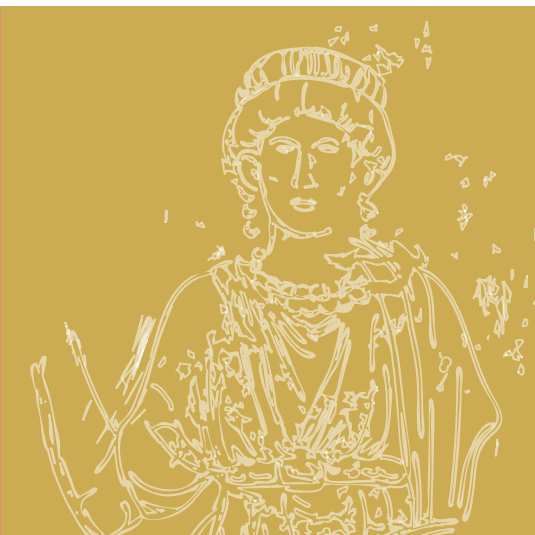


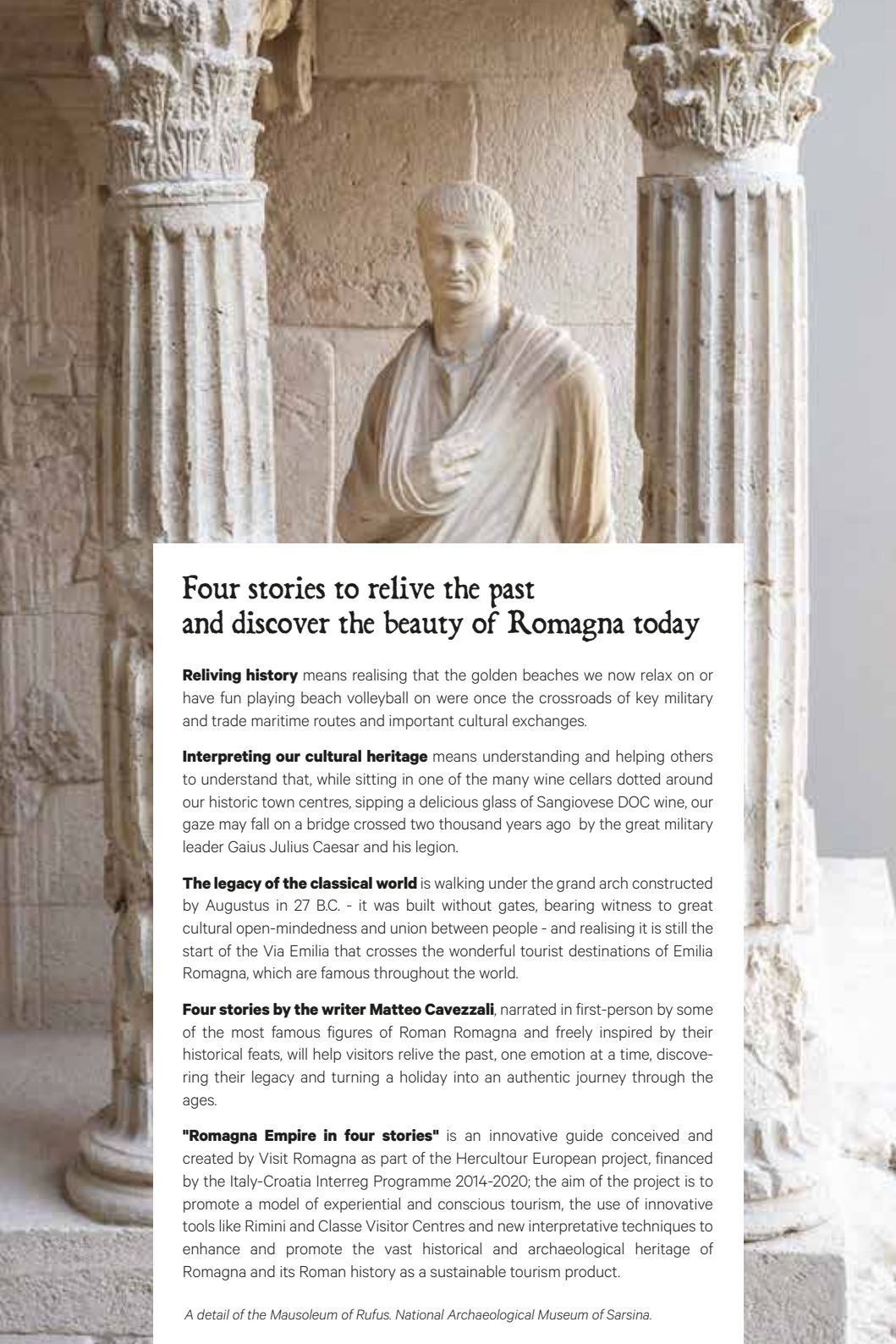


Empire
Romagna

in four stories

The joy of travelling in the footsteps of history





Four stories to relive the past and discover the beauty of Romagna today

Reliving history means realising that the golden beaches we now relax on or have fun playing beach volleyball on were once the crossroads of key military and trade maritime routes and important cultural exchanges.

Interpreting our cultural heritage means understanding and helping others to understand that, while sitting in one of the many wine cellars dotted around our historic town centres, sipping a delicious glass of Sangiovese DOC wine, our gaze may fall on a bridge crossed two thousand years ago by the great military leader Gaius Julius Caesar and his legion.

The legacy of the classical world is walking under the grand arch constructed by Augustus in 27 B.C. - it was built without gates, bearing witness to great cultural open-mindedness and union between people - and realising it is still the start of the Via Emilia that crosses the wonderful tourist destinations of Emilia Romagna, which are famous throughout the world.

Four stories by the writer Matteo Cavezzali, narrated in first-person by some of the most famous figures of Roman Romagna and freely inspired by their historical feats, will help visitors relive the past, one emotion at a time, discovering their legacy and turning a holiday into an authentic journey through the ages.

"Romagna Empire in four stories" is an innovative guide conceived and created by Visit Romagna as part of the Herculour European project, financed by the Italy-Croatia Interreg Programme 2014-2020; the aim of the project is to promote a model of experiential and conscious tourism, the use of innovative tools like Rimini and Classe Visitor Centres and new interpretative techniques to enhance and promote the vast historical and archaeological heritage of Romagna and its Roman history as a sustainable tourism product.

The most difficult decision

When Caesar crossed the Rubicon

Memory's such a strange thing. When I was there, I didn't notice anything; not the wind nor the sound of the water flowing past before me. I knew that if I crossed that river, nothing would ever be the same again. **Would posterity have remembered me as a leader who had made Rome great or as a traitor?** It all depended on that gesture, because history is written by the winners; there's no room for losers on its pages. At the time, I didn't think I'd noticed any detail, my mind was inebriated by the decision I had to make, but now, I remember everything. **I remember the icy waters of the Rubicon flowing towards the Adriatic,** I remember the moonlight illuminating those grassy hillsides; it was so beautiful it took my breath away. I was the night between 9 and 10 January 49 B.C.

A year earlier I had completed the greatest feat of all - conquering Gaul. And what did Pompey do to reward me? He decided to replace me because he was afraid of me, but he couldn't because the people adored me. **Pompey was a disgusting maggot, infesting the corpse of a now defunct Republic.** The "young butcher" was what they called him in Rome and to think I'd given him my only daughter, Giulia, as his bride to seal our pact. Giulia died giving birth to his son, who sadly passed away with her. Such heartache for me and

Bronze statue of Julius Caesar (20th-century copy). Piazza Tre Martiri, Rimini.

Below: Ideal reconstruction of Ariminum in the Imperial period. ARimini Caput Viarum Visitor Centre, Rimini.



the first link in a chain of agony that tied a knot around my heart.

In the meantime, I was in Ravenna with the 13th legion. That day, I went to see the gladiators and then went to the thermal baths. In the evening I invited everyone to a banquet where I toasted with the wonderful wine from these lands. I wanted people to see me, but not suspect anything. During the dinner, I feigned a sudden illness and pretended to leave, but once outside the palace a cart was waiting for me to put the plan in action.

I hadn't slept for days. I was scared. **Everyone has seen paintings and statues of my glorious crossing of the Rubicon**, depicting me on horseback, my sword held high pointing the way forward to my troops, but that's not exactly how things went. It was a dark night and I got lost in the woods. I was on a small cart drawn by mules. Suddenly the sky darkened further, the clouds suffocated the light of the stars and we were lost. When I arrived, the men were nervous because I was so late. I was suddenly besieged by doubt. I stopped and watched the flowing river, I thought of the blood that would be spilled. My heart was beating in my head - what to do? I turned around and said «We can

still turn back». It was then that something unexpected happened.

A tall, handsome man appeared standing, a little to the side, playing a reed flute. The legionnaires had moved closer to listen to his music; all of a sudden, he grabbed a trumpet from one of them and approached the bank of the Rubicon. He started playing a battle tune and hurled himself towards the other riverbank. It was a sign from the Gods; **I gave the order to proceed and that was the real start of everything that would follow.** The pounding of the horses' hooves shook that small wooden bridge. That deep and glorious sound accompanied the birth of a new day.

I knew that crossing the Rubicon meant never being able to turn back. I pressed on, even if my horse's hooves sank into the mud. **I like the words attributed to me by Suetonius - *alea iacta est*, "the die is cast"**. They are very effective and would have been so apt. Indeed, at that time the die was cast; now it was up to destiny to throw the dice, either in my favour or in favour of Pompey. Yet you always think of the right words to say when it's too late. At that moment, all you could hear was the din of the

Tiberius Bridge in Istrian stone, begun by Octavian Augustus in 14 A.D. and completed in 21 A.D. by his successor Tiberius. Rimini.



horses and carts, the sound of an owl, contemplating the scene without fully understanding why it was so important for us men. How much water has flown along the riverbanks since that day? How many fish have swum it or abandoned themselves to its current, letting themselves be carried along? And what remains?

I'd like to return to that river today, on a sunny afternoon. Walk along its banks, sit down on a boulder and remember that moment when everything was still possible, before all those problems that came later, before all the plots and conspiracies, before all the hate, far from the agony of Rome.



We took Ariminum - Rimini - a strategic city that had been the first Roman outpost in Gaul. I spoke to my troops in the forum, trying there to ignite the enthusiasm of the legionnaires and begin the long march to Rome, for freedom. Where we set off from, where the **Via Flaminia** began, the Senate would later build the **Arch of Augustus**. That was when the grandeur of Rome and the history of its Empire began. How was I to know then that just five years later I would be dead, stabbed by murdering Brutus and his fellow conspirators. History leaves no time for us to understand mutations as they immediately change under our feet and all that remains is the memory of us.



The 16th-century stone commemorating Julius Caesar's speech to his legionnaires in the forum of Rimini before the long march towards Rome. Rimini, Piazza Tre Martiri.

Alongside: Arch of Augustus, the oldest arch in northern Italy, erected in 27 B.C. to celebrate the work of Octavian Augustus. Rimini.

The story is inspired by the narrations of several classical writers, above all Suetonius and Plutarch.

Places to discover in the footsteps of Caesar

We start at **Classis Ravenna Museum** in Classe, **RAVENNA** and after stopping at the **visitor centre of the Ancient Port of Classe**, walk south along the **Via Romea**. Beyond the **Rubicon River** and what remains of the **Roman bridge** once crossed by **Caesar's legionnaires**, we reach **RIMINI**. Ariminum as it was known, was the "caput viarum" (or point of intersection) of the most important consular roads like the **Via Emilia** and **Via Popilia** that begin at **Tiberius Bridge**, the **Via Romea** and the **Via Flaminia** that ends at the **Arch of Augustus**, built in the latter's honour in 27 B.C. Also nearby are the **Municipal Museum**, the **Surgeon's House** or domus and the remains of the **Roman amphitheatre** and **forum**.

The waves of the Adriatic

When Augustus' sailor put out to sea

I decided to go on board that day and it was a mistake. The evening before I'd seen an owl settle on the branch of a pine tree and I'd seen a tree trunk dragged gently along by the current of the Ronco river, reach the sea and drift away. The Gods had warned me, but I didn't listen to their words. **I'd been so happy to become a sailor for Classis Ravennatis, the Imperial Roman fleet founded by Augustus. The port of Classe was one of the most important in the Mediterranean.** Ten thousand sailors lived there; the wages were very good, 400 dinars every four months. I was proud to wear that rust-coloured tunic, I felt part of something great, part of an Empire.

I remember the first time I arrived in Classis. From the sea I could see an enormous sand dune open in two; a long canal began from there. The area seemed to be made up of lots of small islands; the land and the sea blended into one another. The south side was home to a vast trade district; I'd never seen anything like it. There were people coming and going, a long line of ships whose masts soared high into the blue sky, so many that you lost count: **it was the fleet of the Emperor Octavian Augustus.** His statue watched over the life and death of the sailors from above. The beating heart of the city was the entry to the port, that wide gap in the sandy coast fed the entire lagoon. It was precisely here that **Augustus had built the imposing breakwater piers** that



On the left: gold amulet locket (1st century A.D.) on display in Classis Ravenna Museum.

Below: Ancient Port of Classe, Ravenna: evening view during summer opening when the archaeological site hosts a packed programme of events.





On the left: detail of the stele to Capito, Augustus' sailor. Classis Ravenna Museum



Above: the treasure of Classe, discovered during excavation work in the Ancient Port (7th century A.D.). Classis Ravenna Museum.

guaranteed ships safe access to the sea. **Ravenna and its port of Classe had been chosen by him as the ideal home for the Imperial fleet that was to control the entire eastern Mediterranean. The port was home to two hundred and fifty armed triremes.**

There were not only ships on the coast, it was also overlooked by many houses and villas owned by rich merchants. On the piers you could hear Latin, Greek and Persian being spoken, as well as many other languages I'd never heard before. Those sailors from every corner of the world transported all kinds of goods. Urns arrived brimming with seeds and left again full of wine from these lands of Romagna and round, unleavened flatbread that kept well on board the ships and was delicious. There were oil lamps from Africa, papyrus from Egypt, statues from Greece. Here, I understood just how great Augustus really was.

Sailing the seas has always been dangerous. Of every ten ships that set sail, two never arrived at their destination. **The liburnian I was assigned to was called Aurata or Golden** because it shone on the waves like a jewel. **They gave me the rank of optio or able seaman, chosen to assist the centurion.** That morning, the Adriatic was flat, but after a day's sailing the weather took a turn for the worse. The sea rose up, the waves crashed against our ship as if the Nereid nymphs had come out of the caves of the abysses to punish us. Some began praying, the captain cut off a lock of his hair and threw it into the sea, hoping this ritual would appease the Gods. But it wasn't enough.

The ship overturned and was torn in two by the force of the waves. The wreckage and many of my companions were dragged to the bottom of the sea. I clung onto some planks of wood. I was carried on the tide for three days, without coming across anyone else. Then I saw another liburnian galley approaching. I waved my arms and someone on board saw me. I thought I was safe. They approached and threw me a



Remains of the merchant ship that sunk, with all probability, between 19 and 12 B.C. and was found near Comacchio with most of its cargo still on board. The particular nature of the environment where it lay (oxygen free) has preserved to this day even the wood, leather and plant fibre objects, rarely found in archaeological contexts due to their perishability. Ancient Delta Museum, Comacchio.



Statue of Augustus, founder of the ancient port. Basilica of Classe, Ravenna.

rope, but it was too far away. The ship was travelling very quickly and couldn't slow down. It manoeuvred, turned around and tried again, three times, but my hands were frozen, my arms were weak and the wind strong. Three times I failed to grab onto the rope. At that point the ship sailed away and didn't come back. A short while later I couldn't hold onto those pieces of wood any longer, I was exhausted by the effort and gave up, letting myself sink to the bottom of the sea, forever.

All that remains is a plaque, commemorating my life as a sailor on the payroll of Augustus. It says: "To Capito, able seaman of the Golden liburnian". But my body is resting in that dark cemetery we used to call *mare nostrum*.

Places to discover in the footsteps of Augustus

Starting from **Classis Ravenna Museum** in Classe, **RAVENNA**, where the **stele commemorating the sailor Capito** can be found, then visiting the **Ancient Port of Classe** and passing by **TAMO Museum**, which is brimming with ancient mosaics, visitors follow the **Via Romea** north through the lush green **Po Delta Park**. The final destination is **COMACCHIO**, where it is possible to visit the **Ancient Delta Museum** that houses the excellently-preserved remains of an **ancient Roman ship**. From here, continue to **FERRARA** and the town's **National Archaeological Museum**, which boasts a rich collection of artefacts from the **Spina** and **Adria** seafaring civilisations.

Surviving

When Ariminum's surgeon was freed

Have you ever seen a battle?

I don't know if you can imagine how much speed and precision you need to try to save a man who has been pierced by a sword or to remove arrows using a surgical spoon.

I was really fast and that's why everyone wanted my services.

My name is Eutyches, I'm a surgeon and a faithful devotee of Jupiter Dolichenus, protector of soldiers. I came from the east, from Greece. It was my father who, after a revelatory dream, wanted me to become a doctor. So, aged sixteen, I went to Ephesus to study medicine, pharmacy and astrology. There I learnt to make medicines using mortars, to sew up wounds and to soothe pain with opium and wine. When I returned, I began to work at the gladiators' arena, where I experienced all kinds of wounds and lacerations.

At that time there was an insurrection and when the Roman legions arrived to suppress it, they captured me. **I was sold as a slave to Lucio Caesellius Diopanes, a textiles merchant who took me with him to Sarsina, a wonderful and very lively *municipium* where many artisans and traders lived.**

The city was also home to the great playwright Plautus and the irony of its inhabitants seemed to bear witness to this.

Lucio treated me well, because I was a good worker. One day, his son was struck by a serious fever that had already taken several of the city's children to the kingdom of Hades. I told him that in Ephesus I had learnt a remedy against it and asked his permission to go to look for the herbs I needed to prepare it. He agreed. I could have fled, but I didn't. I returned, prepared the medicine in a mortar and gave it to the boy. In just a few days he was back on his feet. My master was so happy his son had been saved he decided to free me.

I became a freedman and began to work as a doctor. I moved to Ariminum, Rimini, where one patient after another I was able to build myself a villa where I could live and perform surgery. For the Romans, being a doctor was a reproachable job,



Floor mosaic of Orpheus charming animals with his melodious voice. Surgeon's House, Rimini.



they saw it as making money from the pain of others; that's why they preferred foreigners to do it. At the beginning, many were wary of my services. They thought I was only a slave who had been clever enough to be set free, but soon my work silenced the scandalmongers.

Over the years, I put together a collection of 150 instruments, including scalpels, pincers, spoons, spatulas and tweezers, for all kinds of surgery. I also became the *medicus amicus* of some very rich shipowners. They came to see me every week, to

tell me of their physical and moral aches and pains, which I soothed with blends of herbs. I also gave them footbaths, using my foot-shaped ceramic thermal vase, which I filled with hot or cold water, as required.

I wanted everything in my house to remind me of my homeland. I managed to find a statue of Epicurus and in my *taberna medica*, where I performed surgery, I **commissioned a mosaic of Orpheus using his melodious voice to charm the animals**; I think that beautiful image had a thaumaturgical effect on the sick.

I would admit my patients to my house and





On the left: the instruments used by the surgeon Eutyches, the protagonist of our story, Rimini Museum.

On the previous page, above: reconstruction of a Roman triclinium. National Archaeological Museum of Sarsina.

On the previous page, below: the Surgeon's House, the Imperial age domus home to our protagonist Eutyches, Rimini.

operate on them there. **One of them once wrote the phrase “Eutyches homo bonus” on a wall to thank me.** I've kept those words; the gratitude of the people whose suffering I alleviated was a source of inspiration my entire life.

In the end, it was a Germanic tribe, the Alemanni barbarians, who took my life and set my house alight. Perhaps they couldn't bear the idea I had cured their enemies or perhaps it was just to steal my riches. I could have saved myself. Hidden in a ditch, I saw my villa slowly burning. The flames rose to the sky, turning it black. I was still hiding when I heard a dog barking; it was my little dog Argo, he was trapped in the ruins. I couldn't let him die, so I came out of my hiding spot and approached the house. But one of them saw me and with a swift gesture, slit my throat. Blood gushed forth, turning the ground scarlet. I felt great anguish, but also a sense of peace. I closed my eyes. I had healed many people during my life, but I could do nothing for myself.

Sarsina is the city where the adventure in Italy of the protagonist of our story begins. In Sarsina, the city of Plautus, every year in summer the Plautus Festival takes place in a wonderful natural setting.

Places to discover in the footsteps of Eutyches

The first stop is in **RIMINI**, at the **multimedia visitor centre** that guides visitors along the ancient city's **cardo** and **decumanus** (roads running north-south and east-west, respectively) to the floor mosaics of the **Surgeon's House** and over **150 instruments** that belonged to **Eutyches**, now housed in the **Municipal Museum**. Returning along the ancient **Via Emilia**, which once linked **Ariminum** to **Mediolanum** (Milan), it is possible to take **Via Sarsinate** that leads to the town of **SARSINA**, the birthplace of the playwright **Plautus**, where it is possible to visit the town's beautiful **National Archaeological Museum**. The road continues to **BAGNO DI ROMAGNA**, an old thermal spa town.

Seeing the stars again

When Galla Placidia became the last Empress

I remember the dark. The eternal night of my imprisonment. **I was the Emperor's sister and only sixteen when I was kidnapped by the barbarians.** They kept me locked in a cart. In that darkness, the thing I missed most was not being able to see the stars. The stars reminded me that something bigger than us exists and that thought gave me hope. If only I had been a girl like everyone else, perhaps I would have had a happy life. My curse was having been born a princess. When my mother died, I was only two years old, solitude was my only friend.

In those years, decline was in the air, we thought we were the last survivors of an era that would never return. The Romans had stopped defending themselves. They were tired of senators, Emperors and bishops. They were complaining about too many taxes, they no longer felt part of a community. They looked suspiciously on the generals and prelates. Corruption was rife. It was the end and you could sense it in the fetid stench in the air. When the barbarians arrived,



Above: the starry sky commissioned by the Empress. Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, Ravenna.

Alongside: a detail of the Dance of the Geniuses of the Four Seasons in the House of Stone Carpets, Ravenna.

many showed no resistance at all. **Ravenna was the capital of the Empire** in what would be the end of its days.

It was August 410 A.D. when the Visigoths captured me during one of their raids. As the days passed, I discovered that the Goths were not as uncouth and violent as I'd imagined; they were simply warriors fighting for a cause, the cause of the Germanic people oppressed by the Empire. Some of them were very kind to me, especially the one they called "noble wolf": **Athaulf**. After the sudden death of their king, he was the one who took his place.

The evening of his coronation he came into the

tent they were keeping me prisoner in. I understood by the way he looked at me that my feelings towards him were mutual. **That fighter who had never been intimidated by any sword, trembled under my caresses.**

Despite what they said, ours was true love.

I discovered that even life on earth can be a sweet paradise. But our happiness was short lived. We were married in a sumptuous ceremony: I wore Goth clothes and he wore Roman ones, as a sign of the intermingling and communion of our cultures. I fell pregnant with our son, **Theodosius**, who had Imperial Roman blood running through his veins, along with the blood of the Goth kings. This was not viewed kindly by some of the Visigoths, who saw me and my son as a viper amongst them. They feared I would lead them to subordination towards the Empire. It was my love, Athaulf, who paid the consequences. My little boy lived only two weeks before he was taken by the kingdom of the skies; he didn't even have time to learn to walk. His death was the first tragedy of many that followed.

In fact, a group of Goths was already **plotting and scheming against Athaulf**. One summer evening in 415, as he was combing down his horse, he was stabbed to death by his stable hand. Betrayal and thirst for power... in this respect, the Goths were no different to the Romans. For me, what followed was a living hell. **From being queen of the Visigoths, I went back to being a slave.** They hit me, humiliated me and locked me in a cart. The only reason they didn't kill me was to use me as a bargaining chip. I dreamt of a new world that was both Roman and barbarian. Imagine how wonderful that would have been... the glorious history and culture of Rome and the new values and ethics

of the Goths.

This land is too small to fight over, we should have united. But the men were unable to understand this; neither of the two fronts wanted to retreat and both saw peace as defeat.

When I became free again and Empress, I decided to build my mausoleum in Ravenna. It was supposed to look simple and modest from the outside, but **inside it shone with the colours of paradise.** Just like a good Christian, simple in appearance, but filled with divine light. I called on the best-known artists of the time to decorate it with mosaics. Remembering the darkness of the days of my imprisonment, I wanted a **star-filled vault** for my tomb, the most beautiful that human eyes had ever seen. An arch of stars that would shine above me every night, to comfort my tormented soul, at least after death.



Places to discover in the footsteps of Galla Placidia

Classis Ravenna Museum in Classe, **RAVENNA** and the **Ancient Port of Classe** built by Augustus, home to the immersive multimedia **visitor centre**, are the ideal starting point for discovering the ancient city that was once capital of the Western Roman Empire, **RAVENNA: the mausoleum of Galla Placidia**, now in the **complex of San Vitale**, the nearby **House of Stone Carpets**, with the floor mosaics of a late-Imperial home and the **Basilica of St John the Evangelist**, built by Galla Placidia as a votive offering after surviving a shipwreck.



Ancient Port of Classe / Hera Visitor Center
Via Marabina, 7 - Ravenna
Tel. +39 0544 478100
www.anticoportoravenna.it

One of the most important ports in the Roman and Byzantine world, this was the centre of a huge trade network with the entire Mediterranean, Africa and the Orient. Includes a visit to a multimedia hub that provides a historical and geographical context and continues to the archaeological area next to the port warehouses and flagstone road.



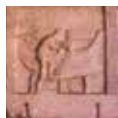
Classis Ravenna Museum
Via Classense, 29 - Classe / Ravenna
Tel. +39 0544 473717
www.classisravenna.it

Housed in the city's former sugar factory and located near the church of Sant'Apollinare in Classe, the museum narrates the key events of an extraordinary territory through archaeological finds, reconstructed scale models and graphic and multimedia apparatus.



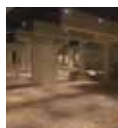
Mausoleum of Galla Placidia
Via San Vitale, 17 - Ravenna
Tel. +39 0544 541688
www.ravennamosaici.it

The external chapel of the ancient church of St Cross probably dedicated to St Laurence, according to legend it is traditionally known as the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia thanks to its magnificent mosaics.



National Museum
Via San Vitale, 14 - Ravenna
Tel. +39 0544 213902
www.polomusealeemiliaromagna.beniculturali.it/musei/museo-nazionale-di-ravenna

As well as a collection of minor arts, the ancient monastery of St Vitale houses the most important artefacts from Roman Ravenna: a lapidarium containing the famous bas-relief of Augustus, as well as Roman funereal epigraphs, sarcophagi and honorary pedestal, the Sculpture Room (herms and antiquities) and Porta Aurea room.



House of Stone Carpets - Domus dei Tappeti di Pietra
Via Barbiani (entrance through the church of St Euphemia) - Ravenna
Tel. + 39 0544 32512
www.ravennanantica.it

An archaeological site with mosaic floors from a 5th-6th century A.D. Byzantine building. Particularly interesting is the mosaic of "The Dance of the Geniuses of the Four Seasons".



TAMO - Mosaic Museum
Via Rondinelli, 2 - Ravenna
Tel. +39 0544 213371
www.ravennanantica.it

A museum dedicated to all forms of mosaic art with an itinerary that includes the excellent mosaics of Ravenna and its surroundings and several interactive and multimedia installations.



Roman Villa of Russi
Via Fiumazzo - Russi (RA)
Tel. +39 0544 581357
www.soprintendenzaravenna.beniculturali.it/it/183/villa-romana-di-russi

This started out with purely agricultural functions in the 1st century B.C. but was subsequently extended following settlement of the *classis praetoria* in Ravenna. It is undoubtedly one of the best-preserved and most symbolic rural villas in northern Italy.



Musa - Salt Museum
Via Nazario Sauro, 24 - Cervia (RA)
Tel. +39 0544 977592
www.musa.comuncervia.it

An archaeological section tracing the history of the town and its link with the production of salt. It houses equipment, documents and images that bear witness to the importance salt has had since ancient times.



ARimini Caput Viarum Visitor Center
Corso d'Augusto, 235 - Rimini
Tel. +39 0541 29833
www.riminiromana.it

ARimini Caput Viarum is a place that tells a story; an interactive multimedia itinerary that offers visitors the experience of reliving the history of ancient Roman Rimini, with its treasures and its beauty, offering suggestions for undertaking an itinerary around the territory to discover the city: Tiberius Bridge and the Arch of Augustus bear witness to the fact Ariminum was the crossroads of a number of important Roman roads - Via Emilia, Via Popilia, Via Flaminia, Via Arretina and Via Sarsinate.



Surgeon's House
Piazza Ferrari - Rimini
Tel. +39 0541 793851
www.domusrimini.com

This archaeological area revealed a private dwelling dating from the Imperial era, known as the *domus del chirurgo* or surgeon's house given the profession of its last inhabitant. The surgical and pharmaceutical instruments found in the *taberna medica* annexed to the house is the most complete set to have survived to the present day. The entire excavation area has now become a museum whilst other finds from here have been housed in the archaeological section of the nearby municipal museum.



Roman Amphitheatre
Via Vezia - Rimini

Built under Hadrian in the 2nd century A.D., the amphitheatre is the representation of the *panem et circenses* strategy adopted by the Roman elite in their search for the broadest consent and relief of social tensions.



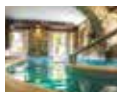
Roman Bridge in Savignano sul Rubicone
Corso Vendemini - Via Matteotti
Savignano sul Rubicone (FC)
Tel. +39 0541 944017
www.comune.savignano-sul-rubicone.fc.it

In the collective imagination this is the bridge Julius Caesar crossed in 49 B.C. and where he uttered his famous words «Alea iacta est» - the die is cast.



Compito "Don G. Franchini"
Archaeological Museum
Via S. Giovanni, 7 - Savignano s. Rubicone (FC)
Tel. +39 0541 944851
www.museodelcompito.it

To the Romans, the word *compitum* meant "crossroads": in fact, in ancient times, the Via Emilia once intersected another road that descended from the Apennines to the sea near what is now the town of San Giovanni.



Sant'Agnese Spa and Roman Springs
Via Fiorentina, 17 - Bagno di Romagna (FC)
Tel. +39 0543 911046
www.bagnodioromagnaturismo.it

In Roman times, in what was then known as *Balneum*, there was a fairly large and well-organised public spa complex, a "sanctuary" linked to health-inspired rituals. Built around natural hot hyperthermal water springs it was, in fact, the origins of today's Sant'Agnese Spa.



MAF - "Tobia Aldini" Archaeological Museum
Piazza A. Fratti, 5 - Forlimpopoli (FC)
Tel. +39 0543 748071
www.maforlimpopoli.it

The extensive archaeological heritage of the town and surrounding territory is housed in the charming ground floor rooms of the fortress. It includes important artefacts dating from several different eras, which are presented based on chronological and theme criteria.



National Archaeological Museum of Sarsina
Via Cesio Sabino, 39 - Sarsina (FC)
Tel. +39 0547 94641
www.comune.sarsina.fc.it/museoarch/museo.htm

This is undoubtedly one of the most important archaeological museums in northern Italy given the wealth and variety of artefacts it houses from ancient Sassina and the surrounding countryside.

Of particular importance are the numerous funerary epigraphs, the mausoleum of Rufus with its pyramid-shaped pinnacle, multicoloured floor mosaic known as the Triumph of Dionysus and the statue of Attis.

The upper floor boasts an interesting reconstruction of a Roman *cappuccina* tomb and a triclinium, with the mosaic floor known as *Inebriated Hercules*.



Ancient Delta Museum
Via Agatopisto, 2 - Comacchio (FE)
Tel. +39 0533 311316
www.museodeltaantico.com

The museum narrates the history of the ancient mouth of the Po River which, over the centuries, was a key crossroads for trade and civilisations linking the Mediterranean world with continental Europe.

Of particular significance is the section dedicated to the Etruscan city of Spina, with items from the settlement and a wealth of grave goods and the Roman world, with the precious cargo of the Roman ship whose wreck, found near Comacchio, yielded numerous well-preserved items.



National Archaeological Museum of Ferrara
Palazzo Costabili, known as "Lodovico il Moro"
Via XX Settembre, 122 - Ferrara
Tel. +39 0532 66299
www.archeoferrara.beniculturali.it

The museum houses superbly-crafted artefacts from the Etruscan town of Spina, a trade emporium of primary importance that flourished between the 6th and 3rd centuries B.C. The abundance of symposium goods, originally from Athens and the Attic peninsula, bear witness to its cultural ties to Greece. The exhibition itinerary also includes two log boats dating from the late Roman period.



Belriguardo Municipal Museum
Delizia Estense di Belriguardo
Via Provinciale, 274 - Voghiera (FE)
Tel. +39 0532 328500 / +39 392 6761945

Housed in this summer residence, the museum has three exhibition spaces, including one dedicated to archaeology with artefacts from the area of Fondo Tesoro, where the ancient village of Voghenza dating from the Roman Imperial era was found. Along with items found in the nearby Roman necropolis, they offer an extraordinary glimpse into the daily life and funeral rituals of the period.



Delizia Estense del Verginese
Via del Verginese - Gambulaga (FE)
Tel. +39 0532 329050 / +39 335 236673
www.atlantide.net/amaparco/delizia-estense-del-verginese

The rooms of this summer residence host the permanent exhibition "Mors Immatura", a display of archaeological artefacts from the Roman period found in a small Roman necropolis a short distance away narrating the history, daily life and economic activities of the Fadieni family.

For information, contact the Tourist Information Boards

Ferrara

Castello Estense
Tel. +39 0532 209370 / +39 0532 299303
infotur@comune.fe.it

Forlì

Piazzetta della Misura, 5
Tel. +39 0543 712435
iat@comune.forli.fc.it

Ravenna

Piazza S. Francesco, 7
Tel. +39 0544 35404
turismo@comune.ra.it

Rimini

Visitor Center, Corso D'Augusto, 235
Tel. +39 0541 29833
info@riminiromana.it

ROMAGNA EMPIRE ITINERARIES

I.P.



Four Itineraries for four Stories

1. Ravenna - Classe - Savignano sul Rubicone - Rimini;
2. Classe - Ravenna - Comacchio - Ferrara
3. Rimini - Sarsina - Bagno di Romagna;
4. Classe - Ravenna



www.riminiromana.it/en/romagnaempire

Matteo Cavezzali, author of the four stories, is a writer from Ravenna. His book "Icarus. Rise and Fall of Raul Gardini" (Minimum Fax, 2018) won the Volponi Prize for First Literary Work - Stefano Tassinari Prize. His plays have been performed in Italy and overseas.

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