



ANNE CLARK

WITH ULLA VAN DAELEN
& JUSTIN CIUCHE

BORDERLAND
FOUND MUSIC FOR A LOST WORLD





In a place and time where so many of us have so little control over circumstances and events, I feel privileged to have been given this opportunity to create and explore ideas and themes around language and music that evolved and developed spontaneously in the magnificent environment of Stockfisch Records studio.

My co-writer and band member, violinist Justin Ciuche, approached me with the idea of randomly going into the studio along with harpist and composer Ulla van Daelen and recording a totally 'live' session - with no plan, no theme and no structure other than a few scribbled notes of ideas for texts.

Recorded and overseen by legendary producer, Günter Pauler, the result is the project here before you, BORDERLAND - FOUND MUSIC FOR A LOST WORLD.

1. It's a Fragile Thing (on hearing Paolo Fresu)

It's a fragile thing
Keys hint at spring
Fingers like water trickling
Across and through pebbles glistening
Notes sparkling into light
Nothing holds for long
Not even the longest night
It's the nature of things
It's the nature of these songs
A glimpse and then gone
Fidgety like bees in blooms
It's the nature of these tunes
Trumpets blow bold as daffodils
Triplets arpeggios and trills
It thrills
It's a fragile thing





2. Blown Way Down

Blown way down
From faraway towns
Discarded waste wraps around
Central reservations
And vast golden crowns
Of mighty bweech
And spired pines
Grassy verges
And power lines

Found music for a lost world
Ghost windows through the train
Centuries fall
Spectacular structures corrode by the riverside





3. Soulthought (on reading Richard Jefferies)

There is a necessity of strong inspiration
Of soul thought
Music words writing
Shelter haven refuge
They are exquisite miracles

Stumbling upon them
Creating and merging them from something
That itches deep under the skin
Discovering and uniting them is a fleeting moment
That must be achieved at all cost
Captured and recorded in any way possible
Ideas must be scribbled down and randomly improvised
Then urgently repeated and repeated
Until the raw ingredients slowly form into structures
It's a process that rushes through your entire mind and body
Faster than your blood

Music books words help us live our lives
Help us survive our lives
Our pain

Words form sentences from being lost to being found
On my city streets
Sometimes grey cold and often windswept
Coming from somewhere that slices through
The office blocks the motorways the indifference

Speeding away to somewhere
Anywhere
To deep narrow silent unknown paths
Overgrown with hedgerows and hawthorns
And I get lost and found and lost again
In the tangled beauty of it all

Nature - threatened diminished but here in this place
Wild and all around
Above below and inside me
Carried now for always inside me

Music - organic intangible and everywhere

The books - atlases of words to read the world by
To map my way when I am lost or simply searching



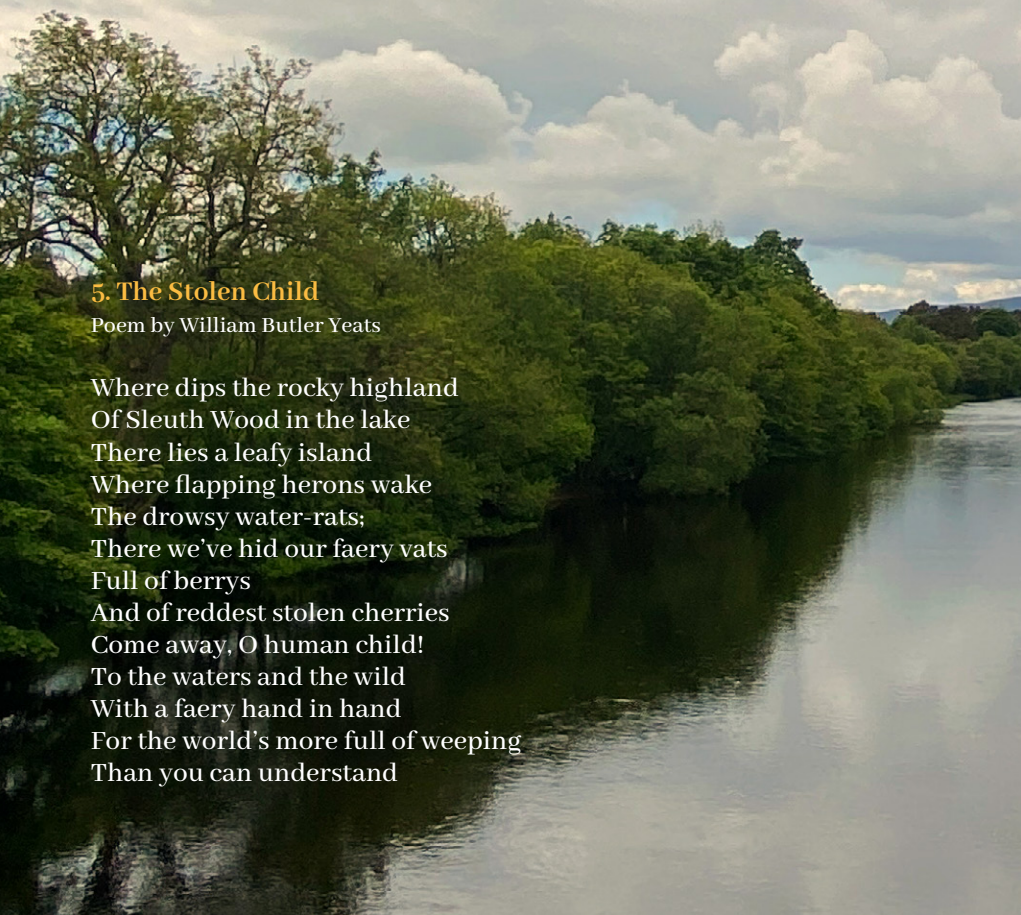
All these things have saved my life
And probably at times saved yours too
Companions when there is no one
Understanding where there is confusion
Comfort where there is distress
And pure pure energy where there is a hollow shell of brokenness

Some would have you believe that it is a waste of time
To carve images in stone
To put oil on canvas
Strum notes of music into the air
Scratch words onto paper
These people are wrong

How can you not be overwhelmed by all the beauty!

A dry husk forms over lives
My heart floods from the incessant rain of deep feeling
From the need of feeling
And the need of soul thought
Of deep inspiration

I vibrate with an energy far beyond myself

The background of the image is a lush, green landscape. On the left, there are tall, leafy trees. A river flows from the right towards the center, its surface reflecting the sky and the surrounding foliage. The sky is filled with large, white, fluffy clouds. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and natural.

5. The Stolen Child

Poem by William Butler Yeats

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats;
There we've hid our faery vats
Full of berrys
And of reddest stolen cherries
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery hand in hand
For the world's more full of weeping
Than you can understand



Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light
Far off from furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night
Weaving olden dances
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles
While the world is full of troubles
And anxious in its sleep
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery hand in hand
For the world's more full of weeping
Than you can understand

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears

Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery hand in hand
For the world's more full of weeping
Than you can understand

Away with us he's going
The solemn-eyed;
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest
For he comes, the human child
To the waters and the wild
With a faery hand in hand
For the world's more full of weeping
Than you can understand





6. A Music Deep Inside

There's a music deep inside
A silken thread of ink that spins
And weaves our tongues, our words, our languages together

It sings a spell that binds
The story of our lives
Across the vast expanse of time
Forever

Across the great divides
Of cultures, continents and tides,



7. Provenance

Words of complexity and completion, of provenance,
Whisper through the trees
Sweet green scent carried on the breeze
Amid the tiny flowers that rise up to the sun and close again
To see the smiles of those we've loved and lost in every drop of rain
And feel the cool green grass course along my skin
Not knowing where it ends and I begin

Everywhere
In the scattered star seeds of a midnight sky
In burnt umber clouds drifting by
The fresh salt air tingling my skin
The life outside
Lived deep within





8. The Bluebird

Poem by Mary Coleridge

The lake lay blue below the hill
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters cold and still
A bird whose wings were purest blue

The sky above was blue at last
The sky beneath me blue in blue
A moment, ere the bird had passed
It caught his image as he flew





9. Book of Days

There is no one for to come home to
There is no one for to go
In summers drenched in sunlight
In winters pure with snow

Lilac blooms for me alone
From April through to May
It lifts my heart from the very start
Until it fades away

The Blackbird serenades my soul
He knows not what he does
From dawn to dusk his music fills
My soul to burst with love

And twilight comes as come it must
With the folding of the hours
As petals close and creatures seek
Their refuge in the bowers





10. How to Become Unbroken

I lived in three worlds
By train through dark winter nights
In my solitary compartment
Lit eye-stingingly bright
I travelled into a new year
A little bit cold
A little bit tired
Wishing for winter sleep
Wired
But needing the creativity of new beginnings
I found you
I focused on you
And the intensity of you
You - rooted to the earth unable to move
Yet reaching so high into the fathomless blue
I lived in you too

Your rough silver base
Rising and rising
With slender branches climbing and climbing
Pulling your life above all else
Upwards and onwards

I saw how too you became unbroken

13. Open Your Hand

Open your hand like a cloud
Let go of it all
Let go of it all
Like a waterfall















Anne Clark: voice

Ulla van Daelen: celtic and concert harps

Justin Ciuche: 5-string Quintone violin (built by Peter Volkmer)

All texts by Anne Clark except tracks 5 & 8

All music by Ulla van Daelen & Justin Ciuche

Thank you Justin for all your belief, encouragement and creativity during my most difficult of times

Thank you Ulla for the unending circle of sound becoming spirit becoming sound

Thank you Günter and all at Stockfisch Records for giving the three of us the opportunity to take this journey

Thank you Tine Franckaert for all your love and support

Thank you Pauline Donnelly for your inspiring strength

Thank you Soraya and Val and everyone at TOC



I want to take you away
Or rather I want to take you closer
Nearer to things
Nearer to yourself
Deeper
Borderland is
A place where two or maybe even more worlds meet
To discover something new
Something ancient
Something outside of time
Something away from the relentless witnessing
Of brutality where our incapacity leaves us at best broken
Or worse desensitised
I want to take you to that place
If only for a while

Anne Clark
Summer 2022





- 1 It's a Fragile Thing (on hearing Paolo Fresu) 4:25
- 2 Blown Way Down 2:55
- 3 Soulthought (on reading Richard Jefferies) 8:13
- 4 Border Train 5:06
- 5 The Stolen Child 8:01
- 6 A Music Deep Inside 2:54
- 7 Provenance 9:18
- 8 The Bluebird 2:30
- 9 Book of Days 3:16
- 10 How to Become Unbroken 4:35
- 11 Improvisation IV 7:20
- 12 Improvisation V 4:27
- 13 Open Your Hand 0:59

Total: 64 minutes

Anne Clark voice
Justin Ciuche violin
Ulla van Daelen harp

Recording and Production: **Günter Pauler**

Studio Assistance: **Inés Breuer**

Premastering: **Hans-Jörg Maucksch**

at Pauler Acoustics with B&W 800 D3 monitors

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