



VENICE: HOTEL BAUER IL PALAZZO Playground for the movie

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I decided through this letter to share with you every month some of the many secrets hidden behind doors of my overwhelming and unique city.

My personal favourites in other words: the best of the month to do and to see in Venice.

Venice is an enchanting city but its charm is somehow complex and conflicting.

It is almost impossible to remain unmoved upon your first visit. Inbetween a few people that do not like and appreciate Venice, the majority love Venice without reservation, by an absolute love almost obsessive. Venice if you get to spend a little more than few days and reach behind corner, it gets to you almost like a virus, which can lead to an incurable passion.

No other city in the world is more exotic, it stimulates many memories and finds its roots in a so cosmopolitan culture. On the other end it can also be called a "city salon" where you can walk through one side to the other in less than an hour.

If you will stay long enough, Venice will let you perceive lot more than the mere physical pleasure of the contact with the city and its famous buildings. It is a permanent challenge to the sensitiveness and imagination, impossible to capture it completely. Regardless for how long and how well you know of her, you can always discover – just walking around – something new you have not noticed before: an arch, a small square of an ancient house.

The mostra internazionale d'arte cinematografica

Who can forget the wonderful scenes one would see over the few television broadcasts from the Venetian film festival. In the era of silver screen stars that still make us dream today, Venice always remained a focal point for all that involved glamour, class and that

special shazazz only cinema can transmit. Thanks to count Volpi's continuous efforts to bring cinema and its stars to the lagoon, Venice was soon talked about in the biz and around the world, as a close relative of Cinecittà's production studios in Rome, where Fellini and the great others were busy creating one masterpiece after the other. Rivalled only by the barely known Cannes Festival, which was starting, from a crawl to gain recognition, stumbling along till the mid seventies to rise above the 'waterline'.

With the first fresh air, to chase away the sticky heat, the stars would arrive by air and water, to shine the lagoon with their glittering presence. Some, on small planes would land directly at the Lido, while others would arrive from mainland, being spotted from afar by the flashing paparazzi. The small island that most Venetians regarded as they're comfortable summer house, became a shimmering whirlwind of appearances and happenings, of glamour filled parties to mysterious love intrigues that surpassed when unveiled even those, seen in the very films presented.

For this reason, many of the Greatest, took on the habit, after getting burned once too often by the obsessive camera flash, to detach themselves from the frenetic frenzy, at least during sleeping and eating hours, by finding safe haven in the quieter, more contemplative 'historical center' of Venice. More



specifically, at the Bauer. For although the structure in itself was one of the greatest in town, rivalling easily the imposing Excelsior and Debain, the intimacy one could enjoy within its walls was so unique and well guarded, that some of 'the greatest' of today, still enjoy the same degree of privacy and comfort they're 'co-workers' did, fifty years ago.

This is why, the stories that could be told, by the haed bartender of time, would be paid a fortune, even today, by the biggest international tabloids however, they remain untold, guarding secrets we only can imagine and re-live in our dreams, taking for real, those seen in movies.

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