



I Speak

Photos by Megan Wyeth

Interviews documented by Anthony Glise

INCLUDES CD RECORDING OF
SELECT INSTRUMENTS

SURREAL PHOTOS AND
INTERVIEWS WITH GUITARS
FROM THE LAST 200 YEARS

I Speak —

is a collection of surreal photos
and interviews with guitars
by famed US-born photographer Megan Wyeth
and classical guitarist, composer & author, Anthony Glise.

The guitars speak – and speak clearly
to anyone who takes the time to listen

and you may not know it – *yet* –

but you're not that different from them

— because in the words of the guitar *Antonella*,

"... after all -

you,

me,

and the rest of us...?"

...we're only human."



I Speak

Portraits by Megan Wyeth

Interviews documented by Anthony Glise

SURREAL PORTRAITS AND
INTERVIEWS WITH GUITARS
FROM THE LAST 200 YEARS

— I SPEAK —
SURREAL PORTRAITS AND
INTERVIEWS WITH GUITARS
FROM THE LAST 200 YEARS

COPYRIGHT © 2012 BY
MEGAN WYETH AND ANTHONY GLISE
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data:

Wyeth, Megan, 1956 - Anthony Glise, 1956 -

I Speak: Surreal Portraits and Interviews with Guitars from the Last 200 Years.

Megan Wyeth (*photography*) and Anthony Glise (*text, layout and design*).

Official Publication Date: July 1, 2012.

Library of Congress Control Number: 2012905554

ISBN-10: 0-9854220-0-9

ISBN-13: 978-0-9854220-0-4

FOR MORE INFORMATION AND DETAILS ON PURCHASING
GALLERY PRINTS, POSTERS, AND CDS, CONTACT THE PUBLISHER:

AEVIA PUBLICATIONS. LTD.
P.O. Box 7242
ST. JOSEPH, MO 64507 — USA
EMAIL: AEVIAGROUP@AOL.COM

Photos © 2012 by Megan Wyeth. Text, Layout and Design © 2012 by Anthony Glise.

Sound Recording CD © 2012 by A. Glise.

All Rights Reserved — International Copyright Secured.

No part of this publication or sound recording may be reproduced in any form,
without written consent of the copyright owners or assigns. Printed in the United States of America.

Dedicated to our families and friends...

*SOME FLESH AND BONE,
SOME WOOD AND GLUE.*

— Megan & Anthony —

A SPECIAL THANKS to:

John W. Hans at *Dolphin Archival Printing*,
Thomas Ransom at *Ransomed Productions* for CD production and mastering.
Richard and Eric Cocco of *E&O Mari - LaBella String Company* (New York)
for gallery support and endorsement
and to
Audio-Technica Microphones (US) for gallery performance sound support.

— CONTENTS

Foreword	v
Preface	vi
Authors' Biographies (<i>full bios on p. 80</i>)	vii

Portraits & Interviews with Guitars by:

1. Gottlieb Fischer (named "Michael" - guitar born <i>ca.</i> 1802 - Vienna, Austria)	1
2. Anonymous (named "Constance" - born <i>ca.</i> 1814 - Vienna, Austria [?])	11
3. Gioachino Giussani (named "Sirius" - born 1996 - Anghiari, Arezzo, Italy)	17
4. Anton Fischer [?] (named "Christoph" - born <i>ca.</i> 1820's - Vienna, Austria).	21
5. Hermann Hauser, Jr. (named "Wilhelm" - born <i>ca.</i> 1971 - Munich, Germany)	27
6. Kenny Hill (named "Jayden" - born 2009 - Ben Lomond, USA)	31
7. Franz Herzlieb, Sr. (named "Alma" - born <i>ca.</i> 1817 - Graz, Austria)	35
8. Karl Höfner (named "Daniel" - born <i>ca.</i> 1968 - Bubenreuth, Germany)	41
9. Gioachino Giussani (named "Eldamar" - born 1998 - Anghiari, AZ, Italy).	47
10. Ferdinand Hell (named "Maria" - born <i>ca.</i> 1810's [?] - Vienna, Austria)	55
11. José Ramírez (named "Diego Manuel Aurelio" - born 2008 - Madrid, Spain)	59
12. Johann Georg Staufer (named "Antonella" - born <i>ca.</i> 1800 - Vienna, Austria)	65
CD Track Sheet & Program Notes (<i>CD on back cover</i>)	78-79
Full Biographies	80

FOREWORD —

I love the idea of “reincarnated voices”
of the instruments
talking to us “in the now.”
Very uplifting, ancient and justified.
Beautiful pictures by the madam!
You have my blessings for your book.
It's a gem!

Jan Akkerman

Dutch Rock Guitar Legend

Former lead guitarist with “Focus”

After reading this unexpectedly unique book, I realized I was able to add my human words to the language I was reading as “Guitar.”

Before this book existed, I thought guitars were only “*gently weeping*.” But after reading it, I decided to listen in a different way to each note my guitar “said.” And it appears Anthony is definitely correct: *my guitar speaks*. In a weird mix of French and “Guitar” *but she definitely speaks!* And I'm honored to be her current “person.”

This book is not only a wonderful source of information about old and precious instruments, but a true piece of art.

Bravo to Anthony for his unusual and clever contribution to classical guitar literature and to the talented photographer, Megan Wyeth, for her photography!

Roland Dyens

*Classical Guitarist and Composer,
Professor, Conservatoire
National Supérieur de
Musique de Paris - France*

This is a delicate, beautiful and original book in which guitars are really the protagonists, and they not only give us their sound, but also their feelings and thoughts.

Analia Ramírez de Galarreta

Owner, Ramírez Guitar Company— Madrid, Spain

What a beautiful book, and what a beautiful idea for a book! As musicians, we expect our favorite instruments to “speak” to us, but sometimes we have to listen more carefully to truly hear all that they can tell us.

The “old-timers,” especially, often have extraordinary personal histories of travel, purpose, performance, and sometimes neglect and rebirth.

Frank Koonce

*Professor of Music,
Arizona State University*

A touching book.
It strikes a chord...
or several.

Joel Cohen

*Music Director Emeritus,
The Boston Camerata*

This is an unusual yet captivating read. I love the photography and the interesting text. However, what really intrigued me was the extremely creative use of type.
A pleasure to peruse!

William Bay

*Chairman of the Board,
Mel Bay Publications*

What a delightful suite of surprises! Thank you both for giving voice, vision, and character to these lovely instruments.

Thomas Heck, Ph.D.

*Founding Member,
Guitar Foundation of America*

We enjoyed the originality of your approach to the book and the photos are beautiful.
We wish you lots of success!
Best wishes,

David and María Russell

Classical Guitarist & Recording Artist

As musicians, we never own the instruments we play, we are merely their caretakers over our lifespan. In their wonderfully surprising new book, *I Speak*, Megan and Anthony have documented not only how their beloved instruments have matured during their “watch,” but how these instruments have in turn transformed them as musicians and artists.

One can only hope that the future caretakers of our instruments will be as observant and considerate.

Ben Verdery

*Classical Guitarist & Recording Artist,
Chair, Guitar Department,
Yale University*

“Anthony and Megan have created a charming book about the outward shapes and inner lives of guitars. Beautifully photographed, artfully designed, and sensitively written, this book uses exquisite images and imaginative monologues (*really, brief prose poems*) to grasp the unique personality of each instrument.

Some of the guitars here are brash, some are meditative, and one has been so traumatized, she is all but mute. Yet each piece, each instrument, offers us a distinct perspective on music, history, experience.
It's a pleasure to see and to listen to them all.”

Glenn Kurtz, author of

“Practicing: A Musician's Return to Music”

Encounters of a highly original kind, Anthony brings us the historical, emotional and humorous sides of his faithful companions. Megan's pictures artistically reveal “*les coins cachés*” of each instrument!

Listen, admire and enjoy!

Ken Sugita

Concert Violinist-French National Orchestra-Lille

I enjoyed Mr. Glise's playful personification of these instruments by these great guitar luthiers, particularly since I myself do not attach any personification to my instruments.

It is a light-hearted and fun read, and the photographs by Ms. Wyeth are really great.

Jason Vieaux

Classical Guitarist

*Faculty, Curtis Institute of Music,
Cleveland Institute of Music*

Youngest 1st Prize Winner, GFA Competition (1992)

I have been privileged to hear these guitars in person and in the hands of Maestro Glise, they truly have stories to tell — *just listen!*

Tom Ransom

*Recording Producer, CEO,
Ransomed Productions, Ltd.*

PREFACE —

Far from the ubiquitous documentaries of guitars, the gallery exhibition and book, *I Speak* is about some of my dearest friends; the experiences, quirks, joys and sorrows of their lives:

- the rage at watching Napoléon's attack of Vienna,
- the fear of being left in a 19th-Century barbershop,
- the quiet joy of being a mother,
- the nervous excitement of playing in Carnegie Hall,
- and the terrified disgust at the Nazi rampage
through the city streets during "Kristalnacht."

After long discussions with the guitars, Megan's photos captured these personalities.

Some of them (particularly the females) were quite insistent on only allowing photos that showed their best features: erotic curves, sensual complexions or flowing neck lines, while some (mostly the males) were adamant on touting their battle scars and bravura.

My interviews with them became very personal and surprisingly confidential *exposés* that can only happen when a guitar feels comfortable enough to let down the defenses and speak openly

...(a trait that is irrationally threatening to many of us!).

Some of the instruments were quietly reserved - waiting patiently for (*as they call us*) "their Person" to have them repaired so they can sing again.

Others are active concert or recording artists whose pride, confidence and ego were all but impossible to contain!

They speak

- and speak clearly -

to anyone who has the patience to listen carefully as Megan and I have done
- as perhaps we should all do with each other -

because, as the guitar "Antonella" gently reminds us in her interview,

"... AFTER ALL -
YOU,
ME,
AND THE REST OF US...?

...WE'RE ONLY HUMAN."

Anthony Glise
Sainghin-en-Mélantois, France
Winter, 2012

Biographies — *full bios on page 80*

Megan Wyeth —

- studied with Ansel Adams (from age 18 - 19)
- additional studies with Arnold Newman
- workshops including *Sante Fe Photographic Workshops, Society for Contemporary Photography, Kansas City Art Institute*
- arts outreach and educational programs
- solo exhibits throughout the US
- 4 featured books of photography
- mediums including alternative processes, polaroid transfer & diverse subject matter
- contributor to numerous books, publications and exhibitions

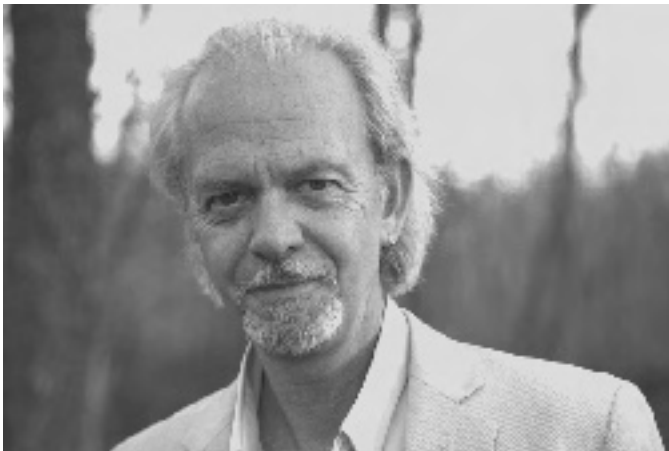
further details at www.MeganWyeth.com



— Anthony Glise

- over 60 books and musical editions
- only American guitarist to win 1st Prize, *International Toscanini Competition (Italy)*
- concerts at *Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, Vienna International Center, Nouveau Siècle (French National Orchestra) et al*
- recordings for *Dorian Recordings, Young Recording Artists (US), AME (France) and HEM (Hungary)*
- 30-year veteran duo partner with violinist, Ken Sugita, *French National Orchestra-Lille (THE SUGITA/GLISE DUO)*
- heads guitar program at the *University of Missouri-Columbia (US)*

further details at www.AnthonyGlise.com



| Portraits
&
| Interviews

GOTTLIEB FISCHER
NAMED "MICHAEL"
(BORN CA. 1802)
VIENNA, AUSTRIA

I Remember Praying

that I would find my Person
and you know, honest prayers *are* answered...

♦♦♦ **BUT IT'S THE SMELL OF WALNUTS
I REMEMBER MOST.**

Back in my day, they'd crush the walnut husks,
boil them down and the barber would spread
the thick mixture over men's hair to hide the gray.

You might laugh at that *now*,
but it's no stranger than some of
the things **YOU** people do today:

hair implants... ?
facelifts... ?

Come now... I'm sorry,
but I would have thought
that the *pride* and *ego* of you people
might have settled just a *little* through the years,

BUT I SUPPOSE WE **ALL** WANT TO MAKE OURSELVES
MORE ATTRACTIVE, *no?*

And my **piercing**? It's really no worse
than getting a pierced ear, you know?

Not a big deal.

A lot of us had them back then.

They would make a hole in
our head stock
at the top so they could
hang us by a ribbon
from a hook set
deeply in a
wall...

WHICH I MUST ADMIT,
WAS *QUITE* PRACTICAL!

Some of us were hung in
cafés, some in bars...

some of us

— *LIKE ME* —

were hung on the walls
of a **BARBERSHOP**

- just left there -



- hanging - until a customer,
*tired of waiting to have his face scraped
with a nearly sharp razor,*
would look up and notice.



just hanging there by the ribbon.

I REMEMBER WHEN IT FIRST
HAPPENED TO ME.

My Person took me straight to
his barbershop
and hung me with my
back against the cold wall

where I stayed
for
two
days.

Alone.

— Quiet —

I wasn't MADE to be
quiet,
you know?

And I was bored

AND a little frightened

Then it happened.



A **fat** man he was - with gray hair (and honestly, so *little* hair that I wondered why he was in a barbershop!)

but he must have been tired of waiting for his shave
or maybe he was waiting to have his hair colored
dark brown with the rich walnut oil.

I REALLY DON'T RECALL.

He kept looking at me during a rant about the price of eggs.

Finally
— *slowly* —

the conversation lagged — *and he stood up.*

He walked toward me and plucked me from the wall.

He had such a friendly smile!

He sat with me, held me close
and strummed a few chords.

Nothing profound, you know?

Just some Alpine folk song,

but it felt so good to *sing* and
I could *tell* he had played before
and even as simple as his song was,
everyone in the barbershop stopped

for a moment
...silence...

They listened.

He let me sing — and EVERYONE *smiled.*

Then he carefully hung me

back
on
the
wall.

They turned **LOUD** again; *talking, laughing — waiting —*
for their turn to be shaved, or clipped,
or have their gray hair
colored so that their

girlfriends,
WIVES
OR *lovers*

might think them more

attractive.

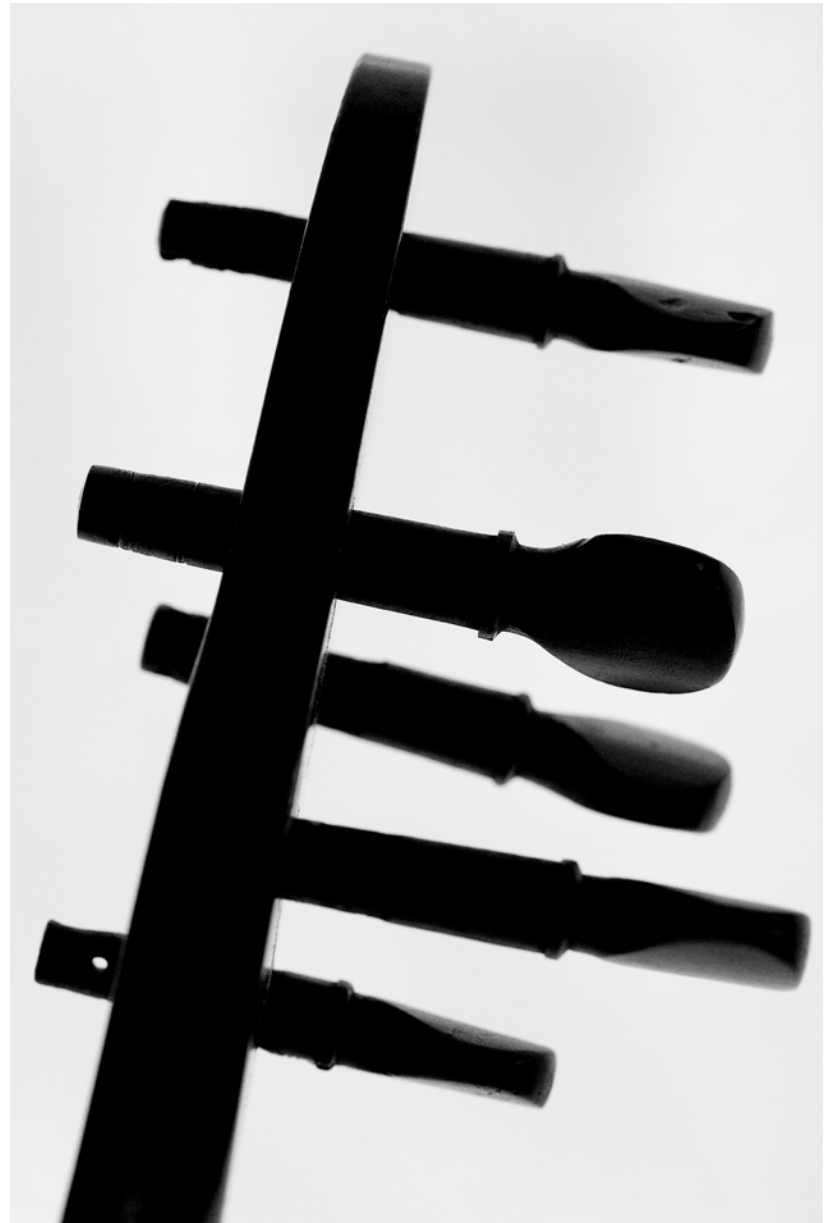
Funny...

I wonder if any of them
realized that **ALL** they
needed to do

• was to *hold me —*
sing with me...

and it would have made them

just as attractive
to their women...?



Isn't it strange?

When we sing, we are *all*

– *every one of us* –

more beautiful!

And wasn't it St. Augustine who said,
“He who sings, prays twice”?

So there you have it... it's no wonder my prayers were answered.

*They were **HONEST** prayers*

— AND

I sing.

But all that aside...



...IT'S THE SMELL OF THE WALNUTS
THAT I REMEMBER MOST.

ANONYMOUS
NAMED "CONSTANCE"
(BORN CA. 1814)
VIENNA, AUSTRIA [?]

Many of you think of us as
women
and,
like me,
many of us *are* female.

It's not *vanity*,
I suppose it's the *shape* —
the *long* slender neck
AND *graceful figure* —

but of course without the need of a **BRA** or those
“**CONTROL-TOP PANTY-HOSE**”

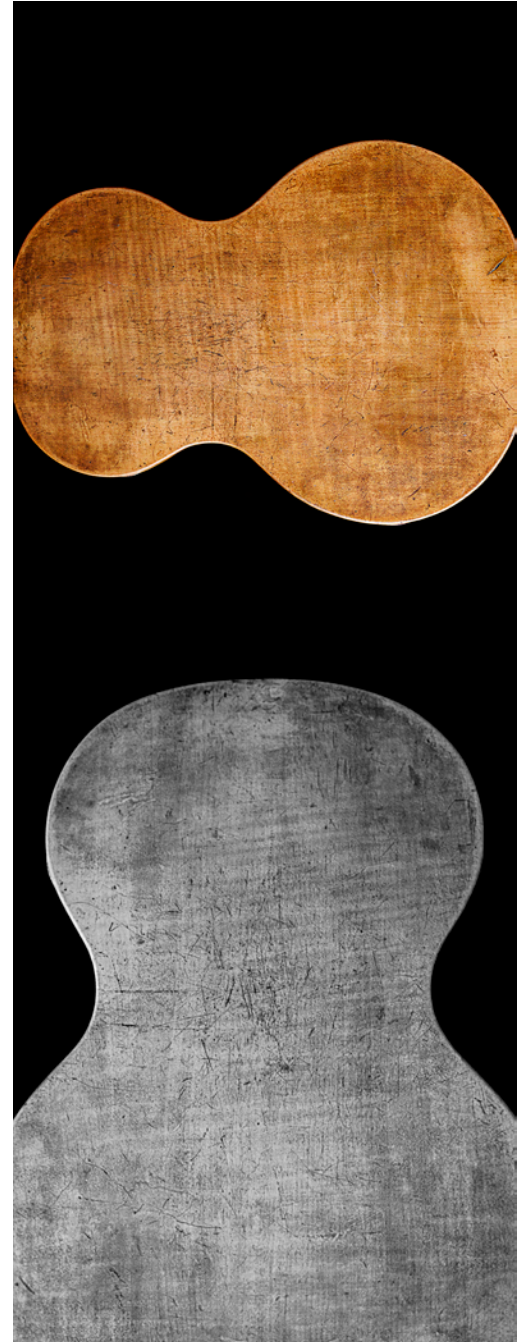
that so many of you think are necessary
to keep your fleshy bumps contained.

No —

Our *figure* is just part of who we are,
and we ACCEPT it

*...which perhaps is something
you might learn from us, eh?*

I **can** be a little testy sometimes -
maybe that goes with my gender.



— ***BUT I REALLY DON'T CARE*** —

If you don't treat me right,
I simply won't react the way you expect

- OR WANT -

but if you hold me gently,
caress me, tease me (BUT NOT TOO MUCH),
I'll let you coax ANY sound out of me
that I have to give.

Giving is why we
were ALL made,
you know?

I'M NOT SO DIFFERENT
FROM YOU.

You **love,**

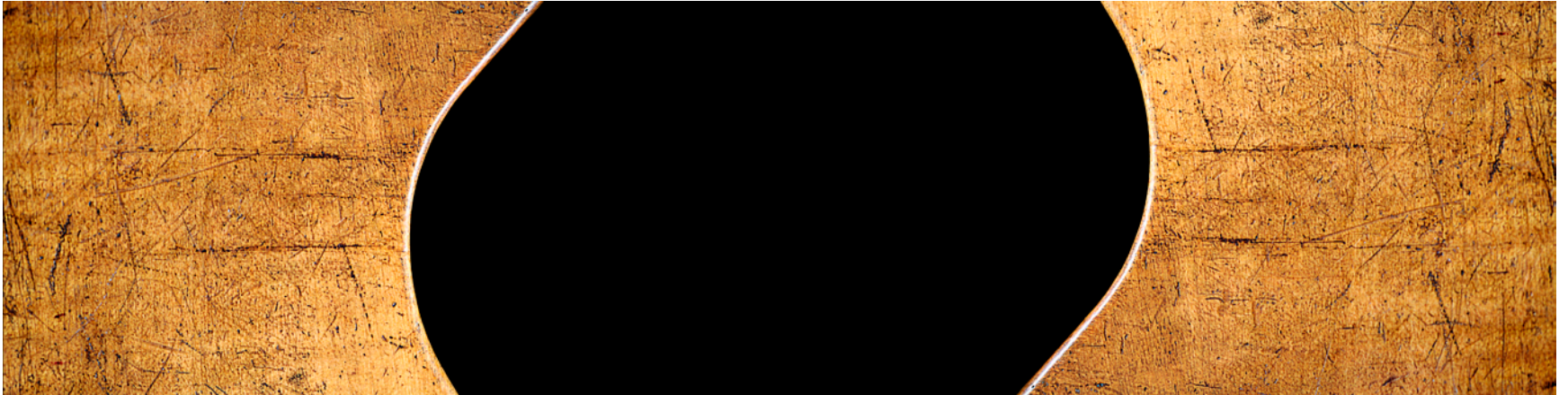
marry,
AND GIVE THE WORLD

children

who eventually leave you
to start that cycle
all over again.



I give you *sound*,
and like your children,



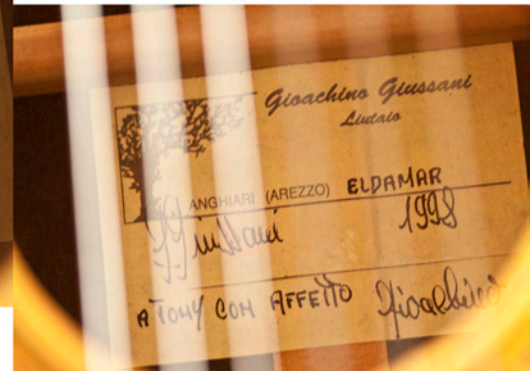
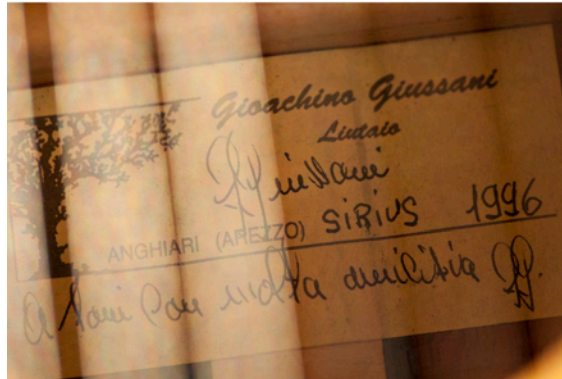
that SOUND leaves me,
takes on it's own life,
and touches someone else.

You see... ?
we're *not* so different...

except,
of course,

for that **ABSURDITY**
of your undergarments!





GIOACHINO GIUSSANI
NAMED "SIRIUS"
(BORN 1996)
ANGHIARI, AREZZO, ITALY

Each of us has a rôle...

My little brother was made only for concerts.

HE'S **LOUD** - *most little brothers are, you know?*

Blusterous —

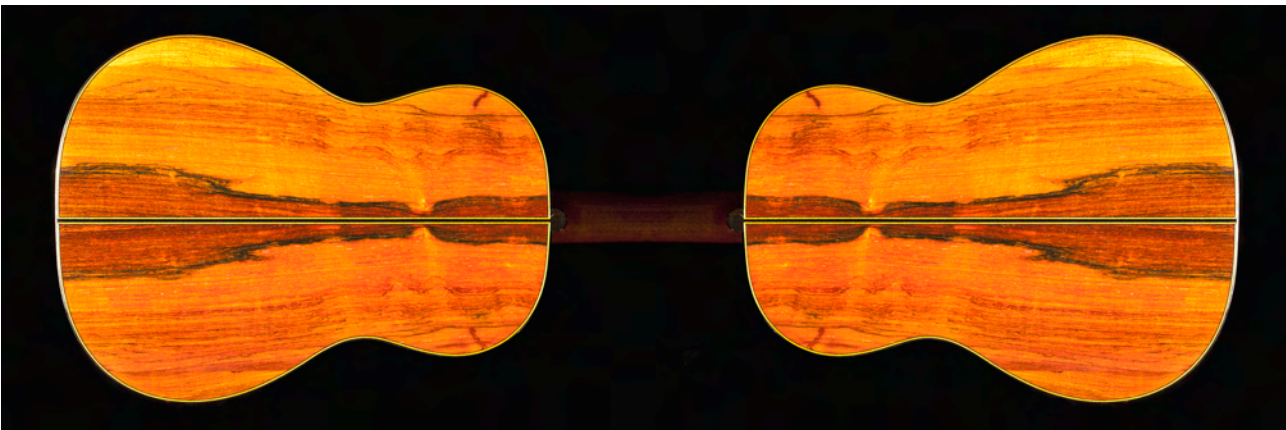
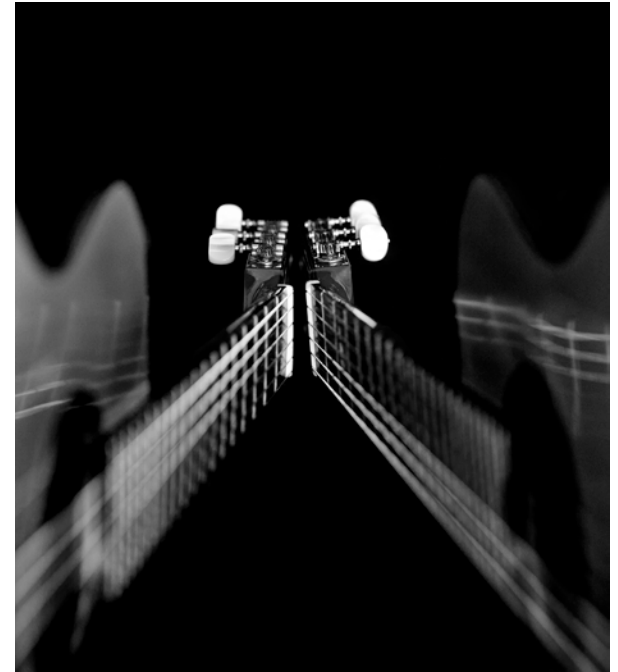
and sometimes a little out of control.

Me?

I was made only for recording.

*Of course I'm beautiful
enough to catch your eye on stage,*

but I'm a bit like a quiet, *exquisite* painting,



hung in the dark
sacristy of an
old church.

A painting that
only the priest
sees each
Sunday
as he slowly,
meticulously,
prepares for mass.

ALMOST NO ONE HAS *EVER* SEEN ME AND FRANKLY...

I DON'T CARE.

Stage lights blind me,
I *don't* like crowds

— *AND* —

being tucked away in
a flight case so some

idiot baggage handler
doesn't destroy me
on the way to the
next concert,

WELL...



I'm a bit *introverted* and I won't *FORCE* my ideas on anyone,
but if you know how to talk with me, I'll give you *any* sound you want.

ANY SOUND.

With the *slightest* tip of the right hand

I can give you a

totally different color

on *every* single note,

in *every* single position,

and my volume is *perfectly* balanced for the most *sensitive* microphone.
MY PERSON'S PRODUCER *LOVES* ME FOR THAT!

My strings are set
very low,

SO YOU CAN'T
OVERPLAY ME
LIKE YOU CAN
WITH A CONCERT GUITAR.

You see?

I was made for color and
you'll *never* find me
on stage, but you
can hear me sing
on recordings

and sometimes a
radio or television show.



That's my rôle—and let me tell *you* something,

I sing
- and I do it well!

ANTON FISCHER [?]
NAMED "CHRISTOPH"
(BORN CA. 1820'S)
VIENNA, AUSTRIA

- NATURALLY

I don't recall when I was born,
any more than **you** remember
that moment when you
fell from grace —

thrust from your mum's
tummy into a world of bright
lights, cold hard air and a room
full of *impossibly tall* strangers,

POKING AND **P**RODDING to make
sure your entrance onto
this stage of life would
be as safe as possible.

There's *SO* much I don't
remember,

| BUT I'D WAGER YOU'VE
| FORGOTTEN A LOT TOO, NO?



My head, body and braces were carved *perfectly*.

My sides and back are maple -
a bit unstable, but *beautiful!*

They were cut,
shaved, steamed,
bent and set
with a spruce top
so not a *seam* would show.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT!

The fretting jarred me a little -
carefully pounding the strips of
German silver
into my fingerboard
at just the right places
so I would play in tune;

BUT OUR FRETTING IS PROBABLY NO
DIFFERENT THAN YOU GETTING
YOUR FIRST SHOT AT THE
DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

**WE ALL SURVIVE THOSE
LITTLE JABS OF LIFE, DON'T WE?**



I remember the lacquer was **warm** when my Maker
spread it over me;

that was my favorite!

It was *comforting* - I suppose like the embryonic fluid
washing over you during *your* birth

...which I bet you don't remember either.

ISN'T IT SAD _____
THAT WE'VE
FORGOTTEN ALL THAT ?
...THE "BIRTH ?"

But those memories,
ABANDONED ON UTERINE SHORES,

don't diminish the joy that the
others must have felt
to be in the room
when we made
our debut

- and that
merciful amnesia
certainly doesn't
negate the
miracle
of our existence!



WE'VE ALL GONE THROUGH IT.

AND WE'VE ALL FORGOTTEN.

Now, as I said,
maple is *beautiful*
but unstable;
“...*the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak,*” and all that.

Your blondes **sunburn** easily,
and some of you need **glasses**.
some of you have bad **teeth**

WE'RE ALL PREDISPOSED
TO A FRAGILITY
THRUST ON US BY AGE.

I have maple sides *and back* - with so many curls in the grain,
and at every *curl*, the wood is weaker
and has the potential to crack...
and I did,
BUT FACE IT...

*how do you think YOU'RE
going to look in 200 years?*

LIKE YOU —

I'll be fixed someday
when my Person has
the time and money.

I'LL GO THROUGH A REBIRTH.

Probably not as traumatic
as the first one,
but I'll remember it *all*
next time,

just as surely as
you'll remember your
gentle passing

from
this life,

to the next.



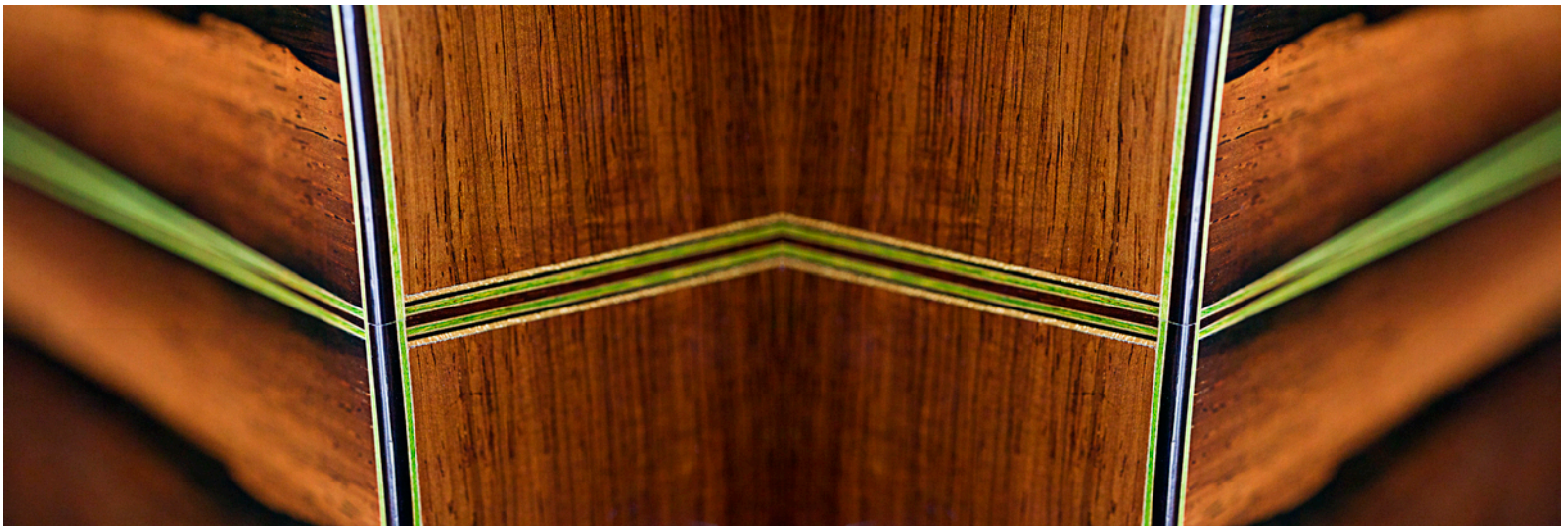
HERMANN HAUSER, JR.
NAMED "WILHELM"
(BORN 1971)
MUNICH, GERMANY

THERE IS SO MUCH TALK
ABOUT FOREIGNERS TODAY!

This group is welcome, this one isn't;
this one fits in, this one doesn't;
this one's a different color;
this one has a different religion, eats strange food AND

...*this* one doesn't speak English... like **GOD** does... !

I SOMEHOW THINK
THE ALMIGHTY CAN MANAGE
DIFFERENT VERB CONJUGATIONS — ACCENTS —



and my heavy German dialect.

Quatsch... Nonsense...

Have you forgotten that Jesus himself was multi-lingual ?

— Hebrew — Aramaic — even some Greek.

He was probably quite dark, middle-eastern looking

AND...

Jesus didn't fit in.

Immigration versus integration?

That's absurd.

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT A
FOREIGNER IS?

It's someone brave enough
to leave everything they
ever knew and loved.

Someone who had the
courage to leave a
father and mother
to try and find
something
different
- *better* -

and *yes*, I did it
and *no*, I didn't "fit in."

It's easy to forget that countries
are renewed by people who left, or
were kicked out of every other decent country on earth ———

and it's easy to forget that



CONSERVATIVES WORSHIP DEAD RADICALS.

I have a light colored spruce top – **VERY** unpopular at the time!

I'm German (*Spanish guitars were much more welcomed back then*) *and* I didn't speak the language:
cedar tops have a rich, dark tone color that most guitars spoke back then,
but cedars can mask the subtly of a phrase.
Spruces like me speak clearly
- *distinctly* -
but with an accent.

Still, in my day,
CEDARS were the "accepted" foreigners.

The spruces, like *me*?

I might as well have been made out of plywood.

Yes, I'm **PROUD** of my heritage, but at the same time I'm **PROUD** of my *new* home.

Most foreigners feel like that.

Your grandfather or great grandfather knew that, AND IF YOU'VE FORGOTTEN,
I think it's a little sad.

Our past is part of who we **all** are.
Our past is part of the glorious diversity
that we bring to every new home
that we claim as our own

...but *Mench*,

NOW AND THEN...

I *do* miss a good dunkles Weizen Bavarian beer!

Prosit !

KENNY HILL
NAMED "JAYDEN"
(BORN 2009)
BEN LOMOND, USA

OK! So what *NOW*?
Let's get moving, OK? *YEAH!*



I think we should do a concert -
like - just *CALL* somebody!
Now, ok? Really!

I MEAN **NOW** -
I REALLY want to do
a concert!

Hey - I wanna play in *Carnegie Hall*, OK?
Let's **do** it, OK?

...and that scale -
let's get that *happenin'*!
Faster - just speed up - it's cool -

I can take it!

Just *DO* it, ok?
Come on! Yeah! **YEAH!!!**

Uh... *arpeggios...???*
Wanna do some arpeggios?
Let's do some arpeggios!!!
I love arpeggios!
REALLY luv'em!

They *tickle*, ya know?

I kinda like...

— oooh *yeah*

oooooooooooooh YEAH!!!!!!

F - S H A R P !

F-sharp! Man! Check - it - *out!*

I *love* that note!

Listen to my *F-sharp* !!!

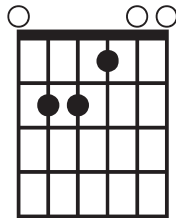
Man, have I got a *killer* F-sharp

or WHAT ???

Oh, OH... check **THIS** out!

Check out my **E major chord!**

You *ever* heard an E Major chord



that *full*???



Man, I am
Sooooo ON!!!!

Oh -OK- hey,

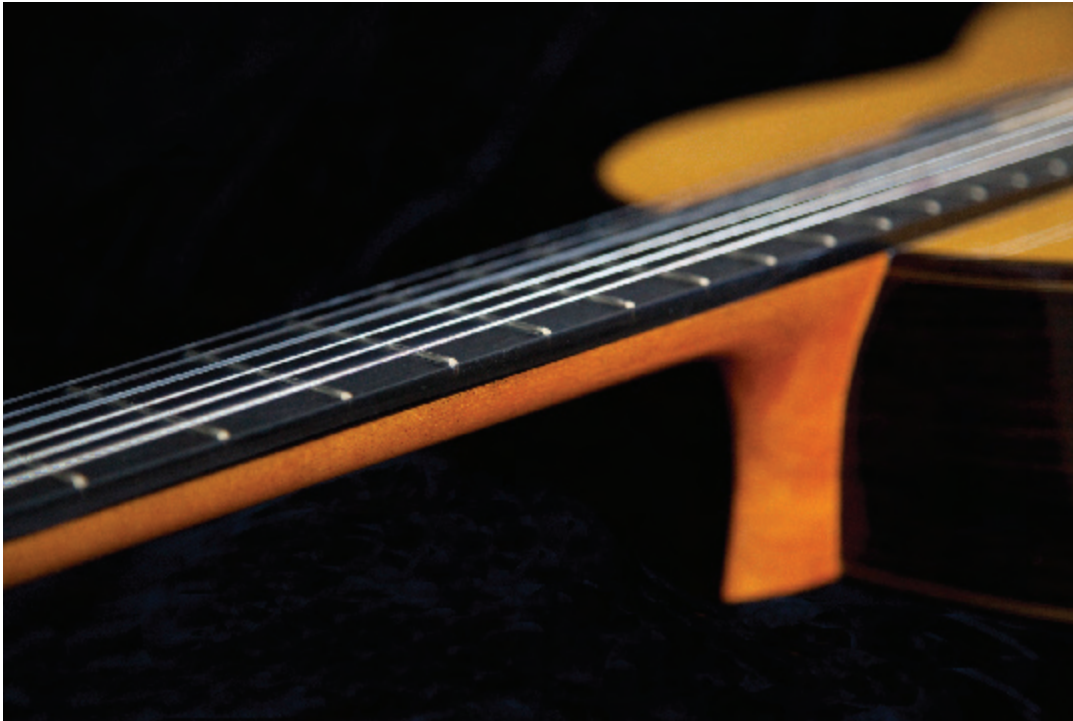
HEY... try some **BACH** on me!

Check this out!

- Listen to my L I N E S!
I mean,

com ' on ●

Dude!



"...YOU'RE NEW
and
YOU'RE A SPRUCE TOP..."

"WE HAVE TO BREAK YOU IN
— gently —

OR YOU'LL GET
HOT SPOTS."

oooooooooh...

MAN...

BUMMER.

FRANZ HERZLIEB, SR.
NAMED "ALMA"
(BORN CA. 1817)
GRAZ, AUSTRIA

*I AM a
special
one!*

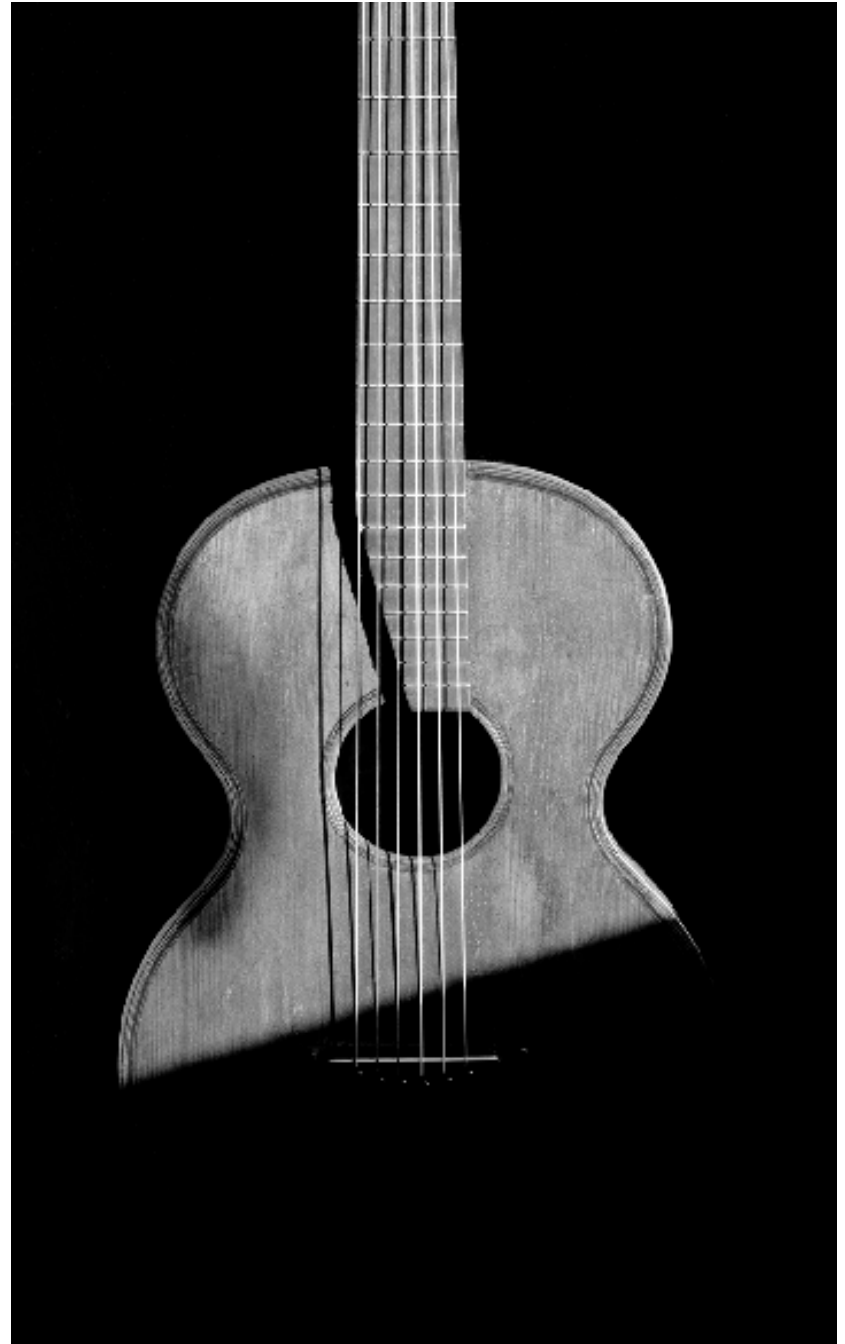
Of course we *all* feel like that,
but you can tell how much
an old lady like *me*
was appreciated
with one little
glance at my
fingerboard!

Some of us
sang with professionals
and our frets wore evenly
up and down the neck,

but not me!

My Person only
knew a few chords

down in first position.



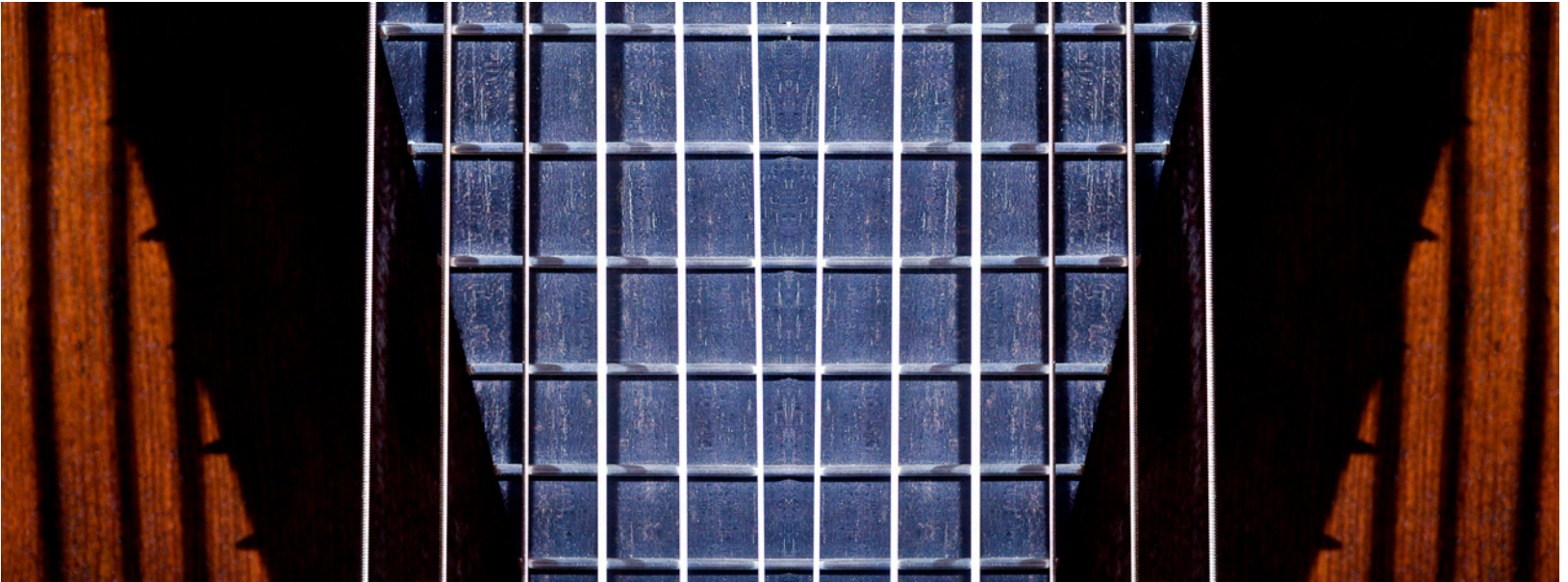
That's where I show *my* age.

You can see, where thousands of times,
she would play a G chord, a D, or an A

*(every once in a while she'd try that B minor chord...
but bar chords ALWAYS gave her trouble!).*

No... almost everything *we* sang was in first position -
and my frets show that love - *but only there.*

Further up my neck, I'm just as *pristine* as the DAY I was born!



**I'M LIKE AN OLD GRANDMOTHER WHOSE HANDS, through the years,
HAVE STARTED TO SHOW THE INDISCRIMINATE SEVERITIES OF LIFE:**

...the terror of watching
a brother go off to war...

...rocking a fragile child
with a fever that won't break

...OR JUST THE DAILY

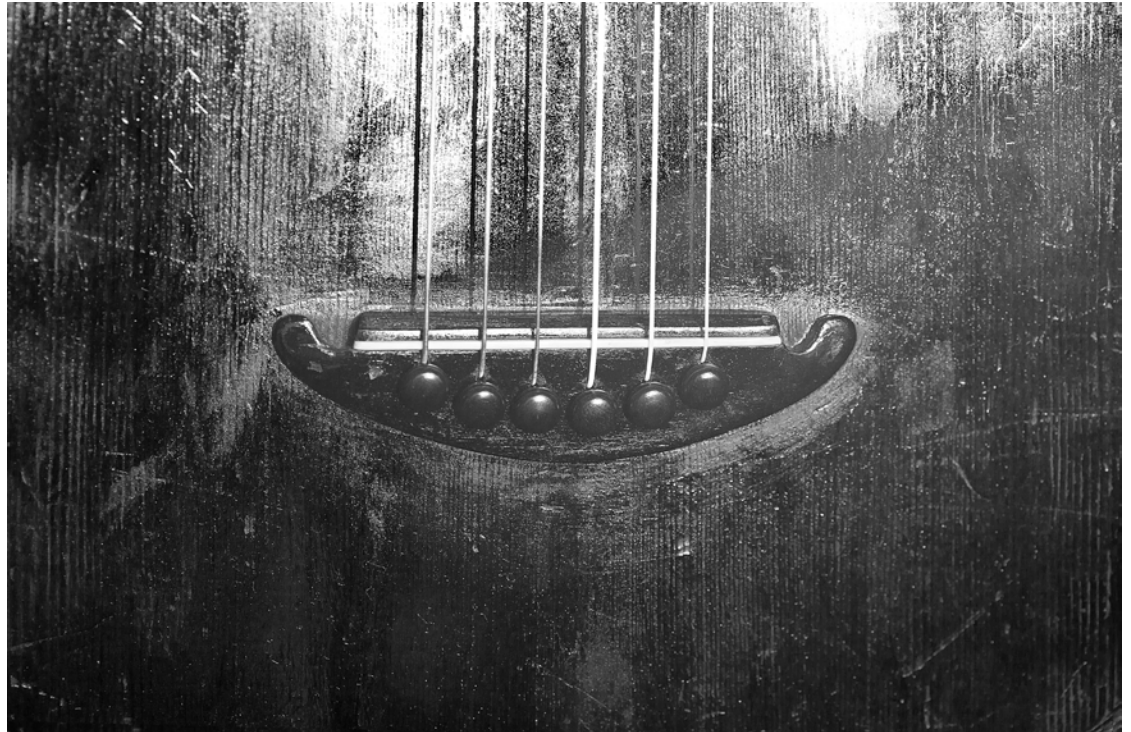
*"...gott'a get dinner
ready by 8 o'clock!"*

Hands mercilessly
show the age with you all,
but forget the hands;

that same wrinkled old
grandmother can have
the blissful smile of a
5 year old:

— ^{bright}
JOYFUL —

*unscathed by the anger, fear, or
just the tedious aspects of "living"
that eventually wear us ALL down.*



Some of my frets still glisten like new —
some are worn —
but deep inside,
I shine.

Lord... *I shine!*

That, my dear, is what makes us all special. No?

I hope you shine today.

I really do!



Now, wouldn't that be nice?

KARL HÖFNER
NAMED "DANIEL"
(BORN 1968)
BUBENREUTH, GERMANY

— My first Person
thought that if he simply
bought me,
he could *play* me.

IF YOU PRACTICE NOTHING

—NOTHING

IS WHAT YOU GET BACK...
THAT HAPPENS TO A LOT OF US...

There's no *magic* wand,
no **DEEP DARK SECRETS**,
and I certainly can't play myself.

You can play only after you've
earned the **RIGHT** to play
and that right comes
ONLY by work.

I was orphaned a few months
after my first Person took me home.

Shut away
in my case

in a closet
until *that* got
too full and I
was cloistered
on the back porch.

OVER A YEAR
IN THE SUN,
RAIN,
SNOW...

You have a lot
of time to think
when you're
all alone in the
dark, **BUT SOLITUDE**
can teach a host
of virtues:

- you can rarely be proud
when you're alone,

-you can't
argue with anyone
when you're alone,

- you learn your own voice
is not *nearly* as interesting
as another's

and

- BEING ALONE -
IS NOT THE SAME AS
BEING LONELY.

Eventually, even my tiny
space on the porch
was too much.

I was listed for sale and
my new Person found me
from that newspaper ad.

FRANKLY - I THINK HE
BOUGHT ME OUT OF PITY -

but I've done the best I can for him
since he took me home.

We sing all different styles —
a little classical, jazz, folk, rock...
and he uses me when he composes.

You see... ?

*Patience is the salve of sorrow
and Work, the tool of success.*

I had *patience* -
my new Person *works* -

and

I'm home now —
I sing now.

My finish cracked horribly from the elements in those early years,
but you know something...?

I honestly don't *want*
to be refinished.



NOT ONE OF US IS PERFECT AND EVERY ONE OF OUR FLAWS
IS A RETICENT MANIFESTO OF HOW GOOD LIFE **CAN** BE.



I love my imperfections...

*EVERY crack in my finish is
truly a hairline furrow in a
secluded path that led me
to my new Person.*

GIOACHINO GIUSSANI |
NAMED “ELDAMAR”
(BORN 1998)
ANGHIARI, AREZZO, ITALY |

Life...

is a series of concert premieres.

That's all it is

and my first was MONUMENTAL.



Naturally

I was a bit nervous, but
I was old enough to know
- and wise enough to trust -

that my Person **knew**
what he was doing,
and, I must say,
we *were* well prepared.

We went out into the
warmth of the stage lights
with *such* confidence

that everyone in the concert hall
knew they were going to hear
something *amazing*.

Pardon my narcissism.

THEY DID.

A few pieces by **Bach** (*I've always loved Bach!*),
some **Giuliani, Tárrega,**
and one of my Person's original pieces called
Dream Scenes;



but somehow... *each* concert is a premiere.

ALL of us have those “PREMIÈRES”
throughout life,
you know?

They can be LITTLE things...

the summer's first lick of your favorite ice cream
while you're standing barefoot on a burning sidewalk;

When you watch the winter's first delicate
snowflake meander through the air
and perch *intentionally* on the edge of a tiny petal
of the last rose of the season.

when I sing a fast scale
and every note dances out of me
flawlessly.



*MORE INTENTIONALLY
THAN YOU HUMANS
WOULD EVER BELIEVE!*

or the feeling I get

from a fresh
new set of strings
being carefully
tuned up
to pitch.

Or they can be BIG things...

your very first day of school

when you're so excited you can barely catch your breath.

or holding the hand of that person,

who has been with you

— FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE ETERNITY —

as they quietly drift from this life

and you hear that final breath

- *the last one that they will ever take*

The moment when you realize

that you've just met your

one true love,

— peacefully leaving their body.

It's just a series of premieres

...isn't it?

Each one is

new,

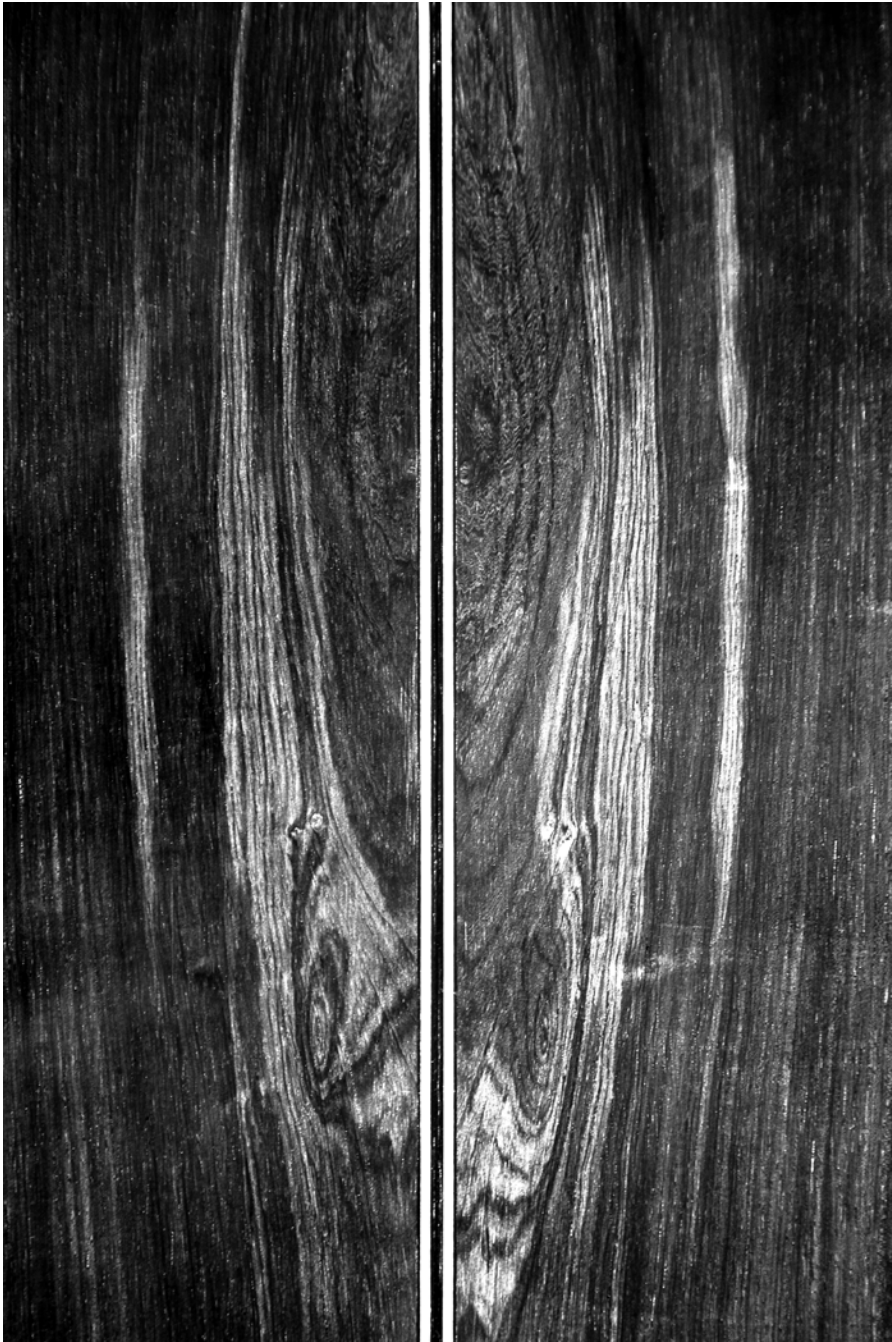
exciting,

and sometimes

a little terrifying,

but I think that's OK.

It's just part of the plan.



Your **Great Maker**
knew that

— just as my Maker did —

so you might as well accept it.



Each concert
begins

— ENDS —

*AND YOU MOVE
ON TO THE NEXT*

with the applause
still ringing in your ears

**AND THE ADRENALINE
STILL TEARING THROUGH YOUR SOUL.**

FERDINAND HELL
NAMED "MARIA"
(BORN CA. 1810'S)
VIENNA, AUSTRIA

— Ferdinand Hell

[NEAR MUTE — GENDER: FEMALE]



A note from Anthony:

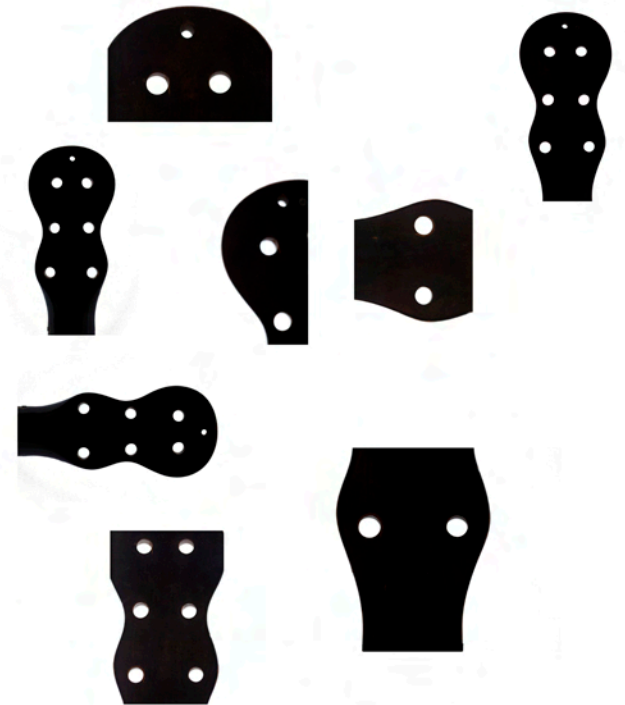


Ferdinand Hell
was a highly
respected
Viennese maker
in the early
19th-Century.

*Only a handful
of his children
still survive.*



THIS YOUNG LADY
was horribly abused
through the years
and has been so
emotionally
damaged
that she
can
barely
speak.





The *only* words I could
gently coax from her were,

"...some of your People will understand."



HOW WE TREAT OTHERS
can have SUCH a profound effect on their lives.

WE NEED TO REMEMBER THIS.

JOSÉ RAMÍREZ
NAMED “DIEGO MANUEL AURELIO”
(BORN 2008)
MADRID, SPAIN

Lineage?

Old families,
old money,
the sins of the father
to the sins of the son...?

Sorry to break it to you.

It DOESN'T work like that.

We all have a past that we inherit
and we all have to overcome both
the good and bad of that
fabricated curse.

José Ramírez. MY MAKER IS THE GREAT GRANDSON OF OLD

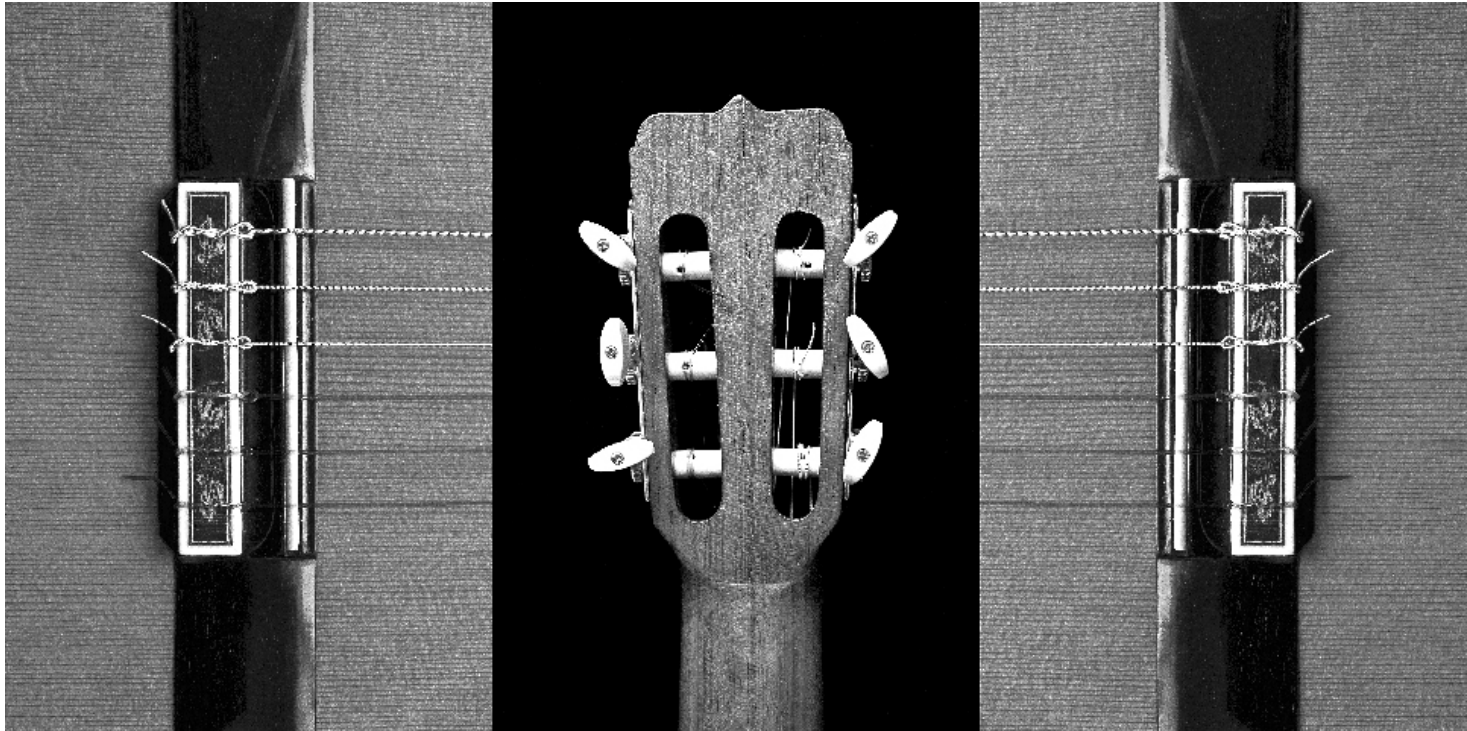
We've lived for centuries in MADRID
and there's probably not a classical
guitarist alive who hasn't played
one of my brothers or sisters and
everyone knows our family tree.

I remember stories of the **proud** young man who wandered into our shop asking to “rent” a guitar for a concert he had *that evening*.

The builders in the shop laughed...
“a stupid request!”

Still, after listening to the young man play,
my Maker was so amazed
that he simply *GAVE* him the guitar!

That was the first time young **Andrés Segovia**
played a Ramírez in concert!



BUT SO MANY OTHERS HAVE BEEN TOUCHED BY MY FAMILY:

Parkening, Williams, Pierri, Ghiglia, Masters, Kanengiser, Tennant,
Russell, Presti, Vidović, Muñoz, Bream, Leisner, Akkerman,
Avers, York, Pujol, Vieaux, Llobet, Gallagher, Dyens, Verdery,
Gillardino, Barrueco, THE ASSADS, THE ROMEROS - Pepe & the whole family...

AS I SAID,

THERE'S NOT A PLAYER ALIVE

WHO DOESN'T KNOW OUR LINEAGE,

but you ask what I have to say about me

— *and my family...?*

You know,

sometimes there's not a lot to say
because we just never take the time to notice!

LET ME ASK YOU -

What was your grandfather's favorite joke?

What did your mother cook the first time
she made a meal for your father?

When was the first time you saw
your sister cry?

...your brother laugh?

...what was the very first
song that you ever sang?

You see?

There are some things, so little,
YET SO IMPORTANT AND PERSONAL that they quietly

- discreetly -

become part of who we are -

but we don't ever pay enough attention at that moment to *realize* it!



I'M NOT FANCY, but I have a solid,

“real” sound, with bracing
and structure like the old ones in my family.

I'm *PART* of that family -
but is that all I am?

Yes - I have “Lineage”
BUT I AM SO MUCH MORE!

| Like you,
| I am ME...

responsible for my *own* Lineage

— my *own* glories —

AND my own sins.

JOHANN GEORG STAUFER
NAMED "ANTONELLA"
(BORN CA. 1800)
VIENNA, AUSTRIA

I'M PROUD

THAT I SURVIVED.

NOT WITHOUT A FEW SCARS, but by **Mercy** or by **Grace**,
I survived it all.

Yes, I know, **Pride** is one of the
"Seven Deadly Sins"

(and trust me, born in a country
as **Catholic** as Austria, you *learn* **Church Dogma!**)

but it's a little hard to *not* be proud when you've seen

- *AND SURVIVED* -
all that I have.

There are only **SIX**
like me still alive.

I have a sister who
lives with her Person
in **NEW YORK**,

a brother still in

VIENNA

and the rest of my siblings
are in museums all over
the world.



AND ME...?

My Person lives part time in the U.S. and
part time in France,
so I travel quite a bit
and of course
we still do
concerts

and recordings...

UNLIKE THE SAD MUTE ONES
WHO LIVE ON MUSEUM WALLS.

My Maker was one of the best –

AND HE TRAINED SOME OF THE BEST:

Bücher, Reisinger, even a young

Maker named Martin

who took a ship to build
guitars in the *new* country.

YOU KNOW... THAT COMPANY
IS *STILL* MAKING GUITARS!

MY GOODNESS!

My Maker invented the
steel rod
that goes through our necks
to keep them straight.

He invented
raised fingerboards
for a young Italian guitarist

named
Luigi Legnani

*(although I'm older
so I don't have that
kind of fingerboard)*

- AND -

my Maker
invented tuners with
GEARS

SO MY PERSON WOULDN'T HAVE TO
MUCK ABOUT WITH
LIKE ON A VIOLIN. **TUNING PEGS**

My Maker was *brilliant*
and he made hundreds of us... *but so few survived!*
...so few of us survived...

I was *9* years old when Napoléon attacked Vienna.
I was there.



LET ME TELL YOU, **THAT** WAS A TERRIFYING NIGHT!

You know,
van Beethoven? - HE LIVED DOWN THE STREET FROM MY MAKER'S SHOP -

Old Ludwig had
idolized Napoléon, but
when the "LITTLE CORPORAL"
declared himself Emperor,
van Beethoven was so **furious**,
that he destroyed the front page of
his *Third Symphony* manuscript trying to
erase his dedication of that piece to Napoléon!

Quite a character the old maestro was!
a temper!

BUT A FEW YEARS LATER CAME THE ATTACK, AND
Beethoven ended up hiding in his basement to avoid the French cannons
battering our city walls!

I suppose he was right about Napoléon — a common mortal — *a tyrant*.

It was fairly calm for a while,
but then came your World War I.
My God.

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE CARNAGE...
over 16 and a half million — DEAD.
AND I SURVIVED IT.

I remember *Kristalnacht*,

“Crystal Night”

— that horrible evening back in 1938 when the Nazis stormed through our neighborhood and broke out all the store-front windows, leaving behind the tiny, shattered pieces of glass strewn all over the ground.

I REMEMBER THOSE PRISTINE SHARDS AT SUNRISE

❖ *like diamonds* ❖

quietly glistening in the morning light
with such a *terrified* innocence

...an innocence that couldn't *possibly*
foretell the horror that would
soon rape our continent

████████████████████
AND OUR MORALITY.

And World War II —

when the Opera House down the street
was so heavily bombed that you could see through the back wall,



past the stage and into the alley
and over 60 million more — DEAD.



I survived that too,

and when my new
Person found me on
the wall of a shop in
Vienna and took me
to the United States,
I survived that trip

even though the airline lost me
for nearly a WEEK!

I must say...
my new Person
was just about as furious
as Beethoven!



Why did I survive
and so many others didn't?

WAS IT Mercy or
Grace?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT **I** THINK:

Mercy is when you don't
get something **BAD**
that you **do** deserve.

Grace is when you get
something **GOOD**
that you **don't** deserve.

THINK ABOUT THAT.

— *It wasn't Mercy* —

It was by **Grace** that I survived.

I didn't *deserve* it,
I didn't *earn* it
and I can't account for why
I survived

and so many of my brothers and sisters
didn't.

It was just a simple, *astounding*
act of Grace from the
Great Maker.

Recognizing that
IN EACH OF OUR LIVES...

maybe *Grace*
is what keeps us thankful,

NO?

It's what keeps us amazed
at the *miracle* of life!

REMEMBERING THAT

...isn't it also Grace
that keeps us *gentle*?

And Grace keeps us *KIND* —
even if we all,
 somewhere
 deep inside,
 — *just occasionally* —
can't avoid a touch of
what I've ALWAYS believed
is a **COMMON BOND** between us:

A **SINFUL PRIDE** that the **Great Maker**
gently forgives,

with a

knowing,

patient,

smile.

AFTER ALL -
YOU,
ME,
AND THE REST OF US...?



...WE'RE ONLY HUMAN.

I Speak

— CD Recording of Selected Guitars — Performed by Anthony Glise

TRACKS:	RUN TIME:
1) Anonymous — <i>named "Constance"</i> (guitar born ca. 1814, Vienna, Austria [?]), performing: Mauro Giuliani (1781-1829) <i>Grande Overture, Op. 61</i>	9.34
2) Gioachino Giussani — <i>named "Sirius"</i> (guitar born 1996, Anghiari, Arezzo, Italy), performing: Anthony Glise (b. 1956) <i>Theme and Variations on "Folias d'España," Op. 15</i>	7.06
3) Kenny Hill — <i>named "Jayden"</i> (guitar born 2009, Ben Lomond, USA), performing: Anthony Glise (b. 1956) <i>"Allegro" ("Woods' Run") from Prelude, Fugue & Allegro, "In the Eyes of the Wolf," Op. 31</i>	3.59
4) Franz Herzlieb, Sr. — <i>named "Alma"</i> (guitar born ca. 1817, Graz, Austria), performing: Fernando Sor (1778-1839) <i>Andante Largo, Op. 5, No. 5</i>	6.15
5-7) Gioachino Giussani — <i>named "Eldamar"</i> (guitar born 1998, Anghiari, AZ, Italy), performing: Anthony Glise (b. 1956) <i>Dream Scenes, Op. 9, A</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Rundtanz des Heinzelmännchen (Round Dance of the Little People)</i> • <i>Dryaden (Dryads)</i> • <i>Berggeister Spiele (Mountain Spirit Games)</i> 	7.15
8-9) José Ramírez — <i>named "Diego Manuel Aurelio"</i> (guitar born 2008, Madrid, Spain), performing: Francisco Tárrega (1852-1909) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Lágrima</i> • <i>Capriccio Árabe</i> 	7.06
10) Hermann Hauser — <i>named "Wilhelm"</i> (guitar born 1971, Munich, Germany), performing: Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) <i>Sarabande, Op. 179 (1960)</i>	2.46
11-13) Johann Georg Stauffer — <i>named "Antonella"</i> (guitar born ca. 1800, Vienna, Austria), performing: Anton Diabelli (1781-1858) <i>Sonata in F Major Op. 29</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Allegro moderato</i> • <i>Andante sostenuto</i> • <i>Finale (Adagio, Presto)</i> 	17.44
<i>Total Run Time: 61.25</i>	

All works performed by Anthony Glise, SR (p) © 2012 by A Glise. All Rights Reserved.
International Copyright Secured. Performance Rights: BMI.
Production, Post-production & Mastering: Thomas Ransom, Ransomed Productions, Ltd., USA.

ABOUT THE CD — FROM ANTHONY...

WHEN I PLAY A GUITAR, I'm playing a guitar AND having a conversation with a dear friend, and if you happen to be around and eavesdrop when we're doing all that, it's usually called "A Concert."

Anyone who thinks playing a guitar is merely "playing a guitar" diminishes reality. How SAD for those who hear only the MUSIC!

— Anthony

1) Anonymous — named "Constance" (guitar born ca. 1814, Vienna, Austria [?]), performing: Mauro Giuliani (1781-1829)
Grande Overture, Op. 61

CONSTANCE HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT PLAYING THE GRANDE OUVERTURE:

"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE *Grande Overture!* I remember when I first sang it in my Maker's shop (I think it might have been Giuliani himself who stopped by to try me out after I was born - I really don't recall). This piece has the power, depth and emotion that we respected so much back in old Vienna!"

2) Gioachino Giussani — named "Sirius" (guitar born 1996, Anghiari, Arezzo, Italy), performing: Anthony Glise (b. 1956)
Theme and Variations on "Folias d'España," Op. 15

SIRIUS HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT PLAYING MY THEME AND VARIATIONS ON "FOLIAS DE ESPAÑA":

"Anthony's *Variations on "Folias de España"* is one of hundreds composed on this theme since its emergence in the 15th-Century. Virtually every composer since has written a set of variations on this theme but Anthony's is unique in that it expands the harmonic, melodic and formal structure of the theme. Virtuoso, contemporary, beautiful, it has become one of his best known works for solo classical guitar."

3) Kenny Hill — named "Jayden" (guitar born 2009, Ben Lomond, USA), performing: Anthony Glise (b. 1956)
"Allegro" ("Woods' Run") from Prelude, Fugue & Allegro, "In the Eyes of the Wolf," Op. 31

JAYDEN HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT PLAYING WOODS' RUN"

"I'm the youngest of all the guitars on this CD - a teenager in your human years - so it's an honor to be on this CD with all these famous old dudes! I like playing pieces with a LOT of energy! Eventually I'll be old enough to play some of these other pieces, but for now... MAN - it's just cool to PLAY (and I guess show off a little) and this piece is just perfect for me! PS - If you have a chance, please write Anthony and tell him you'd like to hear me play some Bach. He keeps saying I'm too young, but I'm pretty sure I can handle it!"

FROM ANTHONY: "Woods' Run" IS THE "ALLEGRO" from my *Prelude, Fugue and Allegro* (titled *In The Eyes of the Wolf*). To explain, several years ago I had the honor of holding an Artist-in-Residence at the Standing Rock Sioux Indian Reservation, the final resting place of murdered Lakota Sioux Holy Man, Sitting Bull and to integrate me into the community, the tribal council held a "Sweat Lodge" (purification rite) for me.

There are no drugs involved, but with the extreme heat and sensory deprivation, after several hours, participants sometimes begin to hallucinate and are visited by their "Animal Spirit." The spirit (which can be many different animals) will talk and advise you on different aspects of life and often visit you, unannounced throughout the rest of your life.

In the Eyes of the Wolf is about that conversation.

4) Franz Herzlieb, Sr. — named "Alma" (guitar born ca. 1817, Graz, Austria), performing: Fernando Sor (1778-1839)
Andante Largo, Op. 5, No. 5

ALMA SAID THAT SHE LOVES THIS PIECE BECAUSE: "I just love it. It's sort of MY business why... now isn't it?"

5-7) Gioachino Giussani — named "Eldamar" (guitar born 1998, Anghiari, AZ, Italy), performing: Anthony Glise (b. 1956)
Dream Scenes, Op. 9, A

- *Rundtanz des Heinzelmännchen* (Round Dance of the Little People)
- *Dryaden* (Dryads)
- *Berggeister Spiele* (Mountain Spirit Games)

ELDAMAR HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT PERFORMING MY DREAM SCENES:

"I am a PURE concert guitar, so I naturally have different reasons for what I like to play than some other guitars. I'm also Italian so (I suppose) I can be a little opinionated, but, *vedete, non c'e' problema?* I don't CARE! *Dream Scenes* is a tremendous concert piece. It's perfectly composed, highly 'visual' and I enjoy programmatic pieces. If you don't - you should. What could be more fun than Anthony's brilliant musical representation of the different Austrian elves that he has met through the years? Eh?!"

FROM ANTHONY: ELDAMAR HAS ALWAYS ENJOYED playing *Dream Scenes* ["Traum Szenen" in German], especially because he likes the story behind this piece. For that reason (*just to keep him happy*) I thought the background might be worth recounting.

I composed *Dream Scenes* around *Johannesnacht* (*Midsummer's Night*) in Vienna, 1995, inspired by a series of dreams that haunted me for over a week.

Each movement depicts different Austrian elves in their natural surroundings: the playful barbarism of the *Rundtanz der Heinzelmännchen* ("Round Dance of the Little People"), the graceful *Dryaden* ("Tree Spirits")* and the antics of *Berggeister Spiele* ("Mountain Spirit Games").

*Here I mean specifically Birch and Willow tree spirits. Oak or Walnut spirits (at least those I have met) lack the grace conveyed in this movement.

8-9) José Ramírez — named "Diego Manuel Aurelio" (guitar born 2008, Madrid, Spain), performing: Francisco Tárrega (1852-1909)

- *Lágrima* • *Capriccio Arabe*

DIEGO HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT PLAYING TARREGA'S WORKS:

"I'm from one of the oldest families of guitar makers founded by José Ramírez in Madrid back in 1890. Tárrega has just as much lineage and lineage is a strange thing: we try our entire lives to break away from it in order to be "ourselves," yet it's lineage itself that unavoidably defines us. I love these works (and, I must say, I sing them very well), but one of my greatest joys was to have Señora Amelia Ramírez (now, the director of our family guitar shop in Madrid) send us such a kind note from Madrid on the advent of our book. LINEAGE...! We should never forget from whence we descend! Honor is everything and we owe that honor to our forefathers who helped us ALL become who we are today!"

10) Hermann Hauser — named "Wilhelm" (guitar born 1971, Munich, Germany), performing: Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Sarabande, Op. 179

WILHELM HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT PLAYING THE SARABANDE:

"As an old German, it was a pleasure to play such an emotional French composition! Almost never recorded, Poulenc's *Sarabande* allowed me to show off the extreme timbres and articulation for which all Hauser guitars are famous."

11-13) Johann Georg Stauer — named "Antonella" (guitar born ca. 1800, Vienna, Austria), performing: Anton Diabelli (1781-1858)
Sonata in F Major Op. 29

- *Allegro moderato* • *Andante sostenuto* • *Finale (Adagio, Presto)*

ANTONELLA HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT PLAYING DIABELLI'S SONATA IN F MAJOR:

"Well now... Anthony and I have worked together for over 25 years but I have to say, playing Diabelli's *Sonata in F* was a special treat. You know, I was in Vienna when Diabelli wrote that piece! He lived a few streets over from my Maker's shop, which was just around the corner from where Beethoven lived and down the street from where old Mozart died. My goodness, that seems like a long time ago!

Oh - it was also just a few blocks from *Café Frauenhuber*, over on Himmelpfortgasse - they have been around since 1824 and they have the BEST Mohnschnitten (a little poppy seed cake) and - OH - it was just a few blocks from *Café Havelka* (I always loved their coffee - if you go there, you HAVE to try their "Melange" - it's sort of like Italian cappuccino, but with chocolate sprinkled on top and a lot more foam - and be SURE to get their *Apple Strüdel* - or those little sandwiches! You know Franz Kafka used to eat lunch there at *Havelka!* Franz especially liked the finger sandwiches with thin sliced beef and fresh horseradish.

Anyway, I truly enjoyed playing on this CD and having my portrait taken by Megan (*what a nice young lady!*) and I'm sure you'll enjoy this CD, the book, *I Speak* and visiting the gallery exhibition of *I Speak*. All wonderful photos, music — and our interviews...? Well, we finally got a chance to talk, you know?! But now you remember, the next time you're in Vienna, you really must visit *Café Frauenhuber!*

You just tell them I sent you, OK?"

Sincerely, Antonella

production & engineering by:
Thomas Ransom
—Ransomed Productions

all strings (gut, nylon & recording) by:
— E&O Mari - LaBella

microphones by:
— Audio-Technica

— ABOUT THE AUTHORS (FULL BIOS)

MEGAN WYETH studied with many photographers including Ansel Adams, Arnold Newman and Morley Baer. Her formal background includes photography study at the *Kansas City Art Institute*, and a degree in art history from the *University of Kansas*.

Blessed with a deep love of nature, Megan and her husband own a small farm in Missouri, teeming with regional wildlife (including a posse of wild turkeys), a grove of walnut trees and a tree house.

Megan has maintained an active studio, gallery exhibition, and publishing schedule for over 30 years. Her works are held in numerous private and public collections internationally.

An almost mystical approach to the subject matter gives her works an astounding sense of depth, motion and personality. In her own words,

“As we look through the lens, we see shapes, forms, light, value, and color—and we begin to arrange these elements; intuition takes over and that quiet, inner awareness, transforms into a picture.”

“I think of this process as exploring, or ‘opening doors,’ as each subject presents itself. The photographer has the humble responsibility to document that fleeting, moment of honesty.”



ANTHONY GLISE is a concert and recording artist, composer, and author. He lives part-time in France and part-time in the US. He currently holds a professorship as head of the first classical guitar program at the *University of Missouri-Columbia (USA)*. Anthony has previously held full-time teaching positions in Austria, Germany, France and Italy.

A composer and board member of the *French Film Commission*, he performs regularly with musicians of the *French National Orchestra-Lille*.

Anthony also is the only US-born classical guitarist to win First Prize at the *International Toscanini Competition (Italy)* and his concerts, CDs, books, and compositions have consistently received 5-star reviews world-wide. His past concert venues include *Carnegie Hall*, *Lincoln Center (US)*, *Vienna International Center (Austria)*, *Nouveau Siècle (of the French National Orchestra-Lille)*, etc.

He has earned nine diplomas from seven countries including study at *New England Conservatory* and *Harvard University (US)*, *Accademia degli Studi “L’Ottocento” (Italy)*, *Konservatorium der Stadt (Vienna, Austria)* and *Université Catholique (France)* as well as diplomas in French and German languages.

Anthony is also a licensed Emergency Medical Technician, a university fencing coach, and (*when life permits*) hides quietly on his 7 meter, cutter-rigged sailboat, christened *Gargoyle II*.

In Europe, Anthony lives (*on land*) in a tiny idyllic village in Northern France where, “... WE HAVE 600 PEOPLE, 900 COWS, 2 CAFÉS, AND THE NEWEST CHURCH IN THE AREA... BUILT IN 1568.”