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COLLECTIVE**  & WHITNEY
BRADSHAW'S
OUTCRY

present

OUTRAGE

Saturday, January 18th, 2020

7pm

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LETTER FROM THE ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

In September of 2018 I took part in Whitney Bradshaw's Scream Session at DePaul University. I can't say enough how moving and pivotal this experience was for me. It really helped me to find my voice and let it be heard. Being around women of all ages and backgrounds and hearing their stories and realizing how much we all have in common, it was really something.

This experience and the wonderful photographs that come from it are what inspired us to present our collaboration last October 2018. It was a sold out night filled with emotional music and even more emotional performers. This was one of the highlights of our first season so we are very excited to get to collaborate with Whitney again this year.

This relevant artistic work, and the fact that Bradshaw started the Outcry project on the day of the Women's March in 2018, inspired 5th Wave Collective to collaborate with Bradshaw, and the Collective looks forward to a second iteration of this highly successful collaboration, in which 5th Wave musicians raise their voices and the voices of womxn composers in solidarity with Bradshaw and her subjects.

We are so happy to be able to share this experience with you all once again and hope you enjoy this experience as much as we do!

Warmest,
Ashley Ertz
Artistic Director
5th Wave Collective



PROGRAM

Jessica Meyer (b. 1974)

In Equal Measure (2018)

Diana Ortiz, *violin*

Crystal Qi, *violin*

Carmen Abelson, *violin*

Yuan-ju Liu, *violin*

Megan DeJarnett (b. 1995)

Panic I for oboe and fixed media (2019)

Ashley Ertz, *oboe*

Abigail Johnson (b. 1997)

Expectations (2018)

Yuan-Ju Liu, *violin*

Megan DeJarnett (b. 1995)

You Probably Don't Remember Me for Harp and Fixed Media (2019)

Ellie Kirk, *Harp*

Annika Socolofsky (b. 1990)

Don't Say a Word (2017)

Sarah Thompson Johansen, *soprano*

Anatolia Evarkiou-Kaku, *flute*

Gordon Daole-Wellman, *clarinet*

Carmen Abelson, *violin*

Roxanne Fritton, *cello*

Jonathan Hannau, *piano*

Rebecca McDaniel, *percussion*

INTERMISSION

Ruby Fulton (b. 1981)

I'm sorry not sorry (2016)

Anatolia Evarkiou-Kaku, *flute/voice*

Carmen Abelson, *violin/voice*

Megan DeJarnett (b. 1995)

Panic II for oboe and fixed media (2019)

Ashley Ertz, *oboe*

Alexis Lamb (b. 1993)

The Yellow Wallpaper (2014-15)

Rebecca McDaniel, *vibraphone/voice*

Alice Ping Yee Ho (b. 1960)

Angst!! (2016)

Sarah Thompson Johansen, *soprano*

Gemma Peacocke (b. 1984)

Erasure (2017)

Diana Ortiz and Crystal Qi, *violin*

Bethany Pereboom, *viola*

Roxanne Fritton, *cello*

PROGRAM NOTES

Jessica Meyer - *In Equal Measure*

Just recently, Iceland became the first country to legalize equal pay between men and women. Specifically, companies with over 25 people have to prove in writing that if their male and female employees are doing the same work, they are indeed getting paid the same.

Months before the ruling, thousands of Icelandic women left work at 2:38 p.m. and demonstrated outside parliament to protest the gender pay gap. Women's rights groups calculate that after that time each day, women are working for free. As part of this protest, they performed the traditional Viking "Thunderclap" to communicate their strength.

This quartet viscerally explores the various situations women find themselves in every day in their plight to have their work considered in equal measure to the men around them.

- Jessica Meyer

"She wasn't looking for a knight, she was looking for a sword." - Atticus

Megan DeJarnett - *Panic I*

this is what happens
when the cracks start to show
can't find the far edge
you fall

Your heart freezes.

Your breathing skyrockets. Or maybe it stops. It's deep. It's shallow.

You're reaching for the normalcy that was with you just a moment ago. It's gone. You reach and reach and reach through the noise and the excess, but you can't find the far edge of your sanity.

You push on anyway, but eventually, you fall. Your sounds stop penetrating. Everything fails.

And then, only then, do things begin to come back to you.

Abigail Johnson - *Expectations*

Expectations began as an avenue to explore the open tunings I learned through my training in Appalachian Folk Music. I began writing the piece at a time when I was realizing the challenge of being a female composer, and how alone I felt without a present female composition role model.

This piece seeks to discover the narrative of someone who was raised in a supportive environment within family or friends that then ventures out into the world, only to realize how much of what they were taught was a strength within their protected environment is in fact fighting against them in the larger world. They then return within themselves to that safe environment, but this time more timid and broken, clearly changed by the world around them.

Megan DeJarnett - *You Probably Don't Remember Me*

I don't remember everything about the young man who assaulted me, but his actions live on in my mind every day. That said, though I'll never know for certain, I'm roughly ninety percent sure he wouldn't recall anything unusual or disturbing about that day. While writing *You Probably Don't Remember Me*, I tried to find a way to put this queasy feeling into words, but beyond the text of the piece, I don't have many good ways to explain it. Though it's a difficult thing to talk about publicly due to the onus we place on victims to be perfect in every way, I know I'm not the only one who thinks if I walked up to my attacker today and asked if he remembered what he did, he would say no.

It's an interesting byproduct of the greater conversation surrounding assault: if the person who hurt you doesn't remember hurting you, are you still entitled to your justice? (Spoiler alert: yes, you are.) Starting sentences with "he probably doesn't remember it" can make a survivor look weak to the public eye, even when it reinforces the fact that most folks still don't take assault seriously—including when they themselves commit the offense.

So, to mirror this, *You Probably Don't Remember Me* is a little lost, driven best by the performer sitting at the harp. I've chosen a variety of sounds to create an eerie, uninviting atmosphere, and the harpist's job is to get through it. As much as I'd love to make survival sound like an epic adventure, a lot of the time it's making it through things that just don't quite feel right. And we should honor those efforts, too.

Annika Socolofsky - *Don't Say a Word*

When I look around myself for an idea, when I feel as though I have nothing to work with, when I feel as though I am nothing, when I've been made to feel that I am nothing, I look to the strong women that surround me for inspiration. Women's stories are tales of strength, perseverance, fire, and drive. And as the tides of history churn, gaining momentum, it's no longer dangerous to declare that now it's our turn--the women's turn.

The text for this piece is: "Hush now, baby. Don't say a word. Now it's time for the women's turn."

Ruby Fulton - *I'm sorry not sorry*

I got the idea for “i’m sorry, not sorry” when I read that Hillary Clinton was the first presidential candidate in US History to say the words “I’m sorry” to her supporters during her concession speech after losing the election to Donald Trump. I found that shocking and it made me think about how strange it is that women feel the need to apologize so much more than men. Beyoncé has an awesome and powerful song called “Sorry” that features the lyrics “sorry, I ain’t sorry” which gave me the idea for the words and concept of the piece. And I stole the harmonies from a passage in Beethoven’s Piano Sonata Op. 110.

Megan DeJarnett - *Panic II*

this is what happens
when it all falls apart
crumpled shell
shiny toy

Your story is not about you.

Your story is about everyone around you. Maybe it wasn’t before, but now you’ve told them, and they’ve taken it from you. It’s not yours anymore. It’s theirs.

You produce sounds that are pain, loss. You make the only noises you have left after they’ve taken away the timbres that are beautiful and nuances. Maybe there’s still something worthy left in these sounds from another reality, but it exists only for fleeting moments before vanishing again.

You try for something more substantial, but they take that from you, too. Everything of value you produce, they swallow. But when you begin to think the worthlessness you emit has value, they take that, too.

They act in an eternal vacuum, eating away at your humanity until you’re little more than a crumple shell with a shiny toy.

Alexis Lamb - *The Yellow Wallpaper*

Charlotte Perkins Gilman's short story "The Yellow Wallpaper" (1892) takes the reader on a journey of one woman's loss of sanity due to isolation. The story begins with a woman suffering from post-partum depression, and her husband treats her with Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's famous (or notorious) "rest cure" of the mid- 1800s. Due to her isolation in her room, the protagonist's major pastime is staring at the yellow wallpaper that has no pattern; her intellectual time per day is limited, but she sneaks in some writing when possible. Because the wallpaper is so confusing in its pattern, watching the wallpaper and studying it eventually leads the protagonist to complete insanity. The yellow wallpaper is a symbol that directly coincides with the demise of our main character's mental state. As the author goes deeper and deeper into insanity, the wallpaper begins to become understandable, and the "rest cure" fails by turning a smart and capable woman into a pacing maniac. By the end of the story, both the author's sanity and the paper are destroyed from their lives, leaving only a creeping lunatic and her husband in disbelief of what he had done.

All of the text is excerpted from these diary writings in the story.

Alice Ping Yee Ho - *Angst!!*

Angst!! is a reaction to the myth of the inferiority of women created by centuries of religious and philosophical viewpoints. The piece does not use a text. It uses phonemes in a primordial attempt to express the fear and anxiety that women encounter, and at the end, a realization of the power that each woman possesses. The woman singing represents all women as she chants, screams, uses ritualistic gestures and literally turns her back on this old age belief. Sheets of newspapers are used to represent the established myth of the definition of women that saturates our daily perceptions. Stories of the injustices done to women are literally torn to shreds and cut up during the performance. Large scissors are used at the end of the piece as an omen that women do have the power to change the fate of our world. As our protagonist cuts through these images of daily life, she hopes to find a new place in the world and victory over fear. Finally, this piece can be seen as a ritual exorcism to rid women from all fear.

Gemma Peacocke - *Erasure*

If women are invisible, then it doesn't really matter how important they are, because in the public consciousness they don't exist.

- Dr Amanda Foreman, Historian

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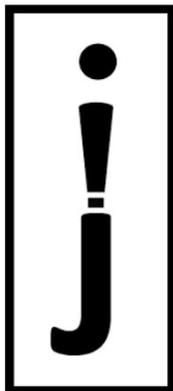
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