

Hello KPI members,

As VP outreach I have made a plan for a series of online workshops and productions to keep us together and active through continuing COVID. I anticipate something every month, but for the moment, here are two activities, one for June 5th and one for Canada Day.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING, PLEASE EMAIL ME. [darrell@kapn.net](mailto:darrell@kapn.net), then I can make a session email list, necessary so everyone is 'in the loop' as first-come-first-served requests are recorded. (See below.)

**GROUP SIZE:**

I think a maximum of eight so everyone gets airtime. If there are more, we'll set up two sessions.

Attached to this email are two files, one for each date (contents displayed at end of this document). There is a selection of material in each file. I am also open to added personal suggestions. Because choosing an item is first come first served, please email me at [darrell@kapn.net](mailto:darrell@kapn.net) as soon as you see an item that speaks to you. As soon as possible I will get an all participants email to you.

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**June 5th:** Have some silly and challenging fun with a voice workshop

Zoom isn't so great for blocking or physical theatre, but it's just fine for voice practice. I hope we will have a few laughs and some friendly mutual embarrassments. AND FUN.

The best way to discover the need for clear enunciation is to have to speak with a small object held between your teeth (toothpaste cap sized something). Arrive equipped. For a head start, say the alphabet clearly to yourself in the bathroom mirror, so you know what you're in for. What are the hardest letters?

After seeing our strange faces and our clarity struggles, we'll get rid of the toothpaste cap. Stuff will be so much clearer!

Then, in turn, each person will clearly say the following verse in 8 seconds or less:  
No slurring!

To sit in solemn silence  
In a dull, dark, dock,  
In a pestilential prison  
With a life long lock,  
Awaiting the sensation  
Of a short, sharp, shock,  
From a cheap and chippy chopper  
On a big black block.

Now we're ready!

I don't want to give away the whole show, but I will be referring to the 5 P's (or 5 S's), shorthand for the 5 voice qualities:

Pause, Pitch, Pace, Pressure, Power, or  
Silence, Song, Speed, Stress, Strength

Choose an item from the June 5th file and email me.

If you have questions or suggestions, email me. If you want one-on-one phone support, email me your phone number.

I am hoping we can record our session, with the group's permission, so that we can use edited excerpts for possible promotion use later.

### **CANADA DAY PRESENTATION**

A song, a joke, a poem, an anecdote, a....you name it.

Here is a so-far list of suggestions (copies in file):

1. Something To sing About - Oscar Brand
2. Canada: Case History: 1945 - Earl Birney
3. Lament for Confederation - Chief Dan George
4. When Canada Rules The World - The Arrogant Worms
5. Oh Canada! Our Frozen Native Land!
6. The Cremation of Sam McGee - Robert Service
7. The Lonely Land - A.J.M. Smith
8. Poor Little Girls of Ontario - 1880s traditional
9. The Anti-Confederation Song (Newfoundland in 1948!)

Suggest stuff.

We will have a couple of hand practice sessions before the event if wanted, or we'll record as we go. We will sort that out before we start.

Let's show our stuff to Kemptville's Canada Day.

Darrell Nunn,  
Vice President, KPI

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## **1 ATTACHMENT 1) KPI Voice 2021**

Welcome to KPI's voice workshop.

There are 16 poems or excerpts below. Pick one. Email me ([darrell@kapn.net](mailto:darrell@kapn.net)) your choice. If you really have a preferred personal poem, please check it with me.

You do not need to practice the whole poem unless you want to. Bite off what you are comfortable with. This will be a group discovery and sharing and, I hope, trusting.

Why poems?

Because they often demand an intense inspection of rhythms, emphasis, etc. (Pause, Pace, Pressure, Power, Pitch or Silence, Speed, Stress, Strength, Song)

OK. Pick one.

**Hilaire Belloc Tarantella**

Do you remember an Inn,  
Miranda?  
Do you remember an Inn?  
And the tedding and the spreading  
Of the straw for a bedding,  
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,  
And the wine that tasted of tar?  
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers  
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)?  
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,  
Do you remember an Inn?  
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers  
Who hadn't got a penny,  
And who weren't paying any,  
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?  
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!  
Of the clap  
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl  
Of the girl gone chancing,  
Glancing,

Dancing,  
Backing and advancing,  
Snapping of a clapper to the spin  
Out and in --  
And the Ting, Tong, Tang, of the Guitar.  
Do you remember an Inn,  
Miranda?  
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;  
Miranda,  
Never more.  
Only the high peaks hoar:  
And Aragon a torrent at the door.  
No sound  
In the walls of the Halls where falls  
The tread  
Of the feet of the dead to the ground  
No sound:  
But the boom  
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

To a Lady Seen From the Train Cornford

O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,  
Missing so much and so much?  
O fat white woman whom nobody loves,  
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,  
When the grass is soft as the breast of doves  
And shivering sweet to the touch?  
O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,  
Missing so much and so much?

**The Highwayman** ALFRED NOYES

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees.  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,  
And the highwayman came riding—  
Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,  
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin.

They fitted with never a wrinkle. His boots were up to the thigh.  
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,  
His pistol butts a-twinkle,  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard.  
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred.  
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

### The Grey Squirrel

Like a small grey  
coffee-pot,  
sits the squirrel.  
He is not

all he should be,  
kills by dozens  
trees, and eats  
his red-brown cousins.

The keeper on the  
other hand,  
who shot him, is  
a Christian, and

loves his enemies,  
which shows

the squirrel was not  
one of those.

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The Raven Edgar Allen Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
“Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—  
This it is and nothing more.”

The Listeners WALTER DE LA MARE

‘Is there anybody there?’ said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest’s ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller’s head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
‘Is there anybody there?’ he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,

Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone

### Missing A.A. Milne

Has anybody seen my mouse?  
I opened his box for half a minute,  
Just to make sure he was really in it,  
And while I was looking, he jumped outside!  
I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried....  
I think he's somewhere about the house.  
Has anyone seen my mouse?

Uncle John, have you seen my mouse?  
Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown one,  
He came from the country, he wasn't a town one,  
So he'll feel all lonely in a London street;  
Why, what could he possibly find to eat?  
He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt Rose:



Have you seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?  
He's just got out...  
Hasn't anybody seen my mouse?

**Love in a Bathtub** Sujata Bhatt  
Years later we'll remember the bathtub  
the position of the taps  
the water, slippery  
as if a bucketful of eels had joined us ...  
we'll be old, our children grown up  
but we'll remember the water sloshing out  
the useless soap,  
the mountain of wet towels.  
'Remember the bathtub in Belfast?'  
we'll prod each other -

**Jenny Kiss'd Me** LEIGH HUNT

Jenny kiss'd me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief, who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in!  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add,  
Jenny kiss'd me.

**True Love** Judith Viorst

It is true love because  
I put on eyeliner and a concerto and make pungent observations about the great  
issues of the day  
Even when there's no one here but him,  
And because  
I do not resent watching the Green Bay Packer  
Even though I am philosophically opposed to football,  
And because  
When he is late for dinner and I know he must be either having an affair or lying dead  
in the middle of the street,  
I always hope he's dead.

It's true love because

If he said quit drinking martinis but I kept drinking them and the next morning I couldn't get out of bed,

He wouldn't tell me he told me,

And because

He is willing to wear unironed undershorts

Out of respect for the fact that I am philosophically opposed to ironing,

And because

If his mother was drowning and I was drowning and he had to choose one of us to save,

He says he'd save me.

It's true love because

When he went to San Francisco on business while I had to stay home with the painters and the exterminator and the baby who was getting the chicken pox,

He understood why I hated him,

And because

When I said that playing the stock market was juvenile and irresponsible and then the stock I wouldn't let him buy went up twenty-six points,

I understood why he hated me,

And because

Despite cigarette cough, tooth decay, acid indigestion, dandruff, and other features of married life that tend to dampen the fires of passion,

We still feel something

We can call

True love.

## **Atlas E. A. Fanthorpe**

There is a kind of love called maintenance

Which stores the WD40 and knows when to use it;

Which checks the insurance, and doesn't forget

The milkman; which remembers to plant bulbs;

Which answers letters; which knows the way

The money goes; which deals with dentists

And Road Fund Tax and meeting trains,  
And postcards to the lonely; which upholds

The permanently rickety elaborate  
Structures of living, which is Atlas.

And maintenance is the sensible side of love,  
Which knows what time and weather are doing  
To my brickwork; insulates my faulty wiring;  
Laughs at my dryrotten jokes; remembers  
My need for gloss and grouting; which keeps  
My suspect edifice upright in air,  
As Atlas did the sky.

First Person Demonstrative [Gotlieb, Phyllis](#)

[I'd rather](#)

heave half a brick than say  
I love you, though I do

I'd rather  
crawl in a hole than call you  
darling, though you are

I'd rather  
wrench off an arm than hug you though  
it's what I long to do

I'd rather  
gather a posy of poison ivy than  
ask if you love me

so if my  
hair doesn't stand on end it's because  
I never tease it

and if my

heart isn't in my mouth it's because  
it knows its place

and if I  
don't take a bite of your ear it's because  
gristle gripes my guts

and if you  
miss the message better get new  
glasses and read it twice

## Erotica

I made love to her on paper.  
and spilled ink like passion across the sheets.  
I caressed her curves in every love letter.  
I kissed up and down her thighs in short sentences and prose.  
I tasted all her innocence, without a spoken word.  
I bit her lip and pulled her hair, in between the lines.  
I made her arch her back and scream,  
it only took a pen.

## The Leader [Roger McGough](#)

I wanna be the leader  
I wanna be the leader  
Can I be the leader?  
Can I? I can?  
Promise? Promise?  
Yippee I'm the leader  
I'm the leader

OK what shall we do?

Love Twenty Cents the First Quarter Mile

Kenneth Fearing

All right. I may have lied to you and about you, and made a few pronouncements a bit too sweeping, perhaps, and possibly forgotten to tag the bases here or there,  
And damned your extravagance, and maligned your tastes, and libeled

your relatives, and slandered a few of your friends,  
O.K.,  
Nevertheless, come back.

Come home. I will agree to forget the statements that you issued so  
copiously to the neighbors and the press,  
And you will forget that figment of your imagination, the blonde from Detroit;  
I will agree that your lady friend who lives above us is not crazy, bats,  
nutty as they come, but on the contrary rather bright,  
And you will concede that poor old Steinberg is neither a drunk, nor  
a swindler, but simply a guy, on the eccentric side, trying to get along.  
(Are you listening, you bitch, and have you got this straight?)

Because I forgive you, yes, for everything.  
I forgive you for being beautiful and generous and wise,  
I forgive you, to put it simply, for being alive, and pardon you, in short, for being you.

Because tonight you are in my hair and eyes,  
And every street light that our taxi passes shows me you again, still you,  
And because tonight all other nights are black, all other hours are cold  
and far away, and now, this minute, the stars are very near and bright

Come back. We will have a celebration to end all celebrations.  
We will invite the undertaker who lives beneath us, and a couple of  
boys from the office, and some other friends.  
And Steinberg, who is off the wagon, and that insane woman who lives  
upstairs, and a few reporters, if anything should break.

Garbage Delight    Dennis Lee

Now I'm not the one  
To say No to a bun  
And always can manage some jelly  
If somebody gurgles  
Please eat my hamburgles  
I try to make room in my belly.  
I seem if they scream  
Not to gag on ice cream  
And with fudge I can choke down my fright  
But none is enticing  
Or even worth slicing

Compared with Garbage Delight.  
With a nip and a nibble  
A drip and a dribble  
A dollop; a walloping bite;  
If you want to see grins  
All the way to my shins  
Then give me some Garbage Delight.

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## 2 ATTACHMENT 2) KPI Canada Day

### KPI Canada Day

This is a short list to get people thinking. Please make further suggestions: jokes, personal anecdotes.

Check the web. I found these two teaser snippets:

Dear Canada,  
Please come get your geese. They are crapping on everything.  
Love, America

Pierre Trudeau:

Canada is a country whose main exports are hockey players and cold fronts. Our main imports are baseball players and acid rain.

You may live in Canada if . . .

Here are the texts of some possibilities. Each one needs some little introductory passage to give context – or to catch the audience off guard. And some could be divided up among various voices – for instance “Listen Up Canadians” could have a stalwart different voice do the chorus:

1. Poor Little Girls of Ontario  
(an 1890s complaint – can someone figure out a tune?)

I'll sing you a song of that lone pest  
It goes by the name of the Great Northwest  
I cannot have a beau at all,

They all skip out there in the fall.

One by one, they all clear out,  
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,  
Caring little how far they go  
From the poor little girls of Ontario.

First I got mashed on Charley Brown  
The nicest fellow in all the town  
But he tipped his hat and sailed away  
And now he's settled in Manitobay.

Then Henry Maynard with his white cravat  
His high stiff collar and his new plug hat  
He said if he stayed, he'd have to beg  
And now he's settled in Winnipeg.

Then my long-legged druggist with his specs on his nose,     I really thought that he'd  
propose  
But he's sold his bottle-shop and now he's gone  
Clear out to little Saskatchewan.

I'll pack my clothes in a carpet sack  
I'll go out there and I'll never come back  
I'll find me a husband, and a good one, too  
If I have to go through to Cariboo.

One by one, we'll all clear out  
Thinking to better ourselves, no doubt,  
Caring little how far we go  
From the old, old folks of Ontario.

2. Arrogant worms. They are all over YouTube.

Suitable for any age.  
A chance to posture while carrying a tune. Real singing not required.

Listen up Canadians, it's time to heed the call  
Our destiny's before us, enough of thinking small  
Put on your toque and grab a flag, it's time to colonize  
I think the other nations will be quite surprised

When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)

We'll put curling rings in Africa and hockey everywhere  
And force the Americans to have free healthcare  
We'll bring winter to Australia, to France we'll bring poutine  
Then we'll conquer Britain, and install our Queen!

When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)

And we shall tell them what to do, and if they say they won't  
We shall ask again politely, and if they still don't  
We will tell them "It's alright, we don't mean to criticize  
But perhaps you would consider some form of compromise?"

When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
When Canada rules the world! (Canada, Canada!)  
Things will be nice

### **3. Something to Sing About**    *Oscar Brand.*

(Unlike "This Land Is Your Land," it is not modified American lyrics!)

I have walked on the strand of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland  
Laxed on the ridge of the Miramichi  
Seen the waves tear and roar on the stone coast of Labrador  
Watched them roll back to the Great Northern Sea

#### **Chorus:**

From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland  
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to Ontario's towers  
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, up to the Maritimes  
Something to sing about, this land of ours  
I have welcomed the dawn from the fields of Saskatchewan



Followed the sun to the Vancouver shore  
Watched it climb shiny new up the snow peaks of Caribou  
Up to the clouds where the wild Rockies soar

I have heard the wild wind sing the places that I have been  
Bay Bull and Red Deer and Strait of Bells Isle  
Names like Grand Mere and Silverthorne  
Moose Jaw and Marrowbone,  
Trails of the pioneer, named with a smile

I have wandered my way to the wild wood of Hudson Bay  
Treated my toes to Quebec's morning dew  
Where the sweet summer breeze kissed the leaves of the maple trees  
Sharing this song that I'm sharing with you

Yes there's something to sing about, tune up a string about  
Call out in chorus or quietly hum  
Of a land that is still young, with a ballad that's still unsung  
Telling the promise of great things to come

#### 4. Lament for Confederation Chief Dan George

(In my view, we do not need every item to be 'rah,rah.')

How long have I known you, Oh Canada? A hundred years? Yes, a hundred years.  
And many, many seelanum more. And today, when you celebrate your hundred years,  
Oh Canada, I am sad for all the Indian people throughout the land.

For I have known you when your forests were mine; when they gave me my meat and  
my clothing. I have known you in your streams and rivers where your fish flashed and  
danced in the sun, where the waters said 'come, come and eat of my abundance.' I  
have known you in the freedom of the winds. And my spirit, like the winds, once  
roamed your good lands.

But in the long hundred years since the white man came, I have seen my freedom  
disappear like the salmon going mysteriously out to sea. The white man's strange  
customs, which I could not understand, pressed down upon me until I could no longer  
breathe.

When I fought to protect my land and my home, I was called a savage. When I neither  
understood nor welcomed his way of life, I was called lazy. When I tried to rule my  
people, I was stripped of my authority.

My nation was ignored in your history textbooks — they were little more important in the history of Canada than the buffalo that ranged the plains. I was ridiculed in your plays and motion pictures, and when I drank your fire-water, I got drunk — very, very drunk. And I forgot.

Oh Canada, how can I celebrate with you this centenary, this hundred years? Shall I thank you for the reserves that are left to me of my beautiful forests? For the canned fish of my rivers? For the loss of my pride and authority, even among my own people? For the lack of my will to fight back? No! I must forget what's past and gone.

Oh God in heaven! Give me back the courage of the olden chiefs. Let me wrestle with my surroundings. Let me again, as in the days of old, dominate my environment. Let me humbly accept this new culture and through it rise up and go on.

Oh God! Like the thunderbird of old I shall rise again out of the sea; I shall grab the instruments of the white man's success — his education, his skills, and with these new tools I shall build my race into the proudest segment of your society. Before I follow the great chiefs who have gone before us, Oh Canada, I shall see these things come to pass.

I shall see our young braves and our chiefs sitting in the houses of law and government, ruling and being ruled by the knowledge and freedoms of our great land. So shall we shatter the barriers of our isolation. So shall the next hundred years be the greatest in the proud history of our tribes and nations.

##### 5. Rocks and Trees The Arrogant Worms (again)

My country's bigger than most,  
And if asked I boast.

Cause i'm really proud,  
So I shout it loud.

Though our numbers are few,  
We will welcome you.

Although we don't have history,  
Gold medal winning teams,  
Heroes or prisoners, world famous volcanoes,  
Still what we've got's glorious.

Cause we've got rocks and trees, and trees and rocks,  
and rocks and trees, and trees and rocks,  
and rocks and trees, and trees and rocks,  
and rocks and trees, and trees and rocks,  
and water.

We've got rocks and trees, and trees and rocks,  
and rocks and trees, and trees and rocks,  
and rocks and trees, and trees and rocks,

and rocks and trees, and trees and rocks,  
and water.

In Canada, Canada, Canada, Canada, Canada, Canada,  
Ca-an-a-da, Can-a-da.  
Canada, Canada, Canada, Canada, Canada, Canada,  
Ca-an-a-da, Canada.

6. An alternate version of the national anthem.

O Canada!  
Our frozen native land!  
Scarf, hat and glove on all thy sons demand.  
With shivering hearts we see thee rise,  
Thy True frigidity!  
From far and wide,  
O Canada, we stand on ice for thee.  
God keep our land at zero degrees!  
O Canada, we stand on ice for thee.  
O Canada, we stand on ice for thee.

7. The Cremation of Sam McGee, Robert Service  
(If you don't know it, it's on the web.)

8. The national anthem of Baffin Island (to the tune of 'God Save The Queen')

Baffin Island

(That's the whole lyric. Repeat it throughout the tune. Its humour sneaks up on you, especially if done with patriotic power.)

### 3 Closing Thoughts

I am VERY OPEN to suggestions, additions.

And why not mix in some of the poems from the previous voice workshop?