



I have an ill-concealed obsession with the sign of the Souvenir bar on the palata of Rimini harbor.

That neon Coke bottle, perpendicular to the horizon line and the beach, looks to me like a lightning rod from which the dozens of miles of the Romagna coastline radiate; a column of Hercules that is not scary to cross.

I have seen and photographed it shrouded in the fog of winter, illuminated by the warm light of endless summer afternoons, night or day.

Why this obsession with a sign? The Rimini I know is far from the postmodern, overflowing capital of Pier Vittorio Tondelli and Marco Pesaresi. It is a provincial place that lives by seasons, by slow but inexorable changes. It is a place that I still sometimes find difficult to read.

Here I try to do so with some of its most identifying symbols: signs and signs of bars, seaside resorts, streets, hotels. This collection is a kind of minimal, infinitely expandable vocabulary of this absurd place that I find myself living in and loving.

-Davide Ramilli

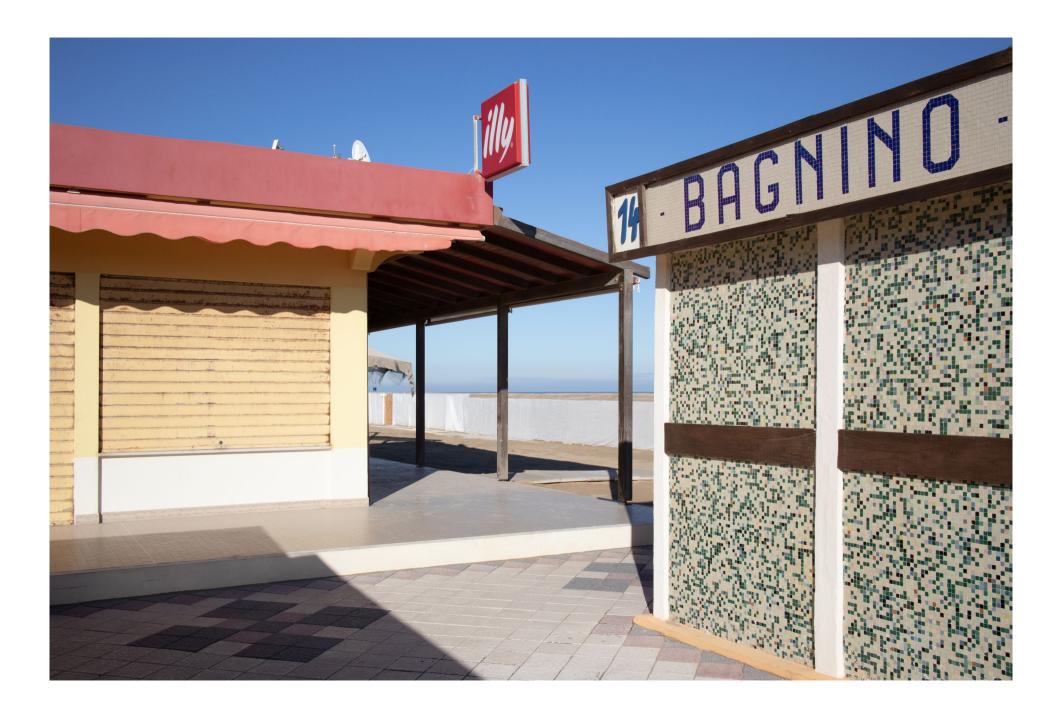










































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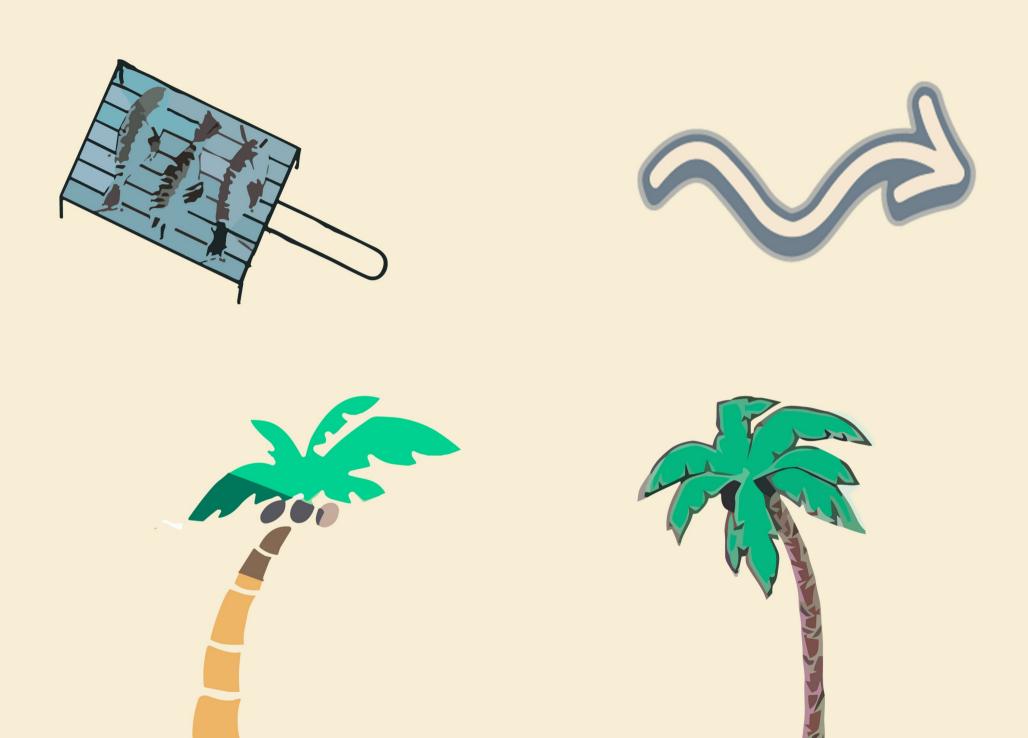
















All pictures taken in Rimini except:

page 4 (bagno Haiti): Cesenatico page 16 (ristorante pizzeria Pic Nic): Statale 16 Adriatica, Igea Marina page 21 (intersection with locomotive): Saline di Cervia

> Davide Ramilli: instagram.com/davideramilli





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