

*Review by Ralf Christensen in "Information"*

Locations.

That is where we come from. This is where we operate. They turn into our culture. They shape our social interaction. The color the records, we hear.

Lars Greve's debut album, *Breidablik*, recorded on the home region in western Jutland in collaboration with producer Aske Zidore in Jutland, and there is a wealth of ambience at stake when Greve blowing is his saxophones and clarinets on the beach as well as a 25 meter deep elevator shaft inside in a wind turbine.

*Breidablik* is one of those record where the listener needs to invest herself. It can be called contemplation. In any case, the opportunity to experience music as something else than decoration and entertainment. Music as a personal experience of something else, maybe something mysterious behind it, maybe just biological marvelous, far beyond the social turmoil where we otherwise tend to experience music. Music as a tonally visual poem, an interpretation spaces, where the listener is his own compass. An aesthetic pleasure without mythological or biographical superstructures.

But let us still get the biographical in place. Lars Greve was born 1983 He plays saxophone and clarinet and graduated as a soloist from the Rhythmic Music Conservatory in Copenhagen last year. Award winning and a member of the brilliant jazz band *Girls in Airports*. He has played with a host of exciting musicians - from Kresten Osgood of *Zeena Parkins* to *Quadron* - and several excellent records. In many cases, a clear movement outside of the established order, often in the exploration of mixing ratio between jazz and sheet music.

Like a bird in the primeval forest

Let's put all that behind us and for a while just enjoy *Breidablik*. Forget the genres, they are dissolved here. Forget the biography, they will just stand in the way of diving into the sound. Forget your updates, release the brake and slide into the slightly hazy, discreet wondrous compositions. Shock from the land of the album's droning opening, enjoy how Greve leaves several exhalations overlay each other in beautifully interlacing floating tones. Enjoy how the album mutates into an undulating and shimmering pattern made of several woodwinds, where one senses the natural magic number and talk. The wind whistles in competition with Greves exhalations. Watery sounds plops around, as if he had been hunting with a microphone in a fishing boat. A saxophone sounds like a bird somewhere in the primeval forest while blowing noise of the nozzle wooden reed seem to create the illusion of a canoe, which is drawn across the country. Something opens your mind, a world far larger than the skull size allows.

All sounds allegedly come from Greves saxophones and clarinets, which are constantly niggled into new meanings out of an abundance of acoustic situations. One could point to Philip Glass, Brian Eno, Jan Garbarek and probably a host of names from the jazz world, which I am not competent enough to spot. But I am competent enough to hear that *Breidablik* is a very special acquaintance in Danish music. It's not music that attempts to influence the listener - it is the musician who is affected by all that music can reveal. And it is a highly infectious and dramatically rewarding Impressionism.