

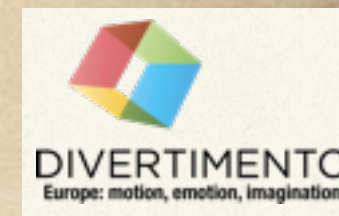
EUROTHENTICA

Looking for Myths

*An essential journey with Frederick II Hohenstaufen:
when governance is culture*

COS-TOUR - 699493 DIVERTIMENTO

**Diversifying tourism offers in peripheral destinations with heritage-based products
and services, stakeholder-skills alliances to internationalize
locally operating micro-enterprises**



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Following the COE tradition for the European Cultural Routes, DIVERTIMENTO innovates not through the assemblage of geo-locations across a line, but with an integrative experience at each location. By defining the places as the great imperative a scenario full of objects is created for each place represented, enabling visitors to select desired objects in the locations of interest with a total of 70 different heritage objects unified as a pluralistic experiences in the Project Area. Capturing realism and providing for emotional impact creating bridges between areas interpreted and visitors the Transnational Cultural Route EUROTHENTICA becomes an interactive learning space, revealing common values and cultural diversity in the Project Area, raising the awareness of policy makers and the general public for the values and fragility of European natural ecosystems and cultural diversity.



GREECE

*THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.
Dress Rehearsal: Rhodes, 1306-1522.*

ITALY

*LOOKING FOR MYTHS
Frederick II Hohenstaufen: Governance as Culture*

SPAIN

*SPAIN MAZARICOS
The inner journey on the Santiago Way*

SLOVENIA

*THE LAST CONSPIRACY
The Plot of Fate in Castle Race, 1668*

ROMANIA

*THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT
Alba Julia, 1st of December 1918.*

BULGARIA

*THE GOLDEN ANCHOR.
Varna, 1869*

TURKEY

*CONNECTING CULTURES
A truly Eurasian Story.*

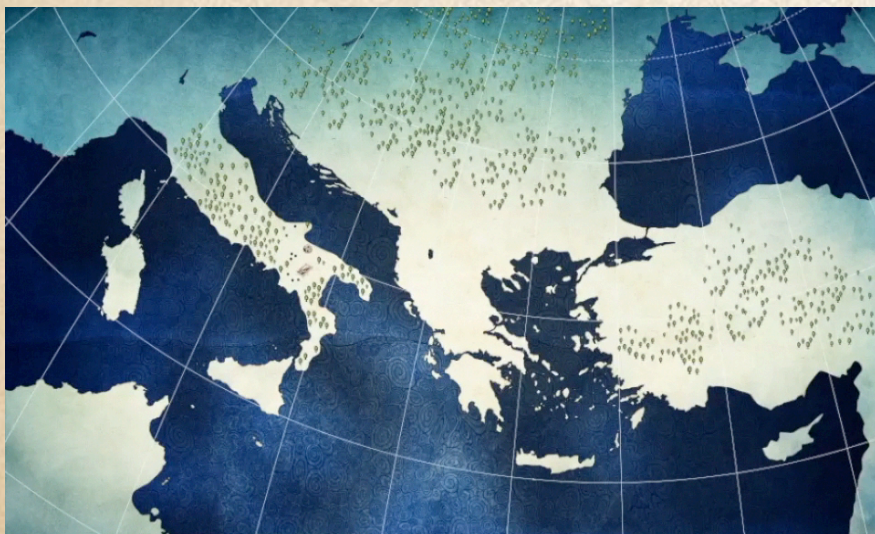
INTRODUCTION

Goethe, shipping from Naples to Palermo, cut out of his Journey one of the most ancient parts of Italy. But this heritage is an incredible container of stories, myths, and traditions. The red thread on our map leads to ten places, the pearls in the necklace, connected in one journey, using fantasy as fuel.



Our purpose is to travel through a magnifying glass and look for a new experience and taste. Ten places in the south of Italy are filling the gap left by Goethe, who, shipping from Naples to Palermo, cut out of his *Journey* one of the most ancient parts of Italy, rich in history, heritage and culture. But this heritage is an incredible container of stories, myths, and traditions. In front of myths, the starting point of the discovery, young and old are in the same mood. Enriched with texts, pictures, animations and audiovisuals, our myths are deeply imaginary, as myths are.

Any myth is action, is running from mouth to mouth as the container of values and knowledge. Each story becomes a carrier of narration, able to adjust to our life, to shape our bonds, our common roots; the character of a community, the local identity. *Looking for myths* will be the title of our collection of stories.



The red thread on the map leads to ten places, the pearls in the necklace, connected in one journey, using *fantasy as fuel*. It is self-consistent with no beginning or end. It is not a road, but a shape: *the shape of our journey*.

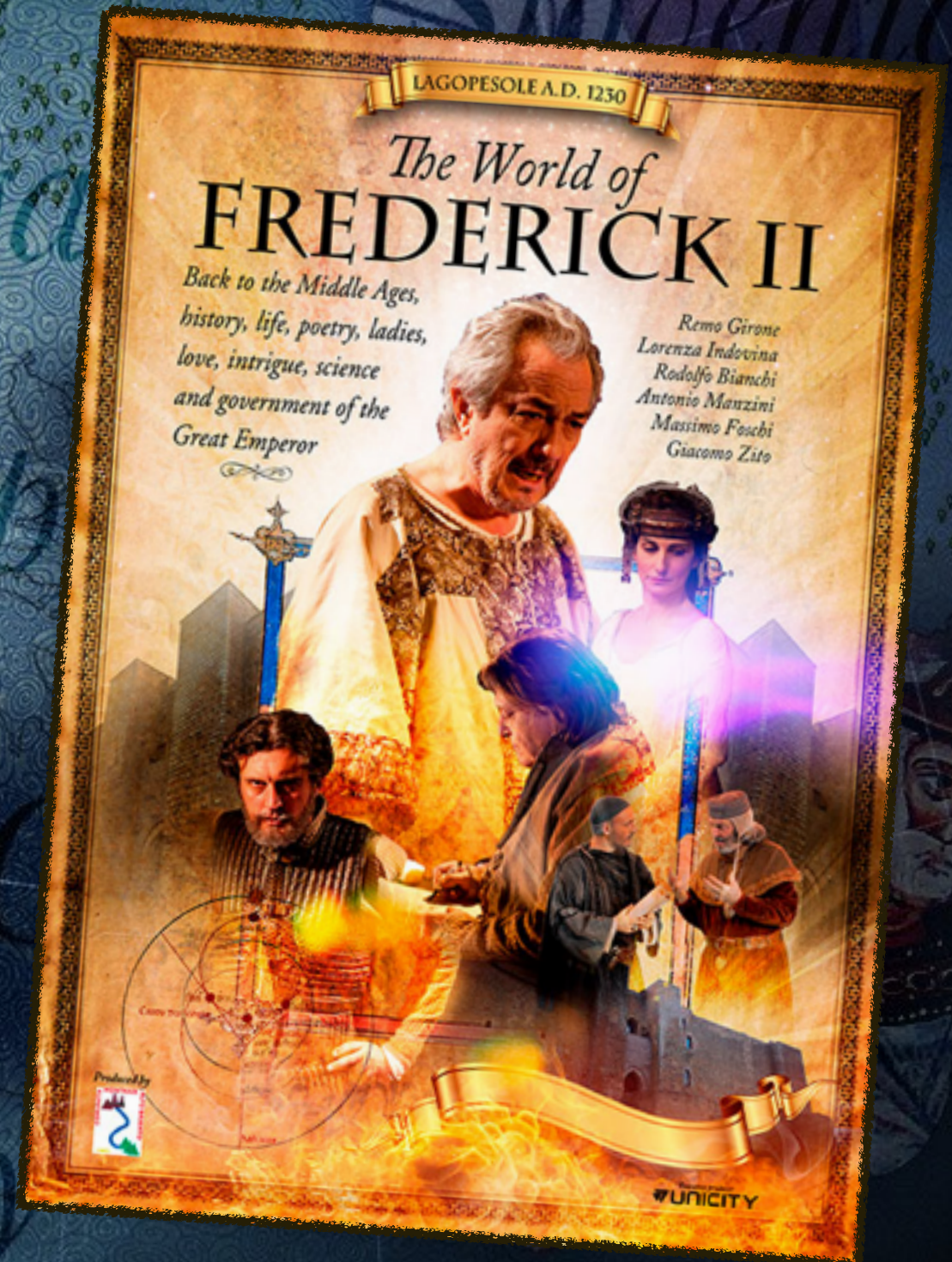
It doesn't represent the world as it is, but as we imagine it before sending it to your kind attention. Don't use it to drive; it is the trace of an unknown species. Its shape, not in use by ordinary geometry, sinuous as the path of memories, does not appear on another map, it is 'lateral' as the thinking from which it was born.

What will take the traveler home? As the poet says *cyclops mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony, sensual perfume of every kind.... stores of knowledge from scholars*. Our journey is an adventure to discover a new world and the beginning of a new life.



LOOKING FOR MYTHS

In the "World of Frederick II", history becomes alive, becomes experience of emotions and knowledge through the performance of multimedia, exhibits and storyline. The visitor experience is divided into two parts: the construction of a narrative museum in the Castle's interior, and the evening performance, based on innovative languages which allow the use of advanced technologies that integrate imaginary scenery to the outstanding performances of the actors of the Italian theater.





Promo Film of the narrative museum “The world of Frederick II” in the Lagopesole castle. Courtesy of Unicity

Elena: the Queen

Falling in love

A castle is a home too. She was not feeling to be a queen because of the court, but because her husband made her indispensable and important. She loved that castle at first sight. Of course, as any noble daughter of that time, Elena of Epirus

married for dynastic reasons, but when she saw her future husband, Manfred of Hohenstaufen, the son of the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II, heir of the greatest empire, she gave a gasp of surprise. Her stomach clenched with emotion. She never experienced such a feeling before. The sun of Trani flooded the castle while sea waves broke against the shore singing a wedding lullaby. It was the 2nd of June



LAGOPESOLE

The Castle is dominating the entrance of a welcoming village once located on the Via Herculea thoroughfare. It managed to preserve its character, a truthful example of Swabian architecture. It was probably a hunting base in the middle of a wonderful forest nearby Melfi, the capital of the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen. In 2010 the Castle opened its doors to the Narrative Museum "The World of Frederick II". Each summer an intriguing multivision show is performed in the court of the Castle attracting visitors from all over the world.

of 1259. Manfred was a sensitive man, loved literature and poetry, inebriated and proud of his father's myth, of whom his mother ceaselessly spoke, but with whom he never really lived. He knew his father was the head of the earth, as Manfred used to say, when he was a child. He envied him, but, at the same time, he hated how the Emperor treated his mother. This was the reason why he poured all his love on Elena.

The Gift of Life

Meanwhile he was less worried: Sicily and Epirus were husband and wife, so peace would never be upset. Elena had five children together with Manfred in the six years of marriage, the image of her happiness. One evening, in the Lagopesole castle, Manfred introduced her to his poetry. "And so as to convince you, I beseech you to read consistently. It matters not whether you read Avicenna or

Averroes, Cicero or Quintiliano, what is important is that you read. In moments of utter chaos and confusion, as the quotidian can bring with it ups and downs, worries or unhappiness, turn your ears to poetry. If you know how to write, write yourself, write in the style Horatio or Jacopo, or the Minnesanger or follow the style of the Florentine lutists. Write whatever pleases you, in the best way you know: what is important is that you write, as poetry is light like the taste of the Host. And if the Host is a gift of faith, then poetry is a gift of life. Unite those, and your spirit, mind and heart will each resound in unison, and will sing to the harmony that Frederick loves and defends as King of those peacemakers among the universe's divergent paths."



Twist of Fate

Only few years of grace, happy years in the small village where Elena knew everyone and where everyone liked her. Poor Elena, once Manfred died, a twist of fate, ironically gave her the worst of tortures. She has been imprisoned as the winner, Charles of Anjou ordered, in the same castle which she attended as a Queen, now the frame of her loneliness. Her beloved children taken away from her, were incarcerated in the fortress of Castel del Monte, which Frederick built for science and art and Charles d'Anjou turned into a prison.

We can hear her crying when noises fade out along with light.





The story is loosely based on a Raffaele Nigro screenplay
Films are fragments from the multivision show in the Lagopesole castle: "The world of Frederick II"

A Method to Govern

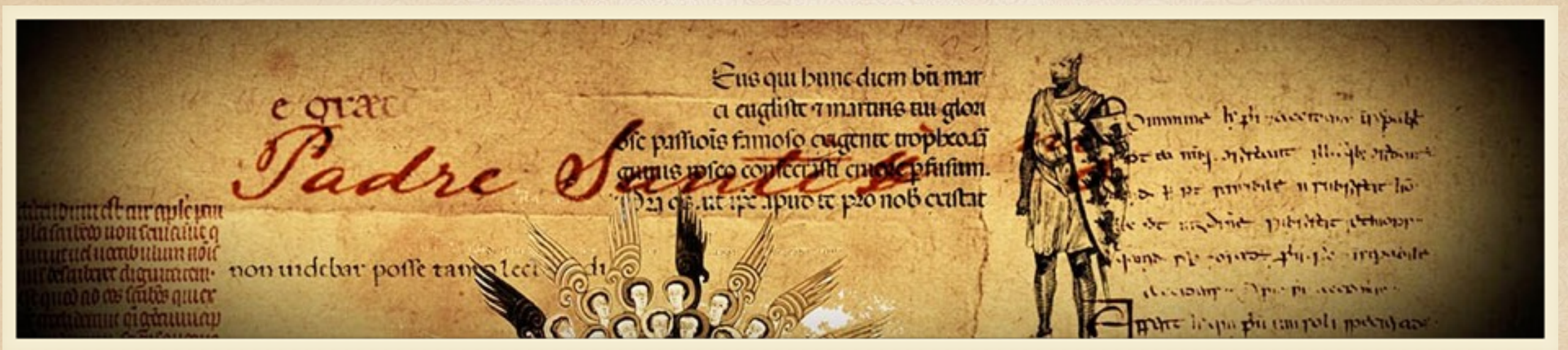
The Rule of Law

The myth of Frederick II grows in this city, where his Constitution was written. Frederick decided to free transhumance from the tax, to punish the pollution of clean water, he prohibited to practice medicine without a degree, because he believed in the supremacy of culture and knowledge as the method to govern. Why did he write the Constitution? To solve problems like the work, the distribution of food, and keep his people healthy and happy. I found this manuscript I want you to know of:



MELFI

Arriving in Melfi you see a chestnut woods that bears probably the same trees Frederick II could admire. Melfi has been the capital of the Hohenstaufen kingdom and a privileged witness of Frederick's love for Bianca Lancia. Going around the alleys of the medieval town in the centre of Melfi, you'll find the Venosina Door, where it will not be difficult to imagine the handsome emperor on his horse entering the city. Don't miss the Museum inside the castle where is exhibited the enigmatic sarcophagus engraved with mythological scenes and an emotional inscription.



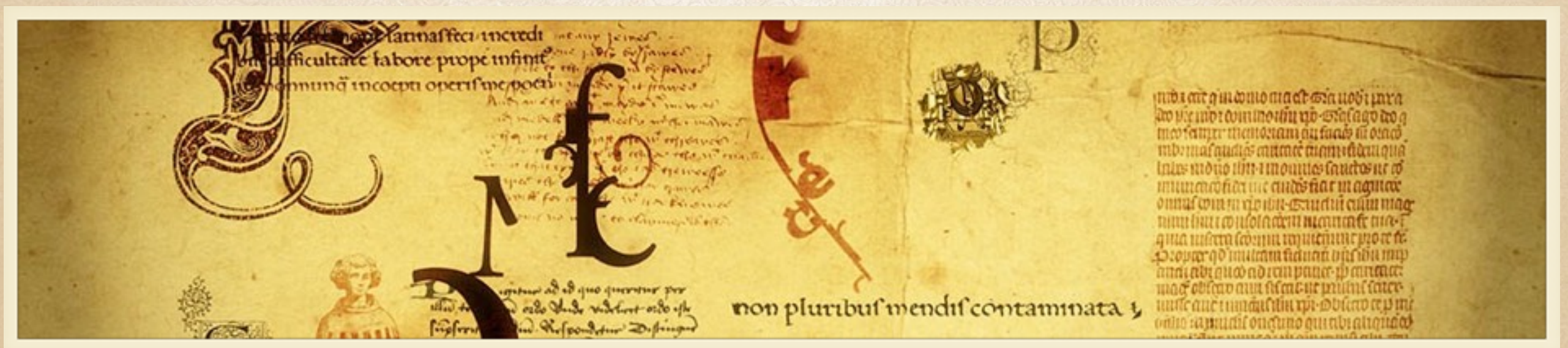
Sane minds in sane bodies

The Pope safeguards the soul, the Emperor the body, and from a sane body comes a sane mind. People are obtuse, living by their convictions from seven centuries ago, by the laws of the Franks coming from the Longobards and Rotari and the code of Charlemagne. Laws of revenge, an eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, justice by the sword. The strongest establishes the truth for all, a barbaric stupidity is this.

How can you say that the lion or the wolf are always right before the sheep? Is it possible to swing towards such idiocy? The wolf can err

just as often as the sheep and both are to be subjected to the justice of the magistracy, which must read who has wronged and why. Claws and muscles must not decide. We are in the 1231, we are modern people..

From this city, from this castle, from the capital of the kingdom, the legend of our Emperor will grow more and more. The Emperor has established a University for teaching this vision of life, where students can be trained in Governance, Philosophy, Medicine, to spread this vision of life: wellness on earth first, then in paradise. For this reason



he teaches that one should not enter into war without any good reason. First peace should be sought when resolving problems, not war.

Who Frederick was

When Frederick decided to undertake the mission to Jerusalem, he treated the question in his own political manner. Before sending any army, he notified the sultan and proposed an exchange so as to avoid unnecessary carnage. Blood was not shed in Jerusalem. When the soldiers of Christ entered the Holy City, the Moslems were left unscathed. However we paid tribute, conceding the honors of war to the enemy and offering some of the cities on the northern coast. One day I asked Frederick: If monotheism has three different ways, why a man who was born in this part of the world should believe only one of those as true and be with Christ? He answered: Consider a three men race: a Jew, a Muslim, and a Catholic, all three starting from an intricate forest, all three, sooner or later, arrived in the Mediterranean. So is not important how you arrived, or along which path, but the single goal: the Mediterranean. Get over it, you who are fighting for a better God! We have a single God prayed in different ways.

I have put that in writing so that you, who are reading this note after eight centuries, will know who Frederick was..





Legendary man

The Great Game of History

Among the forests of Vulture, which have more windings than my thoughts, I stood up against two armies. I caused a shock, but I was not scared. Nowadays I am only a photograph hanging in a restaurant, but if you ask around they will tell you everything about me. Try that! Some people still consider me a myth, otherwise why is my picture still there? Carmine Crocco: a legend! Robin Hood was a legend, too. Edmond Dantès, the Count of Monte Cristo, do you remember him? Well, he did just what I did: it was revenge. I messed



THE VULTURE FOREST

The Vulture mountain is an extinguished volcano, shaped as a truncated cone. It is covered by rich vegetation, which grows luxuriant because of the fertile soil. The Vulture is a unique environmental complex. Its forest, now a protected area, offers interesting experiences thanks to the rich flora and fauna, and its wonderful lakes. It's a pleasure to spend time watching the kite, the sparrow hawk, the hawk, the woodpecker and the hoopoe. The Vulture is surrounded by many historic cities allowing visitors to get in direct contact with cultural heritage.



up a country which rose up against an army unable to defend the honor of the kingdom, so, from Vulture, along with my gang, I entered the great game of history. The Unification of Italy had nearly been completed. It was 1860 and the Bourbon ruling class needed to become Italian. Everyone wanted to benefit; me as well.

I robbed rich people, and I gave something to the poor. I killed those who betrayed me and also those who might do so. I defended the weak from the oppression of their lords, and they fought for me.

Kingdom of Promises

I promised heaven and earth to everybody, honor and glory; peasants dreamed of gaining their lord's fiefdoms, shepherds hoped to seize the sheep they were looking after; to fallen nobles I promised past riches, and renewed glory for their

dismantled and broken-down castles. Everyone was promised gold and positions in government. The more you promise, the more they praise you. Now it is totally different. We lost. The law won with the new king, and then the Republic, and I am now confined to conferences, to history lessons, or used to remind children that brigands come to a bad end and were considered the danger and the shame of the South of Italy.

Our confidants were at the same time government informers paid by the state, so we were almost always informed about troop movements. We knew it all in advance.

I can't stand the law, except, of course, my own. I am a brigand. In these woods we had safe and secure shelter; we went into the villages only for our activities, or for women who were waiting for us at home. Fixers did the rest, for they couldn't lose if they stayed with us.



Obedient folk

I had a small, fully organized army, a captain, a lieutenant, a doctor, sergeants, lance corporals, all from the disbanded Bourbon army. I had six hundred soldiers of all types: hunters, cavalry, artillery, foot soldiers, sappers, miners, grenadiers, and more. So what if they were shepherds, farmers, peasants. Current armies are also created from the children of the wretched rabble. If I were to choose between a regiment of students or one of shepherds and farmers, I would choose the second, because they are more used to the cold, to hunger, to fatigue and to walking. I am not saying students are cowardly; God is my witness, I have never insulted people like that, but I prefer rough men; peasants are easier to train, ready to obey, less fussy about what they eat, and unable to criticize my orders. Now I am only a fading photograph, but the memory of me still makes the powerful tremble, pushes women to dream, and kids to toe the line. As you can see, I still have my uses!





PALAZZO SAN GERVASIO

More than a thousand years ago, the people escaping the raids of the Saracens along the coast, took refuge in this land, a panoramic viewpoint from Vulture to the sea. It was fertile enough to settle, rich in clean water and with a perfect climate. They decided to found a new and safe village. The scent of the earth and a people oriented life, enchants every year visitors who chose to come for their vacation. The castle at the top of the village reminds us of the Normans and Frederick II Hohenstaufen. Palazzo San Gervasio was one of his favorite hunting places, as well as the one of his son and heir, King Manfred.

Bianca, Queen of the Heart

The Horse Breeder

This Castle is a hunting residence of our Emperor Frederick II, who is passionate about hunting with falcons and breeding horses. He came here, not only because this it is the best observation point, but also because the beauty of the place has seduced him. From here he could see the part of his Empire from the forests of Gargano to the gulf of Siponto, and the paradise of Murge and Vulture.






I am a native, at the service of our Emperor for many years till now. I trained his horses, selecting among them the royal stallions to show off in the parades. The horses are real war arms, only who has the best horses could hope to win in the battle. The Arab horses the ‘murgesi’ are the Emperor’s favorites, as they are strong and fast. I am in charge to take care of the stud farm. The book “de medicina equorum” (about curing horses) by Giordano Ruffo, that’s me: at your service. I wrote it to share my secrets with the younger horse trainers, hoping to render my Emperor the best service. Truly, I hope that the Hohenstaufen will reign forever, because of the justice and wisdom prevailing in his lands. Looking for the best, for excellence, that is the Emperor’s passion. Do you know Dragone? It is the Emperor’s personal horse, my creature. The best is only for him.

Shining Eyes

Horses and ... women! Sometimes he came in this castle with some from his preferred ones. So far he had four wives, but he behaves as he were a single! The truth is that Lady Bianca, is his only love. That is the woman for him, it was great to see his eyes lighten up in front of her. Bianca is the real queen in Frederick’s heart, the one who is ready to fill Frederick’s missing part. And he was madly in love with her. Let me tell you a story about his jealousy. When Bianca lived in the Castle of Monte Sant’Angelo as a duchess, he asked me to keep an eye on her, terrified by the idea she could belong to anybody else. Then the poor woman fell ill, that place in the mountain was very cold, so he moved her to Gioia del Colle, not far away from here. Well in that castle he had Bianca put away in the tower. Nobody could look at her. So, Bianca humiliated and filled by the sorrow, as token of love, she slit her breast and sent it to him together with his infant just born that, ironically, he looked so much like him that no doubts it can be.

Frederick's Heir



Poor Bianca, always hidden to the official court because Frederick passed from a wife to an other because of the Pope will or the suggestion of his court. Do you have to leave for a Crusade? Well marry Jolanda, the queen of Jerusalem. In this way the Empire becomes the husband of the Holy Land the Pope is happy. Is she only 15 years old? You don't like her? It doesn't matter, she must be your wife, not your woman. For this reason, when Jolanda came to Brindisi escorted by a fleet Frederick sent for her, they married in Brindisi and then we went to the Oria castle for the wedding party, an other Frederick castle not far away from here. Together with notables from Sicily and others come from the north. The bride was weedy, frighten, definitely not charming in the body of a kid. In her entourage, Arab women so beautiful and voluptuous to be a a sight for sore eyes. Much less for Frederick eyes. That night was quite a romp. Frederick didn't sleep with his wife, he was busy with the ladies in waiting. The day after his father in law protested and the Pope ordered Frederick to impregnate Jolanda. That party was liked in our hearts for another reason, it was that night that Frederick met Bianca for the first time. As you can imagine, he looked

at her and said "You must be mine". And so it was. Four wives and only one love. Bianca only Bianca to the death. When the poor woman was almost died, Frederick sent for the notary and married her. Just in time. Manfredi, the infant i told you before, became his successor



Protector of the People

The Poisoned Arrow

In the city of Siponto, one of the Adriatic sea haven, Diomede founded on his way back from Troy, a very rich man was living. He owned a large number of sheep and herds. His name was Gargano. While his animals were grazing on the slope of the mountain, a bull stepped away from the herd and did not return with the other cattle. So, Gargano gathered as many servants as possible looking for it. He finally found it on the top of the hill, standing in front of the breach of the cave. In front of the escaped bull, the man pulled out his bow and threw a poisoned arrow against the bull. But, the arrow, reversing the path, as if it were pushed by a breath, it turned back striking his leg. The inhabitants of Siponto, amazed and agitated by the



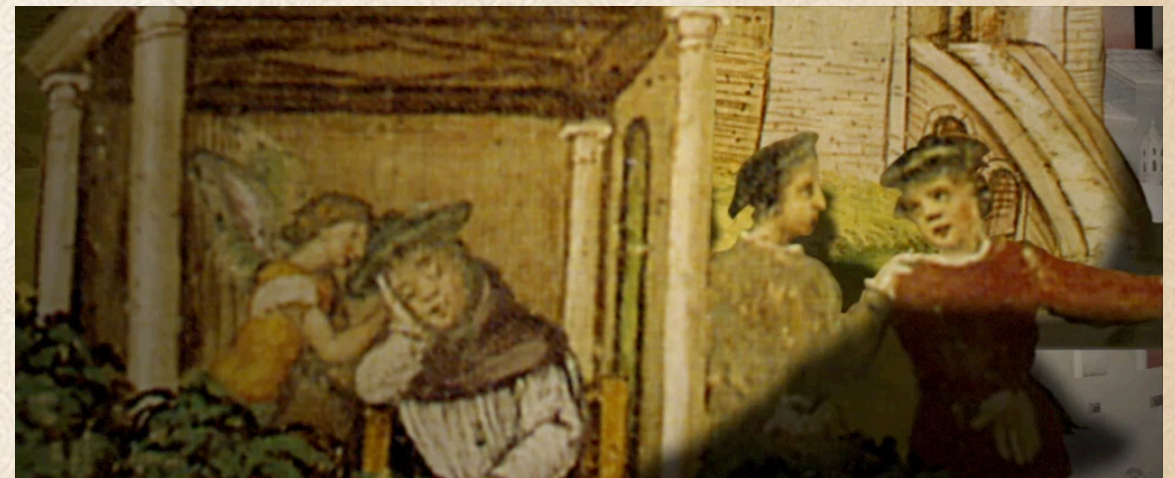
MONTE SANT'ANGELO

Every place wears its clothes which appear different due to what is its past and traditions. Monte Sant'Angelo, which looks like a true lady at an elegant party, is a place in between history and faith. Earth and sea seem to melt in those white little houses, in these little suggestive alleys, caressed by the Umbrian forest. Since the beginning of Cristianity, pilgrims from all over the world have forged the character of the warm, hospitable and friendly inhabitants. On the top of the village, lies the castle Frederick II Hohenstaufen has restored for Bianca Lancia, the duchess of Monte Sant'Angelo and his only true love in life.

inexplicable, didn't dare to approach that cave. Confused, they went by their bishop who proclaimed fasting and prayer for three days to be inspired by God Himself. The Archangel appeared, and said: “You have to know the man was struck by his own arrow because of my will, I want you to know I am patron and guardian on everything happens here, and on the mountain itself. After this revelation, the people of Siponto began to pray God and the Archangel Michael on that mountain.

Angel General

This story was the starting point of the devotion for the cave and St Michel protector of sailors and peasants, lord of the waters, angel of the people, guide of souls, exorcist and healer. Three years later, Siponto was besieged. Following the bishop advice, a three days truce was required to plead St. Michael assistance. The night before the battle the Archangel appeared once again to the bishop, saying their prayers had been accepted, and the following day he would intervene in the battle to help them. As soon as armies were lined up on the battlefield, the Gargano mountain was rocked by a huge roar and by a continuous fall of lightnings and thunderbolts, the top of the hill was wrapped by a murky mist. The enemy fled, and the defenders climbed the mountain to thank God.

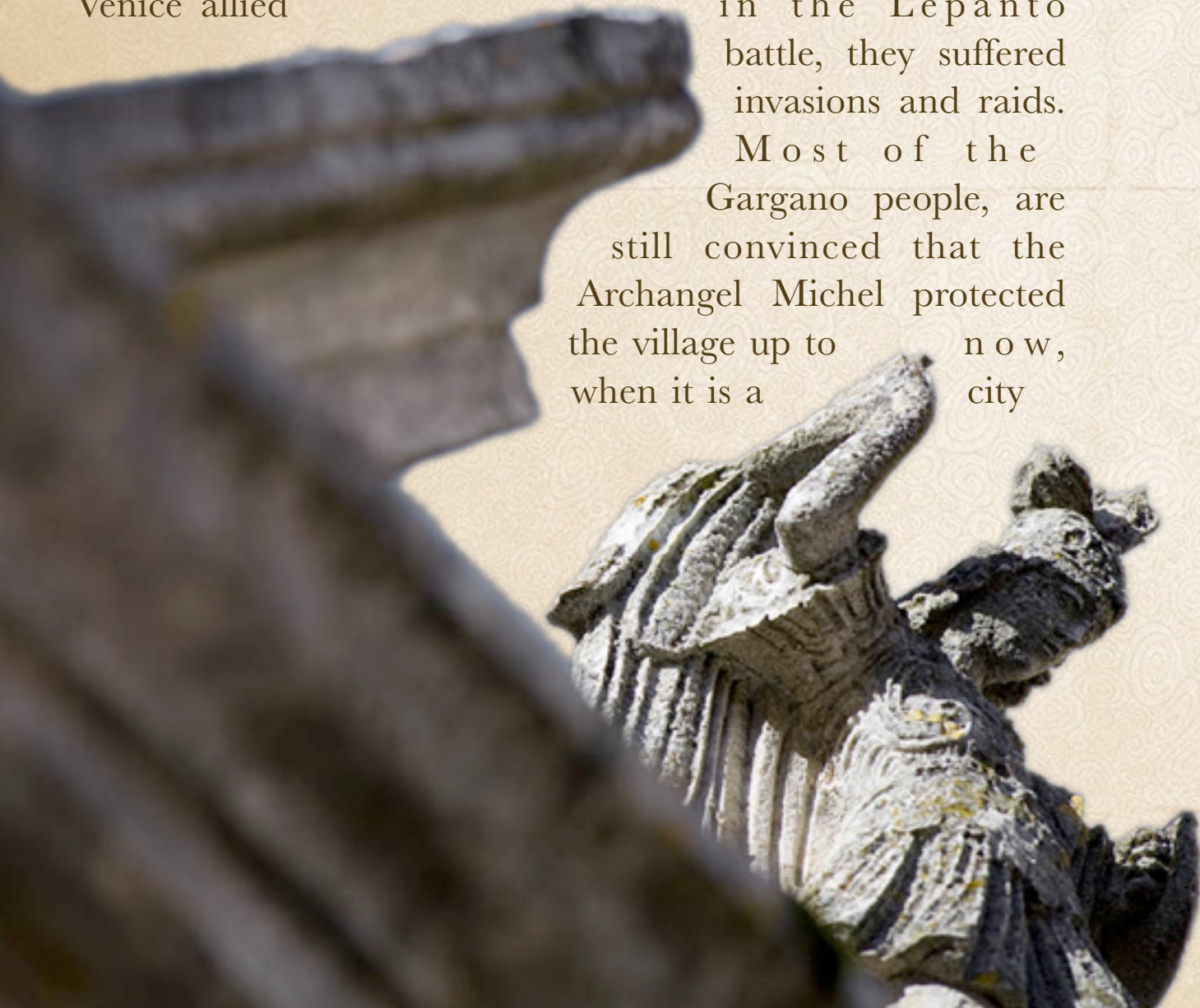


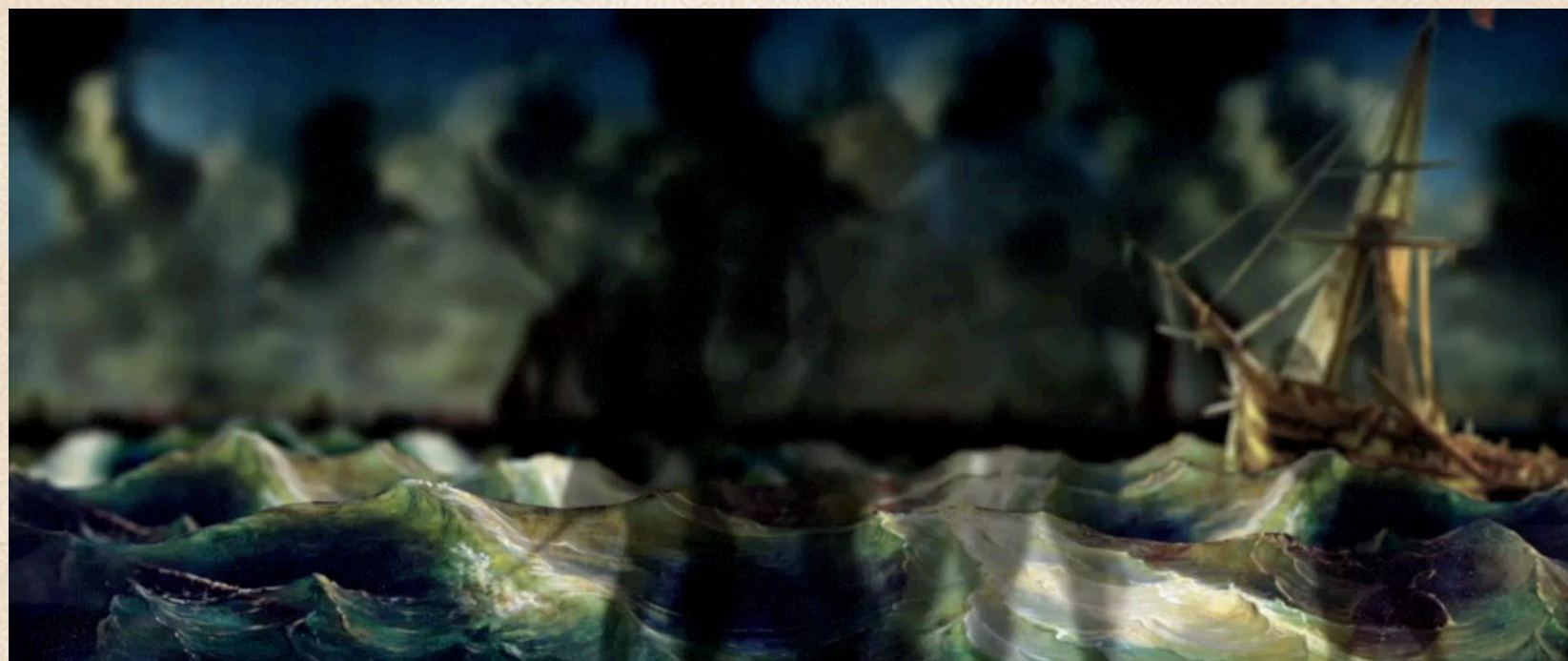
Pilgrims from around the world

Two eagles, flying over his head, protected the bishop from the sun, then they perched on a stone as if it was an altar. Nearby two human footprints appeared engraved on a stone. The people realized the Archangel Michael gave them a sign of his presence, and pointed out, that the cave should be consecrated to his cult. Around that evidence a fortified town grew out becoming the capital of a Norman feud: Monte Sant' Angelo. The inhabitants knew other sieges and battles, they took part in the Holy League against the Ottoman, Venice allied

in the Lepanto battle, they suffered invasions and raids. Most of the Gargano people, are still convinced that the Archangel Michel protected the village up to now, when it is a city

with a unique architecture. 1500 years from its first appearance, the city of Monte Sant'Angelo attracts pilgrims from around the world, who visit that cave, now a Unesco heritage.





Film is a fragment from the multivision show “In pane la spada “ courtesy of Unicity for Parco Nazionale del Gargano



Walking in Reverse

Allies of the Gods

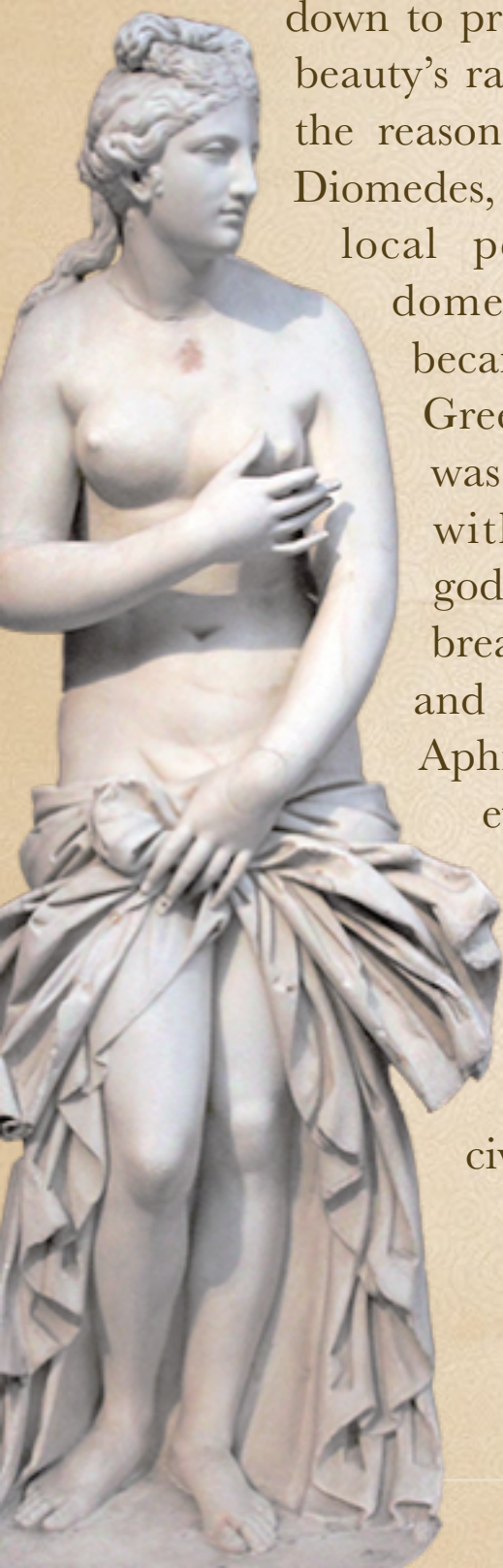
The battlefield gave its victory to the Achaeans. Troy was burning. The war was over but the gods, aligned on opposite sides, defending both parties, were still ready to clash at any time on the skin of the exhausted fighters, who simply wanted to go home. We know Ulysses, as Homer narrated, the king of Ithaca, a hero, a winner. But others had wandered, long before, finding a new homeland. Aeneas, for example, the ancestor of



VENOSA

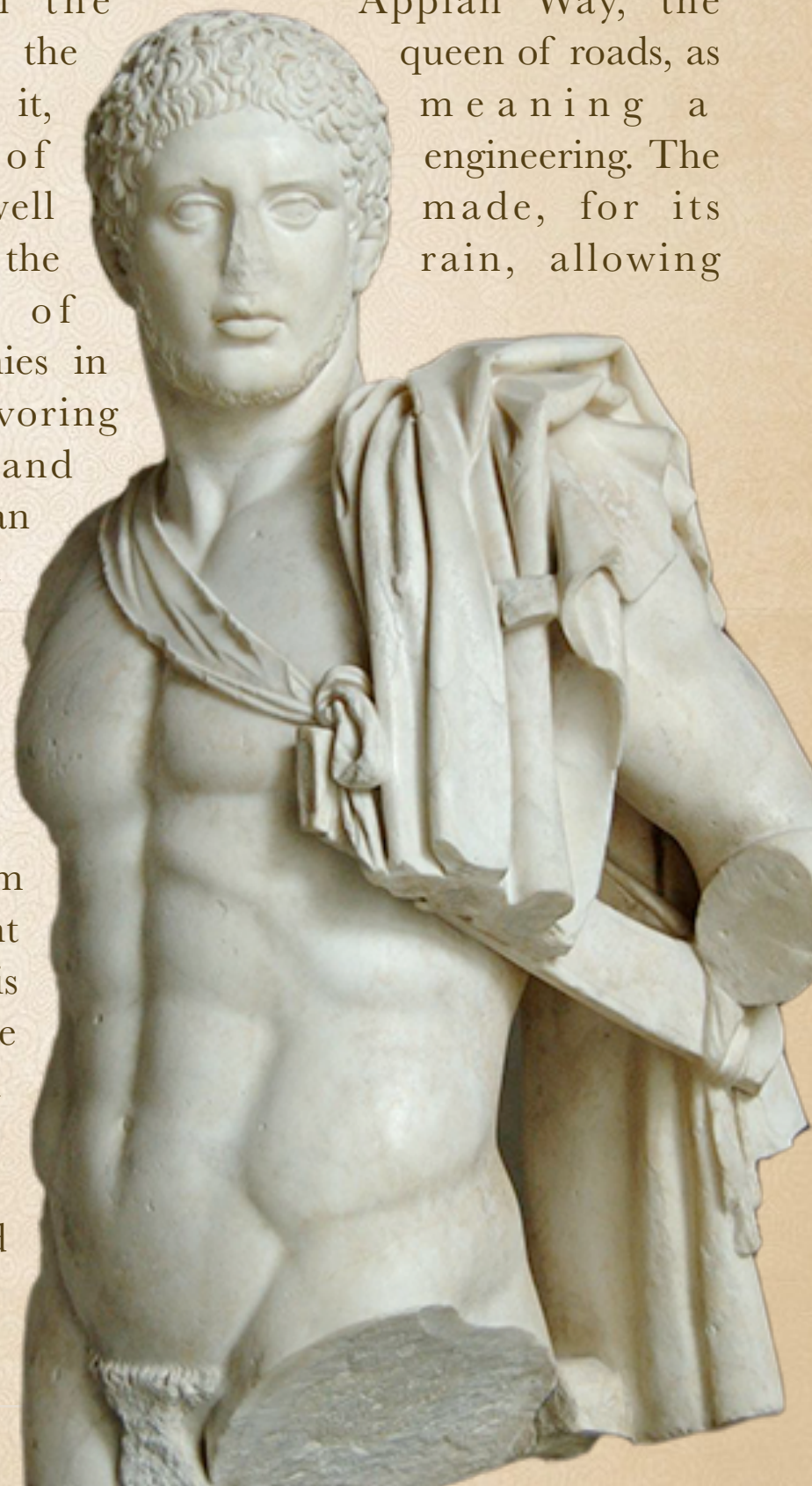
Venosa, birthplace of the Roman poet Horace, has been a Greek city, before it became Roman, always a strategical place on the top of a hill, so essential to the owners. In the Middle Ages, the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen, transformed the old fortification in a castle, now in the middle of the city. Not very far away the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, like an unfinished symphony, evokes subtle feelings: the new church resembles a persisting echo of one who went away, while the old one shows beautiful frescos and mosaics. In the Archaeological Park stands a proud Roman settlement, with an amphitheater and baths.

the Romans, and Diomedes, who had founded Venosa, many, many years before Rome conquered it. The two heroes had clashed at Troy, and Diomedes, in the heat of battle, didn't notice wounded Aphrodite's hand, come down to protect her son Aeneas. So the queen of beauty's rage, turned to revenge, and it had been the reason for all his troubles. The legend says Diomedes, landed on the Italian coast, teaching local people the art of sailing, how to domesticate horses, and so, Diomedes became the hero of the sea who spread Greek civilization in Italy. At that point, he was safe, but he had unfinished business with the most beautiful of all the goddesses. So he founded a city in the breathtaking landscape of a fertile land and called it Venusia, the latin name for Aphrodite; one of the most beautiful places ever seen. The image of Afrodite upon Earth. So, her anger was soothed, and Diomedes settled in Puglia, marrying the Daunian king's daughter. We still have Venosa, to remind us of him as the hero of civilization.

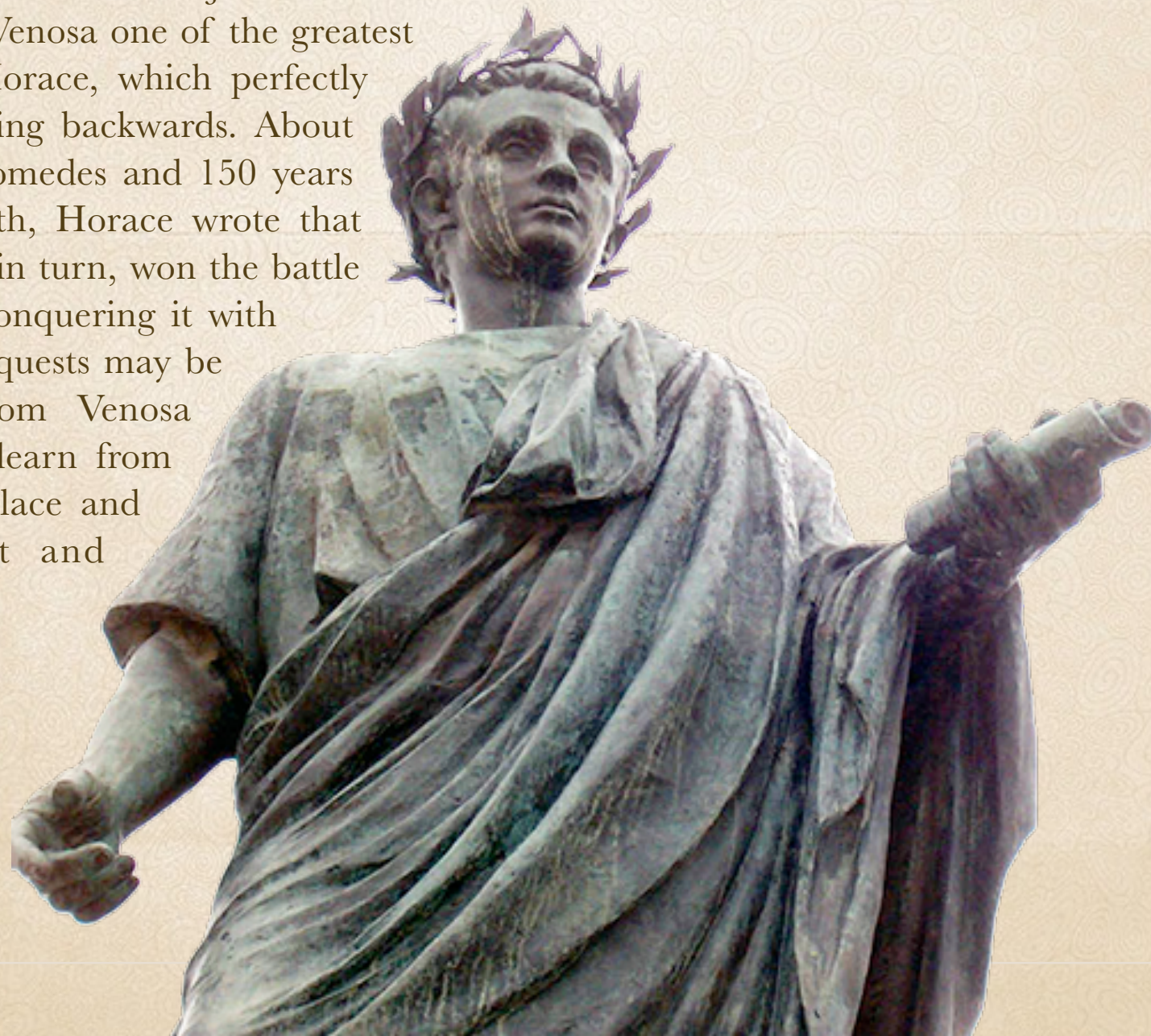


Queen of Roads

Being on a main road increases business and reputation. Venosa was on the Appian Way, the "Regina viarum", the queen of roads, as the Romans called it, meaning a perfect piece of engineering. The Appia was so well made, for its time; it drained the rain, allowing the movement of carriages and armies in all weathers, favoring trade, business and wealth. The Roman road entered straight into the heart of that Greece which had settled in Italy. It crossed the heirs of Diomede from north to south, right up to the sea. It is easy to think the Romans built such an important and perfect road to move their feared armies south to conquer new



lands. But once you have a road, you may always walk the other way. History tells about armies moving southwards; we will tell you about the opposite direction. That road had put Greece and Rome in contact long before the two armies clashed in Corinth. Towards Rome, in the opposite direction, there began to climb: the theater, that well known Greek art, language, painting, sculpture, poetry, epic stories. The armies went south and culture, north. The Romans came down while Greek culture invaded Rome, to complete Diomedes' job in the land of Aeneas. The two Trojan enemies were building Europe together. In Venosa one of the greatest of Latin poets was born, Horace, which perfectly summarizes this stream flowing backwards. About one thousand years after Diomedes and 150 years after the conquest of Corinth, Horace wrote that Greece, once captured, had, in turn, won the battle against its ferocious victor, conquering it with art and culture. Military conquests may be over, but what Horace from Venosa wrote, teaches that we can learn from others at any time in any place and build something different and unexpected.



Pupils did not learn Latin and Greek in order to speak them, to become waiters, interpreters, or commercial letter writers. They learnt in order to know at first hand, the civilization of Greece and of Rome, a civilization that was a necessary precondition of our modern civilization; in other words, they learn them in order to be themselves and know themselves consciously

Antonio Gramsci





CASTELMEZZANO

These mountains are the living testimony of the wind as an artist. In 15 million years of work, the winds have shaped the stones and the peaks of the mountain in order to improve our imagination, our abstract thinking: rocks as abstract shapes, ethereal as ideas, but firm as the earth, unreachable, but solid. In harmony with the sunset light that changes the shadows and deepening the illusion to plan a landscape contrasted with smooth hills all around. The medieval village, held onto the mountain from which it depends, has become a fearless stronghold through the ages. In Castelmezzano nature accepts the work of men.

Vito and the Witches

Bewitched

This is the story of Vito, a farm hand, who danced with witches in a land where stones tell stories as gloomy as the boundary between being awake and sleep, while soaring angels and witches chase the hawks, the princes of these peaks.

The stones and the waters of these mountains already knew the secret, but to Vito it had not been revealed. The woman who chose him, the one who wanted to be his wife, was a witch.



Women were not allowed to win their favorite man's love directly. They used magical conspiracies and love potions to dominate their lives. Vito fell in love by means of the evil eye. Tradition says, once he had slipped into a deep sleep, his wife anointed her body with fairy oil kept in a clay pot. Then, opening her arms, she uttered the magic words. So, she hovered in the air and reached her sisters, riding white dogs and flying across the night.



One moonless night, Vito opened his eyes wide, attacked by a maddening swarm. There were no flies nor rambling souls, but his wife's sisters, the witches, who come to see him. Like a blind man, Vito stretched out his huge peasant hands to grasp them. But they flew off. All but one: her hair got caught in his fingers, and the witch was his prisoner.



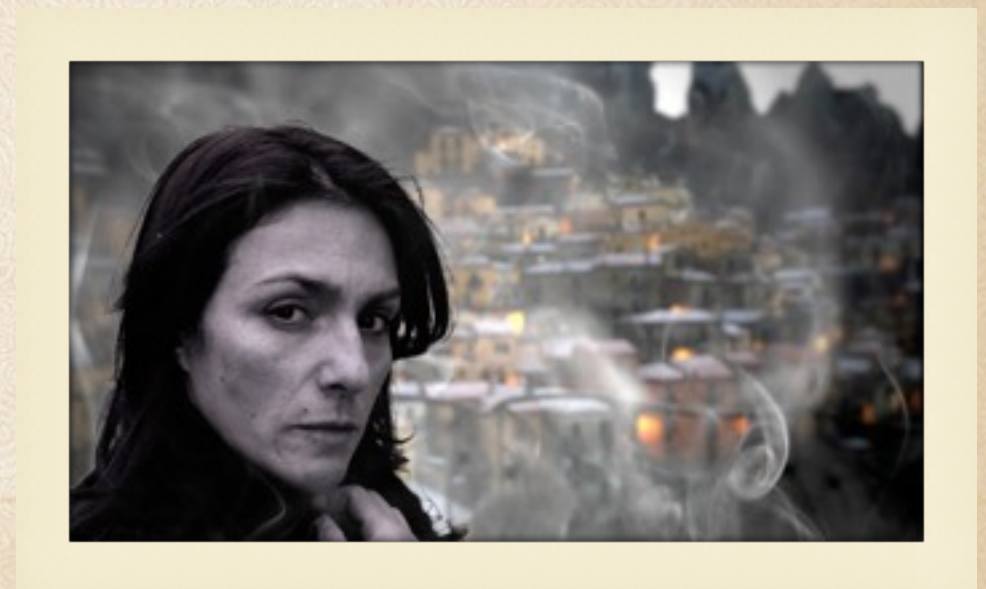
Let me go! She cried. *I want to know the whole story,* replied Vito.

Two White Dogs

So the woman told about the love potion and about how they had put a hex on him and about the secret: his wife was also a witch. Then, like an eel, she slipped into the night which was surrendering to the ambush of the morning.

One of those nights, Vito pretended to be asleep, and he saw his wife oiling her body and reciting the magic words to then disappear beneath the clouds, riding a white dog.

He realized she didn't belong to him. He realized he didn't belong to any one. He got out of bed, emptied the clay pot of its fairy oil and filled it with holy water.



But then one day, all of a sudden, the witch Vito had imprisoned materialized before his eyes with two white dogs.

Why two? asked Vito. *The second is for you, if you want, if you are not afraid, tonight you can fly,* she replied

Broken Spell

A farmer never gets scared, and Vito flew, and saw the moon up close and the stars of an immense size while the earth was an itty-bitty thing. He understood how important a viewpoint can be. He lowered his eyes and looked home just in time to see the cold shadow of death settling on his wife's eyes. That very night, she had fallen into a rocky crevice. The holy water had broken the spell. The sky heard Vito, the farm hand, crying and howling with the wolves, wandering aimlessly in the woods. The witches too, came back to fly and the moon heard their lament for a lost sister. Sorrow tore Castelmezzano's stones that night. Then the pain blended with the chanting of their ancestors and was transfigured into a song.





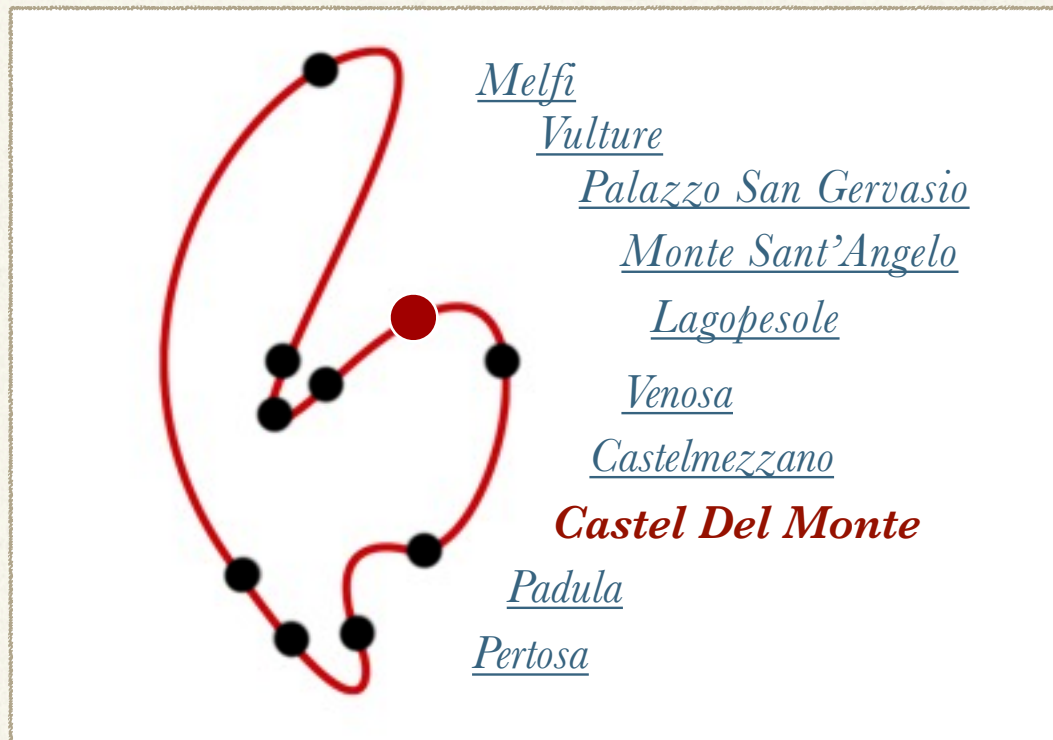
The Golden Rule

Unsolved Mystery

Inside a clearing, far away from any built up area, there was a holy place of unknown origin and with an unknown god. Isolated, far away from life, mystic. In the center, a statue with an incomprehensible inscription. "I have a bronze head, but at sun rise, at the calends of May, it turns to gold". This was a mystery unsolved for centuries up to the time of Emperor Frederick II,



when Arab astronomers and mathematicians carried their knowledge and research all around the kingdom. The legend has it that one of them, one day, ventured up to the temple to face the enigma. He found a solution. At



CASTEL DEL MONTE

Much desired by the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II Hohestaufen, the Castle projects his eclecticism and his culture, his own mysterious and enigmatic legacy. The mathematical rigor of the design, based on the number eight as the guiding principle, creates symmetries of light during the solstice and the equinox. Eight are the sides of the Castle, eight the rooms on the ground floor, eight the rooms on the second floor. All are placed so to form octagons. In the corners, the eight towers, of course, octagonal. This symbolism, appealing to many scholars is leaving the visitors both pleased and astonished.



power on earth, outside consolidated rules, like his new political experiments, as harmonious as the poems he wrote. We can imagine how upset his contemporaries were on a site where engineers were talking about “golden section”, golden number, about Fibonacci the court mathematician. Meanwhile the construction went on, but the people who were used to building to the glory of God couldn’t understand. Yes, Castel Del Monte is the image of Frederick; there are rules, but different from the usual ones, If construct means living or protecting, this place is neither one nor the other. What is Castel Del Monte for? Is it useful or not? How can measure the utility of something? Maybe Frederick knew the strength of what we call “useless”.

sunrise on the first of May, he dug where the shadow of the head fell and he found treasure; a pile of gold and gems. The scholar notified the Emperor, who used the money to build one of the most mysterious estates history has left us. This is only a legend, but many things around this building are a legend, starting with construction documents which have never been found, thus fostering a belief they were hidden on purpose, by the emperor himself, to create a legend about a legend.

Divine Proportions

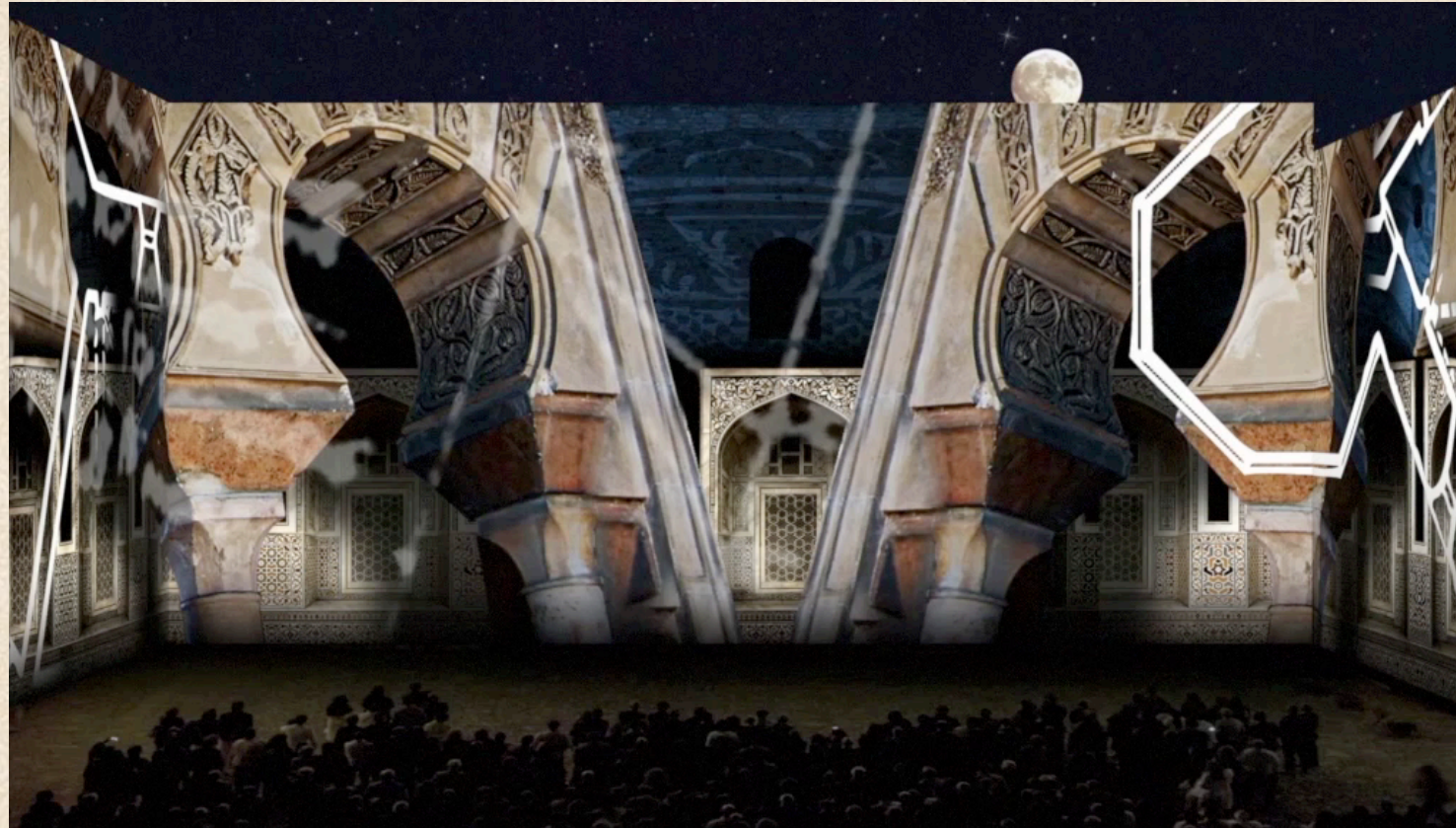
Frederick has a way of thinking outside the limits of his period. Castel Del Monte became the image of Frederick; geometric as the organization of the kingdom, majestic as his



The Sign of Heaven

A square was the sign of the Earth as the circle was the sign of Heaven, but Frederick choose the octagon, an in between geometric figure that contains both. In between Earth and Heaven there is only himself: the Emperor and his world of calculations, evaluations, his laboratory for knowledge, his searching to conquer a position of power made for the Emperor and not for God. Yes, This construction is the image of Frederick as he wished, he decided, he did. Traces, hypotheses, nothing is certain up to now. We don't know if the castle was completed when Frederick died. Maybe, as all laboratories, as all research cells, as all knowledge it never ends. It stops growing when the man who has conceived it disappears, but remains on the top of the hill forever. A stone crown without its maker.







PADULA

Joe Petrosino is a hero both in the USA and Italy. Celebrated by movies, press, and myths, he was the one who institutionalized the fighting against the Mafia as Head of the Police in New York. Padula is not only Joe's birthplace, it is also the city hosting a globally unique Carthusian Monastery. With its cloister surrounded by an amazing architecture, with fine inlaid marble works, the Monastery is a concentration of artworks in one place that makes the experience unique. It is a contemplation place for own mind and own soul.

Joe Petrosino

The Premonition

That night Joe Petrosino was sweating, and confused, he was upset, pacing up and down in his small hotel room in Palermo. It was like a premonition. It was only two weeks to the three bullets in his back which would kill him. He was so confused



that he wrote a letter to Adelina starting, "Dear Wife", but signing off, "Your loving brother". And this from him, who was always so careful, a real "pedigree" investigator! Joe was always ready to be a hero and an example to others, always, as an emigrant, on the defensive. This time he has been careless and would jeopardize his



mission. He was thinking of Adelina, of his daughter, born a few months ago. He was sweating, while thinking of his family in Padula, which he had left a few days earlier. He was thinking of his mother, that night.

dome, that he decided he would become a warrior to crush the Satan of his country. A new St. Michael on earth.

The Warrior Saint

His mother was a woman with a strong faith; every Sunday she took him to Mass in St. Michael's church. The little Giuseppe was attracted by that winged figure. Looking up at the saint painted on the dome, with his sword drawn, ready to crush Satan, a fatal distraction at the beginning of the Eucharist, cost him a slap from his mom Giuseppina. It was no use, he could not take his eyes off that picture. The saint, who healed, protected, looked after people, could he use his sword against enemies? What about Divine mercy? Mom's saint, armed! So, it was in that church, standing under the



Sword, Scales and Shield

Santomauro, the abbot and parish priest liked the child; he wasn't pliant like others, but curious and impertinent in the right measure. He did not ask, he investigated, until the priest sometimes lost his temper. Giuseppe asked: in the holy card Mom uses as a bookmark, why does St. Michael hold the scales? Why is the sword sheathed while the shield is pushed forward? How can he fight? What is a saint doing with a pair of scales?

Giuseppe, the little warrior of Padula was a special kid before he'd had time to become Joe.

This is how he grew up, among the alleys of his village, thinking of the sword to punish, the scales to judge and the shield to protect the weakest. The sword, the scales and the shield never left his mind. So, once in New York, his childhood dream continued, against the Satan of Little Italy. Leading his team, he became a cult figure in the press, attracting the attention of movies and comics. He was a hero. But Joe was only an older



Giuseppe: the sword, the scales and the shield were the same. He had left Italy with a felt jacket and in short trousers. Immigration officers, inspecting his luggage in the New York port, couldn't see what he was also carrying from home: a sword, the scales and his shield.

In Eternity

He died in Palermo, in a square whose name was too sweet for murder. He fell forward into a bed of primulas that was waiting for him. Their scent was his last thing on earth before St. Michael welcomed him as an old comrade. *Fugitiva relinquere et eterna captare*: Escape the fleeting to grasp the eternal, the motto of the monastery of Padula, had always been his own.





Videos from the Petrosino Museum in Padula, courtesy of Unicity

Enlightenment

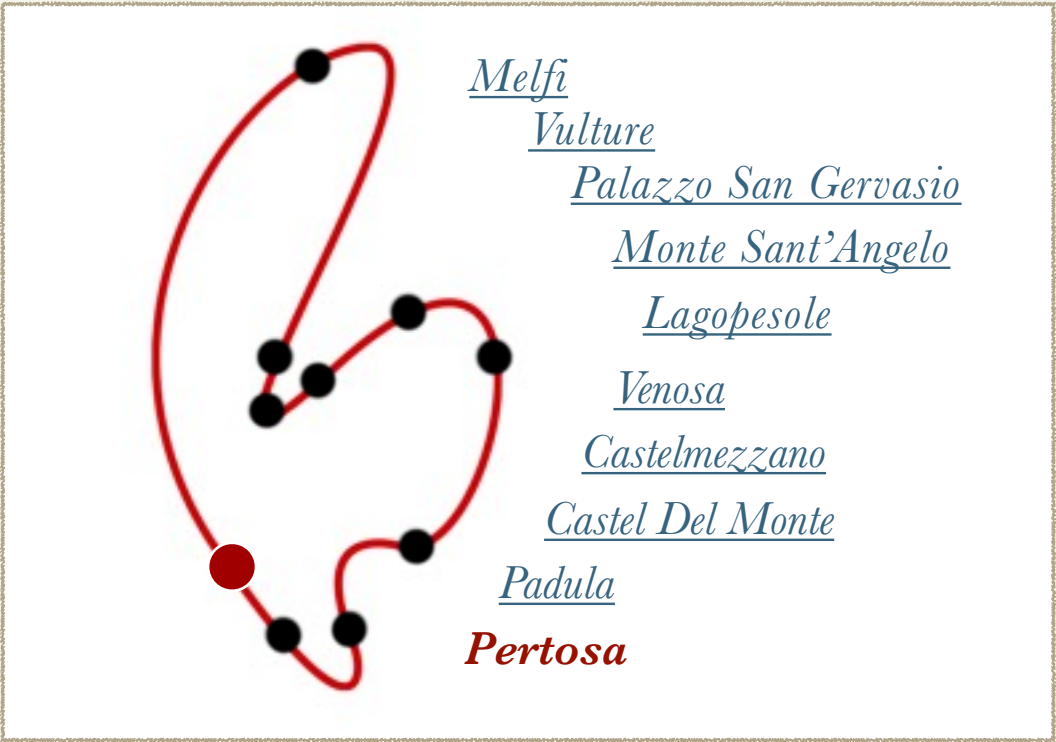
Reign of the Darkness

That land was submissive and inviting, and the rock face was slashed by an open mouth and water gushed out as if coming from the center of the earth. This was his home. Majestic and

mysterious at once, a performance during his moments of reflection. With a roof over his head, under cover and protected, what else could he want! No one had told him a bloody war was being fought in Troy; they would speak about it for millennia. He did not know the Iliad would be written much later on. He taught himself what he needed to live. His own



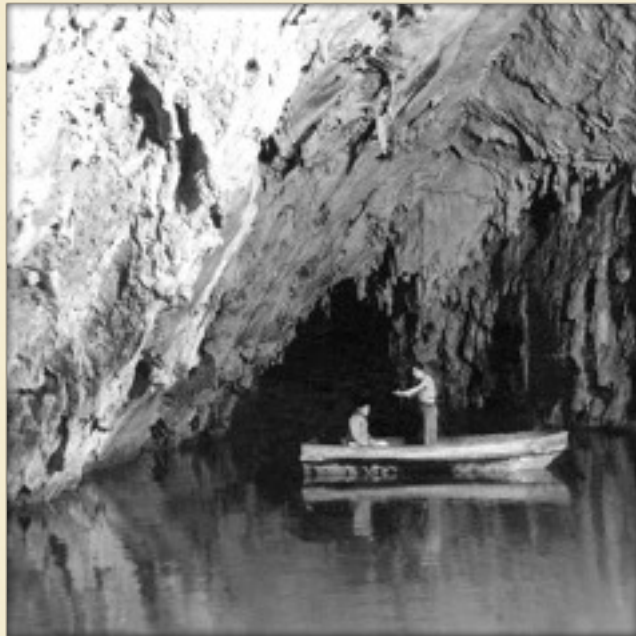
First archeologist in the cave last years of '800. Coutesy of MIDA 01 Pertosa



CAVE OF PERTOSA-AULETTA

Only here you can cruise into the depths of the earth, in a silence broken by the sound of water and the one of your astonishment. Just a second and the enchantment begins! The elegant waterfall, echoing distant times, reflects the drapes of candid alabaster hanging from the vaults of the caverns. Stalagmites of strange shapes capture incredulous gazes, as you walk through tunnels. Arabesque corridors, lit by the subtle play of light, lead you into vast salons, each of which has a name and a secret: the incredible precision with which nature has created this wonder across millions of years.

rules for his own things, a refuge for his mind. But nature's rules were different: water for example gave him life, but also anguish; as he watched the impetuous flow coming out of the dark he couldn't understand. He used it, but he did not understand it. He didn't understand the wind, either, as it blew with no one pushing it. Many times he went toward the wind: to stop it, to know ... Nothing! Too much power, he was scared, but attracted.



Triumph of the Mind

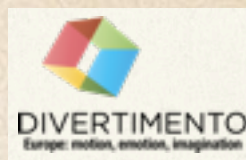
So he invented a God to explain what upset his mind. God was what you can't see, and since what is invisible is unknown, certainly it is God who pushes the water and makes the wind blow, and God could only live just beyond the darkness, where the unknown lives. His mind was focused on one place, at the bottom of the cave, the mysterious point splitting his mind in two, the light on one side, the darkness on the other. The blinding white light of Southern Italy bursting into the rocks and fracturing, faded out, failing in its attempt to go upstream on the river which was flowing in the opposite direction. There! The Opposite!. He understood the concept! Everything has an opposite, and he was seeking his own. Rain - sun, day - night, hungry - food, hot - cold ... light - dark. So that day, with a torch in his hands, it occurred to him to walk towards the dark, inside his own shadow, to seek his God, to get lost, or to realize where the water or the wind was coming from.

The Meaning Maker

No one before him had been so brave as to enter the darkness. He discovered that shadows do not hide, they reveal. He watched the shapes of the shadows: changing, dancing, as he had never realized before. Imagination shaped appearances. He saw what frightened him as artifact, his ambitions, his desires, what he had looked for when in the world of light. He saw it art-made by the projections of his mind and began to think of the sounds, the signs with which he could narrate, out of the darkness, what he had seen. Facts and art, giving sense to the non-existent forms made by the mind, artifacts. He discovered first, what Plato, the philosopher, would say many years after him. The same as Plato, many years on. A cave like this, fire light like this, revealed the secrets of knowledge and perception, of illusion and reality, giving a meaning to his own time. But giving a meaning to time means living in history, and history, as we understand it, would start some years later. So he decided to stay in the cave waiting for the people cruising on the river who would narrate the story. They would feel the same appeal, but without fear, because they had already understood almost everything about water and wind







EUROTHENTICA

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Looking for Myths

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