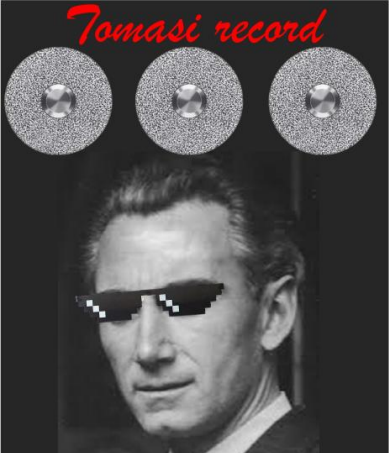




Tomasi record presents:



The story behind
the eddy melody

Théo Garcia, David Nérini & Laurina Oms

Based on the Aude's paper

Release party to celebrate the 3rd anniversary of Bioswot-Med



Ocean Circulation Modulating the Nutricline at Regional and Fine scales: A Case Study in The Northwestern Mediterranean Sea

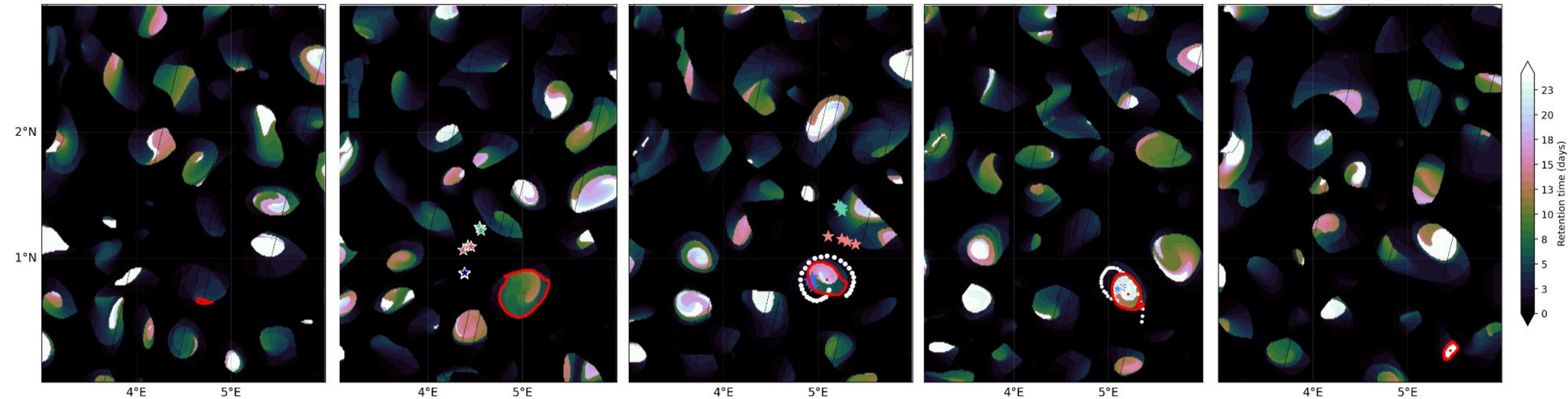
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2023-04-19

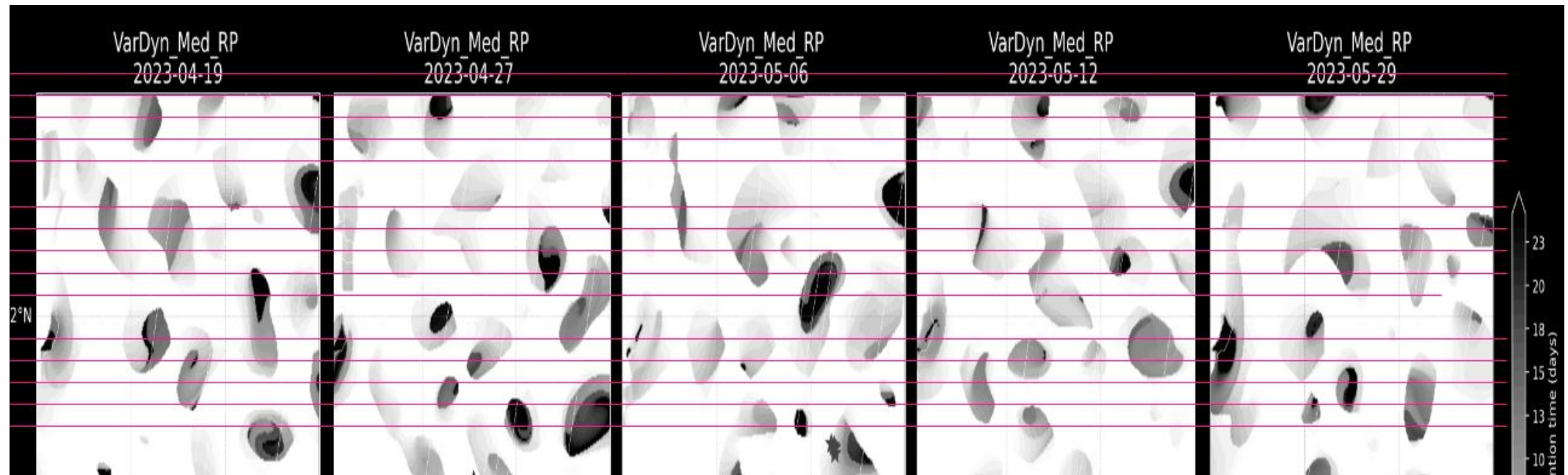
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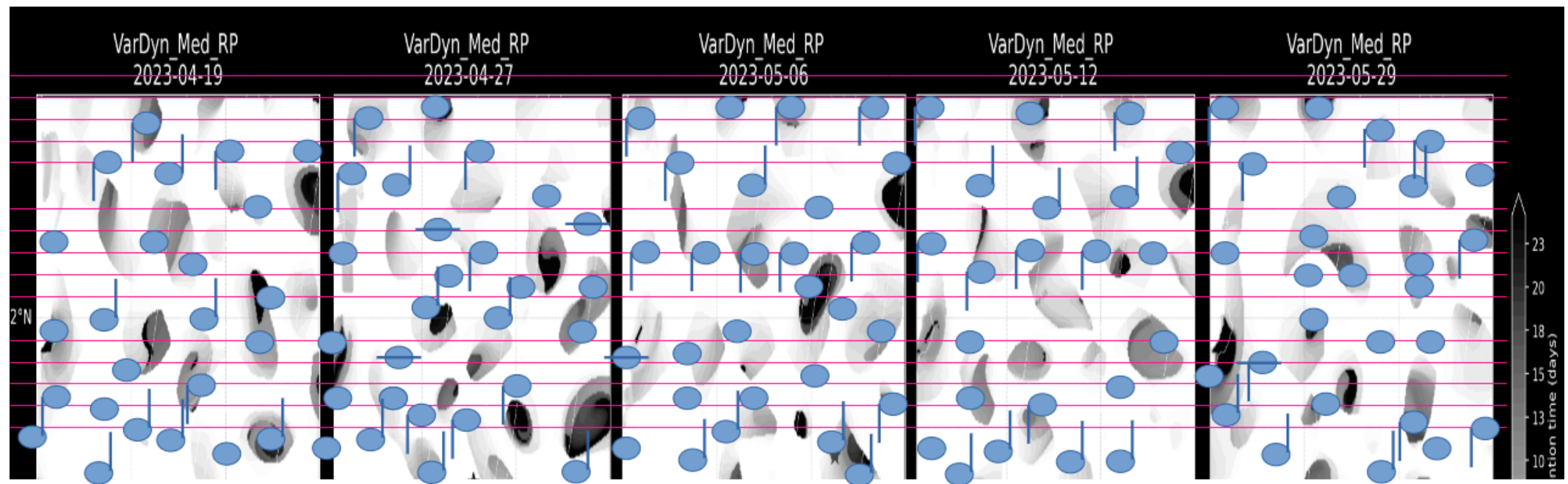
VarDyn_Med_RP
2023-05-06

VarDyn_Med_RP
2023-05-12

VarDyn_Med_RP
2023-05-29









Music inspired by the SWOT eddies





Andrea M. Doglioli <andrea.doglioli@univ-amu.fr>

sam. 28/02, 19:34

GARCIA Theo ▾

Boîte de réception



SWOTeddiesMusic.pdf

63 Ko



SWOTeddiesMusic.odp

1 Mo



2 pièce(s) jointe(s) (2 Mo) Télécharger tout

Salut Théo!

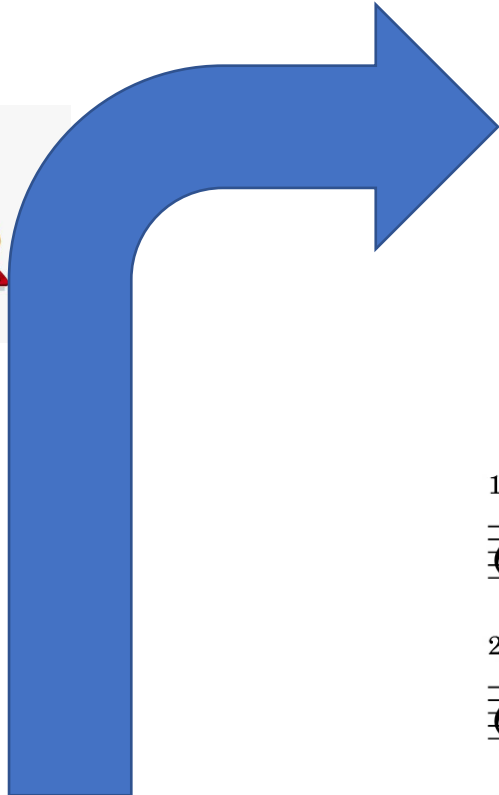
selon toi qui est musicien ca donne quoi (à la cornamuse?) ?!

J'espère que votre balade à Edimburgh se passe bien!

A presto,

Andrea (qui n'a plus envie de bosser et après 10 heures de train commence a délirer)



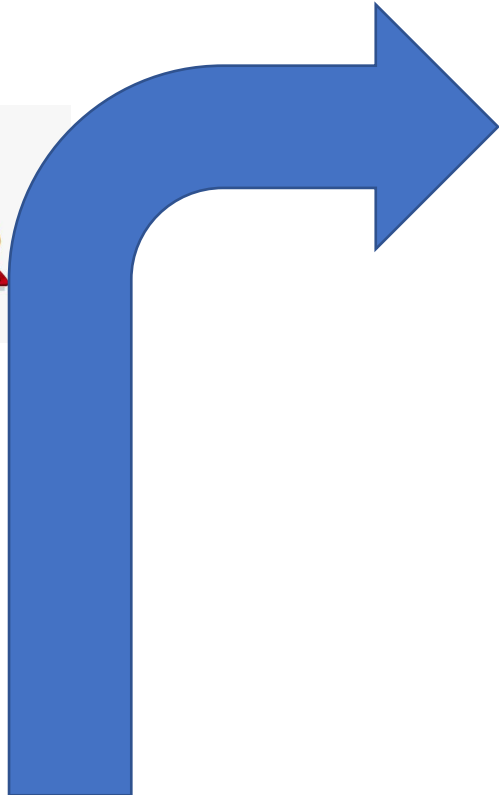


Put it on a software that knows music...
To have a preview of the eddy melody



Music inspired by the SWOT eddies





Put it on a software that knows music...
To have a preview of the eddy melody



Music inspired by the SWOT eddies



Big T trying to find some chords for the eddy melody



♩ = 110

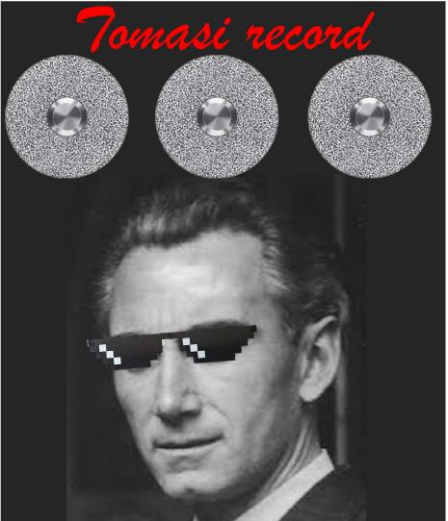
11

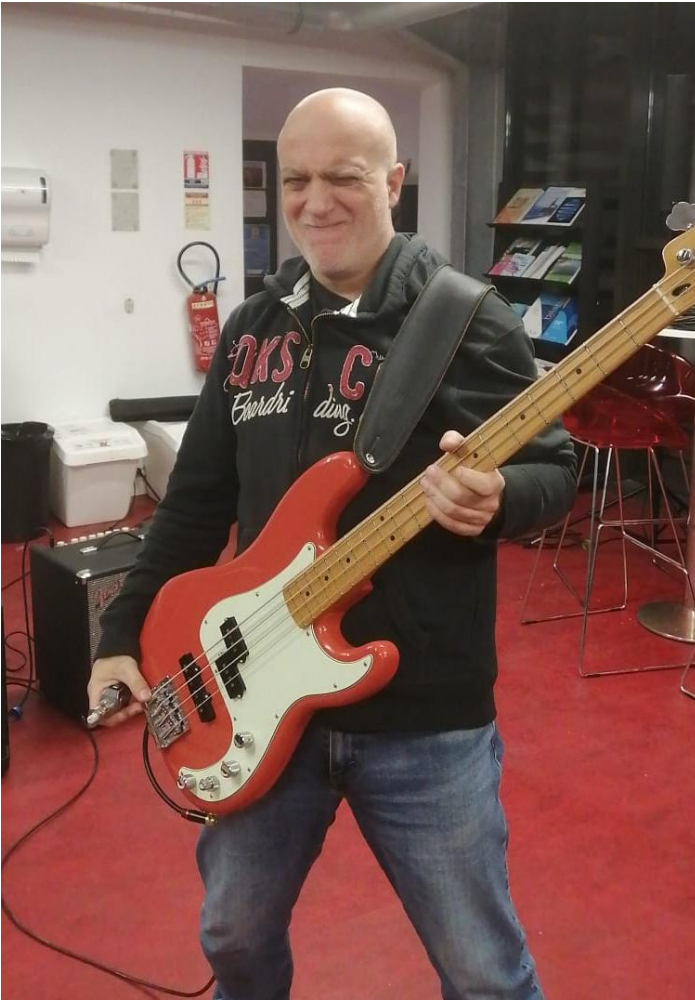
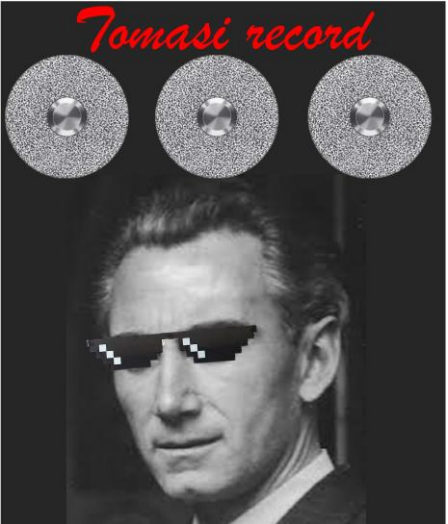
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35



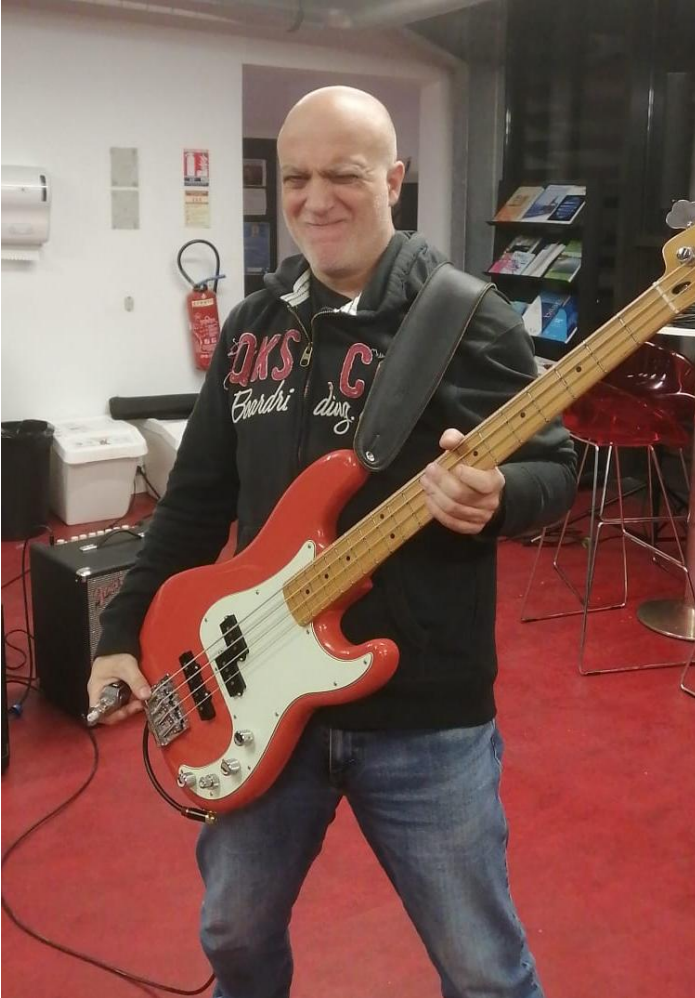
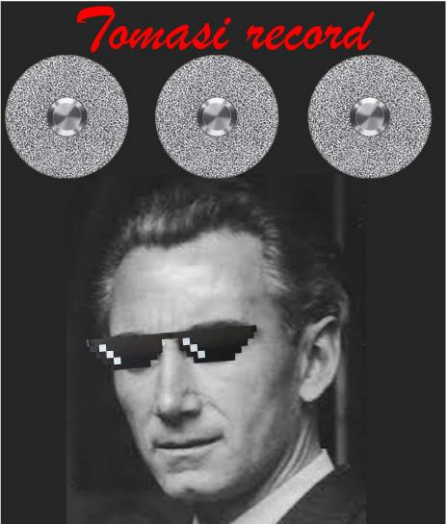
It seems we have something ok, so now let's start recording like a pro!!!!





Contribution of two talented scientists from the MIO !!!!

David Nerini, aka Daniel Nardini from the **Copper boiz**
Bass, guitar, trumpet, trombone, cajon, bagpipe, ...



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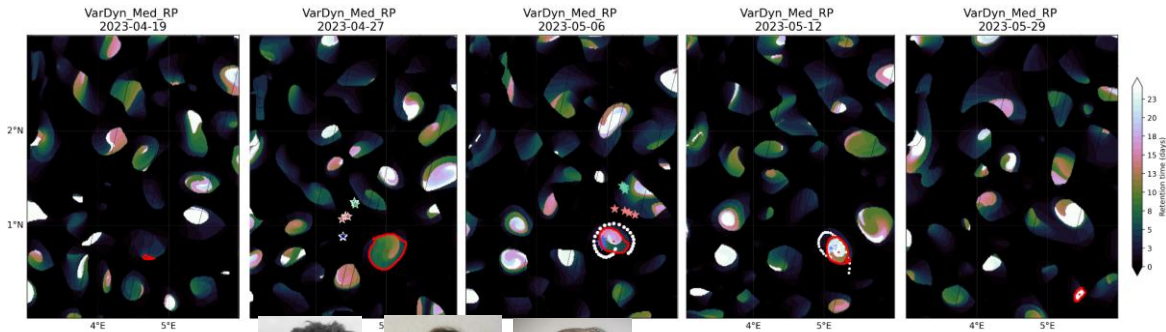
Laurina Oms
A magnificent, turbulent
poet

Yes that's a microphone





Are you ready for the eddy melody???



English translation of the poem:

I wake up in the middle of the night, my body still heavy with sleep, and wander a few steps into the night, rocked by the waves. The moon is full and high in the sky, casting its light in silvery shards across the opaque surface of the water. The sea is strange tonight; not a breath of wind disturbs the fluid envelope of its world, forever misunderstood by humankind. I feel as though I am in the middle of an immense lake, swallowing my mind into its labyrinth of infinity with every glance I cast upon it. Beneath the surface, one of the spirits of the sea reveals itself with the lightness of a dream—it is a ray that seems to fly rather than swim. It undulates in silence; it is as if the sea agrees, for a brief moment, to surrender itself to me. But the sea would never surrender itself to humans. Its time fulfilled, the moon gradually detaches itself from the sky; the silvery glints turn golden, then red. It drifts beyond the horizon, accompanied by the undulating spirit. But the sea is never alone; when the moon disappears, the sun paints its first glimmers in a festival of colors. Red, yellow, pink, blue, and green form the canvas of dawn. The sea welcomes the exotic reflections of the sky and remains in its impassive calm. Only its breathing sets it in motion; its salty lungs expand and contract in time with my own. I, too, am leaving; I slip my half-awake body beneath my still-warm sheets.