

SPA TRIO

Soprano, viola, piano

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 2025 | 7:30 PM
CASPARY AUDITORIUM

For more information about the concert series, please contact:
Samantha Tuly · The Rockefeller University · 1230 York Avenue · New York, NY 10065
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PROGRAM

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Infelice, Op. 94, for voice, viola, and piano

Benjamin Dale (1885-1943)

Romance from the Suite, Op. 2, for viola and piano

Michael Stephen Brown (b.1987)

Pas de trois for voice, viola, and piano

New York Premiere

INTERMISSION

(15 minutes)

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Wesendonck Lieder, WWV 91, for voice, viola, and piano

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Nocturne, Op. 6, No. 2, for piano

Songs from Italy for voice, viola, and piano:

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

La Serenata

Angelo Mascheroni (1855-1905)

For All Eternity

Gaetano Braga (1829-1907)

Angel's Serenade

Ernesto De Curtis (1875-1937)

Carmela - Canto Sorrentino

Program and personnel subject to change.

As a courtesy to the artists, please remain seated until they have left the hall.

SPA Trio appears by arrangement with Dinin Arts Management & Consulting.

FEATURING

SPA Trio

Historic recordings of some of the great singers of yesteryear include numerous performances of salon type songs that included an obbligato instrument. Susanna Phillips, Paul Neubauer, and Anne-Marie McDermott continue this tradition with SPA. This trio of stellar artists first performed together in 2011 in Curaçao and have enjoyed exploring and performing songs of this parlor style from the 19th and 20th century European tradition.

Soprano **Susanna Phillips** is a renowned artist, recognized for her performances at The Metropolitan Opera in over 11 roles, including Musetta in *La Bohème* and Countess Almaviva in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, as well as for premiering Rose in *Awakenings* at Opera Theatre of Saint Louis and performing Stella in *A Streetcar Named Desire* opposite Renée Fleming. She has sung leading roles with Boston Baroque, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Dallas Opera, and Gran Teatro del Liceu, and has collaborated with renowned orchestras such as the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. A recipient of prestigious accolades, including The Metropolitan Opera's Beverly Sills Artist Award and top honors from Operalia, Ms. Phillips is an alumna of The Juilliard School and Lyric Opera of Chicago's Ryan Opera Center.

Paul Neubauer, appointed principal violist of the New York Philharmonic at age 21, has appeared as soloist with over 100 orchestras, including the New York, Los Angeles, and Helsinki philharmonics; National, San Francisco, and St. Louis symphonies; and Santa Cecilia and English Chamber orchestras. He has premiered numerous viola concertos, including works by Bartók, Penderecki, and Kernis, and recently debuted with the Chicago Symphony under Riccardo Muti and the Mariinsky Orchestra under Valery Gergiev. Committed to his work as an educator and performer, Mr. Neubauer is artistic director of the Mostly Music series in New Jersey and serves on the faculties of The Juilliard School and Mannes College.

Celebrated pianist **Anne-Marie McDermott** has performed as a soloist with leading orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, Minnesota Orchestra, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, and the symphonies of Dallas, Seattle, and Hong Kong. She is the music and artistic director of the Bravo! Vail Music Festival and leads chamber music festivals at Ocean Reef, Florida, and Oklahoma State University's McKnight Center. Her extensive career includes international appearances with the Australian Chamber Orchestra, Moscow Virtuosi, and São Paulo Symphony, as well as recitals in France, China, and Ireland. Ms. McDermott has collaborated with prestigious ensembles such as the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and Santa Fe Pro Musica and is a recipient of the Avery Fisher Career Grant and a 2024 Honorary Doctorate from the Manhattan School of Music.

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Infelice

[written by: Pietro Metastasio]

Recitativo

Infelice! già dal mio sguardo si
dileguò...
Partì. La mia presenza l'iniquo non
sostenne.
Rammenta al fine i falli, i torti suoi,
Risveglia la tua virtù, scordati l'empio
traditor!...
Amante sventurata!... E l'amo pure...
Così fallace amore, le tue promesse
attendi?
Tu non mai rendi la rapita quiete?
Queste son le speranze e l'ore liete?

Aria

Ah ritorna, età dell'oro
Alla terra abbandonata,
Se non fosti immaginata
Nel sognar felicità.
Fu il mondo allor felice
Che un tenero arboscello,
Un limpido ruscello
Le genti alimentò.
Ah ritorna, bell'età.

Cabaletta

D'amor nel regno
non v'è contento
che del tormento
non sia minor.
Si scorge appena
felice speme
che nuova pena
la turba ancor.
Ah ritorna, bell'età.

Unhappy

Recitativo

Oh, most unhappy soul! Already he has
vanished from my sight...gone.
The wicked man could not bear my
presence.
Remember now his faults, his wrongdoing.
Your virtue awakens; forget the wicked
traitor!...
Unhappy lover!...And yet I love him still!
Thus Deceitful love, do you keep your
promises?
Do you never restore peace to your victims?
Are these my hopes and hours of joy?

Aria

Ah, return, golden age,
to this bleak and joyless land,
if you were more than the fancy of
happy dreams.
The world was happy then
when a tender sapling,
a clear stream,
sustained the people.
Ah, come back, beautiful age.

Cabaletta

In the realm of love
is there no joy
that its afflictions
ever will abate
Barely is the
light of hope perceived
when new sorrow
clouds it once again.
Ah, come back, beautiful age!

Michael Stephen Brown (b. 1987)

Piano

[written by: D.H. Lawrence]

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

The Violist

[written by: Michael Stephen Brown]

A violist strolled down the quiet lane,
His viola in hand, he grinned in vain.
He played for the trees, the birds in flight,
But all he truly craved was the spotlight.

“Oh, where are you going?” a stranger asked,
“To play my tune, for I am quite basked
In glamour and glory, the world's my stage—
I am the star, the muse of this age!”

He paused for effect, a dramatic pose,
His bow held high, the music rose.
He glanced at the sky, beneath fleeting clouds—
In his heart, he knew he had made them proud.

“I play for the heavens, the earth, and the sun,
For no one can match me, not anyone!”
He twirled his bow with a self-assured flair,
Ignoring the birds who flew through the air.

Oh, the sun shines for me, and me alone,
This bright spotlight is mine to own.
'Can we share the light?' the stranger said,
But the violist smirked and turned his head.

Soprano

[written by: Rita Dove]

When you hit
the center

of a note, spin
through and off

the bell lip
into heaven,

the soul dies
for an instant—

but you don't need
its thin

resistance
nor the room

(piano shawl,
mirror, hyacinth)

dissolving
as one note

pours into
the next, pebbles

clean as moonspill
seeding a path. . .

and which is it,
body or mind,

which rises, which
gives up at last

and goes home?

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Wesendonck Lieder

[written by: Mathilde Wesendonck]

Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,
Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,
Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.
Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!
Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stillet den Drang,
Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!
Daß in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög' alle Wonne ermessen!
Wenn Auge in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;

Wesendonck Songs

The Angel

As a child, I often pondered over the
tale that angels wandered far from
heavenly bliss and gladness,
sharing mortal care and sadness, that,
wherever a soul in sorrow weeps its
grief anew each morrow;
or wherever a heart lies bleeding, with
its burning tears but pleading, and
with hands to heaven raised only for
redemption prays;
there an angel, sent by love, bears that
soul to heaven above.
So, for me to earth an angel descended,
and on pinions wide extended far
from mortal grief and dole softly
heavenwards bore my soul!

Stand still!

Cease to toil, wheel of time, humm'st the
song to eternity's rhyme!
Glittering orbs high in space that roll,
ye that engird the world's great ball;
primeval creation, thy labor now cease,
enough the travail! Grant me peace!
Stay but thy hand, engendering power,
thought eternal, thou life endower!
Nature, cease breathing, quell thy
desire, rest! For one moment no life
inspire! Throbbing, wild pulses, reason
obey! End all, great-will's eternal day!
That, of mortal life all oblivious, my soul
taste of raptures delirious!
When eye in eye love's image seeketh,
soul to soul its secret speaketh;

Please turn pages quietly

Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündet,
Die Lippe verstummt in staundendem
Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Innre
zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?
Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.
Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.
Wohl ich weiß es, arme Pflanze:
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat is nicht hier!
Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.
Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

spirit in spirit itself discovers, when
truth all hope and life here dissevers,
our lips grow mute in silent wonder,
when no fond wish heart and soul shall
sunder, man lifts the veil over
creation
cast, and solves thy secret, nature, at
last!

In the Greenhouse

Slender palms of emerald splendor,
arching over me, like a fane;
blossoms, breathing odours tender,
tell me, why do you complain?
Silent sufferers, here that languish,
dreaming toward an early death,
all your tale untold of anguish is the
incense of your breath.
For your native sunlight pining, each
a sister's grief would bear,
and your spreading limbs, entwining,
clasp a sunless heated air.
Well I know it, blossoms tender;
we must own a tyrant's sway,
we must pine mid foreign splendor,
for our country, far away!
As the sun, to rise tomorrow,
sinks beneath the darkening clouds,
so the heart, over fraught with
sorrow, all its grief in silence shrouds.
Stillness reigns, a sigh, a whisper stirs
the dreaming palms overhead;
heavy dew-drops, hanging, glisten,
from the leaves, like tears unshed.

Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die Schönen Augen rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;
Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen, neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!
Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,
Muß die Sonne untergehn?
Und gebieret Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:
O wie dank'ich daß gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur.

Träume

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfassen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?
Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühen,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!
Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!
Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,
Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Pain

Sun that weeps over dreaming ocean,
softly swept by evening's breath,
dost thou feel a world's emotion,
when thou sink'st to early death?
Thou wilt rise in splendor delight,
glory of the world around!
On the morrow, beaming bright,
like a warrior victory crowned!
Oh, then cease thy sad complaining!
Why, fond heart, wilt sigh and grieve,
weep the sun's bright glory waning?
Must the sun not set at eve?
And if only death bear life,
and if in sorrow bliss we find,
Oh, I thank thee, that in strife thou
taught'st me sorrow, nature kind!

Dreams

Oh, what wondrous dreams enchant me,
charm my soul with scenes of gladness,
that with magic power they haunt me, nor
in waking change to sadness?
Fair dreams, that in visions gliding over
the spirit, fairer show, and with all their
heaven born tidings bid mine eyes with joy
overflow! Bright dreams!
That like beams supernal fill the soul with
radiant splendor, there to foster thoughts
eternal. All forgotten, fain remembered!
Fond dreams!
As when sunlight beaming wakes the
flower from snowy sleep, till the earth with
blossoms teeming greets the spring, no
more to weep.
And each flower, and each blossom
dreaming, shedding forth its breath,
fain would perish on they bosom,
and then, fading, droop in death.

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

La Serenata

[written by: Giovanni Alfredo Cesareo]

La mia diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,
posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.
Splende Pura la luna,
l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro I veni dell'alcova
bruna la lampada s'accende.
Pure la luna splende.
Pure la luna splende.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.
Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo
assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola. L'onda sogna su 'l
lido, e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

The Serenade

My delight is alone,
and, with her beautiful abandoned head,
fly between her sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.
The moon shines brightly,
silence extends its wings,
and behind the shadows of the dark
alcove the lamp burns.
The moon shines brightly.
The moon shines brightly.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! there. Ah! there.
Fly, o serenade:
My delight is alone,
but, still smiling half muted,
return between her sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly. The wave dreams on the
shore,
and the wind on the branch;
and my blonde lady still denies
a place for my kisses.
The wave dreams on the shore.
The wave dreams on the shore.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! there. Ah! there.

Angelo Mascheroni (1855-1905)

Eternamente

[written by: S. A. Herbert]

All'ombre meste di silente sera
Donde l'arcano in canto celestial,
Che il cor m'innonda, e al mio
pensier richiama
Le pie memorie de passati dì.
Dolce amor mio qual plaga, quale
spera
Dimmi rinchiude il tuo divino frat?
Parlami ancor! Ove sei tu?
Su questa terra ti vedrò mai piu?

In terra, o in ciel, mia vita, Quegli
occhi santi io vedo,
E l'alma mia rapita Sol con te, sol
con te viverà,
E di tua voce l'eco Che un dì l'almo
mi disse,
Eternamente t'amo sì meco repeterà.

Te cerco invan lo sguardo innamorato,
Mentre dell'aer s'addensa il te nebror,
Ma in questo cor qual faro in mezzo
all'onde,
D'eterno raggio splende il sovvenir.
In me ti sento qual mi fosti a lato,
Conte mi struggo d'un superno ardor.
Forse del ciel Ove or tu stai
Lo spiro è questo che non muore mai?

In terra, o in ciel, mia vita, Quegli
occhi santi io vedo,
E l'alma mia rapita Sol con te, sol con
te viverà,
E di tua voce l'eco Che un dì l'almo
mi disse,
Eternamente t'amo sì meco repeterà.

For All Eternity

What is this secret spell around me stealing?
The evening air is faint with magic pow'r,
And shadows fall upon my soul,
revealing
The meaning of this mem'ry-laden hour!
A year ago our paths in life were parted,
A year ago we sever'd, broken-hearted!
Where art thou now? On earth, my love,
Or did thy spirit soar to realms above?

Though nevermore on earth those eyes
serene and holy,
Thy face that shone in beauty nevermore I
may see,
The music of thy voice is echoing still within
me,
Thou reignest in my heart, in life and death
I love thee.

The air grows fainter still, the scene is fading;
Thy hallow'd presence in my inmost soul
Alone is real, by wondrous pow'r o'ershading
All things beside; I feel its sweet control
Filling my heart with confidence eternal
That I shall meet thee in a world supernal,
Where thoughts are felt, as I feel thine
In this blest hour, and know thy thoughts are
mine!

Though nevermore on earth those eyes serene
and holy,
Thy face that shone in beauty nevermore I
may see,
The music of thy voice is echoing still within
me,
Thou reignest in my heart, in life and death I
love thee.

Gaetano Braga (1829-1907)

La Serenata

[written by: Marco Marcelliano
Marcello]

O quali mi risvegliano dolcissimi
concenti?

Non li odi, o mamma,
giungere coll' alitar de' venti?

Fatti al veron, ten supplico,
e dimmi, donde parte
questo suon?

Io nulla vego, calmati, non odo voce
alcuna.

Fuorche il fugente zéfiro,

Il raggio della luna, d'una canzon,
O povera ammalata, chi vuoi che
t'erga il suon?

No! No! No!

Non è mortal la musica,

Che ascolto, che ascolto, o madre
mia!

Ella mi sembra,

Mi sembra d'angeli festosa melodia;

Ov'elli son, mi chamano,

O mamma, buona notte!

Io seguo il suon!

Angel's Serenade

What sounds are those that awaken me,
Sweet accents, low and tender?

Hear'st thou not, dearest mother,
floating by what can such sounds
engender?

Look out abroad, I pray thee now,
And tell me from whence come
those lovely strains.

Nothing is there, my darling child,

Only the night winds sighing,

As past the pale moon flying. No song I
hear.

Thou'rt dreaming, darling daughter.

No one is here. No one near, no!

No! no!

'tis not like strains that mortals know.

O mother, now listen. Thine ear incline.

'Tis like the spell, 'tis like the spell good
angels throw in melody divine.

To where they are, they tell me come.

O mother, dearest mother, that sound I

hear, I follow on!

Ernesto De Curtis (1875-1937)

Carmela – Canto Sorrentino

[written by: Giambattista De Curtis]

Fore mura ce sta na picciotta,
'mmiez"e spine s'ha fatto na casa...
'ncopp"e ffronne s'addorme la notte...
e na rosa cchiù bella nun c'è...

Duorme, Carme':

'o cchiù bello d" a vita è 'o dduormí...

Sònnate a me:

'mparaviso cu tico vogl' i!...

Nu vasciello venette 'a luntano,
e pusaje a Surriente na Fata...

'ncopp"o scoglio addó' sta

Tramuntano...

'mparaviso stu sito nun c'è...

Viene, Carmè'...

T'arricorde?... 'Sta Fata tu si'...

Torna cu me:

'ncopp"o scoglio vulimmo murí...

Carmela – Sorrento Song

Outside the walls there is a beauty;
Among the thorns a house is made.

On the leaves she rests at night...

A rose more beautiful doesn't exist.

Sleep, Carmela!

The most beautiful of your life is to sleep.

Dream of me...

In Heaven with you I want to go.

A ship come from far away

And it left a fairy in Sorrento.

On the reef of Tramontano

In paradise there is not a place as

beautiful as this.

Come here Carmela,

Do you remember? This fairy is you!

Come with me

On the reef I want to die.

Program Notes:

[written by: Michael Stephen Brown]

Pas de trois (2024) is written for the SPA Trio—three dear friends and longtime collaborators: soprano Susanna Phillips, violist Paul Neubauer, and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott. Over the years, I've had the joy of performing with each of them, writing pieces for them, and experiencing their unique personalities and artistry firsthand.

When they asked me to compose a piece, I sought poetry that would reflect their individuality as people, performers, and friends. For Anne-Marie, Piano by D.H. Lawrence felt perfect—it evokes a quiet, nostalgic introspection that mirrors her profound and thoughtful artistry. I took a different route for Paul, writing my own poem, *The Violist*, a playful ode to the bold confidence of a musician who thrives in the spotlight. (Paul assures me he approves.) For Susanna, Soprano by Rita Dove captures music's power to transcend, reflecting her gift for transforming into something otherworldly.

Together, these songs explore a delicate interplay of introspection, playfulness, and transcendence—an intricate dance, a true pas de trois. Or, as Paul might say, “Finally, a work that understands me.”

Pas de trois was commissioned by Ron Sekura for the 2025 Ocean Reef Chamber Music Festival for the SPA Trio.

2024–2025 PEGGY ROCKEFELLER CONCERT DONORS

The concert series was founded in 1958 by Professor Theodore Shedlovsky and renamed in 1996 in memory of Peggy Rockefeller, wife of longtime chair David Rockefeller. The Rockefeller University gratefully acknowledges the following contributors who make it possible for us to offer affordable tickets for every performance, as well as subsidized tickets for students and postdoctoral fellows:

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As of January 31, 2025

THE ROCKEFELLER UNIVERSITY

The Rockefeller University is one of the world's foremost institutions dedicated to research and graduate education in the biomedical sciences, chemistry, and physics. Founded by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., in 1901 as The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, it was the first institution in the United States devoted exclusively to biomedical research. In the 1950s, the institute expanded its mission to include graduate education. It was renamed The Rockefeller University in 1965.

The university's laboratory-based structure encourages collaborations between disciplines and empowers faculty members to take on high-risk, high-reward projects. No formal departments exist, bureaucracy is kept to a minimum, and scientists are given resources, support, and unparalleled freedom to follow the science wherever it leads.

The Rockefeller University Community

- 72 heads of laboratory
- 200 research scientists
- 220 postdoctoral investigators
- 255 Ph.D. and M.D.-Ph.D. students
- 1,469 alumni
- 1,325 support staff

Acclaimed Scientists

In the course of Rockefeller's history, 26 of its scientists have been awarded the Nobel Prize; 26 have received a Lasker Award; and 20 have garnered the National Medal of Science, the nation's highest scientific honor.

At Present, the Faculty at Rockefeller Includes

- 5 Nobel laureates
- 7 recipients of Lasker Awards
- 34 members of the National Academy of Sciences
- 4 recipients of MacArthur Fellowships
- 3 recipients of the National Medal of Science

Some Clinical Concerns under Study

- Aging
- Alzheimer's disease
- Antibiotic resistance
- Arthritis
- Autoimmune disorders
- Autism
- Cancer
- Covid-19
- Diabetes
- Heart disease and stroke
- Hepatitis
- HIV/AIDS
- Obesity, nutrition, and weight loss
- Parkinson's disease
- Skin diseases
- Tuberculosis
- Vaccine development
- Vision and hearing disorders

The Rockefeller University Hospital

Established in 1910, The Rockefeller University Hospital was the first hospital in the nation dedicated exclusively to patient-oriented investigations. Patients at the hospital are participants in clinical studies that build on basic research findings from Rockefeller laboratories. This allows the university to maintain an unbroken spectrum of research, from basic to clinical.

Groundbreaking Accomplishments

Among the pioneering discoveries at Rockefeller are many seminal advances that have transformed science and reduced human suffering. Scientists at Rockefeller:

- Discovered that DNA is the chemical of heredity
- Developed vaccines against meningitis and pneumococcal pneumonia
- Determined that cancer can be caused by a virus
- Discovered blood groups, improving the safety of blood transfusions
- Isolated and first successfully tested natural antibiotics
- Developed methadone maintenance to treat opioid addiction
- Developed the combination drug therapy for treatment of AIDS
- Showed that an adult brain of a higher species can form new nerve cells
- Discovered an obesity gene and the weight-regulating hormone leptin
- Discovered the dendritic cell, a key regulator of the immune system
- Identified the molecular mechanisms controlling circadian rhythm
- Developed assays that paved the way for drugs that cure hepatitis C

An Exceptional Place to Learn

Rockefeller's Ph.D. program offers training in the biomedical and physical sciences. With neighboring Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center and Weill Cornell Medicine, the university also offers one of the nation's top M.D.-Ph.D. programs. In addition, Rockefeller provides intensive postgraduate training. At any one time, more than 200 postdoctoral investigators conduct research in university laboratories. Rockefeller's acclaimed Clinical Scholars Program, a three-year master's degree program, provides a unique opportunity for recent M.D. or M.D.-Ph.D. recipients to begin careers in patient-oriented research. Working with senior faculty members, clinical scholars develop and implement translational research studies at The Rockefeller University Hospital.

Infrastructure that Fosters Collaboration and Interaction

Rockefeller invented the modern bioscience institute, and has spent the past 123 years perfecting it. The university's beautifully landscaped 16-acre campus includes nine research buildings containing roughly 500,000 square feet of laboratory space, where investigators employ the latest technology to answer the most challenging questions in their fields. The Stavros Niarchos Foundation-David Rockefeller River Campus, which opened in 2019 and features the Marie-Josée and Henry R. Kravis Research Building, provides a state-of-the-art laboratory space, a river view dining commons, academic and conference centers, and magnificent rooftop gardens.

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The Rockefeller University is an independent, nonprofit institute that relies on a broad base of government and private support to advance its mission of biomedical research. Each year, a committed group of individuals, foundations, and corporations helps to fund the university's scientific and educational programs. For information about these programs, or to discuss ways in which you can support and advance the work of the university, please contact:

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