Katie Dugan • mezzo-soprano •

A Senior Recital in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for a Bachelor of Arts in Music

Paul Woodring, accompanist

January 29, 2011
Saturday at 3 p.m
Davidson Music Center
Room 218

Sponsored by the Cal Poly Music Department and College of Liberal Arts
Program
Katie Dugan, mezzo-soprano
Paul Woodring, piano

*Siete canciones populares españolas* ........................................ Manuel de Falla
Seguidilla Murciana
El Paño Moruno
Polo

*Quatre chansons françaises* .................................................. Benjamin Britten
Les Nuits de juin
Sagesse
L’enfance
Chanson d’automne

*Love After 1950* ......................................................................... Libby Larsen
Boy’s lips (A Blues)
Blonde men (A Torch Song)
Big sister says, 1967 (A Honky-Tonk)

**Intermission**

*Lady, Be Good!* ........................................................................ George Gershwin
The Man I Love (arr. Mark Hayes)

*MEDLEY (comp. Gary and Becky Dugan)* ................................. Gershwin
He Loves and She Loves (original Warner Bros edition)
By Strauss (arr. Mark Hayes)
But Not For Me (arr. Gary and Becky Dugan)

*The Goldwyn Follies* ................................................................. Gershwin
Our Love is Here to Stay (arr. Mark Hayes)

*The Last Five Years* ................................................................. Jason Robert Brown
Climbing Uphill

(b. 1970)
Texts and Translations

**Seguidilla Murciana**

Cual quiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparto
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y creyéndola falsa,
¡Nadie la toma!

**El Paño Moruno**

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende
Porque perdió su valor
¡Ay!

**Seguidilla Murciana**

Who has a roof
Of glass
Should not throw stones
To his neighbor’s (roof).
Let us be muleteers;
It could be that on the road
We will meet!

For your great inconstancy
I compare you
To a [coin] that runs
From hand to hand;
Which finally blurs,
And, believing it false,
No one accepts!

**The Moorish Cloth**

On the fine cloth in the store,
A stain had fallen;
It sells at a lesser price
Because it has lost its value
Alas!

**Polo**

¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!

**El Paño Moruno**

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Ay!
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

**Polo**

I keep a . . . (Ay!)
I keep a . . . (Ay!)
I keep a sorrow in my breast,
I keep a sorrow in my breast,
Ay!
That to no one will I tell.

Wretched be love, wretched,
Wretched be love, wretched,
Ay!
And he who gave me to understand it!
Ay!

**Nuits de Juin**

L’été, lorsque le jour a fui, de fleurs couverte
La plaine verse au loin un parfum enivrant;
Les yeux fermés, l’oreille aux rumeurs entrouverte,
On ne dort qu’à demi d’un sommeil transparent.

Les astres sont plus purs, l’ombre paraît meilleure:
Un vague demi-jour teint le dome éternel;
Et l’aube douce et pâle, en attendant son heure,
Semble touta la nuit errer au bas du ciel.

**June Nights**

In summertime, at close of day,
A heady scent rises from the flower-covered meadows.
With eyes closed and ears half-open,
Only a transparent half-sleep is possible.

The stars seem brighter, the darkness deeper;
A faint half-light streaks the eternal dome
And the pale, peaceful dawn, awaiting its time,
Seems to hover at the edge of the sky all the night long.
Sagesse
Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche dans le ciel qu’on voit
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l’arbre qu’on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

Qu’as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu’as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

Wisdom
Above the roof,
The sky is so blue, so calm!
Above the roof,
A tree-branch sways.
The bell in the sky
Gently tolls.
A bird in the tree
Sings its sad song.
Oh God, life is there,
Simple and tranquil.
I can hear the peaceful sounds
Of the town.
What have you done, you there,
Weeping ceaselessly?
Tell me, what have you done with
Your young life?

L’enfance
L’enfant chantait; la mère au lit, exténuée,
Agonisait, beau front dans l’ombre se penchant;
La mort au-dessus d’elle errait dans la nuée;
Et j’écoutais ce râle, et j’entendais ce chant.

L’enfant avait cinq ans, et près de la fenêtre
Ses rires et ses jeux faisaient un charmant bruit;
Et la mère, à côté de ce pauvre doux être
Qui chantait tout le jour, toussait toute la nuit.

La mère alla dormir sous les dalles du cloître;
Et le petit enfant se remit à chanter. –
La douleur est un fruit; Dieu ne le fait pas croître
Sur le branche trop faible encore pour le porter.

Childhood
The child was singing; the mother, stretched out on the bed,
Lay dying, her beautiful face turned towards the darkness.
Death hovered in the mists above her.
I listened to that death-rattle, and I heard that song.
The child was five years old, and outside the window
The sound of his games and his laughter were enchanting.
The poor sweet creature sang all day,
And the mother coughed all night.
The mother was laid to rest beneath the stones in the cloister,
And the little child took up his song again. –
Sorrow is a fruit: God does not permit it to grow
On a branch too weak to bear it.

Chanson d’automne
Les sanglots longs
Des violins
De l’automne
Blessent mon cœur
D’une langueur
Monotone.

Tout suffocant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l’heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure;

Et je m’en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m’emporte
De çà, de là,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

Autumn Song
The slow sobbing
Of the violins
Of autumn
Wounds my heart
With monotonous
Languor.

Breathless
And pale, as
The hour strikes,
I remember
Former days
And weep;

And I let
The rough wind
Toss me
This way and that,
Like a
Dead leaf.
Childhood
The child was singing; the mother, stretched out on the bed, lay dying, her beautiful face turned towards the darkness. Death hovered in the mists above her. I listened to that death-rattle, and I heard that song. The child was five years old, and outside the window the sound of his games and his laughter were enchanting. The poor sweet creature sang all day, and the mother coughed all night. The mother was laid to rest beneath the stones in the cloister, and the little child took up his song again. – Sorrow is a fruit: God does not permit it to grow on a branch too weak to bear it.

Boy’s lips (A Blues)
In the watery-heavy nights behind grandmother's porch we knelt in the tickling grasses, we knelt in the tickling grasses and whispered: Linda’s face hung before us, pale as a pecan, and it grew wise as she said: “A boy’s lips are soft as baby’s skin,” Mm, soft as baby’s skin. The air closed over her words. A firefly whirred near my ear, and in the distance I could hear the streetlamps ping into miniature suns against a feath’ry sky. Mm.

Blonde men (A Torch Song)
I think I ought to warn you that I hate blond men before you break your heart, I think I ought to warn you that I hate blond men, I hate the greenish gold of their eyebrows and lashes, how they shatter the sun into rainbows, and their eyes: like a long drink of water, that clear and that cold. Worse than the eyes, worse than the eyes is the blond hair. The shock of a bright blond head slanting above me like a sunbeam on the covers of my dark blue bed.

Big sister says, 1967 (A Honky-Tonk)
Beauty hurts, beauty hurts, big sister says, beauty hurts. Yanking a hank of my lanky hair around black wire-mesh rollers whose inside bristles prick my scalp like so many pins. Beauty hurts, big sister says, beauty hurts. She says I better sleep with them in. She plucks, tweezes, glides razor blades over tender armpit skin, slathers downy legs with stinking depilatory cream, presses straight lashes bolt upright with a medieval-looking padded clamp. Looking good hurts. Ow, it hurts. Looking good hurts, Beryl warns, it’s hard work. She plucks, tweezes, glides razor blades over tender armpit skin, she plucks, tweezes, presses straight lashes bolt upright. Beauty hurts. Looking good hurts. Rollers, tweezers, razor blades. Oh, oh, oh, beauty hurts.
Siete canciones populares españolas

Although Manuel de Falla is a prominent composer in Spanish music, he was influenced more by the French composers Debussy and Ravel than by his Spanish predecessors. Finding very little success in Spain, Falla decided to move to France in 1907 to work as an accompanist, composing all the while. Unfortunately, his compositions did not make him a household name, and the pieces that were successful were very complex to produce and therefore were seldom performed. After living in Paris for seven years, he travelled to Nice, where La vida breve – one of his major works – was performed in 1913. This was a huge turning point in Falla's career, giving him both the fame that he had been seeking and a contract with a music publisher. Falla tried to move his family to Paris, but was forced to go back to Madrid at the outbreak of World War I. Falla's experience in Madrid was much more positive the second time: La vida breve was presented, followed soon after by Siete canciones populares españolas (1914), a song cycle that he finished in Paris.

Siete canciones is a perfect illustration of Manuel de Falla's compositional style. He tends to be known for his folkloric compositions; this cycle in particular uses folk-like melodies and complex harmonies, creating his signature “Spanish” style. His approach produces mental imagery of exotic Spanish flamenco dancing. Throughout his composition, Falla frequently decorates notes – known to musicians as ornamentation – on words like “ay!” These ornaments distinguish the cycle as an “art song” cycle, versus “folk songs,” which are usually much simpler. The first song in the cycle, “El paño moruno,” uses ornamentation frequently. Falla also likes to alter the rhythm and meter of a piece. Listen for the accent on beat two; there is a clear triple meter – similar to a waltz – but when an accent does occur, it throws the meter slightly off. Adding to that iconic Spanish sound, the piano imitates a strummed guitar.

Falla's Siete canciones have become one of the most performed song cycles of music literature in Spanish. This is due not only to de Falla's clever manipulation of meter but also his control of the text. For example, “Seguidilla Murciana” (based on a dance) uses a fast pattern of notes in the voice, against a different rhythmic subdivision in the accompaniment. This conflict – referred to as polyrhythm – creates a complex interaction that is both intricate and fascinating to the ear. The poetry mixes the old adage “people who live in glass houses shouldn’t throw stones” with another adage about an unfaithful lover, whose frequent infidelity has its risks.

Furthering the quest for a truly Spanish sound, Falla fills the seventh piece, “Polo,” with the ubiquitous Spanish exclamation “ay!” As in “El paño moruno,” there are many embellished notes within the piece that suggest flamenco style. Also similar to “El paño” is Falla’s distortion of meter. The triple meter is masked by syncopation – emphasized notes that fall on beats other than the downbeat – creating an unpredictable rhythmic pattern. Falla also mimics a punteado (rapid plucking) guitar technique, with accents evoking the palmadas (hand-clappings) of the spectators, again evoking the Spanish flamenco style. The flamenco imagery is further supported by the very fast, frantic mood of the piece. Ending on the fifth note of the scale, the song (and cycle) sounds unfinished, since we want it to end on the scale’s first note.
What if, in today’s society, rap were considered a concert-hall-worthy style of music? The musical world would seem to have turned upside-down. Similarly, when Gershwin’s *Rhapsody in Blue* hit the concert stage in 1924, jazz was promoted from being a lower-class style to a legitimate formal style. Because of Gershwin’s intricate weaving of complex harmonies and clever melodic lines, his compositional style was unmatched in not only the concert world, but the theatre world as well.

Composing for the concert hall, theatre, and film, George Gershwin wrote more hits in his short 38 years of life than most composers ever achieve. With his brother, Ira, they intertwined American poetry with the new sounds that now define American music. George and Ira Gershwin made an unstoppable team – at least until 1937, when George died tragically of complications after surgery to remove a grapefruit-sized brain tumor.

Though it became one of America’s most dearly loved standards, “The Man I Love” did not start off that way. Appearing in the first act of *Lady, Be Good!* (1924), “The Man I Love” was praised by critics, but the producers decided that it did not fit in well, so the song was cut. It was not until four years later, in the United Kingdom, when it was “plugged” by relatives of the royal family, that the song became a large hit.

In the introduction, the Gershwins use both melody and lyrics to generate excitement. The melody begins with a slow and steady pace, but builds tension through speed and the technique of sequencing (repeating a phrase at a higher or lower level). George does not end the introduction on the pitch our ears expect, which creates anticipation for the slower and more dramatic verse: “someday he’ll come along, the man I love.” “The Man I Love” is full of tension and release. The alternating sections “man I love” and “maybe I shall meet him Sunday” produce a verse-chorus form, creating more discomfort and relief because each phrase leads to the next. Gershwin leaves the climax for the end, omitting the “maybe I shall meet him Sunday” theme at the end of the final stanza (“he’ll build a little home”).

Quite different from “The Man I Love” is “He Loves and She Loves,” appearing in *Funny Face*, a musical film rather than a stage production. The melody in this excerpt is attention-grabbing because the word “loves” is emphasized by being sung higher than the words “he,” “she” or “they.” In contrast, “By Strauss” was originally written for the stage revue *The Show is On* (1936) but later appeared in – and perhaps became famous due to – the film *An American in Paris*. Evoking waltz imagery, Gershwin stresses the first beat of every measure and accentuates it with an ornamented note at the beginning of every verse. The “boom-chick-chick” sound of the accompaniment adds to the silly yet entertaining aspect of the song.

One of the few songs that the Gershwin brothers ever wrote about unrequited love, “But Not for Me” (from *Girl Crazy*, 1930) also made its way into the hearts of the American people. The use of clichés creates a not-so-subtle irony in this song because the clichés are associated with lovey-dovey romantic sentiments, only to be negated by “but not for me.”
The last song the Gershwin brothers ever wrote together, “Our Love is Here to Stay” (from The Goldwyn Follies, 1938) is perhaps a symbol of how the two felt about theatre, music, language, and life in general. Word-painting is frequently used in this piece. This technique illustrates the literal meaning of specific words through their musical setting; for example, Gershwin sustains “sta-a-a-y” at the end of “our love is here to stay.” Another use of word-painting is found at the phrase “in time, the Rockies may crumble,” in which George sets “crumble” to fast and repeated notes, the way one might picture a rock crumbling.

**Quatre chansons françaises**

At fourteen, most people are starting high school, making friends and experiencing other early adolescent activities. Benjamin Britten is not most people: when he was fourteen, he composed a song cycle – a group of songs that are connected in some way. Dedicated to his parents in honor of their twenty-seventh wedding anniversary, Quatre chansons françaises is an exceptional gift from someone so young. One of his first great compositions, this cycle of songs would set the precedent for his developing compositional style. What is exceptional about this composition is Britten's orchestration. Though Britten had been studying piano and violin since a young age, he had very little training in the subject of orchestration, but Britten was able to use his ears and eyes to study his predecessors and determine ways to orchestrate his pieces. Though he was influenced by Ravel, Debussy, Berg and Wagner, Britten's style contains more harmonic experimentation. When listening to these pieces, it is important to pay close attention to the vocal line and its lack of cohesiveness with the accompaniment.

The vocal part is the main attraction of the chansons with its interesting and hauntingly beautiful lines, written in close association to the poetic phrasing. With poetry by Victor Hugo and Paul Verlaine, each song in the cycle has its own mood and fascinating subject matter. Very often a composer will choose poems written by one composer to ensure the connective design of the cycle, so it is impressive that Britten was able to achieve similar continuity even while alternating poets.

In the first song of the cycle, “Les Nuits de juin,” Britten uses Victor Hugo's descriptions of some of the languid sentiments that accompany summer nights. The relaxation of a “half-sleep” due to the summer scents, for example, is depicted through Britten's choice of pitches in the melody – the lowest notes thus far in the piece – and its contour, in which many words are sung to the same pitch. Using word-painting in the words “un vague demi-jour teint,” Britten paints these “faint half-streaks” by “streaking” the vocal line through descending notes, creating the imagery of the stars shooting across the sky.

Known to many as “Le ciel et par-dessus le toit” (“the sky above the roof”), “Sagesse” is actually only one of the many poems written by Paul Verlaine in his book of poetry entitled Sagesse, or Wisdom. Written around the time of his two years of imprisonment, when Verlaine rediscovered his Catholic faith, the poem asks what has been done throughout the weeper's young life. (This could be a projection of Verlaine's own feelings toward having wasted years of his life doing things that he regrets.) Britten
is one of many composers to set poems from *Sagesse* to music, and it is not surprising to find that he sets the musical climax to occur at that intriguing question. Perhaps as an echo of the question Verlaine posed to his readers, an unusual aspect of this piece is its feeling of incompleteness until the last note has been played, due to its lack of resolution in certain key areas – what musicians call frustration.

Britten was often preoccupied with the notion of childhood innocence, as we see in “L’enfance.” The most fascinating and remarkable of the four songs, “L’Enfance” is filled with irony: a child uncomprehendingly watches as his mother dies of tuberculosis, while a nursery rhyme-like motif echoes throughout. This musical metaphor is heard every time the child is referenced, but after the mother dies and the child “took up his song again,” the phrase is *not* heard. Victor Hugo’s poem has a powerful ending: because the child is so sweet and innocent, God does not make him aware of the tragedy of his mother. He is “too weak to bear it,” so he is spared the sorrow. Britten builds on the strength of this section and finishes the vocal line with a large leap between notes in a dynamic range that is quite loud.

“*Chanson d’Automne*” also uses Paul Verlaine’s poetry, and the long, beautiful lines are one of its most appealing components. Britten uses repetition of notes to signify “les sanglots longs des violins” (“slow sobbing of the violins”) and “langueur Monotone” (“monotonous languor”). One can picture a dead leaf blowing in the wind during the phrase “Au vent mauvais qui m’emporte de çà, de là, pariel à la feuille morte” (“And I let the rough wind toss me this way and that, like a dead leaf”) because Britten designed the melodic contour to imitate a leaf as it is tossed about in the breeze.

**Love After 1950**

It is appropriate that Libby Larsen named her song cycle *Love After 1950*; she knows this era the best, having been born in 1950. Larsen studied composition at the University of Minnesota and, since graduation, she has earned a Grammy award as well as residencies at many institutes of music and with orchestras. Larsen once said that she believes music exists as a way to communicate something about being alive. *Love After 1950* is an excellent example of this ideology.

In a private communication, Larsen explained her interest “in how language generates its own music.” She has focused on poetry after World War II, which, as she says, “marks a time in which a distinct difference in word choice, metaphor, syntax and flow began to appear in both lyrics and poetry written in American English.” Each poem in this set discusses the two main concerns of most women after 1950: love and looks. Larsen and Suzanne Mentzer (the soprano for whom the song cycle was written) decided that it would be fun to write pieces that were mini-dramas.

Written by Rita Dove, the text “Boy’s lips (A Blues)” is originally from her poem “Adolescence-I.” As the subtitle of this piece indicates, Larsen utilizes the blues style to paint the atmosphere of the night as well as the subject, a boy’s lips. The blues theme is incorporated into the transcription of the music, as well, with the use of unconventional terms for how Larsen wanted the music executed. For example, her expressive markings use phrases such as “sensually, revealing a truth” and “savoring the
thought.” The humming in the phrase “a boy’s lips are soft as baby’s skin, mmm soft as baby’s skin,” shows that the secret is scandalous – but sexually appealing.

Many twentieth-century composers have included musical quotations in their pieces – references to previous compositions – using them as building blocks for their new compositions. The phrase “a boy’s lips are soft” is reminiscent of the 1933 jazz standard “Stormy Weather” by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler. Dove’s poetry includes the phrase “In the water heavy nights,” which could be a reason for the possible link to “Stormy Weather.”

“Blonde men (A Torch Song)” is another piece that represents the physical aspect of love. The text, from Body and Soul, written by Julie Kane, claims that the speaker “hates blonde men hates the greenish gold of their eyebrows and lashes,” and yet Larsen makes indications that reveal the singer is “actually loving all of this.” The opening poetic phrase says, “I think I ought to tell you that I hate blonde men before you break your heart.” The singer must decide to whom she is speaking. There is an overwhelming amount of evidence that she is being coy with a lover, teasing him about all the qualities she pretends not to like: “their eyes like a long drink of water.” This phrase is particularly ironic because the phrase “long drink of water” is usually slang for being a refreshing person. Further evidence of the lovers’ pillow-talk is the poetic repetition. It is awkward, does not rhyme, and only repeats certain parts of certain phrases. This choppiness makes it sound like it is improvised or conversational, as if the singer is coming up with the words for the first time.

“Big sister says, 1967 (a honky-tonk)” addresses the social pressure on women to strive constantly for beauty, using whatever means necessary to achieve results. Larsen describes the text as being sort of like “Beauty-School Dropout,” with descriptions of the self-imposed pain that beauty inflicts on women while never quite achieving the desired outcome. Larsen’s melody directly corresponds with the poetry. For example, the phrase “whose inside bristles prick my scalp like so many pins” is echoed by short, stabbing chords full of dissonance in the piano, causing the listener to picture clearly the stabbing rollers. This piece is aurally and musically demanding for the listener, because it does not satisfy the aural desire for pleasing melodies, and for the performer, because Larsen leaves no room for relaxation.

The Last Five Years

Jason Robert Brown’s songs are some of the most popular music to perform and enjoy in the theatre world. He is part of a new generation of musical theatre composers, and he produces creative rhythms, a broad range of styles, and extremely difficult yet indispensable accompaniments. Though many of his songs have become well-known standards, Broadway hopefuls are often advised not to bring an unfamiliar Jason Robert Brown piece to an audition because his music is far too challenging for an audition accompanist to read at first sight. The challenging aspects result from the fact that he writes them with his own capabilities in mind, since he tends to be the accompanist for his shows.
Written in 1999 and awarded the Drama Desk Awards for Best Music and Best Lyrics, *The Last Five Years* is a concept show: it is unusual in how it tells its story. Cathy’s songs move backwards through time, while Jamie’s move forward. The two characters sing together only once in the entire show, in the middle, when they are getting married. Throughout the show, Cathy (an aspiring actress) is plagued by being over-shadowed by her husband’s success as a writer. “Climbing Uphill” represents both the recurring experience of her auditions and her side of her short conversations with her father and friends. Cathy tells the story of her audition experience from her start as an inexperienced performer to her first professional roles. What is both comical and confusing about her “audition song” – which is a piece called “When You Come Home to Me” – is how it is disguised by a stream-of-consciousness inner monologue, filled with her fears about auditioning.

One reason Jason Robert Brown’s music is so popular is that he is very good at crafting climaxes with his pieces. “Climbing Uphill” contains multiple musical highlights, such as when Cathy reminds herself that she is a “talented person” and second, when she negates that statement with “I suck, I suck, I suck!,” and again, when she declares that she “will not be the girl who gets asked how it feels to be trotting along at the genius’s heels!” These are defining moments in Cathy’s consciousness: moments of confidence, self-pity, and determination to be independent.
Acknowledgments

To my Heavenly Father: soli Deo gloria.

Mom and Dad: Thank you for always being there for me, supporting me, encouraging me, and being my #1 fan(s). Love you.

Eric: Thank you for believing in me and being so proud of my improvement. I can’t wait to be yours forever. 1 2 3.

Toussaints: Thank you for loving me as a part of your family, and for making me feel as if I’m one of the best singers out there (even if I’m not). Thank you, 1 2 3.

Kayla, Whitney, Lisa, Emily and Theresa: You have become my best friends. Thank you for all of your encouragement, accountability, and prayers. I love you ladies.

Jackie: Thank you for all of your hard work these last few years. You have been so helpful and I have learned so much from you. I owe much of my improvement to you. You’re no longer just my voice teacher, you’re also my friend. Thank you.

Paul: You’re amazing! Thank you for helping me polish-up hundreds of pieces while here at Cal Poly. You have helped me become one of the best musicians possible. And thank you for working so hard on some pretty tricky music. ;) You’re the best!

Dr. McLamore: Thank you, thank you, thank you. You have pushed me, stretched me, and helped me be the best student I could become. For all of your patience, encouragement, and knowledge: thank you.

Tom and Susan: Thank you for being so loving, for recognizing my abilities and encouraging me. You have an amazing family and it has been a privilege to work with both of you.

All my friends at Cal Poly: it has been an absolute privilege getting to know you all and making beautiful music with you. You are all amazing people and musicians, and I am blessed to call you friends.

Faculty and staff at Cal Poly: thanks for pushing me and making me the best student I can be. We are blessed to have some of the most intelligent minds in the industry in our department. Thank you for everything you’ve done.