

x-traces

Luigi Ceccarelli - live electronics

Daniele Roccato - double bass

Here... in a world where the sun burns cold and the wind
blows colder, a visitor has come...

David Fincher, Alien 3

CONTACTS - info@ludusgravis.com +39 3477954153

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A space shuttle lands on a post-nuclear scenario, disclosing strange, alien eggs. The cracking couldn't be more lethal: we feel the eggshells stretching until they break, releasing hybrid creatures, like springy velociraptors or wingy pterosaurs, their high-pitched cries almost unbearable to hear. Slowly, they look around, scanning the surroundings in order to adjust their metabolism to the parameters of the new habitat.....because our land will become their land: a space age universe of blue-blooded mutants. It's a matter of a few seconds before we meet them: the blood in our veins thickens as we are reached by a bunch of unexpected sound waves: we have no alternative but to let the electrical storm wrapping us in its gloomy embrace. It's a sharp and mellow sonority, sometimes breaking into piercing cries.

Our curiosity towards the source of those sounds shoots up: in amazement we acknowledge the presence of Luigi Ceccarelli at live electronics and Daniele Roccato at the double bass. Apparently human like us: in reality, the imperceptible movements of Ceccarelli turn him into a "cyborg" composer, his limbs provided with electronic extensions in direct connection with his brain impulses; while Roccato is one and the same thing with his double bass, extrapolating a wide sonority gamut through the use of different techniques. But what stirs our attention is the silent communication between the two: indeed, we cannot distinguish whether it is the first to transform the live sounds of the second or, on the contrary, the second to elaborate the electronic suggestions of the first; maybe we are right in postulating that both musicians work in total synch, yet in utter autonomy one from the other.

By observing their complicity we take courage and loosen our initial mistrust: in the end, alterity is a relentless source of knowledge. This parallel sound trip concluded, we stand up smiling, ready to approach the "Other" and mirror ourselves into his "terrible" eyes.

Ilaria Lanzarini