



# Brandeis University

Department of Music

*presents*

Alexander Ross

*Musical Theatre Performance*

*Grace Evelyn Spicuzza, Collaborative Pianist*

Friday, April 29th, 2022 at 7:30 p.m.

Slosberg Music Center

# Program

What you Own Rent	Jonathan Larson (1960-1996)
Jeff's Monologue from Suburbia	Eric Bogosian (b. 1953)
Don't Let Me Go Shrek: The Musical	Jeanine Tesori (b. 1961)
Snow (Ed) From Five Short Plays	Adam Szymkowicz
Hey There Pajama Game	Richard Adler, Jerry Ross (1921-2012), (1926-1955)
Dusty From Clown Bar	Adam Szymkowicz
Easy To Love Anything Goes	Cole Porter (1891-1964)
Flying Our Day Will Come: A Musical Tragedy	Marek Haar (b. 1997)
~ INTERMISSION ~	
Shiksa Goddess The Last Five Years	Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)
A Klingon in Love	Tara Meddaugh
Old Red Hills of Home Parade	Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)
#7 from Seven Jewish Children	Caryl Churchill (b. 1938)
Doctor X from Hearts like Fists	Adam Szymkowicz
Live Alone and Like it Sondheim: Putting it Together	Stephen Sondheim (1930-2022)
The Impossible Dream Man of La Mancha	Mitch Leigh (1928-2014)
Tim from The Good Father	Christian O'Reilly
Why Tick, Tick...BOOM	Jonathan Larson (1960-1996)

# Texts and Translations

## What You Own

Text: Jonathan Larson  
(1960-1996)

*Mark:* Don't breathe too deep,  
Don't think all day,  
Dive into work.  
Drive the other way,  
That drip of hurt,  
That pint of shame,  
Goes away,  
Just play the game.  
You're livin' in America at the end of the millennium,  
You're livin' in America, Leave your conscience at the tone.  
And when you're living in America at the end of the millennium,  
You're what you own.

*Roger:* The filmmaker cannot see,  
*Mark:* and the songwriter cannot hear.

*Roger:* Yet I see Mimi everywhere,

*Mark:* Angel's voice is in my ear.

*Roger:* Just tighten those shoulders,

*Mark:* Just clench your jaw til you frown,

*Both:* Just don't let go or you may drown.

You're living in America, Where its like the twilight zone  
And when you're living in America at the end of millennium,  
You're what you own

So I own not a notion, I escape and ape content.

I don't own emotion, I rent.

What was it about that night?

Connection, in an isolating age

For once, the shadows gave way to light

For once I didn't disengage.

*Mark:* Angel, I hear you, I hear it, I see it, I see it, my film!

Alexi, Mark, Call me a hypocrite, I need to finish my own film! I quit!

*Roger:* Mimi, I see you, I see it, I hear it, I hear it, my song!

One song glory, Mimi, your eyes.

*Both:* Dying in America at the end of the millenium

We're dying in America to come into our own

but when you're dying in America at the end of the millenium  
you're not alone, I'm not alone, I'm not alone.

## Jeff's Monologue

Text: Suburbia by Eric Bogosian  
(b. 1953)

JEFF: No, see, what it was—I didn't want to admit it, but I was jealous of Pony.

But I mean, when I was walking, I realized: he's stuck in that limo all the time, he's stuck with the autographs and the interviews. He has to do what his manager tells him to do. He isn't free. He's just part of the machine. And freedom's really all there is.

It used to scare me that I didn't know what was coming in my life. I always thought, What if I make the wrong move? You know? But maybe there isn't any right move. I was trying to figure it all out. But maybe you can't.

Look at us. We all dress the same, we all talk the same, we all watch the same TV. No one's really different, even if they think they're different. "Oh boy, look at my tattoo!" You know?

And that makes me free, because I can do anything if I really don't care what the result is. I don't need money. I don't even need a future. I could knock out all my teeth with a hammer, so what? I could poke my eyes out. I'd still be alive. Strip naked and fart in the wind. At least I would know I was doing something real for two or three seconds. It's all about fear. And I'm not afraid anymore. Fuck it!

Because anything is possible. It is night on the planet Earth, and I am alive, and someday I will be dead. Some day, I'll be bones in a box. But right now, I'm not. And anything is possible. And that's why I can go to New York with Sooze. Because each moment can be what it is. I'm on the train going there, I'm living there, I'm reading a newspaper, I'm walking down the street. There is no failure, there is no mistake. I just go and live there and what happens, happens.

So at this moment, I am getting naked. And I am not afraid. FUCK FEAR! FUCK MONEY! I WILL GO TO NEW YORK AND I WILL LIVE IN A BOX. I WILL SING WITH THE BUMS. I WILL STARVE, BUT I WILL NOT DIE. I WILL LIVE. I WILL TALK TO GOD!

## Don't Let Me Go

Text: David Lindsay-Abaire  
(b. 1969)

Hey, hey, hey! You gotta let me go with you!  
You don't know what it's like to be considered a freak!  
Well maybe you do.  
But that's why we gotta stick together!  
No, no, no! Don't speak, don't speak, don't speak!  
Just hear me out! I might surprise you.  
I'll be a friend, when others despise you.  
Don't roll your eyes! Stop with the mopin?.  
You need a pal! My calendar's open!  
I'll bring you soup, when you feel congested.  
I'll bail you out, when you get arrested!  
I got your back, wha-wha-what, when things get scary.  
And I'll shave it, when it gets hairy!  
Don't let me go!  
Don't let me go!  
Don't let me go!  
You need me!  
You need me!  
I'll treat you right, and never get shoddy.  
If you kill a man, I'll hide the body!  
So what do you say? You're not responding...  
I think we're bonding!  
Don't let me go.  
Don't let me go.  
Don't let me go!  
You need me.  
You and me, we belong together.  
Like butter and grits,  
Like kibbles and bits,  
Like yin and yang,  
Sturm und drang,  
Like Eng and Chang, attached at the hip  
But not an old lady hip that might break  
I'm gonna be on you like a fat kid on cake!  
(Spoken): Like Cupid and Psyche, like pop rocks and Mikey,  
we'll stick together like that Velcro stuff, I'm the fuzzy side; you'll be the spiky.  
Ooh! Like little kids and pajamas with those funny things at the bottom, you know, feeties.  
Like donuts and? oh, what goes with donuts?  
(Sung): Donuts and diabetes!  
Don't let me go! Don't let me go! Don't let me go! Don't let me go!  
Hold me! Hug me! Take me, please!  
Na-na-na-na-na-na, please don't let me go!  
I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you,  
I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you!  
Don't let me go, Go! Go! Don't let me g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-go!

## **Snow (Ed)**

Text: Five Short Plays by Adam Szymkowicz

I've been careful, always very careful. Before touching a woman I put on rubber gloves. Some women are taken aback, sure, when you pull out rubber gloves and dental dams but what kinds of women are those? ... women that know they have diseases. And those are not the type of women I want to know in any case. So when people ask me if I'm upset at being a virgin at my age, I say no way.

I'm just looking for a clean woman. I am not against kissing ... I just want to make sure her mouth is well cleaned first. If she would brush her teeth and then gargle with mouthwash for a minimum of sixty seconds. (Then) I, of course, would also brush and mouthwash. I like cleanliness, that's all. We are all dirty. God knows I scrub *my* hands before putting those rubber gloves on.

## **Hey, There**

Text: Richard Adler, Jerry Ross  
(1921-2012) (1926-1955)

Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes  
Love never made a fool of you  
You used to be too wise

Hey there, you on that high flying cloud  
Though she won't throw a crumb to you  
You think some day she'll come to you

Better forget her  
Her with her nose in the air  
She has dancing on a string  
Break it and she won't care

Won't take this advice  
I hand you like a brother  
Or are you not seeing things too clear  
Are you too much in love to hear

Is it all going in one ear  
And out the other

Better forget her  
Her with her nose in the air  
She has you dancing on a string  
Break it and she won't care

Won't you take this advice  
I hand you like a brother  
Or are you not seeing things too clear  
Are you too much in love to hear  
Is it all going in one ear and out the other

## Dusty

Text: Clown Bar by Adam Szymkowicz

My cat died last week. Thirty seven years old and died falling off the counter. She was dead before she hit the ground I suspect. I still haven't buried her. I'm too sad about it. I just stuffed her in the freezer and now whenever I want a popsicle, I see her and I start crying again. On top of that, yesterday, I was sitting on my couch and I noticed a tear in it. I should probably get some thread and stitch it up. It'll just get bigger if you don't do something about it. You know what they say, a stitch in time . . . something something. Something about stitches. But it applies universally. To all ways of fastening things. Like pull up your zipper now or you'll be cold later. Or take the antibiotics now before you give it to other people. Or like, go to rehab before you OD on cough syrup or PCP or whatever. Or like, take care of your mama. My mama's doing okay. In fact, I was having a pretty good day if I wasn't thinking about the cat or my couch. Buuuut then Shotgun shot me in the foot. I'll probably get gangrene. I'm hoping the burlesque show might cheer me up. Hey, what are you guys doing?

## Easy to Love

Text: Cole Porter  
(1891-1964)

I know too well that I'm  
Just wasting precious time  
In thinking such a thing could be  
That you could ever care for me.  
I'm sure you hate to hear  
That I adore you, dear,  
But grant me, just the same,  
I'm not entirely to blame, for...  
You'd be so easy to love,  
So easy to idolize, all others above,  
So sweet to waken with,  
So nice to sit down to the eggs and bacon with.  
We'd be so grand at the game,  
So carefree together that it does seem a shame  
That you can't see  
Your future with me  
'Cause you'd be, oh, so easy to love...  
You'd be so easy to love,  
So easy to idolize, all others above,  
So worth the yearning for,  
So swell to keep ev'ry home fire burning for.  
Oh, how we'd bloom, how we'd thrive  
In a cottage for two, or even three, four or five,  
So try to see  
Your future with me  
'Cause you'd be, oh, so easy to love...

## Flying

Text: Marek Haar  
(b. 1997)

When blazing bullets light the night, It's hard to keep from recalling.  
I had a brother like a knight, better than the world he was born in.  
He showed me how to be a man, through thick and thin we had each other.  
They saw a strong, young, Catholic man, and so they went and took my brother.

When all the phantoms come to fight and fevered waters fill the night, and I am drowning,  
and I am drowning,  
I close my eyes so I can see my brother soaring next to me, and we are flying,  
and we are flying.

When I was only ten years old, I ran to school on Monday Morning.  
An R.U.C. man stopped me cold, and he said "Son, this a warning."  
"See, Lad, you're nothing but a waste. Your kind is cursed and better dead."  
I told my brother, tears running down my face.  
My brother turned to me and said,

When there is darkness all around and you can seldom make a sound and you are crying,  
I see you flying.  
But there are battles left to fight but all the darkness is inside and you are flying,  
and we were flying!

But, soon, there comes a day, and you're asking when your childhood went away  
'cause you're stuck in Belfast burning,  
and you're stuck in Belfast burning.  
Keep your head down, don't make a sound.

You're stuck in Belfast burning!  
And you're fucked in Belfast burning!  
And you can cry but you can't ask why!

But there is music in the street, a rolling rhythm proudly beats in Northern Ireland,  
and this is our land.  
But there are bombshells by the road and gunmen ready to unload in Northern Ireland,  
And this is our land.  
My home is Ireland.  
And it is dying,

So I try flying, flying...



## Shiksa Goddess

Text: Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)

I'm breaking my mother's heart  
The longer I stand looking at you  
The more I hear it splinter and crack  
From ninety miles away

I'm breaking my mother's heart  
The JCC of Spring Valley is shaking  
And crumbling to the ground  
And my grandfather's rolling, rolling in his  
grave

If you had a tattoo, that wouldn't matter  
If you had a shaved head, that'd be cool  
If you came from Spain or Japan or the back  
of a van  
Just as long as you're not from Hebrew  
school  
I'd say, now I'm getting somewhere  
I'm finally breaking through

I'd say, hey, hey, Shiksa Goddess  
I've been waiting for someone like you

I've been waiting through Danica Schwartz  
and Erica Weiss  
And the Handelman twins  
I've been waiting through Heather  
Greenblatt  
Annie Mincus, Karen Pincus and Lisa Katz  
And Stacy Rosen, Ellen Kaplan, Julie Silber  
and Janie Stein  
I've had Shabbas dinners on Friday nights  
With every Shapiro in Washington Heights

But the minute I first met you  
I could barely catch my breath  
I've been standing for days with a phone in  
my hand, Like an idiot, scared to death  
I've been wandering through the desert

I've been beaten, I've been hit  
My people have suffered for thousands of  
years  
And I don't give a shit

If you had a pierced tongue, that wouldn't  
matter  
If you once were in jail or you once were a  
man  
If your mother and your brother had  
relations with each other  
And your father was connected to the Gotti  
clan  
I'd say, "Well, nobody's perfect"  
It's tragic but it's true

I'd say, hey, hey, Shiksa Goddess  
I've been waiting for someone like you  
Breaking the circle  
You...  
Taking the light  
You...  
You are the story I should write  
I have to write...

If you drove an RV, that wouldn't matter  
If you like to drink blood - I think it's cute  
If you've got a powerful connection to your  
firearm collection  
I say, "Draw a bead and shoot"  
I'm your Hebrew slave at your service  
Just tell me what to do

I'd say, hey, hey, hey, hey  
I've been waiting for someone...  
I've been praying for someone...  
I think that I could be in love with someone  
Like you!

## A Klingon in Love

Text: Tara Meddaugh

I know it seems crazy that a Klingon would fall for a star fleet commander, but...crazier things have happened on the Enterprise, right? We're not talking DS9 or Voyager here. We're talking Gene Roddenberry, old school, Jim and Picard. (pause) You remember Kirk and the green alien? Data searching for human emotions? You know what I'm saying. You get it. Who cares if our blood's different colors? Who cares what the rest of them think! (pause) We're in love. I wanna...I wanna tell Mr. Sulu selling \$50 pictures over there—tell him about how you switched your phaser from Kill to Stun when you saw me. I wanna interrupt Dr. Crusher's speech to tell the world how your hair smelled like apples when you leaned down to fix my mask. I wanna kiss you in a pile of tribbles for the whole convention to see! (pause) We're different—I know, I know. You're a communications officer with blonde hair and legs to your neck. I'm a 24th century ogre with a bad temper and breath to match. But we're a plot line, baby. Don't you see? Klingons used to be enemies with you but now we're on Star Fleet— doesn't that give you hope? For all races? For you and me? Come on, baby...Meet me after the Charity Auction for a drink at Ten Forward. Will you do it? For love?

## Old Red Hills of Home

Text: Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)

Farewell, My Lila,  
I'll write every evening  
I've carved our names  
In the trunk of this tree  
Farewell, my Lila  
I miss you already  
And dream of the day, When I'll hold you again,  
In a home safe from fear, When the Southland is free

I go to fight for these old hills behind me  
These old red hills of home  
I go to fight, for these old hills remind me  
Of a way of life that's pure, Of the truth that must endure  
In a town called Marietta, In the old red hills of home  
Pray on this day as I journey beyond them  
These old red hills of home  
Let all the blood of the North spill upon them  
'Till they've paid for what they've wrought  
Taken back the lies they've taught  
And there's peace in Marietta, And we're safe again in Georgia  
In the land where Honor lives and breathes  
The old red hills of home  
Farewell, my Lila  
Farewell...

#7

Text: Seven Jewish Children by Caryl Churchill  
(b. 1938)

Don't. Don't tell her about the family of dead girls. Tell her you can't believe what you see on television. Tell her we killed the babies by mistake. Don't tell her anything about the army... Tell her, tell her about the army, tell her to be proud of the army. Tell her about the family of dead girls, tell her their names why not, tell her the whole world knows why shouldn't she know? tell her there's dead babies, did she see babies? tell her she's got nothing to be ashamed of. Tell her they did it to themselves. Tell her they want their children killed to make people sorry for them, tell her I'm not sorry for them, tell her not to be sorry for them, tell her we're the ones to be sorry for, tell her they can't talk suffering to us. Tell her we're the iron fist now, tell her it's the fog of war, tell her we won't stop killing them till we're safe, tell her I laughed when I saw the dead policemen, tell her they're animals living in rubble now, *tell her* I wouldn't care if we wiped them out, the world would hate us is the only thing, tell her I don't care if the world hates us, tell her we're better haters, tell her we're chosen people, tell her I look at one of their children covered in blood and what do I feel? tell her all I feel is happy it's not her. Don't tell her that. Tell her we love her. Don't frighten her.

**Doctor X**

Text: Hearts Like Fists by Adam Szymkowicz

I have a face like a bowl of worms. Squirming around the ticks, the scars, the moles. It's disgusting. A face like this. It's absurd, without meaning or purpose. And I honestly can't say if I'm an experiment gone awry or if I was just born this way. I have no origin. I have no memory. I can only remember you. The way you looked at me, the first time you saw me, it was like you saw the bowl underneath the worms. Your face was like a china plate. Perfect. Whole. Pristine. And you looked at me, the way you looked at me—

The patient had died. That much I remember. His wife was wailing but I couldn't hear her. Because you were there and everything else melted away. "Let's have a drink," you said with your face like a plate. And we drank and we drank and we went to my place and we made love like normal people. And it continued that way for days, weeks, years. I can't say for sure. Why can't I remember? If I could only remember, maybe I could find you.

Or maybe I could figure out when how why you grew tired of me. Was it then I became what I am? Your body was like liquor and I couldn't get enough, couldn't spend a night without you, a minute, a second. I didn't know you weren't drunk on me. How could I have missed the diagnosis? How could I have avoided the bald shock, the morning discovery, to wake up and find your note?

And now I can't remember anything except you. Your face everywhere I go. You will pay. Everyone will pay. You will all pay dearly.

## Live Alone and Like It

Text: Stephen Sondheim  
(1930-2022)

Live alone and like it  
Free as the birds in the trees  
High above the briars  
Live alone and like it  
Doing whatever you please  
When your heart desires  
Free to hang around or fly at any old time

No equivocation  
Most of all no guarantees  
That can be your motto  
Free of obligation  
Only the murmuring breeze  
As an obbligato  
Live alone and like it  
Why is that such a crime?

Free to call the tune  
Free to say  
If you're gonna work or play  
You can have the moon  
But you don't have to have it night and day

Anyway, on your own  
With only you to concern yourself  
Doesn't mean you're lone-  
Ly, just that you're free  
Live and alone and like it  
Don't come down from that tree

That's the answer for me  
That's the answer for me

## The Impossible Dream

Text: Mitch Leigh  
(1928-2014)

To dream the impossible dream,  
To fight the unbeatable foe,  
To bear with unbearable sorrow,  
To run where the brave dare not go.

To right the unrightable wrong,  
To love pure and chaste from afar,  
To try when your arms are too weary,  
To reach the unreachable star.

This is my quest,  
To follow that star  
No matter how hopeless,  
No matter how far.

To fight for the right  
Without question or pause,  
To be willing to march  
Into hell for a heavenly cause.

And I know if I'll only be true  
To this glorious quest  
That my heart will be peaceful and calm  
When I'm laid to my rest.

And the world will be better for this,  
That one man scorned and covered with  
scars

Still strove with his last ounce of courage.  
To fight the unbeatable foe.  
To reach the unreachable star.

This is my quest,  
To follow that star  
No matter how hopeless,  
No matter how far.

To fight for the right  
Without question or pause,  
To be willing to march  
Into hell for a heavenly cause.

And I know if I'll only be true  
To this glorious quest  
That my heart will be peaceful and calm  
When I'm laid to my rest.

And the world will be better for this,  
That one man scorned and covered with  
scars  
Still strove with his last ounce of courage.  
To fight the unbeatable foe.  
To reach the unreachable star.

**Tim**

**Text: The Good Father by Adam Szymkowicz**

So I decided to go to the doctor. And I don't know about you, but I hate doctors. Terrify me. 'Course it was a woman doctor. Jesus, I nearly ran out of the place. But then I was thinkin', well what would I like better – have a woman or a man feeling me...? So that made it easier. Even so, it was, you know, embarrassin' – and the mad thing is the room was upstairs with the curtains open and didn't the 19A fly past – and the whole top deck nearly broke their necks for a gander. She closed the curtains after that. So I start tellin' her about my mole and cancer and all this and she starts feelin' me – like she had plastic gloves on and I was lyin' on this bed, like a baby almost –

That's the thing. She looks at me and says, 'Are you aware that you only have one testicle?' Well, I nearly dropped, or I would have only she was holding me by the – and obviously one of them hadn't dropped, or somethin'. 'You're jokin'?' I says. She says, 'Surely you must have noticed?' But that was the thing. I always just assumed I had two. Like I never bothered countin' them. I thought, I dunno, I thought maybe they were so close together they felt like one, or maybe when one was down there, the other was off doing somethin' else – like I dunno, I just never thought about it. So she tells me then that I might have what they call an 'undescended testes', meanin' that one dropped, but the other didn't...she said I'd have to get it checked out, cos if there was one still up there it would have to be removed because, guess what – it could become cancerous. So she gives me this letter to bring to a urologist at the hospital. I make an appointment, six weeks later in I go.

He tells me there's a one in four chance I'm not fertile, that I can't be a father, like. I says. 'Like is there a way of findin' out whether I'm fertile or not?' So he tells me there's a sperm analysis test that I can do if I really want to. Anyway, I go off and a couple of weeks later I go back for the ultrasound. An' I'm delighted, like, that I don't have cancer – cancer of the missin' ball, an' I'm thinkin' I've a great story for the lads if ever I had the nerve to tell them, but all I'm thinkin' is, Am I fertile or not'? Can I be a dad or not?

Like I didn't know until that moment just how much I wanted to be a father. It's stupid, but like I'd started imaginin' it, what I'd be like, walkin' around with a little fella holdin' me hand, teachin' him how to cross the road, or a little girl and holdin' her up in the air – the way they look down at you, they're so amazed to be up high. And bein' a good father like – encouragin' your kids, givin' them a tenner if they're stuck, askin' them how they are, always knowin' if somethin' was up, bein' there for them, bein' there for them always, always... givin' your life for them, givin' your life to them – fuckin' hell, that's the kind of person you want to be somebody, more of those kind of people, the kind of person I want to be. Father I wanted to be.

## Why

Text: Jonathan Larson  
(1960-1996)

When I was nine,  
Michael and I  
Entered a talent show down at the Y

Nine A.M. went to rehearse by some stairs  
Mike couldn't sing  
But I said, "No one cares"  
We sang "Yellow Bird" and "Let's Go Fly A  
Kite" Over and over and over  
Till we got it right

When we emerged from the YMCA  
Three o'clock sun had made the grass hay

I thought, Hey, what a way to spend a day  
Hey, what a way to spend a day  
I make a vow, right here and now  
I'm gonna spend my time this way

When I was sixteen,  
Michael and I  
Got parts in "West Side"  
At White Plains High

Three o'clock went to rehearse in the gym  
Mike played "Doc", who didn't sing  
Fine with him  
We sang, "gotta rocket in your pocket"  
and "the Jets are gonna have their day -  
tonight" Over and over and over  
Till we got it right

When we emerged,  
Wiped out by that play  
Nine o'clock, stars and moon lit the way

I thought, Hey, what a way to spend a day  
Hey, what a way to spend a day  
I made a vow, I wonder now  
Am I cut out to spend my time this way?

With only so much time to spend  
Don't wanna waste the time I'm given  
"Have it all, play the game" - some  
recommend. I'm afraid, it just may be time  
to give in

I'm twenty-nine,  
Michael and I  
Live on the west side of SoHo, N.Y.  
Nine A.M.  
I write a lyric or two  
Mike sings his song now on Mad Avenue

I sing, "Come to your senses  
Defenses are not the way to go"  
Over and over and over  
Till I got it right

When I emerge from B Minor or A  
Five o'clock, diner calls, "I'm on my way"

I think, Hey, what a way to spend a day  
Hey, what a way to spend a day  
I make a vow - right here and now  
I'm gonna spend my time this way  
I'm gonna spend my time this way

## About the Artists

**Alexander Ross** is a Senior at Brandeis University graduating with B.A. in Music, with a concentration in Musical Theatre, and a B.A. in Business. He is originally from Hampden, Maine and is so excited to be sharing his work over the past year with you all today!

Alex started singing from the very young age of 8 in the Weatherbee Elementary school talent shows and from there, his love for all things music and performing sprouted. As he grew, he started voice lessons with Burns Music Studio, under Tina Burns at age 10 and had roles in the school plays all through middle school. During his time at Hampden Academy, he took every opportunity he could to perform in the area. Some of his credits include *Chad* in “Disaster: The Musical” and *Caractacus Potts* in “Chitty Chitty Bang Bang” with the Hampden Area Theatre Troupe, *Mr. Maraczek* in “She Loves Me” and *Evan* in “13 The Musical” at Next Generation Theatre as well as a professional credit at Penobscot Theatre Company in the *Ensemble* of “Disney’s Beauty and The Beast.” He also participated in the Maine State One Act Festival with Hampden Academy and won a special acting commendation for playing *Jimmy* in “Four Little Words” and All Festival Cast for playing *Paul* in “King of the Squirrels.” Lastly, he also received an Outstanding Musicianship award for his solo performance at the state show choir competition in *Voices Unlimited’s* “Finding Neverland” selections.

During college, he has been very active in the music scene at Brandeis, performing with the Brandeis Chamber Singers, and leading Brandeis Voicemale, Brandeis University’s premier, semi-professional, all male identifying a cappella group, as President. He has also had the pleasure of working on department musicals and plays as well as newly devised musicals, plays and short films. During the summer of 2019, he came back home for his second professional credit, portraying *Eddie* in “Mamma Mia: The Musical” at Penobscot Theatre Company. In the Fall of 2021, He produced and starred in a new musical written by recent Brandeis Alumni, Marek Haar ‘20 and Shoshi Finkel ‘20 called *Our Day Will Come: A Musical Tragedy* about “The Troubles” in Ireland in the 1970s. In addition to this, he spearheaded the creation of a new theater club at Brandeis named “Fireside Theater Company” which hires professional artists to collaborate with students on original theater pieces written by members of the Brandeis student and alumni community. Some of his other Brandeis credits include *Bill* in “Mamma Mia! The Musical”, *Mr. Brooks* in “Little Women: The Musical”, *Stanley/Isidore* in “Oy”, *Ensemble* in “The Laramie Project,” and *Scott Buswell* in the short film “Toast Mortem.”

As he moves on from Brandeis in his artistic career, he will be performing with the Actors Company of Natick this summer in their inaugural production of *You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown* as *Charlie Brown*. He intends to continue his work in theater, music and film in the Boston and New York City Areas.

He wants to thank Professor Duff and the Brandeis Music Department for their support, Matt Anderson for his musical guidance, and Amanda Giglio for her mentorship and expert acting coaching. Lastly, He wants to thank his family and friends for supporting him through this process and attending his performance.



**Grace Spicuzza**, keyboard collaborative artist, is a collaborative pianist and vocal coach working in the greater Boston area. As a staff accompanist, she works with vocal and instrumental students at Boston Conservatory at Berklee and the choral ensembles at Brandeis University. When not working with college students, you can find her performing in recitals with professional classical vocalists and young violinists' recitals.

Over the past year, Grace has had the pleasure of playing with the Brookline Symphony Orchestra, the Sudbury Savoyards to perform a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, and Opera Susquehanna Summer Festival to present two operas by Puccini. She also enjoys collaborating on new compositions with local composers.

One of Grace's deepest joys is to form a three-way connection between performers, audience, and the music. This guides every step of her preparation. When that connection happens in concert, it is an almost spiritual experience that leaves everyone saying, "That was something special."

Grace holds a Masters of Music in Collaborative Piano from Boston Conservatory at Berklee. You can discover more about her by visiting [MusicByGraceEvelyn.com](http://MusicByGraceEvelyn.com).

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*This recital partially fulfills the requirements of the Music Performance Track Major.*