



Rachel Whiteread, *Untitled (House)*, 1993
Courtesy the artist and Gagosian
Photo Sue Ormerod

I have experienced this first-hand. I know that it is a long and complex journey, involving numerous infinitesimal steps, dotted with a variety of episodes and anecdotes, and largely based on memory and recollection. The dots that each moment has left on the map of time and of the mind all join together, delineating a complex pattern: each person's individual story and the sharing of that story in public.

Retracing my own personal journey of trauma-processing, in Whiteread's sixty chairs at Palazzo della Ragione I saw a symbol of the victims of the pandemic; all and none at the same time. I would have liked each chair to bear their name, a memory to have been evoked of each of them. That was not to be, clearly. This is why I wanted to "name" them at the start of this text by mentioning the most common surnames in the Bergamo area.

The stones also reminded me of gravestones, the war cemeteries with their identical markers, standing in orderly rows in the ground—rigorous, dignified and proud. I thought of Bergamo's large monumental cemetery, where my grandparents are laid to rest and where I have often accompanied my father to visit his loved ones buried there. This is the same cemetery that in 2020 could no longer contain the city's dead, which outnumbered its capacity. I think of the