

MATHIEU BEC / MICHEL DONEDA

A Peripheral Time

MATHIEU BEC *Percussion*

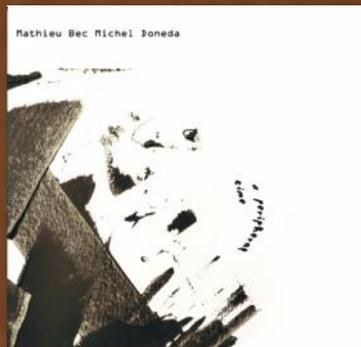
MICHEL DONEDA *Saxophone*



FMRCD530-1218, 2019

If Mathieu Bec's strikes were so many brush strokes, the final painting would certainly evoke the Jackson Pollock universe because of the multitude and the proliferation of color spots filling the void on the canvas. The thickness, also, of the accumulated matter by the constant repetition of the same gestures, between the acrylic applied by hand, by dripping 'or with the knife and the permanent resonances of the cymbals, the stones or the skins, induces a similar relief at the end of these two opposing experiences, since one addresses only the ear when the other can only live according to the gaze.

In short, if Mathieu's chopsticks had been soaked in a colored mixture or stopped Pollock's movement thanks to a judiciously placed snare drum, one could imagine a parallel if not perfect, at least honest, between these two approaches and admit the success of a perfectly stupid attempt, but quite uplifting. This little preamble to draw the attention of the reader to the third album of Mathieu Bec here chronicled, the most dazzling, perhaps, and one of the first sessions of the year, since published in February 2019. It s' is a duet recorded in full freedom by the percussionist and Michel Doneda, which I have probably never heard the soprano so eloquent.



There are no whispers here, nor de-toned breaths, but the omnipotence of the wind carrying copper to the unsuspected borders of an expressionism maintained, at the opening of the exchange, at the heart of a highly flammable dynamic. The attack is therefore relatively discreet, between whistling of sax, brooms on the skin and chirps of birds coming from radio waves, even if one already feels the desire for a more affirmed presence in the rattling of the chopsticks on the circles and the rise of the breath heating the metal. It will take just five minutes for Michel to offer us the fullness of a song inscribed in the duration, marked with regular warning shots recalling, perhaps, the punk years of Mathieu, but especially announcing the impetuous character and the lush trade coming soon. No screams, however, nor of misplacedness! If the two men do not forbid anything, it is not to give way to the verbiage of both, and the sound exuberance itself responds to the urgency of an immediate need. Improvisation, at this level at least, captures the pulse of the moment and the humor of the improviser; and if the recording had taken place the day before or a few hours later, it would have been otherwise, silence perhaps invading the space and depositing on the tape only the echoes of an interior reflection or a latent peace. But at this precise moment, the time was for the frontal sharing of lucid and colored sensations, for the luminous confrontation of affirmed thoughts, even for the expression of extreme desires and requiring, therefore, all the resources of technology without virtuosity takes precedence over the accuracy of the proposition.

Mathieu, as Michel, needed the force of the strikes and the breath, the invasive suddenness of a twisted line, grasseyante, immediately implying a volley of green wood whose copper tried to dodge the splinters and rose to the highest, towards the last Breathable strata, before sinking, twirling and rustling until planting its beak in the ground. Nothing was impossible during these two "slices of duration" showing, by their very title, that it is only a matter of making audible the moment and the multitude of events that occupy it. "Peripheral time" succeeding, for its part, seems to accumulate the risks to better outwit them, from the sake of the sax to the multiplication of blows hitting the surfaces

