



Le

85

Storie
delle Vittime
narrate dai
Cittadini

August 2nd 1980 - 2017

Attack at the Bologna Train Station

We will never stop asking for the truth. This is why we want to remember.

Every amnesia hides a partial amnesty: the erasure of guilt, of responsibility, but not of the pain of those who obstinately remember and request the truth. The truth on instigators, on accomplices, on those who could have spoken but chose silence and complicity. 37 years after the massacre at the Bologna train station on August 2nd, 1980, we do not renounce our civic duty to remember and to seek truth and justice.

August 2 is constantly renewed: from Berlin to Paris, from Syria to Turkey, from Manchester to Kabul via St. Petersburg, London, and every part of the world where the base and barbarian violence of terrorism hits innocent people and spreads terror and despair.

The Regional Legislative Assembly and the Association of the Victims' Families strongly supported *Cantiere 2 Agosto*, an initiative that followed *One Life, One Story*, where postcards with the biographies of the eightyfive victims were handed out to the participants in the commemorative rally of August 2nd, 2016.

This year, eightyfive narrators, following the stage directions of Matteo Belli and the historical guidance of Cinzia Venturoli, told the stories of the victims in different locations throughout the city. An immense popular storytelling and memory-building effort, a "cantiere" celebrating an active citizenship who cannot and will not forget.

The initial search for volunteers was followed by a period of research and story writing. Each storyteller met twice with Matteo Belli, the director, who helped stage their narration.

On August 2, 2017, from 11 am to 11 pm, each narrator told the story of one of the victims twelve times, starting at the same minute of every hour. Narrators were located in various parts of the city, thus creating an urban polyphony of stories issuing from natural stages, all different from one another.

To all of them, Matteo Belli, Cinzia Venturoli, and all those who collaborated on this project we extend our heartfelt thanks.

Paolo Bolognesi

**President Association of the Victims' Families
of the Attack at the Bologna Train Station on August 2nd, 1980**

Simonetta Saliera

President Legislative Assembly Emilia-Romagna Region

Cantiere 2 Agosto: An Example of Public History

Cinzia Venturoli

In our work as historians and teachers, we often wonder about the most effective ways to comprehend and help our students comprehend what is a *strage*, a massacre. To understand such a complex and dramatic event, it is probably necessary to reveal the victims' identities, their names, their histories, their dreams, so that we can appreciate that we could have been those people, we were those people. Their personal histories form the collective biography of our country; knowing and telling them helps us reconstruct a history that isn't monolithic and abstract. It also helps us understand the strategy behind massacres of common people, that is to spread terror, insecurity, diffidence so as to facilitate the imposition of an authoritarian regime. Remembering and transmitting the memory, and the historical knowledge, of a massacre such as the one perpetrated on August 2nd, 1980, becomes a greater challenge every year, and every year a more necessary one.

Memory provides an essential map to orient ourselves in the past, but especially to understand the present and plan for the future. It provides a guide that helps us find a place in our community. In traditional societies, elderly people or storytellers transmitted this map through narration, from generation to generation. In the past, memory was nourished by oral traditions and rituals. In the present, however, the transmission of memory and history are more and more complex, monopolized by mass media, and manipulated by partisan efforts. The difficult transmission of memory often disorients young people, generating hostility and even rage, because they lack that necessary map, which would help them understand, decode, and even control and modify the present.

We ask, then, how to tell stories that will regenerate the fabric of active citizenship, so that history may become shared heritage, owned by the city, by the people. Maybe we need to rediscover the storytelling of traditional societies; maybe we also need new storytellers whose voices will resound from the streets, crossroads, symbolic places, and everyday places. This was the challenge of *Cantiere 2 Agosto*: creating a network of stories and storytellers to generate a memory map.

Cantiere 2 Agosto: An Introduction... *After*

Matteo Belli

The success that the great 2016 initiative *One life, one story*, the distribution of postcards with the biographies of the eighty-five victims, had both locally and nationally, encouraged us to think of a new project of popular storytelling. On August 2nd 2017, eighty-five narrators told eighty-five stories of the victims of the attack at the train station in Bologna. They were spread on eighty-five urban stages located in more than fifty different parts of the city. The narrators, all volunteers who had been recruited through social media and other available channels, undertook a period of study and writing, creating stories from existing documentary material, provided by the historian Cinzia Venturoli and by the archive of the Association of the Victims' Families. Afterwards, we worked on the staging of each story.

Our intention was not only to bring to life the memory of those who are no longer with us, but also to create a public encounter in which narrators would bear witness to crucial events in the past, sharing their knowledge in relation to a certain place in the present. Thinking back about that day as I write means for me re-experiencing the emotions offered by a city that, during those hours, became for many a symbol of active citizenship, a lab for a worthier future. Witnessing the simple and natural connection between the narrators and their audience was like feeling the energy of a very human, heartbreaking sharing experience, where moments and places apparently removed from each other became connected by a deep resonance, which can only be achieved by sharing a profound feeling.

Having watched all eighty-five performances, I will forever be convinced that the labor of love improves human beings, frees them from all preoccupations, and liberates their creativity. To those who collaborated on this great project as storytellers, guides, citizens who offered their places as stages, as well as professionals, associations and institutions who provided material help before and during August 2nd, 2017, and today with this publication, I extend my personal and sincerest thanks.

August 1st, 2017: Matteo Belli's Address to the Narrators

Dear narrators,

When on a morning in September 2016, in a Regional Assembly office, I was asked if I had a project to suggest for the August 2nd commemorative events, I remembered a field that I saw as a child, and the ruddy face of a construction worker who suddenly appeared shouting: "*Inzgniiiiir!!!!*", calling at the top of his lungs an engineer who was there, like everyone else, to work on one of man's greatest and most ancient dreams: the dream of flying. Those people were building an airport, the Guglielmo Marconi Airport in Bologna, and even though that day, as a child, I didn't understand why in order to fly, human beings needed to dig holes in the ground, I saw very clearly that those people were there to build something that, despite their shouts and arguments, they all agreed upon. That worker was calling an engineer who, a few years later, would become the director of the airport, and he would be in that position even on June 27, 1980, when someone disrupted one of those dreams in the sky near Ustica: a plane to Palermo which had departed from the airport in Bologna. That man, whom everyone called *ingegnere*, was simply "dad" when he came home at night. He introduced me to the meaning of a *cantiere*: a construction site, a place where human beings work together towards a common goal. For this reason, when they asked me: "What project do you suggest for commemorating the train station attack next year?" I answered "Cantiere 2 Agosto: 85 Stories for 85 Stages."

This project received more than 230 applications from aspiring narrators, and over twenty applications from aspiring guides; our email account received well over a thousand messages, and we had about a thousand followers on Facebook; citizens offered their homes, their courtyards, their stores for the performances; businesses, associations, cultural and administrative institutions, community centers, cooperatives, professional and trade associations, and many others directly or indirectly followed the work of the Cantiere. The project was conceived in September and started in December, and someone already knows that it will last, as they volunteered in July for next year: "I already applied last year and wasn't selected, so I am trying again", and someone else added: "I heard that you are doing Cantiere 2 Agosto again." From the very beginning, we wanted time to be the main factor in selecting narrators: first come, first served, or first welcomed.

The project was supported by the Presidency of the Legislative Assembly of the Emilia-Romagna Region, in collaboration with the Association of the Victims' Families of the August 2nd Attack. For this I want to personally thank the President of the Legislative Assembly Simonetta Saliera, the President of the Association of the Victims' Families Paolo Bolognesi, and those who worked with us since the beginning to make this project possible: Nicoletta Grazia in the Families' Association, and Luca Molinari, Sandra Cassanelli, Maria Teresa Schembri in the staff of the President of the Legislative Assembly; the Press office overseen by Marco Sacchetti, and the graphic designer Fabrizio Danielli, who created the paper map.

I cannot forget the organizational role of the *Ca' Rossa* Association, embodied by Maurizio Sangirardi; the key role played by the *Centro dell'attore sinfonico*, where most of the narrators' preparatory meetings were held. Special thanks go to Cinzia Venturoli, who contributed not only as a scholar, historian, and crucial researcher to piece together the biographies, but also as an invaluable work partner. I cherished her collaboration in our many moments of enthusiasm, as well

as the few moments when the heavy workload produced the inner voice of the *umarell*, the retired man who, walking past this construction site and observing the ongoing work, would whisper in my ear: "Are you crazy setting up something like this?"

Finally, I thank my family, Katia and my two daughters, aged ten and almost thirteen, whom this project deprived of a father for many, too many hours, during the last seven months, at such an important time in their lives. However, my hope is also that this work, in time, becomes an instrument that supports their rights to be free and informed women.

As a matter of fact, this is the only construction site that will legitimately stay open even after the official completion date, because what was built will continue to live and change. And perhaps this will be the first case in which the involvement of private and personal interests in a public project constitutes a civic duty and not a crime. We owe this to the work of those who invested time, passion, and competence in the storytelling.

We all know what happened on the morning of August 2nd 1980, at 10:25, at the Bologna Train Station: a bomb exploded in the waiting area, killing 85 people and injuring over 200. Each of the narrators adopted the story of one victim, studied it, wrote about it, rehearsed it twice with the director. Tomorrow they will perform their stories twelve times in one of the 85 urban stages we chose in the city of Bologna. The narrators are common people, citizens of diverse backgrounds, origins, professions. Their ages span 67 years. Some of them have theater experience, very few are professional actors or are training as such, many have never been on stage.

In their stories we see a portrait of Italy in a bygone era, a different world, but at the same time a very recognizable one, sometimes affectionately and sometimes painfully so: loves, passions, habits, work ethics, civic duty, familial love, strenuous defense of summer vacations, but also many sacrifices to make ends meet, economic difficulties, the drama of job searches, the drama of being turned away from England as an undesirable immigrant only to meet one's end next to an Italian train track. One thing has stayed the same: the temperature above 40C that day is the same as has been forecast for tomorrow. Studying the victims' biographies, some of whom we knew nothing about, also gave us a few "scoops", if you'll forgive me the term: relatives who had been lost reappeared, new information came to light, for the first time after 37 years, as to why some victims were in Bologna. Speculations, suggestions, settings found their way into the various stories, which stage direction translated into performances. As author and director of this Cantiere 2 Agosto, I thank you, because these months will be unforgettable for me, and if starting on August 3rd I were to find myself one day, slightly more mature both as a man and as a theatre professional, I will owe much of it to you too, dear narrators.

However, the layout of this construction site would be like the patches in Harlequin's costume without a thread sewing them together, if the volunteer guides hadn't provided that thread. They will accompany the spectators from stage to stage and will support the narrators in other ways. To you too, our guides, I say thank you, for the way in which you have welcomed and played this part. It says a lot about the moral fiber that still connects Bologna and its citizens to the knowledge and memory of this tragedy.

We must not forget those who offered their places as stages: homes, stores, offices, courtyards, showrooms, and means of transportation. You donated a symphony of stages that no other theatre in the world will ever be able to recreate, because performing in a conventional place can be emotionally powerful, but doing that outside such conventional places surprises us, for the

unexpected gift that we receive from real life, when it harmonizes unexpectedly, with a staged performance.

But why a *cantiere* of popular storytelling to commemorate August 2nd? When we tell a story aloud we make our words public, we avoid holding them inside, containing them, we escape an expressive isolation which could become unsustainable. This is why storytellers, to carry out their task, need a *polis*, a city, a community, a place where their words can become public; conversely, the *polis*, the city, the community need storytellers, people who are called upon to tell everyone, on behalf of everyone, the words that many cannot even utter.

In sharing, narrators liberate what is inside them and in so doing confront it and exorcise it. Narrators, thus, function as cells secreting social enzymes that help us digest, breaking down what individuals dangerously accumulate in their stomachs, in their consciences. But in order to do this, storytellers, narrators who take on this civil and political responsibility, must be able to welcome within themselves the information, the meaning, and sometimes the pain that they are about to share. First of all, they must be able to listen to it, to swallow and digest it, and then to return it as a mature experience which, then but only then, can become nourishment for those who receive it, and help them grow. This happens thanks to the information they can absorb, because someone made it possible. This process is called art, the art of storytelling; with its instruments, its practice, its desire to dream, its genetic vocation to love.

But when the information we receive is unacceptable, how can we listen? In order to give we need to forgive, which doesn't mean to acquit the guilty parties, nor does it mean to passively accept the position of those who don't want us to get to the truth; on the contrary, it means to give up those defenses, break down the barriers, open the doors that keep us captive within ourselves. By absorbing information, even the most intolerable, we are able to respond, we become active, swallowing the bitter medicine, which helps us defeat rage, hatred, our refusal to listen, our fear of darkness.

All narrators, in order to tell a story, are called upon to welcome, learn, and practice the discipline of forgiveness; they cannot give in to the instinct calling for vengeance for all the injustice, because this would not produce discourse, but only protest. Instead, public storytellers assume the responsibility to purify thought with beauty, in that cathartic action, as Aristotle would say, which only the language of art can express.

Those who build memory interact with the city, everywhere. In this case, particularly, they encounter the city on a day in which the places involved in this project change their intended use: they will not be formal Theaters, but places that only storytelling will turn into stages, if by this we mean places open to all, where we can meet others. If we turn off our cell phones for a minute, we can experience human connection in a simple but real way, extraordinarily intense and full of significance. And when storytellers are common people, and their actions are voluntary, not protected by a Theater or economically rewarded, they show us that anyone can bear witness to life and create memory.

Memory is not passeism, or nostalgia for the old days, but the ability to make the past present again, every time we remember. What does Dante ask Pier Delle Vigne's soul, and many others? "And to the world if any of you return, let him my memory comfort." We want to remember the victims of this massacre as living people. Memory becomes a raft that can ferry us across to shores where death is confronted by remembrance. *Ricordo*, the Italian word for remembrance,

comes from the Latin *re-cordem*, return to the heart, to our core; it is the same etymology as the English verb “record”, the act of recording as imprint in our most intimate and profound core. The ability to remember, in this sense, becomes a form of internal balance, that balance of energies that we call good health.

Since the beginning, we felt it natural to ask the narrators of Cantiere 2 Agosto to repeat their performances several times throughout the day. We want to remember the function that storytelling rituals have, as a form of lay priesthood that opposes the strategy of oblivion perpetrated by the endless repetition of crimes and massacres all over the world: loss and despair in the people who are directly affected, but also a collective anesthetization to pain, an inurement to the seriality of horror, when this becomes an everyday habit.

By repeating their stories twelve times in a day, the Cantiere 2 Agosto narrators tell us: “I am here, physically today, ideally tomorrow and until the last of the people responsible for this massacre face justice and until, one day, we will see the last massacre and the last crime perpetrated against humankind.” For this reason, it doesn’t matter how many spectators you address tomorrow, performance after performance. What matters is that you are there, reminding us that for each assault on the dignity of a human being, there is someone who says “no” to violence and “yes” to life, any kind of life that respects the freedom of others.

Ancient Greek refers to testimony with the word *martyron* (which, given the weather forecast for tomorrow seems appropriate). Some may interpret this as suffering. We prefer to think of this “martyrdom” as responsibility: the responsibility to bear witness, with our presence; the right to resist all forms of oppression, with the weapon of a language of peace and culture: the language of dramatic art that performs its civic duty by exiting the theaters and going to the streets, to the homes, to the public places where people gather. Too often in our country, this art is ignored or considered elitist, if not outright doomed to extinction by the ignorance, carelessness, and hypocrisy of the so-called experts, and by a shameful cultural politics, unworthy of any country that considers itself civilized.

There will be moments, tomorrow, when you feel tired, when your motivation fails, and you start wondering what you’re doing there. In those moments, please remember that you are not alone, because those who speak up are never alone, even if they do so in a deserted place, in the middle of the night, in the middle of nowhere. And if tomorrow the story you tell asks you these questions, it only does so to see if you can still be trusted, because you are that story’s bridge into the future. The fatigue might be overwhelming, but if tomorrow that story stares you in the eye, even for just a second, you will not turn away.

I will not be able to stop after each performance, I will go on to the next one, so that I can see and listen to all eightyfive of you, because, to paraphrase Eduardo De Filippo, narrators are “pieces of my heart” and, after working alongside you until today, in my eyes, you are all equally important, and equally worthy of being seen, of being heard. A chorus is made up of everybody’s voices. For this reason, I applaud you now, when you are all together, and hold you in a big collective embrace. Tomorrow night, when everything is over, at midnight, those of you who want to see me, will find me seated on the steps of San Petronio.

My task ends here and now I hand over to you, in your hands, in your voices, in your bodies, the symbolic keys to this Cantiere 2 Agosto. Dear narrators, go and tell your stories!

Route 1

Guides: Michele Melega, Tiziana Scimone

Bologna Central Station

Main Hall

1. Mirella Fornasari Lambertini narrated by Alice Faella
2. Euridia Bergianti narrated by Serena Tubertini
3. Franca Dall'Olio narrated by Jacopo Santonicola
4. Katia Bertasi narrated by Camilla Vecchi
5. Nilla Natali narrated by Silvia Lupo
6. Rita Verde narrated by Maria Vittoria Denise Salvatori
7. John Andrew Kolpinski narrated by Manuela Mariani

Track 1

8. Catherine Helen Mitchell narrated by Gea Rigato

Waiting area

9. Iwao Sekiguchi narrated by Nicola Frabboni

Track 7 West

10. Argeo Bonora narrated by Claudio Prandin

Stairs in the West Wing

11. Giuseppe Patruno narrated by Sabina Macchiavelli

Alice Faella gave a voice to the life of Mirella Fornasari in Lambertini

I decided to participate in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project because I believe that massacres like that of August 2nd, 1980, must be remembered so that they will not be repeated in the future. 85 innocent people died that day and I feel that I have, in my own small way, the important civil and moral duty to remember them. Furthermore, the project consists of recounting their stories, talking about who they were before that day, about where they were going, maybe about their dreams. In this way we want to remember that those 85 victims were not just a number - they were lives, lives that the deranged violence of man wiped out forever. I am honored to have participated in this project and to have given my little contribution.

The Balancing Act

Mirella Fornasari Lambertini

Route 1

SITTING ON A CHAIR. SHE DRAWS FRECKLES ON HER CHEEKS WITH A MAKEUP PENCIL.

My name is Mirella and I have lots of freckles.

I was born on September 3, 1944. I have a busy life, between my work at CIGAR, the accounting consultations for my husband, and then there's Paolo, my son. The biggest job and the most rewarding of them all. He is a really happy and go-lucky kid. Like that time, when he was really young, and he saw all of those little spots on his skin, because he has freckles like me, and asked me, "Am I sick?"

He always wants to play, he wants to wrestle, it's his favorite game! Sometimes I manage to keep him calm and read a nice book to him, like the other day when I read something by Luca Goldoni, just because... something both funny and serious. Other times, however, I can't, or don't want to, and we both let loose and wrestle. On the floor, in the hallway. He enjoys himself like crazy and I'm happy.

My name is Mirella and I have lots of freckles.

When Paolo was born, his grandparents didn't feel up to the task of taking care of him because he was so little, and so I left my job until he was four years old. And I'm glad that I did that. The five of us, my husband Giorgio, myself, my son Paolo and my husband's parents, still live together. They are very generous with us, even if I'm starting to feel a bit trapped in that house.

I want a house of my own, just for us three... but for now our vacations in Valle d'Aosta are enough time on our own.

I'm already breathing in the fresh mountain air, our walks together, and the alpine botanical garden... It's a unique miracle for someone like me, a flower lover! When I find beautiful flowers, I open my "Mountain Flowers" book and dry them between the pages. It's lovely to pick flowers together. My husband Giorgio, Paolo, and I...

My name is Mirella and I have lots of freck...

HER HAND STOPS. SLOWLY SHE TRACES A LINE ON HER FACE WHILE SHE LOWERS HER HAND; AT HER JAW, SHE LETS THE HAND FALL.

Serena Tubertini gave a voice to the life of Euridia Bergianti

In 1980 I was 16 - on August 2nd I was in Bologna and I experienced, in real time, those terrible moments. Ever since then, I have been trying to understand what happened more in depth. For professional reasons - I'm a teacher - I came into contact with the Association of the Victims' Families and with Dr. Venturoli, with whom I have collaborated for several years. With my students, we have developed research and writing projects, trying to arrange and appreciate the "little" stories of August 2nd within their broader historical context. These "stories" - who was there, who is no longer here, who remembers - stuck with me. So *Cantiere 2 Agosto* seemed, to me, like an important opportunity to live them and share them. I'm shy, I'm emotional, I don't have a powerful voice, and I can't stand the heat, but I immediately saw myself in this project and did not think twice before volunteering. It was an extraordinary journey into my youth, into history, into the city, into pain, and into memory - stronger, at least for a day, than death.

I love summer Euridia Bergianti

Route 1

SEEN FROM BEHIND. JEANS, T-SHIRT, WHITE APRON.

What did you say, ma'am? Oh yes, there's never been a summer like this... August is great for those who don't work... it's so muggy this morning... (THEN, TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE). You need so much patience to work with people, every day the same conversations. But the summer in Bologna is always like this, hot and humid. There's no point in complaining. Those who can, pick up and leave, to the coast or to the mountains, looking for some fresh air. Lucky them. I'm stuck in the city, in the heat. I never complain, it's not in my character. Actually, I'm grateful that I have this job at CIGAR in the station. There's still time, though; today I woke up early. I'm home alone. Alessandro is gone. Alessandro is my youngest son, the other one, Danilo, is married and is in Milan. (MOPS A LITTLE) The whole world passes through Bologna. I work at the self-service restaurant, have for three years now. I know and get along with everyone. My colleagues call me Lory, not Euridia. We're close now, we even see each other after work, for a pizza or to play cards at my home. And the heat, well there's nothing to do about it. After all, I'm familiar with the heat, because my life has not always been here. I lived in São Paulo, Brazil for seven years, with Romano, my husband, and the kids, and it's always summer there. My in-laws were there, we made friends, we went on trips: Rio, Fortaleza, Bahia. What marvelous places, those colors and those years. I was only missing my parents and my sister; some evenings I was swept up with nostalgia, and it wasn't enough to have all of that beauty around me. (STOPS CLEANING). Then we went back to Italy, which I now say was lucky, because I don't know what I would have done without my parents and my sister when Romano fell ill, and I was left alone with two kids and no job. To think we have been together for over twenty years, and yet each one flew by. Starting from when we met and fell in love; young, beautiful, and both of us crazy about motorcycles. He fixed and sold them, I had a serious passion for Guzzi and Gilera motorcycles. In the 50's, this wasn't a normal thing for a girl. In my town, there were people who had something to say about it. But I

didn't mind them, (MOPS A LITTLE) even if, in the end, I did the things that were expected of me. I stopped working and became a wife and a mother. The honeymoon to Capri on a motorcycle, however, was ours. That was ours, mine and Romano's, for how we were, what we were for each other. (STOPS CLEANING) When I lost him, for a while, I lost myself, too. for a bit. I never thought that could happen; I didn't believe I could manage and go on by myself, raise the kids, the house, and everything else. (MOPS A LITTLE) I was helped by the beautiful things in my memory: my happy childhood, the happy years of my youth, and then Romano and my children. (STOPS CLEANING. LEANS ON THE MOP). The new decade has started and I'm almost 50 years old. Once upon a time this was considered old for a woman. This word has a certain effect on me, I don't know if I should smile or worry. I try to not think about it too much and, in the meantime, I enjoy this new part of my life: a secure job, a little bit of time for the things I've always loved: movies, music, dancing, my settled-down children. Imagine if as a birthday present they make me a grandmother. (SETS DOWN MOP, TAKES OFF THE APRON) So many thoughts this morning. I'm going to get dressed. Tomorrow is Sunday and I'm off. Do you know what I'll do? I'll take a train and go to Rimini. Sun and sea, all day. I love summer.

Jacopo Santonicola gave a voice to the life of Franca Dall'Olio

As a student and a history buff I initially felt that participating in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project would be important for me, allowing me to practice what I believe will be my job: gathering information, analyzing it and studying it with the eye and the sensibility of a historian, and then returning it in a form suitable for the public. I realized after the fact that maybe this project would require, on our part, talents perhaps more characteristic of a storyteller or an actor rather than of a historian or a popularizer. When thinking about it, however, I believe that a historian who wants to pass on his knowledge needs to know how to be a storyteller and an actor. A historian needs to involve, possibly using language styles and behaviors that may not be typical of the profession, their audience: to engage them, to impassion them, to render conveyable that which they want to convey. In short, a historian must tell a story. That is what I did this August 2nd: I told a story by acting (or at least trying to act) as the person I considered to be Franca dall'Olio.

Not

Franca Dall'Olio

Route 1

Franca was NOT just passing through that morning

Franca did NOT care about the time, nor was she rushing

Franca was NOT in the waiting area or sitting on the bench of the first platform

Franca was NOT waiting for the right train

Franca was NOT a heroine or a special person

Franca would go home that evening

Franca was in the office that morning, like every morning of every week; for her, the station wasn't a place to pass through.

Franca would leave in the evening; more often than not, during work, she would be downstairs in the warehouse. For her the station was a place of repeated actions, of routine, of static, of calm.

Franca worked in the CIGAR office, above the waiting area. She was immediately recognizable, in the company uniform, when she came down to the cafeteria for lunch with her coworkers.

Franca was a sweet girl, shy and reserved; a simple girl. For the moment, her life was at the station. Her story is like so many others.

Franca, it seems, was going into the warehouse, as she was going to meet the suppliers. The explosion caught her in that moment. While doing the most mundane thing in the world on the most mundane day in the world. Franca would NOT return home that evening.

Camilla Vecchi gave a voice to the life of Katia Bertasi

For a long time, ever since I was a child, I have been fascinated by the theater. I attended, and I still attend, courses here in Reggio Emilia. The opportunity to work on this project has made me grow a great deal. When I get on the stage and I have the opportunity, like I do in this project, to interpret the story of another, to enter and to take part in another “life”, the emotions that I feel are indescribable. The thing that I like most about theater is putting myself out there; trying to make the audience feel the same emotions as me.

I Have a Thousand Things To Do...

Katia Bertasi

Route 1

DOES CALCULATIONS WITH A CALCULATOR

34 x 12 (408) divide the result by 4... (102).

Square root of 60 (2 root of 15)

Half of 40 (20) times 5 (100).

I have a bunch of things to do today, a thousand thoughts flying through my head. 70 - 23 x 6 (282). 90/3 - 16 (14). It is August 2. Yep, summer is in full swing. People are on vacation, they have their break, they spend their days tanning. Yes, everyone, but not me. Today, Katia Bertasi works. 56 - 32 (24), 30 x 5 (150), root of... today is August 2 and it is very hot. Today, August second, is Saturday, to boot. (DOES CALCULATIONS IN SILENCE). Work, yep, then the kids... shoot! The kids! Who knows if they are okay with their grandma. I miss them, but I'll see them this evening. 42/6... I need to remember, okay, I have to go to the dry cleaners, then the tailor, then the pharmacy... go out to dinner with my husband. We have been waiting for this dinner for so long; just him and I. We haven't had a moment to ourselves since Alessandro was born, If I call him now, I won't reach him, I want to tell him so badly “see you tonight”; yes, “see you tonight”... (LOOKS AT THE CLOCK). It's late. I have to concentrate on my work. I would like to just write “I love you” to him and have him read it right away. Sometimes, maybe, I don't tell him enough. (SHE STOPS FOR THE IMAGINED TIME OF THE EXPLOSION. SHE LOWERS THE CALCULATOR. THERE'S A LONG PAUSE). But a deafening noise interrupts my thoughts. I don't understand what is happening. The time. The time to think “bomb”, and then everything crumbles on top of me, brick after brick.

Tonight I won't see the kids.

Tonight I won't go to the dinner that I've waited so long for.

Tonight, Alessandro, 15 months old, won't ever see his mom's smile again.

It's August 2, August 2, 1980.

SLOWLY RELIFTS THE CALCULATOR AND SLOWLY DOES THE CALCULATIONS AGAIN.

Silvia Lupo gave a voice to the life of Nilla Natali

I chose to participate in the project as a formative actorial and personal experience. I knew little of the facts about August 2nd. By participating, I had a way to get to know the events, to understand how important it is to never forget, and to make these events known, through testimonies and performances, even to those who, like me, were not yet born in 1980.

A Broken Key

Nilla Natali

Route 1

SHE SITS WITH A TYPEWRITER ON HER LAP. SHE IS TYPING ON A SHEET OF PAPER, SWITCHING BETWEEN TYPING AND LOOKING AT THE AUDIENCE.

Hi, I'm Nilla. It's hard to work while everyone leaves. Ah, but I guess I travel, too, with my coworkers. We get coffee down here, and then we walk along the first platform, what a trip, huh! While we walk, a lot of people look at us, And, well, we aren't too bad looking. We look back at them, some good-looking guys passing by... but none as good-looking as my guy. There are also lots of little kids, with their wide eyes, curious to explore the world. They are wonderful; I would hug them all.

And then those older women who take on endless trips, maybe even alone, to feel the heat of the south again, even if only for a few days. The tourists are instantly recognizable, with enormous backpacks and a lost look.

It's the same look that students have on early mornings, when they walk towards the exit. Some of them come from nearby cities, but more come from other regions. In September, they show up with their parents, confused, afraid. In July when they wait for the train to go home, they are confident and wise. Here everything changes, it's an endless stream of travelers. On the same day, you can find a businessman in his suit and jacket, always in a rush, and the guy, who isn't even wearing shoes, strolling along.

You find dreamers, full of hope because they've found a new job, and you find those who are lost in the world, and have made the station their home. I'm lucky, I have a home; after the wedding, I'll move there. It's like I've always imagined. We picked out the house furniture, as well as the kitchen cabinets. They're custom-made and match the rest of the furniture. It's unique; I have a great imagination. I like to watch people and imagine their thoughts. The father who says goodbye to his wife and daughters who are leaving for the sea and thinks, "They'll have fun and I'll enjoy a little freedom... but will I manage? I can't even make eggs... alright, I'll go to mom's."

The girl who says bye to her friends and thinks, "I already miss him, but we're only friends... Are we only friends? Why haven't I told him that I like him? And what if he finds someone else?"

The guy who says goodbye to his girlfriend who's leaving with her parents. They haven't been together for long, but she thinks that he might be the love of her life. She will be away for only a

week, but to him it seems like an eternity. He would like to give her a passionate kiss, but he cannot.

Love... it makes us fragile and invincible. It makes you take important steps, like the ones I'm taking. And if something were to go wrong? What's the big deal? The rest of my life is still unwritten... "

SHE REMOVES THE PAPER FROM THE TYPEWRITER AND READS IT.

Maria Vittoria Denise Salvatori gave a voice to the life of Rita Verde

When, as a child, I took part in August 2nd processions, I did not understand what I saw. I knew why I was there, but did not feel involved in the pain of those people that paraded, fighting for the justice of the victims so that the real culprits would end up in prison, making their voices heard so that something like this would never happen again. Hopes betrayed, 2016 concluded with the bloody events in Istanbul, with 39 dead and 70 injured: the machine of horror does not stop - we have not stopped it. Today, more than ever, it is our duty to reflect on our society and on what mankind is becoming. There is a great need to become aware, to understand that which was, and to act for the good of the community. For me, it was an honor to bring back stories that are so private and so public at the same time: to do something good, in my own small way, and to invite everyone to think about what happened, about what is happening, and about how to prevent such atrocities. I think that participating in this commemoration is important because it is not about one person or a few people, but about all of us - we are all a part of this society. I am first and foremost a citizen, seeking a better understanding of the past, because even today I perhaps don't understand it well. I am fortunate - I was not yet born and no one in my family was at the Bologna station the morning of August 2nd, 1980. So, to me, it seems right to give back an awareness, a thought, or a tribute to those who lost a part of themselves on that day.

Rita's Moments

Rita Verde

Route 1

The city empties: there are those leaving for vacation, those going home to their parents, and those who are leaving for work, but there are also those who are coming back to stay in Bologna, in spite of the stifling heat. This is the station: a blurry snapshot of the city, an intersection of lives and experiences, and of men and women who momentarily cross paths while they're on their long journeys.

Rita works at the station, at the CIGAR restaurant. She was born on the morning of May 23, 1957, in a hospital in Bologna. She's a beautiful girl, a natural and spontaneous beauty, one of those girls who turns heads. She loves life in all of its forms, from a blade of grass to a passing cloud blocking the sun. She is one of those hungry and curious people, in the perennial state of grace typical of children, who let themselves be amazed with extreme ease, to the disenchanted eyes of adults. She drinks coffee and chats with her coworkers, Marina, Nilla, and Franca, while waiting for her boyfriend to pick her up. Katia, however, has gone off to bug another waitress in her usual, slightly authoritarian way, in the way of a grown person who claims to know everything about life. Besides being the oldest of the group, she's been there the longest, and therefore knows all the secrets of the job and knows how to keep them all in line.

During the usual trip to the first platform, the travelers watch them and recognize the girls from the CIGAR restaurant, in their uniforms with the pretty, chestnut-colored aprons that are finished with light edges. Like an aircrew, they strut by, leaving the passerby to imagine the girls' lives as they themselves imagine visiting all the places the loudspeaker announces.

But here is Massimo, her lug, as Rita's boss calls him; he's here to pick her up. They are going to see some apartments on the city outskirts; the ones in the center are pricey. Rita has actually already picked an apartment, but she hasn't told her boyfriend yet. It's a spacious apartment, full of light, with a big kitchen, and, best of all, a garden made even more beautiful by mimosa and fig trees and blooming flower beds. She likes to walk through scent-filled fields, dotted with flowers. So many spots of color amongst the green, like an impressionist painting. The memory of the park that surrounded her first house in San Ruffillo springs to mind. She and Morena, when they were little, were always outside in the fresh air, running around and playing hide and seek. Every so often Gianni would also join their games, and they often teased him because he was the youngest and he immediately fell for their pranks. Then their mother would scold them and would tell them to quit it because he was too sensitive and it took almost nothing to get him whining and to set him off crying.

Morena and Rita are sisters and good friends, something that doesn't happen often between sisters. Of course, they argue every once in a while over things like a never seen again borrowed dress or over a high school boy that they both liked, but overall, they are united in games, jokes, and secrets.

In a couple days Rita is going to go to Lido degli Estensi. She can already hear the summer hits by Rettore, Togni, and Bosè filling the beach and spreading out; she can already taste the salty air and smell the perfume of skin in the sun which, like a coat of paint, like polishing sandpaper, smooths out the layers of skin¹ accumulated during the winter. Morena and Gianni are waiting for her there, they left a bit earlier to help their mother organize the house and keep her from cooking too much. She can't wait to meet up with them and settle into a well-earned vacation. To empty her head of everyday thoughts: the apartment, work, and the imminent wedding. Which isn't anything but a formality for the life that she's already living with Massimo. Once upon a time, "They knew each other. He knew her and so himself, for in truth he had never known himself. And she knew him and so herself, for although she had always known herself she had never been able to recognize it until now".

² Prior to the Italian economic boom, this was a term for Southerners which had a meaning closer to 'peasant'. After the substantial South-North migration that took place in post-war years, it held the weight of a slur. *Cafone* holds a similar meaning. As both words are tied to the intricacies of Italian culture that cannot

Manuela Mariani gave a voice to the life of John Andrew Kolpinski

I wanted to take part in this initiative because it touches me in a particular way. On August 2nd, 1980 I was at the beach in Romagna with my mom and my sister. Upon hearing the news, my mom told me: "Manuela, a bomb exploded in the train station - thank goodness that we are here". Indeed we were very lucky, as we could have easily been taking that train to get to the beach, just like we did after I took the eighth grade exam. Among the victims, there were two people from Carpi that she knew because she was born there and grew up there until 1969, the year in which she married and came to live in Modena. In those days Carpi was a small town and everyone knew one another. It has always stuck with me, the fact that this happened in my native region - it's like a stain that never goes away. I wanted to remember the victims by telling a story in order to do something concrete, in order to never forget.

An Unforgettable Summer Tragedy

John Andrew Kolpinski

Route 1

It was a scorching hot Saturday, August 2nd, 1980. In the Bologna station, everything seemed normal. Arrivals, departures, dreams, hopes, desire for sea and rest. Stories of ordinary people, of everyday life, with faces, eyes, looks, hands, conversations. Underneath the platform roofs people were in line for tickets, some had missed their train, others had found a connection. Some people were waiting for their loved ones coming back from vacations; taxis were waiting under the burning sun. The second class waiting area was the only place with air conditioning and it was crowded with people; there were kids playing, boy scouts camped out in a corner. Some people read, some smoked a cigarette, while others looked at the timetables. (SILENCE). At 10:25 there was an apocalyptic roar, sudden and deafening. The explosion hit the train on the first track. The first and second class waiting areas, the CIGAR company offices, and close to 30 meters of roofing crumbled. Taxis parked outside, waiting for customers, and Bus N. 37 that was passing by, were struck by debris. The black soot, the dust, the pieces of plaster and glass, descended on people. Inside there were only ruins, none of the survivors understood what had happened. Their eyes filled with desperation and panic at witnessing the scene: fragments of bodies everywhere, the injured with clothes full of blood and glass who were screaming in search of help and their loved ones. It was hell! (SILENCE). John Andrew Kolpinski was one of the 85 victims of the Bologna massacre. He was a young Englishman born in Bristol on February 5th, 1958. He was 22 years old, he was tall, with a beard and his hair parted down the middle. After years of study, he had graduated with the highest grades at the University of Arts Court in Birmingham, England. In his home country, the sun never shone and it always rained. The seait faced was the English Channel, a murky blackness, with the ferries from France that passed by quickly. He didn't know Italy, not even on a postcard, and his friends had recommended that he visit it. He had decided to travel to Europe with his fiancée, Catherine. After their trip together, he should have started his career. He had packed an orange backpack, a sleeping bag, some clothes, including a bathing suit, some

dishware and some camping gear, an alarm clock, and a camera. That day had brought them to Bologna. He was waiting, hand in hand with her, when the bomb exploded. To commemorate him, the Vice Chancellor planted a tree in the university garden. It was donated by the KINVIG Geographical Society as a gesture of solidarity from the staff and associates who had studied at that university. Many representatives from different departments and his family participated in the ceremony.

Gea Rigato gave a voice to the life of Catherine Helen Mitchell

I am one of the many people who was not yet born the year of the Bologna massacre, and participating in *Cantiere 2 Agosto* was a great opportunity for me to read up on it seriously. I heard about the event for the first time only a few years ago from newspapers, from TV, and because of the clock at the station that is always stopped - and from my mother, who was there that day. She told me that at the time of the attack she was already at work and she had driven there (thankfully), and that everyone was very scared - she suspected immediately that it could not have been just a malfunctioning boiler. I wanted to be here also because I am Sicilian and was born in the year of the death of Falcone and Borsellino, and every massacre (no matter how and when it happens, even the most recent ones) should be remembered. Because I am so passionate about theater I am excited by the idea of rewriting the stories of real-life people, starting from the places and from the words of those who knew them. It's really as if those who are no longer with us come back to see us for a while, and I like the idea of giving a second chance to those people. I'm not a professional actress, but I have performed on many indoor stages since I was 7 years old, and the thing that always thrilled me and pushed me to try new acting workshops is the possibility to use all that I have to share a story or a voice, especially if the audience is potentially an entire city: I have never performed outside, on the street, with so many people walking by. I also have never written and used my own words to do something useful, I've only interpreted the words of others, and I've always happened to do it in a rush, unfortunately, without having the time to seriously get to know who was behind a story. Finally, I wanted to participate because *Cantiere 2 Agosto* is a community project, and at the moment I felt the need, like many of us did, to drive away loneliness and feel the earth under my feet again. In fact, I had the opportunity to meet many nice people.

Beyond the (Railway) Line Catherine Helen Mitchell

Route 1

*See the line where the sky meets the sea
it calls me
And no one knows how far it goes.
If the wind in my sail on the sea stays behind me,
one day I'll know.
If I go, there's just no telling how far I'll go.**

I'm finally on vacation! It's already been a few days that I'm abroad, but there's no more talk of studying and I still can't believe it... My name is Cathy Mitchell and I'm the first person in my family to graduate, isn't that fantastic? Who knows if Les and Sue realize that they now have a geographer sister. And when I get back, in September, I'll start the first job of my life. I'm really quite lucky.

It seems like just yesterday that I had started university and met John... those exams stressed us out so much... now we deserve a vacation. We're off to live, without any more books between us

and things. Our first vacation together! We picked even our backpacks together: orange and blue. Who knows why these colors. Maybe because they bring the sun and the sea to mind? I want to do such crazy things, like sleeping under the stars in a tent... As long as it doesn't start to pour like back home, in England.

We don't know where we're going; who can ever say? In the end, it doesn't even matter. As of now, we've been to Paris, there wasn't enough time to see all of it, it's truly beautiful... We arrived in Italy at the end of July. Right now we're in Bologna and we have just finished our rolls of film! For 10:20, it's absurdly hot, I need to get used to it. We leave on the first train; here at the station, it's chaos... Everything is different, the light, the air, even the people. I don't understand much when they speak, but I like Italian a lot.

I can't wait to get to the sea, I've liked it since I was a little girl and I don't understand why; I hope it's not cold like the Atlantic. Every road I take seems to push me towards the horizon, that line between the sky and the sea calls me... What is beyond it? I ask myself the same thing of the platform line. I can't stop looking at it. There's only this line between me and my future, in this moment.

Now I have to go, my train is arriving. I hear it on the rails, like the seagulls on the sea, but even stronger. I feel very strange, I don't know what it is... I don't know, it's just now I don't feel as sure of arriving there. Not today.

*See the line where the sky meets the sea
it calls me
And no one knows how far it goes.
If the wind in my sail on the sea stays behind me,
one day I'll know.
If I go, there's just no telling how far I'll go.*

*("How far I'll go" by Mark Mancina and Lin-Manuel Miranda, from the Disney movie "Moana"/
"Oceania")*

Nicola Frabboni gave a voice to the life of Iwao Sekiguchi

The horror of that August 2nd is one of the most inerasable memories of my childhood, not so much in terms of clarity, but in terms of sensations. I remember the news clips, I remember the accounts of the people, I remember my grandmother's friend whose son was due to arrive ten minutes after the explosion, and her struggle to find information about what happened to him - there were no cell phones back then. Taking part in the project means taking an active role in making sure that no one forgets what that bomb meant and how much it hurt the city.

Waiting Gestures

Iwao Sekiguchi

Route 1

READS WHILE EATING AND WRITING IN HIS DIARY

"August 2: I am at the Bologna Station." Iwao Sekiguchi arrives around 10 and sits in the waiting area of the station, where people are sitting, waiting for their trains. He always carries his diary in a satchel that his mother made for him before he left, and he writes down every detail about his trip. He writes, "I called Teresa, but she isn't there. So I've decided to go to Venice." (READS WHILE WRITING IN THE DIARY). Iwao is from a Tokyo satellite city, where he lives in a modest house with his parents and two younger brothers. He will turn 20 in a few weeks, and he studies Japanese literature at Waseda University, one of the most prestigious universities in Japan. Iwao nurtures a great passion for our country, for its history, its art and religion. Thanks to the Center of Italian Culture in Tokyo, he obtained a scholarship to go to Florence for a month, to study Italian. Actually, the student's plan was to remain for more than the month allowed by the scholarship. In order to do so, in the two years prior to the trip, he had managed to put aside some money by giving private lessons.

On the day of his departure, no one was home; his brothers were at school, his father was at work in Tokyo, and his mother had gone to give a hand to a hairdresser, something she did often in order to help the family budget, but Iwao wanted to leave a message anyways, and wrote a letter with personalized messages to each of them. And so, he left Tokyo on July 22, and on the 23, he arrived in Rome, where he stayed for a week, hosted by a friend. Then he moved to Florence, and from there he arrived in Bologna, for a brief trip that should have seen him return to Florence after a short while.

On August 3, at 8 in the morning, his parents learned from the TV that a bomb exploded at Bologna Station and Iwao was among the victims. They asked for confirmation from the television station and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who, unfortunately, both confirmed the news; everything was true, their eldest son was dead.

Thanks to the help of some relatives, they were able to get together the money to buy the plane tickets and reach Italy; from Rome, they arrived in Bologna by car, along with the Japanese ambassador, in order to see Iwao one last time.

On August 6, they attended a memorial service in the Basilica of San Petronio, and Iwao could finally return to his homeland, inside an urn held in his mother's hands.

The ashes of the student who was passionate about our culture now rest in his parents' home, on an improvised altar, surrounded by some of his favorite things, books, records, sports equipment, and hand drawn sketches.

"I'll take the train that leaves at 11; while I'm writing I'm eating a travel basket that cost 5000 liras."
(READS WHILE WRITING IN THE DIARY).

HE'S ABOUT TO EAT SOMETHING BUT STOPS BECAUSE THE FORK FALLS AND HE
LOWERS HIS HEAD TO LOOK AT THE FALLEN FORK, WITH AN EXPRESSION OF
SURPRISE.

Claudio Prandin gave a voice to the life of Argeo Bonora

My motivations are perhaps trivial: I am from Bologna, in 1980 I was almost 12 years old and the massacre was a terrible tragedy, and although my family was not affected, it deeply hurt my city and produced memories that will never abandon me. When the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project was introduced, as a person from Bologna I was interested right away. I've read all the stories of the victims and Argeo Bonora's story immediately struck me for a few reasons: he was more or less as old as I am now and he had small children like I do now. Also, I lost my father when I was a child - this made me feel close not only to him but also to his children. This is why I thought it useful to offer my small commitment to remembering the events of August 2nd.

Argeo the Railroad Worker

Argeo Bonora

Route 1

SITTING ON A BENCH, AS IF IT WERE A BUS SEAT, SPEAKING IN FIRST PERSON TO A HYPOTHETICAL PASSENGER IN FRONT OF HIM

Do you want to hear something strange? It's strange, when all of you go on vacation, you're trying to escape your city, to go as far away as possible, while for me, "vacation" means going home, to the place I was born. Oh, sorry, I haven't introduced myself: my name is Argeo Bonora, I'm 42 years old; I was born in Galliera, here, nearby (INDICATES TO THE NORTH WITH HIS HAND) and I'm a railroad worker. Unfortunately, because of work, I was transferred to Salorno, near Bolzano, ten years ago. Salorno is a small town in the middle of the mountains, in a beautiful, wide valley; not too far from the town center, there's a tall waterfall, and out in the country you can see the ruins of a medieval castle. And the sky? Ahh. On moonless nights you can see a splendid sky full of stars. I like them so much that I even bought a telescope to see them better; but in between all of those mountains... it's not the same as being home. I, you know, am a man of the plains; I miss walking those plains of my childhood. And then, it's so far from here that I can't return to Bologna too often; but, when I can, I do. In fact, when they gave me my vacation days, I immediately escaped to Bentivoglio, nearby (INDICATES TO THE NORTH WITH HIS HAND), to see my mom. I found her well and I was glad because she is getting old. She has her ailments but... after all that's life; they say that aging is the worst illness... who knows how it'll be when it's my turn. (PAUSES. LOOKS FAR AWAY). The only bad thing for my mom is that she didn't get to see the kids; I didn't bring them because Anna Maria, my old lady... that is, my wife, said that it was best to leave them in Salorno with her. (THEN, ENTHUSIASTIC). You know, we have five: a 12-year-old girl, a 7-year-old boy, and, if you can believe it, a set of 2-year-old triplets. I'm sure you understand that traveling with all of them wasn't possible, it would be an exhausting trip. So, I came by myself, but today I'm going back to them. Unfortunately, trains don't leave from Bentivoglio, so I had to take this bus to get to the station. Yesterday evening I was at my in-laws' house, great people, we've always loved each other; we were just looking at the bus schedules to figure out which one to take. I couldn't decide and I said to my father-in-law, "If I had the kids with me, I'd leave early, but I'm alone and I can take my time going back." (PAUSE) I'm going to the

Bologna Station to take the train to Salorno, to Anna Maria and the kids (HAPPY); it'll be wonderful to hug them all and be with them for a bit before I have to go back to work. (PAUSE) Ah, we're here; this is my stop. Goodbye.

HE GETS UP AND LEAVES.

Sabina Macchiavelli gave a voice to the life of Giuseppe Patruno

I was particularly struck by the connection between orality, memory, and place; the idea of taking the account of the tragedy beyond its historical and architectural confines, towards the people. This expands the commemoration's area of resonance to the entire city, where ordinary citizens can pass the baton to other citizens. Storytelling is a precious device for making memories: the voice that tells the story is used as a way to give them form and emotion. It is also used as a way to preserve the "political" dimension of history: constructing narratives within the public space, in front of those who make a destiny out of tragedy. I am a writer, I teach foreign languages, and I lead creative writing workshops. I am completing a doctorate in audio documentary at a British university. I was born in Bologna; I was 16 at the time of the massacre.

Steps

Giuseppe Patruno

Route 1

BOLOGNA STATION, ARRIVALS AREA IN THE WEST WING, STAIRS. COMING UP THE STAIRS WITH RHYTHMIC STEPS WHILE SPEAKING.

On a night at the end of winter, with a full moon, there is a calm and relaxed silence amongst the hills. I'm walking to the car parked in front of my house. I hear something I never hear, elsewhere, in other moments. Tac..tac... (MAKES THE SOUND WITH STEPS) Something that slowly animates the dark. Tac... tac... (MAKES THE SOUND WITH STEPS). They are my steps, the boots on the black pavement, tac... tac... Tac. (MAKES THE SOUND WITH STEPS) A soft, regular, light cadence like leather, light like my heart because I'm going to see my friends. (BEGINS TO CLIMB UP) What sound do steps make? There are so many kinds of steps, as many as those of us that produce them, as many as our strides, the shoes that we wear. It is difficult to hear it, the sound of steps, it is hidden beneath voices, beneath the clamor of objects. Beneath our breath. And yet, if only we manage to listen to them, the steps, they always have different sounds, and each of us has their own. There is the sound of the bricklayer's rubber boots on the scaffolding, a thump, as infrequent as his movements. There is the stampede of children, striking the ground, as they run out of school in the afternoon, raising a cloud of dust. There is the breath of dance steps on the marble of the ballroom floor: slow slow quick quick, traveling, slow slow, quick quick, slow slow quick quick... Do you all remember the large, heavy old man, long haired and bearded, at the Bologna station? A sound of cast-off boots, rustic, heavy, that you almost can't hear.

And Giuseppe? What sound did his steps have on the morning of August 2 while he ran into the Bologna station? He was going to look for the Slavic girls, yes, those with whom they'd spent the night, he and his younger brother Antonio, and their two other friends. What do his steps sound like beneath the entrance portico, on the marble of the lobby, on the concrete of the first platform? (AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS, WALKS IN PLACE) "Peppino! Stop, where are you running? Come on, wait for me! What's the hurry? Peppi! Look, listen, it's not like we'll find them. They told us they

would be here to get rid of us... And look at the other two, they fell behind... Peppi', listen, why don't we stop to get a coffee? The train to Basel leaves in twenty minutes and I'm willing to bet that they already left, who knows, yesterday, or maybe they're walking around the city. Maybe if we take a walk we'll find them. And if we can't find them, there are always the girls from Bologna... Peppi'! I don't know what the blonde with the big boobs promised you - she was the one you liked, right? - to make you run like this, but come on, you know how many guys like you she can find. Don't push me, come on. Listen, let's go buy the cigarettes, there at the shop, you see? Over there, on the other side of the waiting area. Then we'll go to the train. Sound good? Wait, Peppino. Hey? Are you listening to me? Just a second. Giuseppe!" (STOPS) Then, a great silence. In the country, there is a moment at the beginning of sunrise when all animals are still, without a sound, where not even a blade of grass stirs, without a rustle from the bushes. It's an instant, in which a lot of things happen and we hear the silence of everything. The moment before the world resumes its course. Even here, in this moment, in this station, on this August 2, amidst the sweat and mugginess, on these steps, on the metal of the train cars, on the fabric of the summer clothes, here, now, there is a still and dilated silence, enormous. I search for Giuseppe's steps, the sound of his boots on the concrete, the rustle of his white shirt while he turns towards Antonio to tell him, yes, all right, we'll meet in the train car. But there is a great silence that made me forget why I'm here. An emptiness in the ears and inside the head. A silence in which nothing happens and you can't hear. The emptiness of the silence that someone has created.

URNS TOWARDS THE EXIT

Route 2

Guides: Walter Berti, Margherita Gombi

Piazza Medaglio d'Oro, below the stopped clock

1. Irene Breton Boudouban narrated by Sonia Aldrovandi

Taxi Stand

2. Fausto Venturi narrated by Francesco Saverio Soverini

N.37 Bus Stop

3. Vincenzo Petteni narrated by Cecilia Vicentini

Flower bed with monument

4. Natalia Agostini Gallon narrated by Salvatore Fais
5. Manuela Gallon narrated by Elena Simonini

4 Piazza Medaglie d'Oro (courtyard)

6. Pier Francesco Laurenti narrated by Franco Domeniconi

12 Via Antonio Gramsci - Former Trauma Center

7. Angelo Priore narrated by Matteo Borghesan

Sonia Aldrovandi gave a voice to the life of Irene Breton Boudouban

I am honored to be part of this project. My little “passion” for theater pushed me to volunteer. Before I got married, I was part of a small amateur theater group for 4 years, and we travelled all around Italy. I was very struck by the profound meaning of this project and, understanding the seriousness of the endeavor, I tried my best.

Adjust the Time

Irene Breton Boudouban

Route 2

It's strange to talk about Irene thinking that, until a few days ago there wasn't any information on which to base her story, not even a picture to help us understand the type of woman she was. We only knew that Irene came from Delemont, that's the capital of the Canton Jura, in western Switzerland, near the French border, a historic and hilly small town with thick forests and medieval buildings. It takes eight hours by train to get there and I know that because I tried to go there to find one of her photos, though I was unsuccessful. It's an area renowned for precision mechanics and famous for its watchmaking masterpieces. This is exactly Irene's field of work, being a watchmaker.

What she was doing in Bologna on that very hot day, no one knows, unfortunately. If she were here for vacation, if she were alone or with her husband, if she were here for work. Though, Irene was 61 and might have been retired. I imagined a distinguished woman, with a bag or a suitcase, in the midst of tons of other people who were going on vacation, or away for work or study. There were, among them, also those who had had to take the train at the last moment, without planning it... Everyone, certainly, with their bags, like whoever propped their suitcase with a 23 kilogram explosive on a table and then vanished into thin air.

So in fact, Irene's life was ended on August 2nd, 1980, because of that suitcase that exploded in an instant, crumbling everything. I was six in 1980 and only remember the ruins of the station I saw on TV. All those lives stopped at 10:25 that day, in a dramatic and incredible void. Who knows how many hours and minutes and seconds Irene had seen pass before her eyes, in the faces of the watches that she sold and repaired. Who knows how many watches she fixed because they were too fast or would stop suddenly. Even the clock at the station stopped at 10:25. To this day, it's still stopped.

Unfortunately, she too was part of what has been held for years as the gravest act of terrorism after World War II: a dramatic massacre for that time in history and a huge injustice for all those normal people who only wanted to go on with their days of vacation or work. We don't know who organized this, nor do we know why.

I would've had to recount Irene's life without any other information, but a few days ago, after 37 years, we heard from her son who told the story of a simple woman, sweet and generous. A woman who in those days was on vacation in Lido di Dante, in the Ravenna area, with her family. Maybe she was returning home on August 2nd. Now, while I remember her, I know the face she had and this seems like I'm giving some time back to her, when, until now, no one knew of her. "We are dust and to dust we will return," they told us... I add "loved and always remembered." For you, Irene. Thank you!

Francesco Saverio Soverini gave a voice to the life of Fausto Venturi

I think that humbly giving a voice to those who passed away, through no fault of their own, on that senseless morning is a beautiful act. I think it's a brilliant and forward-thinking idea and I was happy to be able to contribute personally, even with my poor talents as an amateur actor. I think my city should speak up and never forget what happened, and as a citizen of Bologna I am honored to have done just that using my own voice.

For giving **Fausto Venturi**

Route 2

This morning I was looking forward to starting again... I was away... at the thermal baths... two weeks in Chianciano for thermal treatments and absolute rest: every year, around May, when the first hot days start and being in the car all day tires you out, I start to feel like I need it and during the month of July I always go back there... and this morning to begin work again was beautiful, I almost craved it... 8 o'clock shift, my Carolina and I, my taxi... that's much more than a car... she is my work companion, faithful and irreplaceable... by now we are a famous pair among my colleagues... Carolina and Fausto, Fausto Venturi... even our names go well together... I have to remember to take that envelope that the sweet and kind nurse from Chianciano gave me and bring it to AVIS, the organization where I donate blood. I think that they're donations from the members of her service... volunteering at AVIS is a little bit like my mission of solidarity toward my fellow man: I don't ever let three months pass by without taking the opportunity, so I return and donate... every three months... it's an appointment that I consider to be very important... and it makes me feel good... it's like donating a little part of my life to someone who needs it... This morning, like many other mornings, I decided to come here to the station to work... during the first days of August there's a ton of people and it's much easier to find business, maybe going to the airport, while the rest of the city starts to get rather deserted... people go on vacation... and Bologna empties out... I like to stay in Bologna in August: it seems like the city lets whoever stays enjoy it. This morning, coming to the station from the Pescarola neighborhood, I already picked up a gentleman along the street, taking him right here to the station; when that happens, usually the day goes very well, I do a lot of routes, I work a lot and go home happy... who knows if today will go as well... I say yes! Starting at 8 o'clock I still have the possibility to get a few hours of work in before the torment that are those brutally hot peak hours in August... Bologna in August can be almost cruel with a heat that fills your lungs to the point that you can barely breathe... in fact even this morning around 10:15 the heat starts to creep in... I like my work... sometimes you find customers who tell you almost their whole life story in the span of five minutes; who knows why we taxi drivers give the impression that you can tell us anything... maybe because, really, they'll never see us again so they feel like their stories are safe with us... secrets shared in a moment that sometimes remain in your heart and mind forever... You find the guy who's running to the hospital and is in such a state of euphoria over becoming a father that he can't even articulate where to go; you find the depressed guy whose work interview didn't go well and doesn't want to tell his wife about

another one of his failures; you find the guy who gets into your car with his mother leaning against the window giving him a thousand instructions, all regularly ignored once we turn the corner away from her street; you find the curious tourist who in 40 seconds wants to know everything about the city: its restaurants and the “absolutely not to miss” attractions, its monuments, and its hotels; as if the taxi driver were a representative for the visitor center. You find the 50-year-old who returns to Bologna after being here 32 years before when he was in the military, and doesn’t do anything except exclaiming “but here one time there was a bar, but here in ’51 there was a garden, and here the street wasn’t paved”... and almost expecting the poor taxi driver to put everything back the way he remembers it... This morning could be exactly one of those mornings in which I meet strange people... while I’m here in the parking lot in front of the station I feel the sun shining more strongly... I might just move into the shade of the overhanging roof... either way, when the customer gets close, I see him right away... who knows who will be the next... here he is, standing to get in... I walk to Carolina... “I’ll see you all again soon!”...

Cecilia Vicentini gave a voice to the life of Vincenzo Petteni

Throughout my life I have always strived to be socially engaged: I started when I was young, when I participated in the student movement, calling for the truth about the Piazza Fontana massacre. Recently I've been involved as a volunteer for the Libera Association; along with this commitment, I have also been working for around ten years as a volunteer reader at libraries in my area. Participating as a storyteller in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project was an opportunity for me to carry on my social commitment by helping to preserve the memory of the tragic massacre of August 2nd, 1980.

Next Stop

Vincenzo Petteni

Route 2

On August 16, 1980, Vincenzo Petteni died at 34 years old at Malpighi Hospital, after 14 days of suffering and the hope that he would make it. He is one of the last victims of the terrible massacre. It was August 2nd, 1980; the first August exodus was under way and the most strategic railway point was as crowded as ever with emigrants returning to their homeland and tourists, foreigners, vacationers, going to the seaside locations of the Romagna coast. Amongst them, Vincenzo and his friend Mirco also waited for the train that would take them on vacation; their destination, however, was not the Adriatic Sea, but the much more exotic sea of Tunisia.

Enthusiasm and excitement were sky high between the two friends and it grew while they talked about where they would visit. Vincenzo had worked for many years as a hotel manager in Ferrara. He liked the work, but he aspired to have his own business, to run and organize in his own way, without so many corporate restrictions. So, two years prior, he had started his own business as a traveling salesman: he went with a van to the Ferrara markets to sell clothing accessories. Two years had gone by since he had taken a vacation day.

Mirco was a kind friend. They had known each other for a short time. That trip and their shared love for the sea would strengthen their friendship. Everything happened suddenly. The roar of the explosion ruptured Vincenzo's eardrums, who felt himself fly through the air, drop to the ground with his throat suffocated by black smoke and his nostrils full of dust that tasted like gunshot residue. Yes, Vincenzo immediately recognized that dust: it was the one he fired when he was a military man in Casarsa.

Vincenzo passed out. He was woken up by the rescue workers who extracted him from the ruins. Only a few minutes after the explosion, there was an endless stream of taxis, private cars, and ambulances that transported the corpses and the injured to the city hospitals. There was also Bus N. 37, which, on that day, became an exceptional means of transportation: for its special routes, to and from the two city hospitals, and for the passengers that boarded it, only the dead, amongst which was his friend, Mirco. But Vincenzo didn't know this.

With time, Bus N. 37 became one of the social symbols of the massacre, right next to the clock: 10:25.

Until late at night, Bus N. 37 continued its fixed route: station – hospital, there and back. Compassionate souls had covered its windows with white sheets.

When Vincenzo arrived in front of the bomb-devastated station on the makeshift stretcher, he was put into a citizen's car who, like so many other Bologna residents, had quickly come to the station to aid the victims.

Vincenzo was immediately taken to intensive care. The doctors immediately treated his numerous wounds and, after a few days, his condition improved.

He responded to the treatment and got better. Even his wife and son believed it, they were under the impression that the worst was over. The official cause of death was a pulmonary infection, but in reality, it was the bomb.

Salvatore Fais gave a voice to the life of Natalia Agostini Gallon

I am a retired worker from the Officine Grandi Riparazioni (OGR) - the large railway repair workshops on Casarini street in Bologna. I wanted to participate in this beautiful project of remembrance as we wait for truth and justice 37 years after that criminal act. As a citizen and as an OGR worker I feel personally involved because my colleague Gallon was impacted by the tragedy: his daughter Manuela and wife Natalia lost their lives - he survived because he had left to buy cigarettes. 6 years afterwards, the monument "the destroyed wheel" was placed in front of the train station in memory of the massacre. For these reasons I wanted to have a part in this project, as did all my colleagues who have participated and supported me in my storytelling.

Interrupted Lives, the Ruined Cycle **Natalia Agostini Gallon**

Route 2

IN FRONT OF THE DESTROYED WHEEL MONUMENT; IDEALLY IT REPRESENTS THE CIRCLE OF LIFE, DESTROYED IN AN INSTANCE, BY A CRIMINAL ACT FOR AN ABSURD, TERRORIST IDEOLOGY.

With my suitcase in hand, I headed towards the entrance, from the porticos, when the explosion launched me backwards, a gigantic burst of flame. The roof of the waiting area detached itself from its supportive walls, rising up to fall violently on the survivors of the bomb, while a blanket of dense smoke instantly enveloped the station. It was like being catapulted inside a chimney, the dust came down like a snowstorm. The next moments produced a tomb-like silence. Unreal, thinking of the lighthearted and joyful chaos of a minute before. In that hell, some escaped with their clothes in flames, others escaped with their hands over their mouths to protect themselves from the dust and smoke that enveloped everything. Screams, cries, desperate voices that asked for help.

The desperate shouts of the first rescuers, myself included, after a moment of bewilderment, at the sight of that devastation, in a flash, transformed into a frantic race to help the injured. In that hell, Natalia, like little Manuela buried under a pile of ruins, was there, immobile, covered in all of that dust. Laying, with their blood-stained, torn up clothes, between the first platform and track, dying, but with still-beating hearts in those tortured bodies, pumping blood from their wounds. The husband, Giorgio, was also hit by the shockwave; Natalia, Manuela, and Giorgio were rescued and taken to the hospital, unconscious.

They took Natalia to Bellaria Hospital; the situation appeared desperate to the doctors. "She needs a miracle." The emergency room was full of the injured, cries of pain and hysteric shouts, doctors that ran from one wounded person to the next. All of the available nurses and doctors were present, giving out the first treatments, but there were too few of them, too few for all the injured. Natalia was sedated and attended to as much as possible; the rest was up to God. On the day of August 7th, 1980, little Manuela's heart stopped beating.

Natalia was an employee at Ducati Elettronica, she was 40 years old, and she loved to sing; on August 10th, 1980, in the intensive care unit of Bellaria Hospital, she was succumbing to death, at the exact moment that Manuela's funeral was taking place at the church of Beata Vergine Immacolata. Natalia's funeral was held on August 13th.

Giorgio had run out of strength and tears. He couldn't believe his eyes; once a vital man, he had aged in a day, had lost his reasons to live.

So many years later, I think of Fabio, Natalia's teenage son, who lived in that boyish body the consequence of the massacre: being an orphan. I imagine him, with an unbearable torment, that doesn't heal with time. In the past 37 years, we, the workers Major Repair Unit of the State Railways, have been doing our absolute best to commemorate the anniversary of that crime.

The city was shocked, and so were all the employees in my line of work. Because, for the umpteenth time, the railway sector had been hit, and because Natalia's husband, Giorgio, was our coworker. The coworkers comforted Giorgio when he returned to work, but it was difficult. It was clear that he wasn't the same man; he was despondent, sad. He isolated himself from everything and everyone. Everyone tried to get close to him, but it was all in vain. He was given an early dismissal, and died on the 28th of July, 1994.

The employees of the Major Repairs Unit of the State Railways designed and built a monument for Natalia and all the victims of that crime, which they placed in front of the station in the center of the square; it represents the interrupted lives, the destroyed cycle. The inauguration took place in the institutional presence of Mayor Imbeni.

The artist, the engraver of the metal sheet of the monument, died shortly after, at the hands of another massacre (that of asbestos), but that is a story for a different time.

Elena Simonini gave a voice to the life of Manuela Gallon

The Bologna massacre ripped me out of childhood with sudden and unprecedented violence. That August 2nd was a day of total, intense, incomprehensible upheaval, and I, for the first time in my life, felt the need to keep everything in my mind and not forget. Even today, after so many years, I continue to feel the same sense of urgency to remember. So, I wanted to take part in this huge project of collective storytelling, helping to create a dense web of memories, stories, and accounts. In Bologna - and not only in Bologna - everyone has a story about that terrible day, and it is important to continue to listen to and recount those stories. Each of those 85 victims had a story. We storytellers have the difficult task of trying to give back a voice - for twelve consecutive hours - to those who no longer have a voice to tell their story.

For Now Manuela Gallon

Route 2

Is it morning yet?

I can't wait to get on the train, find my friends, and finally get to summer camp. I'll see Fabiana and Simona again, last year we had so much fun dancing and singing together. And then, they are just like me. In the afternoon, during rest time in our rooms, they never sleep, so we spend the time repeating song lyrics together, quietly, though, because otherwise the teachers will yell at us. But we really hope that this year Marco won't be there, because he always scares us with his horror stories and then, at night, we can't close our eyes because we're scared someone will come into the room with a knife and kill us all. Or, otherwise, we take turns sleeping, that way one of us is always awake and on guard.

It's too bad though, this will be the last year that I go to camp, because I'm already too old to sign up. I'm going to miss so many things so much: my friends from the vacation in Dobbiaco, playing hide-and-seek and the races, eating apples for snack time, and then the movies on Thursdays, and the pizzeria with everyone on the last evening. The cafeteria, though, no! I won't miss that, not even a little bit. The camp's meat sauce pasta doesn't taste like anything! And then, I only like the meat sauce pasta my mom makes, it's better than anyone else's. Anyway, I remember that, at the beginning, I didn't like camp, and I didn't want to go. And the first time that mom and dad took me to the Bologna station, when I was in first grade, and they left me on a train with a bunch of kids I didn't know, that day, for me, was the worst day of my life. But then after, though, I had so much fun and I went back every year, and now that it's time to go, I can't wait to get on the train, to say bye to mom and dad. Who afterwards, I know, will stay there, standing on the platform to smile at me, through the window, until the train stops whistling.

But when will the alarm go off? When are we leaving? I can already hear the birds singing, it should be morning already! When will the alarm clock ring? In a second, mom is going to tell me to get up and then she'll shout from the kitchen that the latte is ready, then she'll remind me to brush

my teeth and she'll make sure that my collar is neat. And then, like every year, we'll rush out of the house. Dad will walk down the stairs complaining that it's late and that we won't find parking at the station, because we're at the beginning of August and literally everybody will be there, leaving, while mom will reassure him, we're on time, and she'll lock the door.

It was hot as heck in the car and we had all of the windows open. You could hear the cicadas buzzing along the street; I like the cicadas buzzing because it makes me happy, and when we stopped at the traffic lights, it was like they wanted to come inside the car. Mom's perfume trickled to the backseat where I was sitting, mixed with dad's cigarette smoke. I had thought that, for a whole month, I wouldn't smell mom's perfume mixing with dad's cigarette smoke, and I would miss it. In the meantime, the trees along the road to the station rushed by, the hot summer air entered through the windows, the cicadas sang. And they seemed happy, too.

Franco Domeniconi gave a voice to the life of Pier Francesco Laurenti

On August 2nd, 1980, I was on duty at the Operations Room as train dispatcher; it was my birthday because I was born on August 2nd, 1933. I experienced the tragic event personally, both as an operator in charge of running trains, and as a resident of *Piazza Medaglie d'Oro 4*, which was where the terrorist attack took place. I remember with extreme clarity where my family and I were and what we were doing - none of us were victims that day, but that memory, in detail, has remained ineradicable over the years. I am thankful for the extraordinary opportunity to be able to remember and talk about Pier Francesco Laurenti, a 44-year-old man who, on that August 2nd in 1980, had a mother named Celestina, a sister named Rina, and many, many other friends, like Vittorio and Carlo. Today, unfortunately, Pier Francesco no longer has anyone that can speak about his life, so I am grateful to the *Cantiere* project, which allowed me to tell his story - at least in my case - a good 14 times. Despite my limitations, I tried to highlight the virtues and qualities of this man who loved his family, his friends, his country, and his work, a man who unfortunately became an innocent victim of the massacre at the station. The director of this extraordinary project, Matteo Belli, deserves credit for having allowed us to talk about the 85 innocent victims of the massacre, thus preventing them from being forgotten and instead making it so that, after 37 years, the memory of them is renewed more than ever. I'm convinced that being able to give a voice to the victims of August 2nd, 1980, is one of the most important things that can be done, both for preventing the event from being forgotten and for reviving its memory.

Family Man

Pier Francesco Laurenti

Route 2

It has been 37 years since August 2nd, 1980, but for people like me who were directly involved, the Bologna Station massacre remains an unforgettable tragedy.

I was working as a train dispatcher at the Bologna Junction, alongside my colleague Vittorio Mezzini; it should be noted that at the Bologna station, every train, arriving or departing, is bound to the orders of the dispatcher (not a train moves unless the dispatcher wills it).

At 10:25, at the moment of the device's detonation, my colleague and I crash into each other, because of the shift in the air, but in that instance it was impossible to completely comprehend what had happened and train service was suspended immediately.

Looking out the window of the dispatch tower, located on the westernmost point of the second floor, all you could see was a dark and dusty cloud that blanketed the station which hid the extent of the destruction and ruin.

I was especially worried because my apartment was in Piazza Medaglie D'Oro and I had to see if my son was safe, or if he had been caught in the explosion, and so I had to get home at any cost and see my son's situation; but since the first platform was blocked and impassable, like all of

Piazza Medaglie D'Oro, I had to go down Viale Pietramellara to get to my courtyard. When I arrived to Staircase C, I rang the doorbell, but without waiting for an answer, I raced up the stairs in record time and, thank God, before I reached the landing, my son Giorgio opened the door, to show that he was home, safe and sound. Looking out the window into Piazza Medaglie D'Oro, I realized what had happened, the wing of the station had collapsed alongside the second-class waiting area, and the piazza was a macabre scene of death and destruction. Because of the explosion, travelers had been flung from the waiting area into the piazza, alongside furniture, beams, doors, and windows, all thrown amidst wrecked cars. From the ruins came desperate cries for help from injured men, women, and children. Numerous volunteer rescuers arrived quickly, including many railway workers, and from the various entrances to the station, ominous sirens announced the arrival of ambulances and firetrucks.

The massacre left 85 dead and 200 injured. The rescue efforts to extract victims and injured from the ruins continued all day and all night. Amongst the 85 dead, Pier Francesco Laurenti was found; a man of 44 years who had spent 15 days of vacation on the coast in Romagna, and who was going back to Berceto, near Parma. During the stop in Bologna, he had gotten off the train to call his friend Vittorio. He told him that he was on his way, to make lunch, and to get ready for dinner. They would go to Carlo Sicuro's, a mutual friend and a lawyer. The next morning they would all go to the celebration of the patron saint.

Laurenti, having graduated law school, had moved to Parma, but was employed at an insurance firm in Padua as a liquidator. He was always happy to go back to Berceto, to visit his mom, Celestina, who lived in a stone house above the village inn. Laurenti was a man especially close to his family, to his friends, to his sister Rina and to his mom, whom he helped out when he could. Because his work required that he did so much driving, he decided to go on vacation by train and, unfortunately, during his stop in Bologna, he died for a phone call.

I, having gone back to my post, was literally overwhelmed by calls asking for news about what had happened; in particular, there was a rumor circulating that a kitchen gas tank had blown, but I had done my military service and I went trapshooting; I recognized gunpowder and wasn't convinced.

Matteo Borghesan gave a voice to the life of Angelo Priore

I am 19 years old and I am a freshman Communications major. My biggest passion is theater. I believe that remembering tragic moments like August 2nd is very important. I decided to participate as a storyteller in this project because I knew that it would make me grow a lot as a person.

Medical History

Angelo Priore

Route 2

IN PAJAMAS AND SLIPPERS, HOLDING HIS MEDICAL RECORD

Oh, these should be my medical records. Let's see... ah, yes!" "Angelo Priore, admitted on August 2nd, 1980." Yes, this is my record. Let's see what they diagnosed me with. So... Ah!" "Loss of right eye; serious burns on upper extremities; serious cerebral lacerations; presence of foreign matter in the right frontal sinus." All in all, it could've been worse. Somehow I was able to make it. Oh, but there's something else written here: "Time of death: 04:00, November 11, 1980." In the end, it didn't go well. You know, I expected it. When you're recovering in the hospital for 3 months, continuously hanging between life and death, you lose a bit of hope.

I remember the 2nd of August like it was yesterday. I was 26 years old and that morning I should have taken the train to meet with my wife and daughter in Pelos, in Cadore. So, seeing that the train was late, I went in the waiting area with my in-laws. To kill time, I started reading the paper. After a few minutes, they got up to take a walk and stretch their legs, while I stayed in the waiting area. And then, it happened. I was immediately admitted into the emergency room where the heroic feats to keep me alive began. The doctors did everything they could. There was also a nurse who stayed by my side 24/7 to monitor any signs of recovery. They did everything possible, but, in the end, it wasn't enough and my name was added to that list.

And I'm sorry.

I'm sorry that I was forced to leave my wife alone. My father-in-law had just given me the optical store and I was well on the path to becoming an optician.

I'm sorry that my daughter had to grow up without a father. Without someone who could follow and support her every decision. Without a person to help her with her homework or to take her to the movies.

I'm sorry to have been here, in this strange place, while my family suffered my absence for all these years.

But most of all, I'm sorry for all of you who are listening to me right now. I'm sorry, because these kinds of tragedies will continue to happen.

Route 3

Guides: Daniela Correggiari, Chiara Capitani

Piazza VIII agosto - at the center of the piazza

1. Pio Carmine Remollino narrated by Luca Garozzo

26/A Via Augusto Righi

2. Flavia Casadei narrated by Fabrizia Capitani

16/A Via Piella. Window onto the Moline Canal

3. Eckhardt Mader narrated by Sergio Messori
4. Margret Rohrs Mader narrated by Alessandra Pavoni
5. Kai Mader narrated by Anna Maria Guglielmo

3/C Via Goito: Trame Bookstore

6. Onofrio Zappalà narrated by Leila Falà

Luca Garozzo gave a voice to the life of Pio Carmine Remollino

On August 2nd, 1980 I was thirteen years old and I was on vacation, outside of the city. I couldn't do anything about the tragedy and, like many, I felt overwhelmed. Contributing to the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* initiative gave meaning to that pain from so many years ago - a pain which is still present in my personal memory and in the history of my city. I believe that memory is not only a recollection of facts and people, but also an invisible, often subconscious thread that touches the lives of people, even those distant in time and space. Just as my personal experience contributed to the history of my family, I wanted to contribute to the history of the community by connecting my experience to others'.

What Time Is It?

Pio Carmine Remollino

Route 3

Excuse me, what time is it? Actually, I know exactly what time it is, I bought this beautiful watch in Switzerland. It's just, sometimes, every so often, I like to ask someone walking by, "Excuse me, what time is it?" just to hear my own voice, every once in a while. It's beautiful, Switzerland; yes, a little cold, but I only stayed for a little while. My sister, however, stayed and made a life for herself. Far from home, just like all of us siblings. I don't want to go there, down South, anymore. I am a *terrone*², as the Northern Italians like to call us, from the South; yes, it's like an insult, but to me, at least, it isn't. I like being associated with the earth and country, and so *terrone* suits me just fine. My mom, however, those you all call *terroni*, she called *cafoni*, hicks. And every time I or one of my siblings or even someone on the street misbehaved, we were all *cafoni*. You are a *cafone*, no arguments, and that, at least, is one memory I have of her, because she's also gone. No, not abroad, and not north, but she has left this world, maybe too soon. Actually, definitely too soon.

And now, down there by myself, with my father, I don't want to go. I don't want to stay there, the only son of seven and with the townspeople. They're always telling you what to do or not do, always criticizing behind your back, without telling you things to your face, and then secretly organizing, scheming, arranging who knows what. I want to be far away from that world, but I don't want to say so; they can figure it out for themselves that, if they don't see me for a few months, I want nothing to do with them. And then, my thoughts, I keep them to myself... let them guess what goes through my head, they probably wouldn't be too far off... I need silence to think, and that's why I speak so little. Not only to my family, but in general.

My thoughts aren't like these people's, always thinking of vacation... where to go, what relatives and friends to see. I don't have friends or relatives... well... never mind... I see how they are dressed, the gelato they have in their hands... of the wanting expression of those without gelato, their conversations that reach me here and there, broken sentences, scattered words, all that chaos... that's because I left the waiting area. I'm taking this suitcase with me because it holds everything I own, including my countryside. As soon as people see you arriving somewhere with

² Prior to the Italian economic boom, this was a term for Southerners which had a meaning closer to 'peasant'. After the substantial South-North migration that took place in post-war years, it held the weight of a slur. *Cafone* holds a similar meaning. As both words are tied to the intricacies of Italian culture that cannot be translated, it was the translator's decision to leave the original words.

this suitcase, the first thing people think is, “Look, another *terrone*.” And even I think it; otherwise, I wouldn’t have this suitcase, I wouldn’t be going around looking for work, a place to settle down, a place in this world. But how long does it take for this train to get here? Excuse me? Yes, look, it’s 10:24 now... yes, you’re welcome...

Fabrizia Capitani gave a voice to the life of Flavia Casadei

I was a child on that August 2nd, 1980, and I don't have clear memories apart from a sensation of dismay, of danger. Growing up I started to become interested in what had happened - while I was in college, whenever I went to the train station I would often stop at the point of the explosion for a prayer, a thought. Last year I was able to listen to the testimony of two women who had been working at Cigar and survived the attack. It was a profound, touching experience - I was catapulted to that day, to the emotions, realizing how much the tragedy left a mark on their lives. When I read that they were looking for volunteers for the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project, I decided to volunteer: I felt like taking an active role in keeping the memory of the victims alive. I was struck by Flavia's story in particular, maybe because I have a daughter who, this year, like her, will be 18 years old.

The Future Behind You

Flavia Casadei

Route 3

Since your story became intertwined with mine, you are in my thoughts.
I look at your pictures, your sweet smile, genuine, almost timid
and I would like to reach out my hand to shake yours;
it doesn't seem strange to say
"nice to meet you Flavia"
or better yet, to get to know you.
I have only ever passed through Rimini, never gone for vacation
... summer 1980...
I imagine you on the beach with your friends, running and joking around.
Your last summer as a high school student, before the state exam, before graduation,
spent reading, drawing, writing,
thinking about the future.
"Will I major in architecture? Or?
Could my passion for drawing become a career?
I don't think it would be that simple...
Especially as a woman...
but Gae Aulenti did it... an example to aspire to.
I feel a responsibility for this choice...
And if I mess up?
I talk about it often with mom and dad...
I have my works, my drawings with me,
my uncle is waiting for me in Brescia, with his painter friend;
I'm excited,
Maybe he'll like them...
it will be lovely to speak with him,
to talk about new drawing techniques...
who knows, maybe speaking to him will help me decide...
a year from now I will have decided,
will have already said goodbye to my friends and teachers
... I have so many hopes in my heart."

Sergio Messori gave a voice to the life of Eckhardt Mader

I was 29 when this tragic event happened and I still remember it today with a deep sense of sorrow for the innocent victims and with anger towards the heinous murderers who perpetrated it. When reading the newspapers in the days following the massacre, I was struck by many tragic stories - including the story of the Mader family. This was a German family that, after many sacrifices, had finally managed to treat itself with its first vacation and had chosen our country as the destination for a trip that should have been filled with relaxation and joy. In all these years I have never forgotten that tragic story and, even though I no longer remembered the name of the family, I never forgot that, in addition to the mother, two children - 8 and 14 years old - lost their lives. In the following years my wife and I started to devote part of our time to the Puer Coccinella Association, which is dedicated to the refuge of Belarusian and Moldovan children living in the zones impacted by the Chernobyl nuclear disaster (recently the Association has also focused on those affected by the Fukushima nuclear disaster).

We have been living with these children in situations that are at times happy but are more often difficult and sad. These situations always affect the weakest and most delicate links in the human chain: the children. When I learned about this wonderful project it seemed to me not only important but necessary to remember Eckhardt, even if only for a few minutes (and the same would be true for his younger brother, Kai Mader). I thought about the joy they must've felt about being able to go on vacation with their parents for the first time, seeing the ocean that they had never known, and finally having many things to tell their classmates had they returned alive to their country - and how all of that had been swept away in a moment by those who hated the values of democracy and human respect.

In addition to this, I also believe that maintaining and encouraging the collective remembrance of a tragedy like this is crucial because it represents an ideal wall to put up against any attempt to subvert the values of civil coexistence. Remembering every single victim means continuing to demonstrate that they did not die in vain.

Vacation in Italy

Eckhardt Mader

Route 3

Eckhardt Mader was a blond German boy, born in 1966, in Sapelloh, a town in Lower Saxony, where he lived with his father Horst, 36, his mother Margret, 39, and his three brothers, Kai, 8, Zwen, 11, and Holger, 16. His parents had gotten married in 1963 and, in the 16 years that followed, the family, and their material needs, rapidly grew, to the point that the father, who was employed at the German railroad, and the mother, who looked after the house and the children, needed to save up in order to guarantee a future for their family.

Since the day they got married, sure enough, and up until that moment, they had never allowed themselves a vacation, always pushing it off to the next year, in the hopes that next year would be better. But now that the kids were older, they had finally decided to treat themselves their first vacation. And so, choosing Italy as their destination for a period, which was to be one of leisure and serenity, and allow themselves a small luxury that had long been denied by the burden of a family too numerous for the sole income of a worker. The whole family (except Zwen, disabled, who'd stay home with grandma) would leave in mid-July for two weeks, having picked a small hotel

in Ferrara Lidos. The two weeks flew by and, after having taken an early morning train from Ferrara, the Mader family found itself in the Bologna station waiting for their connecting train to Germany.

A tremendous roar, and the station plaza, which a second before had been crowded with people who were busy but excited for the beginning of their vacation, suddenly transformed into a place of tragedy and pain. After the frightening explosion, Horst remained on his feet, nearly unharmed. He turned with the intention of reentering the waiting area, but it is no longer there. It had collapsed on itself, and his family was beneath that terrible pile of ruins. Where he was standing, the debris was such that he couldn't do anything, so he ran outside the station and, from Piazza Medaglie d'Oro, he managed to see what was left of the waiting room. He screamed Margret's name, and this children's', he threw himself into the ruins, searching and digging with his hands. In the midst of a pile of rubble, he glimpsed his son Holger. He had broken bones in different places, but he was still alive. He dug and, with desperate strength, finally managed to get him out of the ruins. Then he continued to search, but hope was short-lived; first he found Kai, then Margret, but nothing could be done for them and, eventually, he found Eckhardt. In that moment, in front of the broken bodies of his loved ones, he lost consciousness. Eckhardt was rescued immediately, still breathing, and was lifted into an ambulance and taken to Sant'Orsola Hospital, but his young life went out right after he arrived. Horst was also rescued and taken to the Rizzoli Hospital, where he found his son, injured, but alive. With help from the Rizzoli management, who supplied him with money, and the help of a German-speaking doctor, Horst began his round of the hospitals, searching for his loved ones. But this sad journey first takes him to the Sant'Orsola morgue, where they had taken Eckhardt and Kai, and then to the morgue of the Maggiore Hospital, where he found Margret. On August 5, many people are present, but there is only silence in the Certosa Memorial Cemetery. That same evening, at the request of the German government, the bodies are put onto a train and taken to Germany, where they rest in a small cemetery in Sapelloh.

Alessandra Pavoni gave a voice to the life of Margret Rohrs Mader

I am the daughter of a fireman from Bologna who was on the front lines at the train station that day and I have photos that show him in the debris... my dad Tonino is no longer with us because he passed away from an illness, but I am sure that if he were still here he would have definitely supported this initiative.

The First Trip

Margret Rohrs Mader

Route 3

MARGRET, SITTING, FANS HERSELF WITH A FAN.

MARGRET: "I know two hours is a long time to wait, I know, but be patient... can you sit still for a second?"

NARRATOR (STANDS UP, CLOSES THE FAN): "Margret is a young German woman, she's 39 years old, she lives in Sappeloh, close to Hannover, in Germany. She has been married for 17 years to a railroad worker and they have 4 kids. Why she's at Bologna Station on August 2nd, 1980 at 10:25, she'll tell you. In the meantime, I can tell you that her husband, while they're waiting, thinks about taking a walk around Bologna, a city he's never visited before."

MARGRET (SITS DOWN AGAIN AND REOPENS THE FAN): "What a great idea! Bologna must be beautiful, I saw some pictures in a magazine while we were at the beach. There was an article that said it is an ancient city and it's very connected to its past, something it doesn't want to forget. But what will we do with the luggage? It's pretty heavy, and with 5 people's dirty clothes, after two weeks of vacation, it's even heavier... I don't feel like dealing with the beastly heat," (FANS HERSELF), "I'll stay here with the two of them."

NARRATOR (STANDS UP AND CLOSES THE FAN): "The husband decided to take the luggage to the baggage drop and, doing so, takes one of his sons with him. Margret stays with the other two in the crowded waiting area."

MARGRET (SITS DOWN AND OPENS THE FAN): "It has been an incredible vacation, right, Kay? Dad had the great idea to be with us for a bit... to take some time off work and take a trip to Italy, the first trip after being married for 17 years! It was beautiful, right, the sea at Lido di Pomposa? Even if our light skin got sunburned... you have tan lines from your shirt!"

NARRATOR (STANDS UP AND CLOSES THE FAN): "The Mader family stayed at a small hotel at a seaside resort by Ferrara, maybe the kids had seen the sea for the first time. They have bronzed and burned skin from the sun, and they probably feel a little melancholy at the end of the vacation."

MARGRET (SITS DOWN AND FANS HERSELF): "The trip from home, when it started it seemed like we'd never get here, right?" (THEN, TURNING TO IMAGINARY FIGURES, HER SONS, TO HER LEFT AND RIGHT) "Staying there was fun, but now it seems that the trip home will be even longer. We'll have to try and be patient, we'll leave in two hours... do you want to lay down here, Eckhardt, with your head on my lap to take a nap? Tell me the truth, was it a fun trip?"

NARRATOR (STANDS UP AND CLOSES THE FAN): "Other lives unfold in front of her eyes. And, to pass the time, Margret imagines their stories, their origins."

MARGRET (SITS AND WAVES THE FAN): "Who knows what kind of line dad found at the baggage drop... he hasn't come back... we could switch places and he could take a break..."

NARRATOR (GETS UP SLOWLY FROM THE SEAT): "The bomb spares only the husband and one of their sons, since they had stepped away, and he himself removes the bodies of Margret and their two other sons from the ruins."

Anna Maria Guglielmo gave a voice to the life of Kai Mader

I decided to participate in this wonderful project..... because I stopped by the Bologna station the day before the massacre, at the same time - I was with my two daughters who were still very small.

Kai and the Sea

Kai Mader

Route 3

KAI MADER:

"Mom, mom, look, mom... dad... das Meer... the sea... das Meer!!!"

"The sea... dad... the sea! It's huge!"

"Mommy, look... is this sand? It's so hot, it's burning my feet!"

"Can I go in the water? Please, can I go?"

"Come on, Eckhardt, come on Holger... how awesome, let's go for a swim!"

"The water is salty! Dad, the sea water is salty!"

"Oh, mom, my shoulders are burning, they're hurting so much..."

"I want to go swimming, yes, I want to go swimming!"

"Mommy, I've never seen a sky like that... it's so blue! Even the sea is blue!"

"Oh, how silly, the sand is stuck between my toes!"

"Oh, oh, look mommy, a seashell... it's pink, I've never seen anything so beautiful... you have it, mom."

"Come on, Eckhardt, let's make a big big hole... help me!"

"Noo, I got sand in my eyes!"

"Oof, that wave messed up my hole!"

"Come on, Holger, let's make another one, even deeper and even bigger... huge!"

"Can you hand me the shovel?"

"Will you help me, Holger?"

NARRATOR: "And that's how Kai got to know the sea, in Italy, at Lido di Pomposa. His skin, so white and delicate, of someone as blonde as wheat, was immediately reddened. "Your cap, Kai, put on your cap...", his mom kept shouting from the shore, but the spiteful wind carried away her words and Kai kept running, laughing happily, between the colorful beach umbrellas. Kai had never been so happy, so free to run around barefoot as he was on that beach, in front of that sea. Kai was only 8 years old. And, during the explosion at the station, he still had the blue of the sky and sea in his eyes... and between those little toes, he might've still had some of the sand he had played on."

K.M.: "Goodbye, sea..."

N: "If I could, if I could, I would give you back everything that cruel hand took from you... if only I could, little Kai..."

Leila Falà gave a voice to the life of Onofrio Zappalà

I was 24 years old and I didn't want to read the names of the victims until at least October. In fact, a friend of mine - a fellow university student and activist- was among them. But that's not why I was interested in participating in *Cantiere*. It wasn't even because, only by chance, I wasn't there that day at that time. It is because that massacre, perhaps more so than others, opened a real gash in our souls. It came to represent all the atrocious massacres, and not just back then. Every year we have a need to renew that grief with our presence in Piazza Medaglie d'Oro on August 2nd. Every time that we gather, that moment of silence catches our sensible and rational thoughts off guard and makes them jumbled, mixed with few but irrepressible tears. It is because we have lost our humanity. Over time we feel like we haven't done enough, or like we couldn't do enough. Not only has the truth still been denied to us but, increasingly, hatred has made its way toward us. Now other massacres, other forms of fascism, and other forms of racism break down our lives and we are becoming increasingly helpless and cold-hearted. Disconnected. Sometimes we are almost surprised that we are used to the horror. We worry about staying away from it, about saving ourselves. We always remember the numbers associated with these massacres, but we can't remember the lives. We would go mad. Yet we sometimes have to face the risk of going mad, and collect from those lives the singular individualities, making space for those people within ourselves. People like us: right, wrong. People who have loved or who have not. People who were loved, and who left a path of sorrow behind them after their sudden, senseless, purposeless death. With the life of Onofrio, this boy who I speak of, I would like to recapture a small piece of humanity and offer it to others to nourish a little bit of humankind. Thanks for giving me this chance. Onofrio and I were almost peers.

Cream of the Crop

Onofrio Zappalà

Route 3

The day after the explosion, Onofrio Zappalà should have met up with his girlfriend, Ingeborg, and together they would have gone to his parents' house in Sicily, in Sant'Alessio, near Messina, for two weeks, and then to Porretta to begin their life together.

Onofrio Zappalà, Sicilian, 27 years old, had just accepted a position in Porretta Terme a few months prior. The National Railways, a secure job, yeah! He had actually been looking for work for 7 years; he had left school, something that greatly upset his father, who made a big deal out of it, but Onofrio had decided to work, to find his own path (the newspapers said that the family wasn't financially secure).

Because of this, during Easter, he had been in Denmark with his girlfriend; mostly because there was work there, and he probably would have moved there, where her father had offered him a job in his small factory. But when he came back to Italy, at the beginning of May, he had received a job offer from the National Railways. He had completely forgotten about applying to the Railways, it had been so long. How could he say no? After studying classical literature in high school and at the university, Onofrio decided to become a railway worker. Denmark or Porretta? Ingeborg was the one who gave him advice.

Lives are made of paths, made of crossroads, made of encounters. He and I have never met, except through the stories told by his loved ones. Onofrio Zappalà was someone who always had a good head on his shoulders. He liked to have fun, and rightfully so, but he also knew when to be responsible. Like the time when his older sister eloped, to legitimize a relationship that their father didn't want to hear about, in front of the exuberance of that controlling father, who said something offensive about her, Onofrio said, "That's enough, dad. They're getting married, end of story." He earned himself a nice slap. He was 17 years old. And, another example, in '72. He was already a member of the Communist Party, in the midst of the 70's, and it wasn't easy in a Sicily that was intensely closed-minded, conservative, and often corrupt. A Sicily in which it was incredibly difficult to be nonconformist.

In fact, one of his classmates recounts that, in '72, to commemorate the bombing of Piazza Fontana, they staged the Valpreda trial in class (he said it was to skip history class). And when a teacher asked them what they were doing, Onofrio said, "we're studying the history of anarchism, but through a trial." Another instance, this one a bit lighter: a couple of years later, a hotel opened in his town. That hotel opening was an event that would change the habits of that little town. Faced with this event, the group of friends had to take a stand. And so, Onofrio was part of what the boys jokingly called the "foreign girls welcoming committee". And, between pranks, conquests, and bravado of the 70s, Onofrio gets a girlfriend! A foreigner.

What a desire to escape, a desire to create new worlds and shape them with your own hands. Today, his friends are keeping his memory alive and aren't content with standing by. They set up an association called the Onofrio Zappalà Association and every year they organize an award that is given out in Sicily on August 2nd, therefore now, to important people who fight against the mafia; one such person is Don Ciotti³. A great organization that does wonderful things was born of a great young man. A seed was lost, but he allowed others to grow.

Route 4

Guides: Monica Matassini, Francesco Massari, Giuliana Fornalè

³ Pio Luigi Ciotti is a priest and an activist who has been known to actively work against the Italian mafia. In 1965, he created *Gruppo Abele*, a non-profit organization whose motto is, "to give a voice to those who do not have one" and coordinates various projects, including some designed to help migrants and victims of sex trafficking.

6 Piazza Maggiore, Palazzo D'Accursio (Town Hall), courtyard

1. Vincenzina Sala Zanetti narrated by Miriam Ridolfi
2. Elisabetta Manea De Marchi, narrated by Maria Elisabetta Mancini
3. Roberto De Marchi narrated by Edoardo Maresca

Piazza del Nettuno, in front of the plaque commemorating the massacre

4. Rosina Barbaro Montani narrated by Sara Vimercati

Standing in front of the statue of the "Giant" (Neptune)

5. Mauro Alganon narrated by Stefano Bonsi

Via Rizzoli, in front of Piazza del Nettuno. Parked taxi

6. Francesco Betti narrated by Veronica Brizzi

Miriam Ridolfi gave a voice to the life of Vincenzina Sala Zanetti

I was greatly interested in participating in *Cantiere 2 Agosto*, promoted by the Legislative Assembly of the Emilia Romagna region, particularly because of the intense emotional response that it

creates. At the time I was the council member in charge of the creation of the emergency response center and then the Association of the Victims' Families. I personally knew many of the people who became victims of this unspeakable massacre and I think that even after 37 years it is our duty to maintain an active memory of them. In 2010, on the thirtieth anniversary of the massacre, I had already written: "If memory gets archived into a book, if it becomes an anniversary and does not live with us, or if there is no concern and responsibility, it becomes like a flame that goes out; thirty years have passed since the Bologna massacre, since 85 people were killed, since over two hundred were injured and thousands were wounded in their souls. The images I have in my mind begin to whiten like hair, but they still scream inside of me: I wanted to give them a voice, with a spotlight on the history of each one. I wasn't able to do that, having been overwhelmed by other matters, but I write here that this year my minute of silence will instead be a scream, albeit a mute scream like the one depicted in Munch's painting.

I will project it to every person I've known: to the young people, to the children - so that they are able to live with little Angela, who will always remain a little girl, only 2 years old. And among the many teachers and educators that I've known, there will certainly be those who will "take upon themselves" one of these broken lives to "preserve" it and make sure it has a future within the grand puzzle of Life that we all belong to. We don't know its overall design but the "puzzle piece" that is our life only makes sense when it fits in the right spot.

The "Stories of Miriam", about August 2nd, 1980, can be found on the web page of the project "Education towards respecting yourself and others: a continuous and ever-new journey", from the Lame-Cesare Malservisi library in Bologna.

I Was There

Vincenzina Sala Zanetti

Route 4

I was there, on August 2nd, 1980. I had just been nominated Council Member of Decentralization and Demographic Services of the Municipality of Bologna. The bomb's explosion surprised me while I was at the intersection of via Indipendenza and via Righi. In ten minutes I was at the city hall and I put together, alongside the municipal employees, the Coordination Center that worked without stopping for ten days, and then for months, and then for years. Like every other office in the Municipality, we worked in collaboration with the Association for the Family of the Victims of the August 2nd 1980 Bologna Massacre, which was created in the spring of 1981. Today I'm wearing the same dress I was wearing then.

In Matteo Pasi's 2014 beautiful movie, *One single mistake: Bologna, August 2, 1980*, there's also an interview with Valerio Fioravanti, the neo-fascist who belonged to the Armed Revolutionary Nuclei, who had been convicted to a life sentence as the perpetrator of the massacre and is currently under house arrest. He makes light of the role of the Association, in particular the current president, Paolo Bolognesi, who, "in the end, in the massacre, only lost his mother-in-law!" Vincenzina Sala in Zanetti was Paolo Bolognesi's mother-in-law was.

Vincenzina, who everyone called Enza, on August 2nd, 1980 had arrived at the station at 10 with her husband Umberto, her 6-year old grandson, Marco, and his other grandmother, Bruna. They were waiting for the train from Basel. Her daughter, Daniela, accompanied by Paolo, was returning from Basel where she had recently had hip surgery. They went to consult the arrivals board on the

platform of the first track. After that long month of July, Marco was so impatient to see his mother that he couldn't sit still. Vincenzina was also anxious.

Marco kept fidgeting; when the bomb exploded at 10:25, they were looking at the number of the arrival track. The shift in the air threw Umberto and Bruna beyond the two tracks and hit Vincenzina full on. She fell onto little Marco, almost protecting him with her body, both wrapped in flames. Umberto, who received serious head and leg injuries, and Bruna, whose whole body was covered in glass, were amongst the first to be rescued, alongside little Marco, who was still breathing.

Vincenzina's body, along with the others, was put onto bus n. 37, with its white-sheet covered windows, and moved to the morgue on via Irnerio, amidst the paralyzing dismay of incredulous citizens.

The train coming from Basel was stopped immediately after Modena; they said someone had jumped in front of a train in Bologna. Only at 3:30, it arrived at the devastated station. Daniela, who was quickly loaded onto a wheelchair, and Paolo went through the station in shock. Until the very end they held onto the hope that Marco and his grandparents had gone home, before the explosion; that wasn't the case.

At 5, Paolo's ordeal began. First, at Rizzoli Hospital, he found Umberto, and then his mother, both gravely injured, but not Enza or Marco. Through a commercial radio station continuously broadcasting news, someone told him that there was a boy named Marco at Maggiore Hospital. He was rushed there, just as President Pertini, who had just arrived to Maggiore Hospital from Rome, spoke about the unspeakable horror of the children who were dying.

Paolo rushed to the intensive care, and only recognized his Marco by a birthmark on his stomach. The doctor was the one who told him to get Daniela to say a last goodbye to her dying son. So he did.

When Daniela called to him, in anguish, Marco took a thin breath to say, "Mommy... you're finally here!" Marco, who only found a bit of peace in art and drawing, underwent 16 operations for the wounds and burns that covered his body.

That family was supposed to enjoy the nature of Grizzana Morandi, as they did every year, and I can almost still hear Enza's voice saying to me: "There in Grizzana, there is a park. Will you go there some time for me? It's such a beautiful place that means so much to me. Maybe, if you look in the dark water of the ponds, maybe, on a beautiful day, you'll see my face!"

Bologna had already faced unspeakable massacres against children, the elderly, defenseless people, as Marzabotto reminds us; but at least then it was during war! And it seemed as though we could say, "Never again!" But this massacre of innocent people in our station, on a day of vacation, for political reasons is truly a DARK MASSACRE THAT LEADS NOWHERE, LIKE EVERY WAR! In my opinion, we need to educate people about this, about such a great evil which will overcome us if we cannot believe that we can do a good that is just as great. If we are able to do so, we must educate ourselves to REMAIN HUMAN, and to connect with LIBERTY and EQUALITY, also FRATERNITY.

Maria Elisabetta Mancini gave a voice to the life of Elisabetta Manea De Marchi

Born in Imola, I have been teaching math for thirty years at a middle school in Bologna, where I live with my husband, two daughters, and two Persian cats. A geologist by accident, I cheerfully and

optimistically cultivate, among many other passions, a passion for writing. Several of my stories appear in the book *Bologna a modo nostro*. I participated in poetry readings and theatrical performances on Memory and for the “People” Festival, organized by the *Sintesi Azzurra* Cultural Association in Casalecchio di Reno. I felt a strong desire to contribute to the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project, with my voice and my words, with responsibility and emotion, as a quasi-Bolognese person, and as a citizen of a world that must never forget.

Velvet and Polenta

Elisabetta Manea De Marchi

Route 4

How hot, and I even fell asleep.

Beneath my fingers, I feel velvet that changes color when I stroke it; it seems like a field of grass tousled by the wind. Ah, yes, I’m in a first-class compartment; they wanted me to be comfortable, on our way to Bologna, where we’ll switch trains. How many times have I been on a train? Few, very few times and only to go and meet one of my sisters-in-law. To Milan, ages ago, and now to Putignano, in Apulia. One of my brothers has just gotten back from Australia, where he escaped to find work, I can’t even remember when. I’m not happy to leave my hometown, Marano Vicentino, but they insisted so much that I couldn’t say no. The big suitcase is watching me from above.

Angelo accompanied us, me and Roberto, to the station this morning. My sons, four of them, to be exact, are so kind and affectionate, my pride and joy. My life hasn’t been an easy one. My poor husband left us, Mario, the oldest, was 19 years old, and the youngest was 10, with a house in the works and many worries. But, with the Lord’s help, I raised them to be respectful and educated. They all went to boarding school; only Roberto went to the school in town. It wasn’t easy to see them so little; we parents could go and visit them every Sunday, but they only came home for the holidays. But, you know, you make sacrifices and see the results later.

Roberto has also dozed off, in front of me. His hands are twitching, who knows what he’s dreaming about, maybe about his long fingers striking a volleyball. At 21 years old, he is a promising volleyball player. I’ve never seen any of his games, they’re too far away, and then, they should spend time with people their own age. He tells me about his successes, and I listen, in silence, while I do housework. He finished accounting school and was immediately hired at the bank; he also has a girlfriend, but, for now, he’s staying with me. Mario comes and goes; he’s the only one who went to university. He’ll become a doctor, but not the healing kind. Francesco and Angelo are already married.

I pick up the book that slipped from my son’s hands. My boys have read so many! I’ve been lucky to have a sister-in-law in Milan who works as a maid for the Vallardis, who own a publishing house. They would open the newly arrived box, pick a title at random, maybe attracted by the colors on the cover, to smell the scent of the press; it was like a party.

The little girl next to me munches on something. She looks at me and offers me the little plastic bag. *Polentine*, she says, corn chips. I thank her, shaking my head, while my eyes pause on those dry rectangles, yellow and crushed. They make me think back...

Ah, it was the best thing to make lunch together on Sundays. Up early, like always, I would pour the corn meal in the big copper pot that was on the wood stove. Then, taking turns, the boys stirred and stirred, always in the same direction, with a little fun, and a little resignation, until the grainy dough that snorted on the fire was ready. Then, I would pour it onto the wooden board, holding the handles with rags, my face red from the heat, making space for the head of the family, who would cut the slices with a thread, after leaving it to rest under a cloth.

The little girl at my side, whose lap is full of crumbs, reminds me of Elena, my four-year-old granddaughter. They say she looks like me, especially in personality; I don't know if that's a good thing, I'm so reserved. I was so moved when she was born. In my life, I've always had just boys; I was raised by five brothers, then four sons, and, so, holding a little girl brought tears to my eyes. I'll teach her how to make fried *crostoli*, I'll give her pigtails, and we'll talk about women things. Oh, we're slowing down, look at the church, I think it's the Basilica of San Luca. They told me that when the people from Bologna see it, they know they're home. "Let's go, Roberto, we're here!"

Edoardo Maresca gave a voice to the life of Roberto De Marchi

I learned of the massacre through the stories of my mother and my aunts and uncles, and I always perceived it as a painful piece of my existence and my past (a past that I didn't live, but that I carry

with me). In this “*Cantiere 2 Agosto* - 85 stories for 85 stages” project, I gave a voice to the 21-year-old Roberto De Marchi, a young man travelling with his mother Elizabeth; on that day they were waiting for a train that was supposed to take them elsewhere. They never got to take that train - they missed that train - because death struck them there; it paralyzed everything and turned their lives into ashes. There is indeed a ruthless cruelty and an absurd wickedness in this massacre, but from the ashes I was able to pull out the fragile and tender moments of these lives, lives that were prematurely taken away. I gave a voice back to the blood lost - the same blood that flows in our veins. It is from the dust that the dead raise their protest to incite the living, just as in the Serepta Mason poem (from the *Spoon River Anthology*), since the living, after all, do not know “the ways of the wind / And the unseen forces / That govern the processes of life.”

Spike

Roberto De Marchi

Route 4

Mom always said that nothing in life is foreign and the things that we can't understand aren't meant to be understood... She believed in God, my mom. But I was far away from all of that; I didn't concern myself with those kinds of problems. Not yet, at least. Mom, however, always went around with a small rosary that hung around her thin neck...She had just gotten out of a delicate surgery, and this was our first vacation after all of those unending visits, afflictions and expectations. Her face was still a little tired, worn out, weary... When she walked, she did so with measured steps, carefully. She never hurried, my mom; I remember she favored a slow calm to hastiness...We were going to meet an aunt, that day, down south, in a little town near Bari; Mario, my brother, had gotten us first class seats. He'd gone out of his way to make the trip less distressing, but mom had shaken her head, slowly, sweetly; she would have settled for much less.

In Bologna, we had stopped in that waiting room where the heat and the humidity had snuck in silently, suffocating, gluing clothes to bodies, breathing down our necks, almost closing our throats, practically blinding us, kissing us, throwing smoke in our eyes...or was that maybe the ashes and the dust that had risen after the explosion? I can't really remember...Death surprised us, suddenly, unexpectedly, together and apart at the same time. Now, everything I remember are distant memories, sometimes hazy: when my friends and I biked in front of the house doors, next to the sidewalk, to flirt with the girls, the sunny afternoons in Marano Vicentino, mom's small vegetable garden, which she took care of in her own way, with sacrifice and care and warm love...And then, my red shirt, with my favorite volleyball team's name, “Volley Sottoriva” written on it, that mom had forgotten at home, on the couch, in the living room...Bummer, I tell myself, I hope that my brothers know how to keep it safe. In the end, we always believe that only a few things remain of the people that leave us, and we do everything possible to keep their things, the things that are left, like relics. We only get to know one another when we aren't around anymore and everything has gone, finished...My mom and I died together; they found us close to each other, but we keep moving, confused, distant, and disoriented, in the dust. And all of this, mom, doesn't it seem cold and foreign? What are we doing here? And now, who's going to want to gather these words and write them down before they are lost, like always, forever?

Sara Vimercati gave a voice to the life of Rosina Barbaro Montani

I decided to apply as a volunteer storyteller in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project because of the deep bond that binds me to Bologna and its history. I think an engaging and moving experience like this

was the best opportunity for me to give my tribute, albeit minimal, to the city that always welcomed me, and which was struck, before I was even born, by this vile act that took away so many lives. The least I could do was pay tribute to these lives, to the people who are no longer with us, and to all those who are still with us.

LOVE LETTER

Rosina Barbaro Montani

Route 4

On Bologna summer nights, you only hear crickets chirping. Their feeble voices overlap, get closer and move far away, weaker and stronger. They seem to sing happy songs, songs rich with adventure, a natural chit chat that gets lost at nightfall, only to return the next day, stronger, more intense. In all the stories of people who live or have lived in Bologna during the summer, the crickets' sounds emerge; they can be heard in alleys, on the red rooftops in the city center, in the hills. Everywhere. Bologna, with the Two Towers, San Petronio, San Luca, and its porticos that embrace and guard secrets, lives, passions. Bologna, which raises and comforts you. This was the city that Rosina had chosen to live in. Bologna, the crossroads for all the roads that take you north, south, east, and west. A symbol of culture, education, cuisine. Where traces of the Middle Ages mix with modern times. Bologna, the city that opens its doors to everyone more than any other city, was chosen to carry out a despicable act. It was a day like today, it was the second of August. A Saturday at the beginning of August, with a scorching heat and sun that only Bologna has. A Saturday at the beginning of August, where an explosion took the lives of eighty-five people, and shook the lives of many more. Amongst these eight-five victims was Rosina Barbaro, whose married name was Montani. In the last moments of her life, she walked, hand in hand, with her husband, Luigi, on the first platform, headed for the snack bar. The station is full of confusion, the direct train Ancona-Chiasso was stopped on the first track. The waiting room was full of tourists, from Bologna and elsewhere, ready to leave. On August 2nd, 1980, the Montani couple were on their way to the sea. It was the first time they were going by themselves because their daughter, Anna Maria, had left that same morning with a friend. Rosina and Luigi, to not bother the girls, decided to take a train towards the Adriatic coast. Precisely towards Pesaro, a city that Rosina and Luigi knew very well. It was, in fact, on the Adriatic that they had met and fallen in love. That August 1980, the Montani couple would have celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary. Then, in an instant, nothing. Very reserved and mild-mannered, Rosina was a caring wife and mother. "A stupendous and marvelous woman"; this is how the newspapers of the time reported Luigi's words, who was interviewed by the hospital bed in which he was hospitalized after the explosion. A simple woman, who had been a housewife all her life, who, with Luigi and Anna Maria, loved to keep her family close. Originally from the region of Apulia, Rosina Barbaro had lived in many places all over Italy; her father, a soldier, had been married several times before settling in Pesaro. Thirty-seven years later, from Anna Maria's memories and words, emerges the figure of a simple but sweet woman, who often wore flowered dresses and loved meeting up with her friends. Above all, she loved going to the movies with Luigi, and stopping at Bar Nettuno in

Piazza Maggiore for a coffee. A pit stop in their Bologna, right by the city's landmark, actually, then back home to their apartment on via Labriola, in the Murri neighborhood. A coffee in Piazza Maggiore, where the coming and going of people and thoughts pauses for just a second. To admire that Neptune, which is a point of reference for everyone and who no one thinks of as simply a statue. Rosina lives again in her daughter's words because, "people can leave us, but their memory remains unforgettable".

Stefano Bonsi gave a voice to the life of Mauro Alganon

That day in 1980 my mother boarded a train for Liguria, backpack in hand, only a few minutes before the explosion. The sound of the bomb echoed in the air from miles away, and she felt the window panes vibrate with great force. If that train had been late that day I would have never been

born. It is an honor to participate in this performance and to remember that event, which should not be forgotten. Ever.

Death Begins at Birth

Mauro Alganon

Route 4

HE WANDERS AROUND THE PIAZZA WITH A CAMERA AROUND HIS NECK

This heat has me craving a beer. I can already hear them, “Mauro! Don’t drink anything tonight, anything!” That’s what they say. Always... But I don’t drink! But I won’t give it to them, the satisfaction, I won’t!. And so there I go again, saying, “God, mom, no one ever died from one beer!” And she, as usual, always responds, “Death begins at birth.”

Comforting. I have no idea how I put up with them. They are always lecturing me at home. But I love them, not like those kids who live off of their parents. My coworker, at the bookstore, can’t even remember his mother’s name, let alone her birthday. Me, on the other hand, the only time in 20 years that I haven’t wished her a happy birthday was when I was too small to talk. (SNAPS A PHOTO) I care about my family; if I didn’t, I wouldn’t give them my salary every month. It’s just that times have changed; I’d rather go out with Ticca than watch TV. I actually have fun with her. Ah, I don’t usually call her that out loud. Ticca is the name I gave her the first time I saw her. I remember that day like it was yesterday. (SNAPS A PHOTO). Ticca comes with me everywhere because I want her to discover life outside of Asti, to see the world. Of course, I have to be careful with her, with all of this coming and going of people. She’s so beautiful, someone would probably steal her. (SNAPS A PHOTO) I wouldn’t call this photography thing a hobby, no. It’s love. I love to immortalize emotions, make them tangible on a piece of paper. Click click. Just a single tic and everything stops. Click. The sound drives me crazy. It reminds me of the sound clocks make...at home, we have a clock that makes the same sound. Click, click, click. Well, seconds are fragments of time. Like photographs. Oh, that’s why I named her Ticca. Yes, she’s Ticca. Franco and I are like this: we travel in four. Us two... and our ladies. (LOOKS AT THE CLOCK) Speaking of which. It’s almost been five minutes. Franco is probably asking where I wandered off to. He’s the kind of guy who’s always on time. If he says five minutes, it better be five minutes. He’s got a point. If we’re not on time, what was the point of inventing clocks? The hands move for a reason. (SEES FRANCO, WHO’S FACING THE SUITCASE) And he’s standing there, with his sweet, other metal half. He’s never told me what he named her. These are personal things, you know, but he loves her. If he didn’t, he wouldn’t want to always come with me to take photos. And if a train is late, we always take turns: five minutes each, one of us stretches his legs, the other looks after the luggage. He holds down the fort, got it? For five minutes. The time it takes to get a coffee or piss. Five minutes. A photo a second is about thirteen rolls of film. (GRABS THE SUITCASE WHILE HUMMING AND SITS. THEN HE TURNS TO FRANCO, RAISING HIS VOICE). Thirteen rolls! Not one more, then it’s my turn! (RESTS THE CAMERA ON THE SUITCASE, THEN OPENS A ROLLED-UP NEWSPAPER) He’s a good guy, Franco. One time, to make me look good with a girl, he told her that I was the best photographer ever. I,

because I'm modest, I told her that the greatest photographer, the one with the best eye, the only one capable of capturing even photographers, that photographer is God. And in that instant, we'll be there, in the most natural pose ever. (HE STOPS AND REFLECTS). Tic. Tic. Boom. And everything will stop.
PICKS UP HIS CAMERA AND STANDS TO TAKE A PHOTO

Veronica Brizzi gave a voice to the life of Francesco Betti

For me, remembering also means learning - as a citizen, as a person from Bologna, and as a person who was not there that day. We can't assume that everyone knows exactly what happened

and why. Especially young people. I would also place myself among those who don't know enough about the massacre. This lack of understanding is absurd. So, when I read about this project I got shivers because I thought that this could be the key to not only remembering, but to exciting and enticing people, so that they dig into history and reread about what happened and understand it. This could allow people to make it their own and pass it on to their children and friends, to understand this tragedy to the point of not being able to forget it.

I Imagine

Francesco Betti

Route 4

I want you all to remember Francesco Betti. Does anyone know who Francesco Betti was? Francesco was a taxi driver, originally from Marzabotto. He lived with his wife and their 2-year-old son in San Lazzaro di Savena, near Bologna. On August 2nd, 1980, he was working in front of the station and he was waiting, with his taxi, about thirty meters from where the bomb was placed. A large rock hit him on the back of the neck, and he was killed immediately.

Why do I want to remember you?

For eight years I've lived on the street that was named after you in San Lazzaro, and this was enough for me to feel connected to you. You got under my skin so much that I did everything I could to find a way to keep you alive, to tell stories about you... and here I am... to keep your memory alive in the future, I have to talk about you, to find myself in you, to find myself in you even for just a day...

From the start, I was proud of being able to remind people of you, in some way... when they asked me where I lived, I always said via Francesco Betti. Yes, you heard me right; Betti, like the woman's name... you know who that is, right? And I began to tell... he's one of the victims of the Bologna massacre on the second of August... it can never be taken for granted that they know who you were...

I'm the same age you were in 1980... forty-four years old. Like you, I'm a parent; I, of two kids, and you of a little 2-year-old boy. I don't know anything about you, I don't know your habits, your passions, your imperfections, but I know that I want to remember you, I know that I want to talk about you, I want to keep your memory alive...

And I thought to myself, there's no better way to do that than to get in your taxi. I try to imagine you. I see you at the wheel, living your everyday life; I don't know if you were a happy, shy, or talkative person.

I imagine that, like me, you were passionate about your work, but you couldn't wait to get home and play with your little one...

I imagine that you never expected that August 2nd, 1980 would keep you from going home... I imagine that, maybe, you even hurriedly said goodbye to your loved ones, like it was a day like any other...

I imagine that you were very warm that day, and maybe you were dreaming about going on vacation... maybe to the sea or to the mountains.

I want to remember, even if I have nothing to remember, even if I wasn't able to find out or know anything else about you... but I want to remember.

I want to remember for my children, for their future.

I want to remember so that August 2nd, 1980 doesn't fall into oblivion.

I want to remember to the point that it gets under my skin and I can never forget it.

I want to remember because disasters happen at random, and that rock could have hit any one of us.

I want to remember so that I don't feel guilty about not doing enough, but I don't bring you news about Francesco... I'm bringing you his humanity, I'm bringing you his job, the social role he played, and, in this way, I keep alive his importance.

For those of you who get in a taxi, for those of you who drive them, for those of you who see them pass by, I want to remind you of a man who could have been your coworker, your friend, your acquaintance.

I want to make sure that my human desire to remember is a testimony, in and of itself.

I want to remember to feel alive... because, here we are, 37 years later, and we still have no answers.

Route 5

Guides: Chiara Casoni, Marina Perini

Piazza Re Enzo - Underpass

1. Vincenzo Lanconelli narrated by Felix Bellanti

10/B Via Rizzoli - Public phone

2. Salvatore Lauro narrated by Massimo Brasa
3. Velia Carli Lauro narrated by Germana Mazzeo

Via Fossalta, corner Via Altabella, outside Ex Aequo Bottega del Mondo Store

4. Pietro Galassi narrated by Gennaro Cifariello

4/C Via Caduti di Cefalonia - La pentola del Tè

5. Rossella Marceddu narrated by Emanuela Sgarbi

Piazzetta Prendiparte

6. Roberto Gaiola narrated by Barbara Zanfi

Felix Bellanti gave a voice to the life of Vincenzo Lanconelli

I have been doing theater for years and, having highly respected Matteo both as an artist and as a person, I thought it was appropriate to contribute to this project, which he rightfully calls a

“secular rite”. As the son of a station manager from Sicily, the train station has always been my second home, the wonderful vacation spot where I could play with my father, who let me use the signalling disk and the whistle, making me believe that I was the one who was controlling the trains. Learning that one day in the summer of 1980 this magical place had turned into a nightmare - a pile of debris, death, and despair - struck me deeply, even though I was still an 11-year-old boy. What was happening in Bologna in those days? Another terrible thing had just happened: the massacre of the Itavia flight over the skies of Ustica. The airplane and the train, just toys for me up until then, were now associated with death. I had just experienced first hand the terrible and atrocious world of adults. I still don't know if Bologna will be the place where I spend the last days of my life but I want to reconcile myself with this city, I want to thank it anyway, to pay tribute to everything it gave me. I wanted to pay tribute and give something of myself to all those whose lives were so atrociously interrupted in this place so familiar to me. Growing up I wanted to understand - I read up on the investigations and the trials. My dismay and anger are even more crushing if I think of how the court rulings have only provided partial answers.

Thank you Bologna: I've never felt as close to you as I have in these past few days. Thank you Matteo for the opportunity that you have given us and for the respect and passion you instilled in us. We have gained the awareness of being part of a secular rite in which a story can relate us, in memory and in experience, to the whole community - together we share emotions through the theater.

I Don't Fear Human Anger, I Fear Only Your Pity

Vincenzo Lanconelli

Route 5

I was still a baby when my dad took me to see the opera for the first time. It was an unforgettable evening. I remember that singing that evening was her, the divine Raina Kabaivanska. And I fell madly in love with her. I fell in love with the majestic scenery, with the elegant costumes, with the lights that were so evocative and magical. But more than anything else, I fell in love with the music. A beautiful score, played live, played right as the scene was changing in front of my eyes. A marvel and a love for the opera that I owe to my father and that puts me here today, in the waiting area of the Bologna Station. I'm waiting for the train to Verona: this evening I will go to see Verdi's Aida at the Arena.

Today is a beautiful sunny day, but I brought a sweater and a heavy jacket for this evening, you never know. It's 10:15 so I have some time before the train to Verona arrives and decide to reread the libretto of the opera. I open to a random page...

RADAMÈS:

Void of terrors death appeareth

Since I die for her I cherish;

In the hour when I perish

With delight my heart will glow;

Wrath no more this bosom feareth,

Scorn for thee alone I know!

Poor Radamès, condemned to be buried alive. A terrible and inhuman death, exactly like mine: to not be able to breathe anymore, to not see anything anymore, to hear all the agonizing yelling around you, wanting to get out but knowing that you can't. An agony, an agony that can last a long time. Too long: for as long as your strength doesn't give out and you don't lose hope, and for as long as there's one last breath of air.

*The fatal stone upon me now is closing,
Now has the tomb engulfed me. I never more
The light shall behold. Ne'er more see gentle Aida.*

Radamès, when he says these words he believes he's alone and thinks of his love.

*Dear Aida, where now art thou? whate'er befalls me
May'st thou be happy. Ne'er may my frightful doom
Reach thy gentle ear.*

But he hears sounds and sees the shadow getting closer to him. Initially he doesn't understand who it can be, and is afraid. Then instead...

Heaven! 'tis Aida.

Yes, it's Aida who decided to die together with her beloved and to follow with the same fate: to be buried together with Radamès.

AIDA AND RADAMÈS:

*Farewell, O earth! farewell thou vale of sorrow!
Brief dream of joy condemned to end in woe!
See, brightly opens the sky, an endless morrow
There all unshadowed eternal shall glow![1]*

Radamès buried alive with his love for Aida. I, too, was buried alive with my love for Verdi's *Aida*.

Massimo Brasa gave a voice to the life of Salvatore Lauro

On August 2nd, 1980 I was admitted at *Maggiore* Hospital when all hell broke loose, and I still have the inerasable memory of the ambulances and buses that continually arrived to the hospital, and of

those blood-covered clothes that were abandoned on the ground in the hallway of the pediatric ward. Why did I choose to be a storyteller? Because I want it to never happen again.

In the Suitcase

Salvatore Lauro

Route 5

And who could have imagined it could be so hot this far North...shirt stuck, feet on fire, and is this water warm only ten minutes after I got it from the fountain? And who could ever sleep in this chaos? Children crying...as if they could do otherwise. They scream, they're children! The loudspeaker crackling doesn't help them sleep at all. You can't ask everyone who's in here to make less noise. Exhausted. This is what happens when you travel at night. Uncomfortable seats and constant jostling, being squeezed like sardines. How does anyone sleep in these conditions, damn! I would also go on a walk...if I hadn't already gone on five! Or four? Well, however many there were. We're happy to be here resting a little, something we wouldn't have been able to do if we had taken the car. Bought newspaper, filled water bottle, made a phone call home. They're good kids at home, without a second thought we decided to go to the funeral of my son's father-in-law in Venice and they took it in stride. "Don't worry dad, we'll stay and take care of things at home...go, don't worry." And no no, the two younger ones weren't exactly happy. They still cry easily. When we go back home I'll organize a little trip, maybe to the beach. Seven, they are seven. It would be great to take all of them on vacation, but they grow up and have better things to do than be with old people! The shop...work and kids and family. It's so nice to see your kids grow up so well. Of course, and who could forget who made all of this possible? Velia. How long has it been? Thirtytwo years you put up with me and worked like a slave to raise those seven. Velia, my wife, turns 50 in less than a month. The first of September. And no one can stop me from getting her a proper party. But it doesn't matter anymore. And you know why? Because there is a black suitcase, huge. A very heavy suitcase, more than 23 kilograms, like a bag of cement. And inside a frightening mix with TNT. I know what a thing like that can do. An air force marshall must know the damage it can do. In an antitank mine, to break a thick steel wall like that you need 5 kilograms of TNT. And there are 23 kilograms there. A ball of fire 8 meters in diameter. There are 300,000 liters of air that suddenly appear and blast in every direction. A pressure of 2 kilograms per square centimeter. As if in one hand there were 400 kilograms. As if a human body took a smack of 20 tons. It flies away. With all the doors, the ceiling, the walls. And with them my clothes, the good ones, the Sunday clothes, my watch, beach vacations, pasta with seafood. They fly away, birthday parties, the idea to plant little onions in the vegetable garden to preserve in oil. Everything flies away, the simple pleasure to see your children and grandchildren grow...how hot it is. And I'm tired. What time is it? 10:22, and 10:23... I'm still tired, I'll try to sleep again. Goodnight.

Germana Mazzeo gave a voice to the life of Velia Carli Lauro

I chose to participate in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project because I believe it is important and necessary to preserve a living memory of the profound pain that can be caused to people, and to the entire country, by certain actions.

Hello?

Velia Carli Lauro

Route 5

STANDING NEXT TO A PUBLIC PHONE. TALKING ON THE PHONE WITH HER DAUGHTER.

"Hello who is it? Rosannina, is that you?"

"Eh we're here!! Yea right! Could we ever have such luck in Italy? We're stopped in Bologna. The train was super late so there was no way to make the connection and now we're stuck here. We went to sit in the waiting area but it was so hot. Who knows how these people in Bologna do it."

"What's dad supposed to say? You know, everything is always good to him. Ehhh he's a Saint Francis, he's very patient, not at all like me, you know I'm hotheaded and if it weren't for Patrizia who told me to come by train because I was too tired and it was dangerous to drive that way, I'm sure I would have brought the car. Me, who they call Clay Regazzoni the race car driver, and your father, Saint Francis, have been stuck here forever waiting for this damn train to Mestre!!! And damn, everything's going wrong with this trip."

"He would be late to his own funeral!"

"Eh Rosannì, you're too nice, as if you didn't know your dad. You know it's his fault, he's too relaxed a person. I told him that we were going to try to get off the train first and to get the luggage ready, but he didn't want to. He doesn't like bothering others by cutting in front of them, like other Italians who always think they can outsmart everyone."

"That's not true! When I met him he was an airplane mechanic and would just say whatever was on his mind, and now he's too polite. His gardening obsession weakened him. He's too good and he gets screwed over. Rosannì, life is a fight and he doesn't want to understand that!"

"In any case, never mind...you water the garden? Listen to your mom and don't forget that with this heat the garden dries so easily, and you know how much dad cares about it. Do you remember when he tried to reason with the neighbor's dog because he kept ruining the garden?" "And what are you doing? Today's Saturday, are you going to the market?"

"Again, are you still hanging out with those people I don't like? I can't believe it. Look, you know if your father finds out, he's gonna get really mad this time. Why would you ever hang out with those communists? You come from a respectable family, military. Rosanna, you of all people shouldn't trust them, because it looks bad in town and we have a business, and your father has a straightedge reputation. Eh and don't make me tell you again. Be careful!"

"By any chance, did Maria Grazia call?"

"How's it going? Does she like Calabria? The sea's beautiful there. I wonder if it's as hot as it is here..."

"Oh, tomorrow don't forget to take Gennaro to the soccer game. Tell Aurora to go, you know how much she cares about Gennarino, so she can think about something else. But how is she doing? A little nervous? And tell her that she shouldn't worry so much about everything being ready. And it's normal to be nervous. It's close, the wedding is next Sunday! How strange it is, eh Rosà? I got married when I was seventeen and she's the same age now, and let's hope that it goes well for them like it did for me."

“Well, I’m going now, I’m gonna head back to your dad because otherwise he’ll think something happened. Be good, all of you, and look after the kids. Give a kiss to mommy, we’ll talk when we get to Scorze.”

“And yes, I know you’re supposed to say Scorzè, I was joking, I won’t say it anymore, God forbid it brings us bad luck to make fun of the North up here, it’s only that it’s hot and I’m anxious and I feel like we’re never gonna leave this station. Give a kiss to mommy. Bye bye.”
PUTS PHONE BACK . SIGHS. REACHES SALVATORE LAURO, WHO’S SLEEPING. PUTS HER HANDS ON THE SEAT. STANDS STILL, LOOKING AT HIM.

Gennaro Cifariello gave a voice to the life of Pietro Galassi

When I read about the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* initiative I thought it was really wonderful and important, and that I would be really honored, as well as excited, to be a part of it. Nowadays, it happens too often that the people participating (if they participate) in commemorations empty them of their primary meaning: to never forget an event in order to prevent it from happening again. Remembering a victim by making their life tangible, even for a few minutes, can give the viewer a little perspective - the horror of loss, but also the hope of being able to live in a better world.

Finally

Pietro Galassi

Route 5

The morning of Saturday August 2, 1980, in Bologna, it's hot.

At Bologna Central Station, forget about it. Just getting off the express 142 from Florence, Professor Pietro Galassi didn't feel all the supposed temperature difference between the crammed train carriages and the sidewalk of Platform 1 East. Even though you can't breathe in the train car, being on the sidewalk seems worse. He's been traveling since 6:10, because he took the express from Pisa to Florence, and he just made the connection to Bologna. He stretches his long legs, gets his small suitcase, and starts up the platform. Around him there are colorful people of all ages and sexes and sizes coming and going with one thing in common—particularly irritating to him is that they move together in disorderly currents as if they were pushed by some mysterious and innate drive, similar to drunk salmon. "Too many people", he thinks and shakes his head exactly four times, slowly, mouth tight in an irritated grimace. "After all, I'm also to blame because I'm traveling today too..." and blames himself every time, one could say, pointlessly, because by now it's a routine that's lasted more than twenty years and habits are hard to change, and if you're a methodical person then...

So, like in previous years, in the middle of this noisy nightmare, shaking his head and panting, he asks himself like all the other times, "but what is with these people?!"

"They're called vacations" a voice in his head responds, a little mocking, "come, on..." he says, walking on slowly in that joyful procession. He wants to go to the station café and call his sister to let her know that he arrived in Bologna and in a few hours he will be back to his country for vacation. Yes, because Professor Pietro Galassi isn't Italian. He was born in the Most Serene Republic of San Marino on October 26, 1914. His dad's name was Gianetto and his mom was Eleonora Morri. But if you ask about him in the Most Serene Republic of San Marino, practically no one knows him: he finished high school (he received his high school diploma at the state high school of San Marino in 1933), enrolled at the University of Bologna, a double major in physics and mathematics and from that moment on, he went back to his native country only for special holidays, summer vacations and, more rarely, weekends. You could say that the good part of life after graduation was spent in a foreign land: first teaching in Milan at the famous "Berchet" high school and then to Tuscany, in Versilia, in Viareggio to be precise, where he lived steadily for more than thirty years.

For that reason, if it weren't because his sister lived there, his only relative, he wouldn't even think of the nation of Mount Titan anymore. If someone were to ask him, he would say that he feels like a stateless person, but no one ever asked him anything, so...With exasperated slowness he finally reaches the station café, but here it seems like that crowd has reached a critical point: although it's still hot, everyone is still happy, incredible! The line for the phone is long, but what

annoys him more is that each phone call that he sees seems to last more than is necessary, at least according to him. When he calls his sister to let her know he's coming, he waits for only three or four rings almost every time—five if she's in the room at the end of the hallway—and then, at the “hello?,” Pietro Galassi says the same words almost every time, as if it were a prerecorded message: “Good morning, I'm Pietro, how're you? I am well, thank you. I am in Bologna right now and I will be there in a few hours...talk to you later, bye” and he hangs up. His sister isn't a person who's overly sentimental, and he's even less so. He would want to say to the woman who's been laughing on the phone for ten minutes: “excuse me, if you're about to leave, as you've just let half the café know with that mezzo-soprano voice, why don't you tell all those fun anecdotes in person when you get to your destination, so you can leave the telephone for those behind you?” But he restrains himself, just shakes his head to the right and left, four times, slowly. More and more often he happens to think of when he used to walk into class and the murmurs would stop suddenly.

The only sound that he heard was of the chairs the students moved when they got seated, after they stood and greeted him. The truth is, although he would never admit it, he misses school: he misses preparing his lessons, correcting homework, he misses the explanations to the students. He even misses the grading and faculty meetings. Even his work as principal, he misses it. Actually, maybe that's what he misses most. Now the phone is free, he goes to call his sister, and then he rethinks it: “I'll surprise her there, and bring some spice to her life!” And he holds back a chuckle that would've floored his teachers and the janitors and the students of Carducci High School. Imagine the scene and the head-shaking four times, slowly, but always with that giggle that gurgles in his throat. It's 10:24 on August 2, 1980 and Pietro Galassi, finally after so much time, is at peace with himself, and finally feels happy.

Emanuela Sgarbi gave a voice to the life of Rossella Marceddu

I chose to participate in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project because I always thought that the victims of this terrible massacre should have the possibility to talk to the people. I remember very well where I was that August 2nd, 1980. I was only a child but I perfectly sensed how tragic this event was. The Bologna massacre is still heartbreaking for all of us - it is tragically suspended in the void, without motive, without perpetrators who've been declared guilty.

Thirsty for Life. Thirsty for Love **Rossella Marceddu**

Route 5

I made dad happy, I promised him that I'll take the train back home...that I won't use the motorcycle...that he shouldn't worry because I'll always do as he says.

Arianna is coming with me.

Arianna is my best friend, I couldn't think of being without her, she's my accomplice in everything! We've known each other since elementary school and since then we've been inseparable. I love her, she's funny and kind, she makes me laugh and she's even a sorceress! She understands me with a glance.

This morning when we left, though, we were a little tired; we were out late last night and at 2 o'clock we even ate a bombolone. I don't know if you know what a bombolone is...well, a triumph of sweetness, an explosion of gluttony. During this vacation in Lido degli Estensi, Arianna and I ate tons of them.

No, I will not tell Fabrizio, because then I know how it goes, he would tell me that I eat too much, that I don't think of my health and those kinds of things. He's into sports, he's very careful about his health...he started fencing when he was a kid. Certain things he says to me only because he loves me, and he cares for me...honestly, I'm madly in love with him!

Fabrizio is my boyfriend, he's waiting for me...my parents didn't give me permission to go on this vacation with him, they say that I'm too young, that I'm a child. But I feel grown up! I feel like a woman! I'm nineteen but I know well how the world works...I'm not a naive little girl anymore! If it were that way, I wouldn't have chosen to be a social worker. Yes, I just finished the first year of a specialized course for social workers, and I can't wait to be in this line of work. I like helping others, it makes me feel good, it gives meaning to everything and completes me. Working with the disabled gives you strength that nothing else can give you, because life for them still has a special worth. And I love life! With Fabrizio things are serious, and when I have my qualifications, I want to marry him and maybe, when I'm older, even have some children. Not right away, because I'll have a lot of children who will keep me busy and I want to dedicate myself only to them for a long time. Today it's very hot, I left Arianna at Platform 4 to go get something at the station café.

Barbara Zanfi gave a voice to the life of Roberto Gaiola

I participated in this project because telling stories saves memory, it makes a name come alive - for this I am grateful to Bologna, which has nourished me with hope and substance. Here I experienced freedom and commitment, I created bonds that still last, and I discovered other worlds that are now my home thanks to the people of Bologna.

In front of the sea

Roberto Gaiola

Route 5

Roberto looks at the sea, it's only the sea near Jesolo, but he likes it. To tell the truth, he always liked it, even though at eighteen he had thought it was an ordinary place and he went to look for something else that didn't turn out that great.

This sea instead, now that he's almost alone on the beach, has something touching about it; Roberto breathes a familiar air and for a moment smiles: it's almost funny to appreciate the beauty in things from the past that he once wanted to escape from.

He breathes in the bright sunlight together with the ocean air. The memories struggle to emerge, overlapping and blurring into the others: the colors of the beach toys mix with the smell of bread, and the sound of laughter with the heat of the sand. God, how he wanted to grow up, to get older! And for a little he had thought he had succeeded, because working in a factory at eleven years old makes you grow up fast, puts some money in your pocket and makes you important. Now all of this isn't enough anymore. He feels tired and disillusioned, like an old man. An old man of twenty-five years of age.

And then he's scared: scared of not succeeding, scared that the others won't understand and above all scared that they won't forget that he was an addict. Afraid of being suffocated by an image that doesn't represent him anymore...that he hates.

He felt that he could redeem his life: he wanted to help others who were lost, to use the experience almost as a torch to light the way a little; just light enough not to fall. But how could the others, above all his mother and sister, forget if not even he could forgive himself?

Maybe his father had forgotten; when he had seen him in the coffin, a few months earlier, he had felt a burning regret inside that doesn't yet feel extinguished. Maybe his father had forgiven him.

Roberto sits and looks at the sea; the sea doesn't have walls, it makes him feel free. Often in his life he felt out of place, especially at school. He quit school as soon as he could, even though he regretted it later. And so he had to admit it: studying would've helped him understand those blessed sociology books that had become his salvation now. He searched inside them for answers to the doubts of his generation that he couldn't find elsewhere. Rational answers, understandable, to make sense of the choices that didn't seem to make any. To make sense. While those choices were full of sorrow and unbearable pain.

Who knows what his family thought of this unexpected interest of his. Maybe they smiled about it...maybe.

"Hey! Do you remember me?" The voice materialized in a body next to his. Roberto looks at the girl and the fun smile printed on that face reminds him of something...he and she riding bikes back from the beach, the ball in the basket, towels around their waists, hair still wet and salty. He smiles back at his "beach friend," who hasn't changed much, even though fifteen years ago feels like it could've been a century ago.

Now it's almost dark. While he returns from the beach, Roberto wonders what his mother has prepared for dinner; he thinks that he still wants to talk a little more with his "beach friend" and that it wouldn't be a bad idea to join her later, at the usual gelato shop. He wants to go home early though: tomorrow is Saturday and in Bologna they're expecting him for therapy. The next time, maybe, he will ask his friend to accompany him.

After all he's only twenty-five and tomorrow is August 2nd: the summer is still long.

Route 6

Guides: Ingrid Checchi, Valeria Roberti

38 Via Pietralata

1. Angelica Tarsi Sacrati narrated by Giuseppina Randi
2. Loredana Molina Sacrati narrated by Nicoletta Bianconi

Piazza San Francesco

3. Brigitte Drouhard narrated by Sara Persiani

Piazza di Porta Ravegnana, below the two towers

4. Carla Gozzi narrated by Paolo Rocca
5. Umberto Lugli narrated by Pia Tubertini

Piazza Santo Stefano

6. Francisco Gomez Martinez narrated by Gino Suffritti

In front of the Basilica of Santo Stefano

7. Maria Idria Avati narrated by Barbara Baldini

40/3 Via San Vitale - Courtyard

8. Nazzareno Basso narrated by Cinzia Benatti

Giuseppina Randi gave a voice to the life of Angelica Tarsi Sacrati

My profession as a nurse saw me involved in helping those who asked for help right after the massacre of August 2nd, 1980. I replaced my colleagues who were on duty after hours and hours of excavation, in search of the injured. I comforted relatives and friends in search of a loved one. Today I am here to commemorate one of the eighty-five victims of the massacre (Angelica Tarsi Sacrati), who was as old then as I am now. I am doing this out of civic duty, to honor the wishes of a father, and to pass on to my children and to those after me the will to "never forget".

If You Leave Me, It's Not Worth It Angelica Tarsi Sacrati

Route 6

Ernesto, Giulio, Dario, Marcella, Rita, Anna, Graziella... all eight of my children... all born at home with a midwife. My name's Angelica, Angelica Tarsi, my husband Amedeo Sacrati died in the war in 1937. I was born in 1908... born at home with a midwife. I speak a little dialect, a little Italian... because I didn't go to school... and when you don't go to school, you don't learn. So I was a farmer, I worked in the fields... long hours... And they say, "from sun to sun"... from dawn to dusk... I remember that at the end of the workday Amedeo, my husband, would play the accordion... I was a servant for a well-off family at this point... And then one day because the children were older and I was a widow and my son Dario had three small kids... I moved to Bologna where my son Dario lives... "The suitcase on the bed is for a long trip, and you found courage without saying anything..." Ostra, Ancona, Pesaro, Fano, Falconara, Rimini, Forlì, Faenza, Imola, Bologna, Bologna Station!... My son's wife's name is Loredana. They met when he joined the military because the barracks were close to Loredana's home... Such a good woman... she never has a break, she works in a hospital... even at night... Work and home, home and work... Then she gave birth to three children... Tiziana, Valter, Paolo, and so I look after them and take them to school and make them food... and I also work, because with three kids money is never enough... And I work at home and make little dresses and clothes for dolls and figurines... a lot of work, little money... One time those scoundrels, Tiziana and Valter, hid under the bed and cut the noses of the little Pinocchio figurines... so no Pinocchios, no money... Then I remember another time, they were sleeping in the big bed with me and they put a mouse in the bed... it was so scary!... I go to Mass every Sunday, I'm a strong believer... and whoever doesn't come to Mass with me doesn't eat... and I pray that the Holy Mother helps my little ones grow strong and healthy because they're silly enough!... Then I remember the Communist Party's outdoor festivals in the via del Parco, with traditional games, and Loredana and Dario ballroom dancing... they're beautiful together and I love them very much... "If you leave me it's not worth it, if you leave me it's not worth it..." Then I remember that Paolo doesn't like school and is always playing... his friends whistle and he goes... always to play and I call... Paolo!... Paolo is the big sweetie to his mother... and when we have to leave for vacation he never wants to... Bologna... Bologna Station, how hot... And when does the train get here... Paolo, where are you?... are you really hiding?... like when they call you to do homework... Paolooo... I never went to school but the A in PA... is open like open air... the L is Illooong... it sneaks in everywhere... between teeth... and the O in Paolo is round like a Ring Around the Rosie... like a globe... like an Egg of Columbus... Paolooo... Do you remember the song by Julio Iglesias? "If you leave me it's not worth it, if you leave me it's not worth it, if you leave me it's not worth it, if you leave me it's not worth it... this suitcase can't fit all our past..."

Nicoletta Bianconi gave a voice to the life of Loredana Molina Sacrati

The Bologna massacre has stayed with me my whole life, as it has for all people from Bologna, and for me it is a great honor to bring my very small contribution to the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* initiative.

Listen, Paolo!

Loredana Molina Sacrati

Route 6

STANDING ON THE TERRACE, FACING THE STREET.

Listen, Paolo, please, for your mother, don't anger your grandmother, you understand? When you say that you're going to be home at a certain time, you need to do it, so your grandma doesn't worry. Don't make me worry, be good. And when you go to the beach, don't spend the whole time in the water, and wait until 4:00 pm to swim, got it? Or else you'll get sick. Don't get into trouble, I know how you kids are when you're all together. It's okay that you're on vacation, but be careful and be good, and when it's dark you have to go back home! You know that grandma eats early, don't make her wait. And another thing Paolo, dad and I are here in Bologna because we're going to work every day; if every once in a while, I'm not saying every day, but about an hour every once in a while, you do some homework, later in September when you go back to school you won't have forgotten everything. You packed the summer workbook to take with you on vacation, right? You have everything? A pen? Your notebook? You know that there, at the beach, you won't find what you need.

You know how happy dad would be if you told him that you did some homework from time to time. Listen, I packed the t-shirts and the shorts in the suitcase for each day, and I also gave you a t-shirt that's a little nicer for when you go to visit someone. And when you go with grandma to someone's house, remember to be polite, to say hello, to ask permission, to say it was a pleasure and to thank them, otherwise they'll say, "who taught him his manners?"

Notice that I also gave you money. Don't just throw it away; use it to buy a gelato or a coke. Don't always ask grandma, and make sure you don't lose the money. Put it in your wallet!

It's so hot today...Let's hope you find a seat on the train. Call me as soon as you get there, okay? I'm at home anyway since I worked the night shift, and I'll be waiting for you guys to call. Then this evening, if dad isn't tired and if he doesn't have to get up early tomorrow morning, and he wants to, we'll go to the Arci community center.

Ah, in case you need to call me, grandma also has Toniolo's phone number. Who knows how many people will be in the station, today is the first Saturday in August, everyone's leaving; listen to me, Dario, as soon as you can, stop by the station and drop Paolo off and then go find parking. Don't worry, Paolo can carry his suitcase, he can.
Bye, talk to you soon.

Sara Persiani gave a voice to the life of Brigitte Drouhard

As soon as I heard about this initiative, I wanted to participate, as I consider Bologna my city: my home. Also, since I live outside the city and always use public transport to get around, I have been going to the Bologna Train Station since my first year of high school: I am a typical commuter student who spends her life on the train, between Emilia and Romagna. I often go past the exact point where the bomb exploded on that August 2nd. Every time, I can't help but reflect on that injustice; it torments me to think about the loss of the victims even for a second. I know many students were killed - students like me, perhaps commuters like me, who certainly didn't lead lives very different from mine.

I felt a strong desire to contribute to the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project, with my voice and my words, with responsibility and emotion, as a quasi-Bolognese person, and as a citizen of a world that must never forget.

Hit Parade Brigitte Drouhard

Route 6

*After so much
fog
one
by one
stars*

*reveal themselves
I breathe
the fresh air
that leaves me
the color of the sky*

*I recognize myself
fleeting image
Taken in an immortal circle
(Giuseppe Ungaretti, "Clear Sky")*[1]

It's August 1980. In France, France Gall is at the top of the pop charts when Brigitte Drouhard leaves Paris, leaving for the trip that she's been waiting forever to take. Brigitte was born October 8, 1959. Twenty-one years old, she works in an office and lives in one of the most beautiful cities in the world. But she loves Italy. She loves it so much that she decided to take a trip, completely alone, and come here to Bologna. Brigitte is fascinated by art, literature, and poetry. She wants to go to Ravenna, the capital of the Western Roman Empire, to visit the Basilica of Sant'Apollinare Nuovo, the tomb of Dante Alighieri, the father of the Italian language. It was the Years of Lead; in '79 there were a registered 659 attacks, but Italy is an open-air museum, it's much more than the terror that shook it. The morning of August 2nd, 1980, Brigitte found herself in the station. She's at the platform, in the central part of the station, waiting for the direct train to Ravenna. She waits for more than an hour; the train is late. At 10:25, in the second class waiting area, the bomb explodes. The bomb kills eighty-five people. It also kills Brigitte Drouhard, who never got on the train, never saw Ravenna, and never returned to Paris. You can't help but think,

"If only the train hadn't been late, if only Brigitte had chosen another day, if only the bomb had exploded later or not at all." It's August of 1980. In Italy, Alan Sorrenti is at the top of the pop charts when Brigitte Drouhard dies, a victim of one of the gravest acts of terrorism in Italian history.

You flew, you fled

like a dove

and you are lost, there, toward the east

But the places that saw you remain

and the hours of our meetings

Banned hours,

Places for me that have become a sepulcher

for which I stand guard

(Vincenzo Cardarelli, "Abandonment").

Paolo Rocca gave a voice to the life of Carla Gozzi

I decided to participate in *Cantiere 2 Agosto* because I remember that tragic time in our national history all too well, and I attended the funeral of the victims in Piazza Maggiore on August 6th, 1980. I chose to tell the story of Carla Gozzi because she lived in Concordia sulla Secchia (Modena), which is not far from where I live (I am from Medolla), and I know many people there. Therefore I was able to track down some witnesses who, with great openness and courtesy, provided me with invaluable information for my story.

Silk Veil

Carla Gozzi

Route 6

THE NARRATION IS CARRIED OUT USING A MAP OF CONCORDIA, INDICATING WITH A POINTER VIA DELLA PACE, THE COURSE OF THE SECCHIA RIVER, AND VIA CARLA GOZZI EACH TIME THAT THEY APPEAR IN THE TEXT. AT THE END, TO INDICATE THAT THE ACTION UNFOLDED IN THE TOWN OF CARPI, THE NARRATOR POINTS OUTSIDE OF THE MAP, TO SIGNIFY THAT CARPI IS ELSEWHERE.

Cesarino told me that Gina, Carla Gozzi's mother, ran out of the hairdresser with the rollers still in her hair after someone told her what had happened at Bologna Central Station. She left right away with her husband, Tiberio, and Cesarino, the deli owner under the portico on Via della Pace, saw them come back. Gina was holding Carla's shoes in her hands and, in tears, said: "They only gave us these."

Cesarino used to see Carla pass by when she went to work in the morning. Sometimes she stopped by his store to get a sandwich to bring to the office, to the Elisabeth Sweater Factory, or to buy a few slices of prosciutto to bring home, a few hundred meters away. Almost all her life was in Via della Pace: she lived in Via della Pace with her parents, in the Palace of the Magistrate of the Po River where her dad, Tiberio, worked as river supervisor of the Secchia which skirts the residential areas in Concordia.

How many times Tiberio had to get up in the middle of the night to make sure a flood didn't threaten the city!

In Via della Pace she had also found a job right after graduating, in the administrative offices of the Elisabeth Sweater Factory.

Giuseppe, her colleague, said to me: "From an economic point of view, the '60s weren't a happy time. Only then did there start to be a certain affluence. Carla was hired at the beginning of 1965. We worked six days a week all day. One day Carla and I made a small "revolution": we decided to not work Saturday afternoons anymore: we had a bitter argument with the owner, but we won in the end, we were the only office employees. Carla didn't have many friends in Concordia. She had a group of friends in Carpi, where she went with Umberto. She was very much in love, even though Umberto made her a little angry. He came to Concordia to pick her up in his Porsche, he was a rich guy. After the massacre, I accompanied her brother Carlo to Bologna for identification. Carlo told me that she was intact, she was hit on the head with something very heavy that didn't leave any visible traces."

Yes, she had remained the girl "made of a veil of silk" as described by Sauro, the economics student and friend of her brother, who tutored her in financial mathematics when Carla was in high school.

Rita, who went to school with her in Carpi, said to me:

“The days we had class, we went to the Armagni Bar on Corso Alberto Pio. We sat at a table and to pass the time we wrote nonsense texts, translating the dialect into Italian. It was really fun and we did it for years. But when we were together there were also long moments of silence. Carla wasn’t a very exuberant girl, actually she was rather reserved, just like her family. Once Carla made me go with her to Tino’s house. We were about eighteen years old, the atmosphere was a little embarrassing. It was clear that the Lugli family didn’t like that Umberto dated a lower-class girl, since they were upper middle class. At the time of the massacre it surprised me too that she was still with Tino because their relationship wasn’t actually very consistent. Every so often they would break up for months and then they would get back together. Maybe that’s why they still weren’t decided on marriage in 1980.”

Two years later, the City Council of Concordia on the Secchia named this street Carla Gozzi.

Pia Tubertini gave a voice to the life of Umberto Lugli

On August 2nd, 1980, I was 16 years old, and many of us kids had been sent to work in the fields for the summer, as was the custom in those days. It was hot and I was picking cucumbers in Minerbio. I imagined what I would do with the money I earned that summer: I would buy a train ticket and a ferry ticket so that I could go to Greece... Then there was a roar, a distant thunder. At noon the lady who brought us something to drink told us what had happened and I fell to the ground under the scorching sun. It was only a matter of a few days before I could have been there at the station. My heart exploded with that bomb, that fear, that immense pain. I believe that my journey as an adult started on that day. My own victory over that attack, which devastated Bologna with death, was realized on August 2nd, 2006, when, to honor the joy of life, my daughter was born. In Bologna.

Enough **Umberto Lugli**

Route 6

Carla's curls are so beautiful. How beautiful is Carla in her dress, with sunglasses and the beaded necklace that her niece gave her. I like Carla, I like the way she is: sometimes she feels so close, and sometimes she keeps her distance. I, too, at times am closer and at times far away: that's why we've gotten along for all these years. We are different, and this on the one hand is our greatest blessing and on the other, our curse. Blessing because words aren't needed, glances are enough. Curse because, even though we're older now, the family burdens that we carry inside take up so much space that we still can't find our own space inside. And so we escape. We go to discover the islands: Greece, Lampedusa, Stromboli... Like two kids, as if we had eternity ahead us. And away from the factory, from the store, from the stuffiness, from the gossip, from the fake smiles, from this life that's so falsely kind and respectful and reverent. I'm tired of listening to customers, their requests, their eternal dissatisfaction: people who have it all. Enough with the boredom, with the same things. Carla and I enjoy each other's company as the eternally engaged: we are not plagued with the trials of daily life together, which can truly strengthen a relationship but can also truly trap you. I don't want traps, and I don't believe I ever will. And I think Carla understands that.

Today it's hot, it's very hot. But it's hotter for those who are now at work in the fields and for the mothers who will give birth today. I don't know if it's better if we wait inside or outside. They started calling me Celestino when I was little because of the color of my eyes, and today I'm Tino to everyone.

I'm used to the hustle and bustle of Bologna: from when I attended University to all the times I came to the Bologna stadium. But today no, there's too much chaos. It's better to stay inside. Of course with the heat the way it is, elegance goes down the drain. I wear long pants and a blue shirt with long sleeves rolled up. I can't stand short sleeves. It doesn't take much to be, I don't say elegant, but at least dignified.

Heat, rush, vacation: the ingredients to have a poorly-dressed crowd... I'm so thirsty! Could there be a café in here? I'd like some cool water and an espresso. Would Carla want an iced espresso? Our train leaves at 11:30, but we've been here since 9:40. My brother who drove us couldn't miss the opening of the store. Our customers are demanding. And we are there for them: always punctual, fashionable, available, and discrete. We even go a little over the top, which never hurts. I wanted to do something else in life, I wanted to be a geologist: the digs, the rocks, the oil...

but life brought me back in this store where we've been for three generations, and I do it well too. Enough thinking of work!

How difficult it was to find tickets: thank goodness my friend knows people, because I had already resigned myself to drive. Now we're here. We'll leave soon. It's still so hot. I only have one Marlboro left, I have to buy cigarettes.

"Carla, do you want an iced espresso?"

Gino Suffritti gave a voice to the life of Francisco Gomez Martinez

I experienced the tragedy of August 2nd as a form of personal grief - grief that is renewed year after year and often worsened by the failed attempts to seek the truth. Now that I have matured, I saw the opportunity to do something more than just being at the station on August 2nd, to be a part of a very engaging commemorative project - a project which has given its participants a sense of further belonging to that tragedy. Looking through the personal stories of the victims of August 2nd, I was struck by the story of the young Spanish man Francisco Gomez Martinez. His story, unfortunately short, which was exemplary in many aspects, made me look at my life through a different lens, despite the fact that we have several things in common. It is very upsetting, the idea that this boy - who came to Italy at the end of July to admire the artistic and architectural beauties of our country, headed for the beaches of Romagna - had his life abruptly interrupted by the violence of that massacre. Back then we were the same age...

This is Me

Francisco Gomez Martinez

Route 6

Good morning Bologna, yo soy Francisco Gomez Martinez, I am Francisco Gomez Martinez. I lived a large part of my short life in a very small town on the extreme periphery of Barcelona. Fate decided what life I would live. I started working very early, learning the meaning and the weight of the words "duty" and "sacrifice." It was always fate, it didn't leave me the necessary time and space to learn the secrets of beauty, the pleasure of discovery, the joy of learning.

For this reason, in the summer of 1980, when I left for Italy and Greece, I truly believed I was having the trip of a lifetime, a trip that would make up for everything that I couldn't do before. I left my mother and sisters behind, anxious to listen to my stories when I got back. I left a town, always a small town, where I knew everyone, but they'll never see the sparkle in my eyes while I describe the spectacular sites. I left friends with whom I spent hot Catalan summer nights, cooled down with some icy glasses of sangria and the lightheartedness of our age. I arrived here, this August morning, in this city that I never actually visited, and a moment before getting off the train, the darkness of the tragedy fell upon us. I left here, among the ruins of the station, all of my dreams and hopes; here I found my short life's final stop. But nothing of me was lost, nothing was lost in the fallen dust after the explosion, and my memory, together with the memory of those who shared this tragedy, is tenaciously imprinted on your hearts.

Day after day, year after year, I have remained in your thoughts, in your daily gestures, in the memory of that August morning, renewed punctually each August 2nd. I never left this city, none of us ever left from here and today, as in all these years, I am here to meet you again. I'm here and wait together with the whole city, until each mystery is finally revealed, each secret discovered and the truth, lastly, brought into the light. I wanted to remember, with a few words, my life both before and after August 2nd; the first, short and in Spain, the second spent in the depths of your hearts. I ask you, lastly, to excuse the great simplicity of my words, but this is who I am, Francisco Gomez Martinez.

P.S.: In reality, Francisco Gomez Martinez had arrived in the station and was sitting in the waiting area writing to his girlfriend in Catalonia, telling her that the next trip would be together. In that moment, he was thinking of the future that would never come to pass...

Barbara Baldini gave a voice to the life of Maria Idria Avati

I was born and raised in Bologna, and in 1980 I was 15 years old... I like the idea of keeping memory alive not only over time but also in space. I believe that memory which lives in time can connect to the space in your heart in order to build another future.

Like on a Carousel Maria Idria Avati

Route 6

SHE WEARS AN 80'S-STYLE FLOWERY DRESS AND CARRIES A BLACK HANDBAG

"Mom, mom!" My daughter called to me, she was looking for me: "Mom where are you?" Time stopped for a moment. A silence full of dust and violence was waiting to explode. Neither a lament nor a sob, for a moment. Stop or walk by, ignoring the silence, if you can. "I'm here" I said to her "I'm covered in dust... look here, under the blouse, I feel all twisted." A bone, a bone that stuck out. "But you're miraculously spared, mom," my daughter said to me. It's better to pray, there's always someone there to listen to me and to set things right. "Lord, guard me, I beg you and guide me to the heavenly paths." Look at that cloud running in front of the sun. Sometimes clouds bring rain, floating high. Skies are always the same, blue, gray, black, returning and blending. Looking at them make us closer. The stars on the other hand are so far that they make worldly distances seem insignificant. If you look at the sky you feel like you slowly dive upward like a celestial swimmer. What time is it?

(ASKS A SPECTATOR DIRECTLY)

And then there's the sea and water in the glass, and the sleeping mountains. Look in the field, that girl ties sheaves of grain and sings to herself. Maybe a lament, everyday things, an everyday pain, and a woman sits down there under the shade of the house, she cuts bread with a sad gesture, pours a bit of oil, a little salt, and eats. What time are we getting there? I don't remember but I wrote it down.

(ASKS A SPECTATOR DIRECTLY)

August is the most violent month: arid, powerful, dry, blows of sword and fire, and the cicadas are never thirsty, an insistent and dull buzz of the hour that never passes. The sun puts all the world in a state of idle stillness and men look, distracted. Standing in front of great sunsets, their colors strong and ruthless. I waited for August all year long when I was a child. The pure sensation that real life was August. The wait was even more beautiful. With clothes getting stuck to your body because of sweat.

And the sun still laughs, always satisfied. Now August is only a month of unkept promises, life betrayed us and what I waited for didn't come. Collapsing beams, crumbling walls, falling plaster. Twisted mouths, confused and tired gazes. Arms wide open. August, we are leaving; you keep watch, now I go away, where you can't see. It is time, lie down. Die slowly.

*And they tell me to sleep, they sing to me to sleep, they murmur,
they whisper to sleep, flights of dark blue.*

*They seem like lullabies to me, which makes me go back as I was...
I heard my mother and then nothing... on the making at nightfall.*

SHE HUMS A LULLABY.
SHE LEAVES.

Cinzia Benatti gave a voice to the life of Nazzareno Basso

Originally from Mantua, after studying classics in high school I moved to Bologna, my adoptive city for almost twenty years, where I studied law. I work at the University of Bologna School of Law as an attorney and professor of law. I have many interests in the fields of history, social economics, and linguistics, and I am passionate about Europe and its ideals. My interest in public history, and therefore in finding new ways to transmit history to different audiences, convinced me to volunteer for this project.

Caltana-Milazzo Return Trip **Nazzareno Basso**

Route 6

Nazzareno Basso: "Today I'm seventy years old. I was once thirty-three... and I used to commute, but I stopped. I stayed there, in that station, I was close to home. Milazzo-Caltana was the trip of a lifetime... a trip that lasted a lifetime... whole ...mine... The trip ended in Bologna, I never saw Caltana again. A little town near Venice, everyone was there waiting for me..."

Narrator: "Now there, in the remote house, they wait for him, they wait in vain. He, immobile, astonished, consecrated his last trip to the heavens among the stones of Bologna. In the small house in Caltana, his wife Ines and their four small children, Francesco, Silvia, Cristina and Emanuela, were waiting for him."

N.B.: "Finally, I'm back home! A little vacation, it takes so long from Milazzo to Venice, a day of travel, practically... a lifetime! A life breaks... ends... the train, Bologna Central Station, and me. In a little bit, from the Galilei factory in Milazzo, where I'm a supervisor, I'll be able to move, to move closer to home. And then I won't have to take this long trip anymore; so this is one of the last times... the last one! The end!"

N.: "Strange connections. Connections and delays. Of the trains. He was there because of a simple train delay..."

N.B.: "Ugh... these trains are always late! At least I could have gotten home before and been with my family, hug my kids again after so much time. But I'm almost there." (THEN, AS IF SPEAKING TO HIS FAMILY) "Don't wait for me! Eat, I'm late, but I'll be there in a little bit."

N.: "'He had called my parents' home in Caltana', says sweet Ines, 'an hour earlier, at 9:34. Then he must have gone to buy a newspaper, I know that he liked doing that.' The clock of the station stopped at 10:25. Don't wait for one who doesn't return."

Route 7

Guide: Elena Birmani, Fabio Palma

3/A Piazza Verdi - Le Stanze di Verdi

1. Davide Caprioli narrated by Nicola Longhi

Via Zamboni 34

2. Patrizia Messineo narrated by Filippo Mazzoni
3. Silvana Serravalli Barbera narrated by Daniela Di Palma
4. Sonia Burri narrated by Francesco Dellisanti

Piazza Antonio Scaravilli

5. Gaetano Roda narrated by Matteo Bergonzi

11 Via Antonio Bertoloni (External)

6. Maria Fresu narrated by Anna Vacchi
7. Angela Fresu narrated by Antonella Colombi
8. Verdiana Bivona narrated by Luana Antonelli

11 Via Antonio Bertoloni (garden)

9. Francesco Antonio Lascala narrated by Silvana Conversano

Nicola Longhi gave a voice to the life of Davide Caprioli

Telling a piece of a person's story means entering into their world a bit, rediscovering the uniqueness and humanity of every single life. These values are often suffocated, even if understandably, by the politics surrounding the massacre and by its larger implications. Behind the enormous number of victims, and behind all the trials to ascertain the truth, there were men and women, boys and girls that one could still get to know, even after 37 years; this perspective revives memory and reinvigorates the political struggle. It was, overall, an exciting privilege.

Blues for Two Davide Caprioli

Route 7

HE HAS A GUITAR STRAPPED AROUND HIS SHOULDER. HE'S ABOUT TO PLAY BUT DOESN'T.

I am not Davide Caprioli, but like Davide I love music; I also play. Last night Davide had a beautiful evening. They went to eat at Quinta's in Fano; he, his girlfriend Ermanna, his sister Cristina, and some relatives. They had fun in that restaurant which faces the port, and got back to Ancona drunk with chatting, wine, and plans for the future. Vacation's over after some time in Conero, at his sister's house where she moved after getting married. Davide has to return to Verona.

HE'S ABOUT TO PLAY, BUT DOESN'T.

I am not Davide Caprioli, but I'm also excited to get back to my "normal" life after vacation; it feels like starting a whole new year, like when we would go back to school. As if it were September. Only it isn't September, the next day is August 2 and Davide has an appointment. So everyone goes to sleep because there's an early train. That night Ermanna dreams of Davide, he gives her a card with a telephone number on it and says to call that number in case he wasn't able to be there for her anymore. It's only a dream. It's strange how often the subconscious causes us to remix what we saw, what we know and also what we don't know yet. The dream, though, is so peculiar that Ermanna keeps it in mind and remembers it exactly, even the phone number. Days later she would recognize it: it belongs to the guy that she dated before meeting Davide. She would call him. That guy would be with her in the days of desperation and shock and then in the years to follow when happiness would come back. That guy would become her husband.

HE'S ABOUT TO PLAY, BUT DOESN'T.

I am not Davide Caprioli, yet even I happen to play live, and the evening of August 2, he had a concert with his band. It's 1980 and the bad habit of throwing some English words in Italian conversation, pronouncing them poorly or using them in a context in which native English speakers would never use them, hasn't entrenched itself yet. It's 1980, Italian is what's spoken, so you don't say "*band*" in English but "*complesso*" in Italian. He wants to get there on time, to be able to calmly prepare himself, meticulously and without rushing. So he'll get on the train with Ermanna in Ancona at 5:30, he will get off in Bologna to change trains to get to Verona at 10:24. But the train is late from the start; it's a "fine-settimana" because we're in 1980, it's not a "week-end," it's a "fine-settimana" in which everyone is moving and the inconveniences for those traveling are to be expected. So they get to Bologna late, the connection falls through, and in a little less than an hour they would've gotten to Verona but they're still here in Bologna at the station café of the West Terminal to get coffee. Davide steps away to see the board with the train schedules to figure out

which train they can take. Ermanna sees him turn the corner onto the first platform. And then it's 10:25.

HE'S ABOUT TO PLAY, BUT DOES NOT.

I am not Davide Caprioli, but I too bring a guitar when I can. He had it with him that morning and it miraculously remained intact. Each year, it's brought to Bologna and is played in the station on August 2. A guitar like the one he and his friend Augusto made together in middle school during woodshop. The others chose to build smaller, less ambitious objects, but he wanted to make a guitar for his friend because he knew that his parents wouldn't buy one for him. At the end of the year, Augusto had the guitar and a good grade on record to share with Davide. Not having the tools to bend the wood, they made it with edges. A guitar with corners, and it's rather heavy. But a guitar that plays.

TUNES THE GUITAR.

Filippo Mazzoni gave a voice to the life of Patrizia Messineo

I'm from Pistoia. I have a degree in history and political science and I work with the Institute of the Resistance and Contemporary History in Pistoia. During the past few years I have developed an interest in the events that characterized Italy in the 70s and 80s, with particular reference to political violence and terrorism. I am the author of a book dedicated to that historical period, entitled "The terrible fifteen years (1969-1984): Stories of terrorism as told to Kids". Accordingly, I was interested in participating in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project, which represents a new way to spread the memory of that terrible event by focusing on the importance of the lives of people who are no longer with us.

Underlying Theme Patrizia Messineo

Route 7

It's Saturday August 2nd, 1980; the newspapers talk about the auto crisis, the summer exodus, the training of communist and neofascist terrorists in the battlefields of Libya, and the victory of Pietro Mennea in the 200 meter in the Moscow Olympics.

Patrizia is eighteen years old, she lives in Bari and recently graduated from high school. The Italian essay is part of the tests needed to pass the national high school exit exam. Among the prompts given was a quote by Piero Calamandrei, father of the Italian Constitution. Patrizia wrote about rights, about the words of the Constitution and about the dangers inherent in terrorist behavior, proposing the strict observance of the principles contained in the Constitution of the Italian Republic and of the laws for public order.

Patrizia is curious about the world that surrounds her, is an attentive observer of all that's happened in our country, and demonstrates sensibility and concern for terrorism as clearly demonstrated in her exam essay.

Like all the guys and girls of her age, she had plans, dreams to realize, a future to build. At the end of the summer she would enroll at the University to study psychology.

Patrizia loves music, she's a passionate fan of Antonello Venditti, she dreams of going to a concert; a dream that became a reality a few days before leaving for a much desired vacation. She's excited to see her favorite singer, there's happiness in her eyes. And even more to the point, she doesn't miss a beat of the songs performed by the Roman artist. The adrenaline stays in her body and in her soul even after the concert. She dances, sings, plays with her sister Sonia even after she gets back home. Patrizia can't wait to reach her vacation spot, to meet her friends and acquaintances who she spent the last summers with. She can't wait to breathe the sparkling air, to savor the smells of nature, to admire the sunsets of this area in the Apennines.

The evening of August 1st, Patrizia and her relatives loaded the cars, "boarded" them on the train that would take them to Bologna and then from there they would drive to their planned destination. At around 10:00 they reach the capital of Emilia: Bologna. The station is so crowded: a stream of men, women, and children appear in front of them. Some nervously walk along the platforms while waiting for the train, some go to the newsstand to get the daily or weekly publication they want, some go to the station café to get a coffee, cappuccino, or croissant garnished with chocolate or jam. There's Patrizia, Sonia, little Angela, and many others waiting for their train in the second class waiting room, to escape the heat and stuffiness that envelops the city. Some play, some read, some play music, some try to relieve the heat with their fans. All of a

sudden, the serenity, euphoria, joy, and good humor dissolve like snow in the sun. A roar, a powerful roar erupts in the entire city of Bologna, an evil and disturbing roar.

Among those who searched for their loved ones was Patrizia's mother who, as loudly as she could, started screaming desperately. She and her husband made their way through the glass, pieces of plaster and crumbled wall, iron pipes, and in the chaos she found her Patrizia. Patrizia, in the eyes of her mother, seemed to have passed out, but that's not the case, the reality was upsetting and tragic. She would see Patrizia again but not as she would have hoped, imagined, dreamed. She saw Patrizia again with her face dark, blackened by the bomb, eyes half-open, fearful, scared from all she had seen in those few moments.

Those days of vacation, relaxation, and serenity that she so hoped for, imagined, and dreamt of, were actually a nightmare for Patrizia's mother. Cruel hands, killers, unknown people had ended her dreams and plans for the future forever, along with the emotional bonds, love, sharing, and peace in her family. Patrizia, little Sonia, and her sister Silvana left forever. Patrizia and Sonia's grandfather chose to take his life, threw himself from the sixth floor because justice was never done, and the truth never fully known.

Years of physical and inner pain for Mrs. Rosalia; only the birth of Silvano that came the following year kept her holding on to life with all of her might. The memory of her dear children, especially that of her daughters, live in her. She feels them next to her every day, in everything she does. They aren't deceased but only "distanced" from her.

Daniela Di Palma gave a voice to the life of Silvana Serravalli Barbera

I was born in 1981, and I lived in Calabria until 1990 - that year, my family moved to Bologna. I have a very vivid memory of the first time I arrived at the station and saw the gash in the waiting room wall. I asked why it was there, what had happened. I was told, as most 9-year-olds would've been told, that something bad had happened and the commemorative plaque on the wall had been left as a memory. Then, growing up in the city, I understood specifically why it had been left there. I decided to become a storyteller in order to actively participate in the commemorations. I chose to tell the story of Silvana Serravalli, because when it happened she was around the same age as I am now. I am part of a theater company, and this perhaps helped me manage my strong emotions, which I won't deny that I had.

Don't Blame Me For This Silvana Serravalli Barbera

Route 7

August 1st, 1980. Today is my 34th birthday. Yes, I can say it... I am a fully realized woman. I am extraordinarily in love with my husband, Gioacchino. We have two splendid children, Alessandra who's four and Simona who's two, and we're expecting a third darling... but we don't know yet if it will be a boy or a girl... doesn't matter. I adore children and I have the good fortune of having a job that allows me to spend time with them; I teach in an elementary school in Bari. Every once in a while, I bring my daughter Alessandra with me: she likes to play with the other children; they like to do the conga together.

I have an extraordinary family, there's joy and happiness, always. I'm packing our suitcases. We leave tonight! Like we've done for the past few years, we'll spend our vacation in the mountains, in Fellicarolo. It's a small village in the province of Modena. My children have a lot of fun there surrounded by nature, and we also enjoy it. It's too hot in Bari in the summer... a little fresh air is what it takes... But we will not be alone, absolutely not. My sister will also be there with her husband and my sweet nieces. Sonia is still a child, while Patrizia became a woman without any of us even noticing: her boyfriend will also come with us, and she's excited for it. And then there are my parents. As if they could miss out! Now that I'm expecting, I let them spoil me a little, like when I was little. It's all ready. We're leaving. Destination Bologna. We hope the train isn't late. I can't wait to get there.

August 2. The night went well. The children slept peacefully. This delay is a shame, but we're almost in Bologna. Time to unload our cars from the train and the hard part will be over. We arrived in the station. Mamma mia, it's so hot here too! After all, we're in August... we can't be all that surprised. The men of the family go to get the cars. We women, together with my niece's boyfriend, wait for them to come back to get us, and while we wait we decide to go buy the newspaper and some magazines. I'm suddenly hungry though... and you know, often when you're expecting you have cravings you have to satisfy, right? I take my nieces and my own little ones with me; I'm sure they'll want something too. While we're walking, there's an incredible roar. It happens in a fraction of a second. The station seems to lift off the ground. I hear a deafening sound. What's happening? I don't understand. It's a moment. My daughters, my nieces!! I can't protect all of them. Instinctively, I shelter my daughters. I cover them with my body. From that moment on, darkness.

Francesco Dellisanti gave a voice to the life of Sonia Burri

One night in the second class waiting area at the Bologna station I was struck by the endless list of the victims, many of whom had the same surname, with so many different ages. This list is very different from those war memorials where the birth dates of the fallen are so close together. Imagining the last moments of those people in that place was a way to process my own fear while waiting for our train. I chose to tell the story of Sonia Burri, who was 7 years old - almost as old as I was during the time of the massacre. She was from Puglia like me, and she was as old as my daughter is now. It seemed natural and appropriate to give a voice to the carefree thoughts of a little girl with a short past, whose future was taken away in an instant...

The Darkness at the Bottom of the Sun

Sonia Burri

Route 7

This is the story of Sonia. Today, Sonia would have been around my age and wouldn't be telling her story, but on August 2, 1980, Sonia was seven years old and so this story has to be told with the eyes of a seven-year-old girl who sees the world from her own height. When I think of Sonia, I see her running and playing in her little room of her house in Bari. I see her dress and comb her doll's hair, building a house with Legos, doing some puzzles and then running away leaving everything a mess. I see her having a tantrum at night, when she's too tired and doesn't want to brush her teeth, and then being sweet in the morning, standing barefoot in front of her parents' bed with her doll in her hands. Sonia lives there with her family, it's July 9, 1980, her birthday, the perfect occasion to get together and talk about the upcoming vacation. Sonia is in her bedroom and plays with her little cousins, Simona and Alessandra, while her parents, aunts and uncles, grandparents, and her older eighteen-year-old sister, Patrizia, are in the living room.

They live in Bari. The sea isn't far and so for an "exotic" vacation they want to go to the mountains. They talk, plan the date, when they're going to leave, the route, the amount of time the trip will take, the stops that they'll have to make, the traffic that they'll encounter. They consult the road atlas, try to remember experiences from previous years, and the advice of those who already took that road. It's 1980. Navigators, GPS, and Google Maps don't exist. It's 1980, not even three lanes exist on the Adriatic highway, nor does air conditioning in the car. The trip will be long, there're small children, there're a lot of them, and it will be tight in the car. So they decide to take the train and load the cars onto the train so they can pick them up in Bologna, and then they'll drive to the hills. They will leave Saturday, August 2nd, the start of the vacation season for a lot of Italians. Sonia is enthusiastic to take this adventurous trip in a sleeper car.

But the night of the trip Sonia is a little scared. It's very dark in the train car, even though her mom, Lia, brought her a little light to break up the infinite darkness of the countryside. Luckily for Sonia, she has her red doll. It's so beautiful and she named her Rossella. She knows that it will help her to be less afraid, but also knows that she'll have to hold on tight to Rossella so that she isn't afraid either. Her dad, Renato, told her to think of nice things to make her fear of the dark go away. To think of everything she'll find in the hills. The sun, the meadows, the animals, and the good food to eat. The games with her cousins and the new kids she'll meet while they're there. He says to her that, after all, it's normal to be a little scared, that even he is a little scared because it's the first time he's traveling at night in a train too. To comfort her and make her go to sleep, he tells her the story of the turnip. Sonia knows that story well. She's heard it many times. Always the same, a little boring, but that's why it's comforting. That strange figure of a gigantic turnip pulled out

by a group of wild and varied people made her smile. The turnip was gigantic and the poor little old man, because he wanted to eat it, had to pull, pull, and pull, but without success, and then he asked for help from a little old lady, and then the little old lady from her little grandchild, and the grandchild from a dog, and so on until finally, a little mouse, last in a hierarchy of a supportive community. Sonia had understood that with help from everyone and the collaboration of different individuals, you could solve all the big problems. And so, sweetly reassured, she fell asleep.

In August, the morning comes quickly, long before the trains arrive in the station. Once they get off the train, the men have to go get the cars from the train's auto car, while the women go out toward the main hall of the station. Sonia plays with her little cousins, happy that she can run freely. "You can't catch me, you can't catch me... What's the matter? You forget how to run?..." The moms try to make them behave because they're afraid that they can hurt themselves, or that they'll end up on the tracks. In that moment, Sonia's mom, Lia, sees the newsstand and decides to buy a lottery ticket, even though usually she doesn't buy lottery tickets and doesn't even play the lotto. She doesn't believe in fortunes given away for free, but that morning she was in a station of a big city and thinks she might be luckier. She realizes she doesn't have the five thousand liras to pay for the ticket and calls to grandma. It's 10:25. Lia is left with a suspended arm holding the lottery ticket. A terrible ticket that she will never cash. There's a frightening roar and a cloud of gray, dense, suffocating dust envelops everything. A terrorized Lia runs away, not understanding where she is. She runs through broken glass, the sound of sirens, alarms, and agonizing screams, but then she goes back to rummage through the ruins and together with Sonia's dad, Renato, finds Sonia. She's still alive. She's gravely injured. She holds on tight to her doll, Rossella. Renato tries to calm her. "Hold Rossella, hold her close. It's nothing, you'll see that it'll all be over soon. We're going to the doctor now and everything will be alright." Renato takes Sonia in his arms. He notices that she's not his little Sonia anymore. She's too light to be his Sonia. Renato clenches his teeth to bear the unsustainable weight of her lightness.

For Sonia, everything is confused. The pain is too strong to understand what is happening to her. The only thing that she knows how to do is hold on tight to her doll. She feels like she's falling. She wants to grab the turnip and pull it out. She wants help from her father, Renato, and from Rossella. She no longer has the strength to pull. For two days and two nights she grasps the leaves that stick out of the ground. Then her hands slowly lose their grip. The turnip remains there and in an instant of light Sonia feels that on that sweltering Saturday the darkness didn't vanish.

Matteo Bergonzi gave a voice to the life of Gaetano Roda

My memories relating to August 2nd, 1980, unravel in a sequence of images and words that I absorbed from television clips and newspapers of the time, with a certainly complex understanding for a 9-year-old to have. In the course of my life, I have had the opportunity to read and learn much more about that date, and to form general ideas and opinions or to simply develop my thoughts in regards to the individual stories of some of the victims. I am fond of the city of Bologna for many personal reasons, and as soon as I learned about this project I wanted to participate. I am telling the story of Gaetano Roda, which particularly struck and interested me.

Emergency Brake

Gaetano Roda

Route 7

It's 10:20, Bologna Central Station, Saturday August 2nd, 1980. It's the peak of summer, and it's hot, truly very hot and there's a lot of coming and going. A lot of people coming and going from the doors of the grand atrium, people in line at the ticket counter, people in front of the schedule board, people on the platforms, people that are there to get on the train, people who just got off the train, people who are waiting for other people. Gaetano no. Gaetano is not getting off a train, not waiting for anyone, he doesn't have to buy a ticket... And he doesn't have to leave. Gaetano Roda is there because he has to work. He's only been working there for a few days... He's an employee of the State Railway! He used to work as a salesman and didn't like it anymore... And so he began studying. He had studied a lot, taken an exam, and after some time... they had written to him: he was one of the few selected! Then they had explained to him that before the job became permanent, he still had to study more: to learn to be... the station master. The station master!

At that moment Gaetano had just left the room where they conducted the course (the daily fifteen minute break). He walked slowly along Platform 1, he wanted to get a coffee... He walked slowly because there was a compact crowd, almost impenetrable... men, women, children, elderly, military... And bags: suitcases, handbags, backpacks... And shouts of joy, cries, greetings, hugs... He looked, and reflected on how he would have to be prepared for all of this when he finally started his new job as station master... Even though, of course, he won't be assigned to a station so big and important like Bologna... All of a sudden... Gaetano really started to feel hot. It's true that it's a very hot day, and then there are the trains with metal surfaces that reflect the sun's heat, and heat that comes from the concrete of the platforms, and the body heat of all the people around him; but now it doesn't seem normal to him anymore, because all this heat grows rapidly... And he's covered in it, as if suddenly, strangely, he got a fever. Right away, the thought brings him back in time... Many years ago, when he was a child, in bed with the flu and had a high fever... And, like then, the only action that comes to him spontaneously, naturally, automatically, is to close his eyes. Gaetano closes his eyes while the heat continues to get worse, and worse, and worse, and worse, and worse... Saturday August 2nd, 1980, at Bologna Central Station, it's 10:25.

Anna Vacchi gave a voice to the life of Maria Fresu

I gave my voice to Maria Fresu because I believe in the importance of remembrance and not just memories, which can be like stagnant archives. The *Cantiere 2 Agosto* initiative excites me. If you immerse yourself in the story and look at the eyes of the victims, their eyes shine bright like those of the youngest among them, Angela. She was Maria's daughter, and she is who the *Villanova di Castenaso* school is named after. Angela was a curly-haired little girl who reminds me of my daughter and who is the same age as she was. For me, they will no longer be just names.

For the First Time

Maria Fresu

Route 7

COMES OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR AND GETS TO THE STREET WITH A WHITE SUITCASE, NAILS POLISHED, AND WEARING A CLEAN AND NEAT DRESS.

I was a labor worker and was going on vacation: it was hot, it was August.

"Angela, come here! You can't wait to get there, right?"

Nails painted, eyebrows done: I was prepared and excited for my first vacation. My adult excitement had rubbed off on Angela and she, who wore a new dress to celebrate the trip, infected me with a childlike joy. The trip from Sardinia doesn't count; I took that one with my parents and my seven brothers to come work and live on the mainland. This on the other hand... was a true vacation, with my girlfriends! Verdiana, Silvana, Angela, and me. We're going to see Lake Garda, experience the magic of Venice, and take in the fresh air of Trentino destinations I've never reached.

"Did you know, sweetheart, that the streets in Venice are in the water?"

She looked at me, curious and amazed. At dawn, my brother brought us to the Empoli Station to take the train.

"Angela, stay close to me! Let's draw grandpa's tractor."

SHE OPENS THE WHITE SUITCASE; TAKES OFF THE DRESS, PUTS IT BACK IN THE SUITCASE, WHILE STILL WEARING A WHITE GOWN. FROM THE SUITCASE, SHE TAKES OUT A SMALL TEDDY BEAR.

Then, nothing more than shredded pieces of fabric. And now, nothing more than a name.

I was just over twenty years old and I will be forever.

Angela, my sweet baby, was and forever will be less than three years old.

SHE WALKS THROUGH THE DOOR FROM WHICH SHE CAME, LEAVING THE TEDDY BEAR ON THE GROUND.

Antonella Colombi gave a voice to the life of Angela Fresu

I was ten when the bomb went off at the station. I lived a few miles away as the crow flies, so I was able to hear the roar of the explosion very well. I remember that day, I remember the sound of the ambulance sirens, I remember the images on the news and the photo of the only surviving worker - who worked in the offices above the café - when they were pulled out from underneath the rubble. I remember the words of president Sandro Pertini, his anger and deep emotion. Even though I was only a child, I felt the anger of the city, the dismay and the sense of powerlessness. I also remember the admiration I felt for all those who came to help, because they had to hurry to get as many people out of the rubble as they could, even digging with their hands. Even now these memories make me emotional and I wonder if today the city of Bologna would be able to react in the same way, with the same solidarity and determination. Every year on August 2nd, my husband, my daughters (13 and 10 years old), and I participate in the commemoration, and each time there is an intense emotion that is difficult to explain... especially in that minute of silence that precedes the whistle of 10:25. I've been bringing my daughters since they were little. The nursery school they attended is named after Angela Fresu. Now they know very well who Angela Fresu was and they know what August 2nd, 1980, means for Bologna. The *Cantiere* project is an opportunity to give voice to those who are no longer with us; the silence of their absence would be as distressing as the roar of that explosion.

Into Each Other's Eyes: The True Fairytale of Angela Fresu

Angela Fresu

Route 7

SHE WALKS ON STAGE FROM THE SAME DOOR THAT MARIA FRESU'S NARRATOR JUST USED TO EXIT

Each day, I walk past the nursery school that my daughters attended. On the side of the door and up and on the right, there's a plaque that says: "ANGELA FRESU NURSERY SCHOOL 1977 - Bologna Station 8.2.1980."

SHE PICKS UP THE TEDDY BEAR DROPPED BY MARIA FRESU.

Who was Angela Fresu? Angela was born September 3, 1977 and lived with her mom, Maria, her uncles and grandparents in Gricciano di Montespertoli, near Florence. That day, Angela was finally leaving for a two-week vacation in Lake Garda with her mom. They were going to spend some time together without worrying about rules, schedules, or daily tasks. Two weeks to enjoy the cuddles. That day, Angela wore her little red dress, her mom's favorite. And she had brought some toys with her, maybe her doll or her favorite teddy bear, the one she held onto in bed to defeat her fear of the dark. Before leaving, she said goodbye to the kittens that were born not too long before, promising that she would return soon, very soon. One last time on the swings in front of her house, one more and then off to the station, wanting to run wild like the kid she was. She liked keeping her grandma company. She also loved to go on the tractor with her grandpa, Salvatore, on the fields too. "What animal is that?" "And what kind of plant is that?" "Why is the dirt brown?" "Why is the sky blue and the clouds white?" "Why? Why? Why? But why? She will start nursery school in September and on the first day her mom will accompany her. They'll both feel emotional for the first important separation. Her mom will hug her tightly and say, "now you are big and can be with the other kids your age, you'll play a ton of fun games with them, because the kindergarten is a place just for kids, where you can make a mess and get dirty without getting in trouble, where you can draw with pencils, with paint brushes and even with your fingers." Angela will look at her mom

with her big black eyes searching for reassurance. She'll be a little afraid, but then her curiosity and desire to learn new things will give her a drive to start this adventure.

This is the true fairytale of Angela Fresu; we prefer to tell it like this, without an ending.

SHE REENTERS THE SAME DOOR FROM WHICH SHE CAME.

Luana Antonelli gave a voice to the life of Verdiana Bivona

I live near Florence. When I heard about the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project, I immediately wanted to participate because I remember well when the massacre happened. I was 16 years old and those images have remained inerasable in my memory, as has the sense of anguish, which I feel every time I come back to Bologna and see the site of the explosion again, where there is the wound still open on the wall and the list of the dead. I try to imagine their thoughts while they unknowingly edged closer to a vile and cruel fate.

In Flight Verdiana Bivona

Route 7

I want to share a secret with you. I know how to fly. Yes, I can fly. You don't believe? I've always done it, from the moment I was born. The only girl of three children, with an old-fashioned dad and a sick mother, I had to stop going to school and roll up my sleeves to be the lady of the house and work.

At the end of each day of work I was very tired. What can I tell you, spending eight hours at the sewing machine, with the smell of animal hides and glue, while all your friends were at school, or heading to Val D'Elsa on motor-scooters; it was a lot. But I still flew high, imagining that the life I wanted was there just waiting for me, over in some corner of the world. I dreamed... mom cured, dad smiling, and my brothers... no, they were fine.

When Vito married Vera, I walked him down the aisle. Oh how I flew! I was flying to my own wedding! I already saw myself with a fairytale dress standing next to the most beautiful man in the world! Then the first vacation came with my best friends, Maria and Silvana. An incredible adventure for me. I couldn't believe it! I was there in the waiting area. Two hours late, but we didn't care, because we knew that it would be great. We believed it... But that day I flew away forever, swept away by a black wind, a hateful storm. Impossible to imagine. I didn't study, I only finished middle school, but... I can't understand why something like this would happen, and neither can the people who went to college. How can anyone understand that innocent people have to pay with their lives in the name of a distorted and sick belief. How can you understand the hate? How can you fathom the death of children? How can the people who committed this crime live with themselves? I don't understand. I don't have answers. We don't have answers.

Only those who are alive can look for answers. For me, for us, it doesn't matter anymore. But for you, who can prevent it from happening again, it is essential! I only know that a deafening silence erased all of my dreams, and those of many others around me. But I still fly. Each time someone remembers me, remembers who I am, who we are, who we were, I fly.

Silvana Conversano gave a voice to the life of Francesco Antonio Lascala

I am originally from Puglia, but I moved to Emilia over 35 years ago. Over the years I have participated in initiatives regarding August 2nd as many times as I possibly could, and I could not keep myself from participating in this important project that once again remembers the lives of the people who were so horribly taken away from us by the bomb.

Off Schedule

Francesco Antonio Lascala

Route 7

STANDING, IN FRONT OF A BENCH, WEARING UNISEX CLOTHES AND A FISHERMAN'S VEST. FISHING TOOLS LEANING ON THE BENCH.

NARRATOR: "Like many others, Francesco died because of a late train. The morning of August 2nd, Francescantonio, from Reggio Calabria, retired telephone operator from the National Railways, was standing on Platform One waiting for the 11:05 train that would take him to Fidenza and then to Cremona to spend a few days at his daughter's house. His daughter Vincenza, Enza, was twenty-seven and she was married to a hotel doorman, Osvaldo Ottoni.

He'd prepared fishing rods and reels to go fishing with his son-in-law and to enjoy his favorite pastime: fishing in the rivers and lakes of Northern Italy.

Francesco Antonio lived in Reggio Calabria with his wife Elvira, and their youngest son Giuseppe, twenty-five.

"That Saturday - Domenico recounts, the oldest of Francescantonio's three children - I turned on the TV like every day to watch the news at 1:00. When I heard about the disaster and I saw the clock of the station stopped at 10:26, my blood froze; I understood immediately that something must've happened to my father. Around 9:30, in fact, he had called from Bologna to let us know that he had arrived three hours late and had missed the connection, and told us to reassure my sister, Vincenza, in case she was alarmed over his missed arrival. Thoughtful as he was, if my father had escaped the massacre he surely would've called home again to put our hearts at peace."

HE SITS, WEARING A FISHERMAN'S HAT.

FRANCESCO ANTONIO LASCALA:

"How can it be, it was so hot, there's thunder now?" At this point, I could already be at Enza and her husband's home, damn the National Railways, always late!" (CHUCKLES) "Hey, I shouldn't even say it, I know how these things go, I worked for them for years and years, even if it was behind the scenes. But... I feel like I've been waiting for too long, and I don't see the people who were around me anymore. What's going on? Wait, I'm gonna take a look at the reels and fishing poles... well, it seems like everything is in place. And Osvaldo prepared the rest for me. My mind isn't what it used to be, hey, years go by but there are always worries! I hope Domenico fixes the situation with his wife soon; they have a young daughter who needs a mom and dad. And our Giuseppe, the little one, who's worked enough to deserve a steady job at this point. He's so good, but for now only odd jobs! Elvira is so good at balancing money, my poor wife, but for now the pension from the railways keeps us going. She insisted on this little trip to see Enza. She knows that Osvaldo likes to fish like I do, and we have planned a few nice outings. To see my dear Enza and to get away from my problems will do me good. They still haven't announced my train's arrival? Truly, I don't even hear the others being announced. I feel like I'm immersed in a dry fog, I don't understand. But here, I'm still alone! Totò, you didn't fall asleep, did you? What happened? It

doesn't seem like I'm even in the station. But where did I end up, and how did I get here? Is someone there?

Route 8

Guides: Renata Venturelli, Rita Zorzetto, Nadia Pinelli

Piazza Minghetti, in front of the Post Office

1. Maria Angela Marangon narrated by Daniela Bombonato

Piazza Cavour

2. Mauro Di Vittorio narrated by Giampaolo Liberti

Piazza San Domenico

3. Roberto Procelli narrated by Angelo Mauro Caivano

12 Piazza San Domenico, next to the Basilica of San Domenico

4. Berta Ebner narrated by Claudia Soffritti

10 Piazza San Domenico, next to the apse of San Domenico

5. Salvatore Seminara narrated by Albertina Malferrari
6. Antonino Di Paola narrated by Fabrizio Venturelli

Daniela Bombonato gave a voice to the life of Maria Angela Marangon

Since 2003, I have participated in the commemoration of the victims of the August 2nd massacre. I attend because of work and personal reasons. The commemorative banners are marched from *Piazza del Nettuno* along *via Indipendenza*, arriving at *Piazza Medaglie d'Oro* at a slow pace, on silent tiptoes, in order to pay respect to the victims and their loved ones, so as not to distract the mind from remembering. In 1980, with the eyes of a child living in another city, I observed the images broadcast on TV and saw my parents' fear. Today, as a woman, I believe it is necessary to keep the memory of people alive and to raise awareness among young people as much as possible. Considering my Venetian origins, I decided to participate in *Cantiere 2 Agosto* as a storyteller, to tell the story of a girl native to Rosolina (near Rovigo), Maria Angela Marangon, who worked in Bologna and was at the station that Saturday to return home to her family.

Is Someone There?

Maria Angela Marangon

Route 8

My entire life is in this bag; in this small wallet I keep the things that are dear to me... yes because, for about eight months I've been living in Bologna, I work for the Ferretti family, my job is to look after their two kids, mainly the little girl, she's two and so sweet; but I have to keep an eye on the little boy as well. He attends elementary school and has homework to do. I live with them, in their house, a very welcoming family, we often travel. I never traveled so much in my life. Just think, I just got back from a vacation in Riccione, you see how tan my skin is? And yes, I was always on the beach to play with the kids; ah, here's a photo, look at the umbrellas, the beach chairs, the sand. But look, these are the pictures of my nephew, I brought them with me because the lady I worked for wanted to see him, I always talk about him. But, if I can be honest, the trip that I love most is the one with the 1:00 o'clock train that leaves from Bologna and takes me to Rosolina. When I get on, I already smell home, and when I get off I always find my father waiting for me, he never misses it. He's a very generous man, everyone is welcome in his home, a quality that I see in my siblings and yes, I miss them too: Guidina, Gianni, and Luigino. I miss them so much. You should know that we all live in a big house with a yard where we can host our friends. It's beautiful to be all together, because my siblings' friends are also my friends. Speaking of which, I remember one time we hosted a friend's little brother after they lost their father, and for a few days he slept in bed between me and my sister. My brothers are all graduates, dad cared a lot about our studies, but I left school during my junior year, even though I enjoyed studying (I had good grades); I had health problems though, so I didn't finish school. When I have a pen in hand I start and don't stop. I wrote so many poems in my youth. Just think, at twelve, I put a personal ad in the newspaper "penpals wanted", and my bedroom was flooded with letters: big, small, colored, scented. I couldn't respond to all of them, so I chose three of them: a girl from Cavarzere, another one from Brescia, but my real friend was Adele, I wrote so much to her, so much that it seemed only natural to ask my sister during a vacation in the Naples area to go all the way to Somma Vesuviana to bring her a little gift, and from that moment on our families started getting together. I always had an active imagination and was open to new experiences; just think how even for this job I put an ad in the newspaper. It was a sad time in my life because I didn't find work in Rosolina, and so I gave myself a challenge. My ad didn't go unnoticed, two people contacted me, a gentleman from Mestre and Mr. Ferretti. It wasn't an easy choice; I asked for help from my family,

to understand which position was most suitable for me and the choice fell on Bologna, both for logistic convenience and for the liveliness of the place which is closer to my nature. And that's why I'm here in front of you today to tell my story. Today is finally Friday and tomorrow I'll go home and see my friends, I have many in Rosolina. We don't need much to have fun. Often we go to Venice, where I met Paolo, a soldier... look, look, this is the Venice postcard, where he wrote his address for me; it's all creased; of course it is, I always hold it in my hand, I look at it, I caress it like a precious thing... I think I'm going to leave earlier on Saturday, so I'll have more time to be with my siblings and plan to meet up with him. Who knows if something will come of it...

Giampaolo Liberti gave a voice to the life of Mauro Di Vittorio

I am 28 years old and I was born in Bologna. I attended the linguistic high school and then I graduated in Cultural Heritage and Art History and Conservation. I joined the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project because I have been participating in the commemoration for several years and I think it is very important to give voice to the victims of the massacre.

Brother Diary Mauro Di Vittorio

Route 8

MAURO'S BROTHER:

"I can even afford to get some breakfast and at 1:00 I take the ferry. London here I come. I take a walk around the ferry and three hours pass right away. Dover, with its white cliffs, is in front of me."

London, this was the destination of my brother, Mauro, 24 years old, a guy who was always traveling, he wanted to see the world and learn English, and so he had decided to visit the British capital (even though, as he said, in London it was easier to end up learning Sardinian or Spanish).

Mauro had a goal like other young people: find a job. After middle school he had studied electromechanics, doing odd jobs for some time, but soon he was unemployed.

Unfortunately, Mauro never made it to London, the city for which he had so many plans, and all for a purely economic matter; he didn't have enough money to support himself, and in Dover the English police sent him back.

And his friend and companion for the trip, Peppe, is worse off than him. He was forced to stop in Freiburg for a subway ticket he hadn't paid for two years earlier in Munich. This episode, like the stops during the trip, the encounters, could be reconstructed thanks to his diary, rediscovered under the ruins of the station:

"Peppe is really depressed because they won't tell him what they're going to do, so we decide that I'll hitchhike and then send him money from London."

At the end, even Mauro had to go back; he returned to Italy and the morning of August 2nd he was at the station. All of us, his relatives and friends, believed he was already in London; perhaps we liked to imagine him standing in front of the marvelous white cliffs of Dover. Instead, eight days later, on August 10th, his identity card was found among the pieces of plaster of the station.

Mauro's was one of the last bodies identified. For this reason, today and always, I'm here to remember Mauro, a very introverted but immensely generous man. And his friends remember him this way:

"A generous man who would give 400 of the 500 lira he had in his pocket to his friends if they needed it."

Angelo Mauro Caivano gave a voice to the life of Roberto Procelli

On August 2nd, 1980, I was enlisted in the Command Unit of the Trieste Brigade in Bologna, in the now abandoned Mazzoni Barracks. That morning I was serving as a driver, and I was directed to support operations at the Bologna station. That contact with the massacre and with the response of the city was a touching experience; over time, this inerasable memory has become a vital and enduring resource for me. Because of those experiences and my subsequent in-depth study of those events, which I carried out over many years, I have realized the need for the collective conservation and sharing of memory. I consider this a right and a duty: a lesson on humanity and awareness. This is why I joined the *Cantiere* project. Roberto Procelli, who was from San Leo di Anghiari, near Arezzo, and whose story I am honored to tell, was at the station that August 2nd because he too was in the military in Bologna.

Piripim Pim Pim Roberto Procelli

Route 8

The little soldiers, piripim pim pim
with a little stick, piripim pim pim
they winked at the girls.
Play the drum, play the bass drum,
the brass band passes, the battalion passes ...

Since I was a child, I sang this nursery rhyme at summer camp. It was the quick march that accompanied us during our walks in the woods. Just like little soldiers, we wore the same uniform, we were put into squads, each with a “commander,” and we slept in dorms. We learned to share and have fun; well, we had some quarrels and, like the little men we were, we wanted to play “war” sometimes: boom, bang, and we made pistols and rifles with the branches in the woods, and a pinecone became a hand grenade; but ours were happy and peaceful summer camps!

Then, a little older, just of age, we men wore other uniforms; others were marchers and provided some music. We weren’t at war, luckily, but now the “game” was serious and lasted a year. We learned something concrete about war and to consider it a possible occurrence that we might need to know how to defend our Homeland!

Gunner Roberto Procelli, 5th group in 1980, 121st Light Anti-Aircraft Artillery Regiment, Bologna; assistant in the regimental office!

But I like to play soccer: soccer is my passion and I’m an attacker. I like to finish what I start, including goals! War on the other hand is not something I liked, not even when I was a child; as a game that is. I don’t want to think about it: the military draft is enough! As soon as I finished high school, I also found a job right away as an accountant at a car dealership in Anghiari; so when I left for my mandatory military service in the spring, it felt even more like a joke because of how quickly everything was happening. And I love my little town, San Leo di Anghiari! It’s small, but there’s everything I need: my parents Ilda and Rinaldo are there, my grandmother Anita, who looked after me when they emigrated, friends from the bar, yeah, the ones I play soccer with at the field in San Leo. And Stefania: we started dating just before I left, even though we knew and liked each other since we were children. Luckily at least Bologna isn’t far from my town. My fellow soldiers from Sicily and Calabria in the barracks tell me that it takes them two days to get home. Imagine that!

But this isn't the first time that I left my town: I went to middle school in Zurich, to be close to my parents who were there for work. Other than a victorious fist fight with two Swiss guys who attacked me and my cousin Walter because we were Italians, I was doing well there. And Bologna's beautiful. After the first month of training in Ascoli Piceno, the commander of the regiment told us right when we got here: this season is the best in Bologna; in the summer it's too hot, it's sweltering. But the spring in Bologna, enjoy it!

I like the tranquility of San Leo: the green, the countryside, my parents' tobacco field that I help cultivate. Bologna is a city, on the other hand, that's full of life; the people in Bologna are serious but know how to be energetic and fun, so days off are never boring. Here they call to us, "Hey, you, soldier!" and that I don't like that much...But, I understand that even though we go out without uniforms, we still look like soldiers! Today I'm going on leave and I can't wait! I want to tell my dad that when I leave the service next spring, I want to put flowers in our tobacco field, even a bush of red roses, and a fruit tree: an apricot tree. I want to see it grow and be full of fruit in the summer!

Pe perepe, pe perepe!

Mister of this, parapam pam pam

Mister of that,

It is an oath full of ...

"It is an oath full of loyalty,"

The song continued: don't betray what is dear and be virtuous. A breath of wind swept away, high up, words, thoughts, and dreams.

There was a war after all; undeclared, treacherous, cowardly, and fratricidal.

The little soldiers, piripim pim pim

with a little stick, piripim pim pim

at the commander they raise the rifle,

piripim pim pim

Play the trumpet, play the bass drum

the fanfare passes, the battalion passes.

Claudia Soffritti gave a voice to the life of Berta Ebner

I joined the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project because I believe that the theater is a fundamental tool for understanding and processing memory, and because I wanted to personally honor the victims of the massacre. I find that this story-telling initiative for volunteer citizens has not only contributed to keeping our memory alive, but has also increased awareness by adding new perspectives to the collective consciousness, honoring the meaning of a day which already impacts the city so much.

On the Edge

Berta Ebner

Route 8

There is a boy with light blue eyes and acne on his face. He's about 15 years old. He speaks a language that I don't understand, but he's gentle, he smiles at me and invites me in. He tells me: "This is your home."

Seltsam, die Wünsche nicht weiterzuwünschen (1)

Yes, I recognize my home: those stone steps.

"Elisabeth, Elisabeth" and the dark wooden door with the impression of vine and oak; the four windows that faced the street, the great balcony, the tower. In the back, there's the garden. I can also hear the voice of the river.

Was bittest du? [...] Hast du irgendwo ein Ding zurückgelassen? (2)

That morning, when I left, I left all of my things behind, but I had forewarned:

"Tomorrow I'm leaving."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know, I'll tell you when I get there"

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No."

Yes, I did have the feeling that I had an appointment, that I had to meet someone or something. Or maybe I only dreamt it.

Engel und Puppe: dann ist endlich Schauspiel (3)

I also had the feeling that wherever I was going, I wouldn't need any of my things.

Sag ihm die Dinge. Er wird staunender stehn (4)

I was going, light like the river, searching for my delta.

I was traveling, with a tiny suitcase and a yellow flower sewed on my jacket.

Nothing remained and no one knows why I was there that morning.

(1) Rainer Maria Rilke, Duino Elegies, First

(2) Rainer Maria Rilke, Für eine Freundin

- (3) Rainer Maria Rilke, Duino Elegies, Fourth
- (4) Rainer Maria Rilke, Duino Elegies, Ninth

Albertina Malferrari gave a voice to the life of Salvatore Seminara

I believe that every initiative aimed at keeping the memory of such a tragic event alive must be collaborative, either by including common people as either performers or spectators. In this specific case, I was much more invested in this event because I performed. Of course the responsibility was great, but so is the seriousness of the motivation that moves not only Bologna but the whole nation. I can only hope that I've met the expectations of the project: this time the bar was high. I am thankful for the opportunity.

A Short Leave Salvatore Seminara

Route 8

"Salvatore is back in Catania. I saw him walking in town a few days ago."

"Yeah he's back but he has to go back to Bologna again: there's no work here." Salvatore Seminara is an esteemed specialized worker at 34 years old: young, so he had all the energy needed for a life of transfers.

He stayed with family for a few months in Catania: his father, mother, sister and younger brother, Giuseppe, who was enrolled in medical school; he wanted to be a doctor and you need a lot of money for that. Salvatore had to take care of everything and everyone. Giuseppe's studies were already advanced and it would be a shame to interrupt them.

So Salvatore returned to Bologna and rented a room, which wasn't too hard with all the students living there.

This time he was even happier because he was able to live with Antonino, a young guy from Palermo, who, like himself, worked there. Even though someone from Palermo and someone from Catania don't have the same accent, in the end they get each other all the same and when they're together, it feels like a breath of fresh air from home.

By then, Salvatore had been to Bologna a few other times and he liked it.

It's August: "Salvatore you're not coming down? Come down...as if Italy was a tall building lying on the sea floor."

"I haven't decided yet."

His brother Giuseppe had joined the military; he was in Vercelli, which wasn't that far from Bologna. He was given a short leave and, along with Salvatore, they decided to spend a day together in Bologna.

It's Saturday, August 2nd: August 2nd, 1980.

Salvatore was getting ready and he met up with his friend Antonio, both going to the Central Station, exchanging ideas about how to spend the day as they walk. So let's see. Surely, they'd visit the Two Towers, the Crescentone with il Gigante, the Basilica of San Petronio, the Pavaglione and then down all the way to the Giardini Margherita Park, and if it's not too hot, up to San Michele di Bosco, where they could see a beautiful panorama of the city from above and get a bit of fresh air. Then, maybe, who knows, climb up to San Luca, but since the cable car isn't there anymore, it's a hike. Salvatore had been there and he enjoyed it very much.

They got to the station a little bit before Giuseppe's train arrived, but the time table in the main hall said that it would be late; it's known that the army only pays for men to travel on slow trains. It's 10 o'clock: Salvatore and Antonio wait around a bit, pacing back and forth; then they decide to go into the waiting room. They looked for two seats, but the room was packed: it was a day of mass travel and there was a bit of chaos. Ah here was one and there's another a little farther away.

"Excuse me sir, could you please move your bag so my friend and I can sit next to each other?"

"That bag isn't mine.."

It was 10:25, Salvatore and Antonio don't have time to sit down.

"Eusebio, did you hear the crash?"

"Sure, yeah, but it must've been an airplane."

"An airplane. Even the glass in the windows shook and they were open.."

When, after many hours, Giuseppe arrived at the station, it had already happened and he found himself in front of the devastation. The explosion caused an entire wing of the building to collapse. The broadcast of the images, some censored for decency, had already been playing on the 10 o'clock news. Giuseppe would search for Salvatore, in a state of mind we probably can't imagine. He would find him later at the hospital. The rest is history. That kind with a capital "H".

Fabrizio Venturelli gave a voice to the life of Antonino Di Paola

In my youth I worked in various hotels on the Adriatic coast; this “forced” me to pass through the café at the Bologna station at 10:22 AM on August 2nd, 1980. The fact that I passed through the station so close to the moment of the explosion (and again that same evening to get back to work, in Rimini) has certainly left a mark on me. I would like the memory of that day - which is ineradicable for me - to become ineradicable in the mind of every person, especially in the minds of younger people, who have perhaps heard little about this event.

1 X 2

Antonino Di Paola

Route 8

Today is an odd day for me. I am two people at the same time.

I'm Fabrizio Venturelli and on August 2nd, 1980 I was at the Bologna Central Station three minutes before the bomb went off.

I am also Antonino Di Paola. The same day, from that same explosion, I was hit full-on and lost my life.

Like in some macabre game, that morning I, Fabrizio, decided to open the door to the café, going farther away from the area that was then destroyed by the bomb, while - maybe in those same moments - I, Antonino Di Paola, opened the door to the second class waiting room: the last door of my life.

Today I am here to commemorate who Antonino Di Paola, from Palermo, was.

I was a guy like most, happy and very close to my family. From January 1980 on I had been working in Bologna. I called home often - I was worried because my parents had received an eviction notice. This pushed me to work hard to earn as much as I could and buy them an apartment.

I spent a good amount of my time in train stations. I worked for a company in Bologna called Stracuzzi, which installed electrical equipment for railway signals. I had visited many stations in my life: Palermo, Messina, Caltanissetta, then Trieste and Monfalcone, up and down Italy. The owner and my coworkers liked me and valued my work. I stopped school after middle school, but I was determined and, thanks to my work experience, I could perform far more demanding tasks. On August 9, 1980 I would be going back to Palermo for vacation: traveling by train, obviously. Finally, I would be able to see my family and my nieces and nephews: I was sure they would love the comic books I brought them from Bologna. Maybe I'd also revive my quiz show on a private radio. I loved it so much... I had fun and my hobby made quite an impression on the ladies, I have to admit. Instead? Instead... the morning of August 2nd, 1980 I was at the station, but not for work: I had decided to spend my day off with my friend and colleague, Salvatore Seminara. His brother, Giuseppe, was coming to Bologna for a short leave from his military service. Giuseppe's train was late, so we decided to sit in the second class waiting room to wait for him. No vacation. No comics for nieces and nephews. No radio quiz program. It was too late for all that: it was already 10:25 on August 2nd, 1980.

Route 9

Guides: Mara Schiavon, Irene Aprile

Largo Giuliano Benassi, in front of Santa Lucia

1. Marina Antonella Trolese narrated by Daniele Castellari
2. Anna Maria Salvagnini Trolese narrated by Silvia Brunini

42 Via Cartoleria

3. Vittorio Vaccaro narrated by Marcello "Targi" Parmeggiani
4. Eleonora Geraci Vaccaro narrated by Maria Chiara Sabattini

Via Orfeo corner Piazza del Baraccano

5. Amorveno Marzagalli narrated by Marcella Carbonelli

Piazza del Baraccano

6. Paolo Zecchi narrated by Lorenzo Vacchi
7. Viviana Bugamelli Zecchi narrated by Jonathan Ferramola

Largo Vittorio Emanuele II - Giardini Margherita, near the equestrian statue

8. Paolino Bianchi narrated by Romano Trerè

Daniele Castellari gave a voice to the life of Marina Antonella Trolese

I am a Latin and Italian teacher at the Aldo Moro Scientific High School in Reggio Emilia. I was in my first year of studying literature at the University; I had continued to commute to Bologna until late July to study at the library before the break. The emotion I felt upon seeing the clock of “my” station stopped at 10:25 has never left me. I was struck by the story of Marina Antonella Trolese, a 16-year-old high school student who was struck by the bomb just as she was about to go on a study trip in England. My storytelling is enhanced by emotion - it has been truly cathartic. Do you have any idea how many girls and boys I see leaving every summer for similar activities? I feel nauseous just thinking about the 85 promising futures that were let down that day.

Ex Cathedra

Marina Antonella Trolese

Route 9

HE IS SEATED BEHIND A DESK; BEHIND HIM, ON THE SIDE, A BLACKBOARD. ON THE DESK, A SMALL STEREO SYSTEM PLAYS “THE HOT WIND OF SUMMER” BY ALICE. Alice sings Battiato... the hot wind of summer.. the end... The Olympics were also finishing that August 2nd, in Moscow, yes that one with the boycotts... ⁴ For Marina the wait was over and she was leaving. Marina Antonella Trolese was a 16 year-old girl going to England on holiday. Sure – why not – to learn a bit of the language. “English will help you” – They repeatedly told her, even though she’s not bad at English. Look here. (HE SHOWS HER REPORT CARD, FROM WHICH HE READS OTHER GRADES; HE COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THE DESK AND GOES TO STAND IN FRONT OF IT.) For someone like me, who still speaks like Sordi in the movies, when they told me to learn English I didn’t know when I’d ever need it. They said “It’ll help you”, and I’m still asking: when? That August 2nd I was at the beach, fresh out of my first year at university in Bologna and straight from my Aesthetics exam. I had studied beauty: the beauty that is within things, in art, in life, in lessons of the great teachers that were standing in front of me: Ezio Raimondi, Luciano Anceschi... beauty and the future go together. Without one, we cannot even think about the other. What was Marina’s future? The immediate future: August. With her sister, Chiara, in England. The near future: September. She’d go back to school, to her classics high school Tito Livio, in the heart of Padua, with her summer homework for Greek and Latin already done. It was not obvious that it was already done, those with children know. The first two years of high school are over and thus you can finally read the beautiful texts. Dante, Homer, Catullus, Sappho: grammar loosens its grip and beauty enters that classroom. Maybe that beauty has presented himself in the form of that third-year boy... At that time I was dating Lilia, a girl the same age as Marina. Ten years later she became my wife. Beauty and the future. (HE GOES TO THE BOARD TO DRAW OUT THE FASTEST ROUTES WITH CHALK) We had known each other for a little while, I remember the races from via Zamboni to the station to catch the local train for Piacenza: platform 4 in the west wing, as to arrive before the evening and see her for at least a few minutes. 6 PM. The general linguistics lesson ends, via Zamboni, number 38. With a fast pace I’d enter via del Guasto, bend slightly to the right onto via Centotrecento and I’m already on via Irnerio, where it’s difficult to run because of the crowd and because of the floor that gets wet and

⁴ Alice is an Italian singer, who collaborated with Franco Battiato on many songs during the 1980s. Her song “Il vento caldo dell’estate”, translated above as “the hot wind of summer”, was her breakthrough Italian single.

becomes slippery.⁵ I saved the last sprint for the stairs in Montagnola Park and I dashed into the station. And when I couldn't do it: the long wait in the waiting room – yes, in that waiting room -- where books resigned themselves to our student gaze, to us with our thoughts divided o between The Name of the Rose and the girl who was waiting for us. (HE TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE, STANDING IN FRONT OF THE BOARD) And what were you thinking about that morning, Marina? About a twenty year-old boy who had complimented you? That good looking guy you met the evening of the party, together with Anna... were you thinking about when you'd see him again at the end of the holiday? I see your peers of today preparing as you would've, you know, backpacks and shoulder bags. They still take trains and airplanes to England. They're girls with phones on them and music shrunk inside invisible devices, but if you look closely, they still have the fragile and insecure look of those who take the first steps of adult life. For 30 years I've seen them start their 3rd year of high school and tell me on the last day of school about a summer like this where they'll go abroad to study and we'll meet again in September: girls with bags, bookbags, backpacks, suitcases. Summer swallows getting a taste of the future. Perhaps today you would have a daughter who would leave for England. It hurts me to imagine all this. So I won't say that you never got to England. That on August 2nd you and Chiara came to Bologna by train because you had never been here. That your father didn't trust you to go alone and so your mother, Anna Maria, accompanied you together with your brother Andrea. That you should have taken the bus and after a brief stay in Paris... I won't say that the bomb went off and stopped beauty and the future. That your mother died immediately and that you were hospitalized in serious condition in Bologna, because of the wounds and burns. That on August 11th your father wanted to move you to the hospital in Padua. That the doctors were helpless in the face of all those burns and they had to sedate you to not see you suffer terribly. I cannot say what you might have thought about during those ten days: your mother, your siblings, the unspeakable pain of fading away. Without that train, without that twenty year-old boy, without England.

HE TURNS UP THE VOLUME OF THE MUSIC, GOES TO THE BOARD AND ERASES WHAT HE'S WRITTEN

⁵ All of these "vias" are main roads in Bologna.

Silvia Brunini gave a voice to the life of Anna Maria Salvagnini Trolese

To give a voice is to be an active part of a memory. I am driven by this fact. Each year, I tell my children, my children's friends, and my friends' children what happened in Bologna when I was 13 years old. I remember that day incredibly well... where I was, what I was doing, what they were saying in my home... I can't imagine future generations forgetting or dismissing that day... or worse they might confuse events, perpetrators, or motives. It would be the worst mode of cover-up possible. I want to be part of a collective story which will allow us to never forget. We must conserve Memory, demand Truth, and give Life to those who had it taken away. "Every failure to remember is a failure to bring those responsible to justice."

Where Are You?

Anna Maria Salvagnini Trolese

Route 9

Good morning, excuse me... have you seen my children? I lost sight of them a little while ago... a moment before the blast... their names are Andrea and Chiara. She's 15, Andrea's younger but he already looks as old as his sister. They have to be around here somewhere... the oldest, Marina, I caught a glimpse of her a little while ago. She was going, as usual, to look for a newspaper to read on the train. You know, the trip to Milan is long and then they also have the plane ride to England... yes, my girls are finally going to study a bit of English, you know, one of those study abroad trips... I don't really remember where they're going but it will definitely be a meaningful experience... they really wanted to go and Pasquale and I are happy that they are going but also a little worried... you never know what can happen to two girls in a couple of weeks away from home... Andrea wanted to go too, but we didn't think he was ready yet. He'll stay with us for a few days in Sant'Angelo and then maybe he can go to Padua with his friends and go to the pool.

When the girls come back, we're all going to the beach together. We hope that Pasquale won't have to stay in Sant'Angelo the last few weeks of August.. that medical practice has started to take up so much of his time. Then, after September 1st, I'll be swallowed up by school again, my second family.

Excuse me, have you seen my children??? Marina, Andrea, Chiara... actually they each go by two names, a little family habit... Marina Antonella, Andrea Pietro, Chiara Elisa... like me, Anna Maria and my husband, Pasquale Elia... it seems a bit pretentious I know, but we like it...

I teach in Padua at Palladio Middle School. I love my work even if it's very tiring... a couple days ago I finished organizing all the materials from last year and I was already starting to think about the kids I'll have next year... I still don't know if I'll have the third years again and frankly, I would prefer to have first years, so at least I'll have them for all three years... I like to follow them for a long time, to see them grow and change... after all, even Chiara and Marina are only a few years older than them and seeing my students grow is kind of like seeing my own children... by the way, have you seen them? Why do they always have to go and do this? We have to be at the platform soon... I haven't even figured out which one... I'll check when they get back, for now I'd rather not leave the suitcases... among other things, since my train back to Padua leaves much later than the girls' train, I brought the minutes of last faculty meeting from June, so I can finish them and tomorrow I'll finally feel like I'm on holiday too... Andrea, Chiara, Marina...where have they gone? I can't believe they're cutting it so close... if we risk missing the train... England... what will the girls do in these coming days? Don't make fun of me, I'm not a particularly anxious mother, otherwise, I wouldn't have sent them to study abroad... but understand that, for me, it's a new experience,

knowing they're in a place so different from home... at least they're together... tonight, as soon as I get home, I'll probably start thinking about where they are and when we'll be able to talk with them.. it'll be a little complicated and expensive. We agreed to call at least a couple of times because, as they say, no news is good news. Andrea... Chiara... where did you go? You know I'm having trouble breathing? Marina, where are you?

Marcello “Targi” Parmeggiani gave a voice to the life of Vittorio Vaccaro

For me, August 2nd, 1980, was the day that I became an adult, the day that I gained an awareness of the world that had surrounded me for 16 carefree years. I could have been there, awaiting death on a train headed for the sea, but I wasn't. In order to give meaning to the death of all those innocent people, over the years I've continually supported the commemorations - which are more and more ignored by the State - and the determination of the Association of the Victims' Families in its pursuit of the Truth. A person is never gone when someone remembers them or talks about them. You can make a person alive by remembering them. This initiative is honorable because it does exactly that. I am honored to be a part of it.

A Career Cut Short Vittorio Vaccaro

Route 9

IN A PERIOD COSTUME, IN FRONT OF THE CLOSED DUSE THEATER

“They cut off my acting career!” I wanted to be an actor, yeah, what about it? On the other hand, there's no one else like me, look around. “You should be an actor,” my friends from Sassolarte in Casalgrande, near Reggio Emilia, told me. I joke with them and make them laugh. But today's Saturday, there's no work and Linda wrote on our calendar that her cousin was coming from Palermo. Linda is my daughter. Come here. She plays shy. She's 4 years old and today she doesn't want to stay home and wait for us. She'd like to go to the train station too. But it's hot as hell... Good thing I have Adele, my wife. We recently got married. I met her at the Corallo in Scandiano, the rock club, in the Reggio area. And then, after a year, I was on holiday in Rimini and saw her again? If that isn't destiny! I married her immediately. I'm 24 and she's 23. A shame, because if I hadn't gotten married I would be an actor. I don't know if you noticed my clothes, the style. I always buy clothes with my little sister, Maria. She's 18 and I'm teaching her to drive, in my awesome gray Alfetta with the tape player. I had Collage, [gli] Alunni del Sole, Baldan Bembo, Adamo and ‘Colpa d'Alfredo’ by that guy from Modena, Vasco Rossi. Ohhhhhh and the Pooh? Don't touch the Pooh. “Lindaaaa, acqua di sorgente Lindaaaa” No, you can't come, I'm going with grandma. I'll see you at lunch. Where did you hide my keys? She's just like her father, we love to prank. The other day I called the number for exact time⁶ and then I called: “Grandpa, the phone, they're looking for you!”

“What the fuck are you saying Vittorio, who are they talking to in Italian, you know I don't understand” And Linda just laughs! I'm Vittorio, I'm 24 and I wanted to be an actor. Mom, come on, are you ready? My mom, Eleonora is coming with me. She's 46, already a grandmother and still a flower. “Did you take the fan, it's hot as hell today huh? Are you bringing Grand Hotel?”⁷ The train might be late and then we'll have to wait at the station.” And in fact it was. But what could we do? From Palermo to Bologna. An hour late, they announced. Alright, let's go sit in the waiting room. Gazzetta dello Sport. Soccer betting, Inter, the Italian soccer champions, have traded someone new, Prohaska, an Austrian. Eh. Mom, I'm going out to smoke. I look outside and think. I think soon they'll start to worry at home because the Alfetta never turns the corner. “He really could've

⁶ Exact time, or “ora esatta” in Italian, was a service where you called over the phone and they told you the exact time.

⁷ Grand Hotel is an Italian magazine.

found a few coins for the phone to tell us they're running late," my wife is already saying. Adele, Adele... and my sister Maria will be defending me as usual, "You'll see, he's just pulling a prank ."

Linda counts the cars that go by. The phone rings. No, it's not me, it's some guy who's mumbled something and then hung up. You'll see that the next car is theirs. But my Alfetta is out here, amid the dust and rubble, hot as hell and in a chaos that you wouldn't believe. I'll take the 37 bus, mom, maybe the next one. Hello. I am Vittorio Vaccaro, I'm 24 years old and they have cut off my career as an actor.

Maria Chiara Sabbatini gave a voice to the life of Eleonora Geraci Vaccaro

On August 2nd, 1980, I wasn't born yet, but I know from my parents' stories that it was a terrible event in our history. I joined this project because, not having lived through those years, I wanted to better understand the past. Also, this project was a nice way to give a voice to the victims of the massacre and, by performing this small act with others, I became more aware of what happened while at the same time contributing to the community that I live in. The *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project was, for me, a unique opportunity to be civically engaged and discover the tragic events of Italian history that I've only ever known through the words of my parents.

When It's Your Time Eleonora Geraci Vaccaro

Route 9

Vittorio! Vittorio! Stop pacing back and forth... and put out that cigarette! What're you doing, are you teasing me? You never change!

Trains from the South are always late... the train from Palermo should already be here... My cousin's been promising to come visit us in Arceto for 14 years and she's never made the trip before. It's clear that today really is the right day.

There's a time for everything.

Who knows how hot it'll be in ten days when we drive her back to Sicily in our busted up car?

Did you know, Vittorio, when I was a kid, I dodged an American bomb?

I stopped near a cave to tie my shoe, when my mom grabbed me and took me away.

A month ago, only by a handful of days, I avoided getting on the plane that crashed in Ustica.⁸

During my last trip to Palermo, I met one of the flight attendants who was a victim of the accident. It clearly wasn't my time yet.

I like to fly, even if some people turn their noses up at the sight of a lady travelling alone, "how brave" they say!

I've always been brave, even when I was very young. I left Palermo, my great love Palermo, for a new life in the North.

Marriage, kids, my first job at a ceramics company: no need to fear, everything has its moment.

I wonder if the latest issue of *Grand Hotel* is out at the newsstands... I can't find it at home anymore, it could be another one of your pranks, like that time you called the house and I couldn't recognize your voice!

Who knows who you'd have so much fun with without me... and how would I be without you... and without my little Linda...

I'm tired, is the train here yet?!

When we get back to Arceto, remind me that I need to take down that shelf in the kitchen and paint the wall. And put the clothes out to dry... yes, I know that you still laugh about the time I hung jeans out in the yard and they froze from the cold, but I couldn't wait!

I love our house in Arceto! I like the country, taking advice from farmers and talking with the women, listening to their stories.

Come on Vittorio, stop pacing... come here, the time has come.

It's hot, isn't it?!

⁸ This plane crash refers to Itavia flight 870 which crashed on June 27, 1980 in Ustica, Italy. It is a controversial crash, said to have been shot down by a missile and referred to as the Ustica Massacre.

Marcella Carbonelli gave a voice to the life of Amorveno Marzagalli

Here's why I wanted to be a part of this project: to remember, to make my city cry out, to respect grief, to respect good people. I think it is a wonderful thing, to give new life to the 85 souls who, in a moment, lost their right to life on that cursed August 2nd, and to give them a voice and allow them to tell their story. I am very honored to have done this using my voice. This experience has filled me with great emotion and enriched me very much. I hope that something in the story I wrote reaches Amorveno because his story reached my heart and it will remain there. The opportunity that I was given was remarkable.

I Am Number 11 **Amorveno Marzagalli**

Route 9

STANDING, BLINDFOLDED, IN FRONT OF AN URN FILLED WITH NOTES. SHE PULLS ONE OUT, OPENS IT AND SPEAKS, AS IF SHE WAS READING.

I am number 11... Amorveno Marzagalli... I'm 54 years old, with a wonderful wife and son, my Maria and my Marco.

I am number 11... no no... It's not the number on a jersey... ha ha... I'm not the left wing player on a soccer team... I work at a company that produces coffee machines... and I work as many as 16 hours a day eh?! We really wanted to take this vacation... I'm going to Lido degli Estensi with my family... like always... always together... ah but this year is different... my mom died in June and my brother, who lived with her, is all alone.. and very upset... I feel like I can't say no this time. He's been asking me to go for ten years. Marco will take the train with me to Ravenna and I'll go on to meet my brother in Cremona. The two of us will take a boat down the Po to Lido to meet up with Maria and Marco again.

I am number 11... no no... I will not let another year pass, brother... you won't need to call me for the eleventh time, asking me to take this trip with you under the scorching August sun. Lucky for me I have the hat that Maria gave me so I won't get sunburned... hahaha... my Maria... we've been together for 27 years and we share everything... never a day apart... my Maria... my life... and our Marco... ah, he is so great!!!! Our pride and joy... 25 years old and already so close to graduating... Doctor Marco Marzagalli!

Ah... August 20th will be our wedding anniversary.

I am number 11... much more than 11... It's been 20 years since I've been on a train... and I'm very excited at the idea of doing it again... oh... Marcooo... goodbyyyeee... I'll be back soooonn...

Then I stop in Bologna... I have a bit of time... the connection to Cremona leaves at 11:05... I have enough time to call Maria and tell her that...

I am number 11... and, maybe, if I could've taken 11 more steps, now I wouldn't be catalogued as number 11. The 11th body found and lined up with the other 10... and they'll put the others in line

with me. Others won't even be corpses to line up, but only pieces. 85 lives... far from one another... but on that absurd day... too close.

Today I am not only number 11... I am Amorveno Marzagalli... I'm 54 years old and I'm here to tell you a little bit about my life.

Lorenzo Vacchi gave a voice to the life of Paolo Zecchi

I chose to participate in this initiative because I find that this project is a very sensitive and compassionate way to remember a brutal event in the history of the city where I was born and raised. This project does not focus on the culprits and on the extent of the violence for once, and instead focuses on the uniqueness of each of the victims, on their lives, and on everything they were before they were “victims”. The simple act of accurately giving a voice to everyone, learning about their life and not just their death, is a truly powerful gesture.

In Exitu

Paolo Zecchi

Route 9

FACING A PARKING METER AS IF IT WAS A TICKET VENDOR: Good morning, two tickets for Livorno... leaving September 6th... returning the 14th.

FACING THE AUDIENCE: I had told Viviana that it wasn't the best idea to go get the tickets on Saturday, of all days, August 2nd, with all these people and the heat. Nonetheless, here we are. I'm finally at the front of the line after waiting forty minutes and she's waiting for me – I made her go sit down – in the waiting area. It can be done today even though I could have just stopped by one day after work. Plus, after the news, I don't want her to get so much heat, it's not good for her.

FACING THE PARKING METER: Yeah, 10 days at the beach with my wife.

FACING THE AUDIENCE: I know sometimes I act like I'm 40, but the truth is I'm training. Sure, it's not like they didn't say “you're both so young, still kids and already married” But I still think that when you're truly in love, why wait? I had already waited long enough for this marriage: first for my degree, then looking for work, and then for my military service, without which you can forget about a permanent job. Yes, I'm 24, but I'm not a kid. Viviana and I are in love... there's economic stability and our family is made.

FACING THE PARKING METER: Sorry, I only have a \$50 bill, but I'll check if I have any change. (OPENS WALLET)

FACING THE AUDIENCE: We needed to go see my aunt to get a few things and as long as we were already there, we went to the station. We still live with her parents outside of Bologna, but we want to move into a house of our own as soon as we can. We got ready in a rush so we wouldn't be late. Viviana put on the dress I got her for her birthday. It's white with blue flowers. I bought it for her to wear on our vacation and that's why I was a little disappointed that she wore it today. But I'd rather keep quiet about it, better to not start bickering.

FACING THE PARKING METER: Thanks, same to you, have a good day! (PUTS AWAY HIS WALLET)

FACING THE AUDIENCE: I took the tickets and put them in my pocket. I turned towards the chaos of the waiting area, filled with families leaving, with parents awaiting the arrival of their children and kids travelling themselves, free from school. A girl who was running towards the tracks bumped

into me. "Sorry," she said as she passed. In the middle of them all there was my Viviana, sitting, intent on watching people come and go. Her hair was pulled up. She turned towards me with an air of satisfaction, the air of someone who was right. Squirrel eyes, as I always said. (THEN, FACING VIVIANA)

Vivi, I got the tickets, but next year, I'll go on another day. Come on, let's go, we're late for...

(THEN, FACING THE AUDIENCE) A roar, then I was thrown back. I landed on the ground.

Everything collapsed. Objects were thrown. Broken glass. Screams. Then, silence. I was afraid.

Yes, maybe I was still a kid, maybe we all were, there, in that moment. I laid motionless on my side. I only had the strength to keep my eyes open, with cloudy vision. Behind me, someone was short of breath. I stared at my Viviana but she was a few feet away. I couldn't see her face. We were separated by a large half-open suitcase. I didn't know if I was alive. All I could see of her was a strip of that flowered dress, the new one. I told her not to wear it today, that I wanted her to wear it when we were at the beach.

Jonathan Ferramola gave a voice to the life of Viviana Bugamelli Zecchi

I was 7 years old in 1980: old enough to understand suffering, fear, and evil. The August 2nd Bologna massacre affected my life, my vacations, my political commitment, my profession as a journalist, and my civic consciousness. I owe something to that August 2nd: I was happy to commemorate it like this, together with many others, with a diverse and connected physical storytelling.

Scents

Viviana Bugamelli Zecchi

Route 9

Viviana Bugamelli and Paolo Zecchi were buying tickets at the train station in Bologna today, August 2nd, in the morning because usually there aren't as many people. They were going to book the Livorno-Portoferraio ferry for September 6, leaving at 12 and arriving at 2:30. They would leave in Paolo's Fiat 1100, which was now parked on via Marconi, very early to avoid the traffic from vacationers and they would arrive at the Port of Livorno much earlier than 12.

Viviana would sit on the bench over there on the pier and would have all that time to look at it – Elba –still, beautiful and aromatic... the scents. It was always the thing that was most striking to her after docking. How annoying it was on that ship full of clamoring people, luggage and restless children with the smell of gasoline and the sun so hot that it burns. And then, the descent to the port: frenetic and mortifying. "Get out... come on, quickly, get in line here... quickly!"

She hated that moment. The rough tones of the port workers, the abrupt ways of tourists who were huddled at the exit and the rudeness of these tourists on vacation on the island. But all that annoyance and discomfort vanished in a moment just as she smelled those scents again. Of jasmine in bloom, of sea daffodils, of spiny thrifts and fried fish.

Elba rhymed with dawn in her mind.⁹ The beginning. The rebirth of senses and emotions, the carefree and joyful summer. The scents of the sea and the earth, of a lively and magic island. The Elba of her dreams.

Viviana Bugamelli and her husband, Paolo Zecchi, during that summer of 1980, would go for the third consecutive time to that house in Capoliveri, beautiful and spacious, that overlooks the jetty on Spiaggia degli Stecchi. It was full of beautiful names: Capoliveri, capolibero... and over it was Mount Calamita, full of those beautiful minerals that Paolo loved to take home, which now filled the entire living room... And then there was the lake of Sassi Neri, mysterious and magnetic. Aromatic, elegant and extravagant, this was, to her, the island of Elba. A curly-haired woman and a generous body.

Viviana, ran to open all the shutters as soon as she got to the house in Capoliveri to let in the light from the sea, the mountains and the garden, rich with spiny thrifts, elderberries, sea daffodils and cacti in a thousand different weird shapes. In Bologna they don't even know these cacti exist.

⁹ In Italian the line is "L'Elba faceva nella sua testa la rima con alba", indicating that "Elba" (the island) rhymes with "alba" (Italian word for dawn)

It would be the first vacation after their wedding last October: they would be able to tell their friends from the beach all the details: the ceremony, friends' outfits, the gifts, the hope chest, the refreshments... and Paolo, how handsome her Paolo was!

And then, this year would have one more reason to be beautiful in the eyes of Elba: there was the creature, as her mother called it, to care for and wait for. She wanted to let her breathe the good air of the island, the scents of Capoliveri and the flavors of the coast.

Romano Trerè gave a voice to the life of Paolino Bianchi

In the '70s I started working as an assistant cook at the Cigar in the station - the kitchens were located in what would later become the waiting room. Around 10 years later, on that August 2nd, while fixing the window of my restaurant, a "bang" broke the silence, and the rest is history. For many years afterwards, I was in denial about that tragedy, avoiding any information on any of the stories of the victims or the trials. This project made me find peace and awareness.

The Last Lasagna **Paolino Bianchi**

Route 9

Sometime around the '70s I started working as a sous-chef at the restaurant in the station, CIGAR; the kitchens were located in what would later become the waiting room. As soon as I went into the kitchen, Emilio the head chef said, "Hey, kid, come make the lasagnas with them!" And just like that, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, in the restaurant in the station, we made hundreds of portions of lasagna, to pack up in the to-go meals: lasagna, roasted chicken with potatoes, and a roll. One morning Emilio said to me, "Kid, if you ever make lasagnas for yourself one day, remember: put in a bit of fresh cream."

Ten years later, that Saturday August 2nd, in my restaurant at the Giardini Margherita Park I was finishing up the last batch of lasagna; the special ragù made by my mother the cook and my little secret that made the dish so special: ragù, pasta, béchamel, parmesan... and a bit of fresh cream. Just like that for 6/7 layers. It was one of the most requested dishes and we had prepared over a hundred portions. Like many great loves born of turbulent times, even my love for lasagna has gone through a form of hatred. That August 2nd, while I was setting up the shop window of my restaurant, a bang broke the silence. The rest is history.

A few hours earlier, Paolino Bianchi had left the village of Castello di Vigarano Mainarda, riding his bicycle along the kilometers that separated him from the train station in Poggio Renatico, where he would take the local train to Bologna. For the whole trip, first by bicycle and then by train, he thought of his mother, who was in poor health but was also very happy that her workaholic son took a week off to relax, after a year of hard work as a bricklayer. "I'm telling you, Paolino, take your mind off work and relax a little, and bring home a girl; I'm already old, who will care for you when I'm not around anymore?" Paolino had organized everything, the neighbors brought bread and milk, there was meat in the fridge, there were tomatoes and lettuce in the garden, and he had also bought a watermelon and a cantaloupe to eat with some prosciutto. He had arranged her medicines beforehand. "Bye Mom, I love you!" Paolino was happy. Lake Garda and a woman were waiting for him. His worries faded away at the sight of the Bologna sign, and in that moment he felt that his vacation had begun! It was now five years that Paolino had been making the trip to Arco di Trento, and it was a ritual to buy the to-go lunch: lasagna, roasted chicken with potatoes and a roll. He was waiting for them to open up the order window of the restaurant. They opened at eleven, but Paolino wanted to be first so he could get on the train that was waiting on the tracks and sit in a comfortable seat, to eat his lunch in peace. The train would have left at 11:30.

Alma had gone to live in Arco di Trento with her elderly father. She had met Paolino a few years earlier, the last time she went to the beach with her parents at Lido di Spina. For Paolino and his

mom, it was the first year that they had taken such a long vacation, after all, his mom always said: “we’re always on vacation here in the country,” but Paolino was adamant. His mom was still in good health but very melancholy: it had only been a few months since she lost her husband and Paolino came up with the great idea of spending a month at the beach. Finding a small apartment there on via Garibaldi, with those kind Venetian neighbors, made Paolino feel very content because they could keep an eye on his mom and also keep her company on long summer days. Paolino was always available to help the neighbors, strong with his proverbial hands of gold; and so they all became close friends and it seemed like they were one big family. At the end of the month, they warmly say their goodbyes, with the promise of staying in touch and organizing a reunion in the fall. After two months, Paolino was very happy when he received a letter from Alma, but his smile faded almost immediately: Alma wrote to tell him about the death of her mother and the confused state of her father. Paolino got himself together and a few Sundays later, he went to Verona to see her. They spent the whole day in the house remembering the beautiful summer they had just spent together and talking about how fast life changes. Alma accompanied him back to the station. While they walked through the gardens of Porta Palio, their hands brushed against each other and, looking into each other’s eyes, they passionately kissed. They looked like two kids, unable to utter a single word. They said goodbye on the bank of the Adige with a long, warm hug. Alma only said, “thanks, write to me.” From that day on they began to exchange weekly letters. All that had not been said out loud came out naturally on paper and they declared their love for one another.

That Saturday August 2nd, Paolino waited, on the first platform, to buy his to-go lunch for his trip. He only ate lasagna when he took the train. How could he make it at home? It took too much time. And also, those lasagnas were really good.

Route 10

Guides: Fiorenza Fiorini, Liana Michelini

3 Viale Carlo Pepoli: Liceo Augusto Righi

1. Sergio Secci narrated by Maurizio Minghetti

98 Via Filippo Turati: “2 Agosto 1980” Community Center

2. Leoluca Marino narrated by Alessandra Barannzoni
3. Domenica Marino narrated by Nicoletta Pratella
4. Antonella Ceci narrated by Andrea Govoni
5. Angela Marino narrated by Tiziana Orsi

Maurizio Minghetti gave a voice to the life of Sergio Secci

Since 1991 I have been a teacher at a high school in Bologna. I have always tried to keep my students interested in the history of Italy after World War II through workshops, seminars, and film clubs. I wanted to participate in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* initiative so that I could actively testify, in my city, about an event that profoundly marked the history of Bologna and the country.

Passion Sergio Secci

Route 10

THE SCENE IS MADE UP OF A BED SHEET ON THE GROUND AND A CHAIR

That August 2nd, Sergio had a work meeting in Bolzano with a theater group from Treviglio and his friend, Ferruccio, was waiting to meet him in Verona. Sergio missed a connection he had in Bologna because his train was late. That day of lost connections... would become the day of days. At 10:25 on Saturday August 2nd in Bologna, there was the smell of burnt cement, a smell that took your breath away. In a moment the station became a heap of stone and silence while everything emerged painfully out of the fog of dust and blood. Sergio never lost his sense of life, but it was as if there was a gap between his mind, his breath and his legs. His eardrums were motionless and deaf, his body buried under pieces of iron and marble, and they found him here. Sergio was freed by other men and laid on a stretcher. He ended up in a small, white hospital bed.

In Verona, his friend still waited for him and, despite the pain, Sergio often thought about their meeting and about his work in Bolzano. Meanwhile, the news of what had happened was on everyone's lips. Even in America they knew about the hell in Bologna. They came to the room to ask him to talk, but the words wouldn't come out. The doctors insisted on talking to him and learning his name – the entire world was anxious about those lives, about those names. Sergio thinks that when you're stuck lying in bed, with one leg gone and burning skin and you remember everything that has happened to you, and maybe you realize what happened... you need to say your name, you have to scream it out to the world to say that you're alive and that the worst has not yet gotten the best of you. His hands could express his thoughts for him when words could not.

In Bologna in 1980 there were theaters in basements and attics. There were acting schools, street theater, film clubs, critics, music and politics. Theater was Sergio's true passion and, of everything, he was most interested in the theater of materialized dreams. Sergio gathered all his strength and, when the doctor showed him the letters of the alphabet, one by one, he opened his eyes a little and used hand gestures to reveal his name, to tell his city. Then, he begged the doctor to tell only his father. With his burnt skin and half-closed eyes, in that condition of human suffering, Sergio managed to feel pity, his thought wasn't to protect himself, but rather, his mother from that tragedy. His father came from Terni by train and then took a taxi to the hospital, and saw that naked child under a sheet, his eyes and skin burned. Sergio appeared to his father in all of his agony, but still tenaciously alive and his father recognized him. He wasn't supposed to be there that day, but in the end Bologna held him tightly, and didn't let him go. The sunny days, his house, his friends, his studies, 1977, the Movement, puppets in the Lama district, theater, all ran quickly through Sergio's thoughts. A young man like every other boy, and like all boys always too big for a hospital bed where life hardly fits, let alone dreams, and Sergio's dreams were many, indomitable and sweet

just like his character. His father talked about him, while Sergio still breathed. He talked about his projects, about his culture, about being taught to look to the future. His father talked like an overflowing river to another boy he met by chance around the hospital, he talked about that splendid, young son of his that, maybe, as he spoke, was already knocking on heaven's door. Death eventually prevailed and Sergio's life yielded to the eclipse of death, resigning itself to the uncertain strength of our memory.

"Due to serious injuries caused by the explosion, after 5 days of painful agony Sergio died at 10:55 on Thursday, August 7."

(Cit. from T. Secci, 100 milioni per testa di morto, Targa Italiana Editore, 1989)

Alessandra Baranzoni gave a voice to the life of Leo Luca Marino

The massacre of August 2nd represented, in terms of my life experience, a break between my youth and painful adulthood, which coincided with a change in the *modus vivendi* of all Italians. In all these years I have always remembered this terrible massacre in my own way. This year I had the fortunate opportunity to contribute to the official commemoration of the tragedy by reviving a victim who was the same age as me at the time. This has given me an awareness and a sense of belonging that I had forgotten. Bologna, Emilia-Romagna, and the “Resistance” will not allow the perpetrators of this attack on Democracy to remain in the shadows.

The Agonizing Lesson, the Interrupted Story

Leo Luca Marino

Route 10

On August 2nd, 1980 at 10:30 in the morning, there was sweltering heat typical of the Po Valley. I was at home, about 25 miles from Bologna. Lying on my bed, I was suffering: I couldn't learn the “business of living,” as Pavese would have said or rather, I felt the “misery of living” according to Montale. I was 21 years old. I learned from the radio that there was a serious attack on the Bologna Station. I felt even more anguish and fear, adding to that which already gripped me. Bologna of avant-garde scholarship in the fields of aesthetics, semiotics, pedagogy and philosophy, the Bologna of DAMS, of Radio Alice, that of the rage and joy of 1977, when 100,000 youths, after the assassination of Francesco Lorusso and the ferocious repression of the Minister of the Interior, Cossiga, transformed the city into a joyful, international and creative stage, reclaiming it during those three days in September. You, Leo Luca, were 24 years old. My same generation, with curly hair that was a little long and a bit unkempt, just like mine. We were both denied a future. I was denied a life worthy of being considered such: how could we make plans after what happened, how could we believe in the State? In institutions? In democracy? They slaughtered, destroyed and annihilated you. You had that “gaze straight and open into the future,” as Pierangelo Bertoli sang in 1978, definitely. In fact, you fought tenaciously for it. You came from Altofonte, near Palermo. You had left a town rich in water and greenery, called Parcu in dialect. Your parents and 5 of your 6 siblings remained there. Your father was unable to work, but had no pension. You no longer accepted the “boss” that came to the town every morning with his truck, who stopped in front of the fountain and picked the most robust, those who wouldn't bust his balls, and then imposed off-the-books, underpaid work, with no assurance of safety. And so, like many, with your bags packed you came to your sister Giuseppina in Ravenna. For five years you were a laborer at CMC, Cooperative Bricklayers and Cementers of Ravenna. You finally had dignity, adequate retribution, safety on construction sites and freedom of expression. You were not an employee but rather a partner, also building for the good of the community. You and your girlfriend, Antonella, left at three in the morning to welcome your sisters Angela and Domenica, who were 23 and 26 and had just arrived from Sicily. In Altofonte, one of your brothers heard the news on the radio. Immediately two of them left for Bologna: “You know, woe always comes to the unlucky” your brother would say. In the afternoon it was confirmed, first with the discovery of Mimma's ID card and then from under the rubble of the waiting room, one after another, the tortured bodies of Mimma, yourself, Angelina and finally, Antonella. Your mother would remain alone. She lived with Mimma, Angelina and your father. She would remain the only source of income for the family, with the salary of a housekeeper, but she was devastated. Your surviving siblings wondered, “will she have the strength to work?,” because they had no idea how to help their parents. From then on,

everything in the country has been running on empty. The “years of reflux” had begun, those in which heroin flowed, years of unrestrained consumerism, of yuppies and commercial televisions, of the ever-less public “Res Publica.” What happened was exactly what P2 had worked for.¹⁰

¹⁰ Propaganda Due (P2) was an ultra-right organization originally associated with Freemasonry, whose members were implicated in the obstruction of justice related to the Bologna bombing investigation. The organization has many high ranking members, including journalists and other important figures.

Nicoletta Pratella gave a voice to the life of Domenica Marino

On August 2nd, 1980, I was 12 years old. I remember the torment of my city well, suddenly shown on television on a hot afternoon during summer break. This memory has been silent, powerless, yet always present over the years. Thanks to *Cantiere 2 Agosto* I was able to give a voice to those who can no longer tell their story.

Hi Mom!

Domenica Marino

Route 10

Hi mom, I'm home. I bought the ticket. The ticket office was about to close and I really had to run, but I made it and here it is, the ticket for my first vacation! I can't wait to hug my little brother again and meet his girlfriend. Mom is worried, I know. The incident of Ustica; too many bad things happening for some time now. But I can't always stay here. I love this village of mine, but I have such a desire to make friends and see new places! Just Angela and I, traveling by ourselves, what an adventure! I want to see all of Italy passing by, view it from the train window, while I'm racing faster than the land, faster than the wind, faster than the sea, faster than the cars waiting at the railroad crossing. I want to greet, from my window, the children that are playing ball, the mothers who are hurrying by with strollers, the tired grandmothers clinging to their grocery bags. All of them like photographs, each one of them a memory. Then Bologna will appear, it'll be big, noisy, and, I think, beautiful. Then onwards towards the sea. When I return, and I'll be happy to come back, I want to recognize all the beautiful places, one by one: the stretch of beach, the nearby village, the Altofonte Mountain that pops up out of nowhere. Then the house of my dearest friend, and then that tree, you know the one, and then the station. Leaving to return: it is the loveliest kind of trip. To return to tell everyone how Leo and Antonella are doing, where they live; I won't have to, we won't have to, imagine any longer and we could feel like we are closer to each other. Dear train, you'll take me to unknown places and I can't wait for you to take me there. Here it is, my suitcase is ready: beautiful dresses, elegant shoes, mom's necklace, and some newspapers for the wait. Oh, I forgot: the tablet. Someone will write down my thoughts.

Andrea Govoni gave a voice to the life of Antonella Ceci

On August 2nd, 1980, I was on vacation, travelling in Spain, and I learned of the massacre at the station by reading the front pages of newspapers at the newstands - it was very traumatic. This caused me to “block out” this massacre that I never wanted to learn more about, even though I always participated in the events held to commemorate August 2nd. After 37 years I read the announcement that they were looking for storytellers and I thought it was time to close this psychological gap, despite the emotions it might cause me. I chose Antonella because her photo reminded me of what my wife looked like in 1980 - they were almost the same age back then.

Final Diary **Antonella Ceci**

Route 10

I turn off the burner and pour some coffee in its usual cup. It's a hot day, so I go out on the terrace to cool off a bit and I calmly sip my coffee. The steam coming from the cup blends in with the smoke that you can see in the distance, which rises from the chimney stacks of the sugar factory already up and running. I'm waiting for Luca, my boyfriend, and together we're going to Bologna to meet his sisters who've left their small hometown for the first time and come to Ravenna to spend some time with their brother and with me as well. I'm a bit excited — so far my relationship with Luca's family has been sporadic and never in person, so I hope I can make a good impression. The smoke from the chimneys rises higher and higher, who knows how hot it gets inside the factory... I wonder, because in September it'll be my first workplace. I was able to graduate with the highest marks. It was hard, but the satisfaction I saw in my parents' eyes was repayment enough for all the sacrifices and deprivation of these school years. Just graduated and here I am: I immediately secured a job at the sugar factory that I can get to in less than five minutes on my bike. So I too, just like my parents did, will begin to make my way in the world of work. The doorbell rings, surely it's Luca; he's early, probably because he also can't contain his excitement about seeing his sisters again and hearing all the news from home. Since he left his small town in Sicily to come to work in Ravenna, as a laborer, he hasn't gone home and he always feels homesick. We took our bikes and went to the train station in Ravenna. We locked our bikes on the racks, bought our tickets and we sat waiting for the train. The train was on time and wasn't that full so we found a nearly empty car and settled there. Luca, taking advantage of the fact that there weren't many people around, started talking in circles and eventually mentioned the possibility that, seeing as I had finished my studies and already have a job, we could get married and live together. Of course his words filled my heart with joy – I wanted to throw my arms around him and immediately say yes – but my rational side got the better of me. With him, even if my heart was in my throat, I had to weigh the pros and cons, but most importantly I want him to understand that I'd prefer to wait a little while, travel around a bit, savor my new working life; one thing at a time, after all I'm still young! And so, between future plans and pleasantries of the day, we arrive at the Bologna Station. They announce the arrival of the train that Luca's sisters, Angela and Domenica, are traveling on over the loudspeaker. We go to the platform and try to see them in the middle of a big chaos then, finally, there they are! Luca runs to hug them with tears in his eyes; I wait on the sidelines to be introduced to them, but it doesn't matter because they immediately understand and hug me lovingly. Then my memory gets foggy – I remember a loud, deafening roar and thick smoke that rises and rises but....but not the smoke from the sugar factory's chimneys, let alone from my

coffee. Now I can't feel anything, I feel myself rising, my life flashes before my eyes, and for a moment I look towards Luca. No! No! No!

Tiziana Orsi gave a voice to the life of Angela Marino

That August 2nd, Graziella and I were two carefree and happy girls. We were a stone's throw away from the station - only the street separated us. We were cheerful school friends, carefree in our youth. The train left at 10:30 AM; we were late. Perhaps we had already missed the train. Suddenly, a nightmare unfolded: petrified by the uproar and the strange, intense, almost deafening noise, we stopped in our tracks. A fraction of a second or a minute passed, I don't remember, but I still feel the taste of burnt soot, smoke... and then there was the dust, black like death, and sounds of glass hurled every which way. I still have this vivid image of us... blonde and little, still and stunned. By instinct, we fled from that place - we were afraid. Following this instinct, we ran fast towards *via Indipendenza* and then *Piazza Dei Martiri*. I remember that for a few moments we didn't say anything; we had stopped, gasping for air because of the run, sweating from the heat and the breathlessness. Then we looked at each other without understanding, lost. We saw the police cars with their sirens on, and the roar from the fire trucks and the endless chaos surrounded us. At one point I turned around, and a young man, crying, said that maybe a gas tank or a nearby factory had exploded. There were bodies torn apart everywhere. Human remains. People in shreds... oh the horror that I felt! Since then I have worked through those emotions, but I am still afraid of trains, stations, tunnels... I never feel safe in those places and really can't stand to be in them. *Cantiere 2 Agosto* is my way of remembering that day and contributing to the memory of those who can no longer speak.

So Much Love!

Angela Marino

Route 10

My name is Angela Marino. I'm 23 years old. I belong neither to myself nor anyone else and I'm telling you my story. In a few hours I'll get on a train for a long trip with my sister Domenica, nicknamed Mimma, who's 26 years old. From Altofonte, the small town near Palermo where we live, to Bologna! The creative city of DAMS and the subversive city of Lorusso. A sweet and sour city. Much different from our Sicily. Everything is allowed there. In Bologna, Luca, our brother who's one year older than me, is waiting for us. He lives in Ravenna working as a laborer for a cooperative and he's doing well. Legitimate work, not under the table stuff like we have here. Paid vacation and sick days. He'll come to greet us at the Bologna Station with his girlfriend, who's named Antonella Ceci and is 19 years old. I can finally meet her... he's told me so much about her. They want to get married and I'm so happy for them! Meanwhile, I have to pack. I'd like to bring many nice things, but the trip will be long and tiring, so, first rule: only a few essential things, comb and toothbrush, sandals, a few t-shirts and a fancy dress for the evening! Only one! There, I'm ready. I have to hurry, my sister is waiting for me outside and my mom, who is now so apprehensive and anxious about our departure, is out there too... but who cares if I forgot something in the rush; beyond the little things I can only see my mother's look that takes my breath away. A fragile woman. She's resting with her elbows on the railing. A kiss, a goodbye and away we gooooo... we're leaving! There it is! I hear the whistle of the train. My heart is in my throat from excitement - I've never traveled alone; I'm always cooped up in the dentist's office where I work, to make appointments. Even Mimma has never traveled by train; she's a housekeeper and never has a day off, poor thing! And here we are, alone and happy, laughing our heads off... and our stomachs hurt from laughing so hard! We are united and partners in crime, forever. What a great family we have! We love each other so much. Mom, don't worry, I'll call you as soon as we get

there!!! Partners in crime until our last breath... at the station we just got off with our luggage... but what's happening??? I can't see anyone anymore... where's my brother? Why isn't he here to get us? And where's his girlfriend? I can't even see Mimma, she was right behind me before the roar. Where are you and where am I??? I'm scared. Call my mother, I beg you, tell her that we're all here, lost and unable to find each other.

Route 11

Guides: Catia Corradini, Athos Cattani

3/22 Via di Saliceto: Parco della Zucca

1. Mirco Castellaro narrated by Mirca Buttazzi

3/21 Via di Saliceto: in front of the “Antonio Montanari” Community Center

2. Carlo Mauri narrated by Claudio Gaborin
3. Anna Maria Bosio Mauri narrated by Eleonora Landi
4. Luca Mauri narrated by Alessandro Bignami

3/21 Via di Saliceto: inside the “Antonio Montanari” Community Center

5. Antonio Montanari narrated by Clarissa Ronchi
6. Francesco Cesare Diomede Fresa narrated by Elisa Frascà
7. Errica Frigerio Diomede Fresa narrated by Patrizia Carata
8. Vito Diomede Fresa narrated by Antonio Pastore

Mirca Buttazzi gave a voice to the life of Mirco Castellaro

I am from Bologna, and my family has lived here for generations. I did not live in Bologna on that August 2nd, 1980. I later returned to my city, whose events are strongly embedded in my life history and in my identity. In my work, I focus on storytelling, memory, and their collective forms (I teach philosophy and social sciences at A. B. Sabin High School). I really wanted to share perspectives and collaborate with others in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project, which has enriched me with the human, social, and cultural aspects that I expected, and much more.

The Time of a Dream Mirco Castellaro

Route 11

Wisława Szymborska said it for us: "It happened earlier. Later. Nearer. Farther off. It happened, but not to you. You were saved because you were the first. You were saved because you were the last."¹¹ It happened to others, to Mirco Castellaro.

A long time ago, in the fifties, in Piedmont: Mirco spent his childhood here, Frossasco, not far from Pinerolo, from Villar Perosa.

As an adult Mirco goes with the wind and ends up in in Ferrara.

During his childhood in Piedmont, his father Ilario was an important figure in his life. Then while studying in Ivrea he formed a strong bond with his uncle Alfredo and with his cousin Ermanno.

There's the experience of military service, in San Candido, in the Alpini section; then the work in Emilia-Romagna, in Ferrara and the family he starts with his wife, Luciana, and little Marco. Luciana and Mirco met when Mirco moved to Ferrara to work at Montedison. These are the years of the laborious project of Italian industry, evolution and crisis: the phases of Italian capitalism. Subsequently, in 1980, Mirco works at Vortex Hydra in Fossalta di Copparo, a company that supplies industrial plants. Founded in 1967, it deals with the design, construction and assembly of machines and plants for the production of building components and electromechanical parts for the hydraulic works sector.

Mirco holds a position of responsibility; August 2, 1980 is the first day of summer vacation that year. His Vortex colleagues said that on that day Mirco was planning to go to Palermo. Unfortunately, a delay in Ferrara caused him to miss his flight and so he opted to get to Sicily by train.

There is a dream in the making that is finally taking shape: a boat awaits him in Palermo with his wife. Mirco travels with a friend. Maybe they share this boat. It is August 2nd, nineteen-eighty.

Still Wisława Szymborska, "All the cameras have already left for another war. Bridges and stations need to be rebuilt. The sleeves will be shredded to bits from all the times they have been rolled up."¹²

¹¹ From the poem, "Any Case", translated by Stanislaw Baranczak and Clare Cavanagh

¹² From the poem, "The End and the Beginning", in *Miracle Fair: Selected Poems of Wisława Szymborska*, translated by Joanna Trzeciak

Claudio Gaborin gave a voice to the life of Carlo Mauri

I live near Modena, and when I heard about the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project from a TV program, I liked the idea right away. I already had some amateur theater experience and I was really happy to be a part of this amazing project. The exciting opportunity to recount one of the victim's stories - to the people, to the citizens - was enough to repay me for the effort that I put into this performance. I am grateful for this project, which was, for me and for many of the storytellers, a unique and emotionally engaging experience. I am honored to have been part of a small piece of our "young" democracy's history.

At the Bottom of It All

Carlo Mauri

Route 11

DRESSED IN MECHANIC'S OVERALLS, HE TELLS THE STORY WHILE SANDING A SHEET OF METAL.

I was not yet 15 years old. That morning, like all Saturday mornings, I woke up early to go to work with my father. He had a body shop, where he began working when he was still a kid. Surely he hoped that one day, once I had learned the "trade", I'd take his place. However, the last thing I thought of at that age was learning a trade, I thought only of Lucia, her long black hair that fell on her shoulders and eyes... those eyes put her at the top of the class for beauty, but that day, instead, I had a nice big bucket of water, sandpaper and grease, yeah, the notorious elbow grease waiting for me. My father would tell me often, with an amused expression: "To learn any profession you need to start at the bottom and here, my boy, you have as much of a foundation as you want." That Saturday however, something happened that we would never forget. As soon as we pulled into the small lot in front of the body shop, we noticed a car parked with the trunk facing the door. Behind it you could just barely see that there was a man on his knees, intent on looking under the car. In the passenger seat, which was reclined a bit, there was a young woman looking sad and a little tired who followed our movements with her eyes. You could see all her weariness from her eyes, those of someone who'd already spent too many hours in the car. As soon as we got out of our car, the man in his thirties with very friendly manners came over and introduced himself: "Good morning, my name is Carlo, Carlo Mauri." He immediately told us that he needed a big favor, if not an actual miracle. He said they'd been in an accident, but needed to leave as soon as possible. It was Gino, my father's friend, who had worked the night shift and had towed them here. He assured them that someone would do everything to get their car back up and running as soon as possible. Surprisingly, in the back seat, there was a child, no more than five or six years old, lying down and covered with a makeshift blanket, still asleep.

We pushed the car inside the body shop and my father immediately started to remove parts of bent metal, to look more closely at what could be done and to see if there were any mechanical parts out of order. Mr. Carlo told us that they left from Tavernola, a village near Como, and they were headed to Taranto, where they were going on vacation at Marina di Manduria. Unfortunately, they got in an accident on the highway near Bologna. After yet another attempt to fix it, and yet another phone call in search of spare parts, my father had to give up; sadly the car could not continue safely on such a long journey. "Unfortunately," he said, "not even a miracle could fix it,

and it'd be a real risk to go on a long trip with the car like this. There's mechanical damage, today is Saturday, and it's August 2nd, and with the car in this condition you won't go very far."

After quickly consulting each other, they decided that they wouldn't waste another precious minute of their vacation: they would leave for Marina di Manduria on the next available train. Okay! We made our last arrangements on what we'd need to do to the car and about the safekeeping of what they would have to leave there. With a handshake: we're off!

I remember that little Luca cried because he didn't want to leave his toys. To calm him down, I promised him that I'd take care of them myself and that he'd find them all here when he got back. I don't know how, but I was able to convince him. Soon after we were leaving for the station in the body shop's van, an old FIAT 238, that we used to pick up parts from different suppliers.

When we got to the station, I said goodbye to them while they unloaded their bags in a hurry and stood outside. I'll never forget the look on Luca's face as he was dragged inside by his parents, he almost looked like he wanted to say "Take good care of my toys."

I don't know how long I waited, it seemed like no time had passed. I only know after the second or third menacing look from policemen, I finally saw my father rushing out and climbing into the van, saying, "Damn, it's almost 10:30, we have to make up for these last three hours, or else we've wasted a whole day of work!"

We were stopped at the traffic light on one of the streets near Porta Lame when we heard that roar behind us. Shortly after, the police made us clear the road, to make way for the ambulances that had already begun a shuttle between the station and the hospital.

We went back to the body shop in silence, and tried to work without saying anything and then the radio started to give the first news. Then, we read their names in the newspapers, on the long list of the dead at the station. I never had the courage to ask my father where he dropped them off in the station or where he had put their suitcases. I never asked him if he felt remorse for not being able to fix that car that Saturday morning. We kept their car and everything in it inside our shop for days afterwards. That image reminds me how drastically our lives can change at any moment.

Even today, after 37 years have passed, I can't forget their faces, their voices, their stories.

Eleonora Landi gave a voice to the life of Anna Maria Bosio Mauri

I participated in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* project because I love theater and acting. During the course of this experience, though, I realized how important this date is for Bologna and how important it still is for the people who remember it. I learned a lot from the people that I saw around me, really committing themselves to this project, and I felt the emotional unity in the people involved and in myself, despite the fact that I didn't personally experience the massacre.

A Thousand Beautiful Pieces

Anna Maria Bosio Mauri

Route 11

Loosely based on the story "Meteor Shower" by Mara Latella from the book "Stories of Love in the Shadow of the Two Towers" edited by Ibiskos Editrice Risolo.

Do you see it? It's there, just a few steps away from you. There's also a piece there: surely that's the heart. It's incredible how it floats so lightly in the air, almost as if it was not mine. As if it has its own life. A little bit farther, scattered like leaves, there's my dark hair: it always reminds me how my son's small hands run perfectly through my hair, fitting in seamlessly like tiny puzzle pieces coming together, as if he already understood how to win over a woman at only seven years old. It's beautiful, lying there on the ground, giving a voice to a beauty that I forgot sometimes, a beauty I forgot that I had.

It was a muggy day when I split up into a thousand pieces. My vacation started off really bad! An early alarm and all the last minute preparations to make sure we didn't forget anything. The car loaded with suitcases and toys, a mess of a vehicle, leaning to the left because of the extra weight from my son's bicycle. Rushing back and forth, back and forth to the house because "Oh no, I forgot the map!" "Damn, the trash is still in the can! If we leave it there it'll become rancid and we'll not only have ants, we'll find aliens in our house!"

Finally, we were on the road. There were a few moments throughout my life in which I loved my family even more than usual. My husband and I chose the best cassettes from compilations we'd gotten for each other and had endless discussions on Duran Duran's best record or about which song was the most popular during the summer when we met. Our son intervened as if he had already lived through that moment and it was a game that had to be repeated every year, as a tradition. After that the wild singing for the sunny highways started. We were leaving for a vacation that year...

I seem to see a pair of long, thin legs in the distance: my husband was crazy about my legs. He said that they were sharp enough to cut a coconut. It drives me nuts to see myself so clearly and vividly, as if my body was telling me all the beautiful things I had in life.

We were on our way to Marina di Manduria! Our destination: a quiet and tranquil beach. We were heading towards a relaxing and calm vacation by the sea, just like every year, as we expected to do for the rest of our lives. We were driving in the streets near Bologna when our car was suddenly rear-ended.

"It's the middle of the night! Where the hell can we find a tow truck?"

“Luca, please don’t start whining too!”

We found a solution! We got to Casalecchio di Reno, left our car to be repaired and got on the first train out of Bologna straight for Brindisi.

Under that scorching, white sky typical of a Saturday in August, it snowed a fine, strange snow that covered every part of me: my heart, my hair, my legs, my eyes. A snowstorm born from a thunderstorm, from thunder that was one with lightning.

I’d like to stay here a little longer. I carefully observe the parts of myself that, once united, made a person just like all of you; parts that once united, made sense: sense which I now lack completely, like my death. White. It’s all white here. It’s white silence, perfect, infinite, made of blinding light.

It’s all frozen, nothing has happened and instead everything has happened.

The words were eaten, and for a very long moment, silence won.

Alessandro Bignami gave a voice to the life of Luca Mauri

I am from Bologna, I am 45 years old, and for almost twenty years I have been living in Rome, where I work at the public broadcasting company RAI as a writer and director. I chose to participate in *Cantiere 2 Agosto* because I, like many of us who lived it, have an inerasable memory of that day, a memory that makes me feel part of a community, even if I live far away. I like the idea of giving back to Bologna a very small part of everything that it gave me in my formative years.

In My Shoes

Luca Mauri

Route 11

Try putting yourselves in my shoes. Try to remember.

You're six years old, with a mom and dad, in the city where you live. The days are all the same, serene. Your parents are your entire world. Then, something happens. Summer comes, kindergarten ends, you leave for vacation. The one true adventure of the year, far from home, among people, places and words you don't know.

Pack the bags, load the car. Get in and leave, maybe at a time when you usually do something else, and usually you're not allowed to do anything else. Your excitement, the normalcy of the others. You ask a lot of questions, or stay quiet and watch. But you're excited, in the car, like the few times before. Surely just like the year before, but you're six years old and living in the confines of your memory, the boundary between things you'll remember for the rest of your life and things you'll forget, even if they were beautiful. Last year's vacation, you were five years old: perhaps still too far from the boundary, already floating into oblivion.

It's night and you're still in the car, from the back seat you see yellow lights from the highway, and it's all new: a quick dinner at a rest stop, so normal for Mom and Dad, so new for you. The voice on the nighttime radio, at the hours when you're usually asleep in the silence of your room. And at some point, the accident. A loud noise from behind, the screams of Mom and Dad, the stopped car. You want to laugh, but you don't because you can see that the others are angry, and you don't laugh at something that makes Mom and Dad angry. Many minutes inside the car, alone, while Mom and Dad talk outside with other people you've never seen. Every now and then Mom glances at you, smiling, and once she even winks at you. Then, a truck with flashing lights arrives and loads Mom and Dad's car with all of you in it and suddenly it moves again. When you're six years old, the city where you live seems like the only one possible in the world. It's hard to believe that there are other kids in other cities, who see different things every day and think they're normal. As if it was normal to not see a lake every day. While the truck unloads our car in front of a closed shop, Mom says that in Bologna instead of a lake, they see two really tall towers. A mechanic will come tomorrow and will tell us what needs to be done to fix the car. We hope that we can get back on the road because my uncle is waiting for us at the beach. Since we have to be here when the mechanic opens, Dad thinks that we could sleep in the car. You're six years old and you look at your parents with wide eyes, because it seems impossible to you that they're okay with sleeping in the car, at night, far away from home. That's something that kids would do, not parents. A beautiful thing that fills you with excitement. Look at Dad trying to lower the driver's seat and lie down, he's

really doing it! And you lie down too, in the back, and think about how it'd be nice to stay that way forever, all together, at night, in another place. Mom said that from here you can't see the towers of Bologna, but maybe someone on top of those towers can see the Como license plate on our car right now, far from home in a place where it should not be. Thinking about that you fall asleep, even if you don't want to, and you wake up when your mom tells you the car is broken and you need to go catch the train, but in a hurry because otherwise we'll miss it. You all get into the mechanic's car to go to the station. It's hot, you're sweating. You're six years old and have one thing on your mind, the towers: will I see them?

Then the walk inside the station, with the luggage. Lots of people around. Mom and Dad are looking at the time table with all the trains, the letters that change very fast and make sounds like paper. First platform, Dad says and we go. To get to the first platform we walk under the time table, the sounds of shuffled cards from the changing letters. Here's the first track. We can stop. So many people everywhere.

Try putting yourselves in my shoes.

Clarissa Ronchi gave a voice to the life of Antonio Montanari

I asked to be part of *Cantiere* because Bologna is not just the city where I was born and where I've always lived, it is the place I belong. I am like a brick in the pavement of *via Indipendenza*. Everything that affects my city affects me in some way. Moreover, the *Cantiere* project has refocused attention onto the most important part of this whole tragedy: the people. Simply put, I wanted to be here.

The Last Game Antonio Montanari

Route 11

A TABLE, A DECK OF BRISCOLA CARDS, TWO CHAIRS, A MAN'S HAT

Welcome to the Antonio Montanari Cultural and Social Recreation Center and welcome to Cantiere Due Agosto. I am here and not somewhere else, because this center is dedicated to the memory of one of the eighty-five victims of the attack on the station: Antonio Montanari. And it's dedicated to his memory because Antonio lived right here in the heart of the Bolognina neighborhood. Now I will try to tell you who he was. I know... I'm a woman... and I'm less than 80 years old. But nonetheless, I chose Antonio because he looked like me.

CLARISSA PUTS ON THE HAT AND SITS AT THE TABLE, SHE BEGINS TO SHUFFLE THE CARDS.

Come on, let's play a game! Anyone wanna play? I came here especially for this! Hey you! What are you standing there for? Alright then, I'll play by myself.

On the other hand, not everyone knows how to play briscola. You have to keep the points in mind, and know how to do the signs... not to brag but... I'm a pro! Anyway, if the problem is the signs I could explain them to you. If you're playing with four people, it's important. Think if you get a three without the ace and you lose it because you don't know the signs... it's a tragedy. Eh, my dears, briscola is a game for real hardcore players, you can't improvise. My father taught me to play when I was seven. I remember, it was 1900. Yes yes, you heard right... no need to blink your eyes in surprise. I was born on March 16, 1894, which was a Friday, in Argenta, near Ferrara, geez, eighty-six years ago... my daughter-in-law, Renata, says that I don't look my age... Renata loves me... wait, what was she saying? Oh yes, I am lively both by way of talking and by dressing. What does she mean... I don't know... oh, lively in the way of speaking maybe means that I talk too much, or that I talk fast, or that I say happy things... on the other hand, if you have been through two wars like me, you learn how to stay happy. For example, I remember that if you had to go to the front, you could get married without announcing it¹³... so to speed it up. I did not take advantage... Adele and I were married in 1920! She's seven years younger than me, I chose her young. I was a farmer together with my five brothers on a sharecropping farm, what I did my entire life until I retired, before coming here to Bolognina. My Adele... how beautiful she is... even if every now and then she complains because she says I'm always out. It's not like I'm doing who knows

¹³ The "announcement" here refers to the a Christian practice (called banns of marriage in English) where people had to announce their plans to marry publicly before marrying. It allowed for people to raise their concerns about a given couple before that marriage. It was required by the Roman Catholic Church until 1983.

what, eh... I come here to play cards, I go by bus to Santa Maria Codifiume to see my children, Liliana e Romano... I have a bicycle parked at the bus station and I use that to go to them... or to my brothers. If the weather is nice, of course. Because if it's cold or if it rains I have to stay home... what do you do when you're at home? I like reading comic books. But yeah, come on, the comics. I read Doctor Strange, Zagor, Tex Willer, Alan Ford... if I like the story I'll read it another two or three times. Try it for yourself! So you can have a laugh at home. Because if you only read the news there's little to make you happy. It's late and I need to go to the bus station to check the bus schedule for Argenta because tomorrow I'm going to visit Liliana. Oh... what do you think... does this shirt go with this jacket? In my opinion, when Renata says that I'm lively in the way I dress she means that she doesn't like how I dress. But I like it... it keeps me young. Okay, I'll see you! And next time, I'll explain the signs, so maybe we'll play.

CLARISSA TAKES OFF THE HAT.

On the morning of August 2, 1980, Antonio had gone to the bus station to ask about some schedules and was going home: he missed the bus by a hair and stood near the portico in front of the station to wait for the next bus. Due to the explosion, numerous objects broke off the building and flew out. One of these objects knocked him to the ground and wounded him. A friend that was passing by chance took him to the hospital, where Antonio died from his injuries. With his 86 years, Antonio was the oldest victim of the massacre.

IF SOMEONE WANTED TO PLAY

Oh good! What's your name? I'm Antonio, Antonio Montanari. It's a pleasure. Are you any good at briscola? Do you play? Do you keep the points in mind? Do you know the signs?... no I only ask because... not to brag but... I'm a pro! Anyway if you don't know how, before you go home I'll teach you. If you're playing with four people, it's fundamental. Think if you get a three without the ace and you lose it because you don't know the signs... it's a tragedy. Eh my dear, briscola is a game for real hardcore players, you can't improvise. My father taught me to play when I was seven. I remember, it was 1900. Yes yes, you heard right... no need to blink your eyes in surprise. I was born on March 16, 1894, which was a Friday, in Argenta in the province of Ferrara, geez, eighty-six years ago... my daughter-in-law, Renata, says that I don't look my age... Renata loves me... wait, what was she saying? Oh yes, I am lively both by way of talking and by dressing. What does she mean... I don't know... oh, lively in the way of speaking maybe means that I talk too much, or that I talk fast, or that I say happy things... on the other hand, if you have been through two wars like me, you learn how to stay happy. For example, I remember that if you had to go to the front, you could get married without announcing it... so to speed it up. I did not take advantage... Adele and I were married in 1920! She's seven years younger than me, I chose her young. I was a farmer together with my five brothers on a sharecropping farm, what I did my entire life until I retired, before coming here to Bolognina. My Adele... how beautiful she is... even if every now and then she complains because she says I'm always out. It's not like I'm doing who knows what, eh... I come here to play cards, I go by bus to Santa Maria Codifiume to see my children, Liliana e Romano... I have a bicycle parked at the bus station and I use that to go to them... or to my brothers. If the weather is nice, of course. Because if it's cold or if it rains I have to stay home... what do you do when you're at home? I like reading comic books. But yeah, come on, the comics. I read Doctor Strange, Zagor, Tex Willer, Alan Ford... if I like the story I'll read it another two or three times. Try it for yourself! So you can have a laugh at home. Because if you only read the news there's little to make you happy. It's late and I need to go to the bus station to check the bus schedule for Argenta because tomorrow I'm going to visit Liliana. Oh... what do you think... does this shirt go with this jacket? In my opinion, when Renata says that I'm lively in the way I dress she

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Michele Motola gave a voice to the life of Francesco Cesare Diomede Fresa

I was born in Bologna and I still live here today. I substituted in for Elisa Frascà, whom I thank for having made a huge contribution to the writing of the text. Participating in the *Cantiere 2 Agosto* initiative was a great honor for me, because I helped preserve the memory of all the people who lost their lives on that August 2nd. I believe that the importance of this project lies in its “civic” aspect: ordinary citizens remembering other ordinary citizens, strengthening the connection between the city and its history.

I Had a Dream

Francesco Cesare Diomede Fresa

Route 11

THE NARRATOR IS AT THE CENTER OF THE STAGE. HE HAS A BACKPACK ON HIS SHOULDERS. THERE'S A BOOMBOX ON THE GROUND, NEXT TO HIS FEET.. ON THE FLOOR, BEHIND HIM, A BOTTLE OF WATER AND A PAPER CUP. FACING PATRIZIA CARATA, WHO NARRATES ERRICA FRIGERIO:

Mom, mom, ma....I'm thirsty...
Do I have time to get a glass of water?
I'll be right back. I'll be quick... do we have time?
Wait for me here, I'll be right back.

HE TAKES SOME STEPS FORWARD, PICKS UP THE BOTTLE AND POURS SOME WATER INTO THE PAPER CUP; HE PUTS DOWN THE BOTTLE. WITH THE CUP IN HAND HE GOES TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE, HE LOOKS AT THEM ALL ONE BY ONE. ALL OF A SUDDEN, HE SLOWLY SPILLS THE WATER ON THE GROUND; THEN HE DROPS THE CUP. HE GOES BACK TO THE CENTER. FROM THE RADIO ““L'ANNO CHE VERRÀ” BY LUCIO DALLA PLAYS. HE OPENS THE BACKPACK. HE CALMLY AND CAREFULLY TAKES OUT OBJECTS: A SWEATSHIRT, THAT HE WEARS AS IF HE WERE COLD.

I had dreamt of something very different
In my garden
The time has stopped there
It doesn't wait for me (HE TAKES OUT A LAPTOP)
In this station I lost all the possible trains
All my possible avenues
I had dreamt of something very different
In my garden (HE TAKES OUT A CELLPHONE)
Who turned off the lights?
In the future I expected other glances, other hands
The new language of the missed tomorrow
Something very different in the missed garden

HE TAKES OUT A BALL THAT HE LEAVES BOUNCING UNTIL THE MUSIC STOPS.

Note: text by Elissa Frascà, replaced, as narrator, by Michele Motola.

Patrizia gave a voice to the life of Errica Frigerio Diomede Fresa

August 2nd, 1980, was an important and unforgettable date for me. That day, I was 20 years old, and a friend and I had left by train from the Bologna station just before 10:25; we were headed for Riccione for vacation. Immediately upon arrival, I heard about the terrible tragedy that had just barely missed me. After learning about the initiative of the Legislative Assembly of the Emilia Romagna region - "*Cantiere 2 Agosto* - 85 stories for 85 stages" - on Facebook, I did not hesitate to send in my application. I chose to tell the story of Errica Frigerio Diomede Fresa because she was as old then as I am now; her husband Vito and her little boy Francesco also died in the massacre, but her daughter avoided the massacre because she stayed in Bari with her grandparents. Her daughter Alessandra and her niece Errica were precious contacts to have, and were essential for writing this story. I am very happy to have contributed to this initiative. It was a unique, emotional, and certainly touching experience. I hope that this storytelling project for the people will help us to never forget that horrible massacre. I hope it will help us pass this memory on to new generations, because in Bologna, and in every other part of Italy, we must not forget August 2nd, 1980.

An Error on the Birth Certificate **Errica Frigerio in Diomede Fresa**

Route 11

TAKING ATTENDANCE, WITH A ROSTER IN HAND
Amoroso

Hi...I'm Errica. Errica, to everyone else, because of an error on my birth certificate.

Arnesano
How lovely to be in Bologna, how nice it is to listen to my favorite song...

Campolongo
I came by train from Bari with my husband, Vito, and my son, Francesco. We also brought our car. We're in the station, anxiously waiting for our car to be unloaded from the train... how nice...

Cassano
we can continue our trip to our beloved mountains,

Catalano
Santa Cristina in Val Gardena,

Garoppo
our old friends,

Lorusso
we'll recharge after a year of hard work...

Ladisa

it's a shame that our daughter Alessandra isn't with us, it's our first trip without her because she went on a nice study trip to England and now she's waiting at home with her grandparents until we get back.

Martina

We'll stop in my beloved Florence, where I lived before I got married, where I studied to become a teacher and where I left for my love Vito!

Serafino

Yes, Francesco, drink a little water...it's really hot today, drink up...

Taran... tino

...what is this roar?...where's Francesco? Vito...Vito where are you?

Bologna

Santa Cristina

Florence

Enrica Frigerio Diomede Fresa

Antonio Pastore gave a voice to the life of Vito Diomede Fresa

I decided to participate in *Cantiere 2 Agosto* because I feel very close to this event. At the time I was little more than a child and I lived in Bologna on *via Vittorio Veneto*, and by sheer coincidence, my family had to delay our departure for summer vacation, which was later cancelled. In 1980, I was a little over 5 years old and I didn't understand exactly what had happened. But today, as an adult, my awareness has changed, and I am very honored to be a part of this project.

Worried

Vito Diomede Fresa

Route 11

It's 10:15, and after a night spent on the train, we're waiting for our car to be unloaded from the cargo. Then, finally, straight to the mountains for vacation. A bit of rest after a year of work, we all deserve it, my family and I. We live in Bari, so we get our fair share of the beach during the rest of the year and spend our summer vacations in Val Gardena. Fresh air, because August in Bari is really hot. I look at the clock, it's 10:18. I ask my wife how she's doing, if she's tired or wants something from the café... I tell her that once they give us our car, we'll go have a picnic... and then we'll finally be on vacation. I'm telling her a lie because 200 miles and 4 hours of driving isn't really a picnic. She knows, but she smiles at me anyway, after twenty years of marriage she still smiles at me. My son is reading; this year it's only us because my daughter is in England for a study trip. They grew up so quickly... I look at the clock, it's 10:20. I peek at the headlines in the newspaper that the man in front of me is reading. It's the local newspaper, *Il Resto del Carlino*, I focus and read some headlines: "Sliding wage scales are still in discussion" and I think... "Ustica, new direction in the investigation" and I think... New direction, I think instead about those 81 people... I think about my wife, my children... I think that people born in 1918 like me, that have seen all that has passed, the wars, the First Republic, '68... I think that I'm tired of the violence, of the cruelty. I think of the atrocious death on that plane... I think and I wonder about the horrible end that those people were met with, but I can't fathom it, or maybe I can. I think that I understand politics, and it scares me. I'm afraid for my family, afraid about the kind of world I'm leaving for my children... I think... to distract myself from these thoughts, I look at the clock, it's 10:21...

I stop, I sit, I see my son and my wife and I get up again... Val Gardena, I want to think about our vacation, not show my thoughts, I don't want to worry Enrica... I imagine the walks we'll take, I imagine seeing all our old friends and I smile, I remember a trip to Prague, and I smile. I look at my wife and smile at her. According to my calculations, we should get there around 3:00-3:15, if we stop for lunch then 4:00. But tomorrow, we'll have breakfast at the lodge.

It's 10:24, I take out a cigarette, look for the lighter in my pockets, and check the receipt to pick up the car. Out of the corner of my eye I watch the luggage, I take out my lighter and I look at my wife, I want to hug her, then I look at my son... It's ten twenty-fi...

Route 12

1 Via Edmondo De Amicis: Risanamento Courtyard

1. Vito Ales narrated by Filippo Santi
2. Lina Ferretti Mannocci narrated by Luisa Sovieni
3. Romeo Ruozzi narrated by Giuseppina Di Battista
4. Mario Sica narrated by Nadia Masetti
5. Lidia Olla Cardillo narrated by Antonella Bonasoni

Filippo Santi gave a voice to the life of Vito Ales

I am 19 years old and I am a college student. I am participating in this wonderful project because theater, in my opinion, can give a voice to anything, a voice that can resonate through time, a voice that can be heard by everyone. So why not give a voice, through the theater, to the 85 people who lost their lives on that tragic August 2nd. This is the responsibility we have undertaken: to give those people a voice and to make it reach everyone, in order to never forget.

Connections and Coincidences

Vito Ales

Route 12

Anna¹⁴ come sono tante, Anna permalosa, Anna bello sguardo, sguardo che ogni giorno perde qualcosa.

Sometimes coincidences hit you like a slap to the face, other times you don't even notice that one passes you by. But every coincidence is important.

Marco grosse scarpe e poca carne, Marco cuore in allarme con sua madre una sorella.

They still haven't called me for military service. I was always against it, but I am certainly not doing anything like some of my friends in Piana, close to Palermo, who've cut off a finger to avoid their service. I would have eventually gone, even if I was against it.

Ma dimmi tu dove sarà, dov'è la strada per le stelle, mentre ballano, si guardano e si scambiano la pelle.

Last year some of my friends left for Milano Marittima to open a pizzeria, where they worked and made some good money; so, given that they still didn't call me for service, I decided to spend the summer there.

I had already missed my connection to the coast. The train for Cesena left exactly at 8:30, but I arrived on my train from Rome exactly twenty minutes ago at 10, so I have to wait for the next one in a half hour. *Dall'altra parte della luna che li guarda e anche se ride a vederla mette quasi paura.*

The Bologna Station is full of people on Saturday morning. So many couples kissing before getting on the train, so many people waiting on the benches. I also had someone waiting for me in Milano Marittima. I met her by coincidence: I worked as a waiter in my friend's pizzeria and usually I had Tuesday nights off, because a girl filled in for me, Maria. One night, the restaurant was packed, so they called me in and I went immediately and that's how I met her, in between one course and the next. After work we talked all night, about this and that.

Maria lived in Zadina, near Pinarella, a few miles from Cervia, and had a beautiful grey bicycle with a big pink basket on the back. And so, by chance, our relationship started last year. Long nights talking, after finishing long shifts at the pizzeria, and singing the songs of Guccini, it was a dream: a dream destined to end with my return home, to Piana.

¹⁴ The lyrics come from a song by Lucio Dalla, a singer-songwriter from Bologna, who is very well known and meaningful in the city. I have chosen to leave the lyrics in Italian because I feel that they are more impactful and faithful to the text in that form.

For this reason, too, I'm happy to be back, to see her again. I remember how much she loves flowers and the scent of fresh lemon. In fact, I promised that when we had saved enough money, I would bring her with me to Piana. I would take her to visit Palermo and all of Sicily, and she'd be able to have all the lemons she wanted. I would have her meet all my friends, my older brother and also my sister Isidora, who recently got married and also gave me a little nephew.

Sicily is my land, my home. I feel free when I'm at home. I can hang out with those crazy friends of mine, I can run through the fields, or simply sit on the steps of the church of San Demetrio to laugh or joke. Well yeah, obviously I don't have Maria. But I want to convince her to come with me to Sicily. Even if I have to ask her father first, and that makes me a little nervous.

Dov'è la strada per le stelle mentre ballano si guardano e si scambiano la pelle e cominciano a volare.

Of course, if I had not met those friends that opened the pizzeria in Milano Marittima, if they hadn't convinced me to go and work as a waiter, if they had called me for my military service, if I had never met Maria, if I didn't change trains in Rome, if I didn't stop to call my family in Florence, if I arrived in time to catch the train to Cervia, if I didn't pass by the west waiting area in the Bologna Station at 10:25 on August 2, 1980, things would have gone differently.

Anna come sono tante, Anna permalosa, Anna bello sguardo, sguardo che ogni giorno perde qualcosa.

Sometimes coincidences hit you like a slap to the face, other times you don't even notice that one passes you by. But every connection is always important and unfortunately, I missed mine and stayed in Bologna, forever.

Luisa Sovieni gave a voice to the life of Lina Ferretti Mannocci

I was young, and I had passed through the station the day before, when I went to Sicily on vacation. I will never forget the moment that I heard the news of the massacre on the radio, standing by my tent, looking at the sea from above, after the first night of vacation. We were all frozen. What pushed me to participate in *Cantiere 2 Agosto* was, other than my love for theater, the intense involvement I've had in the commemorations of the August 2nd massacre and the profound pain that still accompanies its memory. I am honored to have participated in such a demanding project. Studying, writing, and telling a story: I wanted to try it, and then I did.

Behind

Lina Ferretti Mannocci

Route 12

SHE'S PLAYING CHESS. THE NUMBERS CORRESPOND TO MOVES IN THE GAME.

I'm here to tell you a story, one of the eighty-five stories of the people who were here in Bologna, at the Bologna Station, thirty-seven years ago. People who didn't think they'd rest there. Those who were working, those who passed through, or arrived, or left, as it usually happens in a station. Instead, we're here, long after to remind ourselves of their stories. One of these stories belongs to Lina. "1" Lina was fifty-three, she was a beautiful woman with brown hair and brown eyes. She had two grown-up children, Maurizio and Paola, and she was going on vacation with her husband, Rolando. They left Livorno early to go to Brunico on vacation, "Come on, that way we'll have at least some of the afternoon and the entire evening," the beginning of their vacation. How lucky, a series of fortunate events. It's not like they could go on holiday whenever they wanted, there were so many financial difficulties and Lina did what she could to help Rolando. She embroidered until the dead of night to bring some money into the house and earned a pittance but they survived. But then, she wasn't doing well. They had spent years in and out of hospitals and the doctors didn't even understand what it was. She would've liked to spend some time in the mountains. Yes, in Livorno there's the beach and the sea, "2" but it's not the same thing. And then, Rolando's mother, Gelsomina, wins the lottery and says "We're leaving, come with us, I'm going to the mountains and you should join me". "Why not? Thank you." Everything is planned, they leave August 3rd. I can already taste the fresh mountain air! Walking and reading; she loved to read so much. Lina was shy and sweet but her greatest quality was her curiosity, the desire to discover the how and the why of everything, and she read as much as she could. Then, they find out the hotel room is free a day early. "3" The owner of the hotel is kind, he calls them, "If you'd like, you can arrive early, the room is ready." "Why not? Thank you." A series of fortunate events. Now, they leave August 2nd. "4" It will be a lovely vacation. "5" Chance has to do with chaos, as it goes. Destiny has to do with fate, ah no, it's all established beforehand, you're in someone else's hands. Here in Bologna it was somebody's fault, it certainly wasn't a coincidence. In Lina's story there are coincidences and dreams. "6" Yes, dreams too. Lina doesn't know it, but that morning, very early, her daughter Paola has a dream. She wakes up startled. Yes, because in the dream Lina and Rolando laugh, but there are coffins resting on a wall of ice and they laugh and jump in and out of the coffins, "Get out of there!" Paola believes this dream, "7" she immediately calls her mom, she would like to tell them to wait, to not leave home, and Lina would have listened to her. But they had already left, and did not answer. In the 80's, the world was different, cellphones didn't exist. "8" At 10:20 Lina and Rolando have already been in the Bologna station for a while, they wait for their connection in the

waiting area. “9” They left very early from Livorno. Rolando has a brother, Lorianò, who lives in Bologna. He offers to host them, but they’re fine, “It’s not so hot in the waiting area, thanks, we’ll wait here”. Lina has a light, colorful dress on, it’s summer. “10” They sat at a big table, one in front of the other, talking amongst themselves. They talk about the beauty of some of the little girls that are nearby, together with a young blonde woman. They look around. “11” And they may have thought, when there was the explosion, “Where are you, run!” “I can’t, how do I get out?” “12” Rolando remains under the rubble, he is seriously injured, but he’s alive. Maybe Lina did not even notice, she was so close. And maybe it was her who saved Rolando; maybe Lina and the big table protected him in some way. That suitcase exploded behind her, a few feet away. “13” THE CHESS PIECES FALL “14” THEY GATHER THE CHESS PIECES. And so Lorianò is at the hospital near his brother, Rolando, who is unrecognizable in his current state, and Lina is not found. Lorianò passes by many times to look for her, but he doesn’t see her, then in the end, yes, maybe something, maybe a piece of that light dress, like the dream he had, this time, after the explosion, where he wanted to hug her but she vanished. “15” THE CHESS PIECES ARE SET Lina lives in the hearts of her family, the hearts of her children. In Paola who dreamt of her, and in Maurizio who reads the small street sign in Livorno for a narrow road, a cul-de-sac, between two walls, and at the end, gardens, yards and a few small houses. The street is called Lina Ferretti Mannocci, but the sign doesn’t say who she was. Rolando lived in that area after the attack for a good amount of time, with his second wife and a rescue dog. He was Lina’s husband. He died in 2011. On August 3rd. The world is full of stories about unjust deaths, and history is full of these stories, and all should be told; a lifetime would not be enough to listen to them.

Note: *special thanks to Maurizio Mannocci and Paola Mannocci*

Giuseppina di Battista gave a voice to the life of Romeo Ruozzi

Why did I decide to participate in *Cantiere 2 Agosto*? I was twelve years old and I lived far away, I was at the beach, I didn't watch TV, and there was no Internet. It was not possible for me to understand the extent of this massacre. Of course, it was talked about in my home; my parents remember exactly where we were. However, my curiosity was piqued later, in my school years, while I was in university. Thanks to this initiative, I had the chance to relive those moments, even if only as a spectator, as a storyteller; I now understand what this event meant for the city of Bologna and for Italy as a whole, and above all I understand the "gash" that appeared in the lives of all the families involved.

Before His Time Romeo Ruozzi

Route 12

Here I am, Romeo Ruozzi, 54 years old, retired. Young, huh?

My heart played a little trick on me and I had to stop working! It's hot this morning; it's August 2nd, but for me it's a special day: my baby is coming. No, not the youngest one, Roberta, but Valeria, my second child. I know, she's already thirty years old and married with children, but what can you do, to me she's always a baby. In fact, they'll both always be my babies. Valeria comes to get Roberta and takes her away for a couple of days, Pina and I... we'll be alone!

I also have a son, the eldest, his name is Onorio. He's also married with children and he lives in Verona. Poor Onorio! After his sisters were born I may have neglected him a little, but you know when little girls come, dads become a little absent minded. With him I was stern, I wanted him to learn to read and write before he was old enough for school... pages and pages of letters and numbers... The train should get here at 11:58 but I... I know, I'm a perfectionist and also a little bit anxious, I always like to get there early. You never know, there could be a mishap... I get ready and go downstairs, I've been up for a while, I wasn't able to sleep.

"Listen, Pina, I'm leaving... I'll get coffee at the café. Yes, don't worry, I put everything in the bag: some money, my medicine and... also Roberta's report card, I always take it with me, you know. I'll call you as soon as I can."

Everything's in order, I leave.

I have time for some chit-chat and a coffee and also to stop by the newsstand.

I'll get to the station early. While I wait I can read the newspaper in peace. Suffocating heat and a drought in the United States – hurricane Allen is frightening, approaching the Caribbean and heading towards Mexico and Texas – the tragedy of Ustica... What really happened? A thousand hypotheses, but they can't figure it out.

And then there's him, the poet Tagore that said: *I beg you, do not take away the dangers, but help me to confront them. Do not calm my pains, but help me to overcome them.*

Nadia Masetti gave a voice to the life of Mario Sica

It may be because I am from Bologna, but for me the Bologna massacre has been something that I've carried with me ever since August 2nd, 1980, and my connection to it is renewed and amplified every time that I enter the station. You can't walk through those doors without immediately having the photos before your eyes, those published by the newspapers to document that agony and immense pain. I still have many of those images in my head, images of that nightmare that made us devour every piece of news, leaving us incredulous about that vile attack. At the time of the massacre I was 11 years old and that terrible tragedy, which mortally wounded my city, greatly destabilized me for many reasons. That day, I was not in Bologna but I soon became aware of what had occurred. I also became aware of how the attack could have tragically affected my family and friends: that day some friends were returning from summer church camp and were saved by about 20 minutes, and my mom's sister, my aunt, was getting off the bus to enter the station and was just barely saved. A series of random chances that terrified me. In the eyes of a very young girl, the massacre seemed like a tragedy that was too big to bear. When I heard about this important "public history" project this year, I couldn't help but apply; I hoped to be selected as a storyteller. I am glad that this happened and I hope I've successfully met the challenge.

The Science of Goodbyes **Mario Sica**

Route 12

NARRATOR: "It's a hot summer day. The light coming through the window is dazzling. The sky is an intense blue color. The train rushes along the route by the sea: region after region, town after town. Loose, blonde hair flows from the window. At every railroad crossing, colorful festive families, anxious to get to the beach. Someone smiles and waves. The salty smell comes from all around. All around is life. It's color. It's energy. It's a future full of promises. Meanwhile, the train continues its journey. Fast. Unstoppable. Dozens of eyes that look at each other, looks that cross one another for the last time. A loud roar. Strong. Unreal. What speed would cause the train to crash? How strong must the roar be to shake all our consciousness! But now it's late, very late indeed. I only have a few minutes. No, I'm not taking a train. I would like to leave a few minutes for a friend to tell you a little about his life, his happy life."

MARIO SICA: "What to say. My life was not simply a lucky one, but it was much more than that: it was a full life. Working, thinking, reading, moving, making plans and loving. We must live. To love life so much and others even more. I worked with great passion, dedication and sense of responsibility. Respect was the basis of every relationship: you can be on opposite sides without ever losing sight of each other. Because often the other is not an opponent but rather it's what allows you to make complex gears work better in the inner workings of a big agency. There's a memory that, like a red thread, connects many events: a bus driver who was a trade unionist, Agide, Agide Melloni. We found ourselves on opposite sides many, many times, but in the end, we worked hard to create bridges instead of walls. Especially when I happened to go to the bus stop on Via Saragozza, a few miles from my house, and Agide was working and maybe the day before there had been some tension, I always looked to use that brief journey to reconcile. I got on from the back door and moved up to the front, next to the driver's seat and said 'Look Melloni, the transit authority is more complicated than one might think and we need to make it work'. It's the same

thing I did when I met him in the parking lot because in the end we were a big family that was moving towards that change which in a way was transforming the whole of society.

I put a paper with “understand and don’t judge” written on it in the bag I used to take to work every day. Maybe I read it at the transit authority’s library where I stopped from time to time, not only for a good read but to clear my head. In those moments I thought about my beloved family, about my wife, my three children and I was thinking about how fundamental it is for them to have their father as a good example, a silent example because with children it is certainly necessary to speak to them, but most important to listen to them. They were the most beautiful gift to me, with their amiability, their freshness and their trust in the future. I handed down many stories to my children and told them to treasure the morals that are at the base of each tale. The important thing is to resist, always resist and how the common people, in certain situations, can work miracles. But as time runs fast, your story, life, everything was yesterday: the smiles of your children, their candor in the face of life, the scents of the seasons in Bologna, the hope. The time always comes when you have to leave. I learned the science of goodbyes: the most difficult discipline, the one that always finds you unprepared. Sometimes it happens that even the dead come to see the living. The most disturbing of thoughts is to be confronted with those who have no remorse”.

Antonella Bonasoni gave a voice to the life of Lidia Olla Cardillo

That August 2nd, 1980, three friends and I were supposed to be on a train to go to our first vacation on the beach without our parents. We were carefree, and I think that there were many people like us that were happy to be leaving for summer vacation. By pure fate, we discovered, a few days before we left, that a bus headed for the beach would be leaving from our town... this changed the course of our lives and for that reason I feel like a "miraculous survivor".

It only takes 25 minutes

Lidia Olla Cardillo

Route 12

To my great, peaceful, hospitable Bologna, wounded by this tremendous act of terror, who is strong, energetic and tireless, like Lidia, in shedding light on this event.

Bologna, August 1980.

In those years, vacation for almost all workers were condensed into one single month of the year...

Lidia Olla was born sixty-seven years earlier in Sinnai, a charming town that extends to the sea in Cagliari. The sea gave her the energetic and tireless character like the incessant motion of the waves, gentle and sweet like the white foam, and sunny like the rays that break in the water.

She loved the punctuality and careful planning of the long trip that they would take from Cagliari, where she lived, to Cavalese, in Trentino, to spend a quiet holiday in the mountains with her sister and her family.

The trip had been a succession of train changes, boats, trains again and now one final train...

On that torrid August 2, 1980, Lidia finally arrived at the Bologna station; still one more train and then she'd be able to relax a bit.

Her daughter Rosalba had stopped in Livorno to see an aunt and her husband, Pasquale Cardillo, was always there, close to her. In those days she was recovering, and the peace of the mountains had been recommended by doctors. Lidia felt the weight of the trip... but it was worth it!

Around her there was a great multitude of people, of every ethnicity and nationality, who had come to and who were leaving Bologna; many children who chased each other, sweethearts who left for their first vacation, kids who talked about their future projects, women waiting to give new life, men and women commuting for work... Her mind ran through her own memories of when, after school ended, her grandmother took her to the beach to play in the waves and build sand castles; then other memories of when, as a young woman, she fell in love with her husband, the birth of her daughter, work commitments, trips...

It felt like an unreal, muffled atmosphere... almost like when before a tsunami the sea is withdrawn and for a moment everything is still, and then it returns full of destructive power and... a wall of water pours irreversibly on the beach, destroying everything it touches... no one could imagine the faces of those who had left, in silence, a suitcase full of 23 kg of TNT.

Pasquale was the husband that every woman would like to have... he was always near her. That day, Pasquale was strangely wired and impatient to arrive at his destination, counting the minutes of the delay, pacing back and forth through the noisy and crowded waiting room, without ever losing sight of her and the suitcases.

Still a bit longer to wait, it was 10:25, they only had 25 minutes left... .he took off his jacket and put it on the chair next to her to go and check the departure times.... he only took two steps... then a horrifying roar and everything became dark... nothing...he woke up in a hospital bed... but he never saw his beloved wife Lidia again.

Credits

This english version of "Cantiere 2 Agosto" has been translated by four New York Vassar Collage's students:

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