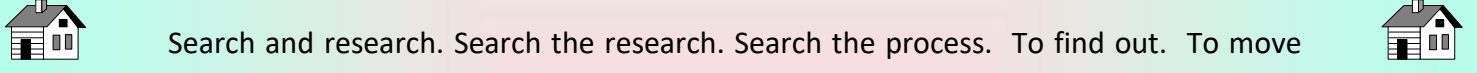
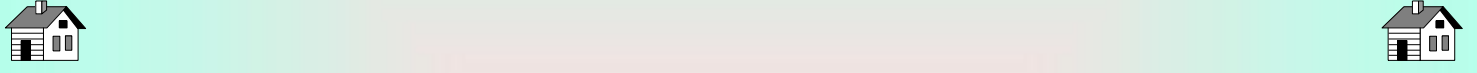
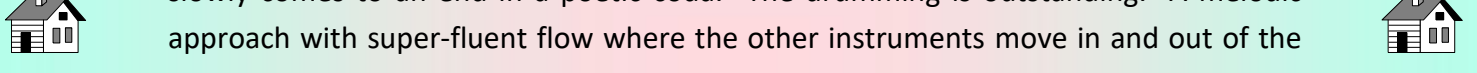
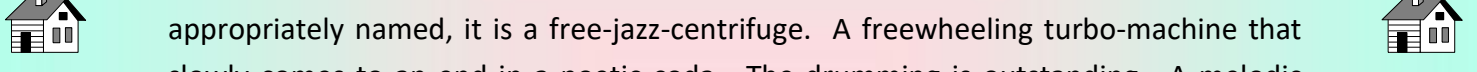
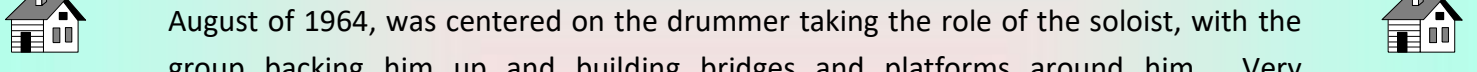
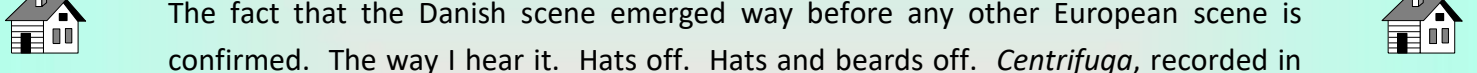
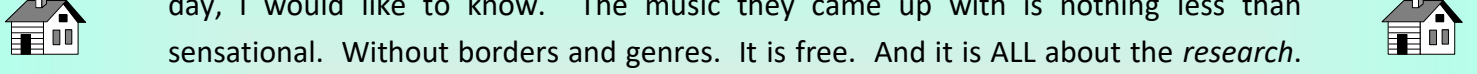
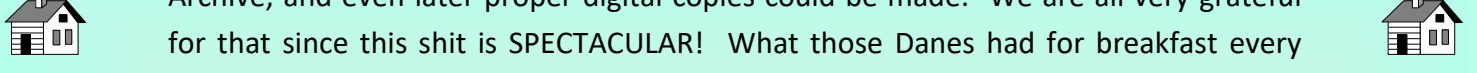
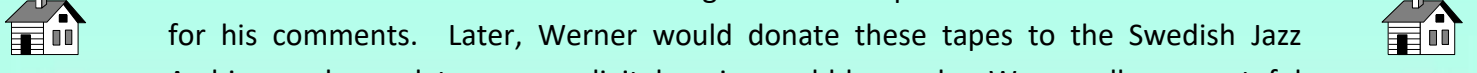
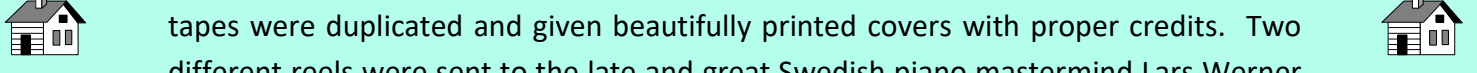
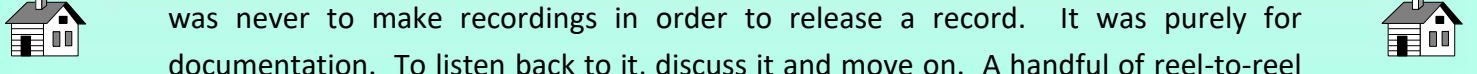
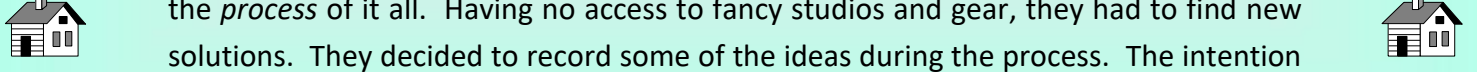
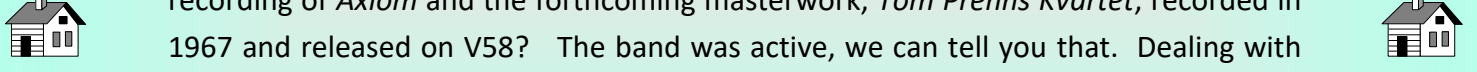
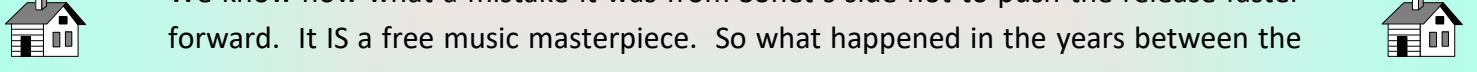
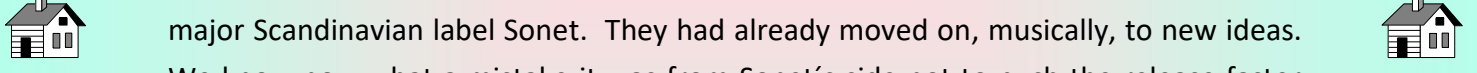
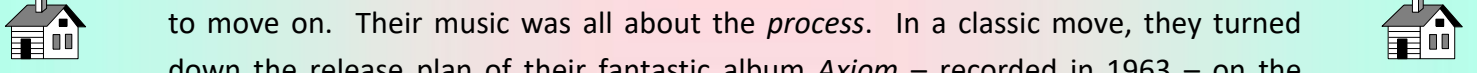
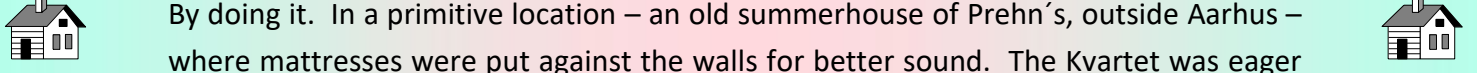
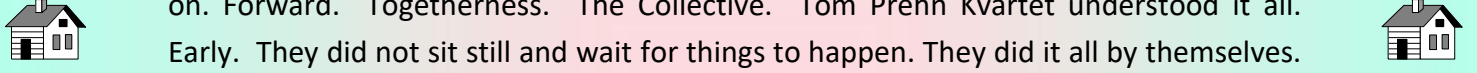
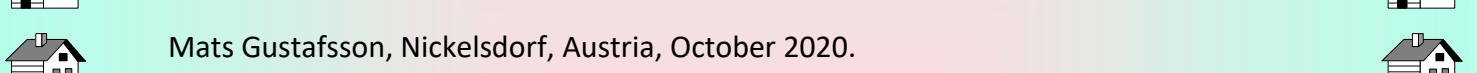
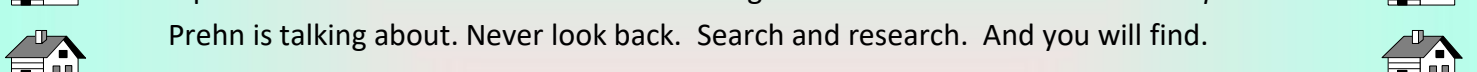
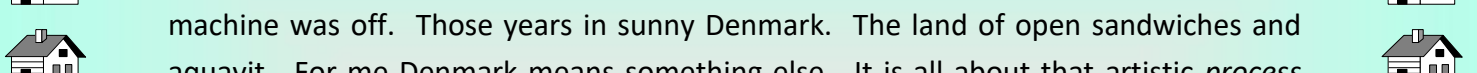
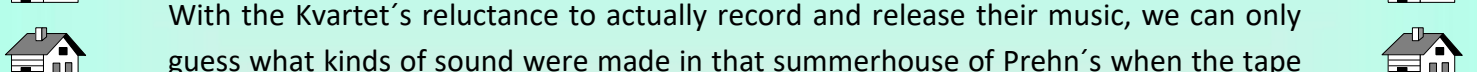
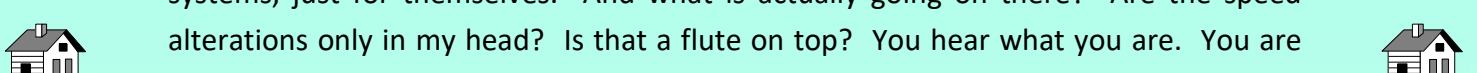
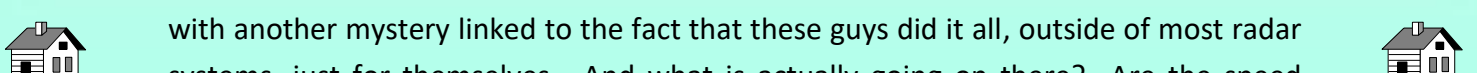
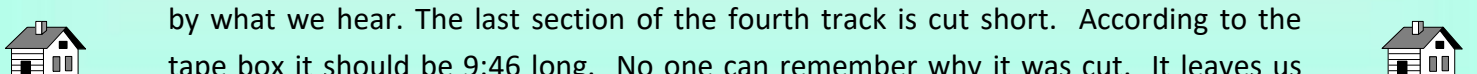
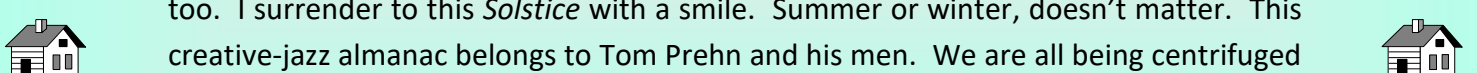
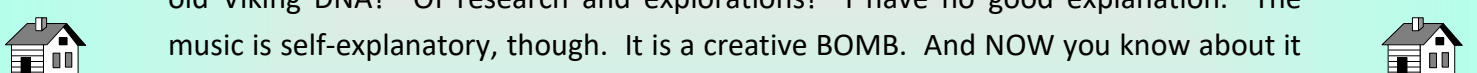
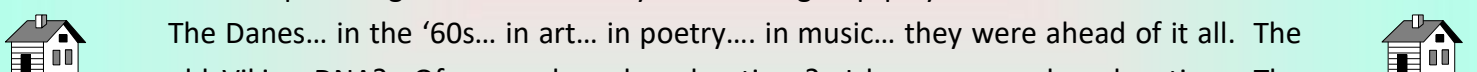
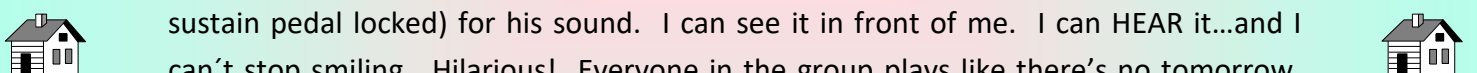
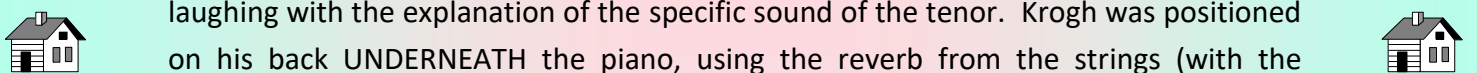
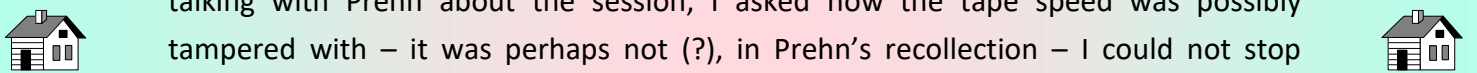
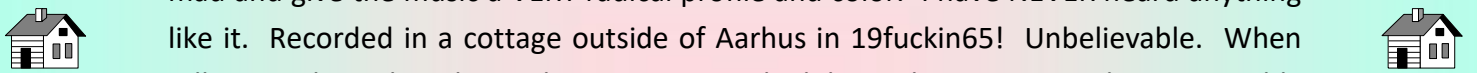
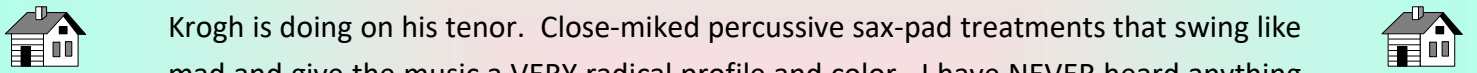
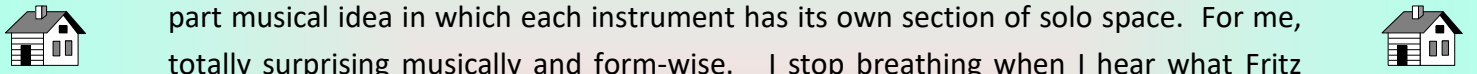
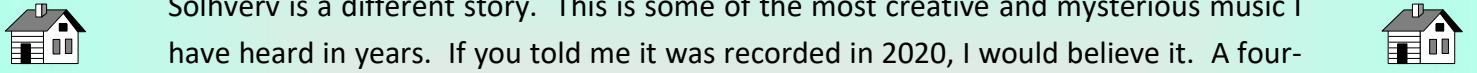


CENTRIFUGAL SOLSTICE



Search and research. Search the research. Search the process. To find out. To move on. Forward. Togetherness. The Collective. Tom Prehn Kvartet understood it all. Early. They did not sit still and wait for things to happen. They did it all by themselves. By doing it. In a primitive location – an old summerhouse of Prehn’s, outside Aarhus – where mattresses were put against the walls for better sound. The Kvartet was eager to move on. Their music was all about the *process*. In a classic move, they turned down the release plan of their fantastic album *Axiom* – recorded in 1963 – on the major Scandinavian label Sonet. They had already moved on, musically, to new ideas. We know now what a mistake it was from Sonet’s side not to push the release faster forward. It IS a free music masterpiece. So what happened in the years between the recording of *Axiom* and the forthcoming masterwork, *Tom Prehns Kvartet*, recorded in 1967 and released on V58? The band was active, we can tell you that. Dealing with the *process* of it all. Having no access to fancy studios and gear, they had to find new solutions. They decided to record some of the ideas during the process. The intention was never to make recordings in order to release a record. It was purely for documentation. To listen back to it, discuss it and move on. A handful of reel-to-reel tapes were duplicated and given beautifully printed covers with proper credits. Two different reels were sent to the late and great Swedish piano mastermind Lars Werner for his comments. Later, Werner would donate these tapes to the Swedish Jazz Archive, and even later proper digital copies could be made. We are all very grateful for that since this shit is SPECTACULAR! What those Danes had for breakfast every day, I would like to know. The music they came up with is nothing less than sensational. Without borders and genres. It is free. And it is ALL about the *research*. The fact that the Danish scene emerged way before any other European scene is confirmed. The way I hear it. Hats off. Hats and beards off. *Centrifuga*, recorded in August of 1964, was centered on the drummer taking the role of the soloist, with the group backing him up and building bridges and platforms around him. Very appropriately named, it is a free-jazz-centrifuge. A freewheeling turbo-machine that slowly comes to an end in a poetic coda. The drumming is outstanding. A melodic approach with super-fluent flow where the other instruments move in and out of the eye of the hurricane.





Solhverv is a different story. This is some of the most creative and mysterious music I have heard in years. If you told me it was recorded in 2020, I would believe it. A four-part musical idea in which each instrument has its own section of solo space. For me, totally surprising musically and form-wise. I stop breathing when I hear what Fritz Krogh is doing on his tenor. Close-miked percussive sax-pad treatments that swing like mad and give the music a VERY radical profile and color. I have NEVER heard anything like it. Recorded in a cottage outside of Aarhus in 19fuckin65! Unbelievable. When talking with Prehn about the session, I asked how the tape speed was possibly tampered with – it was perhaps not (?), in Prehn’s recollection – I could not stop laughing with the explanation of the specific sound of the tenor. Krogh was positioned on his back UNDERNEATH the piano, using the reverb from the strings (with the sustain pedal locked) for his sound. I can see it in front of me. I can HEAR it...and I can’t stop smiling. Hilarious! Everyone in the group plays like there’s no tomorrow. The Danes... in the ‘60s... in art... in poetry.... in music... they were ahead of it all. The old Viking DNA? Of research and explorations? I have no good explanation. The music is self-explanatory, though. It is a creative BOMB. And NOW you know about it too. I surrender to this *Solstice* with a smile. Summer or winter, doesn’t matter. This creative-jazz almanac belongs to Tom Prehn and his men. We are all being centrifuged by what we hear. The last section of the fourth track is cut short. According to the tape box it should be 9:46 long. No one can remember why it was cut. It leaves us with another mystery linked to the fact that these guys did it all, outside of most radar systems, just for themselves. And what is actually going on there? Are the speed alterations only in my head? Is that a flute on top? You hear what you are. You are what you hear.

With the Kwartet’s reluctance to actually record and release their music, we can only guess what kinds of sound were made in that summerhouse of Prehn’s when the tape machine was off. Those years in sunny Denmark. The land of open sandwiches and aquavit. For me Denmark means something else. It is all about that artistic *process* Prehn is talking about. Never look back. Search and research. And you will find.

Mats Gustafsson, Nickelsdorf, Austria, October 2020.

