



## Low-Fly Quintet *Winter Love Song*

Da jazzkvintetten ga ut debutplaten, "Stop For A While" på Losen Records i oktober 2017 ble det trillet terningkast 6 på terningen hos flere norske anmeldere og de høstet godord fra jazzanmeldere også i det store utland. En av beskrivelsene som traff svært godt var:

*«Det er ikke hverdagskost å få nye låter pakket inn i papir fra førkrigstida, men denne gjengen gjør det, og de gjør det bra.» - Oppland Arbeiderblad*

I oktober 2019 kommer Low-Fly Quintet med oppfølgeren «Winter Love Song»

På denne utgivelsen byr kvintetten kun på originale låter. De har videreutviklet sitt uttrykk fra første plate og skaper her lekne, sarte og rå originallåter inspirert av vokaljazzen fra første halvdel av 1900-tallet. De forteller historier om de nære ting, om små og store øyeblikk og selv med sin karakteristiske måte å arrangere med et moderne tilsnitt tar de deg med inn i fargeklangene til en av jazzens flotteste perioder.

Kvintettens spesielle besetning med cello i tillegg til vokal og pianotrio skaper et helt eget uttrykk som besnærer, overrasker, muntre opp og berører.

Med debutplaten i bagasjen har kvintetten spilt konserter, eventer og festivaler rundt om i Norge og fått mange tilbakemeldinger om at de er et liveband som overrasker. Det er tydelig at de på denne platen har flere historier å fortelle og at kvintetten vil være like godt selskap hjemme i stua som på konsert.

"Low-Fly Quintet" består av:

Camilla Tømta, vokal.

Siri Snorheim, cello

Uri Sala, kontrabass

Ole Gjæstøl, piano

Skjalg Lidsheim, slagverk

Tittelsporet «Winter Love Song» er ikke en kjærlighetssang til vinteren, men en kjærlighetssang på tross av vinteren og det er slik denne platen også tidvis forteller om hverdagslige, triste eller vonde tema på en morsom, vakker og varm måte.

På coveret til platen finner vi en fortelling som setter an tonen for det musikalske universet kvintetten inviterer lytteren inn i.

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It would have been an ordinary morning but for the fact that she woke up before the sun had claimed the sky. A narrow arch of golden light on the horizon promised yet another warm and cloudless summer's day. This time of year the sun rose early, so early it was still almost night. She shifted her body slightly and turned her head. The pillow next to her was empty. A slight hollow where his head had rested less than an hour ago. It was as she had expected. They had said it was only for TONIGHT. She got up. There was no more sleep to be had anyway. She poured herself a cup of tea and sat outside with a thin blanket tossed around her shoulders. As she pulled



up her feet and rested her chin on her knee, she couldn't help a pensive grin. It was his SMILE that had caught her attention yesterday. He had reminded her so much of you. Reminded her of those warm days in the magical city of BANARES, of the way you had made her SHINE. This was your magical skill. Being with you always turned the WINTER BLUES into a WINTER LOVESONG. But time has passed. You'd thought you would be the last to love her, but she ended up being the LAST TO LOVE YOU. For her, time after you passed very slowly at first. Each day passing without notice, like the deep rumbling of distant thunder or a wave far out at sea steadily traveling towards the shore. Numb. Then there was the child. It was the child that woke her, made her crawl up on the shore, rise to her feet, feel the clutching fingers of the ocean wave letting go of her heart. The child would LEAN IN and look

up into her face, searching for the light in her eyes. She knew she could be the child's pillar of strength just as the child could be hers. Time passed. Sometimes she would hear the distant thunder or the hush of the ocean waves trying to pull her back in. Sometimes a salty wave would roll over her feet and she let it touch the edges of her heart, but she never turned. She held that small soft hand in hers and held a steady gaze. Step by step. Away from the shore, towards dry land. Then, last night, she met him. It would have been an ordinary morning but for the fact that she was up at sunrise. It was different. Even if he had only been passing by it made her realize that time had too. The sunrise was different and though the night had just ended she felt that this exact moment was when it all began.

CD:

**LOS 227-2**



180 gram LP:

**LOS 227-1**



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