

PRESENTATION

The music of Marco Rossetti exists because the guitar exists. I am not thinking about the idiomatic features of his writing (the composer is a skilled guitarist, so it is obvious that his music fits his instrument), but it is something deeper and more subtle. It is specifically the identification of the poetical features of his compositions and the unique aspects of a signature guitar sound. It seems to me appropriate to call this music monologue in the form of a dialogue (there are many examples of it in literature). I think there is no other instrument which, like the guitar, can be a kind of alter ego of the performer: to some people playing and composing with the guitar is not using an instrument but dialoguing with themselves, that is creating a kind of monologue. The musical idea develops along a route where the performer translates into sounds what the composer thinks but, at the same time, he precedes him in finding the routes to walk, and both go on together following an inner feeling which can be realized only on the guitar. This is the typical way of composing music, from this unique type of guitarist-composer, such as Rossetti. For this reason his music is exclusively for solo guitar.

His music is not out of its time, but certainly it does not pursue it. Rossetti's monologue also reflects a voluntary apartheid. Not even in the pieces entitled "Omaggio a..." there is a will to follow some models, and the affinity with other styles does not go beyond the usage of some chords and harmonic sequences.

In analyzing his compositions we understand that he has had various music experiences, but he leaves them on the background and composes a music of his own.

His language is basically considered diatonic-modal, even though some pieces are written in a chromatic language (it is only a subtle variation of modal lines). But in doing so he does not want to do easy archaism or popular music. The harmonic structure gives profundity to a research based on the treatment of small units – probably the beginning of the idea, which we can name, in a composer like Rossetti, that mightiest of muses: inspiration. The cells are set in the very first beats and then, I dare say, set in music, and arranged in a meditation. This meditation is not a rhetorical or academic one, but it seems to look at the motive from other points of view. Moreover there is a profusion of secondary motives, seldom in contrast with the main one. On the contrary, all the ideas, primary and subordinate, are placed in a kind of flow, a continuous sequence of announced, repeated, moved and resumed motives. And now another definition can be made: the music by Rossetti is a written improvisation, without the superfluous and incongruous aspects peculiar to improvisation and with the typical allure of the *improptu*.

The way in which Rossetti composes his guitar music is neither radical nor totally traditional. The search for a full sound is a balance of chordal and polyphonic sections and there is neither a moment of emptiness nor redundancy in the whole collection. He prefers the discreet tones, especially the dark ones, with a tasteful usage of the transparent sound of harmonics.

But what about his poetics? What does his monologue in the form of a dialogue, his written improvisation express? In my opinion it is the poetic narration of a journey, the journal of a sailing between people and things, under banner of the poetic evocation. This evocation refers to nature - some titles let me think to Romantic - Impressionistic landscape painting – to feelings and moods, in a thoughtful serenity, never exploding in happiness nor collapsing in sadness, and the whole experience is filtered in the crucible of poetic memory. Here the guitarist, the composer, the poet, the painter live forever in their peaceful isolation. Today we receive the book (with the CD) which has in it the whole sense of the life of an artist: it deserves our attention.

The music by Rossetti recalls to my mind, rather than the composers praised by him in the homages and dedications, a masterpiece of the contemporary Southern American literature, and I'd like to rename this collection Twenty years of solitude. A solitude very well lived and devoted to the music for guitar.

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