

# CAPRI

MELANCOLIE IN SETTEMBRE



FOTOGRAFIA DI

**MARYAM EISLER**







# CAPRI

MELANCOLIE IN SETTEMBRE

I SHUT MY EYES AND THINK OF YOU,  
PURE BLISS AND ENDLESS SHIMMER



FOTOGRAFIA DI  
**MARYAM EISLER**

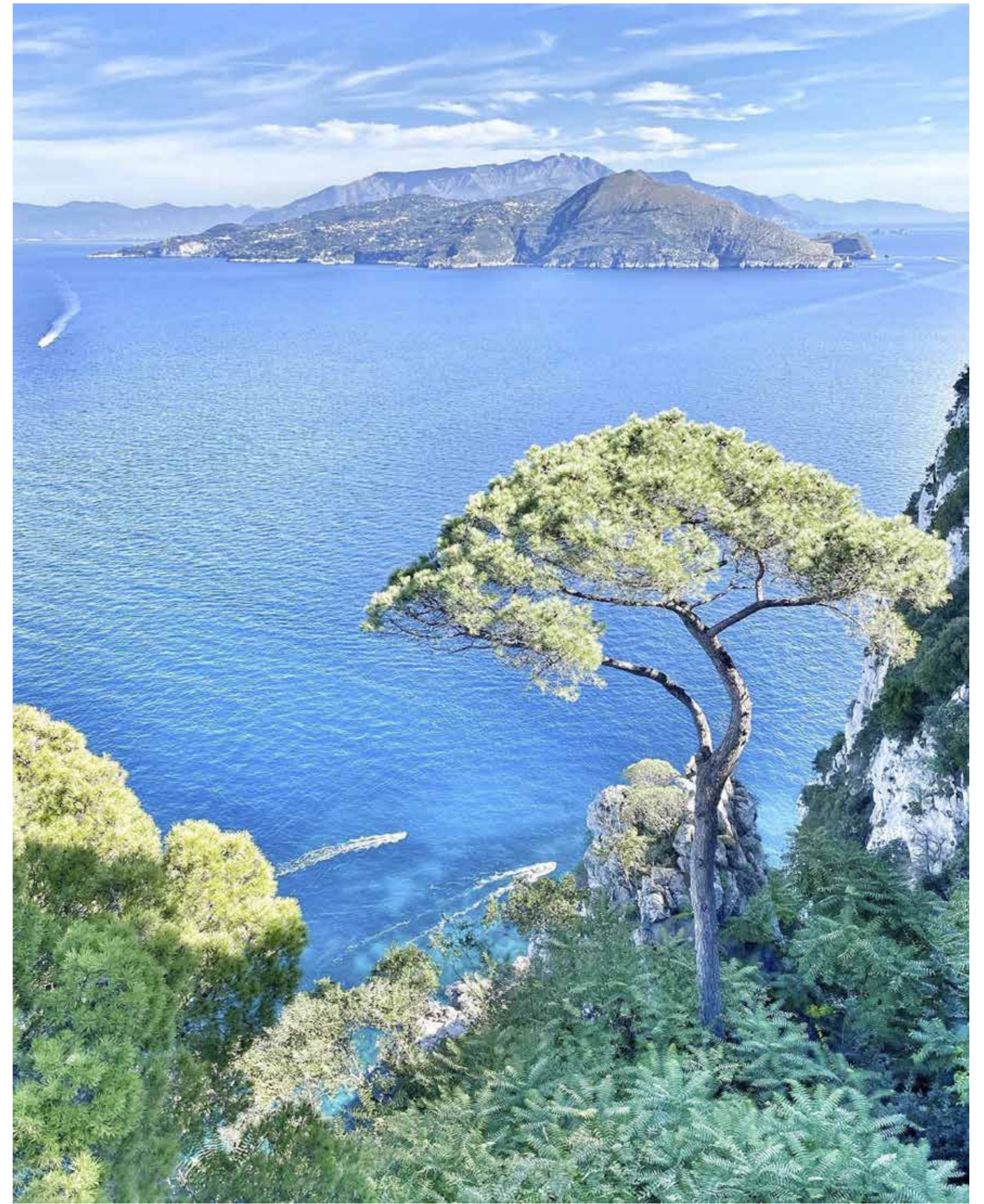




Capri, reina de roca —  
en tu vestido  
de color amaranto y azucena  
viví desarrollando  
la dicha y el dolor — la viña llena  
de radiantes racimos  
que conquisté en la tierra

Pablo Neruda, 1952

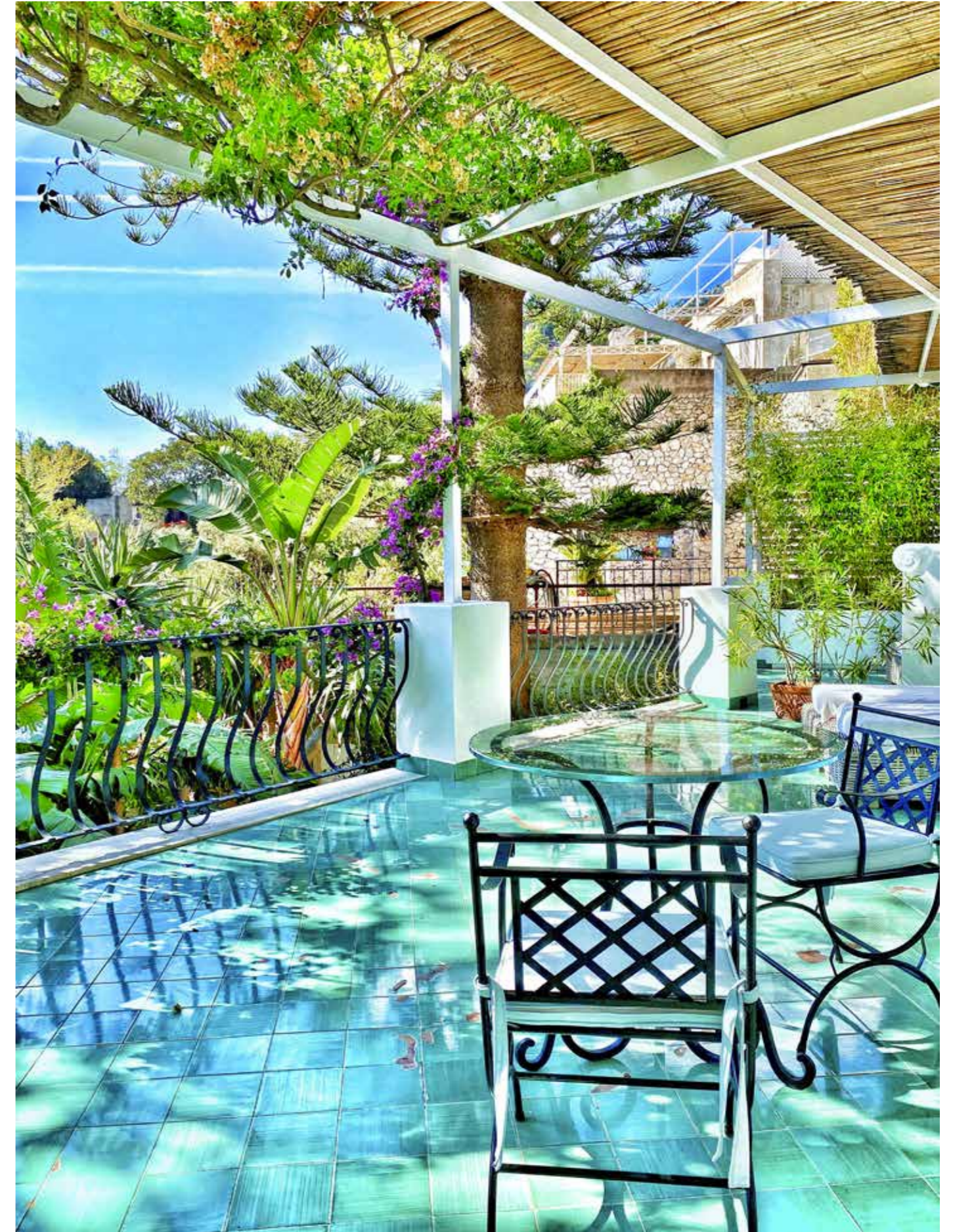




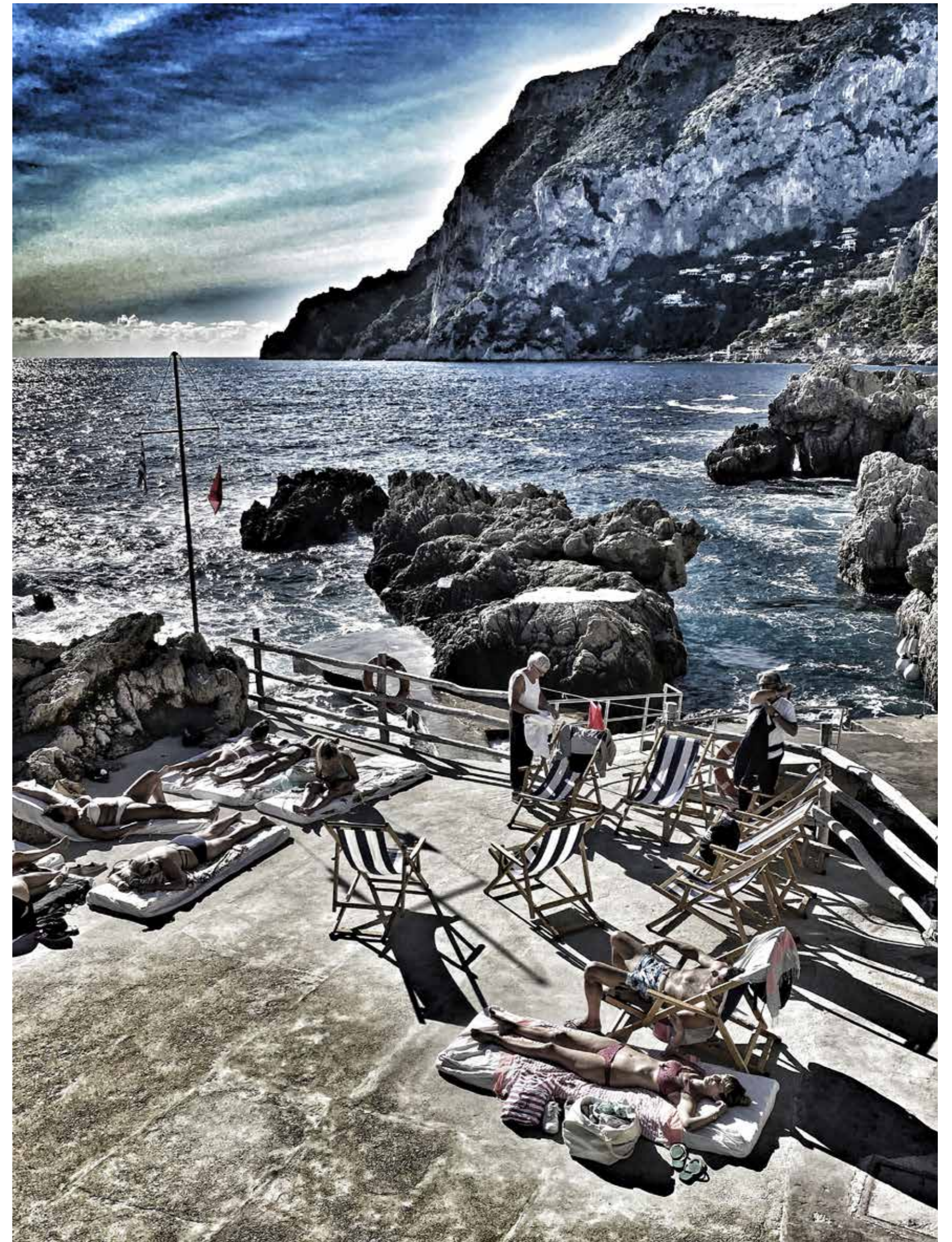
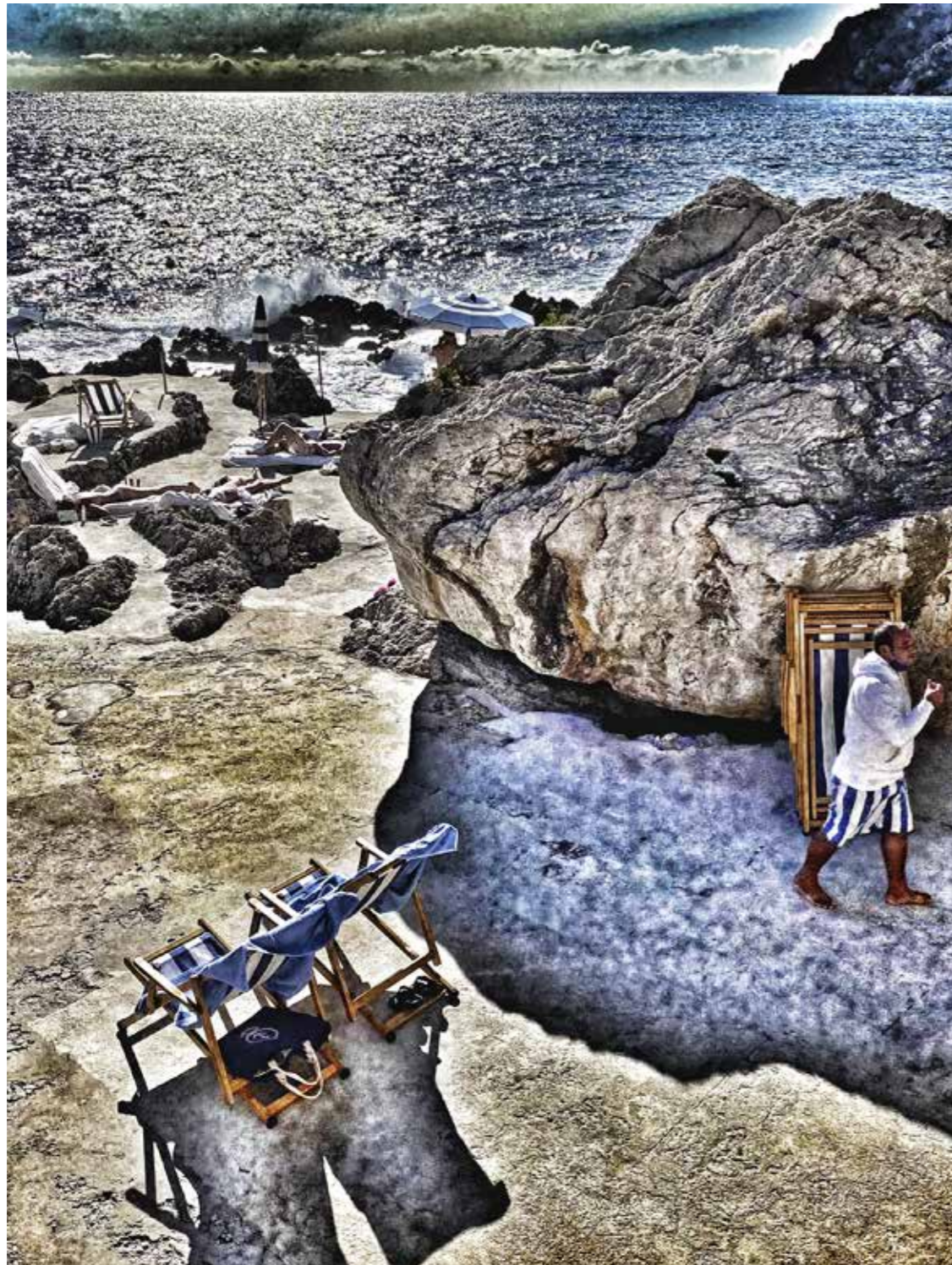












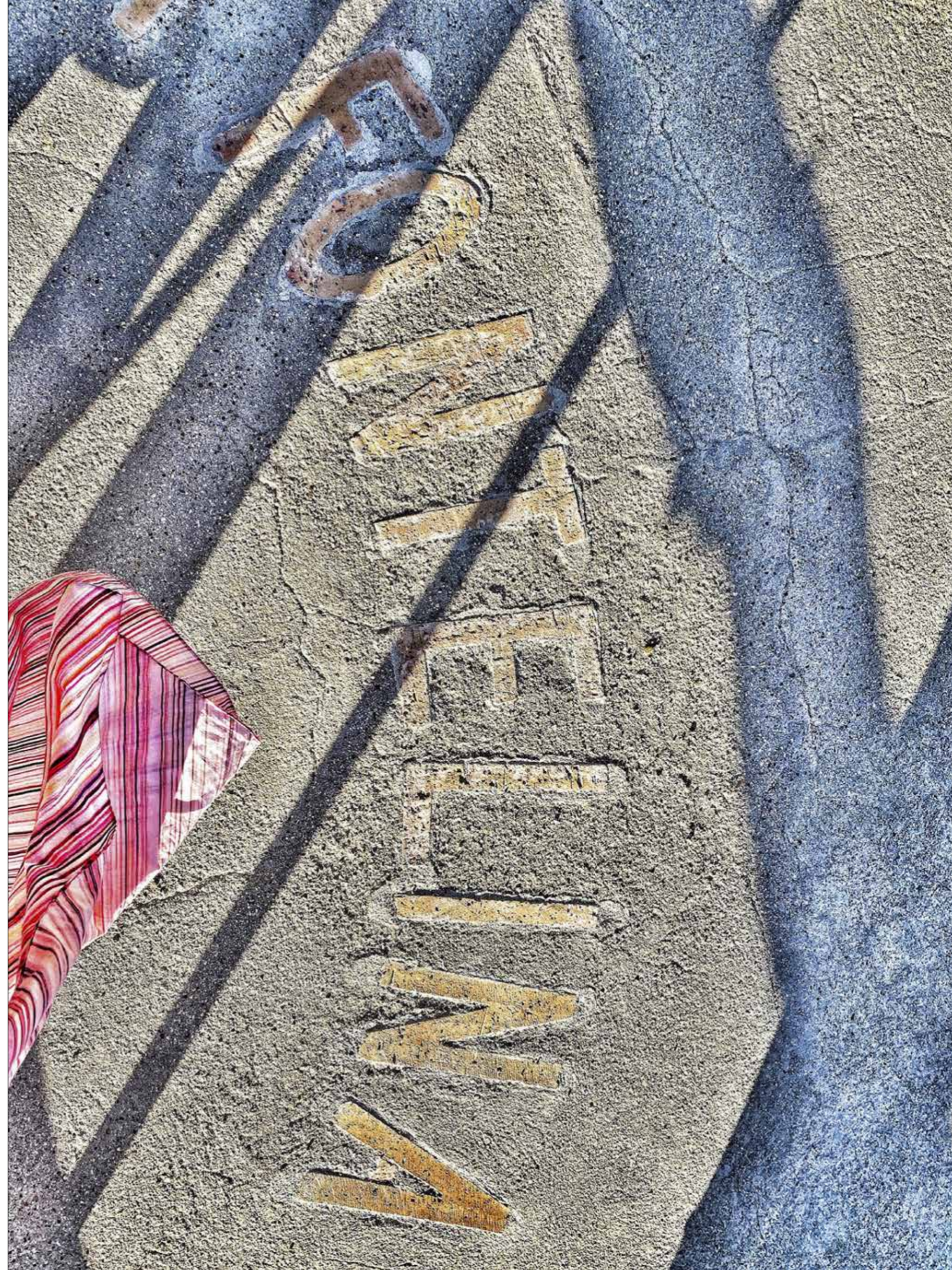
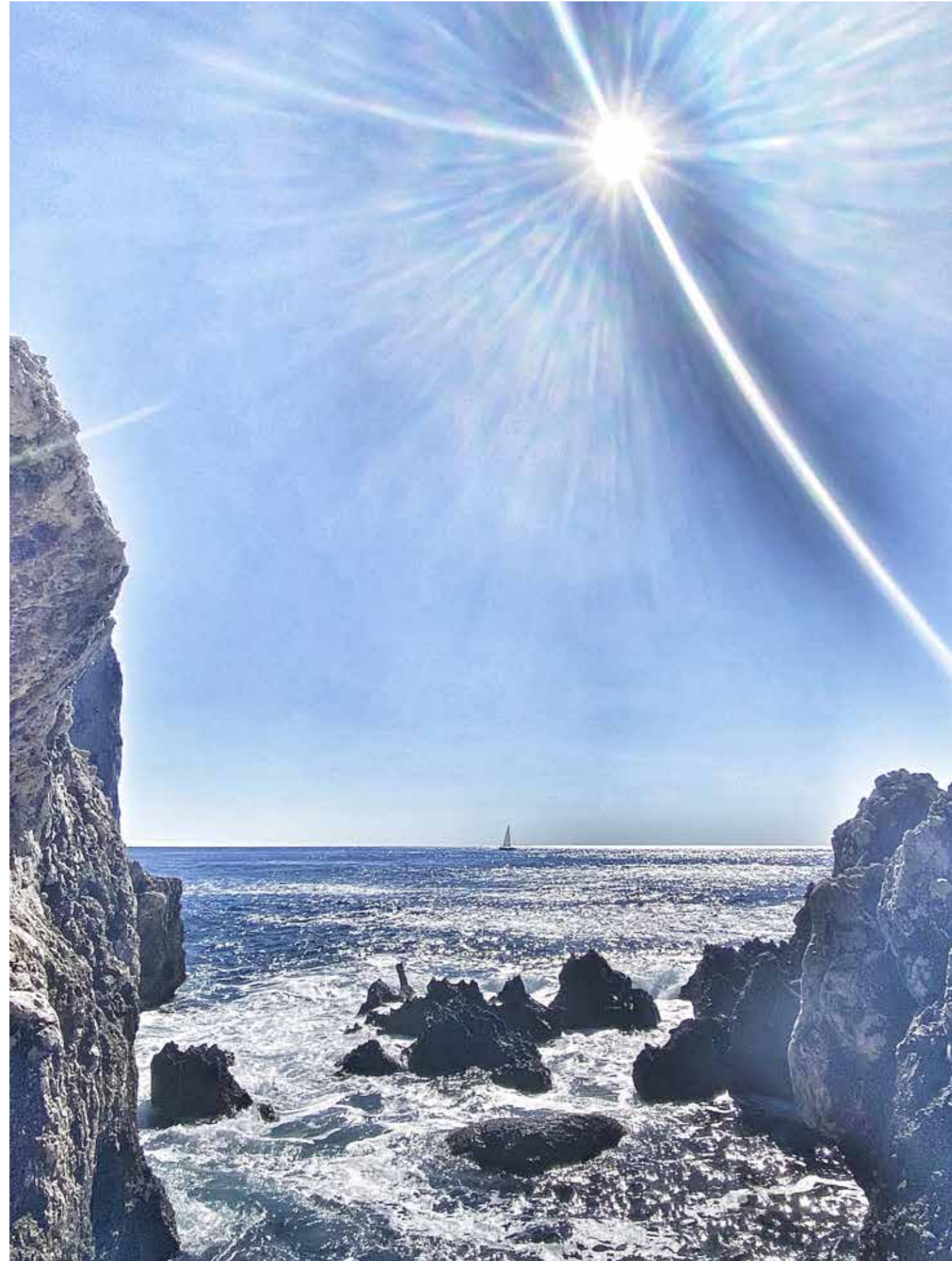


Capri is a tiny morsel of an island but exquisite. Here you see right away, in a day, so much beauty that you remain inebriated and cannot accomplish anything. The Gulf of Naples is more beautiful and deeper than love and women. In love, you discover everything right away. Here, I am not sure if is it possible to discover everything. In my brain, a happy devil is dancing the Tarantella. In Capri, I feel drunk without having touched wine...

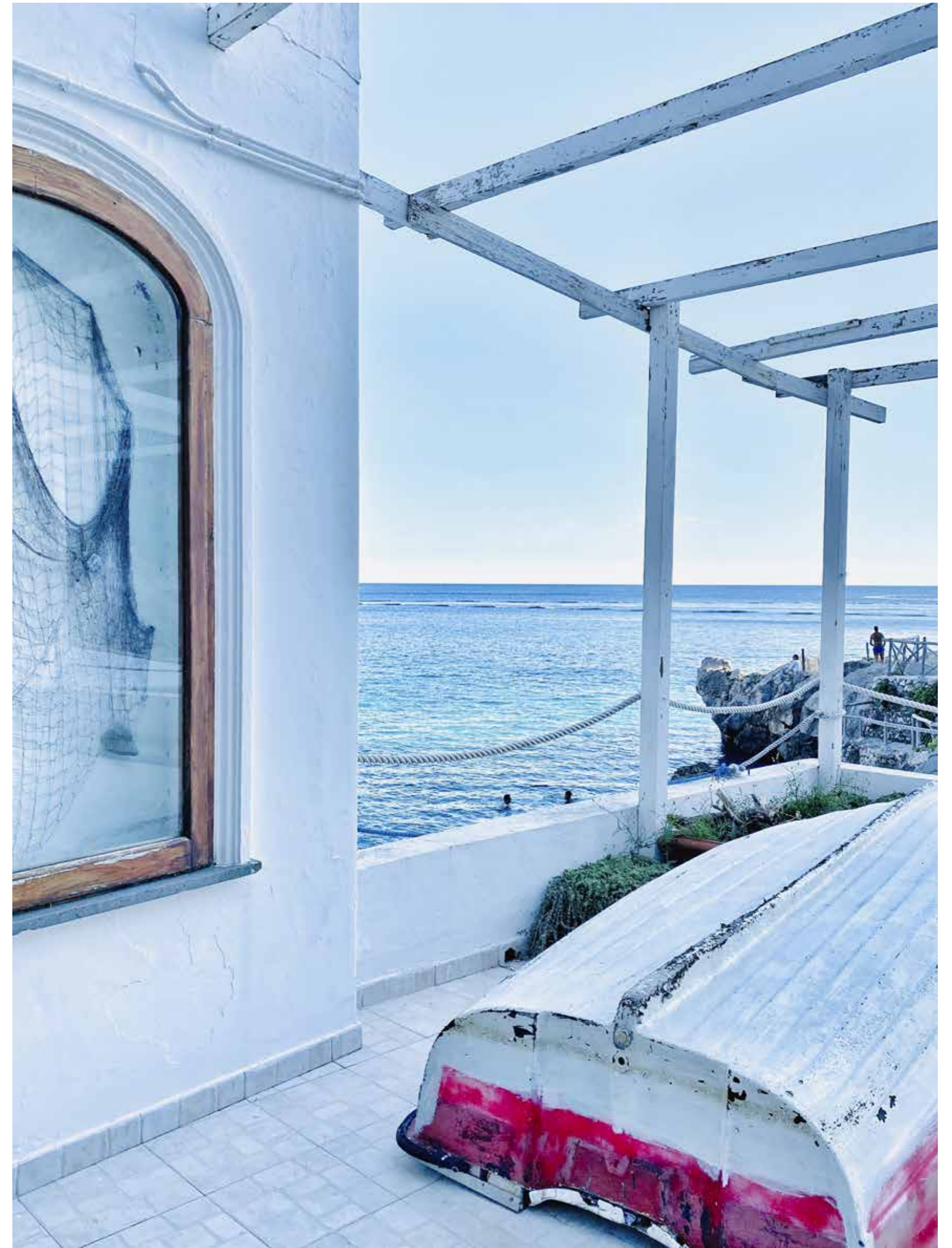
Maxim Gorky

















Timeless sea breezes,  
sea-wind of the night:  
you come for no one;  
if someone should wake,  
he must be prepared  
how to survive you.

Timeless sea breezes,  
that for aeons have  
blown ancient rocks,  
you are purest space  
coming from afar...

Oh, how a fruit-bearing  
fig tree feels your coming  
high up in the moonlight.

Rainer Maria Rilke  
*Song of the Sea*, New Poems, 1907













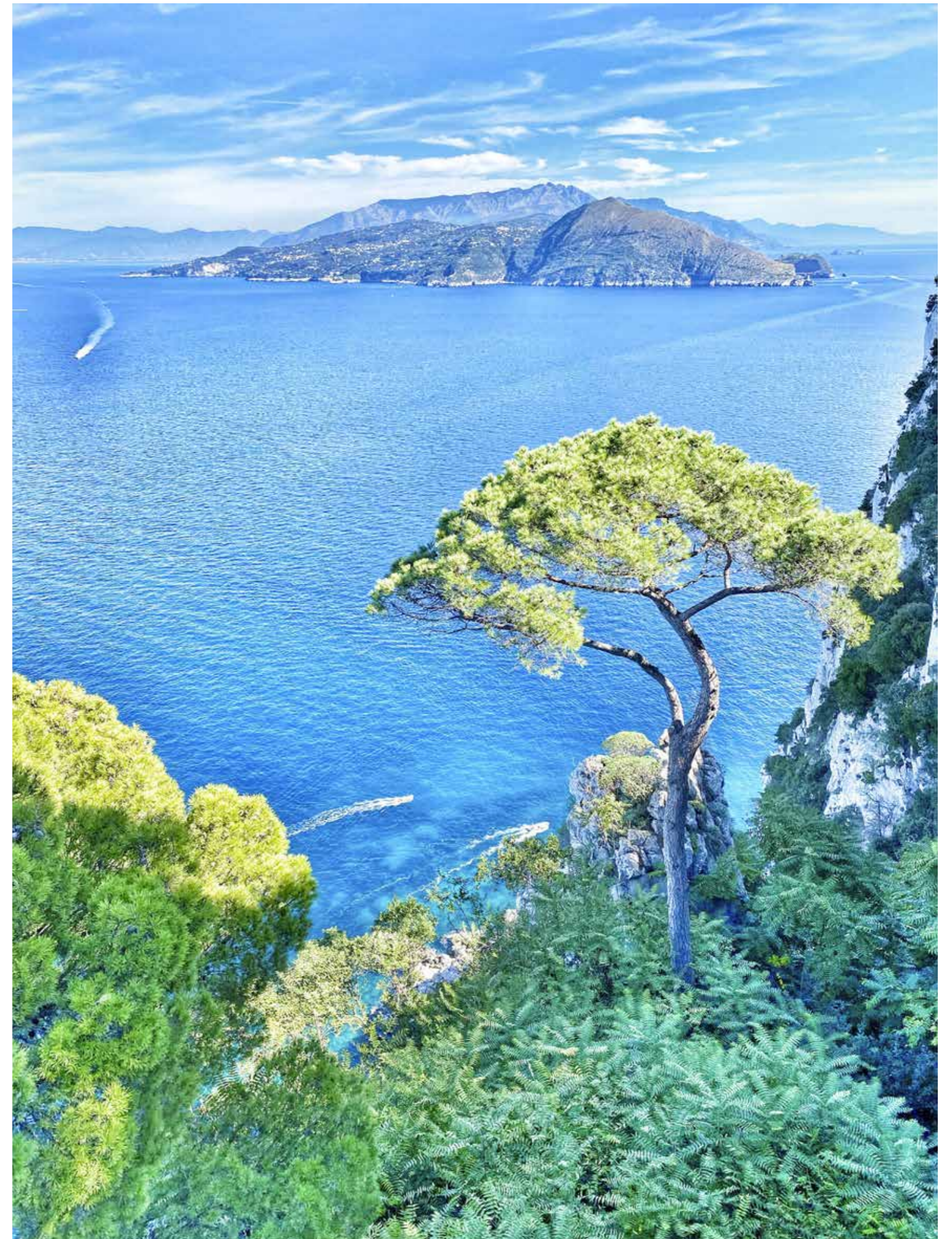
On the southwest side of Capri  
We found a little unknown grotto  
Where no people were and we  
Entered it completely  
And let our bodies lose all  
Their loneliness.

All the fish in us  
Had escaped for a minute.  
The real fish did not mind.  
We did not disturb their personal life.  
We calmly trailed over them  
And under them, shedding  
Air bubbles, little white  
Balloons that drifted up  
Into the sun by the boat  
Where the Italian boatman slept  
With his hat over his face.

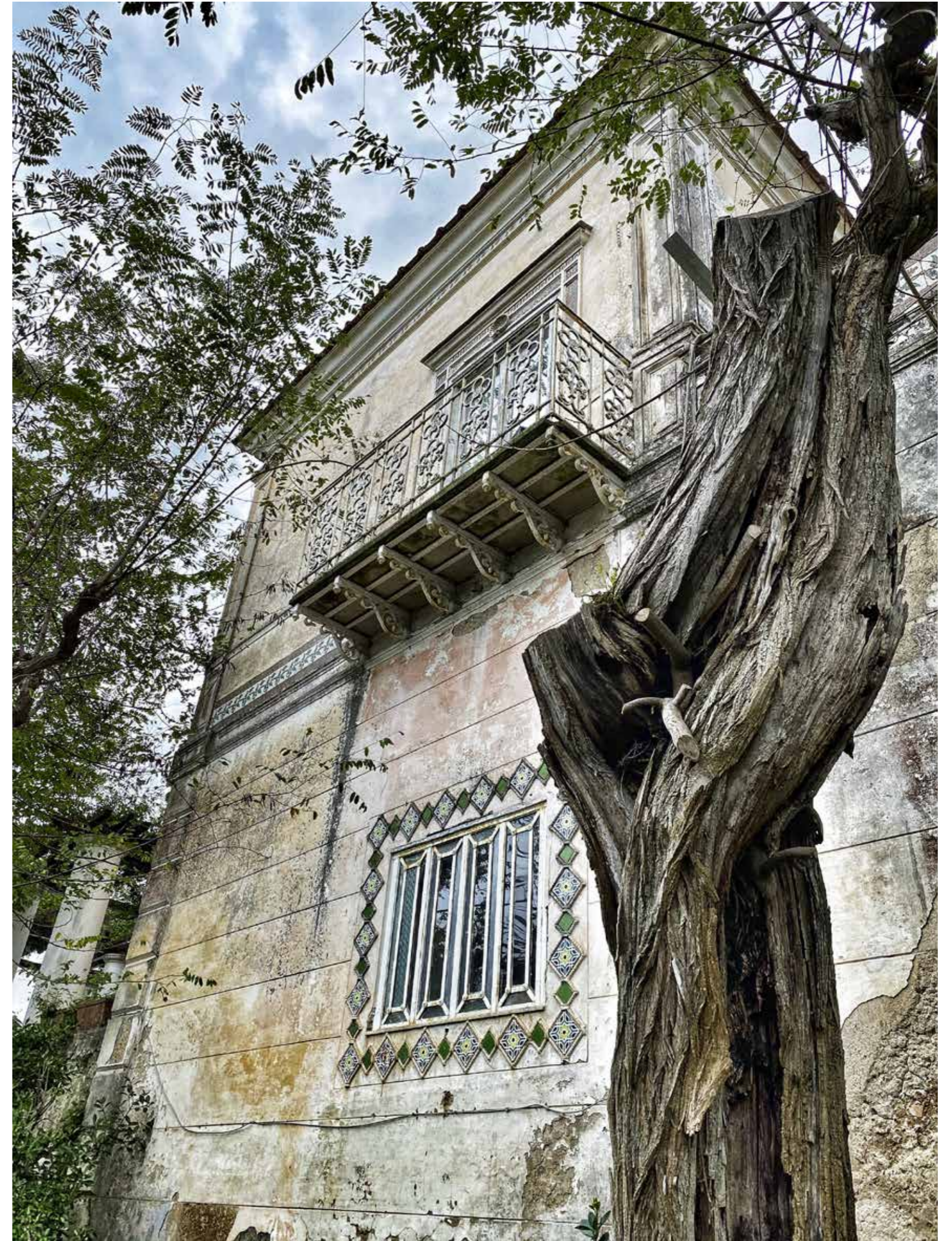
Water so clear you could  
Read a book through it.  
Water so buoyant you could  
Float on your elbow.  
I lay on it as on a divan.  
I lay on it just like  
Matisse's Red Odalisque.  
Water was my strange flower,  
One must picture a woman  
Without a toga or a scarf  
On a couch as deep as a tomb.

The walls of that grotto  
Were everycolor blue and  
You said, "Look! Your eyes  
Are seacolor. Look! Your eyes  
Are skycolor." And my eyes  
Shut down as if they were  
Suddenly ashamed.

Anne Sexton  
*The Nude Swim*







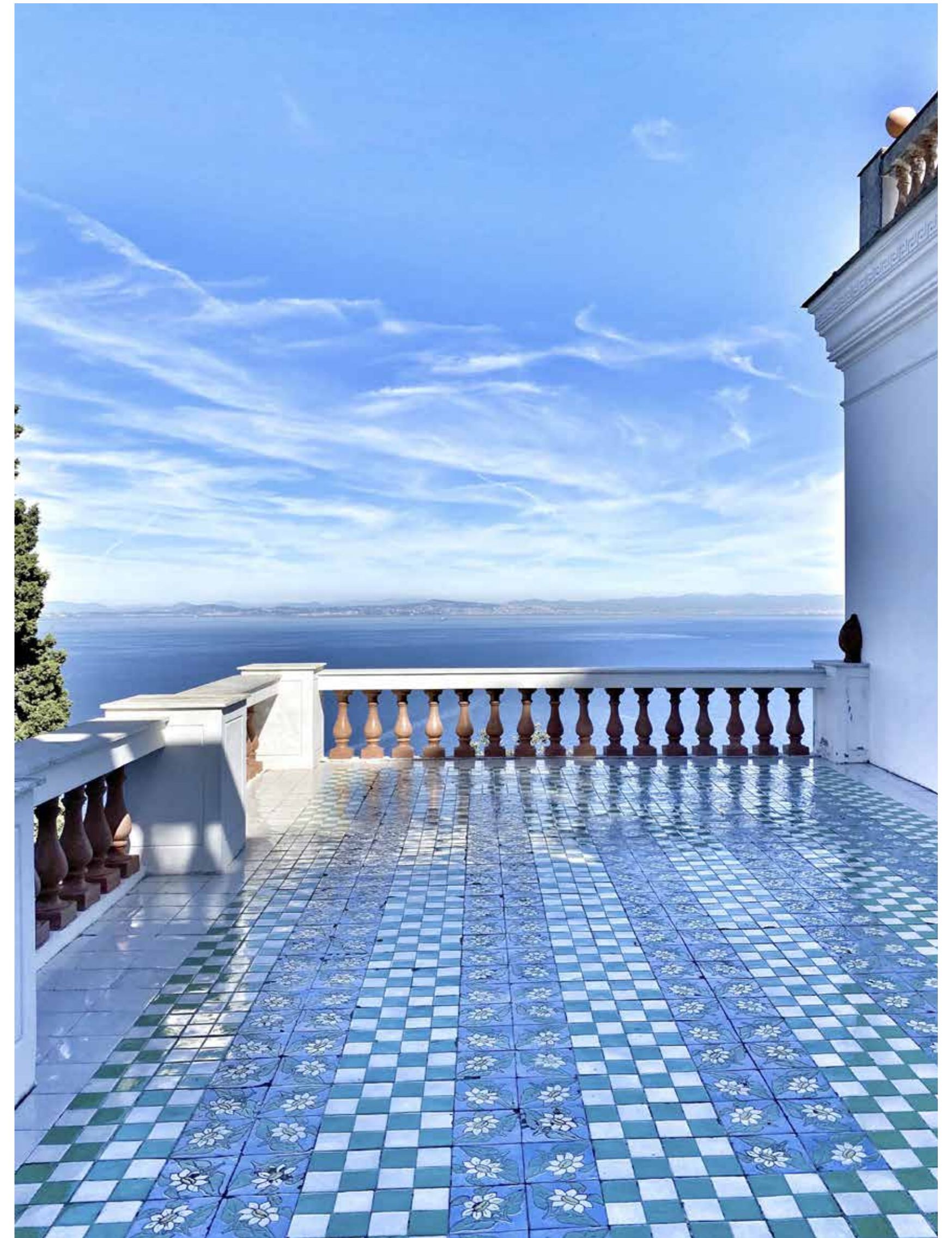




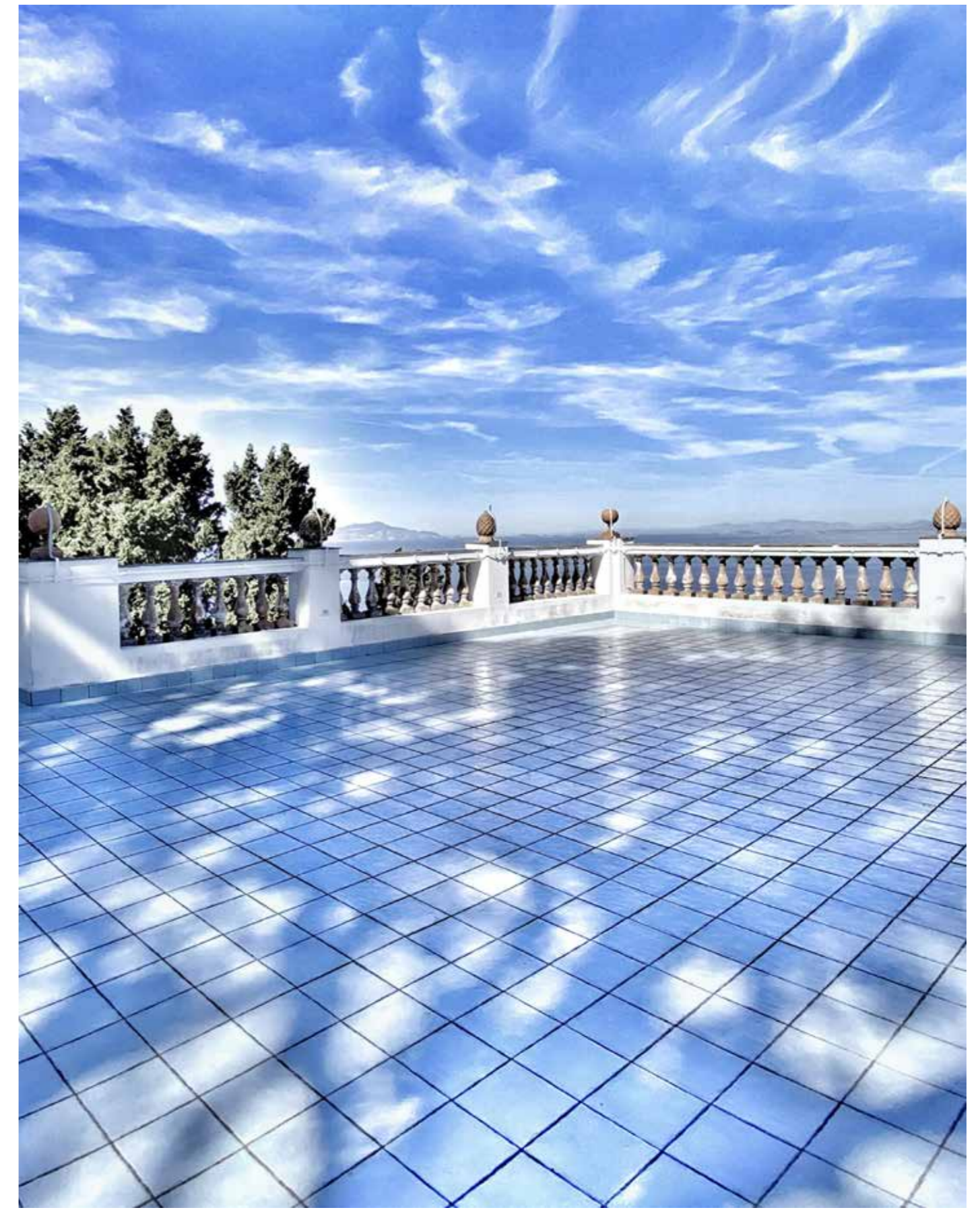


The island of Capri reminded me of a cloud. It was a silver stain above the expanse of limitless blue sea and sky. A south wind blew over the waters of the Mediterranean, drawing the moisture that gathered in thick fog on its flanks and on its heights ... An air of unreality hung over the place.

Norman Douglas  
*South Wind*, 1917



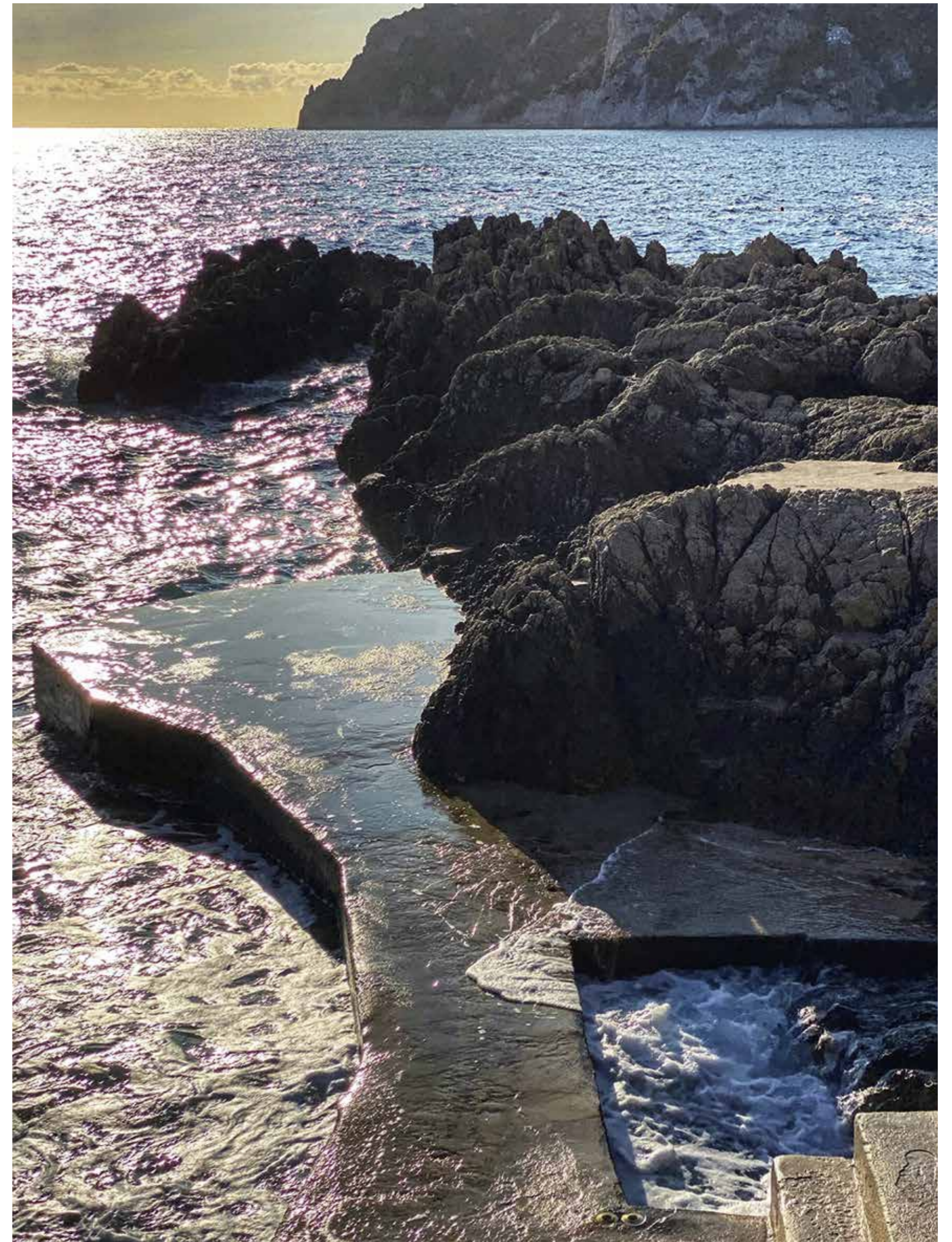








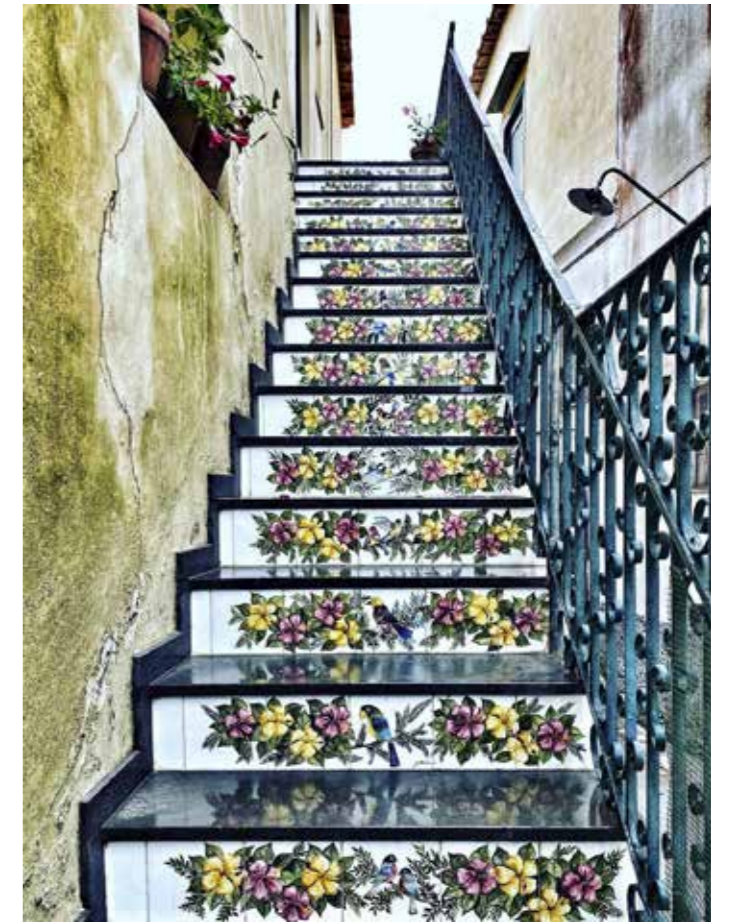














Take the air away from me, not your laughter  
Take bread away from me, if you wish,  
take air away, but  
do not take from me your laughter.

Do not take away the rose,  
the lance flower that you pluck,  
the water that suddenly  
bursts forth in joy,  
the sudden wave  
of silver born in you.

My struggle is harsh and I come back  
with eyes tired  
at times from having seen  
the unchanging earth,  
but when your laughter enters  
it rises to the sky seeking me  
and it opens for me all  
the doors of life.

My love, in the darkest  
hour your laughter  
opens, and if suddenly  
you see my blood staining  
the stones of the street,  
laugh, because your laughter  
will be for my hands  
like a fresh sword.

Next to the sea in the autumn,  
your laughter must raise  
its foamy cascade,  
and in the spring, love,  
I want your laughter like  
the flower I was waiting for,  
the blue flower, the rose  
of my echoing country.

Laugh at the night,  
at the day, at the moon,  
laugh at the twisted  
streets of the island,  
laugh at this clumsy  
boy who loves you,  
but when I open  
my eyes and close them,  
when my steps go,  
when my steps return,  
deny me bread, air,  
light, spring,  
but never your laughter  
for I would die.

Pablo Neruda  
*Your Laughter*

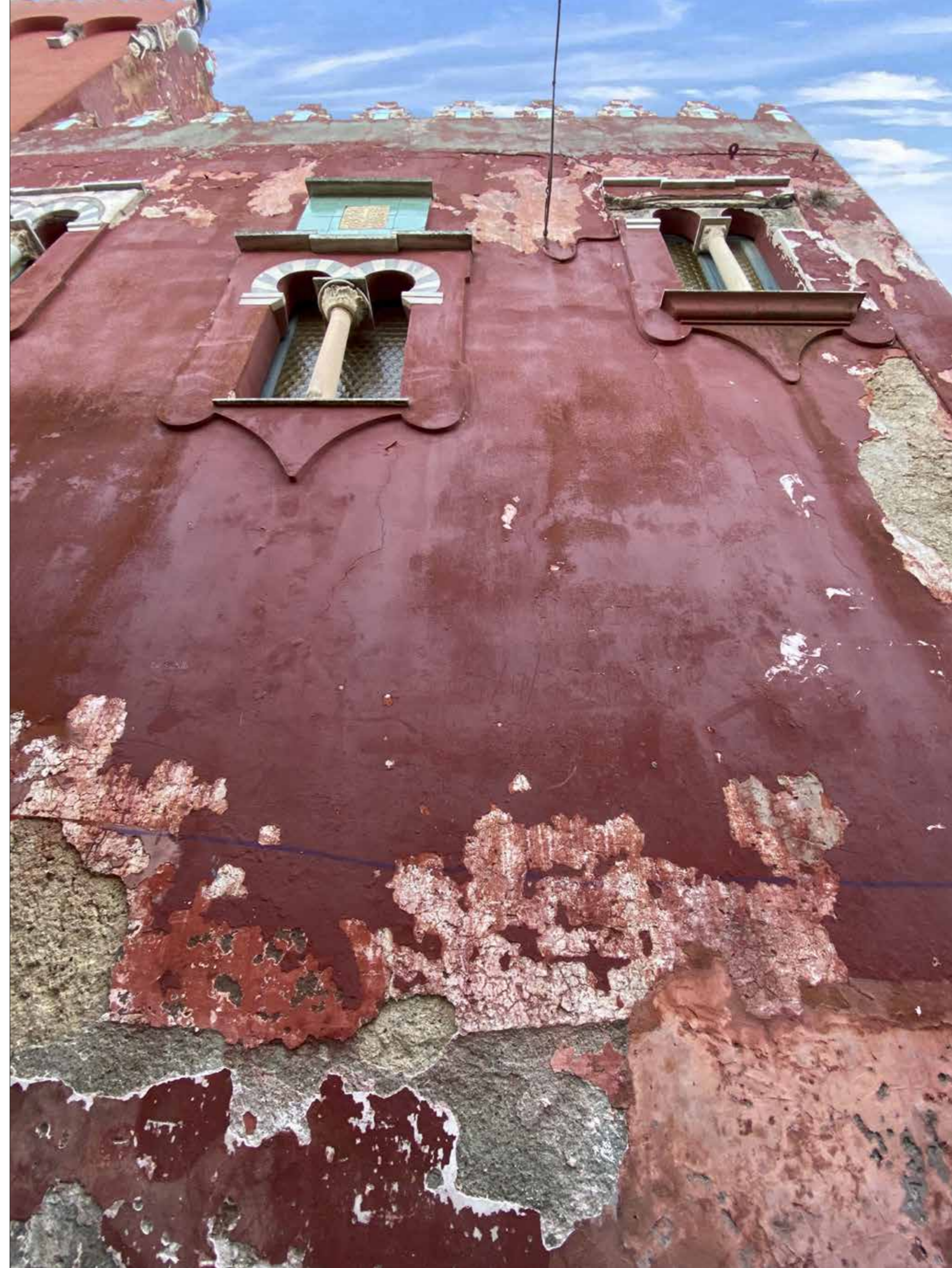






**Mild winters and cool summers temper its climate; its shores are lapped by the sluggish waters of a harmless sea. Peace untroubled reigns there, and life is leisurely and calm, with quiet undisturbed and sleep unbroken.**

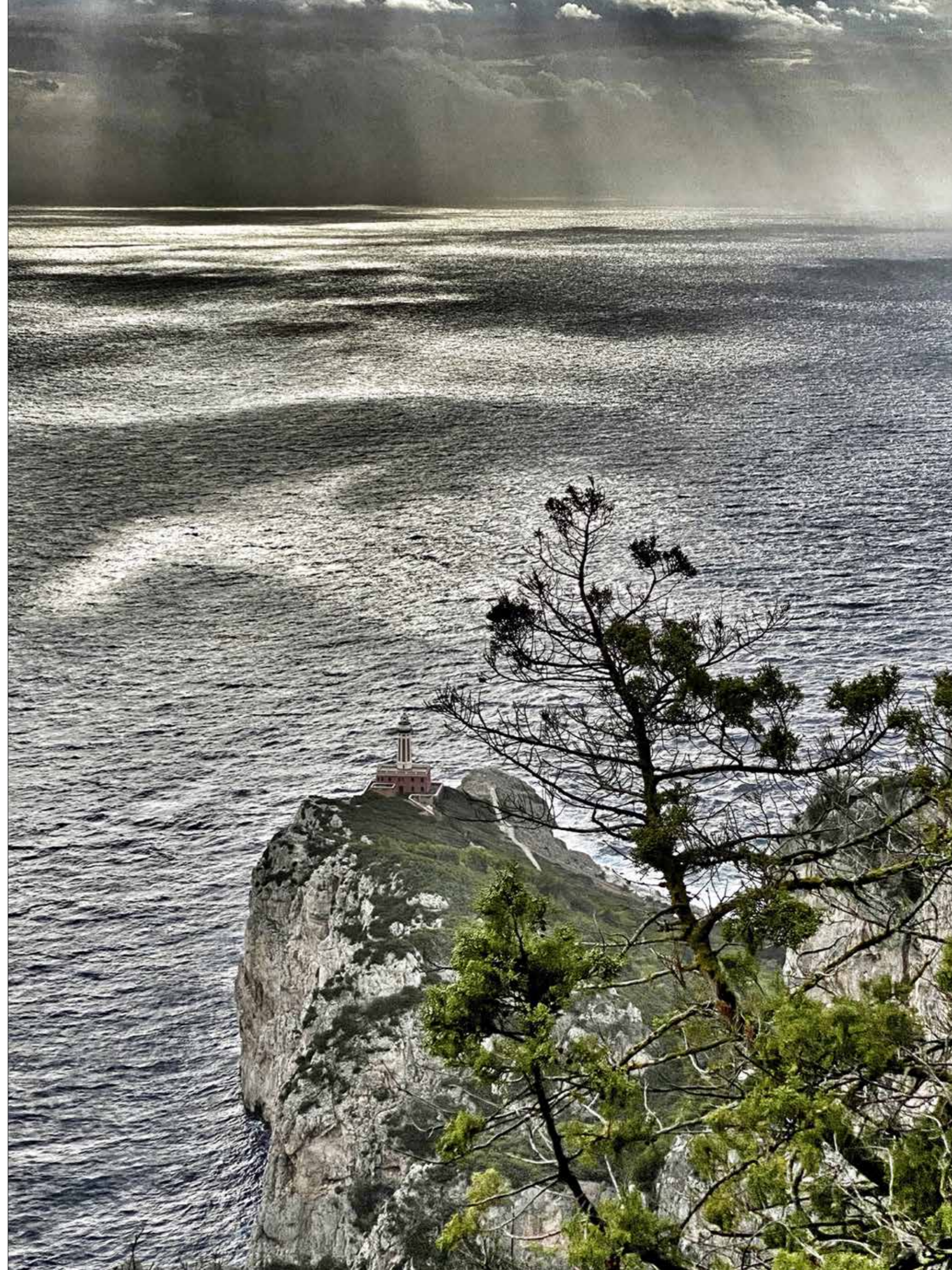
Roman poet Statius, 2nd century AD



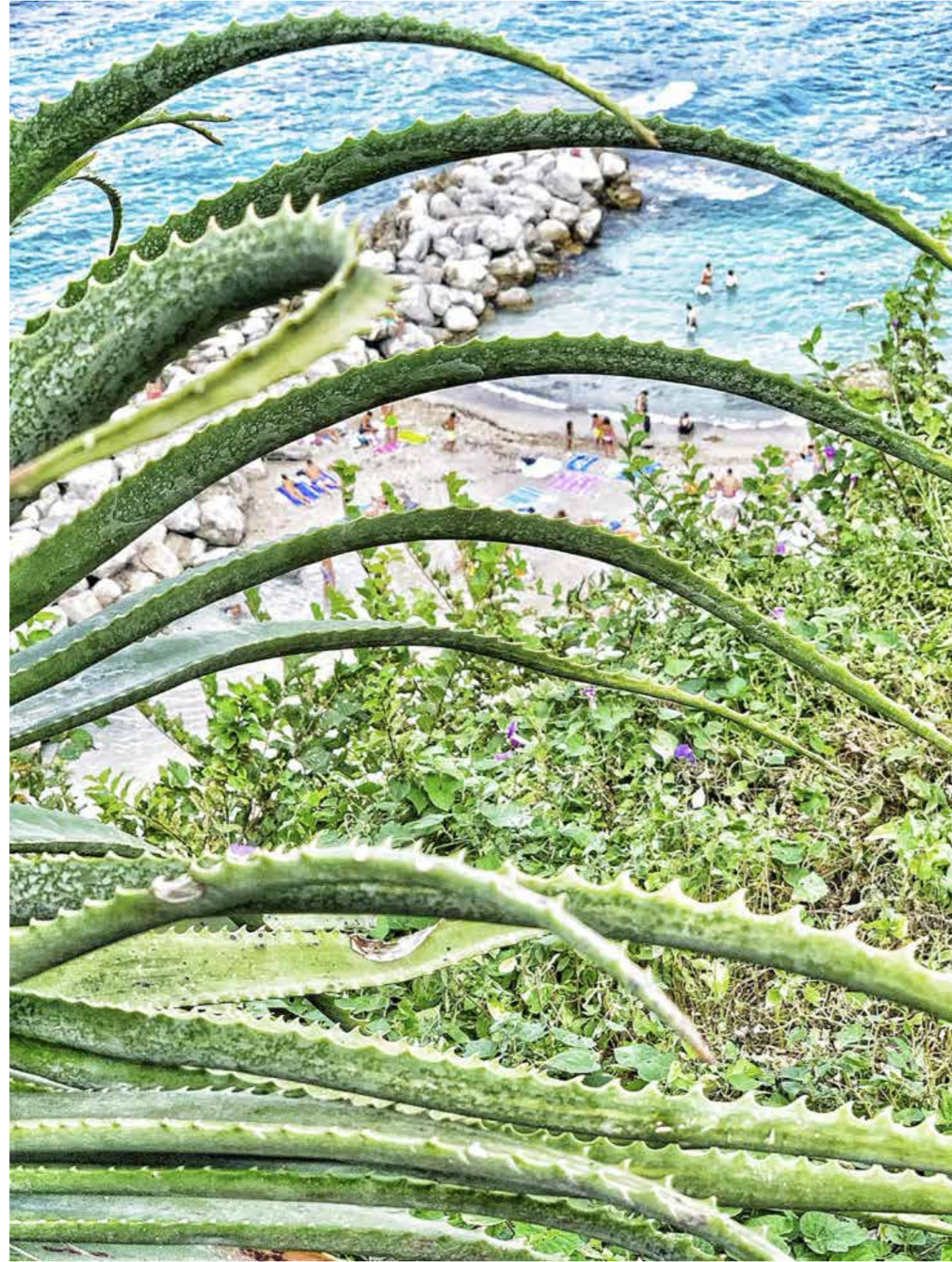
















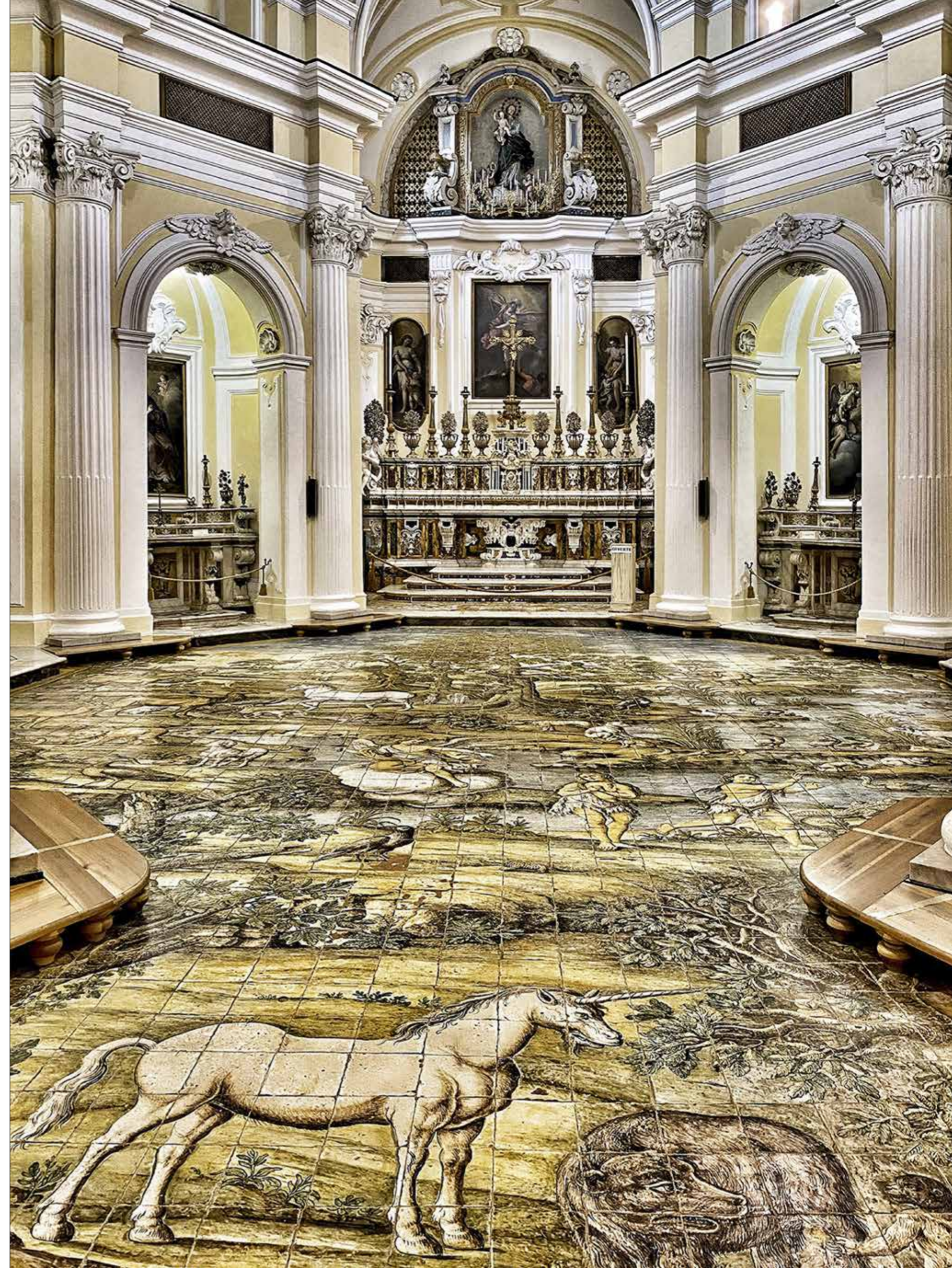














The wind is a horse:  
hear how he runs  
through the sea, through the sky.

He wants to take me: listen  
how he roves the world  
to take me far away.

Hide me in your arms  
just for this night,  
while the rain breaks against sea and earth  
its innumerable mouth.

Listen how the wind  
calls to me galloping  
to take me far away.

With your brow on my brow  
with your mouth on my mouth  
our bodies tied  
to the love that consumes us  
let the wind pass  
and not take me away.

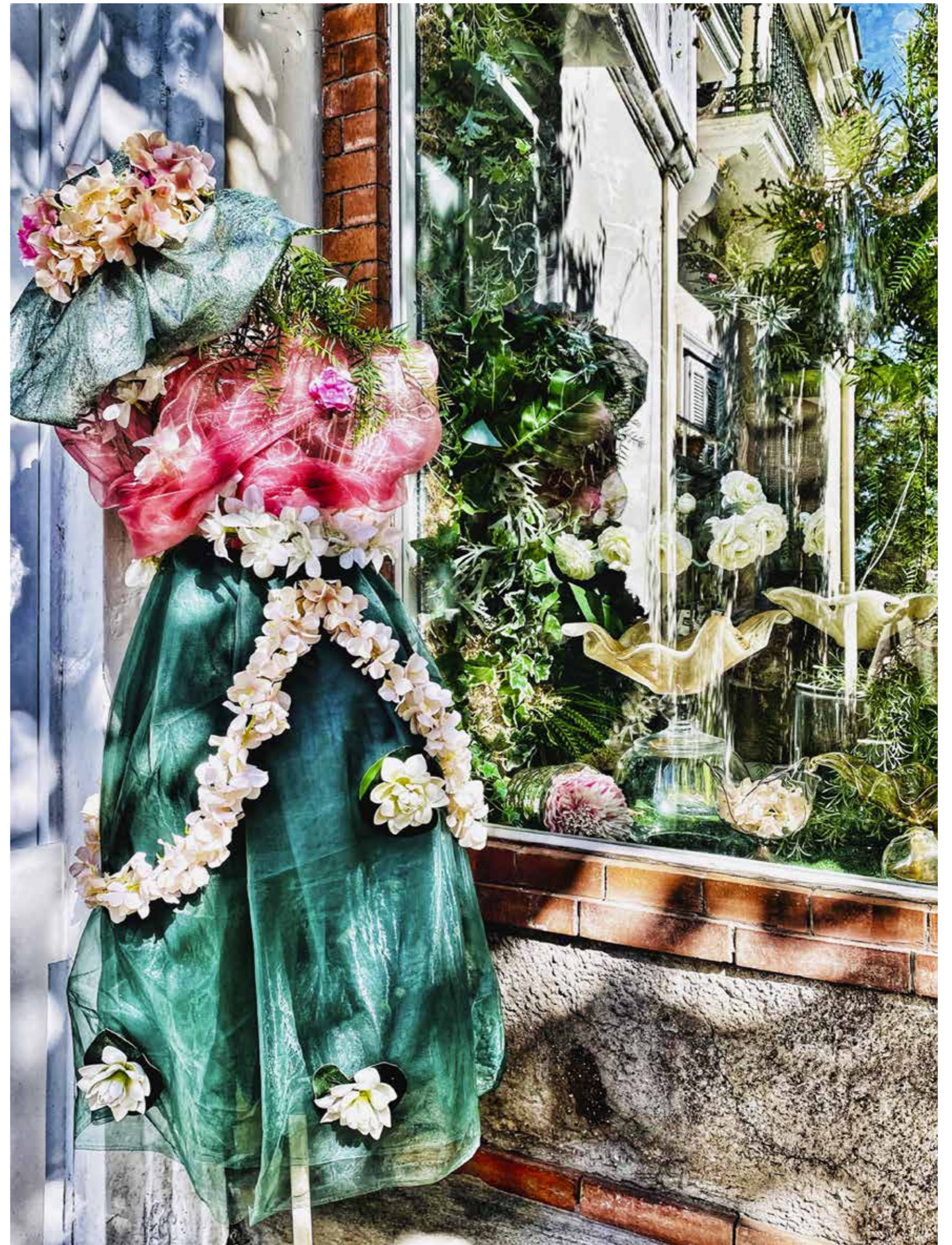
Let the wind rush  
crowned with foam,  
let it call to me and seek me  
galloping in the shadow,  
while I, sunk

beneath your big eyes,  
just for this night  
shall rest, my love.

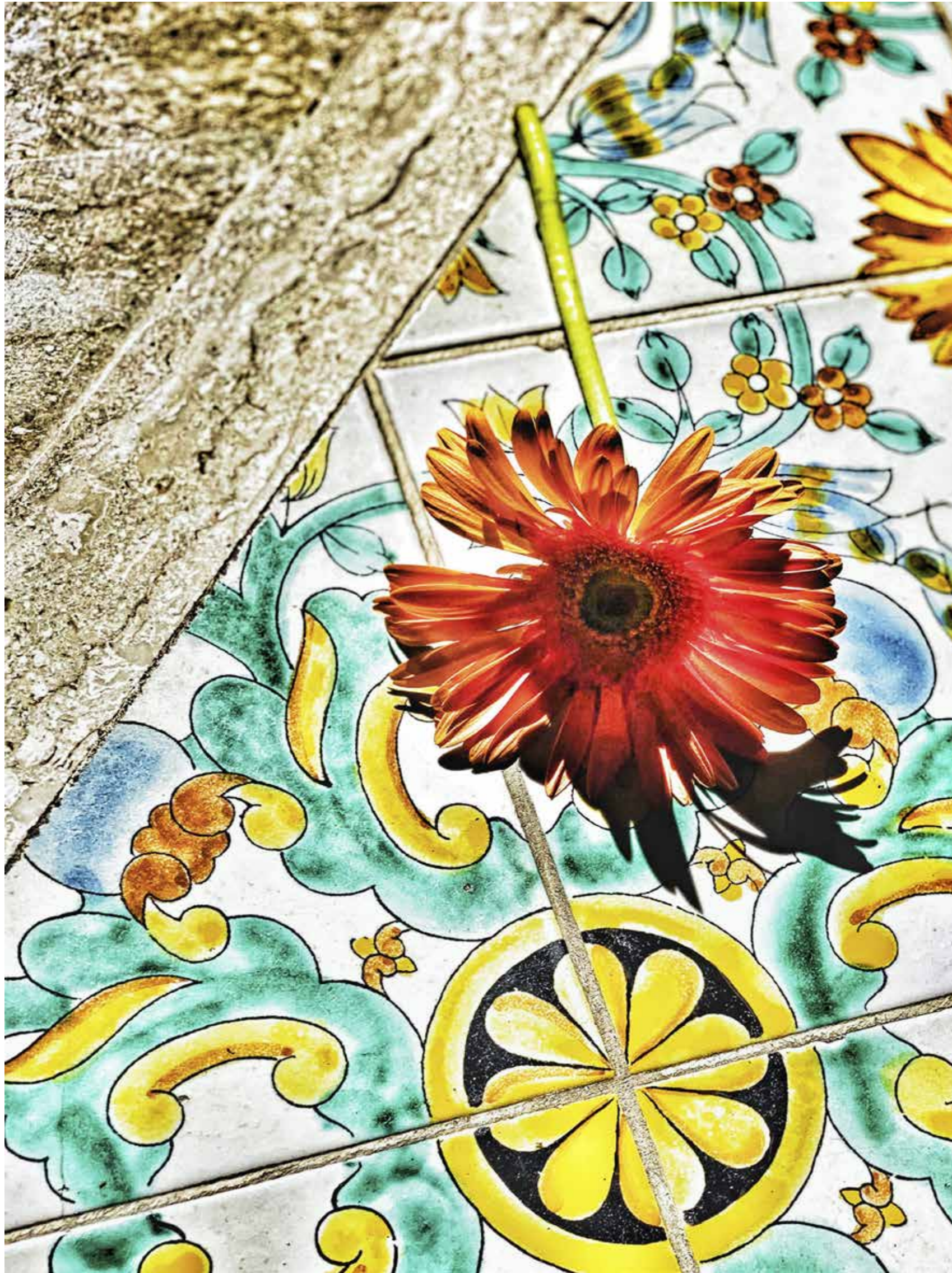
Pablo Neruda  
*Wind on the Island*



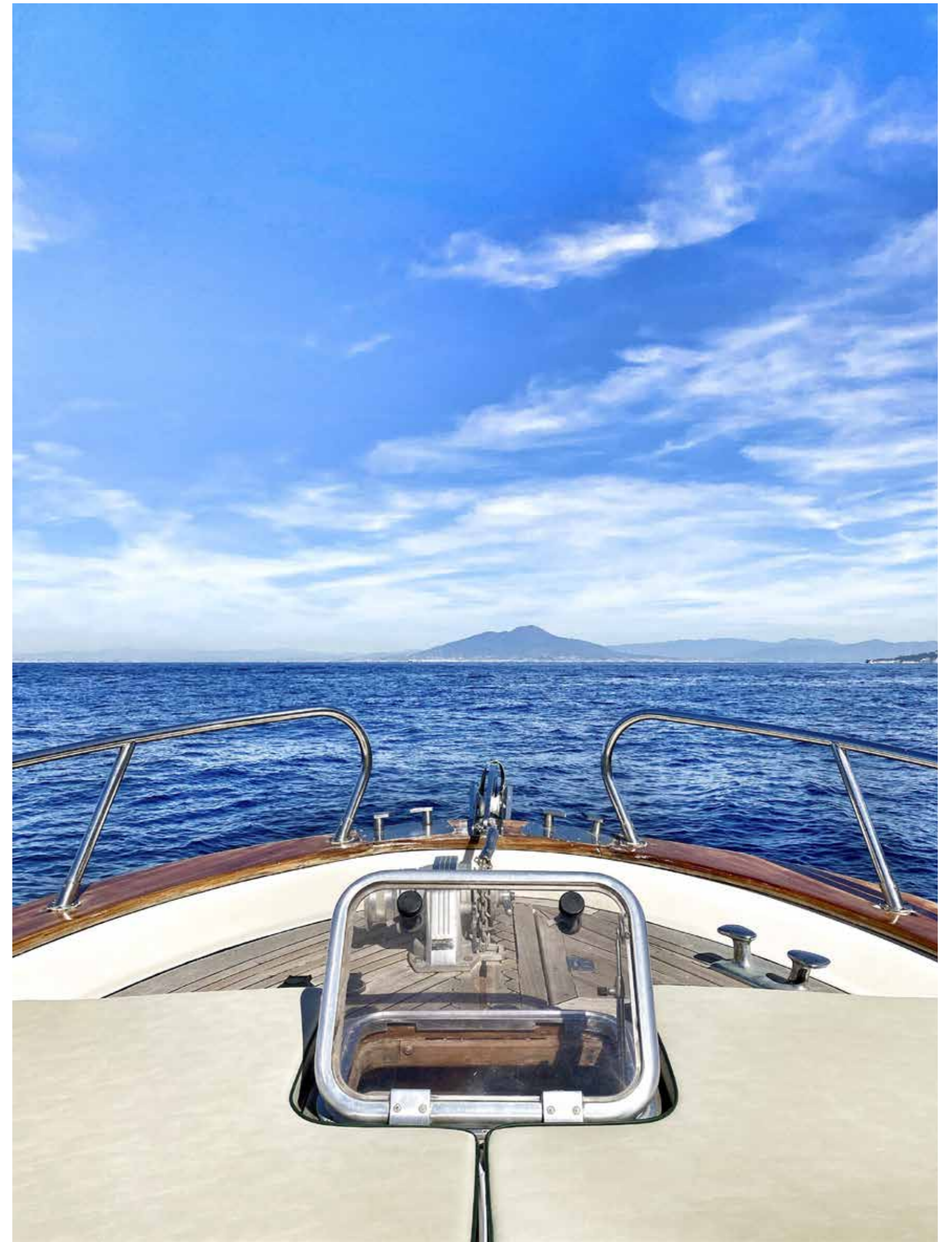








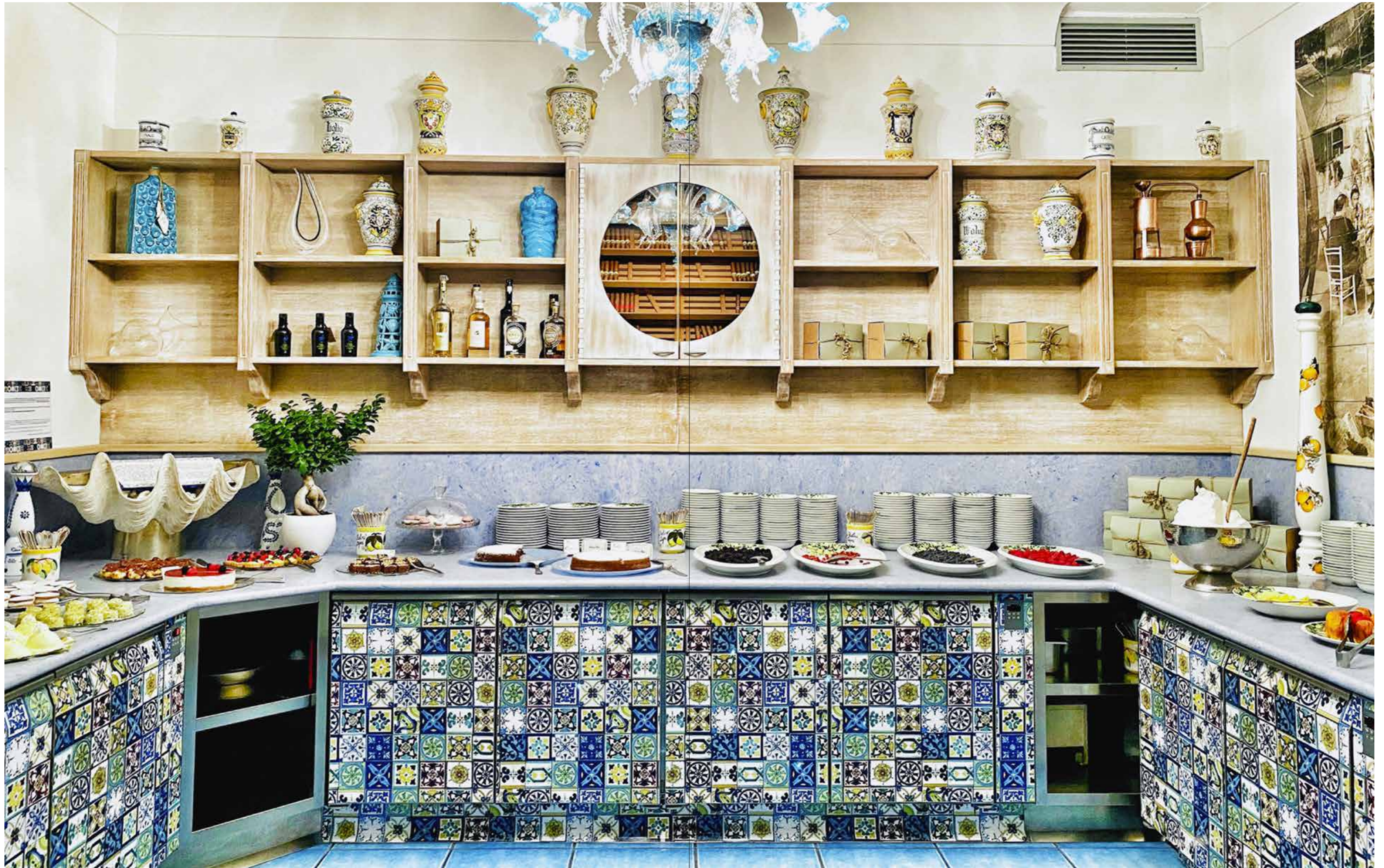














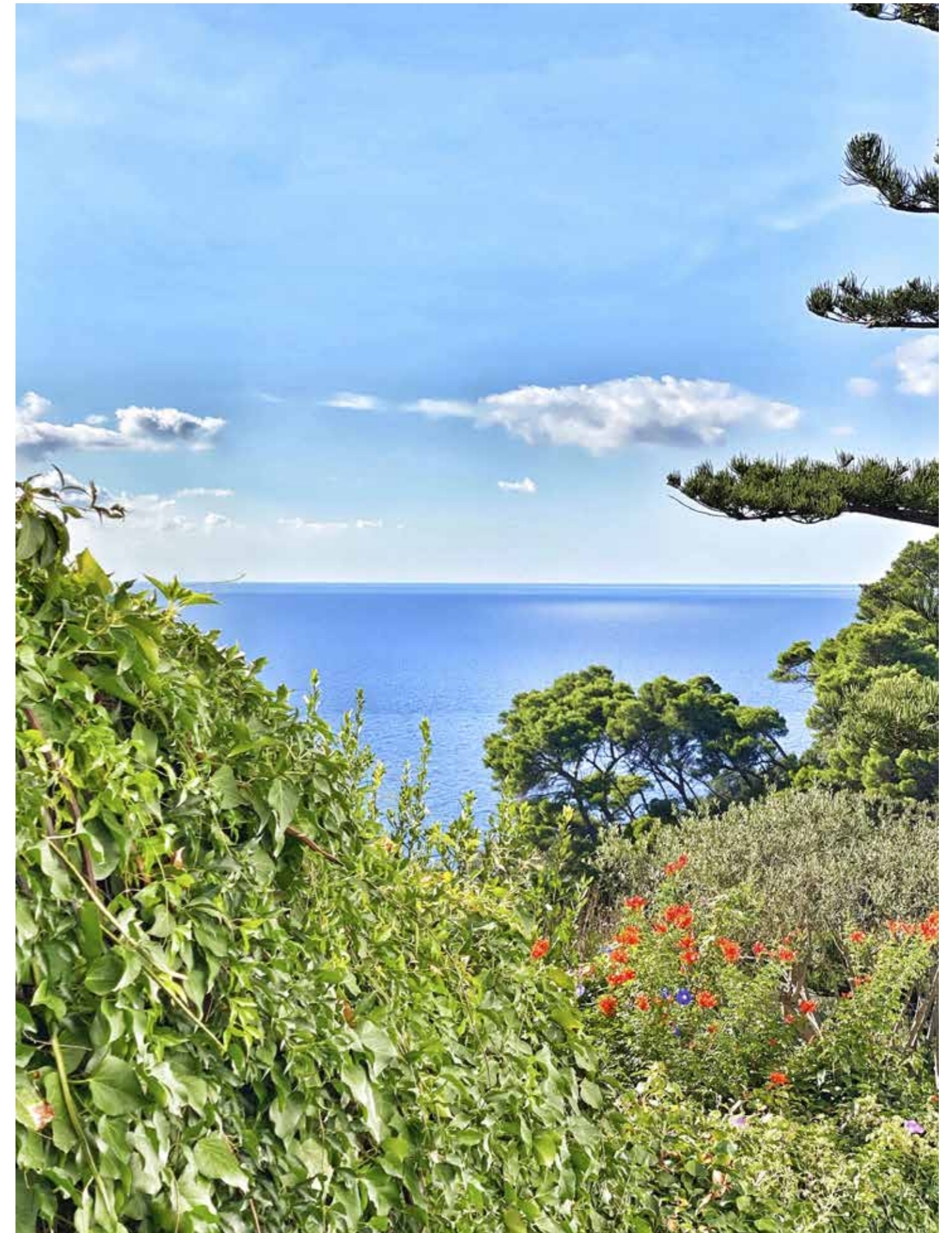
When beauty grows too great to bear  
How shall I ease me of its ache,  
For beauty more than bitterness  
Makes the heart break.

Now while I watch the dreaming sea  
With isles like flowers against her breast,  
Only one voice in all the world  
Could give me rest.

Sara Teasdale  
*Song at Capri*







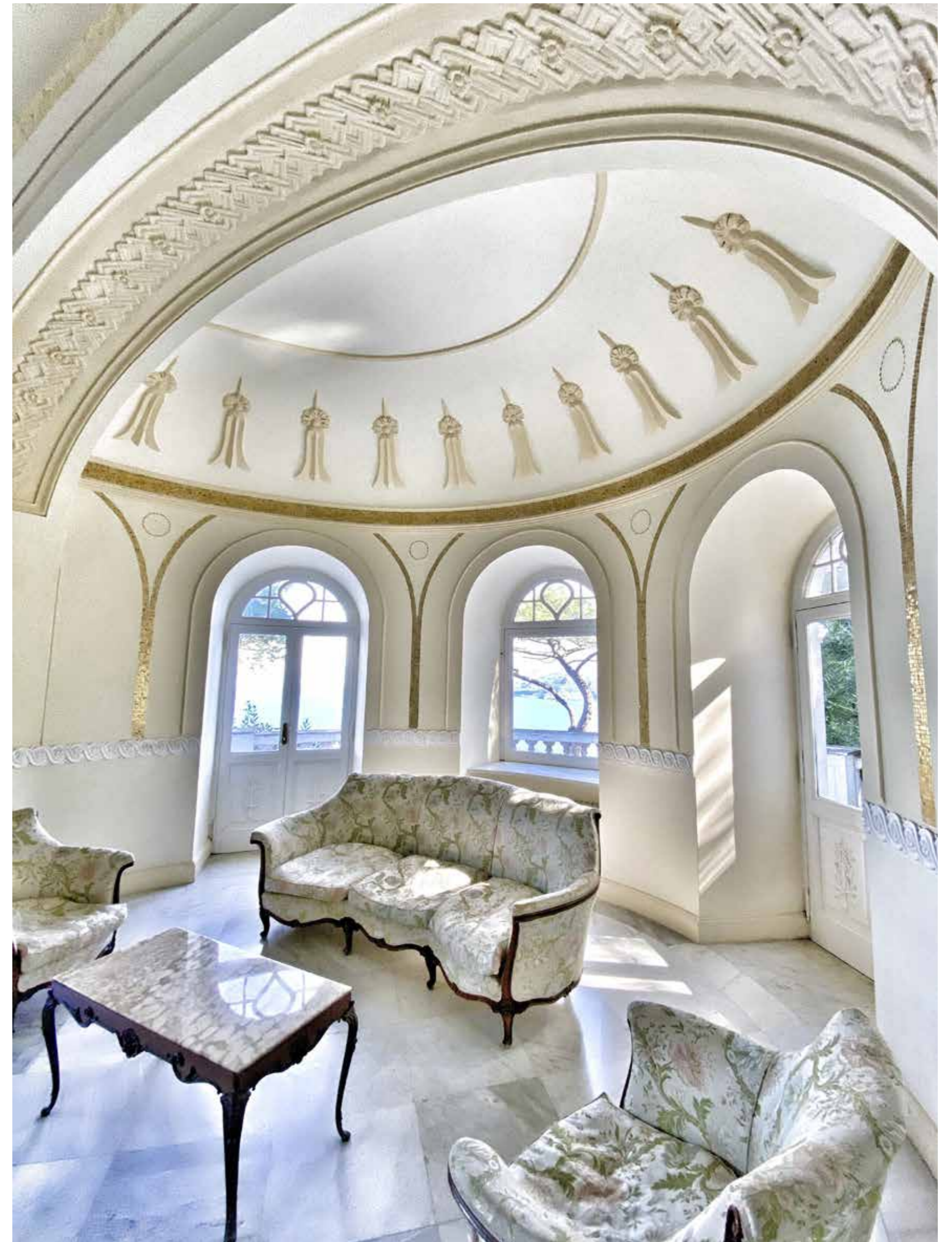












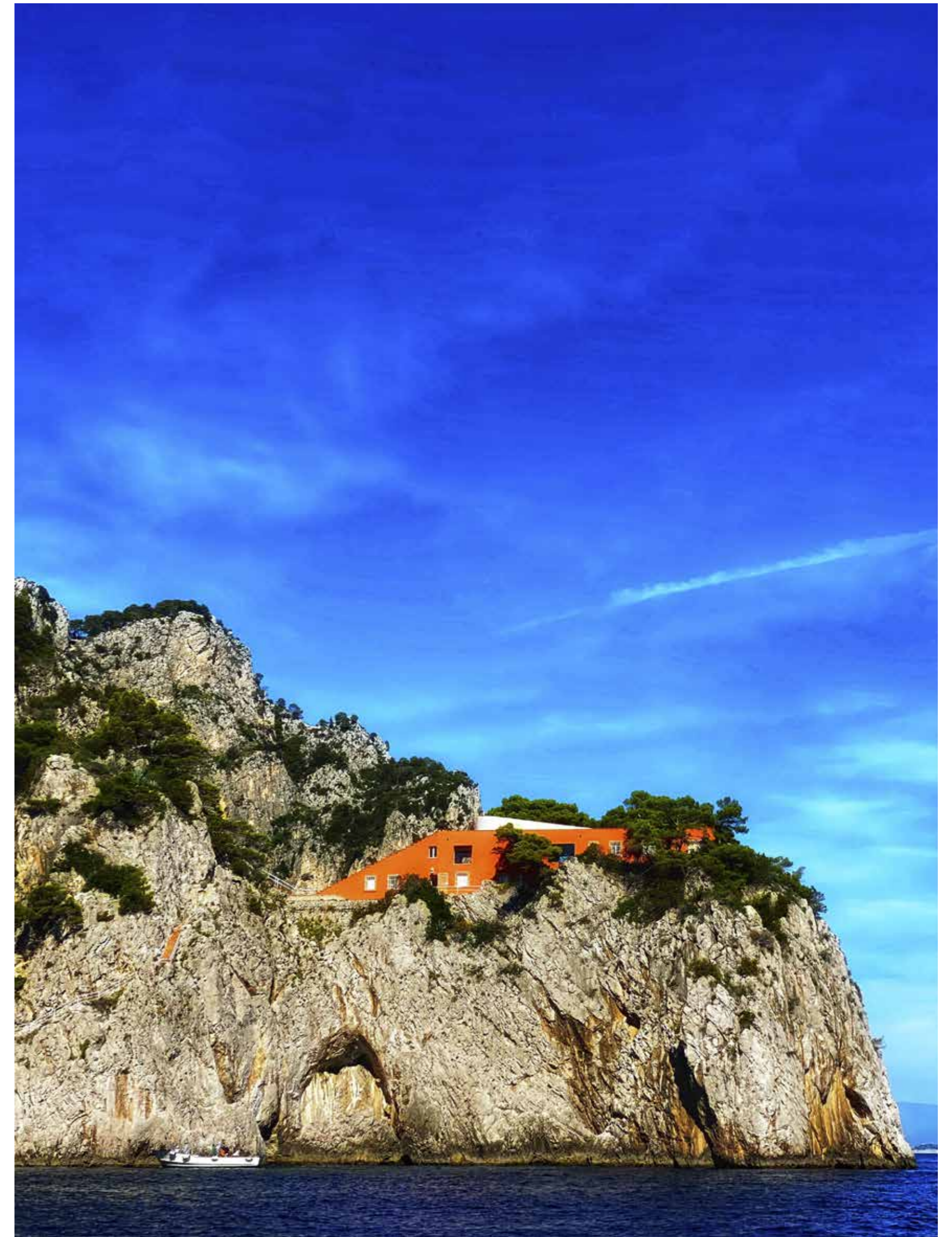






It was in the late spring of 1963, with Michel Piccoli, that I arrived on Capri to shoot some scenes for the film Jean-Luc Godard *Le Mépris*, under the gaze of the magnificent Vesuvius. Instantly I was entranced by the island's warm, unreal light, its turquoise waves, its whitewashed houses rising from the waters — so blue and sparkling — of the Mediterranean... I remember the little winding streets through which we liked to wander, losing ourselves, carried away by the sheer joy of life on the island. Capri has soul. I loved immersing myself in it and tasting the delights of this island that stirs the senses, now as always, eternally.

Brigitte Bardot



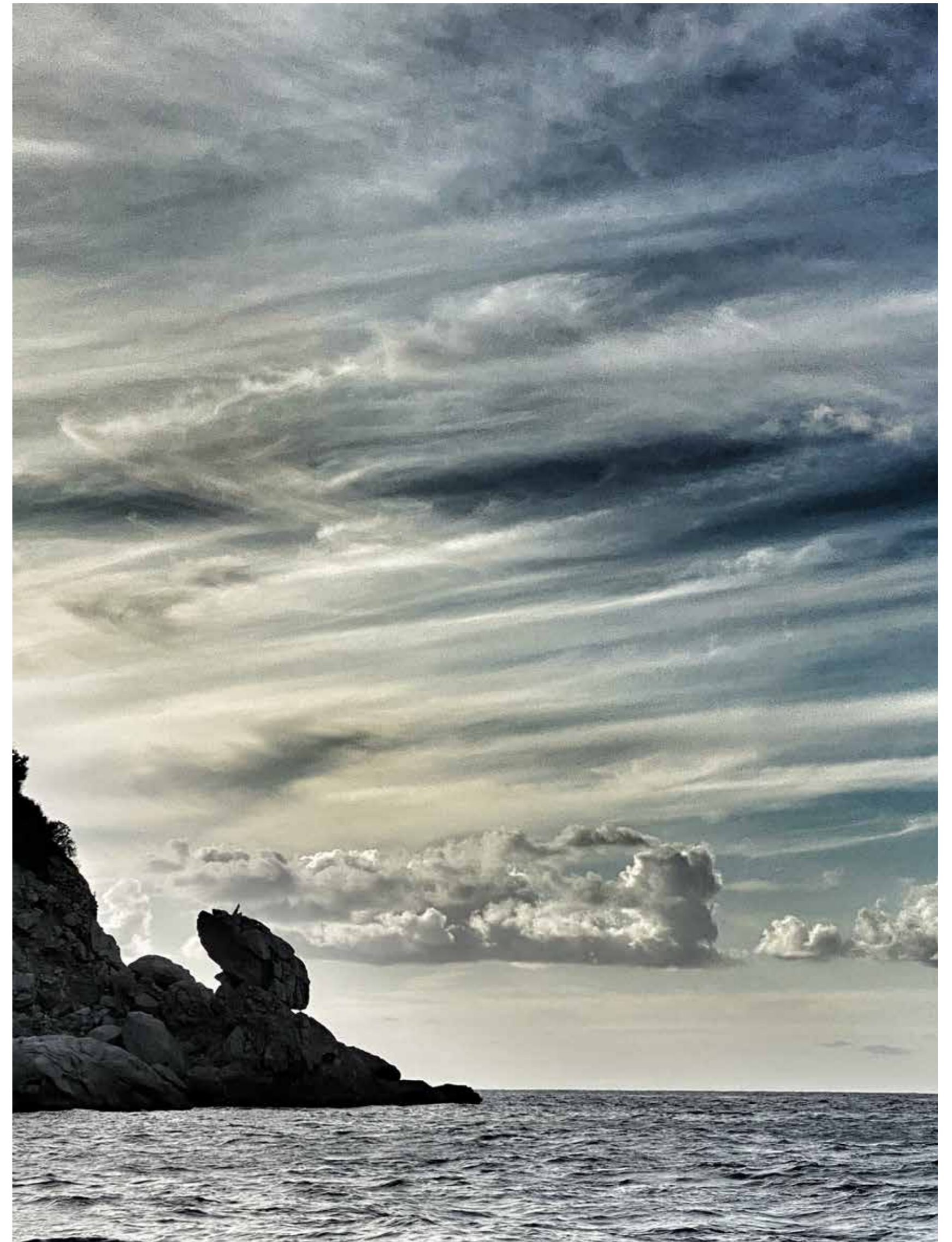
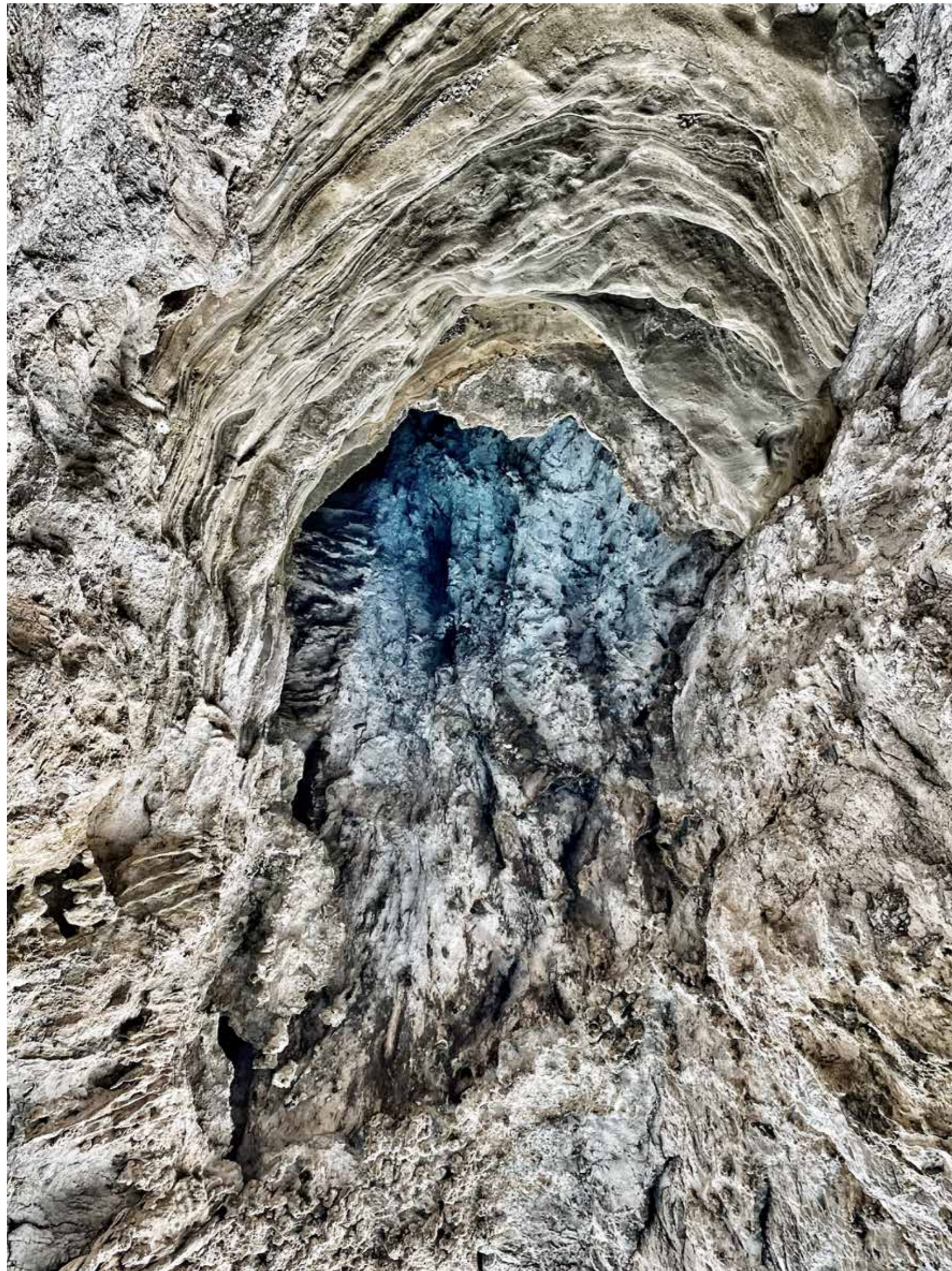
















**'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I found her  
Beneath the shade of an old walnut tree  
Oh, I can still see the flowers bloomin' 'round her  
Where we met on the Isle of Capri...**

*The Isle of Capri* (Lyrics by Jimmy Kennedy, 1934)

**I would like to thank first and foremost La Minerva and the Esposito family for their warm and generous hospitality but also and most importantly my dear friends and partners in crime, Sussan Booth, Shirley Elghanian and Mahtab Hanjani for a memorable week filled with laughter and joy.**

Maryam Eisler, October 2020

**Locations include:**

Casa Malaparte: page 87, 88  
Chiesa di San Michele, Anacapri: pages 60–61  
La Fontelina: pages 10–11, 13–15, 39  
La Minerva: pages 8, 64, 90  
Ristorante Da Paolino: pages 72–73  
Ristorante da Gioia, Marina Piccola: page 48  
Villa Lysis: pages 4–5, 33–35, 82, 85  
Villa San Michele, Anacapri: pages 80, 83

**Inspirational quotes and poems by:**

Brigitte Bardot  
Peppino di Capri  
Norman Douglas  
Maxim Gorky  
Jimmy Kennedy  
Pablo Neruda  
Publius Papinius Statius  
Rainer Maria Rilke  
Anne Sexton  
Sara Teasdale

**Soundtrack links:**



Peppino di Capri — *Melancolie in Settembre*



Frank Sinatra — *Isle of Capri*



Peppino di Capri — *Capri Song*



Hervé Vilard — *Capri C'est Fini*



Dalida — *Luna Caprese*

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**I FALL IN LOVE IN CAPRI DOVE IL MARE È PIÙ BLÙ  
I FALL IN LOVE IN CAPRI PER AMARTI DI PIÙ**

*Capri Song, Peppino di Capri*