

LAU ZONE 撈松

港式歌廳
CABARET

HOUSE PROGRAMME



大館
TAI KWUN

保育活化
Conserved and
revitalised by



香港賽馬會
The Hong Kong
Jockey Club

LAU 港式歌廳
CABARET ZONE 撈 (載譽重演)
(RE-RUN) 鬆公

02, 03.06.2022 | 8pm

04, 05.06.2022 | 2:30pm & 8pm

JC CUBE, TAI KWUN

Approximately 1 hour 10 minutes without intermission

CONTENTS

→ PRODUCER'S NOTE

→ CREATOR'S NOTE

→ SYNOPSIS

→ SONG LIST

→ LYRICS

→ CREATIVE AND PRODUCTION TEAM

→ CREATIVE AND PRODUCTION TEAM
MEMBERS' BIO

→ TAI KWUN PRODUCTION TEAM

→ SURVEY

→ HOUSE RULES

→ REFERENCE

PRODUCER'S NOTE

Every era has its own creations and *LauZone* belongs to the present.

Since its premiere in SPOTLIGHT: A Season of Performing Arts in September 2021, the work has fostered a deep connection with the audience as it echoes our lives. If arts creations cannot relate to our lives, then what is its purpose?

So, what are we waiting for? It is now or never.

Eddy Zee

Head of Performing Arts

CREATOR'S NOTE

An Asian face in America, an Asian face in Australia, an Asian face in Canada...I don't profess to fully relating to the Asian-American experience – I only lived there as a student after all. I always knew where home was, where I was really really from, where my people were from, so there's definitely much more Asian there than American. But live there I did, and for quite a long time too. People would always ask where I was from, "Hong Kong" I'd say. "Oh that's really cool!" And if I didn't get the "So what's it like in Japan?", I'd almost inevitably get the "But you don't have an accent!" And then I'd have to go into my life history of spending lots of time with relatives in the States, the novel idea of international schools (an American high school in Hong Kong, what what?), going to college in Boston, etc etc. Or I'd get lazy and just say "Oh really? Nah I actually do have an accent if you listened closely enough". So I do sympathize with Asian Americans who always have to answer questions about where they are from, no but where they are really really from, no where their people are from, and this got me thinking about where I am really really from.

Most people from Hong Kong aren't originally from here, or their people weren't, but by now a lot of us are 3rd, 4th or even 5th generation Hong Kongers, and it's only natural that we feel this is home. History however doesn't

stop with you, or your parents, or your grandparents. It extends as far back as, well, as it extends, so how far back should one trace one's roots? Like a lot of people of my generation, I have never been to either of my ancestral hometowns, so my only tangible connection to my roots are whatever family customs we still maintain, and perhaps a little more tangible than those, the hometown dialects that the older generations spoke.

I understand a bit of Shanghainese through my maternal grandmother, and though I can't speak it, this iota of understanding has already been enough for me to always feel a little bit of kinship or familiarity with new Shanghainese friends I meet, or people of Shanghainese origin. I wonder, with Hong Kong being such a come and go kind of city, and especially now with so many people moving away, how they all think of their roots. Will Hong Kong remain a constant and vivid spot of light on their radars? Or will it become a distant memory of some faraway ancestral hometown in less time than they think? What about Cantonese, will it take only one generation for it to become some barely spoken ancestral hometown dialect? Will their children, who now grow up likely speaking any number of Western languages or Putonghua, will they think of Cantonese the way I think of Shanghainese? And when their now fully Asian-American, Asian-Australian, Asian-Whatever children's children inevitably decide to visit Asia and search for their

roots, where and how far back will they go? When your hometown, your parents' hometown and your ancestral hometowns are all different places, where are you really, really from?

Anna Lo

Co-creator, Composer, Text and Performer

SYNOPSIS

Back by popular demand this June Cabaret *LauZone* Sings to the Tune of Hong Kong's "Crazy Rich Culcha"

"Where are you from? Where are you REALLY from?"

This trivial bit of information seems to be useful only while filling in application forms. However, what else does our place of ancestry represent? Other than a few slang words, Hong Kong people are all but detached from the dialects spoken fluently among the older generations. To tackle this bittersweet relationship, the multi-talented trio of Yuri Ng, Anna Lo and Rick Lau present *LauZone* - a poignant yet playful cabaret on the rich variety of Chinese dialects. The premiere of *LauZone* in the 2021 Tai Kwun SPOTLIGHT: A Season of Performing Arts was a sold-out and much praised success, and Rick Lau is nominated for Best Actor at the 13th Hong Kong Theatre Libre Awards for this performance.

"Lau Zone" is the Cantonese colloquial term used towards non-Cantonese natives, which essentially includes most Hong Kong people of previous generations, as most of them were immigrants to the city. So, get ready for the euphony of dialects, music, and laughter as Rick Lau and Anna Lo shine in a cabaret

show that sings tribute to the lives and memories of the melting pot known as Hong Kong as well as to our collective roots and inherited legacy.

SONG LIST

- NURSERY RHYME [1]
- IN THE ZONE
- GLASS MENAGERIE
- COW'S TEARS
- NURSERY RHYME [2]
- TRUE BIAS
- ONE WAY TICKET
- WHERE NOBODY KNOWS MY NAME
- I SPY WITH MY SLANTY EYES
- MEN ARE BIRDS, BIRDS ARE MEN
- MADE IN HONG KONG
- NURSERY RHYME [3]

NURSERY RHYME [1]

Music and arrangement by

Anna Lo

Lyrics by

Traditional Shanghainese

Nursery Rhyme

Translated by

Nicole Liang and

Winston Wu

(In Shanghainese)

There was a tiger on the mountain,

hungry for flesh

It was held inside a cage

The cage broke, and the tiger escaped

Escaped to Nanjing; escaped to Beijing

Bought a pack of sweetener and put it in water for a soak

Time for food, and play the erhu

Put it in water for a soak

Time for food, and play the erhu

IN THE ZONE

Music and arrangement by

Anna Lo

Lyrics by

Leung Pak Kin

Translated by

Nicole Liang and

Winston Wu

Motivated and driven,
if you've nothing else to offer work til you drop
Chaoyang people have quite the personality,
whereas Haifeng people are calm and chill
Bags of rice on shoulders,
downing drinks at *Daa Laang*
We are a family, we always have your back
We will always fight to succeed

Shanghainese people "*akla*" sounds nice for "we"
Need to look pretty without a penny, ladies looking fair
and silky
Two Hundred Fifty, good at bargaining
Those who live in North Point are the kings of Mahjong

Hong Kong has all kinds of people; it takes all sorts to
LauZones are likely to be in this area, people from
Teochew are the most hardworking and driven

There are many residents in North Point;
The Hokkien with an extra stick at hand
Years, months and days go by;

Hardworking "*friendz*" are here to be found

Neighbours from Hokkien, Hoklo, Zhongshan
Northerners, Guangzhou, Hakka, Jiangnan
Tomb sweeping on Chung Yeung Festival,
tombs dotting the hillsides of Guangdong
So many languages in Hong Kong,
there must be a way to connect

Each with their distinctive foul language
The *Weitou* people looking for their kind,
fighting their way to Sheung Wan
Through thick and thin, just for two meals and a living

LA LA LA

Coolies form gangs through their brotherly rituals
Cops from Shandong are especially tough,
one glare and you end up in their cars
With their suits and ties and local cuisine,
the Shanghainese have no competition
Factories are open, plastic flowers bloom and stocks
are flowing,
the Li's are always top of the market

LauZones chew on sugarcanes on the street
with no change in their pockets, no problem,
will just go and borrow some

LauZones fight their way to the top,
overcoming unspoken sweat and tears
LauZones, your trusted companions through poverty til
success is achieved
Taking care of families, eating canned foods in
the storm, returning their hometowns every once in a
while

The resettlement areas are full of people working
through the nights
They work and work, penny-pinch, just to earn
a dime or two

Neighbours from Hokkien, Hoklo, Zhongshan
Northerners, Guangzhou, Hakka, Jiangnan
Tomb sweeping on Chung Yeung Festival,
tombs dotting the hillsides of Guangdong
So many languages in Hong Kong,
there must be a way to connect

Each with their distinctive foul language
The *Weitou* people looking for their kind,
fighting their way to Sheung Wan
Through thick and thin, just for two meals and a living

Adversity comes and goes, *LauZone* you have to
watch your step

Laugh together, you must be tough in Hong Kong

Through thick and thin, make a living together
(Adversity comes and goes, *LauZone* you have to
watch your step)

Hustle and earn, simple as that, no shame in that
(Laugh, simple as that, no shame in that)

Neighbours from Hokkien, Hoklo, Zhongshan
Northerners, Guangzhou, Hakka, Jiangnan
Tomb sweeping along the hillsides of Guangdong
Everyone's a HK *chank* with no exceptions

Everyone with their foul mouths,
flexing their fortunes
The *Weitou* people looking for their kind,
fighting their way to Sheung Wan
Through thick and thin, enough for two meals and a living

LA LA LA

GLASS MENAGERIE

Music and arrangement by

Anna Lo

Lyrics by

Leung Pak Kin

Translated by

Nicole Liang and

Winston Wu

The lion is ferocious,
but you roll your eyes
The gorilla's hair is sleek and black,
yet you compare it to charcoal
The great viper is born without limbs,
and you laugh at its "disability"
Born without legs but it can move, hmph

You ridicule the hippo for playing in dirty water
You tell crows and chickens to be quiet
Why the jeer against every kind?
Mocking the slow pace of the turtle (oh no)
Judging everything as if you were a judge,
it makes me guilty just listening to you

Fragile like glass, it is depressing
As though being suffocated
You laugh and curse like it's a joke
When deep down you sneer at and criticize me

Fragile like glass, crying behind others' backs
As though there is a needle pricking at the heart

We talk

You get your high and take jabs at me

Constant digs and sly remarks,

with laughter that sends shivers

Laughter that makes me sweat

The wild boar with its menacing looks,

which you joke is repugnant

The pug with its flat and wrinkly face,

which you now just find funny more so than odd

The bald eagle was born hairless,

this killer is not lonely oh yeah

Every elephant has a nose too high,

born thick and long

Oh

Fragile like glass, it is depressing

As though being suffocated

You laugh and curse like it's a joke

When deep down you sneer at and criticize me

Fragile like glass, crying behind others' backs

As though there is a needle pricking at the heart

We talk

You get your high and take jabs at me

Constant digs and sly remarks,

with laughter that sends shivers

Laughter that makes me sweat

Turns out everyone jokes when they want to laugh
Everyone is laughing in the zoo,
so laugh as you please too
Everyone is laughing and not cursing
(the zoo became the most peaceful in the end)
Everyone is laughing in the zoo,
so laugh as you please at all the old jokes
(turns out all the animals have their own purposes too)

No longer like glass, no longer depressed
No longer like glass, no more disputes
The wind blows, like jokes and banter,
you laugh at TamJai,
Speak of India and laugh at how their people are
called "acha"
No longer like glass, nobody suffers any loss
Turns out you have your mouth has no filter
Get your high, speak your mind,
treat them like a pork chop in a gown
I laugh when someone taunts me,
when you are overcome with laughter
The world no longer has conflicts
You stop laughing because you finally admit this boring
Just say it, don't be afraid of the glass around
Laugh and laugh until teary-eyed and dried throat
Laugh and laugh, please let it out

COW'S TEARS

Music and arrangement by

Anna Lo

Lyrics by

Leung Pak Kin

Translated by

Nicole Liang and

Winston Wu

(In Teochew)

Cow, cow, you are crying!

Fine, I won't hit you anymore

Cow, cow, listen to me

Stop crying, I will care for you

(In Cantonese)

Time flies, fallen into the currents,

chasing the minutes and the seconds

Time, like wind, comes and goes each day,

tears flow into the wind

Pedestrians of the past,

sights and sounds of each day

Rice fields one day cultivated

Journeying together someday,

leaving footprints in the mud

Keep walking, so I have heard

Time, going back to one day,

the figure enters the void

Time, passing from the beginning, the wind blows

Waking up from a dream a few years older

Tears leave no trace
every bruise and bump
Comes with tears for the sacrifices
Souls of the people leaving footprints in the dust
All in the cause and effect, so I have heard

Time, as if real, trickles daily to the streams
as if from a waterwheel
Time, as if false, plough the earth,
go around in a circle
Goodness and kindness
Wake up and see you on the other side

(In Teochew)
Cow, cow, are you crying?
You can finally rest now
Cow, cow, listen to me
I will care for you like a baby.
Don't cry, I am here for you

NURSERY RHYME [2]

Music and arrangement by

Anna Lo

Lyrics by

Chris Shum

Translated by

Nicole Liang and

Winston Wu

Spacing out looks foolish,
can't avoid a dimwit
Bogeyman is gonna catch you
Your Dad and Mum, Friends and Neighbours
Your Brothers and Sisters, Grandpa and Grandma
Nothing's gonna save you
Tweets and Chirps are a waste of energy
Being depressed entails nothing great
Didn't study and you come in last place

TRUE BIAS

Music and arrangement by

Anna Lo

Lyrics by

Leung Pak Kin

Translated by

Nicole Liang and

Winston Wu

Silent threads gather to become a sword at hand
Meander in the fabric,
from skilled hands the fabric into a shawl

The beauty of curves revealed by the slim fit
Svelte grace set into limelight amongst blinding flashlights

The most beloved couturiers are here in town
Gathering each and every classic without bias
Yet what I love more is the moment of convergence and
pioneering
Be it to customize or change an accessory
Breathes life into Chinese and Western craftsmanship

Patterns change at a snip, threads spring into life
Skillfully brandishing a needle like a sword at hand
Each twist and twirl sprouts into inches of life
Each clip and nick blossoms with mastery
Like a gentleman spinning and circling
Within rules and systems with poise and grace
Like a sculptor crafting a masterpiece
Studying the multitudinous facets a needle may bring

Jot by jot, needle followed by thread
Each button and inch fits perfectly like a glove
Delicate angles and natural fits
The back of the suit

When positions change,
revamps and upgrades are commonplace
As stitches reverse in resignation,
each twist and turn is goodbye to the past

There are regrets, east and west at opposing sides
Overturning conservatism is a century-old classic
There may be frets, living under definitions
Tailor-made under my request is my latest trend

Patterns change at a snip, threads spring into life
Skillfully brandishing a needle like a sword at hand
Each twist and twirl sprouts into inches of life
Each clip and nick blossoms with mastery
Like a gentleman spinning and circling
Within rules and systems with poise and grace
Like a sculptor crafting a masterpiece
The thread in his hands

The old dances with the new
With opposites at the two sides
How to trim when it's one step forward, two steps back
Like fabric splitting into two sides of the same face

To hold on to the past or yearn for something new
Feeling abashed at the crossroads of change

Patterns change with the surroundings,
the tailor knows it well
A lifetime spinning and circling in needles and thread
Continuing to amaze with fabric followed by fabric
Devoting solely to the beauty of the body

Jot by jot, needle followed by thread
Each button and inch fits perfectly like a glove
Delicate angles and natural fits
The back of the suit
Passing on the legacy of the day

ONE WAY TICKET

Music and arrangement by

Anna Lo

Lyrics by

Chris Shum

Translated by

Nicole Liang and

Winston Wu

With my bags packed,
I fly to a distant place in the night
Looking into the past with parting sorrows
A trip guided by emotions,
despite them often unexpressed
Yet tears burn the eyes from city lights at
takeoff and landing

Friends reminisce about my legacy at parties
Bringing up so-and-so, and what caused our fallout
How many are left?
Spending time through jests and frolics
Conversing about those we sent off last month,
and the month before

Forgetting how to say goodbyes,
did we say what we're doing in the future?
Remembering the barriers to reunion from this point on
That night, we drank and waited for the time to pass
Joking about how I won't be around for the next one

Another friend added to the long list
that have already gone
Scattered across the map of the world
They laugh and "congratulate" me,
the familiar rudeness does help
As though to deflect from the thought of
never seeing me again

With my bags packed,
I fly to a distant place in the night
Looking into the past with parting sorrows
A trip guided by emotions,
despite them often unexpressed
Yet tears burn the eyes from city lights at
takeoff and landing

Believed that we would always meet again, who knew
From that day on, it was never to be, like it used to be
I lie in my passenger seat with ticket in hand
Unable to sleep due to hunger,
how it reminded me of when our glasses last clinked

How many relationships have we bid farewell to?
Soon as our words ended,
a new accent is to be donned
Once upon a time I travelled,
glimpsing at sights hurriedly
Now I have brought luggage to settle at a foreign land

Flying to a distant place in the pitch-black of the night
Looking into the past with parting sorrows
A trip guided by emotions,
despite them often unexpressed
Yet tears burn the eyes only from city lights at
takeoff and landing

Laughing at the fact that I needed a plane
to move houses
Downing my drink so I could sleep,
bid farewell to this day, then build a new home

Today I fly to a distant place in the night
With packed bags, and a lingering past
Not knowing what the future holds
But without a return ticket, I go, and won't look back

WHERE NOBODY KNOWS MY NAME

Music, lyrics and
arrangement by
Anna Lo

Will the grass be greener on the other side?
Will the air be sweeter on a summer night?
Will the moon hang higher
Will the sunshine brighter
Will I see you and me with different eyes?

Will the spring in my step be any springy-er?
Will the thoughts in my head be any think-y-er?
Will I see out further?
Will I hear more colors?
Will the new words flow like the Yellow River?

I'm gonna go go go where nobody knows my name
Be that so and so with everything to gain
And we'll go rock and roll across the new terrain
How great it would be to see a new reflection looking
back at me

Will they see what I see? What the future holds?
Will they take what I give? How will it all unfold?
I can see the dreams right there
Hopefully they're not nightmares
'least I hope that how everything will go

Is the road less travelled really the way to go?
Is it right up my alley? Does it float my boat?
Will it be smooth sailing? Or a bump in the road?
Have my feet on the ground I won't let them get cold

I'm gonna go go go where nobody knows my name
Be that so and so with everything to gain
And we'll go rock and roll across the new terrain
How great it would be to see a new reflection looking
back at me

I'm gonna go go go where nobody knows my name
It won't be the same
I've everything to gain
And we'll go rock and roll and sing a new refrain
How wonderful it would be
To have more than one of me
How great it would be to see a strange reflection
looking back at me

Is the road less travelled the way to go?
Is it right up your alley? Does it float your boat?

Will it be smooth sailing? Or a bump in the road?
Jumping ship's a no
We're in the same boat
Gotta get the show on the road

I SPY WITH MY SLANTY EYES

Music, lyrics and
arrangement by
Anna Lo

I spy, I spy with my slanty eyes
I see through all your lies
I spy and I spy with my canny eyes
Baby, I see right through your disguise

I spy, I spy with my slanty eyes
I see through all your lies
I spy and I spy with my canny eyes
Frankly I see right through
I know Kung Fu
Don't take me for a fool
I see right through your disguise

MEN ARE BIRDS, BIRDS ARE MEN

Music and
arrangement by
Anna Lo

Lyrics by
Rick Lau

Translated by
**Nicole Liang and
Winston Wu**

(In Teochew)

Stinky boy oh smelly boy
Smooth hair, red bottom
Mowing grass with cattle over the hills
Feeding chicks til they grow big
Today we're here, tomorrow we're there
Men are birds, birds are men

Chick is at home with no food
To go for a fly outside would be good
Being smart in school gets all the praise
Marrying a good wife, it's all smiles
Today we're here, tomorrow we're there
Men are birds, birds are men

Water drips from rooftop tiles
Drip and drip without fail
Sayings in old books can be copied onto paper

Don't penny-pinch with food, don't splurge on luxuries
A healthy body is important

Foot pain does not understand those with it
Take me away at a good day and good time
Today we're here, tomorrow we're there
Men are birds, birds are men

Men are birds, birds are men

MADE IN HONG KONG

Music and arrangement by

Anna Lo

Lyrics by

Leon Ko

Translated by

Nicole Liang,

Winston Wu and Anna Lo

The Harbour recounts stories clouded by war and fire
Battleships berthed near Possession Point
Fishing boats watching over Deep Water Bay
Hoping it will be bygones one day, hoping the sun will
shine again some day

Tsim Sha Tsui has long forgotten
its past besieged by war
Silent and tranquil on the broad avenues
Yet no stars could be seen at Star House
Only a canopy of city lights
Lighting up your face and mine

Stepping out of the pitch-dark alleys of the Walled City
Now a park where children run and play
Half of the stubborn rock remains unburied
at the South Gate
Still complaining, still remembering, still watching

Worshiping Buddha, reciting scriptures,
going to church on a Sunday,
Faith and hope is love, the sea of suffering is boundless

Physiognomy and fortune telling,
who understands, how to divine
All one wants is the best fortunes for oneself
Who cares which faction or denomination

Rice balls, sushi, egg sandwich or drunken crab
Each have fans rooting for them in delight
Working hard so you can eat to your heart's content
No matter life's highs or lows
Let's first make sure stomachs aren't growling

Whether you are rich or poor
Whether your days are colourful or full of loafing around
You will always find something that entices you
And walk your own unique path

Work hard and shoulder the many expectations
The heavens above are watching,
all the exciting collisions
Withstanding the immersion of culture
Alternations in time and space
Witnessing the glory of the past

Tough on tough,
gale force winds and stormy waves
Joining hands to create a future together –
did we achieve what we wanted?
Who is there to give you cover when
swimming against the tide

Who can stand firm and shield troubles
Are there any model answers that we can look for?

It would be fine even when toiling from dawn till dark
Together we will set sail and brave the sea
Meeting your best crew at the foot of the Lion Rock
Even if we are millions of miles apart
The heart is at ease as we kiss goodbye

Whether you are rich or poor
Whether you are smart or stupid
You will always find another set of footsteps
A voice that harmonizes

Work hard and shoulder the many expectations
The heavens above are watching,
all the exciting collisions
Withstanding the immersion of culture
Alternations in time and space
Witnessing the glory of the past

Tough on tough,
gale force winds and stormy waves
Joining hands to create a future together –
did we achieve what we wanted?
Who is there to give you cover when
swimming against the tide
Who can stand firm and shield troubles
Will we find the answers we are looking for?

Bear in mind,
everything nice will fall victim to the sands of time
Cherish everything
Bear in mind, the resplendent sheen of the sunset

Keep on creating what's made in Hong Kong
Base your characters off the stories of you and I
One must go through ups and downs
Scramble through dirt and stand tall
And settle only once you have seen it all

The roses will blossom, together in hope
Making steel from iron –
who cares how solemn or tragic it will be
Rise from the ashes and transform
And welcome the brilliant sunshine

Have you ever seen the fireworks
lighting up the harbour?
Have you ever told someone that
they are your one and only?
Have you ever reminisced about
the early summers at Repulse Bay?

Have you ever bought flowers at the Flower Market?
Have you ever taken the minibus in the wee hours?
Have you ever asked about your future at
Temple Street?

Have you ever gone home hoping that the day would
be longer?

The sorrows of an old song continue to ring
Still speaking of the hopes that
we will be together one day
Times have gone by
Leaving old songs and famous lines behind

NURSERY RHYME [3]

Music and
arrangement by
Anna Lo

Lyrics by
Anna Lo, Chris Shum

Translated by
**Nicole Liang and
Winston Wu**

(In Putonghua)

Don't be afraid just climb and go
Be a whiz or be a freak just let it be
Gamble and stride with head up high
Could care less 'bout the lows and highs
Gotta come out on top like I got cheat codes

(In English)

The apples say goodbye
On the grass they lie
Will they travel far and wide?
Don't you know how, Don't you know where,
Don't you know who, Don't you know why,
Don't you know that underneath the apple tree
Down and down these roots they reach
Deep under the grass so green,
Lies the answers, lies the key

(In Cantonese)

Nothing's gonna save you
Don't waste your energy

(In Shanghainese)
Put it in water for a soak
Time for food, and play the erhu

CREATIVE AND PRODUCTION TEAM

Co-creator, Composer and Performer	Anna Lo
Co-creator, Text and Performer	Rick Lau
Director, Set and Costume Designer	Yuri Ng ^
Text	Yan Dong, Leon Ko, Leung Pak Kin, Anna Lo, William Ng OFM, Chris Shum, Tony Taylor
Musicians	Wilson Lam, Rebecca Li, Antonio Serrano Jr., Victor Tsang, Wong Tak Chung
Lighting Designer	Mak Kwok Fai
Sound Engineer	Candog Ha
Production	Jason Ma
Stage Manager	Yuen Kin Man
Deputy Stage Manager	Bee Li ^
Assistant Stage Manager	Lee Yan Ho Jonathan
Live Sound Mixing Engineer	Gag Chow
Stage Crew	Cho Ka Ho, Yeung Shuk Man
Dresser	Karen Lau
Make-up Artist	Lee Chui Kwan
Producer	Icy Lai

^ By kind permission of the City Contemporary Dance Company

CREATIVE AND PRODUCTION TEAM MEMBERS' BIO

Anna Lo

CO-CREATOR, COMPOSER,
TEXT AND PERFORMER



Anna Lo is a composer, songwriter, arranger, pianist, conductor and an a cappella artist. She graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Berklee College of Music, majoring in linguistics and music. She grew up in the Central and Western District of Hong Kong, and her parents are from Zhongshan and Ningbo. Her favourite dishes from her ancestral hometown are Shanghai rice cakes and braised gluten(Kaofu). A unique tradition of her family is to switch on all the lights at home when the clock strikes twelve on Chinese New Year's Eve. Anna has never been to either of her hometowns.

She remembers these phrases in Shanghainese:

- 1) 啥物事 (What's the matter?)
- 2) 阿拉弗要 (I don't want it)

Rick Lau

CO-CREATOR,
TEXT AND PERFORMER



Rick Lau graduated from National Institute of Dramatic Art, Australia, majoring in Music Theatre. He is a son of Teochew descent and grew up in Lower Ngau Tau Kok Estate, Hong Kong. His favourite dishes from hometown are marinated duck and mashed taro. The unique tradition of his family is to seek advice from Wong Tai Sin (a Chinese Deity) for every matter, from business to immigration and even romance. Although Rick has never been to his hometown, his family keeps a habit of sending cash and goods back before Lunar New Year.

He remembers these phrases in Teochew dialect:

Paa3 Saa3 Nei4- Ngaa4 Si4 (nonsense), Dam3 Baai2 Zi3 (idiot)

Yuri Ng

DIRECTOR,
SET AND COSTUME DESIGNER



Yuri Ng is an established choreographer in Hong Kong. Growing up in Causeway Bay, Hong Kong, his parents are from Taishan and Shiqi. His favourite dish from hometown is steamed pork belly with shrimp paste. He has only been to his hometown once when he was young.

He remembers this phrase in Taishan dialect: hoi san lou
ng

Yan Dong

TEXT



Yan is a researcher and theatre practitioner. He was born in Jiangxi Nanchang. His father migrated from Nankang to Nanchang when he was 7. Since his grandmother did not let him speak in Hakka dialects, he was forced to learn Chang-du Gan (Nanchang dialect). However, most of the time his parents and Yan are communicating in Putonghua. Yan can speak Cantonese but listen to Chang-du Gan better. His favourite hometown dishes are Nanchang mixed noodles and soup cooked in pottery jar. Yan has not been to his hometown for 4 years.

Leon Ko

TEXT



Photo: Leo Yuen

Graduated from New York University, Leon Ko is a local composer. While he grew up in Wan Chai, his parents are from Guangdong Panyu and Huaxian. He likes Chinese Fried Dough Sticks, which he reckons or wishes are the food from his hometown. Leon has never been to his hometown.

Leung Pak Kin

TEXT



Leung Pak Kin is a lyricist. His father is from Taishan and his mother is the indigenous inhabitant from Stanley. His favourite dish from hometown is yellow-eel rice. His whole family has been to the hometown once and discovered that his family ancestral house is next to Tony Leung Chiu Wai's.

William Ng OFM

TEXT



Brother William Ng OFM is a Franciscan Friar, engaged in the field of Expressive Arts Therapy.

Grew up in the forgotten neighbourhood of Gooseneck Bridge. The paternal home county is Toi-Shan and the maternal home county is Chung-Shan, although both parents were born in Hong Kong. His favourite home food is steamed rice rolls.

The only vernacular phrase he knows is zaam-tau-gwai

Chris Shum

TEXT



Chris Shum is a celebrated lyricist with work spanning musicals, plays, movies, television dramas and pop music. While he grew up in Sham Shui Po and Tiu Keng Leng, his parents are from Guangdong Shunde and Nanhai. His father's salt baked chicken is his favourite hometown dish. He had once gone back to his hometown by goods wagon.

Tony Taylor

TEXT



My name is Tony Taylor. I was born in England in 1947. My father was called Tom and he was born in the same county as I, Lancashire. The name Taylor is derived from the French, "Tailleur", meaning, "tailor", and in the next life that is what I would like to be.

My mother, Pat, was born in London, which is a completely different world to Lancashire. When my parents met, they hated each other and so they got married and had me.

I was 12 when my parents decided to leave England and start a new life in Australia. So you can decide where I grew up. I hated Australia when I got there because on the first day the big boys flushed my school cap down the toilet. But now I love it because I grew up.

My favourite English dish is Meat and Potato Pie. I also like "Put wood int 'ole" which means, "Close the door".

In England on New Year's Eve the person with the darkest

complexion has to walk into the house and enter, on the stroke of midnight, carrying a lump of coal.

I have been back to England but it is a foreign country to me now. I do not belong. I do not want to belong.

Wilson Lam

GUITARIST



Graduated from Berklee College of Music, Wilson Lam studied guitar performance and composition with Mick Goodrick and Yakov Gubanov. He then studied film scoring with Sonny Kompanek at New York University. Growing up in Tsuen Wan, North Point and Wan Chai, Wilson's parents are from Fujian and Heilongjian, they always make dumplings on the first day of Lunar New Year. His favourite hometown dish is Peking duck. Back in the 80s, he went to the Beijing Friendship Store, which was an exclusive state-run store, in his hometown. He had to present his passport or home return permit in order to enter the store.

Rebecca Li

CELLIST



Graduated from Conservatoire de Bordeaux Jacques Thibaud and The Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts, Rebecca Li is active in different local music performances. Growing up in the Southern district, her parents are from Zhongshan and Dongguan of Guangdong. Her favourite hometown food is Dongguan's longan. Yet, she has never been to her hometown.

Antonio Serrano Jr.

DRUMMER



Antonio Serrano Jr. is an active session drummer in the Hong Kong local scene. Born in Hong Kong whose father is a Filipino musician who worked with Jazz groups and big bands in the Hong Kong Hotel scene since the 70s. Antonio developed most of his skills as a church musician playing different musical instruments. He was sent to the Philippines, in a village called Camachile in the province of Bataan from Kindergarten to Grade 4 due to his parents working at night and no one will take care of him. From Primary 4, he came back to Hong Kong to study. They lived in Austin Avenue, Tsim Sha Tsui. His favourite hometown food is seafood including crabs, shrimps as his hometown's means of income is fishing. Every village and town in the Philippines have their own festival called Fiesta held every year. It is a religious celebration in honour of that village's patron saint. His village, Camachile's patron saint is St Raphael.

He knows the main dialect, Tagalog as it is the same as most Filipinos.

Victor Tsang

GUITARIST



Guitarist Victor Tsang first picked up the guitar at the age of 12. He furthered his study at Berklee College of Music, Boston U.S., majoring in Guitar Performance. While he grew up in Ma On Shan, his parents are from Guangdong Panyu and Jiangsu Wuxi. Victor has never been to his hometown.

Wong Tak Chung

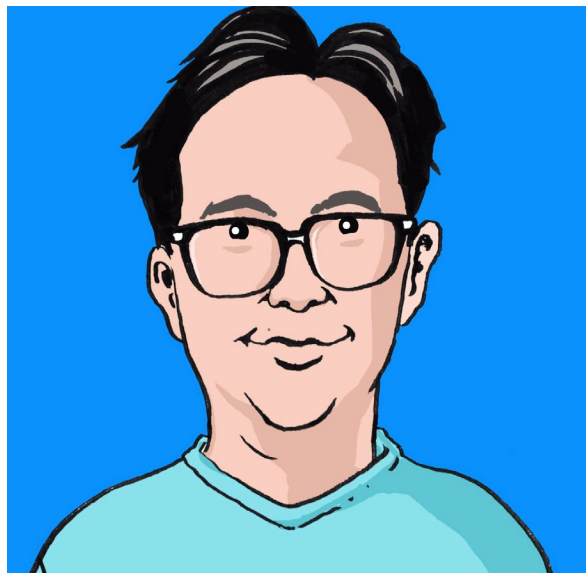
BASSIST



Wong Tak Chung is an active local jazz bassist, he has been working with various artists and troupes. Growing up in Sai Wan, Wong's hometown is Long Yan in Fu Jiang.

Mak Kwok Fai

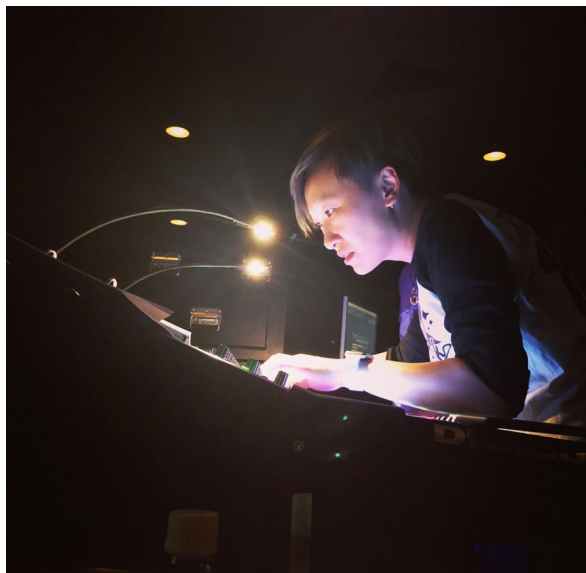
LIGHTING DESIGNER



Graduate from The Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts, majoring in Theatre Lighting, Mak Kwok Fai earned his Master Degree in Queensland University of Technology. While he grew up in Sheung Wan, his parents are from Zhongshan and Nanhai, Guangdong. The only time he was back to the hometown with his grandfather, Mak learnt his grandfather's nickname which he then shared with his family in Hong Kong.

Candog Ha

SOUND ENGINEER



Candog Ha graduated from The Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts, majoring in Sound Design and Music Recording. She has been working for many local and overseas stage productions as a sound designer and engineer. She was also the Audio Consultant of Macao International Music Festival for 3 years.

Growing up in Kowloon, Candog's parents came from Zhejiang and Guangzhou. Her favourite hometown dish is egg dumplings. The unique family tradition is not washing hair on the first day of Lunar New Year. She has never been to her hometown.

Jason Ma

PRODUCTION MANAGER



Freelance stage production manager, Jason was born in Guangdong and grown up in Tin Shui Wai. His parents came from Guangdong Hoifung. He doesn't understand most of the family traditions, for example: Why the bride needs to cross the threshold in the midnight on wedding night? (Unknown) Comparatively, he loves the hometown when he was small more for it has the human touch.

Yuen Kin Man

STAGE MANAGER



Graduated from The Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts, major in Arts, Project and Stage Management, Yuen Kin Man is a freelancer currently. She was born in Queen Elizabeth Hospital and raised in Hong Kong. Her father is from Guangdong Shijie while her mother is from Chaozhou. She seldom goes back to her hometown and could barely remember there.

Icy Lai

PRODUCER



Graduated from Baptist University Hong Kong with a First-Class Honours degree for Music Studies and earned her Master degree in music from The Chinese University, Icy devoted herself to performing arts production after graduation.

She used to live in a resettlement area in Hong Kong for a short while. Her hometown is Dongguan, while soy source goose is her favourite hometown food.

TAI KWUN PRODUCTION TEAM

Artistic Director	Timothy Calnin
Head of Performing Arts	Eddy Zee
Producers	Grace Kwok, Phoebe Cheng
Technical and Production	Joel Ma, Shandy Leung, Juno Tam, Dang Hung, Irene Cheung, Bobby Lai, Myra Cheung, Terrence Choi
Marketing and Communications	Kitty Wong, Gillian Leung, Chris Wong, Harriet Chan, Esther Lui, Kyle Yim, Michelle Yeung, Joey Leung, Tinko Lee, Rachel Kung, Kayla Kong, Jessica Law, Ching Lam, Topaz Chiu

SURVEY

We value your feedback. Please fill in this survey and share your thoughts about this performance with us.

HOUSE RULES

- 1 To avoid undue disturbance to the performers and other members of the audience, please switch off your mobile phones and any other sound and light emitting devices
- 2 Eating and drinking are strictly prohibited in the auditorium
- 3 Mask must be worn throughout the entire performance
- 4 Please follow the instructions of the staff and always keep social distancing

Thank you for your cooperation.

REFERENCE

- 1 Hom, Marlon K. 1987. *Songs of Gold Mountain: Cantonese Rhymes from San Francisco Chinatown*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
- 2 Sinn, Elizabeth. 2014. *Pacific Crossing: California Gold, Chinese Migration, and the Making of Hong Kong*. Hong Kong: Hong Kong University Press.