

Torben Ulrich & Søren Kjærgaard

Alphabet, Peaceful, Diminished: 29 Proposals from the Towers of Babble

*It don't mean a thing
And it ain't got that swing*

Yes, we begin with the above, letting 'if' become an 'and'.

But that means beginning with paying our first and deep respects to the music of Duke Ellington and Bubber Miley, the latter, we're told, being the source of this dictum.

The original statement may of course have been code for a manifold of meanings right from the start, 1930 or so. And for us Europeans it has been a cardinal question from its first appearance, in print, in song, on record, or otherwise: how to live up to that, could we ever live up to that, really?

So it happened that the two of us were on the road together a couple of years ago, touring in Denmark behind the album called Suddenly, Sound. And one night we came to the delightful town of Svendborg, on the island of Fyn, where we had both played before, for the older of us going as far back as the early 1950s. And down a ways from the stage, where others were now sitting, there was a good man, still standing, and he may well have been there already in that first visit, who shouted up to us, and presumably to everybody, loud and clear: "Det swinger jo ikke en skid, mand." Which, if we were to translate it, would amount to something like "doesn't swing a fuckin' bit, man" or "doesn't swing shit."

He was right, of course. And what could we do about it? He was disappointed, of course. And we were sorry. And, he had been there before, we had been there before: was this time different? Of course. But different, really?

Let us pause there for a moment. And pay our respects again, to Bechet and Armstrong, and remembering their city, and its songs, say, "Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans?" And, while knowing that song, if we ask ourselves that very question, sing that question to ourselves, the answer would have to be: no, we don't.

Unless, in a turn, we heard it differently, shifting into another meaning of missing: being off the mark, failing to hit, not being there, not caught, not heard, not getting it, not seeing, not sensing, unnoticed, something escaping, something gone, and so on. Now what would we answer?

Meaning. The meaning of missing, the missing of meaning.

On the road, driving between cities, you talk about things like that. Last night, were we able to say it, to get it across? Were the people hearing it? Would they ever want you back? And if they would, how could it be done differently: thematically, instrumentally, acoustically? And should another album be done, if you were to tour again? You talk about things like that. And maybe you listen to tapes you brought. Or you bring up, again, Ellington, Schoenberg, Webern, Lateef, Feldman, Bud Powell, Lou Reed, and Hausmann, Schwitters, the dadaists, merz, merzbau, merzlicht. Or maybe it's Kierkegaard, his moment, fear and trembling, the concept of irony, repetition. And if we were to do it again, to make another album, what would that be?

Starting out on the Suddenly Sound tour, after Copenhagen, but right before Svendborg, we had been in Odense, also one night meeting there with students of the Conservatory. And TU had been trying to explain a little about the title of the album, the Armenian teacher Gurdjieff's way of shouting things to a sudden halt, stopping one's habitua

train of motion, its freezing as well as its subsequent freeing up. And SK was sitting at the grand piano, finding clusters of notes, talking of ways to approach them, physically, with the whole body, speaking of spaciality and gravity as well; and then also approaching the ways of Brother Yusef Lateef, whom, in a summer seminar given in 2008 in the Danish village of Vrå, he had at first seen writing a C7 dominant scale on the blackboard, and then how, after

"... about two hours everybody was looking cross-eyed into the dotted chaos (*virvar*) on the blackboard, where Brother Yusef was now writing 12-tone compositions, explaining about clustronics, hexatonics, tone rows, the triple diminished concept, orchestral scoring, and connecting it to music cultures, the lineage of blues and jazz, to language and linguistics, all leveling off from a C7 dominant scale.

... He also talked about creating triple diminished 12-tone lines that, within the traditional Western tonalities and harmonic forms, would resonate differently, askew, somehow cutting across and opening up the familiar sound of, say, a C7 chord or a blues form. I strongly remember how he played a blues improvisation on the flute, all by himself, for about fifteen minutes, spinning all these beautiful lines while at the same time singing out the spirit of the blues.

... Throughout that week Brother Yusef gave us compositional assignments, partly working with the triple diminished concept as a means to create 12-tone rows and to widen our compositional scope.

... In the months following Vrå, I sat with the triple diminished system, realizing as with probably any system, the challenge is to both become akin with it (to become fluent within it) and at same time to keep it a mystery, preserving an intuitive sense when navigating within it. Not to further systematize the system, but to open it up, creatively and playfully. And maybe in the end, to leap beyond the theorized subdivisions of functionality and non-functionality, not dualising between diminished or non-diminished, 12-tonal or diatonal, but to play within the whole sonority of the well-tempered tonal universe."

While SK was up on a kind of wide stage in Odense, reminiscing at the piano, laying out clusters of sound relating to those diminished approaches and developing the lines laid out by Lateef in those summer days of 2008, TU had been sitting down in the rows with the students, listening, but also thinking back of his own precious moments with Yusef Lateef. And he had been struck with how some of his own encounters with Brother Lateef related to the themes of the Suddenly Sound tour itself: the very sound aspect, with a capital S, the listening to the singularity of each note or line, and the listening into its roots, rather than trying to establish, confirm or refute a certain categorical placement, of where it would fit, in a catalog of possibilities, maybe this style, maybe that style etc. And then there was the link to the more particular Gurdjieff aspect of the Suddenly Sound album, the Gurdjieff method of suddenly calling things to a halt and asking the students to look into their bodily position at that very moment, observing their habitual anchorings etc.

And as he was sitting there going back in time himself, TU remembered

"... how many, many years ago Lateef had come out to our house in Copenhagen; and up in my room where we were listening to music, on LPs, there was a writing desk, with a bamboo flute on the top of it, that I had gotten years earlier on a (ball)playing exhibition tour in Tunisia, but nobody had been able, even patiently trying, to get a single note out of it. And perhaps over time it had become a bit of a test. And, of course, when Brother Yusef picked it up, carefully, and brought it to his lips: Suddenly, Sound."

Another occasion, which had taken place much more recently, occurred on the American West Coast, in Seattle, where Yusef Lateef had come to play a concert and

"... after it was over, Molly and I waited around, with some other people, to pay our respects. We were down below the stage, but not backstage, since Lateef was still engaged in conversation on the bandstand. When we saw that he was walking alone toward the side of the stage, presumably to pack his horns where his instrument cases were stacked, we crawled up on stage to greet him. After we embraced, he looked as if he was going back his flute, but turned to me and asked if I would hold it. And I said sure, and of course I felt it was an honor to hold Lateef's flute, still warm. And he walked away, evidently to talk to some other people at the other side of the stage. And we were there, with the cases, me holding his flute. And the minutes would turn to ten, and to twenty, and to twenty-five, and it was still relatively easy to hold Lateef's flute, horizontally, carefully, standing firm, both hands, palms under the flute, paying attention, breathing. And as we were coming toward the forty-minute mark, I was turning toward Molly, thinking of Gurdjieff and his methods, of stopping, seeing, feeling, checking your habits etc. And I thought: maybe if the good people will invite Lateef out for dinner, we may well be here 'till morning, holding..."

And so here we were, in Odense, and soon on the way to Svendborg and, as it were: sharing precious schoolings from Brother Lateef. And the tour would take us around Denmark, and in between evenings of trying to articulate our theme, the oncoming sound of interplay, we were on the road, in the car, with hours to talk about breathing, about the listening to breathing, about last night's meal, the delicious riches of a seasonal red roe (rhyming with row as in tone row), or the state of Danish soccer, or Morton Feldman talking about Schoenberg:

"Listen, I just reread the harmony book of Schoenberg. And he's a great, great teacher and he's one of the greatest composers of all time. I don't think that he had a feeling for harmony. If Schoenberg was studying with me, I'd say, 'Arnold, you are going to be hitting your head against the wall. I don't like your feeling for harmony. Now if you really want to get that interested in Schenker, go ahead, but I don't know, Arnold, you've got problems.' So, in a sense you could say that about anybody. Cage opened up the door to a vast world, willy-nilly."¹

And then, since we had talked about Schwitters and the dada people and the fluxus people, and how some people would say that Schwitters was not dada, really, really, and how his merz-stuff was something else, we were saying, in between towns, that whatever his Ur-sonate was, like Feldman talking about Schoenberg, it was a great, great teaching.

And even if of course we were sitting there in the car, not having the exact quotes ready, we would hone in a bit on what something was or what something really wasn't, all the while half-trying to recall and half muddling it up with doses of laughter; let's say, how, according to Feldman again, he had brought in, besides Cage, Stefan Wolpe and David Tudor; and how he was at this first performance

"... in Woodstock in New York in a beautiful theatre. And it was beautiful. And even all the kinds of artists at that time in Woodstock were from another environment. They were representational artists. They didn't buy any avant-garde schtick. They liked the experience very much. It was like taking a photograph of something that they ordinarily wouldn't focus on, opening up a window to something. And what he really did for the first time, just framed in a formal way the environment. And it was not Dada. It was collage. His multi-radio piece, which is dedicated to me actually, was not Dada. It was a collage of various sound sources, *beautifully* notated in terms of possibilities of filigree of what thing could happen. And just in using the kind of fortuitous element of *the known* parameters, there's not unknown. In this kind of music you're going to hear jazz, you're going to hear this, you're going to hear static, you're going to hear the dial turn. This was all calculated into the orchestration of something like that. Stefan thought of these things as Dada aspects, and they weren't that. Stefan was not the only one. Everyone thought of it as that. I never thought of it as Dada. ..."²

So now that we know what a collage might be, do we know what it means: to miss dada? Here's what Schwitter's friend Hans Richter wrote:

"Dada manifesto 1918: Dada means nothing...thought is produced in the mouth. Art falls asleep...'ART' a parrot word – replaced by Dada... Art needs an operation. Art is a pretension, warmed by the diffidence of the urinary tract, hysteria born in a studio. These negative rejections of Dada arose from the rejection of what was needed to be rejected. This rejection arose from a desire for intellectual and spiritual freedom...thus we let sense escape into the realm of nonsense. Ball's idea of the *Gesamtkunstwerk* played a part in this; the interplay of the different arts was maintained in all our activities."³

And Hugo Ball himself had written, in his diary in 1917:

"The next step is for poetry to discard language as painting has discarded the object".⁴

And later Ball had been saying (still in a printed translation from the German):

“... in these phonetic poems we want to abandon a language ravaged and laid bare by journalism. We must return to the deepest alchemy of the Word and leave even that behind us, in order to keep safe for poetry its holiest sanctuary.”⁵

These lines are by now, in their various translated versions, considered pretty classical statements, quoted whenever a terse formulation needed to be laid down. And from the point of view of language used, in terms of confrontation, an even sharper delineation was perhaps articulated by another member of the group, Hans Arp, said to be a major influence on Schwitters:

“Dada aimed to destroy the reasonable deceptions of man and recover the natural and un-reasonable order...That is why we pounded with all our might on the big drum of dada and trumpeted the praises of unreason...Dada is for the senseless, which does not mean non-sense. Dada is senseless like nature. Dada is for nature and against art. Dada is direct like nature. Dada is for infinite sense and definite means.”⁶

And Richard Huelsenbeck, in his *Memoirs of a dada Drummer*, takes the side-taking and impermanence all the way back to the Greek rivers:

“What the critics did not see was dada’s love of vitality and its love of life. Life, as the original dada held...cannot be lived on the expectation of the permanent. The dadaist sides with Heraclitus against Parmenides. He began doing so long before Zen became fashionable; he sees life as change and motion.”⁷

Already before sitting in the car, before the tour, before the road, the two of us had talked about the way of that language, its tone, the way it was still grounded, still argued in very dualistic terms, for and against, nature and art, Heraclitus and Parmenides etc. Was there a way for meaning to be less strident, still intense?

Whatever the tone around the work itself, we had treasured it, both of us: The Ur-sonate. TU had known it for a long, long time. And he had thought that maybe some day that approach, the asemic way of saying things, should be taken up, tried, explored, within a setting different from Kurt Schwitters in his great singularity: within an improvisational *interplay*, flowing, yet rigorous, varied, yet within its own structures, whatever the vocal meaning emerging from its non-meaningness.

Well known would be the climate or the history of the beginnings of the Sonate, explained in an article in 1927 by Schwitters himself, how he had

“... borrowed from a poem by Raoul Hausmann which was written down as follows

F M S B W T C U
P G G F
M U

and, as far as I’m aware, was originally nothing more than a type sample for a selection of fonts. With great imagination Hausmann made it into a performance.”⁸

Four years earlier, in a piece for Richter’s magazine ‘G’, Schwitters had already spelled out the core setting and its challenging, always open circumference:

“... sound is only unequivocal in the spoken, not in the written word. Sound poetry is only consistent with logic when it is created in actual performance and not written down. A strict distinction must be drawn between the writing and the reciting of poetry. To the reciter, written poetry is merely raw material. It makes no difference to him whether his raw material is poetry or not. It is possible to speak the alphabet, which is purely functional in its origins, in such a way that the result is a work of art. A lot could be written about the speaking of poetry.”⁹

Again, here we are, spring of 2009, up and down the road in Denmark, with the contours of all these words more or less in our stomachs, in the car, now Wardell Gray and Al Haig have just finished their wonderful versions of *Stoned*, of *Twisted*, of *Matter And Mind*; and this is pretty exact now: up comes, right there, the question of another record, another tour. How about it? Any ideas?

How suddenly is ‘suddenly’, really, when it comes down to it? In any case, up came right there this possibility of a convergence of two fields, two approaches: a little simplified we might call them atonal & asemic play (even if Schoenberg furiously dismissed the first term); or we might say, as a way of dedication, the aspiring to an interweaving of Lateef & Schwitters (even if they would both beg to be left out of any involvement with such a possible project). In any case here we are, several seasons later, summer of 2010, with an album and a tour planned for September, *Alphabet, peaceful, diminished: 29 proposals from the towers of babble*.

Babble meaning missing meaning. With a spelling different from Babel, the tower.

Do we know what it means, if it ain’t got that swing? Do we know what it means, if it misses what it means?

29 proposals etc. Can we concretize a moment, give at least an indication of what that album title tries to say? Well, let’s take it word for word, a short run. Alphabet itself should be clear enough; in English it has 26 letters, in Danish there are an extra three vowels, æ, ø, å, that we thought would be right to take along. And we said, if we have 29 letters in play, let’s make 29 tracks. And if we have 29 tracks, we have the interplay of 29 vocal units and 12 tonal units given 29 arcs or shapes or rows. And we said, if there are 29 letters, and they are in a strict row, in other words not repeatable within the row, horizontally, what would a random order look like? And to stay close to the sudden, we printed the first sequence that came up.

But since we also felt it would be right not to be confined to the non-repeatable, we also said, okay, let’s have 29

sequences where repetition is allowed. And we printed the first version that came up.

And we thought our space should be in between those two ways.

After the word alphabet comes peaceful. It means peaceful, not in the sense of being the other side of war, the opposite of war, war and peace, two states of being, two ways of relating, of having that choice, even reluctantly. Here peaceful means more something like peacefulness as such, an aspiration, ongoingly, toward a zero state of violence, not abandoning fire, intensity, the explosive.

The next word, diminished, relates first and foremost to the musical ways we have already talked about, the diminished chord etc. It also serves here as a kind of extension of the previous idea of peaceful, where peaceful grows quieter, less assertive, rather than broader, boastful, becoming self-virtuous. Maybe David Michael Levin can help us here, where in *The Pathologies of the Modern Self* he writes:

“At the very heart of the ego’s culture of narcissism, we will always find a painful relationship to power: a self-destructive relationship to matters of strength, energy, effectiveness, potency, vitality, authority, independence, mastery, control, domination, stature, status, superiority, esteem, recognition, achievement, performance, glory, success, demonstration.”¹⁰

The way the above two meanings of ‘diminished’ intertwine, the musical and the social, may perhaps be seen from some notes SK had made when each of us prepared for these liner notes:

“Johan Sebastian Bach’s canonized work *‘The Well-Tempered Clavier’* (WTC) partly founded the wider use of the well-tempered tuning system, in which the inherent 12 chromatic notes were ‘tamed’ or temperamentally mannered, partly by bending or diminishing their natural overtones, so that all 12 notes could interrelate harmonically ‘in tune’ in any of the 12 key centres. This enharmonic (over)tonal democracy was greeted by Bach with the WTC in two volumes, dating from 1722 and 1744, each compiling a cycle of preludes and fugues going through all 12 major and minor keys. It is needless to further elucidate (*belyse*) the historic importance and weight of this work, other than perhaps quoting the 19th-century German conductor and pianist, Hans von Bülow: ‘The Well-Tempered Clavier is the Old Testament, the Beethoven sonatas are the New Testament. We must believe in both.’ ”¹¹

And to stay within a central European (Germanic) context, a lineage of (great, great) Romantic composers encompassing the 12 key centres developed an ever-denser harmonic language, and as Arnold Schoenberg and his contemporaries came along in the early 20th century, the whole thing kind of exploded. Schoenberg, who founded The Second Viennese School (further developed by his pupils Alban Berg and Anton Webern), created a 12-tone technique, where the notes were liberated in a system free of any key centre and harmonic functionality. A system where each note had equal value, within a new tonal democracy.”

So, in the sense that we talked about ‘diminished’ being perhaps an expansion of ‘peaceful’, in the way of not want-

ing to claim a certain territory, we might say that the word coming after 29, proposals, would be a kind of continuity of that mode, at the same time a lessening and an opening up: something not written in stone, more of a directive, possibly taking off in multiple manners, a starting point, again quoting SK:

“When TU, somewhere on the road in eastern Jutland during our Suddenly Sound tour, proposed the idea of making A.P.D., partly taking off from Brother Yusef’s teachings, he also gave these ideas a new compositional dimension: the proposals...”

Where nowadays one often encounters a distinct division between written and improvised music, the playing may also tend towards either being on the page, following the score, the written notes, dynamics etc., or being off the page, improvising, perhaps listening in another way, perhaps searching for the next place to enter on the page again, still trying to be aware in the present.

The proposals to me is a way of intertwining those two fields, or two kinds of attention, into one state of being, musically.

Since the recording session was the performative take-off point, most of the work was put into preparing the proposals, creating the tone rows as a ground material. At first the linear possibilities inspired new melodies, and after a while, chordal textures and clusters within the rows began to appear, further inspiring new chord rows. All this was part of becoming familiar with the 12-tone tonality, or diminished non-tonality, so that when the proposals were written, still taking off from Brother Yusef’s teachings, they would be naturally born within this ‘system’. The performative moment would then leap off from there in a space, to quote TU: ‘where learning and unlearning would come together’.”¹²

Again, the title talks of 29 proposals, from the towers, ending on s, multiple towers rather than the single ancient one. On the pages here you can see how we visualized various sets of five towers (corresponding to the five elements on the first album) containing the 29 letters, six letters in each of four towers, but only five letters in the first tower, leaving space for zero, nil, the empty, the unsaid, the open from which sound and language emerge or come to silence...

As a possibility for an epilogue, TU proposed that we used a couple of lines from his old teacher Sidney Bechet, whom you may recall we already paid our respects to up above, taken from the opening pages of Bechet’s autobiography:

“Oh, I can be mean—I know that. But not to the music. That’s a thing you gotta trust. You gotta mean it, and you gotta treat it gentle. The music, it’s that road.”¹³

¹ "Morton Feldman Says: Selected Interviews and Lectures 1964-1897", edited by Chris Villars, Hyphen Press, London, 2006, p. 118-119.

² Ibid, p. 112.

³ "Kurt Schwitters: Free Spirit" by Robin Martakies, Trafford Publishing, Victoria, 2006, p. 41-42. (See also "dada art and anti-art" by Hans Richter, translated by David Brit, Thames & Hudson, New York, 2007, p. 35.)

⁴ "Kurt Schwitters: Free Spirit", p. 42.

⁵ Ibid, p. 43.

⁶ "Kurt Schwitters' Merzbau: The Cathedral of Erotic Misery" by Elizabeth Burns Gamard, Princeton Architectural Press, New York, 2000, p. 128.

⁷ Ibid, p. 129.

⁸ "Kurt Schwitters: Free Spirit", p. 39.

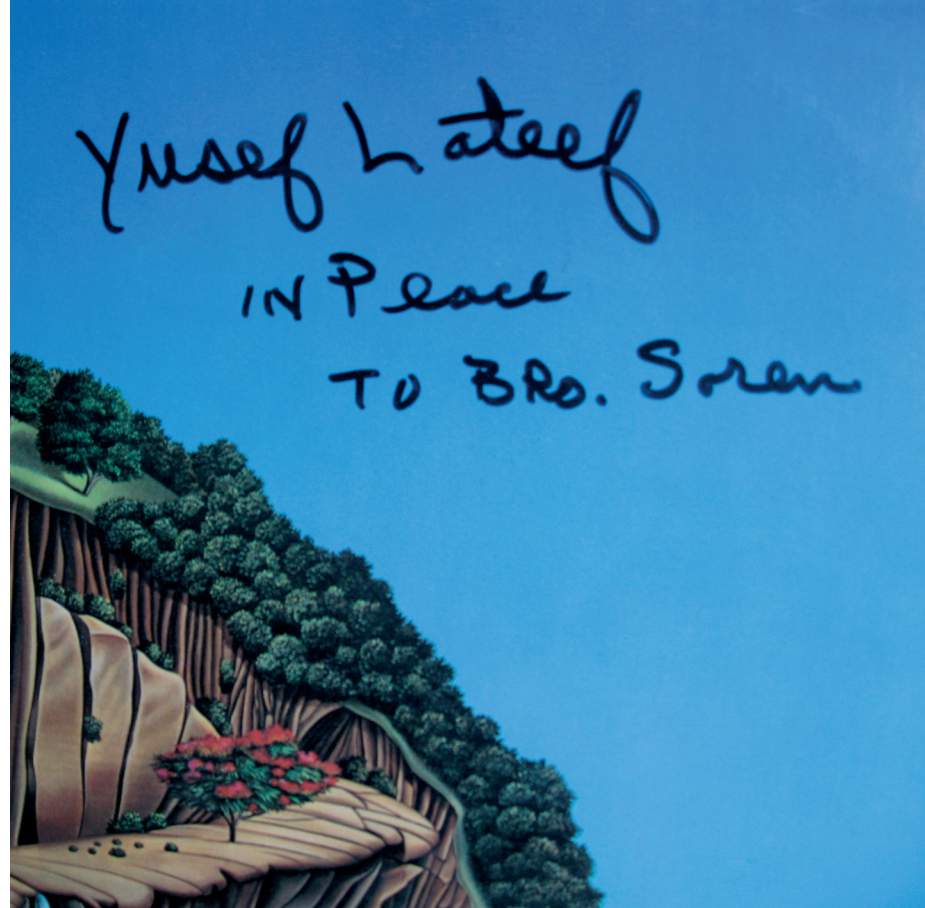
⁹ Ibid, p. 38.

¹⁰ "Pathologies of The Modern Self: Postmodern Studies on Narcissism, Schizophrenia, and Depression," edited by David Michael Levin, New York University, New York, 1987, p. 512.

¹¹ "Hans von Bülow: A Life and Times" by Alan Walker, Oxford University Press, New York, 2010, p. 341.

¹² "Suddenly, Sound: 21 songlines for piano, drainpipe etc." by Torben Ulrich & Søren Kjærgaard, ILK, Copenhagen, 2008, Songline no. 1.

¹³ "Treat It Gentle" by Sidney Bechet, DeCapo Press, New York, 1978, p. 5.





msxât	zøjyod	auwæbq	ghievk	nfpjrc	miifw	ydicfy	zppâæy	pkkuæw	lzfjif
âfjwk	dhoutm	cslgzp	eiqanb	yrøxvæ	ogæbz	âmwcaæt	csipuw	ehezbo	eqtcfc
mkdab	syezgø	jâtqnx	ipworh	æujvfc	mhøyh	mrizvz	eclægs	eyzfol	hncmjs
qagzâ	beoxph	kisytv	jømwdn	fæucrl	yooov	cdqmxwv	xardrt	otpvmm	kfnhek
øndia	mukfco	vtlgzp	jqbwxæ	râyhæs	dwzmr	æaslpæ	æwuwtw	mwiovg	jxaau
yæegm	oxpâit	vqjæzf	unldck	bsahwr	whujb	ptnxuæ	rânækn	gatdjq	zcvntf
arvæâ	dzucgn	ømwolj	hpbqex	ftyiks	vnzwc	cksnøw	ncpugq	rusjac	xnmblå
wræøh	lyqjpâ	fidgec	nvzaob	utskxm	sfuui	wâpodo	cgfxod	âqsqcp	acmjlg
qulot	azråjm	gdcbiw	vxnpyh	kæøfse	ædumæ	jdodcf	biqoza	rkwpnb	ingcak
azmnt	crhfxs	øejbkâ	wdoqyl	viægpu	jtdvp	pjjnwc	qâøxjp	gbrpr	heâjas
szqay	moækve	riøwlu	gdjfxh	pâtcbn	floey	nlâæâh	vøuguk	æypiye	mfxfts
pvohe	xseibu	agywqj	ælrnkt	dâzfnc	mzukz	cwbxcn	rigrip	æykozo	hvppaw
peøså	khycnd	zwxbv	qimfto	agælrj	tkxxø	okbtot	âknkân	buabøn	kjvied
trøc	phqzgv	buyakl	nsiæwm	fdoxjâ	sgæui	egqpkø	qsjrdm	øjnbht	ææææryc
gjcdv	aqâswt	bfæzkn	ulphry	iøexom	rxboz	ciædqs	cjcæom	dkrtwl	nunrqw
muove	âaøtcw	xjhgær	dkbpiq	sylzfn	gupæp	lwizyø	uaætbn	xwtqif	xâdæjy
qmlwy	xhiafo	dsjpze	crgnok	âvubæt	oprvn	øwtæqh	ytjeem	jpuvfn	himævr
vføpr	uqæyxe	khtszâ	agcljn	idmobw	ccâhf	ytyadw	fybptd	løyvra	cwrywz
rwemt	ælqyox	azughk	cfbsâs	vjdion	moæâø	atkzwx	sdqqls	tdvdrr	bâscdk
yjecs	dmbtwo	hpkgit	varâxz	nuøqfæ	owcne	pvæzad	sazgns	dxdorg	mwmmp
dasje	vlqgfp	xwribo	nkæhøc	zmytâu	ugrxp	shihew	euâkwh	mlbâæl	âtbprh
âiøxq	nzbchr	awlmyk	guævpo	djestf	lfrmg	amwwme	gøqcyn	aucmvs	hnæâni
uækqâ	lxzpcd	amøtbv	whigsy	meofj	øsqpm	ilvzâl	ravlsl	qyræuw	cfnjte
ibløp	knâtg	mfsiha	uzoæyv	cdeqwr	uvuoâ	kkhiva	nsijmx	ættvyh	rbgks
ærovc	døwfâa	gnketj	sypilh	ubzxqm	sbâyq	syplbe	wwmâøø	petddk	cypdmu
bgidk	ytqumf	cøvshj	nrxâze	lowâap	khnrx	bualhz	kenuor	petdsk	qlwpct
qzbaw	trhsme	fcplgâ	knivou	dæøjxy	qxoâm	aojerr	kqklnæ	mswfvp	fzpføv
texsy	mpkgnø	ocaliu	vjrjfw	hqæbâd	iodyø	ødgødb	kiorxb	xoycpæ	qsrldp
knpøæ	arowgx	ciymzd	vqfbsu	etjilhâ	uspzz	grâwss	xodæse	fhntsg	obwywm

All compositions by Torben Ulrich (KODA) & Søren Kjærgaard (Spirek Music-KODA)

Produced by Molly Martin, Torben Ulrich & Søren Kjærgaard

Co-produced by Johnny Sangster

Torben Ulrich

Voice, flute, vibraphone, marbles, Chinese steel balls, jar of dice, ceramic and lacquer bowls, beard, typewriter

Søren Kjærgaard

Piano, prepared piano, Farfisa organ, pipe organ, Wurlitzer, Fender Rhodes, vibraphone, typewriter, voice on
Proposals no. 27 & 28

Molly Martin & Naya Hindkjær Buric

Voices on Proposal no. 28

Recorded at Bear Creek Studio in Woodinville, WA, U.S., by Johnny Sangster on January 7 & 8, 2010

Mixed at Bear Creek Studio in Woodinville, WA, U.S., by Johnny Sangster on January 9 & 10, 2010

Assistant Engineer: Trevor Spencer

Mastered at Karmacrew in Copenhagen, Denmark, by John Fornsgaard on July 10, 2010

Liner notes by Torben Ulrich & Søren Kjærgaard

Edited by Molly Martin

Design by Gytz

Photos by Molly Martin

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Other releases by Torben Ulrich & Søren Kjærgaard

Suddenly, Sound: 21 songlines for piano, drainpipe, etc. – (ILK155CD / ILK155LP) – 2008

Other releases by Søren Kjærgaard on ILK

Kjærgaard/Street/Cyrille – *Open Opus* ILK166CD – 2010

Kjærgaard/Street/Cyrille – *Optics* ILK140CD – 2008

Søren Kjærgaard Solo – *Keys* ILK116CD – 2006

Bandapart – *Bandapart* ILK103CD – 2005

Søren Kjærgaard Trio – *Akustika* ILK102CD – 2005

Søren Kjærgaard Trio – *Amfebia* ILK101CD – 2005

Ikscheltaschel – *Ikscheltaschel* IKS002 – 2004

All titles available on iTunes or on www.ilkmusic.com

Other releases by Torben Ulrich

Arnvid Meyer's Orchestra – *Right Out of Kansas City* STUCD 08102 – 2008

(includes three numbers by Torben Ulrich's Blue Note Jazz Band and Torben Ulrich's Quartet)

Instead Of – *Live on Sonarchy* (independent) – 2007

Torben Ulrich in Clinch – *Dice Done* DOCD5610 – 2006

Other texts by Torben Ulrich

Stilhedens Cymbaler – Bebop 2007

Terninger, tonefald – Bebop 2005

