A Message from the Curators:

Springfest is made possible through the support of the Graduate Students Association, the Dean of Arts and Humanities, a grant from the University of California Institute for Research in the Arts, and the wonderful production staff of the Department of Music. Special thanks to all the concert curators, designers Jen Bewerse and Meghann Welsh and to our tireless production manager and fearless leader in all things live and near-live, Jessica Flores.

For more information about the UCSD graduate students responsible for the music, visit musicgrad.ucsd.edu/events.

- Caroline Louise Miller and Adam Tinkle
TUESDAY, APRIL 8 - 17

Ongoing exhibition
Graphic Score: Drawing in Musical Practice
Experimental Drawing Studio (SME 202)

Projects on graphic and open scores by:
Rachel Beetz
Dustin Donahue
Curt Miller
Todd Moellenberg
Nichole Speciale

Schedule of Graphic Score events at the Experimental Drawing Studio:

- Conversation with performer Charles Curtis and scholar Liz Kotz  
  April 9th 6-8pm
- Drawing in Musical Practice: Performance and Discussion  
  April 10th 5-7pm
- Talk by Installation Artist Nina Waisman  
  April 14th 6-7pm
- Closing Reception  
  April 17th 6-9pm

The gallery will be open to visitors Tuesdays and Thursday 3-5pm

SUNDAY, APRIL 6

4:30 p.m.
Soft Hammers
CPMC Concert Hall

A DMA Chamber Recital by Stephen Lewis, pianist

Of Challenge and of Love (1994) by Elliott Carter
Tiffany DuMouchelle, soprano and Stephen Lewis, piano

Trio in B Major, Op. 8 (1854, rev. 1889) by Johannes Brahms
Batya Macadam-Somer, violin, Jennifer Bewerse, cello, and Stephen Lewis, piano

Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion, Sz. 110 (1937) by Béla Bartók
Stephen Lewis and Kyle Adam Blair, piano, and Stephen Solook and Dustin Donahue, percussion
MONDAY, APRIL 7

4-7 p.m.
Improv at Happy Hour I
Loft@UCSD

Featuring sets by:
Drew Ceccato (saxophones), Tommy Babin (bass) and Chris Golinski (percussion)
and Adam Tinkle/Drew Ceccato (saxophones)

8 p.m.
Crippled Symmetry
CPMC Concert Hall

Crippled Symmetry (1983) by Morton Feldman
Duration ~90 min

A crippled structure, exposed by the tide of time
half soaked and shimmering against a new day's horizon

harmonic froth gently churns amidst an irregular rhythm of waves
while trilling pitches soar as once symmetric harmonies break in the breeze

the moment passes
weightless mist dances across the timbre of the returning tide
and the distant structure melts into the depths
- Ryan Nestor

Piano / Celeste - Kyle Adam Blair
Flute - Michael Matsuno
Percussion - Ryan Nestor

TUESDAY, APRIL 8

4-7 p.m.
Improv at Happy Hour II
Loft@UCSD

Featuring sets by:
Joshua Charney (piano), Putu Hiranmayena (drums), Kyle Motl (bass), and Adam Tinkle (saxophone)
Performing the music of Anthony Braxton
Including Compositions 23C, 69Q, and 29A

And

Tobin Chodos (piano) & Kyle Motl (bass)
...duets that straddle boundaries, exploring music as a syntactical tool
and improvisation on the formal level
TUESDAY, APRIL 8
8 p.m.
Harawi
CPMC Theatre

Harawi: Chant d’amour et de mort by Oliver Messiaen

Bonnie Lander, soprano
Brendan Nguyen, piano

Harawi, the first piece in Messiaen’s Tristin Trilogy (followed by Turangalîla Symphony and Cinq Rechants) was written in 1945. This song cycle depicts the theme of love and death, inspired by the Tristan and Isolde myth, made more personal by the concomitant decline of his first wife, Claire Delbos’, mental health. It features Messiaen’s surrealist, original poetry which onomatopoetically borrows words from Quechua, an ancestral Peruvian language.

Chant d’amour et de mort / A song of love and death

I. La Ville qui Dormait, Toi
La ville qui dormait, toi.
Ma main sur ton coeur par toi.
Le plein minuit le banc, toi.
La violette double toi.

II. Bonjour toi, colombe verte
Bonjour toi, colombe verte,
Retour du ciel.
Bonjour toi, perle limpide,
DÉpart de l’eau.
Etoile enchaînée,
Ombre partagée,
Toi, de fleur, de fruit de ciel et d’eau,
chant des oiseaux.
Bonjour, D’eau.

III. Montagnes
Rouge-violet, noir sur noir.
L’antique inutile portée ses mains noir.
Montagne, écoute le chaos solaire
L’antique inutile rayon noir.
Rouge-violet, noir sur noir.

IV. Doundou Tchil
Doundou tchil, Doundou tchil.
Piroutcha te voilà, O mon à moi,
la danse des étoiles, Doundou tchil.
Piroutcha te voilà, O mon à moi,
miroir d’oiseau familier, Doundou tchil.

V. L’amour de Piroutcha
(La jeune fille)
“Piroutcha, ah, toundou,
tirant, berce, toi,
ma cendres des lumières,
berce ta petite en tes bras verts.
Piroutcha, ta petite cendre, pour toi”

(V. The Love of Piroutcha
(the young girl)
“Piroutcha, ah, toundou,
tirant, rock, thou,
your ashes of light,
rock thy little girl in thy green arms.
Piroutcha, thy little ashes, for thee.”

(V. The Love of Piroutcha
(the young man)
“Thine eye all heavens, doundou tchil.
Chop off my head, doundou tchil.
Our breath, our breath, blue and gold.
Ah!
Chains of cold, black, maue, love, death”

VI. Répétition Planétaire
Ah! Ah! O.
Mapa, nama, mapa nama lila, tchil.
Mapa nama lila, mapa nama lila mika,
pampahika, nama.

Ah! Ah! O.
Mapa, nama, mapa nama lila, tchil.
Mapa nama lila, mapa nama lila mika,
pampahika, nama.

Enfourche un cri noir,
Echo noir du temps,
Cri d’avant la terre à tout moment,
Echo noir du temps,
Escalier tournant.
Tourbillon, Étoile rouge,
Tourbillon, Planète mange en tournant.

Tchil tchil tchil pampahika,
Tchil tchil tchil, pampahikama,
Doundou tchil tchil tchil.
Ah! Ah! Ah! O.

VII. Adieu
Adieu toi, colombe verte,
Ange attristé.
Adieu toi, perle limpide,
Soleil gardien.
Toi, de nuit, de fruit, de ciel, de jour.
Aile d’amour.
Adieu toi, lumière neuve,
Philtre à deux voix.

Etoile enchaînée,
Ombre partagée,
dans ma main mon fruit de ciel, de jour.
Lointain d’amour.

Adieu toi, mon ciel de terre,
Adieu toi, désert qui pleure,
miroir sans souffle d’amour,
De fleur, de nuit, de fruit, de ciel, de jour.
Pour toujours.

VIII. Syllabes
Colombe, colombe verte,
Le chiffre cinq à toi,
La violette double doublée,
Très loin, tout bas.
O mon ciel tu fleuris,
Piroutcha mia!
O déploiements du ciel,
Piroutcha mia!
O fleurissions de l’eau,
Piroutcha mia!
Kahipipas, mahi pipas,
Doundou tchil tchil tchil.
Pia pia pia pia...!
Tout bas.

V. Répétition Planétaire
Ah! Ah! O.
Mapa, nama, mapa nama lila, tchil.
Mapa nama lila, mapa nama lila mika,
pampahika, nama.

Ah! Ah! O.
Mapa, nama, mapa nama lila, tchil.
Mapa nama lila, mapa nama lila mika,
pampahika, nama.

Ride astride a black shriek,
Black echo of time.
Shriek from before the earth,
Black echo of time,
Spiraling stair.
Whirlpool, Red Star,
Whirlpool, Planet ears spinning.

Tchil tchil tchil pampahika,
Tchil tchil tchil, pampahikama
Doundou tchil tchil tchil.
Ah! Ah! Ah! O.

VII. Farewell
Farewell to thee green dove,
Angel downcast.
Farewell to thee, limpid pearl,
Guardian sun.
Thou of night, fruit, sky, day,
Wing of love.
Farewell to thee, new light,
Two-voiced potion.

Enchaîné star,
Shared shadow,
In my hand my heaven’s fruit or day’s,
Far distance of love.

Adieu to thee, my heaven of earth,
Farewel to thee, weeping desert,
Mirror without the breath of love,
Of flower, night, fruit, sky, day;

VIII. Syllabes
Dove, green dove,
The figure five for thee,
The double violet shall double,
Far, far away, so low.
I my heaven, thou flowerest,
Piroutcha mia!
O unroll the sky!
Piroutcha mia!
O we will blossom with water
Piroutcha mine!
Kahipipas, mahi pipas,
Doundou tchil tchil tchil.
Pia pia pia pia...!
So low.

So low.

So low.

So low.

So low.

So low.

So low.

So low.

So low.

So low.
IX. L'escalier redit, gestes du soleil
ne parle plus, l'escalier sourit,
Chaque marche vers le sud.
Du ciel, de l'eau, du temps, l'escalier du temps.
Son oeil est désert, lumière en secret.
Pierre claire et soleil clair.
De l'eau, du temps, du ciel, l'escalier du ciel.
A petite cendre tu es là, tes temps vertes,
mauves, sur de l'eau.
Comme la mort.
L'œille de l'eau.
L'escalier redit, gestes du soleil,
Couleur de silence neuf.
De l'eau, du temps, du ciel, l'escalier du ciel.
J'attends dans le vert,
etoi d'amour.
C'est si simple d'être mort.
Du temps, du ciel, de l'eau, l'escalier de l'eau.

Ma petite cendre tu es là,
tes temps vertes, mauves, sur du temps.
Comme la mort.
L'œille du temps.
Du ciel, de l'eau, du temps.
Ton oeil présent qui respire.
De l'eau, du temps, du ciel.
Le coeur de l'horloge folle.
La mort est là, ma colombe verte.
La mort est là, ma perle limpide.
La mort, est là.
Nous dormons loin du temps dans ton regard.

IX. The Stair Repeats, Gestures of the Sun II
He speaks no more, the stair smiles,
Each stair towards the south.
Sky, water, time, the stair of time.
Its eye is desert, light in secret.
Clear stone, clear sun.
Water, time, sky, stairway to the sky.
My little ashes thou art there.
Thy green, mauve temples on water.
Like death.
The water's eye.
The stair repeats, gestures of the sun.
The color of new silence.
Water, time, sky, stairway to the sky.
I wait in the green,
Love bestastered.
So simple it is to be dead.
Time, sky, water, the stairway to water.

My little ashes thou art there,
Thy green, mauve temples on time.
Like death.
The eye of time.
Sky, water, time.
Your eye now breathing.
Water, time, sky.
The heart of the mad timepiece.
Death is there, my green dove.
Death is there, my limpied pearl,
Death is there.
Far from time we sleep in thy gaze.
I am dead.
The water shall overtop our heads.
Guardian sun.
The fire shall devour our breath,
Two-voiced potion.
Our gaze, from one end to the next,
Seem by death.
We will invent the love of the world.
To seek each other out,
To weep,
To dream,
To find each other.

The sky, water, time, my heart, beating.
My fruit, my share of darkness, thou art there, thou.
Love, joy!
SILENCE is dead,
Embrace time.
The sun with joyous cries.
Time, sky, water, the stairway water.
Gaiety flourishes
In the arms of the sky.
A fan made of birdsong.
Sky, water, time.
The stairway of time.

X. Amour oiseau d'étoile
Oiseau d'étoile,
Ton oeil qui chante,
Vers les étoiles,
Ta tête à l'envers sous le ciel.
Ton oeil d'étoile,
Chaises tombantes,
Vers les étoiles,
Plus court chemin de l'ombre au ciel.
Tous les oiseaux des étoiles,
Loin du tableaux mans chantent,
Étoile, silence augmenté du ciel.
Mes mains, ton oeil, ton cou, le ciel.

XI. Katchikatchi les étoiles
Katchikatchi les étoiles,
faites-les sauter,
Katchikatchi les étoiles,
faites-les danser.
Katchikatchi les atomes,
faites-les sauter,
Katchikatchi les atomes,
faites-les danser.
Les nébuleuses spirales,
mains de mes cheveux.
Les électrons, fourmis, flèches,
le silence en deux.
Alpha du Centaure,
Bételgeuse, Aldebaran.
Dilate l'espace arcenciel tapegeur de temps,
Rune ionisé fureur d'horloge au meutre absent,
Coupez ma tête, son chiffre roule dans le sang!
Tou, ah!
Mané, mani, Tou, ah!
O, Roule dans le sang,
routine du sang! Ah!

XI. The Stair Repeats, Gestures of the Sun II
He speaks no more, the stair repeats,
Each stair towards the south.
Sky, water, time, the stair of time.
Its eye is desert, light in secret.
Clear stone, clear sun.
Water, time, sky, stairway to the sky.
My little ashes thou art there.
Thy green, mauve temples on water.
Like death.
The water's eye.
The stair repeats, gestures of the sun.
The color of new silence.
Water, time, sky, stairway to the sky.
I wait in the green,
Love bestastered.
So simple it is to be dead.
Time, sky, water, the stairway to water.

My little ashes thou art there,
Thy green, mauve temples on time.
Like death.
The eye of time.
Sky, water, time.
Your eye now breathing.
Water, time, sky.
The heart of the mad timepiece.
Death is there, my green dove.
Death is there, my limpied pearl,
Death is there.
Far from time we sleep in thy gaze.
I am dead.
The water shall overtop our heads.
Guardian sun.
The fire shall devour our breath,
Two-voiced potion.
Our gaze, from one end to the next,
Seem by death.
We will invent the love of the world.
To seek each other out,
To weep,
To dream,
To find each other.

The sky, water, time, my heart, beating.
My fruit, my share of darkness, thou art there, thou.
Love, joy!
SILENCE is dead,
Embrace time.
The sun with joyous cries.
Time, sky, water, the stairway water.
Gaiety flourishes
In the arms of the sky.
A fan made of birdsong.
Sky, water, time.
The stairway of time.

XII. Dans le noir
Dans le noir, colombe verte.
Dans le noir, mon fruit de ciel, de jour.
Loin d'amour.
Mon amour, mon souffle!
Colombe, colombe verte.
Le chiffe cinq à toi,
La violette douce, doublera,
Très loin, tout bas.
Très loin, tout bas, très loin.
La ville qui dortant....

XI. Katchikatchi the Stars
Katchikatchi the stars,
Make them leap,
Katchikatchi the stars,
Make them dance,
Katchikatchi the stars,
Make them leap,
Katchikatchi the stars,
Make them dance.
The spiral nebulae,
Hands of my hair.
Electrons, ants, arrows,
Silence halved.
Alpha to Centauri,
Bételgeuse, Aldebaran.
Dilate the rainbow space kicking up a row in time,
Ionised laughter rage of timepiece for absent murder.
Chop off my head, its figures are rolling in blood!
Tou, ah!
Mané, mani, Tou, ah!
Roll in blood!
Roll in blood! Ah!

XI. In the Dark
In the dark, green dove.
In the dark, limpid pearl.
In the dark, my fruit of sky, of day,
Far off distance of love.
My love, my breath!
Dove, green dove.
The figure five for thee,
The double violet shall double,
Far away, so low.
Far away, so low, far away.
The city sleeping...

Translated by John Underwood

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9
7 p.m.
Sara Perez in Concert
CPMC Concert Hall

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Nymphs and Shepherds
Sweetener than Roses

Opus 27 by Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
“Ruhe meine Seele!”
“Cäcilie”
“heimliche Aufforderung”
“Morgen!”

Being Beauteous by Hans Werner Henze (1926-2012)

Stephen Lewis, piano

2 Songs* by Kevin Flowers (1987 -)

Kevin Flowers, guitar
Marcelo F. Lazcano, guitar
Ryan Nestor, percussion
Neil Ruby, percussion and piano
Meghann Welsh, accordion and voice

Recitations 8, 10, 11, 13 by Georges Aperghis (1945 -)

Nicolee Kuester, voice
Texts and Translations for Sara Perez in Concert

Ruhe, meine Seele!
Nicht ein Lüften rächt sich leise,
Sardant erschöpft ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter dunkle Halle
Steht sich leichter Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele
Deine Stürme gingen wild,
Hast genoht und hast gestört,
Wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwoll!
Diese Zeiten sind gewaltsam,
Bringt Herz und Sinn in Not,
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele.
Und vergis, was dich bedroht!

Cécile
Wenn du es wüsstest, was träumen heist
Von brennenden Küsten, von Wändern
Und Ruhen mit der Geliebten
Aug’ in Auge und kosen und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüsstest, du neigtest dein Herz!
Wenn du es wüsstest, was bangen heisst.
In einsamen Nächten, umschauerst vom Sturm,
Du niemand möttest räden Mandis du kampfrüh Seel,
Wenn du es wüsstest, du kämtest zu mir.
Wenn du es wüsstest, was leben heisst,
Umsaucht von der Gottheit weltwaffendem Atem
Zu schweben emport, lichtgetragen, zu seligen Höh’n,
Wenn du es wüsstest, du lebtest mit mir!

Heimliche Aufforderung
Auf, hebe die funkelnnde Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahl dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lache ich und dann trinke ich still wie du...
Und still, gleich mir, betrachte um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer – verziche sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und las beim larmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein.
Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrach
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch.
Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh’ du’ geschafft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehrlich oft,
Und rechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht.
O komm, du wanderbare, erschönte Nacht!

Morgen!
Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Innern dieser sonnennamen ten Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen
Werden wir still und langsam niederstrecken,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt das Glückes stummes Schweigen...

Being Beauteous
Devant une neige,
un Étre de beauté de haute taille.
Des sifflements de mort et des cercles de musique
soufflent fort monter, s’élargir et trembler
comme un spectre ce corps adoré.

Les couleurs propres de la vie se foncent,
dansent, et se dégagent autour de la vision,
sur le chantier.
Des blessures écarlates et noires éclatent
dans les superbes superbes.

Et les frissons s’élèvent et grondent,
et la saveur forcenée de ces effets
se chargeant avec les sifflements mortels
et les zébrures musicales que le monde,
loin derrière nous, lance sur notre mère de beauté,
elle recule, elle se dresse.
Oh! nos os sont revêus d’un nouveau corps amoureux.

O la face cendrée, l’écusson de crin,
les bras de cristal!
le canon sur lequel je dois m’abattra à travers
la mélée des arbres et de l’air léger!

Rest my soul!
Not a little breeze lightly agitates itself,
softly asleep rests the grove;
through the dark covering of leaves
steals the bright sunshine.
Rest, rest, my soul,
your storms rage wildly,
thus hast raged and hast shuddered
like the waves, when they swell!
These times are powerful,
bringing heart and head into panic
rest, rest, my soul,
and forget what threatens you!

Cecilia
If you only knew what it means to dream
of burning kisses, of wandering
and resting with the beloved,
eye in eye cuddling and chattering,
if you only knew you would bow your heart!
if you only knew what it means to live,
in lonely nights, shuddered about by storm.
when no one with mad mouth comforts the snipe-weak soul,
if you only knew, you would come to me.
if you only knew what it means to live,
blown about by the world-creator’s breath
to soar upwards, light-born to blessed heights,
if you only knew, you would dwell with me.

Secret Invitation
Up, raise the sparkling chalice up to your mouth,
and drink at the feast to your heart’s health.
and when you raise the vessel, wave secretly to me,
then I will smile and drink quietly like you...
and quietly, like me, watch around us the multitude
of the drunken babblers – do not despise them too much.
No, lift the shining vessel, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at the noisy banquet.
But when you’ve enjoyed the meal and quenched your thirst,
then leave the noisy scene of the festive party
and wander out into the garden to the rose bush,
There I will wait for you as is our old custom.
I will sink on your breast, before you had hoped for it,
and drink your kisses, as so often before,
And braids into your hair the rose’s splendor.
Oh come, you wonderful, longed-for night!

Tomorrow
And tomorrow the sun will shine again
and on the path, where I shall walk,
will us, the happy ones, again unite
in the midst of this sun-breathing earth...
and to the far shore, blue-waved
we will slowly and silently climb down,
dumb, we will look into each other’s eyes,
and upon us sinks the dumb silence of happiness...

Being Beauteous
Before the snow,
stands a tall, beatorous being.
The hissing of death and circles of muffled music
make this adored body clump, expand and tremble
like a ghost.

The proper colors of life darken,
dance, and give off around the vision,
upon the yard.
Black and scarlet wounds burst
In the superb flesh.

The shudders rise and fall,
and the maniacal flavor of these effects
being charged with the mortal hissing
and raucous music that the world,
well behind us, bursts on our mother of beauty,
- she withdraws, she stands up.
Oh! Our bones are dressed once more in a new amorous body.

O ash and face, shield of hair,
And arms of crystal!
The canopy on which I must throw myself down,
amid the scuffle of trees and the light breeze.
THURSDAY, APRIL 10

7:30 p.m.
Sound in Silence
Luce Loft

*Film* (1965)
*Fall of the House of Usher* (1928)

The program Sound in Silence features the two silent films, *Film* (1965) and *Fall of the House of Usher* (1928), both with live musical accompaniment conceived by Felipe Rossi and Josh Charney. *Film*, written by Samuel Beckett, was described by the author as “a movie about the perceiving eye, about the perceived and the perceiver – two aspects of the same man.” Starring silent comedic legend, Buster Keaton, *Film* would be one of his last starring vehicles before his death in 1966. Because of its absurdist themes, Beckett’s only film is still subject to criticism and interpretation. Jean Epstein’s *The Fall of the House of Usher*, based on the short story by Edgar Allen Poe, is included on Roger Ebert’s list of the “Great Movies.” Ebert writes, “the film seemed less a fiction than the realization of some phantasmagoric alternative reality.” In its eighty plus years, it still proves to be an eerie engagement with the French avant-garde.

Luce Loft is located at 1037 J St San Diego, CA 92101

FRIDAY, APRIL 11

5 -8 p.m.
Synthesizer Petting Zoo
CPMC North Courtyard

The Audio Electronics Club invites you to get hands-on with their hand-built instruments, effects, and controllers.

Brendan Gaffney
Colin Zyskowski
David Medine
Elliot Patros
Jennifer Hsu
Joe Mariglio
Kevin Haywood
+ many more!

http://audioelectronics.ucsd.edu/
FRIDAY, APRIL 11

8 p.m.
California Electronic Music Exchange Concert
CPMC Theatre

Touchpoint
Nick Suda
CalArts

Prism Prison
Joe Mariglio
UCSD

Searchers
Jon Myers
Mills

Orificial IED [Improvised Explosive Device] No.1
Michael Yr. Jeannouxa Day
Andrea Young
CalArts

— Intermission —

#13 - No Malls
Sharmi Basu
Mills

Cymbals and Feedback
David Medine
UCSD

Emergence
David Gordon
UCSB

Archglitchtexture
Taurin Barrera
Mills

L.A. Arcade
Ori Barel
**Program Notes for California Electronic Music Exchange Concert**

**Touchpoint**
Nick Suda - CalArts

*Touchpoint* is a prototype software instrument that I am developing for my MFA thesis at CalArts. It consists of three dynamically re-routable modular processors that produce wildly different non-linear results depending upon the order in which they are arranged. Inspired by VST plug-ins such as Native Instruments’ The Finger, iZotope’s Stutter Edit and Sugar Bytes’ Turnado, this instrument begins with a harmonically simple audio input and can be fed through a series of performable stutter buffers, Karplus-Strong comb delays, audio-input FM synthesis blocks, or gain/phase changing AM units. I have prepared a series of “bookmarks” in an attempt to present a self-sufficient solo performance with this visually-oriented software modular touchscreen environment. *Touchpoint* was partially developed in-house as part of an internship with the Research department of Native Instruments in Berlin.

**Prism Prison**
Joe Mariglio - UCSD

Bodily damage uninsured motorist medical payments.

**Searchers**
Jon Myers - Mills

In *Searchers*, I use supercollider to control adjustable notch filters within an FMradio-feedback no-input mixing situation. Motion—through physical space—of the radio and transmitter, as well as myself, allow for further searching in this multitiered digital/analog/wireless space.

**Orificial IED [Improvised Explosive Device] No.1**
Michael Yr. Jeannouxa Day, Andrea Young - CalArts

This work combines non-digitally processed electronics with digital, voice-controlled electronics and was born from the innate and disturbing similarities between our two instruments. Because of these similarities, we begin with mimicry and the morphology of our sounds while allowing the slap of a tongue against the crunching bow hair on vinyl to interject musical inflections that take on a life of their own.

**#13 - No Malls**
Sharmi Basu - Mills

#13 - No Malls is a live electronics performance using various analog gear. It is an attempt at materializing the moments in which presence is achieved and then immediately lost again.

**Cymbals and Feedback**
David Medine - UCSD

This is a piece for cymbal and guitar amplifiers. A tight feedback loop is created using contact microphones and pre-amplifiers of my own construction. The idea is to deconstruct commonly used sounds/instruments in order to focus on some of their more stunning but seldom acknowledged sonic properties.

**Emergence**
David Gordon - UCSB

*Emergence* is an audiovisual work investigating natural patterns and cycles. I used digital layering and processing to merge footage of reflected sunlight, car headlights, and other subjects into shifting shape and color patterns, suggesting geological or microbiological forms. The sound layer applies an analogous compositional process to the source audio: combining and blending the material in layers after transforming it through time-stretching, pitch shifting and noise reduction.

**Archglitchtexture**
Taurin Barrera - Mills

*Archglitchtexture* is an exploration of an audio driven 3D modeling environment. In this piece, live processed guitar causes primitive shapes to shift and explode into particle systems and neural webs. During this live performance, I use glitch guitars to generate and explore new architectural forms. For the audio, I use Supercollider, for the 3D modeling I use OpenGL.

**L.A. Arcade**
Ori Barel - UCSB

Inspired from a Laundromat in Los Angeles, Silverlake. The Laundromat contained old arcades, a shabby appearance as well as the sound of occasional sirens coming from the streets.
SATURDAY, APRIL 12
7 p.m.
Wave Energy Series no. 2
CPMC Theatre

Performances by:
Casey Anderson
Scott Cazan
Joe Cantrell

Casey Anderson is an artist working with sound in a number of media, including composition, improvisation, electronic music, saxophone, text, and installations. He has performed with Jason Kahn, Ulrich Krieger, MKM, Fomoudou Don Moye, Michael Pisaro, Ishmael Wadada Leo Smith, Mark Trayle, and the Dog Star Orchestra. Performances, exhibitions, and residencies include MOCA – Los Angeles (CA), ISSUE Project Room (NY), STEIM (NL), Atlantic Center for the Arts (FL), and Mass MOCA (MA). He co-founded, and co-edits (with John P. Hastings and Scott Cazan), the Experimental Music Yearbook, and co-owns khalija records with Wyatt Keusch. He currently lives in Los Angeles, California, teaches in the Media Design Practices department at Art Center College of Design, and works with Machine Project.

Scott Cazan is a Los Angeles based composer, performer, creative coder, and sound artist working in fields such as experimental electronic music, sound installation, chamber music, and software art where he explores cybernetics, aesthetic computing, and emergent forms resulting from human interactions with technology. His work often involves the use of feedback networks where misunderstanding and chaotic elements act as a catalyst for emergent forms in art and music.

Scott has performed and received numerous commissions with international organizations such as The LA County Museum of Art, MOCA (Los Angeles), Issue Project Room (NY), Feldstarke International (with CENTQUATRE, PACT Zollverein, and Calarts), Ausland (Berlin), Art Cologne, Ensemble Zwischentöne, The University of Art in Berlin, Toomai String Quintet, Southern Exposure (San Francisco), Guapamacátaro (MX), the BEAM Festival (UK), REDCAT (Los Angeles), Machine Project and many others. He has collaborated and performed alongside a variety of artists such as Jason Kahn, Ulrich Krieger, Mark Trayle, Michael Pisaro, Carmina Escobar, Carole Kim, Jana Papenbroock, and many others.

As an active educator he has taught at institutions such as the University of California, Santa Barbara and the California Institute of the Arts and frequently gives lectures and workshops on the intersections between art and electronics.

Joe Cantrell a musician and multi-media artist specializing in sound art, installations, compositions and performances inspired by the implications and consequences of technological objects and practices. His work examines the incessant acceleration of technology and media production, its ownership, and the waste it produces.

As a sound artist, Joe has performed and installed in numerous venues, including the REDCAT Theater at Disney Hall in Los Angeles, the 2012 festival of the Society for Electroacoustic Music in the US as well as artist residencies in New York, London and Beijing.

His work has been honored with grants from the Creative Capital Foundation, New Music USA as well as being nominated for a Rydell Visual Arts Fellowship.

Joe holds a BFA in music technology from the California Institute of the Arts and an MFA in digital arts and new media from UC Santa Cruz. He is currently pursuing a PhD in Integrative Studies at UC San Diego.
SUNDAY, APRIL 13
6 p.m.
Immersion
Birch Aquarium@SIO
(The programs in all areas of the aquarium will run continuously from 6-7:30)

Pacific Sardines
Chris Golinski: Atmospheric Solo Percussion

Seahorse Exhibit
Jon Forshee: Silent Singer

Hall of Fishes
Students from A Reason to Survive and Adam Tinkle: Inside the Tanks

Facilitated by Adam Tinkle, students from community arts center A Reason to Survive (National City, CA) will showcase their imaginative headphone soundscape compositions, each one designed to accompany a different tank in the Hall of Fishes.

Diego Erdman: Moray Eel
Martin Arguelles: Octopus
Michael Catolico: Upside-down Jelly
Ruben Alvarez: Bell Jelly
Adam Tinkle: Anemone
Melissa Duenas: Tropical Seas Lagoon
Kayla Catolico: Nautilus

Education Courtyard
Carolyn Chen: The 24

Kelp Forest Tank
Electroacoustic Flute and Voice

Michael Matsuno (flute) and Yeung-ping Chen (computer): Kaija Saariaho’s Noa-Noa
Tiffany DuMouchelle (soprano): Caroline Louise Miller’s Ofelia’s Life-Dream
Odeya Nini: A Solo Voice

Elasmo Beach Shark Tank
Meghann Welsh and Joe Cantrell: No Fancy

Galleria Projector
Paul Hembree: Sounding Orbs

Tide-pool Terrace
Sean Francis Conway and friends: Singing Sound Songs for an Ocean View

Splash Café
The Kernels: Indie Rock

Directions to Birch Aquarium: 2300 Expedition Way, La Jolla, CA
Take I-5 to La Jolla Village Drive. Go west one mile. Turn left on Expedition Way.
$10 cover includes aquarium admission ($8 members and UCSD Students)
MONDAY, APRIL 14

7 p.m.
The Family Room
CPMC Theatre

Texts:
Todd Moellenberg: Circle Time, for speaker(s)
performed by Todd & Brett Moellenberg, Matt Savitsky
Rozalie Hirs: Articles 1 to 3, for solo piano
performed by Todd Moellenberg
Matt Savitsky: An anecdote
performed by Matt Savitsky
Nicolee Kuester: Conversation Pieces, No. 2
performed by Nicolee Kuester & Todd Moellenberg
Katharina Rosenberger: Torsion, for solo piano
performed by Todd Moellenberg

TUESDAY, APRIL 15

8 p.m.
XX
CPMC Theatre

“None of us want to be in calm waters all our lives.”

**Triumvir - Annie Hui-Hsin Hsieh**
Batya MacAdam-Somer, violin

**Ghazal - Elisabet Curbelo**
Elisabet Curbelo, soprano
Yasaman Alam, santoor

**{o,o} - Jennifer Hsu**

**At the Hour - Caroline Miller**
Caroline Miller, piano

**Controlled burn - Tina Tallon**

**Untitled - Tania Lanfer**

**The movement of glass through a house - Carolyn Chen**

**Pink - Fernanda Aoki Navarro**
Tiffany Du Mouchelle, voice
Michael Matsuno, flute
Bob Zelickman, clarinet
Shayla James, viola
Judith, violoncello
Kyle Blair, piano
Program Notes for XX

**Triumvir (Annie Hui-Hsin Hsieh)**
Referring to the three physical appearances of a substance that is crucial to our existence on the planet, this piece addresses the various interchangeable physical states of H2O – in its transformations from gaseous state to solid (deposition), to liquid (liquefaction), and evaporation; through the gaining and releasing of the energy required for these transformations.

**Ghazal (Elisabet Curbelo)**
"Ghazal (Ode) is part Song cycle for Middle Eastern instruments, voice and electronics. The text of this piece was written by Rumi (1207-1273) in Classical Persian. It is a Mystical piece where I want to express through my music how "the earth manifests earthly qualities outwardly, but my beloved master manifests spiritual qualities in me inwardly." Ghazal is also a result of my research on extended techniques for santoor and voice. I combined new extended techniques, traditional Persian techniques and traditional Western techniques following my personal aesthetics.

**Controlled burn (Tina Tallon)**
Fire plays an integral role in the lifecycle of many coniferous forests in the western United States; it clears dense underbrush from the forest floor, and melts the waxy protective coatings from cones, freeing seeds and allowing them to reach the fertile soil below. One of the duties of park rangers and forestry experts is to carefully curate controlled, small-scale "prescribed burns" to promote the health of the ecosystem. These fires clear out the layer of kindling that can build up on the forest floor around the bases of trees, which, when accumulated over many years, can fuel wildfires that are devastatingly hot and far more destructive than the prescribed burns. While these ranger-controlled fires can and do destroy some of the viable trees in the ecosystem, they in turn allow for a higher probability that those that remain (and their offspring) will thrive.

**At the Hour (Caroline Miller)**
Dedicated to Liesel and Tony
In the autumn of 2007, I was hired to play classical music on an old keyboard as a mode of companionship for a cancer patient in his last few weeks. The five afternoons I spent at his house were rainy and oppressively gloomy. On the walls of this house were cuckoo clocks of all shapes, sizes and themes. Ten minutes before each hour, they would begin to sing, chime, chortle, buzz, shriek, and giggle, one at a time (most of them needed to be wound), until a whimsical, deafening cacophony would drown out words, music, and the sound of rain pattering on the roof. Then, one by one, the clocks would wind down; at ten minutes past the hour a final peep would be emitted, and forty more minutes of tick-tocking would ensue.

I wrote this piece shortly thereafter.

**Untitled (Tania Lanfer)**
This is an excerpt from a cycle of short electronic works in a form not unlike suite. The full album will be completed and presented in the Summer of 2014. All movements are interconnected as in a theme and variations without a theme.

**The movement of glass through a house (Carolyn Chen)**
(Video of an installation and performance at Zhuantang Demolition District Projects in Hangzhou, China, curated by Wang Ziyue, November, 2012.)

Blue glass once formed windows in these houses, coloring the looking through them – from inside out, and outside in. Now its shards lie scattered on the ground, with less room for looking through. At first there seemed here a stillness, a silence. But I forgot – glass is a liquid. It was moving to begin with, and is moving still – just slower than my usual speed of looking. Paths of glass guide moving through two houses, at a speed slower than the usual.

1. Piece by piece
A path of blue glass shards travels through the house, piece by piece, floor by floor, from front entrance up through to the roof. Following this path, like Hansel and Gretal followed their pebbles, I move through the house, from floor to sky.

2. Solo
Blindfolded, I trace a path through the house using one piece of glass in my hand, guided by the sound of its scraping against different materials, in different resonant spaces. Again, from the ground to a clearing to the sky.

**Pink (Fernanda Aoki Navarro)**
I spent some time trying to articulate words that could, combined, explain what I wanted with this music. I failed. However, here’s a list of words that are related to this piece:
assumption of having a voice; earning a voice; learning how to speak; sound-vowel-consonant-syllables-words-phrases-meaning-sound; impossibility of communication; inadequacy of words; insufficiency of language; injustice; repression; pink is not a color; occupying a pre-determined space in society; opposition; violence; ignorance; irreversibility; stereotypes; girl from ipanema.
TUESDAY, APRIL 8 - 17
Ongoing exhibit - Graphic Score: Drawing in Musical Practice - SME 202

SUNDAY, APRIL 6
4:30 p.m. - Soft Hammers - CPMC Concert Hall

MONDAY, APRIL 7
4 - 7 p.m. - Improv at Happy Hour I - Loft@UCSD
8 p.m. - Crippled Symmetry - CPMC Concert Hall

TUESDAY, APRIL 8
4-7 p.m. - Improv at Happy Hour II - Loft@UCSD
8 p.m. - Harawi - CPMC Theatre

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9
7 p.m. - Sara Perez in Concert - CPMC Concert Hall

THURSDAY, APRIL 10
7:30 p.m. - Sound in Silence - Luce Loft

FRIDAY, APRIL 11
5 - 8 p.m. - Synthesizer Petting Zoo - CPMC North Courtyard
8 p.m. - California Electronic Music Exchange Concert - CPMC Theatre

SATURDAY, APRIL 12
7 p.m. - Wave Energy Series no. 2 - CPMC Theatre

SUNDAY, APRIL 13
6 p.m. - Immersion - Birch Aquarium@SIO

MONDAY, APRIL 14
7 p.m. - The Family Room - CPMC Theatre

TUESDAY, APRIL 15
8 p.m. - XX - CPMC Theatre