

Songs of love and remembrance

The Seventies. You had to be there. Anyone who has ever heard that phrase knows the anguish and frustration it carries to the receiver. So let me relate a bit about that time. There we were in the wilds of Downtown New York. SoHo was still a dark mysterious outpost with artist lofts—some legal, some not—interspersed amongst the textile remnants and small factories. Most buildings were walk-ups with a few having the luxury of creaking service elevators. “The Kitchen” in the fledgling Mercer Arts Center was salvaged from an unused kitchen at the back of the Broadway Central Hotel there on Mercer Street between Bleecker and Houston, a gathering place founded by two maverick video artists, Steina and Woody Vasulka, where the likes of Rhys Chatham, Garrett List, Jim Burton, Charlemagne Palestine, Fred Rzewski, Robert Mason’s Stardrive, I and yes, Alvin Curran, who drifted into town from time to time from his Roman home, would present our latest work, often in-progress. We were family, sharing equipment, sharing ideas, sharing our talents, exploring the intersection between free jazz, experimental music, improvisation, found sounds, rudimentary electronic devices transforming, conceptual art informing. There was that thrill of the rawness and energy of discovery in just about everything. Nothing was taboo; the sounds of the city mixed with the grit of diamonds-in-the-rough conceptual ideas. Stretch the boundaries of your instrument, whatever it might be, until you reach the nether regions of possibility, and then go further. Gather the kindred spirits and try out your ideas. Put them out in the world and see whether they take wings. So that’s the flavor. That was the time, gone now, as is the Broadway Central/Mercer Arts Center, which literally collapsed one day due to unattended structural failure. “The Kitchen” moved to SoHo at the corner of Wooster and Broome and continued on there as the haven for experimental work. Over the years SoHo, too, changed, becoming hip and fashionable: furniture showrooms and boutiques took over gallery spaces, high rents forcing all but the earliest artist-owners to vacate.

But we have our recordings. Yes, we made lots of recordings, mostly on reel-to-reel tape. What’s that? What’s a splicing block? You used razor blades to literally cut sounds? Are you kidding?

Ah yes, and Alvin was one of the ones who recorded the sounds of life wherever he was, mixing memories—some poignant, some playful—blending, fine-tuning, tweaking, cajoling until he had a dreamscape so personal one almost felt the delicious voyeuristic thrill of entering the subconscious of another human being, sharing the joys and sorrows and infinite beauty of the journeys. It is this openness, this generosity that informs so much of Curran’s music. The baring of the soul. Here I am; the door is open; come on in and stay awhile, have a meal, listen, float, dream.

Enter the Magnetic Garden, *il giardino magnetico*: mysterious, dark, the secret garden, sensuous semitones punctuated by deep gongs like the call to attention of the gamelan. Strange bells, wind chimes, altered to affect and modify their ringing, meld comfortably into the cacophony: the tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells mixing strangely with the sounds of the street. Curran has the ease and comfort to let us waft through his consciousness as almost without realizing, we experience his lovely casual falsetto keening, gently shifting resonances, pushing the overtones, effortlessly letting his voice float into melismas. Hearing this again after so many years makes one realize how utterly fearless he was to float his voice over the bellscape, sometimes soaring high into the stratosphere, tickling the edges of beauty and then dashing away into more nasal resonances, dancing back and forth between sweetly florid lines, harsh strident resonances and subtle overtone focusing, almost innocent in its simplicity, the cantor as a child. Watery trickling erupts into cascading waterfalls; a harmonica expands to flugelhorn, easing into electronic modifications. Such bold insouciance! Joy, wonder, freedom, dogs barking, birds calling, a kalimba’s metallic twang, the noise and perfume of the Roman streets. Take my hand, take the trip, close your eyes and drift away. This is the music of the soul. The complete title is ***Songs and Views from the Magnetic Garden (Canti e Vedute del Giardino Magnetico)*** and its composition dates to 1973 but it comprises a collection of recordings Curran did over several years, melded into one charming exposé.



Sketch of *Magnetic Garden*, part 2, *On My Satin Harp*, 1973

***Light Flowers Dark Flowers (Fiori Chiari Fiori Oscuri)* (1974)**

The gentle pulsing of cat purrs melt into reflective melodies tinkling on a toy piano, improbable chords in a plaintive refrain overtaken by piano riffs, the beginnings of familiar songs, broken off before they become whole. A child's voice speaking simply, intoning on one pitch, counting in Italian, totally charming, is subsumed by pulsating ticking, establishing a fabric. Two-note modular patterns are layered in, followed by gentle whispers of an ocarina shifting to playful noodling. It is all prelude, a slow patient building leading into fluttery melismas tweaked from the Serge Modular Synthesizer, one of the early electronic instruments developed by intrepid pioneers for the explorations of those delving into this new terrain. Chattering birds take center-stage; the chaos of a zoo-scape with its irreverent rhythms and desperate calls melts into children's voices. A solitary child speaks innocently, simply: "la luna," "la voce," patiently explaining a special personal world. The child's voice starts to replicate, English mixed with Italian, as sounds of toys appear, then blend with synthesized clatter. These are mosaics we build from the fabrics of our lives, like a journal of the days, spent in languid reflection, focusing first on one clear image, then the next. Tinkling wind-chime-like fragments, the birds, modes of locomotion, backgrounds as opposed to landscapes over which we traverse with no central character, confounding foregrounds longing for focus. The composer, fabricating this complex journey forces us to linger when we might want to move on, fine-tuning our sensibility to slow down, absorb Roman time, listen to the children, spend time with the bells, smell the flowers, light and dark. Suddenly the child says, "hey, man!" and we are launched into a kind of dulcimer-tinged, *yangqin*-like solo on piano, replete with repetitive incessant hammer-mallet strikes, pulsing with energy. Curran takes off in a whirling dervish piano solo, retaining the pulsating underpinning while scurrying virtuosic patterns, punctuated by occasional chords, fly from his fingers

slowly to synth, picking up the five-tone fragment as a tinkling riff. Other than the opening collage and some occasional footsteps, this soundscape consists predominantly of piano, keyboard synthesizer, and vocal lines intertwining with occasional bells or bell-like timbres and, of course, the dogs and cicadas. The final coda lends a Felliniesque sheen, a doff of the fedora, a knowing wink to this retrospective set.

Soundscape collages were indicative of the work of a number of composers during this time. One thinks perhaps of the journalistic tape works of Luc Ferrari, somewhat later, the inclusion of high vocal keening and distant foghorns in the music of Ingram Marshall. Putting a personal stamp on this genre, Curran's works were sensory stories, the essential fabric of everyday life woven around fragments of collected memories, comprised of sounds but somehow including the flavors and odors and noises of the streets and alleyways, the kitchen, the hearth, the private studio of a composer whose life and work were indisputably intertwined. Building tapestries of sound on magnetic tape often from disparate elements: children, dogs, birds, insects intermingled with fluid vocal lines, keyboards and sequencing or electronic modification from Putney or Serge synthesizers, Curran often performed with his tape collages, adding a vocal line, piano, synth, sometimes flugelhorn or shofar or handheld percussion instruments in real-time improvisations.

The music as well as philosophy of John Cage has been a strong influence in Curran's work, as was the music and compositional style of Giacinto Scelsi, with whom he formed a strong alliance during their years in Rome. One can find Scelsi's influence in the insistent and unhurried focus on a limited sounding field. Incorporating elements of improvisation, the beauty of creating in the moment within fixed forms, Curran often composes scores that leave both the performing musicians and audience with the impression of vast openness. Looking for evidence of his teachers in the early works included on this set, one can discern Carter's hand supervising the crafting, contours, and durational/emotional equilibriums of this "new kind of" counterpoint. Mel Powell is there of course in the stride piano, a cornerstone for much of Curran's music.

Creating large-scale works for chorus, large instrumental ensembles, orchestra, even concert and marching band, Curran often worked at specific locations, on several occasions reaching out to radio, in multi-city broadcasts, predominantly in Europe. His *Maritime Rites* for ship horns, foghorns, and singers in rowboats, was first performed in Rome in 1979 with subsequent performances involving many variations of instrumentation in Amsterdam, Berlin, Kassel, Minneapolis, Chicago, Philadelphia, Frankfurt, on the Thames by the Tate Modern in London, on the waters in front of the Sydney Opera House, the port of Kinsale in Ireland, and on National Public Radio.

In 2008, Curran was chosen to create a new traveling work in celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of John Cage's infamous train concert/happening from Bologna into the surrounding mountains. Curran's *Boletus Edulis: Musica Pendolare* for "Take the Cage Train" began in the main train station in Bologna, with dancers, singers and musicians performing and gradually moving on board to continue playing as the train traveled and at the various stops during the journey from Bologna into the surrounding hills and back. Such celebratory activities form part of the body of Curran's work, which often focuses on site-specific events.

A founding member of MEV (Musica Elettronica Viva) with Frederic Rzewski and Richard Teitelbaum, Curran and his fellow travelers were often joined on their concert tours by such musicians as Anthony Braxton, Steve Lacy, George Lewis, Maryanne Amacher and many others, performing more than two hundred concerts in the formative years of the ensemble, 1966–71, and later regrouping from time to time to give concerts throughout the world. MEV was created with a deliberate dedication to making music spontaneously with an economy of means and its performances have become legendary within the annals

of contemporary practice. MEV also provided original music for the opening credits and several pivotal scenes in Michelangelo Antonioni's 1970 feature film *Zabriskie Point*.

Every year, usually around New Year's Eve, Alvin sends out a message, now on e-mail, an update on activities, sometimes a "call to arms" about a current cause, reawakening of the spirit, or a simple reaching out to far-flung friends. One could think of this set of CDs as a long-lost diary refound, a time capsule, a glimpse into a kinder, gentler moment in spite of the chaos of the world. Or perhaps it only seems that way from the distance of thirty-odd years or so.

—Joan La Barbara

Joan La Barbara, a composer, performer, and sound artist, renowned for her unique vocabulary of experimental and extended vocal techniques, composes for multiple voices, chamber ensembles, music theater, orchestra, interactive technology, soundcores for dance, video and film. She has written for numerous publications including Musical America, Schwann Opus, and the L.A. Times and is currently composing an opera. www.joanlabarbara.com

Composer note

Solo works. . . the Seventies

I got to know New York's downtown music and dance in Rome. It was just this essentials-only, radically-compelling, back-to-the-roots America which moved the adventuring gallerist Fabio Sargentini of the "Attico" to produce a yearly series of concert events importing the crème of that exalted scene: Glass, Reich, Palestine, La Monte Young, Riley, Simone Forti, Trisha Brown, Joan Jonas, and Joan La Barbara were among the featured stars, whose determination, youthful energy, and brilliant invention I felt a part of and completely in tune with. The concept of making yourself the composer/performer, the naked self-soloist—in my case the aleatory maximal-minimalist—while not new, was a most captivating and perfectly natural way for me to make my own music. Composing, improvising, and incorporating the sounding environment merged—and for me became a single act.

At the same time the emergence of great improvising solo performers like Anthony Braxton, George Lewis, Maryanne Amacher, Muhal Richard Abrams, Evan Parker, Meredith Monk, Laurie Anderson, Bob Ashley, and Steve Lacy provided equally powerful attractions given my own roots in jazz and popular music.

The making of these four solo works—which sound now perhaps like a set of four ecstatic love calls—was an instinctively planned long-term project lasting nearly a decade, located just left of center for the minimal movement, close to its anarchic improvising counterparts—characterized by necessity, poverty, the grace and musical limits of one's imagination and body, and by anything remembered, forgotten, or found. Feedback and feedforward were the magic keys to multiplying the illusion of the self infinitely. With the intense five-year Musica Elettronica Viva experience momentarily over, I wanted to transform my whole being into an instrument, a permanent solo concert, often using melodic materials from my 1971 collection of monophonic pieces, *Music for Every Occasion* (a self-publication which is now turning into a hefty volume called *The Alvin Curran Fakebook*). The Revox tape recorder was my orchestra, the Putney synthesizer my alter-ego. The inspiring MEV lessons became my guide and from them I extracted humility, patience, chutzpah, spontaneity, ecstasy, electricity, the environment, dirt, accident, and embrace of any sounding object as seed and soil and compost.

From the mid-Sixties I had been an avid recordist of everything around me, documenting the death threats of barn-owls, insect jamborees, the “hums” of empty spaces and fountains of Rome, my own love-making as well that of the local cats. Year round I’d seek out and repeatedly record the rich seasonal symphonies from the woods, olive groves, and windows of Edith Schloss’s beloved Ligurian house over the Bay of the Poets. ***Songs and Views of the Magnetic Garden (Il Giardino Magnetico*** as it became known here in Italy) was one of those determining events in life that come out of nowhere and lead everywhere. As befits a breakthrough I recall nothing of the composing but only the finishing of the final tape mix—the one over which I would perform live. I was ecstatic. These sudden darting passages of swallows, glass and metal chimes tuned to the random scales of would-be lost continents, dogs barking, always dogs barking at night as if in some global choral society, the stodgy refund flugelhorn which Frederic Rzewski entrusted me with, playing a Do Re Mi Fa melody. My voice, which had not seen the light of day since my Bar Mitzvah when Cantor Hohenemser guided me into the ornamented middle-Eastern inflections of the desert peoples who later became us Ashkenazi. . . the voice of my lovely neighbor, the artist Margherita Benetti; a found cracked cymbal with contact mike as a quasi-credible deep tam-tam, the MEV thumb piano from Kenya, and the cutest compact synthesizer the world has ever seen (the no. 3 production of the VCS3—the Putney—with its symphonic layering of a written melody, *On My Satin Harp*, featured in the second part), and finally those whirled magical corrugated tubes which one found at the Christmas market on Piazza Navona. The arrangement of these elements in solo improvisatory performance did not spell the end to my career as a composer of notes on paper, it simply challenged that role and ultimately re-inspired it. The ten-consecutive-day stint I did in December 1973 at the avant-garde theater, Beat 72—Rome’s “The Kitchen”—put not only my music but me on the Italian map . . . This ninety-minute performance became a celebrated event and launched me into a determined expatriate career.

The follow-up, ***Light Flowers Dark Flowers (Fiori Chiari Fiori Oscuri)***, was a much harder haul. I had to come up with something absolutely new—an antidote to the dreamy but lush Magnetic Garden. And new meant embracing all the other things I could do, from half-playing an ocarina to re-becoming the pianist I always was. The accompanying tape part was inspired by field recordings I made with Alexis Rzewski first as a five-year-old birthday boy (in Italian, where he describes building a space-ship out of old junk he found on his terrace together with his friend Johnny—going to the Moon and there finding a humongous spider, falling into a giant hole and finding themselves back home eating birthday cake) and then as a somewhat older kid now in New York City first relating on the creation of Jupiter’s moon—Alpha Centauri—and then sporting some local Afro-American inflections—“hey, king, hey man, how you doin” in his telling of the mythical siege of Troy, underlined by layered loops of my toy piano. This sonic embrace of childhood and all of its mischievous innocence, knowing, and poetry reflects as much the child-like signs in the paintings of Edith Schloss, Cy Twombly, Gastone Novelli, Pascali, Baruchello as it did my love for the Rzewski children whose “uncle” I’d become. So now in the grandiose RCA Italiana 16-track studio and with my new Serge Modular Synthesizer, a long open-ended “alap” unfolds in ten or so overlaid tracks of 2–3 note looping synthesizer phrases and as many ocarina tracks which emulate and elaborate around one another in a thick polyphonic venture which initially appears to go nowhere. Alexi’s radiophonic story-telling of his trip to the moon with Johnny and his little brother Ico somehow, in the disjunct force fields of my musical logic, lead directly to a brief pianistic improv on 2–5 notes (principally E-flat, F-sharp, F, E hammered incessantly in interlocking patterns) and straight on, inexplicably, to an elaborate slow stride-dance on the jazz standard “Georgia on My Mind” blending out over a long memory of children’s calls in a London schoolyard mixed with the wacky tracks of the Exotic Bird House of the London Zoo and highly transposed aluminum chimes. This kind of free-range soundscape—incorporating extended field-recordings, instrumental interventions and sequential electronic orchestrations—has become a conceptual home to much of my music ever since.

To be remembered: multi-track studios were a luxury back then and most of my work was prepared on multiple reels of ¼-inch tape which (without noise reduction) I mixed down with hit-or-miss synchronies—usually from three Revox tape recorders to one 2-track master machine. The hoodwink ease of digital recording and editing was dreamworlds away.

Next was *Canti Illuminati*, focusing again on the voice and on vocal chorality—in the mid-late Seventies this theme was central to my music, being a part of my teaching at the Accademia Nazionale d'Arte Drammatica, where I led a theatrically-oriented vocal improvisation class. Here the subliminal call of Scelsi's music led me to explore the insistent imperfections of music on one tone, endlessly fed back until, like those magnificent moments in Terry Riley's solos, a music emerged that took its voice and texture from the atomic debris of incessant overtone smashing. And this music, like all unstable feedback, could end in soaring flight or sudden demise depending on how you balanced and renewed the single input source. Part two of *Canti Illuminati* I would call a true collage, initiated by my own melodic quest in the falsetto zone followed by what sounds like a backup of thick chords sung by a short-lived vocal improv group I then led, alternating with recordings of my father—a natural high tenor—singing “A Yiddische Mama” at my parents' fiftieth wedding anniversary party; a Florentine neighbor singing “Una Bambola,” a 1950s Italian pop song, as she washed clothes in the courtyard; and finally, rare for me, a solo voice and piano piece that I continue to call the D-module—a reiterating left hand figure over which I intone a simple scalar melody in D-dorian. . . .

The Works closes this group of solo performances with a rambling but intense piano and voice discourse on a 5-tone melody—C, E, F-sharp, A, B—which I am told is also a famous night raga in the Indian classical tradition. This little melody and its infinite permutations (pretty much all in running eighth-notes) and masses of regenerated Serge Modular Synth sequences become both the foreground and background of a music which initially joins my voice in an impassioned dialogue. A dog, in this case Edith's dachshund Caspar, opens with a howling love song (he had just fallen in love with a “femmina” in heat) sonically transported into an open field full of locusts and leading right into a duo between the canine song and my own slow melodic exposition with voice and piano (with many common tones between us) all the way to the end with a nod to a classic oompah vamp ritornello refitted from the music I'd written for Memè Perlini's film, *Locus Solus*. Out of nowhere—over the disintegrating vamp—come me, Frederic Rzewski, and other passengers, riding the number 1 train on Berlin's U-Bahn at Nollendorfplatz on the way to unknown destinations.

I am happy to stand again in front of all these free-wheeling tone paintings and look back—embracing both their concrete and their purely ephemeral, abstract qualities—while reflecting on how much these four seminal works determined the music I made afterward, similarly inspired by the rhythms, colors, and eternal durations of nature and the immediacy and knowledge of making music with anything at hand. Forms and concepts such as sound-art (Klangkunst), multimedia, radio-art, sound installation, “sonic geographies” (multiple simultaneous events from long distances), and new-music-theater in large open spaces, all in their earliest stages when I composed these pieces in the Seventies, became the formal containers and structural concepts for much of my work beginning a decade later—work whose focus remained the composition of demanding and complex structures (at times requiring hundreds of musicians) but always rendered with directness and simplicity, as in these four original models.

—Alvin Curran, August 25, 2010, Rome, Italy

Alvin Curran (www.alvincurran.com) has realized a long and fruitful career as a composer/performer/installation artist, writer, and teacher in the American experimental music tradition. Born in Providence in 1938, he studied with Ron Nelson, Elliott Carter, and Mel Powell, and co-founded the group Musica Elettronica Viva in 1966 in Rome, where he currently resides. His music, whether chamber works, radio-art, large-scale environmental theater, or solo performance, embraces all sounds, all spaces, and all people.

He has taught at Rome's National Academy of Theater Arts (1975–1980) and at Mills College (1991–2006), and has published numerous articles on music, on his own music, and on other artists. A book about his work, *Alvin Curran: Live in Roma*, edited by Daniela Tortora, has been published by Die Schachtel (Milan).

Some well-known works: *For Cornelius* and the *Inner Cities* cycle for piano; *Schtyx* for piano-violin-percussion trio; *Oh Brass on the Grass Alas* for 300 amateur brass-band musicians; *Crystal Psalms* and *Maritime Rites* for radio; the *Toto Donaueschingen* and *Gardening with John* installations. Recent highlights: *Maritime Rites* Tate with the London Symphony Orchestra brass ensemble (2007); *Boletus Edulis* for 250 musicians and commuter train (2008); *Weil Erde in Meinem Körper War* for Wanda Golonka's dancers and the Ensemble Modern (2008); the installation *Shin Far Shofar* at San Francisco's Contemporary Jewish Museum (2009); feature billing at the 2007 Hague Royal Conservatory of Music festival and the 2008 Americans Festival in Groningen; *Oh Man, Oh Mankind, Oh Yeah* in Huddersfield (2009); and the *Torzam* sound installation for the 2010 Mannheimer Mozartsommer. Current projects include commissions from pianist Daan Vandewalle, the ZKM in Karlsruhe, Deutschlandradio Kultur, and the Warsaw Autumn (Integra) and Huddersfield Festivals; a Gutenberg Fellowship at the Johannes Gutenberg-Universität; and *The Alvin Curran Fakebook*.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Animal Behavior. Alvin Curran, sampler, piano; Annie Sprinkle, voice; Roy Malan, violin; Donald Haas, accordion; Peter Wahrhaftig, tuba; William Winant, percussion. Tzadik TZ 7001.

Crystal Psalms. New Albion NA 067.

Electric Rags II. ROVA Saxophone Quartet. New Albion NA 027.

For Cornelius, The Last Acts of Julian Beck, Shtetl Variations. Yvar Mikhashoff, piano. Mode 49.

Inner Cities. Daan Vandewalle, piano. Long Distance Records 560304 (4CDs).

Lost Marbles. Orchestra of the Sudwestfunk Radio Stuttgart, California Vocal Academy, The Paul Dresher Ensemble, and various artists. Tzadik TZ 7097.

Maritime Rites. Featuring the foghorns and other maritime sounds of the U.S. Eastern Seaboard and solo improvisations by John Cage, Joseph Celli, Clark Coolidge, Alvin Curran, Jon Gibson, Malcolm Goldstein, Steve Lacy, George Lewis, Pauline Oliveros, and Leo Smith. New World Records 80625-2 (2CDs).

Musica Elettronica Viva: MEV 40 (1967–2007). New World Records 80675-2 (4 CDs).

Schtyx. Abel-Steinberg-Winant Trio. New World Records/CRI NWCR 668.

Strum City. Seth Josel, electric guitar. New World Records 80661-2.

Theme Park. William Winant, percussion. Tzadik TZ 7039.

Under the Fig Tree/The Magic Carpet. Die Schachtel DS 19 (LP).

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Toop, David. Liner notes to *Alvin Curran: Maritime Rites*, New World Records 80625-2.

Tortora, Daniela, ed. *Alvin Curran: Live in Roma*. Milan: Die Schachtel, 2010.

For additional writings by and about Alvin Curran, please visit
http://www.alvincurran.com/Curran_writings.html

Producer: Alvin Curran

Digital mastering and editing for this edition by Luca Spagnoletti, supervised by the composer.

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

Cover photo: Curran performing *Il Giardino Magnetico* at the Beat 72 in Rome, 1973. Photo by Giorgio Piredda. Used by permission.

The LP covers for *Il Giardino Magnetico* and *Fiori Chiari Fiori Oscuri* are original artwork by Edith Schloss.

LP cover for *The Works: Al's Lunch*, an assemblage by Edith Schloss courtesy of Ingher Gallery, New York, photo by Rudy Burckhardt.

LP cover for *Canti Illuminati: Untamed*, oil, 1981–2 by Edith Schloss (from *The Peaceable Kingdom*).

Design: Bob Defrin Design, Inc., NYC

Songs and Views from the Magnetic Garden (Canti e Vedute del Giardino Magnetico): Performed, recorded, and mixed in 1974 by Alvin Curran in his studio-loft, via dell'Orso 28, Rome.

Light Flowers Dark Flowers (Fiori Chiari Fiori Oscuri): Performed and mixed in April 1975 by Alvin Curran in the studios of RCA Italiana in Rome. Sound engineer: Rodolfo Grappa.

Canti Illuminati: Part 1 performed by Alvin Curran on voice and synthesizer with tape, recorded February–March 1982 on via dell'Orso with sound engineer Nicola Bernardini. Part 2 performed by Alvin Curran on voice, piano, and synthesizer with tape, and chorus (Nicola Bernardini, Sista Carandini, Elisabetta Bordes-Page, Giorgio Caruano, Pierluigi Castellano, Antonio Cesareni, Manuela Garroni, Luca Miti, Alessandro Bruno, Antonella Talamonti, and David Thoener). Recorded at the composer's studio on via dell'Orso, Rome, by Nicola Bernardini and at Mammuth Studios, Rome, by Kicko Fusco, February–March 1982. Note that the composer chose to reverse these two parts on the present CD set from their order on the original LP.

The Works: Performed and mixed on February 24, 1980, at Sound 80 Studios in Minneapolis. Sound engineer: Paul Martinson.

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ALVIN CURRAN (b. 1938)
SOLO WORKS: THE '70S

80713-2 [3CDs]

DISC 1 [TT: 49:56]

Songs and Views from the Magnetic Garden (Canti e Vedute del Giardino Magnetico) (1973)

- 1. I 26:42
- 2. II 23:14

DISC 2 [TT: 78:05]

Light Flowers Dark Flowers (Fiori Chiari Fiori Oscuri) (1974)

- 1. I 24:48
- 2. II 26:50
- 3. *Canti Illuminati I* (1977) 26:19

DISC 3 [TT: 64:25]

- 1. *Canti Illuminati II* (1977) 19:00

The Works (1976)

- 2. I 25:34
- 3. II 19:42

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