

Marco Beasley

Endowed with extraordinary vocal gifts and an innate talent for communication, Marco Beasley was born in 1957, the son of an English father and a Neapolitan mother. He grew up in Naples, the most musical of Italian cities. His passion for singing then led him to move to Bologna, where he attended courses in the performing arts at the University, concentrating especially on the vocal music of the Renaissance and Baroque periods. The rediscovery of the very rich popular tradition of Southern Italy, dating back to those very years (the early 1980s), fired him with enthusiasm and contributed to the development of his very special artistic personality. At the same time he carried on his studies in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century musical literature, with particular focus on two stylistic pillars of that period: “recitar cantando” and sacred and secular polyphony. In this context, his English heritage has further enriched his vocal talent, already full of character and passion, giving him great self-control, a deep sensitivity to sound and a wide range of highly refined timbres that enables him to explore a broad palette of colours in every register. The meeting with Cathy Berberian – of vital importance to him – also dates back to those same years. An unforgettable champion of contemporary culture, she was his teacher for - unfortunately - too short a period. Berberian's premature death acted as a catalyst: Marco Beasley found himself with a store of eclectic musical experiences which have shaped his unique, though hard to define, artistic personality. It is difficult to say what prevails in his performances: the magic of his beautiful voice, his ability to communicate or his extraordinary stage presence. Together with Stefano Rocco and Guido Morini, he founded Accordone, the group that has enabled him to develop his artistic personality to the full and which has become the centre of his activity as well as the natural framework in which to develop new ideas. Since 2001 Marco Beasley has written all the texts for Accordone's new works.

"I got off the train on a grey October day. I kept asking passers-by for information and they kindly told me the way with that strange accent that gives the listener a feeling of calm and warm communicativeness. I was not far away; I almost went past it. But then suddenly I saw, there on the wall: Università di Bologna. Istituto di Discipline delle Arti, della Musica e dello Spettacolo. I stood there contemplating the brass plaque without knowing what to do: should I really cross the threshold, enrol for the course in musical disciplines and embark on the second part of my life there, in that city, together with 60,000 other students, all chasing after dreams and lecturers? On that foggy morning Naples was really far away: its colours, its sounds, the sea... I missed them so much that I really felt I would not be able to bear it. But was what I felt simply a fear of the unknown? Oh, my home, my dear home, so far away... I met Stefano, and the sound of the lute played in the peaceful countryside of Bologna. And then Guido, our first songs together and the summer courses; his wise silence, his scant phrases, always precise, to the point, his warm and conscious way of playing, his way of being constantly present and suggesting emotions. We used to spend the night in the osterie with Mario, Paola, Giovanna, Luciano. And then Gianmario, David and his choir, Massimo and the music of Erik Satie, love... And now I find myself in Genoa. The flowering terraces, the bells at midday, the sirens of the ships majestically entering the port, escorted by scavenging seagulls. Different smells, different tastes, different emotions... My home, my dear home, now so close to me. I go back to Naples now and again, and I realise we have never parted, that the place is still a part of myself. Fires still flare on the beach, voices still sing in my dialect, everything is new and unalterable, vital, constantly moving, animated by the same passion, beside the same sea. But the suffering has gone now."