

DANIELE GUASCHINO

**DUOS WITH
ALFREDO MOLA
FORTUNATO D'ORIO
FRANÇOIS MERVILLE
QUENTIN BIARDEAU
RISHAB PRASANNA
SEFOUDI KOUYATE
SZUHWA WU**



**TREES
TRUNKS
TERRITORIES**

DANIELE GUASCHINO

(1975)

- 1. Trunk, inside** 06:34
for cello and electronics
- 2. The forest that controls the waves** 05:42
for bansuri and electronics
- 3. From East To South** 06:04
for piano and electronics
- 4. Leaving the trunk the branches walk** 02:11
for kora and electronics
- 5. Saggio pino loricato** 07:50
for violin and electronics
- 6. Round Stripes** 05:14
for drums and electronics
- 7. Cook pine source 2** 07:38
for tenor saxophone and electronics



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Cover Photos by Maria-Elena Capra (printed courtesy ©)

All tracks recorded by Daniele Guaschino
except 'Cook Pine Source 2' (by Quentin Biardeau) and 'Round Stripes' (by Mathieu Kabi)

Trunk, inside 29/05/2020

The forest that controls the waves 07/08/2020

From East to South 29/09/2017

Leaving the trunk the branches walk 21/10/2020

Saggio pino loricato 10/07/2018

Round stripes 09/07/2020

Cook pine source 2 30/11/2020

Mixed by Daniele Guaschino and Luca Bagnoli

Mastered by Luca Bagnoli

THANKS to Alfredo, Fortunato, François, Quentin, Rishab, Sefoudi, Szuhwa for their generosity and passion, and for giving birth and growth to this music. To Luca Bagnoli for his knowledge and talent. To Maria-Elena Capra for the revelations of her photographs. To Yann Rousselot for his valuable translations. To the friends and composers Jeremias and Lorenzo for their precious suggestions, and to Stefano, Jeanne and Lore for their help in translations..





Trunk, inside

Alfredo Mola, cello

Daniele Guaschino, composition and electronics

Composed in 2020 and recorded in Paris (France).

In the 19th century, between two villages in Piedmont (Italy), an oak tree was planted on the top of a hill to work as a reference for wayfarers. Today its many trunks form a huge Medusa's head, which may become a cosmic window if one places ears and eyes on it.

The forest that controls the waves

Rishab Prasanna, bansurī flute and improvisation

Daniele Guaschino, composition and electronics

Composed in 2020 and recorded in Paris (France). Rishab improvised several takes on the electronics. Then the electronics evolved on Rishab's bansurī.

Where is the bottom and where is the top? Labyrinth of mangroves, green mirror dream in which even the giant waves of the Indian Ocean soften.

From East to South

Fortunato D'Orio, piano

Daniele Guaschino, composition and electronics

Composed in 2017 and recorded in the Héliodome of Cosswiller in Alsace (East of France) - an incredible space built by Eric Wasser. This luminous dome emerges from a territory of meadows and trees, and the cyclic trajectories of the sun's rays delineate its volumes and distribute the energy throughout.

Leaving the trunk the branches walk

Sefoudi Kouyate, kora and improvisation

Daniele Guaschino, composition and electronics.

Composed in 2020 and recorded in Paris (France). Sefoudi improvised several takes on the electronics. Then the electronics evolved on Sefoudi's Kora.

In the tropics - within the dream of the mangrove forest's dense metamorphoses - the branches abandon their bust and slowly begin to walk on stilts towards the salt water of the ocean. Dream or reality, that is the life of the plants called Rhizophoraceae.

Saggio pino loricato

Szuhwa Wu, violin

Daniele Guaschino, composition and electronics

Composed in 2018 and recorded in Besançon (France).

Italus is a 1230-year old loricated pine tree, which lives in Calabria (Italy) and recently began to grow again. It has seen the inhabitants of those lands change from nomadic pastoralism to sedentary agriculture and, as a result, move further and further away. It has witnessed several generations of humans, but from an increasing distance, out of the reach of their sounds.

Round stripes

Kodia, duo composed by :

Daniele Guaschino (composition, electronics, keyboards)

François Merville (composition, drums, keyboards)

Composed in 2020 and recorded in Montbéliard (France) at Bains Douches Ma Scène Theatre. Sometimes when contemplating a wood, the boundaries between one plant and another, a tree and the land, leaves and insects, seem to dissipate. The straight lines of one continue in the circular shapes of the other, and each element mixes.

Cook pine source 2

Quentin Biardeau, tenor saxophone and improvisation
Daniele Guaschino, composition and electronics

Composed in 2020 and recorded in Orléans (France). Quentin played the first page of Daniele's score, and then developed an improvisation around the other pages, following the structure.

Irresistible attraction, desire to reach the land of the ancestors, games with gravity and magnetic field? Planted far from their original territories, the Cook pines become Towers of Pisa leaning towards the equator. Always different paths, always the same direction, almost like the phenomena of attraction in modal music.



DREAMS

Wang Wei (1)

Sitting alone in a secluded bamboo grove,
Playing qin and intoning at length.
Deep in the forest there is anonymity,
Though moonlight brings mutual illumination.

Drum invocations of the Ashanti drummers (Drum Language) (2)

Kon, kon, kon, kon,
Kun, kun, kun, kun,
{Spirit of} Funtumia Akore,
{Spirit of} Cedar tree Akore,
Of Cedar tree, Kodia,
Of Kodia, the Cedar tree,
The divine drummer announces
Had he gone elsewhere,
He has now made himself to arise;
The fowl crowed in the early dawn,
The fowl uprose and crowed,
Very early, very early, very early.
We are addressing you
And you will understand,
We are addressing you
And you will understand.

Ken Bugul (3)

Here, there was nothing but sun; it was everywhere. And the baobab tree, in whose shade reality replaced the dream and became dream.

Francis Hallé (4)

I arrived [...], and right away, the director, Chen Jin, asked me «Do you know the dancing plant?» He took me to some plants growing in pots, little shrubs that didn't really seem

too impressive. Their leaves, which look like those of green beans, are gray. Although they have pretty, pink flowers, these plants appears unremarkable on the whole-modest and retiring. But Chinese people were sitting all around the pots, clapping their hands and shouting. «They're making the plant dance», Cheng Jin explained. Indeed, the two lateral follicles of each leaf moved when sound was made.

«Could you sing a French song to see if that works too?» they asked me. A Breton sea shanty and...it worked ! to the immense delight of onlookers, the plant started dancing.

MIXTURES

The Karaw Ka, a Bambara initiation text (5)

Fragments of twilight's wing, bow down to me, for I am Yori.

I am as the celestial vault; I am as the meeting place.

Lush, green savannah, exposed green savannah, O green savannah, the dog has not caught me yet.

Calao deaf and dumb, my village chief deaf and dumb.

I speak noise; I speak noise.

Old knowledge rippers, you are at peace here, for I am Tori.

Emanuele Coccia (6)

The little green limbs [the leaves] that populate the planet and capture the energy of the Sun are the cosmic connective tissue that has allowed, for millions of years, the most disparate lives to cross paths and mix without melting reciprocally, one into the other.

[...] Plants are the breath of all living beings, the world as breath. [...] To mix without fusion means to share the same breath.

[...]

If, instead of drawing the universe that surrounds us starting from the portion of reality to which vision gives us access, we deduced the structure of the world on the basis of our musical experience, we would have to describe the world as something composed not of objects but of fluxes that penetrate us and that we ourselves penetrate, of waves of variable intensity and in permanent movement.

Imagine being made of the same substance as the world that surrounds you; being of the

same nature as music—a series of vibrations of the air, like a jellyfish, which is no more than a thickening of water. You will have a very precise image of what immersion is.

SPIRITS

Ken Bugul (3)

The only one left in the village of disaster was an ageless creature. Nobody knew from where he had come. All he had in the world was the sun, the baobab trees, and the infinite heat. It seemed that he had no knowledge of anything else. For him everything happened in the village and always he boasted about unimaginable discoveries. He knew the secrets of plants, of roots, of leaves. He even confirmed that he had discovered the plant the ensured immortality. « I shall never die, » he often said. « He is mad, » decided those who had left for farther distances.

Francis Hallé (7)

In the humid Tropics, members of forest tribes are unanimous in considering plants as, in a certain sense, persons. These beliefs, propagated by shamans, have been reported among the Embera of the Chocó in Colombia [...] and the Shuar in Ecuador [...]. Such beliefs are generally held by the Amerindians of low-elevation forests in South America [...]. In Europe, such an idea is shocking. But who must believe in it: Westerners who deny personalities of plants without ever having given them much attention, or shamans who have lived their entire lives in contact with the most diverse floras on the planet? The latter have formed close connections with thousand of plants, who for them are like family and who have become their accomplices. I am not aware if plants have true personality, but I ask myself, Who has the most authority on a such a subtle topic?

Sory Camara (8)

Was this baobab (bok) not known as the goui guevel, the baobab of the griots? In those days it stood as a reminder of the old tales and mores of the Senegambian peoples, which involved tossing the bodies of griots into the hollows of the enormous baobab trunks.

Amadou Hampâté Bâ (9)

Bâ-Wâm'ndé emerged trembling from the water. He and his sheep had just barely escaped with their lives! Ngabbou, the hippopotamus, had seized the crocodile and slung the beast as far as possible. Poor Ngoudda, soaring like a sling-shot stone, crashed into the baobab planted nearby and was left dangling from its branches. The impact of his body knocked one of the baobab fruits, which fell to the ground, ringing like a bell. Ngabbou the hippopotamus cried out:

“O Bâ-Wâm'ndé! Pick up that fallen fruit and open it!”

Bâ-Wâm'ndé rushed to the fruit and opened it with a sharp stone. Within the pod was no monkey bread, as one would expect, but rather, marvel of marvels, a skull, O yes, a skull, the very same that Bouytoring had placed at the centre of the ritual hexagram! The skull that had once upon a time spun stories and prophecies!

MOMENTS

Roberto Calasso (10) (commenting Plotinus)

Contemplation is no longer a human characteristic, mixed up with many others, but the fundamental characteristic of the whole of nature. Indeed, it can be said that nature operates only if it contemplates and because it contemplates. [...] A cosmic vision, where the role of man is no different, in essence, from that of the trees and vegetation.

Paul Valéry (11)

This great Tree is for you only your fantasy. You think you love it, Tityrus, but only see your charming fancy there, which you bedeck with leaves. You love only your hymn - and so please me the more.

[...]

Shepherd, what you perceive of a shrub or a tree is only the outside and instant, offered up to the indifferent eye, which only skims the surface of the world. But to spiritual eyes the plant presents not just a simple object of humble, passive life, but a strange will to join in universal weaving.

Italo Calvino (12)

Now it was a whole different world, made up of narrow curved bridges in the emptiness, of knots or peel or scores roughening the trunks, of lights varying their green according to the veils of thicker or scarcer leaves, trembling at the first quiver of the air on the shoots or moving like sails with the bend of the tree in the wind. While down below our world lay flattened, and our bodies looked quite disproportionate and we certainly understood nothing of what he knew up there - he who spent his nights listening to the sap running through its cells; the circles marking the years inside the trunks; the patches of mold growing ever larger helped by the north wind; the birds sleeping and quivering in their nests, then resettling their heads in the softest down of their wings; and the caterpillar waking, and the chrysalis opening. There is the moment when the silence of the countryside gathers in the ear and breaks into a myriad of sounds: a croaking and squeaking, a swift rustle in the grass, a plop in the water, a pattering on earth and pebbles, and high above all, the call of the cicada. The sounds follow one another, and the ear eventually discerns more and more of them - just as fingers unwinding a ball of wool fed each fiber interwoven with progressively thinner and less palpable threads.

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Daniele Guaschino was born in Italy in 1975 and lives in France since 1996. He studied ethnomusicology and composition, and he mainly works with musicians, directors and choreographers from the French art scene. His music follows a path where different languages and systems, as well as acoustic and electronic materials, structurally co-live, always looking for a fundamental principle and a uniform aesthetic.

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