

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

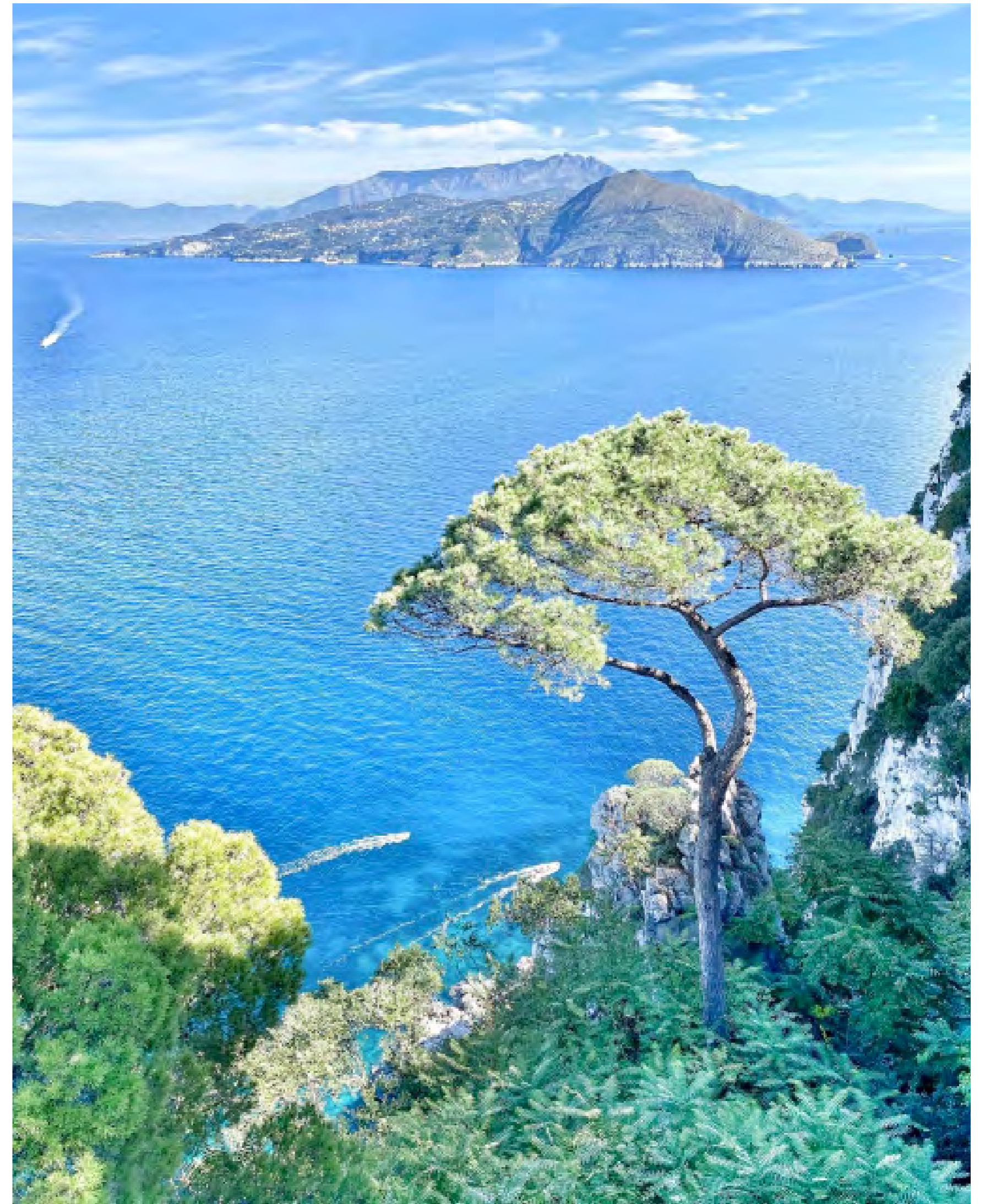


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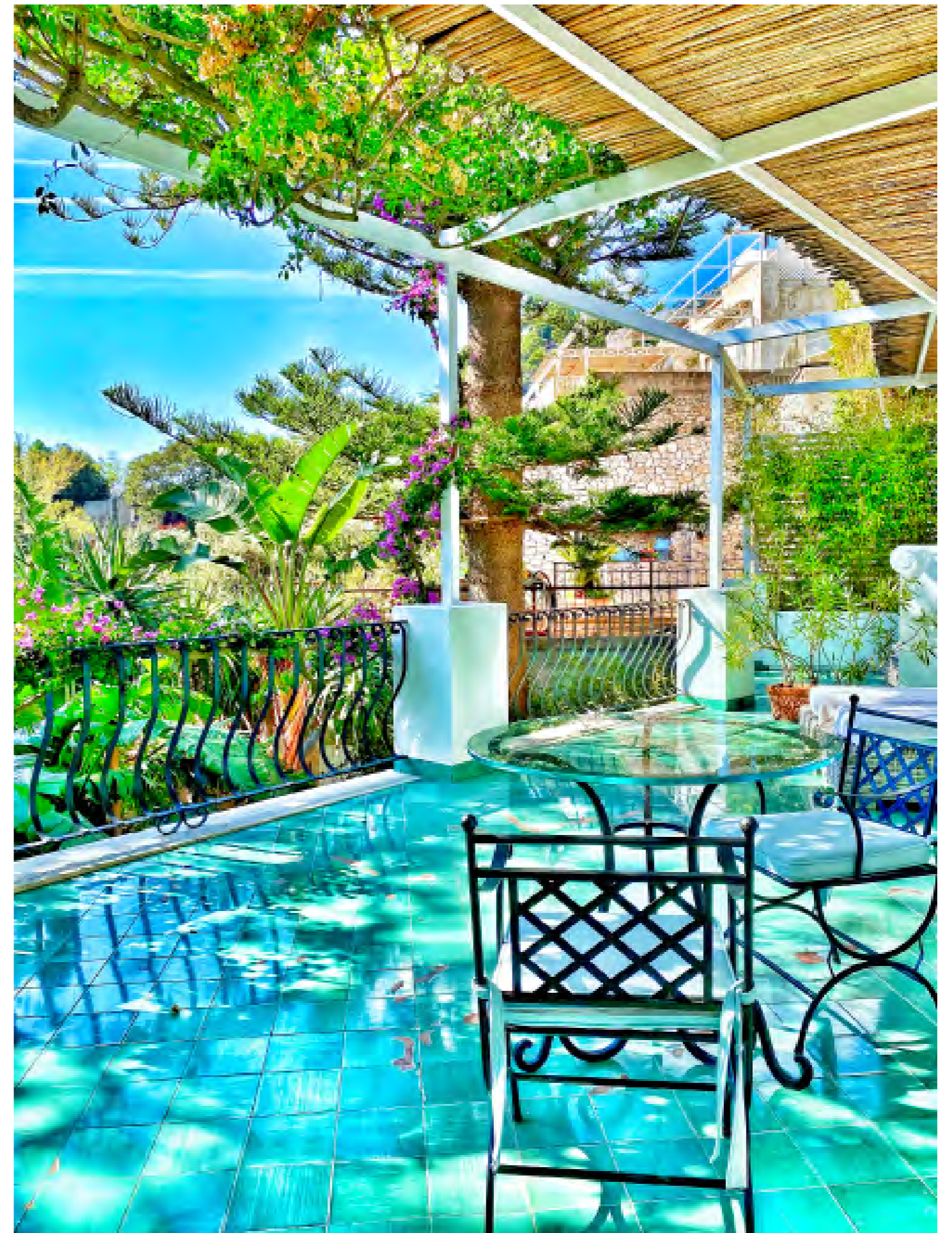


Capri, reina de roca —
en tu vestido
de color amaranto y azucena
viví desarrollando
la dicha y el dolor — la viña llena
de radiantes racimos
que conquisté en la tierra

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









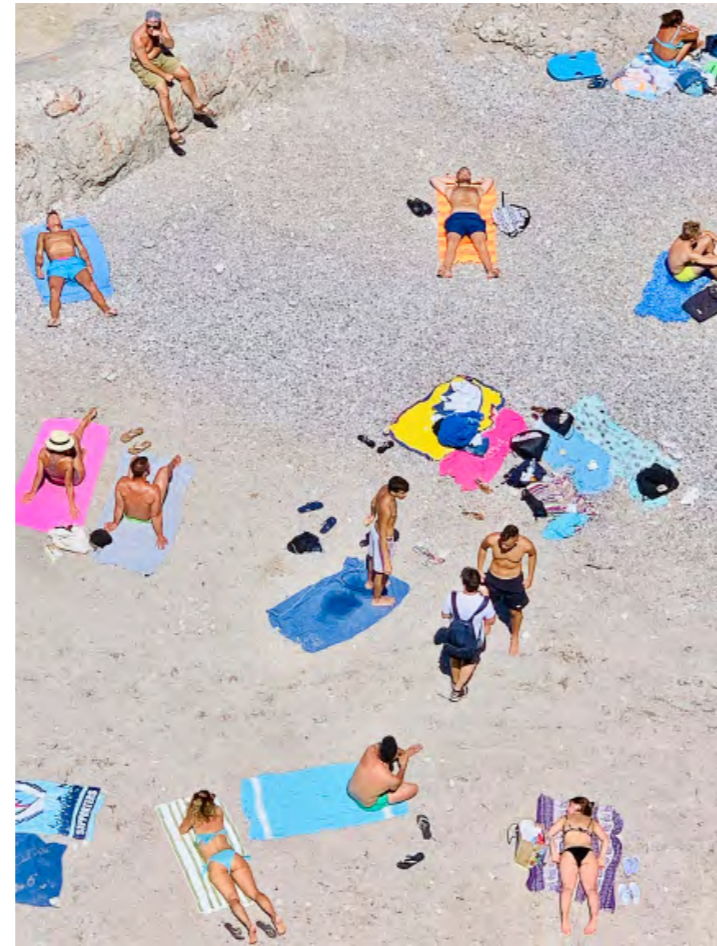
Timeless sea breezes,
sea-wind of the night:
you come for no one;
if someone should wake,
he must be prepared
how to survive you.

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







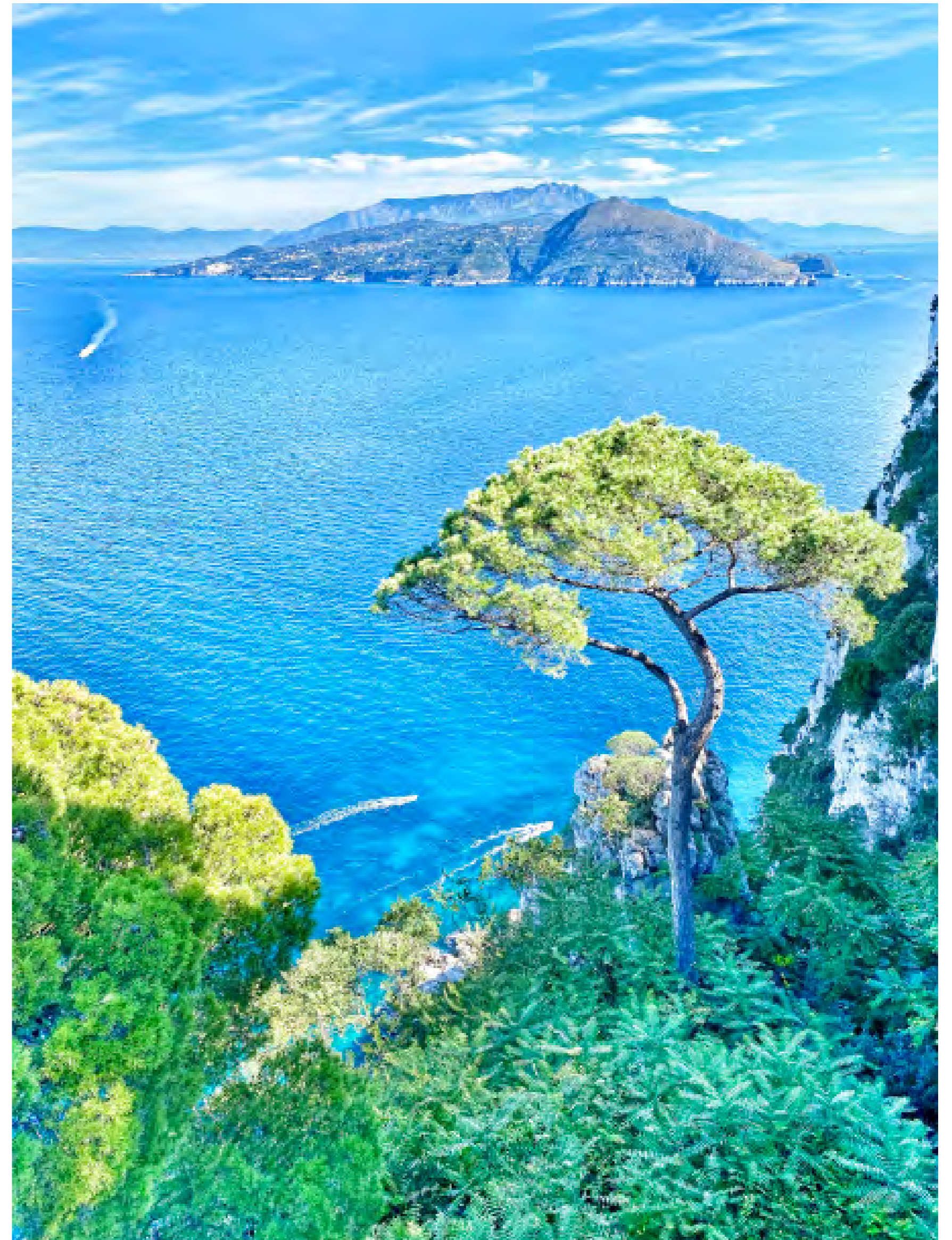
On the southwest side of Capri
We found a little unknown grotto
Where no people were and we
Entered it completely
And let our bodies lose all
Their loneliness.

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

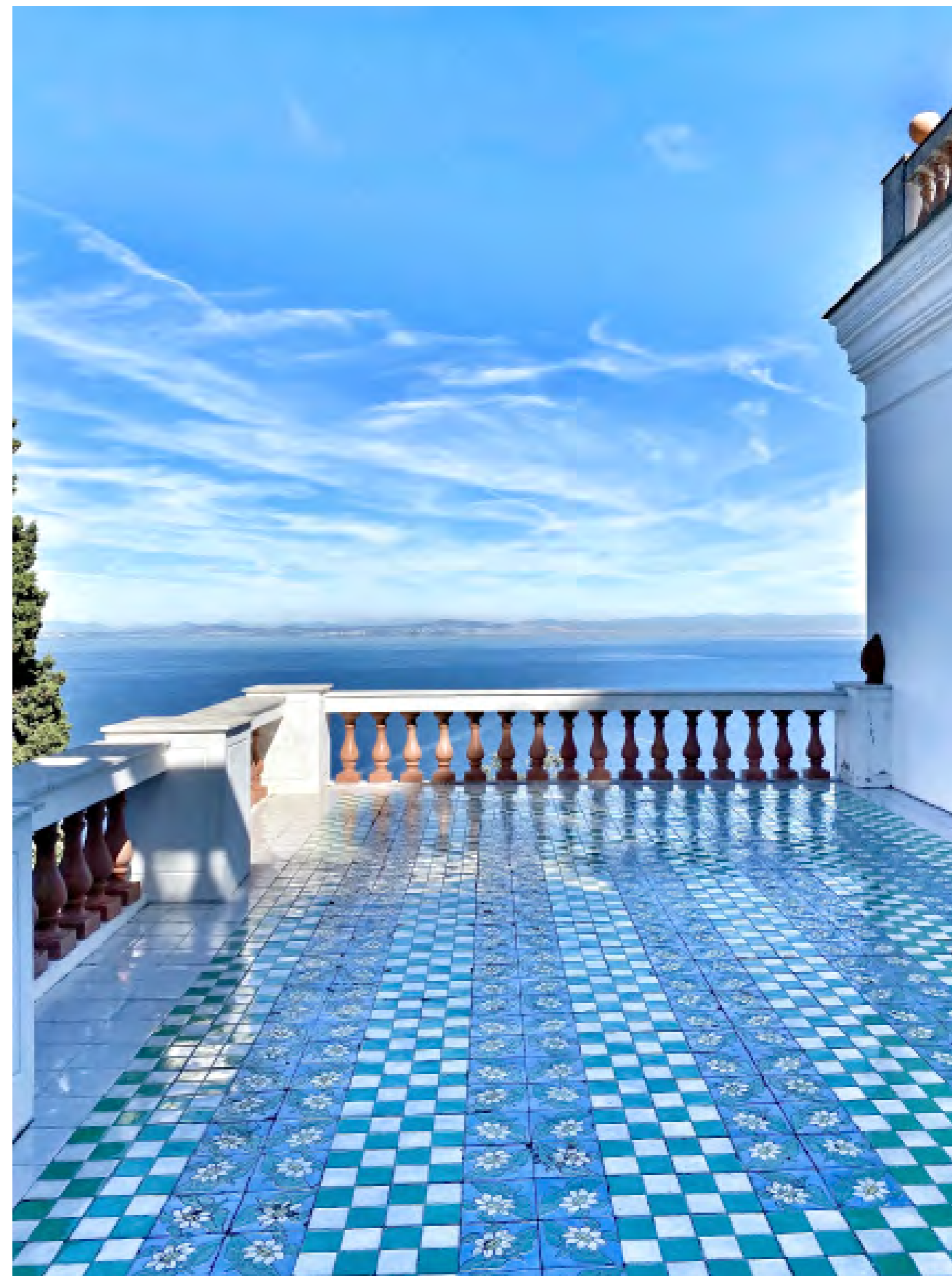


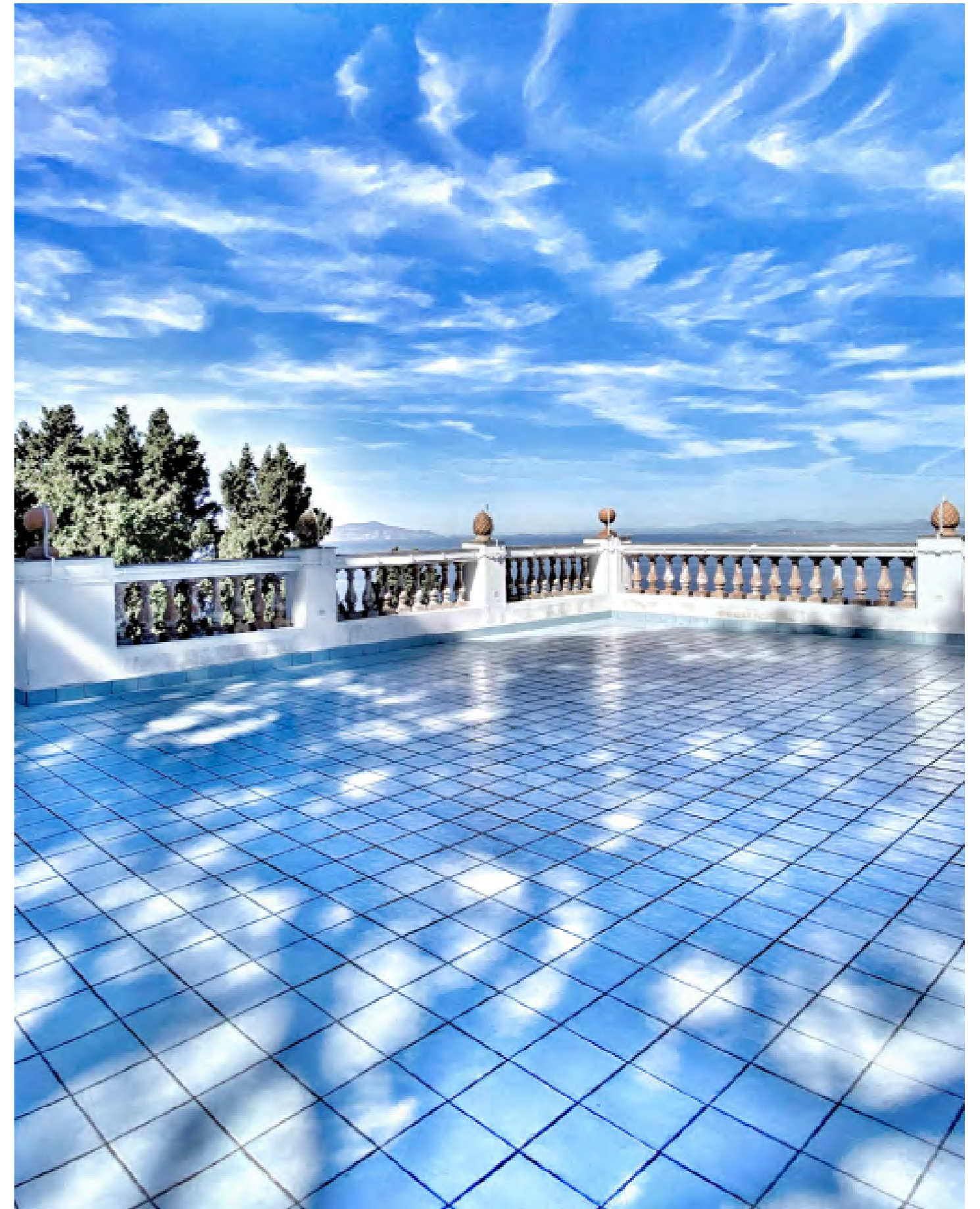


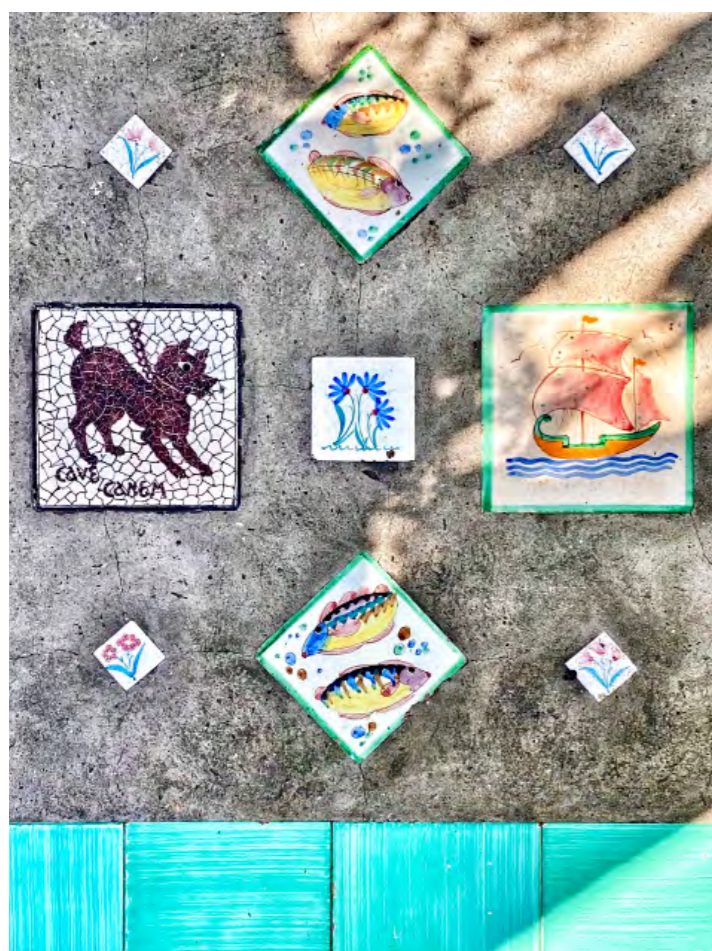


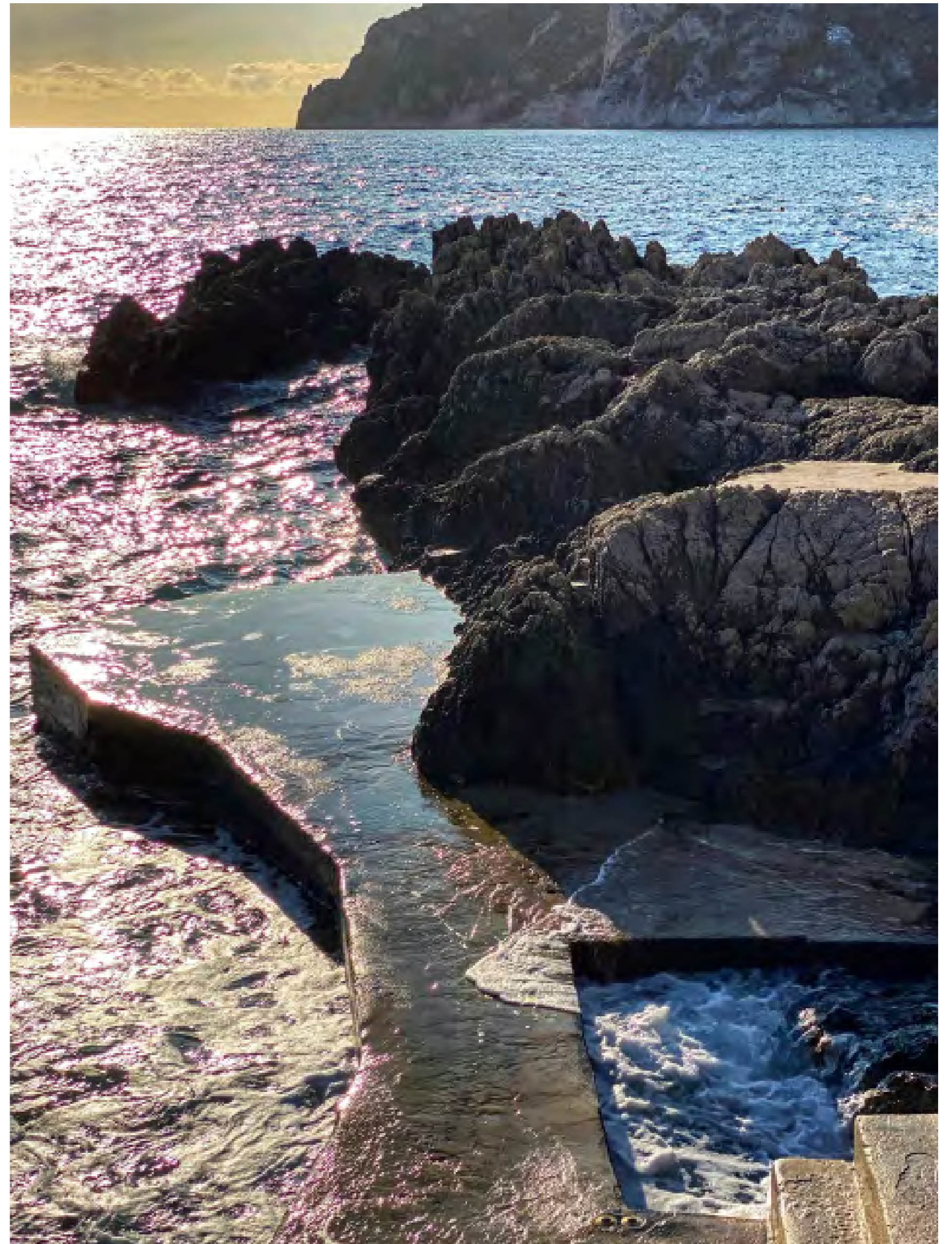
The island of Capri reminded me of a cloud. It was a silver stain above the expanse of limitless blue sea and sky. A south wind blew over the waters of the Mediterranean, drawing the moisture that gathered in thick fog on its flanks and on its heights ...
An air of unreality hung over the place.

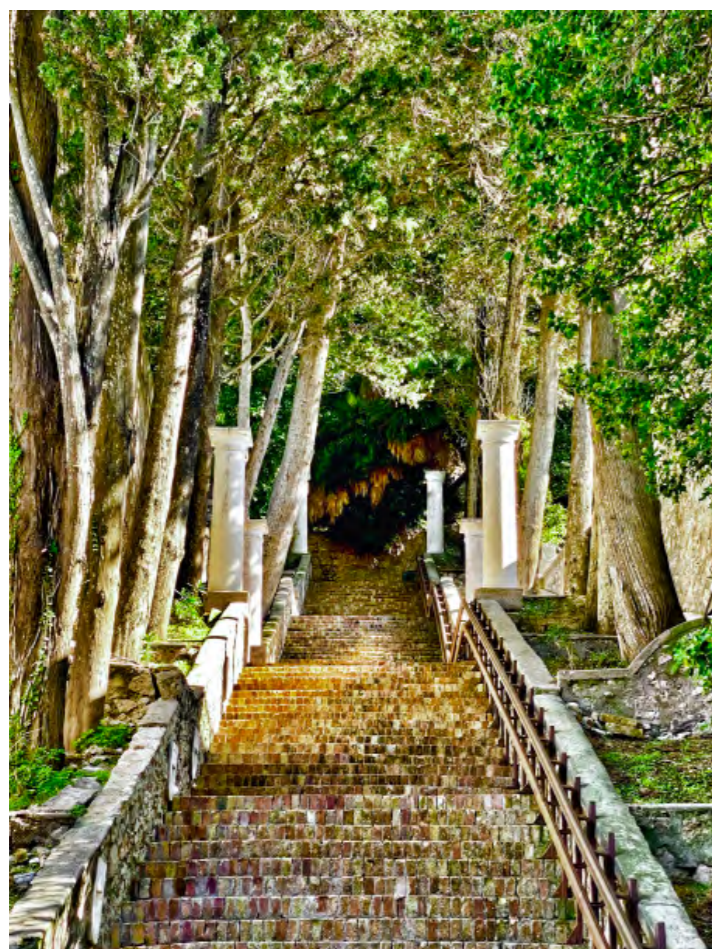
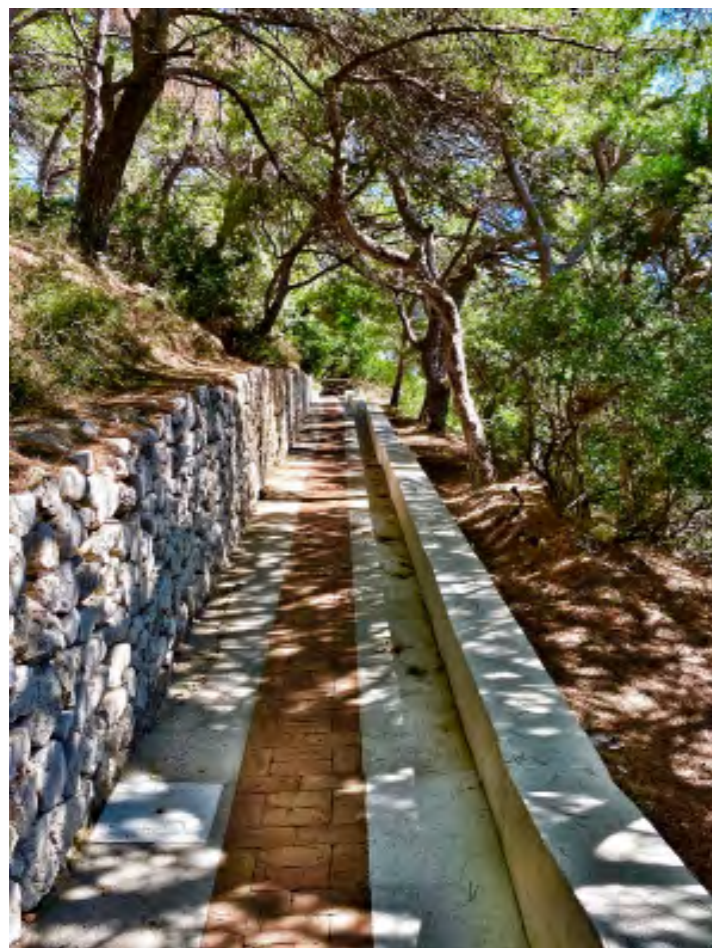
Norman Douglas
South Wind, 1917

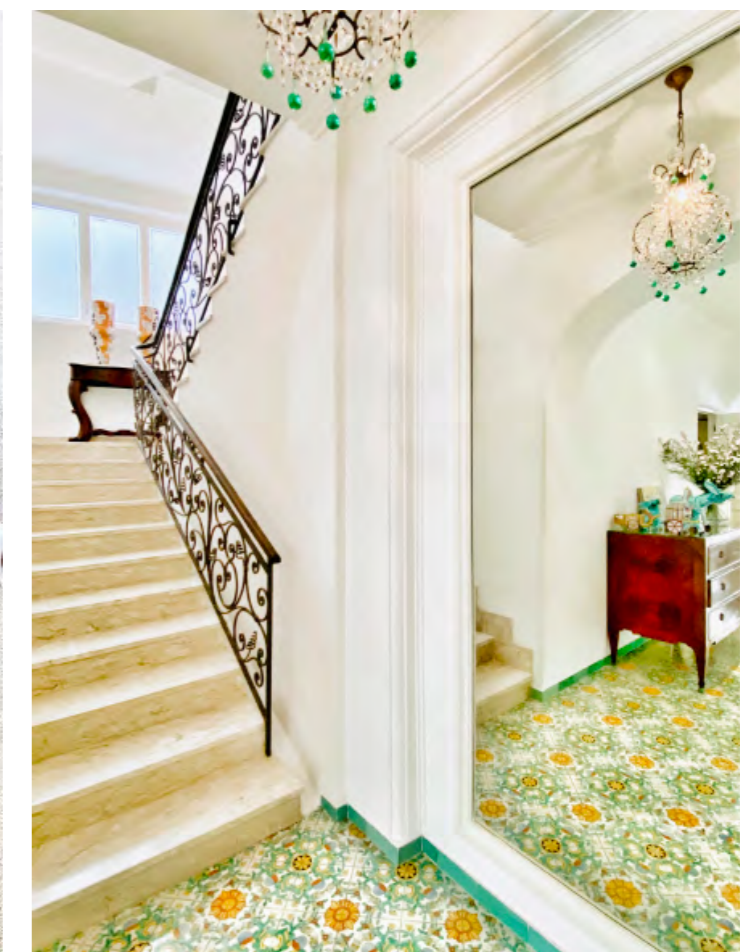












Take the air away from me, not your laughter
Take bread away from me, if you wish,
take air away, but
do not take from me your laughter.

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.

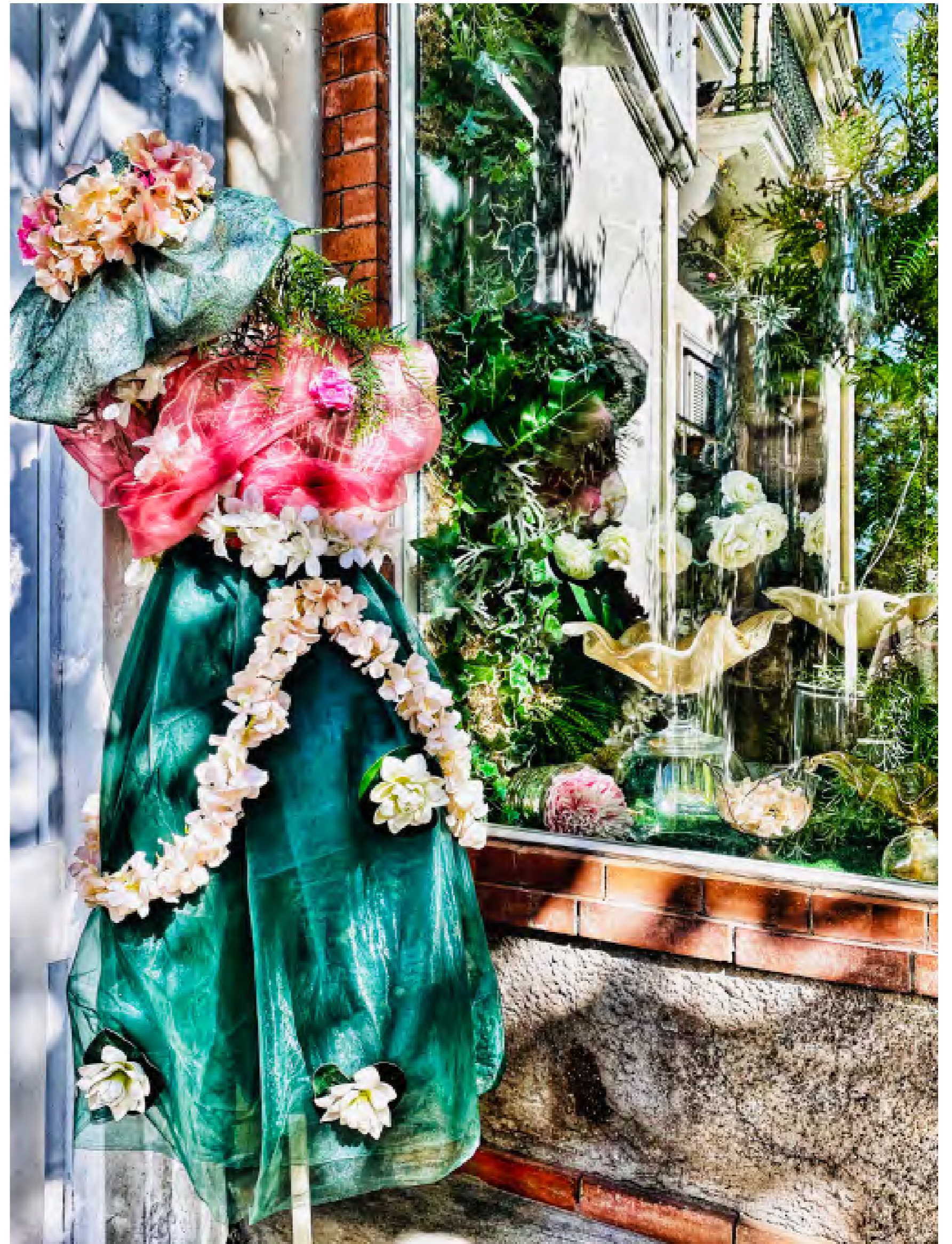
With your brow on my brow
with your mouth on my mouth
our bodies tied
to the love that consumes us
let the wind pass
and not take me away.

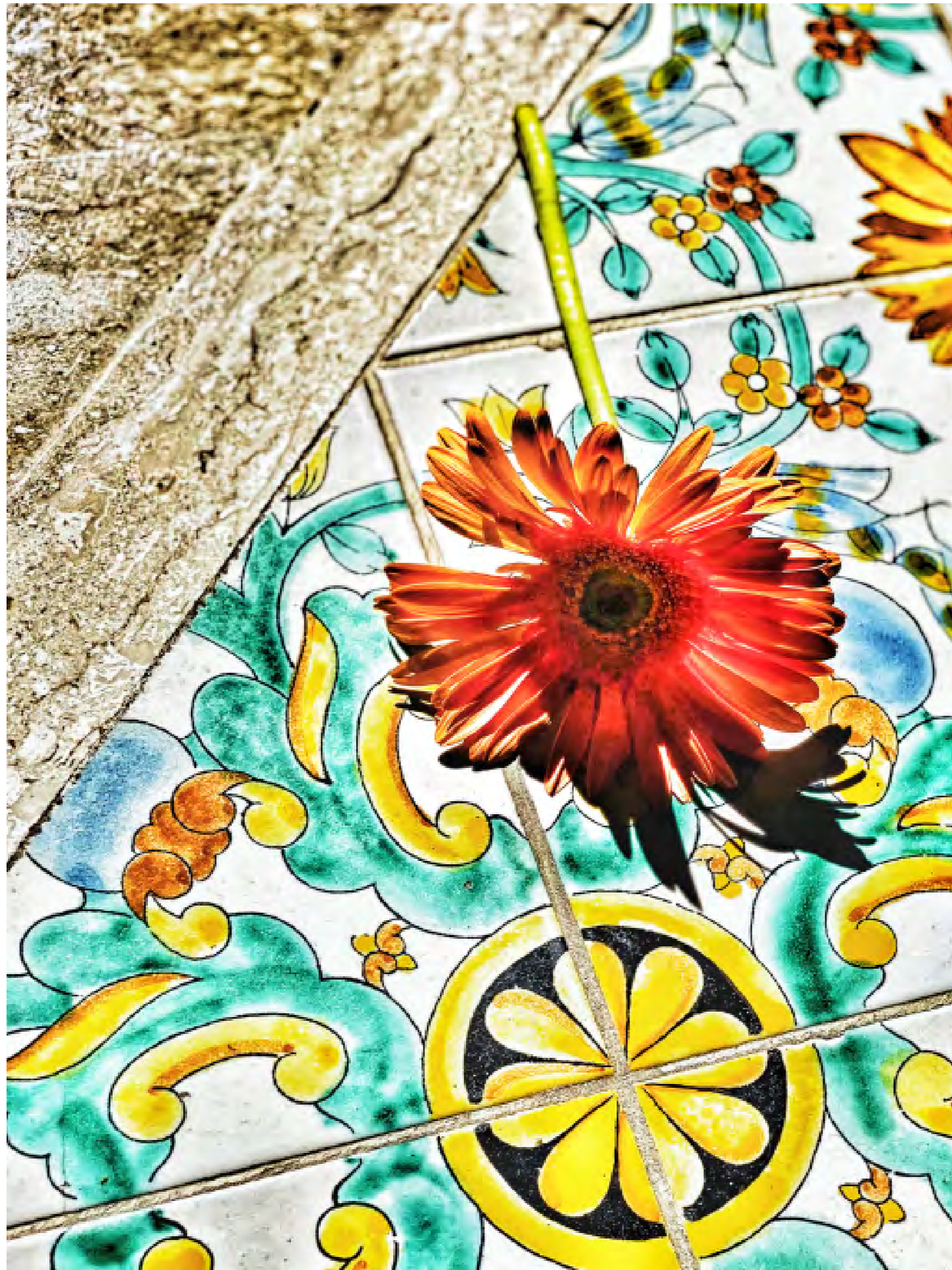
Let the wind rush
crowned with foam,
let it call to me and seek me
galloping in the shadow,
while I, sunk

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







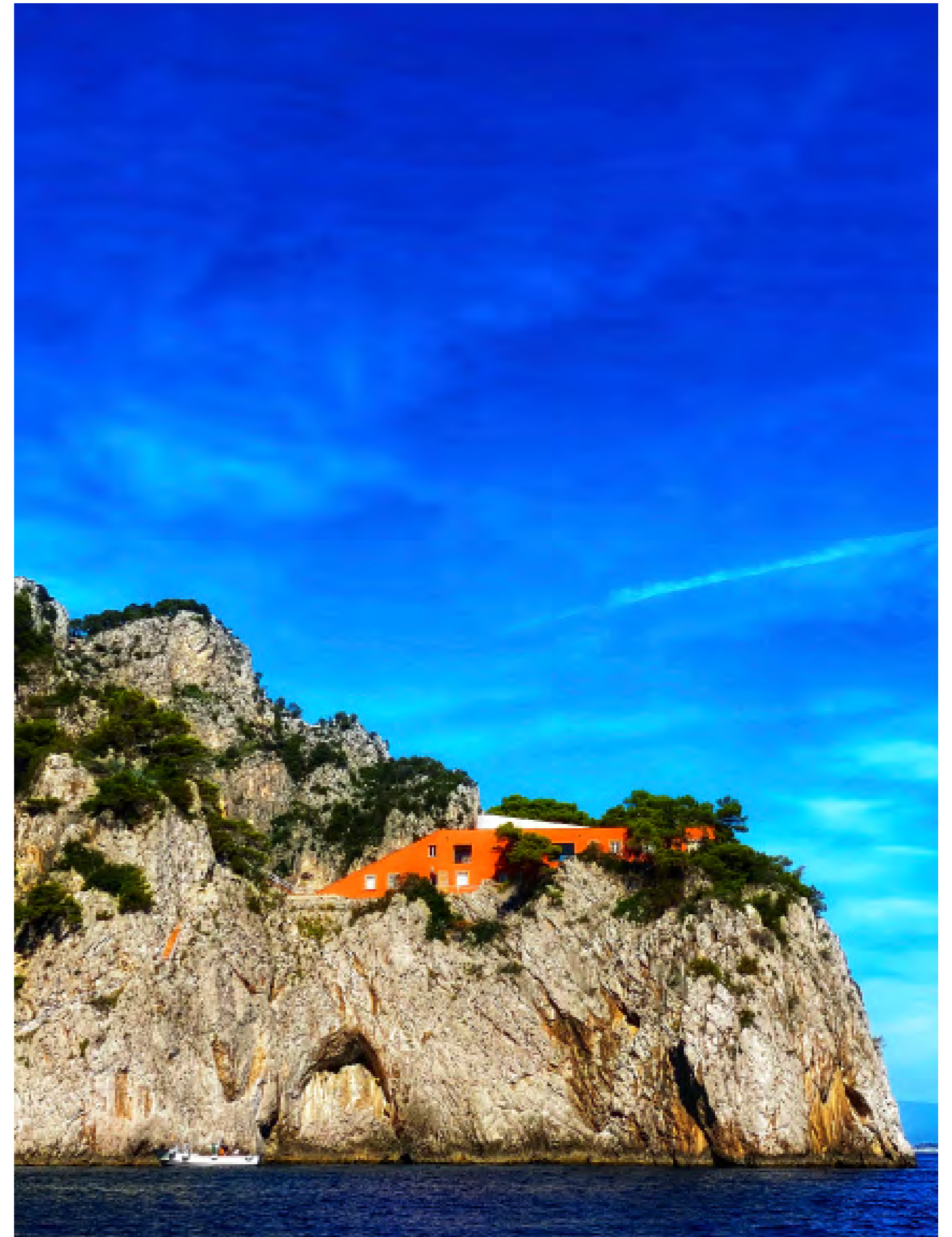






It was in the late spring of 1963, with Michel Piccoli, that I arrived on Capri to shoot some scenes for the film Jean-Luc Godard *Le Mépris*, under the gaze of the magnificent Vesuvius. Instantly I was entranced by the island's warm, unreal light, its turquoise waves, its whitewashed houses rising from 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:



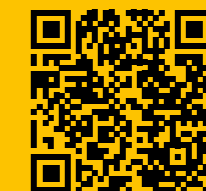
Peppino di Capri — *Melancolie in Settembre*



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