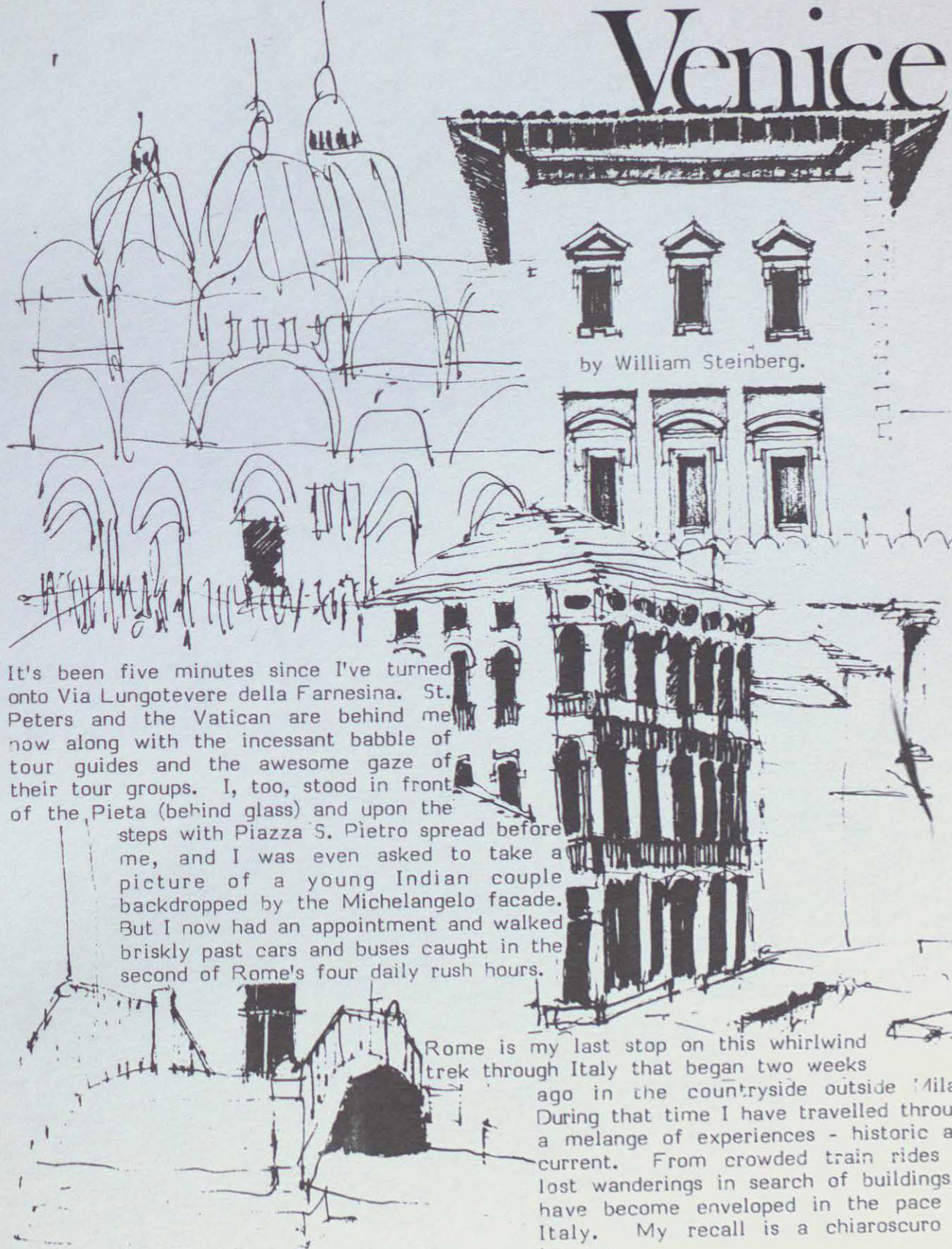


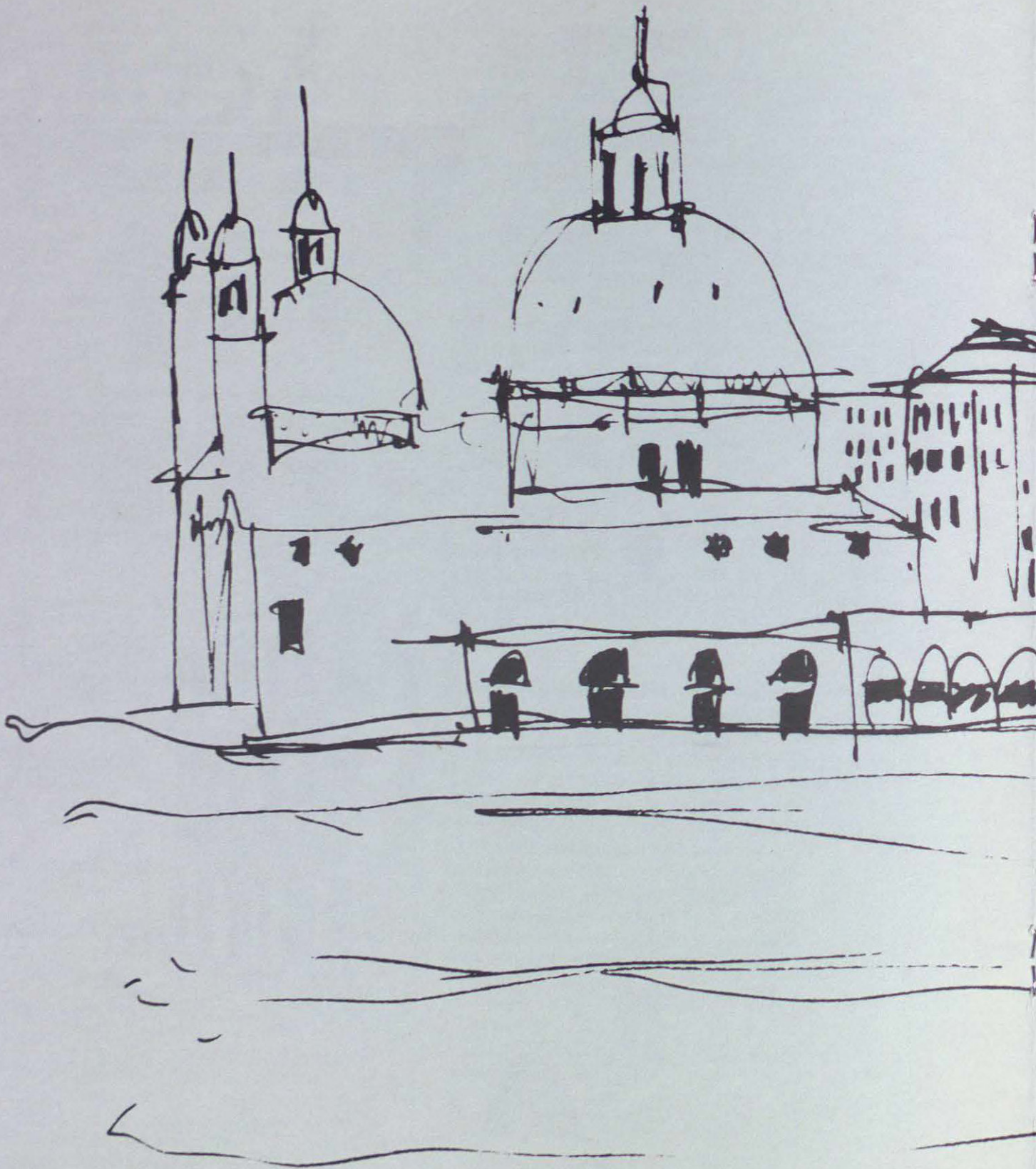
Venice

by William Steinberg.



It's been five minutes since I've turned onto Via Lungotevere della Farnesina. St. Peters and the Vatican are behind me, now along with the incessant babble of tour guides and the awesome gaze of their tour groups. I, too, stood in front of the Pieta (behind glass) and upon the steps with Piazza S. Pietro spread before me, and I was even asked to take a picture of a young Indian couple backdropped by the Michelangelo facade. But I now had an appointment and walked briskly past cars and buses caught in the second of Rome's four daily rush hours.

Rome is my last stop on this whirlwind trek through Italy that began two weeks ago in the countryside outside Milan. During that time I have travelled through a melange of experiences - historic and current. From crowded train rides to lost wanderings in search of buildings, I have become enveloped in the pace of Italy. My recall is a chiaroscuro of images.



July 6. 90.
Grant Canal.



