



gionrale #4

These few lines intentionally left blank



The phone rang and rang, we would forgive ourselves, it rang, a woman answered, 'Hello?' I knew it was her, the voice had changed but the breath was the same, the spaces between the words were the same, I pressed '4, 3, 5, 5, 6,' she said, 'Hello?' I asked, '4, 7, 4, 8, 7, 3, 2, 5, 5, 9, 9, 6, 8?'

She said, 'Your phone isn't one hundred dollars. Hello?' I wanted to reach my hand through the mouthpiece, down the line, and into her room, I wanted to reach YES, I asked, 150

'4, 7,4,8, 7, 3, 2, 5, 5,9,9,6, 8?' She said, 'Hello?' I told her, '4, 3, 5, 7!'

'Listen,' she said, 'I don't know what's wrong with your phone, but all I hear is beeps. Why don't you hang up and try again.' Try again? I was trying to try again, that's what I was doing! I knew it wouldn't help, I knew no good would come of it, but I stood there in the middle of the airport, at the beginning of the century, at the end of my life, and I told her everything: why I'd left, where I'd gone, how I'd found out about your death, why I'd come back, and what I needed to do with the time I had left. I told her because I wanted her to believe me and understand, and because I thought I owed it to her, and to myself, and to you, or was it just more selfishness? I broke my life down into letters, for love I pressed '5, 6, 8, 3,' for death, '3, 3, 2, 8, 4,' when the suffering is subtracted from the joy, what remains? What, I wondered, is the sum of my life? '6,9,6, 2, 6, 3,4, 7, 3, 5,4, 3, 2, 5, 8, 6, 2, 6, 3,4, 5, 8, 7, 8, 2, 7, 7,4, 8, 3, 3. 2 8, 8,4, 3, 2,4, 7, 7, 6, 7, 8, 4, 6, 3, 3, 3, 8, 6, 3,4, 6, 3, 6, 7, 3,4, 6, 5, 3, 5, 7! 6,4, 3,2,2, 6, 7,4, 2, 5, 6, 3, 8, 7, 2, 6, 3,4, 3? 5, 7, 6, 3, 5, 8,6, 2, 6 3.4. 5. 8. 7.8, 2, 7, 7,4,8, 3, 9, 2, 8, 8,4, 3, 2,4, 7, 7,6, 7,8,4,6, 3, 3, 4. 5, 7, 6, 7, 8,4, 6, 3, 5, 5, 2, 6, 9, 4, 6, 5, 6, 7, 5, 4, 6! 5, 2, 6, 2, 6, 5, 9, 5, 2? 6, 9,6, 2, 6, 5,4, 7, 5, 5,4, 5, 2, 5, 2, 6,4, 6, 2,4, 5, 2, 7, 2, 2, 7, 7,4, 2, 5. 5, 2, 9, 2, 4, 5, 2,6! 4, 2, 2, 6, 5,4, 2, 5, 7,4, 5, 2, 5, 2,6, 2, 6, 5, 4, 5, 2, 7,2, 2, 7, 7,4, 2, 5, 5, 2, 2, 2,4, 5, 2! 7, 2, 2, 7, 7,4, 2, 5, 5, 2, 2, 2,4, 5, 2, 4, 7, 2, 2, 7, 2,4, 6, 5, 5, 5, 2, 6, 5,4, 6, 5, 6, 7, 5,4! 4, 3, 2, 4, 3, 3, 6, 3, 8, 4! 6, 3, 3, 3, 8,6, 3, 9, 6, 3, 6, 6, 3, 4, 6, 5, 3, 5, 3! 2, 2, 3, 3, 2,6, 3,4, 2, 5, 6, 3,8, 3, 2,6, 3,4, 3? 5,6, 8, 3? 5, 3,6, 3, 5, 8, 6, 2, 6, 3,4, 5, 8, 3, 8, 2, 3, 4, 8, 3, 3, 2, 8! 3, 3,4, 8, 3, 3, 2-8, 3,4-3.

(from Jonathan Safran Foer)

'Cause I like to be gone most of the time
And you like to be home most of the time
If I stay in one place, I lose my mind
I'm a pretty impossible lady to be with

[Chorus]

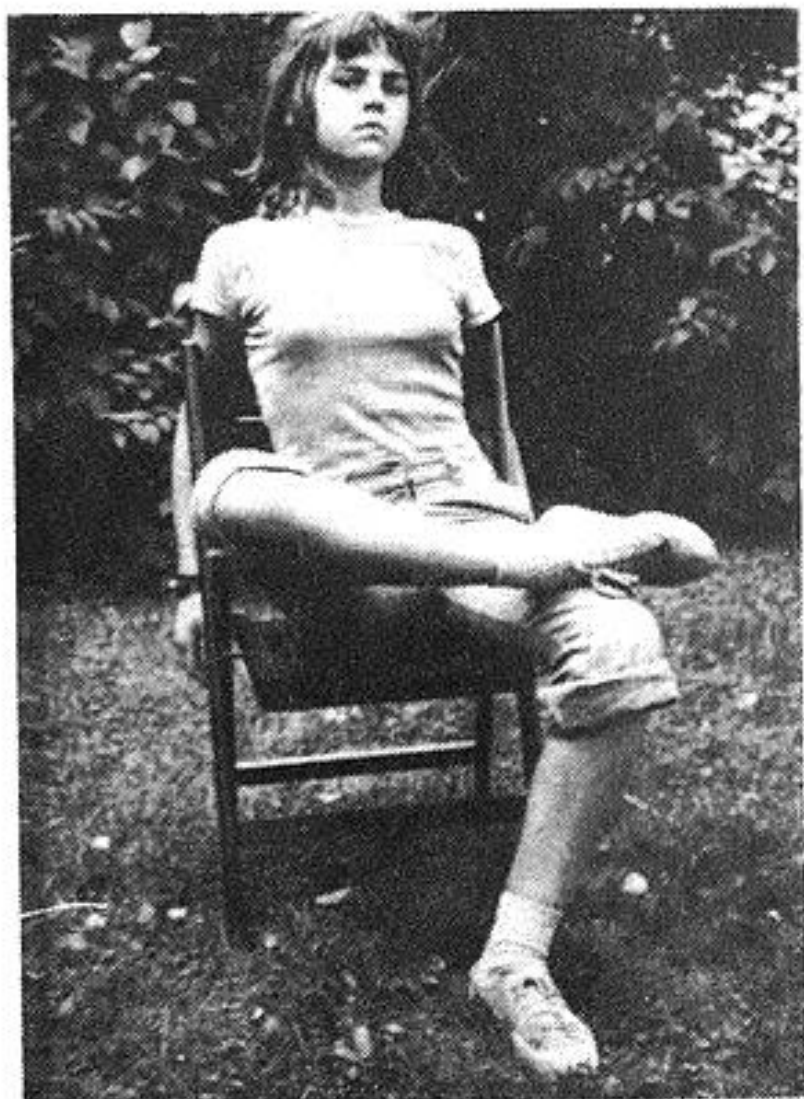
Joey never met a bike that he didn't wanna ride
And I never met a Tobey that I didn't like
Scotty liked all of the books that I recommended
Even if he didn't I wouldn't be offended



Praz was a scholar with an insatiable appetite for learning about and comparing things; he was an omnivorous compiler of files about great, minor and negligible works where the human hand has expressed the unmistakable tone of the age as well as the hidden urges of the soul

Human body language is the same, no matter where you come from. And then there was the use of **h**umour, because I always think if something is bearable then you can complain about it. But when it becomes unbearable, either you die of it, or you have to laugh about it. I think when you laugh with someone, it's the height of the understanding of them, because it means that you understand their soul. And you are actually integrated into a culture when you actually can laugh at the jokes that this culture makes.

So for all these reasons, I thought this was the best format. And a comic is a language in which you use words and you use drawing. The drawing is not just an illustration of what you have always said so you have to actually take care of it in the most precious way – the same way as you use the words.

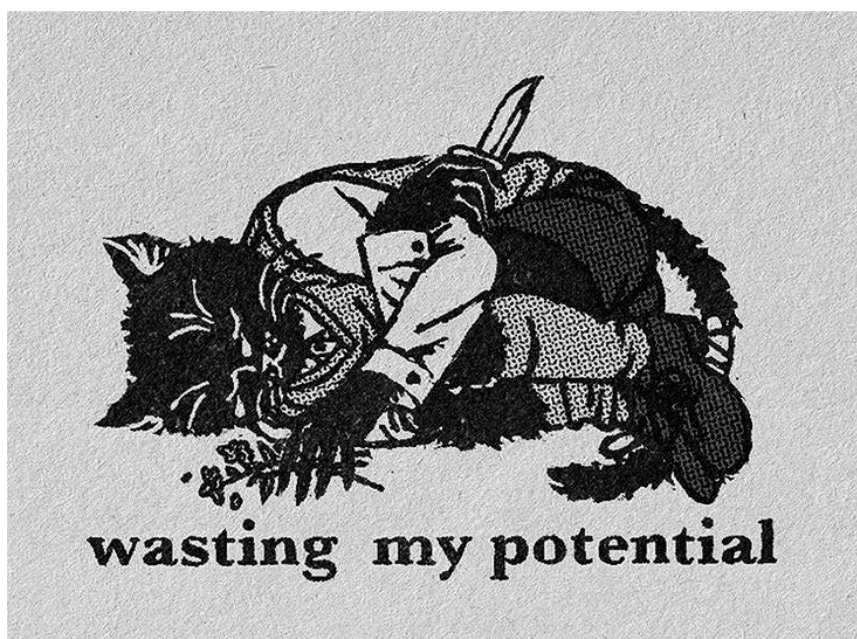


“Masculine”

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gionrale #4 / of expressing

questa fanzine è uno spazio bianco per le tue idee. se ne hai,
mandaci una mail a nientedafarebiella@gmail.com



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