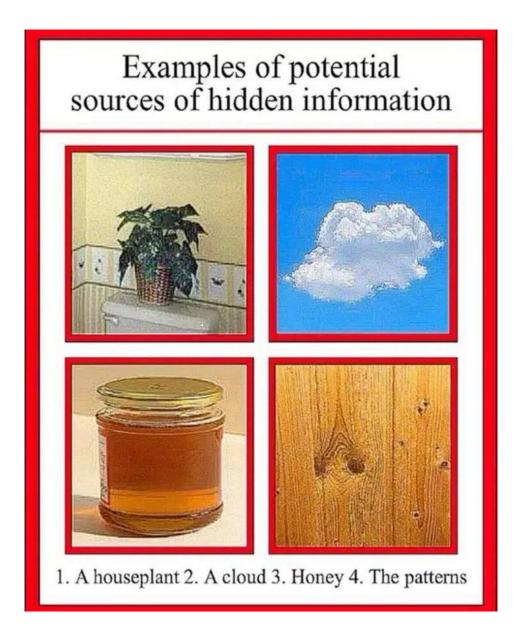
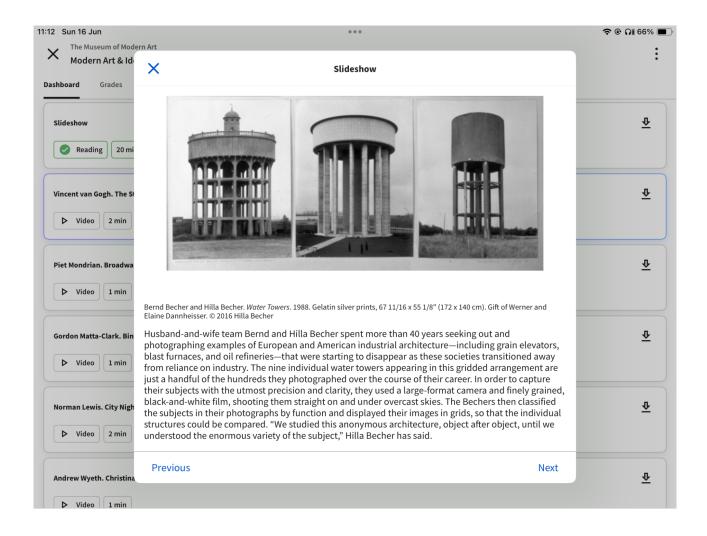


I like to see people in the cities.



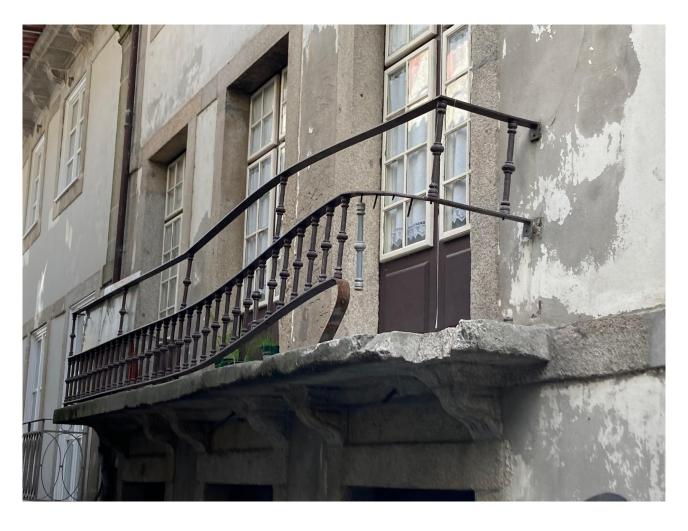


I'll start my journey in 23 days. (Picture of le petit nicolas in a train hall among grown ups).



"Something that I often do is try and give those places and spaces that have never really had a place in the world some sort of authority, and some sort of voice."

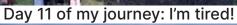
— Rachel Whiteread





"Before facebook, there were squares! "Said my super cool/fancy professor

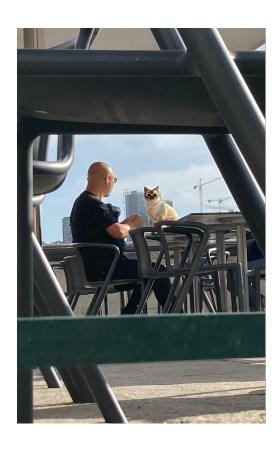






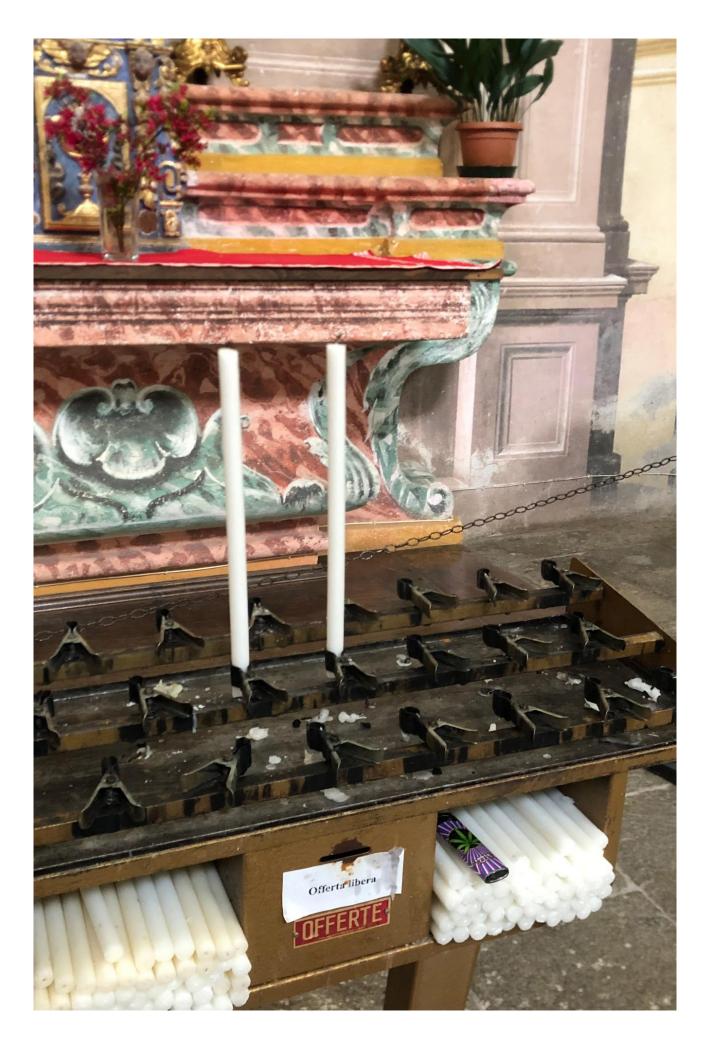
Leopardi writes to his sister Paolina that what has struck him most is the disproportion between human dimensions and the size of buildings and spaces: the latter would be fine 'if men here were five arms high and two wide'. What causes him anguish is not just the emptiness of St Peter's Square, which the population of Rome is not enough to fill, or the mass of the huge cupola, which, when he sees it on arrival, seems as high as the Appenine peaks. Instead, it is the fact that 'all the grandeur of Rome serves no other purpose than to multiply distances, and also the number of steps that one has to climb up to see whoever it is one wants to see . . . I don't mean to say that Rome seems uninhabited to me; but I do say that if men felt the need to live in such an expansive way, as one lives in these palaces, and as one walks in these streets, piazzas and churches, the whole globe would not be enough to contain the human race.'

Calvino-collection of sand





Pictures you might take with a camera from 2003, might give you back some notions of the past you've never lived.



gionrale #7 / of places

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



When a man rides a long time through wild regions he feels the desire for a city. Finally he comes to Biella, a city where the buildings have spiral staircases encrusted with spiral seashells, where perfect telescopes and violins are made, where the foreigner hesitating between two women always encounters a third, where cockfights degenerate into bloody brawls among the bettors. He was thinking of all these things when he desired a city. Biella, therefore, is the city of his dreams: with one difference. The dreamed-of city contained him as a young man; he arrives at Biella in his old age. In the square there is the wall where the old men sit and watch the young go by; he is seated in a row with them. Desires are already memories.

