

# Music of Resistance

**A tribute to Mikis Theodorakis**

**Sunday, January 28, 2024 // 4pm**

**St. Mary Magdalen Church**

*Berkeley, California*

**Greek Chamber Music Project**

*Ellie Falaris Ganelin, Director*

**Berkeley Community Chamber Singers**

*Costas Dafnis, BCCS Music Director*

**Melinda Martinez Becker**

*mezzo soprano*



Supported by



*Wattis*

# Program

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## **The Ballad of Mauthausen**

- I. Song of Songs
- II. Andonis
- III. The Fugitive
- IV. When the War Ends

Music by Mikis Theodorakis  
Libretto by Iakovos Kambanellis  
Arranged by Costas Dafnis

## **Chariot of Dragons**

*World Premiere*

*Commissioned by the Greek Chamber Music Project*

- I. The Lotos Eaters
- II. Doom Assessment
- III. The Ophanim
- IV. No Retreat

Music by Costas Dafnis  
Libretto by Terry Taplin

## INTERMISSION

## **Omorfi Polis**

### **Feggari Magia Mou 'Kanes**

*Ellie Falaris Ganelin, flute*

*Mary-Victoria Voutsas, voice & piano*

Songs by Mikis Theodorakis  
"Feggari" Arranged by Michael Malis

## **Canto General**

*Selections*

- I. Algunas Bestias
- II. Voy a Vivir
- X. Vegetaciones

Music by Mikis Theodorakis  
Libretto by Pablo Neruda  
Arranged by Costas Dafnis

*This program is supported in part by a Civic Arts Grant from the City of Berkeley and from the Wattis Foundation.*

# Arists

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## GREEK CHAMBER MUSIC PROJECT

Ellie Falaris Ganelin *director & flute*

Costas Dafnis *music director, composer & arranger*

Melinda Martinez Becker *mezzo soprano*

Mike Smith *guitar*

Byron Hogan *cello*

Mary-Victoria Voutsas *piano*

Sage Baggott *percussion*

## BERKELEY COMMUNITY CHAMBER SINGERS

### Soprano

Katie Lynn Baker

Lin Clymer

Madeleine Gordon

Christine Izaret

Alice McCain

Janelle Noble

Melody Noll

Susan Wakerlin

### Alto

Catherine Atcheson

Deborah Lloyd

Janet Lord

Janice Murota

Lisa Nelbach

Ellen Rosenfield

### Tenor

Joan King-Angell

Ignacio Dayrit

Eloise Fox

Janet Hack

Paloma Pavel

### Bass

Stan Dewey

Kevin Mann

George Martin

Jarred Miyamoto-Mills

Richard Page

Howard Rosenberg

Brian Shillinglaw

# Lyrics

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## The Ballad of Mauthausen

*Poetry by Iakovos Kambanellis, Translation by Gail Holst-Warhaft*

### I. Άσμα Ασμάτων

Τι ωραία που είν' η αγάπη μου  
με το καθημερινό της φόρεμα  
κι ένα χτενάκι στα μαλλιά.  
Κανείς δεν ήξερε πως είναι τόσο ωραία.

Κοπέλες του Άουσβιτς,  
του Νταχάου κοπέλες,  
μην είδατε την αγάπη μου;

Την είδαμε σε μακρινό ταξίδι  
δεν είχε πιά το φόρεμά της  
ούτε χτενάκι στα μαλλιά.

Τι ωραία που είν' η αγάπη μου  
η χαϊδεμένη από τη μάνα της  
και τ' αδελφού της τα φιλιιά.  
Κανείς δεν ήξερε πως είναι τόσο ωραία.

Κοπέλες του Μαουτχάουζεν  
κοπέλες του Μπέλσεν  
μην είδατε την αγάπη μου;

Την είδαμε στην παγερή πλατεία  
μ' ένα αριθμό στο άσπρο της το χέρι,

### I. Song of Songs

How lovely is my love  
in her everyday dress  
with a little comb in her hair.  
No-one knew how lovely she was.

Girls of Auschwitz,  
girls of Dachau,  
did you see my love?

We saw her on a long journey;  
she wasn't wearing her everyday dress  
or the little comb in her hair.

How lovely is my love  
caressed by her mother,  
and her brother's kisses.  
Nobody knew how lovely she was.

Girls of Mauthausen  
girls of Belsen  
did you see my love?

We saw her in the frozen square  
with a number on her white hand

με κίτρινο άστρο στην καρδιά.

Τι ωραία που είν' η αγάπη μου,  
η χαϊδεμένη από τη μάνα της  
και τ' αδελφού της τα φιλιά.  
Κανείς δεν ήξερε πως είναι τόσο ωραία.

## II. Ο Αντώνης

Εκεί στη σκάλα την πλατιά  
στη σκάλα των δακρύων  
στο Βίνερ Γκράμπεν το βαθύ  
το λατομείο των θρήνων

Εβραίοι κι αντάρτες περπατούν  
Εβραίοι κι αντάρτες πέφτουν,  
βράχο στη ράχη κουβαλούν  
βράχο σταυρό θανάτου.

Εκεί ο Αντώνης τη φωνή  
φωνή, φωνή ακούει  
ω καμαράντ, ω καμαράντ  
βόηθα ν' ανέβω τη σκάλα.

Μα κει στη σκάλα την πλατιά  
και των δακρύων τη σκάλα  
τέτοια βοήθεια είναι βρισιά  
τέτοια σπλαχνιά είν' κατάρρα.

Ο Εβραίος πέφτει στο σκαλί  
και κοκκινίζει η σκάλα

with a yellow star on her heart.

How lovely is my love  
caressed by her mother,  
and her brother's kisses.  
Nobody knew how lovely she was.

## II. Andonis

There, on the wide staircase,  
the staircase of tears,  
in the deep Wiener Graben  
in the quarry of lament,

Jews and partisans walk,  
Jews and partisans fall.  
They carry a rock on their backs,  
rock, the cross of death.

There Andonis hears  
a voice, a voice  
"Oh Comrade, Comrade  
help me climb the stairs!"

But there on the wide stairway  
the stairway of tears  
such help is a swearword  
such kindness, a curse.

The Jew falls on the step  
and the stairway turns red.

## Lyrics (cont.)

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κι εσύ λεβέντη μου έλα εδω  
βράχο διπλό κουβάλα.

Παίρνω διπλό, παίρνω τριπλό  
μένα με λένε Αντώνη  
κι αν είσαι άντρας, έλα εδω  
στο μαρμαρένιο αλώνι.

*\* In the Greek folk tradition, the threshing floor is the place where the hero wrestles with Death, personified as Charos.*

### III. Ο Δραπέτης

Ο Γιάννος Μπερ απ' το βοριά  
το σύρμα δεν αντέχει.  
Κάνει καρδιά, κάνει φτερά,  
μες στα χωριά του κάμπου τρέχει.

Δώσε, κυρά, λίγο ψωμί  
και ρούχα για ν' αλλάξω  
Δρόμο να κάνω έχω μακρύ  
πάν' από λίμνες να πετάξω.

Όπου διαβεί κι όπου σταθεί  
φόβος και τρόμος πέφτει.  
και μια φωνή, φριχτή φωνή  
κρυφτείτε απ' το δραπέτη.

Φονιάς δεν είμαι, χριστιανοί,  
θεριό για να σας φάω.

"And you, my fine fellow, come here,  
carry a rock twice as big."

"I'll take a double, a triple,  
me, they call me Andonis  
and if you're a man, come here  
to the marble threshing floor." \*

### III. The Fugitive

Janos Ber from the North  
can't stand the barbed wire.  
He takes heart, takes wing  
runs through the villages of the valley.

Ma'am, give me a piece of bread  
and clothes to change into —  
I have a long way to go  
and lakes to fly across.

Wherever he goes or stops  
fear and terror strike  
and a cry, a terrible cry:  
Hide from the fugitive!

Christians, I'm no murderer,  
no beast come to eat you.

Έφυγα από τη φυλακή  
στο σπίτι μου να πάω.

I left the prison  
to go back to my home.

Α, τι θανάσιμη ερημιά  
στου Μπέρτολτ Μπρεχτ τη χώρα.  
Δίνουν το Γιάννο στους Ες Ες,  
για σκότωμα τον πάνε τώρα.

Ah, what deathly loneliness  
in this land of Bertolt Brecht!  
They hand Janos over to the S.S.  
They're taking him, now, to be killed.

**IV. Άμα τελειώσει ο πόλεμος**  
Κορίτσι με τα φοβισμένα μάτια,  
κορίτσι με τα παγωμένα χέρια,  
άμα τελειώσει ο πόλεμος μη με ξεχάσεις.

**IV. When the War Ends**  
Girl with the frightened eyes,  
girl with the frozen hands,  
don't forget me when the war ends.

Χαρά του κόσμου, έλα στην πύλη  
ν' αγκαλιαστούμε μες στο δρόμο  
να φιληθούμε στην πλατεία.

Joy of the world, come to the gate  
so we can embrace in the street,  
so we can kiss in the square.

Στο λατομείο ν' αγαπηθούμε  
στις κάμαρες των αερίων  
στη σκάλα, στα πολυβολεία.

So we can make love in the stone quarry  
in the gas chambers, on the stairs  
in the gun towers.

Έρωτα μες στο μεσημέρι  
σ' όλα τα μέρη του θανάτου  
ώσπου ν' αφανιστεί η σκιά του.

Make love at noon  
in all the places of death  
until its shadow disappears.

Κορίτσι με τα φοβισμένα μάτια,  
κορίτσι με τα παγωμένα χέρια,  
άμα τελειώσει ο πόλεμος μη με ξεχάσεις.

Girl with the frightened eyes,  
girl with the frozen hands,  
don't forget me when the war ends.

# Lyrics (cont.)

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## Chariot of Dragons

*Poetry by Terry Taplin*

### I. The Lotos Eaters

*Original poem title: Shepherds of the Blighted Hills*

And a wind out of the north came. Nine  
Nights clung to prow and shattered mast,  
the broken ore salt-crusted in foam amid  
Wave-crest. Then wide dunes and desolate.  
When night peeled back, we saw him  
Descend the mountain, fumes of hellebore  
burning in his mouth under a sundering Ouranos.  
We twisted our spines averting our eyes,  
in pity, in shame to see the great arms  
spoiled, hands that subdued the Lion  
and lay waste the boar of Caledon inverted:.  
Mind driven out of itself -- crisis before crisis.  
Stigma and worse blooming the bogs of mania.  
Ruptured, the chord wounded our ear,  
sanguinous cacophony. Blood murmured  
images into our brains, warped threads unhooked  
In mental sanitation, where even the maelstrom  
is calmed to pass underneath alabaster gates  
You seem nice enough, Polynikes, but you bite  
the head of the lotos-and strum allday on your hill



## II. Doom Assessment

Headlong into the eyes of malice  
On all sides fell the stretch of wing  
Barbed mouth opening gates of iron  
Laid us bare before the severance  
On all side spread the 'spanse of wing  
The image splintered against time  
Waylaid and bare before the severance  
The wired synapse, a tattered lace

The image splintered against time  
On all four winds, the 12 names of *μανία*  
The wired synapse, a tattered lace  
Crawling the blades of the oars

On all four winds, the 12 names of *μανία*  
Headlong into eyes of malice  
My tongue had split the air,  
to left and right the burning sheaves

Headlong into eyes of malice  
Blunted cinders of veracity  
left and right the burning sheaves  
Nor could any but you stand against it

# Lyrics (cont.)

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## III. The Ophanim, *the Illegitimate Metastasis*

The turrets failed to down the second eye  
Below the ground, what intel could not trace.  
Unimpeded, the opps make a mockery of our net.  
Who grants, who draws the wooden horse? What hook  
Pulls toward the citadel, ruin wrought by data  
by breach, sequence fleeing the membrane of the cell.

We assume all tactical functions into the cadre of our cell.  
Over the abyss we scry, presiding from thrones of optics.  
Creature of sentiment analysis, we conjure, we command yr data.  
Names of whose blood upon the altar thrice writ in therapeutic Trace  
of Li (3) the object carcass suspended digitally and hoked  
On nodes to hang snagged midst fibers ill knit within the neural net

Bounds of privacy extend no further than the net  
Gain of security. Kind domesticity: a sealed cell.  
At end, even the wanderer's hat resists its own hook.  
Widening or shuttered, slumber and sight meted through one lens.  
Not even a merciful catharsis, the supplicant's redemption could trace,  
Let alone those which we have we've already given.

Eyes sweeping the plain for residual data cast a net  
To Trace me and the other spirits, burning hooks of our neurons

#### **IV. No Retreat** *from the Urban Environment*

I'd begun to think my suffering was not mystical  
Unless there be something mundane among the cosmos

Lay your hand on black stone  
Look to the thundering west

Though I no longer recall the sea chant  
Cannot unbind the course of the wind

And we alighted at the base of the hill,  
The corridor like a bolt through the city

By *lex*, or by *lux*, or by luxury carving  
polity from the shell of *Νέμεσις*

Where to bury the dragons teeth? The banks  
where expelled the tyrants bones?

Where there is no traffic, there is remuneration  
Where there is not traffic, the redress of harm

There is air opening out over fog  
foam, and heavy spray out on the foam hiss

Let the initiate gaze upon the state fetish  
Let them drink of the ruin of nations

Fountains of pearl where the rock of my house had been  
Ringed within rings of thornéd brake, underhanding the canopy wreath

# Lyrics (cont.)

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## Canto General

*Poetry by Pablo Neruda*

### I. Algunas Bestias

Era el crepúsculo de la iguana.

Desde la arcoirisada crestería  
su lengua como un dardo  
se hundía en la verdura,  
el hormiguero monocal pisaba  
con melodioso pie la selva,  
el guanaco fino como el oxígeno  
en las anchas alturas pardas  
iba calzando botas de oro,  
mientras la llama abría cándidos  
ojos en la delicadeza

del mundo lleno de rocío.

Los monos trenzaban un hilo  
interminablemente erótico  
en las riberas de la aurora,  
derribando muros de polen  
y espartando el vuelo violeta  
de las mariposas de Muzo.  
Era la noche de los caimanes,

### Some Beasts

It was the dusk of the iguana.

From the rainbowed peaks  
his tongue like a spear  
buried itself in the foliage,  
the monklike column of ants  
stode the forest on melodic feet,  
the guanaco, light as oxygen,  
pranced on the endless heights  
in shoes of gold,  
while the llama opened  
innocent eyes to the radiance

of a world covered with dew.

The monkeys wove a thread  
endlessly erotic  
on the shores of dawn,  
they shook down walls of pollen  
and startled a purple flight  
of Muzo butterflies.  
It was the night of the caimans,

la noche pura y pululante  
de hocios saliendo del légamo,  
y de las ciénagas soñolientas  
un ruido opaco de armaduras

volvía al origen terrestre.

El jaguar tocaba las hojas  
con su ausencia fosforescente,  
el puma corre en el ramaje  
como el fuego devorador  
mientras arden en él los ojos  
alcohólicos de la selva.

Los tejónes rascan los pies  
del río, husmean el nido  
cuya delicia palpitante

atacarán con dientes rojos.

Y en el fondo del agua magna,  
como el círculo de la tierra,  
está la gigante anaconda  
cubierta de barro rituales,

devoradora y religiosa.

pure and teeming night  
of shouts emerging from bogs,  
and from the sleepy marshes  
a dim clang of scaly armor

returned to its earthly origin.

The jaguar touched the leaves  
with his phosphorescent absence,  
the puma ran in the branches  
like devouring fire,  
while in him burned  
the amber eyes of the jungle.

The badgers claw the feet  
of the river, they have sensed the nest  
the trembling delicacies of which

they will attack with red teeth.

And in the depths of great waters,  
like the circle of the earth,  
the giant anaconda rests  
covered with ritual clay,

voracious and religious.

# Lyrics (cont.)

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## II. Voy A Vivir

Yo no voy a morirme. Salgo ahora  
en este día lleno de volcanes  
hacia la multitud, hacia la vida.  
Aquí dejo arregladas estas cosas  
hoy que los pistoleros se pasean  
con la «cultura occidental» en brazos,  
con las manos que matan en España  
y las horcas que oscilan en Atenas  
y la deshonra que gobierna a Chile  
y paro de contar.

Aquí me quedo  
con palabras y pueblos y caminos  
que me esperan de nuevo, y que golpean  
  
con manos consteladas en mi puerta.

## X. Vegetaciones

A las tierras sin nombres y sin números  
bajaba el viento desde otros dominios,  
traía la lluvia hilos celestes,  
y el dios de los altares impregnados  
  
devolvía las flores y las vidas.

## I Am Going To Live

I shall not die. I go out,  
in this day full of volcanoes,  
to the multitudes, to life,  
I leave these things in order behind me  
today when the gunmen roam  
with "western culture" in their arms,  
with the hands that kill in Spain  
and the gallows that sway in Athens  
and the dishonor that reigns in Chile  
and I fall silent.

Here I stay  
with words and people and roads  
that expect new things of me, and that knock  
  
with starry hands at my door.

## Vegetation

To lands without names, without numbers,  
the wind descended from other dominions,  
the rain pulled down heavenly filaments  
and the god of the anointed altars  
  
granted flowers and life.

En la fertilidad crecía el tiempo.

El jacarandá elevaba espuma  
hecha de resplandores transmarinos,  
la araucaria de lanzas erizadas  
era la magnitud contra la nieve,  
el primordial árbol caoba  
desde su copa destilaba sangre,  
y al Sur de los alerces,  
el árbol trueno, el árbol rojo,  
el árbol de la espina, el árbol madre,  
el ceibo bermellón, el árbol caucho,  
eran volumen terrenal, sonido,  
eran territoriales existencias.

Un nuevo aroma propagado  
llenaba, por sus intersticios  
de la tierra, las respiraciones  
convertidas en humo y fragancia:  
el tabaco silvestre alzaba

su rosal de aire imaginario...

In his luxuriance time grew.

The jacaranda raised up a froth  
of reflected splendor from across the seas,  
the bristling lances of the araucanian fir  
were magnificence against the snow,  
the primeval mahogany  
distilled blood from its crown,  
and in the South of the larches,  
the thunder tree, the red tree,  
the thorn tree, the mother tree,  
the vermilion ceibo, the rubber tree,  
was the sound and shape of the earth,  
the spirit of the land.

A new aroma spread,  
filled the interstices  
of the earth, breath  
transformed to smoke and fragrance:  
the wild tobacco raised

its imaginary rose of air...

# About Mikis Theodorakis

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Mikis Theodorakis (1925-2021) is arguably the most famous Greek figure in modern history. Internationally famous for his film scores, he also composed a great deal of concert music, including symphonies, operas, ballets, oratorios such as *To Axion Esti*, as well as more than 1,000 songs and song cycles that are part of cultural fabric of the Greek musical canon. During Greece's Nazi occupation and subsequent civil war, Theodorakis fought in the resistance movement and was repeatedly imprisoned, tortured and exiled for his involvement. He managed to study composition at the Athens Conservatoire during this period, followed by a promising contemporary classical career in Paris. He studied with Olivier Messiaen at the Paris Conservatoire, winning top composition competitions, and gaining the admiration of Dmitri Shostakovich.



Theodorakis eventually returned to his Hellenic roots, as the sounds of Greece became the heartbeat of his music. He believed in breaking down the barriers of class and education by creating a music for all people. He combined elements of Byzantine chant and the *rembetiko* tradition — the music of the urban underworld, which draws parallels to the American blues. Like many of his artist colleagues and intellectuals, he was a member of the Communist Party and served as a member of Parliament. He was arrested during Greece's 1967 military coup and his music was banned. He was only released in 1970 under international pressure, after which he traveled the world giving concerts and denouncing the junta. When the junta toppled in 1974, he returned to Greece a national hero. He continued to compose a vast body of work throughout much of life while remaining active in politics, both serving in Parliament and as a government minister. Mikis Theodorakis died in 2021 at the age of 96.



# Behind the Music

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**The Ballad of Mauthausen** is a song cycle based on four poems by Greek playwright and author Iakovos Kambanellis. In 1965, he published a memoir, *Mauthausen*, about his time in the eponymous concentration camp during WWII. To promote the release of the book, he wrote four poems based on the memoir, which were set to music by his friend Mikis. The haunting lyrics capture the love story between the gentile Kambanellis and a Lithuanian-Jewish woman at the camp. Under Theodorakis's baton, it was famously performed in Greek, Hebrew and German for tens of thousands at the Mauthausen concentration camp in 1988.

**Canto General** is Theodorakis' epic oratorio set to the poetry of Nobel Laureate Pablo Neruda. This collection of poems, considered Neruda's masterpiece, reflects the history of Latin America and is synonymous with struggle, freedom, and hope. Neruda was in exile for political reasons when he penned this work in 1950. Theodorakis was, himself, exiled in Paris when he met Neruda (then Chile's ambassador to France) in 1972, where they discussed setting select poems to music. The project was delayed due to the bloody military coup in Chile the following year, as well as the death of Neruda. Theodorakis persevered, completing and recording four movements in 1974, and it became Chile's unofficial anthem of the resistance. Theodorakis composed an additional nine movements over the course of the next decade, all the while performing and recording the oratorio around the world. For **Music of Resistance**, three movements are on the program: *Algunas Bestias*, *Voy a Vivir* and *Vegetaciones*, which Music Director Costas Dafnis arranged especially for this ensemble.

This concert features the world premiere of **Chariot of Dragons**, which the Greek Chamber Music Project commissioned to honor Theodorakis's legacy with a work that's relevant to the current time and place. It consists of four movements with music by Dafnis and poetry by Terry Taplin. Like Theodorakis and Neruda before him, Taplin exists at the intersection of art and politics. His texts for *Chariot of Dragons* use mythical imagery to address very modern topics, including mental health, harsh urban landscapes, and our surveillance society.

— Ellie Falaris Ganelin, GCMP Director

## About the Artists

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**Ellie Falaris Ganelin** is the director of the Greek Chamber Music Project, which she founded in 2011. She is a classically trained flutist who welcomes other traditions into the fold, including jazz, Latin, Balkan and klezmer music. She is active as a performer of chamber and orchestral music in the San Francisco Bay Area. She is committed to making classical music inviting and accessible for all as an ambassador and performer for the Awesöme Orchestra Collective.

Born and raised in the United States, Ellie is Greek and Croatian-American, whose father hails from Thessaloniki, Greece. She's a proficient speaker and lifelong learner of Modern Greek. Her work with GCMP has been a wonderful opportunity to celebrate and deepen her Hellenic heritage. Ellie received her B.A. in Music from the University of Maryland, where she also holds a B.A. in Journalism and a Minor in French. For many years, Ellie had a dual career in nonprofit communications, while simultaneously presenting GCMP concerts.

The **Berkeley Community Chamber Singers (BCCS)** is an a cappella group that serves as the outreach arm for the Berkeley Community Chorus & Orchestra. Currently at 25 voices strong, BCCS sings a varied repertoire that ranges from madrigal and international music to traditional and pop Americana. The choir performs at such venues as senior residences, hospitals, shelters, street fairs, and other community events.

BCCS is led by Music Director **Costas Dafnis**, a multiple award-winning composer and sound artist. Costas writes music for orchestral concerts, theatrical productions, dance, and interactive games. He teaches technology and composition at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and has lectured in film at the San Francisco Art Institute.

Mezzo soprano **Melinda Martinez Becker** is a multi-faceted performer singing a diverse repertoire of baroque, contemporary classical, and experimental works. Her New Mexican and Jewish heritage shapes her career as a performer of art song in Spanish, Ladino, Yiddish and a variety of other languages.

As a soloist and chamber musician, she is recognized for her interpretations of various styles of music: "Throughout the program, mezzo-soprano Becker effortlessly switched tracks, from light Baroque singing to all the various demands of the new works" (San Francisco Classical Voice). In addition to performing throughout the Bay Area, she has performed in Spain, Portugal, Egypt, Austria, and France.

Melinda's collaborations with emerging new music composers and ensembles include projects with Nicolas Benavides, Brian Baumbusch and the Lightbulb Ensemble, Emily Koh, Mahsa Vahdat, George Hurd, Friction Quartet, Helia Music Collective, Musical Art Quintet, and as a soloist with the Classical Revolution and Ukiah Symphony Orchestras.

She is dedicated to performing, championing, and the education of music by underrepresented groups. Melinda earned her Masters of Music in Vocal Performance at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music studying with Catherine Cook. Through Project Canción Española at the Escuela Superior de Canto in Madrid, and Música en Compostela in Santiago de Compostela, Spain, she studied Spanish chamber music and art song, as well as pursued post-graduate studies at the Conservatoire de Strasbourg in France. Melinda is on music faculty at Dominican University of California.

Poet **Terry Taplin** is a mobility and social justice activist whose work exists at the intersection of poetry and politics. He is the city councilmember representing Southwest Berkeley's traditionally marginalized community of District 2. Born and raised in Berkeley, he holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Saint Mary's College of California and a BA in Classical Languages.

# About the Greek Chamber Music Project

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The **Greek Chamber Music Project (GCMP)** is an ensemble that celebrates the Hellenic world through captivating programming in intimate concert settings. Recent programs have included **Celebrating the Jews of Greece**, deeply personal songs about *The Iliad* in **Conversations with Homer**, the commissioning of **Talos Dreams** inspired by the myth of the first robot, and **Uproot**, capturing the refugee experience through song.

GCMP is a champion of Greek composers, shedding light on the rich musical repertoire coming out of Greece and the Greek diaspora. GCMP has released three full-length albums and performed at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the Library of Congress, as well as cultural centers and universities across the U.S. and Canada.



## UPROOT CD Release Tour

Katerina Clambaneva *vocals* Ellie Falaris Ganelin *flute & arrangements* Doug Machiz *cello* Elektra Schmidt *piano*

*Fresh interpretations of music from Asia Minor, celebrating this vibrant musical heritage while capturing the refugee experience through song. It features "Feggari Magia Mou 'Kanes" from today's program.*

Saturday, May 11 | San Francisco International Arts Festival

Wednesday, May 15 | Music@Noon Series at Santa Clara University

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*Sign up for the GCMP newsletter & socials for upcoming dates & releases*

**GreekChamberMusic.com** | Facebook & Instagram: **@greekchambermusic**

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