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# TOURiBOOST

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# Hidden Cultural Heritage of Konya Necmettin Erbakan Üniversitesi (Turkey)

Touriboost Project 2018-10TR01-KA203-058344



## Introduction

1. Story of Çatalhöyük
2. Aya Elena Church
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5. Pappa Tiberiapolis



slide back & forward



external content



image gallery



image gallery



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# Hidden cultural heritage of Konya

*Konya and its surrounding has been a region where civilizations were established and the firsts in the history were experienced since prehistoric times.*

*Konya has been geographically placed where many stories have been lived and unique works of faith, architecture and art have been revealed, maintaining its importance throughout the ages thanks to its location where the roads from east to west and from north to south intersect.*

*Our stories begin with a painful event in Çatalhöyük, the largest and first inhabitants city of the prehistoric age. The second story, which takes place in Pappa Tiberiopolis, is about the Heracles sarcophagus, one of the unique works of art in the region.*

*Konya, which is one of the regions where different kinds of religions lived and blend in the strongest way, is related with our third story about Mevlana's visit to St. Chariton Monastery, introducing the relations between the religions in the region.*

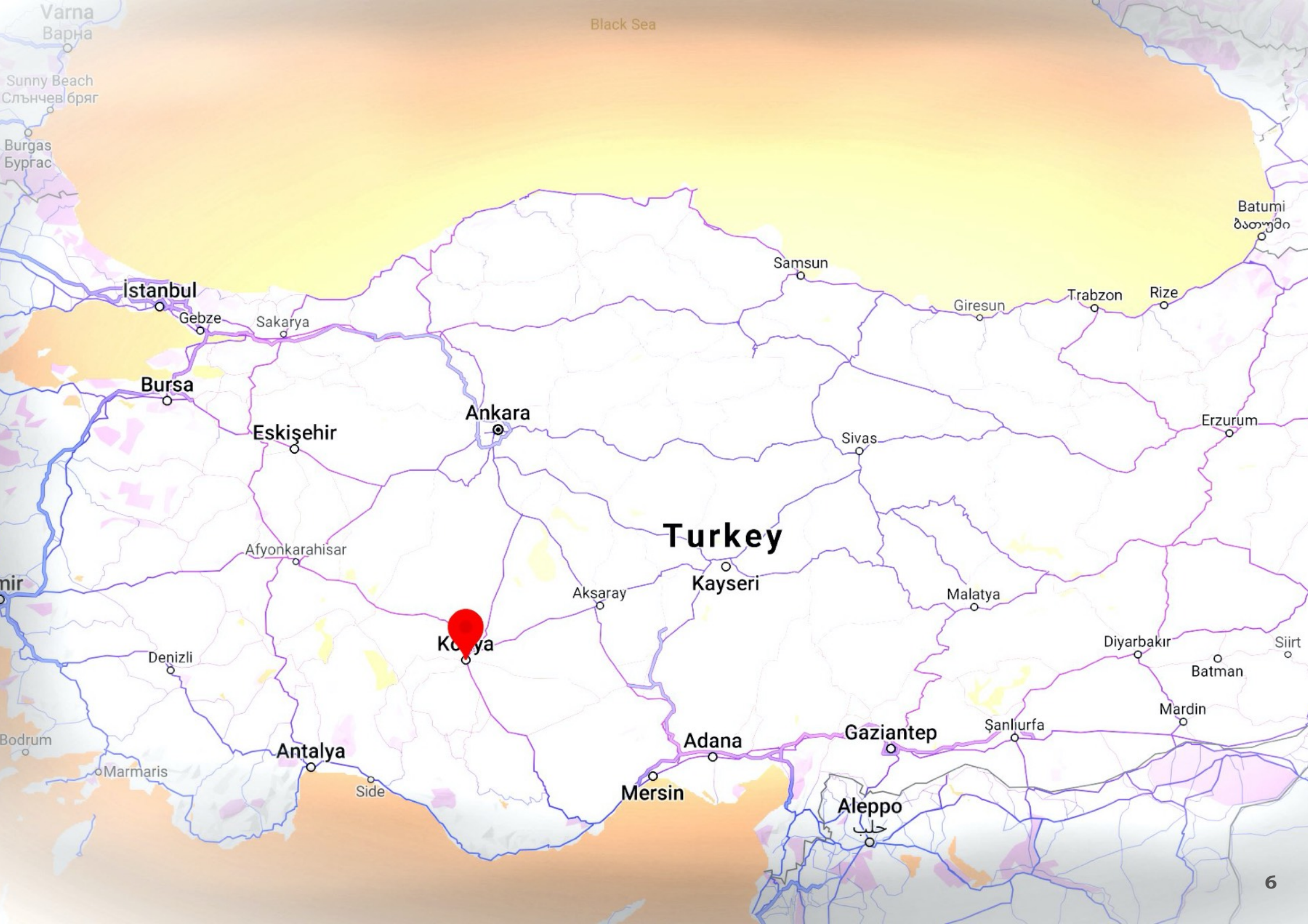
*The fourth story, which is about the curtain of Sille Hagia Eleni Church in the region where the relationship between religions and societies is blended with deep tolerance and love, also reveals the connection among the peoples lived in this geography.*



*The content of the ibook was prepared by  
Dr. Ilker Mete Mimirolu & Dr. Kevser Çınar*

*The last story is about a relentless war scene in the region where great wars and struggles were took stage besides all these beauties. All these events as the proof of forgotten lived stories, awaiting your visit with the traces of their heroes.*





Black Sea

Varna  
Варна

Sunny Beach  
Слънчев бряг

Burgas  
Бургас

Batumi  
ბათუმი

Istanbul

Gebze

Sakarya

Bursa

Eskişehir

Ankara

Samsun

Giresun

Trabzon

Rize

Erzurum

Sivas

Turkey

Afyonkarahisar

Kayseri

Aksaray

Konya

Malatya

Denizli

Diyarbakır

Batman

Siirt

Bodrum

Marmaris

Antalya

Side

Adana

Mersin

Gaziantep

Şanlıurfa

Mardin

Aleppo  
حلب



# 1 Çatalhöyük

Founded over 9,000 years ago on the bank of a river that has since dried up, people in Çatalhöyük lived at distinctive homes , arranged back-to-back without doors or windows. They went in and out through openings in the roof. On the inside, they were drawing wall paintings and enigmatic figurines as a memory. Daily life took place both at the settlement of Çatalhöyük and away from it, in the surrounding landscape. People were living happily and continue their life hunting and gathering subsistence to increasing skill in plant and animal domestication. People running in panic from the roof of the houses. Women, children and even warriors were screaming and praying loudly to Goddess.

One morning all the people woke up to a disaster. The ground was shaking and after a while the smoke from the top of the ancient mountain spreaded to the entire sky creating a deep darkness. During this chaos there was a house full of pain due to a different reason which was neither the shaking of the ground nor the black smoke from the top of the ancient mountain.





The little girl, who was the only child in the house, had been sick for several days since birth. The man of the family, one of the best hunters in the city, went on hunting. The mother used all the herbal plants she had learned from her ancestors to heal her daughter alone. Unfortunately, her only child, who would continue her offspring, did not recover, and her health condition was getting worse.

She thought that the whole house would collapse. Unbearable sound of the ground shaking was the wrath of the mother Goddess. She tried to move towards her child and took her in her arms. She watched with great pain that her daughter between her hands was breathing hard.

With the ongoing loud voice, she could not stop thinking that her daughter would leave her alone. She sniffed the smell of his little daughter and hugged her tightly. For a moment she touched the jewelry on her daughter's ankle. Her husband bought this jewel from merchants from far away. She wished that he had with her. After a deep silence around,

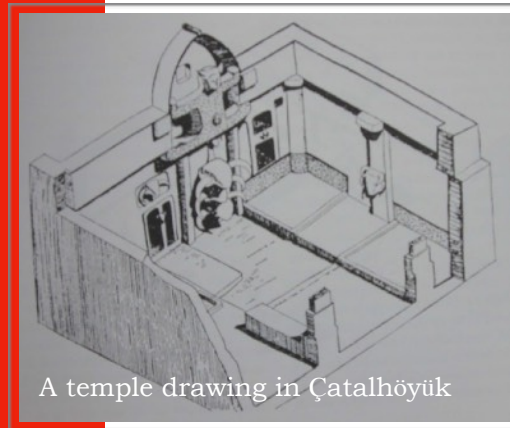
people's screams surrounded him. She took her daughter on her lap with the basket she slept with. With a last hope, she decided to take the most precious asset, her daughter in her hands to the house of the mother goddess.

She carefully climbed the stairs leading to the exit of the house and went up to the roof. There was a great panic in the city. She tried to understand what was happening at that moment. She could see the black

fumes coming from the ancient mountain in the distance spread to the sky. She passed through her holy mother. She did not care all the extraordinary events happening around her and the people in panic. Even her own life was not important except for her daughter's life.

She was trying to move forward among a crowd running around. She quickly reached one of the mother goddess' houses closest to her. At the entrance of the holy house, people were pushing each other. When they entered the holy place, they were trying to enter through

(Ref.1)



A temple drawing in Çatalhöyük



Baby girl- graveyard

the entrance hole, thinking that they would be protected and not damaged at all.

She made a move and managed to go through the entrance of the holy house. While the priests inside were trying to prevent more people from entering inside, they prayed to the angry holy goddess asking for forgiveness offering their belongings. Bull heads with pointed horns on the walls of the holy house were indicative of the power of the goddess.

She was begging the goddess deeply by heart and praying for her daughter, the most precious asset in her life, to be saved. The light reflected by the



Typical house



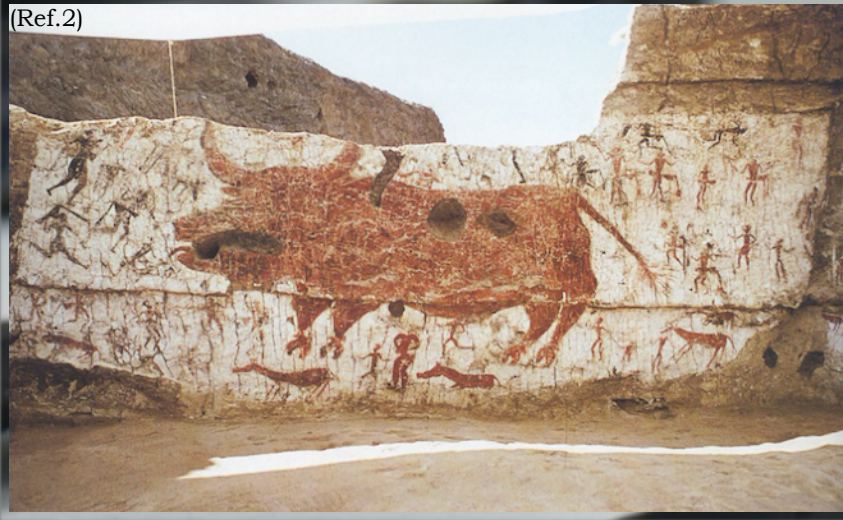
A temple in Çatalhöyük



Çatalhöyük ruins



(Ref.2)



(Ref.3)



fire burning inside the room, hitting the walls, illuminates the depiction of the mother goddess; it made her seem as if she was coming back to life. The holy mother was sitting on her throne as usual. In her throne, protected with lions, she was watching herself with all her glory.

She invoked her goddess over and over again. Meanwhile, when she looked at his daughter again filled with a great grief. The goddess took her. She was not breathing anymore. She did not care anymore if the world or city was destroyed. She hugged her and snuffed her smell again and again. She decided to have a nice ceremony for her. Knowing that her daughter will always be with the holy mother relieved her. She would bury her in this sacred place where she died. The last

bracelet made of beads on her wrist came to her mind. It was what her daughter liked to play the most. She would give it to her daughter. In the holy room where many people stood, she totally collapsed with the lifeless body on her arm. Clamors, prayers and screams of the people around her disappeared in the deep silence inside her.





Çatalhöyük ruins



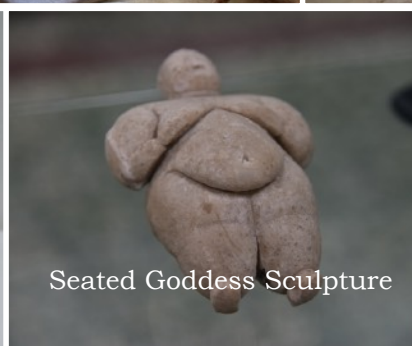
Typical house



POT resemble the seated Goddess



Raw material of Obsidian



Seated Goddess Sculpture

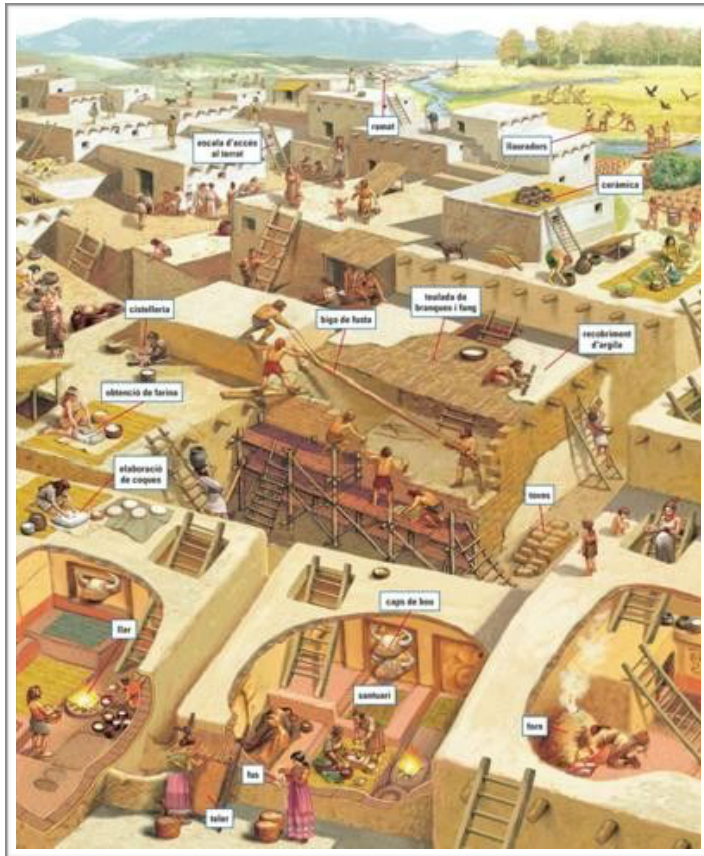


Seated Goddess

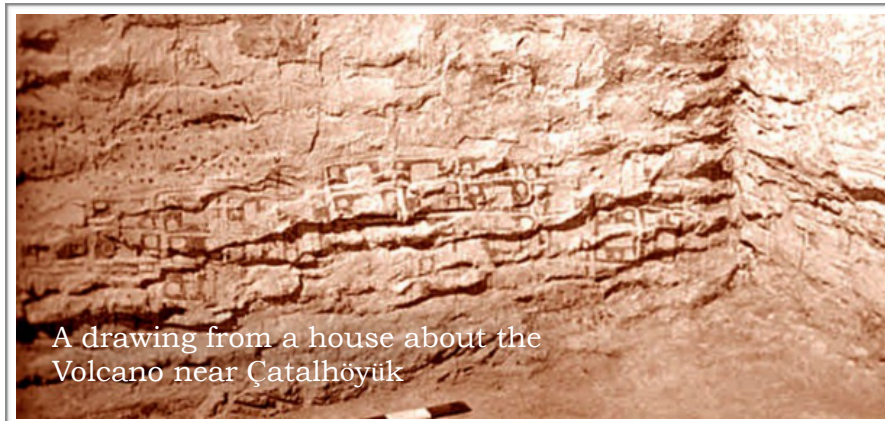
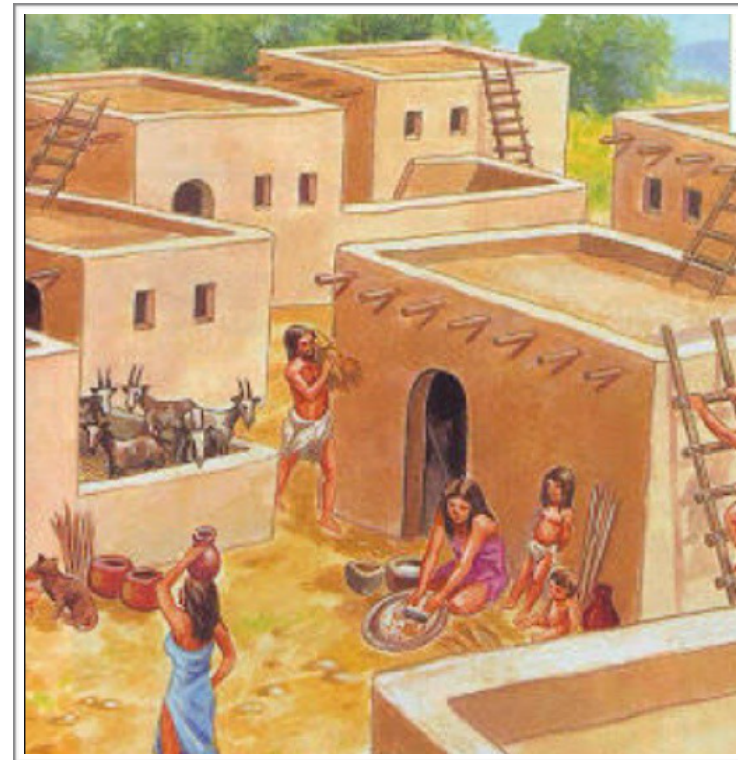


Sharp objects made by Obsidian stone





Daily life of the people in Çatalhöyük

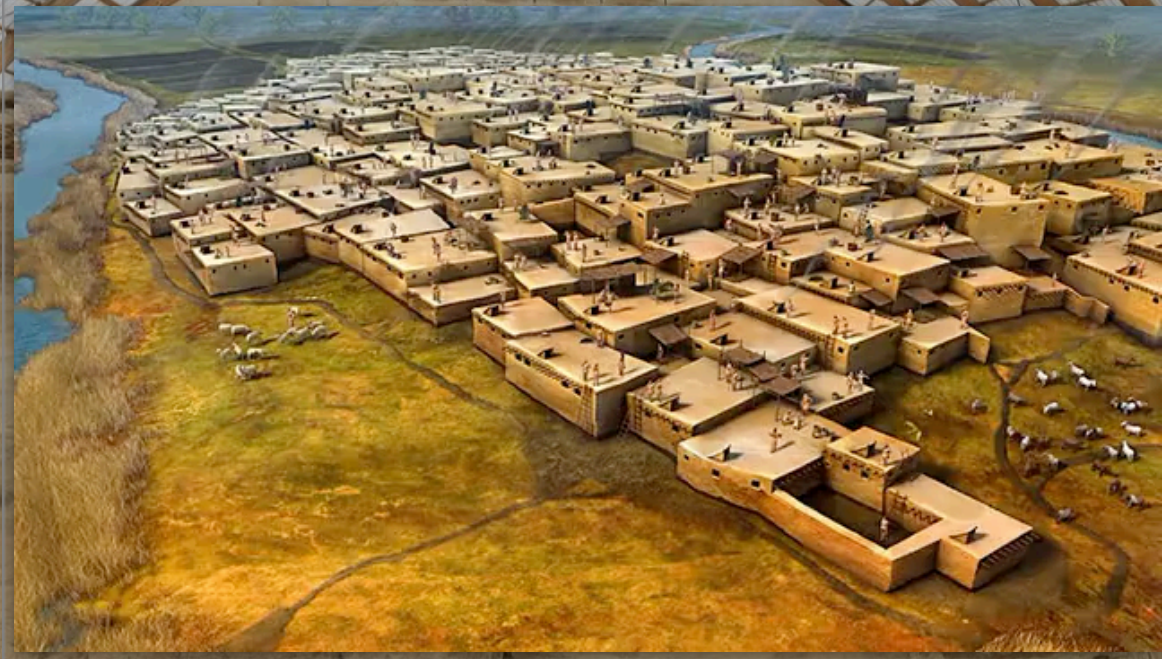


A drawing from a house about the Volcano near Çatalhöyük



Painting from a house in Çatalhöyük





(Ref.4)

Çatalhöyük



Watch in full screen



(Ref.5)



# 2 Sille Hagia Eleni Church



## The capital city was Konia in November 1227 AD

The old woman was going towards the palace in the desolate streets of Konia with great fear. Although she could hardly take step forward, Seljuk guards on both sides forced her to move almost dragging her. Malinda was the name of this woman who could not make sense of what happened to her. Being a very gentle and kind person as the meaning of her name, the woman did not know why she was arrested by the soldiers. Everything was started with a hard knock on her door in the evening. While setting up table for dinner, Malinda realized that the person knocking the door didn't come with good news.

As soon as she opened the door, two Seljuk soldiers stood in front of her; "Are you Malinda, Lady?" they started questioning. Frustrated with fear she said "Yes, Sir. My name is Malinda". The soldiers continued, "We need to be hurry. Our master Sultan Alaeddin Keykubat wants to see you".

The only question in her mind, why the Great Sultan wanted to see her. When she raised

her head, she realized that she arrived in front of the palace in the city center. She even didn't remember how and when she prepared with this great shock and panick. She entered into palace for the first time. Normally she passed in front of it time by time. If it was a normal time, Malinda, would amaze the beauties of the palace. However now with a great fear she was climbing the stairs of the palace because of the unknown situation.

She had reached the throne hall without knowing how many rooms, how many soldiers she had passed through. Servants in the hall were running from one place to another. There was a really beatifully decorated cradle in one corner of the hall and a group of servant women standing around it.

When the old woman looked at this group of servants more carefully, she noticed that one of them was not a servant; she was wearing very fancy clothes. At that moment, the





Alaaeddin Keykubat

Sultan was appeared in the hall with a group soldiers.

The old woman trembled with fear and bowed to the ground, saluting the sultan. She began to wait, full of fear even to raise her head.

One of the guards who brought the old woman declared: "We have brought Malinda from Silles, according to your command, My Great Sultan."

Sultan spoke with a louder tone saying: "Stand up lady" Malinda timidly lifted her head and saw the Great Sultan that close for the first time. Sultan Alaeddin Keykubat was standing in really elegant clothes in front of her. Sultan continued: "I heard that you were healing people, right?"

The old woman said, "Yes, my Sultan, I can cure some diseases with herbs but if God wishes".

At that moment, the beautiful woman in the corner of the hall walked towards Malinda and said, "Hatun, you are our last hope. My daughter is very sick and neither the doctors of the palace nor the best doctors of the neighboring countries have found a cure to this illness". She couldn't even continue to her speech and she broke into tears holding Malinda's hands tightly as if she is begging her.



The Servants in the hall said, "Our Sultan, please! You will get sick as well. "Old woman understood that the person holding her hands was the Sultan's wife Mahperi Huand Hatun.

She felt the sadness deeply of this strong woman. While approaching closer to the baby who was seen so sick and pale in the crib, old woman answered, "Do not worry, my Sultan, I will do my best to save your daughter".

The face of the baby girl, wrapped with a silk cover, beading with sweats. When she touched her forehead with hand, she realized the baby had a high temperature. She said: "I need some healing herbs and ingredients as soon as possible" turning immediately to those in the hall.

In a few hours, all she required was brought in a huge amount. Without wasting time, she moved to the kitchen section to prepare the healing mixture she had learned from her grandmother and started to boil it by putting the necessary







Sille Hagia Eleni Church ciborium

ingredients into a cauldron. She wondered if this mixture, which healed many patients, would work. For this little baby. She was afraid of what would happen to her if she failed or the princess got worse.

After the medicinal mixture was prepared and cooled, it was given to the princess and it was given to the baby periodically for about two days. After two days the baby started to feel better and her fever was not that high anymore and sweated less. Malinda understood that the medicine worked, and felt so happy both for the princess and for herself. While resting in the room reserved for her, a guard knocked on the door.

He said “Our Sultan wants to see you” and Malinda prepared quickly and went to meet with the Sultan. The Sultan was sitting on the throne placed in the center of the room. There were guards and some Emeers around him. For the first time, she was a little surprised that seeing how beautifully colored tiles on the walls of the throne room looked so beautiful with the light.

She thought she could see them now probably because she had no longer fear of punishment.



When the Sultan started her speech saying “You healed my only daughter. You did what the doctors in my palace and even the best doctors from neighboring lands could not do. It turns out that my cure was just here in my land. I have been thinking what I can do for you and I have decided to fulfill your three wishes”.

Malinda was pretty surprised. Yes, she was expecting some support from Sultan, but for three wishes, she was not prepared for this.

She was not interested in money or status after this age.

She had no children. She knew exactly how to answer to the Sultan.

“My Sultan, the greatest happiness for me was to serve you and the health of our princess, which was the greatest gift for me. I do not care about money or any position. God gave me the honor to serve you, this is enough for me. ”

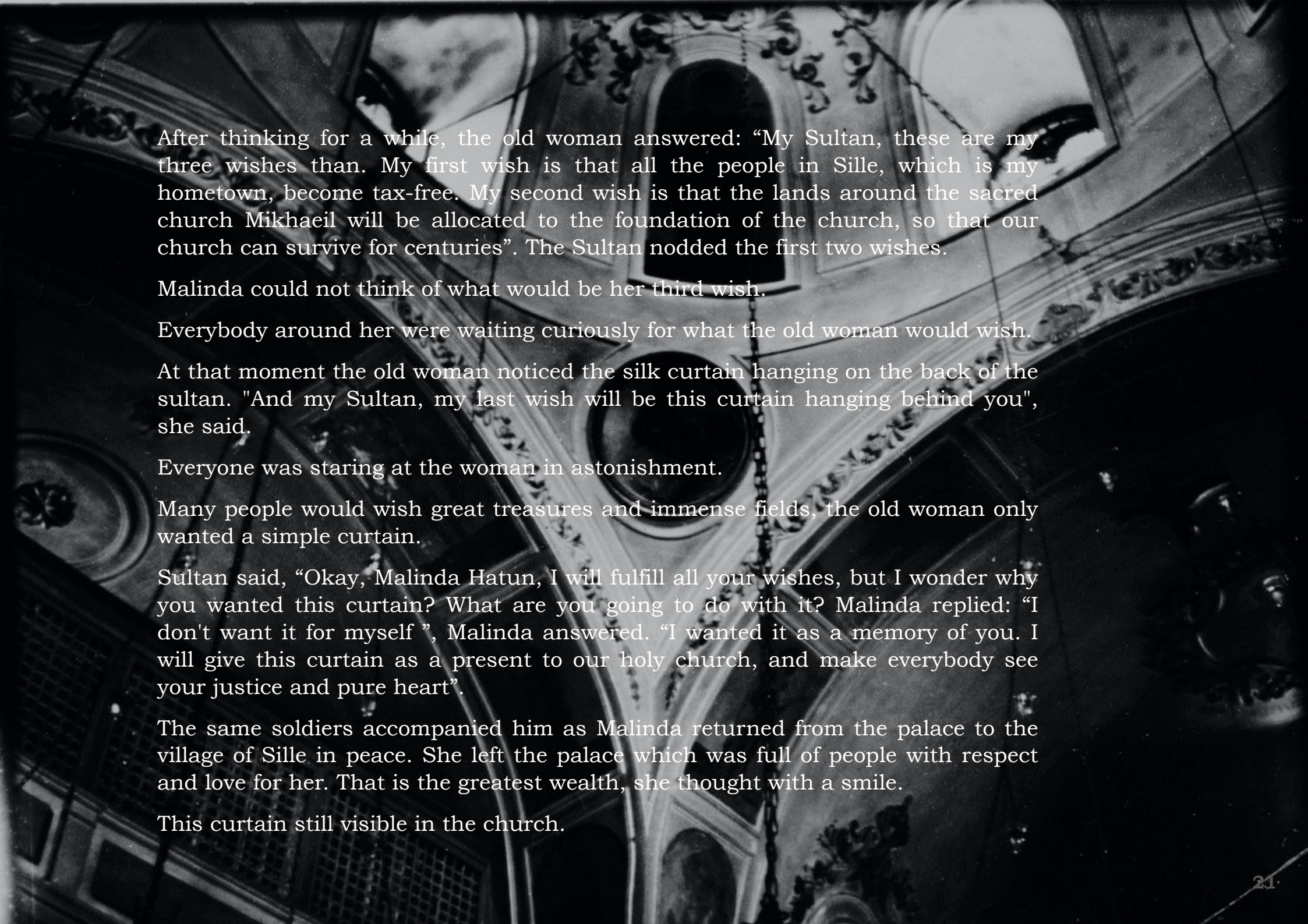
The Sultan and others looked at the old woman with appreciation and respect.

Sultan “No, Malinda Hatun, I can not leave unrewarded this purity of your heart so tell me your three wishes, please”.

(Ref.7)







After thinking for a while, the old woman answered: "My Sultan, these are my three wishes than. My first wish is that all the people in Sille, which is my hometown, become tax-free. My second wish is that the lands around the sacred church Mikhaeil will be allocated to the foundation of the church, so that our church can survive for centuries". The Sultan nodded the first two wishes.

Malinda could not think of what would be her third wish.

Everybody around her were waiting curiously for what the old woman would wish.

At that moment the old woman noticed the silk curtain hanging on the back of the sultan. "And my Sultan, my last wish will be this curtain hanging behind you", she said.

Everyone was staring at the woman in astonishment.

Many people would wish great treasures and immense fields, the old woman only wanted a simple curtain.

Sultan said, "Okay, Malinda Hatun, I will fulfill all your wishes, but I wonder why you wanted this curtain? What are you going to do with it? Malinda replied: "I don't want it for myself ", Malinda answered. "I wanted it as a memory of you. I will give this curtain as a present to our holy church, and make everybody see your justice and pure heart".

The same soldiers accompanied him as Malinda returned from the palace to the village of Sille in peace. She left the palace which was full of people with respect and love for her. That is the greatest wealth, she thought with a smile.

This curtain still visible in the church.



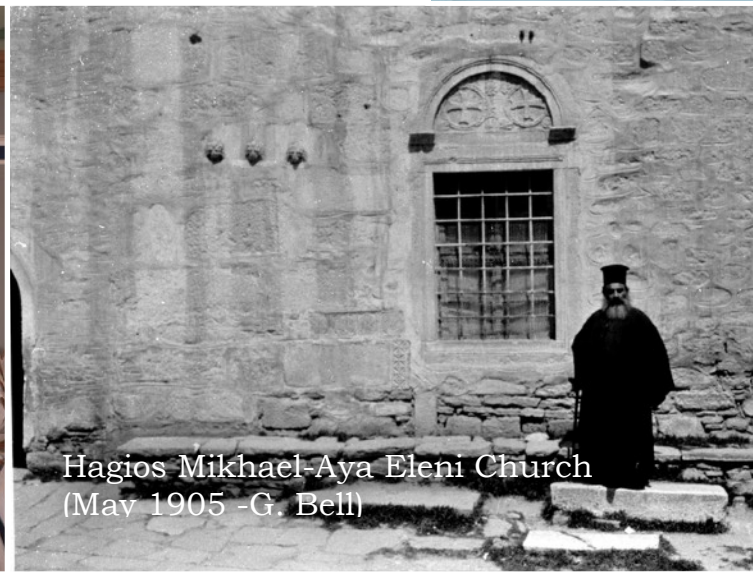


Sille Hagia Eleni Church General View

Aya Elenia Kilisesi ikonostasisi'nin ana giriş bölümü ve hediye olarak verilen perde



Depiction of Cross on Naos Door



Hagios Mikhael-Aya Eleni Church  
(May 1905 -G. Bell)



Dome of Silles Hagia Eleni Church





Sille Hagia Eleni Church



[Watch in full screen](#)



# 3 Gevale Castle







## Konia Palace in May 1190

Sultan Kılıçarslan II and his son Kutbeddin were not too worried when they first heard about the army approaching their country. They thought that it must have been one of the previous expeditions from the Eastern Roman state to their territory.

When the first reports on the quality and size of the army come to Sultan, he understood that he was facing an extraordinary situation. Sultan's son Kutbeddin was a good commander as well as a successful emeer. Kutbeddin, who was constantly raided with the excitement of his youth, defended a raid attack on the upcoming army.

When he first read the report, the Sultan thought there must be something wrong. It should not be true the number of the enemy army was a hundred thousand. It was impossible for neither Eastern Rome nor its allies to assemble such an army. Intelligence reports, which began to arrive in the following days confirm this information, clearly revealed the seriousness of the situation. It was as if all Christian countries were united and set sail eastward.

There was a big fuss in Konia palace, the center of Payitaht. Important Emeers and commanders, especially Emeer Kutbeddin, were called to the palace in order to talk about the precautions and steps that would be taken regarding this serious situation.

Sultan II Kılıçarslan and Emeer Kutbeddin were sitting on the throne at the meeting held in the palace. The Sultan was watching his men and his son in the hall with great care.

The meeting started with prayers. Kılıçarslan II said “My son, my Emeers and Commanders. You know the reason why we have gathered. An enormous army are approaching our land from the west. We learned that The Holy Roman German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was at the head of the army of one hundred thousand people. With the help of Allah, as we had defeated other enemies, we will get rid off this misfortune and we will win the battle, Insallah”.



Everyone in the hall approved the sultan by saying “Insallah”. The eyes of the Sultan's son, Kutbeddin, were shining brightly and he began his speech: “According to the latest information of the Sultan’s agents, the enemy is moving quickly towards us. They will have reached Apamea in a few days. The army does not consist of heavily armoured cavalry and infantry. The smartest move we can do is to surprise them unexpectedly before they arrive here and defeat them with the permission of Allah”.

Those who listened to the speech of the Sultan’s son knew that the situation was not good at all and gave this hopefully positive assumption to prince’s excitement as a youth. Kılıçarslan II said, “First of all, the number of enemy prevents us from entering such battle. However, it would be appropriate to attack the leading forces as much as the land allows with the support of our Turkmen troops. Maybe we will slow the enemy down a bit”.

The Sultan continued his speech after taking a deep breath. “If we consider the progress of the enemy, they will arrive here in a few weeks. Even if our city is surrounded by walls, we cannot protect our capital against such a huge enemy. It would be wiser to withdraw to more sheltered areas for the future of our ummah. I will go to the Gevale as it is called eagle's nest, where it will be easier to check the situation”. Emeer Kutbeddin was not at all satisfied with this decision, although many Emeers and commanders approved the sultan with their heads.

Kutbeddin said, “My Sultan, escaping from the enemy is offensive for us. I trust my soldiers. With the help of Allah, we can fight with them till the end of our last drop of blood”, he said excitedly. Sultan said, “No, son. I understand the excitement of your age very well. But this is the best decision for all of us”. The Emeers and commanders in the hall knew that the Sultan had





Gevale Castle



Seljuk Army

made a difficult and wise decision, while following the dispute between Kılıçarslan II and his son Kutbeddin. A good manager had to know when to fight and when to withdraw..

Preparations for the evacuation of the city began quickly. For a week, the people of the city took all their valuable goods and animals; they sheltered in high villages and some in the castles. The army took the necessary precautions and carried the state treasure to Gevale Castle, which is the most protected castle; food and water stocks were prepared to withstand the long siege.

The Sultan and his son left the palace with their guards and soldiers. Normally the country's most populous city had now become a deserted place. Sultan wanted to be last person to leave the city. With the heritage of his ancestors and the sadness of leaving his tombs behind, he walked on empty streets. In fact, this was not a complete withdrawal. In fact he could watch the situation in the castle right next to the city and intervene if necessary.

Leaving the city gate; they passed by the fields and farms. When they arrived at the high mountain, which looked like an eagle's nest in the evening, they looked at the castle on the hill. The castle, the guardian of the city, would now become a home to shelter against a huge enemy. Kutbeddin wanted to



settle in another castle opposite Gevale, therefore he left his father there.

The Sultan and his entourage slowly climbed from the path leading to the door of the castle. In fact, Gevale was one of the Sultan's favorite places. Sultan occasionally comes to the little kiosk at the summit and loved watching the lights of the capital all night long. Sometimes he comes here when important decisions need to be taken; he tries to take the right decision alone after a deep thinking isolated there. He never guessed that this place would be his temporary home one day?

When Sultan entered through the gate of the castle, many guards on the walls were watching him. For the first time, the castle was so crowded and sparkling. Many cisterns in the castle were used to meet the water need in long sieges.

The sultan and his entourage passed through the barracks and stables where the soldiers accommodated and walked towards the mansion. When they came to the kiosk, the small kiosk had become quite crowded with the entourage. The Sultan would like to rest in his room for a while.

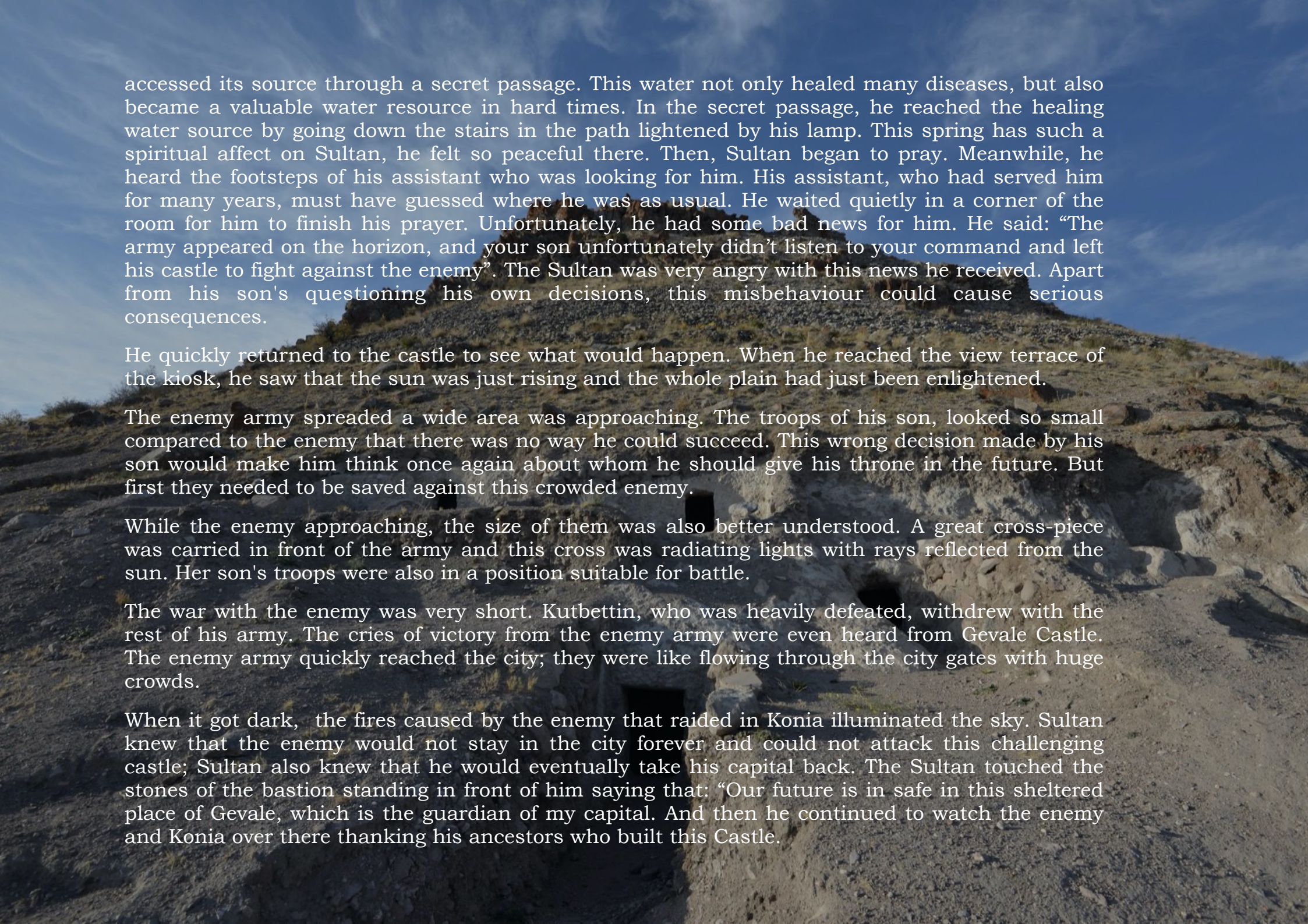
Sultan wake up very early on that day. He couldn't sleep whole night. He was so anxious what the new day would bring to them. Before starting that difficult day, he decided to pray by performing ablution from the healing water source of the castle.

This spring coming through the rocks at the foot of the castle was known as a healing water. It was



Miniatur of Konya and Gevale Castle by Matrakçı Nasuh (Beyan-ı Menazil-i Sefer-i Irakeyn-1533-36)



A photograph of a rocky, arid hillside under a clear blue sky with some light, wispy clouds. The hillside is covered in sparse, dry vegetation and rocks of various sizes. The lighting suggests it's daytime, with shadows cast across the terrain.

accessed its source through a secret passage. This water not only healed many diseases, but also became a valuable water resource in hard times. In the secret passage, he reached the healing water source by going down the stairs in the path lightened by his lamp. This spring has such a spiritual affect on Sultan, he felt so peaceful there. Then, Sultan began to pray. Meanwhile, he heard the footsteps of his assistant who was looking for him. His assistant, who had served him for many years, must have guessed where he was as usual. He waited quietly in a corner of the room for him to finish his prayer. Unfortunately, he had some bad news for him. He said: “The army appeared on the horizon, and your son unfortunately didn’t listen to your command and left his castle to fight against the enemy”. The Sultan was very angry with this news he received. Apart from his son's questioning his own decisions, this misbehaviour could cause serious consequences.

He quickly returned to the castle to see what would happen. When he reached the view terrace of the kiosk, he saw that the sun was just rising and the whole plain had just been enlightened.

The enemy army spreaded a wide area was approaching. The troops of his son, looked so small compared to the enemy that there was no way he could succeed. This wrong decision made by his son would make him think once again about whom he should give his throne in the future. But first they needed to be saved against this crowded enemy.

While the enemy approaching, the size of them was also better understood. A great cross-piece was carried in front of the army and this cross was radiating lights with rays reflected from the sun. Her son's troops were also in a position suitable for battle.

The war with the enemy was very short. Kutbettin, who was heavily defeated, withdrew with the rest of his army. The cries of victory from the enemy army were even heard from Gevale Castle. The enemy army quickly reached the city; they were like flowing through the city gates with huge crowds.

When it got dark, the fires caused by the enemy that raided in Konia illuminated the sky. Sultan knew that the enemy would not stay in the city forever and could not attack this challenging castle; Sultan also knew that he would eventually take his capital back. The Sultan touched the stones of the bastion standing in front of him saying that: “Our future is in safe in this sheltered place of Gevale, which is the guardian of my capital. And then he continued to watch the enemy and Konia over there thanking his ancestors who built this Castle.





Gevale Castle south edge



Secret passage



Underground Rock Graves



Gevale Castle general view



Roses found in the excavations



Gevale Castle underground Rock Graves



Gevale Castle temple ruins





Gevale Castle



[Watch in full screen](#)



# 4 Ak Monastery



## A valley near Konia in April 1268 AD

An unusual movement had begun on the dervish lodge in Konia early in the morning. The reason for this unexpected movement before the sun rose was the fact that Mevlânâ Celâleddîn-i Rûmî, the head of the dervish lodge, prepared to start a journey such an early time in a way he had never done before. The followers of Mevlânâ couldn't dare asking a question to their master and watched him carefully. The only question in their mind was where and why their master wanted to go without sharing anyone. Mevlânâ neither mentioned that journey to anyone nor asked someone to accompany him.

Even though their masters did not ask for them, they decided to be ready for his service incase it is needed. Mevlânâ wore clothes he used to wear most of the time with his imamah and green ferace.

Mevlânâ in the front, a few dervishes behind, went out of the lodge and made their way in the direction of Sille. The fact that this intellectual person did not go through the city center increased the curiosity of those who followed him. They were whispering silently thinking he was probably going to Sille.

Mevlânâ reached a crossroad, leaving behind several country houses and many gardens. It was almost noon. Surprisingly, he turned to the Felekabad side, not towards the road leading to Sille. They were following him as quietly as possible in order not to disturb Mevlânâ. After Mevlânâ moved a little further, he turned to the pathway that continued towards the rocks on the right.

One of the followers in the back excitedly declared, "Our master most probably is going to the Deyri Eflatun Monastery. This road does not go elsewhere. "I hope it is something good".

The structures carved into the rock of the monastery could be seen from a distance. It was even very clear from here that priests wearing black robes were engaged in various works in the monastery courtyard. It was understood from the priests' manners that their master's visit was a big surprise to them. One of them rushed through the door. A few moments later he came out with a very old



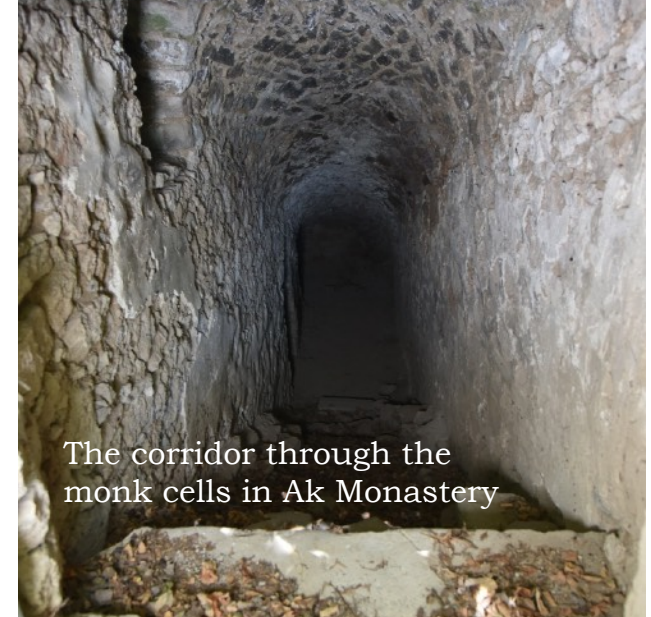
priest. He must have been the archpriest of the monastery. The two of them set out towards them to meet their masters.

The old priest said, "Welcome, it is a great pleasure to see you. You honored this sacred place with your presence. You've come from a long way. Please let's rest here and take a breath". He greeted Mevlânâ with his head. Mevlana greeted him back and he moved towards the holy water spring at the entrance of the monastery instead of the place the archpriest showed him and after a while he disappeared.

Everybody around in a great surprise would like to follow Mevlânâ but the arch priest stopped the others and he went down to the holy spring, known as the sacred water source, alone. When he came out a little later, he told people who surrounded him, especially the dervishes, that Mevlânâ cloistered himself into solitude and he would like to stay alone there.

The people of the monasteries, especially the dervishes, did not know how long Mevlânâ would remain in seclusion. In the evening, several priests went down to holy spring and brought something to Mevlânâ, but Mevlânâ did not accept any food; they just reported that he only drank from holy water.

Because it was midnight, everyone understood that the seclusion would not be short. The dervishes stayed in the monastery at night because they did not want to leave their masters there alone. Only one of them returned to the lodge at night and reported the situation there.



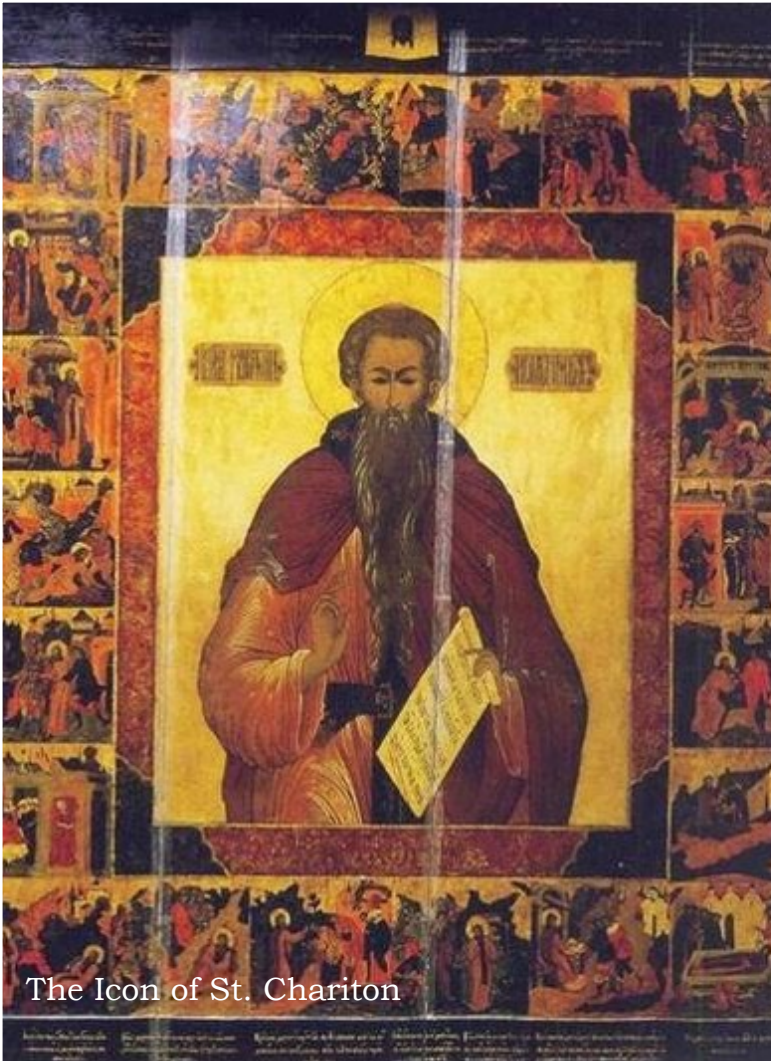
The corridor through the monk cells in Ak Monastery

Mevlana-celaleddin-i-rumi



(Ref.11)





The Icon of St. Chariton



Entrance of the church

The next day, all the people of Konia learned that Mevlânâ had been cloistered in the holy spring of Deyri Eflatun Monastery. For this reason, a crowded Mevlevi dervish group and the people of the city came to the monastery in the early hours and started to wait.

The days passed one by one, and in the morning of the seventh day, Mevlânâ came out from holy spring unexpectedly. Although he seemed a little pale since he hadn't eaten anything during the cloister, he was very vigorous. On the seventh day, the number of people waiting for this blessed person had increased considerably.

The archpriest of the monastery was the first person to meet Mevlânâ in front of the door, as if he had known the moment when Mevlânâ would leave the holy spring. He greeted Mevlana and then he said to Mevlânâ, "in holy Qur'an, it is written that :We know better those who will go to Hell. If all of them will go to the Hell , then what makes the religion of Islam over other religions and how will this be?" he asked.

While the old priest waited for an answer from this blessed person, Mevlana did not say anything. He started walking towards Konia just by pointing towards the city with his head. Everyone who watched this event with great excitement, especially the old priest, started to walk towards the city with him.

Moving towards the city, the crowd surrounded him when Mevlânâ stood in front of a bakery. The bakery, located near the city's Sille door, smelled of freshly baked bread. The smoke from the chimney of the bakery spread to the whole place.

Mevlânâ asked the old priest to give his black cloak. The old man took out the dress and gave it to Mevlânâ without any hesitation. At



the same time, Mevlana took out his green cape and threw these two pieces of clothes into the burning oven. Everyone in the bakery and there watched that with great curiosity.

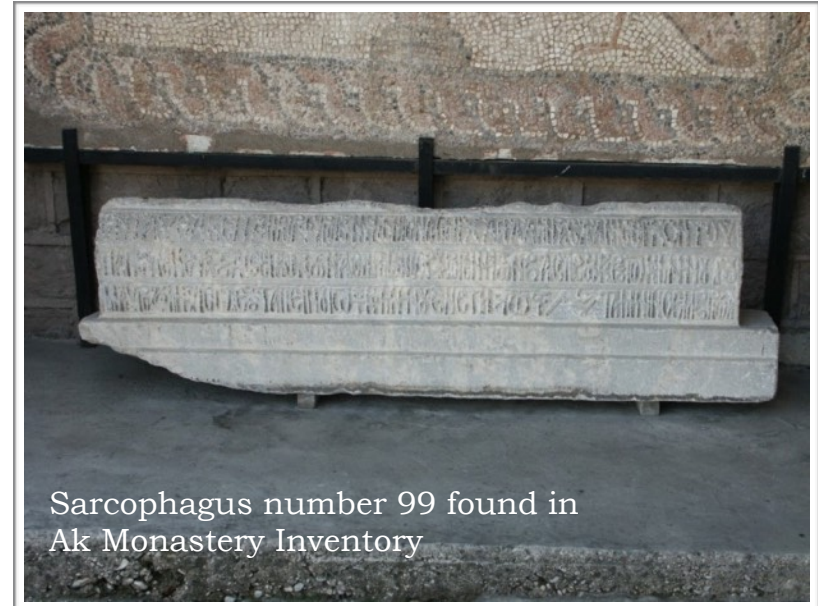
Mevlânâ, sat down to a corner of the bakery in a deep silence, began wait. The clothes inside the oven started to ignite; a darker smoke than usual was beginning to come out of the bakery.

Mevlânâ said, "Look". The old priest looked at the dark smoke pointed by Mevlana. Although the smoke coming out of partially prevented to see inside, it was realized that Mevlana's clothes was not burning.

After Mevlana ordered the baker to take his ferace out of the oven, the baker inserted his long shovel into the oven and took out the clothing that was not affected by the flames. Wearing the cape again with the help of the baker, Mevlânâ said under the bewildered gaze of the people, "We believe if you live in a good will as written in our holly book we will be saved . However if you ignore these rules, then eternal fire is waiting for you."

The old man could not easily get out of this shock. Although his own garment burned off, Mevlânâ's garment did not.

Seeing this miracle old priest accepted Mevlânâ as he gained the grace of God. The crowd around watched this great surprise. Witnessing such a miracle all people around was thankful to Mevlana and Allah and they lived in peace together for long years.



Sarcophagus number 99 found in  
Ak Monastery Inventory



Cross dragging on the wall of the church





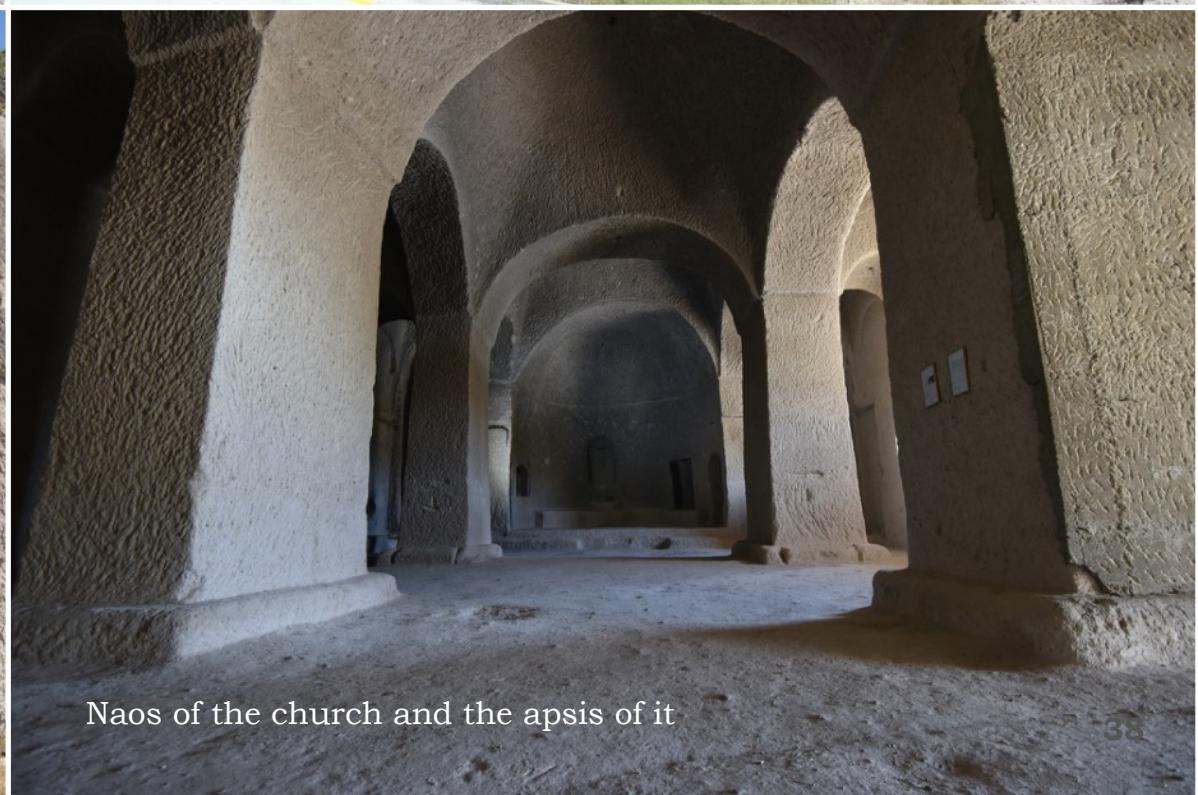
Ak Monastery general view



Ak Monastery general view



The masjid (chapel)



Naos of the church and the apsis of it





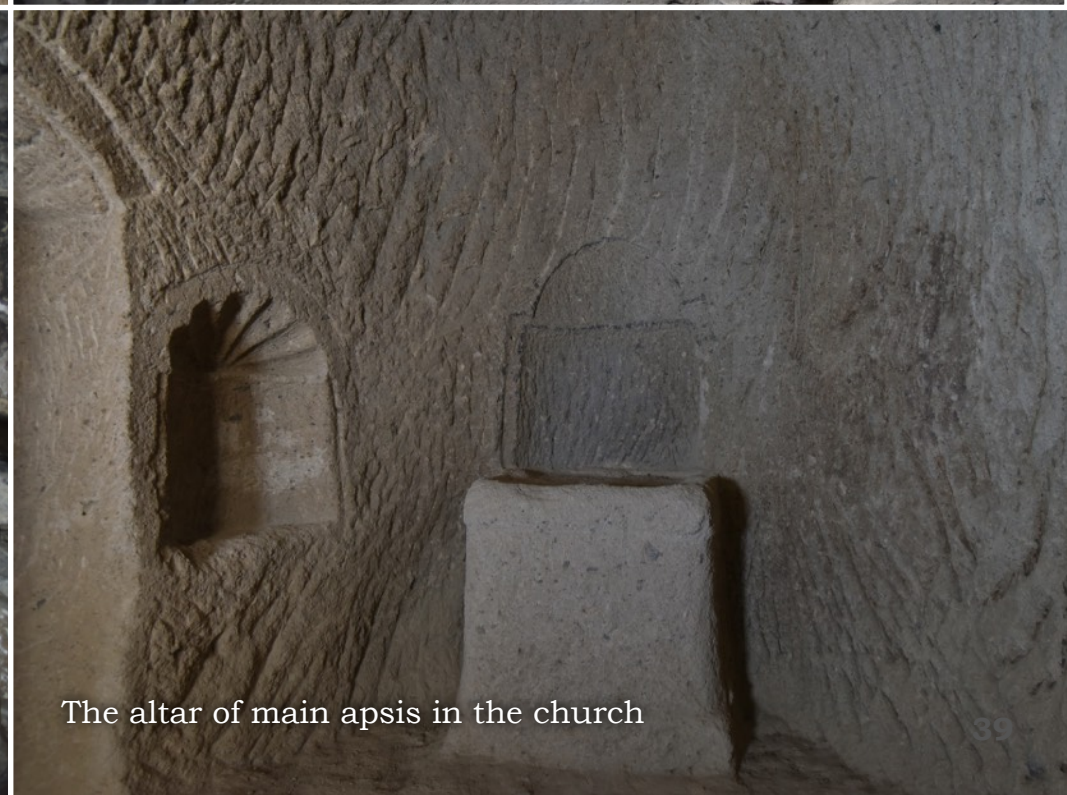
The naos of funerary chapel



The holly room Mevlana stay for seclusion



The holly room Mevlana stay for seclusion



The altar of main apsis in the church





Ak Monastery

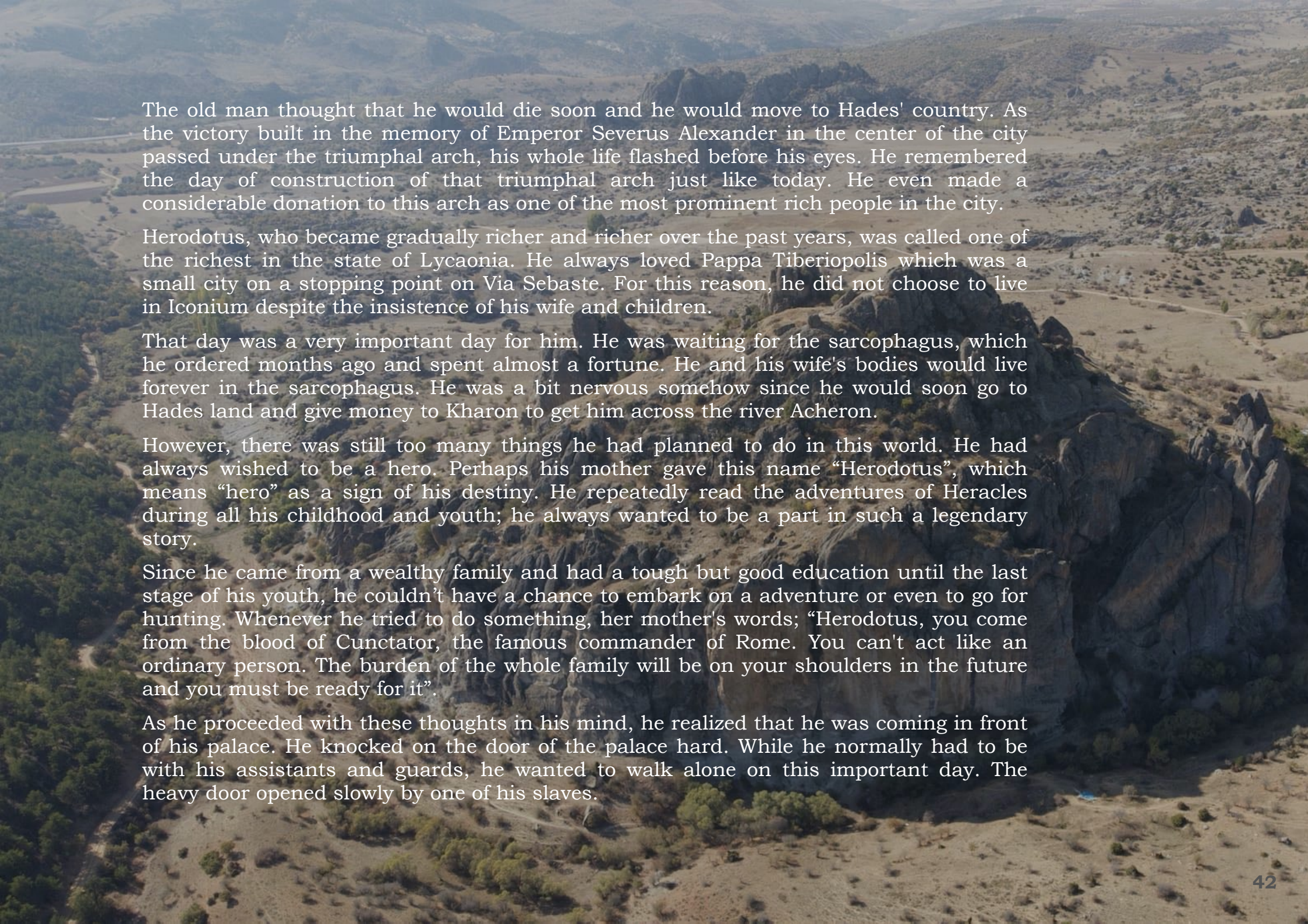


Watch in full screen



# 5 Pappa Tiberiapolis



The background of the page is an aerial photograph of a rugged, hilly landscape. The terrain is covered with sparse, dry vegetation and scattered rocks. A winding path or road is visible in the lower left, leading towards the hills. The overall tone is warm and natural, with a mix of brown, tan, and green hues.

The old man thought that he would die soon and he would move to Hades' country. As the victory built in the memory of Emperor Severus Alexander in the center of the city passed under the triumphal arch, his whole life flashed before his eyes. He remembered the day of construction of that triumphal arch just like today. He even made a considerable donation to this arch as one of the most prominent rich people in the city.

Herodotus, who became gradually richer and richer over the past years, was called one of the richest in the state of Lycaonia. He always loved Pappa Tiberiopolis which was a small city on a stopping point on Via Sebaste. For this reason, he did not choose to live in Iconium despite the insistence of his wife and children.

That day was a very important day for him. He was waiting for the sarcophagus, which he ordered months ago and spent almost a fortune. He and his wife's bodies would live forever in the sarcophagus. He was a bit nervous somehow since he would soon go to Hades land and give money to Kharon to get him across the river Acheron.

However, there was still too many things he had planned to do in this world. He had always wished to be a hero. Perhaps his mother gave this name "Herodotus", which means "hero" as a sign of his destiny. He repeatedly read the adventures of Heracles during all his childhood and youth; he always wanted to be a part in such a legendary story.

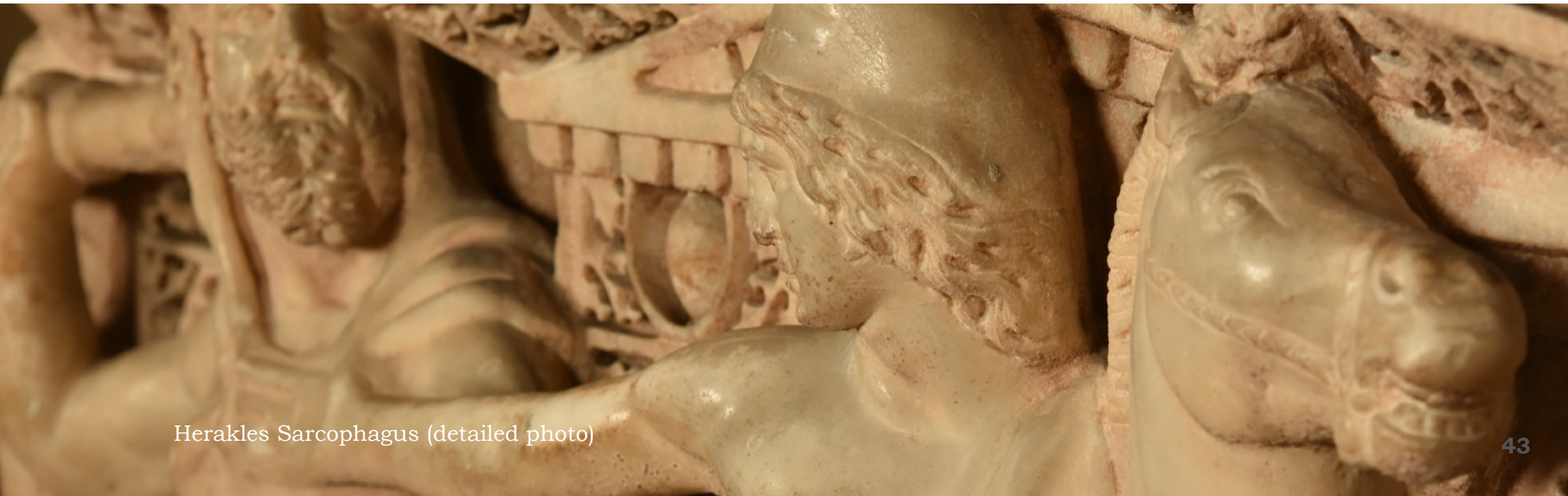
Since he came from a wealthy family and had a tough but good education until the last stage of his youth, he couldn't have a chance to embark on a adventure or even to go for hunting. Whenever he tried to do something, her mother's words; "Herodotus, you come from the blood of Cunctator, the famous commander of Rome. You can't act like an ordinary person. The burden of the whole family will be on your shoulders in the future and you must be ready for it".

As he proceeded with these thoughts in his mind, he realized that he was coming in front of his palace. He knocked on the door of the palace hard. While he normally had to be with his assistants and guards, he wanted to walk alone on this important day. The heavy door opened slowly by one of his slaves.



"I'm going to the hall, call my wife to meet me there as soon as possible" said the old man. Then he walked through the palace and passed quickly from the inner courtyard to the hall. There was a very large room in the hall, which was furnished with luxurious furniture from Ephesus and curtains from Rome, and then he passed to the dining room. Despite all the expensive and luxurious furniture in this room, the thing he liked the most was the floor mosaic which was decorated according to his own will.

A gladiator figure who fought with a lion was located in the center of floor. He always depicts himself with that gladiator. His wife Lucilia, who was quite younger than him entered the room. Lucillia in expensive silk clothes said "I was finally able to see your face. Why you came out alone and without telling anyone. I was very worried that something terrible might happen to you". Her jewelry, made of large pearls around her ears and neck, complemented her rich outfit. He said; "Okay, okay, Lucillia, don't bother me with your unnecessary assumptions and fears. You know, today is an important day for me". The woman nodded him slowly and said, "I also heard that the sarcophagus you spent almost a small fortune would be ready today. You never listened to me. It was unnecessary to spend so much. I am sure there is not such an expensive sarcophagus even in the Metropol Iconium". Conversation cut by the servant slave who entered the hall.



Herakles Sarcophagus (detailed photo)





The ground bricks belong to Byzantinian period in Roman Palace

“What you expected had just arrived, my master. The whole city was talking about your sarcophagus. Now it had reached to the ruined castle near the city. Curious city people went out to witness this ”.

With full excitement Herodotus quickly went out of his place and rush towards the city entrance to meet his expensive order. When he reached the city gate, a crowd greeted him. When the car pulled by eight oxen from afar appeared, curious voices began to be heard louder. Children run around the car; they were slowly accompanying the car. When the other car carrying stonemasons and guards next to the carriage appeared, it was about to arrive.

When the group reached the city gate and saw the sarcophagus first, a huge disappointment substituted the curiosity of the people. The sarcophagus, which had been discussed and wondered for a long time, was covered with thick cotton and fabrics. According to rumors, it was said that there was no such a beautiful and expensive sarcophagus even in the city of Iconium. The real wonder everybody was so curious about was what was painted on the sarcophagus according to the wish of Herodotus.

Herodotus approached the car and welcomed the group, saying, "I am Herodotus Cunctator, you finally come". One of the officers in the car said, “Sir, perhaps we may be a little late, but thank God Zeus we were able to bring this valuable piece to you with out any problem.”

The same curiosity was observed inside the palace as well. When the cars and Herodotus reached the big courtyard of the palace, all the court residents and slaves gathered in the courtyard. Even Lucillia, who was opposed to this order from

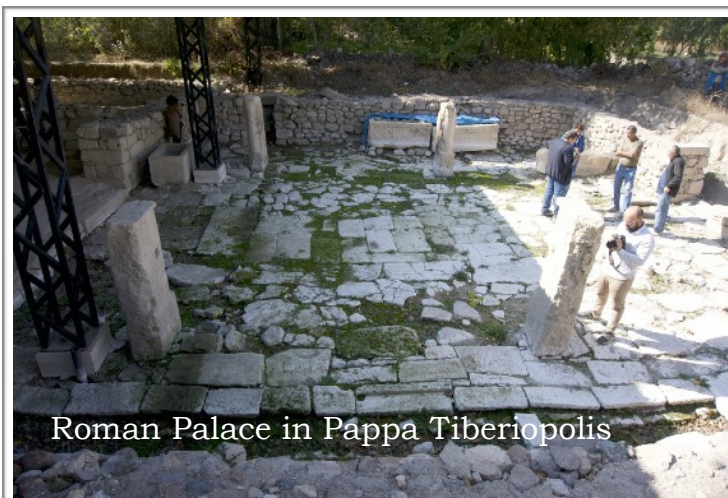


the beginning, was looking at the big package in excitement and curiosity. Upon the order of Herodotus, the cotton and cloths surrounding the sarcophagus were removed.

There was a deep silence in the courtyard. No one there had ever seen such a beautiful and monumental sarcophagus in their lives. Although the figures on the sarcophagus were roughly cultivated as they could be damaged during travel, they were so detailed and beautiful. It looked as if the figures on the surface would come to the life at any moment.

Herodotus took a deep insight saying: “Here is my dear Lucillia, this is our eternal home. The masters will make it even much more beautiful and everyone who sees it will remember our names and power even if we are in Hades land”. Herodotus approached the sarcophagus and touched the surface. The sarcophagus was made from Dokimeion, the most expensive marble. That's why he spent that much money on the transportation of the sarcophagus as much as he paid its construction. But it was worth it. The marble was so white and smooth that as if it was made of elephant teeth, not stone.

The subject depicted on the sarcophagus was as great as the stone quality. He had wanted to carved the duties of the Heracles, whom he wanted to be like throughout his life. He thought although he could not have an adventurous life in his first life, he would embark on many adventures in the other world, Hades and he would see Kerberos closely. Herodotus was contented what he had now because he would have a living memory for many years. He felt a glow of eternal peace more than ever before.



Roman Palace in Pappa Tiberiopolis

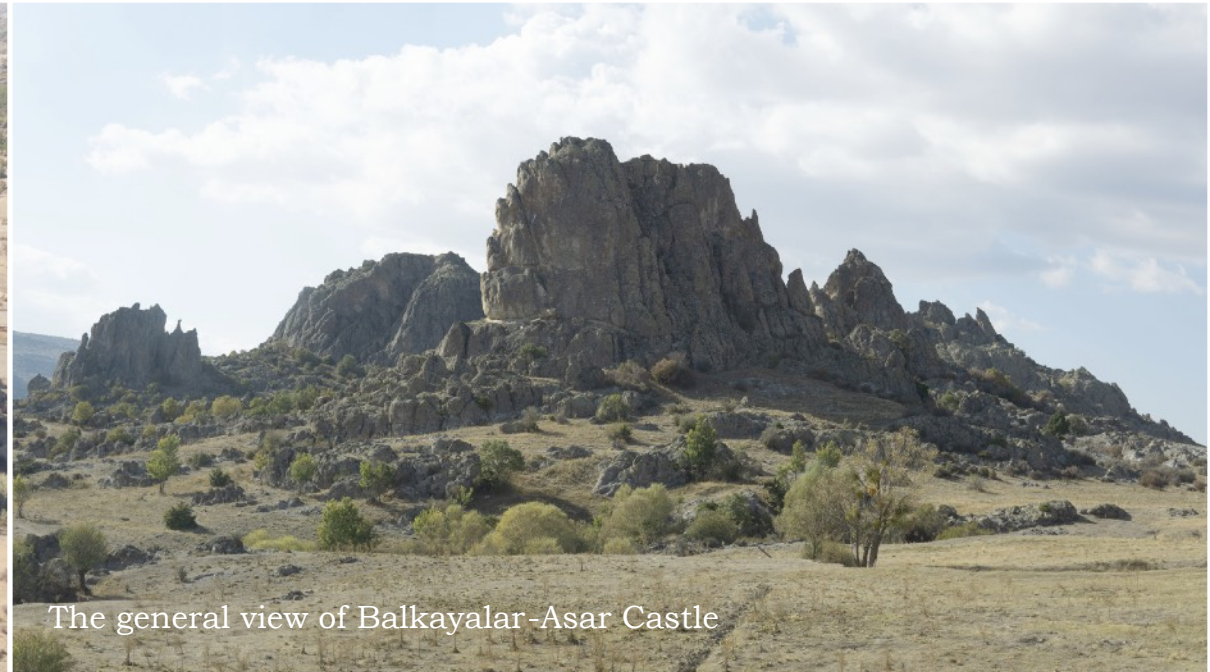


Roman Palace in Pappa Tiberiopolis

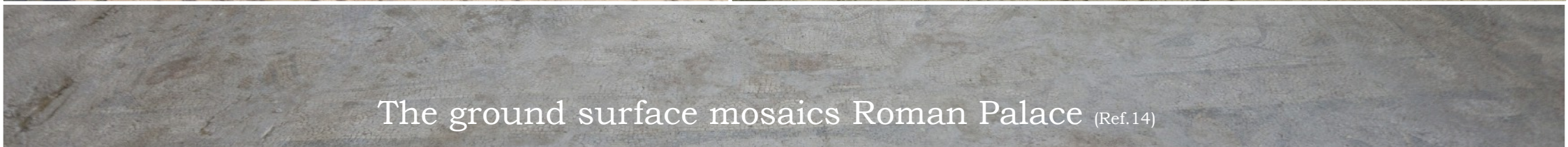




The general view of Balkayalar-Asar Castle



The general view of Balkayalar-Asar Castle



The ground surface mosaics Roman Palace (Ref.14)







Herakles sarcophagus



The secret passage in Balkayalar-Asar Castle



Cult area in Balkayalar-Asar Castle





## Pappa Tiberiapolis Ancient City



[Watch in full screen](#)



- (Ref.1)
  - <https://www.pinterest.at/pin/513480795009728220/>
- (Ref.2)
  - <https://www.google.com/url?q=https://www.ankaragezginleri.com/catalhoyuk-neolitik-kenti/&sa=U&ved=2ahUKEwjhzO2CrbjrAhXxt3EKHfWpDKc4rAIQqoUBMAI6BAGKEAE&usg=AOvVaw0mA3iOoa95sCYon8AT7lkZ>
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# Cultural Tourism Gems of Anatolia TÜRSAB (Turkey)

Touriboost Project 2018-10TR01-KA203-058344



1. The Walls of Istanbul:
  - I. Balıklı Ayazma
  - II. Story of Balıklı Church
2. Arslantepe Tumulus
3. Story of Kemaliye
4. The Story of Munzur Valley
5. Story(ies) of Harput Castle



slide back & forward



external content



image gallery



image gallery



# contents



# Cultural Tourism Gems of Anatolia

*This chapter reveals the hidden cultural tourism assets of Turkey, a country with rich ancient architecture, rich history, culture, food and natural wonders, but also a unique experience that our guest will experience through his/her personal point of view. From Erzincan to Istanbul from east to West, TÜRSAB presents ancient lands and modern nation in a lively way to the guests who would like to discover Anatolia's cultural hidden tourism gems, revealing the secrets of the country through an amazing journey with its rich past, and its fascinating recent history. The chapter consists of 5 assets of "Turkey's Hidden Treasures" is presented as a fascinating journey, with contents ranging from archaeology to recreation, from historical heritage to amazing experiences, from amazing landscapes to music, making the series a diverse and rich experience for visitors. As part of the post-COVID tourism trends, the interest to these unknown national natural locations will be increasing and these less frequently visited cultural heritage assets will welcome visitors meeting their demands for less crowded places.*

*The first part is dedicated to Balıklı Holy Spring, originally named as Zoodokhos Peges meaning "Vitalizing Source" or "Life-Pardoning Source", is one of the best known holy springs in Walls of Istanbul. The second part is about the Munzur Baba legendary that gives the name to Munzur Valley in the Ovacık district of Tunceli. The third asset is about "Zincirli Kaya"( Chained Rock), Kemaliye, a wonderful place to see, where springs flow from 40 different points, and which has an amazing natural landscape. The fourth one is about Arslantepe Tumulus in Malatya where is possible to see today's way of life in the settings there even observed in Babylon civilization in later periods as a trade crossroad. The last one is about the story of Harput Castle or "Milk Castle" in a another name in Elazığ. With these hidden cultural destinations Anatolia is awaiting for their visitors allowing them putting together social distancing and discovery and contact with nature, which recently many travelers have been unable to benefit from.*







# 1 The Walls of Istanbul

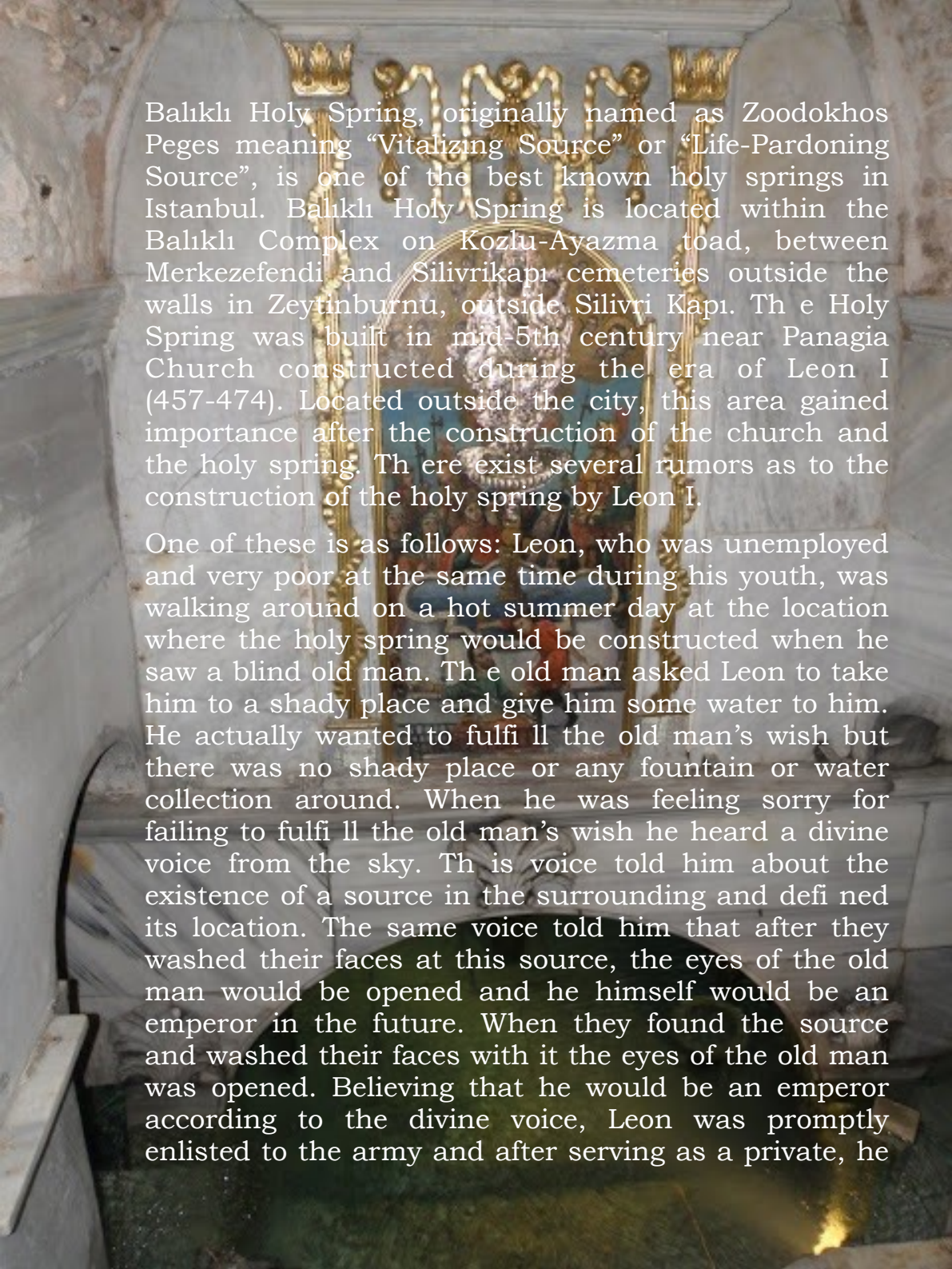


# Balıklı Ayazma



Balıklı Ayazma eski





Balıklı Holy Spring, originally named as Zoodokhos Peges meaning “Vitalizing Source” or “Life-Pardoning Source”, is one of the best known holy springs in Istanbul. Balıklı Holy Spring is located within the Balıklı Complex on Kozlu-Ayazma toad, between Merkezefendi and Silivrikapı cemeteries outside the walls in Zeytinburnu, outside Silivri Kapı. The Holy Spring was built in mid-5th century near Panagia Church constructed during the era of Leon I (457-474). Located outside the city, this area gained importance after the construction of the church and the holy spring. There exist several rumors as to the construction of the holy spring by Leon I.

One of these is as follows: Leon, who was unemployed and very poor at the same time during his youth, was walking around on a hot summer day at the location where the holy spring would be constructed when he saw a blind old man. The old man asked Leon to take him to a shady place and give him some water to him. He actually wanted to fulfill the old man's wish but there was no shady place or any fountain or water collection around. When he was feeling sorry for failing to fulfill the old man's wish he heard a divine voice from the sky. This voice told him about the existence of a source in the surrounding and defined its location. The same voice told him that after they washed their faces at this source, the eyes of the old man would be opened and he himself would be an emperor in the future. When they found the source and washed their faces with it the eyes of the old man was opened. Believing that he would be an emperor according to the divine voice, Leon was promptly enlisted to the army and after serving as a private, he

was gradually promoted to become an army general. When the Emperor Markianos was overthrown with a coup d'état, he was replaced by Leon as the Emperor. Thus the miracle mentioned years ago by the divine voice became true. Today, the tableau that explains this event is within the church.

As a sign of gratitude Leon I constructed a holy spring on the location where he found the source. After the holy spring was constructed was demolished, set to fire and left unattended as a result of natural disasters, invasions, sieges and neglect that occurred in various periods and for this reason, it had to be repaired and renewed many times. According to historian Procopius, the first renovation took place during the reign of Emperor Iustinianos (527-565). The Emperor who found in the holy spring a cure to a problem of his not only renovated it in 560 with the architectural material left from Aya Sophia but also constructed a small chapel next to it. According to Grosvenor, the church and the holy water was used by the Emperor and his wife as well as the nobles as a health center. The second repair took place in 787 by Empress Irene (797-802). The holy spring and the church near it had been destroyed in 705 by the Bulgarian-Slav army that approached as close as the walls; moreover, it was massively damaged by the earthquake that occurred on 26th October 741.



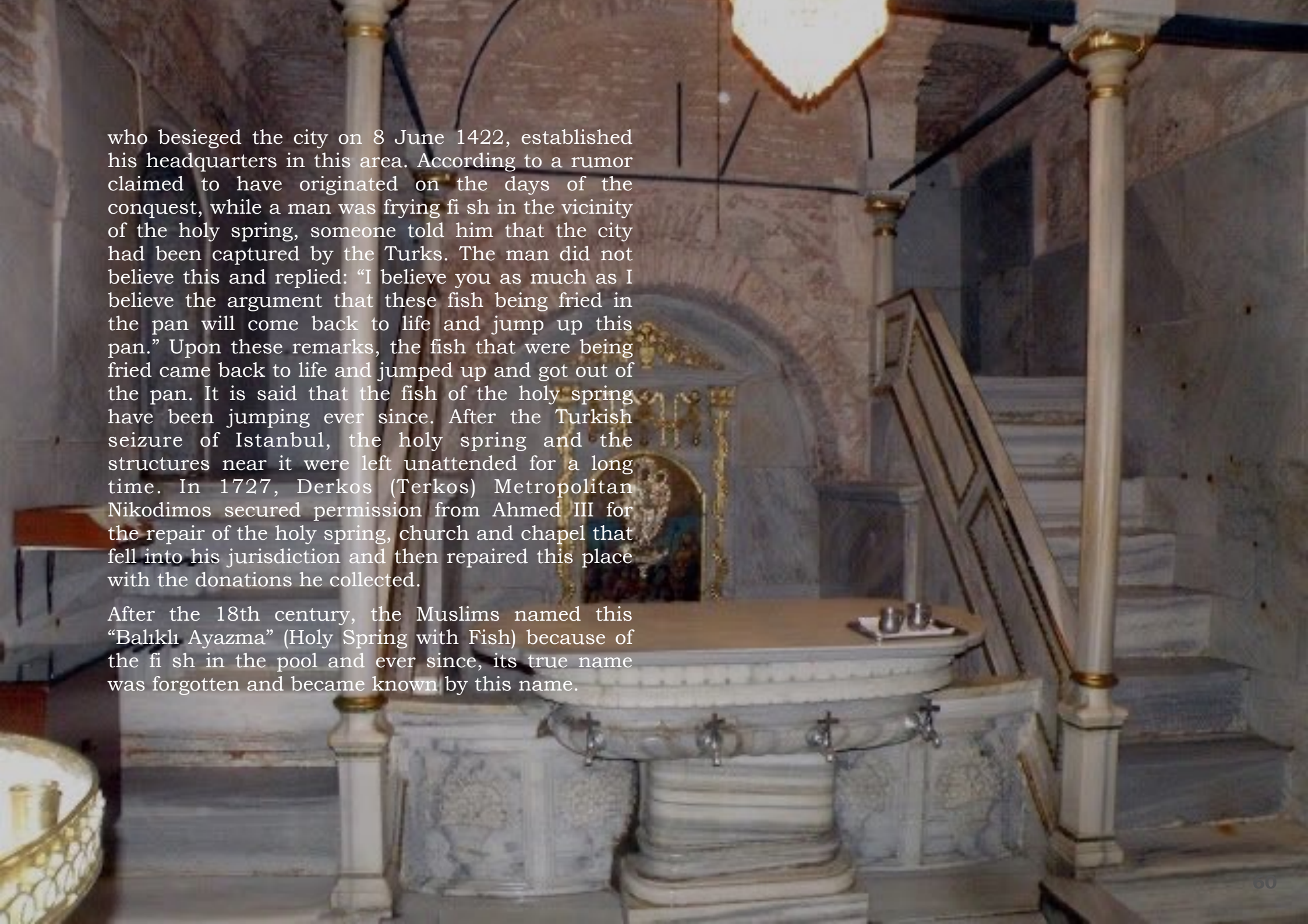
When the repaired holy spring was wrecked anew by another quake, the spring was repaired this time by Emperor Basileios I (867-874) in 869. In addition, Basileios I built a summertime palace near the holy spring and when going to and coming from the palace, he frequently stopped by the holy spring. Kevork Pamukjian says that Balıklı Holy Spring was a recreation place for Basileos of Macedonia he went to each spring for a rest, writing the following: "Emperor used to visit the holy spring each Easter. Sometimes on horseback, the Emperor used to cross the city from one end to the other, go to the holy spring through Silivrikapı and sometimes he used to sail aboard along the Marmara coastline and approach the quay, whose ruins still exist, near Mermer Tower and cover the distance from that point to the holy spring on horseback." Reaching as close as the gates of the walls on 9 September 934, the Bulgarians gave no harm to the city; they destroyed once again, the holy spring and the buildings in its vicinity. The holy spring was repaired after this date and remained in good shape until the beginning of the 13th century. Afterwards, the holy spring remained in good shape until the beginning of the 13th century.

After this, during the Latin invasion of Istanbul (1204-1261), it was included in the plundered buildings of the city. Later, the holy spring was repaired once again and used until 1422. It is known that the settlement outside the walls was not safe and that the people abandoned all the buildings and moved to safer locations within the walls. Murad II



Balıklı Ayazma Figür



The background image shows the interior of a church. In the center is a large, ornate stone font with a tiered base and several faucets. To the right, a staircase with stone steps and a wooden handrail leads upwards. The walls are made of stone, and there are columns with gold-colored capitals. A small, arched niche with a religious painting is visible in the background.

who besieged the city on 8 June 1422, established his headquarters in this area. According to a rumor claimed to have originated on the days of the conquest, while a man was frying fish in the vicinity of the holy spring, someone told him that the city had been captured by the Turks. The man did not believe this and replied: "I believe you as much as I believe the argument that these fish being fried in the pan will come back to life and jump up this pan." Upon these remarks, the fish that were being fried came back to life and jumped up and got out of the pan. It is said that the fish of the holy spring have been jumping ever since. After the Turkish seizure of Istanbul, the holy spring and the structures near it were left unattended for a long time. In 1727, Derkos (Terkos) Metropolitan Nikodimos secured permission from Ahmed III for the repair of the holy spring, church and chapel that fell into his jurisdiction and then repaired this place with the donations he collected.

After the 18th century, the Muslims named this "Balıklı Ayazma" (Holy Spring with Fish) because of the fish in the pool and ever since, its true name was forgotten and became known by this name.





Balıklı Church



[Watch in full screen](#)



# Story of Balıklı Church

Balıklı Church





## The Monastery of Zoodochos Pege – Balıklı Church

The Monastery of Zoodochos Pege (also known as Theotokos tes Peges) was a significant early Byzantine monastery known for its holy spring (hagiasma). It was located outside Theodosian Walls of Constantinople, near the Gate of Selymbria. The site is associated with numerous miracle stories and legends. It had a source of water or spring (pege) that was believed to be miraculous. Many miracles were also attributed to the mud in the spring. In the Ottoman era, it became known as Balıklı Kilise (“the fish church”) because of the fish in the spring.

The origins of the church are unclear, though it is known to exist in the 6th century. Procopius records that Justinian (527-565) built a church dedicated to the Theotokos here. Other traditions state that there was already a small shrine on the site and Justinian found it while he was hunting. When he heard about the healing water of the shrine (which healed his urinary infection), he ordered a large church to be built there with the materials left from Hagia Sophia.

Another tradition claimed that Leo I (457-474) built it before he became the emperor. When he was still a soldier, Leo met a blind man on the way, begging for water. Leo guided him until they

reached a marsh filled with mud. Leo tried in vain to find fresh water, until the voice of Theotokos called out to him and assured him that this place had water. Theotokos then told him to rub mud over the blind man’s eyes and doing so restored the blind man’s eye sight. It is possible that Leo built a small shrine on the site, over which Justinian later built a large church.

In addition to the church, there was a hagiasma, which consisted of a subterranean structure that has a nave with a length of three times its width and a dome rising above arches. On both sides there were marble stairs that led down to the spring, which was about twelve feet wide. This sounds quite similar to what we see today. The miraculous spring water flowed into a marble basin, which was accessible through the staircases inside the church.

It was renovated several times in the Middle Byzantine Era. It is said that Empress Irene, and her son Constantine VI, restored the church at Pege. After it was seriously damaged in an earthquake in 869, Basil I rebuilt the church and decorated it with a cycle of mosaics. Burned by Tsar Symeon of Bulgaria in 924, the church was soon repaired and a palace was built next to it. The church was the center of the imperial procession on Ascension Day during this era as well.



Early in the Palaiologan era, the epitaph in Zoodochos Pege was applied to the Virgin of the Spring and a new iconography was developed, which is probably based on a mosaic in its hagiaσμα. A mosaic image at Pege empowered the spring and the spring, in turn, empowered the icon of Zoodochos Pege. In this period, it became a major site of pilgrimage and a feast day of Zoodochos Pege was instituted on the Friday of Bright Week (the Friday following Easter). The monastery underwent a period of revival during the reign of Andronikos II Palaiologos (1282-1328). This revival followed a period of decline caused by the Latin occupation in Constantinople after the Fourth Crusade. It is said the spring at Pege lost its miraculous powers in this period. This only changed when Andronikos II pursued his father's attempts to unite the Catholic and Orthodox Churches. This period enabled the resurgence of miracles at the shrine. A numerous miracles were recorded by Xanthopoulos. In addition, Manuel Philes and others composed epigrams on the church and its paintings. Later, the waters were said to heal emperor Andronikos III from a serious illness in 1330.

In 1422, Sultan Murad II made it his headquarters during the besiege of Constantinople. Following the conquest of Constantinople in 1453, the church disappeared, although the spring continued to be visited by a small number of pilgrims. It was not rebuilt until

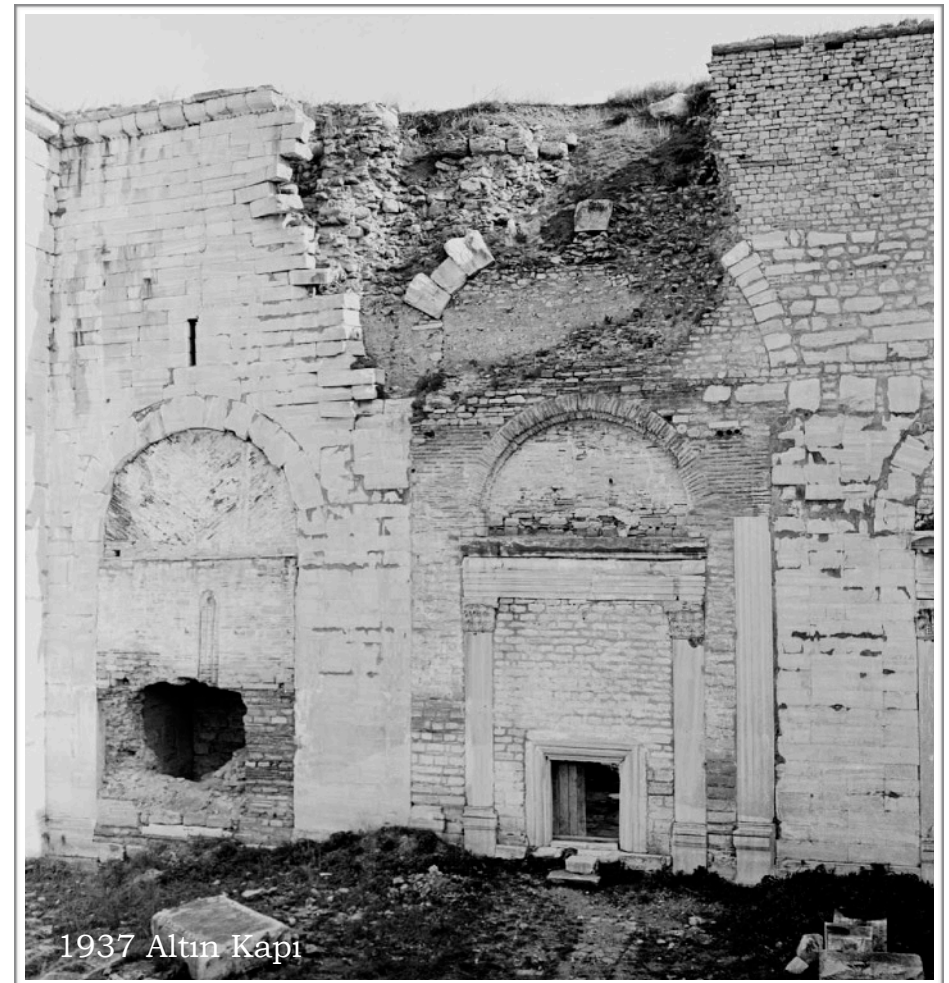






Kitab- Bahriye (Halili Koleksiyonu)

the 18th century. The current building was built in 1833 under the administration of Patriarch Constantius I. In 1837 the monastery was renamed as The Holy Hospital Monastery of Zoodochos Pege and funded the building of a new hospital outside the walls.



1937 Altın Kapi





Balıklı klise



The Walls of Istanbul



Yedikule Hava Fotoğrafı 1949

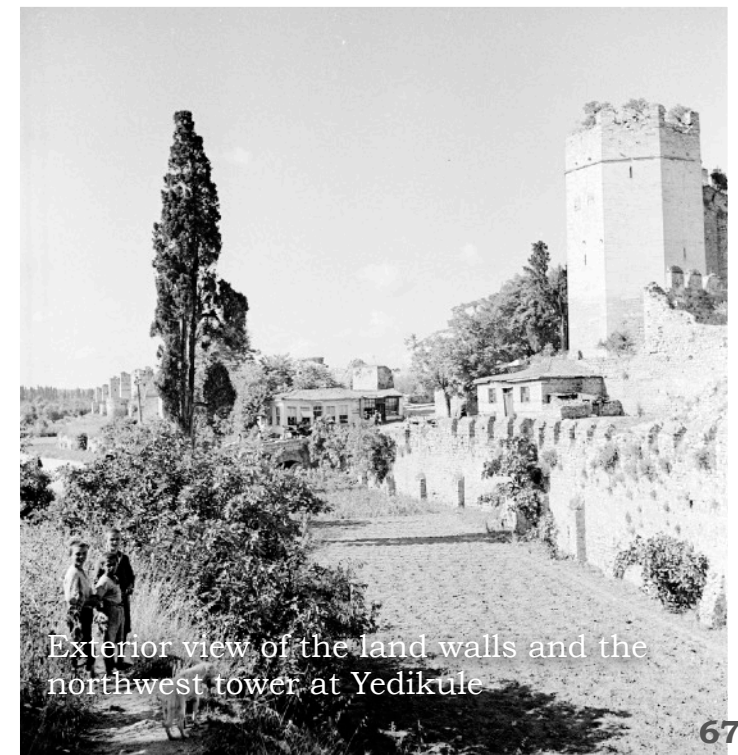
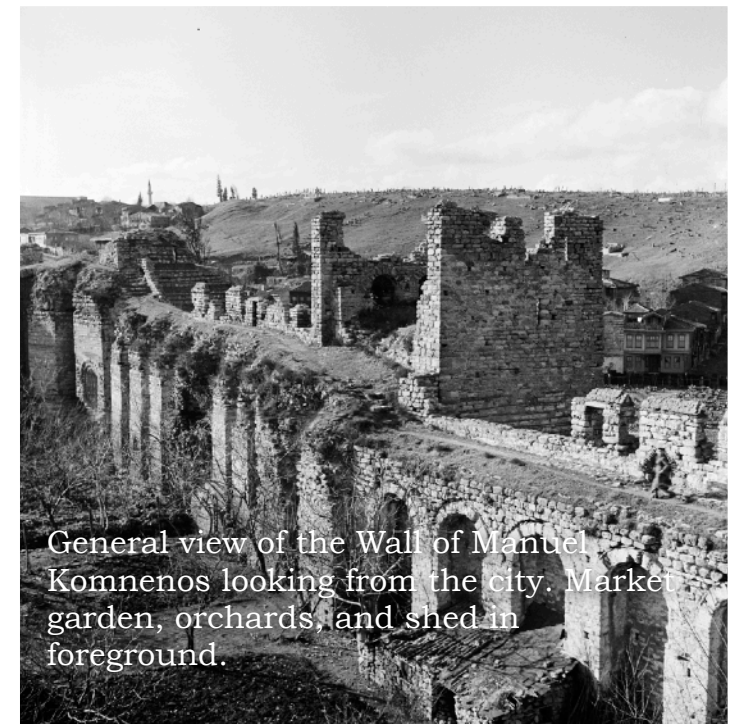


Görsel 2 (Semiramis Türker)

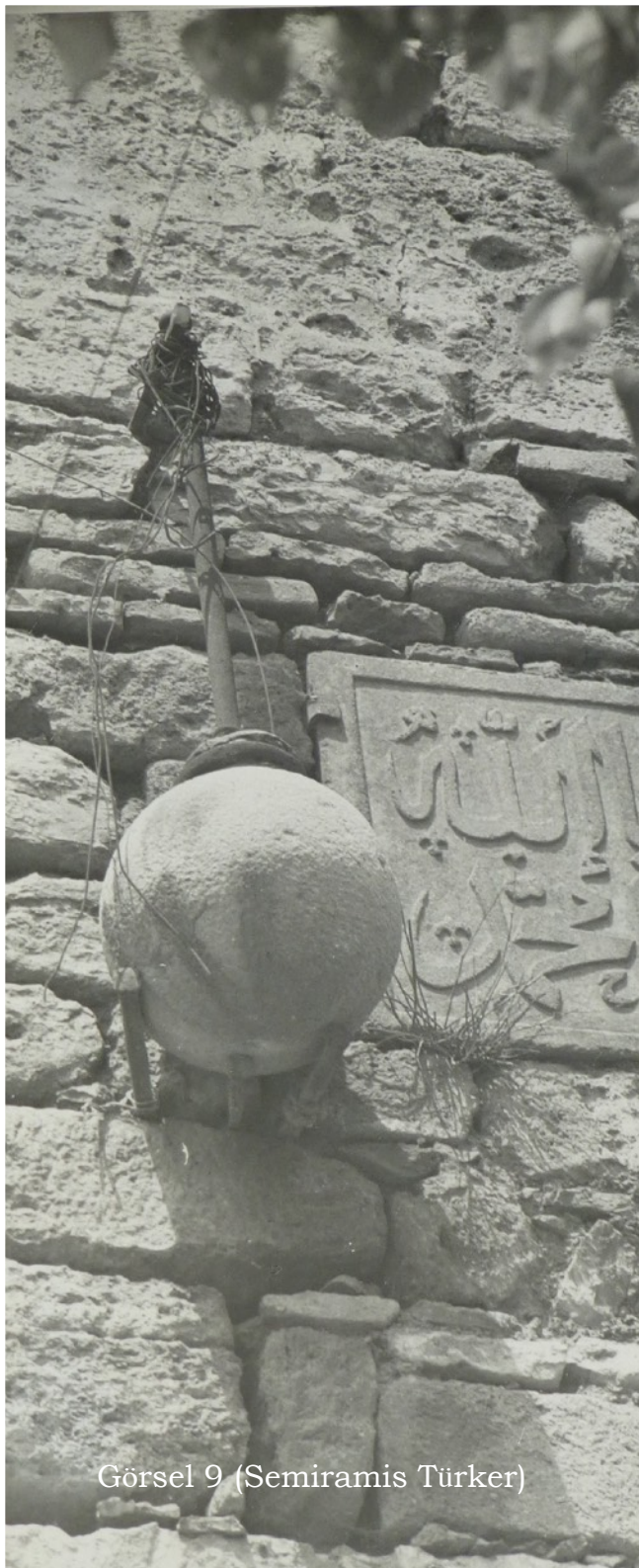


Görsel 9 (Semiramis Türker)

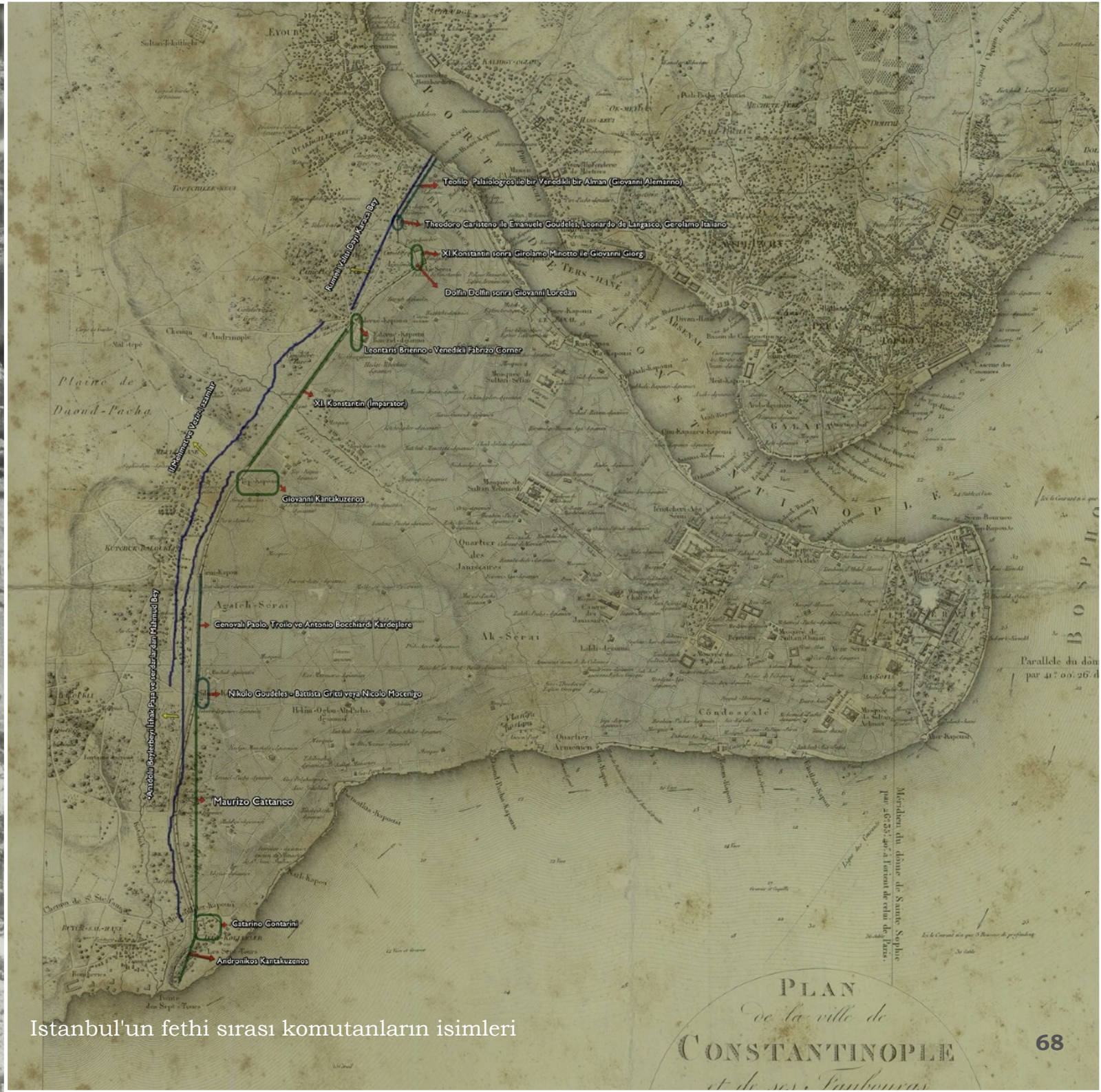








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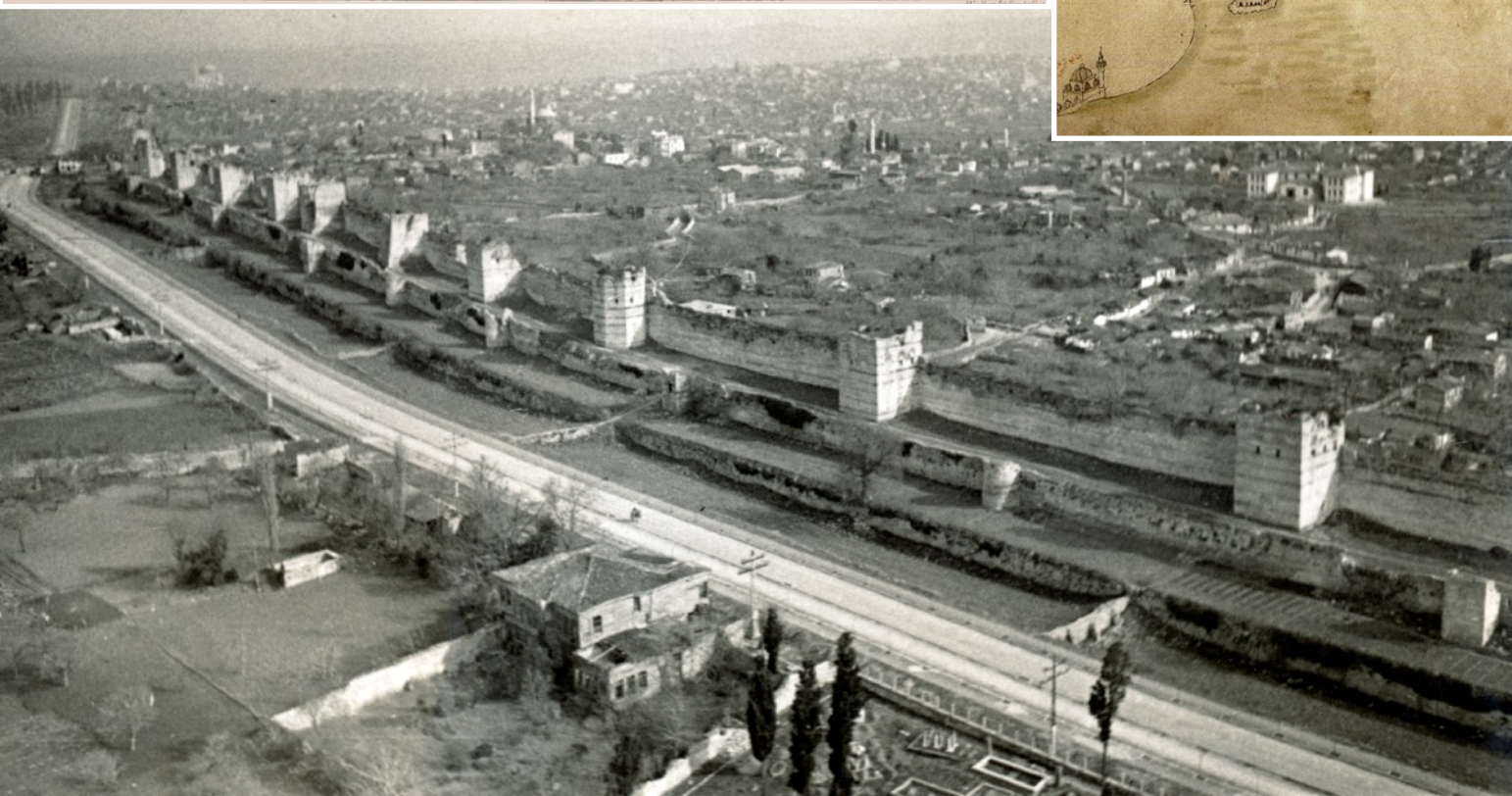


Istanbul'un fethi sırası komutanların isimleri





Istanbul surları



Kitabi bahriye - Halili  
Koleksiyonu

General view

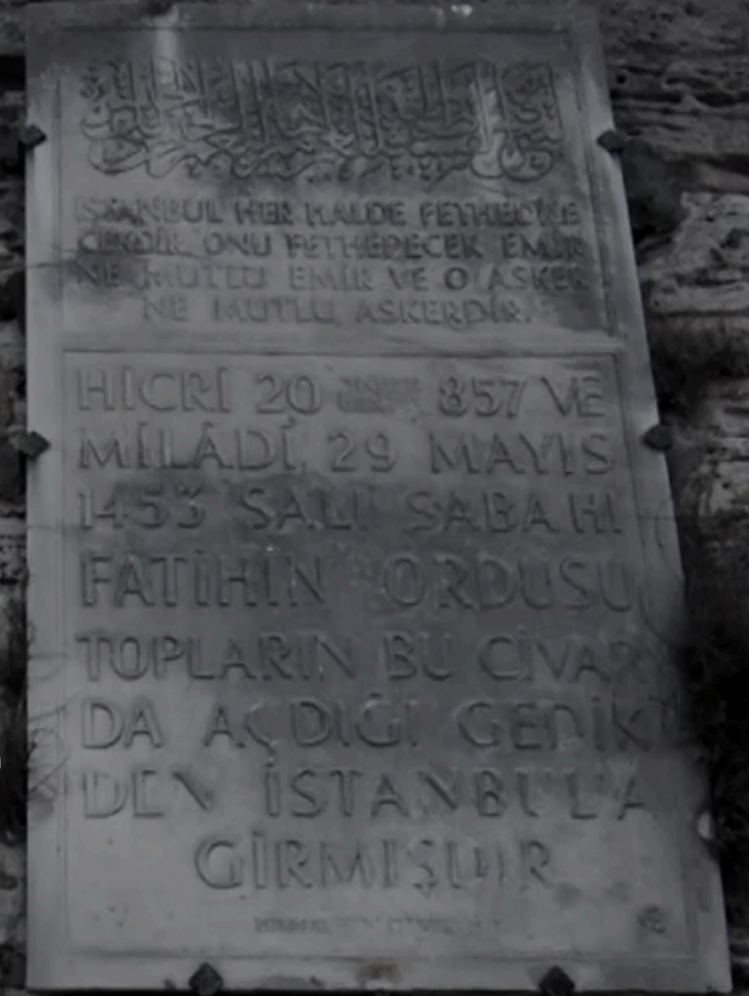




Istanbul Surlar



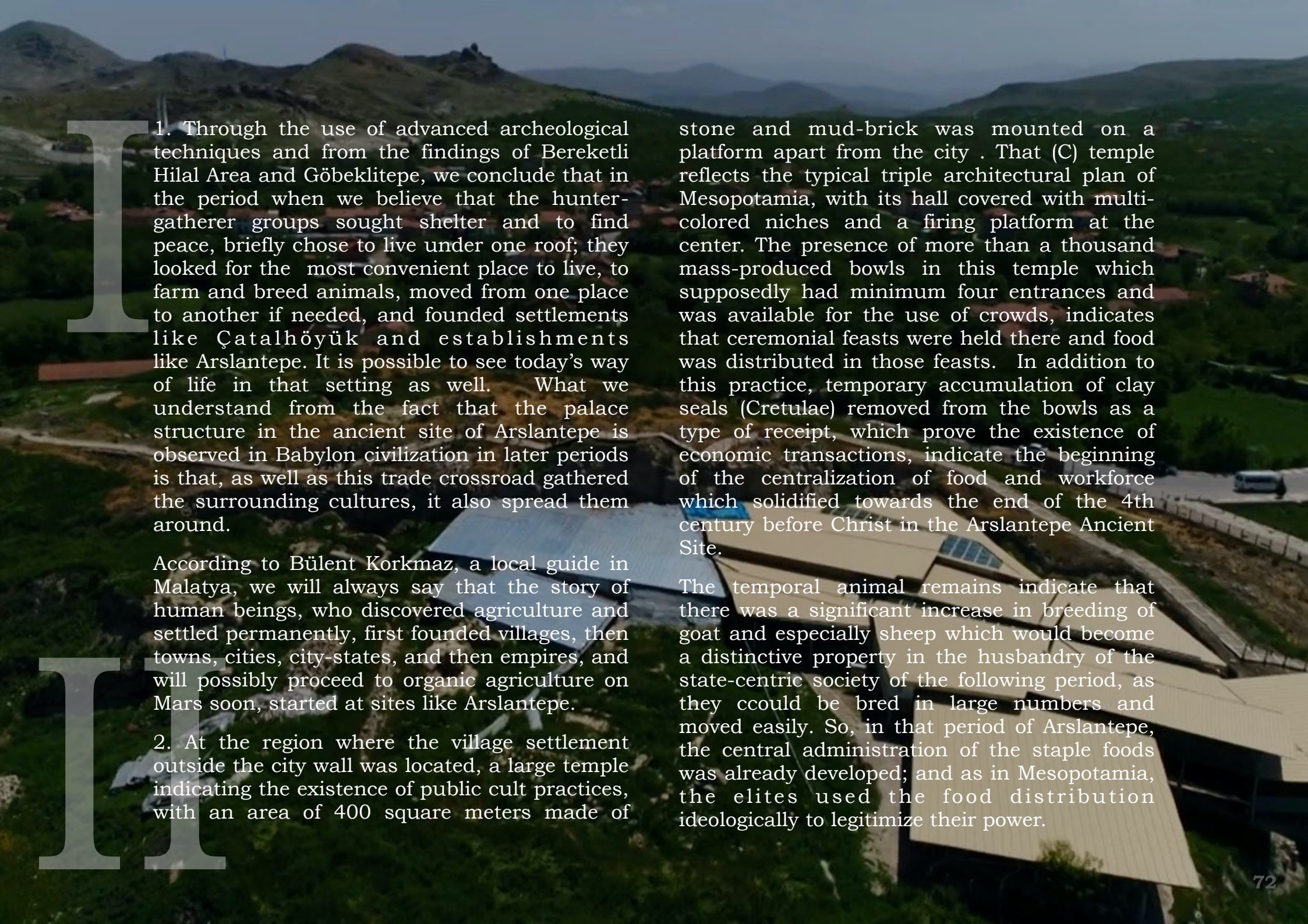
Watch in full screen





# 2 Arslantepe Tumulus





1. Through the use of advanced archeological techniques and from the findings of Bereketli Hilal Area and Göbeklitepe, we conclude that in the period when we believe that the hunter-gatherer groups sought shelter and to find peace, briefly chose to live under one roof; they looked for the most convenient place to live, to farm and breed animals, moved from one place to another if needed, and founded settlements like Çatalhöyük and establishments like Arslantepe. It is possible to see today's way of life in that setting as well. What we understand from the fact that the palace structure in the ancient site of Arslantepe is observed in Babylon civilization in later periods is that, as well as this trade crossroad gathered the surrounding cultures, it also spread them around.

According to Bülent Korkmaz, a local guide in Malatya, we will always say that the story of human beings, who discovered agriculture and settled permanently, first founded villages, then towns, cities, city-states, and then empires, and will possibly proceed to organic agriculture on Mars soon, started at sites like Arslantepe.

2. At the region where the village settlement outside the city wall was located, a large temple indicating the existence of public cult practices, with an area of 400 square meters made of

stone and mud-brick was mounted on a platform apart from the city. That (C) temple reflects the typical triple architectural plan of Mesopotamia, with its hall covered with multi-colored niches and a firing platform at the center. The presence of more than a thousand mass-produced bowls in this temple which supposedly had minimum four entrances and was available for the use of crowds, indicates that ceremonial feasts were held there and food was distributed in those feasts. In addition to this practice, temporary accumulation of clay seals (Cretulae) removed from the bowls as a type of receipt, which prove the existence of economic transactions, indicate the beginning of the centralization of food and workforce which solidified towards the end of the 4th century before Christ in the Arslantepe Ancient Site.

The temporal animal remains indicate that there was a significant increase in breeding of goat and especially sheep which would become a distinctive property in the husbandry of the state-centric society of the following period, as they could be bred in large numbers and moved easily. So, in that period of Arslantepe, the central administration of the staple foods was already developed; and as in Mesopotamia, the elites used the food distribution ideologically to legitimize their power.





The temple was abandoned for an unknown reason around 3450 BC, and structures with various functions such as new temples, and storehouses interconnected by hallways and patios were built on different terraces over an area over two thousand square meters at the southwestern side of the hill. The whole settlement consists mainly of this public complex and a few elite houses at the top of the tumulus. This complex is the oldest public “palace” known in the Near East. The palace had a complex administrative organization for the direct and the ‘secularized’ control of staple food with different functioning structures of the complex. Hundreds of bowls produced for food distribution were found in the storehouse and certain fields, together with approximately 2.250 clay seals (cretulae) carrying over 200 seal stamps.



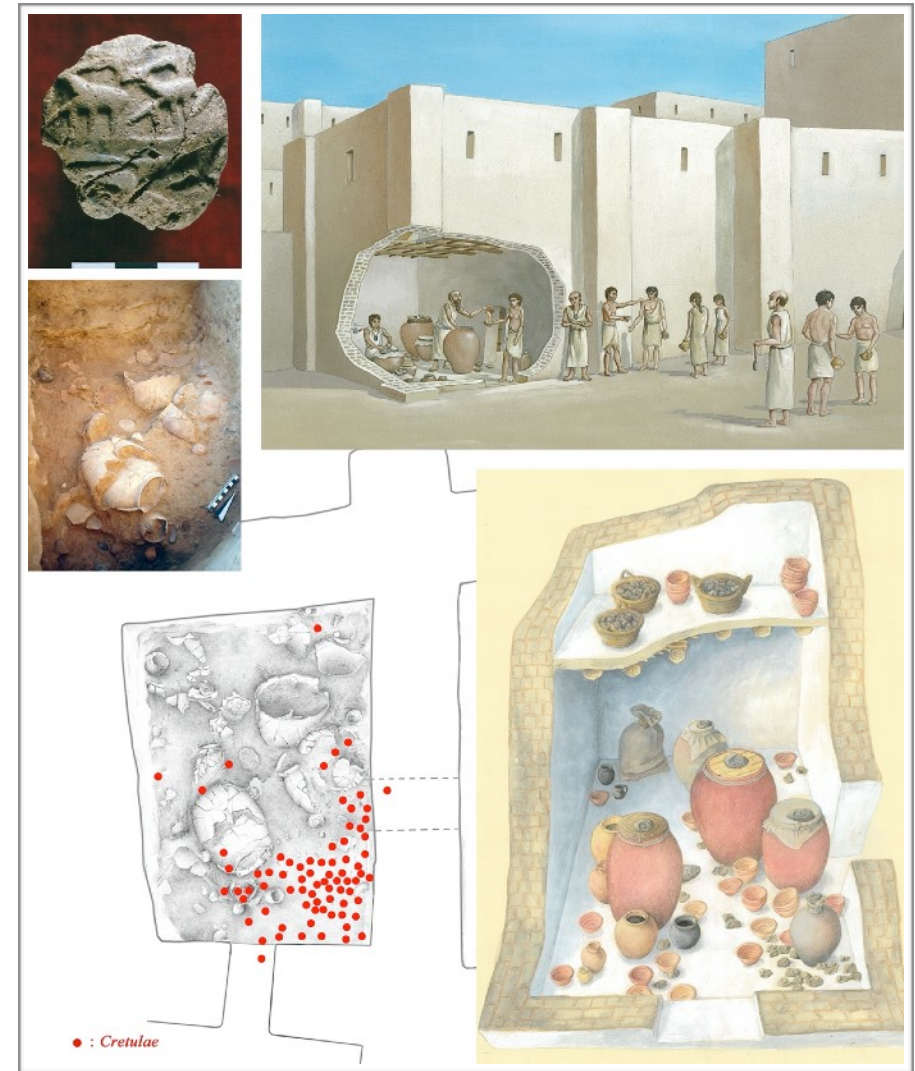
Most of those clay seals were deliberately thrown away to certain landfills after pre-order and accounting. The detailed examination and the method of those disposals allowed us to understand one of the oldest central administrative systems. Authorized officers organized in a hierarchy and appointed to various duties by the elites were running the palace. Clay seal prints and the analysis of the seals reveal that only one officer had the right to seal off all the stores, a second group of officers could seal a certain group of rooms and that each officer in the third category of officers were responsible from one room. The other officers



were rarely allowed to seal a room and the majority of the officers were not granted this right. This was clearly the birth of the first [HYPERLINK "https://tureng.com/tr/turkce-ingilizce/bureaucratic"](https://tureng.com/tr/turkce-ingilizce/bureaucratic) \t "\_blank" bureaucratic hierarchical administrative system.

The arrangement of product distribution is more apparent than the previous period, and thousands of clay seals and mass produced bowls everywhere clearly indicates that distribution was carried out within a secular framework. The elites of the palace must have controlled the economy from production to distribution of staple food and must have paid for the labor of the workers in terms of food. As noticed in the previous period, the meat of the goat and especially sheep gained much more importance in this period, the pig bones are almost never seen. As in the lamb and goat breeding, most of the agricultural activities were controlled by the power of the elites. In this period, six-row hulless barley was produced instead of the less efficient two-row variety. Based on the isotope analyses carried out on the emmer wheat grains, it can be suggested that the irrigation systems were used. All these are the evidence that productivity in larger amounts was the aim of the staple food industry.

Two buildings at the palace were used for worshipping but the forms and the small size of these buildings indicate that they were not built for easy public access. Additionally, these buildings point out that to the diminished importance of the religious component in the



## Sarayda Redistribüsyon





Castle

political ideology of the period. The rooms used for worship could not be reached from the outside. Rooms had no connection with the outside except for the opening of two windows and one window opening to one of the rooms next door. So, worship was mostly an activity for the elites in that period. Animal remains indicate that food offered in those ceremonies was richer than the food found in the Temple C of the earlier period. Grown cattle and more game meat can be observed. Mass produced bowls are also rarely found here and instead, food was cooked and consumed in larger pots.

21 guns and four-spiral metal plates, all made of arsenic copper, found in one of the rooms of the palace indicate that an extraordinary level of mastery in metallurgical production was achieved in that period. The weapons discovered consist of 12 elegant spears and nine swords. These kinds of weapons that were known to other settlements for almost a thousand years are encountered in this period for the first time in Arslantepe ancient city. The blade and the grip of the swords found in other settlements and dated to earlier periods were molded all in one piece. Those were military tools that were usually hung on the wall, symbolized power and were newly emerging. The lead isotope analysis of the weapons in Arslantepe ancient area indicated that the metal was imported from Transcaucasia and the Black Sea coast; the groups came from those regions to the Malatya Plain brought metal to the palace, along with other products produced in their nomadic





Saraydaki Duvar Resimleri

lifestyle. That situation allowed the city elites of Arslantepe to access the rich mineral deposits of the Caucasus and probably enabled Arslantepe tumulus region to become one of the main centers of metal trade.

All these factors prove that in 3300 BC, the palace of Arslantepe had an important role in the formation of the first state organization. Although these factors are similar to those seen in South Mesopotamia in the same period, they also have different characteristics, like the early development of the power secularization and the lack of urbanization. The public economic and administrative sphere of Arslantepe in that era was clearly separate from the religious/ceremonial sphere, and there was a more secular administration than Mesopotamia where political, economic and religious power was still highly interconnected. The lack of urbanization can be explained by the fact that Arslantepe was smaller compared to the earlier period. And one other reason is its fertile but limited highland area that embodied the agricultural lands; this situation prevented Arslantepe from becoming the political and economic center of all the Upper Euphrates region. So, Arslantepe showed that there was not only a single way to establish a state and that phenomenon can be resolved in different ways in different regions.

Around 3000 BC, the entire palace was destroyed with a very huge fire and that event completely



erased the existence of this early state based on the centralization of the basic economy from the stage of history. This is probably due to the early development of the system. In contrast to the system in Mesopotamia, this system was based on a hierarchical social system with insufficient [HYPERLINK "https://tureng.com/tr/turkce-ingilizce/institutionalization"](https://tureng.com/tr/turkce-ingilizce/institutionalization) \t "\_blank" institutionalization and was probably not fully recognized even by its own people. And another inconsistent factor was the existence of the nomad groups living in the mountains (Transcaucasia) who visited Malatya Plain regularly. Those groups made contact with the palace first and then probably disputed with the local elites as indicated by the militarization of power.

After the collapse of the central power in Arslantepe, the communities connected with Transcaucasia dominated and 'governed' the region for a while. In 3000s BC, a village prominently under the influence of the north and east regions that consisted of the wattle-and-daub houses was built directly on the remains of the palace in Arslantepe ancient city. The reason for this situation to occur at an earlier period than in the Elaziğ region

can be explained by the possibility of Aslantepe to receive nomadic population from its earlier stages.

In the last two excavation seasons, it was noticed that this village was not as insignificant as presumed for over 20 years. There is a solid adobe structure towards the highest sections of the tumulus facing the huts and cattle pens. There is a room with a very large hearth in the center of this building which is not yet completely excavated. Two metal spearheads and a lead pendant are among the rich and interesting findings. The uniqueness of this structure and the findings in it indicate that it is a public building. In addition, a large hut was built at the highest location of the village. The burnt fillings along with hundreds of bones found outside the hut, which we think are remains of food, suggest that celebrations and feasts were held in the village. So, the existence of chiefs are evident in this period as well.

Findings of small pots with anthropomorphic features near these structures which belong to the chiefs, point to the possibility of an area where some religious or ceremonial activities were carried out. In short, Arslantepe

The first sword sample



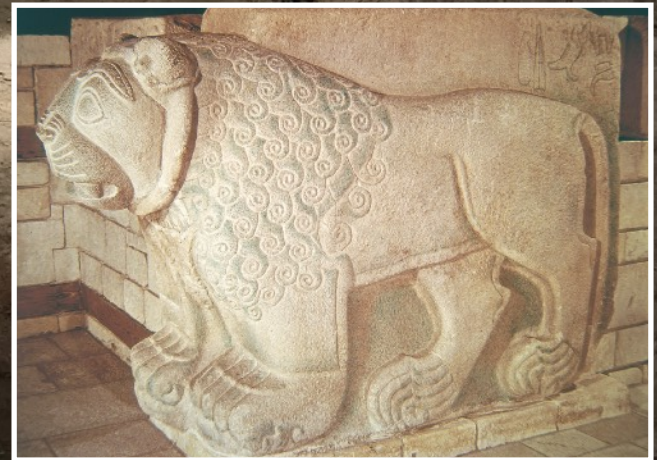


continued to be a center of power, even though it was no longer based on the centralization of goods and labor.

On the border of the village there is an important and unique tomb, which we call the “Royal Tomb”. The tomb dated between the abovementioned and the later period, consists of a stone cist covered and decorated with large plates. In this cist which is located at the bottom of a large pit, there are burial gifts such as pottery, weapons, some tools, and metal objects such as ornaments made of copper, silver, copper-silver alloy and gold and an adult skeleton. On top of the cist there are skeletons of four young people who were probably sacrificed. A young boy and a girl with a copper-silver alloy crown on their heads, lying on the plates covering the grave, are probably related to the person buried in the cist. The skeletons of two young girls probably belong to the servants. It is not yet known whether this tomb belonged to a Transcaucasian leader or to the chief of the village founded after the Transcaucasian occupation. The top of the tumulus, which we think is the stage of a structure or an event related to leadership, is surrounded by a magnificent fortification wall with 5-6 meter thickness. A village of mudbrick houses unearthed with their findings in their original positions, which are observed to belong to small nuclear families who engaged in agriculture, was built outside this wall. The fact that no findings were unearthed in the area surrounded by the fortification wall, which probably belonged to the chiefs, makes it difficult to have an opinion about this area.

Arslantepe tumulus general view





Arslantepe





Video - Arslantepe Tumulus



[Watch full screen](#)



# 3 Story of Kemaliye



## Zincirli Kaya (Chained Rock)

Located at the slope on the upper side of Taşdibi District in Kemaliye town center, Zincirli Kaya is closely associated with Kemaliye. It is one of the places that people ask for when they visit the town. A large rock mass separated from the main rock above, fell, rolled down and stopped somewhere.

Landslide in the city troubled the people of Eğin, as the town was completely inclined, and the residential area was at the center. So, they put up a wall at the bottom of the rock. It was named 'chained' because of the neat form of the stones laid on the wall. '

The contractor who built the post office, laid a symbolic chain there, because it was called the chained rock, but in fact there was no iron chain.' So, when we visit the place today, we see this symbolic chain. Kemaliye







Municipality built a pathway to Zincirli Kaya for the visitors to climb to the rock and to sit and watch the town from above. People who lived in the district then, they thought the rock would fall, so packed the whole district and evacuated. However, a woman over 90 years old did not leave her home. She ignored all the insistence from the neighbors and said 'Whatever God says goes', and she didn't come out of her house.

When the residents who thought the rock would fall went back there in the morning, they were amazed to see that stones were laid at the bottom of the rock. Because the stones resemble a lasso, shaped like chain, it has been called Zincirli Kaya, the Chained Rock, ever since.











Kemaliye




Watch in full screen

Karanlık kanyon



# 4 The Story of Munzur Valley



An aerial photograph of a deep, green valley. A river with a milky, turquoise-white color flows through the center of the valley, winding between steep, forested slopes. A paved road follows the river's course, with a few small buildings and a bridge visible. The mountains in the background are layered and hazy under a clear sky.

There are plenty of tales been told in the region. The tale of Munzur Baba is one of them.

Once upon a time, there was a sage, and he had a single daughter. His daughter died one day. The old man dreamed of his daughter every night for several days. The daughter was saying: "Father, open up my grave. I have something here entrusted to me; please take it." The old man told about his dream to his followers. So, they decided to open up the grave. Inside the girl's coffin, there was something like a crib and a child sucking its index finger in it. They took the child away. The old man saw his daughter in his dream again. To her father, she said, "Name the child 'Munzur.'" Time goes by, and when Munzur turned seven, he started to work as a shepherd for a local lord living in the vicinity of Koyungölü in the Ovacık district of Tunceli. Munzur's lord went to Mecca for pilgrimage as it was the pilgrimage season. One day when his landlord was in Mecca, Munzur came to his lord's wife and said: "Milady, my lord craves fresh halva; if you make some, I will take it to him." The lady was surprised at first, and then she thought that the poor shepherd probably felt like eating some halva, and he was too shy to ask directly, so he used the landlord as an excuse. She decided to make some so that he could eat. She prepared some halva, wrapped it in a bundle, and handed it to Munzur, saying: "Here child, take it to him." In the meantime, the lord was performing his salah in



Mecca. Just as he recited a salutation to his right, he saw Munzur standing there with a bundle in his hand. He completed the salah and said to Munzur: "Welcome son, what are you doing here? What is that bundle?" Munzur said: "My lord, you craved for fresh halva, so I brought you this." He handed the bundle to his lord. The landlord unpacked the package and saw the warm halva packed in it. When the lord turned to Munzur to say something in amazement, Munzur was no longer there. When the lord came back from the pilgrimage, all his neighbors in the village gathered to greet him with some gifts. Because Munzur had nothing else to give as a present, he milked his sheep and went to greet his lord with milk in a bowl. When the lord saw Munzur, he said to everyone around him: "Munzur is the real pilgrim. Munzur's hands are the hands worth kissing. I will kiss them first." and ran to Munzur. When Munzur heard these words, he said: "No, my lord, for God's sake. There's no way. I grew up in your care with your bread. How can this be, I cannot let you kiss my







hand!” and started running away. A chase started with Munzur in front and the landlord with the others behind him. When they arrived at the source of today’s River Munzur, Munzur spilled the milk in the bowl, and where it dropped, milk-white water sprung out. Munzur took 40 steps, and a river emerged from this water. Those, who were chasing Munzur could not pass through this river. And Munzur disappeared in those mountains. This legend of Munzur told among the locals implies that even a mere shepherd among wealthy and influential people can be a miracle worker of God; yet a shepherd can be a wholehearted, faithful person, honored by God’s love and it is with this belief that they mythologize Munzur



A typical plant in Munzur

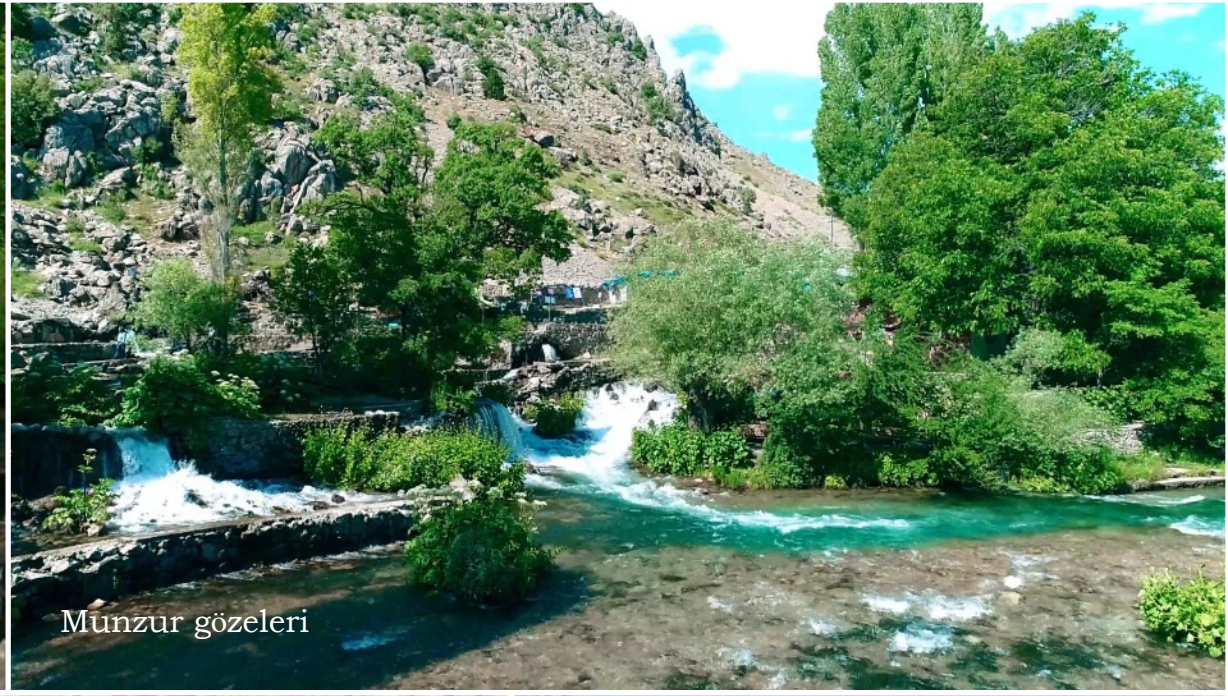
A typical goat with two horn







Munzur gözeleri



Munzur gözeleri



Cengel



Gözeler



Düzgün baba







Munzur Valley



[Watch in full screen](#)



# 5 Story(ies) of Harput Castle







## The Legend of Harput Castle (Milk Castle)

Another name of Harput Castle is the “Milk Castle.” There is an interesting story on why this castle was called so. The foundation of the castle was laid, and the castle walls began to rise. However, there was no remedy for the drought that started that year. In the same year, milk from animals was quite abundant, however. The then ruler gave an order to use milk for the mortar. Animals were milked. The mortar was mixed with milk, and the castle was completed.

Another legend mentions numerous galleries in the castle. In one of these galleries, there lived a charming girl. However, because she was enchanted, she was always asleep in a golden manor built for her. Every year she would wake up only for once and ask, “Was Milk Castle ruined? Did the mules bore lamb? Did Dere bath vanish?”, then she would go back to sleep. If these came true, Harput would be destroyed, and the judgment day would come. It is rumored that some people could hear the voice of that girl.

## The Legend of the Dragon Stone

Now, we listen to this legend from Ahmet KABAKLI, an esteemed author, the doyen of Turkey’s newspapermen:

What is a dragon, children? Neither you nor I know the answer. Others do not know either. Some say that it is a more significant form of a pretty serpent that looks like a human. Others say it is a massive creature like the Mammoths depicted in the caves of our early ancestors from the Paleolithic age. It is also described as the Queen of Serpents Shahmaran’s son or father. I do not know the dragon, nor do you. Nevertheless, as it is used and kept alive in the stories of our mothers and fathers, it must be one of those “theoretical” creatures that materialize in fantasies, rather than a reality.

I was hoping you would not ask me about the dragon, I will not ask you either, as it has no place among the living.

Nevertheless, if you ask me how I imagine the Dragon or how I design it, that I can tell. If you also try to write, draw, describe how these kinds of things take form in your mind, it will be good. Don’t you ever underestimate imagination.





Because all the stories, novels, movies, paintings, monuments that we know or do not know, came out of imagination. The magical things that we call “art” are the products of our imagination, which develops in our childhood.

The dragon is not scary or frightening at all; it is enormous and monstrous, but very cute. I even enjoy thinking of it playing with kids by lying on its back on the ground and rolling around with its massive body like puppies or kittens. Its eyes seem friendly to me, like donkeys’ eyes. Its fur is as soft as a lamb. In the night, the dragon becomes colorful and sparkles from afar. The dragon also has babies. It nurses, caresses, and preens them. Sometimes I even imagine that it talks, cries, and even wears a dress and walks around like a human. I’m telling you these now, but when I was a kid, I was so afraid of the dragon. I was afraid of the Dragon Stone, not the dragon. What was the Dragon Stone? Here, let me tell you:

You know Harput, the origin and the ancestor of today’s Elazığ. When I was a child, we used to live in Harput, which looked like an eagle’s nest with its many mosques, many shrines. And we spent our summers in our garden called “Göllü Bağ” near Harput, with plenty of mulberries, apples, and grapes. I lost my father when I was too young to know him. My mother would hold our hands with my brother, take us from Harput to Göllübağ. At those times, there were no cars and no bus indeed. Even if there were, you would see just a few in the cities. We could not ride on an animal as we were poor. If any, we would have a single donkey carrying our heavy load. So, we walked to Göllübağ. The four-kilometer road would take two hours with our child steps. However, I would enjoy this green road full of brooms, astragalus, mole plants, milk vetches, cardoons, savories, wild

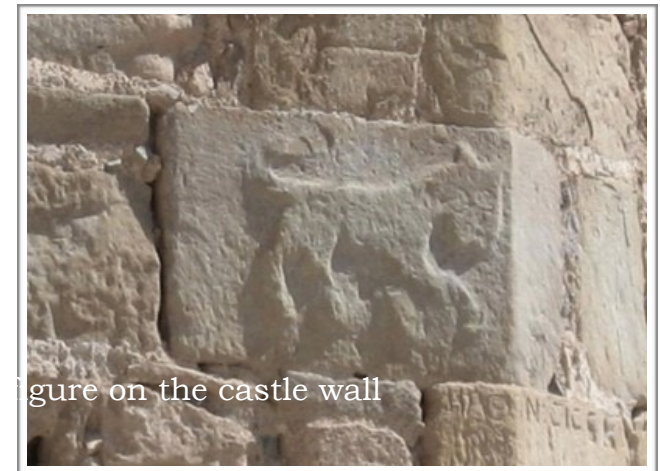


figure on the castle wall





pear, and hawthorn trees. I was happy to walk.

Furthermore, there were those fountains that resembled stone gazebos. Travelers would rest and eat their rations near these fountains that cooled and sprinkled down the heat of July. Animals slowly drank water from their basins.

Right there, on the flat hill where this road begins, there is a large black stone with its back and head tilted as if it is staring at Harput. This colossal figure that looks like a walking giant-animal statue with its body buried in the ground, but its back, neck, and feet left out, has two babies that look exactly like itself on each side.

My mother would not let us climb those large or smaller stones because of her fear that it would devour us. She said:

- *This is the Dragon Stone.*
- *Mama, what is a Dragon Stone?*
- *Son, what you see here was a dragon demon once, and those next to it were its babies. Look, you see, they're walking towards Harput! In those old days, they were coming to swallow Harput, so everyone in the city started to fear them.*

The religious people of Harput went up to the sanctuary of the Milk Castle, which you can see near





Harput Castle







HARPUT CASTLE-ELAZIĞ



Watch in full screen



Eğri Minaret, and prayed to stop the dragon and its babies. My mother believed that this dragon and its babies were petrified, and these black stones at this place were their bodies.

Because, this city, these mountains, this legend and beliefs were mostly like this. She was young too. She was telling us whatever she had heard from her mother and the people around.

Nevertheless, when she noticed that our eyes were getting bigger and we were getting scared, she would lower her voice there and then, and say:

Those times are gone, I am not afraid of the Dragon Stone anymore. As a matter of fact, the more I see the giant trucks, weapons, tanks, planes of this century and their murderous, wrecking, demolishing brutality, those dragons of ancient times started to look rather friendly, mischievous, naughty and cute to me. However, I have never forgotten, disbelieved, or undermined the lesson inspired in me by this legend of the Dragon Stone or the wisdom of the things that my mother told me.





# STELLING DEN HELDER (The Netherlands) Napoleon Defense Line

Touriboost Project 2018-10TR01-KA203-058344



1. Stelling Den Helder
2. Willemsoord Complex
3. Company Zeestad Staal
4. Lightvessel Texel
5. The Kijkduin Fortress
6. Westoever Fortress



slide back & forward



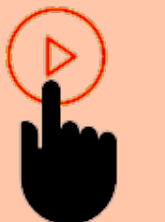
external content



image gallery



video content



# contents



# The Napoleon Defense Line has five fortresses, connected by a line dike.

In 1811 ten years before dying Napoleon Bonaparte, who had crowned himself emperor, who was feared in every corner of Europe, spoke positively about Den Helder. He commissioned the hydraulic engineer Jan Blanken Jansz to build the most extensive naval base and shipyard in our country. At the same time, a belt of fortifications is to be constructed: the Defence Line Den Helder or Stelling Den Helder in Dutch.

Touriboost project brings into light an exciting and new concept, what if Napoleon gets back to life 200 hundred years after and want to see the Defense Line he commissioned to build. Is it still in place? Still, serves the purpose of defending? How has it evolved through history?

Known as the Gibraltar of the North the Defense Line played a strategic role in the next wars to come in Europe.



Touriboost project takes the Defense Line originally designed to protect the Den Helder from invasions through the northern sea and analyses how the concept of "defending" is still in place.

The project has chosen a series of assets initially designed for military purposes defending the town, therefore, the citizens. The concept of Defending is still in place, but the military use has evolved into social inclusion, entrepreneurship supporting the citizen's way of life through tourism and cultural heritage.

Napoleon, as a great man of state, could not imagine how important his idea was for the time to come in Den Helder giving birth to the Navy and essential tourism assets.







1

Stelling  
Den Helder  
Napoleon Defense Line



# Management, Restoration & Maintenance and Exploitation & Development Den Helder Defence Line

Stelling Den Helder is one of the oldest remaining military defensive lines in the Netherlands. The Defence Line was commissioned by Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte to protect the naval shipyard Willemsoord. The city of Den Helder owes its current form to this Defence Line, which is still largely present in the landscape.

The Defence Line Den Helder Foundation was founded in 1989 with the aim of restoration, development and management of the Defence Line Den Helder. Since then, the enthusiasm for the nautical and military historical defence works of the Defence Line Den Helder has increased, of which shipyard Willemsoord is a part. Defence Line Den Helder is essential for the authenticity and identity of Den Helder.

A complete restoration of the Defence Line also contributes to strengthening the recreational, touristic, scenic and ecological face of Den Helder and the region.

Stelling Den Helder is an essential pillar of the city of Den Helder. Stelling Den Helder exists of five fortresses, connected by a line dike. The Defence Line has been largely preserved, but in the decades militarily disused and overgrown with bushes. The goal in the stelling development is to make the fortresses and line dike visible again in the landscape. And thus a part of the cultural to revive the city's heritage.

For the Fortress and various buildings of the Defence Line, a suitable destination is found to keep them for the future.

The importance of the Foundation relies on the involvement of the civil society in cooperation with tourism and cultural heritage policymakers to cooperate. They are in itself the first Tourist asset of the city.





## Stelling Den Helder

Den Helder Defence Line Foundation



# 2 Willemsoord Complex



# Defence TimeLine

## Den Helder

- 1568 At the beginning of the eighty year war (1568 - 1648) the village of Huisduinen and the then even smaller Den Helder on the Wadden island of Huisduinen were situated.

The Marsdiep and the Vliet, shipping channels between Texel and Huisduinen, are the connections from the North Sea to Amsterdam, the economic and power centre of the Netherlands.


The Reede van Texel is regularly used by many merchant ships and warships and is the normal gathering place of 's Lands Vloot when sailing out.

- 1574 In 1574, the Spanish fleet threatened to attack our country and there was a desire to make defences on Huisduinen and one on Wieringen. In that period, a ramp was built on Wieringen and the now still present Fort de Schans on Texel.

- 1610 In 1610, the beach embankment between the Wadden Island Huisduinen and Callantsoog was transformed into a sand dike and a permanent link to Den Helder was created.

- 1781 Because the Reason of Texel is no longer sufficient and cannot be adequately secured from the shore with artillery, a start was made in 1781 with the construction of the channel "Het Nieuwe Diep" on the east side of Den Helder as a war harbour. In that year, three coastal batteries were constructed near Barends Kribbing, Kaaphoofd and Kleine Keet and Fort de Schans was rearmed.





● 1791 Where nowadays Fort Oostoever is located, in 1791 at the end of the Nieuwe Diep the Nieuwe Werk was constructed as a keel place and workshop. It has a 4-sided embankment with a lock where harbour works are carried out. It can be reached by boat, or at low tide over the Koegras.

● 1795 After the Batavian Revolution of 1795 the coastal batteries Broederschap en Vrijheid near Kijkduin and Gelijkeelijke near Kleine Keet were constructed.

● 1796 In 1796 on the site of the former battery at Barends Kribbing the battery the Indivisibility was built and near the Oude Helder (the old village den Helder) the battery the Constitutie.

Years later the battery Indivisibility was converted into Oostbatterij, headquarters of the Defence Line Den Helder in the May days of the 2nd World War. In 1977 the complex was demolished because of the dyke reinforcement.

The combination of coastal batteries at Den Helder as a whole has no landfront. It is practically open to an enemy on the south side when these troops come ashore south of Kleine Keet.

A land front requires more troops to defend itself than will be available in the event of war, and experts believe that disembarkation of troops on the open coast is unlikely. That is why little attention is paid to land defense.


● 1799 At the beginning of 1799, the coastal batteries Brotherhood and Freedom and Equality were disbanded.

When in that year an English fleet crossed our shores it was decided to add a mortar battery to the battery of the Union and to build some earthworks for the benefit of a land front, including the Vijfsprong at the current water tower, which could not be completed in time.

On 27 August 1799 the first English troops on the open coast south of Kleine

Keet landed. In view of the indefensibility of Den Helder on the landside, they decided to evacuate and flee to the south through the swamp area. Our fleet retreats to the Zuiderzee and capitulates.





After 1799, the lack of a landfront still attracts attention. In 1803, a rampart was erected around the Oude Helder, and several other smaller works were constructed on the embankment of the Nieuwe Werk.

● 1810 After the annexation to France in 1810, Den Helder and Texel received a lot of attention from Napoleon. The Emperor wanted to make Den Helder a war harbour of the 1st rank. Extensive plans were drawn up. Also J. Blanken Jzn., Inspector General of Waterways, is involved in the construction of a naval establishment and a canal in southern direction.

● 1811 In 1811/13 mainly, wholly, or partly, they are being constructed:

- Fort Erfprins
- Fort Kijkduin
- Fort Dufalga (now demolished)
- Fort Dirksz Admiral, the southernmost sector of a rampart of the Naval establishment, and a connecting moat between the forts Erfprin, Dirksz Admiral and East Bank

On Texel, the Oude Schans is being improved and a redoubt and a lunette are being constructed.

● 1817 In 1817, the Koegras polder, to the south of Den Helder, was diked, at the same time as the shipping canal to Amsterdam, which had already been considered under Napoleon, was constructed.

● 1819 In 1819, the project was expanded and the Great North Holland Canal was constructed.

● 1824 In 1824, the Nieuwe Werk was converted into the Oostoever fort, the Westoever fort was constructed after the opening of the Noord-Hollands Kanaal and a quay was built along the connecting canal.

The improvements that were subsequently made to the fortifications of Den Helder until 1914 concern, for example, facilities for the commissioning of new coastal artillery.

● 1870 This was particularly necessary when, in 1870, towed rear loaders of 24 cm were erected to replace the old 36-pound front loaders.



1875

After the adoption of the New Fortification Act in 1875, the coastal armoured fort on the Harssens was built in 1880. The works on Texel then lost their military significance.

During the Interbellum, the period between the two World Wars, various anti-aircraft and coastal batteries were built in Den Helder and on Texel as part of the Defence Line Den Helder.

This has to do with a new way of defense thanks to the phenomenon of "indirect fire" and that leads to the spread of defensive positions with central control.

## WAR

Among other things, the batteries Cemetery and Helsdiep are being used as anti-aircraft batteries and the batteries Zandijk, Duinrand-Noord and Den Hoorn on Texel are being constructed as coastal batteries.

Just before the outbreak of the Second World War, the Defence Line Den Helder covered the entire Wadden area, including the islands and the Afsluitdijk and thus the Kornwerderzand defensive structure.

1942

During the Second World War, Den Helder was declared a *Verteidigungsbereich* by the occupying forces and in 1942 anti-aircraft batteries were built at Fort Dirksz Admiraal and Fort Erfrpins and the Mok on Texel. Several coastal batteries were built along the coast, almost all of which disappeared because of the dyke reinforcement. Only at beach battle the Hourglass still stands a double gun emplacement type M219, suitable for placing the secondary artillery of the battleship the *Gneisenau*.

Across Julianadorp a southern defence line was constructed complete with tank traps.

In the *Grafelijkheidsduinen* there is still a so-called *FLAKGRUKO*, the central air defence complex of the *Verteidigungsbereich* Den Helder in the war years.

1958

In 1958 the Defence Line Den Helder was disbanded as a military fortification.

Only during the Cold War period another bombproof object was built: the Navigation Station North in the *Koegraspolder* in 1950. Part of a central air defence system in the Netherlands. After it was handed over to the Royal Netherlands Navy, the object was used for many years as naval headquarters.

Mede tot stand gekomen met  
steun van het Waddenfonds  
en Provincie Noord-Holland

Museumhaven  
Willemsoord




Willemsoord, which used to be the shipbuilding and maintenance yard for the Royal Netherlands Navy, is now a beautiful monumental part of Den Helder that is gradually developing into an open city district. The restoration of Willemsoord took many years, resulting in a magnificent cultural heritage. Willemsoord is home to a diversity of entrepreneurs and nautical and cultural institutions. Various events take place at Willemsoord throughout the year. On Willemsoord you will find museums, visitor centre, art lending, children's play paradise, cinema, casino, food & drink, nautical shops and events.

The municipality of Den Helder has been managing the Willemsoord complex since 1995 and became the legal owner in 2000. In the intervening years, the restoration of the monumental buildings and hydraulic engineering works began, and plans were made for a new cultural and recreational interpretation. To this end, the government, the European Commission, the national government, the province and the municipality of Den Helder together provided a subsidy of 80 million euros.

In 1811 Napoléon Bonaparte visited Den Helder. The contempt and condescension with which, unfortunately, people still talk about Den Helder today, apparently did not occur in Napoléon's contemplations when he, putting his hand in his lapels, overlooked land and sea. He was impressed by the quality of the port and reason. The king who had crowned himself emperor, who was feared in every corner of Europe, spoke positively about Den Helder. But Napoleon was especially impressed by that strategic headland. On the northernmost tip, as if on a cape, lies Helder. He commissioned the hydraulic engineer Jan







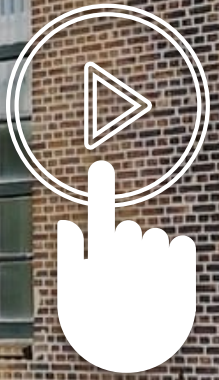
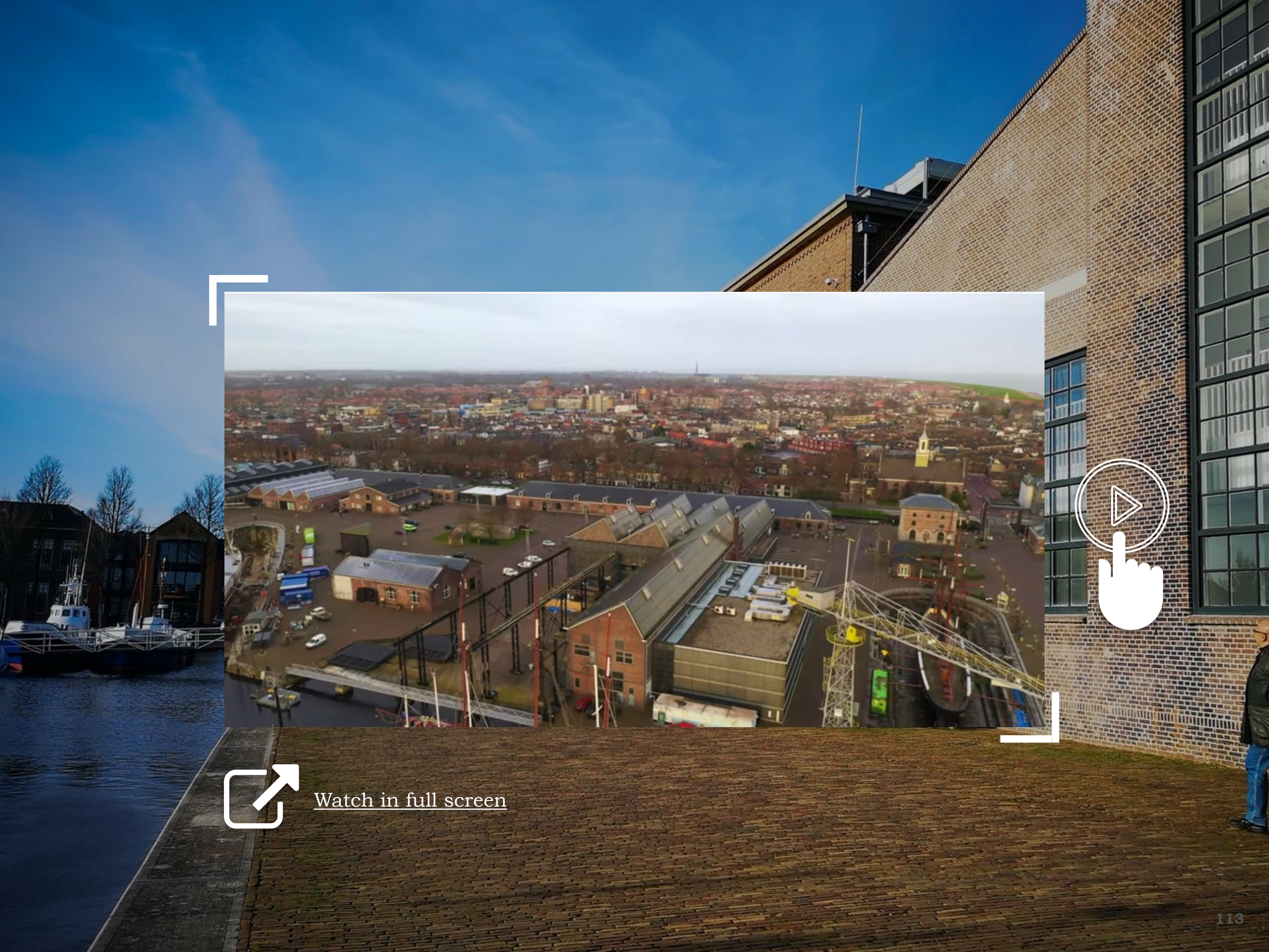
Blanken Jansz to build the most extensive naval base and shipyard in our country here. At the same time, a belt of fortifications is to be constructed: the Defence Line Den Helder. The shipyard is part of this. Helder would then no longer have to fear being trampled underfoot by an enemy coming over land, as the English and the Russians did when they landed at Callantsoog and plundered Helder on a large scale. It must become an impregnable fortress here: the Gibraltar of the North.

In 1812, the French emperor in Paris approved the design for the Defence Line Den Helder. Politics is a turbulent time. Napoléon's reign fell, and in 1813 we were liberated from the French occupation. King William I, the first Prince of Orange after the French era, orders Napoleon's plan to be carried out, hence the name Willemsoord. Also, the defence line with the forts is built. The land for the future shipyard consists of creeks, sandbanks and weeds. On the harbourside, there is a row of heads and a private slipway. Part of the site has already been raised with clay. The Sluisdijk runs in a southwestern/northeastern direction across the future shipyard. The dike body provides a solid base for the heavy steam engine building with nine pumps, the first and most significant building on the site to be completed. Furthermore, a wet dock with dock channel and sea lock, a dry dock, a drainage channel to which the pumps can discharge and a large warehouse will then be ready for use.

The architecture and the spatial layout are extraordinary, especially the structure around a central dock and the radial structure with warehouses, workshops and houses for management and workmen. They are an excellent example of the monumental and rational architecture of fortifications from the time of the French enlightenment. It is also unique because it is nowhere else. In 1822, the dry dock was completed, and Jan Blanken handed the establishment over to the Inspector of Maritime Buildings L. Valk, who was responsible for the further layout of the complex. He opted for a symmetrical structure, with the most important axis facing the sea.

Although Napoléon himself was never allowed to see the result, his name will forever be linked to the Oude Rijkswerf Willemsoord and the history of Den Helder.





[Watch in full screen](#)











# Gedenkplaats 'Rijkswerf Willemsoord 1940-1945'

Voor de tachtig burgerslachtoffers die hier werkten tijdens de Tweede Wereldoorlog. Velen kwamen om door bombardementen. Enkel werden in Duitsland tewerkgesteld en overleden daar. Anderen, actief in het Verzet, werden door de bezetter opgepakt en later gefusilleerd.

Het monument 'Rijkswerf 1940-1945' stond sinds 1948 op Plein 1822. Toen de werf verhuisde naar de Nieuwe Haven, ging het monument mee. Bijna zeventig jaar later was het monument in staat van verval en moest het worden vervangen.

Bij dit nieuwe ontwerp staat de mens achter de naam centraal. Het zijn mini-monumentjes, één voor ieder slachtoffer, met beknopte informatie over zijn beroep en leeftijd. Maar ook wanneer, waardoor en waar hij is overleden.

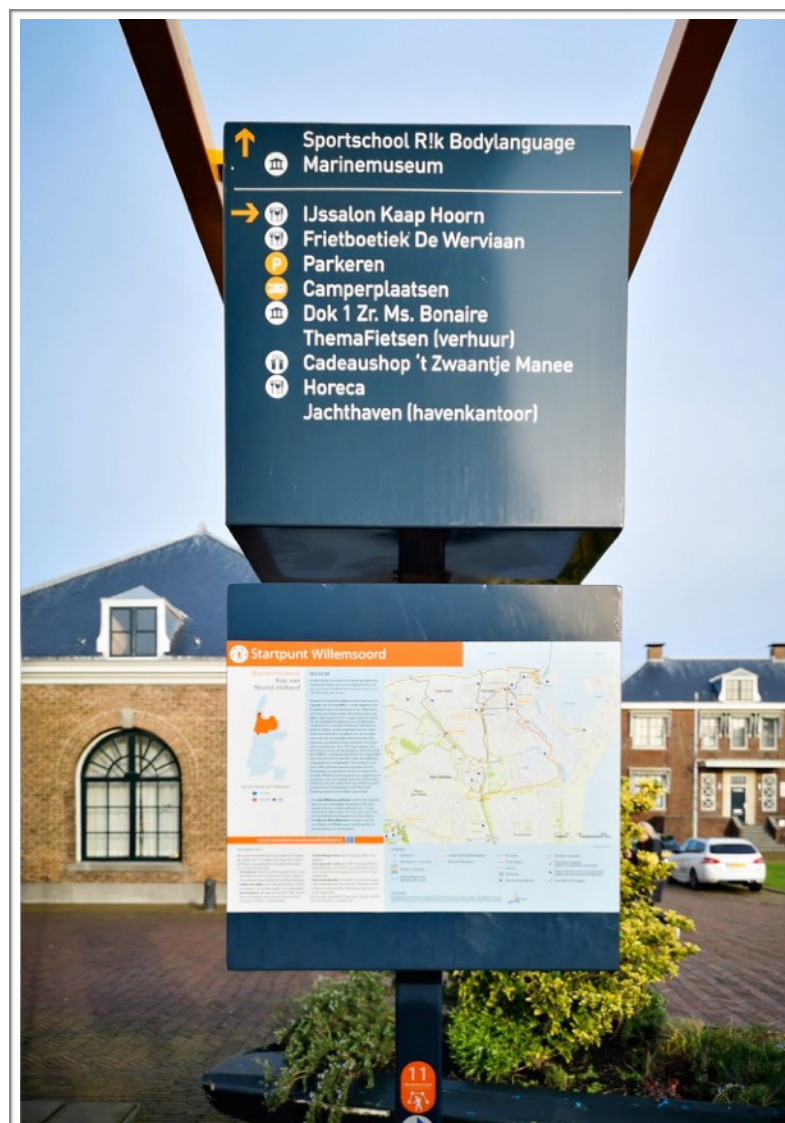
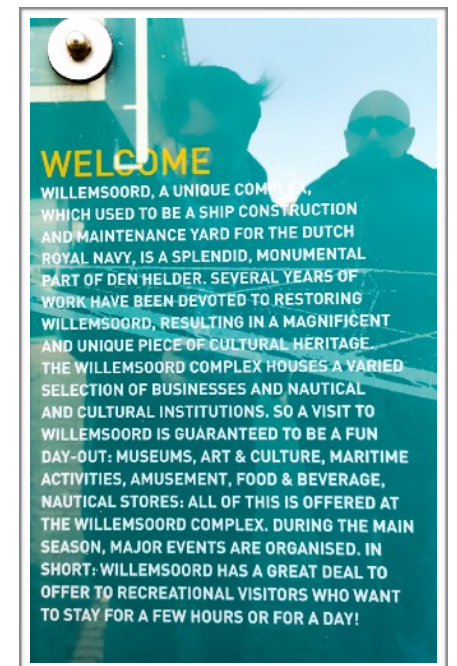
In 2015 werd dit monument hier op Willemsoord onthuld.

## A summary in English

This Monument is in memory of the eighty civilian victims who were employed at Willemsoord, shipyard of the Royal Dutch Navy, during World War II. Many were killed by one of numerous bombardments. Others were forced to work in Germany and died there. Some of them, active in the Resistance, were arrested

and killed afterwards by German fire squads. After 70 years, all persons received their own small commemorative plaque with brief information about their occupation, age and what happened to them.

The Monument was unveiled at Willemsoord in 2015.



## Startpunt Willemsoord

### Wandelnetwerk Kop van Noord-Holland

**WELKOM**

Je staat op het startpunt van enkele gemarkeerde rondwandelingen van het wandelnetwerk in de Kop van Noord-Holland. Dit netwerk omvat ruim 770 kilometer aan routes.

Hoewel de marinewerf 'Willemsoord' heet, was het eigenlijk niet koning Willem I, maar Napoleon die de opdracht gaf voor de bouw ervan. 'Napoleons-oord' zou dus beter passen. De Franse kelzer was tijdens zijn bezoek in 1811 nogal onder de indruk van de strategische ligging langs het Marsdiep. Hij besloot om van Den Helder een 'Gibraltar du Nord' te maken. Goed verdedigd met een reeks forten en batterijen: niet alleen aan de zeezijde maar ook aan de landzijde. Waterbouwkundig ingenieur Jan Blanken kreeg opdracht om het geheel te ontwerpen. Al in 1812 werd gestart met het werk en na de val van Napoleon werd het werk door Willem I voortgezet. Resultaat: een uitgestrekte werf met een enorm 'nat' dok, twee droogdocks, magazijnen en werkplaatsen. De marine is in de jaren 1990 verhuisd naar de oostzijde van het Nieuwediep. De gemeente heeft vervolgens het vervallen Willemsoord overgenomen, opgeknapt en aangepast voor het huidige gebruik. Op het uitgestrekte terrein zijn onder meer het Marinemuseum, schouwburg De Kampanje en het Nationaal Reddingmuseum Dorus Rijkers gevestigd.

- De **rode Willemsoordroute** verkent de zuidwestkant van de voormalige marinewerf, de Koopvaardershaven en twee stellingforten: Dirszk, Admiraal en Westoever. De route gaat ook langs het Noordhollands Kanaal en het treinstation.
- De **blauwe Marsdieproute** brengt je aan de noordkant van Willemsoord, bij de zeedijk, de binnenstad en het treinstation.

**HOE WERKT HET?**

Het netwerk koppelt korte en langere 'ommetjes' aan elkaar. De 115 routes in de Kop zijn in twee richtingen bewegwijzerd met gekleurde pijlen en keuzepuntnummers.

- Startpunten** bieden parkeerplekken, soms openbaar vervoer en horeca. Je kunt er kiezen uit minimaal twee gekleurde rondwandelingen.
- Gekleurde pijlen** voor de looprichting vind je op lantaarn- en verkeerspalen of routeplaatjes.
- Keuzepunten** zijn genummerd (01-99). Je kunt hier overstappen van het ene op het andere ommetje en zelf je route bepalen.
- Verbindingsroutes** zijn met grijze pijlen aangeduid.
- Doorgaande routes** als LAW's (Lange-Afstand-Wandelpaden) en het Noord-Hollandpad zijn in de bewegwijzering opgenomen met hun eigen markering.
- Boerenlandpaden** en andere onverharde paden zijn onderdeel van het netwerk. Stevige wandelschoenen aanbevolen! Houd rekening met vee in de weilanden.

Honden zijn aangeklemd toegestaan, tenzij vermeld staat dat honden verboden zijn.

[www.wandelnetwerknordholland.nl](http://www.wandelnetwerknordholland.nl)

**LEGENDA**

- Startpunt
- Keuzepunt + nummer
- Route in netwerk
- Verbindingsroute, doorgaande route
- Lange-Afstand-Wandelpad
- Noord-Hollandpad
- Bushalte
- Treinstation
- Horeca
- Rustpunt
- Bezienswaardigheid
- Honden verboden
- Verboden toegang tijdens broedsels (zie data)
- Hoge wandelschoenen geadviseerd (geldt ook voor boerenlandpaden)
- Geschikt voor buggy's

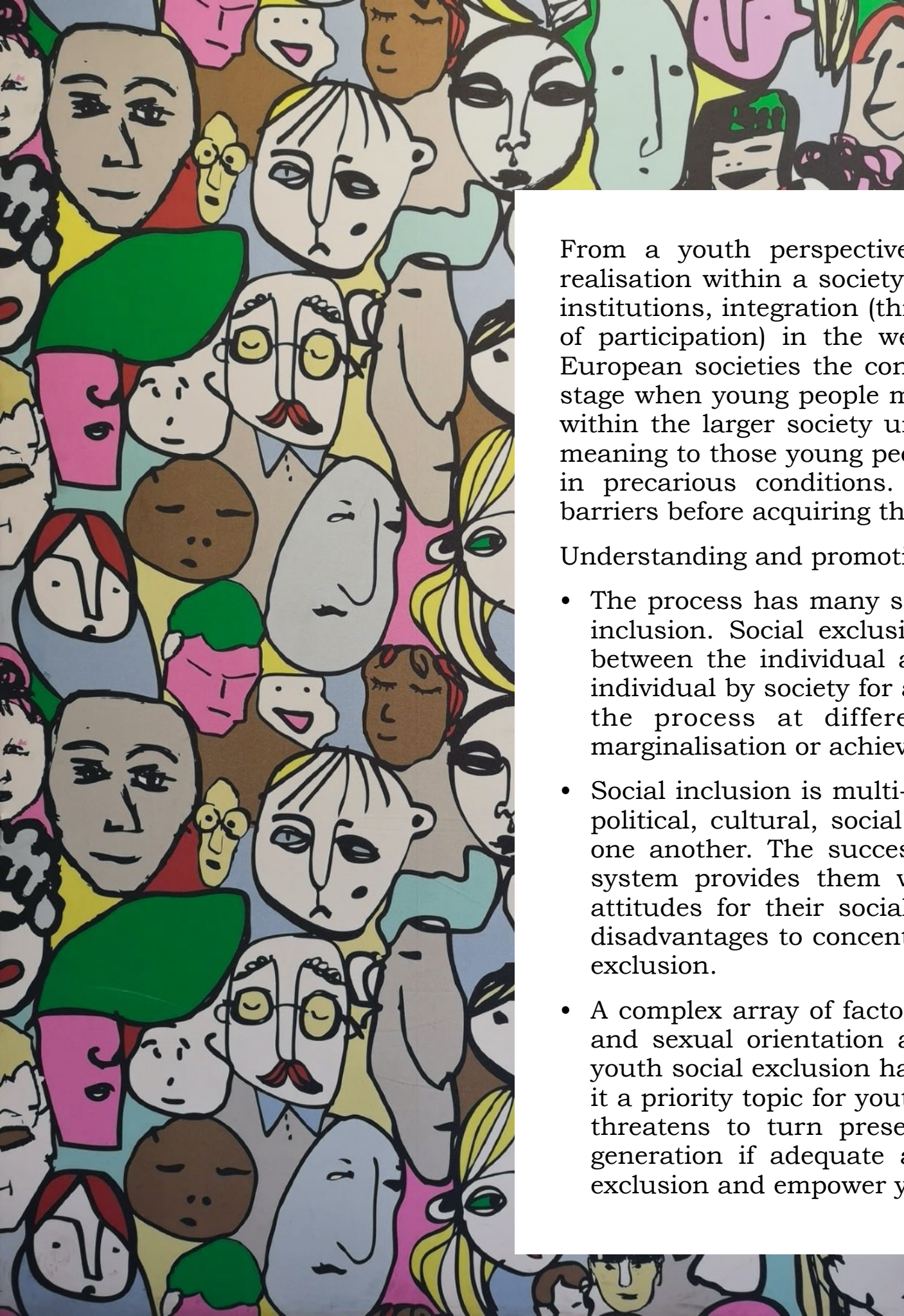
**COLOFON**

Dit wandelnetwerk is een initiatief van de gemeenten Den Helder, IJsselmeerpolder en Schiermonnikoog. De wandelroutes zijn ontwikkeld door de Provincie Noord-Holland. Het netwerk wordt beheerd door het Bureau voor Recreatie Noord-Holland. Het netwerk wordt ondersteund door de Provincie Noord-Holland, de gemeenten Den Helder, IJsselmeerpolder en Schiermonnikoog, de gemeenten Den Helder, IJsselmeerpolder en Schiermonnikoog, de gemeenten Den Helder, IJsselmeerpolder en Schiermonnikoog.



# 3 Company Zeestad Staal





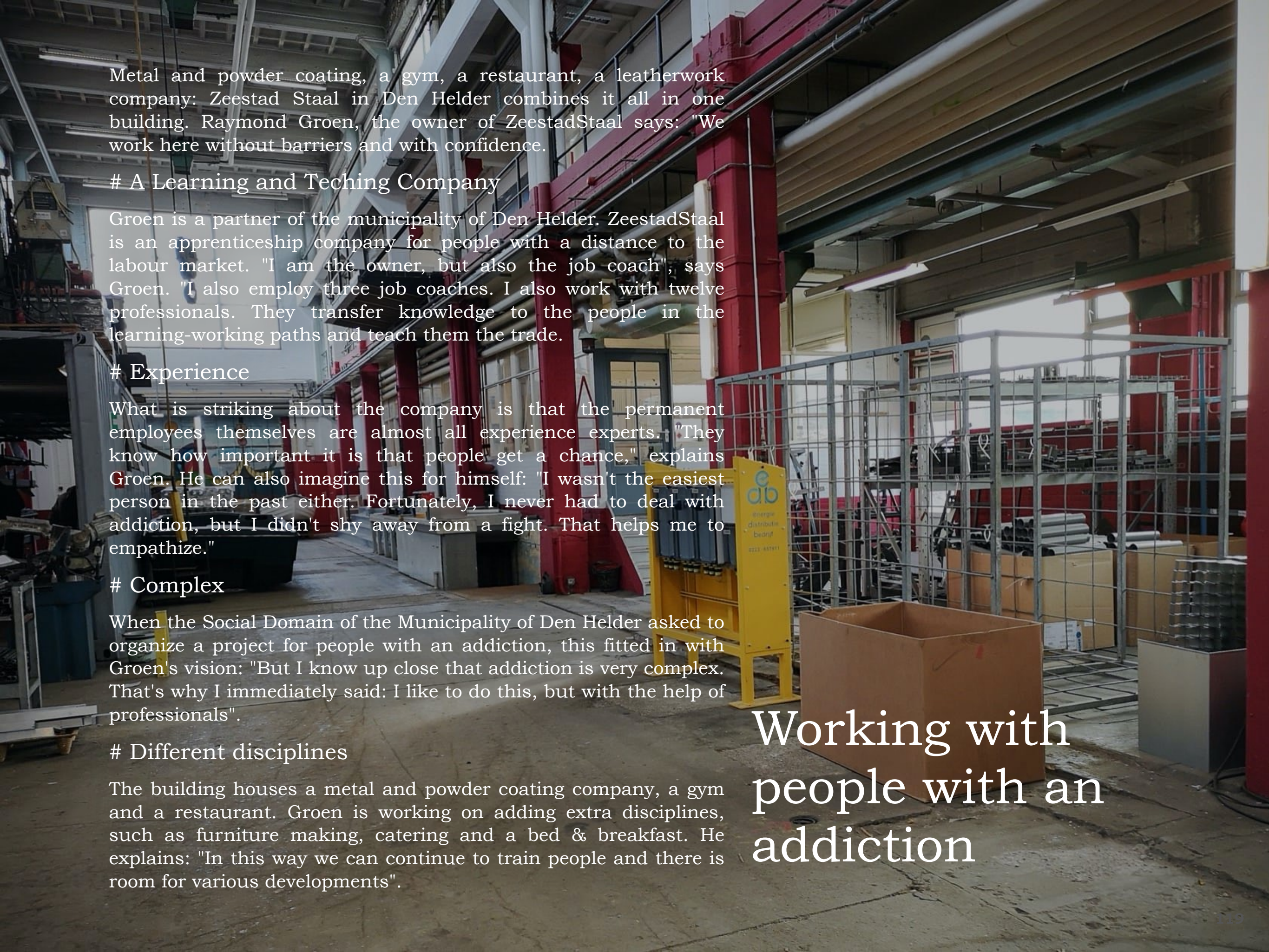
# Working on social inclusion

From a youth perspective social inclusion is the process of individual's self-realisation within a society, acceptance and recognition of one's potential by social institutions, integration (through study, employment, volunteer work or other forms of participation) in the web of social relations in a community. In present-day European societies the concept is relevant to all young people as youth is the life stage when young people make the transition from family dependence to autonomy within the larger society under rapidly evolving circumstances. It has a particular meaning to those young people who come from disadvantaged backgrounds and live in precarious conditions. For them social inclusion involves breaking various barriers before acquiring their social rights as full members of society.

Understanding and promoting social inclusion faces various challenges:

- The process has many stages forming a continuum from total isolation to active inclusion. Social exclusion is a state of isolation, rupture in the social bonds between the individual and society. The other pole is the empowerment of the individual by society for active participation in social life. Young people may enter the process at different points and move toward both poles – either marginalisation or achievement of autonomy and well-being.
- Social inclusion is multi-dimensional and affects various life domains: economic, political, cultural, social. The integrating processes do not act independently of one another. The successful passage of young people through the educational system provides them with crucial resources such as knowledge, skills, and attitudes for their social inclusion in other life domains. Poverty allows social disadvantages to concentrate in the affected group who might slip towards social exclusion.
- A complex array of factors such as gender, health, ethnicity, religious affiliation, and sexual orientation acts to enable or constrain social integration. Similarly youth social exclusion has both current and long-term consequences which make it a priority topic for youth policy in Europe. The socio-economic crisis from 2008 threatens to turn present day youth in some European societies into a lost generation if adequate actions are not taken to address the causes of social exclusion and empower youth agency for full citizenship.





Metal and powder coating, a gym, a restaurant, a leatherwork company: Zeestad Staal in Den Helder combines it all in one building. Raymond Groen, the owner of ZeestadStaal says: "We work here without barriers and with confidence."

### # A Learning and Teching Company

Groen is a partner of the municipality of Den Helder. ZeestadStaal is an apprenticeship company for people with a distance to the labour market. "I am the owner, but also the job coach", says Groen. "I also employ three job coaches. I also work with twelve professionals. They transfer knowledge to the people in the learning-working paths and teach them the trade."

### # Experience

What is striking about the company is that the permanent employees themselves are almost all experience experts. "They know how important it is that people get a chance," explains Groen. He can also imagine this for himself: "I wasn't the easiest person in the past either. Fortunately, I never had to deal with addiction, but I didn't shy away from a fight. That helps me to empathize."

### # Complex

When the Social Domain of the Municipality of Den Helder asked to organize a project for people with an addiction, this fitted in with Groen's vision: "But I know up close that addiction is very complex. That's why I immediately said: I like to do this, but with the help of professionals".

### # Different disciplines

The building houses a metal and powder coating company, a gym and a restaurant. Groen is working on adding extra disciplines, such as furniture making, catering and a bed & breakfast. He explains: "In this way we can continue to train people and there is room for various developments".

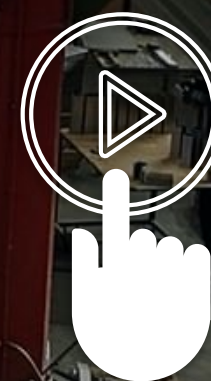
Working with  
people with an  
addiction



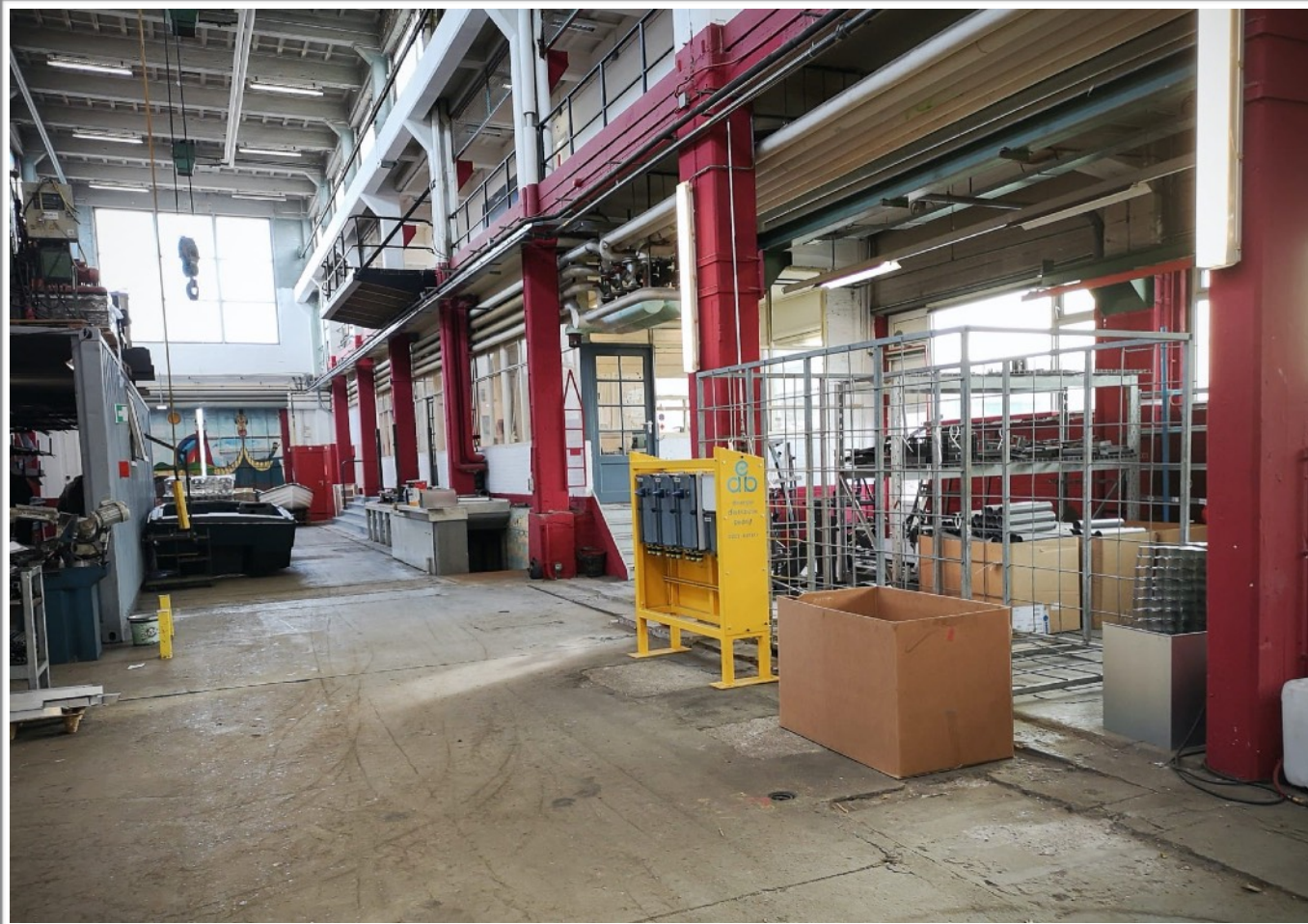
# Company Zeestad Staal



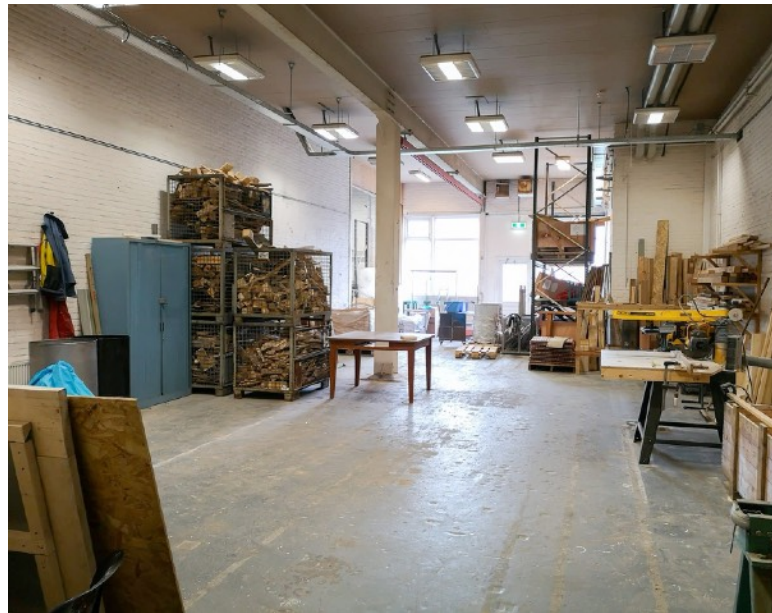
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# 4 Lightvessel Texel



# History of the Texel Lightvessel

## Sailing route marking

In the North Sea there are many sandbanks and shallows. These pose a great danger to shipping. Because the North Sea is one of the busiest seas in the world, shipping lanes and shallows must be adequately marked in accordance with international agreements. At present, Rijkswaterstaat is responsible for waterway marking in the Dutch sector of the North Sea. Until late in the last century, however, this marking was done by light ships, among others, which can best be defined as floating lighthouses in positions far ahead in the sea. Due to the ever advancing technical developments in the nautical field, the expensive lighthouses in operation were at a certain point superfluous as a means of navigation and were replaced by other, contemporary means. This also happened to the lightvessel Texel. After having spent the last fifteen years of its active life as an automated lightvessel unmanned, the ship was brought in in 1992 and replaced by a large light buoy.

Since 1996, the museum lightship Texel no. 10 has been an absolute eye-catcher in Museumhaven Willemsoord on the Oude Rijkswerf Willemsoord in Den Helder. What is special is that the beautifully restored ship is moored a stone's throw away from the slipway where it was moored in 1951. After this, the lightship would be a reliable beacon in the sea off the Dutch coast for forty years. It now forms the centrepiece of an exceptional collection of museum ships. A vessel with an interesting lifespan that has been restored with great care and love by volunteers of the Stichting Historie der Kustverlichting (Foundation for the History of Coastal Lighting) and is therefore preserved as a unique maritime heritage for the future.



# Become the Master and Commander of the Lichtship Texel. Build your story in the story



[Watch in full screen](#)

If Napoleon visit the Willemsoort Port will be attracted immediately by the Light Vessel ship.

There is no doubt he will be glad to meet the crew and listen their stories experienced during the many years the vessel operates. For sure Napoleon with a wider concept of history will be interested in WW1 and WW2 and the different strategies. He will be delighted to “Become the Master and Commander of the Lichtship Texel and Build his story in the story.

*“What as tourists we are looking for every time we visit a city, a museum or any heritage object? The answer is clear, **authenticity** and **local stories**. The Lichtship Texel has this and more. Four of the original crew still work and welcome you at any time. Do you want to have a coffee with the crew and listen to the stories they have to share? Do you want to make a private tour to learn the hidden secrets of the boat? It is both a family and an individual experience.”*

“They have stories to share. The stories are memories we need preserve. They are the CREW of the ship.

The lightvessel Texel is the oldest lightvessel still in the Netherlands. She was built at the former Rijkswerf Willemsoord shipyard and came into service on 29 September 1952 at the position Texel, about 18 nautical miles off the coast near Den Helder. In 1992 the ship was brought in for good. Since 1995, the lightship Texel has had her final berth in Den Helder, where she adds a new dimension to her existence, namely as a museum lightship.

The lightship Texel is moored at the jetty opposite building 66. Allow yourself to be taken on a guided tour and discover the secrets of a lightship. Taste the atmosphere of days gone by when 11 men stayed aboard the lightship for four weeks and imagine what it was like when the storm was blowing, the waves were pounding and the ship was pulling and swinging the anchor and was used by the sea as a plaything”





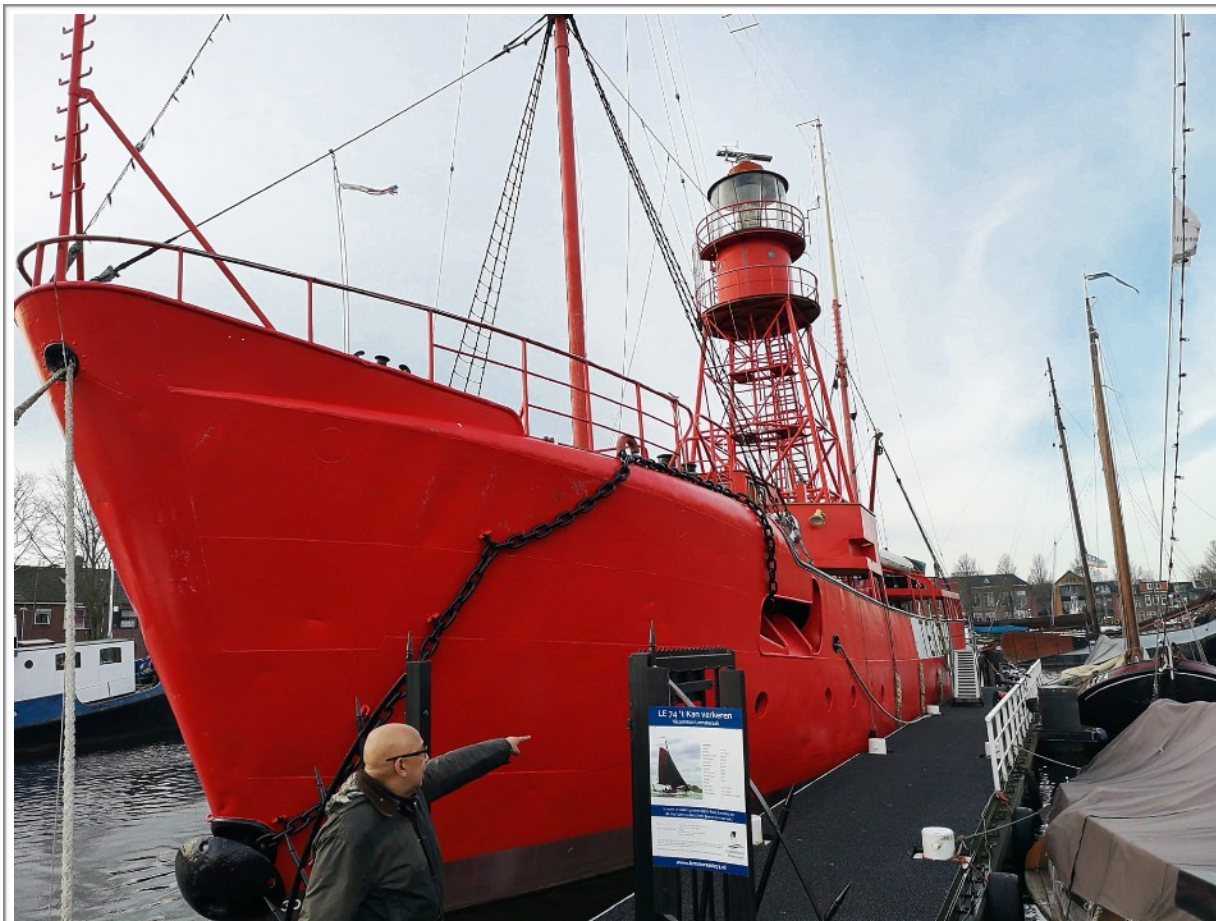
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[Watch in full screen](#)









# 'Stormweer is leuk, maar alleen als je thuis achter Kaap Kont ligt' Lichtschipkapitein Buis kan de zee nog steeds niet missen

Van onze verslaggever  
MARTIN VOSSE

**DE NEDER.** "Stormweer is leuk, zolang je maar thuis achter Kaap Kont ligt." Jacobus (Ome Co) Buis zegt het met een brede grijns. De nu 83-jarige Nieuwedieper kan het weten, want hij maakte als bemanningslid en later gezagvoerder van verschillende lichtschepen heel wat stormen mee. Omdat de lichtschepen, die jarenlang funderden als bakken op een niet uitgerust waren met een motor had de bemanning op dat moment weinig te vertellen. "Je kon alleen maar hopen dat het anker het zou houden. Een paar keer was dat niet het geval."

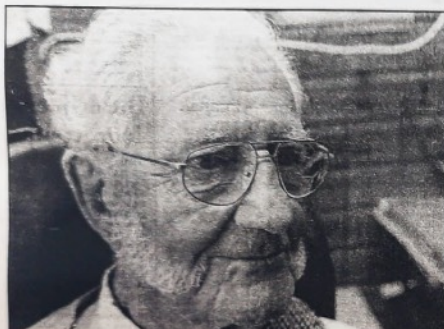
De Nieuwedieper was een van de laatste gezagvoerders van een lichtschip. In 1973 ging hij met pensioen, een paar jaar later werden de Nederlandse lichtschepen geautomatiseerd. Inmiddels zijn ze helemaal van de zee verdwenen.

Het huis aan de Kanaalweg waar Buis samen met echtgenote Johanna woont verraadt openlijk dat hij zijn hart aan de zee heeft verpaid. Fraaije schilderijen van, hoe kan het anders, een lichtschip en een grote klipper sieren de muren. Buis zit in zijn branderijderen praastol. Zilvergrijze haren en lange gruze bakkebaarden omringen zijn markante kop. Achter zijn bril twinkelen twee doordringende prietogen. Hij kijkt een beetje op Kapitein Igo.

Buis is er een van de oude garde. Al vroeg begon het zilt water aan hem te trekken en dat is nog steeds zo. "Ik steek nog elke dag mijn neus even over de dijk, moet even de zee zien." Als 17-jarige probeert Buis even aan de heringvisserij, maar dat is in die tijd geen vetpot. "Je kwam met veertien gulden per week thuis."

## Verschrikkingen

Daarom neemt hij dienst in het leger. Buis komt als KNIL-militair in het toenmalige Nederlands-Indië terecht, waar hij van 1933 tot 1940 dienst doet. Hij maakt er de verschrikkingen van de Japanse bezetting mee, maar besluit de periode uiteen-



Ome Co Buis bracht een groot deel van zijn werkzame leven door op een lichtschip. "In de zomer was het een prachtig baantje, 's winters was het vaak iets minder."



Ook de kerstdagen moest het lichtschip bemant zijn. Een feestmaaltijd en speciale kerstpakketten van het Leger des Heils verlichtten het leed van de bemanning. Kapitein Buis (voor met bril) deelt hier de Stijfkraker uit.

delijk toch positief. "In 1945 ging ik voor het eerst terug naar Nederland. Op de boot, de Nieuw Amsterdam, zag ik een leuk vrouwtje staan. Haar koffer moest ik maar eens dragen". De heldere ogen twinkelen weer bij de herinnering. Het klinkt en Ome Co en Jo-

hanna, die terugreisde naar Nederland omdat haar eerste man die bij de marine diende gestorven was, blijven bij elkaar. Niet voor lang in eerste instantie, want Buis moet nog weer terug naar Indië. Daar trouwt hij "met de handchoen" met zijn lief Johanna reist hen vervolgens met drie kinderen

troos aan de slag kan op een lichtschip. In 1953 werkt hij zich op tot stuurman, vanaf 1961 mag hij zich kapitein noemen.

## Terschelling

In die tijd liggen er voor de Nederlandse kust nog vier lichtschepen, die continu bemant zijn. Buis komt terecht op de Terschellingbank, die dus inderdaad bij Terschelling ligt. Het wordt zijn schip, al dient hij ook korte perioden op andere lichtschepen. De bemanning van een lichtschip bestaat uit elf man. Iedereen heeft zijn vaste taak. Hoewel een lichtschip geen motor heeft hebben de technici het toch druk met het onderhouden van de grote generatoren die aan boord zorgen voor de elektriciteit.

Het werk op het lichtschip kent in die tijd vele aspecten. In de eerste plaats moet nauwkeurig de positie in de gaten worden gehouden om te voorkomen dat verkeerde signalen aan de scheepvaart worden doorgegeven. Daarnaast moet de bemanning de gegevens van elke boot die het lichtschip passeert noteren. "Wat dat betreft waren we een beetje een verlengstuk van de kustwacht. Dat betekende ook dat er altijd een man aan dek moest zijn, vooral in de winter was dat natuurlijk niet echt prettig."

Ook zinnen de mensen op het lichtschip regelmatig een weerbericht door aan het KNMI, dat zich in die tijd nog niet kan baseren op computermodellen, en is er dagelijks het onderhoud aan het schip. Al is de wereld klein voor de bemanning, die dicht op elkaar zit. "Toch waren er nooit echt ruzies onderling. Soms moest je even op je strepen gaan staan, vooral bij de jonge jongens. Dan dreigde ik een schip te laten komen om hen van boord te halen. Dat werkte altijd, want in dat geval zouden ze onmiddellijk de zak krijgen", grijnst Buis.

## Maaltijd

Goed eten is onmisbaar om het moreel van de mannen hoog te houden. "De kruk was de belangrijkste man aan boord, zeker omdat we ook met



De Terschellingbank liep flinke schade op toen een Belgische kustvaarder het schip in 1954 met volle vaart ramde.

Foto: Albert Vermeulen

de feestdagen over moesten blijven. Dan betaalden we met een luxe maaltijd hadden. Maar we hebben ook eens een Texelaar als kok aan boord gehad die een beetje slecht zag. Dan vonden we soms de kokos tussen de bami. Later kon dat niet meer, toen werd er elektrisch gekookt."

## Tienhuizend ton

In 1941 ligt het helemaal verkeerd af te lopen al in de nacht op het lichtschip vele stormen mee. "We zijn wel eens van het anker geslagen en 7 kilometer afgedreven. Dan kon je alleen maar je reserve-anker uitgooien en hopen dat het goed kwam, een motor hadden we immers niet." Hoe veeleend de stormen ook zijn, mist be- schutten de mannen als de grootste bedreiging.

"Soms had je weken achter elkaar vrijwel geen zicht. Stonden we dag en nacht aan dek om te luisteren of we dichtbij moesten een lichtsignaal die kant op om het naderende schip te waarschuwen."

kon zinken. Daarna zijn we onmiddellijk in de motorloze gesprongen en achter dat senp aangegaan. Anders was de voerel in de mat natuurlijk gevegen geweest, nu hebben ze keuring de schale betaald."

Aan boord van de Belgische koopvaarder komt Buis tot zijn grote verbazing zijn eigen machinist tegen. "Die dacht dat we zouden zinken en was vanuit de machinistkamer tot bovenin de lichttoren geklimmen. Van daaruit kon hij zo overstappen op de boeg van dat Belgische schip. Kun je nagaan hoe groot dat was."

Eenmaal op wachtgeld kan Buis de zee nog niet helemaal missen. Tot zijn 80e verjaardag vaart hij jaarlijks minstens een keer of vijf zes mee als passagier op de vaktoer ID 42. Samen met zijn 30 haalt hij ook al le maanden in die hij hem jarenlang heeft moeten missen. Sinds achttien jaar overwintert hij in Spanje en ze trekken vijf maanden lang door Amerika.

Ook maken ze nog een 'sentimental journey' met een schip terug naar de Oost, waar zoveel herinneringen van het echtpaar liggen. Het wordt hun laatste reis. "We waren net terug toen Jo een lichte attaque kreeg. Nu kunnen we niet meer op reis." De verslechterende gezondheidstoestand van zijn vrouw maakt een spoedige verhuizing naar een bejaardenhuis waarschijnlijk onafwendbaar, al moet Buis daar eigenlijk niet aan denken. "Maar ik kan dat advies van de dokters natuurlijk ook niet naast me neerleggen. Ik doe nu alles in huis, met hulp van een werkster, en verzorg ook mijn vrouw. Maar zelf word ik natuurlijk ook ouder en krakkemikker."

Zolang hij het nog kan zal Buis vaak te zien zijn bij de zee of op de haven. Al heeft hij zo zijn eigen mening over het lichtschip Texel, dat in Den Helder een permanente plaats heeft gekregen. Buis vindt niet meer terug van het schip diende. "Het is niet een krentenbrood zonder krenten. Ze hebben beide maten er af gehaald, alleen de lichttoren staat er nog op."





# 5 The Kijkduin Fortress



The Kijkduin Fortress is the most famous fort from the Stelling Den Helder. The fort is originally a landfort. It had to defend Den Helder against enemies who wanted to invade Den Helder over the sand dike. The fort is located on the Kijkduin, at the time one of the highest dunes and a beacon for shipping. In order to build the fort, a hole was dug in the dune by 3600 Spanish prisoners of war, who Napoleon had taken with him when he visited Den Helder and Texel in 1811. North Holland craftsmen were also obliged to help build the fort.

The fort is sixty by forty metres and the bombproof barracks consist of eight imposing casemates. The design is French. Until 1875, the fort had a "defensible" lighthouse. Over the years, the fort was considerably expanded and adapted, including coastal batteries and a fire dome. In 1996, the fort was thoroughly restored. Since then, the fort can be visited and you will find a North Sea aquarium, a museum about the Defence Line of Den Helder with unique pieces of artillery and a zoological exhibition with the skeleton of Chris the Sperm Whale. In addition, you can get married, have a meeting or organize an event. You can spend the night in the fort watchman's house.

The Kijkduin Fortress: Holland's most exciting fortress!

The French emperor Napoleon ordered the Kijkduin Fortress to be built when he was visiting Huisduinen. On your visit to the Kijkduin Fortress you can find out why it was built and what happened on this historical site before and after Napoleon!

There are guided tours but you can also visit the permanent exhibition on the history of the Fortress.

Mysterious underground passageways

A visit to Fortress Kijkduin gives you information about the fortress in which over 700 soldiers were lodged. During the guided tour experienced guides will answer all your questions. You can even walk through the underground passageways if you wish to.

Following in Napoleon's footsteps

The Kijkduin Fortress gives you the opportunity follow in Napoleon's footsteps. On a personal visit to Huisduinen in 1811, the famous French emperor and 'super strategist' acknowledged the great strategic value of Kijkduin. He called Den Helder "the Gibraltar of the North" and ordered the Kijkduin Fortress to be built!







The fortress is in its original form built between 1811-1813 in command of Napoleon. Artisans from all over the province of North Holland and hundreds of Spanish prisoners of war worked on the fortress.

## # Fortification

When you enter Fortress Kijkduin, you will first pass a large fortification with the aim to defend the fortress, the guard house and the fortress guards house. Behind this defensive wall is the main courtyard with the house and guard house.

After passing the two houses, you walk via the bridge to the roof with the 65 meters long reduit. The reduit was the place where all the soldiers resided. Via the hall you can go down with the stairs or the elevator to the vaults of the fortress where the museum and North Sea aquarium are located.

## # Rduit

The reduit consists of eight vaults; the first two are being used by the aquarium and the other six by the museum. In the museum of the fortress you can learn all about the history of this fortress and the other fortresses of Den Helder. In the first vault you will be informed about the early days of Fortress Kijkduin; the landing of the English and the Russian soldiers in North Holland in 1799, the visit of Napoleon Bonaparte to Den Helder and the coastal lighting on the dune of Kijkduin (not to be confused with Kijkduin at Scheveningen). These are just a few examples of what you can expect at Fortress Kijkduin. The criminal division is in one of the vaults. You can also visit the gunpowder room, where more than 6000 kilograms of gunpowder was stored.

The North Sea aquarium is next to the "Napoleon Bonaparte" beach, where exhibitions, symposia and other events can be held. There is also the possibility to use the catering facilities for visitors of the aquarium and the museum. If there is a new temporary exhibition, of other current issues, it will be listed on the website under the heading "Events".



## # Distance measurement

In this vault, you come via a long flight of stairs to the telegraph cabins. These show well how the soldiers sent messages to the gun emplacement of Fortress Kijkduin. Eventually you visit the large cast iron dome, built in 1897, which forms the centre of the fortress. You have a beautiful view across the dunes, the North Sea, the Island Texel and the largest sandbank of Europe "de Razende Bol" from here.

## # Contre escarpment

Via the last vault of the fort you end up in the 60-metre-long shooting gallery. The soldiers were in a position to shoot the enemy, who ended up in the dry moat, from this shooting gallery. The entire reduit is enclosed by this dry moat. The soldiers' prison was also in the shooting gallery.

## # Gunpowder magazine

You can see the second gunpowder room of the fortress and the canon square with different kinds of canons dated 1850, from the dry moat. Nearly all of the canons still work, and one of these canons is often used in weddings that take place in the fortress.

## # Caponniere

After you have passed the canons square, you end up at the south side of the reduit, where the entrance is of a 70-metre-long underground corridor. If you walk through the corridor (you can also remain above the ground) you end up in the defensive system of the second dry moat, the caponniere. You can see the remainder of the second dry moat and a number of secretions (toilets) here.



### Atlantikwall

donzige veertjes dansen licht  
op prikkeldraad, de bittere woorden  
aan het ijzer met de scherpe punt  
zwaar van moedeloze verhalen

over zaken van gewonnen strijd  
grof geweld langs eindeloze kusten  
de historie leert, in ditzelfde gebouw  
met robuuste pilaren, niet te berusten

achter het grijze gedraaide draad  
angstig turende ogen in zwarte lucht  
vrijheid is ongrijpbaar, vliegt hoog  
als wiekende vogels in hun vlucht

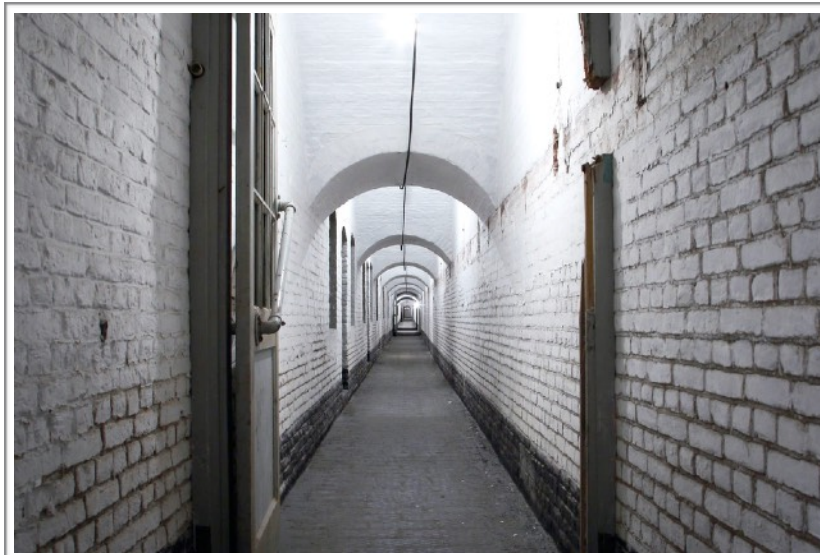
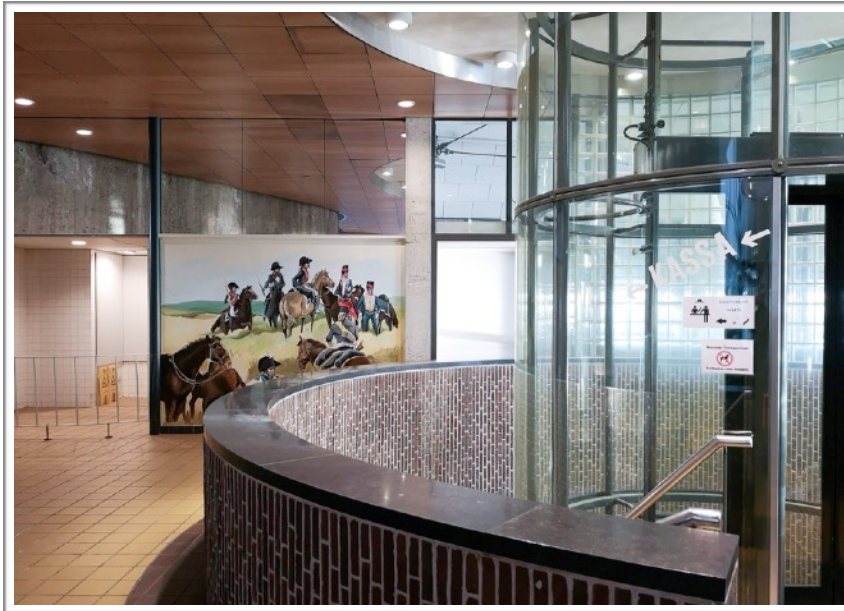
niets kan gedachtengoed vermoorden  
geen barricades of gestapelde muren  
uitzichtloze tijden zullen altijd keren  
oorlog ..kan alleen maar duren

Marja Lely  
stadsdichter Den Helder  
2019













Watch in full screen



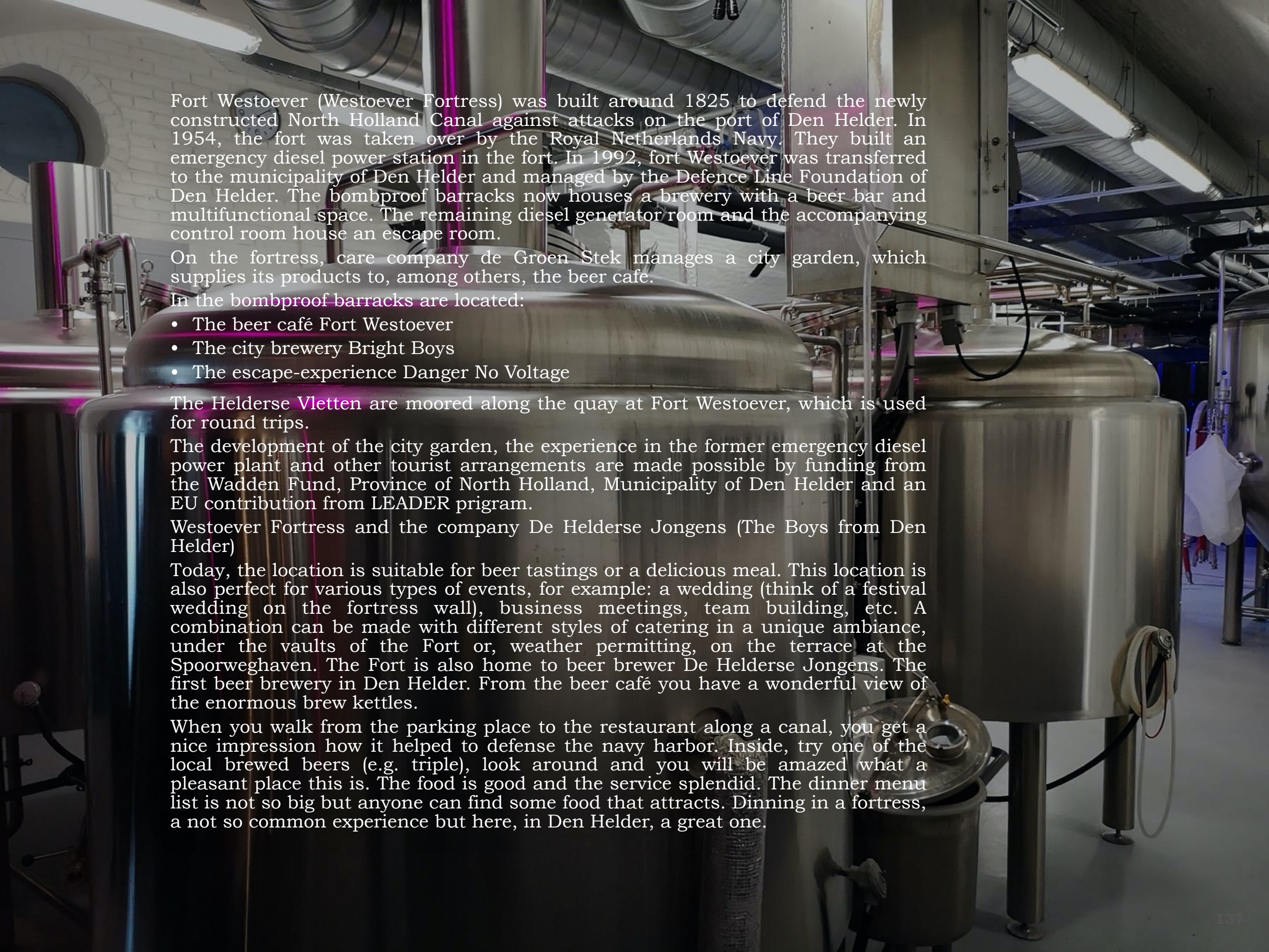
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# 6 Westoever Fortress





Fort Westoever (Westoever Fortress) was built around 1825 to defend the newly constructed North Holland Canal against attacks on the port of Den Helder. In 1954, the fort was taken over by the Royal Netherlands Navy. They built an emergency diesel power station in the fort. In 1992, fort Westoever was transferred to the municipality of Den Helder and managed by the Defence Line Foundation of Den Helder. The bombproof barracks now houses a brewery with a beer bar and multifunctional space. The remaining diesel generator room and the accompanying control room house an escape room.

On the fortress, care company de Groen Stek manages a city garden, which supplies its products to, among others, the beer cafe.

In the bombproof barracks are located:

- The beer café Fort Westoever
- The city brewery Bright Boys
- The escape-experience Danger No Voltage

The Helderse Vletten are moored along the quay at Fort Westoever, which is used for round trips.

The development of the city garden, the experience in the former emergency diesel power plant and other tourist arrangements are made possible by funding from the Wadden Fund, Province of North Holland, Municipality of Den Helder and an EU contribution from LEADER prigram.

Westoever Fortress and the company De Helderse Jongens (The Boys from Den Helder)

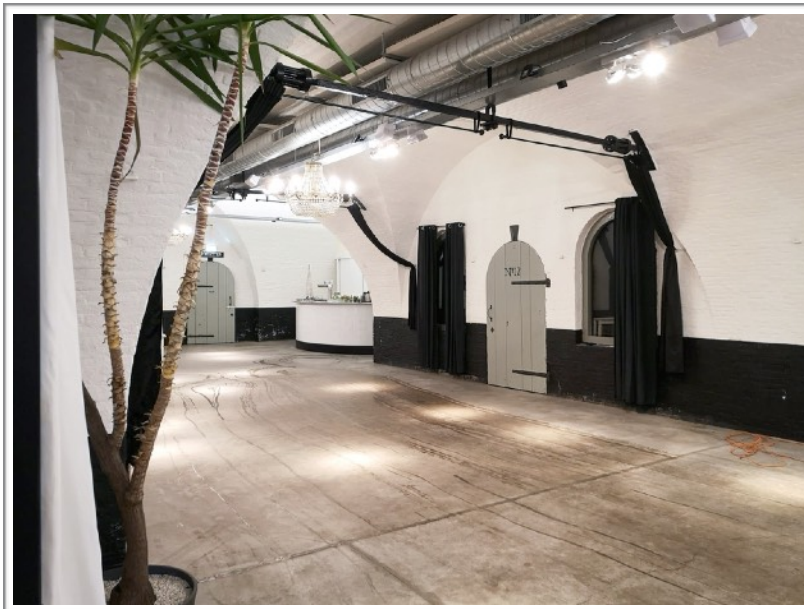
Today, the location is suitable for beer tastings or a delicious meal. This location is also perfect for various types of events, for example: a wedding (think of a festival wedding on the fortress wall), business meetings, team building, etc. A combination can be made with different styles of catering in a unique ambiance, under the vaults of the Fort or, weather permitting, on the terrace at the Spoorweghaven. The Fort is also home to beer brewer De Helderse Jongens. The first beer brewery in Den Helder. From the beer café you have a wonderful view of the enormous brew kettles.

When you walk from the parking place to the restaurant along a canal, you get a nice impression how it helped to defense the navy harbor. Inside, try one of the local brewed beers (e.g. triple), look around and you will be amazed what a pleasant place this is. The food is good and the service splendid. The dinner menu list is not so big but anyone can find some food that attracts. Dinning in a fortress, a not so common experience but here, in Den Helder, a great one.













Watch in full screen



- Regio VVV Kop van Noord-Holland
- Wies van Eyk
- Rob van Beckhoven Ronald den Boer Zeestad cv/bv
- Stichting Stellen Den Helder
- Fort Kijkduinen, drone flight: Nils Pronk
- Willemsoord drone flight: Stelling Den Helder
- Promo movie filmed by <https://fotografieaanzee.nl>
- Music by Mister And Mississippi - Nothern Sky

# references





# The Wonders of Chios Artifactory (Greece)

Touriboost Project 2018-10TR01-KA203-058344



## Introduction

1. The Golden Seal, 1042
2. The Shareholders, 1346
3. Guarded Secret, 1430
4. Monopoly, 1304-1566
5. Adventure, 1492



slide back & forward



external content



image gallery



video content



# contents



# The Wonders of Chios



*The content of the ibook was prepared  
by Dorothea Papathanasiou-Zuhrt*

Mastic and excellent seafaring are what Chios, the fifth biggest island of Greece, is known for. Both its location, the superb seafaring skills of the inhabitants since ancient times and the valuable mastic attracted many conquerors in the course of history. The mastic tree grows all over the Mediterranean. However, only the special variety in Chios (*Pistacia lentiscus* var. *chia*) is the one that is producing the natural resin called mastic and its heavenly byproducts. Due to the climatic conditions this variety grows only in the southern part of the island! The skills of the mastic growers and the traditional production led the Chian mastic to the Unesco intangible cultural heritage list. Our story takes us to the Middle Ages, where we witness the glory of Byzance, the wars of Venice and Genova, the Renaissance, the Black Death in Europe and the discovery of America by Christopher Colombo, all these connected to Chios! Live the wonders of Chios and get to know the protagonists: listen to the gossip in the Emperor's Palace and become an eyewitness of the secret plans of La Superba; visit the mastic growers in the fields; become a captain and bring Chian mastic, wine and alum to Henry VIII of England and the King of France; fight with the Varanguian Guard in Constantinople and against the Mongols in Caffa and save your life from the Black Death. Beware of the crooks: you accept only golden florins as a currency. **The wonders of Chios are waiting for you!**



# Chios (Greece)

Seaward Castle

Nea Moni

Chios Mastic Museum

Pyrgi

Mesta



# 1 The Golden Seal, 1042

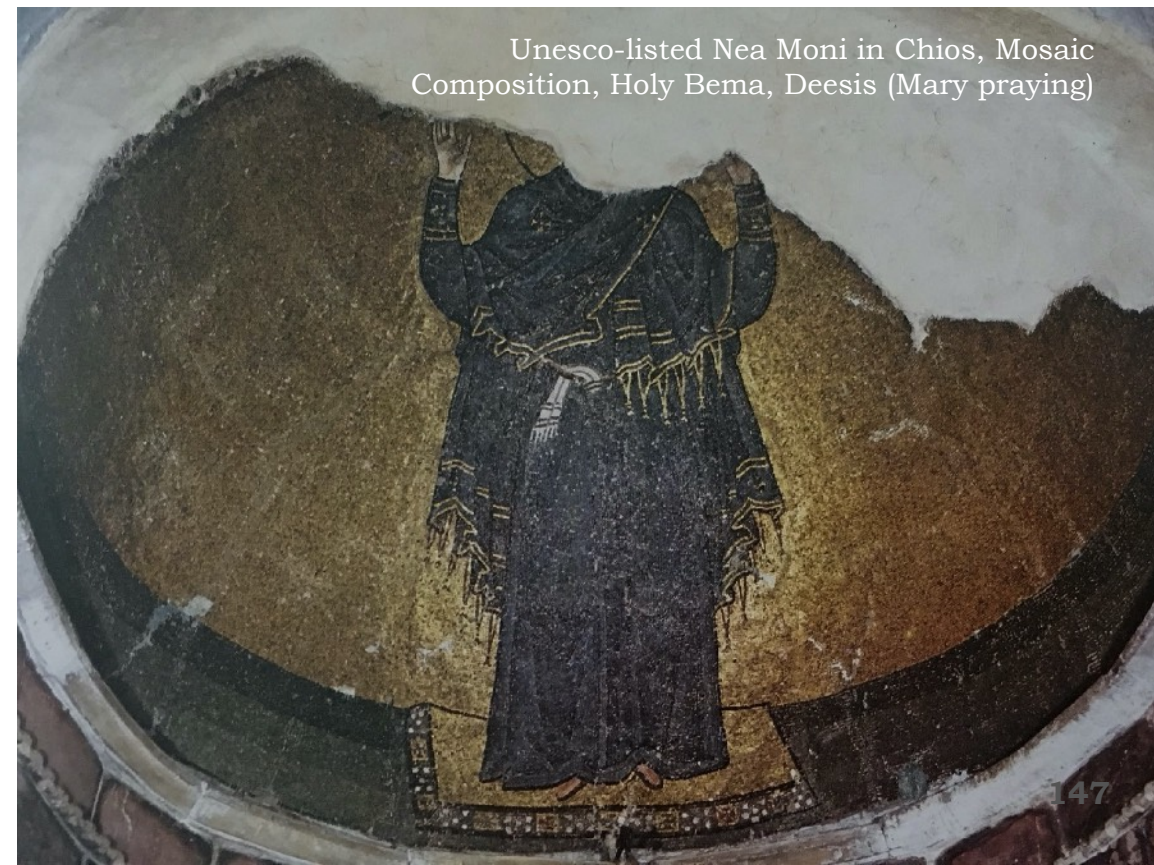


## Introduction

Located in the center of a large court, the monastery is the gem of the architectural ensemble. It belongs to the most distinctive examples of Byzantine architecture. It has been built by masters of the imperial school of art in Constantinople during the ages of mightiness and prosperity. It has always provided shelter to people from all over the known world. But especially during the Genoese dominion (1346-1566) the monastery received visitors and travelers, who were greatly attracted to this aesthetical miracle; to pilgrims and faithful, who came to worship Virgin Mary. Still today it attracts significant visitor flows from all over the world. They come to enjoy a masterpiece, representative of the 11th century Byzantine Art, an art which introduces to motion. Many alterations that the Monastery has suffered through the ages have concealed its original image, so that its tangible structure has not reached our days intact. However, Nea Moni is a heritage symbol and a landmark connected to national struggles for freedom, connected to the island's dramatic fate.



Watch in  
full screen



Unesco-listed Nea Moni in Chios, Mosaic  
Composition, Holy Bema, Deesis (Mary praying)



# The Golden Seal, Anno Domini 1042

II

IV

The  
Prophecy,  
1042 A.D

Zoe, the  
Purple  
Born,  
1043

The  
Imperial  
Guard,  
1044

Queen  
of the  
Seas,  
1045

The man  
from  
Caeserea,  
1043

I

III

V



## I. The Prophecy, 1042 A.D.

With this order you need immediately to dispatch a messenger to the island of Chios with the news to general Zyvov. He shall leave with the first available ship from the Queen City to bring the news to Chios. He shall not use a commercial ship, because I am in a hurry, but should embark a quick sailing dromon, which has 100 oars and 200 oarsmen in service. Also the messenger shall be very skilled in military matters and armed to the teeth. He will carry namely an official decree, which I have signed with my name in the imperial red ink and stamped with the imperial golden seal. The message is this: I have decided to found a Monastery in honor of Maria, the mother of our Saviour, in the island of Chios.

The messenger needs to meet also three holy men, who prophesied, to me, while I was in exile in the nearby island of Mytilene, that I would ascend the throne. These pious brothers have asked me to build a Monastery, should the prophecy be fulfilled. Now I am committed to fulfill my part of the promise to the monks, Nikitas, John and Joseph. As for expenses, do not worry because gold is flowing from the public treasury, like a stream slushing up from bounteous springs. Thus I will grant it income from public funds, the produce of estates and even the proceeds of direct taxation.

The Imperial Treasury shall exclude the Monastery from all taxes, I specifically underline this. The State Treasury shall pay for materials and highly skilled architects and masters of the mosaics and other knowledgeable artisans from the Imperial Workshops and have them sent to Chios to build the Monastery.

This it is my wish and order with God's grace.

*Constantine IX, Emperor of the Romans, Constantinople, in the year of the Lord 1042.*

The unique  
octagonal dome

Unesco  
designation





## II. Zoe, the Purple Born, 1043

The imperial dispatcher has just brought the order of our Emperor. According to this I need to send armed men to the island of Chios to bring the news about the founding of a Monastery! And so, it will be. Chios is one of the important islands of our Empire, lying between Constantinople and Alexandria. This is very convenient for the commercial ships and the dromons, our military ships.

But I can't help to confine to you, that I have heard some rumors in the Imperial Court: that an imposter monk was sent to Mytilene to our Emperor, then in exile from the Court, to predict his ascend to the throne. Now it seems that the Emperor has decided to handsomely support this Monastery, which is not yet built. I was ordered to exclude it from taxation, also from important taxes like the food and animal taxes, the taxes for the shipbuilding and the roads and the military expenses, the donations to the tax collectors, house taxes and commercial taxes of any kind and all of the duties that are imposed to the populace. My secret thought is this: the money for the soldiers and the revenues devoted to the army quite unnecessarily will be diverted and put aside for other uses...

But from the other side, there is enough money for now. It is a common secret that Emperor Basil II, God bless his soul, left the biggest treasury ever existed on earth. Imagine, that the

Emperor Basil II Crossing  
the Imperial Gate,  
Skylitzes Manuscript  
"Synopsis of History"  
Biblioteca Nacional de  
España, Madrid



Aghia Sofia, South  
Gallery Mosaics,  
Emperor Constantine IX  
Monomachus and  
Empress Zoe

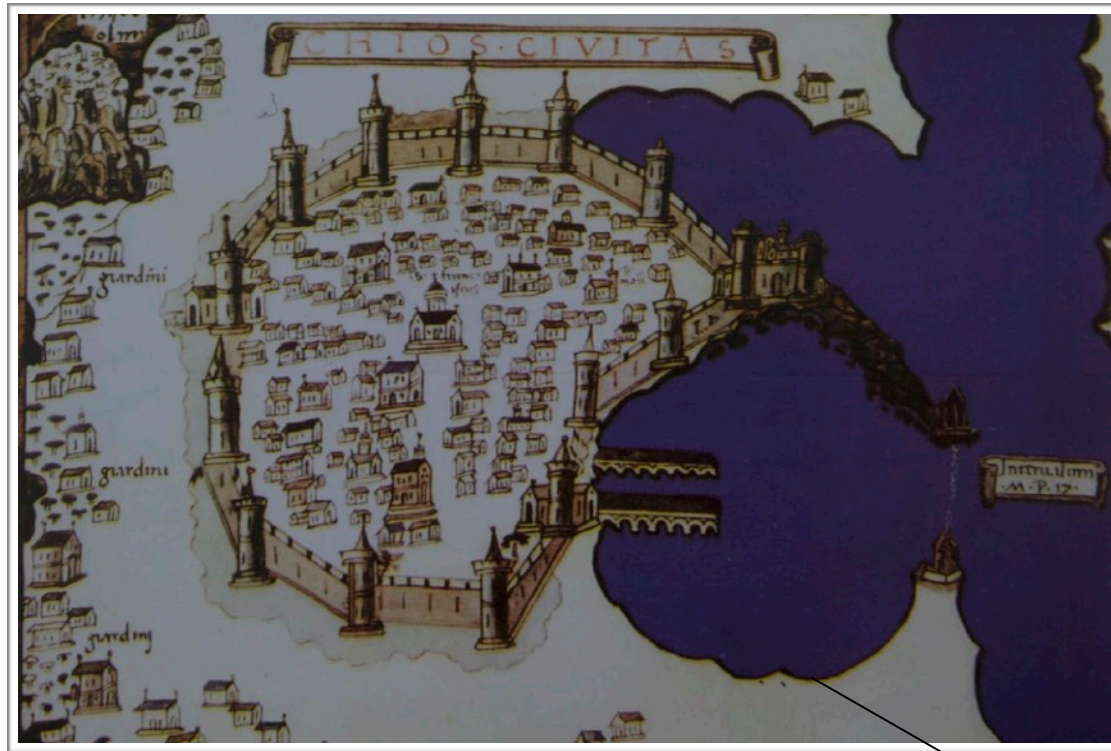


Crown of Constantine IX  
Monomachus sent to King  
Andrew of Hungary.  
Budapest Archaeological  
Museum. Depicted are  
Constantine Monomachus,  
Co-Emperor with Empress  
Zoe and Theodora of the  
Macedonian Dynasty and  
two dancing girls.





Imperial Treasury could not accommodate all the gold collected, and it was necessary to dig tunnels in the earth to keep it! He spent his life on a horse fighting, eating the same food as soldiers did. He married no one but his Empire. Imagine, with his Solidarity Law in the year of the Lord 1002, he obliged the nobility to pay the taxes of the small farmers, who were not able to pay for themselves. And he saved all the money from the foreigner vassals directly into the Treasury. That is why we enjoy today this prosperity. His niece, Empress Zoe, was a purple born princess. You see she was born when her father, Emperor Constantine VIII, was reigning together with his brother Emperor Basil II, who was seldom in the city and was happy to leave all of this to his brother while he was with the army in the field. Zoe lived unmarried for 47 years in the palace. When her uncle died, her father ruled for three years on his own. Alas, he had no sons to succeed him and this changed the fate of Zoe, who married already twice before she wed Emperor Constantine Monomachus. She is 64 years old and he is just 42! Despite her



age she is still stunningly beautiful, her golden hair complement a complexion white as marble. Maybe her beauty is helped by her knowledge in cosmetics and chemistry and she keeps a laboratory in the Sacred Palace for this reason. Despite being the Empress, she never challenges her people with extravagances and useless spending of money. Thus, long live the Emperor and the Empress for many years to come!

*Andronikos, Grand Treasurer of the Emperor of the Romans Constantine IX Monomachus*

Map of Chios by Cristoforo Buondelmonti, 1422. British Museum



### III. The Imperial Guard, 1044

We were marching from the Palace to the port, when we saw the Emperor and his escort riding out of the Palace. It was a marvel of beauty that Mother Nature gifted on this man, so justly proportioned, that there is no one in our time to compare with him. To this symmetry nature added a robust vigor, as though she were laying firm foundations for a beautiful house. His head she made ruddy as the sun and his skin was of the purest white all over, with exquisite accuracy. It was Emperor Basil II the Macedon, who established us Varangs from the Nordic lands as his personal guard. Emperor Constantine Monomachus continues this tradition. Last year he defeated the Russians, who attacked Constantinople with 10.000 men. Their ships were burned and the remains of their army fled to Varna, where they were caught by us. In the end they signed a new peace treaty. They call themselves Christians because their sovereign Vladimir was baptized and married the sister of Emperor Basil II, God bless his soul, but they have an eye on our wealth and lands. We are surrounded by enemies and the only way to keep them where they are, is our powerful army and the navy.

Thus, I don't believe those rumors that our Emperor Constantine, lives with his mistress live without any prudence.

- Byzantine Varangian Guard by History Channel



[Watch in full screen](#)







Empress Zoë, already wife of two Emperors before her marriage to Constantine, is the purple-born daughter of Constantine XIII, who was co-Emperor with his brother Basil II. The Empress has golden hair, and her whole body was radiant with the whiteness of her skin. There are few signs of age in her; in fact, if you marked well the perfect harmony of her limbs, not knowing who she was, you would have said that here is a young woman, for no part of her skin was wrinkled, but all sooth and taunt, with not furrows anywhere.

*Thormod, Imperial Guard of the Varangs*



Marble Slab with 4 B insignia, Seaward Walls of Constantinople. Istanbul Archeological Museum. The 4 B derive their meaning from the Greek "Βασιλεύς Βασιλέων Βασιλεύει Βασιλεύουσαν". The Emperor of Emperors is reigning in the Imperial City". The 4 B with a Cross belong to the standard Byzantine insignia and flags as the two-headed eagle, which is deriving from the Roman military tradition.



Emperor Constantine IX Monomachus (1042-1055)  
and Empress Zoe (10042-1050. Aghia Sofia  
Mosaics, Southern Gallery.

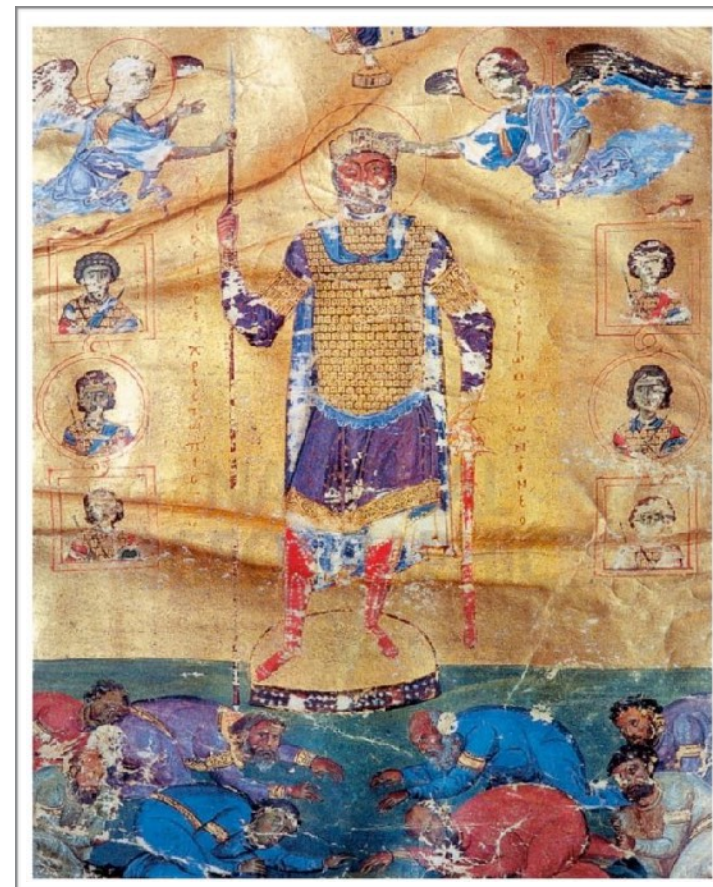




## IV. Queen of the Seas, 1045

My mission is to execute the imperial order and sail to Chios, which lies precisely in the middle of our Empire: half way from the Queen City and half way from Alexandria to the south. Through its position Chios is connecting the Black Sea with the Mediterranean Sea. After the seaward castle and the new harbor were built, many noblemen and officials from the Queen City moved to Chios, homeland to many unique and expensive merchandise and monopolies: besides the cultivation of mastic, wine, cloths also husbandry, the famous Chian sheep, the naval affairs flourished. Much is heard about the Chian bankers, who practice advanced banking in the Forum exchanging all kinds of currency they know of. Because this is known: they are needed to send all those expensive products to the whole world. Indeed, the Chians are famous mariners and bankers. They exchange and put into circulation new coins. They receive money payable in Constantinople, Smyrna, Phocaea and elsewhere, for which they have issued letters of credit repaid by their representatives there. To clear the mutual accounts, bankers go to a certain city at regular intervals and include their receivables and debts. With these credit mechanisms they secure the movement of capital without the use of money. They accept interest-free deposits and interest-bearing deposits. They make payments for their clients' accounts and transfers from one account to another, that is, they use bank checks. Thus, gladly I execute the Emperor's order and sail to Chios, - and who knows, maybe I find my match there. It's high time I started to think about marriage.

*Nikephoros, Master of the Imperial Equerry*



Byzantine Emperor Basil II Macedon,  
Marciana Library, Venice



## V. The man from Caesarea, 1043

My family was rooted in Caesarea, the birthplace of St Basil, who set the rules for the monks, God bless his soul. I am of humble origin; my ancestors are peasants. But I am blessed with artistic skills. A man of letters saw my drawing in the stable and persuaded my father to send me to a local workshop in a close by monastery to learn to draw and paint. My poor father, he was exhausted with taxes and having so many mouths to feed, he rejoiced at the prospect of having me sent to the monks to follow a pious way and fill my belly. How lucky I was! I learnt to write and read besides painting and drawing. But mostly I excelled in inlaying the small stones for the mosaics in the churches and the yards of the wealthy. Despite being young in years my compositions acquired me fame and I was great in demand by the local aristocracy. I could help my old father to catch a breadth and my sisters to marry. Until one day a noble duke, who came from Constantinople to meet the local governor got to know my artworks in the monastery. So impressed was the noble man, that wished to take me, a novice in the arts, with him to the Imperial Workshop in the Eternal City. My mother shed many tears before my departure, but I got drunk by this dream and was willing to take the challenge.

When I arrived in Constantinople, they put me as an apprentice in the Imperial Workshop, where I realized that I did not know as much as I thought I did. I was assigned to a Master of the mosaics as his apprentice and worked hard day and night to learn the illustrious art well because there were many suitors for the



Unesco enlisted Nea Moni of Chios, Greece.  
Mosaic Composition Esonarthex. Floral Decoration



apprentice's post and only the finest men were kept at the Imperial Workshop. Some years after my Master was sent to supervise the mosaic works for St. George of Manganas. It was a personal request of Emperor Constantine IX, that only the best of the best were to work in that church. And what the masters made there was incomparable and beyond the language of the mortals and whereas heaven itself is gilded with stars only at intervals, there gold was spread continuously over the whole surface, as if flowing from its center from a bounteous spring. After this marvel was completed, the Emperor Constantine founded the Monastery of Nea Moni in 1042 and the artists of the Imperial Workshop, arrived in Chios, summoned to repeat the great task as it was the Emperor's will. We will not chisel our names on the art works, as it is God that is guiding our hands to glorify his wisdom. We will not be remembered for the deeds of our mortal lives. But our masterpieces will stand for the centuries to come narrating the glory of the Empire. The art of mosaics will withstand any changes and fortunes: as they are made in the fire, they are destined for the eternity. But let me be your guide and start with the prophecy:

Three monks, Nikitas, John and Joseph, who lived then at a place near by the future monastery, saw every night from their cells light emerging out of a myrsina tree. One night they felt that they had to follow the sign and solve the mystery. They walked in the darkness towards the light, where suddenly

they looked with amazement at an icon shimmering through the branches of the myrsina tree. It was an icon of Virgin Mary with her arms wide open, but void of young Jesus... The monks took the precious icon to the mountain of Provatas, where they lived. Soon enough they decided to build a small chapel at the place where the icon was found. That small chapel has evolved to the masterpiece that lies in front of your eyes today. After a while the monks thought that the small chapel was not enough to shelter such a miraculously discovered icon. The Lord's angel guided our monks to General Constantine Monomachus in the island of Lesbos, not far from Chios. They predicted to him, that he was meant to climb to the throne real soon. Deeply moved, the future Emperor promised, that if their prophecy comes true, he would grant them anything they wished for.

Truly enough, two years later in 1042, Constantine Monomachus acceded to the throne. In Constantinople, the three monks reminded the Emperor of his promise. The Emperor willingly issued a decree sealed by his golden seal, which builds the Monastery, but also grants it many privileges. He even ordered his best architects and artists to travel to Chios to supervise the construction works. The construction lasted for twelve years. However, Emperor Constantine IX never lived to see its full glory, he died before the works were completed.



2 Shareholders,  
1346



## The Flight of the Griffin, 1261

In 1265 in the city of Acre in Palestine, a war breaks out between Genoese on one side, Venetians and Pisans on the other. Two years later Genoa loses the base for its businesses. Then it began negotiations with Emperor Michael Paleologo, who aimed to restore the Roman Empire in its true seat, Constantinople. Genoa sends ambassadors to the Emperor and signs a beneficial treaty of alliance: Genoa offers his military and naval collaboration to recapture Constantinople, while Emperor Michael Paleologo promises in exchange for his Ligurian allies the district occupied by the Venetians in the capital, the possession of Smyrna and the passage through the straits towards the Black Sea.

In July 1261, before the arrival of the Genoese ships, Michael Paleologo recaptured Constantinople but kept his commitments towards the Genoese. The treaty opens a new episode of their expansion in the East: in 1267 they settle in Pera and create new colonies in Crimea, at the mouth of the Danube and the Don, controlling the Black Sea. From there they traded with the Mongols or almost a century. However, in 1346 the Mongols besiege Caffa, their main colony in the Black Sea. It is the start of the Black Death in Europe.



Christoforo de Grassi, View of Genova and its fleet (1597, copy of 1481), Galata Museo del Mare, Genoa.

The Triumph of Death. Pieter Bruegel, 1562. Museo del Prado, Madrid







The city of Genoa in a woodcut from the Nuremberg Chronicle, an illustrated, non hand-written encyclopedia by Hartmann Schedel, 1493. The Light House (Lanterna) can be seen in the left edge of the picture. It is published in 1493 by Anton Koberger in Latin and German. There exist different copies scattered in museum. The original (Handexemplar) by Hartmann Schedel is guarded at the Bayerische Staatsbibliothek, München.



Galata, Ottoman Miniatur by Matrakci Nasuh, 16th century. XVI. yüzyılda Galata'yı gösteren bir minyatür (Matrakçı Nasuh, Beyân-ı Menâzil-i Sefer-i Irâkeyn, IÜ Ktp., TY, nr. 5964, vr. 9a)







## 2.1 For a mess of pottage, Nymphaio 1261

Once when Jacob was cooking lentils, Esau came in from the field, and he was exhausted. And Esau said to Jacob, "Let me eat some of that red stew, for I am exhausted". Jacob answered: "Sell me your birthright first." Esau said, "I am about to die of hunger! Of what use is a birthright to me now, give me to eat please." But Jacob insisted: "Swear to me now." So Esau swore to Jacob and sold his birthright. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and lentil stew. He ate and drank but when he rose and went his way his birthright was gone for good.

*Genesis 25:29-34*

Being an eyewitness of all the events, I decided to write down my account how we tried to recapture the Queen City from the Latins, who reside it for 57 years now, destroying it every day a bit more. Because we will be judged for our actions when the time comes and because it is important to inform the successors to live prudently and learn from the mistakes of the past and not allow themselves to plunge in a sea of extortions and lies, as we did also paying for the mistakes of others.

It was the lack of naval forces that dictated to address the Genoese, exactly because they were the arch-rival of the Venetians and already engaged in a war with them. On March 13, 1261, we signed a trade and defense agreement with them, whereby Genoa agreed to ally with my nephew, Michael Palaeologus and Emperor of the Romans in the event of war and to provide a fleet of up to fifty ships during the projected siege of Constantinople, while sixteen ships were to be immediately provided. In addition, the treaty stipulated the permission for horses and weapons to be purchased by us from the Genoese territories, and for Genoese subjects to enter Nicaean service. In exchange, the Genoese would receive tax and custom concessions throughout our lands, including their



Emperor Michal Palaeologos has recaptured Constantinople from the Latins in 1261. Manuscript of Pachymeres' *Historia*, 14th century. Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München



own trading quarter in Pera, on the coast of the Golden Horn opposite Constantinople, as well as other ports within the lands of the Empire.

Michael had to guarantee their protection and that he will not allow anyone in the Empire to take arms against them and will expel any pirate from its state and punish anyone who does something wrong against them. He ratified all the rights and privileges which the Genoese enjoyed in Constantinople before the Crusaders conquered the City and if with God's help he were to recapture the City, he will give them the palaces they had before the impious conquest and the church of St. Mary with the commercial galleries and cemetery and the plot where now the Venetians built fortress as long as Genoa immediately sends navy aid to the empire with numerous galleys and men. But as the fate of our Empire laid in our hands, we had to make more concessions. And Michael with a heavy heart decided to grant them the city of Smyrna with ownership and jurisdiction and its port and whatever belongs to it for eternal use with the exception of the privileges and rights of the Orthodox diocese of the city and the possessions of the nobles. He also decided to donate annually to Genoa 500 golden coins and when he sent me to Genoa to ratify the Treaty with those crusader-merchants, he sent two gold-plated fabrics to the Archbishopric of Genoa and gold-plated fabrics for the bishop and in the memory of the former Emperor Manuel. And I know very well that Michael was not willing to concede to them all those privileges, but they knew well that we were in an

urge to move and they have literally extorted the conditions reminding Michael I about the treaty they have signed with Emperor Manuel Komnenos in 1155.

And Michael heavily agreed that he will not impede Genoese ships to export from the empire any commodities of feed or grain, nor impose any customs duties, unless one is a debtor or guilty of a crime. In this case he will be sent to Genoa to be tried by the courts there. He will not impose any taxes or other payment or benefit rights on the empire or in the countries which he might re-capture, but only those that were already agreed with Emperor Manuel in 1155 and that he will not allow other Latins to trade in the Black Sea except for the Genoese. He finally promised to release all those Genoese who had been convicted of crimes and were held in the Empire's



Fresco of Joshua from Unesco-listed St. Lucas Monastery, Boeotia, Greece, 13th century. Unusually for a saint, Joshua is depicted wearing headgear, helmet and a straight sword.



prisons and to allow them to return to their homeland.

All of the above he had sworn with an oath and ratified for himself and his successors. For their part, the Genoese promised that by signing this treaty, lasting peace between the Genoese and the Emperor and his successors will prevail. They promised to protect the interests and rights that the emperor's envoys and his subjects wanted to gain in Genoa and that the merchants of the Empire would enjoy freedom and would be able to export weapons and horses from Genoa free of duty or other taxes and would further enjoy all the protection that is appropriate to the traders, to the shipwrecked or to the individual persons. And that Genoa would not allow a fleet army to be equipped in Genoa to invade any part of the Empire. All Genoese are free to serve the Emperor by providing galleys of weapons and horses. The Genoese who reside in the Empire are obliged to defend it but cannot be prevented or have their goods confiscated, if they desire to leave. If a Genoese commander and his ship is located in any port if the Empire is invited by the imperial commander to send men and food to an enemy-threatened fortress and to provide protection as long as it is needed, he has to do so, otherwise he would be punished by Genoa itself like as if he would be traitor of his own fatherland.

The Emperor's envoys will be able to export weapons and horses from Genoa and the surrounding areas without paying customs duties if the Emperor needs galleys. Genoa will send from one to 50 galleys to be paid by the Emperor. The

maintenance costs will be paid by the Emperor as well. The Genoese traders will be able to export from the state all his goods freely, but gold and silver without the Emperor's permission. The merchandise brought by Greek merchants from the empire or goods of other nations must be deposited in special warehouses and its origin should be examined, so to define which merchandise is subjected to taxes and which is not.

The Treaty has been signed in Nicaea in the palace of the Palaiologoi on the 13th of March 1261. On the 28th of April the Treaty has been ratified by the Emperor and was sealed by his imperial golden stamp, the Bulla d'Oro in front of the notary Giacomo Mazucchi. The ratification by the Republic of Genoa has taken place on the 10th of June 1261. After the ratification of the Treaty by the Republic of Genoa, a flotilla of 10 galleys and another 6 ships has been gathered under the command of Martino Boccanigra to sail to the Emperor and help him recapture the city. Just a month later, it was God's will that Michael succeeded to recapture the Queen of Cities without the help of the Genoese, but to whom now he and his successors were eternally bound by that Treaty. And despite the victory he felt like Esau who sold his birthright for a lentil stew...

*Isaakios Doukas, advisor and emissary of the Emperor of the Romans Michael Palaeologus*

The Cross of San Giorgio, Genoa





## Shareholders, 1346

If anyone knows the story, how La Superba, the Republic of Genova had to turn over the island of Chios to the ship-owners, then it is me. I was a banker by trade before my accession to the office of the Doge. And one thing I knew very well: how to make and secure money. My first task as Doge was successful: I managed to pacify the Republic that was torn apart by the conflicts of the nobility. Where there is anything to split, there is always a conflict. In this particular case the Grimaldi clan tried to seize the City, but under the command of Admiral Vignoso and his galley fleet they did not stand a chance. The public debt of the Republic to the ship owners this expedition has reached 250.000 lire. However the money to pay back Vignoso and the ship-owners was not collected on time. Thus two options were available: not to pay at all and confront another revolt, or to entrust the Admiral with a valuable possession for a mutual benefit, the most important island of the Aegean Archipelago: the island of Chios, that connects us



[Watch in full screen](#)



Italian Bankers, miniature from a Medieval manuscript. London, British Library



with our colony in Caffa on the Black Sea shore. Actually one does not have to be a banker to understand the perspective. Not only is this island the ideal destination for anchoring the ship between Constantinople and Alexandria, but is also located opposite of Phocaea, where we possess the alum mines granted to the Republic by the Imperial Decree of 1261 by the Emperor of the Romans Michael Palaiologos. Currently the island is under the Roman rule, but they have a weak navy and thus I am not so much concerned with them. You see mastic from Chios and alum from Phocaea are one of the most expensive products in the global trade. And these monopolies shall belong to us. Because we are the only ones capable to clean the Aegean Sea from piracy and enemies.

For a capable Admiral as Vignoso is, it could not have been that difficult to reconquer Phocaea, and indeed the man did so. But the favor is not for free. So have suggested to compensate the cost of the expedition by entrusting those 29 investors to govern Chios under the Roman flag and a Genoese government.

Since I know myself we are competing with the Venetians for the control of the trading routes in the Levant and in the Black Sea. Since the partition of the Roman Empire of the East, for which Venice was the sole responsible, the Venetians have a firm hold in the Mediterranean. In the West they hold Corfu and the east Negroponte and Candia. Given this situation our Republic needs to ensure a secure trading post along the route to Constantinople. This chance was offered to us in 1346 with island of Scio and its famous mastic monopoly, and the nearby port of Phocaea, the port for

«BUONDELMONTI, Cristoforo, Liber Insularum Archipelagi [1420]» στο Τόπος και Εικόνα, χαρακτηριστικά ξένων περιηγητών για την Ελλάδα, από σπάνια βιβλία της Γενναδείου Βιβλιοθήκης, Μουσείου Μπενάκη, Ιδιωτικών Συλλογών, τ. Ι, Αθήνα, Ολκός, 1978, page 66





the best quality alum mineral on the Asian mainland. As I said, because the finances of the Republic were in very poor health, some rich traders were asked for loans to be repaid after the completion of the expedition. By granting to these traders under admiral Vignoso the revenues of Scio and Phocaea, we enabled them to directly manage the exploitation of the two territories for an initial period of 29 years. The traders founded a company by the name, Albergho degli Giustiniani, by now known as Maona Giustiniani and later on obtained an extension of the initial lease. I am very proud of this company as it revolutionized banking, for which we are famous for. The company is based on actions, leading to the first stock exchange ever. Twelve patricians decided to reinforce the company by adopting the joint name "Giustiniani". Each of the twelve partners has the own allocation of responsibility: equal was the fortune invested and equal are their benefits and titles. Each title can pass from one shareholder to another, by selling their company shares. We have not regretted the decision. The island is famous for its scenery and good climate. Its chief export is mastic, a gum that exudes from the bark of a tree grown in the southern part of the island. And not to forget that Scio lies opposite of Phocaea, where our monopoly of alum is secured, and half way between Constantinople and Alexandria. That is another reason Chios is important, not only to us, but also to those sharks the Venetians, from whom we must protect ourselves.

*Giovanni di Murta, Doge of the Republic of Genova*



Quinten Massys, Tax Collectors, late 1520s, oil on panel, 86 x 71 cm. Liechtenstein Collection, Vaduz/Vienna (artwork in the public domain)  
[side-by-side viewer]



Manuscript map  
of Chios by  
Cristoforo  
Buondelmonte,  
1422. Copy from  
the British  
Museum (source:  
Argenti  
Collection, Chios  
Library "Korais")



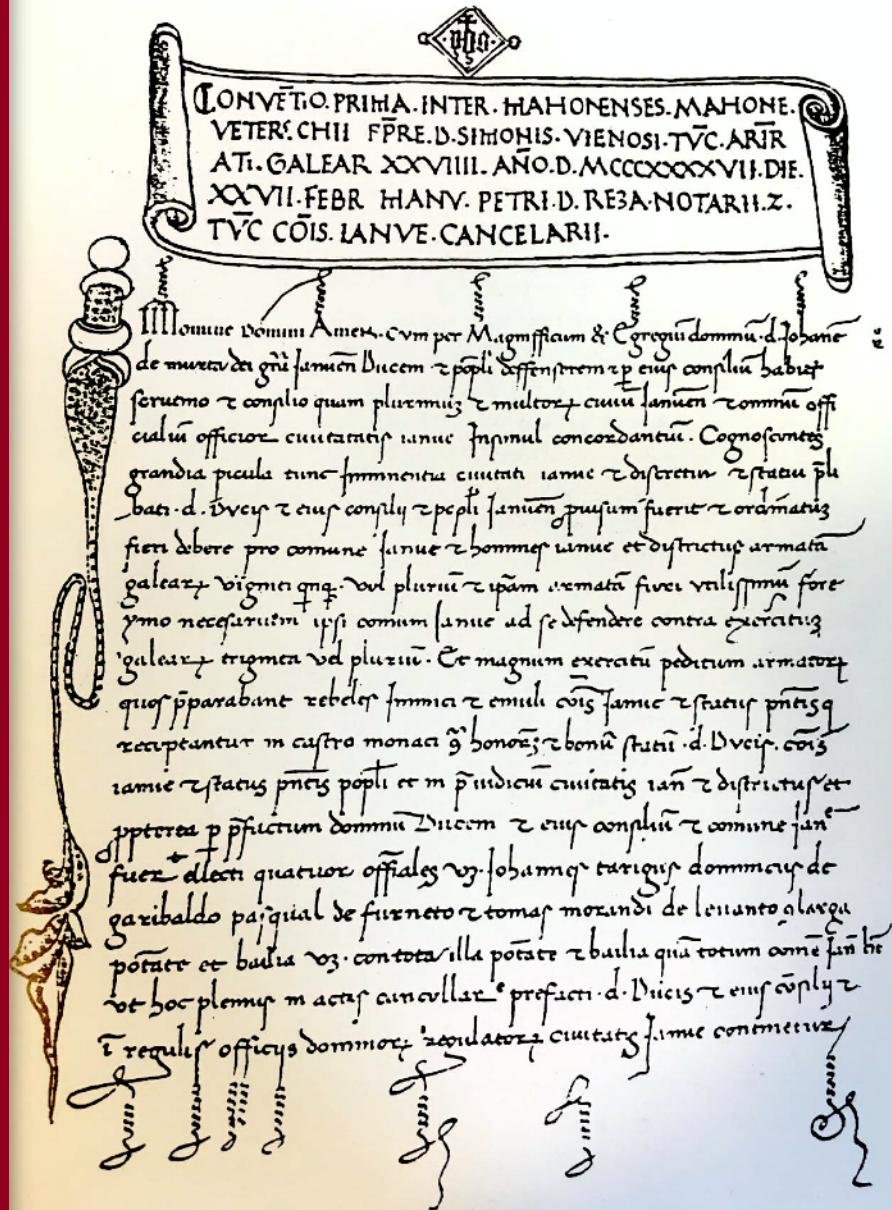
The Romanesque style tower was built as Christea Turris ("Tower of Christ") in 1348 during an expansion of the Genoese colony in Constantinople. Galata Tower was the tallest building in Istanbul at 219.5 ft (66.9 m) when it was built in 1348.[3] It was built to replace the old Tower of Galata, an original Byzantine tower named Megalos Pyrgos ("Great Tower") which controlled the northern end of the massive sea chain that closed the entrance to the Golden Horn. That tower was on a different site and was largely destroyed in 1203, during the Fourth Crusade of 1202–1204. The Map Created in 1422 by Cristoforo Buondelmonti, this is the oldest surviving map of Constantinople.





Codex Berianus Chiensis. Primo accordo tra la Repubblica Genovese e la Maona del 26 febbraio 1347 firmato da Simone Vignoso. Riporta norme e privilegi del governo dei Mercanti (Maona) nell'Isola di Chio

Codex Berianus Chiensis, fol. VII.



The Money Changer and His Wife (1514) Oil on panel, 71 × 68 cm Musée du Louvre, Paris



## 2.3 Maona di Scio, 1346

Seaward Castle of Chios





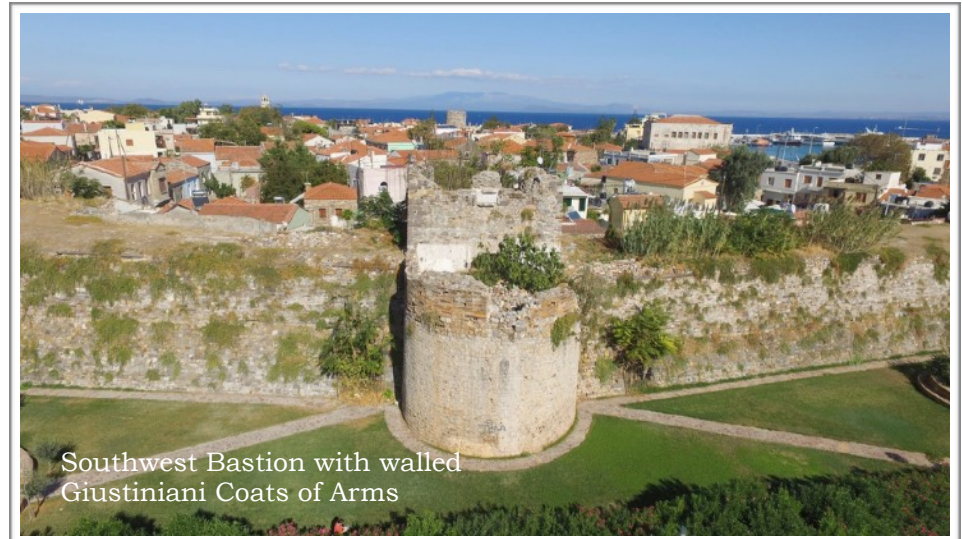
## 2.4: The Brand, 1364

When La Superba, the Republic of Genoa, called us to help re-establish the order, 29 noble citizens offered their help. The plan of the Doge was one of mutual interest, and cunning, as only a banker can make up one. It practically meant to collect all the proceeds from Chios and Phocaea and control the Aegean Sea. And the Aegean is the priceless maritime corridor that allows us to control the merchant route from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. After we have cleared all money issues among the 29 nobles, 12 of us set up a company and established ourselves in Chios. From there we can control the commerce and our business in person. Not that we intend to lose contact with La Superba, it's our country after all. Chios is an investment and its shall be dealt with as such.

The circumstances were very favorable in 1346. The Roman Emperor in Constantinople is disputed by another one who was crowned Emperor in Adrianople, very convenient the civil war for our case. I devised a plan to cover my intentions: I sent three galleys over there with a message for the local nobility that Umberto of France intends to conquest the island, because he needs it as a base for his struggle against the Turks. I asked them to allow me take over the military command until this danger is blown away, but they replied that they can defend themselves. In June I reached Chios with my fleet and I have sent ambassadors requesting to anchor my ships in the harbor and prepare for a



SeaWard Castle of Chios. Porta Maggiore (Main Entrance) with Southeast Bastion



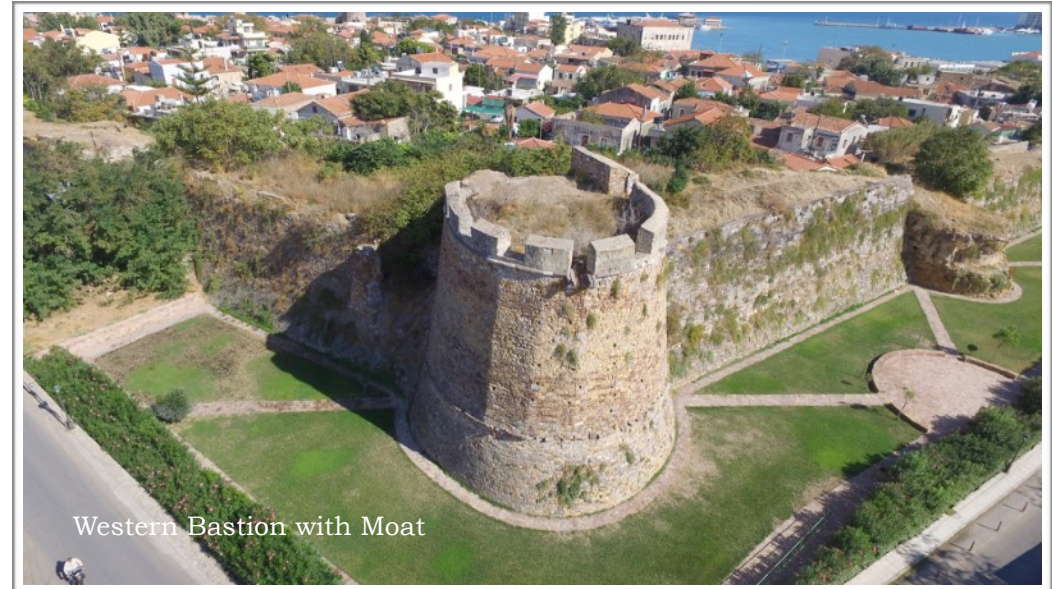
Southwest Bastion with walled  
Giustiniani Coats of Arms



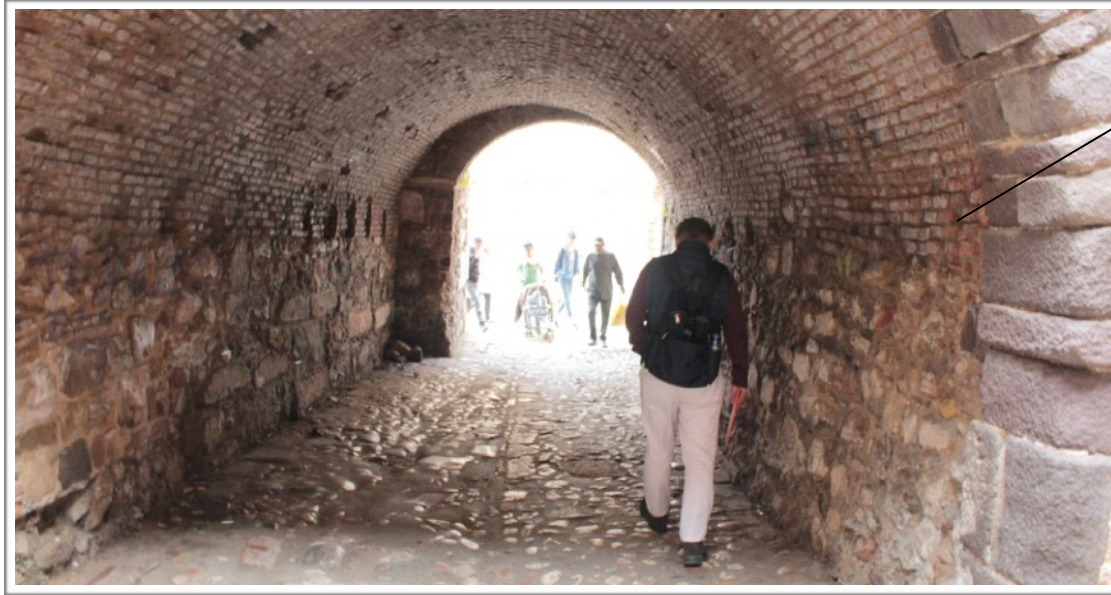
siege in the case Umberto appears. But instead to discuss the matter, they attacked us. Then I have laid siege on the island for three months. Hunger and thirst led the local nobility to surrender the island. The treaty has been signed in the Church of St. Nicholas in September 1346 and we promised not to touch the privileges of the nobility. On the 20th of September, Phocaea with its lands and its alum mines is surrendered to us. With Chios and Phocaea in our hands and with the port of Smyrna in Christian hands a new era is on the march.

Forneto, Oliverio, Arangio, Recanelli, Banca, Longo, Garibaldi, Negri, da Canetto, Adorno and Campai shared received 1000 shares of Maona, the new company, each one. The seat of the company was in the Castle of Chios and I have been selected as general manager of the company until the public debt of the Republic is paid to us.

*Simone Vignoso Admiral of the Fleet, 1346*







Arcade, View from the Entrance

Arcade, View from the Castle



St. George of the Castle (main church of the walled city)







Seaward Castle of Chios.  
Giustiniani Palace and Dungeon.  
View from the Main Entrance



Seaward Castle of Chios.  
Giustiniani Palace, Seat of the  
Genoese Administration. View from  
the Main Entrance



Seaward Castle of Chios.  
Byzantine Cistern.



Seaward Castle of Chios. Gunpowder Magazine  
under restoration.



Giustiniani Palace, in Chios. Seat of the Genoese  
Administration. Garden Detail.





Seaward Castle of Chios, Central Square



Coats of Arms of the Genoese Maona Shareholders in Chios, St. George of the Castle



Seaward Castle of Chios, St. Nicholas of The Mole, Chios. At this location was signed between the Simone Vignoso and the local aristocracy the treaty the surrendered the island to the Republic of Genova in 1346.

Coats of Arms of the Genoese Maona Shareholders in Chios



Salvago



Negri  
(Ἐσχηματισμὸν ὕδατος albergo)



Olivieri



Castelli



Campi  
(Κυτρώων)



Paterio



Pagano



Franghi



3 Guarded  
Secret, 1430

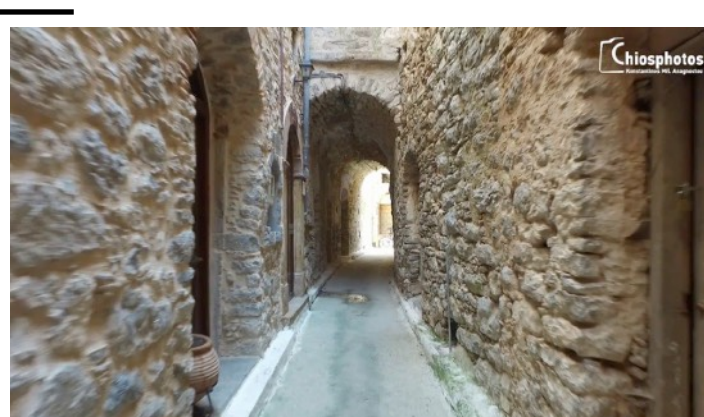
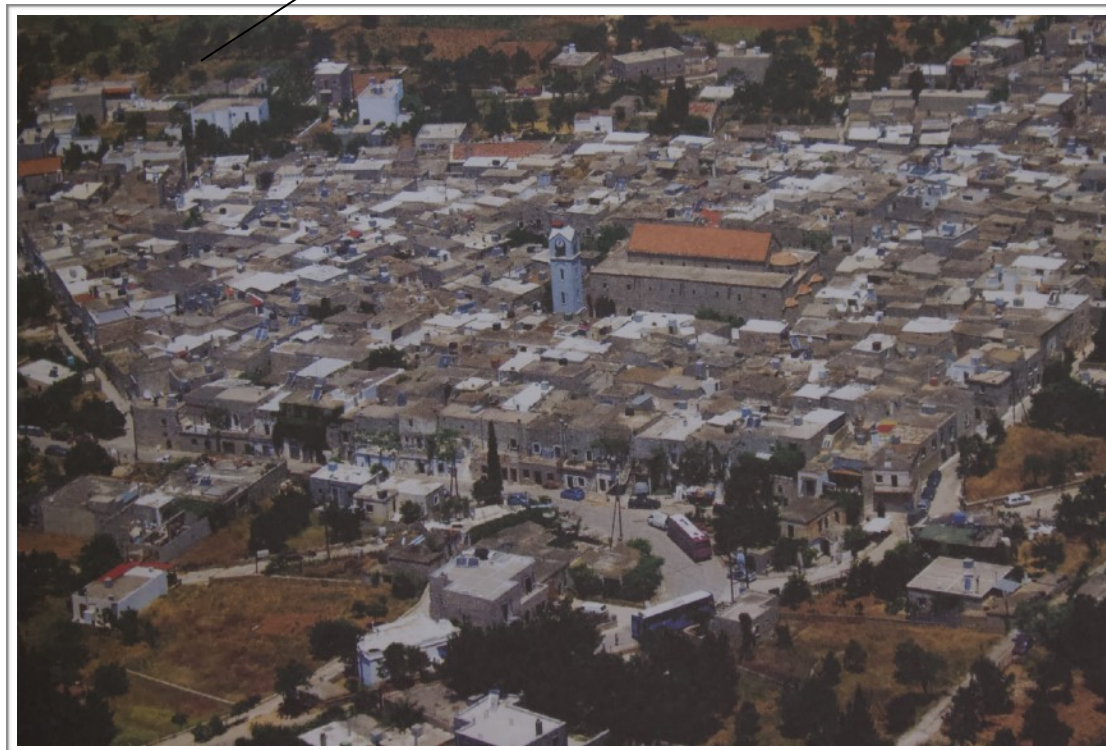


### 3.1 The wealth of Chios, 1430

To avoid any unnecessary riots, our company the Mahona has lifted some burdens from the farmers. So, to allow them to breathe a bit, and ensure the production, which is of course strictly controlled. Each village assumes responsibility for the cultivation of an assigned number of mastic trees, so they must produce a specific quantity of mastic each year. And in the case they produce more, we buy the surplus, but if the produce is less, the growers have to pay the double price for the lacking quantity to compensate us and cover for our profit loss. The whole production process is supervised by our officials. We decide how many mastic trees will be cultivated, when and how the recollection of the mastic will take place. Only mastic growers and the supervisors are engaged in cultivation. We are selling the final product, but not the secrets of cultivation.

*Andrea Loredan, Mastic Supervisor of Mastic Cultivations of La Superba in Chios*

Medieval Mastic Village of Mesta, fortified settlement with main Church, former Tower of the Milites (Military Watch Tower)



[Watch in full screen](#)

- Medieval Mastic Village of Mesta, Chios by K. Anagnostou



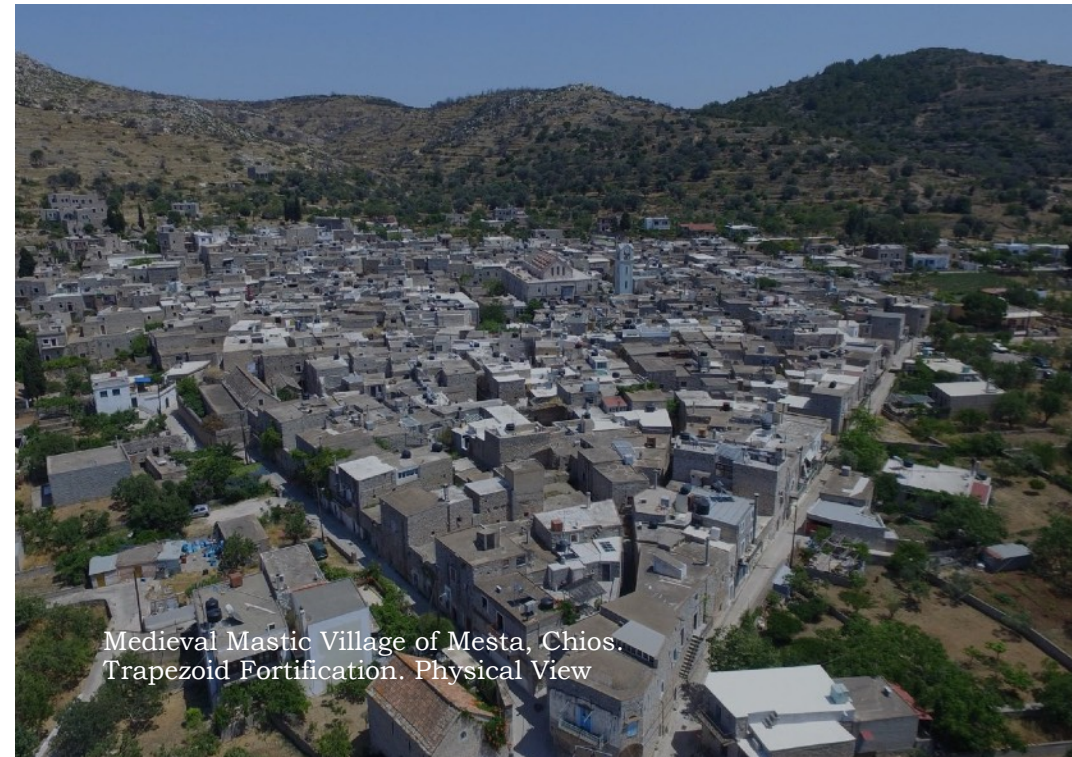
## 3.2 Testimony, 1475

When the Genoese Lords set up, their company, Maona, to govern the island and all of its proceeds, they counted and expropriated each mastic tree. Then a central plan was devised by them in Genoa to exploit our labor at the fullest. While we lived in harmony with our neighbors in the land, they ordered us to move to new villages that look like fortresses, because as they say, it is their “duty” to protect us from piracy and other enemies that wish to get hold of the precious mastic. And so the villages were covered by walls, nobody stays unnoticed, when he comes in and gets out and after dark, nobody gets out or gets in, as the gates close. Small paths run through the village, which they call “streets” but actually is a never-ending labyrinth. One central and four corner towers watch over our life every single minute. The Genoese Lords have brought their architects to Chios to designed houses for us and protect us from the pirates and the Turks. In the beginning we all rejoiced, thinking to have great masters who care for the people. But then, we understood that their “care” was profit-oriented. The houses they have designed for us are all locked within the fortified village and its tiny alleys. They look like dungeons, even if some of us are accommodated in two-store buildings. The huge central tower is full of armed men, ready to apply “order”. They watch every move we make and pay attention to the contraband of mastic, the punishments of which are unspeakable. In my village, Mesta, the central tower is the tallest from all

Mastic Cultivation  
and Production



Watch in  
full  
screen



Medieval Mastic Village of Mesta, Chios.  
Trapezoid Fortification. Physical View



the 21 mastic villages, - may be because we are close to the port... And do not even think to keep one drop of the precious mastic, let alone to smuggle it. Because, before you lose your life, you can lose an ear or a nose, or be branded on the forehead.

If you think that it is easy to grow the mastic tree you are mistaken. First, don't forget that these trees are low and this means you spend your life bending. I can tell you all about this, as I have spent my whole life as a mastic grower. And before me, my father and before him my grandfather, and before him, my great-grand father did so. We don't know anything else, but our village and the taxes. And don't you think we can keep the produce for using it at home. It's a luxury product, Sir! It is destined for the King of France, the King of England and the Sultan of Egypt. It is not for the taste of a humble farmer.

But because it is a medicine, I keep in secrecy some drops that I have not delivered to the Official of the Weighing Station. Just for my children, if they fall ill. Nobody knows about it, as the punishment is horrible. You can lose an ear for possessing it and if you sell it you lose your nose. And then they hang you.

We can consider ourselves lucky if the pirates don't come to raid the lands, and if the Venetians are not in war with the



Medieval Mastic Village of Mesta, Chios. Fortified Settlement, Francisco Lupazzulo, 1639

Medieval Mastic Village of Mesta, Chios. Interior Architecture of the Fortified Settlement.



Medieval Mastic Village of Mesta, Chios. Colorful Alleys



Genoese and if the Emperor in Constantinople favors on ally, then the other is attacking us, and this can be just anyone with a galley fleet.

But Lord Benedetto Zaccaria, God bless his soul, taught us how to improve the produce from the mastic tree and vine cultivation and this made our life easier. His son, named after his father, has inherited also the virtues of the late Lord. He issued a decree, two hundred years ago, that farmers are not allowed to be sold as part of the land, as it used to be before him. Alas, the new Genoese Lords are not interested in our prosperity as the Zaccaria family used to be. These were the glorious years of the Roman Emperors from Constantinople. What we hear about the Romans are stories fading away with each generation. Stories that tell how we were the masters in our own lands...

*Ioannis, Mastic Grower from Mesta*

Medieval Mastic Village of Mesta, Chios. Main Church of Mesta, Great Taxiarchis built on the former Tower of the Milites



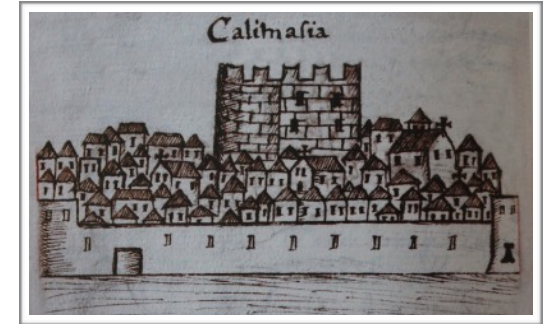
Medieval Mastic Village of Mesta, Chios. Central Square





### 3.3 The Tower, 1520

I am a masticarius, a mastic grower. My father was one before me and before him his father and so on. We don't know anything else. Before the new masters arrived here 56 years ago-, those who call themselves Giustiniani I mean, we lived in peace with each other and our former rulers the Zaccaria, god bless their souls, did a lot for us. We possessed one third of the land we cultivated and our community decided the important issues. Nowadays we are all subjected to the authority of the mighty governor, the Podesta. We the farmers cultivate the mastic trees, but we see no good from it. Because the monopoly belongs to the Maona, the commercial company of the Giustiniani. We are not allowed to use even a small branch from a mastic tree from the fields we cultivate, and if we did they'd punish as common criminals. We are not even allowed to stay close to a mastic tree, if we did not engage to work with it. Nobody is allowed to sell mastic, or to hide it, or to keep it for personal use, even the smallest quantity. And if some mastic growers do not reach a certain quantity in a season, then they are punished to pay the cost of the produce that is lacking in a double price. These masters supervise the whole production and set the quantity to be delivered to them. And nobody can escape. Here in Mesta, we have the tallest tower of all 21 mastic growers' villages in Chios erected in the middle of the village. This is so, they say, because we are in a walking distance



Medieval Mastic Village of Calimasia, Chios. Fortified Settlement, Francisco Lupazzulo, 1639



Medieval Mastic Village of Catharacti, Chios. Fortified Settlement, Francisco Lupazzulo, 1639

Medieval Mastic Village of Nenita, Chios. Fortified Settlement, Francisco Lupazzulo, 1639



• Port of Mesta by K. Anagnostou



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## 3.3: The Tower, 1520

from the port, which attracts the pirates and they wish to protect us. But my father tells me that they have forced six villages to evacuate in order to put all the population under control in one village, ours is one of them, Mesta. They made the people of another six villages to leave their homes and put them to live and work in a new one, Olympoi, which they also designed to their liking. The bigger villages like Nenita and Kalamoti are turned into fortifications. In Kalamoti lives permanently a strong force of soldiers, to watch over the south part of our land. This year, Master Niccolo Banca completed the Castle in Armolia: it is huge with two lines for the defense, two towers and 62 wards for the soldiers. We live in a little space, with narrow streets and little sun. I am happy to work on the field, despite the hard work and the fear that I might collect less mastic than the year before. I am happy because I can breathe fresh air, feel the sun, even if I risk a sun stroke, and see the horizon. There is nothing else I have seen in my life. I wished I could become a sailor and see the world. But we are not allowed to leave the fields. Because the Giustiniani Lordship earns 30.000 golden coins a year from the trade of mastic. We work and they profit. It's as simple as that.

*Demetrius from Mesta*

Ducat of the Maona di Chio. Filippo Maria Visconti. Duca di Milano, 1421-1436. Uncertain mint. From the Joseph R. Lasser Collection



The Tower



# 4 Monopoly, 1304-1566



## Mastiha, the unique

Of all the exotic, aromatic spices in the world, none is quite like Chios Mastiha, the resinous, crystal granules that come from splicing open a particular tree, at specific times of the year and letting its sap flow like slow-motion tears to the ground, to be collected, sorted, cleaned, and sold the world over. The Island of Chios is home to mastiha, also known as mastic, and this rare and difficult to cultivate, comes from mastiha trees. Chios Mastiha is one of the oldest spices known to the Mediterranean.



- Cultural Heritage Foundation of the Bank of Piraeus. Mastic Museum in Chios, Greece: Cultivation, Production, Cultural History



[Watch in full screen](#)



PIOP Mastic Museum Facade by PIOP



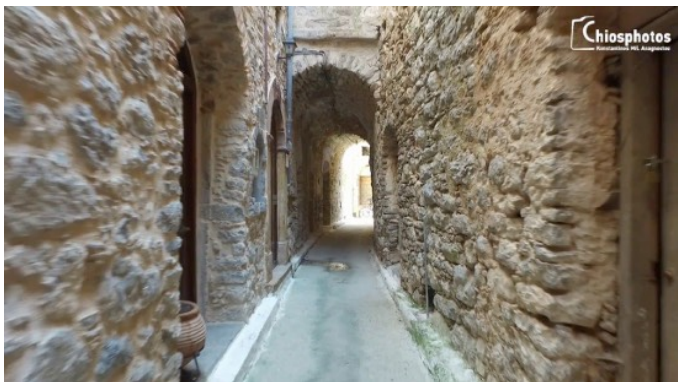
PIOP Mastic Museum Facade by PIOP



- Medieval Mastic Village of Olympoi. Model at the PIOP Mastic Museum, Chios, Greece



- Chios Mastic Villages by K. Anagnostou



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- Chios Mastic Museum by K. Anagnostou



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- Medieval Mastic Village of Olympoi



[Watch in full screen](#)

- Medieval Mastic Village of Armolia by K. Anagnostou



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- Medieval Mastic Village of Patrika by K. Anagnostou



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## 4.1 A well thought plan, 1360

In the 26th of August 1360 as shareholder of the Maona, I signed with Giovanni de Setta a to sell him 30 staters of mastic for three years. He will sell it in Cyprus which is part of the trading area. When the three years passed, I then signed another contract with him for another 13 years, according to which he could sell mastic to whom he pleased and that each year he would buy 60 staters additionally. He can pay in three rates annually in Cyprus, and each stater costs 900 golden coins.

To sell the mastic for a long period in advance, it's a very good and usual practice, since we oblige the farmers to deliver to us a pre-defined quantity, without worrying on the weather conditions and the harvest. Of course, we have a problem, and if the mastic growers don't deliver the quantity we need. Thus, we urge them to buy from other farmers paying the double price. With this well-thought plan our commercial risks are eliminated, at least as far as it regards the farming, as for others, like war and piracy we are not protected.

*Pietro Recanelli, Mahona Shareholder, Vessa, 1360*

Medieval Mastic Village of Vessa by Yannis Zafeiris



[Watch in full screen](#)



PIOP Mastic Museum, Living Mastic Tree



4.1: A well thought plan, 1360



PIOP Mastic Museum Chios, Coats of Arms of the Giustiniani, the Mahona Shareholders



PIOP Mastic Museum Chios, Chios under the Genoese Rule



PIOP Mastic Museum, Historic Mastic Tree



## 4.2 The Wedding, 1454

Cultivating these trees, which are low in height it means that you spend your life bending... Each year we prune them, so as to allow them receive light as much as possible. Then the men cut the tree trunk to allow the mastic tears come out of the tree trunk and the big branches. You see mastic is not a fruit that you collect from a tree branch. It is well hidden in bark of the tree. But cutting the bark, is not easy and special skills are required for this. For if the bark is cut deeply, the tree is badly injured. And if only the surface is touched, we cannot gain the valuable tears.

Our work begins before the tree cutting. We must clear the earth around the tree trunk, uproot the weeds, pick up all stones and the most tiny ones, in order for the tears not to mix with them while falling onto the cleaned ground and then you must sift white earth on the cleaned earth around the tree trunk and stamp on it as long as it becomes smooth and steady. Thus, when the resin tears flow out of the bark, fall into a clean “table” and do not glue with impure elements. The preparation of the table is very important for a clean produce, to be then easily collected. After that we must wait for 15 days that the tears solidify. It must be collected with the first light. First we must collect the big pieces. Then the smaller ones, and lastly the smaller drops had fallen on the table. And then

- Medieval Mastic Village of Olympoi, Chios, Greece.



[Watch in full screen](#)





collect all the drops that are still on the tree trunk and the branches.

All the produce must be transferred to shady storage rooms before midday. Then we start to clean them. We remove earth and leaves, then we wash it and dry it. With small knives we clean every tear as small as it might be and every grain. And because these pieces are very small this procedure starts in the autumn and ends in the spring.

All my family is cultivating mastic, which is taken away from those lords immediately. Much joy in life we don't have, especially if we don't collect enough mastic tears, then life is getting harder and survival is the goal. Next week is my cousin's wedding. All weddings are celebrated in the building the lords have built for our ceremonies. It is built on the ground, without windows, with three pillars supporting the vaults. All tables and seats are also built in. But even if it had windows, we would not be able to enjoy the view. The village is built like a prison; all houses are the same, the alleys without pattern and very narrow, no trees, no free spaces, just endless stone walls and a huge tower in the middle, where the guards keep the money and the mastic.

*Anastasia, Masticaria from Olympos, 1454*



PIOP Mastic Museum, Chios,  
mastic collection stages: from  
the earth to the cleansed tears



## 4.3 The Investement, 1455

To look after one's commercial interest is not easy at all, because each interest is conflicting with another one. Chios is one of our biggest investment and we must ensure both the capital and profits. In this spirit we decided to act as wholesalers, in order to avoid any further risks. We contract individuals and companies who sell the product in the lands of the Pope and the Emperor, in Cyprus, Rhodes, Syria, Egypt, Smyrna, Romania, Constantinople, Crimea, to the kings of France and England to say the least. The re-sellers are taking the own risks. Usually they pay us with foreign exchange in Cyprus and in Genoa. In addition to foreign exchange, bonds, checks, bills, back-checks are also used, and checking and current accounts are maintained.

More or less we collect about 30.000 golden ducats from the mastic trade every year, Maona, our company, is the only wholesaler. The quantity is strictly regulated, so that the price is kept high. In the case of surplus, either we use it to balance the shortfalls or burn it to keep the price high. The control and limitation of production also serves to keep the mastic trees from being exhausted.

*Leonardo di Cornasca, Mahona Shareholder, Kalamoti 1455*



PIOP Mastic  
Museum Chios,  
Valuable Mastic

- Medieval Mastic village of Kalamoti  
by K. Anagnostou



[Watch in full screen](#)



## 4.4 Scent of Freedom, 1518

In the year of our Lord 1518 I have installed myself in the deserted Monastery of St. Giorgio Sykoussi. Little by little I have reinstated some buildings; I built houses and even a tower like the Giustiniani did, so that the entrance to the Monastery is the entrance of the village. It made it tall with an arch on the top of which I put a Cross. So, whoever wished to enter the village had to pass under this arch, meaning, that nobody could do that mounted on a horse. He had to enter on foot and cross himself .

But I did not call monks to support me. I called the farmers from Lithi, from Avgonyma and Pyrgi, who started to cultivate the lands of the Monastery. I don't know how the Latins let me do, but they did not interfere. May be because the lands belonged to the Orthodox Church.

Ahh, gone are the glorious days, when we were masters of ourselves, protected by the Emperor in Constantinople. Gone are the days where we had anything to say.

Still we built a community here. We share everything, help and respect each other. And the land rewards the labour of the farmers, who act in the love of God.

*Sofronios, Abbot of St. George Sykoussis, 1518*



The Medieval Mastic Village of St. George Sykoussi, past and present day by N. Kilis



The Church of Saint George Sikoussi, overview



The Church of Saint George Sikoussi with bell tower by G. Stefanias

The Church of Saint George Sikoussi by G. Stefanias



The Church of Saint George Sikoussi with iconostasis by G. Stefanias



The Medieval Mastic Village of St. George Sikoussi, 1937 by P. A. Mavrogiorgis





# 5 Adventure, 1492



## Introduction

The period 1450 -1500 the Giustiniani were at the zenith of their commercial prosperity and wealth, having nearly the whole of the carrying trade of the Levant in their hands. At this time the island is said to have had a population of no less than 100,000, all engaged in trading with Asia Minor and Europe. However, the rule of these crusader merchants was despotic and cruel for the mastic growers. Harsh penalties were inflicted for the smallest offense like the nose and ear cutting and public flagellations where sufferers had to pay six denaria a stroke, as a fee to the man who scourged them. No citizen could sell anything





eatable except at the price regulated by the archons; no one could leave the island without the special permission.

In this period two major events shook the world: the conquest of Constantinople in 1453 by the Ottoman Turks, which excluded the Italian maritime republics and European merchants from free trade with the East. Europe is looking for alternatives and the voyages of Columbus to America in 1492, gave birth to the European Discovery Age with many more explorers like Vasco da Gama, Ferdinand Magellan and Captain James Cook.



Portrait of Christopher Columbus by Sebastiano del Piombo, 1519, the MET Online Collection



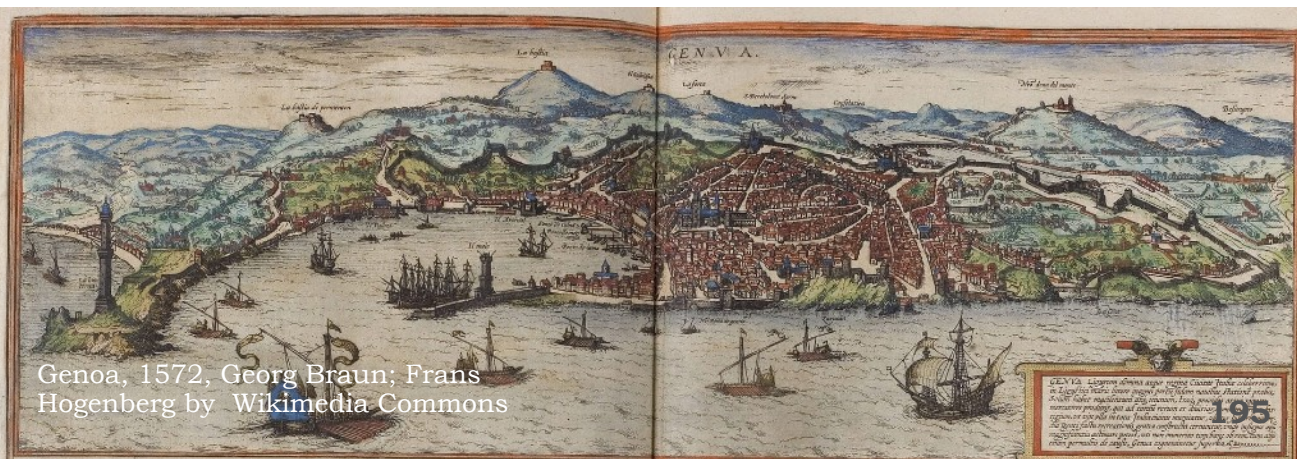
Gentile Bellini - The Yorck Project (2002) 10.000 Meisterwerke der Malerei (DVD-ROM), distributed by DIRECTMEDIA Publishing GmbH. ISBN: 3936122202.



- 1492: Conquest of Paradise



Watch in  
full screen



Genoa, 1572, Georg Braun; Frans Hogenberg by Wikimedia Commons



## 5.1 Citizenship, 1475

These Genoese merchants spread the word that they have come here to save the local nobility of Chios! Indeed, this is the word they spread everywhere: that they love and respect us and protect us from any danger. Bluntly I am saying that what they love is hidden in their pockets. And it never crosses their minds to consider us their equals. That the son of the foxy admiral Fulco Zaccaria married the sister of our Emperor, this means nothing for us! Not only that Emperor Michael handed the lands of Phocaea by his golden seal to those despicable heretics for nothing, - in exchange for their assistant to recapture our capital. Did they help? Of course not! These are merchant souls. Crusader merchants, I should say. And not only is the island of Chios lost to us natives, but also Phocaea and its alum mines are gone to them as a privilege and monopoly. Outrageous, isn't it? But why to stick to one monopoly, if you can have the others too? And there he comes, the admiral Benedetto Zaccaria with his fleet to "save" Chios from the Turks. It is his "duty" as the son in law of the Emperor. An Empire without a navy by the way... And now they do not miss a chance to sell the products everywhere, because what is the use of the monopoly, if you cannot sell?

- Medieval Mastic Village of Pyrgi by K. Anagnostou



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- The 500-year-old mystery of Christopher Columbus - BBC REEL



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Medieval Mastic Village of Pyrgi with Central Watch Tower

And they sell all over the word. Toothpaste for the Kings in Europe, medicine for the German Emperor, mastic for the Sultan's harem, cures and treatments, mastic oil and ointments, mastic as ingredient for food. Anything that the heart wishes has been made saleable by those Lords. And we, the locals, sit here and watch how we are exploited. And for consolation we have been granted Genoese citizenship!

*Nicola Cybo, Land owner, Chios*



Medieval Mastic Village of Pyrgi, overview of the fortified settlement by K. Anagnostou



Medieval Mastic Village of Pyrgi, central square with main church of Holy Apostles by K. Anagnostou



## 5.2 Tree cutting, 1480

The work begins before the tree cutting. We must clear the earth around the tree trunk, uproot the weeds, pick up all stones and the most tiny ones, in order for the tears not to mix with them while falling onto the cleaned ground and then you must sift white earth on the cleaned earth around the tree trunk and stamp on it as long as it becomes smooth and steady. Thus, when the resin tears flow out of the bark, fall into a clean “table” and do not glue with impure elements. The preparation of the table is very important for a clean produce, to be then easily collected.

- Mastic Cleaning by K. Anagnostou



[Watch in full screen](#)



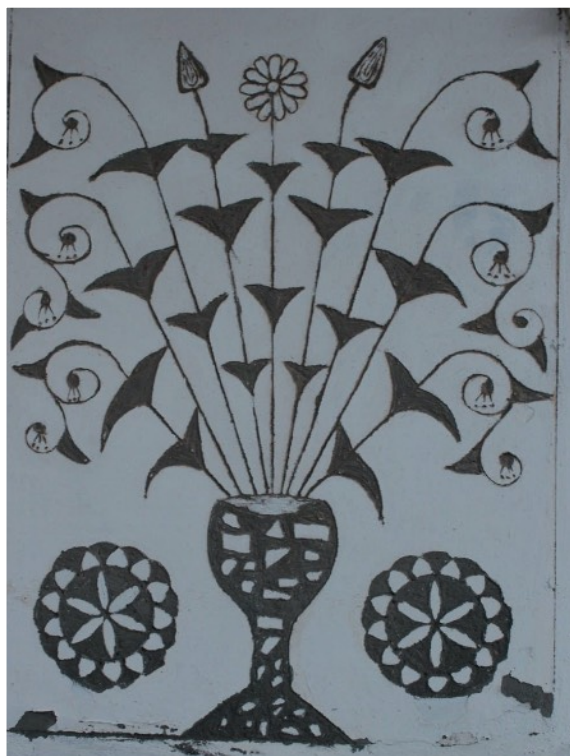
Medieval Mastic Village of Pyrgi, architectural details sgraffiti by K. Anagnostou



After that we must wait for 15 days that the tears solidify. It must be collected with the first light. First, we must collect the big pieces. Then the smaller ones, and lastly the smaller drops fallen on the table. And then collect all the drops that are still on the tree trunk and the branches.

All the produce must be transferred to shady storage rooms before midday. Then we start to clean it. We remove earth and leaves, then we wash it and dry it. With small knives we clean every tear as small as it might be and every grain. And because these pieces are very small this procedure starts in the autumn and ends in the spring.

*Katingo, Mastic Cleaner, Pyrgi*



Medieval Mastic  
Village of Pyrgi,  
architectural details  
sgraffiti by K.  
Anagnostou





## 5.4 Brave New World, 1492

I am a native of Mesta, but I am not a mastic grower. You see, my passion for the sea, was too big to allow me to shut my life among the walls of the fortified village. My father sent me to a relative who was living in the suburbs of the City of Chios outside of the Castle, and from there the path towards my vocation was short. I started as a mariner in the merchant ships of La Superba, the Republic of Genoa and now I am a proud captain of a commercial galley. You see the captain of a merchant ship has little difference from the captain of a warship. For us, enemies and pirates are exactly the same. You sail from one port knowing your allies, until you arrive to the next port, they have become enemies and they attack your ship. And apart from them, there are always the pirates to give you hard times.

Some hundred years ago, under the Lord Benedetto Zaccaria, who married the sister of the Emperor of the Romans, Michael Palaiologos, the island of Chios grew very wealthy. Not only because Chios is having the monopoly of mastic and several others, but also because it lies in the middle of all important commercial cross roads. It is the best stopover between Constantinople and Alexandria and the central ring in the chain Cyprus-Chios-Constantinople-Caffa, the colony of the Genoese in the Black Sea. From there I sailed many times to Trabzon and the Azof Sea and to Tauris, the final destination for the caravans from Asia carrying the silks and the spices.

- Medieval Mastic Village of Pyrgi, Greece. Stucco Technique of the Façade by Milero.



[Watch in full screen](#)





From Kaffa I have often transported alum to Europe. But I have to say that the best quality of alum arrives from the mines in Phocaea, which by imperial decree were given to Genoa. Ahh, how we resent this turn of fate... When Emperor Michael recaptured Constantinople from the Latins without any help, he kept his promise to Genoa and surrendered the promised lands to La Superba, as these overlords call their Republic. Chios was one of these territories, which passed over to them with that shameful treaty two hundred years ago.

The alum is the most desired product that is linked to health, it is the only medicine that cleans the wounds and prevents the wound infection. It is used for all the wounds and also for internal diseases, for the stomach and the lungs and the throat and it is proven that many have been saved from internal bleeding from taking this drug. Also this miraculous substance when it comes to contact with the colors that is dying the yarns and fabrics it stabilizes the colors and many manufacturers and cloth merchant became rich from its use, let alone that it is an indispensable material for tanning, because of its ability to disinfect animal materials sterile. And such great value in commerce that make the transport with heavily armed men, as you don't know who you will meet on the sea road. As a captain carrying such a rare load, I have to admit that the Genoese

- Medieval Mastic Village of Pyrgi by K. Anagnostou



[Watch in full screen](#)



know how to protect its transfer with heavy ships and armed men on board.

My first voyage sent me from Chios to England, where we brought alum from Focaea and wine from Chios. An Englishman on board was bringing the alum to the court of the King of England, two years ago he was sent to Chios as a buyer of many goods, silks, mastic and alum at the most. I sailed many times to Cyprus, Syria and Egypt to get valuable merchandise like spices and gold which come from Africa and Asia. All the merchandise comes to the port of Genoa and from there our merchants and agents distribute to the lands of the Pope and the German Emperor, to the King of France and England and the kings of the northern territories. This I can say with certainty: Chios is the central ring in the chain that connects the East and the West. From Chios, a cosmopolitan place with mild climate and rich gifts from nature, I sailed many times to Majorca and Cadiz, Sicily, Valencia, Malaga, Tunis, Ancona, Buzaa, Brugges, London, Armenia and Flanders, Oran, Tortosa and Naples.

In 1491, having arrived from a tiring journey to Chios, I heard rumors about a Genoese captain who just came to our island looking for experienced mariners. Asking here and there in the port, I heard some rumors that he is starting an adventure to sail to Indies following the west direction. Some of us think that he is an imposter and some think of him as a daring

- Christopher Columbus remaking the adventure by Clark's History Reels



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man. Maybe the admiral is right and following a direction to the west we can find another road to the luxury items that Europe craves for. For 40 years now, after the fall of Constantinople to the Turks, their sultans closed all roads to Europeans travelling to the east. So, they started looking for alternatives. I heard of new navigation tools and funding from the most Catholic kings in Spain. If this is true, I have nothing to lose and enroll myself to Colombo's fleet.



Since the fall of Constantinople frequent letters of distress from the Chian merchants arrive to the Signorial in Genova, and appeals for a united attack on the Turks. I still remember in 1477, that Genoa sent a fleet of four ships to Chios, on a report being spread that the Turks were preparing to descend on the island; but on reaching Chios it was discovered that the Turkish armament had another destination, and the expedition returned home without doing anything. Rumors say that captain Columbo, then a boy, took part in this expedition.

In the mean time I heard that some native mariners enrolled already and will sail to Genova and from there to Spain and then to the ocean until they find land. I will try my luck, as experience is a great advantage for selecting the crew. I hear that captain Colombo is recruiting from all over the places in the island. He is supposed to be in Pyrgi right now, the biggest of the mastic villages, residing in the corner house opposite the Church. I heard that he was impressed by the cultivation of mastic and sent a letter to Queen Isabella in Spain about this. People say a lot of things and I need to find out what is of substance and what is rubbish. So, I will knock on his door to know more, that is the best solution. Thank God, I know every stone in this island, which is as big as the world in fame and capacity. Avanti!

*Capitano Michail Mestoussis, Pyrgi*







# Roman Heritage of Budapest The Travelling Emperor

Kodolányi János University(Hungary)

Touriboost Project 2018-10TR01-KA203-058344



1. Budapest: the history of a modern city
2. Aquincum Museum
3. Civil Town Amphitheatre
4. Roman Bath Museum
5. 15 March Square
6. Inner City Parish Church



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image gallery



video content



# contents



# The travelling emperor and the Roman heritage of Budapest



I was born in the Roman province of Hispanica Baetica in the year of 76 A.D. From my early age I have received a very extensive education, but I was mostly interested in Greek literature, philosophy, and art. This earned me my nickname Graesculus, which means the „Little Greek”.

Between 106-108 A.D. I was governor of Pannonia Inferior (i.e. Lower Pannonia, including the Western part of present day Hungary, as well as northern Croatia, north-western Serbia and northern Bosnia and Herzegovina) and I helped to develop this area into an important Limes province. Here and elsewhere my main goal was to make the borders of the Roman Empire as strong and resilient as possible. As I was constantly travelling across the Empire, they also called me the „Travelling Emperor” or, as Tertullian wrote, omnium curiositatum explorator, an explorer of everything interesting. My most memorable achievements include rebuilding the Pantheon in Rome, and the construction of a defensive frontier wall in the province of Britannica (today’s Northern England) that still bears my name. My country residence at Tivoli, near Rome, where I recreated the places and monuments that most fascinated me during my travels, is considered the epitome of the elegance of the Roman world.

I became Emperor in 117 A.D. and reigned for 21 years. My name is Imperator Caesar Traianus Hadrianus Augustus, commonly known Emperor Hadrian. Although I only spent a relatively short time of my life in Lower Pannonia, I have very fond memories, so after almost 2000 years I decided to return and have a good look at how the area has developed since my time.

Of course, I did expect major changes – a very long time has passed, after all –, but what I have seen has surprised me more than I could imagine! Where the Roman city of Aquincum and the fort of Contra Aquincum stood in my time, now there is a great metropolis called Budapest. It’s almost as beautiful as Rome... To tell you the truth, at first it did not seem too easy to find the remains of my era, but as I started walking around this new place, this Budapest (I still have to get used to this name...), I discovered Roman heritage all around the city! So now I invite you to come with me and visit some of the most important Roman sites of Budapest... and at the end of our tour I’ll give you a few more tips and suggestions, in case you decide to continue exploring this marvellous city on your own.



Civil Town Amphitheatre



Aquincum Museum



Roman Bath Museum




Inner City Parish Church

15 March Square



# 1 Budapest: the history of a modern city





As I learnt from the friendly locals, who all seemed to be intrigued to talk to a real Roman emperor, and willing to share their knowledge about their city, the story of modern Budapest as a major urban centre started with the arrival of us, Romans, in the second half of the first century AD. The first Roman town, Aquincum, was founded around the year 89 AD, when I was already a teenager, on the right side of the Danube River. The area was occupied by the conquering Hungarian tribes in 896, but during its long history it was invaded by the Mongols, the Ottomans, the Habsburgs, the Soviets... Just hearing about all these events reminded me of the importance of planning defensive structures. Maybe I should have built a wall here too... but my time as governor of Pannonia Inferior was too short, and the Danubian Limes based on the River Danube and fortified by strongholds such as Contra Aquincum seemed a sufficiently strong defensive line in itself. And if I look at the city now, I can see a silver lining: all these different groups left their architectural, cultural and intellectual traditions here, creating an amazing place to visit. Today Budapest is the ninth largest city in the European Union and in 2019 it was voted Best European Destination.

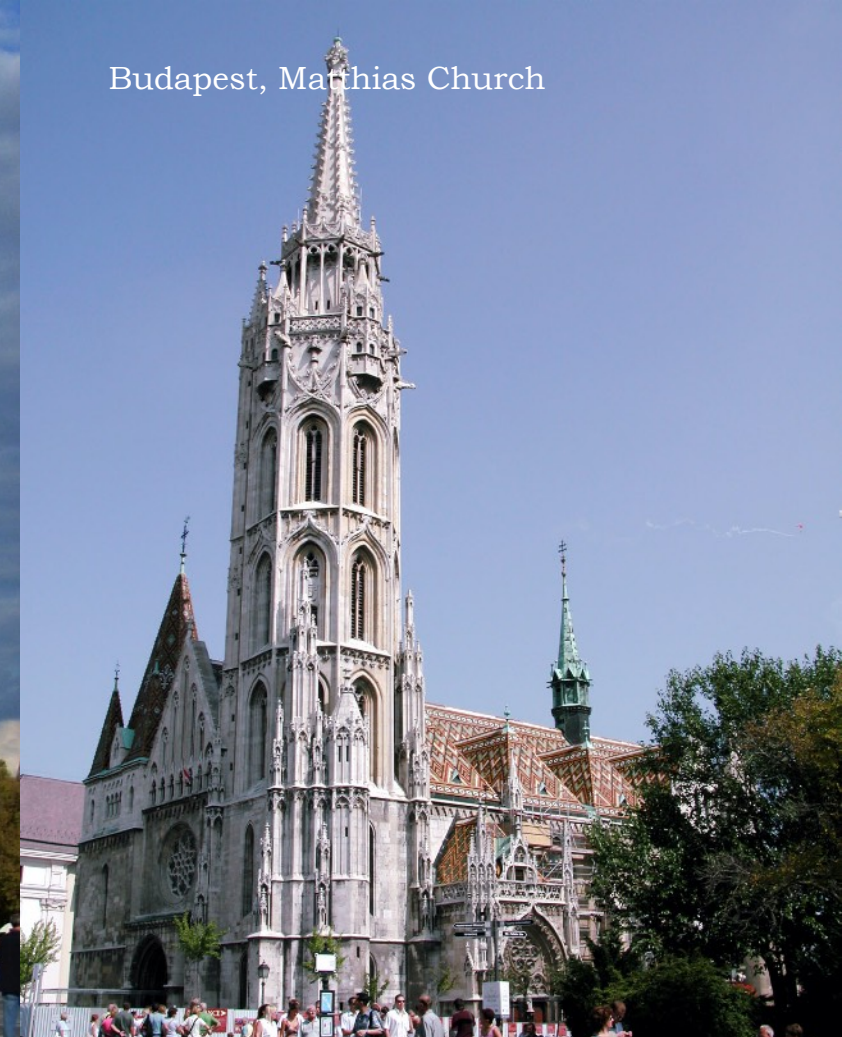
Oh, and if you are as interested in the name of the city as I was, you may learn that it is only called Budapest since 1972, when the three separate settlements of Buda, Pest and Óbuda (literally Old Buda, where Aquincum is located) were united!



Budapest, Heroes Square



Budapest, Matthias Church



Elizabeth Bridge with the Inner City Parish Church





View from Gellért Hill



Budapest Liberty Bridge



Budapest, Castle District



Budapest, Gül Baba Street



Óbuda, Ladies with Umbrellas (by sculptor Imre Varga)



# 2 Aquincum Museum







During the first decade of the second century I, Hadrian was living in Lower Pannonia for a while. At that time I was not yet emperor, but the governor of this province. Then Aquincum was the centre of Pannonia and because it was located at the border of the Empire, this town was more culturally complex than other Roman cities in the hinterland.

Aquincum was occupied not only by the Romans but also by other tribesmen around the area such as the Celts. They all came here for different reasons: to sell and buy animals, food, vegetable, crafts, and everyday items.

Aquincum with its 60.000 inhabitants was one of the culturally richest areas in Pannonia and in the wider region. It bore similarities with other province capitals: it was built at the crossroads of the north-south and east-west main roads. As I walked towards this crossroad, I saw a sanctuary where people could make sacrifices to our three gods: Juno, Minerva, and Jupiter. A little further the meat market was located.

I always enjoyed to see these busy streets where people and carts made the air noisy. As in other Roman cities, people also built public baths here. The central bath had three pools with different water temperatures and obviously a water pipe carried the water from the springs to the pools. Visiting the baths was always part of the civic life in the Empire and I also greatly enjoyed these places.

The Roman forts along the River Danube were very important from the defence point of view. During the 40's and 50's A.D. more and more Roman soldiers were sent here, and they also

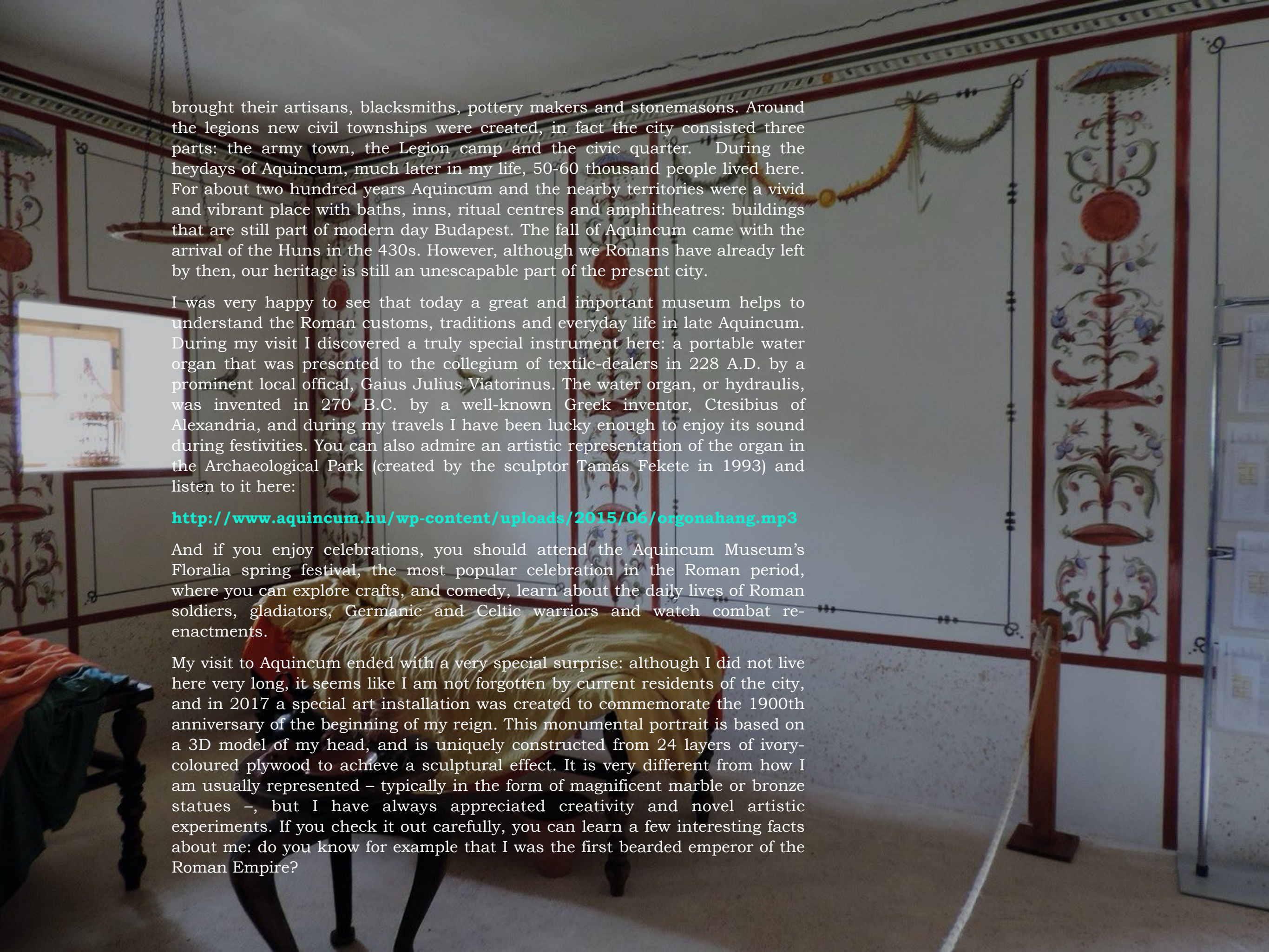


[Watch in full screen](#)

## Aquincum Museum







brought their artisans, blacksmiths, pottery makers and stonemasons. Around the legions new civil townships were created, in fact the city consisted three parts: the army town, the Legion camp and the civic quarter. During the heydays of Aquincum, much later in my life, 50-60 thousand people lived here. For about two hundred years Aquincum and the nearby territories were a vivid and vibrant place with baths, inns, ritual centres and amphitheatres: buildings that are still part of modern day Budapest. The fall of Aquincum came with the arrival of the Huns in the 430s. However, although we Romans have already left by then, our heritage is still an unescapable part of the present city.

I was very happy to see that today a great and important museum helps to understand the Roman customs, traditions and everyday life in late Aquincum. During my visit I discovered a truly special instrument here: a portable water organ that was presented to the collegium of textile-dealers in 228 A.D. by a prominent local official, Gaius Julius Viatorinus. The water organ, or hydraulis, was invented in 270 B.C. by a well-known Greek inventor, Ctesibius of Alexandria, and during my travels I have been lucky enough to enjoy its sound during festivities. You can also admire an artistic representation of the organ in the Archaeological Park (created by the sculptor Tamás Fekete in 1993) and listen to it here:

<http://www.aquincum.hu/wp-content/uploads/2015/06/orgonahang.mp3>

And if you enjoy celebrations, you should attend the Aquincum Museum's Floralia spring festival, the most popular celebration in the Roman period, where you can explore crafts, and comedy, learn about the daily lives of Roman soldiers, gladiators, Germanic and Celtic warriors and watch combat re-enactments.

My visit to Aquincum ended with a very special surprise: although I did not live here very long, it seems like I am not forgotten by current residents of the city, and in 2017 a special art installation was created to commemorate the 1900th anniversary of the beginning of my reign. This monumental portrait is based on a 3D model of my head, and is uniquely constructed from 24 layers of ivory-coloured plywood to achieve a sculptural effect. It is very different from how I am usually represented – typically in the form of magnificent marble or bronze statues –, but I have always appreciated creativity and novel artistic experiments. If you check it out carefully, you can learn a few interesting facts about me: do you know for example that I was the first bearded emperor of the Roman Empire?





Hadrian in the Vatican Museums



Aquincum Museum,  
Floralia Festival



Hadrian in the Antalya Archeological Museum



Hadrian in the Vatican Museums



Hadrian in the Vatican Museums



# 3 Civil Town Amphitheatre



A few minute walk from the Aquincum Museum we will find the Civil Town Amphitheatre which was built in the third century, between 250 and 300 AD. This is a smaller of the two amphitheatres in Aquincum, but still played an important role in the political and social life of the town. As the seat capacity was large enough (almost 7000 people), this Amphitheatre hosted sports events, gladiator and animal fights, as well as political gatherings and celebrations. In addition, when the emperors visited Aquincum, the speeches given in their honour were also held here.

After the Roman empire has collapsed and Aquincum was occupied by the Huns, the Amphitheatre was abandoned and laid in ruins for centuries. Fortunately archaeological excavations started here in 1880 and the built heritage was recovered. Can you imagine that even some of the ancient spectators' names are known today as they were carved in the stone seats? Valerius Julianus, Aelius Quintus and Gaia Valeria Nonia must have been great fans of gladiator games!

Not far from the almost circular walls stood the barrack of gladiators where their training and practice took place, as well as a sanctuary to the goddess Nemesis who was very popular among gladiators and soldiers. By the way, do you know that gladiator games were among the most-watched forms of popular entertainment in the Roman world? I also frequently attended these shows and even learnt to use gladiatorial weapons. These fights were literally a matter of life and death, so most gladiators were slaves or prisoners, but some free men (even upper class patricians or senators) were lured into the arena by the thrill of the battle and the glory and fortune that awaited the winners. The games were a great opportunity for us, emperors, to commemorate military victories, celebrate special occasions or simply distract the people from the current political and economic problems. Oh, I still remember the wonderful gladiatorial combats in Rome that I gave to celebrate my 43<sup>rd</sup> birthday – my first birthday as emperor –, they lasted for six days and were truly spectacular!

Today the Amphitheatre is open for visitors and is included in the Roman heritage tour of Óbuda, where most of the sites are located. Although the era of gladiators and animals fights is gone, special events are hosted here today as well. In May 2019 the tribute band Keep Floydng gave a successful full house concert in the Amphitheatre, recalling the legendary 1972 Pink Floyd gig in Pompeii, Italy. Since then the band performed several times in the site, so it is worth to check out their schedule for future events. I am totally new to “rock” music, but I think I like it almost as much as gladiator games!



[Watch in full screen](#)



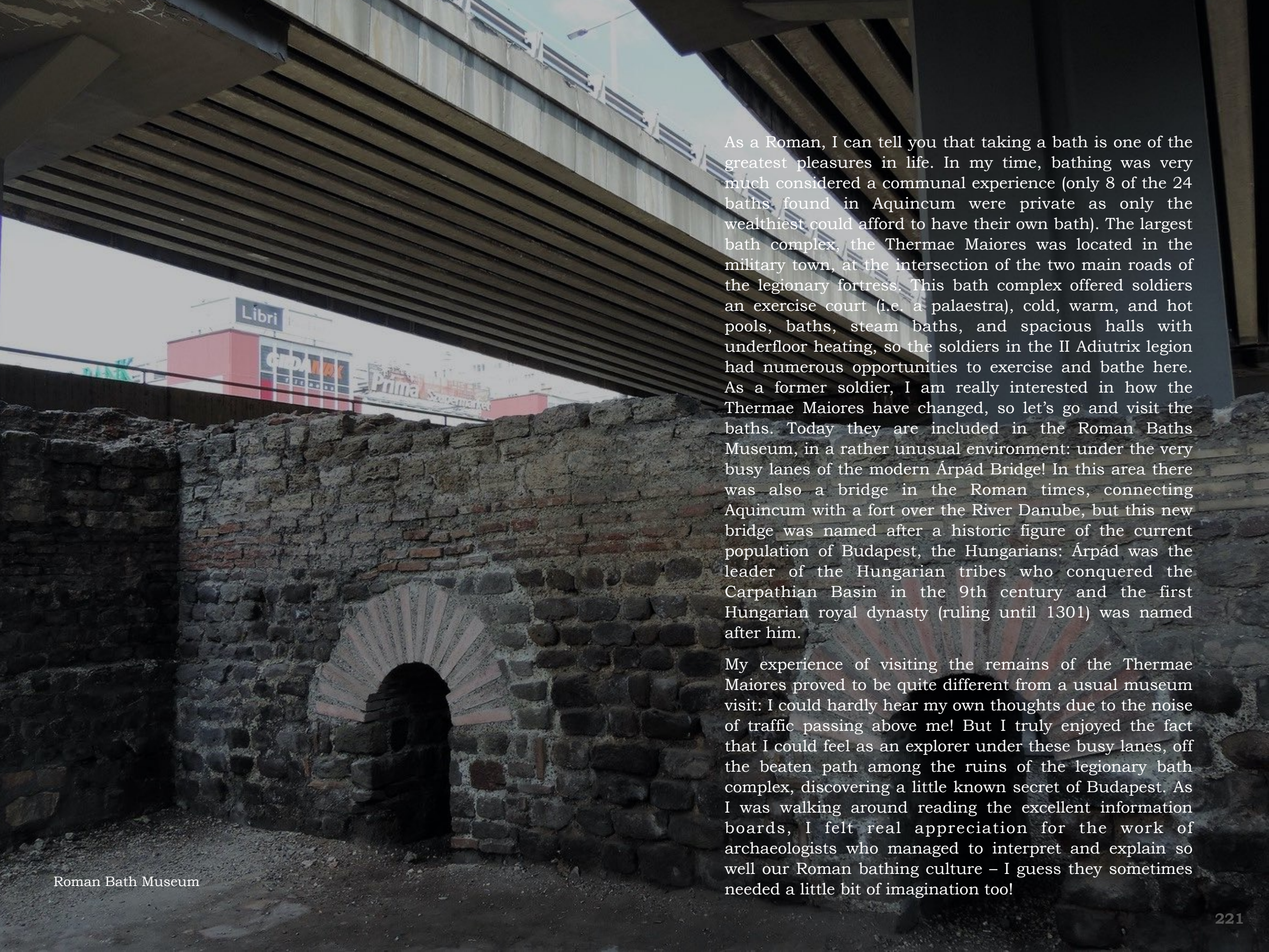
# Civil Town Amphitheatre





# 4 Roman Bath Museum





As a Roman, I can tell you that taking a bath is one of the greatest pleasures in life. In my time, bathing was very much considered a communal experience (only 8 of the 24 baths found in Aquincum were private as only the wealthiest could afford to have their own bath). The largest bath complex, the *Thermae Maiores* was located in the military town, at the intersection of the two main roads of the legionary fortress. This bath complex offered soldiers an exercise court (i.e. a *palaestra*), cold, warm, and hot pools, baths, steam baths, and spacious halls with underfloor heating, so the soldiers in the II *Adiutrix* legion had numerous opportunities to exercise and bathe here. As a former soldier, I am really interested in how the *Thermae Maiores* have changed, so let's go and visit the baths. Today they are included in the Roman Baths Museum, in a rather unusual environment: under the very busy lanes of the modern Árpád Bridge! In this area there was also a bridge in the Roman times, connecting Aquincum with a fort over the River Danube, but this new bridge was named after a historic figure of the current population of Budapest, the Hungarians: Árpád was the leader of the Hungarian tribes who conquered the Carpathian Basin in the 9th century and the first Hungarian royal dynasty (ruling until 1301) was named after him.

My experience of visiting the remains of the *Thermae Maiores* proved to be quite different from a usual museum visit: I could hardly hear my own thoughts due to the noise of traffic passing above me! But I truly enjoyed the fact that I could feel as an explorer under these busy lanes, off the beaten path among the ruins of the legionary bath complex, discovering a little known secret of Budapest. As I was walking around reading the excellent information boards, I felt real appreciation for the work of archaeologists who managed to interpret and explain so well our Roman bathing culture – I guess they sometimes needed a little bit of imagination too!





## Roman Bath Museum

Visiting the museum with students of  
Kodolányi János University in the  
framework of the TOURiBOOST project



Watch in  
full screen



KJU students



Roman Bath Museum under Árpád Bridge





## Roman Bath Museum

Do you know that in the Roman empire every city had bath complexes that were used for bathing, sports, reading, relaxing and socialising? They combined many functions that modern wellness centres offer today, and were probably even more popular, since they were accessible to all at a very low price. A typical bath had a series of rooms and halls and were often decorated with mosaic floors and statues. We would visit the different rooms in a specific order, starting at the apodyterium, or changing room, where we would undress and leave our clothing and other valuables (instead of modern lockers, servants or slaves would watch over our belongings). Then we would have our body oiled before doing some light exercise in the palaestra, a large open-air exercise court: ballgames, boxing or wrestling were particularly popular. Next up was the frigidarium, or cold room, then the tepidarium, or warm room, and finally to the caldarium, a steamy hot room, or the sudatorium, a sweating room. After all this, the oil would be scraped off our skin by a servant, using a special tool called a strigil (women probably used the same tool for removing hair from their bodies). Then we would visit the same rooms in the opposite order, finishing at the changing room.





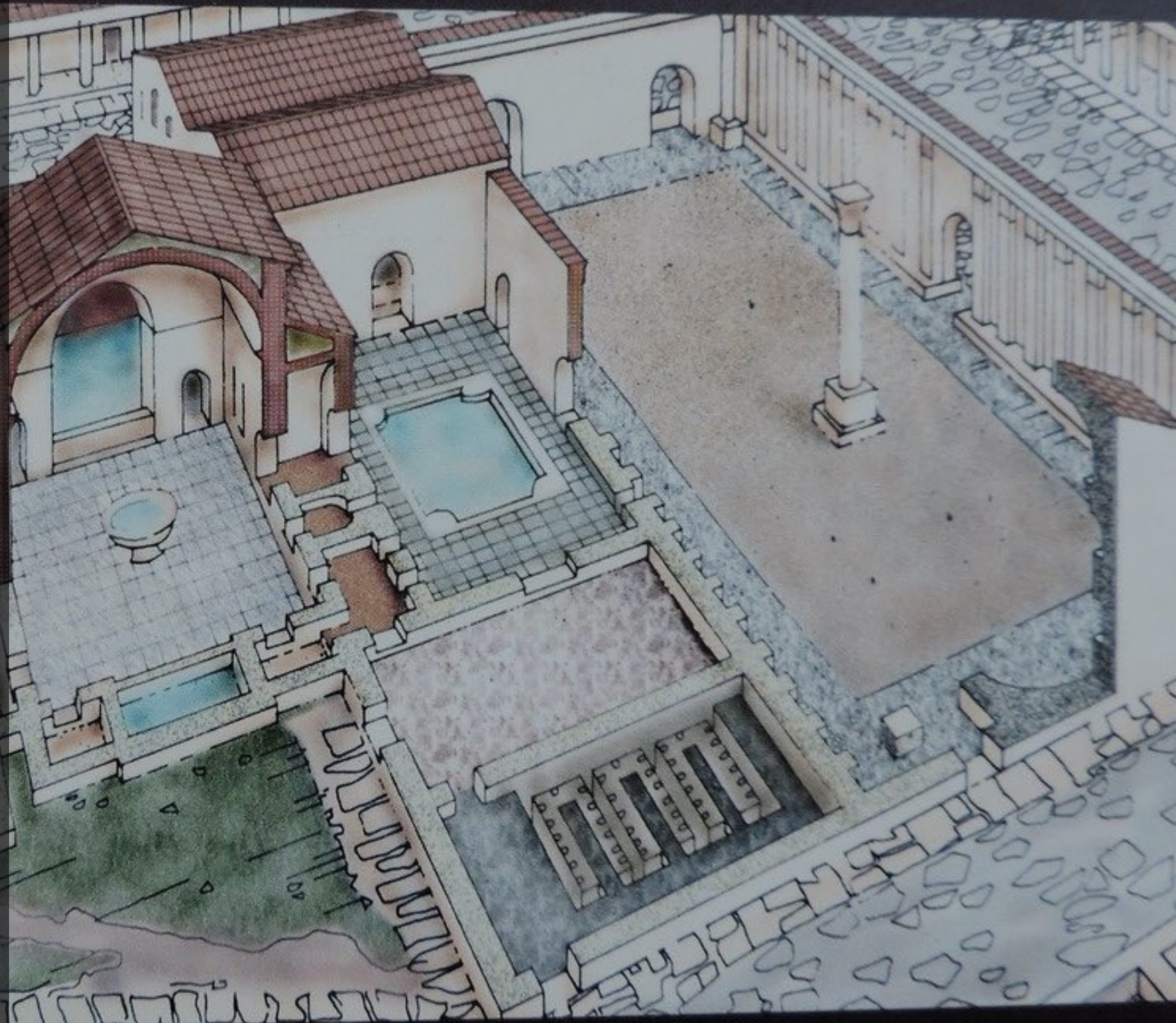
## Roman Bath Museum

In the present day Budapest is known as the spa capital of the world and the thermal baths are among the city's most important attractions offering a variety of spa experiences, from therapeutic treatments to lively pool parties. And although most of the baths that are open today were established in the Ottoman times (16th-17th centuries), the city's spa culture, as you could see, dates back to us Romans. I seriously recommend you to check out here Budapest's spas here:



<http://www.spasbudapest.com>

I wanted to try one, but then could not decide which one as they are all different in their atmosphere and architecture, so I have visited several. It was interesting to notice that in most Budapest baths women and men mixed freely, together with children, while during my reign I as emperor commanded men and women to bathe separately. Another difference is that here I had to wear a swimsuit while in a Roman bath nudity was the norm. But differences aside, when sitting in the hot water I closed my eyes, the lively noise around me, the relaxing effect of the heat and the familiar smell of the mineral-rich water made me feel like I was back to one of my favourite baths in Rome... a very pleasant experience.





5 15 March  
Square



After the nice and relaxing time in the bath, it was time to explore more of the city and take a look at what has become of the Roman fort of Contra Aquincum, originally built on the left bank of the Danube to protect a strategic river crossing. The first Roman military camp was built here in the 2nd century, then it was completely rebuilt in the 4th century into a 84x86 m large fortress protected with fan-shaped towers at the corners and two U-shaped interval towers on both sides. The walls of the fort were really thick, so the builders used up lots of earlier memorials, mainly gravestones and fragments of statues. If you think about it, it is really interesting how our approach to heritage conservation has changed over the centuries: nowadays we aim to safeguard built heritage in an authentic manner, in the original setting, while in the past it was rather common to periodically reconstruct or even to reuse (just look at the Colosseum in Rome, it was used as a quarry in the Middle Ages, its stones can be found even in St. Peter's Basilica).

On the way I could admire the view of the city centre from Elizabeth bridge. Do you know that Budapest, including the banks of the Danube, the Buda Castle Quarter and Andrassy Avenue, is a World Heritage site? "World Heritage" signifies cultural and natural heritage around the world considered to be of outstanding universal value to humanity. There is a list of sites designated as World Heritage (a bit like the seven wonders in Antiquity, but much-much longer) that you can check out if you are interested. I think it could be great fun to visit them all!



<https://whc.unesco.org/en/list/>



15 March Square, Representation  
of the Danube and the Roman  
forts of the limes on the square



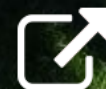
15 March Square, Ruins  
of Contra Aquincum



Budapest is listed as one of the world's outstanding urban landscapes, and the centre for receiving and disseminating cultural influences. For example, Aquincum played an essential role in the diffusion of Roman architectural style in Pannonia and Dacia (another Roman province, now in Romania). Buda Castle played an important role in the diffusion of Gothic art. From the 19th century, Budapest was a centre which absorbed, integrated and disseminated outstanding and progressive European influences of urbanism and architecture, in addition to modern technological developments.



15 March Square (Március 15. tér in Hungarian) demonstrates very well the progress that has taken place in this area in the last two millennia. Where once Contra Aquincum stood in the Roman times, now there is a beautiful green square that seems to be very popular with locals and visitors alike. The remains of the fort were discovered during various construction works in the last centuries and today they are only partially visible: through a glass cover at the street level, and inside the Inner City Parish church. If you walk around slowly on 15 March Square, you can discover that the outlines of the Roman fort are marked with stone tiles on the pavement, and between the northern and southern sections of the former Roman wall a stylized line representing the Danube river can be seen, with the names and floor plans of the Roman military garrisons in Pannonia province.



[Watch in full screen](#)



15 March Square, View over the Danube and Buda Castle



15 March Square, Statue of revolutionary poet Sándor Petőfi (1849)

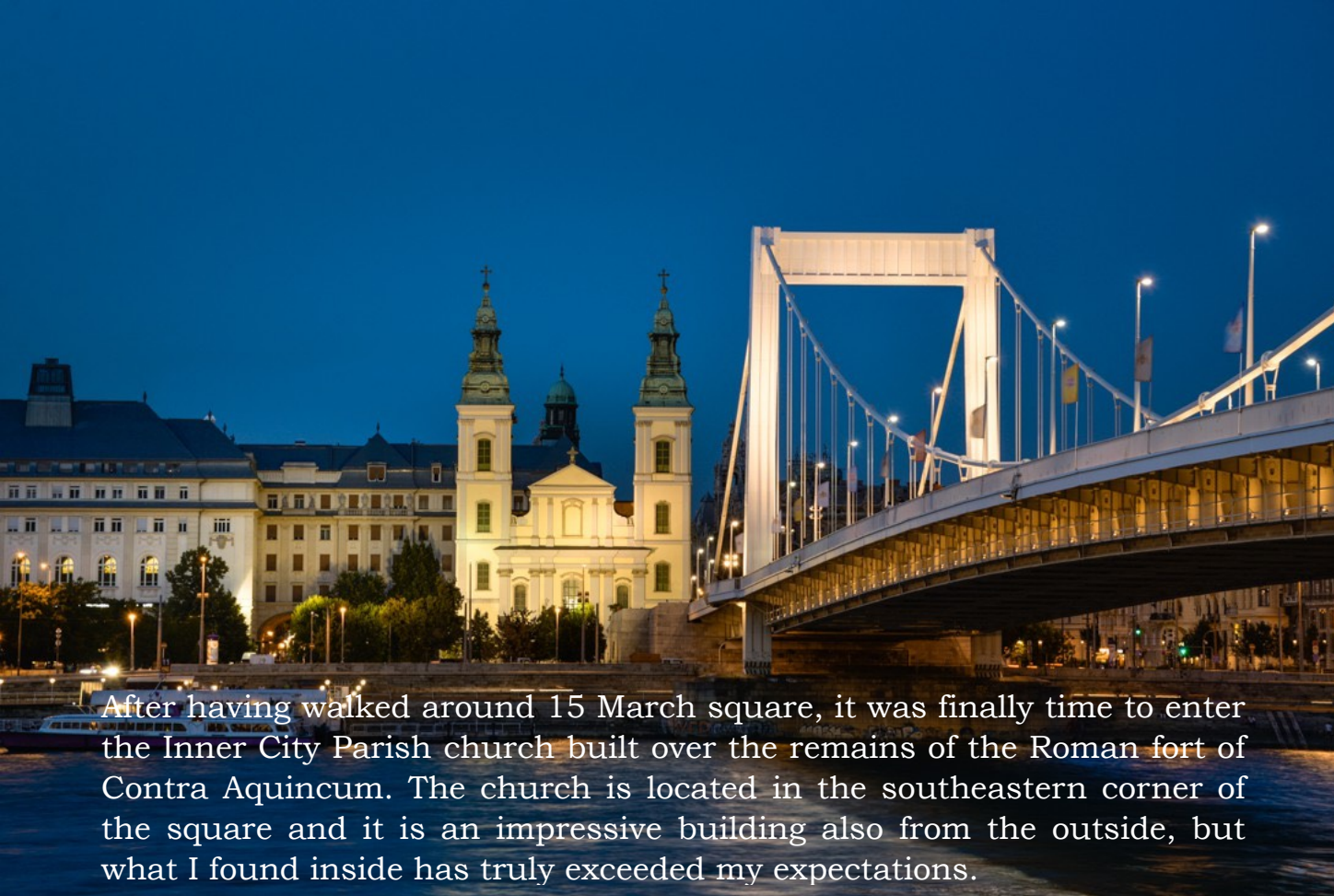


I was really curious about the origin of the square's name as 15 March is memorable date for us Romans: the dictator Julius Caesar was assassinated by a group of senators on Idus Martiae, the Ides of March (15 March) of 44 B.C. But the figure of Caesar was not history connected with Aquincum or Pannonia province, so then I thought the name was simply a reference to the Roman new year festival held on this day, since this spacious green square seemed like a perfect place for picnics and celebrations. But no, both of my assumptions were incorrect: the square received its name in 1948 and the date commemorates the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 against the Habsburg empire, as the statue of poet Sándor Petőfi, one of the central figures of this revolution reminds us. The anniversary of the revolution's outbreak, 15 March is one of the three national holidays in Hungary.



# 6 Inner City Parish Church





After having walked around 15 March square, it was finally time to enter the Inner City Parish church built over the remains of the Roman fort of Contra Aquincum. The church is located in the southeastern corner of the square and it is an impressive building also from the outside, but what I found inside has truly exceeded my expectations.

Inner City Parish Church of the Assumption and Elizabeth Bridge



Inner City Parish Church of the Assumption

Inner City Parish Church of the Assumption



Watch in full screen







The Inner-city Parish Church of the Assumption has a history of nearly 2,000 years, so if you want to get to know Budapest (and Hungary) better, you should definitely visit it. The building was recently restored and today it offers spiritual as well as cultural experiences, both for visitors and locals.



TOURiBOOST project participants visiting the church



Inner City Parish Church of the Assumption

Remnants of the Roman camp's command building seen through a glass floor





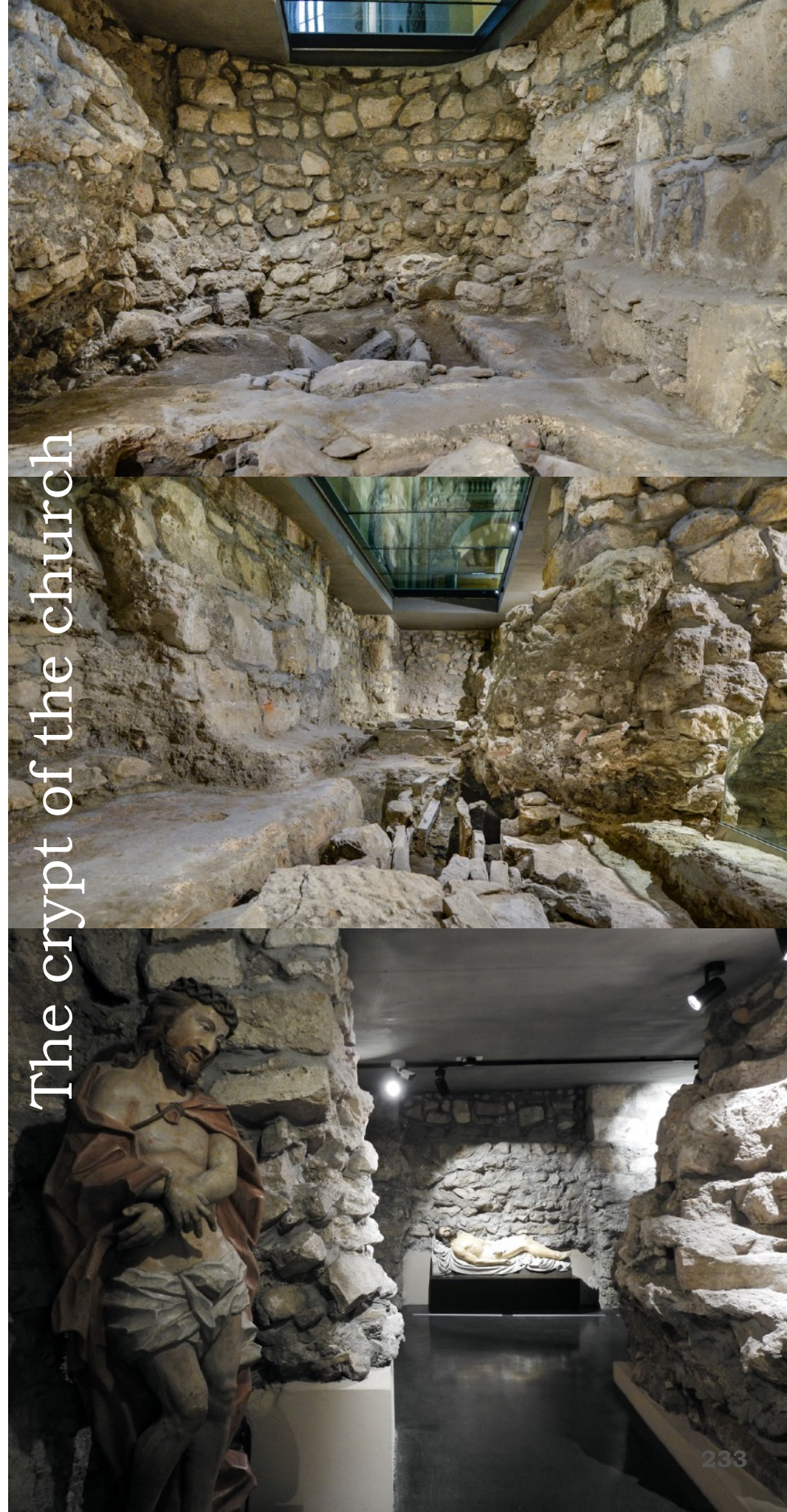
[Watch in full screen](#)

As I was particularly interested in the Roman heritage of the church, I started my visit in the southern aisle where the remains of Contra Aquincum can be seen through a glass floor.

Walking above the ruins on the glass surface was quite a special experience in itself, but then I realised that the Baroque crypt of the church is open as well, so I went down to have a closer look at the Roman fort's ruins.

Today the crypt is a sanctuary, so I was walking around very quietly to not disturb those immersed in prayer. Besides the remnants of the Roman camp's command building, I could also admire small wooden Baroque sculptures of the 12 apostles and a beautiful Carrara marble statue of the Nuremberg Madonna in a niche in the stone wall.

The exterior part of the crypt, which is also used for cultural events, hosts an exhibition of archaeological findings and large photos show details of the restoration works.



The crypt of the church



Although I was aware of the existence of the Roman ruins in the crypt, visiting the Inner-city Parish Church felt a bit like opening a box of treasures: there are so many interesting details to discover!

For example, there is a mihrab, a prayer niche indicating the direction of Mecca, in the wall of the sanctuary. Mihrabs are essential elements of Islamic architecture, but seeing one in a Catholic church is quite surprising (coming from the ancient Roman empire, I had to stop here and search for more information on world religions, but I am sure that you are familiar with the basics of Christianity and Islam).

I learnt that after 1541, during the Ottoman rule, the sanctuary was used as a mosque for a while, and the mihrab is a witness of this historic period. On the wall you can also see the remnants of an Arabic text painted in black, the meaning of which has not been deciphered yet.



[Watch in full screen](#)







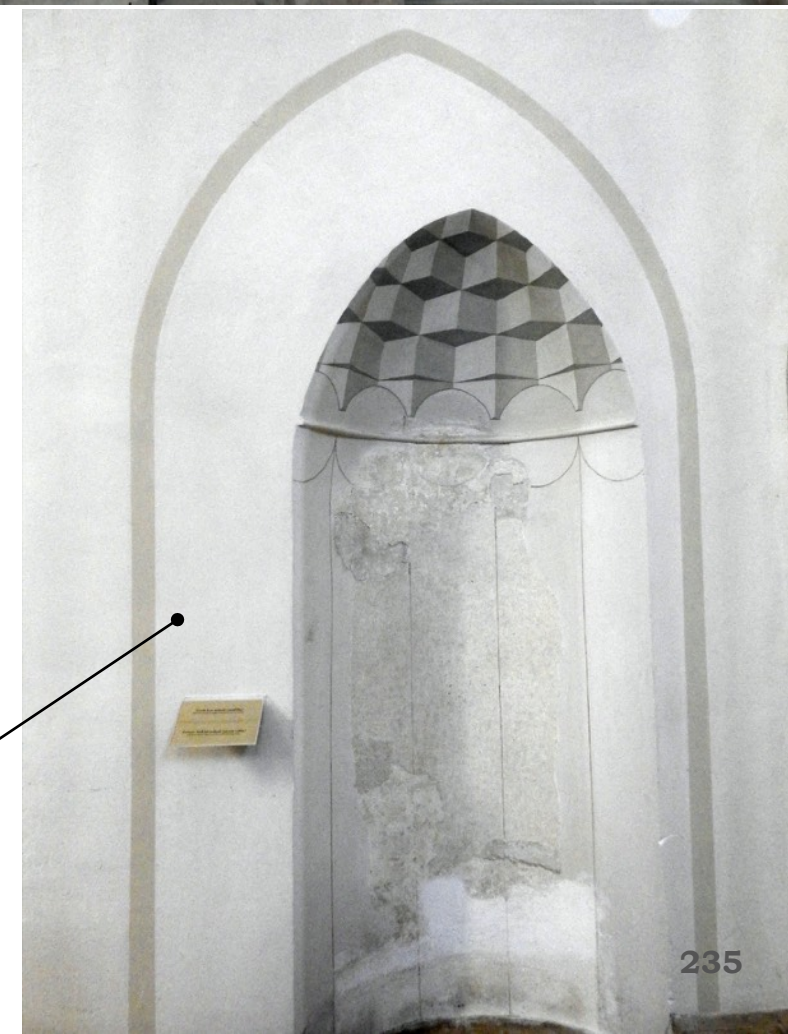
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15th century  
fresco remains

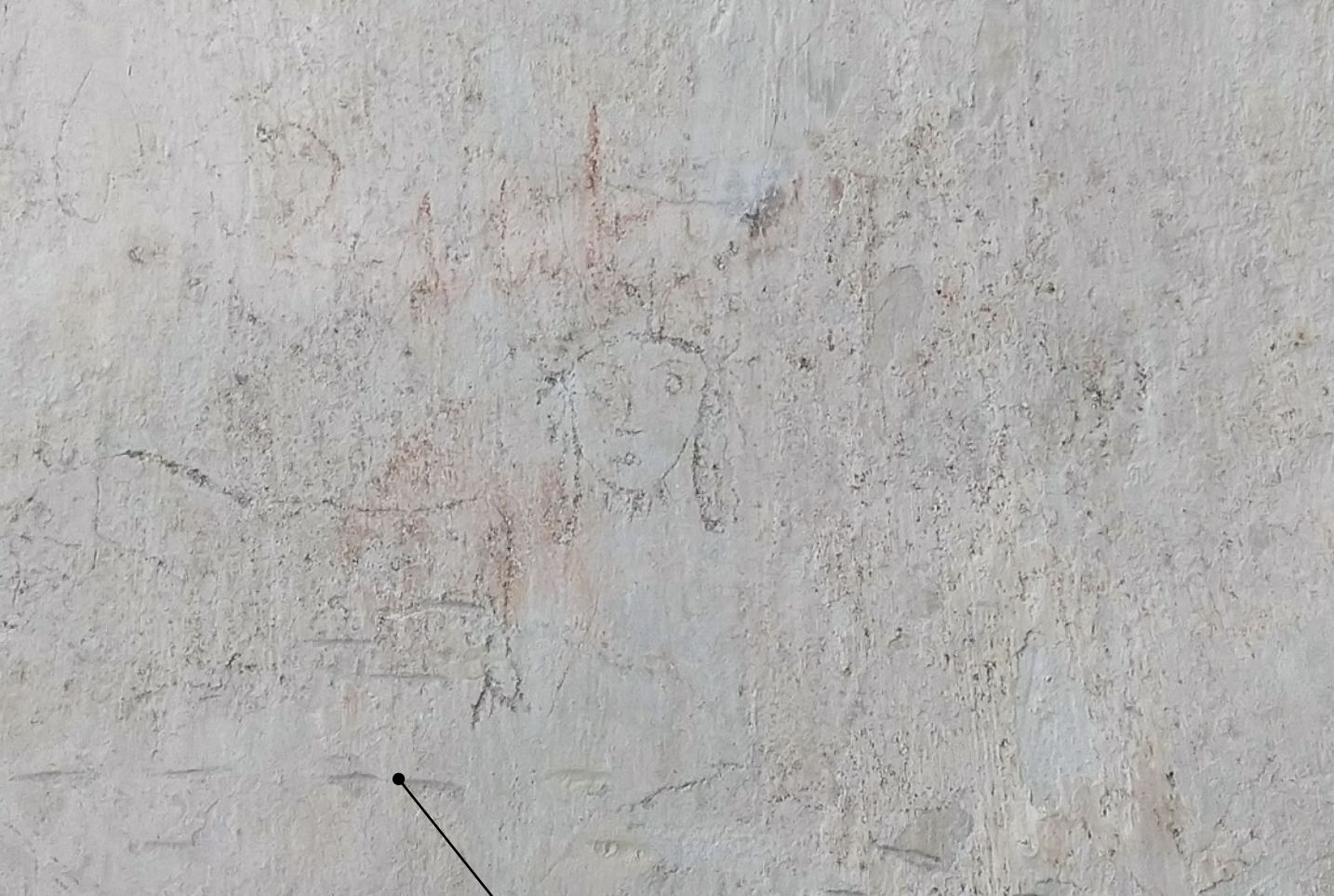
The mihrab among medieval  
sedilia

Sedilia are stone seats found  
on the liturgical south side of  
an altar, used by clergy as  
seating during services

The mihrab







The Matthias Oratory



Gothic chapel with  
Neo-gothic altar

Above the beautiful gothic chapel on the right, you can see the oratory of Matthias Corvinus, Hungary's probably most beloved king. One of the most important events in the church's history was the meeting of noblemen on 23 January 1458 who agreed to elect Matthias as the next king. The next day the people of Pest gathered on the frozen River Danube and unanimously proclaimed Matthias King of Hungary. He ruled until 1490, and during his reign Hungary became the first country outside Italy to embrace the Renaissance. His legend as "King Matthias the Just", a monarch who mingles among people in disguise, delivering justice to his subjects, rewarding the good and punishing the evil, is still alive in many tales. If you go up to the oratory, you can have a good view of the church, and if you look very carefully at the wall, you may discover a little drawing of a face, probably from the Middle Ages.



View from the  
Matthias Oratory

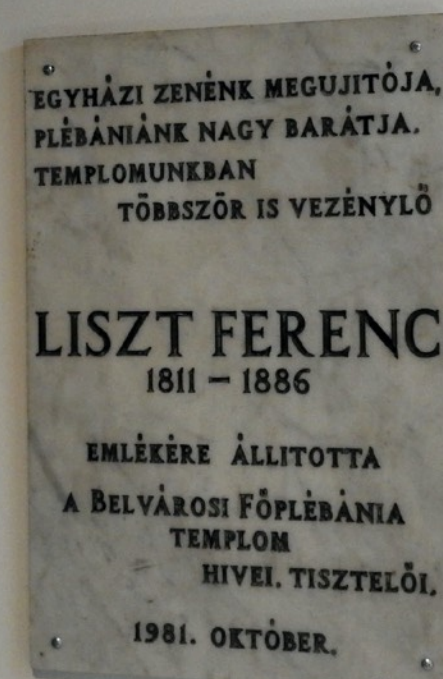
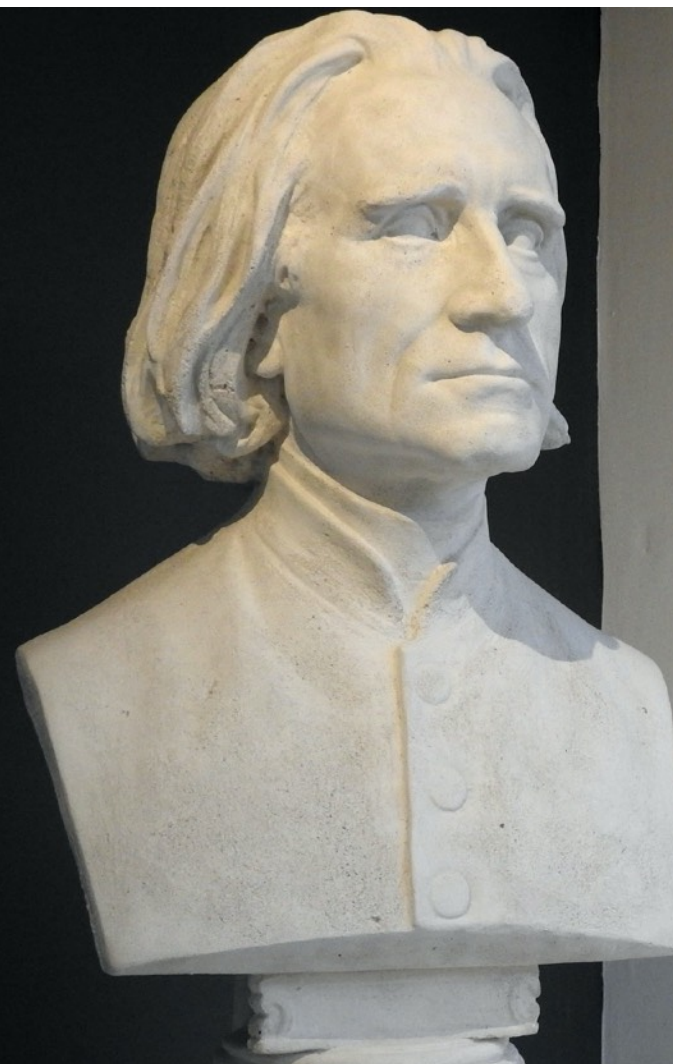




The great 19th century Hungarian composer and pianist, Franz Liszt (Liszt Ferenc in Hungarian), often stayed in the parsonage next to the church as the guest of the parish priest, and conducted his and other composers' work here on many occasions. For example, on 4 February 1872, his composition "Missa Choralis", also conducted by him, was presented in this church. I found it an interesting coincidence that Franz Liszt composed an oratorio entitled "The Legend of St. Elizabeth", since the engagement of Elizabeth, a Hungarian princess of the Árpád dynasty, to Ludwig IV, Landgrave of Thuringia, was celebrated in this very church in 1211. (Even if you are not very familiar with the stories of saints, you may have heard about the best known miracle of St. Elizabeth of Hungary: the miracle of roses. As the story is told, during one of her many trips delivering bread to the poor in secret, her husband – or in other versions her brother-in-law – asked her to reveal the contents under her cloak, and as she did, the bread had been transformed into white and red roses. Her legend is one of the first stories that associate Christian saints with roses).



Statue of St. Elizabeth from Coimbra







View from the tower, Castle District



View from the tower, Elizabeth Bridge and Gellért Hill with the Statue of Liberty

The latest development in the life of the Inner City Parish Church is the opening of the towers to the public in June 2020. I decided that going up to the lookout point for a final view of the centre of Budapest would be a fitting way to finish my visit, almost like watching the world go by from the tower of Contra Aquincum that once stood in the very same place. The view from the towers was magnificent, I could see that the city has grown and changed enormously since my time as governor of Aquincum. What we Romans have started in terms of urban development has become, through the ups and downs of almost 2000 years of history, a colourful and vibrant place worth to discover.



View from the Tower, 15 March Square

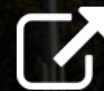




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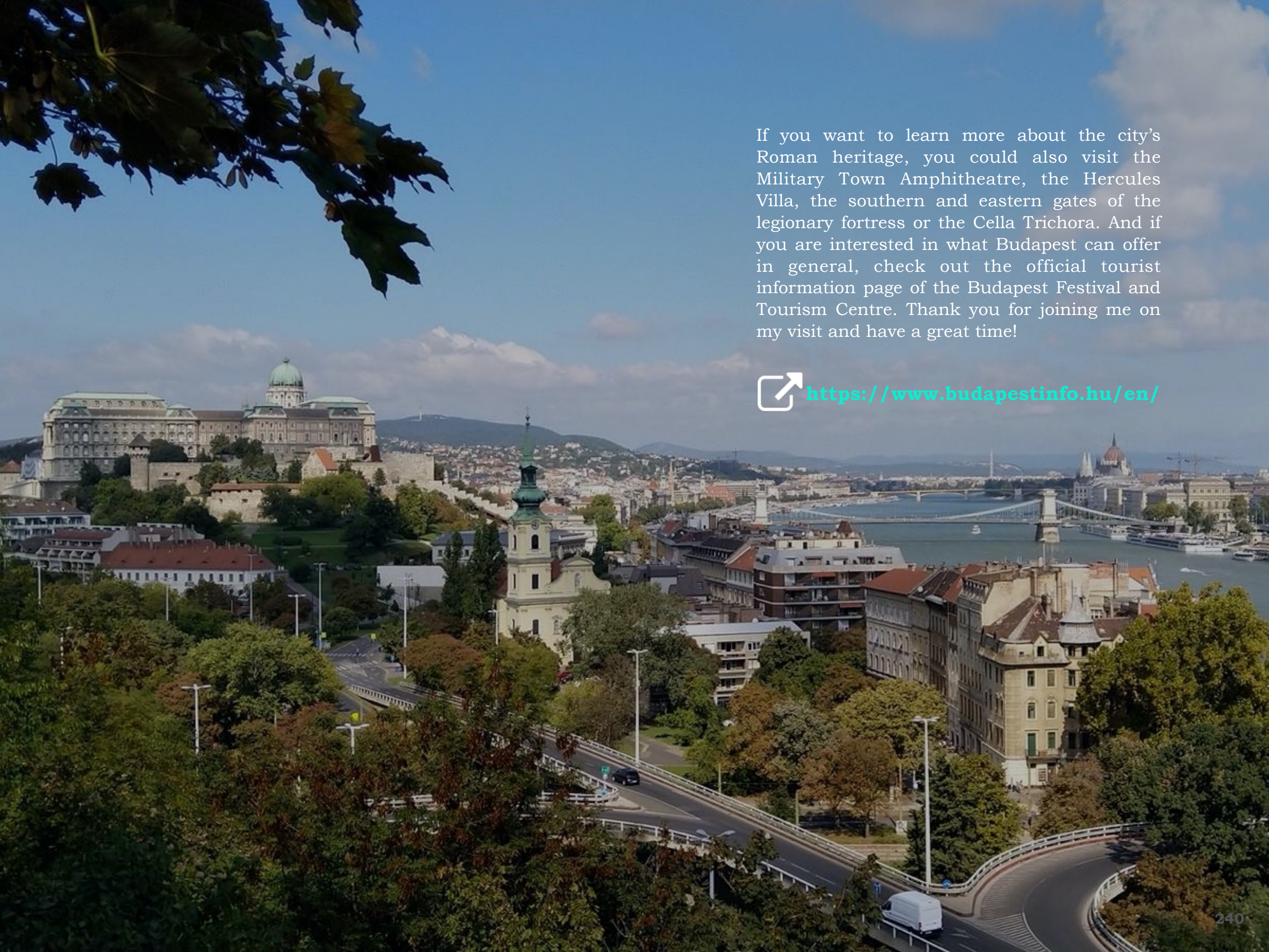
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If you want to learn more about the city's Roman heritage, you could also visit the Military Town Amphitheatre, the Hercules Villa, the southern and eastern gates of the legionary fortress or the Cella Trichora. And if you are interested in what Budapest can offer in general, check out the official tourist information page of the Budapest Festival and Tourism Centre. Thank you for joining me on my visit and have a great time!

 <https://www.budapestinfo.hu/en/>



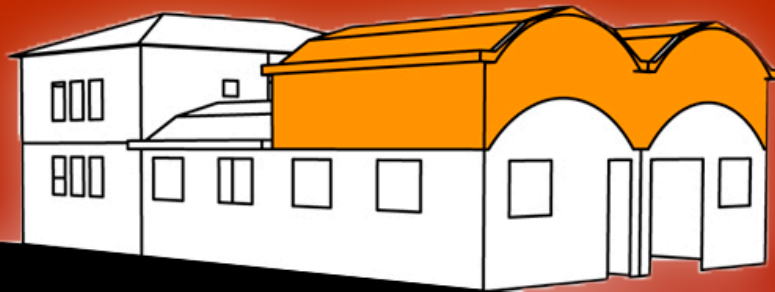


# A story placed in Villaggio Artigiano - Modena (Italy)

Touriboost Project 2018-10TR01-KA203-058344



# A story placed in Villaggio Artigiano - Modena (Italy)





1.The birth of Villaggio  
Artigiano

2.Ponzoni Foundry

3.Ovestlab factory

4.Cesare Leonardi,  
architect and designer

5.Massicciata

6.TricTrac centre



slide back & forward



external content



image gallery



image gallery

contents

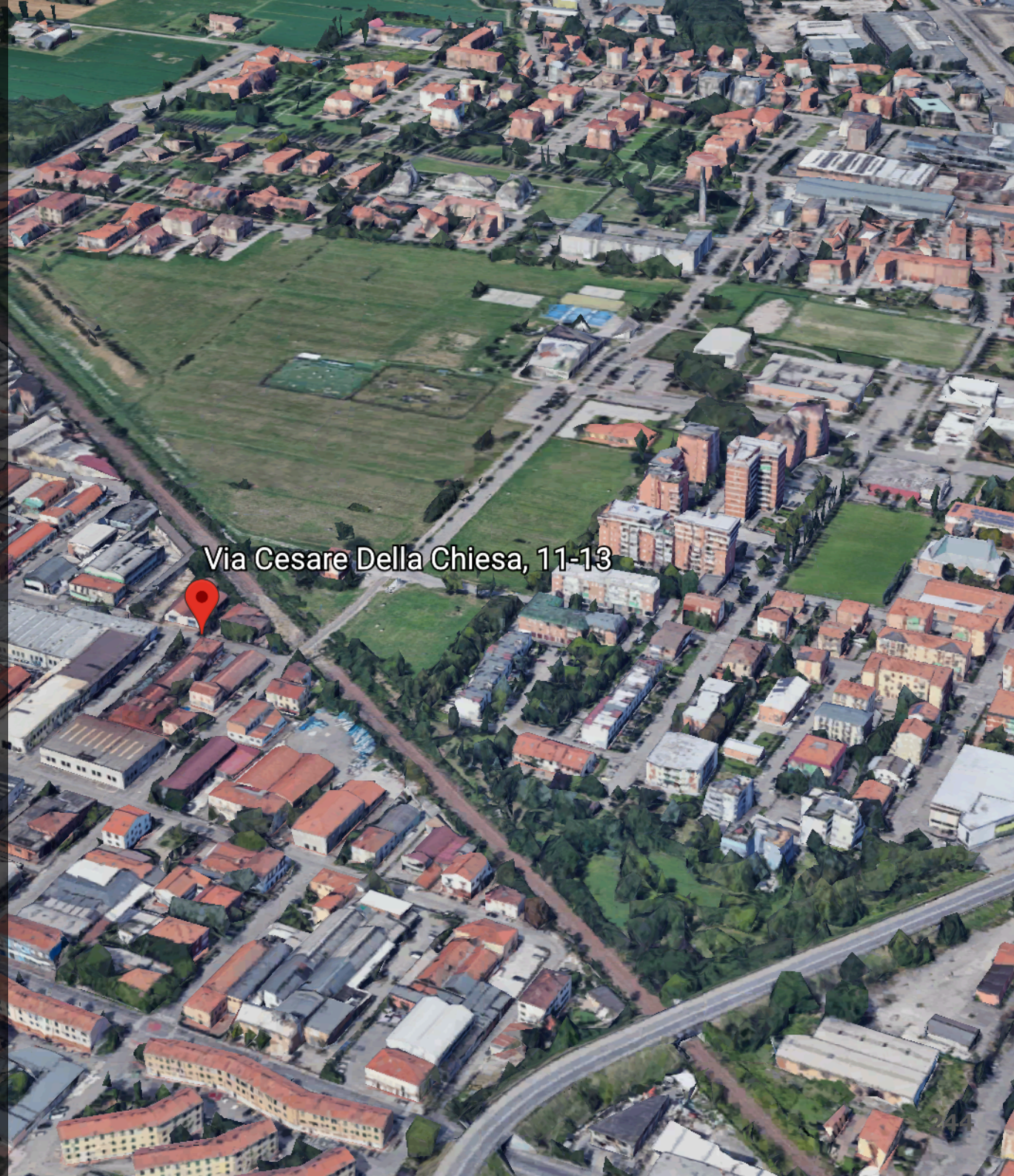


# Am I or am I not the local Priest?

Can you see the triangular shape of this place? This is the typical shape of Villaggio Artigiano. It marks the landscape and it can be seen from a distance. It has been in constant communication with the rest of the city, Modena, for decades. But at the same time, this particular triangle-shaped piece of land has been, for me and my friends, like a fortress. The Village has got a great character and has a marvellous story to tell. In fact, everybody comes to me and ask. If I'm in the mood and maybe over a good glass of red wine, I remember and tell the story with pleasure. Am I or am I not the local priest? After all, I know everyone's secrets!

## ..after the II WW....

All began just after the II World War. In that period, the whole country was under reconstruction and people came from the experience of the partisan liberation struggle by the Nazi-Fascists, particularly in the area of Modena and Emilia Romagna. At that time already, the province of Modena had a high level of population and production density and, in the post-war years, it experienced an impetuous economic development: ceramics, textiles and clothing, biomedical, metalworking – especially in Modena – and food industry. At the beginning of the 1940s, some very important companies such as FIAT, Maserati and Ferrari were already present in Modena.





# 1 The birth of Villaggio Artigiano



But in the years following the war many of the businesses that grew during Fascism went into crisis and the majority of those entrepreneurs reacted by unleashing a violent offensive against the working class. As a reaction process, starting in 1945, many dismissed workers decided to start their own business and some small companies arose in Modena, founded mainly by former factory workers of the city, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, carpenters and even peasants.

In this context, Alfeo Corassori, the first Mayor after the Liberation and the urban planner Mario Alberto Pucci, had a brilliant and audacious political intuition. They wanted to create a new neighbourhood that could tie

together life and work, know-how and industry, production chain and local community. This was the Villaggio Artigiano (Artisanal Village), built in 1953 in the Madonnina neighbourhood. It is the first model of industrial area created in Italy: an equipped artisan district, developed on an area that sits in-between the city and the countryside, focused on the size of the small artisan entrepreneur for the economic revitalization of Modena. A real public ante-litteram social innovation intervention. Mayor Corassori believed very much in this bet on the future, to the point of organizing meetings with unemployed workers to convince them to take the risk, to accept the economic and personal sacrifice necessary to start a company. And he succeeded! The Villaggio Artigiano was built on an area of 15 hectares, from which 74 lots were obtained, in which as many businesses took up residence within three or four years.

Thanks to the brilliant idea of Mayor Corassori, all this people and their families naturally merged in a self-empowerment process that avoided possible social conflicts in the city due to these layoffs, creating a young and productive, fairly cohesive population founded on the work and on its ethical principles and system of values. The physical union of medium, small and very small businesses made their strength.



The Church of the Villaggio Artigiano.



[La Chiesa del Villaggio Artigiano](#)





The Church of the Villaggio Artigiano.

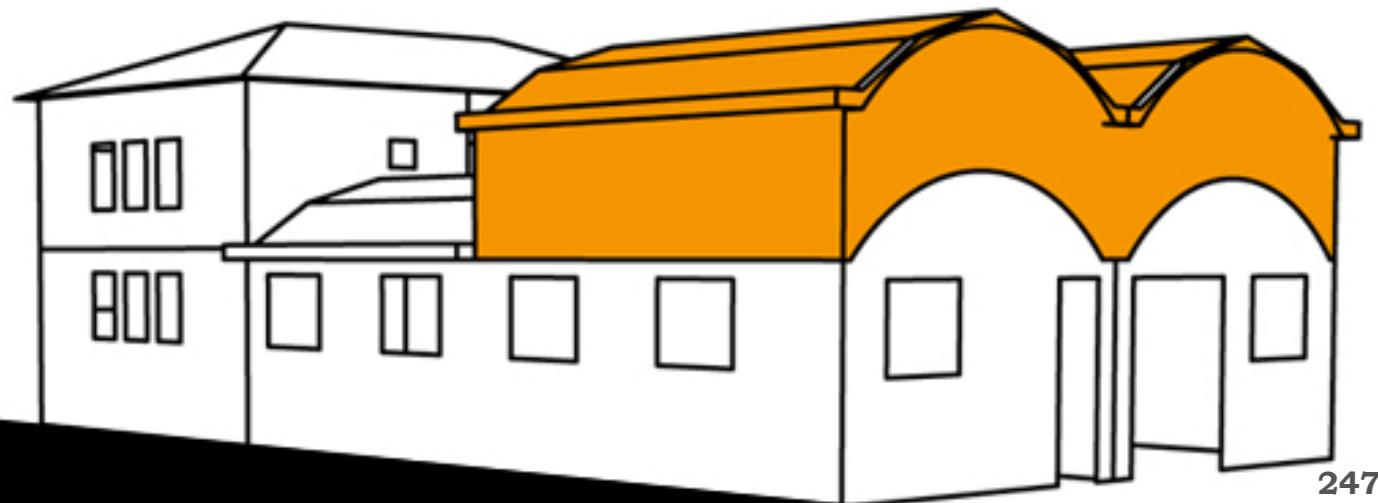


Mario Pucci. 1953. Picture of the Villaggio Artigiano.



Villaggio Artigiano seen from above.

## [Il Villaggio Artigiano](#)





Next to the production sector, in the Villaggio Artigiano a community of residents was born, which in the following decades consolidated. This was made by very similar characters and people, young people in their early twenties who had courage, skills and a dream, sort of artisans' conglomerate that knew and helped each other.

Such a community couldn't miss a church, and not just any church!



## Il Villaggio Artigiano - elaborated by Amigdala

Something really special was happening at the time. In France, the experience of the "working priests" developed after the War and was taking root also in Italy. Priests like me worked as workers in the factories and in addition officiated masses and carried out the ecclesiastical functions for which they were assigned to the parish. In fact, the Villaggio Artigiano church went to constitute one of the places in Italy where this experience flourished. And that's how I got here! It's for this reason that I know each inhabitant of the Village so closely. I shared with them not only spiritual life, but also everyday life. And that was great!

At that time, people were really counting on their own, helping out each other and sharing wealth and poverty. Everything was a "family business" and so was the building of the house-workshop, typical construction of the Villaggio Artigiano, that involved relatives and friends, all workers or craftsmen who were making their own way to get by, working at the building at night or on Sunday. The factory houses, emblem of an inseparable link between work and life, reflected the resourcefulness of the inhabitants and was the basic unit, the beating heart of the Village.

Amigdala. Map of Villaggio Artigiano.





# 2 Ponzoni Foundry



I helped out too, so many times! Especially in case of good friends, like Fulvio Ponzoni, who arrived with his family to establish their activity, the **Ponzoni Foundry**, a cast iron foundry that they've run for almost 70 years. We spent some cheerful time together, Fulvio, me and his three boys, Nando, Carlo and Franco, that were all working tireless in the foundry.

I remember when on Sunday the house upstairs was full of relatives and cousins and their children were playing among the machinery of the workshop and casting molds still hot, with burns and scrapes on the feet and clothes. For many years, actually three generations of Ponzoni family moved with agility and dexterity between the fire, the fumes, the red-hot 'stirrups'. With smoked goggles, noise-cancelling headphones, a large protective helmet and a black pinafore, they looked like Martians or gods of the underworld, tormenting the souls of the afterlife. Fulvio, born in 1888, had started the activity just after the War, before moving in the Village, settling down in the old ruins of the Bastion of the Citadel. The equipment was built with makeshift means. At the beginning they cast only bronze and aluminium that did not need high temperatures. The furnace was made from military gasoline drums lined with refractory (fire-resistant) earth inside. The access coal was invigorated by a bellows driven by their sisters.

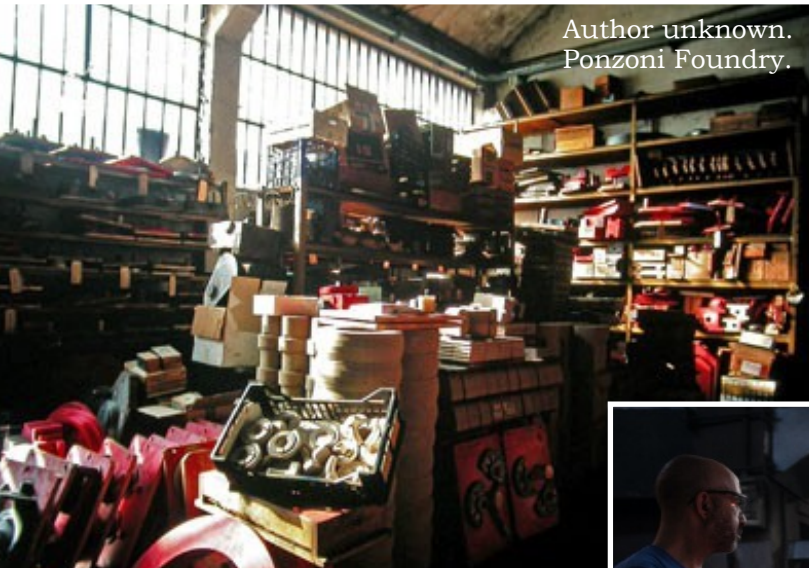
When they arrived here, the foundry and the house were built working with great sacrifices and they started the activity with such willpower. Here I remember a funny story that will let you know what I mean. They had bought a remnant of war in '48, an old German BMW motorcycle with sidecar, they had removed the shuttle and built a wooden platform on which everything was transported. The vehicle was used for the move and then became the 'truck of the company'. But already in the '70s were working effectively for FIAT tractors production, providing key elements for these powerful machines. Then production changed in the 1980s: parts for earth moving machines, prototypes, small series of other objects (parts for fireplaces, parts for pumps, etc.), until a new generation of Ponzoni arose in the 2000s, who have carried on the legacy of advanced technical know-how, combining it with the artistic soul of artisan production. In fact, while in a factory you have to continuously make the same piece, in their foundry they are always asked for different interventions. You have to know how to adapt, and this makes the job original and creative. Unfortunately, the Fonderia shut down a few years ago and is nowadays a dismissed shed. But the inside space of the foundry, with its melting furnaces, piles of raw material and moulds for cast iron, creates a special and evocative environment. And today it's experimenting an 'afterlife', miraculous process!



Author unknown. Picture of the ancient Ponzoni Foundry.



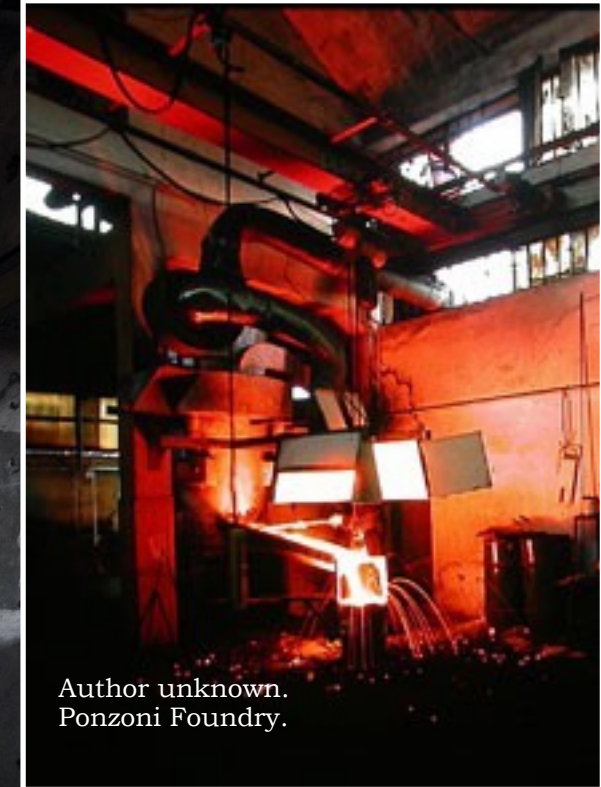
Author unknown. Ponzoni Foundry.



Marcella Menozzi. Ponzoni Foundry.



Author unknown. Ponzoni Foundry.



Author unknown. Ponzoni Foundry.



Marcella Menozzi. Ponzoni Foundry



Author unknown. Ponzoni Foundry.








Intervista al fonditore Claudio Ponzoni a cura  
di Amigdala



# 3 Ovestlab factory





Thanks to these guys of Amigdala Association, that settled down here in the Village a few years ago, the foundry and many other dismissed places are hosting great cultural events that bring them to new life. Particularly once a year, in spring, Amigdala organizes the Periferico Festival that brings in our place artists, public, visitors, music, theatre, art and fun! This really makes me remember of the old good times, when so many people flowed through the streets of the Village, like pulsating blood in its veins. Amigdala Association crew renewed an abandoned carpentry workshop and transformed it in their headquarter, Ovestlab factory, where, all along the year, artistic residences, workshops and other events are held. They really matured an idea of "widespread culture" that pays attention not only to the city center but also to its suburbs. In fact, Periferico takes place in non-theatrical places, inhabiting the chosen places with site-specific performances, specifically to enhance the space and its meaning. These are unpublished spaces, where the public cannot normally freely access: factories, archives, deposits, industrial spaces. Four editions of the festival have been held at the Artisan Village: Futuro Antenato (2016), Alto, fragile, urgente (2017), Insolente (2018), Latitudine e longitudine di un granello di sabbia (2019). In 2017 Periferico was reported to the Critical Network Award. #OvestLab follows the red thread of "know-how" - declined in the various areas of action - to enhance the memory of the Artisan Village as a territory where ingenuity and the community have been able to

Roberto Brancolini. 2018.  
Periferico Festival at Ovestlab

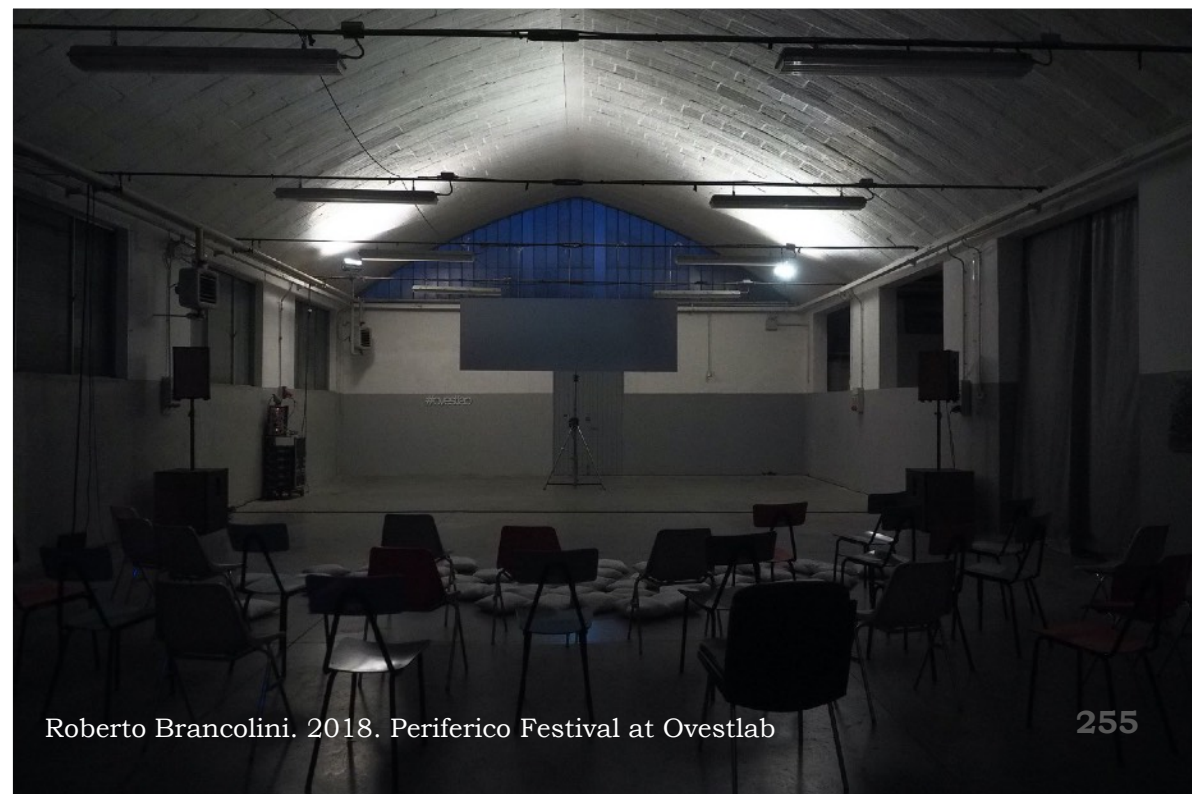


coexist, and at the same time produce new imaginaries for the future of this former industrial area. They try to connect different disciplinary fields, from performance art to carpentry, from urban redevelopment to publishing, by reconciling vigilant attention towards the themes of civic innovation.

For me OvestLab is the natural continuation of the old 'Civic Center', with its public library and some spaces where cultural activities took place. This was the first real place of social gathering and membership, after the church with its oratory and sections of the union and was implanted after moving the elementary school that at that time, because of the growing of the Village's population, needed a bigger space. Thanks to the initiative of some inhabitants, in the Civic Centre an artistic group was formed, sort of collective theatre. The first initiatives were associated to social struggles, to problems of air pollution in the neighbourhood due to harmful emissions



InEuropa srl. November 2019. Ovestlab



Roberto Brancolini. 2018. Periferico Festival at Ovestlab



from factories, to protest against the war in Vietnam, and to the fight against layoffs, by animating the Village to raise people's awareness.

Anyway, OvestLab is one of my favourite places in the Villaggio also because it makes me remember of our old and happy house near the church, where I spent so many marvellous years. This was a special place. Somebody called us 'weirds' but we were all so happy to be there and share a living! The church had an adjoining house where we priests lived and, on the upper floors, some artists and teachers of Fine Arts. This connivance over time generated a sort of small artistic collective where cultural and spiritual activity merged and revealed the social function we unrolled. Because arts help people to feel at ease, just like spiritual work, and society benefits from both.

As a result, outside the church on Sundays there were many people who did not attend mass but found themselves in that convivial moment, as proof of this. You betcha!





4

The architect  
and designer  
Cesare  
Leonardi, a  
good balance  
of talent and  
temper





## Cesar Leonardi at his studio

<https://www.architetti.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/09/CESARE-SCRIVANIA-e1505469813164-696x445.jpg>





But out of all of us, a real artist stood out most of all. This was Cesare Leonardi, the famous architect and designer. Perhaps because visionary men are always a bit 'misunderstood' by the crowd or maybe because too busy doing something else to worry about how the world goes, the fact is that Caesar had, in addition to talent, also a good temper! Some people said he was gruff, but only because he was sincere and didn't use half words when it came to work. He was very demanding, even with himself. But I know him well and I know that behind this facade lies a great industriousness and love for things well done. His path proves it. He became a real star among us.

He was attending University in Florence when, in the 60s, he met the architect Franca Stagi and with her founded the Leonardi-Stagi Studio in Modena. Since then they worked in the Villaggio Artigiano where many of their masterpieces saw the light. In 20 years, the Studio realized many important projects in architecture, urban design and industrial design. They gave particular importance to the research on fiberglass as a material and on trees and their function as architectural elements. It is thanks to the collaboration with an expert artisan and some industries inside the Village that the famous "Dondolo" and "Nastro" chairs were born, that will bring architects to worldwide fame. Today, their works belong to the permanent collections of



Joseph Nemeth. Cesare Leonardi Archive.



the most important museums in the world such as the MOMA in New York, the Center Georges Pompidou in Paris, the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, the Kunstgewerbemuseum in Berlin. Cesare Leonardi in particular has interpreted in a unique and singular way the role of architect in contemporary culture. He experimented in different fields like design, photography, sculpture, painting, architectural projects...that's really the result of an uncommon ability and talent and expression of a tireless design research. In this sense his activity is a rare example of dedication to the craft: Cesare has always privileged work on the project rather than its diffusion and publication. Still today all his work, mostly unpublished, is contained in his archive: architectural drawings, models, design prototypes, sculptures, paintings, photographs, the vast personal library. It's for this reason that in 2010 the Cesare Leonardi Archive Association was founded by some of his ex-collaborators, with the aim of preserving, protecting and disseminating Cesare's work, making it accessible through the cataloguing of materials in the archive and in the private library and the organisation of exhibitions and seminars. Since 2016 the association has co-managed the OvestLab spaces together with Associazione Amigdala. In these spaces are also hosted the project 'School Archivio Leonardi'.

Cesare still lives in his house-archive, a beautiful glass and wood house surrounded by trees, hidden from view like a patch of greenery in the heart of the Village, and, when I've got some spare time, it's a pleasure for me to pay him a visit.



Joseph Nemeth. Cesare Leonardi Archive.





## Depositi - Intervista a Cesare Leonardi



Cesare Leonardi  
Architetto





# 5 Massicciata



In these occasions we remember some old funny stories about our adventures out of the Village. In fact, it was thanks to him that I took for the first time a ride on the railway that, like a gentle iron giant, would go up and down the plain skirting the village and leaving us all ashore dreaming of distant horizons. We didn't have time to wander around, but seeing the convoys running along the **Massicciata** every day left us with that dreamy feeling. I remember that once with Cesare we had a race, when the train passed we started running and we had to be able to get on the wagon on the fly. At that time the freight trains were slow eheheh, or maybe we were young and fast. The fact is that that evening, we got on the last train of the night, it was already dark, and then as we had got on, we decided to get off, in the middle of the Emilian plain, and return to the Village on foot. It was a magnificent walk, under the stars.

Everybody in the Village has got memories linked to the **Massicciata**. Young couples used to set their appointments there, under the moonlight, and tons and tons of goods and raw materials passed by and made the fortune of Village inhabitants.

**Massicciata** (dismissed embankment) is the old railway line that connected Modena to Reggio Emilia, and it concretely represented the division between the Craftsman Village and the close neighbourhood of the Madonnina. Nowadays railway tracks have been removed, but the rubble of the railway ballast remains in memory of the original function of this path. Spontaneous vegetation appeared isolating the path from the nearby buildings and making of **Massicciata** a “secret place”, where the eye sweeps towards the horizon, following the perspective of this ghostly straight line. **Massicciata** is inscribed in the ground like the footprint left on the sand before the wave passes to cancel it, like the shape of a body on the pillow. It gives us the opportunity, for a moment, to connect with the immensity of the plain on which the city lies, reminding us that we are at the centre of a network of paths and moving bodies.

After the removal of the tracks, the inhabitants of the area have begun to use this passage as a link between the two districts, inventing pedestrian crossings and car cycle paths. In 2018 the Municipality regulated the access to the site by closing these paths and forbidding the crossing of the ex-embankment. The redevelopment of this fascinating piece of the city has been at the center of a wide debate in the city in recent years, and indeed this place of transition represents a challenge for the transformation of this piece of the city, an opportunity to start designing public space again. A challenge that passes first and foremost through the re-appropriation of this long strip of city by the citizens. Some artistic and cultural actions have been staged on this abandoned embankment, in order to support the idea of a new public space and to make citizens participate in the rediscovery of this evocative journey, showing at the same time how a single gesture can be amplified if repeated by many people.





Chiara Ferrin. Dismissed Embankment.

Chiara Ferrin. OvestLab project, Dismissed Embankment.





# 6 TricTrac centre



As you may have understood by now, during the Village golden age this place was like a living organism, with all its limbs. Like all organisms, it also produced waste.

But the culture of the time and the reduced presence of non-recyclable materials in products and production processes made their disposal quite sustainable. Above all, our community of workers was certainly not made up of people willing to throw things away just to buy new ones! but then society changed and so did consumption habits. Modena itself, like many other cities, found itself with a problem: throw away or recycle? Once again, its inhabitants found a solution. Thus, the TRIC TRAC reuse centre was born in 2000. Inspired by the peasant culture, so deeply rooted in our parts, the founder Eugenio Ronchetti decided one day that if even all those things in good condition that ended up in the garbage were not needed to the old owners, it might not be the same for other people.

And he decided to put them back into circulation. As he can tell you if you have the pleasure to meet him, this philosophy comes from an ancient tradition linked to the butchering of the pig, a typical processing of these parts. Don't pretend nothing, Parma ham doesn't tell you anything? Well, know that, as the farmers used to say, "nothing is thrown away about the pig". Ask Eugenio about the things that end up in his TRIC TRAC Centre. He'll tell you the same thing. Circular economy at the basis.

Tric Trac is a recycling and creative reuse laboratory for the sustainable city next to the ecological island Leonardo, in via Nobili 380. It is an area of 310 square meters, fenced and paved, which is managed by volunteers and from the NGO "Insieme nel Quartiere per la Città (Together in the Neighborhood for the City)" with the support and collaboration of Municipality of Modena.





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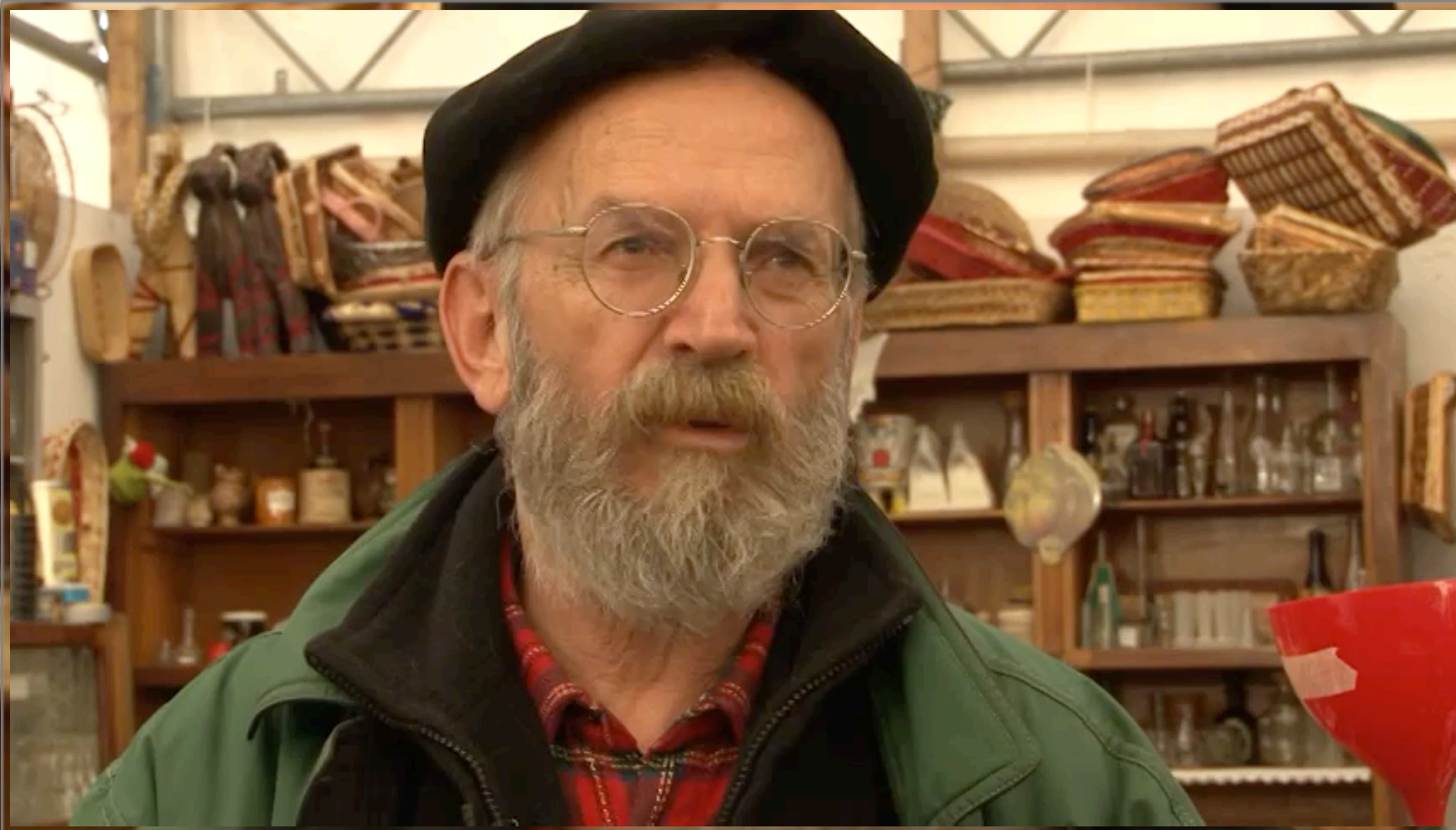


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Cambia il finale, Tric e Trac - Associazione Insieme in Quartiere  
x la città di Modena





#### IMAGE REFERENCE:

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