



THE  
CHORAL  
COMPOSER/CONDUCTOR  
COLLECTIVE

# Babel

March 12, 2020

Church of the Transfiguration

March 14, 2020

St John's in the Village

# A Note from C4

Welcome to the second concert in C4 Ensemble's 2019–2020 season, *Babel*. Our programming this evening draws its inspiration from the biblical story of the Tower of Babel, and explores themes of language and communication. The Old Testament text, from Genesis, is set in two C4 composers' pieces tonight; the tale begins with the human generation after Noah's flood, all united in language and practice. They begin to build a tower to heaven; fearing the power of a united human race, God confounds their language and the people are dispersed. Alexander Boostrom's setting, "Of One Speech", includes Hebrew, Hindi, Arabic, and Latin text to viscerally depict the pulling apart of human voices sounding together. Contrastingly, Brian Mountford's "Lest We Be Scattered" uses hymn-like melody, canon, and call-and-response to breathe life into the biblical text.

Other works on this concert consider the role of language in communication, as well as the emotive powers of the wordless human voice. Mario Gullo's "A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation" draws text from the seventeenth century poet and English priest and theologian Thomas Traherne. In Gullo's setting, Traherne's meditation on internal contemplation is surrounded by an effusion of wordless vocal sounds and dense harmonies. Likewise, Leah Ofman's setting of Robert Desnos's "Jamais d'autre qu toi" contrasts tragic and romantic text with a variety of extended vocal techniques, reaching beyond the words to the voice itself as a means of expression. Bruce Saylor's *Restless Spirits* sets a cycle of poetry by Arab-American writers, featuring Saylor's signature lyrical style layered with haunting, dense chromaticism.

On a lighter note, Bushra El-Turk composes three "games" for choir based on Lily Boulay's "L'Ours Réglisse et le sac à malices" ("Réglisse the bear and the bag of mischief"). Her first game is a listening challenge, where the choir sings along with the reader of the story, matching certain syllables. The second game is a timing test, with surprising results. Finally, the third game employs harmonic changes in an attempt to soothe the crying, mischievous bear. Finally, we close with Filipino composer Chino Toledo's energetic "Sitsit Digidong." Through percussive sounds, nonsense syllables, and complex rhythmic movements, we can decipher three short phrases in Tagalog: "Give wings to my desire, even if stopped it will be set free/give wings to my soul and I will fly to God/Give wings to my hopes and I will fly till I embrace God."

Although we sing in many languages, and tackle meaningful texts, the communicative power of the voice itself remains central to our mission and the music. We hope you enjoy this concert, in all its beauty and complexity.

- Rachael Lansang

# C4: The Choral Composer/Conductor Collective

## Babel

Thursday, March 12, 8:00pm: Church of the Transfiguration, Manhattan, NY  
Saturday, March 14, 8:00pm: St. John's in the Village, Manhattan, NY

### Of One Speech\*

*Perry Townsend, conductor*  
*Gabbi Coenen, soprano*  
*Daniel Andor-Ardó, baritone*  
*Brian Mountford, bass*

*Alexander Boostrom (b. 1986)*  
poetry by Robert Boostrom

### L'Ours Réglisse et le sac à malices\*

*Perry Townsend, conductor*  
*Emily Drossell, soprano*  
*Melissa Wozniak, alto*  
*Jamie Klenetsky Fay, alto*  
*Sherwin Chao, tenor*  
*Joel Knopf, tenor*  
*Brian Mountford, bass*

*Bushra El-Turk (b. 1982)*  
text based on a story by Lily Boulay

### A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation\*

*Alexander Boostrom, conductor*  
*Emily Drossell and Leah Ofman, sopranos*

*Mario Gullo (b. 1973)*  
poetry by Thomas Traherne

### Lest We Be Scattered\*

*Daniel Andor-Ardó, conductor*  
*Jamie Klenetsky Fay, alto*

*Brian Mountford (b. 1964)*  
text from Genesis 11:1-9



### Restless Spirits\*

Tadharru'  
Apprentice  
Escape  
Kun Balsaman  
*Karen Siegel, conductor*  
*Mavis MacNeil, soprano*

*Bruce Saylor (b. 1946)*  
poetry by Kahlil Gibran (from the original  
Arabic of *Spirits Rebellious*), Assef Al-Jundi,  
Nathalie Handal-Jusoor, and Elia Abu Madi

### Jamais d'autre que toi\*

*Daniel Andor-Ardó, conductor*  
*Emily Drossell, soprano*

*Leah Ofman (b. 1998)*  
poetry by Robert Desnos

### Sitsit Digidong

*Melissa Wozniak, conductor*

*Chino Toledo (b. 1959)*  
Based on a poem by José Corazón de Jesús

\* = World Premiere

# *Of One Speech*

Alexander Boostrom; poem by Robert Boostrom (b. 1949)

On the surface, this piece details the story of the building of the tower of Babel. Beginning with the teamwork and togetherness needed to create something so massive that it would reach the heavens, the piece opens up with the hopefulness and potential within all of us to do such great and powerful things...together.

However, as God steps in to educate the people about staying within their world and capacity, their inability to comprehend the lesson tears them apart and causes divisions so dramatic that they tear down the tower they worked so hard to construct, and instead build walls out of fear. Those walls tear the fabric of the people's unity and leads to warring nations that continue to this day.

Underneath the surface story, there is an allegory to our own condition as humans struggling to understand each other and appreciate each other's condition. That breakdown of communication, just as the introduction of multiple languages, causes fear in the hearts of people and leads to walls and wars and tearing ourselves and each other apart.

The music portrays this by starting with beautiful major seventh chords gradually building in fullness and expanding the range of the choir, suggesting the potential of what we can all do together. However, as God enters and speaks, new languages appear, and an aleatoric section demonstrates the disunity, only gradually uniting within their own languages. As the piece continues, hope slowly returns, with the potential to bridge the gaps and see that, even with different words, there can be unity. The piece ends with a return to the initial construction of the tower again, hoping that this time, we can surpass our own differences.

-- *Alexander Boostrom*

## *Text:*

And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech,  
and no desire defied the unity of the people.

Together we could build machines  
to shrink the giant globe,  
together seize the sun to light the night,  
together teach unwatered soil  
to feed the children of all the earth,  
together purify the atmosphere above  
and streams below. Together we could  
build a tower to reach the sky.

But, the Lord said,

“Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech.

Havah neredah venavelah sham sefatam asher lo yishme u ish sefat re' eh.

Aao ham neeche chalke inkee bhaasha ko uljhaate hain, taa ki ye ek doosre keeba at nahin samaj payenGe.

Fa heya nanzil w nubalbil lughatahum, fala yaoudu baaduhum yafhamu lughat baadan.

Venite igitur descendamus et confondamus ibi linguam eorum ut non audiat unusquisque vocem proximi sui.

And now, bewildered as we speak our sterile words,  
we babble pride, dominion, tribe,  
and fearing speech we do not understand,  
turn the tower into walls and hide  
against the nameless day when we divine  
how the whole earth might live new words,  
together, of one language, and of one speech.

## *L'Ours Réglisse et le sac à malices*

Bushra El-Turk; text based on a story by Lily Boulay

Written in 2005, this is a set of three games based on Lily Boulay's adaptation of *L'Ours Réglisse et le sac à malices*, (trans. Réglisse the bear and the bag of mischief), chosen from a selection of children's stories in French.

The story is about a bear who is known to never leave behind his bag of mischief anywhere and he has never let anyone know what he has hidden in it. One day, while passing a hole near a tree he finds a bumblebee. He puts it in his bag and continues on his way. He walks a very long time until he finally arrives at a house. In that house there is a black woman who is sweeping her floor. It is a test of temptation for the woman when he entrusts her with his bag of mischief in order for him to go and visit his mother. She takes a sneak peak inside the bag and the bumblebee escapes. Her rooster fails to catch it. The bear returns to this depressing knowledge and demands to take the rooster and he inserts the rooster in his bag and continues on his way, singing. The same routine happens with another lady,

except that her big pig eats the rooster so the bear takes the big pig. The same happens with the next lady, except that her little boy shoos the big pig outside so he takes the little boy instead. In the next house a lady swaps her enormous wolf-dog for the boy. The bear returns to take the bag with the wolf-dog inside. The wolf-dog jumps out of the bag and pushes the bear in the water. He cries at his misfortune.

The first game is a four-part canon, the second game is mostly a test for timing and the tricks and surprises used by it, and the third game is mostly to aid sensitivity to the discrete or significant changes in harmonic color. The aim is to put the bear to sleep to stop him crying.

-- *Bushra El-Turk*

### *Text:*

#### **Jeu 1**

L'Ours Réglisse et le Sac à malices ne se promenait jamais sans son sac à malices et personne ne savait ce qu'il cachait dedans.

Or un jour, en creusant un trou près d'un arbre, l'Ours Réglisse trouva une abeille. Il la mit dans son sac et prit la route.

Il marcha, marcha longtemps et arriva enfin devant une maison. Dans la maison, il y avait une petite femme noire qui balayait le plancher.

L'Ours Réglisse et le Sac à malices ne se promenait jamais sans son sac à malices...

#### **Jeu 2**

L'ours Réglisse allait sur le chemin  
Il trouva une abeille  
Pour l'abeille, il eut un vieux coq  
Tra la la la! Boq boq boq boq boq!

L'ours Réglisse allait sur le chemin  
Il trouva une abeille  
Pour l'abeille, il eut un vieux coq

#### **Game 1**

Réglisse the bear and the bag of mischief never walked around without his bag of mischief and no one knew what he was hiding inside.

One day, digging a hole near a tree, Réglisse the bear found a bee. He put it in his bag and hit the road.

He walked, walked a long time and finally arrived in front of a house. In the house there was a little black woman sweeping the floor.

Réglisse the bear and the bag of mischief never walked around without his bag of mischief...

#### **Game 2**

Réglisse the bear was going on the way  
He found a bee  
For the bee, he had an old rooster  
Tra la la la! Boq boq boq boq boq!

Réglisse the bear was going on the way  
He found a bee  
For the bee, he had an old rooster

### Jeu 2 (continued)

Pour le vieux coq, il eut un gros cochon  
gras

Tra la la la! Oink oink oink!

L'ours Réglisse allait sur le chemin

Il trouva une abeille

Pour l'abeille, un vieux coq

Pour le vieux coq, un gros cochon gras

Pour le cochon gras, il eut un petit garçon

Tra la la la la! Ga ga ga!

### Jeu 3

Une abeille ...glou...glou...glou...

Un vieux coq glou...glou

Un gr...gr...gros...co...cochon...glou...glou

Un...un...glou glou glou glou...

Et puis floc!...plus rien du tout!

Et mon histoire est finie...ni...ni...ni!

### Game 2 (continued)

For the old rooster, he had a big fat pig

Tra la la la! Oink oink oink!

Réglisse the bear was going on the way

He found a bee

For the bee, an old rooster

For the old rooster, a big, fat pig

For the fat pig, he had a little boy

Tra la la la la! Ga ga ga!

### Game 3

A bee... glug... glug...glug...

An old rooster glug... glug

A b-b-b-big... pig... glug... glug

A... a... glug glug glug glug...

And then plop! ... nothing at all!

And my story is over...er...er...er!

## *A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation*

Mario Gullo; poetry by Thomas Traherne (1636–1674)

I find I have a love for the poetry of Thomas Traherne. It started with listening repeatedly to Gerald Finzi's *Dies Natalis* and finding greater meaning in the words each time. This led me to investigate his poetry for myself. It is highly Romantic two hundred years before Romanticism was a genre, but because he is also a theologian it is deeply religious. One thing I have learned from my friend Gerry Finzi is you can adapt pre-existing texts to suit your music needs. I stumbled upon Traherne's poem *A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation on the Mercies of God* and thought the sentiment was uplifting and victorious. I then spent some time stripping the religious aspects out of the text. The poem transformed from a treatise on the gifts given to us by God to one about the achievements of humanity. I tried to evoke feelings from mysticism in the beginning to pure joy at the end. Special thanks to Alex Boostrom for his amazing preparation of the piece.

-- Mario Gullo

*Text:*

*For all the mysteries, engines, instruments, wherewith the world is filled, which we are able to frame and use to thy glory.*

*For all the trades, variety of operations, cities, temples, streets, bridges, mariner's compass, admirable picture, sculpture, writing, printing, songs and music; wherewith the world is beautified and adorned.*

Much more for the regent life,  
And power of perception,  
Which rules within.  
That secret depth of fathomless consideration  
That receives the information  
Of all our senses,  
That makes our centre equal to the heavens,  
And comprehendeth in itself the magnitude of the world;  
The involv'd mysteries  
Of our common sense;  
The inaccessible secret  
Of perceptive fancy;  
The repository and treasury  
Of things that are past;  
The presentation of things to come;  
Thy name be glorified  
For evermore.

O miracle  
Of divine goodness!  
O fire! O flame of zeal, and love, and joy!  
Ev'n for our earthly bodies, hast thou created all things.

                  { visible  
All things    { material  
                  { sensible

Animals,  
Vegetables,  
Minerals,  
Bodies celestial,  
Bodies terrestrial,  
The four elements,  
Volatile spirits,  
Trees, herbs, and flowers,



The influences of heaven,  
Clouds, vapors, wind,  
Dew, rain, hail and snow,  
Light and darkness, night and day,  
The seasons of the year.  
Springs, rivers, fountains, oceans,  
Gold, silver, and precious stones.  
Corn, wine, and oil,  
The sun, moon, and stars,  
Cities, nations, kingdoms.  
And the bodies of men, the greatest treasures of all,  
For each other.  
What then, O Lord, hast thou intended for our  
Souls, who givest to our bodies such glorious things!

## *Lest We Be Scattered*

Brian Mountford; text from Genesis 11:1-9

For a while, I have been mulling over how to involve the audience in our performances. Thanks to Tim Brown for getting me started on that train of thought. Eventually, I decided on the most direct involvement possible. There are usually enough singers in our audience that giving you all a simple melody to sing with us should be no problem. I look forward to hearing the result. No pressure!

Thanks also to Leonore Nelson for pointing out at an early stage that altos are quite capable of playing God.

-- *Brian Mountford*

### *Text:*

Now the whole earth was of one language and one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they came upon a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said to one another, "Come, let us build ourselves a city, and a tower reaching up to the heavens, and let us make a name for ourselves, lest we be scattered." And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of mankind had built for themselves. And the Lord said, "Behold, the people are one, and this they began to do. And now nothing they can dream will be impossible. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their speech, that they may not understand one another, and let them be scattered over all the face of the earth."

# Come Let Us Build

A Round, being the Ancient Anthem of the Land of Shinar



Come let us build our selves a ci ty,



— and a tow=er reach=ing up to the hea=vens,



and let us make a name for our selves,



lest we \_ be scat=tered, lest we \_ be scat=tered,



lest we \_ be scat = tered.

(Chorus sings, ending in "And they said to one another")

1st time: all together

2nd time: two part round

(Chorus sings, and God intervenes)

3rd time: four part round

4th time: four part round

## *Restless Spirits*

Bruce Saylor; poetry by Kahlil Gibran (1883–1931), Assef Al-Jundi (b. 1952), Nathalie Handal-Jusoor (b. 1969), and Elia Abu Madi (1890–1957)

When C4 asked me for a new piece based on the idea of “Language,” the juxtaposition of Arabic and English came to mind. My daughter Elizabeth Claire Saylor is a scholar and professor of Arabic, absorbed by writers of the Greater Syrian Diaspora in America. I assumed I would treat the multiple themes of love and loss, religious and political complexities within those societies, and alienation from the homeland. In the end, the poetry that attracted me most centered almost exclusively around alienation and personal discomfort in national dislocation that informed the work of famous immigrant writers from early 20th-century Lebanon in America through recent US-born Arab-Americans.

My cycle opens with Kahlil Gibran’s impassioned plea for revolutionizing the imperial oppression of the Ottomans and of late 19th-century Levantine society. Verses in the voice of Gibran’s character, the heretical monk Khalil, invoke feminine representations of that region’s historical religions. A prolific writer and visual artist, Gibran’s most popular book *The Prophet*, written in English, has been translated into more than 100 languages. My cycle concludes with Elia Abu Madi’s challenge to us all to pour healing balm upon our own dispirited rage, revenge, and grudge holding. Using almost nursery-rhyme-style metric simplicity, the Arabic employs touching onomatopoeia, alliteration, and other sonic resonance, juxtaposing “stars” with “scorpions,” “roses” with “thorns” and the like. Abu Madi, like Gibran, was also born in what is now Lebanon, and moved to the US in 1912. And he, like Gibran, was essential in establishing The Pen League (of Arab expatriate writers and journalists) in 1920. His poetry is known—indeed memorized—by populations throughout the Arabic-speaking world, much like Americans study and memorize Robert Frost.

Syrian-born **Assef Al-Jundi** followed his poet-father Ali Al-Jundi into writing, but with work that extends the personal disquiet of dislocation into abstract as well as political realms. “Apprentice” takes fragments of words, syllables, and alliterative sounds to fashion a sound-scape, which spirals into a wind-swept psychological catastrophe of isolation. “Who am I? Where am I?” He is a photographer and artist as well, and lives and works in San Antonio.

**Nathalie Handal**, the writer, lecturer, and professor at Columbia University, asks the same questions, “Who am I? Where am I?” Her Palestinian heritage informs her lectures, essays, and poetry. She expresses the confusing yet powerfully experienced perceptions of dislocations in time and space, as in the frozen moments within the peripeteia of “Escape.” She has written that answers to these inescapable questions abide in her work as a poet. This may be the artist’s refuge. It may also prove humanity’s hope, and our redemption.

The four poems heard tonight, of my projected six, were this composer’s dream to treat musically. I am grateful to Nathalie Handal and Assef al-Jundi for their generous use of their work; to Elizabeth Claire Saylor of the North Carolina State University; to Youssef El-Berrichi of Middlebury College, for translations and transliterations, spoken demonstrations, and inspiration; and to the courageous members of C4 for their fearless energy, their musicianship, and their unflinching, unflagging dedication to contemporary art.

-- *Bruce Saylor*

*Text:*

**1.) Khalil Gibran (1908, sung in Arabic)  
“Taḍarru” (Invocation, or Supplication, Entreaty)**

Listen to us, O Liberty, [the “Lady” in New York Harbor]  
Have mercy on us, O Daughter of Athens, [the goddess Athena]  
Rescue us, O Sister of Rome, [the goddess Roma]  
Save us, O Companion of Moses, [his wife Zipporah]  
Come to succor us, O Beloved of Mohammad, [Aisha, beloved wife of the Prophet]  
Teach us, O Bride of Jesus, [presumably Mary Magdalene]  
Strengthen our hearts that we might live;  
Or strengthen the arms of our enemies against us  
That we might be destroyed, become extinct, and find rest.

from “Khalil, The Heretic” in *Spirits Rebellious* (published in Arabic, 1908)  
(translated by Youssef El-Berrichi and Elizabeth Claire Saylor)

**2.) Assef Al-Jundi  
“Apprentice”**

There is a restlessness in me  
that gets worse when I rest.

When I told you  
*I have been practicing*  
*your art of disappearing,*  
you smiled excitedly,  
said something,  
then disappeared.

I sit in a chair that is not there  
And fall to the ground.

in *Inclined to Speak: An Anthology of Contemporary Arab American Poetry*, edited  
by Hayan Charara (University of Arkansas Press: Fayetteville, 2008)

### 3.) Nathalie Handal

#### “Escape”

*Time escapes us and gives us no time to escape*  
Voices caught in the narrow distance between two raindrops.

*Time escapes us and gives us no time to escape*  
Voyage, that instant when you realize you’ve landed.

*Time escapes us and gives us no time to escape*  
and we continue listening to the rumbling of passing travelers,  
the slope of our tragedy ending with nothing but bare hands,  
memorizing the journey...

in *Inclined to Speak: An Anthology of Contemporary Arab American Poetry*, edited  
by Hayan Charara (University of Arkansas Press: Fayetteville, 2008)

### 4.) Elia Abu Madi (1940, sung in Arabic)

#### "Kun Balsaman"

Be a balm when your life becomes the most terrible snake,  
And be sweetness when others become bitter.

Enjoy the red roses of the garden, not the thorns,  
and forget the scorpions if you see the stars.

from *Collected Poems: Thamai-el*, published in New York, 1948 in Arabic,  
(translated by Youssef El-Berrichi and Elizabeth Claire Saylor)

# *Jamais d'autre que toi*

Leah Ofman, poetry by Robert Desnos (1900–1945)

A setting of *Jamais d'autre que toi*, a poem by French surrealist Robert Desnos.

-- Leah Ofman

## *Text:*

Jamais d'autre que toi en dépit des  
étoiles et des solitudes

En dépit des mutilations d'arbre à la  
tombée de la nuit

Jamais d'autre que toi ne poursuivra  
son chemin qui est le mien

Plus tu t'éloignes et plus ton ombre  
s'agrandit

Jamais d'autre que toi ne saluera la  
mer à l'aube quand fatigué d'errer  
moi

sorti des forêts ténébreuses et des  
buissons d'orties je marcherai vers  
l'écume

Jamais d'autre que toi ne posera sa  
main sur mon front et mes yeux

Jamais d'autre que toi et je nie le  
mensonge et l'infidélité

Ce navire à l'ancre tu peux couper sa  
corde

Jamais d'autre que toi

L'aigle prisonnier dans une cage  
ronge lentement les barreaux de  
cuivre vert-de-grisés

Quelle évasion !

C'est le dimanche marqué par le  
chant des rossignols dans les bois  
d'un vert tendre

l'ennui des petites filles en présence  
d'une cage où s'agite un serin,  
tandis que dans la rue solitaire  
le soleil lentement déplace sa ligne  
mince sur le trottoir chaud

*Never anyone but you despite stars and  
loneliness*

*Despite the trees mutilated at nightfall*

*Never anyone but you will follow her path  
which is mine*

*The further you go the bigger your shadow gets*

*Never anyone but you will greet the ocean at  
dawn when I, worn out with wandering,*

*coming through dark forests and nettle bushes,  
walk towards the foam*

*Never anyone but you will put her hand on my  
forehead over my eyes*

*Never anyone but you, and I renounce lying  
and unfaithfulness*

*You may cut the rope of this anchored ship*

*Never anyone but you*

*The eagle imprisoned in a cage slowly gnaws  
on the patina of the copper bars*

*What a deception!*

*It's the Sunday marked by nightingales singing  
in the tender green woods*

*the boredom of little girls staring at a cage a  
canary flutters around in,*

*while in the empty street*

*the sun slowly moves its thin line along the hot  
sidewalk*

Nous passerons d'autres lignes  
Jamais jamais d'autre que toi  
Et moi seul seul seul comme le lierre  
    fané des jardins de banlieue  
seul comme le verre  
Et toi jamais d'autre que toi.

*We'll cross other lines  
Never never anyone but you  
And I alone alone alone like withered ivy in  
    suburban gardens  
alone like glass  
And you never anyone but you.*

## *Sitsit Digidong*

Chino Toledo, poetry by José Corazón de Jesús (1896–1932)

*Sitsit Digidong*, written in 2008, is a work for chorus and claves. The text is loosely based on *Pakpak* (Wings)—an old poem by Filipino poet José Corazón de Jesús, and onomatopoeic of Philippine gongs. The juxtaposition of several musical components in different pace and interlocking manner creates a liquid-like texture for the work. Traces of Philippine music elements interfaced with familiar choral writing practices create a musical discourse in several musical layers.

-- *Melissa Wozniak*

### *Text:*

Bigyan mo ng pakpak itong aking  
diwa, at ako'y lilipad hanggang kay.

*Give wings to my spirit and thought, and I  
will soar to meet my Creator.*

Bathala bigyan mo ng pakpak ang  
aking adhika, kahit na pigilan ay  
makakawala.

*Give wings to my noble ambitions, and it  
will escape prevention and detention.*

Bigyan mo ng pakpak itong aking  
diwa, at magagawa ko ang magandang  
katha.

*Give wings to my spirit and thought, and I  
can create a beautiful creation.*

Bigyan mo ng pakpak ang aking mga  
pangarap, lilipad ako hanggang  
Panginoon'y mayakap.

*Give wings to my desires and ambitions,  
and I will soar till I embrace my Creator.*

## We wish to thank and acknowledge our donors:

### Outreach Sponsors

Lauren Mitchell & Michael David

### Innovative Circle

Ellen Stafford-Sigg & Daniel Sigg

### Premiere Circle

Nan Bases

Kit Smyth Basquin\*

James Hudspeth

Elizabeth Marker

Bruce Saylor\*

Gregory Shikhman

Patricia Siegel

### Collaborative Circle

Colin Britt

Eliza Lansdale

Debby Katz & Ian David Moss

Charles Natt

Karen Siegel

Kenneth & Jean Telljohann

### Creative Circle

Richard Elder Adams

Hayes Biggs

Nan & Lee Corbin

Donald Crockett

Charles Dorkey

Kathy & Hugh Eddy

John Evans

Katha Zinn & Illya Filshinskiy

Ira & Becky Horowitz

Clara Longstreth

Peter Lurye

Blair McMillen

Christine & Peter Metz

Mary Meyer

Brenda Montagna

Ruth Mueller-Maerki

### Creative Circle (cont'd)

Bernard Natt

Tarik O'Regan

George Orzel

Susan Orzel-Biggs

Christine Schadeberg

Linda Schrank\*

Harold See

Edward Shiner

Bill Tribby

### Collective Circle

Thomas Baker

Thomas Biegeleisen

Michael Blumenfeld

Jessica Corbin

Orianne Dutka

Richard Haas

Jeanine Hartnett

Kamilah Jackson

Linnea Johnson

Bob & Jan Klump

Evelyn Liston

James Stephen Longo

Coralie Moorhead

Leonard & Marjola Nelson

Debra Rich

Joseph Rubinstein

Nancy Smardz

Michael Spudic

Richard Walker

### Contemporary Circle

Nathaniel Barnett

Brian Baum

John Blaylock

David Burwell

Mallorie Chernin

Simone Drost

Susan Feingold



## We wish to thank and acknowledge our donors (cont'd):

### Contemporary Circle (cont'd)

Sara Flowers  
Alec Galambos  
Grace Goodman  
Diane Gottlieb  
Janet Keogan  
Rachael Lansang  
Adam Levin-Delson  
Margaret Lundin  
Stella McKeown  
Angela Menghraj  
Bob & Helen Natt  
Marjorie Naughton  
Paul Richards  
Mina K. Seeman  
Martin & Barbara Solomon  
Mary Ellen Townsend

*Includes donations from 7/1/19 - 3/9/20*

Outreach Sponsors: \$2,500+  
Innovative Circle: \$1,000+  
Premiere Circle: \$500+  
Collaborative Circle: \$250  
Creative Circle: \$100+  
Collective Circle: \$50+  
Contemporary Circle: \$25+

If we have made an error, please accept our apologies and notify us at [info@c4ensemble.org](mailto:info@c4ensemble.org).

*\*Friend of C4*

## Advisory Board

Eric Banks  
Lisa Bielawa  
David Harris  
David Hurd  
Aaron Jay Kernis  
Tania León  
Harold Levine  
Clara Longstreth  
Ian David Moss  
Tarik O'Regan  
Kent Tritle  
Toby Twining

## C4 Board of Directors

C4 could not function without the dedicated work of its board of directors.

We are very grateful to:

Rebecca Ehren, Chair  
Melissa Wozniak, Treasurer  
Brenda Montagna  
Fahad Siadat  
Jennifer Wu

C4 is proud to be a part of the

New York Choral Consortium



C4's activities are funded in part with the generous assistance of:



Council on  
the Arts

Rea Charitable Fund

# About C4



*C4 exists to enrich artists and audiences alike, through passionate advocacy of new choral works, performing pieces written within the last 25 years, premiering and commissioning new choral works, and mentoring emerging singers, composers, and conductors of today's choral music.*

*[www.c4ensemble.org](http://www.c4ensemble.org)*

## **Support Us!**

Please consider joining C4's family of supporters! Visit [c4ensemble.org/support-c4](http://c4ensemble.org/support-c4) for ways to make a charitable, tax-deductible donation to C4.

# Special Thanks To:

**Harold Levine** for his concert photographs

**Hamda Tayeh** for creating an audio practice aide for the Arabic texts on this program

## Church of the Transfiguration

The Church of the Transfiguration is home to The Arnold Schwartz Memorial Concert Series, which was founded by Marie Schwartz in 2004 in memory of her late husband. Since then over fifty concerts, operas, and music dramas have been performed, using some of the finest singers and musicians in New York City. In addition, the church presents outstanding musical groups from September through June, as well as a Summer Concert Series.

## St. John's in the Village

St John's in the Village is a place where music, both sacred and secular, is almost part of the architecture, whether presented liturgically or in concert or recital. St John's professional choir sings regularly from September to June (11am on Sundays) and the children's chorister program runs in school term time. Concert series are presented seasonally: featuring musicians local to Manhattan and from farther afield. See the website for all concerts and other musical events in the summer series ([stjvny.org/music-new](http://stjvny.org/music-new)). Contact us ([admin@stjvny.org](mailto:admin@stjvny.org)) to receive the weekly e-bulletin listing upcoming events.

*Cover image source: CC-BY Flickr user [allynfolksjr](#)*

*This program is supported, in part, by public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council.*

# Don't miss C4's next concert!

In June, C4 presents **Identity**, featuring a world premiere by Robert Ouyang Rusli with electronic live-sampling, and a live video installation by visual artist Jesse Kipp.

For tickets and more information,  
visit [c4ensemble.org/identity-cycle-3.html](http://c4ensemble.org/identity-cycle-3.html).

## Identity

Thursday, June 4, 2020

8:00pm

*ShapeShifter Lab*  
18 Whitwell Place  
Brooklyn, NY

Saturday, June 6, 2020

8:00pm

*Abrons Arts Center*  
(as part of the @Abrons Series)  
466 Grand Street  
Manhattan, NY

## C4: The Choral Composer/Conductor Collective

### *Sopranos*

Emily Drossell  
Maya Lewis  
Mavis MacNeil  
Leah Ofman  
Karen Siegel

### *Altos*

Gabbi Coenen  
Jamie Klenetsky Fay  
Rachael Lansang  
Leonore Nelson  
Melissa Wozniak

### *Tenors*

Sherwin Chao  
Mario Gullo  
Joel Knopf  
Perry Townsend

### *Basses*

Daniel Andor-Ardó  
Hayes Biggs  
Alexander Boostrom  
Brian Mountford  
David See

*For more information on C4  
members, visit our website:*  
[c4ensemble.org/the-ensemble.html](http://c4ensemble.org/the-ensemble.html)

