

About Margaret Fabrizio

First known as a pianist, then as a harpsichordist, Margaret Fabrizio began her study of piano 6 weeks before her third birthday, appearing in her first recital at the age of four. Later she studied piano with Bernhard Abramowitsch in Berkeley, and harpsichord with Putnam Aldrich at Stanford University.

As a harpsichordist she concertized throughout America and Europe with such musicians as David Oistrakh, Teresa Berganza, the San Francisco Symphony, Carmel Bach Festival, P.D.Q. Bach, and the Grateful Dead.

She is the first harpsichordist to perform Bach's Art of Fugue in America, this marking her Town Hall debut.

She was on the faculty at Stanford University for 25 years as Sr. Lecturer, specializing in harpsichord, fortepiano, thorough-bass, and giving workshops on the performance of Bach for Pianists. She currently teaches piano and harpsichord in Palo Alto and San Francisco.

Active in the world of multi-media presentations, she has presented performances of her multi-image projections in combination with harpsichord performance in such cities as Cologne, Frankfurt, Paris, the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, the Ice Palace and Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam. In 1996 she played a solo concert in Bombay featuring the works of J.S. Bach and G. Faure.

Her compositions for solo harpsichord known as Holograms have been performed in America and abroad as part of American Contemporary Music for Harpsichord.

Local performance/exhibits have been held at the Museum of Modern Art, the Opera House, the de Young Museum, the Palace of Fine Arts, and the Legion of Honor.

Since 1980 she has been increasingly active in the visual arts. Her art books, collages, paintings, photographs and masks have been exhibited in San Francisco at the Academy

of Art, the Art Institute, Shreves, Stanford University, and Focus Gallery. In 1999 she gave a one woman show of her Indian paintings at the Presidio, accompanied with Hindu ritual and entertainment.



In 1986 she wrote, directed, and performed in a performance piece on the Golden Gate Bridge with Allan Kaprow as guest actor.

In 1973 she performed on top of Twin Peaks on the synthesizer in a city-wide light and sound piece by Paul Crowley and Robert Moran, scored for telecast and viewer/listener participation by the entire city.

She is also well-known as a collage artist, many of her works are in private collections. Her Portrait Masks have been exhibited at the Academy of Art gallery on Sutter St., and in Edinburgh, Scotland. One of her masks made of eyes

appeared on an album cover of The Grateful Dead.

She studied quilt making with Grace Earl, designer at the Chicago Art Institute, and her prize-winning quilts have been exhibited in Northern California and at New Pieces Gallery in Berkeley, where she also played a forte-piano concert.

For the past 18 years she has been creating and building a forest environment of sculpture and landscape at her Cazadero Conservancy of Nature and Art, a remote 40 acre piece of land in Sonoma County where works of art are installed and/or created in a non-invasive manner.

In the last 10 years she has spent 2 months annually in Asia, creating her art books and painting.

She has been making film/digital video, for the past five years. Her recent film Myanmar Continuum has been rejected by the NAATA. She is currently working on a new film, and writing a book on her eight trips to India.

About Quilts... and Kawandi

Margaret Fabrizio has such mastery of the quilting process and such depth of artistry that it seems like she can do anything with fabric. Her latest work, based on kawandi of the Siddi people of India, is simultaneously deeply reflective of its origins and brilliantly original. Margaret deserves much more of the recognition she is just beginning to receive.

Joe Cunningham, quiltmaker, author

I so appreciated seeing your work and especially the fantastic latest quilt. (Internal Borders)

Deborah Corsini, Curator, San Jose Museum of Quilts & Textiles

It has been fun to watch Margaret's work evolve and grow over the years. Celebrating a "quilt unveiling" of her latest piece with a lively group of supporters and collectors of her work is delightful. When Margaret discovered the Kawandi quilts in 2011, her curiosity and devotion to quilting went to an entirely new level. The quilts she has created since her two trips to India to work and study with the Siddi women are absolutely breathtaking. I am proud to have one of her Kwandi quilts in my collection. I eagerly await what she will create next.

Roderick Kiracofe, collector, author of 'The American Quilt', San Francisco

This lovely quilt, 'Internal Borders' made by Margaret Fabrizio after visiting the African-India quilting section has much in common with improvisational African-American ones, including variable patterns, medallion strips, and an exciting variety of colors.

Eli Leon, scholar, collector, author of 'Accidentally on Purpose'

TRADITIONAL BEGINNINGS

Grandma Telfer was a quilter, but I began quilting long after her death. I was 58 and began with Ocean Waves. It was made of men's used shirts, and I was fortunate to have the renowned designer/quilter Grace Earl of the Chicago Art Institute as my guide. It was 1988.

By 1995 I had made eleven full size quilts, and had a solo exhibit/concert at New Pieces Gallery in Berkeley.

I learned how to enhance a traditional design and eventually left the formal patterns for less confined quilts such as Kathakali, Superquilt, and Bali.

Every 7th quilt I have made is a 'Leftovers' quilt, using the cut pieces remaining from the preceding 6 quilts.

Most of my 'quilts' are now in private collections.

KAWANDI

After going with Joe Cunningham to see a quilt exhibit at the Museum of the African Diaspora in San Francisco in the summer of 2011, I felt compelled to try to find the women who had created the quilts (kawandi), for they were so completely different in assembly from any quilts I had ever seen. Careful examination still did not reveal the way in which they had been made.

I learned that these people, the Siddi, were of African descent, and had been brought to India as slaves by the Portuguese 400 years ago. They still live in relative isolation from the Indian community, castes, and tribals. After much searching, and with the help of Henry Drewal, I finally found a settlement in the state of Karnataka and spent 2 weeks with the Siddi, on their porches in the forest, taking notes, making videos, and learning the technique.

I returned to San Francisco and created 20 pieces during the following year. Then I returned to the Siddi in 2012, taking scrap fabrics for their use and four of my pieces for their examination.

This style of quilting is done completely by hand, using scraps and recycled clothes. The fabrics I use are largely from India, where recycle clothes and haunt the tailor shops for 'waste material'.

About Cazadero

I acquired the 40 acre piece of land on Pole Mountain Rd., Cazadero, Sonoma County in 1986. Pomo Indians and loggers were my only human predecessors, I found myself in the natural remains of the former and the detritus of the latter. No one has lived here, although the land was probably once familiar to the Pomo Indians of the area. I have found arrowheads and chert cores. Then there were two major loggings, the first took giant redwoods, leaving vast stumps which gave birth to second growth, resulting in a second logging which took place about 30 years ago.

When I arrived only a vast meadow was accessible, everything else was overgrown, the old logging roads were covered with downed trees, chaotic evidence of logging, and years of neglect. To move through the land required a machete, heavy protective clothes, and a sense of direction. Losing my bearings was a great treat. I no longer get lost, alas.

Using hand tools I began by clearing the fallen trees blocking some of the logging roads, then making small foot paths, usually letting the animal trails serve as guidelines as to the best way to move through this mysterious space. Most of the time my passion has been trail making, discovering the many magical spots and helping to make them visible. The ultimate art form, I am in a giant canvas, that I can gently help to emerge. Years later, as the project has grown I have made some of the miles of paths more visible, so that guests may feel secure in their explorations of this wilderness.

As soon as I acquired the property friends wanted to know

‘Where will you put the house?’

What house? This was not going to be about house.

It was all the house.

I am the house.

Lichens, gray, pink, lavender, sea green, they creep across the rocks, grow into my crevasses and slowly navigate through my neurons. Leaves tremble in my bloodstream No matter in what direction I gaze I experience wonder and ecstasy. Why would I want to look at a building? What vision would I then lose? Then I would always be oriented in relationship to that structure, “is it to my right? left? is it behind me? its over there waiting for me.” I didn’t even want to go into a structure. I taught myself lashing and built an outdoor kitchen area. I made beds in favorite spots, in trees, near boulders, Someone gave me, a giant four poster bed made of telephone poles, which I put in the middle of the vast meadow. Lying beneath mosquito netting I was intimate with the sky, and the wandering night animals, waiting for my mountain lion. I never know till evening where I am going to bed down, it depends on wind, moon, temperature, my state of mind. I guess you could say that I ‘sleep around’.

I experimented with various indigenous dwellings, things I could put up with the materials at hand. It was all about play, in the fields of the lord. Nothing to get too serious about. There was the Temple to the Goddess of Whimsy in a clump of boulders. It was all a massive foreplay, which eventually became the passion of a long relationship. My euphoria would begin at the bottom of the 2 mile dirt road, and build to our union when placed my foot on sacred land.

The property had no water, and none available, so for ten years I brought in my own water. I did not want to drive across the meadow, so I parked at the edge of the property and wheeled everything in a wheelbarrow. Nothing was ever a chore, all seemed worth doing, to be there, in the arms of my beloved. Now I am buying water from a neighbor, which makes my life easier and gives some fire protection. Hope for my own water springs eternal. There is still dowsing and catchment to be explored.

Originally the predominant trees were redwoods and Douglas firs. I wanted to help them come back, for now all of the young ones were struggling under the new growth of tan oaks and bay trees. Eventually I acquired a chain saw to help me deal with downed trees, but trees that are standing I still thin out with hand saw. I need to hear them.

The first structure I built was the yurt, it took over two years to complete, and I have never used it. During this time I got a small camper, which meant I could be there in the rain, wind, and have a real nest. It is now gone, I no longer need it.

Although I have built several small structures, they are the least important aspects of the land, and creating them is the only thing I do there that feels like work. Forestry, rock moving, trail making, whimsical art pieces made of available materials, none of these are 'work', but things I cannot resist doing. Artistic Gardening.

It is constantly changing, and shortly after I am gone it will show nothing of my time here.

Through the last 18 years I have called this entity by several names.

In the beginning was no word. Who was I to impose a name on such ephemeral magic? But I had to speak of it. "I'm going up," "Just came back from the country," wasn't quite enough.

THE LAND

Then it became "THE LAND". It has never felt like MY land, I am just a guardian, someone to help reveal its beauty and share it with others. It is still the name I use most often.

"**TALIESEN**" is my personal name for it, I find something rather whimsical in calling this place where I am doing nothing of great architectural significance after one of the great pieces of 20th century architecture. Rather tongue in cheek.

Now the official name is "**CAZADERO NATURE AND ART CONSERVANCEY**": a 40 acre property in Sonoma County dedicated to the preservation and respectful honoring of natural habitat with non-invasive art works. It is a place where artists may exhibit and/or house their works, where ritual and music is performed, films are made, and artists may retreat from the marketplace. A poetry festival has taken place in the stone amphitheatre and Guardian Grove annually since 1996.

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