

A · P · P · L · A · U · S · E



Clear Glass

By Michael Giltz

THE MUSIC IS DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE. Rhythmic chord progressions build upon themselves, twisting and turning this way and that, pushing and pulling first one way and then another. Once the listener realizes the record needle isn't stuck in a groove, he becomes lost in a reverie, for the sound is sublimely beautiful. If nature could sing, it would sound like this.

The artist behind that instantly identifiable voice is Philip Glass, and his music is everywhere.

You can find it in opera houses. His trilogy of "portrait operas," — operas that focus on one individual — continues to create a stir.

You can see it on stage, where ballets have been set to his music. You can watch it in movie theaters, where Glass has scored Paul Schrader's *Mishima* and Godfrey Reggio's *Koyaanisqatsi*, a hypnotic meditation on nature and man's destructive role in it.

You can hear it in the record stores, where *Songs From Liquid Days* — a song cycle with lyrics by such artists as Paul Simon and David Byrne — and *Glassworks*

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