

| | |
|--------------|-----------------------------|
| 23.04 | Yehuda Neiman |
| 08.05 | Clarissa Baldassarri |
| 21.05 | Alessandro Manfrin |
| 05.06 | Renato Spagnoli |
| 25.06 | Juan Pablo Macías |
| 09.07 | Philip Corner |
| 17.07 | Mauro Panichella |

Stefan Zweig // Joseph Roth | The true homeland

I bought a new bookcase a few months ago.

When you organise a bookcase, you first have to decide on a method. So, I made piles of books, first in alphabetical order by author, then by category, then based on moments in my life, then by subject. I talked about this with several bibliophile friends – some of them even divide their collections by nationality. Agreed: each author is born in a specific place and becomes patrimony of the nation state that now includes that place. It is also clear that, in the academic world (and beyond), we talk about German literature, French literature, Italian, English, etc. It is also clear that one author can write novels, literary essays, philosophical essays, historical miniatures, etc.

As I contemplated this, I laid eyes on two “turrets” of books by two authors, with one book in the middle, separating them. The piles of Stefan Zweig and Joseph Roth books were joined by a book, translated into Italian for Castelvocchi with the wonderful title “L’amicizia è la vera patria” (Friendship is indeed true homeland), which features the epistolary exchange between the two between the two wars.

Besides where to place this particular text on my bookcase – easily resolvable by putting it in one author’s section or the other – I started to think about where I should place the books by these two authors themselves.

Roth and Zweig have kept me company throughout these two complicated years, when (it’s true that we’ve all had more time to read) our beloved work has functioned only intermittently. So, I would like to keep them close on my bookcase.

Roth wrote many novels, as well as a wonderful travel diary for France, a series of articles about early fascist Italy, some essays, etc. Zweig also wrote several novels, was a very prolific historian, and wrote theatrical texts and various essays, in addition to his autobiography “The World of Yesterday”.

Both authors were born at the end of the 19th century in Austria-Hungary: Zweig in the centre, in Vienna, and Roth in the far east, in modern-day Ukraine. Both (painfully) experienced the unravelling of the Empire. Both were of Jewish origin. Books by both Zweig and Roth ended up in the Nazis’ pyres. Both experienced exile. When Hitler became chancellor, Roth wrote to Zweig: “It will have become clear to you now that we are heading for a great catastrophe. Quite apart from our personal situations – our literary and material existence has been wrecked – we are headed for a new war. I wouldn’t give a hells for our prospects. The barbarians have taken over. Do not deceive yourself. Hell reigns!”. He moved to Paris immediately (he had previously been living between Vienna and Berlin), while Zweig chose London. Zweig stayed in Vienna for another year, but left about four years before Hitler’s annexation of Austria.

Cognizant of their lives, and the contents of their novels and essays, I couldn’t possibly organise my bookcase using nationality as a criterion. Zweig and Roth were steadfast Europeanists. They believed in a united society, but also, above all, they felt cosmopolitan. They had experienced a world without passports (and longed for it).

This group exhibit brings together what I’ve done inside and outside the gallery, and what I’ve read by Roth and Zweig, between 2020 and now. The exhibit will feature all the artists I’ve shared these last two seasons with – intense moments, in one way or another. I will send a bulletin of art and literature every two weeks, hoping it takes your mind off war bulletins for a moment.

Every two weeks, I will add an artist’s work to the exhibit, accompanied by excerpts from Roth and Zweig. We will undertake a journey leading us from the world of yesterday and today to the world of tomorrow, in the hopes that tomorrow, around the world, we will discuss culture, and no longer wars. Inspiring ourselves, maybe, about what criteria should be used to organise a bookcase.

Gian Marco Casini

Piccola Biblioteca 196

Joseph Roth

LE CITTÀ BIANCHE

GLI ADELPHI

Joseph Roth

Fuga senza fine

Una storia vera

GLI ADELPHI

Joseph Roth

Giobbe

Romanzo di un uomo semplice

Piccola Biblioteca 20

Joseph Roth

LA LEGGENDA DEL SANTO BEVITORE

Biblioteca Adelphi 135

Joseph Roth

ROMANZI BREVI

*La tela di ragno • Hotel Savoy
La ribellione • Il peso falso*



Biblioteca Adelphi 189

Joseph Roth

LA MARCIA DI RADETZKY

Piccola Biblioteca 174

Joseph Roth

EBREI ERRANTI

JOSEPH ROTH
AUTODAFE DELLO SPIRITO



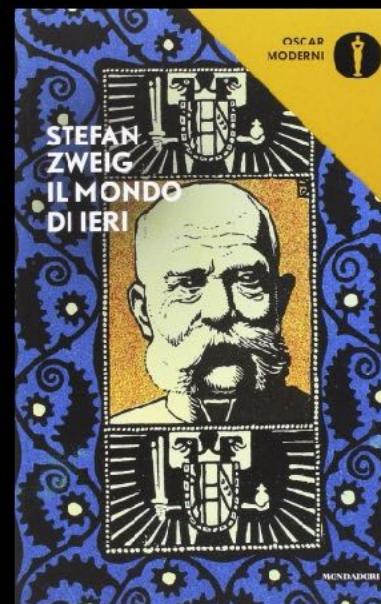
Joseph Roth



LA QUARTA ITALIA

(eccetera)

CASTELVECCHI



Biblioteca Adelphi 479

Stefan Zweig

MOMENTI FATALI

Piccola Biblioteca 592

STEFAN ZWEIG

Lettera di una sconosciuta

STEFAN ZWEIG NOVELLA DEGLI SCACCHI

Traduzione di Enrico Ganni



Stefan Zweig

Mendel dei libri



JOSEPH ROTH E STEFAN ZWEIG L'AMICIZIA È LA VERA PATRIA



CARIERS

CASTELVECCHI



Yehuda Neiman

23.04.2022

Bulletin #01

The Auto-da-Fé of the Mind¹ | Joseph Roth

If the books of Jewish or supposed Jewish authors are burned, what is really set fire to is the Book of Books: the bible. If Jewish judges and attorneys are expelled or locked up, it represents a symbolic assault on law and justice. If authors with European reputations are exiled, it is a way of proclaiming one's contempt for France and Britain. If communists are tortured, it carries the fight to the Russian and Slavic world, which is always far more that of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky than that of Lenin and Trotsky.

Mukachevo, a peaceful city² | Joseph Roth

Mukachevo is a small and peaceful city. People here speak German, Yiddish and Hungarian and Slovak and Ukrainian – a bit of everything and all rather well. In the old monarchy, it enjoyed its own polyglot peace as well as military peace, because it was occasionally a territory for maneuvering. And now that so many paramilitaries are circulating around the world, we understand how much a true army can be peaceful. Plus, now, when so many States – not only citizens – cross over, so to speak, its borders, you understand what a grace of God a polyglot state structure can be. So much time has passed! So, the Ruthenians didn't think of firing on Mukachevo. Twice a week, there was a cattle market in Mukachevo. Even then, people beat each other: but at Salomone Komrower's tavern.

Today, Mukachevo, the peaceful city, would be right to wonder, and to ask heads of State – in German, Yiddish, Slovak, Ruthenian –, how it came to be tossed like a snowball across the borders of different States.

In no time at all, there are fourteen deaths in Mukachevo. Czechoslovakian gendarmes, who yesterday were still Hungarian, fire on Hungarians, who yesterday were still Czechoslovakians. The custodian Szatmari comes home and says to his wife: "Just think, I killed my best comrade: the train conductor Kaniuk! He served alongside me. But he was Ruthenian. It's so hard to navigate these demarcation lines!"

Because of this, a world war could break out, more terrible than the one that started in Sarajevo. Then, an heir to the throne was killed. Now it's a cinema! Whose cinema was it? Probably not Salomone Komrower. Probably not his descendants. The patrons that once loved to drink and brawl in his tavern now obey racial laws, which they complain about as much as the Jews suffer from them...

Oh, Mukachevo, what have you become! What do small cities have to sustain under the great powers, and small men under great men? Much time has passed since Komrower could understand Kaniuk and the others could understand Szatmari. And yet they spoke different languages. But ever since it became fashionable to force people living on the same square meter to use exactly the same language, the same customs, and trace back to the same ancestors, they can no longer understand one another. And Mukachevo, the peaceful city, suddenly becomes a symbol for the entire world, a focal point in its own right! And this is precisely what it never wished to be.

At the Spanish border³ | Joseph Roth

To me – and to anyone wishing today to claim the right of considering himself European and seeing himself in the great and only homeland, after the small ones have failed so miserably or bloodily (or even miserably bloodily) – to us last Europeans, this photo remains, today in the newspapers, tomorrow in the weekly columns: an unending procession of people, mothers, the elderly, children in flight, passing in front of a Hotel with the sign:

HOTEL ITALIA TOUT COMFORT

Hundreds of hotels in hundreds of countries are ready to offer that “tout comfort” to all the refugees of Barcelona and Catalonia. And there are many Barcelonas, and many countries that could be called Catalonia, and many hotels called “Hotel Italia”.

¹from What I Saw: Reports from Berlin 1920-1933” Published in New York, 2003. Original title Das Autodafé des Geistes, Cahiers juifs, Parigi settembre-novembre 1933

²original title Munkacs, eine brave Stadt, “Pariser Tageszeitung”, 8-9 gennaio 1939. Translation ITA/ENG Rachel Moland

³original title An der spanischen Grenze, “Pariser Tageszeitung”, primo febbraio 1939. Translation ITA/ENG Rachel Moland

Friendship is indeed true homeland | Joseph Roth e Stefan Zweig*

Stefan Zweig to Joseph Roth. Letter dated 21 July 1934

“Now all of a sudden, I see in your letters hate and vengefulness against individuals, threats to denounce them even in your last will – Roth, I implore you, you’re a kindly, helpful, understanding soul: don’t you feel the evil in them, an evil that isn’t in you, but that comes from outside? THAT’s what alarms me for you now, the fact that you see evil, and feel evil intentions all around you, and that evil is already inside you. Yes, initially as a fantasy and resistance, but to be forever thinking of the evil coming from others means to hoist it into you, to let it nest in you and grow like a cancer, like a tumor. No, Roth, I don’t *want* that.”

Joseph Roth to Stefan Zweig. Letter dated 24 July 1935

“You’re not right when you say we’ve all been driven mad. There is a balance in the world between madness and logic. At any rate, we, who have been given the sword of reason, have no right to throw it away.

The Habsburgs will return. Please don’t deny what’s all too evident! You see I’ve been right thus far. Austria will be a monarchy. I’m right. I foresaw the madness and excess of Prussia. Because I believe in God. And you, you didn’t see it, because you believe in “humankind”, a concept so unclear that by contrast with it, you could think to meet God on the nearest street corner. Of course friendship is our true home. And you may be sure I will observe it more faithfully than anyone else.”

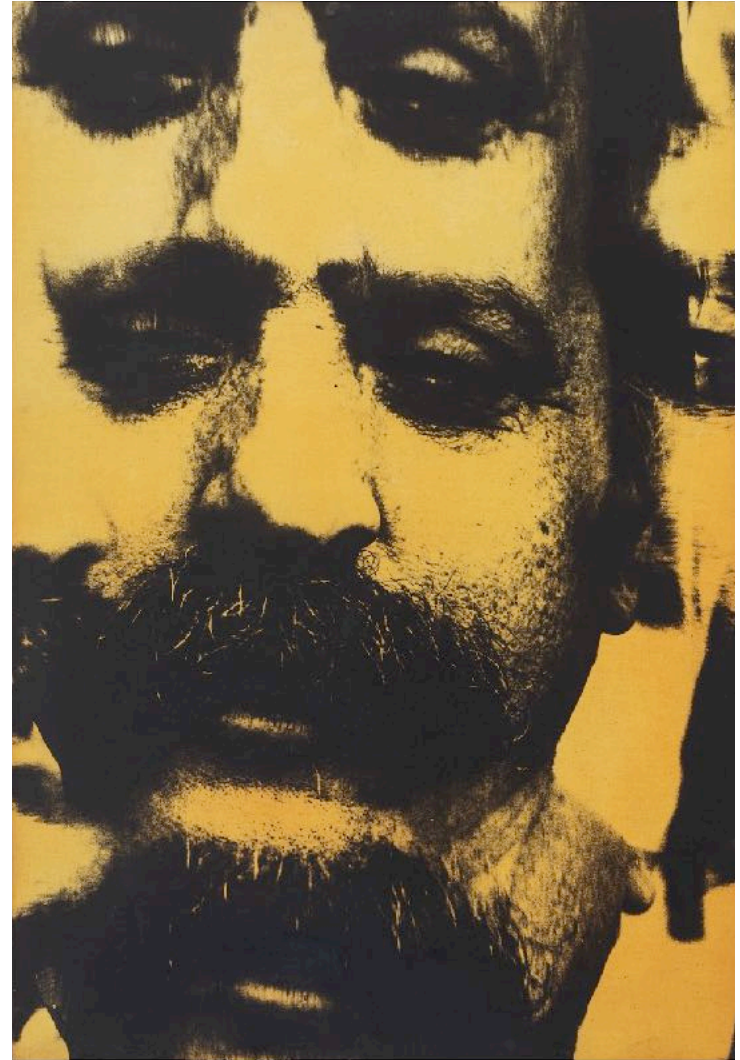
*from “Joseph Roth: A Life in Letters. New York, 2012.”



Yehuda Neiman (Self-portrait)

1981

photo print on paper 50x60 cm



Cesar

1967

emulsified canvas 74x51 cm



Clarissa Baldassarri

08.05.2022

Gian Marco Casini Gallery, Livorno
340 3014081 | [www/info@gmcg.it](http://www.info@gmcg.it)

Bulletin #02

The white cities¹ | Joseph Roth

The white cities

Because it is war, and we know it, we — the expert witnesses on battlefields — we understood right away that we have come home from a small battlefield to a great one.

Avignon

If I were the pope, then, I'd live in Avignon. I would take pleasure in seeing what European Catholicism had brought about, the wonderful mixing of races, the colorful confusion of all the different essences of life, and how the results of miscegenation are actually not dull monotony. Everyone carries in himself the blood of five different races, young and old, and every individual is a world comprising five continents. Each can understand each, and their society is open; no one is forced to take up any particular position. This is assimilation at its best: A person may remain as different as he is and feel at home.

Will the world ever come to look like Avignon?

Les Baux

And this is where the ruins of Les Baux are.

They are not ruins in the accepted sense. Just the reversion of stone to stone. Chalk that once was a castle and now is chalk again. The whole castle was pitched on the rock. The rock had brought it forth, and dandled it on its lap for several centuries. Now the rock is rock again. It has started to grow again. It renews itself, and spills over the old outlines of the castle. And still people live in its intestines.

¹ from Joseph Roth "The White Cities. Reports from France 1925-39", Granta Books, London 2004

The world of Yesterday: memories of a European² | Stefan Zweig

School in the last century

But the coffeehouse was still the best place to keep up with everything new.

In order to understand this, it must be said that the Viennese coffeehouse is a particular institution which is not comparable to any other in the world. As a matter of fact, it is a sort of democratic club to which admission costs the small price of a cup of coffee. Upon payment of this mite every guest can sit for hours on end, discuss, write, play cards, receive his mail, and, above all, can go through an unlimited number of newspapers and magazines. In the better-class Viennese coffeehouse all the Viennese newspapers were available, and not the Viennese alone, but also those of the entire German Reich, the French and the English, the Italian and the American papers, and in addition all of the important literary and art magazines of the world, the Revue de France no less than the Neue

Rundschau, the Studio, and the Burlington Magazine. And so we knew everything that took place in the world at first hand, we learned about every book that was published, and every production no matter where it occurred; and we compared the notices in every newspaper. Perhaps nothing has contributed as much to the intellectual mobility and the international orientation of the Austrian as that he could keep abreast of all world events in the coffeehouse, and at the same time discuss them in the circle of his friends. For, thanks to the collectivity of our interests, we followed the orbis pictus of artistic events not with two, but with twenty and forty eyes. What one of us had overlooked was noticed by another, and since in our constant childish, boastful, and almost sporting ambition we wished to outdo each other in our knowledge of the very latest thing, we found ourselves actually in a sort of constant rivalry for the sensational.

Bypaths on the Way to Myself

The furniture that I bought was not particularly good, for I had no desire to “tend” it as my parents had done in their home, where every chair had its own slip cover which was only removed when company came. It was also my intention not to settle down in Vienna lest I might become sentimentally bound to a definite place. For many years I looked back on this self-training for the temporary as a mistake, but when later I was compelled once again to leave each home that I created for myself and when I saw everything about me crumbling, this enigmatic instinct not to bind myself proved an aid. Acquired early, it made all loss and all leave-taking easier for me.

² from Stefan Zweig “The World of Yesterday. An autobiography”, The Viking Press, New York 1943



Ho bisogno di te per poter viaggiare n.1

2022

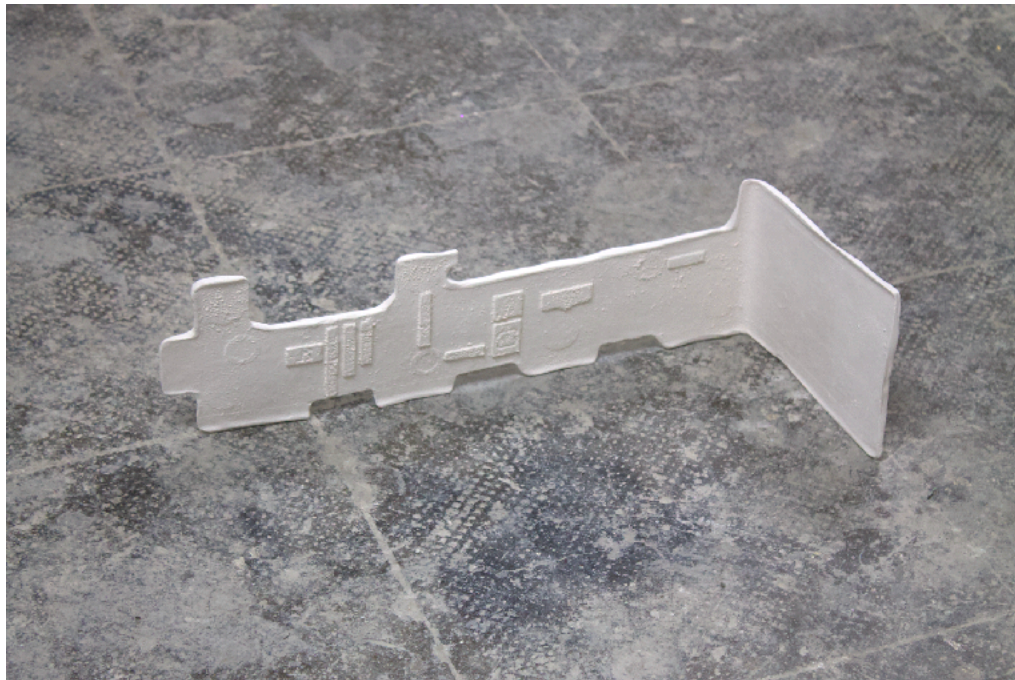
ceramic 24x33x4 cm



Ho bisogno di te per poter viaggiare n.15

2022

ceramic 23x5x5 cm



Ho bisogno di te per poter viaggiare n.12

2022

ceramic 51x16x21 cm



Ho bisogno di te per poter viaggiare n.15

2022

ceramic 30x38x7 cm cad.



Alessandro Manfrin

21.05.2022

Bulletin #03

The spider's web¹ | Joseph Roth

The day dawned grey, It was raining, and Theodor waited at the station for his company, which had to take up its position in the city at eight o'clock. It was Sunday. The city looked drowsy. It was raining.

At nine some workers demonstrated on Unter den Linden. The nationalist youth groups were in Charlottenburg. Between the two lay streets, houses, police. And still the city waited for a clash.

At nine it was still raining. The workers went through the grey rain. They were as grey, as endless as the rain. They came out of the grey districts, as the rain fell from the grey clouds.

They were like the rains of autumn, endless, relentless, quiet. They spread melancholy. They came, these bakers with their bloodless faces, as if made from dough, without muscles or strength; the men from the lathes with their hard hands and their sloping shoulders; the glassblowers who were unlikely to see thirty out: costly, deadly, glistening glass-dust coated their lungs. Then came the broom makers with their deep-set eyes, the dust of the brooms and the hairs in the pores of their skin. There came the young girl workers, marked by toil, youthful in their stride but with worn faces. Carpenters came, smelling of wood and shavings from the plane. And the enormous furniture removal men, as large and overpowering as oak cupboards. The heavy-duty workers came from the breweries, stumping along like great tree trunks which have learnt to walk. The engravers came, the metallic dust scarcely visible in the lines of their faces; the newspaper compositors came, nightworkers who had not had a night's sleep for ten years or more; they had bloodshot eyes and pale cheeks and were out of place in the light of day. The pavers come, walking the streets which they themselves have laid, but nonetheless strangers to them, blinded by their brightness, their breadth, their lordliness. They are followed by engine-drivers and railwaymen. Through their subconscious the black trains still run, signals change colour, whistles blow, iron bells clang.

But towards them, with youthful faces and a song in their heart, march the students with bright caps and gold-embroidered banners, well-fed, smooth-cheeked, with clubs in their hands and pistols in their deep pockets. Their fathers are schoolmasters, their brothers judges and officers, their cousins police officers, their in-laws are manufacturers, their friends are Ministers. They hold the power, it is for them to strike the blow, and who shall punish them for it?

The marching workers sing the "Internationale". They sing out of tune, these workers, for their throats are dry. They sing out of tune, but with a power which moves, a power which

weeps, a power which sobs.

The young students sing differently. Resounding songs from practised throats, full and rounded songs of victory and blood, well-nourished songs without pause or distress. There

is no sob in their throats, only jubilation, only jubilation.

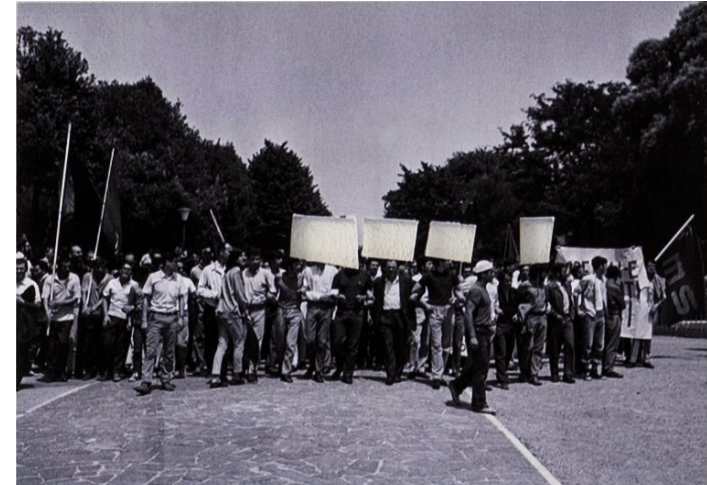
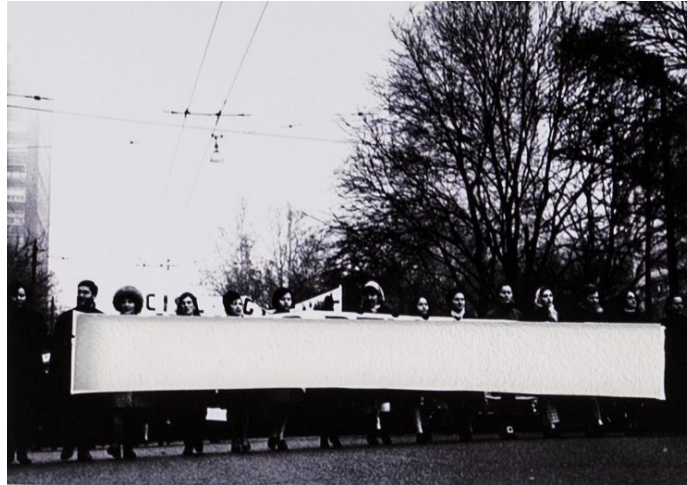
¹ from Joseph Roth "The spider's web", Overlook Press 1989

Decisive Moments in History: Twelve Historical Miniatures² | Stefan Zweig

The conquest of Byzantium

But there is a tragic disappointment: No Venetian sail is visible on the Aegean Sea. No fleet is ready to enter the fray. Venice and the pope, they have all forgotten Byzantium; they all neglect their honor and oath while occupied with petty parochial politics. Again and again come these tragic moments in history, such that where the greatest concentration of all unified forces is needed for the protection of the European culture, the rulers and states are not able to hold down their petty rivalries for even a short period of time. To Genoa it is more important to set Venice back, and vice versa, than it is to fight unitedly against the common enemy for a few hours. The sea is empty. Desperately the brave men row from island to island aboard their nutshell. But everywhere the harbors are already occupied by the enemy, and no allied ship dares to enter the war zone any longer.

² from Stefan Zweig “Decisive Moments in History: Twelve Historical Miniatures”, Ariadne Press, Riverside California 1999



**Movimento studentesco, disarmo della polizia nei conflitti del lavoro, biennale poliziotta,
la biennale è morta, operai e studenti uniti, No No No alla polizia
2018**

engraving on three photo prints on paper 400g 21x29,7 cm each



Tonante Veduta

2021

HD color video, loop, sound 06'55''

link to video preview: <http://gmcg.it/wp-content/uploads/2021/09/Tonante-Veduta-min.mp4>



Renato Spagnoli

05.06.2022

Bulletin #04**The world of Yesterday: memories of a European¹ | Stefan Zweig**

Light and Shadow over Europe

For a different rhythm prevailed in the world. None could foretell all that might happen in a single year! One discovery, one invention, followed another, and instantly was directed to the universal good; for the first time the nations sensed in common that which concerned the commonweal. On the day that the Zeppelin made its first flight I happened to be in Strassburg on my way to Belgium when, amidst the jubilant roaring of the crowd, it circled the cathedral as if to pay homage to the thousand-year-old edifice. That night at Verhaeren's in Belgium came the news that the ship had crashed in Echterdingen. Verhaeren had tears in his eyes and was terribly moved. He was not indifferent to the German catastrophe as if, being a Belgian, it concerned him less, but as a European of our time he shared the common victory over the elements as he now did the common trial. In Vienna we shouted with joy when Blériot flew over the Channel as if he had been our own hero; because of our pride in the successive triumphs of our technics, our science, a European community spirit, a European national consciousness was coming into being. How useless, we said to ourselves, are frontiers when any plane can fly over them with ease, how provincial and artificial are customs-duties, guards and border patrols, how incongruous in the spirit of these times which visibly seeks unity and world brotherhood! This soaring of our feelings was no less wonderful than that of the planes, and I pity those who were not young during those last years of confidence in Europe. For the air about us is not dead, is not empty, it carries in itself the vibration and the rhythm of the hour, it presses them unknowingly into our blood and directs them deep into our heart and brain. In those years each one of us derived strength from the common upswing of the time and increased his individual confidence out of the collective confidence.

The Struggle For Intellectual Brotherhood

For this was the favorable difference between the First World War and the second: in the first the word still had power. It had not yet been done to death by the organization of lies, by "propaganda," and people still considered the written word, they looked to it. Whereas in 1939 not a single pronouncement by any writer had the slightest effect either for good or evil, and up to the present no book, pamphlet, essay, or poem has stirred the masses to their core. In 1914 a forty-eight line poem like Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate," an inane manifesto like that of the "93 German Intellectuals," or an eight-page essay such as Rolland's *Au-dessus de la Mêlée*, or a novel like Barbusse's *Le Feu*, became an event. The moral conscience of the world had not yet become as tired or washed-out as it is today. It reacted vehemently to every obvious lie, to every violation of international law and of humanity, with the whole force of centuries of conviction.

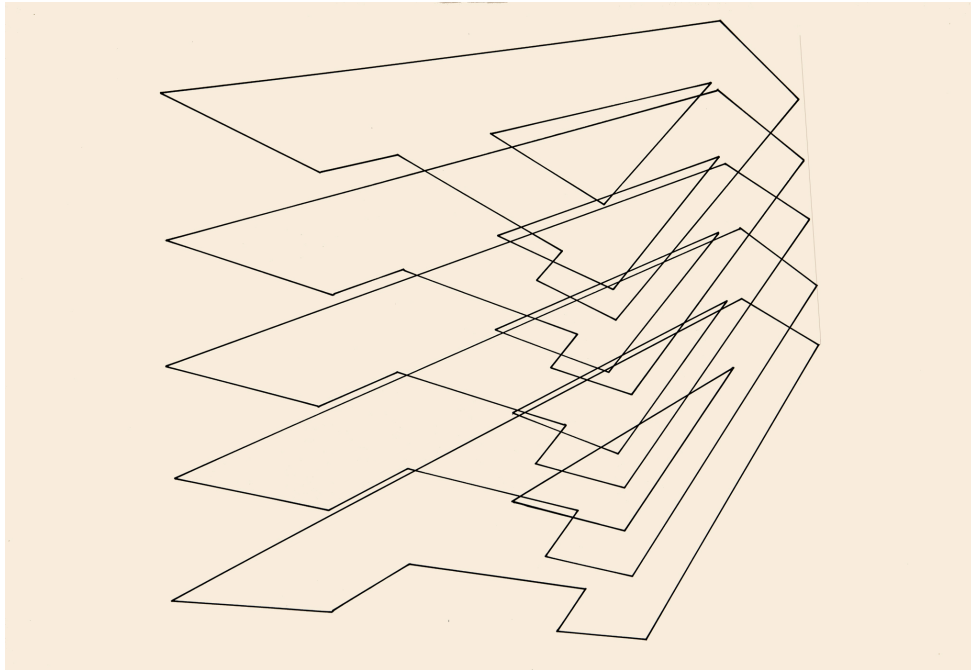
¹ from Stefan Zweig "The World of Yesterday. An autobiography", The Viking Press, New York 1943

The Hotel Years² | Joseph Roth

The All-Powerful Police

A change in regime is something a traveller sees first in a hotel porter. His first move after welcoming the guest is to ask for his passport. I will admit, I have a deep suspicion of states that demand the surrender of your passport in a hotel. (Some travelers are less particular in this regard.) All the traditional hospitality of a country that has been getting by on tourism for many years, and seems likely not to be able to get by without it for many more, becomes suspicious to me when hotel personnel start to behave in a semi-official capacity and take away my passport, and thereby my freedom of movement, even if it's only for half a day. But the hotel porter does more. When I go to him for stamps, he takes the trouble to read the names of my addressees. So concerned is he for my comfort that he will not let me walk a few steps to the letter box. He insists on posting my letters himself. The outcome is that they arrive a day or two later than they should have done.

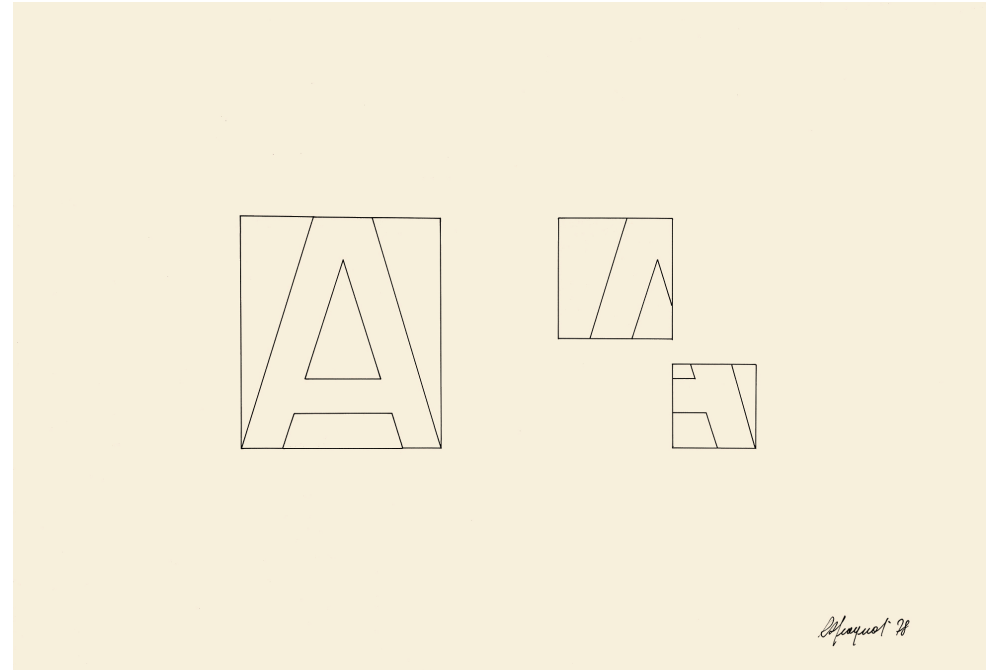
² from Joseph Roth "The Hotel Years: Wanderings in Europe Between the Wars", Granta Books, 2016



Senza Titolo (Untitled)

1978/79

ink on paper 35x49,5 cm



Senza Titolo (Untitled)

1978

ink on paper 34,5x50 cm



7459

1974

spray paint on canvas 210x183 cm



Juan Pablo Macías

25.06.2022

Bulletin #05

The Death of German Literature¹ | Joseph Roth

Of course, they are of a mind to introduce another one; from now on they want it to be nourished by a national ideal. Only a traditionalist like me will raise himself against such a principle: I understand perfectly well that the Germans desire a specifically German literature, just as there is a specifically French one. But is such a thing feasible? If our literature has always been cosmopolitan, it is because we have never been a nation. If the Germans are obsessed with a 'return to the soil', it is precisely because they are nowhere near it.

¹from What I Saw: Reports from Berlin 1920-1933” Published in New York, 2003. Original title Der Tod der deutschen Literatur, «Le Mois», Parigi, agosto 1933

Exhibition ²| Joseph Roth

The Fascist party plan to install an 'anti-bourgeois' exhibition within the already open 'exhibition of autarky'. The idea is to denounce in the most graphic fashion those manners and customs which, in Italy at least, are viewed as specifically bourgeois. The journalist ticks off the 'denounced' exhibits: a handshake, a raising of the hat, gala dinners, evenings of conferences, society games, festive dinners, five o'clock tea, the easy life and all manner of compassion for the Jews.

I should warn against mockery. There is nothing to laugh at here! Fascism is evidently in the throes of its menopause. Its delirious innovations are the result of a dangerous imbalance which, far from effecting only 'being' or the 'spirit', completely transforms the personality. Not only has any sense of regularity been interrupted, but unpredictability and random chance have decisively taken its place. There is no further recourse to legality. Even in the case where the delirium results from calculation and cunning, it doesn't invalidate the established diagnosis: malice and trickery are, on the contrary, indices of an organically proven incurable psychosis detected in the functions of the organism. Certain actions are belatedly recognised as the fruit of prolonged reflection, secretly prepared and finely conceived with the dangerous complicity of the mysterious, as if the grave of the soul broke open and from it some force erupted.

²from What I Saw: Reports from Berlin 1920-1933” Published in New York, 2003. Original title Die Ausstellung, «Das Neue Tage-Buch», Parigi, 24 dicembre 1938

The world of Yesterday: memories of a European³ | Stefan Zweig

Eros Matutinus

All this has to be set down in an honest picture of the times. For often when I converse with younger comrades of the post-war generation, I must convince them almost by force that our youth was by no means specially favored in comparison with their own. True, we had more freedom in the political sense than the present generation, which is compelled to submit to military service, compulsory labor, and in many countries to mass ideologies, and in almost all countries is helplessly delivered up to the arbitrary power of world politics. We were able to devote ourselves to our art and to our intellectual inclinations, and we were able to mold our private existence with more individual personality.

We could live a more cosmopolitan life and the whole world stood open to us. We could travel without a passport and without a permit wherever we pleased. No one questioned us as to our beliefs, as to our origin, race, or religion.

The Agony of Peace

Ten years before, meeting Dmitri Merejkovsky in Paris, he lamented that his books were banned in Russia and I, in my inexperience rather thoughtlessly tried to console him by saying that this really meant little when measured by world distribution. But, when my own works disappeared from the German language I could more clearly grasp his lament at being able to produce the created word only in translation, in a diluted, altered medium. Similarly, I only understood what this exchange of my passport for an alien's certificate meant in the moment when I was admitted to the English officials after a long wait on the petitioners' bench in an anteroom. An Austrian passport was a symbol of my rights. Every Austrian consul or officer or police officer was in duty bound to issue one to me on demand as a citizen in good standing. But I had to solicit the English certificate. It was a favor that I had to ask for, and what is more, a favor that could be withdrawn at any moment. Overnight I found myself one rung lower. Only yesterday still a visitor from abroad and, so to speak, a gentleman who was spending his international income and paying his taxes, now I had become an immigrant, a "refugee." I had slipped down to a lesser, even if not dishonorable, category. Besides that every foreign visa on this travel paper had thenceforth to be specially pleaded for, because all countries were suspicious of the "sort" of people of which I had suddenly become one, of the outlaws, of the men without a country, whom one could not at a pinch pack off and deport to their own State as they could others if they became undesirable or stayed too long. Always I had to think of what an exiled Russian had said to me years ago: "Formerly man had only a body and a soul. Now he needs a passport as well for without it he will not be treated like a human being."

³ from Stefan Zweig "The World of Yesterday. An autobiography", The Viking Press, New York 1943



Mano-Vuelta (the drawings)

2021

pencil, maize parts, luppolo, yeast, honey, linoleum oil
and tape on paper 50x70 cm



Mano-Vuelta (the drawings)

2021

pencil, maize parts, luppolo, yeast, honey, linoleum oil
and tape on paper 50x70 cm



An Anarchist Is A Naturalist

2021

indian ink on paper 70x50 cm



Philip Corner
09.07.2022
Mauro Panichella
17.07.2022

Decisive Moments in History: Twelve Historical Miniatures¹ | Stefan Zweig**The Conquest of Byzantium**

When they prepare for a war, as long as they are not completely equipped, tyrants speak most extensively of peace. Thus, upon his ascent to the throne, Muhammad, too, specifically receives the ambassadors of Emperor Constantine with the most cordial and soothing words. He swears publicly and solemnly by God and his prophet, by the angels and the Koran, that he intends to comply faithfully with the treaties with the basileus. At the same time, however, the underhanded man signs an agreement of mutual neutrality with the Hungarians and the Serbs for three years for those very three years during which he intends to bring the city into his possession without interference. Only then, after Muhammad has sufficiently promised and sworn to uphold the peace, does he provoke war with a violation of the law.

The First Word To Cross The Ocean

This significant year for the world, 1837, when the telegraph makes isolated human experiences simultaneous for the first time, is seldom even noted in our school books, which unfortunately still consider it to be more important to tell about wars and the victories of individual army commanders and nations instead of about the triumphs of humanity that are real because they are shared. And yet no date in recent history can be compared in its broad psychological implications with that of this change in the value of time. The world has been different since it has been possible to know simultaneously in Paris what is happening at the same moment in Amsterdam, Moscow, Naples, and Lisbon. Only one more step remains to be taken, and then the other continents will be included in that great relationship and a common awareness will be created for all of humanity.

¹ from Stefan Zweig "Decisive Moments in History: Twelve Historical Miniatures", Ariadne Press, Riverside California 1999

The world of Yesterday: memories of a European² | Stefan Zweig**The First Hours Of The War Of 1914**

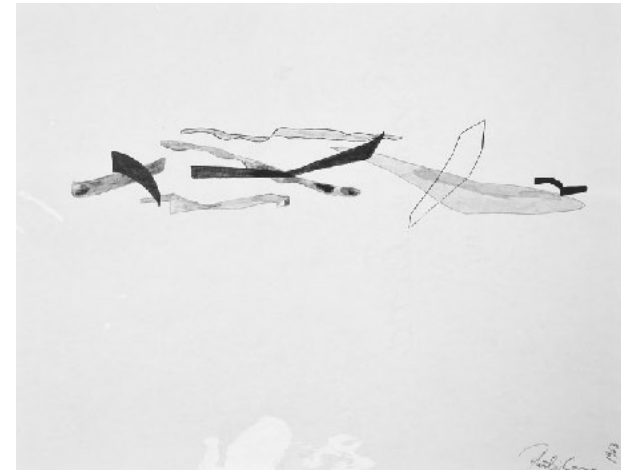
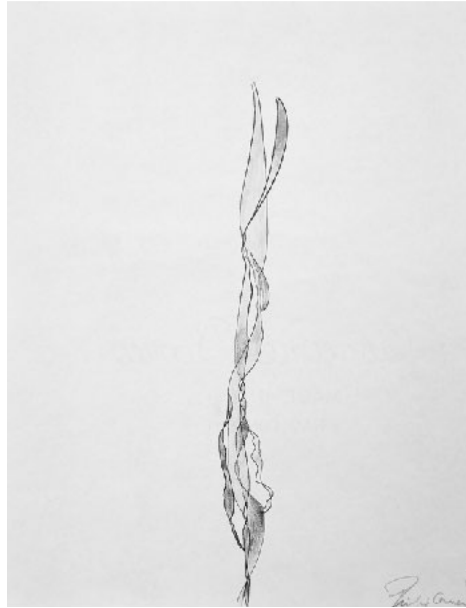
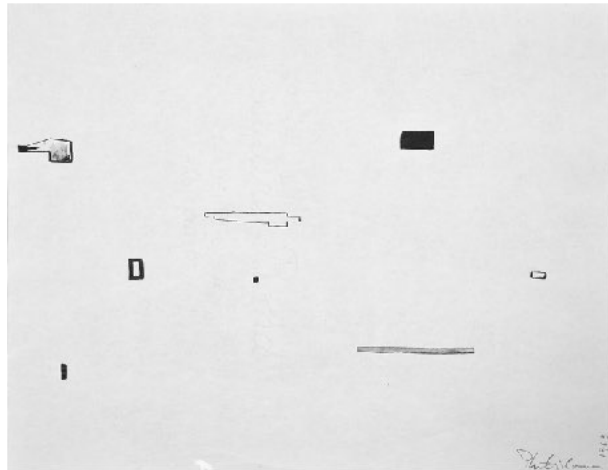
The answer is simple: because the world of 1939 does not possess so much childishly naïve credulity as did that of 1914. Then the people had unqualified confidence in their leaders; no one in Austria would have ventured the thought that the all-high ruler Emperor Franz Josef, in his eighty-third year, would have called his people to war unless from direct necessity, would have demanded such a sacrifice of blood unless evil, sinister, and criminal foes were threatening the peace of the Empire. The Germans, on the other hand, had read the telegrams of their Emperor to the Tsar in which he struggled for peace; a mighty respect for the "authorities," the ministers, the diplomats, and for their discernment and honesty still animated the simple man. If war had come, then it could only have come against the wishes of their own statesmen; they themselves were not at fault, indeed no one in the entire land was at fault. Therefore the criminals, the war mongers must be the other fellows; we had taken up arms in self-defense against a villainous and crafty enemy, who had "attacked" peaceful Austria and Germany without the slightest provocation.

In 1939, however, this almost religious faith in the honesty or at least in the capacity of one's own government had disappeared throughout Europe. Diplomacy was despised, since one had seen with bitterness how the possibility of a lasting peace had been betrayed at Versailles; nations remembered all too clearly how they had been shamefully cheated of the promises of disarmament and the abolition of secret diplomacy. In truth, there was not a single statesman in 1939 for whom anyone had respect and none in whom one would confidently entrust his destiny. The humblest French crossing-sweeper ridiculed Daladier, and in England, since Munich—"peace in our time"—all confidence in Chamberlain's perspicacity had vanished; in Italy and in Germany the masses looked upon Mussolini and Hitler with anxiety: Where will he drive us now? To be sure, they had no choice, the Fatherland was at stake: and so the soldiers shouldered their guns, the women let their children go, but not with the unswerving belief of other times that this sacrifice had been unavoidable. They obeyed but without rejoicing. They went to the front, but without the old dream of being a hero; the people, and each individual, already knew that they were naught but the victims either of mundane, political stupidity or of an incomprehensible and malicious force of destiny. Besides, what did the great mass know of war in 1914, after nearly half a century of peace? They did not know war, they had hardly given it a thought. It had become legendary, and distance had made it seem romantic and heroic.

Into The World Again

A panic broke out and the tremor spread through the whole Reich. Abruptly the mark plunged down, never to stop until it had reached the fantastic figures of madness, the millions, the billions and trillions. Now the real witches' sabbath of inflation started, against which our Austrian inflation with its absurd enough ratio of 15,000 old to 1 of new currency had been shabby child's play. To describe it in detail, with its incredibilities, would take a whole book and to readers of today it would seem like a fairy tale. I have known days when I had to pay fifty thousand marks for a newspaper in the morning and a hundred thousand in the evening; whoever had foreign currency to exchange did so from hour to hour, because at four o'clock he would get a better rate than at three, and at five o'clock he would get much more than he had got an hour earlier. For instance, I sent a manuscript to my publisher on which I had worked for a year; to be on the safe side I asked for an advance payment of royalties on ten thousand copies. By the time the check was deposited, it hardly paid the postage I had put on the parcel a week before; on street cars one paid in millions, trucks carried the paper money from the Reichsbank to the other banks, and a fortnight later one found hundred thousand mark notes in the gutter; a beggar had thrown them away contemptuously. A pair of shoe laces cost more than a shoe had once cost, no, more than a fashionable store with two thousand pairs of shoes had cost before; to repair a broken window more than the whole house had formerly cost, a book more than the printer's shop with a hundred presses. For a hundred dollars one could buy rows of six-story houses on Kurfürstendamm, and factories were to be had for the old equivalent of a wheelbarrow.

² from Stefan Zweig "The World of Yesterday. An autobiography", The Viking Press, New York 1943



Philip Corner
Untitled composition
1963
ink on paper 28x21,5 cm. each



Mauro Panichella
Elevage de pixel

2022

c-print on Fuji Satin paper 100x140 cm



Mauro Panichella
Non sunt multiplicanda entia sine necessitate
2022
telescope, microscope