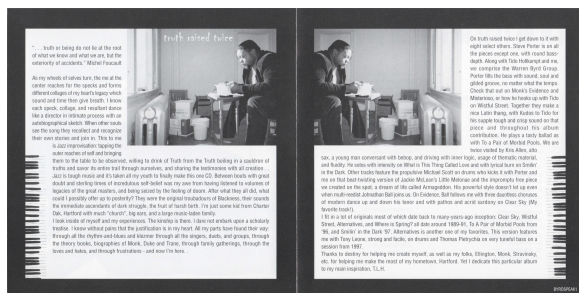


CD  
Warren Byrd  
Truth Raised Twice

Liner Notes  
By Warren Byrd



“...truth or being do not lie at the root of what we know and what we are, but the exteriority of accidents.”--Michel Foucault

As my wheels of selves turn, the me at the center reaches for the specks and forms different collages of my heart's legacy which sound and time then give breath. I know each speck, collage, and resultant dance like a director in intimate process with an autobiographical sketch. When other souls see the song they recollect and recognize their own stories and join in. This to me is Jazz improvisation: tapping the outer reaches of self and bringing them to the table to be observed, willing to drink of Truth from the Truth boiling in a cauldron of truths and savor its entire trail through ourselves, and sharing the testimonies with all creation...

Jazz is tough music and it's taken all my youth to finally make this one CD. Between bouts with great doubt and sterling times of incredulous self-belief was my awe from having listened to volumes of legacies of the great masters, and being seized by the feeling of doom. After what they all did, what could I possibly offer up to posterity? They were the griginal troubadours of Blackness, their sounds the immediate ascendants of dark struggle, the fruit of harsh birth. I'm just some kid from Charter Oak, Hartford with much “church”, big ears, and a large music laden-laden family.

I look inside of myself and my experiences. The kinship is there. I dare not embark upon a scholarly treatise. I know without pains that the justification is in my heart. All my parts have found their way: through all the rhythm-and-blues and klezmer, through all the singers, duets, and groups, through the theory books, biographies of Monk, Duke, and Trane, through family gatherings, through the loves and hates, and through frustrations—and now I'm here...

On truth raised twice I get down to it with eight select others. Steve Porter is on all the pieces except one, with round bass depth. Along with Tido Holkamp and me, we comprise the Warren Byrd Group. Porter fills the bass with sound, soul, and gilded groove, no matter what the tempo. Check that out on Monk's Evidence and Misterioso, or how he hooks up with Tido on Wistful Street. Together they make a nice Latin thang, with Kudos to Tido for his supple, tough, and crisp sound on that piece and throughout the album contribution. He plays a tasty ballad, as with To a Pair of Morbid Pools. We are twice visited by Kris Allen, alto sax, a young man conversant with bebop, and driving with inner logic, usage of thematic material, and fluidity. He solos with intensity on What Is This Thing Called Love? and with lyrical burn on Smilin' In the Dark. Other tracks feature the propulsive Micheal Scott on drums who kicks it

with Porter and me on that beat-twisting version of Jackie McLean's Little Melonae and the impromptu free piece we created on the spot, a dream of life called Armageddon. His powerful style doesn't even let up even when multi-reedist Johnathan Ball joins us. On Evidence, Ball follows me with three dauntless choruses of modern dance up and down his tenor and with pathos and acrid sardony on Clear Sky (my favorite track!).

I fit in a lot of originals most of which date back to many-years-ago inception: Clear Sky, Wistful Street, Alternatives, and Where Is Spring? All date around 1989-91, To A Pair of Morbid Pools from '96, and Smilin' In the Dark '97. Alternatives is another one of my favorites. This version features me with Tony Leone, strong and facile, on drums and Thomas Pietrychia on very tuneful bass from 1997.

Thanks to destiny for helping me create myself, as well as my folks, Ellington, Monk, Stravinsky, etc. for helping me make the most of my hometown, Hartford. Yet I dedicate this particular album to my main inspiration, T.L.H.