

II Podcast

The first part

EPIZODE 4 - THE BANALITY OF THE GOOD

There is a plaque affixed to a wall next to the small church in the hamlet of Piedimonte that is definitely worth a visit in the year of GO2025 because it reminds us how even in the greatest actions small injustices are sometimes committed. If there is a before and an after in the history of Italy's eastern border, that before and after is marked by our president Mattarella and Slovenia's Pahor shaking hands in front of the foiba of Basovizza. Almost as if to comfort each other in the face of the horror locked in that abyss, as if to exorcise the violence of those who were capable of so much hatred, the two presidents wanted to make that simple, enormous gesture. When the grip loosened and they turned towards us who had stood stunned and dumbfounded watching them, everything was changed forever. On the same day, the two presidents paid equal homage to the memorial stone in Basovizza that commemorates four members of Tigr, a Slovenian patriotic association, who were shot on 6 September 1930 because they were found guilty of an attack against the fascist newspaper 'Il Popolo di Trieste', an attack in which an editor had been killed. No sane man can dispute the legitimacy of the double reciprocal act of reparation, however, it should be noted that the right symbol to represent the suffering inflicted on the Slovenian people by the fascist regime should perhaps be sought far from Trieste, in that small plaque erected next to the church in Piedimonte. The earthly parable of Loize bratuz, who was a choirmaster and Slovenian language teacher and whom the fascists killed by making him



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swallow machine oil mixed with pieces of glass. Loize was not a militant anti-fascist, so much so that his wife was refused after the war the allowance granted to victims of the regime. He was neither an activist in any opposition movement nor a fanatical Slovenian nationalist. He was a musician and he only loved God, his family and his art. Of course he was Slovenian and he certainly suffered the discrimination and persecution his people were undergoing from the regime, but it would never have occurred to him to throw a bomb into a newspaper as tigr did in trieste. The fascists killed him because he was appreciated and respected by everyone and because he simply refused to be as they wanted him to be. What made him so dangerous was his stubborn normality, an ordinary person stubbornly trying to live in accordance with himself and his convictions regardless of what the powerful person on duty tells him to do. Bratuz is the enormous and resilient courage of one who testifies every day, in the everyday, that whatever happens next to us we have the chance to be worthy men who behave according to humanity and justice. In his being so ordinary, in his banality of goodness, Loize bratuz is at bottom all of us and it is this that makes us love him immensely For all that has been said so far, even in the immense imperishable gratitude we all owe the two presidents for that handshake that changed our history, I humbly take the liberty of suggesting a small act of reparation with a visit to that plaque next to the Piedimonte church. The same visit I suggest to all of you travellers who will be at GO2025, to pay homage to a little man who had the immense courage to be normal at a time when the world around him was going crazy.