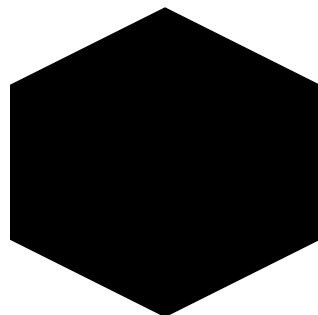


Universal
Sex Arena



UNIVERSAL SEX ARENA
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Universal Sex Arena è una band di sei elementi che soffia da nord-est. Obiettivo principale del progetto è l'attenzione alla scrittura delle canzoni, prioritaria rispetto all'incasellamento in una delle tante nicchie musicali in auge. Vitale è altresì l'emissione di energia gioiosa, carnale, urgente, durante i concerti.

Testi, melodie e ritmiche in Women Will Be Girls sono eterogenei, accomunati dal denominatore "rock". Un calore sornione avvolge le 15 canzoni (~53 minuti), muovendosi tra cavalcate selvagge ed epifanie rilassate.

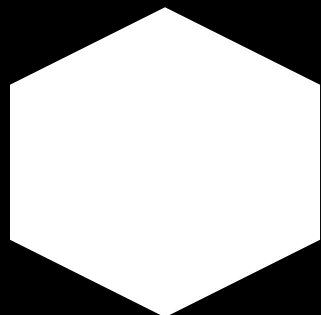
I testi sono alimentati dal piacere della creazione letteraria e immaginifica di episodi e i temi spaziano dal sesso all'amicizia, dall'amore per una città magica ad imperatori decadenti, da tramonti californiani a suggestioni calviniane (le Città Invisibili).

Sesso: è una forza elementare ma incontrovertibile, archetipica. Una celebrazione della natura e della vita.

"Women Will Be Girls" è autoprodotta e pubblicata per la neonata etichetta-collettiva "Gran Donna". Sebbene consideriamo il disco come un biglietto di invito ai concerti abbiamo voluto onorarlo come un corpus monolitico con la realizzazione di un doppio LP in edizione limitata in collaborazione con l'amorevole artigianalità di La'Mas e le illustrazioni di Roberta Zeta. L'album è stato registrato tra Venezia e Milano e masterizzato da Brian Lucey al Magic Garden Mastering (Black Keys, Sigur Ros, David Lynch, etc...)

Universal Sex Arena trae propulsione dall'interplay tra le due batterie e una carismatica presenza del frontman, col supporto feroce di due chitarre elettriche, un basso, e la sporadica apparizione di una tastiera chiamata Panda.

Abbiamo ritenuto che il nostro immaginario fosse compreso più genuinamente da artiste donne: oltre alle illustrazioni ci siamo così rivolti a Sara Vlinder Bonaventura per un video in animazione e per le foto a Malta Bastarda.



Un nome numeroso, un posto molto caldo.

La gioia, la gola, i muscoli e l'amore.
Universal Sex Arena è il rione a luglio, al mattino. I
colori bruciano, sudano e contagiano mentre le navi
salpano e attraccano, i marinai fanno l'amore con la
città e le donne sorridono sempre.

Rock and roll universale, uber storico, senza tempo
e senza necessità di portare un vestito per definirsi.
La lingua e il corpo teso sono strategie tattili per
espandere il piacere, dividerlo e prolungarlo.

Ascoltare soltanto, quindi, limita l'apprendimento di
un luogo, meglio ispirare a pieni polmoni e baciare a
lungo chi ci sta accanto.



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DRUM AFFAIRE

Rione napoletano a luglio, fine anni '40, ore 10.45.
Colori, entusiasmo post-bellico, febbrile scambio culturale, mattinata pulita.
Le navi salpano e attraccano, i soldati americani fanno l'amore con la città e portano il rock and roll prima che nel resto d'Europa. Il tango è il linguaggio perfetto per elettricità, trasmissione del ritmo, sensualità e decontestualizzazione.

AUGUSTUS'S ROOMS

Spiaggia alle 18:30. Dopo una giornata di sole, la pelle è abbronzata, senza ustioni. Il chiosco a due passi dal lettino in prima fila sta per chiudere, ma accetta di venderti le ultime due Corona.

RAW RIDE

Enormi aerei di linea rossi solcano il cielo con lentezza, come gigantesche lingue che lo assaporano.
Il loro carico è la lussuria: prendendo quota e avvicinandosi al sole, la lussuria diventa amore.
Gli aerei si schianteranno a terra liberando il carico "evoluto".

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WOMEN WILL BE GIRLS: PRELIMINARI.

2/4

WALTZ FOR LOU

Notte calda.

OKLAHOMA

Catastrofi amorose, inevitabili come un uragano.
A Cuba o nell'Oklahoma, arrivano e spazzano.
Sferzate, separazioni e avvicinamenti, ritmo avvolgente e che stordisce.

EASY TO

Liquidi che si spostano con un tempo lento e risoluto.

BRAIN FERRY

Metropoli d'oltre oceano, sull'oceano. Estate.
Inseguendo l'età giusta, si finisce nell'età sbagliata:
importante evitare la frustrazione. Rock and roll ostinato e muscoloso come Bruce Lee.

ARENA

Il deserto del Mojave su un elicottero che vola basso.
L'aria calda viene dalla polvere e il ritmo dal motore. In un'ora saremo a Las Vegas e la notte sarà un romanzo.

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WOMEN WILL BE GIRLS: PRELIMINARI.

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THE LIGHT ONES

Fluttuazioni.
Gli umori e il tempo cambiano e passano. Dovrebbero restare le convinzioni, le proprie opere, gli amori importanti. Groove fondamentale. Roxy groove.

KILL YOU

Agosto: pomeriggio pigro con le finestre che respirano. La rassegnazione allo strano destino degli amanti "condivisi".
Accettazione tragicomica della giovinezza.

CHIMBALAYA

Furti, velocità, la città che si scopre e lascia scoperti.
Amore complicato e incontrollabile.
Sul "controllo" si perde il controllo.

HOOLIGAN

Notte inquieta.
I locali non resisteranno alla nostra avanzata.
La compagnia si influenza da sé: nervi molto tesi, eccessi di temperatura, rissa.

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WOMEN WILL BE GIRLS: A LISTENING GUIDE.

4/4

VENEZIA

L'universo dei colori che accecano d'estate e non muoiono mai. Scalini languidi e che fanno indurire i polpacci, che fanno scivolare e bestemmiare. Onde di persone.

SLOW DOWN

Prenditi una pausa e svegliati.

SUMMER

Diapositive in rapida successione, troppo rapida. Le immagini si fondono, i colori sconfinano, liquefatti.



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DRUM AFFAIRE

Fancy a rumble?
Let me introduce the right bloke to you:
Meson knows well where to hit!
Beating arms of rubber
will smash your soul without blood
Your hands hold knives, but HE's the heat!
No time to say goodbye when you die.

Burning need of tango?
Our wonder name is Pacio.
Follow his heels then let loose!
He could once love, now his tempo is tango
Pleasures you will never know!
There was never a brain like his, thoughts run so far.

AUGUSTUS'S ROOMS

Everything you say or do
is mine, you know, i mean you too.
Apple trees, streets, horses
Where the hell do you think you live?

Here in Rome you'll smile again
Here in Rome you're just my slave
So can I have your freedom?

I'm afraid i will

Do you know how it feels to be a man like me?
Such strange things happen, believe me
Exciting, not easy.
Now you dare to be so deadly young!
You're the right food for god,
you're just right for me.

RAW RIDE

Lust-filled,
my jets are moving slow
red, licking the sky
lookin' like flames.

they will fly 'til they reach a time
when their cargo grows into love
so their speed will become the light
land will sense the glow

So they'll crash down with the sound of love!

My whole fleet is raining on the world

red, speed, colours, tempo giusto.

they will crash, you can be sure
it's a lust-operated route
because lust is the perfect feel
my company's fuel

So they'll crash down with the sound of love!

so hear my jets
look in front of you, and feel the air
celebrate the Red!

WALTZ FOR LOU

Lou, I really love the light I see
is it because you smile with natural ease?
You can love with your hands,
see with your dick,
think just when you need to
city sounds are yelling "Fuck, it's spring!"
And I do really love the light I see so
relax, don't work anymore

OKLAHOMA

Hang onto my teeth
taste the air I breathe
Hang onto my teeth
taste the air I breathe
Smell the ground that I move,
Feel like you're helpless again

Maybe dogs do foresee
the rage that will bend your knees
Mountains can succeed
in keeping my love's memory

Smell the clouds i push

Feel like you're powerless again

Eat the ground that I move,
Feel like you're helpless again
Your nature won't set you free

Feel the clouds i push
It looks like you're powerless again
So don't mess with my speed

Smell the ground that I move,
Feel like you're helpless again
The nature won't set you free

EASY TO

It's easy to talk about rain,
but i don't care how water falls down.

It's easy to talk about you,
but I don't care if you fall, fall down.

BRAIN FERRY

If you've got too much blood
his mouth will be wide enough
and if you've got too much samba
then you're ready for "Avalon"

so you can stare at the "jealous guy's" teeth
and you can "do the strand" on your knees
but please girl, you have to be quick
cos time's up for the little girl's beat
time's up for the little girl's beat

so obey, be a woman today!

If you've got too much blood
his mouth will be big enough
and if you've got too much fire
then you're ready for "Avalon"

so you can stare at the "jealous guy's" teeth

and you can "do the strand" on your knees
but please girl, you have to be quick
cos time's up for the little girl's beat

so obey, become a woman today!

Now shut your mouth, shut the fuck up
Stay focused on the lessons he taught
See the guys, they'll go to hell when you dance
the tarantella
Hell breaks loose and mouths will be full of you

Now there's a fire in my wine
Out of my glass...on your legs
So please keep shaking hard, spread the love
In my glass i spot your legs
So please, keep shaking hard, spill the red
In my glass, i spot your face
Oh life is your smile, now you're a woman

ARENA

you've crashed into this
you were far, i've pushed you in
cos you oughta see the colours
bodies melting with the beat

faces shine again, hands are glowing
you're wondering why you had to wait
your shoes slide on the sand
i can see you take the ocean

you've just laughed
you were far, i've pushed you back in
now i see you love the people
cos you play naked

faces shine again, hands are glowing
you're wondering why you had to wait
your shoes slide on the sand
i can see you take the ocean

you've crashed into the ARENA
you've been far, i've pushed you in
cos you oughta see the sand, the sweat and
bodies melting with the beat

faces shine again, hands are glowing
you're wondering why you had to wait
your shoes slide on the sand
i can see you take the ocean

THE LIGHT ONES

You call me a stranger cos I cannot know
How this city was built or how it works.
I'm not running away, but you're asking when i'll leave
I'm feeling so old, where've they all gone?

Here people live in the air
The ones who fall, grow old on the ground
But some fall in love and get high
And time is nothing close to the sun

Well girl, inside my pants there's your ticket to the sky,
so you'd better love me and

Stop asking me where I'll go,
I can do everything for sure
Stop asking me where I'll go,
I can do everything for sure

Every city has a sex, but we have got no age

Stop asking me where I'll go,
I can do everything for sure
Stop asking me where I'll go,
I can do everything for sure

KILL YOU

She wants to kill you,
i want to kill you too
oh how...i want to kill you.

She wants to kill you,
she wants to kill you too
i want kill her too
kill me, please kill me
i want to...come on!

She wants to kill you,
she wants to kill you,
i want to kill you too
but he wants to kill me
i want to...i want to kill you!

come on!
come on!
i want you

CHIMBALAYA

I need to remember
those words you said about control
because the love I feel
gave me this pain and i want more

your head's so heavy, but I won't let go
My hands are bleeding if I try to bring it home

your love, your head, my back
weight makes me think about

Controlling you, controlling your town
controlling your hands, your world too
words you said were to control myself, not you!

HOOLIGAN

With this hooligan every hit's a light of life
i can sleep all morning, night will bring the sun!

Words are melting, my bones pave the floor
"hooligan, don't talk" when i piss on your door.

Now watch this hooligan, she should laugh tonight
with this hooligan, you can't fight, you'll die.

In the morning, i've never been so young
you've never been so young

VENEZIA

You tell me "solo tu"
trading your love, my "vita"
waves of men greet your docks
wearing the scars of your sweet works

you're all the cities where life's the sun
today and tomorrow
cheating your strangers, you save their souls

come on, my name is your song again
men read their lives through your places
the sea keeps tempo,
lazy tides of crescendo

on the pull like a gun
hiding the sun
perfect your shape of time
the sweat of love can't keep our minds cool
so we move with the inferno

SLOW DOWN

You've gotta slow down
you've gotta cool down
you've got to sit down
you've got to cool down

You've gotta slow down
you've got cool down
you've got to sit down
go down

slow down
cool down

You've gotta slow down
you've got cool down
you've got to sit down
go down

slow down
cool down

SUMMER

Tell me 'bout your pandas, tigers, dogs, rainbows, your
heyday's sweat on the floor
Sunset breeze, white chicks on trees, daylong wander-
ing on gummy sidewalks
Buildings full of blah blah blah, vultures fly around, but
they won't mind at you at all
"SUN" is a word in a psychedelic song, the blues is
abused by old assholes.

Tell me 'bout your pandas, tigers, dogs, rainbows, your
heyday's blood on the floor
Sunset breeze, black crows on trees, daylong wonder-
ing: why Alfa Romeo
Buildings full of blah blah blah, desert goes around, but
it won't mind at you at all
"SUN" is a word in a psychedelic song, the blues is
abused by old assholes.



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