



Night never ends in me

2017

August 21, 1968: the shots of a Beretta .22 kill a couple of lovers secluded in a car along a canal near Florence. Her son who sleeps in her back seat is spared, and her husband will be sentenced for the most classic of honor killings.

The same gun, loaded with Winchester bullets marked with a letter H on the cap, will fire again from 1974 to 1985, catching seven other secluded couples in the Florentine countryside by surprise. Some of the female victims will undergo pubic excision. The last two are also of the left breast. Italy is going through a historical period of transition.

The Years of Lead and political commitment give way to new ideals of individual satisfaction. It is in this context of apparent light-heartedness that the cradle of the Renaissance is shaken by a disturbing and elusive presence. For everyone it will be the Monster of Florence.

Among the thousands of anonymous letters sent to local newspapers there is a striking verse: In me the night never ends. It is the foreboding that comes true on a news case unique in the world, which still today, in the wake of controversial media processes and fueled by countless alternative theories, remains immersed in the dense darkness of those moonless nights.