

MIRRORED TURIN

APER

**The city seen
through shop windows**

by Stefano Cavallito
& Alessandro Lamacchia



CITTA' DI TORINO



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The city seen through shop windows

Commerce, in its many facets, is a fundamental part of the daily life of cities and communities. It is a vital thread in the social fabric, helping to shape the soul of a place. Over the years, it creates spaces that become gathering points, essential to many people, with the unique ability to build intergenerational bonds and a sense of belonging.

Looking at our city through the metaphorical "lens" of shop windows allows us to appreciate how markets, historic shops, neighborhood stores are crucial to fostering relationships – even before they are key pillars of a significant economic sector. It is a complex ecosystem that balances tradition with the future, serving as a laboratory for cultural exchange and also as a point of attraction for visitors. This is especially true in Porta Palazzo, where Europe's largest market thrives.

Our administration has decided to invest significantly in proximity commerce, fully aware of its importance. The work presented in these pages offers an opportunity to reflect on the crucial role this sector plays, inviting us to view it from a fresh perspective and to understand how fundamental it is to the life of our Turin, its neighborhoods and the people who live there.

Stefano Lo Russo
Mayor of Turin

The value of neighborhood trade

Neighborhood stores, markets, workshops: between stalls and shop windows Turin reveals itself, celebrating tradition without ever ceasing to change and evolve. Commerce is also a matter of style, of resilience, of innovation; the value of the local economy should not be reduced to a simple economic fact, as it expresses itself through relationships, bonds and a sense of community. From the will to promote and support this "human" dimension of commerce, made up of important legacies and inventiveness, meetings and exchanges, practices and ideas, a large project of the City of Turin was born that includes the creation of the Register of Proximity Exercises of Collective Interest (Esercizi di Prossimità di Interesse Collettivo, or "EPIC") and the creation of innovative digital tools such as the "Torino Mercati" app and the "Torino Compra Vicino" website.

What emerged was a multifaceted and fascinating reality that begged to be explored and told: and so, from the splendor of the Savoy court to the great industrial redevelopments, from the artisan workshops to the multiethnic energy of the largest market in Europe, this guide takes us on an often surprising journey through the streets and neighborhoods of Turin, inviting us to reflect on the thousand faces of a city that knows how to remain itself, while at the same time is always able to welcome and relaunch the challenges of the future.

Paolo Chiavarino
Councillor for Trade and Markets

Turin's thousand shop windows. A lighthearted stroll through the city's stores

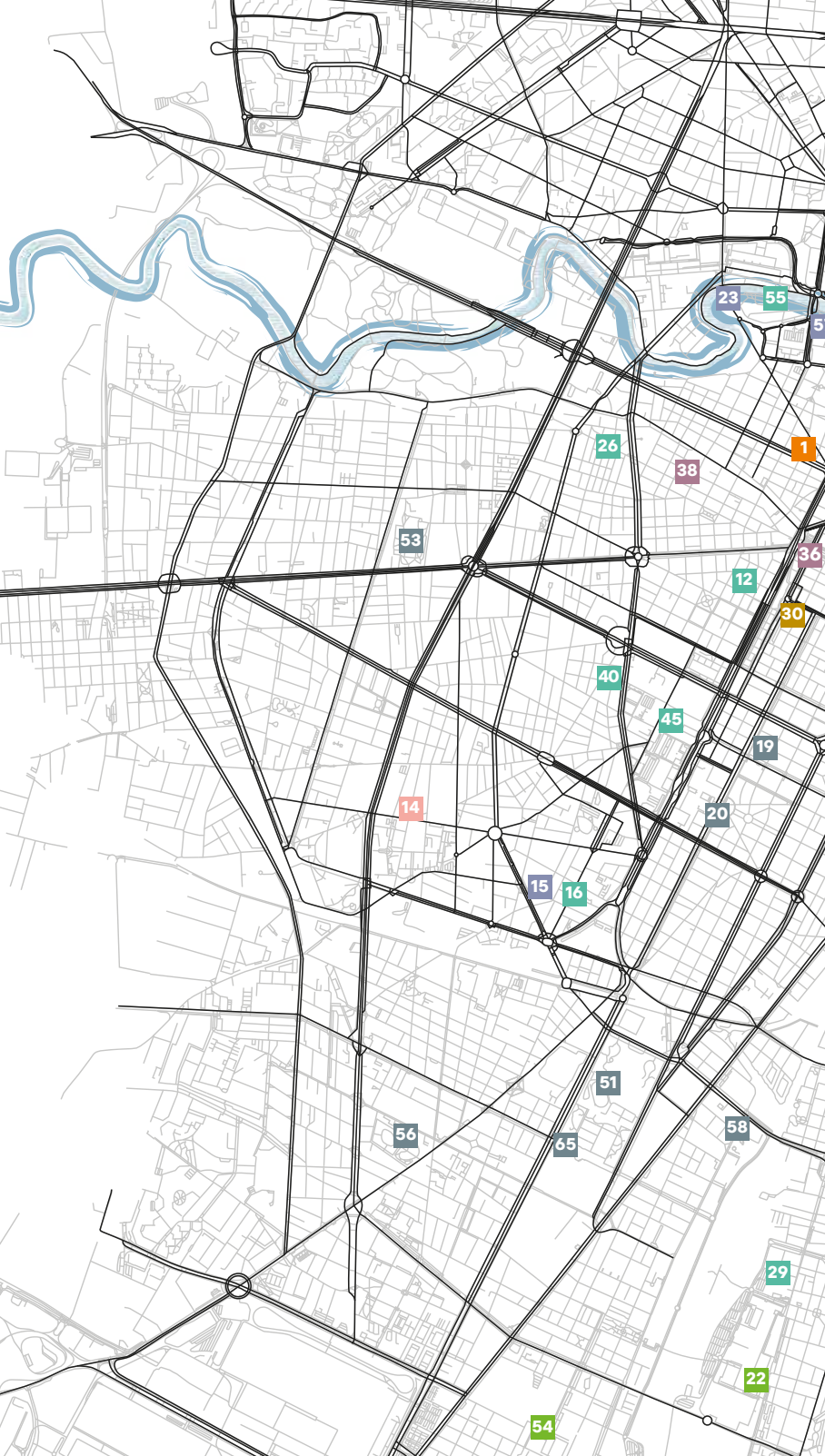
There was a small girdle and corset shop on Corso Vittorio Emanuele II, at the same house number as our office. In the shop window were some slightly old-fashioned women's clothes, petticoats, woollen dresses. Loyal customers used to drop in. Having only briefly glimpsed its 1940s interior décor on the odd occasion, we never paid much attention to it. We would greet the kind lady who ran it without knowing her name, hold the front door open for her, exchange a few words in the hallway. Then one day, the lady retired, and the shop closed down. Suddenly we were missing something, like a piece of life passing by, that you thought would always be there but was no longer there. Why has no-one carried on business at the Ditta Primavera? If you think about it though, you might ask yourself: why should anyone do so? How could a so-called 'corset shop' survive in a world that has to look up in the online dictionary what a corset is and, if it ever needed it, would buy it at the click of a mouse.

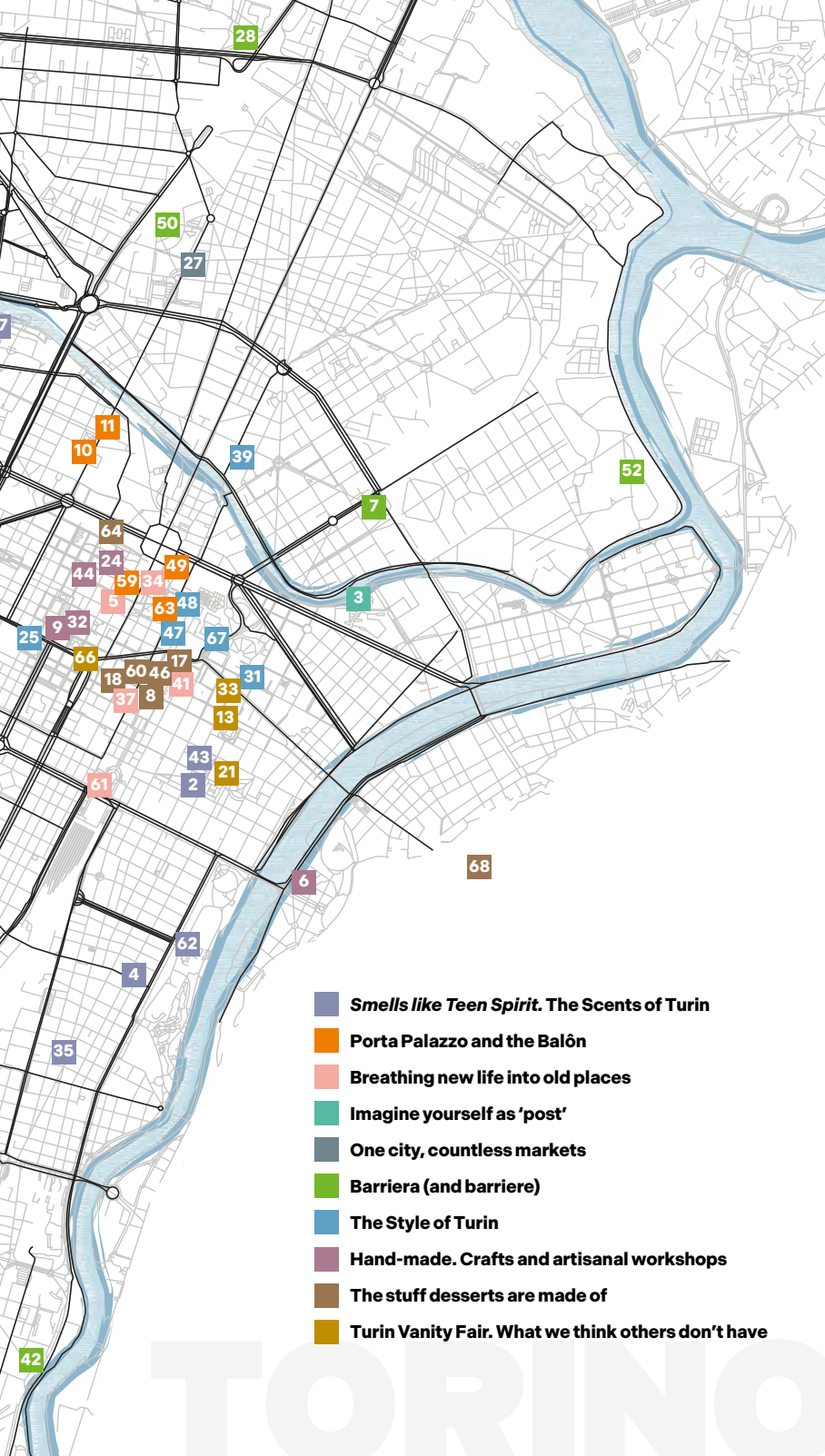
We - who have long been authors of gourmet cookbooks and write about restaurants, i.e. a very small part of the business world - have already experienced something similar, the bad future that seems to drive out the good past and calls for resilience against the invasion of the Barbarians. Processed and fast food attacking inns and grandmothers' traditional recipes. That invasion was unstoppable, just as online trade is unstoppable in our view, and yet chefs have become heroes. The innkeepers and restaurateurs are like Don Quixotes who, armed with skewers, defend our tables laid with nostalgia. The trattorias are not dead, neither are the restaurants, indeed they are thriving with ever greater vigour. Shopkeepers should also be hailed as heroes, even keeping a corset shop open should deserve public acclaim and honours. Being a corsetier should be a job to brag about, like the cook who saves

the anchovies in green sauce from the siege of the poké. The shop windows that remain open are like eyes overlooking the city, though not as security cameras, rather as reflections to view ourselves in. This book, which tells of Turin as seen through shop windows, is therefore not merely a tour of the city's landmarks, but a stroll through one of those funfair fairgrounds of mirrors, where you get lost and can't find your way out, where what we were mingles with what we will become, like milk cream and chocolate in a cup of "bicerin". The shop windows reflect long corridors of time, fuelled by the aroma of coffee ground by third-generation coffee roasters, surrounded by suburbs still reminiscent of the glories of the industrial city, bustling with markets where you wander with your elbows flared out and your bags full. There are not only the lacquered, gleaming shop windows on Via Roma, not only the wood, iron and cast iron *devantures* of the historic cafés, but also the less prestigious, more suburban shops, founded in the 1970s or 1980s, with no Risorgimento splendours to report, no Cavour, Pavese or Ginzburg to speak of, yet many other citizens of Turin go there to buy a tin of paint, an umbrella or an Apulian tarallo in a city of flat grissini breadsticks. It was neither the mercy of the weather that left them intact, nor the sand that covered the pyramids of Egypt for centuries, rather the determination of the shopkeepers, proud of their shop sign, and the pleasure of serving.

Since we began writing this book, we pay more attention to the shop windows in Turin, and this is also what we wish for our readers. Even without technical know-how, we grasp the details of other eras, take a peek at the interior décor, the marble, the wood, the shelves, catch a glimpse of knowledge handed down from generation to generation in people's daily routines. If it were possible, we would even buy a corset.

Stefano Cavallito & Alessandro Lamacchia





- Smells like Teen Spirit. The Scents of Turin
- Porta Palazzo and the Balòn
- Breathing new life into old places
- Imagine yourself as 'post'
- One city, countless markets
- Barriera (and barriere)
- The Style of Turin
- Hand-made. Crafts and artisanal workshops
- The stuff desserts are made of
- Turin Vanity Fair. What we think others don't have

TORINO

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How to use this book

Mirrored Turin tells the story of the city starting from its shops and neighborhood markets.

The general map at the beginning of the volume provides an overview of the city and some of the most important historical and touristic points of interest, which can be reached by walking from the commercial areas discussed in the text. The points of interest and commercial areas, highlighted by colored boxes, are also shown on the map that opens each chapter. All the mentioned shops and businesses are listed in alphabetical order at the end of the volume.

Through the "Torino Mercati" app and the "Torino Compra Vicino" website, which can be directly accessed via the QR codes on this page, you can browse real-time information about shops, events, and markets, as well as thematic routes and touristic itineraries off the beaten path.



TorinoCompraVicino



TorinoMercati





MARTINI
Caffè
Ristorante
Torino

Esclusivo
Ristorante
di
Nobilità

Smells Like Teen Spirit. The Scents of Turin

On previous pages:

A toret, the symbolic fountain of Turin;

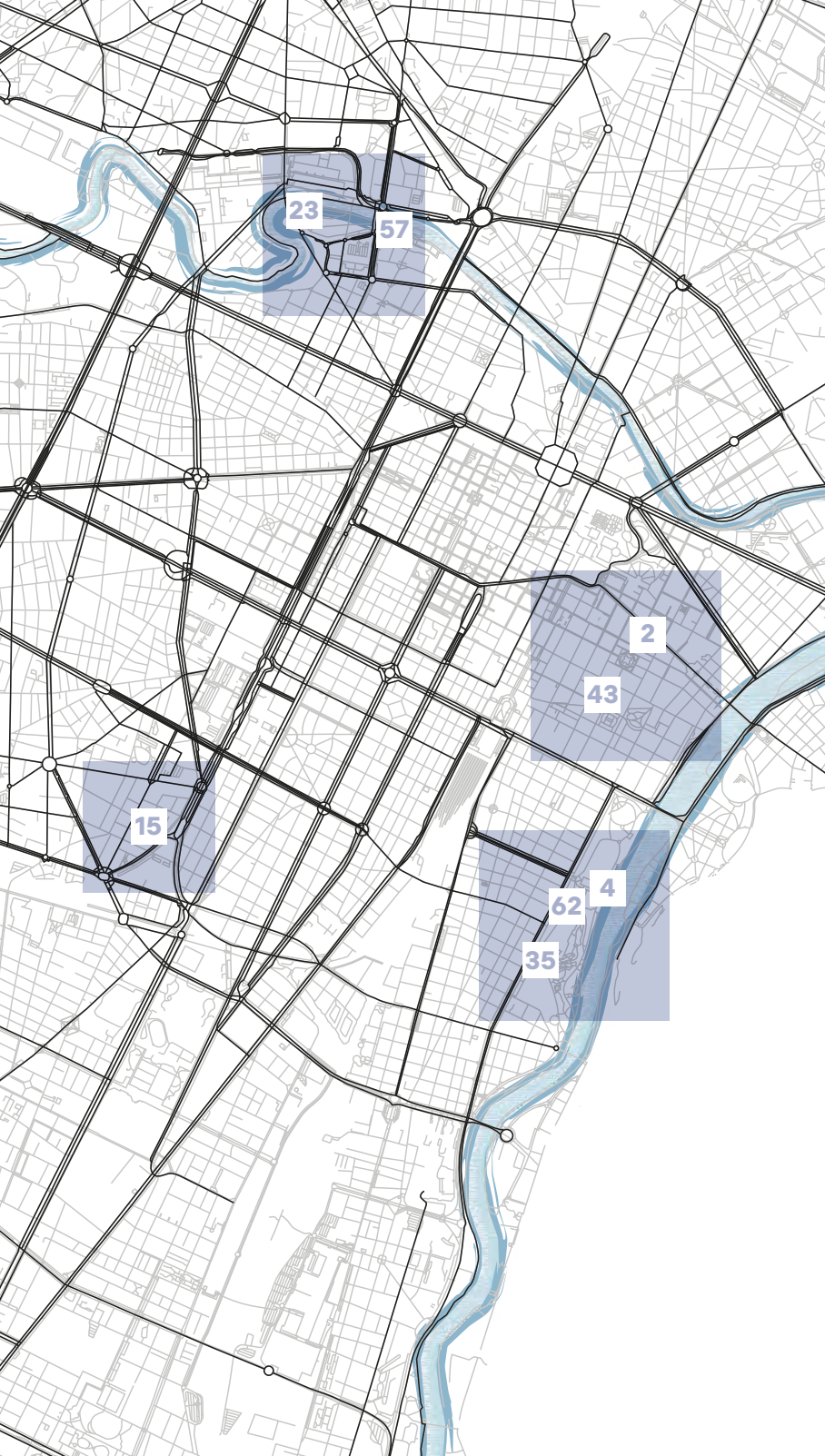
The arcades of Piazza San Carlo

Below: The Po at sunset



He who ruled scent, ruled the hearts of men, thought Patrick Süskind's sacred yet profane Grenouille. However, the scents of Turin are heterogeneous yet unique; they blend, disperse, disappear, and reappear. No one can rule them, no one can contain them. All you can do is breathe them in when you smell them, and then hold on tight and travel back in time.





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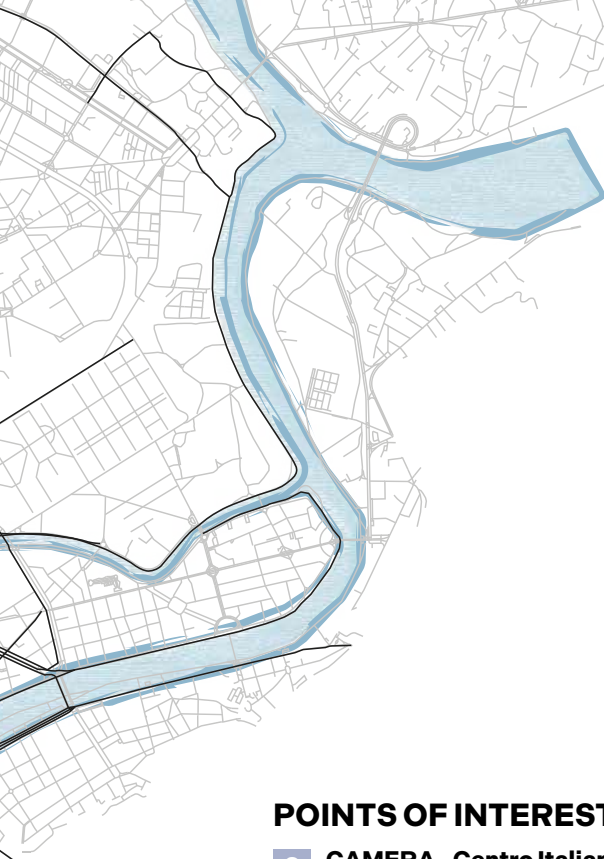
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POINTS OF INTEREST

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 - 4** **Castello del Valentino**
Viale Pier Andrea Mattioli, 39
 - 15** **Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo**
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 - 23** **MAcA - Museo A come Ambiente**
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 - 35** **Museo di Antropologia Criminale
"Cesare Lombroso"**
Via Pietro Giuria, 15
 - 43** **Museo Regionale di Scienze Naturali**
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 - 57** **Parco Scientifico Tecnologico
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-

Hot brioches at six in the morning in a bakery on Via Belfiore or the stench of buses in August? The humidity that rises from the Po on summer evenings or the smell of snow in the clear and freezing air, which flows between the ice banks of the Susa Valley and swells the porticos like stone sheets? What is the smell of Turin?

Among the city's countless smells, even in darkness, we would still recognise the scent of a candy factory on Via Saorgio, between Borgo Vittoria and Madonna di Campagna, baked sugar that would tell us we were children, that bars sold mint sticks advertised on tin signs, that we were in Turin. Yet that would be a personal and not an unambiguous clue. Not far away, in Via Chiesa della Salute, tram No. 10 passes by, rattling toward Porta Susa, Via Cernaia and then turning right onto the wide downtown avenues: Vinzaglio, Duca degli Abruzzi and Corso Agnelli, and then off to other suburbs. The scent of Turin, which anyone could recognise to feel at home, is the combination of iron and nature as leaves from plane trees are crushed by the rails of tram No. "10." A unique scent, like

Right: The oven of the Bertino Bakery





the one coming from the New York subway stations, and it is not by chance that, using a smart play on words, it was once called "light rail." The scent of the **rose**, of **flowers**, of bouquets for landladies, is not an entirely Turinese scent, but it ties in well with that of the "**bicerin**", the typical drink made from coffee, chocolate, and milk cream served in glass goblets. These are Sunday morning scents, from market stalls. Yet to "say it with flowers", as his sign on **Corso Einaudi** has always read, some people in Turin go to Carlo Fiori, a florist's open since 1925, allowed to blossom from generation to generation by attendees from florist schools in Basel, Grunberg, and Valencia; others go to Dufour, always on **Via Pietro Micca**, which has one of those Turinese-French names dating back to the 19th century, which instead was opened in 1900, thanks to the creative idea of two sisters who added a few flowers to their fruit and vegetable display. **Fruit**, **vegetables** and **cheese**. That was probably a modern Turin with its teen spirit, at least

Above: Specialty coffee at Orso Laboratorio Caffè

when compared to the Turin that reeks of industrial plants, oil and waste, and then of disuse.

From historic coffee shops to florists', from market stalls laden with fruits and vegetables displayed like gems to modern bakeries representing a *Nouvelle Vague* of catering: the new generation of food artisans is a fragrant source of pride for the city.

But if it is true that the sense of smell is the most intimate, to access the gateway to our archive of sensations, one has to revert back to more familiar times, to home-cooked breakfasts. Bread and coffee. Among the stories with which to stuff one's memory, it is worth mentioning that of Bertino Bakery on Via Galliani, which lit its ovens in the 19th century and served generations of Jewish families until 1938, the year of disgrace. On 17th November 1938, the ill-fated day of the enactment of the racial laws, the Bertinos behind the counter put themselves on the right side of history and rescued some of their historical customers by hiding them in the bakery basement. A blow to the heart for every German, fascist or royal policeman who came in for a *biova*. They have less dramatic or less resilient stories to tell, yet Turin's bakers, lost in the dark days of the 1980s and 1990s with a few exceptions, of semi-industrial breads that, by evening, became inedible Polystyrene, now represent a *Nouvelle Vague* of leavening: Ficini, Spoto Bakery, Perino Vasco, Scarcella, Le Banneton. We are ready to battle to say that one is better than another, we would fight for our champion *michetta*, *focaccia*, sweet paninetto and for our sourdough, but the truth is that the whole new generation of bakers is a boast of fragrance for the city.

And as for coffee, it is almost pointless going to Via San Tommaso 10, where, in 1895, Lavazza founded his grocery store, because all you would only be able to smell are the delicious aromas of a new restaurant. Instead, to breathe Turin through

Ethiopia or Amazonia, why not go to Orso, a selector of excellent blends of specialty coffee, a vaguely hipster tasting location, between filter coffee and manual extractions? The smell of roasted coffee beans resembles that of plane tree leaves crushed by tram wheels, its smell was strong when grandma entered some old grocery store, bulk purchases for electric grinders, and faint traces of it can still be found, drowned in a flourish of desserts, at Samambaia, a 1910 coffee roasting facility on Via Madama Cristina, and the one on Corso De Gasperi, mingled with the aromas from a few lunchtime dishes and rosewater from the ladies of Crocetta. Scents have this characteristic, they mingle. The scent of Turin has hints of sandalwood, of Eau de Cologne from waistcoat clad grandfathers as well as that of the toma di Lanzo cheese, Gorgonzola and whipped cream that perfume the shop belonging to the Bera sisters, a historic dairy on Via San Tommaso, right opposite the Lavazza restaurant. As you pass through the city smog, *per fumum*, through the steam of the ovens and coffee, on this fragrant stroll stopping to sniff the incense of the Consolata and the mint sold in bunches by North Africans among the stalls in Porta Palazzo, the anchovies, salt, olives, basil, fish along with the dank smell of the infernotti walls and the stench of the abandoned alleys, toma cheese and garlic, wine and the Po, the air and sugar as well as snow.

It is only at the end of this stroll do we come across one of the many places that sell emotions in glass, and it is not a wine shop but a perfumery. On Galleria Umberto I, a bridge linking the aristocratic downtown Turin with the working-class Turin of Porta Palazzo, Elide was born during the war and lived through the golden age of perfumery. There is a photo showing Elide's son Gianni having dinner with Estée Lauder. It is a photo from the 1970s, white shirts, abstract-patterned ties and serious looks in black and white. That photo is the latest confirmation that there's not much we can do, scents have the power to blow you back in time, near or far, at the pace of nostalgia.

Right: Elide's perfumes
in the Umberto I Gallery







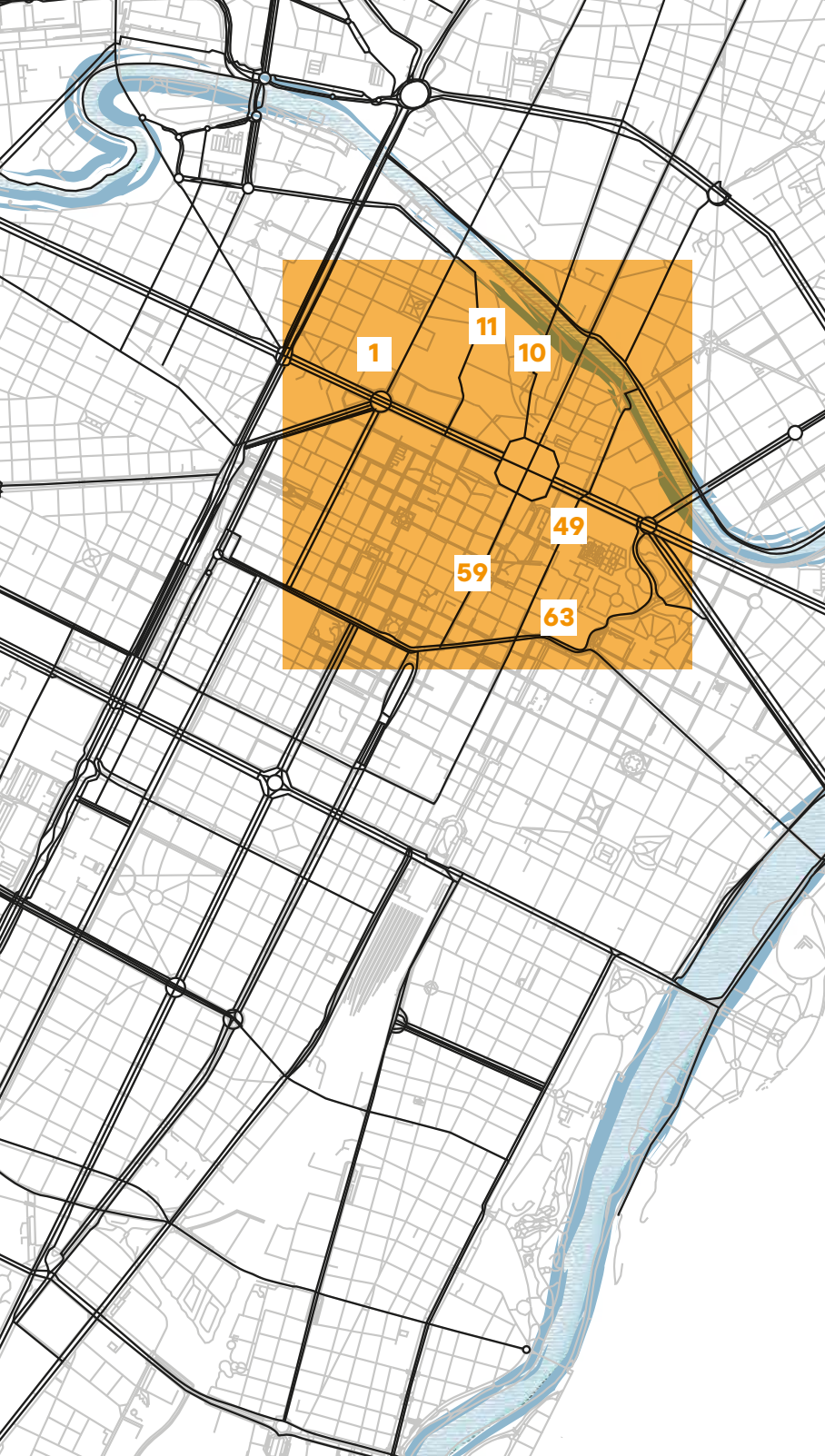


Porta Palazzo and the Balôn

Porta Palazzo, the pulsating, captivating heart of the city, is a place where histories, cultures and trade intertwine in a lively, multiform mosaic. This district has always been a crossroads for migrants and merchants and has adapted to the times without forfeiting its soul. Amidst the market stalls, historic shops and modernist establishments, one breathes the air of an ever living past. Not only is it a place for tourists, but an authentic part of the city, where people go for their daily needs, amid soaps, spices and work clothes. Here old and new, tradition and innovation co-exist.

On the previous page:
The exedra of Porta Palazzo
against the backdrop of the Porta Palatina
Left: The Ancient Clock Roof





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POINTS OF INTEREST

- 1** **Basilica di Santa Maria Ausiliatrice**
Via Maria Ausiliatrice, 32
 - 10** **Cortile del Maglio**
Via Vittorio Andreis, 18
 - 11** **Ex Cimitero di San Pietro in Vincoli**
Via San Pietro in Vincoli, 28
 - 49** **Parco Archeologico delle Torri Palatine**
Piazza Cesare Augusto
 - 59** **Piazza Palazzo di Città**
 - 63** **Real Chiesa di San Lorenzo**
Via Palazzo di Città, 6
-

On the grid of streets in Turin, squared off by porticoes or avenues, suddenly, there is an entanglement. Like a dented space, a rupture in the canvas towards which non-orthogonal paths converge where unconventional people live. Seen from above, Porta Palazzo is a signal for the satellites, four exedras that look like a mosaic target made of colourful market tents.



Around the segments of the square south of **Corso Regina Margherita** which traces a bisector of destinies, the streets run towards either their orderly, bourgeois geometries or the aristocratic squares and the **Giardini Reali**. But it is among the market stalls, in these streets drained by the water of the canals, among used bikes and antique furniture, that one perceives most strongly the cosmopolitan and resilient character of the city.

It has always been like this, ever since the market was located outside the walls, looking for space between the Dora and the city, ever since this dented place has been inhabited by outsiders, migrants over the centuries, men and women from outside the city walls, peasants, southerners, Venetians, Africans, Pakistanis. The story of this district is one of fantastic adaptations.

Many years ago, too many for us to recall, we met a poet from the Balôn, called Beppe 'l Nasun (Big-nosed Beppe). We met him at the Valenza, a historic trattoria in **Via Borgo Dora** that has been serving simple **pasta and beans** since 1957, in an ambience of beadboard, cementine tiles and paintings in shaded tones and thick frames. Walter Braga, the innkeeper, told us at the time that those paintings were an exchange for penniless painters, and he accepted those payments because art was a form of currency and if one of those artists became famous, he would have certainly made a profit. We do not know if that investment in pasta and beans or **vitello tonnato** (veal with tuna sauce) paid off, but the atmosphere at the shabby, late-Avant Garde Montmartre al "Bagnetto Verde" green sauce well introduced the character of Beppe, guide and reminder of the **Balôn** who told us that day he had just bought for a few lire all the books

belonging to a literature professor, who had no more room in his house. Halfway between an antiquarian and a cellar clearance man, Beppe had seemed to be a man of great culture and material knowledge, who collected books and read them, and who knew everything about his district, the old courtyards where soap was once made, the house where two mattress-making sisters lived, the winding path of the dried-up Molassi canal, the stables that have become bars or antique shop windows in front of which, on the second Sunday of the month, the citizens of Turin flock in search of déco armchairs, old cinema chairs and grandmother's sideboards that would look so good in front of the design table in the great hall. Among the shops selling bicycles, brooms and American parachute suits is the warehouse where Cirio, a 20-year-old emigrant from Asti, in pursuit of a way to preserve peas, experimented with the preserving technique that would make the brand world-famous. Around the market, and among the stalls selling the modern and the deteriorated, the vintage and the fancy, the useless and the extremely rare, trade emerged as almost impromptu, illegal or occasional. It then evolved and became regular, valuable and, as in the case of Cirio, even a multinational company. Is it too much to imagine that an Asian food emporium or a Moroccan tailor's shop, like the one in Via Andreis, will one day become brands from Turin and be gifted to the world? Perhaps so, yet the economic enterprise, the behind-the-counter service, the richness of the businesses suggest that one should not look at Porta Palazzo and the Balôn merely as souvenirs 'd Turin, postcards of the picturesque, places to be observed through Anna Carla's spoilt eyes or those of the restless Americanist Bonetto, or other characters from *La donna della domenica* in search of vaguely exotic bric-à-brac or cute yet deadly stone phalluses. Of course, there is no lack of a hotel to accommodate tourists, the San Giors, a post office renovated at the end of the 19th century and now a splendid traditional restaurant and inn with artists' rooms, but this is an area that one frequents mainly to buy special goods: dark Aleppo soap, dehydrated fruit or Luserna stone detergent at the Drogheria Rinaldi, which stands on the



obtuse corner between **Piazza della Repubblica** and **Piazza Emanuele Filiberto**. Year of foundation, 1870: the year of great turning points (Sedan, *adieu* Napoleon III; the breach of Porta Pia, *auf wiedersehen* Pius IX). What would have been colonial goods and **honey candies** were sold on this very same plank of darkened wood. In Porta Palazzo, anyway, you go not only for its fruit, not only for its farmers' market in the shadow of the clock, not only for the shady charm of the icehouses, discovered and restored right under the building that houses the Central Market and its restaurants, or for Combo and its vitality as a (slightly more than) hostel. You go there to buy a **work dress** at the Casa della Tuta, a 1970s sign with 1980s allure - Jane Fonda,

Above: Neighbors' party at Porta Palazzo
On the following pages: The Ancient Ice Houses;
Interiors of Combo; The roof of the Central Market



aerobics, leg warmers - yet a history dating back to 1933; or a **bombonniere** in the almost dim shop windows of Bertone & Bertino, sounding like the name of an avant-garde duo but instead is the sign of a business that since 1913 has been selling **paper, cardboard, cards** and later, due to commercial spill-over, **sugared almonds, balloons**, rich prizes and cotillions; or to plump up a **woollen mattress** at Reinaud's, opened by sisters Agnese and Maria Reinaud in 1895 on **Via La Salle**, who knows whether it was the very courtyard Beppe 'l Nasun had pointed out. Memory would be needed so as not to forget things... or beans could be dropped like pebbles to find our way home. Cranberry Borlotti beans, Cuneo Borlotti beans, Red beans, Corona beans, Tondini beans, Zolfino beans, Decorticated beans, like a Thumbelina leaving them on the slope to find Ditta Ceni selling **seeds and legumes** in quantities that cannot be imagined and going back to its year of foundation: 1963, but we would have said it was older. A few years earlier, almost mirroring **Via Milano**, 1959 saw the opening of a place unwise to be taken for granted. The Damarco family purchased the old Maffè dal 1890 grocery shop, selling **confectionery, wines** and **liqueurs**, and over time, filled it with various brands of vermouth, Langhe wine, liqueurs and hand-written cut-out tags outlining a theory of lowered prices and implicitly repeating the same question: You who sell them, what would you buy better?





il Mer

rcato Centrale Torino





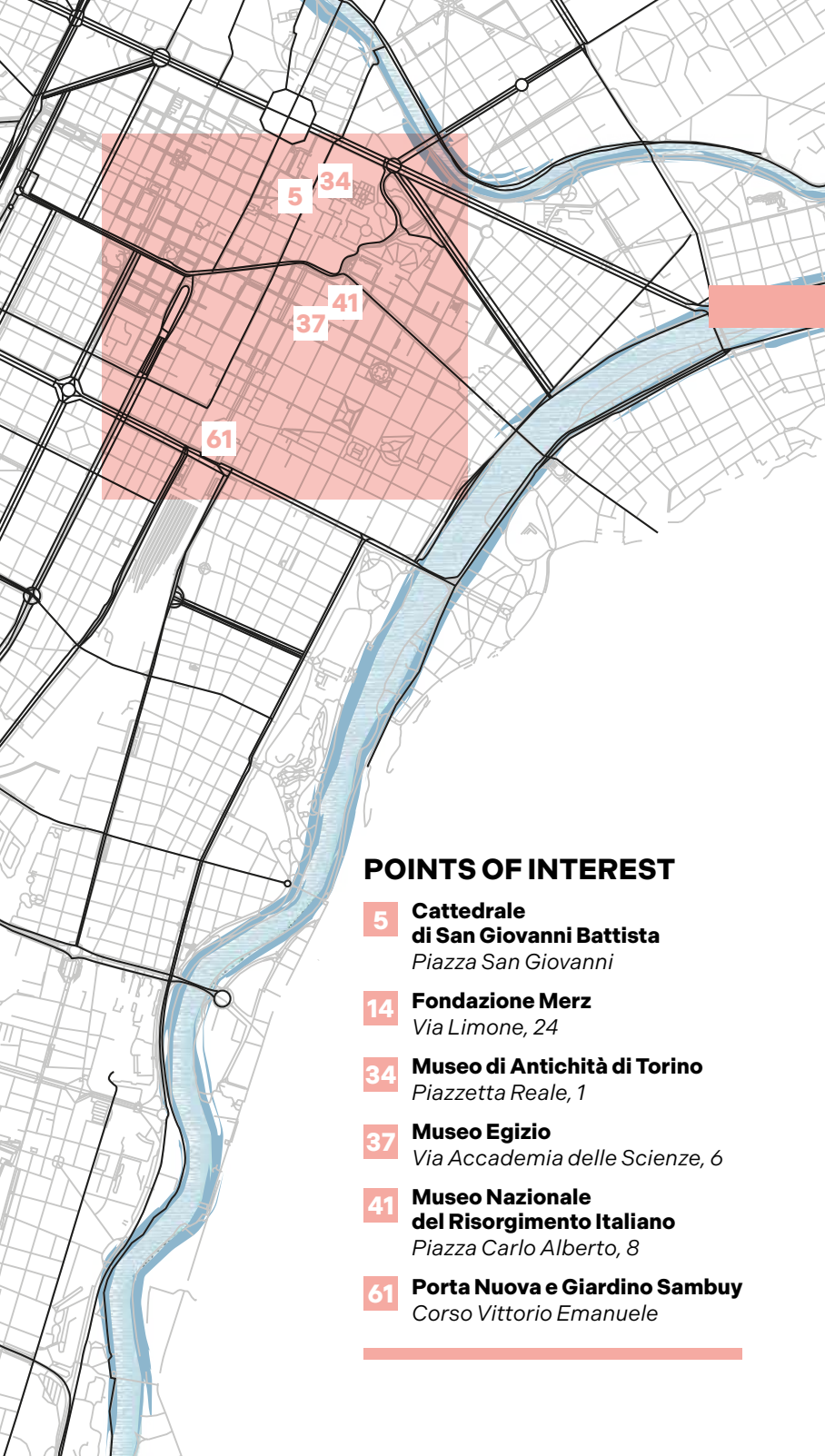
Breathing new life into old places

There are chemists proud of their ornate vases, butchers with marble counters, wine merchants with shelves that embrace bottles as cradles do with infants. There are bar counters, pastry cabinets, corsetry drawers, cup holders, button holders, bookcases, desks, chandeliers, wall clocks.

The shops in Turin are like a showcase of both antiques and modern items. Although, whenever there is a change of merchandise category, such furnishings suddenly become non-functional, outdated. And they disappear. In some places, however, they remain.



14



POINTS OF INTEREST

- 5** **Cattedrale di San Giovanni Battista**
Piazza San Giovanni
 - 14** **Fondazione Merz**
Via Limone, 24
 - 34** **Museo di Antichità di Torino**
Piazzetta Reale, 1
 - 37** **Museo Egizio**
Via Accademia delle Scienze, 6
 - 41** **Museo Nazionale del Risorgimento Italiano**
Piazza Carlo Alberto, 8
 - 61** **Porta Nuova e Giardino Sambuy**
Corso Vittorio Emanuele
-

It costs 4,600 Euros. Maybe with a little negotiation, you could get it for less. You can find it online, without even the hassle of going to an antique dealer. This correspondence cabinet belonged to the Gianduja company, formerly Negro, which used to sell haberdashery products and ceremonial clothes on corso Regina Margherita, on the corner of one of the Porta Palazzo exedras.

4,600 Euros is not a lot of money to take home a piece of early 20th-century Turin, to store your socks, underwear or phone chargers in and then one day resell it when your home décor switches to something modern, glossy and functional. Who knows in which antique shop or beautiful bourgeois house the shelves, vases and weighing scales of the Erboristeria della Consolata, founded in the mid-19th century right next door to the Bicerin and just as attractive, with its scents of serpyll thyme and wood that seemed to date back to bygone eras, might have found a place instead. In April 2023, a tabloid scandal broke out: the Erboristeria had closed down, and the tenant had taken away its furniture claiming his rights to it. Whether he was entitled to it or not, the photos of



the emptied Erboristeria - the marks left by the removed furniture, the off-white walls - looked like stark crime report pictures. Now, instead of the Erboristeria, there is a restaurant, the Turin branch of the historic Felicin di Monforte d'Alba, not a 19th-century restaurant but it has been open in the Langa since 1923. Perhaps it is the custom, over the centuries, the respect learnt in the kitchen to cherish our **ancestors' recipes**, but the new ownership has managed to restore the atmosphere of the place and even a few items of the original furniture, such as some shelving and the beautiful sales counter.

Above: The interiors of Felicin Boutique Bistro



They are old things in new premises. A rarity.

It may happen that a spice shop becomes a clothes shop; a haberdasher's becomes a mobile phone shop; a print shop becomes a real estate agency. It may happen that whoever takes over desires to freshen up the décor, add a touch of light and modernity, to remove those gloomy shelves or that creaking parquet flooring. It happens in houses, at the mercy of architects' whims and builders' desires, why shouldn't it be the case

in shops? However, certain things are difficult to change. For instance, the **devantures**, the shop fronts, those splendid architectural **wooden or iron creations** that complete interior décor and furnish the streets of our city. At times, nothing remains of the old shops but those legacies, like the trabeations of a temple. It is rather like some of the perspectives of the Valley of the Temples in Agrigento: you appreciate lintels, pilasters, decorations and, between one column and another, you catch a glimpse of the new city that slaps reality in your face and reminds you that you are no longer in that era, but in the current one.

The streets of Turin are like open-air museums, where old furniture and historical façades survive change, telling stories of trade, scents and atmospheres of yesteryear in an evolving city that never forgets its past.

There are two huge **devantures**, on the corner of **Via Accademia delle Scienze** with **Piazza Castello** a wooden sign with decorations and stone columns. If you peer inside, you no longer see anything from the former Perotti e Nigra textile shop but, for a few decades now, the endlessly replicated décor of a McDonalds. Nothing either of the fittings of the Gallati porcelain, glassware and cutlery shop in **Via Carlo Alberto**, except for a splendid **cast-iron and stone façade** everyone would recognise and, inside, for years, a clothing shop, Caravan, which has also become somewhat 'historic'. Then it closed and on with the next one. Discard or preserve, change or keep. The shop windows on the corner of **Via San Secondo**, cornering with **Via Valeggio**, for instance, are framed with a dark walnut **devanture**. This is all that remains of an old early 20th century

Left: Guido Gobino's sign on the historic facade of Carlo Villarboito & Figli

pastry shop, Confetteria Pasticceria Mondo, whose premises are now split into two, like separated spouses living together. On one side is the Nobile pastry shop, which has kept its counter and part of the original interior décor; on the other is a dentist's surgery with purple windows and the frigid functionality of reclining chairs for tooth scaling. This is how things are lost. Partly due to approximation, partly to functionality, partly by chance. At times, however, they remain.

For example the interior design of the Palmerio 1932 jewellery shop on **Piazza Paleocapa**, reflects that of one of the city's first travel agencies whose owner, Robotti, had chosen a truly unique name in 1888: "Transatlantica", the port of departure for people from Piedmont to Argentina or New York. The original woodwork and shelving of the Villarboito Timbri company in **Via Lagrange**, a printing house opened in 1887, has also remained intact. Although in this case, it is impossible to still perceive the fragrance of lead and ink, the smell of machinery and words, diluted by time and trends, overwhelmed by that of Guido Gobino's **chocolate** to which the premises now belong. Gobino, heir to the 19th-century chocolatiers of Turin, has preserved its furnishings, donated a large press that was impossible to extrude gianduiotti with to the Polytechnic Museum, and applied a transparent sign to the façade revealing some of Villarboito's specialities, 'artistic and commercial electroplated, engraved and embossed cast bronze plates, counters and perforators'. Thanks to the same care, the interior décor of Peter, in **Piazza Emanuele Filiberto**, which until a few years ago were overrun with sweets, candies, boxes and biscuit tins, were saved. Now, among those same shelves, polished clean by skilful restoration work, you'll find **cocktail** tables in summer and prized showpieces from contemporary art exhibitions throughout the year. Peter is now called Conserveria Pastis and takes its name from the fish canned goods that accompanied aperitifs in the early days of the new life. But not only from that.





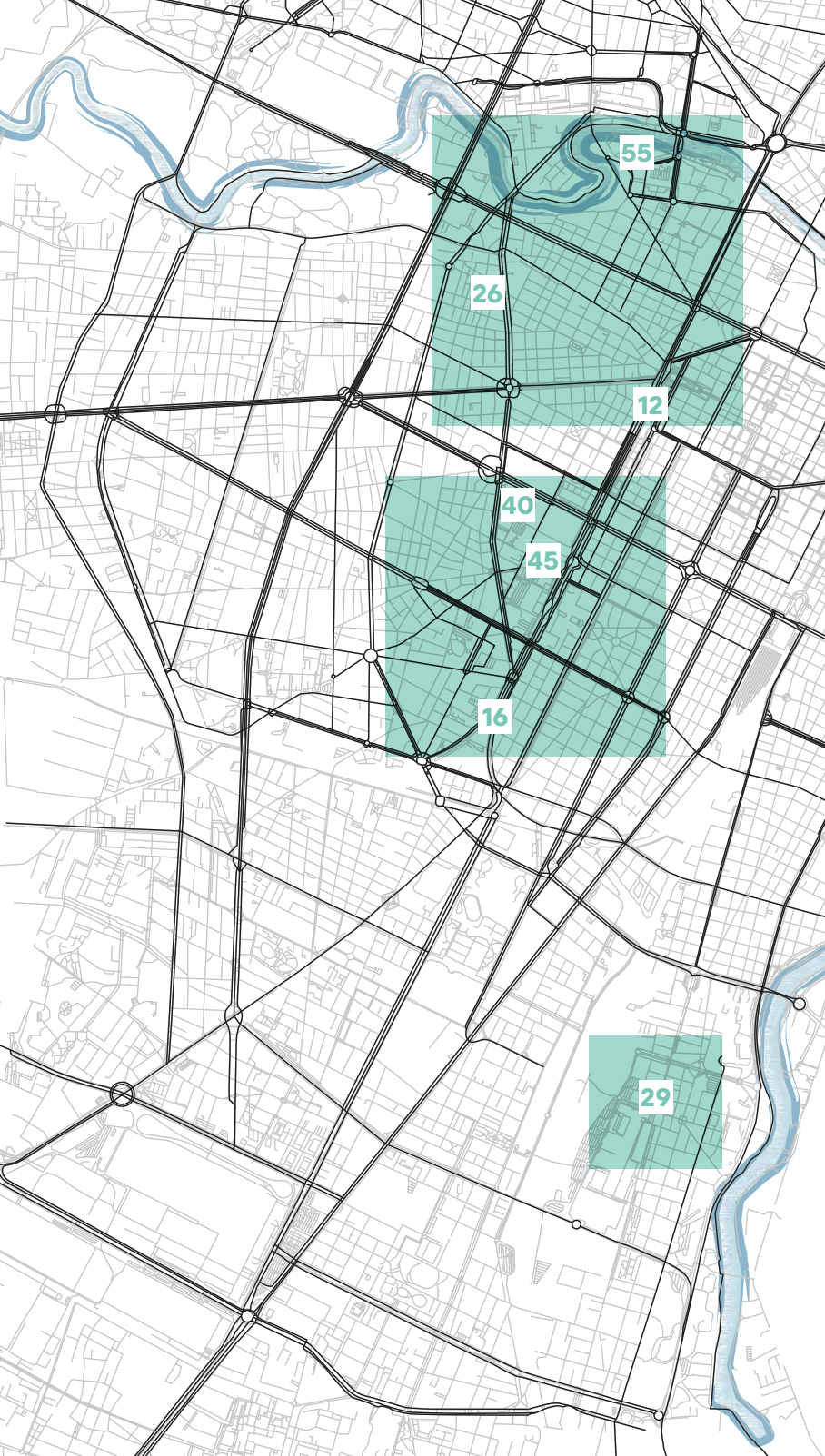




Imagine yourself as 'post'

Turin has been able to adapt to change with extraordinary resilience, retaining a strong bond with the past. In just a century, the city went from being the capital of the Kingdom of Italy to an industrial city, being able to reinvent itself when faced with the decline of the sector, transforming old factories into cultural and commercial spaces, converting spaces once dedicated to production into places of rebirth. Today, the historic buildings convey a unique blend of past and present, reviving an identity that looks to the future without ever forgetting its origins.

On the previous page: Track 500 at Lingotto with the panoramic Bubble designed by Renzo Piano
Left: The Kappa Future Festival at Parco Dora



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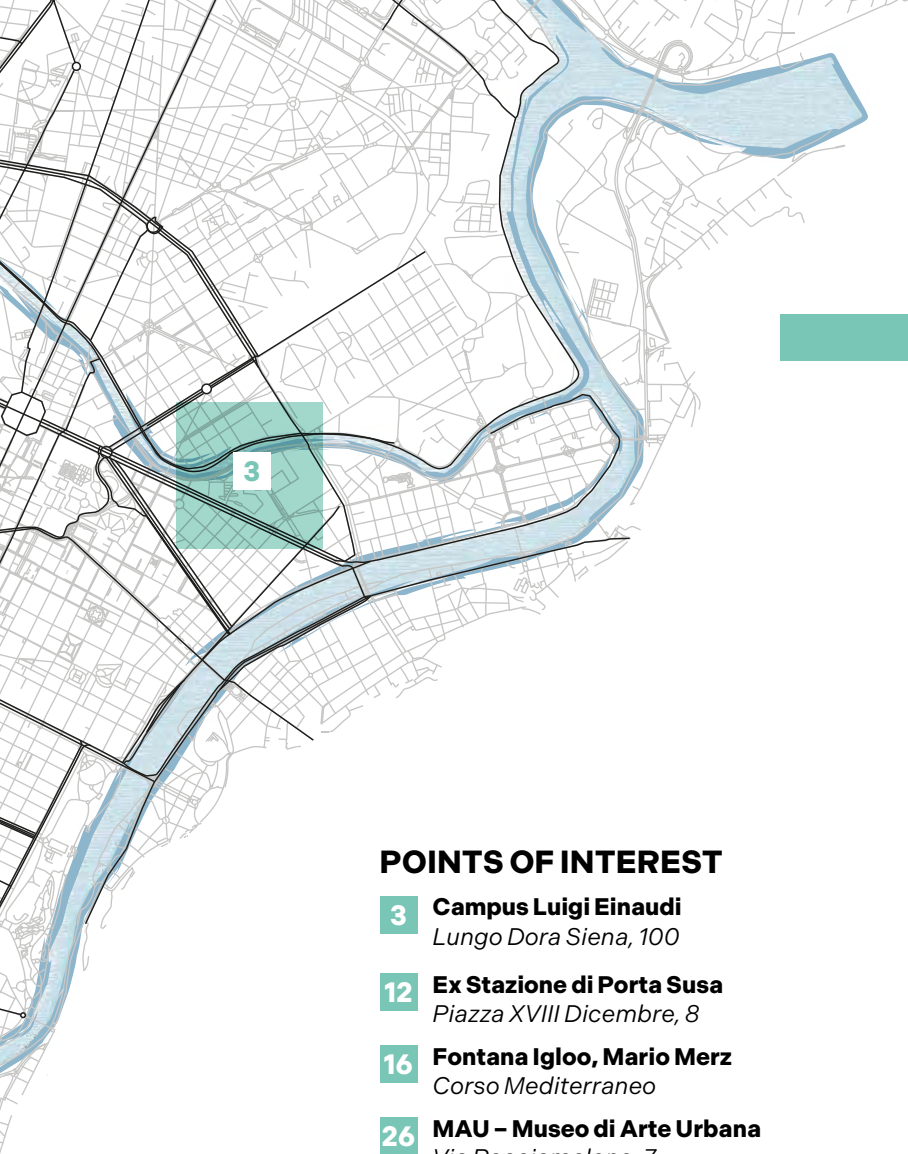
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POINTS OF INTEREST

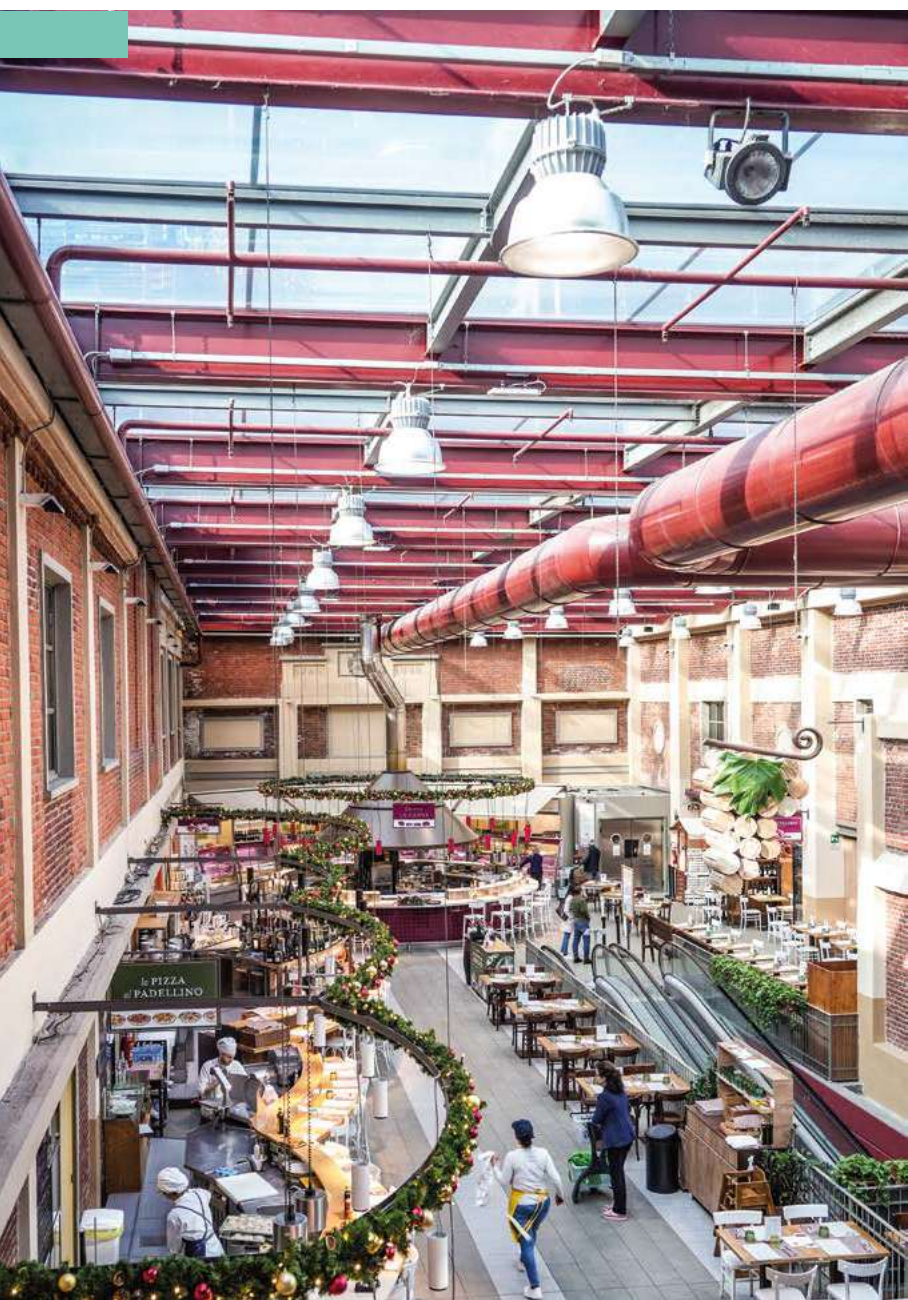
- 3** **Campus Luigi Einaudi**
Lungo Dora Siena, 100
 - 12** **Ex Stazione di Porta Susa**
Piazza XVIII Dicembre, 8
 - 16** **Fontana Igloo, Mario Merz**
Corso Mediterraneo
 - 26** **MAU – Museo di Arte Urbana**
Via Rocciamelone, 7
 - 29** **Museo Carpano**
Via Ermanno Fenoglietti, 14
 - 40** **Museo Le Nuove**
Via Paolo Borsellino, 3
 - 45** **OGR - Officine Grandi Riparazioni**
Corso Castelfidardo, 22
 - 55** **Parco Dora**
Via Livorno
-

At some point, you have to realise that you have become 'post'. To live a story that no longer exists, in a world overtaken by modernity, making no concessions to anyone and naturally sweeping the past, without having any regrets or malice.

It could dawn on you by looking at the past in a rear-view mirror. There are three shop windows in **Via Giachino** bearing the sign Gallo Retrovisori, in a sub-district of **Borgo Vittoria, Borgata Tesso**, which underwent initial industrialisation at the end of the 19th century and again World War II. Around those narrow, non-orthogonal streets and low-rise homes built to house the workers, **cars** were churned out in numbers we no longer even remember. How many attacks were suffered by those shop windows: the car crisis, the **underground, shared mobility**. Each electric scooter is a keystone marking time, but today that shop selling cold glass and bent sheet metal items is an almost romantic location, a reassuring reflection of time in motion.

Instead, at other times, awareness becomes collective. This is what happened in Turin on 21st September 1864, when the city realised it was no longer the capital of the Kingdom of





Savoy, which it had been for the previous 400 years, and had become a city just like any other, a province of the Kingdom. This was no bloodless transition, in those days, there were riots and bloodshed. Suddenly, the city was forced to see itself in a different light.

And it did so brilliantly. From being the capital of Italy, the site of ministries, military and administrative offices, Turin managed to reinvent itself as an industrial city, becoming home to metalworking industries and factories.

Thus, Turin became a futurist setting of hard labour, bolts being tightened, oil stains on overalls, yet it was a gourmet city, with its bistro-café such as Fiorio, the Caffè Elena, Platti, Pepino and Mulassano where madame (ladies) could savour a hot chocolate and a gianduiotto. In this hard-working era, which gave the impression it could last forever, the small town businesses, between selling a tomato and a TV, wove their web of relationships forming district communities.

The mad rush of industry, the crazy machine described by futurist Tommaso Marinetti, then began to decelerate. This time, the moment in which the city felt 'post', outdated, was not a collective moment. Everyone realised it at a different time, based on their own sensitivity and experience. However, there were always those who acted in advance, seizing the opportunity.

Like the Lanificio di Torino, with its noble, working-class origins. Built in the early 1900s by the Filatura di Tollegno company, it was founded by the Sella and Piacenza families of Biella. After several changes of ownership, at the end of World War II, the factory at Via Bologna 220, next to the now disused railway linking Scalo Vanchiglia to the Turin-Milan railway, still employed almost 2,500 people; then the decline of the textile industry in the 1970s forced the factory to reinvent itself. Unlike many other buildings, these huge spaces have not been aban-

Left: The Eataly food and wine centre in the former Carpano factories

done but wisely subdivided and rented out to several companies and now form an industrial hub with property units ranging between 50 and 1,000 m². Indeed, in this case, we cannot even consider it post-industrial, but *diversely* industrial.

Over time, the city has spruced up its functionalist lines to become attractive again: it has built the Spina, the city's traffic backbone and the underground, buried railway tracks, built a futuristic train station as well as two skyscrapers.

However, the most fascinating interventions feature the seductive contours of 20th century industries.

The first major make-over was the conversion of the **Lingotto**: Fiat freed up 350,000 m² of **new space** for the city to be used as a **shopping centre**, **modern offices**, a **conference centre**, an **auditorium**, a **hotel** and an **art gallery**. In only a few years, the working-class district built around the factory has been transformed into a cultural and commercial hub, yet its future is still linked to the Lingotto, in its new look designed by Renzo Piano.

A successful conversion of a product and a building bears the essential, stylistic hallmarks of the Metzger brand. The factory was founded over 170 years ago in **Borgo Dora**, where many brewery chimneys sprang up over a few years, and then moved to **Via San Donato**. The building on the corner of **Via Bogetto** still boasts its barrel vaults and floral lines designed by the architect Fenoglio. Cultural activities are now held in the former industrial plant, while Metzger beer, also the protagonist of much sought-after advertising posters among collectors («Whoever drinks beer lives a hundred years!»), has been given a new lease of life as a brand and a craft product sold in the brewery next to the facilities in **Via Catania**. **Zero-metre beer**, once again, in a post-industrial building.



However, not only by drinking beer does one live a hundred years.

By watching the changing cityscape and the passing of people from their windows, many shops in Turin, such as the rear-view mirror shop mentioned above, have learnt how to remain contemporary.

The Zoccali **paint** factory, for example, was founded in 1974, in the midst of the city's development, almost hidden in a basement where founder Santo Zoccali used to hand-mix paint using a stick in a vat and grew up with hard labour and the added value of good times. Almost overnight, his present

Above: The Nuvola Lavazza



as a paint shop turned into a future of beauty, paints for interior finishes, DIY paint colours, more environmentally friendly, easier-to-use paints. The hues glistening on the metal of industrial equipment now have shades of sustainable future.

Now the people of Turin are living at a time when the 19th-century buildings have welcomed new inhabitants, and the huge 20th-century establishments are partly material still to be moulded. The **Officine Grandi Riparazioni**, the cable factories, Carpano, have all stopped repairing, manufacturing, existing as they once did. Yet they are not dead. Turin does not allow its creatures to die; it simply transforms them. They have become art galleries, restaurants, cultural centres. Where once there was only machinery, now there are ideas, art, life.

Looking back only to better see where to go, Turin moves forward into its new century, post-everything, ever beautiful, ever new.



Left: The Metzger Brewery
Above: Officine Grandi Riparazioni (OGR)
On the following page: aerial view of the OGR



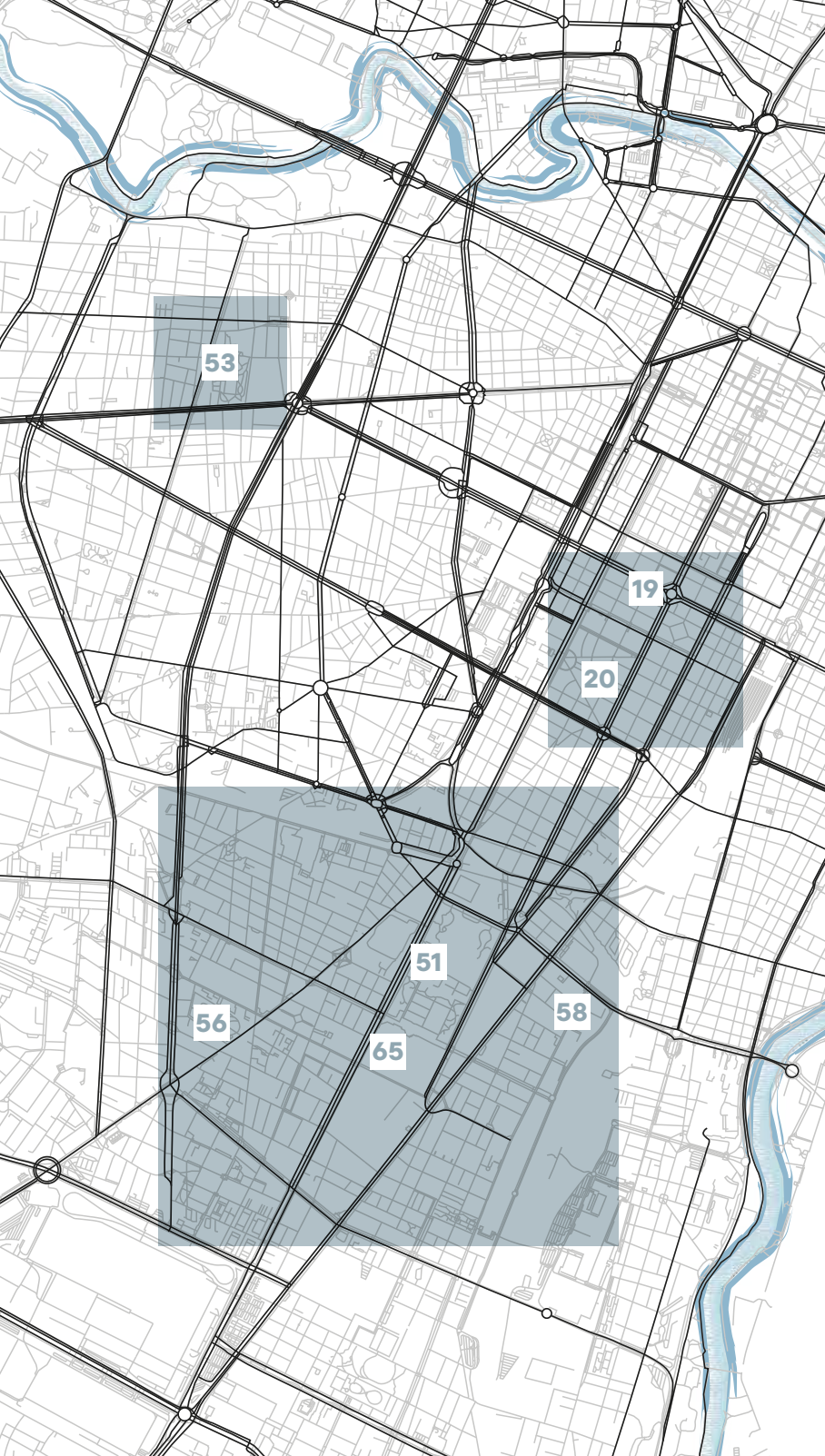




One city, countless markets

Turin is a melting pot of cultures reflected as in a mirror in its forty district markets and shops. These areas are not merely trading places, but meeting points where people gather, converse and foster a sense of community. Since the 1950s, immigration from the South has introduced new flavours transforming Savoy tables; today, marketplaces such as Porta Palazzo and Piazza Madama Cristina still hand down and intermingle traditions, keeping the city's authentic and welcoming spirit alive.

Left: By bike through the market stalls



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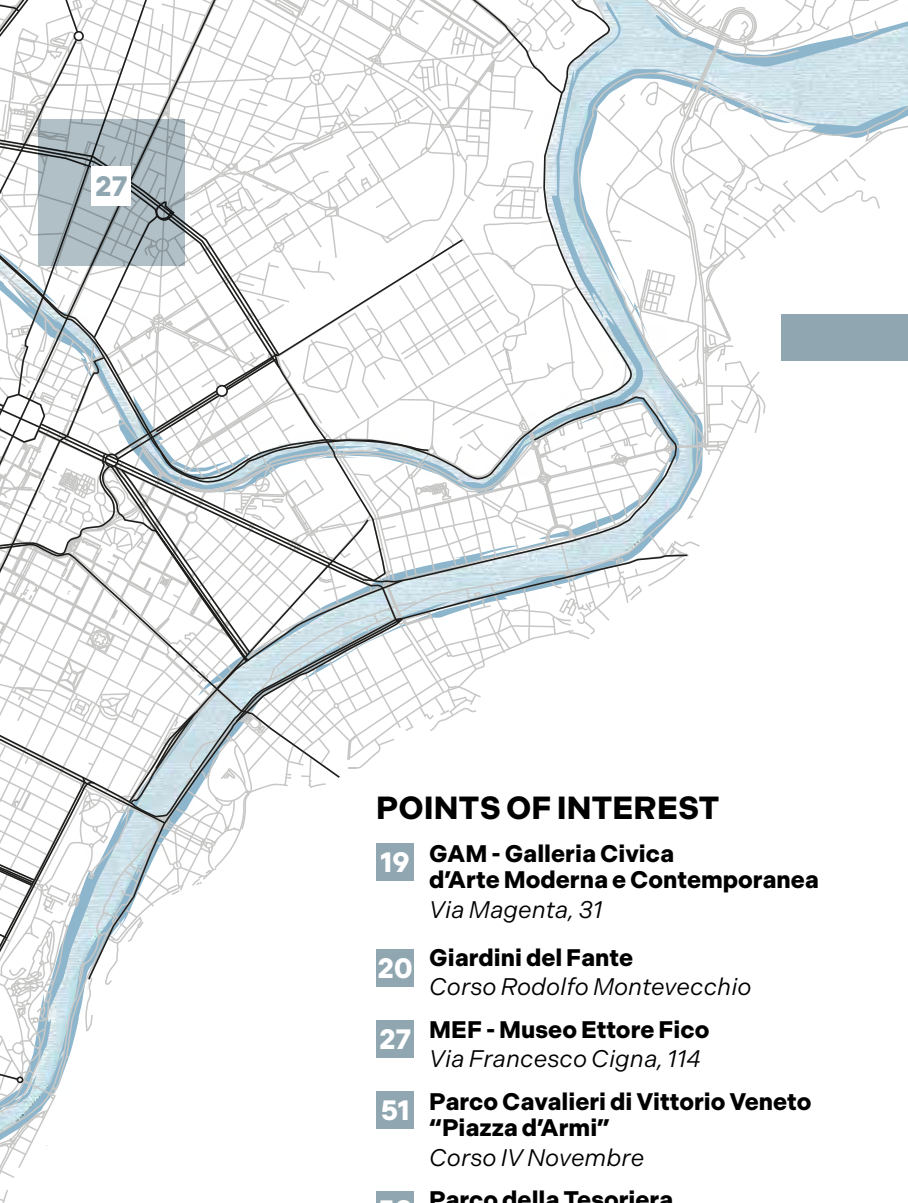
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POINTS OF INTEREST

- 19** **GAM - Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea**
Via Magenta, 31
 - 20** **Giardini del Fante**
Corso Rodolfo Montevecchio
 - 27** **MEF - Museo Ettore Fico**
Via Francesco Cigna, 114
 - 51** **Parco Cavalieri di Vittorio Veneto "Piazza d'Armi"**
Corso IV Novembre
 - 53** **Parco della Tesoriera**
Corso Francia
 - 56** **Parco Rignon**
Corso Orbassano
 - 58** **PAV - Parco Arte Vivente**
Via Giordano Bruno, 31
 - 65** **Stadio Olimpico Grande Torino**
Via Filadelfia, 96b
-

We've got the power.
We use it every day, even though we do not often stop to reflect about the consequences of this apparently trivial fact. Through our choices, we decide economic and human future of our neighbourhood.



We can choose to continue supporting large corporations or, conversely, we can take to the streets, explore familiar store fronts and buy from those we know. The shopkeepers who greet us every morning, who have seen our children grow up, who worry if they spot something strange. Every choice we make, every purchase, makes a real impact.

It only takes a few steps towards district markets and local shops. This is where the heart of districts beats, where the community is strengthened. These places are not just for buying things, but for experiencing the city in an authentic way.

There is a symbiotic link between markets and shops: the market stalls attract customers with fresh, local produce, yet it is in the shops in the immediate vicinity that purchases are made. Bakeries, butchers, grocers and small shops all sell specialities, expertise and a human relationship based on trust and familiarity.

Apart from the 19th century **Porta Palazzo**, the markets in Turin developed after World War II thanks to migration from the South, which brought with it a wave of hitherto little-known culinary delights. For Savoy Turin in the 1950s, buying **oil**, **spaghetti**, **wine** and **lampascioni onions** was like discovering America. On the other hand, for migrants from the South, rediscovering familiar food and speaking their own dialect at the marketplace made the separation less painful. Just as it is today for non-EU immigrants. The names are familiar to everyone in Turin: **Piazza Madama Cristina**, **Piazza Benefica**, **Piazza Guala**, **Mercato delle Vallette**, each has its own history and its own specialities.



We chose just three shops to represent an entire ecosystem.

The **Piazza Foroni Market** opens at dawn, buzzing with voices, **fruit** glistening in the early sun, **cheese** with the aroma of distant pastures. And of all the voices crying out the goodness of their **broccoli rabe tops**, **lampascioni onions** and **olives** among the stalls in the part of the market renamed **Piazza Cerignola**, there is the one coming from Nicola Di Tacchio's shop: he has been kneading **taralli** every day since 1999. The Il Covo taralli factory, located right in front of the image of the Madonna of Ripalta, is a corner of Apulia transplanted in the Piedmont region. The taralli come out of the oven still warm, fragrant, and Nicola carefully arranges them in baskets, as is



customary with precious items. Each tarallo tells a story, of sunny afternoons and childhood memories, of hands labouring with love and patience, as they once did. Only at Christmas and Easter does Nicola indulge in alternative recipes and prepare cartellate, sfogliate, calzoncelli filled with grape mustard. The people of Turin, attracted by that call, queue up to take home his pastries.

Instead, the Barberis Butcher's on Corso Sebastopoli was founded at the same time as the Santa Rita Market: both opened their doors after World War II and have since grown in fame and quality to the present day. After buying the vegetables at the market, it is tradition to pass through the small door of the butcher's shop and buy the best meat from Piedmont: the Fassona, tender and perfect, the Bra sausage that emits the scent of tradition, and the seven cuts of bollito (boiled meat), each with its own voice, playing its own role in the story. This is why the Barberis' capunet recall memories of coun-

try-style dinner tables, *tasche ripiene* (stuffed veal) full of memories of feast days, cooked salami that has a taste of family. It is an exchange of glances, a pact of trust built year after year, one piece of advice after another. They are the invisible knots that keep the threads of community together.

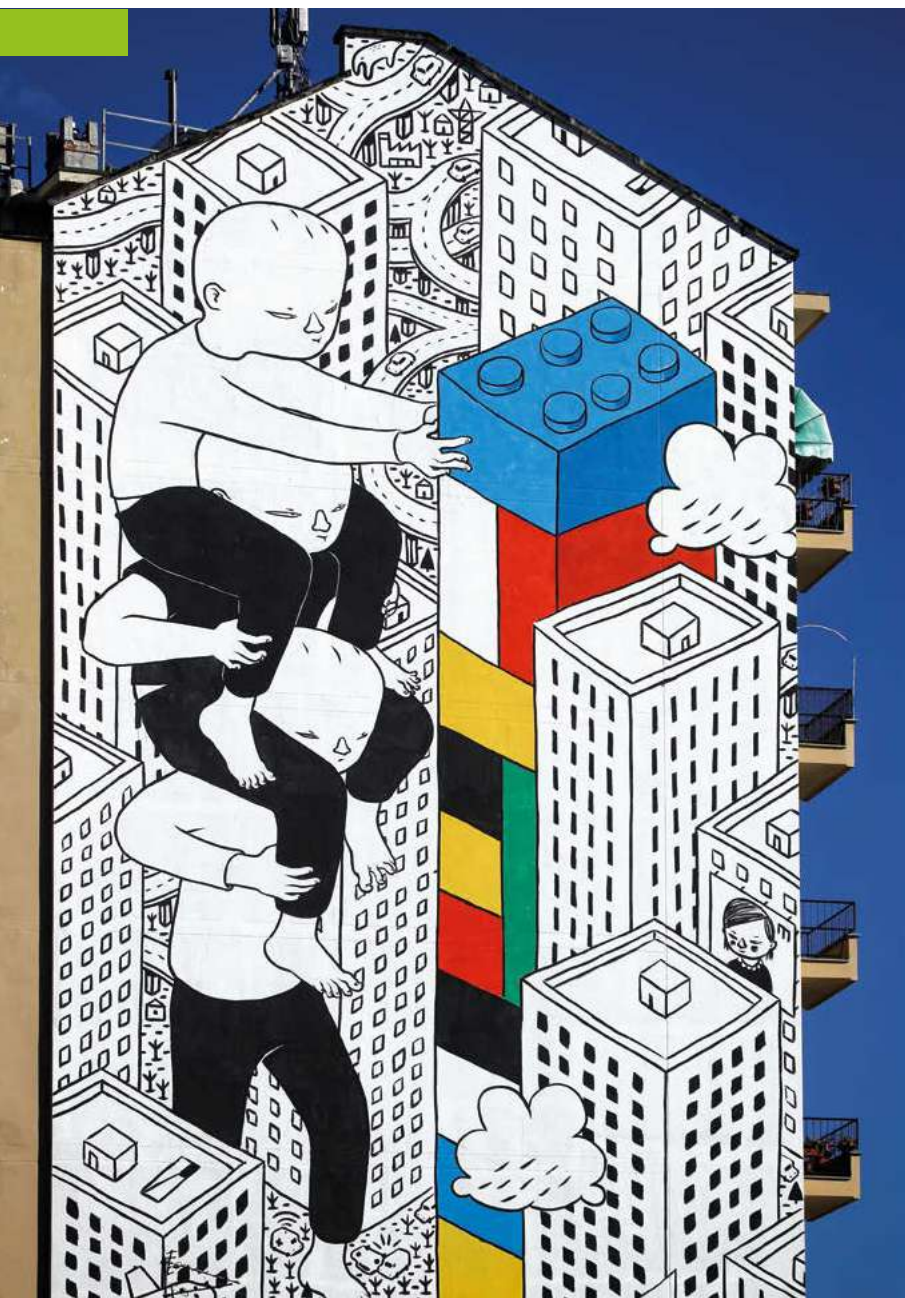
If you visit the **Crocetta Market**, drop in at Odilla Chocolat on **Via Fratelli Carle**. Madame Odilla, renowned for her hand-painted **French ceramics**, has collaborated with several beyond the Alps *maîtres chocolatiers* who have appreciated her elegantly decorated chocolate stands. Her son, Gabriele Maiolani, who grew up in this universe of confectionery, almost like the young protagonist of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, decided to make this world his own. Here, among the elegant ladies flocking to the Crocetta Market, Gabriele has brought a touch of French **art and taste**, blending his family roots with his passion as a chocolatier.

After this array of goodness, all you need to do is hit the streets and go and hug your trusted shopkeepers. They are striving to bring excellence into your homes every day and to keep Turin's identity alive.



Above: The local market in Piazza Foroni, Barriera di Milano
Right: The Farmers' Market in Porta Palazzo





Barriera (and barriere)

Barriera di Milano, a historic suburb of Turin, has managed to preserve its authentic soul despite the changes of time. Born beyond the ancient city walls, the neighborhood has always been a place of hard work, where life was built with determination. With the arrival of the Sixties, modernity transformed these places without erasing their essence. Today, among artisan and historic workshops, long-standing traditions are carried forward by the new generations, always with an eye to quality and community.

Left: Mural by Millo in Via Brandizzo, in Barriera di Milano



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POINTS OF INTEREST

- 7** **Cimitero Monumentale**
Corso Novara, 135
 - 22** **Lingotto Fiere**
Via Nizza, 294
 - 28** **Mufant - Museo del Fantastico e della Fantascienza**
Piazza Riccardo Valla, 5
 - 42** **Museo Nazionale dell'Automobile**
Corso Unità d'Italia, 40
 - 50** **Parco Aurelio Peccei**
Piazza Ghirlandaio
 - 52** **Parco Colletta**
Piazza Sibilla Aleramo
 - 54** **Parco Di Vittorio**
Via Pio VII
-

Growing cities expand in concentric circles, like waves in a pond. What used to be suburbs become centres to be replaced by new ones, in an endless game of metamorphoses.

This is how Turin was for centuries, then, at a certain point the city stopped growing and remained so, motionless: the oldest suburbs are the “barriere”, districts that sprang up outside the 19th-century city walls that Turin had to build after Napoleon had stripped it bare by demolishing its fortifications in 1800. **Barriera Nizza**, **Barriera Francia** and **Barriera di Milano** formed not only a physical boundary. Inside, lords lived in their noble palaces: outside the walls, Turin was transformed. Outside the tollhouse, the streets were alive with markets and voices, calloused hands exchanging coins for food and hope: thanks to the convenient tax regime, people made their fortunes here and then entered the city walls with a little money in their pockets.

Barriera di Milano was a microcosm in itself where, amidst smokestacks and factories, daily work became bread and lives were built with determination. **Piazza Crispi** was at its heart, beating to the rhythm of a Turin, later narrated in the ballads of Gipo Farassino, that toiled, that knew no luxury, but was able to enjoy its poverty without shame.

One day, as always happens, everything changed. The

Right: Recycled industrial coffee tables in the outdoor area of the Metzger Brewery in Via Catania





1960s brought with it a wind of modernity that disrupted the habits of the citizens of Turin. Shops began to sell not just essentials but the superfluous, and the streets of *Barriera* once again welcomed **new sounds and languages** in a continuous regeneration that failed to erase the soul of the district.

A soul that still pulsates in its shops to this day. Take, for example, the dry clack of billiard balls. *Deagostini Biliardi*, founded in 1842, supplied billiard tables first to the aristocracy, then to pubs, where people in Turin would gather at the end of their shifts to play and drink **vermouth** and **Punt e Mes**. Now, the *Mazzei* family's factory continues to produce those tables,

Above: Umbrella handles and rolls of rayon and silk on the shelves of the *Ombrellificio Torinese*

repair cues, change leather and keep an elegant tradition alive that never seems to age. The billiards are still there, in the shop on **Corso Giulio Cesare**, ready to be used as gaming tables or to become, when needed, a luxurious, colourful décor table.

Via Sesia, dedicated to a river that flows down from the mountains like the immigrants who populated the Barriera in the early 20th century, conceals another niche of excellence. The Ombrellificio Torinese, Turin's only **artisanal umbrella workshop**, still stands here. Carlo Suino, the last of five generations of umbrella-makers originally from the Lanzo Valleys, crafts among wood, nylon, rayon and silk, in a shop that has been producing handmade umbrellas since 1932, such as the 'piantino' model, an umbrella with a pole and handle made of a single piece of wood, with a tailor-made dome to fit the person it is meant to protect.

Speaking of needle and thread. On **Via Bologna** there is the large **sewing machine sales and repair** shop run by Gianluca Del Giudice, a tailor boasting almost thirty years' experience who, with the passion of a craftsman, decided to relaunch the family business. Today, next to the old sales outlet, a new large



Above: One of the artisanal billiard tables of Deagostini Biliardi



area has been created where sewing machines for passionate hobbyists and large companies are sold, also via e-commerce, preserving a tradition that keeps up with modern times. He is 44 years old and welcomes, repairs and stitches. A common fate for those living in this district.

In short, Barriera is still a bustling, commercial district with many young people from all walks of life, where the connective tissue of the community is provided by a network of food shops such as bakeries, dairies and coffee roasting companies.

Scents of bread, scaldatelli, roasted coffee, cinnamon, chocolate and ginger... pizzerias, pasta factories, roasting shops and pastry shops spread aromas that remind of memories of holidays and family Sundays.

Only a stone's throw from the **Piazza Foroni Market**, there is an establishment that speaks with the warm, rounded Apulian accent. On the corner of **Via Crescentino** and **Via Candia**, at the Panificio Pugliese, durum wheat **bread** comes out of the oven with that golden, fragrant crust that smells of sunshine. Then, there is the **Apulian focaccia**, with the cherry tomatoes bursting with sweetness, and the Foggia **scaldatelli**, those elongated taralli which are memories of parties and family-filled Sundays. As if a piece of the south had decided to sink its roots into this corner of Turin, bringing with it prices from another era.

A little further down on **Corso Vercelli**, there is an aroma that attracts you, like an invisible thread: it is the Mokadoro roasting company, a small shop in business for over seventy years with the tenacity of those that know quality never goes out of fashion. The vintage machine is there, motionless, bear-

*Left: Coffee blending at the Mokadoro roasting facility
On the following pages: Miraflores agnolotti produced in Mirafiori;
A view from above on Barriera di Milano, with the ex-GFT office
and loft centre in the foreground*

ing witness to decades of roasting and passion, as the **raw coffee beans** are transformed into coffee beans, ground coffee or coffee pods, ready to be savoured.

But a mouth-watering tour of the shops in the community would not be complete without a **zabaione-filled cannoli**. This leads us to **Borgo Regio Parco**, a town of pedestrian alleys and squares within the city to discover the Pasticceria Saporito, where **fresh pastries** and **brioches** filled with homemade jam have been part of its 50-year success story. Here, **artisanal torrone nougat** cracks under one's teeth with a festive sound and the **pitta 'nchiusa**, a typical Calabrian dessert, pays tribute to the Saporito family's origins.

At the opposite end of the city is the **Barriera Sud**, the one facing south, towards the sea. Among the many shops in the **Mirafiori** district, there is the Pastificio Reale in **Corso Unione Sovietica**. In 1980, the Bossina family opened a shop here, which the second generation expanded, moving just a few metres away; then the city's agnolotti conquest began: first in Corso Moncalieri, now in **Via Cavour**. The workshop in Corso Unione produces some of the best **stuffed pasta** in the city. Yet this pasta also has a soul: for the **Miraflores**, flower-shaped agnolotti, the leek, potato and Seirass ricotta cheese filling is made from local ingredients, and even the **lime honey** used in cooking is produced at the **Colonnetti Park in Mirafiori**. That's why they are known as the agnolotti of the district. Here, eggs are cracked by hand, one by one. No pasteurised egg whites, no industrially produced yolks. Only real eggs, from hens that still know what it means to sleep in chicken coops, far away from cages and artificial lights. Mirafiori also has a district dessert: it is the **Tronchetto di Caterina**, produced only here by four pastry chefs: the D'Arrigo, Da Tony e Maria, Dell'Agnesse and Venere pastry shops. This cake is made from **Torriana grey apples** with **cinnamon, chocolate** and **ginger**, dedicated to Catherine of Hapsburg, wife of Charles Emmanuel I, for whom **Mirafiori Castle** was built.

Whether north or south, amidst the scent of cinnamon and ginger, brioches and freshly roasted coffee, the Barriere continue to live and tell stories: here, between disused areas and ideas for the future, there is room to build the Turin of tomorrow.



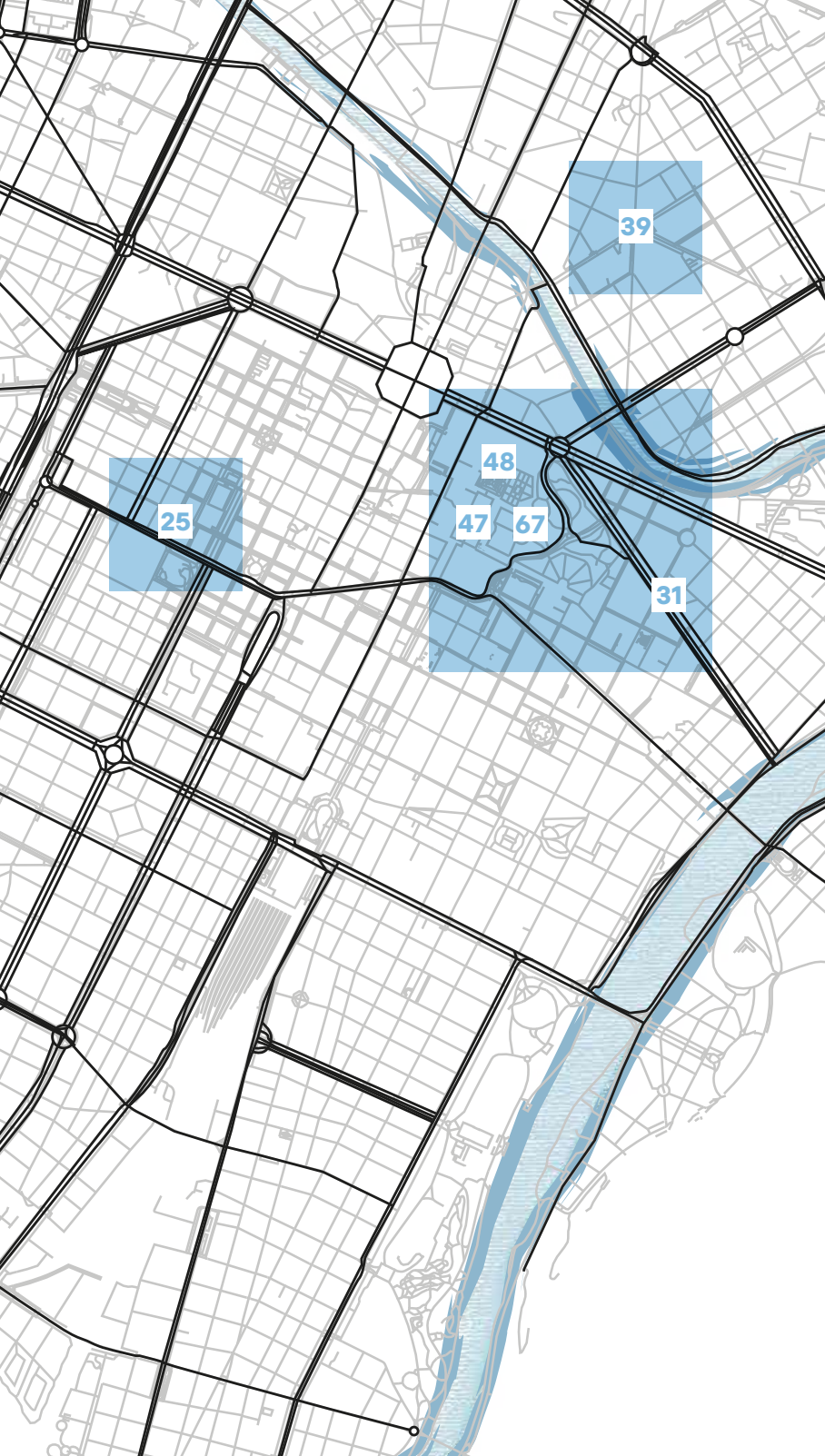






The Style of Turin

For centuries, Turin was the cradle of Italian fashion, influenced by the Savoy court and its French ancestors. In the 20th century, the most prestigious ateliers were clustered under the porticoes in Via Roma, a symbol of artisanal elegance. Events such as the creation of the GFT (Gruppo Finanziario Tessile) and the fashion trade fair, the Salone della Moda, marked the success of the city as a fashion capital, yet despite its loss of centrality to Milan, the spirit of Turin's style still lives on thanks to boutiques that showcase artisans and young designers, as well as historic shops that hand down timeless elegance.



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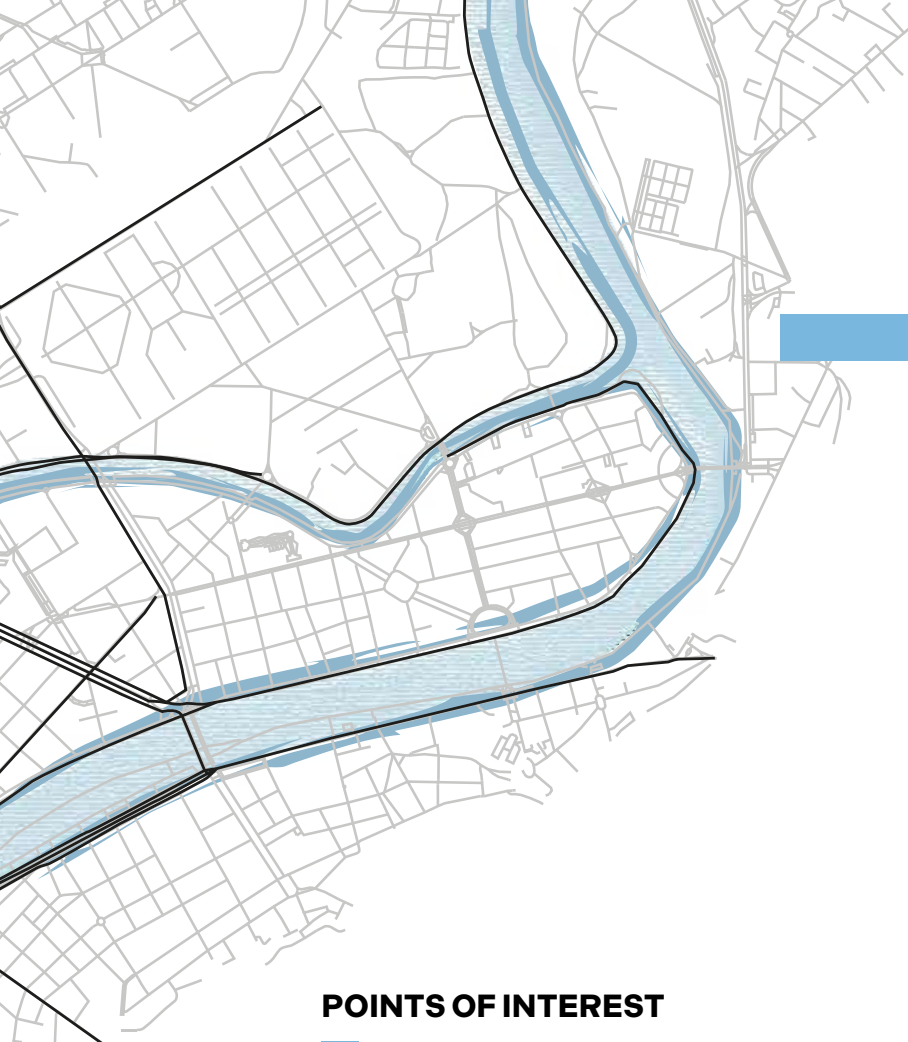
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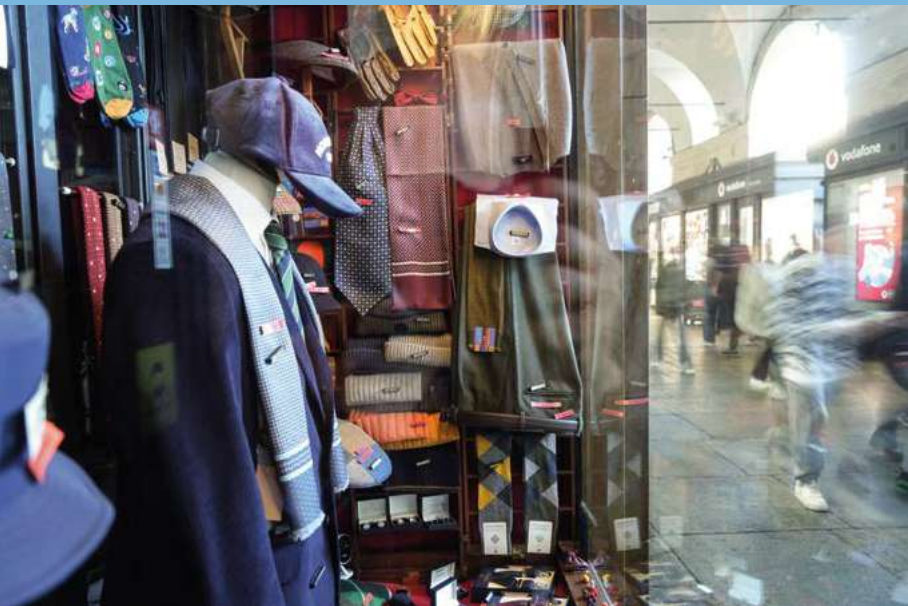
31



POINTS OF INTEREST

- 25 Mastio della Cittadella**
Corso Galileo Ferraris, 0
 - 31 Museo del Cinema - Mole Antonelliana**
Via Montebello, 20
 - 39 Museo Lavazza**
Via Bologna, 32
 - 47 Palazzo Madama**
Piazza Castello
 - 48 Palazzo Reale e Musei Reali di Torino**
Piazzetta Reale, 1
 - 67 Teatro Regio**
Piazza Castello, 215
-

For many years, Turin was a nerve centre of fashion in Italy. For about 400 years, the Savoy court imported luxurious fabrics and clothes inspired by those in France. The city contributed its craftsmanship and a distinct austere style, probably influenced by the many military uniforms, most likely in Savoy blue, lining the cobbled streets.



In the 20th century, fashion was physically at the centre of the city's life: the best ateliers were located under the porticoes in **Via Roma**, near the fabric and haberdashery shops. Three dates mark the success and transformation of Turin's taste - and industry - in fashion.

In the city centre streets, a woman, on a March day in 1911, dared to ignore skirts and wear the first *jupes-culottes* trousers, a cry of modernity made-to-measure by tailor Paul Poiret.

In 1930, in **Corso Emilia** 6, GFT was founded, the first national textile industry dedicated to the **mass production of clothes**: after twenty years it boasted 8000 employees.

Then, at the end of the 1970s, Turin lowered its flag when it closed the Salone della Moda, the sector's biggest national event.

While the spotlight shifted to Milan, Turin fashion, or rather, the Turin style was preserved like burning embers under the ash by many merchants who lived through the period of splendour and thus handed down the experience to new generations. We will try to tell the story.

In seeking an emblematic face representing contemporary Savoy fashion, it is natural to choose the candid yet subtle one of Giorgina Siviero, owner of the phantasmagorical San Carlo dal 1973 shop in **Piazza San Carlo**. She opened her first boutique in 1965 and for some years now, in her atelier on the first floor, she has taken the personal and successful path of selecting the best young designers, turning the San Carlo into a style reference, selling **fashion** without resorting to the great luxury brands. Each season, the boutique showcases a kind of its own collection of garments created by designers from a thousand countries. This is Mrs Siviero's fashion recipe, so different from

Left: Barbisio's shop window in Piazza Castello



that of the big designer labels that impose themselves with their single-brand shops and sell the same clothes worldwide. Instead, Turin's quality boutiques have the audacity to highlight lesser-known designers and artisans, who make clothes that are beautiful for their style and workmanship and not for the presence of increasingly cumbersome and unattractive logos. Of course, you have to know the fabrics and have an open mind to embrace new ideas, yet this is how you stand out against the fashion giants and e-commerce.

Turin's resistance to the glass and concrete monoliths of major brands in every city centre in the world passes through

Above: The courtly courtyard of the historic Palazzo Villa, overlooked by the windows of San Carlo dal 1773



these great or small bastions of taste. Next to the splendid **Galleria Subalpina** and the historic Mulassano and Baratti cafés, there is a tiny shop that has been bringing elegance and British spirit to the wardrobes of Turin inhabitants for ninety years. In 1934, Barbisio was a shop that was part of a chain of the Biella hat factory bearing the same name, then it was taken over by the Acquadro family, who are still behind the counter today. The two-storey mini-shop interconnected by a cast-iron spiral staircase preserves the 1930s deco atmosphere and, amidst wood panelling and stucco work, sells **clothes**, **accessories** and dozens of **hats** with the clear intention of conveying elegance that has been handed down from generation to generation. These spaces are full of objects that make the difference: for example, the machinery at the back with which its current owner Alessandro Acquadro takes care of your hats

or the ties handmade in Turin with Italian yarns. But this is not a Gozzanian place, the online shop is a means of spreading elegance everywhere.

The other British-style shop in Turin has just re-opened its doors in **Via San Tommaso**. And this is excellent news. Jack Emerson is said to have been an English gentleman who was met in Florence in the 1950s by Cesare Barberio, who then opened his own shop in Turin in 1956, transforming the elegant character into a brand symbol of style. Not far away, in **Via Principe Amedeo** Au Petit Bonheur combines personal design with **inclusive projects**: the entire production process is performed by a network of social tailor shops employing people in distress. The idea refers to Slow Fashion focusing on quality and not quantity, on a **short supply chain** producing clothes that last and are not disposable. Paraphrasing Slow Food: beautiful, clean and fair.

Another historic family in the Turin fashion world is the Fabris family, that has been selecting and selling high-quality clothes for decades. Giacomo Fabris opened a **fabric** shop in the 1930s in the **Crocetta district**, a stone's throw from today's large premises on Corso De Gasperi: it was still the period of tailors' shops, before that made-to-measure world was swamped by *prêt-à-porter* items. With the founder's children and grandchildren, the shop has taken on its current austere yet elegant appearance, rich in wood, brass and blue velvet, and like the many shops that embody the style of Turin, it relies on the workmanship and quality of the fabrics (many still made in Biella).

If we had to choose a colour to express the Turin style, it would be the dark blue found in the thousands of shades seen in the dresses proposed by Fabris. **Blu Torino** (Turin Blue) is elegant yet simple. Just like the city. Just like its shopkeepers.

*Right: Kristina Ti's style in the Via Maria Vittoria store
On the following page: Luci d'Artista in Via Lagrange*



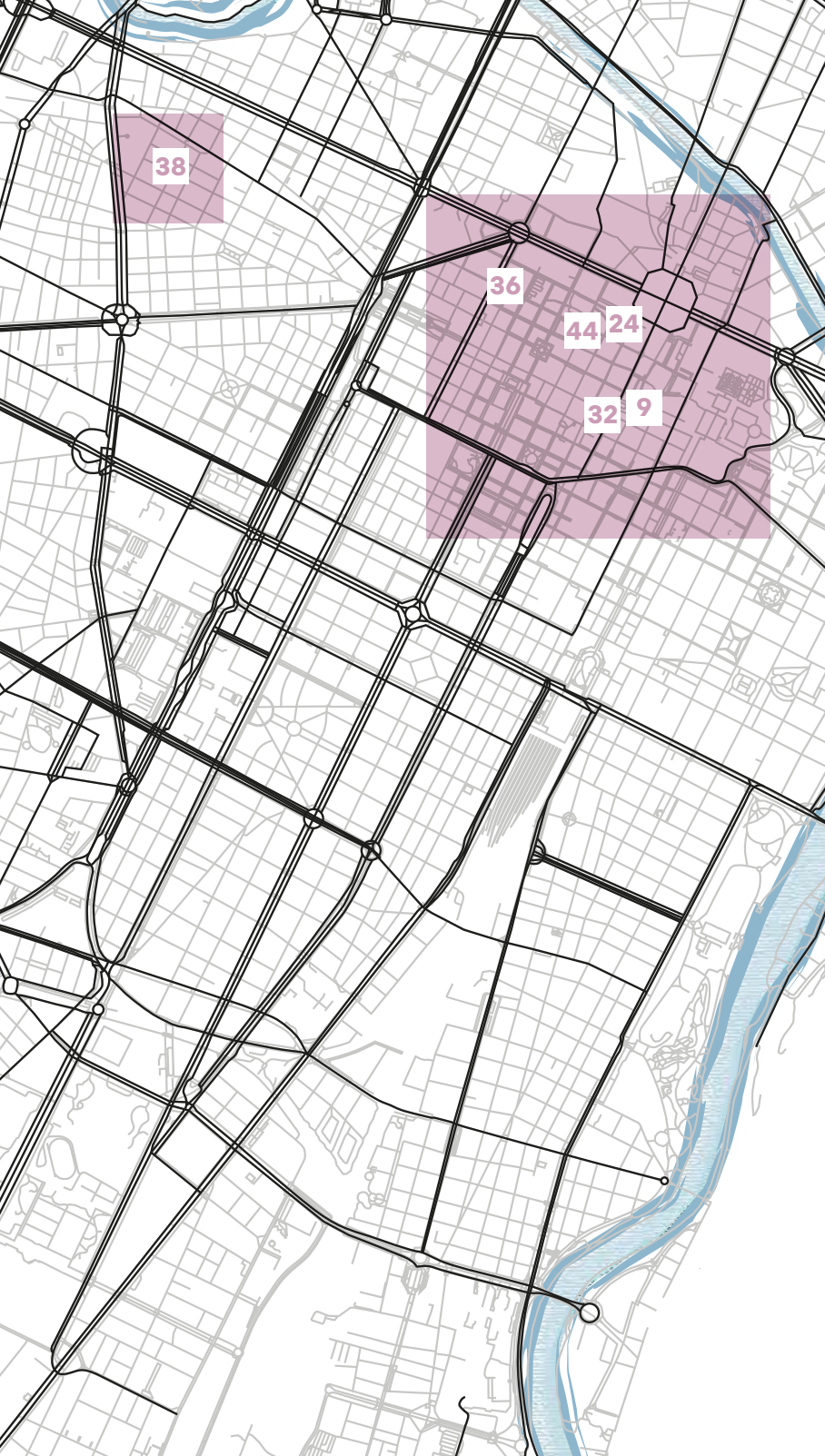






Hand-made. Crafts and artisanal workshops

Turin is a city that speaks through the hands of its craftsmen. Each workshop is like a suspended world, where time slows down and modernity comes to a standstill, leaving room for patience and art. There is the smell of wicker woven by Barbieri, the ancient sound of drums by Amat Percussioni, the silent touch of Bottega Fagnola bringing forgotten books back to life. And then there's Grom, who has restored ice cream to its purest essence, as well as the Gran Madre agnolotti, in a journey through the city's industrious soul.



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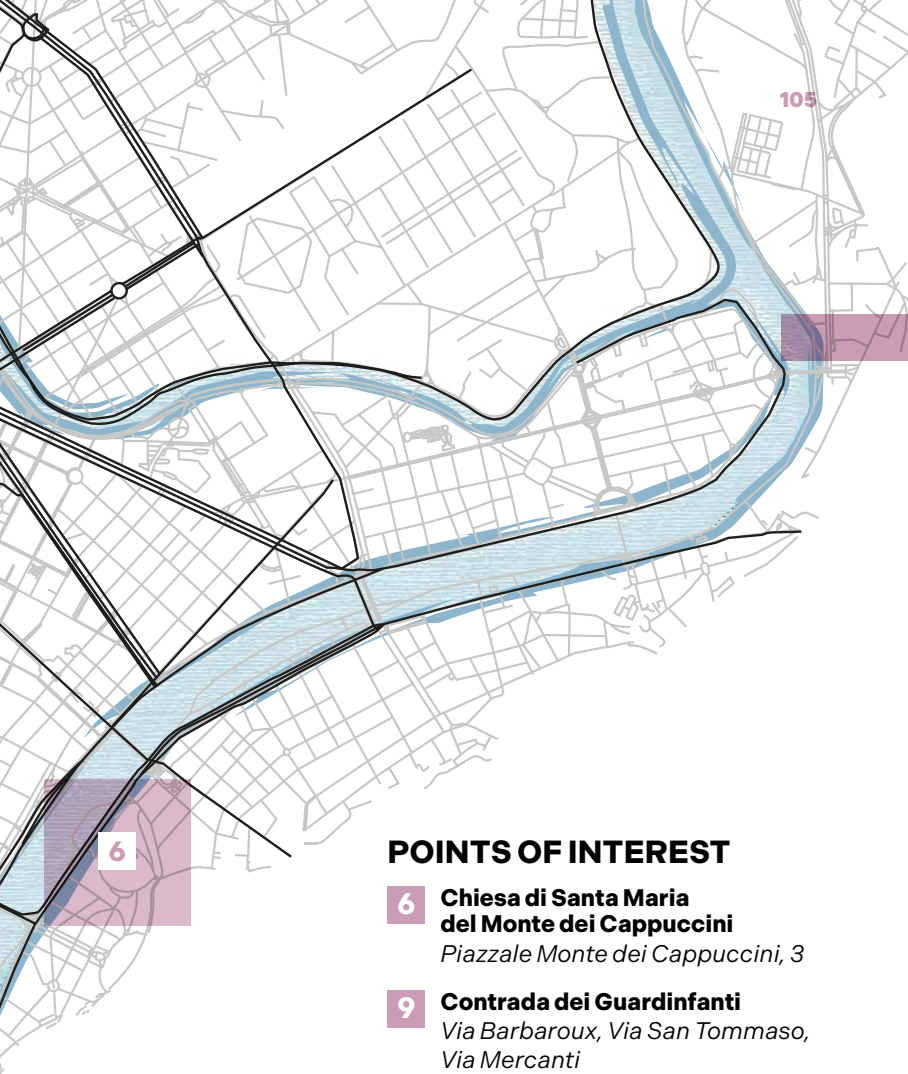
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POINTS OF INTEREST

- 6** **Chiesa di Santa Maria del Monte dei Cappuccini**
Piazzale Monte dei Cappuccini, 3
 - 9** **Contrada dei Guardinfanti**
Via Barbaroux, Via San Tommaso, Via Mercanti
 - 24** **MAO - Museo di Arte Orientale**
Via San Domenico, 11
 - 32** **Museo del Risparmio**
Via San Francesco D'Assisi, 8a
 - 36** **Museo Diffuso della Resistenza**
Corso Valdocco, 4a
 - 38** **Museo Faà di Bruno**
Via S. Donato, 31
 - 44** **MUSLI - Museo della Scuola e del Libro per l'Infanzia**
Via delle Orfane, 7a
-

There is unique beauty in completing a job with one's own hands. Creating something that did not exist before and, thanks to our effort, it now does.

The raw material was sought, skills were often handed down orally, as in a small Odyssey, and then, lo and behold, there it was, the item. Maybe it is a little thing, yet it is unique, unlike any other, the result of a long history that preceded it. At that point, the following phrase can be proudly written: Hand-made.

Turin is always on the move and, if you pay attention, that industrious sound is always present. It is a subtle sound, like a chisel caressing wood, like woven wicker seeking its weave, like a drum echoing an ancient melody.

The city's artisanal history passes through the expertise of the many hands that still forge, mould and shape their crafts today.

Each workshop is a world of its own, a place where time has a different, denser weight, steeped in a past that only here is still present. Modernity comes to rest and leaves room for those who still live by patience and craftsmanship.

Let's talk, for example, about the Barbieri basket factory on Corso Casale. Almost 50 years ago, Piera and Giuliano Barbieri, still at the helm of the shop today, opened a small shop driven by a passion for the art of weaving. Giuliano was already weaving

cane in a unique way and crafting basketry, baskets and furniture, while Piera was in charge of sales. Later, realising it is not easy to live off of wickerwork alone, the shop also began selling items of interior decor selected by the couple around the world, gaining exposure and recognition. Now, the shop is an extraordinary bazaar scented with wicker, conveying the atmosphere of a country house thanks to Piera's painstakingly selected items.

The sound of craftsmen's trades mingles with the scents of the workshops, creating a unique harmony. Turin has a significant tradition of master luthiers, linked to the Conservatory, yet it also excels in the construction of percussion instruments. In the workshop on [Via Gaudenzio Ferrari](#), right under the Mole Antonelliana, Amat Percussioni has been building instruments in demand by performers and bands worldwide for over 60 years. Snare drums and imperial drums, bass drums and drum sets, all handmade instruments made from beech, birch and maple wood and naturally tanned skins: when the wood is bent to perfection and the skin stretched to the point of spasm, anyone entering that workshop takes then away with them a part of that silent music, preserved in the heart of the city.



Above: Wicker weaving
at the Barbieri basketry shop



Still on the topic of leather, Bottega Fagnola in the workshop on **Via Orvieto** and in the shop on **Via San Tommaso** takes care of the **books** and **old prints** of the people of Turin using the skilful gestures of a medieval amanuensis and a computer virtuoso. Apart from restoration, there is **modern or art bookbinding**, an expressive tool at the service of creativity.

Here, you will find artisans specialising in beautiful and obsolete crafts, perhaps the only ones worthy of our time, such as **leather crafting**, **gilding**, **paper crafting** and **calligraphy**. The work of copyists locked away in an abbey, as in the year 1000, without making a fuss and seeking the limelight with the awareness that preserving collective memory is a revolutionary act.

However, artisanal Turin gave voice to another revolution. The world of **ice cream**, at the turn of this millennium, was for-

Above: Latteria Bera's whipped cream

On the following page: Artisan binding at Bottega Fagnola



getting its true flavours, confused as it was by garish colours (do you remember the blue Smurf?) and industrial semi-finished products that always tasted the same. Two young men from Turin, Guido Martinetti and Federico Grom, have brought ice cream back to its former glory, made from genuine ingredients and childhood memories thanks to an old, explosive idea: excellence comes from the products of the land, from fresh milk, hazelnuts from the Alta Langa area, and vanilla coming from afar. So, Grom became the battle cry of this renaissance and ice cream became a quality product once more. After that, Grom took off from Turin to travel the world, and when the young men (now in their 40s) sold their brainchild, they left behind a trail, a paved road of excellence on which many now walk. That is why today Turin is an ice cream capital with many brilliant ice cream artisans whipping up excellent products. The most influential is Alberto Marchetti, who has managed to maintain the artisanal slant despite the growing number of his shops, but there are also Giulio Rocci

from Ottimo, taking a more gastronomic approach to ice cream, and Edoardo Pastrone from Mara dei Boschi in **Piazza Carlo Emanuele II**, with his great pursuit of excellent products; together they are the melting tips of an iceberg of a great team of ice cream artisans of the utmost quality.

From gelato to fresh pasta, Turin has become a gastronomic capital thanks to an artisanal rebirth that has brought the authentic flavors of tradition back to the table, focusing on genuine ingredients and care in preparation.

Still on the subject of food, we cannot forget the topic of stuffed pasta. The Pastificio della Gran Madre at **Via Villa della Regina** 3 is the place where everything reminds you of being in Turin. Pietro Barberisino, the third generation of pasta makers, was born in this shop and perfected the recipes by watching first his grandmother's and then his father's skilful hands. This has resulted in the canonization of certain typical recipes: **meat-filled agnolotti** and **plin** are probably the best in town, while the green **ricotta and spinach gnocchetti** melt in your mouth. The atmosphere in the shop is a lesson in Turin-ness: the shop assistants are experienced and courteous, they smile and chat but always move at twice the speed. A tip on cooking, a sprig of sage or rosemary, all without ever interrupting the act of serving clients. Here, pride in one's work combines tradition and innovation with the delicacy of a perfect stuffing.

It is good to know that in the veins of the city flows this artisanal lifeblood that is a way of preserving memory, an act of love towards what is unique, a heritage that stands the test of time and mass production.

Right: Handle on the entrance door of the Antica Farmacia Bosio in Via Garibaldi

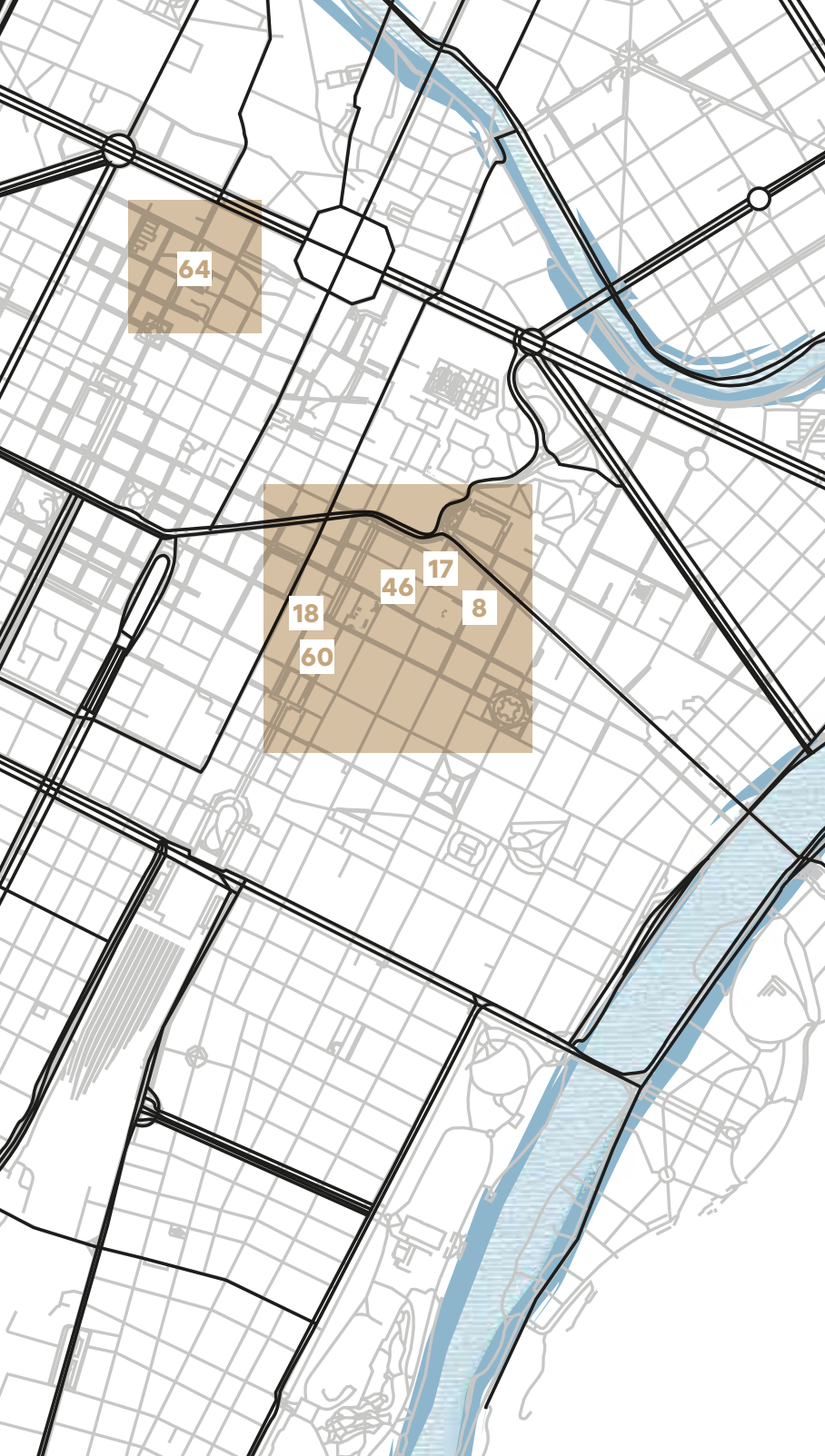




The stuff desserts are made of

Cafés, pastry shops, confectioners'. There is a unique culture syrup thanks to which, since the end of the 18th century, Turin's historic venues have germinated, the ones we have all frequented for a Sunday snack or a morning breakfast. This syrup has become ice cream, bonbon, bicerin, zabaione and is the lifeblood of the new pastry chefs and all the citizens of Turin who feel it running through their veins. When they have a coffee, they feel part of history.

Left: The bicerin, a typical Turin drink based on coffee, chocolate and milk cream



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POINTS OF INTEREST

- 8** **Circolo dei Lettori**
Via Giambattista Bogino, 9
 - 17** **Galleria Subalpina**
 - 18** **Gallerie d'Italia**
Piazza San Carlo, 156
 - 46** **Palazzo Carignano**
Via Accademia delle Scienze, 5
 - 60** **Piazza San Carlo**
 - 64** **Santuario della Consolata**
Piazza della Consolata
-

Let's start at the end because the beginning is both remote, and of a literary nature. At the end, in piazza Carignano, there is a family of tourists queuing up. They seem to be waiting their turn to enter the Museo Egizio (Egyptian Museum) but that is another queue.

Eventually, the queues interweave and look the same, you pick up one like the end of a braided rope and see where it leads you, either to the statue of Ramses II or to one of the **Crubik** at the Farmacia del Cambio, the café nearby the restaurant with the same name. If you look at it from the dark side of the croissant, you might think that aesthetics and social photogenics determine the success of a leavened pastry; if you look at it from this plot of land, you realise instead that in that new form of brioche, and in its city variants, there is a small part of the future of **pastry making** in Turin. The custard cubes, gianduja pyramids and zabaione spheres will soon end up mummified on some motorway café counter, but for now, they are contended not only for the sake of culinary gratification, but also as models for the *selfie* made man. Me, you and the brioche. The skilful hands of Turin's young pastry chefs have synapses that go way back. Perhaps not as far back as the 16th century myth of Friar Paschal Baylon, later glorified to the greater glory of God in Saint Baylon probably also for his Marsala and egg miracle, but certainly at least as far back as the late 18th century, when *Il Confetturiere*



Piemontese, was published, «teaching how to make candied fruits in different ways, making biscuits, marzipan, canestrelli, acquavita, sorbets and many other things pertaining to this art». The oldest and most famous café in Turin, Al Bicerin, was founded in the middle of that century, in 1763. No introduction is necessary because, whether it was in primary school with grandpa, in high school with a girlfriend or as an adult on an English-style getaway, the people of Turin all know it for having spent at least one spring afternoon or a sunny autumn morning there, enjoying the light reflected off the walls of the **Consolata** and the silence of the Piazza, interrupted only by the sound of stilettos on cobblestones. However, we do not know when the invention of the **bicerin** spread from this café in the Piazza throughout the city, through the other bars that were to become historic, across time and generations. The Count of Cavour was said to love it, and if one were to listen to all the tales about the places

Above: Bonbon in the window of the Pasticceria Stratta in Piazza San Carlo



where he loved to stay, one might assume he devoted his time exclusively to desserts and dishes *à la financière* rather than to the Unification of Italy. The bicerin is the Risorgimento of pastry making in Turin, the link uniting the people of Turin of yesterday, Cavour and all, to modern-day cafés that serve them quickly at the counter, to induce the gourmand smiles of young Neo-Gozzanian ladies or the barbaric grins of those who order the obscene variants of Nutella or pistachio. In the mid-19th century, the meagre Al Bicerin shop was renovated along with the building and its new structure of rose windows and eclectic decorations, embellished today with what we see inside, its wooden boiserie, round marble tables, mirrors, its wooden counter and those irresistible shelves to host vases of sugared almonds. These are furnishings from an era that has lasted forever in certain cafés in the city, either vaguely dusty at times, or brilliantly shined.

In Turin, desserts are the living matter of a tradition that mingles flavours, memories and culture, nourishing the city's soul with the same delicacy with which time has shaped its historic cafés and pastry shops.

Shiny *bonbons* from Stratta, in Piazza San Carlo, are sweets for special occasions, beyond having a sweet tooth, beyond desiring fresh breath. To buy legitimate sticky or gummy pleasures, you walk into a tobacconist's, pick up one of those industrial packs from the small plastic racks, and you are satisfied for a few minutes. But *bonbons*, ladies and gentlemen, are not just everyday goodies, they are the gift for an out-of-town boyfriend, for a caring aunt, for a friendly grandmother. They are boxes to take to cousins in Pavia, friends in Pescara, relatives in Monza,



boxes with an untidy, indeed almost anarchic, sequence of colours and shapes, red, violet, orange, bright green, white. Hundreds of small gemstones, some of them pink with a hard outer shell that suddenly gives way the moment you pop it into your mouth and melts with their inner core, which instead, is liquid and sweet. Those pink sweets somehow resemble the city, its rigid appearance and seductive heart, even if they have slightly irregular contours and that pink hue that Turin becomes on a few occasions, mostly on a winter's day when the sun reflects the fresh snow that has fallen in the mountains. Stratta is now also a café. This is how it has been since the mid-19th century, confectionery is mingled with coffee, coffee with creams, creams with ice cream. It is fascinating to think of a common humus, a culture syrup from which, over time, the

Above: Gianduiotti on a bed of cri-cri



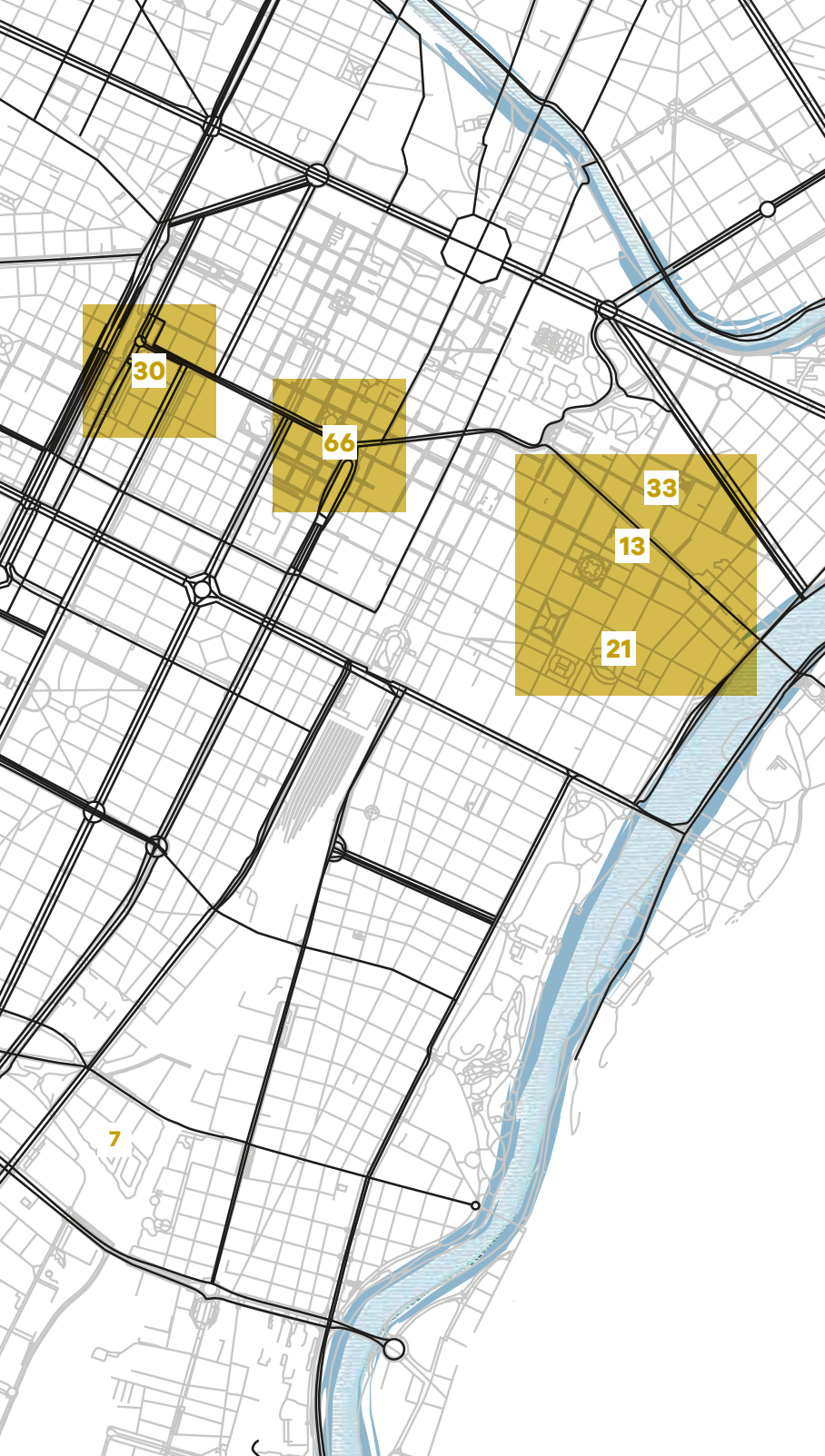
Bicerin and Fiorio, Pfatisch and Baratti, Mulassano and Platti, Avvignano and Roma 'formerly' Talmone have germinated, and then the modern pastry shops, such as Ghigo, Venier or Uva, or the contemporary ones such as the aforementioned Farmacia del Cambio or the new version of Caffè San Carlo, after its renovation as part of the Gallerie d'Italia project. Therefore, a sundae bowl filled with gianduja ice cream or a single portion of **Mont Blanc**, a slice of **Nuvola** or **Festivo**, the bicerin and the new bizarrely shaped brioches, are, for the people of Turin, something more than a mouth-watering treat or a gourmet delicacy. They are the stuff we are steeped in like Vermouth-laced Zuppa Inglese, newspapers, readings, politics, love affairs, poetry, velvet, Gozzano and Pavese, Cavour and De Amicis, Einaudi and Gobetti, Ginzburg, they are coffee at the counter, gentlemen in hats, garnet-coloured waistcoats under their jackets, they are light from the porticoes, the shadow theory, the clanking of the tram.



Turin Vanity Fair. What we think others don't have

There are shops that only exist in Turin, or so the people of Turin like to think. These are the city's unique features, shop windows dating back to the 18th century or the 1980s, names that are handed down like secrets on how to find a candle, a Rivarossi locomotive, a Bangkok street directory, an antique lock or the latest copy of the 'New Yorker'. These are essential shops, for us, for our homes, our schools and, above all, for our vanity.

Left: Reading corner in the Luxemburg bookshop in the historical location in Via Accademia delle Scienze



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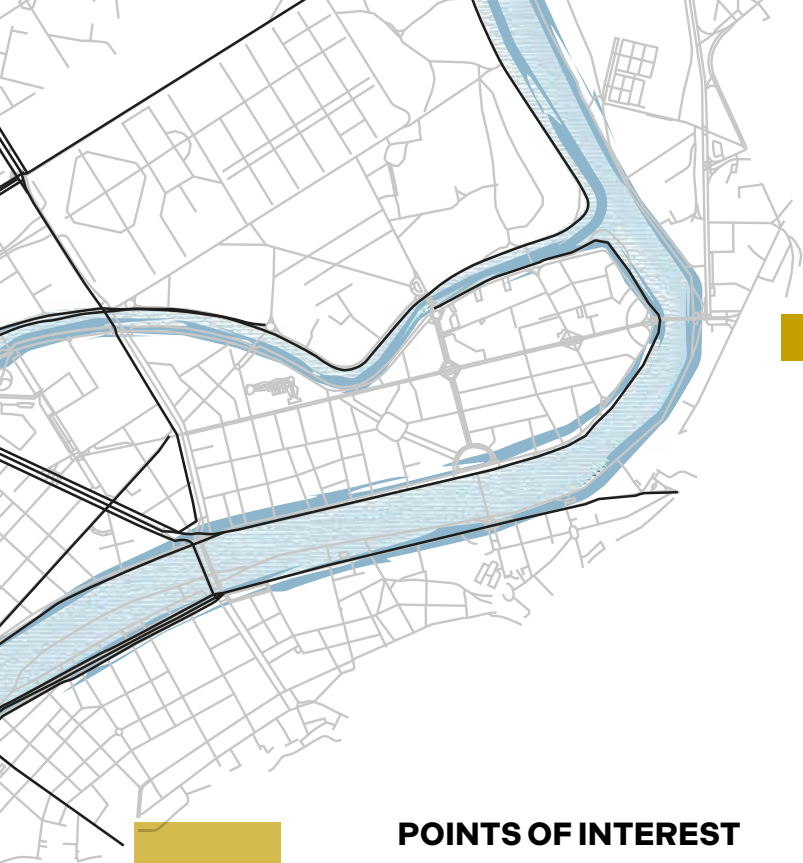
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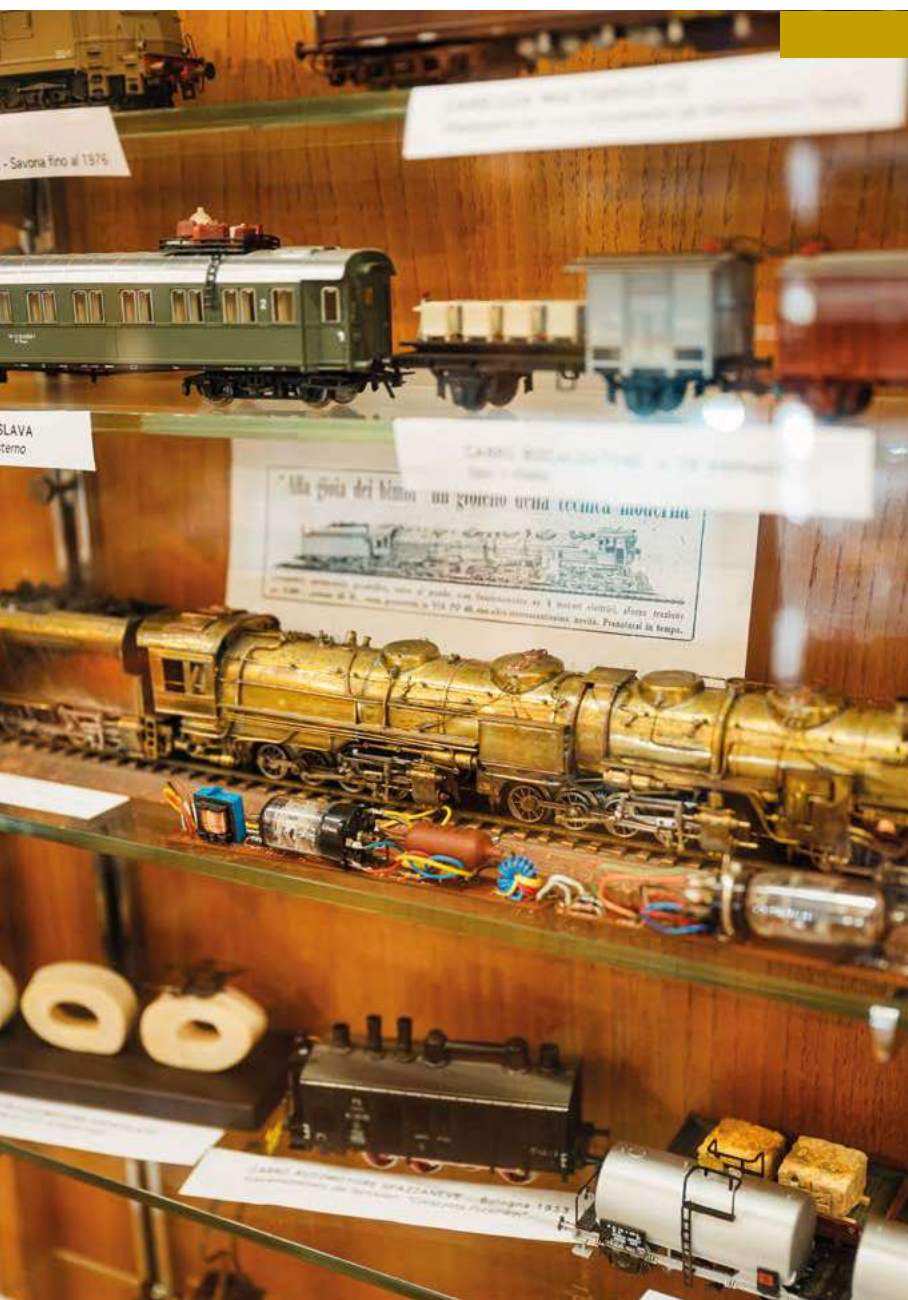
POINTS OF INTEREST

- 13** **Fondazione Luigi Einaudi**
Via Principe Amedeo, 34
 - 21** **Giardino Cavour**
Piazza Cavour
 - 30** **Museo Civico Pietro Micca
e dell'Assedio di Torino del 1706**
Via Francesco Guicciardini, 7a
 - 33** **Museo della Radio
e della Televisione**
Via Verdi, 16
 - 66** **Teatro Alfieri**
Piazza Solferino, 4
 - 68** **Villa della Regina**
*Strada Comunale
Santa Margherita, 79*
-

500 South Broadway, Denver, Colorado, USA. By the side of one of those wide streets in the American suburbs, six lanes in each direction, signs bearing the Saxon genitive, there was Caboose, over 2000 m² of small trains, locomotives, switches, models, containers, stations, crossroads, viaducts, traffic lights, cattle cars, wagons, transformers and rails.

According to the Guinness Book of Records it used to be the world's largest train shop, but now there's Starbucks. In 1920, at a time when Starbucks was a merely American idea and no one would have ever imagined ordering mochaccinos or drinking long coffee in big paper cups (and those were not the best of times, if it is true that people would soon be drinking ersatz coffee), the Isacco brothers opened a *bòita* (a small artisanal workshop) in Turin to produce scientific toys. Model planes, motorboats and steam engines.

Right: Display of models in the shop windows of Isacco... i treni in Corso Vittorio Emanuele II



- Savona fino al 1976

...

SLAVA
terno

...

Alla guida del bimbo un gioco nella tecnica moderna

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And **trains**. Who knows if the Isaac brothers were adults who had not betrayed their inner child, or if they were just dazzled by the futurist myth of speed, albeit to scale, convinced that a racing car with its bonnet adorned with large snake-like pipes with an explosive breath, a roaring car appearing to run on machine gun fire, was more appealing than a statuette of the Winged Victory of Samothrace. Whatever the reason, from that day on, Turin also has a shop window, or rather two, now on **Corso Vittorio Emanuele II**, to which older children unaffected by the primitive dinosaur myth and playful adults flock. All with their noses pressed up against Isaac's shop window, ogling **Lima** and **Rivarossi** and dreaming of building one of those huge models which take up

Above: Artisanal production
from Candele Conterno in Piazza Solferino

a whole room and never come apart again, until they end up in the cellar for a mouse to find a home in its tunnel. Isacco... I treni (Isaac... Trains) is the name of the shop, complete with suspensory dots that who knows what time they wished to suspend. Until a few years ago, less than one would think, time and deadlines for auctions were suspended in court for the short duration of a small candle. It was a legacy of times without electricity, or probably just a fad. But it's quirks like that, flickering love affairs and dinners, lavishly laid tables and glittering Christmases, that uphold another uniqueness of Turin, the small window of Candele Conterno in **Piazza Solferino**. Year of foundation, 1795. The **gilded sign** on a dark background, the **wooden shop window**, an **inlaid counter**, and an iron chandelier hanging from the vault holding a few light bulbs with the good-natured forbearance that the elderly have for modern-day accidents. Nestled between the shelves of the wood panelling are cardboard boxes, sometimes branded, sometimes unmarked, in different colours, charmingly old-fashioned in a world of plastic, containing **candles** and candlesticks. Enough to adorn the churches, tables, parties and the suddenly dark corners of the entire city. A wax museum in a Led-lit world.

Gilded signs and dark wooden counters, charmingly old-fashioned lighting, quirky lavishly laid tables and glittering Christmases: Turin never forgets feeling nostalgic for itself, yet it is also - as always - a curious, cosmopolitan city, ready to embark on new adventures.

It must be a similar feeling to that experienced by the bookshop Il Giramondo, stashed away in a street behind **Piazza Statuto**. It is a bookshop full of **maps** in a Google maps universe. No one we know has ever heard of its name or the street, but when you had to leave on an Interrail or take a plane to the other side of the world, you would go and buy maps and guidebooks from the "bookshop behind piazza Statuto". This was in the late

1980s, baby, and borders were shaky. Although it has the dignity of having its own address, **Via Carena** 3, for many people today, Il Giramondo remains the bookshop behind piazza Statuto, where you can find the **Lonely Planet** in English and the **Routard** in French, if you are a lover of the original language, all (absolutely all!) of the maps available on the market, and whether you like to play school or you are the headmistress of a comprehensive institute, you can also find historical, political, physical and classroom wallcharts. **Planetariums**, **planispheres**, stuff for history and geography classes, all middle-school *madeleines*.

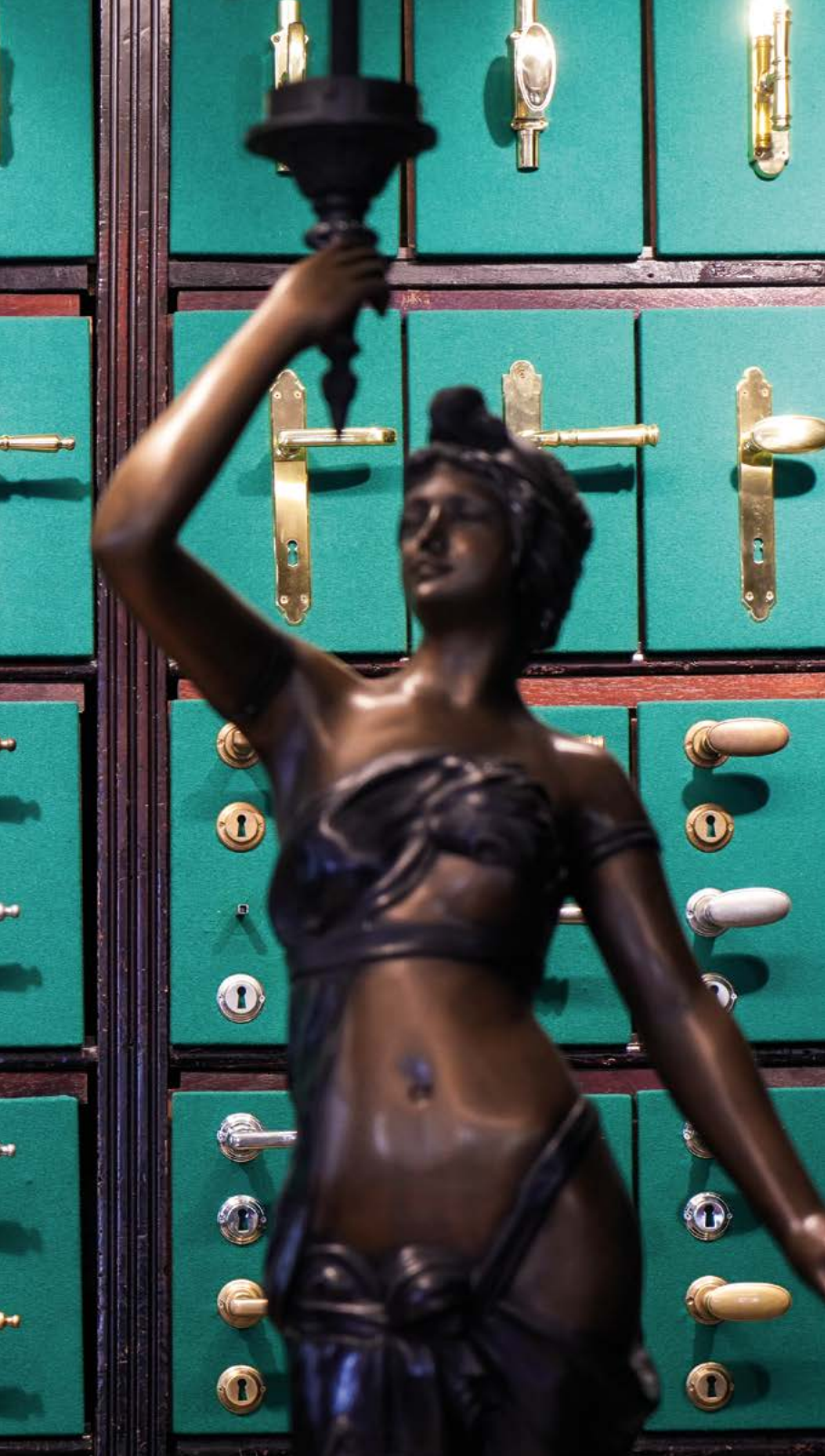
Speaking of bookshops, we read that someone, somewhere, had listed Luxemburg as one of the ten most beautiful bookshops in the world. And as citizens of Turin, this makes us both proud and mortified at the same time, as we think it should be in pole position. Founded in 1872 as a branch of the Genoese bookshop Beuf, it must have witnessed the great authors of Turin pass through its halls filled with paper and words, yet probably it was not until the 1970s that it took on the form we know today, a place of **vanguard culture**, with publications by English and American authors, a unique city sales outlet for **foreign newspapers**, sections of **lgbtq+** or **Jewish fiction**, or in their **original language**, steeped in know-how, and safe advice, from a corner of the piazza that overlooked the Carignano Theatre and the Cambio. And just as we are writing this guide, here comes a momentous change. Luxemburg is leaving its historic premises on via Accademia delle Scienze, its original parquet flooring, mezzanines, windows and shop windows, and is relocating, to start a new venture in **Galleria Subalpina**. When its owners open its shutters again, and the smells of books waft through the Gallery, we would like to be there to hand them the keys to the city. We would deliberately seek them out in another incredible place in this city of uniqueness, the Fratelli Drovetti ironmongery whose windows catch the attention of passers-by on the corner of **Via San Massimo** and **Via Maria Vittoria**. These do not seem appropriate spaces for nails and bolts. Kristina T's outfits are sold nearby, there are art galleries and a succession of too many eateries. But this shop, founded in 1906, captivates with a theo-



ry of shiny bolts, bedknobs without broomsticks, keys for small 18th-century wardrobes or for large iron gates, handles for piano nobles, curtain rods for balcony awnings or small copper items that you don't know what they're used for but which had been lost during renovation, in property transfers, in changes of intended use, in sales, in leases, or maybe they had fallen behind a piece of furniture, been forgotten in a wooden box, bent by weight, ended up in the attic, had gathered dust in the cellar, minute items that are useless until you find them in those showcases, recovered from the folds of time, just in time to build your new home.

Above: Planispheres, guides and maps
in the Il Giramondo bookshop in Via Carena
On the following page: Exhibition of handles
at the Drovetti hardware store in Via Maria Vittoria





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Turin's **storefronts** reveal the heart of a city that is always on the move. From royal heritage to workshops, from **stores** to **markets**, from **industrial redevelopments** to sugar and chocolate delights, the city's history is intertwined with its ever-changing present. Amidst scents, furnishings and signs, this guide will take you on a discovery journey of **traditions** and **styles** that are both a legacy of the past and a vision of the **future**.
