schiller Institute took her to many colleges and universities to conduct master classes on the African American Spiritual, alone, and with William Warfield. One year before her death on April 10, 2004, Oberlin Conservatory conferred upon her an Honorary Doctor of Music Degree.



Sylvia receiving Honorary Doctorate from Oberlin College in 2003

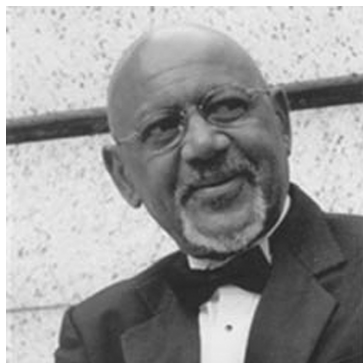
— Dr. Eugene Thamon Simpson

**A Special Thank You to the Artists
Who Are Contributing Their Talents**



RICHARD ALSTON

Piano



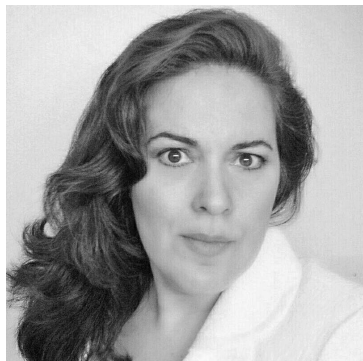
ROLAND CARTER

Director



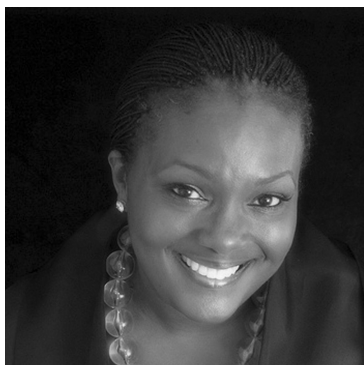
OSCEOLA DAVIS

Soprano



ROSA D'IMPERIO

Soprano



PATRICE P. EATON

Mezzo-soprano



SIMON ESTES

Bass-baritone



ELVIRA GREEN

Mezzo-soprano



GREGORY HOPKINS

Tenor; Piano



SHEILA HARRIS JACKSON

Soprano



JEREMY JORDAN

Piano



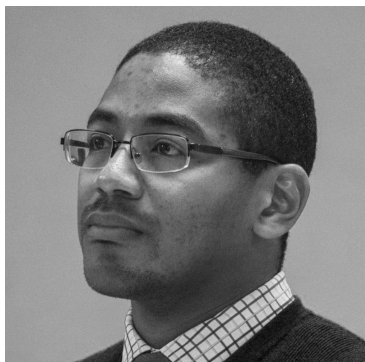
DAVID ANTONY LOFTON

Piano



INDIRA MAHAJAN

Soprano



FRANK MATHIS

Baritone



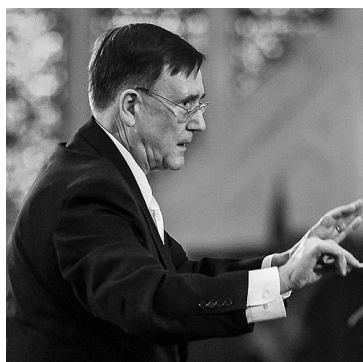
DIANE SARE

Director



KEVIN SHORT

Bass-baritone



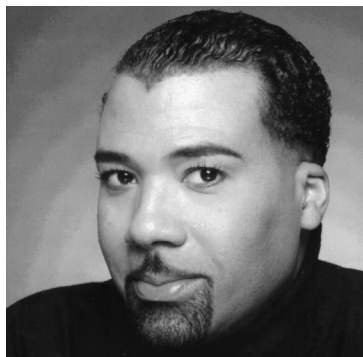
JOHN SIGERSON

Director



ROBERT SIMS

Baritone



EVERETT SUTTLE

Tenor

Tributes

Who is Sylvia, what is she?" the first words of song by Schubert that I sang in English as a child. Of course, I could not have known that I would find my way to a real, live Sylvia who would have such a tremendous impact on my singing life and far beyond. What was she, you might ask? Well, to begin, she was a consummate musician devoted to the support and the fostering of the professional preparation of more singers than one can count. She was the energetic, challenging cheerleader who wanted more than anything else that we should dream as high as the sky and work towards that goal with all our might. Sylvia had more repertoire at her fingertips than others would ever learn!

She was there when I, a twenty-two year old won the first prize in Munich and a year later, there she was in Berlin when I would step onto a professional opera stage for the very first time.

Oh, yes; did I mention that I first met her when a student at Howard University at age 17? Indeed, our history together was a long and wonderful one leading all the way to the Spirituals concert at Carnegie Hall and that terrific duet that she found for Kathleen Battle and myself, "Scandalize My Name." A great moment of levity within the honor offered the ancestors on that beautiful Sunday afternoon. We were all honored to celebrate this unique heritage.

Indeed, that particular concert could hardly have taken place without her guidance and unlimited enthusiasm.

Sylvia lives on through every note that is sung by those who had the privilege of her tutelage and every recollection that springs to mind of her generous spirit and wide open heart. She lives!

Jessye Norman
Opera singer

In my more than sixty-five years of performing and teaching vocal music, I had never encountered a person of such comprehensive wisdom on the art of singing opera, African American Spirituals and Art Songs as Ms. Sylvia Lee, nor one so unique and ingenious in the teaching and accompanying these genres of vocal music as she!! My acquaintance with Sylvia and her husband Everett began in New York City on the occasion of the convention of The National Association of Negro Musicians, during which Everett served as the conductor of a performance of the Opera *Aida*. One of my former students—Clyde Walker—performed a baritone role for that performance, and Sylvia presented one of her many master classes in the singing of Negro Spirituals. That acquaintanceship progressed for more than sixty years through my taking coaching lessons with her; my inviting her and Everett to the University of Michigan School of Music; and to The National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan to spread her expertise and wisdom in vocal performance in those locations. It is no exaggeration for me to say she exerted a strong influence in my singing and teaching that was the equal of all of my learning experiences in music! For all of that I will be forever grateful!!

Willis Charles Patterson,

Bass-baritone, editor, music arranger, and professor emeritus and longtime Associate Dean of the University of Michigan School of Music, Theatre & Dance; Fulbright Scholar; winner of the Marian Anderson Award; past-president, National Association of Negro Musicians; past executive secretary, National Black Music Caucus

ENCOMIUM FOR SYLVIA

Sylvia Lee was, without a doubt, a musical miracle blessed with a pianistic facility and musical memory that knew no limits. Her ability to sit at the piano and play countless art songs and operatic arias from memory was stupefying. The rigor of her legendary tuition was branded indelibly upon the psyche of those fortunate enough to learn from her.

“Miss Sylvia” brooked no lackadaisical approach to gaining ownership of song literature. Her punctilious method for learning was true to her perfectionist spirit, and woe to the soul for whom that level of demand proved uncomfortable! She well knew the expectations for one —especially one of darker hue—who aspires to the professional level of vocal performance in the realm of “non-popular” music. Her determination to ensure that, to the greatest extent possible, those aspirants with whom she worked would respect and meet or exceed those expectations to the best of their ability was the gold standard that bespoke her immense value.

There will *never* be another Sylvia Lee, for she was truly distinctive. Those of us blessed to have been in her aura will remain enriched by her influence and unforgettable personality for the rest of our days.

Happy 100th Birthday, Sylvia!

With love,
George

George I. Shirley

*The J. Edgar Maddy Distinguished University Emeritus Professor of Music (Voice),
University of Michigan School of Music, Theatre & Dance*

I shall never forget her fearlessness and musical competence which she demonstrated at the Hall Johnson Centennial Festival which I produced at Rowan University (then Glassboro State College) in 1988. It was a three-day retrospective of the life and works of Hall Johnson that featured headliners Jester Hairston, William Warfield, Leonard De Paur, D. Antoinette Handy, three choral concerts, and five solo recitals of Hall Johnson’s music. One day before the festival was to begin, John Motley, former accompanist for Marian Anderson, who was scheduled to play for John Morrison (then tenor soloist at Riverside Church), and Dr. Blanche Foreman (a former pupil of mine who was then on the faculty at Vassar), cancelled for personal reasons. Morrison’s recital was of Hall Johnson’s original art songs, and Foreman’s of familiar Spirituals. Without batting an eye, Sylvia, who had been hired to play recitals for Gregory Hopkins and Barbara Dever, stepped in, and with only a single rehearsal, played John Morrison’s recital admirably and to the enthusiastic acclaim of the audience. I played Dr. Foreman’s recital which also delighted the audience. Both performances are preserved on the 4-CD Album, *The Best of the Hall Johnson Centennial Festival*. I shall forever be grateful to her for her help in rescuing the festival and for her contribution to the performances of those rarely heard, and not previously recorded, works.

“Thank you, Sylvia.” You live on in our memory and in these performances.

Eugene Thamon Simpson, Ed.D.

Founding Curator of The Hall Johnson Collection; Professor emeritus of Voice and Choral Literature at Rowan University of New Jersey

A Tribute to Sylvia Olden Lee

I would like to thank the Foundation for the Revival of Classical Culture, the Harlem Opera Theater and the Schiller Institute for this tribute to my mother Sylvia Olden Lee (I called her “Moah”). Needless to say, Moah was a strong influence on Eve and me, and instilled in us manners, independence, respect for others and to treat others as you would want to be treated. She and Dad set the parenting model for me in my raising of my two, now grown, daughters.

I can remember where she was never stumped or challenged in any way in coaching her students, and she demanded that whether it was the aria, *Lied* or song it was to be sung with the appropriate, or called for, expression, articulation and emotion in delivering the message.

The most obvious characteristics of Moah, that were her makeup, was her enthusiasm, musical knowledge and experience, which was instrumental in, and contributed to, her being able to communicate to her students on how to present the work properly. And further, that makeup allowed her to pull the very best out of her students, to include their confidence, inner strength, delivery and performance.

The part of Moah that amazed me the most was the amount of arias she knew from memory, and could play them on the piano in any key to accommodate a singer's throat that was stressed. She never stopped learning and studying, with one or more dictionaries within reach for translation, meaning or interpretation. I do also recall constant crossword puzzles being worked and completed in record speed, including the challenging *New York Times* puzzles.

Again, thank you for this tribute.

Everett Lee III

Son of Sylvia Olden Lee and Everett Lee

My godmother, Sylvia was an uncompromising, no nonsense, musician's musician with boundless energy, whose source came from the heavenly and her love for the divine art. She was a great teacher but always recognized the importance of maintaining the attitude of a student ...always learning... always entering each new piece as if embarking on a great adventure with the excitement of a little child. She was an accompanist non-parallel, many times playing for my father in that role. She was extraordinarily gifted and made her presence known the moment she entered a room, prompting those of us so inclined to stand as if for royalty. She will be truly missed. Dearest godmother, I love you. I miss you. Play something for me, for us. We're listening.

Bobby McFerrin

American jazz vocalist and conductor, Sylvia Olden Lee's godson



Minister Louis Farrakhan

NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE HONORABLE ELIJAH MUHAMMAD
AND
THE NATION OF ISLAM

IN THE NAME OF ALLAH, THE BENEFICENT, THE MERCIFUL.

June 29, 2017

Sylvia Olden Lee was the greatest influence in my return to the study of the violin after forty-two years of no formal training.

As a youngster, I hoped to become a great violinist but my life took another course and I gave up my violin for my Ministry.

I met Sylvia Olden Lee in the late 1980's and invited her and Elvira Green to have dinner with me. Later that evening, I got my violin and began to play part of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and Ms. Lee went to the piano to accompany me.

She later arranged an invitation from the National Association of Negro Musicians, of which she was a member, for me to play my violin with her accompanying me at their National Convention.

Ms. Lee encouraged me to "seriously" play my violin again, so I hired a teacher and renewed my musical journey.

I might not have publicly performed the Mendelssohn and Beethoven Violin Concertos after 60 years of age nor produced an album which features a song written by Adolphus Hailstork in honor of Ms. Sylvia Olden Lee titled, "Who is Sylvia?" were it not for her.

This marvelous human being celebrated her blackness and encouraged many youth in the arts and mentored black artists who performed with the Metropolitan Opera.

My love, respect and deep appreciation for her is limitless. In the twilight years of my life, I will carry her in my heart to my last breath.

I feel greatly honored to be among those who are paying tribute to this extraordinary woman, a gift from Allah (God) to us and humanity.

With Profound Respect,

The Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan
Servant to the Lost-Found
Nation of Islam in the West

HMLF/km

I first heard of Sylvia after leaving the Army in 1945. One of my music teachers suggested that I transfer to Oberlin, "one of the best music conservatories in the country." She thought it would be appropriate, given Sylvia Olden Lee's experience there. Sylvia was so talented that the president of the Conservatory took personal initiative to teach her. Sylvia graduated a number of years before my arrival at Oberlin, but based on what I heard, she (despite being young) seemed like a folk hero.

In 1956, I went to Europe to sing opera because, due to racism, desirable roles were inaccessible in the U.S. After a brief period, I heard of Sylvia's presence in Germany. I met Sylvia in person for the first time through an American effort to restore U.S.-German relations via a series of concerts organized by "America House." These concerts would take us all over Europe. In our initial meeting, we both took delight at our common attachments through Oberlin College. We became good friends, and she lived up to every bit of her reputation. I found her to be a highly intuitive, sensitive, and intelligent musician.

After twenty-five years in Germany, I accepted a position in the U.S. teaching voice at the Peabody Conservatory. After retiring from Peabody in 1992, I became chair of the voice faculty at Howard University. One of my first missions was to find a professor to serve as an accompanist and vocal coach. Sylvia came immediately to mind. It was obvious that she was the very best in the country. We worked together at Howard for many years before retiring around the same time. Our friendship grew and so did my deep appreciation of her superb talent as a musician and a human being.

William Ray

Opera and concert Singer; Actor (20 films in Germany); Former Professor/Voice teacher, Peabody Conservatory (Johns Hopkins); Former Chairman, Voice Department of Howard University

In the spring of 2003, members of the Oberlin Conservatory Black Musicians' Guild (OCBMG), invited Dr. Sylvia Olden Lee to offer a master class for its members. Our expectation was that she would arrive in town, complete the master class, and return to Philadelphia. We were completely wrong! From the moment we picked her up from the airport, she was *active* with students. Dr. Lee attended every recital scheduled during her visit, insisted on providing coachings in practice rooms to any student who wanted them (accompanying anything from memory) and commanded group presence during meals to discuss the joys and challenges of the industry. That spring was the first time that she had been invited back to her alma mater since her own graduation in 1938, which propelled OCBMG students to pursue her receipt of a well deserved and overdue honorary doctorate. The request was submitted to the Office of the President and she became, as she said, "Dr. Syl!" that May, to rousing applause. In the bounty of wisdom that she shared, we all remember three things in particular about her mentorship: that it is imperative to perform from the heart, that nothing compares to the pride of being black, and that *we* belonged in classical music.

Marti Newland, Ph.D.

Soprano; co-founder, Oberlin Conservatory Black Musicians Guild; co-founder, Harry T. Burleigh Society; Lecturer in Music, Columbia University

Sylvia Olden Lee, was one of those absolutely outstanding artists, who are capable to crystallize for her many pupils and people she inspired, the essence of a piece of music, the true idea, only accessible to those individuals, who can read the intention of the poet and the composer. She implanted in many minds throughout her life the knowledge in her students, how the artist, the singer, the instrumentalist steps modestly behind the composition, but at the same time adds his or her ennobled individuality to the performance, to make it both unique and absolutely truthful.

In doing that, she was always playful, polemical, full of humor, profound, loving and with a disarming openness, and by representing all of these characteristics, she would liberate her students, as well as the audience out of their normal un-elevated condition to the higher plane of true art. She was able like only a few, to let her surrounding participate directly in the creative process, in the diligent work of the kind of perfection it takes, to actually produce art, and not just nice sounds.

The afternoons and evenings she would participate in *Musikabende* or coaching sessions in our place in Virginia, together with William Warfield, Robert McFerrin and numerous other classical artists, belong to the fondest memories for my husband, Lyndon LaRouche and myself. Sylvia and Bill were for many years on the board of the Schiller Institute and added an invaluable treasure to its work.

In thinking about Sylvia, one suddenly wishes she would be still here, since what she taught is so very needed for our humanity.

Helga Zepp-LaRouche

Founder and Chairwoman, Schiller Institute

Who Is Silvia?

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring

William Shakespeare

Dear Friends,

My office proudly celebrates the monumental achievements of **Sylvia Olden Lee**. Ms. Lee at age 16, in March 1933, played for the first inauguration of President Franklin Roosevelt at the White House. Ms. Lee was one of the first women, as well as the first African-American professional, employed by the Metropolitan Opera, beginning in 1954, as a vocal coach. Ms. Lee was instrumental in bringing the great Marian Anderson to sing at the Met in 1955. Ms. Lee worked with world-acclaimed singers including: Elizabeth Schumann, Paul Robeson, Gerhard Husch, William Warfield, George Shirley, Jessye Norman, and Kathleen Battle.

Sylvia Olden Lee's most enduring achievement, however, was her sixty-plus years' record of teaching, in which she displayed an energetic, enthusiastic, and enduring life-long passion and commitment to a better future for all mankind. Her teaching was unique. Its effect echoes in the voices and minds of many today. Her desire was to lift the human spirit through music, to cause us to realize, as she said, often, that "we are all one human race," and that universal harmony was the natural condition of humanity.

Sincerely,



Jesse E. Hamilton
New York State Senator
20th District

TO CELEBRATE SYLVIA OLDEN LEE is to celebrate the best of our national heritage—great voices, great teachers, great performers of Classical music who transcended bigotry, enhanced democracy, enlarged our capacities and heartened our lives. From Eleanor Roosevelt's White House invitations to African-American artists Sylvia Olden Lee and Marian Anderson in the 1930s to Sylvia Olden Lee's work with the Metropolitan Opera in the 1950s, which involved Marian Anderson's pioneering performance at the Metropolitan Opera, followed by Leontyne Price, Kathleen Battle, Jessye Norman—to our contemporary moment when students of music are introduced to this splendid heritage by the Foundation for the Revival of Classical Culture—there is so much to learn, so much to celebrate. Everyone concerned about the future of democracy and our cultural heritage will want to attend this concert, and support this generative, inspiring, most important Foundation.

Blanche Wiesen Cook

Distinguished Professor of History at John Jay College and the Graduate Center, City University of New York; author of the award winning three volume biography of Eleanor Roosevelt, completed in 2016. Her previous publications include The Declassified Eisenhower, listed by The New York Times Book Review as one of the notable books of 1981.

Sylvia Olden Lee, a brilliant interpreter of vocal music, possessed artistic acuity. She was brutally honest, humorous, forthright, and cut to the chase leaving an indelible impression upon me and my students. Her work, as outlined in Project SYLVIA, completely changed my approach to learning, interpreting and teaching music. Working with her, I experienced a new depth of understanding and the freedom of being an artist. This was so much more than being a singer with a trained voice and good musicianship.

Sylvia taught the beauty of the voice has little value without the spirit and honesty of the message. She would say, "Audiences lose interest in a beautiful voice after about 10 seconds, if the voice isn't saying anything."

My first encounter with Sylvia was at an audition; she was the accompanist. I, new to auditioning, had no idea who she was. When I handed her my two selections, she said she didn't need "Caro nome" as she had been playing it since Verdi wrote it. She openly questioned the appropriateness of the second selection for my voice and began to coach me. I, stunned, somehow maintained composure and internalized the value of her work. I sought future opportunities to work with her. Throughout the years I traveled to her to do so. She was generous with her time and even came, on multiple occasions, at her own expense to Florida to work with my students.

We are forever grateful. This world could still benefit from her teachings.

Gail Robinson-Oturu, Ph.D.

Soprano; Professor of Music, Austin Peay State University, Clarksville, TN

I met Mrs. Lee when she came to Boston visiting Roland Hayes in the early 1970's to be coached in the "art" of the Negro Spiritual. It was amazing listening to them each at a piano, perform "Lit'l Boy" and "Round about de Mountain."

In February 1996, Afrika Hayes asked me to pick-up Mrs. Lee at Logan Airport. That night the Boston Symphony Orchestra, would celebrate Roland Hayes life. Mrs. Lee was there to represent her father who had been in the *Fisk Jubilee Singers* with Hayes. Lee, then believed she had been able to open doors for people of color with soprano, alto, baritone and bass voices. However, there were still barriers in the classical world for men with tenor voices.

From 1997-2000, I worked with Lee on the project entitled: *Sylvia Olden Lee's Moor Tenors*. The sponsoring committee chaired by Dr. Maya Angelou and concert narrator/host Dr. William Warfield. The tenors: Gregory Hopkins, Reed Williams, Mel Foster; Larry Thomas and accompanist Robert Ridgell, all gifted musicians.

The project debuted in Salt Lake City in the 2000 Madeleine Festival. Deseret News music critic Edward Reichel wrote: "Moor Tenors imbue pieces with intensity and elegance. The concert showcasing the talents of ... gifted singers ... honoring the career of Sylvia Olden Lee, 83, has spent a lifetime breaking down barriers and promoting classically trained black singers ... as coach, teacher, and accompanist."

I am grateful to Mrs. Lee for her friendship; for sharing her love of music and wisdom with me. She was an "angel" and I miss her energy and spirit!

Marian Dora L. Howe-Taylor, M.A.

Manager, Special Projects, Salt Lake City Community College School of Arts, Communication & Media, South City Campus

Sylvia Through the Years



Sylvia Alice Ward Olden, Sylvia's mother, gifted soprano and pianist



Reverend James Clarence Olden, Sylvia's father, member of the legendary Fisk University Quartet which included Roland Hayes



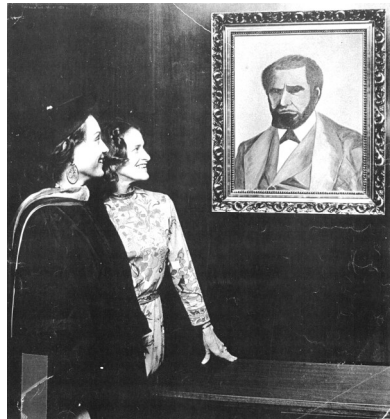
Sylvia's graduation from Oberlin in 1938, with her mother and her teacher William Duncan Allen



Everett Lee performs the violin in his Tuskegee Airmen uniform in 1943. (Courtesy of Everett A. Lee III)



Lee Family at their home in Harlem (circa 1949)



Sylvia with Daughter Eve Lee, after receiving doctoral degree from Vanderbilt University, looking up at Sylvia's grandfather Rev. Nelson Murray (1974)



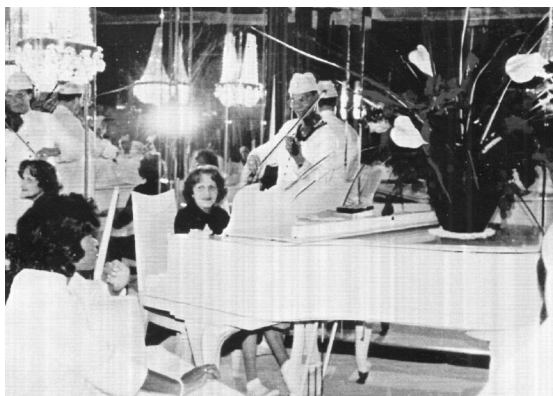
Sylvia with Roland Hayes



Sylvia with Robert McFerrin, first African-American male artist to perform at the Metropolitan Opera



Sylvia with her dear friend civil rights heroine Amelia Boynton Robinson



Sylvia accompanying Minister Louis Farrakhan



Gregory Hopkins and Sylvia



William Warfield, Sylvia Olden Lee, and George Shirley, May 28, 1994 "For a National Conservatory of Music Movement" Conference at Howard University



Sylvia in the 1990s



Sylvia at the piano with (L to R) William Warfield, Dorceal Duckens and Dennis Speed



Master class for young singers with Sylvia, William Warfield and George Shirley (in audience) at "For a National Conservatory of Music Movement" conference in 1994

A Special Thank You to:

Carmela and Leonard Altamura

Reba Beeson

Jane Bloomer

John Carley

Ann De Gennaro

El Paso Mexican Restaurant,
E. Harlem, NY

Eric Leberson

Madonia Bakery, Bronx, NY

Dr. Robert Maher

Mario's Restaurant, Bronx, NY

Kathy & Charles Notley

Thomas O'Malley

Pasquale's Rigoletto Restaurant,
Bronx, NY

Peter's Meat Market, Bronx, NY

Carol Slade

Sandra Smith

Teitel Brothers Wholesale Grocery,
Bronx, NY

Thomas Refrigeration and Air Condi-
tioning Service Company Inc.

Tina Tilman

Douglas & Johanna Westmoreland

Richard Wright

Text Translations

Ritorna vincitor!

(Giuseppe Verdi: *Aida*)

Ritorna vincitor!
E dal mio labbro uscì l'empia parola!
Vincitor del padre mio di lui
Che impugna l'armi per me
Per ridonarmi una patria,
Una reggia e il nome illustre
Che qui celar m'è forza!
Vincitor de' miei fratelli ond'io lo vegga,
Tinto del sangue amato,
Trionfar nel plauso dell'Egizie coorti!
E dietro il carro,
Un Re, mio padre di catene avvinto!

L'insana parola o Numi sperdete!
Al seno d'un padre la figlia rendete,
Struggete le squadre dei nostri oppressor!
Ah! sventurata! Che dissi?
E l'amor mio?
Dunque scordar poss'io questo fervido amore
Che, oppressa e schiava,
Come raggio di sol qui mi beava?
Imprecherò la morte a Radamès
a lui ch'amo pur tanto!

Ah! non fu interra mai da più crudeli
Angosce un core affranto!
I sacri nomi di padre d'amante,
Nè profferir poss'io nè ricordar
Per l'un per l'altro confusa tremante
Io piangere vorrei pregar.
Ma la mia prece in bestemmia si muta
Delitto è il pianto a me colpa il sospir
In notte cupa la mente è perduta
E nell'ansia crudel vorrei morir
Numi, pietà del mio soffrir!
Speme non v'ha pel mio dolor
Amor fatal tremendo amore
Spezzami il cor, fammi morir!

Ella giammai m'amò!

(Giuseppe Verdi: *Don Carlo*)

Ella giammai m'amò!
No, quel cor chiuso è a me,
amor per me non ha!
Io la rivedo ancor
contemprar triste in volto
il mio crin bianco il dì
che qui di Francia venne.
No, amor per me non ha,
Dove son?... Quei doppiere
presso a finir!... L'aurora imbianca
il mio veron!
Già spunta il dì! passar veggo
i miei giorni lenti!
Il sonno, o Dio! spari
dai miei occhi languenti!

Return a conqueror!

(Giuseppe Verdi: *Aida*)

Return a conqueror!
And from my lips came the impious word!
Conqueror of my father,
of him who takes up arms for me
to give me back a country,
a kingdom, and the illustrious name
which here I am forced to conceal!
Conqueror of my brothers... whence I might see
him, stained with cherished blood,
triumph in the acclamation of the Egyptian cohorts!
And behind his chariot,
a king, my father bound in chains!

Oh Heavens, wipe out the insane word!
To a father's breast restore his daughter;
destroy the squadrons of our oppressor!
Ah! - Wretched one! What did I say?
And my love?
Can I then forget this ardent love which, like a shaft
of sunlight, made my lot here happy although I am
captive and a slave?
Shall I call down death upon Radamès,
upon him whom I love so much!

Ah! never on earth did
anguish more cruel rend a heart!
The sacred names of father, of lover,
I cannot utter, nor yet recall.
For the one ... for the other ... confused, trembling,
I would weep, I would pray.
But my prayer changes to a curse...
For me tears are a crime, sighs a fault...
In dark night my soul is lost,
and in this cruel anguish I would die.
Oh Heavens, have pity on my suffering!
There is no hope for my sorrow.
Fatal love, terrible love,
break my heart, make me die!

She never loved me!

(Giuseppe Verdi: *Don Carlo*)

She never loved me!
No, her heart is closed to me,
she doesn't love me!
I still recall
how sad she looked
when she saw my white hair
the day she arrived from France.
No, she does not love me,
Where am I? Those candles
about to die! Dawn whitens
my balcony!
The day has begun! I see
my days slowly draw out!
Sleep, oh God! vanished
from my languishing eyes!

Dormirò sol nel manto mio regal
quando la mia giornata
è giunta a sera,
dormirò sol sotto la volta nera,
là, nell' avello dell' Escorial.
Se il serto regal a me
desse il poter
di leggere nei cor,
che Dio può sol veder!...
Se dorme il prence,
veglia il traditore;
il serto perde il re,
il consorte l'onore!

Il Grand'Inquisitor! –
Nell'ispano suol mai l'eresia dominò
(Giuseppe Verdi: *Don Carlo*)

IL CONTE DI LERMA
Il Grande Inquisitor!

L'INQUISITORE
Son io dinanzi al Re...?

FILIPPO
Sì; vi feci chiamar, mio padre!
In dubbio io son,
Carlo mi colma il cor
d'una tristezza amara.
L'infante è a me ribelle,
Armossi contro il padre.

L'INQUISITORE
Qual mezzo per punir scegli tu?

FILIPPO
Mezzo estremo.

L'INQUISITORE
Noto mi sial!

FILIPPO
Che fugga ... che la scure ...

L'INQUISITORE
Ebbene?

FILIPPO
Se il figlio a morte invio, M'assolve la tua mano?

L'INQUISITORE
La pace dell'impero i di val d'un ribelle,

FILIPPO
Posso il figlio immolar al mondo io cristian?

L'INQUISITORE
Per riscattarci Iddio il suo sacrificò.

FILIPPO
Ma tu puoi dar vigor a legge sì severa?

I will sleep alone, wrapped up in my regal
mantle when my day
has come to an end,
I will sleep alone under the dark vault
there, in the tomb in the Escorial.
If the royal crown
could give me the power
to read into the hearts
that only God can see!...
If the Prince sleeps,
the traitor is awake;
the King loses the crown
and the husband his honour!

The Grand Inquisitor! –
In this beautiful land, untainted by heresy
(Giuseppe Verdi: *Don Carlo*)

COUNT LERMA
The Grand Inquisitor!

INQUISITOR
Am I before the King?

PHILIP
Yes, I need your help, my father,
enlighten me.
Carlos has filled my heart
with bitter sadness,
the Infante has rebelled
in arms against his father.

INQUISITOR
What have you decided to do about him?

PHILIP
Everything ... or nothing!

INQUISITOR
Explain yourself!

PHILIP
He must go away ... or by the sword ...

INQUISITOR
Well then?

PHILIP
If I strike down the Infante, will your hand absolve
me?

INQUISITOR
The peace of the world is worth the blood of a son.

PHILIP
Can I as a Christian sacrifice my son to the world?

INQUISITOR
God sacrificed his own, to save us all.

PHILIP
Can you justify in all cases such a harsh faith?

L'INQUISITORE
Ovunque avrà vigor, se sul Calvario l'ebbe.

FILIPPO
La natura, l'amor tacer potranno in me?

L'INQUISITORE
Tutto tacer dovrà per esaltar la fè.

FILIPPO
Stà ben.

L'INQUISITORE
Non vuol il Re su d'altro interrogarmi?

FILIPPO
No.

L'INQUISITORE
Allor son io che a voi parlerò, Sire.
Nell'ispano suol mai l'eresia dominò,
Ma v'ha chi vuol minar l'edificio divin;
L'amico egli è del Re, il suo fedel compagno,
Il demon tentator che lo spinge a rovina.
Di Carlo il tradimento che giunse a t'irritar
In paragon del suo futile gioco appar.
Ed io, l'inquisitor, io che levei sovente
Sopra orde vil di rei la mano mia possente,
Pei grandi di quaggiù, scordando la mia fè,
Tranquilli lascio andar un gran ribelle...
e il Re.

FILIPPO
Per traversare i di dolenti in cui viviamo
Nella mia Corte invan cercato ho quel che
bramo,
Un uomo! Un cor leale! Io lo trovai!

L'INQUISITORE
Perchè un uomo?
Perché allor il nome hai tu di Re,
Sire, se alcun v'ha pari a te?

FILIPPO
Non più, frate!

L'INQUISITORE
Le idee del novator in te son penetrate!
Infrangere tu vuoi con la tara debil man
Il santo giogo, esteso sovra l'orbe roman...!
Ritorna al tuo dover;
La Chiesa all'uom che spera,
A chi si pente, potete offrir la venia intera;
A te chiedo il signor di Posa.

FILIPPO
No, giammai!

L'INQUISITORE
O Re, se non foss'io con te nel reggio ostel
Oggi stesso, lo giuro a Dio,
Doman saresti presso il Grande Inquisitor
Al tribunal supremo.

INQUISITOR
Wherever a Christian follows the faith of Calvary.

PHILIP
Will the ties of nature and blood remain silent in me?

INQUISITOR
Everything bows and is silent when faith speaks!

PHILIP
It is well!

INQUISITOR
The king has nothing more to say to me?

PHILIP
No!

INQUISITOR
Then I shall speak to you, Sire!
In this beautiful land, untainted by heresy,
a man dares to undermine the divine order.
He is a friend of the King, his intimate confidant,
the tempting demon who is pushing him to the brink.
The criminal intent of which you accuse the Infante
is but child's play compared with his,
and I, the Inquisitor, I, as long as I raise
against obscure criminals the hand which wields the
sword, while forgoing my wrath against those with
power in the world, I let live in peace this great
wrongdoer ... and you!

PHILIP
To see us through the days of trial in which we live,
I have sought in my court, that vast desert of men,
a man, a sure friend ... and I have found him!

INQUISITOR
Why a man?
And by what right do you call yourself King,
Sire, if you have equals?

PHILIP
No more, priest!

INQUISITOR
The spirit of the reformers already enters your soul!
You wish to throw off with your feeble hand
the holy yoke which covers the Roman universe!
Return to your duty!
The Church, like a good mother,
can still embrace a sincere penitent.
Deliver the Marquis of Posa to us!

PHILIP
No, never!

INQUISITOR
O King, if I were not here, in this palace
today, by the living God,
tomorrow you yourself would be before us
at the supreme tribunal!

FILIPPO
Frate! troppo soffrì il tuo parlar crudel!

L'INQUISITORE
Perché evocar allor l'ombra di Samuel?
Dato ho finor due Regi al regno tuo possente...!
L'opra di tanti di tu vuoi strugger, demente!
Perchè mi trovo io qui? Che vuol il Re da me?

(Per uscire)

FILIPPO
Mio padre, che tra noi la pace alberghi ancor

L'INQUISITORE
La pace?

FILIPPO
Obliar tu dei quel ch'è passato.

L'INQUISITORE
Forse!

(Esce)

FILIPPO *(Solo)*
Dunque il trono piegar dovrà sempre
All'altare!

Toi qui sus le néant
(Giuseppe Verdi: Don Carlos)

Toi qui sus le néant des grandeurs de ce monde,

Toi qui goûtes enfin la paix douce et profonde,
Si l'on répand encore des larmes dans le ciel,
Porte en pleurant mes pleurs aux pieds de
l'Éternel! Carlos va venir!...
Oui! Qu'il parte, qu'il oublie...
J'ai promis à Posa de veiller sur sa vie,
Qu'il suive son chemin glorieux et béni!
Pour moi, ma tâche est faite, et mon jour est fini!
France, noble pays, si cher à mon jeune âge!
Fontainebleau! Mon cœur est plein de votre
image...
C'est là que Dieu reçut notre éternel serment;
Et son éternité n'a duré qu'un moment...
Beaux jardins espagnols, à l'heure pâle et sombre,
Si Carlos doit encor s'arrêter sous votre ombre,
Que vos fleurs, vos gazons, vos fontaines, vos bois,
Changent mon souvenir avec toutes leurs voix!
Adieu, rêve doré ... illusion! ... chimère!...
Tout lien est brisé qui m'attache à la terre!
Adieu, jeunesse, amour!...
Succombant sous l'effort,
Mon cœur n'a qu'un seul vœu, c'est la paix dans
la mort!
Toi qui sus le néant des grandeurs de ce monde,

Toi qui goûtes enfin la paix douce et profonde,
Si l'on répand encore des larmes dans le ciel,

PHILIP
Priest! I have suffered your criminal talk for too long!

INQUISITOR
Why do you evoke the shade of Samuel?
I have given two kings to this mighty empire,
my whole life's work, you want to destroy it ...
What did I come here for? What do you want of me?

(As he starts to leave)

PHILIP
My father, may peace be restored between us.

INQUISITOR
Peace?

PHILIP
Let the past be forgotten!

INQUISITOR
Perhaps!

(exits.)

PHILIP *(alone)*
The pride of the King withers before the pride of the
priest!

You knew the emptiness
(Giuseppe Verdi: Don Carlos)

You who knew the emptiness of the pomp of this
world,
you who enjoy at last a sweet, profound peace,
if one sheds tears even in heaven,
by weeping bring my tears to the feet of the eternal
one! Carlos will come!...
Yes! He must leave, he must forget...
I have promised Posa to watch over his life,
so that he follows his glorious, blessed path!
For me, my task is done, and my days are over!
France, noble land, so dear to me in my youth!
Fontainebleau! My heart is filled with your image...

It is there that God received our eternal vow:
and its eternity lasted but a moment...
Beautiful Spanish gardens, at this hour pale and
shadowy, if Carlos should again pause in your shade,
let your flowers, your lawns, your fountains, your
copses sing to him of me in full voice!
Farewell, golden dream ... illusion! ... phantom! ...
Every link binding me to earth is broken!
Farewell, youth, love! ...
Giving out beneath the strain,
my heart has only one wish left, which is the peace of
death!
You who knew the emptiness of the pomp of this
world,
you who enjoy at last a sweet, profound peace,
if one sheds tears even in heaven,

Porte en pleurant mes pleurs aux pieds de l'É-
ternel!
Âme glorieuse envolée au ciel,
Ah, porte en pleurant mes pleurs aux pieds de
l'Éternel!

Dio che nell'alma infondere
(Giuseppe Verdi: *Don Carlo*)

Dio, che nell'alma infondere
Amor volesti e speme,
Desio nel cor accendere
Tu dei di libertà.

Giuriamo insiem di vivere
E di morire insieme;
In terra, in ciel congiungere
Ci può la tua bontà. Ah!

Vivremo insiem e morremo insiem!
Sarà l'estremo anelito,
Sarà un grido: Libertà!
Grido estremo sarà: Libertà!

Chi mi frena in tal momento?
(Gaetano Donizetti: *Lucia di Lammermoor*)

EDGARDO (*a parte*)
Chi mi frena in tal momento,
chi troncò dell'ira il corso?
Il suo duolo, il suo spavento
son la prova d'un rimorso!
Ma, qual rosa inaridita,
ella sta fra morte e vita!
Io son vinto, son commosso,
t'amo ingrata, t'amo ancor!

ENRICO (*a parte*)
Chi raffrena il mio furore,
e la man che al brando corso?
Della misera in favore
nel mio petto un grido sorse!
È mio sangue! L'ho tradita!
Ella sta fra morte e vita!
Ah! che spegnere non posso
i rimorsi del mio cor!

LUCIA (*a parte*)
Io sperai che a me la vita
tronca avesse il mio spavento,
ma la morte non m'aita –
vivo ancor per mio tormento!
Da' miei lumi cadde il velo,
mi tradì la terra e il cielo!
Vorrei piangere e non posso,
m'abbandona il pianto ancor.

RAIMONDO, ARTURO (*a parte*)
Qual terribile momento!
Più formar non so parole!
Densa nube di spavento
par che copra i rai del sole!

by weeping bring my tears to the feet of the eternal
one!
Glorious soul risen to heaven,
ah, by weeping bring my tears to the feet of the
eternal one!

God, who instills our soul
(Giuseppe Verdi: *Don Carlo*)

God, who instills our soul
In love and hope,
The same exalted love,
The love of liberty!

We swear to live together,
And to die together;
On earth and in Heaven you have joined us
With sacred bonds of trust. Oh!

We will live together and die together!
It will be the final yearning,
It will be a cry: Freedom!
It will be the final cry: Freedom!

Who restrains me in such a moment?
(Gaetano Donizetti: *Lucia di Lammermoor*)

EDGARDO (*aside*)
(Who restrains me in such a moment?
Who is cutting short the course of anger?
Her pain, her fear
They are the proof of remorse!
But, that fading rose,
She is between life and death...
I am overcome... I am moved!...
I love you, ungrateful woman, I love you still!)

ENRICO (*aside*)
(Who is trying to stop my fury
And the hand that's stroking the sword?
In favor of the poor girl
A cry arose in my breast!
She is my blood! I have betrayed her!
She is between life and death...
Oh! I cannot extinguish
My heart's remorse.)

LUCIA (*aside*)
(I had hoped that my fear
would have ended my life...
But death is no help to me...
I still live for my torment!
The veil has fallen from my eyes,
Heaven and earth have betrayed me!
I would like to weep, but I can't...
Even my tears have abandoned me!)

Raimondo, Arturo (*aside*)
(What a terrible moment!
I am without words...
A dense cloud [veil] of fear
Is covering the rays of the sun!

Come rosa inaridita,
ella sta tra morte e vita,
chi per lei non è commosso,
ha di tigre in petto il cor.

**Wenn ich mit Menschen-
und mit Engeln redete**
(Johannes Brahms)

S. Pauli an die Corinthier 1., Cap. 13: 1-3, 12-13

1 Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit Engeln redete und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre ich ein tönend Erz oder eine klingende Schelle.

2 Und wenn ich weissagen könnte und wüßte alle Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis und hätte allen Glauben, also daß ich Berge versetzte, und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre ich nichts.

3 Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe und ließe meinen Leib brennen und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre mir's nichts nütze...

12 Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem dunkeln Worte, dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.

Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise; dann aber werde ich erkennen, gleich wie ich erkannt bin.

13 Nun aber bleibt Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, diese drei; aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

Ave verum corpus
(Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart)

Ave, ave verum corpus
natum de Maria virgine,
vere passum immolatum
in cruce pro homine.

Cuius latus perforatum
unda fluxit et sanguine,
esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.

Like a wilting rose
She is between life and death
Whoever is not moved for her
Has a heart of stone.)

**Though I speak with the tongue of men
and of angels**
(Johannes Brahms)

1 Corinthians 13:1-3, 12-13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing...

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly;

but then face to face:
now I know in part;
but then shall I know
even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Hail true body
(Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart)

Hail, hail true body,
born of the virgin Mary,
truly having suffered sacrifice
on the cross on behalf of man.

Whose pierced side
trickled [water] and blood,
be thou for us a foretaste
in the test of death.





2017 FFTROCC "MUSIC OF THE FUTURE" SUMMER YOUTH MUSIC-SCIENCE PROGRAM

DATE: July 10-August 11, 2017

TIME: 10am to 3pm

LOCATION: 1157 Lexington Avenue (at 80th street), New York, NY

PROGRAM:

10:00am-12:00 pm

Chorus focusing on polyphony (in the chapel)

12noon-1:00pm

lunch break

1:00pm-3:00pm

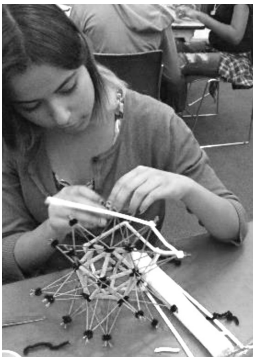
Classical science, geometric and astronomical construction
(in All Soul's School classrooms)

AGE REQUIREMENT: Grades 6-12 (ages 13 and above)

The 2017 Foundation summer program will focus on the *principle of discovery*, and the unity between Classical music and science, in an intensive five-week course of study and experiment.

Every student in the program is required to join the two-hour morning chorus, learning choral masterworks spanning four centuries with a focus on understanding polyphonic textures. The students will have the goal of performing in a concert at the end of the summer program. (*No singing experience required to join the program. All levels welcomed. **Enthusiasm a must!***)

The afternoon program of science and music theory will encourage and equip the students to determine whether and how there exists a pre-established harmony between the thought processes underlying what are popularly called "science" and "art".



**Constructing nested Platonic
solids**



Constructions of stellations of polyhedra

Symposium: Concluding Event of Two-Day Tribute to Sylvia Olden Lee

CALLING ALL TEACHERS AND OTHER
LOVERS OF WISDOM

*“The Aesthetic Education of Humanity
Through Music”*

Friday, June 30, 12:00 noon to 3:00 p.m.

Bruno Walter Auditorium,

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts
at Lincoln Center,

111 Amsterdam Avenue, New York, NY 10023

Register on Eventbrite at tinyurl.com/oldenlee

SYMPOSIUM AGENDA

1. **Welcoming Remarks** by Lynn Yen, Founder and Director of the Foundation for the Revival of Classical Culture—introducing the theme, **“The Aesthetic Education of Mankind Through Music,”** followed by musical performances illustrating that theme.
2. **The role of scientific tuning in “Saving Young Lyric Voices In Advance”**—contrasting tunings at A=442 and A=432, the “Verdi tuning,” presented by Carmela Altamura, founder and director of the Altamura/Caruso International Voice Competition; John Sigerson, co-author of *A Manual on the Rudiments of Registration and Tuning*; and others.
3. **Intermission**
4. **“A Conversation With Simon Estes”**—Simon Estes, bass-baritone and president of the Simon Estes Foundation, with Dennis Speed, Schiller Institute, Northeast Coordinator.
5. **A Proposed New “National Conservatory of Music”**—Discussion with Gregory Hopkins, tenor, conductor, pianist and Founder and Artistic Director of the Harlem Opera Theatre; Elvira Green, mezzo-soprano, scholar-in-residence at the North Carolina Central University; Tony Morss, pianist, and retired conductor of the Verismo Opera Association, New Jersey; Osceola Davis, soprano, Professor, Music Department Lehman College, Bronx, New York
6. **Musical conclusion; Choral works.**



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Monthly sustaining contributions to the Foundation assist in its mission to reintroduce classical principles of musical, artistic, and scientific practice and performance into the everyday lives of all people, particularly children.

Activities include:

- Promoting trained singers & instrumentalists visit schools to perform and teach children at all age levels.
- Sponsoring a six week summer school program focused on music and science for 75-100 children (ages 13-18.) This year (2017) will mark the fifth year of the summer school.
- Presenting classical concerts at major venues with sponsored participation of large numbers of young people.
- Assisting with the creation and maintenance of the number of choruses in the NYC Metropolitan area, including a soon to be established citywide youth chorus.

FFTROCC Sustaining Supporter will receive discount codes for tickets to all major upcoming concerts given by the Foundation including the upcoming June 29th Sylvia Olden Lee Tribute at Carnegie Hall.

Discount Codes:

- Level 1 = 10%
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