



1. It is right to remember our roots. They were the immigrants from the 1950s, big families who lived in these shacks. They had no sewer, they took water from the fountain. It is important to know the history, otherwise one lives like lizards: one goes out, takes a bit of sun and then goes back inside. I remember that in one of these there was someone with a perfume shop. It was really big, there were around 400 families living here, people who came from the South, all working as construction workers.

2. In 1967 I was 12. When they took us to live here in Via Latina, we were horrified! We were given a curfew, one could not go out. Before we used to live in San Giovanni, in the city center. We had the entrance at Via dei Cessati Spiriti, but the windows of our apartment all faced this side, we had the Borghetto from where the school was, all the way down here. We were still small. We became friends with some kids from the Borghetto because there were some weird people but there were also good people.

3. There was this woman who kept these kids clean, she had 3 or 4 children. Polite and clean! In fact when they demolished everything here and they were assigned their own housing in Ostia, they came back to visit us for some time. The building over here that was later sold, has been occupied by them first and then by other people. It was really, really full with houses.

4. We had to be careful because on New Year's Eve they used to fire the rifles. This guy who lived on the upper floor, one day he got a bullet. It was strange because you were living in a city but here it was also countryside; it was really a different reality, there were all these little houses and a small road in the middle. There was the cowshed and a fountain where the mothers went to take water. Do you see all this grass here? There was nothing. Moms would take all of it. Not only chicory, "the grass that grows towards the sky is all good"!

5. They were all shacks and some strange people used to come there. There were horses and small barrels of Castelli's wine and they were all there. The ground was paved with potsherds and as they dug they found stuff. It was a favela: shacks with people living inside, but ugly shacks. It was a bad thing, because I have that house there and on the side of the Caffarella they didn't make windows or balconies, just to tell you what it was like. I never came here, I didn't even know they were here.

6. Up until 15 or 20 years ago there was a deconsecrated church that was the church of the Borghetto Latino. Groups of people went away, they had been assigned social housing. The floorings of which today only a few fragments remain, were plentiful. The church was there even though there was nothing inside. There were only the outer walls, some traces of frescos, I think, but almost no longer visible. Then at some point there was a burst and the church collapsed. I don't know if this was something done by the municipal officers or by someone else. It is important that the ancient leaves a trace.

7. My wife tells me that as long as she remembers, people here were fine, they were not annoying. The path that starts down here and leads to the other side was really a warpath: full of holes and water. Sometimes one would go there by car but you wouldn't know what to find. More than once the water was more than halfway up the wheel. It was a public landfill, some people threw away a sofa, others a refrigerator.

8. There were little houses, but it was full of them!! They all came from the South, from villages affected by the war, where they were in need. I know that the municipality found a place for them eventually, but as soon as they managed to relocate the people, the houses would be occupied again because the word spread. It became a bit unpleasant.

9. When I was a child I was active in politics. I met everyone here. Most were honest people. Back then when you said you lived around Caffarella they would look at you badly. We used to go to the priests in the parish, we lived in the buildings and they were accompanied by a nun. The entrance was the same, but we sat on the left and they on the right. They sat behind the pews and we sat in front. Don Roberto Sardelli is one who worked a lot with people from the barracks, we took part in after-school activities. Pasolini used to come to these places.

10. They were made of masonry, really rough. Inside they had these floors made, then they fixed them better. Many were decent even inside, liveable. Of course, there were no toilets inside. Here at the Borghetto those with access were the Communist Party (PCI) and the parish, in fact on Sunday mornings we met with L'Unità and the nun with the bell to take them to the mass. Absolutely respectful, we would always greet each other. We used to do after-school activities here. We used to come here and there were many PCI members at the time.

11. Being squatted there was so much degradation, although comparing it to today's it wasn't that much 'degradation'. I know that the people who left had been assigned social housing. The riots happened because the houses were not decent, there was a bathroom but it was a cesspool, there was no sewage system. Today we say to our grandchildren "Imagine guys, we grew up in the Caffarella Park".

12. When they did the surveys to restore the Via Latina they found three corpses, so they fenced it and it has remained like that ever since. At the beginning people were being very cheeky because the municipality would assign them social housing, they would go there and then without notice they would go back to the Borghetto.

13. In my opinion everything that belongs to the past but allows you to understand the future is always something to be discovered, because there's no future without the past. Poor people used to live in Borghetto Latino. Here at the Caffarella there were still shacks twenty years ago. With Veltroni they confiscated everything to turn it into a park. I'm from Apulia. On one of my old residence certificates there is written "migrant". From one province to another!! Now, where do the Libyans go? God, if he exists, is very inattentive.

14. These were people who arrived in Rome without a home, so they built themselves one. At that time there were no masterplans. It was chaos. They destroyed centuries-old houses to build these disgusting things. Here the houses are all illegal, below there's all sorts of stuff. I once found a small Roman engraving in the rubbish, there was a bigger one, then it disappeared. They buried it under the houses.

15. I have a group of friends with whom we are exchanging photos from when we were not yet born, basically from the times of our parents. I asked my mother "but how was the Borghetto?". Back then, her parents, my grandparents, did not let her go out of the house because women could not go out alone, also my parents were from the south so they had that postwar mentality. And my mother would not leave the house to go over there, at the time she lived on Via Appia. It's not archeology, but it is a way to remember Italian history.

16. The Borghetto was there, where the trees are, beyond the wall. This part was an extension. I lived there, near the farmhouse. There were masonry buildings and others made of wood, a bit of luck and more like barracks, others were proper houses. Unauthorised houses, without foundations, with all the consequences. Our house was there where the hill was, it was the first row. There was a small central path that today, I say, was the *decumanus*. It was like New York, all squared. The road was not paved. We were at the first row, so the view was on the Appia Antica.

17. It was beautiful, we just did not realise it. We could see the tomb of Caecilia Metella and wondered "Who is this Caecilia Metella?". Then at the time they used to shoot all the films with Amedeo Nazzari. They used to film a lot there, towards the end of the park, and we saw these beams of light in the sky. "They are shooting, they are shooting!" And then maybe we would go and see these films being made: "Figli di nessuno" or "Catene". It was a small citadel. I don't even remember the moment of the demolition. History is always important but fortunately, they knocked it down.

18. The mushroom area was the beating heart of the Borghetto Latino, impassable I must say. For the inhabitants of the neighborhood, coming into this area was an everyday adventure. There were big craters, the potholes of today are nothing in comparison. This was the ancient route of the Via Latina, that was excavated between 1983 and 1984. Before one couldn't work there because it was inhabited. / Remove them! What kind of memories are these?! Listen to me, clean up everything, come on!

19. I have lived here since the 1970s. During the time of demolition there were a lot of underground catacombs here. Then they closed it all down, reopened and closed it all up again. There were barracks here, all around the soccer field. It was so ugly, dirty. In fact I bought this house in 1970 but I only came here in 1972. Right here there were the tombs, underneath the houses. Then they covered everything. Everything here was illegal. They were refugees from the Second World War.

20. There were shacks, then fortunately after a long time they managed to remove them. Let's hope no one else will settle here and that it remains as it should be: a beautiful park without bad people. / There were cottages up to the early 1970s. Shacks of people. Via dei Cessati Spiriti was also full. They were up to where the Madonna statue was. I was a child, my dad used to bring tomatoes to them. People made homemade tomatoes.

21. They started demolition here in the late 70's. In 1981 they torn everything down but before that it took very long. There were no Romans. There were people from Marche and Abruzzo. I remember that in those years the people who made their way, let's say not in a nice way, were the *Tredicine* and they still have something here. They came to Rome selling roast chestnuts, now they have an empire, a business. All the trucks selling beverages in Rome, they're all theirs. / Let's hope they don't come back to rebuild more!

22. The woman who worked for me lived here. She was from Velletri. Since the Americans landed at Anzio they started to shoot in Velletri. They were displaced because of the bombings, they came from the sea. Then they all moved back there. The poor buried the dead under the roads. Here there were dips in the ground and the Roman tombs.

23. People who arrived here left their lands to find a better life by going to the capital. At that time, they found something better than in the places where they came from where the land was mostly barren. There were people from Abruzzo even though there was no lack of green lands. However there were the arid lands of Calabria and Basilicata, in summer it was all dry and above all there was hunger. It closely resembles what happens with immigrants today. Of course, they risk much more because they come with rafts, and then someone even closed the ports!

24. My sister remembers, she was little at the time. It was all houses and cottages here until the mid-70s. It was all shacks. My parents had a cleaning lady who lived here and she came from a small town in Apulia. Mostly immigrants lived in these little houses and they were mostly from the south. They were temporary shelters, without water. Very small houses. There was a large Apulian community here.

25. When I was little there was a shantytown here. Up to Via dei Cessati Spiriti it was a sea of shacks, something impressive. The drains in the middle of the street. Every week there was a new one. With four boards they made a new one, a piece of sheet metal if there was any. There were places you didn't go. The worst thing was that there was a terrible speculation. New shacks were built every week, but not by those who lived there. I still remember the smell. It went all the way down the Caffarella, up to Via Macedonia.

26. You would go through this street and there was a row of little houses, one on this side, one on that side, up to where you see the last building. They were little houses on the ground floor, very small, one or two rooms. All people came from Abruzzo. The whole area was full of houses. They were given council houses down there, in Via Cipolla. Of course, if you dig under the floors of the houses you'll find something more interesting.

27. I think there was a church here. The Borghetto was all the way down there, I lived there as a child. Even if we were told it was dangerous, we used to come here anyway. I think the houses with the prostitutes used to be down there. There were some houses: I used to play here as a child because they were half crumbling, so we used to go inside and make a mess. It needs to be remembered: it is history. Unfortunately mistakes have been made on both sides, that's how I see it.



28. I'm 71 and I remember it all my life. As a child I was afraid of coming here. They were all people from the South, normal as we are. I live behind the church and coming here there was a bit of mess. When would the neighbours go to the the park? I mean, we used to go into the park with ten friends to see if your car had been stolen and if you could find it back in the park, inside the caves.

29. The last house they demolished was near the open space on Via Cesare Baronio and they demolished it in the '90s. The lady who lived there used to "commodify her own existence".

30. I had a friend from Abruzzo who lived here. He said he lived on Via Denina because the entrance was actually on Via Denina. I seldom got into his house, they were truly shacks. The living conditions were "not pleasant". It was impressive. It stuck with me because it was really dense, very populated. / These were all poor houses, everybody lived in a few square meters and then all these tiles used to stick out.

31. It was a bad period, a time of hunger, a lot of hunger, bread was rationed. We, who came from Gaeta, were considered "non-Italians", like our migrants. They would chase us away without knowing that we had left our homes, with furniture and everything. So when I hear people talk about migrants I feel bad. History is memory, but they just don't want to have it. I think about these people who run away from their country to have a better life.

32. Nice tiles. I'm 86 years old and I remember it. I used to come here to pick grass with my mother, there was chicory; after we had to drink water from the fountain if I wanted to make it. I remember the little houses of the Borghetto, there were many little houses, they even built a little church. They would not allow us to get near the Borghetto. I remember that when I came with my mother, I was very little, she would hold my hand and we would run through here to get to the other side.

33. In short, it wasn't a great thing. It's clear that there was also a certain kind of people but from a human point of view it was also not a bad thing: there was a sense of community, they all knew each other.