

Eva Colombo, *Music for water women*, first chapter: *The Source*

Listen, it is the sound of a source...perhaps it is the source of that river within which we have to immerse ourselves to go on living, to live once again. Yes, it should be that source...We have just drunk the water which makes you forget what once was, they told us that we couldn't return back to light unless and until we would forget everything. Therefore we drunk that water and we reopen the eyes... but we don't see anything. We grope, our heads down, looking for another water: that one of the river that will bring us back to life. But we see purple haze only and we cannot see if it is the red of sunset or dawn, we cannot see if we are still falling into death or rising again towards life.

Purple haze, all around / Don't know if I'm coming up or down / Am I happy or in misery? / Whatever it is, that girl put a spell on me

No, we didn't forget entirely: we couldn't forget the girl who pours water. She tied us to her by means of a spell so that we couldn't forget her and now she is there waiting for us, still on the bank of that river within which we have to immerse ourselves to go on living. We couldn't go any further without greeting her. Only this she wants of us: that we greet her before we go further, then we could really and truly forget everything and flow speedily towards the future. But now we are looking for her river, our heads down, and we see purple haze only and we wonder whether our time has started to flow again or it is irreparably flown into the sea of eternity.

Purple haze all in my eyes / Don't know if it's day or night / you got me blowing, blowing my mind / Is it tomorrow, or just the end of time?

No, we didn't forget entirely: we couldn't forget Hendrix at Woodstock. When we saw him kissing the sky we caught a glimpse of the azure beyond the clouds...and we knew that that one wasn't the azure of the sky only.

Excuse me while I kiss the sky

That one was the azure of the eyes of that girl who pours water, of the source of the river which will bring us back to life. That's what we have to do now: what Hendrix did at Woodstock. Lifting the head, looking over the purple haze...and kissing the sky, kissing the girl who pours water. Then we could forget everything and immerse ourselves into her river and live once again. But do we really and truly want to forget everything? No, not yet...Let's stop for a while here on the bank, beside her.

Waterfall / Nothing can harm me at all / My worries seem so very small /
With my Waterfall

Yes, she is really as we have imagined her. She really looks like Ingres *Source* on David Byrd's poster, that Woodstock's poster which nobody saw...almost nobody, we saw it. David Byrd had illuminated Ingres *Source* with the light of that dawn which all of us were waiting for and looking at her on that poster we sensed the sound of the water that she poured: it was like the sound of the rain that you hear only while you're dreaming, it was like the sound of the source of a life that you can only live in dreamland. But we weren't day – dreaming when we saw Hendrix kissing the sky, at Woodstock. We weren't day – dreaming when we caught a glimpse of the azure beyond the clouds and we knew that that one wasn't the azure of the sky only...

I can see my rainbow calling me / through the misty breeze of my
Waterfall

The sky was grey just like a muddy stone but we felt that suddenly it would become iridescent just like a slide wet because of the rain. Hendrix kissed the sky and it was as if a breeze would remove our hair from our eyes so that we could see better, see really. And we saw, yes, indeed we saw for an instant...that she was there. And during that instant we were sure her sky's eyes would follow us forever, in every place we would go.

And we were sure we would see her eyes again when we would stop. And now we are here, beside her. We are about to immerse ourselves into her river, the river that will bring us back to life. We will forget, we will change, we will flow towards the future.

Waterfall / Don't ever change your ways / Fall with me for a million days
Oh my Waterfall

We will forget even of having seen Hendrix kissing the sky, but of the sky's eyes of the girl who pours water we couldn't forget. We will never find what we have left at Woodstock, what we have lost in that mud: a shawl with fringes as much entangled as my thoughts were, a necklace with beads as much changing as your mood was. But when I will hear the rustle of a shawl similar to that one, when you will hear the tinkling of a necklace similar to that one it will be as hearing the sound of a source. We will lift the head, we will look at the sky and we will know that she is there...she is looking at us, she is waiting for us. And we will keep afloat flowing towards the future.