

A black and white photograph of Paul McCandless, a man with long, wavy hair and a beard, smiling and looking upwards while playing an oboe. He is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved button-down shirt. The background is dark and out of focus.

MORNING SUN

ADVENTURES
WITH OBOE

PAUL McCANDLESS

with the Paul Winter Consort
A Retrospective

Prelude To A Consort

PAUL WINTER

I fell in love with oboe one night in South America, in the spring of 1962. I was in Peru with my jazz sextet, part-way through a six-month tour of Latin America for the State Department. One evening we were invited to the home of the cultural attaché of the US Embassy. He happened to be a music buff, and he played a recording for us of a beautiful piece for oboe and strings, entitled "The Winter's Passed," by Wayne Barlow. Its alluring, wistful melody seemed perfect for the plaintive voice of the oboe.

I had of course heard oboes in orchestras, but most often they were buried in "the army." And I had never thought of oboe as a "soul" horn, in the way I regarded the instruments of jazz. It was always sort of "over there." This was the first time I heard the oboe sing.

I was smitten. But the fling was brief, however, as I didn't imagine then doing anything with this instrument. My musical world felt complete with our sextet of alto sax, trumpet, baritone sax, piano, bass and drums. And we were a loud little band, that always played acoustically, so an instrument as relatively quiet as oboe would not have been at home.

But that voice lodged somewhere in my musical memory, and five years later, when I was putting together a new kind of ensemble, I remembered it.

By 1967, my musical world had changed dramatically. The Paul Winter Sextet had ended in 1963, after an amazing three-year saga during which we recorded five albums for Columbia Records, toured 23 countries of Latin America, and had been invited by First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy to play at the White House. Our travels in Latin America had shown me that there are many realms of music in the world, and I was eager to keep exploring.

The first place I wanted to go was Brazil. The Sextet had spent a month there during our 1962 tour, playing 13 cities, and we were beguiled by a new genre of music blossoming there at the time, which they called Bossa Nova (New Beat). I wanted to learn more about this gentle genre that was such a contrast to the relatively brash be-bop lineage of the Sextet. And I hoped to be able to play with these Bossa Nova musicians; but I knew I'd need to find a new way of playing my horn with a sound appropriate to this quieter context.

I had loved the singing and guitar-playing of João Gilberto, the pioneer of Bossa Nova, since I first heard his recordings in '62. He seemed to use his voice like a horn, and I wondered: "Could a horn be played like a voice?"

In New York I sought out legendary sax teacher Joe Allard, who had taught everyone from Stan Getz to the clarinetists of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Joe was the most wonderfully open teacher one could imagine, perhaps because he knew that sax was such a flexible instrument, and that it could have so many different sound-personalities.

The first thing Joe asked me was: "Do you want to play with a day sound, or a night sound?" I said: "A night sound." And he said: "Ok. I'll show you how to do it." I got started toward this in a series of lessons with Joe that spring, though it would eventually take me years to realize the voice I imagined.

In July 1964 I flew to Rio, where I would end up living for most of the next 11 months. Little did I know that I was starting down a path that would lead me to the vision for a new ensemble which would embrace the music of the world.

I had been in correspondence with singer/songwriter Carlos Lyra, whom I'd met when he came to New York in November of 1962 to sing in the famous Carnegie Hall concert, which had first introduced Bossa Nova to the US. Carlos and I had talked then about making an album together.

I stayed at a small hotel in Ipanema, not far from Carlos' house, and I would visit him each day. He educated me about the history of Brazilian music, and sang his songs for me. Carlos composed many beautiful songs, and had a remarkable body of work which I've always regarded as second only to that of his close friend, Antonio Carlos Jobim, among the Bossa Nova composers.

Recording our album *The Sound of Ipanema* that August was a great joy. It was a revelation to play over this gentle rhythm section, with the syncopated groove and gorgeous chord changes of Carlos' guitar; the warm acoustic sound of Tião Neto, dean of Bossa Nova bassists; and the quiet propulsion of Milton Banana, João Gilberto's

drummer, who played the entire album with brushes on an overturned waste-bin.

A few weeks later, I recorded an entirely instrumental album (titled *Rio*) with guitarist Luiz Bonfá, singer-composer Roberto Menescal, and Luiz Eca's Tamba Trio, of piano, bass and drums.

During the months that followed, I became increasingly intrigued with the whole gamut of Brazilian music, including the diversity of regional traditions in that vast country, especially those of the Northeast and Bahia.

I was especially drawn to the music of Villa-Lobos, Brazil's great classical composer, and I made many visits to the Museu Villa-Lobos in downtown Rio, where I became friends with his widow, Arminda, the Museum's director, who introduced me to much of his music. I thank Villa-Lobos for leading me to fall in love with Bach, and also with the cello, which is prominent in his music (he himself was a cellist), and which would become a primary instrument in all my future ensembles over the next 50 years.

One day Carlos introduced me to an album from 1959 that he said was an important precursor in the story of Bossa Nova. It was entitled *Por Toda a Minha Vida (For All My Life)*, and hearing it was an epiphany for me. The album has 13 exquisitely beautiful songs of Jobim, with lyrics by Vinícius de Moraes, all sung magnificently by Lenita Bruno, a classically-trained singer who blessedly was not burdened with a baklava-like vibrato. Her passionate singing seems to bridge the musical realms of the academy and the land.

The *Por Toda a Minha Vida* album has no guitar continuo. (Jobim had only recently converged with guitarist João Gilberto to give birth to Bossa Nova.) Rather, the accompaniment is a chamber orchestra, with exquisite, spare arrangements by Leo Peracchi. My ear was drawn to a low double-reed that comes through often in the orchestration. This time it was not oboe, however, but its larger cousin, the English horn. Once again I was allured to that yearning voice.

The music of this album clearly shows the profound influence of Villa-Lobos on Jobim. I think of these as Jobim's "art songs." They are, to my ear, his most beautiful compositions. It has always been a great mystery to me why so few people seem to know of this album. *Por Toda a Minha Vida* is an undiscovered treasure, and it remains my all-time favorite album of Brazilian music.

The longer I stayed in Brazil, the more I came to feel something deeply kindred in this culture. Most all the Brazilian music seemed imbued with a certain poignancy that reflects what they call "saudade" — a kind of bittersweet longing, which means, in a way, "glad to be feeling" or "glad to be unhappy" — a sort of simultaneous sadness/gladness. (I know of no word in English for this concept.) It awakened in me a similar soul resonance to what I had felt listening to the orchestrations of Gil Evans, in his three triumphal collaborations with Miles Davis in the late '50s: *Miles Ahead*, *Porgy and Bess*, and *Sketches of Spain*. I loved the organic texture Gil achieved, blending woodwinds and brass, integrating Miles' solos so seamlessly that it's hard to tell where the writing stops and the improvising begins. The feeling of this sublime, autumnal tapestry of sound is very much that of saudade.

Miles Ahead had come out in 1957, during my first year of college, and I must have listened to it several hundred times. I still feel now, after 50 years, that these three albums represent the pinnacle of American music, to date.

I came home from Brazil infused with the aural-vision for a new ensemble that could be a forum for the whole world of music I loved. I had in mind a rather dark-hued instrumentation, with alto sax, English horn, alto flute and cello, along with a rhythm section of Brazilian guitar, acoustic bass, and hand percussion. As my Sextet had been a kind of little "big band," this new ensemble would be more like a small orchestra. The only model I could find was the consort of Elizabethan times, the house band of the Shakespearean theatre, which happened to interweave woodwinds, strings and percussion, the same families I was combining, and which allowed the players some freedom for embellishment.

I wanted to go in the direction of this new band for my upcoming cross-country concert tour in early '66. I hadn't yet found my cellist, or double-reed player, but I decided to start by having a Brazilian guitarist. I invited Dori Caymmi, then 22, to come to the States for the first time. We toured for several months as the Paul Winter Brazilian Consort, with alto sax, alto flute, guitar, bass, and an Argentinian drummer whose set-up included seven *surdos* (samba drums) I had brought home from Brazil. Dori's playing and compositions were brilliant, and I so much wanted to record this group at the end of our tour that June. But there was no interest then at any of the record labels in non-Las Vegas Brazilian music, and I hadn't yet developed the wherewithal to produce

my own albums and have my own label. So that dream, the musical offering of this ensemble, died on the vine.

During the following months, I resumed my search for the players of the two symphonic instruments I wanted in my “dream group” — cello and English horn. My search for a cellist was monumental. Using the musicians’ union directory, I called 45 cellists in New York and 30-some in Chicago, but couldn’t find a one who was interested in playing with the kind of group I described. Their comfort zone was the traditional symphony. Finally I connected with a 19-year old cellist named Richard Bock, who was playing first chair in Leopold Stokowski’s American Symphony, and had the spirit and spunk of a “wunderkind” (which he was). He agreed to come to our first rehearsal, and loved the sound of the group.

Through word-of-mouth, in some realm I can’t remember, I found a fine young English horn player, Gene Murrow.

I had heard an album made by an amazing young Israeli musician, Ruth Ben-Zvi, who played *darbuka*, the traditional clay jar-drum of the Middle East. Ruth had recently moved to New York, and I invited her to be our percussionist.

I enlisted a fine alto flutist, Virgil Scott; a superb bassist, John Beal; and finally my great friend Gene Bertoncini, a masterful jazz guitarist who loved the Brazilian genres, and had decided to “graduate” from his long-time gig in the Tonight Show band.

I was ambivalent about using the name “Consort,” as I worried that people might think we played Elizabethan music. So we did our first

series of concerts as “The Paul Winter Contemporary Consort.” But I soon came to realize that few people knew anything about Early Music, so I decided to wing it, and just go with “Paul Winter Consort” (though I expected that some would just think it was “concert,” spelled wrong). Before one of our gigs at a small college in Georgia, we pulled up to the Holiday Inn, and the marquee said: **“Welcome Paul Winter Group. Consort tonight: 8 pm.”**

In the summer of 1968, through Ruth Ben-Zvi, we were invited to play in the Israel Festival, which was a month-long tour of various cities and kibbutzim. It was a real coup for us, as all the other ensembles touring as part of the Festival were classical. One of them was the famed Bach Aria Group, which featured renowned singers and instrumentalists from New York, including cellist Bernard Greenhouse (who happened to be the teacher of Richard Bock), and the legendary oboist of the New York Philharmonic, Robert Bloom. On one of our free nights, we attended their concert in Tel Aviv, and afterwards, through Richard, met these musicians.

Knowing that our English horn player, Gene Murrow, would be leaving the Consort that fall to go to graduate school, I asked Robert Bloom if he could recommend a double-reed player. He said: “I have a wonderful student who might be perfect for your group. His name is Paul McCandless.”

Paul McCandless

A SHORT AUTOBIOGRAPHY



"When I was two, we moved from Indiana, PA to Claysville, PA. My dad went into the army and my mom took over his job as high school band director.

Then we went to Meadville, where my parents taught music in the schools. My dad was a dynamo. He taught everything: band, orchestra, football band (with a new show every week), choir, solfeggio, music theory and counterpoint. My mom would drag a pump organ out to teach in the one-room country schools.

My paternal grandfather, who lived in Newcastle, was a great multi-instrumentalist, playing oboe, violin and baritone horn. He had a basement full of instruments which always fascinated me, and he liked to get me to pose for photos with various horns. My mother's mother was a wonderful pianist who taught the whole family. Our gatherings were always musical events.

I started on the clarinet at age 9, and at 13 took up the saxophone and the oboe, due





primarily to my parents' encouragement. The oboe was a good fit for me, and after 9 months I performed the Bach double concerto for violin and oboe with the local college orchestra.

There really wasn't much jazz in Meadville, but we had a great record store and my dad had a huge record collection from his days as a radio announcer. That was my introduction to jazz.

I was two years at Duquesne University. My oboe teacher, Rheta Naylor, encouraged me to go to Manhattan School of Music to study with Robert Bloom. Bloom told me

to get rid of all my instruments except the oboe and English horn, so I sold all my saxes. It was a good choice to focus exclusively on the oboe, and I spent the next 10 years working to get the sound I wanted. Bloom was a great artist and teacher, and his students were quite successful in winning orchestral auditions. In 1971, I became a finalist for the English horn chair with the New York Philharmonic.

The Paul Winter Consort became my first professional touring band. In the Consort I met Ralph Towner, Glen Moore and Collin Walcott, and we eventually became the group 'Oregon,' which continues through the present."

The Consort ('69-'72)

PAUL WINTER

When Paul McCandless joined the Consort I was initially interested in having him play only English horn, not oboe. I didn't want any soprano instruments, so we had alto flute, alto sax, English horn, and cello. And so the first recordings Paul did with the Consort were on English horn, on our 1969 album *Something in the Wind*.

We played a great diversity of gigs that year, including our debut in a rock emporium, the Fillmore, in San Francisco, on a bill with Savoy Brown and Spirit.

By that fall, the Consort was in transition. Cellist Richard Bock wanted to return to the symphony world; percussionist Ruth Ben-Zvi had gone home to Israel; and Gene Bertoncini was ready to roll-out his own trio. 1970 began with a new chapter of the Consort, the one that would ultimately become the best-known. It included Ralph Towner, guitar; Glen Moore, bass; Collin Walcott, percussion; David Darling, cello; Paul McCandless, now playing oboe as well as English horn; and myself, still on alto sax. Once again I was surrounded by amazing musicians, each of whom had one foot in classical music, another in jazz, and a third in various ethnic traditions.

We toured heavily, launching our journey that January with a tour of 49 concerts in 10 weeks. During our summer tour we recorded a live

album, entitled *Road*, at Royce Hall in UCLA and at the Eastman School of Music. And that following year, in the summer of 1971, we recorded the album *Icarus*, with producer George Martin.

These two years were a rich time for us musically. We were all growing fast, but not necessarily in the same direction. In between our tours, Ralph, Glen, Collin and Paul McC did a lot of jamming, and while we were in LA they made their own first recording as a quartet. Their momentum was more toward an improvising context, while David Darling and I were more ensemble-oriented. It was a natural progression that “the Quartet” would eventually graduate from the Consort and set out on their own path. They chose the name “Oregon,” as that is where Ralph and Glen hail from.

Oregon has had an amazing journey. Their 45-year career to date has made them the longest-running group in jazz. I have always thought of them as the Consort’s “brother band.”

Fortunately, through all these years, Paul McCandless has continued to play with the Consort on many of our albums and special events. He was part of our Charles Ives Show, in 1974; our *Common Ground* album in 1977; our recording expeditions in the Grand Canyon for the album *Canyon*, in 1985; in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of Colorado for the *Crestone* album in 2006; in the Rift Valley of Kenya for our upcoming *Flyways* album; and the Shigaraki Mountains of Japan for the album *Miho: Journey to the Mountain*. And Paul has been featured in many of our Winter Solstice and Summer Solstice Celebrations at New York’s Cathedral of St. John the Divine over the years.

The Consort

Los Angeles,
August 1969

Left to Right:

Richard Bock, cello;
Virgil Scott, alto flute;
Steve Booker, percussion;
Paul Winter, alto sax;
Gene Bertoncini, guitar;
Paul McCandless,
English horn;
John Beal, bass



The Consort

Nashville, June 1970

Left to Right:

Paul McCandless,
Collin Walcott,
Glen Moore,
David Darling,
Ralph Towner,
Paul Winter



Photo: Slick Lawson

Adventures with Oboe

PAUL WINTER



Photo: Patrick Hinely

Paul McCandless has taken his instrument to places no oboist has gone before. This is true both in terms of what he has played, and where he has played it. Paul has liberated the oboe from its symphonic shackles, and taken it across the bridge to a broader world. I am in awe of his playing. He soars, like the migrating raptors. His playing is both adventurous and lyrical, two of the qualities I value most in jazz. He sets a very high bar.

Paul is a gentle soft-spoken warrior of great courage. He has always had enthusiasm for adventure, and he's the definition of the term "trouper." I can call forth a diversity of scenarios from my memory bank:

- hiking together to find our recording "sweet spots" in the Grand Canyon
- landing in a single-engine Cessna among the zebras in the Rift Valley in Kenya
- recording in the super-resonant "Kiva" of the Miho Museum in the Shigaraki Mountains of Japan

- playing his bass clarinet to a herd of grunting buffalo in the San Luis Valley of Colorado
- jamming in Ethiopia with the 12-foot herding trumpets of the indigenous musicians
- consorting with the recording of an African Fish Eagle in the loft of our Living Music barn
- playing in our "Charles Ives Show" on the hillside at the Ives home in Connecticut, for Ives' 100th birthday
- onstage at the GRAMMYS®, resplendent in a tux, accepting the award for our *Crestone* album

Photo left,
Fillmore East
1971



Photo right,
Living Music
Barn
1977



Notes by Paul Winter

1. All the Mornings Bring

Paul McCandless
(Bocal Music, ASCAP)

From the Paul Winter Consort album *Icarus*
Produced by George Martin
Recorded at Seaweed Studios, Marblehead,
Massachusetts by Bill Price, August 1971

Paul McCandless / oboe
Paul Winter / soprano sax
David Darling / cello
Ralph Towner / 12-string guitar, harmonium
Herb Bushler / electric bass
Collin Walcott / triangle, tabla, drums

In the summer of 1971, in a rented house
by the sea in Marblehead, Massachusetts,
the Consort recorded our album *Icarus*, with
producer George Martin.

George had begun his musical career as
an oboist, and I've always wondered if his
interest in recording the Consort had to do
with the fact that we had oboe in the band.

Paul McCandless brought this superb new
piece to the sessions, and George loved it.

2. Elves' Chasm

Paul McCandless
(Bocal Music, ASCAP)

From the Paul Winter Consort album *Canyon*
Produced by Paul Winter and Sam West

Recorded in the Grand Canyon by
Mickey Houlihan, May 1985

Paul McCandless / oboe

The Grand Canyon has long been a place
of pilgrimage for me, since the first time
I saw it in 1963. The Consort began making
river-rafting recording expeditions down
the Colorado River, through the Canyon,
in 1981. Paul McCandless came on our
fourth expedition, during which we found
our acoustic Shangri-la — a little-known
cul-de-sac side canyon that ends with a
wall 800 feet high. Since this place had
no name on the map, we coined our own
name for it, calling it "Bach's Canyon."

Paul heralds the morning with this solo.

3. Bright Angel

Eugene Friesen
(Onegin Music, BMI)

From the Paul Winter Consort album *Canyon*
Produced by Paul Winter and Sam West
Recorded in the Cathedral of St. John the
Divine, New York, by Dixon Van Winkle,
Chris Brown, and Leanne Ungar, May 1985

Paul McCandless / oboe
Paul Winter / soprano sax
John Clark / French horn
Eugene Friesen / cello

Paul Halley / piano
Oscar Castro-Neves / guitar
Glen Velez / percussion

Eugene Friesen wrote this piece after
his experience river-rafting through
the Canyon on our third expedition. It
was recorded not in the Canyon but in
New York's Cathedral of St. John the
Divine. When we found that our favorite
recording spot in the Canyon, "Bach's
Canyon," had the same seven-second
reverberation time as the Cathedral, it
affirmed my sense of kinship between these
two places. So we decided to do half the
album outdoors in the Canyon, and half
in the Cathedral, where we could have an
expanded Consort ensemble and have the
use of its great Aeolian-Skinner pipe organ.

"Bright Angel" is the name of a famous
trail in the Canyon that goes from the
rim to the river. Hearing Paul McC's solo
in this, I can think of no better metaphor
for his luminous, soaring oboe than
"Bright Angel."

4. Whooper Dance

Paul McCandless, Paul Winter
(Bocal Music, ASCAP; Living Earth Music, BMI)
From the Paul Winter Consort album *Crestone*
Produced by Paul Winter and Peter May

Recording of Whooping Cranes courtesy of
the Macaulay Library of Natural Sounds,
Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology
Recorded at Keller Studios, Sausalito, California,
by Andre Zweers, July 2005

Paul McCandless / oboe
Paul Winter / keyboard
with the voices of Whooping Cranes

I have for years visited an area in the
Sangre de Cristo Mountains of southern
Colorado, near the town of Crestone,
where some 30 spiritual groups have built
centers on the slopes of the mountains.
We were commissioned to make an
album celebrating this landscape and its
wildlife. The place where we found the
best acoustics was North Crestone Lake at
12,000 feet. We went up there for a week's
recording, with an entourage of musicians,
engineers, guides, photographers, and
cooks, along with several horses and mules.

Paul McCandless, ever the intrepid trouper,
backpacked his oboe, English horn, and
bass clarinet all the way up to the Lake, and
was ready to play the next morning.

The Whooping Crane is one of the
creatures we wanted to celebrate. Majestic
soaring birds, Cranes are among the oldest
species on Earth, with a 65-million year
lineage. The Whooping Crane is the tallest
bird in North America, and one of the

rarest. It has become the national symbol of the movement to recover endangered species, having returned from the brink of extinction, increasing from only fifteen individuals in 1941 to several hundred today. In past years, a handful of Whoopers have come through the San Luis Valley among the tens of thousands of Sandhill Cranes on their annual migration.

Whooping Cranes engage in elaborate courtship dances, and their duet calls, from which the common name of the species probably derives, also function in pairing and pair-bond maintenance.

Paul plays homage to their ancient ritual, consorting with the unison calls of a pair of Whoopers.

5. On the Steppes of Central Asia

Alexander Borodin, arr. by Paul McCandless, Don Grusin
(Bocal Music, ASCAP; Don Grusin Music, BMI)
From the Paul Winter Consort album
Miho: Journey to the Mountain
Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle
Recorded in the Miho Museum, Shiga, Japan
by Akira Kato, March 2008
Paul McCandless / English horn
Don Grusin / keyboard

On a tour of Japan, the Consort was invited to visit an amazing museum in the Shigaraki Mountains near Kyoto. Inspired by the legend of Shangri-La, world-renowned architect I.M. Pei had come out of retirement to design the Miho Museum, reached by a sound-proofed tunnel meant to clear the mind, and then by a graceful suspension bridge over a gorge. It echoes the journey from a famous tale of a fisherman, following a river farther into the mountains than he ever had before, only to come through a tunnel-like cavern into the ravishing valley of Shangri-La, filled with blooming peach trees.

We were transported by the landscape, by this extraordinary marriage of nature and architecture, and by the Asian antiquities that the Museum was built to house. The following year we were invited by the Museum's owner, Shumei, a Japanese organization dedicated to beauty in the arts, natural agriculture, and spiritual healing, to create a musical celebration to mark the 100th birthday of the woman who was their leader and whose name graces the Museum. Returning there, we were thrilled to find the Museum had an amazing acoustic space, an octagonal stone room with a pyramid-shaped ceiling that had a square hole at the apex, like a kiva.

Perusing the Museum's artifacts from ancient cultures across the vast space of Asia, I remembered the haunting melody of the famous orchestral piece, "On the Steppes of Central Asia," by the 19th century Russian composer Alexander Borodin. It features one of the greatest English horn solos in symphonic literature.

Paul McCandless created his own adventure, improvising a prelude, interlude, and coda, which embrace two iterations of this evocative melody. Synthesist Don Grusin then created a mystical continuo, masterfully interpolating the harmonies of the original symphonic score.

6. Witchi Tai To

Jim Pepper
(Jobete Music, Inc., ASCAP)
From the Paul Winter Consort album *Crestone*
Produced by Paul Winter and Peter May
Recorded at Home Studio, São Paulo, Brazil
by Mario Gil; Living Music Studio,
Litchfield, Connecticut by Dixon Van Winkle;
and Keller Studios, Sausalito, California
by Andre Zweers, July 2006
Paul McCandless / oboe, English horn
John-Carlos Perea / voice
Paul Winter / soprano sax
Eugene Friesen / cello
Oscar Castro-Neves / guitar

Webster Santos / guitars
Sizão Machado / bass
Bré and Guello / percussion
Glen Velez / shakers
Don Grusin / keyboard

"Witchi Tai To" is a traditional healing song in the Native American Church. Indian jazz musician Jim Pepper adapted this old Comanche chant, which he had learned from his grandfather, and added the English words "Water spirit feeling springin' round my head/Makes me feel glad that I'm not dead." "Witchi Tai To" is a celebration of "the healing power of water spirit."

I had loved "Witchi Tai To" for years, but never played it. As my vision for the *Crestone* album evolved, I wondered if we might include it.

I wanted to have a strong Native American voice in the *Crestone* album, to honor the many tribes of the First Peoples who had hunted on and migrated through this land over the past 12,000 years.

A friend played me a recording by John-Carlos Perea, a young singer of Apache heritage, and I was moved by the power of his voice. I called John-Carlos at his home in San Francisco, and told him about the *Crestone* project. I asked him if he was familiar with "Witchi Tai To." John-

Carlos laughed and said: “Yes, I am. It happens that I’m doing my doctorate in ethnomusicology at UC Berkeley on the music of Jim Pepper.” But John-Carlos expressed his wish that we do the song in some new way. In the perspective of Crestone’s international embrace, I imagined my Brazilian friends providing the rhythmic magic carpet for “Witchi Tai To,” and our original three Consort ‘horns’ — sax, oboe, and cello — interweaving with the voice of John-Carlos. I hear “Witchi Tai To” as a song of gratitude, celebrating the communing of spirits of all the people and creatures who have, and who will, come together on this land.

Paul plays the intro here on English horn, but then after the opening vocal chorus, takes flight in an oboe tour-de-force for the rest of the song.

7. Sunset on the Great Sand Dunes

Don Grusin, Paul McCandless, Eugene Friesen,
Paul Winter
(Don Grusin Music, BMI; Bocal Music, ASCAP;
Fiddletalk Music, BMI; Living Earth Music, BMI)

From the Paul Winter Consort album *Crestone*
Produced by Paul Winter and Peter May
Recorded at Living Music Studio, Litchfield,
Connecticut by Dixon Van Winkle;
Keller Studios, Sausalito, California
by Andre Zweers, July 2005

Paul McCandless /oboe
Eugene Friesen /cello
Paul Winter /soprano sax
Don Grusin /keyboard

This is another piece from our *Crestone* album. Tucked against the base of the Sangre de Cristos are the Great Sand Dunes — the tallest dunes in North America — 750 feet high and covering thirty square miles. For thousands of years, winds have blown across the San Luis Valley, picking up particles of dust and grains of sand from the Valley and the Rio Grande River. The winds then deposit the finely-ground pumice, ash, quartz, and lava at the eastern edge of the valley before they rise to cross the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

We aspired in this music to evoke a sense of the serene beauty of this vast landscape. Synthesizer magician Don Grusin gave us a chordal tapestry, over which Paul McC, Eugene Friesen, and I played.

8. Um Abraço (A Big Hug)

Ralph Towner
(Distant Hills Music, ASCAP)

From the Paul Winter Consort album *Road*
Produced by Phil Ramone
Recorded at Royce Hall, UCLA,
Los Angeles, California by Phil Ramone,
July 1970

Paul McCandless /oboe, shaker
Paul Winter /alto sax
David Darling /cello, reco-reco
Ralph Towner /guitar, agogo
Glen Moore /bass, surdo
Collin Walcott /pandeiro, congas

On the Consort’s summer tour in 1970, we recorded a live album, entitled *Road*. Guitarist Ralph Towner, inspired by the Brazilian music he loved, composed this piece for the tour.

On this album, Paul McCandless is recording on oboe for the *first* time (this was the year before the *Icarus* album); and I am recording on alto sax for the *last* time, having shifted to soprano thereafter.

I play the melody, then McC takes off.

9. Anabela

Mario Gil, Paulo César Pinheiro
(Direct/EMI)

From the Renato Braz album *Saudade*
Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle
Recorded at the Cathedral of St. John
the Divine, New York City, by
Dixon Van Winkle, December 2008

Renato Braz /voice, guitar
Paul McCandless /oboe
Paul Winter /soprano sax
Eugene Friesen /cello

Sizão Machado /bass
Gordon Gottlieb /drums
Bré /percussion

In 2004, I heard a recording of this song, sung by a beguiling Brazilian singer named Renato Braz, whom I had not known about. Through my friend Oscar Castro-Neves, we sought out Renato, and we invited him to come to New York to sing in our Summer Solstice Celebration the next June. From that time on Renato has been a member of our Consort family.

Over the next ten years, we worked with Renato toward his debut album for the US, which came out in 2016, entitled *Saudade*. The opening track is that song I first heard him sing, “Anabela.”

Paul McC shows here what a consummate accompanist he is.

10. Sunderland

Jeff Holmes
(Jeffrey Wayne Holmes Music, BMI)

From the Paul Winter Consort album *Earth Music*
Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle
Recorded live at the Cathedral of
St. John the Divine, New York City, by
Dixon Van Winkle, December 2010

Paul McCandless /English horn
Paul Winter /soprano sax

Eugene Friesen /cello
Paul Sullivan /piano
Eliot Wadopian /bass
Jamey Haddad /drums

Jeff Holmes is a yet-to-be-discovered jazz master — as pianist, trumpeter, drummer, composer, arranger, and teacher — who has often played keyboards with the Consort. He has for many years headed the jazz studies department at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst.

Jeff brought us the gift of this quintessential Consort chart that features English horn. The composition is named for the town in Massachusetts where he lives.

11. Eagle

African Fish Eagle, Paul McCandless
(Living Earth Music, BMI; Bocal Music, ASCAP)

From the Paul Winter Consort album
Common Ground

Produced by Paul Winter, Oscar Castro-Neves
and David Greene

Recorded at the Living Music Barn, Litchfield,
Connecticut, by David Greene, July 1977

Paul McCandless /oboe
African Fish Eagle /voice

In the summer of 1977, I invited 20 friends,
from my favorite musical genres, to come to
my farm in Connecticut and live together on

the land for several weeks, to explore how
we might weave diverse traditions and roots
into a celebration of the family of life.

I had written pieces based on seed themes
from the songs of the Whale and Wolf, and
I wanted an Eagle piece to complete the
trilogy of voices of the sea, the land, and
the air. Our majestic-looking American Bald
Eagle has a distinctive cry, but it doesn't
offer the seed of a melodic theme. The
African Fish Eagle does, however, so he
became Paul's partner in this soaring duet.

12. Common Ground

Music by Ivan Lins; Brazilian lyrics by

Ronaldo Monteiro de Souza;

English lyrics by Paul Winter,

John Guth and Michael Holmes

(Intersong; Saturno Editora; Living Earth
Music, BMI)

From the Paul Winter Consort album
Common Ground

Produced by Paul Winter, Oscar Castro-Neves
and David Greene

Recorded at the Living Music Barn,
Litchfield, Connecticut, by David Greene,
August 1977

Jim Scott /vocal

Paul McCandless /oboe, English horn

Paul Winter /soprano sax, contrabass
Sarrusophone

David Darling /cello
Oscar Castro-Neves /guitar
Steve Gadd /drums
Living Music Village /chorus

In 1977, Brazilian guitarist Oscar Castro-
Neves introduced me to the music of Ivan
Lins, and I was struck by one of Ivan's songs,
"Velho Sermão," based on the *chachado*
rhythm from the Northeast of Brazil. I
loved the exuberance of the song, and it
resonated with the vision for the album
Oscar was co-producing with me at my farm,
with our "village" of friends. We put English
lyrics to it and this became the title song for
Common Ground.

Paul McC's solo, arching over the third
verse, to me is in the league of the greatest
recorded instrumental solos that accompany
vocal songs, such as the classic Phil Woods
solo on Billy Joel's "Just the Way You Are."

13. Twilight

Don Grusin, Paul McCandless

(Don Grusin Music, BMI; Bocal Music, ASCAP)

From the Paul Winter Consort album

Miho: Journey to the Mountain

Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle

Recorded in the Miho Museum, Shiga,

Japan, by Akira Kato, March 2010

Paul McCandless /English horn

Don Grusin /keyboard



Left to Right:

Paul Winter, Paul McCandless,
David Darling, Oscar Castro-Neves;
at the Living Music Barn, August 1977

Synthesist Don Grusin improvised this chordal journey, and Paul McCandless, with English horn, then played freely over the top.

14. The Last Train

Don Grusin
(Bad Dog Music, BMI)

From the Renato Braz album *Saudade*
Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle
Recorded live at the Cathedral of
St. John the Divine, New York City,
by Dixon Van Winkle, December 2010

Renato Braz /voice
Paul McCandless /oboe
Eugene Friesen /cello
Paul Sullivan /piano
Eliot Wadopian /bass
Gordon Gottlieb /drums
Café/percussion

This exquisite song without words was composed by Don Grusin, and the track comes from the Renato Braz album *Saudade*.

It features one of Paul McC's great solo journeys, one for which he perhaps could lay claim to being the Maynard Ferguson of the oboe.

15. Fantasia in G

Johann Sebastian Bach, arr. Paul Winter
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle
Recorded live at the Cathedral of
St. John the Divine, New York City,
by Dixon Van Winkle, December 2009

Paul McCandless /oboe
Paul Winter /soprano sax
Eugene Friesen /cello
Tim Brumfield /organ
Eliot Wadopian /bass
Gordon Gottlieb /timpani

One of the boons of our many years as artists-in-residence at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, has been to be able to "con-sort" with the Cathedral's great Aeolian-Skinner pipe organ.

The "Fantasia in G" is from an organ piece by Johann Sebastian Bach. The coda, in the original, has an organ cadenza; Paul improvises a new one, with the exuberance of jazz. I love the juxtaposition of the oboe's wildness with the sublime, moving harmonies of Bach.

McC had this to say: "Yes, it is wild and woolly. Sometimes I get moved by the music...and it's out of my control."

I wish Bach could have heard it. As a fellow improviser, I think he would have loved it.

16. Morning Sun

Don Grusin, Paul McCandless, Paul Winter,
Eugene Friesen, Steve Gorn
(Don Grusin Music, BMI; Bocal Music, ASCAP;
Living Earth Music, BMI; Onegin Music,
BMI; Bamboo Rasa, BMI)

From the Paul Winter Consort album
Miho: Journey to the Mountain
Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle
Recorded in the Miho Museum, Shiga,
Japan, by Akira Kato; and in the
Living Music Barn, Litchfield, Connecticut,
by Dixon Van Winkle, March 2010

Don Grusin /keyboard
Paul McCandless /oboe
Paul Winter /soprano sax
Eugene Friesen /cello
Steve Gorn /bansuri
Uguisu (Japanese Bush Warbler) /voice

This is the finale from our album *Miho: Journey to the Mountain*, celebrating the amazing Miho Museum in the Shigaraki Mountains of Japan. The central theme among the Museum's antiquities is the eastward progress, across Asia, over the millennia, of the idea of paradise, humankind's almost universal quest for a heaven on Earth.

There are 14 human protagonists (instrumentalists and vocalists) in the album, along with voices from the natural

landscape in these mountains. I aspired to telling a story — first through the individual voices and then through their convergence — one that might evoke some sense of this questing saga of humanity.

The first half of the album is entitled "Many Paths to Paradise." I hear each of the solo voices as spirit-guides for the listener's journey across the vast landscape of Asia.

The title of the second half is "Shangri-La," the realm of harmony, where voices come together in various ensembles. And I felt it appropriate that the culmination of the album reflect the contemplative traditions of the mountaintop temples that inspired the siting of this Museum.

In the tranquility of "Morning Sun," with the luminescence of Paul McCandless' oboe, the living polyphony among our three "horns" over Don Grusin's magic carpet of chord progressions, and the final high tritone "gleam of the light" from the keyboard, I hear the promise — of a new day, of a world of beauty, and peace.

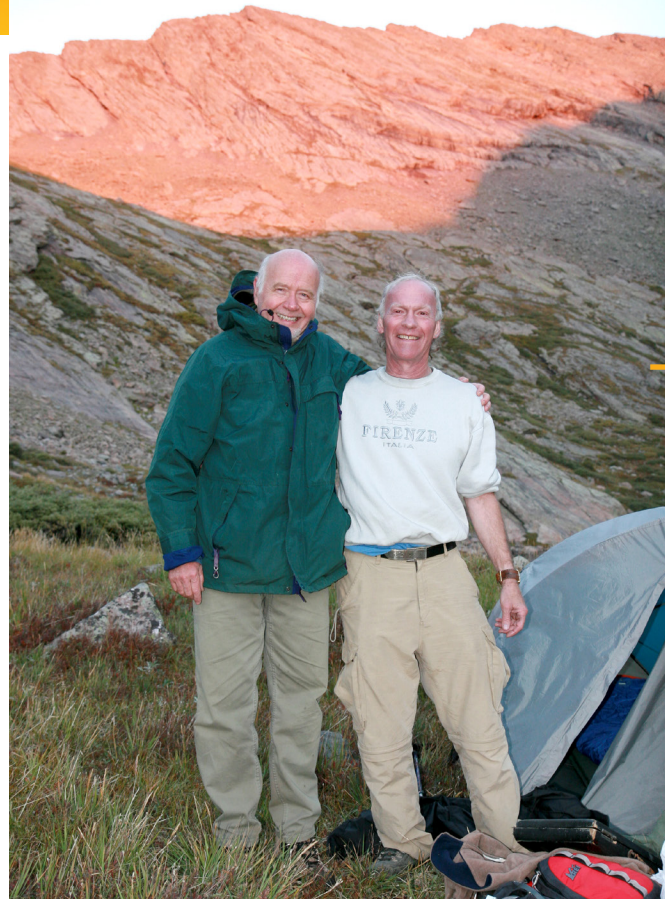
Postlude To An Album

PAUL WINTER

I've long felt it was no coincidence that Paul McC and I share common roots in central Pennsylvania. Indiana, PA, where Paul was born, is just 53 miles from my hometown of Altoona. But alas, we didn't know each other. We were seven years apart in age, and Paul's family eventually settled in Meadville, north of Pittsburgh.

But each of us grew up in the musical culture of small-town America, with marching bands, dance bands, concert bands, school orchestras, civic symphonies, and jazz combos. And both of us were surrounded by musical instruments. Paul's grandfather played and repaired a diversity of instruments. My grandfather had a music store, and my father inherited a menagerie of instruments from his cousins, "The Musical Nosses," of New Brighton, PA, a family vaudeville troupe that toured the Eastern states from 1880 to 1924, playing entire sets of many different instruments, including mandolins, herald trumpets, and reputedly, in the 1880s, the first saxophones in America.

With this anthology, *Morning Sun*, I set out to gather a treasury of Paul McC's masterful playing, and found that it has also become, unintentionally, a retrospective of the Consort — the most extensive yet done. Listening through the entire album, I am thrilled with every note. And I am over-brimming with gratitude for the blessing of this half-century of collaboration with my Pennsylvania brother, my musical hero, and my friend, Paul McCandless.



"Two Kids from Pennsylvania"

The Pauls in the mountains of Colorado, 2006

Afterword

PAUL WINTER

In 1972, when our *Icarus* album was released, I put together a booklet, entitled *CONSORT!*, which had photos of small groups from cultures around the world that relate to my notion of consort. In the preface I put forth my manifesto for our Consort:

"My idea of consort is an organic ensemble in which the authentic voice of each player can be heard, and a group in which ensemble playing and improvising are equally important."

I've long since come to realize that this is also the vision of a pure democracy, in which there is equal commitment to the well-being of the whole and to the expression of each individual within it. Everyone's voice (vote) counts.

One of my aspirations from the beginning, was to create instrumental music that doesn't sound "written" and have that bridled quality of much composed music. I imagined a living polyphony that has a natural-sounding interplay.

Magical music can come in many forms, and over the years, we have explored the gamut, ranging from compositions in which every note is written (such as "*Icarus*") to collective improvs in which there is no structure at all. ("Free pieces," from early on, were a fascination for us,

and we played one in every concert — usually with the hall in total darkness — and recorded one in each of the Consort's first three albums.) We also, of course, tried all sorts of different combinations of the improvised and the composed.

In two pieces that happen to be included in this anthology — "*Sunset on the Great Sand Dunes*" and "*Morning Sun*" — I aspired to a new form. For each, I had a programmatic aural-vision of a particular sound-painting, with an evocative keyboard soundscape in a long-growing harmonic journey, which would be recorded first. And over this, our three "horns" (I regard cello as our third horn) would improvise together.

Don Grusin is a genius of the keyboard realm. He has a magical sense of chord-progressions, and he has assembled an extraordinary archive of synthesized sounds. The myriad of samples he's collected sits in gigabytes of data on many drives and they are organized to enable him to combine them for different textures, like a painter with a vast palette. For "*Sunset on the Great Sand Dunes*" he gave us a somewhat dark and grainy soundbed; and for "*Morning Sun*" one that is more iridescent.

What was wanted then, from the horns, was not the gymnastics of jazz, but a sense of grand space, and the sublime beauty of each of these scenes. What came forth among the three of us might be described as a kind of contemplative Dixieland.

In the shared journey of this final piece, "*Morning Sun*," I hear a consummation of the Consort's long saga, with Paul McC's oboe leading the way to the pinnacle.



Dedication

We dedicate this album to fellow oboist, Sir George Martin, who produced the Consort's album *Icarus*, and gave us the accolade of a life-time, referring to it in his autobiography as "the finest record I have ever made."

Photo: George Martin, age 22, with oboe and niece, Sandra.

Acknowledgements by Paul McCandless

Special thanks to my talented sisters Laurie and Mary, for being so supportive, and to my gifted relatives who play everything from bagpipes to the musical saw. Thanks also to Paul Winter for his vision to create this retrospective, and to my wife, Joan Rousseau, for introducing me to a world beyond music.

Subscribe to the Paul Winter Consort newsletter for updates about our recordings, concerts, workshops and other events. www.paulwinter.com

Production Credits

Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle
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