



UPCOMING MUSIC TODAY FESTIVAL CONCERTS

Wednesday, May 10, 8:00 p.m. (Aasen-Hull Hall)
James Shields and Friends
\$10 general, \$8 students and seniors (free to SOMD students)
tickets.uoregon.edu | 541-346-4363

Saturday, May 13, 3:00 p.m. (Aasen-Hull Hall)
The Banshee, a chamber opera by Daniel Daly
Free Admission

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

MUSIC TODAY²⁰
FESTIVAL¹⁷

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VANGUARD CONCERT SERIES

Estelí Gomez, soprano

Oregon Composers Forum

*Eight Premieres of Vocal Music
by UO Composers*

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Season 116, Program 70

Aasen-Hull Hall
Sunday, May 7, 2017 | 8:00 p.m.



Program Order will be announced from the stage.

Missa Brevis “Tormisiana” (2017)

Estelí Gomez, soprano
Alessandra Hollowell, clarinet
Nikolai Valov, piano

Paul John Rudoï (b. 1985)

Text: Sans cuer dolens (R4)

Sans cuer dolens de vous departiray
Et sans avoir ioie iusque au retour
Puis que mon cuer dou vostre a partir ay
Sans cuer dolens de vous departiray
Mais ie ne say de quele part iray
Pour ce que pleins de douleur et de plour
Sans cuer dolens de vous departiray
Et sans avoir ioie iusque au retour

Translation:

With no heart and in pain I'll leave you,
With no joy till my return
Because forced to separate my heart from yours.
With no heart and in pain I'll leave you,
Yet I know not where to go,
I'm so full of misery and tears.
With no heart and in pain I'll leave you,
With no joy till my return.

Light of Rain and Moon (2017)

Estelí Gomez, soprano
Michael Fleming, violin
Brent Lawrence, guitar
Stephen Medlar, percussion
Joeseph Vranas, conductor

Michael Fleming (b. 1993)

Translation by R. Barton Palmer

Nocturne (2017)

Estelí Gomez, soprano
Colleen White, clarinet
Izabel Austin, violin
Ramsey Sadaka, cello
Stephen Rawson, piano
Li Tao, conductor

Ramsey Sadaka (b. 1991)

The English translation loses the subtlety and multiplicity of interpretations that the medieval French text provides. Rather than the straightforward expression of sorrow brought on by separation, as stated in the English translation, the meaning of the opening line can read something quite the opposite in the original French, such as: “without your heart, or any thought of you, I'll depart.” Machaut's open-ended language fits the unstable, frequently shifting relationship between the lover and the lady. In this light, the lady's response is no longer straightforward, either.

tender buttons (2017)

- i. this is this dress,
interlude 1
- ii. cream
interlude 2
- iii. a sound
- iv. sugar
interlude 3
- v. milk
interlude 4
- vi. aider

Estelí Gomez, soprano
Linda Jenkins, flute, piccolo
Rebecca Larkin, alto flute, c flute
Li Tao, percussion
Matthew Valenzuela, percussion
Kelsey Molinari, vibraphone, glass bottles
Stephen Rawson, celesta, toy piano
Samuel Lord Kalcheim, viola
Aaron Green, string bass
Joseph Vranas, conductor

Luke Smith (b. 1994)

In my setting of *Sans cuer de moy*, I've chosen to portray the varied emotion found in the lady's response. In this short poem she shows her anger, as she first declares that she will not be forgotten; her heart will travel with the lover despite his initial confidence that he will leave her with ease. It also shows her love for the poet; the opening lines shift upon their return, from a tone of anger, to one of sweet remembrance. The opening lines read as a hopeful promise to the lover when they follow the lines “*Certeinne sui que bien le garderez/Et li vostre me fera compaignie.*”

I would like to thank Prof. Marc Vanscheeuwijck for his assistance in translating, interpreting, and pronouncing this text.

wades into and is enfolded by the ocean in the ultimate declaration of her own independence.

Daniel Daly, Songs for Maia, from *The Banshee*

In Irish legend, the banshee is a ghostly woman whose wail is a warning to those who hear it that they may soon die. The opera from which these songs are taken is a speculation on the origin of this character, and it tells the story of a witch, who, in an attempt to gain enough power to give speech to her mute daughter, summons a man to her forest so that she that she may slay him in ritual sacrifice. The witch's sister interrupts this plan by stealing the daughter away from her mother and warning the man. When the witch witnesses the unraveling of her influence – her daughter's intimacy with her sister, and her sister's growing affection for the man – she engages in a decisive scheme to put the forest forever under her rule, no matter the cost to her family. When this scheme plays out, with an unexpected result, the witch transforms into *The Banshee*.

Songs for Maia contains two arias sung to Maia, the witch's daughter. "A cold wind" occurs in the third and final scene, and is sung by the witch after finally curing Maia of muteness. What Maia says upon receiving her voice, however, exposes the witch to the destruction she has caused by working the cure. For the first time, the witch realizes her wickedness. Too ashamed to face her daughter, she wails in pain and fades into the forest to live out the rest of her days as a banshee. This is her parting aria.

Do you remember? is sung earlier in the opera by the witch's sister, Jenna. The sun rises over a desolate forest. Jenna has just torn Maia from her mother's abusive arms. Now she sings to Maia to comfort her.

Brent Lawrence, *Water @ Stone*

Water @ Stone was inspired by the remains of an 18th century boat lock I found while hiking on the shore of the Yadkin River in North Carolina. In particular, I was in Pilot Mountain State Park, about 100 miles north of Charlotte. I feel obligated to confess that I probably hiked passed this structure (which is somewhat remote within the park) several times before realizing what I had seen. Nevertheless, I stumbled upon a plaque, some distance from the aforementioned remains, that explained that there had once been plans, during the 1700s, to build boat locks on the Yadkin River that would aid in the transportation of goods. While this plan was ever fully realized, the remains of the lock's foundation are still in place to this day. I was struck that such remains are simply exposed to the weather, and further, anyone who happens to pass by. There are even train tracks that run atop them, now. I would think a historic structure such as this, which people painstakingly built by pulling rocks out of the river and fitting them together, wouldn't go unnoticed. These thoughts inspired a poem, and this this song, which takes the rock's point of view. The rock begins its story in the river. Then it is extricated from its environment and stacked into a wall where it now remains; only seen by the occasional hiker who wanders into this remote section of the State Park

Emily Korzeniewski, *la dame*

This rondeau appears in Machaut's literary masterwork, *Le Livre dour Voir Dit*, or the Book of the True Poem. This massive book presents the story of "the lover" and "the lady," through stanzas in many poetic forms and letters. The craft of the fourteenth-century rondeaux (ABaAabAB) rests in its ability to recast the opening lines by the end of the poem. This rondeau, spoken by the lady, responds to the preceding stanza, which is spoken by the lover, and set to music by Machaut himself. The text of the preceding stanza is as follows:

Enfold (2017)

Estelí Gomez, soprano
Linda Jenkins and Rebecca Larkin, flute
Chelsea Oden, clarinet
Samuel Kalcheim, viola
Li Tao, conductor

Cara Haxo (b. 1991)

Songs for Maia, from *The Banshee* (2017)

1. "A cold wind"
2. "Do you remember?"

Estelí Gomez, soprano
Andrew Pham, piano

Daniel Daly (b. 1990)

Water and Stone (2017)

Estelí Gomez, soprano
Brent Lawrence, guitar

Brent Lawrence (b. 1991)

la dame (2017)

Estelí Gomez, soprano
Chelsea Oden, clarinet
Li Tao, piano

Emily Korzeniewski (b. 1992)

Paul Rudoj, *Missa Brevis “Tormisiana”*

Kyrie eleison. Lord, have mercy.
 Christe eleison. Christ, have mercy.
 Kyrie eleison. Lord, have mercy.

One song I'd like to sing,
 One song only:
 Rising like a great wave of sea
 From the heart.

Like a great ocean wave
 Rolling in over land,
 Rushing through the soul of the people,
 Impossible to withstand.
 Rushing through the soul of the people,
 Gladdening men's hearts,
 Flashing the sword of the spirit,
 Performing great deeds.
 Flashing the sword of the spirit
 Below familiar skies,
 The stars shining more golden,
 At night up above.
 – Gustav Suits, translation by BIS Records

Gloria in excelsis deo et in terra pax Domine Deus, rex caelestis miserere nobis.	Glory be to God on high and on earth peace. Lord God, heavenly king, have mercy on us.
--	---

Amen.

Paul Rudoj, *Missa Brevis “Tormisiana”*

Following Veljo Tormis' death earlier this year, I was struck by how influential his music was to my person and my work. He effectively gave me and so many others a non-academia-style education in effective writing for the voice in relation to narrative-driven elements, and I wanted to figure out a way to honor him for that gift.

Missa Brevis “Tormisiana” is in some ways a traditional *Missa Brevis* concert work, including a Kyrie and a Gloria. The buck stops there, however, with the inclusion of a translation of “Stars,” a poem Tormis set to music in what has become my favorite work of his. In addition, I've included a variety of techniques fairly new to me, all within the confines of harmonies, rhythms, and melodic contours that define my relationship with Tormis' work. With all of this in mind, the finished product was cathartic, allowing me to finally release my tightly-clenched fingers from the pedestal on which I put him and his music.

Luke Smith, *tender buttons*

Gertrude Stein was obsessed with naming things. Really, since the time of Adam all people have enjoyed naming things. As Stein said herself, “A noun is a name of anything, why after a thing is named write about it.”

There is no other name for her book of poems besides *Tender Buttons*. Having known the name it was given, it was my duty to the poet and the poetry to find out what it is that its name named. That is, knowing what it is in music. What it is in poetry is *Tender Buttons*, and what it is is unlike everything it is not. I found what it is in music by reversing this process of naming things.

Stein gave a name

CREAM

to each of her creations.

“Cream cut. Any where crumb. Left hop chambers.”

I chose some of her creations and made new creations which their names could name. My creations take the names which Stein gave to her creations, but they are not shadows or reflections of them. My creations incorporate the words from Stein's creations, but they are not text-settings of them. This would be impossible to create. *Tender Buttons* is what it is in poetry, and cannot be what it is in anything else. Stein's creations are made out of words and my creations are made out of sounds. This is one way in which the two creations do intersect, because words, and especially poems, have a way they sound which is crucial to what they are. Beyond this, Stein's *Tender Buttons* and my own *tender buttons* are no more the same creation as the Paris in Texas and the Paris in France are the same place.

Cara Haxo, *Enfold*

The text of *Enfold* (2017) comes from Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* (1899), the story of a woman in New Orleans who gradually rejects her roles as a mother and wife as she searches for her own independence. Throughout the text, the sea symbolizes the freedom that eludes her. The text I chose appears early in the novel as Edna is first awakened to the possibility of autonomy, and again in fragments at the end when she

Brent Lawrence, Water & Stone

text by Brent Lawrence (b. 1991)

The water flows swiftly
in current cold and stone.
The waters give me comfort,
I can be nothing else.

I only know water
flowing over centuries.
The waters gave me my shape,
I can be nothing else.

The hands and tools come down
into the depths below.
With violence water leaves me;
instead of current there is void.

I am judged. In the stacking
I am a judged. Placed by size and shape;
I feel the weight on top of me. The stacking must go on,
there must be work, the stacking must go on!

In the distance water gurgles,
in current, time has passed.
As time is lost I whisper
and all moments are one.

Emily Korzeniewski, la damefrom *Le livre du voir dit*

by Guillaume de Machaut (ca. 1300-1377)

Text: Sans cuer de moy

Sans cuer de moy pas ne vous partirez
Ensois avez le cuer de vostre amie
Quant en vous yert par tout on vous serez
Sans cuer de moy pas ne vous partirez
Certainne sui que bien le garderez
Et li vostre me fera compaignie
Sans cuer de moy pas ne vous partirez
Ensois avez le cuer de vostre amie

Translation:

Without my heart you'll not depart,
But taking your beloved's heart
To travel everywhere with you.
Without my heart you'll not leave me.
Certain I am you'll guard it well,
While your own will be my companion
Without my heart you'll not leave me,
But taking your beloved's heart.

Translation by R. Barton Palmer

Michael Fleming, Light of Rain and Moon

Text by Rumi and Kabir (13th Century)

Translations by Coleman Barks and Rabindranath Tagore

Composite text by composer

The light of the moon
And the stars shine bright.
The melody of love swells forth
And the rhythm of love's detachment beats the time.

The whole sky is filled with sound and wrapped in mist.
The drum beats, and the lover swings in play.

The universe sings in worship day and night:

At dawn, I unite with the breeze;

At eventide, I join the birds

In bidding the light farewell.

Ramsey Sadaka, Nocturne

Nocturne

text by Virna Sheard (1865-1943)

Infold us with thy peace, dear moon-lit night,
And let thy silver silence wrap us round
Till we forget the city's dazzling light,
The city's ceaseless sound.

Here where the sand lies white upon the shore,
And little velvet-fingered breezes blow,
Dear sea, thy world-old wonder-song once more
Sing to us e'er we go.

Give us thy garnered sweets, short summer hour:
Perfume of rose, and balm of sun-steeped pine;
Scent from the lily's cup and horned flower,
Where bees have drained the wine.

Come, small musicians in the rough sea grass,
Pipe us the serenade we love the best;
And winds of midnight, chant for us a mass,
Our hearts would be at rest.

God of all beauty, though the world is thine,
Our faith grows often faint, oft hope is spent;
Show us Thyself in all things fair and fine,
Teach us the stars' content.

Luke Smith, tender buttons

Tender Buttons, *Objects, Food, and Rooms*
text by Gertrude Stein (1874-1946)

THIS IS THIS DRESS, AIDER from *Objects*

Aider, why aider why whow, whow stop touch, aider
whow, aider stop the muncher, munchers munchers.
A jack in kill her, a jack in, makes a meadowed king, makes
a to let.

CREAM from *Food*

Cream cut. Any where crumb. Left hop chambers.

A SOUND from *Objects*

Elephant beaten with candy and little pops and chews all
bolts and reckless reckless rats, this is this.

SUGAR from *Food*

A violent luck and a whole sample and even then quiet.
Water is squeezing, water is almost squeezing on lard. ...

MILK from *Food*

Climb up in sight climb in the whole utter needles and a
guess a whole guess is hanging. Hanging hanging.

Cara Haxo, Enfold

from *The Awakening* (1899)
text by Kate Chopin (1850-1904)

The voice of the sea is seductive;
never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring [...] in
abysses of solitude;
to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation.

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul.
The touch of the sea is sensuous,
enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

Daniel Daly, Songs for Maia, from *The Banshee*

text by Daniel Daly (b. 1990)

1. "A cold wind"

Oh...

*A cold wind,
And empty forest.*

*Look, the leaves!
Already falling...*

*A grey hand,
Scabbed and cracked—
Wet blood under my nails!*

*Everything I touch is dying!
My daughter is crying!*

Maia...

2. "Do you remember?"

*Do you remember
When these woods were full of songbirds,
A chorus in every tree?*

*Do you remember
Waking to their song,
Watching the dawning sky
With dew in your eyelashes?*

*Do you remember
The fox and the little bear
Following you, nuzzling your hands?
Oh Maia! Remember these things!*

*And believe that the woods will be full again.
There will be singing at dawn again.*

*Do you remember?
Do you believe?*