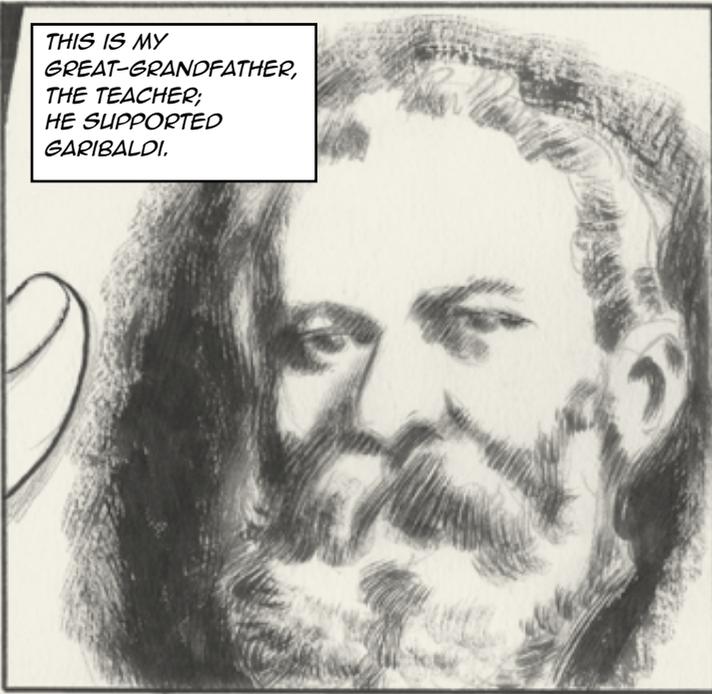




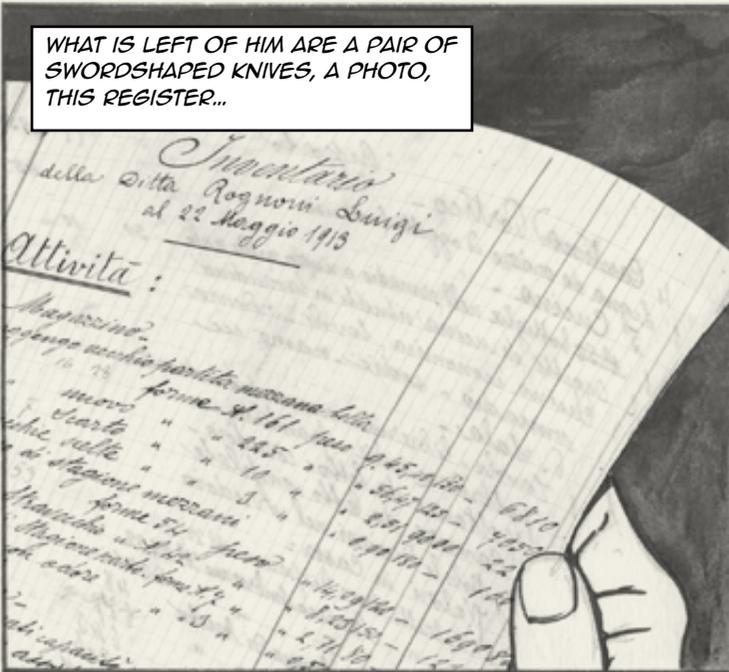
*WE ARE CHEESE SELLERS AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN,
EVER SINCE A RETIRED PRIMARY SCHOOL TEACHER DECIDED
TO DEDICATE HIMSELF TO A GREAT FOOD IN THE FIRST HALF
OF THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

THIS IS MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, THE TEACHER; HE SUPPORTED GARIBALDI.



HE BUILT THE STORAGE AREA IN THE BASEMENT WITH THE VENTILATION CHIMNEYS TO MATURE THE CHEESE. THIS AREA WAS FULL OF CHEESE.

WHAT IS LEFT OF HIM ARE A PAIR OF SWORDSHAPED KNIVES, A PHOTO, THIS REGISTER...



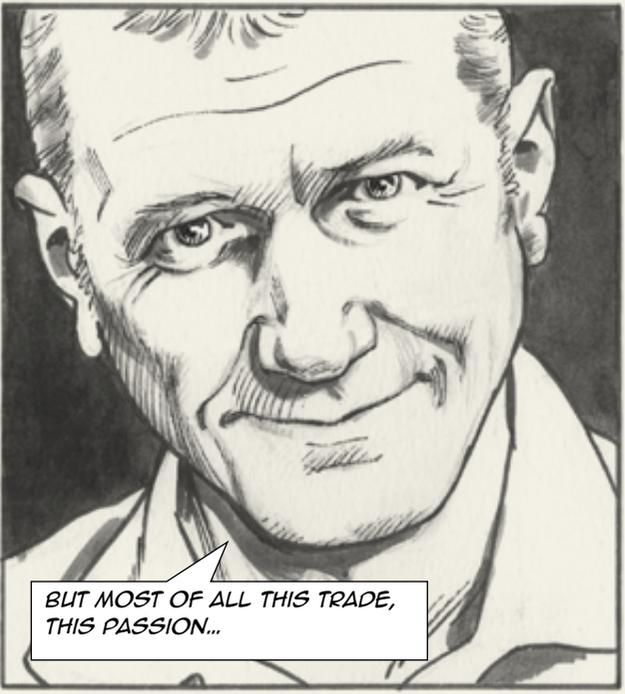
AND, OBVIOUSLY, THE STORAGE AREA.



...WHICH HE HANDED DOWN TO MY GRANDFATHER, MY FATHER AND THEN TO ME.



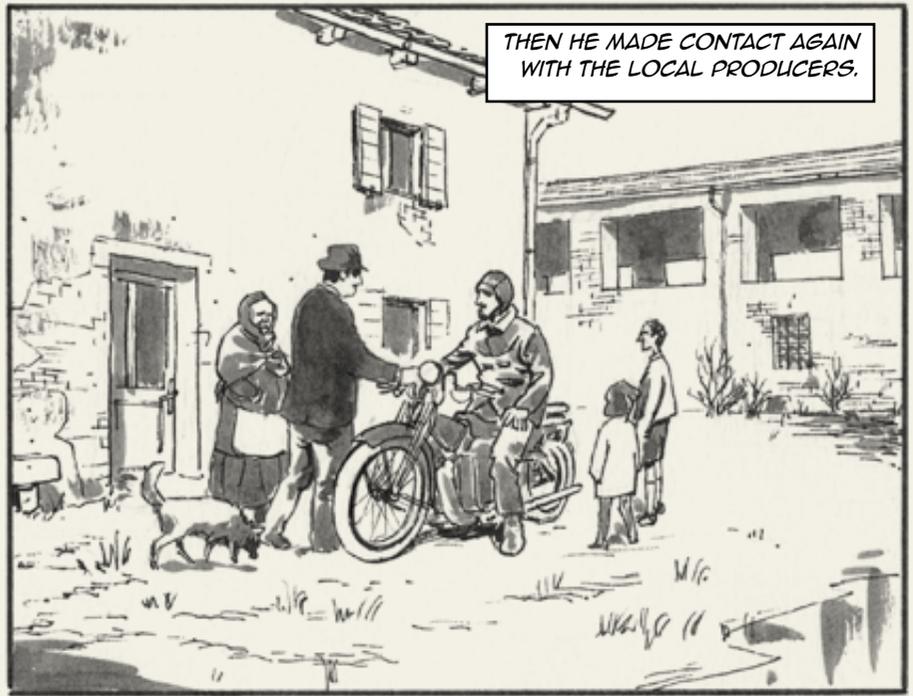
BUT MOST OF ALL THIS TRADE, THIS PASSION...



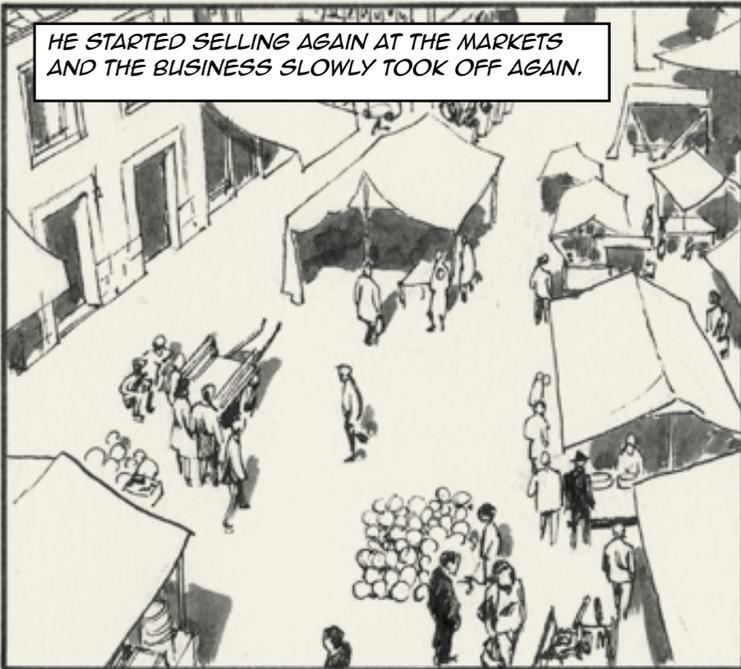
MY GRANDFATHER... YOU MUST BE JOKING... AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR THERE WAS NOTHING. HE HAD MANAGED TO SAVE JUST TWO WHEELS, NOTHING ELSE.



THEN HE MADE CONTACT AGAIN WITH THE LOCAL PRODUCERS.



HE STARTED SELLING AGAIN AT THE MARKETS AND THE BUSINESS SLOWLY TOOK OFF AGAIN.



BUT IT WAS PROBABLY MY FATHER WHO LOVED THE MARKETS MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE. THE JOY OF THE PEOPLE, THE SHOUTING, AND THE SMILING FACES.

MY FATHER... HE HAD SUCH A PASSION.



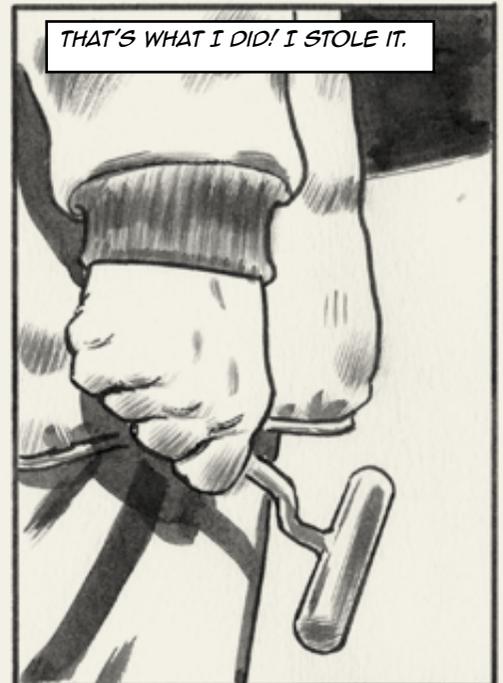
SENTA CHE PEL!*

HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING!



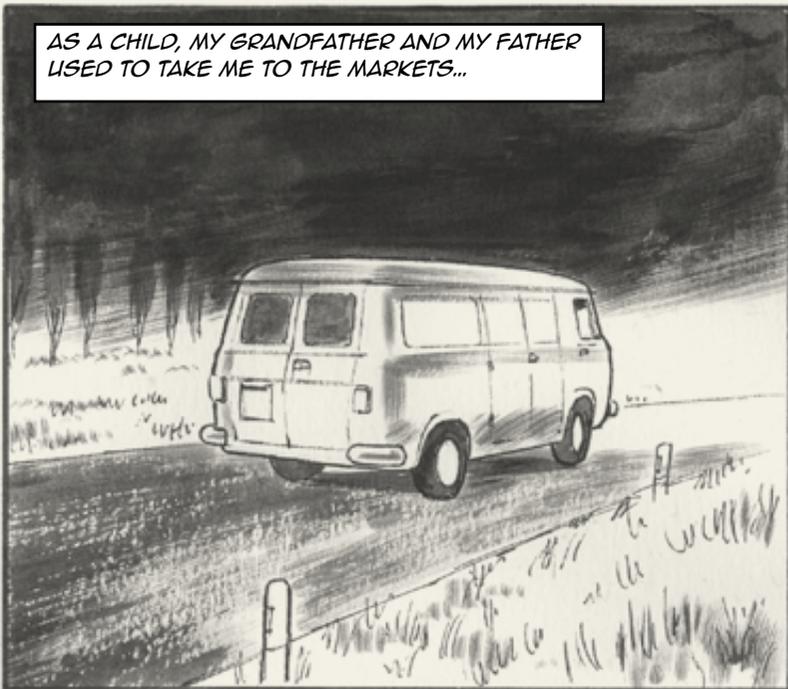
I'M NOT A GOOD TEACHER: YOU HAVE TO STEAL THE TRADE!

THAT'S WHAT I DID! I STOLE IT.



*An expression, which in dialect indicates the perfection and delight of the cheese wheel when touched.

AS A CHILD, MY GRANDFATHER AND MY FATHER USED TO TAKE ME TO THE MARKETS...



...LYING ON A SHEET SO I COULD GET A LITTLE MORE SLEEP...



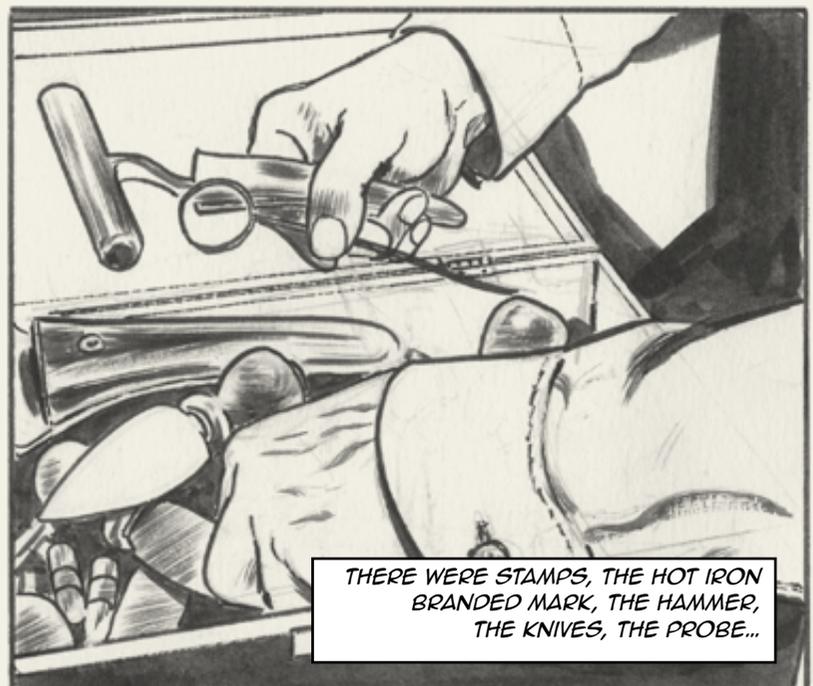
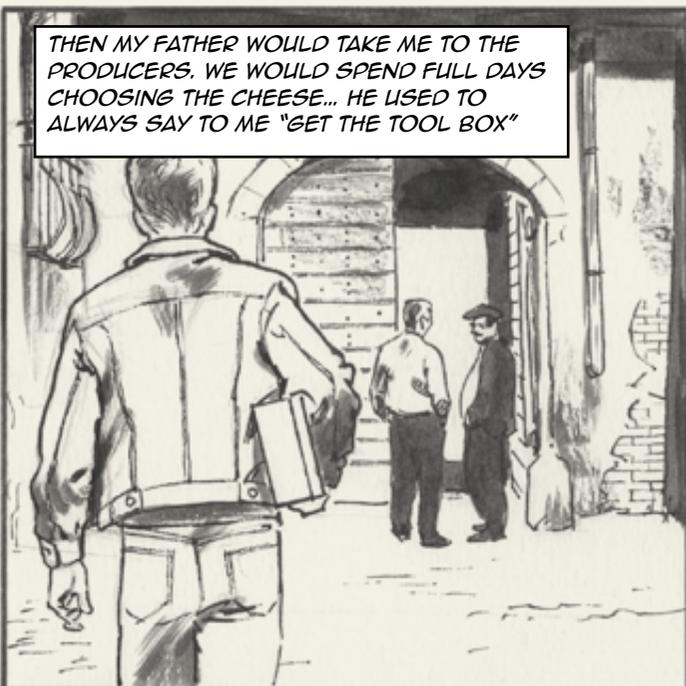
...BECAUSE AT 6.30 AM THEY WERE ALREADY IN THE SQUARES SETTING UP THE STALL.



I WOULD STAND IN A CORNER, BESIDE THE WEIGHING SCALES.

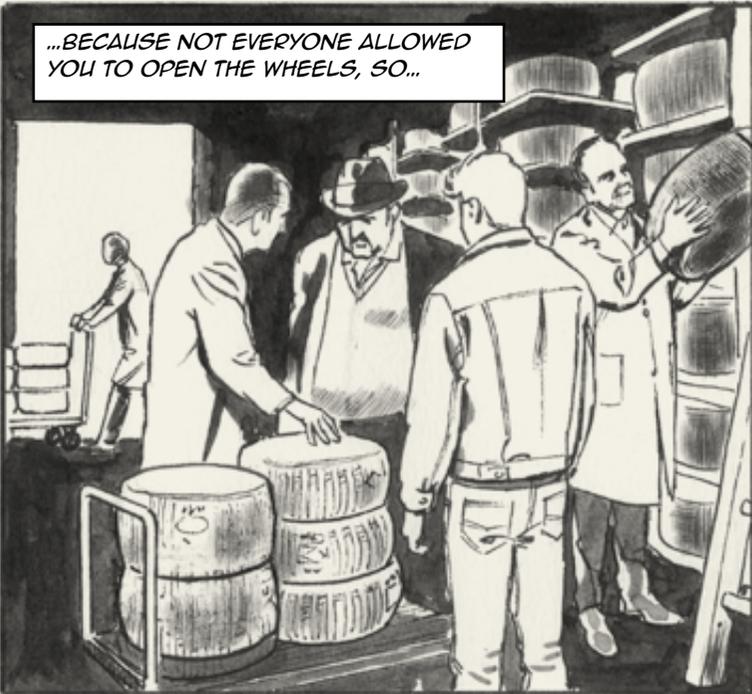


THEN MY FATHER WOULD TAKE ME TO THE PRODUCERS. WE WOULD SPEND FULL DAYS CHOOSING THE CHEESE... HE USED TO ALWAYS SAY TO ME "GET THE TOOL BOX"



THERE WERE STAMPS, THE HOT IRON BRANDED MARK, THE HAMMER, THE KNIVES, THE PROBE...

...BECAUSE NOT EVERYONE ALLOWED YOU TO OPEN THE WHEELS, SO...



...YOU HAD TO INSERT THE PROBE, THEN RUB IT HERE, ON THE HAND AND TASTE IT.

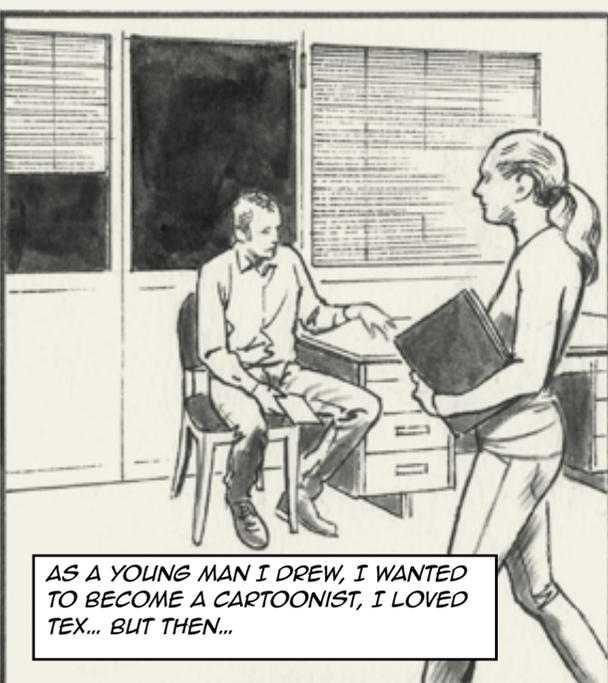


YOU CHOSE THE BATCH PIECE BY PIECE AND THEN YOU WOULD EAT, DRINK AND CHAT... BUT NOT ABOUT MONEY! MONEY WAS ONLY SPOKEN ABOUT LATER. IT WAS ALL A RITE...



...YOU WENT AWAY FOR A FULL DAY, THOSE DAYS ARE GONE.

AS A YOUNG MAN I DREW, I WANTED TO BECOME A CARTOONIST, I LOVED TEX... BUT THEN...



THIS TRADE... YOU SEE... IT WON US OVER AND FOR US...



*IT IS MUCH MORE THAN A TRADE.
IT IS WHAT CONNECTS US.
IT IS THE FAMILY.*



*GRAPHIC DESIGN: EDOARDO BELLONI - DOUBLE B
PHOTOS: ALBERTO MONTALDI - STUDIO NERO
GRAPHIC NOVEL: GIULIO CAMAGNI*

ROGNONI
UMBERTO
FORMAGGIAI DAL 1913