



PAUL WINTER

Canyon Lullaby

Paul Winter



THE STORY OF *Canyon Lullaby*

Peter Forbes

I came to the Grand 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. Sitting on the Canyon edge, I played my soprano sax, just for fun, and as the sound vanished in that vast sea of air between

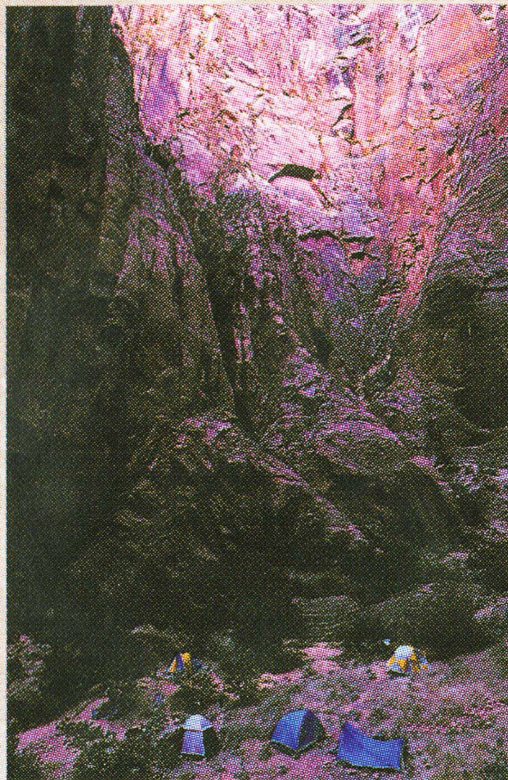
me and the North Rim, 13 miles across, I wondered what kind of amazing echoes might be found in the depths a mile below me.

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, I imagined bringing my 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. We embarked from Lees Ferry in early July on a two week river-rafting and recording expedition, with the grand idea of making an album about the Grand Canyon. As with so many of the glorious notions we take into the wilderness, this one

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began to dissolve within a very few days. We were so overwhelmed by the beauty and diversity and immensity of the Canyon that we realized it would be naive to try to "capture the Canyon" in one short visit. If we were serious, we'd have to come back again.

In the fall of 1981 we returned, this time for a three-week expedition. As on the first trip, we would raft each day for several hours, find a sandy beach or rock ledge for our campsite, and then seek out some resonant side-canyon, grotto, cave or natural amphitheater where we could play. By now we were beginning to identify favorite sites where the acoustics were particularly inspiring. However, as we approached Lake Mead at the end of this second journey, we still felt we had just scratched the surface of this musical quest and were already planning a third expedition.

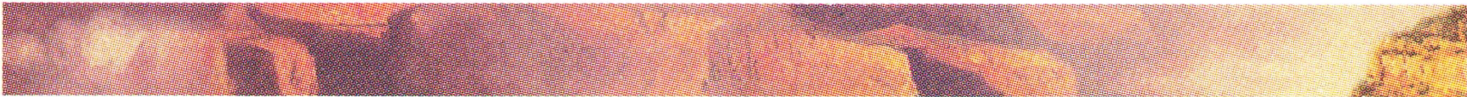
In the spring of 1983 we left Lees Ferry with seven oar-boats, each rowed by a professional boatman from that remarkable fraternity of river guides who take their passengers through so many challenging and dangerous situations with such grace. We were five musicians, two engineers, a photographer, cook and film crew. By the end of this expedition we had accumulated over 100 hours of recordings, but as I listened through the tapes back in my barn in Connecticut, I realized

that although we had found alluring echoes and reverberations at many sites during the three journeys, we still had not yet discovered the "great acoustic place" that I knew must lie somewhere in that vast labyrinth of the Canyon. I imagined a sound-space so magnificent that when you closed your eyes and played, you would hear a majesty similar to that which you see when you view the awesome panorama from the South Rim.

My friend Sam West found it for us. Sam was a Grand Canyon National Park River Ranger who had lived at the Canyon for 14 years and rowed over 150 expeditions through it. 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, with the same seven-second reverberation time as in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. From the first notes I played, I knew we had found our "sound-home." We named it "Bach's Canyon."

The recordings we made here became an integral part of our album CANYON, along with music from the earlier expeditions and pieces recorded in the Cathedral (which we began referring to as "Grand Canyon East"). CANYON was released in 1986, as well as a PBS film, CANYON CONSORT, made during our 1983 expedition.

Completing this first Canyon album only deepened my sense of an unfinished quest. While in these early expeditions my musical mission was primarily an ensemble one, I also harbored the dream of finding solo music on my soprano sax that would feel complete and "at home" in the Canyon. My experiences playing at Lake Baikal in Siberia during 1988 and 1990, and in the Northern Rockies in 1993 to record my album PRAYER FOR THE WILD THINGS, had encouraged me along this solo path, but I had yet to make an entirely solo

album. In late summer, 1995, I returned to Bach's Canyon for the first time as a soloist. With me were Sam West; Mickey Houlihan, my long-time wilderness recording engineer who had been on all my expeditions since 1977 (Baja California, the Canyon, Lake Baikal, and the Rockies); and my

wife, Chez Liley, as recording assistant. It was a joy to be back in this horn-player's heaven, and to have the luxury of playing as much as I wanted. I felt content to let the music take its own course and grow slowly in this fertile acoustic space. Patience is one of the great lessons of the Canyon, as I had learned during the five years it had taken to make the first album. Mickey and I talked about the possibilities for future recording in surround sound, with multiple microphones picking up my horn from different points. The September weather

proved ideal, so we planned to return around this same time the following year.

In August of 1996, shortly before this second expedition was to begin, Chez and I were blessed with the birth of our first child, a daughter, whom we named Keetu. Leaving for the Canyon when the baby was only three weeks old was very diffi-

*"The Grand
Canyon
is a land of
song."*

— John Wesley Powell, 1874

cult for me. This time, back in Bach's Canyon, my whole experience of making music felt quite different. My thoughts were constantly with Chez and Keetu, and it seemed now that every piece I played was a song to them. Something was maturing in the music, and I was excited to come home to my family with these recordings. However, after living with these tapes for several months, I knew that I wanted to go back to the Canyon "just one more time," as I'd said so often in the '80s.

Sam and I returned to Bach's Canyon in May of 1997, this time with three engineers and a solar-powered multi-track recording system. It took us collectively a total of 26 hours to back-pack all the gear in from the River.

I played at all times of the day and night, in concert with whatever wildlife happened to be giving voice at the time. I began to imagine an album journey that travelled through twenty-four hours in the life of the Canyon, starting before dawn and ending in the deep night. Some of the new

melodies had a lyrical quality similar to traditional lullabies, while others seemed to have the kind of bitter-sweet longing that Brazilians call

"saudade." In Ireland I had learned from my friend, singer Nóirín Ní Riain, about the kinship, in Celtic tradition, between lullabies and lamentations "that touch more into the psyche than do love affairs or praising the land." Lullabies originally often had magical vocables and contained magical intervals; they were for the dusky mysterious transition hours and they were meant to speak of a great yearning, of the most tender moments, and of deepest fears. I chose the title CANYON LULLABY because these are songs of my own yearnings, of my feelings for

my first-born which have awakened in me a new tenderness for life, and of my deepened sense of awe for this planet as I stood in one of its most profound places. In that great and reverberant space, under the desert sun and the midnight stars, I called out to the Earth and it resounded in response.

Sam West



1. CANYON LULLABY (4:30 a.m.)
[Crickets]

2. FIRST LIGHT (5:15 a.m.)

3. HONORING SONG (7:00 a.m.)
[Mourning Dove, Canyon Wren,
White-throated Swift, House Finch]

Mourning Dove and I offer songs at the same time, in the same key. Pure happenstance.

4. CANYON CHACONNE (7:40 a.m.)
[House Finch, White-throated Swift,
Canyon Wren]

This theme-with-variations grew as a solo piece, like all the others. But as I played it, on this glorious spring morning, I could hear in my mind the progression of harmonies underneath these unfolding variations, as if some great Bachian ghost organ was sounding from the towering walls of stone around me. Some months later Paul Halley translated this fantasy into reality on the pipe organ of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. This piece is the one that comes closest, as yet, to expressing the depth of my feelings for the Grand Canyon.

(The 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 in a characteristic rhythm was repeated as the basis for each melodic variation.)

5. DREAM OF THE BASKETMAKER (8:10 a.m.)
[Canyon Wren, House Finch, Raven]

The people who lived in the Grand Canyon region between A.D. 1 and A.D. 700 are called Basketmakers because of the well-made and beautifully decorated baskets they produced, using twisted and coiled grass and yucca leaves.

6. AIR FOR KEETU (10:15 a.m.)
[House Finch, Canyon Wren,
Raven, White-throated Swift]

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7. CORNMEAL MEDICINE WHEEL (11:50 a.m.)
[House Finch]

Each time we return to the Canyon, Sam West leads the ritual of creating a medicine wheel, in which we take turns sprinkling cornmeal to make the circle and cross-paths. The medicine wheel tradition is an ancient one in North America: huge wheels of stone have been found that date before 2500 B.C., contemporary perhaps with the

Pyramids and Stonehenge. Medicine wheels honor the seven directions: north, south, east, west, up, down and center. The center of the wheel represents the center of the Universe at the place where we are at that moment. The purpose of the ritual is to remind us of our connectedness to Nature and the Universe, and of the sacred aspect of our existence and the work we are doing.

8. REDBUD SIESTA (1:10 p.m.)

[Canyon Wren, House Finch]

Lovely Redbud trees dot the stone-scape throughout Bach's Canyon.

9. LIZARD LOUNGE (1:40 p.m.)

[Canyon Wren]

Lizard Lounge was our name for the ravine by our campsite where we ate our meals.

10. HUMMINGBIRD'S BALLAD (2:35 p.m.)

[House Finch, Hummingbird]

Hummingbird checks out the microphone as this song ends.

11. AFTERNOON SUN (3:30 p.m.)

[House Finch, Canyon Wren]

12. WALTZ OF THE RAVENS (5:30 p.m.)

[Ravens, House Finch, Canyon Wren]

13. LULLABY AT PUMPKIN SPRINGS (8:45 p.m.)

[Crickets]

This song came from an improvisation at Pumpkin Springs, near mile 212 on the Colorado River, during our 1981 expedition.

14. DREAMCATCHER (10:20 p.m.)

[Crickets, Bat]

Echo-locating chirps of a Western Mastiff Bat are heard at the end of this song.

15. MARS ON THE RIM (11:00 p.m.)

[Crickets, Bats]

The night sky, as we look upwards from the floor of Bach's Canyon, is framed by the horseshoe of walls 800 feet above us. On this night, Mars hovers brightly over the rim.



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16. MIDNIGHT BLUE

[Crickets]

(12:10 a.m.)

Following is the passage from Powell's book, *The Exploration of the Colorado River and its Canyons*:

17. MOON SHADOWS

[Crickets]

(1:20 a.m.)

We drop down two miles this morning and go into camp again. There is a low, willow-covered

strip of land along the walls on the east.

Across this we walk, to explore an alcove which we see from the river.

On entering, we find a little grove of box-elder and cottonwood trees and turning to the right, we find ourselves in a vast chamber, carved out of the rock.

At the upper end there is a clear, deep pool of water, bordered with verdure. Standing by the side of this, we can see the grove at the entrance. The chamber

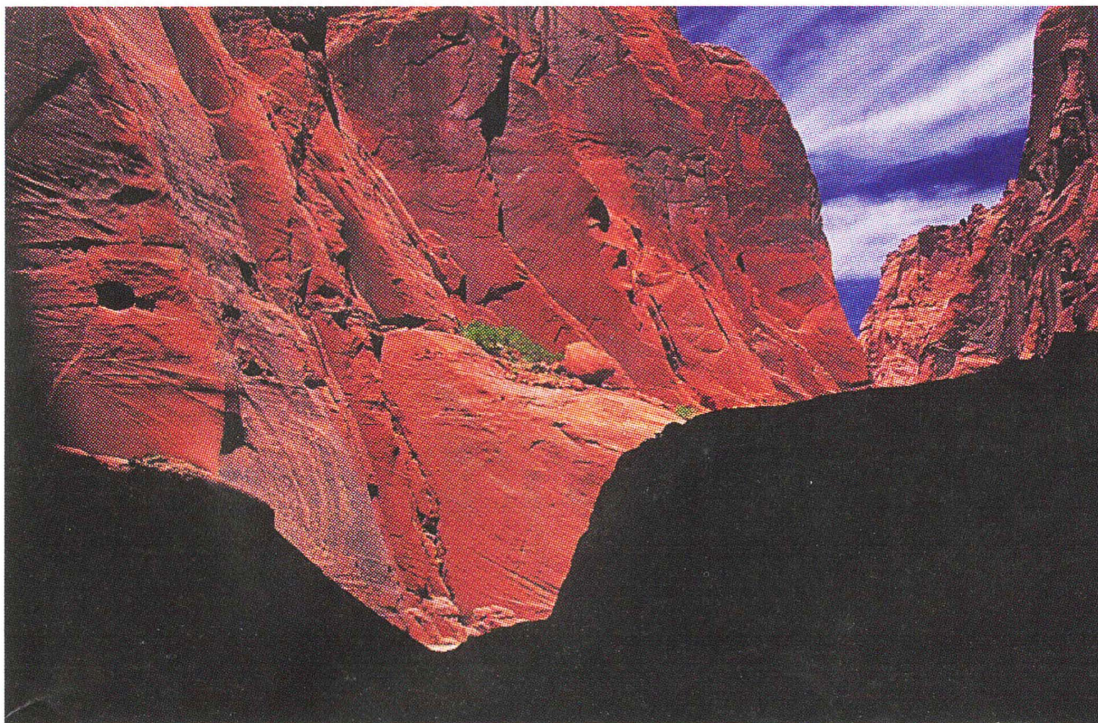
18. MUSIC TEMPLE

[Crickets]

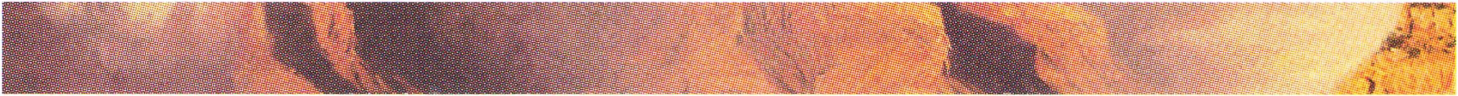
(2:35 a.m.)

Glen Canyon, immediately upstream from the Grand Canyon, was flooded in 1963 after a huge dam was built by the United States Bureau of Reclamation. John Wesley Powell, in the journal of his 1869 expedition down the Colorado, describes an exquisite side canyon which he named Music Temple. Tragically, it is now drowned under the lake which bears his name.

is more than 200 feet high, 500 feet long, and 200 feet wide. Through the ceiling, and on through the rocks for a thousand feet above, there is a narrow, winding skylight; and this is all carved out by a little stream which runs only during the few showers that fall now and then in this arid country. The waters from the bare rocks back of the canyon, gathering rapidly into a small channel, have eroded a deep side canyon, through which they run until they fall into the farther end of this



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chamber. The rock at the ceiling is hard, the rock below, very soft and friable; and having cut through the upper and harder portion down into the lower and softer, the stream has washed out these friable sandstones; and thus the chamber has been excavated.

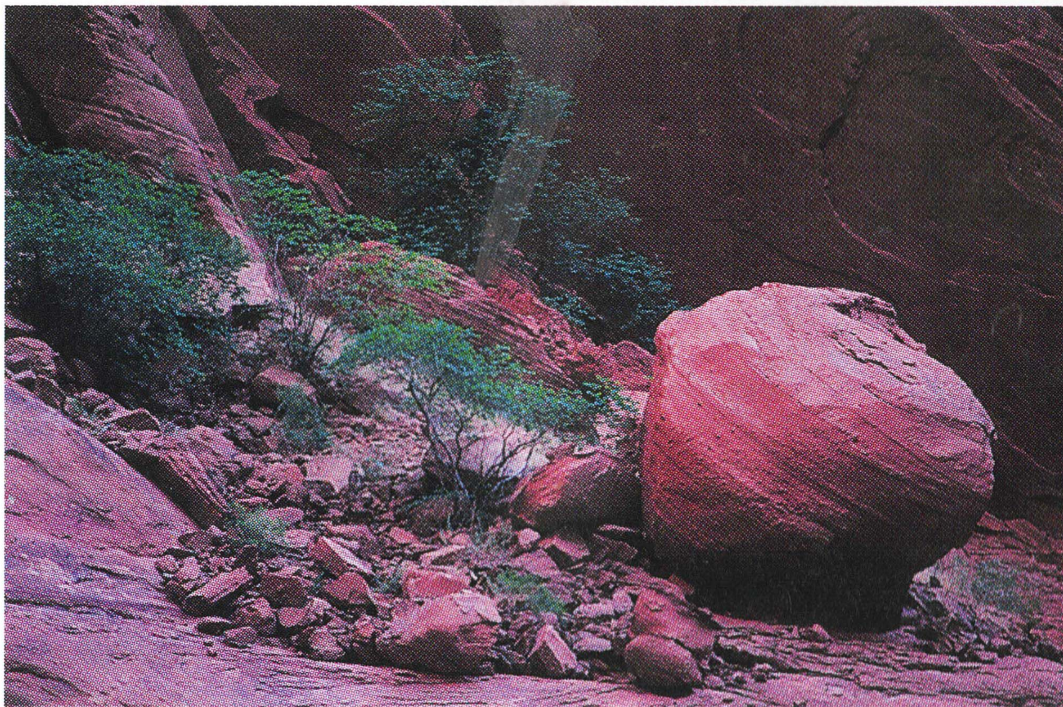
Here we bring our camp. When 'Old Shady' sings us a song at night, we are pleased to find that this hollow in the rock is filled with sweet sounds. It was doubtless made for an academy of music by its storm-born architect; so we name it Music Temple.

19. RAIN BLESSING (2:40 a.m.)

20. SWEET DREAMS, LITTLE ONE (2:45 a.m.)
[Crickets]

As I play this in the deep of the night, Keetu, now nine months old, is asleep beside her mother in our cottage in New England, 2,000 miles away. Soon I will return to them. I fill this Canyon with my love.

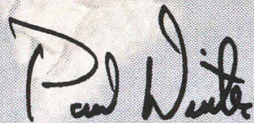
21. CANYON CHACONNE (REPRISE) (4:00 a.m.)
[Crickets, Bat]



Peter Forbes

Following are the mission statements of five organizations that are doing vital work toward the preservation and restoration of Canyon country. I urge you to learn more about their programs and to support those to which you feel inclined.

Thank you.



GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES

Grand Canyon River Guides is a grass roots non-profit 501(c)3 tax exempt organization composed of folks who have fallen under the spell of the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River; an association of river guides and travelers who deeply care about the place. We want to help preserve, protect and defend the canyon, the river and the magic it bestows on us all. Our top quality journal, the *boatman's quarterly review*, is our avenue for communication, entertainment and learning. We organize annual guide training seminars, foster dialogue and negotiation with the National Park Service, preserve oral histories of river runners, assist the river outfitters and National Park Service to manage canyon resources; and we will exert political pressure whenever a canyon resource is threatened. Anyone who loves the canyon is welcome to join GCRG. You can reach us at:

P.O. Box 1934
Flagstaff, Arizona 86002
(520)773-1075
(520)773-8523 fax
gcrg@infomagic.com

GLEN CANYON INSTITUTE

Glen Canyon, a wondrous, roughly 180 mile-long canyon on the Colorado River, was inundated in the 1960s by the waters of Lake Powell (in reality, a reservoir). Prior to its inundation, Glen Canyon and its approximately 200 side canyons were described as an Eden, a paradise of flowing springs, cottonwood trees, hanging fern gardens, riparian habitat, natural bridges and amphitheatres, and sinuous gorges enclosed by bone-smooth sandstone walls—a wonderland of adventure and beauty.

For roughly thirty years, Glen Canyon has languished under the waters of Lake Powell as a memory that refuses to die. And now the time has come to restore an area described by the few who were privileged enough to see it as "the most beautiful place on Earth."

There are a number of problems with Glen Canyon Dam. The water losses from the reservoir behind it are staggering. In 1996 nearly 1,000,000 acre-feet of water were lost to evaporation and bank seepage. (In contrast, Salt Lake County used 222,000 acre-feet the same year, about one-fourth as much.) The safety of the dam is a serious concern. The flood of 1983 nearly destroyed the spillways—an event that would catastrophically drain Lake Powell, overtop Hoover Dam and wipe out every dam below, inundating the entire Imperial Valley. And the flood of '83 wasn't one of the big ones.

Meanwhile water becomes ever more scarce in the Southwest. Indian water rights go unfulfilled;



Mexico's irrigation water from the Colorado is a trickle of black brine; little gets to the Sea of Cortez where the estuary is dying. All the while Lake Powell sits evaporating, soaking into the walls, and Glen Canyon is buried ever further in silty goo. "If we don't change direction," reads an old Chinese proverb, "we will likely end up where we're headed."

A nonprofit corporation, Glen Canyon Institute is addressing these problems. Glen Canyon Institute believes that the Colorado River has a special ecosystem that has been and continues to be drowned, destroyed, and its spirit lost.

Through classes, river trips, symposia, and educational forums, the Institute will work to design, advocate, and implement policies for the restoration of the rivers of the nation, particularly the Colorado River and Glen Canyon.

Glen Canyon Institute
476 E. South Temple #154
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
(801)322-0064
info@glencanyon.org

GRAND CANYON TRUST

The Grand Canyon Trust is dedicated to the conservation of the natural and cultural resources of the Colorado Plateau. We advocate an ecologically responsible and sustainable balance between resource use and preservation, along with the protection of areas of beauty and solitude where

people may find relief from the pace of civilization. The Trust fosters and assists efforts of individuals, groups, communities and governments—local, tribal, state and federal—to achieve this balance. To these ends the Trust employs science, economics, resource management, education, communication and law.

Our vision is a region where generations of people and all of nature can thrive in productive harmony.

Grand Canyon Trust
2601 N. Fort Valley Road
Flagstaff, Arizona 86001
(520)774-7488

GRAND CANYON ASSOCIATION

Grand Canyon Association (GCA) is a private nonprofit 501(c)3 organization chartered in 1932 for the sole purpose of supporting the National Park Service at the Grand Canyon. The mission of Grand Canyon Association is to cultivate knowledge, discovery and stewardship for the benefit of the Park and its visitors. You may become a member of GCA or participate in its Field Institute courses by calling (520)638-2481, or visiting its site on the internet at: www.thecanyon.com/gca

For more information inquire at:
Grand Canyon Association
P.O. Box 399
Grand Canyon, Arizona 86023
(520)638-2481; Fax (520)638-2484

THE GRAND CANYON FUND

Incorporated in 1995, the Grand Canyon Fund is an independent, not-for-profit organization whose mission is to provide funding for projects and programs at Grand Canyon National Park which support the park's mission and have been approved by the park superintendent and the board of the Grand Canyon Fund.

It is the intent of the Grand Canyon Fund to augment the operating budget of the park, not replace it. The Grand Canyon Fund operates under a Memorandum of Agreement with the National Park Service, and is the official fund-raising partner of Grand Canyon National Park.

For more information contact:

Grand Canyon Fund

3100 North Fort Valley Road, #12

Flagstaff, Arizona 86001

(520)774-1760

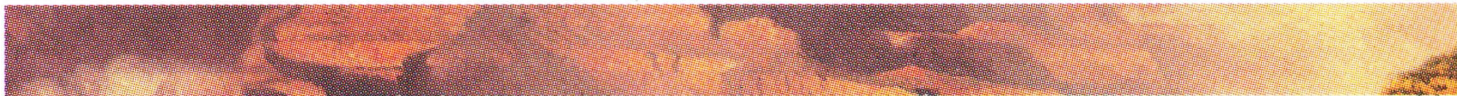
NOTES ON THE RECORDING PROCESS

by Les Kahn

This album was digitally recorded utilizing front, side and rear facing Sennheiser MKH Series microphones set up in a 360 degree M/S configuration. The mics were placed on a promontory overlooking Paul and his saxophone at a distance of approximately 150 feet, capturing the trail of sound as it surrounded the front mics, and then resonated down the Canyon.

The individual microphone outputs were fed to a Grace Design Model 801 microphone pre-amp, and from there into a TASCAM DA-88. The outputs of the TASCAM fed a Mackie 1202, which allowed us to create a mix of the mics for head-phone monitoring.

All of our equipment was powered by three 55-pound deep-cycle 12 volt batteries, used one at a time in rotation. The battery-in-use fed into a 250 watt Exel Tech low distortion inverter, which gave us the pure sine wave, AC power we needed to run this equipment cleanly. While one battery was in use, the others would be recharged utilizing photo-voltaic solar panels and/or a small portable generator, located a half-hour's hike down-canyon to avoid noise intrusion.



Back in civilization at Paul's barn-studio in Connecticut, the multi-track tapes were mixed down on a Yamaha O2R Digital Recording Console, preserving the front-to-rear information in a matrix which will be reproduced when played back through any of the surround sound systems commercially available at present. This album is also totally compatible with standard stereo playback systems, and will yield an enhanced stereo sound-field image.

All the wildlife sounds on these recordings actually happened while Paul was playing. There are no overdubs except for the organ on *Canyon Chaconne* and its reprise.

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Produced by Paul Winter, Sam West and Les Kahn

Recorded on location by Les Kahn with Steve Van Zandt and Sam West

Location power system designed and operated by Jim Butler

Raven vocalizations preceding and following *Waltz of the Ravens* recorded in Bach's Canyon by Mickey Houlihan

Organ on *Canyon Chaconne* and *Canyon Chaconne (Reprise)* recorded in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, by Dixon Van Winkle, assisted by Jim Butler

Mixed by Les Kahn at Living Music Studio, Litchfield, Connecticut

Edited by Steve Van Zandt at Living Music Studio, Litchfield, Connecticut

Additional editing by Stevin McNamara in Boulder, Colorado

Additional mixing by Les Kahn at Fourth Stage Studio, Boulder, Colorado

Mastered by Stevin McNamara at Colorado Sound, Westminster, Colorado

Design (cover, back cover) by Cynthia Flaxman/Jack*

Design (booklet, CD) by Randy Weyant/KatArt

Cover painting, *Temples Out of the Mist*, by Curt Walters

Dreamcatcher on back cover by Omar Yazzie, Navajo Nation, Arizona

Shadow photo by Mary Bloom

Booklet back cover photo by Jennifer Almquist

Paul's notes edited by Chez Liley and Kathi Fragione

Music composed by Paul Winter, except *Canyon Chaconne* and *Canyon Chaconne (Reprise)* by Paul Winter and Paul Halley

All music published by Living Earth Music (BMI)

For a free Living Music catalog and/or information on Paul Winter's concert touring schedule, contact:

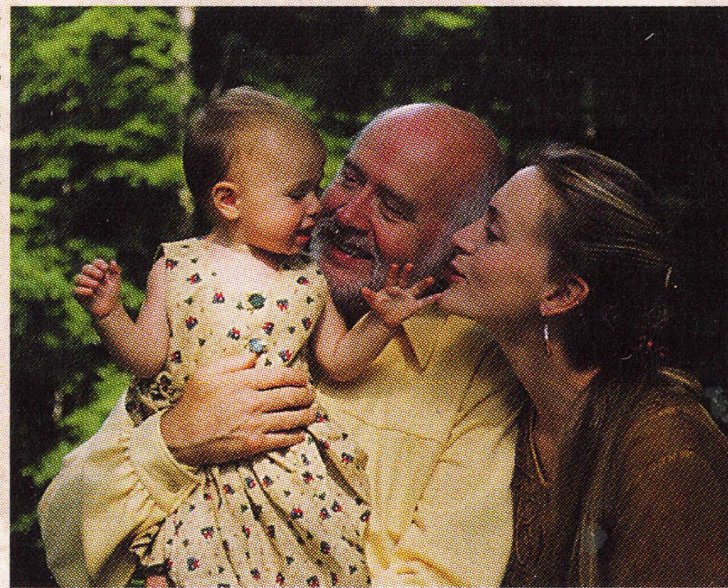
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A loud, lingering, down-canyon conch shell toot of gratitude to all my canyon comrades over the years, without whom this music could never have been born. Deep thanks also to the friends and colleagues who contributed in so many ways to the making of this album: Mickey Houlihan, Roy Young, Pat Willits, Russ Purvis, Margaret Lloyd, Dave Glasgow, Jacques Seronde, Tom Bates, Tom Jung, Tina Andersen, Kandi Quarterson, Kathi Fragione, Diane Winter Pyles, Chantal Harris, Fran Josephs, Kimberley Sweet, Peter Forbes, Bill Coperthwaite, Steve Trimble, David Brower, Martin Litton, Christina Watkins, Hannah Hinchman, Merlin Tuttle, Bryan Brown, Larry Stevens, Tom Olsen, Steve Carothers, Wendy Gunn, Jonathan Olsen, Pete McKinnon, Cindy Clark, Mrs. Pipkin, the Navajo Nation, and the Grand Canyon Trust.

Jennifer Almqvist



Gratitude also to the folks at Lees Ferry Lodge, from which we launched our expeditions: Maggie Sacher, Greg Auberger, Sheri Vannett, Jeff Vannett, Gina Smith, Tim Marshall, Bill Grace, Brad Littlejohn, Dan Dobrinski, Maddy Seschille and Charlie Furgason.

Thanks to Grand Canyon Association for permission to excerpt the description of the Basketmakers from the publication *In the House of Stone and Light* by J. Donald Hughes.

FOR KEETU AND CHEZ

