

# CONCERT PROGRAM

## February 13, 2015

### BLACK HISTORY MONTH CONCERT: LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

Kevin McBeth, conductor  
Patti Austin, vocalist  
Brian Owens, narrator  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus  
Kevin McBeth, director

**JOHNSON/ arr. Carter** “Lift Every Voice and Sing”  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**HOGAN** “Like a Mighty Stream”  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**arr. Bartholomew** “Little Innocent Lamb”  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**ROLLO DILWORTH** *Freedom’s Plow*, for Chorus and Orchestra  
Chauncey Strayhorn, alto  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**arr. Hogan** “We Shall Walk Through the Valley in Peace”  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**ROBERT RAY/ orch. Wilson** Gloria: “Glory to God in the Highest” from *Gospel Mass*  
Erica Jackson, alto  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**HEZEKIAH WALKER/  
arr. Williamson** “Every Praise”  
Robert Jackson, tenor  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**arr. Dilworth** “Walk in Jerusalem”  
St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**ADAM MANESS**

*Divides That Bind*

What We Want  
What We Get—  
What We Need

Brian Owens, narrator

St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

INTERMISSION

*Patti Austin is featured artist in all works following intermission.*

**DESIREE WEEKES**  
**(DES'REE)/ arr. Guy Barker**

“You Gotta Be”

St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**MICHEL LEGRAND/**  
**arr. Johnny Mandel**

“How Do You Keep the Music Playing?”

**ROD TEMPERTON**

“Baby, Come to Me”

**LENNON &**  
**PAUL MCCARTNEY/**  
**arr. Chris Walden**

“Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds”

**SMALLS**

“Home”

**ELLINGTON/**  
**arr. Chris McDonald**

*Ellington Medley*

**BILL WITHERS/**  
**arr. Guy Barker**

“Lean on Me”

St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

**arr. Austin/ Harley**

Gospel Medley

St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus

Tonight's concert is supported by Monsanto Fund.

## KEVIN MCBETH

Kevin McBeth was appointed Director of the St. Louis Symphony IN UNISON® Chorus in January 2011. McBeth is the Director of Music at Manchester United Methodist Church in suburban St. Louis. He serves as full-time administrator for the Music Ministry, which includes 18 choral and handbell ensembles, involving nearly 500 children, youth, and adults. McBeth has also recently served as Adjunct Professor in Choral Music at Webster University. For more than twenty years, he has conducted honor, festival, and touring choirs (choral and handbell) in the United States and Canada. Previous appointments include Assistant Conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Chorus and Music Director of the St. Louis Metro Singers. His 30-year career in church music has included appointments in churches in Houston, Texas and Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

McBeth is a graduate of Houston Baptist University, and has done graduate studies in Choral Conducting at the University of Houston. In addition to being a published composer and author, he was also choral music editor for Abingdon Press. McBeth has served on the board of the Iowa Choral Directors Association, the Missouri Choral Directors Association, and the American Guild of English Handbell Ringers. He was also the Repertoire and Standards Chair for the Southwest Division of the American Choral Directors Association. Influential teachers in conducting have been David Wehr, Robert Linder, and John Yarrington. A strong advocate for training future conductors, he has presented several workshops and interest sessions at the state and national levels.

Kevin McBeth has conducted concerts at Carnegie Hall and the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. His orchestral conducting credits include performances with the Indianapolis Symphony, Houston Civic Symphony, and the New England Symphonic Ensemble. Most recently, McBeth conducted a Festival Chorus in his first European concert tour to Great Britain, and prepared choruses for a concert at Lincoln Center.



Kevin McBeth is the proud father of two talented sons, Cameron and Austin.



Patti Austin shares more about her life, career, and music at [pattiaustin.com](http://pattiaustin.com).

## PATTI AUSTIN

Grammy winner Patti Austin crosses all musical genres, has made 17 solo albums, and has performed her award-nominated hit songs at the Grammys and the Oscars. As a performer, songwriter, and vocalist she has had a star-studded career that began at the age of four, making her one of the most beloved artists over the world and a mainstay on the Billboard Jazz Albums charts.

Austin dedicates herself to social issues and the importance of mentoring those in need of inspiring life lessons, co-creating an organization dedicated to mentoring, the Over My Shoulder foundation ([overmyshoulder.org](http://overmyshoulder.org)).

Austin doesn't hide the fact that she had gastric bypass surgery after years of being overweight and suffering from diabetes and other health issues. Realizing how her choices impacted her health, she made a commitment to educate others.

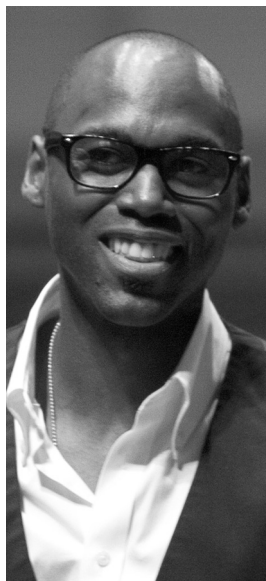
Austin has also devoted considerable time to performing for AIDS-related organizations. She continues to bring attention to the fact that this issue deserves a renewed focus especially regarding the numbers of African American women victims and women victims around the world in need of care and compassion.

Her current cause-related effort is presented through her Blue Movement ([pattiaustin.com/blue](http://pattiaustin.com/blue)), which is Austin's personal crusade to bring awareness and new insights into the domestic violence crisis in the U.S. and around the world. After seeing a domestic violence-related episode of *Oprah*, Austin wrote and recorded the inspirational anthem "By the Grace of God" and has performed for various fundraising organizations such as the National Network to End Domestic Violence.

Austin, the daughter of jazz trombonist Gordon Austin and goddaughter of musical legends Quincy Jones and Dinah Washington, made her stage debut with Washington at the world-famous Apollo Theater in Harlem.

## BRIAN OWENS

Soul man Brian Owens, who is often referred to as the “second coming of Marvin Gaye,” has performed at the White House before First Lady Michelle Obama. His performances are full of soul and love. His refined style, which is in essence classic soul with a slight modern touch, tells of a new star born in this generation and helps sustain the “real music scene.” Currently Owens resides in Ferguson, Missouri with his wife Amanda and their five children. Brian Owens is also the In Unison Artist in Residence and Program Manager with the St. Louis Symphony.



Brian Owens performs “Sam Cooke at the Copa” at St. Louis’s Gaslight Theatre on March 5.

# ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY IN UNISON® CHORUS 2014-2015

Kevin McBeth  
*Director*

Henry Palkes  
*Accompanist*

Susan Patterson  
*Manager*

Carlotta Algee-Stancil  
Damon N. Ambus  
Brian Andrews  
Willetta S. Atkinson  
Gregory Bailey  
Laketia A. Beasley  
Alison Norcis Bell  
Kinsella Berry  
Pamela L. Bolden  
Amelia B. Boler  
Preston R. Bosley  
L. R. Bracy  
Lynette G. Brunson  
Marvin Brunson  
Denise Brunson-Harris  
Rochelle Calhoun  
Harry Cecil  
Beverly Charisse  
Denise Clothier  
Jazmyn Cole\*  
Doris M. Coleman  
Vernetta P. Cox  
Cynthia Davis  
Joyce Davis  
Reginald J. Davis  
A. J. Dickerson  
Janet L. Dickerson  
Maggie Dorsey  
Elaine P. Dowdle  
Jacqueline G. Dyer  
Isaac A. Edwards  
Glenn Ellis  
Nelda Floyd  
Vivian Fox  
Beth Enloe Fritz  
Grace Lee Fulford  
Ruth A. Gilliam

Cassandra Gilyard  
Orville H. Gordon  
Julius Graham  
Gregory Green  
Leslie Hanlin  
Salethia Harris  
Carol D. Henley  
Dorothy T. Heyward  
Joyce S. Hicks  
Natalie Hill  
Sarah Hoth  
Ada Lorraine Huggans  
Carole Hughes  
Don Hutcherson  
Karen E. Hylton  
Annie Jackson  
Erica Jackson  
Nathaniel Jackson  
Robert Jackson  
Pearline Jamison  
Joyce Jefferson  
La'Matra Johnson  
Lisa Johnson  
Stanley Johnson  
Summer Johnson  
Barrie Jones  
Tericida Jones  
Carole Kimble  
Patricia Land  
Lawrence E. Lewis  
Jermaine Manor  
Marcel Mayes  
Margaret Ann McCabe  
Wilberline McCall  
Curtis McGruder  
Vickie Minter  
Montel Moore\*  
Mary Moorehead  
Harry Moppins  
Mary A. Morgan  
Lolita Nero  
Calvin Parker  
Susan Patterson  
Diane J. Peal  
Lance Peebles  
Harry Alexander

Penelton III  
Patricia Penelton  
Talya Reneé Perry  
Eric W. Pitts  
John Reed  
Wilatrel B. Rice  
Jackie W. Richardson  
Linda S. Richie  
Kat Schroeder  
Christopher Scott  
Michele Sue  
Shumake-Keller  
Teresa Simmons  
Denise Sleet  
Dwyane Smith  
Diane Smoot  
Bwayne Smotherson  
Chauncey Strayhorn\*  
Karen E. Thomas Stuart  
Althelia P. Thomas  
Bertrian Thomas  
Sharon Thurman  
Albert X. Vaughn  
Cheryl Walker  
Kwamina Walker-Williams  
Martyl Webster  
Gwendolyn J. Wesley  
Jeanette White  
Elsa Whitfield  
Edward Whittington  
Kay Whittington  
Glen E. Williams  
Margie Atkinson Williams  
D'Marco Wise  
Lynn Woolfolk  
Aileen Wynne

*\*Young Artists*

## LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

Lift ev'ry voice and sing, 'til earth and Heaven ring,  
Ring with the harmonies of liberty;  
Let our rejoicing rise, high as the list'ning skies.  
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.  
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,  
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;  
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,  
Let us march on 'til victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chast'ning rod,  
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;  
Yet with a steady beat have not our weary feet  
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?

We have come, oh, we have come, over a way that with tears has been watered,  
O, we have come treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughter'd  
Out from the gloomy past, 'til now we stand at last  
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,  
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;  
Thou who hast by Thy might, led us into the light,  
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.

Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee.  
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee.  
Shadow'd beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,  
True to our God, true to our native land.  
Amen.

CONCERT PROGRAM  
**February 14, 2015**

Andrés Franco, conductor

*FAITHFULLY: A SYMPHONIC TRIBUTE TO THE MUSIC OF JOURNEY*

Tonight's program will be announced from the stage.

There will be one 20-minute intermission.

Jesse Bradman, lead vocals  
Christine Lafond, lead vocals  
Larry Esparza, guitar  
Tom Lipps, keyboard  
Keith Hubacher, bass  
Joey Finger, drums and music director



## ANDRÉS FRANCO

Starting his fifth season as Principal Conductor of Caminos del Inka and his third season as Artistic Director of the Concerts in the Garden Summer Festival, Andrés Franco has established himself as a conductor to watch. Among Franco's 2014-15 highlights are subscription debuts with the Columbus Symphony, Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra, and the Signature Symphony in Tulsa, as well as return engagements with the Corpus Christi, Fort Worth, and Houston symphony orchestras.

Franco formerly served as Music Director of the Philharmonia of Kansas City (2004-10), as Associate and Resident Conductor of the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra (2009-14), and as Leonard Slatkin's Assistant Conductor during the 14th Van Cliburn International Piano Competition (2013).

A native of Colombia, Franco is dedicated to preserving and performing the music of the Americas. As Principal Conductor of Caminos del Inka, he has led many performances of Latin American music by composers of our time, such as Jimmy López, Diego Luzuriaga, and the popular Argentine composer, Astor Piazzolla.

Also committed to the education of young musicians, Franco serves as Conductor of the Fort Worth Youth Philharmonic. He has also conducted the Eastern Washington University Symphony, the University of Kansas Symphony Orchestra, and served, during a sabbatical year replacement, as director of the Texas Christian University Symphony Orchestra.

Born into a musical family, Franco began piano studies with his father, Jorge Franco. An accomplished pianist, he studied with Van Cliburn Gold Medalist Jose Feghali and attended piano workshops with Rudolph Buchbinder in Switzerland and Lev Naumov in France. He studied conducting with Marin Alsop, Miguel Harth-Bedoya, Kurt Masur, Gustav Meier, Helmut Rilling, Gerard Schwarz, and Leonard Slatkin.

Andrés Franco holds a bachelor's degree in Piano Performance from the Pontificia Universidad Javeriana in Bogotá, Colombia, as well as master of music degrees in Piano Performance and Conducting from Texas Christian University.



Andrés Franco lives in Fort Worth, Texas, with his wife Victoria Luperi, Principal Clarinetist in the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra.

# HAVEN'T STOPPED BELIEVIN'

Journey was part of a Gen-X arena-rock trinity.  
Their fans are faithful.

BY HOLLY SILVA

Dear baby boomers: You can get off your musical high horse. Yes, yes, yes, you gave us the Beatles, the Stones, and Jimi Hendrix. But you also gave us the Bee Gees.

Around the time you were ah-ah-ah-ah stayin' alive, we future Gen-Xers were turning 13. Far too young to even drive to a discotheque, much less get in and do the Hustle, we—imminent cynics—were busting our cultural chops on REO Speedwagon, Styx, and Journey.

Yes, that's right. Whereas today's middle school girls text, Twitter, video blog, or write their own music, at the same developmental stage, the Journey generation spent their baby-sitting money on unicorn-emblazoned journals wherein they copied down the lyrics to such greats as REO's "Keep on Loving You": "Cuz it's the only thing I wanna do./ I don't wanna sleep/ I just wanna keep/ on lovin' you."

It's not our fault. The lavishly bilingual education of *Sesame Street* hadn't quite taken hold when girls in the 1970s were fed a steady diet of Judy Blume novels, which started, as if on cue, with *Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing*. After that, we had no real defenses. Blume taught us to take ourselves, and our training bras, very, very seriously. So when the chorus of Journey's "Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'" struck us as poignant, who was anyone to argue?

**THE AGE OF ARENA ROCK** Journey, REO Speedwagon, and Styx continue to play, but these bands hit it big, however briefly, in the late 1970s. Their sound was labeled arena rock because of their ability to get stadiums full of teenagers all jacked up with music that was marvelously overdone.

An aptitude for rousing large audiences, especially those that are arguably witless, may not seem commendable. But Journey, REO, and Styx did it with sterile theatricality. In 1979, no one's little sister got taken along to a Stones concert to hear Mick sing "Gimme Shelter." But Journey, with loud voices and loud fashions, grumbled out lyrics that sounded ambiguously dangerous without earning the yet-to-be-established Tipper Gore seal of disapproval: "Working hard to get my fill./ Everybody wants a thrill./ Payin' anything to roll the dice/ just one more time."

Dice? What dice?

Arena rock also had no real competition for the teenage girl's attention. It is no coincidence that Styx had a 1980 hit with "Too Much Time on My Hands." After 45 minutes of feathering our hair to look like Farrah Fawcett's, we had tons of free time. Loads of it.

Schools had not yet discovered the practice of assigning three hours of nightly homework. No kid had her own iPhone. Phones were, in fact, neither cellular nor cordless, making gabbing with friends a less-than-private affair.

Stuck at home, you could play Atari only until your mom wanted to watch *Dallas*.

Via skateboard or bicycle, hunched over on a 10-speed with ram-horn handlebars that were level with the front tire, you could get to the mall, play Pac-Man at the video arcade, then slam back an Orange Julius. Extra fun could be had at the Shirt Shack, choosing glittery iron-on transfers (Foxy Lady, Keep on Truckin') for placement on a poly-blend, French-cut T-shirt.

Tending a Bonne Bell Lip Smacker collection took time. Unlike the small tubes of Chapstick or Burt's Bees that have sufficed before and since, Lip Smackers were roughly the size and shape, if not the heft, of a roll of quarters. It was important to collect many different flavors: strawberry and peppermint, sure, but also watermelon, Dr Pepper and 7 UP. For extra popularity points, they could be purchased attached to a long white cord, much like soap on a rope, and worn like a necklace.

With *Tiger Beat* magazine and a roll of Scotch tape, you could decorate your bedroom with portraits of Styx, REO, and Journey. Whereas Leif Garrett, Scott Baio, and the Bay City Rollers smiled like toothpaste commercials, arena-rock band members glowered and pouted from underneath their shoulder-length perms—save Steve Perry and his ahead-of-its-time mullet. If any wood-grain paneling remained unadorned, there was the soft sculpture: rainbows, clouds, and ballet slippers cheaply stitched together with yards of lavender, pink or primary-colored satin, then puffed up with an inch of cotton batting. These *objets d'art* were sold almost exclusively at head shops and so would arrive in a teenage room reeking of the shop's incense, until such time as they began to reek of Love's Baby Soft perfume.

In other words, it was a pretty direct line to the only port in a storm of boredom: the FM alarm-clock radio. You know, the one with numbers that each flipped like miniature Rolodexes? Unless you were lucky enough to have some sort of record player or stereo system, along with parents permissive enough to let you join the Columbia Record and 8-Track Tape Club, the clock radio served as a complete entertainment and social system for many a pre-driving teenager in 1979.

The FM dial looped REO's "Time for Me to Fly" while offering many, many a chance to be lucky caller No. 10 who won the new Blue Oyster Cult album. Which, if you did happen to win, and I'm not naming names here, you could ride your 10-speed bike all the way to the radio station in July, put the album in your backpack and ride all the way home, by which time the record would be warped.

FM radio was the perfect vehicle—perhaps even more so than the stadium—for arena rock's signature item, the power ballad: Journey's "Open Arms," REO's "Take It on the Run," and Styx's "Lady," just to name a magnificent three. Heavy on guitars and heavier on sentimentality, these Top 10 hits had a bottom-line sound that was as threatening as that of Up with People: "You know it's you, Babe,/ givin' me the courage and the strength I need/ to believe./ Girl, it's true./ Babe, I love you."

Most important, power ballads were as strident and self-serious as a Judy Blume book, and this was a language that 13-year-old girls everywhere

understood. Power ballads became the background music for our training-bra dramas. Our score, if you will. Our anthem.

**MORPHING INTO SOFT ROCK** By the early 1980s, this trio of stadium-rock wonders had made a rapid descent into soft rock, a genre they all but created along with other musical soon-to-be-forgottens like ELO, Supertramp, Boston, Kansas, Loverboy, Foreigner, Christopher Cross, Pablo Cruise, and even Bette Midler singing “The Rose.”

Blame it on MTV, which came along in all its cartoonishly sexy glory. Blame it on a burgeoning punk-rock/new-wave scene that finally made its way across the pond to the Midwestern United States. Blame it on Prince, who got us all to wondering what sort of fascinating—if ancient—32-year-olds we might be on the eve of 1999.

But in more general ways, we Gen-Xers were getting savvy. When REO, Styx, and Journey were king, we were innocent, in part, because our parents and older sibs had pretty well had all the fun: civil rights, women’s lib, Woodstock, Watergate, hippie communes. The country had Been There, Done That and, it seemed, was taking a bit of a nap. Even then-President Jimmy Carter accused Americans of malaise. With the 1980 election, Nancy Reagan suggested we just say no to drugs, and the party was decidedly over.

Arena rock thrived in the vacuum. In 1981, when Journey sang the opening bars of “Don’t Stop Believing”—“Just a small town girl, livin’ in a lonely world./ She took the midnight train goin’ anywhere./ Just a city boy, born and raised in south Detroit./ He took the midnight train goin’ anywhere.”—we listened, rapt, as this boy and girl met in a smoky room with the smell of wine and cheap perfume.

Soon enough, we found our own wine and cheap perfume. IBM released the first PC in 1981, sandwiched between the first Apples and the first Macs, and 14-year-old hackers burst forth like so many sea monkeys. Our parents divorced in record numbers, and we have yet to get over it. A Tylenol scare in 1982 initiated the practice of hermetically sealing just about everything we bought. A few years later, and through great misfortune, AIDS necessitated sealing off sex.

But before all that, when I was 13, I listened with an ignorant bliss to REO, Styx, and Journey. And the biggest conspiracy theory I knew of was that Mikey from the Life cereal commercial had died from a stomach explosion when he swallowed his whole envelope of candy Pop Rocks without letting them fizz in his mouth.

**READY TO ROCK AT POWELL** Baby boomers scoff at arena rock, but it had its triumphs— even over them. In 1979, Bette Midler made a movie loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin; and we 13-year-olds appropriated the light-rock hit “The Rose.” Two years later, REO’s album *Hi Infidelity* stole the No. 1 American album spot from none other than John Lennon and *Double Fantasy*.

All this, and my husband the baby boomer remains confident about having the musical high ground in the marriage.

Although nothing to be proud of, I’ll stand behind my Gen-X fandom for REO, Styx, and Journey. Sure, I could’ve made better listening choices with

Debbie Harry or David Byrne, but I could've done worse. Power ballads were not as bad as the brief heavy-metal craze.

I once owned hundreds of dollars' worth of albums by REO, Styx and Journey, all since warped by the heat of U-Hauls or sold at garage sales. The thought of buying one of their CDs today is about as appealing to me as rereading *Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret*. I don't think I could stomach either one.

But I am eagerly awaiting Saturday night's concert at Powell Hall. As, no doubt, are many 40-something women all over town.

If for some reason you are not able to make it this Saturday night, worry not. I predict that we'll all be spending a lot of time in Branson 35 years from now, where Styx, REO, and Journey will look no worse for wear than, say, Mick Jagger.

Reprinted with permission of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* as reported by Correspondent Holly Silva, June 15, 2003, Arts & Entertainment.

# CLASSICAL CONCERT: TCHAIKOVSKY VIOLIN CONCERTO



Augustin Hadelich

## **FEBRUARY 27-MARCH 1**

Hans Graf, conductor; Augustin Hadelich, violin

Tchaikovsky's stunning concerto deserves a fiery talent, which it finds in the young virtuoso Augustin Hadelich. Guest conductor Hans Graf returns to lead the Symphony through the thrills and chills of Stravinsky's *The Firebird Suite* (1945 version).

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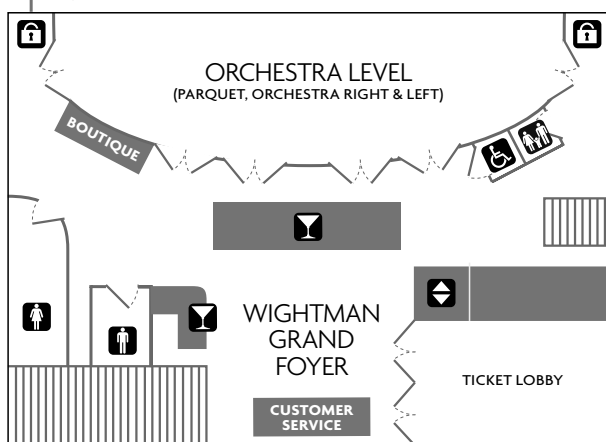
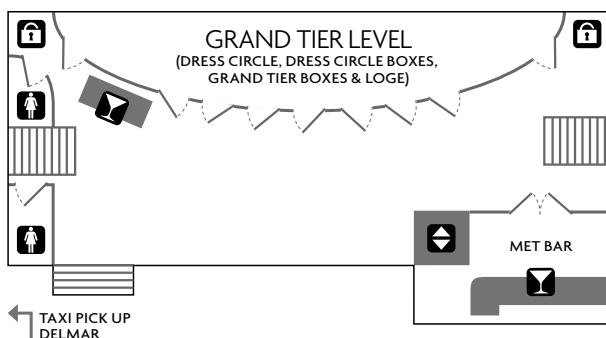
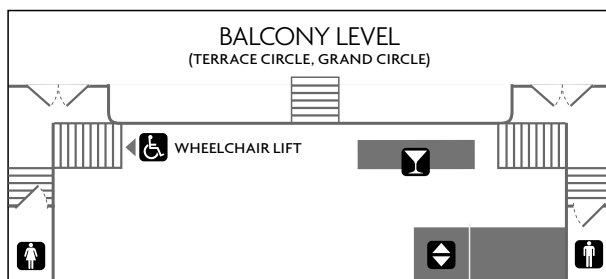
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