

The logo for Calliope's Call features a large, ornate teal letter 'C' on the left. To its right, the words 'Calliope's' and 'Call' are stacked in a matching teal, serif font. 'Calliope's' is in a smaller size above 'Call', which is larger and more prominent.

*There is no plan(et) B*

Thursday, April 22, 2021

7:00pm

**Evangelia Leontis, Soprano**  
**Sonja Tengblad, Soprano**  
**Megan Roth, Mezzo-soprano**  
**Christina Wright-Ivanova, Piano**

**Special Guest: Jonathan Hess, Drums**

**Featuring Artwork by Kathryn Frund**

Artistic Director: **Megan Roth**  
Administrative Director: **Evangelia Leontis**  
Director of Public Relations: **Edward Vogel**  
Technical Director: **Nathan Roth**

## *A Message from the Artistic Director*



Welcome to *There is no plan(et) B*, our second virtual program of our seventh season; a program dedicated to raising awareness of the current climate crisis. We are excited to share this program with you in this digital format, which allowed us to compile and share informative messages from local climate change organizations, giving you first-hand insights into the work being done to heal our planet. We are also pleased to pair our music with the artwork of Kathryn Frund, whose work centers around the issue of climate change.

More than a year ago, soprano Sonja Tengblad came to me with a vision for curating a program that highlighted the urgency of the climate crisis. Naturally, there is an abundance of music in the art song canon that expresses humanity's deep interconnectedness with nature, but we fell short when it came to finding music and texts that spoke directly to the issues we face today. Through our call for scores competition and in commissioning a Boston-area composer who, like Sonja, actively uses her artistic voice to shed light on climate change, we arrived at a program that speaks to the current state of our beloved planet.

In tonight's program you will hear four compositions culled from our 2020 call for scores competition by composers who are committed to using their artistic voices to illuminate the effects of climate change: a beautiful trio by Katie Palka on text written by a teenage poet, which captures the innocence and wonder with which a child views the natural world and the power that nature has to connect us to the present; Brazilian composer Catarina Domenici's new work about the destruction of the Amazon rainforest that weaves dance-like, celebratory rhythms and somber cries in a personal tribute to her country's beloved natural treasure; Andrew List and poet Mary Pinard's collaboration *On the Wing*, which offers reverence, humor, awe, and passion, while shedding light on the future faced by our threatened bird population; and finally, "decketh joy, water destroy," a captivating piece about the healing and destructive capacity of earth's oceans, by Ryan Suleiman.

A program of largely new art song would not be complete without a premiere of a brand-new work. We are honored to present a commissioned cycle of three songs by Mary Montgomery Koppel. Together we chose texts by poets and speakers from around the world, including an excerpt by the passionate youth activist, Greta Thunberg. In describing her new work Mary writes, "This collection brings together three texts that contrast considerably, and yet each offers a compelling commentary on our failure to care for our planet, and the consequent ramifications." You will no doubt feel inspired to take personal action after hearing this enthralling new work.

Nature-lover and new music advocate, pianist Christina Wright-Ivanova, shares a solo piano piece entitled 'Snow Ghost' that she commissioned from composer Heather Gilligan. The work is inspired by a poem written by Christina's father, Mark Wright. Another new work we're excited to share is by Adam Jacob Simon, entitled "Spring," which speaks to the renewing, ethereal nature of spring. Pieces by Cole Porter, Jake Heggie, and musical satirist Tom Lehrer offer moments of levity throughout, while also showing that awareness and concern over our changing climate is not new.

My own awareness of the climate crisis has been infinitely expanded by this project and it is my sincere hope that this program provides you with a renewed sense of commitment to taking action in order to save our beautiful world. Thank you for joining us on this journey.

*~ Megan Roth, Founder & Artistic Director*

*Dedication: Dr. Neocles Leontis  
(1955-2020)*

Today's concert is dedicated to Dr. Neocles Leontis (1955-2020), who was a brilliant scientist, a loving husband, father, brother, and friend, and a fierce advocate for our planet. Neocles was a life-long nature lover whose wonder and awe about the natural world was palpable and infectious. He loved taking long walks in the woods, during which he would marvel at the many different types of plants and wildlife he came across. As a scientist, Neocles understood the climate crisis on a deep level and during the last 10 years or so of his life he focused more and more of his time on educating others about the importance of preserving our planet and conserving natural resources. He was instrumental in the construction of a large municipal solar field in his community in northwest Ohio, to date the largest such solar field in the state, and he had recently been elected to City Council in Bowling Green, OH on a platform that included the construction of bike lanes in the community.

Dr. Neocles Leontis held a B.S. in chemistry from Ohio State University (1977), Master's in physical chemistry from Harvard Graduate School (1981), and Ph.D. in biophysical chemistry from Yale University (1986). He became professor of Chemistry at Bowling Green State University in 1987. Neocles was an internationally known, highly respected biochemist who collaborated with other scientists all over the world. He was also a dedicated and beloved teacher and mentor to his many students over the years at BGSU. Neocles saw education as a way to bring about positive change in individuals' lives as well as the greater community.

He is remembered for his keen intellect and boundless curiosity, his intense passion to make the world a better place for everyone beginning with his local community, his compassionate and caring mentorship, and a contagious laugh that could fill a room. Neocles believed that no one is big enough to make change alone, but when people work together they can accomplish great feats.



*~Evangelia Leontis, April 2021*

## *There is no plan(et) B*

~Program~

*Sunshine Mask <i>Of Place and Presence</i>	Katie Palka
Spring (2020)	Adam Jacob Simon
*Amazonia (2019) Prelude – Terra Pejada (Fecund Earth) Aria – Terra Arrasada (Scorched Earth)	Catarina Domenici
Too Darn Hot, We're Having a Heat Wave	Cole Porter
*On the Wing: A Song Cycle in Celebration of Birds Seagull, you lull me... Of Sparrows... Parrot Flamingo Mourning Dove Still, our skies are left...	Andrew List
Snow Ghost	Heather Gilligan
<i>House on Fire: 3 Songs on Responsibility</i> (commission – world premiere) 1. <i>The Question</i> 2. <i>Water is Company</i> 3. <i>My message is that we'll be watching you</i>	Mary Montgomery Koppel
The Forest of Dead Trees	Leo Sowerby
Pollution	Tom Lehrer
*decketh joy, water destroy	Ryan Suleiman
"Once Upon a Universe" <i>Of Gods and Cats</i>	Jake Heggie

\*indicates a winner from our Call for Scores

**Sunshine Mask** from *Of Place and Presence* (Emilee Burck)

Close your eyes  
Picture a little girl standing in a forest  
There are trees surrounding her in every direction  
Listen for a river  
Do you hear it  
Make it run through the trees  
Did you do it  
Now picture the tree line with the river going to the end  
Did you draw it  
See a never ending field of flowers at the end  
Walk up to it  
Feel the calm and soothing breeze as it goes through your hair  
See the texture of the flower  
Examine closely  
Conjure a happy thought  
Now look up at the sky  
See the color changes  
Mask over all of your dark thoughts  
Just close your eyes for a moment  
And let the light shine through

*Of Place and Presence* is about connection with the nature that surrounds us. Wherever you are now, you're surrounded by nature—whether it's the pigeon on city streets, the spider in your house, or the microscopic organisms inside your body. Connection to the web of nonhuman beings with whom we share this planet is not a matter of being in a specific place “out in nature,” but rather a matter of one's presence in whatever place they are.

All of the poems in *Of Place and Presence* are by youth. These poems show the relationship each young poet has with our planet, whether that's a forest meadow, thunder, the ocean, or snow.

It is fitting to set text by youth, because it is this same love for our planet, and for each other, that drives youth to lead the fight for our planet and for the frontline communities most impacted by the climate crisis. And it is the youth who have to live the consequences of what we do or do not do today. It is the youth who strike, who march in the streets, who demand change, who declare: “there is no planet B!”

**Spring** (Rita Powell)

Spring was surely the first religion  
In the fragrance of star magnolia  
I catch your breath  
I cannot see your shape  
Or feel your substance  
You are the sparkle on the white petal  
The glow of a thousand blossoming branches

**Amazônia** (Catarina Domenici)

The song “Amazônia” was composed between October and December, 2019, and is divided in two parts: a Prelude entitled “Terra Pejada,” and an Aria entitled “Terra Arrasada.”

The **Prelude** portrays the Amazon forest as a woman, the very force of Mother Nature. The image of the Woman also refers to the origin of the name Amazon, given by Francisco de Orellana after being defeated in battle by the Icamiabas, a tribe of women warriors organized as a matriarchal society. The word “pejada” means fecund, and it is the only word in Portuguese that applies to both humans and creatures alike.

**Prelude – Terra Pejada**

Quem é essa mulher  
Que dança pela mata?

Nas curvas dos rios,  
Nas plantas, sementes,  
Nas aves, nas cobras,  
Nos bichos no cio

Que voa no vento,  
Que chora na chuva,  
Que ri do rebento  
Que brota da terra.

Dadora da vida!

Quem é essa mulher?  
Dizem que ela é um pulmão.

Por ser ela mesma  
A Mãe Natureza,  
É o ventre, é o seio  
De onde viemos.

Respeite a moça,  
Respeite a dona,  
Respeite a menina  
Chamada Amazônia.

Amazônia,  
Amazônia, Ah!

The **Aria** carries the title “Scorched Earth”, in reference to the destruction of the Amazon forest caused by mining, logging, and industrial farming, as well as to the military tactic “scorched earth,” which has been banned by the Geneva conventions in 1977. Corporate greed has waged war at the indigenous population of the Amazon forest, by polluting their water resources and obliterating the jungle. Their way of life has been under continuous and systematic attack by economic groups intent on forcing them out of their land. At the climax of the song, the phrase “landé r-etama ka’a oby” is heard in Tupy, the language of the indigenous people of Amazon. The phrase translates to “Our home is the green forest.”

**Aria – Terra Arrasada**

Arde, queima, estala,  
Toda a selva, a natureza.  
Serra, corta, mata  
A vida e o futuro

Terra arrasada,  
Estéril,  
Em chamas.

Do verde, fazem o cinza  
Da fumaça que cega e sufoca  
A morte é um vulto cinzento  
Que traz em sua mão uma serra  
Na alma, um vazio profundo,

**Fecund Earth**

Who is this woman  
Dancing in the forest?

In the winding rivers,  
In the plants and seeds,  
In the birds and snakes,  
In the creature’s heat

Who flies in the wind,  
And cries in the rain,  
Who laughs at the bud  
Sprouting from the earth.

Giver of life!

Who is this woman?  
Some say she is the lung.

Because she is herself,  
Mother Nature,  
She is the bosom, the womb,  
Where we came from.

Respect the lassie,  
Respect the lady,  
Respect the girl  
Named Amazon.

Amazon,  
Amazon, Ah!

**Scorched Earth**

Burns, shrivels, crackles  
All the jungle, and Mother Nature  
Cut, saw and kill  
Life and the future

Scorched earth,  
Barren,  
Ablaze.

Green is turned to gray  
Of the smoke that blinds and chokes  
Death is an ashen shadow  
Carrying a saw in its hands,  
Instead of a soul, a deep void

Seu rosto estampa um cifrão  
Quem vende a vida, morreu  
O ódio entranhou o coração.

Arde, queima, estala,  
Foge bicho, foge gente,  
Serra, corta e vende  
A vida e o future

Terra arrasada,  
Estéril,  
Em chamas.

Madeireiro cortou o arvoredos,  
Fazendeiro queimou o sustento,  
O verde é a cor da esperança,  
Da mata, da vida sem fim.

landé r-etama ka'a oby

Arde, queima, chora  
Toda a selva, a natureza,  
Serra, corta e vende  
A vida e o futuro

Terra arrasada,  
Estéril,  
Em chamas!

**Too Darn Hot We're Having a Heat Wave** (Cole Porter)

It's too darn hot.

I'd like to sup with my baby tonight,  
And play the pup with my baby tonight,  
But I ain't up to my baby tonight  
'Cause it's too darn hot.

I'd like to coo to my baby tonight  
And pitch the woo with my baby tonight  
But brother, you bite my baby tonight  
'Cause it's too darn hot.

According to the Kinsey Report  
Ev'ry average man you know,  
Much prefers to play his favorite sport  
When the temperature is low.  
But when the thermometer goes 'way up  
And the weather is sizzlin' hot,  
Mister Adam  
For his madam is not.

Mister Gob for his squab,  
A marine for his queen,  
A.G.I. for his cutie pie is not, 'Cause it's too, too, too darn hot...

Instead of a face, a dollar sign  
Who sells life is already dead  
The hatred has seized his heart.

Burns, shrivels, crackles,  
Flee animals, flee people  
Cut, saw and sell  
Life and the future

Scorched earth,  
Barren,  
Ablaze

Tree poachers sawed the forest  
Industrial farming burned the sustenance  
Green is the color of hope,  
Of the forest, of endless life.

Our home is the green forest

Swelters, withers, cries,  
All the jungle, and Mother Nature,  
Cut, saw and sell  
Life and the future

Scorched earth,  
Barren,  
Ablaze!

## **On the Wing: A Song Cycle in Celebration of Birds** (Mary Pinard)

### **Seagull you lull me...**

Seagull, you lull me.  
Your wide wheeling  
heals me. My heart flies  
the updrafts with you. You carry me over  
the waves, far out to sea, to see, then back  
and inland, inside too.

You refuse nothing, no one.

Urban muse: you haunt the lonely  
places of our cities, show us how to live with  
what we've broken, left behind.

### **Of Sparrows....**

In. Just in. Now out. Off, up,  
up. But back in, in, in. Fuss,  
flip, in. Flibbertigibbet, bet,  
et, et. Up, touch, uch, uch. Rill,  
a flit-jittery jib of sparrows—  
song, chipping, tree, house,  
vesper, field, lark?—how to  
tell you all apart?

### **I. Parrot**

Though your elegant lines are carved in  
hieroglyphs,  
and the Greeks considered you sacred,  
though you lived like royalty in Henry's  
Hampton Court,  
and were Audubon's beloved first pet,

your species have been vanishing at our hands:  
parakeets, amazons, macaws, and more.  
Though you inspired Chaucer and Flaubert,  
and beguiled in *The Arabian Nights*,  
though your feathers adorn the regalia of chiefs,  
and map tribal history and lore,

your species are threatened due to our neglect:  
lovebirds, lorikeets, greys, and more.

Why do we damage what we most adore,  
as if there were no limits and no loss in store?

### **Flamingo**

Hung from light strings, poked  
into lawns, you've adorned  
corn pics and swizzle sticks.

Still, dignity remains in your extremities.  
Statuesque, so sinuously pink, you're a tale of distinctions.

No one's bill is down-curved like the one  
You wear: elegant tool

for foraging, and tipped  
In black, just for something extra.  
And your luminous gold eyes!

I admire you most at sunset,  
with all your legions you rise  
like one sky-wide burst of flame.

### **V. Mourning Dove**

I'll build a nesting basket for you,  
Lined with crocus roots and fledgling down,  
and rimmed with jewels of dew.

I'll place it in my redbud tree:  
its orchid blossoms and heart-shaped leaves,  
the perfect place for you to be.  
Oh mourning dove, I long to hear your mirror  
song of comfort for me, my grief. And even if

you cannot stay long, even if  
You have to flee, I'll wait to hear  
the music of your wings

as you fly—a lover's heart  
to heal me, make me new again,  
like spring.

### **VI. Still, our skies are left...**

Still, our skies are left,  
So bereft. Oh, where have you gone,  
Great Auk, Emu, Solitary Tinamou?

Empty limbs across  
every season. Where have you gone,  
Dark-Throated Oriole, Long-legged Warbler?

Such long, deep silences, even in spring. Oh  
lost songbirds--  
Dappled Mountain Robin, New Zealand Thrush?

As earth vanishes, so more species  
of loss: Oh albatross, pintail, quail, rail.

And grebe, honeyeater, teal. Still,  
Still: Mysterious starling, Reunion Petrel.  
Eskimo Curlew, Passenger Pigeon—all passing,  
Passing, passing, passing, past.

**“On the Wing” A Song Cycle in Celebration of Birds** written for mezzo-soprano and piano explores numerous topics about birds. The cycle highlights their beauty and humor their behavior, environment and directly addresses themes of conservation, ecological stewardship, and species preservation.

It was recently reported in the Cornell Journal of Ornithology that in the last 50 years 1 in 4 bird species, totaling 2.9 billion birds, have vanished from the earth never to return. Through loss of habitat caused by human encroachment, burning of forests, pollution and global warming, bird species are in serious peril. This loss and deep sorrow is expressed in the final song of my cycle, “Still our skies are left.”

“On the Wing” is a wake up call to heighten the public’s awareness and also a plea to act quickly before more birds are lost. As the final line from the song, “Parrot” reads: “*Why do we damage what we most adore, as if there were no limits and no loss in store?*” It is only through our mutual respect, limiting our over usage of natural resources and putting a halt to development of our world’s forests and wetlands that together we can turn the tide of the destruction of our natural world to maintain a healthy life for birds on earth.

### **Snow Ghost (Mark Wright)**

At precisely twelve minutes after three in the morning,  
The darkest time of night  
The Snow Leopard leaves his temporary post  
As icon for an older Apple code.

He leaves his hidden mountain pathways,  
Softly padding down to sit beside your bed.  
He stares unblinking at you,  
Stares deep into your soul.

He speaks. Do not be fearful. I do not mean to harm you.  
I could have come on wings of light. Angelic, soft, and white.  
Instead I represent the many fears you have  
And so my words come better in this form.  
My words, you see, are solace, meant to calm you.  
Your mantra, then, is this. Repeat it after me.  
Be Not Afraid. Be Not Afraid. This will set you free.

### **House on Fire: 3 Songs on Responsibility – Mary Montgomery Koppel**

This collection brings together three texts that contrast considerably, and yet each offers a compelling commentary on our failure to care for our planet, and the consequent ramifications. The first is “The Question” by Theo Dorgan. This brief poem is both enchanting and powerful, combining a luxuriantly-worded description of a future species crossing the cosmos to view our “blue, beautiful world” with a pointed critique of humanity’s abuse on our planet. In my setting, I aimed to similarly convey an otherworldly, shimmering sonic world with a mournful color, but ultimately closing with the howling, raw cry of “What have you done?”

The second poem, “Water is Company” by Ruth Padel, could not be more different in aesthetic, and yet parallels the first in its grief. The context for her poem is severe drought — not the first tangible effect that one considers when we think of our changed climate, but a painful reality that is worsening with every passing year in many parts of the world. Padel’s poetry paints a picture of a gradually-increasing dread experienced by those suffering this by-product of our changing planet. Musically, I aimed to paint the scene with a stark and spare language, a complete contrast to the lushness of “The Question.” No longer are we gazing at the blue, beautiful world; Padel’s view of our world is desperate and depleted.

The text for the final song in this collection is excerpts from Greta Thunberg’s speech to the United Nations in 2018. From the first time I heard the fury of this young woman’s words, I was struck to the core. I aimed in my setting to capture her power and anger through disjointed rhythms and fractured sonorities, but also used more lyrical passages to highlight the vulnerability in her desperation. Thunberg’s message unabashedly addresses *blame*, assigning it squarely where it belongs — on the preceding generations’ failure to act before it was too late to protect our home for our children and our children’s children. I could think of no better way to conclude this collection than with Thunberg’s astute, prescient, and utterly justified diatribe.

**The Question** (Theo Dorgan)

When the great ships come back,  
and come they will,  
when they stand in the sky  
all over the world,  
candescent suns by day,  
radiant cathedrals in the night,  
how shall we answer the question:

What have you done  
with what was given you,  
what have you done with  
the blue, beautiful world?

**Water is Company** (Ruth Padel)

You close your eyes so you can't see the omens.  
You try praying for rain. You wait  
for an augury, sing to the brook

while the self flies out and away  
like a bird from a withered branch

and the wind, with a hollow sound  
like a breaking pot, whips the lake to a dance  
of bubble-froth soap-suds, blocking the drain.

**My message is that we'll be watching you** (Greta Thunberg)

*Adapted from Greta Thunberg's speech to the United Nations, September 2019*

This is all wrong. I shouldn't be up here.  
I should be back in school on the other side of the ocean.  
Yet you all come to us young people for hope.  
How dare you!  
You have stolen my dreams and my childhood with your empty words,  
And yet I'm one of the lucky ones.  
People are suffering. People are dying. Entire ecosystems are collapsing.  
We are in the beginning of a mass extinction, and all you can talk about is money  
And fairy tales of eternal economic growth.  
How dare you!  
For more than thirty years, the science has been crystal clear.  
How dare you continue to look away and come here saying that you're doing enough,  
When the politics and solutions needed are still nowhere in sight.  
You say you hear us, that you understand the urgency.  
But no matter how sad and angry I am, I do not want to believe that.  
Because if you really understood the situation and still kept on failing to act,  
Then you would be evil. And that I refuse to believe.  
You are failing us.  
But the young people are starting to understand your betrayal.  
The eyes of all future generations are upon you.  
It's on you.  
And if you choose to fail us, I say:  
We will never forgive you.

**The Forest of Dead Trees** (Mark Turbyfill)

I climbed up the rough mountain-side  
Through the forest of dead trees.  
I touched their smooth, stark limbs,  
And learned much of the white beauty of death.  
Whose taut, slender thigh was this?  
And this, whose gracious throat?  
O life, you are not more beautiful  
Than this silent, curving death is beautiful!

## **Pollution**

If you visit American city,  
You will find it very pretty.  
Just two things of which you must beware:  
Don't drink the water and don't breathe the air!

Pollution, pollution!  
They got smog and sewage and mud.  
Turn on your tap  
And get hot and cold running crud!

See the halibuts and the sturgeons  
Being wiped out by detergeons.  
Fish gotta swim and birds gotta fly,  
But they don't last long if they try.

Pollution, pollution!  
You can use the latest toothpaste,  
And then rinse your mouth  
With industrial waste.

Just go out for a breath of air  
And you'll be ready for Medicare.  
The city streets are really quite a thrill -  
If the hoods don't get you, the monoxide will.

Pollution, pollution!  
Wear a gas mask and a veil.  
Then you can breathe,  
Long as you don't inhale!

Lots of things there that you can drink,  
But stay away from the kitchen sink!  
Throw out the breakfast garbage and I've got a hunch  
That the folks down-stream will drink it for lunch.

So go to the city,  
See the crazy people there.  
Like lambs to the slaughter,  
They're drinking the water  
And breathing [cough] the air!

## ***decketh joy, water destroy* – Ryan Suleiman**

Water has fascinated composers and artists for thousands of years, and it continues to mesmerize, both through the intrinsic beauty of its physicality and its complex and fundamental role in sustaining and threatening life on earth. In the twenty-first century, it means all of these things, as well as the crisis of climate change and rising oceans caused by our own careless abuse of the planet as humans. The text comes from Ralph Waldo Emerson's aphoristic poem, "Water." The oceans have existed long before us, and they will be here long after we're gone, constantly shifting, moving, transforming. They don't need us, nor do they care about us, while by contrast, we depend on them for survival. The poem captures this beautifully and elegantly. This sublime and (now) tragic truth is represented metaphorically with staging: after the word, "destroy," the soprano walks offstage while the ensemble continues playing. That is, we humans will likely be forced to leave this world in the form of extinction. The way this poem handles the beauty and destructive potential of water made it a perfect avenue for a complex statement on climate change. I completed it while in Japan, during two typhoons in as many weeks, which were double the normal of what was once considered "average."

## ***decketh joy, water destroy* (Ralph Waldo Emerson)**

The water understands  
Civilization well;  
It wets my foot, but prettily,  
It chills my life, but wittily,  
It is not disconcerted,  
It is not broken-hearted:  
Well used, it decketh joy,  
Adorneth, doubleth joy:  
Ill used, it will destroy,  
In perfect time and measure  
With a face of golden pleasure  
Elegantly destroy.  
*(program note below)*

## ***Once Upon A Universe* (Gavin Geoffrey Dillard)**

Once, when God was a little boy,  
his mother caught him breaking his toys,  
Then gluing them back together again  
With prayers and incantations.

Don't play with your creation,  
she admonished him,  
(Amen).

But he went right on  
Building temples,  
only to destroy them with vast armies  
Of ant-like peoples,  
creating new planets, then wiping them out  
with their own ignominious waste products.  
(Allelu!)

At the end of eternity  
his mother shook her cosmic finger  
And insisted that he clean up his universe:  
Or there'll be no bliss for you, young God!  
(Amen.)  
He swept the entire mess  
Into the nearest black hole  
And fell asleep sucking his Divine Thumb.  
(Allelu!)

## *About the Artists*

**Dr. Christina Wright-Ivanova**, hailed by critics as “a brilliant pianist” (Wiener Zeitung, Vienna) and “an ideal partner” (Huffington Post), is currently an Assistant Professor and Chair of Piano / Collaborative Piano at Keene State College. She is also on faculty at New England Conservatory’s ‘Summer Institute for Contemporary Performance Practice.’ Dr. Wright has performed solo and chamber music in over twenty countries throughout North & South America, UK, Europe, Asia and Australia. She enjoys collaboration with some of today’s leading artists who have hailed from institutions such as the Metropolitan Opera, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Boston Symphony, Las Vegas Philharmonic, and Boulder Philharmonic. She has also served as the official pianist for the Metropolitan Opera Auditions. As a specialist in new music, she fosters active collaborations with living composers and has premiered over 120 works in venues such as NYC’s DiMenna Center for Classical Music, Opera America, Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts, Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Berklee School of Music, MIT, The Harvard Club, and Tanglewood’s Ozawa Hall. Recent international concert appearances at the Berlin Art Song Festival, Teatro Sociale in Como, Reaktorhalle (Munich), École Normale Supérieure (Lyon), and Schloss Frohnburg (Salzburg). Recordings can be heard on Albany Records, New World Records, ARS Produktion, and MSR Classics. Degrees: University of Texas at Austin (DMA), New England Conservatory (MM), University of Victoria, Canada (BM). <https://christinajwright.com>

**Evangelia Leontis**, soprano, has extensive experience on the opera, concert and recital stages. She has been seen in a number of roles including Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, Frasquita in *Carmen*, Gretel in *Hansel and Gretel*, Lucy in *The Telephone* and *Le Feu in L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*. On the concert stage, Dr. Leontis has been the soprano soloist in works by Britten, Haydn, Fauré, Rossini, Bach, Bizet, Mozart, Grieg, Schubert, and Handel with Greensboro Opera, the Greensboro Oratorio Society, the Newburyport Choral Society, Newton Choral Society, Clear Lakes Chorale, Fine Arts Chorale, Polymnia Choral Society, the UNCG Sinfonia, and the UTRGV Master Chorale and Orchestra. She won the Bel Canto Award in the 2015 Orpheus Competition, was a finalist in the 2015 Kentucky Bach Choir Competition, a semi-finalist in the American Prize in Voice Professional Art Song Division Competition in 2015, and was a winner of the 2010 Greek University Women’s Club Music Competition. She holds the degrees from UNC Greensboro, Boston University and the Eastman School of Music. Dr. Leontis resides in southern Vermont and serves on the voice faculties of Keene State College and Castleton University. As a certified yoga teacher, she presents workshops and masterclasses on the benefits of yoga for performing musicians. <https://www.evangelialeontis.com>

Known for her “rich character portrayals” and “versatile voice,” mezzo-soprano **Megan Roth** enjoys a varied career performing opera, oratorio, art song, and chamber music, with repertoire spanning from early to contemporary music. Most recently, Megan performed the role of Tisbe in *La Cenerentola* with Boston Midsummer Opera, Rosina in *Il barbiere di Siviglia* with Summer Garden Opera in Virginia, and as Meg in *Little Women* with MassOpera, where she was praised for her “warm and sonically sumptuous Meg.” Other recent engagements include soloist in Copland’s *In the Beginning* with Vox Humana in Dallas, Texas, Handel’s *Messiah* with the Rhode Island Civic Chorale and Orchestra, and *Dixit Dominus* with the Metropolitan Chorale. As an active chamber musician, Megan performs with several renowned national ensembles including the GRAMMY® winning ensemble *Conspirare* out of Austin, Texas, GRAMMY® nominated *True Concord* and *Skylark Vocal Ensemble*, *Lorelei Ensemble*, and *Yale Choral Artists*. Megan belongs to *Beyond Artists*, a coalition of artists that donates a portion of their concert fee to organizations they care about. She supports NYC Second Chance Rescue and REACH Beyond Domestic Violence through her performances. [www.meganroth.com](http://www.meganroth.com)

Described as “radiant” by Opera Magazine, recent highlights for soprano **Sonja DuToit Tengblad** include multiple roles with Boston Baroque; Bach’s *St. John Passion* with the Handel and Haydn Society; Mahler’s *Symphony No. 2* with the Boston Philharmonic; Barber’s *Knoxville* with the Boston Landmarks Orchestra; Francesca Caccini’s *Alcina* with the Boston Early Music Festival; guest appearances with the Boston Gay Men’s Chorus; and her Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center debuts, both with the New York City Chamber Orchestra. She was awarded 2nd place in the 2014 American Prize competition’s art song and oratorio division. A champion of new music, Sonja curated *Modern Dickinson* - an award-winning touring program featuring all 21st century settings of Emily Dickinson’s poetry - and launched soprano/percussion duo *Beat Song*. She has premiered and recorded numerous works with the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, and in 2015 premiered Shirish Korde’s operetta *Questions for the Moon* with members of the Silk Road Ensemble. Sonja performs with the *Lorelei Ensemble* which has now enjoyed two collaborations with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In 2019, Sonja founded *Beyond Artists* and supports climate change work in addition to *Better Angels* with every performance. She is the Team Coordinator for *Mothers Out Front East Boston*. <https://www.sonjatengblad.com>

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