REPERCUSSION THEATRE



Shakespeare-in-the-Park 2021
- Sonnet Program -



We would like to acknowledge that the Summer of Sonnets is touring on unceded Indigenous land. Tiohtià:ke/Montréal, this land on which we work and create, is the traditional territory of the Kanien'kehá:ka (Mohawk) and has been a dynamic convergence point between nations, peoples, and traditions for millennia, including but not limited to the Abenaki, Anishinaabeg (Algonquin) and Huron-Wendat.

Creativity and storytelling have flourished here since long before settlers arrived and Shakespeare wrote plays. The Kanien'kehá:ka have been the custodians of these lands and waters since long before we, as a theatre company, started performing those plays. As a company that performs much of its art outdoors, on the land, we honour those whose strong connection and claim to this land is not always acknowledged — and often actively erased.

As a company whose work centers around Shakespeare, we acknowledge the ways in which his work has been used as a tool for cultural imperialism. We recognize that the "privilege" of doing Shakespeare has not always been extended to all. We understand that we stand at a charged crossroads of past, present and future, and we welcome the honest reflection that such a position requires.



This year is a bit of an experiment for us. For all the reasons I surely don't need to list here.

We started with Shakespeare's sonnets (all 154 of them) and figured out a variety of ways of exploring and sharing them -- including commissioning some new ones. Every step has been strange and uncertain. There has been nothing normal about any of it. But, we've tried to embrace the uncertainty along the way; to adapt, stay flexible and open, and to honour the utter ephemerality of, well, everything.

Turns out the sonnets are good companions on that journey.

It's all a bit "unperfect", but the guiding light - the star to our wandering barks - has been love.

A love of theatre, a love of this city, a love of words and ideas and the huge thoughts that are made possible by poetry. And most of all, a love of you the audience we have missed for almost two years.

This past year and a half has been too profoundly affecting to pretend it didn't happen. So I hope you'll join us as we try to stay present in this awkward, vulnerable moment; as we all emerge from our cocoons into the park (or a cyberspace version of a park) to encounter each other and to contemplate this precious, fleeting gift called life.

A. Kellock



Amanda Kellock
Director

Anton May
Assistant Director

Samantha Bitonti
Amelia Sargisson
Espoir Segbeaya
Dakota Jamal Wellman
Performers/ Creators

Andrew Joseph Richardson
Performer/Dramaturg

Diana Uribe
Production Design

Erika Parra

Design Assistant

Bryan Doubt Shakespeare Coach

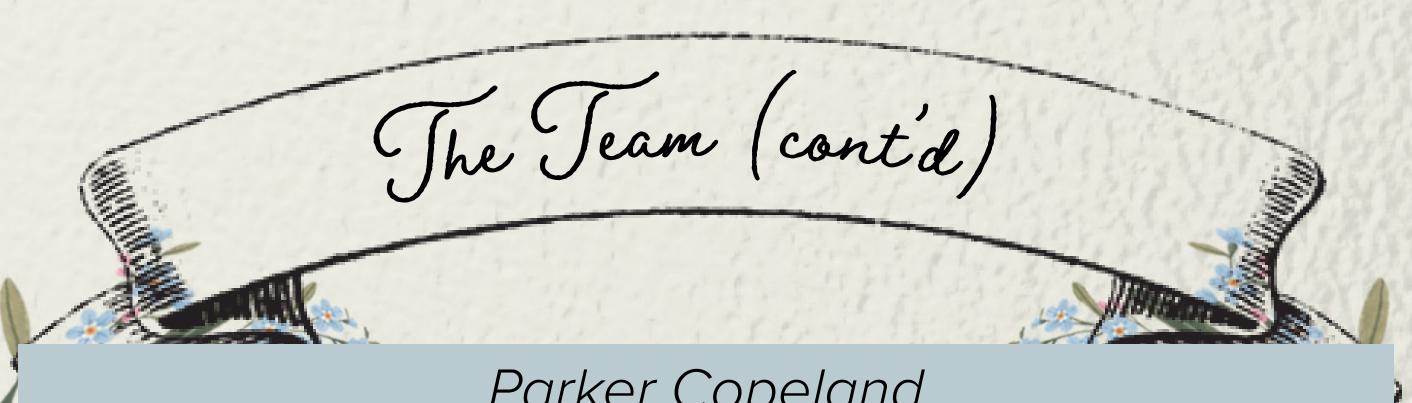
Adam Walters
Technical Director

Jacky Lalonde
Production Manager

Danielle Laurin Stage Manager

HeatherEllen Strain
Apprentice Stage Manager

Megan Magisano COVID-19 Safety Coordinator



Parker Copeland
Cinematographer/Head Electrician

James Perry
Cinematographer/Head Electrician

Jordan Larson Head of Sound

Rob Denton
Sound Editor/Sound Coach

Jamal Johnson Video Editor

Linnea Jimison Repercussion General Manager

Christopher Chaban

Director of Communications

Gregory-Yves Fénélon Communications Assistant

> Melis Cagan Web Developer

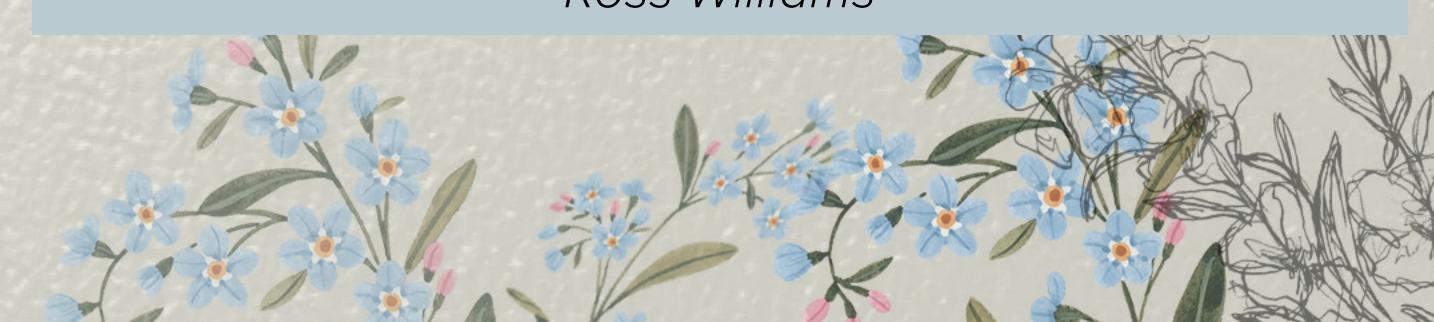
With Special Thanks to:

Dave Surette

The staff of St. Monica's Parish

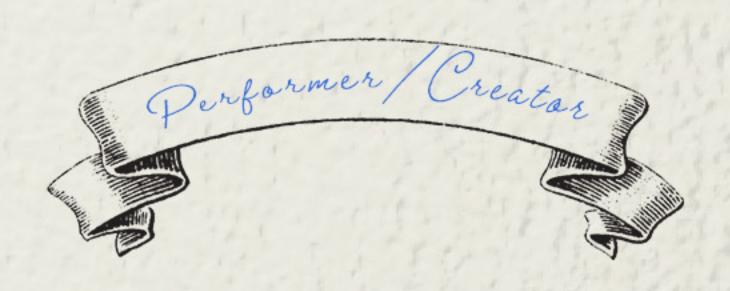
Michaël Buisson

Ross Williams













Samantha Bitonti (she/her) is a
Tiohtià:ke/Montréal-based actor and creator. Since
earning her BFA in Theatre Performance from Concordia
University, she practices various disciplines including:
theatre, clown, voice, film, stage combat (AAC with
FDC), and teaching. In Fall 2020, Samantha collaborated
with Repercussion as an Artistic Associate,
investigating our relationship to Shakespeare in
contemporary playing. She is a proud alumna of Imago
Theatre's ARTISTA program; as well as current teacher
at Geordie Theatre School, cultivating creativity for
young people.

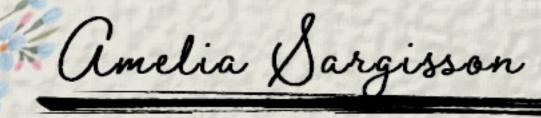
Select credits include:

- •Measure for Measure* (Repercussion)
- •Reaching for Starlight* (Geordie)
- •The Trophy Hunt (Rabbit in a Hat)
- Enough Already (Alien Gaze)
- •Maggie & Bianca Fashion Friends (voice)
- The Lower Plateau (Dépanneur Films).
- *Nominated for Outstanding Emerging Artist METAs 2019.

Samantha is a critical thinker, a lover of art, an advocate for community, and a keen observer of the power of storytelling. Samantha is fiercely committed to leaning into the discomfort and beauty of change.







Here we are. Together. Under the stars. These words - I hope - are a salve to our scars.

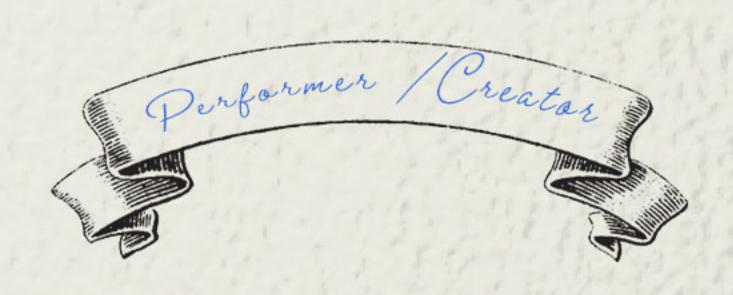
To share them with you gives wings to my heart;

May we ne'er again be too long apart.

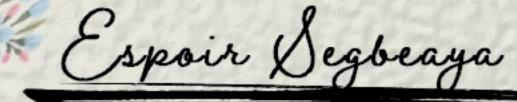
Amelia is an actor and playwright born and raised in Montréal. She's over the moon to be working again with Repercussion, where previously she played in A Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado About Nothing, Les Fourberies de Scapin, and The Tempest (as Caliban, in an all-time personal fave!).

Amelia has also performed at Stratford in:
•Paradise Lost, Othello, The Comedy of Errors &
The Front Page
And at Canadian Stage, Tarragon, SummerWorks,
Crow's, Carousel Players, Usine C, Porte Parole,
Centaur, CORPUS, Imago, Talisman and Talk Is Free
(where she is a proud member of the Artist
BIG Pilot Project)

She has narrated several novels for Penguin Random House Audiobooks, and is currently writing two new plays, Bloodshot and Fer Shame.





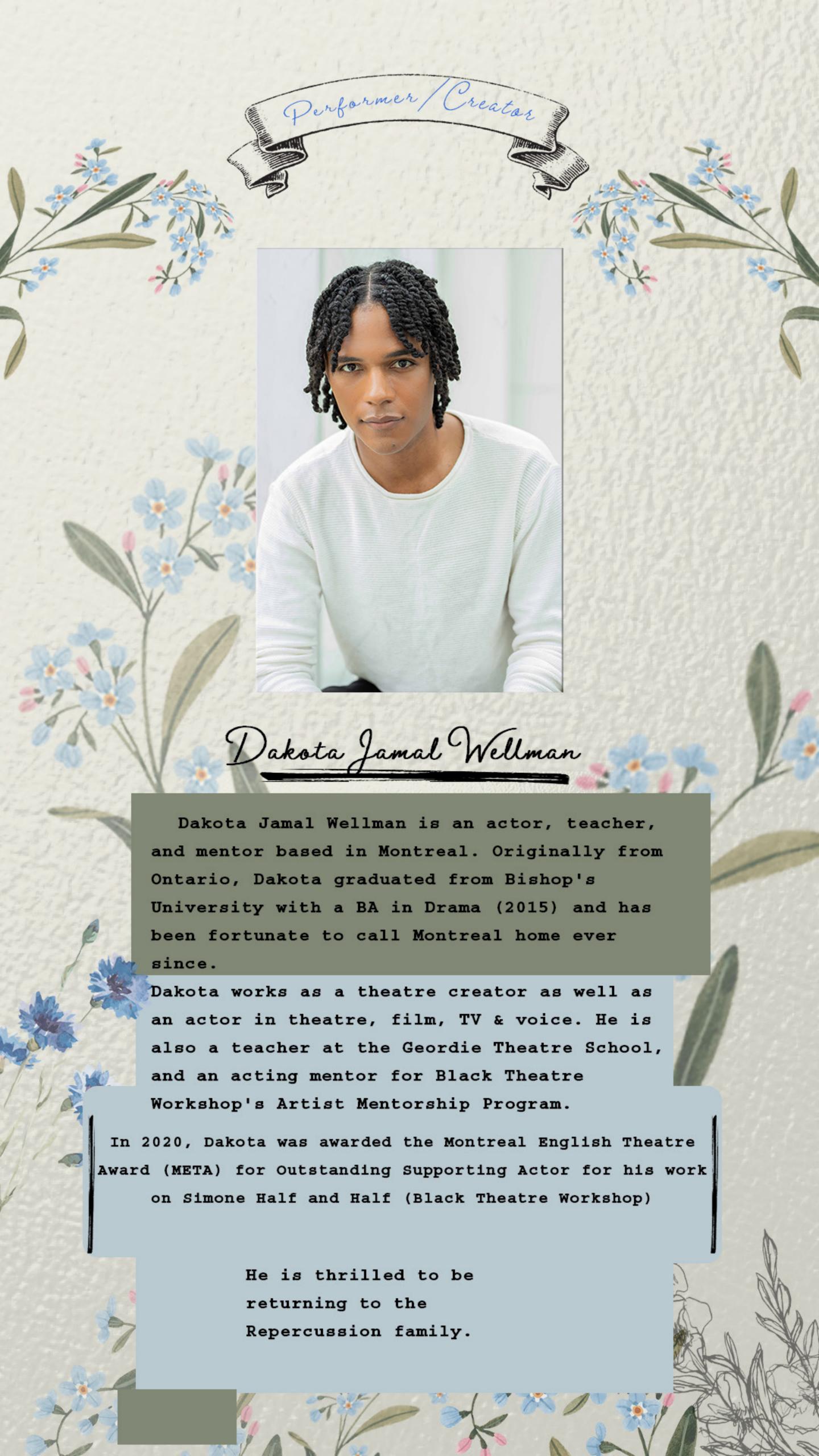


Born in Munich Germany and raised in Nelson, BC in the magnificent mountains of the West Kootenay Region, Espoir is an Afro-Canadian trilingual, actor, storyteller, and performer of music across many mediums. She is a black woman who's pronouns are she and her. Espoir

is a classically trained singer, with special interest in ensemble and choral music..

She seeks to stretch the perimeters of her definition of theatre daily and is currently expanding her practice to include voice over/narration and puppetry. She is a recent grad of the National Theatre School of Canada's Acting program. In 2019-2020 at NTS, she performed in Burning Vision- directed by Mike Payette and played the titular role in Nell Gwynn directed by Krista Jackson.

In 2020-2021 Espoir was part of the Artist Mentorship Program at Black Theatre Workshop. She is also featured in The Rest is Electric podcast.





Andrew Joseph Richardson is originally from Treaty 6 territory (Edmonton). A director, dramaturg, actor, and dad. A.J. is thrilled to begin what he hopes will be a long association with Repercussion Theatre. A.J. acknowledges the privileges afforded him as a white-passing Person of Colour and is thankful to be on this unceded island, Tiohtià:ke Tsi.

He resettled in Montreal at the height of the pandemic after twelve years in Toronto where he was a Co-Founder of Shakespeare in the Ruff.

A.J. is a graduate of the National Theatre School of Canada.

Selected credits:

•Directing: Shakespeare in Hospitals Program (Spur of the Moment Shakespeare Collective), Situation Unknown (Guerrilla Ruff Squad / Shakespeare Lives)

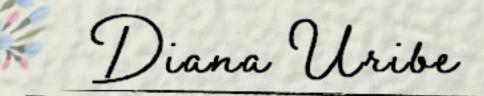
•Dramaturgy: Romeo & Juliet (Shakespeare in Action), The Tempest (Shakespeare by the Bow / Theatre Calgary)

•Acting: Leonato in Much Ado About Nothing (Dauntless City Theatre), Ford in Merry Wives of Windsor (Shakespeare BASH'd)

"Thanks David and Kaitlyn for connecting me with Amanda!"







Diana is a Colombian theatre designer, plastic artist, interior designer and an eternal child based

in Montreal. She had worked for over 25 years in design and arts. Fifteen years ago, Diana moved to Canada and found her second home; In 2011, she graduated from the Theatre Design Design program at The National Theater School

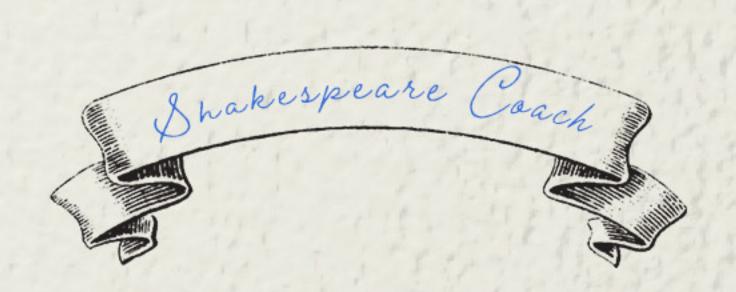
of Canada and launched a new career.

Diana is interested in the way that theatre reaches people, in the world of possibilities, dreams and change that are inherent to the theatre practice. She has had the pleasure of design sets and costumes in both official languages.

In 2019 she Received a Meta's Costumes Award for Geordie Theatre's "Little Witch".

This in addition to several nominations. She has Been a regular instructor at the National Theatre School since 2015.







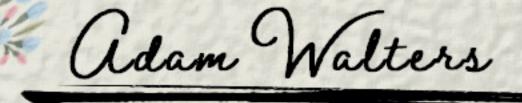


This is Bryan's fifth season with Repercussion as Shakespeare performance and text coach. What a delight it has been to explore the breadth of Shakespeare's imagination through his sonnets, which are both intimate and eminently suited to all manner of performance.

"This troupe of talented actors has opened the sonnets in ways I had not yet imagined and for that I am grateful. May they also speak to you and open your mind and heart as we all emerge from hibernation."







Adam Walters has been in theatre since he was 8 years old. Starting off as an actor he eventually became more interested in the design aspect of theatre. He has since graduated from the National Theatre School of Canada in Production Design and Technical Arts with a focus on lighting design for theatre and video design.

He hopes you have a wonderful show and a wonderful summer.







Jacky Lalonde

Jacky has been actively working within the English language theatre community for over 15 years as a stage manager, lighting designer and production manager.

As a production manager she has had the pleasure of working with:

- •The Montreal Fringe Festival
- •Why Not Theatre
- •BCurrent
- •Imago Theatre and Scapegoat Carnivale among others.

This is Jacky's 4 th production with Repercussion Theatre.

She is a proud graduate of the National Theatre School of Canada.





v.repercussiontheatre

sionleat

Danielle is a stage manager and theatre artist based in Montreal, Canada. She obtained her BFA in Design for the Theatre at Concordia University, after which she moved to Portland, Oregon to apprentice at the Portland Playhouse.



She earned her MFA in Stage Management from Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Virginia and later interned at the Public Theatre in New York on David Byrne's rock musical Joan of Arc: Into the Fire.

She is thrilled and thankful to be part of the Montreal theatre community, where she has worked with several companies including Repercussion, The Segal Centre for Performing Arts, Centaur, Geordie, Imago, Porte Parole and Tableau D'Hôte.









As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too
much rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;

So I for fear of trust forget to say

The perfect ceremony of love's rite,

And in mine own love's strength soon

And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,

O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.

O, let my books be then the eloquence And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,

Who plead for love and look for recompense

More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ. To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.



Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

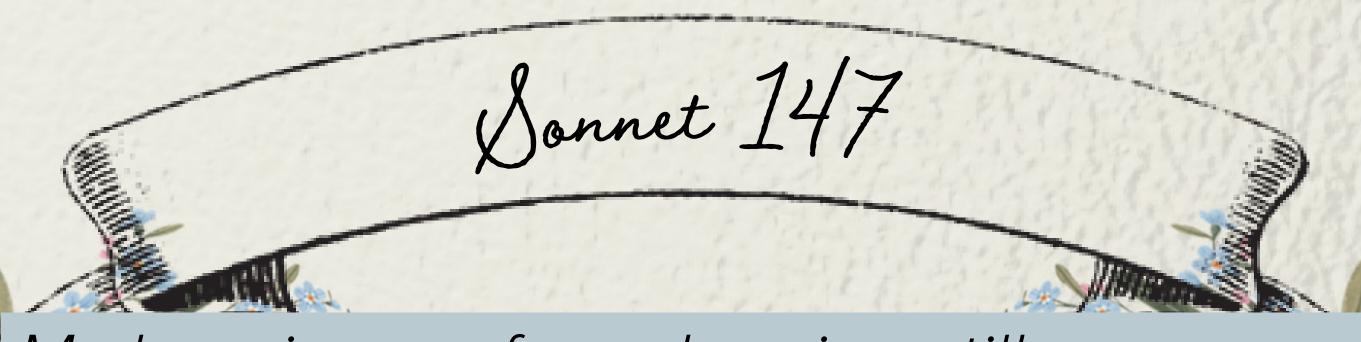
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd, And every fair from fair some-time declines,

By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd:

But thy eternal Summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st, Nor shall death brag thou wand'rst in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growst, So long as men can breath or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.



My love is as a fever longing still,

For that which longer nurseth the disease,

Feeding on that which doth preserve the

ill,

Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please:
My reason the Physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now
approve,

Desire is death, which Physic did except.

Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,

And frantic mad with ever-more unrest,

My thoughts and my discourse as mad

men's are,

At random from the truth vainly express'd. Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take

All this away, and me most wretched make.





In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were it bore not beauty's name:
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And Beauty slander'd with a bastard
shame,

For since each hand hath put on Nature's pow'r,

Fairing the foul with Art's false borrow'd face,

Sweet beauty hath no name no holy bow'r, But is prophan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my Mistress' eyes are Rayen

Therefore my Mistress' eyes are Raven black,

Her eyes so sooted, and they mourners seem,

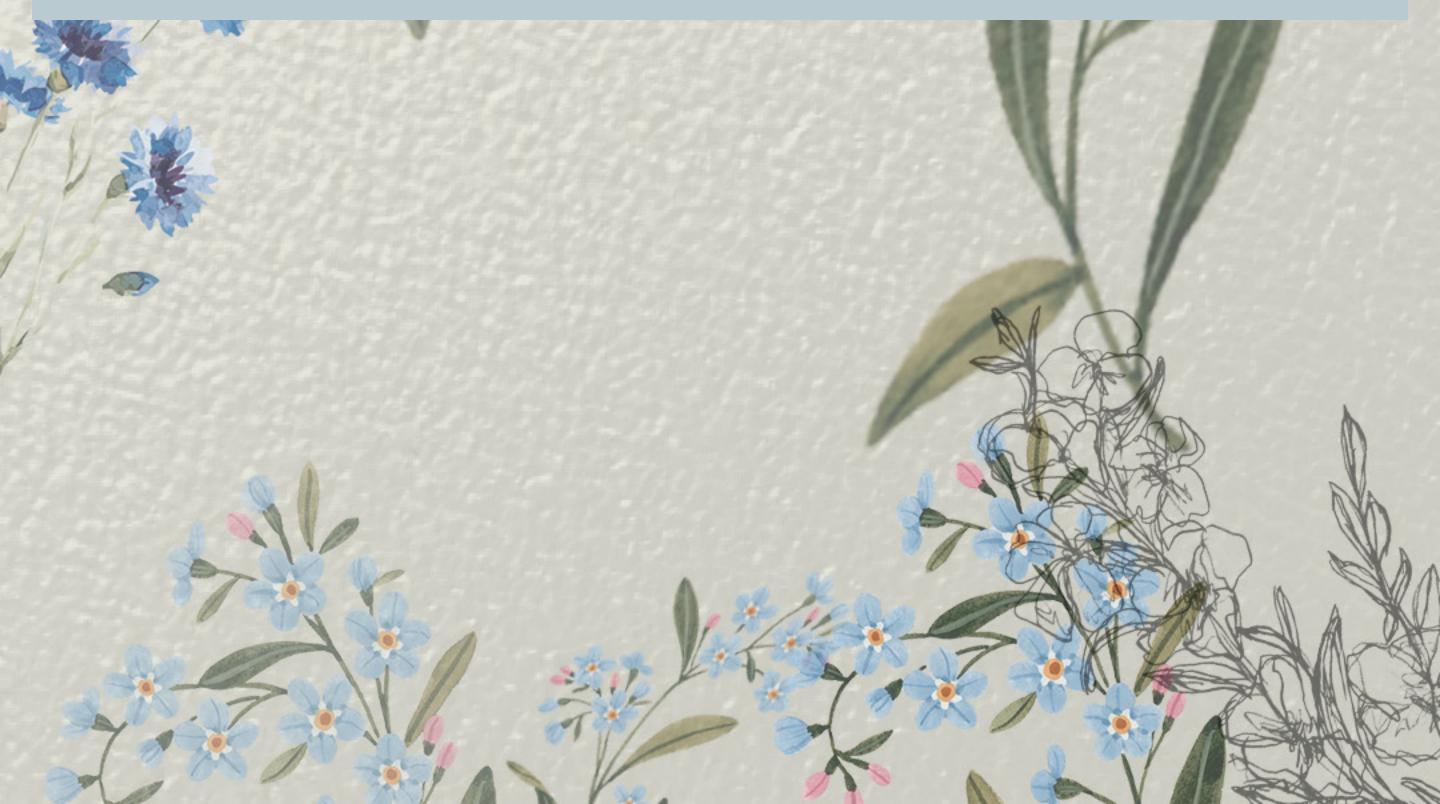
At such who not born fair no beauty lack,
Sland'ring Creation with a false esteem,
Yet so they mourn becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should
look so.

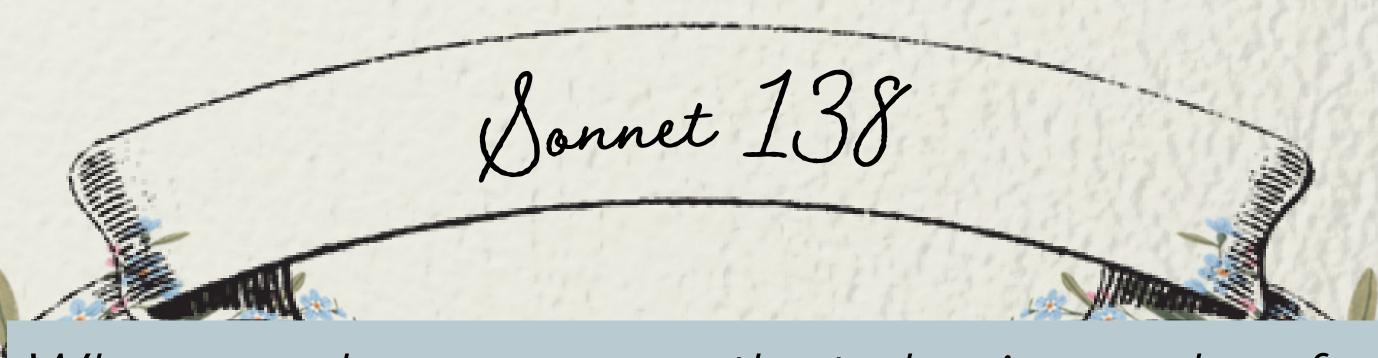




Sin of self-love possesseth all my eye,
And all my soul, and all my ev'ry part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my self mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me my self
indeed

Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self love quite contrary I read
Self, so self loving were iniquity,
'tis thee (my self) that for my self I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.





When my love swears that she is made of truth,

I do believe her though I know she lies, That she might think me some untutor'd

youth,

Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,

Although she knows my days are past the best,

Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,

On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd:

But wherefore says she not she is unjust?

And wherefore say not I that I am old?

O love's best habit is in seeming trust,

And age in love, loves not t' have years told.

Therefore I lie with her, and she with me, And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.





Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never

It is the star to every wand'ring bark, Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

shaken;

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me prov'd,

I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.





Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travail tir'd,
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work's
expir'd.

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)

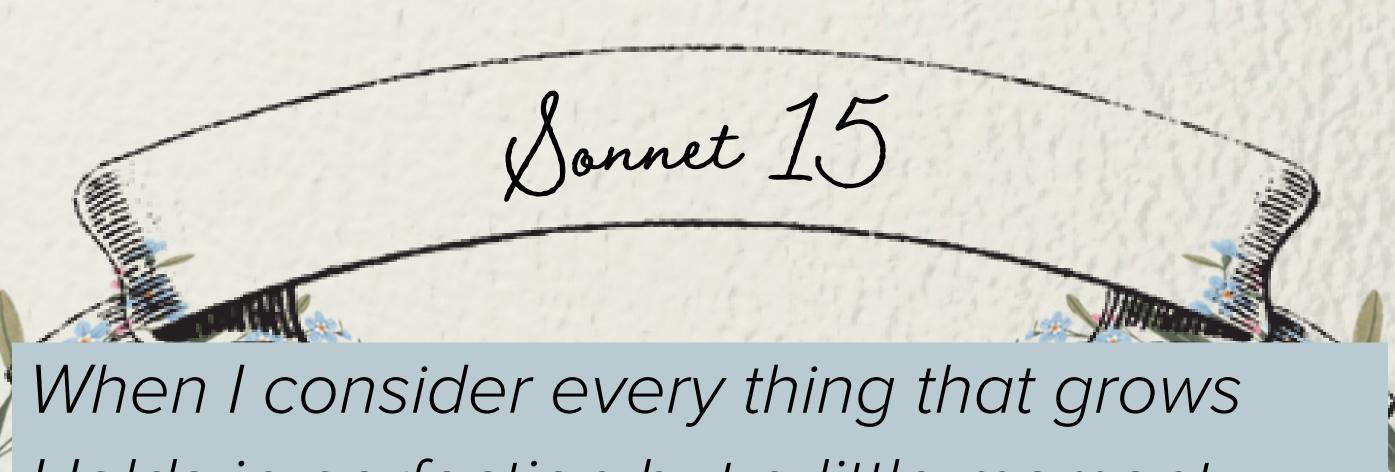
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee;
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do
see.

Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents their shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel (hung in ghastly night)
Makes black night beauteous, and her old
face new.

Lo' thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,

For thee, and for my self, no quiet find.





When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge stage presenteth nought
but shows

Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.

When I perceive that men as plants increase,

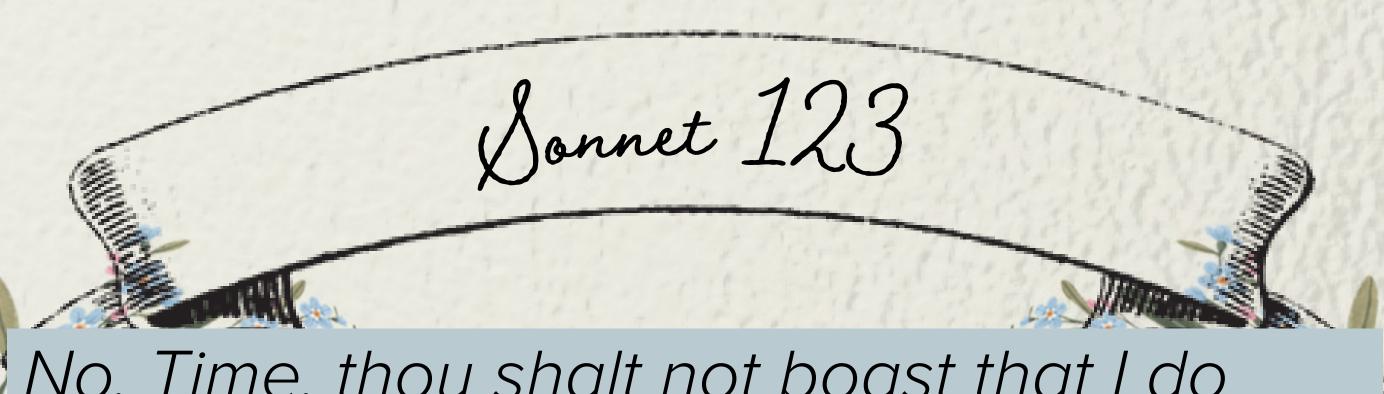
Cheerèd and check'd ev'n by the selfsame sky:

Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,

And wear their brave state out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my
sight,

Where wasteful time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to sullied
night,

And all in war with Time for love of you As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.



No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:

Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange,
They are but dressings of a former sight:
Our dates are brief, and therefor we
admire,

What thou dost foist upon us that is old, And rather make them born to our desire, Than think that we before have heard them told:

Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present, nor the past,
For thy records, and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow and this shall ever be,
I will be true despite thy scythe and thee.





When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes

I all alone beweep my out-cast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,

And look upon my self and curse my fate. Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least, Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state, (Like to the Lark at break of day arising) From sullen earth sings hymns at Heaven's gate,

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,

That then I scorn to change my state with Kings.



When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest sprites,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have
express'd

Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies

Of this our time, all you prefiguring;

And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,

They had not skill enough your worth to

sing:

For we, which now behold these present days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

