

12 Treasures of Europe

By The New York Times

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For the Travel section's Oct. 19 issue on Europe, writers and editors selected special items to profile from a dozen cities. Below, explore everything from chocolate in Brussels to silk in Florence to design in Copenhagen.

Berlin: Street Art

Despite relentless hypergentrification, Berlin remains a bastion of street art. Elaborate murals still decorate firewalls; images by sprayers and stencilers pop up everywhere else. But how can the visiting aficionado take street art home? The answer is easy, if counterintuitive: get off the streets. The number of galleries selling urban art keeps growing: Neurotitan, a sprawling space in a scruffy complex in the central district of Berlin-Mitte, has shown urban art since 1996; newer on the scene is Urban Spree, a high-energy gallery in a postindustrial complex near the Spree River, which also hosts art events. So does Open Walls Gallery in Stettinbad Wedding, a defunct swimming pool repurposed as a nightclub and cultural center in the blue-collar district of Wedding.

"I wanted to do something that fits the city's cultures and subcultures," said the Paris native Guillaume Trotin, who founded Open Walls with Elodie Bellanger, in 2012, after running pop-up art projects in Miami, Paris and other cities. Mr. Trotin now exhibits urban artists like Alias and Vermibus in a sleek indoor space.



BERLIN | Top: "Broken Bells," left, and a cuckoo clock sculpture, both by Stefan Strumbel, at Circle Culture. Bottom: the artist Jim Avignon stands in front of one of his murals. Mike Terry for The New York Times

Treasure hunters can also go straight to the source — the artists themselves. Jim Avignon's panels on the Berlin Wall's East Side Gallery are legendary, but he also paints eye-popping graphic works in his Kreuzberg studio, sometimes selling them in person or on his website, jimavignon.com (an exuberant solo show is on view at Neurotitan until Oct. 25). Packed with cartoonish characters and clever visual commentaries on Berlin's gentrification, his acrylic-on-paper panels are affordable (starting at about 100 euros).

Working in a former metal fixtures factory, the duo who call themselves 44Flavours create geometric wall pieces, murals and sculptures incorporating found materials. “We’re interested in anything that tells stories, so we go outside and collect stuff,” said Julio Rölle, who collaborates with his business partner, Sebastian Bagge, on not only art but also designs for shirts and snowboards.

Arguably the most polished urban art can be found at Circle Culture, which has grown into a multivenue enterprise. The newest, largest space opened on Potsdamer Strasse, Berlin’s main gallery strip, last November. Showing artists like the Brooklyn-based muralist Maya Hayuk or XOOOOX (whose haunting stencil figures still lurk on Berlin streets), the owner Johann Haehling von Lanzenauer sees the lines between artistic subdefinitions blurring. “The term ‘street art’ is done, over,” said Mr. von Lanzenauer, pointing at Stefan Strumbel’s neon-kitsch cuckoo clocks and prints on the gallery’s walls. “I call this contemporary art. Street is just a medium.” *KIMBERLY BRADLEY*

Brussels: Chocolate

Nearly half the chocolate consumed in the world is savored in Europe, and Belgium — with per-capita consumption of 14.99 pounds a year — certainly devours its fair share. While Brussels, the country’s capital, is home to hundreds of chocolatiers, what makes a visit imperative, at least from a chocophile’s perspective, is the rich heritage of artisanal chocolate-makers.

And none epitomizes the nation’s devotion to craft and quality more than Mary. Mary Delluc established her business in 1919 on the Rue Royale, the route the king took to the Royal Palace each day. In 1942 she achieved her goal of becoming the chocolate purveyor to the royal family, an honor that was bestowed on the brand three more times, most recently in 2013. While Mary has retained a presence on Rue Royale for 95 years, it has changed address three times, the most recent (Rue Royale 73) undergoing an overhaul in 2010.



BRUSSELS | Displays at Mary chocolate shop.
Mary

“We went back to the roots of Mary,” the managing director, Olivier Borgerhoff, said, noting the return to the original white-and-gold color scheme and prominence of the oblong logo. As for the chocolate, it might as well be the 20th century. “We don’t change the types of chocolates often,” Mr. Borgerhoff said. “We try to improve the choices we have.” That means sourcing top-quality ingredients and eschewing preservatives and unnatural additives of the dozens of caramel, marzipan, mousse, ganache and cream-filled bonbons that are stacked in neat rows down a long central counter, along with glass bowls of hand-rolled truffles, flaked with almonds and dusted in powdered sugar. A 250-gram box is 17 euros (\$21).

Another chocolatier, Debailleul, is decidedly more whimsical. The small chain, established in 1983 by Marc Debailleul, produces bonbons and ballotins, or boxes, that are so refined and beautiful, it’s almost — almost — a shame to indulge. The options are limited: traditional pralines and creamy ganaches, many hand-painted with cupids, the letter “D” or other flourishes, and vanilla, coffee and caramel-flavored truffles. Visit the factory store (Rue de Ganshoren 27-39). It will be as if you’ve discovered secret treasures of the chocolate capital. *AMY M. THOMAS*

Budapest: Paprika

The job of preparing Hungarian paprika was once considered too dangerous for mothers to do. The peppers grown in Szeged — one of the country’s two primary paprika-producing regions — were so spicy that a woman who touched her children upon returning from work risked burning them, so only the elderly and unmarried were allowed the delicate task of separating the membrane from the flesh. But by the early 20th century, sweeter varieties and a machine that extracted the veins turned paprika into an equal opportunity employer and a common feature of all Hungarian cuisine. “Goulash, porkolt, the cold cheese spread called korozott that all Hungarians eat on bread at least once a month,” said the Budapest-based food journalist Dorottya Czuk. “All of our basic dishes have it.”

BUDAPEST | Paprika at the Central Market Hall.
Marta NASCIMENTO/REA, via Redux



So omnipresent is paprika that you can get it at any Budapest supermarket, but the chains offer no guarantee of quality or origin. “It might be from Spain or, worse, China,” Ms. Czuk said. “I can tell you that nine Hungarians out of 10 would not want to eat paprika grown in Spain.” Look instead for tins, like those from Molnar or Hodi, that are produced locally.

The Central, or Great, Market Hall is a good place to start. Built at the end of the 19th century its soaring brick, iron and tile exterior alone is worth visiting. But three stories of stalls inside hold their own delights, paprika chief among them. On Fridays and Saturdays, farmers sell their homemade spice in transparent plastic bags. “That’s good,” Ms. Czuk said, “because you can see how red it is. You want a really vibrant color.”

Aroma is also important: Fresh paprika should smell sweet and a little funky, like hay in a stable. And there are different categorizations: *kulonleges*, or “special quality,” is the mildest and sweetest; *eros* is the spiciest. But taste is the most important guarantor. Paprika is cheap enough (100 grams of even the highest quality spice cost around \$2) that you can buy some, try it and feel that you haven’t wasted much money if you don’t like it.

At Tasting Table it’s possible to forgo that step. The brand-new shop, at Brody Sandor utca 9, in the cellar of a 19th-century palace, features Hungarian wines and local specialty foods. It offers tastings of all its products, including Molnar and Hodi paprikas. “We spread goose fat from the foie gras we serve on bread, and sprinkle the paprika on that, said Gabor Banfalvi, a co-owner. “Because paprika needs fat to come to life.” *LISA ABEND*

Copenhagen: Design

“Friendly, playful and colorful.” That’s how Poul Madsen, a founder of Normann Copenhagen, sums up his company’s kitchenware, decorative objects, furniture and lighting, which have found enthusiastic clients everywhere, from Danish reality TV series to the restaurant of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Anyone strolling through the white neo-industrial showrooms of the brand’s Copenhagen flagship store could hardly disagree. The space pops with radiant hues cast by richly striped Tint Throw Blankets (749 Danish krone or \$130 at 5.75 krone to the dollar), purple Kontour Vases (149 krone) shaped like flower petals, Brick Cushions (549 krone) in Mondrian-esque fabric, and many more items developed in partnership with scores of designers of nearly 20 nationalities.



COPENHAGEN | A display at Normann Copenhagen. Normann Copenhagen

But Normann creations are more than eye candy. Usefulness lurks within the clean lines of even the most pedestrian items like the sculptural Ballo toilet brush (399 krone). A thin stem (the handle) tapers gently into a plump hollow bulb (the base). If jostled, the rounded base wobbles without overturning.

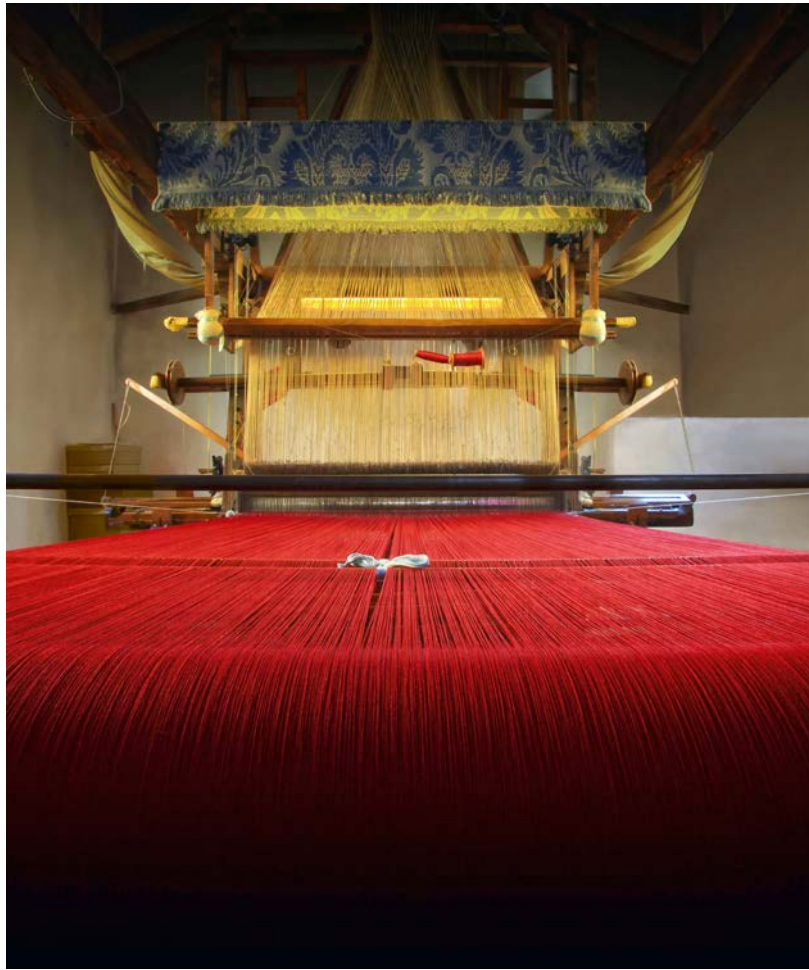
Cognac Glasses (299 krone) are asymmetrical stemless vessels that lean at a slight angle and swivel gently to stir the spirit and release its aroma.

As befits a former movie theater, the store endeavors to engage its audience. The events calendar is filled with fashion shows, art exhibitions and talks. Every night staff members redesign the street-facing display windows.

But perhaps most appealing is the whimsy that suffuses the store. Salt and pepper shakers from the Friends line (249 krone) resemble fat, half-naked, mustachioed cartoon characters. Gazing at a Swell Sofa (21,999 krone), you would swear that the plump, puffy couch had been folded by a balloon-twister. *SETH SHERWOOD*

Florence: Silk

Down a quiet lane in the San Frediano district of Florence, beyond an iron gate and leafy courtyard, is Antico Setificio Fiorentino, the sole remaining artisan silk workshop in the city. Since moving to this location (Via Lorenzo Bartolini 4) in 1786, the small factory has maintained uninterrupted production, despite wars and floods. The art of silk-making in Florence flourished in the Renaissance, when noble families amassed fortunes and fame by producing exquisite silks. That tradition endures at Antico Setificio Fiorentino, where silks are woven by hand on antique looms using Renaissance patterns.



FLORENCE | A silk loom at Antico Setificio Fiorentino. Stefano Ricci /ASF by Bernardo Conti

During a recent tour, the designer Maurizio Bonas rattled off the illustrious names of historic Florentine clans — Corsini, Pucci, Strozzi — whose signature patterns are still being produced. “When you go inside many historical houses in Italy, it’s Antico Setificio that did them,” said Mr. Bonas, who noted that the factory’s silks also adorn rooms in the Vatican, the Palazzo Vecchio and the Tribuna degli Uffizi in Florence, and even in the Kremlin in Moscow.

“To make these kinds of fabric, we cannot use the modern machines,” Mr. Bonas said, pulling out a roll of sumptuous blue embroidered silk velvet made with 350,000 stitches per meter. One worker who was weaving a cream-colored damask from a design named for the Renaissance painter Pinturicchio could be expected to complete only 80 to 100 centimeters of the fabric per day. And because the small factory employs only 20 artisans, production is predictably limited — and costly. In the adjoining showroom, walls are lined with bolts of silk, from plush velvets and intricate damasks to diaphanous taffetas, 110 to 1,360 euros (about \$135 to \$1,670) per meter. Decorative pillows are adorned with hand-woven trims. And, on a table, a basket is filled with sachets made of Ermisino, a shimmering silk taffeta that dates back 500 years. Inside each is potpourri from Officina Profumo-Farmaceutica di Santa Maria Novella, a 400-year-old pharmacy that has partnered with Antico Setificio for, as Mr. Bonas said, “only 250 years.”

A more recent partnership with the Stefano Ricci luxury men’s wear label, which acquired Antico Setificio in 2010, means the designer’s nearby store now stocks wearable wares made with Antico Setificio’s fine silk. *INGRID K. WILLIAMS*

Istanbul: Scent

Don’t visit Lokum Istanbul if you have a cold. Functioning olfactory passages and taste buds are essential for appreciating the exotic scents and sweets stacked in glass cases and on black lacquer shelves around this boutique on the European side of the city, which sits astride two continents. (A second location is in London; lokumistanbul.com has information on both).

A feast for the nose awaits in Lokum’s signature colognes (25 Turkish lira, or about \$11.30 at 2.20 lira to the dollar), which were developed by the owner, Zeynep Keyman, from classic Turkish essences like rose, fig, tea and mimosa. Perfumes and incense sticks are in the works.



ISTANBUL | Products at Lokum Istanbul. Metin Birkan Akbas

Lokum transforms some of those same ingredients (rose, fig) and others (lemon, pistachio, walnut) into its own lokum — better known in the West as Turkish delight — the soft gelatin cubes that have been synonymous with Istanbul for centuries (from 20 lira per box). Or try the store’s akide sekeri (18 to 55 lira), a hard candy in flavors like rose, fig, bergamot and cinnamon.

The eyes also get a dose of exotic stimuli. Inspired by “the mystic side of the East and the luxury of the West,” as Ms. Keyman puts it, a glass dome diffuses sunlight into the shop, much as in traditional Turkish baths. And most of the products come in boxes embossed with illustrated Ottoman-era scenes — mosques, pashas, pavilions — that Ms. Keyman and a Paris-based design firm derived from centuries-old toile de Jouy prints.

Even the brain finds stimulation at Lokum. The pages of “Lokum” (25 lira), an illustrated book commissioned by Ms. Keyman, recount the history and mythology of the celebrated sweet, which was invented in Istanbul in the late 18th century by a confectioner named Bekir Affendi, whose shop churns out lokum and other candies to this day. The tome is probably best read by the glow of a rose-scented Lokum candle in a silver fez-shaped holder (185 lira). *SETH SHERWOOD*

Lisbon: Tiles

Is there a bluer country than Portugal? The blue sky and Atlantic Ocean embrace the land. The blue moods of Fado, the melancholy folk music, form the national soundtrack. And all across Portugal, the typically blue designs of azulejos — ceramic tiles — are spread across churches, monasteries, castles, palaces, university halls, parks, train stations, hotel lobbies and apartment facades. The result is an embellished land of Christian saints, biblical episodes, Portuguese kings, historical glories, pastoral idylls, aristocrats at leisure, landscapes, seascapes, floral designs and, above all, geometric motifs.

Thousands of specimens, from the 15th century to the 1930s, fill Solar a nearly 60-year-old Lisbon tile specialist and antique dealer. (Solar Antique Tiles, a newer showroom in New York City, is run by a family member.)



LISBON | Solar, a nearly 60-year-old tile specialist and antique dealer. Solar

Stacks of tiles and hanging panels embody historical styles such as Hispano-Moorish, Renaissance, Baroque, neo-Classical, Art Nouveau and Art Deco. Blue and white are the star colors, though yellow, green, brown and other hues sometimes play supporting roles.

Simple, small individual decorative tiles start at 20 euros (\$24) for 18th-century varieties and 8 euros for 19th-century examples. Be prepared to pay 50 euros or more for 17th-century tiles and at least 100 euros for those from the 16th century.

One marquee name in stock is Rafael Bordalo Pinheiro, a celebrated 19th-century illustrator and ceramist whose work has been collected by the British Museum. A dazzling neo-Moorish geometric pattern explodes in a kaleidoscope of blue, white, emerald and caramel shapes across four tiles (90 euros a tile).

Collectors might consider rarities like an 18th-century 56-tile panel, originally in an aristocratic lady's dressing room, depicting a trompe l'oeil mirror in which a noblewoman can be seen gazing into a looking glass held by her attendant. The cost is 9,300 euros. Palace not included. *SETH SHERWOOD*

London: Hats

"Americans are not always sure what to do with hats," said Rachel Trevor-Morgan, who was seated in the second-floor showroom of her millinery at 18 Crown Passage. This tiny lane is one of the oldest pedestrian streets in central London, complete with gas lamps — a suitable setting for one of the oldest industries in England.

Ms. Trevor-Morgan was surrounded by hats of all shapes (wide-brimmed, pillbox, beret, fascinators), in materials like silk taffeta, wool houndstooth, velour felt, straw and lace. Embellishments included peacock or spiky feathers, silk flowers or sheer veils, bows or curls.



LONDON | Working at Rachel Trevor-Morgan's millinery, and a finished hat. Emli Bendixen for The New York Times

"The point is to feel beautiful, not silly," said Ms. Trevor-Morgan, who has designed some 65 hats for Queen Elizabeth over the last decade and creates bespoke hats for all occasions. She recommends clients make a one-hour appointment and bring along the outfit for a particular event so she can match the color. (Prices generally are 200 to 2,000 pounds, or about \$313 to \$3,135, at \$1.57 to the pound.)

Just below her store is Lock & Company, which claims to be the oldest hat shop in the world. Established in 1676 and famous for topping the heads of Adm. Lord Nelson and Winston Churchill, it can be perused by men and women alike looking for everything from rain hats (£79) to a fedora (roughly £200) to a faux fur hat (on average, £200).

The designer Edwina Ibbotson, whose latest royal client is Pippa Middleton, says she can tell if a hat is right for a woman when she sees “that sparkle in her eye.”

Some celebrities are gravitating to the milliner Jess Collett, whose shop in the heart of the trendy Notting Hill area she likens to a “candy store.” Her clients include Thandie Newton and Kate Hudson, as well as the royal sisters Princesses Eugenie and Beatrice. Her hats have a playful, theatrical feel, from a red feather Mohawk to a swirling constellation of flowers.

“I want everyone to want to wear a hat,” Ms. Collett said. “It automatically makes you more interesting.” Or, as London’s arguably most fashionable hat maker, Philip Treacy, put it: “A hat can completely change the personality of the wearer. I like to make hats that make the heart beat faster.” *JENNIFER CONLIN*

Madrid: Guitars

Crossing the threshold of one of Madrid’s storied guitar makers’ workshops can feel like stepping into the past. Curly wood shavings, from the palest pine to ebony, cascade to the floor as artisans hone a few humble planks into acoustic works of art. It’s painstaking work — all done by hand — with classical guitar models and the methods of making them changing little over the last century. The monthly production of even the most seasoned craftsmen typically maxes out at two instruments per month.

The finished products will someday go out the door, gleaming with varnish and polished metal fittings, to seduce audiences from stages around the globe. But here in Madrid, the tiny workrooms and the simple tools — as well as the last names of the artisans employing them — have often not changed in generations.



MADRID | Inside Mariano Conde's guitar shop. Gianfranco Tripodo for The New York Times

My first encounter with luthiers, or *guitarreros* (guitar makers), took place deep in the heart of Madrid’s historic center, where I went looking for one workshop and found several.

The door is usually open at Mariano Conde’s shop (Calle Amnistía 1; marianoconde.com), a tiny two-level workshop near the Teatro Realm where Mr. Conde, his son — also named Mariano — and two other craftsmen move between molds, saws, planes and files. Prices are 2,800 euros (\$3,500) for a standard flamenco guitar to 18,000 euros (\$23,000) for his finest classical concert guitar.

Mr. Conde is a third-generation guitar maker from the fabled (and now defunct) house of Hermanos Conde, and his brother Felipe also continues the family legacy at his own shop nearby (Calle Arrieta 4; felipeconde.es). A 10-minute walk away, on the other side of Plaza Mayor, is another cluster of luthiers, including José Ramírez (Calle de la Paz 8; guitarrasramirez.com), Pedro de Miguel (Calle Amor de Dios 13; guitarraspedrodemiguel.com) and Juan Álvarez (Calle San Pedro 7; guitarrasjuanalvarez.com).

A guitar’s colorful mix of woods is less an aesthetic choice than a science. Each element of the instrument’s anatomy has specific physical and acoustic demands, and its maker knows which woods can accomplish each function. It’s fascinating to consider that the materials for today’s instruments may have been purchased by the artisans’ fathers 30 or 40 years ago, just as the German spruce and Canadian cedar today’s *guitarreros* acquire will sit drying for decades until it’s suitable to be turned into guitars by their children or grandchildren. *ANDREW FERREN*

Paris: Umbrellas

“Can you picture how drop-dead gorgeous this city is in the rain?” So muses the American tourist Gil Pender, played by Owen Wilson, in Woody Allen’s “Midnight in Paris.”

When you’re ready to find out, stop at Parasolerie Heurtault (85, avenue Daumesnil; parasolerieheurtault.com), a haven of handmade, high-end umbrellas in myriad materials and styles made by the craftsman Michel Heurtault.

After a career making costumes for films, theatrical productions, historical balls and French fashion houses, Mr. Heurtault in 2008 opened his atelier-boutique to devote himself to the devices that had fascinated him since youth. “By 8 years old,” Mr. Heurtault said, “I could take them apart fully and put them back together again.”

Using both modern and centuries-old machines and tools, he and an assistant construct the shop’s wares. Fine and rare woods form the shafts. Handles range from sewn leather to engraved silver to carved wood inlaid with horn or jewels. Linen, cotton or silk — all treated to be impermeable to water and ultraviolet rays — are cut and sewn into the canopies, which might be adorned with lace, ribbon, embroidery or even ostrich feathers.



PARIS | Michel Heurtault and his Parasolerie Heurtault umbrella shop. Julien Bourgeois for The New York Times

To tap your inner Audrey, the Hepburn model (520 euros, about \$640) is made from striped black and white fabric with black lace trim. The slim, straight beechwood stem and handle allow for easy twirling. The Dorléac (490 euros) is named for the actress Françoise Dorléac (sister of Catherine Deneuve) and sports a red sequin web under its black silk canopy. For protection from the elements (and paparazzi), the VIP (690 euros) features a deep bell-shaped canopy. The men’s version of the VIP, called Prosper (490 euros), incorporates black or gray silk, a maple shaft, and an inlaid horn handle.

The shop even sells the Rolls-Royce of umbrellas — literally. Invited by Rolls to create an umbrella inspired by the car’s interior, Mr. Heurtault produced one with a curved ebony-wood shaft, a handle of white stingray leather, thin ribs sheathed in white silk, and a large black silk canopy. All for just 8,000 euros. *SETH SHERWOOD*

Prague: Toys

There’s no shortage of souvenir shops in Prague, especially in touristic Old Town, but most of what these shops offer — Russian-style nesting dolls, reproduction Soviet tank commander hats, knockoff Barcelona football jerseys — has no connection to Czech culture or traditions. But as the father of two Czech-American children, I have often been impressed with the Czech Republic’s traditional children’s toys, and frequently recommend them as authentic souvenirs.

One of the best outlets for traditional toys, or hracky, is the five-year-old Retro Hracky shop (Nuselska 90; retro-hracky.cz). Owned by Rene Zelnicek, a builder of professional models for architects and property developers, the shop is an easy trip on public transportation from the city center out to the decidedly nontouristic residential neighborhood of Michle. After a direct ride on the No. 11 tram line from the Muzeum stop at the top of Wenceslas Square, you’ll spot the giant Hracky sign on the side of a faded modernist building, right when you get off 12 minutes later at the Pod Jezerkou stop.



PRAGUE | The Retro Hracky toy shop. Michal Novotny for The New York Times

The inside seems less like a toy store and more like a toy closet: a single small room overstuffed with beautiful, long-haired Hamiro dolls (around 300 Czech koruna, or about \$14 at 21.7 koruna to the dollar) and boxes of Merkur metal construction sets (400 to 2,500 koruna), whose designs seem little changed since their first appearance in 1920. Inside one display case is an impressively realistic layout of Merkur's O-scale model trains, on top of which are unusual stuffed animals, like the three-foot-high giraffe (750 koruna) and packs of simple wooden toys with wheels and pull strings. Everything seems quirky and fun, and often remarkably affordable.

More important, almost everything has a real connection to the Czech lands. When you start playing with the old-fashioned wind-up metal toys from the Czech company Kovap, you will probably fall in love with the tiny version of the country's classic Zetor tractor, complete with working forward and reverse gears (720 koruna), as well as optional attachable hay wagons, cisterns, seeders and tillers. In terms of entertainment, such historic toys probably don't have much on Candy Crush Saga. But unlike most modern playthings, these toys don't seem as if they could have been made anywhere else in the world. *EVAN RAIL*

Sarajevo: Coffee Sets

To know Sarajevo, you must understand the importance of coffee. Making traditional kafa (coffee) — introduced here soon after the Ottoman Empire conquered the Kingdom of Bosnia in 1463 — is a process. Grounds are roasted in a dzezva (JEHZ-vah) before adding boiling water. When the froth foams to the top, the rich brew is poured into a small, handleless china cup known as a fildzan (FILL-john), which sits in a copper sheath, or zarf. The world grinds to a halt. Cigarettes are lit. Conversations take hushed tones.

SARAJEVO | Traditional Bosnian coffee. Filip Horvat for The New York Times



The ritual that is Bosanska (Bosnian) kafa is lost on many tourists as they navigate the beehive of trinket-peddling hawkers in the cobblestone alleys of Bascarsija, the Ottoman Quarter. But a trained ear can make out craftsmen coaxing copper into vessels used for preparing and drinking Sarajevo's beloved beverage.

On Kazandziluk (or coppersmith's) Street, across from Sebilj, find the wooden fountain in Bascarsija's main square. Midway down the narrow flagstone avenue, Muhamed Husejnovic sits in his shop, Kazandzijska Radnja (Kazandziluk 18), hammer-pinging coffee sets (around 50 Bosnian convertible marks, or KM, \$34 at 1.46 KM to the dollar), as Bosnians have done for 500 years.

"This work is not respected like it once was," said Mr. Husejnovic, whose family business goes back more than 200 years. "For every 100 cheap coffee sets sold in Bascarsija, I sell one."

Walk north, across the square, to another tiny atelier, Manufaktura (Kovaci 28), where the owner and coppersmith Abdulah Hadzic treats visitors to impromptu master classes, explaining how he turns his dzezvas (30 to 80 KM) into functional art. Some are filled with molten lead so Mr. Hadzic can hammer dimples and floral swirls onto their exteriors without compromising their shapes. He removes the lead and sanitizes the dzezva before applying a stove-ready tin lining. For others, he'll apply a coat of tin outside and in, and engrave through to the underlayer of copper in geometric patterns. "There is no end to this work," said Mr. Hadzic as he chiseled away.

Purchase in hand, make your way to Cajdzinica Dzirlo (Kovaci 16; 387-61-159-965), a cafe that serves kafa (3 KM) the old way, in individual-size dzezvas. Then, on a terrace overlooking Bascarsija, fill your fildzan, and heed the words of Diana Dzirlo, the cafe's owner: "A coffee must take at least half an hour just to sit and enjoy." *ALEX CREVAR*

A version of this article appears in print on , Section TR, Page 8 of the New York edition with the headline: 12 Treasures

Getting Out There

Everything remains in flux. What's in store for travelers hitting the road and the skies this holiday season.

- **What's to expect on the slopes.** With fewer Covid protocols at many ski resorts, guests can expect shorter lift lines and less outdoor masking. But policies differ.
- **Apps for travelers dreaming of their next trip.** Yes, there's turmoil in the travel world, but many people are still eager to plan future journeys.
- **Travel as healing.** Wellness vacations now go far beyond massages and diet advice, instead offering a respite from physical and mental stress.
- **It's not how much you fly, it's how much you spend.** The latest in loyalty programs, as airlines continue to retool their frequent-flier programs.