



UNIVERSITY OF  
OREGON

**SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE**

OVA NOVI  
music composed by women

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**Season 115, Program 57**

**Beall Concert Hall**  
Monday, March 7, 2016 | 7:30 p.m.



**By the Sea** (2015)

- I. The Unchanging
- II. Oh Day of Fire and Sun
- III. I Thought of You
- IV. On the Dunes
- V. If Death is Kind

Carolyn Quick  
(b. 1994)

Savannah Gentry, flute  
Makenna Carrico, cello  
Spencer Moholt, guitar  
Carolyn Quick, soprano

**Portals** (2013)

- I. Alive
- II. This is
- III. Portals
- IV. Gynandromorph

Rebecca Larkin  
(b. 1992)

Becca Chen, soprano  
Grant Mack, piano

**Plague**, from *Book of Days* (1985)

Meredith Monk  
(b. 1942)

Daniel Daly, Michael Dekovich, Kevin Dempsey, Justin Graham,  
Fraser Gottlieb, Evan Harger, Cara Haxo, Linda Jenkins,  
Cassandra Jones, Christopher G. McGinley, Benjamin J. Penwell,  
Martin Quiroga Jr., Beau Stevens, Daven Tjaarda-Hernandez

**Plague**, from *Book of Days* (1985)

Meredith Monk (b. 1942)

Meredith Monk's *Book of Days* (1988), a work for voice, dancers, actors, and film, portrays an orthodox Jewish girl from the Middle Ages, Eva, adorned from head to toe in heavy black garments. Tension between Christian and Jewish cultures is an undercurrent in the film. In addition to stark differences in attire that identify Christian and Jewish villagers, a decree in the village's marketplace reads:

Jews shall pass their lives among Christians quietly and without disorder. Jews are forbidden to dare to leave their house or quarters on Good Friday. No Christian, man or woman, shall live with a Jew. No compulsion shall be brought to bear upon Jews on Saturday. Jews shall bear certain marks in order that they may be known: a circle of yellow upon outer clothing. Jews must not pursue any manual trade. Jews are forbidden the smelting of gold and silver. Jews are allowed to lend out money on proper pledges.

Eva, her family, and a local crone, a woman who is marginalized and lives in a cave on the periphery of the village, are all Jewish. The crone is the only one who acknowledges Eva's visions. As a plague overtakes the village and Christian and Jewish people die violently and suddenly, the Christians blame and attempt to attack the Jewish quarter. A single priest subverts the angry mob and sends the crowd home.

—notes by Mark Brennan Doerries

**By the Sea** (2015)

Carolyn Quick (b. 1994)

This piece was inspired by poems from Sara Teasdale's book "Flame and Shadow." The chosen texts reflect the heartache that accompanies loss and the hope that, in death, there may be reconciliation.

**Portals** (2013)

Rebecca Larkin (b. 1992)

This piece was written while I was an undergraduate research fellow at the University of Cincinnati during the summer of 2013. During this program I studied composition with Carrie Magin, who recently received her DMA from CCM, and had the privilege of setting four texts written by my friend Else Daniel.

## 1) Alive

Consider the day as a nymph beneath a rock molting into imago—slow enough to understand time like moon, who knows who knows how to pull the lake at night and bed-rock hatching eggs of sun, who's clocking life in the minutes which hold us in their long arms like mayflies in full bloom, so when the clouds in the sky twitch and drop, its *now* reincarnating its flimsy wings.

## 2) This is

This is that roof-of-your-mouth-tongue-lick-from-a-stranger *feeling of freedom* where the corners of lips pull upwards like singed plastic burning in an open flame—warm enough to implode but still crack embers on exit like dead stars, like pearls that burst in the dark and glitter in the sun as dust.

## 3) Portals

I spent an hour staring into your eyes, blue, like ink blots of soul Rorschaching from me, my secrets. I've lost myself in you, but you can keep it.

You can keep the air my lungs lullabied loose for us to share.  
You can keep the touch of my lips and the fact that I knew you

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## PROGRAM NOTES

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by taste.

You can keep the twist of my limbs and yours wrapped neatly in memory.

(You can't keep me).

I spent a year doing all the opposites to forget  
and I lie here pressed against his fluxing chest  
seeing you and used-to-bes, blue pinstripe sheets  
and that water hose smell of working at a plastic factory,  
not nows and the potential of ever after ending happily.

You can't call out to me through his eyes, blue, like handicap  
paint,  
markers of your restriction; unauthorized, no access to grant.  
Those nights that you wake with my words in your ear:

*if teleportation were real I'd have a portal to your room.*

Hang up your dream phone.

When you wake and can't tell me, I hear you; I know.

I ignore your voice coming from the blue eyes of his soul.

### 4) Gynandromorph

Beneath your flesh, fused nerves of cock and id  
would gorgonize if I was naked, you wouldn't advert your eyes,  
roll them back into your head and mull over my chromosomes  
in your mind *am I he/she or it*—mitosis atypically split  
bewilderingly beautiful like mosaic'd wings of butterflies  
sterile and abundant with self perpetuating poison  
and if the sky was made of glass and the ceilings can't be broken  
let my wings p i e c e p i e c e p i e c e at their veins  
and glitter down to you inertia'd in authority & ignorant  
to the force of femininity outside of biology—I am still a woman  
if somehow you can't see.

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