

## More Than a Musical Vision

In 1981, when writing the introduction to Peter Garland's book *Americas: Essays on American Music and Culture, 1973–80*, composer James Tenney described Garland as “. . . literate in the broadest sense, and deeply concerned with problems of contemporary culture in more than just its musical manifestations.”<sup>1</sup>

Over the thirty years since, Garland has forged a rich body of music unmistakably his own, in which musical and cultural values are interwoven. This aspect of his music sometimes eludes listeners or critics who cannot get past the music's surface, and who interpret simplicity or “radical consonance” only as a musical statement (as if Garland were a reactionary). But Garland's journey as an artist has always been with a larger view of music as an element of culture, with the role of a composer to make music that assists a cultural vision.

He has been remarkably consistent on this path, since outlining his aesthetics in *Americas*: “All systems, musical or political, boil down to the single person, our own bodies as the principal field of action, on the private *and* collective levels. . . . Stripped even further down, we are left with the earth and nature. Two fields of energy and action, interdependent. Personality is absorbed in natural forces, and re-emerges, humbled and strengthened. Any possible return of the sacred in Western culture and life will come from this . . . *rooted* . . . literally.”<sup>2</sup>

Garland's field of action has not been, like most composers, the music world or its subcultures. His deliberate choices of lifestyle and social interaction, as well as his definitions of career and success, have led to a somewhat self-inflicted obscurity. Yet we should remember that Garland's earliest efforts were as an activist and community-builder, using the journal *Soundings* to help define and sustain what he termed the “American Experimental Tradition.” It was a work that went where the Internet cannot, in building relationships and shared history through deep and sustained engagements—a slow-food approach to communication and friendship. He implicitly linked himself and other contemporaries to a legacy of lonely iconoclasts that included Ives, Nancarrow, Rudhyar, Partch, and others. And while there may exist in Garland's view of American musical history a romantic veneration of those working outside of the establishment, there is no doubt that he considers aesthetic and artistic independence critical to true authenticity.

Most importantly, Garland has taken the ecumenical ethos of “world music” first embraced by Henry Cowell and then enriched by Lou Harrison, to a place that is perhaps “post-cultural.” Consider what Garland wrote in 1974: “. . . we are the first generation ever to have access to all the world's cultures. This is perhaps the single-most important fact: the entire world is open to view, our culture and its attitudes are placed in a proper perspective amidst a multitude of others. ‘World music’ ceases to be exotic or peripheral: it becomes the heart of a search for a re-casting of values. . . . And this is the key: not only that we are one among many (equals), but that we are all *ethnic* music, ethnic, the music is rooted in the land, and in us.”<sup>3</sup> From this perspective, Garland's ethnographic and musicological work were not to document “the other,” but were to

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<sup>1</sup> Garland, Peter. *Americas: Essays on American Music and Culture, 1973–1980*. Santa Fe: Soundings Press, 1982. p. i.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, p. viii.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid*, p. vii.

seek and enhance his recasting of musical values, starting in his own work. And we can hear on this CD how the music he has absorbed and come to value has found a place in his vocabulary that is organic and void of appropriation.

In this context, built with such integrity and from convictions that go beyond the fashions of music, Garland's musical aesthetics carry their own independent currency. One cannot accuse Garland of wallowing in "traditional harmony" (as some have said), because his harmony simply does not function like traditional harmony. In his music, chords do not function as pillars of a tonal center, but as melodies themselves. They are not so much comprised of a set of tones as they are unique sounds, more than the sum of their parts. Likewise, we might argue that the technical "simplicity" of Garland's music is actually informed by deeply evolved layers of cultural information, while another composer's technical "complexity" is simplistic in its cultural emulations.

And so, what does the world do with a composer like Peter Garland, who has upended tradition, formed his own traditions, and worked outside of the "acceptable" traditions? What do we call him in a music world that wants neat classifications and assignations for its artists? Do we still have room for an "eccentric"? And is it eccentric for an artist to proffer an alternative cultural vision?

One hopes there is space in the twenty-first century for this kind of artist and this kind of music. In a world where artists are supposed to have taken on the added skills of marketing and networking, Garland is the rarity who has held steadfast to his vision of a life of simplicity and the legacy of progressive ideologies, and who unapologetically writes music that is an extension of his principles. Peter has forged his own musical vocabulary as a kind of new indigenous music, celebrating pan-cultural experience and vision, and unafraid to suggest that music can still give us a glimpse of that which is sacred.

***Waves Breaking on Rocks (Elegy for All of Us)*** is a suite of elegies that was composed for and commissioned by Aki Takahashi, Garland's long-time friend and collaborator. Garland composed the work while still living in Oaxaca in 2003, in response to the deaths of close and long-time friends—three of whom were, like Garland, distinguished artists laboring in some obscurity. The title came to him, in the form of a haiku, when visiting a rock formation on the coast of Maine:

*Cold gray summer day  
Waves breaking against the rocks—  
Winter in my heart.*<sup>4</sup>

The work's six movements are composed for lost friends or are personal responses to the cycles of life and the recurrence of the seasons. Together, they form a structure for the whole that elegizes both our togetherness and our impermanence. Garland's musical approach to the piano emphasizes resonance, space, and color. The piano is a sculptural whole in this music, in which phrases, melodies, and songs seem to be carved from the keyboard rather than imprinted from without.

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<sup>4</sup> From preface notes to the score of *Waves Breaking on Rocks*.

The first movement, “The White Place,” refers to a maze of beautiful limestone canyons near Abiquiu, New Mexico, known as “Plaza Blanca” (and immortalized by Georgia O’Keeffe in her 1940 painting “The White Place”). It was a favorite place of Garland’s late friend, the photographer Walter Chappell (1925–2000), who was known for exquisite photographs of natural and human forms. Chappell also had early training in music, and in a remembrance, the poet Robert Creeley recalled Chappell’s playing on the piano “wild, baroquely romantic and improvising music—long-gathering chords like sea swell, patterns crashing like waves on the shore. . .”<sup>5</sup> Garland’s setting of this movement is marked “with grandeur and intimacy,” and indeed, he opens with an oscillation between wide, bold chords presenting an expansive vista, with more internal and closely-focused reflections.

“Elegy for All of Us,” the second movement, is deeply relaxed and gentle, and opens up into an immensely tender, lyric passage. It was composed in memory of the poet Laurence Weisberg (1952–2003), whom Garland had considered a best friend since 1971. Like Garland, Weisberg maintained his distance from “the scene” of his art form, and some of Garland’s early work, like the percussion piece *Obstacles of Sleep*, bear Weisberg’s influence. A glimpse of his poetry underscores his aesthetic kinship with Garland:

*I will drag all the images into the fire  
Let them melt, dreaming of fire  
The shock of their bodies shattering into blue air  
Their voices drowning once more into the song of the sea<sup>6</sup>*

The third movement, “Summer, Again,” is a kind of interlude and is marked “easygoing.” Gentle cascades of melody in the first part yield to a second section anchored by a heavy, grooving bass line. A sometime Garland signature, it bears the influence of both rock-and-roll and folk musics that are built from the bottom up; and in this case, has the effect of chords in search of a melody.

Movement four, “A House in Island Bay/Waves Breaking on Rocks (1)”, was composed for Alan Brunton (1946–2002), a radical poet and performance artist from New Zealand who, with his wife Sally Rodwell, led the noted theater troupe Red Mole. Friends since the 1980s, Garland lived with Brunton and Rodwell in 1992 at their home near Wellington on Island Bay where waves and rocks were all around. This three-part movement develops still, quiet, and spare material into grandiose chords (marked as “waves breaking on rocks”). A snippet from Brunton’s poem “Deor” might complement our hearing of Garland’s elegy:

*∞ it seems for each alone  
figure when th almighty takes  
a razor t their wellbeing  
their war of sorrow will be  
unfinished at ever / <sup>7</sup>*

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<sup>5</sup> Creeley, Robert. “Remembering Walter,” *Afterimage* (November, 2000).

<sup>6</sup> Weisberg, Laurence. *Poems*. Anon Edition, 2004.

<sup>7</sup> From obituary by Stephen Chan, *The Independent (London)*, July 9, 2002.

Garland dedicated the fifth movement, “Sierra Madre,” to his friend and mentor, the composer Lou Harrison (1917–2003). Garland uses a melody from a Huastecan (Tenek) Indian tune from the eastern Sierra Madre mountains of Mexico, and writes in his introduction to the piece: “I have spent years wandering the back roads and Indian villages in the mountains of Mexico, and this kind of music, with its simple beauty, has a special meaning for me. So does the music of Lou Harrison.”

The sixth movement, “Waves Breaking on Rocks (2)/Autumn (Again)” is, like its title, broken into two parts. In the first, tidal surges of ascending scales rise and crash into insistent chords. The closing section settles into its autumnal repose through gentle harmonic changes at the half-step, chords of changing colors, shimmering in their fading. Garland writes in the score: “Onwards: this is the challenge that I dedicate to the memory of my friends.”

Roque Dalton (1935–75) was a Salvadorean poet, activist and guerrilla, who was executed in El Salvador’s civil war after numerous close calls throughout his short life. Dalton’s political and poetic activities were interwoven and not distant from each other. The cultural critic John Beverley has written, “Roque Dalton was the major literary figure and an important political architect of the revolutionary movement in El Salvador. Dalton represented a new type of Latin American writer: no longer the genial ‘fellow traveler’ of the revolution, like Pablo Neruda, but rather the rank and file revolutionary activist for whom the intricate cabbala of clandestine struggle—passwords, safe houses, escape routes, forged documents, sectarian squabbles—was as familiar as Parisian surrealism. A dangerous and difficult profession, in which the event that seals a writer’s reputation is often precocious martyrdom.”<sup>8</sup> Indeed, Dalton went from being a pariah to becoming the Great National Poet of his country.

The Salvadoran struggle dates as far back as 1932, when Augustín Farabundo Martí (described in Garland’s song cycle) founded the Central American Socialist Party to challenge the military government (which killed more than 30,000 people in 1932). Roque Dalton took to the continuation of this cause as a young man, getting involved with the opposition armies. The murky effects of factionalism and interventionism led to his execution at the hands of his supposed comrades in the ERP, or Ejército Revolucionario del Pueblo (the People’s Revolutionary Army), who falsely accused him of being a CIA informant.

The Uruguayan writer Eduardo Galeano wrote of Dalton: “Roque’s poetry was like him: loving, mocking, combative.”<sup>9</sup> Garland captures this essence, as well as the political, historical, and romantic aspects of Dalton, in his choice of five of Dalton’s poems to comprise the ***The Roque Dalton Songs***. Composed in 1988, Garland selected three poems from Dalton’s collection “Poemas Clandestinos,” and the other two (“The Consolations of Soul Saving”) from Dalton’s history of El Salvador in verse and prose, “Las Historias Prohibidas del Pulgarcito.”

Garland uses an unusual but remarkably effective orchestration in these settings for tenor, building the ensemble from the “bottom up” with four percussionists, and emphasizing dance-like

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<sup>8</sup> Beverley, John. “Poems: Roque Dalton, John Beverley, Edward Baker,” *Social Text*, No. 5 (Spring, 1982), pp. 74–85.

<sup>9</sup> Galeano, Eduardo. *Days and Nights of Love and War*. New York: Monthly Review Press, 1983, p. 99.

rhythms throughout which inform the basis of melody. Piano and harp next anchor the ensemble in often translating the rhythms into repeated melodic patterns and ostinati, while bass clarinet, trumpet, and two violins round out the color of a sound that is not classical, but exemplifies Garland's pan-cultural "new indigenous music."

The first movement, "The Consolations of Soul Saving," sets the stage in English translation by excerpting a poem which tells the story of Farabundo Martí and his execution in 1932. It opens with a percussion-only "gallows march," showcasing Garland's favor of the aggressive, hard-driving percussion sound of native American musics, textured by claves, rattles, and rasps. The other instruments gradually enter in, taking up the syncopated rhythms, whose flow is sometimes disturbed by metric extensions and irregularities.

The second part of the poem, which documents the fate of the civilian Víctor Manuel Marín, is the basis for Garland's second movement. Marín was tortured, beaten, and executed in 1944 for refusing to give up the names of associates, and his statement "It is my body that weakens, not my spirit," was documented widely, including in the United States by *Time* magazine. Garland sets the poem in a tender melody in 6/8, repeatedly interrupting it with percussive beatings, while the lyricism of the melody serves as painful contrast to the horrific nature of the text.

The third movement, "Como la Siempreviva" ("Like the Siempreviva Flower") returns to Dalton's original Spanish, and is Dalton's reflection on his art amid the strife of his political struggles. Gentle and rocking, it includes a middle section that evokes a Central American dance.

"History of a Poetic" is the work's longest movement, in which Dalton casts a semi-autobiographical look at himself as poet/revolutionary. Garland sets the poem with a brash, swinging, aggressive style, at turns playful as well as heroic and defiant.

The final movement is a setting of Dalton's searingly beautiful poem "Como Tú" ("Like You"), which includes Dalton's most oft-quoted line, "Poetry is like bread, for everyone." Garland subtitles the work "Los Matachines de 1988," and uses elements of the Matachines dance style found in the Americas. The Matachines is a rich mixing of Pueblo Indian and Hispanic traditions, a kind of ritual drama that varies widely in its incarnations. Generally told as a process of struggle and transformation, as a form it serves Dalton's text appropriately, augmented by Garland's expressively tender, flowing melodic lines.

In both of the works on this recording, Peter Garland has paid loving homage to the dedication and creative vision of others, lending faith where futility lurks. His music parts away the noise of the world to speak of commitment, humanity, and love. It is rare in this age to be given music that is so honest in spirit, and that leaves room for our emotional response. May we indeed make room for it. For some composers, the emotional parameter of music is still worth exploring.

—*John Kennedy*

### **Composer's note**

*The Rogue Dalton Songs* were inspired (sic) by the continuous outrages of the Reagan–Bush Sr. years of the 1980s, and their massive military interventions in Latin America and the Caribbean. I had spent time living in Mexico and traveling in Guatemala in the 1970s, so I felt a strong sense of solidarity with that part of the world. What struck me about Dalton's poetry, though, was not just the political anger, but also his amazing sense of humor and personal tenderness in the face

of all this. Partly as a kind of socio-political statement in itself, I decided that this song cycle should be bilingual: the “war” songs in English, the “love” songs in Spanish. For *The Consolations of Soul Saving I and II*, I used Robert Schaaf’s translation in a Curbstone Press edition of Dalton’s poems. I made a few small cuts and alterations, where I felt that the sense of dramatic delivery—i.e. sung, rather than read on a page—would be more effective. There is a third part of *Consolations* which I did not set. I did something similar in *History of a Poetic*, where I had two translations to work from. Again, I cut out references that were purely Salvadorean and local, and made changes in the translation where I felt that the text dragged down the sung delivery. Eventually I made enough changes (and differences in translation) that I now consider this my own version. I would urge people to consult these other translations, or better yet, the original in Spanish.

I owe an oblique thank you to the American Composers Orchestra for this piece. I had been “invited” by them to submit music for consideration, so I had naively believed that I would be working with them. When I was most ignominiously tossed out on my butt (a juicy story in itself, which I will not elaborate on here), I found myself with a big chunk of free time, during which I composed this instead. John Kennedy produced the premiere with Essential Music in early 1991, in a “Retrospective” concert of my work in New York City. Ironically, by the end of that year I had fled the country, in part due to musical-political circumstances; and I would not return until 1995. He conducted it once again at the Spoleto Festival in 1992 (where it had a very positive reception)—at that point I was in Australia. After that the piece languished for 18 years, until John once again revived it for this recording. I owe my survival as a composer to a few individuals like John who have believed in and performed my work when, for decades, no-one else has. I am also very pleased that he has enlisted the tenor John Duykers for this, as I have admired very much his vocal and dramatic talents over the years.

I have one other personal memory of this piece which I cherish. John Cage was at the 1991 Retrospective, and I watched his reaction as he listened and followed the texts—a big smile spread over his face. Afterwards he said how much he liked the concert, and I said, “Well, John, I know there were a lot of regular old harmonies that you don't much care for.” “Oh, but it was very beautiful anyway,” and he beamed. I could tell that he also really liked the Dalton poems. Those days were the last time I ever saw him. When he died the next year, I was then in Indonesia, partly thanks to assistance he gave me which helped me escape from the U.S. So when I listen to the *The Roque Dalton Songs*, I always remember John.

Perhaps one more story is worth recounting (as pieces age, like our lives, they acquire their own stories). In the mid 1990s I played some of *The Roque Dalton Songs* in Mexico City at a conference. Afterwards a woman who was a teacher at the Music Conservatory came up to me and told me how moved she was by my piece. She then said that she had driven Roque to the airport in Havana, the morning he left once and for all to El Salvador to join the guerrillas. A lover? I didn’t ask. She asked if she could borrow my cassette—my only copy—to tape it for herself. Without hesitation I said of course.

I am delighted to have Walter Chappell’s photographs on this CD. We were friends, and he was an artist and person I looked up to immensely—they don’t make ’em like him anymore. I thank his sons, Aryan and Theo, for their kindness and cooperation in making this collaboration possible.

And then there is Aki. Aki Takahashi has been the most important, and intimate, musical collaborator in my life, which has been an incredible honor and joy. Our relationship goes back a quarter century now. Her impeccable musicianship has elevated my music to a level it would have never reached without her. She has performed, premiered, or recorded an amazing 30% of my entire output. The recording session for this CD was deeply moving—I think the listener will hear that.

Finally I would like to thank Paul Tai at New World for his interest in and enthusiasm for my music. If he were ever to change jobs, he should be hired as Director of Transportation somewhere. Because with him at the helm, all the trains and buses would leave and arrive on time, and everyone working with him would remain in good humor. It has been a pleasure working on this CD under his patient yet firm guidance.

### **The Consolations of Soul Saving I**

Agustín Farabundo Martí,  
letting it pass when the priest  
with whom he had refused to confess  
embraced him,  
walked on to the execution wall.

Suddenly he turned  
and called to Chinto Castellanos,  
the Presidential Secretary, who had stayed up with him  
through the night.

—Embrace me—he whispered in his ear—  
it irritates me that the last embrace I take away  
from life should be with such a scheming priest.  
—And why me?—asked Chinto.  
—Ah—replied Farabundo—because you are going to be  
one of us,  
in time you'll see.

And he faced the firing squad.

### **The Consolations of Soul Saving II**

To execute Víctor Manuel Marín  
they had to prop him up by his armpits  
on wooden sawhorses.

They broke his arms  
and legs and a few ribs,  
plus they tore out one eyeball  
and crushed his testicles.

The same priest who couldn't get Farabundo to confess  
went up to Víctor Manuel and said:  
"My son, I come to console your spirit."

Víctor Manuel Marín replied between his busted teeth  
and swollen lips:  
"It's my body that weakens, not my spirit."

Then they shot him.

### **Como la Siempreviva**

Mi Poesía  
es como la siempreviva  
paga su precio  
a la existencia  
en término de asperidad.

Entre las piedras y el fuego,  
frente a la tempestad  
o en medio a la sequía,  
por sobre las banderas  
del odio necesario  
y el hermosísimo empuje  
de la cólera,  
la flor de mi poesía busca siempre  
el aire,  
el humus,  
la savia,  
el sol  
de la ternura.

### **Like the Siempreviva Flower**

My poetry  
is like the siempreviva flower  
it pays its dues  
to existence  
in harsh terms.

Between rocks and fire,  
facing the storm  
or in the middle of drought,  
beyond the flags  
of necessary hate  
and the most beautiful push  
of anger,  
the flower of my poetry always looks for  
the air,  
the soil,  
the sap,  
the sun  
of tenderness.

### **History of a Poetic**

Well you see . . . there once was this poet  
from this here country,  
he was no beauty, he wasn't real bad either like Satan  
(who he dreamed he was),  
just sort of ugly and skinny,  
he was a really super cool guy, a really cool guy  
who barely had time for writing  
what with his studies and his job.

Well, this national poet loved justice and women  
(maybe women a bit more than justice)  
(but that's not so bad—you should see  
the shape justice is in around here).  
He wrote sonnets to the people  
and to the future that will come,  
and to liberty for Tyrians and Trojans,  
all that with a blazing look.

One day it happened that the price of paper  
soared to the clouds  
and they implacably rationed sheets to the poet  
so that he wouldn't waste them on anything that wasn't  
his . . . gloomy job.  
The poet saw very clearly  
that there was a plot against poetry underneath all this.  
It couldn't be left that way!  
No matter what the government said about the high price of oil.

It was then that he began to write on walls  
in his own hand,  
on the garden and on the house walls  
and on the big billboards.  
The change wasn't easy for him,  
on the contrary  
in the beginning  
he fell into a profound creative crisis.

It's just that sonnets don't look good on garden walls  
and phrases that he loved before, like  
“Oh abysmal sandalwood, honey of moss,”  
all looked like a big joke on peeling walls.

Moreover the nightwatchmen and informers  
and cops and the National Guard  
were going to bust him anyway  
(if they did not shoot him from the start)  
even though what he painted on the walls were verses like  
“Glow pale lamp, your face in my arms”  
or  
“I sipped the light from your cheek”  
or  
“There is no God nor son of God without development.”

It was then that the poet once and for all wised up.  
He joined the urban guerrillas  
For whom he now paints on the walls  
Statements like these:  
“Long live guerrilla warfare”  
“Armed struggle today—socialism tomorrow”  
“Long live guerrilla warfare.”  
And if anyone says this story is  
sketchy or sectarian  
and the poem that tells it is  
bullshit since it fails  
“precisely in the magnification of the motivations,”  
let them go and eat shit  
because the story and this song that tells it  
are nothing but the pure truth.

### **Como Tú**

Yo, como tú,  
amo el amor, la vida, el dulce encanto  
de las cosas, el paisaje  
celeste de los días de enero.

También my sangre bulle  
y rio por los ojos  
que han conocido el brote de las lágrimas.

Creo que el mundo es bello,  
que la poesía es como el pan, de todos.

Y que mis venas no terminan en mí  
sino en la sangre unánime  
de los que luchan por la vida,  
el amor,  
las cosas,  
el paisaje y el pan,  
la poesía de todos.

### **Like You**

I, like you,  
love love, life, the sweet enchantment  
of things, the blue-sky countryside  
of January days.

My blood also boils  
and I laugh with my eyes  
that have known the welling up of tears.

I believe that the world is beautiful,  
and that poetry is like bread, for everyone.

And that my veins don't end in me  
but rather in the unanimous blood  
of those who struggle for life,  
love,  
things,  
the countryside and bread,  
the poetry of everyone.

*The Consolations of Soul Saving* is from *Roque Dalton, Poems* (selected), translated by Richard Schaaf and published by Curbstone Press. *Como la Siempreviva, History of a Poetic*, and *Como Tú* are from Dalton's last book, *Poemas Clandestinos (Clandestine Poems)*. The translations are by Peter Garland.

**Peter Garland** was born in 1952 in Portland, Maine. In 1970 he was part of the original Cal Arts, where his principal teachers were Harold Budd and James Tenney. In 1975 he went to Mexico for the first time, living in the Zapotec weaving village of Teotitlán del Valle, Oaxaca, with further travels in southern Mexico and Guatemala. From late 1977 until early 1979 he returned to Mexico, where he lived in the Purépecha village of Tócuaro, Michoacán on the shores of Lake Pátzcuaro, with the family of Juan Horta (1940–2006), who went on to become one of Mexico's most renowned maskmakers. From 1971 to 1991 he edited and published *Soundings*, a journal and small press dedicated to the modernist, free-thinking tradition of American music, also with like-minded contributions from other countries. From 1980–1991 he lived in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he maintained his own performing ensemble and worked with the multi-disciplinary Center for Contemporary Arts, helping to run their new-music concert series. Due to musical-political circumstances, he spent two periods of extended absence from the United States, from late 1991 until 1995, when he lived and traveled in twelve countries on five continents (documented in his two-volume unpublished journals, *Gone Walkabout*); and from 1997 until 2005, when he lived in the states of Puebla, Veracruz, and Oaxaca, Mexico. During that time he devoted himself to the study of Mexican traditional musics, the culmination of thirty years of research that began in the 1970s, and which resulted in his four-volume unpublished study, *Fieldwork: Encounters with Mexican Traditional Musics*. Since 2005 he has lived in Phippsburg, Maine with his wife, Esperanza Esquivel.

Born in Kamakura, Japan, **Aki Takahashi** began studying piano at the age of five with her mother, then with Yutaka Ito, (Miss) Ray Lev, and George Vásárhelyi at the Tokyo University of Fine Arts and Music where she received a master's degree. Since her debut solo recital in 1970 in Tokyo, Ms. Takahashi has been very active in performing new music and has regularly concertized all over the world. While acknowledged for her classical musicianship, she is particularly lauded for her imaginative interpretation of contemporary works. Cage, Feldman, Takemitsu, Isang Yun, Pauline Oliveros, Poul Ruders, Somei Satoh, Alvin Lucier, Peter Garland, and her brother, Yuji Takahashi, to name a few, have all created works for her.

Her landmark recording of twenty contemporary piano works, *Aki Takahashi Piano Space*, received the Merit Prize at the Japan Art Festival (1973). Her series of Erik Satie concerts (1975–77) heralded a Satie boom in Japan, resulting in her editing all of his piano works for Zen-On and recording them on Toshiba-EMI. She created the *Hyper-Beatles* project with Toshiba-EMI, which invited 47 international composers to arrange/recompose their favorite Beatles tunes. Other noteworthy recordings include music of Cage (Camerata), Feldman (Mode, ALM), Akira Nishimura (Camerata), Scelsi (Mode), Takemitsu (Toshiba-EMI), and Xenakis (Mode), as well as the anthology *Hesitation-Tango: Tango Collection 1890–2005* (Camerata).

**Ari Streisfeld**, violin, is a founding member of the JACK quartet ([www.jackquartet.com](http://www.jackquartet.com)). He received his bachelor's degree from the Eastman School of Music studying with Zvi Zeitlin and his master's degree from Northwestern University studying with Almita Vamos.

**John Duykers**, tenor, made his operatic debut with Seattle Opera in 1966. Since then he has appeared with many of the leading opera companies of the world including The Lyric Opera of Chicago, San Francisco Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Royal Opera Covent Garden,

Netherlands Opera, the Grand Theatre of Geneva, Teatro Carlo Felice in Genoa, Frankfurt Opera, Opera de Marseille, Canadian Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Los Angeles Opera, San Diego Opera and the Opera Company of Philadelphia. He is particularly well known for his performances of contemporary music, having sung in 120 contemporary operas, including 72 world premieres. He created the role of Chairman Mao in John Adams's *Nixon in China*, premiered with Houston Grand Opera and performed throughout the world. Philip Glass has written three roles for Duykers, including *The Visitor (In the Penal Colony)* and the role of the Older Galileo in *Galileo/Galilei*.

**Santa Fe New Music** was founded by John Kennedy in 2000. An ensemble of flexible instrumentation as well as a presenter of leading artists in new music, SFNM assumes an active community role and has presented the work of more than 300 composers through collaborations, festivals, and educational activities.

**John Kennedy** (SFNM Artistic Director, conductor) is Resident Conductor of Spoleto Festival USA, where he directs the orchestra program and contemporary music series. At Spoleto he has led American premieres of operas by Pascal Dusapin, Phillip Glass, Wolfgang Rihm, and Kaaija Saariaho. He has guest conducted for many organizations including the New York City Ballet, the Lincoln Center Festival, and the Oberlin Conservatory. From 1987–2000, Kennedy co-directed New York's Essential Music in a broad traversal of American experimental music. As a composer, Kennedy's works have been performed worldwide and featured at major festivals including the Paris Festival d'Automne, the Singapore Arts Festival, the Grand Teton Festival, Colorado Music Festival, and the ISCM World New Music Days. He has been commissioned by the Santa Fe Opera, Sarasota Opera, and many others.

#### SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

*Another Sunrise*. Aki Takahashi, piano & harpsichord; Essential Music, Charles Wood & John Kennedy, directors. Mode Records 110.

*The Days Run Away*. Aki Takahashi, piano. Tzadik TZ 7053.

*Love Songs*. Heather Heise, piano; Carla Kihlstedt, violin; Roy Malan, violin; Timb Harris, violin; Abel-Steinberg-Winant Trio. Tzadik TZ 8012.

*Matachin Dances*. Ronald Erickson, violin; John Tenney, violin; Peter Garland, rattles. Included on *The Complete 10-inch Series from Cold Blue*. Cold Blue CB 14.

*Nana + Victorio*. William Winant, percussion; Julie Steinberg, piano. Avant AVAN 12.

*String Quartets*. Apartment House. Cold Blue CB 31.

*Three Strange Angels*. The Peter Garland Ensemble, The University of New Mexico Percussion Ensemble. Tzadik TZ 8059.

*Walk in Beauty*. Aki Takahashi, piano; Abel-Steinberg-Winant Trio. New Albion NACD 53.

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*Waves Breaking on Rocks (Elegy for All of Us)*

Produced and engineered by Judith Sherman

Engineering and editing assistant: Jeanne Velonis

Recorded on November 16, 2010, at the American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York City.

Piano by Steinway & Sons.

*The Rogue Dalton Songs*

Producer: John Kennedy

Engineer: David Dillman

Recorded on November 10-11, 2010, in Stieren Hall, Santa Fe Opera, New Mexico.

Digital mastering: Paul Zinman, SoundByte Productions Inc., NYC

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Design: Jim Fox

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Francis Goelet (1926-1998), *In Memoriam*

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PETER GARLAND (b. 1952)

*WAVES BREAKING ON ROCKS*

80716-2

*Waves Breaking on Rocks (Elegy for All of Us)* (2003) 35:16

1. The White Place 5:36

2. Elegy for All of Us 6:52

3. Summer, Again 4:42

4. A House in Island Bay / Waves Breaking on Rocks (1) 6:04

5. Sierra Madre 6:00

6. Waves Breaking on Rocks (2) / Autumn (Again) 5:42

Aki Takahashi, piano

Ari Streisfeld, violin (track 5)

*The Roque Dalton Songs* (1988) 25:46

7. The Consolations of Soul Saving I 4:26

8. The Consolations of Soul Saving II 3:31

9. Como la Siempreviva 3:36

10. History of a Poetic 9:42

11. Como Tú 4:20

John Duykers, tenor; Santa Fe New Music: David Felberg, Ikuko Kanda, violin; James Shields, bass clarinet; John Marchiando, trumpet; Lynn Gorman, harp; Madeline Williamson, piano; Jeff Cornelius, Angela Gabriel, Jim Goulden, and David Tolen, percussion; John Kennedy, conductor

TT: 61:06

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