Reverberations
Music for Tam-Tam
Thursday, May 8  8:00PM
CalIT2 Auditorium

A technological juggernaut performance of music written for the largest tam-tam in the world. Featuring Karlheinz Stockhausen’s *Mikrophonie I*, Philippe Manoury’s *Neptune*, and the world premiere of Adam Wilson’s *Osmosis* utilizing new laser technology designed by the composer.

Ventilation
A Hallway Performance
Friday, May 9  12:00PM
CalIT2 Hallway

A meditative installation situated in the hallway of the CalIT2 building.

Apparitions
Chamber Music
Friday, May 9  8:00PM
Warren Lecture Hall Studio A

Stellar performances of contemporary chamber music. Featuring the West Coast Premiere of Philippe Manoury’s *Cruel Spirals* for soprano and ensemble, as well as chamber works by Jonathan Harvey, and UCSD’s Nicholas Deyoe. This exciting evening will include a reading of the text for *Cruel Spirals* by the author, Jerome Rothenberg.

Songs, Visions, and Refrains
Music with Piano
Saturday, May 10  8:00PM
Warren Lecture Hall Studio A

A concert evening devoted to the history of the piano in contemporary music. Featuring works by Mark Dresser, Olivier Messiaen, Yayoi Kitazume, and UCSD’s own Chen-Hui Jen.

Wave and Waves
Music by Michael Pisaro
Sunday, May 11  8:00PM
CalIT2 Black Box

An incredible world premiere, commissioned by percussionist Greg Stuart, featuring 100 multi-tracked percussion performances that float in the ocean of Michael Pisaro’s intricate sound world.
The UCSD Festival of New Music is sponsored by the UCSD Department of Music, CRCA, and the Graduate Student Association. For more information visit music.ucsd.edu, call (858) 534-4830, or e-mail publicity@music.ucsd.edu.

red fish blue fish

Percussion Music
Tuesday, May 13 8:00PM
Mandeville Auditorium

A performance by UCSD’s eminent percussion ensemble, led by world-renowned percussionist Steven Schick. Featuring works by Karlheinz Stockhausen and Gerard Grisey.

Tuned Noise
Music with Electronics
Thursday, May 15 8:00PM
CalIT2 Black Box

A performance featuring works with technology by UCSD composers Peter Edwards, Grace Leslie, and Trevor Grahl.

Join Now and Win
Multimedia Performance
Friday, May 16 8:00PM
Warren Lecture Hall Studio A

A multimedia extravaganza featuring improvised music, multi-directional film projection of films by Bill Brand, and electronica galore.

Things, One and Two
Solo and Duo Music
Saturday, May 17 8:00PM
Warren Lecture Hall Studio A

An overview of contemporary music for solos and duos, this concert features short works by Karlheinz Stockhausen, Philippe Manoury, Iannis Xenakis, Brian Griffeath-Loeb, Jeffrey-Treviño, and an improvised duo with electronics by Adam Wilson and guest flutist Arto Artinian.
Reverberations
Music for Tam-Tam

Thursday, May 8  8:00PM
CalIT2 Auditorium

*World premiere

Osmosis*  
Adam Wilson
Ross Karre, percussion  Adam Wilson, electronics

Mikrophonie I  
Karlheinz Stockhausen
Jon Hepfer and Matt Jenkins, percussion
Ross Karre and Greg Stuart, microphones and percussion
Fabio Oliveira and Justin DeHart, sound diffusion

- Intermission -

Neptune  
Philippe Manoury
Ross Karre, vibraphone  Fabio Oliveira, vibraphone
Steven Schick, marimba and tam-tam  Miller Puckette, electronics
Site-Specific Percussion

The three pieces on tonight’s program can be classified as quintessential experimental music not because they stylistically fit into the genre of music with the same name, but because they came to be as a result of an experiment. In the case of Mikrophonie I, Stockhausen and his colleagues simply experimented with a large tam tam, microphones, and filters at a time when such work with non-tape, interactive electronics was unknown. In the case of Neptune, Philippe Manoury and Miller Puckette continued their experimental collaboration into the world of acoustic instruments and live electronics, picking up where they left off with Pluton and continuing through a series of electro-acoustic pieces [Jupiter, en echo, and Partita I] using live electronics. Osmosis came about as a companion piece to Mikrophonie I but went down an experimental path itself. The piece has come into its current state as a result of hours of experimentation with laser-triggered musical events and parameters.

The consequence of all three of these experiments is that each has its own type of site-specificity. When pieces like these break new ground, they inevitably exhaust the resources immediately at hand. Even in a place as interested in the development and proliferation of sonic technology as IRCAM, where Neptune was created, compositions use technology that is not transferable on an international level. The piece was written for midi-vibraphone technology (essentially piezo sensors attached to each bar of a standard vibraphone). This technology is extremely hard to come by. The Ensemble Intercontemporain has two of these instruments and they are the group for which the piece was written. The consequence of writing for this technology is that 17 years have passed and no performances have been given in the U.S. Excepting incredible expense, the piece is essentially site-specific to unreliable European (specifically French) performance technology. The goal of tonight’s performance of Neptune is to premiere the portable version of the piece now possible with pitch-tracking software developed by Miller Puckette and normal dynamic directional microphones (available worldwide). To further the transferability of a piece like Neptune, Puckette has devoted his time and energy to making the operating software, PD, and the patches to perform these pieces available to the public via open-source download.

With Mikrophonie I, Stockhausen makes every effort to prepare the score in such a way that performances can be given around the world. The score is absolutely explicit in its directions for the preparations needed before a performance. And yet, there is one catch: the large tam tam, an instrument Stockhausen had custom-crafted for his personal sonic experiments. Few of these tam tams exist. Paiste is the only manufacturer of 60” (tonight’s size) and 80” (world’s largest) tam tams. Tonight’s instrument had to be shipped from Hamburg, Germany, the site of Paiste's gong and tam tam manufacturing facility. This manufacturer-specific, instrument-specific, and near site-specific logistical complication surely explains why not a single performance of Mikrophonie I has ever been registered with Universal Edition in the U.S. Other performances of the piece have been given in this country (including at UCSD in the ’90s), however, none were registered with Universal and none used the stepped band-pass filters that Stockhausen asks for. Though tireless effort was expended to make tonight’s performance as faithful to Stockhausen’s score as possible, the performance inevitably takes on a UCSD-specific interpretation. Kevin Larke graciously created a digital patch that simulates the stepped band-pass filters.

What anticipatory site-specificity is there with Adam Wilson’s Osmosis? Adam has written the piece for any size large tam tam. He has also created a patch in Max/MSP which is transferable to computers around the world. He has, however, created custom laser diodes which read the signal of a pen-laser and convert it into data which can be used in a variety of ways. Perhaps this technology is easily re-created by other electrically-savvy musicians and technologists. Perhaps
Adam can make his technology available for rent via his website. Regardless of these solutions, this piece will be a challenge to perform elsewhere to an extent far greater than a performance of an acoustic piece for standard instruments.

What can be learned from the consequences of these site-specific pieces? After all, Berlioz wrote for two bell pitches that were essentially specific to Paris in his *Symphonie Fantastique*. Orchestras do not hesitate to program this piece even though they know they will have to make a substitution for the unavailable chimes. As it gets as far away in time from *Mikrophonie* as it currently is from *Symphonie Fantastique*, will the music world begin to accept more radically creative substitutions in order to give performances of these great pieces? Will an 18" tam tam suffice? It will take an infrastructure with three prominent components to preserve pieces like tonight’s for future listeners. First, the publisher will need to preserve the musical material in the same way a library would, with musicologists and technologists constantly working to translate the instructions to new languages and upgrade the technological nomenclature to withstand the imminent decay of outdated machinery. Second, the composers must think of creative and durable methods of documenting the performance methods for concerts given beyond their lifetime. Third, the performers must continue to strive for authentic, creative, and resourceful solutions to logistical problems posed by site-specific works. Or, the performance art world can accept that this is the music of our time and, for reasons other than a lack of compelling conceptual depth, these pieces will fade with the memories of those present during the time of the composer.

-Ross Karre

Excerpts from the score for Osmosis
Ventilation
A Hallway Performance

Friday, May 9  12:00PM
CalIT2 Hallway

Ventilation
Martin Iddon

Ana-Maria Alarcon-Jimenez, voice and glass harmonica
Sarah Felong, voice and glass harmonica
Brian Christian, voice and glass harmonica
Ian Power, voice and glass harmonica
Ben Power, voice and glass harmonica
Chris Tonelli, voice and glass harmonica

This performance is sponsored by CRCA.
Apparitions
Chamber Music

Friday, May 9  8:00PM
Warren Lecture Hall
Studio A

Tombeau de Messiaen  Jonathan Harvey

Chen-Hui Jen, piano

Cruel Spirals **  Philippe Manoury
text and reading by Jerome Rothenberg

Batya MacAdam-Somer, violin
Ashley Walters, cello
Przemyslaw Bosak, clarinet

Orin Hildestad, violin
Mark Dresser, bass
Paul Bowman, guitar

David Medine, viola
Kathleen Gallagher, flute
Matthew Jenkins, percussion

Stephanie Aston, voice
Nicholas DeMaison, conductor

- Intermission -

Jizzmogenesis

Jeff Denson, bass  Philip Skaller, piano

...some new equation, given... *  Nicholas Deyoe

Stephanie Aston, voice
Reiko Manabe, alto flute  Paul Bowman, guitar

Lotuses  Jonathan Harvey

Reiko Manabe, flute  Batya MacAdam-Somer, violin
David Medine, viola  Ashley Walters, cello

* World Premiere
** West Coast Premiere
...some new equation, given…
by Nicholas Deyoe

text by Emily Dickinson

reason, Earth is short –
And Anguish – absolute –
And many hurt,
But, what of that?

reason, we could die –
The best Vitality
Cannot excel Decay,
But, what of that?

reason, that in Heaven –
Somehow, it will be even –
Some new Equation, given –
But, what of that?

Cruel Spirals
by Phillipe Manoury

text by Jerome Rothenberg

1 - A Poem For the Cruel Majority (Envoi)

The cruel majority emerges!

Hail to the cruel majority!

They will punish the poor for being poor.
They will punish the dead for having died.

Nothing can make the dark turn into light
for the cruel majority.
Nothing can make them feel hunger or
terror.

If the cruel majority would only cup their
ears
the sea would wash over them.
The sea would help them forget their

wayward children.
It would weave a lullaby for young and old.

(See the cruel majority with hands cupped
to their ears,
one foot is in the water, one foot is on the
clouds.)

One man of them is large enough to hold a
cloud
between his thumb and middle finger,
to squeeze a drop of sweat from it before
he sleeps.

He is a little god but not a poet.
(See how his body heaves.)

The cruel majority love crowds and picnics.
The cruel majority fill up their parks with
little flags.
The cruel majority celebrate a birthday.

Hail to the cruel majority again!

The cruel majority weep for their unborn
children,
they weep for the children they will never
bear.
The cruel majority are overwhelmed by
sorrow.

(Then why are the cruel majority always
laughing?
Is it because night has covered up the city’s
walls?
Because the poor lie hidden in the
darkness?
The maimed no longer come to show their
wounds?)

Today the cruel majority vote to enlarge the
darkness.
Hail to the cruel majority!
Hail! hail! to the cruel majority!

Those who know themselves will know the fear
the cruel majority feel when they look in the mirror.

The cruel majority order the poor to stay poor.
They order the sun to shine only on weekdays.

The god of the cruel majority is hanging from a tree.
Their god’s voice is the tree screaming as it bends.
The tree’s voice is as quick as lightning as it streaks across the sky.

(If the cruel majority go to sleep inside their shadows,
they will wake to find their beds filled up with glass.)

Hail to the god of the cruel majority!
Hail to the eyes in the head of their screaming god!

Hail to his face in the mirror!
Hail to their faces as they float around him!
Hail to their blood & to his!

Hail to the blood of the poor they need to feed him!
Hail to their world and their god!

Hail & farewell!
Hail & farewell!
Hail & farewell!

2 – Lamento I : Khurbn

A wheel
dyed red

an apparition
set apart

out of the furnace

3- Lamento II : Buchenwald

deliver me
from them

your cattle
rising

your assembly
lords of fat

deliver me
from color

4- Anger : a dream

The jaw drops down & is lamentable
so much now that it hurts to speak about

& more than pain
the sparks fly like a vision
to the eye, the eye that now breaks open

leaves a residue behind,
a viscous matter,
little lies we cannot tame

but helps us let them out beyond the hurt,
the dream we dream about that we are in a dream

that someone strikes at us for lying, that the jaw drops down & off,
the eye reclams its night

in wetness like a perfect residence for pain
5- Lamento III : Bergen-Belsen

gates
round about me

I knew
& you know

& she had compassion
(alive)

a carcass
a carcass

& a dancing
carcass

6- Song at Nightfall

The dead climb a stalk to the sky
do-re-mi
The moon holds a glass for her lover
do-re-fa
Her husband with a rose sings an aire
do-re-mi
& the briars on the prairie have turned white
do-re-fa
A memento of poplars bright as chalk
do-re-mi
& a funeral with the dead bearing snakes
do-re-fa
A distant ocean & cold towers in the night
do-re-mi
whose stone bells sound deeper than the sky
do-re-fa
In her heart there’s a mountain blue as night
do-re-mi
Mad poplars & a bonfire by a streambed
do-re-fa
A confusion of glass birds & of the wind
do-re-mi
Deeper deeper & more distant than a star
do-re-fa

7- Lamento IV : Sobibor

a skin
harp & a boil

according to its words

how blind
& evil
like its skin

your words
erased

8- Lamento V : Ravensbrück

in my name she placed
an offering of dust

an offering of graves
where she lay empty

desolate, lay guilty
for her pleasures

in my name, the lamb
approaching

placed the basin
at her neck

throughout your generations

9 - A Poem For the Cruel Majority (Coda)

Hail to the cruel majority!

Today the cruel majority vote to enlarge the darkness.

They vote for shadows to take the place of ponds.
Whatever they vote for they can bring to pass.
The mountains skip like lambs for the cruel majority.

Hail! to the cruel majority!
The mountains skip like lambs, the hills like rams.
The cruel majority tear up the earth for the cruel majority.
Then the cruel majority line up to be buried.

Those who love death will love the cruel majority.
A Diversion with Orpheus

There is no definitive version of any Greek myth. Instead of authorship there is a thread of ideas that creates a multidimensional configuration. The Greek myths are conflations of many diverse strains of lore from the ancient world. Accounts of these myths unfolded through allusions made by many generations of poets, playwrights and philosophers. The myth of Orpheus is a typical example.

Few details are consistent in the ancient texts regarding Orpheus. In fact his very meaning as a symbol is multifaceted. Hercules was the strongman, Jason was the explorer, Daedalus was the artist, but Orpheus is not so easily pigeonholed. He was a great musician, but he is not alone in Greek myth for this distinction. He was also the mythical founder of a cult of vegetarian literate zealots that believed in peace, redemption, and an immortal soul. Parallels between he and Christ in this regard need not be dwelled upon.

Details of Orpheus' biography vary, but what is certain is that he was Thracian, he played the lyre, he visited the underworld, and he was brutally murdered. In his most primordial manifestation, Orpheus is the bringer of voice. He creates not only song, but language itself. But Orpheus also exists as the bringer of divine wisdom and a master of written word. These roles do not stand in opposition to each other. In both roles Orpheus represents a unification of the opposing energies of Apollo and Dionysus.

Orpheus' patron is Apollo who gives him his lyre. Apollo is adamantly associated with the lyre, while Dionysus plays the crude alder flute. Graves notes that there is a fourth-century BCE vase that depicts Orpheus' death as he plays the alder flute, one of many examples of Orpheus' conflations with Dionysus. However, according to Pindar, Apollo may be Orpheus' father (his mother is the muse Kalliope, and the other possible sire is the Thracian king Oeagrus). The inconsistencies of Orpheus' place between the two gods continue. Apollo is the patron of Orpheus, yet he worships Dionysus until his decent into Tartarus which teaches him the meaning of suffering and the joy of light. After his re-emergence from the dead (Timothy Gantz tells us that the Orphic cult took this as a sign of Orpheus' shamanism and proof of an immortal soul) he dedicates himself to Apollo and greets every dawn with his lyre. Yet Proclus tells us that Orpheus was the principal in the Dionysian rites, and Apollodorus credits him with having invented the notion of Dionysian mystery.

Apollo is the god of intellect and daytime. Dionysus represents the senses and is associated with the night. The Orphic cult believed that the world began with Night, a goddess to whom even Zeus stood in awe. This cult attributed Orpheus with having written the Theogenies, a group of texts that no longer exist save some very slight fragments. Detienne explains that these texts were in a constant state of exegesis and interpretation by the Orphic cult, yet they are continually attributed to being the manifestation of Orpheus' song. Naturally, these texts were quite abundant before their loss to time. Plato refers to them as "a tumult of books." They were a kind of living text that manifested the teaching of the mythical musician by receiving his mystic song. The texts reveal the mysteries of the genesis of the world and the origins of the gods. This is an intellectual occupation, an Apollonian pursuit, but the matter of the Theogenies is of a Dionysian character.

Orpheus the musician straddles both Apollo and Dionysus as well as Orpheus the cult leader. Again, I refer to Detienne who points out that the lyre itself is a construction, an Apollonian item in all regards, yet its effect is on the senses. When Orpheus sings trees move, stones melt and hearts are rent, not by the content of his song, but by the song itself. This sensual immediacy belongs to the realm of the Dionysian.

Nearly all accounts of Orpheus' death are (with exception of the story that Zeus struck him down with a thunderbolt as a punishment for revealing mysteries to the uninitiated) a variation of some kind of murder at the hands of ravenous women. The reasons for the assault and the identities of the perpetrators vary, but one detail remains consistent: they tear his body...
to shreds and toss them into the Hebrus. His head, unattached yet still singing, floats down the river. Eventually the muses gather the pieces of his corpse and bury them in a grave where the nightingale sings perpetually. This myth clearly echoes the death of Osiris and the role of Isis as a feminine energy who finds the pieces of his body. This is not the only Egyptian parallel. Orpheus' biography also includes a trip to Egypt, which may relate to his penchant for sun-worship. As Graves points out, this practice was brought to Greece in the fourteenth-century BCE by the monotheist Akhenaton. In many accounts of Orpheus' death, the murderous she-pack that destroys him is angry for his having turned his back on Dionysus (who is worshiped by packs of wild women like the Manaeds) in favor of Apollo. One tale has it that he practiced homosexuality as well as sun-worship, so that he incurs the wrath of Aphrodite as well as Dionysus. From Lucian, we have the story that Orpheus' head finally found a resting place in a cave at Antissa, a place that is sacred to Dionysus. Here it prophesies continuously until Apollo, finding his oracles deserted, silences the head, meanwhile the lyre is laid to rest in a temple of Apollo at Lesbos. In this variation, in death Orpheus is favored by Dionysus and condemned by Apollo.

Orpheus lies so much at the crossroads between Apollo and Dionysus that he is both favored and destroyed by each god. Orpheus is a kind figure, however. He brings peace through his music and his love for Eurydice is of the purest kind. He offends the gods merely through his independence and strong, free will. He continually redefines spirituality and this represents a secularism that is the ultimate challenge to the gods' authority. This secularizing formula is played out in Orpheus' modern legacy, opera, whose history is the blueprint for the history of modern (post 1600 CE) music itself.

Although it was technically not the very first opera, Eurydice, which followed shortly on the heels of the first drama set entirely to music, Dafne (both written by Rinucci/Peri, team), represents the birth of opera proper. The time was 1600, the place was Medici Florence, and the people were the famed Florentine academy. In contrast to the tragic Daphne, Eurydice has a happy ending, but the Greek myth from which it is adapted has a less than joyful finale. In that story Orpheus descends to Tartarus in order to bring back his young, dead bride Eurydice. During his journey into the land of the dead, Orpheus' music temporarily soothes the torments of the damned and causes the fates to shed tears. Lord Hades himself is so moved by the sound that he grants Orpheus permission to take Eurydice back to the land of the living. However, Orpheus must not look at her on the journey back to earth. Of course, he does look back and Eurydice dies a second death and so he loses her forever. In some versions of the myth, this is why Orpheus, who is overcome with grief, shuns women, which arouses their murderous hatred. Rinucci's text does not include this condition and the lovers live happily ever after in pastoral paradise.

From the seventeenth century alone, there are no less than seventeen operas treating this myth, all utilizing some kind of bastardized happy ending. This includes the greatest of all the early operas, Monteverdi's Orfeo (1607, Mantua). There are more operas treating this subject than any other specific theme, and this tradition has continued throughout the twentieth century. The twenty-first century has yet to see an Orpheus opera written. Still, it is undeniable that composition for the past four hundred years has been intertwined with opera (though this trend seems to wane somewhat) and that tradition has been dominated by the myth of Orpheus.

Mythology is real. Orpheus was not a historical person, but his story is actually happening. The myth transcends the boundaries of quantifiable history and exists like a membrane in the collective self-conscious. Remember the words of Woody Allen, "Nothing worth knowing can be perceived by the mind. It must enter the body through a separate opening. Excuse the rather disgusting metaphor."

- David Medine
Songs, Visions, and Refrains  
Music with Piano  

Saturday, May 10  8:00PM  
Warren Lecture Hall  
Studio A  

Greatest Hits Medley  
Mark Dresser  

Phillip Skaller, piano  
Danny Holt, piano  

Hovering Seaward  
Chen-Hui Jen  

Reiko Manabe, flute  
Chen-Hui Jen, piano  

- Intermission -  

ÉNEK II  
Yayoi Kitazume  

Reiko Manabe, flute  
Rika Brent, oboe  
Ana-Maria Alarcon-Jimenez, bassoon  
Pavlos Antoniadis, piano  

Visions de l’Amen  
Olivier Messiaen  

II.  Amen des étoiles, de la planète à l’anneau  
VI.  Amen du Jugement  
VII.  Amen de la Consommation  

Chen-Hui Jen, piano  
Jacob Sudol, piano
Wave and Waves
Music by Michael Pisaro

Sunday, May 11  8:00PM
CalIT2 Theater

A wave and waves *
Michael Pisaro

Part I - a world is an integer
Part II – a haven of serenity and unreachable

Greg Stuart, percussion
Ben Hackbarth, audio projection

This performance is sponsored by CRCA.

* World premiere
Part 1 of the score for *A wave and waves*.

**A wave and waves**

This piece began as an idea about confounding the small and the large.

Small sounds.
Many different kinds of them.
Very soft.
On a large time scale.

This idea had existed for a long time. I had thought that if I ever got the opportunity to write a long, large-scale piece for orchestra, this would be the way I would approach it. But it was the work with percussionist Greg Stuart on *ricefall* and on *an unrhymed chord* that started me thinking about it again. Greg’s versions of these pieces assemble many layers, one by one, in the recording studio. These realizations are forests of sound. They are incredible.

Talking a couple years ago with Greg about what we could do next, it dawned on me that the notion of the *wave* combined two things that had arisen in this work: the collective action of granular sounds (making shapes of great mathematical complexity) and the nature of an *event*. As is often the case, I looked to someone else to help me think through the concept, and landed back on my favorite poem by John Ashbery: “A Wave.” Reading this poem in this way—as the breaking down of the event into its molecules without mitigating its collective force—was a revelation for me. (The poem may be read aloud as part of a performance of the first section of *A waves and waves*.)

The first section of the piece is a single wave created by the statistically gradual accumulation and then subtraction of sounds. Each occurrence of a sound is conceived as a single atom or as a point in a continuum (that continues downward into the individual “grains” of each sound and on upward into the audible groups and large scale shapes created by their “rubbing against each other”). The sounds were then distributed (by chance) within the
mathematical parameters of this generalized wave shape. The highest density reached is fifty simultaneous events (more or less, because the starting and ending points of the sustained sounds are not to be precisely coordinated): there is never a tutti of all one hundred instruments.

On a camping trip to Big Sur, I had noticed not only that the waves came in nearly regular intervals of 15 to 20 seconds, but that there was a larger pattern in which every seventh wave would be a “big one.” (I have no idea if this happens anywhere else or whether it only happened in this location when I chanced to be there.) Nevertheless it was something I could have listened to for hours. In the second section of the piece is a series of one hundred waves, cresting every twenty seconds. (The waves themselves last thirty seconds, so there is a ten second overlap from one wave to the next.) The first six waves of each group are composed of chance determined collections of ten instruments and the seventh has forty instruments. Each group of seven waves uses all one hundred instruments (each sound is thus used only once within each seven-wave group). This pattern, always with new chance determined instrumental groupings, is repeated 14+ times.

The “collection” of the hundred “instruments” was formulated over the course of about a year. This work would have been inconceivable without Greg Stuart’s willingness to try absolutely anything as it relates to percussion—to consider anything as a possible percussion instrument. When the list was finished I almost had the feeling that the piece was done! It is truly a piece in which, after a certain point, the orchestration “took care of itself”—in which, once the composition of the atoms was completed, it was clear that they could be combined in any way—that it would be impossible to find a combination that wasn’t beautiful. [In a live performance, these instruments would be laid out on a 10 by 10 grid, with space for the audience amongst the musicians. For this performance, this grid has been replicated by panning amongst the eight channels of playback.]

The recording is a painstakingly assembled orchestra of one person. The sonic image Greg has created is so gentle, so complex, so delicate and bold, that my immediate response upon hearing it for the first time was to listen to it again.

-Michael Pisaro
red fish blue fish
Music for Percussion

Tuesday, May 13 8:00PM
Mandeville Auditorium

Mikrophonie I Karlheinz Stockhausen
- Intermission -
Le Noir de l’Etoile Gerard Grisey

redfishbluefish
Justin DeHart
Jonathan Hepfer
Matthew Jenkins
Ross Karre
Fabio Oliveira
Steven Schick
Greg Stuart
Tuned Noise
Music with Electronics

Thursday, May 15  8:00PM
CalIT2 Black Box

Dark Room  Peter Ivan Edwards
  redfishbluefish
  Nicholas DeMaison, conducting

  - Brief Pause -

Nests and Shells  Grace Leslie

Oranges and Lemons  Trevor Grahl
  Phillip Skaller, performer

This performance is sponsored by CRCA.
Join Now and Win  
Multimedia Performance Works  

Friday, May 16  8:00PM  
Warren Lecture Hall  
Studio A  

In Space We Can Be Different  
Joachim Goßmann  
Amanda Tabor, horn  Joachim Goßmann, live rendering system  

Like Memories Mixed Together  
Rick Snow  

- Brief Pause -  

Join Now and Win  
with film by Bill Brand  

Jason Ponce, electronics  
Alec Hall, violin  
Batya MacAdam-Somer, violin  
David Medine, viola  
Clint McCallum, electric bass  
Jonathan Piper, tuba  
Steve Willard, guitar  
Phil Skaller, prepared piano  
Ross Karre, film projection
musical embodiment: body/place/identity

This is a trilogy consisting of Rate of Change, Angular Momentum, and Circles of Confusion. Together they develop a study of pure color based on the notion that film is essentially change and not motion. The films build one on the other as first pure change, then relational change, and finally, irrational change.

Bill Brand’s films are re-contextualized with live, spatialized music and augmented by multiple projection arrays, to form an immersive experience that blurs the boundaries between concert and installation piece. Find a piece of floor and a pillow, and lie down to experience how the sounds and visuals impact and interact with your body and senses.

Retaining the same name throughout life is part of an evolving strategy of producing particular kinds of subjects. In order to stabilize a name in such a way that it becomes a permanent descriptor, its function must either be split off from the self, or else the self must acquire a species of obduracy and permanence to match that of the name. In this manner a permanent name facilitates control; enhances interchangeability...if you can’t have a symbolic identity (name) that coincides with your actual state at the time, then your institutionally maintained or fiduciary identity speaks you; you become the generic identity that the institutional descriptors allow... (Sandy Stone, The War of Desire and Technology at the end of the Mechanical Age, pp. 46-7)

The quotes below describe a portion of a court-case involving a victim with Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD). Other sources are drawn in to expand upon, and also to distract from the narrative.

Sarah walked briskly to the stand. She seated herself and was sworn in. She put her hands in her lap and looked calmly at Paulus [the district attorney]. This is the main event, I thought. It is what this whole thing is about, really... (p. 55)

Because the films are not based upon motion, which has the effect of focusing the eye (thus locking into place the hierarchy of visual over auditory) the perceptual hierarchies with regards to hearing vs. seeing are challenged.

Paulus stood a few feet in front of her, holding his body relaxed and still. He spoke to her in a normal conversational tone, not very loud but clearly audible in the silent room.

"Sarah, you’ve heard some testimony here about some events that took place recently in Shiner Park. Do you recall that testimony?"

Sarah nodded slightly, then added, "I do".

(p. 55)

Living in a transient community within a larger, decentralized community gives me, like others in my program, a disembodied sensation of not belonging. Sometimes it feels like when one is embarrassed by a gross mistake, and the mind leaves the body to watch from a safer distance. University. Watching the time go by, like the endless traffic of newer cars.

"Do you have any personal knowledge as to the events in the park?"

"No," Sarah said, "I do not." Her voice was quiet, flat, matter-of-fact.

"Who would be in the best position to talk about the event in the park that night?"

"Franny," Sarah said.

"Would it be possible for us to, uh" - Paulus hesitated and looked like he wanted to clear his throat, but he settled for an instant’s pause instead and then continued - "meet Franny, and talk to her?"

"Yes," Sarah said, looking calmly at him. A beat or two. "Now?"

"Yes," Paulus said. "Take your time." (p. 55)

The music that we will play tonight is of improvisational nature. Together, we have more than 200 years of experience to play for you, as Yusef Lateef would say.

More recent work in cognitive science has demonstrated empirically that many cognitive tasks are greatly simplified by our propensities to...distribute the demands of real-world cognition among several individuals. (David Borgo, Sync or Swarm, p. 44)

Slowly the improvisers swim towards the ears and bodies of the listener (which includes the performers, of course). Eventually, only one organism fits into the field of perception.

The silence was absolute. Faintly, from somewhere outside in the hallway, something metallic dropped to the floor and rolled.
Sarah closed her eyes and slowly lowered her head until her chin was resting on her chest. She sat that way, her body still, breathing slowly and shallowly. It seemed as though everyone in the room held a collective breath. The muted hush of the air conditioning came slowly up from the background as if someone had turned up a volume control.

Maybe five seconds passed, maybe ten. It felt like hours. Then she raised her head, and slowly opened her eyes.

She looked at Paulus, and suddenly her face was animated, alive, and mobile in a way that it hadn’t been a moment before. The muscles of her mouth and eyes seemed to work differently, to be somehow more robust...." (Sandy Stone, p. 56)

Bateson has stressed that ‘the discourse of nonverbal communication is precisely concerned with matters of relationship - love, hate, respect, fear, dependency, etc. - between self and vis-a-vis or between self and environment and...the nature of human society is such that falsification of this discourse rapidly becomes pathogenic. Culturally prescribed, word-based categories ['gender', for example, or better 'music'] and systems of thought may conflict with information that comes from within the body, and so build up tensions in feeling-states that find expression in behavior and social action....Observation of the cultural forms of [ritual behavior] shows transformations of individual facial expression and body movement, and of the corporate movements in space and time of the bodies involved. 'Waves' of feeling are generated in the body and between bodies, not unlike fits of sneezing or hiccoughs, and discrete sequences of tempo and patterns of movements can be discerned, analogous to the ebb and flow of a piece of music. (John Blacking, Towards an Anthropology of the Body, pp. 13-14)

The music tonight is improvised off the biological metaphor of evolving, reproducing simple organism(s).

"Franny?" Paulus said, inquisitively.

"Good morning," Franny said. She looked around at the windowless courtroom.

"Or good afternoon - which is it?" " (Sandy Stone, p. 56)

- Phillip Skaller
Things, One and Two
Solo and Duo Music

Saturday, May 17 8:00PM
Warren Lecture Hall
Studio A

Xanadu
Philippe Manoury
Stephanie Aston, voice  Robert Zelickman, clarinet

Solo for Horn
Brian Griffeath-Loeb
Amanda Tabor, horn

Refrain
Karlheinz Stockhausen
Aleck Karis, piano  Pavlos Antoniadis, celesta
Jonathan Hepfer, percussion

CHARISMA
Iannis Xenakis
Przemyslaw Bosak, clarinet  Ashley Walters, cello

- Intermission -

Last
Philippe Manoury
Alicia Lee, clarinet  Jonathan Hepfer, percussion

To Stop the Theft of Your Identity, Call
Jeffrey Treviño
Batya Macadam-Somer, violin

Message from Saturn
Arto Artinian, flute  Adam Wilson, electric guitar
**Xanadu**
*By Phillipe Manoury*  
*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan*

A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous  
rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which  
slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil  
seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding  
hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and  
ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river. Five  
miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river  
ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to  
man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

---

Diagram of the MAX MSP patch used in *Message from Saturn*. 
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