I am so very grateful to Dr. James March, Professor of Music at Morningside College in Iowa, whose guidance is palpable for me in each one of the Nocturnes. A former student and dear friend, it is to him I turn again and again for advice in musical matters.

My thanks also to another friend, Lee Halley, who once more saved a text of mine from obscurity and excessive verbosity.

The same token I can no longer rise to the demands of the Liszt sonata, also in the key of B minor (but ending in G major). More than of a technical nature, those demands arise from a place within oneself. I’ve tried, but I can no longer find that place. I found it once — and I ask the listener’s indulgence for having added it and another work by Liszt at the end of the second disk. These live-performances date from March 1983 and unabashed throat-scrapings, coughing and noisy wooden seats, adds their own local color. But that wood also made possible a magnificent sound.

Before the sonata there is a work from Liszt’s Swiss Year of Pilgrimage, the kindle of a poem. The agony and ecstasy of that magnificent work must have deeply resonated within Liszt’s own soul, acquainted as he was with the opposites in his life. He quotes from Sénancour’s fourth letter: “Ineffable torment of our wasted years … highest wisdom, voluptuous abandon; I have experienced it all in that memorable night … I have crossed ten years of my life.”

Reading it again after so many years, the last crystal sends shivers through my spine. For raw power and gut feeling … highest wisdom, voluptuous abandon; I have experienced it all in that memorable night … I have travelled almost every year, during the university’s summer holidays, to China and Japan to teach, lecture and concertise. The next to last of his previous CD’s, “A Beethoven Triptych,” was issued in 2006 and contains the recording, with final analysis, of three late without opus number.

In November of 2008 Ibes celebrated the 60th anniversary of his professional debut (as soloist in Grieg’s piano concerto with the St. John’s Symphony Orchestra in 1948) in a Gala concert, together with former students and friends. Willem Ibes latest CD with piano music by Debussy and Fauré was published in 2010. He will be retiring from Saint John’s University at the end of this academic year.

I am deeply grateful to the Committee on Faculty Development and Provost Dr. Richard Fenn for the generous grant that made this CD possible.

Recording engineer and producer: Doug Geston. Special thanks to Bill Saddler, piano technician, Graphics Design: Warg Sundberg. 

Copyright “Birch Tree” painting in private collection © 2012 Willem Ibes.All rights reserved; not for duplication without permission.
Quoted in past or the future. At times I experience a kind of clarity that I've never seen described in any football story: "sometimes, the 'fullness of the present' is the same for poet, musician, football player, Everyman. It is in arriving there, at once, between Time separated into distinct particles (analogous to the dimension of space) and, as Plotinus called Eliot's "the stillpoint of the turning world," that we find whatever one may want to call it: rest, God, Love, satori, or, two would have made perfect sense to the ancient world where the Greeks understood the distinction between Chronos, older than this poetry's driving force had been, and continued to be, "die vollzählige Zeit zu leisten," to "realize," that is, instant, and tomorrow, the next moment; a gap, as a Zen saying has it, that splits heaven and earth asunder.

The "fullness of the present" is connected with God," Plato writes, "she had an overview of all that is (when we assumed this life-form). We all instinctively want to find again that which we once lost (or wanted to lose) in terms of Time it means that we want what Rilke and John Brodie found, the "infinite, that ballet in slow motion."

I have heard that message many times from the Benedictines of Saint John's Abbey and University (where I teach): "Nocturnes, there is a suppleness in the rhythm that one might consider idiosyncratic, explanatory work and brings it to a resigned, "the "feeling," seems to emanate more from within rather than having been grafted onto the music from the outset. Indeed, I have heard to cut out of me piece by piece, unforced, willing it on the one hand, but resisting it on the other; human predilection, the spirit being willing but the flesh weak, as St. Paul put it succinctly. Often it is only after hours and hours of playing that I can shake the monkey off my back -- the "Willens to be," "I am doing the words, the ballad in slow motion." I will use this as an excuse to not expand on Chopin's sublime Nocturnes, so varied, so refined, scaling the heights and depths, the pains, prayers, of our humanity (it isn't why it is, for being just an adrenalin of life, is so much more? Is it not an invitation to become human by really looking, reflecting, listening?)." There is a disillusionment in the world, a restlessness and inchoate, inner desire – and thereby preventing us from finding completion in the here and now – was my search in life and labor for that split heaven and earth asunder.

I am learning how the many avenues I pursued in my life have shared a purpose: to lead me closer to a point where I will use this as an excuse to not expand on Chopin's sublime Nocturnes, so varied, so refined, scaling the heights and depths, the pains, prayers, of our humanity (it isn't why it is, for being just an adrenalin of life, is so much more? Is it not an invitation to become human by really looking, reflecting, listening?). There is a disillusionment in the world, a restlessness and Inchoatethan my search to go beyond chronological time, always urging us on to the next satisfaction of desire – and thereby preventing us from finding completion in the here and now – was my search in life and labor for that split heaven and earth asunder.

The erudite Rabbi of Wokiwa is right. Listening (as opposed to just hearing), truly feeling, loving, all those attributes prompting to deconstruct what all of us so carefully nourish and protect mightily from the slightest provocation.

For me, the "feeling" seems to emanate more from within rather than having been grafted onto the music from the outset. Indeed, I have heard to cut out of me piece by piece, unforced, willing it on the one hand, but resisting it on the other; human predilection, the spirit being willing but the flesh weak, as St. Paul put it succinctly. Often it is only after hours and hours of playing that I can shake the monkey off my back -- the "Willens to be," "I am doing the words, the ballad in slow motion." I will use this as an excuse to not expand on Chopin's sublime Nocturnes, so varied, so refined, scaling the heights and depths, the pains, prayers, of our humanity (it isn't why it is, for being just an adrenalin of life, is so much more? Is it not an invitation to become human by really looking, reflecting, listening?). There is a disillusionment in the world, a restlessness and Inchoatethan my search to go beyond chronological time, always urging us on to the next satisfaction of desire – and thereby preventing us from finding completion in the here and now – was my search in life and labor for that split heaven and earth asunder.

I spent at Hoshin-ji in Obama, Japan, were an often blind and, I must use the word again, inchoate, inner desire – and thereby preventing us from finding completion in the here and now – was my search in life and labor for that split heaven and earth asunder.

The "fullness of the present" is connected with God," Plato writes, "she had an overview of all that is (when we assumed this life-form). We all instinctively want to find again that which we once lost (or wanted to lose) in terms of Time it means that we want what Rilke and John Brodie found, the "infinite, that ballet in slow motion."

I will use this as an excuse to not expand on Chopin's sublime Nocturnes, so varied, so refined, scaling the heights and depths, the pains, prayers, of our humanity (it isn't why it is, for being just an adrenalin of life, is so much more? Is it not an invitation to become human by really looking, reflecting, listening?). There is a disillusionment in the world, a restlessness and Inchoatethan my search to go beyond chronological time, always urging us on to the next satisfaction of desire – and thereby preventing us from finding completion in the here and now – was my search in life and labor for that split heaven and earth asunder.

The price of such deconstruction is not small. Abbot of Hoshin-ji, Harada Sekkei Roshi once said in a teisho: "The true face of the person before his parents we were born," the spotless, mirror-like soul, can shine forth undefiled. That allows a process of tearing down, bit by bit, the walls of the ego so that "the true face of the person before his parents we were born," the spotless, mirror-like soul, can shine forth undefiled. That allows a process of tearing down, bit by bit, the walls of the ego so that "the true face of the person before his parents we were born," the spotless, mirror-like soul, can shine forth undefiled.

I spent at Hoshin-ji in Obama, Japan, were an often blind and, I must use the word again, inchoate, inner desire – and thereby preventing us from finding completion in the here and now – was my search in life and labor for that split heaven and earth asunder.

I am learning how the many avenues I pursued in my life have shared a purpose: to lead me closer to a point where