

THE WORLD IS FLAT, THE WORLD IS ROUND / Bakshi, 2010.

Of uncertainty, but suddenly backwards and forward, in and out of the “party” of emotions, of images, and the “start again” of the gesture lays and acts the “deletion” of sound, sound over sound, where a note is, and within, and away from, the composition of text; an intense geometry is born where harmony and fracture leave separate footprints nevertheless unite in the progression of the score, where the movements of the guitars and of the other prepared objects follow one another in a cohesion of which randomness and improvisation are only the surface.

*The World is Flat, the World is Round* creates a background that from the deep pushes the digital surfaces to distortions and sonic dynamics that live alone, in deepness, which are not significant of anything else. It has been said “because only reality, even well dissimulated, has the virtue to move”, and in this work the Bakshi duo not only conserves the “emotion” but, excluding all suggestions and the theatrical-music trap maneuvering -which moans in drama or psycho-drama- the duo enters “with the body” in a reality that creates objects, the hearing becomes object and the memory cuts and disciplines the musical rhythm where instinct creates that very line: where the object’s peril conducts the objects from one side to the other of the journey.

*The World is Flat, the World is Round* is the event of this journey. Sound is here constantly put in front of the listener and Matias Guerra’s and Michele Zaffarano’s «tour de force» is not that of a dream (“a dreamer is always a bad poet”). Intuition here does not create waves, it doesn’t forge landscapes, not even the gear of the machine, it doesn’t create the notes more or less evolved, of the ego, here the intuition creates a body that stands firmly on the ground. And it is through this proceeding, between and within the rhythm, as if the instruments were to open a door to “the new errors”, here the music proceeds to discover but never exploits its finding. The music is seen and elapses, it doesn’t “pursue the unknown”. All the instruments are a tense corpus, digitalized, and this conscience gives birth to a recording which is here, still, now, in the possibility of telling, again, this impossibility: “here nothing forces us. We are free. Poetry arises only from the numbers and by the sharpness of the outlines”.

*Giovanni Andrea Semerano*