

KAMPUNG SPIRIT

Voyage Festival 2022
27th August 2022, 12pm
YST Concert Hall



CHEN ZHANGYI
SARA FLORIAN

KAMPUNG SPIRIT

CHEN ZHANGYI, *composer*

SARA FLORIAN, *librettist*

LIM JING JIE, *director*

KOH KAI JIE, *conductor*

CAST

RACHEL LIM-----SISTER 1
WONG YONG EN-----SISTER 2
BENJAMIN HARRIS-----BOY
ZOE HONG-----GIRL
ALISON WONG-----GRANDMA 1
CHEN CHING-YU-----GRANDMA 2
KEANE ONG-----TOWKAY

KAMPUNG SPIRIT

ENSEMBLE

FRANCES LEE, *piano*

JOACHIM LIM, *percussion*

JOELLE CHIAM, *violin*

ALYSSA GOH, *violin*

CHEN CHI-JUI, *viola*

YEIN SIM, *cello*

HIBIKI OTOMO, *double bass*

CREW

YST Programming & Productions

YST Audio Arts & Sciences

Alberta Wileo, *Gaffer*

POCO Productions

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

LIM JING JIE

What exactly *is* the “Kampung Spirit”?

We are often sold the narrative that a united country becomes stronger together only when they move forward together. We sing the songs, recite the words, and *enshrine* them in our hearts with such pious togetherness, but how much of ourselves do we truly believe? In this quest for progress, what are we taking along, and what are we leaving behind?

In this first live installation of *Kampung Spirit*, we portray four scenes that take place around a HDB block containing some very *ordinary* Singaporeans, leading their very *ordinary* lives. Two sisters at the playground bicker over something online while a pair of lovers sanctify their desires to uphold values of family and marriage; two grandmothers compare the accolades of their kids while an entrepreneurial businessman reminisces the simpler, more arduous early days of running his fish farm.

These scenes lend quite an air of familiarity, encompassing much of our nation's conveniently curated ideals: a manic modernity that boldly consecrates and celebrates our lust for the past. We get so caught up that we forget about the beauty in the very *ordinary*, a space that just *is*, where we can choose to take off the rose-tinted glasses and take a pause for once.

The fact of life is that things authentically paint themselves as they are and as they should, but only if we allow ourselves to see them. Maybe then will we finally find everything we have been looking for, a spirit that has always been there in the crevices of the very *ordinary*.