

EXTRAORDINARY MACHINE

MUSIC OF PHYSICAL BEINGS
IN A DIGITAL WORLD

November 12 & 13, 2022

Gottlieb Hall

Merit School of Music

38 S. Peoria St. Chicago, IL

La Caccina

FROM THE ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

For many seasons, La Caccina has used our fall concert to test the boundaries of what is expected of a treble ensemble. Whether that means commissioning new works, incorporating unusual vocal sounds into the program, or pairing our concerts with educational residencies that resonate far beyond the concert hall, we have come to love the innovation that is possible at the start of each season.



This season, our eleventh, is no different, and it demonstrates our most ambitious leap yet. In addition to three professional premieres (two commissioned by La Caccina), **EXTRAORDINARY MACHINE** features the work of projection artist Camilla Tassi, whose dynamic images bring the music to life in exciting new ways. The pairing of our unaccompanied voices—our bodies as instruments—with Camilla’s digital projections exemplifies the central questions of this program: what does it mean to be a physical being in an increasingly digital world? And how do we reconcile the extraordinary machines surrounding us—our smartphones, tablets, computers—with the extraordinary machines we *are*?

As always, we’ve gathered some of today’s most talented composers to tackle this issue, including Ephraim Champion, this season’s Hearing in Color Young Composer-in-Residence. Ephraim was a joy to collaborate with, and his piece, “All Things Sublime and Colossal” is at once expansive and introspective. We hope you enjoy hearing it as much as we enjoyed working on it.

This innovation would not be possible without the generosity of our community of supporters. I encourage you to make a meaningful gift to the future of La Caccina during intermission, which will help ensure the future of women in choral music, commission new pieces, and inspire the next generation of collaborative musicians through educational residencies and master classes.

Thank you for joining us today and for your support.

Carling FitzSimmons

NOTES, TEXTS, AND TRANSLATIONS

—prepared by Carling FitzSimmons, unless otherwise indicated

The poet of **THEY MAY TELL YOU**, Isabella Cook, wrote the text as a high school student, where she sang in a treble choir. There, she was inspired and empowered by her fellow singers, who made her feel talented, gave her unconditional acceptance, and supported her at her lowest moments. Each woman described in the text is a reference to specific friends of Cook's from the choir. Musically, the work leans heavily on the contrast in articulation and dynamics, using text to drive accents and staccatos, and using each individual line to contribute to a greater sense of intent for the singers as a whole.

*They may tell you, mountain woman,
That you were never meant to rise this high.
But you of the snowy eyes and purple skies were born to climb.
Forget the rocky footing. You have nowhere to go but up.*

*And they may tell you, river woman,
That your mouth would be prettier shut.
But you of the swift words and clear currents were born to speak.
Forget the icy stares. From your source springs only truth.*

*And they may tell you, meadow woman,
That you are not worth the air you breathe.
But you of the green roots and pure blooms were born to grow.
Forget the empty hearts. Everything you touch opens up.*

*But, ocean woman, sometimes your waves will break.
The tides can't come in strong every day, and even the moon makes
mistakes.
So when your waters falter, they may ask you: who do you think you are?
And you can tell them: I am a woman.
I keep the company of others like me:
Women of forest, women of fire,
Women of sunshine, women of sea,
And we lay claim to everything from coral reef to redwood tree.*

*And even still, they may tell you
Don't get ahead of yourself.
Ignore them. Go as far as you can.*

Based on Tanis Rideout's poem by the same name, **BEGIN** tells the story of Marilyn Bell, who, in September of 1954, was the first person to swim across Lake Ontario. She swam for twenty hours and fifty-nine minutes through cold waters, her arms and legs attacked by lamprey eels, before landing in Canada to a hero's welcome. She was seventeen years old.

The music of this piece sails through the geological landscape of Lake Ontario, expressing the ways in which nature and history define the relationship we have with water; tides that push us together also pull us apart. Shifting tonalities, rhythmic echoing, and body percussion give a sense of the battering of the wind and waves as Bell completes her astonishing swim.

*This lake, like others, was dug out.
Glacial ice, grinding south,
Scouring weak Silurian stone,
An arctic tsunami, leaving only
The backbone of the escarpment,
Canadian shield and broken tumble of kames
In its retreat.*

*Shimmering waters: Ontario,
Give or take a geologic blink.
And now, a girl on Holocene shores
Measures the distance:
Her to here.
Fifty-four kilometers as the crow flies,
The herring gull,
The cormorant with dried wings.*

*Sixty-four against the current,
Three point two kilometers an hour.
Slower than a winter housefly bumbling
Against your window.
This might be finished tomorrow.
She inhales. Wishes for
The bones of a bird,
A pigeon's honing for home.
Small arms become wings,
Beating the jagged lake.
She'll make the decision over and over
And over.
(Nothing is a miracle
Or happens only once.)*

In choosing to set **FLARE** to music, I was particularly struck by the last line: “big brother, I am catching up to you.” The entire piece drives toward this moment—one long, rhythmic race—as the phrase “I am running” returns at various points, serving as a refrain and urging the music forward.

—Dale Trumbore

Wait.

*Through trees
With bursting limbs
I am running.*

*Ablend with bark,
A mute blaze.
My eyes blue stain
On the green*

*I am running
Toward the stream.
Past names scratched,
Last summer’s lean—
To the ravine bridged
By a held breath—
I am running
Toward the game.*

*Toward the arm.
The birds cutthroat
In the clearing I am
Running toward*

*The twist. Running
Toward the same as
Away. Toward the twistarm
Game by the stream.*

*My eye’s blue, running.
Under canopy, I’m nothing.
Feet between deer tracks,
I’m vanishing. A burst,*

*Held breath, and over
Anthill, say grace.*

Wait.

*Bright flash.
Big brother, I am
Catching up to you.*

MARIE MADELEINE is an arrangement of an Acadian folk song. The Acadians are a French-speaking diasporic people living largely in Canada's east coast provinces. This lively piece highlights some of the quintessential elements of Acadian musical traditions, including podorythmie (tapped rhythms typically performed with the feet), diddlage (mouth music), and percussive spoons. A challenging and complex arrangement, it reflects the innate musicality of the Canadian oral tradition, which spread due to colonial deportations throughout North America as far south as Cajun Louisiana.

*Marie Madeleine, your little woolen petticoat,
Your little checkered skirt, your little fitted petticoat.*

*My father had a little black cow. She gave nothing but sour milk.
She wanted nothing but to corner me. I was obliged to tie her up.
One day, her cable broke. The cow sent me flying!
The cow sent me flying, and I landed on a heap of manure.
I was a sight when I got up—it took three days to get clean!*

A popular folkloric lullaby, **DUERME NEGRITO** originates from enslaved Africans living in an area near the Colombian-Venezuelan border. It was widely popularized by Argentinian singer-songwriter Atahualpa Yupanqui after he visited the region, and this arrangement by Emile Solé augments Yupanqui's interpretation with jazz harmonies and a sweet, plucked motif in the accompanying voices. Despite the beauty of the music, the lyrics speak of the brutality of slavery in graphic terms, making the piece impossible to understand outside of the dehumanizing conditions enslaved people endured for centuries in many parts of the world.

*Sleep, sleep, my darling dark child,
Because your mom is in the fields, little one.*

*She is going to bring quail for you.
She is going to bring fresh fruit for you.
She is going to bring pork for you.
She is going to bring many things for you.*

*And if my dark boy doesn't go to sleep,
The white devil will come and - zap!—he'll eat your little foot, little chick!
Hurry, little one!*

*She's working hard, working, yes,
Working and they don't pay her,
Working and she's coughing,
Working for her sweet little dark boy,
For her little one, yes.*

Huddie William Ledbetter was one of the most influential American folk and blues singers of the twentieth century. A multi-instrumentalist, Ledbetter was one of the leaders of the American folk music revival of the 1930s and 40s. Ledbetter would tell audiences that **BRING ME LITTLE WATER, SYLVIE** was inspired by Ledbetter's uncle, who would holler from the fields for his wife to bring him some water. However, the song appears to have earlier origins in the plantation songs of enslaved Africans; like all folk songs, it changed and transformed over time depending on the performer. Moira Smiley's powerful arrangement is similarly indebted to many sources: the Lead Belly recordings, the version sung by Sweet Honey in the Rock, and the body percussion and choreography of Evie Landin.

Bring me little water, Sylvie.

Bring me little water now.

Bring me little water, Sylvie

Every little once in a while.

Sylvie come a-runnin',

Bucket in my hand.

I will bring a little water

Fast as I can.

Can't you see me comin'?

Can't you see me now?

I will bring a little water

Every little once in a while.

TO SPIN THE WEB was composed by Jana Heckerman in 2022, in partial fulfillment of her Senior Exercise in Music at Kenyon College. Her primary focus was the treatment of women and non-binary people in the choral space, specifically in regards to a lack of appropriately-challenging repertoire for treble ensembles. The lyrics are excerpted from *Men Explain Things to Me*, a book of essays by feminist author Rebecca Solnit. In this piece, Heckerman uses canonic figures, pitch bending, and aleatoric chantlike sections to weave the text in and around itself like an orb web, beginning in beautiful unison on a middle C, and ending in unison just a whole step higher—a small but impactful change.

To spin the web and not be caught in it, to create the world, to create your own life, to rule your fate, to name the grandmothers as well as the fathers, to draw nets and not straight lines, to be a maker as well as a cleaner, to be able to sing and not be silenced, to take down the veil and appear . . .

Folk-pop singer Vienna Teng's **HYMN OF ACXIAM** is a love song. Sung from the point of view of a database to humanity, the piece uses harmonies and chord progressions that are intentionally liturgical. "I started singing these lyrics that sounded almost like a hymn or a psalm—somebody hears you, somebody knows you," Teng explains. "But I guess . . . my brain went immediately to marketing databases and surveillance."

The result is an eerie commentary on the prevalence of technology in our most private spaces. Acxiom Corporation started in 1969, using phone books and other low-tech tools, as well as one computer, to amass information on voters and consumers for direct marketing. Now, over forty years later, Acxiom has detailed entries for more than 190 million people in the United States, and about 500 million active consumers worldwide.

*Somebody hears you. You know that inside.
Someone is learning the colors of all your moods.
Say just the right thing and show that you're understood.
Here you're known.*

*Leave your life open. You don't have to hide.
Someone is gathering every crumb you drop.
Mindless decisions and moments you long forgot.
Keep them all.*

*Let our formulas find our soul.
We will divine your artesian source,
Marshall feed and force
To design you a perfect love, or a perfect lust.
Oh, how glorious!
A brand new need is born.*

*Now we possess you. You'll own that in time.
Now we will build you an endlessly upward world,
Reach in your pocket, embrace you for all you're worth.
Is that wrong? Isn't this what you want?
Amen.*

BEATA VISCERA belongs to a genre of medieval music called *conducti*, which were sacred Latin songs with newly composed music and text. Unlike most *conducti*, which featured two or three parts, this work is monophonic, with just one line of music. However, its rhythmic drive and consistent meter make it easy to hear the forward drive of the piece and allow the text, based upon a poem by twelfth-century French theologian Philip the Chancellor, to shine.

*Blessed is the womb of Mary, the virgin,
at whose breast the King of great name,
under different garments and concealing His divine face,
has spoken a pact between God and humanity.*

*O, wondrous novelty and new joy,
that a mother should remain whole after childbirth.*

Saint Paul's Choir School in Harvard Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the sole all-boys Catholic Choir School in the United States. I had occasion to visit there in the summer of 2016 and was so moved by the artistry of their singing that, upon returning home to Chicago, composed this brief setting of the chant hymn **AVE VERUM CORPUS**, and dedicated it to the boys and their director, John Robinson. Although written with boys' voices in mind, I programmed the work for a December 2016 concert with the William Ferris Chorale and was delighted when hearing it sung by women's voices. It is a particular honor to have this little piece sung by the esteemed La Caccina.

—Paul French

*Hail, true flesh,
born of the Virgin Mary,
having truly suffered,
put to death on a cross for humanity,
from whose wounded side
flowed water and blood.
Be for us a torchbearer in the trials of death.
O sweet Jesus,
O holy Jesus,
O Jesus, son of Mary,
have mercy on me.
Amen.*

NORTHERN LIGHTS is about beauty—a terrible, powerful beauty, although the music is serene on the surface. Looking out from an attic window one Christmas, close to Oslo over a wintry lake under the stars, I was thinking about how the “terrible” beauty of the text reminded me of the northern lights. The northern lights are one of the most beautiful natural phenomena I’ve ever witnessed, and they have such a powerful, electric quality that must have been both mesmerizing and terrifying to people in the past, when no one knew what the lights were, and when much superstition was attached to these experiences.

—Ola Gjeilo

*You are beautiful, my beloved,
Graceful and adorned like Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army in full array.
Turn away your eyes from me,
For they have made me flee away.*

The fourth and final movement of Eleanor Daley’s *Seasons of Love*, **WINTER** uses a poem by twentieth-century Irish writer, William Butler Yeats, to explore the effects of physical change on love. Illustrated by shifting tonalities and key centers, as well as by a double-choir formation, Daley’s music plays like flickering firelight over the text, at once nostalgic and forward-facing, perfectly setting Yeats’s longing poem to his muse and obsession, actress Maud Gonne.

*When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.*

BOTH PAGE AND PEN is the fourth in American composer Roger Bourland's *Alarcón Madrigals*, which set the poetry of Chicano writer Francisco X. Alarcón. Originally written in Spanish and titled "Sonnets to Madness and Other Misfortunes, III," the text speaks of love as enabling one to be both creator and creation. Bourland sets the text in a mostly-homorhythmic style, allowing the words to dictate the pace and rhythm of the music. His gestural writing feels at once expansive and intimate, the perfect complement to Alarcón's minimalist poetry.

*your eyes show me how to see again
like mirrors of water, understanding all,
there's no mystery they can't solve—
a single glance is more than enough
your eyes see, listen, touch, speak.
are beacons on the horizon
shedding light on shades of life
beyond the reach of words
so I start to read your body,
pausing at every mole, as if
they were commas or periods
how I love to scribble on your chest,
use the muscles on your back as lines—
you and I are both page and pen*

ALL THINGS SUBLIME AND COLOSSAL first came to me as a melody before I knew what the essence of the work would be. After humming it into a voice memo, I put it to the side and prepared for a vacation to the Maldives with the love of my life.

I received news of the Hearing in Color Young Composer Residency while I was away on vacation, and quickly that sublime melody found meaning and birthed even more ideas that were all influenced by the environment around me. As much as I love being a Chicago resident, if you get too caught up in the “industrial” life, it’s easy to lose touch with nature—this was impossible in the Maldives. Each day I was surrounded by the Indian Ocean, welcomed by the sun, and accompanied by the gentle music the ocean breeze makes as it rustles the tree leaves. I was particularly taken by how calming it was to stare out into the ocean and look into the clouds as they formed what seemed to be worlds of their own. Never before had I given myself a chance to step back and realize how small I was, to realize that there were sublime and colossal things in front of me deserving of my admiration. Now I knew what the piece was about.

Most of the ideas I hummed into voice memos on my phone made their way into the music you’ll hear today. This piece is about that great sense of awe and smallness, how nature will always win despite how much we humans may try to conquer it, how life feels when we take the time to appreciate the beauty of the unknown, the powerful, the sublime, the colossal.

—Ephraim Champion

*The ocean and worlds of clouds,
I'm in awe! I feel small.
The wind hugs the trees in song,
I feel small. I'm in awe.
The sun stirs the Earth to wake,
How did I let that by?
In a world so unknown,
This is what I call home.
Vast in scope and beyond me,
I see you. I feel you.
So sublime, colossal.
Now I see.*

In **FIND THE LIGHT WE NEED**, a one-sided conversation with a moth, poet Julia Klatt Singer imagines that they are both seeking the same thing and both being distracted by false moons: things that attract us but hold no benefit upon arrival.

The fluttering of moth wings is ever-present in the vocal trills passed between the sections of the ensemble, and they are contrasted by longer held notes—the moon hovering above. Through the course of the poem, we are rewarded by concrete, physical things—things we can taste and touch and experience. We are more complete when our shallow journey towards false light is filled with life.

—Timothy C. Takach

*We are no different
In search of light
Or maybe heat
And when
Heat lightning breaks the sky
My heart it beats
Like wings.*

*I tell you
I'm leaving the lights off—
No false moons
What we see
Even in this dark
Is enough, what we smell—
Glorious.*

*Wind in the top of the trees
Each branch moves—
Some shake, some sway
I tell you
I want to move like them,
Shake the day free.*

*We are meant to look,
To listen, to taste.
All of life is here.
Touch, feel, say.
Oh say say say.
And join.
You move across me
Like moonlight.
Find the light we need.*

*I beat my wings
Against your skin
Leaving half-circles
Of light.
This is how
It goes, pining
For the moon.*

It would be impossible to program a concert called “Extraordinary Machine” without including an arrangement of Fiona Apple’s eclectic and confident piece. Apple, an art-pop singer-songwriter, released **EXTRAORDINARY MACHINE** on her 2005 album of the same name. Though the release was delayed due to artistic conflicts between Apple and her producers, eventually Apple’s vision for the piece won out, and the result is a dense-yet-transparent texture driven by meandering bassoons and oboes—unusual instruments in contemporary pop music.

This arrangement plays with the idea of singers as machines. Mechanical whoops and slides throughout evoke the stuttering movements of old machinery, even as the melody ticks bravely along. I tried to maintain the quirky playfulness of Apple’s original recording while allowing each of La Caccina’s distinct voices to shine.

*I certainly haven't been shopping for any new shoes, and
I certainly haven't been spreading myself around.
I still only travel by foot, and by foot it's a slow climb
But I'm good at being uncomfortable, so
I can't stop changing all the time.*

*I notice that my opponent is always on the go, and
Won't go slow, so's not to focus, and I notice
He'll hitch a ride with any guide
As long as they go fast from whence he came
But he's no good at being uncomfortable, so
He can't stop staying exactly the same.*

*If there was a better way to go then it would find me.
I can't help it, the road just rolls out behind me.
Be kind to me, or treat me mean,
I'll make the most of it—I'm an extraordinary machine.*

*I seem to you to seek a new disaster every day.
You deem me due to clean my view and be at peace and lay.
I mean to prove I mean to move in my own way, and say
I've been getting along for long before you came into the play.*

*Do I so worry you,
You need to hurry to my side?
It's very kind.
But it's to no avail,
And I don't want the bail.
I promise you, everything will be just fine.*

LA CACCINA



La Caccina champions and performs diverse, innovative repertoire for women's voices to engage audiences and inspire the next generation of collaborative musicians.

The ensemble finds its namesake in Francesca Caccini, a prolific Baroque composer known for her virtuosic musicality and beautiful singing voice. Following in Caccini's footsteps, the women of La Caccina bring a wide range of expertise to the ensemble, enabling them to easily adapt to a variety of musical styles—from Renaissance madrigals to South African folk songs, and from contemporary pop songs to classical masterworks such as Vivaldi's *Gloria* and Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols*.

Over the past ten seasons, La Caccina has collaborated with ensembles including the Pavo String Quartet, the DuPage Symphony Orchestra, and bluegrass trio Glass Mountain, and it has commissioned and premiered works by Marie-Claire Saindon, Augusta Read Thomas, Matthew Harris, Melissa Dunphy, and Eric Malmquist, among others. No matter the music, La Caccina's expressive, emotional singing highlights the versatility of the treble voice and brings musical excellence, integrity, and honesty to every performance.

Nine Voices. Unlimited Styles. Exceptional Sound.

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Alana Grossman

ALTOS

Madeleine Xiang Woodworth
Rachel Mast Mohr
Lauren Iezzi
Tamara Ghattas

THE ARTISTS

EPHRAIM CHAMPION

Ephraim Champion is an active musician and composer in Chicago. He received his bachelor's of music in performance (horn) from the University of Illinois at Chicago, where he studied with horn professors Kelly Langenberg and Jeremiah Frederick. At UIC, Champion was a recipient of the Joy and Bob Harnack Award and the winner of the Conducting Apprenticeship for Orchestra. He also studied composition with Marc Mellits and composed for chamber groups such as The Back Pocket Duo and electric guitar quartet Instruments of Happiness. In 2020, Champion played horn on Leo Sowerby's *Synconata* with the Andy Baker Orchestra on an album released by Cedille Records. The following year, his composition, *Scenes from South Shore, Chicago*, was commissioned and premiered by the Gaudete Brass Quintet as part of the 2021 Ear Taxi Music Festival, receiving praise from *Chicago Classical Review* as a "strongly individual and compelling work." In 2022, his vocal piece, *Humanhood*, was premiered as part of Constellation Men's Ensemble's fifth annual NOVA concert series.



Currently, Champion is pursuing his master's degree in orchestral studies at Roosevelt University's Chicago College of Performing Arts. He is also a member of the 484th United States Army Reserve Band. Committed to the growth of music and contribution to his community, Champion serves as artistic director and horn instructor at the West Point School of Music. Occasionally, he can be found playing horn and improvising in Isaiah Collier's group, The Celestials; playing keyboard/synth for Chicago hip-hop artist (and brother) Doso in his live band; or even performing some of his own piano works.

Outside of music, Champion maintains an active blog and writes stories in addition to spending time with his wife Kianti, and their two Yorkies, Heath and Ginger.

ephraimchampion.medium.com

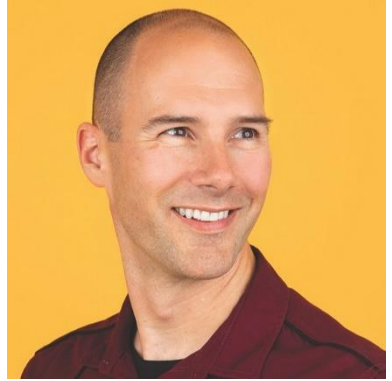
TIMOTHY C. TAKACH

Inspired by captivating narrative, speculative fiction, and making better humans through art, the music of Timothy C. Takach has risen fast in the concert world. Applauded for his melodic lines; thoughtful text choices; and rich, intriguing harmonies, Takach has received commissions and performances from GRAMMY Award-winning ensembles Roomful of Teeth and the St.

Paul Chamber Orchestra, the St. Olaf Band, Cantus, U.S. Army Field Band and Soldiers' Chorus, Lorelei Ensemble, VocalEssence, the DeBartolo Performing Arts Center, The Rose Ensemble, and numerous other organizations. His compositions have been performed on *A Prairie Home Companion*, The Boston Pops holiday tour, PBS, many All-State and festival programs, and at venues such as the Library of Congress, Kennedy Center, and Royal Opera House Muscat. He is a co-creator of the theatrical production of *All is Calm: the Christmas Truce of 1914* by Peter Rothstein.

Takach studied music composition at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, and has frequent national work as a composer-in-residence, presenter, clinician, and lecturer. He is a full-time composer and lives in Minneapolis with his wife and two sons.

timothyctakach.com



CAMILLA TASSI

Camilla Tassi is a projection/video designer, producer, and musician from Florence, Italy. Design credits include Golijov's *Falling Out of Time* (Carnegie Hall), Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* (Apollo's Fire), Pollock's *Stinney: An American Execution* (PROTOTYPE, NYC), Deavere-Smith's *Fires in the Mirror* (Baltimore Center Stage & Long Wharf Theater), Mozart's *The Magic Flute* (Berlin Opera Academy), Talbot's *Path of Miracles* (Conspirare, Texas), and Handel's *Alcina* (Yale Opera). Tassi enjoys bringing theatrical design to traditionally unstaged compositions, recontextualizing the repertoire with today's audiences. For video, she has directed and edited for the Washington Chorus, Les Délices Early Music, Princeton Festival, and Chicago Ear Taxi Festival. She has sung with groups including the Yale Schola Cantorum and Apollo's Singers. Tassi holds degrees in computer science, music, and projection design. She completed her MFA in design at the David Geffen School of Drama at Yale under Wendall Harrington.



camillatassi.com

HEARING IN COLOR YOUNG COMPOSER RESIDENCY



Hearing in Color and La Caccina are proud to partner on the Hearing in Color Young Composer Residency, an immersive residency focused on allowing emerging composers of various backgrounds to write choral music for advanced treble voices. Composers work closely throughout the season with the artists of La Caccina and Artistic Director Carling FitzSimmons to compose an original piece of music for one of the ensemble's programs.

The residency includes extensive mentoring from both Hearing in Color and La Caccina artists, workshops of the piece with La Caccina, and both written and video interviews to help promote the composer and their work. Young Composers-in-Residence also receive a \$500 stipend.

Applications for the 2023-24 Hearing in Color Young Composer Residency will be available in January 2023.

More information can be found at lacaccina.org/youngcomposerresidency.

La Caccina

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La Caccina
would like to extend very special thanks
to the following, whose generosity made

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possible

Roger Esparza and the Merit Facilities Crew

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Ada Liberzon

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*La Caccina is a 501(c)3 nonprofit organization,
and donations are tax deductible as allowed by law.*

UP NEXT



For our final concert of the season, La Caccina returns to our folk roots and pays tribute to one of our favorite femme-forward ensembles, The Wailin' Jennys. Featuring new arrangements by La Caccina as well as originals from the Jennys themselves, this program is like a clear, blue morning after a long, dark night—the perfect way to celebrate the return of spring.

May 19, 2023 @ 7:30 pm
Uncommon Ground
3800 North Clark Street, Chicago

May 20, 2023 @ 7:30 pm
Kibbitznest
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