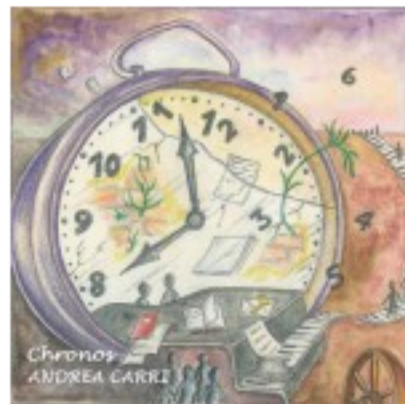


REVIEW: ANDREA CARRI – CHRONOS

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They're not melodies as such, but daisy chains of alternation and arpeggiation strung through the air, or descending staircases into deeper states of thought. Carri's acoustic diction runs through my hand like water, and he tilts the pace of his delivery like a dandelion nudged between movement and stillness by an intermittent breeze, sensitive to micro-ripples in emotion and environment. As he peers over the edge at the inevitable next chord, I can only imagine what causes him to hesitate. An unexpected childhood flashback? A mysterious sound of movement in an adjacent room? I entwine myself with the elegance and receptiveness of his performance, and sit quietly oblivious to the circumstances that bring his behaviour to be.



There is a pop immediacy to his dialect; a melodic symmetry inherited from many pianists and songwriters before him. Yet Carri channels this legacy as though his body was purposed for it, his right hand tipping back and forth between notes as though to do so is to be in absolute equilibrium. His songs come in drips of electronics and a reverberant smear of strings, which run off the keys like rainwater. All the while, Chronos emits a beauty that barely desires to be heard – luminous petals starting to yawn from within an opening bud, a sunset veiled in thick cloud, rendered amber for the solar glow seeping through.