

SEASON
20/21

musica
intima
VOCAL ENSEMBLE



*the beginning
of the song*

APRIL 30, 2021

FEATURING GERMAINE KONJI
AND MENTORED SINGERS FROM
THE VANCOUVER YOUTH CHOIR

PRESENTED BY MUSICA INTIMA IN PARTNERSHIP WITH
THE CHAN CENTRE FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS



musica intima

ENSEMBLE

SOPRANO

Christina Cichos, Kira Fondse, Lucy Smith

ALTO

Tabitha Brasso-Ernst, Katherine Evans, Risa Takahashi

TENOR

Oliver Dalton, Carman J. Price, Taka Shimojima

BASS

Andrew Bortz, Jacob Gramit, Steve Maddock

WITH

Emile Deedes-Vincke, Carolin Ford, Katie Purcell VYC SINGERS

AND

Germaine Konji SPOKEN WORD

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*The Martha Lou Henley
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PROGRAMME *the beginning of the song*

Io son la primavera

William Hawley (b. 1950)

Wild is the Wind

Germaine Konji

Distancia

Kathleen Allan (b. 1989)

RISA TAKAHASHI, ALTO
CARMAN J. PRICE, TENOR
CHRISTINA CICHOS, SOPRANO

What is Life?

Ann-Sofi Söderqvist (b. 1956)

KATIE PURCELL, SOPRANO
CAROLIN FORD, ALTO
EMILE DEEDES-VINCKE, TENOR
KIRA FONDSE, SOPRANO
LUCY SMITH, SOPRANO

Gianna Floyd

Germaine Konji

*A dismantled ode to the moral
value of art*

Maja Ratkje (b. 1973)

STEVE MADDOCK, BARITONE

Laulu Algus

Veljo Tormis (1930-2017)

The River of Hellos and Goodbyes
A Summer's Singing

Alfredo Santa Ana (b. 1980)

Leslie Uyeda (b. 1953)

Grey Love

Germaine Konji

all fall down

Michael Oesterle (b. 1968)

1. *Protect your head*
2. *Turn as you fall*
3. *Keep arms and legs bent*
4. *Stay loose*
5. *Spread out the force of the fall*

Water Fountain

Brenner/Garbus
arr. Kristopher Fulton

This is a concert about connection and isolation. About distance and intimacy; about longing for closeness - and how those themes intertwine despite physical limitations. It is our hope that through these stories and songs we all reflect on what is now over a year of new challenges, and the new perspectives we've gained along the way.

The stories tonight range from the challenges of couples living apart in "Distancia" and "The River of Hellos and Goodbyes", to the bigger questions of connection and isolation in "What is Life?" and "A Summer's Singing". The place of the arts in society and of mental and physical well-being come into question through "A Dismantled Ode to the Moral Values of Art" and through "all fall down." We're thrilled to be premiering the latter, a new work by Michael Oesterle, and also to be revisiting two musica intima commissions from our past, both born of long collaborative relationships - Alfredo Santa Ana and Colin Browne, and Leslie Uyeda and Lorna Crozier.

The Beginning of the Song takes its name from Laulu Algus, by Veljo Tormis. "Listen!" the story begins, "Centuries away, on the beaches of Estonia, a song began...in a clear voice, in a million minds, it lives on." Estonian culture values choral singing in a unique way, but the themes of this text have always struck me as universal - longing to raise our voices, to sing our songs, to sing of our home; and home meaning more than a geographical place in the world. "I went to sing, my voice off cliffs resounding, raising a celebratory spirit, inviting friends to a circle - I know my friends from their eyes...I want to be, I want to sing, to sing my own songs." As we sing these words, though, **we acknowledge and remember that we sing tonight on stolen land** - long before this music was written, this land was and remains home to the Coast Salish people, with their own songs and stories. We are the uninvited guests here on the lands of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Watuth nations, and across Turtle Island.

I wonder, does the river thirst for the calm kiss of frost in the swollen rush of summer? Does the mighty oak ever long for his leaves to be clothed again by snow? Do the northern winds wish for one more becoming before they're gone for good?

What I'm trying to say is, I would like to hold you like the thought of summer on an autumn night. I would like to bring "spring" with me, though it is not time yet. I would like the sky and every other holy thing to surrender to the order of a hand to be held - to the weakened innocence in me wishing for no one to end.

Germaine Konji

Last spring, an ensemble member shared this poem, and the result is that tonight you'll see three new commissioned pieces performed by young writer Germaine Konji, and the beginning of what we hope will be both a long relationship with her and a pattern of interdisciplinary collaboration. While Germaine was only able to join us remotely from Ottawa this time, our collaboration has been fruitful and exciting - while we commissioned her to create pieces based on our program, her pieces in turn have inspired the ways in which we interpret this repertoire and how we perform it. Germaine, it has been our great joy to work with you!

We are also joined tonight by three young singers from the Vancouver Youth Choir. They joined us for rehearsals, and we also held sessions to introduce them to how and why we work the way we do. Mentorship is a two-way street though, and we are grateful for what they've each brought into the room and in particular, "Water Fountain" will show some of the energy and joy they've brought to *musica intima*.

'A Summer's Singing' sets words of Lorna Crozier - likely a familiar name to many of you - a poem that searches for connection until the realization that the spaces between us are filled with our love for each other. Crozier's recent memoir details the deep connection she

A MESSAGE FROM THE ARTISTIC MANAGER

shared with her late husband, poet Patrick Lane. While not a part of our original plans, a twist of fate enabled us to film this piece in a grove where a poetry installation lies, featuring Lane's words. **Even in the midst of a pandemic, we find new connections, new homes - and the distances between us bring us closer than ever.**

*Where does the singing start?
Here, where you are, there's room
between your heartbeats,
as if everything you have ever been
begins, inside, to sing.*

Lorna Crozier

*my mark, my making - these are my words
You are the one I have made
them for, in the quiet of my room,
in the dead of night, one word and then another
and now no one can break it but you.*

Patrick Lane

THE BEGINNING OF THE SONG ***Special Thanks***

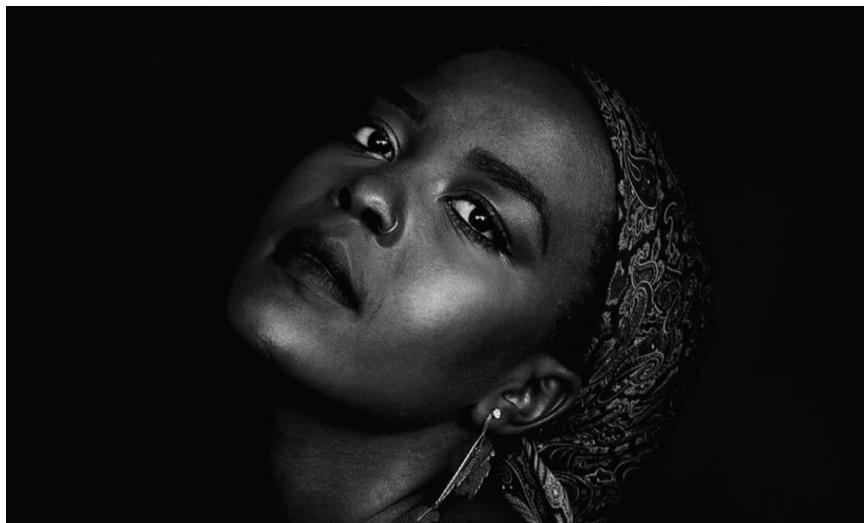
This production would not have been possible without the incredible team of singers and production staff that have been musica intima this season. In particular, I wish to thank:

Mike, Grant, Aaron, and PW for cancelling and re-booking everything not once, but twice, and being incredibly kind in the process.

Dave Humphrey, Wendy Atkinson, Janice Lew, and Kara Gibbs at the Chan Centre, and **Patty Gallivan & Arlene Chan** at UBC Campus and Community Planning for being both generous and efficient in our last-minute changes, as well as **Pat Brandon** and **St. Phillip's Anglican Church**, who have been so incredibly patient with ever-changing schedules for both rehearsals and recordings.

And to **Joanna** - this production would not have come off without you, nor would it look or sound like it does. Thank you for being such an outstanding mentor, a passionate supporter and advocate for musica intima, and for your incredible generosity with your time. We are grateful!

OUR GUEST ARTIST ***Germaine Konji***



Germaine is Kenyan by birth, and Canadian by paper. She grew up in a home filled with song, and dance, storytelling. In this way, artistry for her is not a profession, but a way of life.

A graduate of Sheridan's Music Theatre performance and a lover of words, Germaine is passionate about adding to the canon of female voices of the African Diaspora as a playwright, book writer, composer/lyricist, dramaturge, and director.

OUR GUEST ARTISTS FROM ***The Vancouver Youth Choir***

We're thrilled to be joined for portions of the program by Carolin Ford, Katie Purcell, and Emile Deedes-Vincke. Now in their eighth season, The **Vancouver Youth Choir** has fast emerged as one of the most highly-regarded youth choirs in the country. They have gained international notoriety for their adventurous programming, their commitment to performing and promoting music from underrepresented communities, and their outside-the-box approach to shows. In addition to their regularly sold-out season concerts, VYC has been featured multiple times on CBC radio, performed jointly with major professional choirs in the city, and in 2017 won first place in their category in the National Choral Competition.

Io son la primavera

(*Torquato Tasso*)

Io son la primavera,
Che lieta, o vaghe donne,
 a voi ritorno
Col mio bel
 manto adorno
Per vestir le campagne
 d'erbe e fiori
E svegliarvi nel cor noveli amori.

A me Zefiro spira,
A me ride la terra
 e'l ciel sereno;
Volan di seno in seno
Gli Amoretti vezzosi,
Chi armato di stral,
 di chi faville.

E voi ancor gioite,
Godete al mio venir
 tra risi e canti;
Amate i vostri amanti
Or che'l bel viso
 amato april v'infiora;
Primavera per voi
 non torna ognora.

I am Spring,
Who gladly, lovely women,
 returns to you
With my beautiful,
 embellished mantle
To dress the countryside
 in greenery and flowers
To arouse in your heart new loves.

For me Zephir sighs,
For me the earth laughs,
 as do the serene heavens;
From breast to breast fly
The charming Amoretti,
Armed with arrows
 and with torches.

And you, again delighted,
Take pleasure in my coming
 amidst laughing and song;
Love your lovers
Now, while adorns lovely faces
 with flowers, April:
Spring for you
 will not return forever.

Distancia

(*Leonardo J. Amador Zendejas*)

Amor mio que tienes mis noches
 que tienes mis dias
que tienes pesares, y las alegrías
Amor distancia lejana.

Amore, que la distancia
 lejana maldita distancia.

Hace que mi alma vuele
 la a cerca a tu espiritu.

My love, you have my nights,
 you have my days
you have my sorrows, my joys
My love, far away.

My love, you are kept away
 away by this cursed distance.

It makes my soul fly closer
 to your spirit.

SUNG TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Y que las noches
mañanas y tardes
y días lejanas.

Me quitan aliento, me cansan.
Tienes mis noches, mis días,
que tienes mi llanto sonrisas.

Quiero que sepas que te amo.
Amor, que distancia,
que tienes mi vida.

And the nights,
the mornings, and afternoons,
and the days, are distant.

You take away my breath, my
song. You have my nights, my
days, you have my tearful smiles.

I want you to know I love you.
My love, despite the distance,
you have my life.

What is life?

(Malin Hülphers)

A voice can bring out the sense of intention
Existence can be transformed by thoughts
The message of the will can move your heart
The beat of butterfly wings provoke a hurricane

Connected humans make a people
In the moment you will find eternity
The power from a seed can raise the woods
And from a lightning spark the fire will extend

If you sharpen focus
Sharpen focus for wonder
If you catch a voice
Catch the voice at heart
If you hear a name
Hear your name in silence

Hear my wonder
What brings to us the never-ending solitude?
We reach in the dark
For significance of mind
Why?
My cry from fear of expiry

A trace of memory
Just like the surging waves
from other oceans

Sharpen your focus for wonder,
Catch the voice at heart,
Hear your name in silence,
And you will burst into life

What is life?	a voice
What is life?	a thought
What is life?	a message of the will
What is living?	the beat of butterfly wings
Who is life?	the power from a seed
telling - when is life?	present moments
Where is life?	a lightning spark

Where does life come into existence?

In your heart,

existence comes alive

A Dismantled Ode To The Moral Value Of Art

Composers note:

It was performed under the direction of Leonard Bernstein at a concert to mark the fall of the Berlin Wall, it appears in Stanley Kubrick's A Clockwork Orange.

Hitler celebrated his birthdays with it, and the government of Rhodesia made it their anthem.

And the prisoners in German concentration camps played it.

It also figured prominently at Mitterand's 1981 investiture.

In 2012, we celebrate the Ode to Joy's 40 years anniversary as National Anthem of the EU.

Thanks to Neil Young and Edvard Grieg for inspiration.

Freunde, lasst uns
angehnehm Leben.
angenehmere anstimmen.
Froh, wie seine Sonnen.
Fliegen.

*Friends, let us
enjoy life.
sound more pleasantly.
Glad, like the suns
to fly.*

Everything's gonna be alright.

Laulu Algus (Hando Runnel)

Kulata!

Sajandi kaugusel Eestimaa
randadel algas, algas üks laul.

Emade keeles, isade meeles,
meieni kandus see.
Kõlavas keeles, miljonis meeles,
edasi elab see.

See laul algas hämaras ajas sündis
tummade töös.

See laul sündis madalas majas
tõsis vandena öös.

Jäi kuulama jõuetu sugu,
see laul oli hingele hea,
sest kuulutas sinane lugu,
et priius neil tulema peab.

Ja ärkas see jõuetu sugu
ja õlgadel tundis pead.

Ei sure see laul, see lugu,
see laul on meilegi hea.

Käisin häälta harjutamas,
kaljurünkal kaigutamas,
pidumeelta kergitamas,
sõpru sõõri meelitamas,
Sõpru ma tunnen silmadest,
vaenlasi tunnen võimusest,
Ei ma tahat vaenulisi
taplused mind on tüüdanud.

Tahan, tahan olla, tahan laulda,
laulada oma laulu.

Laulda selle maa keeles,
kus minu kodu kena.

Kus on mu kätkivibud,
kus on mu kiigenöörid

Helepäised lapsed
üle välja jooksmas.

Listen!

A century ago on the beaches of Estonia began, began a song.

In the tongues of our mothers, the minds of our fathers it reaches us. In a clear voice, in a million minds, it still lives on.

This song began in the dark times, born in the work of the mutes.

This song was born in a low house and rose as a curse in the night.

The powerless stopped to listen, this song was good for the soul, because the story announced that freedom must come to them.

And the powerless awoke, and recognized themselves.

The song does not die, this story, this song is good for us all.

I went to practice, my voice echoing on a boulder, raising a celebratory spirit, inviting friends to a circle,

I know my friends from their eyes, my enemies from their power,

I don't want enemies, battles annoy me.

I want, I want to be, I want to sing, to sing my own songs.

To sing in the tongue of this land, my beautiful home.

Where my cradles are, where my swing ropes are.

Light-haired children running across the meadow.

The River of Hellos and Goodbyes (Colin Browne)

*mi amor
my love
mon amour*

hello, hello...?

hello, hello...?

hello...?

I am awake, sleep brings no mercy

did you receive my parcel?

hello, hello...?

I am sending words into the night
Like birds into the night
I am the girl from the river of hello
do you remember me?

hello, hello?

hello?

I hear the stars at night
the signals between the stars
do you remember the waltz, the old
waltz
that night when I touched your waist?

that night when you touched my waist

hello...hello?

I placed your head on my shoulder

I placed your head on my shoulder

ten of us in two rooms
we die in the night and wake before dawn
in a city of billionaires

SUNG TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

I can't see your face
did we dance
did your hand touch my waist?

each night I pray you are warm and safe

my arms are strong, I work in the air
they watch us all the time
they need us but they do not want us

the little one's awake
hear how he cries
his father is a stranger

my father was a stranger

my son will be a stranger

come home, come home
he is sleeping
his dreams fly to meet you

I must go, I must go

you're fading

hello, hello...?

I'm waiting

you're fading...

you're fading...

hello...hello?

hello...hello...hello...?

mi amor
my love
mon amour

A Summer's Singing (Lorna Crozier)

Where does that singing start, you know,
that thin sound - almost pure light?
Not the birds at false dawn or their song
when morning comes, feathered throats
warm with meaning. A different kind of music.

Listen, it is somewhere near you.
In the heart, emptied of fear,
stubbornly in love
with itself at last, the old
desires a ruined chorus,
a radiant, bloody choir.

Where does the singing start?
Here, where you are, there's room
between your heartbeats,
as if everything you have ever been
begins, inside, to sing.

all fall down

Composers note:

I borrowed the title for this piece from the well known nursery rhyme "Ring-a-ring o'roses," in which each verse ends with the words "we all fall down." Though it is most often associated with the Great Plague in 17th century England, the origins and meanings of this nursery rhyme are obscure. Regardless of its origin, while singing this tune as a child, the act of "falling down" is simply part of a game. There are many metaphors for "falling down" that elicit the notion of losing happiness, stability, health. I wanted to find a way to communicate this in my new piece while at the same time, maintaining the playfulness of a nursery rhyme.

I came across a newspaper article some years ago that included the cheery assurance that: "According to paratroopers, stunt professionals, physical therapists and martial arts instructors, there is indeed a "right way" to fall — and it can save you a lot of grief if you know how to do it." (Kate Murphy, The New York Times January 2017) I remember thinking that this subject would make a clever text for a piece. After all, some version of "falling down" happens to everyone, and, in the moment, there never seems to be a right (or wrong) way to manage the experience. Using a straightforward text that lists the basic instructions for how to reduce injury when falling

SUNG TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

down, I want to create a context in which the innocence of nursery rhymes address a broader sense of what it means to fall down.

I distorted the rhythmic flow of the how-to-fall instructions with an air of mischief. I loop sections with changing tempi, trade syllables between voices, avoid melismatic vocal lines, rattle off words at rapid fire, use prickly chanting - very much in the spirit of nursery rhymes (when falling down was just part of the game). Incidentally, it has occurred to me that "Ring-a-ring o'roses" might well be the ideal choice of song to accompany my anti-infection hand-washing routine. The layers of irony and meaning in this simple association, to me, best communicate what I had in mind with this piece.

I would like to thank musica intima for having commissioned me to write a new work. I am deeply grateful for having been given this opportunity during a period of incomparable uncertainty in the performing arts.

I. Protect your head

The most important part that you need to protect in a fall is your head. Head injuries can be very serious even deadly. Make sure you prioritize protecting your head as you fall. Tuck your chin down, lowering your head. If falling down, face first, turn your head to the side. Bring your arms up to head level for additional protection. Put them in front of your head if falling forwards or behind your head if falling backwards. If you are taking anticoagulants or blood thinners and fall and hit your head, this may result in a dangerous life-threatening bleed inside your skull. Call your doctor, who may tell you to go to the hospital for a C-T scan.

II. Turn as you fall

If you are falling either straight forward or straight backwards, try to turn your body so you land on your side. Falling directly on your back can cause serious injury to it. A frontal fall can cause damage to the head, face, and arms. By landing on your side you can reduce the injury from high distances for example, one way vertical paths.

III. Keep arms and legs bent.

It may be tempting to try and catch yourself fully as you fall with your arms. However, landing with your arms straight out and absorbing the full force of the fall with them can cause injury. Try keeping both arms and legs slightly bent as you fall, landing fully on your arms to catch your self can break both your wrists and arms.

IV. Stay Loose

Tensing up during a fall can increase the chances of sustaining an injury. The tension in your body won't allow for the absorption of force from the fall. Instead of spreading the impact out over a flexible body, the parts that were kept taut are more likely to break instead of going with the motion. You can try breathing out as you fall to keep your body relaxed. Stay loose.

V. Spread out the force of the fall

all fall down

all fall

Spread out the force of the fall. A big part of falling safely is to spread out the force of impact over a large area of your body. Falling on a single point will result in that area taking most of the damage. By spreading out the impact, you reduce the chance of serious injury to a single part of your body.

all fall down

all fall down

Water Fountain (Tune Yards)

Water Fountain was arranged for Carrie Tennant and the Coastal Sound Youth Choir in 2016. The original work combines the different aesthetics of drought politics, dance hall dub, and youthful drive to create something is at once as ordered as it is chaotic and, as the songwriter suggests, is very much “a product of the world I’m growing up in and growing older in.” All at once, it is an eclectic, youthful celebration and protestation of the world.

[Chorus]

No water in the water fountain
No side on the sidewalk
If you say Old Molly Hare,
whatcha doin' there?
Nothing much to do
when you're going nowhere
Woohaw!
Woohaw!
Gotcha
We're gonna get the water from
your house (your house)

Nothing feels like dying like the
drying of my skin and lawn
Why do we just sit here while
they watch us wither
til we're gone?
I can't seem to feel it
I can't seem to feel it
I can't seem to feel I'll kneel
I'll kneel I'll kneel the cold steel

You will ride the whip
You'll ride the crack
No use in fighting back

You'll sledge the hammer
if there's no one else to
take the flak
I can't seem to feel it
I can't seem to find it
Your fist clenched my neck
We're neck and neck and neck...

[chorus]

I saved up all my pennies and I
gave them to this special guy
When he had enough of them he
bought himself a cherry pie
He gave me a dollar
A blood-soaked dollar
I cannot get the spot out, but
It's okay it still works in the store

Greasy man come
and dig my well
Life without your water
is a burning hell
Stuff me up with
your home-grown rice
Anything make me look nice
Se pou zanmi mwen*,
se pou zanmi mwen
And the two-pound chicken
tastes better with friends
A two-pound chicken
tastes better with two
And I know where to find you

Listen to the words I said
Let it sink into your head
A vertigo round-and-round-
and-round
Now I'm in your bed
How did I get ahead?
Thread your fingers
through my hair
Fingers through my hair
Give me a dress
Give me a press
I give a thing a caress
Would-ja, would-ja, would-ja

Listen to the words I say!
Sound like a floral bouquet
A lyrical round-and-round
androundandround

Okay

Take a picture it'll last all day, hey
Your fingers through my hair
Do it 'til you disappear
Gimme your head
Gimme your head
Off with his head! head head
head head head head head head

No water in the water fountain
Floral bouquet
A lyrical round-and-
roundandround
No side on the sidewalk
Take a picture it'll last all day,
hey!
If you say!
your fingers through my
hair, there?

Do it 'til you disappear,
Nothin' much to do when you're
goin' no where

Woohaw!
Woohaw!

Gotcha, gotcha

We're gonna get the water from
your house, your house
We're gonna get the water from
your house, your house
We're gonna get the water from
your house, your house

*it is for my friends
(Haitian Creole)

*musica intima most sincerely
wishes to thank our donors for
their unwavering support.*

In these unprecedented times, musica intima asked our singers what it meant to be able to continue to share our music with you.

"I would like people to know that we really do cherish the fact that they're sticking with us through these times. And hopefully the music that we put out there plays even a small part in being able to give them a brief diversion from anxiety and stress. The power of music to act as therapy has never been more evident to me than right now. We need it now more than we have in a long, long time." - STEVE

Music can create incredible experiences, and musica intima exists to create these moments - to foster human connection through the power of vocal music. Now, more than ever, we need your support.

Your financial support of the ensemble's performance, outreach and community building remains invaluable. This season contains bold and adventurous repertoire, comforting and beautiful Christmas concerts, and you've been able to enjoy it all from the comfort of your own home! Your gifts make an enormous impact on our ability to continue to offer the programming for which musica intima is known.

As with most not-for-profit organizations, ticket revenue only accounts for a small portion of our total budget. If you have been touched by musica intima's performances, please consider a tax-deductible gift to the musica intima society. Your continued support of one of Canada's musical gems is vital.

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 Stephanie MacLeod
in memory of Barrie MacLeod
 Terry MacPherson
 Karen Matthews
 Tara May
 John McBain
 Hugh McCreadie
 Ann Marie McGrath
 James Neville
 Louise Nicholson
 Woodward
 Lynda Maeve Orr

Bryan Pearce
 Carman J. Price
 Holly Rail
 Michael & Hélène Redding
 Annelies Reeves
 Patricia Ripley
 Geordie &
 Frances Roberts
 Susan Rogers
 Corinne Rogers
 Deborah Rollins
 Ingrid Rose
 Linda Schwartz
 Taka Shimojima
 Margaret Skelly
 Debra Sloan
 Leigh Taylor
 Vanessa Timmer
 Cheryl Tobias
 Ken & Diana Topnik
 Barrie & Margaret Vickers
 Gwyneth Westwick
 Sheila Woody

This list acknowledges gifts received between September 1, 2020, and April 15, 2021. If you detect any errors or omissions, please contact the office.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SONG ***Credits***

“Io son la primavera” AND “A Summer’s Singing”

Recorded at St. Philip’s Anglican Church, March 20, 2021.

Recording Engineer: Grant Rowledge

Audio Produced by Joanna Dundas

Director: Mike Southworth

Filmed by Aaron Nathanson, Adam PW Smith, and Mike Southworth outside the Chan Centre on April 11, 2021.

Edited by Aaron Graham, Doug Fury, and Mike Southworth

“Wild is the Wind”, “Gianna Floyd” AND “Grey Love”

Written and Performed by Germaine Konji

Filmed in and around Toronto, March 21, 2021.

Directed by Germaine Konji and Allison Ference

Filmed by Allison Ference

Underscoring by Ben Page

Audio Edited by Ben Page and Allison Ference.

Additional Footage from CBC: The National

Conceived and Produced by Germaine Konji

***“Distancia”, “What is Life?”, “Laulu Algus”, “all fall down” AND
“Water Fountain”***

Recorded at St. Philip’s Anglican Church, April 16, 2021.

Recording Engineer: Don Harder

Audio Produced by Jacob Gramit & Don Harder

Director: Mike Southworth

Filmed by Brandon Fletcher, Aaron Nathanson, and Adam PW Smith

Producer (for Collide Entertainment): Joanna Dundas

Edited by Aaron Graham, Doug Fury, and Mike Southworth

***“The River of Hellos and Goodbyes” AND “A Dismantled Ode to
the Moral Values of Art”***

Recorded at the Chan Centre on April 11, 2021.

Recording Engineer: Grant Rowledge

Audio Produced by Jacob Gramit & Grant Rowledge

Director: Mike Southworth

Filmed by Aaron Nathanson, Adam PW Smith, and Mike Southworth at the Chan Centre on April 11, 2021.

Producer (for Collide Entertainment): Joanna Dundas

Edited by Aaron Graham, Doug Fury, and Mike Southworth

Assistant Head Stage (Chan Centre): Don Robinson

Assistant Head Lighting (Chan Centre): Jason Conroy

Assistant Head Audio (Chan Centre): Brad Danyluk, Eric St Laurent

The Front of House, Ticketing and Production Staff of the Chan Centre for the Performing Arts are members of CUPE 2950.