

P A U L W I N T E R

**EARTH**



**VOICES OF  
A PLANET**



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## 1. APPALACHIAN MORNING *PRELUDE*

*Paul Halley (Back Alley Music, ASCAP)*

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

**Rhonda Larson/** flute

**Eugene Friesen/** cello

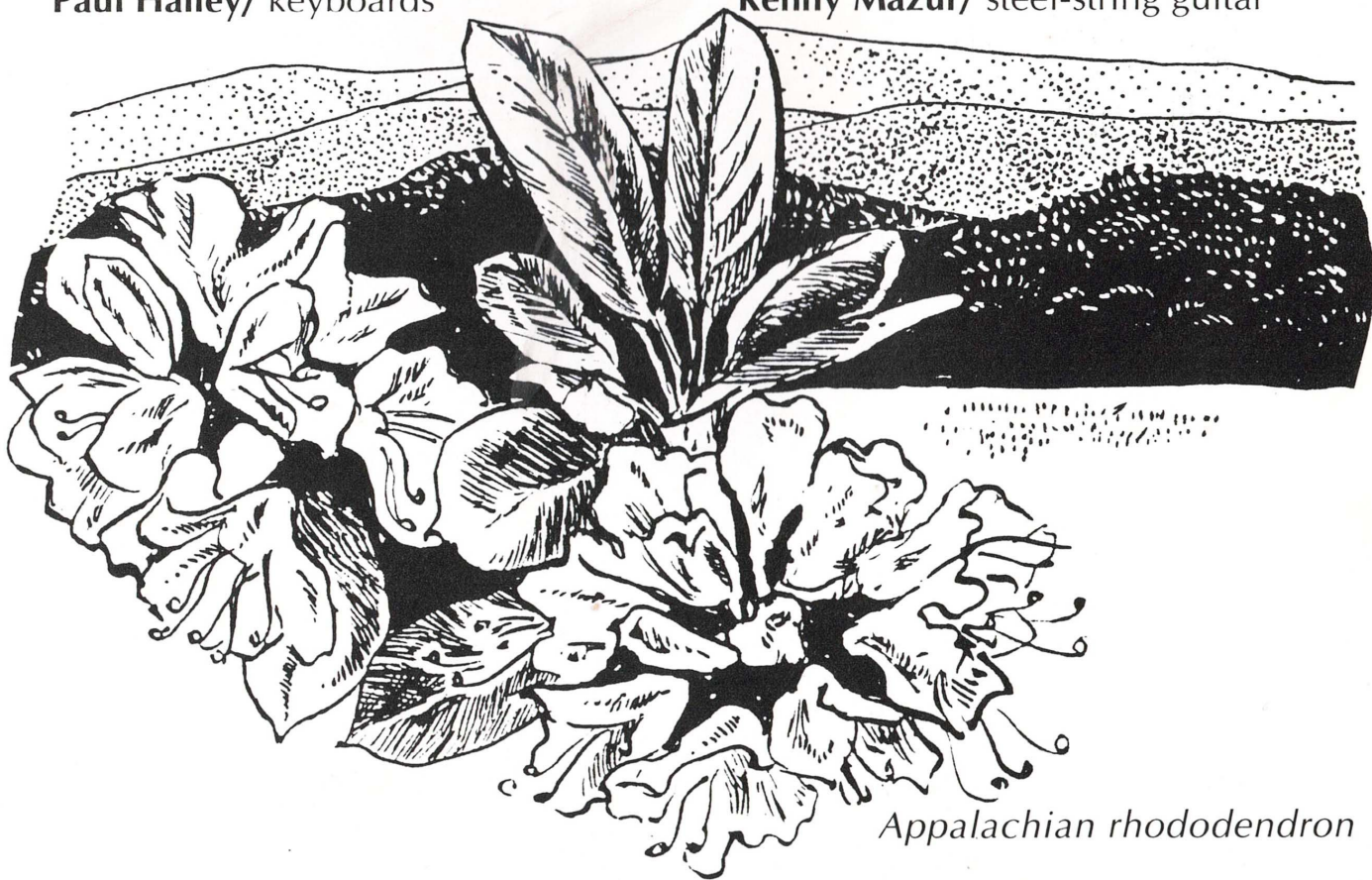
**Paul Halley/** keyboards

**Russ Landau/** bass

**Paul Wertico/** drums

**Glen Velez/** caixixi (Brazilian shakers)

**Kenny Mazur/** steel-string guitar



*Appalachian rhododendron*



## 2. CATHEDRAL FOREST NORTH AMERICA

Paul Halley (*Back Alley Music, ASCAP*)

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

**Rhonda Larson/** flute

**Eugene Friesen/** cello

**Paul Halley/** keyboards

**Russ Landau/** bass

**Ted Moore/** percussion

**Glen Velez/** percussion

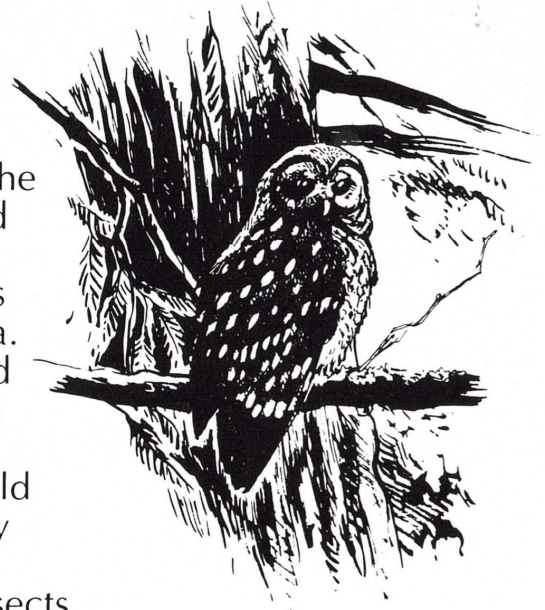
**Paul Wertico/** drums

*Spotted owl recording courtesy Cornell University Laboratory of Ornithology.*

The cry of a spotted owl draws dusk down cool green aisles: towering races of old giants form the columns of a living cathedral, the huge moist sun-shafted naves and arches hallowed with age. Paul Halley wrote this music to celebrate the majesty of the endangered old-growth forests of the Northwest, and as an "owlegy" for its dependents.

European settlers in the 1700's found 2,000 miles of forest from northern California to Icy Strait, Alaska. Spruce, hemlock, fir, 300-foot high redwoods thrived on the poor soil. 11,000 years had taught a miracle: how to create from next to nothing, in terms of total plant life, earth's greatest forest. Trees 1,000 years old host 1,500 invertebrate species. The 500-year decay of fallen logs releases new life: downed trees nurse seedlings, hold water, wall the steep soils, shelter insects in their galleries. Logs in streams make gentle stairways, regulate the flow and temperature of the waters that they filter. Large standing snags are homes for black bear, marten, and the bark-colored spotted owl, who mates for life, lives in the craggy cavities of 200 year-old trees, hunts on two-foot-wide wings a 2,500 acre territory to daily eat its weight in quarry. 1,500 pairs remain: they vanish in proportion to their forest.

60,000 acres of old-growth are logged each year. 90% of Washington and Oregon old-growth is gone, with 1 square mile more cut each week. Only 4% of Californian cathedral forest remains. We have destroyed 96% of eons of evolutionary achievement in a mere 90 years. The forest disappears long before its last tree.



### 3. CALL OF THE ELEPHANT AFRICA

*Paul Berliner, Kwaku Dadey, Paul Halley, Paul Winter (Bar-Loma Music, ASCAP; Living Earth Music, BMI)*

**Paul Berliner/** kudu horn, footbells

**Kwaku Dadey/** Ghanaian drums

**Paul Winter/** soprano and alto sax

**David Darling/** cello

**Paul Halley/** piano

**Russ Landau/** bass

**Kenny Mazur/** steel-string guitar

*Elephant rumbles recorded by Katy Payne, courtesy Cornell University Laboratory of Ornithology; Paul Berliner, jazz trumpeter, mbira player, and ethnomusicologist, lived and studied for many years with the Shona people of Zimbabwe. Among the African instruments he plays is this spiral horn of the kudu antelope. (Paul wishes to thank Andrew Tracey, ethnomusicologist and musician par excellence, for the gift of this kudu horn.) Paul Berliner is now a professor of ethnomusicology at Northwestern University.*

**E**lephants, small in the distance, file across the midnight desert, a saddle of moonlight on each back. Far-running basso rumbles swell the sandy plains: like ocean storms and earthquakes, elephants produce infrasound which, at 14-35 cycles per second, penetrate, unhindered, grasslands and forests. A sophisticated communication system organizes elephant societies: news spread by low reverberations co-ordinates the scattered herds' migrations.

Memories of the sun's hot breath, fierce pulse; fires' flickering shadows and deep relief of darkness: the spirit of Africa resonates through the spirals of a kudu horn.

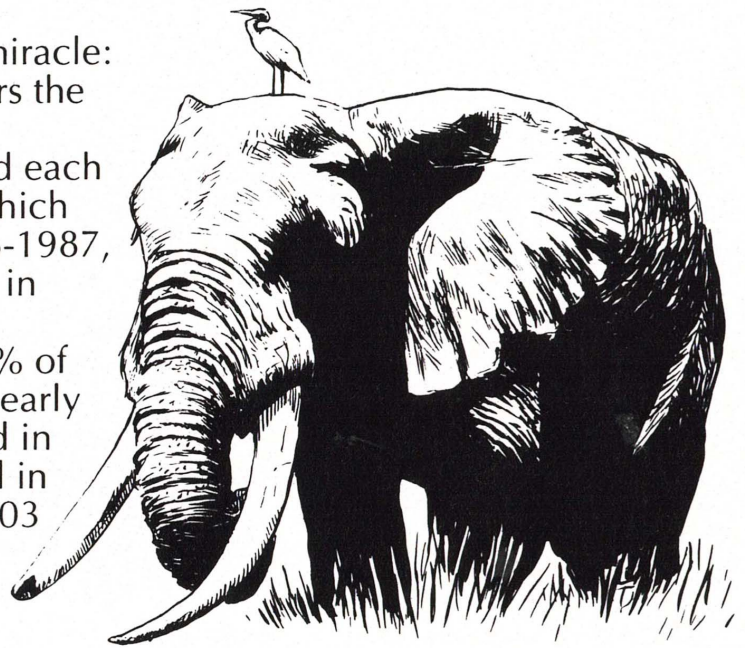
Nomadic lives are tuned to the environment. Elephant ancestor voices speak of ancient paths to water sources, guide trunks to open long-buried wells: environmental architects make life accessible to other animals. Adolescent females can delay puberty for up to 10 years, let food supplies dictate birth-rates. Females leave the males to wander, but during estrus voice their potential. Deep slow rumbles rise in pitch and urgency, songs of fertility. Males in musth, eager to breed, locate a mate by her singing.

6-foot trunks stiffly upright detect 5 mile-distant auras; softly entwining, play in ceremonies of greeting. This 1 foot-thick, 40,000-musclcd finger knows by feeling, gently mulling over old bones, breathes the wisdom of long-gone generations.



11 foot tall, 6 tons of patient, unforgettable miracle: the oldest, largest land mammal remembers the last Ice Age.

Across Africa 2,000 elephants are killed each week, 5-10% each year of a population which increases annually by only 2-7%. In 1986-1987, 89,000 elephants were poached; 100,000 in 1988. U.S. markets account for 1/3 of the international carved ivory trade, about 70% of which is from elephants killed illegally. Nearly half of Africa's elephants have disappeared in the last decade, with extinction threatened in another 10 years. In October, 1989, the 103 nation members of the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species added the African elephant to their list.



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#### 4. ANTARCTICA

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

**Paul Halley/** pipe organ

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

*Wind recording by Mickey Houlihan; Weddell seal call recorded by Edwin Mickleburgh, courtesy Saydisc Specialized Recordings Ltd.*

**T**he wind sweeps its perpetual theme song across Antarctica. Blizzards live where fields of ice rise up to 3 miles high. Domed continent: heavy cold air shoots down the inland steep slopes, coastward, gathering momentum. In the West Wind Drift, uninterrupted clockwise gusts stir up the circumpolar fetch: winds whip waves, spin gyres, scoop nutrients; storms impart their energy to the Southern Polar Seas.

Antarctica, controller of the global climate, stores 70% of the earth's fresh water, holds in its archives, in accumulated layers of ice, the records of 700,000 years. Land of perpetual winter night and austral summers of 24-hour days of sun: 7 million cubic miles expand and contract to the solar pulse. The ice has many

names and voices: green "growler"; new "frazil", fibrous; "pancake" ice rubbed round; "drift" ice, disintegrated, turns to "brash".

Weddell seal calls echo from vast icy vaults. All winter, ice sheets shield the seals; their voices thread the blue-green underwater miles to navigate dark waters. Weddell teeth carve steps, rasp airholes. The 30 million years since an otter-like ancestor slipped back into the sea have given the seals gifts to survive with grace and beauty.

1957-1958 was named International Geophysical Year. White-wilderness scientists from 12 nations worked together on a co-operative program of Antarctic research. In 1961 the Antarctica Treaty was signed, that the continent should "be used exclusively for peaceful purposes", subject to review in 1991.

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## 5. OCEAN CHILD *THE OCEANS*

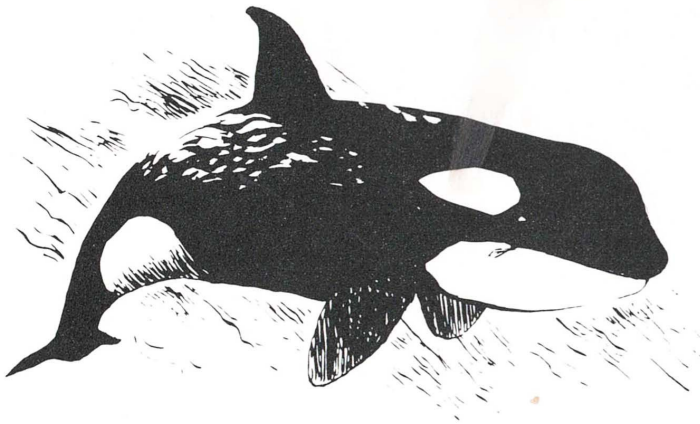
*Orca, Paul Halley, Paul Winter (Back Alley Music, ASCAP; Living Earth Music, BMI)*

**Paul Halley/** keyboards

**Paul Wertico/** cymbals

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

*Live recording of orca (killer whale) and sax, in prelude, by Mickey Houlihan, in the Johnston Straits, British Columbia; additional orca recordings by Mickey Houlihan.*



In a circle of high-pointed fins, the sea-wolves rest among the twilight shadows. Twenty-foot long bodies, black and white, sink, rise and blow in rhythm. Orcas swim in every ocean, know one interlocking world-sea. They cast their songlines in a world of sound: orca communication calls pierce 10 km of open waters; with sonar clicks, they

navigate. Mother ocean mixes a lullaby: her chambers resound with voices, from bacteria's chemical messages to the melodies of blue whales.

In the beginning was the ocean cauldron. Large molecular carbon compounds combined themselves over eons, 2 billion years ago formed cells which learned to eat



the sun. Upper ocean layers of phytoplankton continue to produce half the world's oxygen. Life, most vital at the land-sea edge, grew into larger forms and stepped ashore. 60 million years ago an orca ancestor turned back from the land to the world's womb, feet wore to flippers, became something new. Humans are the planet's youths, still tied to the ocean, with each human body its own sea, 71% water. The oceans are our mirror, hold time and all beginnings recreated in each sea-salty pregnancy potent with possibilities.

Oceans shrink and stretch, devoured by deep fringe trenches, grow 5 feet in a human lifetime as earth gives itself shape. Each 300-400 million years the oceans sweep clean. Every 400-500 million years the earth is made over, kneaded to a new face. Sub-marine mountains soaring over abyssal plains are hauled above the surface by gigantic forces, frozen like waves, snow-capped, imprinted with fish skeletons. Continents pursue their 180 million year odyssey across the sea-floor. The seas continue making us: modern ocean science transforms our life-view, teaches us co-operation, reverence, joy.

A calf swims in-between its parents in a travelling playpen, begins its own long journey of learning. At dusk the sea-wolves reach their rubbing beach. Steep pebbled walls worn smooth provide an underwater playground. The orcas rub to groom and to feel good. Circling slowly, singing, they await their individual turns. Joyful like children, they play with their music and their bodies, belly-to-belly, dancing.

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## 6. UIRAPURÚ DO AMAZONAS SOUTH AMERICA

*Gaudencio Thiago de Mello (Gau Publishing Co., BMI)*

**Thiago de Mello/** voice, guitar, rainstick, "jungle-mouth" drum, whistles

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

*Uirapurú (musical wren) recording courtesy Cornell University Laboratory of Natural Sounds; Thiago de Mello's heritage has roots in the Maué Indian tribe of the Amazon. This chant includes Nthinga Tu Indian dialect, Portuguese, and onomatopoeic sounds; it sings of the river and the wind.*

**U**irapurú, musical wren, sings the mystery and beauty of the Amazon: tiny enchanter of Maué legend, who hears its voice will live forever.

Lush with life, a typical 4-square mile patch of rainforest may contain 750 species of trees, 125 kinds of mammals, 400 of birds, 100 of reptiles, 60 of



amphibians. Each type of tree-tower kingdom hosts 400 insect species. Arboreal amphibians inhabit petal cup lakes; leafcutter ants farm fungi on pulped clippings; a female hummingbird constructs a nest of moss and sparkling spiders' webs.

The forest is rainfeeder, cloudgrower: 1 tree in 1 day transpires 20,000 litres of water; evaporating mists steam cooling wisps off 300-foot high tree-tops. Within 48 hours, 75% of the rainfall received is spouted back into the atmosphere, re-formed by winds to clouds: rains are recycled 5-7 times over Amazonia.

Forest people know a treasure-trove of food and healing secrets; have lived 10,000 years on the same life-giving land, their guardian, garden of ancestral spirits. In days before they knew death they shared one language with the animals, and danced through life by changing

skins and bodies. We have begun to investigate less than 2% of the planet's flowering plants, their magical properties, yet we eradicate a species each half hour before we know what we extinguished.

A September night glows orange. A new road has raped vast forest tracts; scrub-clearing fires raze millenia's genetic heritage for speculators' plots, coca-crops, cattle ranches for tax benefit. 80,000 square Amazonian miles were burned last year beneath a smoky funeral shroud. Rivers stained by gold miners' mercury choked on silt from soil erosion.

The rainforest is a delicately-balanced organism, priceless and irreplaceable. We impoverish the planet by destroying irrevocably the gift of life's diversity.



## 7. TALKABOUT AUSTRALIA

Steve Turre, Paul Winter, Eugene Friesen, Russ Landau (Living Earth Music, BMI)

**Steve Turre/** didjeridu

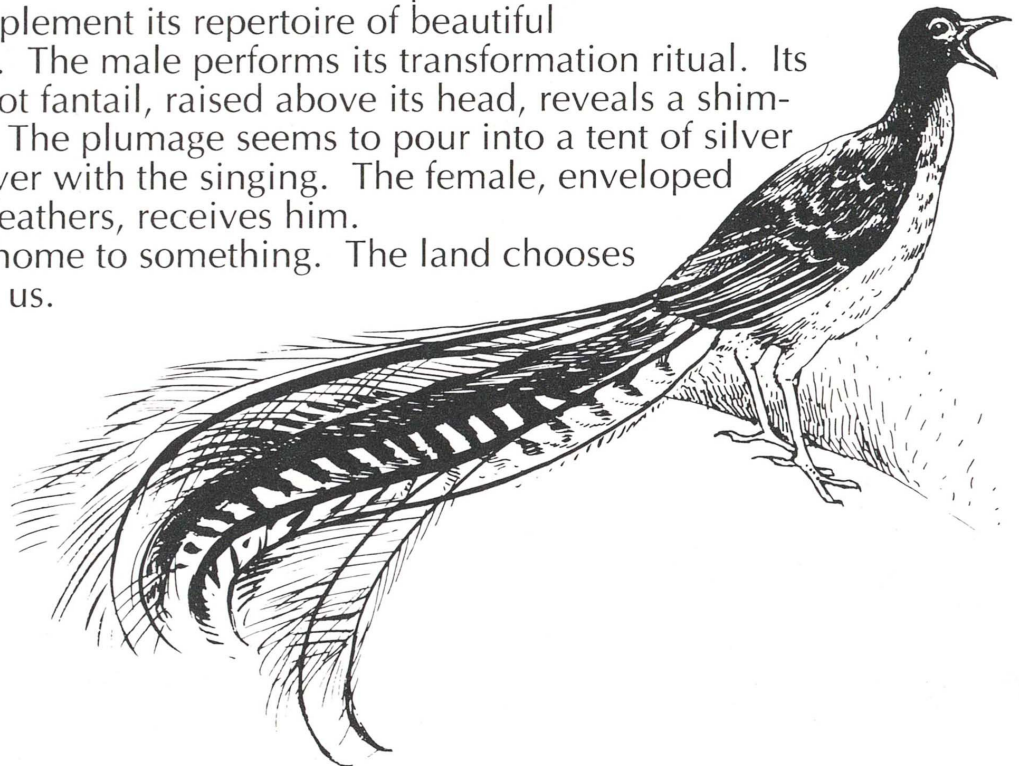
**Glen Velez/** bullroarers, sticks

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

*Australian lyrebird recording courtesy Cornell University Laboratory of Ornithology; Jazz trombonist Steve Turre learned didjeridu in Australia. He is regularly the trombonist on the television show "Saturday Night Live".*

In the beginning was the Dreamtime and the singing. Ancestors' voices set the world vibrating. They gave name and shape to the land they travelled. The didjeridu was once a tree that sang with the wind. White ants hollowed out its limb that it might still vibrate with breath and imitate life's mystery. Rituals maintain the bond with the beginning: bullroarers release the voices of spirits, reborn with each myth's narration, revived with dancing, for acts of creation take the shape of leaping. Watch the male lyrebird. It rakes a mound, constructs a stage, and with song and dance enchants a mate to act out procreation's drama. Perfect imitations of other voices supplement its repertoire of beautiful bubbling melodies. The male performs its transformation ritual. Its drab brown two-foot fantail, raised above its head, reveals a shimmering underside. The plumage seems to pour into a tent of silver droplets which shiver with the singing. The female, enveloped by the cascade of feathers, receives him.

All the earth is home to something. The land chooses to provide; it owns us.



## 8. RUSSIAN GIRLS ASIA

*Dimitri Pokrovsky, Paul Winter, Eugene Friesen, Russ Landau, Paul Halley*  
(Living Earth Music, BMI)

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

**Eugene Friesen/** cello, voice

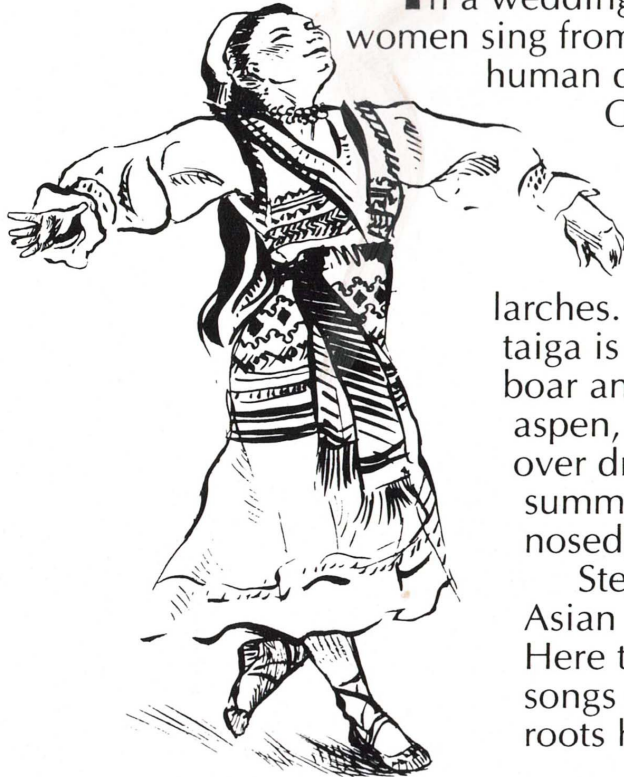
**Paul Halley/** keyboards

**The Dimitri Pokrovsky Singers** (Maria Nefedova, Elena Sidorenko, Tamara Smysova, Anna Konukhova, Nina Savitskaya, Irina Ponomaryova)

*The Dimitri Pokrovsky Singers, based in Moscow, are dedicated to preserving the living traditions of Russian village music. They are featured with the Paul Winter Consort on the album EARTHBEAT, and the two ensembles have toured together, both in the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.*

**Glen Velez/** percussion

**Russ Landau/** bass, percussion



**I**n a wedding song from Pskov, in the north of Russia, women sing from a centuries'-old village tradition the human dance of life, its joy and sorrow.

One-third of the USSR is covered with green oceans of conifers. The largest forest in the world spreads from the Baltic to the Sea of Okhotsk: 6,000 miles of dense dark spruces, firs, pines, deciduous larches. Moss holds the brown bear's tracks; the taiga is the wolf's stronghold, home to elk, wild boar and sable. Woodland meets steppe, blends aspen, birch, blossoms. The steppe eagle soars over drought-resistant grasses where the ephemeral summer spurts tulips and irises. The saiga, blunt-nosed, grazes the last lands of the feather-grass.

Steppes slide into desert, 1/9 of the USSR. The Asian cheetah roams the clay and sandy plains. Here the desert sparrow staves off extinction: bird songs live among the saxaul groves whose strong roots hold the shifting sands. Flowers of "A Thou-



sand Suns" burst over barkhan dunes scattered with tiny track necklaces and iridescent beetles' wings.

The Great Balkhans are named "The Colored Mountains", shaped like flames and water-scarred. The Pamirs' tips reach 24,000 feet. They are alive, stream melt-water, shrug shoulders and shift shape with earthquakes and avalanches. The snow leopard finds freedom in these high inaccessible wild places. 200 tigers hunt Siberia's far-eastern forest: largest of all cats, each individual prowls 150 square miles.

The USSR is vast, 5 times the size of the US, but huge wilderness areas, seemingly inviolable, reveal their fragility. Uzbekistan robs its rivers to grow 90% of Soviet Union cotton, degrading naturally salty soils by irrigation: the Aral Sea has shrunk 40% in 30 years, leaving 11,000 square miles of wasteland. Siberia's "sacred sea", Baikal, is poisoned by paper mills. The USSR has over 147 nature reserves, is learning that the natural world is one huge ecosystem, indivisible.

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## 9. BLACK FOREST EUROPE

*Paul Winter (Living Earth Music, BMI)*

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

*European blackbird recording courtesy  
Cornell University Laboratory of  
Ornithology; Mountain stream  
recording by Mickey Houlihan.*

**T**he Schwarzwald lies along the east bank of the Rhine, a wooded mountain land of legends, sagas, fairy tales, of robbers' haunts and witches' dens among dense stands of beech and oak. The pines are a dark and sombre green: the name "Black Forest" holds romance and magic, reverence for mysterious beauty. A male blackbird, yellow-orange billed with bright eyerim casts out its lovely melodies.



1,000 years ago the Roman Legion officers enjoyed the springs hot from the earth with secret healing, and Emperor Vespasian built the baths at Badenweiler. Dutch tree-fellers slew the conifers, made them into masts for merchant ships, and rafts. Charcoal-burners and glass-blowers came to take their place, and carvers made their living from the tree-limbs, fashioning clocks.

The mountains in the south are highest. Feldberg crowns the forest with its highest peak at 4,800 feet. The slopes run from the Swiss border north to Karlsruhe, hiding waterfalls in wild ravines, monasteries crumbling into valleys, farms with high-pitched thatched-roofed houses, castles. At Donaueschingen, underground sources surface, mix with the river Brigach, birth the Danube; the waters surge towards the Black Sea.

The forest is dying now. In 1970, stricken trees showed signs of some mysterious disease. Within ten years, one quarter of Europe's forests suffered. The atmosphere is overloaded with emissions: rains and snows turn into poison, filter through the soil to streams, acidifying. Filamentous algae bury dead lakes beneath a green velvet blanket. Oxides of sulphur and nitrogen in fumes from far-off factories form acids in the atmosphere, and airborne chemicals interact with sunlight, creating ozone, a corrosive gas.

Needles of a Norway spruce turn yellow, drop; the tree is dead. Clouds scud towards the mountains, laden with sulphate, nitrate, oxidants. Cloud sponges absorb pollutants; along the slopes the concentrate condenses on the forests' upturned faces. Pine needles rake out moisture rich in nitrogen, which fertilizes, encourages growth late in the fall; the tree neglects to harden up for winter. Ozone corrodes the needles' wax coat, destroys chlorophyll, part of the trees' kit to eat the sun. Cloud water seeps into tissues, leaches nutrients, saps the tree's strength. Acid soil damages delicate root systems. Weakened, the giants succumb to fungi, frost.

Trees represent 400 million years of life's self-expression, the beauty of a divine life-sustaining process, and we know so little of the miracle, how they grow. The atmosphere does not respect nations' boundaries, but holds the sum of our combined disregard and ignorance. Air pollution, the penalty for our lack of reverence, falls on the future of our forests.



## 10. SONG OF THE EXILE

*Gaudencio Thiago de Mello (Gau Publishing Co., BMI)*

**Thiago de Mello/** voice, guitar, cocoons, cuia (Amazon gourd)

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

**Paul Halley/** keyboards

**Guilherme Franco/** surdo (Brazilian samba drum), agogo

I built myself a boat from hope,  
out of pain, made sea.  
From injustice I wrought a strong oar  
to take me to a safe port.  
I strung letters into a thousand words  
to be a vehicle for my thinking.  
Instead of weeping I wrote a verse,  
but I must be free to sing it.  
I fashioned dawn out of a fire,  
from the ashes made the sun rise,  
but it was what I felt for my beloved  
that birthed this song inside.  
It is the sun, the sea,  
my boi-bumba,  
the rhythm of the dance in me.  
My suffering will end  
I'm sure I'll live in peace up there.

*Thiago de Mello was forced into self-exile from Brazil in 1966 by the military dictatorship of Castelo Branco. He now lives in New York City.*

## 11. UNDER THE SUN

*Paul Winter, Glen Velez, John Clark, Paul McCandless, Paul Halley (Living Earth Music, BMI)*

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

**Glen Velez/** bendir (desert drum)

**John Clark/** French horn

**Paul McCandless/** oboe

**Paul Halley/** pipe organ

*Note: the desert drum has a characteristic buzzing sound; please know it is not distortion on the recording or in your speakers.*

**P**ulse of the desert drum, beat of the earth; the day's vibrations hum in expectancy of the final chord. The sun, sinking, bursts in its evening ritual of consecration. Melt-colors of amber, orange, rose, red and purple, as one wave, wash over the horizon rim, a life-giving, unifying flood. Then the tide subsides: earth drains the sky, drinks in the colors and the fire. Dusk brings its own whispering beauty.

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## 12. AND THE EARTH SPINS FINALE

*Paul Halley (Back Alley Music, ASCAP)*

**Paul Winter/** soprano sax

**Rhonda Larson/** flute

**Eugene Friesen/** cello

**Mark Perchanok/** Heckelphone

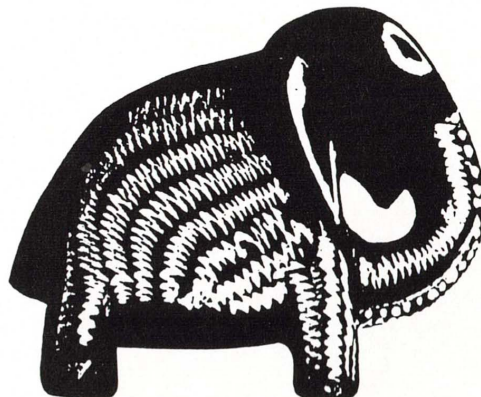
**Paul Halley/** keyboards

**Russ Landau/** bass

**Glen Velez/** percussion

**Paul Wertico/** drums

**Kenny Mazur/** steel-string guitar





PRODUCED BY **RUSS LANDAU & PAUL WINTER**

Associate Producers: **Eugene Friesen, Rhonda Larson, Paul Halley**

Recorded and mixed by **Russ Landau** at Living Music Studio, Litchfield, Connecticut, and in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, with additional recording by

**Judy Elliott-Brown, Chris Brown, Dixon Van Winkle, Dave Greene, & Kenny Mazur**

assisted by **Tom Skarupa & Tom Lewis**

Mastered by **Dr. Toby Mountain** at Northeastern Digital Recording

Cover design and graphics by **Hirsch Design**

Soapstone elephant carving from West Africa courtesy **Katy Payne**

Liner notes by **Chez Liley**

Booklet illustrations by **Hannah Hinchman**

Paul Winter plays Selmer soprano sax; Paul Halley plays Grotrian piano; Paul Wertico plays Paiste cymbals; Russ Landau plays Roger Sadowsky basses with Dean Markely and LaBella strings.

For concert bookings or information on the touring schedule of the *Paul Winter Consort*, contact Living Music, Box 72, Litchfield, Connecticut 06759, 203/567-8796

A song of thanks to Kathy Cowles, Christina Andersen, Jim Butler, Roger Makepeace, Andrea Priori, Katy Payne, Greg Budney, the Very Rev. James Parks Morton (Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine), Roger Payne, Chip Davis, Steve Kalhorn, Mike Delich, John Cullen, Clete Baker, Liz Bellott, "Eagle Ears", and Mrs. Pipkin.

*This musical offering was created as a tribute to the 20th anniversary of Earth Day, April 22, 4,600,041,990. The "Gaian Calendar" date embraces the estimated age of the earth, four billion six-hundred million years (as per Thomas Berry); the "homo sapiens" time, roughly 40,000 years ("specifically the time since human beings started doing non-utilitarian objects-Magdalenian Stone carving of animals, pictures in caves" Gary Snyder); and the current Christian calendar.*

*Dedication: to Evelyn Ames, who so loved music and the wild world*

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If the earth were only  
a few feet in diameter, floating a  
few feet above a field somewhere,  
people would come from everywhere to  
marvel at it. People would walk around it,  
marveling at its big pools of water, its little pools and  
the water flowing between the pools. People would  
marvel at the bumps on it, and the holes in it, and they  
would marvel at the very thin layer of gas surrounding it and  
the water suspended in the gas. The people would marvel at  
all the creatures walking around the surface of the ball, and at  
the creatures in the water. The people would declare it  
precious because it was the only one, and they would protect  
it so that it would not be hurt. The ball would be the  
greatest wonder known, and people would come to  
behold it, to be healed, to gain knowledge, to know  
beauty and to wonder how it could be. People  
would love it, and defend it with their lives,  
because they would somehow know that their  
lives, their own roundness, could be  
nothing without it. If the Earth  
were only a few feet in  
diameter.

*author unknown*