

Voicing Femininity

A capstone senior recital featuring

Megan Ortman



With Professor Patrick Merrill, piano

Friday, April 28, 2023

at 7:00 pm

Flagg Building, Salon Doré

500 17th Street NW

Free and open to the public



THE GEORGE
WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON, DC

Music at the Corcoran presents

Voicing Femininity

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Friday, April 28, 2023 at 7:00 pm
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500 17th Street NW

Megan Ortman, Soprano
Professor Patrick Merrill, Piano

Program

I

- “Mi chiamano Mimì”
from *La Bohème* Giacomo Puccini (1858 - 1924)
Libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa
- “Morire?” Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Text by Giuseppe Adami
- “Quando men vo”
from *La Bohème* Giacomo Puccini (1858 - 1924)
Libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa
- “Amiamo” Gaetano Donizetti (1797 - 1848)
Text by Unknown
- “Elle a fui, la tourterelle!”
from *Les Contes d’Hoffmann* Jacques Offenbach (1819 - 1880)
Libretto by Jules Barbier
- “Après un rêve” Gabriel Fauré (1845 - 1924)
Text by Romain Bussine
- “Mein Herr Marquis” Johann Strauss II (1825 - 1899)
Libretto by Karl Haffner and Richard Genée
- “Heidenröslein” Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)
Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Intermission

Program

II

Cowboy Songs

“Bucking Bronco”

“Lift me into Heaven Slowly”

“Billy the Kid”

Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

“Hello! Oh, Margaret, it’s you”

from *The Telephone*

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911 - 2007)

Libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti

“i carry your heart”

John Duke (1899 - 1984)

Text by e. e. cummings

“Laurie’s Song”

from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland (1900 - 1990)

Libretto by Horace Everett

Program Notes

Welcome!

This recital will consist of two parts: first, an academically-motivated Capstone, where the repertoire has been selected and programmed in support of a central argument, and second, a collection of music I simply could not leave without singing for you. I cannot wait to share both.

For my Capstone, I challenge a differentiation that is so-often made between two main forms of vocal music, aria — sung by a character in an opera — and art song — stand-alone poetry set to music. In my eyes, the sole difference lies in the explicit knowledge of character and narrative, which of course is known when dealing with opera and not with poetry. In the second half, I will move from nineteenth-century Europe to twentieth-century America, featuring English-language repertoire that is just as contemplative, comedic, and tender as the first half.

This program seeks to center the voice, experience, and agency of women. While it is easy to focus on the victimization of women in historicized repertoire — especially opera — I encourage you to look past that to see just how much more these stories have to offer. This recital is about everything women do and are, despite the things outside of their control.

Program Notes

I.

These four arias from the Nineteenth Century represent four very different women, each using her power to share her story and, ultimately, shape her destiny. I have paired each aria with an art song that communicates a very similar sense of character or narrative-based objective, despite the lack of either. I seek to demonstrate that, regardless of the differences in form and context, these pieces represent an interconnectedness of feminine expression across genre.

At the beginning of *Bohème*, we meet Mimì as she describes her (admittedly small) life to her soon-to-be love: she's not showy, she relishes the poetry of everyday life, and she doesn't seem to mind when things are beyond her control. Smiling, she leans into the passive construction of the opening line, later adding that she does not know why she's called a name besides her own.

Equally contemplative, "Morire?" probes into the curiosity of life, death, and what it could possibly all mean. Like Mimì, the speaker picks out shining details of the day-to-day, but ultimately admits to not having all of the answers. Yet, ever hopeful, the speaker ends with a recitative style similar to Mimì's, scrambling for words and reaching out for someone that could know more.

Also in *Bohème*, Musetta introduces herself in song, with a passion and self-assuredness in her physicality unseen in Mimì. She has no need for poetry; she knows what she wants and how to confidently get it. Musetta's happy place is in the spotlight, in the adoring eyes of others. Playfully, she picks out the one person in the audience not won over by her serenade, questioning how he could possibly turn away from her, or love itself. Just like Musetta, the speaker in Donizetti's "Amiamo" is simply in love with love. Life is far too serious without it — why bother with anything else? The underpinning of Musetta's song becomes the speaker's rallying cry: forget that, let me love you while you love me!

Compared to the women of *Bohème*, Antonia in *Hoffmann* is still a child. At home, ill, and on bedrest, she calls out in song for her beloved Hoffmann, jeopardizing her health in the process. Unlike Musetta, she makes her move in spite of her physicality, and she ultimately dies because of it. Her soaring melodic line reaches past her current situation and out to Hoffmann, blindly hoping he is doing the same. Likewise, the speaker in Fauré's "Après un rêve" is consumed by this same naïve longing for the beloved and what could be. Dreaming of a scenario where the two run away together "into the light," the speaker instead awakes to darkness, but nevertheless remains hopeful for that day to come.

Lastly, in *Fledermaus*, Adele is smart and agile, the image of a woman fully in control of the space around her. Caught while pretending to be someone else at a party, she refuses to give up her true identity. Her confidence rivals that of Musetta; with

Program Notes

humor and outright manipulation, she shifts the focus away from herself to instead poke fun at her employer. Also threatened by a boy, the rose in Schubert's "Heidenröslein" literally pokes her provoker, sticking him once and for all with the memory of his wrongdoing.

II.

Changing scenery, Libby Larsen's three Cowboy Songs bring us to the Wild West, drawing on texts by Belle Starr, a famed outlaw, Robert Creeley, an American poet, and an anonymous text about Billy the Kid. Larsen composed the cycle in 1979 for a fellow graduate student at the University of Minnesota. Though not explicitly connected to each other, the three pieces present many sides of life in the West: love and wayward travel, somber contemplation, and the living legends of dangerous outlaws.

Moving back East, "Hello? Oh, Margaret, it's you" is set in a New York apartment, where Lucy England simply can not get off of her phone. This famous aria from Gian Carlo Menotti's one-act comedic opera *The Telephone* features a one-sided telephone conversation, all in his verismo style of lyricism. Though Lucy does not want to talk with Margaret at first, she gets pulled into the gossip and can't help but share what she knows in turn.

To shift away from such trivialities as phone calls, "i carry your heart" by John Duke is a profound declaration of love, one so all-consuming that the speaker becomes interconnected to the cycles of nature and the very heart of their beloved. The music is set to e. e. cummings's 1952 poem, one of the most famous love poems of the Twentieth Century for his distinctive blurring of pun.

Lastly, I will end with "Laurie's Song" from Aaron Copland's *The Tenderland*. Faced with the prospects of graduating highschool, encountering her first love, and possibly leaving her family's farm, Laurie reflects on her past and what the future could hold. Like Laurie, I am just as excited and poised for what will come next. Thank you all for joining me today to help me celebrate the close of this chapter of my life!

Artistic Statement

My artistic identity lies in the intersection of my musical and academic interests, with the mystery of not quite knowing what comes next for me. I've had the opportunity to study multiple aspects of my art on my own terms, guiding my research to schools of musical thought that I never knew existed. It's in this setting that I truly fell in love with both the process of singing as well as the historical research that can go hand in hand with it.

I've spent my time in spaces where I'm mostly surrounded by people who neither know nor understand the style of music I dedicate so much of my life to. I've always found joy in sharing my loves with others, and getting to teach my peers about the vast chronology and nuance involved in opera makes me happy.

The history of opera is one of classism, racism, misogyny, and fetishization, both in the material that is sung and the culture around it that is carried forward in the name of lineage or tradition. And. This art presents some of the purest, strongest, and most beautiful emotions I've ever seen on stage, and I refuse to believe that it is obsolete. We've outgrown the structures that surround opera, but certainly not the opera itself.

My role as both an artist and researcher is to deepen the body of knowledge on this repertoire and the times that surrounded it; and, to rethink the ways we present opera at all.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Megan Oster". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial 'M' and 'O'.

Lyrics and Translations

“Mi Chiamano Mimi” from *La Bohème* by Giacomo Puccini

Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi,
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia è breve.
A tela o a seta ricamo in casa e fuori...
Son tranquilla e lieta ed è mio svago
far gigli e rose.
Mi piaccion quelle cose
che han sì dolce malia,
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,
di sogni e di chimere,
quelle cose che han nome poesia...
Lei m'intende?

Mi chiamano Mimi, il perché non so.
Sola, mi fo il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signore.
Vivo sola, soletta
là in una bianca cameretta:
guardo sui tetti e in cielo;
ma quando vien lo sgelò
il primo sole è mio!
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...
Foglia a foglia la spio!
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore!
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè!
Non hanno odore.
Altro di me non le saprei narrare.
Sono la sua vicina
che la vien fuori d'ora a importunare.

Yes. They call me Mimi,
but my real name's Lucia.
My story is brief.
I embroider silk and satin at home or outside. I'm
tranquil and happy,
and my pastime is making lilies and roses.
I love all things
that have gentle magic,
that talk of love, of spring,
that talk of dreams and fancies -
these things called poetry ...
Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi – I don't know why.
I live all by myself and I eat all alone.
I don't often go to church,
but I like to pray.
I stay all alone
In my tiny white room,
I look at the roofs and the sky.
But when spring comes
the sun's first rays are mine.
April's first kiss is mine!
A rose blossoms in my vase,
I breathe its perfume, petal by petal.
So sweet is the flower's perfume.
But the flowers I make, alas,
have no scent.
What else can I say about myself?
I'm your neighbor,
Who comes out now to bother you.

“Morire?” by Giacomo Puccini

Morire?... E chi lo sa qual è la vita!
Questa che s'apre luminosa e schietta
ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,
o quella che in rinuncie s'è assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta
che si tramanda come ammonimento
come un segreto di virtù segreta
perché ognuno raggiunga la sua mèta,

O non piuttosto il vivo balenare
di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
e la pace travolta e l'inesausta
fede d'avere per desiderare?

Ecco... io non lo so, ma voi che siete
all'altra sponda sulla riva immensa
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita
son certo lo saprete

Death?... But who knows what life is!
Is it something that opens, bright and free,
to the world's charms, to love and to hope,
or something that in renunciation slumbers?

Is it the bashful and quiet simplicity
that is passed down like a warning,
like a secret of hidden virtue,
so that everyone can achieve his goal,

Or is it instead the bright flash
of new dreams over jaded ones,
and the overwhelming peace and never-ending
faith you need in order to desire?

There, I don't know, but you who have
crossed to that far and boundless shore
where the flower of life blooms,
I am sure, you must know.

Lyrics and Translations

“Quando m’en vo” from *La Bohème* by Giacomo Puccini

Quando m’en vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a pie’ ...
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l’effluvio del desio tutta m’aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

When I go all by myself through the street,
People stop and stare,
and all study my beauty
From my head to toe.
And then I savor the subtle desire
which emanates from their eyes,
and from the obvious charms they understand all
the hidden beauty.
Like this the flood of desire surrounds me,
it makes me happy!
And you who know, who remembers and pines,
Why do you avoid me so?
I know very well that you don’t want to speak
about your agony,
But you feel yourself dying!

“Amiamo” by Gaetano Donizetti

Or che l’età ne invita,
Cerchiamo di goder.
L’istante del piacer passa, passa e non torna.

Grave divien la vita
Se non si coglie il fior;
Di fresche rose amor solo l’adorna.

Più bella sei, più devi
Ad amor voti e fé;
Altra beltà non è che un suo tributo.

Now that age invites us to it,
Let’s seek happiness.
The moment of pleasure passes, passes, and
doesn’t return.
Life becomes too serious
If you don’t gather the flowers;
Only the fresh rose adorns love.

The more beautiful you are,
The more you owe vows and faith to love,
Another beauty is nothing but a tribute.

Amiam ché i dì son brevi;
È un giorno senza amore
Un giorno di dolor, giorno perduto.

Let’s love because the days are short;
A day without love
Is a day of sadness, a day wasted.

“Elle a fui, la tourterelle!” from *Les contes d’Hoffmann* by Jacques Offenbach

Elle a fui, la tourterelle!
Ah! souvenir trop doux!
Image trop cruelle!
Hélas! à mes genoux,
Je l’entends, je le vois!

Elle a fui, la tourterelle,
Elle a fui loin de toi;
Mais elle est toujours fidèle
Et te garde sa foi.
Mon bienaimé, ma voix t’appelle,
Oui, tout mon coeur est à toi.

She has flown, the turtledove!
Ah, memory too sweet,
Image too cruel!
Alas, on my knees,
I hear him, I see him!

She has flown, the turtledove,
She has flown far from you;
But she is always faithful
And keeps her vow to you.
My beloved, my voice calls you
Yes, all my heart is yours.

Lyrics and Translations

Chère fleur qui viens d'éclore
Par pitié réponds moi!
Toi qui sais s'il m'aime encore,
S'il me garde sa foi!
Mon bienaimé, ma voix t'implore,
Ah! que ton coeur vienne à moi.
Elle a fui, la tourterelle,
Elle a fui loin de toi.

Dear flower, just opened,
Have pity, answer me!
You who knows if he still loves me,
If he keeps his vow to me!
My beloved, my voice begs you,
Ah, let your heart come to me.
She has flown, the turtledove,
She has flown far from you.

“Après un rêve” by Gabriel Fauré

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage;
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore.
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière;
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.
Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes!
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

In a sleep charmed by your image,
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were sweeter, your voice pure and
ringing.
You were radiant like a sky brightened by the
dawn;
You called me, and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light;
The heavens opened their clouds for us,
Spendors unknown, glimmers of divine light.
Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I call to you, oh night, give me back your illu-
sions;
Return, return, in radiance,
Return, oh mysterious night.

“Mein Herr Marquis” from *Die Fledermaus* by Johann Strauss II

My dear Marquis, It seems to me
You should display more tact!
Where a lady goes, what a lady shows
Is how she proves the fact!

My taste is too fine and too chic,
My waist has a line so unique,
My walk is so dramatic,
My talk aristocratic.
What chambermaid you know
Could have so much to show?

Instead of putting on such airs
Why don't you mind your own affairs?
It's too funny — Please excuse me!
I can't help it — You amuse me!
You're wrong as you can be Marquis!

Just look at me and you will see
There's more than meets the eye.
Where a lady's been, where a lady's seen
Are proofs that never lie.

Could I be at home in this room,
If I were at home with a broom?
The way I lift an eyebrow
Is typically high-brow.
What chambermaid you know
Could have so much to show?

I think you must admit Marquis,
You owe me an apology!
It's too funny — Please excuse me!
I can't help it — You amuse me!

Lyrics and Translations

“Heidenröslein” by Franz Schubert

Sah ein Knab’ ein Röslein stehen,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah’s mit vielen Freuden.

Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will’s nicht leiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach’s
Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst es eben leiden.

A boy saw a little rose standing,
Little rose of the moor,
She was so young and fresh,
He ran quickly to see her better,
He looked at her with so much joy.

Little rose, little rose, little red rose!
Little rose of the moor.

The boy said: I will pick you,
Little rose of the moor!
Little rose said: I will stick you,
So you will forever think of me,
Because I will not tolerate that.

And the wild boy picked her,
Little rose of the moor!
The little rose defended herself and stuck,
None of the boy’s cries helped him,
He just had to endure it

Cowboy Songs by Libby Larsen

1. “Bucking Bronco”

My love is a rider, my love is a rider!
My true love is a rider,
Wild broncos he breaks,
Though he promised to quit for my sake.

It’s one foot in the stirrup
And the saddle put on
With a swing and a jump
He is mounted and gone.

The first time I met him,
It was early one spring.
A riding a bronco,
A high-headed thing.

The next time I saw him,
‘Twas late in the fall.
A swinging the girls
At Tomlinson’s ball.

He gave me some presents, among them a ring.
The return that I gave him
Was a far better thing;
A young maiden’s heart.

I’d have you all know,
That he won it by riding his bucking bronco!

Now all young maidens, where’ere you reside,
Beware of the cowboy who swings rawhide.
He’ll court you and pet you,
And leave you to roam,
In the spring, on the trail,
On his bucking bronco!

2. “Lift me into Heaven Slowly”

Lift me into heaven slowly,
‘Cause my back’s sore,
And my mind’s thoughtful,
And I’m not even sure I want to go.

Lyrics and Translations

Cowboy Songs by Libby Larsen (continued)

3. "Billy the Kid"

Billy was a bad man. Carried a big gun.
He was always after good folks and he kept them
on the run.
He shot one ev'ry morning to make his morning
meal;
Let a man sass him, he was sure to feel his steel.
He kept folks in hot water, stole from ev'ry stage.
When he was full of liquor he was always in a
rage.

He kept things boiling over, he stayed out in the
brush.

When he was full of dead eye, other folks'd bet-
ter hush.

Billy was a bad man, Billy was a bad man.
But one day he met a man a whole lot badder —
And now he's dead.
And we ain't none the sadder.

"Hello! Oh, Margaret, it's you" from *The Telephone* by Gian Carlo Menotti

Hello! Hello!
Oh, Margaret, it's you.
I am so glad you called, I was just thinking of
you.
It's been a long time since you called me.
Who? I? I cannot come tonight.
No, my dear, I'm not feeling very well.
When? Where? I wish I could be there!
I'm afraid I must not.
Hello? Hello? What did you say, my darling?
What did you say?
Hello? Hello? Please speak louder!

I heard the funniest thing!
Jane and Paul are going to get married next July!
Don't you think it is the funniest thing
you ever heard? I know... of course...

And how are you? And how is John?
And how is Jean?
You must tell them that I send them my love.
And how is Ursula, and how is Natalie,
And how is Rosalie?
I hope she's got ten over her cold.
And how is your mother,
and how is your father,
and how is dear little granny?

Oh, dear! Well then, goodbye.

I am so glad you called,
I was just thinking of you.
It's been a long time since you called me.
Yes, you already told me that.
No my darling, of course I won't forget!
Yes, goodbye, my dear, goodbye
Yes my darling, good-bye. Yes!
That's the funniest thing I ever heard!

And how are you, and Bets, and Bob,
and Sara, and Sam?
You must tell them that I send them my love.
And how is the pussycat, how is the dog?
Oh, I'm so glad!
Goodbye! Yes, Margaret!
All right, all right, goodbye!
All right, all right, goodbye!
Now, Margaret, goodbye! So long.

Lyrics and Translations

“i carry your heart” by John Duke

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in my heart)
i am never without it
(anywhere i go you go, my dear; and whatever is
done
by only me is your doing, my darling)
i fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet)
i want no world (for beautiful you are my world,
my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always
meant

and whatever a sun will always sing is you
here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which
grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars
apart
i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

“Laurie’s Song” from *The Tenderland* by Aaron Copland

Once I thought I'd never grow tall as this fence.
Time dragged heavy and slow.

But April came and August went
Before I knew just what they meant,
And little by little I grew.
And as I grew, I came to know
How fast the time could go.

Once I thought I'd never go outside this fence.
This space was plenty for me.

But I walked down the road one day,
And just happened I can't say.
But little by little it came to be
That line between the earth and sky
Came beckoning to me.

Now the time has grown short;
The world has grown so wide.

I'll be graduated soon.
Why am I strange inside?

What makes me think I'd like to try
To go down all those roads beyond that line
Above the earth and 'neath the sky?

Tomorrow when I sit upon
The graduation platform stand,
I know my hand will shake
When I reach out to take that paper
With the ribboned band.

Now that all the learning's done,
Oh who knows what will now begin?

Oh it's so strange, I'm strange inside.
The time has grown so short;
The world so wide.



Megan Ortman

Megan Ortman is an American soprano and scholar from Dallas, TX who has performed with organizations and venues around the world, from DC to Vienna to Stratford-Upon-Avon.

Megan is a student of Music and History at the George Washington University, where she studies classical voice performance with Canadian soprano Millicent Scarlett. Megan's repertoire spans from the 14th to 20th Centuries; she enjoys performing regularly in the DC area and loves getting to tell new and old stories through music.

As a historian, Megan has researched music of all kinds across the Atlantic World. In 2021, Megan received the prestigious "Sons of the Revolution Award" from the DC chapter of The Sons of the Revolution for excellent writing on a topic of American Art and History. Megan's winning paper was on the life of American composer Scott Joplin and his opera, *Treemonisha* (1911). Previous research topics include Theodor Adorno's commentary on jazz, the political ramifications of Early Modern American song sheets, John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* (1729), and the songs of Troubadour women in 12th-Century Occitania.

This summer, Megan will perform the roles of First Spirit in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* at the Alexandria, Virginia Residency of Prague Summer Nights Young Artists Music Festival as well as Marcellina in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* at Winter Harbor Music Festival on the coast of Maine. After these engagements, she will continue in her professional positions as the Soprano Soloist at The United Church / Die Vereinigte Kirche in Foggy Bottom as well as the Program Assistant at the Children's Chorus of Washington.

Summer 2022 brought Megan to Vienna with the Vienna Summer Music Festival (VSMF) where she covered the role of Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and studied the roles of Frances and The Bird Woman for the European debut of Paul Richards' *Mondo Novo*. While at VSMF, Megan also performed in a recital and *Liederabend* at the historic Palais Ehrbar and sang in a masterclass with American contralto Helen Tintes.

Outside of studio lessons, Megan has always found a home in ensembles. In 2022, she sang with Collegium Musicum, GW's newest choir specializing in early music, as well as the Chancel Choir at Western Presbyterian in Washington, DC. Megan has also sung in venues like the Washington National Cathedral and Lisner Auditorium with the GW University Singers, for which she served as Vice President for two years.

When she's not singing, Megan can be found knitting, reading, or growing her collection of vintage Coach bags.

Special Thanks

I am so grateful for all of you. Thank you for being here with me. Millie, you have given me so much for the past four years and I could not have even dreamed of accomplishing this program without you. Thank you. Patrick, you are such an amazing collaborator and I feel lucky to work with you — thanks for everything you do. Thank you to my friends for your constant support, and for giving up so many of your Friday evenings to watch me perform. I love y'all endlessly.

To my family, thank you for trusting me as I found my path, and for cheering me on along the way. GW Music Department, thank you for being my second home on campus these four years. And for letting me loiter in your offices at all hours of the day. And thank you Music and Corcoran staff for making this event happen! Thanks for indulging me when I lobbied to sing in this gorgeous space :)

xoxoxo

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Corcoran Music presents



Skydance in the Salon:
Senior Capstone Recital by
Anaya Shaw-Taylor

A NEXT Festival Event
Saturday, May 6, 2023
4:00 p.m.

Corcoran Flagg Building, Salon Dore
500 17th St, NW
Washington, D.C. 20006



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WASHINGTON, DC

NICA ALBERTSON

A night of heart-felt compositions filled with live harmonies
& multi-instrumental looping, cast under ethereal lights

SATURDAY
MAY 6
8:00PM ET

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20
23



FREE TICKETS:



STREAMING LIVE ON:
[YOUTUBE.COM/GWMUSICDEPARTMENT](https://www.youtube.com/gwmusicdepartment)

recursive enumerable languages

composition showcase by thomas zamroz

performances by:

Kevin Darmadi, bagpipes

Faith Foster, violin

Rizwan Jagni, viola

Stephen Czarkowski, cello

Friday May 12, 2023

Flagg Building, Center Atrium

500 17th St NW, Washington DC 20006

7:30 PM

