



mosque is in Pürtelaş Hasan Efendi Mahallesi (Hasan in a Terrible Rush District). Tavuk Uçmaz Sokak (Hens Won't Fly Street), the steep road to the Kabataş ferries, starts in Sormagir (Don't Ask, Enter); alas the last two have been renamed.

Luxury apartments took control of the bluffs in the 1930s boom. But before the First World War, Vita Sackville-West had her very first garden in Cihangir, after joining her diplomat husband, Harold Nicolson, there (see CORNUCOPIA 21). In a poem about it she writes: "Of broken wells and fountains / There were half a dozen or more, / And, beyond the sea, the mountains / Of that far Bithynian shore." Her old wooden house, with its "wilderness garden", has gone, as have all the others. A Turkish teacher who owned one of the last would offer the builders tea through the hole in the kitchen wall they had made when

ABOVE ÇUKURCUMA MOSQUE BELOW THE STYLISH HOUSE HOTEL GALATASARAY RIGHT ERKAL AKSOY, OWNER OF A LA TURCA, A TREASURE TROVE ON FAİK PAŞA YOKUŞU BELOW RIGHT AND OPPOSITE TABLES ARE STACKED WITH AN ARRAY OF ITEMS, FROM BUSTS TO GLOBES. AKSOY HAS KEPT THE HANDSOME IRON SHUTTERS



pulling down the neighbours' house. Also gone are Ege (Aegean) and Cennet (Paradise), famous terraced tea gardens overlooking the Bosphorus.

White Russians liked Cihangir. On the next hill along is the last of their many restaurants, the Ayaspaşa Rus Lokantası in Gümüşsuyu (İnönü Cad 77). A bottle of lemon vodka still lands on the table with the bread and water in the basement establishment.

The hub of Cihangir is the brightly painted Firuz Ağa Mosque, on the corner of Siraselviler and Akarsu Caddesi, where the Cihangir Tea Garden is packed from midday to midnight, serving glasses of gut-cleansing tea – desirable only if, like the New York food writer Anya von Bremzen, you fancy a mid-morning *lahmacun*, which she flatteringly describes as "a pliant, smoke-tinged oval of dough topped with a faintly spicy smear of ground meat, sprinkled with lemon juice, and rolled around parsley sprigs and tomato slices".

In the back streets a happy mix of nonconformity and respectability lives on: expats, spinsters and scribblers share newly dusted-down buildings behind pink, yellow and pale green façades – which made it all the more incongruous, in the summer of 2013, when night after night riot police rampaged through its streets like the Janissaries of old.

The remains of the day

Between Cihangir and İstiklâl, Çukurcuma is the antiques and bric-a-brac district. The narrow lanes that hem it in are crowded with some of Beyoğlu's grandest palazzos, two of which – The House and the Corinne – are now chic hotels. One of the most strikingly done-up houses is Erkal Aksoy's Aladdin's cave of an antique shop, A La Turca, though you would not guess it from outside. This is at the top of Faik Paşa Yokuşu, a street named after a rags-to-riches Italian orphan, Francesco Della Sudda, who rose to be the Empire's chief pharmacist after

the Crimean War. A three-storey house round the corner from the Greek Consulate and the Tarihi Ağa Hamamı – as venerable as the word *tarihi* (historic) in its name suggest – it began as a place for kilims, but is filled to its elegant rafters with everything to delight the eye and wit, from threshing rakes to oil paintings and a basement full of Anatolian glazed jars. The house is on the servants' side of the street, looking out onto the curving row of palazzos belonging to their masters. So come and go so fast you can visit weekly and find new things. Faik Paşa has also now attracted some of the best interior designers and designer shops.

A little way down the hill you pass shops such as Serdar Ogecan (No 33), crammed with gilded 18th- and 19th-century French furniture – big mirrors, showy chairs, glass cabinets for porcelain statuettes, 12-foot marble urns... Turn left into this picturesque square with the

