

ABOUT



Praised for her “clear, bright voice” (The New York Times) and “artistry that belies her young years” (Kansas City Metropolis), soprano Estelí Gomez is widely acclaimed as one of the most inspired interpreters of early and contemporary repertoires. In January 2014, she was awarded a Grammy with the contemporary octet Roomful of Teeth for best chamber music/small ensemble performance, which has also been nominated for a Grammy in 2016 in the same category. In November 2011, she received first prize in the prestigious Canticum Gaudium International Early Music Vocal Competition in Poznan, Poland.

An avid performer of early and new music, Estelí can be heard on the Juno-nominated

recording “Salsa Baroque” with Montreal-based Ensemble Caprice, as well as Roomful of Teeth’s self-titled debut album, for which composer Caroline Shaw was awarded the 2013 Pulitzer Prize. Highlights of 2014-5 include soprano solos on Conspirare’s CD of Robert Kyr’s “Songs of the Soul” and “The Cloud of Unknowing” (Harmonia Mundi), a performance of Mozart’s “Exultate Jubilate” with the Louisiana Philharmonic in New Orleans, soprano solos in Eriks Esenvalds’ Passion and Resurrection in Kansas City, Ligeti’s “Aventures” and “Nouvelles Aventures” in Dallas, Berio’s “Sinfonia” with the Seattle Symphony, recitals with lutenist Sylvain Bergeron and guitarist Colin Davin, and performances with Roomful of Teeth at Lincoln Center, Walt Disney Hall, and in Seoul, South Korea.

Originally from Santa Cruz, California, Estelí received her Bachelor of Arts with honors in music from Yale College, and Master of Music from McGill University, studying with Sanford Sylvan. She currently travels and performs full-time, and is frequently an artist-in-residence in the Composition Department of the UO School of Music and Dance, as well as the Oregon Bach Festival Composers Symposium in 2016.

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Season 115, Program 32



UNIVERSITY OF
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

Estelí Gomez soprano

*Vocal Music Today:
Eight Premieres by UO Composers*

Beall Concert Hall
Wednesday, Jan. 20, 2016 | 8 p.m.

Old Church, Portland
Thursday, Jan. 21, 2016 | 7:30 p.m.



Smoke Billows

Aidan Ramsay (1993)

Izabel Austin, violin
 Annissa Olsen, viola
 Ramsey Sadaka, cello
 Makenna Carrico, cello
 Rhys Gates, contrabass
 Daniel Daly, conductor

Psalm for the Treeless Leaves

Emily Korzeniewski (1992)

I. The Pond
 II. November Night
 III. Autumn

Rebecca Larkin, flute
 Emily Korzeniewski, viola
 Makenna Carrico, cello
 Justin Ralls, conductor

Gu Yan Er

Li Tao (1985)

Courtney Glausi, clarinet
 Ramsey Sedaka, cello
 Li Tao, conductor

Al Inferno

Martin Quiroga Jr. (1987)

Courtney Glausi, clarinet
 Izabel Austin, violin
 Makenna Carrico, cello
 Pedram Diba, conductor

Silently She's Combing

Ramsey Sadaka (1991)

Alexis Evers, alto flute
 Izabel Austin, violin
 Ramsey Sadaka, cello
 Justin Ralls, conductor

My House is Ancient

Daniel Daly (1990)

My house is ancient,
 Full of fluttering, bashful ghosts.
 I cry to them: "Stay with me!"
 Only one ghost lets me touch it,
 Put my hand through its cage of bones,
 Squeeze its dark heart.
 Smell of faded lilies.
 Ah, perfume of death!
 Incense of eternity.

Falling darkness,
 I return without my sash,
 My hair tangled and unbound.

There, in the stairwell,
 A figure awaits me.
 Is it a ghost,
 Or is it you?
 Lately I see you pacing,
 Back and forth,
 Staring and silent.
 Is it you?
 I reach out –
 A soft belly...damp:
 So it is you.
 Ghosts don't sweat.

In Red

Izabel Austin (1994)

Slow death in red

All night I sink
 lead-bound

Eyes strike
 no pain but blindness
 burns I curl black no fingerprints
 No fangs but fever
 ravenous I
 fall to ruby
 serpents' tongues
 sulfuric fingertips

I am the knife and the wound
 blood not to speak not
 even as a nightingale
 No wings lead bone
 no song but fever to fall
 in red
 I fall to slow death
 in red I fall to slow
 death in red I fall
 to slow death
 fall
 red.

All is Well

Rebecca Larkin (1992)

Death is nothing at all.
 I have only slipped away to the next room.
 I am I and you are you.
 Whatever we were to each other,
 That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.
 Laugh as we always laughed
 at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
 Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.

Life means all that it ever meant.
 It is the same that it ever was.
 Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you.
 For an interval.
 Somewhere. Very near.
 Just around the corner.

All is well.

Al Infierno

Text by Pedro Espinosa

Allí, negra región de la venganza,
en hondos lagos de metal ardiente
suena la ira de Dios eternamente
a quien no ha visto el rostro a la esperanza.

¡Oh el mayor mal! ¡oh pena sin mudanza!
¡oh eternidad del fuego y de la gente!,
mi memoria a tu daño está presente,
si tanto bien un olvidado alcanza.

Muchos llamados, pocos escogidos
son, porque es más el número de locos:
testigo es esta cárcel vengadora.

¡A recoger cuidados y sentidos,
que si, como los muchos vivo ahora,
no iré después adonde van los pocos!

There, in the nether region of Earth,
in deep lakes of rusty waters,
sounds the ire of our Eternal God,
whom has never seen the backside of Faith.

Oh, the worst pain imaginable! Oh, shame how mundane it is!
Oh, an eternity of fire and those who reside within it!
My memory of the pain I've cause you is present,
how well do the forgotten reach.

Many are called, little are the selected
few, for there are greater members of crazies,
proof is in the testament of this vengeful castle.

To raise again failed cares and sentiments,
that if, like those who live today,
I shan't go where the select few do!

Silently she's combing

Silently she's combing,
Combing her long hair
Silently and graciously,
With many a pretty air.

The sun is in the willow leaves
And on the dappled grass,
And still she's combing her long hair
Before the looking-glass

Martin Quiroga Jr. (1987)

I pray you, cease to comb out,
Comb out your long hair,
For I have heard of witchery
Under a pretty air,

That makes as one thing to the lover
Staying and going hence,
All fair, with many a pretty air
And many a negligence.

(XXIV from James Joyce's
Chamber Music)

My House is Ancient

Alexis Evers, flute
Chelsea Oden, clarinet
Ramsey Sedaka, cello
Daniel Daly, conductor

Daniel Daly (1990)

In Red

Rhys Gates, bass

Izabel Austin (1994)

All is Well

Alexis Evers, alto flute
Izabel Austin, violin
Makenna Carrico, cello
Rebecca Larkin, conductor

Rebecca Larkin (1992)

PROGRAM NOTES***My House is Ancient***

Daniel Daly (1990)

"My House is Ancient" is the fifth movement of a six-part chamber drama entitled *Black Wings*, in which the male lead (tenor) commits adultery with his brother's wife (soprano). To maintain her affection, however, he must agree to kill her husband, his brother. Despite the crime's success, the new lovers quickly tire of one another; she finds a new man, and he, weighted by guilt and loneliness, loses his mind.

The fifth movement is a dirge with several peaks of euphoria. The soprano sings it following her husband's murder, but she is not mourning for him. Rather, she mourns her own plight: the unarticulated loneliness, hatred and boredom that tempted her to unfaithfulness continue to hound her even after her husband's death. She spurns the company of her new lover and seeks an ecstatic communion with the dead. The crisis of the movement arrives when the soprano, beholding a figure in her home, realizes it is not the longed-for ghost, but her lover, whom she has begun to despise.

Psalm for the Treeless Leaves

Emily Korzeniewski (1992)

I have frequently been drawn to short haiku-like texts for their ability to vividly evoke a scene in spite of their brevity. I chose to group these texts together in a short set centering on the theme of falling leaves. In setting these poems I sought to capture an emotional response to these three different perspectives on autumn.

In Red

Izabel Austin (1994)

I chose to write my own text for this piece, as I wanted the words to be as personal as the music I composed for them. The text explores the complex anxiety of being a woman within society. The pain of objectification is juxtaposed with intense human desires; a sense of identity and power is contrasted with a deep-rooted fear of futility and erasure. I wrote the text to reflect my own experience and emotions, however I don't believe these to be unique and intentionally left room for the audience to ascribe their own meaning to the text. I felt that a minimalistic instrumentation (soprano accompanied only by a double bass) suited the emotions conveyed in the text. The stark contrast in ranges isolates both performers; very little blending is possible, so both parts are left naked to the listeners' ears. The resulting soundscape is a reflection of the poem; disquieting, alienated, and lost. I'd like to thank Dr. Robert Kyr for his mentorship and for organizing such an amazing opportunity for his students, and of course a thousand thanks to the incomparable Esteli Gomez, without whom this piece would not have life.

All is Well

Rebecca Larkin (1992)

Using an adaptation of a sermon by Rev. Henry Scott Holland as text, I titled this piece All is Well after the last line of the poem. In the text, I found the opportunity to create a poignant musical statement about the ideas of death, dying and separation. The instrumental melodies introduced during the first minute of the piece are at the core of the work, being repeated and reimagined throughout in this solemn reflection.

TEXT**Smoke Billows**

Aidan Ramsay (1993)

Text by Aidan Ramsay
The faint memory of warmth,
A muddled remembrance of light.
Deep gray echoing clouds
Recall some great fire.

Long after that fire dies,
Smoke billows.

Billowing, blinding,
Hacking and coughing.
Always toxic, never searing.

Seeping through each covered mouth,
Smoke billows.

The people breathe it in and cough it out
Until no smoke remains.
The fire breathes it in and coughs it out
Until no fire remains.

The wind spreads it.
The rain worsens it.

More resilient than fire,
Smoke billows.

Psalms for the Treeless Leaves

Emily Korzeniewski (1992)

I. The Pond (text by Amy Lowell, 1925)

Cold, wet leaves
Floating on moss-coloured water
And the croaking of frogs—
Cracked bell-notes in the twilight.

II. November Night (text by Adelaide Crapsey, 1914)

Listen...
With faint dry sound,
Like the steps of passing ghosts,
The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees
And fall.

III. Autumn (text by Amy Lowell, 1925)

All day I have watched the purple vine leaves
Fall into the water.
And now in the moonlight they still fall.
But each leaf is fringed with silver.
Gu Yan Er

Text: (In Chinese)

孤雁儿

李清照 (1084-~1151)

藤床口口朝眠起。口不尽。无佳思。
沉香鼎口玉钗寒。伴我横口如水。
笛声三弄。梅心凉破。多少秋情意。
小口横窗口口晚。又催上。千行泪。
吹口人去玉楼空。口断身口回欲？
...接折想... 人口天上。没个人堪寄。

English translation:

A little wild goose
Li Qingzhao (1084-~1151)

This morning I woke
In a bamboo bed with paper curtains,
I have no words for my weary sorrow,
No fine poetic thoughts.
The sandalwood incense smoke is stale,
The jade burner is cold.
I feel as though I were filled
with quivering water.
To accompany my feelings
Someone plays three times on a flute

“Plum blossoms are falling
in a village by the river.”
How bitter this spring is.
Small wind, fine rain, hsiao,
hsiao,
Falls like a thousand lines of tears.
The flute player is gone.
The jade tower is empty.
Broken hearted—we had relied on each
other.
I pick a plum branch,
Heaven and earth;
There is no one to give it to.