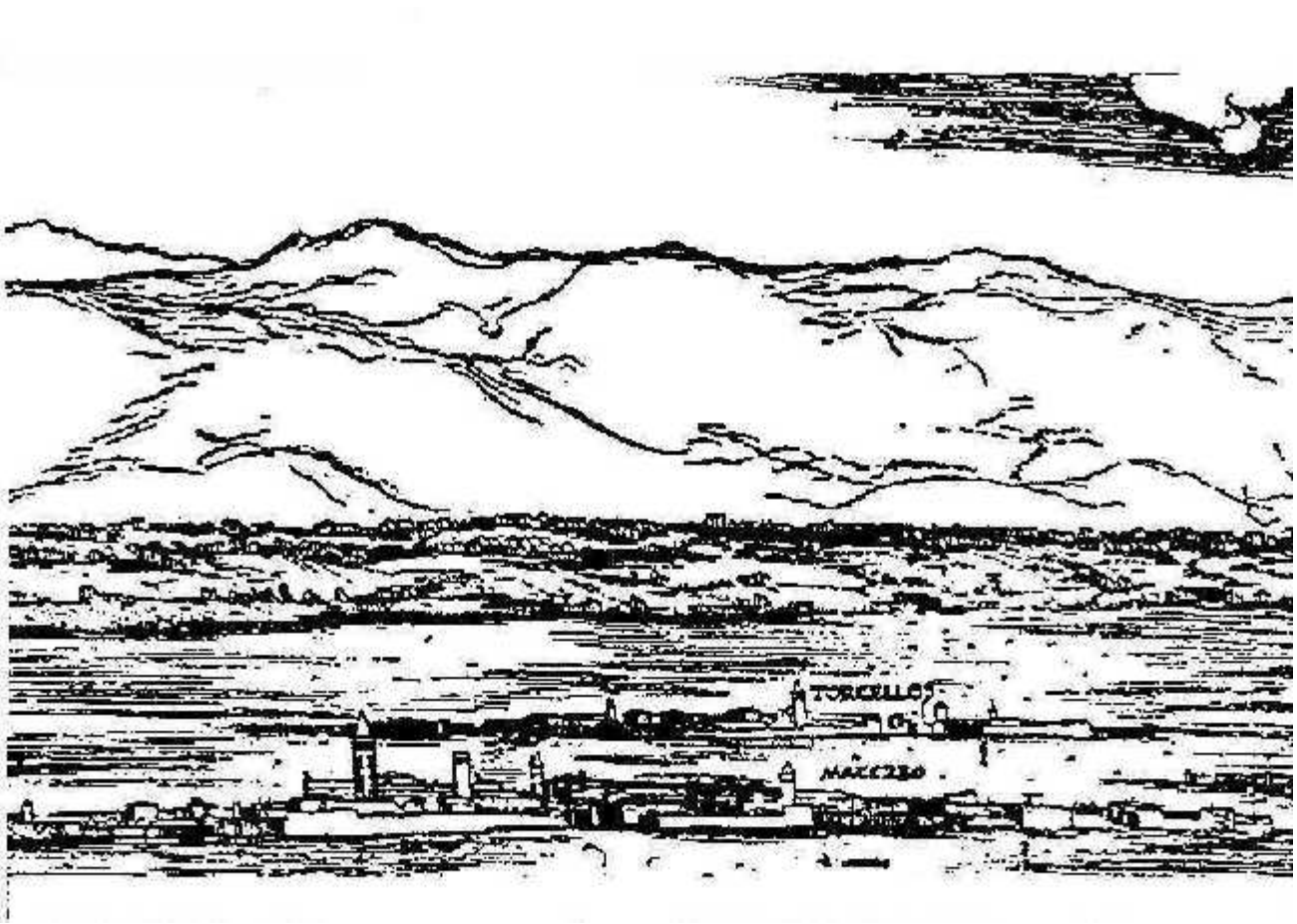


a pilgrimage to Torcello



Jacopo de Barbari, *Venetia*, 1500 - view of the North lagoon

This is the place where separate things came to meet and fuse. Sea, sand and sky; eastern and western world; late antiquity and the early middle ages; the vision of the senses and the vision of the soul; within and without, connected by walls of translucent light. This is the crucible of whatever was being born, at the time when Rome was no more and Venice was yet to be. Now it lies abandoned, eroded by the tides, and the Serenissima also is no more. But still there is a tale to be told, if you care to come here, be silent, and listen.

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silvia331@supereva.it