

The reference model was freedom, personal growth and self improvement. Being rather than having. Erich Fromm. Imagination. Creativity. The nice thing was being in the midst of other young people and talking about making the world better and feeling involved. We were also convinced that we would succeed; we began to hear of the death of Che Guevara, a wonderful character who, as a doctor, fights for the people. Workers and students gathered in a common sense which was to have social justice.

The Red Brigades was a very special moment in the Marches. At the end of the 70's there had been warnings and some young people in the area ended up in jail. I was teaching in Rome at that time, but this thing has touched me very deeply. I, a girl, daughter of working class people, grew up in the Communist Party with the values of legality, of the seriousness of life; I had never touched a weapon. When I was a child, my father worked with the spoken newspaper: he travelled to the countryside by car to talk to farmers, to collect grain for the Party and afterwards they would have great celebrations. The Party offered dinner. I had always been opposed to friends who had extra-parliamentary ideas at the time, because I did not agree with the use of weapons, regardless of the difficult economic and social situation caused by the government's decisions. At that time there was talk of a historic compromise, after the murder of Aldo Moro: the Communist Party was accused by some extra-parliamentary groups of being a bourgeois party, like the Christian Democracy and Italian Socialist Party. The day on which Aldo Moro was found in Via Caetani, I was in Rome staying at a friend's. I heard a passing car with a loudspeaker which said what had happened. In the afternoon, I made my way to Via Caetani, which was between the streets where the Italian Communist Party and the Christian democracy had their headquarters but I couldn't get close. I had a feeling of terror, just as if there was an earthquake, time stops and everything goes grey. Fear takes a hold of you but not so much for what might happen, but for what has already happened, for this painful event and then there was a strong incomprehension – What kind of world do we live in? What's going on? Why? I often went to that area, there was a bar there, for me it was impossible that such young people could be so well organized to create such chaos.

The UDI (Union of Italian Women) was composed of former partisans, the women of the Italian Communist Party who had fought so many battles, for example; for the right to vote. An organization set up shortly after the post-war period. They fought for equality in the workplace, for maternity care and for nurseries. Alternatively, the battles that came after were for women's self-determination, "the body is mine": divorce and abortion. I experienced these here in the town, at the ENAL cinema where we vigorously compared the various parties and the church was always heavily involved. We talked and we always discussed things in a civil manner even if it got agitated.

Today the situation is disastrous because Italy has sold part of its heritage, making some people rich. There is no more help for the population, and yet it still stands because it has always been capable of behaving like the little ant, putting things aside, always keeping a small vegetable garden in front of the house. There is an older generation willing to help the young people, but it is an economy that will end sooner or later. I believe that the European policies must change.

Italian private television has distorted the youth's minds. It has got rid of social space through mindless programmes that do not teach you anything. Real politics and ideas of competition do not exist any longer. On television, they only talk about economic resolutions. What we should advocate is the concept of honesty more than solidarity.