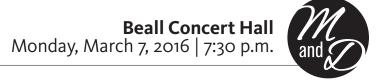


OVA NOVI music composed by women

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PROGRAM NOTES

By the Sea (2015)

Carolyn Quick (b. 1994)

I. The Unchanging

II. Oh Day of Fire and Sun

III. I Thought of You

IV. On the Dunes

V. If Death is Kind

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

Portals (2013)

Rebecca Larkin

(b. 1992)

I. Alive

II. This is

III. Portals

IV. Gynandromorph

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 Elese 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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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 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 piece piece piece 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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