

## TEMA 1

1. L'AFFIDAMENTO DIRETTO
2. LA TRASPARENZA NELLA P.A.: PERCHÉ È IMPORTANTE?
3. CERTIFICATO DI DESTINAZIONE URBANISTICA;
4. IL CANDIDATO DISEGNI UNA POLIGONALE E CREA UNA PARALLELA A UNA DISTANZA PARI A 5.

## TEMA 2

1. IL COORDINATORE PER LA SICUREZZA
2. LE TIPOLOGIE DI ACCESSO
3. LA SEGNALEAZIONE CERTIFICATA DI AGIBILITÀ
4. IL CANDIDATO DOPO AVER DISEGNATO UNA FIGURA PIANA NEL LAYER ATTIVO ATTRIBUISCA ALLA FIGURA UN NUOVO LAYER DENOMINATO POLY

## TEMA 3

1. IL DIRETTORE DEI LAVORI
2. QUALI SONO GLI ORGANI DEL COMUNE?
3. ATTIVITÀ EDILIZIA LIBERA
4. IL CANDIDATO INSERISCA ALL'INTERNO DEL DISEGNO UN'IMMAGINE FORMATO JPEG

## TEMA 4

1. IL QUADRO ECONOMICO DELL'OPERA
2. IL RESPONSABILE DEL PROCEDIMENTO.
3. IL REGOLAMENTO EDILIZIO
4. IL CANDIDATO IMPOSTI LO STILE DI STAMPA ATTRIBUENDO AL COLORE MAGENTA LO SPESSORE DI 0,30.

## TEMA 5

1. LA PROGRAMMAZIONE DELLE OPERE PUBBLICHE
2. IL PROCEDIMENTO AMMINISTRATIVO.
3. LA PIANIFICAZIONE URBANISTICA COMUNALE
4. IL CANDIDATO PROVVEDA ALLA CREAZIONE DI UNA TABELLA COMPOSTA DA N. 2 RIGHE E N. 3 COLONNE.

## A WORLD OF POSSIBILITY

Incorporated into the annual schedule at Bennington was our Field Work Term, or FWT as we called it. It was a two-month-long term during the break between our first and second semesters. We had to find ourselves jobs, either in the States or abroad, which were somehow related to our field of study. I worked at many jobs during my FWT's and in many parts of the world. My first FWT was spent in Leipzig Germany, my second in Boston, my third was in Italy and for my last one I remained at Bennington. They were all learning experiences, and not necessarily just in terms "of the job".

For my first FWT I decided to go to Leipzig because my friend Aurora was living there at the time. It wasn't easy finding a job because I couldn't remember a word of German, even though I'd studied it for eight years in elementary school. I knew a few songs and tongue twisters, but that wouldn't help at all in a job, much less at the supermarket or train station. In the end I was able to convince the Waldorf School in Leipzig to take me on as a volunteer and I did an internship at the Cultural Affairs Department.

... to another country. It

## COLOURING RAINBOWS

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I have two sisters, Nicole who is older than me and Lara who is younger. Nicole is an opera singer and lives in an old country house in France. Lara just graduated from the University of California in Los Angeles and wants to become an actress. I've always been very close to my sisters, and to make up for the distance between us we spend hours on the phone together. The thing I probably miss the most about living in Italy is being far from them.

When we were young we used to play all sorts of games together, hide and seek, or hopscotch, or we'd ride our bikes or skateboards around the block. I have a vivid memory of my sisters and I walking to and from school every day. We all had braided hair and lunch baskets (we ate at school) and dresses that my mom had made us. We went to a Waldorf School where every subject in one way or another was connected to art.

## SUMMER JOBS

There was a time when my allowance was twenty-five cents (which is the equivalent of about 20 cents in euros) and all I could get at the corner store was a piece of candy or potato chips. Then slowly it went up to fifty cents and made its way to about ten dollars (about 8 euros). I remember saving up for a special doll I wanted or going out to a restaurant with my friends just to get some French fries.

Given my economic situation and my growing need for independence, I started baby-sitting very early on. When I was twelve I began to understand that I could make a lot more money by working than by waiting for my measly 10 dollars a week. From the age of thirteen on my summers were spent working so that I could have some money during the year, as well as help my mother pay for my schooling (schooling in the States is usually very expensive). My first job was at a deli in the tourist area of Pier 39, where I learned to froth foam for cappuccinos and tell the difference between ham and roast beef, though I never did taste them because I was still a vegetarian.

The next summer I got a job in a coffee shop outside

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## IMMAGINARY WORLDS

Aside from my oil painting I continued to illustrate. Imaginary worlds of fairy tales and colourful scenes of childhood playtime filled my watercolour pads. Stories arose from the images and unfolded into longer tales. Grimm's fairy tales were my favourite, and so I began to reinterpret these classical tales of heroes, princesses and beasts in colourful stylised images.

In the spring of my first year in Italy I collected the few handmade books I had made in college and my illustration portfolio, and I set off for my first children's book fair. Full of enthusiasm and convinced that my "art" had something new to offer I entered into this world of stands, huge Disney posters and people in suits and ties who could have cared less about yet another illustrator, and an "artistic" one at that. I showed my portfolio and books to many publishers, but art wasn't what they wanted. "Artistic children's books just don't sell", they kept telling me. They wanted something cute and fuzzy with a happy ending. So I left the fair with a sense of what this commercial world wanted, but I was still convinced children needed imagination, vision and beauty in their books.

I've always thought that children's books are a child's first encounter with art, with colour -  
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## ICE CREAM ON A RAINY DAY

I was eight years old when my father took me out for ice cream, just the two of us, and told me my parents were getting a divorce. I really only started to understand what it meant when we came home and my mother was crying and for some reason I started crying too.

It took another eight years to deal with custody issues about who we were to live with, and my parents went to court many times to sort out everything. Even now I'm still finding out bits and pieces of the story, trying to find the reasons that made their marriage not work out.

I only have a few memories of my parents together. I remember jumping on their waterbed in the morning and being tickled by my father. I remember hikes in the woods in Montana and going to see my grandparents in Vermont. I also remember the arguments they had, a few plates being broken, but for the most part I remember the nice memories, the happy moments.