



UNIVERSITY OF
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

MUSIC **TODAY** ²⁰
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Ova Novi

where I've been,
not what I am

DIRECTORS
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Season 116, Program 61

Aasen-Hull Hall
Saturday, April 29, 2017 | 8:00 p.m.



Arise! Arise! You Slumbering Sleepers (1999)

Judith Weir (b. 1954)

Stephen Rawson, piano
Michael Fleming, violin
Samuel Kalcheim, viola
Hendrik Mobley, cello**how it comes to Be** (2016)

Sasha Kow (b. 1995)

Morgan Paige, soprano
Nicholas Pietromonaco, piano**21st Century Ein Gleiches –
Remixing two musical settings of Goethe’s Ein Gleiches** (2016)
Fixed media

Chi Wang (b. 1985)

To My Daughter in Answer to a Question (2009)
My Candle Burns (2012)
Night (1992)
A Sprig of Rosemary: A Remembrance (2002)Jocelyn Hagen (b. 1980)
Libby Larsen (b. 1950)
Mary Ellen Childs (b. 1957)
Edie Hill (b. 1962)Paul John Rudoj, tenor
Grant Mack, piano**Sonata per il clavicembalo o Forte piano** (c. 1781)

Marianna D’Auenbrugg (1759-1782)

I. Moderato
II. Largo
III. Rondo Allegro

Chelsea Wright, harpsichord

UPCOMING MUSIC TODAY FESTIVAL CONCERTS

Friday, May 5, 8:00 p.m. (Aasen-Hull Hall)
TaiHei EnsembleSaturday, May 6, 8:00 p.m. (Aasen-Hull Hall)
Eugene Contemporary Chamber Ensemble (ECCE)Sunday, May 7, 8:00 p.m. (Aasen-Hull Hall)
Estelí GomezWednesday, May 10, 8:00 p.m. (Aasen-Hull Hall)
James Shields and FriendsSaturday, May 13, 3:00 p.m. (Aasen-Hull Hall)
The Banshee, a chamber opera by Daniel Daly

Where I've Been All My Life by Carolyn Kizer	
I. Sirs, in our youth you love the sight of us. Older, you fall in love with what we've seen, Would lose yourselves by living in our lives. I'll spin you tales, play the Arabian girl; Working close, alone in the blond arena, Flourish my cape, the cloth on the camera. For women learn to be a holy show.	Oh, he was doomed, doomed like the dogs On Dog Island, in the sea, Netted and dumped and exiled, left to die, Then skinned. We heard imaginary canine howls, Like the rustlings of a thousand gauzy girls, Film-eyed cattle, perishing ennui In abandoned harems where he guided me.
I'll tell you where I've been, not what I am: In Rotterdam, womb where my people sprang, I find my face, my father, everywhere. New cousins I must stoop to greet, the get Of tall, whey-colored burghers, sturdy dams, As children fed on tulip bulbs and dirt, Tugged at dry dug and sucked at winter's rind.	Meanwhile the Faithful, prostrate and intoning, Stare into the light as blind as death, Knowing for sure their end is instant Heaven. We Infidels concede them Paradise, Having seen heaven-as-harem, a eunuch God In charge: the virgin slowly fattening to blubber. Love, become feminized, tickles like a feather.
My cousins, dwarfed by war! Your forms rebuke The butcher and the bystander alike. To ease you I can't shrink this big Dutch frame Got of more comfortable ancestors. But from my Southern side I pluck a phrase, "I'll carry you." And it means "rest in me," To hold you as I may, in my mind's womb.	The saints of Art? Sophia, that vast barn Holds no small Savior waiting to get born. The formal scribble on the assaulted walls— Five hundred years of crossing out His name! Some famous, glittering pebbles mark the place As God's most grandiose sarcophagus. Decay, decay. And the mind, a fetus, dies.
But snap the album, get the guidebook out! Rotterdam: her raw, gray waterfront, Zadkine's memorial burning on the quay; This bronze is mortal, gaping in defeat, The form that wombed it split to let it be. It mends; he lurches up, in blood reborn, The empty heavens his eternal frame.	III. Return me to the airfield near Shanghai Where I am very young: shy, apprehensive, Seated like Sheba on a baggage mountain Waiting for the first adventure to begin. The train will glide through fields of rice and men, Bodies like thongs, and glorious genitals, Not alien as Chinese, but Adam-strange.
II. Move to my room beside the Golden Horn Where minarets strike fire against the sky. The architecture: breasts and phalluses. Where are the words to say what words are lies? Yeats lied. And here Byzantium lies dead. Constantinople? Syllables in a text. Istanbul. Real. Embalmed in dancing dust.	Rejoiced by her first look at naked men, Her soul swims out the window of the train! She goes where newborn daughters clog the creeks; Bank-porticoes are strewn with starving rags. Here the old dragon, China, thrashes, dying. But the ancient, virile music of the race Is rising, drenched in gongs and howls of dogs
Everywhere the dark-brown past gives way To the beige of progress, that wide vacant lot. Turkey without coffee! Endlessly we sip tea	Islanded, the sighs of walled-up women Dreaming of peasants in the prisoning fields... But we break out of the harem of history!

დიდი მთები – Didi Mtebi – The Great Mountain (2013)Susanna Payne-Passmore
(b. 1990)Susanna Payne-Passmore, soprano
Paul John Rudoj, tenor
Kevin Wyatt-Stone, bass**Gently Penetrating Beneath the Sounding
Surfaces of Another Place** (1997)

Hildegard Westerkamp (b. 1946)

Fixed media

Le Sang parle (1922)Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
arr. Kellyn Haley (b. 1977)I. L'échange
II. Chanson
III. Le Couteau
IV. Au bord de la route
V. DouceKellyn Haley, trombone
Andrew Pham, piano**Shel Silverstein's The Missing Piece** (2006)

Samantha Gans (b. 1985)

Daniel Daly, Chris McGinley, Martin Quiroga Jr.
Stephen Rawson, speaking chorus

how it comes to Be (2016)

Sasha Kow (b. 1995)

A sepal, petal, and a thorn
 Upon a common summer's morn—
 A flask of Dew—A Bee or two—
 A Breeze—a caper in the trees—
 And I'm a Rose!

—Emily Dickinson

**21st Century Ein Gleiches –
Remixing two musical settings of Goethe's Ein Gleiches** (2016)

Chi Wang (b. 1985)

In using remix formulations I transformed the existing two song settings on Ein Gleiches by Fanny Hensel and Robert Schumann, as represented in the original audio recordings, into newly imagined sound world by modifying audio recordings. The journey was created through transformations from the original poem to the remix composition. The two audio recordings are from Dortmund University Chamber Choir accompanied by Willi Gundlach and the recording for Robert's Schumann's setting is from Christine Schäfer accompanied by Graham Johnson.

To My Daughter in Answer to a Question (2009)
My Candle Burns (2012)
Night (1992)
A Sprig of Rosemary: A Remembrance (2002)

Jocelyn Hagen (b. 1980)
 Libby Larsen (b. 1950)
 Mary Ellen Childs (b. 1957)
 Edie Hill (b. 1962)

I saw the Ova Novi concert as an opportunity to showcase my Minnesotan experience. I lived in Minnesota from 2008-2016, and during that time I was heavily influenced by all four of these composers. Their work is fantastic, fresh, and important. In keeping with the programming style I learned from my years in Cantus, I decided to create an art song set from their works via a separate narrative: A parent talks to their child, before putting them to sleep, about their inability to sleep when thinking of their child's future.

—John Paul Rudoj

Sonata per il clavicembalo o Forte piano (c. 1781)

Marianna D'Auenbrugg (1759-1782)

Marianna D'Auenbrugg (Marianna von Auenbrugger) was an Austrian keyboardist and composer. She studied composition with Salieri, and she and her sister Katharina (also a keyboardist) were also known to Haydn and the Mozart family. This sonata is her only known work, despite Haydn's assessment in a letter to his publisher Artaria in 1780 that both sisters' "way of playing and genuine insight into music equal those of the greatest masters." It was published around 1781 along with two of Salieri's odes.

The first movement is in sonata form with a clearly Classical aesthetic. The opening of the movement, bold chords and arpeggios in the right hand, is never heard again; its entire function is to begin the work. The movement demands both technical skill and expression from the performer, with rapid scales and arpeggios alternating with lyrical, song-like passages. The second movement is much more uniformly lyrical, with a melody that might have been composed with a violin in mind. When the opening theme returns near the end of the movement, it returns in E-flat major, not the movement's overall key of A-flat major, and it must

V. Doute

Il y a si longtemps que ton âme est en chemin
 A ce que m'ont dit les anges
 Vers moi qui t'attends en joignant les mains,
 Il y a si longtemps que peut-être elle perdit la route.

Puisque je ne vois rien
 Au lointain de quatre chemins
 Qui font croix au carrefour du doute

Voici venir le souffle froid
 Qui chasse oiseaux, soleil et branches
 Et ramène brouillard et nuit
 Sur mon espoir, et sur ma foi

Faudra t'il m'en aller
 Comme un qui n'attend plus
 Et s'en retourne, en la nullité de la nuit
 Vers la maison et vers l'ennui.

V. Doubt

It was so long ago that your soul was on its way
 To what the angels told me
 Toward me who awaits you, clasping my hands,
 It was so long ago that perhaps she lost the way.

Since I see nothing
 In the distance of fourth paths
 That cross at the crossroads of doubt

Here comes the cold breath
 That hunts birds, sun and branches
 And brings fog and night
 To my hope, and to my faith

Perhaps I should go
 As one who no longer waits
 And returns in the void of the night
 Toward home and toward boredom.

III. Le Couteau

J'ai un couteau dans l'cœur
 Une belle, une belle l'a planté.
 J'ai un couteau dans l' cœur
 Et ne peux pas l'ôter.

C'couteau c'est l'amour d'elle,
 Une belle, une belle l'a planté.
 Tout mon cœur sortirait avec tout mon regret.
 Il y faut un baiser,
 Une belle, une belle l'a planté.
 Un baiser sur le cœur
 Mais ell' ne veut pas l'donner

Couteau reste en mon cœur,
 si la plus belle t'y a planté!
 J'veux bien me mourir d'elle,
 Mais j'veux pas l'oublier.

IV. Au bord de la route

Cet homme ne voulait plus vivre
 Voyons de quoi vous mêlez vous?
 Monsieur, madame, en vérité,
 Cet homme en avait assez.

Son cœur était comme une pierre,
 Mais si quelqu'un l'avait ouvert
 Peut-être dans ce cœur d'amant
 Aurait-il vu le diamante.

Mais la pierre était si pesante
 Qu'il s'est couché sur le chemin
 En serrant sur elle ses mains
 Et il est mort de son attente.

Cet homme en avait assez
 Avec lui le joyau mourra
 Monsieur, madame, il se fait tard,
 Un signe de croix et passez.

III. The Knife

I have a knife in my heart
 A beauty, a beautiful person planted it.
 I have a knife in my heart
 And cannot remove it.

This knife is the love of her,
 A beauty, a beautiful person planted it.
 All my heart would go out with all of my regret
 It must kiss,
 A beauty, a beautiful person planted it.
 A kiss on my heart
 But she does not want to give it.

Knife, rest in my heart,
 The most beautiful place you are planted!
 I want to die from it,
 But I do not want to forget.

IV. At the Edge of the Road

This man no longer wanted to live
 Let's see with what you meddle?
 Sir, Madam, in truth,
 This man had had enough.

His heart was like a stone,
 But if anyone had opened it
 Perhaps in his lover's heart
 You would see the diamond.

But the stone was so heavy
 That he lay on the road
 Clenching his hands on it
 And died of his expectation.

This man had had enough.
 With him the jewel will die
 Sir, Madame, it is late,
 Sign the cross and go.

wander before finding its way back home. The final movement is full of humor, with playful gestures and ornaments, and deceptive gestures that toy with listeners' expectations. It is a work that is more than worthy of Haydn's praise and of our attention.

—Chelsea Wright

დიდი მთები – Didi Mtebi – The Great Mountain (2013)

Susanna Payne-Passmore
 (b. 1990)

I composed Didi Mtebi in the style of Georgian vocal polyphony while I was studying and teaching in the Republic of Georgia. It is especially influenced by the highly dissonant, unusual voice leading of the Gurian region, where I lived. Often while living abroad, I was overwhelmed by isolation and homesickness. I found solace in the unchanging mountains that dominated the horizon, impressed against a vast, blue sky.

Didi mtebi adis maghla, maghla tsamde
 da chadis dabla absqulamde.
 Amodis da chadis rogorts tkivili shors tsxovrebis.

Great mountains soar up, up into the sky
 and fall down into an abyss.
 They rise and fall just like the pain of distance.

Minda gadavlaxo mtebits
 zghvebits shentan.
 Magram atiasasi nabiji
 ver mo miqvars shentan.

I long to go over the mountains
 and across the seas to you,
 but even ten thousand footsteps
 would not bring me to your side.

Dasatsqisshi qoveli dghe tsivdeboda.
 Me haeris gatboba sitqvebit.
 Axla aris sinatle, sitbo, sitsidit.

At first, every day grew colder.
 I could not warm the air with words.
 But now there is laughter, warmth, and light.

Tsota shuki shemodis shoreuli karidan.
 Vitsi rom ghiaa me ar unda gavide.

A little light comes through the door,
 yet I know I can't go through.

Gently Penetrating Beneath the Sounding Surfaces of Another Place (1997)

Hildegard Westerkamp (b. 1946)

The vendors' voices in this composition were recorded in specific areas of New Delhi during my first visit in 1992: in the residential area of Janakpuri, at the early morning produce market in Tilak Nagar, at the market near the Jama Masjid, and at the market stalls just off Janpath near Connaught Place. I noticed that many of the other sounds in these places besides the vendors' voices were those of metal (such as buckets falling over, cans rolling, the handling of metal pots, squeaking gates, sometimes unidentified objects rattling or clinking as they pass), bicycle bells and scooter horns. As they seemed to be rather characteristic sonic "accompaniments" to the environments through which the vendors passed or where they had their stalls, these sounds became major players in the composition.

Coming from a European and North American context, I was delighted by the daily presence of the vendors' voices. As the live human vending voice has disappeared almost entirely in Northern Europe and North America and has largely been replaced by media advertising, it is somewhat of a miracle for the visitor from those areas to hear such voices again. The gruffer, coarser shouting of male voices seemed to occur in markets near noisy streets or where a lot of voices were competing with each other. The vendors moving through quieter neighbourhoods seemed to have musically more expressive voices and almost songlike calls for their products, with clear melodic patterns. And then there was the voice of the boy selling juice...

In a city like New Delhi, and other places in India, one experiences shimmering beauty and grungy dirt and pollution side by side all the time. Many of these opposites are audible in my recordings as well and specifically in the sound materials selected for this piece. I wanted to express acoustically/musically both the shimmering and the grunge as it seems to represent so deeply and openly the contradictions within this culture and the intensity of life that results from it.

Finally I believe that this piece also explores outer and inner worlds as one experiences them in India: the extraordinary intensity of daily living on the one hand and the inner radiance, focus and stillness on the other hand that emanate from deep within the culture and its people, despite the hardships of life.

I would like to thank Savinder Anand, Mona Madan, Arun Patak, Virinder Singh, and Situ Singh–Bühler for taking me to the places where these vendors' voices occurred. Without their help and local knowledge I would have had a difficult time capturing them on tape. Many thanks go to Max Mueller Bhavan for inviting me to New Delhi in the first place and giving me the opportunity to work with the Indian friends and listen to this city. I am grateful to Peter Grant for being a compassionate and listening companion throughout this time.

The piece was commissioned by and realized in the studios of the Institut International de Musique Electroacoustique/Bourges, France and received an honorary mention in the Prix ars electronica competition in Linz Austria, 1998.

Le Sang parle (1922)

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
arr. Kellyn Haley (b. 1977)

Nadia Boulanger was a composer, conductor, and teacher. She is known as one of the most influential pedagogues of the twentieth century, with students including Astor Piazzolla, Philip Glass, Dinu Lipatti, and Aaron Copland. Nadia taught in the US and England, but her home base was Paris. Nadia was the first woman to conduct many major orchestras in America and Europe, including the Hallé, BBC Symphony, and the New York Philharmonic. Nadia ceased composing music around 1922 at the age of 35, the same year *Le Sang parle* was written. Rosemary Yeoland, in the *International Review of the Aesthetics and Sociology of Music*, reveals this is of no coincidence and that these songs developed from a relationship with her long time friend, Camille Mauclair (1872-1945), a writer, poet, essayist, biographer, and critic. Nadia asked Camille to eulogize of her dear friend and associate Raoul Pugno. The subsequent unpublished letters reveal the development of their friendship, which resulted in the creation of *L'échange*, *Chanson*, *Le Couteau*, *Au bord de la route*, and *Doute*.

Le Sang parle (The Blood Speaks) – poems of Camille Mauclair

I. L'Échange

Lorsqu'il fut ivre et, désolé
D'avoir donné le plus beau de son àme
A des gens méchants ou pressés
Il donna le reste à une pauvre femme
Qui lui donna la sienne en échange
La sienne pure comme un ange.

Echange, triste échange,
Anneau de fer contre anneau d'or.
Lorsqu'il eut bien pleuré sur ses genoux
Lorsqu'elle eut dit tous ses mots doux,
Ceux qu'elle avait appris dans son enfance,
Ou devinés dans la douleur.

Il s'en alla chanter ailleurs,
En quittant sa pauvre amante
Qui mourut de son attente
Elle bénit en dernière heure

Echange, triste échange,
Il la pleura comme un ange.
Anneau de fer contre anneau d'or
Comme s'il l'aimait encore

II. Chanson

Elle a vendu mon cœur pour une chanson:
Vends mon cœur à la place,
Ô colporteur
A la place de la chanson.

Tes chansons étaient blanches,
La mienne est couleur de sang ;
Elle a vendu mon cœur,
Ô colporteur,
Elle a vendu mon cœur
En s'amusant.

Et maintenant chante mon cœur
Sur les places, aux carrefours,
Tu feras pleurer Colporteur,
En racontant mon grand amour

Pendant qu'elle fera rire
Les gents à sa noce venus
En chantant la chanson pour rire,
Pour qui elle a mon cœur vendu.

I. The Exchange

When he was drunk and, sorry
Had given his most beautiful soul
To bad or rushed people
He gave the rest to a poor woman
Who gave him hers in exchange
Hers pure as an angel.

Exchange, sad exchange,
Iron ring for a golden ring.
When he had cried on his knees
When she had said all the soft words,
Those she had learned in her childhood,
Or guessed in pain.

He went away to sing elsewhere,
Leaving his poor lover
Who died in her waiting
She blesses in the last hour.

Exchange, sad exchange
He wept like an Angel
Iron ring against gold ring
As if he still loved her

II. Song

She sold my heart for a song:
Sell my heart at the square,
Dealer,
In place of the song.

Your songs were white,
My song is the color of blood,
She sold my heart,
Dealer,
She sold my heart
For the fun of it.

And still my heart sings
At the squares, at the crossroads;
You will make people cry, Dealer,
Telling the story of my vast love

While she will entertain
The people come to her wedding
In singing the song for laughs
For which she sold my heart.