



COSTA  
DEGLI  
ETRUSCHI  
*Tuscany*



*...between land and sea*

Art, nature, flavors and fragrances from  
the origins of our history.



**SANTA LUCE**

**ROSIGNANO  
MARITTIMO**

**CASTELLINA MARITTIMA**

**RIPARBELLA**

**CECINA**

**MONTESCUDAIO**

**GUARDISTALLO**

**CASALE MARITTIMO**

**BIBBONA**

**CASTAGNETO  
CARDUCCI**

**SASSETTA**

**SAN VINCENZO**

**SUVERETO**

**CAMPIGLIA  
MARITTIMA**

**PIOMBINO**

**COSTA  
DEGLI  
ETRUSCHI**  
*Tuscany*



*There is an extraordinary place in Tuscany, fashioned from sea and sand and stone.*

*In this place, the air is infused with the fragrance of salty sea mist, the refreshing scent of coastal pines, and the pungent perfume of pressed olives. Verdant hills abound and are resplendent with row upon row of sublime vines and silvery-green olive leaves. With each wave, the sea bathes the sand with frothy foam. Surrounding hills encircle the golden, sun-tinged land with their tender embrace, and the Mistral winds invigorate with a breath of life that is sweet and fresh. Dotted along the hillsides among dense woods and forests, you can discover ancient villages of stone houses crowned with rust-red, terracotta tile; clustered along winding cobblestone streets. To the west, the salty air kisses the villas that lie among the rocks along the seashore, languid and decadent like noble ladies. Beauty abides in every corner of this land that stretches from Livorno down to Piombino. Its earth possesses a sacred grace to be guarded and cherished; a wealth and richness the Etruscans discovered and that their descendants, today, preserve and protect. This singular place is inhabited by a special people. A people of the land and of the sea, hunters and fisherman, splendid cooks, winemakers, and nobility; above all, artists.*

*A people who embrace a slower pace and a simpler way of life - La Dolce Vita - and who would not live elsewhere, because elsewhere is not here. But, if they do, they long to return.*







# BIBBONA

## THE IDEAL DESTINATION FOR BICYCLE ENTHUSIASTS

Nestled on a low hill, Bibbona has the structure of an ancient inhabited fortress. The historic town center with its maze of narrow streets and cobblestone squares, winds within the perimeter of the ancient castle. The religious architecture preserves beautiful marble furnishings and paintings. Numerous folk events, such as the Palio delle Botti, attract visitors. Bibbona is an ideal destination for cycling tourism; here, the Gran Fondo of the Etruscans takes place. The Wine Road itself provides a bicycle route through the DOC territory of the Terratico of Bibbona. On the coast, a defensive fort has seen over time the development of the seaside resort of Marina di Bibbona. The fine sand beaches, shaped by dunes and sand bars, are protected by a splendid pine forest, and are bathed by a crystal clear sea awarded the Blue Flags and Sails of Legambiente. It is the perfect destination for a relaxing holiday, for those who love nature and sport, with rich tourist offerings. The Magona is a vast protected natural area: sixteen well-marked trails allow you to discover it by walking, cycling, or on horseback. It is not uncommon to encounter charcoal burners as the location was an important reserve of timber for the Magona ironworks of Cecina.

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[Comune di Bibbona](#)

## THE WIND AND THE WRINKLES

**I** am a wrinkle.  
Not one that lines the face, but a wrinkle of the village. It's what they call us here, ancient alleys of the old town. Wrinkles like furrows of time on this knoll, beautiful and mysterious. We wrinkles know everything about Bibbona, and what we cannot see, because the cobblestone keeps us on the ground, the wind tells us. It is he who brings us each and every day the salty scent and the story of the continual motion of the sea; it is he who speaks to us of the panorama that you can admire from the Torre della Rocca, of the ancient and proud Forte di Marina, and boasts of the great beaches loved by bathers, of the countryside adorned with olive trees and sea buckthorn, of the arm of the Gabbani that men now call The California. He sees all of this before coming to find me, and blows across the sublime vineyards, on the windmill, on the strawberry trees and the heather of the Parco della Magona. But when he arrives, he wants to hear our stories, too, and asks us of the mysteries of this place. He asks us of the Templars and of the Pieve di Sant'Ilario; he asks us of the Etruscans who lived here; he asks us of Leonardo da Vinci and of the Chiesa di Santa Maria della Pietà. "Terribilis est locus iste" [This place is terrible], reads the Latin inscription on the door of the church, but don't you believe it: this is a place full of wonders. Trust me, a wrinkle, a small alley witness to time. And trust the wind, that for centuries returns to visit each day.





# CAMPIGLIA MARIITTIMA



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Comune Campiglia  
Ufficio Stampa

Situated on the summit of a hill, Campiglia commands the countryside and the sea. The village is an ancient medieval castle which is accessed through three gates in the city walls; and is crossed by narrow streets and a succession of houses, shops, inns, and buildings that speak of political and military power, and that of the religious and cultural. But it is enough just to look through the mulioned windows of the Rocca (fortress) to discover a fascination for the allure and charm of a different time. Another Rocca is that of San Silvestro, an ancient mining village founded in the Middle Ages for the exploitation of copper, lead, and silver deposits that has been carried out in the area since the time of the Etruscans. Now it is an archaeological museum park with open-air paths and old mines, as in that of the Temperino. On board a train you can travel the entire route that was once taken by the extracted mineral. A place where the ancient marries with the modernity of an industrious town is Venturina. Here you will find the thermal baths of the Caldana which were known by the Etruscans and the Romans who called them "Aqua Populoniae". These waters have a therapeutic action and are known for bringing wellness and aesthetics to the body. At the Caldario, a natural thermal lake allows you to immerse yourself all year 'round.

ONE OF THE  
MOST BEAUTIFUL  
TOWNS OF  
THE ETRUSCAN  
COAST



Foto Enrico Caracciolo

## THE CECCHINO TREE

*There once was an old man.*

*He was not a traveler since his roots kept him from wandering. He had no eyes, but he was witness to the life that unfolded around him. He had no voice, but from the foot of the fortress wall the story of his Campiglia; the history his people, softly resounded. In the years of his youth, the old man had witnessed the birth of the wild orchids on the meadows of Mount Calvi, where they arose from the innocent blood of the beautiful Ubertenga, slain by the Saracen pirates. And, the old man had felt the vibrant blooms of the wild iris where the Etruscans carved out mines and forged metal. As he matured, he learned to recognize the warm, sugary aroma of the Schiaccia Campigliese that wafts from the cobblestone alleys of the village and drifts past the Parco Archeominerario, the Palazzo Pratorio, and the mystical Sator square on the church wall; a sweet melody that still beckons today and descends to the valley along with the hot springs that supply the thermal baths in Venturina, and continues to the west, until it fades away over the endless islands and promontories. There once was an old man. He was the guardian of history and the bard of legends and folklore, and one day he left his post to a young heir to become a monument of art. That old man was an ancient elm; the Cecchino tree.*







# CASALE MARITTIMO

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to September 15th)  
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**THE MAGIC OF  
A MEDIEVAL  
VILLAGE,  
BETWEEN  
PAST AND  
PRESENT**

Casale Marittimo rises on a hill with a spectacular view of the countryside and the coastline, and is not far from the sea and the islands of the Tuscan Archipelago. Among the cobblestone streets that climb into the historic town center are perfectly preserved buildings of stone and terracotta, which evoke a sense that time has stopped. This medieval village is among the most beautiful of Italy, Orange Flag of the Italian Touring Club. The remains of the ancient Castle, the semicircular ring structure of the various city walls, and a series of buildings bear witness to the passage of different eras. Outside the village some routes lead to sites of historical environmental interest: of the Etruscan presence the circular tomb at Tholos is famous, and in the locality of Casa Nocera, a dwelling of considerable size, and a necropolis with a complex of tombs to which belonged the two round statues of the so-called Warrior Princes. The Roman period is marked by the remains of two ancient villas. The green hills are ideal for relaxing walks. The territory is crossed by the Etruscan Coast Wine Road which promises the encounter with white and red wines of great value. Whether you rediscover the fragrant aromas of food and wine specialties offered at festivals, such as snails and wild boar, or anticipate new delicacies to enjoy, you will find them here.



## TREASURE CHEST OF MEMORIES

*I return here, after a lifetime, and meet this cluster of houses, scattered with green shutters.*

*I enter the village. The little square decorated with holly oaks lies before me and, immediately powerful, sweet memories of my childhood take me back. People used to play Tamburello in this square. (Tamburello is an ancient local game, editor's note). Shouts, laughter, and images resurface now as in a black and white film. Suddenly, people everywhere, talking, eating, dogs wagging their tails, street vendors: no one stays at home on September 8th, for the Festa del Diotto. I sigh.*

*I continue to the Casa del Camerlengo and the carved skull reminds me of the ancient prison. From the clock tower I go up to the Piazza del Popolo, images of old carts, Etruscan memorial stones like cannon balls, the shop of the butcher Omero and splinters of ox bone strike me, shattered by his knife. I smile. I was a young man, at the time, and ran through these wrinkles, these alleys, that intertwine within the walls of the Castello. Wrinkles on which I now walk slowly, and that reflect on my face in a web of memories.*

**Placido Dino  
Narsetti**  
(Class of 1928.  
Emigrated to  
the north, but  
Casalese by  
birth and soul)

*"Casale paese di collina"; this melody is in the air again, now as then. "There is a group of houses above a very pretty place. You can admire the azure sea, you can view mountains and seas, the air is all a whisper of songs and mysterious sounds..."*





# CASTAGNETO CARDUCCI

Around the Della Gherardesca castle, on the top of a hill, the medieval village of Castagneto has developed with narrow, cobblestone streets, beautiful squares, artisan workshops, and trattorias. The Praetorian Palace is the seat of the municipality. Among the churches, San Lorenzo is one of the oldest buildings, and the Holy Crucifix

**SWEET HILLS CROSSED BY THE WINE  
AND OIL ROAD, SHADY PINE FORESTS,  
AND BEACHES LAPPED  
BY A CRYSTAL CLEAR SEA**



foto Vincenzo Bernardi

preserves a wooden cross dating to the 5th century. The territory is linked closely with the poet Giosuè Carducci. The poem "Davanti a San Guido" (In Front of San Guido) has made famous the avenue with a double row of cypresses, which connects the oratory of San Guido to the villa-

## THE BUBBLING VATS

**"L**isten, sir, I want to tell you about a place with a stunning beauty; a paradise, I dare say, embraced by steep hills that slope down to plains brimming with thriving vineyards and silvery olive groves," I hear someone say. "And scattered, like ancient seeds on that noble land, lie dwellings and the tower of a castle upon whose black door Count Ugolin knocked." "Interesting," I reply. "In this pleasant place there is an avenue, unique in all the world, edged by cypress that rise stately and tall in double rows." "And where does that avenue take you?" "It leads to an enchanting village in which sublime wines are sipped." "Wines that accompany delicious dishes, I imagine, like the wild boar head," I reply.

*"Precisely!"*

*My companion responds in wonder.*

*"And, all of the surrounding countryside is awash with life, history, and pastoral art. A country accented with fragrant pine groves and that kisses the sea through vast beaches and pristine dunes."*

*"Goodness!"*

*Exclaims the man.*

*"And the sunset melts into that sea from which emerge the splendid isles of Elba, Capraia, Gorgona, and the horn of Corsica. But, sir... you already know that!"*

*"I know," I say. "That is the unforgettable place of my childhood and today bears my surname."*

*"Tell me, what is your name?"*

*I extend my hand and take my leave: "My name is Giosuè Carducci. And I thank you for helping me to recapture the memories of my youth."*



ge of Bolgheri, where you are greeted by a medieval red brick castle. Between Castagneto and Bolgheri, the Wine and Oil Road runs along the Etruscan Coast. We are in the heart of Bolgheri DOC, home of Sassicaia and other great wines that are protagonists of wine history, and we have numerous wineries and wine bars. The gastronomic offer is rich and varied, enhanced by the production of quality extra virgin olive oils. Towards the coast, the WWF Oasis Padule di Bolgheri is a splendid example of the native environment of the upper Maremma, and the seaside resort, Marina di Donoratico, offers a succession of beach facilities, open spaces, and a Blue Flag sea. The whole area offers welcoming accommodations and is surrounded by a vast pine forest with a famous playground, "Il Cavallino Matto".

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## THE REDHEAD OF THE CASTLE

**G**host? Me? Ghosts are white and drag clanging chains behind them. Instead, I have a scarlet cloak that is just a tone brighter than my curly red hair.

*It's true, I've been here in the Castello Mediceo for a long time now, the Lady of the Manor they call me. But, I never meant to scare anyone, not even when I wander at night along the narrow alleys of the village. I don't have bad intentions: I only walk for a little while before the dawn breaks. Yet, this would be such a beautiful place to live with the sun!*

*The woods above the road, the sea on the horizon, the flashes of yellow of the fields that slope down to the valley... I remember something, at times, of when I was alive. Nevertheless, now and for many years I have been watching over this village from the atop of my terrace: the roofs of the houses... one shingle, one tile... one shingle, one tile... the people who have passed, pass and will pass by this little square, the Museo dell'Alabastro. This reminds me of the cavaoli who walked at dawn*



*toward the quarry, each with a gas lamp in his hand, so many little flames to light up the way. (Cavaoli are alabaster quarrymen, editor's note). Poor fellows, all day mining the bowels of the earth to extract alabaster. All day in the dark, as I understand it. But this is such a beautiful place to see under the light of the sun... oh, here it is, rising! I must go back, but you must return to find me. Come with the sun, which is all the more beautiful. At nightfall, I will find you.*

# CASTELLINA MARITTIMA

**N**ot far from the sea, a mild climate, a landscape of olive trees, grapevines, wheat, cypresses, and Mediterranean vegetation: Castellina is a pleasant place resting on a hill of red soil and rock, material used to build the houses and the castle. The origins are uncertain: some historians speak of the Etruscan period referring to the systems of alabaster extraction. What is certain is that in the Middle Ages its castle had a particular strategic importance due to its proximity to the coast and as the defense of Rosignano Marittimo and the dominating control point of the Via Emilia (Emilia Road). In the area there is a large gypsum basin with thick, overlapping banks, where a pure and precious alabaster was formed: the Bianco di Castellina (Castellina White), whose history can be learned by visiting the alabaster eco-museum. For those who love walking or cycling, Castellina offers a variety of trails through natural areas, and follows the Etruscan Coast Wine Road where you can encounter the production of fine wines. This is the land of crushed olives ground by granite grindstone and the Festoval of the “cucina povera”, made of traditional dishes and authentic flavors, but also the Wiva Music Festival, an important showcase for emerging musicians.

## FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NATURE AND OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

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**f**  
Comune  
Castellina  
Marittima







## THE SENATOR OF ROME

**M**y name is Decio Albino Cecina and I am a senator of Rome. I descend from the noble Etruscan family Caecina, and from me this city takes its name. My villa was on the knoll of fig trees, which today is called San Vincenzino and which has become the Parco Archeologico. The largest underground cistern belonged to me. My statues and ceramics were discovered by Leonetto Cipriani in 1800. Claudio Rutilio Namaziano also wrote of my riches after admiring them during his stay here as my guest on his return to Gaul. So it all began with me, then, but this city grew and became great on its own with grand buildings, palaces, and squares, and great historical figures. One of these stood out above all: Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi, distinguished

scholar of the Risorgimento, a political enthusiast, and agitator of consciences. He was from Livorno, it is true, but his destiny was inextricably linked to Cecina. He, with his patriotic anxieties and his aversion to moderatism, was, according to Giosuè Carducci, the "last survivor of the illustrious Tuscans". I have given my name to this city, as I said, but I take no other credit: its sea has always been pristine, the pine forests are green spaces in which to run, play, and enjoy unhurried recreation. And, commercial activities flourish thanks to this vital and vibrant people. My name is Decio Albino Cecina and I am a senator from Rome, but I chose to live here, and I would choose it again.

# CECINA

## ARCHEAOLGY AND RELAXATION



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**Comune di Cecina**

An area inhabited since antiquity, it owes its name to the "Cecina", a powerful people of Etruscan origin involved in the political life of Rome. In the Archaeological Park of San Vincenzino there are the remains of the Roman villa that Albino Cecina built. In the Archaeological Museum, finds of extraordinary interest retrace the history of the territory. The fall of the Roman Empire caused the depopulation of the area and only its reclamation will determine its rebirth and future state. Today, Cecina is a prosperous and lively town, known for its shops with a wide range of quality products and with a particular commercial vocation: more than 100 have been in business for more than 40 years. The weekly market is one of the largest in Tuscany. Continuing towards the coast, Marina di Cecina is a welcoming and well-equipped resort town, with a Blue Flag sea and among the top five beaches in Italy for disabled access. Long strands of dunes with dense vegetation push towards the interior: the biogenetic natural reserve of the Tomboli di Cecina is one of the most beautiful Italian forests with fifteen kilometers of protected area with unique and distinctive vegetation; numerous trails make it an ideal place for sportsmen and outdoor enthusiasts.





# GUARDISTALLO

Guardistallo has been populated since prehistory, but its name derives from the Germanic words warda (guard) and stall (place), a guard place (or guard post) that is well suited to the village gathered on a green hill. After the Lombard period, the dissolution of the feudal system and the redistribution of land led to the rise of a new class of prosperous landowners. The construction of Villa Elena dates back to 1870. It was the home of the wealthy Marchionneschi family who, after a few years, built the theatre of the same name. After a long restoration, the theatre was reopened in 1990 and has since been a cultural reference point for the community. Just a few kilometres from the sea, Guardistallo offers itself to those who seek the peace of a green landscape and to those seeking the pleasure of discovering the taste of ancient and genuine flavors. Even the festivals highlight the quality of local products: in Crogiantina, olive oil is eaten raw with bread. The contemplative nuns of the Val Serena Convent also take care of the territory with their handiwork: they produce and sell a series of products based on natural essences. Finally, Guardistallo is famous as the village of the thousand nativity scenes: made with traditional or unusual materials and which are displayed even on windowsills and balconies.

A HILL NOT FAR FROM  
THE SEA AND AN EXPANSE  
OF OLIVE TREES



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Comune  
di Guardistallo



## IL CANTASTORIE DEL MATTINO

**M**ay I introduce myself to you?  
I'm Bobbe, an elderly man.  
I'll tell you, in rhyme, what I know is true  
of our beautiful town and land.  
A cluster of houses, like a hug from a friend,  
Guardistallo winks at the sea  
The Keep of Volterra stands to defend;  
all yearn for the horizon to see.  
Along the gentle, winding way there,  
the Val Serena Cloister you'll meet.  
The skillful nuns work long to prepare,  
tasty delights you'll desire to eat.  
Make your way toward the center of town,  
The Civic Tower chimes with each hour;  
At lunchtime - the best, hands down,  
tempting smells flood the streets, nay...  
devour!

Follow the tempting aromas and smells,  
a full culinary surrender awaits.  
In the homes of these grand hills and dells,  
Crogiantina and polenta fill plates.  
Walking leisurely 'round the village, and  
through,  
find ancient treasures your interest to spark;  
the Marchionneschi Theater, churches – two,  
head of the Manzù, the Castle, Peace Park.  
From Elio Toaff Park, so peaceful,  
your gaze hovers from coast to the heights.  
Even remaining trapped - it is blissful,  
and in this endless beauty delights.  
As I told you before, I am Bobbe.  
I'll never leave this town I embrace;  
I am pleased to have told you this story,  
And invite you to come to this place.



# MONTESCUDAIO

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**f** Comune  
di Montescudaio

**ONE OF  
THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL  
VILLAGES  
IN ITALY**

**F**ormed around the Monastery of Santa Maria of the Benedictine nuns, Montescudaio became an important village in the Middle Ages due to its strategic position. It was surrounded by imposing walls, some as high as fifteen meters, from the Castle square with the Tower of Guardiola and the Church of Santa Maria Assunta. Montescudaio enjoys such a panoramic view that you are lost among the roofs covered by Tuscan tiles, rows of vines, fruit and olive trees, until your gaze meets the islands of Gorgona and Capraia and the northern point of Capo Corso. Moving through the cobblestone streets of the town center, you can meet the palaces of the noble families. Suspended between land and sea, Montescudaio is included among the most beautiful villages of Italy. But it is not only the beauty of the place that makes it special: here the food and wine has a specific relevance. From the wood-fired oven comes the simple bread that accompanies or is an integral part of the dishes; just think of the chicken liver crostini, ribollita, jellies, soups of bread and beans or chickpeas. Montescudaio is rightly known as the City of Bread. Its high quality extra virgin olive oil also makes it the City of Oil, and as a City of Wine even boasts its own DOC. Festivals and events are the perfect time to discover this area and its products.



foto Anna Maria Bondani

## THE AROMA OF FRESHLY BAKED BREAD

**F**or a little more than nine centuries, my stones have rested upon the soil of this village where the rosy terracotta roofs are blissfully perched around me. Sprawling vineyards cover the rolling hills of our DOC. I lower my gaze and look down upon the vast sea, where often I can admire the islands of the Tuscan archipelago, and at times even Corsica. I have seen history unfold and witnessed firsthand the stories of noble families and wealthy landowners, such as the Della Gherardesca, Ridolfi, and Lorena. And, in the early '700s, I was endowed with a beautiful clock whose hands began to mark time in this little community.

The ancient city walls embrace the plaza square in front of the Santa Maria Assunta Abbey, a huge terrace with breathtaking panoramic views whose bell tower keeps time with its melody. There is a slow rhythm to the days along the village streets. The aroma of warm bread, freshly baked in rustic wood-fired ovens, wafts through the air, and during the months of harvest, mingles with the scent of grapes fermenting in wine cellars. From here the countryside stretches in all directions; guardian of the extraordinary remnants of the past: relics of the 17th century, the 11th century Monastery of the Benedictine nuns, and the arches of the ancient roman aqueducts.

Every evening I am the last to see the sun set on this slice of heaven and every morning the first to see it reborn, and I will never tire of this privilege.

**The Civic Tower**

foto Anna Maria Bondani







# PIOMBINO

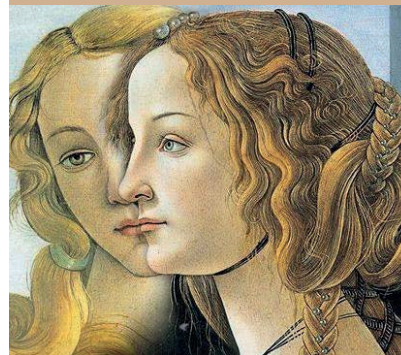
ARCHAEOLOGY SCUBA DIVING  
AT THE BEACHES  
AND THE NATURAL OASIS

On a promontory overlooking the sea, Piombino has a long history that can be read in its architectural monuments, works of art, and museums. The old town is enclosed within the perimeter of the ancient walls, partly attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and is guarded by its fortifications. The streets that lead from the old town to the marina speak of the medieval and Renaissance past. The old port is sheltered under a rocky outcrop, near the animal head fountains. Piazza Bovio, overlooking the sea, invites you embrace the Tuscan Archipelago and the Corsican coasts. Piombino thrives in a unique environment: not far from the Archaeological Park of Baratti and Populonia, with its necropolis; and the acropolis of Populonia, the only Etruscan settlement on the sea. Of particular beauty is a series of beaches with different characteristics: of fine or of coarse sand, and protected by a thick pine forest or enclosed by protected coves where rocks prevail. There are beaches with facilities or those that are free, sometimes wild and pristine. All aquatic sports and leisure are possible. Important natural areas include the Sterpaia Coastal Park where you can access stretches of Blue Flag coastline. There is also the Montioni Natural Park which is a veritable green oasis. And, one of the rare Italian wetlands is found here, Orti Bottagone WWF Nature Reserve, which is home to the Black-winged Stilt and Pink Flamingos.

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 Comune di Piombino

## THE MUSE OF BOTTICELLI

*In these misty Florentine days memory returns to my beloved Piombino, with its luminous sky and salty air, and walks along the citadel with my dearest sister, Battistina. We were walking serenely and caught a fleeting glimpse of Elba and of the smaller islands, Cerboli and Palmaiola, floating pearls of the sea. Then a smile at the fishermen who are cheerfully shouting and briskly at work mending their nets in the harbor; and a visit to the sick in the hospital; the poor in need of love.*



*We return to the Castello and ascend the long slope that flanks the Casa delle Bifore. We stop there in front of the wall, say goodbye, and she meets her husband, Iacopo Appiani. A dreamy thought touched me, then, when I was alone. I leaned out from the Rocchetta and greeted the dolphins diving playfully, the seagulls in flight, and the clouds finely painted by the Libeccio. Painted like Spring, like a rising Venus, like me. Sandro Botticelli knows, he knows me, he knows how to read my soul. He has made me eternal in his grand portraits. He truly loves me, like Giuliano also loves me. Giuliano de' Medici, yes, I love him too, in spite of my husband. This love makes me cough.*

*It will be the end of me. I sigh, I miss the salty scent of my Piombino. Another time, another life... I sigh again. I long for my carefree Piombino, I long for the carefree me.*

**Simonetta Vespucci**  
(Born Cattaneo, 1453 - 1476)





## SWEET HILLS AND SEA



### TOURIST OFFICE

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(from June 10th to  
September 10th)  
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**Comune  
di Riparbella**

Just a few kilometers from the sea, which makes its influence felt here, and surrounded by green expanses of vines and olive trees, lies the village of Riparbella. Its historic center is built around the medieval castle and along the streets and alleys you will find old houses, historic buildings, and churches. Over time, the village developed on the southern slopes of the hill. The name probably derives from the Latin “Ripa Albella” meaning white bank: it is the particular whiteness found on the hilltop of tuffaceous earth. Wine amphoras and other remains tell us of the Etruscan presence in this territory and testify to a long history of human settlement. It is a characteristic that is also true today: the territory is included in the enogastronomic itinerary of the Etruscan Coast Wine and Oil Road. The farms produce some of the best wines of the area and an excellent olive oil, which accompanies the genuineness of dishes cooked according to a tradition handed down from generation to generation. You can't miss the nature trail through the woods and countryside, perhaps on foot, horseback, mountain bike or “hanging” among the trees across a series of platforms and crossings, of varying degrees of difficulty – but in perfect safety.



# RIPARBELLA

## GRANNY NELLA

*The sun caresses my cats on the terrace which is the audience to these hills. The sea is down there. I am Caterina but everyone calls me Nella. I was born in this country and I know everything about it. The countryside, I mean. I know every stone, every sound, and every scent of every season. I know these olive trees that dance in the wind*

*and torment us in the month of harvest; I know the trails of the deep woods that I traveled as a child; I know these vineyards, wedged between the forest and the countryside, which are full of hands to make wine.*

*But now, I live in the village with my cats, between the churches and squares where the old folks still discuss the weather and politics. I'm going to take a flower to my husband down there, to his monument in the cemetery. It is so beautiful and full of peace, that place... You know, at Christmas my grandchildren accompany me to see the animated Nativity. This countryside shines in my eyes and fills me with pride, as pride filled my grandmother's eyes when I helped her at the country fair. I peeled potatoes when I was a little, but now, with help from Ottorina, Anna, Lucia, Annalisa, and Ubaldina. I cook for everyone, and I am a good cook. My speciality? Pappardelle al Cinghiale. I recommend it: if you have not tasted it yet, come see me at the fair. RIPARBELLA... Do you not hear it? Its virtues are already in the name. For this, too, you must come.*







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Comune  
di Rosignano  
Marittimo  
+ Turismo in Comune  
Rosignano Marittimo

**B**uilt on the summit of a green hill and facing the sea, the village of Rosignano Marittimo is dominated by the castle, well preserved towers, the cistern, and the church of Sant'Ilario. Of particular interest, is the Civic Archaeological Museum with finds from prehistory to the Middle Ages. Rosignano has a whole series of trails immersed in the green of the Poggetti Park that open to particular discoveries: the washhouses at the source of the Poggetti, and the Windmill. Rosignano is in the last part of the Livorno Mountains Park that reaches to the sea. Here, on a small promontory, the ancient Etruscan village of Castiglioncello is today a unique tourist resort with red cliffs overlooking the sea, beaches, bathing establishments, coves, sheltered bays, and a beautiful pine forest. A clear sea bathes the rocky coast between Chioma and Castiglioncello and the beaches between Rosignano Solvay and Vada are famous for their white sands. The hilly hamlets of Castelnuovo della Misericordia, Gabbro, and Nibbiaia offer rural countryside and woods of rare beauty. You can travel through a dense network of trails and ancient paths that lead to points overlooking the archipelago. There are ample opportunities for sports enthusiasts, beginning with a variety of watersports, with no shortage of moorings for boating excursions. In time, Castiglioncello has inspired artists like the Macchiaioli painters, filmmakers, and writers, and has welcomed personalities from the world of culture and show business. Still today, it is a culturally vibrant center.

# ROSIGNANO MARITTIMO

## BEAUTIFUL EVERYWHERE

**O**ne summer night, the Sea spoke to the Hills:  
"These lands that I have lapped for thousands of years, hold no secrets from me. They have always united our hopes and dreams. I would like to tell you about the festive atmosphere of the ancient port of Vada and the ships ready to sail to distant shores, to exchange the goods of our fertile land with soft silks and exotic spices."  
"We know those ships well," answered the Hills, "We gave them wood from our forests."  
"Or tell you," continued the Sea, "of the sad seasons in which I was surrounded by swampy marshes and furrowed by Turkish sailing vessels. Grim towers scowled at me with suspicion and solitary cavalymen watched the roads, by now empty of wagons."  
"But we," the Hills were saying, "we did not forget you. Strong fortresses welcomed the shaken people, by offering them shelter between the solid walls, until the Archduchy of Austria healed your shores, and life flourished in the shade of green pine forests."  
"Yes," murmured the Sea, "and I remember when I lazily posed for the great painters, the Macchiaioli they call them, that have left an indelible memory of my natural beauty in their art."  
"Of course," echoed a shady knoll, "This memory also unites us. An elderly teacher named Silvestro often kept me company in the small village of Gabbro, intent on capturing glimpses of life."  
And the light of dawn found them still together sharing memories and planning a long journey together.

[www.visitrosignano.it](http://www.visitrosignano.it)





# SANTA LUCE

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**WHERE THE  
QUIET IS  
HARMONY  
AND PEACE**

A green sea of olive trees expands as far as the eye can see; a land full of light, fields of wheat, scents, and quiet. We are in the territory of Santa Luce and its villages with scattered houses and ancient parish churches. Santa Luce retains the layout of the ancient feudal village: houses huddle in a circle around the place from which the castle dominated the valley. The discovery of a terracotta document holder in a wall of the only remaining tower, and the characteristics of the place, have suggested the presence in this area of the Knights Templar and the Holy Grail. The story of the Madonna carrying water in a perforated wicker basket in the now uninhabited village of Monteforti, is considered a miracle. Everything is a surprise: the vegetation has made an artificial lake; a favorite haven for migratory birds. Now the Oasis Lipu of Santa Luce has a visitor center and educational workshops. A place of peace and silence, one of the most important Buddhist centers of Europe has been established in Pomaia: the Lama Tzong Khapa Institute for studying and practicing Tibetan Buddhism of Mahayana tradition. In the Ecomuseum of Alabaster you can discover how perfect eggs of alabaster were extracted. Take a trip underground, in tunnels mined with dangerous explosions, and then learn how the alabaster was shaped by the craftsmen of Volterra.

**S**anta Luce has four stories, four faces, four identities. The first is ancient history and is that of the church of San Bartolomeo in Pastina. The second is a story of meditation, and flows from the melody of the mantra of the Istituto Lama Tzong Khapa of Pomaia which spreads in the air, fluid, peaceful. The third story is a legend, and begins from the octagonal design of the Castello, passing through the baptismal font of the church and ends in the woods of Monte Maggiore: this is the story of the Knights Templar and the Holy Grail. The fourth story, the last face of this incredible country, tells instead of the life of the alabaster quarreymen and their stone of light: the alabaster. In their history, also lives the miracle

## THE FOUR STORIES OF THE LINDEN TREE



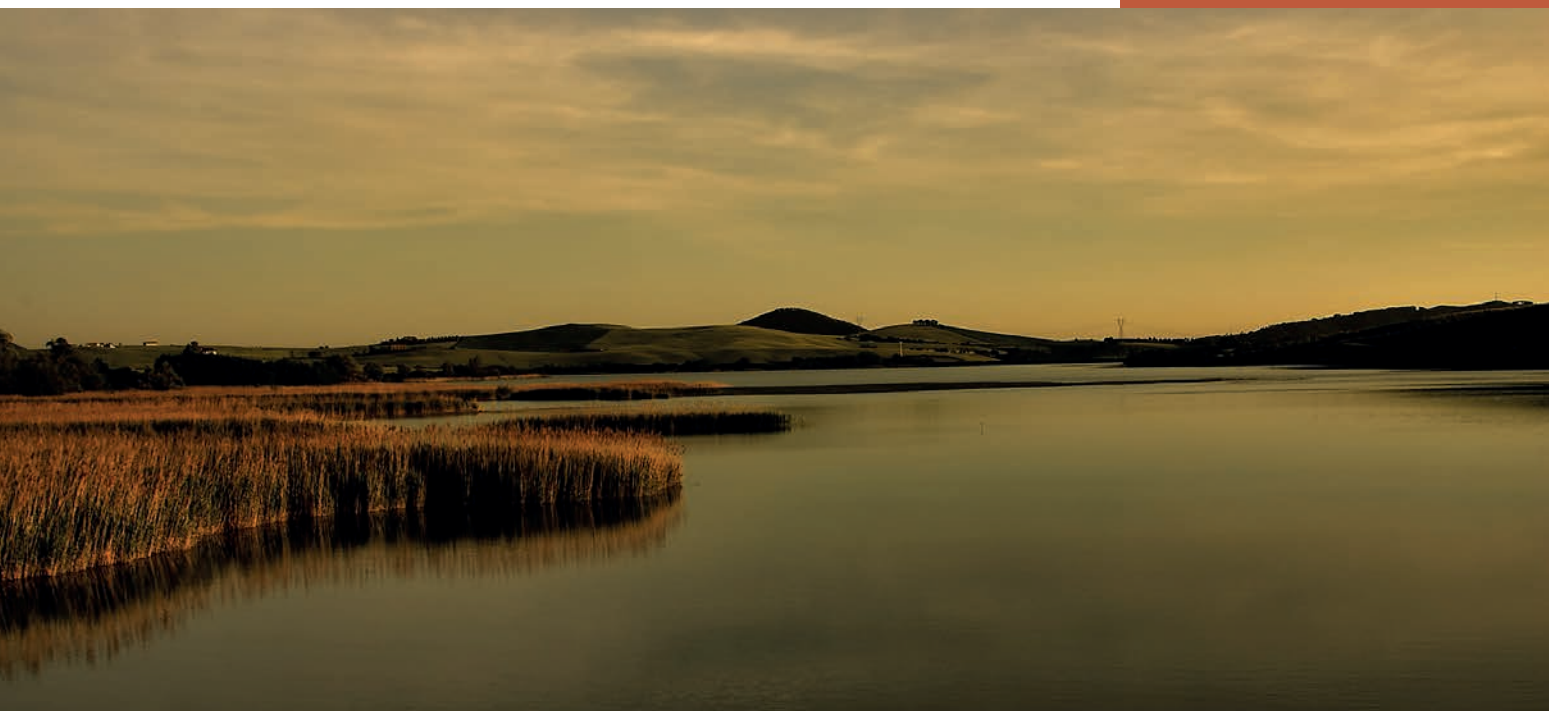
of the Madonna di Monteforti, venerated each May 13th, who is said to have allowed the construction of the little church in the woods.

Four stories of the past, magical, full of life.

The new stories, those of today, are instead of fragrant wine, wheat, olive oil, and lavender. They are gentle, like the flutter of wings in our native butterfly garden and the LIPU Oasis.

They are born every day in the narrow alleys of the village and the country lanes, and they will become, over time, the new faces of Santa Luce.

I am the old linden tree that guards the spring. Under my boughs all of these stories have passed, and many more will pass.





# SAN VINCENZO

**ESTUARIES,  
GOLDEN  
SAND, AND  
AUTHENTIC  
FLAVORS**



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 **Comune  
di San Vincenzo**

San Vincenzo takes its name from one of its coastal towers built as a defense against pirates. The first inhabited village center began around this tower. However, the town itself developed in the second half of the 1800's thanks to the construction of the Mother Church and the railway. In a few decades, the village flourished as a seaside resort, also hosting special vacationers like Luigi Pirandello. Today San Vincenzo is considered an excellent tourist destination. This is due to the natural beauty of its coastline and its varied offerings: fully-equipped bathing establishments, free beaches of the Rimigliano Park, the barrier-free Green Beach, and Dog Beach; among the best beaches in Italy for canines. But what is unique about this town, whose streets are named after the sea and the fishing families, is its openness to travelers. Everything is easily accessible. The town center is nestled between the train station and the port, and right from the marina begins the picturesque walk on the promenade that ends with the imposing statue of the Sailor. The sea is everywhere, especially in the kitchen. Tourists can't help but taste the delicious dishes based on the catch of the day: crustaceans, octopus, Atlantic Bonito and Mediterranean Blue Fish, often fried and always accompanied by the excellent wines of the Etruscan Coast.



**T**hey call me the Sailor because I stand at this sea port and watch the waves that reach out for my feet, again and again as in life, like endless jazz. I came into the world under a blue and white striped beach umbrella. My father was a crusty and sweet crab; my mother a pale pink starfish. I was born in this place, between the shore, the waves, and the wind that always blows; a light breeze or a strong gale. The salt and the sun dilute one's thoughts and make them slow to emerge, as the gradual draining of water from the ears. The sand, like a shimmering gold paste, creeps in between the toes and under the skin, until it breads the soul. And on Sunday mornings, through the streets of town, among the quays, the shops, and the chiming bells of the Mother Church, the delicious smells of grilled fish and fried delicacies arise and spread in the salty air. Windows white-washed with salt, walls baked yellow by the sun, and above and below the azure blue of the powerful Mistral. Come and see where I was born.

Walk along the path that leads you to me. Sit down at my feet, together we will gaze at the sea and I will listen to your thoughts. Then, before saying goodbye, touch the lucky little fish that swims in my pool and make a wish. In return, I'll follow you motionless so that your wish will come true. I'll let you go, because I know that you'll return.  
**GREETINGS FROM THE SAILOR**  
Greetings from the Sailor,  
greetings from San Vincenzo





# SASSETTA

IN THE WOODS  
OF THE CHARCOAL  
BURNERS,  
BETWEEN  
RED MARBLE,  
THERMAL WATERS,  
AND A SLOWNESS  
OF ANOTHER TIME



## TOURIST OFFICE

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the October  
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Comune di Sassetta  
+ Ufficio Turistico  
di Sassetta

Perched on a rocky outcrop and surrounded by woods, like a real nest, Sassetta rises. The village was built around the year 1000 and so it remained, without undergoing changes with respect to the original architecture. Among the narrow alleys of the village, the small squares, the stone houses clinging one to the other, the small restaurants, the cats, and red marble sculptures, life flows with a slow rhythm, as in the days of the old charcoal burners. In fact, the Museo del Bosco (Museum of the Woods) in the Poggio Neri Forest

Park, is dedicated to the life of the charcoal burners. The park is a perfect destination for hiking, horseback riding, or cycling. Along the 37 km of trails with rest areas, you can discover forest animals, spring waters, ruins, drying houses and shelters, with picturesque views and breathtaking viewpoints in between. Sassetta is a small, ancient village adorned with its red marble and nourished from below by the underground streams of thermal water. Its inhabitants are the descendants of those old charcoal burners and woodsmen, a somewhat wild people who have always lived in harmony with the land, thanks to the hunting and harvesting of chestnuts. This is also reflected in the cuisine which is based on game and products of the land: wood pigeon, pasta from chestnut flour, and fig preserves.

## TRUE NEST OF BIRDS OF PREY

*I am red.*

*Pink, orange, whitish or streaked with gray, yet still red. Throughout this land like an artery flowing with life, the trees grow above me and from below spring waters refresh me, the hot springs invigorate me.*

*I have always lived here and I have always seen men shed blood of my same color. I have always seen them ignite the burning charcoal fires, smoky little lights in the forest. I have always seen them look at me with bright eyes lit from a sacred spark. I feel them dig into my cold, hard flesh, and I become alive, become art, become sculpture. Red like blood, like fire, like art.*

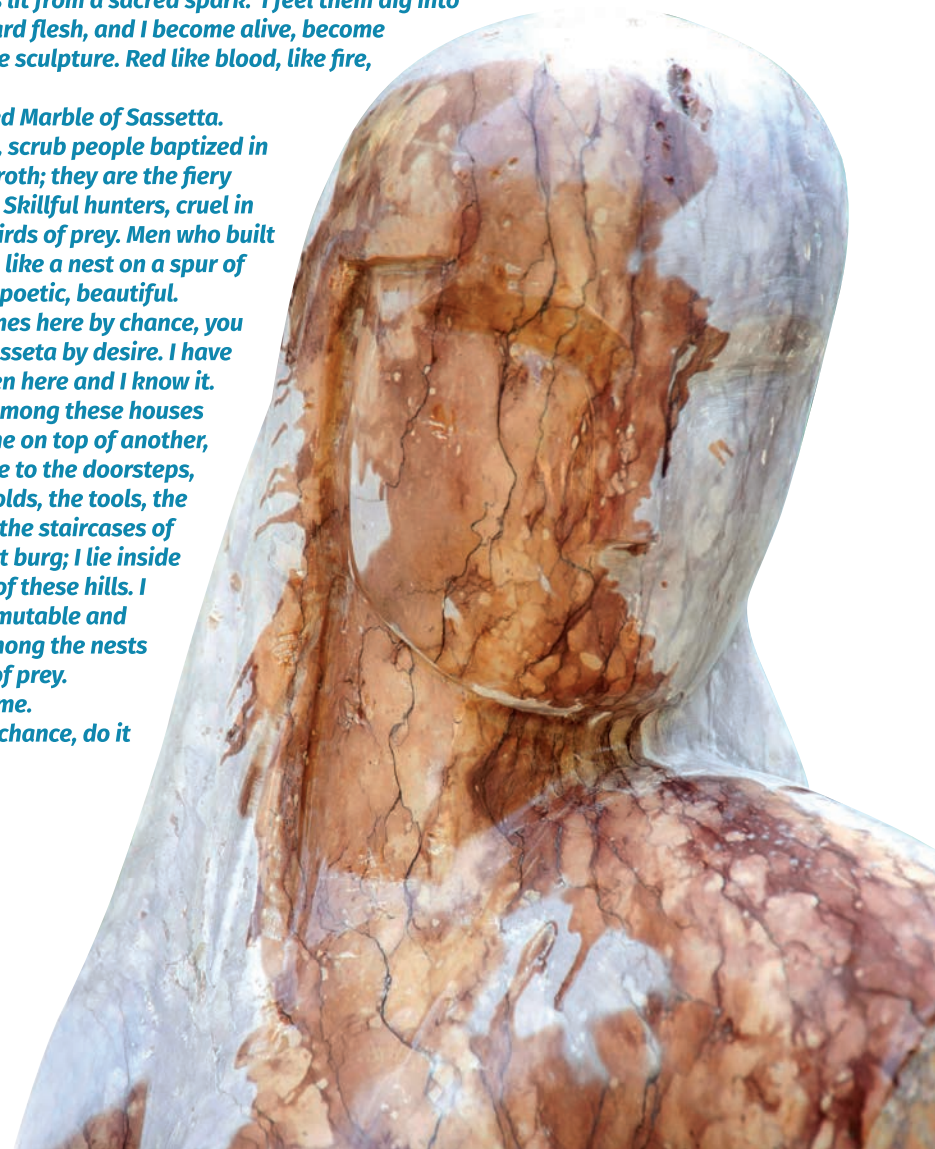
*I am the Red Marble of Sassetta.*

*These men, scrub people baptized in chestnut broth; they are the fiery Sassetani. Skillful hunters, cruel in war: true birds of prey. Men who built this village like a nest on a spur of rock. Wild, poetic, beautiful.*

*No one comes here by chance, you come to Sassetta by desire. I have always been here and I know it.*

*I lay here among these houses perched one on top of another, I give shape to the doorsteps, the thresholds, the tools, the manholes, the staircases of this ancient burg; I lie inside the womb of these hills. I stay here, mutable and eternal, among the nests and birds of prey. Come find me.*

*But not by chance, do it by desire.*





# SUVERETO

A MEDIEVAL  
JEWEL  
THAT EMITS  
THE AROMA OF  
MEDITERRANEAN  
SCRUB AND  
GOOD WINE

**S**uvereto is a village suspended between sea and hills, immersed in the scent of the lush Mediterranean scrub. The name comes from the cork tree, once widespread. Now it has olive trees: centenarians with twisted, gnarled, and wrinkled trunks. The village is a treasure trove of the past: the walls, the cobblestone streets, houses, and shops of the color of the local stone, the red and grey roof tiles, the fortress, churches, and historic palatial buildings. From the ancient tower of the Town Hall the Elders were summoned for the assembly, on the veranda, judgments were issued. Once a village of blacksmiths, cork-makers, carpenters, charcoal burners, and taxidermists, with workshops that preserve the old traditions. The past comes alive again in the present-day festivals, in the memory of miraculous events, in the history of Suvereto; the first free municipality of the Maremma. In addition to history, nature and work are the protagonists: in the countryside, farms produce a fine oil and a wine that has received DOGC recognition. Along the Wine Road, which crosses this territory, you can encounter the many nuances of the numerous wine cellars, often with interesting and unusual architecture. In the Montioni Natural Park, with its dense native vegetation and live wild species, you will find evidence of times gone by.



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Comune di Suvereto



foto Filippo Fior

## A KNIGHT'S DREAM

*Suberetum,*  
A. D. 1201

**T**he battle was arduous, but we won. My army defeated these devils of the Saracen pirates, who attacked from the sea. They killed my people, ravaged my country, but the unbridled lion of my banner roared victorious in the evening. I was wounded, however, and with a broken sword and an exhausted spirit, I wandered for days in the woods of Montioni, until I dropped almost dead on the banks of the Redigaffi, in the Molini Valley right where the water moves powerful mills.

A miller, after having found me and brought me back to life, led me to the next mill, where a blacksmith forged an unbreakable sword for me. Grateful to my benefactors, I rode for a time back to the village. I crossed bright vineyards, olive groves, and swaying fields of golden wheat. It was then that I looked at my land with new eyes. So many times before I had traveled across her, but only then did I really see her.

Arriving at the turreted walls, still seeing her beauty I crossed the Porticciola gate. My subjects have brought me in triumph, like a hero. Generous people, mine, strong, independent. Mindful of what has been received, I have granted them the Charta Libertatis, making Suvereto the first free community in Alta Maremma.

I am Ildebrandino VIII degli Aldobrandeschi, and I am proud of my people. For these people, I have to confess, I would die for a thousand more, a thousand times.







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*Translated  
from Italian by  
Jill Jensen*



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COMUNE DI  
**CECINA**



COMUNE DI  
**SAN VINCENZO**



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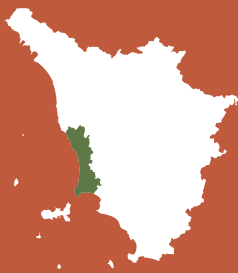
COMUNE DI  
**SASSETTA**



COMUNE DI  
**SUVERETO**







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