



## HOUSE CONZERT at Campegine – REPORT BY MARIA PIA PETTOLNO

With pleasure I notice that the house concerts that take place at Andrea's home, are getting more and more beautiful and emotional. It's as if this little seed that was planted at Christmas in 2013, drives new strong and deep roots.

### HOUSE CONCERT 8 th January 2015 with Bruno Bavota and Andrea Carri

I would like to title the house concert: *The music that draws pictures.*

**BRUNO BAVOTA**... "Amore" ... the notes are a crescendo of emotions and passion, that fades in an almost palpable tenderness.

To describe Bruno I would use three words... SEA... DARK... MOON...

In fact, the lights go out and in the dark Bruno plays the song "**Chi ama vive**" (Who loves, lives). The thoughts populate the darkness, but these are silent thoughts, the atmosphere is almost magical. The notes seem to take shape and to dance in a swirl... a turbine, which then dissolves almost like a lightning. But Bruno's darkness is a positive dark, quiet and calm, which hides a moon in it... a full and shining moon...

The moon .. a symbol of hope in a darkness that makes not anymore fear. With "**The Night**" and "**Passaporto per la luna**" (Passport to the Moon), you make a speedy trip through the night, watching the miracles in the sky. And finally there appears... beautiful... the moon.

The notes are like a brush that delicately outlines the strokes.

It follows the return journey with notes, who have a smack of a telegraphic message, it says ... **RITORNERO'** (I will return)... The moon in the sky is like a man in the sea. An endless sea, fountain of inspiration, with notes, floating like waves and notes that are endless and deep as the abyss.

That's Bruno Bavota, an artist who takes from "its darkness" a moon and a colorful music, capable to transform a guitar into a drum...  
The sea... the darkness... the moon... for whom who knows to listen... his message of love.

**ANDREA CARRI**... also his music is extraordinary, reflective and nuanced.  
He tells us about the future ("**Future**"), as if it was a blank sheet that is awaiting to be painted by us.

It blows a wind, the west wind ("**Vento dell'ovest**") which transforms the notes of the piano into small leaves, that flutter wildly and run fast through the room.

And then a whisper in a world that cries, "**Whisper**", with its notes, which do not make noise .. Yes, they do not make any noise, but they also speak in silence, in the dark, in the depths of the sea or high up in the full moon sky.

Anna Maria Pia