

Muri di piombo

Eva Frapiccini

The images and the text are two languages travelling in the same direction, but at different speeds. They are both later than the deed, the photos by thirty years, the text by only a day, but together they search out that instant.

— Eva Frapiccini

Frapiccini



Eva Frapiccini, Roma, La Sapienza University, Faculty of Political Science,
12 February 1980 11.50 a.m., Vittorio Bachelet

Photograph from *Muri di piombo*, 2008 (UniCredit Group collection)
Courtesy Eva Frapiccini

“Bachelet walked through the university gates a little after 10 in the morning [...] For him this was a working day just like any other. It was by then 10.30 and he would hold his usual lesson on administrative law for a few students in the [‘Aldo Moro’] classroom that must make him sad, because it reminded him of the tragedy experienced by a very dear friend who was killed [...] The lesson was a normal one and by 11.30 it was over and Bachelet left.

The ‘Moro’ room is on the ground floor in the Political Science Faculty. The professor started to slowly walk up the wide stairways leading to the hall on the first floor, the one with large glass windows and filled by warm sunlight. He was accompanied by his assistant, professor Bindi; behind him a couple of his students and other young people. By now it was 11.50 a.m. and Bachelet walked up the last step. He was talking to his colleague Bindi and took no notice of a young lady standing right at the centre of the large glass window, and in fact holding it half open. Suddenly the young woman stepped forward coming up behind Bachelet. With one hand she grabbed hold of him, obliging him to turn around, firing three shots at the professor, all in the stomach, with the gun almost pressing against the victim. Mrs. Bindi screamed as the young lady quickly backed away.

Then a man appeared. He looked very young, little more than a boy. He too was armed. The killer leaned over Bachelet and shot him a few more times [...] From that moment onwards everything became confused. Bachelet lay dying near the glass windows, surrounded by dozens of students who would all later provide conflicting statements [...] Chaos now reigned in the courtyard of the Political Science Faculty. Many were fleeing and shouting.

The assassins left calmly and were picked up by an A 112 that left from the gates on viale Regina Elena. Midday is ringing. The professor’s corpse is in that corner, near the glass wall, but is still not covered by a sheet. The campus gates are being closed, but henceforth it’s too late: who wanted to escape has already done it. The [university] is invaded by the blue Alfa state service cars. The first to come is [President] Pertini. He walked through the hundreds of students who suddenly began to applaud him, moved and almost desperate.”

from *La Repubblica* 13 February 1980

Frapiccini



Eva Frapiccini, Torino, Via Ribet, 10 April 1980 7.30 a.m., Giuseppe
Pisciuneri

Photograph from *Muri di piombo*, 2008 (UniCredit Group collection)
Courtesy Eva Frapiccini

“As he did every morning, Giuseppe Pisciueneri, 30 years old, left his home in via Nizza 33 at 7.20 to go to work. As he passed by the entrance to via Ribet 14, two young killers, 25-28 years old, attacked him from behind. It was easy to get his gun [...] The agent fought back against his aggressors. There was a furious struggle. Pisciueneri fell to the ground but managed to grab one of the men by his legs. They kicked and punched him. Then the pistol shot. One shot fired by the killer, probably using Pisciueneri’s own gun [...] The Mondialpol agent collapsed while the killers fled in a green Fiat 128 with two accomplices. Three hours later the phone call to ‘Stampa Sera’: ‘Ronde proletarie here. This morning we disarmed a Mondialpol agent.’

from *La Stampa* 11 April 1980

Frapiccini



Eva Frapiccini, Roma, Via Mario Fani, 16 March 1978 9.15 a.m., Raffaele Jozzino, Oreste Leonardi, Domenico Ricci, Giulio Rivera, Francesco Zizzi

Photograph from *Muri di piombo*, 2008 (UniCredit Group collection)
Courtesy Eva Frapiccini

“It only lasted a few minutes. According to a first reconstruction, there were at least twelve terrorists and they used three or four cars [...] While telephones in the district ring frantically, the cars riddled with bullets remain there, where the massacre took place, and on the ground covered with cases lies Raffaele Jozzino’s body, Moro’s briefcase, and a blue steward’s hat with its golden badge [...] Newspapers, a scarf, a raincoat and a folder full of notes lay abandoned on Moro’s seat [...] Behind the barriers isolating this urban battlefield, a small crowd of people who at this time of day still inhabit this Roman district presses to get closer; housewives, elderly men. No one wants to speak; this is silence made of speechless fear.”

from *La Repubblica* 17 March 1978

Frapiccini



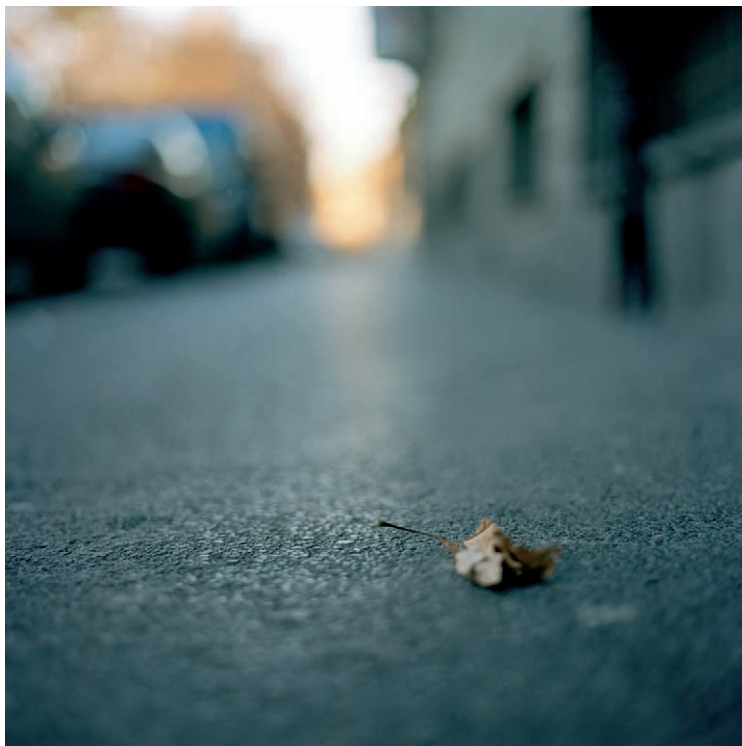
Eva Frapiccini, Genova, Via Gian Battista Monti, Bar Nino Costa, 21
November 1979 7.10 a.m., Vittorio Battaglini, Mario Tosa

Photograph from *Muri di piombo*, 2008 (UniCredit Group collection)
Courtesy Eva Frapiccini

“Eleven pistol shots, were fired almost point blank in the back at two carabinieri in a bar in Sampierdarena tragically marking the Red brigades’ return to Genoa [...] The two victims, 26 year old carabiniere Mario Tosa, and 43 year old warrant officer Vittorio Battaglini, married, with two children, had only just left the barracks in corso Martinetti in their Alfetta and had stopped at Nino Costa’s bar, in via Gian Battista Monti for a coffee as they did every morning before going on duty. ‘It was a ritual’ said the newsagent at the kiosk next door. One of the men was still holding his cup of coffee and the other was adding sugar when a commando unit of four men appeared, all with beards, moustaches and dark glasses, and two of them instantly opened fire without even coming into the bar. Riddled with bullets the carabinieri fell without a sound. The commando unit fled after removing an M18 automatic from the open Alfetta as well a clip with 30 rounds of ammunition. It was about 7.20. Three hours later a bulletin was dictated to the ‘Corriere Mercantile’ over the phone by a young voice [...] ‘Patrolling the Sampierdarena area’ said the message ‘we intercepted, attacked and destroyed the crew of a carabinieri patrol car.’”

from *Il Corriere della Sera* 22 November 1979

Frapiccini



Eva Frapiccini, Torino, Lungodora Napoli, 60, 11 April 1978 7.45 a.m.,
Lorenzo Cutugno

Photograph from *Muri di piombo*, 2008 (UniCredit Group collection)
Courtesy Eva Frapiccini

“Yesterday morning a commando unit of three people killed a prison guard in an ambush as the man left his home. His name was Lorenzo Cutugno, he was 31 years old. It was 7.30 a.m.: the prison guard left his home leaving his wife in their 5th floor apartment [...] The assassins were already waiting in the hall [...] They watched the lift’s light indicating which floor it was on. The lift reaches the ground floor; the automatic door opened: the prison guard was just about to walk out. The man shoots using a pistol equipped with a rudimentary silencer, made using part of a bicycle pump lined with fibreglass; 7 shots, the whole magazine. The killer tried to reload the gun but then changed his mind and fled, followed by his accomplice. Cutugno was wounded in the legs, but he did not fall; he leant back against the wall and took out his own gun. By now the man and the woman were on the pavement; the prison guard fired seven shots and hit his attacker in the back. Then he walked out onto the street; while the woman assisted her companion, a third member of the commando unit, probably the driver who was waiting in the green Fiat 124, killed him with two shots from behind. Cutugno fell to the ground shot in the head and in the heart.”

from *La Stampa* 12 April 1978

Frapiccini



Eva Frapiccini, Milano, Via Teodosio, 19 October 1981 9.10 a.m., Carlo
Buonantuono, Vincenzo Tumminello

Photograph from *Muri di piombo*, 2008 (UniCredit Group collection)
Courtesy Eva Frapiccini

“The action in this most recent crime began shortly after 9 a.m. in via Teodosio. The DIGOS patrol was composed of three agents in an old Alfasud. Two of them were in plain clothes while the third was in uniform, assigned the task of stopping suspect cars. The patrol leader and driver was Carlo Buonantuono, 27 years old from Caserta. Next to him was seated Vincenzo Tumminello in uniform, same age, from Palermo. Franco Epifanio, 22 years old, from Taranto, sat in the back seat. The Alfasud pulled up beside a reddish BMW with three young men aboard in via Teodosio. Tumminello waved the disk signal out the window but the BMW did not stop, accelerating instead. Then the driver of the BMW slammed on the brakes and the Alfasud was also forced to stop. Taking advantage of the surprise factor, two killers got out and opened fire. Buonantuono was the first to be hit: a bullet hit him in his neck artery. Tumminello drew his pistol but was hit in the shoulder and right arm. Epifanio got out of the car, revolver in hand and fired four times before being hit in the arm and fleeing [...] One of the killers chased him, but Epifanio ran into the building at number 37 and was saved. The killer went back to the window of the Alfasud and fired more shots, the ones that would prove fatal. There were now two dead.”

from *Il Corriere della Sera* 20 October 1981

Frapiccini



Eva Frapiccini, Roma, Via Ruggero di Lauria, Bus 991, 18 March 1980
about 9 a.m., Girolamo Minervini

Photograph from *Muri di piombo*, 2008 (UniCredit Group collection)
Courtesy Eva Frapiccini

“The muffled echo of the explosions, people shouting, pushing and trampling to get out of the bus. It was all over in just a few seconds. The lifeless body of the judge remained on the bus. He lay on the floor, between the ticket checker’s seat and the ticket machine, on his side with his face upwards [...] Girolamo Minervini had got on the 991 bus in the Balduina district.

To get to the bus stop, he had walked down via della Balduina, where he lived with his family, for two or three hundred metres to where viale delle Medaglie d’Oro enters piazza della Balduina.

Then he took the bus to piazzale Clodio. Yesterday morning, like every other day, he started out just after 8 [...] The terrorists must have trailed him closely, like shadows of death, from his home to the bus stop. They got on the bus with him. While the judge, unawares, read his newspaper and tried to find a comfortable spot on the crowded bus, the terrorists took their positions according to their plan of action [...] It was about nine o’clock when the 991 reached piazzale degli Eroi [...] Girolamo Minervini was in the back between the ticket-checker’s seat and the ticket machine. He was waiting for the crowd to thin out so he could find a seat [...] Before the doors had opened the killer opened fire. He fired a series of seven shots. The first ones hit the judge, one went astray and another hit the boy next to Minervini. A second armed man pushed his way to the driver and shouted: ‘Open the doors!’ The passengers shouted, pushed and climbed over one another to get out of the bus (the driver had opened the doors).

Girolamo Minervini lay on the floor with three gunshot wounds to the face. Two other passengers were wounded in the confusion. The terrorists vanished into thin air, like a commando unit from the Red brigades.”

from *La Repubblica* 19 March 1980

Frapiccini



Eva Frapiccini, Genova, Salita Santa Brigida, 8 June 1976 1.40 p.m.,
Francesco Coco, Antonia Dejana, Giovanni Saponara

Photograph from *Muri di piombo*, 2008 (UniCredit Group collection)
Courtesy Eva Frapiccini

“It was about 1.30-1.40 p.m. Two cars arrived in via Balbi and stopped in front of the Salita Santa Brigida. Coco and brigadier Saponara got out of the Fiat 132. At this point the escort car, an Alfa Romeo Giulia, left the scene [...] The Fiat 132 also left but only to park nearby in via Balbi. It would wait here for the brigadier to return. It would only take a few minutes [...] Coco began to climb the stairs slowly [...] The first twenty-four steps were climbed slowly [...] From the side corners of the arch, behind Coco and the brigadier, the first group moved [...] Pistol shots with silencers. A hail of bullets, sudden and devastating. Brigadier Saponara did not even have a chance to draw his gun, collapsing backwards [...] Prosecutor Coco lay next to him on the right side of the stairway, his legs extending up the stairs and his face pressed against one of the steps [...] Coco died immediately, as did the bodyguard [...] In via Balbi, perhaps at the same instant, or shortly after, the same fate would befall carabinieri Dejana, driver of the car [...] It was still around 1.40 or 1.45 p.m. Dejana was awaiting the return of brigadier Saponara. Two figures who had been loitering in front of the Milano Terminus Hotel suddenly ran toward the car [...] They shot at Dejana, perhaps using a compact machine gun with a silencer [...] No more than four or five minutes had passed since the beginning of the attack. The two commando units disappeared into the maze of lanes surrounding via Balbi.”

from *Il Corriere della Sera* 9 June 1976

