

~  
Maria Rita Zappelli  
~



~  
**HOME STREET HOME**  
~

*- Perugia's history told through its streets -*

**Morlacchi Editore**

HOME STREET HOME  
- *Perugia's history told through its streets* -

By *Maria Rita Zappelli*

Translated by *Deborah Rim Moiso*  
& *Alan Whykes*

Edited by *Zachary Nowak*

**Morlacchi Editore**

magistrates due to the terrible smell of the oils they used—*olio di salsa*, where the older name of the street came from—they were replaced by hat-makers.

Siepi (1822) tell us that in the street “there are no deposits nor stables, which makes it impossible to exercise most arts, it being also a dark and cramped place.” Catanelli writes that in the 1900s, a market of songbirds was held here every autumn, and that, in the same period, the “La Boheme” winery sold “the health-giving waters of San Vito” and a hotel (“Hotel dell’Unione”), a *trattoria*, and a pool hall all stood at the corner with the square.

Along the narrow street, with no view whatsoever, stands Palazzo Veglia. It was built in the seventeenth century over pre-existing medieval buildings by a Perugian family who had lived in the area since the fourteenth century.

### **VIA CARTOLARI Paper-Seller Street**

*Via Alessi* → *Via della Viola*

Previously known as *Via della Berta*.

Perugia was one of the first Italian cities to encourage the use of the printing press, probably as early as 1471. German typographers had already worked in the Umbrian towns of Trevi (1470) and Foligno (1472), where the famous first print of the Dante’s *Comedia* was made (it was also the first book printed in Italian).

Soon a specialized guild of typographers was founded in Perugia, revolving around the workshop of Francesco di Baldassare and Girolamo di Francesco, sellers of paper and books, book-binders, and typographers themselves. They opened their shop with the name *Cartolari*, paper-sellers or paper-makers (more literally, paper-men), which became their heirs’ surname. The *Cartolari* family printed of the four volumes of the *Statutes of the Commune of Perugia* (1523 – 1528), compendium of almost three centuries of city government.

An incision over a pretty doorway, just after the home of G. Alessi, reads, *Consors industria* (“A Brotherhood of Industry”). This may well have been the entrance to the old workshop. The left side of the street leans up against the Etruscan walls.

### **PIAZZA CAVALLOTTI**

*Via Maestà delle Volte* → *Via Battisti*

Previously known as *Piazza degli Aratri* (Plough Square).

Felice Cavallotti (Milan 1842-Rome 1898) was a follower of Garibaldi. Politician, journalist, author of numerous lyrical and theatrical works, and famous swordsman, he died following injuries sustained during his thirty-third duel.

### **CORSO CAVOUR**

*Viale Indipendenza* → *Porta San Pietro*

Previously known as *Via Papale* (the Papal Way), *Corso di Porta Romana*, *Corso di San Pietro*, *Traversa Nazionale Interna*.

The current name, assigned in 1871, honors the memory of statesman Camillo Benso, Count Cavour (Turin 1810- 1861), the mind behind Italian unification.

The area was, in the past, “animated and beautiful, full of palaces, workshops, military barracks, factories” (R. Gigliarelli, 1907). After the Second World War, the face of Corso Cavour changed. “It had to, since the *borgo* had been used since time immemorial to house military barracks and troops. This was perhaps due to the possibility of using old convent structures, or because it faces Rome, as if an enemy of this city might only arrive from that direction. So, the locals retired into private life, put on their slippers, and were left to feel the inevitable void. No more the bright sounding of trumpets. For decades, the trumpet-sound had rung through the ancient, sleepy burgh [...]. The barracks, left behind by the escaping troops [...] were abandoned to themselves, silent, useless. Later came the fire-men, when they moved out of their old quarters in *Via Pinturicchio*, the *carabinieri*, the public guards, as well as the Archaeological Museum and the State Archive. The de-militarization translated into a great crises for all those businesses that had long supplied the barracks. A whole world melted away. The old taverns—dark, bare and stinking of old wine—meant to make all the country-boys-turned-soldiers feel at home for a few hours. The small shops which survived by selling pocket-mirrors, combs, post-cards [...]. The military stores: small, but overcrowded with ambition and pomp, brightly-plumed hats, shining badges and