



## WELCOME

On behalf of everyone at The Royal Conservatory of Music, we welcome everyone visiting the TELUS Centre for Performance and Learning for the first time, as well as those of you returning for our 2020-21 concert season.

Since opening in September 2009, Koerner Hall has emerged as one of the greatest concert venues in the world today. Beloved for its acoustic excellence, it has become the venue of choice for many of the world's greatest performing artists. As COVID-19 struck the world and everything gradually stopped, we were devastated as we had to suspend the remainder of our 2019-20 concert season right before The Glenn Gould School's annual spring opera was about to open in March. We worked tirelessly to re-schedule most of the remaining concerts and are extremely grateful to everyone who chose to support our efforts by either keeping their tickets for future dates or donating the value of their tickets to us. We cannot thank you enough.

This season, we hope to bring you as many concerts as possible in Koerner Hall, Mazzoleni Concert Hall, and Temerty Theatre. We are following directions and recommendations from Ontario and Toronto Health officials, and we are adhering to health officials' maximum capacity and all recommended safety protocols, including masks and ensuring physical distancing. We thank you in advance for your trust and support, as well as understanding as programming will be shifting throughout the season based on this still changing situation.

Our diverse programming, featuring the world's very best artists and reflecting the rich diversity of our city, has brought together more than a million individuals from around the world in shared cultural experiences. It has enabled Canadian artists to launch international careers and has provided a home for many of Toronto's cultural organizations. Additionally, it has proven to be an invaluable training ground for Canada's next generation of performing artists, the gifted students of The Glenn Gould School and The Phil and Eli Taylor Performance Academy for Young Artists. One of the headlines in the *Independent* in the UK stated in July, "The arts are an essential service – as vital as health, education, defence," and we could not agree more.

We are committed to offering inspiring live music in a way that is safe and responsible. We hope you enjoy the performance and look forward to seeing you again throughout the season.

Dr. Peter Simon  
Michael and Sonja Koerner President & CEO  
The Royal Conservatory of Music

Mervon Mehta  
Executive Director, Performing Arts  
The Royal Conservatory of Music

# MAZZOLENI MASTERS: SONGMASTERS SERIES 20.21

## Elliot Madore and Rachel Andrist: *Let Beauty Awake*

Recorded in Koerner Hall on Sunday, November 22, 2020

Broadcast date Friday, November 27, 2020 at 8pm

Elliot Madore, baritone

Rachel Andrist, piano

### PROGRAM

Maurice Ravel: *Don quichotte à dulcinée*

“Chanson Romanesque”

“Chanson épique”

“Chanson à boire”

Gabriel Fauré: *L'horizon chimérique*, op. 118

“La mer est infinie”

“Je me suis embarqué”

“Diane, Sélééné”

“Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte”

Francis Poulenc: *Banalités*, FP 107

“Chanson d'Orkenise”

“Hôtel”

“Fagnes de Wallonie”

“Voyage à Paris”

“Sanglots”

Ralph Vaughan Williams: “Let Beauty Awake” from *Songs of Travel*

Vaughan Williams: “The Roadside Fire” from *Songs of Travel*

Samuel Barber: “A Green Lowland of Pianos” from *Three Songs*, op. 45, no. 2

Vaughan Williams: “Silent Noon” from *The English Songbook*

Barber: “O Boundless, Boundless Evening” from *Three Songs*, op. 45, no. 3

Vaughan Williams: “Youth and Love” from *Songs of Travel*

Vaughan Williams: “The Infinite Shining Heavens” from *Songs of Travel*

Vaughan Williams: “Antiphon” from *Five Mystical Songs*

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### *Don quichotte à dulcinée*

Music: Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Text: Paul Morand (1888-1976)

#### “Chanson Romanesque”

Si vous me disiez que la Terre  
A tant tourner vous offensa,  
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:  
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui  
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,  
Déchirant les divins cadastres,  
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace  
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,  
Chevalier Dieu, la lance au poing,  
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang  
Est plus à moi qu'à vous ma Dame,  
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme  
Et je mourrais vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée...

#### “Chanson épique”

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir  
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,  
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir  
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,  
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre  
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel  
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame  
Et son égale en pureté  
Et son égale en piété  
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:  
Ma Dame.

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel,  
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,  
Ma douce Dame si pareille  
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!  
Amen.

#### “Romantic Song”

Were you to tell that the earth  
Offended you with so much turning,  
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:  
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied  
By a sky too studded with stars -  
Tearing the divine order asunder,  
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,  
Thus denuded was not to your taste -  
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,  
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood  
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,  
I'd pale at the admonishment  
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea...

#### “Epic Song”

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave  
To behold and hear my Lady,  
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me  
To please her and defend her,  
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,  
With Saint George onto the altar  
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade  
And its equal in purity  
And its equal in piety  
As in modesty and chastity:  
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)  
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,  
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,  
O Madonna robed in blue!  
Amen.

### **“Chanson à boire”**

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,  
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux  
Dit que l’amour et le vin vieux  
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Je bois  
À la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit... lorsque j’ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,  
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment  
D’être toujours ce pâle amant  
Qui met de l’eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois  
À la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit...Lorsque j’ai bu!

### **“Drinking Song”**

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,  
Says that love and old wine  
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight ... when I’m ... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,  
Who whines and weeps and vows  
Always to be this lily-livered lover  
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight ... when I’m ... drunk!

### ***L’Horizon Chimérique, op. 118***

**Music: Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)**

**Text: Jean de La Ville de Mirmont (1886- 1914)**

### **“La mer est infinie”**

La mer est infinie et mes rêves sont fous.  
La mer chante au soleil en battant les falaises  
Et mes rêves légers ne se sentent plus d’aise  
De danser sur la mer comme des oiseaux soûls.

Le vaste mouvement des vagues les emporte,  
La brise les agite et les roule en ses plis;  
Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront une escorte  
Aux vaisseaux que mon cœur dans leur fuite a suivis.

Ivres d’air et de sel et brûlés par l’écume  
De la mer qui console et qui lave des pleurs,  
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne amertume;  
Les goélands perdus les prendront pour des leurs.

### **“Je me suis embarqué”**

Je me suis embarqué sur un vaisseau qui danse  
Et roule bord sur bord et tangue et se balance.  
Mes pieds ont oublié la terre et ses chemins;  
Les vagues souples m’ont appris d’autres cadences  
Plus belles que le rythme las des chants humains.

À vivre parmi vous, hélas! avais-je une âme?  
Mes frères, j’ai souffert sur tous vos continents.  
Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux que le vent  
Pour me bercer, comme un enfant, au creux des lames.

### **“The Sea is Boundless”**

The sea is boundless and my dreams are wild.  
The sea sings in the sun, as it beats the cliffs,  
And my light dreams are overjoyed  
To dance on the sea like drunken birds.

The waves’ vast motion bears them away,  
The breeze ruffles and rolls them in its folds;  
Playing in their wake, they will escort the ships,  
Whose flight my heart has followed.

Drunk with air and salt, and stung by the spume  
Of the consoling sea that washes away tears,  
They will know the high seas and the bracing brine;  
Lost gulls will take them for their own.

### **“I Have embarked”**

I have embarked on a ship that reels  
And rolls and pitches and rocks.  
My feet have forgotten the land and its ways;  
The lithe waves have taught me other rhythms,  
Lovelier than the tired ones of human song.

Ah! did I have the heart to live among you?  
Brothers, on all your continents I’ve suffered.  
I want only the sea, I want only the wind  
To cradle me like a child in the trough of the waves.

Hors du port qui n'est plus qu'une image effacée,  
Les larmes du départ ne brûlent plus mes yeux.  
Je ne me souviens pas de mes derniers adieux ...  
Ô ma peine, ma peine, où vous ai-je laissée?

**"Diane, Séléné"**

Diane, Séléné, lune de beau métal,  
Qui reflète vers nous, par ta face déserte,  
Dans l'immortel ennui du calme sidéral,  
Le regret d'un soleil dont nous pleurons la perte.

Ô lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité  
Injurieuse au trouble vain des pauvres âmes,  
Et mon cœur, toujours las et toujours agité,  
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne flamme.

**"Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte"**

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte;  
Le dernier de vous tous est parti sur la mer.  
Le couchant emporta tant de voiles ouvertes  
Que ce port et mon cœur sont à jamais déserts.

La mer vous a rendus à votre destinée,  
Au delà du rivage où s'arrêtent nos pas.  
Nous ne pouvions garder vos âmes enchaînées;  
Il vous faut des lointains que je ne connais pas.

Je suis de ceux dont les désirs sont sur la terre.  
Le souffle qui vous grise emplit mon cœur d'effroi,  
Mais votre appel, au fond des soirs, me désespère,  
Car j'ai de grands départs inassouvis en moi.

Far from the port, now but a faded image,  
Tears of parting no longer sting my eyes.  
I can no longer recall my final farewells ...  
O my sorrow, my sorrow, where have I left you?

**"Diana, Selene"**

Diana, Selene, moon of beautiful metal,  
Reflecting on us, from your deserted face,  
In the eternal tedium of sidereal calm,  
The regret of a sun whose loss we lament.

O moon, I begrudge you your limpidity,  
Mocking the fruitless commotion of wretched souls,  
And my heart, ever weary and ever uneasy,  
Longs for the peace of your nocturnal flame.

**"Ships, We Shall Have Loved You to no Avail"**

Ships, we shall have loved you to no avail,  
The last of you all has set sail on the sea.  
The sunset bore away so many spread sails,  
That this port and my heart are forever forsaken.

The sea has returned you to your destiny,  
Beyond the shores where our steps must halt.  
We could not keep your souls enchained,  
You require distant realms unknown to me.

I belong to those with earthbound desires.  
The wind that elates you fills me with fright,  
But your summons at nightfall makes me despair,  
For within me are vast, unappeased departures.

**Banalités, FP 107**

**Music: Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)**

**Text: Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)**

**"Chanson d'Orkenise"**

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut entrer un charretier.  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:  
'Qu' emportes-tu de la ville?'  
'J'y laisse mon coeur entier.'

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au charretier:  
'Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?'  
'Mon coeur pour me marier!'

**"Song of Orkenise"**

Through the gates of Orkenise  
A waggoner wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
A vagabond wants to leave.

And the sentries guarding the town  
Rush up to the vagabond:  
'What are you taking from the town?'  
'I'm leaving my whole heart behind.'

And the sentries guarding the town  
Rush up to the waggoner:  
'What are you carrying into the town?'  
'My heart in order to marry.'

Que de coeurs, dans Orkenise!  
Les gardes riaient, riaient.  
Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,  
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville  
Tricotèrent superbement;  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermèrent lentement.

#### “Hôtel”

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre  
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette  
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer.

#### “Fagnes de Wallonie”

Tant de tristesses plénières  
Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes désolées  
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières  
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait  
le vent d'ouest  
J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés  
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages  
Au ciel  
Qui restait pur obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson énigmatique  
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel  
Attiraient les abeilles  
Et mes pieds endoloris  
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles  
Tendrement mariée  
Nord  
Nord  
La vie s'y tord  
En arbres forts  
Et tors  
La vie y mord  
La mort  
À belles dents  
Quand bruit le vent

#### “Voyage à Paris”

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour  
Dut créer l'Amour

So many hearts in Orkenise!  
The sentries laughed and laughed:  
Vagabond, the road's not merry,  
Love makes you merry, O waggoner!

The handsome sentries guarding the town  
Knitted vaingloriously;  
The gates of the town then  
Slowly closed.

#### “Hotel”

My room is shaped like a cage  
The sun slips its arm through the window  
But I who want to smoke to make mirages  
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire  
I do not want to work I want to smoke

#### “Walloon Moss-hags”

So much utter sadness  
Seized my heart in the desolate upland moss-hags  
When weary I set down in the fir plantation  
The weight of kilometres to the roar  
Of the west wind  
I had left the pretty wood  
The squirrels stayed there  
My pipe tried to make clouds  
In the sky  
Which stubbornly stayed clear

I confided no secret but an enigmatic song  
To the dank peat-bogs

The honey-fragrant heather  
Attracted the bees  
And my sore feet  
Crushed bilberries and whortleberries  
Tenderly united  
North  
North  
Life is gnarled there  
In strong trees  
And twisted  
Life there bites  
Death  
Voraciously  
When the wind howls

#### “Trip to Paris”

Oh! how delightful  
To leave a dismal  
Place for Paris  
Charming Paris  
That one day  
Love must have made

### “Sanglots”

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos fronts  
C'est la chanson des rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur  
Et le portaient dans la main droite  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient comme des conquérants  
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur ombre  
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants  
De ce coeur il coulait du sang  
Et le rêveur allait pensant  
A sa blessure délicate  
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes  
Et douloureuse et nous disait  
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes  
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé  
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes  
Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves  
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme  
Est mort d'amour et le voici Ainsi vont toutes choses,  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi  
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots

### “Sobs”

Our love is governed by the calm stars  
Now we know that in us many men have their being  
Who came from afar and are one beneath our brows  
It is the song of the dreamers  
Who tore out their hearts  
And carried them in their right hands  
Remember dear pride all these memories

The sailors who sang like conquerors  
The chasms of Thule the gentle Ophir skies  
The accursed sick those who flee their shadows  
And the joyous return of happy emigrants  
This heart ran with blood  
And the dreamer kept thinking  
Of his delicate wound  
You shall not break the chain of these causes  
Of his painful wound and said to us  
Which are the effects of other causes  
My poor heart my broken heart  
Like the hearts of all men  
Here here are our hands that life enslaved  
Has died of love or so it seems  
Has died of love and here it is Such is the fate of all things  
So tear out yours too  
And nothing will be free till the end of time  
Let us leave all to the dead  
And conceal our sobs

### “Let Beauty Awake” from *Songs of Travel* Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) Text: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,  
Beauty awake from rest!  
Let Beauty awake  
For Beauty's sake  
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake  
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,  
Awake in the crimson eve!  
In the day's dusk end  
When the shades ascend,  
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,  
To render again and receive!

**“The Roadside Fire” from *Songs of Travel***

**Music: Vaughan Williams**

**Text: Stevenson**

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,  
I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

**“A Green Lowland of Pianos” from *Three Songs, op. 45, no. 2***

**Music: Samuel Barber (1910-1998)**

**Text: Jerzy Harsymowicz (1933-1999)/ trans. Czesław Miłosz (1911-2004)**

am Abend soweit das Auge reicht lauschen Herden schwarzer Klaviere	in the evening as far as the eye can see herds of black pianos
bis an die Knie im Schlamm den Fröschen	up to their knees in the mire they listen to the frogs
sie glucksen im Wasser in Akkorden der Verzückung	they gurgle in water with chords of rapture
sie sind berauscht von froschiger, mondiger Spontaneität	they are entranced by froggish, moonish spontaneity
nach der Pause verursachen sie Skandale in einer Konzerthalle während des künstlerischen Melkens legen sie sich plötzlich hin wie Kühe	after the vacation they cause scandals in a concert hall during the artistic milking suddenly they lie down like cows
blicken mit Gleichmut auf die weißen Blumen des Publikums	looking with indifference at the white flowers of the audience
auf das Gestikulieren der Platzanweiser	at the gesticulating of the ushers



**“Silent Noon” from *The House of Life Songbook***

**Music: Vaughan Williams:**

**Text: Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)**

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sun searched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

**“O Boundless, Boundless Evening” from *Three Songs*, op. 45, no. 3**

**Music: Barber**

**Text: Georg Heym (1887-1912)**

O weiter, weiter Abend. Da verglühen  
Die langen Hügel an dem Horizont,  
Wie klarer Träume Landschaft bunt besonnt.  
O weiter Abend, wo die Saaten sprühen  
Des Tages Licht zurück in goldnem Schein.  
Hoch oben singen Schwalben, winzig klein.  
Auf allen Feldern glitzert ihre Jagd,  
Im Wald des Rohres und in hellen Buchten,  
Wo hohe Masten stehn. Doch in den Schluchten  
Der Hügel hinten nistet schon die Nacht.

O boundless, boundless evening. Soon the glow  
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,  
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.  
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw  
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.  
Swallows high up are singing, very small.  
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,  
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand  
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond  
Between the hills already nests the night.

**“Youth and Love” from *Songs of Travel***

**Music: Vaughan Williams**

**Text: Stevenson**

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.  
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,  
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

**“The Infinite Shining Heavens” from *Songs of Travel***

**Music: Vaughan Williams**

**Text: Stevenson**

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose, and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

**“Antiphon” from *Five Mystical Songs***

**Music: Vaugh Williams**

**Text: George Herbert (1593–1633)**

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing:  
My God and King.  
The heavens are not too high,  
His praise may thither flie;  
The earth is not too low,  
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing:  
My God and King.  
The Church with psalms must shout,  
No doore can keep them out;  
But above all, the heart  
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing:  
My God and King.

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Raúl Rodríguez, *Assistant Audio*

Max Rubino, *Programming Manager and 21C Music Festival Producer*

Alice Sellwood, *Manager, Concerts & Special Projects*

Kevin Shea, *Front of House Manager*

Alexandra Wylie, *Assistant Manager, Front of House*

Annie Yao, *Assistant Manager, Concessions & Beverage*

Paul Zivontsis, *Production Manager*