

ALBUM REVIEW

# As I Breathe

OLIVIA VAN DORT - YOGA TEACHER

To hear a fresh wind blow through willing trees is simple and potent music. To then add the rich enchantment of a present and full listening musician is to bring closer the medicine of wind and tree to a human heart. To blow his breathe through the wood bones of a flute is to tell musical story that our spirit remembers, skips, dances and aches to get close to.

When the musician can create a flute with his body and being, and allow himself to be blown through, becoming his instruments instrument, then portals open, gateways are created, structural and energetic repatterning is woven through us, as the notes themselves weave through the air.

When music medicine like this is created it is greeted at the deepest level of the heart and cellular level. As it becomes worn and familiar, an old friend, it becomes all the more cherished. Having accompanied us on many human journeying adventures.

Now discovered this music is my close companion. To cry to, to dance to. To rest in, to make love to. To cultivate pockets of purest human appreciation in another's gift, recognition and sharing. To become lost to and find myself in. Thank you that music like this is dreamed and woven into being. I am so grateful to this new friend, I know we'll share many moments together. By showing me your life I let you into mine. Thank you Adrian and friends for the beauty you've captured.

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PAUL TERRELL - THE SCHOOL OF INVERSION THERAPY

Listening for the first time to the first track, Clarity, I feel gently but firmly stripped of pretty much everything I would call "myself" and am left alone, as though on a desert island being personally serenaded with a message that, "all is well".

Listening to the second track, Lake, still on the desert island, I force my mind to analyse the composition, a simple piece of slow progressions and unlikely intervals and harmonies that strike me suddenly as complex and unfathomable bringing on the feeling that I am being manipulated by a Zen master with his paradoxes and koans.

Stillness, the third track, strips away what was left of me and there is just sound, no pictures, no, "other". I recommend listening to this album lying down, in the dark, in a sound insulated room with great earphones or hifi. I am in a hotel lobby.

The mood of the fourth track, Sweet Avre, takes me instantly away from the desert island into flying over soft landscapes, and no longer alone.

This felt like the beginning of a pilgrimage, on the way but not towards, just on the way.

With the fifth track, Call to Prayer I experienced a zen moment of serendipity as, being in the centre of Dubai, the adhan or Muslim call to prayer began simultaneously.

Now I am up at the computer googling the name of the next track, Hafra, and finding not one single reference to this arrangement of letters! How is that possible? The music is clearly the work of a snake charmer and I am in a woven basket dancing for the crowd in a trance.

Grasping for something to hold onto I again googled the title of the next track, Hana-Ori, and was delighted to discover that in Japanese it means "flower weave" and refers to a type of complex double-faced weft-float silk weaving typical for Shuri, the capital city at the time of the Ryukyu Kingdom. Now wafted back in time to a period of highly complex and accomplished decorative and other art forms I touch up against the structure of the piece and feel myself being reassembled, dressed in silk robes. But it does not last long.

As its name suggests, the next track, Depth, removes the floor and leaves me falling helplessly into the void, again. At this point I would like to assure you that I have taken no artificial stimulants of any kind, OK a coffee. I have not finished listening and I can say that this is the most psychedelic/zen album I have ever listened to. At this point the music does not just let me fall, it positively pushes me down to the bottom, and beyond, relentlessly. It feels like an incredibly long piece but it is in fact just over six minutes, time has nearly stopped apparently.

Phew, at last, a rest from the battering. Peace Mother a track I can lay my head upon its breast and rest. Caressed by this ephemeral female voice whispering lullaby nothings in my ear. This now does go on forever as I have, quite by chance, managed to hit the loop button on my player when I started the track.

Grasslands, the last track, finds me back on the island, alone and knowing all is well despite the tumultuous multidimensional and surreal journey I have been on.

To attempt to write about the music in terms of style, technique or composition would, for me, be missing the point entirely. The musicianship is masterly but it is its ability to strip away separation and transport the mind and sensibilities to places of pure beauty and, dare I use the word, awe, meant that critical thinking and analysis have been impossible and, I feel, irrelevant. I have now listened to the album several times and I am a helpless captive every time.