



Fig.032 Screenshot of a professional organist during an event organized at a solo show in which my musical work was also exhibited. For this purpose the organist also provided the arrangements to all the songs annotated in my musical sheets. Later I also installed a small organ in my project show-room of my barn in the alps. Here visitors were able to access my works as well as replay the compositions, overlapping the annoying toy-like sound with the experiencing of the other works.

SONGS 08

While more interested in folk songs and less in pop songs and with an overall initial interest in classical music, I conceive this as work unique in that it attempts to depict the lyrical heritage of an individual. It also represents a music world that is being killed by the very capitalist regime that has so much boosted it to begin with. Lastly, in my view, this work comes to represent the struggle of an individual like myself to keep up a certain heritage and to expand it with new folk songs. Not only this individual is hit by an industry imposing its cultural content based on commercial but also political purposes but the very environment in which he or she leaves disables him or her to be spontaneous and manifest his or her lyrical being.

The bottom line is that it is hard for people like me trying to keep autonomous from the system to even transmit a musical heritage and particularly to enrich it with new content. While I am not an active listener of music, every time I stumble open a

folk song I instantly gain great value from it and integrate it in my personal heritage. For example while watching the war movie which in itself is not particularly interesting, I could spot a song sung by a soldier in the background. I would then immediately search the title of the song and try to replay it so as to memorize it. I would even go as far as trying to read the often ancient and obscure history of such a song and give it an additional value. In a later stage I would also sing it to my children and also contextualize it to them.

Also reading an old novel could come across a song which I would later try to replay and keep as a precious finding. In general I do not notice that these songs are about a time past, a time of struggle but also of honest emotions and in general of a poetry that in a modern society can only be re-enhanced with effort and only for a limited time. The open fields for a thoughtless life are constantly cut by trafficked roads and trains and airplanes and machine sounds bringing our heads back down into a machine dominated world. Despite this I have been quite regularly creating these situations of joy and katharsis especially for my children. Locked in the routing of the mandatory school system I have been able to bring them out in the open and reach the climax that is so needed to create confidence and happiness especially in these little humans.

Now the very fragmentary nature of the composition I have generated over the years is very much reflective of this constantly interrupted orgasm of the spirit. If a song is like an experience, we can think of any modern experience as something to be carried out in a fragmentary fashion with multiple distractions frustrating it, with the phone beeping, and the door ringing and all the schedule with which both the machine running society as well as our lives ought to comply to. The actual music I have created in a copy and past fashion comes close to the annoying sounds of electric toys played by children randomly pressing one or another button and jumping from one tune to another mercilessly. Merciless has been my entire experience of the musical sphere, a shooting of tunes from many devices and a bit of peace and quiet time I have purposely dedicated to myself and to my children to make music part of our experience, to exalt the experience.

Generally speaking I can be a very thorough person, happy and cheerful and full of jokes but quite solid within. I can hardly be touched by many things such as being rather poor or with no

career prospects. Thanks to music however many of my emotions can pour out. I can get emotional and even shed a few tears. The people I have lost and I have never so much cried for suddenly pop in my heart and with music I can truly feel a strong love for and develop a nostalgia I otherwise would never experience. Often then the same song doesn't really touch me but in certain contexts and especially if I haven't listened to it for a long time I can get quite emotional. This is greatly amplified when it is actually a musician I stumble upon to play it live. In this respect I am very grateful to the many people that we skill and talent and for only a few bucks perform in the streets of the world and I am most upset about certain countries that, to keep themselves free of "homeless people", regulates the basking to the point that the streets are completely deserted with the only occasional sound of machine.

Overall I idealize a society in which anyone can perform and play everywhere, particularly in the too many empty public spaces. Life ought to be celebrated and music, especially if live and folkloristic can only enable the happiness of the people, especially if it comes from them. Already by dimming the use of amplifiers and electric instruments that may infringe the personal spheres of others this scheme could be very much actuable, a sort of Dyonisian dimensions to oppose the Apollonian and hyper regulated and hyper self-destructing nature of modern states.