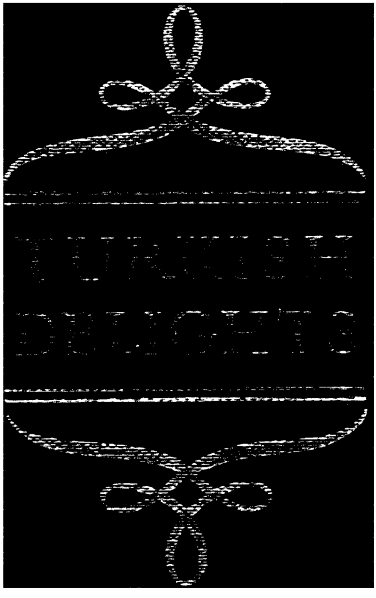

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# TURKISH DELIGHTS

# Turkish Delights

MARIE NOËLE KELLY

COUNTRY LIFE LIMITED
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To David

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# PREFACE

OVER nine months had elapsed since we had left Turkey when I began to write these sketches of the Turkish scene, which had gradually captured my affection during the three years in which my husband was Ambassador there. The impulse arose from the encouraging comments of kind friends on two articles – one on Erzurum-Trabzon and one on the caves of Urgüp – which had already appeared in *Country Life*.

I have written these sketches under several handicaps. Apart from the fundamental disadvantage that my native language is French, I have had to write them in Moscow during hours saved from home and social duties in our Embassy, at an increasing interval of time from the sight-seeing, and, furthermore, with hardly any of the books of reference which were available to me in Turkey. I have had therefore to rely much on memory, on the recollection evoked by photographs, and on rough notes made at the time of the journeys.

As I cannot foresee any near future in which I shall have time to get down to my sources again, and as I would in the meanwhile tend to forget still more of my personal impressions, I have taken the plunge, and it has been a joy tinged with nostalgic melancholy to relive those days that were so full of colour and mental stimulation.

My interest was stirred by meeting in Turkey some very distinguished specialists; notably Professors Garstang, Toynbee, Woolley, Seton Lloyd, Runciman and the late Professor Whittemore. If any of these eminent scholars ever read these pages, they will, I hope, forgive my plundering their brains and perhaps at times misapplying their teachings!

Though references will be found here and there in these essays to the unfailing and abundant facilities offered us everywhere by the Turkish authorities, from the President to the humblest official, I could not write this preface without paying a general testimony to their great and characteristic hospitality. My thanks go to His Excellency Monsieur Muzaffer Göker, Turkish Ambassador in Moscow, for his encouragement over the book,

and also to the courtesy of the Turkish Press Department, whose fine photographs filled gaps in my collection.

Another who did much to help me to understand things Turkish, past and present, was my friend Süreyya Agaoglu, a most enlightened woman lawyer, a thinking personality and a champion of women's rights. She persuaded me to give lectures in Ankara and Istanbul, and to her I am specially indebted, as through this venture I was able to contact far more Turks than I would otherwise have done.

I would also express thanks to W. E. D. Allen, my husband's Information Counsellor in Turkey and a leading authority on Turkish and Georgian history, who was originally responsible for my writing the first article for *Country Life*; to John Benda for his unfailing assistance on these tours; to Miss Beatrice Flynn for her patient help; to my son Bernard for his suggestions; and last but not least to my son Lawrence for his lively and constructive criticism.

*Sofiiskaya,*
*Moscow,* 1951.

MARIE NOËLE KELLY

*Chapter One*

# GLIMPSES OF ISTANBUL

*An agreeable mixture of gardens, pines and cypresses, trees, palaces, mosques and public buildings, raised one above another with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands.*

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, *On Istanbul*

LATE in January in Ankara I had been told: 'Istanbul wears white, she is lovely. She looks immaterial . . . her beauty is strange but enhanced. You would not recognize her shape and contours. Why don't you go and see her? A rare sight. . . .'

So the Ankara express rushed us down and, leaving behind the dark and leaden-coloured Gulf of Izmit and emerging from the rippling folds of the Bosphorus, my Turkish princess stood before me with only the Golden Horn between us.

I can only try to describe this passing vision of Istanbul under the snow. Arriving from Asia on the train, the town is to be seen in its entirety and does not reveal itself little by little as when one approaches by sea, and the long, panoramic silhouette springs to life on arrival on the quayside like a Chinese print unfolding from its roller.

I have seen Istanbul at nine in the morning alive and busy, her waters crowded with ships and boats, in June – when the first melon peels floating down the current told everyone that bathing had started – for there the time for the first bathe is that of the ripening of the melons. I have seen her asleep in the hot midday summer sun from our yacht, the *Makook*, and at dusk have marvelled at her air of opalescent splendour. And not least have I seen her at night rocked by her velvet waves, her minarets entwined by jewelled bracelets of light in Ramadan. But never had I seen her with a mantle of powdered snow. . . .

When one cherishes a face, young or old, one gets to know all its lines and contours, and Istanbul with all its landmarks casts the same spell upon its lovers. Now, with the coming of the snow, the wharfs and the roofs, the mosques and the churches, the few

spires and the many minarets, had all given up their usual individuality and, in a fleeting moment of anonymity, Istanbul appeared like a fairy snow queen. And Ottoman she looked, on the bleak January day when I first saw her from Haydarpasha station. Her domes were finely balanced on their squares, and all the minarets were curiously stencilled on a dark and angry sky. They were so thin – incredibly thin, until I understood the reason for this unexpected slenderness. The snow coming down Olympus and the Marmara had been blown so fast across the Horn, and at such an angle, that only the southern sides of the pencils and domes were covered and had retained their shrouds.

All the months I had lived there I could not but look at the different faces this town had shown me: the Greco-Roman stones, the Byzantine appeal. Now the whole place was one – a unity born of this uniformity of colour, the sparkling whiteness of her coat. Heavy clouds and a peeping sun playing upon this white city gave it the appearance of a transitory enchantment.

Istanbul welcoming me thus in her own right, I felt that morning on arrival the need to look once again at two Turkish gems so as to be 'tuned up' artistically as well as visually. My favourite approach to Istanbul by road is along the land walls, through the Gate of the Castle of the Seven Towers; and five minutes by car from there through the Mustafapasha district I went to see one of the loveliest Turkish mosques one can find, hidden away in a by-street with its friendly wooden houses all around it.

This is the Ramazan Efendi Çami, and to me it is holy, as many people still pray in it. Architecturally, beauty is sometimes made up of contrasts, sometimes of harmony; this mosque is all harmony in itself and with its surroundings. The houses are low, the mosque is small. The gateway leading into its precincts is narrow, but it is a fine entrance of robust and yellowish stones. In the courtyard there are some fine cypresses, two of them quite, quite dead, their trunks surrounded by railings. On the left-hand side of the mosque, the *türbe* (mausoleum) of Ramazan Efendi is still to be seen complete, locked and forbidding, the tombs covered in green baize. There was a *tekke* (seminary) for the dervishes next door, I had been told. The mosque itself is a rectangle, its roof covered with thick lead sheets; it has some-

what the look of an elongated tent. Made of soft stone and brick, it was built in 1586 under the auspices of Haci Hüsrev. There is no portico, but as one crosses the threshold there is a sudden, striking contrast to this rather poor exterior – a dream made real. The walls are covered with tiles decorated with tulips: fields and fields of tulips, blue on a white background, hang on the walls. They are stylized in the best Nicean manner, and appear to be perfect. All are in good condition, each tile with an attractive tomato-red framework; they are contemporary with the mosque.

In the mosque of Sultan Ahmed and even in that of Rüstem-pasha Çami the tiling is magnificent; but, especially in the former, it lacks unity of design in that some tiles are not congruous with their neighbours. This is not so here. Here the four walls are decorated *en suite*. The place would not hold two hundred people, yet its atmosphere is one of dignity and space. An Empire chandelier is an anachronism, but some fine eighteenth-century wooden fretwork is to be seen in the lovely curves of the women's gallery, culminating above the porch in a basket of blue and red roses worthy of those in the Seraglio, the best in Istanbul. The minaret, slight and delicate, has one square turquoise tile near its summit: a delicate piece of fantasy that winks at you from the street.

The second Ottoman gem, a jewel in my sultana's many necklaces, is a Byzantine house on the Phanar road, overshadowed by the Phanar, where is the home of the Greek Orthodox Patriarch, just past a hideous modern Bulgarian church and next to the Greek Orthodox church of St John. It is an old Genoese house, later entirely redecorated in the Ottoman style. Built of stone, large and squat, it has settled deeply into the road. Half the house is still inhabited by poor Greeks, whose fishing-nets hang on the banisters; but on the second floor, which is empty and whose windows are glassless, there is a palatial room. A little old Greek lady with difficulty opened its heavy medieval door for us. Many decorators would perhaps have destroyed its fourteenth-century stone lintel as it was not 'period', with its many scrolls of foliage and fruit and a little cross above the centre of the door, all of which are repeated in the capitals of the pillars supporting the vaulting of the first half of this regal apartment.

But the rest of the room – two centuries later than the exterior of the house – is a glorious copy of the Köprülü villa on the Bosphorus, except that there the whole place is of wood, while here it is of stucco. The vaulted roof is white with grey stencils in relief. The eleven windows on three sides of the room all have their original grilles.

The fireplace, oddly placed in a corner, has a pointed overmantel, and along the walls there are eighteen fine panels with the most elaborate painted fruits and flowers, the plaster-work standing out in bold relief. Opposite the fireplace there are niches for turbans or flowers. The tones are white, grey and brown. It is lovely rococo of the eighteenth century, the work of a real artist. This room once consisted of two separate smaller ones; each has a remarkable vaulted ceiling with four sloping sides meeting at a central point (decorated with a sculptured wooden boss) somewhat like a tent. The ceilings in each room are decorated with more stuccoed reliefs.

One longs to make this room one's own and, as in the great period of Ottoman comfort, arrange low divans along the walls with brocades and silks, and give a party in Turkish costumes. Alas! for over a century the place has been deserted, and no parties will be given there again. Perhaps to give a lie to my thoughts a great gust of wind blew in a few snow-flakes that danced their way through the window and died at my feet as I hastily helped the old Greek lady to close the iron shutters, and enshrouded in shade and silence the empty and secret treasure of this little palace.

It is after moments like these that I am grateful to the objectivity fostered by my husband in twenty years of married life, which gave me the mental detachment required to assimilate the revelation that Istanbul was for me. For indeed the distinctive notes of Istanbul are its superpositions, blendings, contradictions, harmonies and contrasts – all of these embraced in the complex fusion of Greco-Roman Byzantium with Ottoman Istanbul.

Not for a moment would I dream of competing with learned authorities such as Charles Diehl, G. Schlumberger, A. Vasiliev and O. M. Dalton. Instead, I shall try to open a magic casement on the singing minarets, the Justinian domes, the timbered *yalis*.

or villas, of the Bosphorus. I shall hope to recapture something of the impressions, lines and colours, and fleeting moments of æsthetic emotion, which were Istanbul's return for my jealous love of it.

When we came down from Ankara we were housed in the old British Embassy, which was built about 1843–after the previous building had been burned down–as a reproduction of the Barberini Palace. Its architect was Sir Charles Barry, who was responsible for the Houses of Parliament. The Embassy was built by *Victoria Regina,* as was boldly announced in a Latin inscription three feet high running round the whole roof on the garden side. The ground was a gift of the Sultan in 1801.

As Ankara is now the centre of things, it is appropriate that the Embassy is today housed there, but when the Ambassador comes down to Istanbul he still occupies rooms on two floors in this old Embassy. Many of its scores and scores of rooms are used as offices, but the ballroom and reception rooms have been left intact and can be thrown open–as on the occasion when the Fleet visited Istanbul for the first time since before the war, in the summer of 1947, and my husband and I gave a ball for 950 people in this palace which could have taken double that number. Gone were the picturesque days when the great staircase was lined by a company of the Brigade of Guards when Sir Henry Bulwer gave a great ball there after the Crimean War; but we did ask our faithful *kavas,* Rüstem, to don his gold and red uniform, buckle his sword and stand to attention at the fork of the stairs near the benevolent bust of Stratford Canning de Redcliffe, who for half a century had been at the right hand of successive Sultans.

Istanbul is divided in two by the Horn, and the Embassy is on high ground in the Pera district. Pera is noisy, and the Embassy gates open on to a busy and commercial thoroughfare just off the biggest street in Beyoglu; cars rush up the steep and narrow streets bordering the garden on all sides. But inside the great house, through the inner marble-and-glass hall, quiet descends, and from the bedroom windows one could hear a subdued hubbub–like that of any great city–which did not disturb the birds or the peace.

Immediately below the house, under the terraced walk with

the biggest potted laurels I have ever seen, was an old garden with rather too many evergreens on the right, untidy greenhouses full of carnations, and a lily-pond with the statue of a Roman maiden facing it. This garden was redolent of the taste of the 'nineties preserved up to 1948 by the ministrations of the Belgian gardener, Achille, who for sixty-odd years, at one time with seven gardeners, worked it with passionate care and cultivated a traditional love of massed effects cancelling each other out by their quantity. The brilliant tones of huge begonias, dahlias, geraniums and zinnias made harsh argument one with another from beds drawn up in elegant Edwardian formality. This was fortunately relieved by the exquisite taste in flowers of Lady Loraine, one of my predecessors, who planted bulbs by the thousand. She did this not only in the Embassy gardens, for she also enhanced with flowers the charm of two delightful Turkish retreats: the patio, near the Süleymaniye mosque, of the Evkaf museum – the museum of Turkish and Moslem Arts – and the sad, and now neglected, garden of the Imrahor mosque, in the ruins of St John Stoudion's monastery. Here the white roses are hers. If the Ambassador came down to Istanbul in May, the Embassy garden was a dream of yellow tulips, hyacinths and all types of irises, and precious pink Judas trees.

The view was superb. The ground drops immediately behind the Embassy garden right to the Horn, and rises again gently on the other side with a panorama of old Istanbul looking like a map of the seventeenth century, for the landmarks are all either Byzantine or Ottoman. This fascinating combination of mosques, walls and fortresses lies among green gardens. All modern Istanbul is built in Pera, and the high apartment houses, the stadiums and large streets are on the north-east of the Horn.

From our windows, therefore, we could see on the extreme right the heights of Eyüb, then the tower of Anemas which starts the line of the land walls erected by Theodosius the Second, and the churches (now museums) of Chora, Pamacaristos and Pantocrator. On the left of the Phanar, sprung the mosques of Süleymaniye and the elegant domes of Fatih and Bayazid, to mention the loveliest. Our good friend Henry Harty once counted forty from the Embassy roof.

Istanbul is a city which lives and works late. It is silent in the morning. There is no hooting of cars and no shrieks or cries – only the fog-horns wake one in the autumn. In the spring there is generally a mist over the Horn from dawn until about half-past eight. This mist is often mauve with blue streaks, and it is of the most unbelievable thinness, opalescent and translucid, where it meets warmer air. The grey chiffon is rent, and the emerging minarets, immaterial and ethereal, seem to carry silver conch-shells, as the domes of the mosques rise from their robes which drop languidly back to earth. This is a vision of beauty. When the mists have vanished boats are seen being rowed up and down the Horn, taking people across, as there are only two bridges between Pera and Istanbul proper. Often in the morning we would meet our special friend the late Professor Whittemore at Santa Sofia. He was given by the Turks a little sixteenth-century library just outside the great church, still in its garden full of all types of columns. He loved this octagonal building, and had collected curious orange and yellow Anatolian rugs for it. It was sparsely furnished – a large table, books and chairs. He was always anxious to allow the visitors a maximum of mental freedom, but he expected some 'recollection' before taking one up to the first floor of the basilica. His small, thin, wiry body was always alert despite his seventy-odd years, and his blue eyes keen to detect the spark of enthusiasm in the people he took over his discoveries. He had infinite patience with the uninitiated, but knew in an instant if there was any pretence in spite of the most wonderful fog of words. With the same exquisite politeness he would take the knowledgeable, the artist, the rough admiral, the pompous ambassador around; but it would be over all too soon if the interest shown was perfunctory, and he would return quickly to the Chora Church in this, the last autumn but one of his earthly life. Here he climbed the ladders like a fifteen-year-old, would encourage and advise his team of young men working meticulously with tiny brushes on the mosaics they were cleaning. He particularly loved one of Our Lady, around which a Greek inscription ran saying 'this was the Container of the Uncontainable'.

Above the side entrance to the narthex of Santa Sofia there is a mosaic of the second half of the tenth century with the Virgin

holding the Child; on her right Justinian carries the Church, and on the left Constantine offers the City. Whittemore showed me here how the twentieth-century sense of perspective could be foreshadowed; the whole picture seems to come forward instead of receding. It was an arresting mosaic on the threshold of the greatest of all churches, Justinian's stupendous Temple of Worship – the very worship which in itself, as Robert Sencourt says in the *Consecration of Genius*, 'was the means of wisdom and the principle of order'. It was to this Yeats bowed when he called:

*O Sages, standing in God's Holy fire*
*as in the gold mosaic of a wall*
*come from the Holy fire perne in a gyre*
*and be the singing masters of my soul.*

The way led through the entrance, along a dark passage and up one of the stairless ramps that lead with quite a sharp angle to the first floor. This ramp, dating from the time of Justinian, was covered with marble slabs and hung with tapestries in the time of the Emperor. After about the sixth turning, a few high steps brought us to the first floor of the great church.

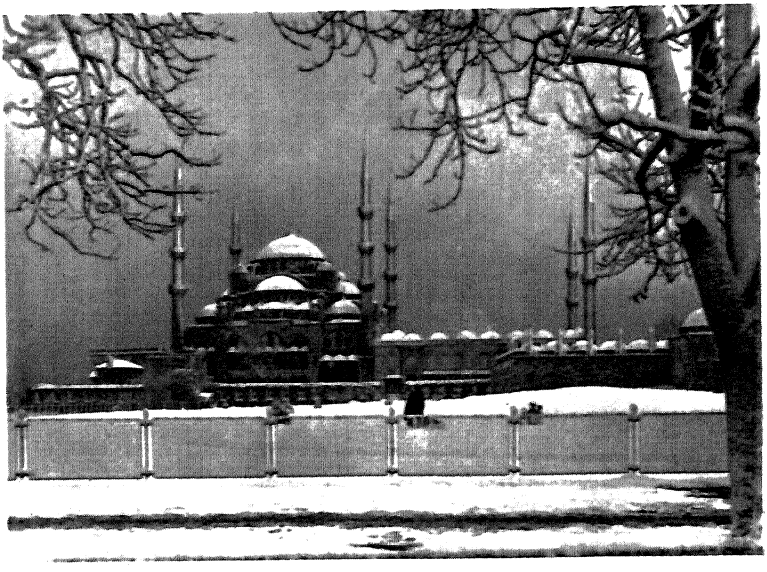
Comparison is inevitable with another great domed church, St Mark's, Venice. Whereas St Mark's is wholly alive, this is an empty shrine. But things seem suspended in this shrine, like the fluid rays of the sun seen through the Byzantine windows that drop the most even of lights in the great vessel where, to quote Robert Sencourt again, 'all was a concentrated unity of domes and arches leading to the central height of the building, and where mass, space and line cohere into a perfect whole'. Greens, gold, faint purple tones in the recesses, carved beams of acacia wood supporting the half arches above the bronze balustrade, magnificent columns, basket-worked capitals, intertwined white foliage, large bronze bracelets embracing the columns, the sea of pale gold mosaics, the huge, brown, slightly curved crosses appearing on many arches – the details and the whole awed me every time I saw them. The Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, the Sanctuary of the Sun at Baalbek, the religious monuments of Delos, all yielded some column, some stones for this church.

Professor Whittemore was at his best when he made clear the equilibrium converging inwards, based on the interplay of the arch thrusts. He was always taking one to the best angle from which to see Our Lady, or Gabriel's wings tipped with white, and varying his views according to the intensity of the light and whether it was a rainy or a sunny day. Once he took us through the roof and along the second balustrade just beneath the seven windows on the left of the church. Here are seven recesses, of which about five have been cleaned. We were shown some fine mosaics of saints which later will be revealed to the public. On the right-hand side of the church, on a lateral wall, a magnificent group of three figures has been cleaned, representing Our Lord, with Our Lady on the left and St John on the right. The three heads are in a perfect state and so are part of their clothes. All the lower part of this mosaic has disappeared, but one forgets about it in the magnificence of the Christ, in the gentle curve of Our Lady's attitude as she bends her head towards her Son. This mosaic dates from the fourteenth century and is of the most wonderful beauty. Christ's features remind one perhaps a little of the Christ 'with the angry eyes' in the mosaics at Daphne, near Athens. The light falls directly on it, as it is near the exterior window, and this much enhances the glory of the composition.

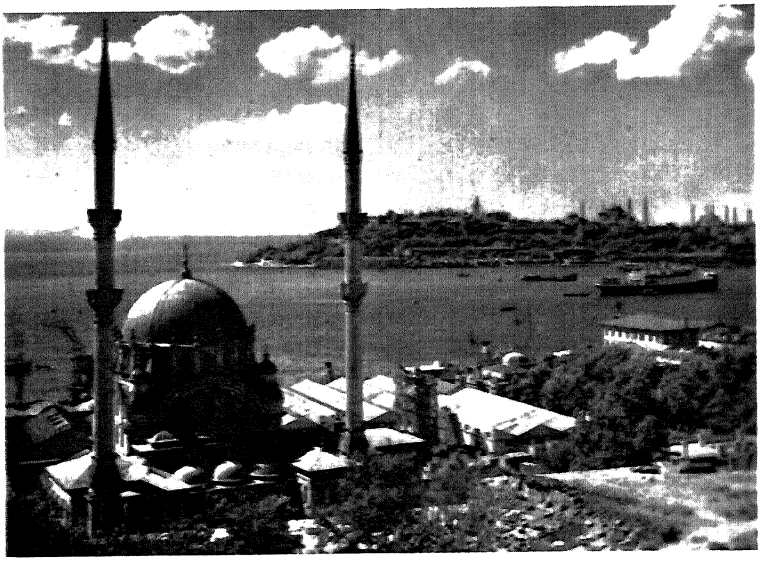
On the end wall of the basilica, Whittemore had cleaned the portrait of the Empress Zoë and her second husband, Michel. This Empress, daughter of Constantin VIII of Macedonia, had an eleventh-century chronicler, Michel Psellos, who left a caustic description of the life of this Porphyrogenetus. She was pink and fair, with heavy blonde tresses; but she was silly and vain, though versatile. Her adventures were many. She poisoned her first husband Romanes (with some provocation, if it is true that he cut her hair off), and twenty-four hours later married her lover Michel, brother of the Eunuch John. The Empress and her husband wear the most involved clothes, which are represented as being made of the same fabric as that in other decorations of the basilica, indicating that textiles in the eleventh century were copied from designs used in mosaics. In the treasury of Cologne Cathedral there were garments of this texture. An amusing detail was revealed by the Professor. If one looks hard at Michel's

head one can see that it has replaced another head; the Empress, in fact, substituted the head of Michel IV for that of Romanes Argyre, her first husband. On a small wall space there is the portrait, also in mosaics, of a very young man. This must have been Zoë's heir, the nephew of John the Eunuch and the Emperor Michel. He was another ambitious wretch, who got the Senate to proclaim him Basileus, and threw Zoë into a monastery on the island of Prinkipo. But this did not please the Byzantine crowds, who shouted: 'We want our Mother Zoë as Empress, not the Calker'. The tragi-comic story went on. Michel V, seeing that the throne was tottering, got Zoë out of prison and took her – in her religious habit – to the Imperial box at the Hippodrome, the Cathena. The crowd seeing this called out: 'Death to the Calker, we want our "Mothers"'. To save the situation, Zoë remembered her old sister Theodora, who had been locked up in the Petrion monastery for many years. She was forced to wear the Imperial cloak and was dragged to Santa Sofia, where the Patriarch proclaimed her Basilissa. The people had their way. Michel V was disqualified, and after three thousand people had died in these riots under the walls of the Palace, the two old ladies, last scions of the Macedonians, ruled – but Theodora, the ex-recluse, more vigorously than Zoë. She sent Michel into exile, and he went to the monastery of St John Stoudion as a monk. The sight of the two Empresses sitting on joint thrones and surrounded by the Varangian Guards must have been a strange spectacle for visiting ambassadors. Zoë felt that her life was not over, and to maintain herself on the throne thought it prudent to find a third husband. She sent for Constantine Monomach who was Governor of Greece and, at sixty-four, married him. Was it an illusion, or was it the fact, that the gaze of this tumultuous Empress as she faced us from the mosaic was really rather hard?

Looking down from the first floor of the church, one sees an opening about five feet square in the pavement of the ground floor, where Professor Ramazanoglu found, a few feet below, the original marble level. The hole is concave, and the marble is split in pieces, for it was here that the dome built by Constantine crashed and dented the original floor. As strange a find is a little side-chapel, on the left-hand side of the basilica, which has an



The Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, Istanbul, under snow.



Istanbul: the Seraglio, in the distance, from the Kilich Ali Pasha Çami.

The old British Embassy at Istanbul.

The small mosque of Ramazan Efendi, Istanbul.

interesting fifth-century mosaic dome with stars in the ceiling and swastika mosaic motifs. It is in need of repair.

Opposite the ramp described above, on the right-hand side of the church, there is a larger ramp with not so steep an incline. The Emperor used to ride up it on horseback, probably to reach the gallery at the back of the church. Here, in the very middle of the gallery and just behind the marble balustrade, is a circle of purple marble on which the Emperor stood when he came to Mass. A larger one of green marble is set into the floor before the Moslem pulpit on the right, surrounded with fine designs. Here he officiated at great ceremonies. This is just below an enclosed space in the gallery where the Imperial ladies watched the sacred office.

Streets in Istanbul today follow the Mesa, the Emperor's drive to and from Santa Sofia to the Golden Gate. This was the processional way by which he used to enter the city. Leaving the Hippodrome (now the Sultan Ahmet Meydan), where, alas! the Byzantine frescoes of the ninth century in the church of St Euphemia are being eaten up by damp and are fast going, we arrived at a spot where new Law Courts are being erected. Opposite it is a hostelry or *han* of the Middle Ages which always enchanted me, for it was so unexpected a spot to find, a few yards off a main street complete with clanking trams and hooting buses. An arch – a heavy door – and immediately one entered the peace and charm of a wild garden, around which the *han* stands, built with its thin Byzantine brick alternating with stone arched windows. The vaulting in these *hans* is always cavernous – to think of all the horses that must have fed, neighed and slept here! Above the dormitories are two storeys of serried windows. The marvel was to jump into a ditch and to find huge granite columns of Justinian's time (sixth century) with a leaf design, whose pedestals nearby, separated only by four yards, showed they must have framed a door. These columns lie dark and forgotten, covered with fig-trees and wild herbs. A few yards of carefully husbanded earth yield for the poor inhabitants of this *han* some pumpkins and egg plants ready to burst their purple skins.

It was always a rush to get to the Golden Gate and sit in the courtyard of the Seven Towers if we wanted to do so before lunch.

But the more one went, the more one loved it, and after following the Mesa, it always seemed a particular treat to end the morning with an hour there. The Golden Gate is a subject of conjecture: was it built by Theodosius the Great in 388 or later by Theodosius II? The courtyard is silent and the towers are empty, but the Golden Gate itself is there, alas! sadly damaged and creviced by earthquakes, but still enriched with a formidable surface of bluish white marble and crowned at one angle with an eagle's wings.

The decorations above the arches facing the courtyard are destroyed except for the monogram of Christ, surrounded by a thin crown of laurels. Professor Mamboury told me that the inscription above the main arch had been read correctly even though it had disappeared, thanks to the fact that all the holes holding the irons had remained untouched. Thus, by a process of guesswork, it had been possible to reconstruct the inscription.

On the other side of the arch, towards Thrace, at the very spot where the Basileus mounted his white horse to start on the Imperial Procession, winding its way along the Mesa towards Santa Sofia and the Palace, the arch is bricked in, but the columns encased in the masonry are of superb Corinthian design. Where are the statues of men and the two bronze elephants talked about by Strzygowski? Where is the door which the Arab geographer Edrisi described as opening in front of him, made of iron plated with gold? Where are the marble 'labours of Hercules' seen there by the German Loewenklau in the second half of the sixteenth century, who admired too 'figures as high as nature of the Muses curry-combing Pegasus'? The French chronicler Frelot, a hundred years later, saw a marble relief of a man asleep and a goddess with a torch that seemed to take him up to Heaven. Endymion and the moon? The chaplain to the British Embassy, James Dallaway, explained in 1795 that much had been destroyed by earthquakes, especially the bas-relief representing the labours of Hercules. Nothing of all this is left now. Time, the Crusaders (who did irreparable harm in the thirteenth century), the earthquakes, Ottoman rebuilding – these were the destroyers. Only the structure proper of the two towers remains whole, and their smooth lines offer a

splendid theme for contemplation to any lover of architectural simplicity.

After lunch in summer, often with a party of friends, we would embark on *Makook*. It certainly gave colour to any picnic to the Prince's Islands or any 'run' up the Bosphorus to be taken on a seventy-ton yacht, big enough to sleep four and large enough for parties of over forty. Once we took the Turkish Prime Minister and his wife on an afternoon's cruise round the Prince's Islands. The yacht was the last of a long string of ships and caïques attached to the Embassy when Istanbul was the capital. It had a great tradition, as all the great Powers in the nineteenth century had sloops called *stationnaires* in these waters. The French Ambassador's yacht was laid up only in 1946, and ours in 1950 when it was replaced by a motor-boat. *Makook* came down from Therapia, where it anchored in a bay next to the garden of the burnt summer Embassy of the pre-Atatürk days: its crew of eight lived ashore. We always boarded her at Kabatash in Pera next to the Maritime Museum, and as my husband went on board up flew the Union Jack. This yacht was built for the Khedive Ismael of Egypt for use on the Nile: it was therefore flat-bottomed and most unsafe except in the quietest of waters. We once took her out of the Bosphorus on a six-hour trip to Bursa. All went well until we got to Mudanya Bay. Here we met a brisk wind, and were very nearly smashed against the wharf of this small open harbour. It would not have been surprising if she had turned turtle – and long journeys were obviously quite impossible. It was the greatest fun, however, while it lasted. In the spirit of Yeats, I felt: 'I have sailed the seas and come to the Holy City of Byzantium'.

Much as I loved the land walls, I found the sea walls fascinating, and we often took *Makook* quite close to the shore to look at the walls which were so stout a defence all through the Middle Ages. They start under the Seraglio and, but for one large gap, go right up to the Castle of the Seven Towers; and as it always took us over an hour to get to the castle from the Seraglio, it can be seen that the frontage is still very long. Some of the wall-towers have inscriptions giving the names of their builders, often on ribbons of whiter stones near their tops, more rarely on plaques. In nearly all these towers – some of which are

of marble, like the one near the gate called Yedi Kule – a number of classical round columns are incorporated in their bases – a usage that gives one rather a shock, for they are used merely as boulders. Many of these form the base of the tower nearest to Justinian's palace. The façade of this palace, Constantin VII Porphyrogenitus' house near the site of the Blachernæ (the ancient palace of the Emperors, now destroyed) and the magnificent mosaic pavement of the First Palace of the Emperors between the Sultan Ahmed mosque and the sea (excavated by St Andrew's University in the 'thirties) are the only three certain relics of the Imperial dwellings. The beauty of this façade lies not in a rather indifferent old wall but in the three superb early Byzantine windows, whose marble is almost intact. A little beyond the balcony there is a triple arcade upheld by two columns with fine capitals. Under these huge windows there are also about twenty curious marble slabs encased in the wall. People live in tenements there, and washing was often to be seen hanging between these arcades. I saw this façade by day, and I also climbed behind it by night to see the Prince's Islands and their hundreds of lights framed in these great windows. The illusion of the past regained was perfect. I should not have been surprised at any moment to have seen a wraith or a shadow emerging from the vanished palace of the Emperor Hormisdas or that of Theodosius II, which stood in the harbour then called Bucoleon, and of which only the site is known.

Turning *Makook* at right angles and crossing the Bosphorus in a straight line, we would reach Mudanya Bay, look up at the needle-like monument to the Crimean dead, five thousand of whom are buried in this cemetery, and regret that no plaque, no statue has ever been put up to Florence Nightingale on the wall of the enormous Turkish hospital where she nursed in Scutari.

For about an hour we would go up the Bosphorus, past lovely villages, palaces and mosques, until we arrived at a spot between Kanlica and Anadolu Hisar where there is a gem – the Köprülü *yali*. All along the shores of the Bosphorus the Turks of old built themselves these wooden summer-houses whose apartments hang over the sea. These are carried by huge curved beams that support the superstructure and seem to grow out of the main wall. It is a style that gives the building an irregular

Santa Sofia, Istanbul.

Old Turkish *Yali* (villa) on the edge of the 'Sweet Waters' of Asia.

Interior of the Köprülü *Yali* on the Bosphorus.

look, for the beams are very rough and often sag. It is all haphazard, and in curious contrast to the rooms within; their plaster decoration between windows at regular intervals overlooking the sea is delicate, balanced and sophisticated.

This house was built in the early sixteen hundreds by Hüseyin Köprülü, of a family famous for the Grand Viziers they gave to the Ottoman Empire. Hüseyin was sent as Governor to Baghdad and was Grand Vizier to Mustafa II.

We stopped the yacht in front of this red *yali*, and sent a boat to find out if we could visit it, as it is still in private hands. Permission was given and, climbing the marble steps, we went through the house to the reception room whose magnificence could never be imagined from the simple exterior of the house. Hüseyin Köprülü liked to 'look within' as often Orientals do, and this room is really sumptuous and like a fairy-tale. It is a rectangular room with a jutting balcony. As it faces north-east and the windows stand on three sides, the sun pours in all day. Below, the Bosphorus rushes swiftly by. The channel here is very deep; *Makook* could not anchor there, and we could never stay for long. The sixteen windows of the reception room face the water; thus an effect of the utmost subtlety is created from the combination of the Bosphorus outside and a low fountain within sunk into the floor. This *selsebil* is white, and the water jets through little geometrical apertures. The guests sitting on divans either looked out to sea or at the fountain, or at a wall with panelled cupboards *en trompe l'oeil* with four niches, each with a vase of Persian style holding tulips, roses and carnations painted in the softest tones imaginable, above cupboards made of inlaid woods, ivory and bone. The flowers are typically Turkish and riot all over the domed ceiling, once covered with gold leaf and now so thin that it is like dust waiting to be blown away. The gentle, round dome gives the greatest elegance to this room. The rest of the ceiling is decorated with semi-geometrical patterns, and the whole composition is a masterpiece. The lattice is very thin – one shudders to think of the fire that could so easily consume all this sophistication. The pale gold tones, the brown, the grey and white leaves, the faint blue background, the fluttering wind through the windows, the silence – all enhanced the sense of enchantment in this lovely

place. It was a room without scent, for the bouquets were formal; it had no guests, for they had gone long ago; it had no furniture, for the divans were bare of cushions – yet it was more exquisite in its Oriental grace, with the running arabesque round the ceilings and the fountain ready to sing, than many a cluttered European salon. This room was used after the Karlowitz Treaty in 1699 for a great banquet given to the Dutch and British arbitrators. Standing within it, it was not difficult to make the journey back two hundred and fifty years and arrive in spirit for the feast in caïques manned by resplendent men, to hear the sound of music over the water and to see the spectacle of Persian and native dancing arranged for the guests.

A stone's throw from this historic house, we often visited another summer-house belonging to H.E. the French Ambassador in New Delhi, Count Ostrorog, who inherited it from his mother. It is equally exquisite, but in another way. This *yali*, which is still lived in, had its harem and *selamlik* apartments, the first for the ladies, the second for the men. The two wings of the house are joined indoors by a graceful late-seventeenth-century staircase painted a pearly grey.

The Ostrorog family has collected Chinese bibelots, screens and pictures, and very fine Persian carpets. These decorate, rather than fill, perfectly proportioned rooms; a subtle and rare atmosphere envelops the visitor as he enters this old and delightfully arranged Turkish home. Presences seem to hover all over this little palace, like scent escaping from a closed pot-pourri jar. It is a house full of rustles and echoes.

Arriving by boat at the place is also an adventure, as the current is very strong. As we jumped quickly from the rowing boat on to the paved terrace, Count Ostrorog and his brother always welcomed us under the shadow of some parasol pines, a fitting entrance to their lovely home.

Opposite this *yali* we often disembarked on the northern shore of the Bosphorus, at the village of Therapia, by the forlorn garden of our old Embassy, a piece of land given by the Sultan about 1840 consisting now of evergreens, summer terraces, chestnuts at the foot of a hill up which, surrounded by walls, climbed a park reminiscent of the *Belle au Bois Dormant*. The old summer-house here was burnt out before the First World War; it

will never be rebuilt. Sir Percy Loraine's racing stables are empty, and there are no rowing boats emerging from the underground tunnels communicating directly with the sea. But this exquisite spot faces the entrance to the Black Sea and commands a superb view. Wandering up the zigzag paths you come suddenly on a small stone obelisk put up by Lord Cowley as a memorial to the generous Sultan Mehmed, donor of the land.

Now that I have relived some of the hours I have spent in Istanbul, I seem to have left out everything. The Seraglio, completely rearranged under the guidance of its director, Professor Tahsin Oz, and its most lovely gem, the Baghdad kiosk; St John Stoudion, now roofless, the monastery that once housed a thousand monks; the ancient church of St Mary Mougliatissa, the only Byzantine church where Christian worship has gone on uninterruptedly since 1453; the Bazaar; the Ottoman fountains; the beautiful mosques of Sülemaniye and Sultan Ahmed; the cisterns; the classical museum with Alexander's sarcophagus. . . . The truth is that many volumes would not exhaust all that might be said of Istanbul. Here I must be content to have tried to capture a little of its many-sided charm.

*Chapter Two*

# BURSA AND NICEA

WATERS and silks: these are the two lovely, rustling gifts of Bursa. Water – inside and outside mosques holy and revered, captured and gurgling in the fountains; very still in the *hamams*; hot, medicinal and radio-active at the nearby springs at Kükürtlü; clear and limpid when it comes from Karamustafapasha; and just rushing down from old Olympus for joy in the gardens or in its way through the streets. And the silks! All around Bursa, from time immemorial, the silkworms have thrived on the mulberry-trees. The first cocoons came from Baghdad in the time of Justinian, when Bursa was Prusi, and from it a long line of Byzantine Emperors ordered their sumptuous brocades. The Sultans did the same, and the Seraglio palace in Istanbul is full of delicate hangings, covers, damasks and velvets made here. Today the shops of Ankara and Istanbul sell Bursa's excellent natural silks.

Bursa has a large merino and cotton factory run by the Government, but the silk industries are smaller and are directed by private enterprise. Bursa has so many natural and artistic beauties that it is difficult to know where to stop describing them; I can perhaps best offer them all together as in a Flemish picture: a deep burnished dish full of apricots, cherries, melons, grapes, olives and chestnuts, with vine tendrils emerging from among the exquisite, glossy contours *à la* Snyders. Bursa's artistic beauties have luckily been seen and described by great artists from Lamartine to Loti, but I will venture to add my own recollections of some lovely Ottoman buildings which specially appealed to me there.

The Uludag mountain (Olympus in classical times), a barrier against the whistling winds of Anatolia, the long blue chain of the gentle Mysian hills, the emerald plain undulating under static cypresses, waterfalls everywhere, an irregular and unplanned old town, a sense of space and light – all these combine with a profound sense of peace to create the individuality of

Bursa. It is far from dead, for many industries flourish, but the 'planners' of these have had the good sense and taste to avoid the old alleyways, and, following the strong lead given by the School of Agriculture, have succeeded in developing a thriving agriculture, and some industry, while leaving untouched those parts of the town that are sought by the tourist, the artist, the sick and even the gourmet – for the Chelik Palas Hotel has an excellent chef.

One could write about the Kings of Pergama and those of Bithynia successively taking Prusi, of Mithridates fighting the Romans here, of St Andrew encouraging the anchorites living in caves all over Olympus, of the Arab and Seljuk raids; and much could be told of the Crusaders headed by de Bouillon; but to me, Bursa (unlike Nicea) flowered only on becoming Ottoman in 1324, when Osman took it from Andronicus and made it the capital of his young empire. Until Edirne (Adrianople) became a capital in its turn, Bursa remained the gem of the Sultans, who even then were still buried here: all the Osmanli Dynasty have their graves in Bursa. They built mosques, *medrese* (seminaries) and civic buildings, and so Bursa became the pantheon of the Imperial family.

Leaving the Chelik Palas Hotel by winding roads, we motored to the tomb of Osman. This grey marbled *türbe* overlooking the city is surrounded by plane-trees whose leaves rustle in the wind like jingling glass. It is housed in an old round church dedicated to Elijah. From here the mountain is quite near, and we could see the cattle going up its slopes, for Bursa is a country town full of friendly animals – Angora cats, herds of goats and donkeys. There is even a spot where the storks can rest; they are looked after by the corporation of shoemakers. As we looked upon the grey domes and the wooden houses that peeped through the foliage of the plane-trees, the chestnuts and the cypresses, the cooing of pigeons, snatches of song and the barking of dogs was carried up through the thin air. An atmosphere of serenity seemed to float over this city, where Turkish art gave of its very best. All that the Greek, Byzantine and Seljuk arts contributed to the Ottoman was absorbed here in the production of the purest mosques, the most exquisite tombs. Time and many generations of men have respected their incomparable setting in the greenest of plains. I have loved Sinan's architectural work

from Edirne to Erzurum, and I think that the Tecil Çami – the green mosque at Bursa – is perhaps the most finished and delicate example of Turkish art. Nearby is an attractive museum housed in an old *medrese*, complete with porticoes.

Mehmed I built this mosque on a terrace where more plane-trees are irregularly planted. It dates from the early fifteenth century, and its architect was a man called Ayas, who used lovely grained stone a little sandy in texture and tone. This mosque is a holy place. Does not the Koran say: 'The God-fearing shall dwell amid gardens and fountains'? It is built on a cruciform plan with a central cupola. The four arms of the cross have four small square halls also covered with cupolas.

There is a pool of white marble immediately below the main cupola; this is never found in later work, but has somewhat the same feel as pictures of Bachkisaray Fountain in the Crimea that inspired Pushkin to write his attractive tale. The interior walls are decorated with hexagonal sea-green glazed tiles about six feet high surrounded by a blue border. The arches and the tympana are also decorated with these tiles, which give a depth and unbelievable tone to the whole mosque. It is a feast of tiles, as the Imperial gallery, the galleries of the high dignitaries and women and the windows all have tiled balustrades. The light comes through coloured glass windows and adds to the sense of mystery. The tiles of the shrine are absolutely superb and were brought from Tabriz. All the plaster and woodwork covered with gold leaf was exquisitely done by Haci Ali, a master also from Persia. There is much prismatic ornamentation on the pendentives connecting the cupolas. Looking down on this gem from the upper galleries, where I found some carpets of great price, I felt like giving thanks to this master of serenity who had built a mosque so restful, so pure, so beautiful that it ranks amongst the masterpieces of the world.

Next to the mosque lies the tomb: a green-tiled octagonal building built for Mehmed I, whose grave is enriched with more tiles. All his family is buried round him. Alas! it was under repair at the time of our visit, and we could not see it.

The largest mosque in Bursa is the Ulu Çami (of the fourteenth century), a huge, white, square building covered with twenty cupolas. Architecturally, its exterior is heavy, a little too

squat. But I did like its *minber* (pulpit) of dark hard wood magnificently sculptured, and its *chardivan* (fountain) in the middle of the mosque. The inside is decorated only with calligraphy – a black-and-white and rather startling decoration. Orhan, who built this fourteenth-century mosque, gave it one minaret only. Its walls have little layers of brick inlaid between the stones. Next to the Murad mosque there is an old garden with eight tombs either octagonal or square. They are monuments of much simplicity, irregularly placed among fountains and trees, but each of burnished brick with grey domes. Here the Osmanli Sultans are buried, surrounded by their children. All is silence, except in Murad's tomb, where a bird can sing looking down at the square marble rectangle where the Sultan lies. The cupola is open; the wind blows in the leaves and the rain falls on the tomb itself. It is very very still there in the evening. Some princesses are here also: I love the names of two, Miriam and Ainischa.

It is curious that a number of these princes – nomads by nature – are buried here, for the great Sultans were often buried where they fell. Just as each, on his earthly journey, often built a pavilion or a palace for himself, but had no Windsor or Louvre, so their tombs are flung far and wide – all except here in Bursa.

The happiest harmonies of nature, the richest patterns and panoramas, all meet like magic circles around Nicea. It seems that there man has introduced an 'Aigues Mortes' of towers and walls on to the shores of a lake whose limpidity is that of the ideal lake, and into a landscape where the surrounding mountains, their white caps reflected in the lake, are distant enough to fit into the Olympian view and give the traveller an overwhelming sense of space. For the traveller to Nicea, the last part of the road is 'as the crow flies'. But a crow is hardly the symbol for the impression one has of soaring as one stands on the hills that overlook Nicea in its miniature brown-grey circle – the delightful ruins of man before Time. A solitary eagle dominated the sky over Nicea. We felt rather small on our hill-top. It was pleasant to imagine, after the manner of Walter Scott, the Crusaders in their barracks seeing a golden eagle or a monster in the lake, and rushing off to Godfrey de Bouillon and making an ominous report about it. The Bishop and Chaplain would then say a few Masses, and

the army's crack archer draw his bow and kill the portent!

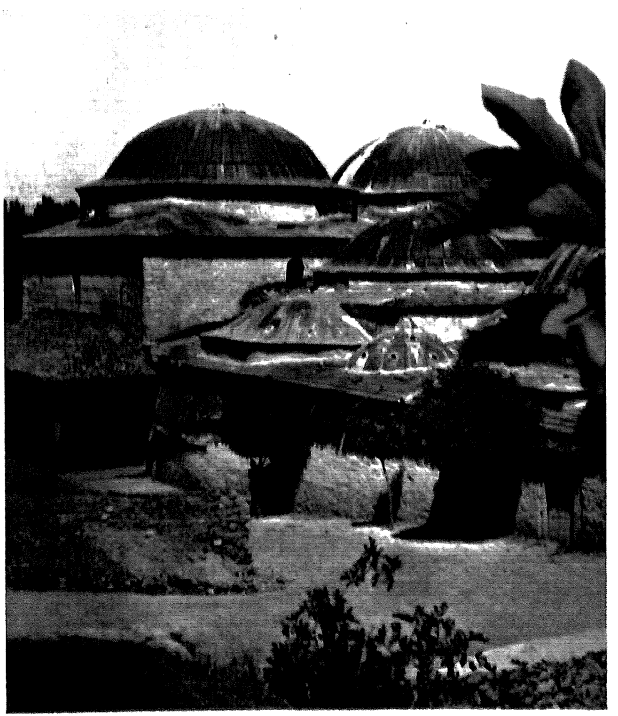
These impressions are, of course, the reward of perseverance. Our car got bogged down at least twice on one pass overlooking Nicea, and although we got through, churning mud at an alarming rate, it is a drawback that one may never even reach Nicea in its solitude behind the hills.

The road leads from the Byzantine water resort of Yalova to a small village facing Nicea over the glaucous mists of Lake Ascanius. Another range of mountains on the left are pierced by the lovely Solëuz gorge, a narrow escarped valley with a turgid, ochre mountain stream, which fights its way through to the lake. Muddy but attractive villages lined the steep lakeside, making of it a sort of primitive Lake Como. After a long drive through the stream, and damp after much rain, we passed the big plain which has Olympus over Bursa and the snowy freshness of height and distance that gives the range the appearance of the lower ranges of the Caucasus.

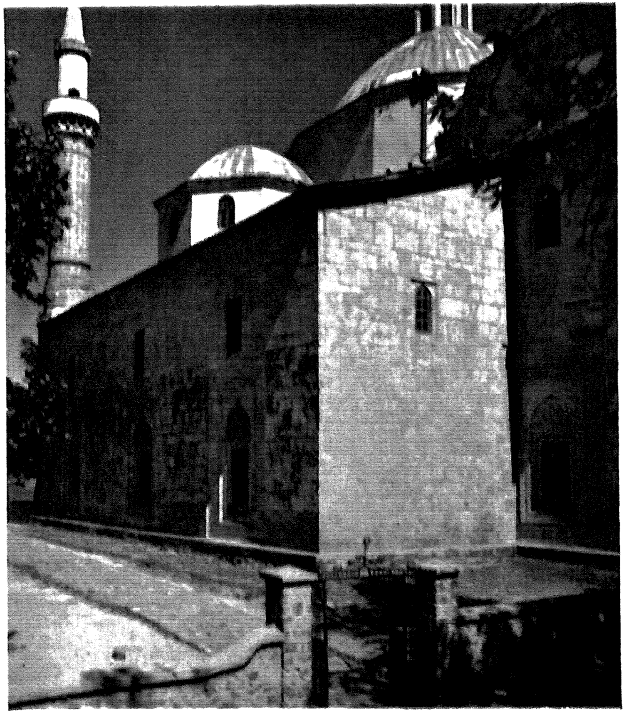
On the left a corkscrew road winds up the hill – and here we were again overlooking Nicea and Lake Ascanius. A stork in one-legged majesty, his white barman's coat in brilliant contrast to the dun tones of the huts and ground, stood with us overlooking the scene. It was deeply satisfying.

To call anything satisfying with any degree of sincerity is, from mad English travellers, a happy understatement which may perhaps convey the breadth of the scale, the enclosed circle of Nicea, the strength of its walls which, from here, appeared in all their pristine strength ready to bar Seljuk or Crusader from the fruits of victory within. A straight white line leads from the hills to the first gate of Nicea, and so we bumped along the same track as all our predecessors must surely have used as they came to Nicea in the days of its flowering as a capital. Although the city is of great age, the ruins of Nicea today mostly date from its golden days in Christian times, from the Councils, from Justinian and from its Indian summer as an important town in the last century of Byzantine history, when a gallant, two-headed but useless stand was made against the Turks and the betrayal of Constantinople.

The walls of Nicea are, of course, its essence; they are its strength, its intimacy and its defence. From the heights of the



Fifteenth-century baths at Bursa.



The Green Mosque at Bursa.

One of the four double gates which enclose Nicea.

Another of the massive, stone-built Nicean gates.

hills around they appear as massive and strong as in the first days of their construction. The four great gates, Yenishehir, Istanbul, Lefke and the Agger, are all flanked by double towers and arches, and despite the breaches of time, battles and urchins into their solid connecting-links, the walls of Nicea still defy earthquakes, and stand in the elegant manner of a Piranesi drawing. I have read that there were 238 towers there; it is a tremendous figure, which rivalled those of Constantinople.

On our arrival in the evening, with the sun shining in a clear blue sky in place of menacing clouds, we met the local *Kaymakam*, the Government representative, and soon started to examine the gates. There are no problems of traffic on the roads in Nicea, as each gate is at a cardinal point and the two roads of Nicea merely join the four together. After seeing the fascinating Lefke Gate with its battered friezes, we drove out and up over a steep hill to a strange and enormous sarcophagus, only part of which remained standing at a queer angle above Nicea. But the locals, whose guess is always as romantic as that of any text-book, call it the tomb of the Romans; apparently four or five men were buried in it. Our hillside was the best place from which to see the closest view of the town, and it was easy to imagine Tancred and Bohemund – with their strange, crude and even barbarian concepts – probably accompanied by commandeered Byzantine liaison officers whose smooth diplomatic training would be needed, cantering up to review the situation on their heavy horses; or, the rôles reversed, the Sultan of Iconium, Kilich Arslan, without the full fervour and fanaticism his ancestors showed centuries earlier against the Byzantines at Hieromax, but with a very definite urge to slit the throats of his opponents.

Lake Ascanius was a problem no commander ever solved when laying siege to Nicea, without bringing his ships overland from Yalova and the Gulf of Izmit, which was a considerable business. As did Hannibal and Mehmed, the conqueror of Constantinople, the boats were painfully rolled over the mud tracks and finally floated free from the rushes and the clinging sand. Whoever commanded the lake and besieged the walls could then starve the Niceans out; if the latter ruled the waters, the besiegers were wasting their time unless they had overwhelming numerical superiority.

We left our observation-post and went down to look at the mosque of Yeshil Çami, whose green tiles had a sheen and glitter in this landscape over which the storm had passed that would have delighted Renoir or Degas. Every cypress glistened, every tile softly reflected the sun in its washed surface; the pleasant contrast between the humidity of the rain and the warmth of the sun was now engaged. It was the magic atmosphere of *'après la pluie'*, and provoked the same emotions as a line from Rimbaud. A boy of about fifteen, still in the seminary, opened the mosque, the interior of which was simple, white, utilitarian. Hayreddin Pasha built it because (for he could not go to Mecca on account of his infirmities) the Koran suggested mosque building as the alternative. Other ruins, some delicate, others merely rubble, dot the village, for Nicea suffered once more as recently as 1922, when the Greeks shelled it. We saw Santa Sofia – whose fading frescoes have little to protect them from the rain – and what our guide thought was the site of the Council of the Churches. But these were all disappointing, although very interesting historically; what fascinated me as much was the bulk of the Roman theatre, its back irreverently sticking out of the earth and covered with weeds – and still there for anybody who cares to find a spade and dig for half an hour! This was the luxurious theatre Pliny complained about to Trajan, in a letter whose spirit is re-created every day by those taxpayers whose concern over culture is nothing compared with that they show about housing or drains. It is exasperating that this theatre, a marvel of elegant white stone, remains unexcavated, for, like the stupendous theatre of Miletus, it is one of the few in Asia Minor that is not supported by a hillside or a backing of earth; and if, as Pliny complained, it was a bottomless pit of expense, the fittings, carved chairs and statues should be of great interest.

We behaved like mountain goats when we took to the walls and climbed into the enormous shells of the towers. Soon it was sunset. I hesitate to attempt such a hackneyed subject, but, as we stood on the Byzantine towers of Nicea, the sun flecked every ripple of the lake; everywhere there was a dazzle of blue and gold. In front of us a young man, the village idiot we were told, was sitting on the beach softly singing to the setting sun. He seemed to have chosen the better part.

*Chapter Three*

# GALLIPOLI AND TROY

*Arrived upon the downs of Asphodel*
*I walked towards the Military quarter,*
*To find the sunburnt ghosts of Allied soldiers*
*Killed on the Chersonese.*
*I met a band of pale-faced weary men*
*Got up in odd equipment. 'Hi', I said,*
*'Are you Gallipoli?'*

C. CAULDWELL, *Classic Encounter*

AT a bend of the coast road along the southern shores of the Dardanelles, between Chanakkale and Troy, there is a small elevation. Two miles away to the west of it lie what Schliemann claimed to be the very stones of Homer's Troy, haunted by the shades of Achilles, Hector and King Priam. Looking straight across the water of the Ægean the memorial tower of the British Army is visible on the western end of the bleak peninsula of Gallipoli. To the right the straits narrow into the Hellespont, where the myriad hosts of Xerxes, drawn from half the peoples of Asia, streamed for many hours across his bridge of boats on the way to Greece: that great inroad into classical Greece which, had it ended successfully for the invaders, would have profoundly changed the history of the world. For the armies of the East were heading across the Hellespont to punish the little Greek city states which were then just embarking, Athens above all, on those two centuries of artistic and mental achievement which have, jointly with the Christian heritage, created and periodically re-created European culture ever since.

Farther away, enveloped in a blue mist, rose Samothrace, waiting perhaps for the return of its headless 'Victory', whose open wings might sweep down the stairs of the Louvre and fly back, soaring above those Homeric waters.

To reach Troy and to visit the Gallipoli peninsula involved us in a most amusing journey and some organizing, as all the country was difficult of access, and much of it was a military

zone. But every courtesy was shown us by the Turks. Leaving Istanbul in the early afternoon on a very comfortable Smyrna boat of about three thousand tons, we had the never-ending delight of seeing the city recede as we got into the Marmara.

Lisbon and Rio are also capital cities that go down to the sea, but in Istanbul the town lies on either side of a channel so that, standing on the deck of the Smyrna boat travelling west, you can look at Istanbul proper on your right and on your left rest your eyes on the charming grey mosques, the trees and the gardens of Scutari.

The Seraglio and its proud promontory, the church of St Irene, pink and small nestling next to the ponderous mass of Santa Sofia, the Sultan Ahmed mosque and its six minarets, little Santa Sofia low behind the railway, the long line of houses ending gloriously in the Seven Towers – all these magnificent landmarks enclosed behind the nearly continuous sea walls have enchanted the eyes and warmed the hearts of countless travellers as they leave Byzantium by sea. The very name of Istanbul gnaws at the heart-strings of anyone of feeling who has lived there and grown familiar with the soft waters of the Bosphorus lapping the very stones of Justinian's palace. For us, who had had a magnificent home in Pera and every facility to visit any monument, church or mosque, and who had spent hours on the old Embassy yacht *Makook*, the name of Istanbul will for ever provoke many emotions and a lasting regret for the memory of three entirely enchanting summers there.

Across these tranquil waters, leaving the Prince's Islands well to our left and hugging Thrace for a little while, we sailed for Gallipoli – a journey of six hours. Immediately the boat gets into its stride and leaves the shore, people stop looking at the land and settle down to deck life. The Smyrna boat carries a great many people, as there is a constant *va et vient* between Istanbul and prosperous 'Izmir'. Soldiers and civilians crowd the decks forward and aft; some squat, eat, cook or sleep, but many sing and quite a few dance.

The Turks have incredible endurance, can stand immobile for hours and carry the most fantastic weights, and are one of the strongest races I have ever come across. They are frugal people, but on more than one trip I noticed they like to carry cooked

foods, and travel with rice, little tins of cooked vegetables and balls of meat and quantities of flat unleavened pancake bread. In the summer, of course, wonderful fruit can be bought – cherries, peaches, pears, melons, water-melons, plums and figs, olives and nuts. But melons are the glory of the Bosphorus, and everyone eats enormous quantities of them, especially the water-melon.

The low chanting of the men, the never-ending shuffle-dancing of the soldiers as over and over again they repeated their folk steps to a slow rhythm in a very small space – quite lost to the world and intensely concentrated on their swaying movements – the immobile and absent look of the gazers at sea who, like all stolid people, have an incredible capacity for remaining still . . . all this leaves one with an unimaginable feeling of loneliness, enhanced by the fact that these boats are very silent and very steady, so that a certain eeriness creeps on board when the sun sinks and very few lamps are lit.

Nearing the land not far from Gallipoli, we saw small low fires, no doubt burning weeds, dotting the coast. In this ancient land, how apt was Homer's comment on this same place, when he says at the end of Book VIII of the *Iliad*: 'Fires as many between the ships and the River Scamandros, as the stars in heaven that shine conspicuous round the shining moon, when no wind blows, and all the peaks and headlands and mountain glades are clear to view; a strip is peeled away down through the mists of the infinite heaven, and all stars are seen, so that the shepherd is glad at heart. So ten thousand fires burnt upon the plain, and beside each sat fifty men in the light of the blazing fire. The horses stood by their cars, champing barley and grain, and waiting for dawn upon her glorious throne.'

About ten at night we landed at Gallipoli, where the waters appear to run more swiftly through the straits; compressed here by the land on both sides, they seem anxious to leave the Marmara and meet the more purple waters of the Ægean.

Gallipoli proper is a small but prosperous town, with fine municipal buildings and a superb military club. Thanks to the kindness of the commanding officer, we drove an hour and a half along the coast on a fine road down to Mayos. It was night and it was May, and the sweet-smelling scents on this lonely road were overpowering. Woods rose on little hillocks on both sides

and the sea on our left was seen at frequent intervals. The village of Mayos is a stone's throw from Sestos, which, with its sister town Abydos on the Asiatic side, appears to those who arrive by sea to be one town owing to the narrowness of the Hellespont.

We left the car here, and Mr Millington, Imperial War Graves Commissioner, met us with his launch, for we were to cross from Europe to Asia to sleep at his house and return the next morning to visit the Gallipoli battlefield. This boat, flying a small British flag, was luckily stable and open, and was driven by an unobtrusive engine. The weather was perfect and the sea gloriously smooth, and during the forty minutes we took to cross from one side to another someone murmured about the current which 'swiftly flows and strongly swells, between the winding Dardanelles'. Hearing those lines on a windless and starry night approaching Abydos, actually in sight of Byron's house – Abydos, where Hero was loved by Leander, on the very waters which Xerxes bridged – was one of those combinations of luck which the kind gods do arrange sometimes, but at rare and infrequent intervals! Very few Western visitors, and hardly any women, can have had this opportunity in recent years, for which I was truly grateful.

The temper of the sea that evening gallantly played up to our mood. It had none of the wet and frothy feeling that is always the quality of the North Sea, but in its stillness it looked like a great velvet carpet with little silver braidings thrown negligently under our very boat. Selene, who symbolized the serene brightness of Oriental nights, was there to receive us, trailing her coat over land and sky.

Quiet, sleepy Chanakkale on the south shore of the Straits – where scattered villas with large, overgrown gardens had been the residences of prosperous foreign merchants when it was an Emporium with foreign consulates – was headline news to the whole world for a few weeks in 1922 as 'Chanak', when General Harington's small British force sat there facing the great Kemal Atatürk's army embodying the new Turkey, and for a moment it looked as if the unhappy conflict ended only three years before would be renewed. Happily good sense and moderation prevailed, and that danger at least passed away for ever. The War Graves Commissioner has a charming, old-fashioned Turkish

house on the sea-front. It is a white and spacious house, with a garden full of orange- and lemon-trees which were then in glorious bloom. The Ægean lapped at the moorings, and little fishing boats floated up and down before our windows. One or two larger boats – caïques, with hulls painted the same faded 'distemper' tones that Marie Laurencin uses for her pinks and greens – stood motionless on a glassy sea. I was surprised at the small amount of larger sea traffic in these narrows: except for the fishing boats that fed a tunny factory round the corner, it was very quiet indeed. This is less romantic than the old pottery factory from which comes the name of Chanakkale – Castle of Plates.

In the morning the atmosphere of mystery had vanished. The Straits could be measured from Chanakkale. The old Genoese castle opposite was attractively situated on the edge of the sea, and we crossed the waters again in our little craft: ten people would have been comfortable in it, but no more. Mr Millington distracted our attention when the engine failed and we were becalmed and out of call from the beach for a while, by pointing out to us Byron's little property in a fold of the shore. Half a dozen trees protect the well, but it is a sad spot now, for the house has been turned into a petrol dump. It was here that the great Romantic swam the Hellespont, one and a half miles across.

On the European side the beach where we landed has no houses. Driving in a box-car belonging to the War Graves Commission and escorted by a Turkish officer in a jeep, we took to an earth track leading to the cemeteries. It was a warm and lovely day, and we motored for twenty-five minutes or so through waving corn – young corn – masses of sweetbrier and rose bushes, with carpets of wild ranunculi, and at every turn we saw the sea. The earth on this side of the Straits is sienna-red, and the contrast with the tender barley blades was very moving. There is something touching about a peaceful, empty battlefield. I am grateful to my grandfather, Baron George Snoy, for having, while Vice-President of the Belgian House of Deputies, initiated the law which preserves for all time the long expanse of green fields east of the mound commemorating the Battle of Waterloo towards the village of Lillois. Here, round Conk Bayiri, all was silent for miles: the deep silence of an area without a

village or a tarmac road. We heard only the crunch of the wheels on the dry earth and birds singing. When the car stopped, there was no sound at all but that of our own voices – and somehow one did not want to talk during a visit to half a dozen of those thirty cemeteries where thirty-five thousand British dead are buried.

There is a sense of normality in ordinary civilian cemeteries, be they of country or town, where the bones of old or young people are laid to rest at their hour; after all, this is the natural conclusion of all life. But to imagine all these gay young soldiers mown down – as they were – and now lying side by side under a foreign soil, filled me with fury at the stupidity of modern war and the inanity of battle.

Many trenches, untouched by time and still narrow and somehow alive with the threat of a sudden death, surround Conk Bayiri. Vegetation is thick and wild on these battle areas, in contrast to the utter perfection of the cemeteries proper. As they are all placed on mountain heights facing the brilliant Ægean on one side, and the Dardanelles on the other, each tree that was planted by the intelligent care of the Commission is silhouetted against a background of sheer beauty. Not only have pines, cypresses and groves of juniper been planted round each memorial, but English grass and masses of iris and roses surround the tombs themselves with low walls to guard them. Each Anzac cemetery has an individuality of its own as, owing to the difficult nature of the ground, no two are of the same size. Some have hundreds of graves, others fifteen or twenty-five. The latter – so small and intimate – are very poignant indeed, and the carefully carved names stand out just above the grass. It is a strange duty to be asked to look after these thousands of graves, and Mr Millington was reticent about the atmosphere of these sacred grounds at night. I felt that sometimes he surely heard 'the hundreds marching on the hills in the wars of long ago'. Although we visited them in the morning, I had strongly sensed the psychical impact of all these dead voices calling, and their echo carrying far across Suvla Bay and 'Ocean Beach' back to their Australian and English homes.

The action at Conk Bayiri must have been a hopeless and appalling one, as, to take the 971-feet-high Conk Bayiri, several

months were spent in severe hand-to-hand fighting. General Sir Ian Hamilton's scheme had comprised, I gathered, landing on two beaches, east and west of this hill, with a pincer movement straight across the peninsula. Owing to a mistake – due to the boats losing direction from the Isle of Imbros in a fog – the Anzacs landed on the beach at the foot of Conk Bayiri instead of on the flanks, and then proceeded to fight their way for months and inch by inch to the top. When they got there, still separated by only a few yards from the Turks, they were shelled by 14-inch guns of our own monitors, one shell killing one hundred and fifty men. The whole story, when related on the actual ground, is quite incredible.

Mr Millington, who was in the Anzac forces, has been working for twenty-five years on the Peninsula with his staff of twenty-eight gardeners, all friendly and respectful Cypriots and Turks who never want to leave their work – in spite of its difficulty, for the ground is rocky, water hard to get, and English flowers often have to be nursed with great care. Few people now visit these impressive and deserted cemeteries. So many of the near relations of the dead have themselves died, and the journeys from Australia have been interrupted since the Second World War.

The whitewashed little cottages where files are kept is right on the seashore facing Imbros, and thus near the long flat beach where even now there are still huge and ugly marine engines lying half-buried in the white warm sands.

The Turkish memorial to their fallen is quite near our own and is very well arranged. After lunch we retraced our steps, very moved by all we had seen: a silent and respectful visit of the living is, after all, a very small tribute to the magnitude of the sacrifice of the dead.

Crossing the Straits again, we went back to Chanakkale and boarded a car provided by the courtesy of the Turkish military authorities, complete with officer and driver, to visit Troy, about forty miles away.

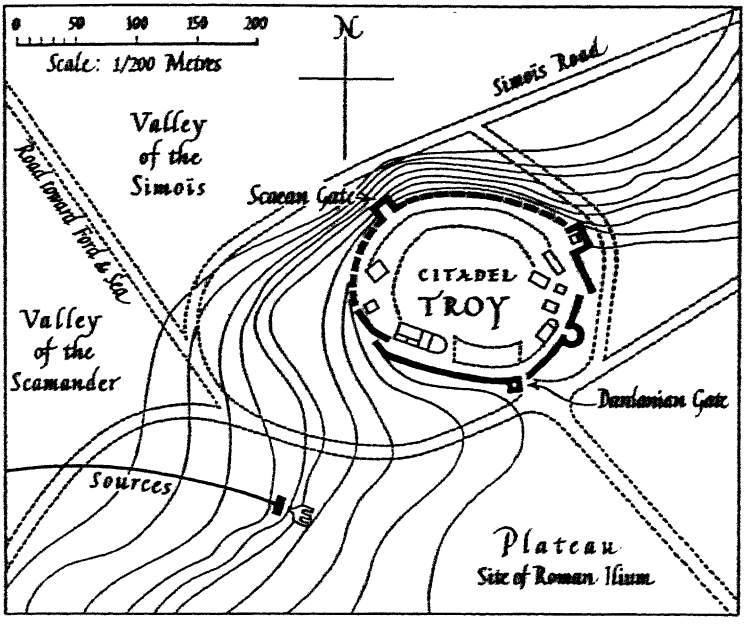
The friends to whom we had talked about this journey, and who had been there, had told us it was not worth while going. They said that the ruins were neglected, that there were few of them anyhow, that Schliemann, who had excavated there

a hundred years ago, had left everything in disorder, and finally that Homeric Troy did not exist at all! The site has been a matter of controversy for years. It is generally agreed the Turkish village of Hisarlik was built on the ruins of the Greco-Roman city of New Ilion; but was New Ilion built on the site of ancient Ilion, that is, Troy? Certainly Schliemann made interesting archæological discoveries on the site of Hisarlik, and if they are not Troy, what are they? Dorpfeld and Brückner and, later, another German, Herr Seyk, all believe in Schliemann's find, even if Seyk admits that the pre-Homeric double semi-circular wall containing a layer of cinders is not perhaps Troy proper, but the fortification which the wise Nestor built to protect the camp and the pyre where they burnt their dead.[1]

On the other hand, a great French Homerist, Charles Vellay, about ten years ago published, according to Emile Henriot, *'les nouveaux aspects de la question de Troie'* and also, in the *Editions des Belles Lettres, 'Comment se pose aujourd'hui la question de Troie'* in which he mobilizes Homer, strategy, topography and archæology to prove that Troy is not at Hisarlik.

He says that Homer talks of Troy as being a very large city with an acropolis, and a necropolis through which the Trojan chiefs went from their palaces to go to battle on the plain; that Homeric Troy was on a site bounded by many rivers; that a great deal of space was needed for all this fighting, as it took place north of Troy between the walls of the city and the Greek camp backing on the Hellespont. Vellay goes on to explain that at Hisarlik all these requirements are non-existent, as the ruins do not cover more than four acres, and although there are most ancient ruins, such a small place in itself could not have been the Royal Troy which had sovereign power over the cities of Asia Minor. For the same reason it would have been too small to have resisted the ten-year siege. Another argument is that strategically Hisarlik could be turned and was too near the shore – about one hundred yards in Homer's time (now three miles) – and this would not allow for large-scale action. In further support of his theory, Vellay says that Homer relates that Polites, grandson of

[1] 'Round the fire they dug a common grave and built next to it a wall with high towers, a bulwark for their ships and for themselves . . . and they dug a moat large and deep where they sunk stakes.' (*Iliad*, Book VII.)




Priam, went out of Troy to watch the vessels of the approaching Greeks, and that this would never have been necessary at Hisarlik, which is itself on a hillock overlooking the Hellespont.

Brückner, on the other hand, upholding Schliemann's theories, and believing Hisarlik to be Troy, wants to place the Greek armies at Besika on the Ægean. But again, there is nothing at Besika to encourage this hypothesis. And so the argument goes on.

Alexander the Great went to Hisarlik to visit his ancestor's graves – but he, too, may have been mistaken. Ovid also came with a Mytilenean friend, a son of Theophanus the historian, as a guide, who showed him on the presumed site of Ilion nothing but ruins and tombs; while the Byzantine Empress Eudoxia a thousand years later lamented that the city had been totally destroyed 'even to the foundations'. Who is right?

We couldn't have cared less about these controversies, and we clung to the tradition that the spot we were visiting was ancient Troy, and liked to think that Scamander emigrated from Crete

to build it twenty-five years after Moses was born in 1400 B.C. It was interesting to read that Neptune had repaired its walls in the time of King Laomedon, that it owed its successive names first to Trojas and afterwards to his son Ilus, who called it Ilion!

In our box-car we drove along an empty and winding road on land that had once belonged to Crœsus, and sniffing the thyme, the santalina, the cystus, the myrtle, the oleanders, looking at a scenery dotted with olive-trees, tamarisks, broom and spreading valona oaks, we reached the earth track that led us to Hisarlik. We walked the last half-mile towards Troy. As on the Gallipoli side, wild flowers by the thousand, poppies and daisies, made everything look fresh and colourful.

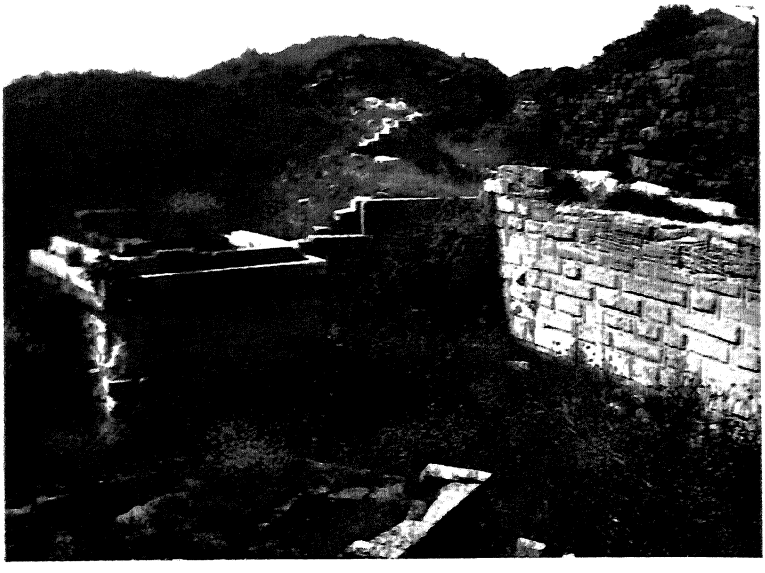
All that visibly survives both of New Ilion and of the ancient foundations – whatever they were – can be explored within the compass of the little eminence at the end of which straggles Hisarlik proper. First we saw New Ilion, the standard type of small Greco-Roman provincial town, but with a remarkably well-preserved little theatre. Close to it was a miniature public bath. The star local linguist, who constituted himself as our guide, carefully explained to us in English that 'this was the cinema and there was the bar', and we did not have the impression that he was joking. Here and there on the floor of the theatre some rather nice grey and white mosaics were still intact, though the inevitable goat was actually dislodging fragments under our eyes. Close by is an interesting little museum, where we saw coins and pottery. Before we left New Ilion we had been able to buy a capful of Roman coins (not from the museum!).

We were fondly expecting to see with our own eyes traces of the nine cities which are said to be superimposed on nine successive layers of excavations, but found it quite impossible to do so. Instead we passed straight from the compact ruins that are visible on New Ilion to the edge of the great circular ditch, some thirty or forty feet deep, whose sides are encased in massive cyclopean masonry – large blocks of undressed stone which Schliemann believed to be the walls of ancient Troy.

Across it, at one place, runs a great wall of irregular height and six or eight feet in width, many of whose stones are dislodged so that it was easy to descend gradually to the bottom of the ditch, then walk along and touch the very deepest foundation

Remains of a Roman tessellated pavement, Troy.

Graves of the Anzac dead in a Gallipoli cemetery.



Ruins of a Greek wall at Troy.

Corinthian columns at Troy.

of this three-thousand-year-old settlement, whatever its real name. Though we found it impossible with our untrained eyes to identify all the different layers, one cannot spend a whole afternoon on that site without feeling that, whatever archæologists may say, the visible traces surely proclaim the existence in this place of one of the great sites of history.

Having climbed back to the top of the great ditch, and mounting to the highest ground beside some half-buried columns and gazing out at the plain below, which an imperceptible evening mist was beginning to blur, my attention was drawn by our local guide to two low mounds on the plain towards the sea, which he said were ancient tombs. Could one of them have been Achilles' at Sigæum? Frankly surrendering to the emotional influences of the surroundings, I imagined Helen weeping, covering with her long white veil the face that launched the black ships; Hector and Achilles circling round the walls in their mortal duel, and, at the last, Hector's body trailing after Achilles' chariot.

And what of the fate of the treasures that the soil of Troy has yielded to the spade of the archæologist? I tell the tragic and lamentable story as I read it in the *Turkish Automobile Club Bulletin* of September 1949, which printed an account, published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Mayence, by a Professor Kuehn, of the final loss of Troy's treasures. These, excavated by Schliemann – who had given more of them to Berlin than he had to Athens (where he had, nevertheless, built himself a palace, having married a Greek lady) – had been evacuated during the war to the small town of Lebus, near Frankfort. Here they were under the guardianship of some employees of the Berlin Museum, and had been packed in big cases and deposited in a castle belonging to a Junker of Brandenburg extraction. The townlet of Lebus never knew it had the honour of being entrusted with these treasures.

The war ended, and in 1945 the museum administration asked for the restoration of the cases, which was refused by the military authorities. The castle had been declared public property and was to be 'socialized', but it fell instead into private hands, and this new owner, before demolishing it, sold all there was to be sold without touching the cases. Ignorant of what was in them,

he then abandoned the house, which was left derelict. In 1948 a native of Lebus got married. It was the custom to organize, on a wedding eve, a *polterabend*, a boisterous party of carnivalesque character, of which an inseparable feature is the breaking of china or pottery against walls. But immediately after the war pottery was scarce; certainly none was available for the happy event.

A peasant then remembered the big cases in the castle, and made up his mind to open them to see if they contained china. Joy! Pots, pans and vases were found in quantity and unpacked. They were just what was wanted for the *polterabend*. After the party the rest of the mosaics and similar pieces were built into some kitchens and stables.

A little later an employee of the Berlin prehistoric museum went to Lebus to see what could still be saved. The Mayor having refused permission to allow her to do so, she had the clever idea of offering sweets to the children if they would bring her objects found in the cases. She had not reckoned with the commercial sense of the young people of Lebus who, to get more sweeets, made the fragments smaller still, and it was only by offering a larger bait that a few pieces were secured intact.

Professor Kuehn adds that the gold coins and pieces known as Priam's treasure had not been sent to Lebus, but were hidden in the great *bunker*, recently demolished, in the Berlin Zoological Gardens. Before the *bunker* was destroyed, the treasure had been seized; but no one knows what has happened to it.

Now the masks unearthed at Troy are crushed out of shape or melted down, the vessels of pottery smashed to pieces. But the wind blowing down from Samothrace over the Trojan plain brings news and renewed hope.

Surely archæological history must repeat itself? Just as the fingerless hand of the Winged Victory has recently been found, so perhaps the many low-lying mounds by the sea three or four miles from Troy may in time be excavated again and bring to light from 'Earth's soft arms' another cup – a cup like that sung by Homer when he described Hecamide, the captive princess, setting before Patroclus and Nestor 'a four-handed cup embossed with studs of gold: four handles there were to it, and round each, two doves were feeding'.[1]

[1] *Iliad*, Book XV, 614.

*Chapter Four*

# EDIRNE

SOME cathedral spires and minarets of mosques have a way of surging from the horizon like masts at sea. Slowly the towers or domes appear, and as the traveller approaches their emergence has the quality of discovery. Vision which was roaming all over the countryside focuses on the point, and the scenery suddenly has a meaning.

Painters generally compose their pictures, consciously or not, with a central figure round which much revolves. There is then a relation between the central figures and all that is painted round it which satisfies the mind as well as the eye. I felt this vividly when I first saw Lincoln Cathedral emerge from its surrounding flats, and, perhaps incongruously, I remembered it when Adrianople – or Edirne as it is now known – came into view after I had been bumping for five hours along the lonely roads of Thrace from Gallipoli. As we descended to the plain which stretches from the Gulf of Saros to Edirne, we saw the domes and minarets of this purely Ottoman town suddenly detach themselves in the distance clear and clean against a Canaletto sky.

Our visit to Edirne had come about in the following manner. When at the end of our visit to Troy and the Gallipoli peninsula we motored on the homeward journey through the town of Gallipoli, we called to thank the Corps Commander who had so helpfully lent us officer escorts, jeeps and other facilities. We met in him a most energetic man, who received us in the fine Officers' Club facing the Hellespont. He had himself fought in the Gallipoli campaign, and had written a book about it. He talked retrospectively of it with my husband (another 1914 soldier) and laid stress on the extreme youth of the British soldiers. His obviously detached and objective views showed that no rancour had been left; one felt that that campaign, bloody though it had been, had been fought according to the old, gentlemanly rules of war.

He was interested in our roamings, and suggested that instead of returning direct to Istanbul we should first go up to Edirne by the south–north mountain road through Thrace. This was most tempting – and *aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait.* We turned aside on an interesting road across a fine range of medium-sized, pine-covered hills, after having said good-bye to the Gulf of Saros, blue as a sheet of paint. Once more I looked at Imbros, clear-cut and massive, her sister island Samothrace just near enough to be imposing in the distance.

At length we debouched on to the Thracian plain, a vast expanse of flatness. This ancient plain is certainly dull for anyone who loves only mountains. But to one who has Dutch blood, has loved the Sahara, the deserts and pampas of South America, there is something god-like in the immensity of an uninterrupted plain where the slightest undulation attracts attention.

The combination, too, of wind and rustling corn – for three-quarters of the plain was under cultivation – was very refreshing. The ears of the young wheat and barley quivered and shivered under a spring breeze, which swayed them to and fro, enhancing in their green spikes bluish-grey tones barbed with silver. We knew it was all transitory and would turn to rich honey in July, when the earth itself would be as dusty and white as straw, but on a spring day this earth was moist and emerald with the May rains.

The comparison so often made of the sea with such plains – be they of sand or covered with wheat – seems incorrect to me, for the very nature of the sea is to move. It distracts the attention from the sky, which in a plain becomes tremendously important. I do not think I would ever have so much loved the magnificent and gory evening skies over the Argentine pampas, the Chinese transparency of the Anatolian skies, the Constable-like clouds over the plains of Thrace, if they had not been a complement to the static earth beneath them.

Those villages that we passed in Thrace were small and some quite new, as groups of Moslem Turks, having elected since the Balkan Wars to leave Bulgaria, Rumania and Albania, had been settled as agriculturists in this region.

Edirne seems, thanks to her geographical position, to have been doomed to a series of battles and military occupations all

through the centuries. The long tale of them began in 323, when the Roman Emperor Licinius, brother-in-law to Constantine the Great, persecuted the Christians, and thus fell foul of the Byzantine Emperor, losing a battle near Adrianopolis. It ended in 1923, when the Greeks who had been installed in Edirne by the Allies in 1918, left it after the Lausanne Conference in 1923. After having been historically a marshalling yard for South-east Europe, it is now very quiet, a local Bruges, and we marvelled, bearing in mind all it had gone through, to find so many of the lovely Turkish monuments.

Many towns leave in after years an impression of one specific tone. Strasbourg, Bruges and Nuremberg, with their mellow bricks were red; Casablanca and Rio dead white; Palmyra and Baalbek pale amber; Petra a mauvish pink; Cairo on the whole lemon-coloured. Edirne is grey: not a dirty smoke-grey which has, in spite of its grime, infinite subtleties as in Paris or London, but a clear, clean grey like the one used by El Greco on the gleaming armour in his 'Burial of Count Orgaz', or the luminous grey of some children's eyes. As we saw it rising from the green plain, it had a marvellous clean-cut quality about it, due chiefly, I suppose, to the equal heights of the minarets of the Selimiye mosque.

It was pleasant to be met with the greatest courtesy, as in old days, on the outskirts of the town by the *Vali*, the governor of the region, on the superb old bridge over the Maritza with its twelve ancient arches.

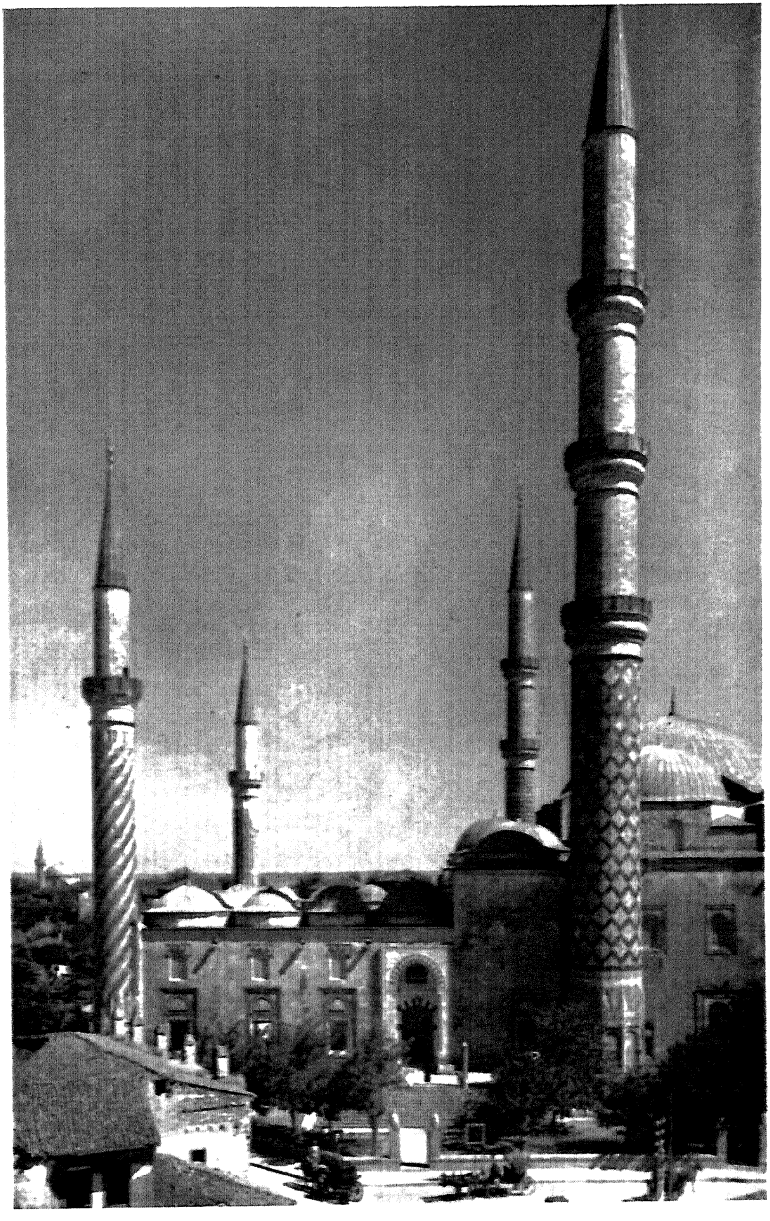
Arriving in the opposite direction from us (for she was coming from England, and we from Gallipoli), the wife of another British Ambassador, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, must have been received in the same spirit when she arrived at Adrianople in 1717. She wrote admiringly to Pope, her enthusiasm carrying her to the point of describing the Selimiye mosque at Adrianople as much superior to all the churches of France, Germany and England.

This is her letter:

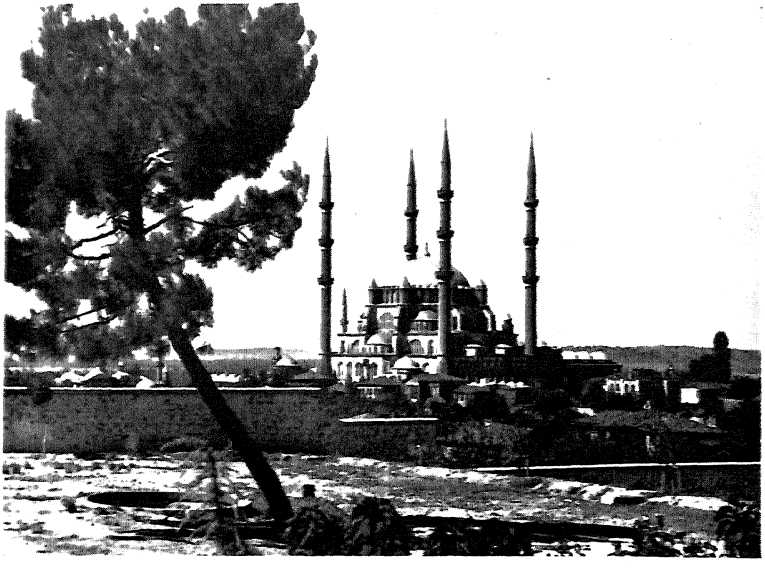
> I went, two days after, to see the mosque of Sultan Selim I, which is a building very well worth the curiosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without

scruple: though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the doorkeeper to show me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three. They are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished and of very lively colours; the whole pavement being white marble, the roof of the cloisters being divided into several cupolas or domes, leaded, with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court [are] fine fountains of white marble; before the great gate of the mosque, a portico, with green marble pillars. It has five gates, the body of the mosque being one prodigious dome.

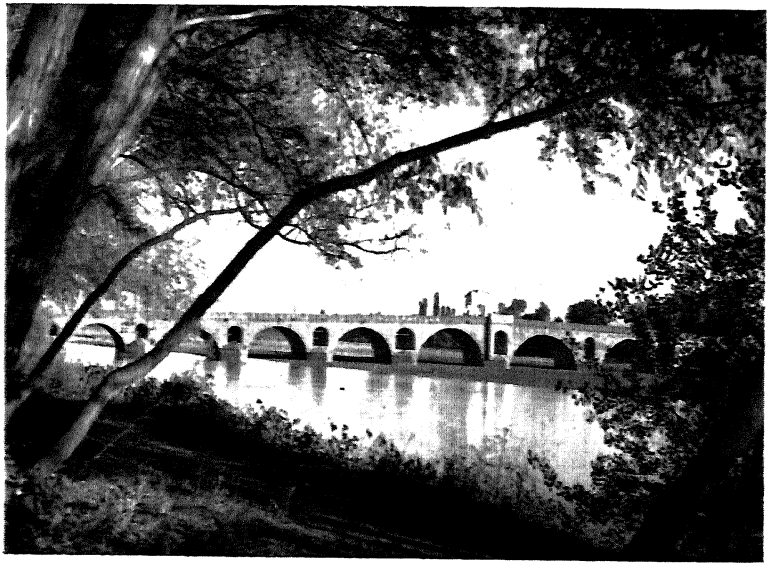
I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to me very regular; this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest building I ever saw. It had two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balusters; the pavement marble, covered with Persian carpets, and, in my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and incumbered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the pillars (which are most of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images and pictures that give the Roman Catholic churches the air of toy-shops. The walls seemed to me inlaid with such very lively colours, in small flowers, I could not imagine what stones had been made use of. But going nearer, I saw they were crusted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hung a vast lamp of silver, gilt; besides which, I do verily believe, there were at least two thousand of a lesser size. This must look very glorious when they are all lighted; but that being at night, no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood, gilt; and just by it, a fountain to wash, which you know is an essential part of their devotion. In one corner is a little gallery, inclosed with gilded lattices, for the Grand Signior. At the upper end, a large niche, very like an altar, raised two steps, covered with gold brocade, and, standing before it, two silver-gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles, as thick as a man's wrist. The outside of the mosque is adorned with four towers, vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the imams call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which



Utchcherefeli Mosque, Edirne.



The Selimiye Mosque at Edirne.



Bridge over the Maritza river at Edirne.

> is contrived so artfully, as to give surprise to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired.

Lady Mary was put up in the Kara Mustafapasha palace, alas! now a ruin; but the dome of the Selimiye mosque she so much admired is still a serene testimony to the genius of Sinan, greatest of Turkish architects.

Murad I made Edirne his capital in 1360, and three centuries later under Murad IV it had already over three hundred mosques, fourteen of them built by the State, the others privately.

The Seljuk influence, so detailed in its ornamentation, was gloriously represented on the Asiatic side of the country, and made its mark specially on Konya and Kayseri. Byzantine art was supreme in Istanbul, Nicea and later all over Greece. But Bursa the green and Edirne the grey seem to have been the two stars of Ottoman art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Ottoman art threw off many Asiatic tendencies, became more rational, concerned itself greatly with proportion, and understood the distribution of volumes so well that it achieved to perfection the effect of rounded pyramids, thanks to its successive cupolas upholding each other. The Byzantines certainly did not have such regard for the exterior beauties. The Ottomans also used the minarets which, whether one likes them or not, certainly give lightness to the whole concept of rounded and curved domes. Architecturally their logic resides in 'finishing off' the mosque just as a Gothic spire on a Gothic cathedral. It is like a tiara on a lovely head or a capital on a column. But it takes a talented hand to design exact heights and widths of minarets in relation to the mosque itself. All over Anatolia can be found the work of a supremely gifted artist who drew light and charming minarets. This was Sinan – the inexhaustible Sinan who must have been ubiquitous, with over three hundred authenticated works. Reading about him in Celal Arseven's *L'Art Turc* is fascinating. In the sixteenth century in Turkey it was the Sultan's custom to find among the young people of his Empire

promising Christians who would be worth teaching. They were called *devshirmes,* became ultimately janissaries, and were chosen only in European Turkey. But Selim I extended the practice to Asiatic Turkey, and Sinan was recruited in Kayseri, the Cæsarea of St Paul.

He went to Istanbul, to the Seraglio of Ibrahim Pasha at At Meydani (the old Hippodrome) and learnt carpentry. Later he became a janissary and accompanied Selim's army on many campaigns. Thus he went to Persia and then to Egypt, where he had the opportunity of seeing the magnificent mosques of the Touloumides, and of studying to his heart's content vaulting, arches and cupolas.

Like Michelangelo, he could turn his talents to anything asked of him, and the list of his achievements is very impressive. He built mosques, *minbers, mihrabs,* bridges, fountains, *medreses*–but above all mosques. He died an *Aga* of the janissaries, at the age of a hundred.

Mohammed had said: 'the earth is a Temple'–what vision in this short line! The Mohammedan gospel from its starting-point in the Arabian desert was carried at one moment into the heart of France, and Macaulay in a famous passage described how near it came to overwhelming Europe. The driving forces behind it were its starkly simple monotheism, its social sense of the brotherhood of all the faithful, and its austere puritanism, which meant the seclusion of women, the banning of all representations of human and animal forms, and the prohibition of alcohol, the great lubricant of social intercourse. How then did this culture come to create superb masterpieces, such as the Ibn Toulun mosque at Cairo, the Selimiye at Edirne and the Taj Mahal? How explain the contrast between the artistic achievements of the Moors and Turks or the Mohammedan conquerors of India and the sterility in art of the Geneva Calvinists or Cromwell's Ironsides? It is true that the Moslem conquerors made full use of the abilities of Christian and Jewish craftsmen from the subject races, but the main answer lies perhaps in the strong mystical and poetic side of Islamism, in the stress on charity and the relegation of commerce to the subject races. The æsthetic impulse thus set free found expression in line and mass, in arabesques, marvellous calligraphy, graceful minarets and the

noble proportions of the great mosques, their domes, cupolas and courtyards.

As Islamism was the State religion in Turkey, Sinan was incessantly occupied with ecclesiastical architecture. Mosques were shrines of worship, and *hamams* would never have been built but for the great cleanliness expected by the Prophet, which was the motive for the construction of these baths; so in every courtyard of every mosque all over the world there is a fountain where the faithful still purify their heads, hands and feet before entering the mosque. From the mosque radiated many activities which were housed in other buildings, social and religious. Besides his mosques, Sinan built fifty *mescits*, or little mosques, fifty-five *medreses* and twenty-six *türbes, darulkurras*, where prayers are read, and *tekkes*. He built fourteen *imarets*, which are a kind of hospice, and seventeen caravanserais, which were used just as much by pilgrims as by merchants. That of Rüstempasha at Edirne is not yet a total ruin.

Sinan seems to have taken the Byzantine conception of domes on squares, and elevated them by elongating the pendentives, using the secondary cupolas with such consummate genius that the line is carried on insensibly and, above all, harmoniously. His mosques always seem to be contained in an invisible equilateral triangle flanked by the minarets, symbolizing the prayers of the faithful and piercing heaven.

At Edirne he built one perfect gem, the Selimiye mosque. He appears to have said himself that his mosque of Shehzade was his apprentice work, the Süleymaniye at Istanbul his title to admission as a craftsman, and the Selimiye at Edirne his masterpiece. A masterpiece, indeed. It is a noble mosque with its three tiers lit by large windows and flanked by four minarets, each with three stone bracelets. In Ramadan at night the sight of these bracelets all lit up like gold circles round dark trees is fascinating. The inside is lofty, with a zebra effect in the arches and many enamelled tiles, a regular garden of stylized cypresses flanking the *mihrab*. At Süleymaniye the *mihrab* is rectilinear, but in Selimiye it is absidal, which gives the impression of some depth. Sinan used pillars in the mosque, but many columns as well in the courtyard. The pillars are themselves divided vertically into twelve rectangular panels, twelve being a symbolic

number for the dervish sect of the Bektashis. Perhaps the only thing one could criticize in Sinan is his passion for large, clear windows – there is no mystery in his big mosques.

We saw three other lovely mosques in Edirne. The oldest, Eski Çami, built in the fifteenth century, is rather Asiatic in style. The Utchcherefeli Çami is sober, restrained, giving visitors a feeling of mystery, as light and shadows are wonderfully balanced. All four minarets are differently decorated with curious polychrome designs: one with lozenges, one with little spokes, one with a twisted fringe, and the last has three galleries for singers, which can be reached by three different staircases inside the minarets.

Edirne is a town of swift rivers, and its beauty is enhanced by the ten bridges on the Maritza, Tunca and Arda. They are nearly all squat and rather narrow, defying time and floods; all are used by motor traffic, although many date from the fifteenth century.

We just missed seeing the Kirkpinar wrestling, in which the Turks have always excelled. These athletic struggles usually take place in the first week in May in a pretty park, the Sarayichi. From all over Turkey these wrestlers have come since the time of Murad II, and I was very disappointed to miss this Thracian fun, for between two and three hundred athletes fight two by two simultaneously. This park, surrounded by canals, contains the ruins of palaces and pavilions. The Sultans, even after the transfer of the capital to Istanbul, enjoyed going there for hunting or for the Feast of Tulips in the spring, when candles were lit among the flower-beds. These flowers became the craze in the seventeenth century, and gave that period its name.

We returned to Istanbul on a sunny morning after a night spent forty-five miles from Edirne at the Alpullu sugar factory, where great comfort awaited us. We passed the Chatalcha lines, where the Turks held their armies in the Balkan Wars which heralded the great catastrophe of 1914.

Nearing Istanbul, just before arriving at Floria on the Marmara, where more and more Turks come to bathe on the long stretch of sandy beach and where the President has a house built on silt practically in the sea, we looked for the sign-post for Rhegium. On the left of the road a footpath leads to this Roman town, which was excavated a decade ago. Here travellers from

the West halted for the last time before entering the 'City' of Byzantium. There is much to excavate still; the ground appears mottled and uneven. The view of the Marmara and the Prince's Isles is superb. Only two small marble columns still stand, but there is about an acre of unexcavated foundations and baths and quite a number of pedestals.

After this interlude, we came along the identical route used by the legionaries, the proconsuls and the Logothetes arriving or returning to and from Byzantium. Paris has Versailles, and Petersburg, Tsarskoye Sélo; Byzantium had, too, a satellite town – the Hebdomon. This is now the last village along the sea-coast before arriving at the Golden Gate, about five miles distant. Ruins of villas, law-courts and terraces were discovered here recently by Professor Mamboury, who himself took us to visit this little-known ancient suburb of the Imperial City. As we roamed the harbour precincts, Professor Mamboury described to us an enormous Byzantine sarcophagus of green marble which he assumed must have been removed to a museum, when suddenly with an exclamation of joy he saw one end of it jutting out from under a large pile of wood. We saw, too, white marble columns lying under the clear water, and two miles inland, hidden in the field, we walked in a deeply sunk garden of about an acre, surrounded by four brick walls built of narrow Byzantine bricks. In Byzantine days this was an open-air cistern, like that of Moscius inside Istanbul. Later, under the Sultans, elephants and tigers were kept there, the tigers being brought to the Seraglio cages to amuse the Valide Sultan, mother of the sovereign!

Last but not least, hidden in a plot of land surrounded by palings, in Hebdomon proper and now next to jerry-built houses, we saw a half-buried column, thirty feet long: a monolith of granite of Justinian's time.

In this atmosphere of picturesque futility we left Thrace for the last mile of the Emperor's Road, and entered Istanbul.

*Chapter Five*

# MILETUS AND PRIENE

*Le Temple est en ruines en haut du Promontoire*
*Et la Mort a mêlé dans ce fauve Terrain*
*Les déesses de marbre et les héros d'airain*
*Dont l'herbe solitaire ensevelit la gloire....*

HEREDIA, *Les Trophées*

'THE Howies will look after you', was the assurance I was given by all their friends in Smyrna when it was arranged I should stay with my sons at the liquorice factory which the Howies manage at Söke, a four-hour car run from Smyrna on the way to Priene and Miletus. And, indeed, how kind was their welcome, how delicious their tea and home-made scones, and what a sense of comfort was to be derived from their friendly welcome and their sympathetic house! Pines shadowed their little English garden banked against the whitewashed factory.

In the dead of night – for coolness – I was shown their goods, mostly for the American market. The factory was permeated by a sweet and aromatic smell. The vats and cauldrons were full of black glue which, after boiling and reboiling, was being hardened and polished into shiny sticks before being packed into long white boxes. In the morning the same camels that had entered the factory gates carrying the roots – weird and dirty like witches' hair, from which, after treatment by fire and water and, no doubt, with other ingredients, the famed liquorice is produced – would take the boxes away to Smyrna on the first trek towards the drugstores of the New World.

Anyone who has enjoyed the delight of two perfect days of sight-seeing knows how memories have the unkind trick of crowding each other out. Where is one to begin, what is one to note, when during that time five senses have not had a moment's rest? The feel and touch of the mauve or green figs, picked all over the Ephesus area, hot and luscious to eat, their brilliant fleshy pulp contrasting with their dull skins? The scent of the crushed eucalyptus leaves growing along many roads? Above

all, the lapping of the Ægean Sea and the living silence of the dead Greek cities? Seeing is the most devastating of pleasures; first, seeing with the eyes of the mind, trying to remember all one has read and apply it to the places visited; the dates, the quotations, the procession of real or mythological people, as alive in their own surroundings as the architects and poets who lived in the streets of Priene or Miletus. Then the physical eye: the intellectual and physical vision jostle one another, eager to take everything in and remember the curve of the road, the impact of the buildings, the columns, the architraves, the pearly skies, the designs and styles, the leap in time evoked by a Doric column lying in the dust or tucked away in the architecture of an Ottoman mosque – bridging thus fifteen hundred years.

It is difficult in our mass-produced age to throw oneself back over the centuries, to recapture the Greek sense of measure and balanced forms. Instead of grumbling at distances and bad roads, one should perhaps welcome them for providing the breathing space necessary before attuning oneself to the classical mood.

It was early after lunch that the Howies set us on our way to Miletus. From Söke there is no road: a faint silver shimmer indicating the Ægean ahead formed the background for the ruins as we approached them. Our host had said: 'Just go straight ahead along the plain and cross the Meander by the ferry: you cannot miss it on account of the camel tracks'. We duly crossed the Meander, that namesake of all lazy, erratic movements, whose bubbling and sparkling source I was to see at Dineir (Apamae) when visiting Antalya a year later. 'Meander', says Texier, 'was the son of Cercaphus and Anaxibia who, during a war against the town of Pessinunte, promised he would sacrifice the first persons who would congratulate him on his success. They were his son Archilaus, his sister and his mother. He duly sacrificed them, but in despair threw himself into the river.'

How dilatory this ribbon is in its six hundred windings (which gave Dædalus the first idea of his famous labyrinth)! How femininely, as Plutarch says in his *Book of Rivers*, it walked backwards, retracing its steps – and how utterly perverse, for, after this long and lazy journey, it finally killed the commerce both of Miletus and Priene with its alluvial silt. Between Söke and the Ægean the valley, three or four miles wide, is under a

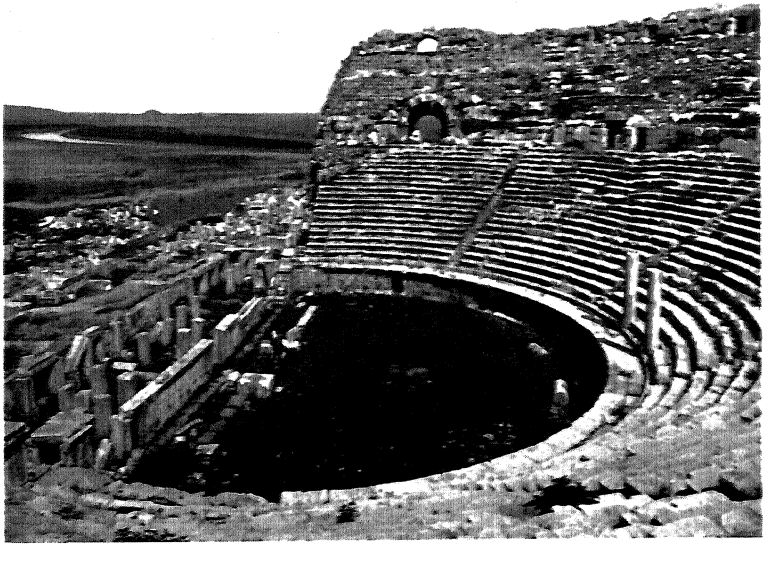
thin film of water from autumn onwards. In this September, its bed was as flat as a Dutch polder, and our car took us in an hour or so, avoiding the camp-fires of the shepherds and their goats, and the strings of camels. If settled life has receded from this malarial valley, the nomad's patriarchal existence still flourishes.

We left the car at the ford, and crossed the Meander on a very heavy, rough raft shared with two camels and their men. Miletus (Balat to the Turks) is now a small village. Half a mile from the ford a lovely – though disused – mosque is reached, but we hurried on, stumbling over marble colonnades and unexcavated ruins towards the one marvellous sight: the marble theatre. Like the Marcellus in Rome, it stands alone. It is isolated from all other buildings, and is orientated south-east, backed by the range of gentle mountains upon whose flank Priene is built. This dark 'finish' helps to produce a sense of splendour and perfection. What pleasure it is when the eye, looking for symmetry and balance in a building, finds just what it seeks! Cursed be the earthquakes that disturbed all this glory! The hand of man would not have flung down all these columns to lie in such neat lines; all must have fallen at the same time, for the capitals and friezes lie on the ground just as they stood in their respective positions. It is quite frightening to see what the finger of God can do when the earth revolts.

For hundreds of years these blocks have lain as they fell. Invaders, builders, soldiers, villagers, must all have been tempted to take some away, and, indeed, some smaller columns are incorporated in lintels and used to tether the cows and the donkeys in Balat; but their very size and weight precluded mass removals. Even the second great Greek theatre – at Aspendos, farther down the coast – though complete with all its walls and stage, does not convey the same wonderful impression of power as Miletus. As the huge and majestic figures of the Sistine serenely preside over their chapel, so this theatre floats like a phantom ship above the marshes of the Meander plain. It should have been dedicated to Melpomene; great tragedies were the fitting entertainment in this huge hemicycle. That it is all of pentelic marble greatly enhances its beauty.

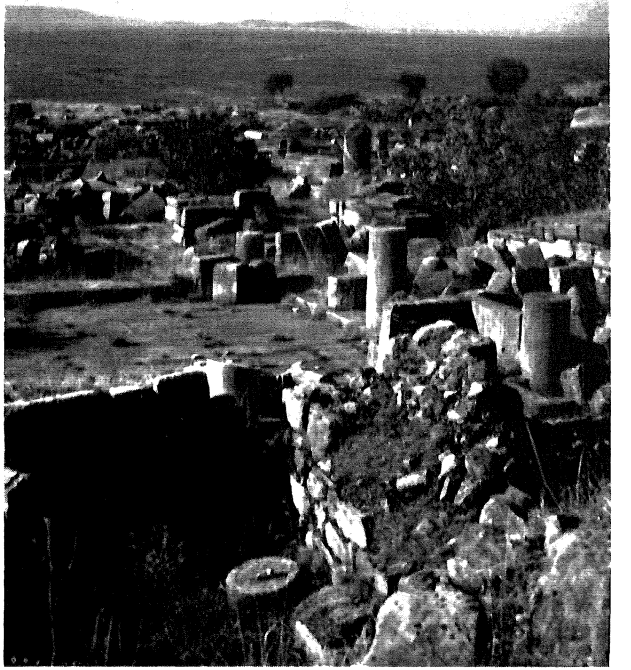
Visiting the theatres of Asia Minor – Ephesus, Pergamus, Aspendos – calls for energy and goat-like nimbleness, for these

Greek marble theatre. Miletus.



Another view of the theatre, with the Meander beyond.

Greek theatre, Priene.



Looking towards Miletus and the River Meander from Priene.

structures are high and the approaches often hot and tiring, as they must be visited in summer. Real goats, agile and impertinent creatures, popped in and out of the great cavernous *vomitoria* looking for shrubs or herbs – and always finding them. Very surly little boys also followed us about, the more eagerly as very few visitors now come down the Meander Valley.

The gallery at the back of the theatre is still complete and covered, a vaulted tunnel of uniform height and width. The two wings look so solid, as if new, and their portals are beautifully curved. The theatre is 450 feet long, and it is difficult to visualize the proscenium, as there is nothing left of it except Ionic cornices prostrate on the ground. As the ornaments are unusually large, the façades must have been superb; there are still many broken arches, and we photographed scattered pedestals and inscriptions.

Was the theatre built when Darius conquered the town after his fleet of six hundred triremes was engaged by one of three hundred? And did Hippodamus, a gentleman of Miletus who founded a republic without previous knowledge of government, catch sunstroke in this spot, or just think out, in a leisurely manner, watching a play, the way to interest the Milesians in the pet theories of the Pythagoreans about mystical geometry? His was an all-round type of brain it seems, for he was able to impose on city planners the idea of building towns like chess-boards with straight axes cutting the town at right angles. This was opposed to the concentric art of the Acropolis. Miletus, Priene, Cnidus and Magnesia were all cut at right angles and orientated so as to catch the breezes of the prevalent winds.

Nearly a hundred years after Darius must have scorned the idea of even entering a Greek theatre, Alexander, after taking Miletus from the Persians, perhaps took an evening off and relaxed in the theatre before planning his next conquests.

Professor Whittemore, when showing us Santa Sofia in his intense personal way, always stressed the great genius of the two Greeks who were responsible for that stupendous shrine: one came from Tralles and the other was Isidore of Miletus. They lived six hundred years after Hippodamus, but they were steeped in the same culture, and perhaps Isidore had enjoyed, on one of the very seats we sat on, a spectacle of silhouettes, precursor of the *karagōz*, or puppet show, we enjoyed so much at the

*Halkevi*[1] in Ankara, which was produced for the amusement of Turkish children every Sunday morning.

Last but not least, there was St Paul who, sailing from Samos, arrived at Miletus by one of its four ports – Heradea, Mies, Pyrrha or Priene – and from there sent word to Ephesus that 'he was on the way'. He must have looked scornful as he passed in front of the Temple of Apollo, whose cult in Miletus was as strong as that of Diana in Ephesus.

It will be difficult to forget *'la blanche Milet'*, as Lamartine called it – contrasting it with the darker, bluish Priene which we were to visit the next morning. At Miletus only the theatre is left and holds all the attention. Faced with white marble, it was particularly brilliantly lit by the splendour of the evening light, whose long, slender shafts defined its clear lines.

After a restful night at Söke, very early in the morning we took to the narrow road leading to Priene. It was a road so narrow that the horsemen we met had to brush past us, bruising the tamarisks which lined it, and so bad that it took us an hour to drive the five or six miles to the hamlet of Güllübahche (Garden of Roses) at the foot of it. The road was paved with the same type of humped, large and uneven stones that one sees in all real vestiges of Roman roads. Going at a snail's pace in a stuffy car is one of the most enervating of the minor forms of claustrophobia. To do this classical pilgrimage, it was a thousand pities we had not hired horses in Söke.

The Turks love trees and fountains. Here in this minute hamlet there was a gurgling fountain and a circle of very old plane-trees. Donkeys and two camels were fraternizing over the water. There were no roses, alas! in September, but the tamarisks were in their second flowering.

Priene backs on to Mount Mycale, and obliquely faces the Meander Valley. For the first time in these remote parts of Caria we met a gruff keeper who was suspicious of these early birds, but when he saw we were determined to climb, he waved us on and waited for us on the esplanade. He was, after all, a nice man.

Seen from Miletus some five miles away, Mount Mycale is not much more than a rather high-ridged hill, and one cannot see

[1] Cultural civic centre instituted in Turkey by Kemal Atatürk, which frequently contains a theatre.

Priene lying wounded and in ruins on its flank. But what a pull it is to reach the ruins! More goats led the way. Sheep when disturbed leave you to it and run, but goats never do; they scamper and stop, run and stop again, looking at humans with inquisitive faces. The ruins of Priene belong to them, anyhow; they hunt all the thyme, wild laurel and long herbs, which abound. We followed them, but not right up to the acropolis looming at us from a bare and perpendicular cliff.

Corinth and its Acro-Corinth, Ephesus and its long line of low defences, Antioch and its fortress, Pergamus and its devastated walls, Priene and its great triangle enclosing the sheer rock – all these ancient cities share the same combination of rough and lofty defences and, on a lower plane, the great esplanades, forums and public places, open and defenceless.

All that is left dates more or less from the third century B.C. when Priene must have had about 4,000 inhabitants. Athenian colonists built it, and it was the birthplace of Bias the didactic poet, one of the seven wise men of Greece. The Ionians took it from the Carians, and Chandler, who visited it in the seventeenth century, thought that Alexander had written his name on the Temple of Minerva.

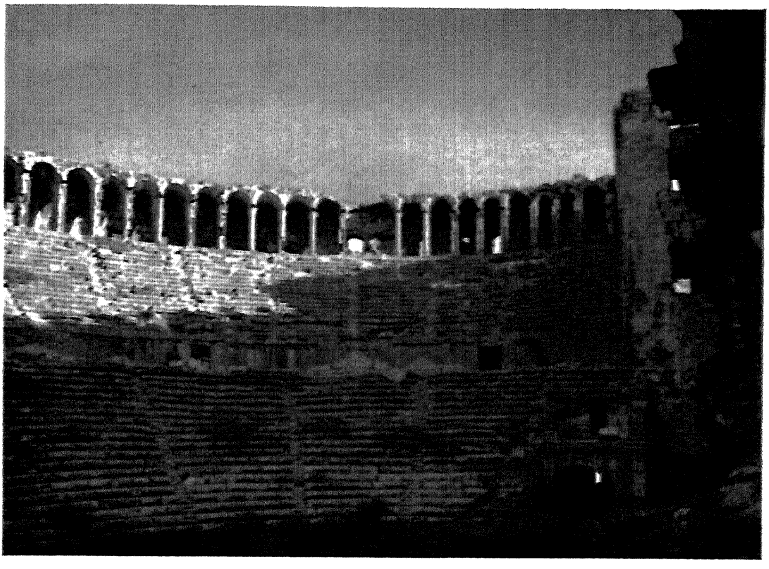
Some of the streets of Priene have kept their straight lines and even their gutters, but only the ground floors of houses remain and only the bases of the columns in the gymnasium and the agora. All is disorder round this platform. The agora is surrounded by drums of Doric columns, and it looks as if the later archæological expeditions dug too fast and have not straightened even what they disturbed; though the disturbance is not so bad as at Pergamus, where the Germans took all the best to make the Gigantomachia in Berlin. And so Priene is sad – all the more so as it is not chaotic like Pergamus, but apprehensible, half the size of Miletus and a quarter that of Ephesus. It is a great pity, for as the town is narrowly confined to the flank of the hill, some tidying could have been attempted.

The theatre, as small as that of Miletus is big, is a real gem. It backs on to the hill proper in the usual manner, and it is perfectly balanced, complete with the wings of the proscenium and the gallery that runs behind them. The marble seats have rounded arms with lions' paws. They are quite comfortable, and

on the large side; some are inscribed to their patrons, presumably season-ticket holders. The Goddess Poros – Ingenuity – deified by Plato, must have been prayed to, as the scooping out of this theatre from the rock was a great feat. Now, as no doubt then, gardens and some vegetables are grown on the shores of the Meander, that evil river which closed up Priene's gates.

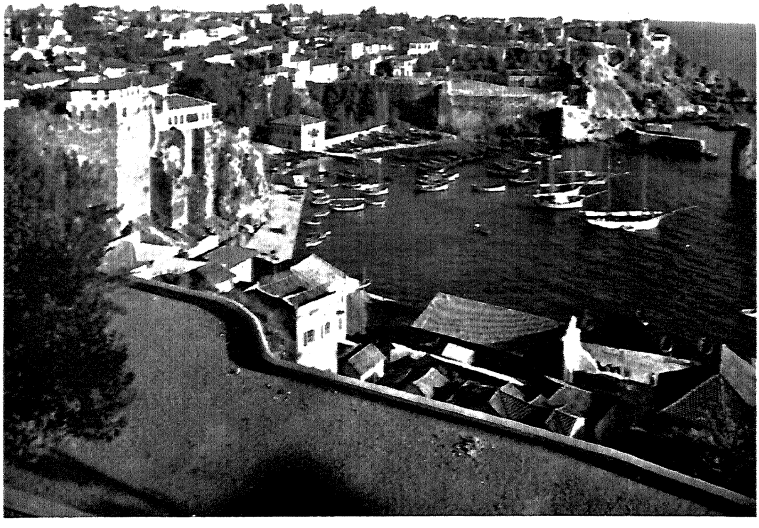
It was market-day in Söke when we went to Priene, and the youths on horseback we had met on the way had brandished flowers and the long leafy tamarisk branches they used as whips. Their horses were small with arched necks, reminiscent of the type of horse the Chinese reared and sculpted. Their clothes barely hung on them and were more or less shapeless: at a distance they might have been chlamydes. Had they a drop of Greek blood, these fierce young men of Güllübahche? Two thousand years ago, moving along these ancient highways they might have heralded the deputies of Priene going to the feasts at Panionium. Priene had the right to elect a president when all the states of Ionia assembled there to consult over their own safety or celebrate a festival. If the bull bellowed it was a good omen, since this was equivalent to the roar of the ocean, and so of the Sea-god.

Priene was evidently a holy city which looked on more prosperous Miletus as a mercantile town. When her citizens looked farther out to sea, they had a view of the islands of Eros, Patmos and a corner of Icaria, and could be jealous at the reminder that Miletus owned Abydos. Time's fell hand had destroyed here all manner of things that our imagination tried to put together, especially in the 'escapist' world peopled by goddesses and their legends. Many pedestals were aching for their statues; and where was Pygmalion, bringing his own marble to life and loving it – symbol of Greek art which breathed life into inanimate marble?

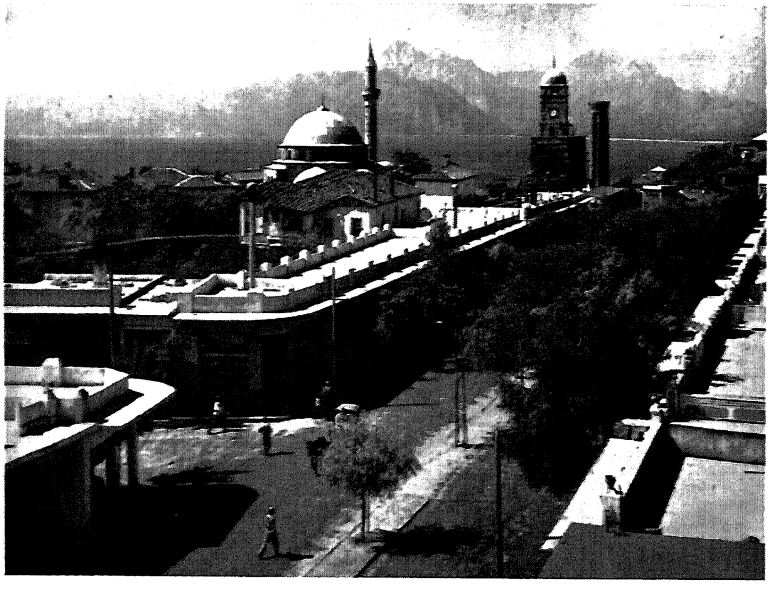


The Greek theatre at Aspendos.

Medusa heads at Side.



The harbour. Antalya.



Atatürk Boulevard, Antalya.

*Chapter Six*

# ANTALYA, SIDE, ASPENDOS AND PERGE

AT a party at Ankara, one of the few people who had been to Antalya was telling me how difficult of access were the Greco-Roman towns of Aspendos and Side on the Ægean, and that really a jeep was necessary to reach them. Overhearing this, our friend General Erdelhun offered to put one at our disposal should we want to go. This manna was accepted with alacrity, and we left on the Smyrna express on a cold March evening, knowing that on leaving the train at the small Karakuyu station we would meet not only the jeep but the *Vali's* (Governor's) car, which was most comfortable and which he lent us for the three days we spent touring these little-known cities. I had also been fired by the wish to visit this area by looking at a very beautiful book written and illustrated by Count Lanckorowsky, the classical historian of Pamphylia and Pisidia. It is always fun looking at old atlases, and going south I saw that through the 'theme' of 'Optimatum' we went down through Pisidia, Lycia and on to Pamphylia. It was too cold to try to motor across country to the Phrygian tombs north of Afyonkarahisar, where I was longing to see the rock tomb of King Midas. Alas! I never did.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the express stopped, and with true Turkish hospitality we were offered bread, hard-boiled eggs and milk at the station by the local *kaymakam*, or sub-prefect. As it was rather rainy, we thought our party would never get over the muddy track to reach the main road; but it did, and we prepared to motor down to Antalya and cross the lower ranges of the Taurus. All this region is mountainous and arid in the late winter. The never-ending delight of motoring in a particularly fine country at between three thousand and four thousand feet was increased when we stopped at the little village of Aydogdu, 'the place where the moon was born', where we had our first classical encounter. Here the Meander literally leaps into being, as its springs have been tamed, and

bubble away with irrepressible gaiety in the middle of the village. So often springs are hidden; but these were noisy, bursting with life and legend. 'Here Athene threw aside her flute and Marsyas picked it up; here Marsyas contended with Apollo, and on the plane-tree beside the fountain was hung up to be flayed. . . . In the plain below Lityerses, an illegitimate son of King Midas was slain in the harvest field by the sickles of the reapers.'

The Lake of Burdur is full of pelicans, and we ran over and killed a huge buzzard which, after a heavy carcass meal, was hopping on the main road. No nomad Yörük will touch these birds, and we found it lying on the ground three days later when we retraced our steps. It had cold blue eyes and lovely white down under his rust-coloured feathers. Over four hours separated us from the point where a sea wind was to meet us and we should swiftly drop down into the Mediterranean basin.

My mind went back to our meetings in Switzerland with the distinguished historian Gonzague de Reynold, who called Greece the proto-Europe. When we called on him in 1941 in his fifteenth-century castle near Cressier sur Morat, he was writing *La Formation de l'Europe*, and explained to us a theory which I remembered as we entered Pamphylia. Greece and Asia Minor had conditioned Europe as a continent for human life by combining three characteristics: the sea, the hills and the softness and equilibrium of the climate. Tasting the air and sensing the sea, one felt at once the correctness of the theory suggested by this acute intelligence with his great historical sense. Good Europeans should feel at home in these lands and among these waters, which show in a small space the picture of Europe 'before the proof'. Because the Mediterranean has always been itself a great channel of communication between Europe, Asia Minor and Africa, the maritime *milieu* has helped to make a unity of Hellenism and the Seljuk and Ottoman civilizations.

The second character derives from the mountains. The Taurus is the best of safeguards for the protection of the harbours, the security of the coasts and the defence of the interior. As to the third character, the Turkish climate has rich advantages in its Mediterranean basin – hot summers, soft winters and plenty of rain. Thanks to these elements, Pamphylia harmonizes fecundity with aridity. Nothing could be more austere than the road when

first one comes from the Taurus, but nothing could be richer than the land we now saw as we travelled towards the sea. Suddenly we were passing all manner of flowers and trees nourished by rich rains, whose variety increased minute by minute as we followed the most fascinating man-made waterfalls that canalized, from a pine forest onwards, the waters of the Aksu River. Camels were grazing on the lovely lush grass round about. This road was followed by Alexander's troops, Byzantine conquerors, Seljuk princes and Sultan Mahmud II, who put down the janissaries and who, in the early nineteenth century, successfully checked here his too-powerful vassal, Mohammed Ali of Egypt.

Through the rain appeared the town of Antalya, with its white houses and grey domes and minarets, and the sea as a leaden backcloth. At Pergamus, on another tour we had made, we visited the curious stone-vaulted tunnel about a mile from the town, where the Pergamine kings were buried. The last of them, King Attalus Philadelphus, gave Attalia – now Antalya – to the Romans.

There was a scent of lemon and orange flowers in the air. Everywhere little red carriages stood waiting for customers, complete with 'pom-pommed' horses and jingling harness. All the drivers had put up enormous umbrellas, and the little carriages dashed about, impervious to the rain. A canalized river flowed down the middle of each main street, on each side of which stood a border of small trees. Already there were many flowers. Next morning, when the light was pure and the weather fine, the display of fruit and vegetables in open-air shops gave the place those brilliant palette tones beloved of painters.

Antalya's inner harbour has the deepest green waters; it is nearly rectangular and, on the day we saw it, was full of caïques, whose hulls are often painted the most lovely pastel greens, blues and yellows. Dancing round them were dozens of rowing boats. The outer harbour lies beyond and is protected by an ancient wall. The municipality has arranged gardens that directly overlook this harbour surrounded by rocky cliffs. The town seems to rise from the harbour and lies partly within and partly without the old walls. Here St Paul and Barnabas anchored before they sailed for Antioch, and here St Louis of France's *caravelles* sheltered before he took his tired troops to Syria.

Giyaseddin fought the King of Cyprus in Antalya in 1203; then the Seljuks and the Mongols came as conquerors from the interior, and from the sea Antalya was taken by the Venetians and the Genoese. It was finally captured under Mahmud II by the Ottoman troops. Many of these conquerors have written in the sand, and little is left of their passage except the Roman walls and towers sublimely indifferent to all that came after; they looked stolidly at us.

Camels are to be found all over this town; they wait along the coast-line for warmer weather to trek into Anatolia. It was delightful to see a string of them pass under Hadrian's arch; half of its stone facing has gone and the brick shows up very badly, but the three arches are still there. Incorporated in one of the Byzantine towers are the remains of an earlier Pergamine one. The other was partly rebuilt by the Seljuks. I liked a small museum housed in a Byzantine church which had also been a mosque, and the fine Seljuk minaret in the courtyard where we saw many Roman tombstones and Greek reliefs. There is in the town a *medrese* of Alaeddin I, and many tombs and fountains of the Seljuk period.

New houses of modern design are now being built, but the old remain, their walls formed of thin wooden laths criss-crossed in a pattern which I have never seen anywhere else.

The next morning we left for Side, complete with car and jeep, and crossed an L-shaped bridge over the River Eurymedon, near which the Persians were defeated by the Athenians under Cimon in the fifth century B.C. This ruined Greek town is about fifty miles from Antalya. The mountains are near enough to grace the background, but not aggressively so; it is a well-balanced view with the sea on the right hand, and dotted about a perfect classical scenery are ruins on the hillocks – a country to which one can apply Anna de Noailles' verses:

*Du pays où la chèvre au regard secret,*
*Droit, mord d'une bouche noire un amandier étroit;*
*Où le jaune jasmin, le thym, le chèvrefeuille*
*Sont un miel crépitant que l'abeille recueille,*
*Du pays où les ifs allongés, le cyprès,*
*Où la tombe pierreuse et le vase de grès,*

*L'agneau libre, passant sur les roches salines,*
*Les lignes du rivage, et celle des collines*
*Ont la forme sacrée et nette de l'esprit.*

The pleasure of making these contacts with the Greek spirit is for me the reason why any classical environment is in the nature of a privilege; I am one who believes that for the Greeks 'things all had a keener edge and roused a swifter and nobler reaction'.

Lanckorowsky wrote little of Side, because it is only in the last two years that the Turkish archæologists have turned their attention to it. Thanks to the jeep, we reached the ancient road bordered with tombs and walked towards the sea. This road wanders through a forest of classical remains. Halim Bey, our guide, showed us newly discovered sarcophagi; we also plunged into recently excavated houses with the usual Pompeian comforts and mosaics. We walked for over two hours among thick vegetation, and – in the shade of a *nymphæum* – among scented wild roses, rarely found. We saw a stadium, a gymnasium, a Byzantine tower and prison. Nearby is a sun clock (*horologium*), an architectural marble curiosity some dozens of feet high with the most delicate carvings on its sides. Halim Bey said that this *horologium* had once been surrounded by twelve columns. On every side of it were pictures of gods: we could still see a carving of Dionysius. Curiosity and interest kept us going, despite fatigue, through this little-explored city which in Roman times became the metropolis of Pamphylia. Through crowded marbles we reached the harbours – for there are two. They are silted up, but from them it is easier to understand the layout of the town, for they form the apex of the triangular promontory on which Side is situated. Sitting on the steps of a temple with dozens of magnificent Medusa's heads lying at our feet and within a stone's throw of the Mediterranean, we lost all sense of time. It was easy then to understand that Greek civilization started clean from nature and never suffered much 'repression'; and looking at the perfect sculptured heads about us – the three Medusas were repeated and could be excavated for the taking all around us – one could not but agree with Professor Bury's view that the Greeks were a race that took little but gave much.

We left the now hot sands with regret and passed through the Roman amphitheatre where, according to Halim Bey, Lanckorowsky took away reliefs and statues. We thought it rather grim as, coming from the pure outside light, we plunged into the draughty corridors and cellars from where the wild beasts were led to the theatre.

Lunch was *al fresco* with a young mayor of the Turkish village of Manavgat, who said that all his village wanted to transport itself to Side, lock, stock and barrel, so as to live by the sea!

Looking longingly at the road towards Alanya and Anamur, we retraced our steps as we had to give priority to Aspendos and Perge. We motored back, after fording a river thanks to our jeep, to take an earth track on our right. Aspendos – or Belkis – has the most complete theatre in the whole of Asia Minor. And here a digression must be made.

In the days of long ago, the King of the Serpents fell in love with the Queen of the Bees who lived in a forest nearby. The Queen having refused to marry him, the King decided to kidnap her, but to do so he had to cross a valley. He built an enormous bridge, found the Queen and married her, and in due course they had a daughter called Belkis, the Honey Girl. The Queen died and the King built a palace to enshrine her picture.

This ancient legend is still echoed in the very name Belkis, which the neighbouring village still bears.

Thucydides said that the ships coming up the River Eurymedon could ascend to Aspendos, but this must have been only partly true, as the ruins are on a flat-topped hill from which one can see the sea. The plain lies all around. The very dilapidated arcades and aqueducts are in sharp contrast to the extraordinarily well-preserved theatre. It only needs a purple *velarium* to make the illusion complete. It is a seven-storey building, over seventy feet high and with two side buildings used as entrances. Sitting in the referee's seat, we could see for ourselves that twenty thousand people could have found room in it.

Up to the First World War there were in the proscenium two orders of columns – the lower Ionic, the upper Corinthian. Zenon, who, according to Texier, built this stupendous place, had brought statues for it from abroad; later the Proconsul Verres was impeached by Cicero for looting some of the statues. Nine-

teen centuries later his compatriots took what remained. All that is now left of an otherwise complete stage are the bases of the columns and the niches for the statues. Luckily, in the centre of the lost colonnade there is a female figure springing out of a calyx of a flower and holding branches. This is Belkis, the Honey Girl, daughter of the Queen of the Bees and the King of the Serpents, to prove that legends do not always lie! Now only lizards dart in and out of the stone seats. Just above the left vestibule we read a Latin inscription declaring that 'Solo, a native of Side had built this theatre'.

In the *Anabasis*, Xenophon speaks of the Princesses of Cilicia who, richly clothed in Aspendos dresses, visited the camp of the young Cyrus. They might have paid for them with the famous silver coins which were already being minted here in the fifth century B.C. It was not only a home of fashion but also a great wheat market, for we read that 'wheat speculators had to open up their depots to furious mobs so as to avoid seditious and popular discontent'.

The day was nearly done and we had still to visit Perge (Murtana), about five miles from Antalya. Long shadows were falling from the hills when we arrived there. A mist rose from the fields, but we felt we should walk round the theatre, the stadium – now a well-husbanded corn-field – and the rich stone palace of Julius Cornutus, who had dedicated his palace to the Emperor Claudius and round which are well-preserved walls. I particularly wanted to look at the view, for it must have changed very little since St Paul and Barnabas preached the Gospel here.[1] The hills have the same folds, the river the same width. Racing against the fading light, we undertook a longish walk to see the newly discovered rows of sarcophagi which lay in a field by some Yörük houses. There were about thirty, all side by side, with their lids hermetically closed and all bearing some Greek inscription. I was fascinated: how white their simple marble looked against the oncoming night! The unfailing courtesy of the Yörük women showed itself as one beckoned us to her house to rest: no doubt we were looking a bit jaded. It was the barest home I have ever seen. An oil lamp hung above the meticulously whitewashed walls, and we sat on hand-woven carpets. She

[1] Acts xiii. 13, and xiv. 25.

had only four camel saddles round the hearth and a few pots and cups; she had no beds or chair, and no table; the chimney was built-in, Turkish style, and there was a tiny cauldron sitting on warm ashes. Leaves were drying, and there was a row of red pimento from last year's harvest. This old woman had a lovely face, framed by great black plaits. She gave us the strongest Turkish coffee I ever tasted. She was a real lady of the soil. The *Vali* of Antalya, who so kindly put us up, told us that these women are quite independent of their men. The mothers, and they only, sit by the candle.

We returned to Antalya after an hour's visit in the dark to the local agricultural school. Here boys and girls sang and danced for us and showed us over their college – young citizens being made conscious of their responsibilities to the land, young lives growing up in the shadows of centuries-old stone – silent witnesses of a great civilization gone for ever. Side, Aspendos, Perge, all great towns once magnificently alive, although in ruins now, do prove to the world that Hellenism rested on a city organization, and that this depended first and foremost on the personality of its citizens, masters of themselves and of their lands, who obeyed their own laws which were the expression of their own free will.

*Chapter Seven*

# BELOW THE TAURUS

THE Taurus express! A long sleek train left Ankara one evening and, bearing the magic label 'Istanbul – Ankara – Adana – Aleppo', carried my family and myself on an unforgettable journey. We wanted to see the Taurus and visit the region of the Hatay, with Antioch on the Orontes as its star-turn. Although the train follows the road closely, as both pass the Cilician Gates, the approach to the Taurus is quite different in each case; and perhaps from the train, as it puffs slowly up, the great range can be seen to better advantage. We were to cross it again by the road on our return journey.

'Looking it up' before leaving Ankara, I learned that I was going to cross from the kingdom of the cruel Astyages, last King of Media, to that of Nebuchadnezzar. Under Alexander, these same lands were called Lycaonia and Cilicia. Before Diocletian, these were the dioceses of Pontus, and beyond the Taurus, that of the Orient. Heraclius called them the themes of Cappadocia and Seleucia, and the Crusaders baptized them again, calling one the kingdom of Iconia, the other the principality of Antioch. Now it is all part of Turkey. In fact, we were almost following Alexander's itinerary as he came down from Ancyra (Ankara), through Parnassus and Tyana (now Bor), crossed the Cilician Gates and went on to Tarsus before he met the Persians at Issus.

We went to sleep looking at the bleak Anatolian uplands and woke up just as we were leaving the brown plateau, with the Taurus in front of us; but we were still far enough away to see the range develop, a heavy bulwark between austere Anatolia and the Mediterranean basin, which we knew would be lush and fertile. The land was dun, but the mountains had great red, yellow and violet streaks of colour. I have crossed the Taurus twice at two different points five hundred miles apart: when going south, and again, flying between its two prongs, when going north to Erzurum. Everywhere it is aloof, often magnificent and majestic, and always very very lonely. It is a range that has to be

stormed. It has none of the easy 'ins and outs' of the Alps; it just sprawls forbiddingly and with very narrow passes all along the under-belly of Turkey.

The train obligingly goes slowly up and does not rush down too fast, so that the brief time when one is enclosed in the pass is, as it were, prepared for by three glorious hours of approach – if one wakes up early enough!

The fact that the Anatolian plateau itself is some three thousand feet high is the reason, I suppose, for the feeling of exhilaration I always experienced on these great plains. These wind-swept spaces, that can be so cold, so solitary and sad, have, when one rides about them, as I was lucky enough to do for three winters round Ankara thanks to the sturdy horses brought to our door through the courtesy of President Inönü (President no longer), a magnetic quality urging one for ever onward. Leaving the great Kayseri plateau for a totally different region, I felt strangely happy to know I would return to its bareness after my incursions in luscious Hatay.

On the Anatolian slopes of the Taurus there is little vegetation, but as soon as we were in the Hal mountains all types of deciduous trees appeared, culminating in thick groves all over the passes. Anatolia is parched, but the Taurus is full of tumbling springs, especially in May when the snows are melting and they fall from black and white mountains like the Karadag and Aladag.

In the fleeting hours between dawn and full morning we saw every kind of mountain plant, every form of rock imaginable from rounded domes to slender, jagged spires.

> *Stabat acuta silex præcisis undique saxis*
> *speluncæ dorso insurgens, altissima visu,*
> *Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum.*[1]

These must have impressed themselves on the Byzantine painters, who later in Russia decorated icons and paintings of the school of Novgorod and Pskov with these backgrounds of sharp-edged and volcanic rock.

[1] 'There stood a pointed rock of flint, cut sheer away all round, rising above the cavern's ridge and exceeding high to view, fit home for the nestlings of foul birds.' (*Æneid*, l. 233.)

Either outwards by rail or returning by road, both routes follow rivers, the Korkun and the Chakyasu, and cross the mountains between the Bulgardag and the Aladag. This pass is unequalled in Asia Minor for savage grandeur of scenery. The Bulgardag was snow-capped and there were very few villages.

The very minute we dropped down on the Mediterranean side the wind was soft and the pines odoriferous; a wave of scented air, warm and a little damp, spoke of gentler things. Above all, the light changed and was liquid, bluish. No sharpness was left; we were back in a sea-laden atmosphere. Mists hung between the trees, blurring and clothing crags, trees and ruins with imponderable lace. Asphodels grew along the track. After a long and snowy winter in Ankara, all this voluptuous earth offering her flowers and leaves was intoxicating, and we knew that later her other gifts – cherries, maize, rice, figs, apricots, melons, plums, opium, tobacco and cotton – would be there in profusion.

Our car and inimitable chauffeur Ali met us at Toprakkale, and we left the Taurus express to drive down to Iskenderun (Alexandretta).

Between the hills and the sea, whenever there is a hillock on this Hatay plain there is likely to be a castle. The Crusaders, despite all the difficulties, never seemed to stop building all along the coast. Ruins of castles are silhouetted on every second peak and island of the coastline. You may see them at Payas, Anamur, Silifke and inland at Toprakkale; they dot the slopes of the Amanus mountains, and culminate in the magnificent '*kraks*' of Syria, which have defied time and revolutions and plundering, and are visible for many miles.

The Gulf of Iskenderun starts with the Misis plain. This famous plain is marshy, but much work has been done to clear it. It is entered by three roads celebrated in ancient history, each of which has a natural and an artificial 'gate': the first, through the Cilician pass, Gülek Bogazi and Karanlik Kapu, the second through the Amanian (Bahche) Pass and the Toprakkale gap, and the third through the Syrian (Belan) Pass and 'Jonah's Pillars'. This explains the events preceding the battle of Issus. Alexander, having reached Mallus by the Cilician Pass, marched round the head of the gulf through the Karanlik Kapu to Issus, where he left his sick men. Pushing on to the Syrian Pass, he heard there

that Darius had occupied Issus in his rear, and at once turned back, reaching the Syrian Gates, where there was – as we ourselves could see – only room for the road between the cliff and the sea. This was at midnight, and the battle took place the next day. Darius, who had crossed the mountains by the Amanian pass, reached the plain by the Toprakkale gap and, after occupying Issus, sent his troops forward to the river Pinarus. The Macedonians could deploy, the Persians could not because of the narrowness of the plain.

Mr Buhagiar, our Consul at Iskenderun, put us up in great comfort in his house facing the sea, and sped us on our way to Antioch after two days of entertainment. Iskenderun, a gay, white town enclosed in its airless pocket between the Amanus mountain range and the sea, is very hot indeed, as it is entirely protected from all winds. It has a dormitory suburb on the nearby Amanus range; to avoid the heat, many people go up to the mountains near the Belan Pass, and sleep there at night in light and fragile-looking houses that peep at the motorist as he drives up the pass leading to the Syrian Gates. A magnificent road with easy curves, with never an advertisement to mar the countryside, makes the journey to Antioch a particularly fine drive.

I do not mean to convey that this road was an *autostrade* – that particularly deadening and sleepy horror which tears the countryside to shreds and eats it up, leaving nothing but crumbs and no memories of the past. This road was not only good, it also had some soul left and was bordered by inviting trees. We felt like stopping many times to admire the view from its superb spirals, to look back upon it, to catch glimpses of distant hills, mauve and misty, or to look down on mountain pools shimmering, rippling or dead as lead. This road had been designed by French engineers: it had the great broad sweep so many French roads achieve, a road with a purpose – intending to get to its destination within a reasonable time, but giving one a chance of seeing things *en route*. English roads also get to their destination in the end, but they are unhurried and therefore often more poetical. They saunter and wind, hidden by unnecessary hedges, this very dilatoriness giving them an added elegance which is enhanced by the huge overlapping arms of low oaks or beeches.

Here in Southern Turkey, the plain came up at last, and we went faster towards Antioch. Maurice Barrès wrote a lovely book, *Un Jardin sur l'Oronte*, which is full of charm and happy descriptions. Now this rich, deep word 'Orontes' was going to take a shape, become an entity for us, and flow as Antioch's river. In Roman times, its bed having been changed, they found the bones of a giant which the oracle declared to be those of Orontes. But the older story was better still: that the river was called Typhon from a snake-bellied wonder who, struck by Jupiter's bolt, fled and dived underground, thus forming the bed of the river by his trail and its source by his descent!

Asia Minor had at least eight Antiochs: in Mesopotamia, Pisidia, on Mount Cragus, one on the Tigris, another in Margiana, one on the Meander, another again near Mount Taurus; but none as famous as Antioch on the Orontes. The third city in the ancient world after Rome and Alexandria, it was built by Antiochus and Seleucis Nicator. Here Olympic Games were held at nearby Daphne under Commodus, and here Constantine built the great church destroyed by an earthquake in 526 (the model, maybe, for St Vitalis in Ravenna). It was a meeting-place for Church assemblies and seat of one of the Chief Patriarchs. After one last appearance as a capital of the Crusaders, this tetrapolis is now in decay, its past glories as much forgotten as those of the Cinque Ports of Kent and Sussex.

The Orontes, sandy and muddy but quite fast, runs through the town. We saw first great gardens, some very old stone bridges, and a cave-like church dedicated to St Peter in the rock a mile from the city. This barrel-vaulted cave opening on to a ledge on the rock is one of the very earliest Christian churches, for the first worshippers came to it, according to tradition, through the house and garden of St Luke, Apostle and physician, himself. Here St Peter had his first bishopric. In the days of the Sultans it was looked after by the Capuchins, who were driven away at the time of the Revolution, so that now this most ancient shrine is an empty shell, except that the stone altar has been restored – incidentally, replaced upside down as the letters Alpha and Omega inscribed on it show.

Antioch's gem is a new museum, housing hundreds of mosaics – all that remain of its most glorious epoch. This has

been built with the help of American generosity, and had been opened about two years at the time of our visit. It has a garden, also with mosaics in it, by the river, arches with mosaics under them and large, lofty rooms built for nothing but the display of these grand Roman mosaics.

Some are made of designs of flowers and fruit, voluptuous cornucopias pouring maize and apples, grapes and melons in the best third- or fourth-century tradition; other mosaics have been lifted on to the walls and have some affinity with Flemish tapestries. All have colour: some have been varnished and polished and appear golden, many have borders of the deep Pompeian red, others are all green. There are rooms with miniatures, rooms containing nothing but portraits, rooms like indoor gardens: it is a lovely world of make-believe, all of mosaics. Emperors, proconsuls, elegant women, cupids, angels, fauns, goddesses, animals, nymphs, tritons, myrmidons – serene and smiling people from an enchanting world. Mosaics, when not framed by gold, are generally very soft in tone, and this profusion of mosaics unrolled before our eyes like cascades of velvet, always true in tone. The medium used for these magnificent pictures was always nature's own, whether it was crushed malachite, lapis lazuli or just plain marble.

In this museum we saw a model showing the uninitiated how archæologists work by layers when they dig: how civilizations correspond roughly to levels in the soil, which may run up to scores. Such a layer may be only a few inches deep, and a whole century may be compressed in a thin line of dust; but so long as it exists, the work can be classified. Even Philistines like ourselves came, after some experience, if not to recognize and date a period through its pottery, anyhow to understand the technique of a scientific 'dig'. A magnificent Hittite head found by Sir Leonard Woolley at Tel Achana is here. Later in the day we were to visit Tel Achana itself and gaze, under the guidance of the guardian of the site, into the very pit where this statue was found.

The Turks show great concern for the mosaic pavements which they find in Asia Minor. We saw this in Tarsus two days later when, as we passed through St Paul's city, we were stopped by a crowd and left the car thinking there had been an accident.

We found that new law courts were being built on this spot, and in the foundations saw with our own eyes a fine Roman pavement being unearthed inch by inch by the architects, about eighteen feet below the street level. It had been the floor of a large room, and for our benefit a workman poured water on the dusty stones so far unearthed. Magic! The design of leaves and animals came to life, and minute by minute the pattern took shape. One of our sons was given a Roman lamp, whose spout emerged from the stones and was picked up by an engineer as we talked.

We gave up the idea of exploring the walls of Theodosius on Mount Silpius, which stands above Antioch; but we could see them sprawled across on the hill, in broken segments but visible all over it. Neither did we reach the aqueduct, nearly two hundred feet high, but motored for lunch to Daphne, by whose spring and waterfalls Alexander and his army had bivouacked.

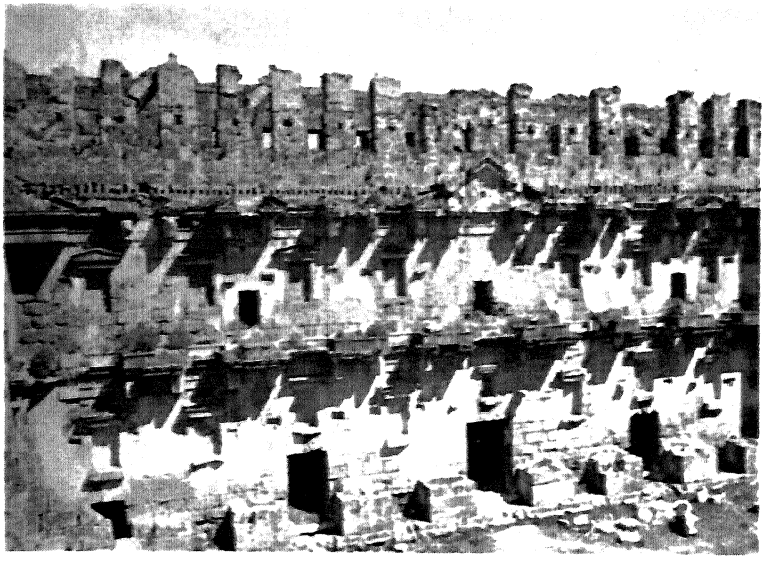
Centuries have flown by and all the temples built by Seleucis Nicator to Apollo and Diana have long since been destroyed, but, like Hebe's fountain perpetually renewing itself, the charm of this grove is alive. We thought the secret lay in the tranquil lines of the scenery and the fluidity of light and air. The hills were not too high, the grove not too large; the springs were rippling and gurgling over long, grey, flat stones – but not too noisily; the waterfalls were translucid and gay. The whole scene was bright with a shimmering young light softened by the thin and rustling curtain of the olive leaves. The only thing to do was to sit, listen and live for the moment; to drink in its entity and receive the impact of its perfection. The coolness of shadows, the music of the thin waters – here was a spot that Mozart would have loved, and that Hubert Robert or Poussin should have painted.

In bygone days the people of Antioch came to Daphne, passing through Heraclea with its beautiful villas, gardens, medicinal springs and wells, and held an August festival in the grove. Apollo's Temple had an enclosure which was a sanctuary where refugees were safe.

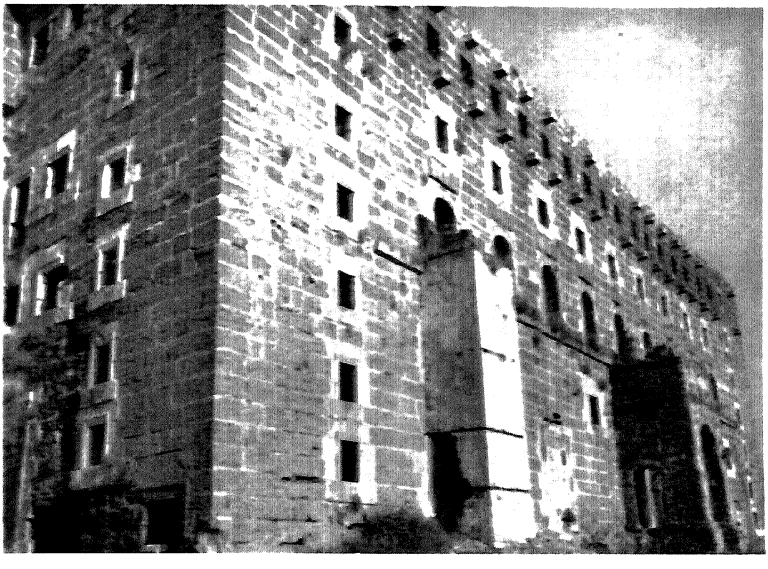
On many of our travels in Turkey we have been offered coins; here during our *al fresco* lunch overlooking the springs little boys offered us capfuls of Crusader's and Greco-Roman coins and (an indirect proof of authenticity) a George VI English

penny! We were sorry they offered us no coins of Antioch itself; for the people of Antioch, who boasted a common descent with the people of Attica, had rather brazenly struck money with the head of Pallas and an owl, just like Athenian coins. Half a mile beyond the grove there is a small arched bridge in ruins – the perfect Piranesi bridge covered with brambles, *'un pont de dentelle'*, so old and ephemeral did it look!

Sir Leonard Woolley had told us the previous spring not to miss his 'dig' in the neighbourhood, and sadly turning away from Aleppo, forty miles away across the Syrian frontier, we came back towards Iskenderun via the broad plain full of 'tels' or mounds, where we were going to visit Tel Achana, which lies in the Amok plain through which runs the Orontes. On the right of the road an earth track took us to the house and huts built on the site for the archæologists and their party – a large one judging from the size of the buildings. They were all dusty and closed, but we visited the stark interior and wrote our names on a great wall among those of other privileged visitors (*'Le nom des fous se trouve partout'*!). The Arabs who guarded this spot seemed to feel that it was holy, and deplored the damage which had been done by water at the deepest level where Professor Woolley had found a magnificent head. In his James Bryce Memorial Lecture on Middle East archæology in 1949, Sir Leonard Woolley says that 'the function of Middle East archæology is to trace the interactions of the great civilizations', and that the dig at Tel Achana was to find 'the extent and character of Asiatic influences on the art of Knossos'. He has the interesting theory that great empires like Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Mesopotamia and Hittite Cappadocia might not necessarily have been directly affected by the Cretan civilization, but that smaller cities or kingdoms profited by the vicissitudes of these bigger states, as they divided their attention, so to speak, between the great rivals, and so, as middlemen, came in touch with one or another, or all of them, in the way of ideas and fashions. In Tel Achana proofs of such intermingling might be found. That is why he excavated Al Mina, a 'tel' on the sea, concurrently with Achana, hoping to prove that the first was the port of the latter; how otherwise could Achana have been in communication with the Ægean? The fact that Achana was destroyed in 1200 B.C.

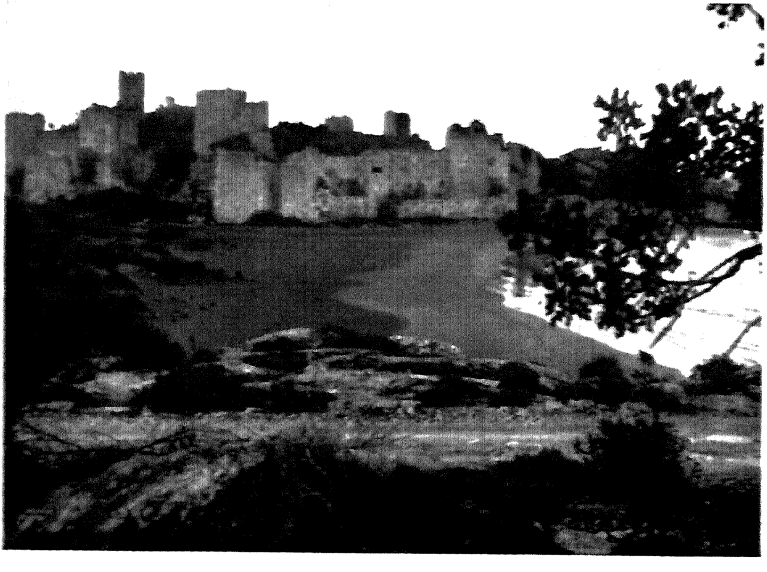


The interior walls of the theatre at Aspendos.

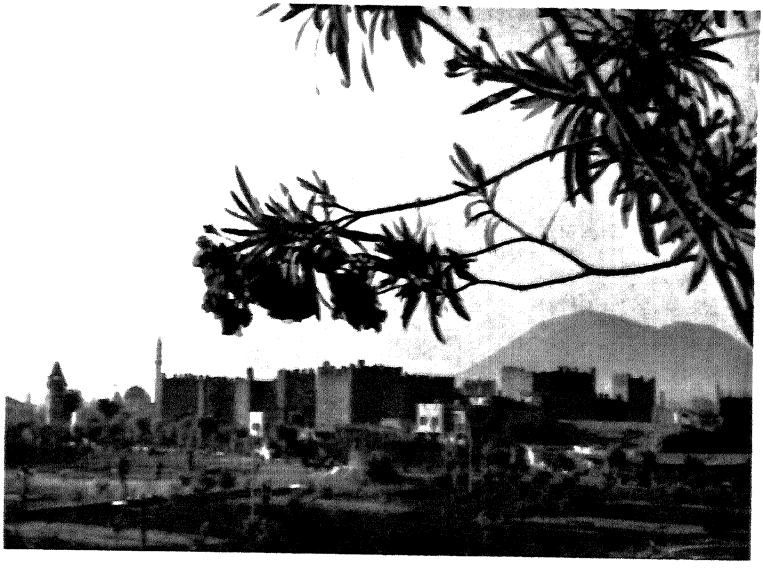


Exterior of the theatre at Aspendos.

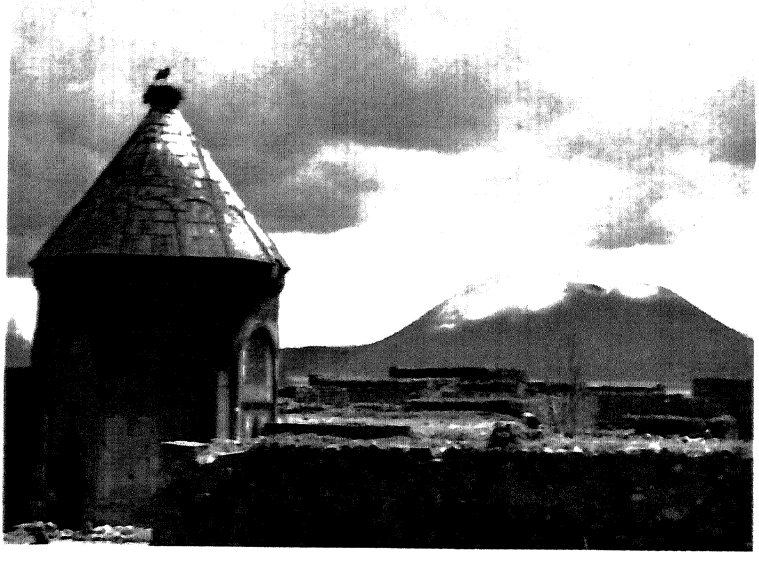
Old bridge over the Orontes at Misis.



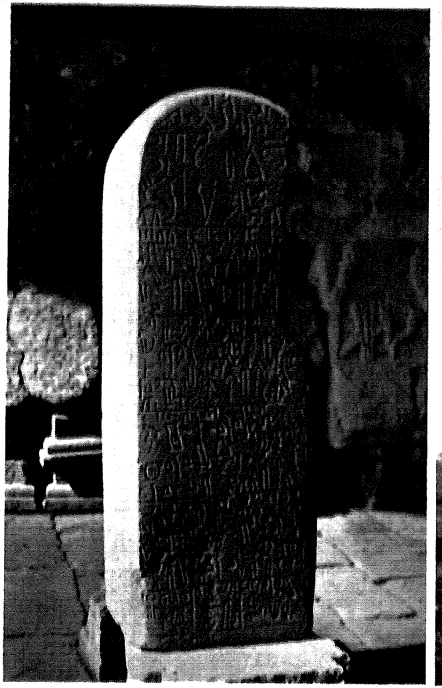
The ruins of the medieval castle at Corycos.



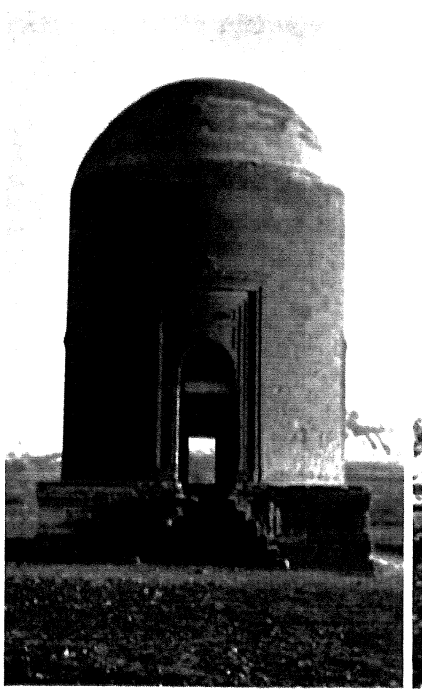
The Seljuk citadel. Kayseri.



Seljuk tomb, Kayseri.



Hittite tombstone in the museum at Kayseri.



The Döner Kümbet, a Seljuk tomb, at Kayseri.

Roman tomb at Corycos.

and Al Mina only in the eighth century B.C. did not disprove the theory, as half the city had been swept away by the river. Moreover, two miles inland were found a Mycenean doll goddess, fragments of Cypriot white slip milk bowls and a cylinder seal of the seventeenth to eighteenth centuries B.C. He therefore concluded that the great city he excavated at Achana was, in fact, controlled by the port of Al Mina, and could only be a royal Hittite city depending on transport trade.

This Hittite culture had certainly spread as far as the Caucasus. When I visited the Tiflis museum in 1950, the Russian professor in charge of it showed me jewellery pieces of hammered gold which he said were either Sumerian or Hittite. They had been excavated the year before in stone tombs which I went to see near Mtskheta, the old capital of Georgia, twelve miles from Tiflis.

The Hittites, following the upper Araxes, settled in the Amok plain coming from Mesopotamia. Little by little they percolated into Anatolia and ended by establishing their great capital at Bogazköy nearly two hundred miles from Ankara.

Achana and Alalakh nearby showed Minoan architectural analogies, such as an audience chamber with up to four columns with wooden shafts, and stone drum bases aligned on a raised threshold. Some walls too were decorated with frescoes of figures and trees in the manner of miniature frescoes of the Minoan palace. The manner of building was the same as in Knossos, and in a private house of the fifteenth century B.C polished orthostats [1] of basalt were found, together with a polychrome fresco representing the actual building, similar to a fresco in the Palace of Minos. Professor Woolley says he found new data at Achana for the history of the Mitanni, a mysterious power that played a rôle in the Middle East, and also fresh facts bearing on the history of the Hittite Empire in Cappadocia, which all goes to confirm his theory of the impact of the great Powers on lesser neighbours or their mutual interplay on neutral ground.

The Amok plain has one hundred and eighty 'tels', a curious sight in the green valley. These rounded earth-mounds of thimble shape are the mysterious ruins of cities so crumbled that a layer of a few inches sometimes represents centuries.

[1] Sculpture decorating the wall of the lower half of the building.

On the road back to Iskenderun we were invited in a village to a local wedding feast, and chairs were brought for us to watch the dancing. Men and women danced in a circle, watched from a balcony by the bride's party – some of them veiled. They danced to a rough violin, three steps back, four steps forward, led by a man fluttering a handkerchief, all of them watched by the whole village. Five miles farther on we came across another dancing party in another village: this was the bridegroom's party.

We recrossed 'Jonah's Pillars' and called at Adana, where the parents of a progressive Minister in the then Government (Kasim Gülek Bey) gave us a delicious outdoor Turkish lunch in the garden of their modern villa. I never drank richer sour milk with *dolmas*, or *böreks* (featherweight cheese-filled pastries), than those they had prepared for us. Madame Gülek presented me with an old gold-embroidered Turkish towel which fifty years ago she had worked for her own trousseau, and like all Turkish towels made of hand-woven linen and gold thread, this one had cheerfully been used and washed ever since.

Adana is a rich town lying in the hot plain. I liked its Ulu mosque built in the sixteenth century by a Khorassan chief before the Osmanli occupation. The minaret and door of black and white marble is original. It is but an hour's run on to the Tarsus of St Paul, in his time a stronghold of Stoicism, where we saw the mosaic floor being unearthed. The Americans, headed by Miss Goel, had made a 'dig' and had found a Bronze Age house with fireplace and kitchen in perfect preservation.

Tarsus, founded by Sardanapalus, has a long history apart from its connection with St Paul. Alexander caught 'flu' bathing in its river, the Cydnus; and Antony here had his rendezvous with Cleopatra who, with a proper sense of theatrical effect, came up the river in the evening disguised as Aphrodite on a galley with purple sails – a moment immortalized in the lines of José Maria de Heredia:

*Cleopâtre debout, en la splendeur du soir*
*semble un grand oiseau d'or qui guette au loin sa proie.*
*Voici Tarse, où l'attend le guerrier désarmé;*
*et la brune Lagide ouvre dans l'air charmé*
*Ses bras d'ambre où la pourpre a mis des reflets roses. . .*

Much later Harun el Rashid made his mark, for he moved the bed of the river in the tenth century. During the first crusade Baldwin and Tancred argued and quarrelled here. After falling into the hands of Armenians and Arabs, the place was at last taken and kept by Bayazid I. At the end of the town there is a large Roman gateway through which lay our way. This was very similar in style to many ruined aqueducts we had seen in the countryside; indeed, we might have been following the Via Appia, for these ruins are of the same height and size and, perhaps, in the same state of decay.

Mersin is a pleasant little harbour, with the largest modern *halkevi* in the whole of Turkey. This 'House of the People' faces the sea, and we visited it extensively on the morrow of our arrival. It has theatre, reading-rooms, ballroom and classrooms, some of which are used by the British Council. We have a tiny British Consulate in Mersin where, thanks to the skilful arrangements of Mrs Nock, our capable hostess, our party of four were fitted in.

The next day we motored to Pompeiopolis, founded by the great Pompey after he had wiped out the pirates and had beaten the King of Pontus. All along this side of the Mediterranean seaboard there are nothing but ruins. The Greeks, and later the Romans, had founded here a chain of colonies; on this lonely seashore where five million people once lived and thrived dead city after dead city met us with their gaunt walls and eerie atmosphere. A few miles from Mersin, Pompeiopolis Soli dominated the sea. We walked, followed by little lambs, right along an alley of columns, down to the sea. These columns, of which seventeen still stand, look like a row of unlit candles. I have not often seen such a romantic sight as these pillars – proud, lonely and superb. There had been two hundred, forming a long portico from the harbour to the town – Charles Texier, the French traveller whose account of his travels in Asia Minor is still of inestimable value, saw fifty still standing a hundred years ago. If one must be critical, the capitals are perhaps of a top-heavy Corinthian style, and, the lead having been stolen, they are disjointed and never quite straight. But in the morning, with a breeze coming from the sea and beautiful clouds racing between them, we wanted no more. Following the lambs who were seek-

ing salted herbs, we got to the oblong harbour, and my sons and I paddled in the sea. Marble, marble everywhere, and all encrusted by the waters. A philological curiosity: the word solecism is connected with this very town, for it was applied to some Greeks who here forgot the purity of their language!

We made a great friend in the person of Muhiddin Bey, who led the way in his jeep between Pompeiopolis and Corycos to his fruit farm, on which were three hundred thousand citrus trees most scientifically planted around his modern villa, where he gave us a delicious meal. The people of Mersin and Adana build small week-end houses in this extraordinary fertile land.

Though it looked like rain, we started for Corycos on a road, atrocious as to its surface, but otherwise glorious, for at every bend nearing Corycos we had to stop and look. Three Imperial stone aqueducts, one after another, crossed the road, framing the leaden skies with their powerful sweep of arches. Heavy perhaps, but thanks to their weight and powerful engineering they had defied all the centuries, erosion, winds, earthquakes.

Camels abound in Asia Minor still, and one of them, three weeks before we came, had tried his luck on the narrow ledge of one of these aqueducts – trying no doubt to short-circuit the road – and had fallen into the ravine. This was told to our chauffeur as a great local joke, and fantastic indeed it must have been to see the stranded camel a hundred feet up on this ledge on his tight-rope walk! Bridges are prosaic as compared to aqueducts, with the hidden running life they bear and carry.

It is not always easy to climb and look at an aqueduct, but near Istanbul, where there are scores, I once climbed the aqueduct of Pyrgos. There someone had lifted the stones that covered the pipe-line and I was able to see the clear cool water running at the gentlest of angles in its stone conduit, as it had done for at least eighteen centuries.

This Corycos road leads to Silifke, which was our goal. Alas! the spring rains were too much for us. This part of the countryside has only the smallest of villages and the road was not looked after. Just before Corycos, we crossed an old Seljuk bridge and plunged into an inundated swamp, with the storm increasing the volume of the River Magra hour by hour. Our carburettor was flooded and we left the car to recover, piling into the jeep and

the Consul's car, to get at least to Corycos, if not Silifke. We reached Corycos about 5 p.m. in heavy rain. It must once have been a rich city, judging from all that has been left in the incredible and artistic disorder that large unattended ruins seem to engender. This goes on all along the coast, and one may hope that this stretch of sea-coast may be kept as a 'classical preserve'. Streets on the right, theatre on the left – we even found two open-air cisterns complete with conduits, one for oil and one for wine. Specially dramatic, whether in rain, moon or sunshine, are the stupendous Roman sarcophagi with their lids still in place. Each is composed of a little square temple, like a windowless house, and each contains a tomb raised upon a block of stone twice the size of a man. Some are complete; others have only a part of the little house left to protect them; many have Greek or Roman inscriptions; nearly all are of stone, and a few of marble with the traditional decoration of garlands of fruit and flowers. Of course many of these graves have been plundered, but I am quite sure that this region would yield many more treasures to archæologists, as it has not even been scratched and the earth bulges in many places with unexcavated temples and houses.

In 1890 a British expedition, headed by Mr Theodore Bent, first visited here the 'Paradise of the Yörüks'. This is an enormous cave at the end of a natural depression; legend has it that the giant Typhon had been imprisoned here by Jupiter. The ruined Byzantine church, which we could not reach because of bad weather, was built at the mouth of this cave. Here Mr Bent found pagan and Christian inscriptions.

A little way out to sea and facing the ruins there is a splendid medieval island castle, Kizkalesi. Again the weather thwarted us; we could not get across to it at all, and had to content ourselves with a lesser Byzantine castle facing the island and on the mainland. The small Roman theatre had the most curious stone box-office – the only one I ever saw in Asia Minor.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of all this region is the existence of a vast necropolis between Corycos and nearby Sebaste. There are hundreds of tombs of all descriptions, from masonry structures representing small classical temples to rough unhewn tombs; some sarcophagi are attached to the rock by their base, some are simply sunk in the rock with a covering lid;

one was of Saracen making with lovely chisellings. The last one we saw had a Roman lictor sculpted on it who seemed to wave us good-bye as we turned back, dripping, from the perfect Roman paving towards our cars, thermos and tea – and eventually thirty miles of bad road back to Mersin!

We took the opportunity while we were in Mersin of visiting Yumuk Tepe, where Professor Garstang, founder of the British Institute of Archæology in Ankara, had told us how to find his great 'dig'. This site was excavated by the Neilson Expedition in 1936 and completed ten years later by the Professor himself.

Just outside Mersin, encompassed by poor houses and surrounded by trees, we saw an artificial mound cut through like a cake. Some of it on the north side was covered with grass, but on its south face it was easy to understand the system whereby periods and levels are ascertained: each level has a different colour and depth. There were twenty-six levels, forming a unique pictorial proof of continuous human occupation for five thousand years – from Neolithic times to the beginning of our own era. This great mound also showed how dominant cultural impulses oscillated between East and West: for at the top – the very last – were the medieval and Byzantine villages; below them Attic and other Greek potteries down to the earliest Greek wares of 1200 B.C.; then through various phases of the Bronze Age, including the Hittite ascendancy, a wonderful complete panorama of the long series of Chalcolithic culture; and so at last to the purely Neolithic levels with their stone walls, obsidian tools and monochrome pottery.

In Professor Garstang's own words, 'excavation of this mound developed the picture of Neolithic village life over a long period of time, during which the levels of occupation rose stage by stage to the height of more than ten metres above the plain. During this time the only outside contact visible was the source of obsidian upon the Anatolian plateau near Topala, which could be reached by way of the old track through the Cilician Gates as well as the Calycadnos Valley. We are thus in a position to watch and trace the development of civilization in a remote village under the occasional stimulus of new ideas gleaned from passing traders through a period which cannot have been less than a

thousand years. It is a unique picture which reveals the domestication of animals, cultivation of cereals and the further development of agriculture and farming, the beginnings of paintings on pottery, improved technique in the working of obsidian and in building, all seen as in a continuous film which glides imperceptibly from the stage of Neolithic culture into the Chalcolithic period when cultural contacts appear in historical sequence. It is noteworthy that through this period all such contacts appear to have been Mesopotamian, while in the early Bronze Age the prevailing influence was Anatolian. Later the cultural influences followed in the wake of political ascendancy, all this at the important geographical spot where the Eastern and Western routes meet going from Karkamish and Aleppo to Eastern Anatolia and farther on to Troy.'

Alas, the floods here were also a deterrent to a lengthy visit and we regretfully returned to the Consulate. The next morning we left the Mediterranean to climb the Taurus. It was a lovely drive up with easy rises; chestnut-trees and Valona oaks were all around, and the young April grass on both sides was scented and untouched. Many nomadic Yörüks live under canvas in these regions, and their black tents dotted the countryside. As it was the spring, many young camels followed their mothers, so indifferent and bored-looking: the foals were gaunt but gay. The Yörük women are good-looking and hieratic, with magnificent teeth; more than once a Crusader's blue eyes startled me in an otherwise semitic face. These strains are curious and unexpected: years ago in Syria, I remember seeing an entire village of freckled, fair faces and people with russet and sunset hair, near the Krak des Chevaliers.

It is a good four hours from Mersin through Adana and Misis – going back to Trojan times and bulging with unexcavated grounds round its fine Seljuk bridge – to the Cilician Gates proper. We had not realized from the train how narrow this defile really is. The road hugs the dark and forbidding rocks. It is a noisy gorge and rather mournful, with sheer stone walls on both sides and cold waters oozing through the granite. At the narrowest point on the right as you come from Mersin there is, chiselled on the face of the mountain, a Greek inscription reminding the traveller that Alexander came through these 'gates'. Here

the angry torrent and the road are parallel and there is no room for anything but them. Neither a house nor a bridge could be squeezed in. The whole pass is deep, tormented, savage; emerging from it, we heaved a sigh of relief as we descended towards Pozanti. Little did we know that there we would have some anxious hours of waiting. But these are the hazards of journeys in Anatolia, and on the whole it was the greatest fun, revealing to us the reckless character of our driver Ali. For immediately after Pozanti, where the valley broadens, we were stopped by a broken bridge over the river that winds its way in and out of the tunnelled mountain along the railway. There was nothing to be done but wait until the gangs of workers had repaired the bridge (which they seemed in no hurry to do, as a heated argument was going on about the rates of pay), or turn back and return to sleep at Adana, or put the car on a railway truck attached to the Taurus express which was due in the evening – if it should have a suitable truck.

We were eating lunch a little way from the road, watching the slow progress of the repair gangs and discussing what best to do with some asperity, when suddenly we saw that the car had disappeared. The valley was there, the bridge unrepaired, the river too large to be forded and the car had not passed us. Our party of six could not believe its eyes: the Embassy car, complete with flag, had vanished into thin air. Then we suddenly saw that Ali, without asking leave, had backed the car on to the railway track and oblivious of the fact that a train might come up or down at any moment, had put the headlights on and gone ahead into a tunnel. Everyone stopped working or talking as we waited, our hearts in our mouths, to see our car emerge from the tunnel five hundred yards away and go on gaily preparing to engulf itself in the next one.

We got across the bridge in a jeep driven by a friend from the American Embassy who turned up most opportunely, and after twenty minutes driving along the road which ran parallel with the railway track, with the stream between, we saw our car getting off the railway line to rejoin us over the next bridge. Until he had reached that point, the brave Ali could neither have turned nor left the track, and had a train come along there would have been a fearful smash.

On this occasion we had a splendid example of the thoroughness of Turkish hospitality. The station-master had telephoned our plight back to Adana to ask for a railway truck for us, and the *Vali*, having been informed, had started at once with his wife in their car to Pozanti and motored four hours up into the mountains wishing to take us back to Adana. We only heard of this the next day, as he arrived just after we had left! We had hurried on through the last hills to emerge on to the Anatolian plateau once more, leaving behind the sweet scented air, to stop at Nigde where we very nearly spent the night. It is a lovely old Anatolian town full of Seljuk mosques and tombs and fine doorways. Gone were the Greeks and their columns; we were back among the Seljuks and their arabesques.

There were some very fine specimens of Seljuk art in this pretty and rocky town, with its citadel on top of the rock, and its delicately designed mosque built by Alaeddin in the sixteenth century. He buried his wife, Havanda, in a curious tomb recessed in a rock. This is unexpected, for it is octagonal in plan; but at about three-quarters of its height it is turned into a sixteen-sided figure with a fine stalactitic ornamentation. As always in Seljuk art, there are crowned heads, winged figures and animals. We could not explore the town properly, as we were already very late and knew that before we reached Kayseri we had to cross a high, windy and desolate plateau with no village for at least seventy miles. This is a desert, at the end of which we saw Mount Argus loftily fade into the night as we neared Kayseri and its twinkling lights.

Twenty miles out of the town the military and civil authorities met us, a welcoming tradition dear to the Turks and so very friendly.

We were put up through the courtesy of the Sümer Bank in a very modern rest-house inside a huge cotton factory in Kayseri. After all the antiquities we had seen, it was confusing to return to such modernity and visit the next day this large concern covering two hundred and fifty acres and employing more than three thousand people.

This factory is a very modern building and is well thought out, has workers' dormitories, a nursery, a dispensary, huge kitchens and a capacious swimming-pool. In the dispensary the

beds were empty but for one accident case. All new arrivals were X-rayed at once. Although the production of this factory goes entirely to the peasant market, there were ten textile designs and over a hundred different tints. The machines worked at over ninety per cent. capacity, over fourteen and a half per cent. of all cotton textiles used in Turkey coming from Kayseri. All raw materials came from Adana; the management preferred to employ Anatolian labour to any other.

Kayseri, the home town of St John Chrysostom, has a magnificent Seljuk citadel right inside the town. I went at sunset and sat in the peaceful desert on the threshold of a Seljuk tomb, the Döner Kümbet, or Round Mausoleum, displaying curious sculptured animals. It had two doorless apertures facing each other, through which Mount Argus itself was framed, making an incomparable picture. Kayseri belonged to the Sassanides and was taken from the tribe of the Danishmends by the Seljuks in 1174. Its *türbes*, mosques and *medreses* all date from this period, and there is an entire old city outside the citadel, which has great stone chiselled portals that guard these monuments. The first hospital in Turkey was built here in the early thirteenth century, by the sister of Keyhüsrev. In the museum, ably arranged by Halit Doral, there were Anatolian ceramics and good Roman glass, especially little iridescent bottles used to gather the tears of mourners themselves long since dead.

*Chapter Eight*

# KONYA

TWICE in the last fifteen years I have had the pleasure of travelling in a really small aeroplane: one was a six-seater we hired privately from Cairo to go to Maan in Transjordania to visit the rock city of Petra, and the other was the Turkish passenger plane used in the summer to fly from Ankara to Konya. This was the kind of friendly plane piloted by one man whom you can thank for having agreed to let you look at a town from a certain angle, from which you know that in a hidden bend you can see a sleeping castle or a fine bridge! This friendly pilot was kind enough, for instance, to dip his wings so low over Lake Tuzgölü that we disturbed the ducks! We travelled unhurriedly over the plateau between Ankara and Konya, whose vast expanse in the early spring is marked in patches here and there by the cultivation of wheat and oats. It is a country without cover or trees, a slightly undulating plateau very icy in the winter, where a few partridges, wild geese, herons, bitterns and plovers cross and recross, and where bustards come unguardedly from Eastern Anatolia on their way to warmer plains.

It is surprising how much cultivation seems to be done on these endless dun folds. From the air the hamlets seem few and are connected to one another by earth roads. They are so small that they rarely have a minareted mosque. Like all high plateaux, this is lonely, and also rather sad. But distances, aridity, few local resources never seem to have deterred any nomad race. They thrive in these conditions, which seem to develop their inner resources. We were on our way to see, at the south of this plateau, the most curious remnants of a past Empire and its artistic monuments. Art was brought to Konya and developed there by the arrival in the eleventh century of the Seljuk Turks. After having overcome the Arab sultans, they defeated the Emperor Romanus Diogenes at Malazgirt in Armenia, and eventually forced the Byzantine Empire to shrink back to the coast in spite of Manuel Commenus, who in 1143 marched across

the Anti-Taurus and battled with them but failed to invest their capital. Two hills near Konya ever preserve for us the name of two early Christians, Thecla and Barnabas, who lived in caves nearby.

The history of Asia Minor is fascinating when, thanks to '*le monde des livres, des cartes et celui encore plus éloquent des pierres*', as Michelet said, the swarming armies, the conquests and the defeats, the interpretations of new forms of art, can be read by travellers on the very spot on which the armies fought and the art forms were created.

In fifteen minutes' run from the end of the airstrip (just a rough field, with an open lorry waiting to take off other passengers) we were in Konya. A mile or so outside the town we saw our first *han*, or medieval hostelry. It was quite ruined, alas!, with its inner courtyard full of sand and weeds, but built so well and so firmly that the arched gallery still supported the massive vaulted stone superstructure.

Before the end of our visit we went out to see two of the more distant *hans*. The Konya plain towards Kayseri stretches without a ripple on its surface, and every twenty-five or thirty miles – a day's journey for a horse or a camel – there emerge from the earth, alone on the horizon, rectangular, squat-looking buildings, huge caravanserais sometimes in a state of total ruin or sometimes still relatively complete.

The first we saw, Akhan, forty miles out, was complete as to its walls and bath, and from the great vault-like galleries clear-eyed owls came out, furious with us for disturbing them. It is a twelfth-century building, in whose walls many Greek, Roman and Christian columns and tombstones have found a home, often inserted upside down. Merchants and their horses, camels, military convoys and their men sought a haven there. This was the road of the silk caravans; Marco Polo took it in his turn.

Eighty miles out of Konya is a still larger *han* – Sultan Han – dating from 1229, which has a magnificent portal with rose-like designs, 'fluted' small columns and a pure Gothic arch leading into the great courtyard where there was a mosque for the travellers. Alas! it too is open to the sky and in great danger of destruction by the elements. The great double vaults supported by robust pillars look like the inside of a Gothic cathedral; we

counted twenty-four pillars on each side, and the long hall was over forty yards long.

In Anatolia the wind can be an enemy. It is fierce and savage as it travels these great spaces, hurling itself from the Taurus, but the *hans*, though roofless and unsheltered by trees, still offer complete shelter. Visible from thirty miles on a clear day, they are little pools of primitive comfort on the bleak plain.

Greek art, I was taught, is based on pure reason. It is the epitome of the perfect sense of balance and harmony. Was Seljuk art derived from it? The Seljuks produced no music, but expressed themselves in stone *medreses*, *hans*, mosques, tombs and fortresses; in ceramics and in calligraphy as decorative art. Intellectually, they nourished a pantheistic school of thought culminating in the poet Celaleddin, the founder of the Mevlevi Dervishes, of whom more later. The inner strength that kneaded these tribes together and made the Seljuk Empire was something spiritual: the powerful link of Islam. The Khalifs were represented in the eleventh century only by far-flung dynasties. The Byzantines had also become too scattered in Asia Minor, extending right into the then Armenia. Turkish nomads burning with the new faith swept in from Bokhara under the banner of Tugrul Bey; in forty years they had overrun Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria and Anatolia, and by 1080 Süleyman, grandson of Tugrul, had taken Nicea and was governing from there.

Old cultures remained alive in the nomads, who carried them over steppe and sands; no sooner had they settled than they began permanent building, inspired by the power of faith. These people found in Asia Minor artisans accustomed to the formal precision and grace of Greek workmanship. They proceeded to evolve a curious hybrid art made up of Persian, Indian, Hittite and Arabic influences with a dash of Chinese. Byzantine art was faithful to its Hellenistic tradition, but Seljuk works showed hardly any Greek influence at all except when columns were lifted wholesale from classical monuments and incorporated in mosques.

We were now in Konya, the 'town of the picture', because there Perseus hung on a column the head of Medusa. It is a completely flat town, with narrow streets and, like some Arabic towns, has high walls round houses and yards. There is a

modern suburb just on the fringe of the old one; luckily they blend. Looking towards the south, we saw the Taurus range closing the horizon seventy miles away.

In the main square of Konya we were put up in a small, primitive but very clean hotel, and found a restaurant a stone's throw down the street with little tables, a long menu, the inevitable wireless and a vine-trellised covering. It possessed a cook who really understood *kebap* (grilled meat served on a skewer), which we took with *pilav* – the wonderfully light Eastern rice – yoghourt in great bowls and coffee *à la Turque*. One could have added lots of eggs and delicious fruit from the Hatay – with its warm, garden-like plains on the other side of the Taurus, where the climate is pure Mediterranean.

Fortified by a delicious meal (which we were to supplement in the evening with unleavened bread), we prepared to visit the ancient Ikonium, capital from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries of the Seljuks of Rum. Rum stands for Romans and applied to all who were to settle in Roman lands. Even now, all over the Near and Middle East, urchins call after you '*Roumi*', not always benevolently. To uneducated Arabs, Turks and Egyptians ignorant of history, the foreigner was and is still a *Roumi* – a Roman; that great name which, after two thousand years, still clangs like a cymbal even if whispered hastily. What a lesson in the power of tradition and of the word of mouth!

The Seljuks must have been great patrons and enlightened at that, as all we have of them is hall-marked by the most exquisite taste. It is very interesting to study their monuments, as Ottoman art evolved its great and magnificent lines from this medley of styles. Although it lacks unity in itself, its characteristics are instantly recognizable. All is compact here. There are no hundred-feet-long temples, but small mosques; marble was rarely used for the outside of monuments; they preferred pillars to columns; vaulting was done without arches; cupolas are on the Persian lines. The curve of the arches for the portals is taken straight from the Sassanides, and doors and their lintels are decorated with great richness at the expense of the rest of the building. Their walls had a touch of the Romans in the straightness of their lines and the size of the brick and stone. From the Byzantines they sometimes took the acanthus

leaf and the representation of animals and birds. On the other hand, they rejected the Byzantine capital and replaced it by pendentives often in the shape of stalactites. Symmetry they did not always care about, and lines were more often horizontal than vertical. The Egyptians and the Assyrians did the same, and I always thought that this followed admirably the lines of the scenery – flat, long, unending.

Contrary to the Gothic style where much is made of the outside of buildings, climate and religion encouraged architects to turn inwards, so to speak, and concentrate on interiors. With a beating sun overhead and wild winds – often sand-laden – round the corners, the tendency is to enter a building and avoid both elements. Because the climate was so severe, the Seljuks used the hardest materials they could find either in stone or hard woods for their mosques, *hans* and *medreses*. Many portals and domes are decorated with enamelled tiles, an art brought to Asia Minor by Chinese craftsmen. Green was a holy colour, and they used it with great adroitness as a base for many decorations and for covering domes. Their blues are cobalt, their reds mandarin; later the Ottomans rarely used yellows.

As streets are rather narrow in Konya, we used dear little open carriages of the *carozella* type, and this throwback of fifty years was all part of the fun. The Turks love to decorate the harness of their animals, and use blue for luck in the large beads which are to be found on every set of harness. With this transport, we started our tour of the town. The first stop was at the mosque of Alaeddin, built in 1250. It is completely unsymmetrical, as the mosque, courtyard, mausoleum and cemetery are enclosed in an irregular courtyard. It is really more of a fortress than a church and quite forbidding outside. Seljuks liked inscriptions encased in little niches on outside walls, and one of them reveals that the architect was Mehmed bin Halvan ud Demicki, a native of Damascus. The interior of this mosque has an Arabic look with its slightly pointed arches. The closed portal is geometrically decorated, but an imaginative builder was allowed to run a festoon of ribbons round the top of the arch. On each side of the now built-in door there are two slender pillars encased in the wall with zigzag decorations. The columned windows in the gallery are straight from Byzantium. There is one

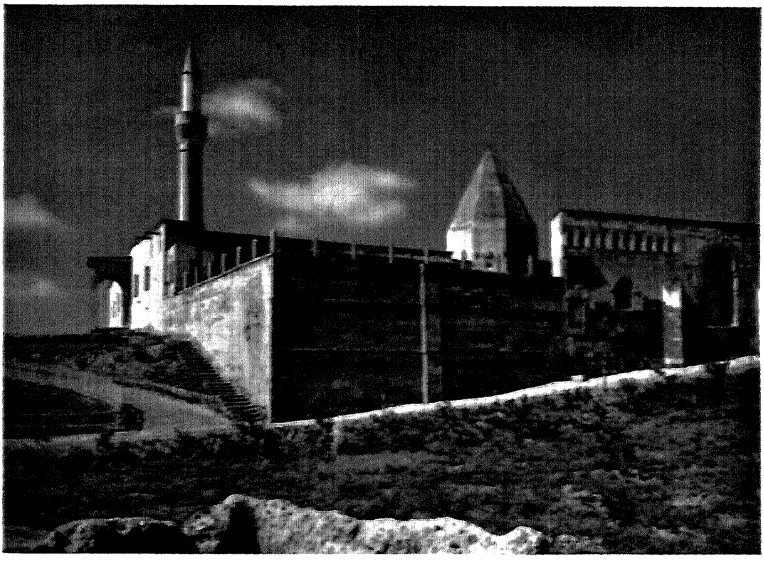
outside minaret too thin in proportion with the rest of the building; the eye rejects it and is more attracted by the octagonal *türbe* – the house of tombs. It is most austere. This mausoleum contains tombs covered with fine blue tiles with a white tracing in relief. I remember a feeling of remoteness and coldness rarely experienced in a mosque. On reflection, I am sure it was the use of cold tones – white, cobalt blue and green, allied with a darkish stone. The *mihrab* was magnificent, with its tiling and superb calligraphy.

In the yard we had a surprise, as along the wall we saw huge stone eagles back to back looking at us with a very heraldic mien, and djinns, with wings and crowned heads, appearing to run or jump. Lions also served to decorate Seljuk arms, and these motifs were employed all over the Middle East. I remember seeing the same decoration in the Ibn Touloun mosque in Cairo; the combination of Koufic writing and zoomorphic motives is characteristic of Seljuk art. In the *türbe* there are the most fascinating tile-covered tombs of the Kilich Arslan family. Each man has a turban at the head of his tomb, about a foot in height with a little blob of rounded felt like a button on the top, and a long macaroni-like ribbon of felt, slant-wise and intertwined, forming the turban. Children – the boys, that is – have the same turbans, only smaller. All are white, and the ages of the occupants are indicated by the size both of tombs and turbans.

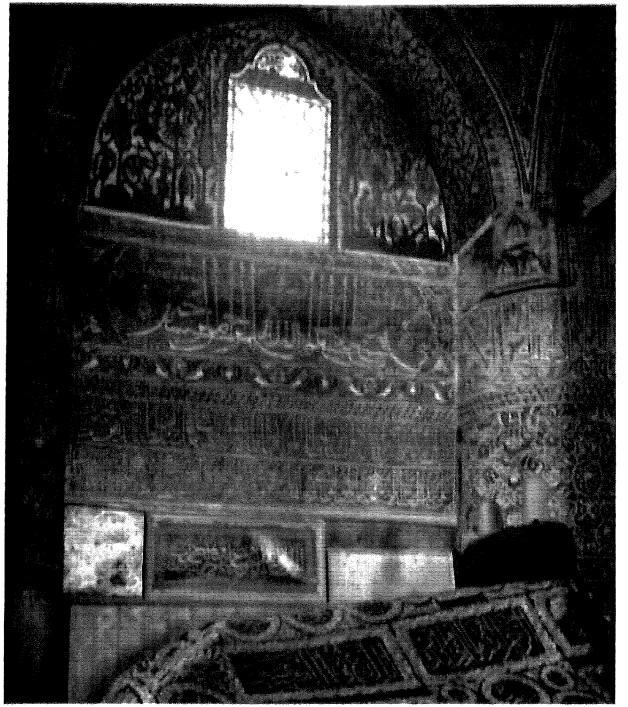
From this mosque we went to the very curious Ince Minaret, the meaning of whose name is the 'mosque with the thin minaret'. It dates from the year 659 of the Hegira, which makes it a building of the eleventh century. It was a school where were taught the *Hadis*, or holy words of the prophet. Here all the interest is to be found in the façade, a regular mixed grill of styles which has been repaired with much care in recent years. The minaret is altogether out of proportion with the small size of the mosque, and is of bricks with a nail-line pattern running up between thin divisions, also of brick. The effect of this minaret in relation to the mosque is one of lop-sidedness.

The portal is Chinese in atmosphere with a strong influence of Hindu art and some Arabic and Georgian decoration thrown in as well. According to the Turkish writer Celal Esad Arseven, the

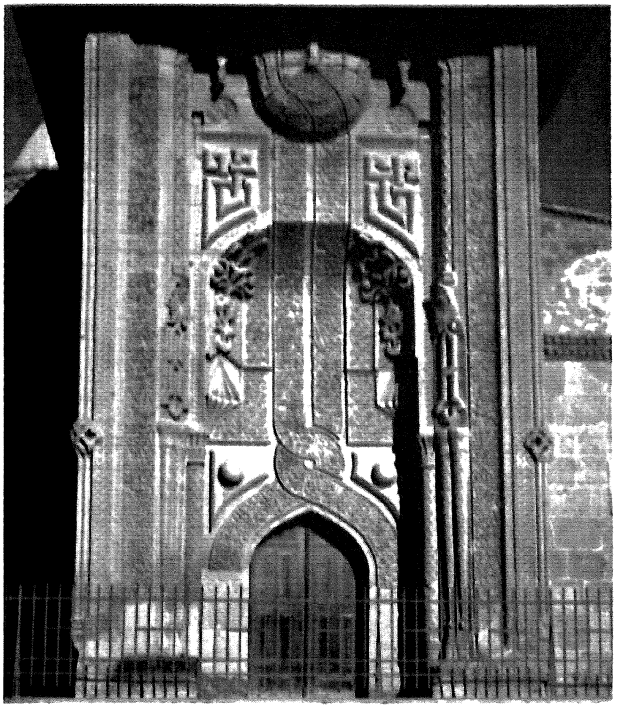
Konya: a view over the city.



The thirteenth-century mosque of Alaeddin, Konya.



Tomb of the poet Celaleddin Mevlana, Konya.



Entrance to the Ince Minaret Mosque, Konya.

mosque of Kaït Bey in Cairo shows the same characteristics. The entire portal is decorated by long intertwined bands of Koufic calligraphy, more impersonal than the Arabic script used later by the Ottomans. The most interesting thing to me in this portal was the treatment of the three little colonnades on each side of it. Architecturally they were of no use as a support, but most attractive as a decoration. They thinned out at the base, and were dissimilar but finely decorated with a geometrical design. They seem purposeless, but, like frills on a dress, were most attractive and might have had forerunners in the pre-Hellenistic period. There are similar conical columns in Cyprus.

Later the Ottomans made much use of these little columns; they called them *kum saati*, as they looked like hour-glasses. There is another throwback to be seen in this portal in the shape of two studs (cabochons), of which the Turks were very fond. They appear to hail from Assyria, as the Assyrians used to insert them, for luck, in their buildings at regular intervals. Instead of stones, the Assyrians, of course, used enamelled bricks. Here the great flower-work reliefs detract from the interest, for they are too large, as are the shell-like ornaments just under them. They are Hindu in feeling, but unattractive.

In Seljuk art, and later in Ottoman art, great importance was given to the *medreses*, the schools for theological students. They are generally friendly, low buildings, with one large classroom and accommodation in the form of cells for the students. Alas! most of the Seljuk ones in Konya are in a very bad state. The best is Hasbey Darulhuffazi, which was used for the recitation of the Koran and has lace-like marble 'appliqués' on its brick. It dates from the Karamide dynasty, A.D. 1412, and has a very attractive iron-grilled window on one side of its façade. Then there is the Sirchali *medrese*, which is now roofless and open to all the winds and the rains of Anatolia, but which has the most wonderful blue and green tiles. It has a monumental door and is infinitely pure and attractive in style, with a delicate tracing of geometrical design. It is burnt deep by the sun, warm and friendly. The Karatay *medrese* was the last one we saw, trotting from one to another in our little horse-drawn carriage. Here the portal is square in shape and the whole building seems to sink into the ground. This *medrese* has, like the Ince Minaret, some

cabochons placed in the tympana. They might have been taken from the decorations on the leather of the saddle of a Seljuk prince. Often, indeed, domestic decorations are either stylized or used directly, just as in carpets.

The decoration of these *medreses* are rather involved, and on the pendentives there are Koufic inscriptions giving the names of the four best-loved disciples of the prophet – Aboubekir, Ali, Omar, Osman. Incidentally, tradition demands that the name of God and that of Mohammed should be hung in mosques in the following order: next to the *mihrab*, the name of God on the right, on the left that of Mohammed, and in the four corners those of the prophets. This Karatay *medrese* is surmounted by a cupola about twelve yards in diameter. All the tiles are of a deep blue with little stars, and the effect is charming.

To me the most fascinating spot in the whole of Konya was the monastery, now turned into a museum, which contains the tomb of the poet Celaleddin Mevlana. It has been a shrine for hundreds of years and, although much has been added to the contents of the mosque now that it is a museum, it has a character of friendliness unaffected by the great treasures stored near the tomb. In this monastery the little cells of the dervishes were placed all round the courtyard, each with some furniture in it, and although the Order is now abolished since its secularization in the time of Kemal Atatürk, the tradition is still very green.

I was much interested in this Order, as I had known the Bektashi dervishes in Cairo, where they occupied a delightful monastery above the citadel. Everyone knows that there are two great sects in Islam — the Sunnis and the Shias. The Turks are, or were, mostly Sunnis; the Persians and many Kurds are Shias. Mevlana wrote his pantheistic poems in Persian, and was the initiator of an esoteric interpretation of the Koran and of the sayings of the Prophet. The idea of this innovation was to break away from the formalities of the mosque, and it was very popular, as there were thirty-two founders of this Order with its harsh and rather extravagant rule. Its followers astonished people by their austerities, violent exercises and self-lacerations; but the movement degenerated, for whereas in the old days the dervishes renounced all they had to give it to the poor, later it

was the other way round – the poor becames dervishes to earn their bread by begging.

All the rites had the aim of getting the dervish soul into a dream state, when it became one with God. This derives from the theory that the human soul is an emanation of God and that it seeks to rejoin its source. Ecstasy seemed a quick way to this achievement. In Istanbul we saw in a little village just outside 'the walls' a *tekke* (now a school) of considerable size which could have held two or three hundred dancing dervishes; it was a beamed room whose proportions made it a thing of considerable beauty, at the end of which were lovely tombs of thirty or forty dervishes, all complete with turbans.

Here is a characteristic Turkish tale of a good dervish: 'Once upon a time a dishonest baker was punished by a judge, who condemned him to sit naked in the sun covered with honey; flies made havoc of his skin. A kind dervish tried to help by frightening the flies off. Instead of thanking him, the baker insulted him. The kind samaritan asked him why he treated him in such a way, when he was being so helpful. Said the baker: "Dervish, you no doubt are a charitable man, but also a duffer. When the flies are gorged with my blood and fall asleep you send them away and as soon as you have left, new ones come who lick me dry. Believe me, dervish, wisdom consists in getting accustomed to one's ills."'

At Konya an imaginative curator has made a new garden between the cells and the *türbe* proper; it was a young garden as to trees and shrubs, and a very old one as to stones. I remember three Assyrian-looking lions immobile in their eternal grimaces, and in contrast, leaping the centuries, Byzantine steles and little Greco-Roman tombstones. Towering over it was the green dome of the *türbe*, surrounded by corrugated columns, the facets of which sparkled with reflected light, while the pointed cone was of burnished copper. Now, green is my favourite colour, but which green is best? The pale green of Irish fields, the silvery and clear green of Capri's grotto, the grey-green of tulip leaves, celadon green with its creamy texture, the dry green of the orthodox domes of the churches at Zagorsk near Moscow, the fathomless black green of the equatorial forest fringing the Pacific in Panama? But this was a new green altogether. These Seljuk tiles

were shot with amber as if gold dust had been used in their making; they glowed, and the light played with their tones in little rivulets of delight like a caress on a very sensitive skin.

In the *türbe* all was peace. The tomb of the poet elevated on some steps seemed enormous, rich and a little overdone, not a bit what he would have wanted. But, after all, perhaps one side of him would have enjoyed the heavy trappings of the velvet pall. It was magnificently embroidered with Ottoman script, each inscription encased in a little gold frame. A green turban enclosing a felt dervish cone rested at the head. The arches above the grave were painted and illuminated with very balanced calligraphy, and there was a true Ottoman window, with its panes neatly divided, which shed a rather cold light on the grave. Fitting, no doubt, for a pantheist.

The rest of the monument would have pleased Mevlana more. As it is now a museum, lamps and carpets have been collected and hung all around him – lovely delicate Arabic lamps with spun glass coloured and tinted, dozens of large round bronze chandeliers, one next to another. What a party the djinns – if they were let loose – could give themselves if they could light the lamps and chandeliers and dance over these priceless Anatolian carpets! Carpets on the floor, carpets hung on the walls, carpets on the seats, carpets rolled up; carpets of pink, green, black, red and blue – all old, some beautiful and some very very rare; soft mellowed carpets, some huge, some no bigger than a newspaper; carpets from Gördes, Kula, Ladik, Hereke, Kütahya, Kizil, Konya, Kirshehir, Nigde, Usküdar; and saddle-bags from Bokhara. Some were embroidered in distant Marache, a name which reminds me that I possess a black bag, the gift of Madame Erim, wife of a member of the then Turkish Government, embroidered by the women of Marache, a wonderful gold-embroidered bag straight out of a Turkish manuscript and one of my treasured possessions.

A carpet is one of the most romantic objects of domestic use in the Near East. It is also the one prized possession of many nomads: Yörük girls have to do one prayer carpet, one felt carpet, one bag and one saddle-bag before they can think of getting married! They are never signed; they have often no designer and no special model. All are shaped by tradition and personal

inspiration; but by tradition more than anything else. Roses, tulips, carnations, the flowers of the pear-tree, cypresses, stalactites and vine-leaves are to be seen either as true to life as possible, or stylized, and odd subjects such as nightlights, ewers or even wild strawberries have been used. But the beauty of the composition of Anatolian rugs lies in the combination of geometrical, symbolic and natural designs. Sumerians, Hittites and Assyrians were the first to use spirals, discs and stars with five rays (representing the five fingers and later a talisman against the evil eye). The sun was represented by the Hittites in the shape of a disc. Equally important is the swastika, which symbolized the four gods of the wind. Later came schematic figures representing earth and hills. All these, as well as delightful signs like dragons, clouds, the sign Taï-ti (night and day), arches and sky, thrones and sceptres, are still traditionally used by people who now have no idea of their symbolism. Often Seljuk carpets proper are made up of a number of zoomorphic motifs curiously interpreted, such as beaks, tails and ears of animals turned into decorative leaves. From China came clouds like ribbons and peaceful dragons.

The hovering soul of this great poet, the curious mixture of gorgeous trappings, delicate designs and patterns on the carpets, the feeling that one could swing the hanging lamps and light them, the velvety silence of this funeral-monument, coupled with the pervading sense of the great tradition of the Seljuks, created an enchanting atmosphere; and above Mevlana, the tower of the *türbe* was green, green, green. . . .

*Chapter Nine*

# THE URGŪP VALLEY

HAGIOS PROKOPIOS, now Urgüp to the Turks, is the only place in Cappadocia which has preserved its churches, and is one of the most arresting spots there, as it has a combination of site and art which makes it one of the gems of Asia Minor.

St Paul called at Cæsarea (Kayseri) nearby; Godfrey de Bouillon, heading the first crusade, came too, and the Seljuk princes and princesses who gave their name to a whole school of art have left there wonderful relics of their architecture. Now Kayseri has a fine airport, on the way to Erzurum and the marches of Eastern Turkey, and the largest textile factory in Turkey. It is situated north of the Taurus range under the awesome mass of Mount Argus, an extinct volcano which rumbles no more but has marked the whole region with its Faustian grip: lava, trachyte boulders, basalt rock of devilish hues and satanic strength.

Urgüp is about three hundred miles from Ankara on the road to the Cilician Gates, with a deviation of thirty miles to the southwest of Kayseri. As one arrives from Ankara by car, the scenery has the majesty of the broad sweeps of these high plateaux with horizons that seem to dip towards the earth a hundred miles away, thanks to the peculiar translucence of these altitudes in late October. The harvest was in, and the earth seemed to pause and breathe in the still air before closing in with frost, and exchanging its ochre, honeyed, sandy tones for the blues and mauves of the snowy winter. No trees disturb the lines of the horizon except for some orchards and willows in the Halys Valley.

Forests on the upper plateaux of Anatolia would have the same marring effect on the scenery as a hat or a fur cap on a classical head, and the curves of these mountains, so rarely jagged, so like the arrested leaps of a doe, are for the eye a source of continuous delight.

So, with one's vision refreshed and cleared by the very aridity

of this landscape, one is prepared for the austerity and starkness of the double impact made; first by the sight of nature tormented and nearly sublime in the Urgüp Valley, and secondly by the remnants of Christian civilization at Urgüp – nearly lost to the world by the difficulty of approach, but preserved by the extraordinary dryness of the atmosphere.

Owing to the volcanic nature of the ground and continuous erosion, which explains many of the phenomena, there is a space of about fifteen square miles which has an apocalyptic quality in its exterior, and creates a sense of awe when one thinks of populations having lived, thrived and left a heritage of art in this most remote spot.

Leaving the Ankara road about forty miles before reaching Kayseri, one branches off on a very bad track, and motors towards the River Kizil Irmak for about half an hour through rough and volcanic country. At the edge of the river there are two deep valleys, with vines, meadows and gardens. Farther on the eye is caught and arrested by a weird and utterly unexpected sight: towers, columns, domes, dangerous pyramids, but mostly cones – armies of them seem to grow from the valleys. The ground itself is full of ravines cut in the pumice rock, and the colours of the stone are opposed to each other in great masses: some white, some duck-egg blue, but mostly yellow and pink. Lines are broken for no reason at all; here and there the pattern reminded me of linen folds, but the rocks were mostly rounded by the effect of erosion thousands of years ago; mostly vines were grown, or patches of corn on a very thin layer of soil, and how delicious, rich in tone and honeyed the bouquet of it all was!

The cones remind one of those tents in medieval pictures or tapestries of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, but there the similitude ends: in the Urgüp Valley they are often thirty feet high and are countless. There are thousands, and year after year some crumble to the ground. Some of them still have their conical hats of stone, the remains of a layer that has disappeared. Some are like lonely and gigantic mushrooms, and others club together like houses complete with chimneys. When the hat goes, broken by earthquakes or time, the pillar becomes thin as a needle and disappears fast enough.

From a distance, say of five miles, this scenery appears to be

still, dead and void of life; but it is not at all. What gives these valleys their extraordinary character is that they are inhabited. Nearly all the rock-faces are pierced by caves, and hundreds of these were dwellings, and have now been incorporated in the villages and used as storage for fodder, or, but less often now, as homes.

How is it that people have chosen to live, and still do so, in such extraordinary discomfort? It seems the explanation is two-fold. There is no wood for hundreds of miles, and these habitations are dry and cool. Also, to build one has to vault, but here the pumice is so soft and yet so safe that all these caves can be lived in and windows even are pierced in them. The ground is very rough everywhere and there are no proper roads; the bed of the river can be used as a road in the summer between the villages of Göreme and Chaush In.

I was tempted everywhere to climb a rock, walk round a cone to look at others, or just sit and watch the spectacle of these fairy-like mountains. One would travel far and wide to see these formations even if there was nothing else, just to see the work of nature. But there is also the hand of man, for the Urgüp cliffs are honeycombed with caves, and the exteriors cannot give any idea of the wealth of design and iconography revealed inside them. Many of them are chapels. Often the exterior of these chapels and refectories is marked only by a largish Maltese Cross carved in the stone and surrounded by a red or yellow wash or a series of small crosses above the opening. When you enter the doorless aperture a space is revealed – ten feet by twenty or so, twice or three times the size of a man – with a pumice altar facing the entrance. Sometimes two episcopal seats carved out of the rock flank this altar. As the sandstone lends itself to many shapes and designs, some of the caves have columns which appear to support a little dome.

The Cenobites who inhabited these caves got artists to paint the iconography of Christ, Our Lady and saintly men like Eusebius, Simeon Stylites, Barbe, Hiéron, Eustathius who, according to *Les Eglises Rupestres de Cappadoce* of Père de Jerphanion, lived near Macan. Each chapel seems to have been built for three or four hermits, who reached their living quarters through footholes in a chimney up the cone. To close the

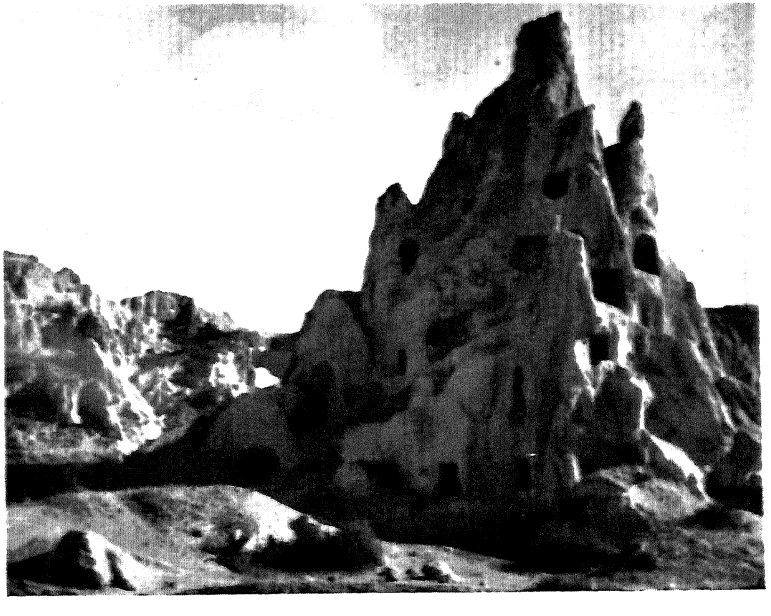
Kayseri, with Mount Argus in the distance.

The effect of erosion in the Urgüp Valley.

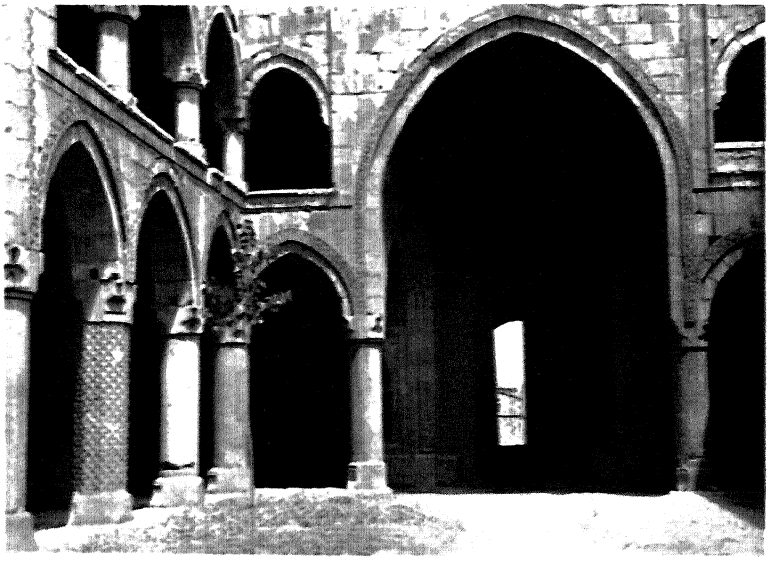
Apse and colonnade in the chapel of Tokale Kilise.

A fresco of the Adoration of the Magi, Tokale Kilise.

Wall painting in one of the cave chapels, Göreme.



Rock-face pierced by caves in the Urgüp Valley.



Interior door of the Chifte Minaret, Erzurum.

Wall carving on the façade: the Chifte Minaret, Erzurum.

entrance they had large pumice wheels still *in situ*, nearer the ground.

Some refectories are built next to the chapels; in other caves they consist of low stone tables and benches, and one can imagine the *hegoumenos* sitting in the absidial recess. At the other end of the table there is a basin for oil or wine, also dug in the stone.

No unity of shape distinguishes these chapels; they have generally two types of narthex. One is rectangular but vaulted like a cot; the ground is occupied by tombs dug without order and many are of children. The other type – much of it to be found at Göreme – is that of the rectangular chapel with three apses. The absence of the iconostasis or screen between the altar and the congregation dates these chapels, as the iconostasis is an archaic feature. There are also shrines in the shape of a cross without columns often to be seen in tiny chapels, and a chapel with columns and multiple cupolas – the shape of a cross within a square which was very common in Istanbul and Salonica from the eleventh century.

There are two types of painting to be found. The archaic ones are very rough: they are simply washed over the pumice, and sometimes the stone itself is divided into little squares. These date from A.D. 300 to 500 and correspond to the period of Constantine to Justinian. There are a few heads of Christ, St George and the Dragon, and these paintings are heavy. The second type belongs to the period from the eighth to the eleventh centuries.

Inside the chapels the decorations are often fragmentary, and the layer of paint is very thin – just a wash – the colours brownish-red outlined with black. These are not proper frescoes, but done in tempera; it is only in the lovely chapel of Tokale Kilise that the basic colour is a fine blue. The cycle is generally evangelical: the childhood of our Lord, the Passion, then the miracles, such as the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. There are many apocalyptic figures, too – seraphim and prophets.

It was specially fascinating to find in these distant caves the tetramorphs straight from the brush of a disciple of Santa Sofia's great artists. There are great folded wings with eyes, sometimes emerging from a pair of wheels. The great dome of Santa Sofia, in Istanbul, had four tetramorphs, repainted by Fossati in the

nineteenth century, except for half an original one. These curious and intellectual representations of the power of prayer ascending towards God are, of course, rougher in Urgüp.

It is amazing how Byzantine artists with a knowledge of appearance so fragmentary compared with that of any modern student managed to express truth of an imaginative order which would frighten our most realistic artists. Perhaps one feels so much at home in Urgüp because the essence of pictorial art there lies in the use of a universal symbolism instantly recognized in the depth of meaning to be found in the drawings of these rock churches. It is sad that many of these chapels have been walled up by peasants as pigeon-lofts for the sake of the guano.

Wine-growing carries one right back to Biblical times; it is a source of wealth for Urgüp, as there is a wine farm here run on the most modern lines, capable of storing in great vats three million litres. This little town has artisans who make carpets of the Anatolian type, which are sold for £30 to £40 each in Ankara or Istanbul. The townlet is made of white square houses, but many of the houses are half caves. They reflect the pink tones of the pumice, and the whole place is filmed with a transparent veil of thin dust morning and evening when the wind blows from the downs. The Greek and Armenian chapels have now gone; the *muezzin* chanting from the pencil-like minaret still calls upon the faithful three times a day. But the mute message of the old hermits' mural paintings after so many centuries still dominates the strange scene.

*Chapter Ten*

# ERZURUM AND TRABZON

THE flight from Ankara to Kayseri, and then on through Malatya and Elazig to Erzurum, took about six hours. From the air the plateau from Ankara to Kayseri is not flat but a series of glorious rises and sweeps. From Elazig onwards one flies diagonally between ranges of nine thousand to thirteen thousand feet and the view is really breath-taking, because the folds change gradually into high mountains like Bingöl, each peak revealing tier after tier of forbidding horizons. This range towards the east is like a huge caterpillar spread across the map of Eastern Anatolia. Although the plane flew very high, as the air was clear, one could not but notice that there were no villages at all on the slopes of these mountains, and that a landing would be a hazardous thing indeed. It was with a feeling of some relief that we saw Erzurum lying in the middle of a huge plain, with a circle of high hills all round. Snow was still lying there, although it was June, as it is six thousand feet above sea-level.

Nearly all the historic towns in Turkey have changed their names many times, and this one, which the Byzantines knew as Theodosiopolis, has now settled down to the name of Erzurum, which probably comes from the old Turkish-Arabic words *arz* and *rum*, meaning 'the land of the Romans'. At about twenty miles from the town the Upper Euphrates, or Kara Su, flows between bare banks. Erzurum is not at all a straggling town; on the contrary, it is quite compact. When I saw it first, all the home fires were sending up to heaven fine streaks of straight blue smoke, like gauze streamers. The tones of Erzurum are grey, as many of its houses are made of trachite, cemented with mud, and a number of its roofs are covered with earth, grass and red tiles. Nearly all have horizontal timbers to strengthen them against earthquakes.

It has a wise and ancient look, and is not in the least elegant, like Trabzon. The houses huddle together as if they knew that for seven months of the year they would be covered with snow.

Erzurum is supremely self-centred and has an introvert look, in contrast to Trabzon, which has an extrovert one, beaming and smiling on the Black Sea; the latter, like a dancer spreading her skirts, has her high white houses all open to the sun and winds. Not so bleak as Asiatic Erzurum, the farthest spot where Sinan is said to have built a mosque.

I was reminded of the roofs of Strasbourg as we looked upon the town from the vantage-point of the old citadel; not architecturally of course, but there is a 'huggy' look about both. At Strasbourg the houses cluster round the cathedral; at Erzurum they focus on their citadel. Farther afield there is nothing much to catch the eye until it is arrested by the grandiose scale of the parallel ranges of mountains: the Misty Mountain, or Dumanlidag, with the Georgian Gate on the north; the nearer Camel's Hump, or Deveboynu, to the east; and the Saddle Mountain, Eyerlidag, on the south. Sleighs abounded and wolf skins were drying in the sun. From the citadel we could count the roofs of the ancient places: the Chifte minaret, the Ulu Çami (mosque), the Lala-pasha Çami, and the Yakutiye Çami with lovely Sassanid-inspired designs and carved eagles as reliefs to their bases.

In the last century Erzurum was four times invaded, and it is a marvel to me that in its old city, minarets and *medreses* still stand squat and straight. It was a surprise, and a lovely one, to see the Chifte (Twin) minarets. They are thin, red-bricked, and this, although an anachronism as they rise above the grey stones of the mosque, is lovely. They are fluted like Ionic columns, and their surfaces are decorated by fine patterns of what were blue encaustic tiles. They are Seljuk, and the twin minarets indicate a royal foundation. The monument was built as a tomb for a Seljuk princess. There are not two stone pillars alike in the cloister, which could house nineteen *softas*, or students, on the ground floor, and eighteen on the first. The state of preservation is excellent, and this monument would be complete if the doors had not been taken to Russia in 1829.

It was a holy and austere spot, a little pool of silence encompassed by thick stone walls, grey in colour; this note was carried on by the wings of the pigeons crowding the eaves. I noticed that the acanthus-and-cord pattern was often repeated on the column capitals. The brightest and boldest thing in the whole

of this shrine is the carving of twin dragons and a double-headed eagle, with a palm-tree between them. They guard this tomb with an aloof, aristocratic and hieratic mien.

I seem to have written about nothing but stones, but there is a dour living tradition written all over the place, though some lighter side of it is kept alive in the local dancing. We were regaled at the Halkevi by a perfect demonstration of male performers dancing a Dagger Dance in our honour. These men were thin, blue- or black-eyed, with straight, muscular bodies, lithe-like figures on a Hittite frieze. The rapidity of their hands was incredible; they talked with their swords as much as they played with their eyes. They showed great equilibrium and balance, thrusting their daggers practically into the eyes of their partners. The orchestra was made up of a 'ley' and a violin. For clothes they wore tight black trousers; their white open shirts were unadorned except for a long black ribbon falling straight from their necks. They thoroughly enjoyed their dancing, which was great fun to watch. They looked firm and sturdy, like the rest of the men and women of Erzurum who were sitting with us watching them, all descendants and contemporaries of men who perpetuated the tradition of spiritual and physical resistance.

Erzurum completed a trilogy of Seljuk towns and whetted my appetite for more. Seljuk art certainly has the pearls of its architecture in Konya, its capital, but the towns of Kayseri and Erzurum on a minor scale have just as interesting monuments. I was initiated by Celal Esad Arseven into Seljuk art through his *L'Art Turc*; he explains the importance which the Seljuks gave to commerce, and why they built such large and grandiose caravanserais. Great *medreses* and universities were built, too, where flourished theologians like Shemseddin Tebrizi, and Celaleddin Mevlana, whose green-roofed *türbe* in Konya is to me the finest outward expression of respect the Seljuks could give to their great pantheist poet. Architects from Persia and Turkestan, from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, brought with them the method of decorating monuments with bricks—as in the Chifte minaret—and with coloured or enamelled tiles. This replaced the Byzantine method, which employed mosaics and

gave a very different character to Seljuk art. This art was alien to Greco-Roman line and form, but was unconsciously influenced by it. The chief characteristics are great portals with niches, their pendentives decorated with prisms and stalactites, the use of the ogive arc, and faience plaques for the facing of the walls, all of which was essentially Turkish and forms a transition between the Turkish art of Central Asia and the Ottoman art of the sixteenth century.

The road between Erzurum and Trabzon seemed to me like a flickering silver ribbon that dances its way through 200 miles of mountains, a mercurial ribbon which heads straight for the Kop Pass, beyond the Euphrates Valley, with the *élan* of a race-horse taking its many curves with great sureness of footing. This floating ribbon was held down in many places by curious towns and villages. First, in the distance, there is Ilica, where the old caravan route from Persia to the Black Sea left the Persian road. The Romans loved its hot springs. All along this part of our journey the villages merge with the scenery, as they were nearly invisible. They are mud-coloured, and fodder was being stored on their roofs. At Birnakiban, about six thousand feet up, the road starts to climb with much agility towards the Kop Pass. And on either side there were a quantity of dwarf oaks, and lovely pink and mauve alpine flowers set in bunches ready for the picking.

Just before the top of the pass, at 8,225 feet, the road is so well graded that it rises with few hairpin bends. A powerful-looking stone building greets one on the left. It looks towards the Misty Mountains, and towering over it is a fine, heavy bronze bell. It guides the lost, the sheep, the dogs, in time of storm. Hiding behind this building, then running quickly away, was a snow or royal partridge, very fat and very white. They are quite rare, I am told, and as large as a hen pheasant.

This pass is quite awesome and Biblical in looks, and one cannot but think of the words of Isaiah in chapter forty-two: 'I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs.' The shadow of a dead army, a battle site which holds the horizon once seen by soldiers, has always fascinated me; and ever since leaving Erzurum, I had thought of the March of the Ten Thousand.

When I was a child, long and pompous names like Cyrus and Artaxerxes evoked for me Persian reliefs seen in the Brussels Museum. But here was the very horizon which Xenophon had seen. The road of the Ten Thousand from the valley of the Araxis to Trabzon covered the same mountains which I had just been over, and in one's imagination it is not difficult on this trip to think of the long trek of the Greeks.

The road goes on, and one soon gets to Gümüshane. It is the city of silver, but the mines, famous in the old days, to which the town owes its name, are used no more. The borough, which is about half an hour from the River Karsüt (milk of snow), occupies an extraordinary situation. It sits on a sort of immense terrace cut in two by a torrent which forms many cascades. A few houses are built right up to the water's edge; others, like birds' nests, seem to hold on to the mountain. It is a white town, with red roofs, very pointed like those of Swiss chalets. Stairs and streets run at impossible angles. There are many gardens on every terrace. Rocks overhanging all this village are volcanic, and look like so many aerial castles. One tiny little ruined tower of human construction appeared miserable against the background of those formidable bastions. There are no Greco-Roman monuments around Gümüshane.

After this village, nature becomes absolutely fantastic and seems to rejoice in the most extraordinary contrasts. The River Karsüt plies gaily away between grandiose defiles and forces its way through the chaotic mountains. The water seems alive with a life of its own, and attacks the rocks, which have the most vivid colours. At Ardasa there is a medieval castle where some believe Clavijo, the Spanish Ambassador to Tamerlane, resided in the 1400's and stayed for months on his way to Samarkand. This castle is nothing but a ruin, situated on a red rock shaped like a horse-shoe. So far all these hills have very little vegetation, and their beauty is made up of most curious strata of coloured earth and rock.

The most fantastic pass is that of Zigana, whose name has not changed since the time of the Romans. Nature here seems arrogant in its powers to disturb and frighten the individual. The road crosses the mass of mountains that surrounds Trabzon with a protective circle. You go up the pass, 6,675 feet, in a series of

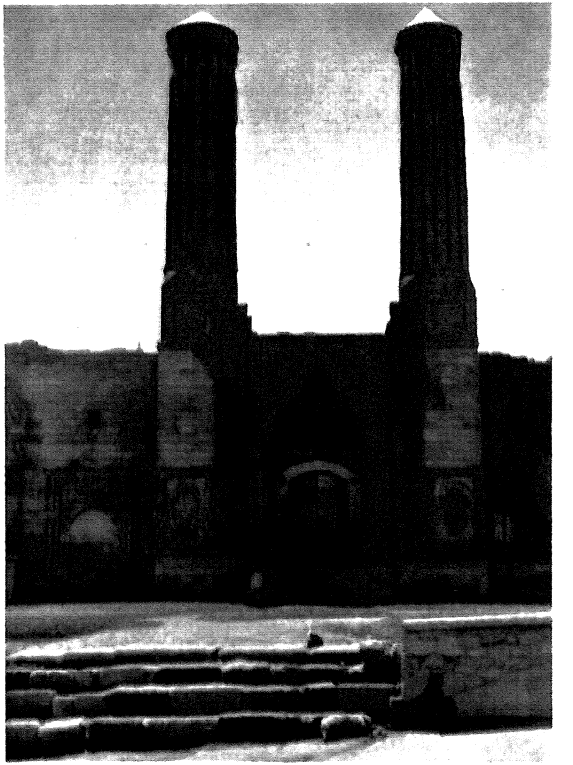
glorious curves and right-angled bends. Snowy summits are seen on the left, and the valley of the Karsüt disappears from sight in its sterile savagery. All of a sudden, as you emerge on top, you feel on your cheek the damp, cool air of the sea.

The drop towards Trabzon is stupendous. The day we came over there was a mountain mist which hid everything for the first few miles going down, but already we were encompassed by fir-trees, chestnuts, and later we could see oleanders for mile after mile. Then, under the trees and all over the ground clumps of famous flowers that have been there for two thousand years.

It was June and they were in bloom. Azaleas and rhododendrons, sister flowers perhaps, as they both have such a delicate shape: azaleas on their little wooden branches, yellow-like blond hair sweeping the countryside. And in between this predominant tone squat little bunches of mauve rhododendrons, a heavenly palette for a painter. History has it that a legion of Pompey was poisoned by the honey which bees had made from these rhododendrons. On these same slopes there were hundreds of three-foot-high lilies, yellow, scented, russet-stemmed. There was a curious feel of the Alps all around, made up of the flowers and the wooden houses, and I saw caves, churches, white monasteries in the distant woods. For the last three miles one follows a large river, the Dermen, which flows in with the Miramana; there were olives, maize, figs and thousands and thousands of hazelnut-trees.

We had motored twelve hours, night was approaching, and suddenly, just as the light failed, I saw on the dark edge of the Black Sea three old boats with their prows seeming to face the road. These met the eye like three sentinels guarding the city, which was on the left. The sky was opalescent, and above the sea, clouds rose like fountains, endlessly dissolving, coalescing clouds, each for one instant luminous and distinct as a landscape mirrored in some untroubled pool. And here, just as you cross the river, Xenophon's shadow emerges again, because as you look back to the hills you can see Mount Techles. His army from there had seen the Euxine, and there they had given the cry: '*Thalassa! Thalassa!*' He relates that on arrival at Trabzon (the site of his camp lies now in a swamp), the Greeks sacrificed to

Tomb of a Seljuk princess at the Chifte Minaret, Erzurum.



The Chifte Minaret, Erzurum: the entrance to the shrine.

The ninth-century church of St Anna. Trabzon.

Detail of the portico of Santa Sofia. Trabzon.

Jupiter and Hercules and put up a monument on Mount Techles.

Trabzon is a nestling town. It has much affinity with Prinkipo, on the Sea of Marmara. Both face and cascade down to the sea; both are made up of white houses with red roofs; both seem bathed in a Mediterranean light which one does not expect to encounter on the shores of the Black Sea. Pausanias said that the people of Arcadia abandoned the Peloponnese and went to Trapezunte in Asia. There is nothing left now but the 'table', which is a mass of flat rocks surrounded by ravines crossed on bridges. It is the old Turkish town now, surrounded by large and broken walls out of which springs much vegetation, and it is very picturesque with its narrow streets. When a motor-car passes through these ancient walks you feel that it is rather sacrilegious to be in such a hideous vehicle, out of all proportion with the streets and houses. It is a town where one should go only on horse-back or carried in a palanquin.

The town is graced by the Santa Sofia Cathedral, just outside the perimeter, looking wistfully out at sea, and there are many churches round about. St Anna, the Ortahisar Mosque (or Church of the Virgin with the Golden Head), the Kizlar Monastery, which was the convent of the Panaghia Theotokos, the Imaret Çami, with the tomb of Selim I's mother, enchant the eye, either with their domes or their minarets. Compared with Istanbul, it is much simpler and on a smaller scale. But just as in Istanbul, too, the ethnic type is equally varied. Procopius says that the Kings of the Lazis from ancient times had been sending to Byzantium and, with the consent of the Emperor, had been arranging marriages with some of the senators and taking home their wives from there. One can still find coarse silver Commène money, and for a few pennies I bought an asper of Manuel II. The journey back from Trabzon to Ankara *via* Samsun was fittingly made by sea on a cargo boat, in and out of charming harbours like Giresun, where we took up as cargo all the simple things of nature, like wheat and sheep, maize and fruit. At every harbour the boats came out in dozens to meet the bigger ship. We stopped at Samsun, a busy port, the Amisus of antiquity, the country of the Amazons. Lucullus came here and brought back to Rome the first cherries that the Romans ever

ate. As the Euxine is a tideless sea, the houses are built as near to the water's edge as possible; all along the shore the sand is iron-coloured and the shingle looks hard. Many tons of drift-wood are picked up by the villagers all round the coast. It is an empty sea; and we were not distracted from watching the lines and shadows floating towards us in a wonderful pattern, evoking memories of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*:

*They moved in tracks of shining white,*
*And when they reared, the elfish light*
*Fell off in hoary flakes.*

*Within the shadow of the ship*
*I watched their rich attire . . .*
*They coiled and swam; and every track*
*Was a flash of golden fire.*

*Chapter Eleven*

# GAVUR KALESI

SWEEPING towards a large horizon by road is always romantic, but if one knows a Hittite fortress lies beyond, it becomes a mental adventure. This is a pleasure in store for those who, following the Gölbashi road, go through the village of Yavruchuk, and so to the fortress of Gavur Kalesi some fifty miles from Ankara and three from Yavruchuk. Ankara is left behind Dikmen's Hump, and after Gölbashi and its lake, full of duck and wild geese, there are no trees at all and the road crosses a deep folded plateau – the famous Haymana plateau that the Greek geographers call Axylon, and Horace might have described in the following lines (*Odes*, I, 22):

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis*
*Arbor æstiva recreatur aura.*
*Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque*
*Juppiter urget;*
*Pone sub curru nimium propinqui*
*Solis in terra domibus negata.*

It was more fun to stop at Gavur Kalesi and walk the three miles between the village and the ruins. Had we got there by way of a fine tarmac, how could we have shed the centuries and have been suitably attuned to the Hittites?

The valley was greyish green; hillocks gently sloping on both sides were covered with rough mountain grass kept short and sturdy by the constant spring and summer grazing of sheep. In the winter all is snow-bound, but in this month of November the folds of the ground gradually faded away into a bare but not

[1] *Place me, where desert wastes forbid*
*One tree to breathe the summer wind,*
*Where fogs the land and sea have hid,*
*With Jove unkind;*
*Or, where the sun so near would be,*
*That none to build or dwell may dare.*

W. E. GLADSTONE

altogether abrupt scenery. One's eye roved with curiosity over these rounded slopes. These appeared to undulate away owing to a curious play of light, and the somewhat shining, moist atmosphere seemed to create an oscillation in the scenery. It is, of course, all illusion – a mirage often found in treeless countries and which, combined with utter loneliness, is the genius of the desert. In spite of its bareness, the pulse of nature beats slowly but surely in this Anatolian valley. Birds sang high in the skies, and on the lonely hillocks the sheep bleated their alarm like other silly sheep all over the world.

Our guide called the shepherd, who came slowly towards us swinging a great tall body on long legs encased in home-made moccasins with the thick fur on the outside. I was aware of the strange impact of his primitiveness as he came, and felt instinctively his identity with a type still to be found in some parts of the world: nature's *grand seigneurs*, be they Scotch gillies or Anatolian shepherds.

This shepherd was one of them, with his large smile, his even gestures, his strong, calm voice calling to heel his fierce Anatolian hounds, cloaked in the unconscious mantle of dignity which had come down to him and had enveloped his ancestors. With other shepherds within call, he knew unconsciously that he was with his peers. What did it matter that he could not read a book? He knew all the real signs: those of the earth, the sky, the wind. So far, the absence of industrial revolution, with its train of human indignities, has left to the men of remote Anatolian valleys a true sense of the value of ultimate things.

In spite of his tranquil look, he gave us the impression of a mixture of childishness and deep curiosity: a broad forehead, the eyes cold and grey, a long, feline body and thin, strong hands. Hardly thirty, this man seemed to have inherited or acquired without effort – rare gift – a perfect equilibrium. It could be felt in his measured gestures, full of condensed and harmonious vitality. He was devoured with an undisguised curiosity, and looked right through us with his hawk-like eyes. Ethnically he must have been an Oguz crossed with Turcoman blood, perhaps with the addition of some Arab or Kurd strain, but he also had that subtle quality which the Arabs call *asil*: that difference between glass and crystal, a draught-horse and a

blood one, a cocktail and a Château Yquem – all in all, a thoroughbred.

In his hand he held a small flute. I asked him to play something. He gave a short laugh, backed instinctively, and turned towards his flock and the horizon. In less than a moment we had gone back two thousand years at the sound of the thin, haunting and delicate notes. Those who have not heard a flute being played in the open air cannot imagine the poignancy of this infinitely wistful sound, this Homeric beginning of all melody. After a few minutes the shepherd stopped playing and, whistling to his heavy dogs, now silent and obedient, turned slowly and walked after his wandering flock.

Half an hour later we reached the fortress. It is a cross between a prow and a peak, and from this height fifteen thousand years of history looked down on us. One has only to open Professor Garstang's book [1] or Professor Mamboury's guide [2] to read about all there is to see at Gavur Kalesi. The height of the building, the angle of the platform, the subterranean room, the keep, the square tower, the thickness of the walls, the vaulting so similar in shape to a Mycean gate. . . . I paid little attention to these, as only an architect doubled with an archæologist can reconstruct a lost fortress.

But no expert could relive for me the moment when I felt the suffocating weight of these cementless, unquarried blocks, covered with their hard moss, so thin and bronzed, that seemed to belong to the very essence of the granite. These stones, which braved winds, snow, rain and sleet, were a home for birds and a refuge for lizards, protected the daisies and the trickling spring, and sheltered some thyme of which in November I could see the desiccated branches. These were the promise of a spring that would be green and tender, and yet I felt like telling those old stones to stay here until the end of things with the lonely hills as their only companions. The shepherds were gone, and the rush of the harsh winds seemed all. But I was mistaken. Surprised and wondering, I saw that behind the cyclopean wall were two formidable Beings followed by a third. They seem to have walked since Hittite times, and they strike the rock with stub-

[1] *The Hittite Empire.* [2] *Ankara et ses environs.*

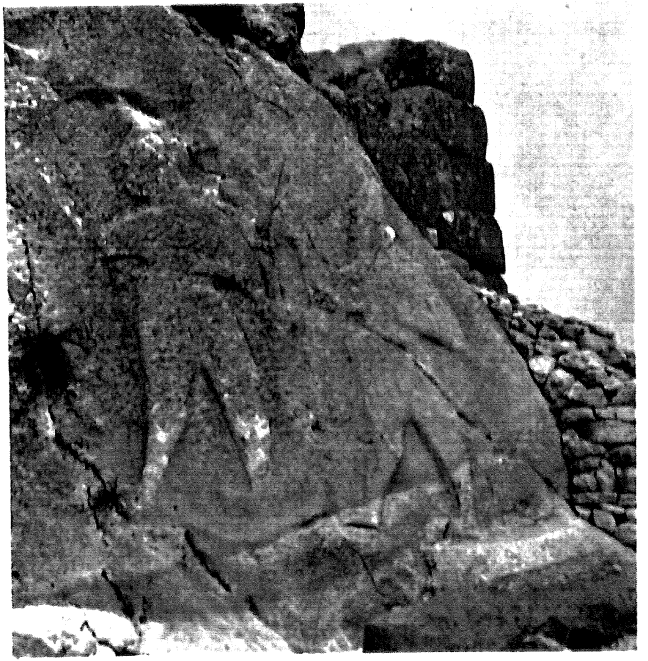
born heels. They were men of stone, sculpted in effigy on the face of the rock.

The sun lit them up and clothed them with a cloak of long shafts of amber or grey-gold, revealing two masculine personages, one with a beard, the other without. Professor Garstang has given a full interpretation of these figures in his *Hittite Empire*.

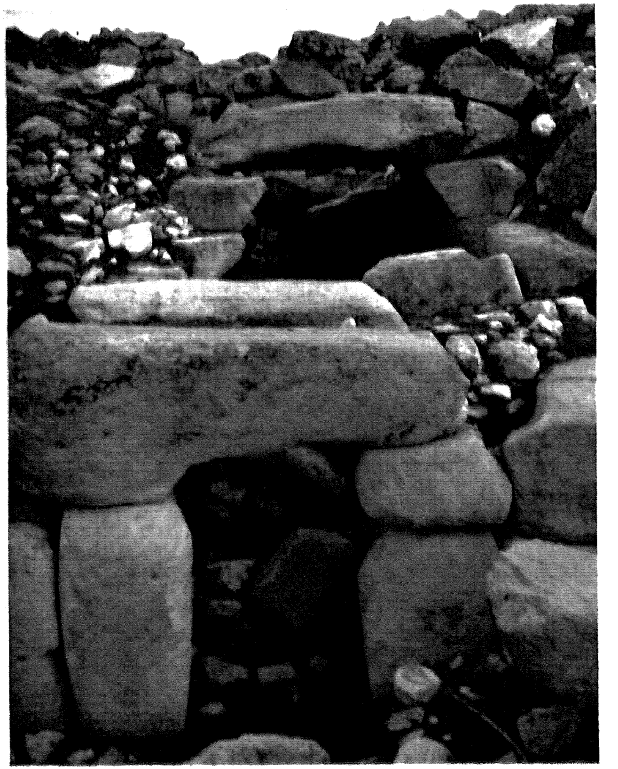
> Both are clad in the short tunic, tip-tilted shoes and conical hat familiar in the God figures at Bogaz Köy. A dagger with crescental hilt is stuck into the belt of each. They are of gigantic size, seemingly ten to twelve feet high, and both are posed in the same way facing in the same direction. They turn to the observer's left: their right hands are advanced, while their left arms are drawn back. Obedient to convention, the right legs are advanced, and the shoulders are seen almost in full view. Something hangs down from the hat of each, falling behind the neck: and upon the front of the hat worn by the bearded figure, there may be traced a curving object, but whether the upturned brim familiar on the sculptures at Bogaz Köy and Sinjerli or some other emblem is not determinable. In front of these figures there has recently been observed a third, that of a seated deity.
>
> Is it merely a coincidence that while being a link in the great westerly route from Bogaz Köy, towards Kara Bel and Sipylus, they are pointing down the pass which is thought by many to have led directly to Pessinus, the chief sanctuary of the Mother Goddess in this part of Asia Minor? Does their movement celebrate the tardy absorption of this part of the plateau within the dominion of the Hattic Kings, or does it commemorate the final penetration of their arms and the opening of the way down to the Western sea? The style of the dress and carving associates them closely with the period of the sculptors of Tasily Kaya and of Kara Bel in the first half of the thirteenth century B.C.

On the other side of the ruined fortress there is a curious entrance leading into a small, square chamber: the whole enceinte is, of course, made up of monolithic stones. Dotted across the field to the north near the fortress are little heaps of stones, probably the remains of a Hittite village.

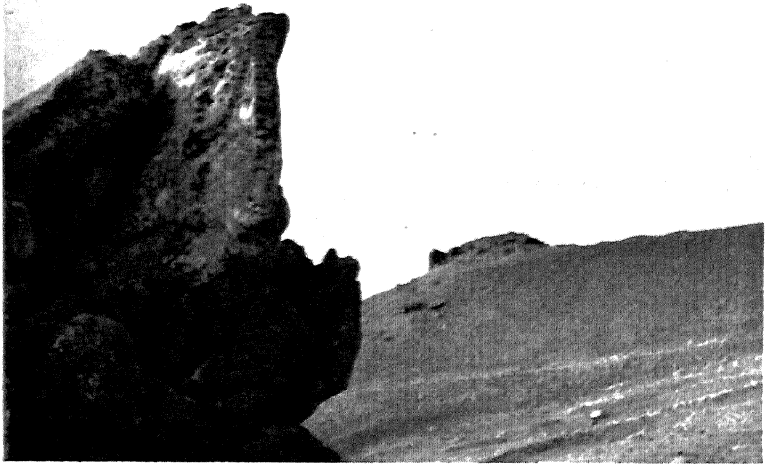
We came back towards Gavur Kalesi, the village full of



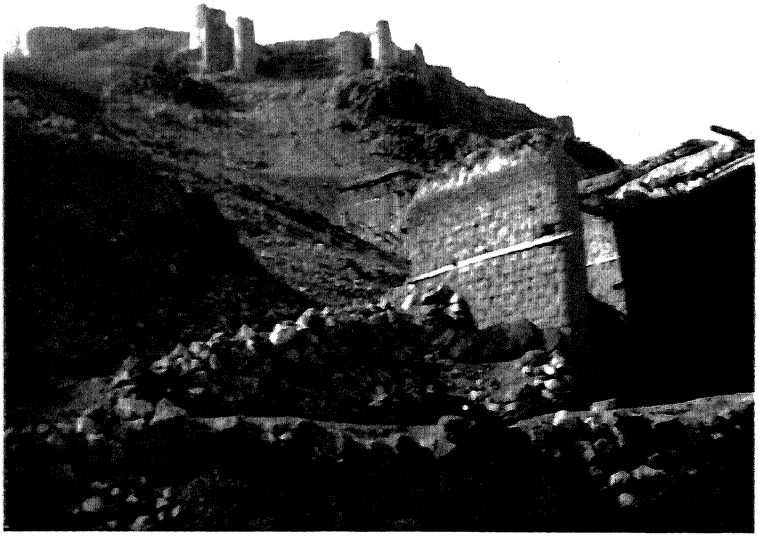
Hittite rock-sculpture at Gavur Kalesi.



The entrance to the Hittite fortress at Gavur Kalesi.



The Hittite fortress, Gavur Kalesi.



The Byzantine fort of Kalecik.

Kurdish women in gay, colourful dresses, a few of them wearing their dowries round their neck or in their hair. Their faces were built round fine bones with high foreheads and wide-set eyes. They knew less than we did about the Hittite past towering above their own valley. Did it matter? Like my friend the singing shepherd, they were unconscious but living links in the great historical chain.

We had a curious journey back to Ankara in the late afternoon. We travelled in a dense mist, and the mental experience of transposition, when one sheds years by the thousand as we had done during the day, was repeated bodily on a weird journey home. We felt dissociated from time and place as the mist enveloped us – impalpable and thin, cold, slightly luminous, it floated, augmented, diminished, thickened and twirled into long grey ribbons. The villages dropped in and out of it, immaterial and slightly menacing. We knew we were on the plateau and that Ankara was fifty miles away, but the clouds and the mists, twin brothers for once, managed to create a completely fantastic atmosphere. It is after some hours a curiously muffled experience, or rather an experience outside the norm of time, as the earth seems to disappear and nothing is tangible. Luckily the wind changed after two hours; we got our bearings and saw on the skyline what Homer called 'the pine soaring to the skies, the ancient forest withered by the sun's rays and the course of time'. This was our landmark, for near Ankara on the ridge of Dikmen, a few rugged old trees appear on the horizon; they stretch towards the sky gaunt branches that the heat of the sun and the furious winter's rages can touch no more.

*Chapter Twelve*

# KALECIK AND THE CHUBUK VALLEY

IN the Top Kapu Museum in Istanbul, on the first floor, there is a long room where the portraits and miniatures of all dead sultans are kept. They look at one, from the distance of centuries and the depth of their often sad eyes. I think that the picture of Bayazid is one of the saddest; the painting is bad, but it is a good portrait. The man looks remote and melancholic, the delicate brows seem weighed down by the magnificent turban. Illusion or fact – does it matter? The picture has a haunting quality; the man must have been great.

I was constantly reminded of it when I read of him fighting Tamerlane in the plains of Chubuk near Ankara. Historical shadows can be pursued, and to do so I motored sixty miles from Ankara to Kalecik along this lonely road. The patterns of those dead battles seem to trace themselves quickly in the eye of one's imagination. The scenery has not changed much since the fifteenth century. Perhaps there were more trees then, but the long plain – as my friend Professor Mamboury says in his guide *Ankara et ses environs* – has the exact shape of an inverted lance, and must be very much the same as in 1402, when Tamerlane, after resting his troops at Sivas not far off, found an embassy from Bayazid declaring war on him. This plain is very broad, with smooth-looking hills closing its horizon and meeting the skyline in an awesome marriage, with fierce winds as the only witnesses. It has now a quality of silence and power, a measure of peace, too. The valley is cultivated. On the hills the red and purple strata of sandstone make curious horizontal patterns; when one reaches the mountains the region is volcanic and distorted. The wind catches up the dust in little circular gusts that sweep round one's legs like the spirits of dancing dervishes, and go leaping away from one field to another to join the mighty blast that ceaselessly sweeps these plains in the winter months,

coming down from the mountain canyons like a weird and primeval thing.

The spirits of the dead must be all about, not only those of Tamerlane's men and Bayazid's soldiers, but ghosts farther removed from us, for this ground was fought over by Pompey as he pursued Mithridates. In the course of our travels, I have ridden or flown over many deserts, ranging from the Gulf of Akaba to Antofagasta in Chile. There are some that feel leaden, but there are others where the mere name of a battle evokes at once the passage and destruction of men. Winds carry their names; the plough has more than once turned up helmets, arms or gold; history and legend revive the cavalcade, and one feels the dead coming to life once more.

In this plain of Chubuk the Tartars met ten thousand janissaries. These fought like lions, but were routed, as the Serbs betrayed them. The Sultan was defeated, captured and imprisoned at Akshehir. This fertile but silent plain must then have resounded with the strident shouts of battle.

I knew that the Byzantine fort of Kalecik was very near; one motors about twenty miles from the battlefield to it through the mountain pass. The ascent is glorious with enormous skies tipped at unusual angles; the rushing torrent flows between blue rocks on one side of the road. Did Bayazid, the sad-eyed Sultan, hurry his Ottoman troops along this very pass? There is no other from Kalecik. One follows the winding road with a sense of urgency, dropping into an Umbrian landscape all ochre and mellow, to arrive at the fork of the rivers in the valley of the Güzel Irmak, which must have been of great strategic importance. To the north lies the road towards Chankiri (Granges) and yet another to Kastamonu; then one to Ankara, one to Amasya (Amisos) and the last to Yozgat towards the region of Hattousas.

On this February morning the amber light was perfect, enhanced – as is the value of every shade of colour – by the strangely translucid air of these regions. In the pale yet clear glow of this light, Kalecik appeared.

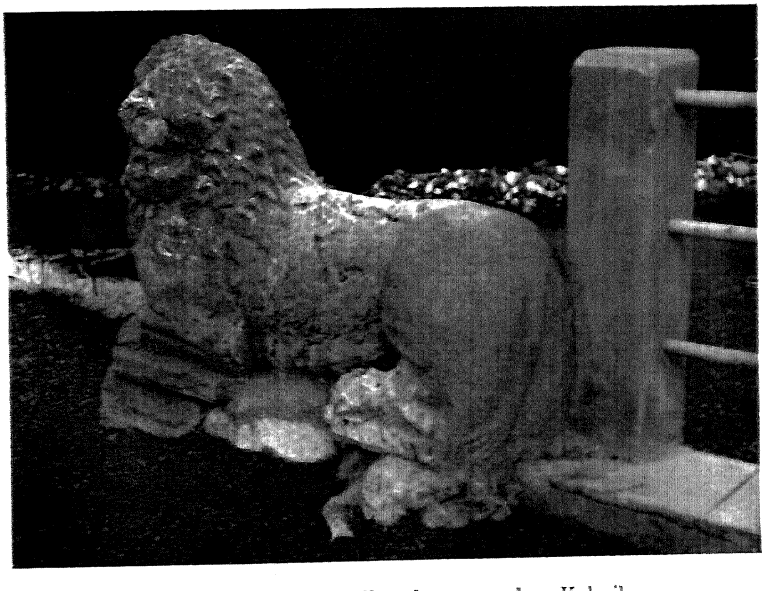
There are some enchanting towns that one identifies instantly all over the world, as the atmosphere of one has a touch of similarity with another even if they are thousands of miles apart. Ravenna, Toledo and Bursa have the same sister look among

the living ones; Petra, Palmyra, Ephesus among those that are no more. There are others, though, large or small, that come as a surprise as they either peep from a corner, drop somehow from the sky, or sit gracefully and unexpectedly on the edge of water or on the sides of hills. Towns are ultra-feminine in their impact – in the way they strike, enchant or irritate one. This little place chose to be appealing. It hung like a round ball of mistletoe from a shining chandelier. The chandelier was the perpendicular mountain bathed in pale sunshine and crowned with the Byzantine fortress. The bunch of mistletoe was made up of all the houses hanging together like blossom. The impression was strange, composed of the combination of the time of day, the value of the light and the angle of our approach. Kalecik could also have been compared to a face whose beauty was pierced by hundreds of dark eyes made up of all the windows. Minarets, seven of them, stood pencil-thin above the roofs and the fortress was crowned by a tiara of towers. Houses were grouped in a friendly way; they did not closely hug one another, but sat, so to speak, like white-robed girls. Oh, graceful Kalecik, unadorned and yet most beautiful – weighted a little, under your fortress of rock, with your string of towers on the north – you must have remained more or less unchanged for hundreds of years, mirrored in the water of the Irmak, which formed in earlier times the limits of the Byzantine Empire with its Seljuk or Ottoman neighbours.

How well one can imagine Bayazid using one of those enormous green tents all embroidered and embossed in gold, which are still to be seen in perfect condition at the Top Kapu (Seraglio) Museum in Istanbul – frail but wonderful mementoes of past glories. These imperial tents, square-shaped and fitted with little windows, were designed to create immediate comfort, not only for the limbs of the wearied warrior but for his mind too, as he could escape within them from the windy world without. The Sultan must have had a fitful and worried night at the foot of Kalecik, sensing his terrible enemy who so soon was to defeat him.

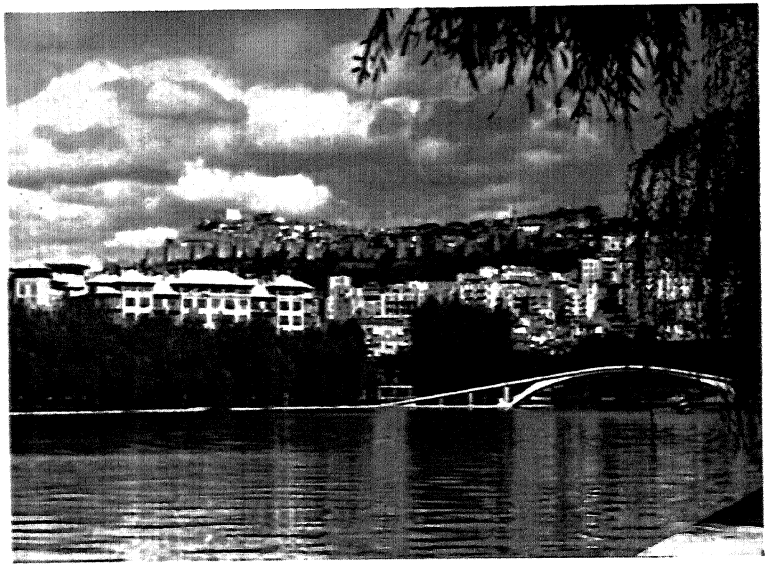
Crossing the river, where two fine Roman stone lions guard the modern bridge, one approaches the fortress through straggling paths between the white houses on the left of the town. The

Krupp gun on the ruined walls at Kalecik.



Roman stone lion guarding the approach to Kalecik.

The Seljuk citadel in Ankara.



Modern Ankara below the Seljuk citadel.

barking of chained dogs on many flat and beaten roofs gives one a noisy welcome. (Half of an ancient column of marble generally serves to roll these beaten roofs.) The two-hundred-yard climb is quite a pull at a very steep angle. The only gateway leading into the fortress is in the shape of an Ottoman arch. The walls of the fortress are thick and continuous on the north face, with about seven round and some square towers. All date from the Middle Ages, except for one wall of much greater antiquity, either Greek or perhaps Phrygian. Inside the enclosure there are many buildings – but all alas! razed to the ground. Two subterranean rooms are left, and perhaps they were only cisterns. There is an amusing anachronism here in the shape of a squat, forlorn Krupp gun, dated 1879, with its under-carriage all complete, which was brought to the top of the fortress and points towards the mountain pass on the distant horizon. The view is magnificent as the circle is completed.

Why does the Kalecik country make me think constantly of William Blake? Why did this drive in these sunlit hills with their naked lines remind me of his powerful drawings, his individual style, of the cast of his mind, and his interpretation of the world of nature? This journey was somehow detached from the daily round. I felt the sense of urgent impotence one has in a dream.

There was an overwhelming sense of the presence of primeval nature: the winds sweeping the long valleys; the grey, naked rocks; the weeping stones. 'Earth', says Roger Fry, 'beating down the spirit, type of all sadness and events which happened upon its surface. . . . The empty spaces of the air always seem to vibrate for Blake with a thousand whirls of invisible wings or palpitate under the weight of conscious feet.'

Oh, that he could have come to the valley of Chubuk and seen the eerie town of Kalecik, with the cumulus clouds dancing in wild attendance! For him, symbolism was to be found in all earthly things and literal ones became symbolic. What a topsy-turvy world was his! An allegory, vague for anyone else, became for him a solid fact. The winds swirling round my feet above the unknown tombs of Bayazid's soldiers would have been friendly spirits for him, like the happy ghosts around his couch or on his path. As Swinburne said, 'all the spirits ensconced in the shape

of the bark of the earth consoled or menaced him, every leaf had in it a growth of angels, the pulsation of every minute tinkled like the foot of a god. Under the lovely groups of the plants he saw clear white faces and white hairs floating, spectres of the dead were brought to him as well as of the living, by the winds around him, or came to him in the rocks and fields which he saw. He always lived with a double vision, trebled it in the Paradise of Dreams lying between heaven and earth, and it increased fourfold in the moments of inspired enthusiasm and subtle ecstasy'. This Anatolian countryside has for me the same weird and nightmare aspect, evocative of Fuseli, Goya and Blake himself.

To the west of the town, hugging the mountain, there starts a narrow valley which beckons one, with a gay stream. Half a mile down it one passes thick, octagonal low stones engraved with Armenian crosses, relics of a cemetery which is fast disappearing.

And as in the Rhône Valley, famous for its *alpages*, I was surprised to see a series of pink, blue and yellow one-storeyed houses, all of them empty, nestling up and down this valley, each with its garden that promised a harvest of apples, apricots and green corn. All these houses are empty in the winter, but have an expectant air. They are the 'summer resorts' of the people of Kalecik, who husband fertile and friendly gardens: the doors are left ajar, in each chalet there is a low fireplace, and the hearth is swept. As we passed, the February sun tentatively kissed the rough tiles through the glassless windows. Rushing water, a mill, an old bridge, grey blue mists in the distance . . . perhaps Arcadia?

*Chapter Thirteen*

# ANKARA

REACHING Ankara by air is much too rapid a means of travel, and often uncomfortable, as the weather can be treacherous over Anatolia; travelling up by train is not a very happy medium either, as the transition is too swift from the shores of the Bosphorus to the steppe surrounding the capital. The most interesting way is to motor up, and, best of all, to spend a night *en route*; then some transition is achieved and the beauty of Anatolia grasped in the same way as a Chinese print can be unrolled, little by little.

It is a long, grey ribbon that links Istanbul to Ankara – more than five hundred miles. The best way is to leave Istanbul early in the morning when no one is about, and take an Arabic leave of the city. No good-byes, no prolongations: Arabs hardly give you a glance when they have finished talking. There are no suburbs when one leaves Istanbul this way, as the car boards the ferry at Pera. The Bosphorus is crossed in twenty minutes and the road passes through the 'old world' of Scutari, with its grey mosques, wooden houses and large cemeteries where the cypresses have been respected. Alas! at Eyüb and all round the Horn they have gone for ever, cut for fuel in the last decade.

The road narrows down to the long Gulf of Izmit after crossing gentle Bythinia full of olive groves and rich market gardens, and reaches the Gulf of Izmit's quiet waters. Izmit proper – like many Turkish towns – is brightened with mosques, mostly white, trellised gardens and many old trees. It is protected from unkind winds by the Olympus range. Diocletian knew it as Nicodemia, and built here a hippodrome before abdicating in a plain nearby in A.D. 305.

Pliny gave Nicodemia baths, an aqueduct and a forum. Hannibal died quite near at Lybissa, and Queen Helena took the thermal waters a few miles inland. Constantine the Great himself died in a patrician villa at Ancyron on the gulf. Leaving the sea-shore, the road follows a long and extremely broad valley

protected on its right by the Agach Denizi, 'the sea of trees', otherwise Olympus. This brings one to the Lake of Sapancha, where Justinian built a solid and famous bridge over the Sangarius in 553. In 1950 it can still take carriages and country traffic, and is a magnificent link between Phrygia and Cappadocia. It is not used for motor traffic, as the main road by-passes it.

The valley narrows from Adapazari onwards towards Hendek, and from here the atmosphere begins to change. The horizon appears larger, the houses are smaller, and the earth is poorer although everyone appears to work. The cheeks of men, women and children are as flushed with red as their own apples. Men's glances are acuter, and show a somewhat unconscious if constant observation of the weather.

All of a sudden the ribbon climbs the mountains after Düzce towards the Bolu plateau. It is a sudden rise, and it has an air of urgency as its hairpin bends twist up among forests undisturbed for hundreds of years. The green belt between this region and the Black Sea has hardly been exploited. Already the alpine scents correct the softer Ægean atmosphere. And so to Abant, with its lake where there is an hotel and a Government rest-house. Here we spent the night half-way between Istanbul and Ankara, reaching the lake after a long descent among beeches and wild pear-trees. All this region much resembles the lower reaches of the Alps, and is similar in vegetation, game and fish to the Tyrol. On arrival at the comfortable Government rest-house, huge log fires were lit. It was night, and we had somewhat miscalculated our provisions; although we had enough for supper, we had little for breakfast. Newly laid eggs and trout appeared the next morning, however, thanks no doubt to bush telephone methods, as this lake has no village round its shores, and Bolu, the next town, is well over an hour away by car. The lake is very still, overshadowed on one side by pines and on the other by beeches with long trailing branches. Owing to a curious orientation, the climate on the Mudurnu side is harsh and cold, but much warmer on the Düzce shore.

Women here still wear particularly pleasing wide *bouffant* trousers, and curious waistcoats called *mintans* made of multicoloured pieces of stuff arranged with some symmetry. The men, who can look very fierce, wear cutlasses and are good at the local

quadrille called *mesli*. This is a dance with a very old choreographic tradition. They sing, look you straight in the eye and are a most engaging race. Mengen and Bolu are rich towns, as nearly all the good Turkish cooks hail from here; they expatriate themselves for their living, but come back often with a small fortune. This explains the comfortable-looking houses in these two places. Bolu's tradition of good cooking is very ancient, for the Romans are known to have liked its cheeses. When these got to Byzantium, they were dipped in vinegar and thyme and so freshened up!

From Bolu to Ankara the road runs through two hundred miles of pine forest, but suddenly, at fifty miles from Ankara, forest and woods are over and there is little to distract the attention from the earth and sky. The road is suddenly wider, the horizon recedes into infinity; in the morning the kingdom of colour succeeds that of lines, only to return to deep tones in the evening when this Hittite land drapes itself in a violet cloak.

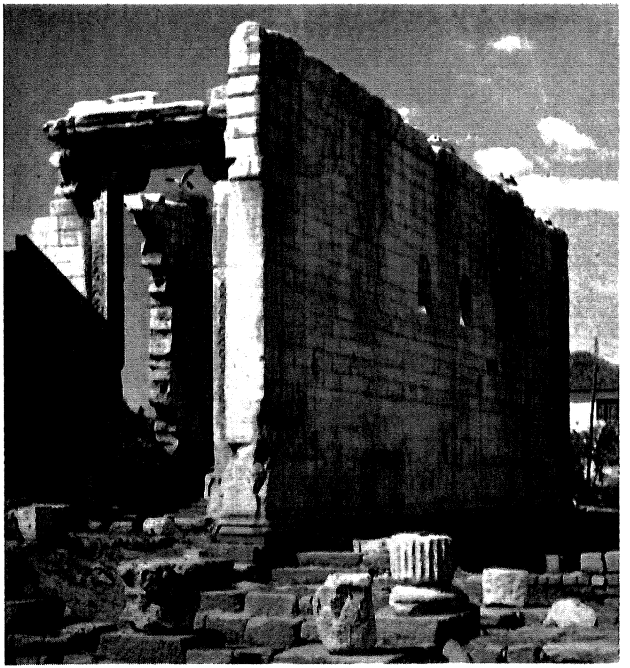
Nero baptized Ancyra (now Ankara) 'Metropolis', and doing so, saw far ahead, for only in the last decade did it come true, thanks to Atatürk's vision.

Living on the top of the hill at Chankaya, as we did, five miles from the centre, we found the greatest fascination in watching Ankara light up in the evening. Every month brought an increase of lights, owing to the huge building programme. In Anatolia the night can be velvety in the summer and clear as crystal in the winter snows, and when all was still, the sky and its stars seemed turned upside down and twinkled to the earth. The appearance of thousands of lights in the silence was a minor thrill to be experienced from the Embassy terrace. It is a view that can only be translated in oils, as was done more than once through the sensitive and subtle brush of our great friend Emel Esin, a talented and beautiful Turkish woman. No photograph can catch the feel of this huge plain, 3,000 feet up, destined to be covered with houses, framed by bluish hills. The nearest approaches still have orchards, patches of grassland, husbanded earth and old Anatolian houses painted pink, blue and yellow – very Elizabethan with their great beams showing their criss-cross pattern. In May the blossom, tossed by the wind and springing from a snowbound country practically in a week,

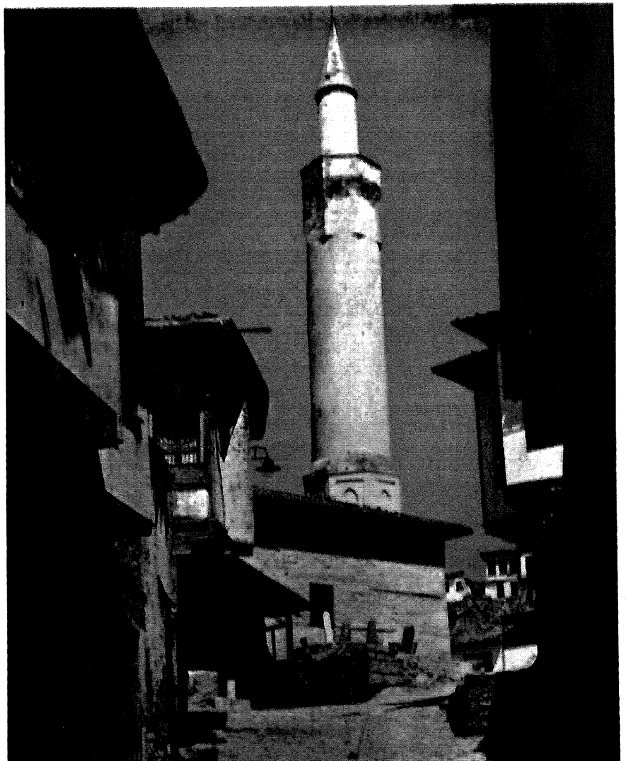
surrounds the town with a belt of ephemeral glory. In Ankara and around it there are no forest trees at all, except those planted in the last thirty years in Ankara proper, and in a nursery of some thousands of acres called Chiflik (farm), the week-end house of Atatürk.

To me there are three Ankaras: Roman, Seljuk and Atatürk's. Five hundred feet above the plain, so high in itself, a crown of towers forms the citadel; it is the first thing one sees on arrival by air, rail or road. This long line of Seljuk fortifications encloses the old town with its picturesque wooden houses in very narrow streets, a grain market, some simple mosques, much active life, many carpet dealers and leather merchants, and small open-air shops to which thick hand-made gloves and socks made of Angora wool are brought from all the villages. On this hill the houses are tightly packed, and some have the most curious woodwork in the form of ceilings of much beauty of the seventeenth century. I can think of only one comparison: if a parquet floor of involved design and curious woods were above one's head instead of beneath one's feet, such are some Ankara ceilings. The exteriors of these two-storeyed and tiled dwellings are unsmiling and there are no gardens. The lower parts of the houses are windowless, the superstructures overhanging the streets. A number of the old houses have the open hearth dear to the Turks, and there is much rough iron-work.

This old town hugs the citadel. Half-way down to the plain, Roman Ankara appears in the truly magnificent Temple of Rome and Augustus, of which three sides remain. It is the *Monumentum Ancyranum* recording in finely chiselled characters the mighty actions of Augustus: the Latin text is on the inside of the *antæ* (the square pilasters at the corners of the Temple) and the Greek translation on the outer walls of the *cella*, or sanctuary. There is another inscription in Greek giving a list of tetrarchs of Galatia. This Temple is narrow, and at the end of it are the remains of a Byzantine church. Later a mosque was built dedicated to Haci Bayram, whose actual shrine lies in ruins on a rugged hill ten miles from Ankara. We climbed it once for fun: it is a four-hour walk of almost alpine rigour. Haci Bayram was the founder of the Bayram dervishes and a much respected man.



Roman Ankara: the Memorial Temple to Augustus.



Old Ankara: seventeenth-century houses.

Modern Ankara: view from the Halkevi.

The Ministry of Public Works, Ankara.

Ankara has a museum housed in the old domed 'Bedestan'; in this former market much Hittite sculpture and bas-reliefs are arranged.

As for modern Ankara, the pride of Atatürk's heart and symbol of his will, it is like a fast-growing tree with its many branches radiating all over the plain.

Reading a standard book on Turkey, *La Turquie dans le Monde,* by Norbert Bisschoff (now Austrian Minister to Moscow), I was struck by the clever analysis he made of the spirit of Ankara in which he said the city had become the rallying-point of every civic-minded Turk. Ankara is certainly the uncrowned queen of Anatolia, and it is interesting to see how the cult of Atatürk, such a positive and at times ruthless man, is now binding the souls of the Turks. He gave them their unity, planted their flag on this old Seljuk fortress in the middle of a steppe and, forsaking – and here was his genius – the old Oriental style, ordered them to build, under the shadow of this fortress, a completely modern capital. He wanted them to get out of their system the Islamic form of civilization and integrate themselves in European culture. That is why their new buildings do not remind one of old Arabic or Turkish art, but are stolidly functional. Their lines are as straight and as flat as their steppes.

Later they can surely afford a backward glance; but this new city built on the ruins of very old civilizations is the expression in stone of the will of the Turks to go for ever forward. Now out of their nomadic past, as Dr Bisschoff says, the Turks, having folded their tents in Istanbul, have planted them permanently in Anatolia, saying thus to the world that they now acknowledge that they have a country towards which they have duties and which has rights over them. The State has an economic organization built on Occidental lines, its code is copied from the Swiss, her young people want to give their country everything that is taken for granted in the West – which explains the very practical education that is given to the young. But there are already signs that for thinking Turks all cannot be left to the realms of positiveness and so-called progress. There are some interesting searchings of heart in that direction.

While at one end of the modern town rises the great hill

already described, covered with the old town stretching back through Seljuk and Ottoman times to the stone and brick remains of Roman Ancyra, at the other end is another hill up which there winds the Atatürk boulevard, lined with modern houses, ministries, embassies and legations, and leading up to the President's official residence and the fine British Embassy. For Atatürk, with one of those major strokes of inspiration which are apparent and bearing fruit in every direction, offered the most commanding site in his new capital, right alongside his own new palace, to the country with which only a few years before he had been engaged in deadly combat. He knew by the instinct of genius that the unhappy war of 1914–18, and its aftermath which so nearly ended in renewed war in 1922, was an accident, and a deviation from the traditional alliance which had bound our two countries for centuries and would surely bind them together again.

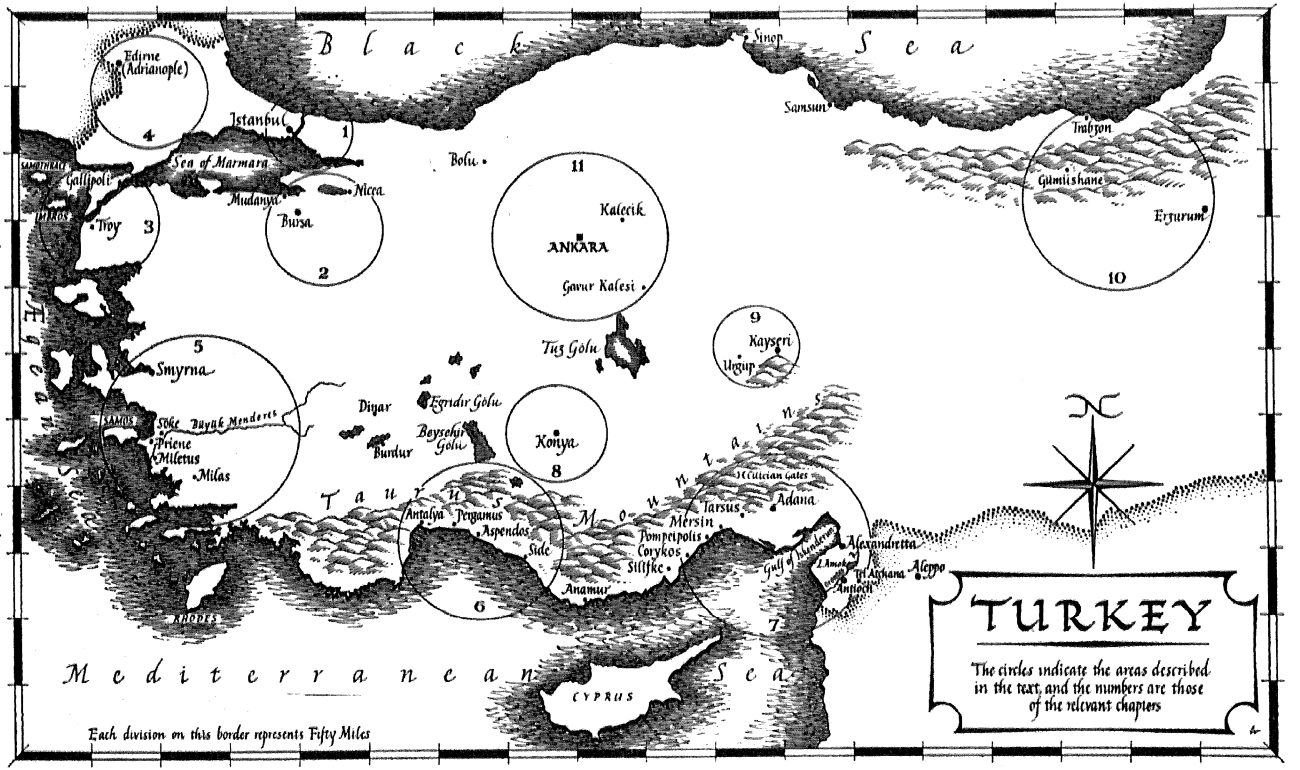
The President's house is a long pink building with an interior courtyard containing a swimming-pool. It is severe, simple and modern both outside and within. Each year – quite apart from special occasions such as the visits of Heads of other States – President Inönü gave all the foreign Heads of Missions a dinner party, quiet and unostentatious, but graced with the service of gold plate used by the Sultans in old 'Stanboul', and followed by a concert of good music. Our last recollection is of the day before we left, when my husband and I lunched *en famille* with President Inönü and his charming wife and children. This little book has nothing to do with politics, but I cannot refrain from a passing tribute to this personality who guided Turkey from the death of Atatürk – whose chief of staff and principal executive he had been – until 1950, when the assumption of power by the opposition – created by himself four years earlier – marked the successful transition of Turkey into a fully parliamentary constitutional State, with even less serious friction.

Two hundred yards from the Presidential house lies the British Embassy, looking from the top of the hill right across the whole panorama of Ankara and its wide surrounding horizon framing skies that displayed the most enchanting sunsets. Just behind the Chancery building – which until 1946 was also the Ambassador's residence – stood a funny old wooden chalet,

which in the nineteen-twenties housed the Ambassador and his staff, though at first the Heads of Missions preferred to live in their railway coaches in the station on their reluctant visits from Istanbul. Now the visitor hardly notices the chalet, and sees only the two graceful white buildings, side by side and facing the edge of the ridge, one of which houses the Chancery and the other the Ambassador and his household. There is a paved courtyard in front, and behind the residence is a charming little formal garden of lawns and crazy-pavemented walks, all created out of rock – the soil brought in cartloads, the grass-seeds imported from England. On this peaceful haven, and on another larger lawn at the side of the house, there stood up to 1946 a collection of Nissen huts, grim survivals of World War II. Owing to the excellence of the water – a private supply – and the peculiar qualities of the soil, grass and flowers had a royal hue, sharp and brilliant; we added a final jewelled touch of colour, as we kept two peacocks – alas! not for more than six months, as both died. Immediately behind the garden a rocky slope had been planted with groves of firs and ornamental shrubs. This garden tailed off ignominiously in a little unkempt valley which was my delight as it was full of vines and pear-trees with red leaves, a beautiful combination for autumn decorations in the drawing-rooms. In the late autumn I cut apple branches and nursed them in a hot room for some weeks; about Christmas they were in blossom and, set against the faint glow of the snow banked against the terrace, had a rare and delicate look. The house was the prey of the fiercest winds I have ever known. Closing my eyes here in Moscow, I can still hear the echo of their sibilant songs round the Embassy there.

I have a most tender recollection of our entertainments in this cheerful modern house, built just before the war by the Ministry of Works, and a real credit to that hard-working but insufficiently praised department. It might be a party for the representatives of English music – Bliss, Woods, Newton – or for a visiting lecturer such as Professor Toynbee, or for a British parliamentary delegation, or just to show a new British film like *Great Expectations* or *Hamlet* to a hundred representative Turks, to diplomatic colleagues, or just a supper dance or a children's party.

Whatever the occasion was, we could always count on the party going with a swing, thanks to the spontaneous response and happy informality of all our Turkish friends, whether they were Prime Ministers, Chiefs of Staff, Deputies or University Professors. In no other country have I found entertaining more easy, pleasant or worth while.


Black Sea
Edirne (Adrianople)
Istanbul
Sea of Marmara
Gallipoli
Troy
Mudanya
Bursa
Nicea
Bolu
Kalecik
ANKARA
Gavur Kalesi
Tuz Golu
Kayseri
Ulukup
Sinop
Samsun
Trabzon
Gumushane
Erzurum
Smyrna
Diyar
Egridir Golu
Beyschir Golu
Burdur
Konya
Sokc
Buyuk Menderes
Priene
Miletus
Milas
Samos
Rhodes
Taurus Mts.
Antalya
Pergamus
Aspendos
Side
Anamur
Cilician Gates
Tarsus
Adana
Mersin
Pompeiopolis
Corykos
Silifke
Gulf of Alexandretta
Alexandretta
Antioch
Al Asharna
Aleppo
Mediterranean Sea
CYPRUS
Each division on this border represents Fifty Miles
TURKEY
The circles indicate the areas described in the text, and the numbers are those of the relevant chapters

# INDEX

*Figures in parentheses refer to illustrated pages*