



WHISTLING HENS

Ensemble Residency Program Booklet

July 2, 7:00 p.m.

July 10, 7:00 p.m.

July 13, 7:00 p.m.

July 15, 7:00 p.m.

**CHANNEL 972, Whistling Hens YouTube Channel,
and www.facebook.com/CollingtonAIR**

Sponsored by the Chamber Music America Residency Partnership Grant and the University of Maryland School of Music Artist in Residence Program in partnership with Collington

Presented by Jennifer Piazza-Pick and Natalie Groom

Learn more about us at www.whistlinghens.com
facebook.com/WhistlingHens | instagram.com/WhistlingHens

Whistling Hens was founded by Jennifer Piazza-Pick (soprano) and Natalie Groom (clarinet) with a vision to celebrate and advance the artistic accomplishments of women through an ensemble performing all female-composed music. Inspired by a quote from a male music critic who said of Lili Boulanger, "women composers are at best whistling hens," the Whistling Hens duo was hatched. Our group performs and commissions music by women composers from around the world. In the past year, Whistling Hens has commissioned four new pieces and premiered three works to expand the soprano/clarinet repertoire.

When we ask people, even classical musicians, how many female composers they can think of, it is rare anyone can name more than one or two. We seek to change this through our programming, outreach, and commissions. Our work invites listeners to reflect on the impact male privilege has had on traditional music programming, question the status quo of gender inequality in the classical music community, and engage with music by women of various backgrounds.

This residency is made possible by the Chamber Music America Residency Partnership Program grant. We want to thank CMA for allowing us to adapt to a virtual residency to accommodate COVID-19 closures and for being so generous in their support of us. We had planned to do this in person and get your feedback and pictures live, but that's no longer possible. We would like to ask you to send us your written feedback for us to share with CMA about your experience with the residency and what it meant to you to have this programming available during COVID-19 closures, even though it had to be converted to broadcasts only.

At the end of this program booklet you will find two event surveys to provide feedback on two programs of your choosing. Please fill these out and return to Natalie Groom's mailbox #2206, or you can email Natalie at collingtonAIR@gmail.com. We, and Chamber Music America, thank you for your feedback so they can continue funding classical ensembles across the country.

Please keep this program booklet until July 16th, as it contains all the materials we will present in this residency. Visit www.whistlinghens.com/cma to view the online program booklet.

PROGRAM #1 Music and Literature - Thursday July 2, 7:00 p.m.

What's at the intersection of music and literature? In this program Whistling Hens and the Women's History Committee collaborate to place music and literature in historical context. Hear American women express their ambitions, woes, and ideas through musical texts. Paired with these musical moments are dichotomous accompanying texts of contemporaneous literature about how women *should* act, what they *should* desire, and what they *should* be thinking about (or not thinking about). Some are sassy and some are serious, but it'll be clear that what was prescribed as "appropriate" for women in the early 20th century was not what women wanted. There are commissioned women composer coloring pages at the end of this

program for you to enjoy along with the musical selections from this residency. Collington
Participants: Jeannie Bessmer, Bonnie Cronin, Heather Hyuck, Marilu Sherer, Steve Woodbury,
and Pat Zelman.

Program

Cherise Leiter: American Folk Suite

Fair and Tender Ladies

Come all you fair and tender ladies,
Be careful how you court young men,
They're like a star in a summer's morning,
First appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell you some loving story,
They'll tell you some far-flung lie,
And then they'll go and they'll court another,
And for that one they'll pass you by.

If I'd a-known before I courted,
That love, it was such a killing crime,
I'd a locked my heart in a box of golden,
And tied it up in a silver line.

Whistle, Daughter, Whistle

"Oh Mother, I would marry and be a bride;
And I would have a young man, for ever by
my side;
For if I had a young man, O how happy I
would be;
For I'm young and merry and almost weary
of my virginity."

"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall
have a cow."

"I cannot whistle mother, I guess I don't
know how.
For if I had a young man, O how happy I
would be;
For I'm young and merry and almost weary
of my propriety."

"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall
have a sheep."

"I cannot whistle mother, I can only weep.
For if I had a young man, O how happy I
would be;

For I'm young and merry and almost weary
of my singularity."

"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall
have a man."

"(Whistle), I can whistle mother...."

"You impudent little daughter, and what
makes you whistle now?"

"I'd rather whistle for a man than for a sheep
or cow."

Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier

Oh I loved him so,
And only time can heal my woe.
Since the lad that I love
From me did go.
Here I sit on Butternut Hill,
Who can blame me cry my fill?
And ev'ry drop would turn a mill.
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

The Housewife's Lament/Single Girl

One day I was walking, I heard a complaining,
And saw an old woman the picture of gloom.
She gazed at the mud on her doorstep, 'twas
raining,
And this was her song as she wielded her
broom.

Oh, when I was single, I went dressed so fine,
Now I am married go ragged all the time.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.

There's too much of worriment goes into a
bonnet,
There's too much of ironing goes into a shirt.
There's nothing that pays for the time you
waste on it,
There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and
dirt.

There are worms in the cherries and slugs on
the roses,
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies,
And the rubbish of spiders no mortal
supposes
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

With grease and with grime from corner to
center,
Forever at war and forever alert.
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

Last night in my dreams I was stationed
forever,
On a far little rock in the midst of the sea.
My one chance of life was a ceaseless
endeavor
To sweep off the waves as they swept over
me.

Life is a toil and love is a trouble,
Beauty will fade and riches will flee,
Pleasures they dwindle and prices they
double,
And nothing is as I would wish it to be.

Jubilee

It's all out on the old railroad, it's all out on
the sea,
It's all out on the old railroad as far as eye
can see.

Swing and turn, Jubilee,
Live and learn, Jubilee!
Hardest work I ever done, workin' on the
farm,
Easiest work I ever done, swingin' my true
love's arm.

If I had a needle and thread as fine as I could
sew,
I'd sew my true love to my side and down
this creek I'd go.

Some will come on Saturday night and some
will come on Sunday,
If you give 'em half a chance, they'll be back
on Monday.

But I won't have no widder man, and neither
will my cousin,
You can get such stuff as that for fifteen
cents a dozen.

Coffee grows on a white oak tree, sugar runs
in brandy.
Girls are sweet as a lump of gold, boys are as
candy.

Jenni Brandon: Multitudinous Stars and Spring Waters

Spring Song - text by Meng Chu (3rd century)

In the sunny Spring of March and April,
When water and grass are the same color,
I met a young man dallying along the road,
I'm sorry I didn't meet him earlier.

In the sunny Spring of March and April,
When water and grass are the same color,
I reach up and pick the flowers from the
vines.
Their perfume is like my lover's breath.

Four, now five years, I have expected you.
During this long wait my love
Has turned into sorrow.
I wish we could go away, back to some lonely
place,
Where I could give my body
Completely to your embraces.

(In the sunny Spring of March and April,
When water and grass are the same color.)

From Multitudinous Stars and Spring Waters
- text by Ping Hsin (1900-1999)

Bright moon-
All grief, sorrow, loneliness completed-
Fields of silver light-
Who, on the other side of the brook
Blows a surging flute?

The orphan boat of my heart
Crosses the unsteady, undulant,
Ocean of Time.

Thinking of Someone - text by Hsiung Hung

For you I have stored up an ocean of
thought,
Quiet, transparent, bright.
Your arms encircle the city of sleep
Of my far off, beautiful dreams.

A lamp shines faintly through a crescent
window.
It is your name, changed to gold and silver
silk,
That has wrapped me and entangled me
With half a century.

An ocean of thoughts
All stored in that quiet city moat –
The most beautiful language,
Sounds like beautiful flower petals,
That fall and clothe my body with dream.

From Multitudinous Stars and Spring Waters
- text by Ping Hsin

These fragmented verses
Are only drops of spray
On the sea of knowledge.
Yet they are bright shining
Multitudinous stars, inlaid
On the skies of the heart.

Void only-
Take away your veil of stars
Let me worship
The splendor of your face.

Married Love - text by Kuan Tao-Sheng
(1262-1319)

You and I
Have so much love,
That it

Burns like a fire,
In which we bake a lump of clay
Molded into a figure of you
And a figure of me.
Then we take both of them,
And break them into pieces,
And mix the pieces with water,

And mold again a figure of you,
And a figure of me.
I am in your clay.
You are in my clay.
In life we share a single quilt.
In death we will share one coffin.

PROGRAM #2 Learning About Living Composers, Friday July 10, 7:00 p.m.

What's it like to compose music for a specific ensemble? How do composers even begin with a musical idea that transforms into an entire piece? What inspires the music? Find out this and more in this session featuring Whistling Hens and composers Ashi Day (Washington, DC) and Diana Rosenblum (Rochester, NY). Hear the composers introduce their works before Whistling Hens perform *Winter Rain* and *The Green Child*, and join us for an interview with the composers about their compositional process and the commissions written specifically for Whistling Hens.

Program

Interviews with composers Ashi Day and Diana Rosenblum
Performance of their pieces

Diana Rosenblum: Winter Rain

Text by Christina Rossetti

Every valley drinks,
Every dell and hollow:
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,
Green of Spring will follow.

Weave a bower of love
For birds to meet each other,
Weave a canopy above
Nest and egg and mother.

Yet a lapse of weeks
Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,
In the woods and hedges;

But for fattening rain
We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
But for soaking showers.

Ashi Day: The Green Child

Narrator: One upon a time, while wandering through a deep forest outside of her village, a little girl heard a strange noise. When she got closer, she saw another girl about her age, but her skin, hair, and eyes were as green and vibrant as the woods around her. The green child

did not speak, but she cried, and cried, and cried. After a moment, the village girl approached her, slowly put her arm around her, and tried to comfort her with an old lullaby.

Village Girl: Can you count the stars that brightly twinkle in the midnight sky?
Can you count the clouds so lightly o'er the meadow passing by?
Each star, each cloud, is marked in number by eyes that never slumber.
God hath made them ev'ryone.

Can you count the wings now flashing sunshine's golden light?
Can you count the fishes splashing in the cooling waters bright?
All seen, all known, a name is given to all creatures under heaven.
God hath named them ev'ry one.

Do you know how many children rise each morning small and new?
Can you count their varied voices singing dearly all day through?
God hears all the sep'rate voices, in each fractured song rejoices.
And God loves them ev'ry one.

Narrator: When the village girl's father came, he was frightened, for he had heard rumors of she-devils in these woods. He did not like to see the little green girl crying, but he said she-devils were best kept far from the village. But the green girl cried out when he tried to take his daughter away, and the village girl refused to leave without her.

Village Girl: Daddy, daddy we can't leave her here, a child in the woods alone. And we can't leave a child alone! We aren't so tight that we don't have room. What will become of her? And what could she be with shelter and safety and love? Can't we imagine?

Narrator: Now the father liked to follow the usual ways, for he felt the usual ways had served him well. But still, he was not unkind, and he relented. And so it was that the village girl led a green child out of the wilderness and into the shelter and safety of her home. As usually happens, the girls began to grow up, and they did this always together. The green girl began to understand the language of the village, though she only ever spoke her own tongue. The village girl learned to listen and understand much, as well. The village girl shielded her friend from the constant murmurs of "she-devil" that followed her, though the green girl never seemed to mind them. And the village girl carried no fear of loneliness or teasing, for she knew she had a true friend always. When the two were finished with their chores, they would run rampant in play—

The Play Song

Narrator: Or, they would cling to each other and stare into the sky, dreaming of all they might do, and all they could become.

Dream Song: How many miles to Babylon? Three score miles and ten.

Can I get there by candlelight? Yes, and back again.

If your horse be swift and your spurs be bright...

If your heels are noble and your toes are light,

You may get there by candlelight....

Narrator: The village girl's parents were not unkind. But still, they liked to follow the usual ways, for they felt the usual ways had served them well. They were of modest means, and they had a growing daughter who they wished to always have food and shelter, and as much respect as a girl from modest means might be able to claim. And besides, she was a hard worker. So, they decided they would send her away into domestic service, that army of invisible hands that held the mansions and castles of their country together. The village girl understood. And yet, she cried, and cried, and cried.

Village Girl: What will become of me? Will I live as a shadow? A prop in another's life? Subject to someone who thinks that's what I'm for? That this is success for me? Subject to someone who.... Are we so tight that we don't have room?

Narrator: The green girl watched her friend grow more and more distraught as the day approached for her to leave. On her last night at home, long after her parents had gone to bed, the village girl lay awake, shaking with tears. The green girl slowly put her arm around her. Then, she opened the door, and looked out into the vast night sky. Then she looked back at her friend, and gestured to the deep and wild woods. And so it was that a green child led a young maiden away from the village and toward an unknown freedom.

PROGRAM #3 Education Recital – Monday July 13, 7:00 p.m.

So far everything we've heard in this residency has been in the realm of "traditional" classical repertoire, but now in this Hodge Podge Educational Concert Extravaganza we dive in to interesting and fun techniques for voice and clarinet. Learn about fluttertonguing, airtone, multiphonics, vocal sounds, improvisation, scat singing, transcription, and more in this educational lecture recital.

Carrie Rose: Web Passage

No text.

Victoria Bond: Scat 2

No text.

Abbie Betinis: Nattsanger

Words, very small words
And whispered almost without breath for us
like broken straw
Words without light
Words small half-words.
Amidst all this greatness words here in trees,
So without light lie in rest for us.
Small words almost without form
To hide away on the back side of a hand out
'neath your earlobe.
Words, very small words like deer or grass.

Iris Szeghy: Meadow Song

Hrabala, hrabala, nič ňenahrabala,
Od veľkeho žal'u hrabl'e polamala.

(She raked, raked, raked nothing together,
She broke the rake out of great sorrow.)

Rebecca Clarke: Three Old English Songs

text by William Shakespeare

It Was a Lover and His Lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
*In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
*In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Then pretty lovers take the time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
*In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Phillis on the New Made Hay

Phillis on the new made hay,
Fair but lonely still she lay,
Wasting all the summer day
In melancholy sighing;
Till Amintor came that way
And bid her cease repining.

Told her he had loved her long,
Loved her well and loved too long;
Phillis feared he'd do her wrong
And feared to say she loved him;
Till he swore in word and song
She never need reprove him.

He had bought the wedding ring,
Many a bow and silken string,
Fit for queen or fit for king,
To show he truly loved her;
Thus did he declare and sing
Until at last he moved her.

The Tailor and His Mouse

A tailor had a little mouse
Hi diddle um come feed-al
They lived together in one house
Hi diddle um come feed-al

Chorus (after each verse)

Hi diddle um come tarum tirum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddle um come over the lea,
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The tailor thought his mouse was ill
Hi diddle um come feed-al
So he gave it half of one blue pill
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The tailor thought his mouse would die
Hi diddle um come feed-al
So he baked him in an apple pie
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The pie was cut, the mouse ran out
Hi diddle um come feed-al
The tailor chased him all about
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The tailor thought his mouse was dead
Hi diddle um come feed-al
So he got another in its stead
Hi diddle um come feed-al

Cherise Leiter: Eve's Diary

From Mark Twain's *Eve's Diary: Saturday*

I feel like an experiment. I feel exactly like an experiment.
It would be impossible for a person to feel more like an experiment than I do.
And so I am coming to be convinced that that is what I am, an experiment;
Just an experiment and nothing more. Then if I am an experiment, am I the whole of it?
No, I think not. I think the rest of it is part of it.
I am the main part of it, but I think the rest of it has its share.
Is my position assured or do I have to watch it and take care of it?
Some instinct tells me that: eternal vigilance is the price of supremacy.
That is a good phrase I think for one so young.

I am almost a whole day old now. I arrived yesterday as it seems to me.
And it must be so for if there was a day before yesterday, I was not there when it happened.
It could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not noticing.
Very well, I will be watchful now, and if any day before yesterdays happen, I will make note.
Some instinct tells me that these details are going to be important to the historian some day.
Ev'rything looks better today than yesterday.
In the rush of finishing up, the mountains were left in a ragged condition,
And some of the plains were cluttered with rubbish.
Noble and beautiful works of art should not be subjected to haste.
And this majestic new world is indeed a most noble and beautiful work.

I followed the other experiment around yesterday at a distance
to see what it might be for, if I could. I think it is a man!
I had never seen a man, but it looked like one.
I feel sure that that is what it is.
I feel more curiosity about it than any of the other reptiles.
If it is a reptile, and I suppose it is; for it has frowsy hair and blue eyes and looks like a reptile.
So I think it is a reptile, though it may be architecture.
I was afraid of it at first, and started to run ev'ry time it turned around,
But by and by I found it was only trying to get away,
So after that I tracked it along several hours which made it nervous and unhappy.
At last it was a good deal worried and climbed a tree.
I waited a good while, then gave it up and went home.
Today the same thing over. I've got it up a tree again.

PROGRAM #4 Music and Momentos, Wednesday July 15, 7:00 p.m.

Objects, things, and stuff - they have meaning to us. They hold memories, nostalgia, and associations. In this program, we pair music about "things" and "stuff" with Collingtonians' own momentos honoring women and suffrage songs compiled by Steve Woodbury. Hear music by Gwyneth Walker, Joelle Wallach, and Beth Wiemann; hear stories by Margaret Bagley, Jeannie Bessmer, Natalie Groom, Heather Hyuck, Maja Keech, Marilu Sherer, and Ruth Schrock. Join us in a sing-along-from-home with tunes from Steve's *A Suffrage Songster for Group Singing*.

Program

Gwyneth Walker: Things

Text by Liesl Mueller

What happened is, we grew lonely
living among the things,
so we gave the clock a face,
the chair a back,
the table four stout legs
which will never suffer fatigue.

We fitted our shoes with tongues
as smooth as our own
and hung tongues inside bells
so we could listen

to their emotional language,
and because we loved graceful profiles
the pitcher received a lip,
the bottle a long, slender neck.

Even what was beyond us
was recast in our image;
we gave the country a heart,
the storm an eye,
the cave a mouth
so we could pass into safety.

Joelle Wallach: Obligato Songs

Don't Write to Me

Don't write to me if you are married or over fifty;

Don't write to me if you equate sophistication with the city, learning with degrees, success with acquisitions.

Don't write to me if you are the sort who would exile smokers, if you can't stand cat hair, are weary of wrinkles, wary of time.

Or otherwise think perfection is due you,

don't write to me.

But if in the night you ache for a real, whole woman,

Write to me.

Beth Wiemann: A Fixture

Women women women women
in a department store
with hats on (hats in it)
and shoes on (shoes in it)
dresses coats gloves on (and in
all the departments)

In the lobby (in a niche)
between two glass revolving doors
sluff sluff sluff sluff
(rubber bottoms of whirling doors)
flick flick click click

(women in women out) sits a nun

A garter snake of black
beads (wooden?) catching light
crawling (clicking) crawling
(clicking) up her draped

fixed short carved
black knees (thighs)

Her white hat (hood) a head cover
her shoes short black
flat (foot covers)
her dress a black curtain (cape)
over a longer curtain shape
she is the best dressed

From *The Suffrage Songster*
compiled by Steve Woodbury

Dare You Do It

tune: *Battle Hymn of the Republic*
words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

There's a wave of indignation
Rolling 'round and 'round the land,
And its meaning is so mighty
And its mission is so grand,
That none but knaves and cowards
Dare deny its just demand,
As we go marching on.

Refrain

Men and brothers, dare you do it?
Men and brothers, dare you do it?
Men and brothers, dare you do it?
As we go marching on?

Ye men who wrong your mothers,
And your wives and sisters, too,
How dare you rob companions
Who are always brave and true?
How dare you make them servants
Who are all the world to you,
As they go marching on? Refrain

Whence came your foolish notion
Now so greatly overgrown,
That a woman's sober judgment
Is not equal to your own?
Has God ordained that suffrage
Is a gift to you alone,
While life goes marching on? Refrain

The New America

tune: *America the Beautiful*

words: Elizabeth Boynton Harbert;

Composed for the convention of the National

Women's Suffrage Association

January 1883; S-1884-1(I)

Our country now from thee,
Claim we our liberty,
In freedom's name.
Guarding home's alter fires,
Daughters of patriot sires,
Their zeal our own inspires
Justice to claim.

Women in every age,
For this great heritage,
Tribute have paid —
Our birth-right claim we now —
Longer refuse to bow;
On freedom's alter now
Our hand is laid.

Grateful for freedom won —
To work so well begun,
Patriots by thee!
Ended shall never be,
Until from sea to sea,
Chorused the song shall be,
Women are free.

Keep Woman in Her Sphere

tune: Auld Lang Syne; by Gen D. Estabrook
(1882) S-1882-1(I); S-1884-1(D); S-1892-2(H)

I have a neighbor, one of those
Not very hard to find,
Who know it all without debate
And never change their mind.
I asked him, 'What of woman's rights?'
He said in tones severe —
"My mind on that is all made up,
Keep woman in her sphere."

I saw a man in tattered garb
Forth from the grog-shop come.
He squandered all his cash for drink
And starved his wife at home.
I asked him, "Should not woman vote?"
He answered with a sneer —
"I've taught my wife to know her place,
Keep woman in her sphere."

I met an earnest, thoughtful man
Not many days ago,
Who pondered deep all human law
The honest truth to know.
I asked him, "What of woman's cause?"
The answer came sincere —
"Her rights are just the same as mine,
Let woman choose her sphere."

Yankee Doodle Revised

tune: Yankee Doodle; words: Louise V. Boyd,
1882; S-1882-1(N)

Nebraska now shall have a song,
And surely any noodle,
Might guess the air most dear to her,
Would still be Yankee Doodle.

Refrain

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Our brothers must not flout us;
Mind the music, keep the step,
They will not vote without us.

Our Uncle Sam had saved himself
A wondrous lot of bother,
If he his good things still had shared
With Yankee Doodle's mother. Refrain

And strange it seems a hundred years,
To trace his way and find him
Just now awakening to see
His half was left behind him. Refrain

But looking round and taking thought,
He frankly owns he's missed her,
And says, by Yankee Doodle's side,
He'll make room for his sister. Refrain

Yankee Doodle's wife and girls
Shall have his full protection,
Shall share his cares and holidays,
And vote at his election. Refrain

Perfect Thirty-Six

Tune: Maryland, My Maryland; (words not
credited; campaign song book for
Harding/Coolidge) 1920; S-1920-4(C)

Another state has won the day,
Thirty six, oh, thirty-six,
Amendment Nineteen then will stay,
Thirty-six, oh, thirty-six;
This Leap Year is the woman's choice
In politics we'll have a voice,
With G.O.P. we shall rejoice,
With our perfect thirty-six.

REBECCA CLARKE

POPULAR WORKS

Viola Sonata (1919)

Piano Trio (1921)

Three Irish Country
Songs (1926)

Prelude, Allegro, and
Pastorale (1941)



1886 - 1979

20TH CENTURY

JENNI BRANDON



POPULAR WORKS

Double Helix for
Bassoon and Piano

The Sequoia Trio for
Oboe, Clarinet, and
Bassoon

Five Frogs for
Woodwind Quintet

3 PADEREWSKIS: An
Opera in One Act

Double Concerto for
Oboe and Bassoon with
Wind Symphony

B. 1977

Jenni has a love for the outdoors and this has played an important role in inspiring her music compositions. She often conducts her own music and in her spare time, she's also a certified yoga instructor.

DynamicDoodleShop2020

Dear Collingtonians,

Thank you for tuning in to the Whistling Hens virtual residency! This residency is sponsored by the Chamber Music America Residency Partnership grant. We would love to hear your feedback since we aren't able to do the residency in person. Your response is anonymous. Please return to Natalie Groom, mailbox #2206. An online survey link is also available (contact CollingtonAIR@gmail.com).

Which event are you providing feedback for? Please check a box.

- Music and Literature
- Learning About Living Composers
- Lecture Recital
- Music and Momentos

Overall, how would you rate this event? Please check a box.

Excellent	Very Good	Good	Fair	Poor

How was your experience? Please indicate if you agree or disagree with these statements.

	Strongly Agree	Agree	Neutral	Disagree	Strongly Disagree
I felt moved or inspired					
I felt engaged in the experience					
I was exposed to new points of view or ways of thinking about things					
It made me want to know more about what I was seeing					
I learned something					
This made my day better					
The event was adapted to a virtual format in a way I enjoyed					

How satisfied were you with these elements of the event?

	Very Satisfied	Satisfied	Neutral	Dissatisfied	Extremely Dissatisfied
Performance quality					
Event theme/program					
Event time of day					
Event length					

Please use this area to write any thoughts or feedback you'd like to share with us.

Dear Collingtonians,

Thank you for tuning in to the Whistling Hens virtual residency! This residency is sponsored by the Chamber Music America Residency Partnership grant. We would love to hear your feedback since we aren't able to do the residency in person. Your response is anonymous. Please return to Natalie Groom, mailbox #2206. An online survey link is also available (contact CollingtonAIR@gmail.com).

Which event are you providing feedback for? Please check a box.

- Music and Literature
 Learning About Living Composers
 Lecture Recital
 Music and Momentos

Overall, how would you rate this event? Please check a box.

Excellent	Very Good	Good	Fair	Poor

How was your experience? Please indicate if you agree or disagree with these statements.

	Strongly Agree	Agree	Neutral	Disagree	Strongly Disagree
I felt moved or inspired					
I felt engaged in the experience					
I was exposed to new points of view or ways of thinking about things					
It made me want to know more about what I was seeing					
I learned something					
This made my day better					
The event was adapted to a virtual format in a way I enjoyed					

How satisfied were you with these elements of the event?

	Very Satisfied	Satisfied	Neutral	Dissatisfied	Extremely Dissatisfied
Performance quality					
Event theme/program					
Event time of day					
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Please use this area to write any thoughts or feedback you'd like to share with us.

