

FRANZ ROSATI – BLACK BODY RADIATION

Although a century had passed since the making of an emblematic movie (even for the *industrial* culture) such as **Walter Ruttmann's Berlin: Symphony of a Metropolis**, in the wide and varied experimental electronic musical universe (and not strictly *industrial*), an experimental musical current which tried to give voice to that particular urge, that flow (in a direct manner) that, in music, tried to evocate life in industrial metropolis has always existed. This urge shows itself through the unbinding of a minimalism pushed to the limit, in which the idea has more weight than the substance, and, rather, the composition becomes a sort of *flow*.

Although this sort of experimentation has always found its major examples in *industrial music*, let's take as an example the pioneering work made by the Germans **Einstürzende Neubauten**, to name the most well-known example, a musician such as **Franz Rosati**, with **Black body radiation**, released by the Italian **Manyfeetunder** label that hasn't anything to envy to the foreign musical landscape, fulfills the same operation, and this particular as well as primordial album is a valid example of how Italy could be able to offer different products from those belonging to the market tendencies even within the "underground sound".

Although, surely, this is not the only example of this kind, the musician distinguishes himself in the way in which he succeeds in evoking the alienated metropolitan life, made by sounds of trains, noises generated in factories and drilled objects. Without any doubt, a linkage between Bargeld's early work and Rosati's work could be traced, but what's more important here is to highlight the creative spirit which belongs to an artist who makes use of few sounds and that takes inspiration from the conceptual music as well as from the *industrial* avantgarde.

In fact, *Black body radiation* is a primordial album which transcends the music genres and that, rather, take us into a particular cultural-geographical context. In a constant balance between tension and distension moments, between *intelligent* sounds, *noisy* moments and few primordial squared rhythms, Rosati, with *Zero point energy*, reworks **John Cage's** work, one of the most important acts of XX^o century, an episode in which silence is not a random choice, as well as the artificiosity of the *old fashioned* noise, that doesn't want to avidly express all its potential, but that intelligently alternate different atmospheres, as if it was a collage for the post-industrial generation. Here is present also the recovery of real life-sampled sounds, but this is an important characteristic that every song of the album shares. The song reaches a *climax* characterized by an atomic taste (that, although the music genre is radically different, recalls, in the cacophonous *background*, the beginning and the end of the **Bunkertor 7** album).

Even the *opener Strain tensor* is constantly balanced between tension and distension, with a metronome-style beat in *background* that slowly becomes the noise of a train that runs on rusted rails, making us think about **Lars Von Trier's Europa**, a particularly anxious, dystopic and conceptual movie, that evokes the same emotions evoked by the song, that then shows a play between silence and white noise, maybe not yet perfect but relevant from a conceptual point of view. This is a composition that doesn't search the meeting between two musical universes, but rather, their collision, as this process provokes a break, and the break is the best way through which express a message characterized by a feverish composition.

Angular distortion is another *iron-and-steel drone* that clearly recalls the dimension of hard work in the factories, but that, at the same time, seems like a *divertissement*, a constant flow between

noise and *power electronics*, a conceptual, rather than physical, song, better easy to describe linking it to a study of the *postmodern / postindustrial* civilization. Going forward, the same crudeness and the same urge will take a break, like in the following song *Transition metal (slow light)*, a song characterized by a more *intelligent* structure, divided into two segments: in the first one, the *english school*, precise, relatively clean and mathematically perfect (but less powerful in its message) could be clearly listened, while in the second the rhythm accelerates in the insane run of an old beaten-up train. The *Cage*-like silence is the demonstration of the artistic status of the project.

Instead, *Quintessence* plays on a primordial rhythm that goes through *ambient* atmospheres, showing the assonant and dissonant skills of the musician, highlighting the chaotic and minimalist *piano* passages in which *background* a really thick *noise* carpet stands. It's a dreaming episode, far from the claustrophobic mood that characterize the other songs. *Head-death of the universe*, apocalyptic and strongly conceptual, based on the noisy flow, begins where the previous song ends, but then begins to build a cacophonous *climax* that reaches the white noise, a run through the obliteration of the sonic perception and through the dissolution of musical patterns.

That of Franz Rosati is a musical act which tries to immerse the listener into the alienation of the postmodern metropolis, a work that borrows the early XX° century avantgarde ideas and that, with those, create a highly interesting *spin-off*, an *artistic-musical flow* that come directly from the beginning of the industrial revolution and that, even today, has something relevant to tell us.

Author: Alessandro "Flux" Violante

Score: 7, 5

Label: Manyfeetunder

Website: <http://fluxproject.altervista.org/franz-rosati-black-body-radiation>