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The Pale Dot Mircea Tiberian & Toma Dimitriu

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One of the most pleasant surprises of the beginning of the year was after I became owner of The Pale Dot. I enjoyed the excellent cover and placed the disk to spin. I realized immediately that beyond all projects of lesser or greater scale, Mircea Tiberian needed such an album to enjoy full freedom and the youthful mirror in front of him. Much underestimated, perhaps less fortunate than other Romanian musicians, Mircea was seated and played the way he wanted, I am certain. Without minimizing any merit of Toma Dimitriu for the final result, I wanted to start with Mircea because I want to do, in a way, some justice.

Jazz at two pianos is a very special creature and the Romanian discography is so poor in such productions (honestly, I do not know of any album to be released in this formula) that this album comes as a justification for the value, especially since it is recorded in the Enescu hall of the University of Music.

The two musicians play with the keys and pass to one another the role of soloist in a lovely manner, be it for extreme melodic themes (Dragonfly Blues and Lydian Glow) or harmonic counterpoint on in-depth improvisation (Time Capsule, Restless Needle). The disc's melodic richness has an impressive consistency, especially considering that between the dates of birth of the two protagonists is an apparent gap of nearly 40 years. However, Toma (still a student at the Prins Claus Conservatorium in the Netherlands) not only fulfills honorably the role of supporting the performance of the maestro with a doctorate in music, but shows a harmonic and rhythmic maturity that is hard to find in a jazz musician of 22.

What's really cool on this album, beyond the joy that a disk of extraordinary density releases are the monkiene strokes dotted here and there, like clues for revealing the full story. The object would have been complete had it included in the CD booklet, a bilingual poem, signed by Ioan Es. Pop (one of the most important Romanian poets of the eighties), Mircea Tiberian's old friend. And since the poem masterfully encapsulates the entire energy of the album, I leave you with the first verse - “I let things in a relative order...”.