

In viaggio con Charles Dickens

impressioni liguri e apuane

*Suggerimenti fotografiche
con spunti didascalici tratti dal libro "Picture from Italy", Charles Dickens, 1846,
raccolta di impressioni italiane del soggiorno, 1844/45*

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Genoa



I never in my life was so dismayed! ... watching it as it gradually developed its splendid amphitheatre, ...
... terrace rising above terrace, garden above garden, palace above palace, height upon height, was ample occupation for us,

Genoa



... the disorderly jumbling of dirty houses, one upon the roof of another; ...

Genoa



I fell into a dismal reverie. I am conscious of a feverish and bewildered vision ...
- of vast red curtains, waving in the doorways of the churches ...

Genoa



... of saints and virgins' shrines at the street corners ...

Genoa



... - of great numbers of friars, monks, and soldiers ...

Genoa



It is a place that “grows upon you” every day. There are the most extraordinary alleys and by-ways to walk about in. It abounds in the strangest contrast; things that are picturesque, ugly, mean, magnificent, delightful, and offensive, break upon the view at every turn.

Genoa



... and this is all the consciousness I had, until I was set down in a rank, dull, weedy courtyard, ...
... attached to a kind of pink jail and was told I lived there.

Genoa



This sequestered spot is approached by lanes so very narrow, that we arrived at Custom-house, we found the people here had taken the measure of the narrowest among them, and were waiting to apply it to the carriage; which ceremony was gravely performed in the street, while we all stood by in breathless suspense.

Genoa



When you have got through these narrow lanes, you come to an archway, imperfectly stopped up by a rusty old gate-my gate.

Genoa



... But, as yet, I stroll about here, in all the holes and corners of the neighbourhood, in a perpetual state of forlorn surprise, and returning to my villa; the Villa Bagnerello; ... have sufficient occupation in pondering over my new experiences,

Genoa



Saint John's bones ...When there is any uncommon tempest at sea, they are brought out and exhibited to the raging weather, which they never fail to calm.

Genoa



In consequence of this connexion of Saint John with the city, great numbers of the common people are christened Giovanni Battista, ...

Genoa



... which latter name is pronounced in the Genoese patois “Batcheetcha”, like a sneeze.

Genoa



There is not in Italy, they say (and I believe them), a lovelier residence than Palazzo Peschiere, or Palace of the Fishponds.

Genoa



... the great hall, some fifty feet in height, with three large windows at the end, overlooking the whole town of Genoa, the harbour, and the neighbouring sea, affords one of the most fascinating and delightful prospects in the world.

Genoa



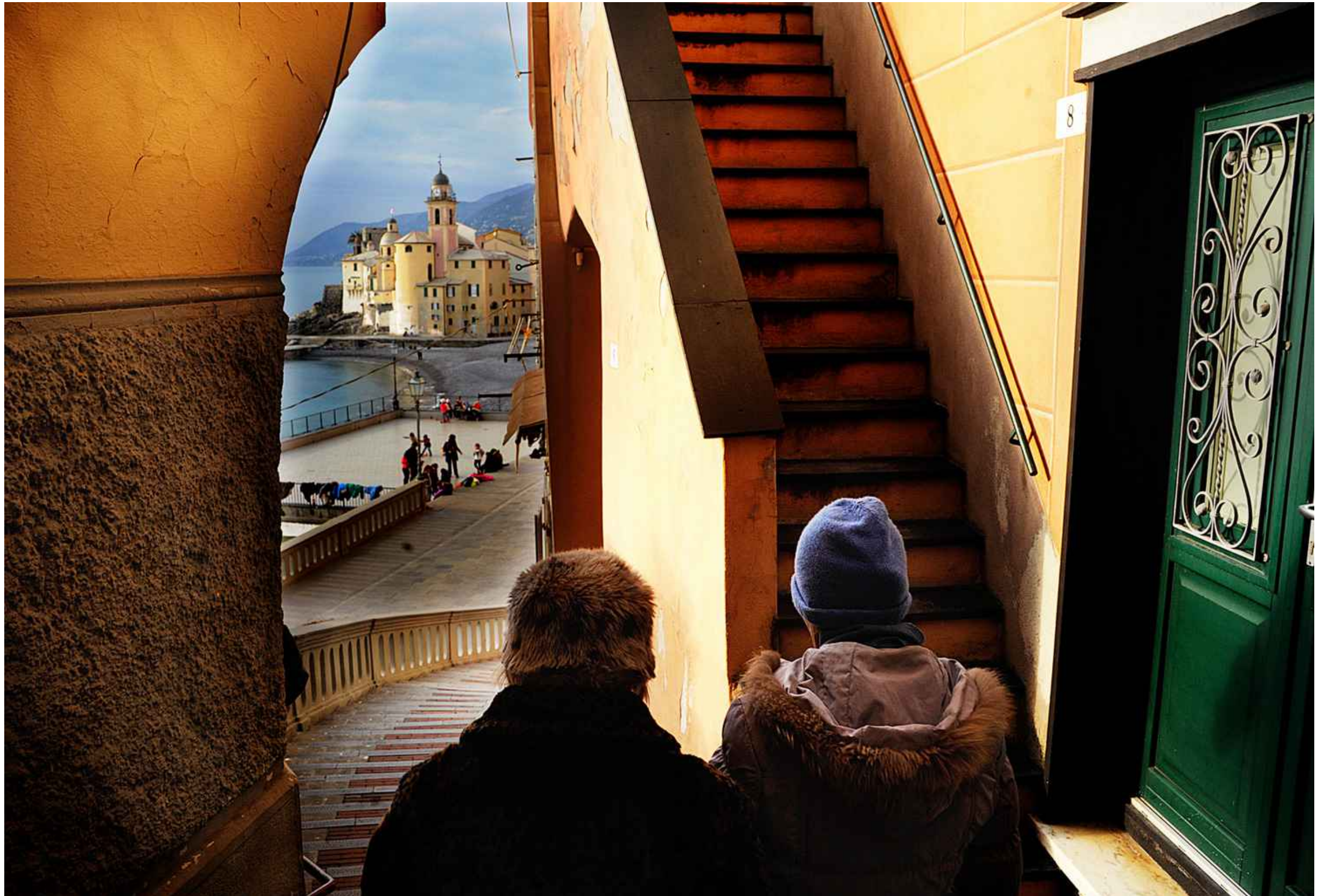
... how you may wander on, from room to room, and never tire of the wild fancies on the walls and ceilings
[Nota bene: la donna delle pulizie ritratta, è colta mentre mi accenna alla sensazione di cattiveria trasmessa da quelle figure, quando sola si ritrova in quei saloni, raffrontandoli, tra l'altro a persone che soggiornando nella villa, forse sono poco empatici nei suoi confronti.]

Camoglia



... it is a perfect miniature of a primitive seafaring town; the saltiest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen.

Camoglia



The dwellings not immediately abutting on the harbour are approached by blind low archways, and by crooked steps, as if in darkness and in difficulty of access, they should be like holds of ships, or inconvenient cabins under water ...

Carrara



And, looking out of the sculptor's great window, ...

Carrara



... upon the marble mountains, all red and glowing in the decline of day, but stern and solemn to the last, ...