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## ***Ricordi di spazio espaces de passage***

During my stay in Milan, I started a research about the notion of home that is part of my greatest research on geography in which I work on our relationship with the space that surrounds us.

What do we call home? How a space can become a *chez soi*? Is the space of a city that we inhabit for a long time can also be consider as our home? What memories of a place do we have if we had lived there or if we are only passing by? How the time and the experience of a place can affect our memory?

To reflect on those questions, I asked 14 Italian artists that I met in Milan to participate in my research. I chose them because I felt that they had a sensitivity for this subject and they were all already working on the notion of the space, on the city or on memory.

I asked them to choose a place in the city that has a particular signification for them and to send me the address. It could be anything, as long as I can have access to it.

Then, I asked them to describe that place by memory with a text and a sketch.

Without looking at their sketch or reading their text, I went to the place and wrote a description of my own.

We then combined their affective memory of that place to my more recent experience of it and created those *Ricordi di spazio espaces de passage*.

This is the active part of my research, not the finality of my project. It is a starting point to deploy a reflection on the questions, the notions and the subjects that emerged from our experiences of a same space. I annotated and underlined the texts to activate those dialogues. The texts will be revised to make a publication. All the matter produced will be useful for the continuation of my research.

They speak Italian, I speak French, English is where we can meet.

Catherine Barnabé  
April 2022

**PAOLA GAGGIOTTI**

a bench in front of the Museo di Storia Naturale

*The use  
of the space*

When chaos or the virus prevent me from thinking, I sit on this bench.

From there, beyond the gates, I see the cars go by.

Behind me the Natural History Museum and the Planetarium.

In front of me the gravel, the fence, the luxurious buildings of Milan.

Someone is running, the children are eating ice cream,

the mothers are smoking while talking on the phone.

Everything slows down.

This bench was my artist residence

when I didn't find an alternative space for myself.

Minutes are like hours, hours are like days.

Coming home from this place is like coming back from a trip.

*going  
home*

Sunday March 6 - 4:22pm

*The use of the space*

This is the kind of place where you wait for someone. It is close to a metro station, in front of a museum and in a park. You wait for someone to meet you and you go for a walk or you visit the museum. The lineup is full of families. It is Sunday, people are walking around. There are a lot of pigeons. I see a dinosaur in front of me, a little bit at my right. The air is fresh and the light hits the top of the building. A dog is barking. The museum is made of orange-like stones, the windows are in arches with black and orange stones, alternately. On the roof, there are statues, on the facade there are frills and inscriptions, I don't recognize the architectural style. There are three flags on the facade: European Union, Italy and another white and red that I don't know (maybe the city of Milano?). In front of the Museum there is a large alley, with trees in the middle, there is an island of green in front of the door made from only one kind of plant, at least this is what we can see at this time of the year. On the bench, at my right, two young girls are talking in English but I don't clearly distinguish their words. There is no particular smell. The park is encircled by a metal and stone fence. A kid is crying. The lineup diminishes, the sounds of the cars and the motorcycles composed a continuous noise. Most of the trees are old, but a few seem to have been plant not so long ago. There are a lot of runners. A touristic red bus stopped at the red light. A few dogs are in leash, a few are not. The benches around me are dark green, at a distance, there are concrete benches without any back. On the ground, among twigs, small rocks and cigarettes butts, there are confetti in the shape of stars and circles. Off all colours. I am hearing one of the girl: "I want to go home". She flips through a Vogue. A dog doesn't want to move. Another joins is owner who has left the park and waits for him to put is leash on. This is a chic neighbourhood. Paper tinsels are stock in a tree, the party is over. It is 4:53pm.

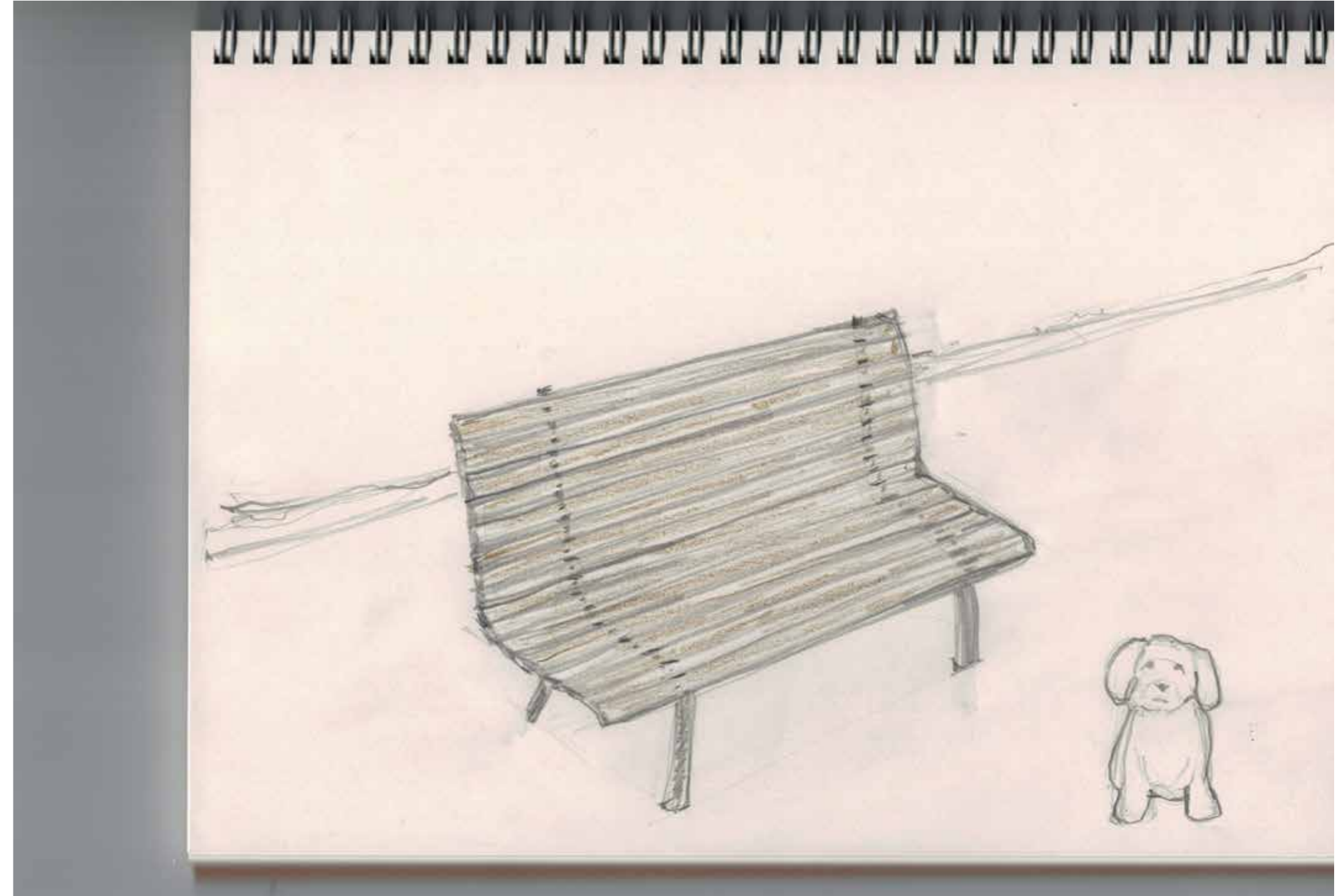
*going  
home*

*perspective*

*Making a public space your home, your place of work*

*outside / inside*

*Slowing down and observing*





## LUDOVICO OROMBELLI

Via Lanzo <sup>№</sup> 7

I remember having walks and always stopping in front of a toyshop. It was called *Fate I Capricci*, Italian for “play up!”.

I can still visualise the place that I used to look through the display window. The first image that comes to my mind is the huge number of toys that was definitely too much to be contained in such a little space. The most absurd shapes were filling every little bit of the area, pressing on walls and windows that seemed to verge upon the point of exploding.

Interlocking geometries and colors were defining the content of the framework, which was so chaotic as to get absurd. Boxes and postcards having different sizes were reporting every kind of images. Figures of objects, animals, humans, aliens, cars, guns and princess' dresses were blending with cuboidal, pyramidal and sometimes, spherical forms. Beside these, I remember other three-dimensional characters that were free in space and that appeared alive. A huge reproduction of a sailor man was placed at the side of a little chick measuring no more than the size of a fingertip. The statuesque toys were made from shiny materials and colors that were captivating my attention.

Every time I used to pass by the shop I was always seduced by all of this, and I still think of it with a sense of desire.

*Interior / exterior*

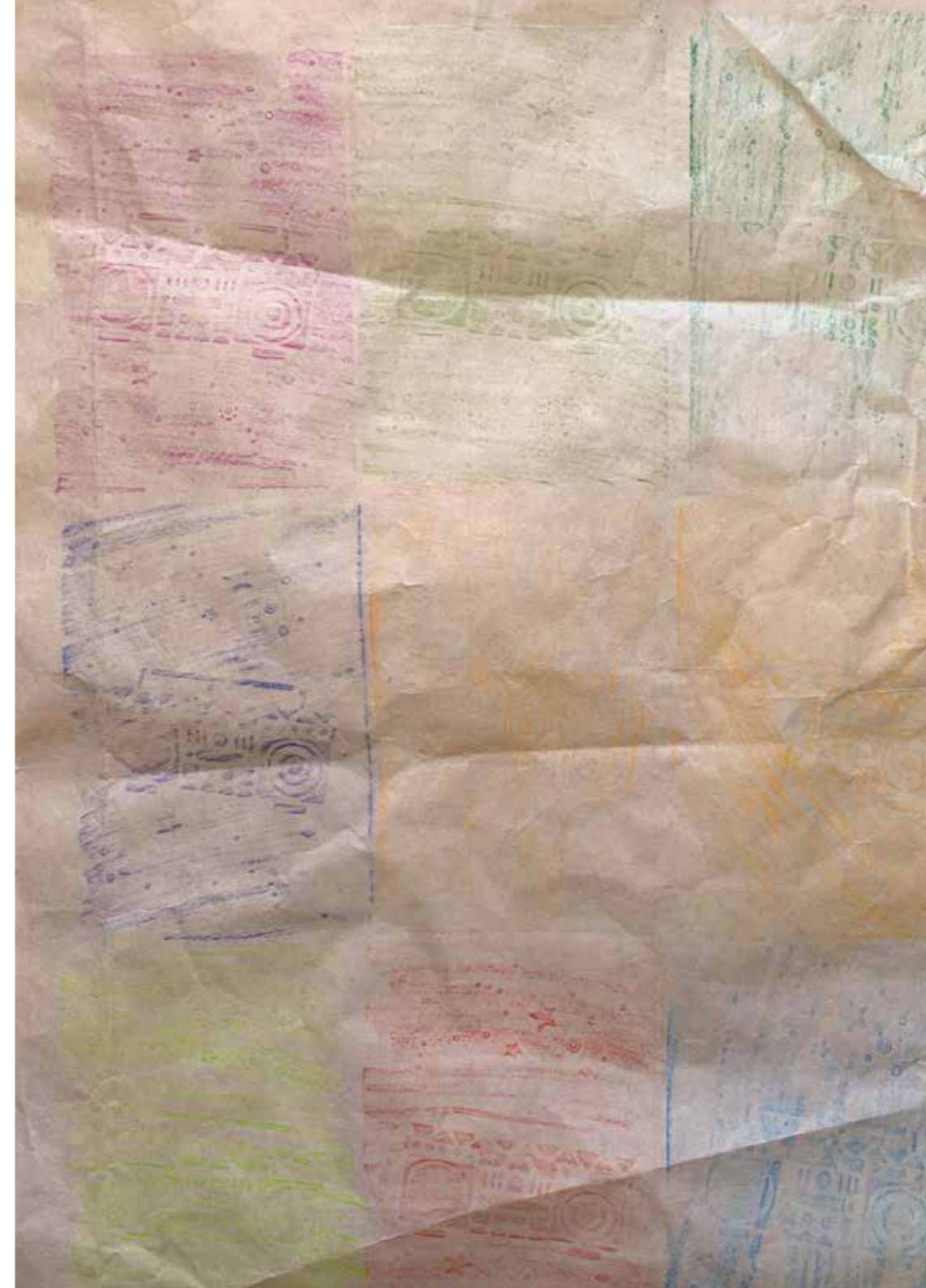
*Places that last in time*

*Childhood memories  
The power of the  
objects*

*Objects that we amuse in our home*

Sunday March 13, 2022 – 4:30pm

It is in a quiet street in a residential neighbourhood; a toy store for kids. The store is closed, it is Sunday, I didn't think that it would be closed. The store front is full of stuffed toys, there are also some figurines. The street is a one way and the sidewalks are narrow. I hear some voices. As if people are reunited in an interior courtyard in the building behind me, or maybe they are on the rooftop. I don't understand clearly the voices, only a murmur. The building where the store is has four floors, the 4<sup>th</sup> is in part a rooftop with trees. The façade of the store is completely glazed. The door is in the center. There are red panels with green frames at the extremities. On those panels, there are only a few stickers – green, red, blue, yellow – from the celebrations of the store. 37 years in 2022. A yellow basket is left on the doorstep for people to leave books for the children. The lower floor is grey, the superior floors are beige, the windows and the doors are in wood. Almost all the shutters are closed. Only one window has flowers, pink, they must be fake, it is still winter. A kid passes by with his parents, he is on a little bike. He wants to go to the store. It is closed, we will come back tomorrow. When we look at the street, there is no perspective, in a direction or the other, buildings are blocking the view. Many people stop to look at the store front. A woman walks with her son and a stroller. She shoves me, then apologizes. A couple stops by the window and they embrace each other. The girl seems sad. They are not aware that I am watching them. They look at the window for a long time and point at some toys. They left talking. I cross the street. All that time, I was on the other side of the street. The book basket is empty, only a few flyers. Inside the store, it is dark. The store seems cluttered. I try to find a toy that reminds me of my childhood. A stuffed animal reminds me of my grandmother. Two padlocks are on the door. Will I come back when it will be open? It is 4:56pm.





**SONIA ARIENTA**

Via Brisa-Palazzo Morigi, Ruins of Imperial Palace, Ancient Tower

The space chosen for your project is a kind of square nearby Via Brisa, in Milan, delimited by ruins of roman imperial palace in one side and by the ancient Morigi Palace in the other one.

White. For me this space is a white-coloured place. I chose some other words characterizing it: brightness, peaceful, lightness, quietness, silence, sweetness. No particular smells, nor sounds. It is a space where I can feel the silence in the very heart of Milan, especially if I go when it is dark.

This is a place recently involved in a requalification and restauration project, in the most ancient side of Milan, as you can infer by the presence of roman ruin. In effect, I like to be there because I can feel the old story of the city, the flow of the times while I think to and I am in the present. XVII and XVIII century palaces, ancient roman ruins, medieval tower and walls are cohabiting with modern building, in a relatively small space.

This creates a feeling of pacific and articulated domestic partnership between different historical signs, a sense of equilibrium, of geometrical and architectural peace, despite the historical differences of each element. In my opinion, this is a metaphysical space, suspended over the time.

More, when I walk in this place, due to these different kinds of architectural elements, it is like to walk on a theatrical set. This space has a strong theatrical essence; it represents a theatre which is the same city, with its layered history. An ideal city, of geometrical serenity, equilibrium.

It is a place of reflection, meditation, concentration. I go there when I need reflecting or relaxing, thanks to different signs.

When I arrive in this place, I feel like I am connected with the heart of the city, with the history, the past, the present, the future times, in other words, I rest in a timeless dimension. I think that the silence, the white colour of the building and the red of the bricks has an important role in keeping the place so special.

Sunday March 13, 2022 – 5:26pm

During one of my first walks in the city, I came across this square by chance. This time, I am arriving by the other side. There is a caffè but no one is on the terrace. Maybe it is too cold. The place is quite incongruous. The architecture mix old vestiges and refine contemporary. I have never seen such a thing. There is a tower. Pieces of walls are embedded in the new architecture. Many streets lead to the square. I see a family with a very old woman in a wheelchair, I saw them earlier on my way here. The layout of the square seems quite new. It is organized. There is a lot of concrete and there is a lot of plants. A bit like a repetition of a pattern. The flowers of the magnolias are blooming. The vestiges are in red bricks. It is calm, but I know that not too far, there is a busy street. People are passing by the square but a few are stopping. I see a construction crane. The buildings are embedded, as if they are pieces of a puzzle. The buildings that circled the square are mostly white and grey, there is one yellow, one pink, one orange and one light blue. Sometimes, but rarely, we hear cars. We hear better the noise of the wind in the few dead leaves left hanging on the bushes. A young boy plays with a ball by himself, he throws the ball on a wall. The street that is alongside of the square is not a busy street, only a few cars have passed. I change places to have another view. A man is walking with his camera and tripod, he sometimes stops to take a picture. There are explanatory panels about the archeological excavations. A guide is doing a visit in Spanish. I see a flower stand. In a roof terrace the orange trees are wrapped for winter. The third of the square are roman vestiges encircled by a metal fence. The brick and stone ruins seem to form a kind of agora. The boy from earlier is crying out loud. The vestiges are lower than the level of the street. About four meters lower. Many people stop to look. There are pieces of antique columns. There is a cat and a bird in the ruins. Someone dropped a note sheet. It is 5:54pm.

Organization of the space

Traces of the past

The feeling of a place

TRANSFORMATION OF THE CITY  
heritage  
different times  
NARRATIVE LAYERS  
cohabitation





**VERA PRAVDA**

Piazza della Scala / corner Galleria Vittorio Emanuele II

Friday March 18 - 11:43am

History  
Real history

You are in the heart of Milan: in front of you Palazzo Marino, the Town Hall, a 16th century building restored at the end of the 19th century by Luca Beltrami (the same architect of the restoration of the Castle, of the Corriere della Sera headquarters, of the Central Synagogue of Milan).

On the sides, the Municipal Accounting Office and Gallerie d'Italia, also by Beltrami. Behind you the Scala, made by Piermarini in the 70's of the 18th century (he is the same architect of the Royal Villa of Monza). In the middle, the statue of Leonardo Da Vinci, surrounded by benches and plants. At the corner you can enter the Galleria, Milan's "good living room".

On the back, via Manzoni, further down you will find the Grand Hotel et de Milan, where Giuseppe Verdi died. In the days of his agony, the Milanese scattered the streets around the hotel with straw, so as not to disturb the "Maestro" with the noise of the carriages and the horses' hooves.

Acoustic  
Sight

Piazza della Scala is pedestrianised and wide, a lot of people pass by coming from all over the world. It tastes like a washed street. People go on foot, you can hear them spoken in different languages, the school groups shouting, the groups following their guides, the noise of the wrappers of the snacks of children and tourists, the rubbing of clothes, shopping bags, the noise of trams and cars, the water from the fountain. Near Galleria, the "ghisa", the police (men and women) in uniform, so called for their elongated hats.

Significant  
Moment

This is the place where I made the first ten artistic interventions for the Green is Gold series, now at Malpensa Airport. Here I feel at home: Milan is a welcoming and listening city, where the relationship with the Institutions is open. Here, me and other women, now friends, often demonstrated peacefully on Fridays with our climate change signs. Inside the Town Hall, the Air and Climate Plan has been recently approved by the women and the men of the town Council: an important step for the health of millions of people, with the objective of -45% CO2 emission by 2030, carbon neutrality by 2050.

Acoustic  
Sight

Here my son and I took many walks, stopping on the benches to read our books in the days of springtime and autumn, when the sky is blue and the sun is mild.

daily life / passage of the tourists  
Real city / Fantasma generic city

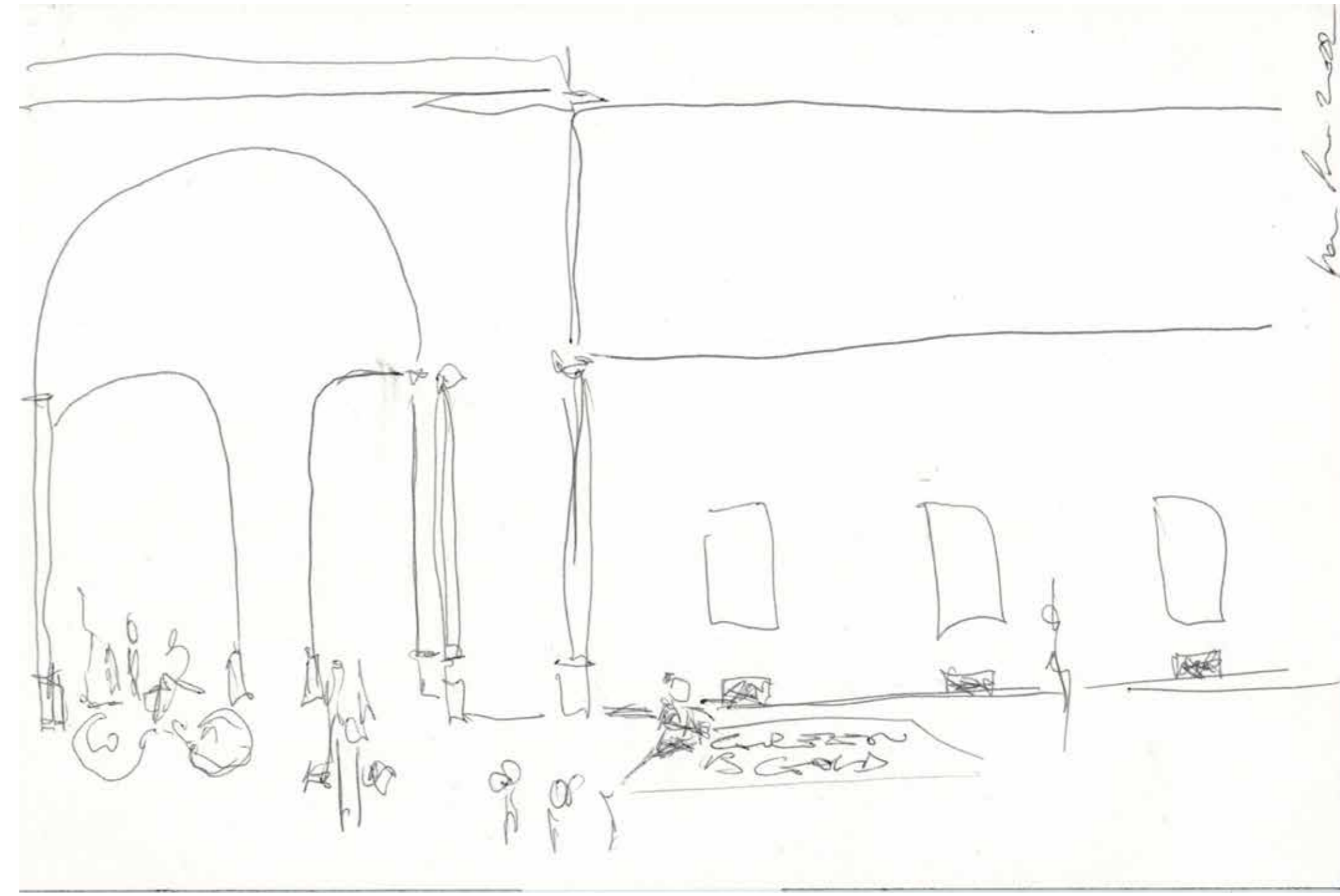
important moment link to a place

light

light

light

I am sitting in a cold stone bench. I look at the corner of the Palazzo Marino and the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele II. The sun is almost at the encounter of the two buildings. On the Palazzo, there is a banner where it is written *Verità per Giulio Regani* and the drawing of a man, I guess it is him. I wonder why people want the truth for him. On the public square, the benches are disposed in a circle around a monument that I don't see very well because I have my back to it, behind me there is also *La Scala* opera. Many people are going to the Galleria, there is less people than the last time I came, a Saturday. A little at my right, there is a big street lamp with four globes, at my left a fountain that flows continually. The water is falling from a kind of *gargouille*, or maybe it is a duck? The light is veiled by the clouds. When I arrived, an old woman was sitting at the other side of the bench, she is now gone and three youngsters are sitting at her place. There are two security guards at a door of the Palazzo. There are three flags on the palazzo, always the same: European Union, Italy and Milan. On the building at my right, there are the same flags and another one: rainbow with the word *PACE*. Two women have sitting by me but they are facing the opera. They are smoking and looking at their phones. There is a little souvenir shop at the entrance of the galleria. From here, I only see the beginning of the passage but I know that at the end there is the *Duomo*. I have been here a few times. At the other side of the entrance, there is a hat shop - Borsalino. The street that borders it seems pedestrian. A dog in a leash is passing. A man is speaking at the phone. Another man is transporting a suitcase that seems very heavy. I hear flute. It is a woman behind me. The women at my side are gone and a couple have taken their places. By the metal door of the Palazzo I see what seems to be an inner courtyard, I see a lion head sculpted in the stone. A touristic guide had deployed an umbrella for the people that follow him. They are about 50. They speak in English. They stop at the main gate of the Palazzo and all turn towards the Scala. The couple by me speaks French. There are more and more people. It is 12:10pm.



for the 200



SILVIA MANTELLINI FAIETA

Via Guglielmo Pepe

I remember the places where I lived, walking by Via Guglielmo Pepe.

I remember, indeed, my houses, all the streets, all the lights of the day. I remember that I lived in a lot of places I called home.

In every city I lived in, I looked up at the sky. I was looking for human traces.

Here, I see the sky, I see the horizon, I see the train lines. People flow in the train, here I have human traces. But, in this street, the city seems motionless. I could be anywhere. I could be nowhere.

Nothing moves. Nobody is around.

I can smell the fresh air.

I see the sun like a big dot above me, and, while I feel the sun, fresh air becomes warm. And I feel at home again.

Silence is around me.

Emptiness is my home. Emptiness and silence come inside me, through my eyes, in my body.

I walk by this street almost every day since I live in Milan. Just to see again, for the last minute before I go inside, the light.

And I feel grateful, feel free. And that I am part of the world I am living in.

Walking in the city

The sky, the view: seeing far / close

path, following a path, a trace

Seeing something different from one perspective to another

Making a city a home, find new landmarks

Friday March 18 – 4:58pm

I arrive by Via Pietro Borsieri. There is no sidewalk only a pedestrian passage. There is a parking at my right. At my left, there are parked cars and a street that is going up. On the concrete low wall of the parking there is a graffiti. And on the wall of a building that overlooks the parking, a mural representing the decomposed face of a woman. I start walking. There is a communal garden in a big yard, with benches and tables, the walls are pink and yellow. The garden is closed by metal panels with things writing and drawing on them. *Isola Pepe Verde*. Away, I see the Cimitero Monumentale. At the middle of the garden, on the other side of the street between the parked cars there is a space that I guess is like a terrace during the summer, there are also bushes. In the garden, there is a kid shed. I think I am at the end of the street but it turns. There is a mural of a fish and one of a parrot. On the wall at the end of the garden there is like a *bas-relief* of an ear, it is written *Zona audio Sorvegliata* (something seems erased). A man speaks to me but I don't understand, I tell him *scusi, non parlo italiano*. He leaves. At the top of the ear, there is a security camera. I arrive at the entrance of the Porta Garibaldi Station. The street takes another look, there are a lot of graffiti. On the right side, there are apartment buildings with stores at the bottom. On the other side, there are still parked cars. The railway is behind the wall. The direction of the street has changed. I go faster. Near the entrance of the station it smells like urine. There is a lot of wall drawings of the *Gioconda* and Leonardo. There are four young boys who are sitting on the parked Bike mi. The street turns again. In this part of the street there are two sidewalks, the street had again change of direction. On the fence of the railway there are flower metal pots with pink and green succulents. I hear the calls from the station. I hear birds and a siren with warning messages coming from a building in construction. On a fence, there is a Ukrainian flag. The street is ending with a pedestrian passage towards Via Farini. I go back in the other way. The view is different, many new buildings and the ones with the big trees on all the balconies. It is 5:29pm.

Nothing moves. Nobody is around.





VINCENZO ZANCANA

Piazza Cincinnato

Saturday March 26 – 2:32pm

One of the most important places for me in Milan is certainly Piazza Cincinnati. A square with a triangular shape that is quite unknown but which has allowed me to rediscover lost sensations and emotions. I don't remember how many benches there were but it was the only time I sat alone thinking in a public space. In the middle of the traffic, the smog and the noises of the busy city in that triangle-shaped square where I felt protected, balanced and safe in a city that I was afraid would not accept me. I never went back to that square, I don't really know why. Maybe because I don't even remember it existed, but as soon as you asked me to describe a place that was meaningful to me it was like having a flashback.

The Piazza is divided by streets in three triangular shapes. There are six streets that converge towards the Piazza. It is a place of passage and circulation, I don't think people are stopping by – there is no bench –, or maybe they do so for making a call on one of the three public phones, or to wait for the tram that is passing in the middle. There are a few mature trees and some bushes, almost no grass, it is mostly sandy soil. Scooters are parked. Two little girls are passing singing a very enthusiastic song, the man who is with them stay neutral, quiet. The buildings surrounding the place are high, five to seven floors, the sun only reaches the center of the Piazza. The architectures are very different, most in stones, nothing really amazing. The building that are on the other side of the place in front of me are more beautiful. One reminds me of gothic architecture of church with pale stones, arches and columns. The other next to it has a kind of trellis pattern that gives lozenges and many ornamentation. Many people are walking their small white dog. The dogs are not allowed on the Piazza. Two women wearing summer dresses seem to have chosen clothes that are a little too optimistic for the season, it is hot today, but we are in March. There are other people in winter coats. I think I am hearing a little girl talking, I raise my head, it is a woman in her twenties. The streets that converge to the piazza have deep perspective; we can see far. I walk around the place. At the end of the street that crosses the place there is a park. There are two hairdressers, two restaurants, one bar, one real estate agency, one cartridge store, one supermarket, one man clothes store. Men are putting what seems to be show equipment in a truck. I now see the beautiful buildings closely. There is a blue coat abandoned in a bush. A homeless woman drinking Fanta is looking at me. Now I want to drink a Fanta. The trees don't have leaves. The woman lights a cigarette. It is mostly a residential neighborhood but since it is close to the central station, there are a lot of hotels. I cross the street to read the plaque: Piazza Cincinnato – dittatore romano V. sec. A.C. I wonder why they named a Piazza after a roman dictator. It is 2:58pm.

*benches  
no benches*

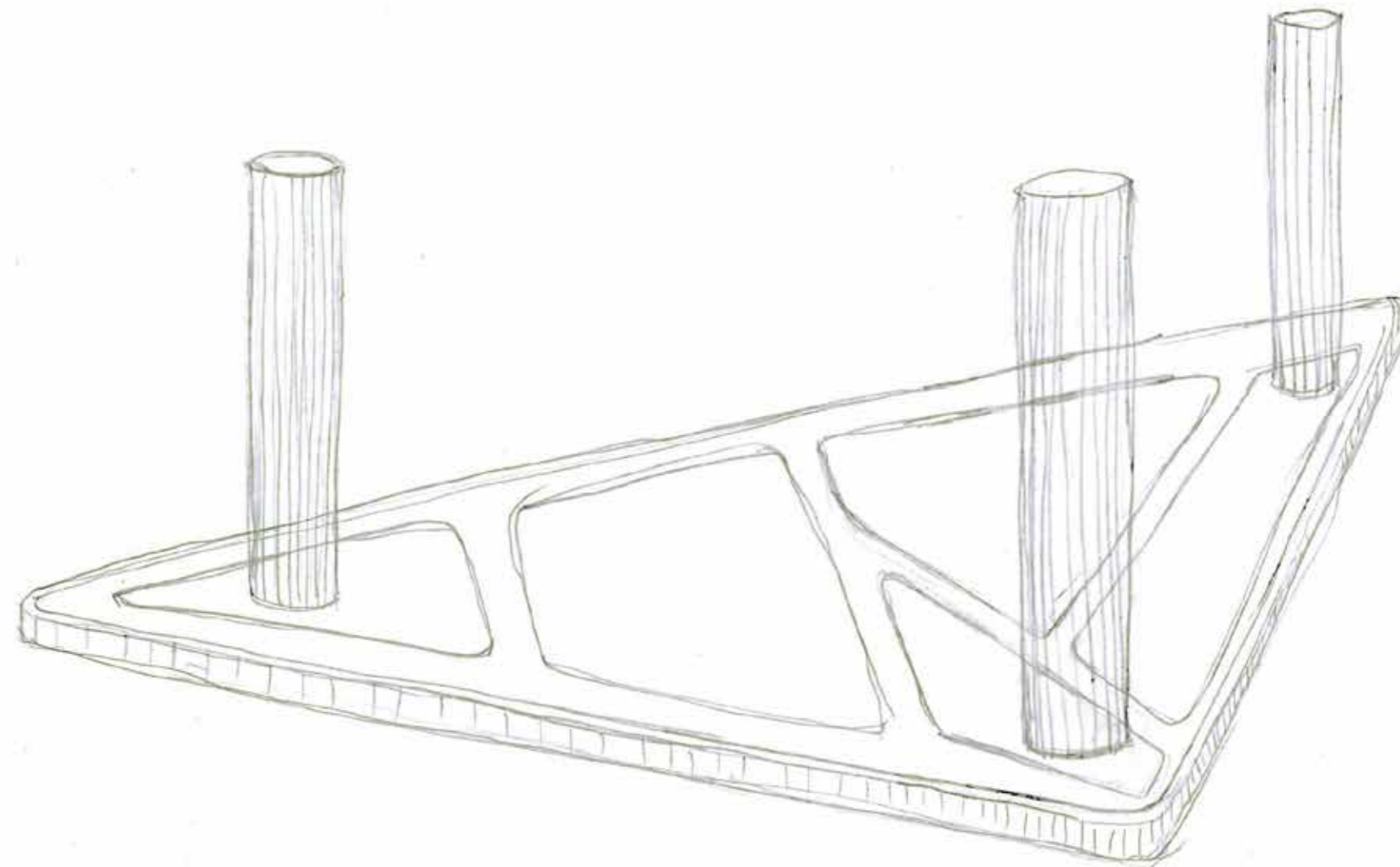
*experience of a space, sensations link to a place*

*perspective*

*memories, affective memory*

*Reminiscence*

*how time and events affect our sensations*





**RAFFAELE MORABITO**

Via Cappuccini 7

Pink feathers,  
Are my memories,  
Like bird wings  
And colonialists' skin

*traces of colonialism in the city*

An exposed soft secret  
Where private becomes public  
A gate, obstructed vision,  
Through dark fronds I see

*private space / public space*

Closed, concealed,  
Cavernous opening,  
And this city, surrounded by buildings,  
A pool, mute screams

A hole in the chaos,  
I stare, I feel  
Detachment becomes a theft  
Blue water, red shellfish

*Construction of a space \*  
phantasmagoric space  
the magic of a place*

Privilege creates beauty  
And I just feel so guilty,  
But eyes watch for real  
Is this a movie or a dream?

The evil is hidden,  
'Cs freedom is a concept,  
Flamingos are survivors  
Their presence has no reason

*pain legs*

The hunter is bright white  
His power is to buy  
Right and wrong are just words  
The beauty's by their side

*collaboration of different social classes*

*Wild life in the city*

Saturday March 26 - 4:16 pm

\* I arrive in front of a private yard surrounding by a high black metal fence. The vegetation is very dense and abundant for this time of the year: many big trees with dark leaves, they look like tropical trees. Many people are gather further away. I look at them at a distance. I hear a fountain. We are in a residential neighbourhood, quite chic. On the other side of the street there is a building with a lot of ornamentation; heads of lions and women. At the corner of the street the building is a mix of art déco and 80 architecture. I don't know who is the owner of the courtyard, it is in the middle of buildings. I hear something, a sound that reminds me of a rooster but not quite. And then, I understand what people are looking at. I see them. I am coming closer. About ten flamingos in the center of Milan. They are all in a pond. They are all standing on one leg, the head hunched. They are all a different kind of pink, from very pale to vivid pink. I always heard that they were pink because they eat shrimps, I don't know if that is true. Behind the flamingos, who are not too far from the fence, there is majestic stone building with columns. People are fascinated, almost everyone stop to look. \*  
In the garden, there are also pink flowers, I guess it is to match with the animals. \*  
Three of them are now on both legs and are walking. In the yard, there is grass and plants that cover the ground. There are sculptures. One of the flamingo is drinking from a littler pond. There are also a few little black birds on the ground. People are really amazed. I am too. I think that each of the people that stopped, took a photo. I wonder if the people who are living in the neighborhood are looking at the flamingos every day. And if the flamingos are staying outside all year long and day and night. Aren't they from the South? Why are they here? \*  
They are so graceful, they move forward and then backward, spreading their legs. Like they are dancing a ballet. There are feathers all over the ground. Their legs look like bamboo and they seem to have knee pads. It is my turn to take pictures. It is 4:43pm.









CARLO GALLI

Lampugnano bus station

I have a kind of image locked in one specific moment like it would be photograph in my soul.

I connect this place with a lovely memory full of good tension and emotions.

Even if I was there to see a special one, the area was busy and noisy.

I went to the bus station to pick up a person who was visiting me.

I feel a kind of pleasure sensation because it's related to a pleasant moment in my life.

I believe that places like bus/train stations or airports have a unique and energetic atmosphere concerning the expectation of life. While you meet or leave somebody, your visual scenario changes as well.

Before the trip, I have a kind of tension that I release once the vehicle was moving. To me, travel is a kind of yoga for my spirit.

TRavelling

movement

places of passage

CONNECTION OF A PLACE WITH A GOOD MEMORY / VAGUE SOUVENIR

Affective space

Friday April 1<sup>st</sup> 2022, 3:09 pm

I am arriving from the metro, the bus station is directly outside. I sit on a bench to get an overview. It is a small station, I see only ten stops, I don't see where the \* buses are going. Four young Germans are close to me. There are buses from \* French and from Italian companies. A few years ago, I took a bus from Milan to Lyon, maybe it left from here. I don't remember clearly. There are only a few people waiting. At my right, there are tents – *Protezione civile* (blue, where there are suitcases) and Emergency (white, where women are sited at a table) – and a trailer (*clinica mobile gratuita*). I think that it is written Welcome in Ukrainian, \* English and Italian. The bus station is surrounded by an office building, a parking and a wall on which there are many graffiti. Behind me, there is a young woman with many bags, another woman joins her and they speak English with an accent \* from UK. A blabla car arrives, a woman gets out and runs to catch another bus. The Germans are leaving to take their bus. The station is in pale red bricks. I see what seems to be the roof of a big stadium. There are also a few trees and wild flowers on the ground. I am going inside. On my way, I see the board of arrivals \* and departures: Napoli, Roma, Aosta, Clermont-Ferrand, Ginevra, Borino, Parigi, Torino, Venezia. The inside is very small and dirty. There is only the ticket office and a bar. I get out on the other side. There are benches and blooming trees. In front of me a tree is split in two. A young woman who seems to travel alone is \* sitting in the grass on a yoga mat, she puts her beanie and lights a cigarette, she is barefoot. In front of the station there is a cafe in a trailer and a parking with caravans. There are a lot of pigeons. Two young French women sit in front of me, \* they take their pictures in front of the blooming trees, with the other girl in the background. They are looking for the museum of science on Google map and ask themselves if they have time to go. At my left, an English couple. The sun \* breaks through the clouds. It is 3:34pm.

travel





## ELEONORA ROARO

Parcheggio ATM Lampugnano

Lampugnano Parking garage was the closest one (and cheapest) to the motorway's exit for people coming from the 'Autostrada dei Laghi', like myself when I was a child and a teenager. It was the first place of the city I used to see coming to Milano from Lake Maggiore by car, a VW Passat. As the parking garage was the closest, it was the most comfortable for people not used to driving in the city. I remember going there with my mother and my grandmother, more rarely with my aunt, but always a female companion. They used to park outdoors, as they considered it safer, and we did everything quite in a rush, just to avoid potential danger: I have these memories of my mother and my grandmother waiting in the car, while my mother was paying with the automatic machine, and then run back to us. I remember multi-level parking, with a low ceiling, hence quite claustrophobic, with light-green details. A rotten odor coming from the metro line 1 ("la rossa") that I think was peculiar to the old metro wagon as it is very different from today: a strong memory that I have from the 90s. A newsstand outdoors to which I always peaked looking for my favorite comics. A few homeless people lying on the floor. We bought the tickets for the metro there, and my mother always said to me "Please remember to look for Molino Dorino when we'll come back". Molino Dorino was the final destination of line 1 at that time. The rest of the city, for me, was just names of the metro stops that I read on the wagon: Lampugnano, QT8, Lotto Fiera, Amendola, Buonarroti, Pagano, Conciliazione, Cadorna, Cairoli, Cordusio, Duomo. Many years later, I moved to Milano and all these places became more familiar. But I like to think back of Lampugnano as a non-place, an uncomfortable one, but somewhat familiar.

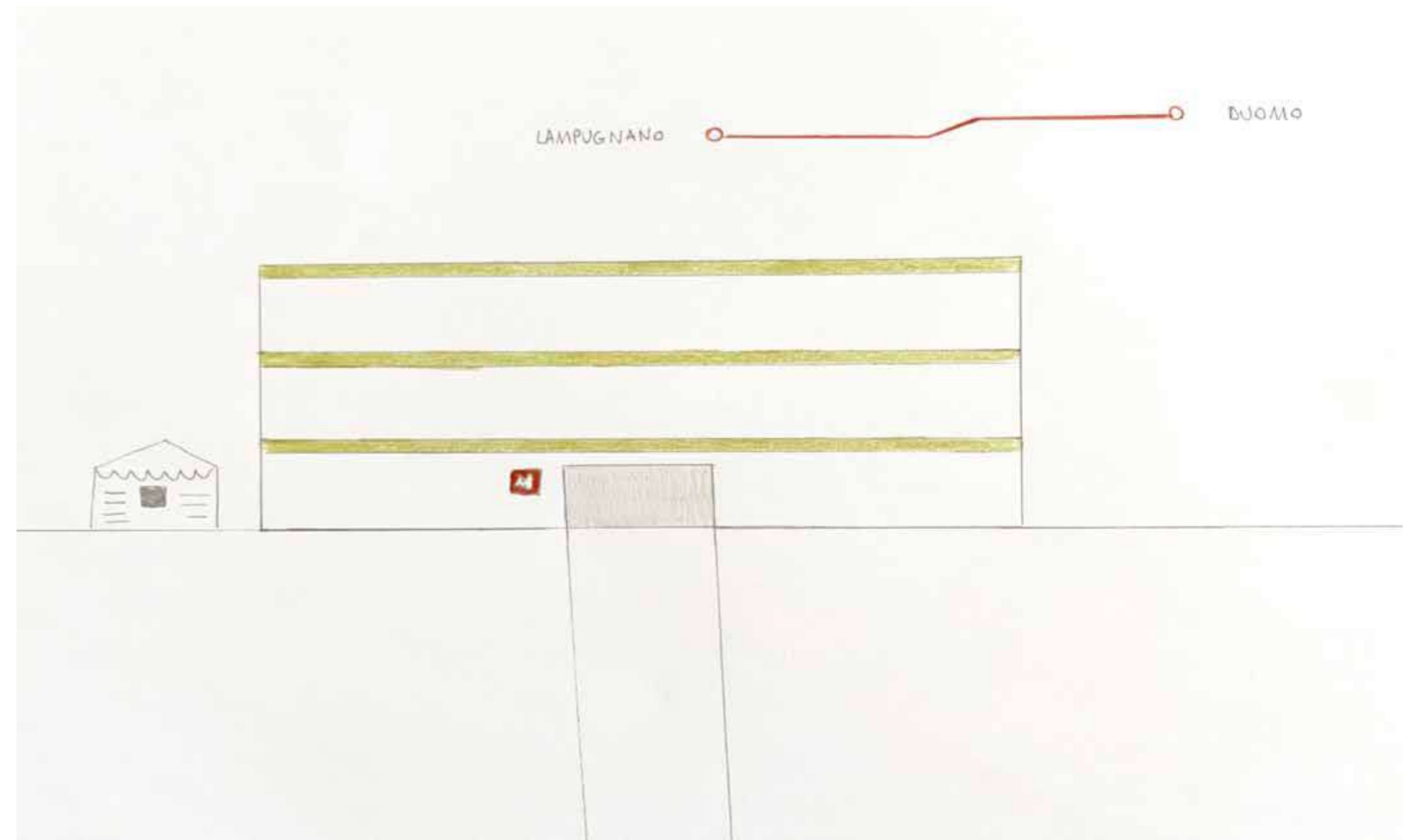
place of passage

People that we link to a space  
living in the city / passing by  
Remembering little details  
Childhood memories

Friday April 1<sup>st</sup> 2022, 3:37 pm

I saw the parking from the bus station, it is really close to it and to the metro. A four floors parking. I am already on the street because I saw that the address is on this street, so I go around to find the pedestrian entry. The parking is surrounded by a white metal fence with bushes. A lizard gets out of it. The street is a busy one, there are two buses that are waiting. On the other side of the street there is a vacant lot and a basketball court. I arrive at the intersection of a really big street, almost an highway. There is a pizzeria. It is a pretty hostile environment when you are not in a car. I go left and find another entry for cars. There is a part of the parking that is outside of the building, there are a few trees, some of them are dead. One of the exit is a tunnel that goes under the big road. On the other side of the street there is a park. Many cars are entering. A man is in the parking lot with his dog. There are four high poles with kind of geodesic dome at the top. I guess they are lights. It makes me think of the geodesic domes of Buckminster Fuller. We have one in Montreal. There are also three other poles without any dome at the top. I guess they fell. I am going back toward the bus station to find the pedestrian entry. Next to the pizzeria there is a soccer field. At the corner, a billboard Armani Exchange. I see the gate where you pay to exit, there is no employee, only blue machines and barriers, everything is automatic. The parking is in bricks with pale green metal. The pedestrian entry is on this side. Orario parcheggio Feriali 5:30/1:00, Festivi 6:00/1:00. There is also an entry for the cars and a taxi stop. The parking is not filled, but there's a lot of cars. I have not seen anyone getting out or in by foot yet and as I am thinking that, a young man with a puffy yellow jacket gets out. Then, two women and the man with the dog. There is a woman who is speaking to no one very loudly near the metro. An empty plastic bottle rolls with the wind. It is 4:03pm.

impliment  
space



**LUCIA CRISTIANI**

Via Saporano 36, the square without a name

A small square in the middle of the "Torri Bianche" in Gratosoglio.

Tall skyscrapers, in concrete and light grey plaster.

A square, a place outside the centre, on the border of Milan, where what should disappear, reappears.

A lived-in and abandoned place.

A square without a name.

They should have called it "Piazza Allegria" but for the moment, this name has been rejected by the neighbourhood.

And so it remains there, the nameless square with its skyscrapers.

This square has often been my meeting place to leave for Sarajevo.

From that perspective, with the vans parked under the skyscrapers, I felt as if I had already arrived under the great buildings of Yugoslavia's brutalist architecture. Geographical distance often shrinks in the suburbs, where more similarities than differences emerge, where life manifests the essential.

Wednesday April 6, 2022 - 11:11am

I have never been that far to the South of the city. The square is surrounded by residential buildings of sixteen floors (seventeen if you count the ground floor). In the square, there are benches, trees in big plastic bins, ping pong tables and picnic tables. An old man and an old woman are sitting and looking at the construction workers on one of the building. One side of the building is cover with scaffolding and blue tarpaulins. There are construction materials on the ground surrounded by a metal fence. At my right, there is a one-story building with closed gates on which an eagle is painted. At the ground floor of the building in front of me there is the Plaza cafe that seems open but where there is little activity. A mini-market is located next door, it is closed. At my left, there is a two-story yellow building surrounded by big trees and a fence. The man and the woman are leaving. The woman has a cane. The man pulls a cart. A crow croaks. Since I arrived, six or seven people have passed. There is an odour of meat that is cooking, but I cannot distinguish the subtleties. A man in the scaffolding screws at a post and it makes an unpleasant sound. I see a group of people, I walk towards them. There are six men and two women, three of those people are in wheelchairs. They are talking and they applaud themselves. There is a football field. Two people coming from the chapel are joining the group. The place really seems to be a meeting point, I can imagine the kids at night or on the weekends. It seems to create a community. On the ground floor of the same building there is another door: Lo Sorigno. I wonder what kind of place it is, it doesn't look like a shop. A child and a man are coming running. I walk around the building, the square continues but it is a lot more quiet. I see a bike rack and big bins for recycling under a roof. Surprisingly the entrance of the building is on that side, hidden in a dark corner. There is a primary school in the back of the building Scuola primaria Baroni. The same three flags, again. The buildings are all made of white/grey concrete. The group dispersed. It is 11:39am.

*daily life*

*encounter*

*encounter*

*The names of the places*

*empty spaces / abandoned space / appropriation of a space*

*Parts of the city that look like other cities*

*Suburbs*

*The city as a place of encounters*

*Community*





**FRANCESCO PACELLI**

Parco Forlanini

*Seeing FAR*

The sky is always clear at Parco Forlanini. I never go to the park in bad weather or rain after all. This aspect makes the atmosphere at the park somehow surreal, as it tends to be experienced in pleasant climatic moments. It is a bit like meeting people always well dressed in suits: you can't really say that you deeply know them. Parco Forlanini is close to Idroscalo and Linate airport, in the immediate outskirts of Milan. Birds chirpings are mixed with sounds from aircrafts landing or taking off. The trajectories of their shadows merge together in a suggestive contemporary sound landscape. After all, they are both flying entities caught in the act of exploring the sky. Who knows where those people are going. Who knows if those birds are migrating or if they are going to get food. Their flights take me to other places, to other environments. These hybrid entities poised between nature and artifice find their maximum expression in the lake, home to frogs and other animals. Tired young couples lie down on the edge of the lake to sunbathe. It is funny how humanity tries to deceive its own perceptive capacity by simulating situations that quite always end up being pleasant and comforting although the setting is obviously full of fiction. There is nothing true in that lake, it was designed from scratch. Yet it created a landscape, an ecosystem that works in its own way. The visible cars from Viale Forlanini help maintaining a certain degree of connection with reality, preventing you from experiencing an act of true escape from the city and its problems. The park is a moment of purification to me, I basically go there after stressful or tense situations. It is a place for discharging nerves. For this reason, I find it comforting and helpful to perceive it in its best condition. Sometimes I wonder about what happens at Parco Forlanini on an ordinary winter night.

*Construction*

*Use of the space*

*Seeing FAR*

*Construction*

*Seeing FAR*

Sunday April 10, 2022 – 4:26pm

I walked around the park before setting down to write. I have never been so far in the East of the city before, I took two buses to get here. There are many people in the park, but I thought it would be more crowded because it is Sunday afternoon and it is Milan; there are always a lot of people everywhere, especially during the weekend. It is much quieter here than in the center. There are many families that walk around, groups of friends doing a picnic. By the way I arrived there is a golf course. Then, football and baseball fields. There is a baseball game going on, spectators in the stands. There are also ping pong tables and people playing balls, sometimes they have installed a volleyball net. There is a big pond with weeping willows all around. At a distance, we see the mountains. This is one of my favourite things in Milan, turning my head and seeing a mountain at the end of a street or in park. Many people are resting and sunbathing around the pond. I saw two parking lots at the ends of the park, I think that most of the people are coming here by car or by bike, I don't think this is a neighborhood park. According to the direction of the wind, we can here the highway and sometimes we see the cars passing between the trees. We are close to the airport, but there are not too much planes in the sky. Most of the trees are matures but at two places, hundreds of trees have just been planted, they are still surrounded by a plastic cylinder that ensures their proper growth. Very close to one of those spots, there is a site that seems private, with a house and some sheds. The site is surrounded by a fence and with a sign that says Beware of the dog. I think there are other animals; I hear the sound of a living creature, a kind of bird maybe. I can't tell. The sky is blue today, the view is clear. At my left, there are blooming trees, apple trees maybe. A bee is buzzing around me. At my right, a little girl is playing alone in the grass, she came on her pink bike, her family is not too far. A stream runs through the park. I hear the wind in the tree leaves and the steps of a dog. It is 4:54pm.

*Construction and natural landscapes  
How the human transforms its environment  
Adaptation to a place  
Nature in the city*





**FRANCESCA MIGONE**

Cimitero Monumentale

Tuesday April 12, 2022 – 10:46am

Remembering the Monumental Cemetery, the first image that materializes in my mind is the profile of its entrance, clean and majestic, which stands out against the sky. In a city so dense with tall buildings, this place manages to be surrounded by a large open space and creates a dialogue with the light that changes throughout the day.

light

I remember a singular contrast between the external and internal sounds of the cemetery: the constant traffic noise outside, before crossing the high gates, and the silence inside. In the garden area the sounds of the city are muffled and give way to the chirping of the birds that inhabit it and that change according to the season.

Calm in the city

Among these are the crows, which inhabit the city and the trees surrounding the cemetery, with their croaking binding the outside and the inside of the place.

Smells come to mind, that of damp and closed inside the building, the cooler but still humid one in the garden. The light also changes, accompanying you in the different spaces of the cemetery. Twilight, sunlight and artificial light alternate, until you reach the large room in the upper part, where the windows let the sun's rays filter through.

light

Unlike many other cemeteries, the color of many of its trees changes according to the season. I have the memory of it in the hot and sunny summer season. Although it is a place that I particularly like in Milan, I haven't been going there for a long time.

It is as if I still had to observe it in its entirety, still grasp an infinity of details and glimpses. Yet this space had come into contact with me even before I saw it. Without my knowing it, it would have become one of the places I would most associate with a radical change in my life.

light

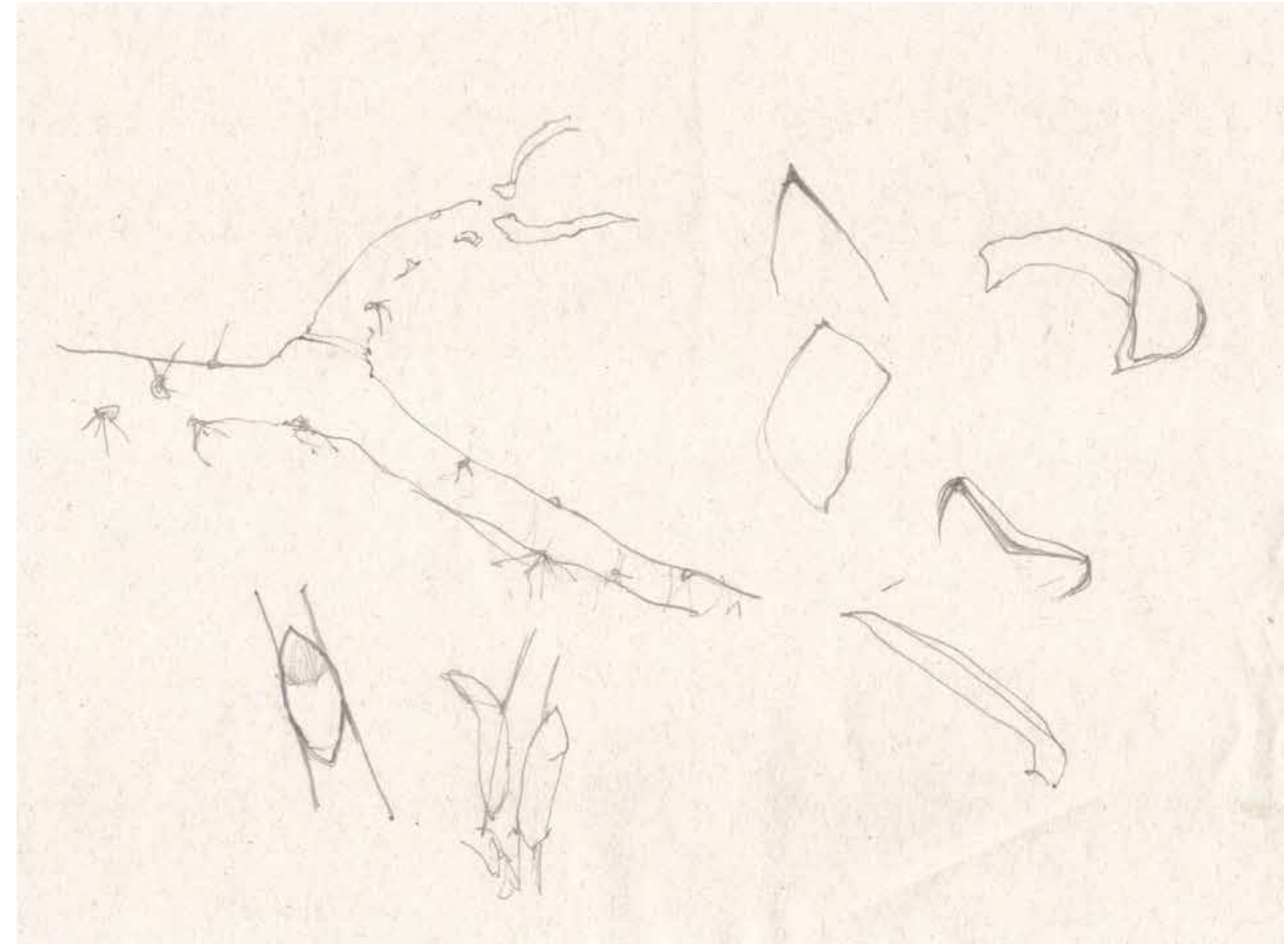
A historical place, unusual in the context in which it is located, a unique space of the city, as well as one of its infinite facets.

Effect of architecture

Places of peace and calm in the city

How do we remember the places by our senses?

It is the second time that I cross the gate of the cimitero, although I pass in front almost everyday. The entry is in gravel, there is no access control. I am sitting on one of twelve concrete benches that face the principal and gigantic building of the cemetery. At the center of it, there is a chapel, the Famedio, with wings that lead to gravestones and columbariums. The building is made of white/grey stones with brown accents. There are several tourists. On each side of the principal staircase, there is a fountain and a landscaping arrangement with flowers. Behind me, there is a large public square with flower stands and a bar. We enter to the cemetery by the arches under the building, three of those arches are condemned with wood structures. Inside the columbariums it is cold. There are little metal staircases to reach the compartments where the urns are kept. I look at the map of the cemetery and see that it was built in 1862 by the architect Carlo Maciachini. I cross under the arches. Rispetto e silenzio. I climb the stairs to go to the chapel and stop to look at the view. On that side, there are little enclaves with golden mosaics that are very pretty. The interior is splendid with its starry sky. At the center, the gravestone of Alessandro Manzoni. The ornamentation of the ceiling reminds me of oriental patterns. On the walls are the names of important citizens. Cittadini illustri benemeriti e distinti nella storia patria. On one side there is the agitated street, on the other the silence of the dead. A broom and a dustpan are placed near the door. I wonder how many people are here. On many slabs of the columbarium there are orange stickers. Urgente. Concessione scaduta contattare l'ufficio del cimitero. On the compartment where the urns are kept, there is the photograph of the dead and often a vase that is integrated to the stone. The sun enters by the openings of the architecture. I read Pax Ricotta and that makes me smile. A woman installs fresh flowers in the showcase of that gravestone that takes all the wall. It looks like a showcase of a store, you need a key to open it, there are pictures and vases. Teresina Megano 14/01/1935-03/03/2017. Her mother I guess. I let her to her remembrance. It is 11:16am.





**LORENZO MONTINARO**

Cimitero Monumentale

Emily like

visit

One of the first places I visited here in Milan was the monumental cemetery. A place that would later become a regular presence in my days. Since the cemetery is halfway between my home and my studio in Viafarini, I could define it as the epicenter of my entire residence. Every day I pass by, along the same route. At least two or three times a week I happen to see a car that is about to take the dead man to the place where he will spend the rest of his life. And I keep walking, I breathe a sigh of relief, I go my way, I cry, and only at the end, I build an idea. Today, Saturday 9 April 2022, I stayed in the cemetery for almost two hours, repeatedly listening to the same song. I would like an excerpt from this passage to appear on my tombstone. Those who know me well will know which phrase to choose. The song is Winter by Fabrizio De Andrè and I would like to finish this short confession with the words of this immense poet.

Emily like

Feeling something

*Sale la nebbia sui prati bianchi  
come un cipresso nei camposanti.  
Un campanile che non sembra vero  
segna il confine fra la terra e il cielo.  
Ma tu che vai ma tu rimani,  
vedrai la neve se ne andrà domani,  
rifioriranno le gioie passate,  
col vento caldo di un'altra estate.  
Anche la luce sembra morire  
nell'ombra incerta di un divenire,  
dove anche l'alba diventa sera  
e i volti sembrano teschi di cera.  
Ma tu che vai ma tu rimani,  
anche la neve morirà domani,  
l'amore ancora ci passerà vicino  
nella stagione del biancospino.  
La terra stanca sotto la neve  
dorme il silenzio di un sonno greve.  
L'inverno raccoglie la sua fatica,  
di mille secoli da un'alba antica  
Ma tu che stai perché rimani?  
Un altro inverno tornerà domani.  
Cadrà altra neve a consolare i campi,  
cadrà altra neve sui camposanti*

The fog rises over the white meadows like a cypress in the cemetery. A bell tower that doesn't seem real marks the boundary between the earth and the sky. But you who go but you stay, you will see the snow will go away tomorrow, past joys will blossom again, with the hot wind of another summer. The light also seems to die in the uncertain shadow of a becoming, where even the dawn becomes evening and the faces look like wax skulls. But you who go but you stay, even the snow will die tomorrow, love will still pass us by in the hawthorn season. The tired earth under the snow sleeps the silence of a heavy sleep. Winter gathers its fatigue, of a thousand centuries from an ancient dawn. But who are you why are you staying? Another winter will return tomorrow. More snow will fall to console the fields, more snow will fall on the graveyards

Tuesday April 12, 2022 - 11:17am

I start my visit of the cimitero by the East side. Last time, I entered by the West side. I remember: a pyramid, the Babel tower, a few contemporary gravestones, many statues of woman crying, a black cat, big trees and a broken grave with the picture of its occupant that fell. I only hear the birds. Sometimes, people have planted trees or bushes directly on the graves. There are a few spots that are free, but not so many. The most ostentatious monuments are reunited in the middle, for the most they are chapels and temples. A woman is driving by, too fast. A man is filling a watering can. The cleaning people are picking up the trashes. A woman is cleaning a grave with fervour with a brush and many kind of cleaning product. She is wearing headphones and took off her coat. There are a lot of statues of La Pietà. There is a monument that is bigger than all the other: Foglia, three big grey arches with the Christ on the cross. I wonder if there is height limit for the monument. All the names that I see are Italian, no traces of any immigration. At the end, there is the crematorium. I had a strange feeling the first time I went there, it is really cold place and I don't want to enter again. I prefer to stay outside, where it is calming. A few doors of the mausoleum are slightly open as if they don't want to let the dead suffocate or be alone. A grey cat is coming towards me. I see a grave with Japanese characters, a yin-yang sign and a cat. Sometimes there are tombs that are broken and their access is prohibited by a white and red ribbon. There is a cement mixer charged by a generator. I guess it is to repair a grave or to fix one. At the end of an alley, I see a big sculpture of The Last Supper, it is the grave of Davide Campari, I wonder if it is the liquor Campari guy. And the mention *Sibi et Svis*. A lizard runs on a tomb. Many groups of tourists converge to the exit. I hear one of the guide speaking in German. A woman enters with a big bouquet of lite green hydrangea. It is 11:55am.

ephemeral

The presence of a place    Apple of life  
The area of a place  
Events link to a place  
Time and people that are passing  
ephemeral aspects of a city





Paola Gaggiotti, *Porta Venezia*, drawing on paper, 15 x 21 cm, 2022.

Ludovico Orombelli, *Fate I Capricci*, pencil on paper, 52 x 38 cm, 2022.

Sonia Arienta, *Via Brisa*, Graphite, pencil, coloured pencils, gouache on paper of different measures, 47.3 x 67.3 cm, 2022.

Vera Pravda, pencil on paper, 18 x 26 cm., 2022.

Silvia Mantellini Faieta, *Nobody is around*, digital post-produced frame video, 45 x 25 cm, 2022.

Vincenzo Zancana, pencil on paper, 2022.

Raffaele Morabito, *Pink Feathers*, inkjet print, 21.7 x 29 cm, 2022.

Rebecca Agnes, *the nutria bridge*, drawing on paper A4, 2022.

Carlo Galli, 2022.

Eleonora Roaro, *MM Lampugnano*, pencil, 21 x 29.7 cm, 2022.

Lucia Cristiani, *Tondino*, indian ink on paper, 20 x 10 cm, 2022.

Francesco Pacelli, *Notturmo*, digital print on Hahnemuhle paper, 25 x 20 cm, 2022

Francesca Migone, pencil on paper, 14 x 21 cm, 2022.

Lorenzo Montinaro, *MAMMA*, ink on paper, 2022.

Catherine Barnabé thanks the Conseil des arts et des lettres du Québec for its financial support and acknowledge the support of the Canada Council for the Arts.