



THE MICK
XX

ATARAXIA

~ celebrating TWENTY years ~

Vomitarium Editoriale



You'll have to excuse me, but the reason I write is to encourage people to try out what I find exciting, and putting together this issue to celebrate Ataraxia's twenty year existence, seems not just the right thing to do, but the *only* thing to do. Allow them to intrigue and entrance you and the rich appeal of their work becomes an extended form of magical justice, the ravishing ambush and capture a welcome life sentence.

It's about passion of course, in terms of why they do what they do, and why we *want* music so much. Having come from the post-punk era, struggling to exist through difficult years, and remaining steadfastly self-sufficient, Ataraxia have achieved so

much with so many stunning releases that their twenty years deserves to be marked.

Here is a band from Italy who sing in various languages and handle numerous styles with consummate ease, creating their own musical universe as intricately as any author. Utilising historical recipes, involving fact or myth, there is enough of what they do to ensure a connection if you have even vaguely similar interests.

To the Renaissance and Medieval simplicity they *add* something, with a modern perspective, with emotional verve, delivering a confident hybrid.

Apologies to any photographers whose work appears here without a credit. (Let me know if any photos are yours and I will naturally add a credit and upload a corrected version.) I have naturally swiped a lot of the amazing pics by Livio Bedeschi from their website, but also tried to get a variety of related imagery.





When they allow modern ideas to boil among the synth sounds with more dramatic vocal possibilities they aren't like your usual indie fare. (In their wildest dreams The Cocteau's could never have written 'Bonthrop'.) The plethora of Electro-Goth bands trying now to mine a more sensitive seam cannot hope to rival Ataraxia for the mesmeric serendipidity which allows them to be both gorgeous and macabre simultaneously. (Cruxshadows are like kindergarten wannabes when handling historical topics.) They infuse Ethereal sounds with a toughness which is cunningly disguised.

They have no one set style, so their releases aren't formulaised. I know that's what stops band reaching the widest possible audience, but it's also what keeps their dignity and maintains their true artistic allure. Look at the closing interview and you'll find their plans now involve a further step into the unknown. How many other bands can you mention who do this?

There is no band like them. Plenty do the medieval, the neo-classical, the Ethereal, but none do them all! Very few succeed

outside of one, and yet the enticing luxury or austerity of Ataraxia's work is both gracious and seriously cool. Ataraxia fans already know their music transports you and if you go with it you have nothing to lose but your misery.

Staring, then amassing, an Ataraxia collection is like laying down musical wine, because these recordings will always be there for when you need them most, to sooth annoyance, or inspire it. The news they're currently working on two albums is thrilling, and I hope soon you will feel the same.

There is much which is spectacularly beautiful in their work, but also plenty that hich is downright odd and, as they admit themselves, happily sinister. Much of that comes from Francesca's demure or devilish delivery. Musically, Vittorio's guitar will astonish, and Giovanni's synth is the sensitive glue which gives them their shape. They have ideas to die for, backed by great imagery, and musical ghost stories to tickle your soul.

And it does matter. If only *all* bands were this brave, this accomplished, this unpredictable.







Many bands have their own manifesto explaining what they do and why - and *none* of them are lilke this, but as you read you will begin to get an idea of just what kind of journey you are embarking upon.

ATARAXIA is an absolute tension, a way of affording life and experience in a receptive way with the aim of contemplation and enlightenment. The followers of Epicure (in the Hellenistic philosophic era) considered ATARASSIA a lack of inner turmoils, a spiritual balance reached after a deeply lived material and spiritual experience, often a hard painful one. CONTEMPLATION is a hard state of perfection to reach in its plenitude so we try to converge our instincts, needs, egoisms and enthusiasms in the act of creation that's music. The knowledge of the man, the relativity of everything, the importance of creating are the basis of our way and research.

In our creative world the passion for the Greek/Latin culture and its philosophical world has a great importance. Through music we portray the traditions and ancestral imaginary of these cultures that are a never ending source of inspiration.

Musically, we began from an odd mixture of sacred and profane, Medieval and experimental, Baroque and Bohemian, contemporary and ancient. As long as the years went by we approached a sort of Atmospheric NeoBaroque genre that visually can be associated to Greenaway's art, a contemporary jump into a rebuilt past. Amplification of colours and forms, sequences of darkness and light, a babelic echoing, the inheritance of history, trobadoric, Middle Ages, Renaissance

airs, an odd classicism, funny, severe, whipping, icy arrangements and voices. Our first release was made of stone and marble, the inspiration of the second one was water, then we afforded the 'seasons of men', the year after we performed the melodrama - the Grand Guignol, then an eterodoxe reinterpretation of the XVII/XVIII centuries music with distortions, eccentricities, also a serious approach to the French and Italian maestros of those times, all based on a felt emotional/technical participation to that way of composing and enlacing sounds and woofs.

We afforded a felt research into legend and myth crossing South Europe ancient archeological sites to the discover of the sunken continent of Atlantis and a painful purificating voyage towards far lands to find again the roots of our existence. We found a woman and her mythic spiritual guide, the Unicorn, portrayed in the tapestries of the Mediaeval museum of Cluny in Paris to reveal the beauty of spiritual love. Our voyage is now touching the white land of dreams where stong winds and seagulls reign, the Norman cliffs whipped by the Ocean and the refreshing woods where our sleep is captured by the birds flight over endless flovery seas.

We are aesthetes, we look for beauty in art, a solar and dusky beauty, beauty in its sinister or harmonic connotation, the



unexpected beauty, the authentic and the universal one. We love classic guitar and the atmosphere it evokes, we adapt it in many different ways with effects, echoes and reverberations or with a simple clear natural sound; we love also some floating, smoothing keyboards effects but we appreciate a lot orchestral sounds and a nervous classic piano, we consider flute and clarinet magic fascinating instruments conferring pathos to the melody. Francesca has begun guiding her voice not only utilizing it, she educates herself everyday to enlarge the vocabulary of sounds, adding new 'nouns' and 'adjectives', researching new possible evolutions in the vocal expression.

From the first year on in the ensemble are present a mime/dancer and an 'image capturer' who take care of the live theatrical and visual performance. We have always given a multimedia connotation to our live events creating 'whimsical landscapes', adequated scenographies (with masques, costumes and symbolic objects) and a poetical background to music given by projections of films and slides. We worked also with some painters who illustrated our concept releases or portraied some of the atmospheres of our songs. During our live acts all the five senses are involved.

Since we were children Music has always had a great importance in our life, we utilized all our physic, mental and economic resources to and carry on the band.

From the beginning of times human beings have chosen the luminous way, the less superficial, the most mysteric and mysterious one to live their existence, to amplify their knowledge, to afford every-day life and the dimension of dreams. We are this kind of musicians.

Melancholy, regret and struggle are essential to create music, in our opinion music is made for moody unstable tempers sharing climax of pain and creative surges, the musician is fragile and very strong at the same time, a vehicle of electric harmonic turbulences.

We own the sense of history, our lyrics embody a lost and abandoned humanity, we reflect like mirrors our inner turmoils, we are rings of a chain that preserves the past and gives it back to the present, we feel our roots in a visceral ancestral way, our 'inner landscapes' become sound.

The lyrics are sounds too, they must give substance to the music, they must contribute to give harmony and force to it. We think that 'music exists to express what is not possible to be expressed by spoken words, in this sense it's not completely human'. Our lyrics are chromatic gradations, games of perfumes, we stir-up sensuous watery images, the majority of them have a far-off connotation and their inspiration lies in mythology.

Our words float in the mysterious garden of Psyche and Desire. We feel to be sybils, mediums of History and Time that are our Mother and Father and utilize us to reveal some of their many voices. We are not interested in music that can be consumed in a small number of listenings.

During live acts we are like craftsmen of the sound, we don't utilize basis and prerecorded patterns, we let emotion flow copiously outside. In natural fascinating environments magic flows as happened in primordial dramas.

We are fascinated by different archaic and contemporary cultures and languages, we are in love with accents and sounds, the French language sounds like the pelting of the waves, Latin has the taste of a marble epitaph, Italian is a garden hidden by arcades and gates, English is a wood of strawberries, German reminds a sumptuous dark velvet curtain and Portuguese carries the mystery and spell of its Manuelin neogothic cathedrals.

Music is a total esoteric experience; a powerful ethereal channel of communication among the living and the departed, the past and the present, music allows boundless, oceanic, time voyages. We are deeply attracted by water and the aeternal feminine, we have often portrayed tragic examples of mythological female figures, a forgotten misunderstood world, this is our everlasting return to the sea, a fascination that it's not possible to explain by words but it's clearly perceivable in our music. Every album and performance we create is a chapter of the same book, every new chapter begins where the previous ends. Music goes over life and death, it's made of a substance in which human beings float and swim eternally. We are Travelling Musicians playing in premyal kingdoms where spiritual energies are strong and winsome.

SONORITIES

We avoid definitions because our musical substance is based on spontaneity and instinctive creativity, according to us playing means to express and embroider feelings and palpable emotions, music become an oasis of pure contemplation, a catharsis.

After years of maturing and understanding we've created an unusual melting, juxtaposing, approaching Medieval, Celtic, Renaissance sonorities and Neobaroque, Neoclassic motifs, environments and atmospheres.

The majestic chorality, the narrated feelings, the silences, the mysticism, the fairy-tale and the legend are chromatic gradations of the same fresco whose frame is letting ourselves incommensurably feel. The soliloquy of ancient music, the experimental research, the twilight atmospheres, the portrait of elegiac ages, the delicate, soffused, vibrating airs, the marble sound epitaphs, the priestly ritual movements are represented by an odd amalgam of sound forms, electronics meet the embracing echo of classic instruments, sometimes acoustic and alluring, other times severe and martial. Keats told : "Art is beauty and beauty is art", the instrument is only the practical mean to make it sprout.

LYRICS

The lyrics are always born from our spiritual and sensitive substance, they're inspired by the confidential nature of reflection, that is, the man in front of the mirror of his feelings, silences and spleen. Sometimes inner sensations, regrets, remembrances are embroidered in a sound-word game of sensuous images, a full immersion in the blooming garden of 'Psyche' and 'Desire', other times solemn and icy epitaphs are soaked with the gravity of medieval sensitivity. Many ancient and contemporary languages (such as Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish and English) are embroidered to create suggestive effects through the dilution of words and sound.

ATARAXIA

Evanescent Warriors and Diaphanous Thinkers





1985 - 1990



On page 74 of your book what you're prepared to tell us is there on the band's early history and I gather you don't like discussing a painful period, but there are some questions I think need to be asked. First of all, Francesca forms the band with bassist Michele – but *why*? That's the most obvious question of all perhaps – the fact you had been into music as a child, then neglected it, then got your love for it back – what made you then decide to take it one step further and have a *band*? Were you going to gigs a lot, into a particular scene, inspired by certain record and thought 'that's what I want to do now!'?

I've never neglected music, I simply neglected singing. I had a quite hard childhood and all what was linked to self-expression, joy and creativity became secret, a private, solitary dimension where I spent all my time and that was kept carefully hidden. I stopped singing at the age of 7 but till the age of 14 I went on composing with the pipe-organ I had in my house. At the age of 15 a school mate asked me to sing in his band. I forced myself and I accepted. I was so shy, rigid, incapable to express myself through my voice and when I was a child it was so natural... I

started learning, accepting bitter critics, I stayed silent and tried to do what they asked me for 6 months even if I knew I was considered a sort of naïf person even if my lyrics were appreciated if they registered them as theirs. I knew I could write and adapt lyrics to any kind of song in a very natural way and my ability to write music was still there.

I should have given my first concert with them but, happily, destiny prevented me from that and some seconds before I started singing the concert was cancelled because the organizers hadn't paid all the taxes. Funny. All my possible fears extinguished in that aborted show. From the very first concert of ATARAXIA (in May 1986) no more fears, no shyness, I was completely at ease on stage. At the very end of November 1986, just a short time after the experience I had with that first band, my sister (who played guitar and was in touch with the hard-core, punk world) and Michele Urbano (who also had started as a punk bass-player) asked me to join their new band. I went to the 'Vienna' club (it was the name of the place where we started playing), I found a paper on the floor with some lyrics, I started singing (crying and shouting) and I was in the band. I felt actually well with Michele and in the first months of 1986 we started working with a very talented guitarist, Donato. In that period, I chose the name of the band. From February till May 1986 we created our first 7, 8 songs and we performed our first concert in a punk-dark festival as headliners. It was a success, it was like we had been playing live since several years and it was just the beginning. After we had quite hard times but the beginning was under a good star and that gave us strength. Vittorio joined the band at the end of December 1986 and the first

concert with him was in March 1987, another great concert. Giovanni joined us in January 1990. During those 4 years several musicians joined and left the band, we also experienced death. Our lives were completely devoted to music, we were full of rage, we felt the urge to create, we felt strong and alone in such a grey, ordinary, conventional Italy. One night someone stole all our instruments, we were students with no money so Vittorio started working to buy again all what we had lost.

Similarly, you mention having quite an angry and sometime experimental post-punk sound, which was a common thing in the 80's, but it's five years before you make a demo. Was that a common thing in Italy? Why wait so long, or were certain projects developed, then thwarted?

For three years, from 1986 till 1988, we created more or less 20-25 songs. We had no money, there were no labels, nobody was interested in this kind of music. Simply there was no way out and this was typical Italy of the second half of the 80ies. But we recorded some of our concerts, rehearsals and with a not

professional 4 tracks recorded we released a sort of demo with + or -15 songs. Then we spent the whole 1989 creating and arranging the songs that would have become the ones included in the “Prophetia” tape.

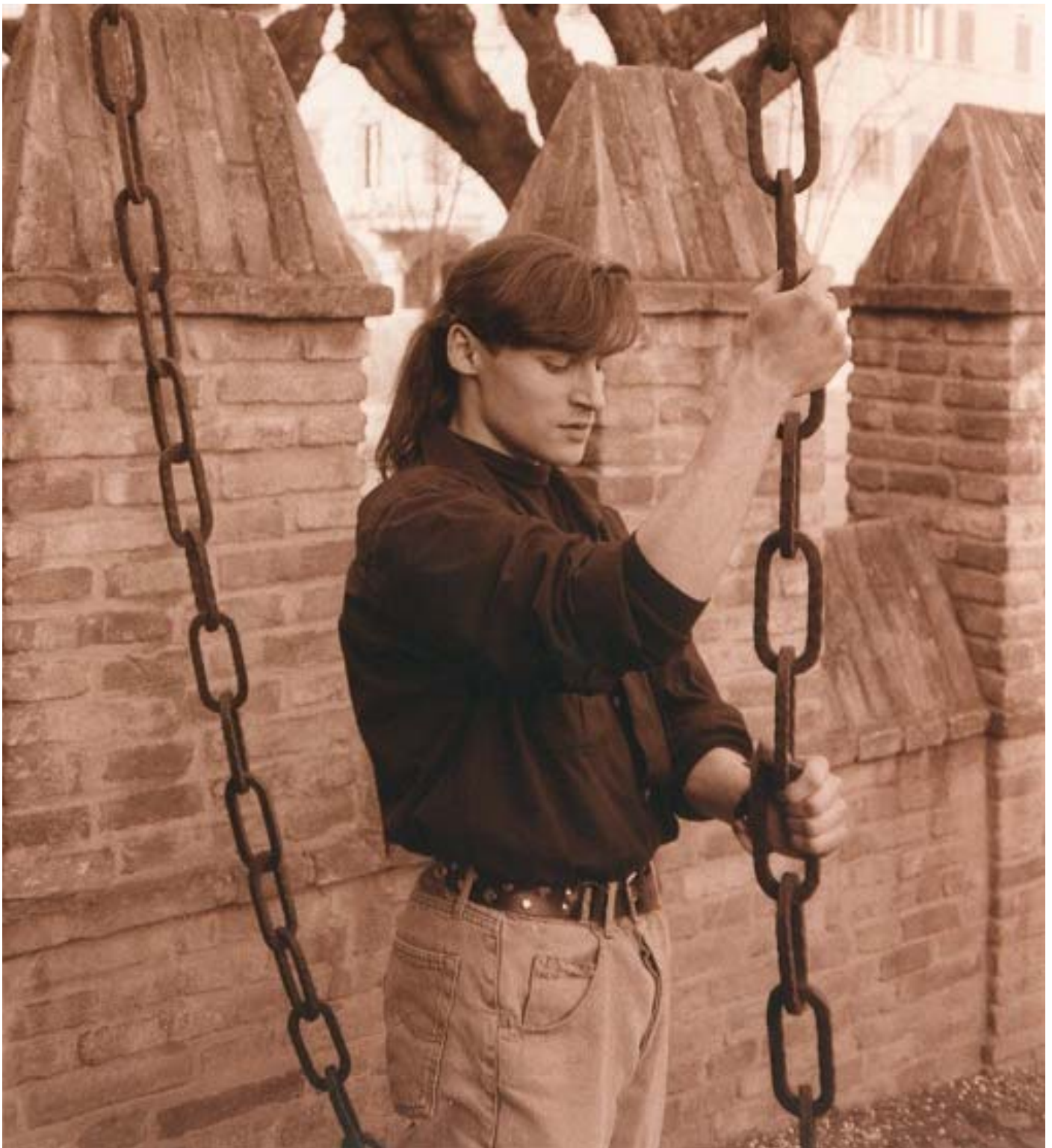
From ‘Prophetia’ onwards it all makes sense, despite there being an air of mystery on so much of what you do, but would you say a lot of what’s on that tape was also evident in what you wanted to do when your first started or have you changed a great deal within five years?

In those first 3-4 years we had other musicians with us, Giovanni was not present, we had a drummer, other keyboard players and things like this. The songs we wrote before “Prophetia” were the uncles and aunts of the Prophetia ones. We were a bit chaotic, we

mixed something Chinese with something eastern, something Egyptian with some punk, my voice was crying rather than singing, we had electric guitars, different sounds, very slow passages alternating with very fast-ones. Some of those songs are present in our ‘Nosce te Ipsum’ video.

Listening back now there’s rich character, more solid and heavier than now, but also historical styles everywhere. When that first came out how typical was this of music in Italy? Had you moved away from any scenes?

It wasn’t typical at all and we endured a lot of critics for that choice in our country. Anyway, we didn’t know a lot of other bands at the beginning. We never moved away from any scene because we never were part of a scene. Simply, we had the impression that there was no scene at all.





Introduzione

Finesse would replace force, of course.

Beginnings are always harsh, maybe crude, and Ataraxia's first official demo recordings show a different band to the one who glow with euphoric brightness later. Here we are in a world of tension, and rigid demeanour.

The main thing to remember is that nobody else was doing this, that I am aware of. The fact this tape was released in 1990 doesn't necessarily mean there were huge changes from what they started with five years earlier. It's a keen mixture of historical and post-punk/early Goth. Who else was doing that mixture before them? Probably nobody. The only people in the UK who came close would be the Georgian to Edwardian literary influences evident in The Dancing Did who covered rural legends and Boy's Own ghost stories. What Ataraxia were doing is now fairly common, but from a British perspective they were way ahead, and clearly influenced by their surroundings and upbringings rather than by other bands.

They vary here, but the changes are jarring. While later they would surge and rove seamlessly from style to another, here one piece ends, another begins. The moods go up and down as you move through a record. Later there is a charismatic blend, and when one song is wholly different to the preceding music the overall ambience is one which means you can accept it naturally. On these first three demo collections it is often like hearing two bands sharing a record.

It starts with a climactic classic, with the stirring lament of Francesca's stern vocals guiding you through **'Prophetia'** with gloomy organ accompaniment, vocals rising in strict melodic bravery, enhanced by the fluttering backing vocals. Somewhat sinister, but still approachable it is short, but utterly magnificent.

'Anno Domini MDLVI' has a very orthodox historical flavour with the twee flute moving like an aging butterfly over a rose

bed of arthritic percussion. Any development is slow, as the vocals gather and swell morosely, the tune acquiring rigid dignity with the strings, but the latter stages of the track find them simply repeat the whole process which is unnecessary, leaving you slightly underwhelmed.

The hushed, secretive vocals starting **'In Articulo Mortis'** soon scatter into mad outbursts, the urgency definitely disconcerting, and these snarling, screeching vocals continue like Nina Hagen conducting an exorcism, or undergoing one. These are unnaturally theatrical post-punk antics and quite intriguing, because while brilliantly captivating it's totally over the top.

Slow, and dawdling with a playfully wobbling bass **'May 16th 1980'** has a big vocal performance, in English, with Francesca developing her way of extending syllables and then rolling some round her mouth, creating the melody herself. Backing vocals flood the empty space as thin, gawky guitar circles her feet, and it isn't really until the end that you pick up on some nervous keyboards.

Clearly post-punk, the grave rhythm section and squelching keyboards make **'Hommage Funèbre'** a distant cousin to Joy Division, until the vocals bombard you with sounds high and low, often simultaneously, enriching the experience as they veer away, oscillating madly, and there's a hard sense of attack going on. With the dramatic witches in flight, seemingly at a fairground the way the keyboard flourishes mix in it's as stirring as any of the earliest British post-punk, and just as distinctive. It has an angular intensity and very Goth guitar.

'Kastamonu' bustles along with jangling percussion and a busy bass, a see-sawing Eastern flavour percolating, the guitar brightly glittering in the murk as Francesca is squashed by the sounds overall. It clatters and goes on a bit, the bass and drums a clear link with everything we're familiar with and highlighting their roots.

'Ozymandias' has spoken words over tapping drums and burrowing bass, and with the compelling presence of the vocals declaring "my name is... Ozymandias" is got the hazy guitar and drift of UK Decay which Francesca admits to being familiar with.



'Nocturnal Euthanasia' unleashes another brilliant vocal missile salvo over pleasantly uplifting guitar and brisk gait. Post-punk given extra-artistic character is maybe the key to why they could do things different, cutting to keyboards for gentility, then contrasting it with a savage, unreal atmosphere.

'Teufliche Mosaikarbeit' is a frantically flashing, dizzy mixture of desperate vocal sound and lightly jangling guitar and lightly sparkling keyboards over sturdy drums. Highlighting an easy way to make gentler strains involving it's got another side to their character although as a song in

itself it's struggling to create any impact, and ends in a fairly ordinary fashion bringing the collection to a low end. That said, this is a startling debut for any band. In many ways, given the claustrophobic atmosphere of some of the songs, the modern material is best compared to Xmal in an asylum. It's the other less expected elements which would have you wondering who they were, what on Earth were they up to, and what the Hell would they do next?



PROPHETIA

(‘Prophecies’?)

1990

SELF-PRODUCED TAPE - Italy

- Sold out

Visionary side

Prophetia

Anno Domini MDLVI

In Articulo Mortis

May, 16th 1980

Hommage Funèbre

Chimerical side

Kastamonu

Ozymandias

Nocturnal Euthanasia

Teuflische Mosaikarbeit





Nosce Te Ipsum DEMO 1991

7 clumping tracks and 35 minutes, with a salted new romantic feel unavoidable due the hefty rhythms

'Aigues Mortes' again features steely vocals with more ethereal choirs behind them as the music wields an

ominous atmosphere, with schizophrenic vocals and spoken word rushing everywhere over a cruel beat and cool keyboards. Maybe too long

'Tu es La Force du Silence' beautiful elegant feel to it and bravura vocal performance over the churchy sounds. Again there is quite a formidable mood present, with rigorous drumming and doomy keyboards, but the chorus manages to lift the spirits and is another early stunner showing them erecting amazing sonic steeples.

'Flée et Fabian' also works wonderfully with a silky, ascending floatiness taking them closer to Ethereal; territory. Very high, bright and fluttery with charming flattery throughout

It is then odd to suddenly revert back to the plainly historical, dancing 'Nosce Te Ipsum' with its full-on medieval rickety bounce and twangy indie rivulets. Where the ideas all teem together with vocals stalking and sweeping in serious tones, and the guitar galvanises the lightest possibilities while the drumming also remains discreet and encouraging. A very light, peculiar thing. – engaging without having a clear shape like some of the others. Then topped and tailed by a medieval piece

at the end which is really odd. But a sign of the way they're going where old and new intertwine.



'Zweistimmenstauschung' moves back into that furtive post-punk mood, the vocals crouched and the drums lolloping as the keyboards glower and it descends into some glacial artiness,. Then back to bouncing drums with jaunty bass

'Torquemada' huffy vocals and pleasingly plump drums booming around. A very stately processa. Historical but



not too spindley. And suddenly another rush of voices together which ends it all

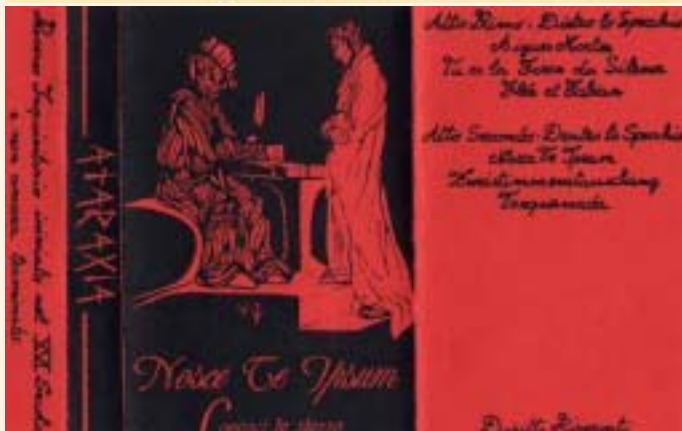
'In Articulo Mortis' comes back with its feverish chatter, lkanguid guitar then increasingly wild vocval delivery close to madness and the music spiral down behind it to go wild. Why is this on both demos?



NOSCE TE IPSUM VIDEO 1991 - Sold out



francesca nicoli



vittorio vandelli



'Processo inquisitorio iniziato nel XVI secolo e non ancora terminato' flashes up on the screen, which means something to do with Inquisition process isn't finished and over images of paintings and some dark stage settings a dual female chatter begins, between the two Francescas, the well known Nicoli, and her raven-haired accomplice Francesca Zitoli. The band is what you expect, with Vittorio lurking to one side, Giovanni eyeing up his basic synth, and Lorenzo Busi will be doing his creepy medieval mimes, but there's one more man visible, Michele Urbano, stood stock still with his bass, and Ombretta Gazzotti is also credited for his special effects.



White stage back clothes have been decorated, but otherwise the stage is mainly bare and lit all over, as they surge into 'Aigues Mortes' with a very serious Nicoli bordering on miserable, and the music squashes the vocals, as Lorenzo Busi wanders on and begins relating to the



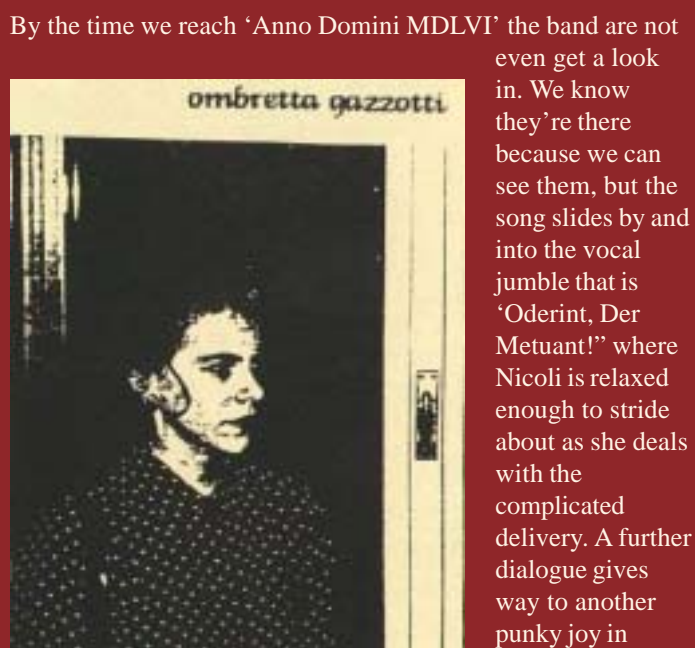
michele urbano



backdrop, chasing the sun (a moving red light). Role completed, Francesca Nicoli simply sits down with that vaguely bored look about her face, as Zitoli begins the second a Dialogue from beneath her big hair, and it's a quite a long piece, before Nicoli stands and gets on with 'Tu Es La Force Du Silence'. Busi gets busy heaving some wooden chests onstage then removing clothes and props from them. As he starts building things, best left to his own devices, the two women chatter in a

second dialogue, before 'Nosce Te Ipsum' becomes a quick gambol, and yet the band barely move. The camera is transfixed by Busi doing the dreaded glass mime, with hand movements, and then they slip nimbly into a cloudy 'In Articulis Mortis' where both women sit, even when Nicoli sings. Busi pops a beak on for fun and after a grotty start 'Flee Et Fabian' trots along with its cheap synth sound and some fairly lame vocals.

'Nec Mortales Sonans' is something very rare with creepy synth and spooky, howling vocals followed by witchy babble, as Busi slowly parades a shirt which doubles as straitjacket. It's interesting rather than good, and he goes mad as the synth erupts into crazed squiggles. Zitoli does a monologue, and there's a load of applause when I wasn't even aware of a crowd. Suddenly it cuts to black and when we're back the lights are different and 'Zweistimmenstauschung' has a different opening before the nicely jittery guitar and firmly bolstered rhythm finds it rumbling nicely with far punkier vocals on top. 'Torquemada' remains fairly basic, but nicely thin and wiggling despite its general frowns, as Busi is either constructing prison bars or making an old bi-plane.



By the time we reach 'Anno Domini MDLVI' the band are not even get a look in. We know they're there because we can see them, but the song slides by and into the vocal jumble that is 'Oderint, Der Metuant!' where Nicoli is relaxed enough to stride about as she deals with the complicated delivery. A further dialogue gives way to another punky joy in

'Confiteor' with a cool bass opening and some poppy synth to enliven the dark proceedings. The final dialogue with Zitoli only seem as a hunched silhouette while speaking then shifts into a saucy little shuffle called 'Requiem,' with a fine strident vocal performance, and the camera settles on Busi behaving like a human clock before they finished fully, Nicoli is heard saying something and all goes dark.

It gives you a clear view of what very early Aaraxia shows were like with the visuals being assembled, and although they seem very stiff it would certainly have held your attention. As a spectacle it is rather weird, with Busi never stationary and the band cast as statues.



ARAZZI ('Tapestries')

1993 DEMO TAPE + BOOKLET co-produced with Energeia - Italy - Sold out

(Originally divided a tape with a 'Marine face' and 'Aérienne face' I have it on a CD-R and may, cunningly, have got a couple of song titles wrong.)

Introducing odd slippery, lapping sounds 'Les Tisseuses Lunaires' starts like a continuation from the second demo set, but that's where real similarities recede. This has sonorous vocals with feathery, lighter backing singing, served on a bed of steadfast, underplayed



rhythm, and it all moves in cahoots with shadowy keyboards to give off what would be a mournful mood if the vocals weren't so vividly controlled. More succulent synth is squeezed in to create a secretive emotional screen with brass also rolling in easily. You just bask in its poise and notice that all the confidence is now naturally and firmly realised, promising all sorts of goodies ahead.

'Emeraude' has jangler guitar, but also a bittersweet flow from electric guitar and the vocals embrace a moodier edge, sustaining big bursts and general gusto, with the backing vocals heavier now. It's a deeply powerful piece with the added strength of the inventive guitar which don't simply accompany the vocals but elevates them, with keyboards taking the role of bass. Singing rises ever further with dramatic detonations, managing to sound both delirious and devious, filling the spaces and cavorting, an example of just how testing they were becoming, pushing the boundaries, although the ending somewhat fizzles out, which is disappointing.

'Vitrage' shuffles in with percussion decisive and delightfully curly guitar spreads light beneath the flinty vocals, rightly underpinning another glorious performance and during this song we see inspired use of vocals where the song's impact turns on their catchy twists and mini-waves of vocals coming over the small barriers of piercing but polite guitar, leading to another unnecessarily brusque ending.

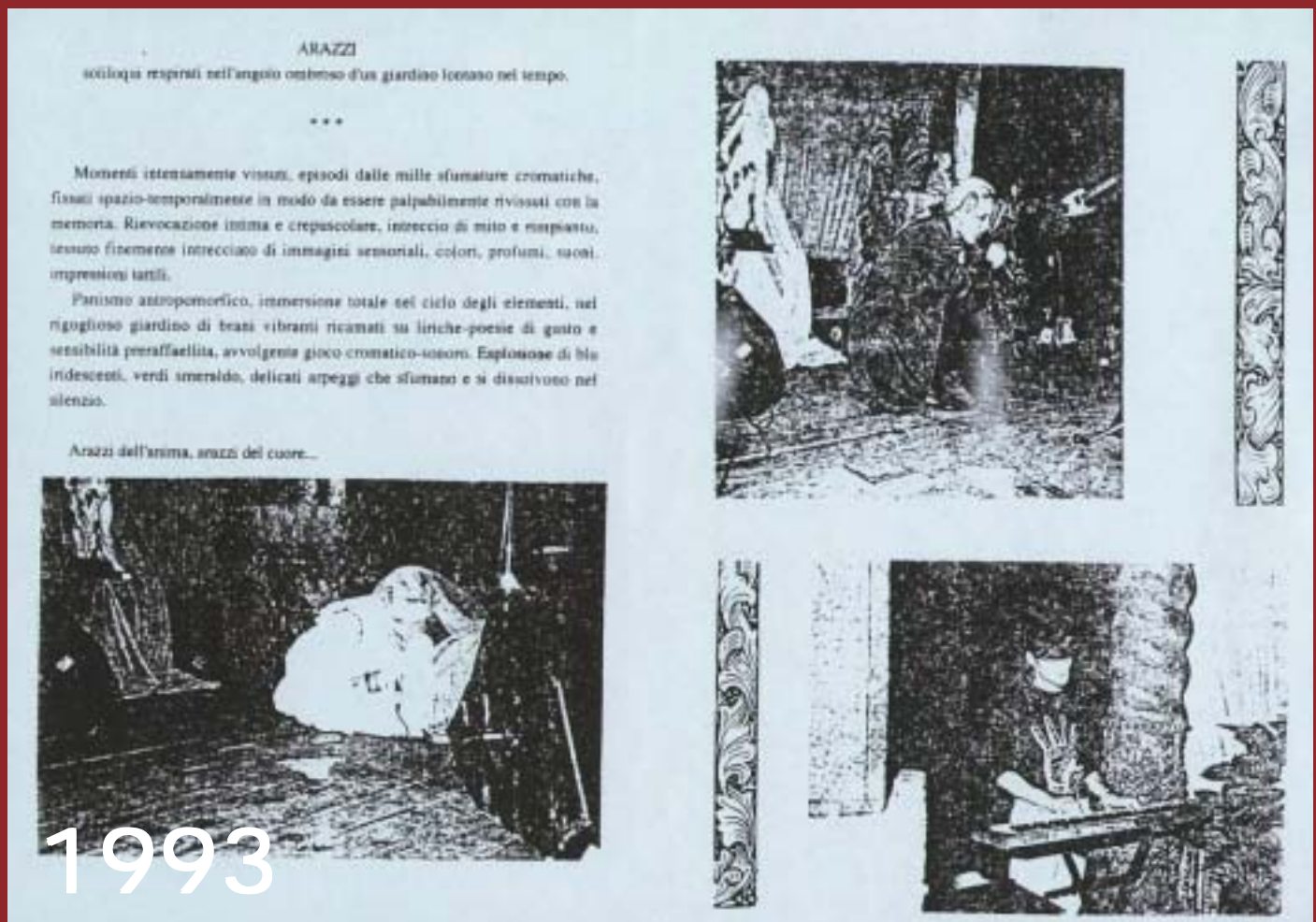
'Acquarello' has an equally slow grandeur on guitar, and lilting flute with a pleasing unity between them. The percussion begins thumping in and the higher the flute goes the weirder

are the sounds produced and dropped in. With the song remaining curiously solemn this makes for a very odd mixture.

'Bleumairne' sees another serious vocal display with the oscillating backing vocals dancing. The keyboards chop in with lovely little touches and we're into Renaissance swirls, gathering ferocity until there's three vocals strains going harmoniously intertwined. Rattling percussion, sinuous guitar and sensitive keyboard strings vibrate to enshroud all in a warm cosiness, with a simple strum-and-stop ending.

'Nocturnal' has more subtly involved vocals with the undulating background, a charming short piece.

If Ataraxia had only ever released these three demos the quality is still such that people would been trading copies and talking of them with hushed reverence, but they carried on, and the next stage saw them flower.



Sub Ignissima Luna

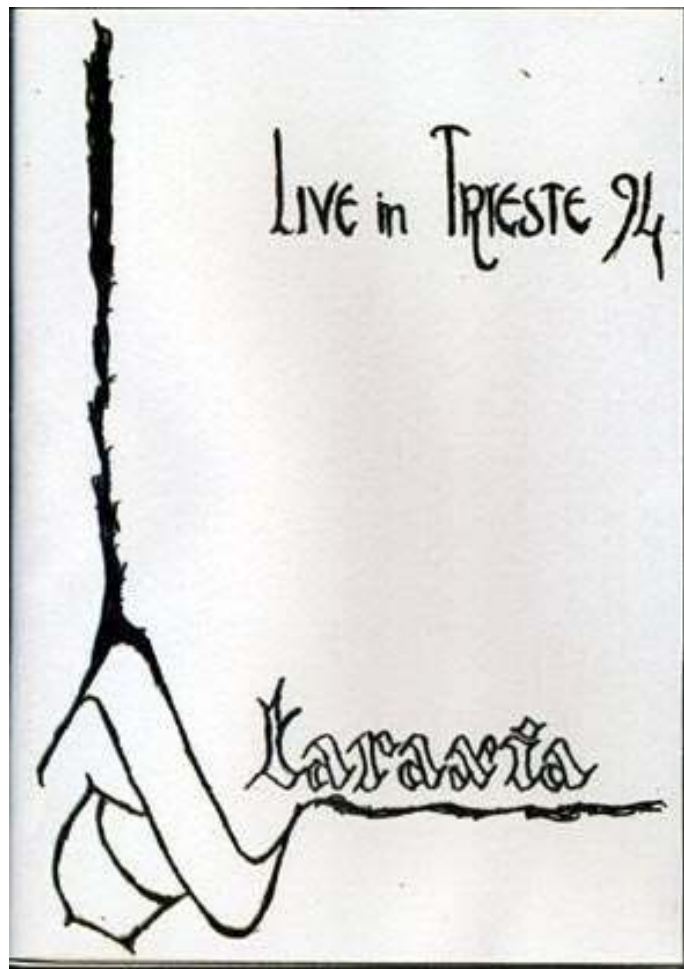
1993 TAPE + BOOKLET produced by Putrefactio - Portugal - Sold out

'Oderint Dum Metuant' like a low key reel, peppery vocals pirouetting in a formal mood, the flute flowing, and a querulous atmosphere vocally. It's fairly dreary in tone, although it never lumbers.

'L'Ultimo Arazzo' ticks, chimes and jangles, with is light and explorative, somehow fairly frumpy, then lit up by grand

keyboards with a harsher vocal storm edging in, and this manages to too be slightly more than cute and nt too streamlined, but far similar than the earlier tracks.

Again, seriously modern in a provocative twitching fashion, this introduces strange tumpy-tum drumming.



TRIESTE 1994 BOOTLEG DVD

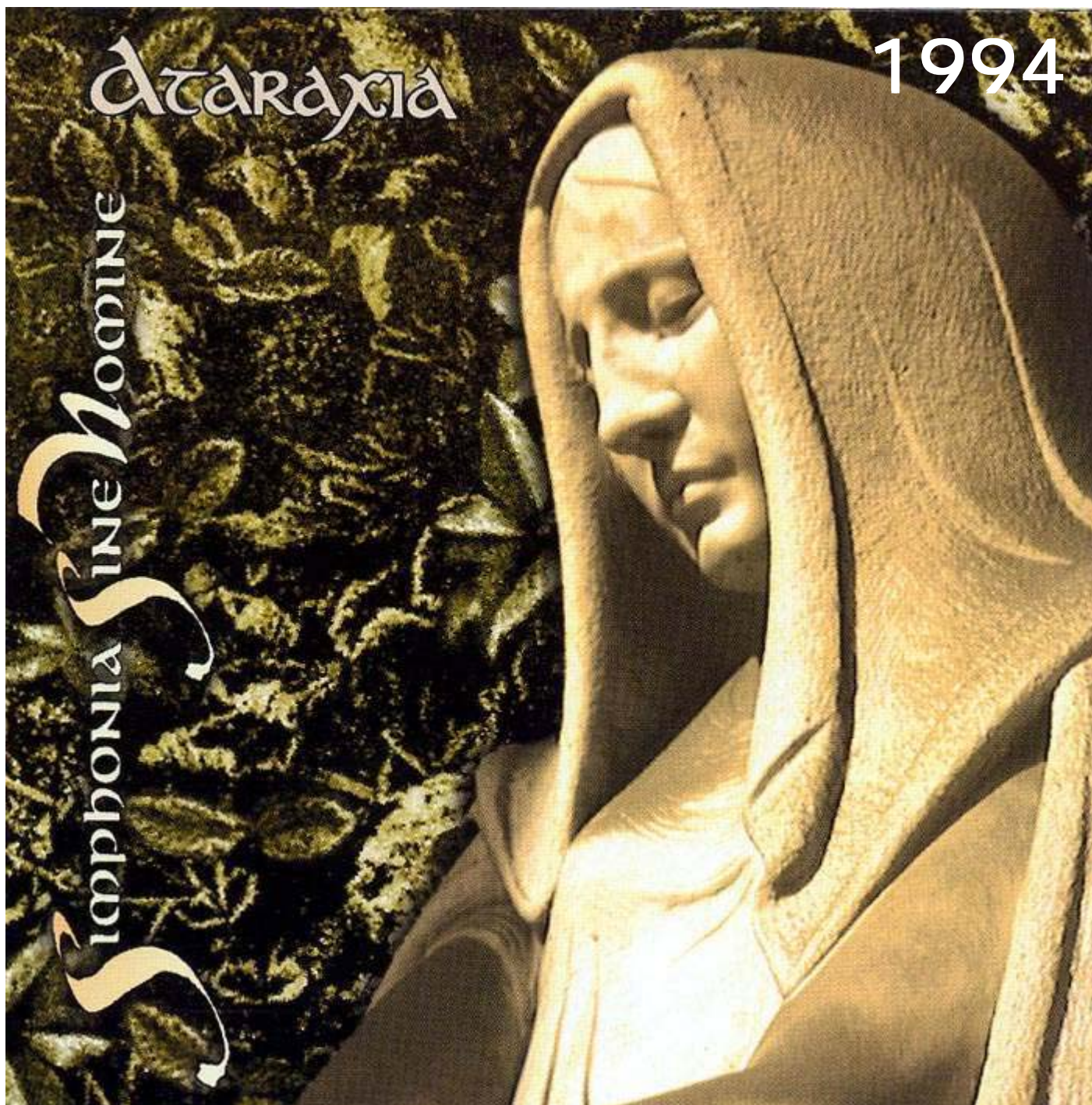
Wow, it's dark. There s a little screen to the right of the stage as we look, facing it, onto which attractive historical paintings are displayed, but otherwise that's your lot visually, other than the rather unexpected huge piece of graffiti art at the back of the stage which is a giant cat's face. Sometimes you notice that more than the band.

The sound is adequate and there's plenty of dark guitar in there chivvyng them along. Francesca looks very grim-faced and while the stern period pieces are very good, the lighter moments tend to highlight how much crowd noise such a recording also picks up, but for a rare bootleg it's actually pretty good, but on this predominantly sombre evening it's maybe fitting that the video recording simply cuts out, presumably when the tape ran out?









Simphonia Sine Nomine

1994 CD Recorded in S. Ruffino in Sept/October 1993 by Giorgio Buttazzo.

Produced by Energeia - Italy - Sold out Reprinted in 1996 by Apollyon - Germany – Available

So, people dwarfed by larger truths battle to define their own status, and to ignore any imposed limitations – especially mortality. (“That’s why we are dragged to Hell with great fulfilment!” – the hedonist swines!)

‘Preludio’ (lyrics by Mara Paltrinieri, a poet born in 1957, best known for “Group of poetry of the House of the women of Modena”) is a typically brief opener with low and high vocals over an organ, before the steady tick of ‘Entrata Solenne’ and a dormant percussive thump and strict vocals

move into the same scene as the rhythmical tapestry through which the vocal embroidery starts to glint.

‘Canzona’ introduces the light but resonant acoustic with a stirring, swelling chorus indicative of the firmer moods being presented, in what has become a big, bold sound with less of the ethereal ethos present.

‘Inno Corale’ has strange fluttering vocals in a mad arena which is distinctly otherworldly, while sturdy drums and a busy synth give everything a martial structure. The vocals continue to be deranged with brackish swirling contributions, all of it grimly maintained.

‘Fuga Trionfale’ (lyrics by Mara Paltrinieri) finds the same rhythmical; insistence twirling, with the synth replicating brass, and alternating in step with terse vocals. Then they leap into a flurry of vocals and spacier music, and this jumble vibrates in what is a decidedly ungainly sound, and here’s where the magic

“I visited the graveyard today, eager to see its statues, expression of nameless faces, so distant, elusive, charged of abstract silences. The statues observed me more than I observed them, trying to grasp their history and past. It was us who were hiding, they would have ever been there, it was us the blind that even if we had been able to see we would have only remained the blind on the other side.

“Men are always unaware and blind towards their own destiny and over there stands the “Tower of the Divine Knowledge” that makes fun of us with its cynical glance, we, the poor blind. But here it is the impulse of rebellion to the fate, to the awe of what is unknown and untamable, here it is the challenge to regive candour to the flesh and eliminate the idea of spread death always feared.

“We are no longer little beasts hidden in musk and seaweeds, even if lost in “The Big Forest” at flood waters’ mercy, under a moon in fire, we have begun to exist. That’s why we are both Gods and Children, that’s why we are dragged to the hell with great fulfilment !a classic music symphony with triumphal, martial pieces, orchestral scores, Renaissance and Baroque remembrances, toccata, fuga and tenuous, gentle melodies in an apotheosis of solemnity, rebellion and tenderness; The marble mingles with the summit of Parnassus”



is often found. Not in this case, clearly but they’re breaking free of some of their more formal settings.

‘**Preghieria**’ is far crisper, with slick beats and purposeful synth creating a splendid plateau over which powerful guttural vocals flood outwards. Drums mark the turn of events as the vocal become noticeably less strident but they also start the high., hovering tradition which is something of an Ataraxia speciality, as more magic manifests.

‘**Marcia Cerimoniale**’ (lyrics by Mara Paltrinieri) has high vocals over a reprise of the initial vocal lament, with a faster dual vocal corkscrew hurdling the belching synth and meticulous percussion, and after a pause it all churns in a heady manner.

‘**Elevazione**’ (lyrics by classic Greek poets) finds the mood lifting with softer chimes and restful guitar, with calm, assured signing sweeping steadily along, charming without being dazzling. ‘**Pastorale**’ (lyrics by Mara Paltrinieri) is equally light but with a savage hardening of suddenly insistent vocals. The guitar is mild, the drums solid, and they casually concoct a luxurious sound where the music manages to dominate the vocals for once and gradually it all become slightly weird, which is refreshing.

‘**Ode**’ steps down further with calm guitar and dual vocal lines swarming demurely, with equally strange shapes created.

‘**Vespertilia**’ is small stiller, almost placid, with less stylish, almost childlike vocals akin to an impish Bjork, dawdling along, and a very odd indie ending

So, in essence, another debut, and capable of highlighting the unusual ideas which are emerging from a settled band, with hints of their past and stapled ingredients.

Exciting!



ODE

Free fly the seagulls,
they're white on the geometrical spatial line of many many lands,
plumed voyagers, noble gipsies,
nomads only at the price of their plumes,
vanishing at the surface of the water on the vertex of dots.

Far away, far away in time
he had a body and a mouth
far away, far away in time
beyond the opaque padded border line
free fly the seagulls...
Grey silent sky, flight of gulls skimming over the sea.
I miss...





Ataraxia

Ad Perpetuam Rei Memoriam

Ad Perpetuam Rei Memoriam

1994 CD produced by Apollyon – Germany
Produced by Ataraxia and Energeia, mixed by Giorgio Buttazzo and Demo-Studio
Remastered collection of songs belonging to the tapes “Prophetia”, “Nosce Te Ipsum” and “Arazzi”, with Michelle Urbano - bass

Lyrics by Ataraxia, except:

‘Aigues Mortes’ - *Stéphane Mallarmé* (French poet and leader of the Symbolist movement in poetry)

‘Tu Es La Force Du Silence’ - *Stéphane Mallarmé*

‘Anno Domini MDLVI’ - *Jodelle* Jodelle, Étienne (1532-1573), French poet and playwright

‘Zweistimmenstäuschung’ - *Rilke* German language’s greatest 20th century poet 1875- 1926

“We open the dance like unusual comedians or sylvestrian interpreters of a bizarre picture.”

So they reach their debut year with two albums, this one being the past glories paraded with pride. Although it says they’re re-mastered a lot are so close to the original form that really what you’re talking about is heightened awareness of deft touches giving them an even better feel and **‘Prophetia’** with its warm keyboards playing witness to the melodic vocals over a churchy backing is every bit the classic it was before. **‘Anno Domini MDLVI’** offers an immediately playful contrast with its medieval pipes and booming drums, the loud dual vocal approach is very upfront and it’s noticeable how simple the arrangement is as the song seems empty otherwise. It remains the right side of twee. **‘Aigues Mortes’** strikes a modern pose, and a bowed, bloodied sound, close in spirit to the whole early period Ultravox and Visage, except these haunting melodramatic vocals have a brooding quality all their own and a stern serenity if you can imagine such a



thing. There is a sedate decorum and total dominance from such robust signing, which is unusual.

'**Tu Es La Force Du Silence**' also sees wonderfully assured vocals ringing out over clumpy drums and the graciously, grave keyboards. '**Flée et Fabian**' is sweeter, twinkling with softer vocals lazily interesting with bass trails beneath. A fulsome song, but light as air, this is a curiously piece of shy indie with a cracking melody and chorus worth squeezing. '**Nosce Te Ipsum**' returns us to the medieval manners. But with serious vocals lightly rising. Guitars and drums walk nobly together, then the vocals sweep through. The bass helps them build up strongly, jangling and tangling with some heated attitude before fading.

'**Zweistimmenst  usung**' remains interesting from a post-punk slant with the bass gule, dour piano and tough drums offset by taut, thin guitar and the Germanic vocal drone insistent while the backing vocals wobble and rasp. The piano breaks it up, with spoken vocals pinned in the middle as the others move around, weirdly. Drums clump back in, and the piano and guitar keep it all resolutely modern. '**Torquemada**' has a big drum involvement and a n equally big, solemn voice. Often the main vocal is upfront, the backing vocals moaning in its wake, and is that a bassinet twittering? It's drags on a bit compared to the others but by the big vocal ending rescues it admirably.

'**Bleumarine**' is beautifully mellow and restrained, a simple sorbet after the adventures, and a heavenly concoction of vocals and guitar with very discreet synth. The vibrantly knowing '**Vitrage**' has rousing singing over the tingling guitar and all give a brilliantly glowing performance here, with the abrupt ending actually encapsulates the sense of mystery involved with such a grandly catchy piece. '**Aquarello**' is another vocal exercise with cyclical backing and deceptively slight guitar over plain percussion, and all is relaxed, it is calm, but soon the simmering vocals start boiling and escalate upwards still further and the down again to glide over a soft rhythmical base and just....ends. '**Emeraude**' begins with a slow acoustic trickle with dreamily elegant

flute, and although it doesn't develop a lot, like a pagan strum, it sees you out with gentility and allows you to gather your thoughts.

It's a *stunning* debut, you can be in no doubt of that, but it's only part of the story as our next review will show.

On a side note, I realise that for bands who have finally got to the place where they have a deal and can forge ahead with new material that marking their past requires some painful decisions, and honing three demos down to one album's worth of material means excluding a lot, but some of the songs left behind are superb and it would be interesting to see if one day they could do a limited release of the other songs.

...the states of mind and heart collected in the pages of a voluminous book, "Prophetia". A bitter tragic epilogue in a Kafkian succession of questions without answers in a re-created inquisitorial trial of our times. The slow march of a humanity who tries to know itself bearing the burden of its own existence. Finally the re-birth and a refund shy harmony in the fluid cycle of Nature where every gesture and sound gains a metaphysical valence. The three tapes of the band ("Prophetia", "Nosce Te Ipsum" and "Arazzi") are now collected in this release.

Aquarello
Your hands and my words trace circles,
lines, volutes, assonances, fragrances,
of sonorous abstractions, atmospheric nuances,
tenuous impalpable motions of springing chords;
cerulean, overseas-blues hover and
hover and hover and twist in
floating constellations.



...enveloped by the waves, dragged by the streams of the rivers, sucked by the gloomy overflowings of the lakes the echo of the up and down of many female souls repeats itself an infinite number of times, we've heard that dirge, we've made of it some songs and we are repeating the same tune like the echo of an echo to you, oh listener...

Ondine were nymphs of the streams, of the marshes, of the lacustrine surfaces, they were both women and Goddesses, a medley far from perfection, Ondine could kill dragging us in the whirlpool of their pain and death, always consumed by water, Ondine could love passionately, just like women, with all the sublime burden of the primordial instinct coming from the water and the earth. Ondine, it's also a curse, the neurologists describe it as an apnoea that happens while sleeping, if someone doesn't wake-up in time it will probably wake-up somewhere else, anchored to the seaweeds braids of a deep sea or stranded on a brackish smell beach.

We've caught the lament of so many mermaids who feed themselves spasmodically and greedily with their own pasts, when they were of bones and flesh and now you're going to listen to the tragic legend of who is born (just after death) like an Ondina many centuries ago, in reality, someone really existed, someone else was portrayed in some books or simply perceived in our dreams.

The first is Medusa whose hair of snakes creates figures in movement, then there's Sybil a young woman persecuted by religion and thrown with burdens at her feet in the cold waters of a river, after you'll meet Blanche who spent only one ecstatic wedding night before dying and Annabell Lee who rests buried in the billows with the beloved husband at her side, you can meet Astimelusa victim of a shipwreck or Flora who is born again modulating herself in the womb of the earth, June has become a star while Lubna is wandering blue like her house the sea, Ophelie made of a river her first wedding bed and Lucretia, conscious of the perpetrated iniquities, serves the never ending punishment, Ligeia, cynically, puts death above all as a mechanistic necessity that unifies the human race while Ondine, the last, is just the pure spirit of the sea, the spirit of the endless movement of a female soul, our waving restless spirit...

There is our chant of pity and remembrance for all those lost spirits, this is our chant of regret to smooth the struggle of all those female souls, may they rest in peace...

We have been deeply inspired by the book "Dialogues with Leuco" of the Italian poet and writer Cesare Pavese. It's an emblematic representation of the contrasting feelings, suffering and tedium of the human beings all filtered through the imaginary of the classic Greek mythology. The most striking passages are the ones in which the suicidal Sappho (dead because she had chosen to love) has a dramatic dialogue with the 'emotionally-dead' water nymph Britomarti who had decided to die just because he had preferred a sort of emotional frozen calmness that makes her similar to a coral-shell.



La Malédiction d'Ondine

1995 CD produced by Energeia - Italy - Sold out

Reprinted in 2002 by Energeia - Available

Recorded and mixed in October 1994 by Giorgio Buttazzo in S. Ruffino

'Medusa' (*Mara Paltrinieri*) has very dramatic vocals, as a stark piano makes for a sub-operatic gloom which is tenacious, the pronunciation hard and rising like a flame which bursts then lowers, creeping lower. There is twiddly, coy guitar in 'Sybil' (a Giovanni composition) with pleasantly easy vocals in a strictly historical weave. 'Flora' hits some modern heights in a slow drift, with electronic percussion which the vocals cross briskly. Although slowing it has some upright pattering energy and 'Blanche' has swirly guitar movement and shivering vocals moving with the trickles, all spreading like a luscious ripple. A steady sound with increasingly fleeting guitar this is too powerful to be restful but it is quite beautiful.

'Annabell Lee' (*Edgar Allan Poe*) has strange crunchy synth going over the beat ad moves in tricky steps with skipping

Flora

I'VE UNRAVELED GREEN TANGLES
WITH TALONS DIRTY OF EARTH
I'VE PULLED UP, LACERATED,
I'VE MOULDED ME LIKE MUD
I'VE DUG, REMOVED TUMULS AND ROOTS
I WAS ROOTED TO THE EARTH
I'VE MODULATED ME IN THE DEEP SLOW
FLOWING
OF THE UNDERGROUND SEASONS
I'VE TAKEN SHAPE LIKE A SHRUB DILATING MY
LIMBS,
I'VE DISENTANGLED FROM THE WOMB OF THE
EARTH LIKE
A WILD WEED
I RISE PRIMIGENIAL LIVID DAUGHTER OF
CREATION
I RISE PRIMIGENIAL LIVID DAUGHTER OF
CREATION

Francesca Nicoli.

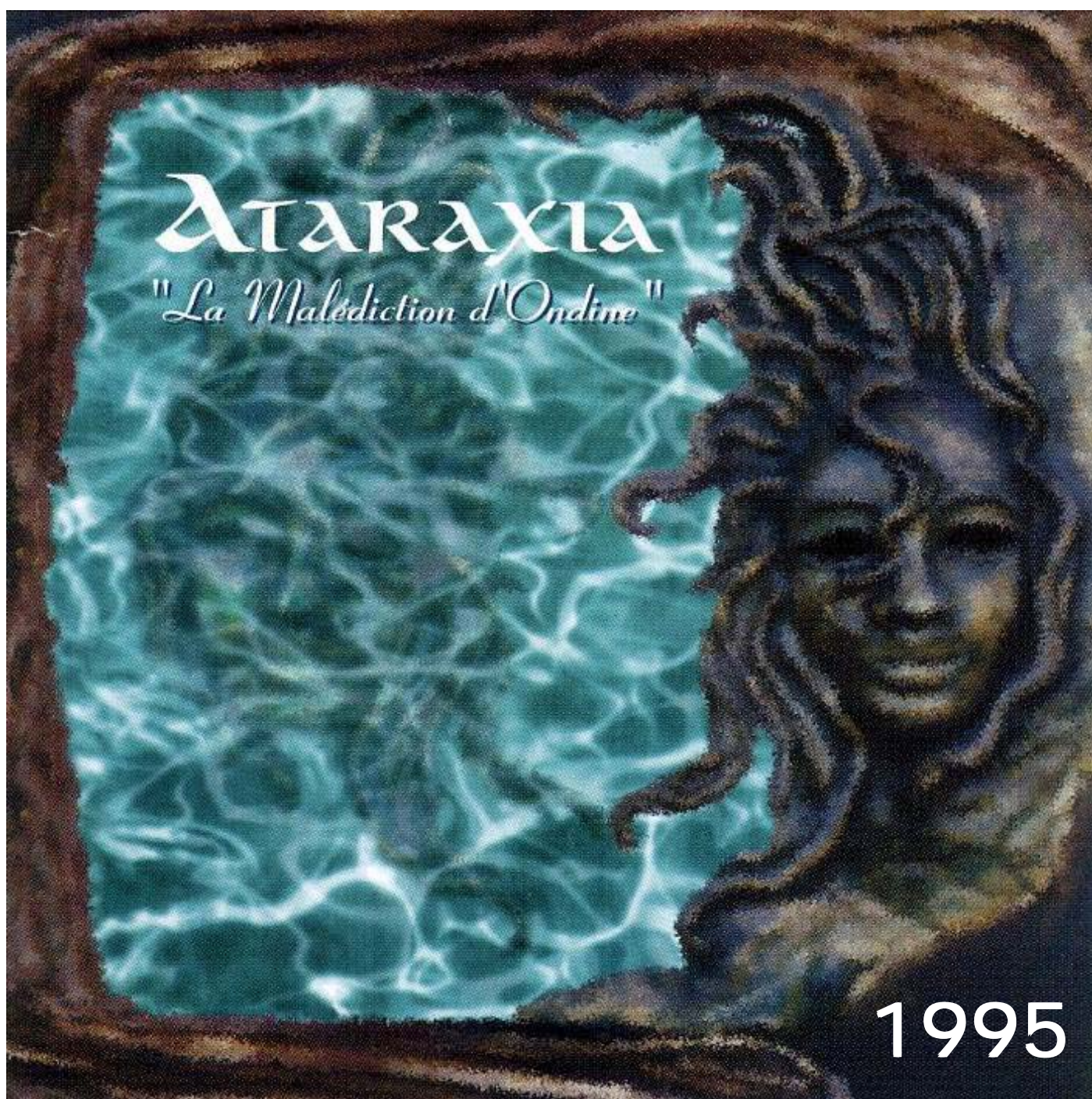
vocals, all given a queasy urgency as they gather together and disport wildly. The drums stomp with coarse Brechtian vocals. A languid strum from Vittorio inflates **'Astimelusa'** (*Alcman, Ibycos, Saffo, Anacreon*) with slow resolution, the vocals drawn across this with a flute honing in making small dipping sounds. The strong clear vocals are stately, and the gradual guitar ending is sublime. **'June'** is a becoming waltz with puffing organ and a light percussive line, tighter swirls of sound still embracing the calmer guitar, and then the vocals begin that tight keening.....

'Lubna' has piano and more feathery vocals unfolding gloriously, hanging in the air as the song coos leisurely. Utterly delightful, while **'Ligeia'** (*Johann Von Tepl*) has martial drums and sterner vocals but nothing heavy as replicated grass saunters through, adding depth. Francesca is in formal mode as the backing vocals flutter like a lace curtain behind her. It purrs, even fractious. **'Ophélie'** (*Odisseo Elitis*) is another stunning guitar display meandering behind mature, thoughtful vocals, each having an unmistakable presence. Memorably

melodic this proves to be a luscious combination and the standout track, although **'Lucretia'** (Charles Baudelaire) comes close with deep, sour drumming and slower, melancholic singing. With the subtlest of synth shadows this is compellingly dark and haunting.

'Zelia' (*Edgar Allan Poe*) has gentle, pretty acoustic and more strange vocals curdled for the backing, which ape elements of the main vocal. The weird English delivery aids the feeling of detached madness and creepiness set against such pleasant guitar and **'Lucrecia'** (*Charles Baudelaire*) is equally wide-ranging. More acoustic over drums and percussion with very grand brass and a vocal lament, there's almost a spaghetti western feeling which is opulent and affecting before the drummy end.

'Ondine' (*Giuseppe Ungaretti*) fades in with vocals and whispered comments, and again the backing vocals are rally quite creepy. A strange thing with water and birdsong it sends you off slightly perplexed.



Again, an album where their ability to tackle a theme and bring it to life with many diverging sounds which tie into a central cause is seriously impressive, and also rather unsettling in its tone, which is also what we want.

An unqualified success.

Sybil

**I RAN AWAY FROM THE BLACK CHURCH ON FIRE
GOLDEN AND SILVER TREES FALLING ON ME
THEIR LEAVES JUST LIKE TEARS OF MERCY
I REACHED THE LAKE WHOSE WATERS CHANGED
INTO ICE**

**THEY TRIED TO BURY ME
AS A VIOLET LIGHT
TOOK ME
A WILD SCREAM SKINNED INSIDE**

**I LOOKED AROUND, MYRIADS MYRIADS OF
MIRROWS
ALL MY IMAGES WENT OUT OF THEIR GLASS
SHOWING ME THEIR HANDS A RED CROSS
STAMPED WITH
BLOOD
I WAS THE VICTIM OF A SACRIFICE**

**THEY TRIED TO BURY ME
AS A VIOLET LIGHT
TOOK ME
A WILD SCREAM SKINNED INSIDE**

(Giovanni Pagliari)



The Moon Sang On The April Chair / Red Deep Dirges of a November Moon

1995 CD produced by Apollyon – Germany
Record Feb 95 by Giorgio Buttazzo, except for Rocking Chair
Of Dreams in 1994

Moon

‘The Moon Sang On The April Chair’ has a very immediate impact where bass and piano are suddenly joined by very quick, sinuous vocals. This swish and vibrant sound rolling along with piano, guitar and drums in unison has an upright openness that move sit on from the last album which had a clear sense of mystery. The piano drops behind certain vocals for an enhanced mood and the guitar gets choppy towards the end with a modern snap.

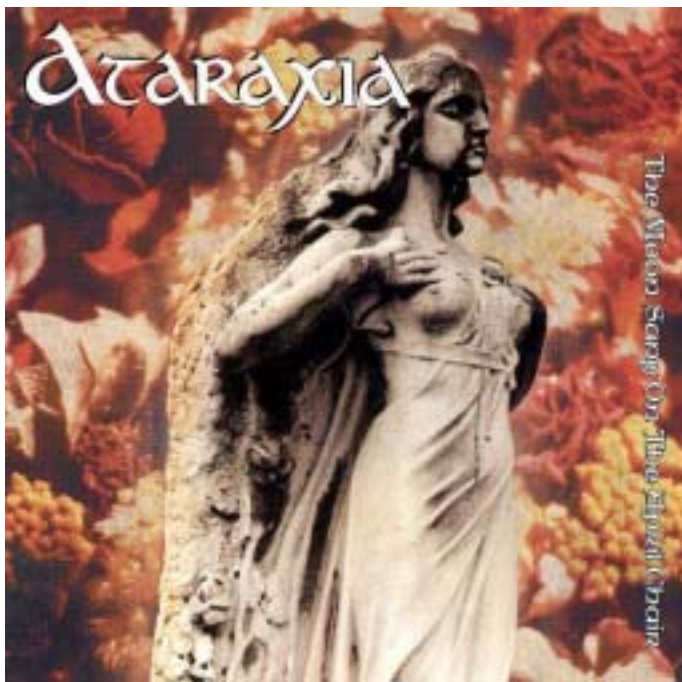
‘Verdirgis Wounds’ might seem slow with the piano turning elegantly behind sorrowful vocals, but it’s modern again with sharp hooks, and nicely compact with sighing synth, a sound that grows cuter during ‘The Tale Of The Crying Fire’ encouraging lithe guitar fun in a very charming piece with gentle guitar steps and the soft vocals confound expectation by building to a quite extraordinary end, which is simply big, rather than overdone or overlong.

‘Colouring Nocturnal Lemons’ is equally stirring, as the extended guttural vocals are astounding, delivered in a straightforward manner over the keyboards and guitar, which creates a slow wave and an odd vocal end. ‘Rocking Chair Of Dreams’ relents somewhat, with sturdy guitars and dense drums prodded by steady bass and a light vocal refrain, lolloping pleasantly with a cute fade to stop.

Red Dirge

‘Satis Vixi’ (lyrics by classic Italian poets) has stocky organ behind a seriously throaty vocal! The vivid combination of these two sounds goes with a fantastic tune and it’s so simple, with even a higher vocal line added on top so it swells in magnificence and shares top spot with ‘Lady Lazarus’ which





has mad, exposed vocals giving a real declamation and with the angular, sour sound this is really biting, occasionally so bare it hurts to listen and at times genuinely funny. Totally inspired, and utterly mental.

'Spiritus Ad Vindictam' by Giovanni Pagliari calms down slightly, where singing is floating spectral shivers over bass, drums and piano; the rhythm steady and the vocals moving round and across it, achieving full impact despite being circumspect in every way.

An intriguing record this reminds us of some of their earlier touches but in a far firmer manner, and again makes a confusing bridge to the next record. They take on step sideways, then cartwheel forward again.

Lady Lazarus

Dying is an art like everything else

I do it exceptionally well

I do it that it feels like hell

I do it that it seems real

I guess you could say I've a call

It's easy enough to do it in a cell

It's easy enough to do it and stay put

It's theatrical, beware !

Herr God, Herr Lucifer beware !

Out of the ash I'll rise with my black hair
and I'll eat men like air

Out of the ash I'll rise with my black hair
Herr God, Herr Lucifer beware!

Out of the ash I'll rise with my black hair
and I'll eat men like air

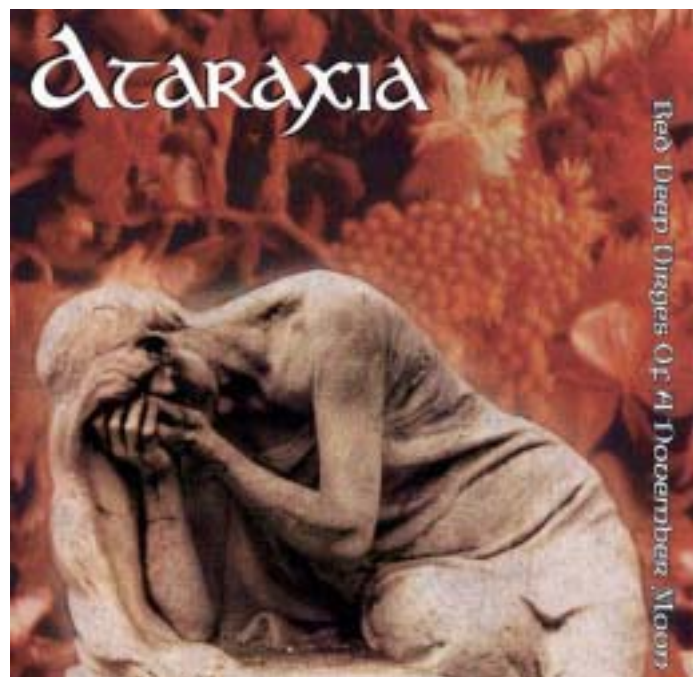
Out of the ash I'll rise with my black hair
Herr God, Herr Lucifer beware !

Lyrics by Sylvia Plath.



"...Once I was dancing on a cliff, dressed in white with a white lily crown on my head, I was not so old, perhaps ten or eleven, white and blue were my colours, the nuances of the Aegean Sea and those walls; a bit far away I perceived fireflies and syrens, the smell of spring-time and the white ancient taste of childhood, clementines and lemons are still resting in my remembrances. The moon gave me her chant while twisting in her April chair..."

Time has passed, life has been spent, Autumn is what I am, a red deep dirge under a November moon, please flames write the hieroglyphics of instinct and pleasure on my skin and deep deep on my heart tissues, it's cold and it's November. Words have dried on my tongue, sunk wreckages are the only holdof instants till the core bit..."





Colouring Nocturnal Lemons

Flakes of lights
flakes of voices
wherever pirouetted
like a primigenial chaos
like a futurist site
gushing rainbows
gushing darkness
Evaporated we...
ethereal we...
in the glass dome
flakes of light
While clementines and lemons
rest
in the sharp teeth
of fire-clay fishes

Verdigris Wounds

I bow my head
stoning pearls
like enamel marbles
becoming unstrung
one by one
like verdigris wounds
of my boldness necklace
sunk wreckages
the only hold of instants
till the core bit
these are my verdigris wounds

The Tale of The Crying Fire-flies

Strange acorns of goose-grey laurel
brushwoods, branches and insects
laying down the border of the brothchannel

Beside the eyes
an asphalted emerald hill
studded of intermittent lights

Fire-flies and syrens
sea-urchins and fire-flies
fire-flies and wagons
hedgehogs and fire-flies

But whirls,
the funeral umbrella
of your gowns,
my dear, my dearest
my dear, my dearest
you fire-flies who cry





In Amoris Mortisque

1995 - 10 inches vinyl
limited edition of 1000
copies produced by
Apollyon - Germany - Sold
out

A split single with
Engelsstaub, this finds them

operating in simple acoustic bitter-sweet lamenting.
'Melisanda' is very sober, precise vocals atop restrained guitar
with economical drums and a pit of puffy flute. 'Clytaemestra'
is moodier, with the vocals floating away slightly from the
elegantly introspective guitar musing.

MELISANDA

Melisanda - the sweet has lost her
way
Pelleas - light-blue lily carries her
in his arms
like a fruit basket carries her in his
arms
let your sides impose in the water
a new measure of swan or water-
lily
and sail your statue in the eternal
crystal



CLYTAEMESTRA

When you'll be old, baby
you'll remember those verses I recited
you'll have a sad breast to have brought up your children
the last buds of your empty life

I will be so far away that your wax hands
will plough the remembrance of my naked ruins
you'll comprehend that snow may fall in springtime
and that in springtime snows are harsher...



**"To be listened lying in a betwitched forest surrounded by wild strawberries and
ferns. If that's not possible please close your eyes, and see."**





WOULD THE WINGED LIGHT CLIMB? VIDEO

1995 - Sold Out

About forty minutes long, and one of their videos where they occasionally mime to certain extracts of a varied soundtrack, we start with a brooding shot of the exterior a castle, high on a hill. Peeping through gates which are locked, but in the next view it is on, and Lorenzo Busi, dressed in black, approaches the front door and finds a poster bearing the title name covered in leaves. A bride is seen at the bottom of the stairs. Nervously ascending, she ditches her veil and enters the castle itself. She's pictured laying sideways, clasping flowers, as we scan the intriguing interior. Then off she goes for a little wander, pausing to stand against a wall, looking lost, then out onto a balcony where stares us at us and picture fades.

When we see her again we are outside and opposite the balcony on which she perches, mysteriously reunited with her veil, but a creature of habit she throws it away, and it falls into the courtyard where next we find her seated alongside Francesca, the two of them playing flute and recorder, which draws Busi, now dressed like a frightening jester, and he begins to caper, queasily. Inside Busi holds a photo of the corridor he stands before, and then goes for walking, cutting a ghostly figure. He women reappears then turns into him, and when we see him in white, radiant thanks to sunshine, her comes downstairs towards us, stands by windows and then descends a spiral staircase, a man constantly on the move. He also then strolls when finally down, taking forever to get anywhere.

Francesca is inside, seen throwing something on the floor, the litterbug! The place is beginning to loom more colourful and next thing Busi is back, dressed in black and as he explores, Francesca on a balcony above observes him. He then appears on the selfsame balcony and finds photos she has discarded on it. She's just throwing stuff around everywhere! She flits from chair to chair in a long edit, but then together they stand, side by side. She wanders the walls of a rounded room, then outside she goes and down a staircase. Busi struggles in the wind, going up, and indoors there's even more photos on the floor. No guessing who chunked them there!

She sings, he dances, then he goes for a silent saunter through arched striped hallways before emerging into sunlight.

The camera pans down from the castle to the gate, which is locked again.



Il Fantasma dell'Opera emerges as a 1995 tape. I only have normal tape they sent of it , with an annoying 1996 on it.



Il Fantasma dell'Opera

1996 CD produced by Avantgarde – Italy
Recorded October 1995 in S. Ruffino, engineered by Giorgio Buttazzo (who contributes electric guitar to 'La Nuova Margherita')

A totally different kind of album, again, with a zest for life, conveyed by a majestic, surging spirit throughout, it coaxes out all of their most beautiful energies, and also shrouds certain sections in necessary gloom and tragedy. 'E' il Fantasma ? part





1' is so brisk and catchy it leaps at you and rides your round the room with jagged orchestral bursts, then 'E' il Fantasma ? part 2' welds mature vocals to it, unwinding as the gathering power gets ready to slay you, warbling higher.

'La Nuova Margherita' is otherwise known as 'Wuthering Heights' and while that may seem like an odd choice for a cover version it works. With mutated vocal backing and clumping drums the light synth accentuates the high moments, but it also drifts in a downbeat fashion.

Footsteps herald 'Il Palco N. 5' as we're beneath the stage, the guitar trickles warmly and works an eerie magic. Deeper in texture this has tingling veins and another gentle ending as a door closes. We're moving on, and going deeper into the ache of 'Il Violino Incantato' where the synth's relaxed brass cosies up to typically graceful vocals and still, sparkling guitar. A haunting tune this allows the vocals to drift in their sustained anguish. It is spectacular in its understated charm.

La Nuova Margherita

Follow my steps, cross the glances

I will bring you with me

in the other room, she lays her hands
embraces the curtains

How could you leave me,
when I needed to possess you ?

I hated you and I loved you to.

She lays her hands,

she embraces the curtains on the walls,

she's smiling and wandering, wandering, wandering
"It's me."

Christine, Christine took heat from the ice, so cold,

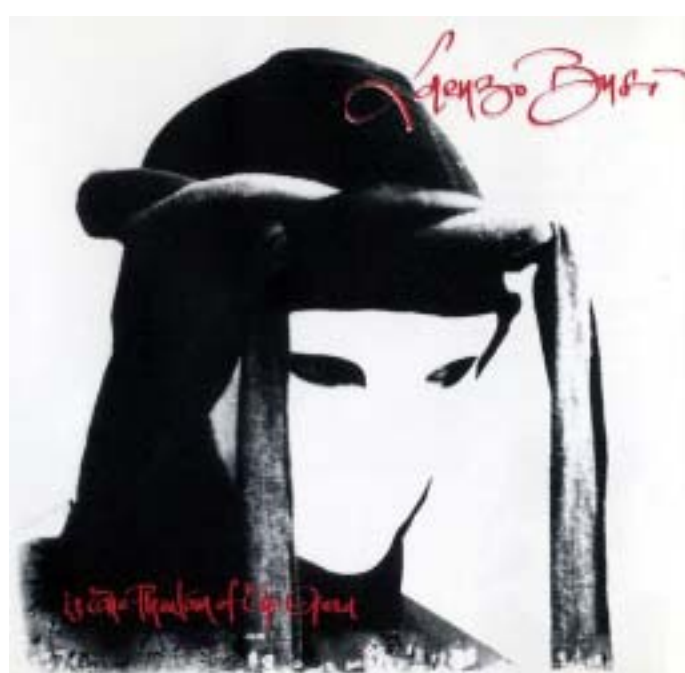
I needed you, so cold

you, follow me and you will be young for ever

you, follow me and you will sing forever

it's me Christine, it's me.

She lays her hands, smiling, but she isn't happy...



1996



'Faust in una Sala Maledetta' is faster with darker piano and deeply urgent singing. Higher plumes for the backing rustle, as the catchy piano gathers force and the mad vocals shatter.

'Al Ballo Mascherato' comes as a relief, being higher, brighter and playful like a twirly dance with formal rules. 'La Lira di Apollo' returns to the restful guitar and measured vocals, with wistful male vocals added and, with a calm flute, the mood softens, maybe a little too much, but this is a very effective, affecting piece. Amid the dripping which indicates the hidden lake, 'Il Signore delle Botole' pops surreptitiously with silken guitar and tremulous synth flurries as it tumbles, then slows with delicate, faded vocal strands. Utterly becoming.

'Nei Sotterranei dell'Opera' opts for a clanking, minimal beat as the organ swells coldly and slower vocals corkscrew up with the weirder high edge and this is a very spooky thing indeed with a dramatic synth/drum end. 'Le Ore Rosa di Mazenderan' is a *classic* Vittorio guitar piece which is too strong to be called hypnotic, but you can bathe in it nonetheless. It is absolutely stunning, and there is an equally beguiling vocal display with moving vocals wrapped around it, and occasionally extends mournfully.

After that, 'Fine degli Amori del Mostro' comes as something of a surprise. With footsteps and voices off, and busier, tangled guitar. Magnificently pained vocals dominate as the guitar flits in and out. The vocals hang like a separate self-obsessed thread, but firm shapes then evolve out of this vocal ether before it fades away and while you'll be struck by its sound you do wonder how this makes an emphatic end.

This is their most accessible album for anyone not understanding where they come from or why because it has such obvious charms, but also so much depth and brilliantly realised melodic contrasts that it should encourage newcomers to investigate other releases.

One of my favourite CDs of the 90's.



Le Ore Rosa di Mazenderan

**Your screams are in my mouth
and fall inside my hands...**

**The Spirit among the trees, the mask I've never
kissed...**

**I will unhinge the balcony,
leaning against it will tremble and run on the
contrary.**

**Trying to keep back life
I take-off my eyes,
dancing in my shoes,
touching with faith the holy water.**

The Monster owns geniality, the one that leads you towards the sublime creation from which it's not possible to come back alive; the powerful act of creating goes over the mental capacity of containing so high revelations. The monster knows, realises, perceives by intuition and has a clear vision of his destiny from the beginning, he's a Titan with a human body who can't bear physically and psychically the product of his geniality. The monster is alone, he can't receive comprehensions and sympathy and this leads to loneliness, abandonment, desperation and death.

The Monster is unique in many artistic forms and especially in the most ethereal and esoteric one, MUSIC.

The Monster knows that when his masterpiece sonata will be completed he will vanish because life is not worthy if it's not possible to let flow outside the Spirit of Music. Erik, the Phantom, The Monster is a deep owner of sensitivity and creativity, he lives in an underground little island inside an artificial lake under the vaults of the Opera Theatre of Paris; this building has a twofold connotation, architectural rationality on one side and twisting, labyrinthic perspectives on the other; so we meet double-meanings, tunnels, corridors, doors opening on other doors and mirrors hiding faces wearing masks.

Erik is afraid, afraid of the world, of people, of himself, he can't show himself, express his feelings without metaphors, disguisements, farces.

Erik needs a beautiful figure to identify music with and he finds Christine, a young, shy, danish lyric singer externally pleasant but too human, common. Erik needs love and offers her the most precious gift, MUSIC. After that Christine Daae becomes a shining, brilliant singer, a star of the Opera. But Erik is a sort of Faust whose world is based on fiction, conjuring tricks, childish fantasies in a lush environment of killing syrens, oriental palaces, sensuous perceptions and suggestive visions, he can't receive love from human beings, he can't receive love from Christine without disguising, acting, hiding. For love he becomes the voice of an astonishingly moving violin, the fury of a persecutor, the devoted lover, the never-ending pain the burning suspect...



Christine can't love him, Erik's rage grows till the kidnapping occurs and the two unlucky lovers disappear in the vaults of the Opera. Love is not possible, neither the fiction of it and rapid is the end of Erik, brief and dignified his departure, the end of the Monster's loves, hopes, ambiguous appearance...

Erik is now a gossip on the Opera dancers' lips, a frightening whisper in the mouth of the theatre lyric singers, a folksy legend.

The Phantom leaves us with a deep acquired wisdom abandoning all the ingenious inventions and day-dreams; he dies with or without a mask (it doesn't matter) because he's the faceless man, the erased essence who returns to earth disintegrating his psychic substance.

"Il Fantasma dell'Opera" is dedicated to all of you who feel the "pain of living" like we do in a continuous up and down of absolute creativity and harsh tension to the end, departure, dissolution, evaporation, extinction. Be praised our unconditional love for music!

In Memory of Erik, our Monster and Phantom of the Opera.

A SOUNDTRACK FOR A TRAGEDY : operistik-orchestral scores, lyric solos, imponent choirs and fuga, classic sonatas, white-icy ethereal airs, impetuous crescendo, Baroque and neoclassic tunes.



Mo, January 31 1996

Hi,

as hundreds of writers we send you our contribution for your forthcoming 'goth bible'. We are grown up listening and absorbing what the wave scene before and the dark Dark one after offered in those faraway years, this happened 13 years ago, perhaps more and here nothing has changed, I mean, people have changed but the records listened and bought are the same.

It's possible that Italy is, like it's always been, a quite conservative land where new suggestions and of course new sources of musical inspiration are not welcomed easily and this is quite astonishing. It's ten years we're playing and creating multimedial acts (we are involved in theatrical acts and visual performances linked to Ataraxia) and only in the last year we saw an increasing attention towards new goth or perhaps arcane, far-off, unusual form of expressions. Perhaps it's not possible to say that Italians lack of historical/traditional memory!



However we go on believing that we're mediums and part of a fluxus that is born so far in time (a peculiarity of the human drama) and that has dragged along the ancient civilizations of Atlantis and Mu, the Egypt linked to the celebration of death and beyond, the troubadours of the Middle Ages, the extravagant intemperant Baroque Rococo' period and of course the symbolism, the age of Decadence and the Preraphaelite brotherhood, we are part of the same cycle and our music and visual acts are not an up-to-date completely XXth century defined gothic expression but a research or more often a continuous discovery of our 'cloudy', dim, dispirited, moody, sublime roots when goth was not a word present in the vocabulary, when vocabularies hadn't been invented 'cos the language was not made of words but instinct, the 5 senses and everything now is defined as esoteric, something lost in the way, something substituted by misleading forms of communication, now we live in a new Babylon, the age of chaos where we absolutely try to maintain our lucky chance of being 'mediums' of the past, of a lost mankind expressing this with the most natural mean that's music (sensations, moods= notes, nor misleading written spoken, faxes, phoned words).

Oh, sorry for such a long introduction.

In this envelope you'll find the dead traces of our music and a tape containing the forthcoming release directly inspired by the book of Leroux 'The Phantom of the Opera' that will be available from March '96. Please, if you want to listen to

something by Ataraxia this is perhaps the right listening (if you bear more perhaps "La Malediction d'Undine" CD is not so bad).
About printed stuff and a profile you'll find thousands of words (so hated and so utilised in a evergrowing contradiction), reviews, explanations, ahhhhhhh, music is better.....
The photos are portraits by Raffaella Graziosi that will be part of the Opera Phantom booklet (in the live performance and in our unconscious we are the characters of that piece).
It's all, may you be kissed slowly by the wings of time and her owner -mortality .

for *Ataraxia*







Concerto N. 6 : A Baroque Plaisanterie

1996 CD produced by Apollyon – Germany
recorded in S. Ruffino May 1996, engineered by Giorgio Buttazzo. Mainly lyrics by Mara Paltrinieri.

“A deeply felt tribute to the Music Maestros of the past, a suffered research in the profound meaning of music, a personal homage to the impressive film of A. Corneau “Tous les matins du Monde”, an individual contribution to the Baroque harmonies and age, a singular excursion in the purity of sound. Two chapters in a release: a studio session and a live one played in total retirement in the lounge of an italian house of the XVIIth century.”

(In other words – serious stuff!)

Larghetto : “Passagio Lustrale”

Romanza : “Scarletminded Echoes”



Toccata Per Chitarra : “The Winds of Carmini”

Notturmo : “Belle Rose Porporine”

Gagliarda : “Astore Serotina”

Madrigale : “Ticket to Ride”

Arioso : “La Bourgeoise et la Noble”

Gavotta : “Maybe-O-The Leaves”

Forlane : “Bleumarine”

Carrousel : “Dulcamara”

Coda : “I’m Wind”

Siciliana : “Lei Morra”

Gavotta : “Maybe-O-The Leaves”

Romanza :

“Scarletminded Echoes”

Canticle : “Wide White Wave”

I included the musical terminology in case it means something to you, but we start with the starchy guitar of **‘Passagio**

Lustrale’ with anxious keyboards, which acts as a pretty entrée, then higher and huskier vocals treats spill all over the floor of **‘Scarletminded Echoes’**, whipping themselves into a frilly frenzy and ascend to the rafters above meticulously picked guitar. A typically strange mixture.

‘The Winds of Carmini’ also has cheekily piquant, slippery guitar, building dramatically to the end of a very short piece. **‘Belle Rose Porporine’** is adorable. Light, with softly seeping vocals it has equally flimsy synth and could almost be blown away but both that and the lustier **‘Astore Serotina’** could have come from the ‘Phantom’ album with a twinkly keyboard and heaving singing.

‘Ticket to Ride’ is *hideous*. Every band is allowed one foul moment and this is theirs. It reminds me of hearing something like ‘Loose Ends’ on Radio 4 which would regularly be ruined by The King Singers or someone equally ‘clever’ and not only is this seriously bad, they d more than one verse. Fast forward.

‘La Bourgeoise et la Noble’ swishes around on faux organ and vocal daubs with a feisty set of formal moves. **‘Maybe-O-The Leaves’** has richly evocative vocals overlapping with a guitar which constantly establishes control in an uplifting display, and as it’s backed by a winsome synth it’s a beautiful song you can sink into. **‘Bleumarine’** makes a shock return after many years, all dark and no-nonsense with strong ethereal tones, simple acoustic and synth wash heading into a stormy end.

‘Dulcamara’ is another multi-vocal soufflé, short and straightforward and then **‘I’m Wind’** twists things afresh with weird vocal drama over a plain backing, ending with remote high vocals, adrift.

The final tracks, recorded live, are divine. **‘Lei Morra’** is lowing, with succulent guitar and higher vocals nicely spread out and beautifully controlled as the guitar delves deeper, then recedes, relaxed in a substantial, moving encounter of resonance and serious tones. **‘Maybe-O-The Leaves’** allows the synth to act more as a supine emotional guide as the guitar works steadily and the vocals flow and bulge. **‘Scarletminded Echoes’** is rounded and sensitive, the guitar and synth tucked dutifully behind the multi-phrenic vocals pirouettes and the weirdness starts to grow and leak in a fascinating display, which then moves into a dignified, flowing **‘Wide White Wave’** which manages to seem slim, but is tight with a natural balance.



Every bit as polished, but drenched in feeling, as the previous records, they credit this album as being their final turning point, where they left their angst behind and moved on a step. So keep up, we're approaching the new era!



Maybe-O'-The Leaves

In a regularity from flowers
your face has been blown under a skin
-is it mine ?-
flowing and restless Clori
- scarletminded echoes -
of savanas ruining
the wordly voice of
keep-quite- please!
announce the lightning melodious void
of your existence for me
-naughty forbidden Filli!-
and allmighty thrilling
maybe-oh-the leaves
of the neverending Daphne...
(Mara Paltrinieri)



I'm Wind

(dialogue taken from the book of P. Quignard and le film de A. Corneau "Tous les matins du monde")

What are you searching Mylord in music ?
I'm searching for tears and regrets
Music exists only to express what is not possible to express
by words
You have found that's not created for the king
I found that's created for God
You were wrong because God speaks
It's created for the ear
It's not for the ear what's not possible to be talked about
For the gold, ...the glory,...the silence...
The silence is only the contrary of the language
For the musician...
No
Love ?
No
The regret of love ?
No
The abandon ?
No, No
For a wafer offered to the invisible ?
No, what's a wafer, it exists just to be eaten....it's nothing.
I don't know Mylord, ...we should leave a glass to the
dead...
Please go on, you're getting the point...
A little drinking through for the ones deserted by
language...,
to sweet the shadows of children, the states preceeding
childhood
when we are without breath and light...
I'm wind, do you believe one doesn't suffer being wind ?
Sometimes the wind carries the music to us
as sometimes the light carries to you the appearances.



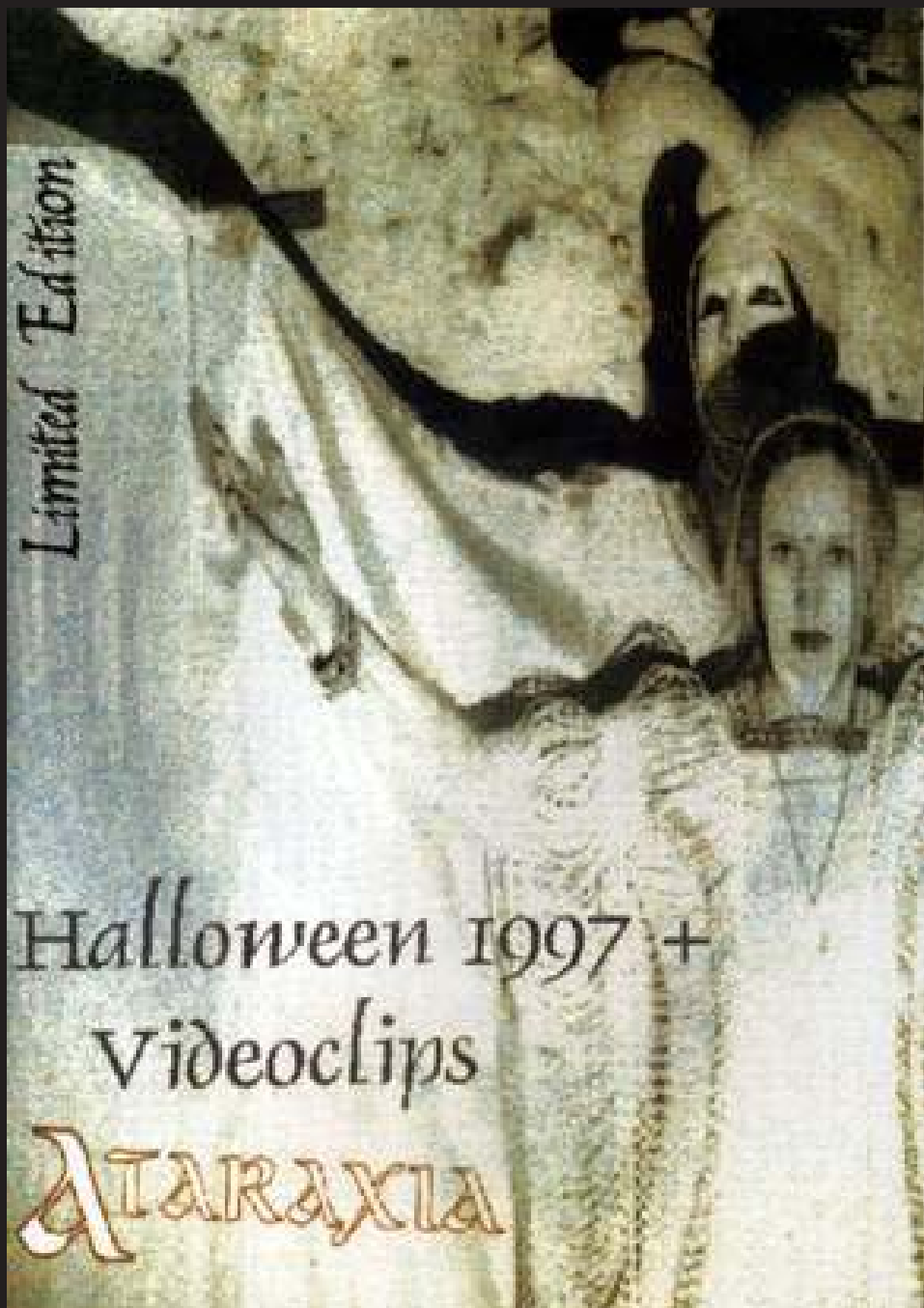
1997



**HALLOWEEN October 1997 –
Rototom - Spilimbergo
Pordenone
BOOTLEG**

This is pretty bright and peculiar, being filmed indoors with Francesca in full medieval gear, and a lot of red flag waving going on from Lorenzo Busi, while the secret camera operator constantly having to change their position to get a decent shot.

As a visual spectacle it is immensely frustrating, but the sound is very good, and I for one will be seeking to have the soundtrack done as a CD to enjoy without the irritations.







Other Nights of Darkness

With "THE BLACK CAVE"

- Saturday 26th April '97 -

In Concert: ATARAXIA (I) + ... l.b.c. ...

- Saturday 24th May -



CONCERTO N. 6 : A Baroque Plaisanterie

– 1997 video - Sold out

Another mimed film, set in 17th Century surroundings, this is an oddity. First, Livio Bedeschi plays a man going into their eternal cellar, finding documents relating to Ataraxia and setting them up on a music stand, whereupon he departs. The first scene to come up starts there, with a mask and violin among other accoutrements set upon a table, and a very colourful Busi, masked, standing there holding other masks in each hand. Francesca is in highwaywoman gear, but Vittorio's no fool, as he's grabbed the nearest chair on which to play his guitar. Giovanni is helping filming, and with much swaying, a miming Francesca looks drunk. Later Giovanni appears, wielding a violin, and Busi has a period white wig on. Both he and Francesca dance, fluttering

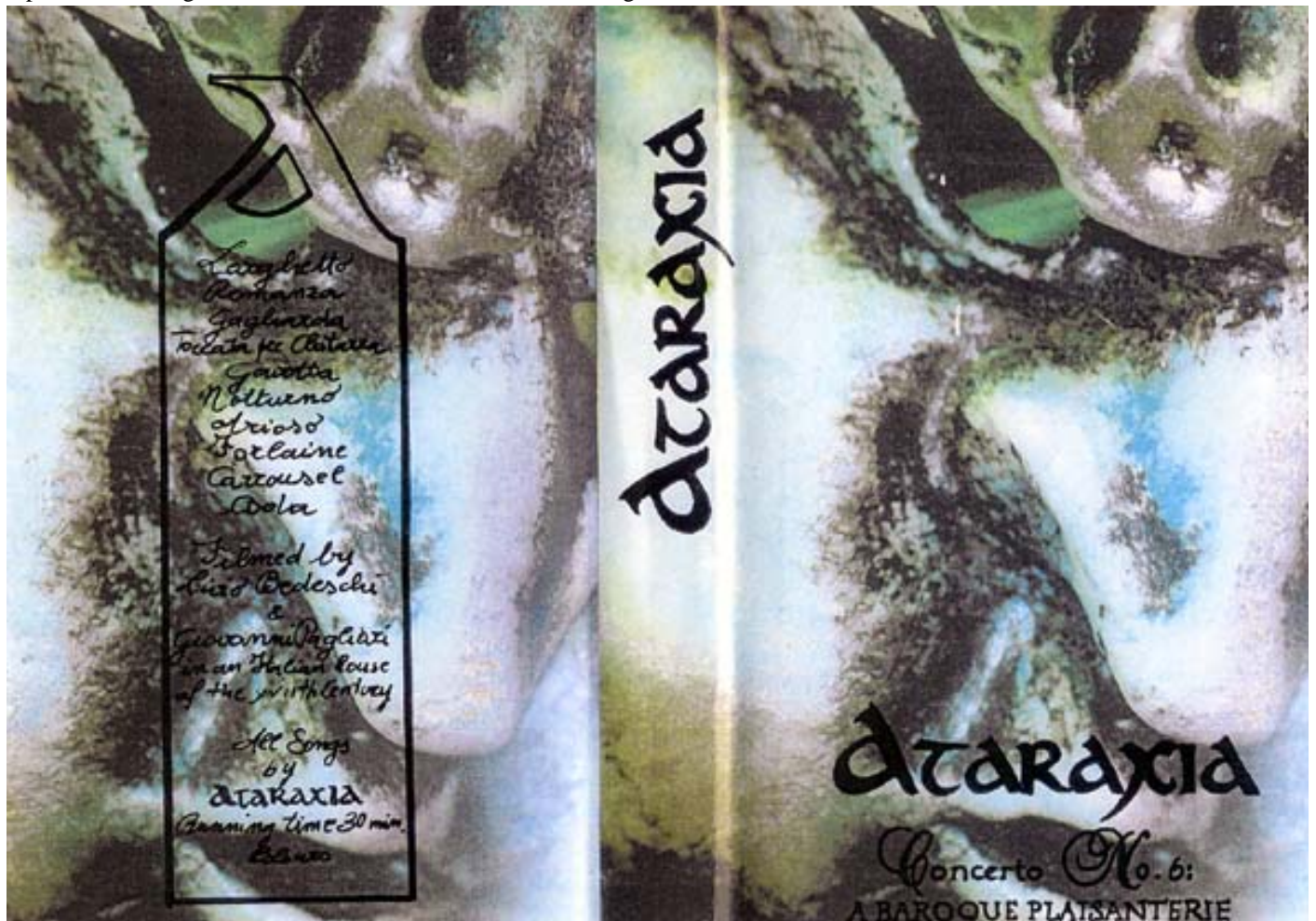


fans like dementoids. Busi also appears as a very scary birdman, then both he and Francesca appear dressed in red which sends the picture colour haywire. At one point she is holding a mask before her which has strands coming from it. Accidentally she reveals, for several seconds, what she would look like with a pencil moustache!

After a tussle involving red roses, with Francesca looking demure, Busi comes back as an even scarier birdman, dancing along against a red wall. Bedeschi then pops back in, retrieves the papers and leaves.

Outdoors a seated Francesca, dressed all in white and twirling a matching parasol, lolls on the grass while Busi, dressed like a mad Carmelite nun, scatters confetti over her. We then cut to their room, where she and Busi debate over a globe, as Vittorio and Giovanni pretend it isn't happening.

All very strange.





Bonthrop

It was midnight
the midnight tolling
It was midnight
October Thursday

It was Nineteen Nineteentwentyeight
It was a male or rather a female
He came and the Autumn leaves were falling
in stillness, silvery stillness
he had a savage name
and the steel shining blue
he had a hoarse laughing
in a silvery pool
a fleshing vassel in the sun
from the Southern Seas
a ghostly wandering alone
in undistinguished seas
The torches, the flames and the shadows
the wind, its moaning and the dazzling lights
he came, the wind...
oh, the Southern West wind.....



Orlando

1998 MAXI CD inspired by the book of Virginia Woolf.
Recorded in July 1998 in S. Ruyffiono, engineered by Vittorio.
Limited edition of 1000 copies : 500 paper sleeves, 500 jewel cases, produced by Prikosnovénie - France - Sold out

You know how some bands hit you with one song or sound ensuring you reel in astonishment, and then maintain an interest in their work for years? Well, if **‘Bonthrop’** had been the first Ataraxia song I’d heard that would have done it for me. Imagine a cross between the Banshees and Cocteau at their very best and you’re getting close to the majesty Ataraxia can come up with, except they’re better than both those bands when on top form.

Trickily trickling guitar and bass ripples, piano shadow and synth shading filter beneath the slow, deep vocals to create and then maintain a murky glow. The normal vocals tell a simple story, with the deeper variety repeating the title like an enigmatic tag in a remarkable example of controlled drama and a totally individual sound where guitar keeps us rooted while vocals usher in the magic. It is so simple, so clean and yet the deeper sounds instil a heavy, heady presence.

‘Orlando (A Female)’ again introduces the dual vocals, one high and wobbly, one normal, as the synth stirs and with booming elements behind a stark narrative the organ swells and it all ends, leaving you mystified, which is good. **‘Orlando (A Male)’** has studious but languid guitar in a very sleepy experience. Higher, deliberate vocals moving with a sharp vibrancy over small, steady guitar. **‘Shelmerdine’** shifts sporadically, the usual mixture of guitar and synth charms affected by vocals being bundled on top, floating. The spacier guitar uncurls slowly, and the synth creeps. **‘Elfine’** sounds like the singing is in a cave, with three styles, the left haughty, the middle stable and over on the right she unravels completely and that unnerving keening begins as a storm gathers outside, leaving you perplexed but wholly satisfied.

A rebellious, sometimes distraught bright jewel between two orthodox and beautiful albums this is the one item you really need to track down as a priority.



Orlando (...a female)

The universal had your presence
splitting the archetype
into a mask
with your own features
it was me
who was erecting the statue
of epidermic marbles
in symbiotic catharsis
to your majesty!

Orlando (...a male)

Oozed
in thousand atoms
of atmospheric fine dust
we are
the apotheosis of light.

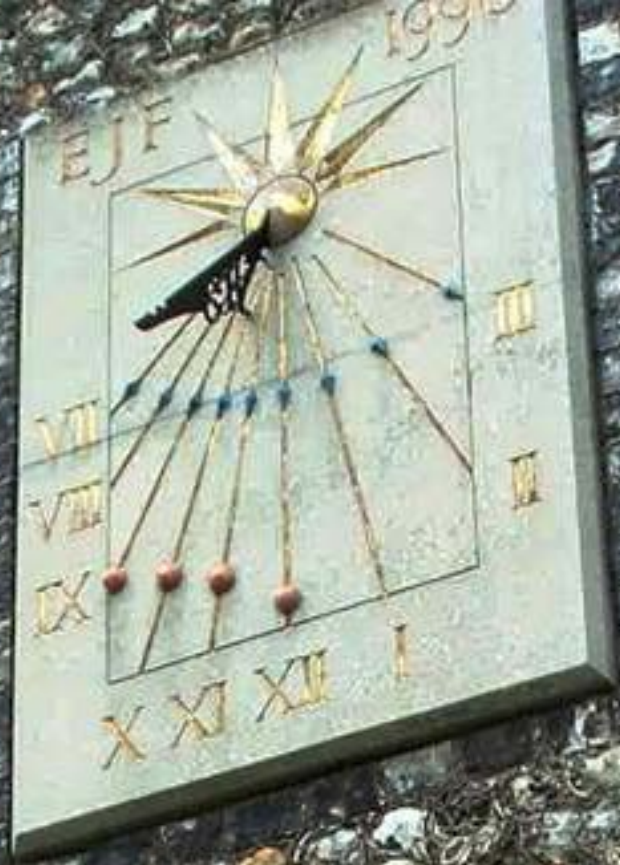
Shelmerdine

Focalized
in an ivory pyramid
sudden I penetrate
your roseate welcome
Shake of mahogany your skin
dives me back
in the round of senses
I'm waiting
to free the chaos
magma in fire
that your artist hands
make docile.

Elfine

Perfumed buds
we are
velvety caskets
opening softly.







Historiae

1998 CD produced by Cruel Moon Int / Cold Meat Industry – Sweden. Recorded between September 1997 and April 1998. Last three songs recorded live in a Medieval Court, March 1998. All song engineered by Giorgio Buttazzo

‘Hydra Hyali’ kicks off this set of historic tableaux with Giorgio Buttazzo adding male vocals to a song with a low, grave buzz. Distant pipes give a vague flavouring to a morose piece **‘Astraea’** is probably the only song you’ll hear about how Zeus transformed someone into a constellation and in honour of this fact there’s a chirper flute behind the trilling vocals and it’s a simple, unremarkable piece, relaxed and pretty, but then that’s what an album with a Renaissance feel will exhibit.

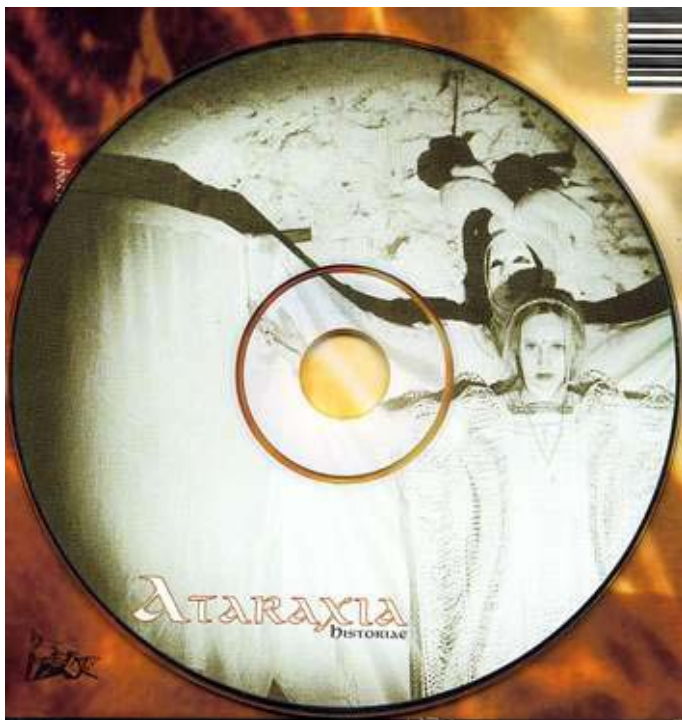
‘Filava Melis’ manages to be strong and plaintive, a lute or guitar getting skittish over the drums, prancing in an orderly fashion, with a calm flute shocked by the frilly vocal cascades at the end.

‘Scarlet Leaves’ is an Irish tale, a sad song of devotion and desolation over meticulously plucked seepage, with a lover waiting and dying, the other lover returning eventually to no-one. **‘Histrionia’** is flighty nonsense of the like which encourages you to sing ‘Brave Sir Robin ran away...’) with funny vocals a la around the rrrragged rrrrocks which leads to a cackling finish. **‘Antinea’** has that churchy choral chiming going for it with strumming and drumming, conveyed seriously. When the drums lighten and the guitar loosens the vocal clouds gather and they all get stuck into a stern end.

Then three songs recorded in a church. **‘Li Frere Li Mestre Du Temple’** is very traditional with taut percussion peppering the dour energy before the final two taken from ‘Carmina Burana.’ **‘Mundus est Jocundum’** has a curiously bare feel with haunting vocals, joined by a vinegary, secondary vocal in brooding collusion, and **‘Mundus Furibundus’** is a weirdly lovely thing.

It’s a serene collection in the main with no standout tracks. They return to the earliest roots it is possible to have, and there they are transfixed. I can only listen to this when in a certain mood and ready to tackle such a historical feel, but if that interests you this is a great way to get to know their sound.





"A framework, in every collection of medieval tales there's a framework and "Historiae" is the name of this sonorous book of ours.

"Inspiration comes with summer and this year too it's been sudden and unforeseen, the warm wind of ancient times has blown in this land of ours that in the season of sun resounds with drums, flutes and bagpipes of feasts taking place in every medieval burg of this Italian corner where Celtic influences have survived, a land where traditions, spells, ancient customs are still very rooted.

"We, like wandering menestrels, have become the humble cantors of all of this.

"**"Historiae"** encloses a phantom archaic village, a labyrinth of the soul whose center is a square, each narrow street converges in the centre and carries the emotional burden of many lives embodying histories that in that square become meaningless, annihilate themselves in the end of life, in the conclusion of the journey, in the time scansion, in the remote past that cancel the single human soul to remember uniquely events.

"Here we have picked up pieces of erased existences travelling up and down these ways, eavesdropping, collecting fragments of voices, listening to the feeble narration of a pilgrim or a foreigner who described shadows and figures who lived along these lanes or in far villages whose strange name we had never heard before.

"Pieces of other lives narrated by many voices were written on torn papers or on precious parchment. At the place of words flew out notes, sounds, airs, confused memories whose singular bearers we are.

"We're becoming pilgrims and narrators too, we're going to bring in your far lands, burgs and villages these "Historiae", they will become yours, they will mingle with your own life, and in your turn you'll hand them down along paved streets before getting that square.

"**"Hydra Hyali"** or the research of the Holy Grail, we remember this name who has been referred to us by an unusual pilgrim, maybe a saint, who was coming back from orient. He gave use an account of the Knights Templars, the smell of dust, the sable filling the nostrils, the beating of hooves on the path, the sound of horns, the sweat and those hymns raising proudly from time to time...

"Drink in, drink in knowledge, don't hesitate, don't surrender, you can touch the earth this will give you strenght you can submerge in the sea perceiving the sense of your senses, you can cross the fire to obtain wisdom, you can float in the air to reach the mystic flower."

"**"Astraea"** a young man wearing a humble but clean garnment narrated us this history. He had learned it by a fabric trader coming from the levant lands, the tale was really ancient, at least its genesis. Astraea was a Goddess who had lived on the earth in the Golden Age then she escaped when the Iron Age came with low actions and sufferings.

"It's commonly believed that Zeus, with a love rite, transformed her into a constellation and she, dominated by the moon but free, goes on living brilliant and far from the world,



she herself a world. “Seeing, feeling, touching her this night, finding, delighting, enchanting her this night, rising, enlightening, transfiguring her this night, upsetting, revealing, subliming her this night, ‘cause this night the plenilune dominates her, ‘cause this night the flesh are abandoning her.”

“**Filava Melis**” is a strange tale, originally it could be a sort of philosophical anecdote told us with the pretext of speaking of flowers, we should say extraordinary flowers, present in some windowsills of that sad and perfuming lane, an odd place where life and hope had lost their meaning while our spirit was filled up by an empty dull peace, a soft but heavy one.

“Who spoke was a maiden, or maybe a childish appearance hid a more mature age, she told us that a day a notable man learned in jurisprudence had been received by her lord, who lived just there in that palace, and told him these curious words: “Oh my lord, for Blind Goddess’ sake, I have no more pleasure of greatness I feel the wish for dying, seeing in the dew the lotus flower along Acheron, oh my lord my heart is growing cool, yielding of worn-out wings.”

“So the Parca always spinning and cutting human beings’ lives gratified his wish and he wasn’t seen anymore.

“**Scarlet leaves**” is a very sad legend that a wayfarer coming from Ireland sang with his flute accompaniment. A virgin was waiting for her lover for a long time, he had left for far lands and told her to observe the scarlet leaves of Autumn while falling, he would have returned only in that Autumnal season. She observed, danced with the leaves, lay on their soft blanket but he didn’t return, other leaves fell and other seasons passed but no return.....

“The virgin’s life broke but her corageous soul survived, dead in her body but not in her spirit she went on waiting for her love longer and longer lying on the cold ground, looking at the scarlet leaves with the eyes of her soul. She called and called him just hoping he could at least spread her ashes. She would have like them to hover and fly together with the leaves as they had wings.

“Nothing happened, her spirit faded away too in the freeze, in the snow, the feeble eyes of her soul now are closed. Someone says that he one day that man came back but she never returned.

“**Histrionia**” was coarsely sung to us by a minstrel that once was a very famous jester at a well-known court. We met him in a broad deserted way leading to a square.

Antinea

“The sons of the Men
led by the sons of Wisdom
went away, farer and farer,
and spread themselves on the earth
like a sweet water torrent.
A great number of them,
the ones who had a weak heart,
died during the journey
but the majority of them
were saved.”
(from “The Book of Dzyan”)





A limited edition of 500 copies emerge as a picture disc LP, which I bought so I can frame it. It looks kinda cute, no?

Scarlet Leaves

Oh, my lord, you never returned
I was waiting for you my love

You told me to see
the scarlet leaves, the scarlet leaves
when they had fallen on the earth
you would have returned
you would have returned

Oh mylord, now I'm laying on the ground
I'm still waiting for you, my love
Oh mylord, now I'm laying on the cold ground
and I'm still waiting for you, my love

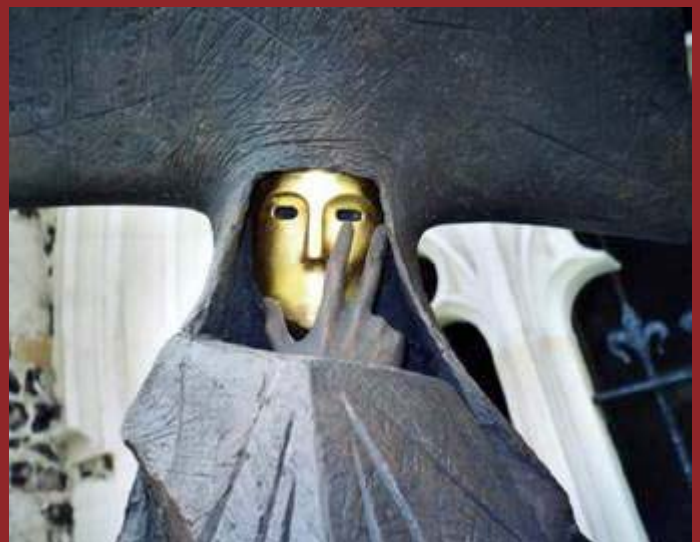
Now I fell the scarlet leaves
flying over me, flying over me
please, please, come to me
and spread my ashes among scarlet leaves

I would like to flutter with them
I would like to have wings
I would like to feel breeze and air
I would like to be wind

Seasons have passed and I'm still alone
in the breeze in the snow, my love

With the eyes of my soul
I will nevermore
see scarlet leaves
the feeble eyes of my soul
now they are closed
I will never return

Oh, mylord, now that you've returned
I'll never return



Histrionia

“Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh ‘cause tomorrow you’ll cry.
Oh fine Sir who admire yourself in vain
in the lying mirror of vanities
your gentle pale and diaphanous face
tomorrow only tomorrow the smallpox disfigured will have.



Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.
Oh gentle Lady owner of virtue
by anyone loved and revered as much as you please
each onus and honour of yours
dying in chilbirth you'll take with you in the next world.

Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.
Oh noble Lord with a mainly air
today you're making the counting of your own properties
castles, lands, men that today are yours
tomorrow your enemies will put to fire and sword.

Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.
Lovely girl facing life
you dance plaisant airs and receive the hand-kissing
furtive glances and awaited loves forget
'cause tomorrow your father will make you become a nun.

Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.
Me who I am jester and nothing I own
neither lands nor virtue or beauty or chastity
today I am your humble servant
tomorrow I'll be servant of whom will ruin you.

Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
I am the jester I don't fear neither enemy or majesty,
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
I am the jester I don't fear neither enemy or majesty."



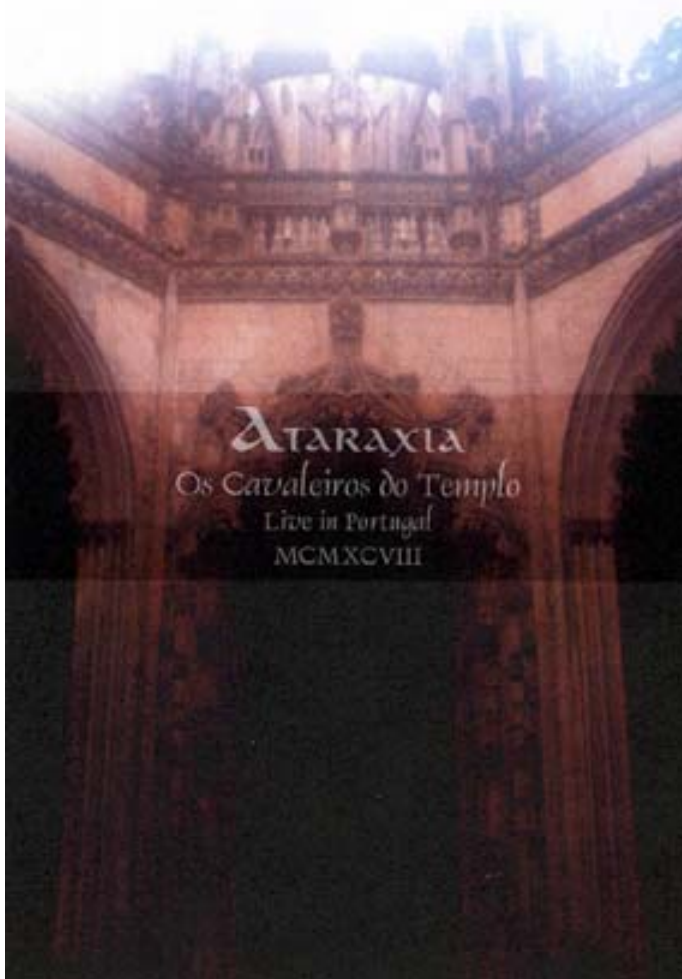
Os Cavaleiros Do Templo

Live in Portugal

MCMXCVIII

1998 Video + CD BOX - recorded live in Lisbon in Jan.

1998, produced by Symbiose - Portugal



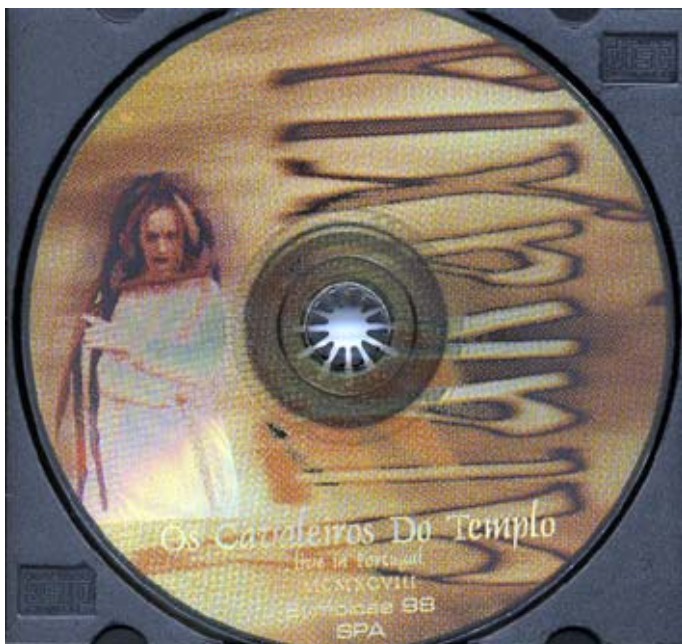
The '**Intro**' is dreamy talking over pictures of a grand building, which cuts away to an interior shot in their friendly cellar room, where the medieval-attired Francesca is soon sitting with a secretive casket handed to her by a fellow actor in this drama. The light pastoral sounds of '**Almourol**' bring resolute drumming and light guitar together, with typically taut vocals stretched across gracious keyboards, as she sits and writes a letter.

Cat! She has the cat with her. One way facing one direction, the next moment the opposite. (Shoot the continuity person!) Before you know it she's playing a perplexing game of cards with Vittorio (he's got the cat now, to save it from further confusion) and Giovanni. The cat blinks, scratches its head, a shot which is wisely is repeated, then he leaves, his cameo complete.

The jauntier '**Omne Datum Optimum**' flares up as Lorenzo Busi bustles in, in the weirdest medieval gear, waving a huge flag around, then he is paler, still in the cellar with decorative shields, cutting a disturbing figure amidst the dignified musical caper, as brisk percussion and agile keyboards sit on the tiny guitar and determined vocals. There is much dancing as the actor returns and of course it all looks mental, that's half the charm. Why, after all, would these people be in a cellar under normal circumstances?

'**Le Ore Rosa Di Mazenderan**' is a deliriously beautiful classical acoustic track, as Francesca looks in a mirror, where we cut to a dramatic live shot, with dancer fully masked, and the mesmeric vocal potency with odd twists entwine around the exquisite guitar. A phenomenal moment.

I have no idea what the shot of keys on a wall or hands stretching out means, unless people are imprisoned, but '**Filava Melis**' finds Vittorio more studio than normal and Francesca more heated, when they break into medieval trills and frills, Francesca singing *through* a tambourine at one point, and if that sounds mimsy and twee, it isn't.



Bear in mind I could be one song title out each time when describing the action, writing this when our Sammy (R.I.P.) cat was very ill, and I can't concentrate properly, but in the stupendous '**Nossa Senhora Dos Anjos**' the synth swells, and the dancing Busi maintains a solid presence behind Francesca. He has a winged costume, whereby he holds sticks in his hands which extend to the very end of these wings so when he extends his arms the actual wing span is huge. The two lads are spot lit either side of her as celestial vocals rise, and after we cut back for a weird shot of her in the cellar we return to the stage where she steps back to be enfolded by the wings, disappearing from view. Naturally we assumed it has great significance, but who knows, she might be in there eating chocolate?

'**Batalha**' swaggers with its stomping percussion and rousing vocals, the keyboard pomp firm behind such commanding singing, and the video cuts back to a seemingly perplexed Francesca back indoors. Hands and shells of some delft tiles (or some such) segues into a seascape for '**Aperlae**' and a leisurely Vittorio then cutting some elegant sounds, with sustained vocal floatiness, as Busi dances in that great red costume like a giant chess piece. Another slow, glowing song, seriously sensitive with the reedy synth caressing constant guitar and Francesca seems to hve an enormous plaited ponytail attached to the sleeve f her dress which is peculiar. '**Lucrecia**' shows us sun on a door, hands on a hinge, then stone as stirring Spanish brass collides with bompng drums and there is great melodic curvature in this tense piece. Francesca wanders about as the chaps concentrate, *then* '**Oduarpa**' is very still, but pouring forth great feeling. Grave, yet lightly turning to sharp and sour edges with sweet guitar filling any spaces – a twisted glory.

'**Charola**' leads to a devious ending and I am sure I have the track list wrong as the simple guitar and recorder piece is quite a downbeat finale and then we get the soaring vocals and enfolding wings again, finally closing with mementoes being packed in the casket as the guitar and flute gentle falls away and we're done.

As a record of their live spectacle is it ravishing and yet somehow frustrating because you'd like to see an entire gig shown straight. The acted parts are typically strange and charming, but I have no idea what purpose they serve.



"Portugal is a casket of secrets. Our silent and discreet voyage in a land whose taste is the one of Time has been a sort of initiatory journey through the noble testimonies of stone standing in particular spots of our way. Time was there and Silence was there, the time to observe, to perceive, to stay in contemplation inside the walls of embroidered cloisters, ochreous manors, in the ascetic stillness of cathedrals, on the high peaks lying on the last occidental edge of Europe on the ocean.

"For us, so deeply fond of Middle Ages and Renaissance, unintentional Travellers of Time and Evanescent Warriors, the Portuguese experience has been a revelation : Mosteiro Dos Jeronimos, Batalha, Alcobaca, Almourol, Mafra, Tomar are keys to enlightenment. It's a miracle to see that places full of sacredness and nobleness conserving an intact power of transmitting you wisdom and the spiritual charge of centuries still breath. Through these voyages we emerge changed and enriched. We return in music what we received in silence.

"To the Order of the Portuguese Knight Templars who managed to conceal inside symphonies of stone the knowledge and ancient mysteries of equilibrium and wisdom.

.....the voyage goes on....."

Almourol

(to Gualdim Pais, in remembrance of the building of Almourol Castle)

Come with me in a magical shore
Come with me, ride your horse and move forward
Come with me in this magical night
Come with me, dress-up your tunic and ride

Come with me follow my own path
Come with me, I know you're a wise man
Come with me and have your feelings under control
Come with me to the Castle of Almourol

Come with me,there are two rivers that cross
Come with me,in the mid-stream an island is born
Come with me there's something that must be done
Come with me to build the Castle of Almourol

Come with me all the brothers are there
Come with me, I know you're a discerning man
Come with me,there will be two circles of walls
Come with me,and ten towers of stone

Come with me, we have to obey there's a call
Come with me on a rocky shore
Come with me where the stones are ochreous
Come with me, dress-up your tabard to get Almourol

Come with me, there's a source that must flow
Come with me, there's a flame that must burn
Come with me, let your frailty and move forward
Come with me breathing fresh air at down

Come with me in a magical shore
Come with me ride your horse and move forward
Come with me in this magical night
Come with me to the Castle of Almourol



1999



By now Ataraxia's sound has been augmented onstage by the masterful presence of **FRANCESCO BANCHINI**.

He would stay for several albums, then resume his own **GOR CROISADES** project as well as working with many others.

Releases:

1993 – Christos BME – Italy.
1994 – Genocidio di Ordine Religioso BME – Italy.
1995 – Cybernos BME – Italy.
1996 – Iniziazione

BME – Italy.
1997 – Entrar sen braz BME – Italy.
1997 – Dicearchia BME – Italy.
1998 – Ruha d'Qudsha BME – Italy.
1999 – Solitudo corpus BME – Italy.
2000 – Bellum Gnosticorum Prikosnovenie – France
2001 – Ialdabaoth Prikosnovenie – France.
2002 – Phlegraei Prikosnovenie - France.
2003 – Qumran Prikosnovenie - France.
2004 – Croisades Prikosnovenie - France.
2004 – Amore & Tradimento BME – Italy.
2005 – Ciganko Alula Records -U.S.A.



BUG CLUB bootleg dvd Athens September 26th 1999

Busi is already in place when the band amble on, Brachini upfront alongside Francesca, and there is hushed reverence among the crowd. There is moving light inside this club which occasionally illuminates certain areas, but mainly casts Busi in a disturbing light, which is perfect for his antics. The sound is excellent throughout, and the camera well positioned at the rear of the hall and high above the audience heads, minimising any crowd noise, and allowing some damn good close-ups. Many of the songs are musically giving the songs even starker strength and this is every bit as good as their official 'Os Cavaleiros Do Templo', although Francesca would doubtless recoil in horror from a couple of songs where her higher notes are, shall we say, somewhat unusual., There is also a fantastic sequence where Busi dances just behind her in an outfit which looks like a jellyfish and with the dramatic lighting is right out of a fine anime horror film.





Lost Atlantis

1999 CD produced by Cruel Moon Int / Cold Meat Industry - Sweden Recorded/engineered Dec 98 – Feb 99 by Vittorio at S. Ruffino. 'Oduarpa' recorded/engineered by Giorgio Buttazza 1997.

'**The Early Days**' is a simple spoken intro, and then we find them leisurely rising and inflating the beautiful '**Daytia**', which is flowery piece of indie with tiny, tinny guitar and pretty synth. Other vocals glide and dance in for company, making a grand welcome. '**Aperlae**' introduces the watery element with lapping waves and with warm acoustic wafting and a reedy synth this a gradual, relaxed piece and if it seems inordinately long, the eleven minutes with controlled, insistent vocals moving towards a spoken end give the overall tranquillity extra bolstered strength. The sound the voice also follows you around after the album has finished. '**Dolphins**' has Pannish pipes squiggling on the synth updraft, while dipping, urgent vocals make it fun as well as mysterious, then the stern to '**Agharti**' and piercing tone finds the guitar and flute slowly

mingling, as the vocals relax and float. '**Fountains**' is more enigmatic with hushed whispers, suspenseful synth and a real sense of foreboding, and it simply maintains this bleached, queasy ethereal flow.

The nimble guitar running through '**Mu-land**' helps the mild beat and springy piano, as a deep vocal waddles through in a curiously short, jolly encounter which manages to be very sweet. '**Oduarpa**' is another true classic, with light, delicate backing and a stunning vocal performance with unusual phrasing. The guitar drifts happily, gradually asserting itself, with the synth softly supportive. The vocals expand magnificently as the music emits a weighty, drowsy quality.

'**Lost Atlantis**' is moody with beautiful synth and some steady drum intent, a brittle guitar ebb and oddly delayed vocals. It's still strangely pleasant because the music is so lovely behind the curious vocals. '**The Land Of Sand Of Gold Of Ruin**' gets even stranger with birdsong mutating over shimmering guitar and the mystery seeps back in again.

'**Departure**' sends two languages scuttling over simply synth drone and drums and we find ourselves then separated from the mystery as it finishes. Close in tone to much of the more recent albums, this doesn't actually convey a chunk of related topics, despite what they have clearly relished investigating. It all remains somewhat at arms length, simultaneously charming and weird. What could have been one of their more immediate and accessible albums actually manages to be one of the most abstract.



For 3 years we've been working on a new project but it's many more years we've been collecting elements (photos, travels in archaeological sites, readings, collection of historical documents) to translate into music the most well-known events present in the ancient scriptures of every faith, religion, country and ancient philosophy.

“LOST ATLANTIS” embodies the ancestral myth of the sunken land, an inheritance of all our subconscious wherever we come from. Legends say that about 50.000 years ago two important civilizations (having great ESP powers but also a powerful fascinating and dangerous technology) fought a terrible war leading them to disappearance. The result of all this was being sunken by the oceans. Before disappearing they thought to leave signs to the future inhabitants of the earth in order they wouldn't have done the same mistakes, these traces are present in many ancient buildings like some pyramids in Egypt, Mexico and in some Mediterranean and Oceanic islands. We visited some of those sites, we took many photos, we studied Plato and some PaleoAmerican ancient codex, we mixed the founts more linked to ancient Greece and the disappearance of the Minoic civilization of Krete and Thera (in Thera, 10.000 years ago, a volcano eruption annihilated this progressive, pacific civilization indissolubly linked to the myth of Atlantis) with more ancient and harsh legends (based on the costumes of ancient civilizations, different philosophies, traditions) we trusted on our instinct and sensitivity and we transformed all of this in a musical suggestion.

We try to describe the mythic origin of the man through symbols and create a pagan opera that owns a sacral taste. “From chaos harmonia is born and once again was chaos”, the genesis, the beginning, a far away past that can be a sort of warning for the future, the possibility that human beings have to cancel everything once again without observing, knowing, meditating on the signs left by some ancient philosophers, thinkers and wise-men.

Paradoxically this will be our more actual release even if inspired by happenings that took place in an uncountable past. Furthermore it will be our more experimental release till now, there will be a great use of effects and watery sounds for guitars (classic and electrics) and voices, the keyboards will be floating, wrapping-up, an unusual fusion of mysterious pasts and improbable futures, a synthesis of opposites, a musical research that corresponds to a personal inner research.

The lyrics will be in English (the future) and ancient Greek (the past). We need to portray these tragic happening through an ascetic, ieratic, distant sound, full of nostalgia, detached from the contingent, giving an idea of ancestral lost but at the same time of elevation. We would like to capture the sounds of the Mediterranean sea and of the ocean, the oxygen and the lack of it, a strong spiritual atmosphere. Then there will be a classic harmony of forms, the turkey blue and the light white colours, a timeless suspension, a sort of awful respect for crystalized things.

*

The frame of this release will be a suspended, apocalyptic, visionary and sometimes sweet and nostalgic spiral of sounds. Some meaningful and symbolic passages from ‘The Book of Dzian’ by Madame Blavatsky have also been recorded.

Oduarpa

Give me a nest of morbid existence
ancient, green nest of morbid existence
emerald velvet nest
ancient green nest of morbid existence
berry fern nest

.....no more blazes in colours
and lashes of indigo blue.....
ancient green nest of morbid existence
emerald velvet nest.....

(by Francesca Nicoli)

Agharti

“They became proud and defiant
- we are the kings, we are the Gods - they said,
they took beautiful wives,
they erected temples to the human body,
they built immense towns with precious marbles and
adored them.
.....so the third eye stopped seeing.....
The first massive waters came
and swallowed the seven big islands.
A few remained, some yellow, some brown,
some red remained,
the moon-like coloured ones
had disappeared for ever.”

(extract from M. Blavatsky's “The Book of Dzyan”)

Tide, distance, ...sailing, where?
fading, raising, flying, submerging
in a memory, an instant
(by Francesca Nicoli
- translated from the
original Greek lyrics)

Fountains

Arabesqued damasks,
pillows of liquid and clear eyes
shining intense mirrors
of green silvery recesses,
tangled gardens,
emerald water-works,
old crumbled balaustrades
where ivies and ferns
fresco in the wind
spiritual thrills of bluish-green contrasts.
My liquid and clear eyes
grasp and welcome
the bright run-after
of immanent fountains.
My eyes now and ever
dilute in circles
of yellow-ochre water and flora
and vanish off-shore
brushing surfaces
into threads and fibres
of rainbow peacock tail.
(by Francesca Nicoli)

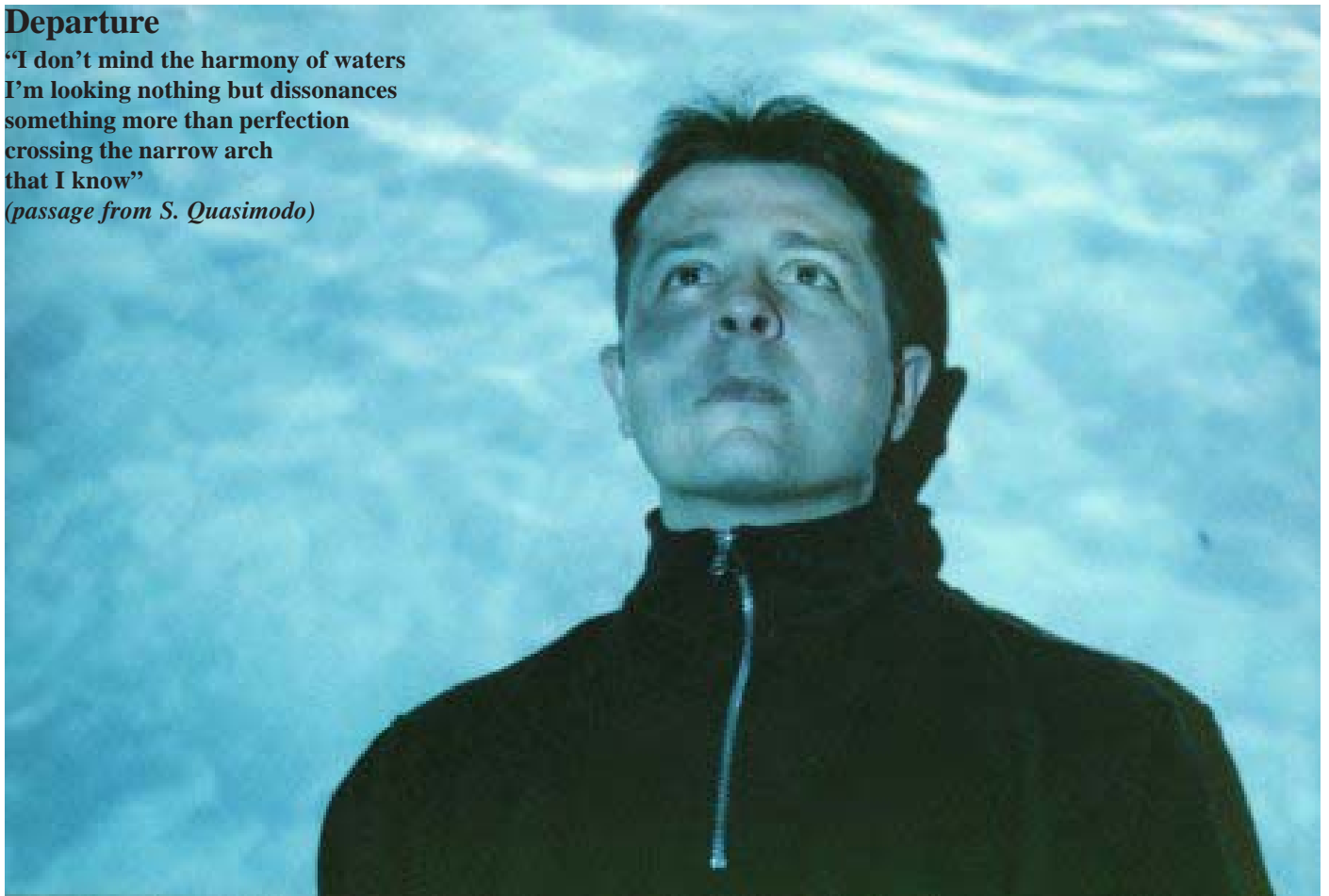
*
Even today
we found a treasure
we found the masks
but nothing of what was found here
will be sent-away
or fall in wrong hands.

(inscription found in a deserted lunatic asylum)
1999

Departure

"I don't mind the harmony of waters
I'm looking nothing but dissonances
something more than perfection
crossing the narrow arch
that I know"

(passage from S. Quasimodo)



Something about the songs, from the band:

“**The Early Days**’ a slow, embracing, atmospheric introductive piece of music accompanying the narrating voice that introduces you to the tragic enrapturing destiny of the sunken land.”

“**Daytia**’ is an euphoric, thoughtless crazy dance before the end. Daytia was a town of Atlantis destroyed by the hothouse effect and relative hightening of waters. Liquid guitars, keyboards and a soprano voice singing in Greek language . Here we have the beauty of classic Greece in a slow song full of Mediterranean atmosphere with pipes, flutes, classic guitars and timeless ethereal voices, it's called ‘**Aperlae**’ that's a lycian archeological sunken site where stone stairs disappear in the abyss and the perimeter of houses get lost in the sea. A sweet voice ends the song recitating a lyric of Sappho. This is the kind of song that syrens would have sung to men.”

“**Dolphins**’, experimental track with watery, unusual, ambient keyboards, guitars and effected voices recalling the ultrasound of dolphins and their strange nature. Someone thinks that dolphins were creatures invented by the scientists of Atlantis, a result of biogenetical experiments. A song devoted to freshness, intelligence and instinct.”

“**Agharti**’ is the song of the spirit. The ancient wise and the owners of knowledge found the door to enter a parallel dimension where it was possible to live after the terrible war and the disappearance of the two mythic continents, this parallel dimension is protected by electromagnetic mental energy fields, only the initiated can have a sort of slight contact

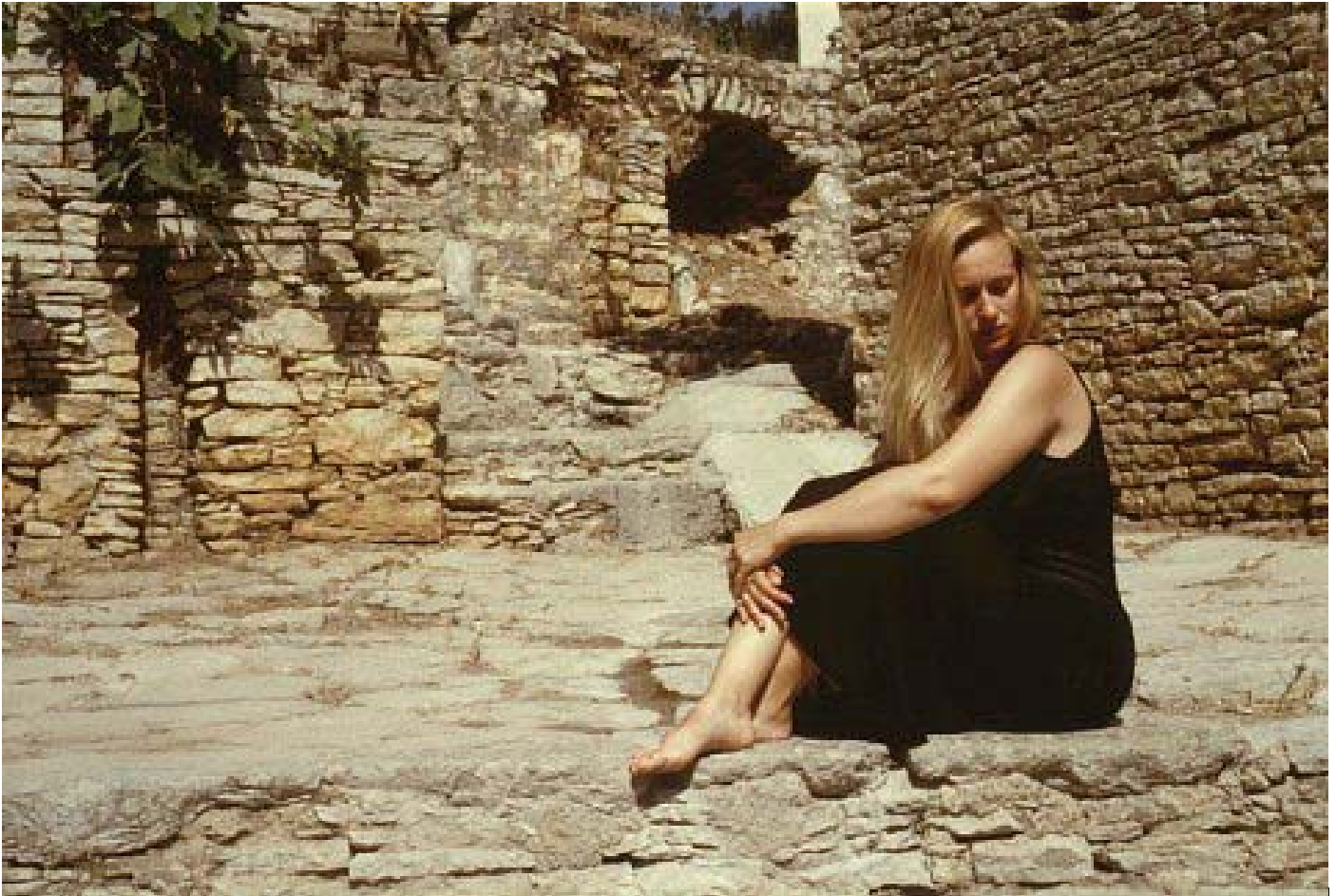
with it, this is the underground reign where the ancient Godfathers have let their lineage and knowledge; musically the song can be described as a sort of ritual entrance into a sacred votive temple, the atmosphere is the one we can find in a holy ancient building. There are flutes and sensual voices that becomes suddenly high and icy, warm tones and lyric perpendicular vocal ascensions.”

“**Fountains**’ is another experimental track, everything is seen from an under-water point of view. You can perceive strange beings living unnaturally under green brankish waters and communicating with unusual odd sounds, cries and whispers... Thrilling piece of ambient music.”

“**Mu-land**’ is a soul track full of strength, with the piano and a low energetic voice, it is inspired by the continent of Mu, the eastern civilization and its colours and perfumes.”

“**Oduarpa**’ was an Atlantidean scientist, the one who firstly did biogenetical experiments between men and animals (represented in classic Greek mythology by syrens, Tritons, etc...). After a life of experiments he felt old and tired and looked only for a green nest to rest, waiting for death, trying to forget. Atmospheric sad song with sinister nuances and a beautiful piano passage.”

“**Lost Atlantis**’ Wadding, spinning keyboards sounds, electronic, martial drums and a soprano choir waving on the texture of notes. One of the most epic and evocative songs of the album, a riding on the waves of magma and lava that destroyed the mythic continent of Atlantis, a vision of desolated, devastated dwellings, houses like empty eyes-sockets thrown away by the force and powerfullness of fire and sea. A narrating voice asks to the sky and destiny who will be



worthy of bringing the azure flower of wisdom, the golden stem of knowledge.....”

“**‘The land of sand of gold of ruin’** is a far cosmic song in a silent sad space where a neverending night reigns. A warning for the future generations, a voice that will never be heard, a low narrating speech and a high inhuman singing that traces the definitive detachment from humanity, this voice is elsewhere, the substance it is made of it’s not known, these are the words of abandon for an uncountable time.....”

“**‘Departure’** a recall of the title-track, two voices on martial epic drums, lyric words taken from Salvatore Quasimodo’s poems.”

The founts and ancient scriptures that inspired us are:

- * Plato’s “Timeo” and “Crizia”
- * the “Apocalypse”
- * Madame Blavatsky’s “The Book of Dzyan”
- * some paleoamerican codex
- * “Mission De l’ Ynde” by Saint-Yves d’ Alveidre
- * “Historique Biblioteque” by Diodoro Siculo
- * “Geography” by Strabone
- * “The Histories” by Erodoto
- * “Periplum” by

Annone Cartaginense

* “Popol Vuh”

* “Giglamesh”

* Seneca, Plutarco,

Tertulliano, Gaio

Plinio, etc...



One minute a big festival stage, the next a cosy Italian bar

pics: Costa



SPAIN



ITALY





Sueños

2001 CD produced by Cruel Moon Int. Recorded/engineered by Vittorio in S. Ruffino Aug – Oct 00. Edited, whatever that means, by Giorgio Buttazzo on Nov 1st 2000

This is a superbly involved record which finished their time on this label and what a way to go, with a record divided into three areas. Historical, modern flow and traditional solemnity. **'Parti De Mal'** starting, decidedly attractive for a Crusade Song, a genre of which I have remained blissfully unaware, with dour, harmonising vocals droning, with Giovanni and Francesco adding the male vocals with great effect, sounding surprisingly old! **'Saderaladon'** is a cute little entity, the frisky guitar controlled by some watchful drums then encouraged by flighty vocals. **'Belle Jolande'** is more serious, with jangling strings and pleasantly poured vocals and **'Il Bagatto'** is even more circumspect but involved, with lyrics by Vittorio delivered tersely over capering strings.

The second section is evidently about water and reflection and straight away the languid serenade of **'Mon Âme Sorcière'** is gorgeous, with swan-like vocals draped in melancholy. **'Eleven'** has lazy vocals erupting to eclipse the restful; surroundings, with windchimes and a hint of synth, an unusual

conjoined vocals/synth passage like a passing musical cloud. Enchanting. **'Mnemosine'** has bewitching acoustic stuck in vocal webs and the mood coming off it is harrowing. **'I Love Every Waving Thing'** has more mesmerising vocals to complete this amazing section of the record, with another unexpected delivery over balmy guitar.

Part three introduces grave tones and tales, with **'Encrucijada" (Part I / Part II)'** not disappointing in its Gothic flamenco way, a deep rattle in the vocal storm over flattened drums. It's quite dumpy for them with a fleeting guitar jangle and brooding rhythm. **'Funeral In Datça'** isn't exactly Muslim-flavoured but sounds Russian in parts with radiant vocals storming over synth horns. **'The Corals Of Aqaba'** is casually perfumed, serene and modestly majestic, a high clash of vocals and sinuous synth, all so bright it's a relatively rarefied atmosphere, and then with a twiddly horn and sense of pomp the grand march of **'(To the Mighty) Nemrut Dagı'** swings with firm rhythmical intent and some very odd synth lines.

Stuffed full of brilliant ideas and radiant performances I think this is one of their best albums, and yet seems largely ignored when people discuss their favourites.



‘Ego Promitto Domino’ : near coming Middle Ages
(crusade, farewell and carousing songs)

“Parti de mal” (traditional ‘chanson de croisade’ dated 1189)

That song was born during the ’99 summer tour, a tribute to the chivalrous ideal that unites us. It’s a traditional song but completely reinvented. Known only by one of us it was a birth for the others. We were in Mainz in a very suggestive cellar and we sang that tune which has become in some way the seal of our mission.

“Saderaladon” (traditional French ‘ministrel song’)

This is the second song born during that afternoon in Mainz and played live for the first time the following day in Heidelberg. This track gives us lots of energy and liveliness, it’s a panacea, we cannot explain the reason why each time we play it we find ourselves radiant. A traditional song completely re-elaborated and revisited. An hymn.

“Belle Jolande” (music by ATARAXIA, lyrics extracted from ‘Chanson de toile’ anonym of the XIIth century, langue d’oil)

After a painful period of tension and negative events, we found ourselves in green fields strewn with yellow striking up middle age songs in the spring which had become an early summer. In our opinion this is one of the most beautiful medieval tracks belonging to our intense musical history. Played at the foot of the hill among the rows of vine and the curious cats witnessing the creation, it will remain imprinted for a long time in my memory.

“Il bagatto” (French Renaissance ballad, lyrics by Vittorio Vandelli)

A French Renaissance song played and re-elaborated by many musical ensembles. Our version reinvented, reinterpreted and

carried naturally in the Italy of the communes during Humanism is a tribute to our rich cultural tradition.

Sueños - part II

L’âme d’eau : underwater flowings of the soul

(notes of water, of nostalgia and silence)

“Mon Âme Sorcière”

A waltz of French inspiration made of accordeon, clarinet and grey of pond getting coloured and changing of colours quickly. The song I would have always wanted to sing being like a part of me, I have a sorceress soul made of confetti and eyes that fall in well and potions of life with which I poison myself. That motif is strong and solitary, made of this loneliness which is not heavy but makes us regain our wild and courageous spirit. I think of “La Malédiction d’Ondine” again and I feel that this song is the daughter of ‘June’, it’s ‘June’ the way I would have always wanted to do it.

“Eleven”

Crossing the Mediterranean sea on the deck of a ferry-boat to get Greece.....

“Mnemosine”

Very sad and elegiac music. It belongs to these beautiful and harrowing compositions of Vittorio which still have the power to surprise me. This is one of these motives that when it’s written immediately belongs to everybody since we all have made it our own living and rewritten it with our suffering. This is again a song linked to a child and water or maybe to the rings of water concealing the child who struggles in such a big silence and in such a wide extending of surfaces of experience that separate what was united.

“I love every waving thing”

We can't restrain the impulse to speak of water through music. This ethereal and bewitching track, full of spirals is made of some Pessoa's words and the intense grey water of the Atlantic ocean when on a windy cliff of the Lusitanian coast you stop there and intensely desire to be carried away, to disappear in the foam, to close the circle. A track of water and sad childhood that has never ended. "I spent the fly of my days spying the sea, there are waves in my soul."

Sueños - part III
'Sandy dunes' : the
Orient and the
Mediterranean

(solemn airs, marches and flamenco)

"Encrucijada" (part I /
part II)

Dramatic, myterious, fiery track but at the same time dry like the earth. A ritual of love and death that becomes bloody after an incessant emotional tension and then vanishes. That motif depicts the hispanic universe as we perceived and elaborated it at one time. Passion and blood : a gothic flamenco.

"Funeral in Datça"

Some summers ago we found ourselves in a peninsula in the south-west of Turkey and we decided to visit an antique Greek site. On the way along a cleared and dusty road we heard laments and saw a long line of people moving with an ondulatory movement. It was a modest and dignified Moslem funeral, the thing that most struck us was that coffin of unusual dimensions, of a warm colour, a bright brown with on top a rainbow-coloured carpet. My eyes are still

wandering with this ondulating coffin that was travelling quickly on the hands of those people who were passing it each other. The little envelope was sailing lightly and shining between the earth and the sky in the spreading of the crowd. I remember also the long braids of the women, young and old, red braids, black, auburn, brilliant like the threads of the carpet on the flying little coffin. I felt that sooner or later I'll have to write this memory and the lyrics came first, then the music, a march with deep vocals and then a rising up into the limpid air.

"The Corals Of Aqaba"

The first time I heard that song born for the classical guitar I thought immediately of the spring that precedes the Easter days and the childhood I lived wild and swift in the Emilian mountains. The crystal sound was the one of the river, of the bells in the distance, of the murmur of the grass in which I ran untamed, of this pure essence, fighting and courageous that was in me in my childhood. I've associated all that to the thousands refractions of the corals in the gulf of Aqaba. "My steps bring me far-away, in places that I visited in the dazzle of the sleep or during the long summer wakefulnesses when I made me grassy expanse hearing the sound of the flute on the shore of the river."

"(To the Mighty) Nemrut Dagı"

A powerful and rhythmic march sung with virile but graceful voices, an hymn to the mighty of the world who disappeared leaving traces of themselves through mausoleum and monuments eroded and consumed by history. Nemrut Dagı (the mount Nemrut in Anatolia) is the place where is situated in open air the majestic mausoleum of Antioch I, some immense statues of symbolic animals and his face made of stone rising up on the high plateau are eroded since centuries burned by the sun and whipped by the snows and winter winds. A place of the imagination belonging to our journey that Giovanni has skillfully depicted.

Nemrut Dagi

Crouched on these sandy dunes
something communicates me
the drying up of significances
into significant
waved to the shore
then stranded aground
in their brief presence
in the existing

Eleven

eleven rooms
eleven stars
eleven boats
eleven miles
eleven islands
eleven years
eleven harbours
eleven.....

The Corals of Áqaba

I drink sips of pink
never sated
tactile blunder of light
the movement calms down
I bow my head
and lay it down
on the ground
I saw too many colours
now it's blue
my steps bring me far-away
in places that I visited
in the dazzle of the sleep
or during the long summer wakefulnesses
I'd like to stick
to the skimming light
or become grassy expanse
when I don't hear the sound of the flute
on the shore of a river

Funeral in Datça

Unable to decipher
categories and constants
neither grey nor light-blue
white
I am free
to remind you
to remind...

I Love Every Waving Thing

I spent the flight of my days
spying the sea
I love every waving thing
When I smiled
my teeth were mysterious
there are waves in my soul
The edge of my clothes
was salty and fresh
I love every waving thing
Speak to me of my death
so that I feel a reason to remember
Today I'm afraid of having been

from F. Pessoa's verses.



A Calliope... Collection - 2001

A CD box compilation produced by Future Insights of Brazil, a set number were made available in a high quality limited edition package of 333. The CD comes in a card slipcase and has an attractive accompanying booklet, but the bonus, as seen in this pic was the draw-string Hessian sack which conjures up the medieval flavour, inside of which are a badge, some dried leaves, and a small scroll containing information.

[Prophetia / Elevazione / Lubna / Ondine / Verdigris Wounds / Rocking Chair Of Dreams / Clytaemestra / Le Ore Rosa di Mazenderan / Belle Rose Porporine / Scarlet Leaves / Orlando (...a male) / Oduarpa (live) / Aperlae / I Love Every Waving Thing / Arcana Eco / A Calliope]

Exclusive to the compilation when first released 'Arcana Eco' spreads soft singing over a slow guitar surface; a prim, lithe union, the vocals, male and female, gathering force as the music stirs them together. 'A Calliope' is even slower and more thoughtful with some weirdly sharp, colourful vocal shapes jutting out from the light musical brushwork. High, then buffeted higher, these are the gull-like vocals which have an eerie quality about them.





A Calliope... Collection

"I love every waving thing.
There are waves in my soul" (F.P.)

I love every restless soul, every voyager and pilgrim, every knight who has the courage to sail outremer. I love all the things who are deeply in touch with the watery undulating substance. The water can give birth and death, we can find rest and eternal regeneration, harmony and ancestral force.

My grandfather was a mariner and my eyes reflect all that endless moving watery surface. As long as our waving souls will be carried by the flowing, every time a new seashore will be seen at the horizon, anytime a deep pain, a new love, a great spiritual discovery will mark our lives, ATARAXIA's path will be a mystic voyage.

Our minds are "mystic locations", a seashore full of shells representing all the collected places, persons, moments, sensations we had in our lives. Every time we play and create

we begin walking in that dreamy beach, to swim in holy waters to perceive and get in touch more deeply with all the people we knew and loved, the ones who are gone and the ones who are far from us, lost in Time and Space.

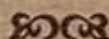
This mythic place, this seashore and oceanic surface is the key of our existence. Every time I was wandering over there Death and Life came to take me by hand, to make me understand that I'm nothing but a weak passenger of life.

Sometimes I would like to be cutted off from the world in front of the sea, in complete stillness to vanish in the foam, in the "inner intimate landscape" of the memory.

This is the substance and ultimate meaning of this collection of notes.

"The child and the girl are walking together along the seashore. They are exactly the same, creatures fallen from the sky..." (M.D.)

Francesca Nicoli
MMI



www.ataraxia.net

Produced by:

Ataraxia and Pedro Georges Eleftheriou
for Future Insights

Distribution and special packaging conception:

Essence Music

essence@net.em.com.br



ATARAXIA are a few Italian artists who explore and create music, painting/images, poetry and theatre and who dedicate their entire life to art. We feel like being travelling pilgrims mainly inspired by our actual and inner voyages in places that still own the nobleness and charge of centuries, we express through music what we obtained in silence.

ATARAXIA is a spiritual balance, the research of physical and psychical harmony so difficulty achieved by human beings. ATARAXIA becomes a state of tension able to open our minds and be receptive towards life experiences. The act of creation that leads to enlightenment is the beginning and the aim of our research.

Our Music

We love to define us as craftsmen of the sound, we create an unusual melange of sacred and profane, Mediaeval and Renaissance, ethereal and atmospheric, contemporary and early music. We have inherited the treasures of History and Time and through our music we make researches into the European and Eastern legends crossing the ancient Greek and latin myths. We try to preserve the past in order to give it back to the present.

Contemplation, dreamy experiences, remembrances, twilight elegiac atmospheres, ritual movements float in the mysterious garden of Psyche and Desire where new textures of notes meet the envelopping echo of ancient instruments. Our peculiarity is the one of mingling acoustic instruments like classic guitars, clarinets, traverse flutes, percussions with contemporary ones like keyboards and synths. We paint with notes whimsical landscapes.

Our Inspiration

We have a medianic and mystic attitude towards art and creation. This is our gift. Creation is the way to express the divine substance of the human being. In the ancient Dionisiac rituals the musician was possessed by the God of Nature who spoke through them. We are vibrating channels that translate and express the energy that's around us.

Love For Early Times

We have grown up in Medieval burgs and we carry on the 'oral tradition' of early times. We feel like wandering clerics and evanescent warriors who need to maintain the memory of lost souls erased by big events that annihilate the single. We are sincerely grateful to the ancient studies adopted in many areas like music, painting, science, philosophy, architecture and alchemy that preferred not to imprison knowledge into a specific branch.

We feel being crossroads among the Orient-Mediterranean cultures and the Northern-Celtic one, a land of meeting and translation, citizens of the world who bring the physical and spiritual signs of far different experiences and lands.

Live Performances

A concert is a sort of theatrical drama. The best act is always performed in an ancient place where stones and architectures give us inspiration. Our performances are usually based on a concept with a felt research into many areas like music, poetry, image, dance acts and scenographies. Concerts take place in fascinating environments like abbeys, castles, gardens, courts and palaces.

Ancient stones and the water speak to us, we perceive their silent voices travelling and exploring with our listeners magic primeval kingdoms...



Lyrics

Our lyrics have been written in many ancient and nowadays languages, we perceive the charme and richness of different sounds and accents, the hidden treasures and revelations that own each culture. What is exciting is the grace and harmony that each song can gain through a peculiar texture of words.



The Voyage, Where We Are Going...

The relationship with our time is based on the voyage, we feel not to be so different than the voyagers of early times like Marco Polo and Vasco de Gama, the time-space coordinates have changed, speed and technology have shortened the stages and we are forced by this age to be more superficial than our ancestors, nowadays gaining self-knowledge through the sensible world costs a great fatigue and self-denial.

We walk along a path that has its origins in very far times. Our aim is to keep alive what the past has given us in order to remember who we were, what we are, where we are going. Ancient spirits are still speaking.





Mon Seul Désir

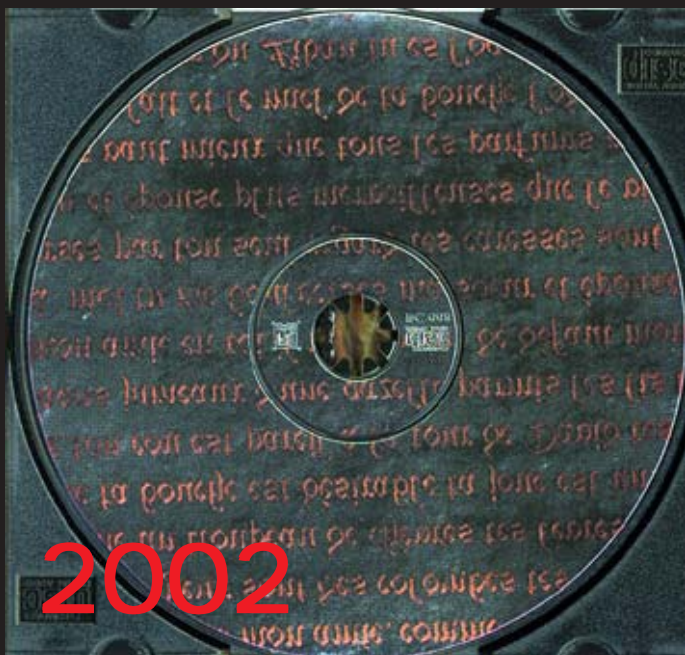
2002 CD produced by Cruel Moon Int
Recorded/engineered by Vittorio through July - Oct 2001

As their own notes reveal this is a relaxing creature after the intensity of 'Lost Atlantis' and their confidence oozes through it all. '**Alsicon**' has busy but spacious vocals over slowly emptying guitar and listen to the pouring, elegant synth. Innocent spoken excitement rises gloriously, and the modern glaze is delightfully fresh. 'Jarem Gitti' has an older spine, with Middle-Eastern grace, with knobby drums and flickering guitar. The sudden bat-like ululation is unexpected and, frankly, scary!

'**Eaudelamer**' operates over swish, quick acoustic and windblown vocals flitting through. This, their lighter side, has little twists of vocals gathering and caught on the

softly rumpled keyboards and they slow down for the succulent '**Sendero En Lago Verde**' which is ridiculously soothing.

Curious spirals of background sound make the slightly sour '**A L'Aube**' attractive with its downcast French vocals and '**Mundus Ets Jocondum**' flirts with doom, where churchy vocals gather and boss about the bagpipes and drums for a longer version of what was on 'Historiae' finishing of a bite-size Ataraxia album, but it's mini world of its own.





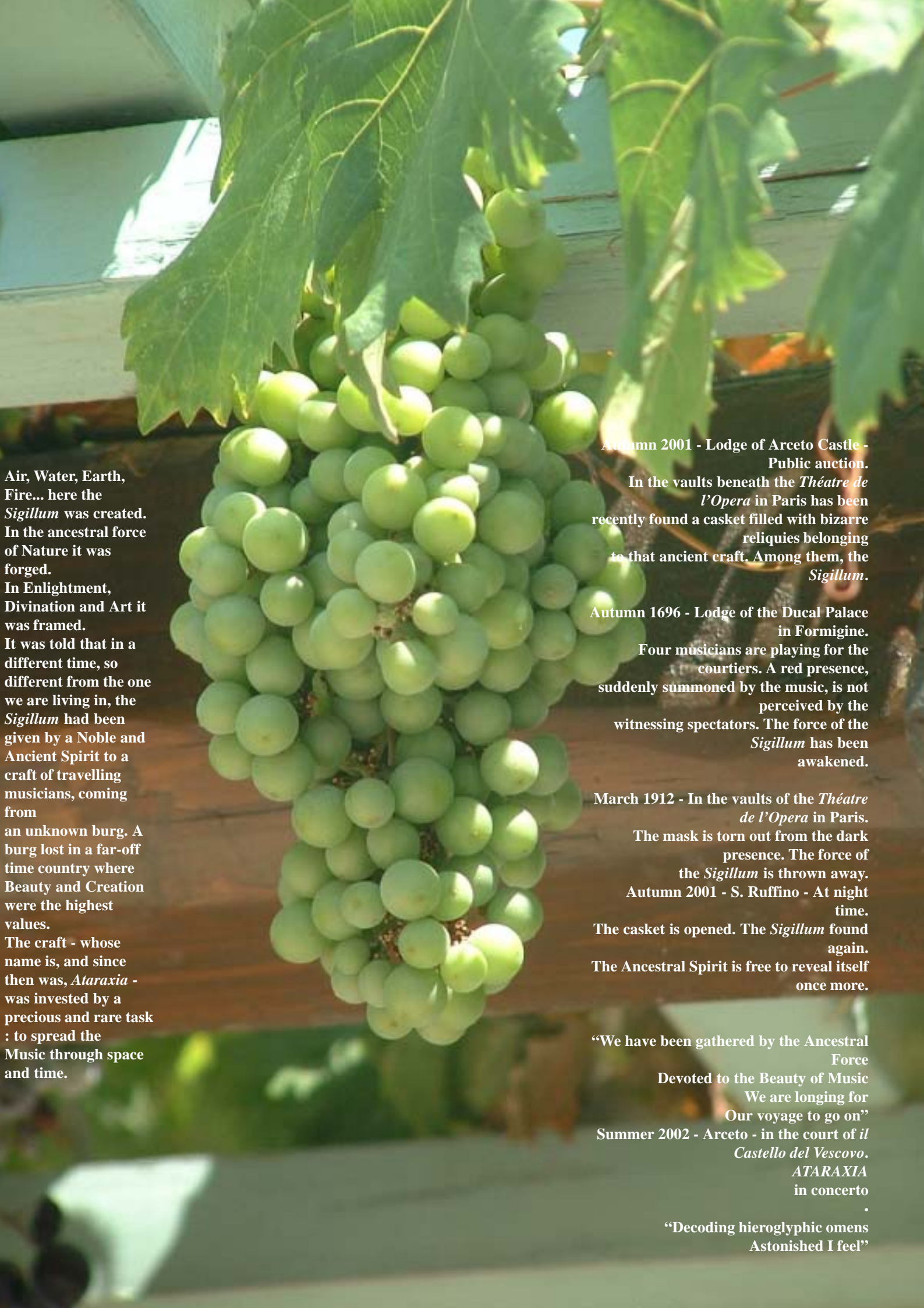
destiny. After many previous albums based on pain, struggle, persecuted, far lands, voyagers and pilgrims, sunken civilisations we have finally released an album based on love, not a simplistic taken for granted vision of love, but love in all his power, light and strength, unique love driven by destiny, the one that unifies elected souls after centuries of solitude, the one that can save our wrecked poor life when we are agonising, hopeless, deceived. The songs are actually various, you can find ballads made of high clear skies where the wind blows over a Northern Ocean, wide fresh surfaces of green, watery hypnotic waves where it's possible to perceive that salty essence of the sea, hidden gardens full of colours, the up and down of the tide, but we have also Eastern and Mediaeval love songs completely remade and rearranged by us with many acoustic instruments like percussions, ancient guitars, bells and various amenities. These last songs have all a contemporary nuance, old traditions carried here in our times to be heard and understood with a modern spirit.

"Listening 'Mon Seul Désir' you'll find a green path leading to an enchanted lake in a sort of purifying journey to get rid of our painful, unhappy condition, you'll perceive the deep connection among love and music, a rosy awakening at dawn, a moment where everything is undefined and the passing among a dreamy state to a conscious one is prophetic and magic describable only through the poetry of notes."

"This is one of our albums that doesn't own a defined style like we did in many other occasions to portray special historical periods, forgotten civilisations or artistic masterpieces, for this reason we think that this release is in a pure ATARAXIA's style.

"This happened sometimes in the past, after very engaging and monumental works where all our energies were employed to carry on a concept theme (not only musical but also literary, historical, archaeological). So a new bizarre creature is born in total freedom in this beginning of 2002, just a mirror of our most intimate feelings in the last 12 months. This album has two great literary and iconographical inspirations but the deepest source of inspiration comes from some happenings of that crazy, troubled, unexpected 2001 that turned upside-down the lives of many of us after many years of apparent tranquillity and stability. These two further sources are 'The Canticle of Canticles' of King Solomon (one of the most beautiful piece of poetry portraying love both in a symbolic/spiritual and in a most bodily perspective) and the cycle of late-Mediaeval tapestries 'La Dame à la Licorne' collected in the Mediaeval Museum of Cluny in Paris. These 6 tapestries represent in a symbolic way the 5 senses and the overcoming of them to find equilibrium, pleasure and purity. We could easily say that all of this has the same meaning of the name of the band, the word ATARAXIA. We deeply perceive that this research, this strange fatal meeting with the tapestries and the Canticle has been driven by





Air, Water, Earth,
Fire... here the
Sigillum was created.
In the ancestral force
of Nature it was
forged.
In Enlightenment,
Divination and Art it
was framed.
It was told that in a
different time, so
different from the one
we are living in, the
Sigillum had been
given by a Noble and
Ancient Spirit to a
craft of travelling
musicians, coming
from
an unknown burg. A
burg lost in a far-off
time country where
Beauty and Creation
were the highest
values.
The craft - whose
name is, and since
then was, *Ataraxia* -
was invested by a
precious and rare task
: to spread the
Music through space
and time.

Autumn 2001 - Lodge of Arceto Castle -
Public auction.

In the vaults beneath the *Théâtre de
l'Opera* in Paris has been
recently found a casket filled with bizarre
reliquies belonging
to that ancient craft. Among them, the
Sigillum.

Autumn 1696 - Lodge of the Ducal Palace
in Formigine.

Four musicians are playing for the
courtiers. A red presence,
suddenly summoned by the music, is not
perceived by the
witnessing spectators. The force of the
Sigillum has been
awakened.

March 1912 - In the vaults of the *Théâtre
de l'Opera* in Paris.

The mask is torn out from the dark
presence. The force of
the *Sigillum* is thrown away.

Autumn 2001 - S. Ruffino - At night
time.

The casket is opened. The *Sigillum* found
again.

The Ancestral Spirit is free to reveal itself
once more.

“We have been gathered by the Ancestral
Force

Devoted to the Beauty of Music

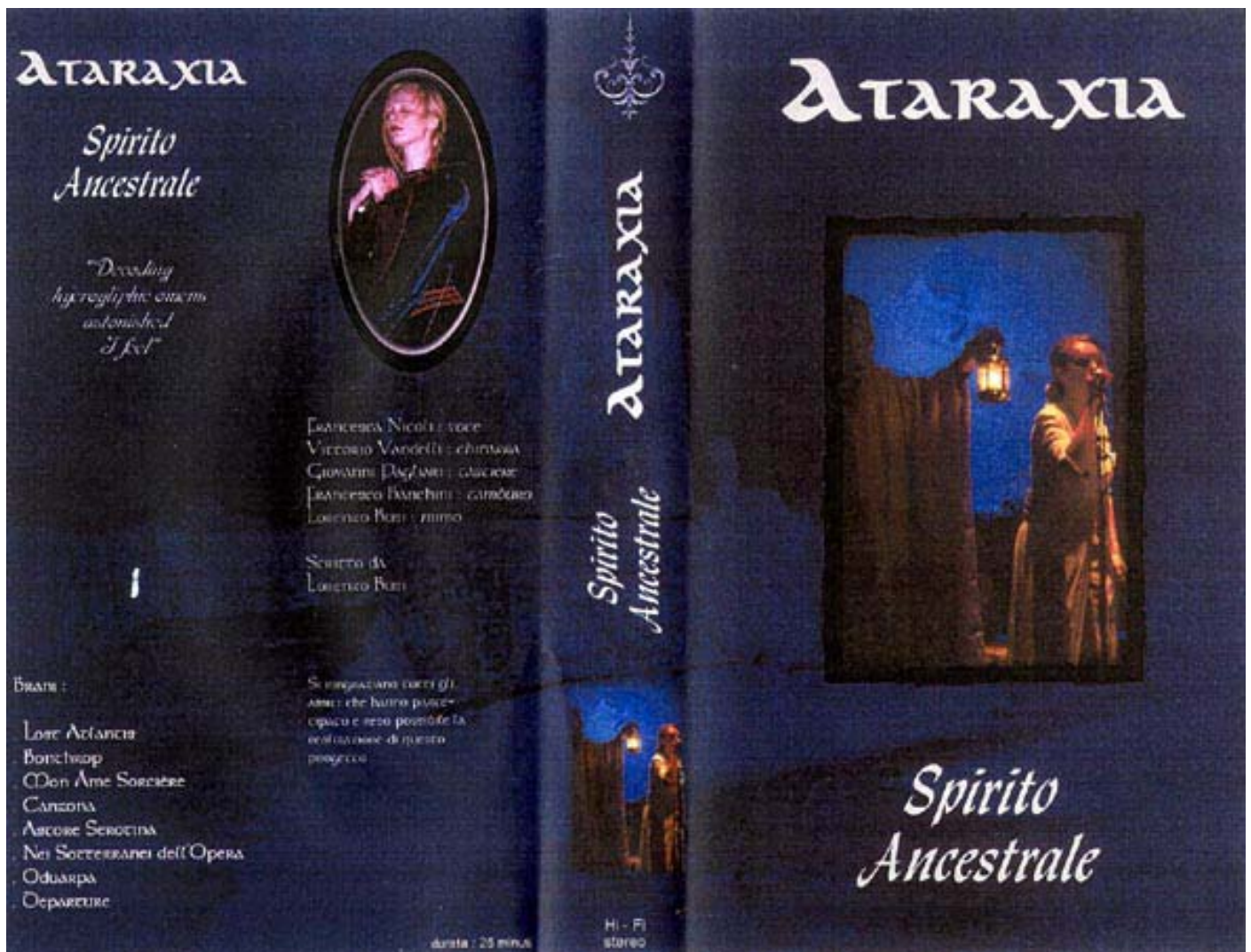
We are longing for

Our voyage to go on”

Summer 2002 - Arceto - in the court of *il
Castello del Vescovo*.

ATARAXIA
in concerto
.

“Decoding hieroglyphic omens
Astonished I feel”



Spirito Ancestrale

2002

Video produced by Lorenzo Busi - Length 25 mn

Sold out

Shot at Il Castello del Vescovo, this acted story over which music from various albums is played, involves the Sigillum, an ancient symbol (their logo, basically) which has reappeared, discovered under the Paris Opera. It turns up at a surprisingly sparsely attended public auction where somebody has stolen all the original furniture, meaning those bidding sit on plastic garden chairs indoors. That aside, this opening section looks quite good as we see Francesca in a cool hat wanders in, look pinstripe-businesslike, wins the item, with very little opposition, then swaggers out, all cocky with her success.

She goes home and, studying the medallion, goes to sit in the garden, where the ancient spirit, played by Lorenzo Busi comes to her, they weave about and

the next thing you know he's nicked her lantern and legged it. Unaware of this she goes online, and suddenly we're into a medieval scene with a serious couple seated before the kneeling Nicoli, whereupon Busi prances in like a straw armed man, in a creepy scarecrow vein,

dancing before the miming band. Back in the present Francesca goes offline, picks up a globe and spins it, whereupon we're into a Concerto scene with loads of their mates dressed in restoration gear wondering how they got dragged into this.

Cut back and she puts the globe down then opens a book, staring At an unclear image. This leads us to some tedious footage from the silent version of Phantom Of The Opera, and finally Busi in the expected mask is leading Francesca downstairs into a cellar where she rips the mask off a faints, being a girl. Cut back to her room she's online again. It cuts to a journey by car, a gig in a town square with Francesco Banchini banging lots of drums, rugged individual that he is, and then very brief shots of a late night gig finds music playing as we cut to darkness. Confusing? Well, yes and no. It's mainly weird.



2003



Des Paroles Blanches

2003 Digisingle produced by Arkadyss Creations - France
Sold out. Recorded/mixed Jan/Feb 2003 by Vittorio

'Etretat' is ostensibly simple with the usual effortless guitar excellence but as its weird repetition goes on a bit, so the maudlin precision to the steady, serious vocals makes it weirdly hypnotic. **'Veules Les Roses'** is another long and casual amble with lush, quivering vocals rippling over stirring synth, and **'Hovering (part I, part II)'** pulls the elements together for more expressive, nagging depth with some synth tension and vibrant, almost nervous vocals. Deeper tones to the massed

singing and a big synth swell reverse the ease of the entrance and we finish fairly sombre. Unusual to have an EP, yes, but it is just a curious and compelling as any album.

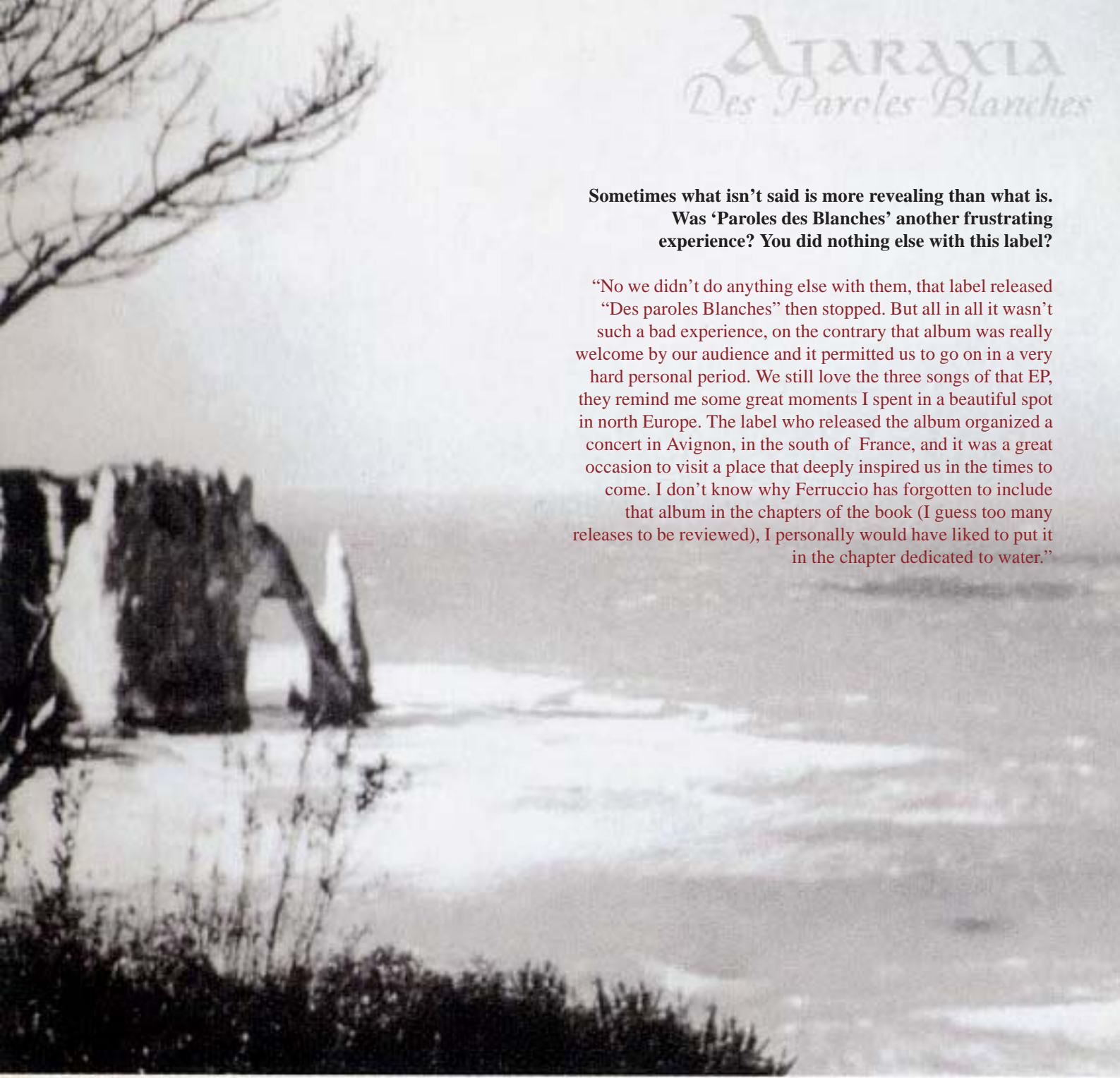
"Music for endless white landscapes. Alabaster cliffs, the rough thundering sound of the ocean, the flight of sea birds over nuanced surfaces, a deep refreshing sleep under a tree in a rainy summer afternoon. Some white words, never pronounced, some white emotions, never revealed, white breaths of a lost season. A concept album containing three long suites inspired by the Norman landscapes where struggle leads to purification and the communion with nature to the abandon of the body armor to get the lightness of birds and the purity of the air. Classic, synth and bass guitars, textures of keyboards, clarinet, flute and Francesca's voices take the path leading from human suffering to naked contemplation. In a leave falling, in a wing shivering instant we lived the essence of an infinite spiritual voyage."



Etretat

How many seas died
to soothe your pain
Making your skin
white salt
and aquamarines your eyes
I know what it means
to fall asleep
in an ocean of tears
And I hope no more sea
will ever die





ATARAXIA

Des Paroles Blanches

Sometimes what isn't said is more revealing than what is.
Was 'Paroles des Blanches' another frustrating
experience? You did nothing else with this label?

"No we didn't do anything else with them, that label released
"Des paroles Blanches" then stopped. But all in all it wasn't
such a bad experience, on the contrary that album was really
welcome by our audience and it permitted us to go on in a very
hard personal period. We still love the three songs of that EP,
they remind me some great moments I spent in a beautiful spot
in north Europe. The label who released the album organized a
concert in Avignon, in the south of France, and it was a great
occasion to visit a place that deeply inspired us in the times to
come. I don't know why Ferruccio has forgotten to include
that album in the chapters of the book (I guess too many
releases to be reviewed), I personally would have liked to put it
in the chapter dedicated to water."

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LORENZO BUSI

Francesca: “As a sort of introduction, I would like to inform you that a continual and stable collaboration between Ataraxia and Lorenzo Busi was stopped two years ago and that our last performance together was in October 2003 in Athens. Now the band collaborates, from time to time, with different artists like Angelo Zanella (copper masks on stage), Livio Bedeschi (who 4 years ago started studying and performing Commedia dell’arte, drama, cabaret) and some actresses belonging to different drama companies. The collaboration stopped due to huge work engagements linked to his new activity and lack of new stimulus. We hope to have the chance to collaborate again when a suitable occasion will come. Ataraxia go on looking for and believing in a meeting point between drama, photography, poetry and music and we’ll *never* stop being proud of the great years and adventures spent with Lorenzo.

How did you find him – is he a friend who just happened to do this, and was attracted by what the band did? Was this something you were looking for, did he need to convince you?

Yes, he was a friend and started following us taking care of the projection of images during our concerts. Every time we rehearsed he was there, for several years. I think he was attracted by our imagination, the way we dealt with art in general and, of course, we were all engaged in the dark wave scene. We decided together to involve him as a sort of mime, we have always been lovers of multimedia acts. Everything happened spontaneously.

Have his designs ever surprised you to the extent you can’t imagine using it? What, for example, is that one my girlfriend calls The Jellyfish, where there is a round top and lots of bits hanging down?

No, we were not surprised because we planned many things together. Then he realized all his costumes and masks. Anyway, each time we were on a stage things changed, we invented things, movements, actions together, everything was quite surprising especially when, for some reasons, we changed the rider of the songs and he came out with the peacock disguisement in a medieval song. The disguisement you mention is actually a sort of jellyfish, it was the ‘Lost Atlantis’ period and we wanted to create an odd mix between men and animals, a sort of foolish experiment made by a sadistic scientist.

Some of what he does is quite creepy, is that wholly intentional; or sometimes just an accident?

We know what you mean and happily, during concerts, it was quite difficult for us to notice all that. He performed nicely with nice costumes but sometimes ...everything was ‘creepy’, that’s the right word,in particular a sort of peacock and a multi-



coloured bird that happily was utilised just one time in the 'Concerton.6' video. He lent it to a guy for a carnival soir  e and they accidentally destroyed it. We were actually relieved... ;) Ah, I was forgetting the pork-like mask (a meeting point between a ninja and a lionbear) that Giovanni couldn't bear...

This questions isn't as stupid as it seems, as I know people who have worked with bands because they simply like them as people. Does he like your music? Has he said *how* it inspires him?

He liked and was inspired by a part of our music, the most atmospheric, dark wave, baroque and neoclassic one. He also liked the odd side that, from time to time, comes out. He couldn't bear the Middle Ages music and all what was connected with that age. Unluckily enough for him the audience was crazy of that (music and mime) and he was usually obliged to play the fool, the jester, the knight etc, etc

Have you specifically requested certain images – like the long wings which you can be wrapped in - to fit the atmosphere you hope to create onstage?

As I wrote above we decided everything together. We spoke about the new concept album and performance to set, he made some drawings concerning the costumes and sceneries, showed them to us and the better ones were released. The 'white winged being' was one of his most stunning ideas due to the dimensions of the wings, great horns and slow movements.

Have you specifically requested certain outfits, like the more medieval outfits, or does he share the same sort of interests anyway? Does what he wear have to work with what you do?

Concerning medieval outfits, yes, we have requested some of them to him but he has decided freely and spontaneously both the design and the movements and acting on stage. Yes, what he does is connected with the lyrics, atmosphere or concept of the song/performance.

In Britain mime artists are high up on the list of performers people hate. How is it seen in Italy?

I know this.....in a book concerning what the English hate of the French, mime artists are at the first place ;))) This seems to be much more Parisian... In Italy we have not a lot of mime artists



(apart from the ones appearing here and there during the carnival of Venice) and this is quite surprising being the home country for these kind of things. Our laws are awful and old, street artists are hardly ever encouraged to perform and more usually the police stops them. Nothing to do with what I'm used to witness in Paris, London, Berlin or Barcelona. Anyway our audience at the beginning was divided, a half appreciated and a half made made fun of him and laugh. I have to admit that he has been a very courageous and determined guy! In the last years he was welcome by the majority of listeners, many people came to see him. Our union was our strength.

He does a bit of the clich  d hands-on-glass in your Nosce video. Was there much of that early on? He now does dramatic things which have virtually nothing to do with the old mime tradition. Is that a relief?

Yes it is !!! Or better... it was : ((The Nosce Te Ipsum period was the one linked to the traditional gestures and movements of mime artists, before everything was very different. At the very beginning he didn't wore masks, he painted his face white and made very sinister, gloomy and gruesome performances. He was a sort of being coming from the world of the dead, he tortured puppets with sharp instruments, he embodied a red witch, a ghost dressed with broderies and all the typical things belonging to the Grand Guignol.

Do you discuss what he will do in certain numbers, or do you just trust to his judgement?



We have always discussed and at the same time we were trustful, he was free and independent but happy to discuss about his intentions and ideas. It was a sort of mutual artistic enrichment.

Do you ever get stopped by Customs when entering a foreign country and the masks make people nervous?

No, no..... on the contrary ... everyone at the Customs said.....Commedia dell'Arte, Pavarotti (???!!!), Italiani, opera, and they were all very happy just like as we brought a ray of sun and something lost in their childhood come back to surface. We had problems with the big hola hop and the long stick we never knew how to settle them (over our heads) on the planes. We were a sort of itinerant circus. One day Lorenzo's luggage



got back completely destroyed and opened (yes, it was a very old one, a sort of carton case like the ones of the immigrants at beginning of the last century). His costumes, masks and strange objects were a half in a half out..... I guess people thought he was a sort of Priscilla... It was actually funny to get venues and observe the expression of the promoters who helped us to take the instruments on the stage, they were used to guitars, drums and keyboards but they had to carry tons of old cases full of the most incredible things trying to maintain a very serious and professional attitude...

I have a bootleg dvd where he isn't onstage. Has that happened often, and does it feel weird if he isn't there?

No, it never happened before 2004 (apart from the period 1992-1994 when he had a break) but, as I explained above, our

collaboration has now (unluckily but necessarily) been interrupted. At the beginning was weird, I felt naked and alone on the stage. When he was on stage with us quite all the attention was on him and I felt safe!!! Then I had to start again letting my histrionic nature flow outside....and it seemed it worked. I like disguisements, masks and to embody several different characters. Now some concerts are completely sober, devoted to music, the aim is to caress the chords of emotion, other concerts look like a sort of cabaret, something I feel so close to my nature, as I feel close to Middle Ages and many other ages and situations. On the other hand, when you have a long life behind you (more or less 25 centuries) everything is very natural and felt...;

As he's an interior designer have you seen ideas he uses onstage ending up in his designs, or is what he does onstage as much him as the work he does day by day?

As an interior designer he usually creates landscapes (woods, gardens, Mediterranean settings and things like this), furthermore he paints and decorates rocking chairs, tables, lamps, furniture and much more. Nothing to do with what he did on the stage with us. All what he does as a painter is actually nice and we had not the time to experience and try to utilise it in our performances as we wished. At the very beginning of our 'career' we worked with a painter, while we were performing (indoor and outdoor) he painted what he felt on small canvas that at the end of the show were put together to create a big impressive image. Who knows, Lorenzo in the future could come back to stun us once more!





You'll need to delve into their site to find the live mp3 files, but they're well worth it, assuming that they're all still there. The artwork you'll have to make for yourself but once you get use to some infernal audience chatter the recordings from Waregem in Belgium in 1997 are all good.

'Ligeia' owns frosty synth and dark delving vocals and a svelte twinkle. 'Faust In Una Sala Maledetta' is murkier but nonetheless magical, twisting labyrinthine pop with scary vocals and 'Lucrecia' a more crouched form of powerful carousing over the trippy brass and rustling acoustic. 'Oduarpa' is an absorbing and disquieting version where loveliness and something grotesquely imaginative co-exist, 'Mu-land' is an interestingly sparse canter but with too much crowd chatter and 'Ophelie' – flute sounds, but possibly programmed onto the synth for their curliness and consistency, with deliriously sweet vocals and guitar. A stunning track. 'The Land Of Sand Of Gold Of Ruin' brings out mellow bubbling from which gradual sirenic vocals spout

Two songs from Teatro Immaculada Concepcion, Buenos Aires 2001 reveal a very gentle and attractive 'The Corals Of Aqaba' with startling, mellifluous vocals, *and* 'Mnemosine' is the same again, a little too understated at times as it seems to drift on, regardless of the wonderful vocals and guitar.

The cute Vampyria Gothic Café, Reggio Emilia Italy 2002 slam out a superbly dark, yet sweet 'Aigues Mortes', modern and ancient feels mixing together which is a remarkable version and 'Nei Sotterranei Dell'Opera' is similar with quite stark, almost off-putting vocals as they threaten to shatter on the synth cliff face.

LIVE SECRETS



2004



Saphir

2004 CD produced by Cruel Moon Int / Cold Meat Industry – Sweden

Recorded/mixed Dec 2003/Jan 2004 by Vittorio.

Riccardo Spaggiari enters the affray from this record onwards as their new percussionist, and a mad vocal, from the gut, give some wayward declaiming energy to an otherwise pretty tune in 'Azar', getting us off to a welcoming off-centre rolling start. The languid, artistic strands are still present but there's a rigorous acoustic urgency and very dark vocals.

'Outremer' then pretends that never happened and wraps us in gentility, but as the guitar escalates those most pristine of glowing vocals ascend copiously and it becomes a sticky, heady mixture. They drop down, they fill up, in a seamless form of combustion. '**Jardin de Lune**' has blissful singing sweeping along beside the modest guitar, reedy synth and fluttering percussion, through which the main diverting touches come from the guitar, with some triumphal horns appearing behind controlled, sighing vocals.

'The Gentle Sleep' sees some softy curving piano behind guttering deep vocals which stretch out over the keys as the song builds to a stirring uphill march with stamping drums and guitar. '**Rue ~ Bleue**' reminds me of a sedated Guesch Patti, moody and very quiet, gripping in its easy charm without being brooding. '**D'Arc et d'Harpe**' finds the guitars ready to gallop

crisply, the voice murderously slow and vibrating. Higher vocals flesh it out over graceful drums and although consistently crawling it has a fully rounded beauty, as energy swarms.

'De Pourpre et d'Argent' has foreboding horns and slow synth with guitar resting beneath. The delightful, piping melody over the gracious undertow is peaceful and glowing with vitality as there is activity on all the different levels. '**A Green for her Voice**' is stately, with chirpy percussion and almost sing-song guitar accompanying bracing singing that goes for the upper reaches



ATARAXIA



effortlessly until the respectful end. **'Blood of Cherries'** has more serious, sensitive synth and grazed vocals in a dreamlike serenade, exhibited with magnificent poise. Graduated insistent guitar and toughening vocals unite wonderfully well to set up a distinctive and unpredictable landscape.

'Of Asphodel' starts with dramatic piano cascades, establishing a bold direction through which the bright vocals arrow away, and the synth/guitar and vocal swirls make for a mellow firmament/ There is a glossiness and flourishing sense of adventure here so we go from a balmy musical breeze to enormous vibrancy, sirenic wailing creating an *exceptional* ending Unusually for them there's a secret track of light piano and high, fluted vocals, with French male vocals included.

A truly classy album offering the more modern compositional style, and quite addictive.



"Saphir is inspired by the magical, symbolic and mystic nature of gardens. Gardens of all ages linked to different geographic areas (as the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Arabian gardens, the medieval hortus conclusum, the zen garden and the English romantic gardens) have been the starting point of our musical research. The garden has been often represented as an universal door to cross this dimension to enter the one of myth and dream.

"The harmony governing the elements composing a garden is the same governing the elements composing music and all of this creates beauty. In 'Saphir', nature and art are mixed together to contrast an environment and life-style mainly based on what is functional and productive; we focus our attention on the most precious gift the human being should never be obliged to renounce to, i.e. the freedom to dream and an aesthetic taste for life.

"Music is rich and nuanced. Classic and flamenco guitars, romantic pianos, pads of atmospheric keyboards, noble sonatas, epic tunes, rich back vocals, Francesca's vocal broderies and a great use of eastern and classic percussions from darbouka, to bendhir, frame-drums, timpani, udu, cymbals and bells played by our new talented percussionist Riccardo Spaggiari. (The precious booklet contains numerous photos, the lyrics and some interesting writings about gardens.)"

'The dusky light let emerge the essence of creation. It unburdens things from an excess of blinding luminescence. The whole is no more stifled. This light helps things becoming true, tones turning into colours, shadows gaining a body and the details being drawn with care to let us walk in all this pictorial beauty. This clear light enables us to live again all the golden ages of gardens. Spicy fragrances of medicinal herbs are spreading from the hortus conclusum of Saint Bernard and a bit farer a magic horn is blowing ciphered messages to the trembling knee lady. I perceive the flowing of the waters while I 'm riding towards the hanging gardens of Babylon, perfumed oasis of Ishtar.

The soft quivering of a Japanese tree calms me down. It 's time of prayer and contemplation in the stillness of silence. In this precise moment I long for perfection and I feel in harmony with the beauty of the universe. Every path is a place of light, a unique and perfect image of love and peace.'

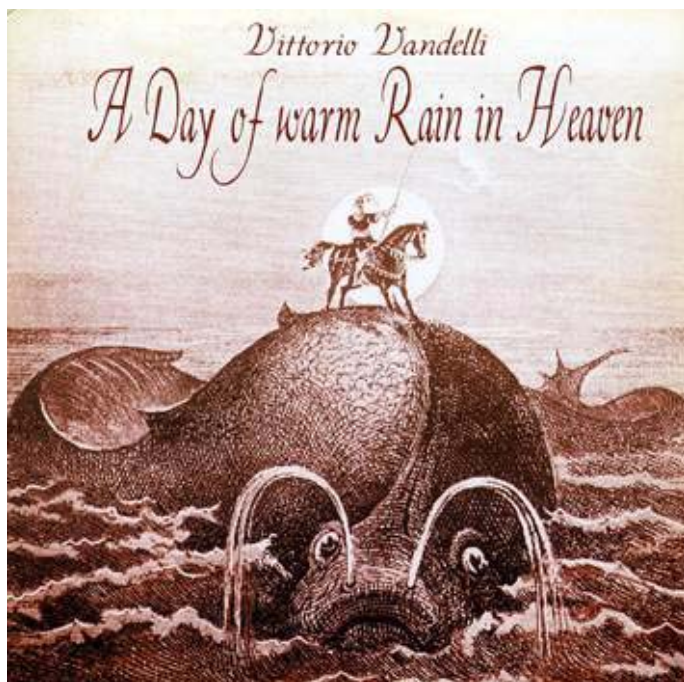
Francesca Nicoli











Vittorio Vandelli - A Day Of Warm Rain in Heaven

2004 CD digipack produced by Equilibrium Music – Portugal
Recorded/engineered by Vittorio March 2003 – May 2004

As Vittorio moved forward with this long held dream project it was only after she'd heard some that Francesca got involved, so it's semi-Ataraxia in its feel. There is enough to make it seem different, but enough similarities for a comforting aspect. The strangest part of it is how you relate it to the poem, whereby you probably already have your own perspective. Mine was of a dark, desolate mood, but Vittorio hasn't gone for that, honing in more on aspects of the sea itself.

'Farewell Farewell, Thou Wedding-Guest' finds the music possessing light menace as Francesca does her stormy best and it seems like a doomed Army Of Lovers track, then **'Beneath The Lighting And The Moon'** is a drizzling, moody drone. 'My Heart As Dry As Dust' is unusual French drama, sweeping along with a vivacious front but threatening edge as well. **'The Ocean Green'** has Francesca faithfully dependable here, where the imaginative music and she move as one, bewitching and melodious, a reliable glow emanating from the guitar and pensive, waiting vocals. **'A Sadder And A Wiser Man'** comes through as another cute one with more vocals skewered on skinny synth and some chunky electric guitar. **'The Bay Is White In Silent Light'** has higher, intense vocals over evocative guitar and placid accordion.

'The Curse In A Dead Man's Eye' goes down with desolate orchestral twinges and moody drum beating, shifting briefly

into a twitching, chiming piece but the wonderfully catchy **'A Day Of Warm Rain In Heaven'** is purring with purpose, as 'Whispers O'er The Sea' becomes wonderfully tense, suspenseful vocals over the guitar. **'The Death-Fire Danced At Night'** is another attractively murky piece, **'I Killed The Albatross'** has a far starker feel and livelier, ready for grief and the weird repetitive measure over sharp electric guitar, but then he sidesteps the narrative flow and gross experiences, as **'For The Sky And The Sea And The Sea And The Sky!'** has an upbeat glide with relaxed, comforting vocals. 'The Moment I Could Pray' is even more graceful, **'Singeth A Quiet Tune'** is positively happy and **'Sails In The Sun'** twangs and sighs to a close

I think he wanted a happy ending, so he gets one. If you're an Ataraxia fan you ought to have this by now anyway but if you're not into Ataraxia yet this can easily draw you in deeper.



The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner was the only poem which didn't bore me to death at school. Can you remember when – and why – you were impressed by it?

I was working on my soloist music project after a harsh and painful personal experience. I was composing and starting recording the music when Francesca told me that all what I had lived and the music inspired by those events reminded her of 'The Rhyme Of The Ancient Mariner', a poem she had studied at school, just like you. That poem had touched her a lot for its imagery, the deep link with the sea and especially the vision of humankind as a sort of pitiful crew lost on the ocean that hardly learns from its mistakes. Francesca asked me to read an Italian translation of it and I really loved it. My voyage and the voyage of the ancient mariner became the same one. After, when Francesca started singing the verses on my music, I understood that it was actually a great musical poem, something perfect to be put on music.

You obviously love the sea. It's two hundred yards up the road from where I live (on the south coast of England) and I go and look at it maybe three times a year, and after a few minutes I wander away again. It doesn't move me, at all. What is the attraction for you?

I and Ataraxia feel viscerally that there's an ancestral link between music and the sea. The sea is music, a form of music that can be lived as an ancestral call. The first symphony ever composed could have been made of the same substance of water. When I am set in front of the sea, I'm completely absorbed by it and I don't exist any longer in this form, I don't feel pain, joy, emotions, I'm completely filled by its murmur, its hypnotic music. The sea empties me, then inspiration fills me again. The same happens with all the members of Ataraxia.

Have you wanted to do this record for ages? How slow a process has it been with Ataraxia being a prolific band?

No, not for ages, but unconsciously I felt the need to afford a solitary music voyage and when I lived a very painful experience, that very experience pushed me to do it. Ataraxia is a harmony of several minds, and ways of feelings that work very well together, but in that special period of my life and growing I felt the need to express my own sensitivity and experience alone. It wasn't a slow process at all.

All the Ataraxia's members have plenty of ideas, many of them have never been recorded because it would be crazy to release 2,3 albums each year, so we concentrate on single projects. I personally have a gift, I call it a gift because it has nothing to do with technique or playing guitar in general, the guitar is just a means to express it. When I put my fingers on a guitar, notes flow immediately and music comes.

Have you done much work for other people, contributing to their albums?

No, never. Just Ataraxia and my own album.

I want to know more about what makes Ataraxia what it is when your next album comes out, but for now – where and when did your interest in artistic/historical things come from? Were you a naturally inquisitive child, or did parents introduce you to a variety of things?

I was a naturally inquisitive child but not in the way children usually are. I simply sat hidden behind a hedge and started listening to all that was happening around me. I didn't want to touch the surface of things, I simply felt the pleasure of being surrounded by life, noise, sounds, motion. I have always felt a deep attraction towards the inner mechanisms of things, how things work; machines, planes, mechanical things in general. I have always tried to discover the secret hidden inside objects. This is what pushed me towards the activity of sound-engineering, try to solve problems and to transform reality into something alluring and unexpected.

What active non-musical interests do you have? I believe archaeology is one?

No, not archaeology, this is Francesca's interest.. ;) I'm quite attracted by the mysteries of the past but what attracts me more is the flight, planes, all kind of machines that permits us to fly. Then, and it's music again, I'm attracted by the nature of the sound and how to transform and work with it.

You don't have to answer this is you don't want to, but what do you do by way of a profession, either full time or part time outside of the band?

Together with the sound-engineer passion, I work in a factory where we build very modern pieces of furniture, I mean those glass and metal abstract things that the stylists put in their boutiques and offices.

In the various Italian scenes - whether it be Ambient, Goth, Ethereal etc – how active are you, how do you think you are regarded?



We are active, this is sure, since we started in the second half of the 80's, we played a lot of concerts all over Italy. We have been one of the first indie bands who had albums released abroad and we began giving concerts in all the European countries and in Latin America. When we started Italy was a desert, after the first interesting half of the 80's everything was dead and buried and we spent seven years playing here and there before having an album released. In that period, being Italian and playing something that was not a mainstream genre simply meant suicide, but we went on... and here we are. Hoping to have helped, at least symbolically, other Italian younger bands to go over our national borders.

With the album did you consciously think you'd need to create a clear difference on the album between this and Ataraxia – because there are obviously many, many moments which are like Ataraxia, although often more conventionally relaxing.

No, I played as I felt but, of course, being the same person and guitarist of Ataraxia is quite normal you perceive several points of contact with them. Anyway, I also utilise some technology that, at the moment, Ataraxia don't utilise and I like to create mantras or hypnotic relaxing music that envelops me while Ataraxia, sometimes, choose to work with a more theatrical and dramatic vein.

Every time the sea crops up you seem to go soft?

When sea crops up, the music transmits emotions to the body, skipping the perception, decoding and re-coding processes that, many cases, you have to face, though unconsciously. It's just like being immersed into the sea, you get wet, but it's the water that makes the job. Sometimes, the music I create is like a vortex from which the body is first swallowed up, then cradled, making easier to transmit emotions through the defensive barriers.

The way the album is laid out obviously hasn't followed the actual poem in terms of what happens – why did you decide on that?

Music before, words after. I mean, you are not reading a book, you are listening to a piece of music and music has to create a story mainly through its sounds. Sometimes I had to change the order of the stanzas of the poem to let music express itself freely. The tracks had to follow a peculiar order. Coleridge's poem is at everybody's disposal and I hope to have pushed someone to read it, my album is a personal experience that utilised Coleridge's words. Nothing more.

In the poem we become the wedding guest, transfixed by the story. What did you want to do to the listener?

Simple, that he listens to my music in the same way the wedding-guest listened to the mariner's story.

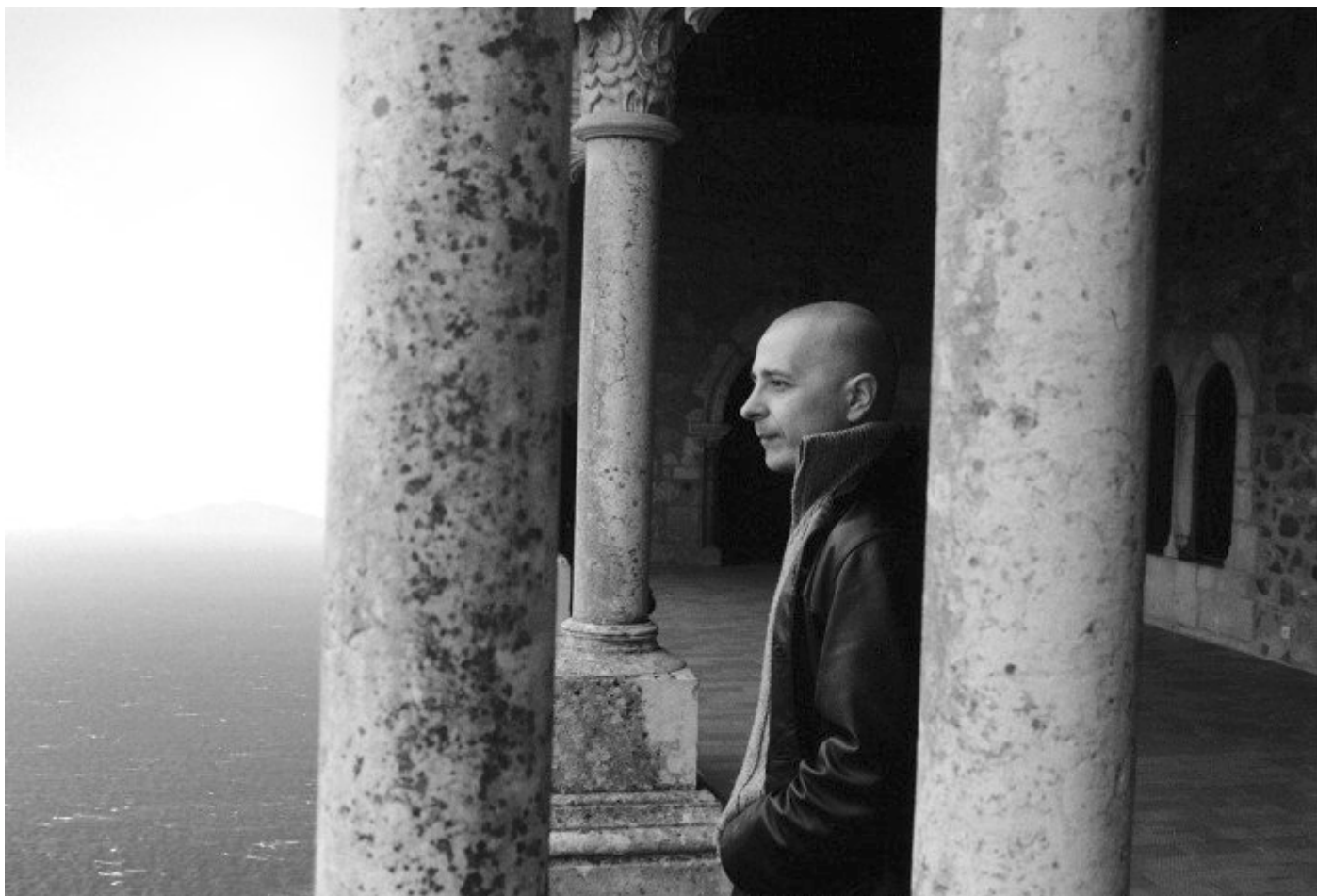
Was it your intention to mimic the poem's rhythm in any way, in creating a flow, to hypnotise the listener. Did you set out to transplant elements of the poem which were important to you?

I don't know if it was my intention or not, I think that it happened spontaneously, the rhythm of music became the rhythm of Coleridge's verses. As you say, the flowing of the music and the words together is a sort of mantra that can hypnotise the listener. That's the same thing the sea does if we start listening to the pelting of the waves. Yes, I did. The meaning and the sound had the same importance, I mean, when something interesting in the poem didn't sound well musically, words immediately lost their striking essence. When something musically good was sung with meaningless, common words, music lost its striking power.

What confuses me is how the mood of a certain piece will clearly deviate from the traditional tale – like 'My Heart Is Dry As Dust' – when he's alone on the ship and hardly happy, but while the vocals are serious, the tune is quite jolly!

This is what I like to do most. I love to joke with sounds and words, this is the same attitude we have with Ataraxia.





Ambiguity is something interesting that let the listener explore different dimensions and possibilities. When I'm serious, sometimes Francesca plays with her singing, on the contrary, when the words are tragic I enjoy myself with bizarre music parts. This is a mirror of life, you can always find a sort of grotesque, ironic nuance in all the happenings and situations you face day after day.

Will things which have happened here also pop into Ataraxia work? 'A Sadder And Wiser Man', for instance, has a starker feel. Have things emerged from this that you all want to develop?

No, at least not in this moment. This is something peculiar of my solo work. With Ataraxia we are exploring new sonorities but different from the ones you refer. In particular, we'll work on mantra-like, ritual and tribal sounds (both with acoustic and electronic instruments and rhythms) for a new release inspired by the ancient cults and rituals of the island of Samothrace.

What about the tale, as it rests on the Mariner? Coleridge saw himself as a doomed man. In what way did you relate to the Mariner – and why?

I guess I'm doomed too. Often being human means being doomed. Every time you try to go under the surface of things something happens that makes you understand how things are unstable, short, futile and how wisdom is such a far illusion. I'm just like the mariner because, through my music and my experience, I try to communicate to the listeners that life experience is something hard that make you sad and a bit wiser so it's useless to hurt each other and try to grasp desperately all what we find around us. Collaboration and solidarity are much more better...

Can you give a couple of examples of songs where you can describe why it sounds the way it does, and how it relates to the poem?

The first one is "The Bay Is White In Silent Light". The idea was trying to paint through notes a peaceful state, a sort of relief from suffering (both physical and psychological) and to convey an idea of beauty. This calmness, re-found harmony, should be a perfect image of the place the mariner was reaching. This song is just like a painting where you see a beautiful bay lit by a full moon in a blue magic atmosphere, you don't feel any longer the weight of your body, the misery of your human condition and it is finally possible to enjoy the plenitude of the angels. All of this is unexpected, it happens in the worst moment of your life and after a few seconds all the pain seem so far...

The second is "I Killed The Albatross", a crucial point in the poem, the climax, the moment in which, without any reason, the mariner kills the albatross just to follow a human impulse. I tried to re-create, with stunning repetitions of sounds, the sense of fault the mariner felt. It was a moment of half-conscience, the fault had not a name yet, the mariner simply perceived, felt that something enormous had happened and he was the responsible. The sharp electric guitars and the repetitive low-pitched vocals should give this stifling, dim sensation.

Did you ever hear David Bedford's ambient album? Has anyone done work on the poem which you have heard and been moved by?

No, I haven't. I don't know him. I guess Iron Maiden did something, a song linked to this poem.

You have consciously avoided the horror – why is this? I expected the dice game between Death and Life-in-Death to feature, in a creepy way, but it doesn't. You have obviously set out to do something harmonious instead of macabre.

Yes, I did. I always prefer to stress on the poetic, nostalgic or philosophic side of things rather than the macabre or theatrical one. On the contrary, Francesca and Giovanni like a lot to work (even if not only, of course) on sinister, dramatic and more gothic subjects...

What is 'Singeth A Quite Tune' about? It is utterly weird the way it bounces along with demented singing. Does it have *anything* to do with the poem?

Yes, it does. As I told you before we like to mix opposite sensations and situations to create a sort of chaotic nonsense and give different perspective of events. The words of this song belong to the poem and are strictly linked with music. It's a very magic moment in which an angelic music, something supernatural, envelops everything, spreads all around and calms the soul of the wrecked mariner. Perhaps these verses should have been sung in a melodic, peaceful way but they didn't. Once more we expressed in a foolish, grotesque way something peaceful and apparently positive.

Francesca imagined to be in a town park (rather than lost in the sea) in a sunny Sunday morning at the beginning of the last century to witness the show of an odd small orchestra. An old man with a white beard (just like the mariner) was trying to convince the people who were walking around to listen to his wretched band's music:

"Come on, come on,
now all instruments, now a lonely flute,
now it's an angel's song,
that makes the heavens be mute.

A pleasant noise till noon, a noise like of a hidden brook
in the leafy month of June
that to the sleeping woods at night
singeth a quiet tune."



Did you consider using a different singer, to ensure people didn't compare this to Ataraxia, or weren't you bothered? Had you both been thinking of this for a while?

No, I hadn't. I always worked with Francesca and, for this album in particular, she introduced me to Coleridge's poem and she felt a spontaneous need to interpret it. I don't know what I'll do in the future but I'm satisfied of this choice of mine.

Will you be doing this live at all?

I still haven't given concerts featuring these songs. If I have good occasion I'll do but it's a bit complicated because I played all the instruments and I'll have to find people playing with me.

Are there other works of literature/poetry you have in mind to work on?

Not at the moment, even if I deeply love Pessoa's "O livro do desassossego" (The book of restlessness").





Sabato 17 aprile 2004 ore 22.30

Ataraxia

presentazione del nuovo cd "Saphir" in concerto

VAMPYR GOTHIC NIGHT
VANGUARD VITALITY



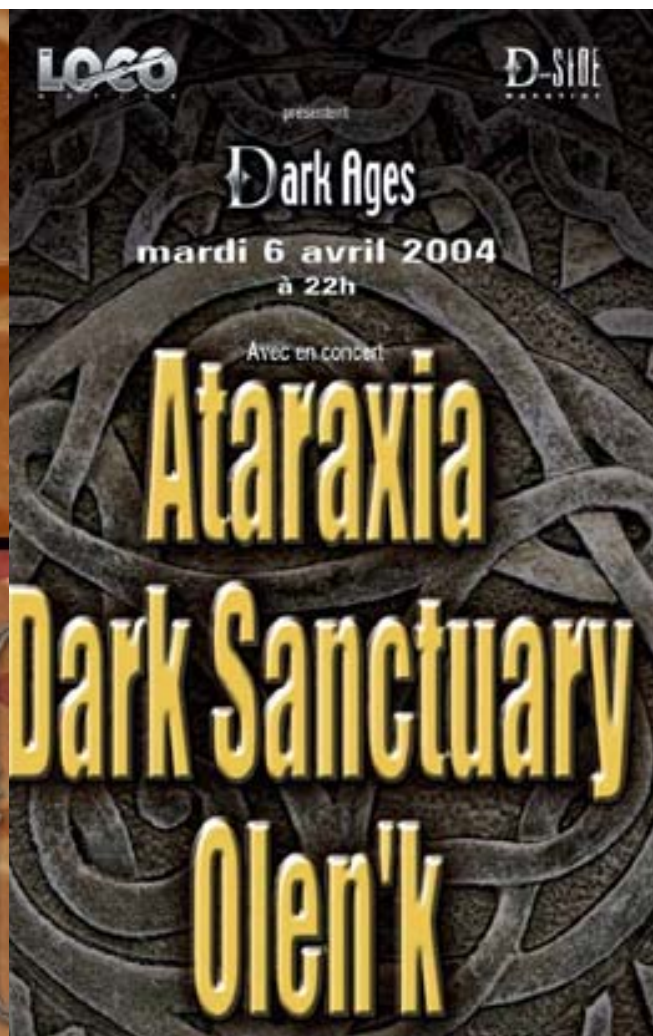
special guest
Autunna et sa rose

After show
gothic night
con DJ Gueffredo
(condor-mil)

Info
www.vampyria.it
www.ataraxia.net

Ataraxia

VAMPYR
gothic club
via Garibaldi 147 - Roma (RM)
Tel. 06 67811225



LOCO

D-SIDE

presentant

Dark Ages

mardi 6 avril 2004
à 22h

Avec en concert

Ataraxia

Dark Sanctuary

Olen'k

ATARAXIA

Live



Venerdi 25 Giugno 2004

jungle

infoline 333-7208694

Via di Monte Testaccio 95

<http://www.jungleclubroma.com>



luxeclustia.org

ataraxia



live in Torino

Sabato 1 Maggio

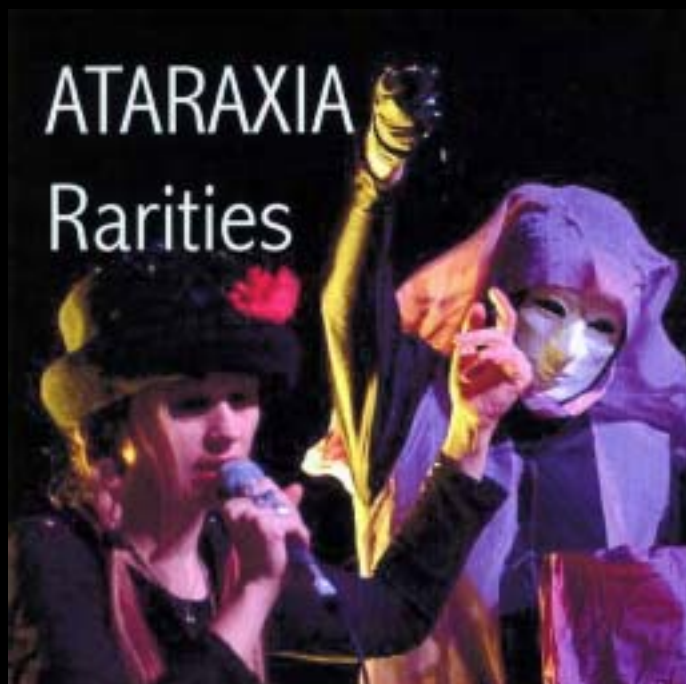
ore 23.00

Shock Club

Via Valprato 68 - Interno Docks Dora - Torino

Info: luxcaelestia@hotmail.com

Ataraxia - Live in Torino



Well, I call them rare and I don't mean to be a lying bastard, so perhaps it would be fairer to say these can be hard to find, and they certainly aren't as rare as some of their own official releases. I still have to check out the Gor albums to see which members may have appeared on those, but all are commonly available online, so consider instead 1995's 'In Absentia

Christi' album by gloom rockers MONUMENTUM. They have subsidiary vocals from Francesca for three songs, where she sighs in the background, gets to do loud atmospheric warbling, and projects the serious main vocal through a brooding cover of 'Fade To Grey'!



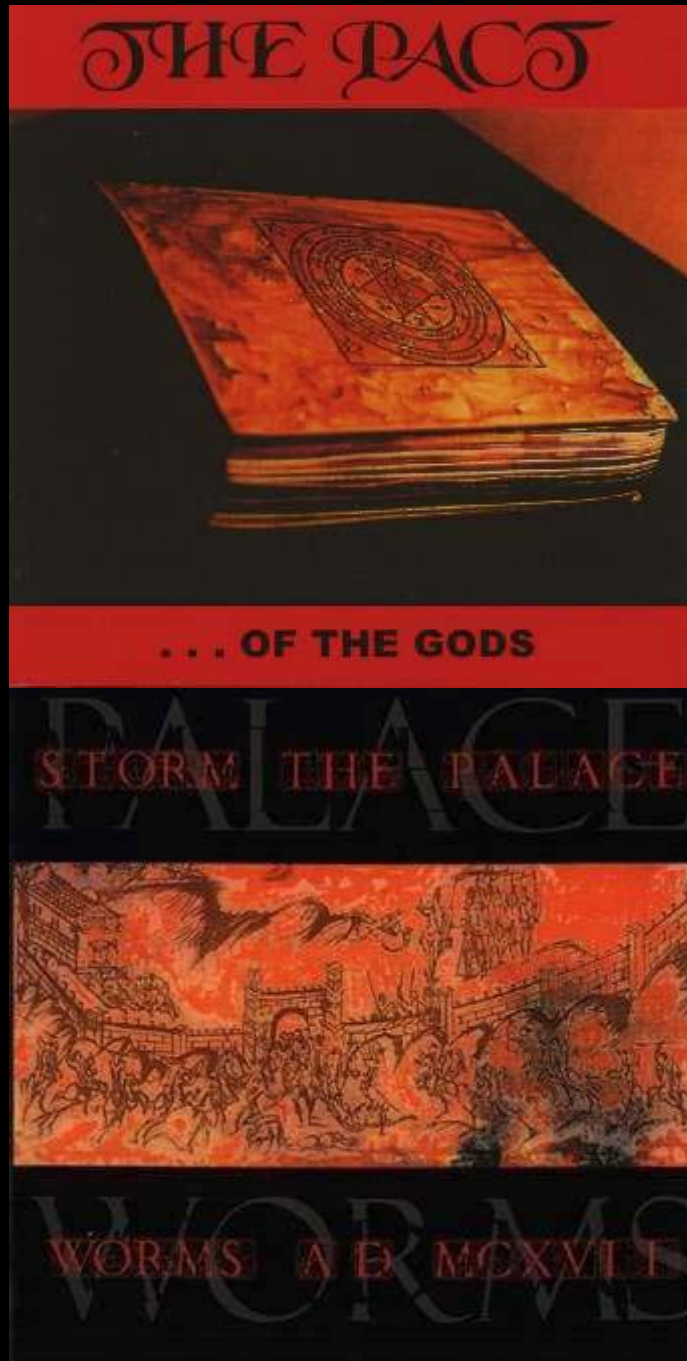
More in keeping with what we might expect, Francesca also contributes three songs to CAMERATA MEDIOLANESE's 1994 'Musica Reservata' which has since been re-released. It's pretty much as above, with incisive, stern contributions, pursuing a bloodshot moody line. They're also on really 80 compilations but only the following



have exclusive tracks.

A great song to track down is 'Post-Nuclear Obitus' from the still available 1997 bargain label sampler, 'The New Face Of Apollyon' with spry beats topped by the agile keys, circumspect vocals and tingling electric guitar, the energy rising to expel fine ranty energy. Equally good is a wonderfully noisy 'Homage Funebre' on the 1996 comp 'Palace Of Worms', where vocal pincers go mental over really tough glowering music. A sweetly pungent 'Ophelie (live)' from Prikosnovenie's 1998 comp 'Beladonna' is classy, the flirty acoustic 'Incabala' is a historical beauty on 'Flowers Made Of Snow' (Cold Meat Industry 2004) and their cover of 'Bylar' on the lush DCD tribute record 'The Lotus Eaters' from 2004 is like an unreal version of what they already do.

All worth collecting, so off you go now...





2005



ATARAXIA

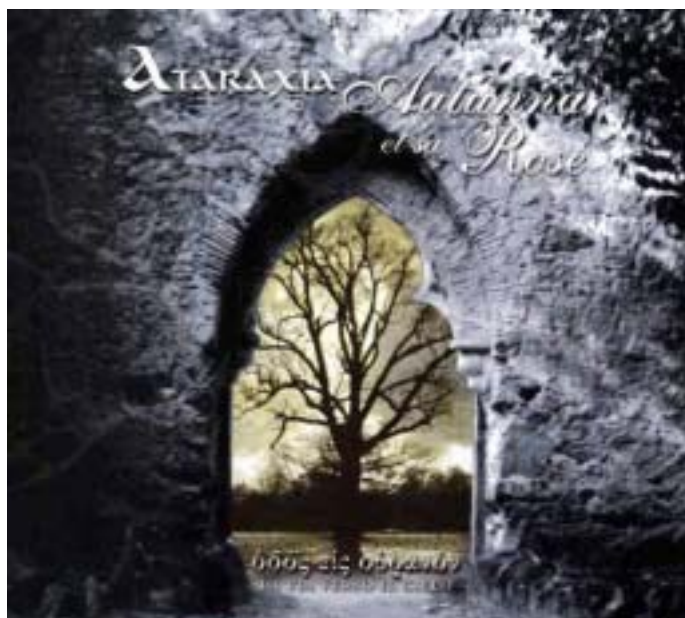
Presentando su Nuevo Disco
Además presentación del
Disco de Vittorio Vandelli
(Guitarrista de Ataraxia)

ÚNICO CONCIERTO
Julio 22, 2005
21 HRS.



GRAN FORUM





Odos eis Ouranon

2005 Double digipak CD by Equilibrium. ATARAXIA + Autunna et sa Rose exclusive acoustic performances. Ltd edition of 2000 copies - Release date 1st July 2005

What we have here is an evening of solely acoustic rendition of many old favourites, which then come over slightly different, a couple of exclusives, and an all-round sober maturity to the songs which is interesting, without always being as either exciting or dreamlike as you'd hope for. Instead it's like an astute guide to their overall compositional strengths and just the sort of record to play to people unfamiliar with their work. 'Strange Lights' guides us in with soaring singing offset by Nicolas Raiman vocals. 'Shelmerdine' is blessed with strict piano and a droll feel, while the fragrant opening to

'Bonthrop' hits hard and those vocals fit your head like a hat. 'Tu es la Force du Silence' starts to rise firmly like a rebellious Russian headache, and the delicate, absorbing 'Ophélie' is beautiful. The piano in 'Faust In Una Sala Maledetta' encourages dark swirls, and a weird 'Seas Of The Moon' is sonorous and dangerous.

'Les Tisseuses Lunaires' is full and demure with sensitive shading, as is 'Veules Les Roses' where the emotional intensity is lowered as they go for comfortable, serenity. 'Fuga Trionfale' gathers dramatic pace over a hardworking piano with gritty vocals. 'Oduarpa' allows a seamless glide, deliberately avoiding the tighter vocal edge and 'Medusa' makes for an unexpected difficult one to end with battered piano and high vocal dementia.





Were you finally *relieved* when “Odos Eis Ouranon - La Via Verso Il Cielo” came out?

You can't imagine how much...

Do you want to tell us about the problems you had with it?

The album was recorded in S. Michele Church on May 2003 but one of the musician who played with us in a half of the tracks decided to prevent us and the label to release it when everything (artwork, masters, etc) was ready to be sent to the press plants. The person (a guy who had co-produced the original masters) who had to take his signature for this project hadn't done it, he

was trusty having exchanged several emails and spoken with him about all that. The last day of December 2004 we had that pleasant news, rather than cancelling the contract we decided to produce a new master. This meant to work 3 months, delay our other projects, spend a good deal of money and finally release **STRANGE LIGHTS**. After all, we are quite satisfied to have taken that decision (and we hope our listeners too ;)

Do you learn a lesson from that or put it down to fate?

We learnt a lesson, no doubts about this. But destiny helped us once more, the new recordings, in our opinion, are much better than the previous ones, better track-list, better quality, the





possibility to add some unreleased songs. We lived a heavy stress but artistically speaking our good star helped us.

Clearly there is a special link between you and Autunna et sa Rose. How did you first meet and work together?

There's not a special link between us, they asked us to perform with them and record the concert in order to release a vinyl or an album, and we accepted but it was the first time we saw them live with that line-up. We never worked together before. We simply performed a concert together in Rome when Autunna had their first line-up (with Daria, a very nice and pleasant singer and person). We also knew Saverio since a very long while, he had witnessed several of our performances and we had met (extra-music) in many occasions in the second half of the nineties. I have to say that when we don't speak of music we are much more ironical and nice ;)))

What do you see in them which *inspires* you?

Nothing. We like a lot their first album 'Sous La Robe Bleue', in particular the song "Caresses Aux Coeurs", Daria's lyrics and Saverio's piano work. That's all.

Which of your songs on there moves you most when you hear it?

'Shelmerdine', 'Tu Es La Force Du Silence', 'Veules Les Roses' and the piano part of 'Oduarpa'.



THE WAY TO THE HEAVENS

Since the beginning of times, the instinctive language of music has been connected with the order of the cosmos.

According to Pitagoras, the universe was pure singing, a planetary symphony. Plato thought that music enabled us to attain the highest knowledge; it was the key, the door and the casket at once.

During the Renaissance, the Florence Neo-Platonic school believed that the musical instruments, thanks to their shapes, the materials they were made of and the sounds they emitted, were strictly linked to the alchemical elements.

Music was the expression of the cosmic harmony, the form given to the symbolic order of the principle and permitted the human beings to harmonize themselves progressively with the universe. Music was the way to the heavens...

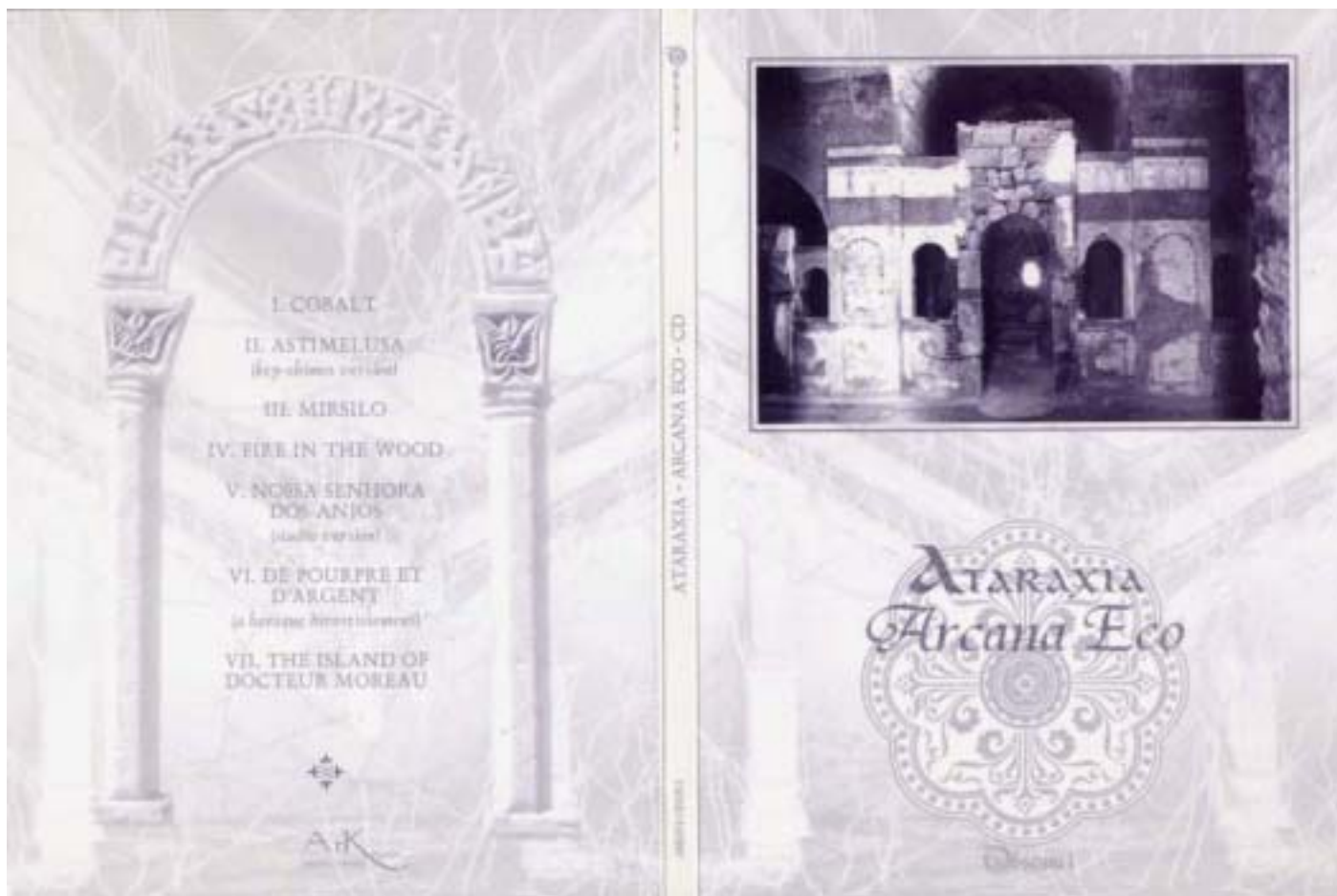
STRANGE LIGHTS - A.D. MMV

At the beginning of 2005, in an ancient place where the stone speaks, we weaved tangible visions with golden threads and precious gems to offer them to our listeners. We performed an acoustic session featuring some of our most beautiful songs in an exclusive version for piano, classic guitar, bells and vocals. For this special occasion we chiselled original arrangements and interpreted with a new sensitivity all the songs.

We have called this unique performance "Strange Lights", being inspired by the prophetic masks of Angelo Zanella, copper simulacra treasuring the karma of several living and dead persons and of some elemental spirits. Angelo, took symbolically part to the rite of music lighting the candles hidden inside each sculpted face. He lit up their eyes. And music came!

The plucked and struck strings, the vibrations of the air produced by the chimes and the vocals created a celestial harmony. A naked, essential sound, deeply evocative in its purity, became our way to the heavens ...





ARCANO ECO

2005 Book + CD produced by Ark Records - Italy
Italian & English versions - Release date 1st August 2005

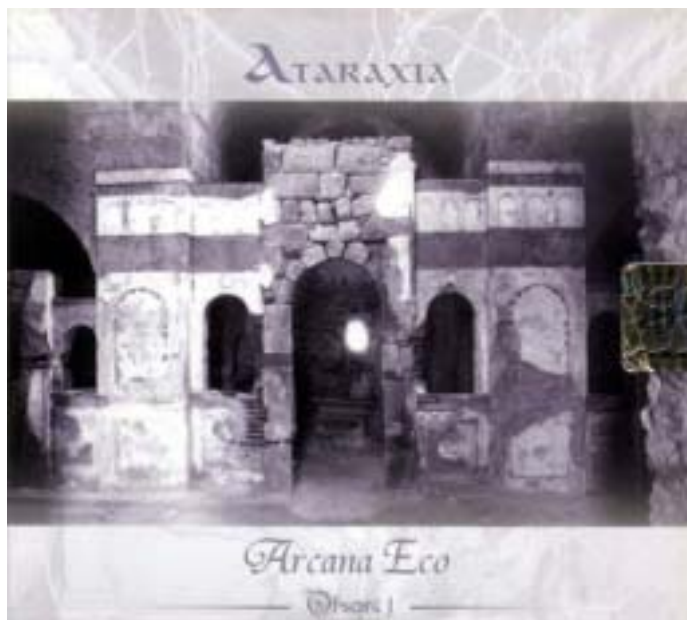
And here's a genuinely fitting tribute to the band in the special year whereby you get both a boo and CD in a slipcase, with everything done to the highest specifications. The book is lavishly illustrated throughout with the brilliant photographs of Livio Bedeschi, and the journalist Ferruccio Filippi takes us on a controlled journey through their past with ample explanations from the band about what makes them tick, via what inspires them themselves.

emerging form within wistful delicacy as the beauty tumble son and on. The strident 'Fire In The Wood' really is a Gothic form of Pagan Flamenco, gloriously pounding and strident, just as 'Nossa Senhora Dos Anjos' is blissfully transfixing. 'De Pourpre d' Argent' has a simple dramatic lustre with a blunt baroque attack and then 'The Island Of Doctor Moreau' finds some really scary noises infiltrating and disturbing some luscious surrounds. So in seven songs you get all that variety, frequently done with cunning twists, because that's what Ataraxia do.

*Incidentally, be on the lookout for the Promo double CD, with the songs, glimpses of each book chapter, along with the interview itself, the lyrics to the songs contained here, a discography, and some really exciting glimpses into the future.



Along with the book comes the special CD with three exclusives, starting with the willowy, mournful 'Cobalt' where vocals float and still exert a strong grip, as the synth brass and lowkey guitar display insidious charms. 'Astimelusa' is a conventionally elegance song full of lovely touches, and the exclusive 'Mirsilo' sees a strange angst





*"I made many pilgrimages, the flowing water and the ancient stone were my masters,
History and Time were my mother and father..."*

Everything has its origins in the stone and the stone is at the origin of everything. The stone is a natural element that can be embroidered to create daring architectures or remain massive and impenetrable to the light. ATARAXIA have built the foundations of their manor with that rough material to make them stronger and unaffected by time. The water, symbol of death, re-birth, eternal rest and regeneration, has become their spiritual guide and has given them the chance to progress, to shape and to transform their art throughout the years. Then, the doors of the realm of dreams have opened to allow them to cross deeper dimensions belonging to an ancestral past and attain contemplation. At the end, walking through a labyrinth leading to a painful and surprising knowledge of themselves, they achieved a new state of enlightenment. What distinguishes a raw stone from a precious one lies in its capacity to be crossed by light and filter it. 'Arcana Eco' is a journey from the rocky underworld up to an eden of light.

'Arcana Eco' is a book describing the story of ATARAXIA's albums through the images of voyage that inspired them. 'Arcana Eco' is also the travel diary of Ferruccio Filippi, a music journalist who reached ATARAXIA's place to talk with them about their art. 'Arcana Eco' is a voyage within a voyage.

BOOK : six chapters developping through Livio Bedeschi's photos, Ferruccio Filippi's reflections and Francesca Nicoli's writings; an exhaustive interview; a full discography and the 'Arcana Eco' CD lyrics. 7 exclusive tracks recorded and mixed between April and July 2004.

Fire in the Wood
(music by ATARAXIA, free interpretation
of P. Neruda's lyrics)

**Thinking, twisting shadows
in a deep solitude
thinking, burying lamps
among the stones**

**Who's calling ?
Who's calling ?**

**Enredando sombras
Enterrando lamparas
Enredando sombras
Enterrando lamparas**

**Fire in the wood
trees of light
fire in the wood
burning blue sky**

**Who's calling ?
Who's calling ?**

enredando sombras...

Cobalt
(music by ATARAXIA, free interpretation
of Sappho's lyrics)

Winged creature
you'll swing on planet spaces
on total oceans
on deep sleeps
guard us, guard us
from a glacial death
while your flight skims over
this land of darkness

Winged creature
you'll swing
on planet spaces
on total oceans
and all this space
is just a passage of saltiness
an abyssal nothingness

guard us, guard us
from a glacial death
guard us, winged creature...

The Island of Docteur Moreau

(music by ATARAXIA, lyrics by Francesca
Nicoli)

Nobody is allowed to hesitate now
it's time to face any reality among earth
and sky
...burn the stars crossing the night for a
long while...
this world is made of silver
everything is light
we are charged of brightness

I am

Mirsilo
(music by ATARAXIA, free interpretation
of Sappho's lyrics)

In this magic ring
she stretched towards the altar,
sanctuary of apple trees
...beautiful Mirsilo...
the air is mild breaths,
new corollas are living
and veiling the rose bushes
...beautiful Mirsilo...

Bind to your hair
flowers, beauty and whirling things
and sing your ritual melody
sing your ritual melody
voice of sweetness
trill of water
beautiful Mirsilo,
beautiful Mirsilo

I am

Are you listening ?
This world is made of silver!

I am
among earth and sky
I am
everything is light here

Are you listening ?
Are you listening ?
This world is made of silver!
Nobody is allowed to hesitate now...
Are you listening ?

I am



Twenty years? Can you *believe* that?

It's not so important. Time runs fast and there are still several things to be explored and transformed into music. This is actually meaningful.

Twenty years *is* an impressive figure! Overall, do you feel proud, or frustrated, when you look back at all you have achieved?

Quite proud after all, we started in a deserted Italy. I mean, musically speaking everything was happening *outside*. Italians were so linked to their artistic tradition or blindly submitted to all what was coming from abroad to be incapable to transform all our brilliant inheritance in a modern form of music. Nothing new at the horizon. When we started there were no labels, no contacts with foreign mags, nothing at all, a desert. Working hard and looking for contacts with several European realities, we started releasing our albums, never forgetting from where we came from and always curious and eager to meet new worlds to get inspiration. Last but not least, we chose to be independent and this, perhaps, has been the hardest challenge...

You formed in 1985, then your busiest year was 1995. And now in 2005 you're working on a new album, plus had the live half of the double CD released and this tribute book/CD. Coincidence?

Yes, coincidences even if coincidences are just the threads of destiny. Anyway one of our busiest years was 1998 when we released a live video + CD, a concept album and a short album inspired by Virginia Woolf. 2005 and 2006 are and will be busy as well, we're now going to record two new albums and we're writing songs for a future concept about the Elysian fields.

In each case of the 2CD and the Book/CD how much of the idea and end result was yours, and which the labels?

Concerning the double album with Autunna et sa Rose, Autunna had the idea of playing a concert in S. Michele church with just acoustic instruments and to record it. We obviously chose all the songs to be revisited and the writings to be put on the booklet. The label took care of the artwork and lay-out. I have to add that, in my mind, I had the secret wish to release something with piano since a very long while.

About ARCANA ECO, the idea of releasing a book + CD was of Ark Records. Anyway, from the very first moment on we decided absolutely everything, the line to follow, the photos, the graphic concept, everything you can see now. Happily Ark proved to be a great label who invested a lot on this project believing in our 'imagination' and capacities, they always let us free to create and decide.

I presume you can listen to your own work? Actors often say they can't bear to see themselves. Can you bear to *hear* yourselves on record? If so, for what effect do you listen to your own music?

Among us, Giovanni is the only one able to listen regularly to our own music. And this is great - if not STRANGE LIGHTS and much more wouldn't be there. I feel a lot of admiration for Giovanni because he's able to be a musician and at the same time a great fan of our music. He started playing with us 16 years ago as a fan of our band and he still owns that enchantment, that enthusiasm. He's the historical memory of our band. Vittorio has never listened to our albums, I mean, I have to *insist* a lot to let him have his copies of the albums. He works a lot recording and sound-engineering, then, when the phases of composition,

recording and mixing are finished, for him the album are dead. He immediately passes to something else. Personally, I listen a lot to our songs before having the albums, I mean we record some rehearsal sessions, then during the studio recordings and before the album is out. When the album is released I stop listening to it for several years. Then, one day (Giovanni is always behind it), I listen to a song and I'm positively surprised. I feel as someone listening to it for the very first time. Think that Vittorio doesn't recognize our songs, he needs some time to understand that he had written and recorded that music...

Now 'Arcano Eco' is a exceptional thing. Did you go to them, or them come to you, and how does it work?

They came to us on Summer 2003 during one of our concerts (the same concert where we met our future percussionist Riccardo). They were determined to release the first Italian collection of monographs linked to more or less 'obscure' bands. They wanted to release a book + a CD, all decisions about the way to follow would have been up to us. I have to say that they were very courageous people, I admire them for this ;) !

If they came to you were you shocked by just what they wanted to do, and how it looks?

Vittorio, that is a mile away from all what concerns books and writings, was doubtful; Giovanni (well-known for his extra enthusiasm and thoughtless attitude) was actually happy, I was ruined! I mean, books are my passion, photography, graphic artworks, poetry, and I'm crazy enough to afford every dangerous and engaging enterprise. We told them that we would have thought about it but 20 days after we met again and we accepted. It was great to have been chosen as first band because we had no limits in imagining what to do. A few days after those leading words came to my mind: stone, water, passages, dream, contemplation and light. Some weeks later we asked the label to contact Ferruccio, a journalist we had personally met just one time, some years before, to ask him if he agreed to join this project and he did! Then I started looking at a hundred Livio Bedeschi's photo albums to choose the right images, the pictures have been the very first thing, the foundations of the book...



The interview is very polite and fits a set agenda, but having everything put into a historical context, did you learn anything you didn't expect to??

Arcana Eco was meant to portray our imaginative world, our sources of inspiration all over the years, our music realm not our personal histories and troubles that are nor exceptionally interesting neither relevant or particularly glamour. I mean, if you ask me what's the first image of ATARAXIA coming to my mind I can easily say the endless hours of rehearsals. And they were delightful...

'Misilo' (one of the exclusive tracks to be included with the book) was your example of darker music, but it still seems a world away from the 80's to me.

I wouldn't define it as an example of *dark* music, it reminds me the 80ies new-wave sound but I'm conscious that this is only a personal opinion. My vocals are circular and free, I mean, from lower to medium up to higher tones; I had the sensation to sing something reminding the mood of those years when I was crazy of Echo and the Bunnymen, Opposition and many more. (Then I started being seriously fond of UK Decay but this is another story...)

On a practical note, you list so many musical styles you like – are there any you don't which people maybe expect you to? I can't stand country and western, but then I don't now anybody who likes it so that's not a good example. Are there *historical* styles people assume you like and you have to admit you think its crap?

Opera is boring, heavy and rigid, too technical and grotesque. At the same time the Opera taught us a lot: how to transform it into something even more grotesque. By the way, I love western music or better the way people like Morricone or Wall of Woodoo had fun with it.



When you leave the traditional historical musical styles on a record and have something more in keeping with conventional contemporary bands your themes still adhere to nature and an evoke an atmosphere in keeping with the other records. Can you imagine doing an album based in a strictly modern world using observational lyrics, devoid of anything mystical/spiritual, or is too ghastly a concept?

It's not ghastly at all, we simply wouldn't *feel* it. We are the result of our experience (not only our present experience but also our ancestral one) and we can't prevent us from letting this flow of consciousness and memory be the essence of our music. Words are magic, observational lyrics would not marry with our music. Music is a magic act, we still own a bard spirit flowing in our blood.

The album you're working on about mysterious rituals. How close in style are the four exclusive shown here?

They won't have anything in common with the 'Arcana Eco' songs. Musically, the new concept (i.e. "Kremasta Nera") will be mainly based on percussions and drum-pads rhythms. There will be also some obscure tunes. Vittorio's songs will be in his typical style, Giovanni's ones will have something in common with our darker first albums and Riccardo's music will be ritual and tribal. Vittorio will also play electric guitars and the majority of lyrics will be in Latin and Italian, just one of them in English. My vocals will be mainly strong and low-pitched. We have started composing this album one year ago and in a few weeks we'll be in a studio to record it.

And what is this curious Parisian alter-ego thing you mention - 'The Spleen Of Paris'?

One year ago we had the chance to meet a great music/theatre company. They were not a professional company but a group of

buskers, nomads, crazy people working among traditional folk ballads, the French *chanson* and absolutely delicious punk influences. One day we were discussing about the fact that several reviewers and critics (especially men I have to say) couldn't endure my voice. I read a lot of critics about my way of singing, not pure enough, not gracious enough, not technical enough; *sheet*, I was tired of this misogynist attitude. All criticisms are welcome but it was clear that, sometimes, behind that attitude there was something else. So one of the guys of CircuZ KumP gave me a little drawing he had made while listening to this boring talk and told me "This is Madame Bistouri ('Lady Scalpel' alias a character present in a Baudelaire's poem), take your bloody knife and start exploring your killing nature, be not politically correct and sing as a gorgon if you wish and have fun."

So now I have this alter-ego, Madame Bistouri, who will sing in the short album we're going to record. CircuZ KumP will be with us in incongito. We'll record together but they won't take part to our concerts. They don't mind releasing albums, this is a gift they wanted to make us. In this album we'll embody some wretched decadent artists belonging to the Paris of the end of the XIXth century. Everything will be provocative, disturbing and poetic. My voice will be sharp and cutting. We have defined "Paris Spleen" as 'a folksy horror music show'. The welcome CircuZ punkers are: J. Unphora (true and digital accordion + back vocals), Sibelius P. (bass-guitar + back vocals), Saphran Udu (big-drum, cymbals + back vocals) and finally L. Namair (cymbals + back vocals) who is the person who transformed me into Madame Bistouri. They're our alter-ego and I'm their lady 'storm and stress'.

Ten years on then – 2015. A busy year?

In this world or up in the heavens, we'll manage to transform our music into a refreshing rain of pearl drops (not too heavy I hope)

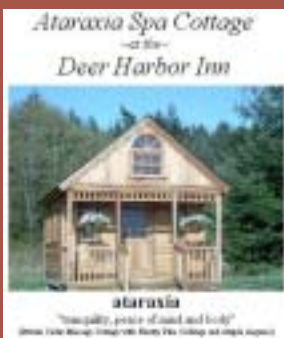


ATARAXIA ... not to be confused with...

...an old RPG skill



...a Greek label



...an American spa cottage



...a cheap Swatch



...an online community of Americanimbeciles

Ataraxia

We, the beings of Ataraxia are a group of friggin weirdos who happen to love subwoofers, psytrance, B-b-b-breaks, acid techno, funk, tech house, glitchiness, darkness and porcupines (and other animals). We also like loud speakers and BASSSSSS and other various forms of subterranean beats, along with fried rice, kimchee, and eggrolls with that flourescent colored sweet and sour sauce.

We also throw the occasional badass party in the forest where we invite other ape like beings to dance around like we just now discovered bipedalism.

join us or die.

A Cultures & Community tribe

112 Members - Open Membership - updated 10/25/05

Ataraxia

...a Dutch beer website

...a rubber fetishist



...a hand-built boat



Ataraxia is an 18 foot wooden racing dory type built by boat builder Tim Cox. The hull is deep-ender lapstrake construction, but uses modern materials and techniques where they will do the most good and that is planked with redgum marine plywood mounted in epoxy and G/Fiberglass. A bowsprit extends the overall length to slightly over 20 feet. The boat's design is inspired by the Alder/Crocker 'Indian' Class design of 1921, which at one time was a racing refinement of the Swampscott Dory, commonly used in New England waters as a workboat, both as row boats and fishing sailboats, and with a well established reputation for seaworthiness.

...a Dutch film society



...Japanese anime figure



Ataraxia Kennels

...South African kennels

Breeders of Dogue De Bordeaux and South African Boerboels



...a French real estate firm



L'expertise immobilière à votre service

Parce que les besoins les plus pointus ne peuvent trouver des réponses qu'auprès d'experts, le Crédit Mutuel s'est doté

depuis plus de 10 ans d'une filiale spécialisée sur l'immobilier : Ataraxia.

Un seul groupe et une multitude d'expertises autour de l'immobilier. Non seulement, **Ataraxia, filiale du Crédit Mutuel** réalise de grands équipements, mais elle maîtrise également l'ensemble des composantes de l'habitat : accession à la propriété, accession et locatif social, terrains à bâtir, investissement locatif défiscalisant...

The Mau-Maus

The Mau-Maus - Ataraxia - EP Review

The Mau-Maus
Ataraxia EP

...a British indie band's EP

The Mau-Maus are a six-piece band based in London who have just been signed to Boobytrap Records. This EP is certainly interesting, as there is a lot going on and many different influences coming through. They have that style element that the [Scissor Sisters](#) have and apparently the same live appeal as well. It's very hard to pin point what music style these guys have as the beats are clearly [hip hop](#) but the essence of these tracks are essentially pop. 'Ataraxia' is such an original track it almost sounds like something out of a cartoon. It has that rhythm has an upbeat r'n'b sound. The lead singer Peter De Havilland has voice and when backed by his backing singers Larion Van Der Slok and James in 'Souvenir Of A Dream' they almost create a modern [Beach Boys](#) sound. However in 'Royal Ghetto' De Havilland sounds something [closer](#) to Enrique Iglesias. It's all very confusing but

Madonna
New Album + Video

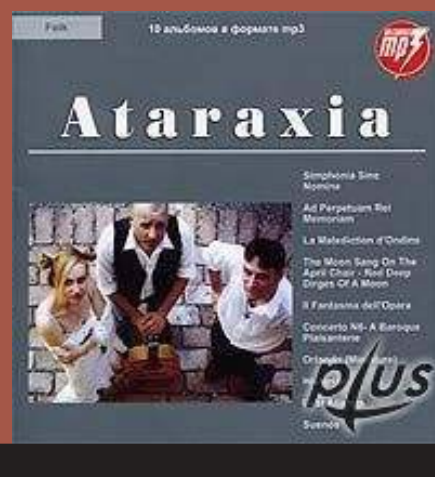
...1970's Jazz-Rock!



...a Bamboo flute album!



...a dodgy mp3 thing!



This isn't a question of stamina I am lauding here, because there are many bands who lumber on forever, with no real point to their existence because they have long since regarded it as a job. There are also bands who never replicate the excitement or ambition of their first few releases, and their records become increasingly lame.

With Ataraxia this simply isn't true. They're adding to what they do all the time, and having just had a period of stable, erudite exotica they've just stepped onto thorns again and are experimenting with new ideas, for fun, for the Hell of it, and to accentuate wilder possibilities, but you just know they also have more historical projects planned, more emotional serenades, more myths, more stupendous sounds.

You can't accurately predict what they'll do or when, so they keep you on your toes, like a sadistic hangman. Normally I could not countenance such behaviour, but just this once I'll stick my neck out.

I think the next twenty years will be even more remarkable.

TWENTY YEARS?

Mick,

I'm as fast as possible.

In this busy period we are recording two new albums and we live in a sort of foolish and excited atmosphere. We are surrounded by murderers, hashish-addicted magicians, grave diggers, tombeurs de femme directly come from the beginning of last century. They want to oblige us to record the first symphony of the alive and the dead. Luckily, tonight was one of the few free nights, I hope I managed to answer in a satisfying way.

Take Care
Francesca

