

**Musica trio: "AUGUSTUS"** (termina con trillo flauto e scaletta violino)

Matilda

a) *Pain, war, torture.*

Valentina

*In Exile from Syria, Shady Hamadi tells us about encounters, people and situations of violence and oppression during the Syrian revolution.*

**Pianoforte: "FLY"**

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"I haven't lived a single day under the bombs, I do not know how they buzz before they hit and kill. I have never suffered either hunger, thirst, or lived in the tent of a refugee camp. But I know what it feels like to experience trauma from the outside looking in. I know how the Syrians must feel misunderstood and abandoned by a world that doesn't know their history. It's like witnessing the death of your mother and not being able to do anything about it [...] I understand the suffering of exile because I was born there. I experienced the trauma of loss, when friends and relatives died and their bodies were not returned to us. I experienced the suffering inflicted by waiting for the return of a prisoner. I have even learnt more about dignity and its value by looking into the eyes of the children and their parents in the refugee camps".

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It was only when I went to Beirut and met my aunt and Mustafa's brothers that I realized it was only fear. It was that fear, well known to Syrians, that causes self-censorship: the same fear that makes you decide to keep the rest of your family hidden when your son disappears for months in a prison who knows where, because you're afraid of the consequences if the news got out. [...] How do you track down a person who was arrested at a Syrian regime militia checkpoint and taken to who knows what prison? Among the refugees I met some boys who told me they had been escorted to the boats by their mothers, who had moved specially from Syria, Lebanon or other countries where they had taken refuge, to entrust their children to the smugglers. [...] Mothers coming from remote places, or from the big cities of an Arab world that pushes the Syrians to run away, not welcoming them and humiliating them on a daily basis, to talk to human traffickers. They try to make those responsible for the shipwrecks and the death of innocents to promise they will save their children".

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They came in, house after house, and they arrested us all, we were hundreds of boys and they took us to the state hospital of Talkalakh that had been transformed by the military into a detention centre. There they beat us. Then they loaded us on to many buses [...] They took us down one at a time [...] There was a crowd on both sides and we were forced to walk through them. People spat at us, hit us and insulted us. The beatings didn't hurt as much as the insults [...] They were our neighbours, the people we went to work with, to parties, or who came to us in the village to buy goods; they shouted at us saying we would never build an Islamic state and that we were fundamentalists. But I had gone to demonstrate for freedom, for theirs too, not for a caliphate! >>. I found his words exemplary because they explained, with the utmost simplicity, the unleashing of hatred in society: the division of the community and the explosion of violence".

Giulia D

*The Arab Happiness by Shady Hamadi: a story about the torture and abuse of the Syrian regime.*

**Pianoforte (Anna B.): "PRELUDIO IN DO MAGGIORE" di Bach**

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"In Abo Emad, I met a tortured young man, who never managed to tell me what they did to him in prison, I asked him where God was and why, if he existed, he had not come to save us from the massacres carried out by the regime. Where was God when he lost dozens of friends singing next to him in the first demonstrations? His answer was extraordinary and I will never forget it: "Leave God out of this, ask yourself where are the other seven billion inhabitants of this world."

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"My mom started screaming when they arrested my uncles and my brother. The soldiers began to intimidate her, telling her that they would shoot her. Then they killed her with five shots and one to the head. Then a soldier approached my brother and shot him in the back and head. I had hidden under a blanket, they took it off and one shot me, but it did not hit me. There were 11 of them, some of them were dressed like soldiers (...). I ran away from home crawling. I saw my dead sister and the body of my mother and a brother of mine on the bed. I escaped from the back without being seen because I had heard the soldiers say, as they went out, that they would burn everything."

Leonardo

*Don't tell me you're Afraid, by Giuseppe Catozzella*

*Samia is a girl from Mogadishu who has a passion for running. Her country is oppressed by the war between the Abgal and Darod clans. She wants to participate in the London Olympics, freedom and hope for Muslim women. One night Samia left her home country to head to Italy, making a journey of eight thousand kilometers and passing through the hands of numerous groups of human traffickers.*

**Pianoforte: "NUVOLE BIANCHE"**

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'The meeting place was a garage used as a storage area to repair motorcycles and bicycles. When I arrived almost everyone was already there, keeping still and waiting. There were many of us, all together, I had always imagined that it would only be me, or that there would be only be a few of us. Instead, I counted: seventy-two. We stood for an hour without knowing what to do, inside that garage with the gate lowered. Six meters by six. [...]

'After half an hour, tight as sardines and still holding my breath, we finally left. A driver and his helper in the front and seventy-two of us in the back. The other four men stayed there to sort out the luggage. When we started walking we immediately understood that we would have left it there forever. Just as I left there my life, as long as it had been until then. I realized this in those first few meters, crushed among strangers. Nothing would be the same again. I was leaving behind Africa, my family, my land. My home, big or small, beautiful or ugly. All that was left of my story was squashed inside a white plastic bag. Was my life worth so little? My heart said more, as it pumped in my chest. I held back tears, biting my lips hard. I closed my eyes amid all those arms, shoulders, elbows, and I prayed aabe and Allah. Let me find the way. My way.'

'Then we went out, and finally we took the desert highway, as everyone calls it: the big road that heads north. With every rut I felt as if my liver or spleen would be punctured by all the elbows that pressed on them from each side. The tarmac of the city turned into the usual dirt road, which had been exposed to rain and intense heat and was pitted by deep potholes.

The road was straight and we kept up a constant speed of about 80 kilometres per hour, but in those conditions, after a while, someone began to get sick. I could hardly breathe, sometimes I felt faint and I was forced to make a superhuman effort, climbing on others, to raise my head those two or three centimetres needed to breathe some fresh air.

I kept thinking that Ali had told me to ride the wind.

In my head I thought about wide, green, open spaces caressed by the wind and yellow butterflies. I filled my eyes with this. It forced me to use my imagination, to not think.

## Musica trio: "JOVANO JOVANKE"

Matilda

b) The journey

Giulia F

There are Crocodiles in the Sea, by Fabio Geda

The true story of Enaiyatollah Akbari who, in order to escape from his country, was forced to face a long journey through Iran, Turkey and Greece, which eventually lead him to Italy, where he still lives.

## Pianoforte: "TIMORI E SPERANZE"

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"I was six years old - maybe - when my father died. Apparently, in the mountains, a group of bandits attacked his truck and killed him. When the Pashtuns found out that my father's truck had been attacked and the goods stolen, they came for my family and told them that he had caused damage, lost their goods and that we, now, had to pay for it. [...] So the Pashtuns came to my mother one evening, and they said that if we did not have the money they would take me and my brother, to make us go with them and use us as slaves. My mother has since been living in fear. She told me and my brother to always stay out of the house, among the other children, because the night that the Pashtuns had come to our house we weren't there so they hadn't seen our faces. "

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"We joined another group of people at the border. There were seventeen of us. We got into an open-topped Toyota van: there were four seats in the front, occupied by the trafficker and his friends, and we were crammed in the back, seventeen of us as tight as olives. There was also one of those long beards, he was big and unkempt, and he think he disliked me immediately, because even if I didn't do anything, along the journey he tried to push me off the truck with his knee. "

Giulia D

*A Thousand Splendid Suns by Khaled Hosseini*

## Chitarra (Virginia): "XXX"

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"I can't believe I'm leaving Kabul. I went to school here, got my first job here, became a father in this town. It's strange to think that I'll be sleeping beneath another city's skies soon."

"It's strange for me too"

"All day, this poem about Kabul has been bouncing around in my head... I used to know the whole poem, but all I can remember now is two lines:

"One could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs,  
Or the thousand splendid suns that hide behind her walls."

"Oh, Babi. We'll come back. When this war is over. We'll come back to Kabul, *inshallah*. You'll see."

## Pianoforte: "LE ONDE" Canzone

Matilda

b) Arrival, return

## Pianoforte: "LE ONDE"

Diego

*Disoriental by Nègar Djavadi*

*Kimiâ is a woman of Iranian origin, forced to flee to France because of the war in her native country. The book is about the war, her family and the problems she faced with integration.*

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"Due to time and distance, their world, their language, their traditions and their fears no longer flow through me, only their stories. If I am the one who best remembers Uncle Number Two's stories and the conversations with Bibi, if I took them across the borders as hidden treasures, reciting them at night so as not to forget them long after leaving Iran, lying on a mattress at the foot of the couch where Leili and Mina slept, if I was the one trying to preserve them, and even if I failed, even if I let them sink into the depths of my memory, and if I'm still trying to unearth them, maybe somewhere someone wrote that one day I would find myself alone in a hospital being fully renovated in Paris. "

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"My lack of vocabulary is my only coquetry, the only resistance that defies my integration. I use this term for convenience, because you understand it, but in reality, nursed to French culture since my childhood, I feel like a stranger to the meaning it normally conveys.

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On the other hand, since we are talking about it, I find it lacks seriousness and frankness, because in order to integrate into a culture, I assure you, you must first disintegrate at least partially from one's own. Break up, disaggregate, dissociate. Everyone who asks immigrants to make "the effort to integrate" don't even dare to look at them in the face and to ask them to do the necessary "effort to disintegrate", they demand that they reach the top of the mountain without going through the climb"

## Pianoforte: "NIGHT"

Chiara

*Call me in a whisper by Nicoletta Bortolotti*

*The protagonist, after returning to Switzerland to visit her childhood home, after her mother's funeral, meets Kushwant, an Indian who now lives and works in Switzerland.*

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"You don't even have the accent of the people here"

"Indeed. My name is Khushwant. My country is the world, my land is India. But now" he adds with satisfaction, looking at the mountains above us, "also Switzerland".

.... Two languages that would like to become one, but remain divided. At school, half of the students enrolled in my drawing workshops come from Morocco, Bangladesh, Peru. They have learnt Italian. But they get into difficulty if they have to express themselves in their fathers' or their mothers' languages. Sometimes only the elder brothers or sisters, sitting next to them, are able to help the little ones to use their childhood language.

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"You know, miss, it wasn't easy for my parents to get here. First they tried France, then Belgium. But they could not obtain residency and no one would employ them, there is an Indian proverb that says that if you can't understand a glance, you could never understand a long explanation. And my father always said that when people looked away, it only meant one thing: we had to clear off. And then they came here, with me, and they stayed.

Andrea

*Michele and his family moved to Switzerland to work, but Michele was not registered at the border, so he has become one of the so-called "forbidden children" and is therefore forced to live in secret.*

*Michele reflects on his recent adventure, and as often happens, reflects about the fact that the new life of which he believed himself to be the protagonist is not exactly as he expected it to be.*

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"After that journey I couldn't wait to go to school, yes, even to school, to tell everyone that I would be leaving with my family to live abroad, in Switzerland where they eat great chocolate. And where cheese comes directly out of cows' bellies ... I did not expect, however, that it would have been in the boot of a car, even though Dad had told me it was an adventure trip incognito .. and I did not expect my first night in Switzerland to be like this. The witch put one of her hands near my mouth ... and with the other she stroked my shoulder. Then she stared at me, her eyes narrow and black, "Hey, baby, I know it's hard, but you have to do as your parents told you. You. Must. Not. Cry. Not. Make. Any. Noise. No noise, none, none! You mustn't even breathe ... I'm sorry, but it's for your own good. Is that clear? You'll learn the rest with time. If you need something, just call me, but in a whisper.

Anna

*Red as a Bride by Anilda Ibrahimi*

*Around the story of Saba, daughter of Meliha, rotates the whole history of the Buronja family in Communist Albania. It will be the young Dora, daughter of the most recent modernity, during the 90s who will collect her grandmother Saba's heritage through the memories of an old world that does not belong to her at all.*

### **Pianoforte: "FOLLOWING A BIRD"**

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"The repatriations from the Soviet Union began after that cursed November. Uncle Endri returned to Valona an October morning in 1961. He was no longer a man, he was a walking corpse. He carried nothing with him: neither bags nor suitcases, nor his wife.

For days he remained locked in his room. In the beginning, they thought he was just tired. Moscow was not around the corner.

But he still didn't get out of bed. He didn't touch the food his mother brought to him on a tray. He didn't answer anyone, and he didn't even look up to see who entered the room. He just smoked. "

### **Musica trio: "AUBE"**

**REWRITING OUR FUTURE**

**CHANGING OUR DESTINY**

**TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE**