

## Elio and the Troubled Stories - Trieste - Barcolana 2008

Written by PaoloGabriele

Sunday, 12 October 2008 21:09 - Last Updated Tuesday, 14 October 2008 20:30

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2008 October 11th, in Unità d'Italia Square in Trieste, during the Barcolana 2008 (well known regatta), also Elio e le Storie Tese (Elio and the Troubled Stories) were on the stage, for about one hour and a half with a playlist including old and new songs aiming to promote "non vulgarity", answering to those who accuse them to be vulgar that they misinterpreted their message. The "classic" T.V.U.M.D.B. (in English something like "My love for you is great like the sea") with Mangoni (a member of the band) disguised like a red pepper (screaming "PEM", as said in another song) and - after 25 years - the Elii's (a nick of the band) first and real piano player presented his "**Progetto Stanlio e Ollio**" (Laurel & Hardy project... financed for 25 years by the Regione Friuli Venezia Giulia...).

Sometimes it happens that mental lucidity is obfuscated for a couple of seconds by our own "idols" and that one to go at the concert makes things that would have discarded "with closed eyes"...

Even if I took in consideration the big mess going with those events, a little for a country and **on the road**

mind, I decide to go by car and seek for a park somewhere near the square. After looking in the places where usually one parks to go in the city and - obviously - found them more than full, here comes the

### **first shining idea**

: I could go to the Marina zone (naval store zone) - where generally there is a lot of parking-space -

### **going through the fair**

. After all on friday I tried and I did it...

Obviously the Rive (the road going along the shore in the city center) in the fair zone was closed to the circulation from the evening. Besides near the square there wasn't a hole to park in and a big queue formed up.

Here comes the **second shining idea**: as soon as I can I go in the center's little roads, there I'll surely find a parking! Yes... There were so many cars that it seemed to be

### **into a mosaic**

made with care and patience by any craftsman (from Spilimbergo, many people say they are particularly good at it) where there wasn't place for another piece.

After going around those roads I arrive (I didn't understand how) near Saint Giusto Cathedral, in a road I always saw free from cars... And there **appears to me**... any Saint! - you'll say. No. **A free parking place**

. After a quarter an hour of manoeuvres and worned out a half of the trasmission clutch (the road is sloped, the ground is irregular and large about 3 car of which one for circulation and two "used" as a parking) I realize that I would never enter in this place unless deposed by an helicopter or a crane.

Therefore it was also a blin alley! So I had to go back in reverse gear, behind a car whose driver was drooling thinking of the place I would left to him (with a car bigger than mine, that SURELY wouldn't fit into the place... but the mirage of a park, in such conditions, lights vain hopes)...

In some way I exit from there and I start my **moth imitation**, going around the lightbulb without knowing where going and why. I reach the so craved Marina zone and yet I taste the point where I would have parked... but it is all full! More than there was the "

### **Sagra de la sardela**

" (Sardina fish festival)! I arrived to the ferries gate, between cars, trucks and motorcaravan one all over another. There was also a queue of car parked in the middle of the road, just over the double line (I felt I couldn't left my car there...).

My **motorized pilgrimage** continued searching for a parking, and when I was about to give up (I was going around since **an hour and a half**) and far from the fair zone... I met also a bus (the little ones, line 30) blocked in a bend by a car parked not so well.

At least... **I FIND A PARKING PLACE! No! TENS OF PLACES!** And I park "happy as an Easter" (I didn't realize I was light years from the concert's square). I look for a reference point and I discover that I was over

### **Piazzale Rosmini**

(!!!!!!!!!!!! ? ).



This little Odissey of 10 km is summarized in the picture on the left. You can click it to zoom or watch it directly on [google's pedometer](#) .

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It's not finished yet, now begins the pedonal part. I go to the stage direction (yes... but how? I don't know where I am, how can I arrive where I would like?). I ask around... and I go. They say that I have to walk for a quarter an hour... and look at me with pity. Between the other things I had to memorize Fthe path... or I would never had come back.

During the walk the fireworks begin and I tell myself: Uh, I'll be late (I dont know basing on what). When I reach the shoreline I feel good and quite arrived.

I reach the square and the Elii (plural for Elio) just begun to play and (I took with me camera, videocamera and the cellular phone with a camera) I start to record the show while I'm enjoying it as a reward for my persistence... but the videotape ended quite soon (and I didn't have another: I thought that all those lights and volumes would made a bad recording). On the contrary... it was not so bad (the video I attached is compressed...).

I record the remaining part with the phone (and this come out very bad) until the battery goes low.

At least I go back to the car... happy for the show. But... because there is a "but"...



do you know how many **kilometers** I walked? **SIX** (6) at all! I could have walked directly from home. And besides I discovered I made the "

**guadagno di Guazzino**

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": from where I found parking to the square there would be a kilometer going straight.

I walked two more surrounding this path. **Maremma Pitagorica**<sup>2</sup>.

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After all... foreigner in a foreign country. And then "**oh, un so' mica gugol mèps!**" (I'm not google maps! as sounds in Italian).

The total is 16 km!!! Things for insane people, in spite of the global warming.

The walk is reported in the picture just over there. You can ckick to magnify or directly view on the [google's pedometer](#) .

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1. Guazzino's Gain: typical expression from my town, referred to a not existing gain... or better still a remittance.

2. Maremma: a zone of the Tuskany with pastures. Is usual in Tuskany as an expletive adding some adjectives related to the case. In this case "pitagorica" (pythagoric) is related to the famous Pitagora's theorem.