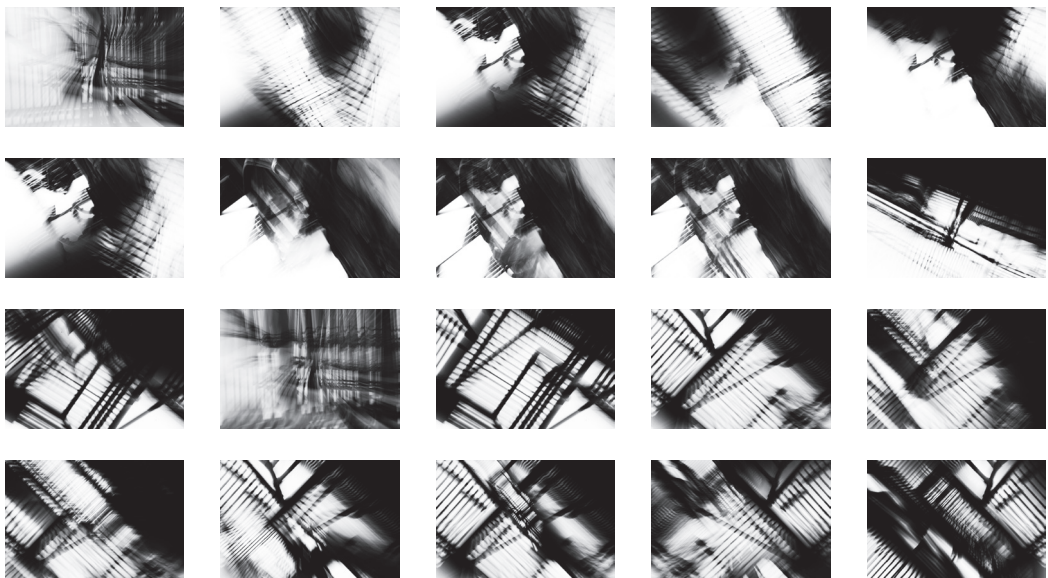


# *b i r d l a n d*

Kathy McTavish



*birdland*

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*for*

Sheila Packa,

Donald & Janet McTavish,

Ruth McTavish,

& my cello

*with love*

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Original photographs of cello performance were taken by Ryan Braski.

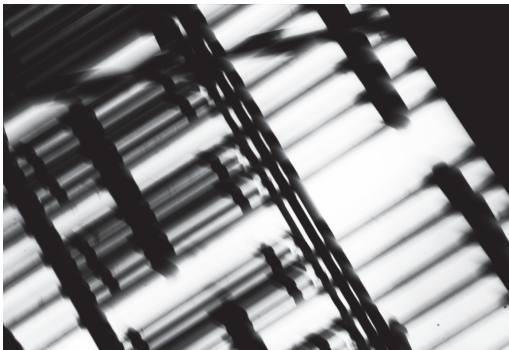
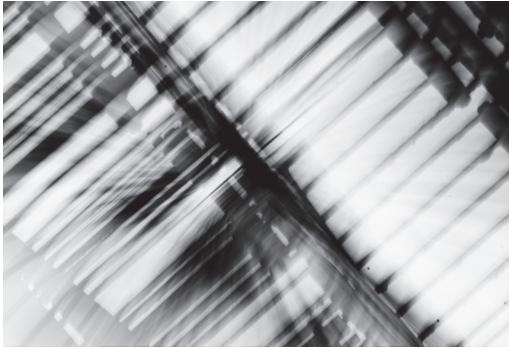


*"love, love, how grief rises into dark stars ..."*  
*Sheila Packa*



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# *introduction*



Kathy McTavish told me: "You can never know where creative work is going to lead. If you listen really hard, something emerges. When that something emerges, you just know it. You can feel it. The work has spoken to you or something has spoken through the work. For me, this is a cross-sensory experience. I can hear the image, I can see the sound. It takes a life of its own. You know at that point you are physically part of the work creating itself. It's unmistakable."

The cello is her center, and now her work in music has extended to writing and film. She bends notes, transposes image, and studies light. On her cello, she plays the dark hour in the house, eyes closed. She starts on a ladder. The friction of the bow traveling across wires could start a fire. She has a certain horsepower. The red-bellied instrument leans against her breast bone. She listens to the pegs and scroll, listens to the pouring of a river down the slope, and she rides unknown winds.

Her work, a blend of composition and improv, is called deep listening. The composer Pauline Oliveros used this phrase to describe a deep attentiveness to the moment. Kathy McTavish's creativity is based on her deep attentiveness — her cello is both a resonant and responsive instrument that draws the listener into its sound. Her work triggers an invisible procession of images like those in this poem by Cavafy:

*God Forsakes Antony*

*When suddenly, at midnight, you hear  
an invisible procession going by  
with exquisite music, voices,  
don't mourn your luck that's failing now ...*

*...  
listen — your final delectation — to the voices,  
to the exquisite music of that strange procession,  
and say goodbye to her, to the Alexandria you are losing.*

*Constantine P. Cavafy (1911)*

*Translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard*

Always the cello, the callouses on her fingertips exploring the harmonics, and the bow sliding over notes above and below the bridge. Sometimes she taps the chamber inside that holds the deepest shadow, where no light goes. She draws out longing and grief and fastens them to the light falling from the window.

No surprise — she too has an invisible procession of images made manifest with her camera. Like her cello, the camera becomes an instrument for improvisational work. The blurred photographs with their composition of lines and color are abstract and evoca-

tive. She has leaned over each one with careful attention, creating frame by frame a still-motion film, a moving abstract expressionist painting.

In an interview, when asked how she begins, she says, *somewhere*. This doesn't mean anywhere. Each room has its own ambience, echo and vibration; if we listen, we can hear it too. She starts with becoming resonant with the room. Sounds that come in do not interrupt the flow but become embraced, echoed, embellished. She has a receptivity, an openness to sound that extends beyond the ordinary bounds of music. She uses found sound: a coffee pot, the cry of a bird, the creak of a hinge, wheels on the pavement or the Empire Builder rolling along the tracks from here to Seattle and to the Pacific Ocean. She makes another world, a strange city, an ocean with heavy surf, stones rolling on the beach, and whales migrating.

The music and image come together here in this book, *Birdland*. It is a score. The normal mapping of musical notes onto manuscript paper does not express her work, but this book comes close.

The long poem sequence of *Birdland* is another language for what she says in her music and film. It evokes the song "Birdland" by Patti Smith and echoes the beat poets. Like the song by Patti Smith, it explores a connection with a father. The boy becomes a raven. It is transgender. It is an Allen Ginsberg-like howl. The story begins with a bird over a landscape of America, over cities, industry, roads. The story begins in zero person, or in the persona of the cello, and embraces the homeless and the strangers who wander the streets, goes into a practice room in North Carolina to a hospital ward to a man bending circuits to a factory to waking up it-was-like-this-every-morning to a city at night. There are characters like Night Crow No Time and River Icarus which reference songs on a previous album. It has a strange music. The cello resounds within it.

Kathy McTavish has a background in ecology and theoretical mathematics. In science, she was fascinated by patterns — these patterns have become her art. Here is a dynamical ecosystem that is either dying or rising. Deeply emotional and sensitive, her lines are on a canvas sky, all of it changing. Her work is music, it is visual art, it is sound art, found objects, and motion.

Instead of multimedia, implying separate threads, her work is trans-media. This genre-bending artist plays image and words as if they were music and paints music as if she were creating visual art. In photography, the bokeh effect (originally named by a few Japanese photographers) brings the attention away from the object itself to the rhythms of its design. The photographs are of an urban environment: here are fire escapes, ladders, windows, and streets. There are layers used over and beneath. She has a sensitive geometry of lines and grids that always find the light.



She uses blur in all her work. At first it can be disorienting, pulling the listener away from the fixed tracks of ordinary music into places with no map. Expectation is up-ended; she takes the threads of the past and travels into the territory of the present moment surging across a vast landscape. She transposes to one form and then another. She creates dreams of a dying planet, an unknown city, and a wandering journey. The frames slip. The transitions dissolve and everything becomes bridge.

One of her favorite places to play is at Sacred Heart Music Center on First Street in Duluth, an old neighborhood near low rent buildings sided with asphalt, suffering from years of neglect, fire escapes made of two by fours, and peopled by vibrant young people with baby carriages and expensive electronics. The old church is west of the old Washington Junior High School across from the Damiano Center soup kitchen and next to the Center for American Indian Resources. It is now de-sanctified but has new life as concert venue. Going to hear her play last year, I pulled the vertical bar on the eight foot door to go inside. Stained glass windows let in the weak winter light, the walls are a grimy white, the ceiling is held up by columns that become Roman arches, shaped like a bishop's hat. In the corners, a pile of unused lumber and some trash. The floors, once a beige flecked linoleum tile broken and spongy with damp, have been replaced by a polished oak. Before, to walk across the floor was to feel the sway and trembling, as if one were crossing a rope bridge over a gorge. I listen to her unlatch the latches of the ebony case, lift the deep red instrument, warm up.

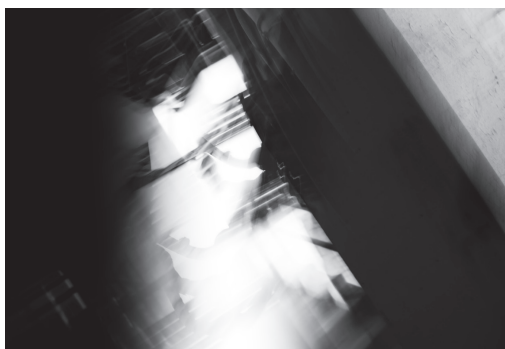
Vestiges of a former splendor, dark bronze chandeliers suspended above with clear white lights, a massive balcony with a pipe organ, a confessional with its burgundy velvet curtain drawn closed. On the right, a women's room, a former sacristy with its own stained glass windows. The church was built before indoor bathrooms. In a stall, above the porcelain toilet, the stained glass window features a book, holy but blank, perhaps waiting to be written. At the front of Sacred Heart is an altar. The floor mosaic is a geometry of one-inch tiles in white, blue and sage and crimson that pattern two risers to the elevation of the altar. It feels like the surround of an aqua swimming pool from the 1920s where women in rubber caps swam in synchrony. At the front, the white altar is made of marble, dusty, stripped of the gold chalice, candlesticks and incense burners. There is no longer a crucifix, only one thing, a wrought iron heart lit with red votive candles. She plays softly at first as if the sounds were flickering like the candles, and then the cello rises and lifts the arches.

I listen to notes that she swept aside, as if she were ahead of some developing text. Her film is a score. The camera is the saxophone of John Coltraine, improv with stills. She sequences endless notes and angles of light. She finds beauty in made objects, even those that are broken. She decodes the industrial genome. Ladders. Metalwork. Radiators. Pipes. Faucets. Drains. Mesh. Grids, spans. Spider webs. Window panes. Sidewalks. Oblique angles on the linear. Bricks, doors, overhead beams. An urban decay. Rust. Lime deposits.

Silt, dust, grit. I remember its light today, yesterday, the day before, yards more light, miles. Her eyes are closed as if what she plays is written inside. The music folds around like sheets and reaches a wide space. Feathers fall. There's a bending, an empty chamber, leaves in the wind. In the sound of strings, a distance both near and far.

The long poem here meets the images and becomes a score for the music. It takes grief and longing and connects it to the mystical. It leans against the frames, becomes a magnifying glass. The focal point shifts as do the lines of perspective. The eye of the camera takes in both near and far simultaneously. It enters the sound spaces she's created. Her writing is a hYmn to the journey.

Sheila Packa  
November 2011





*birdland*



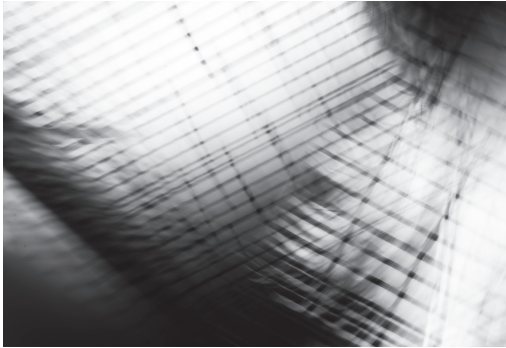
ЖэпӨпэЖ

my hands were made of  
bone & pulsing sound  
i was a red wagon  
black crow / blue bottle

ЖэпӨпэЖ

dark wings  
beat 3 times  
& then  
a queer  
suspension  
darkness &  
pin hole  
illuminations  
no landmarks  
no compass  
tracks, roads  
intersecting webs  
rivers —  
a rushing turbulence  
a sinew & pulse  
dark marrow  
blood & barren plains  
shadow, spun rock & fire  
an iron railing  
& time  
seas rise  
boats capsize  
swallow water  
turn & drown  
dark waves erase  
the passage  
down  
there were lights above  
unmoved  
while lamps below  
flickered & burned  
vast & deep  
broken glass





stitched into dark blankets  
of sleep  
rocks aged  
cyclones circled  
a bird's  
slate eye

Ж᳚π᳚π᳚Ж



raven feathers splayed  
across the indigo cloud  
beast or loom or cliff  
a spider scales glacial walls  
a radio tower pierces the sky  
clouds gather  
a transmission  
low & hurried  
static —  
the machine itself  
begins to speak  
electrical pulse



vibrating plates of glass  
wires intersecting  
red, black, white  
barbed wire transmission  
an orchestra concert  
from Royal Albert Hall  
before the bombing  
commercial interlude  
blue coal, white appliance  
red letters, steel borders  
cargo train, trucks



& planes  
knifelike wanderers  
a sign, 2 roads  
voyage of goods  
to odessa  
to new york  
to madrid  
to portland  
past abandoned farms  
fallen towns, rusted track

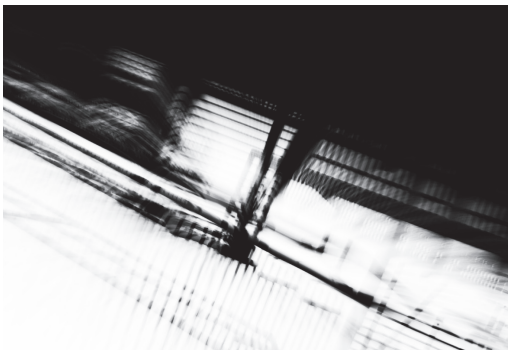


past incinerations  
past temples & bars  
iron horse, iron lung  
combine turning  
gold fields, blue smoke  
under the high bridge  
birds & ghosts  
dusty hYmn  
white gray  
paint  
concrete canvas  
fallen feathers  
splintered caws  
a cavern of birds  
ceiling of birds  
bridge of birds  
coat of birds, quick silver  
cloak of birds  
dark & trembling storm  
the boats were green, blue, red  
pale sails  
anchors heavy  
& iron & braided with sea  
ropes  
slowly plumbing the depths  
anyway there was a map  
industry!  
progress!  
we had a plan  
we had time on a spool  
or wires on a spool  
or a snake skin with a map  
or a spoon  
we had a shiny spoon  
a wheel & fire  
machines, wheels, talking wires  
fire  
& lots of things to burn  
rock & roll factory  
spoons & knives  
axes & lightning  
lightning on a spool





a voyage of goods  
timetables & maps  
& silver roads  
silver snakes  
& a rope  
a pulley, a rope  
a factory, a boat  
a plane & sky  
skyscrapers



windows like birds  
higher than birds  
higher than gods  
high as stars  
higher than stars  
we had skyscrapers  
& planes & windows  
& stairs winding up past clouds  
stairwells & lights & vast landscapes  
of asphalt  
roofscape, fire escape, flashlight  
a stairwell, a window, a street  
fires below & stars



ЖґπϑπґЖ



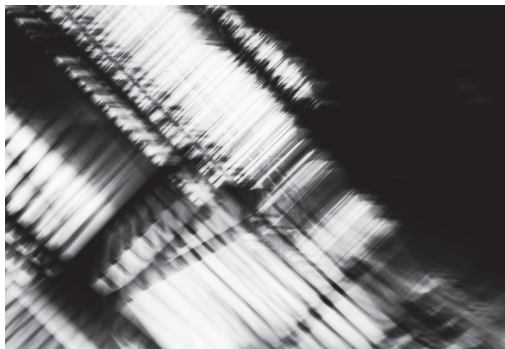
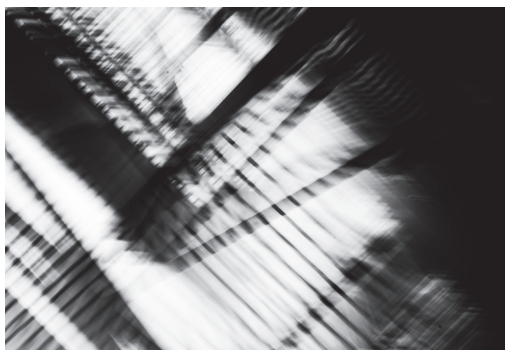
wings & dark mountain  
shadow mountain — a cliff  
perilously close  
a breath, a moth  
an illuminated distance  
a stillness before raging nights  
wind gathering force  
a spring, a wheel  
rain factory, sleet factory  
lightning on telephone wires  
gripping the kite — a static suspension  
the key aflame  
wings beating  
toward shore  
distant gray lines  
taut heart beat swift

ЖэπØπэЖ

3 birds  
laughing  
whose last laugh?  
3 birds, last bird, coughing bird  
anyway the factory was going well  
conveyer belts burning rubber  
tires pulling freight past trees & signs  
& swamps  
highways, roads & concrete bridges  
golden arches  
music on the radio  
a bottle of coke  
the marlboro man  
red & white package  
tightly bound  
white shirt sleeves  
rolled up against the heat  
a swollen heat, a humid sea  
of green & gray & grit  
radio smoke rings  
smoke signals  
drowsy black asphalt  
yellow line

ЖэπØπэЖ

whispers  
pulse  
shadows moving  
frozen hands  
a clock  
arctic stillness  
ice  
a blue darkness, chill gray  
& steam through grates  
a silence  
chalk on slate  
blue window  
red chair, chrome feet  
a fluorescence







stairs ascending  
dim yellow light  
dusty rays waking  
tired sun  
clouded  
incandescent  
sun  
pull-chain-porcelain-filament  
sun  
it was like this every morning



same train  
same chair  
same window  
same tap water drip  
or brook  
& rusted bridge  
iced metal thrumming  
same bus or concrete sidewalk  
trash can alley  
aluminum percolator  
stained glass bulb  
brown liquid  
blue blue morning



$\mathbb{K} \ni \pi \emptyset \pi \ni \mathbb{K}$

chalk & black slate  
a formula or system  
deciphered  
a bifurcation  
group theory  
a flaw in the arithmetic  
vectors, differentials  
copied into black books  
a slight variation  
parameters altered  
a solution  
sought  
to simplify  
3 things  
hold up this space  
a basis for turning



a transformation or mapping  
find  
a simpler set of lines  
a stable state  
a zero  
or one

ЖγπϺπγЖ

people were saving daylight  
small blue squares of light  
small extinctions  
3 then 2 then 1  
rungs marked off in notches  
fabric of millennia  
fossils really  
carbon, feathers, muscle  
then stone  
an empty cage  
a hollow ocean  
but anyway  
i liked color & light  
the way shadows held a sound  
textures, frictions  
joining of pitch  
horse hair & wire  
scraped across the chest  
eyes split by light  
light hYmn  
threads & loom & glass  
broken places  
a wooden room  
resonance  
box  
echo chamber  
hallways  
old cathedrals  
warehouse caverns  
holy spaces  
sound  
a silo of birds  
a bridge in flight





there was  
a black & white  
television  
body counts  
a black woman in flight  
dogs, guns, iron bars  
it sears  
that picture  
those words

ЖꞑπØπꞑЖ



i always wanted to be my father  
wooden hammer, wire nails  
the smell of gasoline engines  
wool shirt, boots  
asphalt shingles  
clamps & glue  
old metal tackle box  
hinges & screws  
pliers & saw  
a rasping sound  
small town & farm  
the smell of oats  
factory of oats  
river industry  
warehouse & tracks

ЖꞑπØπꞑЖ

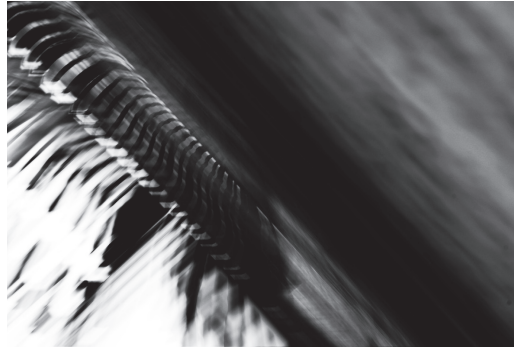


blue bottle, wooden room  
4 white plaster walls  
worn building  
a painter  
a radiator  
a sink



it was like this every morning  
blue sky  
pale sink  
rusted drain  
glass window

worn boots  
city streets  
waking  
aluminum  
coffee  
percolator  
gas flame  
brown liquid  
small  
wooden room  
4 white  
plaster walls  
blue bottle  
gray cat  
painted  
iron  
radiator



it was like this every morning  
rain eyes  
a window  
sound tunnel  
coffee  
white steam



ЖэπØπэЖ



practice room, early light  
rosin & morning  
wood & light  
fragile dusk  
fleeting blue vision  
hands in wool  
worn boots  
black jacket  
walking  
brown eyes  
urban sky  
shock of hair  
wind or rain  
black road  
red thoughts



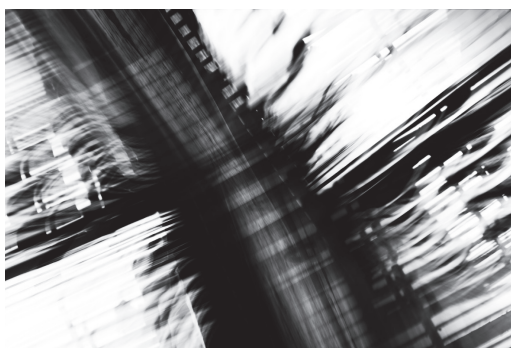




a line or thread  
string or note  
heart beat  
pulse  
vibration  
sine waves  
colliding  
tides & winds  
turbulence  
rip tides



& gale winds  
layers of blue  
& friction  
blue green pitch  
plumb line  
lost anchor  
horizon  
drowned  
tilted



white foam  
where sea  
turned to sky  
turned to planets  
invisible orbits  
slanted axis  
mast & sail  
3 moons  
plankton & clouds  
one lamp  
turning

Ж᳚π᳚π᳚Ж



sound is produced  
by the collision  
of two bodies

Ж᳚π᳚π᳚Ж

there was a man  
bending circuits  
in the ancient barn



blacksmith of sound  
 with rope & pulley  
     wire gods  
     bending gravity  
     into light & heat  
     & pigeons rising  
 from blackened iron  
     black horses  
     concrete  
 & corrugated steel  
     direct current  
     clouds of horses  
     rain on steel  
 over battered stairs  
     frame & joints  
     in a crucifix  
 on thick blue glass  
     in the silo  
     a cyclone  
     of birds



ЖэπØπэЖ

sanctified x  
 hovering x  
     circling x  
 we were looking  
     for something  
 the post & beam  
 the underlying force  
     light or electricity  
     vector spaces  
     the basis  
     a fixed point  
 a dynamic or web  
     fluid or particles  
     our hands  
 our bodies reaching  
     the mind grasping  
 or releasing the failures  
 there was a vector space  
     an algebra





the senses struggling  
with the mind  
you could hear  
a far away sound  
a siren or hYmn or  
evening light  
angels & birds  
clouds & horses  
bees  
vibrating ether

x



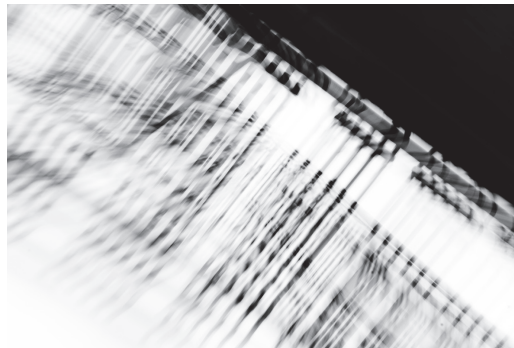
equals  
light & electricity & silence  
or light & pitch & rocks  
or water & glass & iron  
or noise particles colliding  
not knowing  
if it was simply  
clusters of energy  
inflection points  
fixed states — a stillness  
gravity pulling



poles repelling  
webs colliding  
the number zero  
dancing  
to a jukebox  
on red  
checker board floors  
& beer signs  
this radio, this night  
gleaming neon & rain  
reading the directions  
seeing the signs  
blue quaker king of oats  
a book of stamps  
cigarettes  
broken kite  
melted wax  
quixotic flight  
night crow scratching  
lost translations



typing texts  
black ink  
parchment  
a stone  
scribbled texts  
formulas, illustrations  
footnotes, histories  
calculations, page numbers  
corner of the world  
taco stand & map  
we were there or  
you are here  
a location, a focal point  
a certain depth of field  
in the midst of  
the vast eternity or  
7 layers —  
infinite skies  
couldn't just count them  
or it would take a long time  
an uncountable number of years  
to count the layers  
so many possible answers  
so many ways to measure things  
to count the objects  
to list the objects  
& often they dissolved  
into clusters of light  
staining  
the surface of things  
in a radiance  
that made you  
lose count  
lose your grip  
forget the citation  
a transfiguration  
an illumination  
that left you standing  
with your heart  
like a hat  
in your hands  
stammering







and the window of zero  
irresistibly compelling  
glorious sanctified  
eyes of a crow

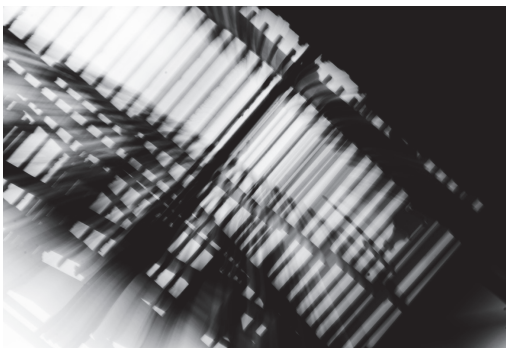
ЖэπØπэЖ



red star  
black night  
or lucky strike &  
bus stop midnight  
if there were 2 or 3  
they were ghosts  
a rising city  
endless flight  
heart or sky or cloud  
canvas or road  
low blue smoke  
a railroad track  
stretching miles  
across bog

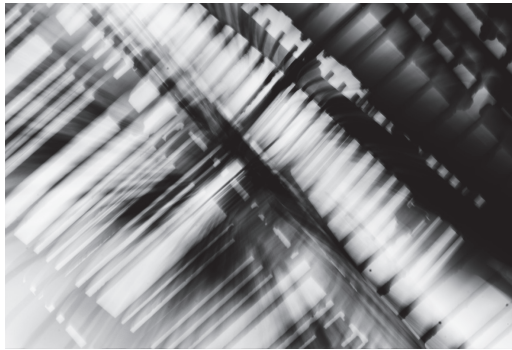


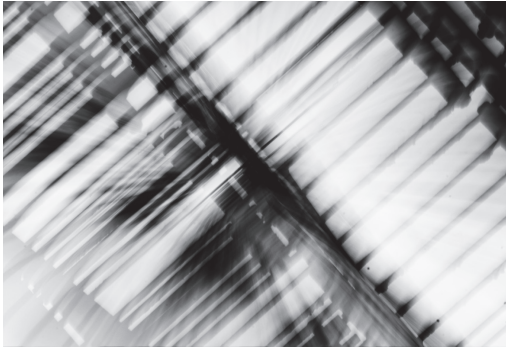
& grass  
& trees  
slowly reaching  
dense fog  
cattail & sedge  
early morning or dusk  
night drifting across the world  
a bridge — still water  
a hush  
soundless turning  
or wind listless through



yellowed grasses  
history rising  
a story winding past distant rails  
a low vibration  
past the heart  
taut strings released  
silent bird  
lonely stream  
last light  
dark blade of water

night  
black wing buried in clouds  
    echoed in rivers  
an infinite & far away sound  
    broken & falling  
    hYmn of birds  
far away ship & endless sea  
    adrift or in flight  
    the sea, the dusty sky  
stained sea & bleeding sky  
    rising or falling  
    blue gray longing  
    reaching or belief  
    hYmn or wish  
or cry or breathlessness  
a sound or line or word  
    great heaving or loss  
reaching towards vast ends of sea  
    haunted eyes  
    scar or wound or wing  
    echo & ghost  
etched into caves or body  
    river eyes  
the sea or boat or bridge  
a road & sound like light  
    dusty light & window  
    glass or wire  
silver nets, yellow fish  
    light gleaming  
    light threads  
    luminous  
    and haunted  
not close but far  
not far but here  
in this room on this bridge  
    last bird  
if we never had this place  
    emerald & blue  
    holy dream  
    cloud dream  
    or depths of sea  
light drowning in layers of sea





eyes straining through  
murky depth  
a dream of smoky bars  
neon & rain  
only ash  
a cigarette lit or drowned  
holy dream  
holy redemption  
i walked there  
or i was stained  
by that river that light  
now this scar, this wound  
holy imprint  
a railroad track  
& grasses  
bending

ЖᳵπᳵπᳵЖ



luminous failures  
wax wings & falling  
an orchestration or book  
film or loom  
or simply a crow  
& shiny red wrapper  
degenerate opera  
endless screeching  
scraping sounds  
& pitch salvaged  
from an auto junkyard  
forgotten words  
torn bits of labels  
abandoned bottles

ЖᳵπᳵπᳵЖ



in fields of sage  
whistle &  
drowned rhythm  
wheels, tracks &  
pistons turning  
an iron bird calling



through brown  
 sagebrush, yellowed stalks  
 limestone & flooded earth  
 heavy snows / late spring  
 flooded tracks  
 gray horse  
 cloistered rider  
 fallen stones & rusted silos  
 industrial wasteland  
 abandoned warehouse  
 fossilized grain  
 skeletons of steel  
 vast plains of destruction  
 raging forces  
 empty husks  
 industrial cyclones  
 & rusted dreams  
 cattle strewn across  
 devastated plains  
 & lost souls clutching  
 suitcases  
 battered, frayed  
 broken masts & shopping carts  
 dark & empty malls  
 hollow ringing vacant  
 vast & violent sea

ЖэπŒπэЖ

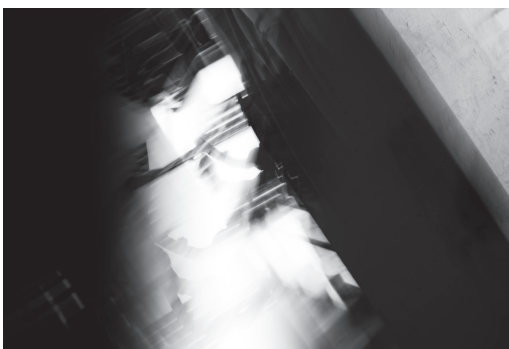
red shirt  
 black hair  
 slender blade  
 night-laced trembling streets  
 shadow of crow  
 window or sidewalk  
 boot lace & worn denim  
 edge of drainpipe  
 black with soot  
 red with rust  
 white slice of neon  
 cloudy night  
 drop of rain / dusty glass





ЖЗπØπЗЖ

green monastery  
or cloud  
damp blue mist  
gray silence  
black rock  
jagged white mineral line  
memory or place  
near depths



shadow canyons  
blades of light  
dusty filaments  
taut lumens  
holy dissonance  
chords of silence  
hallowed bridge  
web of light & green  
& stone & rivers  
spilling across forest floors  
& rocky cliffs



trees lifting past lifetimes  
into infinite blue nights  
the bendability of time  
the synthesis  
of rock & sun into  
green & sinew  
transmigration of mineral  
& water



shadow & light  
a fluid dynamic  
a cluster of cells  
electric photo  
transmissions  
criss cross of  
migrating elements  
shape shifting forms  
elemental forces  
bound, fused & released  
makers of air  
air looms  
weaving invisible ribbons



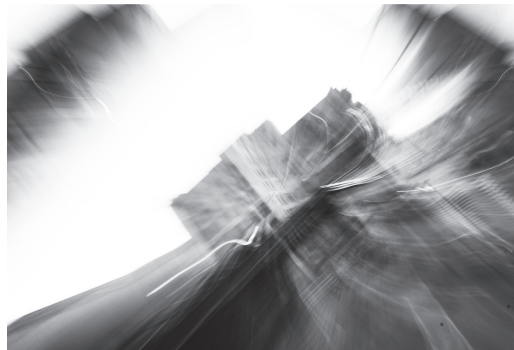
falling maps  
marked by temporary arteries  
monastic green tent  
ocean of birds

ЖэπØπэЖ

my hands were made of  
bone & pulsing sound  
i was a red wagon  
black crow / blue bottle  
suspended  
between sound & water  
or notes & sidewalk  
there was a word for it  
but it was far away  
& people kept moving  
bridges arched above  
silver streams /  
rushing cars  
loud / relentless /  
tunnel  
sound & gravity /  
echo  
metallic scream

ЖэπØπэЖ

a moth throws herself  
into the closest street lamp  
lines transect darkness  
into silver threads  
voices along wire webs  
float into stars  
the world grows close  
human rivers dry up  
into 3 strangers  
gaunt & worn  
frayed & dissolute  
mapless wanderers  
with sandwiches or hope  
seeking mission signs





red neon gospel signs  
hot coffee  
steaming paper cups

the cool night  
washes away  
industry  
commerce  
suits & deals  
angels mend wings  
in dimly lit bus shelters  
jesus saves!



the endless circle fades  
death all around us  
whales & bees  
& mary / red heart  
& outstretched hands  
blue veil  
blue blue sky  
an alchemy of blue  
one last bird  
electric wires  
& sea



ЖЭπØπЭЖ

language of knot & stone  
language of birds  
shadow, cloud & wire  
electric filaments  
night's blue lantern  
flux & green mist



white horse or silver cloud  
angels & junkies  
degenerate streets  
artists of chaos  
falling opera  
broken book  
wire quartet  
groan of wood  
snapped mast & waves  
a mapless sea

red star weeping  
dusty windows  
thick plates of glass  
an opening so slight  
a vision so fleeting  
only a line of chalk  
or a crack in the world  
a breath or glance or  
fever



fallen feather  
floating fish  
wooden skeleton  
& black ribbons  
a ghostly day & arid noon  
strobe-light sun  
& asphalt steam



ЖэπØπэЖ

watches for sale  
broken hYmn  
broken planet  
sirens of commerce  
one last bird  
& sea



ЖэπØπэЖ

birds / no birds  
there was a river with no birds  
no black raven  
there was a river with gleaming birds  
green & blue shore  
no river  
no vibrant threads  
no shore, no trees



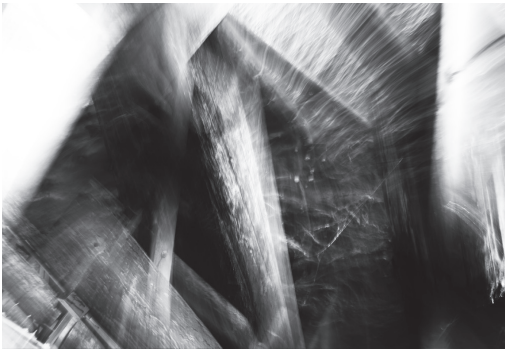
a hole in the sky  
a heart or bird or door  
broken window / fallen glass  
& sky  
silver fall





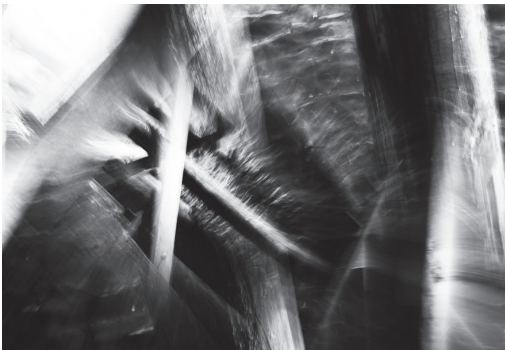
keening hYmn  
broken hYmn  
icarus & luminous flight  
a low & broken sound  
dream of life  
no sky, no planet, no dream  
radio pluto

graffiti music



river icarus  
wanderer icarus  
traversals  
by boat, on foot  
in dreams, by train  
a bridge  
& water & sky  
a body  
broken wings  
a gender, a bird  
a sound, 4 strings  
a boat  
wool coat  
& wind  
relentless  
force

ЖᄁπᄁπᄁЖ



always before tomorrow  
low siren calls  
below the surface  
some moment in history  
unfolding, relentless  
human tide

ЖᄁπᄁπᄁЖ



resistance  
something frayed  
a friction  
a tension

something broken  
jagged torn fragmented  
razed

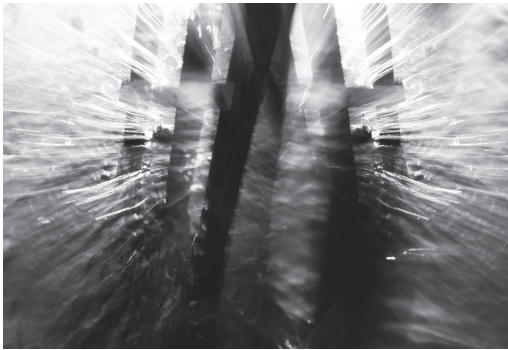
ЖэπŒπэЖ

close & blurred  
zero person  
not first, not second, not third  
no map, no compass, no horizon  
ephemeral imprint  
sound & sand & rainfall  
notes blown about  
& dissipating  
notes streaming  
notes rising  
falling  
in corners silence  
driftless / shady  
deep pools  
harmonic ghosts  
suspended in clouds  
across the moon  
tonal palette  
note clusters  
probability clouds  
gravitational forces  
continuous dynamics  
sound webs  
rugged terrains  
orthogonal chords  
a calculus of motion  
the dynamics of waves  
residue of ghosts  
a river  
etched into rock  
a glacial stain  
cave drawings  
subway icarus  
railway icarus  
river icarus  
glassy fires

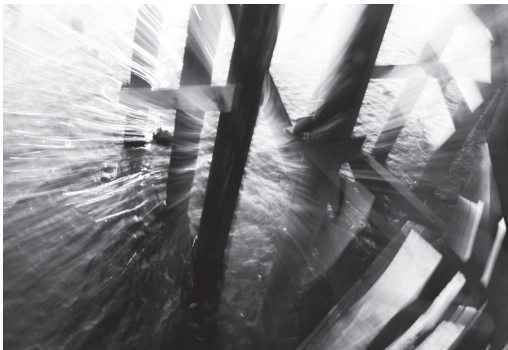




rain & cold  
rush of color  
sound & city  
gleaming city  
trumpet city  
alley night  
hidden streets  
darkened streets  
starry night  
sheets of rain & neon



not a lattice  
but notes falling  
& dissolving  
ghosts  
wind & shadow  
river bridge  
improv planes  
free jazz  
no map  
immersion, risk, lost & hOwl  
infinite between



unbound netherworld  
harmonic bird  
tonal bird  
falling  
friction  
gods of chance  
dark wings  
dissonant hYmns  
dusty light  
threads of light  
submerged



gray shadows  
illuminated  
ladders & & . . .  
graffiti tunnel  
radio pluto  
stereo fields  
resonance / reverberation  
twisted & splintered  
lines bent  
& sea's depth

cave drawings  
black & red  
ink sky  
endless sky  
horses speak to sky

ЖэпӨпэЖ

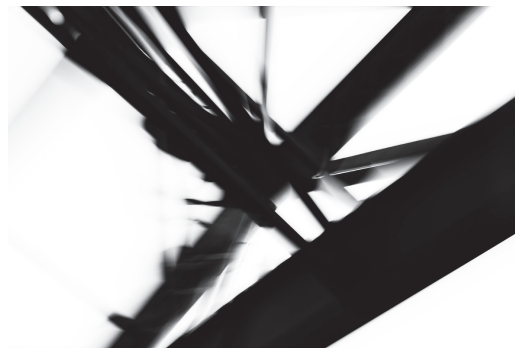
i often played in bars

working people  
musicians  
poets  
inebriated  
intoxicated  
otherworldly  
mesmerized  
played the  
wooden beast  
wild bird  
tin cup

drunken utterances  
stuttered offerings  
thick strings  
piercing hOwl  
a matter of tension  
clouds & cyclones  
pierced night  
prophets  
dark & bitter  
liquid dreams  
fistfuls of change  
folded paper  
feathers  
sketches  
poems  
gifts from strange angels

dark & smoky bars

ЖэпӨпэЖ







between  
a vast landscape  
sparse or dense  
infinite between  
a silence  
clouds  
rain  
particles  
cluster & scatter  
twist & rise  
reverberate



ЖЭπØπЭЖ

i was 17  
when i first  
walked into a gay bar

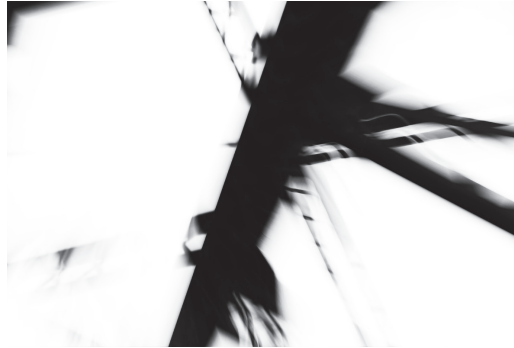


small dark room  
smoke & bottles  
hands, eyes  
sound  
the room was  
spinning  
about some axis  
warm & close  
juke box sound & street  
stained by rain  
swimming & neon  
late night dreaming  
crimson laced  
blue blue heart  
awkward waltz  
dark brown eyes  
& hidden glances  
pressed close  
against  
dark corners  
slung low  
across the night  
queer  
not a boy





not a girl  
 bird or tree  
 walking  
 pavement lit  
 street lamps  
 signs  
 neon  
 walking  
 river  
 bridge  
 sailor, waif, poet  
 lucky strike  
 red & black  
 concrete, brick  
 blue glass &  
 well-worn locks  
 the bird  
 scrawled  
 red & white & black  
 graffiti angel



ЖэπθπэЖ

saxophone dreams  
 the man in the psych ward  
 drugged beyond recognition  
 close calls  
 i sang like a bird  
 masked dancer  
 hair shorn  
 notes & words & lines  
 & graphic eyes  
 eternity  
 the blink of an eye  
 a hOwling  
 a hYmn  
 wandering



ЖэπθπэЖ

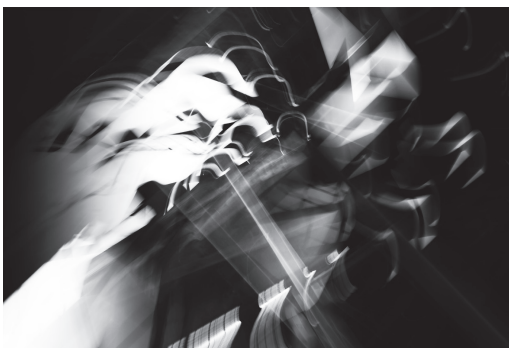
a boat  
 full sail



keel-furrowed  
glides across  
relentless waves  
itself a wave  
water & rocky cliff  
glacial depths & seagulls' cries  
or slender willow  
flint, fire, glass  
illumined — not far  
but close

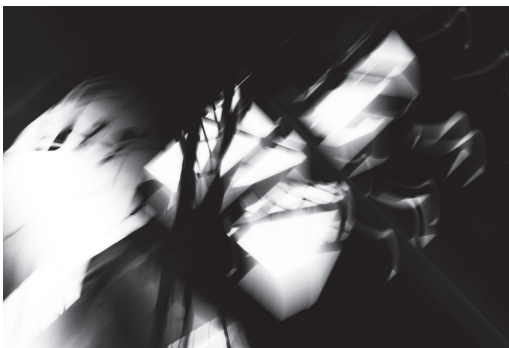


it was so hard in the beginning  
rigging without motion  
forced, scraped, awkward  
but not a bird  
not a long-necked bird  
awkward but not beautiful  
not twisting skyward  
a flat failure — leaden  
not grief  
but a longing



i first heard your voice  
a swan  
i reached towards you  
my heart leapt towards you  
dark angel  
mine

wordless  
wondrous swan  
an endless climbing  
hand over bow  
wire & wood & sky



storm  
wooden mast  
splintered against the rock  
not you but my wings  
bone & sinew  
so far to row  
endless passage

resistance  
a bird  
but falling

ЖґπŒπґЖ

there were maps  
black stones thrown  
across black wires  
& graphite words  
graphite numbers  
graphite language  
drifting smoke  
across the worn  
manuscript  
5 line sea

there was  
a room  
with wooden cabinets  
filled with maps  
wooden floor  
blackened floor  
dusty light  
storefront windows  
cello maps  
dead hands speaking  
from fallen stones  
this world  
a note in a bottle  
for cello  
for viola  
or oboe

other sections  
other worlds

maps stuffed into drawers  
hard to climb but  
intoxicating views  
a whole afternoon  
finding footholds





touching tender stems  
so far from rain & stone  
to river

the measures  
hammered  
chiseled

hand to surface  
small turns  
smooth glass



twisted reach  
ascension — then river  
a scattering of ashes  
dissolution  
one thousand stars

ЖᳵπᳵπᳵЖ

between 2 deserts  
berryman's dream  
water, steel, sun

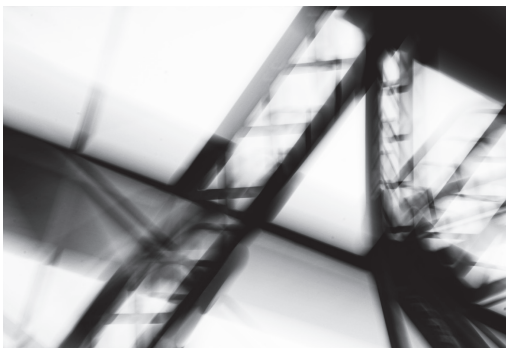


ЖᳵπᳵπᳵЖ

silence

not  
silence

ghosts breathe  
blankness



snow  
an emptiness or forest  
trace of birds  
or cloud  
or wind

silence

graphite line  
drawn on

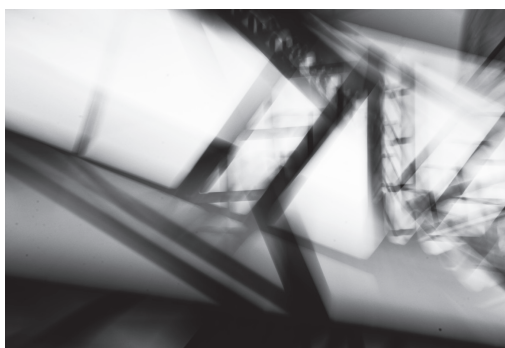
blank paper  
frayed lines  
shadow & light

graffiti tunnel  
graffiti angel  
night angel

ЖэπθπэЖ

search for iron  
broken compass  
or hole in the sky  
sky tunnel  
cyclone sky  
or sand or wolves or nest  
warped compass  
bent sound  
bending trees or waves  
slate blue cloud & sea  
a wanderer

a stone  
a cloth  
the forge, the fire  
the blacksmith  
welding elements  
fusing metals  
now a pond  
silent &  
pensive  
still water or  
glass  
not iron  
brown jade  
the color of sand  
a simple sack of feathers  
a frayed sack of feathers  
threads woven into branches  
& flight  
wax wings  
pale stone







or cloud

Жәпәтәпәтә

there was a door or heart  
a cloud or white cloth  
& wind

past mountains  
an ancient glacier  
stripped of ice  
barren rock



worn smooth & pale  
ghost stone  
ghost cloth  
ice dreams  
infused with light  
once soaked in cloud  
now sand or  
balding sun  
cool moon



a nest of dreams  
lost language  
brief vision  
lonely hands  
a memory  
extinction  
ancient seagull's landing  
ancient ship  
thread & ink  
the window, the dream  
the cloud

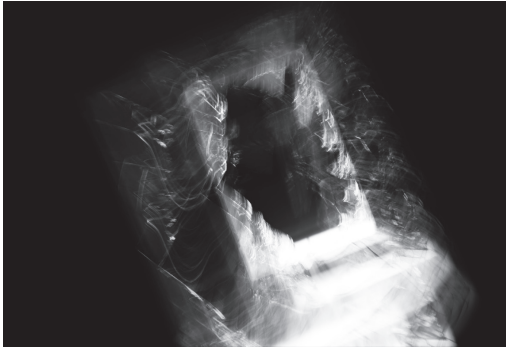


flood of cloud  
waning light  
pale stone, pale cloth  
far away  
there was a glacier  
now stone  
there was a cloud  
now frayed

Жәпәтәпәтә

$$\mathcal{K} \ni \pi \circ \theta \pi \ni \mathcal{K}$$

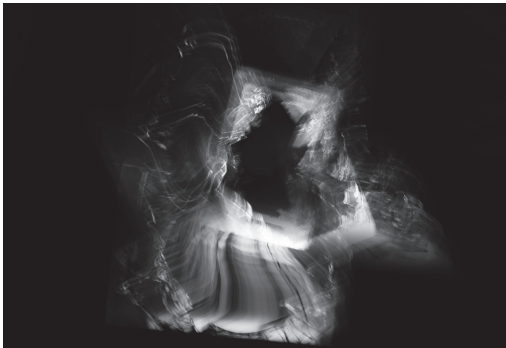




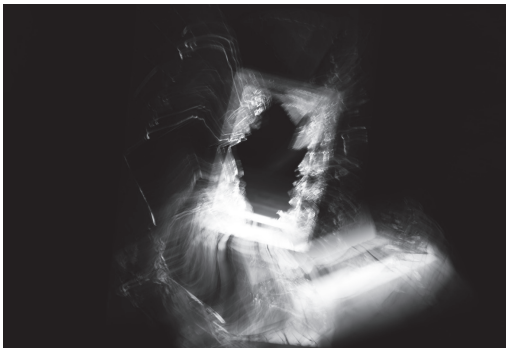
an intimate biography

the infinite between  
the uncountably infinite  
degenerate night crow  
wandering  
angels

the score  
a circle of fire



cello  
glass bowl  
coffeepot  
rusted door  
tuning fork  
light, color  
line, photos  
echo, filters  
contrast, echo, masking

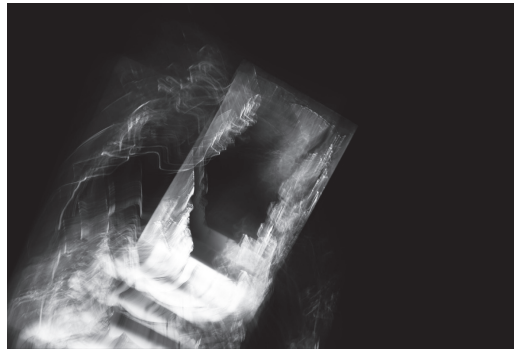
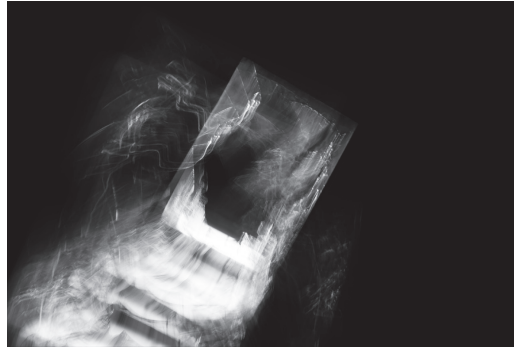


holy flight  
holy dreaming  
holy threads  
holy rising  
holy communion  
holy echo  
primal intertwine  
awkward reaching  
wings or streets  
bridge or cloud  
ascension, sea or sky



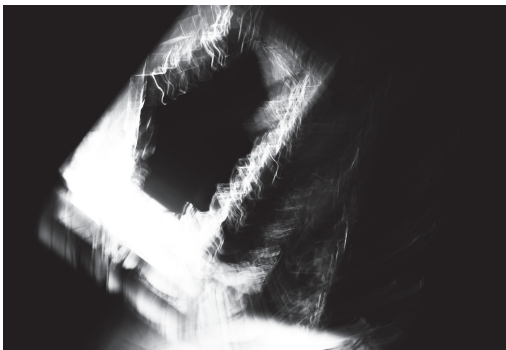
night crow on  
percussion  
setting something  
into vibration  
by rubbing  
scraping  
striking  
shaking  
sticks & membrane

wood & metal  
 colliding bodies  
 the acoustic  
 significance of material  
 cave tapping  
 cave drawing  
 resonance  
 painting  
 2 birds  
 last bird  
 & sea  
 far away remembered sea  
 vast & forever sea  
 scratching crow  
 story tapper  
 narrator crow  
 sea conjurer  
 magician  
 broken pump  
 pitch fraying / staining  
 pitch dissolving  
 wild bird, ancient bird  
 transfigured night  
 city bent on redemption  
 queer  
 glory  
 broken hYmn, falling sky  
 cathedral  
 warehouse  
 this room  
 this communion, this fusion  
 hands & breath, holy soul  
 holy planet, holy now  
 note frayed, tonal sky, sound cathedral  
 the past stains this place  
 wolf notes, awkward sky  
  
 city lights  
 crow blue sea or stairs  
 cloud cathedral or this room  
 only this gravity

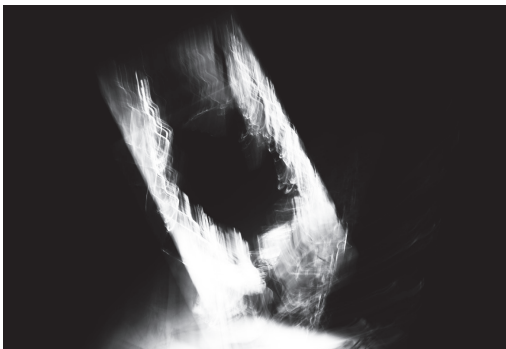




only this orbit  
land resists  
reed crow  
this place a cloud  
wax wings — suspended  
bow or bone  
feathers  
beak or wood  
missed connections  
frayed

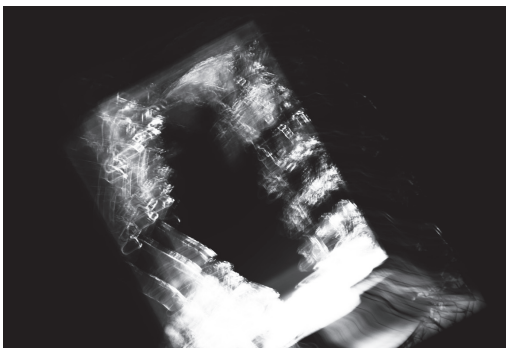


failing  
missed migration, lost orbit  
friction  
angel  
physics & pitch  
night crow / courier / typographer  
black ink  
storyteller / magician / conjurer  
witness  
degenerate time  
fragmented landscape  
a tapping, a scraping  
beer caps & prism eyes



ЖЭπØπЭЖ

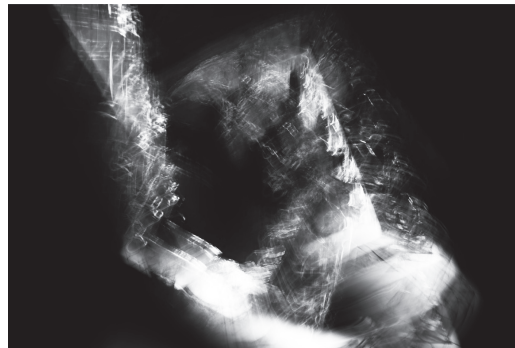
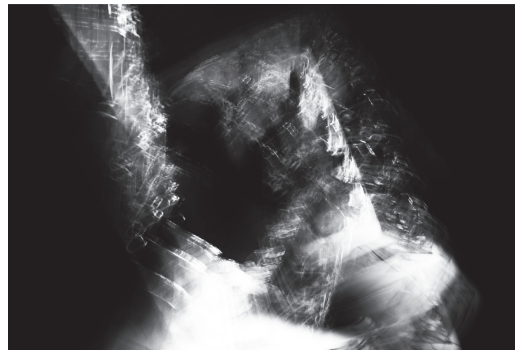
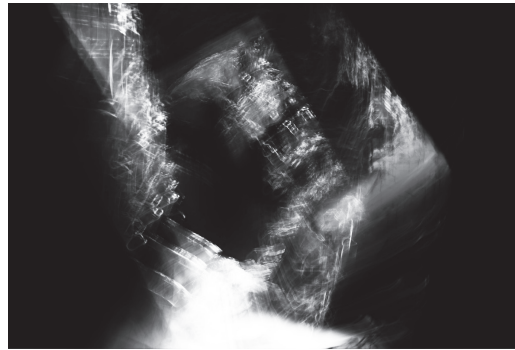
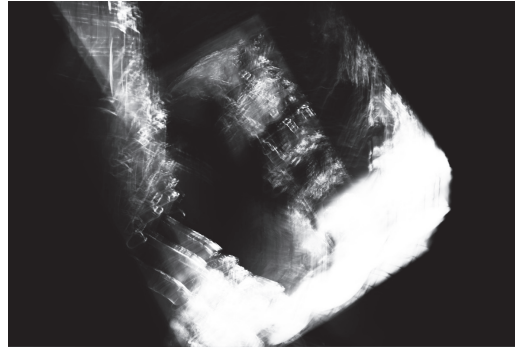
you meant to  
narrate or compose  
or conduct this piece but  
once again  
the bright shiny object  
the rock almost seemed  
like language  
you became a broken well  
if you  
tapped or rubbed  
or scraped this place  
this ocean could  
draw water  
you were going to play  
the xylophone (pretty bones)  
instead

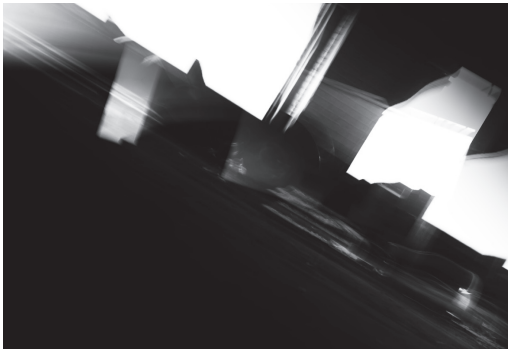


industry! & glass bowl  
     singing  
 sparse, too preoccupied  
     to vibrate  
     near-sighted crow  
 black wings, black dots  
     black ink & lines  
     black scrawl  
 you were supposed to be the sea  
     black feathers askew  
 you were supposed to have  
     an orchestra  
     the loom, the frame  
     a concerto  
     the risks!  
 bow, friction, release  
 claw scraped wood & wire  
     harmonic ghosts  
 the infinite between  
     no boat  
 forces pull & resist  
     friction or flight  
     falling  
 ghost bird, shadow bird  
 you were supposed to have an orchestra  
     you were going to  
     play the marimba  
     be the sea  
     blue black sea

ЖэπØπэЖ

2 monologues, 2 soliloquies  
     twisted & frayed  
     rising vortex  
     communion of souls  
 concerto for stringed instrument  
     & bones  
 an alchemy of sea & flickering light  
     the color of honey  
     ancient papers  
     burlap threads





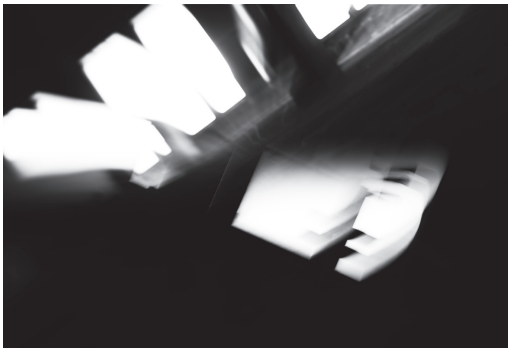
a sack  
a floating crate  
harmony  
a collision  
an elemental fusion  
rhythm / a tapping / scratching  
melody / a frayed call or hOwl  
alchemical blurring  
staining each other  
sound & crow



moments & pitch clouds  
flickering / fading  
close / disoriented  
vibrant / wild  
repeated arc  
dense thicket  
off-center  
skewed  
close  
flight / redemption  
transcendence



wanderer hOwl  
luminous darkness  
an impulse to flight  
human resilience  
the boat, the journey  
sound fragments  
like dreams  
staring into each other  
continuous pool  
an edge, an intensity  
abstract / gender / queer



lens / frame  
skewed images  
repeated  
a boat  
in the middle  
of the sea  
horizon rocking  
skewed  
frameless world  
a falling

or ascension  
the ladder then

ЖэπŒπэЖ

the data structure of dreams

episodic  
glimpse  
snapshot  
& flow  
a film

index of images  
index of sound  
index of dreams  
graffiti / angel  
scattered light & shadow

a blankness or silence  
an emptiness  
visual incident  
the voyage out

revery  
dream  
a fever  
waking

focal point / depth of field  
stillness / runes

screens like quartets  
or playing cards  
shadow factory

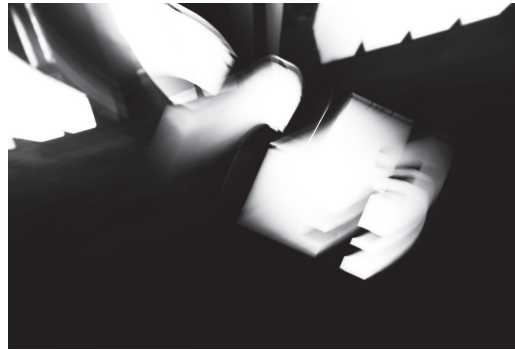
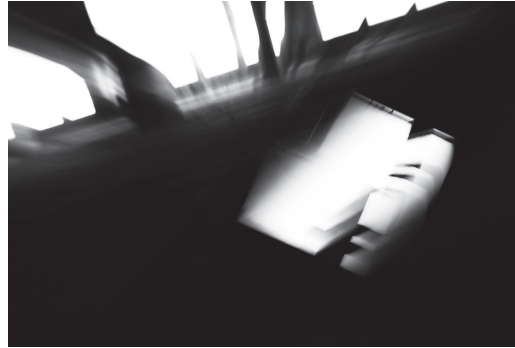
light harp  
bounds

twisting / reaching  
rubbing / bending

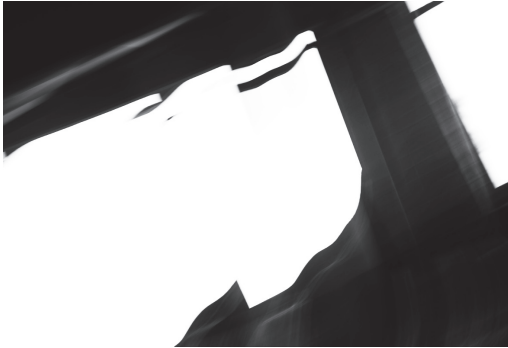
a palette  
a kite

silent manifesto  
elemental forms

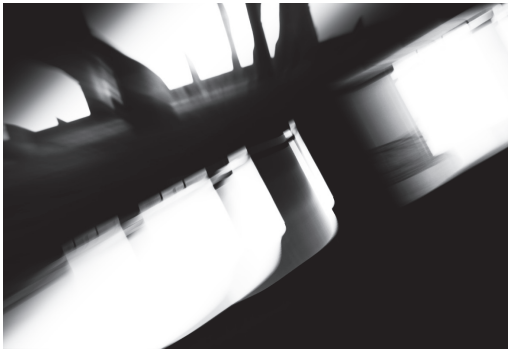
the boat, the wanderer, the sanctuary  
manifest focal point







pivot point / inflection point  
 photosynthesis  
 wheel / fire  
 tonal pool  
 immersion  
 st. paul  
 tape delay  
 cello  
 graphite line  
 found sound  
 emergent hYmns



4 part 2 or 3  
 dissonance, friction  
 source  
 theater of eternal music  
 in the middle  
 a black music stand  
 lit  
 in darkness  
 shards



of broken glass  
 manuscript  
 drawing  
 frame to frame  
 found sound  
 collected sound  
 layered light  
 collage  
 sound clusters  
 gravity & tonal centers  
 kinetic forces



web or cloth  
 atmospheres  
 macro rhythms  
 a flow of moments  
 the rush of life / falling  
 mask  
 transmigration of souls  
 a cathedral of sound & light  
 aurally distant

long windows or arcs  
 film windows  
 blue windows  
 & sound sources  
 dissolve  
 & stain each other  
 create friction  
 & luminous union / chordal light  
 space & time migration  
 wanderers  
 holy fools  
 graffiti angel / the broken hYmns  
 graffiti angel / cave drawings  
 graffiti angel / house of light  
 graffiti angel / night train  
 graffiti angel / blue window



graffiti angel / hOwl  
 street lamp wanderer



ЖэπØπэЖ

grand gestures  
 faltering flight  
 it was like this every morning  
 the risks, the walls  
 the rejections  
 & simply  
 jumping  
 into  
 thin air



ЖэπØπэЖ

ocean, wind  
 & grief  
 ahab's dream



the gulf  
 breathe / oil

tar / feathers



black rain  
asphalt tears

floating fish  
bloody boats  
drowned birds

wire stitches  
torn cloth  
tattoo needle  
neon cloth



my sister  
strung out  
nearly dead  
went back to what hurt her  
for the 4th time

i speak to you these words  
i didn't know how to save her



she asked me to take photos  
on the day  
(she told me later)  
she planned to die  
i felt this somehow  
even at the time  
& had no other rope  
to hold her  
she wanted  
a short film  
shadow film  
about / pain



you can construct a story  
in so many ways  
moving pictures  
falling pictures  
elegy or salvation  
i didn't know how  
to save her  
but  
she wanted to see

the final film

red lines  
holy lines  
broken mast  
holy mast  
torn sail  
holy sail  
foolish ahab  
holy ahab  
fool  
holy fool

ЖЗπΘπЖ

i was queer  
transgender queer  
& the planet was  
dying  
a heartless species  
humans  
i grew up to the sound of body counts  
grainy black & white  
television  
evening news  
it was like this every evening  
rivers on fire  
prisons  
protests  
wars  
a white woman screaming  
red-faced profanities  
at a black girl  
boarding a bus  
nightly news  
villages burning  
orange balls of fire  
in a jungle  
gun to head  
shutter / bang  
image image image  
& resistance





shutter / bang  
eyes  
fists  
words  
blood  
tides  
heart  
of the beast  
bowels  
of the beast  
helicopter blades



tents  
liquid metal  
graffiti walls  
a billion for the bomb  
food stamps for the baby  
a prison cell for you  
rivers on fire  
locked factories  
locked out  
locked in  
at gunpoint  
17th hour dim light  
a woman sews



ЖзπØπзЖ

i walked the queer streets  
at night or  
dawn  
on my way to work  
at the modern times cafe



i witnessed  
i saw  
  
brown bodies  
pinned across cop cars  
& worse  
i witnessed  
i testify  
i saw

& called out  
helpless

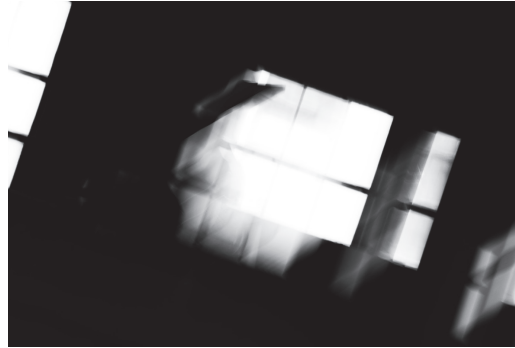
at night, at dawn  
i walked the streets  
paint for the bomb makers & porn shops  
walking an invisible fluid line between  
night is an angel  
a neon prophet  
suburban cars pausing for prostitutes

white boys  
roaming in packs  
searching out a stranger  
alone & queer  
to beat within an inch of his life  
rites of manhood for the college set  
neighborhood housing  
projects  
gaunt queer boys  
coughing pretty boys  
i walked the fluid line  
between he & she  
always queer  
hey baby  
i miss you

ЖэπØπэЖ

saxophones &  
electrified  
guitars  
spilled from  
summer open doors  
flung windows  
curl of smoke  
rolling papers  
lysergic dreams  
i remember your eyes  
green

ЖэπØπэЖ







the saxophone player  
from the psych ward  
stunned out of  
his mind  
on some  
psychotropic  
tranquilizer  
& yet  
slow sweet sound  
breath & reeds  
burnished metal  
hands & breath  
sweet poet  
shuffling poet  
i remember you  
in morning  
awkward groups  
sun through  
metal bars  
your words  
sweet  
kind  
deranged  
bent winged angel



ЖэπØπэЖ

& you 4 stringed lantern  
wooden heart  
my bones



i remember you  
in hot practice rooms  
hours & hours  
& then forsaken  
lost & forsaken bicycle  
i can't even say it  
can't tell you



lonely streets

wooden boat through

skipped school  
don't talk about it school  
bully school

frayed pitch  
rough, raw, broken  
strange beautiful pitch  
resinous pitch  
horse hair wire  
wood  
pine blood pitch  
cat gut & wire  
pitch

ЖэпӨпэЖ

you have to fail 13 times  
before you see the ladder  
& even then  
you can't reach  
the last rung

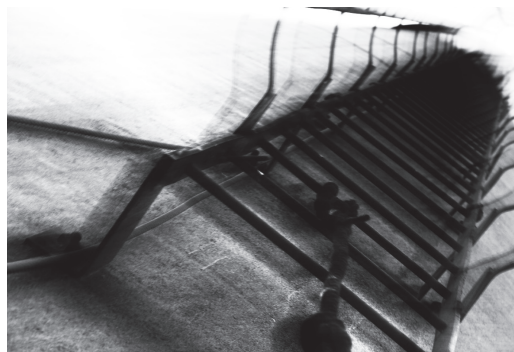
ЖэпӨпэЖ

frayed rope  
musical line split  
& frayed  
& filtered  
through water  
contrast, color  
filter, blur, echo  
the canvas of  
river & street

ЖэпӨпэЖ

if it is in 2nd person  
it is  
a score

ЖэпӨпэЖ





ЖәпӨпәЖ

my hands were made of  
ambiguity  
geometry  
a distance  
a confluence  
a mapless continuity  
complicity & resistance  
cluster of birds  
pulse  
a flux  
atoms  
carbon  
dissipating  
heat  
or torch & ice  
a glacier  
drowning  
in its own red sea  
so difficult to utter  
such grief



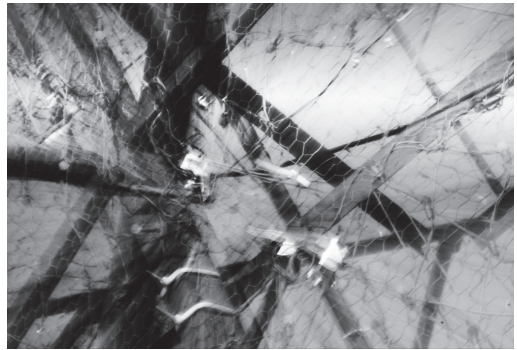
ЖәпӨпәЖ

3 moons  
skewed horizon  
incoherence  
near / far  
unpinned  
sound is like  
a ragged line  
stain of red  
wash of ink



my hands were birds  
no birds  
my hands were rivers  
no rivers  
my hands were  
bone & pulsing sound  
a cacophony of horses  
across blue sky

ЖәпӨпәЖ









*about my work*



I am a cellist/composer/multimedia artist. In both live performance and recorded work, I blend cello, found sound, electronic effects and abstract, layered, still-motion film. The cello's ability to range from deep resonance to a ghostlike harmonic voice provides an expressive source for much of my multimedia work. My cross-sensory, blurred vision of the world impacts my visual language. I am inspired by emergent, organic forms, beat poets and abstract expressionist art. I use chance and generative forms to create sparse, minimalist spaces to dense, synesthetic, orchestral landscapes.

Using a multimedia approach, I engage in the quest to know, articulate, and grapple with the ephemeral, elusive underworld of our experience — the ways we construct our personal story, the relationship to our physical surroundings and the myths / ghosts that exist in that landscape.

Three years ago I was playing cello in a cafe on a summer evening. There was a dusty window beside me and the slanted rays of sunlight filtered through the glass in threads that I could see and hear — a palpable, chordal cross-sensory sound that stained my own playing. I have searched for that sound ever since. I often call that the broken hYmn. It is elusive, unknowable, ungraspable — a quest destined for failure — a worthy obsession — a reaching or longing.

I have grown to think of my work as a wandering narration — a lonely soliloquy by an abstract storyteller muttering in the darkness. I envision an infinite line — the drawing — the graffiti of sound and light that passes through our hand in the fleeting moment that we live on this earth — our imprint. The work then exists in a metaphysical dream world and manifests itself over time. I started reaching across the senses to create a sound / light polyphony — an immersive world. I blurred the borders between sight and sound and feeling — I started to let those boundaries fray. Light and sound waves are similar; I started thinking of the confluence as sine-wave orchestration.

Over time I have evolved from classical cello performance and composition to free-improvisational cello and sound art to cross-media sculpture / drawings / film / live performance. Still using the cello as source I now bend light and color into the mix. This is a new language for me. I am still working to integrate this cross-sensory language into an effective expressive voice. I am currently developing these "sound drawings" — exploring the dramatic potential of light, texture, color and sound as they unfold and intersect. This fusion space for me is sculptural — metaphorically similar to a mobile with intersecting, loosely-coupled components. I am interested in the relational dynamic between elements — the interactive friction and release, echo, resonance, fraying, and fissures.

My creative process involves first creating and recording found sound (from the cello and other environmental sources). These sound threads are then layered and filtered into a chance-infused polyphony of music. The film process starts with taking abstract,

blurred, close, kinetic still photos. I work with these photos individually and together in a series, adjusting contrast and saturation, and masking image onto image (staining one image onto another to create a flow or a sense of falling). These composite, filtered images become frames in still-motion film clips. The clips are in turn layered much like the sound threads — to create a multi-threaded final film.

I am currently exploring the confluence of sound, image and word in different spatial and temporal landscapes — live, multimedia performance, cinema, the book, the hypertext web world. Each of these settings provides a different canvas or frame and shapes the resulting work / stains the expressive voice. Each of these physical manifestations exist at a different scale and level of interactivity for artist and viewer. A web presence is open-ended and caters to a wandering viewer. It facilitates a geographic freedom to share the work. The web or cloud world is like a box full of image, sound and word elements that can become a palette or set of sketches for the other forms. It is a sea navigable by hypertext maps. I call this space "blue boat." Visit [www.cellodreams.com](http://www.cellodreams.com) to explore this cloud world.

The cinematic form inhabits a self-contained, single-projection, linear time frame. It asks the artist to confront a linear arc / a single road from start to finish. The viewer is now accustomed to seeing narratives mapped onto this form. Experimental film can alter this expectation but it is clearly present for the viewer. I use distilled movement and sound — pulsing and dissolving frames, luminous color and shadow, a relentless musical flow, a rising, a falling, a twisting together of sound, light, elemental textures, and intersecting lines to create structure for film that is more closely related to musical forms.

Installation and live performance are juxtaposed with the physical environment, intertwined with the space. I love to feel a room around me while I play — its resonance, ambience, quirky echoes and vibrations. One of my favorite spaces to play is at the Sacred Heart Music Center, an old cathedral in the heart of downtown Duluth. I love Sacred Heart for its beautiful, haunting resonance and fallen angel feel — a sense of decay and luminousness intermixed. From the rocky ledges that jut into the earthy underground of Sacred Heart to the organ loft, stained glass windows, and belfry there is an unmatched mix of color, texture, resonance, shadow and light. My cello loves it there — bird to ceiling / broken sky. Sanctified. Ascension.

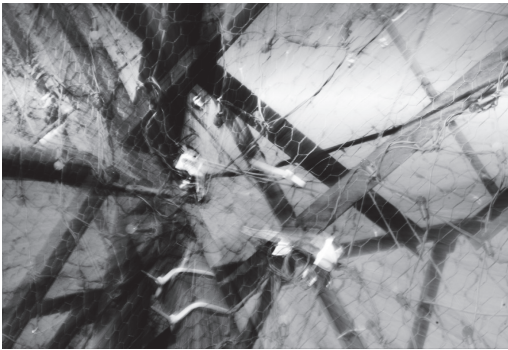
Installation has a temporal framelessness. The artist doesn't control the viewer / the wanderer's experience. I like installation for its floaty immersion — the artist creates a pool or cloud for the viewer to drift through. Participants define their own window / their own path. The spatial aspect allows the artist to enfold the wanderer in a world of sound & light.

I have always been drawn to abstract art. I'm not a particularly cerebral person — I work more intuitively from my heart / eyes / ears / that feeling in the center of the chest.

There are several characters & landscapes that I loosely inhabit when I work. One is the city itself. I lived in Minneapolis for many years and traversed the city on foot, often walking for hours each day. The close, textured urban landscape influenced me deeply. When I am composing, the character or muse I call "graffiti angel" resonates the urban wanderer experience. Night crow / no time, the shiny-object black-winged muse, is the unreliable narrator. River icarus is another figure that took form while I was working on a commission from the American Composers Forum / Jerome Foundation. Tender-hearted icarus / the holy fool has a broken vulnerability, a dreaming self, a wax-wing self. They walk with me.

Kathy McTavish  
November 2011





*artist biography*



## **Grants and Commissions (2009-2012):**

2012 Jerome Foundation Commission

2011 Arrowhead Regional Arts Council Arts and Cultural Heritage Career Development Grant

2010 Arrowhead Regional Arts Council Arts and Cultural Heritage Individual Artist Fellowship

2009 American Composers Forum / Jerome Composers Commissioning Program

2009 Arrowhead Regional Arts Council / McKnight Foundation Artist Support Grant

## **Recent Multimedia Gallery Installations:**

January 18-April 8, 2012: "Birdland" - Duluth Art Institute solo show (Duluth, Minnesota)

October 1-December 1, 2011: "Migrations / Lost & Forsaken Bicycles" - Phantom Galleries (Superior, Wisconsin)

## **Recent Multimedia Live Performance:**

*(live cello, recorded sound and abstract still-motion film projection)*

October-November, 2011: "Migrations" - spoken word, cello and video projection at six venues throughout northern Minnesota and Wisconsin

June 8, 2011: "Light / Factory" - live music with multiple, integrated projections for the Sound Unseen Film Festival at Sacred Heart Music Center (Duluth, Minnesota)

May 17, 2011: "Last Bird & Sea" with Viv Corringham (voice) and Paul Cantrell (piano) for the American Composers Forum Salon at Studio Z (St. Paul, Minnesota)

February 27, 2011: "Women of the Kalevala: Skylark on a Stone" - spoken word, film and cello performance (with poets Sheila Packa, Kirsten Dierking, and Diane Jarvi) at the Open Eye Theater (Minneapolis, Minnesota)

April 22, 2011: "Fire / Bird" at Beaners Central (Duluth, Minnesota)

2010 series "River Icarus: Rusted Bridge / Deep Water": commissioned work for cello / film - September 18, 2010: Hennepin Avenue United Methodist Church (Minneapolis, Minnesota), October 16, 2010: Lyric Theater (Virginia, Minnesota), November 5, 2010: Sacred Heart Music Center (Duluth, Minnesota), November 10, 2010: Winona State University Studio Arts Department Drawing Session (during performance - Winona, Minnesota)

October 3, 2010: "Cloud Birds" - poetry, cello and film for the poet laureate inaugural reading by Sheila Packa at the Weber Auditorium (Duluth, Minnesota)

August 28, 2010: "Ladders / Windows" a collaboration with Adam Sippola at Teatro Zuccone (Duluth, Minnesota)

## **Film Festival Premiers:**

Black Iris (2011) with poet Sheila Packa at the Vancouver Visible Verse Film Festival (Vancouver, British Columbia), Immersion (2010) with poet Sheila Packa shown at the Duluth Short Film Festival hosted by the Duluth Playground and at the Co-Kisser Poetry / Film Festival at the Minneapolis College of Art and Design October 2011, Birdland (2010) shown at the 2011 Free Range Film Festival (Wrenshall, Minnesota)

## Scores for Film:

24 Postcards by Garrett Tiedemann (2011 - available online and soundtrack released through American Residue Records), "Hands" written for Life of Riley by 4-Track Films (2011), recorded + live sound for Vertov's 1929 Soviet silent film "Man with a Movie Camera" (2010 - shown at Duluth's Zinema 2).

Other: My work or the work of the Cosmic Pit Orchestra has been used behind a number of projects including those by Andy Underwood, (Walker Art Center Upside Down City by Claes Oldenburg, Walker Inside Out / Art Goes Outdoors: a celebration of the Minneapolis Sculpture Garden's 20th Anniversary), Marc Swoon Bildos Neys, Dudley Edmundson, Patrick Eller, Garrett Tiedemann and others.

## Listing of Recorded Work:

celldreams / solo cello: i was looking for you (2011), resistance (2011), compression: 60 seconds (2010 - for the 60x60 competition), bent / hOwl (2010), holy fool (2010), ahab's dream (2010 - recently used behind a local production of "Hamlet"), man with a movie camera film score (2010), the sound of everyday objects (2010), breathe / oil (2010), accordion music (2010), ocean | wind | grief (2010), iron, glass, noise (2010), what is 6 minutes? (2010), nyx (2010), radio pluto (2010), klick / response (2010), river icarus: rusted bridge / deep water (2010), between2deserts /one (2010), between2deserts / the swan (2010), graffiti tunnel (2010), graffiti / 2 hands (2010), photosynthesis (2010), north sea (2009), subway icarus / last dream (2009), cloth (2008), winged instrument (2008), cave drawings (2008), love meditations (thematic collection, 2008), crane language (2008), the infinite between (2007), night language (2007), lines (2007), dusk filaments (2007), rain clouds (2007), summer 06 (2006), noise2peace (2006), 4 strings (2006), i meant to say (2006)

wildwood river / with poet Sheila Packa: correspondence 2: in translation (2011 - published in qarrtsiluni), correspondence 1: i said i (2011), undertow (2010), echo & lightning (2009), fearful journey (2008), dear bird (2006)

cosmic pit orchestra / with Richie Townsend on electric guitar: hOwL 1 (2009), edge of peace collection (2008), industrial collection (2008), red queen diaries (2007), caught you falling (2007), primordial dreaming (2007), dreamtime (2007), twisted & frayed (2006), grief & love (2006), gossiping dolphins (2006)

Short music films (abstract still-motion with music): tent city (2011), traces (2011), the ladder (2011), birdland / 2 (2011), anatomy (2011), blue ladder (2011), hole in the sky (2010), birdland / 1 (2011), a man was bending circuits (2011), red stairwell (2011), the elevator room (2011), fire (2011), sand (2010), black sea (2011), blue window (2011), heaven (2010), crane language (2010), sky (2011), it was like this every morning (2010), red accordion (2010), trains (2010), riot (2010)

Short poetry films (abstract still-motion with poetry by Sheila Packa): velocity (2011), two worlds (2011), eurydyce (2011), loom (2011), was it I (2011), celluloid afterlife (2011), black iris (published at movingpoems.com 2011), immersion (2010)



## **Areas of Study:**

As a classical cellist I studied privately with Minnesota Orchestra cellists Anthony Elliot and Sachiya Isomura and studied piano performance, music theory and composition. I have a background in mathematics, ecology and music theory. The confluence of these research areas informs my work as a composer / multimedia artist. I create frameworks for representing dynamical systems and am interested in emergent structures, chance, myth, improvisatory forms, polyphony, interactive webs, harmonic relationships and the orchestration of sound, light, and color.

## **Formal Education:**

Sign Language Interpreting Certificate - St. Paul Technical College

B.S. Mathematics - University of Minnesota, Duluth

M.S. Applied Mathematics (continuous modeling) - University of Minnesota

Ph.D. coursework in Theoretical Ecology (all but dissertation) - University of Minnesota

