



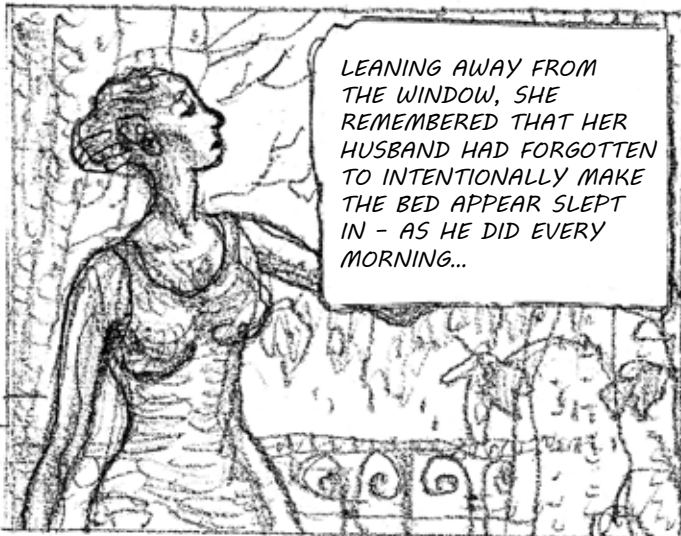
WITH OTHER EYES

* based on a story by Luigi Pirandello



FROM A NARROW WINDOW
OVER A NOISY STREET,
WHERE THE RAIN POURED
LIKE IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY-
THING BETTER TO DO...

BUT MAKE THE DAY AS GREY
AND MISERABLE AS POSSIBLE,
ANNA DAYDREAMED AS SHE
OBSERVED THE PASSERSBY.



LEANING AWAY FROM
THE WINDOW, SHE
REMEMBERED THAT HER
HUSBAND HAD FORGOTTEN
TO INTENTIONALLY MAKE
THE BED APPEAR SLEPT
IN - AS HE DID EVERY
MORNING...



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
BETTER IF YOU SLEPT
HERE...



THAT EVENING, HER HUSBAND HAD
BEEN GETTING READY FOR A TRIP,
AND SHE WENT INTO HIS ROOM
TO PREPARE HIS ESSENTIALS FOR
THE JOURNEY...



SHE OPENED THE
WARDROBE AND
UNWITTINGLY PUT HER
HAND IN ONE OF THE
POCKETS...





SUDDENLY AWAKENED BY CURIOSITY, ANNA CONTINUED TO SEARCH AROUND THE WARDROBE...

IN THE LINING OF A COAT SHE TOUCHED SOMETHING THAT FELT LIKE CARD...



OH!...



VIKTOR'S FIRST WIFE...



THROUGH BLURRED VISION AND BATED BREATH, SHE SAW THAT WOMAN AS IF FOR THE FIRST TIME: FIERCE HATRED ERUPTED FROM HER HEART...



ANNA COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THAT WOMAN COULD HAVE CHEATED ON A MAN...



WHO SHE NOW ADORED. HOW COULD HER OWN FAMILY HAVE BEEN SO OPPOSED TO HER MARRIAGE...

AS IF HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR...

YES, THAT WAS HER. VIKTOR'S FIRST TIME; THE ONE WHO KILLED HERSELF, SHE...





minori



SOLID OBJECTS

* based on a short story by Virginia Woolf



OFTEN I IMAGINE MYSELF WALKING
ALONG THE BEACH IN THE COMPANY
OF A LADY WHOSE NAME IS SOLI-
TITUDE...



INTRUSIVE, TRIVIAL
RIPPLES OF REALITY
CANNOT TOUCH US...

YOU ARE STILL
AFRAID...

NO...



WE MET MANY YEARS
AGO, IN A PLACE
WHERE WORDS MORPH
INTO KISSES...

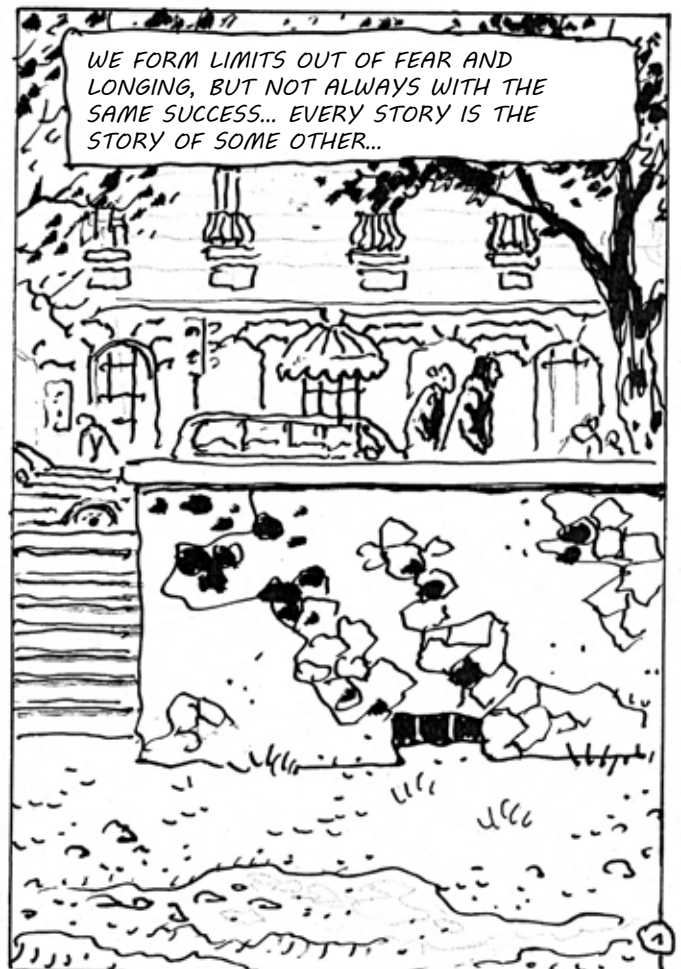
?!



A PLACE WHERE THE
DANUBIAN WINDS SPEAK
INSTEAD OF US... SO WE
ARE OFTEN SILENT...



EVERYTHING
BECOMES
EMPTY WHEN
IT DOESN'T
HAVE FORM,
SHAPE...



WE FORM LIMITS OUT OF FEAR AND
LONGING, BUT NOT ALWAYS WITH THE
SAME SUCCESS... EVERY STORY IS THE
STORY OF SOME OTHER...



HERE, PRESENTLY I THINK OF ONE... AND SHE, MY DARLING FROM AN UNFINISHED DREAM, WITH HER MERE PRESENCE ERADICATES THE SILENCE IN THIS ROOM...



I EAT TOO MANY SWEET THINGS, I SLEEP TOO LONG, I DAYDREAM... THE BODY OF THE ONE WHO COMPLETES ME NEVER LEAVES ME...



THIS PICTURE IS A SUBSTITUTION FOR LOVE: DIGGING A TUNNEL FOR YOUR SECOND SELF... WITHOUT THAT SHOW THERE WOULDN'T BE ONE ABOUT CIVILIZATION...



I SAY A SHOW, BECAUSE I NEVER KNOW HOW TO DEFINE THE EXPERIENCE. SOLITUDE ASKS TOO MANY QUESTIONS.

WHY?



SOME SHOWS ARE MORE DOMINANT THAN OTHERS... 'POLITICS BE DAMNED!' THE WORDS OF JOHN IN VIRGINIA WOOLF'S 'SOLID OBJECTS'.



NOW THAT SHE IS AWAY FOR A SHORT WHILE, I OBSERVE THE IRREGULAR LUMP THAT I RECENTLY FOUND ON THE BEACH...

AGAIN I SEARCH FOR SOMETHING
PERSISTENTLY, I FOLLOW THE
PARADOXICAL CONTINUITY OF
LIFE...



DISREGARDED, WORTHLESS
PARAPHERNALIA OF LIFE, OF NO
INTEREST TO ANYONE, HAVE
ALWAYS DRAWN MY ATTENTION...



IN THEM, WITHOUT DOUBT, I
RECOGNISE THE MAN I AM, OR
WHAT I HAVE UNWILLINGLY
BECOME...



I FIND WHAT IS YET UN-
KNOWN, AND FEEL THE
UNFATHOMABLE REALITY
OF ITS IMMENSITY...



THUS I LISTEN TO HOW THE
HEART OF THE OBJECT BEATS
ON THE MANTELPIECE WHICH
I HAVE DECORATED...



MY OCCUPATION IS, OF COURSE, A
FABRICATION. INSTEAD OF A BOW
AND ARROW OF AN HONOURABLE
WARRIOR I MAKE BAIT FOR CATCH-
ING THE INEXPRESSIBLE...



WE ALL DO
THIS, BUT NOT
IN THIS WAY...



SOUNDS AND SIGHTS OF THE PAST THAT NEVER LEAVE YOU, OFTEN DECREASE THE SPACE IN YOUR LIFE FOR OTHER BEINGS...



WE CONTINUE TO ROTATE AROUND THE SAME THINGS, A VICIOUS CIRCLE. WE CLIMB OVER FAMILIAR WALLS...



EVEN OUR SENSORY FEELINGS ARE ONLY MEMORIES OF OLD ONES...



MIMICKING BEHAVIOUR IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS OF SUBURBIA...



SOLITUDE: SOMETIMES BEAUTIFUL, SOMETIMES TERRIBLE, MAYBE SHE WILL UNDERSTAND...

?...
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STRONG POETIC TRUTH, SAY THE ASTUTE, IS FOUND BEHIND THESE DOORS...



THE TRUTH OF SUCH POLITICS IS, NOT SURPRISINGLY, FOR SALE...

Nicole