

Einheitswanderschaft

A senior thesis in vocal performance by Patrick Spoor '23
Saturday, February 4, 2023 • Buckley Recital Hall • 8 PM



“Night Magic” by Ash Vance (2023)

PROGRAM

Franz Schubert — “Der Wanderer,” D. 493

Franz Schubert — “Abschied,” from *Schwanengesang*, D. 957

Maurice Ravel — *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*

Armando Gentilucci — *Canti da Estravagario di Pablo Neruda*

Hugo Wolf — “Nachtzauber,” from *Eichendorff-Lieder*

PERFORMERS

Patrick Spoor '23, voice

Maura Glennon, piano

Patrick Grimone, oboe

Ellen Mutter, violin

Anna Wetherby, viola

Gil Wermeling, cello

Please silence your mobile phone, watch, or any other electronic noise-makers during the concert. Please refrain from using electronic devices with light-producing screens, as they are distracting to your fellow audience members. Use of cameras or recording devices is strictly prohibited.

Please join us in the lobby for a reception following the performance.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

“Der Wanderer”

Georg Lübeck

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt und nie gekannt!
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn,

Wo meine Freunde wandeln gehn,
Wo meine Toten auferstehn,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
„Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!“

“The Wanderer”

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

I come from the mountains;
the valley steams, the ocean roars.
I wander, silent and joyless,
and my sighs for ever ask: Where?

Here the sun seems so cold,
the blossom faded, life old,
and men's words mere hollow noise;
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my beloved land?
Sought, dreamt of, yet never known!
The land so green with hope,
the land where my roses bloom,

Where my friends walk,
where my dead ones rise again,
the land that speaks my tongue,
O land, where are you?

I wander, silent and joyless,
and my sighs for ever ask: Where?
In a ghostly whisper the answer comes:
'There, where you are not, is happiness!'

“Abschied”

Ludwig Rellstab

Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt, Ade!
Schon scharret mein Rösslein mit lustigem Fuss;
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den scheidenden
Gruss.

Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehen,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied
geschehn.

Ade ...

Ade, Ihr Bäume, Ihr Gärten so grün, Ade!
Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome entlang,
Weit schallend ertönet mein Abschiedsgesang,
Nie habt Ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,
So wird Euch auch keines beim Scheiden
beschert.

Ade ...

Ade, Ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, Ade!
Was schaut Ihr aus blumenumduftetem Haus
Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus?
Wie sonst, so grüss' ich und schaue mich um,
Doch nimmer wend' ich mein Rösslein um.

Ade ...

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur Ruh', Ade!
Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold.
Wie bin ich Euch Sternlein am Himmel so hold,
Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit.

Ade ...

Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, Ade!
Du glänzest so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein
Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches mal
Und wär' es denn heute zum letzten mal?

Ade ...

Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!
Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht
Ersetzt Ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht;
Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muss hier vorbei,
Was hilft es, folgt Ihr mir noch so treu!
Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau!
Ade!

“Farewell”

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell!
Already my horse is happily pawing the ground.
Take now my final, parting greeting.
I know you have never seen me sad;
nor will you now as I depart.

Farewell!

Farewell, trees and gardens so green, farewell!
Now I ride along the silver stream;
my song of farewell echoes far and wide.
You have never heard a sad song;
nor shall you do so at parting.

Farewell!

Farewell, charming maidens, farewell!
Why do you look out with roguish, enticing eyes
from houses fragrant with flowers?
I greet you as before, and look back;
but never will I turn my horse back.

Farewell!

Farewell, dear sun, as you go to rest, farewell!
Now the stars twinkle with shimmering gold.
How fond I am of you, little stars in the sky;
though we travel the whole world, far and wide,
everywhere you faithfully escort us.

Farewell!

Farewell, little window gleaming brightly,
farewell!
You shine so cosily with your soft light,
and invite us so kindly into the cottage.

Ah, I have ridden past you so often,
and yet today might be the last time.

Farewell!

Farewell, stars, veil yourselves in grey! Farewell!
You numberless stars cannot replace for us
the little window's dim, fading light;
if I cannot linger here, if I must ride on,
how can you help me, though you follow me so
faithfully?

Farewell, stars, veil yourselves in grey!

Farewell!

Translations by Richard Wigmore first published
by Gollancz and reprinted in the Hyperion
Schubert Song Edition

“Chanson romanesque”

Paul Morand

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.
Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.
Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.
Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.
Ô Dulcinée.

“Chanson épique”

Paul Morand

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.
D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.
(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

“Romantic song”

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.
Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.
Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.
But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.
O Dulcinea.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

“Epic song”

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.
With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.
(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

“Chanson à boire”

Paul Morand

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!
Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque j'ai bu!
Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!
Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai bu!

“Drinking song”

English Translation © Richard Stokes

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!
I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!
A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!
I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

“La desdichada”

Pablo Neruda

La dejé en la puerta esperando
y me fui para no volver.

No supo que no volvería.

Pasó un perro, pasó una monja,
pasó una semana y un año.

Las lluvias borraron mis pasos
y creció el pasto en la calle,
y uno tras otro como piedras,
como lentas piedras, los años
cayeron sobre su cabeza.

Entonces la guerra llegó,
llegó como un volcán sangriento.
Murieron los niños, las casas.

Y aquella mujer no moría.

Se incendió toda la pradera.
Los dulces dioses amarillos
que hace mil años meditaban
salieron del templo en pedazos.
No pudieron seguir soñando.

Las casas frescas y el *verandah*
en que dormí sobre una hamaca,
las plantas rosadas, las hojas
con formas de manos gigantes,
las chimeneas, las marimbas,
todo fue molido y quemado.

En donde estuvo la ciudad
quedaron cosas cenicientas,
hierros torcidos, infernales
cabelleras de estatuas muertas
y una negra mancha de sangre.

Y aquella mujer esperando.

“The unhappy one”

English Translation © Alastair Reid

I left her in the doorway waiting
and I went away, away.

She didn't know I would not come back.

A dog passed, a nun passed,
a week and a year passed.

The rains washed out my footprints
and the grass grew in the street
and one after another, like stones,
like gradual stones, the years
came down on her head.

Then the war came
like a volcano of blood.
Children and houses died.

And that woman didn't die.

The whole plain caught fire.
The gentle yellow gods
who for a thousand years
had gone on meditating
were cast from the temple in pieces.
They could not go on dreaming.

The sweet houses, the veranda
where I slept in a hammock,
the rosy plants, the leaves
in the shape of huge hands,
the chimneys, the marimbas,
all were crushed and burned.

And where the city had been
only cinders were left,
twisted iron, grotesque
heads of dead statues
and a black stain of blood.

And that woman waiting.

“Punto”

Pablo Neruda

No hay espacio más ancho que el dolor,
no hay universo como aquel que sangra.

“Con ella”

Pablo Neruda

Como es duro este tiempo, espérame:
vamos a vivirlo con ganas.
Dame tu pequeñita mano:
vamos a subir y sufrir,
vamos a sentir y saltar.

Somos de nuevo la pareja
que vivió en lugares hirsutos,
en nidos ásperos de roca.
Como es largo este tiempo, espérame
con una cesta, con tu pala,
con tus zapatos y tu ropa.

Ahora nos necesitamos
no sólo para los claveles,
no sólo para buscar miel:
necesitamos nuestras manos
para lavar y hacer el fuego,
y que se atreva el tiempo duro
a desafiar el infinito
de cuatro manos y cuatro ojos.

“Point”

English Translation © Alastair Reid

There is no space wider than that of grief,
there is no universe like that which bleeds.

“With her”

English Translation © Alastair Reid

This time is difficult. Wait for me.
We will live it out vividly.
Give me your small hand:
we will rise and suffer,
we will feel, we will rejoice.

We are once more the pair
who lived in bristling places,
in harsh nests in the rock.
This time is difficult. Wait for me
with a basket, with a shovel,
with your shoes and your clothes.

Now we need each other,
not only for the carnations' sake,
not only to look for honey—
we need our hands
to wash with, to make fire.
So let our difficult time
stand up to infinity
with four hands and four eyes.

“Nachtzauber”
Joseph von Eichendorff

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen
Zwischen Stein und Blumen weit
Nach den stillen Waldeseen,
Wo die Marmorbilder stehen
In der schönen Einsamkeit?
Von den Bergen sacht hernieder,
Weckend die uralten Lieder,
Steigt die wunderbare Nacht,
Und die Gründe glänzen wieder,
Wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.
Kennst die Blume du, entsprossen
In dem mondbegänzten Grund
Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen,
Junge Glieder blühend sprossen,
Weisse Arme, roter Mund,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen
Und rings hebt es an zu klagen,
Ach, vor Liebe todeswund,
Von versunk'nen schönen Tagen -
Komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!

Night magic
English Translation © Richard Stokes

Can you not hear the brooks running
Amongst the stones and flowers
To the silent woodland lakes
Where the marble statues stand
In the lovely solitude?
Softly from the mountains,
Awakening age-old songs,
Wondrous night descends,
And the valleys gleam again,
As you often dreamed.
Do you know the flower that blossomed
In the moonlit valley?
From its half-open bud
Young limbs have flowered forth,
White arms, red lips,
And the nightingales are singing,
And all around a lament is raised,
Ah, wounded to death with love,
For the lovely days now lost –
Come, ah come to the silent valley!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

Through a collection of songs, Patrick plays the part of the wandering soul, a desire to branch out and engage with the lives of people from all manners of places towards a greater purpose of Einheit: unity or oneness with the aspirations of all peoples. For the wanderer to truly understand the people they meet, they must undertake an empathetic journey through experiencing the real lives of regular peoples. Through the feelings of Romantic and Modernist composers, Patrick explores the desires and fears involved in searching for and cultivating a fulfilling space to exist.

Franz Schubert composed the song “Der Wanderer” (The Wanderer, D 489) in October 1816, at the age of nineteen. The text comes from Georg Philipp’s poem of the same title. The topic of wandering was quintessentially Romantic, but it also had personal resonances for the composer. Lacking financial resources, Schubert hardly left home. Naturally, he must have grown restless, apparently showing signs of depression. In 1816, his friend Franz von Schober invited Schubert to live in his mother’s house, so Schubert finally could take a break from teaching and focus on composition. Schubert’s angst of constant work and the feeling of being

trapped in place resonate with Philipp's poem that reflects a primal longing for being somewhere else, at a magical place where happiness can be at least a possibility.

At the song's opening, the protagonist is burning with desire to escape into the unknown, where the "valleys steam and the ocean roars." They wander, "still and joyless," searching for a "beloved land." They repeat the word "where" (*wo*) eleven times throughout the song—encompassing emotions of uncertainty, hope, and desperation. They sing excitedly while imagining an idealized "land that speaks my tongue." But they begin to wander "still and joyless" again—wistful, hopeful melodies yield to a prolonged sigh. Ultimately, the wanderer receives a message from a ghostly apparition, whispering meditatively: "There, where you are not, is happiness." The ghost's declaration has the same depth as the ocean's roar in the intro of the song; nature itself beckons the wanderer to continue searching for an unknowable final destination. The search itself becomes their source of happiness.

Schubert's "Abschied" (Farewell, D 957, No. 7) is the seventh lied in his song cycle *Schwanengesang* (Swan Song, D 957), composed in 1828 close to the end of Schubert's life. The text for "Abschied" is a setting of a poem by Ludwig Rellstab, the most featured poet in the song cycle besides Heinrich Heine. Many of the songs are dark, featuring themes of fear of death, reflections about nature, escape to nature, cries for help, and the bitterness of departing.

The protagonist of "Abschied" departs on horseback singing "Farewell!" as they prepare to leave the town of many happy memories. They are ready to venture deep into their own sense of self, to depart not only physically but mentally. They say farewell to material things—the cheerful town, the trees and gardens, the charming maidens, the sun, the window of their home, and finally the stars watching from above. They sing variations of the same melody to each group, pivoting between C and F major until the final verse finds them in a distant Ab major. Having left the town, the stars constantly remind them of their home that they had to leave behind. The protagonist rebukes the stars with a drastic shift to C minor, as the stars remind them of the home they left behind. But they soon realize that with a sudden return to the jovial C major the stars are actually a guiding theme towards their own sense of self, of the life that shaped them. In this song the protagonist departs with a sense of purpose, cherishing their past experiences as a comforting point of reference to search for happiness in an uncertain future.

Maurice Ravel composed his song cycle *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* in 1932-1933 on a text by Paul Morand. The piece consists of three vignettes from Miguel de Cervantes's *Don Quixote*: "Chanson romanesque," "Chanson épique," and "Chanson à boire." The cycle was originally commissioned by G. W. Pabst as a film score for his production of the story *Don Quixote*. Ravel was unable to finish the commission by the release of the movie due to a car accident in October 1932 that left him incapacitated and led to Pabst's replacing him with French composer

Jacques Ibert. Ravel completed *Don Quichotte* later that year with the help of friends and colleagues.

Unlike Schubert's aimless Romantic dreamers, Ravel's Don Quichotte is a wanderer who often does more harm than good on his expeditions for glory and chivalry. Don Quichotte personifies the will of a man yearning to break the "curse" on Dulcinée, his Madonna dressed in blue: first through romance, then through prayer, and finally through drinking. The peasant Dulcinée was in reality never cursed. Don Quichotte's delusions motivate him to push forward through his tireless and absurd quests. Ultimately, Don Quichotte is a tragic character, unable to realize his dreams, for such delusions of idealized love and frivolity lack substance. He stumbles over his romantic gestures in an alternating 3/4 and 6/8 meter, draws out his prayers in a long 5/4 meter, and wanders drunkenly in a loose 3/4 meter. *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* demonstrates to the protagonist of *Einheitswanderschaft* how small the world can be for each passing individual. The wanderer can expand their own universe by meeting new people and engaging with their complex lives, constantly expanding the scope of human experience. Don Quichotte is but one drop in a roaring ocean of lives and experiences to explore.

Armando Gentilucci composed *Canti da Estravagario da Pablo Neruda* in 1965. As a member of the Italian Communist Party (PCI), he used experimental music to counter what he conceived as the political apathy of contemporaries such as John Cage and Karlheinz Stockhausen.¹ Gentilucci's compositional style "privileged the expressive dimension in every compositional choice," allowing the "given materials [to] develop into an articulated organism."² Pablo Neruda wrote *Estravagario* in 1958 as an intentional effort to "bring[] poetry down from its pedestal" through unapologetic humor and self-mockery— expressing himself humbly and writing deeply personal accounts of his life.³

Gentilucci sets three of Neruda's poems with free-flowing dodecaphonic melodies, not restricting himself to rules of tonality. In "La desdichada," Neruda recounts his time as a Chilean representative in Rangoon, Myanmar in 1927 during its British colonial occupation. He allegedly had an affair with Josie Bliss, a native to Myanmar. He transferred posts two years later, leaving Josie behind. He visited Rangoon thirty years later with his wife Matilde, searching for past acquaintances. He discovered that the home he had lived in with Josie was destroyed, and the city was half-deserted. The British occupation devastated the local economy, leaving the natives of Myanmar particularly vulnerable during World War Two.

¹ Soundohm (2021). *Armando Gentilucci, Marino Zuccheri. Musica Elettronica (Box Edition)*. <https://www.soundohm.com/product/musica-elettronica-box-ed-1>.

² Gianluigi Mattiotti (2000). *Dizionario Biografico degli Italiani*. Vol. 53. [https://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/armando-gentilucci_\(Dizionario-Biografico\)](https://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/armando-gentilucci_(Dizionario-Biografico)).

³ Gleaves, R. M. (1990). Modes of Metaphoric Expression in Pablo Neruda's "Estravagario." *Chasqui*, 19(1), 47–55. <https://doi.org/10.2307/29740222>

Gentilucci follows Neruda through states of grief, regret, nostalgia, powerlessness, resignation, and acceptance as he imagines Josie alive, waiting for him to return. The oboe responds to his anguished voice, representing a distant memory of Josie and the other natives' lives who were taken as a result of the British occupation. Slow plucked strings illustrate the lethargic passage of time, giving way to rapid discordant figures representing the burning of the city. The protagonist of *Einheitswanderschaft* faces harsh reality—no more can they be an aimless and deluded Don Quichotte. One cannot unhear the pain and strife of colonized peoples.

Gentilucci chose to set "Punto" next, directly responding to "La desdichada." He sets "Punto" as a conversation between voice and oboe. The oboe fills in a space of mental silence as the protagonist wordlessly gazes at the ravaged Rangoon. Gentilucci seems to mimic Neruda's dark humor during the phrase "there is no universe like that which bleeds;" the oboe harmonizes the word "bleeds" with an eerily consonant major third interval.

In "Con ella," piercing extended string harmonics underscore Neruda's attempt to cope with the tattered visage of Rangoon, like one's ears ringing from trauma and disbelief. The strings play sustained pitches that blur the passage of time, accompanying positive memories of rising, suffering, feeling, and rejoicing. Neruda encourages the oboe, "ella" (perhaps his wife or a memory of Josie), to take his hand and "stand up to infinity," a political call-to-action against an unimaginably powerful entity. The voice weaves through sustained string harmonics, transcending time as they call for action: voice and strings blend "with four hands and four eyes," facing the uncertain future with confidence. In spite of the horrors that exist in the world, the wanderer seeks to form connections with the voiceless to shape a better future together.

Though the piece may be difficult for some to listen to, I hope that you all can engage with the music critically and appreciate it for the emotional journey that I, the instrumentalists, and Gentilucci are all working together to convey.

Hugo Wolf composed "Nachtzauber" ("Night Magic") in 1889, during a particularly productive period of Wolf's compositional career. After Wolf's father died, he stayed in the vacation homes of his closest friends and composed with a sudden burst of inspiration. "Nachtzauber" is a setting of a poem by the German Romantic poet Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff, whose poetry most commonly features themes of wandering, transience, and nostalgia. Wolf found he could express the most emotional depth using short form art songs, drawing inspiration from lieder by Schubert and Robert Schumann.

The effortless chromaticism of the piano, endlessly flowing like a brook sparkling in the moonlight, evokes a magical landscape in "Nachtzauber." The left hand reaches deep into the low register like the "age-old songs" echoing across the deep valley. The flow of the piano does not stop until the last two measures of the song; a final flourish like a rolling breeze yields to rest as if the babbling brook reaches a lake, its final destination. The baritone voice floats over

the piano, led by the current to various points of interest: stones, flowers, nightingales, and a marble statue. The final lines of the song reveal the valley's similarity to a distant land of memory— "silent," a place of introspection and reflection. Although the wanderer's journey is never over, they carry their memories, thoughts, and experiences within. "Nachtzauber" invites the listener to engage with the joys and plights of others, to add their voices to their own valley. *Einheitswanderschaft* is a journey through consciousness: broadening one's imaginative and empathetic sphere through lived experiences to appreciate the beauty of every person's voice resonating in the valley.

ABOUT THE PERFORMER

Patrick Spoor began studying music in middle school in their hometown of Douglasville, GA. They began on trombone and switched to euphonium in eighth grade. Patrick participated in District Honor Band twice and marched in the Atlanta CV Drum & Bugle Corps in their 2014 and 2015 seasons on top of high school marching band. Patrick was awarded the "Semper Fidelis" award for Musical Excellence presented by the United States Marines Youth Foundation, Inc. and the Marine Corps League. Patrick sang in choir for the first time in 2017 while attending the Governor's Honors Program over the summer, leading to their joining the Amherst College Glee Club and Concert Choir in 2018 under the direction of Dr Arianne Abela and the AC Madrigal Singers in 2022. Patrick began voice lessons in 2019 with Tom Oesterling. With classmate Andy De La Torre, Patrick was also the president of the Amherst College Glee Club 2019–2022. Patrick has sung in multiple student theses, among them in the thesis of Patrick Rauschelbach '19 and Theo Peierls '19, and they were recruited to sing with the Mount Holyoke Symphony Orchestra in 2020 for their production of "Asking for Kaddish." They are currently a member of the Illuminati vocal ensemble, led by Dr Abela.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many thanks to my vocal instructor, Tom Oesterling, for being my guiding star ever since starting vocal lessons in 2019; you've taught me so much. Thank you to my advisor, Prof. Klara Moricz, for your support and feedback and keen interest in the Gentilucci. Thank you to Ash Vance for the perfect artwork commissioned for the program. Thank you to Dr Arianne Abela for fostering my voice since I arrived at college; I wouldn't be here without you. Thank you to Noah Horn for helping me find repertoire. Many thanks to Alisa Pearson and Ted Keyes for organizing this production; I'm always grateful for the work you both do. Thank you to my parents for always supporting me and my interests from afar; I love you all dearly. Thank you to my friends on campus; you've all been such positive influences on my life, and I'm grateful to have met all of you and to have received so much encouragement. Thank you to the music department for creating an environment where I could find something I'm passionate about. Finally, I'd love to thank my performers, Maura Glennon, Patrick Grimone, Ellen Mutter, Anna Wetherby, and Gil Wermeling. You've all helped this project run seamlessly, and I'm ever grateful.