



Toronto's Lesbian & Gay Nightclub  
congratulates

## SINGING OUT!

The Lesbian & Gay Chorus of Toronto  
on their

### 2nd Annual Concert

keep on filling our hearts with love, life and music  
keep up the great work



#### DECO'S NIGHTCLUB

64 Gerrard Street East at Church  
\$1.00 off any drink promotion!

valid every night except Fridays & Saturdays

from February 1 / 1994 to March 21 / 1994

one coupon per drink  
no cash value

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# Boys & Girls With Stories

Singing Out!  
The Lesbian and Gay Chorus of Toronto  
presents

## PROGRAMME

### Let The River Run

Words and music by Carly Simon, arranged by David Maddux

### I Like Being a Dyke

Words and music by Alison Farrell

### For The Fallen

Words by Laurence Binyon, music by Mike Sammes

### Bread and Roses

Words by James Oppenheim, music by Mimi Fariña

### Bridge Over Troubled Water

Words and music by Paul Simon, arranged by Kirby Shaw

(interval)

#### BOYS AND GIRLS WITH STORIES:

*It's A Girl! It's A Boy!*

*On The Other Side Of The Door*

*All Kinds*

*Politically Korrekt*

*Stories*

*Buried Treasure*

*The Gender Polka*

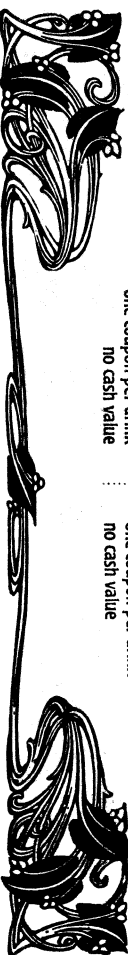
*The Age Of Rage*

*Wish You Were Here*

*Better Day Dawning*

Words and music by David Maddux, arranged by David Maddux

FEBRUARY 12 & 13 1994 ▽ CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, TORONTO



## Singing OUT! - The Lesbian & Gay Chorus of Toronto

### Musical Director

John Schrag

### Rehearsal Accompanist

William Belonio

### Sopranos

Carol Edgar, Deborah Feinstadt\*, Annette Friedenreich, Pat Geernaert, Tara Gordon, Lorrie Hayden, Mary-Anne Kenny, Margot Rivera, Janet Rogers, Patricia Seeley, Sharon Stevens, Anna Travers

### Tenors

Gillian Bain, Jon Baines, AB Boles, Cindy Deschênes, Marc Doucet, Geoff Gibson, Ben Kennedy, Dan Leeder\*, Tanya Lewis, David Martlowe, Philip Paroian, Paul Sabounin

### Altos

Petra Baier, Heather Branch, Carol Broderick, Barb Crisp, Linda Kowal, Jill Lloyd-Jones, Ellen Long\*, Anne MacDonald, Marie Marsellus, Lucy McSweeney, Margot Meijer, Susan Moore, Sheila Pruden, Jaki Skye, Miriam Tcoll, Jeanne Wood

Doug Austin, David Cheater, Jefferson Dillon, Harvey Hamburg, Ray Hoekstra, Derrick Hoffman, David Hopper\*, Ezquiel Ledesma, John Montague, Brian Mossop, Neil Mudge, Koji Nakamichi, Tim Oakes, Jeff Schmidt

### Basses

(\* = section leaders)

### "All Kinds" octet

**Soprano:** Pat Geernaert, Tara Gordon **Alto:** Anne MacDonald, Margot Meijer

**Tenor:** Geoff Gibson, Dan Leeder **Bass:** David Hopper, Tim Oakes

### Soloists for "Stories"

"When my parents...": Carol Broderick, Cindy Deschênes "I came out to my...": Tim Oakes

"I've lived on the road...": Anne MacDonald, Susan Moore "In first grade...": Geoff Gibson, David Hopper

"Okay, okay, so I fell...": Jill Lloyd-Jones, Lucy McSweeney "I was ashamed...": Jefferson Dillon, Dan Leeder

### Musicians

**Bass:** Doug Austin **Drums:** Jeremy Ronsom **Keyboards:** Yan Chuen Lee

**Percussion:** Paul Ormandy **Piano:** William Belonio

### Sign Language

Brian Jarvis

### Production

**Production Manager:** Derrick Hoffman

**Ticket Sales & Box Office:** Cathy Kealey, Don Pfeil, Tim Wilson

**Ushers:** Family and friends of Singing Out!

**Program design:** Derrick Hoffman **Program advertising sales:** Gillian Bain

**Publicity & Advertising:** Gillian Bain, Barb Crisp, Mary-Anne Kenny, Derrick Hoffman

### Special thanks to

Glad Day Bookstore, Out On The Street, The Toronto Women's Bookstore, XTRAI, Deco's,

Carol White, Lisa Maira and the City Of Good Neighbors Choral, Marc-Albert Vandermeerssche,

The Church of the Redeemer, The Metropolitan Community Church of Toronto

### It's A Girl! It's A Boy!

Mommies and daddies in hospital gowns wipe away happy tears: they've made a beautiful moment a memory to last through the years. Then the door opens and nurses come in, here's a new life bundled up to the chini! Mom gets to hold it while dad lights a stogie and rings up his friends and the cheers:

*CHORUS: It's a girl! It's a boy! It's the love of my life, it's my pride and my joy! It's a girl! It's a boy! And nothing that's happened in history has meant half as much as this to me. It's a girl! It's a boy! It's love!*

Children grow older and start making choices of playthings and friends, parents influence them, watch them in wonder, and notice the trends. Girls may be tomboys and boys may be shy, kids go through phases, you stop asking why. Who can say when adolescence begins and the sweet age of innocence ends?

*Chorus...*

Parents can buy you a first pair of booties but they can't conduct your life though they may wish it were part of their duties to find you a husband or wife. Some children grow to discover the norm isn't the standard to which they conform. One day they pick up the phone to get some approval from home. "Hello, Mom? Hello, Dad? Gee, I hope you'll be glad 'Cause I've found my life partner at last!"

*Chorus...*

### On The Other Side Of The Door

I'm just scared of being accused, only more than slightly confused. I must work this out my own way. I know what my parents would say.

My charade is justly explained: circumstances keep me restrained. Yet, I wonder how it might be if the lock were met with the key.

Too many hearts are still in pieces, too many lives in chains, the smile on the surface comes and goes, but the degrading guilt remains. Powerful secrets weigh them down, carrying all the shame around, barely guessing what life could be and more, on the other side of the door.

Few friends know me just as I am, others see the fraud and the sham. I've lost time I'll never reclaim playing this duality game

Too many lives are still divided, too many minds confused, the years of denial come and go, feeling guarded and yet abused. Hoping the truth is never known, bearing the burden all alone, unaware of the freedom that's in store on the other side of the door.

Too many souls are bound by sorrow, too many friends in fear, the call of the open road resounds in each desperate captive's ear. Weary of all the tears they cry, lonely and living in a lie,

aching for all the futures to explore on the other side of the door. There's more life than you've ever known before on the other side of the door. Come out now while your spirit still can soar on the other side of the door.

### All Kinds

Harral lives in the suburbs with husband Joe, she keeps the house impeccably clean, she hasn't a care or worry it seems, although she finds the next door neighbour's obscene. "Can you believe it? They're homos!" she tells her friends. They couldn't be like her, that's all that she comprehends. She wote them off a long time ago, before she got to saying 'hello'. Her theories misconstrue them, for if she only knew them, she'd surely remember the adage that those with an open heart know.

*CHORUS: It takes all kinds, it certainly takes all kinds. We all could use a measure of the quality that 'live and let live' defines. It takes all kinds, it certainly takes all kinds. What one eschews another flaunts: it all comes down to 'live la difference'. We close the gap by opening our minds. You'll have to admit, it certainly takes all kinds!*

It's all up to date at the office where Jerry works: his company is progressive and tough. They've hired executive females and wheelchair clerks, but all the same, if that weren't enough, now they've imported a new guy who's gay, he's heard. That's all that Jerry needs: to work with a pansy nerd! He shuts his ears and covers his eyes: but Jerry's in for quite a surprise. This 'healthen sodomizer' is now his supervisor, and Jerry will soon get a glimpse of the vision that's shared by the wise.

*Chorus...*

Larry's into his leather, his chaps and boots; to some, he looks a little extreme. Lucy is into her lipstick, her raw silk suits; but that's not every lesbian's dream. Mario looks like a model, he's toned and tanned, Pamela's hair is pink, she plays in a punk rock band. The truth of our society is for every Miss and Mister and Ms., there's more than one perspective, opinions are selective, so next time it troubles you, stop for a moment and think about this:

*Chorus...*

### Politically Korrekt

When you find you're in a state of mind to which no-one can object, then, my dear, it's perfectly clear you're politically korrekt. Your rehearsal of your tense and person is a knack you must perfect, just remember there's no use of gender that's politically korrekt.

*CHORUS: Politically korrekt, that's korrekt with a "k", cause we say "P.K.": it's politically korrekt. Politically korrekt, whether straight or gay or bi, whatever, we're politically korrekt!*

Your quotation of abbreviation is a fact we expect, there's no doubt when you spell things out, you're politically correct. M.C.C. and P.F.L.A.G. are two suggestions we'd inject, best not missed on the master list that's politically correct.

Chorus...

Your attendance at the "right" event is a display of your respect if the show is a show you know is politically correct. Doctor, sailor, painter, lawyer, tailor, or a high priced architect, if you're queer, know that your career is politically correct!

March in a parade, fight the phobic laws, make your cheque out monthly to the most deserving cause. Socialists are cool, Christmas are not, there's a lot to know, but you have to, though, after all, by God, we've got to be...

Chorus...

Politically, internally, relatively, eternally correct!

## Stories

When my parents saw me holding hands with Sue I didn't know what they'd think, but the last thing I expected was they booked me these appointments with a shrink. So I wrote them both a note that day and I made it very plain: "I'm gay." My mom completely freaked, although my father seemed to take it better, but my brother said, "She's still the girl you knew before you opened up the letter."

**CHORUS:** *Everybody has a story, everybody has a tale to tell, everybody's learned a lesson in life they know very well, tell your story...*

I came out to my dysfunctional and Catholic family early in the Eighties when moms and dads were alcoholic gentlemen and dominated ladies. I expected quite a scathing reprimand, their reactions kind of brought me up short. My mom has said she'll never advocate a gay lifestyle, and all get from dad is silence and a smile, but what if it's really taught me is acceptance isn't really support.

Chorus...

I've lived on the road, I've been near and far, I sang in the backup group for Vicki Carr, and all the while the music's going on, a part of me is sensing something's wrong, and we're traveling, singing, but the wound in my heart keeps stinging. So I meet his guy in L.A. somewhere, he says he knew all the bars and he'd take me there. I asked him please to help me find a girl, it introduced me to another world. And we're traveling, singing, but the wound in my heart keeps stinging. The process for me was kind of slow, my head came first, my heart was last to know. Is coming out the moment you fall in love, or admitting to yourself that what is so is so? Though it hasn't been champagne and caviar, I've come a long ways since that night in the bar. Still I think to myself, "If it hadn't been for Vicki Carr!"

Chorus...

In the first grade I was very not for Tommy, at recess I would hold his hand. In third grade I was not for hunks in movies, a little Robert Wagner fan. In high school I was not for the wrestling team, in college I was not for the preppy scene. At twenty seven there was no doubt, and it was time for me to come out. My mother did nothing but bawl, my father rejected it all, my sister lied and said it was fine, but none of us have talked since eighty-nine. While I'm proud of my own honesty, still I really miss my family.

Okay, okay, so I fell in love with my gym teacher! Who hasn't done that? It was seventh grade and I never thought I could reach her. Who hasn't done that? Yeah, she really made my hormones stir, there was never anyone like her. So at twenty-one I conquered my fears and I got us out of both our brassieres, and we lived together three or four years! And I can truthfully say I don't know too many other women who have done that!

Chorus...

I was ashamed, I felt nothing but shame. I hoped that my counselor might shed some light on the feelings that I couldn't name. Afraid of the truth and the pain it unlocks, I wanted to stuff all the terrible demons I knew back in Pandora's box. I couldn't face my kids, I couldn't face my wife, I couldn't face myself, my sorry, secret life. But nobody was more surprised than me when he said, "There's nothing wrong with you, don't you know? There's nothing wrong with you. All you need is to accept the fact that this is who you are." When I left his office it was cold as hell outside, but I felt so warm, and I felt so safe, and I cried and cried. Perhaps it's just too Norman Rockwell for you, but I came out to all of my family in a month or two in the living room with my dog at my side, and a fire in the hearth and my heart filled with pride. But at last I can truthfully say that the truth is better than Pandora any day.

Chorus...

## Buried Treasure

We live in a world where true love is perfection, but perfection's the thing that seems almost out of reach. You can find your reactions to the childish attractions as bleak as the sands on a beach. But somewhere out there, there are hearts and hearts connecting, you hear of the magic that happens when it's real. What's the key to uncover the singular lover who feels it the way that you feel?

**CHORUS:** *Maybe it's hidden away somewhere where you can't find it. It could be near or far, and chances are, you can look for a long long time. How do you search for the love you're after? Where do you start to uncover the secret buried treasure of the heart?*

We live in a world where man and woman marry, have a home and family, and fear no disregard. Is it fair that their voices should hinder our choices and make finding love twice as hard?

Chorus...

After all of the time that you spend seeking warmth and affection, when you're still empty handed for all of your labours of love, often love comes around when you search for it least, and delivers the magical prize that your heart's dreaming of.

Chorus...

## The Gender Polka

Susie once was known as Larry, not that that's extraordinary, you're not, but still it's got us doin' the Gender Polka. Put yourself in her position, having made the big transition, once a he and now a she, and doin' the Gender Polka.

**CHORUS:** *Ho di lay di lay, throw the rules away! Gender bending's so much fun, confusing almost everyone! Hey de hi de ho, people need to know, sexual identity is a very personal thing, you see, so if roles aren't what they seem to be, it's just the Gender Polka!*

You can bet your lederhosen that the path that you have chosen, if remote will look the boat when doin' the Gender Polka. Folks may think you've wapped or twisted, Pal, if there's a point, they've missed it! If you feel it's right and real, you're doin' the Gender Polka.

Chorus...

Kathy thought that boys were for her, then the boundaries started to blur. Now she knows she certainly prefers the choice of gentlemen, but likes a woman now and then.

Ron's a Denver full-back, a pro, every weekend he's "Mary-Jo" punps and dresses, raven tresses, it's not "lasses over tads", just different types of shoulder pads.

Straight and narrow people wonder if there's been a cosmic blunder, and may flee you when they see you doin' the Gender Polka. Never fear if you upset them and they think you're out to get them, probably you'll get to see them doin' the Gender Polka.

Chorus...

Bob and Fran were married for years, all their friends knew they hated queers. My, how times change! What's to find stranger? Fran's a lesbian promoter, Bob's a queen in South Dakota.

Sheldon thinks all gay men are chic, still, his counselor says every week, "I assure you, I can't cure you. Though you'd like to be a fairy, you're just plain and ordinary!"

Why be satisfied with "normal"? There's no need to make this formal, seize a maid and promenade and jump in the Gender Polka! It's a point that's worth exploring, "ordinary" is so boring! Grab a beau and do si-do and join in the Gender Polka!

Chorus...

## The Age Of Rage

Under the glare of a darkening sky, voices are raising a vehement cry, silent too long, now their company swells the freedom anthem its anger compels. Hands linked for combat, they stand to their feet, face the horizon, their rivets to meet, rulers who justice and truth damnify, fools who expect them to lay down and die.

It's the age of rage, voice of wrath and fist of fury, age of rage, aplaph for a blinded jury, house of Taurus and Aquarius rise against the foes who'd bury us dead or alive, can we survive the final stage of the age of rage?

Plaques of diseases enfeeble them all, plaques of indifference reply to their call. Un-named mistrust and anonymous fears answer their cries and respond to their tears.

It's the age of rage, arms of iron, tongues of fire, age of rage, smoke of liberty sprays higher. Righteous anger finds an instrument, snouts are raised in chorus militant, flames in the dark, burning the mark on history's page of the age of rage.

Knowing that victory is theirs for a price, lives, hopes and hearts' parish in sacrifice. How can we not join this triumphant band? Divided we fall, but united we stand!

It's the age of rage, truth that conquers fuels the spirit, age of rage, day grows brighter as we draw near it. Hope, the banner high we march before, all of nature echoes back the roar! With glory stained the lion unchained escapes its cage in the age of rage! Triumph ahead, succeeding the deadly war we wage in the age of rage! Now is the time to settle the crime that blots this age, the age of rage!

## Wish You Were Here

(Composer's note: The text of this song is intended to represent the following: 1 - young man who has lost his partner to AIDS; 2 - an older woman who has lost her partner due to natural causes; 3 - any of us affected by the passing of acquaintances or friends of friends.)

I held you close as you whispered, "goodbye", with you, I felt part of me slowly die. Still, your face lingers as I lose each tear, wish you were here, wish you were here. We bore an anguish like we'd never seen, hoping some miracle might intervene. Hand in hand, we faced the tear, wish you were here.

**CHORUS:** *Time changes you, time changes me, what do you do when you feel there's no end to the grief, no peace for the misery? Yet we go on, after they're gone, I miss you still, my dear, wish you were here.*

We shared a history, four decades long, until the end, you were healthy and strong. No disease claimed you though that brings no cheer, wish you were here, wish you were here. I hear from friends, all well-meaning and sage, death seems less deadly when brought on by age, kind words aren't what they appear, wish you were here.

Chorus...

Oh for a minute of the life we knew, one touch of your hand on mine! One single word, one little kiss would do. I've heard these dreams fade in time, still, all the memories shine and shine...

I saw your face in the paper last week, shock overcame me 'til I couldn't speak. I hadn't seen you since June of last year, wish you were here, wish you were here. Had I known your life was reaching an end, I would have loved you much better, my friend. I've lost the chance now, I fear, wish you were here.

Chorus...

### Better Day Dawning

Some day when the deadly diseases cannot rob us of living, cannot keep us in pain, someday when, for all of our struggles, only pride and acceptance and compassion remain, someday our concern for each other will assure us a future where we truly are free, someday there's a better day dawning, dawning on me.

Someday when the boundaries around us, built of ignorance, crumble to the truth of our right, someday when the shame and denial that have kept us in silence vanish into the light, someday when the forces against us must concede to the power of our rich history, someday there's a better day dawning, dawning on me.

Someday when there's more understanding, when our rights to be equal and be safe are upheld, someday when our differences join us, not divide and defeat us, when the anger is quelled, someday with our hands reaching outward, we'll arrive at the crossroads of a new unity, someday there's a glorious morning, there's a morning of freedom, there's a better day dawning, dawning on me!



*If you would like to become a part of the Chorus as a performing member, a non-performing member or a supporting member, call our information line at 925-XTRA extension 2107 or complete the information request on the back of your ticket.*



**THE LESBIAN & GAY CHORUS OF TORONTO**

Singing OUT! is enjoying its second season of performances. During its first season in 1992-1993, the all-volunteer chorus comprising 35 voices performed concerts in Toronto and Peterborough, appeared on CITY-TV's Breakfast Television show, and sang at Toronto's annual Pride Day celebration. At the beginning of their second season, when they performed at Toronto's City Hall as the opening act for From All Walks Of Life, the chorus had grown to 70 voices. Aside from its annual Toronto concerts and appearances, the chorus will be performing in London, Peterborough and Ottawa this year.

#### Board of Directors

Derick Hoffman, David Hopper, Anne MacDonald, Sheila Pruden, Tim Wilson, Jeanne Wood, Michelle Wooliam

#### Musis Selection Committee

David Cheater, Dan Leeder, Ellen Long, Susan Moore, Pat Seeley

#### Administration

Cathy Kealey, Don Pfeil, Tim Wilson

*Singing Out wishes to thank the Lesbian and Gay Community Appeal for its support of the chorus in 1993.*

Singing Out is a proud member of:



# Where does the money go?

Pink Triangle Press is the not-for-profit organization that publishes Xtra in Toronto, Xtra West in Vancouver & Capital Xtra in Ottawa.

Unlike other not-for-profits, we receive no government grants. We earn the money we need by selling advertising in the three editions of Xtra and memberships in Cruiseline and XTC, our popular chat and date lines.

But, like other not-for-profits, we have no shareholders looking for dividends, no owners taking profits. Every dollar we earn goes back into the services and support we provide to our community.

Free publicity and discounted advertising rates for community groups in Xtra and on our Xtionion line. Free advertising for a host of artistic and health-related causes. Information and comment for the media on lesbian and gay issues.

**So, that's where the money goes.  
It all comes back to you.**

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LESBIAN & GAY NEWSPAPER.