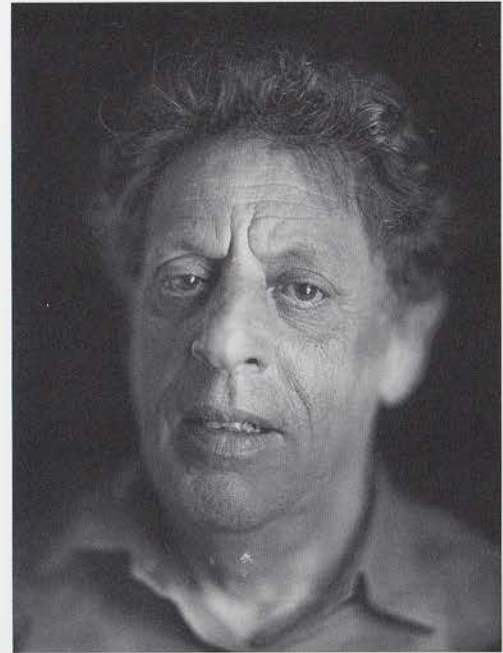


GLASS BOX



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A NONESUCH RETROSPECTIVE

BOX

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GLASS BOX



GLASS BOX

TRACK  
LISTING

D I S C O N E

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**Early Works (1969–70)**

- 1 **Music in Contrary Motion (1969)** 15:35  
Philip Glass, *electric organ*
  
- 2 **Music With Changing Parts (1970) (edited)** 45:37  
Philip Glass, *electric organ, alto flute*  
Barbara Benary, *electric violin, voice*  
Steve Chambers, *electric organ*  
Jon Gibson, *electric organ, soprano saxophone, flute, voice*  
Dickie Landry, *soprano and tenor saxophones, piccolo, flute, voice*  
Kurt Munkacsi, *engineer, electronics*  
Arthur Murphy, *electric piano*  
Robert Prado, *trumpet, flute, voice*
  
- 3 **Music in Similar Motion (1969)** 17:11  
Philip Glass, Steve Chambers, Art Murphy, *electric organs*  
Jon Gibson, Dickie Landry, *soprano saxophones*  
Robert Prado, *flute*  
Kurt Munkacsi, *engineer, electronics*

D I S C T W O

---

From **Music in Twelve Parts (1971–74)**

- 1 **Part VII** 19:58
- 2 **Part VIII** 18:17
- 3 **Part IX** 12:14
- 4 **Part X** 17:08

**The Philip Glass Ensemble**

Michael Riesman, *musical director, keyboards*  
Lisa Bielawa, *voice*  
Jon Gibson, *soprano saxophone, flute*  
Philip Glass, *keyboards*  
Martin Goldray, *keyboards*  
Richard Peck, *alto and tenor saxophones*  
Andrew Serman, *flute, soprano saxophone*

DISC THREE

---

From **Einstein on the Beach** (1976)

An Opera in Four Acts

*Music and Lyrics* by Philip Glass

*Design and Direction* by Robert Wilson

- 1 **Knee Play 1** 8:04  
Michael Riesman, *keyboard*  
Chorus  
Lucinda Childs, *spoken text*  
Sheryl Sutton, *spoken text*
  
- 2 **Train 1** (edited) 13:46  
Marion Beckenstein, *solo voice*  
Katie Geissinger, *solo voice*  
Andrew Sterman, *flute*  
Jon Gibson, *soprano saxophone*  
Richard Peck, *alto saxophone*  
Martin Goldray, *keyboard*  
Michael Riesman, *keyboard*  
Chorus

- 
- 3 **Knee Play 2** 6:08  
Gregory Fulkerson, *violin*  
Lucinda Childs, *spoken text*  
Sheryl Sutton, *spoken text*
  
  - 4 **Knee Play 3** 6:30  
Chorus
  
  - 5 **Trial 2/Prison: "Prematurely Air-Conditioned Supermarket"** (edited) 12:17  
Michael Riesman, *keyboard*  
Chorus  
Lucinda Childs, *spoken text*: "Prematurely Air-Conditioned Supermarket"  
Sheryl Sutton, *spoken text*: "Mr. Bojangles"
  
  - 6 **Knee Play 4** 7:05  
Gregory Fulkerson, *violin*  
Chorus (men)
  
  - 7 **Bed: Prelude** 4:24

---

8 **Spaceship** 12:51

Kristin Norderval, *solo voice*

Jon Gibson, *flute*

Richard Peck, *tenor saxophone*

Andrew Sterman, *bass clarinet*

Gregory Fulkerson, *violin*

Michael Riesman, *keyboard*

Chorus

9 **Knee Play 5** 8:04

Gregory Fulkerson, *violin*

Michael Riesman, *keyboard*

Chorus (women)

Jasper McGruder, *spoken text*: "Two Lovers"

**The Philip Glass Ensemble**

Michael Riesman, *musical director, keyboards*

Jon Gibson, *soprano saxophone, flute*

Martin Goldray, *keyboards*

Kurt Munkacsi, *sound design*

Richard Peck, *alto and tenor saxophones, flute*

Andrew Sterman, *flute, piccolo, bass clarinet*

---

Gregory Fulkerson, *violin*

**Chorus**

Marion Beckenstein, Lisa Bielawa, Michèle A. Eaton,

Kristin Norderval, *sopranos*

Katie Geissinger, Margo Gezairlian Grib, Elsa Higby, *mezzo-sopranos*

Jeffrey Johnson, John Koch, Eric W. Lamp, *tenors*

Jeff Kensmoe, Gregory Purnhagen, Peter Stewart, *baritones*

**Spoken Text**

Lucinda Childs, Jasper McGruder, Sheryl Sutton



Philip Glass and Robert Wilson.  
Photo by Betty Freeman.

DISC FOUR

---

**Glassworks/Analog**

From the Orange Mountain Music Archive

- 1 **Opening** 6:13
- 2 **Façades** 7:18

Michael Riesman, *piano, synthesizer*

Jack Kripl, *saxophone*

- 3 **Floe '87** 8:44

Miles Green, *keyboards*

- 4 **Closing (Live)** 5:17

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra

Michael Riesman, *piano soloist, conductor*

From *Étoile Polaire* (1977)

- 5 **Étoile Polaire** 2:38
- 6 **River Run** 1:54
- 7 **Are Years What? (For Marianne Moore)** 4:01
- 8 **Ange des Orages** 3:47
- 9 **Ave** 4:44
- 10 **Montage** 2:33

From *Dressed Like an Egg* (1977)

- 11 **Dressed Like an Egg: Part IV** 3:12
- 12 **Dressed Like an Egg: Part V** 1:33

- 13 **Mad Rush for Organ** (1979) 16:14

Philip Glass, *Farfisa, Yamaha, and Hammond organs,*

*Fender Rhodes piano, Arp, synthesizer*

Dickie Landry, *soprano and tenor saxophones, flute* (Étoile Polaire)

Joan La Barbara, Gene Rickard, *voices* (Étoile Polaire)

Iris Hisky, *voice* (Dressed Like an Egg)



The Philip Glass Ensemble in rehearsal at UCLA,  
March 1977. Photo by Betty Freeman.

DISC FIVE

---

From **Satyagraha** (1980)

An Opera in Three Acts

Music by Philip Glass

Vocal Text by Constance DeJong

Book by Philip Glass and Constance DeJong, adapted from  
the *Bhagavad-Gita*

**Act I: Tolstoy**

1 Scene 1: **The Kuru Field of Justice** 18:47

2 Scene 2: **Tolstoy Farm (1910)** 11:01

**Act II: Tagore**

3 Scene 1: **Confrontation and Rescue (1896)** 14:44

4 Scene 3: **Protest (1908)** 15:16

**Act III: King**

5 Scene 1: **Newcastle March (1913) – Part 3: Evening Song** 8:22

The New York City Opera Chorus and Orchestra

Christopher Keene, *conductor*

**Characters**

M. K. Gandhi: Douglas Perry, *tenor*

Miss Schlesen, Gandhi's secretary: Claudia Cummings, *soprano*

Kasturbai, Gandhi's wife: Rhonda Liss, *alto*

Mr. Kallenbach, European co-worker: Robert McFarland, *baritone*

Parsi Rustomji, Indian co-worker: Scott Reeve, *bass*

Mrs. Naidoo, Indian co-worker: Sheryl Woods, *soprano*

Mrs. Alexander, European friend: Rhonda Liss, *alto*

Lord Krishna, mythological character from the *Bhagavad-Gita*:

Scott Reeve, *bass*

Prince / Furst Arjuna, mythological character from the

*Bhagavad-Gita*: Robert McFarland, *baritone*

**Non-singing parts**

Count Leo Tolstoy: historical figure, Act I

Rabindranath Tagore: historical figure, Act II

Martin Luther King, Jr.: historical figure, Act III



DISC SIX

---

From **Koyaanisqatsi** (1982)

*Music by Philip Glass*

*A Film by Godfrey Reggio*

- 1 **Koyaanisqatsi** 3:26
- 2 **Organic** 7:47
- 3 **Cloudscape** 4:32
- 4 **Resource** 6:39
- 5 **Vessels** 8:05
- 6 **The Grid** 21:23

Michael Riesman, *conductor*

Albert de Ruiter, *bass vocal*

**The Western Wind Vocal Ensemble**

Phyllis Elaine Clark, *soprano*

Kathy Theil, *soprano*

William Zukof, *countertenor*

Neil Farrell, *tenor*

Michael Steinberger, *tenor*

Elliot Z. Levine, *baritone*

**Members of the Philip Glass Ensemble**

Jon Gibson, *soprano saxophone, clarinet, flute*

Richard Peck, *soprano and tenor saxophones*

Michael Riesman, *keyboards*

Andrew Sterman, *flute, piccolo, bass clarinet*

Richard Sortomme, Kathleen Foster, Stephanie Fricker, Lois Martin,

Martha Mooke, Masako Yanagita, *violins*

Richard Sher, Seymour Barab, Sarah Carter, Marisol Espada, E. Zoe Hassman,

Joseph Kimura, Garfield Moore, Matthias D. Naegele, *cellos*

John Beal, Paul Harris, *double basses*

Peter Gordon, Robert Carlisle, *French horns*

Wilmer Wise, Lorraine Cohen-Moses, Philip Ruecktenwald, *trumpets*

James Pugh, Dennis Elliot, *trombones*

Alan Raph, *bass trombone*

Kyle Turner, *tuba*

From **Powaqqatsi** (1987)

*Music by Philip Glass*

*A Film by Godfrey Reggio*

- 7 **Serra Pelada** 5:02
- 8 **Train to São Paulo** 3:04



- 
- 9 **Video Dream** 2:15  
10 **New Cities in Ancient Lands, China** 2:48  
11 **New Cities in Ancient Lands, Africa** 2:56  
12 **New Cities in Ancient Lands, India** 4:42  
13 **Mr. Suso #2 With Reflection** 1:19  
14 **Powaqqatsi** 4:35

Foday Musa Suso, *kora, balafon, dousongoni, nyanyer, kari nyan*

Shaikh Fathy Mady, *vocal solo*

Albert de Ruiter, *bass voice*

Joe Passaro, Sue Evans, Roger Squitero, Valerie Naranjo, *percussion*

Hispanic Young People's Chorus/Coro Juvenil Hispano

Angélica Rosa Sepúlveda, *musical director*

Sergiu Schwartz, Sanford Allen, Elliott Rosoff, Karen Karlsrud,

Richard Sortomme, Linda Quan, Carol Pool, *violins*

Jill Jaffe, Karl Bargaen, Lois Martin, Jack Rosenberg, *violas*

Seymour Barab, *cello*

Barbara Wilson, *double bass*

Michael Parloff, Jack Kripl, Diva Goodfriend-Koven, *flutes/piccolos*

Jorge Joven, Miguel Grande, Jefe Ronda, *Quena ensemble*

John Moses, Steve Hartman, Laura Flax, *clarinets*

Jack Kripl, Jon Gibson, Steve Elson, *saxophones*

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Lauren Goldstein, Ethan Bauch, Mike Finn, *bassoons*

Jon Gibson, *didjerido*

Wilmer Wise, Lorraine Cohen, Bill Rhodin, Neil Balm, *trumpets*

Sharon Moe, Joe Anderer, Ann Yarbrough, Tony Miranda,

Alan Spanger, *French horns*

James Pugh, Keith Oquinn, Alan Raph, *trombones*

Alan Raph, *tuba*

Michael Riesman, Jeffrey Rona, Martin Goldray,

Paul Rice, Lee Curreri, *keyboards*

Frank Menuzan, *tanpura*

DISC SEVEN

---

String Quartet No. 2 ("Company") (1984)

- 1 Movement I 2:11
- 2 Movement II 1:36
- 3 Movement III 1:32
- 4 Movement IV 2:07

- 5 Étude for Piano No. 2 (1994) 4:55
- 6 Étude for Piano No. 9 (1994) 3:36

String Quartet No. 5 (1991)

- 7 Movement I 1:11
- 8 Movement II 2:59
- 9 Movement III 5:28
- 10 Movement IV 4:38
- 11 Movement V 7:42

- 12 Étude for Piano No. 5 (1994) 5:44
- 13 Étude for Piano No. 3 (1994) 4:54

String Quartet No. 4 ("Buczak") (1989)

- 14 Movement I 7:59
- 15 Movement II 6:22
- 16 Movement III 8:42

*String quartets performed by:*

**Kronos Quartet**

David Harrington, *violin*

John Sherba, *violin*

Hank Dutt, *viola*

Joan Jeanrenaud, *cello*

*Études for piano performed by Philip Glass*

DISC EIGHT

---

From the CIVIL warS: a tree is best measured when it is down  
Act V—The Rome Section (1983)

Music by Philip Glass

Text by Robert Wilson and Maita di Niscredi

1 Prologue 18:49

American Composers Orchestra

Dennis Russell Davies, *conductor*

Denyce Graves, *mezzo-soprano* (Earth Mother)

Sondra Radvanovsky, *soprano* (Snow Owl)

Zheng Zhou, *baritone* (Abraham Lincoln)

From Hydrogen Jukebox (1990)

Music by Philip Glass

Libretto by Allen Ginsberg

2 Song #3: From *Iron Horse* 2:54

Futral, Hart, Fracker, Purnhagen, Watson, Ginsberg

3 Song #2: *Jaweh and Allah Battle* 3:39

Vocal ensemble, Ginsberg

4 Song #11: From *The Green Automobile* 6:04

Vocal ensemble

---

5 Song #9: From *Nagasaki Days (Numbers in Red Notebook)* 0:40

Ginsberg

6 Song #10: *Aunt Rose* 4:58

Fracker, Vocal ensemble (women)

7 Song #6: From *Wichita Vortex Sutra* 7:48

Ginsberg, Glass

Martin Goldray, *conductor, keyboards*

Carol Wincenc, *flute*

Andrew Sterman, *soprano saxophone, bass clarinet*

Frank Cassara, *percussion*

James Pugliese, *percussion*

Vocal Ensemble

Elizabeth Futral, *soprano*

Michele Eaton, *soprano*

Mary Ann Hart, *mezzo-soprano*

Richard Fracker, *tenor*

Gregory Purnhagen, *baritone*

Nathaniel Watson, *baritone*

Allen Ginsberg, *narrator*

Philip Glass, *piano*

---

From *Symphony No. 5* (“Requiem, Bardo, Nirmanakaya”) (1999)

8 VII. *Suffering* (edited) 5:03

Dennis Russell Davies, *conductor*

Ana Maria Martinez, *soprano*

Denyce Graves, *mezzo-soprano*

Michael Schade, *tenor*

Eric Owens, *baritone*

Albert Dohmen, *bass-baritone*

Vienna Radio Symphony Orchestra

Morgan State University Choir

Dr. Nathan Carter, *music director*

Hungarian Radio Children’s Choir

Gabriella Thész, *music director*

Dante Anzolini, *assistant conductor*

From *Akhnaten* (1983)

An Opera in Three Acts

*Music* by Philip Glass

*Libretto* by Philip Glass, in association with

Shalom Goldman, Robert Israel, and Richard Riddell

- 
- 9 Act I (Year 1 of Akhnaten’s Reign – Thebes),  
Scene 1: Funeral of Amenhotep III 9:03
- 10 Act I (Year 1 of Akhnaten’s Reign – Thebes),  
Scene 3: The Window of Appearances (edited) 4:24
- 11 Act III (Year 17 and the Present – Akhetaten),  
Scene 4: Epilogue 10:36

Stuttgart State Opera Orchestra and Chorus

Dennis Russell Davies, *conductor*

Anton Zapf, *assistant conductor*

Ulrich Eistert, *chorus master*

Martin Goldray, *score analysis*

#### Characters

Akhnaten: Paul Esswood, *countertenor*

Nefertiti (wife of Akhnaten): Milagro Vargas, *alto*

Queen Tye (mother of Akhnaten): Melinda Liebermann, *soprano*

Horemhab (general and future Pharaoh): Tero Hannula, *baritone*

Amon High Priest: Helmut Holzapfel, *tenor*

Aye (father of Nefertiti and advisor to the Pharaoh):

Cornelius Hauptmann, *bass*

The Daughters of Akhnaten

Bekhetaten: Victoria Schneider, *soprano*

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Meretaten: Lynne Wilhelm-Königer, *soprano*

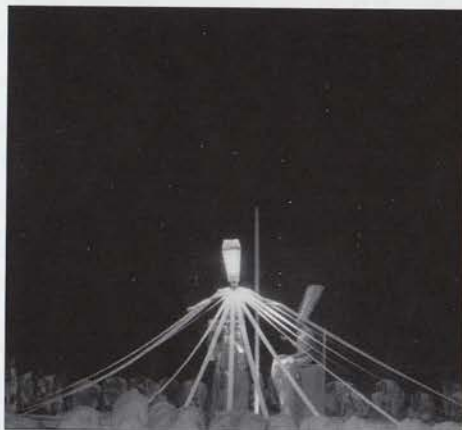
Maketaten: Maria Koupilová-Ticha, *soprano*

Ankhesenpaaten: Christina Wächter, *alto*

Neferneferuaten: Geraldine Rose, *alto*

Sotopenre: Angelika Schwarz, *alto*

Scribe (Amenhotep, son of Hapu): David Warrilow, *narrator*



*Akhnaten*, 1984 production.  
Photo by Horst Huber.

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DISC NINE

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**Symphony No. 3 (1995)**

- 1 **Movement I** 4:37
- 2 **Movement II** 6:15
- 3 **Movement III** 10:05
- 4 **Movement IV** 3:29

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra

Dennis Russell Davies, *conductor*

**Symphony No. 8 (2005)**

- 5 **Movement I** 19:27
- 6 **Movement II** 12:18
- 7 **Movement III** 6:57

Bruckner Orchester Linz

Dennis Russell Davies, *conductor*

DISC TEN

---

**Filmworks** (1984–2002)

From **Mishima** (1984)

*Music by Philip Glass*

*A Film by Paul Schrader*

- 1 **Opening** 2:46
- 2 **November 25: Morning** 4:11
- 3 **Closing** 2:59

Michael Riesman, *conductor*

*String quartets performed by:*

**Kronos Quartet**

David Harrington, *violin*

John Sherba, *violin*

Hank Dutt, *viola*

Joan Jeanrenaud, *cello*

From **The Secret Agent** (1996)

*Music by Philip Glass*

*A Film by Christopher Hampton*

- 4 **The First Meridian** 3:21

- 
- 5 **Secret Agent** 4:51

The English Chamber Orchestra

Michael Riesman, *conductor*

Susan Jolles, *harp*

Fred Sherry, *cello*

Henry Schuman, *English horn, oboe*

Keith Underwood, *flute, piccolo*

From **Kundun** (1997)

*Music by Philip Glass*

*A Film by Martin Scorsese*

- 6 **Sand Mandala** 4:06

- 7 **Distraught** 3:00

- 8 **Lhasa at Night** 2:00

- 9 **Escape to India** 10:08

Michael Riesman, *conductor*

Dhondup Namgyal Khorko, *Tibetan horns and cymbals*

Alan Raph, *bass trombone*

Lauren Goldstein-Stubbs, *bassoon, contrabassoon*

Gordon Gottlieb, *percussion*



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Steven Hartman, *clarinet, bass clarinet*  
Susan Jolles, *harp*  
Sharon Moe, *French horn*  
Michael Riesman, *piano, celeste, synthesizer*  
Henry Schuman, *oboe*  
Richard Sher, *cello*  
Andrew Sterman, *piccolo*  
Carol Wincenc, *flute*  
Wilmer Wise, *trumpet*  
  
Gyuto Monks  
Monks of the Drukpa Order

From **Anima Mundi** (1992)  
*Music by Philip Glass*  
*A Film by Godfrey Reggio*

- 10 **Living Waters** 3:53  
11 **The Witness** 4:14

Michael Riesman, *conductor*  
Sanford Allen, Timothy Baker, Mayuki Fukuhara,  
Mary Rowell, Masako Yanagita, *violins*

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Stephanie Fricker, Jill Jaffe, *violins*  
Larry Lenske, *cello*  
Barbara Wilson, *bass*  
Carol Wincenc, *flute*  
Timothy Malosh, *piccolo*  
Steven Hartman, *clarinet*  
Leonard Arner, *oboe*  
Sharon Moe, Allen Spanjer, *French horns*  
William Rohdin, Lee Soper, *trumpets*  
Dennis Elliot, Alan Raph, *trombones*  
Rex Benincasa, *percussion*  
  
Jeannie Gagné, Dora Ohrenstein, *sopranos*  
Patricia Dunham, Linda November, *altos*  
David Düsing, David Frye, *tenors*  
Alexander Blachly, Bruce Rogers, *baritones*

From **La Belle et la Bête** (1994)  
*An Opera by Philip Glass*  
*Based on the Film by Jean Cocteau*

- 12 **Overture** 3:34



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**The Philip Glass Ensemble**

Michael Riesman, *conductor, musical director, keyboards*

Philip Glass, *keyboards*

Jon Gibson, *soprano saxophone, flute*

Martin Goldray, *keyboards*

Richard Peck, *alto and soprano saxophone*

Eleanor Sandresky, *keyboards*

Andrew Sterman, *flute, piccolo, soprano saxophone, bass clarinet*

**Cast**

La Belle (Beauty): Janice Felty, *mezzo-soprano*

La Bête (The Beast), Officiel du Port (The Port Official), Avenant, Ardent:

Gregory Purnhagen, *baritone*

La Père (The Father), L'Usurier (The Usurer): John Kuether, *baritone*

Félicie: Ana Maria Martinez, *soprano*

Adélaïde: Hallie Neill, *soprano*

Ludovic: Zheng Zhou, *baritone*

Sanford Allen, Tim Baker, Regis Iandiorio, Karen Karlsrud, Jenny Koo,

Jan Mullen, Linda Quan, Sergiu Schwartz, *violins*

Alfred Brown, John Dexter, Stephanie Fricker, *violins*

Seymour Barab, Semyon Fridman, Beverly Lauridsen, *cellos*

Charles McCracken, *bassoon*

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Sharon Moe, *French horn*

James Pugh, *tenor trombone*

Alan Raph, *bass trombone, tuba*

**From The Thin Blue Line (1988)**

*Music by Philip Glass*

*A Film by Errol Morris*

**13 Houston Skyline 4:46**

Michael Riesman, *conductor, keyboards*

Wilmer Wise, Steve Burns, *trumpets*

Sharon Moe, Tony Miranda, Ron Sell, *French horns*

Michael Parloff, Judith Mendenhall, *flutes*

Sergiu Schwartz, Tim Baker, *violins*

Karl Bargaen, *viola*

Chris Finkel, *cello*

Barbara Wilson, *double bass*

Gordon Gottlieb, *percussion*

Brian Koonin, *guitar*

- 
- From *Dracula* (1999)  
*Music by Philip Glass*  
*A Film by Tod Browning*
- 14 *Dracula* 1:11  
15 *The Storm* 1:34  
16 *Dr. Van Helsing and Dracula* 2:27

**Kronos Quartet**

David Harrington, *violin*  
John Sherba, *violin*  
Hank Dutt, *viola*  
Joan Jeanrenaud, *cello*

- From *The Fog of War* (2002)  
*Music by Philip Glass*  
*A Film by Errol Morris*
- 17 *The War to End All Wars* 1:47  
Michael Riesman, *conductor*

From *Candyman* (1992)  
*Music by Philip Glass*  
*A Film by Bernard Rose*

- 
- 18 *It Was Always You, Helen* 3:11  
Michael Riesman, *conductor*

From *The Truman Show* (1998)  
*Music by Philip Glass*  
*A Film by Peter Weir*

- 19 *Raising the Sail* 2:15

From *The Hours* (2002)  
*Music by Philip Glass*  
*A Film by Stephen Daldry*

- 20 *The Poet Acts* 3:43

Michael Riesman, *piano*

**Lyric Quartet**

Rolf Wilson, *violin*  
Edmund Coxon, *violin*  
Nicholas Barr, *viola*  
David Daniels, *cello*

Chris Laurence, *double bass*  
Nick Ingman, *conductor*

GLASS BOX



GLASS BOX

# ESSAYS



Philip Glass performing in front of NYC skyline.  
Date and photographer unknown.

## PHILIP GLASS: AN APPRECIATION

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BY ROBERT HURWITZ

During the period when Philip Glass was having many of his greatest breakthroughs, including the now-historic 1976 production of *Einstein on the Beach* at the Metropolitan Opera, there was no place less likely to record or support Glass's music than Nonesuch Records. A colleague of Glass's once told me that she had literally begged the legendary Tracey Sterne, who was the head of the company during that time, to go see *Einstein* at the Met, but Tracey had no interest in attending.

During this intensely creative period of Philip's career, when he composed *Einstein on the Beach*, *Music in Twelve Parts*, *North Star*, *Glassworks*, *Koyaanisqatsi*, and *Satyagraha*, Nonesuch's clearly defined agenda in new music was totally at odds with the revolution of Philip and the many other maverick composers known as minimalists.



Nonesuch had successfully staked out a different new-music territory, with a far more rigorous agenda, which included many landmark recordings of Elliott Carter, Charles Wuorinen, Milton Babbitt, and Stefan Wolpe, all of whom wrote knotty, intense, complex, often non-tonal music which, in its day, was largely accepted by the critical establishment, though limited in terms of its audience. This was not Nonesuch's only agenda in new music, as two of the most significant composers working with the label, George Crumb and Bill Bolcom, had found, in their own very personal ways, original voices which stood in contrast to the Carter/Wuorinen/Babbitt crowd. Crumb's music, in particular, touched a nerve with non-classical audiences, both for its theatrical nature and for its ability to draw together traditional and non-traditional sounds in a completely original and expressive way. (Though his music had very little in common with Crumb's, this could describe Glass's music as well.)

And yet, at that very moment when the new-music persona of Nonesuch seemed so clearly defined, the label was paradoxically also beginning to cultivate an audience that would in time support the music of Glass and his many colleagues, including Steve Reich and Terry Riley. This other principal creative wing of Nonesuch, the Explorer Series, was Tracey Sterne's wildly innovative collection of music, which represented the first time that an American company with major label distribution was recording and releasing traditional music recorded all over the world. Music ranging from the Himalayas to the Sudan, from the Bahamas to Bulgaria, was now widely available for the first time in America. More than 100 records were made, and the Nonesuch Explorer Series had a deep impact on both musicians and audiences, opening them up to new sounds and offering a glimpse of the world's music that was mostly inaccessible before this point.

Much of the new music Nonesuch had been recording was heavily influenced by the music of central Europe. Composers like Glass, Reich and Riley were influenced not only by the European tradition, but also by music from India, West Africa, Bali, and Tibet, as well as jazz and popular American music. So while Philip, it could be argued, was perhaps further from the Nonesuch new-music aesthetic than anyone writing at that moment, in terms of what the Explorer Series represented, his music seemed like the next inevitable step.

For those of us who defined our personal musical taste in the late '60s and '70s, it is almost impossible to convey to younger generations the intense drama that unfolded in the new-music world during that period. Nonesuch was right in the middle of the cultural wars that were taking place at the very moment when Philip Glass was beginning to gain widespread attention and becoming the rarest of all phenomena: a serious composer who was practically a pop star.

I came from a classical music background, and as it happens, I found Steve Reich's music, upon first listen, more approachable than Philip's. Reich's music was as original and revolutionary in nature, and for me it connected more harmonically and rhythmically with much of what I loved about modern music. It was clearly complex and at the same time practically ecstatic in its outlook. It was not surprising that venerable classical labels like Columbia and DG were also attracted to Steve's music from the earliest days.

My very first response to hearing Glass was more shock and befuddlement; I just didn't get it. My reaction was similar to Tracey Sterne's, though less severe: I couldn't see past the surfaces of the music. It was hard at first to reconcile with both my classical music training and my love of 20th-century music. But as I dug deeper, and allowed the music to wash over me, I began to recognize its

tremendous beauty, originality, rhythmic vitality, and sheer creativity. It was an important lesson for me as a listener, to be willing to see past my own inclinations and, yes, prejudices; this experience opened me not only to Philip's music but much that I might have shut out as well.

Most of us who are music professionals (with the possible exception of musicians themselves) spend a part of our lives playing an unspoken game: we are always speculating how things will sound in the future, what music will hold up and what will fall by the wayside. This certainly includes A&R people like myself; it most definitely includes critics, as well as all kinds of music administrators, publicists, tastemakers, etc. Everyone wants to be "right" and "historically correct" about their taste; everyone's wish (and need) is somehow to be there first, to lead us into the future. The game sometimes becomes more important than the music; there is a lot of hedging of bets. We all think we might be right, but how do we know, for sure? And no one wants to make a fool of himself: once a public position has been staked, how can you turn back?

If I had trusted my initial impressions—as a professional in the music business and a betting man—I'd probably have said at that time that in 30 years, Philip's music would be largely forgotten.

A few weeks before writing these words, I sat in Carnegie Hall, hearing the first concert performance there since 1978 of *Einstein on the Beach*, and I found myself staggered at how fresh this music sounded, how it had helped change the vocabulary of modern music, how it, like so many of Philip's compositions, had become music for the ages. Sometimes our instincts about music are correct: it is like seeing someone and immediately falling in love—from that first glimpse there is a lifetime of adoration that deepens with the years. Other times we walk

in with prejudices that create a wall that doesn't allow us actually to hear what we are hearing. Fortunately for me, the wall came down.

Where Philip stood in the world may have been interesting for those of us who heard his music at the beginning of his career, but for those born long after the fact, it seems completely besides the point. My own children were born in 1985 and 1989; for them, Philip Glass was never "new music," but simply a part of a vast musical landscape—he was always there, the sound was always there, and telling them that there was once a fuss about it seems meaningless.

An important lesson that one learns about new music is that it is only new at the time of its creation; if it has resilience, if it touches people again and again, it can become a part of our everyday language. In the short run, people can be influenced by what critics say, or by the power of the marketing machine, or by the fact that it hits a nerve in a particular moment, or at a particular age in one's life. In the long run, no single opinion can influence public taste; it is all about how good the music is—if musicians want to continue playing it, if people desire to continue to listen to it. Over time, the music will stand or fall on its own, and the world will make up its own mind.

I cannot write about Philip or any of the composers I personally know and have worked with closely in the same way a critic, musicologist, historian or biographer might. These artists have been an important part of my life for 20 or 30 years; we see each other frequently, at concerts, dinners and "business lunches," we correspond and talk on the phone, and hopefully, in time, we become friends. We accept them as complete people.

In all the years I have known Philip, I have only once seen him angry. A few months after taking over Nonesuch, I had lunch with him for the first time. He was



about a half-hour late; he had just been at a meeting with his son's schoolteacher. He was a bit frazzled and asked me about my plans for the label. I had been at Nonesuch only a short time, I was feeling my way around and was tentative in my approach, but I had already made the decision to work with Philip as well as Steve Reich and John Adams; this pleased him. I then told Philip that I was also continuing to work with some of the composers Tracey had worked with. He actually snapped (hard for any of us who know Philip well to think of him ever snapping). He was annoyed. The wounds of the war were still fresh.

Since that time, Philip has been as supportive of other composers as anyone I know, no matter what style they write in. He has supported them financially, done fundraisers for organizations that sponsor their work, in many cases offered a place to stay during a period of struggle. When he had his own record company, he recorded their works. Whatever slights or resentments there were in earlier years have not since surfaced, and I know of few artists who speak as generously as Philip does about their colleagues.

Philip is also a very social man, whose character stands apart from the solitary artist who works in a more abstract way. Practically every piece he has written—exceptions that come to mind are his piano études and early organ music—were born out of a friendship or partnership with another artist, usually from a different discipline. There is no better place to start than the music written for the Philip Glass Ensemble—it was written with specific musicians in mind, for a community of highly skilled and creative artists who had as much to do with traditions in Indian music as with the Western classical tradition.

The list of artists with whom Philip has collaborated is extensive and impressive, but there have been a few of these relationships that have helped

change the world. One could not imagine *Einstein on the Beach* without Bob Wilson. One could not imagine the *Qatsi* films without Godfrey Reggio. Philip has worked with many great musicians, but his relationships and collaborations with Dennis Russell Davies, the Kronos Quartet, and, most significantly, Michael Riesman, have created a new repertoire. One cannot imagine all of his tremendous recordings without Kurt Munkacsi. And there is, last, but not least, Chuck Close and Allen Ginsberg.

Once, in a most memorable meeting, perhaps two decades into our friendship, I asked Philip to describe his life to me: what does he love doing with his time? "I love to write music; I love to be with my children; I love to help other musicians and the organizations that support the arts and other causes I believe in." Is there a better way to live?





Philip Glass Ensemble loft concert, 1975.  
Photo by Peter Moore.

## PHILIP GLASS: THE COMPOSITIONS AND SOME CONTEXTS

BY KEITH POTTER

### 1. INTRODUCTION

Philip Glass was 70 years old on January 31, 2007. These ten discs bear witness to, and celebrate, some four decades of work. The following essay attempts to offer some salient facts about most of the 30 compositions, including film scores, that are assembled (sometimes excerpted) here, and to put them in some contexts which might be useful for the listener. Following Glass's student years, his initial phase of what we might call hardcore minimalism, up to the mid-1970s, has long been identified and generally undisputed. What happened and continues to happen after that is the subject of much more speculation, and readers of these notes may judge for themselves whether my own thoughts below reflect the way they think, and listen. And if you find such vaguely musicological musings unhelpful, just go straight to the music!

## 2. BEGINNINGS

Before we get to the hardcore, hairshirt variety of the original minimalism, a few deliberations and a little background. Some would argue that Glass actually had rather little to do with musical minimalism's earliest manifestations. It's true that in the late 1950s and early '60s—when La Monte Young was first exploring drones, Cageian conceptual ideas, and some pretty crazy performance-art stuff that usually gets put in the box marked Fluxus—Glass was, firstly, a student at the Juilliard School in New York, from 1957 to 1962, and afterwards, a composer in residence for the public school system in Pittsburgh.

At Juilliard, he had been friends with Steve Reich, but neither of these young would-be composers (still in their early twenties) were at this stage anywhere close to what they would subsequently be doing—except that Glass was even then, as he has always remained, prolific. Reich remembers stories, just possibly a tape, of Young's infamous *Trio for Strings*—a whole hour consisting entirely of notes held for minutes at a time—circulating around Juilliard, to general derision. In Pittsburgh, from 1962 to 1964, Glass had continued to write the sort of music of which his Juilliard teachers, William Bergsma and Vincent Persichetti, would have approved, and which his current job demanded: "straight, middle-of-the-road Americana," as the composer himself described it. A decade later, Glass might have appeared to epitomize the Downtown of New York's SoHo. But, as Kyle Gann has so aptly put it, his origins were not even Uptown—the usual oppositional model to Downtown—but, rather, Midtown.

Even when he went to Paris, in the autumn of 1964—just as Terry Riley, in San Francisco, was preparing the premiere of his *In C*, still the most emblematic

minimalist composition—Glass remained resolved simply to better himself as a composer in the mainstream tradition, as his decision to study for two years with Nadia Boulanger, *doyen*ne of the compositional academy, makes clear. Rather different kinds of experiences, however, both in Paris and elsewhere, caused a reappraisal.

New approaches to experimental and other sorts of theater in Paris included work with the first incarnation of the group Mabou Mines, directed by the composer's first wife, JoAnne Akalaitis, particularly on the plays of Samuel Beckett. Intimations of what sculptors and painters such as Richard Serra and Nancy Graves were doing helped further Glass's interest in the art world. Then there was the classical music of India: particularly, as the composer has often told, the opportunity of working in Paris with Ravi Shankar on a curious, very "Sixties" film by Conrad Rook entitled *Chappaqua*. Glass and Akalaitis began traveling: to North Africa and Central Asia, as well as to India. The composer spent his thirtieth birthday, January 31, 1967, in Darjeeling. Eventually, the couple were to travel the whole subcontinent: "from the Himalayas in the north to Tamil Nadu in the south," as he describes it, they "witnessed theater in the south, ashrams (spiritual communities) in the north, dancers and musicians everywhere." Glass the well-behaved Americanist now metamorphosed into Glass the radical minimalist.



### 3. HARDCORE MINIMALISM

Back in New York, what Glass found as he immersed himself in a Manhattan scene very different from the one he had known as a student now quickly helped him make sense of his recent experiences. It took him around eighteen months, and some nine completed pieces, before he hit on the technique of rigorous, systematic additive process that allowed him to write the earliest scores by which he is known today: works such as *Music in Contrary Motion* (July 1969) and *Music in Similar Motion* (November 1969) [DISC 1]. A kind of process music, certainly a kind of musical minimalism, is already evident, however, in earlier, less systematically composed pieces such as *Strung Out*, for amplified violin, composed in the summer of 1967.

In Glass's advance to the discovery of additive process, the influence of Reich—who had found his own systematic process technique of phasing as early as 1965, with his tape composition *It's Gonna Rain*—can be noted. Also that of minimalist artists: particularly the already mentioned Serra, the sculptor Sol LeWitt, and the Canadian filmmaker (and more than occasional musician) Michael Snow, whose “structuralist” film *Wavelength* (1967) has been a seminal experience for a number of musicians. Many of the first concerts of this new minimalist music by Glass, Reich, and others took place in art galleries, initially to tiny audiences. Sculptors, painters, writers, filmmakers, and dancers could see connections between their own work and what Glass was up to. At this stage, the world of Western classical music was almost entirely uninterested.

The technique of additive process can be briefly explained and illustrated with reference to *Music in Contrary Motion*. A short pattern of notes, which may

usefully be termed the Basic Unit, is subjected to a process of gradual expansion (additive) or contraction (subtractive), according to a systematic scheme. A simple example would be adding an extra note to the pattern, then two notes, then three, etc., and reversing the process until the original short pattern stood alone again. Since each stage in this expansion and contraction would be repeated several times, Glass's concern at this stage (like that of Reich)—that his systematic process would be completely audible to the listener—was satisfied.

A work's Basic Unit may vary in length from piece to piece; it is, in fact, usually divisible into two or more sub-units, which might be expanded, contracted, and reordered independently. As Example 1 shows, *Music in Contrary Motion* is devoted entirely to two parts moving consistently in opposite directions. Figure 1, below, shows the initial pattern to be repeated; Figure 2, the first altered version of this:

Example 1: *Music in Contrary Motion*, Figures 1 and 2

The image displays two staves of musical notation. The top staff is marked with a circled '1' and the tempo instruction 'fast, steady'. It features a treble clef and a series of notes that form a rhythmic pattern. The bottom staff is marked with a circled '2' and features a similar rhythmic pattern, but with some notes altered or expanded compared to the first staff. Both staves show a consistent upward and downward movement of notes, illustrating the 'contrary motion' mentioned in the text.

There are, in fact, just two sub-units at work in this piece—a four-note scalic pattern, either in contrary motion, with its two lines moving away from each other (A1), or back together (A2); and a five-note thirds-based pattern, its lines this time first converging (B1) and then diverging (B2). Figure 1 can thus be analyzed as:

A1 B1 B2 A2 B2 B1

Figure 2 then reorders these, increasing the number of scalic patterns (the A patterns) and decreasing the thirds-based ones (the B patterns), to give:

A1 A2 B2 A2 A1 B1

And so on. Like all these early scores, *Music in Contrary Motion* simply notates the gradually changing forms of the Basic Unit that make up the work's unfolding structure, without any recourse to regularity of meter in their layout. Importantly, each figure, as in Example 1, is to be repeated an unspecified number of times (which may be determined in advance by the performers), creating a seamless flow both between repetitions of each figure and between each figure and the next. The composer's own recorded performance notably adds a pair of pedal points—one on the tonic, A, the other on the dominant, E—to signal each half-figure, though these are not indicated in the score.

Glass's earlier, unsystematic minimalist pieces such as *Strung Out* had mostly been written for single players, duos, or trios. With the rigorous approach to compositional structure—which solved the notational problems that Glass had been experiencing with the cumbersome, fully written-out conse-

quences of his earlier efforts—came a boost to the expansion of his ensemble. This now began to feature the kind of flexible lineup, consisting chiefly of flutes, saxophones, and electric keyboards, all subject to high amplification, that became the mainstay of the Philip Glass Ensemble; a female singer was added in 1971.

One of the first works to take full advantage of these developments was *Music With Changing Parts* [DISC 1], completed in 1970. Longer and more complex than anything that Glass had written before, this work's harmonic asperity and deployment of improvised drones make it seem an experimental transition. Recorded in a mobile studio lent by John Lennon, the work was the first release on the composer's own label, Chatham Square. Multitracked, and with a wider variety of instruments than usual in the Philip Glass Ensemble, the original recording, as heard in this boxed set, is now a testament to its time. Inspired by what are usually described as psycho-acoustic byproducts—the illusion of voices singing, for example, which are the consequences of overtones or undertones formed by the combination of the actually performed pitches amplified at such a high level—Glass had now become less interested in the note-to-note structure of his music, and more interested in enveloping his listeners in its sound. Yet *Music With Changing Parts*, with its real singing by male voices as well as the illusory kind, proved in some respects a transition to nowhere, since as its composer once told Tim Page, he soon concluded that it “was a little too spacey for my tastes.”

On the other hand, this exercise in expansive textural allure offers a foretaste of the variety, drama, and harmonic emphasis that came to full fruition in this work's immediate successors. *Music in Twelve Parts* [DISC 2] is still, for



many including the present writer, the culmination of Glass's achievements in concert works composed for his own ensemble. The twelve separate parts, or movements—assembled between the spring of 1971 and April 1974—came about, the composer says, as a result of what is now Part I being construed by a listener as the intended first of a dozen movements. Glass had originally been using “parts” in the sense in which he had previously used it in *Music With Changing Parts*, as referring to instrumental lines. The work that eventually resulted—each movement lasting between fifteen and twenty minutes, making a total performance time of more than four hours with suitable intervals—offers considerable scope not only for structural and other kinds of technical ingenuity, but also for a significant, and progressive, extension of Glass's musical language and expression.

The technique of additive process, pointed up via the use of *solfege* syllables (do, re, mi, etc.) in the female vocal line, is now explored in a variety of new formal and harmonic contexts; so, too, are the cyclic techniques that borrow more directly from Indian classical music than additive process itself. Glass had made earlier attempts to integrate the cyclic repetition of patterns of fixed length with the variable-length patterns thrown up by additive process. But it is only in *Music in Twelve Parts*, with its more complex relationships between melody and harmony made possible by greater textural complexity, that he really begins to exploit the full potential of this multi-dimensional approach.

Also now taken to a further level are the already familiar psycho-acoustic phenomena: the illusion of voices singing coupled with *real* voices singing, drones, even fresh counterpoint in addition to that actually notated. What might be called the two-chord cadential progressions that, from *Music in Similar Motion*

onward, had started to inflect Glass's compositions with just a hint of harmonic motion, were—by the time of *Music in Twelve Parts*' completion—extended: in the final two movements, from putative chord sequences to proper ones. Such progressions are not only deployed locally, with real root movement in their bass lines, but also feature at each transition from one “part” to the next, permitting each change of key to a new movement to take on both structural and expressive significance. At one point, the work was entitled “Music with Modulations.”

Parts VII to X of *Music in Twelve Parts* make good sense as a sequence in themselves. While most of the earlier movements operate “monothematically,” with a single process, Parts VII, VIII, and IX are more sectional and complex. In Part VII, both unison writing and contrapuntal devices subject the melodic material to continuous evolution. Part VIII unfolds a sophisticated combination of augmentation and diminution within a fixed rhythmic cycle; halfway through, it breaks into a totally different kind of music. Forcing an additive process to fit a cyclic one, Glass says, “somehow made it spicier”: not only in composing with these techniques, but also for the audience, which can select more than one way of listening to the resulting rhythmic relationships—or, best of all, try to hear all ways at once.

When he'd finished Part VIII, the composer says, he became bored with the rules he'd created for himself. As a result, Part IX is highly ornamental and chromatic, “because there wasn't any way of putting chromatic music into the earlier parts.” Part X, like all the work's final three movements, reverts to being monothematic, progressively fragmenting its melodic material. While, in a complete performance, it seems to lead inexorably to the culminating modulations of Parts XI and XII, it can also offer a very effective conclusion of its own.

#### 4. EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH: "ON THE EDGE"

Works such as those already discussed provide vivid and exhilarating experiences for both their performers (whatever reserves of physical and mental stamina they require) and their listeners (who can adopt a wide variety of approaches to their own involvement, from wallowing in the sheer sonic and dramatic power of much of this music to attempting to follow its structural details, as originally prescribed). Yet these compositions are seldom, if ever, straightforward in their import; still less do they conform to the stereotype of naïve and mindless affirmation imposed on them by some of their harsher critics. Early minimalism is rarely "easy listening," though Riley's *In C* may seem so to some, as do many of its more commercial offshoots: one thinks particularly of Mike Oldfield's *Tubular Bells* album of 1973—as emblematic of 1970s inconsequentiality, and poor taste, as *Music With Changing Parts* is of the wilder reaches of Sixties experimentation with alternative modes of listening. Insistence on repetition as the prevailing norm rather than as a simple contrast or contradiction of expectations, for instance, practically forces the listener to scan the range of possibilities open to him, or her. Lying back and letting it wash over you does admittedly sound dangerously like submitting to merely naïve affirmation. But I would argue there is great potential in such music for listening structurally, yet quite differently from the way you would to the structures of Western classical music.

With Glass's first full-length stage work, the five-hour "opera," *Einstein on the Beach* [DISC 3], conceived with the director and designer Robert Wilson, and premiered in 1976, dramatic shaping plays an important role in the now further-extended proceedings. This is most obvious, probably, in the work's last

half-hour or so, when we reach "Spaceship," the opera's final main scene, the penultimate track on [DISC 3]. In reaching what feels like a real denouement, Glass and Wilson openly manipulate the opera's gradual unfolding, culminating in an impressive major-key blaze. As the composer says, "it works towards a finale; you can't miss it. A real finale; a real razzle-dazzle finale," he calls it, "a piece that left its audience standing."

And yet "Spaceship" is hardly the outcome of a comfortable narrative structure telling the story of Albert Einstein's life, or of anything else. It is, rather, a series of ruminations on Einstein the man, the physicist, even the musician (Einstein was a good amateur on the violin, and he is portrayed in the opera not by a singer but a violinist dressed like Einstein as an old man). It's a series, also, of ruminations on the consequences of this genius's discoveries for the world, and each member of the audience must interpret *Einstein on the Beach's* relationship to those consequences in his or her own way. As Marcel Duchamp would have insisted, and as Glass often quoted him as saying, "The viewer completes the work."

This is opera as a series of static stage *tableaux*, with interconnecting so-called Knee Plays, as well as more extended scenes grouped in four acts. Wilson's kind of theater has always been, famously, a "theater of images," not of characters acting out coherent plots. This is an opera in which only numbers and *sofège* syllables are sung, and all texts are spoken—mostly tangential, at best, to the main action, sometimes frankly downright weird. This is opera not only with a violinist as its main protagonist, but without solo singers or regular orchestra, and needing, on the other hand, actors, dancers, and a chorus which can act as well. This is opera, to quote Kyle Gann, as



“American, postmodern, clean, flat, intelligent, open-ended, abrupt, visual, multilayered, ambiguous.”

“Spaceship” is thus no mere vacuous romp, but the final extrapolation of Einstein as the father of nuclear power, a vision of nuclear holocaust. It is also—and here it’s a good representation of Glass’s genius—a musico-dramatic fusion of harmony played out in motion made relative by its engagement with repetition.

##### 5. A “LYRICAL MAINSTREAM”?

*Einstein on the Beach* has always seemed to me crucially, excitingly, “on the edge.” Robert Maycock—in his refreshing appraisal of Glass in the book *Glass: a portrait*—calls the opera “the last act of Philip Glass the figure from music history, the first of Philip Glass now.” But the problem with being on the edge is that it’s impossible to stay there forever, or even for very long. Like someone standing on one leg, on top of a fence, Glass now had to answer, one way or another, the questions that his development thus far had posed.

Could the technique of additive process, even the employment of repetition itself, remain the prevailing norm, as it had been in hardcore minimalist compositions? No: additive process can now, it seemed, only be retained if it becomes secondary—if it moves from foreground into the background, where Glass’s arpeggio machine can still do its work—but the result becomes much more of a postmodern mixture of the old and new, the borrowed, and, if not the blue, then at least the far-from-straightforwardly black-and-white. Could the kind of harmonic evasiveness that I’ve already described be compellingly

retained? No: at least not if you’re going to retain a functioning bass line; and, in particular, if you want to write large-scale musico-dramatic structures. These can’t be sustained without taking functional harmony one step further and deploying its tensions and resolutions more directly. Could Glass ever bring himself to turn off the arpeggio machine that has been the composer’s trademark from early on? Apparently not: though in view of his development in so many other directions in the three decades since *Einstein*, there seems no reason why he couldn’t—or shouldn’t.

It is at this juncture in the story of Glass’s evolution as a composer, when he is into his forties, that he starts to incorporate much more from outside minimalism as it was originally conceived. And, in turn, he himself becomes increasingly part of what we might call the “lyrical mainstream”: composing operas for the world’s opera houses, scored for the forces commonly found in them; and composing concert music, quite a lot of it for orchestra, some still for the Philip Glass Ensemble, that finds its way into more classical, generally bigger venues.

Which came first? The composer’s eager embrace of classical, or at any rate lyrical concerns, or the accommodations of the Western classical music scene, which had been so keen to reject his early minimalist scores? Probably the former, but, as always with these matters, osmosis of a sort is the best verdict. And significant portions of that classical-music world, it has to be said, remained impervious to Glass’s charms: many music critics, for instance—and, in Britain, at least for much of the time, the BBC. (For example, Glass has had just one short piece performed in the prestigious BBC Promenade Concerts, while other minimalists have been firmly embraced there.)



Even so, all told, the amount of reciprocation is considerable, and some of the overtures made to Glass must have helped encourage the changes in his music. “Well, Philip, that was very interesting,” said Hans de Roo, after seeing *Einstein*. “Now, how would you like to write a *real* opera?” Since de Roo was the director of the Netherlands Opera at the time, his enthusiasm soon translated into a commission for *Satyagraha*, Glass’s first “proper opera” for the forces of a proper opera house.

*Satyagraha* [DISC 5], premiered in 1980, is based on Mahatma Gandhi’s years around 1900 in South Africa; the title literally means “truth-force,” and refers to the civil disobedience movement that Gandhi pioneered at the time. Departures from the full panoply of operatic conventions abound in this work: its seven scenes—five of which are included here—are, again, more like a series of *tableaux*, showing separate aspects of Gandhi’s life and work, but out of chronological order. Each of the opera’s three acts is watched over by a “figurative counterpart”—in turn, Leo Tolstoy, Rabindranath Tagore, and Martin Luther King, Jr. The libretto, adapted from the *Bhagavad-Gita* by Glass and Constance de Jong, is in Sanskrit; the orchestra consists only of woodwinds and strings.

Yet opera singers sing and take the parts of real people; the chorus, extensively used, is both protagonist and commentator. And having been inspired in his early minimalist compositions by the evolution of musical practice from the single melodies of Gregorian chant up to, at least, the complexities of the Baroque period, Glass now realized the potential of the Baroque form of the *chaconne*. Each scene is built on a bass line plus chord sequence, which repeats over and over in different harmonic and textural elaborations. The result is perfect for a still essentially non-narrative, musico-dramatic structure, co-

cooning each scene in its own special atmosphere, absorbed in whatever particular people, action, and issue is its focus. The arpeggiated bass line on which the opening scene, “The Kuru Field of Justice”—in which the armies of two rival families portrayed in the *Gita* prepare to fight—is based is as follows: its composer draws attention to the link between this tonic descending to dominant progression and Spanish flamenco music, making a possible connection via gypsies to his beloved India.

**Example 2: *Satyagraha*, Act I, Scene 1, *chaconne* bass**



Does Glass’s embrace of “lyrical” virtues define everything he has done since the late 1970s right up to the present day? Basically, yes, I’d suggest, though some of the forms this takes aspire to a more experimental approach, as we will see in a moment. And while it’s tempting to try and subdivide Glass’s output after his hardcore phase into actual periods—“more conservative” and “more experimental,” for instance—it is probably truer to say that in actual fact these categories are not only somewhat jumbled chronologically, but also that Glass is clearly attempting, in some works at least, to transcend such easy categories. That, of course, makes assessing his audience rather more difficult as well.

The six short tracks of *Glassworks* (1982) [DISC 4]—using simple, refrain-like musical forms, augmenting the Philip Glass Ensemble with strings and brass, plus an “Opening” for solo piano, reprised at the end with the full ensemble—were written, the composer says, “to introduce my music to a more general audience than had been familiar with it up to then.” That album’s wide dissemination—assisted by his new contract with CBS Masterworks in the early days of two new technologies, digital recording and the compact disc—did much to make Glass’s music known to new publics, both classical and more “popular.”

The music theorist Susan McClary has made much of the way in which “Opening” can be said to refer back to earlier musical models, especially those dating from 19th-century piano repertoire by composers such as Robert Schumann. It might seem odd to claim classical roots for an album that had its sights set so firmly on a new, late-20th-century audience. But McClary’s invocation of deconstructive and reconstructive forces at work here, and her observation that what she terms such “reveling in the rubble” is “not tonal business as usual,” point up the new frames of reference that Glass’s music was helping to create at that time. Fissures were occurring in the old certainties concerning not only the grammar but the possible meanings of the tonal language as inherited from the Western classics. Simple affirmation “Opening” certainly isn’t.

There are other moments of new departure in Glass’s compositions of the 1980s that assist claims to what might be described as new kinds of postmodern authenticity. Take *Akhmaten* [DISC 8], for instance, the completion of the composer’s trilogy of “portrait operas” begun with *Einstein*, continued with *Satyagraha*, and now concluded, in 1984, with a work based on the figure of an Egyptian pharaoh shrouded by history in mysteries and contradictions. This

opera’s doom-laden, minor-key harmonies are among its composer’s most often-heard music, ubiquitous in television advertising, also frequently sampled and copied. According to Glass himself, though, *Akhmaten* is also his first experiment in polytonality. And in defending this not unreasonable claim, it’s interesting that the creator of some of the most often-heard harmonic progressions on the planet conceived them more as we might characterize his earlier hardcore compositions: like “an optical illusion, such as in Albers, where you could look at it two ways, but not both ways at once; it can’t resolve itself.”

While it’s interesting that the composer suggests that one of his more familiar (and in some respects more conservative-sounding) scores has something in common with the constructivist, proto-Op-art output of an abstract artist such as Josef Albers, he was, at almost the same time that *Akhmaten* was written, busy plugging back into other Western classical traditions. With the “Rome Section” of *the CIVIL warS* [DISC 8]—one of the composer’s two contributions to Wilson’s magnificent, eccentrically titled, ultimately aborted extravaganza for the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984—Glass made a particularly successful, and in my view still underrated, *rapprochement* with 19th-century Italian opera, writing some especially fine music for chorus and orchestra: quite different from that in *Satyagraha*, and at least as powerful. Even so, it’s a more common verdict that for all its composer’s still-restless experimentation with harmonic language, text setting, boundary crossing, and much else, his music of the 1980s seems to have mostly settled into the “lyrical mainstream” in ways that surprise—and, yes, it has to be admitted, also often dismay—ardent enthusiasts of Glass’s hardcore years.

Not all the moves here are classical ones. That concept, the “lyrical mainstream,” can readily accommodate many of Glass’s other interests at this time



as well, such as the album *Songs from Liquid Days* (1986), carefully conceived as both an opportunity to work with some of the most popular lyricists in the business (Laurie Anderson, David Byrne, Paul Simon, and Suzanne Vega) and, simultaneously, a means of testing his skills in setting English texts to music for almost the first time since his Pittsburgh days. Or *Hydrogen Jukebox* (1990) [DISC 8], the title of which is taken from *Howl*, an emblematic Sixties poem by Glass's long-time friend Allen Ginsberg. *Hydrogen Jukebox* takes a kind of hybrid form, combining song cycle, opera, and melodrama, consisting of texts by Ginsberg, arranged to offer a "portrait of America" over four decades, using a variety of singers and, while he was alive, the poet's own inimitable narration.

Glass's string quartets [DISC 7], on the other hand, are more introspective than some of his more obviously public works, as befits an intimate, chamber-music medium that, in his hands, as in those of so many other composers, seems especially preoccupied with its own history. It does so even when, as in the String Quartet No. 2 (1984), the music had quite different origins: in music for a Mabou Mines production of Beckett's *Company*. Or in the String Quartet No. 3 (1985), which started life as music for Paul Schrader's film *Mishima*: the quartet medium being chosen to represent the life of Yukio Mishima, the controversial Japanese writer whose suicide lies at the film's center. The Études for Piano [DISC 7], written for the composer himself to refine his own technique and to perform in solo recitals all around the globe, do some more "reveling in the rubble" of that instrument's extensive literature.

## 6. FILM SCORES

Film music has become a central part of the Glass canon, as [DISC 10] makes clear: the eleven film scores from which excerpts appear on this disc—including *The Thin Blue Line*, *Candyman*, *Anima Mundi*, *The Secret Agent*, *The Truman Show*, *Dracula*, and *The Fog of War*—are taken from a list of film credits that is now apparently fast approaching one hundred. It's instructive to observe—despite the already-noted ubiquity of *Akhmaten*'s sounds, and sound-alikes—that, as Maycock puts it, "More people have heard Glass's music on the soundtrack of *The Truman Show* than in any other way."

*Mishima*, released in 1984, wasn't, of course, Glass's first film score. There's that now almost unknown early work on Rook's hippie-ish *Chappaqua*. And two years before *Mishima*, he wrote a film score that has become one of his best-known, despite its rather experimental art-house origins. *Koyaanisqatsi* (1982) [DISC 6], Godfrey Reggio's first wordless, free-form, time-lapse-heavy epic, interweaves the marvels of nature with the horrors of modern urban and industrial life. Its speeded-up traffic and pedestrians, its shape-shifting clouds, have become the stuff of many other people's films, and the basis for the imagery in a lot of television advertising. Glass's music fits it perfectly. After that and *Mishima*, four other film scores should be singled out here, not only for their musical worth, but also for the way in which the music relates to the film and, in one instance particularly, for their referencing of other musics.

Firstly, *Powaqqatsi* (1987) [DISC 6], the first of two sequels to *Koyaanisqatsi* (the other being *Naqoyqatsi* of 2002). All three scores for Reggio were composed in a contrary fashion to that usually found in more commercial cin-

ema. Instead of the music being written and edited to the film, the flow of images was at least partly edited to the music. The composer, at any rate to some degree, thus controlled the pace of the action, and, despite or even because of the lack of dialogue, the result is, as Maycock says, as close to opera as you're going to get in another medium. In *Powaqqatsi*, this operatic treatment helps structure music that is perhaps oddly celebratory in tone, in view of the encouragement the film itself gives to its audience to consider the effects of Western culture's increasingly global import. Naïve affirmation this time, then? Neither music nor film seems to seek to pass judgement; once again, the "viewer completes the work." But on this occasion, the musical palette is shaded with the direct incorporation of "world musics" from a variety of other cultures: another of Glass's especially successful postmodern "revelings." The *Powaqqatsi* score is actually one of the sources for *The Truman Show* soundtrack, too: not the only example of Glass recycling his music in different contexts.

The other three film scores are all excerpted on [DISC 10]. *La Belle et la Bête* (1994) is the more experimental Glass again. While long since making his peace with the "proper opera" of the Western opera house, he had, even in the 1980s, continued to work on more experimental kinds of music theater, including further collaborations with Wilson such as the already-mentioned *CIVIL warS* project. *1,000 Airplanes on the Roof* (1988), a "science fiction music drama" with libretto by David Henry Hwang, is another example. *La Belle et la Bête* is the second in a trilogy of stage works based on films by Jean Cocteau; the others are *Orphée* (1993) and *Les Enfants Terribles* (1996), the latter described as a "dance-opera spectacle." Glass's version of "Beauty and the Beast" replaces the soundtrack of Cocteau's 1946 film, including the

spoken dialogue, with singers and ensemble. In live performance, the voices are synchronized with the speech of the actors on the film as it is projected: an ingenious if risky undertaking.

Martin Scorsese's *Kundun* (1997)—based on the life of the Dalai Lama, whom Glass has met a number of times—and Stephen Daldry's *The Hours* (2002)—based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Michael Cunningham that is, in turn, an homage to Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*—are front-rank Hollywood films for the commercial cinema by world-famous directors. Glass's contributions to them are much more in the nature of conventionally functioning film scores, though he often singles out *Kundun*, along with *Koyaanisqatsi* and *Mishima*, as especially satisfying collaborative experiences that allowed him, as a composer, more control than Hollywood normally permits. For *Kundun* Glass was able to work on the scenario much as he would normally work on a libretto, though he was eventually required to submit the music to the endless re-editing for which Scorsese is renowned; the orchestral scoring includes Tibetan horns and also chanting monks. *The Hours* includes some arrangements of the composer's earlier music, including *Satyagraha* and *Glassworks*, but is mainly new; the instrumentation is confined to piano and strings.

## 7. A NEW CONTEMPORARY MUSIC?

As we have seen, a kind of multiculturalism increasingly common in 21st-century music, naturally and inevitably reflecting the society of which it forms part, has been a notable feature of Glass's music for so long that there is a strong



case for regarding him as a pioneer in this development. That, in turn, overlaps with the breaking-down of boundaries between classical music and popular musics, and the constant fragmentation and regrouping especially characteristic of the latter, for which Glass can also claim to be a catalyst. Jonathan Bernard, another distinguished music theorist, recently suggested that minimalism may soon come to be viewed as merely a still “classical” tributary flowing into a much larger river, ultimately perhaps an ocean, incorporating all the varieties of music that we presently label “popular.” Some of the examples he gave—Orbital, Brian Eno, King Crimson, Sigur Rós, Plastikman—all give clues that this image might well be the correct one.

If so, Glass’s contributions to that looming torrent can continue to toss and turn between the “mainstream” (invoked, yet surely also called into question, by such watery metaphors) and the more experimental, between the “lyrical” and the more repetitively rigorous. You may not choose, with McClary, to link the absence of forward motion and climax in Glass’s music to an avoidance of “our traditionally patriarchal sense of form.” But it is surely reasonable to consider his output as a contribution to the questioning of the binary oppositions listed above. It is notable that Glass continues, up to the present, to compose so much music for others to perform in the classical concert hall, as well as film scores and works involving his own ensemble.

*The Voyage*, his operatic treatment of Christopher Columbus in the form of what its composer calls “an allegory about the spirit of exploration,” is—as one of Glass’s major works, written for New York’s Metropolitan Opera House and premiered in 1992—perhaps the notable omission of the present CD collection. But some of its musical advances, including fresh combinations of the “lyrical” and

the “rigorous,” can be noted in the three symphonies included here, all of which postdate this opera, and all of which were written to European commissions.

The Third Symphony (a 1995 commission from the Stuttgart Chamber Symphony Orchestra) [DISC 9] is scored for nineteen string players, each of whom is treated as a soloist. Its traditional four-movement form incorporates a short, moderately paced first movement, with some dissonant departures from its basic key of C major; a second movement that puts aspects of early 20th-century Americana accents through some compound-meter paces on the way to a surprise ending; an accumulating contrapuntal structure with plenty of syncopations, over that favorite Glass device, the chaconne bass, plus a lovely violin solo; and a short finale with punchy rhythms, chromatic interludes, and some new material thrown in right at the end.

Texts were to drive the composer’s Symphonies Nos. 5, 6, and 7, from the “Ancient, Classical, and Aboriginal writings,” as Glass calls them, of the Fifth, through Ginsberg’s poem “Plutonian Ode” in the Sixth, to the transcription of a Native American song in the Seventh, subtitled “A Toltec Symphony.” The Fifth Symphony (a 1999 commission from the Salzburg Festival to celebrate the Millennium) [DISC 8] is a work for five vocal soloists, chorus, and orchestra, lasting almost two hours. Subtitled “Requiem, Bardo, Nirmanakaya,” it sets texts from an international array of sources, compiled by James Parks Morton, Kusumita P. Pedersen, and the composer himself. Just a single movement—the seventh one, entitled “Suffering”—is included here. Its words are taken from the Bible and from the composer’s beloved *Bhagavad-Gita*.

The Eighth Symphony (a 2005 commission from the Bruckner Orchestra Linz) [DISC 9] represents, Glass says, “a return to symphonic writing based

on instrumental music alone.” Dennis Russell Davies, the conductor of many of the composer’s important European performances over the years, asked him to “think of the orchestra as a collection of virtuoso instruments as you would find in a concerto formation.” The first of the symphony’s three movements is the longest, with no fewer than eight themes developed, and culminating, as Glass says, in “a series of ‘stretto’-like passages” of complex counterpoint. The second movement he calls a passacaglia: as with Glass’s chaconnes, it overlays a repeating harmonic progression with variations, here of a particularly embellished variety. The finale is brief but action-packed, with two themes and “an extended cadence.” In laying bare this composer’s chief post-minimalist techniques of thematic development and harmonic progression, in a work still quite recent, this movement perhaps epitomises Glass’s concern to rejuvenate familiar materials and methods, and bring to them his own very particular and individual expressive import.



Philip Glass with Dennis Russell Davies.  
Photographer unknown.



## AN INTERIM REPORT

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BY TIM PAGE



Philip Glass performing the first full concert of his music in New York at the Filmmakers' Cinemateque, 1968, including *Strung Out* and *How Now*. Photo by Peter Moore.

Philip Glass gets up every morning and writes music. This is a central—in some ways, *the* central—fact of his life. Over the past 40 years, Glass has created thousands of hours of music, and for every celebrated masterpiece in his catalogue (*Einstein on the Beach*, *Satyagraha*, *Koyaanisqatsi*) there are dozens of other worthy pieces that await full recognition. Future Glass scholars will have their work cut out for them: right now, any authoritative summing-up of the composer's output would be premature, for he is still busily adding to his repertory.

Nevertheless, through his operas, his symphonies, his compositions for his own ensemble, and his collaborations with artists ranging from Robert Wilson to David Bowie, Twyla Tharp to Woody Allen, Philip Glass has already had a seismic impact upon the musical and intellectual life of his times. And so consider

this boxed set an enlightening and exhilarating interim report on the first composer to win a wide, multi-generational audience in the opera house, the concert hall, the dance world, in film and in popular music—simultaneously.

“I’ve been called a minimalist composer for more than 30 years, and while I’ve never really agreed with the description, I’ve gotten used to it,” Glass said recently. “But what I really am—and increasingly so—is a universalist composer. I’m interested in all kinds of music, and sooner or later most of those musics find their way into my own compositions.”

Philip Glass was born on January 31, 1937. He grew up in Baltimore, where his father owned a record store. The precocious boy began formal violin studies at six, but soon turned his attention to the flute and then to composition. At fifteen, Glass passed an early-entrance examination and enrolled at the University of Chicago, where he received a bachelor’s degree in philosophy. He then moved to New York to study composition at the Juilliard School and later with Darius Milhaud at the Aspen Music Center. By the early 1960s, Glass had begun to establish his germinal style—which, as he later acknowledged, owed a great deal to Milhaud’s influence—but in 1964 he disowned everything he’d written so far and moved to Europe.

He eventually settled in Paris, where he worked with the legendary pedagogue Nadia Boulanger, who also trained creators as disparate as Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, and Quincy Jones. During his second year with Boulanger, Glass was commissioned to transcribe a film score by sitar player Ravi Shankar into Western notation for Parisian studio musicians.

It was a “eureka” moment for the young man. “What came to me as a revelation was the use of rhythm in developing an overall structure in music,”

Glass later recalled. “I would explain the difference between the use of Western and Indian music in the following way: In Western music we divide time—as if you were to take a length of time and slice it the way you slice a loaf of bread. In Indian music (and all the non-Western music with which I’m familiar), you take small units, or ‘beats,’ and string them together to make up larger time values.”

Upon his return to the United States in 1966, Glass worked again with Shankar, who was then a visiting professor at the City College of New York, and with Alla Rakha, a virtuoso on the tabla, from central India. He grew close to several other young composers, particularly Steve Reich and Terry Riley, who were pursuing similar interests in lower Manhattan. And then, in 1968 he put together the first Philip Glass Ensemble, an aggregate consisting of amplified keyboards, voices, and wind instruments that would remain his principal means of musical expression for more than a decade and is still a key element of his creative life.

Glass’s early music was aggressively simple in its form, melodic content and harmonic language. Names such as *Music in Fifths*, *Music in Contrary Motion*, *Two Pages for Piano and Organ*, and *Music in Similar Motion*, all dating from the late 1960s, are not only titles but apt summations of what actually happens in the compositions that they describe. *Music With Changing Parts* (1970) and *Music in Twelve Parts* (1971–74) were more ambitious in their scope and provided the first indication that the composer was at least as interested in the epic as he was in the reductive. (Early performances of *Music in Twelve Parts* lasted more than four hours.)

During this period, Glass supported himself by working as a plumber and driving a taxi. “I had to play my music myself,” Glass remembered. “The musi-



cal establishment of the time thought I was crazy, and foundation support was out of the question. We'd play for free or for a small donation in old buildings where you had to climb six sets of stairs if you wanted to hear what we were doing."

But those who responded to his music tended to become evangelical about it, and word spread about the young composer whose work sounded so unlike anything else around. As Glass's concerts attracted larger and larger audiences, museums and local galleries began to invite him to play and, with the business acumen he has demonstrated throughout his career, he produced his first recordings, which disseminated his work to audiences and venturesome radio stations. And then *Einstein on the Beach*, conceived and executed with theater visionary Robert Wilson, made Glass famous.

*Einstein*, presented throughout Europe and then at the Metropolitan Opera in November, 1976, broke all the traditional rules of opera. It was five hours long, with no intermission; the audience was invited to wander in and out at liberty throughout the performance. Instead of a plot, Glass and Wilson presented a poetic gloss on the life and legacy of Albert Einstein. Glass's text consisted of numbers, do-re-mi's and nonsense phrases. The stage was flooded with white light; a train moved slowly through space; a young boy threw a paper airplane, and dancer Lucinda Childs paced back and forth, resolutely going nowhere and everywhere.

It is difficult to convey just how bracing and alien *Einstein* sounded to people in the mid-1970s—before the word "minimalism" had become part of the lexicon, before the spectacular sounds and speedy visions of the film *Koyaanisqatsi*, before the exploration of the dense, churning inner life of chords was recognized as a legitimate musical activity.

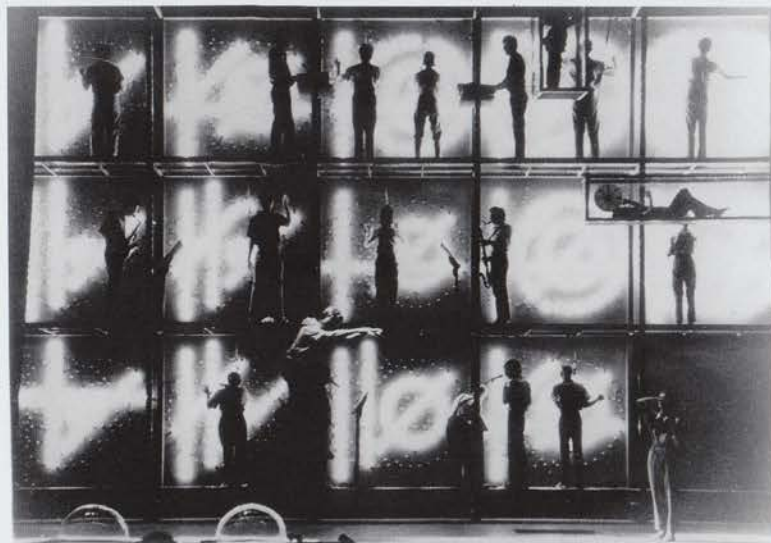
Yet when the curtain rose on the first performance of *Satyagraha* in the fall of 1980, some additional shocks were in store, but of a much gentler sort. "My God! It's pretty!" a man sitting behind me at the American premiere whispered to his companion. And so it was: with its luminous, dreamlike, scrim-shielded stage action, spiritual propulsion, and radiant intensity, this was a work that was closer to ritual than entertainment, to the mystery plays of the Middle Ages than to standard opera.

What wonders followed thereafter—the opera *Akhmaten*, the string quartets, the piano études, the vignettes for the Glass Ensemble, the elaborate song cycle *Hydrogen Jukebox* (which does for Allen Ginsberg what Delius and Vaughan Williams did for Walt Whitman), the haunting *Mad Rush* (a meditation in seven mercurial sections, alternately serene and stormy, for organ or piano). It could be argued that *Koyaanisqatsi*, a collaboration with the filmmaker Godfrey Reggio, has proved the most influential mating of cinema and music after *Fantasia* in 1940. *Powaqqatsi* makes use of world instruments in a manner that is spirited and original; the recurring *Anthem*, with its inexorable rhythmic pulse and gentle, consonant harmonies, calls to mind a modern take on the much-neglected Christmas music of Carl Orff. And there have been more than 25 further films to date, ranging from distinguished indies such as *The Fog of War* and *Candyman* through high Hollywood such as *The Truman Show* and *The Hours*.

And yet Glass has somehow managed to remain remarkably accessible to the public—a genuinely "good citizen" in a field that desperately needs some. He makes a determined effort to examine the myriad unsolicited scores and tapes that hopeful musicians press upon him, and he has played benefit concerts for causes ranging from college radio stations to the preservation of Tibetan culture.

The man himself? Funny. Loyal. Unpretentious. Unfailingly generous to younger colleagues. Both deeply disciplined and more than a little abstracted. I stopped reviewing Philip's new work almost 20 years ago because I was increasingly uncomfortable with the business of "judging" a friend I had made long before I became a professional journalist. The composer and critic Virgil Thomson used to insist he could write a fair, unsparing assessment of his grandmother—and, indeed, maybe Thomson could have pulled it off. But most of us don't particularly want to review our grandmothers. Or our friends.

Besides, I was convinced that I had begun to go so far out of my way to try to be impartial that I was actually undervaluing some of the Glass pieces I heard—writing, for example, a negative review of one of the operas that I later heard on public radio and found spellbinding. Still, when next we met, Philip's response was cheerful—and typical. "Oh, that's all right, Tim," he said. "I don't like everything you write, either."



*Einstein on the Beach*, 1976 production.  
Photo by Babette Mangolte.

GLASS BOX



GLASS BOX

APPRECIATIONS



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**LAURIE ANDERSON**

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I first heard Philip Glass in 1971 at one of his rehearsals in a loft on the Lower East Side in New York City. I went with a few other artists and we lay on the floor while he and his band played Farfisa organs at mind-melting volumes. These rehearsals often lasted for several hours and it was possible to drift to many different mental places. One of the regulars at the rehearsal was the sculptor Sol LeWitt, who said, "I do my best work at Phil's rehearsals."

I have always felt that Philip's music is completely unique. One reason I love it is because it induces a state close to Buddhist meditation. By that I mean that his music somehow constantly stays in the present.

I'd really love to know how this works. Maybe it has something to do with the suspension of expectations. After a while you stop listening for change and sink into the flow. You start to look around. Appreciate. Concentrate. Wake up. There is no other music that does this to me, and I treasure it.

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**DAVID BOWIE**

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philip, an extraordinarily insightful and gentle presence. a triumphant composer. i first saw him performing in london in 1970. i think eno was at the same show. i thought him a brilliant composer then and can't better that opinion even now. when he told me he wanted to work with the music from my album 'low' i was flabbergasted and humbled. rolling in vanity i declare the piece 'some are' as being one of my favourite bowie/glass pieces. and einstein on the beach changed many of my lives. philip rules, squared.

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**DAVID BYRNE**

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When friends and I moved to NYC in the mid-'70s, Phil Glass and others were performing in galleries and art spaces downtown, and, having already been introduced to his music in art school, we felt that now we were finally

in the thick of it. His music at that time used instruments similar to those found in rock and RnB bands—the cheesy Farfisa organ was prominent. This, of course, was a way in for us—the sounds were all familiar and the idea of riffing and of music that put you into a kind of trance was completely OK and natural. Both of those experiences and ways of making music crossed over—the idea of music as a slowly evolving and mutating landscape wasn't strange at all to some pop musicians, though Phil and others were more refined about it than we would ever be.

What this music, and that of others, was saying to us, was that there were other modes of enjoying and experiencing music that fell in-between the pop song and the classical world uptown. It didn't have to be strictly either/or, one or the other—it could be something that was both and neither. A door had been opened.

In '76 a group of us went to see *Einstein* at the Met. It was a pivotal moment, I suspect, as the combination of Bob Wilson's staging and Phil's music was cool, cosmic, and sometimes

funny—they both elevated and enriched each other and created something that was greater than the sum of the parts. Again, the sounds of saxophones, Farfisa organs, and non-operatic voices in the Met was comforting to us, though I'm sure for the regular opera crowd it was a bit storming the gates. And Bob's stream-of-consciousness imagery and Knowles texts proved that a riveting theater experience could be, well, anything. The traditional forms of music and theater all seemed suddenly antiquated.

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**CHUCK CLOSE**

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I met Phil in 1964 in Paris where he was studying with Nadia Boulanger and I was on a Fulbright grant to Vienna. We reunited in 1967 through the sculptor Richard Serra when we were both helping him make his early lead prop sculptures. Phil was working as a plumber and actually plumbed my first two lofts in what was to become SoHo.

Philip was part of the vital and exciting



downtown mix of artists, composers, choreographers and filmmakers. Philip along with Steve Reich, Terry Riley and La Monte Young were beginning to radically change serious music. He was performing in various artists' lofts and the legendary performance/exhibition space 112 Greene Street. The musical establishment was either uninterested in or extremely hostile toward Phil's music. In fact, all of his early support came from the visual arts world. His first public performances with The Philip Glass Ensemble were at the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Guggenheim Museum and the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

His first recordings were commissioned by Klaus Kertess, owner/director of the Bykert Gallery, which also happened to represent my work as well as Brice Marden's and many others. Those recordings under the Chatham Square label included the groundbreaking and shocking *Music With Changing Parts* (1970) and announced the arrival of "the minimal school of composition," of which Philip was seen to be its most gifted, innovative, and

profound member. He shared with many of us in the visual arts a strong belief in process and the use of severe self-imposed limitations. I have seen virtually every performance Philip and his ensemble have given throughout the years, including the legendary, original presentation of *Einstein on the Beach* at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1976.

In 1968 I photographed Phil for a nine-foot-high black-and-white portrait which is in the collection of the Whitney Museum, and started a four-decade-long period of the recycling of that one 1968 photograph, which has produced more than a hundred different works in all mediums, from dot drawings, fingerprint, pulp paper and print editions in even more variations.

Recently, Philip returned the favor (if it ever was a favor that I have flooded the world with an annoying number of images of him) and composed *A Musical Portrait of Chuck Close*. That generosity on his part and our enduring friendship stands as a high-water mark in my life and my career.

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#### MOLISSA FENLEY

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I've made many dances to Phil's music throughout these past twenty years. I'd have to say that I must be one of his biggest fans. The scores I've created dances for have ranged from seminal works such as *Music in Twelve Parts* to the very new *Dreaming Awake*.

I start listening to the score during my daily training and soon find that I am making new moves to it, that eventually become more conscious. I work very free-associatively at first: phrases of movement appear intuitively, then became linked together. Every movement is written down, a list that I refer to later as I start to work the piece through. I listen and listen to the music, looking for the emotional thread of the score, working sometimes within the rhythmic structure, finding times when the dance would augur what the score was about to do, or would respond after a particular accent. Each moment should be vital, should also allow for intuition. If something "feels" right then it usually is. The place where the

dance is to take place becomes mapped into spatial zones; once these spatial concerns are addressed, the intent of the work that I would like the dance to project becomes clear to me. The phrases then get memorized and danced in real time. As the memory gets settled and imprinted, the dance starts to take on a life of its own, which then in turn comes back with the intelligence of a piece made. Its own rules appear. The art work reciprocates back to the dancer with an understanding of itself and how it should be danced. Eventually all of the spatial, rhythmic, and dynamic parts are in place and the relationship of dance to music is sorted out.

When dancing *Provenance Unknown*, I feel that I have many faces. I visualize that the stage is filled with people. As the dance evolves, there is a sense of the past; the memories of where I have been are experienced in the present; there is an accumulative feel of memories and states of being that trace the stage. *Dreaming Awake* is composed of two dreams, each exactly in time one-half of the score. Each dream has its own set of themes and motifs. It

is only toward the end of the second dream that a few memories of the first resurface.

The watching of dance and the listening of music is experiential. Together they create a feeling of terrain, a geological, psychological place for the individual to walk in, to stand in, the person in relation to the volume of the environment (theater).

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DAVID HARRINGTON

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For more than 25 years, the music of Philip Glass has played a large and vital role in the work of Kronos. His *Mishima* was our very first film soundtrack recording. The only concert we ever played in a graveyard was with Philip in Spain. It was Philip who introduced us to Foday Musa Suso, the great kora player from Gambia. We played a concert together in Canada on the horrifying night that Al Gore won the election and then didn't. Then...

Philip has said that he loves to write music for his friends so that he can be with them

and work with them. I've always thought that is a great reason, maybe the best reason, for writing music: bringing one's friends together.

It's hard to imagine the American musical landscape without his music. His influence is indisputable. There are many who follow in his wake and there are others who react against him. That is, after all, what it means to be a leader.

I remember him saying about his early years: "If Stockhausen went right, then I went left." That is the most vitriolic thing that I've ever heard him say about another composer. And it's wonderful and inspiring to hear how supportive he is of young composers.

I always love to put together a new piece of Philip's with him there. He is so open to our ideas and appreciative of the role and the work of performers.

Philip surrounds himself with amazing associates. Who better than Michael Riesman to help realize his musical ideas? Who better than Linda Brumbach to produce his live performances? And who better than Dennis Russell Davies to champion so many of his big pieces? They and the Philip Glass Ensemble

continue to keep pushing the bar higher for concert events. And his team is an inspiration for anyone attempting anything similar.

So I want to take this opportunity to thank Philip Glass for his beautiful additions to Kronos's repertoire, his amazing body of work, his youthful and adventurous spirit and for his unflinching belief in the value of music for our society.

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ERROL MORRIS

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Philip has been the ideal working companion. At times intractable, obdurate, and inflexible and at other times incredibly collaborative. There is something ineffable about how music combines with images, particularly film-images. The simplest thing I can say is: it is impossible for me to imagine the three movies (*The Thin Blue Line*, *A Brief History of Time*, and *The Fog of War*) we made together without Philip's music. It provides the underlying themes: the meaning of the films—the

feelings of inevitability, of inexorability, of the hidden and possibly unknowable.

In a larger sense, Philip has made an end-run around many of the movements in late 19th-century and 20th-century music. It is possible to sense a progression from Fauré—through Fauré's student, Nadia Boulanger—to his use of strange harmonic progressions and ostinatos to create a new kind of musical dramaturgy. We all owe him a debt of gratitude.

Plus, I have to say nice things, because I hope he'll work with me again.

---

NICO MUHLY

---

A lot of composers teach in schools because they need money, and a lot of composers teach in schools because they love teaching, or because they (correctly) realize the importance of formally passing on the traditions to younger generations. Without teaching in a university, Philip has created a serious institution

GLASS BOX



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insights, both musical and “non,” that have enriched our friendship these many years.

---

SUZANNE VEGA

---

I worked with Philip Glass for the first time in 1986, and we have worked together many times since then over the last 20 years. That first time was on his *Songs from Liquid Days* project. I went to his house with a stack of lyrics which he went through quickly, picking out two at random, which he said were both apocalyptic visions expressed through landscapes that were opposites. I hadn't really seen it that way, but actually, he was correct! One was called “Freezing” and one was called “Lightning.” My first glimpse as to how his mind works. This was the beginning of a long working friendship, during which he

gave me a string arrangement for a song on my third album. I also interviewed him for an NPR radio show, a few years later, gaining more insight as to his method of working. I have been moved by his film scores, especially the score for *Mishima*, which is dramatic and sad. He wrote the music for a song called “Ignorant Sky” for a movie called *Jenipapo*, and asked me to sing it, saying, “Suzanne, you have three really good notes, and I put all three of them in this song!” His work ethic is tremendously inspiring. I threw a Christmas party, and he arrived early—at that point he was the only guest. He ate dinner with me and left before the other guests arrived so that he could get to bed, as he gets up early to work every morning. The last time we worked together was when I performed as the narrator in *Einstein on the Beach*, about two years ago. He has been a part of my life as an inspiration and a friend. I feel privileged to know him.

---

ROBERT WILSON

---

PHIL IS PHILIP IS THIS IS PHIL IS  
PHIL IS IS THIS AND THIS PHIL IS  
IS SO SO CLEAR GLASS CLEAR  
IS TO B CLEAR AS A/B CLEAR  
THIS IS PHIL AND HIS IS THIS IS  
THIS AND THAT IS IS PHIL FOR ME  
ROBERT WILSON MOSCOW 12.1.07



2007

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*Einstein on the Beach*, 1976 production.  
Photo by Babette Mangolte.

## EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH

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### KNEE PLAY 1

---

#### *Knee Play Character 1*

(Recite numbers randomly)

#### *Knee Play Character 2*

(TEXT WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER KNOWLES)

Would it get some wind for the sailboat. And it could get for it is.  
It could get the railroad for these workers. And it could be were it is.  
It could Franky it could be Franky it could be very fresh and clean  
It could be a balloon.  
All these are the days my friends and these are the days my friends.  
It could get some wind for the sailboat. And it could get for it is.  
It could get the railroad for these workers. It could get for it is were.  
It could be a balloon. It could be Franky. It could be very fresh and clean.  
All these are the days my friends and these are the days my friends.  
It could be those ways.

Will it get some wind for the sailboat and it could get for it is it.  
It could get the railroad for these workers workers. It could get for it is.  
All these are the days my friends and these are the days my friends.  
Put these days of 888 cents in 100 coins of change...  
These are thei days mmy friends and these are my days my friends.  
Make a tiota on thses these are thei days loop  
So if you say will it get some wind for the sailboat and it could for  
It could be Franky it could be very fresh and cleann. So it could be thos  
e ones. So if  
You cash the bank of world traveler from 10 months ago.  
Doo you rememberf Honz the bus driver.... Well I put the red ball  
blue ball two black and white balls. And Honz pushed on his brakes and  
the four balls went down to that. And Honz said. "Get those four balls aw  
ay from the gearshift." All these are the days my friends and these are th  
e days my friends. It could get the railroad for these workers. Itmmcould  
Would will it get some wind for the sailboat. And it could get for it is.

---

*Knee Play Character 2*

(TEXT WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER KNOWLES)

Would it get some wind for the sailboat. And it could get those for it is.  
It could get the railroad for these workers. It could be a balloon.  
It could be Franky, it could be very fresh and clean, it could be.  
It could get some gasoline shortest one.  
Al these are the days my friends and these are the days my friends.  
Could it get some wind for the sailboat. And it could get those for it is.  
It could get the railroad for these workers. It could be a balloon.  
It could be Franky, it could could be very fresh and clean, it could be.  
It could get some gasoline shortest one.  
Al these are the days my friends and these are the days my friends.  
It could get a stopper. It could get the railroad for these workers.  
Could it could be a balloon. It could be Franky, it could be.  
Back to the rack and go back to the rack. It could be some workers so.  
It could be a balloon, it could be Franky, it could be.  
Which one are the ones for. So if you know. So i you take your watch off.  
They're easy to lose or break. These are the days my friends and these are  
the days my friends. It could be some of th... It could be on your own.  
It could be where of all. The way iron this one. So if youknow you know.  
this will be into where it could be. So look here.

Do you know they just don't make clothes for people who wears glasses. There's no pockets anymore. So if you take your glasses off. They're easy to lose or break. Well New York a Phonic Center has the answer to your problem. Contactless lenses and the new soft lenses. The Center gives you thirty days and see if you like them. And if you don't. They could refunds your money. So this could be like into a satchel in the sky. A batch of cookies was on the.....for these are the days. This could be into a satchel.

It could get the railroad for these works

Do you know they just don't make clothes for people who wears glasses. There's no pockets anymore. So if you take your glasses off They're easy to lose or break. Well New York A Phonic Center has the answer to your problem. Contactless lenses and

Would it get some wind for the sailboat and it could get for these workers  
So al these are the days my friends and these are the days my friends.

Do you know they just don't make clothes for people who wears glasses. There's no pockets anymore. So if you take your glasses off. They're easy to lose or brea

k Well New York a Phonic Center has the answer to your problem.

Contactless lens

es and the new soft lenses. The Center gives you thirty days and see if you like them. And if you don't. They could refunds your money. (Except for the exammin

ation fee.) So if you're tired of glasses. Go to New York a Phonic Center on

Ele  
ven West Fourty-Second Street near Fifth Avenue for sight with no hassle.  
Please Call Br9-5555...

Would it get some wind for the sailboat. And it could get those for it is.

It could get the railroad for these workers. It could be a balloon.

It could be Franky, it could be very fresh and clean, it could be.

It could get some gasoline shortest one it could be.

Al these are the days my friends and these are the days my friends.

Look...batch catch hatch latch match patch watch snatch scratch.....

Look.

SWEARIN TO GOD WHO LOVES YOU

FRANKIE VALLI THE FOUR SEASONS

TRIAL 2/PRISON: "PREMATURELY AIR-CONDITIONED SUPERMARKET"

---

*Witness*

(TEXT WRITTEN BY LUCINDA CHILDS; TO BE RECITED FROM LYING ON BED THROUGH EXIT, REPEATING AS NECESSARY.)

I was in this prematurely air-conditioned supermarket  
and there were all these aisles

and there were all these bathing caps that you could buy  
which had these kind of Fourth of July plumes on them  
they were red and yellow and blue  
I wasn't tempted to buy one  
but I was reminded of the fact that I had been avoiding  
the beach.

*Lawyer*

(TEXT WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER KNOWLES; TO BE RECITED  
FROM THE PATTY HEARST MOVES THROUGH THE EXIT.)

So uh this is abut the uh things on the table  
so this one will be counting up  
If you see any of those baggy pants, chuck the hills  
And if somebody asked him, it was trees

the uh scarf of where in black and white  
that this one will be sittin'  
this about the uh things on the table  
this will be counting up

so uh uh this is about the uh things on the table  
the uh scarf of where in black and white  
that this one is sittin'

this is about the uh things that were  
If you see any of those, then this could be one of them  
so stop here so stop this so look here  
so this is written  
Hey Mr Bojangles  
Hey Mr Bojangles  
Hey Mr Bojangles  
so this could be the one that was  
so if you see this one, then...

(Inserts at the machine gun and/or the music change [25]):

Gun gun gun gun  
Hey Mr Bojangles  
Hey Mr Bojangles  
Hey Mr Bojangles  
Christopher Knowles bank robbery  
so if you know  
bank robbery bank robbery bank robbery is punishable by  
20 years in federal prison so this is written  
so if you know this is one so so look here  
so Christopher Knowles and the Beatles  
so so

(Repeat "Hey, Mr. Bojangles" until exit.)





*Satyagraha*, 1983 production.  
Photo by Tom Caravaglia.

## SATYAGRAHA

SAT-YA-GR-A-HA (Sanskrit: *Sat*, truth; *Graha*, firmness): coined by Mohandas K. Gandhi in the early twentieth century to describe his political/social philosophy of “the Force born of Truth and Love, or non-violence”; effectively adopted by Martin Luther King, Jr., during the American Civil Rights movement of the 1960s; an opera by Philip Glass depicting the birth and development of the movement in musico-dramatic terms.

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### ACT I (TOLSTOY), SCENE 1: THE KURU FIELD OF JUSTICE

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*Synopsis:* A great battle is impending between two royal families, the Kuruvas and the Pandavas. At a signal from the aged king, the trumpeter blew his conch, loosening the tempest in the waiting armies assembled on the sacred plain. From both sides, warriors and chieftains blew their battle shells announcing their readiness to fight with a din resounding between heaven and earth. And seeing the battle set, weapons unsheathing, bows drawn forth—Prince Arjuna spoke to Lord Krishna, wishing to look more closely at these men drawn up spoiling for the fight with whom he must do battle in the enterprise of war.

*Characters:* Gandhi, Arjuna, Krishna, Duryodhana, Tolstoy (who is present at his desk throughout Act I), members of two armies (52).

*Setting:* Dawn breaking (sky with clouds). Mythological Battlefield/South African Plain.

*Staging:* Far upstage is a dawn sky backdrop in front of which is a truncated pyramid, twelve feet high, where Tolstoy is seated at his desk with all its papers, knickknacks, *etc.* From far upstage to the pit, the floor is covered with golden grass varying in height from knee-high to trampled. Two armies are situated stage right and stage left with an open area separating them. Center stage right and left (at the heads of the armies) are Arjuna and Duryodhana in their chariots. Krishna stands downstage in the open area separating the armies. The armies are backlit, appearing in silhouette, and as the scene progresses, lights come up on the armies to reveal them as Indians and Europeans respectively, also revealing their weapons as everyday objects.

Indian army, stage right, is wearing whites and light grays. European army, stage left, is wearing blacks, grays, beiges, off-whites. Krishna, Arjuna, and Duryodhana are in resplendent, full color. Gandhi in Satyagraha dress.

Gandhi appears upstage center and begins walking downstage between the two armies. After covering one-third of the distance, he starts his solo. Joined in duet by Arjuna. Joined in trio by Krishna. Followed by short chorus section, two armies singing. Ending with Gandhi in solo, downstage.

GANDHI:

1:23 ||: yo-tsyu-ma-na-[yo-tsyu-ma-na-n]  
u-vāk-shā hum yu ā-tā  
tru su-ma-gu-ta: ||  
Dhar-tu-rash-tru-syu dūr-būd-hār [dūr-būd-hār]  
yūd-hā pre-yu-chi-kēr-shu-vu.

1:24 ā-vum ook-to Hri-shē-kā-sho  
gū-da-kā-shā-nu, Bha-ru-tu,  
sā-nu-yor oo-bhu-yor mud-hyā [-yor]  
stha-pu-ye-twa ru-tho-[ru-tho-]tu-mum,

1:28 ||: kri-pu-ya  
pu-ru-ya-vish-to: ||  
||: vi-she-dun  
e-dum u-bru-vēt: ||

GANDHI:

||: I see them here assembled,  
ready to fight,  
seeking to please: ||  
the king's sinful son  
by waging war.

And thus addressed by Arjuna,  
Krishna brought that  
splendid chariot to a halt  
between the two armies.

(In front of Bhishma and Drona  
and all the rulers of the world,  
he said, "Behold Arjuna,  
these kinsmen assembled here."  
And the Prince marked on each hand  
relatives and friends in both armies.)

||: Seeing them, all his kinsmen,  
thus arrayed, Arjuna was filled: ||  
||: with deep compassion  
and turned to Krishna.: ||

2:7 GANDHI, ARJUNA:

||: kar-pun-yu-[-pun-yu-]  
do-sho-pu-hu-tu-svu-bha-vuh  
[do-sho-pu-hu-tu-svu-bha-vuh]:||

pri-cha-me twa  
[pri-cha-me twa, ||:pri-cha-me twa]  
dhar-mu-su-moo-dhu-chā-ta :||

||: yuch chrā-yu syan [-yu syan],  
nesh-[syān, nesh-] chi-[nesh-chi-]tum [-chi-tum]  
broo-[-tum broo-]he tun mā, chā-ta :||

||: shish-yus tā  
hum, sha-dhe  
mam twam pru-pu-num. :||

1:28 ||: kri-pu-ya  
pu-ru-ya-vish-to  
vi-she-dun  
e-dum u-bru-vēt :|| × 3

GANDHI, ARJUNA, KRISHNA:

GANDHI, ARJUNA:

||: My very being is oppressed  
with compassion's harmful taint,  
with compassion's harmful taint. :||

||: With mind perplexed concerning  
right and wrong  
I ask you which is the better course? :||

||: Tell me  
And let your words  
be definite and clear. :||

||: I am your pupil  
and put all my trust in you.  
So teach me. :||

||: Seeing them, all his kinsmen,  
thus arrayed, Arjuna was filled  
with deep compassion  
and turned to Krishna. :|| × 3

GANDHI, ARJUNA, KRISHNA:

(Be wise in the matters  
of death and duty.

See in this war presented  
by pure chance  
a door to paradise.  
For sure is death to  
all that's born,  
sure is birth to  
all that dies  
and for this, you have  
no cause to grieve.  
Likewise, recognize this war  
as prescribed by duty.)

2:33 u-thu chāt [-thu chāt, chāt]  
twun e-mum dhar-myum  
[e-mum dhar-myum]  
sum-gra-[-gra-]mum [sum-gra-mum]  
nu ku-rish-yu-se [ku-rish-yu-se]  
tu-tuh swu-dhar-mum kēr-  
[kēr-]tim [-tim] chu  
hit-va pa-pum u-va-psyu-se  
[u-va-psyu-se].

But if you  
will not  
wage this  
war prescribed  
by your duty,  
then, by casting off  
both duty and honor,  
you will bring  
evil on yourself.

2:37 ||: hu-to va [-to va] prap-  
[va prap-]syu-se svar-gum  
[-gum] jit-va va bhok-shyu-

||: If you are slain,  
paradise is yours,  
and if you gain the victory,



[-shyu-]sā mu-[-sā mu-]hēm: ||  
||: tus-mad oo-[-mad oo-]tish-[-oo-tish-]thu,  
Kaun-tā-yu, yu-dha-yu  
[dha-yu] kri-[-yu kri-]tu-nish-chu-yuh. :||

2:38 sū-khu-dūk-khā su-mā krit-va  
[-dūk-khā krit-va] la-bha-la-bhau  
jī-a-jī-yau [la-bhau],  
||: tu-tō yū-dha-yu  
yū-jyus-vu:  
nā-vum pa-pum: ||  
u-vap-syu-se. :||

GANDHI, ARJUNA, KRISHNA,  
CHORUS:  
2:1 tum tu-tha kri-pu-ya-vish-tum u-  
shrū-poor-nu-kū-lāk-shu-num  
vi-shē-dun-tum e-dum  
va-kyum [va-kyum] oo-va-chu ma-dhū-  
[-dhū-]soo-du-nuh [ma-dhū-dhū-soo-du-nuh]:

2:2 ||: kū-tus twa kush-mu-lum e-dum: ||  
vi-shu-mā su-mū-pus-thi-tum  
[vis-shu-mā su thi-tum]  
||: u-nar-yu-jūsh-tum u-svar-gyum: || × 4

yours is the earth to enjoy. :||  
||: Stand up then,  
son of Kuntī  
resolute for the fight. :||

Hold pleasure and pain  
profit and loss,  
victory and defeat to be the same:  
||: then brace yourself  
for the fight.  
So will you bring  
no evil on yourself. :||

GANDHI, ARJUNA, KRISHNA,  
CHORUS:  
To him thus in compassion plunged,  
his eyes distraught  
and filled with tears,  
to him desponding,  
Krishna spoke these words.

||: "Whence comes this faintness on you: ||  
now at this crisis hour?  
This ill besseems a noble,  
||: wins none a heavenly state, :|| × 4

||: u-ker-ti-ku-rum, Ar-ju-na [Ar-ju-na, Ar-ju-na]: || × 4 ||: but brings dishonor, Arjuna. :|| × 4

("Give up this vile faintheartedness.  
Stand up, chastiser of your foes!")

(And so too, in view of the impending battle,  
Krishna's dialogue with Arjuna was echoed  
again.)

GANDHI, TENORS:  
2:38 sū-khu-dūk-khā...

GANDHI, TENORS:  
Hold pleasure...

GANDHI:  
2:38 [-khu-dūk-khā, -khu-]  
[sū-khu-dūk-khā] su-mā krit-va  
[khā su-mā krit-va] la-, la-,  
la-bha-la-bhau jī-a-jī-yau [-bhau jī-a-jī-yau]  
tu-tō yū-dha-yu yū-jyus-vu [yū-jyus-vu]:  
||: nā-vum pa-pum u-vap-syu-se :||  
[-syu-se vap-syu-se  
vap-syu-se vap-syu-se].

GANDHI:  
Hold pleasure and pain  
profit and loss,  
victory and defeat  
to be the same:  
then brace yourself  
for the fight,  
So will you bring  
no evil on yourself.

*Synopsis:* With only a handful of Satyagrahi pledged to resist the Europeans' racial discrimination, Gandhi initiated the first collective action among South Africa's Indian residents. No one knew how long the struggle would last, but with Tolstoy Farm, the Satyagrahi progressed toward securing an immediate goal. Here, all families would live in one place, becoming members of a cooperative commonwealth, where residents would be trained to live a new, simple life in harmony with each other. Everything from building to cooking to scavenging was to be done with their own hands. The building of the farm drew everyone into an active involvement with the Satyagraha ideal—"a fight on the behalf of Truth consisting chiefly in self-purification and self-reliance."

*Characters:* Gandhi, Kasturbai, Mr. Kallenbach, Miss Schlesen, Mrs. Naidoo, Parsi Rustomji, Indian workers (6).

*Setting:* Mid-morning (wispy clouds). An empty field in South Africa. Same grass as Scene 1.

*Staging:* Workers and principals building the settlement; primarily a clapboard façade shading from black to white as boards are successively added. Gandhi works alongside and oversees; consults with his co-workers. Indian workers carrying materials in and out, etc.

Begins with Gandhi in solo. Joined by women's trio. Joined by Mr. Kallenbach. Joined by Parsi Rustomji to end in sextet.

4:19      GANDHI:  
yus-yu sar-vā su-  
ma-rum-bha ka-mu-  
sum-kul-pu-var-jē-tah,  
ñā-na-nē-dugh-du-  
kar-ma-num tum a-hu  
pun-de-tum bū-dah.

MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:

3:8      ||: ni-yu-tum kū-rū  
kar-mu twum,  
kar-mu jya-yo y  
u-kar-mu-nuh;  
sha-rē-ru-ya-tra pe chu tā nu pru-:||  
se-dyād u-kar-mu-nuh.

GANDHI:  
When the motives and the fruits  
of a man's actions  
are freed from desire,  
his works are burned clean  
by wisdom's fire,  
the white fire of truth.

MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
(Such a one is honorable  
who gives his mortal powers to  
worthy work for not seeking gain.)

||: Do the allotted task  
for which one is fit,  
for work is more excellent  
than idleness and  
the body's life proceeds not, :||  
lacking work.

(Such an earthly task  
do free from desire,  
you will perform a high task.)

5:4 MR. KALLENBACH:  
||: sam-khyu-yo-gau  
pri-thug ba-lah-pru-  
vu-dun-te nu  
pun-de-ta.

ā-kum u-py a-  
sthi-tuh sum-yug oo-  
bhū-yor vin-du-  
tā fa-lam.

3:8 MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
ni-yu-tum kūr-ū, etc., etc.

MR. KALLENBACH:  
||: Between theory and practice,  
some talk as they were two—  
making a separation and  
difference between them.

Yet wise men know  
that both can be gained  
in applying oneself  
whole-heartedly to one.

(For the high estate attained by men  
of contemplative theory, that same  
state achieve the men of action.  
So act as the ancients of days old,  
performing works as spiritual exercise.)

MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
Do the allotted task, etc., etc.

5:4 MR. KALLENBACH:  
sam-khyu-yo-gau, etc.  
ā-kum u-py a-, etc.

3:8 MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
||: ni-yu-tum kūr-ū, etc., etc.  
ni-yu-tum kūr-ū, etc. :||

4:19 GANDHI:  
||: sum-kul-pu-var-jē-tah... :||

4:20 ||: tyuk-twa kar-mu-fu-la-sun-gum  
ne-tyu-trip-to ne-rash-ru-yu  
kar-mun-y u-bhe-pru-vri-to pe nā-vu  
kim-chit ka-ro-tē suh :||

4:21 ni-ra-shēr yu-tu-chi-tat-ma  
tyuk-tu-sar-vu-pu-re-gru-hu  
sha-rē-rum kā-vu-lum kar-mu kūr-vun  
nap-no-te kil-be-shum

4:21 ni-ra-shēr yu-tu-chi-tat-ma, etc.

MR. KALLENBACH:  
Between theory and practice, etc.  
Yet wise men know, etc.

MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
||: Do the allotted task, etc., etc.  
Do the allotted task, etc. :||

GANDHI:  
||: Freed from desire... :||

||: When he casts off  
attachment to his deeds,  
a man embarks on his work  
ever content, on none dependent. :||

With thought and self controlled  
giving up all possessions,  
he cares for his bodily  
maintenance without excess.

With thought and self controlled, etc.



MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
3:8 ni-yum-tum kũ-rũ, *etc.*

GANDHI:  
4:22 yud-ri-cha-la-bhu-sum-tũsh-to  
dyund-va-tẽ-to vi-mu-tsu-ruh  
sum-uh si-dhav u-si-dhau chu krit-va-  
pe nu ne-bud-hyu-ta

MR. KALLENBACH:  
5:4 sam-khyu-yo-gau, *etc.*

5:4 ā-kum u-py a-, *etc.*  
sam-khyu-yo-gau, *etc.*

MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
3:8 ni-yu-tum kũ-rũ, *etc.*

3:8 ni-yu-tum kũ-rũ, *etc.*

GANDHI:  
20-21 tyuk-twa kar-mu-fu-la-sun-gum, *etc., etc.*

MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
Do the allotted task, *etc., etc.*

GANDHI:  
Taking what chance may bring,  
surmounting all dualities,  
knowing no envy,  
the same in success and failure.

MR. KALLENBACH:  
Between theory and practice, *etc.*

Yet wise men know, *etc.*  
Between theory and practice, *etc.*

MISS SCHLESEN, KASTURBAI,  
MRS. NAIDOO:  
Do the allotted task, *etc., etc.*

Do the allotted task, *etc., etc.*

GANDHI:  
When he casts off, *etc., etc.*

MR. KALLENBACH:

5:4 sam-khyu-yo-gau, *etc., etc.*

PARSI RUSTOMJI:

5:4 ...sum-yug oo-bhu-yor, *etc., etc.*

*(much repetition of previous passages)*

MR. KALLENBACH:

*(joining later)*

Between theory and practice, *etc., etc.*

PARSI RUSTOMJI:

*(joining later)*

both can be gained

*(much repetition of previous passages)*

ACT II (TAGORE), SCENE I:  
CONFRONTATION AND RESCUE (1896)

*Synopsis:* Gandhi had spent a six-month sojourn in India acquainting the homeland with the settlers' conditions in South Africa. Thousands of Europeans had read of his speeches and meetings in somewhat exaggerated news accounts cabled by Reuters to South African newspapers, and there was a great explosion of feeling when Gandhi set foot again in the Port of Durban. Already angered by his exposing events to the world, the Europeans were further inflamed by Gandhi's intention to bring back hundreds of Indian immigrants. If the Government would not prevent them from landing, then they would take the law into their own hands. Growing larger in numbers and more violent in actions, the excited crowd pursued Gandhi on the long walk through town. The wife of the

superintendent of police was coming from the opposite direction and opening her umbrella for his protection, Mrs. Alexander began walking by Gandhi's side, leading him to safety.

*Characters:* Mrs. Alexander, Gandhi, Tagore (who is present throughout Act II, on truncated pyramid, seated in his wicker chair with bird cage), European men (8).

*Setting:* 2 P.M. (stormy, black sky). The outskirts of a European settlement in South Africa. Upstage center, a road winds downstage left and offstage. Most of the buildings line the road, while a few are scattered in the landscape, the field of grass now blue in color. Two trees near one of the larger buildings, a clapboard Protestant church with a gold cross on its steeple. The others follow a severe Puritan-style architecture.

*Staging:* European men gathering together as Gandhi appears upstage on the road. While Gandhi makes his way down the road, the crowd becomes excited and begins to molest him—throwing rocks, pushing, *etc.* Mrs. Alexander appears carrying her umbrella under which she takes Gandhi, protecting him from the crowd and leading him on the road, offstage. Men follow them part way, still throwing things and abusing them verbally.

Small men's chorus with woman's solo.

MEN'S CHORUS:

ha-ha-ha-ha

16:13 ||: i-dum u-dyu mu-ya lub-dhum :||  
||: i-mum prap-syā mu-no-ru-thum :|| × 3  
||: i-dum us-tē-dum u-pe mā :||  
||: [i-dum us-tē-dum u-pe mā]  
bhu-vish-yu-tē pu-nar dhu-num :|| × 3

16:14 ||: a-sau mu-ya hu-tuh shut-rur :||  
||: hu-nish-yā cha-pu-ran u-pē. :|| × 3  
ēsh-vu-ro hum,  
||: u-hum bho-gē. :||  
si-dho hum  
||: bu-la-van su-khē. :|| × 3

MRS. ALEXANDER:

MEN'S CHORUS:

ha-ha-ha-ha

(So speak fools:)

||: "This I have gained today. :||  
||: this whim I'll satisfy. :|| × 3  
||: this wealth is mine :||  
||: and much more too  
will be mine as time goes on. :|| × 3

||: "He was an enemy of mine. :||  
||: I've killed him. :|| × 3  
||: and many another I'll kill.  
I'm master here. :||  
||: I take my pleasure as I will;  
I'm strong and happy and successful." :|| × 3

MRS. ALEXANDER:

(The devilish folk,

in them there is no purity,

no morality, no truth.

So they say the world

has not a law,

nor order, nor a lord.)

16:9 ā-tam drish-tim  
||: u-vush-tu-bhyu nush-tat-  
man-no pu-bū-dhu-yuh  
[ā-tam drish-tim  
u-vush-tu-bhyu nush-tat-  
man-no pu-bū-dhu-yuh]:||  
||: prū-bhu-vun-ty oo-  
gru-kar-man-uh shu-ya-  
yu ju-gu-ta he-tah: || × 3 , etc.

**MEN'S CHORUS:**

16:15 ||: a-dhyo bhi-ju-nu-van us-mē,  
ko ny-o s-tē sud-  
ri-sho mu-ya: ||  
||: yuk-shyā,  
das-ya-mē,  
mo-dish-yu it-y  
uj-ñā-nu-vi-mo-hi-tah: || × 3

16:15 a-dhyo bhi-ju-nu-van us-mē, etc.

**MRS. ALEXANDER, MEN'S CHORUS:**

16:10 ka-mum ash-re-tyu dūsh-poo-rum  
||: [ka-mum ash-re-tyu dūsh-poo-rum]  
dum-bhu-ma-nu-

And thinking this,  
||: all those dark minded  
ones of little wit,  
[And thinking this,  
all those dark minded  
ones of little wit,]:||  
||: embark on  
cruel and violent deeds,  
the curses of their kind. :|| × 3 , etc.

**MEN'S CHORUS:**

||: "I'm rich and of good family.  
Who else can match  
himself with me?: ||  
||: I'll sacrifice  
and I'll give alms:  
I'll have a marvellous time."  
So speak fools. :|| × 3

"I'm rich and of good family," etc.

**MRS. ALEXANDER, MEN'S CHORUS:**

||: [Insatiate desire is their starting-point,  
maddened are they

mu-dan-ve-tah  
mo-had grī-hēt-va-  
sud-gra-han prū-var-tun-tā  
shū-chi-vru-tan: ||

by hypocrisy and pride,  
clutching at false conceptions,  
deluded as they are:  
impure are their resolves. :||

16:10 ka-mum ash-re-tyu, etc.

Insatiate desire is their, etc.

(Not caring right up to death,  
they have no other aim than to  
satisfy their pleasure,  
convinced that is all.)





*Satyagraha*, 1983 production.  
Photo by Tom Caravaglia.

*Synopsis:* Movement leaders were sentenced to jail for disobeying an order to leave South Africa, issued on their failure to satisfy the Magistrate that they were lawful holders of certificates of registration. The community resolved to fill up the jail, and courting all kinds of arrest, the number of Satyagrahi prisoners rose to 150 by the week's end. The Government proposed a settlement: If the majority of Indians underwent voluntary registration, Government would repeal the Black Act. But the community was stunned to learn that after fulfilling their part of the bargain, the Black Act was to be carried through legislation. Ready to resume the struggle, Satyagrahi issued their own ultimatum: if a repeal was not forthcoming, certificates would be collected by the Indians, burned, and they would humbly but firmly accept the consequences. On the day of the ultimatum's expiration, the Government's refusal was sent to the site where Gandhi conducted a prayer meeting before the burning of the registration cards. These were all thrown into the cauldron, set ablaze, and the assembly rose to its feet making the whole place resound with their cheers—even greater than the commencement of the movement, Satyagraha now had had its baptism of fire.

*Characters:* Gandhi and Indian crowd (full chorus)

*Setting:* Twilight (evening stars). Empty outdoor field. Same blue grass as Scene 1 and 2. Church and trees from Act II, Scene 1, now smaller and far upstage.

*Staging:* As crowd gathers around Gandhi, he begins a prayer meeting. Crowd joins in vocally. Cauldron on tripod brought in, center stage. Chorus passes in front of cauldron, dropping in their registration cards—chorus having all eventually moved across stage from left to right. Indian from crowd sets fire to cards.

Solo followed by full chorus.

GANDHI:

||: Srē Bhu-gu-van oo-va-chu

[Srē Bhu-gu-van oo-va-chu]

12:13 ud-vāsh-ta sur-vu-

bhoo-ta-nam mā-truh

[mā-truh] kar-ū-nu

[-ū-nu] ā-vu chu

nir-mu-mo nir-u-

hum-ka-ruh su-mu-

dūh-khu-sūkh-uh shu-mē

12:14 sum-tūsh-tūh su-tu-[-tu-]tum yo-ge yu-

tat-ma dri-dhu-nish-chu-yuh mu-y ur-pi-

tu-mu-no-bū-dhir

yo mud-bhuk-tuh, su mā pri-yuh

[yo mud-bhuk-tuh, su mā pri-yuh]

GANDHI:

||: The Lord said:

[The Lord said:]

Let a man feel hatred

for no being,

let him be friendly, compassionate;

done with thoughts

of "I" and "mine,"

the same in pleasure

as in pain, long suffering.

His self restrained, his purpose firm,

let his mind and soul be steeped in Me,

let him worship Me with love:

then will I love him in return,

[then will I love him in return.]:||

(That man I love from whom  
the people do not shrink  
and who does not shrink from them,  
who is free from exaltation,  
fear, impatience, and excitement.

I love the man  
who has no expectation,  
is pure and skilled, indifferent,  
who has no worries  
and gives up all selfish enterprise,  
loyal-and-devoted to Me.

I love the man  
who hates not nor exults,  
who mourns not nor desires,  
who puts away both  
pleasant and unpleasant things,  
who is loyal-devoted-and-devout.

I love the man  
who is the same  
to friend and foe,  
the same whether he be

respected or despised,  
 the same in heat and cold,  
 in pleasure as in pain,  
 who has put away attachment  
 and remains unmoved  
 by praise or blame,  
 who is taciturn,  
 content with whatever  
 comes his way,  
 having no home,  
 of steady mind,  
 but loyal-devoted-and devout.

But as for those who reverence  
 these deathless words  
 of righteousness  
 which I have just now spoken,  
 putting their faith in them,  
 making Me their goal  
 my loving devotees,  
 these do I love exceedingly.)

**CHORUS:**

2:38 ||: sū-khu-dūk-khā su-mā krit-va  
 [sū-khu-dūk-khā su-mā krit-va]

**CHORUS:**

||: Hold pleasure and pain  
 profit and loss,

la-bha-la-blau jī-a-jī-yau :||  
 ||: tu-tō yū-dha-yu yū-jyus-vu :||  
 nā-vum pa-pum  
 u-vap-syu-se.

**GANDHI, CHORUS:**

2:38 sū-khu-dūk-kha, *etc.*

**CHORUS:**

2:37 ||: hu-to va prap-syu-se svar-gum  
 [hu-to va prap-syu-se svar-gum]  
 jīt-va va bhok-shy-  
 u-sā mu-hēm :||  
 ||: tus-mad oo-tish-thu  
 kaun-tā-yu :||  
 yū-dha-yu kri-tu-nish-chu-yu

**GANDHI, CHORUS:**

2:37 hu-to va prap-syu-se, *etc.*

**CHORUS:**

2:38 sū-khu-dūk-kha, *etc., etc., etc.*

2:32 ||: yu-dri-chu-ya co-pu-pu-num  
 [yu-dri-chu-ya co-pu-pu-num]

victory and defeat to be the same. :||  
 ||: then brace yourself for the fight. :||  
 So will you bring  
 no evil on yourself.

**GANDHI, CHORUS:**

Hold pleasure and pain, *etc.*

**CHORUS:**

||: If you are slain,  
 paradise is yours,  
 and if you gain the victory,  
 yours is the earth to enjoy. :||  
 ||: Stand up then  
 son of Kunti :||  
 resolute for the fight.

**GANDHI, CHORUS:**

If you are slain, *etc.*

**CHORUS:**

Hold pleasure and pain, *etc., etc., etc.*

||: Happy the warriors indeed  
 who become involved

	svur-gu-dva-rum u-pav-ri-tum:	in such a war as this,:
	: soo-ke-nuh shu-tre-ya, Par-tu:	: presented by pure chance:
	lu-bhun-tā yoo-dum ē-dri-shum	and opening the doors of paradise.
2:32	yu-dri-chu-ya co-pu-pu-num, etc., etc.	Happy the warriors indeed, etc., etc.
2:37	hu-to va prap-syu-se, etc., etc.	If you are slain, etc., etc.

ACT III (KING)—NEWCASTLE MARCH (1913), PART 3: EVENING SONG

*Synopsis:* With two overtly racially discriminatory laws, the Government was effectively controlling the influx of new Indian settlers and keeping the old class of indentured laborers under its thumb. A “color bar” restricted the immigration of even those applicants who could pass an educational test, and a special tax, levied against those workers who chose to remain after their seven years, bound them to pay annually the equivalent of six-months’ salary for each family member. Both the Three Pound Tax and the Asiatic Immigration Law were in effect when the great Indian leader Shree Gokhale made a tour of South Africa and secured from the Government a public promise for their repeal. The Government’s breach of promise gave Satyagraha an opportunity to include new objectives within its scope as a fight for truth and, in turn, to increase its strength in numbers. The miners in Newcastle were selected to be the first drawn into the expanding struggle and a deputation of Satyagraha women traveled there, organizing

a strike in sympathy with the movement. It was further decided that striking miners and their families should leave the homes provided by mine owners and, with only their clothes and blankets, join the Satyagraha army. Led by Gandhi, who would likewise attend to their provisions, they would march the thirty-six miles to the Transvaal border. If arrested at this registration checkpoint, the army of 5,000 would flood the jails, incurring heavy expenses and difficulties for the Government. If allowed to proceed to Tolstoy Farm, they would prolong the strike, conceivably drawing all of the 60,000 laborers affected by the tax law into the struggle. And in either event, they were bringing strong pressure for repeal, all within the dictates of Satyagraha. Thus the army was instructed to stand any test without opposition, and their movements were openly announced to their adversaries—“as an effective protest against the Minister’s breach of pledge and as a pure demonstration of our distress at the loss of self-respect.”

*Characters:* Full chorus, principals (6), contemporary policemen (20), King (who appears throughout Act III, on truncated pyramid, in shirt-sleeves at a podium with microphones).

*Setting:* Dusk to night (starry sky). Mythological Battlefield/South African Plain. Golden grass from Act I.

*Staging:* Gandhi lights his lantern and inspects his sleeping comrades. After his 5-minute solo, Gandhi, standing down stage, turns, looking toward platform where King reappears and a moment later Satyagraha army appears behind him, up in the starry, night sky. Their image is seen for 10-15 seconds, then fades out.



GANDHI:  
8:23 ||: ug-nir jyo-tir u-huh, *etc.*  
yu-tru ka-lā tv u-, *etc.*

4:5 bu-hū-nē mā vu-tē-ta-nē  
||: jun-ma-nē tu-vu car-joo-nu:  
tan-y u-hum vā-du sur-va-nē :||  
nu tvum vā-thu, pu-rum-tu-pu.

4:6 u-jo pi sun  
uv-yu-yat-ma  
||: boo-ta-nam  
ēsh-vu-ro pi sun  
pru-kri-tim  
svam u-dēsh-ta-ya :||  
sum-bu-vam-y at-mu-ma-yu-ya

4:7 yu-da yu-da  
hē dar-ma-syu  
||: glā-nir bu-vu-tē, Ba-ru-tu  
un-yoo-ta-num u-dur-mu-syu :||  
tu-dat-ma-num  
sri-jam-y u-hum

GANDHI:  
||: Fire, light, day, *etc.*  
This is the fixed, *etc.*

(The Lord said:)  
I have passed  
||: through many a birth  
and many have you. :||  
I know them all, but you do not.

Unborn am I,  
changeless is my Self,  
||: of all contingent beings  
I am the Lord!  
Yet by my creative energy,  
I consort with Nature :||  
and come to be in time.

For whenever  
the law of righteousness  
||: withers away  
and lawlessness arises, :||  
then do I generate  
myself on earth.

4:8 pu-rit-ra-na-yu  
sa-doo-nam  
||: vi-na-sha-yu  
chu doos-kri-tam  
dar-mu-sum-sta-  
pu-n-ar-ta-yu :||  
sum-bu-va-mē  
yoo-gā yoo-gā

pu-rit-ra-na-yu, *etc.*

I come into being  
age after age  
||: and take a visible shape  
and move a man with men  
for the protection of good,  
thrusting the evil back :||  
and setting virtue  
on her seat again.

I come into being, *etc.*

## KOYAANISQATSI

Ko-yaa-nis-qa-tsi (from the Hopi language), n. 1. Crazy life. 2. Life in turmoil. 3. Life disintegrating. 4. Life out of balance. 5. A state of life that calls for another way of living.

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### THE HOPI PROPHECIES

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If we dig precious things from the land,  
we will invite disaster.

Near the day of Purification, there will be cobwebs  
spun back and forth in the sky.

A container of ashes might one day be thrown  
from the sky, which could burn the land  
and boil the oceans.

## POWAQQATSI

Po-waq-qa-tsi (from the Hopi language, *powaq* sorcerer + *qatsi* life), n., an entity, a way of life, that consumes the life forces of other beings in order to further its own life.



*Powaqqatsi*, 1988. Photo by Graham Berry  
and Leonidas Zourdoumis.

the CIVIL warS:  
a tree is best measured when  
it is down

ACT V—THE ROME  
SECTION

PROLOGUE

---

Characters Abraham Lincoln  
Snow Owl  
Earth Mother

EARTH  
MOTHER

*Iam rara micant sidera prono  
Languida mundo;  
nox victa vagos  
contrahit ignis luce renata...  
labor exoritur durus et omnes  
agitat curas  
aperitque domos*

*Iam rara micant sidera prono  
languida mundo<sup>1</sup>*

Now stars shine few and faint above a  
sleeping world;  
vanquished night draws in her  
wandering fires as the new day is born...  
Hard toil arises sets all  
cares astir,  
opens all doors.

Now stars shine few and faint  
above a sleeping world.

SNOW OWL	<i>MORTE</i>	DEATH
EARTH MOTHER	<i>morte</i>	death
SNOW OWL	<i>MORTE</i>	DEATH
EARTH MOTHER	<i>morte</i>	death
SNOW OWL AND EARTH MOTHER	<i>MORTE</i>	DEATH
SNOW OWL	<i>Quis hic locus, quae regio, quae mundi plaga? Quas trahimus auras? Quod solum fesso subest?<sup>2</sup> Avis noctis clamat...filii...filii....</i>	What place is this? What region of the world? Where am I? What soil lies beneath me? The nightbird calling...children...children...

ABRAHAM LINCOLN	<i>Non vi siano più veleni, nessun'erba si gonfi di succo nocivo, Non regnino più tiranni feroci e crudeli. Se la terra sta per produrre ancora qualche nefandezza, si affretti, e se prepara qualche mostro, esso sia mio.<sup>3</sup></i>	Let poisons cease to be, Let no destructive herb swell with harmful juice May savage and cruel tyrants rule no more. If earth must still produce any evil, let her make haste, and if she is preparing any monster, let it be mine.
SNOW OWL AND EARTH MOTHER	<i>gens hominum flatur rapidis obiva fatis incerta sui; Stygia ultro quaerimus undas.<sup>4</sup></i>	Men are driven each one uncertain of his own, to meet the speeding fates; we seek the Stygian waves of our own accord.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	<i>E le stelle novelle E gli adorni legni E l'ava notturna clamante pace pace O figli miei O figli miei</i>	and the new stars and the proud ships and the nightbird calling peace peace oh my children oh my children



SNOW OWL      *E le stelle novelle*  
*E gli adorni legni*  
*E l'ava notturna clamante*  
*pace pace*  
*O figli miei*  
*O figli miei*

ABRAHAM      *E le stelle novelle*  
LINCOLN AND      *E gli adorni legni*  
SNOW OWL      *E l'ava notturna clamante*  
*pace pace*  
*O figli miei*  
*O figli miei*

ABRAHAM      *E le stelle novelle*  
LINCOLN,      *E gli adorni legni*  
SNOW OWL      *E l'ava notturna clamante*  
AND EARTH  
MOTHER

and the new stars  
and the proud ships  
and the nightbird calling  
peace peace  
oh my children  
oh my children

and the new stars  
and the proud ships  
and the nightbird calling  
peace peace  
oh my children  
oh my children

and the new stars  
and the proud ships  
and the nightbird calling

SNOW OWL      *pace pace*  
AND EARTH      *O figli miei*  
MOTHER      *O figli miei*

peace peace  
oh my children  
oh my children

#### Footnotes

- 1 Citations from the *Tragedies of Seneca: Hercules Furens*, verses 125–128, 138–139.
- 2 *Hercules Furens*, verses 1138 and 1142.
- 3 *Hercules Furens*, verses 935–939.
- 4 *Hercules Furens*, verses 183–185.

## HYDROGEN JUKEBOX

In 1988, I accepted an invitation from Tom Bird of the Viet Nam Veteran Theater to perform at a benefit for the company. I happened to run into Allen Ginsberg at St. Mark's bookshop in New York and asked him if he would perform with me. We were in the poetry section, and he grabbed a book from the shelf and pointed out *Wichita Vortex Sutra*. The poem, written in 1966 and reflecting the anti-war mood of the times, seemed highly appropriate for the occasion. I composed a piano piece to accompany Allen's reading, which took place at the Schubert Theater on Broadway.

Allen and I so thoroughly enjoyed the collaboration that we soon began talking about expanding our performance into an evening-length music-theater work. It was right after the 1988 presidential election, and neither Bush nor Dukakis seemed to talk about anything that was going on. I remember saying to Allen, if these guys aren't going to talk about the issues then we should.

By the spring of 1989 we had invited designer Jerome Sirlin to join us in a series of meetings, mainly in Allen's East Village apartment, in which we picked through his collected works to find a coherent "libretto." Jerome began a series of drawings that would eventually form the sets and drops. Later on we were joined by director-choreographer Ann Carlson, who began discussing with us the staging of the work.

By this time we had arrived at a scenario based on eighteen poems. Together they formed a "portrait" of America, at least in our eyes, that covered the

'50s, '60s, '70s and '80s. It also ranged in content from highly personal poems of Allen's to his reflection on social issues: the anti-war movement, the sexual revolution, drugs, Eastern philosophy, environmental awareness—all issues that seemed "counter-cultural" in their day. Now, in the late '80s, they seemed to have become more "mainstream" and yet, because of the power of Allen's poetry, still with their youthful energy intact. Ann chose to stage the work by using the six vocal parts to represent six archetypal American characters—a waitress, a policewoman, a businessman, a priest, a mechanic and a cheerleader.

In the past when I addressed social issues in music theater works I often used unfamiliar—even obscure—languages: Sanskrit for *Satyagraha*, ancient Egyptian for *Akhnaten*, Latin for *the CIVIL warS*, or just numbers and syllables in *Einstein on the Beach*. With *Jukebox* I was working with a vernacular language that we all know. For this purpose nothing could be better than Allen's poetry, because he is inventing a poetic language from the sounds and rhythms all around us—an American language that is logical, sensual, at times abstract and always expressive. Bringing music and language together can have a most powerful effect, literally joining the senses in a way that only opera can do.

For me there are two considerations in setting text to music. There are the words themselves, which need to be set in the most natural way. With Allen's poetry I was most intent on respecting the music that was already in the words. Then there is the musical environment into which the words are set. In the poem *Aunt Rose*, for example, I used a 5/8 rhythm—a kind of lopsided rhythm—1-2, 1-2-3. I heard the rhythm from the description of her foot: it's a picture of someone who walks with a limp. That's the only specific relation of the music to

the words. A portrait in music need not be a complete portrait. If you have some indication, we as listeners will fill in the rest.

The American Music Theater Festival in Philadelphia hosted a series of performances early in the spring of 1990, and the premiere of the finished work took place at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina, in June of the same year. The small music ensemble of keyboards, winds and percussion with the six singers made for a music-theater ensemble which, along with Martin Goldray, the original music director, was able to tour the U.S. the following season.

Taking this piece on tour completed something important. Allen and I have traveled around this country a lot. The piece is about that, and taking this on the road was in a way taking it back to the places where it was born. We've taken it to many different cities, and people recognize it—perhaps they see themselves in the portrait.

—PHILIP GLASS

SONG #3: FROM IRON HORSE

---

Who's the enemy, year after year?

War after war, who's the enemy?

What's the weapon, battle after battle?

What's the news, defeat after defeat?

What's the picture, decade after decade?

SONG #2: JAWEH AND ALLAH BATTLE

---

Jaweh with Atom Bomb

Allah cuts throat of Infidels

Jaweh's armies beat down neighboring tribes

Will Red Sea waters close & drown th'armies of Allah?

Both Gods Terrible! Awful Jaweh Allah!

Both hook-nosed gods, circumcised.

Jaweh Allah which unreal?

Which stronger Illusion?

Which stronger Army?

Which gives most frightening command?

What God maintain egohood in Eden? Which be Nameless?

Which enter Abyss of Light?

What Prophet born on this ground  
bound me Eternal to Palestine  
circled by Armies tanks, droning bomber motors,  
radar electric computers?  
HITLER AND STALIN SENT ME HERE!  
WEIZMANN & BEN-GURION SENT ME HERE!  
NASSER AND SADAT SENT ME HERE!  
ARAFAT SENT ME HERE! MESSIAH SENT ME HERE!  
GOD SENT ME HERE!  
Buchenwald sent me here! Vietnam sent me here!  
Mylai sent me here!  
Lidice sent me here!

My mother sent me here!  
I WAS BORN HERE IN ISRAEL, Arab  
circumcised, my father had a coffee shop in Jerusalem  
One day the Soldiers came & told me to walk down road  
my hands up  
walk away leave my house business forever!  
The Israelis sent me here!  
Solomon's Temple the Pyramids & Sphinx sent me here!  
JAWEH AND ALLAH SENT ME HERE!

The Americans & Russians are sending bombing planes tanks  
Chinese Egyptians Syrians help me battle for my righteous  
house my Soul's dirt Spirit's Nation body's

boundaries & Self's territory my  
Zionist homeland my Palestine inheritance  
Tha Capitalist Communist & Third World Peoples'  
Republics Dictatorships Police States Socialisms & Democracies  
are all sending Deadly Weapons to our aid!  
We shall triumph over the Enemy! This hill  
Golgotha never forget, never relinquish  
inhabit thru Eternity  
under Allah Christ Yaweh forever one God

---

SONG #11: FROM *THE GREEN AUTOMOBILE*

---

If I had a Green Automobile  
I'd go find my old companion  
in his house on the Western ocean.  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

I'd honk my horn at his manly gate,  
inside his wife and three  
children sprawl naked  
on the living room floor.



He'd come running out  
to my car full of heroic beer  
and jump screaming at the wheel  
for he is the greater driver.

We'd pilgrimage to the highest mount  
of our earlier Rocky Mountain visions  
laughing in each other's arms,  
delight surpassing the highest Rockies,

and after old agony, drunk with new years,  
bounding toward the snowy horizon  
blasting the dashboard with original bop  
hot rod on the mountain

we'd batter up the cloudy highway  
where angels of anxiety  
careen through the trees  
and scream out of the engine.

We'd burn all night on the jackpine peak  
seen from Denver in the summer dark,  
forestlike unnatural radiance  
illuminating the mountaintop:

childhood youthtime age & eternity  
would open like sweet trees  
in the nights of another spring  
and dumbfound us with love,

for we can see together  
the beauty of souls  
hidden like diamonds  
in the clock of the world,

like Chinese magicians can  
confound the immortals  
with our intellectuality  
hidden in the mist,

in the Green Automobile  
which I have invented  
imagined and visioned  
on the roads of the world

more real than the engine  
on a track in the desert  
purer than Greyhound and  
swifter than physical jetplane.

SONG #9: FROM NAGASAKI DAYS (NUMBERS IN RED NOTEBOOK)

---

2,000,000 killed in Vietnam  
13,000,000 refugees in Indochina 1972  
200,000,000 years for the Galaxy to revolve on its core  
24,000 the Babylonian Great Year  
24,000 half life of plutonium  
2,000 the most I ever got for a poetry reading  
80,000 dolphins killed in the dragnet  
4,000,000,000 years earth been born

Boulder, Summer 1978

SONG #10: AUNT ROSE

---

Aunt Rose—now—might I see you  
with your thin face and buck tooth smile and pain  
    of rheumatism—and a long black heavy shoe  
        for your bony left leg  
limping down the long hall in Newark on the running carpet  
    past the black grand piano  
        in the day room  
                where the parties were  
and I sang Spanish loyalist songs

in a high squeaky voice  
    (hysterical) the committee listening  
while you limped around the room  
    collected the money—  
Aunt Honey, Uncle Sam, a stranger with a cloth arm  
    in his pocket  
    and huge young bald head  
    of Abraham Lincoln Brigade

—your long sad face  
    your tears of sexual frustration  
        (what smothered sobs and bony hips  
            under the pillows of Osborne Terrace)  
—the time I stood on the toilet seat naked  
    and you powdered my thighs with calamine  
        against poison ivy—my tender  
            and shamed first black curled hairs  
what were you thinking in secret heart then  
    knowing me a man already—  
and I an ignorant girl of family silence on the thin pedestal  
    of my legs in the bathroom—Museum of Newark.

Aunt Rose  
Hitler is dead, Hitler is in Eternity; Hitler is with  
Tamburlane and Emily Brontë

Though I see you walking still, a ghost on Osborne Terrace  
down the long dark hall to the front door  
limping a little with a pinched smile  
in what must have been a silken  
flower dress  
welcoming my father, the Poet, on his visit to Newark  
—see you arriving in the living room  
dancing on your crippled leg  
and clapping hands his book  
had been accepted by Liveright

Hitler is dead and Liveright's gone out of business  
*The Attic of the Past* and *Everlasting Minute* are out of print  
Uncle Harry sold his last silk stocking  
Claire quit interpretive dancing school  
Buba sits a wrinkled monument in Old  
Ladies Home blinking at new babies

last time I saw you was the hospital  
pale skull protruding under ashen skin  
blue veined unconscious girl  
in an oxygen tent  
the war in Spain has ended long ago  
Aunt Rose

Paris, June 1958

I'm an old man now, and a lonesome man in Kansas  
but not afraid  
to speak my lonesomeness in a car,  
because not only my lonesomeness  
it's Ours, all over America,  
O tender fellows—  
& spoken lonesomeness is Prophecy  
in the moon 100 years ago or in  
the middle of Kansas now.  
It's not the vast plains mute our mouths  
that fill at midnite with ecstatic language  
when our trembling bodies hold each other  
breast to breast on a mattress—  
Not the empty sky that hides  
the feeling from our faces  
nor our skirts and trousers that conceal  
the bodylove emanating in a glow of beloved skin,  
white smooth abdomen down to the hair  
between our legs,  
It's not a God that bore us that forbid  
our Being, like a sunny rose  
all red with naked joy  
between our eyes & bellies, yes

All we do is for this frightened thing  
we call Love, want and lack—  
fear that we aren't the one whose body could be  
beloved of all the brides of Kansas City,  
kissed all over by every boy of Wichita—  
O but how many in their solitude weep aloud like me—  
On the bridge over Republican River  
almost in tears to know  
how to speak the right language—  
on the frosty broad road  
uphill between highway embankments  
I search for the language  
that is also yours—  
almost all our language has been taxed by war.  
Radio antennae high tension  
wires ranging from Junction City across the plains—  
highway cloverleaf sunk in a vast meadow  
lanes curving past Abilene  
to Denver filled with old  
heroes of love—  
to Wichita where McClure's mind  
burst into animal beauty  
drunk, getting laid in a car  
in a neon misted street  
15 years ago—

to Independence where the old man's still alive  
who loosed the bomb that's slaved all human consciousness  
and made the body universe a place of fear—  
Now, speeding along the empty plain,  
no giant demon machine  
visible on the horizon  
but tiny human trees and wooden houses at the sky's edge  
I claim my birthright! Joy  
reborn after the vast sadness of War Gods!  
A lone man talking to myself, no house in the brown vastness to hear,  
imaging the throng of Selves  
that make this nation one body of Prophecy  
languaged by Declaration as Pursuit of  
Happiness!  
I call all Powers of imagination  
to my side in this auto to make Prophecy,  
all Lords  
of human kingdoms to come  
Shambu Bharti Baba naked covered with ash  
Khaki Baba fat-bellied mad with the dogs  
Dehorahava Baba who moans Oh how wounded, How wounded  
Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur who commands  
give up your desire  
Satyananda who raises two thumbs in tranquility  
Kali Pada Guha Roy whose yoga drops before the void



Shivananda who touches the breast and says OM  
Srimata Krishnaji of Brindaban who says take for your guru  
William Blake the invisible father of English visions  
Sri Ramakrishna master of ecstasy eyes  
half closed who only cries for his mother  
Chaitanya arms upraised singing & dancing his own praise  
merciful Chango judging our bodies  
Durga-Ma covered with blood  
destroyer of battlefield illusions  
million-faced Tathagata gone past suffering  
Preserver Harekrishna returning in the age of pain  
Sacred Heart my Christ acceptable  
Allah the Compassionate One  
Jaweh Righteous One  
all Knowledge-Princes of Earth-man, all  
ancient Seraphim of heavenly Desire, Devas, yogis  
& holymen I chant to—  
Come to my lone presence  
into this Vortex named Kansas,  
I lift my voice aloud,  
make Mantra of American language now,  
I here declare the end of the War!  
Ancient days' Illusion!—  
and pronounce words beginning my own millennium.  
Let the States tremble,

let the Nation weep,  
let Congress legislate its own delight  
let the President execute his own desire—  
this Act done by my own voice,  
nameless Mystery—  
published to my own senses,  
blissfully received by my own form  
approved with pleasure by my sensations  
manifestation of my very thought  
accomplished in my own imagination  
all realms within my consciousness fulfilled  
60 miles from Wichita  
near El Dorado,  
The Golden One,  
in chill earthy mist  
houseless brown farmland plains rolling heavenward  
in every direction  
one midwinter afternoon Sunday called the day of the Lord—  
Pure Spring Water gathered in one tower  
where Florence is  
set on a hill,  
stop for tea & gas

—ALLEN GINSBERG

SYMPHONY NO. 5

(“REQUIEM,

BARDO,

NIRMANAKAYA”)

VII. SUFFERING

---

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?  
Why are you so far from helping me,  
from the words of my groaning?

O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer,  
and by night, but find no rest.

—Psalm 22:1-3

My limbs fail and my mouth is parched.  
My body is shaken and my hair stands on end.  
The bow Gandiva slips from my hand  
[and my skin is on fire.]  
I cannot hold myself steady;  
my mind seems to whirl.

—*The Bhagavad-Gita* 1:29-30

Let the day perish wherein I was born,  
and the night which said,  
“A child is conceived.”  
Let that day be darkness!  
May God above not seek it,  
nor light shine upon it.  
Let gloom and deep darkness claim it.  
Let clouds dwell upon it;  
let the blackness of [the] day terrify it.  
That night—let thick darkness seize it!

Why did I not die at birth,  
come forth from the womb and expire?  
Why did the knees receive me?  
Or why the breasts, that I should suck?

For then I should have lain down and been quiet;  
I should have slept; then I should have been at rest.

Why is light given to him that is in misery,  
and life to the bitter in soul,  
who long for death, but it does not come,  
They search for it more than hidden treasure,  
who rejoice exceedingly, and are glad,  
when they find the grave?  
Why is light given to a man whose way is hidden,  
whom God has hedged in?  
For my sighing comes as my bread,  
and my groanings are poured out like water,  
For the thing that I fear comes upon me,  
and what I dread befalls me.

—Job 3:2-6, 11-13, 20-25

There is no faithfulness or kindness,  
and no knowledge of God in the land;  
there is swearing, lying, [killing], stealing, [and  
committing adultery],  
they break all bounds and murder follows  
murder,  
Thus the land mourns,  
and all who dwell in it languish,  
and the beasts of the field,  
and the birds of the air,  
and even the fish of the sea are taken away.

—Hosea 4:1-3

## AKHNATEN

### SYNOPSIS

*Akhnaten*, the third of Philip Glass's "portrait" operas, is based on the life of the Egyptian pharaoh Akhnaten, who ruled Egypt from 1375 B.C. to 1358 B.C. Like *Einstein on the Beach* and *Satyagraha*, it is not a "story" opera but an episodic-symbolic portrait of a historical personality whose visionary ideas dramatically changed the perceptions of the world around him.

Act I reveals Akhnaten's ascendancy to the throne. It commences with the death of Amenhotep III, Akhnaten's father, and introduces one of the major recurring images of the opera—the Egyptian funeral rite. The funeral symbolizes the Egyptian interest in life after death, and, through its recurring presence, it becomes the unifying image of the opera: a shimmering epiphany in which death merges with life and man meets his image of God. It is an image reverberating with the ever-present reminder of our shared mortality, where ideas are the only accomplishments that survive. Amenhotep IV (meaning "spirit of Amon") is crowned pharaoh, but when he rises to address his people he has become Akhnaten (meaning "spirit of Aten"), signifying his abolition of the god Amon and the pantheistic past of the Egyptians in favor of the innovative concept of the monotheistic god Aten. Unlike other gods who were represented by idols, Aten was the first totally abstract concept of God, and Akhnaten calls on his people to join him in worshipping this revolutionary god. The act ends with

Akhnaten watching the funeral of his father crossing into the Land of the Dead. The age of Amon has ended, and the time of Akhnaten has begun.

Act II portrays the changes Akhnaten wrought: he leads a revolt that deposes the powerful priests of Amon, the old order; he abandons the polygamy of prior pharaohs for the love of his beautiful wife, Nefertiti; and he creates Akhetaten, "City of the Horizon of Aten," a temple of art and beauty in honor of his new god. Like the legendary King Arthur, here he seeks to create his Camelot, inspired by the beneficence of his god Aten. The act ends with Akhnaten's hymn to the god, praising its beauty and recognizing it as the force of creation which only he, as the son of Aten, can recognize.



*Akhnaten*, 1984 production.  
Photo by Jim Caldwell.



Act III depicts Akhnaten's fall. Isolated from his people and oblivious to the pleas of the outlying lands of his kingdom, where foreign barbarians are attacking the Egyptian empire, Akhnaten dwells in an insular world of his own creation: his city Akhetaten and his family. The priests of Amon emerge from the gathering crowds and call for the people to overthrow this pharaoh who ignores the suffering of his people and, lacking a male heir, must be thought cursed by the gods for his heresy. The crowd erupts, the royal family is carried off, and the temple of Akhetaten is destroyed. The old order is restored. Akhetaten is now a ruined city, recently excavated and on view for tourists only to hint at how much has disappeared with time, and in the Epilogue we find Akhnaten and his family wandering among the ruins. Slowly realizing that their time has passed, they join the funeral procession on their last journey... The age of Akhnaten is ended.

Vocal Text Sources:

ACT I,  
SCENE 1: E.A. Budge. *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* (3 vols.). London: K. Paul, 1909.

ACT I,  
SCENE 3: E.A. Budge. *The Gods of the Egyptians*. London: K. Paul, 1904.

ACT I: YEAR 1 OF AKHNATEN'S REIGN \* THEBES  
SCENE 1: FUNERAL OF AMENHOTEP III

---

The scene presents the funeral of Akhnaten's father, Amenhotep III. As the starting point of the opera, it represents the historical moment immediately before the "Amarna period," or the reign of Akhnaten, and depicts the society in which the reforms of Akhnaten (which appeared so extreme that they can be called revolutionary) took place. The action of the scene centers on the funeral rites of the New Empire of the 18th Dynasty. It is dominated by the Amon priests and appears as a ritual of extraordinary traditional character, drawn from *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*.

The funeral cortege enters downstage led by two drummers and followed by a small body of Amon priests who in turn are led by Aye (father of Nefertiti, advisor to the recently dead Pharaoh, and the Pharaoh to be).

Text: Sung in Egyptian by the Funeral Chorus (from Budge, *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*)

Ankh ankh, en mitak  
Yewk er heh en heh  
Aha en heh

Live life, thou shalt not die  
Thou shalt exist for millions  
of millions of years  
For millions of millions of years

As the music goes to the cellos alone, the deceased Amenhotep III enters behind the procession. He appears to be headless and is holding his head in his hands.

The music for orchestra, small chorus and solo bass voice (Aye) resumes:

Text: Sung in Egyptian by small chorus (from Budge, *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*)

Ya inen makhent en Ra,  
rud akit em mehit  
em khentik er she neserser  
em netcher khert

Hail, bringer of the boat of Ra  
Strong are thy sails in the wind  
As thou sailest over the Lake of Fire  
In the Underworld.

During the next section for orchestra alone, the funeral cortege (Amon priests and Amenhotep III) moves upstage. Akhnaten and the people of Thebes join Aye downstage.

In the final section of the funeral, the people of Thebes and Aye join the orchestra in a last salute to the departing Amenhotep III:

Ya, inen makhent en Ra, etc.

Hail, bringer of the boat of Ra, etc.

Ankh ankh, en mitak, etc.

Live life, thou shalt not die, etc.

---

ACT 1: YEAR 1 OF AKHNATEN'S REIGN • THEBES  
SCENE 3: THE WINDOW OF APPEARANCES

---

A windowed balcony of the palace used for state appearances.

The music from the opening of the coronation scene is heard again, played on large bells and providing a musical and dramatic transition to what follows.

Akhnaten is joined by Nefertiti and his mother, Queen Tye. They approach the Window of Appearances and sing (first a solo, then duet, then trio) through the window. It is a hymn of acceptance and resolve and, in spirit, announces a new era.

Text: Sung in Egyptian by Akhnaten, Nefertiti, and Queen Tye (from Budge, *The Gods of the Egyptians*)

AKHNATEN:

Tut wu-a yeri enti  
Wa-a wa-u yeri wenenet  
Perer en rem em yertif  
Kheper netcheru tep ref

TYE & AKHNATEN:

Yeri semu se-ankh menmen  
Khet en ankhu en henmemet  
Yeri ankh-ti remu en yetru  
Apdu genekh pet

AKHNATEN & NEFERTITI:

Redi nefu en enti em subet  
Se-ankh apnentu yeri ankhti khenus  
Djedfet puyu mitet yeri  
Yeri kherti penu em babasen

AKHNATEN:

Oh, one creator of all things  
Oh, one maker of all existences  
Men came forth from his two eyes  
The gods sprang into existence at the  
utterances of his mouth

TYE & AKHNATEN:

He maketh the green herbs to  
make cattle live  
And the staff of life for the use of man  
He maketh the fish to live in the rivers,  
The winged fowl in the sky

AKHNATEN & NEFERTITI:

He giveth the breath of life to the egg  
He maketh birds of all kinds to live  
And likewise the reptiles that creep and fly  
He causeth the rats to live in their holes

TYE, AKHNATEN, NEFERTITI:

Se-ankh puyu em khet nebet  
Hrak yeri  
Enen er a-u

TYE, AKHNATEN, NEFERTITI:

And the birds that are on every  
green thing  
Hail to thee maker of all these things  
Thou only one.

The music continues with full orchestra. Tye and Nefertiti leave Akhnaten alone. He stands gazing at the distant funeral cortege floating on barques across a mythical river to the Land of the Dead.

ACT III: YEAR 17 AND THE PRESENT \* AKHETATEN  
SCENE 4: EPILOGUE

All the tourists have left. The ruined city is empty. The ghosts of Akhnaten and the other principals appear moving about their now-dead city. Singing parts are taken by Akhnaten, Nefertiti, and Queen Tye, but they sing no words. At first they seem not to know that they and their city are all dead and now a part of the past. They become aware of the funeral cortege of Akhnaten's father (Amenhotep III) moving across the background. They form a procession of their own and, as the opera ends, can be seen moving off toward the first funeral group still on its journey to the heavenly land of Ra.



## ÉTUDES FOR PIANO

The Études began for me in the mid-'90s and I am still adding new music to this collection as I write these notes in 2003. Their purpose was two-fold. First, to provide new music for my solo piano concerts. And second, for me to expand my piano technique with music that would enhance and challenge my playing. Hence, the name Études, or "studies." The result is a body of work that has a broad range of dynamic, tempo and emotion. I hope to complete the second set of ten études, of which the first six are already composed, in the next few years.

—PHILIP GLASS



Philip Glass at piano in dressing room.  
Photo by Bridget Elliot.

## SYMPHONY NO. 3

Composed for the 19 players of the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Symphony No. 3 was designed to treat every musician as a soloist. The work fell naturally into a four-movement form, and even given the nature of the ensemble and solo writing, it seems to have the structure of a true symphony.

The opening movement, a quiet, moderately paced piece, functions as prelude to movements two and three, which are the main body of the Symphony. The second movement mode of fast-moving compound meters explores the textures from unison to multiharmonic writing for the whole ensemble. It ends when it moves without transition to a new closing theme, mixing a melody and pizzicato writing. The third movement is in the form of a chaconne, a repeated harmony sequence. It begins with three celli and four violas, and with each repetition new voices are added until, in the final variation, all 19 players have been woven into the music. The fourth movement, a short finale, returns to the closing theme of the second movement, which quickly re-integrates the compound meters from earlier in the movement. A new closing theme is introduced to bring the Symphony to its conclusion.

—PHILIP GLASS



## SYMPHONY NO. 8

Symphony No. 8 represents a return, after a number of major works, to orchestral music where the subject of the work is the language of music itself, as in the tradition of the 18th- and 19th-century symphonies. To elucidate briefly:

Symphony No. 5 is an extended work for chorus, vocal soloists, and orchestra with texts drawn from the traditional religious and wisdom traditions.

Symphony No. 6 is based on a major poem, "Plutonian Ode," by Allen Ginsberg, and was composed for soprano and orchestra.

Symphony No. 7 ("A Toltec Symphony") is based on the indigenous traditions of Mexico and includes extended passages for chorus.

Symphony No. 8 contains no references or allusions to non-musical materials at all. However, its formal structure is quite unusual and is worth a brief comment. The three movements are markedly different from each other in length, texture, and internal musical procedures.

The first movement is the longest of the three, almost 20 minutes in length. It begins with a statement of eight different "themes." This series is then developed in whole or in part, recombined with various harmonies and melodic elements and culminates in a series of "stretto"-like passages producing a highly contrapuntal effect.

The second movement, about twelve minutes long, is in the form of a *pas-sacaglia* with a series of melodic variations. The harmonic basis of the *pas-sacaglia* is 16 measures long, which allows for some extended, at times quite oblique, melodic embellishments.

The third movement, by comparison to the first two, is quite brief—a short seven minutes. However, what it lacks in length it makes up in density. The theme with its accompanying harmony is heard twice, then joined by a counter theme, also heard twice. An extended cadence serves as a coda to the third movement and the symphony itself.

I want to take this opportunity to thank Dennis Russell Davies for his invaluable help. There were countless questions and details relating to the actual notes I composed as well as matters of orchestration that he addressed and resolved in his usual dedicated and tireless fashion.

Also, I would like to commend my long-time music director and associate Michael Riesman, who was responsible for the final editing and mixing of the work. This was an especially challenging assignment considering the novelty and complexity of the music.

Finally, I am very fortunate to have had the premiere and first recording of Symphony No. 8 with the Bruckner Orchester Linz. This is an absolutely superb world-class ensemble. They have brought the highest standard and enthusiasm to my work. Many thanks to them.

—PHILIP GLASS

## FILMWORKS

Composing music for a “moving image” has been a major part of my life as a musician since the early '60s, when, still a student at The Juilliard School, I began making incidental music for small theater productions around New York City. For me, theater, dance, opera, and film are all mediums that combine the elements of text, movement, image, and music—blending them into one artistic experience. These four elements are like the alchemical elements—earth, air, fire, and water—and in their own way serve as the basic components present in all the performing arts. Though I came to film scoring as a fairly mature composer in my forties, I had several decades of experience with the combination of music and moving image and already felt well prepared for the medium of film.

During the '80s I grew more knowledgeable about film productions through working with directors Godfrey Reggio, Paul Schrader, and Errol Morris. During this period I also became increasingly aware of the essential difference between film and the other performing arts. Simply put, in dance, theater, and opera, continual reinterpretation is at the heart of the experience for both the performer and the spectator. By contrast, a film presents a definitive interpretation, which, once the film is completed, can never change. Of course, that is the special quality of film, and it gives film audiences its own (faithfully repeatable) experience.

In the early '80s I began experimenting with the idea of reintroducing interpretation into the presentation of film. At the heart of this effort has been the use of “live” music performance with film. Most of the music in [*Philip on Film*] was developed for this kind of performance presentation. These were quite of-

ten truly experiments—combining live music performance with image alone (as in *Koyaanisqatsi*), opera (*La Belle et la Bête*), and melodrama (*Dracula*). Sometimes the performers were in front of the screen, sometimes (though still visible) behind. In every case, the synchronization of music and image was entrusted to music director/conductor Michael Riesman, who worked through visual cues only, never using a “click track” or any other mechanical device.

This last point is an important one, since it unmistakably conveys to the audience that this is above all else an experience that happens in “real time”—not in the fabricated time of an ordinary film experience. To my mind, this is the reason why both the performer and audience so enjoy the heightened emotional impact of this “live” film event.

Of course, film music without film is very much like opera without the stage: clearly, when one element is separated out, the complete experience is not available. However, we have all learned that focusing on the music alone has its own rewards and pleasures. I hope that the music selected for this collection will be enjoyed in just that way.

—PHILIP GLASS

From the introductory essay to *Philip on Film: Filmworks by Philip Glass* (Nonesuch 79660), a five-CD set comprising music from *Koyaanisqatsi*, *Powaqqatsi*, *Dracula*, *La Belle et la Bête*, *Anima Mundi*, *Kundun*, *Mishima*, *The Secret Agent*, *The Thin Blue Line*, *The Man in the Bath*, and *Diaspora*.

## COMMISSIONS AND PREMIERES

### Einstein on the Beach (1976)

Sponsored by the Festival d'Avignon, France; The Biennale of Venice, Italy; The Regione Lombardia, Italy; The Festival d'Automne, Paris, France; Christophe de Menil; Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Schlumberger; Mr. Paul F. Walter, and others. Premiered July 25, 1976 by the Philip Glass Ensemble at the Festival d'Avignon.

### Étoile Polaire (1977)

Suggested by Barbara Rose and commissioned by François de Menil for the film *Mark di Suvero, Sculptor*.

### Dressed Like an Egg (1977)

Composed as incidental music for the Mabou Mines theater production based on the life and art of Colette directed by JoAnne Akalaitis. Premiered at the Holland Festival, 1977.

### Mad Rush (1979)

Commissioned by the Lucinda Childs Dance Company for the dance "Mad Rush" in 1981.

### Satyagraha (1980)

Commissioned by the City of Rotterdam, The Netherlands. Premiered September 5, 1980 in Rotterdam by the Netherlands Opera and the Utrechts Symfonie Orkest, conducted by Christopher Keene.

### the CIVIL warS: Act V— The Rome Section (1983)

Commissioned by Teatro dell'Opera, Rome, Italy. Premiered March 1984, Opera di Roma, conducted by Marcello Panni.

### Akhnaten (1983)

Commissioned by the Württembergisch Staatstheater, Stuttgart, Germany. Premiered March 24, 1984, Württembergisch Staatstheater Stuttgart, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies.

### String Quartet No. 2 ("Company") (1984)

Composed for the Mabou Mines Development Foundation for the dramatization of Samuel Beckett's prose poem *Company*. Premiered at the Public Theater, New York, 1983.



**String Quartet No. 4**  
("Buczak") (1989)

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Commissioned by Geoffrey Hendricks in memory of Brian Buczak. Premiered July 4, 1989 at the Emily Harvey Gallery, New York City.

**Hydrogen Jukebox** (1990)

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Commissioned by the Spoleto Music Festival USA, Charleston, South Carolina, and the American Music Theater Festival, Philadelphia. Premiered May 26, 1990 at the Spoleto Music Festival USA, Charleston. Concert version premiere April 29, 1990, at the American Music Theater Festival, Philadelphia.

**String Quartet No. 5** (1991)

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Commissioned by David A. and Evelyne T. Lennette for the Kronos Quartet. Premiered February 15, 1992.

**La Belle et la Bête** (1994)

---

Commissioned by International Production Associates, Inc. Premiered June 21, 1994 in Gibellina, Italy, by the Philip Glass Ensemble, conducted by Michael Riesman.

**Études for Piano** (1994)

---

Composed for Dennis Russell Davies and Achim Freyer for their 50th and 60th birthdays.

**Symphony No. 3** (1995)

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Commissioned by the Wuerth Foundation for the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. Premiered February 5, 1995, by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies in Kuenzelsau, Germany.

**Symphony No. 5**  
("Requiem, Bardo,  
Nirmanakaya") (1999)

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Commissioned by the Salzburg Festival, Austria, with the support of the ASCII Corporation. Premiered August 28, 1999 by Radio Symphonie Orchester Wien, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies at the Salzburg Festival, Austria.

**Symphony No. 8** (2005)

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Commissioned by the Bruckner Orchester Linz, Austria. Premiered November 2, 2005 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in New York City by the Bruckner Orchester Linz, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies.



CLASS BOX



CLASS BOX

# CREDITS

D I S C O N E

**Music in Contrary Motion**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Philip Glass  
Recorded March 1975 at Basement Recording  
Studio, NYC

Engineer: Kurt Munkacsi

Digitally remastered at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC

Originally released on Shandar 83515.

*Solo Music* (1975)

Reissued on Nonesuch 79326, *Two Pages*,  
*Contrary Motion*, *Music in Fifths*, *Music in  
Similar Motion* (1994)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

**Music With Changing Parts**

Produced by Philip Glass and Klaus Kertess  
Recorded 1971 at Martinson Hall of the  
Public Theater, NYC

Engineers: Robert Fries and Kurt Munkacsi

Mixed by Kurt Munkacsi, Philip Glass, and  
Dickie Landry

Digitally remastered at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC

Originally released on Chatham Square Productions  
1001/2, *Music With Changing Parts* (1973)

Reissued on Nonesuch 79325, *Music With Changing  
Parts* (1994)

© & © 1994 Nonesuch Records

Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

**Music in Similar Motion**

Produced by Philip Glass and Klaus Kertess  
Recorded June 1971 at Martinson Hall of the  
Public Theater, NYC

Engineers: Robert Fries and Kurt Munkacsi

Digitally remastered at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC

Originally released on Chatham Square Productions

1003, *Music in Similar Motion and Music in  
Fifths* (1973)

Reissued on Nonesuch 79326, *Two Pages*,  
*Contrary Motion*, *Music in Fifths*, *Music in  
Similar Motion* (1994)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

D I S C T W O

**Music in Twelve Parts**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Michael Riesman  
Recorded March-June 1993 at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC

Engineers: James Law and Dante de Sole

Assistant Engineer: Skoti Elliott

Mixed by Michael Riesman at The Looking Glass  
Studios

Originally released on Nonesuch 79324, *Music in  
Twelve Parts* (1996)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

D I S C T H R E E

**Einstein on the Beach**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Michael Riesman  
Recorded January-June 1993 at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC

Engineers: Dante de Sole and James Law

Assistant Engineer: Benno Hotz

Mixed by Michael Riesman at The Looking Glass  
Studios

Originally released on Nonesuch 79323,  
*Einstein on the Beach* (1993)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

D I S C F O U R

**Glassworks**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Michael Riesman  
Recorded at The Looking Glass Studios, NYC  
("Opening" and "Façades"); The Living Room,  
NYC ("Floe '87"); and live in concert, July 4,  
2004, at the Liederhalle Mozartsaal, Stuttgart,  
Germany ("Closing")

Engineers: Kurt Munkacsi, Michael Riesman  
("Opening" and "Façades"), and Miles Green  
("Floe '87")

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

**Étoile Polaire, Dressed Like  
an Egg, Mad Rush**

Produced by Philip Glass and Kurt Munkacsi

Recorded at The Big Apple Recording Studios,  
NYC

Engineers: Kurt Munkacsi and Tom Duffy

Mixed by Hector Castillo and Don Christensen at  
The Looking Glass Studios, NYC

Originally released on Orange Mountain Music  
0029, *Analog* (2006)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

Additional recording: Digital by Dickinson,  
Bloomfield, New Jersey

Mixed by Dan Dryden, Michael Riesman, and  
Kurt Munkacsi

Mastered by Bill Kipper at Masterdisk, NYC

Originally released on Sony Masterworks 39672,  
*Satyagraha* (1985)

© & © 1985 Sony Music Entertainment

Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

**D I S C S I X**

**Koyaanisqatsi**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi

Recorded and mixed at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC

Engineer: Martin Czembor

Assistant Engineer: Ryoji Hata

Chief Technical Engineer: Jamie Mereness

Originally released on Nonesuch 79506,  
*Koyaanisqatsi* (1998)

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(ASCAP)

**Powaqqatsi**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi

Recorded and mixed at The Living Room, NYC

Sound effects rerecorded at Sprocket Systems,  
San Rafael, California

Engineer/Associate Music Producer:  
Don Christensen

Assistant Engineer: Miles Green

Ambient sound effects and additional recording:  
Bob Bielecki and Connie Kieltyka

Synthesizer programming and sound design:  
Jeffrey Rona

Sound effects design: Gary Summers

Mastered by Bill Kipper at Masterdisk, NYC

Originally released on Nonesuch 79192,

*Powaqqatsi* (1988)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

**D I S C S E V E N**

**String Quartets Nos. 2, 4, 5**

Produced by Judith Sherman, Kurt Munkacsi,  
and Philip Glass

Recorded August 1993 at Skywalker Sound,  
Nicasio, California

Engineer: Craig Silvey

Assistant Engineer: Tom Luekens

Edited by Judith Sherman

Mastered at Soundbyte, NYC

Originally released on Nonesuch 79356,

*Kronos Quartet Performs Philip Glass* (1995)

© & © 1995 Nonesuch Records

Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

**Études for Piano Nos. 2, 3, 5, 9**

Produced by Don Christensen and Martin Goldray

Recorded Fall 2002 at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC

Engineer: Hector Castillo

Originally released on Orange Mountain Music

0009, *Études for Piano, Vol. 1, Nos. 1-10* (2003)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

DISC EIGHT

**the CIVIL warS: Act V—The Rome Section**

Produced by Michael Riesman and Kurt Munkacsi

Recorded 1995-1999 at The Looking Glass

Studios, Electric Lady Studios, and Sorcerer  
Sound, NYC

Engineer: Rich Costey

Additional engineering: John Billingsley,

Tom Conklin, Martin Stumpf

Technical Engineer: Jamie Mereness

Assistant Engineers: Ryoji Hata,

Steeff van de Gevel, Tony DiCarlo

Mixed by Tucker Burnes at Electric Lady

Studios, NYC

Originally released on Nonesuch 79487, *the CIVIL*

*warS: a tree is best measured when it is down,*

*Act V—The Rome Section* (1999)

© & © 1999 Nonesuch Records

Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.

(ASCAP)

**Hydrogen Jukebox**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Michael Riesman

Recorded 1992-93 at The Looking Glass Studios,  
NYC

Engineers: Laura Fried and Anne Pope

Assistant Engineers: Dante de Sole, Skoti Elliott,  
and James Law

Mixed by Michael Riesman at The Looking Glass  
Studios

Synthesizer programming by Miles Green and  
Martin Goldray

Originally released on Nonesuch 79286,

*Hydrogen Jukebox* (1993)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.

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**Symphony No. 5**

Produced by Michael Riesman and Kurt Munkacsi

Recorded April-May 2000 at the Austrian

Broadcasting Studios (ORF), Vienna

Engineer: Anton Reininger

Assistant Engineer: Gerald Ernst

Additional recording July 2000 at Clinton Studios

and The Looking Glass Studios, NYC

Engineer: Dave Winslow

Assistant Engineer: Steeff van de Gevel

Assistant Engineers at Clinton Studios:

Keith Shortreed, Jeremy Welch

Mixed by Dave Winslow at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC

Originally released on Nonesuch 79618, *Symphony*

*No. 5* ("Requiem, Bardo, Nirmanakaya") (2000)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.

(ASCAP)

**Akhnaten**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Michael Riesman

Recorded at Karlshöhe Church and Tonstudio

Bauer, Ludwigsburg, Germany

Engineers: Martin Wieland, Carlos Albrecht,  
and Johannes Wohlleben

Additional recording and remix:

The Living Room, NYC

Engineers: Don Christensen and Miles Green

Mastered by Bill Kipper at Masterdisk, NYC

Originally released on Sony Masterworks 42457,

*Akhnaten* (1987)

© & © 1987 Sony Music Entertainment

Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

DISC NINE

**Symphony No. 3**

Produced by Michael Riesman

Recorded October 1996 at Liederkranzhalle,  
Stuttgart-Botnang, Germany

Engineer: Roland Rublé, Südwest-Tonstudio

Assistant Engineer: Wolfgang Mittermaier

Mixed by Martin Czembor and Ryoji Hata at  
The Looking Glass Studios, NYC

Originally released on Nonesuch 79581, *Symphony*  
*No. 3* (2000)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.

(ASCAP)

**Symphony No. 8**

Produced by Michael Riesman and

Don Christensen

Recorded at Mechanics Hall, Worcester, Mass



Engineers: Ichihō Nishiki and Joe Chiorio  
Assistant Engineer: Nicole Ribaud  
Edited by Ichihō Nishiki  
Mixed at The Looking Glass Studios, NYC  
Originally released on Orange Mountain Music  
0028, *Symphony No. 8* (2006)  
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Published by Duvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

#### D I S C T E N

##### **Mishima**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi  
Recorded at Greene Street Studios and  
The Living Room, NYC  
Engineer: Dan Dryden  
Assistant Engineer: Don Christensen  
Remixed by Dan Dryden, Kurt Munkacsi, and  
Michael Riesman at The Living Room, NYC  
Mastered by Bill Kipper at Masterdisk, NYC  
Originally released on Nonesuch 79113,  
*Mishima* (1985)

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(ASCAP)

##### **The Secret Agent**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi  
Recorded at Whitfield Street Studios, London  
Engineer: Mike Ross  
Additional recording and remix at The Looking  
Glass Studios, NYC  
Remix Engineers: Mark Plati and Michael Riesman  
Additional engineering: Patrick Derivaz  
Assistant Engineers: Ryoji Hata, Brian Fanelli,  
Martin Stumpf, and John Billingsley  
Technical Engineer: Jamie Mereness  
Originally released on Nonesuch 79442,  
*The Secret Agent* (1996)  
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Published by Duvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

##### **Kundun**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi  
Recorded at The Looking Glass Studios, NYC  
Engineer: Martin Czembor

Assistant Engineers: Ryoji Hata and  
John Billingsley

Chief Technical Engineer: Jamie Mereness

Computer Technician: Dylan Drazen

Originally released on Nonesuch 79460,  
*Kundun* (1997)

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Published by Touchstone Pictures Music &  
Songs, Inc. (ASCAP)

##### **Anima Mundi**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi  
Associate Producer: Rory Johnston  
Recorded January-March 1991 at The Looking  
Glass Studios, NYC  
Engineer: Laura Fried  
Assistant Engineers: Ian McGrath, Dante de Sole,  
and William Lutz  
Mixed by Michael Riesman at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC  
Originally released on Nonesuch 79329,  
*Anima Mundi* (1993)  
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Published by Duvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

##### **La Belle et la Bête**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi  
Recorded and mixed at The Looking Glass  
Studios, NYC  
Engineers: Anne Pope and Rich Costey  
Assistant Engineers: Leonardo Heiblum,  
James Law, Dave Porter, and Amanda Riesman  
Mixed by Michael Riesman  
Synthesizer sound design: Michael Riesman  
Synthesizer programming assistance:  
MacDonald Quayle and John Witte  
Sound effect design: James Law,  
MacDonald Quayle, and Jonathan Duckett  
Originally released on Nonesuch 79347,  
*La Belle et la Bête* (1995)  
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Published by Duvagen Music Publishers, Inc.  
(ASCAP)

##### **The Thin Blue Line**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Don Christensen  
Engineer: Hector Castillo  
Mixed by Michael Riesman  
Originally released on Orange Mountain Music  
0007, *Music from The Thin Blue Line* (2003)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.

(ASCAP)

### **Dracula**

Produced by Judith Sherman, Michael Riesman,  
and Kurt Munkacsi

Recorded August 1998 at Skywalker Sound,  
Nicasio, California

Engineer: Bob Levy

Assistant Engineer: Judy Kirschner

Edited by Judith Sherman and Jeanne Velonis

Mastered by Judith Sherman and David Harrington  
at SoundByte Productions, NYC

Originally released on Nonesuch 79542,

*Dracula* (1999)

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Published by MCA Publishing Co.

### **The Fog of War**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi

Engineer: Hector Castillo

Additional engineering: Dan Bora

Originally released on Orange Mountain Music

0010, *The Fog of War* (2003)

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(ASCAP)

### **Candyman**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi

Recorded 1992 at The Looking Glass Studios, NYC

Engineer: Pete Kepler

Assistant Engineer: Hector Castillo

Originally released on Orange Mountain Music

0003, *The Music of Candyman* (2001)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.

(ASCAP)

### **The Truman Show**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi

Engineer: Don Murray

Mastered by Ron McMaster at Capitol Mastering,

Hollywood, California

Originally released on Milan 35850,

*The Truman Show* (1998)

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Published by Dunvagen Music Publishers, Inc.

(ASCAP)

### **The Hours**

Produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Michael Riesman

Recorded at Abbey Road Studios and Air Studios,

London

Engineer: Jonathan Allen

Assistant Engineers: Andrew Dudman and

Jake Jackson

Mixed by Hector Castillo at The Looking Glass

Studios, NYC

Assistant Engineers: Dan Bora and Mario McNulty

Originally released on Nonesuch 79693, *The Hours*

(2002)

© & © 2002 Nonesuch Records

Published by Famous Music Corporation (ASCAP)

Glass Box produced by Robert Hurwitz, Kurt Munkacsi, and Michael Riesman

All recordings produced by Kurt Munkacsi and Michael Riesman

Philip Glass's music published by Dunvagen Music Publishers (ASCAP):

Jim Keller, *Director*

Zoe Knight, *Associate Director*



For Orange Mountain Music:

Don Christensen, *Director*

Richard Guerin, *Associate Director*

Compilation edited and mastered at The Looking Glass Studios, NYC

Assistant Engineer: Ichihō Nishiki

Design by Peter Buchanan-Smith and Josef Reyes for Buchanan-Smith LLC

For Nonesuch Records:

Production Manager: Eli Cane

Production Supervisor: Karina Beznicki

Editorial Coordinator: Ronen Givony

Booklet front cover: **Phil** (2001), by Chuck Close. Daguerreotype.

8 1/2 × 6 1/2". Collection of the artist. Photo by Chuck Close.

Courtesy Pace MacGill, New York.

Selections from *Satyagraha* and *Akhmaten* included courtesy of Sony/BMG Masterworks.

Archival photography provided courtesy of Dunvagen Music Publishers.

Photography by Peter Moore provided courtesy of the artist's estate and VAGA.

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