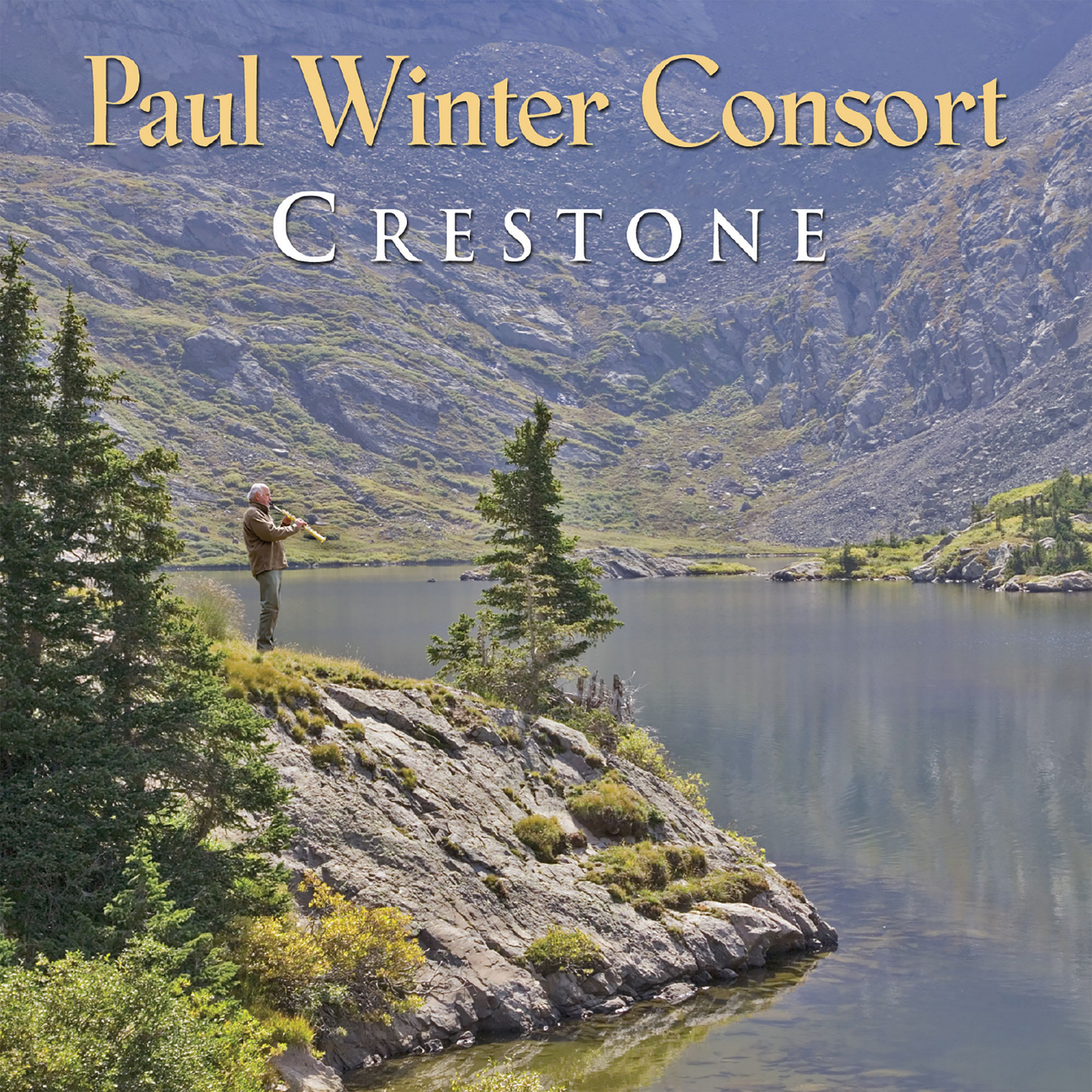


# Paul Winter Consort

## CRESTONE





**"ALL MY RELATIONS!"** The Ute Medicine Man called out this prayer each time he poured water over the red-hot rocks in the fire pit at the center of the sweat-lodge. When we finally emerged from the lodge into the cool night air, I was stunned by the vast umbrella of bright stars above us. Later that evening, I played some calls toward the mountain on my horn, and a pack of coyotes began to howl.

This was my first visit to Crestone, a tiny town at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in southern Colorado. It lies in the northeast corner of the San Luis Valley, the largest alpine valley in the world, larger, in fact, than my entire home-state of Connecticut. For 12,000 years the Valley has been used by people as a hunting ground and migration corridor. Many Indian tribes have regarded this land as very sacred, and in recent times, contemporary seekers have been drawn here.

It was September, 1979, and I was there to take part in the annual conference of the Lindisfarne Fellowship, an association of creative individuals in the arts, sciences, and contemplative practices, devoted to the study and realization of a new planetary culture. Lindisfarne's founder, poet and cultural philosopher William Irwin Thompson, had come to Crestone to establish a solar village in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Among the Lindisfarne Fellows at that first conference in Crestone were poet/farmer Wendell Berry; anthropologist Joan Halifax; astronaut Rusty Schweickart; physicist Amory Lovins; ecologists Nancy Jack Todd and John Todd; *Whole Earth Catalogue* founder Stewart Brand; poet Gary Snyder; biologist Lynn Margulis; Arcosanti builder Paolo Soleri; neuro-scientist Francisco Varela; Esalen founder Michael Murphy; economist Hazel Henderson; environmental educator David Orr; ecologist Dana Jackson; botanist Wes Jackson; architect Sim Van der Ryn; and the Dean of New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Very Reverend James Parks Morton. Spending time with these extraordinary people, in the exhilarating atmosphere of Crestone, was deeply inspiring. I don't recall much of what we discussed during those days together, but I do remember vividly our great volleyball games, a sunset picnic at the Great Sand Dunes, and the sweat-lodge.

Returning to Crestone often over the next fifteen years for these yearly Lindisfarne gatherings, I developed a deep sense of kinship both with this magnificent landscape and with the multi-cultural perspective of the people I met there.



places on and around the lake, and at all times of day and night. The whole experience, as in my past wilderness recording adventures, was profoundly nourishing: the sounds, the creatures, the camaraderie, the humor, the crisp September air, the water, the cold nights, the moon, and the warm morning sun.

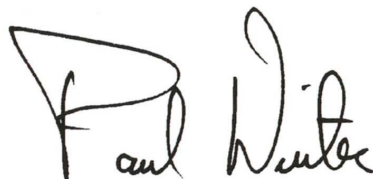
This alpine cirque became our sanctuary, our wisdom spot, and our place of baptism into this immense landscape. Here we could learn again to listen, and from here we could call out to the world.

Other adventures followed the expedition, in various places around the San Luis Valley, including the Great Sand Dunes, the Monte Vista National Wildlife Refuge, and the vast Medano-Zapata Ranch. I imagined sound-paintings of these scenes, with a mandala of voices reflecting the diversity of this life-community. A journey-story began to weave itself together, in which a succession of musical spirit-guides would carry us through the morning, afternoon, and evening of a day in the world of Crestone.

My sense is that this album asks for a special mode of listening. The journey works best for me when I'm lying flat on my back, with my eyes closed, and I participate more in my imagination, the way we listened in the old days of radio.

I'll be grateful to all who listen, and share these adventures, as I am to all who took part in the realization of this music.

Gratitude to all my relations,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Paul Winter". The signature is stylized, with the first name "Paul" written in a cursive script and the last name "Winter" written in a more upright, slightly cursive style.



In 2004 I was invited back to Crestone to play a concert for the Shumei International Institute, which had recently been established there. I had met the musicians of the Shumei Taiko Ensemble at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, and the Consort and I later played with them in an "Earth Celebration" in Pennsylvania for the Rodale Institute, with whom Shumei has had a long-term collaboration in natural agriculture. Looking out once again at the breathtaking panorama of this valley and these mountains, and reflecting on my twenty-five year relationship with Crestone, I felt a calling to make music about this remarkable realm.

As in the recording of my albums about the Grand Canyon and the Northern Rockies, my first quest was to find a resonant acoustic space in the mountains where the land would respond to our music with reverberations and echoes. I was fortunate to find in Crestone an extraordinary guide, Peter May, a natural architect who knows the mountains intimately, and who also happens to play trumpet, as well as being chief of one of Crestone's fire departments ("Kundalini Fire Management"). Peter and I hiked to several places and played our horns to test the acoustics, but found no magical-sounding spaces. I soon realized that finding my "acoustic Shangri-la" here in the Sangres was going to be more difficult than it had been in canyon country, where there are vertical walls to reflect the sound. Peter volunteered to continue making reconnaissance trips, and over the next year he hiked to fifteen sites, recording his trumpet on a video camera and sending me the cassettes so I could hear the acoustics. One of these places, North Crestone Lake, at 11,800 feet, seemed to have promise. In the fall of 2005, I returned to Crestone and we hiked up there with Steve Van Zandt, our field recording engineer, who had been on several of our Grand Canyon expeditions. I played my sax at various points around the lake. The sound was thrilling, and the setting spectacular. *This was the place.*

Over the next year, we made plans for the recording expedition, and in early September, 2006, our entourage of musicians, cooks, hostlers, photographers, and crew gathered in Crestone. With fifteen people, several horses and mules, camping gear, food, an inflatable raft, and an array of instruments, including a large Japanese taiko drum, we made the long pilgrimage up to North Crestone Lake. We set up a tent village, well back from the lake, with a full view of 13,931-foot Mt. Adams rising up beyond the opposite shore. During the following week we made music in many



## 1. SONG TO THE MOUNTAINS

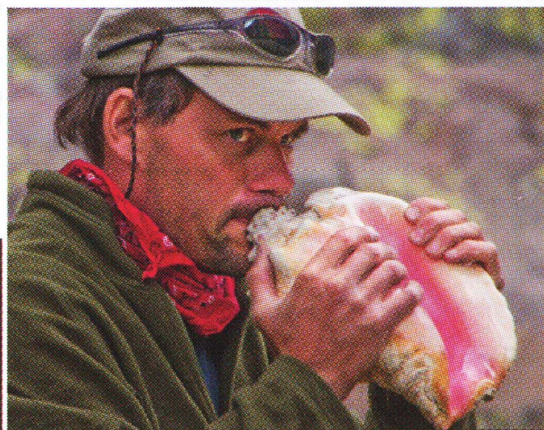
*Paul Winter*

(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

Don Grusin | *keyboard*

A series of themes, alluding to the line of peaks in the Sangre de Cristo Range.



***Peter May***

## 2. KOJI ISLAND

*Peter May, Koji Nakamura*

(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Peter May | *conch shell*

Koji Nakamura | *taiko drum*

Peter May's conch shells, played onshore, are answered by Koji Nakamura's taiko drum from an island in the lake. Their dawn duet seems to awaken "the great drummer in the sky."

Photos: Bill Ellzey







Photo: Bill Ellzey



**Mountain  
Bluebird**

Photo: Bill Elzey

5. **ZEN MORNING**

*Paul Winter*

(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Peter May, Paul Winter | *bowl-gongs*  
Red-winged Blackbird  
Mountain Bluebird

*Paul Winter:* "The gongs of the Crestone Mountain Zen Center were recorded in the Lindisfarne Chapel there, a sanctuary conceived by Lindisfarne's founder, William Irwin Thompson, and designed by Thompson and architect Keith Critchlow. It is one of the most exquisite and inspiring spaces I know."

*Peter May:* "The Lindisfarne Chapel seems timeless to me. Upon entering it, you really don't know what century you are in. The floor is made of brick, spiraling like the middle of a sunflower, and the complex but beautiful geometric patterns of the latticed wooden ceiling seem to echo the paths of the sun, moon, and stars. Light coming in at the top draws your spirit upward; the sounds, coming from all directions, give life to the dome-shaped

space, as reverberations dance among the stone seats. One is left feeling centered and stabilized, much like the large granite grindstone resting in the center."

6. **WITCHI TAI TO (INVOCATION)**

*Jim Pepper*

(Jobete Music, Inc., ASCAP)

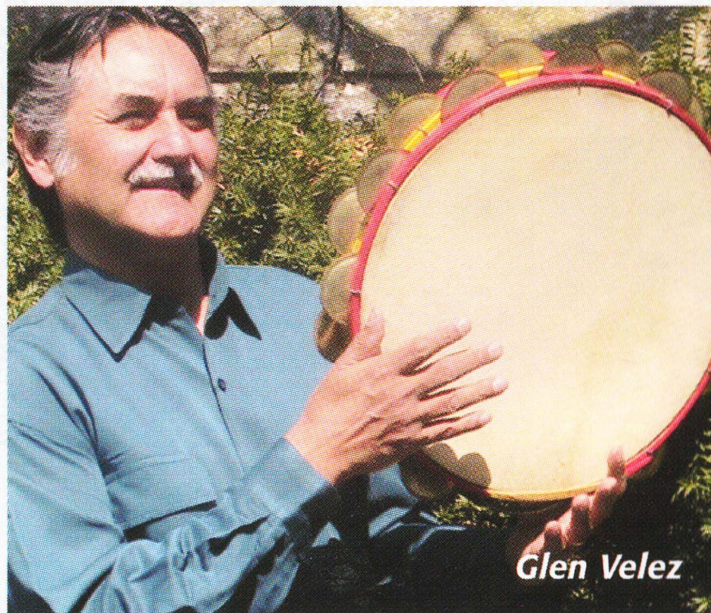
John-Carlos Perea | *voice, drum*

Glen Velez | *percussion*

Paul Winter | *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."

Photo: Lori Cotler



**Glen Velez**



### 3. BLUE HORSE SPECIAL

*Matthew Two Bulls, Barney  
Hoehner-Peji*

(Public Domain, administered by  
Aerep Music, ASCAP)

John-Carlos Perea | *voice, drum*

*John-Carlos Perea: "The Blue Horse Special is one of the first songs I learned from Lakota singer Barney Hoehner-Peji. It is my understanding that it may have come down from Matthew Two Bulls and that Barney later 'arranged' it for his own use. This was a signature song for the Blue Horse Singers, and it is with respect and gratitude to them, and Barney, that I sing it here."*

***John-Carlos Perea***

### 4. CALLING THE BUFFALO

*Paul McCandless*  
(Bocal Music, ASCAP)

Paul McCandless | *bass clarinet*

Paul McCandless, by the lake, greets the day with his bass clarinet.

*Photo: Ron Cunningham*





## 10. CLOUD

*Paul Winter*

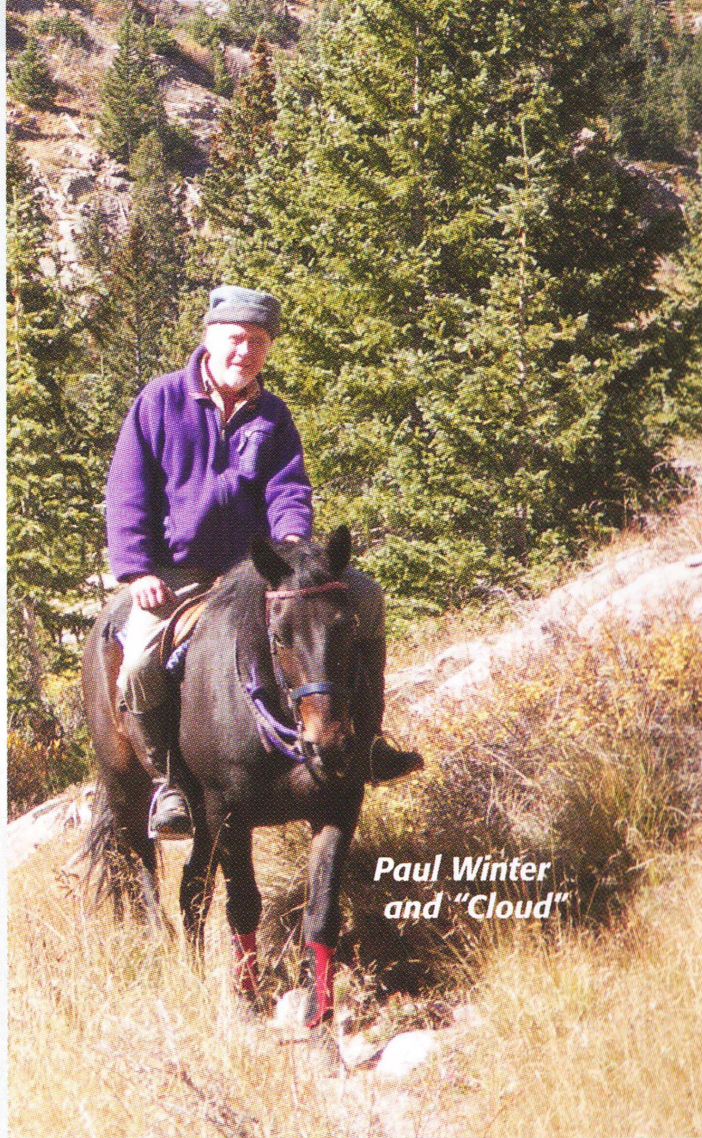
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

Glen Velez | *bendir (Moroccan desert drum)*

*Paul Winter:* "On our treks up to North Crestone Lake, I had the privilege of riding perhaps the most remarkable horse I've ever known. His name is Cloud and he is of a kind commonly referred to in Colorado as "mountain pony." I loved his gentle energy, and marveled at his extraordinary agility on these steep and rocky mountain trails. We had an unforgettable adventure together, coming down the mountain in the dark on our first trip to the Lake in 2005.

Our small group had stayed at the lake too long that afternoon to be able to make the five-hour return journey before nightfall. Soon after we all started down, I dismounted to adjust some gear, and Cloud and I got separated from the others, finding ourselves alone in the gathering dusk. I wasn't too concerned, as someone had given me a headlamp, and I figured Cloud would know the way home. When it became too dark to see, I tried the headlamp but couldn't get it to work, so I thought it would be safer to get off and walk with him. I held the bridle tightly, keeping his nose against my shoulder so I could walk just far enough in front of him that he wouldn't accidentally step on my heel. For three hours, we walked in the pitch-dark, cheek-to-cheek, feeling our way on the path



*Paul Winter  
and "Cloud"*

Photo: Peter May

with each step, finally arriving at the trailhead where the others were waiting. Cloud was completely calm during the whole adventure. I have never felt such a bond with an animal as I did, and still do, with this four-legged brother.

This wandering improv is my homage to Cloud."



## 7. WHOOPER DANCE

*Paul McCandless, Paul Winter*

(Bocal Music, ASCAP;  
Living Earth Music, BMI)

Whooping Cranes

Paul McCandless | *oboe*

Paul Winter | *keyboard*

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 a national symbol of efforts 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 McCandless plays homage to their ancient rituals.



**Paul  
McCandless**



Photo: Bill Ellzey

## 8. INTERTRIBAL POW-WOW SONG

*John-Carlos Perea*

(Aerep Music, ASCAP)

John-Carlos Perea | *voice, drum*

*John-Carlos Perea:* "This was just one of those songs that came as I was walking down the street. It's an intertribal song so it is geared towards bringing people together to dance. It's more about Indian dancers from different tribes being able to socialize in the dance arena without the pressure of dance competition. For many people, intertribals are the soul of the pow-wow because of that emphasis on socialization."

## 9. MOUNTAIN TREEFROGS

A syncopated chorus of Mountain Treefrogs sounding like they just got in from Brazil.



## 11. THE SMELL OF THE RAIN

*John-Carlos Perea*  
(Aerep Music, ASCAP)

John-Carlos Perea | cedar flute

*John-Carlos Perea:* "My grandfather in New Mexico used to say: 'It's going to rain today, I can smell it!' He was invariably correct. One of my favorite memories is of running outside trying to learn the smell of the rain."



**Western  
Meadowlark**

**Eugene Friesen**

## 12. MEADOWLARK

*Johann Sebastian Bach, arr. by  
Eugene Friesen*  
(Living Earth Music, BMI;  
FiddleTalk Music, BMI)

Western Meadowlark  
Eugene Friesen | cello

*Paul Winter:* "Walking across range-land in the valley one afternoon, in search of the Buffalo, we heard the lilting song of a Western Meadowlark, and then saw it, sitting on a fence post. Eugene Friesen pays tribute to Meadowlark music with a pizzicato version of the "Allemande" from *Bach's Suite No. 1 in G for Unaccompanied Cello.*"

Photo: Wichita Eagle







photo: Bill Elzey

"THE GREAT WORK OF OUR TIME IS TO BECOME INTEGRAL

WITH THE ENTIRE FAMILY OF LIFE." – Thomas Berry, *The Great Work*



### 13. 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)

Paul McCandless | *oboe*

Eugene Friesen | *cello*

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

Don Grusin | *keyboard*

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.

Indian rice grass, blowout grass, scurf pea, and prairie sunflower are just a few of the twenty different species of plants growing directly on the Great Sand Dunes. They are a habitat for unusual plant communities and globally rare species like the slender spider flower. Six species of insects live here that are not found anywhere else in the world including the Great Sand Dunes tiger beetle. Mammals are an integral part of the landscape. Ord's kangaroo rats, silky pocket mice, plains pocket mice, northern pocket gophers, mule deer, rabbits,

ground squirrels, coyotes, pronghorn antelope, and chipmunks are just a few of the creatures cruising around the terrain, as well as several types of ducks and birds including golden eagles, red-tailed hawks, owls, swifts, mountain bluebirds, and western tanagers.

The Great Sand Dunes were designated as our 36th National Monument, in 1932; and in 2000 the Monument was expanded into the Great Sand Dunes National Park and Preserve. This enlarged the area to 60 square miles or just over 38,660 acres. With this new addition the Park's resources now include alpine lakes and tundra, six peaks over 13,000', ancient spruce and pine forests, as well as large stands of aspen and cottonwood, grasslands, and wetlands.

This music is intended as an evocation of the serenity and sublime beauty of the Dunes.



#### 14. NIGHTFALL IN THE WETLANDS

Striped Chorus Frog  
Sandhill Cranes  
Bald Eagle  
Beavers  
Great Horned Owl

On an early spring evening at the Monte Vista National Wildlife Refuge, frogs celebrate their first nights of open water after the thaw of the winter ice. Sandhill Cranes are heard in the distance, coming "home" to the wetlands, after a long day feeding in the fields of the San Luis Valley. The voice of a lone Bald Eagle, a fellow traveler, can be heard in the midst of this vast chorus (at one minute thirty-five seconds of the track). As the Cranes settle down for the night, Beavers alert each other with tail slaps on the water, and Great Horned Owls give their benediction.

For several weeks each spring and fall, Sandhill Cranes, the San Luis Valley's oldest visitors, stop at the Refuge on the long journey between their wintering and breeding grounds. Some 20,000 Sandhills arrive during this migratory ritual, which may be millions of years old. The Cranes' enormous wingspan lifts them tens of thousands of feet into the sky. At times they disappear into the clouds, leading some cultures to believe Cranes carry souls from Earth to Heaven. The great nature writer Aldo Leopold referred to the voice of the Sandhill Crane as "the trumpet in the orchestra of evolution."

#### 15. MOONRISE OVER THE SANGRES

Richard Cooke  
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Richard Cooke | voice  
Coyotes

*Paul Winter:* "Richard Cooke has been a co-conspirator in our Consort adventures for over two decades. On this expedition he brought his contra-bass clarinet, a variety of the "Freenotes" xylophones he builds, and his voice. One moonlit night he was inspired to stir up some echoes from across the lake, and he got an unexpected response. None of us imagined finding coyotes at 12,000 feet, but here they are."



Photo: Bill Elzey



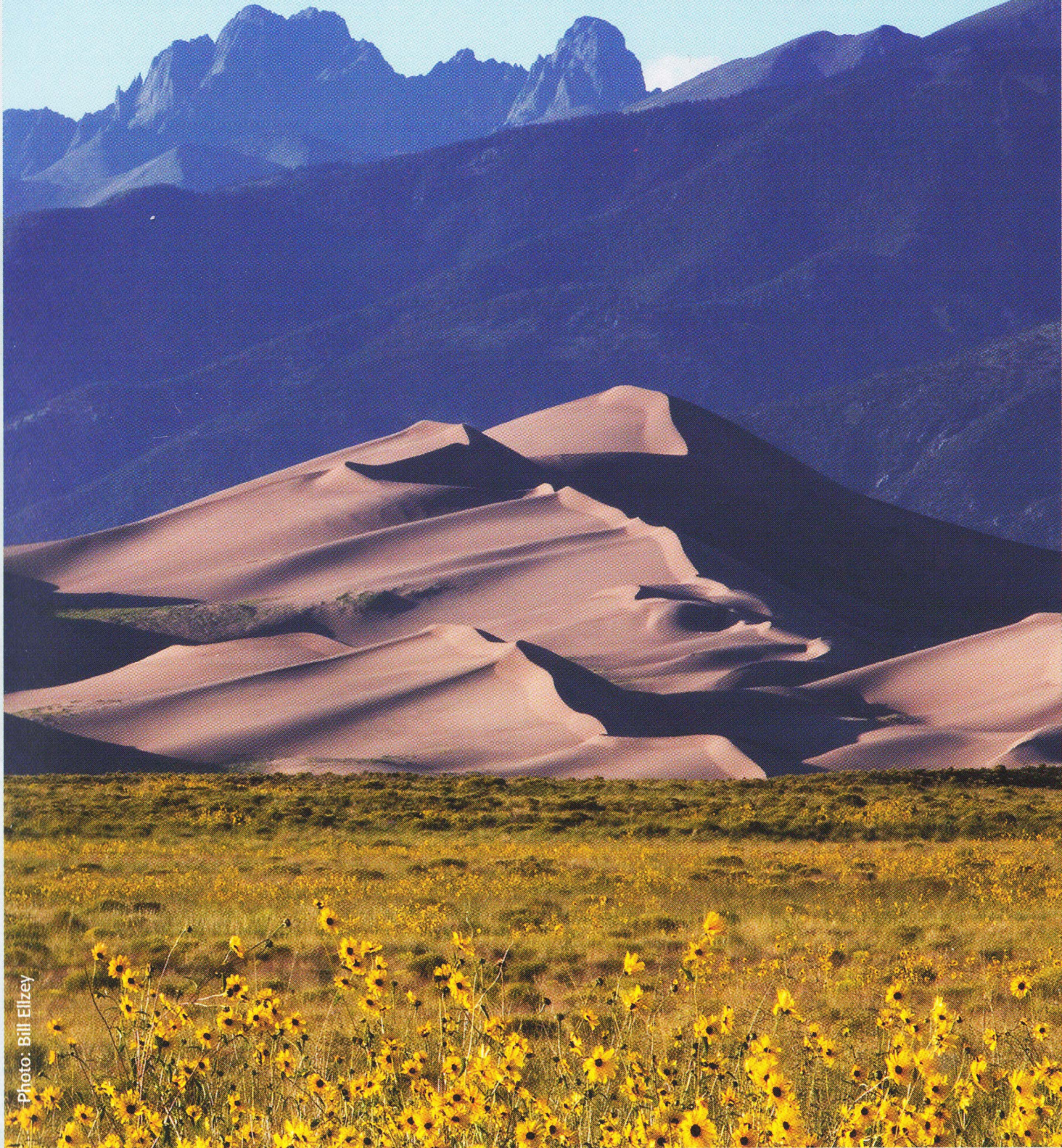


Photo: Bill Ellzey





Photo: Mitsunari Kato

in this project was to make great recordings of Buffalo, which to our knowledge no one had yet done. After many attempts, Peter May and Matthew Crowley succeeded in capturing what may be the most intimate Buffalo recordings ever made.

*Peter May:* "We found the Buffalo, in remote parts of the Ranch, on several occasions, but weren't able to get close enough to record.

One evening I decided to play my

trumpet for them. Three of them were very attentive, and we were able to drive our pick-up, without headlights, within twenty feet of them. We quietly set up the mics and recording machine, and listened in the dark. Gradually the Buffalo began to come around us, until we were surrounded by perhaps 200 of them, making gentle grunts and chuffing sounds. I felt very safe among them, and I sensed that they did not feel threatened. Actually I felt protected, as if I could relax within this great herd. In their own ways, they have been caretaking and protecting the grasslands since ancient times, giving the land what it needs to thrive, so that they might thrive in return."

*Paul Winter:* "Coming to see the Buffalo again one afternoon, we came upon the old abandoned ranch house, and over the gate was a large sign: 'Home on the Range.' We knew then what melody should be heard with these Buffalo voices. I imagined playing this time-worn song as if I were the ghost of some long-departed cowboy."

## 18. HOME ON THE RANGE

*Public Domain, arr. by Paul Winter*  
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Buffalo

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

For millennia, millions of Buffalo ranged across the plains and prairies of North America. During at least 10,000 years they were hunted by the Indians, but were quickly wiped out by Euro-Americans. Some forty million were killed in a frenzy of slaughter between 1830 and 1889, until only 542 remained. By exterminating the Buffalo, the white man cleared the way for the railroad and westward expansion, and in turn, deprived the Indians of their way of life. In the early 1900s, the last Buffalo were kept in captivity to save the species from extinction. Twelve hundred Buffalo live now on the Nature Conservancy's Medano-Zapata Ranch, adjacent to the Great Sand Dunes in the San Luis Valley. One of our "Grail quests"



## 16. ALL MY RELATIONS

*Paul Winter*

(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

An evening meditation by  
the Lake.

## 17. BUMBLEBEE HONOR SONG

*John-Carlos Perea*

(Aerep Music, ASCAP)

John-Carlos Perea |

*voice, drum*

Glen Velez | *shakers*

*John-Carlos Perea: "Bumblebee Honor Song is a children's honoring song that I composed while teaching pow-wow music at the Friendship House in San Francisco. I had met there a 4-year old girl named Bumblebee. She loved to sing and dance, and her joy and excitement were contagious. Not long after the class was over, it came as an extreme shock to hear that Bumblebee had passed away. This song was made to recognize and acknowledge the way she had touched those around her during her short life."*



Photo: Bill Ellzey



# PRAYER FOR THE GREAT FAMILY

**Gratitude to Mother Earth**, and to her soil: rich, rare, and sweet,  
sailing through night and day.

In our minds, so be it.

**Gratitude to Plants**, the sun-facing light-changing leaf  
and fine root-hair; standing still through wind or rain;  
their dance is in the flowing spiral grain.

In our minds, so be it.

**Gratitude to Air**, bearing the soaring Swift and the silent Owl at dawn.  
Breath of our song, clear spirit breeze.

In our minds, so be it.

**Gratitude to Wild Beings**, our sisters, teaching secrets,  
freedoms, and ways; who share with us their milk;  
self-complete, brave, and aware.

In our minds, so be it.

**Gratitude to Water**, clouds, lakes, rivers, glaciers;  
holding or releasing, streaming through  
all our bodies' salty seas.

In our minds, so be it.

**Gratitude to the Sun**, blinding pulsing light through  
trunks of trees, through mists, warming caves where  
bears and snakes sleep – he who wakes us.

In our minds, so be it.

**Gratitude to the Great Sky**,  
who holds billions of stars – and goes yet beyond that –  
beyond all powers, and thoughts  
and yet is within us –

Grandfather Space  
The Mind is his Wife.

So be it.

– **Gary Snyder**

After a Mohawk prayer



## 19. WITCHI TAI TO

*Jim Pepper*

(Jobete Music, Inc., ASCAP)

John-Carlos Perea | *voice*

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

Paul McCandless | *oboe*

Eugene Friesen | *cello*

Oscar Castro-Neves | *guitar*

Webster Santos | *guitars*

Sizão Machado | *bass*

Bre, and Guello | *percussion*

Glen Velez | *shakers*

Don Grusin | *keyboard*

The Saga of a Song: *Witchi Tai To* is one of these rare, timeless songs that just seem to travel on, and it has made its way around much of the world since Indian saxophonist Jim Pepper wrote and recorded it in the 1970s. A succession of jazz musicians took up the song, among them Don Cherry, who taught it to Norwegian saxophonist Jan Gabarek, whose recording of it was heard by the members of the quartet *Oregon*, in whose repertoire it has lived for many years, featuring the oboe of Paul McCandless.

*Paul Winter:* "I first played *Witchi Tai To* as part of a grand jam session in Albuquerque, New Mexico in 2000, at the end of the Native American Music Awards (the 'NAMMYS'). Jim Pepper was being honored, posthumously, with the NAMMY Hall of Fame Award, and I had been invited to come to present the award to Jim's mother, Floy Pepper. Bassist Ed Schuller was there, who had been in Jim's band when

they made their famous recording of *Witchi Tai To*, and he taught the song to the eclectic group of presenters, including singer Rita Coolidge and drummer Mickey Hart, who were to perform in the finale. We played *Witchi Tai To* for a very long time, with a myriad of variations and solos, and I remember being so swept up in it that I felt we could have gone on all night. After that first experience with this song, I looked forward to the opportunity to play it someday with the Consort.

"When I met John-Carlos Perea, and talked to him about the *Crestone* project, and the diverse heritage of Indian cultures on this land, 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 U.C. 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. *Witchi Tai To* feels like an appropriate finale for our *Crestone* journey. I hear it as a song of gratitude, celebrating the communing of spirits of all the peoples and creatures who have, and who will, come together on this land."

## 20. GOODNIGHT TO THE MOUNTAINS

*Paul Winter*

(Living Earth Music, BMI)

Paul Winter | *soprano sax*

Don Grusin | *keyboard*





## "The Posse"

*Left to right:*

*Ron Cunningham*

*Sadao Miyamoto*

*Beth Richman*

*Wade Lockhart*

*Jeffrey Markel*

*Paul McCandless*

*Paul Winter*

*Richard Cooke*

*Steve Van Zandt*

*Matthew Crowley*

*Peter May*

*Bill Ellzey*

### Production Credits

Produced by *Paul Winter* and *Peter May*

Executive Producer: *Sadao Miyamoto*

Recorded at North Crestone Lake, the Monte Vista National Wildlife Refuge, the Nature Conservancy's Medano-Zapata Ranch, and the Lindisfarne Sanctuary at Crestone Mountain Zen Center, by *Steve Van Zandt*, assisted by *Peter May* and *Matthew Crowley*

Additional recording at Home Studio, São Paulo, Brazil, by *Mario Gil*; Keller Studios, Sausalito, California, by *Andre Zweers*; and Living Music Studio, Litchfield, Connecticut, by *Dixon Van Winkle*

Recordings of Whooping Cranes, Red-winged Blackbird, Mountain Bluebird, Western Meadowlark, Striped Chorus Frog, Mountain Treefrogs, and Great Horned Owl courtesy of the *Macaulay*

*Library of Natural Sounds Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology. Gratitude to Greg Budney and Tammy Bishop.*

Edited, mixed, and mastered by *Dixon Van Winkle*

Production Assistant: *Chez Liley*  
Photographs on booklet front and back covers by *Bill Ellzey*

Liner notes edited by *Chez Liley* and *Christina Andersen*

Graphics coordination by *Christina Andersen*, assisted by *Sarah Webb*

Design: *Randy Weyant / Louise Johnson / KatArt Graphics*

Whooping Crane information from *Bird Songs* by Les Beletsky (San Francisco: Chronicle Books)

Great Sand Dunes information by *Sarah Lane* © copyright 2005 by classbrain.com

"Prayer for the Great Family," by *Gary Snyder*, from *Turtle Island*,

copyright © 1974 by *Gary Snyder*.

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(*Gary Snyder* can be heard reading this and other poems from *Turtle Island*, on an album accompanied by music of the Paul Winter Consort: *Turtle Island*, Gary Snyder and Paul Winter, Living Music LC0022, available through [www.livingmusic.com](http://www.livingmusic.com))

Other Paul Winter albums which may be of interest include:

*CANYON: A Celebration of the Grand Canyon*

*PRAYER FOR THE WILD THINGS: A Celebration of the Northern Rockies*

*CALLINGS: A Celebration of Sea Mammals*

For a complete listing of Living Music albums by Paul Winter and the Paul Winter Consort, please visit our website at [www.livingmusic.com](http://www.livingmusic.com)



## PLAYERS

### KOJI NAKAMURA / taiko drum

Koji was born in the countryside of Hyogo prefecture in Northern Japan. He is a master drummer in the Japanese taiko tradition, and was formerly a member of the Japanese group Ondekoza and leader of the Shumei Taiko Ensemble, with whom he has performed around the world.

### JOHN-CARLOS PEREA / voice, drum, cedar flute

John-Carlos' heritage is Mescalero Apache and Irish American. He was born in Dulce, New Mexico, on the Jicarilla Apache Reservation not far from the San Luis Valley. He learned the Northern-style Indian singing tradition while studying with Barney Hoehner-Peji (Lakota) and singing with the Blue Horse Singers, a pow-wow drum group. He received degrees in music from San Francisco State University and the University of California, Berkeley, and is currently pursuing a Ph.D. in ethnomusicology. [www.johncarlosperea.com](http://www.johncarlosperea.com)

### PAUL McCANDLESS / oboe, bass clarinet

Born in Pennsylvania, Paul studied music at the Manhattan School of Music, and from 1968 to 1972 was the original double-reed player in the Paul Winter Consort. He is a founding member of the acclaimed quartet, Oregon, with whom he has played for the past 35 years. [www.paulmccandless.com](http://www.paulmccandless.com)

### EUGENE FRIESEN / cello

Eugene was born in Kansas, the son of Mennonite parents who emigrated from Siberia. A graduate of the Yale School of Music, he has been the cellist with the Paul Winter Consort since 1978. He is featured on over 25 Living Music recordings. In 2004 he recorded an album in the Miho Museum in Japan, entitled *Sono Miho*. [www.celloman.com](http://www.celloman.com)

### GLEN VELEZ / percussion

A native of Texas, Glen studied the traditions of Western percussion as well as those of many cultures around the world. He has played with the Paul Winter Consort since 1983, and has performed and recorded with a great diversity of world, symphonic and jazz musicians. [www.glenvelez.com](http://www.glenvelez.com)

### PETER MAY / conch shells

Peter May lives in Crestone, where he practices architecture, leads wilderness education programs, and is chief of one of the fire departments. Born in Detroit, Michigan, he has a degree in architecture from the University of Michigan. [www.wildinspiredmusic.com](http://www.wildinspiredmusic.com)

### DON GRUSIN / keyboard

Born and raised in Colorado, Don has long regarded the Sangre de Cristo Range as his favorite mountains. He has performed and recorded widely, producing nine series of albums under his own name. [www.dongrusin.com](http://www.dongrusin.com)

### RICHARD COOKE / voice

Richard comes from Kentucky, where he sang in church choirs during his boyhood. As road manager for the Consort in the mid-'80s, he began building unique types of xylophones, from which grew his enterprise "Freenotes," producing a variety of innovative instruments that anyone can play easily. [www.freenotes.net](http://www.freenotes.net)



I dedicate this album to my mother **Beaulah Harnish Winter** [December 3, 1911–August 25, 2006] who passed away the week before our recording expedition. Her loving spirit smiled upon our adventure.

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