

Liner notes for “**The Moon in the Bucket**”

The music in this album was composed for this particular project and both Carmen’s and Amy’s ways of playing and sounds have been my inspiration.

I don’t know how to define or label this work: it’s like life to me. At times, funny, at times, sad, or serious, complex, simple.

The first song in the album, ‘**Your Hands**’ is a collaboration with my husband Khabu; I had written the very first part of the song and then we completed it together. The lyrics came afterwards and I was surprised by how they spontaneously appeared and fit with the melody.

‘**The Moon in the Bucket**’, that titles the entire album, is a dedication to my 5 years old self. I remember one evening in which the moon was particularly bright and big. I was walking towards home with my mother, and I told her how I had a plan to get the moon, and put her (in Italian Moon is feminine, Luna) in a bucket; she tried to explain that the moon “is too big to fit in a bucket”, so I came up with another plan: put her in our bathtub! I kept daydreaming about getting up in the middle of the night and going to greet la Luna, laying down in my bathtub...

‘**Cookin-G**’ is a sort of “Rhythm Changes” that I wrote out of nowhere! Art Lande, who plays in this track, liked it and encouraged me to work on it, so that it became this recipe-reciting-improv tune. Art was especially excited to speak in Italian! I am so honored to play with Art, as I consider him a mentor, beside one of the greatest pianists on this planet.

On the tune ‘**Laguna**’, I meant to share my feelings of love and concern for Venice, as it feels like she’s assaulted and disrespected by too many people, who can’t see her beauty and storm into this delicate and ancient city, without really seeing her. The dance of the waves, the elegant architecture, the songs of seagulls, the unavoidable corruption of time...

‘**Kiss the Bees**’ comes from an improvisation session I did with the Nalanda Ensemble (one of my favorite projects). I extracted the spontaneous words from an improvisation and played around it with Amy.

The next song, '**Happy to be Happy**', was written...in my car! I've got into the habit of recording any ideas I might have for a tune and this one comes from observing the drivers stuck in traffic. I thought for a very long part of my life that my jolliness, my way of seeing things was wrong. Why? Because most people identify joy with silliness, or with a lack of profundity and there are also many proverbs that support this theory. I just decided that I do want to be happy. Just that!

'**The Love of my Life**' came to me with lyrics. It was simply as if I knew this tune all along and if I was just remembering it. Its cabaret-like characteristic was surprising to me, but most of all I made Carmen happy playing that first flamboyant arpeggio.

When I started writing '**What can I do for You?**', I was playing ukulele in an outdoor setting and this tune also had a set of lyrics ready to go with it. I was listening, smelling, seeing the wonders of Mother Nature around me and feeling so grateful for the fact I could enjoy all that. It felt just right to ask that question and I do really mean it. It's crucial to do everything in our power to fight pollution and help our sick planet to recover. I hope that each person who will listen to this song, will start to ask themselves the same question and work harder on their contribution to help the healing process.

'**Rush-in**' is a completely improvised piece. I took a sip of water from my bottle, that made that squeaky sound and I just kept "playing" my bottle for a little bit. Amy took that as an invitation and that was it!

I had a very estranged relationship with my father. When I visited him, in one of my trips back to Italy, I saw something in his eyes I had never seen before. '**For my Father**' is a sort of poem I wrote after that visit, and I'm improvising the melody in the making. I was unsure if I wanted to share something so intimate as this tune, but I came to the decision to do so, as it felt almost cathartic to sing it.

Another ukulele song, with lyrics and all, that came to me all at once is **'Buffalo Poop'**. Too many times we read or hear of sexual harrassments and assaults that most often end in the worst possible way for the assaulted person. I personally have been harassed millions of times in my life and I personally know women and men who were assaulted and raped. The word "culture" associated with these behaviors is not a good use of the language, in my opinion, as it almost justifies such horrifying actions as part of a cultural background. Carmen added more lyrics to this tune.

'Io sono la Nebbia' (I am the fog) is also a poem I wrote a few years back, observing the fog and how it muffles the sounds, especially in Venice, where you only hear footsteps and the boat honks. As crazy as it sounds, I miss the fog and this piece is an homage to that phenomenon.

Lastly, **'Frank'**: I was cleaning the place where I live now, before moving in, and this huge spider showed up in the kitchen. My reaction was quite funny: I moved away and screamed "F...RANK!" So I thought that must have been its name and that this spider deserved a song.

When I was a little girl, I used to spend part of the summer at a beach near Venice, with my mother, sisters, aunt and cousins. There you can walk around at night, sit in an ice cream shop and listen to live music that many of these places provide. This one was hosting a duo of piano and violin. The violinist was standing before the pianist and playing in front of all those people, including me, with a beautiful sound that I still remember. I thought to myself that he was the most courageous person in the world, sharing his music, from his heart to his hands, to the instrument, for all of us to enjoy, with no fear or doubt, standing tall and fierceful.

I still think that this person was the inspiration for me to become, eventually, a musician; and although I don't know who he is or was, I hope my gratitude will somehow reach him.

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