



Theodore Hill's
Travels in Turkey
and Greece

August and September 2018

This is an account of my trip funded by the Roger Short Scholarship. It was splendid fun, and I learnt an enormous amount. I have long wanted to visit Turkey in order to see the antiquities there, which are among the most important in the Classical world, and I was enabled by the bursary to achieve this purpose splendidly. I am therefore enormously grateful to the trustees and to the college.

I travelled out on THURSDAY 16 AUGUST, by plane from Birmingham to Rhodes. Starting from the following morning, what follows is the travel diary I kept during the trip. It is more or less exactly as I wrote it in fountain pen at the time, with only slight corrections. (The entries get progressively shorter, partly because my father was with me for most of the second part of the trip!)



On FRIDAY 17 AUGUST, I took the 9am bus to CAMEIROS. This was one of the three original Greek cities of Rhodes, and (I think) the sight I most enjoyed in Rhodes. The ruins are large, extending from the acropolis through a large area of housing down to the agora (*pictured*) at the base of the site, and are all the more interesting for being Hellenistic in date, having all been rebuilt after the earthquake of 226 BC. It also has interesting facilities for water collection and distribution. The site took less than an hour to explore, and, since the

return bus was not until 12¹⁵, I had the pleasure of sitting and dozing on a bench overlooking the site for a good while.

The bus back to Rhodes City passes through IALYSOS, a substantial modern town not far from Rhodes City. Like Cameiros, it was one of the three original Greek cities of Rhodes. I therefore got off at Ialysos, and set about walking to the Acropolis (a.k.a. Mount Phileremos). This is a rather long and steep walk, and one on which Google Maps led me up the wrong path; this was certainly rewarded, however, by the Acropolis itself. It has no extensive ancient ruins (only the base of the Temple of Athena), but a fine monastery (*pictured*) with some excellent architecture from the time when the Knights Hospitaller ruled Rhodes (14th to 15th centuries). Walking to the opposite end of the Acropolis from the monastery, though (along a path adorned with fourteen Stations of the Cross), one comes to a large viewing platform with a huge concrete cross upon it. From here, the views are astounding even by the standards of ancient Acropoleis; practically the whole of ancient Ialysos' territory is visible from here, which is to say at least a third of the island, as far as Mount Attaviros, the tallest mountain in Rhodes. As I was making my way down the hill, a kind couple of Romanian tourists offered me a lift in their car. The man driving asked me about what religion I belonged to, coming as I did from England, and seemed most puzzled when I said I was an agnostic and didn't have one.





I took the bus back to Rhodes, and visited RHODES ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM in the evening. This is a lovely place (*pictured*), which has the great merit of being housed in the former Hospital of the Knights Hospitaller, built in the 15th century, which contains a delightful internal garden with exhibits through it. In general there are few things nicer than an archaeological museum in a mediaeval building of independent interest; the same can be said of the Etruscan Museum at Rome (in a

Papal villa) and the Bargello at Florence (in the mediaeval prison and barracks). Of exhibits, a red-figure birth of Aphrodite stuck in my mind most. Some collections, including the epigraphic collection, turn out not to be open in the evenings.

On SATURDAY 18 AUGUST, I got up very early, and took the 6¹⁵ bus to LINDOS, the third of Rhodes' ancient cities, and the most visited and spectacular. The Acropolis is impressive (although perhaps over-restored), with lovely views again (*pictured*). I had breakfast and then went up to the Acropolis, and (as I often like to) sat for a while behind the Temple of Athena reading a novel. By the time I came down (about 10³⁰), the way down and the picturesque modern village were thronging with tourists—whom I was certainly right to avoid by coming early. I visited the prominent Church of the Panayia, whose frescoes (by the 18th-century Gregory of Syme) were particularly splendid, depicting more strikingly the story of Adam and Eve, the Last Judgement, and other scenes, than I have had the experience of seeing Orthodox art do previously.



I returned to Rhodes City at lunchtime, and took a walk to the ACROPOLIS OF RHODES—that is to say, the Hellenistic Acropolis of the city that was first established in 408 BC when the original three cities of the island were united into one polity. This site (not on a large hill this time) contains a heavily restored theatre and stadium, and the largely unrestored ruins of the temples on the Acropolis. Nearby I saw a few lesser sites (a Hellenistic House and a 'Palatial Building'), and also three interesting subterranean temples (visible from the top, through large halls in the ground) thought to be Nymphaea. I then returned to the OLD TOWN and had a look at the Palace of the Grand Master of the Knights Hospitaller. This grand place contained a temporary exhibition on



twentieth-century Rhodian pottery that was not uninteresting; however, the permanent exhibitions with ancient artefacts were again not open in the evenings. I took a wander around the Old Town, including a pleasant stroll in the old Moat: the fortifications built by the Knights Hospitaller (*pictured*) are most impressive, and the town is a most pleasant place (and large enough not to seem overcrowded even with the tourists, unlike the village of Lindos).

On SUNDAY 19 AUGUST, I took a quick look at the Archaeological Museum again. I looked more closely at the mosaics, and also managed to have a brief look at the epigraphic collection which had been closed before. I then, however, had to catch the ferry I had booked to the island of



SYME. The ferry went firstly to Panormitis, a small village at the southern side of the island with a monastery to see, with some more excellent frescoes. The ferry then proceeds to Syme itself—which is a fantastically charming place. The seafront with its brightly-coloured houses (*pictured*) is most beautiful. I then walked up to find the archaeological museum and the Acropolis (which the Knights had made into a mediaeval castle). I had a really delightful walk, despite the museum having passed its closing-time when I arrived—and despite the fact that I took the wrong way, and ended up at another peak called ‘Kastro’ rather than in the Castle. But the views from ‘Kastro’ were really splendid. I therefore returned

down without seeing the ruins, but also without really regretting it, and returned to Rhodes by the ferry.

On MONDAY 20 AUGUST, my last day in Rhodes, I firstly went back to the Palace of the Grand Master, where I looked round the excellent permanent exhibition there on Ancient Rhodes, which had been closed on the 18th; I particularly admired a mosaic floor of a comic actor. I also went to the prehistoric collection in the Archaeological Museum, which I had not seen on 17th or 19th, and also had another look at the epigraphical and mediaeval exhibits. Then I went for a walk through the OLD TOWN, following my guide-book. I visited various churches and especially the fine Synagogue with its attached museum. The place is, of course, deeply haunted by the Holocaust, and the *tevah* (central reading table), dedicated by certain parents to their children killed in 1944, is particularly striking. I would have liked to have seen the interiors of some of the beautiful mosques in the town (*pictured*), but they, along with most of the churches, were closed (in some cases because it was a Monday). Once I had seen everything to my satisfaction, I went for a walk along the section of the walls that is open to the public: these are impressive, and the views over the town from them are also very fine. In the evening, I took the ferry to Bodrum in Turkey (ancient Halicarnassus), and spent this single night at the Pasha Hotel, which was unremarkable but pleasant enough.



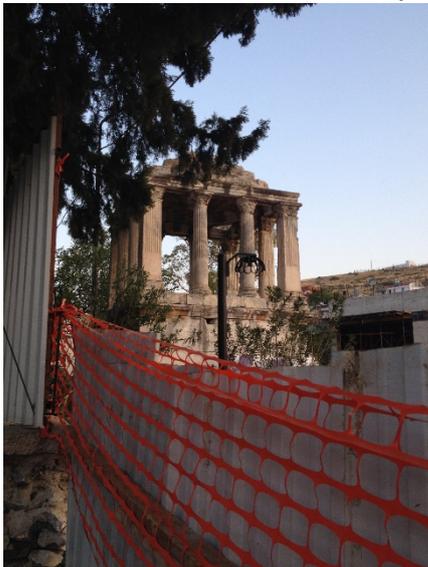
On TUESDAY 21 AUGUST, I intended to visit the ancient theatre, the Mausoleum of Mausolus, and the massive Castle built in BODRUM by the Knights Hospitaller. Unfortunately, when I got



to the theatre, I found out that the castle (and its well-reputed Museum of Underwater Archaeology) were closed for three years' renovation, and that the Mausoleum ruins were closed until 1pm. So I looked round the theatre, and then went for a boat trip round the harbour, which was very pleasant and relaxing, as well as giving me fine views of the castle from the outside. Then I went to see the ruins of the MAUSOLEUM OF MAUSOLUS (or what remains of them, *pictured*, following the Knights' use of most of them to repair the Castle not long

before it fell to the Turks in 1522). There is a small informational museum, which displays an interesting collection of the ancient sources on the building and on the reigns of Mausolus and Artemisia; the ruins themselves are quite impressive in their sheer size, even if they represent only the foundations of one of the Wonders of the World. In the evening I went on to Milas by bus, and took my room at the Siler Hotel.

My chief reason for choosing Milas (ancient MYLASA) as a place to stay — despite it being a large modern town more than a holiday destination — was its closeness to HERACLEA AD LATMOS,



modern Kapikiri, which my friend Tuuli (who received this travel award last year, in fact) told me was the highlight of her trip. A day-trip to Kapikiri, therefore, was the chief aim of WEDNESDAY 22 AUGUST. As I did not know for sure how long or difficult the Turkish rural transportation system would prove (although I was aware of its excellent reputation), I got up at 5³⁰ and walked across Milas to the bus station, taking a circuitous route into the real back end of Milas in order to see a monumental Roman tomb (*pictured*) — which I had a good view of, but could not get close to because it was fenced off. On my way from there to the bus station, a kind Turkish man gave me a lift to the bus station on his motorbike, and proceeded to make enquiries on my behalf as to what bus to take, as well as asking me via Google Translate whether I was lost

or not. I was, of course, not lost, and got onto the minibus towards Söke which I already knew I wanted. The Söke minibus runs past the town of Bafa, from where a road leads down to Kapikiri, which is on the eastern shore of Lake Bafa (which in antiquity was an inlet of the Aegean, and remains very imposing and inlet-like). I had anticipated that there might be no taxi in Bafa and that I might have to walk the two-hour route to Kapikiri. Fortunately, though, a taxi was available, and the driver of the minibus (who had been told by the kind man in Milas that I wanted to go to Kapikiri) pointed me towards it. This taxi quickly (and very cheaply) took me to Kapikiri as early as 8³⁰, and the taxi-driver directed me to a pension (the Pelican Pension) where on request they would phone a return taxi. Spontaneous kindness seems to be very widespread and natural in rural Turkey.

Kapikiri is an astonishing place, not just because of the extensive extant ruins of a whole ancient town, but also because there is this Turkish agricultural village not on top of the ruins, but literally in among them (and dwarfed by the huge city walls in the heights above the town). Indeed, the interspersing of modern and ancient is so considerable that, apart from the agora and Temple of Athena (which is high above it and visible all around) the individual ruins can be a bit difficult to find—especially the so-called Temple of Endymion. I only found the theatre when I ran into a party of Turkish tourists of whom the father and daughter spoke English (the daughter excellently). The best thing about Kapikiri, though, is the scenery—the jagged mountains above and the ridges topped with walls and towers, and below the lake, with a picturesque island just offshore with further Byzantine ruins. The colours of the sea-like lake as it turns into wetland on one side of the town (*pictured*) are also remarkable and beautiful. I returned to the Pelican Pension, had a little to eat, and asked them to call me a taxi—and, since it was still only 12¹⁵, I asked the taxi-driver to take me not up to Bafa, but back in the direction of Milas as far as Euromos, which he did at a very reasonable fare.



The Roman Temple of Zeus at EUROMOS (*pictured*) is magnificent. More than half the columns—beautiful Corinthian ones—are still standing, complete with dedicatory inscriptions, and the shape and parts of the temple are very clear. Often in ancient temples, one gets the feeling that one is standing *on* the temple, rather than *in* it as one does when one visits cathedrals in England or elsewhere; and I am not sure that I had ever felt more like I was inside a temple, and got such a cathedralian feel from it, as from this temple in Euromos. Across the ridge of the city walls, there is a marvellously beautiful, partly excavated, theatre. The reason for its loveliness, in my eyes, is the way the seats enclose a fine group of olive trees, whose greenness and shade set them off against the dark red earth.



I waited by the roadside for a minibus towards Milas, and arrived at Milas bus station at something like 3pm. Since I was still feeling energetic, I asked a taxi-driver to take me to BECIN CASTLE (on the same hill that was in fact the first site of Mylasa), a few kilometres south of the modern town. Here there is a fine 14th-century Turkish castle, with various outbuildings, including the ruins of a lovely bathhouse. I then walked down the hill to the main road, where I caught a minibus to the centre of Milas. Here, I made a visit to Mylasa's chief architectural glory, the HECATOMNEION (*pictured*) which served as the tomb of Hecatomnus, the father of the Mausolus who subsequently built the Mausoleum in Halicarnassus. This fine site happens to be right next to the Milas Carpet Museum, so I looked round that too—all in time to be back at the hotel for 5³⁰. All in all this was a particularly splendid day: I hadn't been sure of seeing anything except Kapikiri! I was particularly glad to have seen Euromos, which of all the Classical sites I have seen is perhaps one of the most beautiful.



On THURSDAY 23 AUGUST, I firstly went into Milas in the hope of visiting the Archaeological Museum. However, it was explained to me, by a nice English-speaking worker at the Hecatomneion, that the archaeological museum listed on the internet had closed, and that its exhibits were in storage, awaiting the construction of a new museum.

“If you come back in, maybe, one year, there will be museum!”

“Ah! So where is the museum going to be?”

(Shrugs shoulders.) “Somewhere in Milas!”

So I proceeded to my next destination, Didim (ancient Didyma), changing bus at Dalyan. Arriving in the late morning, I left my bags at the Hotel Kamil, and set out to spend the rest of the day visiting Miletus.

In some ways, Didim is not the most natural place to visit Miletus and Priene from, since it is not connected to either by frequent minibuses; the only frequent buses from Didim go to Söke.



Many tourists take a tour of Didyma, Miletus and Priene in a single day from Kuşadası. To get to Miletus from Didyma, I had to take the minibus as far as Akköy and walk for an hour to Miletus. But this was not unpleasant. It allowed me to look at Miletus at my leisure in a way that would have been impossible on a tour, and it also meant that I approached Miletus in a way that was actually plausible from an ancient perspective: to go from Kuşadası or Selçuk to Miletus one crosses land that has silted up since antiquity, but was in

ancient times a large gulf (*see map*), extending as far as Heraclea ad Latmos (Kapikiri). And one gets an excellent view of Miletus as one approaches it from the south.

On arriving at Miletus, I looked first at the museum, which contains information on the layout and history of Miletus, Didyma and Priene, and explains the political and religious unity of Miletus and Didyma (which was the chief holy place in Miletus' territory). Indeed, the chief Milesian festival involved a long procession travelling all the way from the Temple of Apollo at Miletus (the 'Delphinium') to the Temple of Apollo at Didyma—a small part of which I had nearly walked in coming on foot from Akköy.

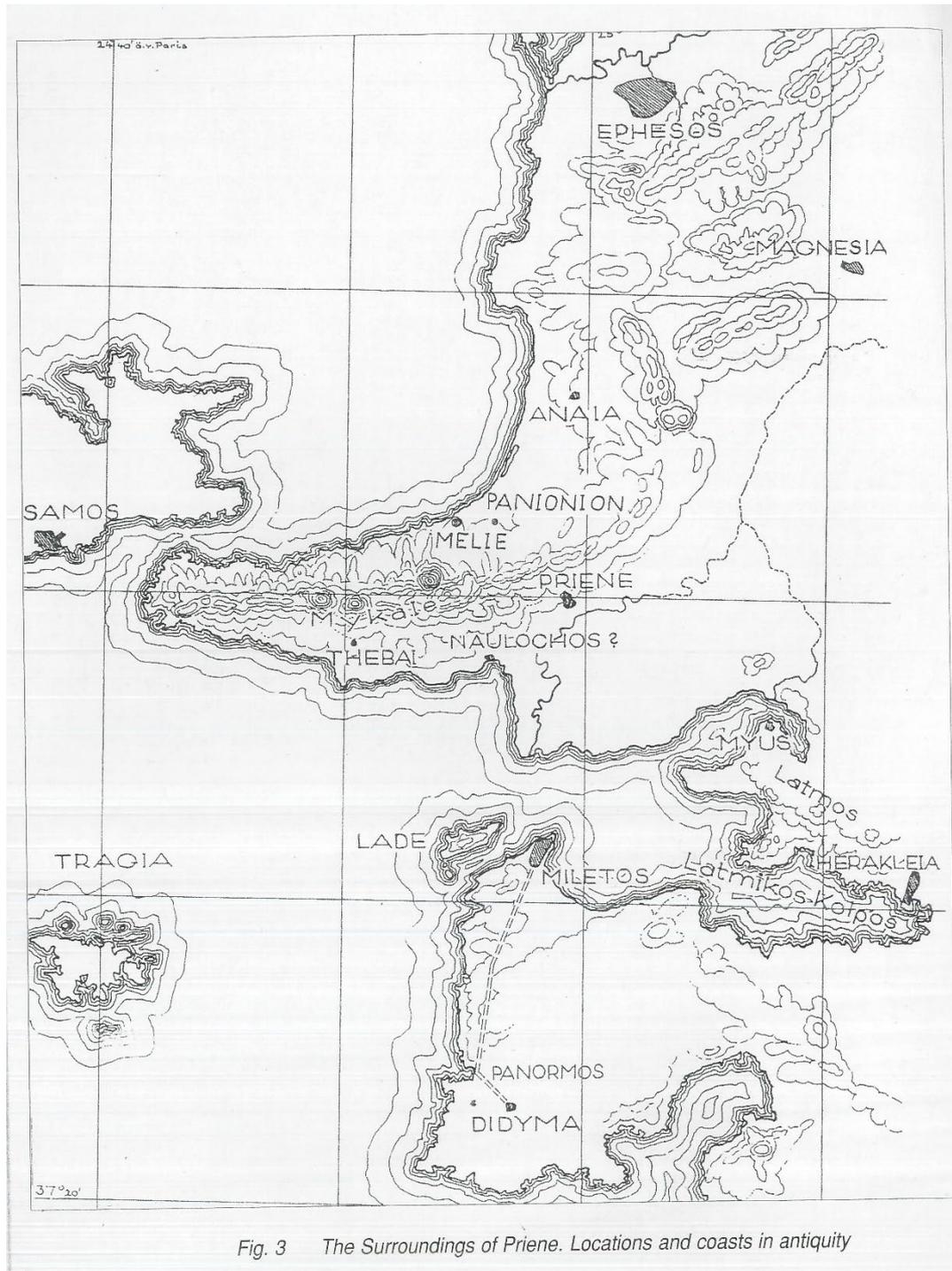


Fig. 3 The Surroundings of Priene. Locations and coasts in antiquity

The area covered in 23-28 August, as it looked in ancient times. Note the dramatic alteration of the coastline between this map and the map on the next page.

Map taken from F. Rumscheid, 'Priene: A Guide to the Pompeii of Asia Minor' (1998).

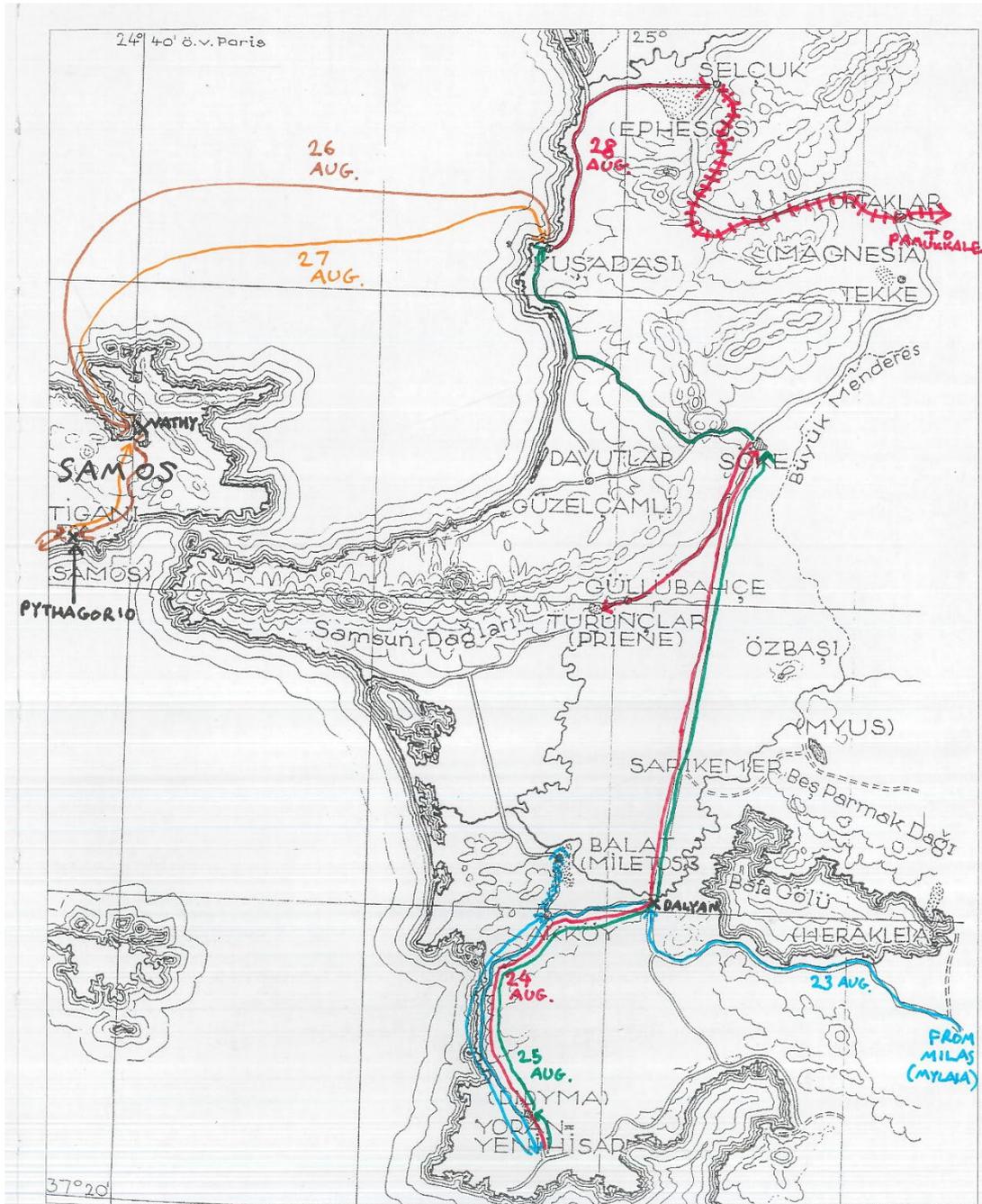


Fig. 4 The Surroundings of Priene. Locations and coasts today

The area which I covered on 23-28 August, as it looks today, with my routes marked.
Map taken from F. Rumscheid, 'Priene: A Guide to the Pompeii of Asia Minor' (1998).

The site at MILETUS is very large—reflecting the large size of this important ancient port city. Approaching on foot from the south, you see a hill with the theatre on its left bank, on top of which stands a prominent Byzantine fort (*pictured above on page 8, albeit from a different viewpoint*); rather to the right, one can see the 15th-century Ilyas Bey Mosque. What one cannot

see is the extensive ruins of the ancient city covering the whole area in between, dating from the Greek, Roman and Turkish periods alike. I explored these for several hours, starting with the splendid theatre and the fort, and looking at the agora and harbour-front (which is great fun to make out, since the sea has retreated miles into the far distance since ancient times). (*In the picture to the right, which was taken from the Byzantine fort at the*



top of the theatre, the green area that can be seen between the ruins and the high ground was the ancient harbour.) Then I went and had a look at the beautiful Mosque, before returning to the museum for a second look, and going back to Didim by the same route I had come.

On FRIDAY 24 AUGUST, I took the minibus, changing at Söke, for Güllübahçe, a village which stands just at the bottom of the hill leading to PRIENE, another site with extremely extensive ruins. Their interest lies partly in their pre-Roman date: they are mostly from the Hellenistic period (4th to 2nd centuries BC). The trip by minibus took about two hours, and I arrived at about



11³⁰. I had with me Rumscheid's excellent archaeological guide to Priene, which explained all the ruins in great detail; I had great fun relating his explanations to the buildings as I saw them, and remained there for a pleasurable 4½ hours. The *bouleuterion* (council-chamber, *pictured*) is particularly fine and atmospheric, and I also very much liked the theatre and the great Temple of Athena, as well as the Temple of Demeter (the path to which is steep and overgrown). The site of the place, built on the side of a

mountain, is also most impressive. A passing Turkish tourist kindly took the picture of me in the theatre which is presented on the front page of this diary. As I walked down, I asked a site attendant the way to the Stadium (recommended in Rumscheid), but was told it was closed and that the Temple of Demeter was, too—so I was very glad that I had clambered up to that lovely place without asking!

I feel like I have learnt much about the ancient city from my visits to Miletus and Priene, both remarkable sites well worth the attention of full afternoons.

DIDYMA, where I was staying, is chiefly known for its huge Temple of Apollo, the chief sanctuary of Miletus and a very important oracle throughout the Hellenistic and Roman periods. I therefore began SATURDAY 25 AUGUST by visiting these ruins. Didyma is not an extensive city site, like Miletus and Priene, but what it lacks in extent it makes up in magnificence: Apollo's temple is certainly one of the largest I have ever seen, and indeed *felt* like the largest—given the huge double colonnade and general good preservation of the structure. The Gorgon and griffin reliefs from the temple—many of which are kept at the site—are magnificent too. It is perhaps when one enters the building, though, that one really appreciates the place's greatness. The interior (which is a courtyard which contained a fountain-house, rather than being a covered room) is simply an enormously pleasant, shady place, and one can only imagine how lovely it must have been in all its glory in antiquity (*pictured*).



On the other side of the modern road, the final section of the Sacred Way leading from Miletus has been excavated; it is very splendid, having been paved in brilliant white marble in the Roman period. I then could not leave without another look at the temple—and therefore had lunch in the shade of the internal courtyard.

I then proceeded to Kuşadası, a modern holiday resort and minor port, from where ferries go to Samos—my next destination. I would not choose to come to Kuşadası for its own sake: it is tacky, dirty, noisy, crowded with tourists, has few old buildings, and is full of traffic. My hotel was the Golden Moon—rather touristy like everything in Kuşadası, but cheap and with large rooms. In the evening, I took a boat ride round the harbour—which was pleasant enough, although not half as good as the boat ride in Bodrum (where the scenery is delightful, where the castle is very attractive, and where there are good views as far as Cos). What *is* pleasant at Kuşadası is the 16th to 19th century fort called Pigeon Island, which has been admirably converted into a tree-filled public park connected to the main promenade by a pier.

On the morning of SUNDAY 26 AUGUST, then, I took the ferry from Kuşadası to SAMOS, leaving my bags in Kuşadası (where I had rented the cheap hotel room for an extra night to enable me to do this). Especially after Kuşadası, Samos proved a lovely place: there were some tourists but it was generally quiet, and a little cooler and breezier. Sundays and Mondays are, though—as I realised too late—about the worst two days of the week to tour Samos' archaeological sites. Precisely because it is a much quieter place than Rhodes, the buses do not run on Sundays, and the museums and archaeological sites all close on Mondays! I therefore had to see all the sites on the Sunday between the ferry's arrival at c. 10⁴⁵ and the closure of the sites at 3pm. However, I made use of taxis and (as it turned out) had just enough time to see everything.

The main modern town and port of Samos, also known as VATHY, is on the north side of the island. Firstly, then, I looked at the archaeological museum here, which is not that large, but has perhaps the finest collection of archaic Greek objects (7th to 6th centuries BC) that I have ever seen. The most impressive and famous is the huge Kouros, but I most admired a piece of bronze-work depicting the killing of Geryon, one of Heracles' Labours; I had no idea archaic art could be quite so perfect and intricate. There was also a very nice little bronze lion. The

whole cabinets full of griffin-head cauldron handles and the cabinet full of wooden objects (which in general rarely survive from antiquity) were also striking.

When I had seen this fine museum, I took a taxi to PYTHAGORIO, the smaller town on the south side of the island, which is where the ancient city was. This has another archaeological museum, with some excavated Roman ruins out the back; this museum is not so exciting as the main one, but contains several interesting objects such as a rather fine relief of the god Ammon.



I then caught a second taxi to Samos' most well-known site, the TEMPLE OF HERA, which lies 7km south-west along the coast from Pythagorio. This site contains a Sacred Way and numerous outbuildings (mostly Roman), leading up to the extraordinarily large 6th-century temple. Only the foundations and column-bases (*pictured*) remain, except for one column (*pictured below*), which still seems to tower above the trees despite only now reaching half its original height. Its age and size make this temple quite unique.

A third taxi then took me to the south end of the TUNNEL OF EUPALINUS, which was dug through the mountain in the 6th century BC to supply the ancient town of Samos (modern Pythagorio) with water. The impressiveness of this tunnel—which is rather high, containing a walkway one person's height tall alongside a drop down to the water channel some way below—lies above all in its construction from both sides of the mountain at once. Four thousand men dug for ten years, and met in the middle with a height difference of only three feet, on the basis of Eupalinus' calculations. The forty-minute tour (I was just in time for the last one) takes you up to this mid-point and back.



I then walked back into Pythagorio, looking briefly at the ancient theatre (now full of benches for modern performances) and at the ruins of a Hellenistic house on the way. I ensconced myself at the Hotel Belvedere in Pythagorio, and went out for some dinner.

On MONDAY 27 AUGUST, I had relatively little to do. I went for a beautiful walk along the harbour at Pythagorio (by any account a really lovely place). The walk took me firstly to the Byzantine castle, which is an attractive place, containing the ruins of an early Christian Basilica (*pictured*) and also a later church and fortification tower. From here, one can walk along the shore a little way to the south-west of Pythagorio; I did this, before cutting through the fields where the fairly meagre ruins of the ancient Agora lie, to reach the road which leads up to the MONASTERY OF PANAYIA SPILIANI. From here there are fine sea views both over Pythagorio and towards the Temple of Hera and modern village of Iraio (i.e., 'Heraion'; this view is *pictured below*); one can just make out the single standing column of the temple (or, at least, I think I saw it). Then I walked back to Pythagorio and caught the bus back to Vathy.



Back in VATHY (Samos Town), I had a look at the Church of St Spyridon, which is grand and interesting, before heading for the (small and modern) Cathedral, to which the so-called Ecclesiastical and Byzantine Museum is attached. Not being able to find the museum, I went round to the ecclesiastical offices, where a very helpful man told me that there was no-one manning the museum, but he would get it opened if I came back in an

hour and a half. So I took a walk and saw the church of St Nicholas, whose wall-paintings, although recent in date, I thought very attractive. On returning to the museum, I saw its collection of icons, some of which I liked very much. (There is, however, nothing Byzantine there in our sense: all that is referred to is the 'Byzantine' Church, i.e. the Greek Orthodox Church.) I then did very little until the ferry left for Kuşadasi at 6pm.

On TUESDAY 28 AUGUST, I left Kuşadasi and spent the morning travelling to Pamukkale (ancient HIERAPOLIS). I took the bus to Selçuk, the train from Selçuk to Denizli, and then the bus to Pamukkale itself, where I had booked a room at the Melrose House Hotel. The way to the Roman ruins leads over the travertines (*pictured*), for which Pamukkale is most famous: one

has to take one's shoes and socks off and paddle through the various pools and streams on the way to the top. This was new to me, as I have never seen travertines before. They were extremely crowded with tourists—largely Turkish ones.



However, most of these tourists never



reach what is probably Hierapolis' chief architectural splendour, the Roman theatre (*pictured*). The first level of the theatre's stage building has been put back up by Italian archaeologists (using 90% original parts) within the last decade. There were only a handful of tourists in the theatre, and the area behind the theatre was almost deserted; this area contains a splendid complex of Christian churches dedicated to St Philip (who was martyred at Hierapolis), two necropoleis more extensive than I have seen before, and an attractive main street. After looking around for a few hours, I returned to the town via the travertines.

On the morning of WEDNESDAY 29 AUGUST, I made a trip by bus to LAODICEA. These Roman



ruins contain nothing much that I saw that can compare to Hierapolis, although there are two theatres and a large fourth-century church (which was unfortunately shut). Perhaps the most attractive sights here were the paved marble streets and the fine rows of columns standing in the agora area (*pictured*). Once I had returned to Pamukkale—which was difficult, because five or six buses were seemingly unwilling to stop for me on the rather fast highway that runs past Laodicea—I retrieved my luggage

and made my way to Izmir (ancient Smyrna) by bus and coach, changing at Denizli. This is not as good as the train, since the bus station in Izmir is rather a way out of the city centre, and, being unfamiliar with the Izmir buses, I had to take a taxi. At the Olimpiyat Hotel, I met my father, who joined me from this point up to Saturday 8th.

On THURSDAY 30 AUGUST, my father and I took the train from Izmir to Selçuk (ancient EPHEBUS). We firstly looked at the Archaeological Museum, where the star attraction is probably the two Roman copies of the unusual statues of Ephesian Artemis. I also particularly admired a



characterful bust of the comic playwright Menander, and a number of other objects. We then walked to the TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS, one of the Seven Wonders of the World: its ruins are very meagre, but quite attractive. The main site, containing the ROMAN RUINS OF EPHEBUS, is very extensive. It contains a splendid theatre and *bouleuterion* and the erect façades of the famous Library of Celsus and of the Temple of Hadrian. The highlight for us, however, was the complex known as 'Terrace House

2', which has recently been conserved, covered over with a modern roof and glass walkways, and opened to the public, through the work of the Austrian archaeologists. In this block of houses are a very large and fine selection of Roman wall-paintings and mosaics, splendidly preserved (*pictured*); I have not seen anything like it in quality or quantity. Once we had explored Ephesus all afternoon, we took a taxi (since the ruins are rather a walk out of town) to Selçuk's beautiful 14th-century Isa Bey Mosque, which has a lovely courtyard, and admirable decoration inside, too. We then returned to Izmir by train.

On Friday 31 September, we went by bus to SARDIS—the ancient capital of the famous King Croesus of Lydia, but now dominated by splendid Late Antique and Byzantine ruins. Among

these, the beautiful Synagogue, said to be the largest surviving from its period (*pictured*), stood out, with its fine decoration, Torah alcoves and reading table, and surrounding courtyards. We then walked across the fields where the site of the unexcavated Theatre can be seen, and also past a number of remnants of Lydian ruins from the Archaic period, to the Hellenistic and Roman Temple of Artemis, which is very attractive. We considered going to



Manisa, to see the museum there where the finds from Sardis are exhibited; but the force of Turkish strangers' helpfulness somehow conspired to put us in error on a bus to Izmir instead, so we were under the necessity of putting Manisa off until later.

We had hoped to hire a car for the next few days, but found that we did not have an appropriate credit card with us, and therefore had to proceed by public transport. We therefore set off on SATURDAY 1 SEPTEMBER on the 5½-hour journey by train and bus to APHRODISIAS, one of the finest of Turkey's Roman sites. It was well worth the journey, which was (despite its length and complexity) not difficult to manage. The museum is fantastic, and contains a splendid hall



of friezes from Aphrodisias' Sebasteion, which was built for the worship of the Roman emperors; among these friezes are some very eloquent presentations of scenes from Greek and Roman myth, as well as interestingly allegorical of the emperors Claudius (ruled 41-54 AD) and Nero (ruled 54-68 AD). The unusual Aphrodisias Blue Horse is on display in the same hall. The site itself contains many exciting

buildings, not least the elaborate Tetrastylon leading to the Temple of Aphrodite. I had been to the Aphrodisias Lecture in Oxford, at which the fruits of recent excavations were presented, and it was particularly enjoyable to see some of these for myself; the most impressive is the newly-excavated pool in the southern Agora area (*pictured*), which is certainly now one of Aphrodisias' nicest sights. We returned to Izmir in the evening for our final night's stay there.

On SUNDAY 2 SEPTEMBER, leaving our bags at the hotel, we took the train to Manisa (ancient MAGNESIA AD SIPYLUM), where we spent the morning. The archaeological section of the museum (containing exhibits from Sardis and elsewhere) was unfortunately closed for renovation, but we saw the small ethnographic section and moreover the rather large outdoors collection of ancient sarcophagi and inscriptions. All this is in an attractive courtyard of the sixteenth-century Muradiye Mosque, which still operates nextdoor. The mosque itself is exceptionally beautiful, especially the majestic decoration of the interior. We also saw the Sultan Mosque, and the slightly human-like rock which was said, in Greek myth, to be Niobe (*pictured*), the mother who turned to stone out of grief when the gods Apollo and Artemis killed her children.





Pergamum Pension.

We spent the afternoon back in Izmir (ancient SMYRNA). The ruins of Izmir's Roman Agora are most enjoyable, and contain an interesting basement which belonged to its west colonnade (*pictured*). We also saw the Archaeological Museum, where I greatly admired the 1st century BC bronze statue of a running athlete, as well as the archaic sarcophagi from Clazomenae, and some interesting coins including a 4th-century Clazomenian four-drachma coin with a swan on it. We then went to the Museum of History and Art, which is actually another archaeological museum. There were a number of nice statues, including one from Ephesus depicting the river-god of the River Cayster; I also enjoyed the cabinets displaying glassware and oil-lamps in sequence from the Archaic period down to Byzantine times. We then went, by taxi and coach, to Bergama (ancient Pergamum), where we had booked a room at the

We began MONDAY 3 SEPTEMBER by ascending the Acropolis of PERGAMUM, using the cable car. This site is very large, covering a steep hill from the top plateau down to the bottom, with a number of terraces. (*Its steepness can be seen from the photograph, which shows the theatre and Temple of Dionysus.*) It owes its size and former grandeur to the late Hellenistic King Eumenes II, whose capital it was. Unfortunately, little of that splendour remains: most of it is in Berlin, to where it was removed by the German excavators who are said to have saved it from the activities of nineteenth-century Turkish marble scavengers. The only buildings whose remnants are at all tall are the Temple of Hadrian and the Gymnasia, and it is relatively hard to grasp the other ruins. Smaller but more delightful to my mind is the Sanctuary of Asclepius, twenty minutes' walk to the other side of the modern town: here one can see an elegant Sacred Way, colonnades, and an interesting building for healing patients with a still-accessible tunnel leading from it to the still-flowing springs in the middle of the compound. We also saw the Red Basilica, and the Archaeological Museum, which contains some nice pieces from the Sanctuary of Asclepius and elsewhere (although not, of course, the most important objects, which are in Berlin).



In the evening, we caught the coach to Çanakkale—mostly thanks to the huge helpfulness of the owner of the Pergamum Pension. The five-hour coach journey brought us to Çanakkale at about midnight, at which point it turned out that a Turkish woman had mistakenly removed my case from the coach in place of her own, and had got out 10km earlier on the road. However, she got in touch with the coach company, and (with the very efficient help of the bus-station officials) appeared within the hour to exchange bags, with the result that we reached the Yellow Rose Pension in Çanakkale at rather after 1am.

On the morning of TUESDAY 4 SEPTEMBER, we made a trip to the ruins of ALEXANDRIA TROAS—by minibus to the bus station, bus to Geyikli (with splendid views of Tenedos and the Aegean), and taxi to the site. Only the small agora area is enclosed as a site, with the most exciting ruins lying scattered in the fields and orchards around. To visit them, one has to look for them, by spotting stacks of ruins in around the trees—which is huge fun! In this way we found the Basilica, the Baths of Herodes Atticus, the Nymphaeum, the theatre, the building of unknown function known in Turkish as the *Maldelik*, and the Stadium; of these, the BATHS OF HERODES ATTICUS (*pictured*) and the *Maldelik* were particularly idyllic. The site, a lovely place in general, has beautiful views of the Aegean, especially from the theatre, and one can see Tenedos and (just about) Lesbos. We went down to the modern village of Dalyan, just beneath the ruins, for lunch in a lovely spot just by the small harbour—before catching another taxi all the way to the ruins of Troy.



The archaeological site of TROY, the setting of Homer's *Iliad*, is perhaps best-known as the site of Heinrich Schliemann's early excavations in the 19th century, and it is remarkable to see at first hand how very destructive he was. The site was, before excavation, a huge mound with at



least nine consecutive settlements in it on top of one another; Schliemann, in order to reach Troy II (which he *thought* was the Troy of the dramatic date of the *Iliad*), destroyed major areas of all the Troys above it, including not only later Greek and Roman material, but also a fair amount of the Troy of the *actual* dramatic date of the *Iliad*. With all the criss-crossing walls of different dates, it is a bit difficult to understand what is going on on a single visit, but perhaps the most

interesting element was seeing the ruthless top-to-bottom trench which Schliemann dug through the mound, where modern signs show the visitor where in the heap the successive levels lie (*pictured*). We returned to Çanakkale in the evening by bus.

On WEDNESDAY 5 SEPTEMBER, we intended to begin with the Archaeological Museum in ÇANAKKALE, but this turned out to be closed, awaiting the opening of the new Troy Museum at Troy itself. We therefore went to the Çimenlik Fortress, which was a key element in the defence of the straits against the British, Australians and others in the Gallipoli campaign in the First World War. This compound offered nice views across the HELLESPONT (*pictured*). There was also an interesting exhibition narrating the WW1 campaign, on board a small moored naval vessel. We spent the whole afternoon on the bus to the Esenler bus terminal at Istanbul, from which we headed by metro to the Akin House Hotel.



On THURSDAY 6 SEPTEMBER, we naturally set off to see the chief glories of ISTANBUL. The most important are all pretty close to one another. We started with the Archaeological Museum, with its rich displays of finds from the history of Istanbul, and also from Troy and elsewhere—although some parts of the museum were closed for renovation. Even more interesting were the Tiled Pavilion, a splendid building holding Ottoman-period pottery, and especially the adjacent Near Eastern Collection, which contains amazing examples of Hittite and Babylonian



art. We then visited the TOPKAPI PALACE, which contains many beautiful Pavilions, as well as exhibitions of tableware, clocks, weapons, and other finely-worked Ottoman objects. We had a quick look at the Hagia Eirene church before going on to the HAGIA SOPHIA (*pictured*), which is justly considered Istanbul's most brilliant building. Its domed spaciousness is only part of its splendour, which lies also and especially in the fine

detail of the column capitals, the striking multi-coloured marblework, and the majestic mosaics. We then went over to the attractive BLUE MOSQUE, although restoration work prevented us from seeing the inside of the main dome. We next saw the MOSAIC MUSEUM, full of marvellously detailed mosaics from the early Byzantine palace that stood on the site until the Turkish conquest; the depictions of the animal world (in all its bloody violence!) are particularly vivid. We then took in the monuments in the former HIPPODROME, and passed through the unique atmosphere of the GRAND BAZAAR, on our way back to our room. It is a rare day on which one sees so many glorious sights as these.

On FRIDAY 7 SEPTEMBER, we crossed over the Golden Horn into the district of PERA, which in the late Middle Ages was an autonomous Genoese city-state, and which in Ottoman times was the city's cosmopolitan quarter. We travelled by tram firstly to the DOLMABAHIÇE PALACE, the home of the Ottoman rulers in the 19th century. This was a splendid European-style palace, much of which would not have looked out of place in Paris or Vienna; the Grand Ceremonial Hall and the Blue Hall were both very striking. We next saw the NAVAL MUSEUM, the highlight of which is the display of the Ottoman rulers' imperial barges, all decorated in the most ornamental style (*pictured*). We then took the funicular and the Antique Tram to the centre of the attractive and café-filled district of Pera, where we visited firstly the MUSEUM OF INNOCENCE



(based on Orhan Pamuk's book of that name) and secondly the PERA MUSEUM (which contained an interesting exhibition of portraits by western artists who lived in Ottoman-period Istanbul). Lastly, we went up the fourteenth-century Genoese GALATA TOWER, from which one can see wide views over Istanbul, and the boats in the Golden Horn going in and out.

On SATURDAY 8 SEPTEMBER, our last day in Istanbul, we began by heading to the southern end of the THEODOSIAN WALLS, impressive Byzantine fortifications that protected the mediaeval city. The Yedikule Museum at the walls' southern end was closed, and it was unfortunately impossible to access the top of the wall (which was fenced off). However, we walked some way along the inside and outside of the walls, and got an impression of this powerful construction.



We then took the bus to near the KARIYE MUSEUM, which is a Byzantine church containing excellent mosaics on themes including Mary and Joseph's flight into Egypt; part of the church was unfortunately closed for renovation. We were also unable to access the Fethiye Museum, which contains further mosaics. Although now drenched by a thunderstorm (the weather while we were in Istanbul being in general low-pressure and thundery), we spent the afternoon taking a short cruise up the Bosphorus, upon the shores of which we saw numerous fine palaces and fortifications (*including the Ortaköy Mosque, pictured*). Leaving my father to take a plane back to England in the morning, I then proceeded by overnight bus to Thessalonica in Greece.

After a pleasant enough journey—interrupted only by the banal music that Turkish buses insist on playing continually and by our passports being checked no less than three times in crossing the no-man’s-land between Turkey and Greece—I arrived in Thessalonica at about 7am on SUNDAY 9 SEPTEMBER. Once I had left my bag at the Stay Hybrid Hostel (an excellent place) and had woken myself up with some breakfast and Greek coffee, I made for the most easily accessible archaeological site, the ancient city of PELLA, forty minutes’ ride from Thessalonica bus station. This Pella was the capital of Macedon from the 4th century BC, and was therefore the base from which Alexandria the Great was to conquer the whole Middle East. As I walked into the pleasant modern country town of Pella, I came across a recently excavated Hellenistic Tomb, which one was allowed to go down into—a most impressive structure, with an extant painted wall. I then went over to Pella Archaeological Museum, a place full of remarkable objects. I particularly admired a decorated table from the Hellenistic period, and there were some fine clay figurines and bronze objects—but the most amazing objects were the finds from the archaic settlement of Archontiko, near Pella, which included splendid gold burial masks and other remarkable grave goods. The main archaeological site at Pella, centring on the city’s Hellenistic Agora, is low-lying and not so outwardly impressive, but contains some large and excellent houses, and—most interestingly—public baths and a potter’s workshop with the kilns (*pictured*) and the pool for washing the clay still there to be seen.



On returning in the late afternoon to THESSALONICA, I took a first walk around the city centre, and visited the Archaeological Museum. This contains many excellent objects, including a marble tomb door with the bronze fittings still attached, a splendid large bronze medallion of Athena with a Gorgon on her helmet, and many other items. The most striking, though, was certainly the Derveni Crater (*pictured*), a huge and unique piece of bronze-working with elaborate depictions of Bacchic scenes all over.

On MONDAY 10 SEPTEMBER, I began the day with a quick look inside the Byzantine Church of St Demetrius, followed by a visit to the Byzantine Museum, which contains a well-arranged collection, including some tunics that were remarkably well preserved after a thousand years.

I then set off for Vergina (ancient AEGAE) by bus, changing at Veria. At Aegae are several monumental tombs discovered and excavated in the 1970s, including the magnificent graves believed to be those of Philip II of Macedon (the father of Alexander the Great) and of Alexander IV (Alexander the Great’s son, who was murdered while a teenager). These tombs have a museum built around them (*pictured below*) in which the lavish grave goods from the tombs are exhibited. This only took one hour to look round, but was probably the most spectacular single hour of the whole trip: the workmanship and beauty of these goods, made

of bronze, silver, ivory and above all gold, is astounding. Splendidest of all, perhaps, is the gold chest in which Philip's cremated bones were found, and the crown of golden oak leaves the corpse wore on the pyre. Once I had seen this, I walked up the hill to the ancient city's theatre and palace: some rather extensive restoration work currently seems to be being carried out at the latter. On my way back I paused for a couple of hours at Veria (ancient BEROEA), where I had to change bus, and where there is an archaeological museum and a



Byzantine museum. I particularly admired a number of icons in the Byzantine museum, including on some themes I was not aware of: there was a fine depiction of St Mercurius killing Julian, as well as one of St Luke painting a portrait of the Virgin Mary (and this, according to an 11th-century tradition, founding and legitimating the practice of icon-painting).



On TUESDAY 11 SEPTEMBER, I firstly made a visit to the Church of Hagia Sophia in Thessalonica, as well as to the ROTUNDA (built in late Roman times, but later used as a church, and with wonderful Byzantine mosaics), and to Thessalonica's Agora, which contains an excellent underground colonnade. I then took the bus to DION (changing at Katerini). The Archaeological Museum at Dion contains some splendid finds, above all the 2nd century AD water organ (*hydraulis*) found in a local ancient house, and said to be the oldest known to have survived. There is also an enormous Roman mosaic in the gallery adjacent to the museum, brought across from the archaeological site and conserved. I next visited the large archaeological site, which gives an excellent impression of the scale and shape of the ancient city, and which is also a very pleasant place: the area is full of springs, so one is never far from the sound of running water, and Mount Olympus (the

home of the ancient Greek gods) towers over everything.

On WEDNESDAY 12 SEPTEMBER, I visited OLYNTHUS, which was the chief city of the people of CHALCIDICE in the 5th and 4th centuries BC, and which played a very important role in the struggles between the Chalcidicians, Macedonians and Athenians in the area at this time. Philip II of Macedon destroyed it in 348 BC, with the result that there are no ruins later than this date: it is a purely Classical-period site. The buses to Chalcidice run from a separate terminal from all other buses out of Thessalonica; I took a bus from here to the coastal town of Nea Moudania, and from there to Olynthus. (I was very pleased about the latter, since this local bus is not advertised on the internet.) The area signposted to visitors at Olynthus is rather small, consisting of a dozen or so blocks of classical houses—valuable evidence for telling us what the Classical Greek house was like. The houses' walls had, though, reportedly been so damaged by the elements that it had been necessary to restore them very considerably for the sake of intelligibility to the visitor (so said the explanatory exhibit), which was very much the case—and, consequently, one was always plagued by the feeling that most of what one was looking at was not, in fact, ancient. (*This can be seen in the photograph: the line between ancient and restored*

brickwork is marked by a clearly and intentionally visible course of modern mortar.) The signs also mentioned many exciting features such as mosaics of early date and other low-lying architectural elements, which had however mostly been (very prudently, no doubt, archaeologically speaking) covered over. All this is on the north hill of the two hills on which Olynthus was, in various eras, built. I, though, found the south hill more exciting. This is not advertised to visitors as open, but the man at the ticket booth pointed out a clear and easy path up to me. In terms of ruins, there is only the base of a Byzantine fortification tower, and a very few remnants from the oldest, Archaic-period settlement at Olynthus, but what was



spectacular was the views; from the south end of the hill, one has a commanding look-out over the two western prongs of the Chalcidice peninsula, and out towards the historic Isthmus of Potidaea, which the Athenians besieged in 432 BC (*pictured*).



This excursion made me late for the return bus to Nea Moudania, but—as I had now learnt to expect from Greek buses—the bus was even later, and I got back to Thessalonica in the early afternoon. In THESSALONICA, I firstly paid a visit to the White Tower, the only remnant of the harbour section of Thessalonica’s mediaeval walls. This contains a rather underwhelming exhibition of the city’s history, but this was made up for by the outstanding views from the top—not only over Thessalonica itself, but also

out to sea and across both to Chalcidice and Mount Olympus. I then made a second visit to the Archaeological Museum, whose splendours had not been such as to digest sufficiently in one go. At this point, not having seen the Old City and CITY WALLS, I caught an open sightseeing bus that happened to pass the Archaeological Museum. This gave me an excellent view of the walls, although it would certainly have required an afternoon to have done the Old City justice. Nevertheless, this made a pleasant end to my stay in Thessalonica—and indeed to my whole trip, since my departure flight was on the morning of THURSDAY 13 SEPTEMBER.

This diary, I hope, has made it clear that it was a wonderful trip! I set out to see the ancient sites—and I saw them. The days of the trip that I will especially remember are probably the second week or so, in which I saw Miletus, Priene, Didyma, Samos, Hierapolis, Ephesus, Sardis, and Aphrodisias. Every day in this period, I was seeing something I had never encountered

before—the preservation of a whole Greek city at Priene, the necropoleis at Hierapolis, the beautiful Late Antique ruins at Sardis. It was a pity that the museums at Bodrum, Milas, Manisa, Çanakkale and Polygyros were all closed, and slightly inconvenient that we were unable to hire a car for Aphrodisias and the Troy area; but none of that detracted from the general magnificence of the trip.

One reason why the notion of taking in Rhodes, Samos and Thessalonica on a trip to Turkey was that it would give me a sense of the layout of this part of the world in Greco-Roman times, when of course there was no Greek-Turkish border and few communities were closer neighbours than Rhodes and Halicarnassus, than Samos and Ephesus. And indeed everywhere I visited was part of an area of both conflict and cosmopolitanism throughout the Middle Ages and modern times: Turks, Greeks, Jews and others lived side by side in Rhodes, western Turkey, and perhaps most pronouncedly in Thessalonica, right up to the 1910s and 1920s. Now, of course, one feels a real difference in all kinds of things when one crosses the border. Turkey is far dirtier and noisier (especially the positively grim Kuşadası), but undoubtedly the inhabitants' relentless helpfulness far outdoes the Greeks'. Greece feels more prosperous, and Thessalonica was the one place I visited on the trip that I thought pleasant enough that I could happily live there. The Turkish buses are so frequent that one does not care whether they are on time; the Greek ones seem almost chronically late. One almost feels that Turkey is a sort of orderly chaos, where everything that happens happens because the locals' goodwill is oiling the system, whereas Greece is a sort of chaotic order, where there is a clear system but no-one to make it run properly. But of course one cannot really judge countries on their transportation systems, and the judgement of any foreigner on such things must be extremely superficial. Almost all the Greeks I met spoke fluent English. About half the Turks I met spoke enough English that I could communicate with them, which made things far easier than I had expected: my friends had told me that I would have difficulty making myself understood to Turks, but I generally had none. Lastly, of course, there is the religion, which differs on the two sides of the border; I realised for the first time on this trip that, on buses, devout Greeks actually cross themselves whenever they pass a church or a roadside shrine. I cannot claim to have gained any insights of great depth into modern Greek or Turkish culture, but, nevertheless, to feel the differing atmosphere of the two places, while also travelling between them and seeing their shared history, was continually fascinating.