

Trauma Etudes 2019

The paradox today is that, in our privileged western world, the shock, the real traumatic event has been banned. We never really live it. Not talking about the most obvious tragedies like war or famine. These ones we have exported somewhere else. Even Death has been put far away, in everyday routine, concealed, removed. We don't talk about it. Even disease is inconvenient. Where is the paradox?

It is simply that at the same time we generate and consume virtual traumas everywhere. The representation of shock is filling up every second and space of common human beings. Movies, gossip, images, pop songs, internet, reality shows and TV series. We eagerly consume daily an overdose of ferocious images of violence and offense. We are getting used to it. We need it.

Blood, death, disgust, arrogance. Why?

In a western bubble where humans' life has never been more safe wealthy, healthy.

Shock, pain, death have been rejected, extruded from "real" life. And old people as well. And swapped with deep, unconfessed fear. So we rebuild it in a collective imaginary, probably to exorcise it.

We have no profound myths to provide pillars anymore. Myth is the onyrical thinking of a civilization. What do we really dream ?

Till some time ago a traumatic experience was so breathtaking that was impossible or even forbidden to describe and talk about. It was ritualized and metabolized.

Now trauma is the main topic in talks. And story-telling . As if, lacking alternatives, these endless extreme representations became the only proof, the authentication of meaning. The proof that we are alive.

I feel all this too.

But I also feel there are big forces in our nerves and heart if we are not afraid to search and watch. Fear is the big enemy.

In this piece of music I accept the violence and the beauty of the parallel world of noise and technology. I want to make it mine but challenge it with the force of human, physical spirit of great performers. Smiles, sweat, poetry, rhythm.

We are not post-human. Yet.

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