

A photograph of a seagull in flight over the ocean. The water is a mix of green and white, with white foam from the waves. The seagull is in the lower center of the frame, flying towards the right.

# Water

*«Our essences, your intimate sisters, rise restlessly like waves.»*

*Francesca Nicoli*

I set out with not many thoughts in my mind taking one of the most bewitching panoramic roads in Tuscany, the one that runs along the cliffs of Calafuria. Before the breathless view of the sea and the high rock on which the Castle of Sonnino rises, I started meditating about the inner connection between the water element and the music of Ataraxia.

A memory: the legend of the lord of Entraguez, who betrayed his King for the love of a woman before retiring from the world living as a hermit on this very rock. After expiating his fault, he died, staring at the Tyrrhenian Sea and keeping his beloved's face in his eyes. I found myself thinking of the two lovers, together now, after death. They could watch that sea forever.

*Life, love, and death, this is sea.*

I remember when my father took me to see the ships. On windswept days, when the south-western wind blew, fishers cursed those waves, too high to make fishing possible, and preventing them earning their living. And I recall their faces, burned by the sun and the salty water, every time they came back, tired out and happy after a rich fishing, blessing the same water they had cursed before.

*Life, love, and death, this is sea...*

Whoever devoted his/her life to music, could not help getting inspiration from this element, even only once.

The photos beside me, the painting of a face covered by water, ancient buried remains, treasures that will never be found... Atlantis and the innumerable legends about its lost world...

«Lost Atlantis» is an album I loved as soon as I first listened to it. Atlantis could be a sort of representation of the contemporary world. A continent swallowed by waters because of a tremendous catastrophe caused by a war. A civilisation that reaches such a high level of knowledge and technology to be able to manipulate nature and breed new genetically modified living forms. A civilisation that will hardly suffer the consequences of its choices and it will disappear forever.

«*An album made of stone and water*», that's what Ataraxia write in the booklet. «Daytia», the name of one of the towns of Atlantis, is a song in which the sound of the guitar reminds the lapping of the waves. In it, Francesca's voice reaches a very high pitch, turning into a mermaid's singing. Maybe, the photo portraying an underwater painting was taken in the place named in the third great song, «Aperlae», a Lycian submerged archaeological site, of

which it is still possible to see the perimeters of its houses. A sense of magic and resigned serenity comes out from this song, enriched by the sound of ethereal keyboards and charming guitars, that are able to describe what a visitor can feel in this ancient place. And I wasn't indifferent to the sweet sound of the flute that embroiders the beautiful and nostalgic melody of «Agharti». «Lost Atlantis» is a concept album, made up of episodes. Sometimes, the music has got to submit to the narrated stories, as in the songs about the two countries that went on fighting each other until they reached their mutual destruction. The title-track is an epic theme that melts into a melancholy singing, a feeling of compassion on the human events that lead to the end of a civilisation; the chant of an angel who cries on the verge of the chasm down which a world has fallen. There is a tune, «Oduarpa», that captured my soul and my heart. I have listened to it over and over. It narrates the tormented story of Oduarpa, an Atlantis scientist, who spent his life crossing human beings with animals, giving pain and cruelty in the name of an absurd scientific progress. The song describes him in his old age, when death is coming, and he thinks about all his misdeeds, without any possibility of being forgiven. The voice, the keyboards, and the guitar create an intense sorrowful melody that transmits a sense of strong nostalgia for the past, as the end approaches relentlessly.

Even the album «La malédiction d'Ondine», has been inspired by water and its legends.

*«...About twenty pale, bloodless, and terribly sad faces appeared on the surface of water. I still don't know how I managed to escape the horrible fascination of those poor creatures, halfway between drowned corpses and opaque giant mantas. Those trembling faces floated on the sea, whispering a strange distressing dirge that penetrated into my brain like a woodworm...»*

*W. H. Hodgson - «Lamie» from «L'orrore del mare» translation and commentary by Gianni Pilo  
Newton Compton Editors (1993)*

*«Entangled in the waves, dragged by the currents of the rivers, swallowed up by the dark whirlpools of the lakes, the echo of the vicissitudes of so many female souls is repeated endlessly, with a measured, sobbing and dull rhythm.  
We have listened to it, made it ours, and given it to you under the shape*

