

PAUL WINTER
LIGHT OF THE SUN

MUSIC *of* LIGHT

Paul Winter

“The Sun, our great golden star, is the source of our life, and each of our lives is a multi-faceted journey with the Sun.

On one level, we are cycling through each day and night, as the Earth rotates from dawn to dawn in the light of the Sun.

On another, we are traveling through each year, being carried 584 million miles by the Earth as it swings around the Sun from one summer solstice to the next.

Simultaneously, we are riding with the Sun as our entire solar system rotates within the Milky Way Galaxy, revolving around the Galaxy every 212 million years.

The Milky Way Galaxy itself pinwheels through
a cluster of 72 galaxies,
that astronomers call our Local Group.

All of this spins inside the Virgo Supercluster,
a system of 3,000 galaxies,
which is one of the 10 million superclusters
making up the Universe as a whole.”

– Brian Swimme

Wow! What a stupendous description of “home.”

How might we embrace this unfathomable story?

I’ve long wondered how our lives could be transformed if we were able to resonate with this grand perspective, each day.

What would it be like to live in awe as we ponder these immensities, and then come to realize that we are an integral part of the 14-billion year journey of the Universe?

Cultural historian Thomas Berry, believes that
“*we are the consciousness the Universe has
created to celebrate itself.*” (*The Universe Story*)

Cosmologist Brian Swimme writes: “*The human
is the space the Universe created in which to tell its
stories.*” (*The Universe Story*)



Perhaps light can be our living link to this colossal reality, as every day we are showered with the light from the fireball that gave birth to the Universe all those years ago.

In his book, *The Universe is a Green Dragon*, Brian Swimme gives us this mandate:

“As we lie in bed each morning, we awake to the fire that created all the stars. Our principal moral act is to cherish this fire, the source of our transformation, our selves, our society, our species, and our planet.

In each moment, we face this cosmic responsibility: to shape and discharge this fire in a manner worthy of its numinous origins. We cherish it by developing conscience in our use of it. Are we tending this fire; revering it? Are we creating something beautiful for our planetary home? This is the central fire of your self, the central fire of the entire cosmos: it must not be wasted on trivialities or revenge, resentment or despair. We have the power to forge cosmic fire. What can compare with such a destiny?”

I'm fascinated with the role of music in this destiny. I am convinced that our listening faculty is the gateway to the deeper instincts of our human nature. My aspiration is to awaken in listeners a deeper sense of relatedness to, and a living resonance with, the entire community of life, with the Earth, and with the cosmos. Music can take us there, if it has sublime beauty.

The aural-vision for *Light of the Sun* was born in the mountains of Japan. In the spring of 2004, after a concert in Tokyo, the Consort and I visited the astonishing Miho Museum of the Shumei community, in the Shigaraki Mountains near Kyoto. This museum, designed by I. M. Pei, is like no other museum on the planet. It is an extraordinary marriage of architecture and nature, totally integrated with the landscape.

To get permission to build the museum in this nature preserve, the Shumei organization had to agree to not change the topography of the mountain ridge. So they took off the crest of the mountain, built the museum, and put the forest back on top. Most of the museum is underground.

However, the predominant experience going through this museum is one of encountering light. In every corner, every cell of its architecture, and every view from its windows out to the surrounding valleys and mountains, there is sublime beauty. I have never before fallen in love with a building.

The antiquities of the Museum's collection from ancient cultures throughout Asia represent a chronicle of the human journey. After a tour of the various rooms and exhibits, we came to a unique subterranean chamber, adjacent to the

main entrance of the Museum — an octagonal concrete rotunda, with a large square hole in its dome, open to the sky. Its function is to serve as a car entrance to the museum in rainy weather. In his design for this space, Mr. Pei was inspired by the 2,000-year old Pantheon in Rome, an example of the pioneering concrete architecture of the ancient Romans. But the rotunda made me think of a kiva, the underground ceremonial space of the Puebloan native peoples in the southwest of the United States.

Just from hearing our speaking, we could tell it had amazing acoustics. When I played my soprano sax, the sound was extraordinary. The reverberation time was long, similar to the seven seconds of our much larger Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. Thousands of tiny echoes, reflecting off the octagonal walls and the sloping concrete facets of the ceiling, converged to give my horn a luminous voice. It felt like a kind of sonic heaven. My colleagues and I thereafter referred to this space affectionately as the "Kiva."

I was intrigued by a story that was integral to the original vision for the Miho. When Mrs. Mihoko Koyama, the museum's founder, and architect I. M. Pei were first in

dialogue, they discovered that they each knew, from their respective childhoods, an old Chinese legend called "Peach Blossom Spring."

"Once upon a time," the story goes, "there lived a fisherman who fished a river flowing out of the mountains. One day the fisherman rowed far upstream, deep into the mountains, and found himself surrounded by flowering peach trees filling the air with their fragrance. The fisherman, marveling, went on further to discover where the grove would end. It ended at a spring near a hill. In the side of the hill, there was a cavern that seemed to promise a gleam of light. He entered the opening, and when he emerged from the tunnel, a beautiful pastoral landscape, with a village, opened before him.

The villagers said their ancestors, fleeing from war, a long, long time before, had come to this place and had lived there quietly ever since. Pleased to see the fisherman, they cordially entertained him with food and drink. Later, the fisherman tried to return to this village but could never find it again."

I was amazed by this story, for it seemed to be an exact analogy of my musical experience in the Kiva. The Kiva is the cavern, and the sound of my horn is the “gleam of light,” which drew me into this “Shangri-La.” When the sound-spirit of my instrument comes fully alive, I feel I’m in a state of grace.

The memory of this epiphanic experience stayed with me, and when a few years later our Shumei friends invited me to create music celebrating the Museum, I was thrilled. I returned in 2010 to begin exploring ideas for the musical threads I wanted to weave into an album. As I perused the



The Kiva (Shumei photo)

Museum’s exhibits, I became aware of a central theme: that of the eastward progress across Asia, over the millennia, of the idea of paradise — humankind’s longing and almost universal quest for a heaven on earth. I imagined an array of voices, both instrumental and vocal, symbolizing the diversity of Asian traditions represented in the Museum.

The opportunity to play for many days in the Kiva, during the making of the album, *Miho: Journey to the Mountain*, awakened my long-standing dream to make an entire album featuring my horn, in an acoustic sanctuary like this.

It is an honor now to receive this new invitation from Shumei: to make an album in tribute to their 50th anniversary. They graciously gave me the mandate to create any kind of album I wanted — a dream come true.

I knew immediately that I wanted the album to be a celebration of light. With the title, *Light of the Sun*, I intend to embrace the many meanings we attribute to light: light as spirit, love, consciousness, human kindness, serenity, heart, exaltation, fire; the light that is integral to beauty; and the smile that reflects the sunshine in our heart. In all my visits to Shumei’s magnificent realm in the mountains of Japan, I

have been deeply inspired by the many reflections of their reverence for light and beauty.

Author Philip Jodidio, in his book *Heaven on Earth*, describes it eloquently:

“If paradise exists on earth, it lies in the east, in the wooded hills above Shigaraki, Japan, on land long considered sacred by local temples. This is the place elected by Shumei, meaning “Supreme Light” in Japanese, for its headquarters. Shumei is a spiritual organization that believes in the virtues of natural agriculture and the beauty of art, architecture, and nature. Here, the architects Minoru Yamasaki and I. M. Pei have built some of their most inspiring works.

Pei’s Miho Museum, housing treasures of ancient art from the Silk Route and beyond, is a masterpiece in its own right, whose forms emerge only partially from the landscape. But that is not all. A Sanctuary and a Bell Tower, a Chapel, and a School mark the other points of a triangle that unites earth and sky like stars in a constellation, points of light shining as would beacons in the darkness of modern times.

Shumei, which never imposes its spiritual views in a direct manner, believes that such practices as “Jyorei,” which involves the use of a spiritual light to assist other people to rid them of the clouds that may trouble their spirit, involves the most direct and fundamentally beautiful connection between two or more individuals. Thus, beauty is the common point here between nature, architecture, art, food, and spirit.”



Misono: Meishusama Hall and Bell Tower
(Shumei photo)

The Sun has been a recurrent theme throughout my musical journey. For many years, at New York’s Cathedral of St. John the Divine, my Consort and I have presented celebrations of both the winter and summer solstices, the two great annual turning points in our Earth’s relationship with the Sun.

I immersed myself in the question: what is the music of light?

Music is the common medium that can embody both the spiritual and physical aspects of light. I want to explore how music can transmute the essence of light into spirit-energy, for our wayward species, just as chlorophyll transforms sunlight, through photosynthesis, to create the energy that gives life to all plants.

The musical pieces that awaken my heart are those that have a sublime melodic lyricism, in relation to the chordal progressions. They are pieces which, for me, have a miraculous quality of timelessness. And I have always marveled at this unique characteristic of music: if you are allured to a piece of music, you can listen to it countless times, and somehow the ear doesn't tire of it; whereas the eye, most often, is always wanting something new.

The recordings in *Light of the Sun* come from my three favorite sonic temples on the planet: the Kiva, of the Miho Museum; the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, where the Consort and I have been artists-in-residence since 1980; and the Grand Canyon, which has been a place of pilgrimage for me for many years. These are places where I

feel my horn realizes its true voice, acoustic spaces where its spirit-song comes alive.

The point of playing in these great spaces, however, is not just the resonance that the horn awakens, but also what the experience of exaltation draws out of me as a player. Spirit seems all around when I am playing these pieces – call it beauty, magic, essence, whatever: no words seem adequate to fully describe it.

I have chosen pieces by some of the greatest composers with whom I've had the privilege to collaborate: Paul Halley, Jeff Holmes, Denny Zeitlin, Carlos Lyra, Edu Lobo, and Don Grusin. Seven masterful keyboardists have been my accompanists, along with guitarist Oscar Castro-Neves. I could write a testimonial page about my reverence for, and gratitude to, each of them.

Light of the Sun also features voices from what I call "the greater symphony of the Earth," in pieces celebrating the realms of sea (Dolphin), land (Wolf), and air (Wood Thrush).

I've structured the album as a journey – through a day, or through the seasons of the year. We begin in the morning, in springtime, and travel through a long summer afternoon,

with the katydids of "Wolf Eyes" leading us into the autumn evening, till "Winter's Dream" carries us through the longest night of the year, into the "Inner Peace" of the new dawning.

*I like to think that music has a unique ability
to enable us to remember and celebrate
our awesome journey with the Sun.*

*If, in our listening, we are carried by the music,
then perhaps the piece being played can be a hologram
of the entire journey of the Universe.*

In reality, the journey is right now, wherever we are.

*And, when we are truly listening,
each moment is the beginning.*

A final word from our friend, Brian Swimme, from his *Hidden Heart of the Universe*:

"The Sun's story will find its climax in a story from the human family of those men and women whose lives have manifested the same generosity and whose sacrifice has enabled others to reach fulfillment. If through the ages the various cultures have admired people who poured out their creative

energies so that others might live, they were admiring such humans for being true to the nature of the energy that filled them.

This is the way of the Universe. This is the way of Life. And this is the way in which each of us joins this cosmological lineage when we accept the Sun's gift of energy and transform it into creative action that will enable the community to flourish.

We can begin by introducing our children and ourselves to the Universe. We can start by showing our children they are part of a Big Picture; they have a place and a role in it. In time, if they are fortunate, they will learn to regard all the things of the world, even the briefest breath of the tiniest gnat, as woven into a single, comprehensive, coherent whole.

Through years of deepening, our children and our children's children will... begin each morning and live each day inside the simple truth: a gorgeous living Earth, circling light as a feather around the great roaring generosity of the Sun."

NOTES *on the* MUSIC

by Paul Winter

1. SUN SINGER

Paul Winter, Paul Halley
(Living Earth Music, BMI;
Back Alley Music, ASCAP)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Ray Nagem / organ

This is my anthem to the sun. It was inspired by a great statue, called "The Sun Singer," of an ancient warrior, standing with arms upstretched, singing to the Sun. I first saw this statue in the early morning mist, while jogging through Allerton Park, near Monticello, Illinois, in 1983.

Two years later, while on a concert tour in Scandinavia, I visited Stockholm Harbor to see the original of this statue, by the renowned Swedish sculptor, Carl Milles.



2. MY FATHER'S SMILE

Jeff Holmes
(Jeffrey Wayne Holmes Music, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Jeff Holmes / piano

Pianist Jeff Holmes composed this gorgeous anthem, to celebrate a smile that lives in his heart.

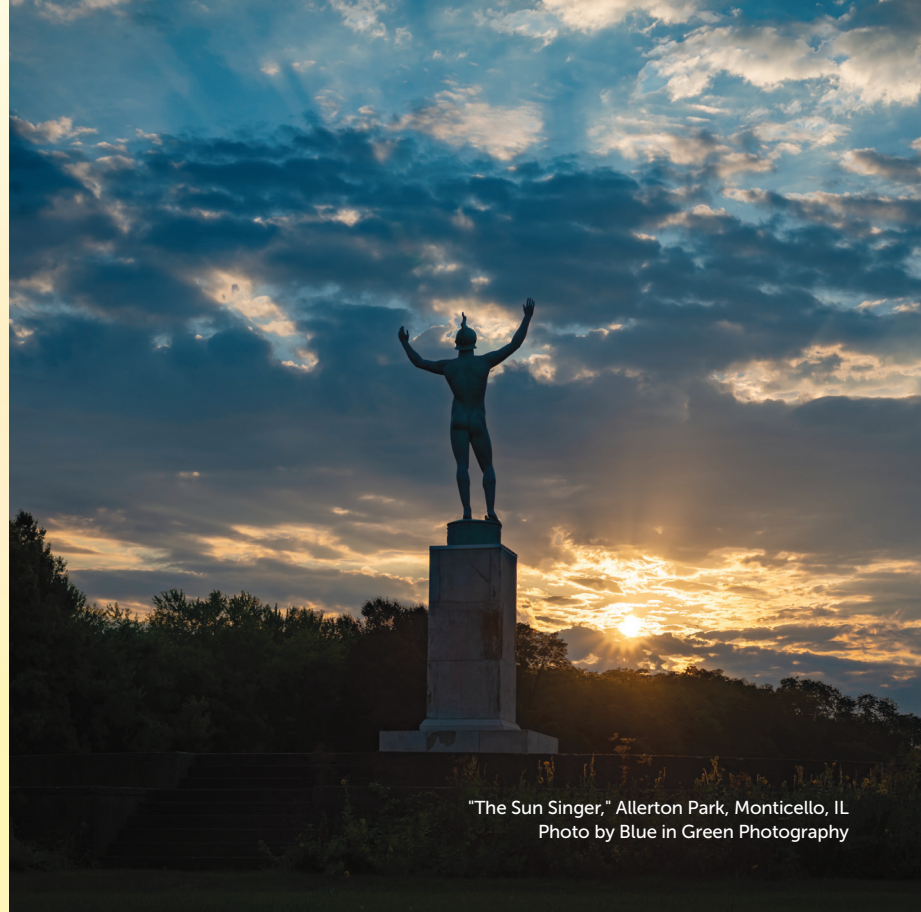
3. DOLPHIN MORNING

Paul Halley, Paul Winter
(Back Alley Music, ASCAP;
Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Paul Halley / piano and organ

Bottlenose Dolphin recording
courtesy of Dr. John Lilly and the
Human Dolphin Foundation

This is our honoring song to Dolphins, these remarkable aquatic mammals who have long been regarded as humans' best friend in the oceans.



"The Sun Singer," Allerton Park, Monticello, IL
Photo by Blue in Green Photography

This music aspires to evoke their sublime grace as they journey through the sea.

Note: The Dolphin call at the end of this piece is slowed down to one-quarter its normal speed, so we can hear it. Dolphins sing and hear in ranges that approach 150,000 cycles per second; our hearing doesn't go much above 20,000 cycles.

4. HYMN

Denny Zeitlin
(Double Helix Music, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Denny Zeitlin / piano

A hymn is simply a song of praise. With this one, composer Denny Zeitlin would like listeners to feel free to choose their own reverence.

Playing this haunting ballad of Denny's, I feel his deep sense of respect for the melodic and harmonic lineage of jazz, with which both Denny and I grew up. And to me, this composition, with its eloquent

journey of modulations through different keys, is worthy of Bach.

Dedication: to I. M. Pei,
architect of the Miho Museum,
where this piece was recorded

5. PRIMAVERA (SPRING)

Carlos Lyra, Vinicius de Moraes
(Memory Lane, BMI; Tonga
MGB/Universal Music Publishing)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Oscar Castro-Neves / guitar
Paul Halley / organ

I met Brazilian singer-songwriter Carlos Lyra in June of 1962, when my jazz sextet played in Rio de Janeiro during our tour of Latin America. Carlos then came to New York that September, to sing in the famous Carnegie Hall concert that introduced "bossa nova" to North America. The next day he came to visit me with his guitar, and sang for me some of the songs in his amazing repertoire. When I heard "Primavera," I was captivated.

Many years later, I was blessed to have the opportunity to record it with the great Brazilian guitarist, Oscar Castro-Neves, whom I had also met all those years ago in Rio.

6. THE WELL-TEMPERED WOOD THRUSH

Wood Thrush, J. S. Bach,
Paul Winter
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Wood Thrush / vocal
Paul Winter / soprano sax
Eugene Friesen / cello
Henrique Eisenmann / fortepiano
Peter Slavov / bass
Rogerio Boccato / drums

Cello line by J. S. Bach and
Dave Haughey

One morning in June, some years ago, near our home in the hills of northwest Connecticut, I heard a beautiful Wood Thrush song, one I'd not heard before. He sang a sequence of four melodic phrases, each having three notes, and, as is common among male Wood Thrushes during

the mating season, he repeated the song again and again. Then in early evening, resumed singing for an hour or two.

I loved that we had a new musician in the neighborhood, and I would eagerly listen for him each morning. Once, hearing him through the open window of the cottage, I went to the piano to find the notes of his song, and found they were all in the key of C major. I then began referring to him as my "C major Wood Thrush."



Each day I would leave my tape-recorder running by the base of his tree, in the hope that he might sometime perch near the mic and give me a superb recording.

He was with us most of the summer, and then, when the song season ended in late August, we heard him no more. I missed him. But his "job" was done, for this breeding season, and it was time for him to head south.

I was thrilled, the next June, to hear one morning that he had returned — from Costa Rica, or wherever he spent his winters. And once again he was singing his signature C major song.

Five summers in a row he graced our woods. Needless to say, he became my muse. During these years, I imagined creating a piece that would showcase his voice, and celebrate the spirit of unbridled optimism that propelled him to migrate several thousand miles round-trip every year, from Central America to Connecticut and back, in order to fulfill his life purpose: to propagate his kind. But

that musical project went on the shelf, to await some future time when I could listen through the 60-some hours of recordings my machine had made over those summers.

Well over a decade later in 2018, while cleaning out a corner in my barn, I found a box labelled "Wood Thrush Piece," and a little voice said to me: "Now's the time." But as I was sorting through all the tape cassettes and notes, I realized that I no longer even had a DAT machine on which to play these recordings. So I had a studio transfer them all to a contemporary digital medium, and with my colleague, engineer Tommy Skarupa, began the long listening search for our "Holy Grail" of a great recording of my "C major Wood Thrush." Luckily, we found it, and I began to explore ideas for the piece.

Imitating the Wood Thrush phrases on my sax, I became more aware of the actual notes he was singing, and had a stunning revelation. Each three-note phrase in his song outlines a different chord, and the progression of these four chords, when I played them on

the piano, sounded very familiar. And it dawned on me: these were the chords of the first four bars of the opening prelude of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," which happens to be in the key of — you guessed it — C major! And as if that weren't enough, they are also the chords of the first prelude of Bach's equally famous Cello Suites.

I was delighted by these correlations, and it has been great fun to bring these elements into the Consort crucible, and evolve this piece into a polyphonic romp, in which Ol' J. S. and the bird stumble into a little Brazilian party, and a happy time is had by all.

THE FORTEPIANO

I wanted to have a keyboard sound which would have been heard in Bach's day. The fortepiano, developed by Gottfried Silberman in Germany in the 1730s, was one of the earliest pianos using hammers to strike the strings. We know that it was played by Bach in the later years of his life.

The sound and touch of the fortepiano have been meticulously

reproduced in the Roland C-30 synthesizer, and we are grateful to Gary Chapman for the loan of this instrument.

(Note: The first theme of the song of this Wood Thrush happens to be the same three-note call of the Bottlenose Dolphin in "Dolphin Morning.")

7. QUIET NOW

Denny Zeitlin
(Ludlow Music, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Denny Zeitlin / piano

This song-without-words by Denny Zeitlin beautifully conveys the message of its title.

8. TURNING

Paul Halley
(Back Alley Music, ASCAP)

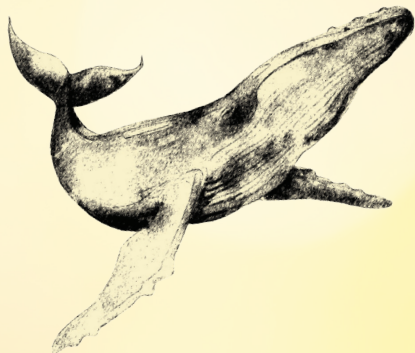
Paul Winter / soprano sax
Paul Halley / piano

Whales have roamed the oceans for tens of millions of years. However, in just the last 50 years or so, they have come into our consciousness in a new way, with the discovery in the 1960s of their remarkable songs.

The poignant beauty of their voices has touched the hearts of millions of humans throughout the world, and awakened us to the fact that whales are creatures of profound intelligence and compassion. We have come to value their living beauty more than their dead bodies. They have helped us mature, and acquire humility.

"Turning" is a love song to these extraordinary creatures who have brought so much beauty and wisdom into our lives. The title was inspired by a stanza in Gary Snyder's poem "Mother Earth: Her Whales."

*"The whales turn and glisten
plunge and
Sound, and rise again
Flowing like breathing planets
In the sparkling whorls
Of living light."*



9. WOLF EYES

Timber Wolf, Paul Winter,
David Darling
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Eugene Friesen / cello
Warren Bernhardt / piano
Jeff Holmes / piano
Oscar Castro-Neves /
guitar, synthesizer
Dave Carpenter / bass

Timber Wolf recorded by Fred Harrington, in the Superior National Forest, Minnesota

Katydid's courtesy August night-forest, Litchfield, Connecticut

"Wolf Eyes" is my honoring song to the wolf, this remarkable creature who has been maligned and mistreated by humans for so long.

The seed-theme comes from the howl of a Timber Wolf, recorded by wolf biologist Fred Harrington in the Superior National Forest of Minnesota. I had the opportunity to go there, with Fred, to listen to the wolves. He and I would go into the forest at night

and howl with our voices. And once in a while, on a lucky night, we would hear, way off in the distance, a kind of lonely and lazy voice begin to rise into the night. And then others would join, and before long there was this magnificent chorus holding forth, for what seemed like a long time.

And I realized then that they were not just answering us, but that this is a ritual that is very important for them, and one in which they engage several times every day. They may be howling to affirm their togetherness as a pack; or to announce to neighboring packs that "this is our territory, and we are strong"; or perhaps they howl simply to celebrate being alive.

Hearing them in the night, I had the thought that we, as a much younger species, might learn something from these elders of ours, about the importance of that kind of ritual — of giving voice together each day, in whatever way we might choose.

I wanted to make music then about the feeling I had, while listening to their chorus. It was not the kind

of spine-tingling thing you often hear people describe, since I knew that wolves are not a threat to humans. There has never been an authenticated case of a healthy wolf attacking a human in North America.

For me, it was a kind of feeling of deep peace inside, as if I had been, through them, reconnected to this larger family of life, of which we once were a much more integral part; as if I had been, through their music, made whole. So I imagined making music about the more gentle side of these creatures, who are often



regarded as the model parents of the animal world.

The title of this piece comes from the first experience I had looking into the eyes of a wolf, up close. And this was a captive wolf, who looked back at me directly with these deep amber eyes, in which I sensed not only his curiosity about me, but the wisdom of his 30 million years of heritage, more than 100 times as long as our species, homo sapiens, has been around. I've never been fully able to describe this feeling with words, so I'm grateful to make an attempt in this piece I call "Wolf Eyes."

Dedication: to the
Very Rev. James Parks Morton,
former Dean of New York's
Cathedral of St. John the Divine

10. CANTO TRISTE (SAD SONG)

Edu Lobo, Vinicius de Moraes
(Rodra Music and VM
Enterprise, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Oscar Castro-Neves / guitar
Nilson Matta / bass
Paulo Braga / drums
Paul Halley / organ

Edu Lobo is one of the major composers of Brazil's bossa nova era. His "Canto Triste" is unique for the chromaticism of the melodies. It is perhaps the most lyrical chromatic song I have ever played.

11. SWEET HOME

Jeff Holmes
(Jeffrey Wayne Holmes
Music, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Jeff Holmes / piano

This song was conceived to be an instrumental companion piece to the famous Bulgarian folk-song, "Theodora is Dozing," for a performance by the Paul Winter Consort with a Bulgarian choir at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The seed-idea for it was simply two repeated notes that begin the melody of this folk song. With these two notes Jeff Holmes masterfully developed this song-without-words.

The nostalgic quality of the song made me think of how we are often longing for home, and when we were searching for a title, I thought of that old familiar phrase, "Home, Sweet Home." I then thought of shortening this to "Sweet Home."

When I suggested this title to Jeff, he laughed and said: "Well it happens

that my wife, Dawning, grew up in a little town in Arkansas named "Sweet Home."

(Coincidences like these always make me think that we are being guided by the Universe.)

12. CANYON CHACONNE

Paul Winter, Paul Halley
(Living Earth Music, BMI;
Back Alley Music, ASCAP)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Paul Halley / organ

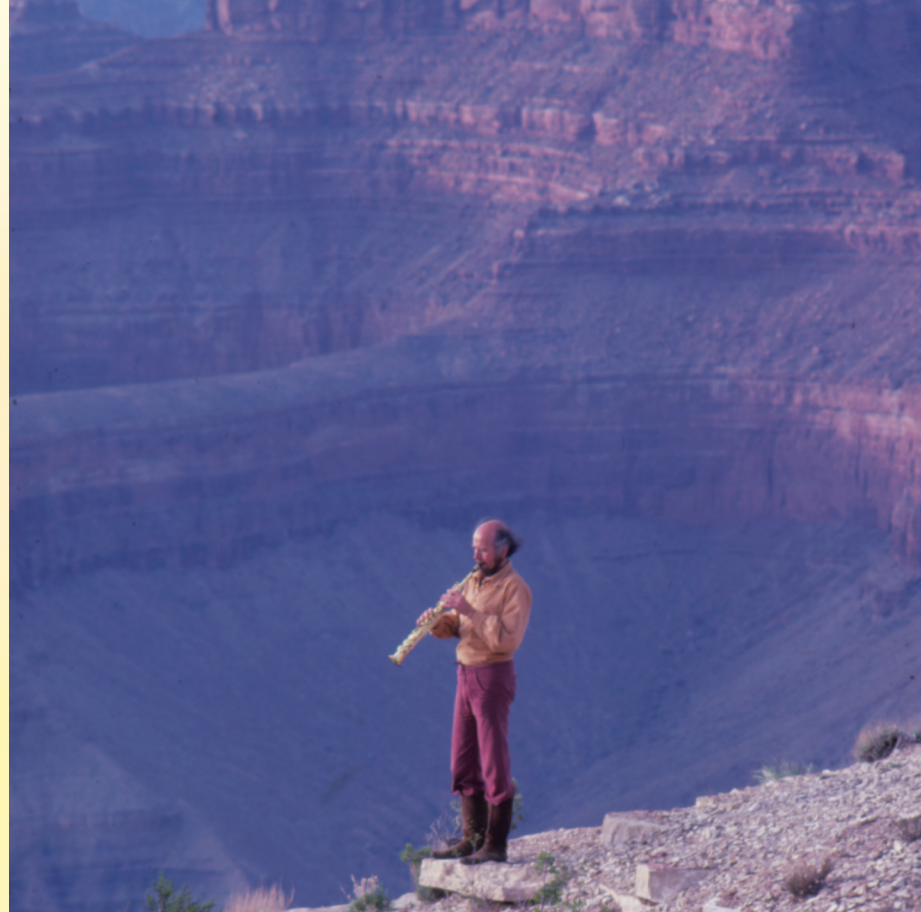
The Grand Canyon has long been a place of pilgrimage for me. I came to the Canyon for the first time in the spring of 1963. I was on my first cross-country tour with my jazz sextet, driving from Chicago to Los Angeles on old Route 66. I remember sitting on the edge of the South Rim, playing my soprano sax, just for fun. As the sounds vanished into that vast sea of air between me and the North Rim,

13 miles across, I recall wondering what kind of amazing echoes might be found at the bottom of the Canyon, a mile below.

I thought no more about it, until ten years later when I visited the Canyon again. This time I hiked down the Bright Angel Trail with my horn, and was thrilled to find some of these echoes. As I watched the mule trains go past on the Trail, taking tourists to the bottom of the Canyon, I imagined bringing our whole band down there, with the cello and drums and guitar strapped on the mules, and recording in these extraordinary acoustic spaces.

It took another seven years to realize this fantasy, and in 1980 the Consort and I did come into the Canyon, but not on mules, since I had learned in the meantime that a better way to explore the entire 279-mile length of the Grand Canyon is on the Colorado River, by boat.

Grand Canyon
Photo by Gordon Anderson



Over the next several years, my colleagues and I made three three-week river-rafting recording expeditions down the Colorado River through the Canyon. Each day we would raft for several hours, then look for a sandy beach or rocky ledge where we could make camp, and then set off with our instruments and recording gear to find a resonant side-canyon or natural amphitheater or grotto where we could play. From the more than 100 hours of recordings we made in the Canyon, we released in 1986 an album entitled *Canyon*.

Completing that first album only deepened my sense of an unfinished quest. While in these early expeditions, my musical mission was primarily an ensemble one, I had also harbored the dream of making a solo album, with my saxophone, in some of those extraordinary spaces. And I felt that we had not yet found the great acoustic "Shangri-La," where I imagined that if I played with my eyes closed, I would hear a similar majesty to that which you see with your eyes, when you look out at

the vast panorama of the Canyon from the South Rim.

My friend Sam West found it for us. Sam was a Grand Canyon National Park River Ranger who had lived there for 14 years and rowed over 150 expeditions through the Canyon. He led our 1981 and 1983 trips, and had learned to gauge how good the acoustics of a site would be just by looking at the configuration of its walls. When I described to Sam my aural-vision of this ultimate space, he told me of a remote side-canyon he had once visited that ended in a cul-de-sac with a very high wall. He suspected the acoustics there might be exceptional, and we agreed this site should be the focus of our next expedition.

In May of 1985, after making a long and challenging hike from the River, we arrived in a spectacular sanctuary embraced by an 800-foot wall of Navajo Sandstone. The sound was sublime, and happened to have the same seven-second reverberation time as the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. From the first

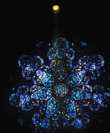
notes I played, in this "box canyon," I knew we had found our "acoustic Shangri-La." And since this side-canyon had no name on the map, we decided to give it our own name: "Bach's Canyon."

In the years since, I have returned to "Bach's Canyon" several times, and spent many days, playing at all times of morning, noon, and night, with the optimism that this great and reverberant space, under the desert sun and the midnight stars, might evoke from me some special music.

"Canyon Chaconne" began with an improvised passage, and evolved into a theme-and-variations piece, unintentionally having a structure influenced by a lifetime of listening to Bach. I remember, as the variations unfolded, imagining harmonies accompanying these lines, as if some great ghost-organ was coming out of the walls of stone around me.

When we got back home with these tapes, I went into the Cathedral of

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York
Photo by Matthew Muise



St. John the Divine with my colleague Paul Halley, and accompanying me on the pipe organ, he found these harmonies, which then became part of the piece.

The iconic voice of the Grand Canyon is that of the Canyon Wren, with its distinctive cascading song. I was honored that one was giving voice among the enthusiastic chorus of birds I was accompanying that morning.

"Canyon Chaconne," of all the recordings I've made in this magnificent "love-scape," over the years, is the piece that comes closest to expressing the depth of my feelings for the Grand Canyon.

(A "chaconne" is a musical structure that was popular in Bach's day. It was originally a dance form in which a fixed progression of chords was repeated as the basis for each melodic variation.)

13. WINTERSONG

Trad. French, arranged by Paul Halley and Paul Winter (Back Alley Music, ASCAP; Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Paul Halley / piano and organ

We have played this traditional French carol many times in the Christmas Eve services at the Cathedral in New York. It always has had a luminescent quality to me.

14. WINTER'S DREAM

Paul Halley
(Back Alley Music, ASCAP)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Paul Halley / piano and organ
Tim Brumfield / organ

"Winter's Dream" was composed by Paul Halley for our annual Winter Solstice Celebration, which we have presented every year since 1980 at the Cathedral in New York. It is titled not for myself, but for the winter solstice, this great turning point of the year which has been celebrated by northern peoples for millennia. The "dream," at that darkest and coldest time of the year, is for the return of the light, and the promise of the springtime, when nature reawakens and green things grow again.

Dedication:
*to Ms. Hiroko Koyama,
President of Shumei*

15. INNER PEACE

Don Grusin, Paul Winter
(Don Grusin Music, BMI;
Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter / soprano sax
Don Grusin / keyboard

Don Grusin is a master-weaver of harmonic journeys, as well as a genius of creating unique multiple-synthesizer keyboard sonorities. Playing over his sublime harmonic carpet of sound was an exalting experience for me.

In my improvisations, I unwittingly quoted the seed-call of "Sun Singer," which opened this album. It seems right to have these two iterations of my "Call to the Sun," as bookends for this journey.

"Inner Peace" is my benediction for the album.



The organ played by Tim Brumfield in "Winter's Dream" is the renowned five-manual "Royal V," an electronic pipe organ made by the Rodgers Organ Company. I first heard it played in the 1970s by legendary organist Virgil Fox, at the Fillmore East in New York, during the tour of his show "Heavy Organ." With this touring organ and a huge rock sound system, Virgil awakened audiences of young people around the country to the music of Bach, in a glorious way. I found it thrilling.

I was amazed to encounter this same one-of-a-kind organ, many years later, in Shumei's great sanctuary, Meishusama Hall, in Misono, Japan. (Shumei photo)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

by Paul Winter

A song of gratitude to:

Hiroko Koyama, for your dedication to humanity's quest for beauty, and for inviting me to create this album.

Ryuichi Tashiro, for your enthusiasm and encouragement, and unconditional support.

Sadao Miyamoto, for carrying the dream of this album for a decade, and for your collaboration in the creation of it.

The Shumei Staff, for your cooperation and collaboration.

Kay Winter, Abigail Golec, Jeff Boratko, and Richard Frazier, for "lending us your ears," and making very valuable suggestions on the final mixes.

The Right Reverend Clifton Daniel III, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and Cathedral staff members Isadora Wilkenfeld, Christian Mardones, Keith Hinkson, Michael Yearwood, and Doug Hunt, for your ongoing support of this project.

Brian Swimme, Mary Evelyn Tucker and John Grim, for your very helpful suggestions on my essay, "Music of Light."

My wife, Chez Liley, and our daughters Kay and Kaiyana Winter: you are the sunlight of my life.

The following publishers, for permission to quote from their respective books:

- HarperSanFrancisco, for *The Universe Story*, by Brian Swimme and Thomas Berry
- Bear & Co., for *The Universe is a Green Dragon*, by Brian Swimme
- Shumei, for *Heaven on Earth*, by Philip Jodidio
- Orbis Books, for *The Hidden Heart of the Cosmos*, by Brian Thomas Swimme
- New Directions Publishing Corp., for *Turtle Island*, by Gary Snyder

Note: *Peach Blossom Spring*, by Tao Qian, the renowned 4th century Chinese poet, is one of the most famous short poetic essays in Chinese literature. The fact that both a Japanese spiritual leader and a Chinese architect knew this story, indicates how legendary it is across East Asia.

Special thanks to Brian Swimme and Mary Evelyn Tucker for the ongoing inspiration from their book and film, *Journey of the Universe* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2011).



Paul's Selmer Mark VI
Soprano Saxophone

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Executive Producer: Sadao Miyamoto

Produced by Paul Winter, Dixon Van Winkle, and Tommy Skarupa

Recorded by Akira Kato in the Miho Museum (Shiga, Japan); Dixon Van Winkle, Andreas Meyer, Nancy Conforti, Jennifer Nulsen, and Chris Brown in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (New York, NY); and Les Kahn, Steven Van Zandt, and Sam West in the Grand Canyon

Recording assistants: Reiko Ikeda in the Miho Museum; and Jim Butler in the Grand Canyon

Additional recording by Johnny Montagnese, Carriage House (Stamford, CT); Nancy Conforti, Swan Studios (New York, NY); Brandon Unpingco, Studio 42 (Brooklyn, NY); Tommy Skarupa, Bezanson Recital Hall (Amherst, MA); Will Schillinger, Pilot Studio (Housatonic, MA); Geoff Gillette, Sunset Sound Factory (Hollywood, CA); Bob Patton (Andover, MA)

Edited and mixed by Dixon Van Winkle and Tommy Skarupa, at Living Music Studio

Mastered by Adam Ayan at Gateway Mastering Studio, Portland, Maine

Booklet notes by Paul Winter, edited by Christina Andersen, Chez Liley, Kay Winter, and Abigail Golec

Cover: Shumei photo

Project coordinator: Ryuichi Tashiro

DEDICATION

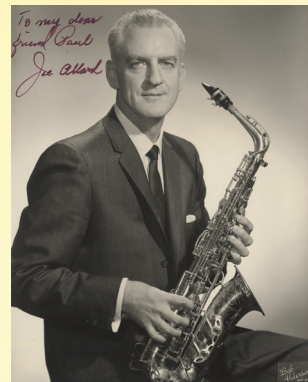
I dedicate *Light of the Sun* to my two saxophone teachers:

John Monti, in my hometown of Altoona, Pennsylvania, with whom I took lessons from the ages of 7 to 16, and Joe Allard, with whom I studied in New York, from ages 24 to 37.

No aspiring young sax player has ever had more wonderful mentors.



John Monti (at age 83) and I playing at a reunion concert in Altoona, August 1993.



Joe Allard

“Beauty will save the world.”

— Dostoevsky

“Yes, but who will save beauty?”

— Yevtushenko



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