

stradivarius

New Releases



**Francesco
CIURLO**
(1987)

*Abstraction
to the point of*

CD STR 37237
[8011570372376]
jewel



- 1-3 **ABSTRACTION TO THE POINT OF** (2020) per oboe e ensemble
- 4-5 **LEBOS LOBOS** (2018/2019) per soprano, baritono e quattro strumenti
- 6 **GREYLANDS** (2015) per sei strumenti
- 7 **À BOUT DE SOUFFLE** (2017) per cinque strumenti
- 8 **ARIE DI TROPOSFERA** (2016/2019) per soprano e otto strumenti

World premiere recordings

DIVERTIMENTO ENSEMBLE

Laura Catrani soprano (Lebos Lobos)
Anna Piroli soprano (Arie di troposfera)
Paolo Leonardi baritono
Luca Avanzi oboe

Sandro Gorli direttore (Lebos Lobos, Arie di troposfera)
Mauro Bonifacio direttore (Greylands, A bout de soufflé)
Charles-Eric Fontaine direttore (Abstraction to the point of)

...As Fernando Pessoa wrote, “no nostalgia hurts as much as nostalgia for things that never existed”. Francesco Ciurlo, in this overview of his works, frees us from this condition and invites us to another state – the state of exactness, which does not comprise only of precision. The sound objects are there, exact, reiterated, and are what is needed to give the idea of a place we live in at the precise moment in which it shows itself in all its parts. Not only a memory of a supposed listening, but a *hic et nunc* listening. The sound concretions always stand out precise and in forefront, without masking, with no prospective distances, and without nebulosity. In this collection, a sort of evolution towards a clear and consolidated maturity of the composer is undoubtedly illustrated, defining and radicalizing the strong and unambiguous signs of a vision of music: a substantial *coldness* of the texture; a ruthless cleanliness of the images; a “narration” which is only present in watermark and therefore to some extent unnecessary and, in fact, once the subjection for it is gloriously overcome, Francesco Ciurlo focuses on ignoring it; furthermore, a disregard for decorative nuances, even within an obsessive richness of writing; an objectivity of things which is neither emotional nor of epic-ironic detachment; a fundamental renunciation of expressiveness; a theatre of sound within a *theatre of cruelty*, with a cruelty that however causes no pain but is rather cruel in the sense that it rejects everything that turns out to be extraneous or discordant. In a substantially denied narration, the complex processes appear with no resolution. This condition places us even more in front of the presence of “things” precisely at the moment of their manifestation and their repetition. Nothing more than this or rather, nothing more behind this.