



cantiere/site #1

bar west

In un bar ai confini dell'impero tutte le sere suonano gli ABG. In una lingua mista anglo-dialettale spruzzata d'italiano si snoda un masticato, quotidiano concerto fatto di canzoni, poesie, preghiere che ha come tappeto un flusso musicale ininterrotto, ipnotico, sghembo. Gli equivoci del presente, la disperazione di trovarsi non più in una terra misteriosa e poetica ma in un supermarket nel mezzo del far west, la genesi biografica di questo "miracolo negativo" che ognuno di noi sperimenta, la gioia di sciogliere l'angoscia nel rotolare ossessivo del rock and roll... tutto si fa rito notturno, laica domanda di senso attraverso l'inseguirsi di suoni e voci che si alzano imperterrite e vanno *from the province of the empire to the empire... listen empire... I'm talking to you empire...*

The ABG play every evening in a bar at the empire's edge. In a hybrid language of English and dialect with a sprinkling of Italian, a chewed-over, daily concert unfolds, with songs, poems and prayers against a non-stop flow of music, hypnotic and eccentric. Present misunderstandings, the despair at no longer finding yourself in a mysterious and poetic land but in a supermarket in the middle of the far west, the early life story of this "reverse miracle" which each of us experiences, the joy of overcoming pain in the relentless undulation of rock and roll... all this becomes a night ritual, a secular questioning of meaning through sequences of sounds and voices raised insistently and moving *from the province of the empire to the empire... listen empire... I'm talking to you empire...*

bar west



Con tot col ch'ian fat i mee per fermia gnan nasér la miseria  
Inveci a l'ò naseda e come  
A l'ò tocheda sé cun col man ké  
I did touch it  
I touched the Thatcher recession  
In those gloomy misty streets  
We kids brought there to learn  
The language of the future  
Al dé d'incoo s'at perel mia l'ingleis at vee da nissona pèrta ragasol  
Everybody was saying it was thinking it  
Down there in hot Emilia  
Int al lavor ormai l'é kse ghe gnint da fer  
E srà seimper pio' kse pio' ndom avanti  
And I did learn it  
I learnt it very well  
Fast and meticolous kid as I was

bar west



An aerial, black and white photograph of a bus, oriented vertically. A person is standing in front of the bus, near the front door. The bus has a dark horizontal stripe across its side. The background shows a textured ground, possibly grass or gravel.

cantiere/site #1

## bar west

ABG **bar west** testi/written by Alessandro Berti  
musica/music by ABG (Alessandro Berti, Luca Malusà, Max Nicoletti, Leo Virgili) + guests  
Asti (Italia/Italy), AstiTeatro, 22/06/2004  
Cividale del Friuli (Italia/Italy), Mittelfest 2004 Il tempo. Le voci, 22-25/07/2004