

Our place...our voice !



I am the **Heptapyrgion** fortress, "Fortress of Seven Towers" also known by my Ottoman name Yedi Kule.

I am situated in the north-eastern corner of the Acropolis of the city.

I consist of the Byzantine fortress with my 10 towers and prisons.

At first I was a fortress that protected the people of Thessaloniki.

But in 1890, I served as a prison for both men and women as well as soldiers.

I carried a bad reputation during Metaxas Regime, the Axis Occupation, the Greek Civil War and the Regime of the Colonels.

Lots of people were tortured in my cells.

Nowadays I am a monument to be visited by a lot of city inhabitants and tourists.

Like many other parts of the Upper Town I offer a magnificent view of the city that you'll love.

In my premises I often host concerts, theatrical performances as well as scientific conventions while plans of my redevelopment are in progress.

Trigoniou Tower is my name and I am one of the most impressive buildings in town, bearing a long and significant history. You may have heard of the area in front of my gate as it is very popular due to the magnificent panoramic view of the city and the gulf spreading to Mount Olympus.

I was constructed in the 15th century AD mainly to reinforce the fortification of the city. It is believed that I was part of a fortification project raised by the Turkish authorities soon after the occupation of the city in 1430.

The diameter of my cylindrical shape is a total of 24 metres and I am 22 metres high.

My main purpose was to reinforce the weak point where most invasions took place. After all, the Ottomans invaded Thessaloniki through this sensitive and vulnerable part of the north-eastern corner of the Walls.

My interior consists of 8 chambers: 3 pillboxes, 3 auxiliary spaces and the guard. In older times, I was also known as Tzintzirli Koule which means Tower of Trigonion or Kousakli Koule which means Belted or Chain Tower.

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I am the well known monastery with the double name: **Vlatades Monastery** is the one, after the two monks Vlattis that founded me, and the other, Tsaous Monastery, after the chief of the Ottoman Guard.

I belong directly to the Ecumenical Patriarchate and I am dedicated to the Transfiguration (Metamorphosis) of Jesus Christ.

My architectural style is a rare variation of the tetrastyle cross- in -square church where the dome is not supported with columns but with two piers in the west and the walls of the Sanctuary in the east. Three of my sides are surrounded by a loggia that spreads to the east ending in two chapels.

My wall paintings date back between 1360 and 1380 and depict scenes of the Dodekaorton, images of saints, eremites, monks and military saints, the Baptism and the Wonders of Jesus Christ.

My woodcut temple is dated back to the 17th century and unique relics are kept in my sacristy. Among them you can find sacred utensils, manuscripts and icons that belong to the era between the 12th and 19th century.

My location offers a panoramic view of the city and many pilgrims come to visit me every year.

I am the burial place of the Sufi mystic **Musa Baba**, a Muslim holy baba of the order of Bektashi Dervishes. I date back in the 16th century and you can find me in Terpsithea Square.

Christians believe him to be the incarnation of St George. According to the myth you can hear the hooves of his horse on the cobblestones as he wanders around the Square on his name day.

In my octagonal building I had been hosting Musa Baba's bones until 1923 when they were taken to Turkey. In the following years I served as a grocery and even a football team's office. I am now restored to my glorious form.

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I am **Tsinari**, one of the most beautiful areas of the **Ano Poli** (Upper Town) in the north western part of Thessaloniki. I took my name from the Turkish word "cinar" for plane tree. Just take a stroll through my stone- paved alleys where the Byzantine and Ottoman past meets the present and enjoy traditional appetizers of Macedonia and Asia Minor in my little taverns and cafes.

During the Ottoman Empire Muslims and islamized Jews used to live here. This is why there used to be a mosque in my centre. In 1923, I was inhabited mostly by Asia Minor refugees.

In my meandering streets you can find houses following the traditional Macedonian architectural style with neoclassical touches, symmetrical fronts, cantilevered upper storeys and semi- basements.

Here you can find the oldest public fountain following the Byzantine legacy, its water springing from Mount Chortiatis.

People of art loved me and they still do. Poets, writers, painters, music composers used to live and wandered in my streets and I became their inspiration.

I am the meeting point of the past and the present and I have a lot of stories to tell

I am the **Great Fire of 1917** and I want to tell you my story...Back then, Thessaloniki was a city under pressure from all sides. It was already a large fortified military camp. After the landing of Allied troops from the Entente, French, English, Africans, and Asians flooded every street.

War, camps, thousands of soldiers. The population had doubled and there was not enough water for even the basics. On August 18, the fire started here. In a house on Olympiados Street. Two young refugee girls, Paraskevoula and Domna, lit a fire to heat water to wash themselves. Under the wooden floor there was a stable. Straw. Dry grass. A spark flew where no one could see.

The girls put out the fire. They did nothing wrong. They were not negligent. But on that day the wind was strong, the drought severe, and the water scarce. The spark became a flame.

The flame became a storm. And the city could not resist. Almost half of Thessaloniki was burned. Thousands of homes were lost. Seventy-seven thousand people were left homeless.

And yet, the cause was not the two girls. It was a city unprepared and a people at their limits.

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English - Greek Glossary

Allied troops → Συμμαχικά στρατεύματα	refugees → πρόσφυγες
architectural style → αρχιτεκτονικό ύφος	relics → κειμήλια
authorities → αρχές	reputation → φήμη
Axis Occupation → Κατοχή	Regime of the Colonels → Χούντα των Συνταγματαρχών
burial place → τόπος ταφής	reinforce → ενισχύω
cantilevered (upper storeys) → προεξέχοντες (ανώτεροι όροφοι)	sacristy → σκευοφυλάκιο
cells → κελιά	Sanctuary → Ιερό
chambers → θάλαμοι	semi-basements → ημιυπόγεια
chapels → παρεκκλήσια	severe → έντονος / σοβαρός
cobblestones → λιθόστρωτα	significant history → σημαντική ιστορία
columns → κίονες	soldiers → στρατιώτες
conventions → συνέδρια	spark → σπίθα
dedicated (to) → αφιερωμένος (σε)	springing (water) → αναβλύζον (νερό)
diameter → διάμετρος	Straw → άχυρο
dome → θόλος	tortured → βασανίστηκαν
drought → ξηρασία	utensils → σκεύη
fortification → οχύρωση	vulnerable → ευάλωτος
fortress → φρούριο	wandered → περιπλανήθηκαν
gulf → κόλπος	
interior → εσωτερικός χώρος	
invasions → εισβολές	
limits → όρια / στα όριά τους	
loggia → στοά / ανοιχτός εξώστης	
magnificent view → υπέροχη θέα	
military camps → στρατιωτικά στρατόπεδα	
monument → μνημείο	
negligent → αμελής / απρόσεκτος	
occupation → κατοχή	
panoramic view → πανοραμική θέα	
pillboxes → πολυβολεία	
premises → χώρος / εγκαταστάσεις	
pressure → πίεση	
prison → φυλακή	