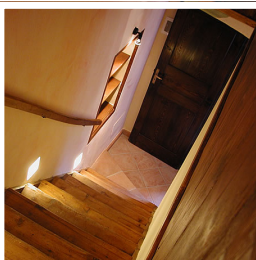


GOLDEN BOOK HOTELS

Residenza San Rocco

presents

Residenza San Rocco Torino



Roberta
Minghetti
Enchantment
and History



Roberta Minghetti
(1969)



She was born in Ravenna, where she lives. She has dedicated her studies and her work to her two passions: microbiology and communication. She is a copywriter and does consulting in the advertising field. Often lost in the pages of a book, she enjoys writing short stories with the sea and succulent plants for company.

E U R E K A !

GOLDEN BOOK HOTELS

Enchantment and History

The prisoners would soon be transferred to the "Le Nuove" prison, but for now they were still there, at 13 Via San Domenico.

As she did every day, Giulia sat on a wooden chair reading from a book on her knees from 10.00 to 11.00am, her voice calm and her black eyes so concentrated on the words they seemed to colour the letters.

The prison programme included a compulsory hour's education every day, and Giulia had volunteered as a teacher. Every day she sat in the corridor outside the cells and began to read, and each time a young female voice could be heard faintly, almost in unison, a short way from where she sat.

That day the background voice was late joining in, and Giulia found herself almost waiting to hear it as she read. After a while she noticed the girl arrive, her eyes lowered and her hands clasped in front of her. Heedless of the dirt that would soil her dress, she sat down

on the floor with her back to a prisoner lying on a be-draggled mattress.

With her child legs stretched out on the filthy floor, her back against the bars of the cell and her right arm resting in her lap while the left hung by her side, the only part of her torso that showed tension was her neck, which had to keep her head up straight and proud, without resting against the metal.

A little Degas ballerina, pictured in a dignified struggle not to give in to weariness. Then began the daily whispering of what was the story of a curious, respectful young man with a passion for science, who helped his sister learn the rudiments of home economics every evening. The story told how one day he went with some of his friends to the inauguration of a stretch of railway connecting Turin and Milan, promising his sister that he would tell her all about it when he came back. The only thing the young girl heard that evening, though, was a dreadful piece of news. A drunken young man had attacked the boy and in a rush, probably not minimally caring who his victim was, had stabbed him in the stomach with a knife, robbing him of his life and the little he had in his pockets.

Giulia realised that this would be the last chapter of

the story and that the girl would not come back again. For the first time, the prisoner turned around to look at the bent little back that had wedged itself between the bars of his cell for so many days, and his mouth moved slightly. There were words in there that were about to be spat out, but the young girl never knew it, because she left, without turning around, before they killed him. Two days later the prisoner was executed by hanging.

Giulia's name was fairly well known around the town. A writer and teacher, she often organized Italian classes at her home, particularly for women.

One day she was approached by a well-to-do Turin family, which asked her to take care of their young daughter for the whole month of July during their stay at their summer residence.

Giulia was not the kind to waste time on too many questions and details, and in any case, the thought of seeing somewhere new was enough to make the proposal appealing.

It was 30 June 1870 when Giulia reached the village of Cavoretto, took the road leading up to the little San

Rocco church and turned right into the courtyard of the Oberto family's residence.

The place was even more enchanting than she had imagined. It was like standing on the edge of progress with the certainty of not being swept away, or like looking down on a carriage racing helter-skelter with the pleasant assurance of not finding oneself covered in dust. Nestled among the mountains, surrounded by woods, the family's house was about to reveal another surprise.

"Welcome, Miss Giulia. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. Please come in," said a woman

her words (*Welcome*)

marking (*Miss*)

the rhythm (*Giulia*)

of her footsteps (*I'm sorry*)

on (*to have*)

the stone (*kept you*)

steps (*waiting*)

that led (*Please*)

to the sitting room (*come in*).

"I am Caterina's aunt. I'd like to have a few words with you before we join my niece, if you don't mind".

Giulia sat down in a dark green velvet armchair, her blue dress moving with her body as she settled herself with discreet elegance, and intertwined her long fingers in a mixture of embarrassment, curiosity and professional alertness. Her black eyes fixed on the lips of the woman sitting opposite her, ready to catch her every word.

“Caterina’s parents are unable to meet you at the moment, but they would be delighted if you would have dinner with them this evening. Our family has recently been bereaved, and we are all still suffering, but if you are here it is because the person we are most worried about now is my niece. Since her older brother died, she no longer speaks to anyone. She spends hours alone in the courtyard or in her room, embroidering words without meaning on her brother’s bedspread. Some time ago she started going out every morning at about ten; we never knew where she went, for us it was enough that she felt like going out. Then one day she stopped even these short morning walks and went back to staying shut up in her room, not even coming to the kitchen for lunch. The doctor advised us to bring her up here to the hills. He thinks it is easier for her to be in a house where there are fewer memories and

where the air is fresh, and we hope that in some way you too can get through to Caterina and help her. This is why we have asked you to come.”

Giulia quickly absorbed the information and politely but firmly began to express her own point of view. “First of all, my condolences to you and your family. I understand your worries, but as I am not in the habit of claiming experience that I do not have, I think I should tell you that I have no special training in these matters, so perhaps... perhaps...” Giulia’s words hung in the room as her eyes watched a girl come down the same steps her aunt had recently trodden, but doing so in a completely different way. No rhythmic footsteps, just the lightest brushing of feet. A white dress with brown trimmings clothed her slim body and swathed her long neck up to her chin; hands clasped in front of her, she wore a look that Giulia could not help but recognize. She hurriedly finished what she had been saying, changing the ending as she did so, “...well, as I was saying, perhaps, in order to understand if I can help you, it would be better if I started to get an idea of the situation. Would you mind if your niece and I went for a stroll alone?”

The aunt had no objection.

“Caterina, so that’s your name. Hello, I’m Giulia. I saw you some time ago at the prison; you came every morning and you sat down to tell a story to that prisoner. Do you feel like telling it to me?”

The girl refused the request that afternoon and on those that followed. She just shook her head slightly, not in answer but as if to shake off unpleasant thoughts.

As the days went by, the Obertos opened their salon more and more to guests and receptions and Caterina withdrew more and more into her silence. Her parents tried to dispel their pain with the bustle of parties, while the girl remained crushed by it.

One bright, sunny morning, Giulia decided to take Caterina to Rio Sappone, a stream running through a little wood not far from the house. She had noticed that the girl was very good at floral arrangements, and so suggested they gather a pretty bouquet together. Purple and yellow were the predominant colours. Giulia pulled out some pots of colour and a couple of brushes she had taken from her painter father before leaving. She spread a piece of cloth on the ground, opened the pots, mixed the contents briskly to make them more liquid and then invited the girl to paint their bunch of flowers. She knew she hadn’t aroused much interest

in the girl, but refused to resign herself to the girl's increasingly vacant gestures and the irritable expression that was a fragile mask for her feelings.

Her hands stained with blue, yellow and the green she had just mixed, Giulia sat on the bank and waited for the picture. She stroked the ground and her thoughts with the same grace and concern. At a certain moment she felt a stone beneath her left palm. She played with it a little, trying to colour it with the wet paint still on her fingers; she wanted to give it back to nature with a new touch of colour. Satisfied with the result, she threw it distractedly into the water before getting up to see how Caterina was getting on with her work. As she stood up, she saw that the stone had landed a short distance from her feet, where the water was still very shallow, and was looking up at her, pretending to be bigger. Without thinking, Giulia took off her shoes, lifted her skirt up to her calves and with a shiver as the icy water touched her skin, retrieved the stone. She was pleased to note that the girl behind her had watched the scene almost with interest, but she acted as if nothing had happened. She sat down again and threw the pebble, trying to make it skip across the surface of the water. The almost two skips were certainly

not a great result, but at least she didn't have to go too far from the bank to retrieve the stone. As she came out of the water, the hem of her skirt in her right hand and the stone in her left, she saw that Caterina was sitting near the water's edge waiting for her.

"I'll catch a cold, but it's worth it!" said Giulia enthusiastically, "It's fun and relaxing and freezing at the same time. Do you want to try?"

"I'm no good at it," said the girl in a quiet whisper.

"Neither am I! Let's do this - you try throwing it and if you beat my two skips I'll go and get it, are you on?"

Giulia couldn't believe her eyes: Caterina was excited and at the same time seemed to be surprised that she could still be happy about something. During those days spent alone, she must have convinced herself that after experiencing the loss of a loved one she could never be excited or surprised by anything again, and that her mind would see only the picture of her brother lying unmoving on the ground as his blood stuck him to the road, and then, oblivion.

Instead a single simple, age-old gesture was making her rediscover an instinctive, liberating joy.

She concentrated, smiling, and with four perfect skips she earned the right to send Giulia to retrieve the stone.

The two girls continued laughing and challenging each other for a while longer, until suddenly, without taking her eyes off the water, Caterina said “I just wanted him to know who my brother was. That’s why you saw me at the prison.”



...enchantment and history...

Daniela was looking for wonder and history.

An art lover and expert in medieval history and literature, she was determined to find something exciting to invest in, and she found it.

One day in 2000, she was walking through the little village of Cavoretto, nestled in the Turin Hills nature park, when she suddenly found herself contemplating a XVIII century house. While she was still going over it in her mind, it was already casting its spell over her without even giving her time to realize it. Some delicate renovation work followed; the house's own history guided the work and its charm decided its beauty. The vaulted ceilings began to look once more at the stones which brashly revealed their beauty on stairs and walls, while the wood of beams and terraces reappeared cleaned, welcoming and refined.

It was during the renovation work that one of the internal walls decided to reveal a little secret to Daniela. Inside the wall, in a little terracotta niche, was a small

cylindrical container holding a folded paper. On the paper were directions to a certain spot in the middle of a wood on the hill. The young woman was grateful to the house for the gift, but decided that it was not the right time to follow the directions – she was afraid the spell would be broken once the secret had been revealed.

Once the necessary amount of time had elapsed, the workers left the house and the doors of **Residenza San Rocco** opened. Daniela had decided to make the two adjoining apartments a place for all those able to appreciate its charm, and to resurrect the ancient concept of “hospitality”. She also wanted to create a tentative haven for artists. No longer a stop on the journey from one court to another, but a place of solace for the spirit, where every artist would be welcomed and given lodgings to create a work of art to donate to the house in exchange for the inspiration received.

One day a tall, greying man, subtle in his appearance and his wit, arrived at the Residence. He introduced himself as the Florentine painter that a friend of Daniela’s had commissioned some time earlier to paint a picture of the Cavoretto house. As soon as the painting had been sent off to Via San Rocco as a gift for the own-

er, its creator felt a growing desire to visit the house he had painted. And now there he was, before a stone staircase and surrounded by history.

At the time, one of the apartments was occupied by a young twenty-eight year old woman with red hair and distracted dreams. In a few days she would finally meet the staff of the Russian partner in the company she worked for. One of the many dreams that formed and vanished just as rapidly in her head, was that of moving to St. Petersburg, and now it seemed almost real. As soon as the rumour had gone round the office that someone was being sent from the overseas office to select a new events manager, she had begun to ask, beg, implore and stress her boss to be included in the list of candidates for the transfer. Her résumé was waiting in some file, and she was getting ready for the big day as best she could, by regaining her energy.

The painter often stood at the window contemplating the scenery, but lately he frequently also caught sight of a young woman, intent on enjoying the warmth of the sun's rays and walking about the place with quick, little steps. To remain calm, She had inserted the SIM card with just her friends' names - a few dozen of them - into her mobile, and promised herself she

would switch on her work phone only once an hour to see if there had been any last minute changes. As a result, what the painter saw from the window was a person who always had her telephone in her hand and lost no chance to make arrangements to meet everyone who called her. Hers was a frantic kind of rest. Bending the ear of some friend or other, or in front of the computer screen, she tried to suppress her anxiety with a flurry of gestures, appointments and noisy laughs. Listening to her worries or smelling the fear of defeat made her feel weak and vulnerable; she much preferred squeezing everything into a convulsive succession of exhilarating distractions.

“Just to think that only a few years ago, when she wasn’t much more than a child, if she had seen me like this, with my brushes and colours, the intriguing air of an artist and this black pirate’s patch over one eye, she would have stopped to stare at me and would even have been amazed. Now, though, I’m not sure if she is even aware of my presence; no astonishment, no desire to talk with someone for the sheer pleasure of doing so and not just as a distraction from something else. Just elation, which is not even related to wonder,” thought the painter with some regret. At that moment

he recalled the chat he had had a few evenings before with Daniela, the owner. She had told him about a secret hidden within the stones of the house, and of her intention to ask someone to find it. The woman had gracefully and skillfully approached the matter in a roundabout way, but his artist's sensitivity had immediately led him to understand that he was the person Daniela had in mind for the task.

He glanced quickly at the trees opposite his window and at the young woman slightly further down.

The decision had been made.

"Good morning, I'm the painter from upstairs. Have you noticed how lovely the wood here in front of us is? I have a feeling there could be a secret hidden away somewhere in there. What do you say to trying to discover it with me?"

"Hello! Hmm... well, if it's not going to take too long... but what is it exactly we have to look for" asked the young woman.

"I don't know. That's what so good about it!" said the man with a slight smile and the map in full view in his hands.

On the way there, the young woman asked few questions and recounted a lot. It was obvious that she had

no familiarity with either relaxation or boredom, she knew nothing of silence and had little curiosity about anything not related to herself.

She talked and he thought until they reached The Place, and he began to look around. A small stream flowed a short distance from where they stood, and the noise it made was reinvigorating. On the map was a picture of a tree with a distinctively shaped trunk, and the painter had no trouble spotting it on his left. A small groove had been made in the bark to hold a treasure and protect it through time. While the man was studying the groove as if it were an intersection between the past and present, the young woman appeared impatient to grab the small ball of cloth wedged in it.

“Wait! Whoever put this here certainly did not do so hurriedly, nor will we remove it hurriedly.”

He pried out the little velvet package with care, and opened it gently. He held it in his hands and invited his companion to sit with him on the bank of the stream. A small, flat stone with tiny green marks lay comfortably and proudly on a piece of cloth beneath the excited gaze of the two explorers. The man took it, and instinctively skipped it across the surface of the water: one, two, three... five... seven skips.

He turned to look at the young woman and found her amazed.

Surprised,

to discover that someone had considered a stone to be so precious as to want to leave it as a legacy for the future;

astonished,

to see the stone pluck the water as if it were a harp player.

Astounded,

at the simplicity of a small gesture lost in time.

The man decided to entrust the stone to the young woman for the last night before the great day. He knew that it would help give her dreams the right rhythm, and that evening, in her sleep, she would discover it too.

Cocooned within the warm walls of the bedroom, she caught the wise expression of the stones set in the wall, while her hands clutched their small descendant. She was silent. The sound of the stone skipping on the water began marking, in her mind, a rhythm that had no need to be chased or shouted above the noise of daily life to be heard. Her breathing began to follow the

beat of her thoughts; she saw herself at the interview, before her boss and her boss's boss, among a flurry of English, Italian and Russian letters that zigzagged around the office like gas molecules. She felt ready to give her best, with the calm assurance that even if it were not decided on that occasion, her future would in any case be in St. Petersburg, sooner or later.

That night, among the red of her hair, the young woman dreamed, one dream after another, one by one, all finally clear and marked by a new awareness: the measure of patience.





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Tutti i diritti riservati.
Vietata qualsiasi duplicazione del presente ebook.

For ten years the RESIDENZA SAN ROCCO has provided free accommodation to artists who come to Turin to set up exhibitions, take part in work experiences or simply to tour our splendid city.

Both Italian and foreign artists have been guests here in the past, some already well known with a lifetime's experience behind them, and others younger, but who in the meantime have made their way and developed, in some cases becoming significant figures on the Italian and international art scene.

Works donated by artists to the Residenza form part of the San Rocco Collection, a collection that nowadays includes more than thirty works which have never been on public show until now. It is an eclectic corpus comprising works ranging from figurative art to sculpture and photography, as no theme is given to the artist, who is left free to express his or her own creativity. The thread running through all these works is freedom of choice and freedom of expression, a philosophy intended to instill confidence and optimism in complex times such as these.

Over the years, requests to see the works as a whole have been made from various quarters. So while waiting for an appropriate "physical" place to show the collection, we have created this ebook and present it here for the first time.

This virtual art gallery is Residenza San Rocco's thank you to all the artists who have come to stay and an invitation to those who will come in the future.

San Rocco Collection

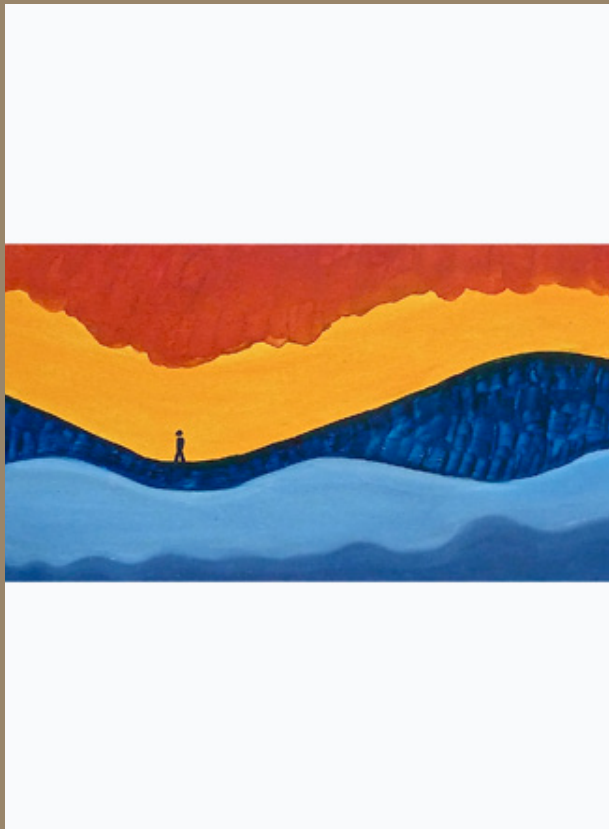


ARIEL ASSEO ~ (ISRAEL)



"untitled"

2002



"Missing link"
2011



"Il fiore nero"
2010



"Al di là dei pieni forse un vertice di paesaggio"

2004

XANTE BATTAGLIA ~ MILANO (ITALIA)



xantebattaglia@gmail.com

"Volto"
2008



"P.a."
1997

GIAN LUIGI BELLEI ~ LUGANO (SWITZERLAND)



"untitled"
1990

VALERIO BERRUTI ~ VERDUNO, CUNEO (ITALY)



www.valerioberruti.com

"Ikone domestiche"

2004



"Alla Dani Ella che merevigli-osa"

2012



"DA .NI"
2012



"A Daniella"

2012



Video YouTube >>

"Il sogno"
2000



Video YouTube >>

"Koan"
2005



"Per Dani"

2011

UGO BRUNO ~ TORINO (ITALY)



ugb.cube@gmail.com

"K25 Frammento"

1999

UGO BRUNO ~ TORINO (ITALY)



ugb.cube@gmail.com

"Per te"
2007



ugb.cube@gmail.com

"Sculptura portatile"
2005

STEFANO CAGOL ~ TRENTO (ITALY)



www.stefanocagol.com

"Bandiere bianche"

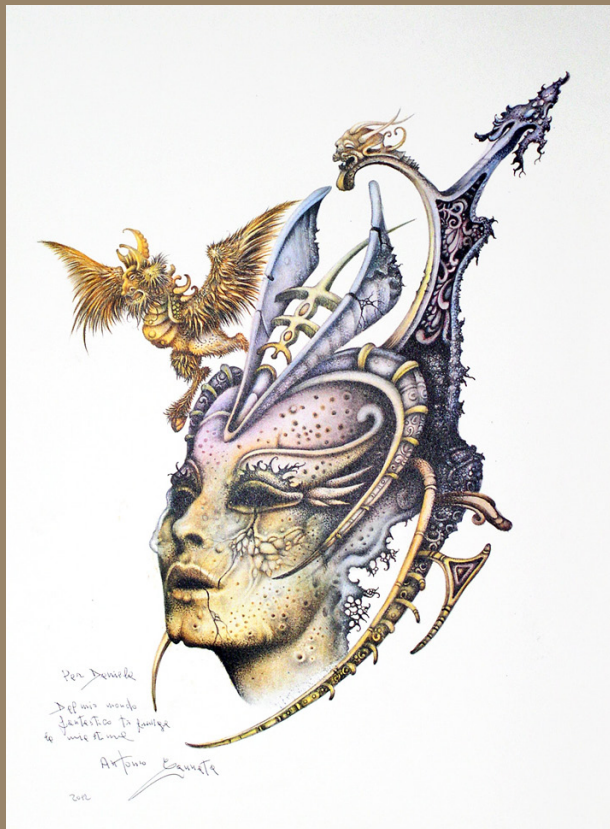
2005



www.stefanocagol.com

"untitled"

2003



"Dal mio mondo fantastico..."

2012



"Sacrificio"
2009



"C. e A."

1998



"Le nuvole veloci"

2005



"I colori del tempo"

2008

SUSAN DUTTON ~ (USA)



www.susandutton.com

"Lido di Camaiore 2"

2008

SUSAN DUTTON ~ (USA)



www.susandutton.com

"Per il progettone"

2004

MARIA ROSA GAUDE ~ CARMAGNOLA, TORINO (ITALY)



www.mariarosgau.de.it

"Ponte sulla Gran Madre"

1999



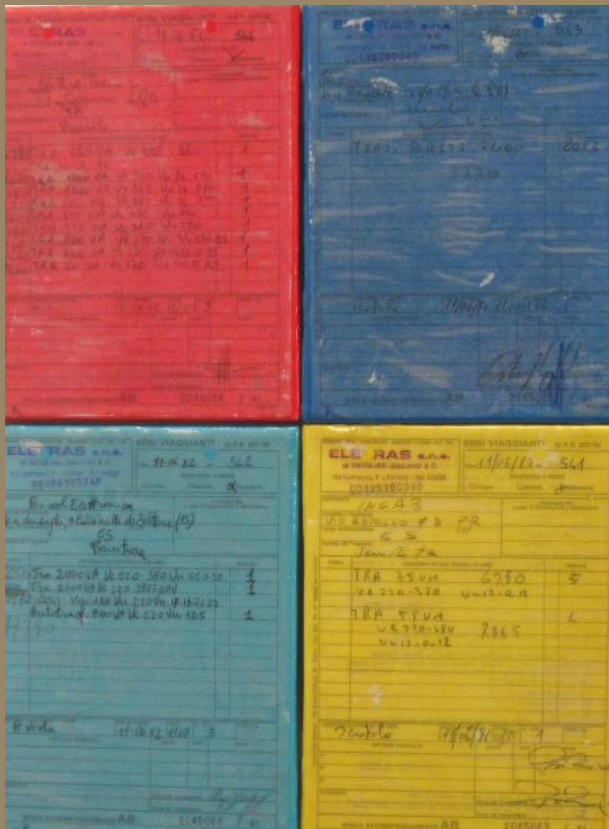
SARA GIANTIN ~ ESTE, PADOVA (ITALIA)



www.saragiantin.it

"Fuoco creatore"

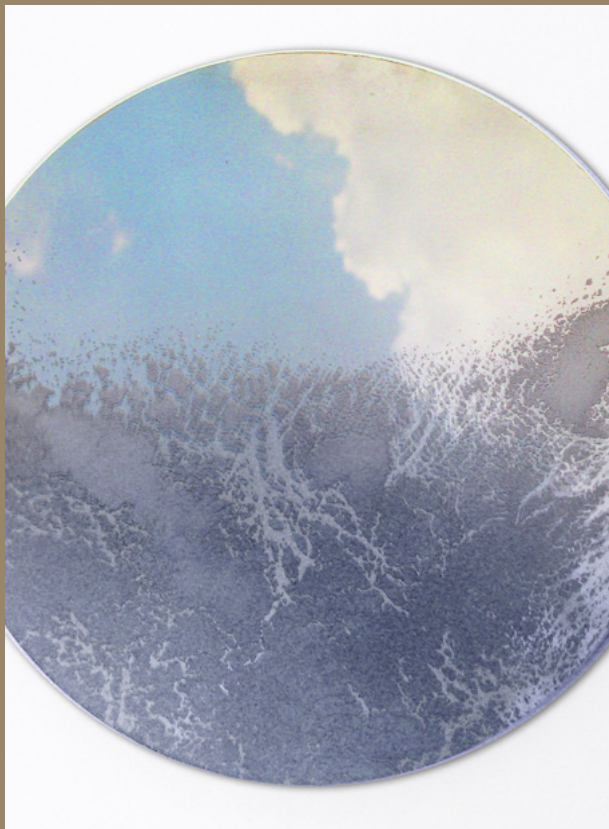
2011



www.giorgiogost.com

"n. 1688 40x30 Pluri-Bolle! Old Economy"





"Modulazioni"

2003



"Linea storica 7"

2011



www.agavebluarte.com/index.php?pg=parisi

"Essenza"
2010

CARLO PIAGENTINI ~ FIRENZE (ITALY)



www.carlopiagentini.com

"Residenza Sanrocco"

2001



angelapolicastro@virgilio.it

"Dopo l'amore"

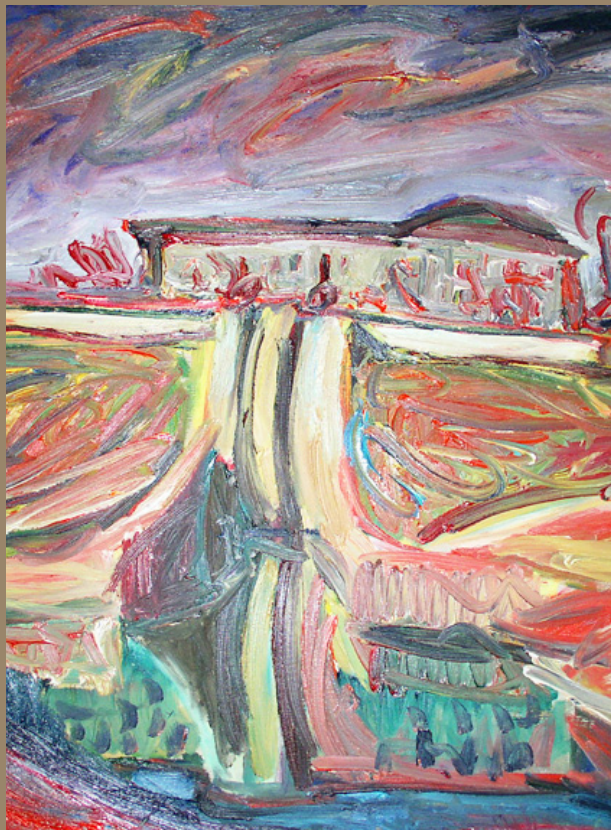
2004



"In ascensore"

2004

DARIO ROSSI ~ CANNETO SULL'OGGIO, MANTOVA (ITALY)



"La chiusa"

2004



"Tango 3"
2011

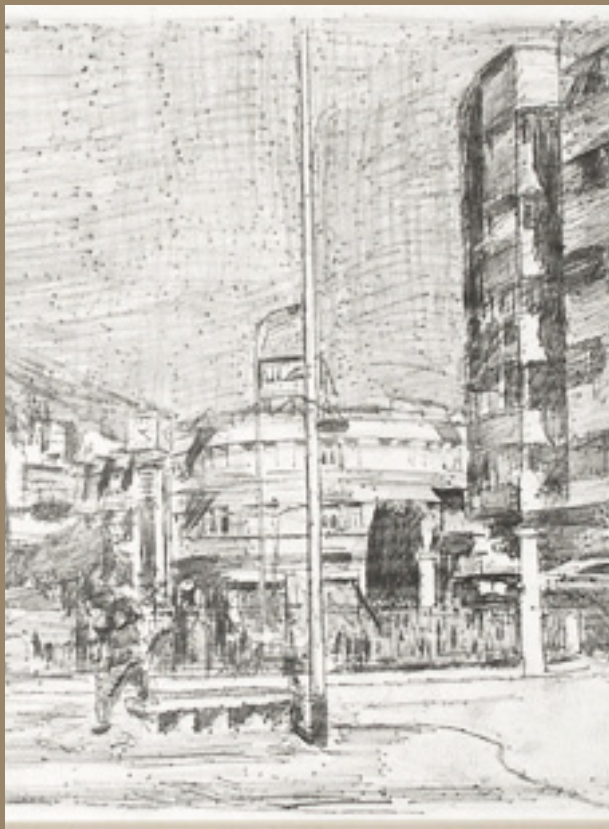


"Heidi"
2004

CARLO STEINER ~ TERNI (ITALY)



"Farfalle"
2005



"La place de Nablus"
2003

YELENA VASILEV ~ (SERBIA)



"Essendo così i lupi..."
2004



"senza titolo"

2005

Residenza San Rocco

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info@viasanrocco.com

www.viasanrocco.com

TO REQUEST ACCOMODATION

Accommodation is offered depending on availability of the apartments, and varies from a weekend to a week. The arrangement is governed by a gratuitous loan for use contract, and the artist is asked to donate a work in return for hospitality. Accommodation includes the provision of bed linen, but excludes meals. Requests for accommodation at Residenza San Rocco may be made by writing to info@viasanrocco.com and attaching a brief résumé which will be assessed by the Management.

GOLDEN BOOK HOTELS

2012



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HOTEL SAN GUIDO Milano www.hotelsanguido.com



HOTEL BELVEDERE Bellagio (CO) www.belvederebellagio.com



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HOTEL EDEN Cinquale (MS) www.edenhotel.it



HOTEL NEDY Ronchi (MS) www.hotelnedy.it



ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL Pisa www.royalvictoria.it



ALBERGO PAGGERIA MEDICEA Artimino (PO) www.artimino.it



LOCANDA DEL LOGGIATO Bagno Vignoni (SI) www.loggiato.it



CASTELLARE DE' NOVESCHI Gaiole in Chianti (SI) www.castellaredenoveschi.com



LA CANONICA DI FUNGAIA Monteriggioni (SI) www.lacanonica difungaia.com



COUNTRY HOUSE VILLA COLLEPERE Matelica (MC) www.villacollepere.it



HOTEL LA CANTINA DI PALAZZO BELLO Recanati (MC) www.palazzobello.it



RELAIS VILLA GIULIA Fano (PU) www.relaisvillagiulia.com



TENUTA DI CORBARA Orvieto (TR) www.tenutadicorbara.it



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