From One Sea to Another

A Mari Usque Ad Mare, Vol. I · by Armand Du Silence

REVIEW

Review by Alessandra Micheli · Les Fleurs du Mal · 2 October 2026

Every now and then, I won't deny it, I dream of sailing the seas.

Not, of course, to get to know new cultures or discover new worlds, but to go in search of R'lyeh and watch my Cthulhu sleep and dream.

The point, though, is not what you need, what you are looking for or why you set sail. What matters, and I am convinced of it, is the movement itself.

The movement that stops you from staying still in your place, in your nest, and pushes you to look for answers within yourself precisely by changing your perception.

And we, for now, can only do that through the journey.

That is why, for centuries, and I am glad of it, tales of adventure at sea have been devoured by generations of adults and young people. I remember with delight the autumn and winter afternoons when, in my grandmother's armchair, at dusk, when everything outside seemed covered by a breeze of crystals, I read the adventures of the Black Corsair.

Oh, Salgari, how many dreams you gave me!

How many voyages, while my body stayed there, curled up in the warmth, and my grandmother's kitchen filled with tempting smells.

But I was immersed in the briny scent of rotting seaweed, while unspeakable dangers lurked along seas crossed with a healthy dose of madness.

And how many stops on Treasure Island, in search of precious and ancient artefacts.

That is why, when Armand offered me the book to read, I truly felt the need to read it.

To find again that courageous version of myself who, while staying in her comfort zone, sailed the seas.

So I sat down in the same armchair as when I was a child, a little worn by woodworm and by the cats' claws, with my Kobo in the dying light of sunset.

Five hundred pages, my reader.

Drunk down as if they were three.

With my eyes a little full of tears at having found again that fearless girl who, on the prow of a corsair ship, shouted orders at her cabin boys.

Until I found myself in the ice and the forbidding lands of a Québec that looked frighteningly like the Klondike of Jack London's adventures.

There, Armand had a gift for making me relive different emotions, all sharing one common element: leaving your own nest to go towards what is different.

Culture.

Environment.

Even ideals, because the life of a pioneer or a settler completely changes your perspective.

And do you know what I thought, then, as I put the book down and watched a mocking moon hover over my sleeping city?

That, in the end, this is what we lack today.

What we lack is not so much imagination as the courage to go towards the unknown. To feel, every time, even in Rome, a little like pioneers and a little like explorers.

Think about it.

How often do you take the same road?

Many times, I can tell you.

And yet a small detour, a less predictable route, is enough to give us that sense of adventure.

That is what we need.

Today, when imagination is truly shrinking, because in the end a single click is enough for us to be virtually wherever we want.

Living life through photographs kills the desire to explore, the desire for something new.

I believe, instead, that this need to go beyond must be preserved.

And if a book can do it, all the better.

Because only by stepping out of ourselves, in the end, can we grow.

And so, when I turned the last page, I saw again unknown woods, perhaps hostile tribes and a whole life still to be written.

And I understood that perhaps this is exactly what we need.

That not everything should be readable.

That it should also be a little mad and a little absurd.

Because being human means having the chance to steal fire from the gods.

Perhaps you will NEVER do it, but you know you can.

So go, from one sea to another.

Dwelling not on the plot but on the meaning of the journey itself, which, as Irene Grandi puts it so well, carries with it the wish never to come back.

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