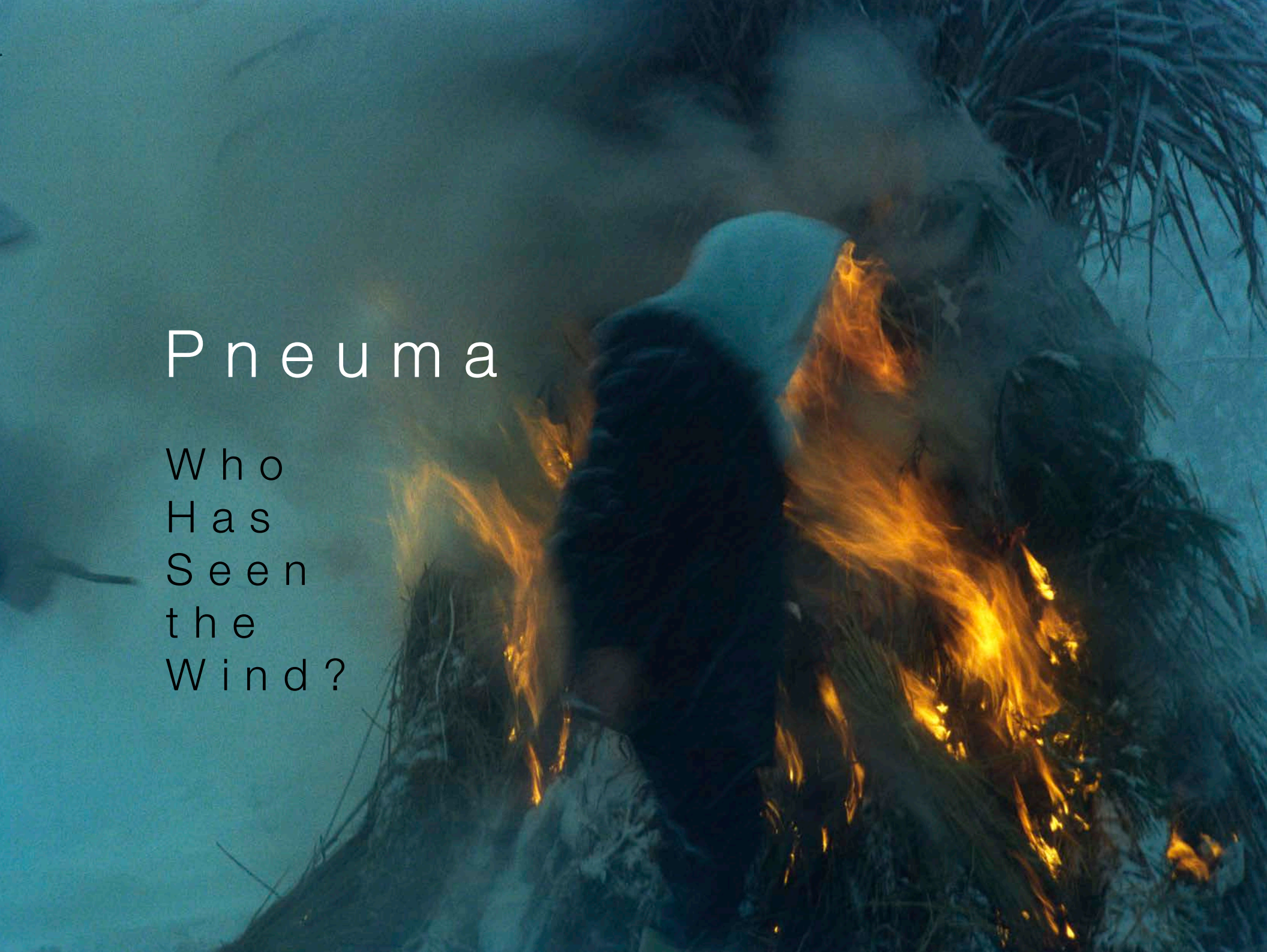


A person wearing a dark, hooded garment is shown from the chest up. A bright, glowing orange and yellow light source, possibly a fire or a light effect, is visible on their chest, creating a strong contrast with the dark clothing and background. The background is dark and textured, with some vertical lines suggesting a wall or a screen. The overall mood is mysterious and dramatic.

P n e u m a

W h o
H a s
S e e n
t h e
W i n d ?

Ayelet Rose Gottlieb
voice

James Falzone
clarinet, Eb clarinet, shruti box

François Houle
clarinet, electronics

Michael Winograd
clarinet

1. Alone (2:43)
2. Neither I nor You / Pneuma (2:30)
3. Trembling / Light (5:35)
4. Passing Through / Lament for Harry (6:36)
5. Neither You nor I / Conversation with Ora (3:42)
6. Bow Down / The Wind Will Take Us (4:42)
7. Passing By / The Shape of Tears (6:24)
8. Who Has Seen the Wind? (4:18)
9. Wakened by the Scent (2:27)
10. Who Can Say What Loneliness Is (1:28)
11. Ruined House (1:34)
12. This Pine Tree (2:06)
13. The Last Rose of Summer (2:13)

Total time: 46:51

Recorded and mixed in 24 bits / 96kHz

Music composed by Ayelet Rose Gottlieb/BMI (2, 4, 6, 7); James Falzone/ASCAP (9-12); Michael Winograd/BMI (8); Winograd/Gottlieb/Houle/BMI (1); Gottlieb/Houle/BMI (3); Gottlieb/Ora Boasson-Horev/Udi Horev/BMI (5); Tom Waits (words & music), Jalma Music/ASCAP, arranged by François Houle/SOCAN (13)

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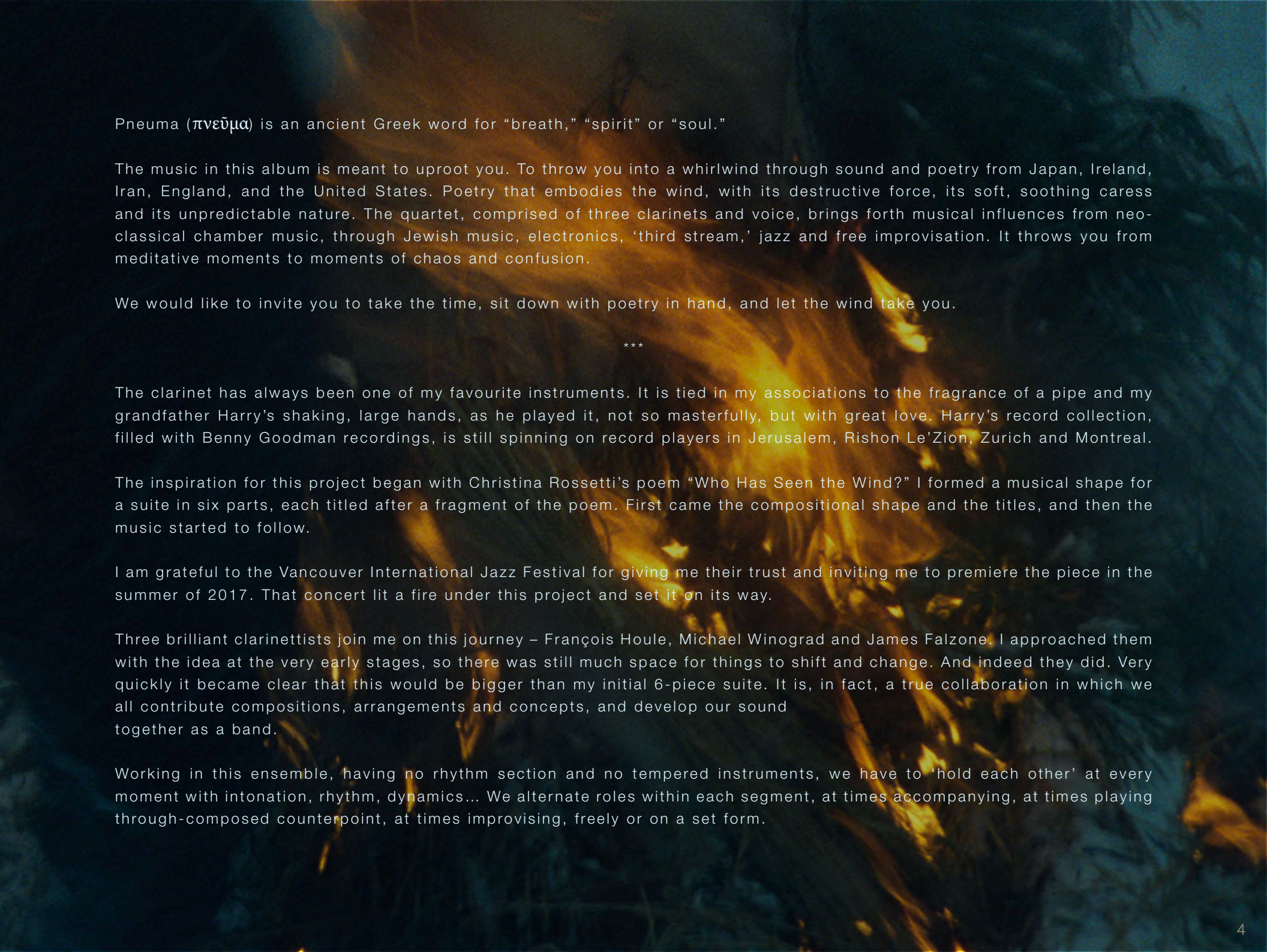
Texts: James Joyce (1); Richard Jeffrey Newman (3); Forugh Farrokhzad, translated by Ahmad Karimi-Hakkak (6); Mayumi Terada (7); Christina Rossetti (8); Izumi Shikibu, translated by Jane Hirshfield with Mariko Aratani (9-11); Ono no Komachi, translated by Jane Hirshfield with Mariko Aratani (12). All texts set to music and reprinted with permission of the authors or rights-holders (see booklet for detailed text credits)

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Recorded July 4, 2017 and October 13, 2018 by
John Raham at Afterlife Studios, Vancouver, BC
Mixed and mastered by François Houle at
Afterday Audio, Vancouver

Produced by Ayelet Rose Gottlieb
Executive Producer: Tony Reif

Layout and design: Chelsey Maher
Photos: Gem Salsberg
Musicians photo: Farhad Ghaderi



Pneuma (πνεῦμα) is an ancient Greek word for “breath,” “spirit” or “soul.”

The music in this album is meant to uproot you. To throw you into a whirlwind through sound and poetry from Japan, Ireland, Iran, England, and the United States. Poetry that embodies the wind, with its destructive force, its soft, soothing caress and its unpredictable nature. The quartet, comprised of three clarinets and voice, brings forth musical influences from neo-classical chamber music, through Jewish music, electronics, ‘third stream,’ jazz and free improvisation. It throws you from meditative moments to moments of chaos and confusion.

We would like to invite you to take the time, sit down with poetry in hand, and let the wind take you.

The clarinet has always been one of my favourite instruments. It is tied in my associations to the fragrance of a pipe and my grandfather Harry’s shaking, large hands, as he played it, not so masterfully, but with great love. Harry’s record collection, filled with Benny Goodman recordings, is still spinning on record players in Jerusalem, Rishon Le’Zion, Zurich and Montreal.

The inspiration for this project began with Christina Rossetti’s poem “Who Has Seen the Wind?” I formed a musical shape for a suite in six parts, each titled after a fragment of the poem. First came the compositional shape and the titles, and then the music started to follow.

I am grateful to the Vancouver International Jazz Festival for giving me their trust and inviting me to premiere the piece in the summer of 2017. That concert lit a fire under this project and set it on its way.

Three brilliant clarinetists join me on this journey – François Houle, Michael Winograd and James Falzone. I approached them with the idea at the very early stages, so there was still much space for things to shift and change. And indeed they did. Very quickly it became clear that this would be bigger than my initial 6-piece suite. It is, in fact, a true collaboration in which we all contribute compositions, arrangements and concepts, and develop our sound together as a band.

Working in this ensemble, having no rhythm section and no tempered instruments, we have to ‘hold each other’ at every moment with intonation, rhythm, dynamics... We alternate roles within each segment, at times accompanying, at times playing through-composed counterpoint, at times improvising, freely or on a set form.

Michael Winograd constructed the opening track “Alone” and the title track “Who Has Seen the Wind?” Their creation was a formative experience in our process. On an afternoon in early spring, in Vancouver, François and I met to start gathering ideas for the project. François brought selections of poetry that he has been collecting, including “Alone” by James Joyce. We used the poem as a basis for a duo improvisation. Of all the sketches and improvisations we played that day, that one felt strong and lasting. We sent the recording to Michael, who then over-dubbed two additional parts on top of our improvised composition. Michael’s new parts completed the piece and made it feel whole. He solidified the composition and charted it, setting in ink our spontaneous interpretation of Joyce’s poem.

Later that spring, in NYC, Michael and I recorded a duo improv session in his living room, during which we played several improvisations to Christina Rossetti’s poem. Unlike “Alone,” Michael did not use a full take as the basis for this composition. Instead, with musical scissors and glue, he made a collage based on fragments from our various attempts, then added sections and expansions, creating a new composition.

The suite of music I initially planned to compose is found between tracks 2 and 7. “Neither I nor You” is meant to throw you into the heart of the hurricane and immerse you in the sound of this very special band, in which each voice is distinct, yet often it becomes hard to distinguish one sound from another. “Trembling / Light” is actually a late addition to our set. François and I recorded this improvised composition as a duo, right after returning from our mutual friend Ken Pickering’s memorial service. I feel Ken’s spirit is captured in this track.

I composed the first draft of “Passing Through / Lament for Harry” shortly after my grandfather’s passing in 1998. Since his spirit is very much a part of this exploration for me, it felt right to include it here, with some expansions and changes, to fit this particular band.

Perhaps the most meaningful piece for me in this collection is “Neither You nor I / Conversation with Ora” (track 5). My dear friend Ora Boasson-Horev was a remarkable human – humble and sharp, with a piercing, dry sense of humour, and a one-of-a-kind musician whose aesthetic was recognizable from the first note she played. She and pianist Yitzhak Yedid directed my path to the New England Conservatory, where I met Michael and James. They were also the people who first introduced me to François when I moved to Vancouver in 2012. So in some ways Ora was one of the keys to the formation of this band years later. Ora was a ninja, fighting her brain cancer, mothering her two little daughters – the young one was in utero when Ora was diagnosed. She and her husband, guitarist extraordinaire Udi Horev, are truly an inspiration in how they have looked life in the face, with an understated, truthful nature. In “Neither You nor I” I transcribed her bass line and bass solo from an

arrangement that she, Udi and I wrote together of a song by Sascha Argov several years back. The original song, "מעבר לתכלת" / "Beyond the Blue," can be found on the collection *Masa Asphalt*, produced by the Israeli radio station Kol HaCampus. I based the composition on this transcription, paying homage to Ora and continuing our conversation through the breath of music.

Track 6, based on Forugh Farrokhzad's poem "The Wind Will Take Us" from Iran is painfully personal, and deeply reactive to the chaos we live in on the global level. From Japan, Mayumi Terada's beautiful, intimate poem (track 7) condenses the fully empty feeling of loss. My composition to her poem (which has no title) started to unfold in a trio with François and guitarist Itamar Erez but eventually found its true sound here.

James' suite of four songs follows (tracks 9-12). James created four minimalist compositions which held a lot of breathing space for the band to expand through improvisation. The compositions are settings of poetry by women poets of 9th and 11th century Japan. James drew inspiration for the titles from the chapter titles in the poetry collection *Just This* by Margaret Chula.

We conclude this set with a beautiful and gentle arrangement by François of "The Last Rose of Summer" by Tom Waits.

We'd like to dedicate this album to the memory of Ken Pickering and Ora Boasson-Horev, and to thank Tony Reif, Rainbow Robert, Cole Schmidt, Michael Bates, Udi Horev, Itamar Erez, Gil Ruvio, Jeanie Lovetri and Margaret Chula for their part in the formation of this band and this music. May it live a long and fruitful life.

Ayelet Rose Gottlieb
Montreal, January 2019

Alone

James Joyce

The noon's greygolden meshes make
All night a veil,
The shorelamps in the sleeping lake
Laburnum tendrils trail.

The sly reeds whisper to the night
A name—her name—
And all my soul is a delight,
A swoon of shame.

Light

Richard Jeffrey Newman

In the dream, my life was smoke: I couldn't breathe.
So I ran, unwrapping myself down the beach
till your skin, the ocean, lapped at my knees.
I dove in. Your voice was a current,
a melody gathering words to itself
for us to sing, and we sang them,
and they swirled around us, iridescent fish
bringing light to the world you were for me;

and then I was water, a river
washing the night from your flesh,
and I cradled your body rising in me
till you were clean, glowing,
and when you surfaced, glistening,
there was not an inch of you I didn't cling to.

The Wind Will Take Us

Forugh Farrokhzad

In my small night, ah
the wind has a date with the leaves of the trees
in my small night, there is agony of destruction
listen
do you hear the darkness blowing?
I look upon this bliss as a stranger
I am addicted to my despair.

listen do you hear the darkness blowing?
something is passing in the night
the moon is restless and red
and over this rooftop
where crumbling is a constant fear
clouds, like a procession of mourners
seem to be waiting for the moment of rain.
a moment
and then nothing
night shudders beyond this window
and the earth winds to a halt
beyond this window
something unknown is watching you and me.

O green from head to foot
place your hands like a burning memory
in my loving hands
give your lips to the caresses
of my loving lips
like the warm perception of being
the wind will take us
the wind will take us.

Mayumi Terada

His body temperature still remains
I am fascinated with the shape of tears
I found three copies of the same book on the shelf
The secret self he left behind belongs to nowhere
The smell of his body hanging around the desk
White ashes are not placed in memory

πενεσμα

گردباد

Who Has Seen the Wind?

Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you.
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I.
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.



רוח

Wakened by the Scent

Izumi Shikibu

Wakened by the scent
of flowering plum . . .
The darkness
of the spring night
fills me with longing.

Who Can Say What Loneliness Is

Izumi Shikibu

Which is better
the distant lover
you long for
or the one you see daily
without desire?

Ruined House

Izumi Shikibu

Although the wind
blows terribly here,
the moonlight also leaks
between the roof planks
of this ruined house.

This Pine Tree

Ono no Komachi

This pine tree by the rock
Must have its memories too:
after a thousand years,
see how the branches
lean towards the ground.

The Last Rose of Summer

Tom Waits

I love the way
The tattered clouds
Blow winds across the sky

As summer goes
And leaves me
With a tear in my eye

I'm taking out my winter clothes
My garden knows what's wrong
The petals of my favorite rose
In shadows dark and long

Through every year
It's very clear
I should be carrying on
But I can be found
In the garden
Singing this song

When the last
Rose of summer is gone



Credits

“Alone” by James Joyce, from *Pomes Penyeach* (Shakespeare and Company, Paris, 1927)

Music: Michael Winograd, François Houle & Ayelet Rose Gottlieb

“Trembling / Light”

“Light” by Richard Jeffrey Newman, from *The Silence of Men* (CavanKerry Press, Fort Lee, N.J., 2006)

Music: Ayelet Rose Gottlieb & François Houle

“Bow Down / The Wind Will Take Us”

“The Wind Will Take Us” by Forugh Farrokhzad, translated by Ahmad Karimi-Hakkak (*The Persian Book Review*, vol. III, no. 12)

Music: Ayelet Rose Gottlieb

“Passing By / The Shape of Tears”

Untitled poem by Mayumi Terada, from *In the Bright Room* (Kyuryudo Art Publishing Co., Tokyo, 2003)

Music: Ayelet Rose Gottlieb

“Who Has Seen the Wind?” by Christina Rossetti, from *Poems* (Everyman’s Library Pocket Poets Series, 1993)

Music: Michael Winograd

“Wakened by the Scent,” “Who Can Say What Loneliness Is,” and “Ruined House” by Izumi Shikibu, and “This Pine Tree” by Ono no Komachi, translated by Jane Hirshfield with Mariko Aratani, from *The Ink Dark Moon: Love Poems by Ono no Komachi and Izumi Shikibu, Women of the Ancient Court of Japan* (Scribner, New York, 1988), used by permission of Jane Hirshfield, all rights reserved

Music: James Falzone

“The Last Rose of Summer” by Tom Waits, from *The Black Rider* (Island Records, 1993)

Music arranged by François Houle

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