

Bandadriatica

Odissea

1. L'idea (Emanuele Coluccia, Claudio Prima) 3'56"
2. Focu (trad., Claudio Prima, Emanuele Coluccia) 4'46"
3. Scilla (tit. orig. Press on) (Seven Octaves) 3'41"
4. Migrante (Giuseppe Spedicato, Claudio Prima) 4'16"
5. Kalypso (Emanuele Coluccia, Claudio Prima) 3'59"
6. Odissea (Claudio Prima, Antonio Castrignanò) 4'51"
7. Argo (Vincenzo Grasso) 3'27"
8. Stella della notte (Giuseppe Spedicato, Claudio Prima) 5'16"
9. Poseidon on the rocks (Andrea Perrone) 5'03"
10. L'abbraccio di Cariddi (Gaetano Carrozzo) 6'47"

L'IDEA

Music: Emanuele Coluccia, Claudio Prima

Lyrics: Claudio Prima

Some travel for fun, others to find themselves
by writing "myself" on Google maps

Some are pointing to the next couch, slowly
becoming Couch Surf champions

Some travel low cost only,
others first class only,
others go coast to coast with Flixbus

We had a different idea:
sailing a ship taken from Ikea

Some are traveling for coupling,
others for distractions, and yet they hate the bar without wi-fi

Some book their flight one year earlier, to get first class,
while others go to work with bla bla car

Some travel low cost only, some by the Orient Express,
last year some traveled from Rome to Tokio on flixbus

We had a different idea:
going across the sea during low tides.

FOCU

Music: Claudio Prima

Lyrics: traditional song from Salento

E com'aggiu fare ca vulia te vasu
Pigghiate la paletta e vai allu focu

Se te dice la mamma ca ha ntardatu
dine ca è stata nna spitta te focu
e nun è stata nna spitta te focu
ma nnu figghiu te mamma t'ha baciatu
E citta mamma nu lu maletire
Ci m'ha baciatu a mie bene me vole

*How will I get to kiss you?
I'll pick up my shovel and go get the fire.
If your mom says you're late
tell her it's been a spark of fire.
It wasn't a spark of fire,
somebody has kissed you.
Stop mom, don't curse him,
the man who kissed me loves me.*

MIGRANTE

Music: Giuseppe Spedicato, Claudio Prima

Lyrics: Claudio Prima

Rhythm of the earth, play me
star after star, look for me
rebel music, drive me
get under my skin, touch me

Free music
free music
I feel Europe and Africa
together in my soul

Earth's voice, sing me
night's light, discover me
migrant music, follow me
move my hands, save me

Free music
free music
I feel Europe and Africa
together in my soul

Free music
free music
like a nomad
travels and mixes up

ODISSEA (tr. Odyssey)

music Claudio Prima; text Claudio Prima & Antonio Castrignanò

Nobody really leaves,
it enters the black sea,

nobody leaves the land
and chooses to be a foreigner

nobody who knows anything,
nobody will say people
nobody returns home
with a face as a loser

nobody breathes flat,
he is afraid of the captain
nobody looking at the port
while coming from far away

nobody takes faults,
at least for this time
nobody launches the first stone
and there is never a rebellion

Odyssey has made it Nobody
listening to sirens is Nobody
and to go home is Nobody
to close our eyes is Nobody
and nobody is lost

Nobody has embarked,
nobody has saved
nobody has ever left and
he says he has arrived,

nobody tells you
passing on the other shore
nobody approaching slowly
wave after wave

Odyssey has made it Nobody
listening to sirens is Nobody
and to go home is Nobody
to close our eyes is Nobody
and nobody is lost

listening to sirens is Nobody
and to go home is Nobody, I swear,
closing eyes is Nobody
and he did not give up anyone

Nobody has embarked,
nobody has saved
nobody, nobody has returned

Nobody comes home,

nobody punishes the traitors
nobody is waiting for them to stay out

the sea is waiting for me
only the sea is inside me

the sea cries, slams and it's waiting for me
I throw myself in the dark like a thunderbolt
I made myself tie to a piece of wood
bright eyes of women and children

the bottom of the sea engulfed
the life and hopes of my friends

calmed the wind,
the morning of the next day I touched the ground

police sirens,
I played my life
forty days of hunger,
suffering from thirst, counting the hours

Lord let me live,
even if I'm made of another color

ARGO

Argo is fidelity to the musical style we started from, it's always been there waiting for us. At the same time, it is the challenge of change, recognizing in spite of being blind, the weight of leaving while feeling the vibrations of a *cassarmonica* far away.

I was born there, there I wish to rest.

Vincenzo Grasso

STELLA DELLA NOTTE

Music: Giuseppe Spedicato

Lyrics: Claudio Prima

Tell me where are you now
Star of my dreams

Bright eyes of a lover, witch, siren,
gaze that leaves me naked, where are you?

Tell me where are you now
lost in a night

I ended up in the hand of a mad man
running in the street
throwing me far away

into nothing.. where are you?

Tell me where are you now
coral mouth

waiting for me into the deep, where my fears are dancing in the eternal silence
Where my mouth won't get at, while singing to the moon

You are there, looking at me, a sailor into his waves, promising myself what I cannot comply,
mistaking sea for wine and wine for sea.

If you only knew how long I've been looking for you, in every harbour, wherever I've been,
eyes in the wind, without horizon. Like an abandoned ship, with a fragment of name written
on it.

POSEIDON ON THE ROCKS

In the moment we leave, we establish our goal, we engage the journey together, trying the
sea and imagining our destination. and yet, in spite of our efforts to make it a perfect journey,
Poseidon's there, sitting on a rock, ready to have fun unleashing his rage. Son of Zeus (king of
the Gods) and brother to Chrono (god of Time), Poseidon can unleash storms so terrible to
make our journey impossible. As in the sea, so in life: storms envelope our will, they hit us and
make us go astray from our goal and ourselves. Resisting is all we can do: the journey won't
leave you unchanged, but once the storm has gone away and the goal will be close, we will hug
our companions and celebrate our life, ready for a new challenge.

Andrea Perrone

L'ABBRACCIO DI CARIDDI

What takes the most courage? Is it taking off or is it staying in the journey?
Is it easier to hold onto one's own ideas, so jealously kept in a paper bag, or let them fly away
like a swarm of fake dark-winged butterflies in order to receive rainbows?
From flat calmness to storm, from birth to death, from taking off to landing.
Whatever the journey is, at some point something makes us get lost, bringing us to the
unexpected. Places that challenge us. Confusion, fear, uncertainty, introspection, changing
feelings are governing the helm. Going back to the beginning, or facing the unknown?
When Cariddi envelopes the ship with its whirling centripetal hug, all you can do is surrender
to the possibility to die to the world and be reborn to yourself.
Nothing can be obtained without a sacrifice.
That's how a monster becomes a mother, and what looked like a calamity suddenly shows
itself as a miracle..

If you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change.

Gaetano Carrozzo

Musicians:

Claudio Prima Organetto, Vocals

Emanuele Coluccia Alto, Tenor and Soprano Sax, French Horn

Vincenzo Grasso Clarinet, Bass Clarinet
Andrea Perrone Trumpet
Gaetano Carrozzo Trombone
Morris Pellizzari Electric Guitar, Saz, Mandolin
Giuseppe Spedicato Electric Bass, Tuba
Ovidio Venturoso Drumset

With guests:

Giovanni Chirico Baritone Sax
and
Antonio Castrignanò Vocals, Tambourine (Odissea)
Redi Hasa Cello (Odissea, Cariddi)
Simone Giorgino Reading Voice (Stella della notte)
Roberto Chiga Tambourine (Focu)
Lioness Afreeka Choir (Migrante, Focu)
Federico Buttazzo Choir (Cariddi)
Alessandra Ferrari Choir (Cariddi)
Aldo Orlando Choir (Cariddi)
Maria Scogna Choir (Cariddi)

Recorded and mixed by Marco D'Agostinis at Sud Est Studio, Guagnano (LE) and MD Lab, Lecce

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