



Brandeis University

Department of Music

presents

Rosie Sentman, *vocalist*

Senior Musical Theatre Performance Track Recital

with

Grace Spicuzza, *keyboard collaborative artist*

Sunday, April 3, 2022 at 12pm

Slosberg Music Center

Program

Everybody Says Don't	<i>Anyone Can Whistle</i> , Steven Sondheim (1930 - 2021)
Monologue from <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)
Charming	<i>Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812</i> , Dave Malloy (1976 -)
Monologue from <i>The Cherry Orchard</i>	Anton Chekhov (1860 - 1904)
I Remember	<i>Evening Primrose</i> , Steven Sondheim (1930 - 2021)
Monologue from <i>Laced</i>	Sam Mueller
I'd Rather Be Me	<i>Mean Girls</i> , Jeff Richmond (1961 -)
Monologue from <i>Uncommon Women and Others</i>	Wendy Wasserstein (1950 - 2006)
To Keep My Love Alive	<i>A Connecticut Yankee</i> , Richard Rogers (1902 - 1979)
Monologue from <i>The Sound Inside</i>	Adam Rapp
On The Street Where You Live	<i>My Fair Lady</i> , Frederick Loewe (1901 - 1988)
Monologue from <i>Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead</i>	Tom Stoppard (1937 -)
On the Steps of the Palace	<i>Into The Woods</i> , Steven Sondheim (1930 - 2021)
Monologue from <i>Eurydice</i>	Sarah Ruhl (1974 -)
Another Life	<i>Bridges of Madison County</i> , Jason Robert Brown (1970 -)
Monologue from <i>Under Milk Wood</i>	Dylan Thomas (1914 - 1953)
He Plays The Violin	<i>1776</i> , Sherman Edwards (1919 - 1981)

Texts

Everybody Says Don't

Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't- it isn't right,
Don't- it isn't nice!
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't walk on the grass,
Don't disturb the peace,
Don't skate on the ice.
Well I say do,
I say,
Walk on the grass, it was meant to feel!
I say sail!
Tilt at the windmill,
And if you fail, you fail.
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't get out of line.
When they say that, then
Lady that's a sign:
Nine times out of ten,
Lady, you are doing just fine!
Make just a ripple.
Come on, be brave.
This time a ripple,
Next time a wave
Sometimes you have to start small,
Climbing the tiniest wall,
Maybe you're going to fall-
But it is better than not starting at all!
Everybody says no,
Everybody says stop.
Everybody says mustn't rock the boat,
Mustn't touch a thing!
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says wait,
Everybody says can't fight city hall,

Anyone Can Whistle, Steven Sondheim

Can't upset the cart,
Can't laugh at the king!
Well, I say try!
I say,
Laugh at the kings or they'll make you cry!
Lose your poise!
Fall if you have to, but lady make a noise!
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says can't,
Everybody says wait around for miracles,
That's the way the world is made!
I insist on miracles, if you do them,
Miracles- nothing to them!
I say don't,
Don't be afraid!

Much Ado About Nothing, William Shakespeare

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by failing in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabour and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God.

Charming

Oh my enchantress, oh you beautiful thing
Charming, charming
Oh, this is really beyond anything,
These dresses suit you,
This one, metallic gauze.
Straight from Paris.
Anything suits you, my charmer.
Oh how she blushes, how she blushes, my
pretty!
Oh how she blushes, how she blushes, my
pretty!
Charmante, charmante!
You are such a lovely thing,
Oh where have you been?
It's such a shame to bury pearls in the
country
Charmante, charmante, charming.
Now if you have a dress,
You must wear it out!
How can you live in Moscow and not go
nowhere?
So you love somebody, charming,
But that's no reason to shut yourself in.
Even if you're engaged,
You must wear your dress out somewhere!
My brother dined with me yesterday,
But he didn't eat a thing,
'Cause he was thinking about you,
He kept sighing about you.
Oh how she blushes, how she blushes, my
pretty!
Oh how she blushes, how she blushes, my
pretty!
Charmante, charmante!
You are such a lovely thing,

Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812, Dave Malloy

Oh where have you been?
It's such a shame to bury pearls in the
country
Charmante, charmante, charming.
Now a woman with a dress,
Is a frightening and powerful thing!
You are not a child
When you're draped in scarlet and lace.
Your fiancé would want you to have fun,
Rather than be bored to death
Alliez dans la monde
Plutôt que de déperir d'ennui!
My brother is quite madly in love.
He is quite madly in love with you, my dear.
Oh how she blushes, how she blushes, my
pretty!
Oh how she blushes, how she blushes, my
pretty!
Charmante, charmante!
You are such a lovely thing,
Oh where have you been?
It's such a shame to bury pearls in the
country
Charmante, charmante, charming.
Such a shame to bury pearls in the country
Charmante, charmante, charming.
Such a shame to bury pearls in the country
Charmante, charmante, charming.

The Cherry Orchard, Anton Chekhov

What truth? You seem so sure what's truth and what isn't, but I'm not. I've lost any sense of it, I've lost sight of the truth. You're so sure of yourself, aren't you, so sure you have all the answers to everything, but darling, have you ever really had to live with one of your answers? You're too young! Of course you look into the future and see a brave new world, you don't expect any difficulties, but that's because you know nothing about life! Yes, you have more courage than my generation, and better morals, and you're better educated, but for God's sake have a little sense of what it's like for me, and be easier on me. Pétya, I was born here! My parents lived here all their lives; so did my grandfather. I love this house! Without the cherry orchard my life makes no sense, and if you have to sell it, you might as well sell me with it. And it was here my son drowned, you know that... Have some feeling for me, Pétya, you're such a good, sweet boy.

I'd Rather Be Me

Mean Girls, Jeff Richmond

So your best friend screwed you over
Acted nice when she's not nice
Well, I have some advice
'Cause it's happened to me, twice
Here's my secret strategy
It always works because
The world doesn't end
It just feels like it does
So raise your right finger
And solemnly swear
Whatever they say about me
I don't care
I won't twist in knots to join your game
I will say, "You make me mad"
And if you treat me bad
I'll say, "You're bad"
And if I eat alone from this moment on
That's just what I'll do
'Cause I'd rather be me, I'd rather be me
I'd rather be me than be with you
We're supposed to all be ladies
And be nurturing and care
Is that really fair?
Boys get to fight, we have to share
Here's the way that that turns out
We always understand
How to slap someone down
With our underhand
So here's my right finger
To how girls should behave
'Cause sometimes
What's meant to break you
Makes you brave
So I will not act all innocent
I won't fake apologize
Let's just fight and then make up
Not tell these lies
Let's call our damage even
Clean the slate 'til it's like new

It's a new life for me
Where I'd rather be me
I'd rather be me
Than be with you
I'll say, "No"
I'll say, "Knock it off with your notes and
your rules and your games"
And those sycophants who follow you
I'll remember all their names
And when they drag you down
Like they inevitably do
I will not laugh along with them and
Approve their polis coup,
'cause that's not me
I don't need their good opinions
I have plenty of opinions
Everybody has opinions but it doesn't make
them true
What's true is being me
And I'd rather be me
I'd rather be me than be with you
So raise them high 'cause playing nice and
shy is insulting my IQ
I'd rather be me
I'd rather be me
I'd rather be me than be with you
I'd rather be me
I'd rather be me
I'd rather be me than be with you

I tattooed a Persian Cedar tree on my thigh the day before I turned 21.
I held hands with myself
Clutched my own body for their two hours it took for the needle to leave all of the ink
beneath my skin
Dipping in and out faster than hummingbird wings
Watched as my artist poured their heart into my flesh
And I asked how long they'd been tattooing
They looked young but they said twenty years.
I said I couldn't imagine doing anything for twenty years
And they winked when they said
It roots me.
And we laughed at the irony of tattooing a tree as roots
And I studied the hard edges of their face
The shadows of a red beard creeping in
As they smiled and said
The art of creating,
It makes me feel so feminine, you know?
I just don't see why I can't be male and female
And neither male nor female at the same time, you know?
And I said
I know
Because I did
And they said
Namaste
The light in me recognizes the light in you
Like a beacon,
Like a lighthouse
The fresh ink in my thigh leaving a dull throbbing reminder
A steady pulse of knowing
It didn't matter what I looked like to anyone else
I could claim my femaleness
And I could claim my maleness
And they could exist together
And I could be complete
I only have one other tattoo
I went back to the same artist five years later
And they said
I was wondering what happened to you.
It's so good to know you're still
Here.

To Keep My Love Alive

A Connecticut Yankee, Richard Rogers

I've been married and married,
And often I've sighed,
I'm never a bridesmaid,
I'm always a bride;
I never divorced them,
I hadn't the heart,
Yet, remember
These sweet words,
"Till death do us part."
I married many men, a ton of them
And yet I was untrue to none of them,
Because I bumped off every one of them
To keep my love alive.
Sir Paul was frail, he looked a wreck to me.
At night he was a horse's neck to me,
So I performed an appendectomy,
To keep my love alive!
Sir Thomas had insomnia,
He couldn't sleep at night,
I bought a little arsenic,
He's sleeping now all right.
Sir Phillip played the harp,
I cussed the thing.
I crowned him with his harp
To bust the thing,
And now he plays where harps are
Just the thing,
To keep my love alive!
To keep my love alive.
I thought Sir George had possibilities,
But his flirtations made me ill at ease,
And when I'm ill at ease, I kill at ease
To keep my love alive.
Sir Charles came from a sanatorium,
And yelled for drinks in my emporium,
I mixed one drink, he's in memoriam,
To keep my love alive!
Sir Francis was a singing bird,
A nightingale, that's why

I tossed him off my balcony
To see if he could fly.
Sir Athelstane indulged in fratricide,
He killed his dad and that was patricide.
One night I stabbed him
By my mattress side,
To keep my love alive,
To keep my love alive!

Do you know what the expression “Good Ga Davened” means? It means someone who davened or prayed right. Girls who good ga davened did well. They marry doctors and go to Bermuda for Memorial Day weekends. These girls are also doctors, but they only work part-time because of their three musically inclined children, and weekly brownstone restorations. I think Mount Holyoke mothers have access to a “did well” list published annually, in New York, Winnetka, and Beverly Hills, and distributed on High Holy Days and Episcopal bake sales. I’m afraid I’m on the waiting list.

You were on the waiting list for Johns Hopkins. I have a good memory for indecision. My mother says doctors take advantage unless you’re thin. And then they want to marry you and place you among the good ga davened. She says girls who have their own apartments hang towels from the windows so the men on the street know when to come up. My friend Alice Harwitch is becoming a doctor and I’ve never seen her enter a strange building with towels in the windows. Of course, she’s a radical lesbian.

On The Street Where You Live

My Fair Lady, Frederick Loewe

I have often walked down the street before,
But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before,
All at once am I several stories high,
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.
Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?
Does enchantment pour out of every door?
No, it's just on the street where you live.
And oh, the towering feeling,
Just to know somehow you are near!
The overpowering feeling
That any second you may suddenly appear!
People stop and stare, they don't bother me.
For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.
Let the time go by, I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.

So this is now. Right now. It's the late fall. There has been early snow, nearly a foot of it, in fact. Records have been broken. One barely remembers the leaves changing.

I'm standing in the center of the New Haven Green, a public park near campus. It's very cold. There is no wind. The naked trees look palsied and arthritic. It's that hour of the night when even the most mundane objects seem to possess thought. A guilt-ridden park bench. The serpentine wickedness hiding in a lost scarf.

That lamppost over there knows more about me than most of my students.

I come to this park when I can't sleep. I talk things out. I use long, heavily embroidered, figurative sentences; the kind of sentences I urge my students to avoid. In this park I'm a Creative Writing hypocrite. I imagine my purple prose evaporating in the cold air above me. Thousands of words disappearing...

On the Steps of the Palace

He's a very smart prince.
He's a prince who prepares.
Knowing this time I'd run from him,
He spread pitch on the stairs.
I was caught unawares.
And I thought: Well, he cares-
This is more than just malice.
Better stop and take stock
While you're standing here stuck
On the steps of the palace.
You think, what do you want?
You think, make a decision.
Why not stay and be caught?
You think well, it's a thought,
What would be his response?
But when what if he knew who you were
When you know that you're not
What he thinks that he wants?
And then what if you are-
What a prince would envision?
Although how can you know what you are
'Till you know what you're not,
Which you don't?
So then which do you pick?
Where you're safe out of sight,
And yourself,
But where everything's wrong?
Or where everything's right
And you know that you'll never belong?
And whichever you pick,
Do it quick,
'Cause you're starting to stick
To the steps of the palace.
It's your first big decision.
The choice isn't easy to make.
To arrive at a ball is exciting and all-
Once you're there though it's scary.
And it's fun to deceive
When you know you can leave,

Into The Woods, Steven Sondheim

But you have to be wary.
There's a lot that's at stake,
But you've stalled long enough,
'Cause you're still standing stuck
In the stuff on the steps...
Better run along home
And avoid the collision.
Even though they don't care,
You'll be better off there
Where there's nothing to choose,
So there's nothing to lose.
So you pry up your shoes.
Then from out of the blue,
And without any guide,
You know what your decision is,
Which is not to decide.
You'll just leave him a clue:
For example, a shoe.
And then see what he'll do.
Now it's he and not you
Who is stuck with a shoe, in a stew,
In the goo,
And you've learned something too,
Something you never knew,
On the steps of the palace.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead, Tom Stoppard

A scientific approach to the examination of phenomena is a defense against the pure emotion of fear. Keep tight hold and continue while there's time. Now - counter to the previous syllogism: tricky one, follow me carefully, it may prove a comfort. If we postulate, and we just have, that within un-, sub- or supernatural forces *the probability* is that the law of probability will not operate as a factor, then we must accept that the probability of the *first* part will not operate as a factor, in which case the law of probability *will* operate as a factor within un-, sub- or supernatural forces. And since it obviously hasn't been doing so, we can take it that we are not held within un-, sub- or supernatural forces after all; in all probability, that is. Which is a great relief to me personally. Which is all very well, except that - we have been spinning coins together since I don't know when, and in all that time (if it is all that time) I don't suppose either of us was more than a couple of gold pieces up or down. I hope that doesn't sound surprising because its very unsurprisingness is something I am trying to keep hold of. The equanimity of your average tosser of coins depends upon a law which ensures that he will not upset himself by losing too much nor upset his opponent by winning too often. This made for a kind of harmony and a kind of confidence. It related the fortuitous and ordained into a reassuring union which we recognised as nature. The sun came up about as often as it went down, in the long run, and a coin showed heads about as often as it showed tails. Then a messenger arrived. We had been sent for. Nothing else happened. Ninety-two coins spun consecutively have come down heads ninety-two consecutive times... and for the last three minutes on the wind of a windless day I have heard the sound of drums and flute...

Another Life

Put inside the picture frame
Some tables and a coffee pot,
A uniform, a girl of twenty-three.
Sitting at a table,
Put a man of thirty-seven,
As exotic as that girl would ever see.
Have her standing over him and laughing
As he's asking her
A question no one thought to ask before.
Color him with mystery
And color her with danger
And expose them just enough to wish for
more.
And there was something there between us.
Something I could never name:
Something stronger, something stranger,
More than quicksand, more than flame:
Another life.
Further down the gallery,
A picture of a couple
On a honeymoon in Marrakech somewhere.
See him with his camera at his eye,
And see her grasping at his hand,
Afraid he doesn't know she's there.
And there was something deep inside him,
Something I could never reach.
Like he saw it getting closer,
In a window, on a beach:
Another life.
Another life...
But I believed I'd grow to be
The thing he needed most to see,
And if our nights just stayed this hot,
I'd break him down,
He'd open up...
Well, obviously not.

Bridges of Madison County, Jason Robert
Brown

Back there in a shadow,
Find a picture of a woman
Wearing four years of confusion
Like a scar.
Walking through the door
And leaving nothing but a note
That says "I'm sorry, Robert,"
Taped to her guitar.
And there is so much I still wonder,
Did he need me? Did he know?
"Love is open, love is easy":
That was someone long ago.
Another life.
Another life.

There was a roar, and a coldness—
I think my husband was with me.
What was my husband's name?
My husband's name? Do you know it?
How strange. I don't remember.
It was horrible to see his face
when I died. His eyes were
two black birds
and they flew to me.
I said: no— stay where you are—
he needs you in order to see!
When I got through the cold
they made me swim in a river
and I forgot his name.
I forgot all the names.
I know his name starts with my mouth
shaped like a ball of twine—
Oar—oar.
I forget.
They took me to a tiny boat.
I only just fit inside.
I looked at the oars
and I wanted to cry.
I tried to cry but I just drooled a little.
I'll try now.
What happiness it would be to cry.
I was not lonely
only alone with myself
begging myself not to leave my own body
but I was leaving.
Good-bye, head—I said—
it inclined itself a little, as though to nod to me
in a solemn kind of way.
How do you say good-bye to yourself?

He Plays The Violin

1776, Sherman Edwards

Oh he never speaks his passions,
He never speaks his views,
Whereas other men speak volumes
The man I love is mute
In truth, I can't recall
Being wooed with words at all
Even now.
He plays the violin
He tucks it right under his chin
And he bows, oh he bows
For he knows, yes he knows
That it's heigh, heigh, heigh, diddle diddle
Twixt my heart, Tom and his fiddle
My strings are unstrung
Heigh, heigh, heigh, heigh
I am undone
I hear his violin
And I get that feeling within
And I sigh, oh I sigh
He draws near, very near
And it's heigh, heigh, heigh, diddle diddle
And... goodbye to the fiddle!
My strings are unstrung
Heigh, heigh, heigh, heigh
I'm always undone
When Heaven calls to me
Sing me no sad elegy
Say I died
Loving bride
Loving wife
Loving life
For it was heigh, heigh, heigh diddle diddle
Twixt my heart, Tom and his fiddle
And ever 'twill be!
Heigh, heigh, heigh, heigh
Through eternity!
He plays the violin!

To begin at the beginning:

It is spring, moonless night in the small town, starless
and bible-black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched,
courtiers'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the
sloebblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboatbobbing sea.
The houses are blind as moles (though moles see fine to-night
in the snouting, velvet dingles) or blind as Captain Cat
there in the muffled middle by the pump and the town clock,
the shops in mourning, the Welfare Hall in widows' weeds.
And all the people of the lulled and dumbfound town are
sleeping now.

Hush, the babies are sleeping, the farmers, the fishers,
the tradesmen and pensioners, cobbler, schoolteacher,
postman and publican, the undertaker and the fancy woman,
drunkard, dressmaker, preacher, policeman, the webfoot
cocklewomen and the tidy wives. Young girls lie bedded soft
or glide in their dreams, with rings and trousseaux,
bridesmaided by glowworms down the aisles of the
organplaying wood. The boys are dreaming wicked or of the
bucking ranches of the night and the jollyrodgered sea. And
the anthracite statues of the horses sleep in the fields,
and the cows in the byres, and the dogs in the wetnosed
yards; and the cats nap in the slant corners or lope sly,
streaking and needling, on the one cloud of the roofs.
You can hear the dew falling, and the hushed town breathing.

Bios

Rosie Sentman is a senior at Brandeis University, double majoring in Theatre Arts and Music with a concentration in Musical Theatre.

Rosie has been performing onstage for as long as they can remember. In grade school, they regularly performed in stage productions with their middle and upper school, as well as at summer camp. Their high-school drama class attended the Georgia Regional One-Act Competition each year, where Rosie won two awards for Best Actress and one for All-Star Cast. Their senior year they attended the Georgia Regional Literary Competition, and took first place for Comedic Monologue and for Girl's Trio Vocal Performance.

At Brandeis, Rosie has moved between acting and costume design/wardrobe tech. They are a former member of Proscenium a cappella, and sing with University Chorus. They have been increasingly drawn to more creative, collaborative, and experimental projects, and regularly work with new scripts or as a performer in devised or improvised productions; some of their favorite roles from the past few years include *Anton Pavlovich's Garden Club* (Anya), *Foolish Sanity* (Foolish Authority roles), *10, 9, Too Late, Blast Off* (Alexei Tolstoy), and *The End Of The World in Alone|Together* (Kit). They are narrating the short story (*don't you love a singer*) by T.S. Porter for the audiobook version of Speculatively Queer's anthology *It Gets Even Better: Stories of Queer Possibility*, which is now available for preorder. This year they have also been writing a thesis with the theatre department, discussing disability representation and inclusion onstage, and the process of adapting pre-existing scripts for physically disabled actors; *The Opposite of People*, a production of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, will be showing in this year's senior thesis festival from April 29th to May 1st.

Rosie would like to thank Professor Duff and the Music Department as a whole for their support, Matthew Anderson for his unparalleled teaching and endless (endless) patience, and Grace Spicuzza for lending her incredible skills for this performance. They would also like to thank their housemates Jessie and Joanna, Proscenium a cappella, their friends at Harrison Ridge, and the cast and crew of *The Opposite of People*.

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.