

ADDITIONS, INTEGRATIONS, CORRECTIONS AND SUPPLEMENTS
TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ARNOLD JOSEPH TOYNBEE*

by Teodoro Tagliaferri
(University of Naples Federico II)

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Integration and Additions to Part I,
Works by Arnold J. Toynbee¹

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527) A.J. Toynbee, *Fortress Urartu*, in *Impressions of Eastern Anatolia*, in «Hacettepe Bulletin of Social Sciences and Humanities» [Hacettepe University of Ankara], I, 1, June 1969, pp. 42-45.

528) A.J. Toynbee, *Black Amid*, *ibid.*, pp. 45-48.

529) A.J. Toynbee, *Mardin by Night and Day*, *ibid.*, pp. 48-51.

530) *Nuseybin and Dara*, *ibid.*, pp. 51-54.

531) *Osrhoene*, *ibid.*, pp. 54-57.

NOTE

«In the following five sketches, Professor Arnold Toynbee relates his impressions of a journey to Eastern Anatolia made in October, 1968, at the invitation of the Turkish Government. In the course of this trip, Professor Toynbee gave two lectures. The first, delivered under the auspices of Atatürk University in Erzurum, discussed the place of that frontier fortress town in history. The second was delivered in Diyarbakir, and its subject was Diyarbakir in history, from Assyrian times down to its final conquest by the Seljuk Turks.

Professor Toynbee was accompanied by his wife, Mr. John Jardine, British Council Representative in Ankara, and Dr. Osman Okyar, Dean of the Faculty of Social and Administrative Sciences of Hacettepe University, Ankara. Their itinerary included Ani, the

* *A Bibliography of Arnold J. Toynbee*, compiled by S. Fiona Morton, with a Foreword by Veronica M. Toynbee, Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1980.

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 184, no. 2699 (A.J. Toynbee, *Impressions of Eastern Anatolia*, in «Hacettepe Bulletin of Social Sciences and Humanities», I, 1, June 1969, pp. 42-57).

ancient Armenian capital on the Russo-Turkish border, Dogubeyazit, Van, the isle of Ahtamar, Diyarbakir, Mardin and Urfa. We are both happy and proud to publish these travel notes of a leading historian and long-time friend of Turkey in the first issue of our journal» (The Editor, *ibid.*, p. 42).

FORTRESS URARTU

by Arnold J. Toynbee

In the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., the Assyrians put together the biggest empire that the world had seen yet. Their homeland lay astride the River Tigris, on the middle reaches of its course, in what is now Northern Irak. From this starting point the Assyrians extended their rule eastwards on to the western rim of the Iranian plateau, southwards to the west of the Persian Gulf, and southwestwards down the whole length of Syria and Palestine and Egypt to the foot of the First Cataract of the Nile. North-westwards they bit deep into Anatolia. There was one quarter only in which the Assyrians never gained any ground beyond the narrow limits of their own home territory, and that was towards the North. In this direction they met their match in a rival whose military prowess was equal to the Assyrians' own and who enjoyed the advantage of being ensconced in a vast natural fortress that was inaccessible, except by a long detour.

This rival empire was Urartu – the Biblical Ararat, whose name is still borne by the towering volcano on whose summit Noah's Ark is reputed to have grounded when the waters of the Flood began to subside. The heart of this natural fortress in the mountain-girt basin of Lake Van. From this rival starting-point the Urartian Empire extended westwards and northwestwards over the valleys of the headwaters of the Euphrates and northeastwards into the fertile basin of the River Aras. Each of the two contending powers tried to outflank the other by gaining command over Northern Syria. In this competition, Assyria was the winner, and, after that, her armies occasionally invaded Urartu from the west, up the valley of the more southerly of the two rivers that make the Euphrates by their confluence. But, so far as we know, the Assyrian invaders never reached Urartu's capital, the city of Van, on Lake Van's eastern shore. Nor did they ever gain a lasting foothold on Urartu's home territory. If the Urartians themselves failed to expel the hostile intruders, General Winter could be relied upon to do the work. The next fall of snow – that snow through which Xenophon and his ten thousands comrades floundered at the close of the fifth century B.C. – would be sure to make the Assyrians beat a hasty retreat to the milder climate of their native land.

I myself was running a race with Urartu's winter snows for a week ending on the 26th of October, 1968. On that day we turned our backs on the west end of Lake Van, dropped over the northern edge of the highlands past the frowning fortress of Bitlis, and then went down and down a narrow valley that twisted and turned as it descended. When we emerged into the open basin of the Upper Tigris, I breathed a sigh of relief. By the time we reached the local capital, Diyarbakir, we had dropped from an altitude of more than 5000 feet at Van to one of less than two thousand feet above sea level.

The snow could not catch us now, but it had been a near thing. On the night that we had spent in Doğubeyazıt, at the foot of Mount Ararat, the snow had come half way down the monster's flanks. When a deluge of rain, that might have turned into snow, descended next day, a spirited Dutch couple, who had been proposing optimistically to hunt wild bear in the mighty mountains to the north had been forced to abandon their project. If the snow had caught us on the modern road that threads its precarious way through the mountains behind Lake Van's southern shore, we might still be bogged down on that out-of-the-way tract today. After emerging from that road and skirting the stern citadel of Bitlis and then descending the steep valley beyond, I saw why the Assyrians had never been able to get at Van from that direction. I had not been able to choose my own season for visiting Urartu. It had to be later than the beginning of the Turkish university year, since I was making a small return for hospitality by giving some lectures. In 1957 I had circled around Lake **Urmin in June**. I am happy to have circled round the sister lake Lake Van in the autumn of 1968, eleven years later.

The Urartians believed in the principle (it is a sound one) of learning from an enemy. They borrowed from the Assyrians the cuneiform script and applied it for conveying their own language – a member of the Hurrian family, which was neither Semitic, as Assyrian was, nor Indo-European, like the language of the Urartian's eventual conquerors, the Armenians and the Medes. The Urartian's art and architecture were wholly their own. Their bronzework was prized by their contemporaries in the Levant, and their masonry was as fine as that of fifth-century-B.C. Greece. In the Hoşap Valley, to the south-east of Van, we climbed to the top of an isolated crag that is crowned by an Urartian citadel and palace. Turkish archeologists have

been excavating these and the disinterred inscriptions are still as sharpcut, and the joins of the masonry still as exact, as if the chiselling had been done only yesterday.

This admirably high standard of masonry was inherited from the Urartians by the Armenians, and from the Armenians by the Seljuks, the earliest wave of Turks to wash into the country that was Urartu once, was Armenia next, and is Eastern Turkey today. A Seljuk mosque or tomb is unmistakably the child of an Armenian church, and the origin of the Armenian mason's work can be found in Urartian palaces and fortress-walls.

I have noted that the Kingdom of Urartu itself was a natural fortress on the grand scale. It is also full of citadels in which Nature has been reinforced by human art. The citadel of Karn, which so often stood siege in nineteenth-century Russo - Turkish wars, crowns a crag that is split off from a mountain-chain by a gorge carrying a river. The citadel of Van is shaped like a crouching in with its tail towards the lake and its neck, stretched out landwards as if the poor creature were exhausted. The Urartian citadel in the Hoşap Valley crowns a rock that is as precipitous as the South-West Anatolian "Iron Seleucia" – visited by me in 1962 – which once keep the wild Pisidians within bounds. Higher up the valley there is an even more spectacular Seljuk castle; and this has its peer in Hasankale – the castle built by "Long Hasan", the leader of the White Sheep Türkmén, to cover the head of the Aras River basin against Ottoman invaders approaching from the headwaters of the Northern Euphrates. But the most fascinating of all the citadels that I saw on this latest journey was Ani, which, for a century, was the capital of the most powerful principality in early mediaeval Armenia.

And, like other famous fortresses of the past – for instance the Crusaders' castle Sahyun in Northern Syria – stands in the fork above the junction of two ravines. The more easterly ravine of Ani's two – the valley of the Arpa Çay ("Barleywater") is now the frontier between Turkey and the Soviet Union. A stone's throw away from the citadel's eastern wall, runs the fence of electrified wire, equipped with observation posts miniature Eiffel Towers – at intervals of about a quarter of a mile and with the ground in front raked over to take the impress of footprints. I had seen all this from Iran, on the Western shore of the Caspian. I had seen it again from Afghanistan across the River Orus. So, this time, I turned from the present to the past.

In a triangular citadel in a fork, the base of the triangle is by nature the weakest side, and it is here that Nature has to be supplemented by the most massive man-made fortifications. Flood the ravines of the Arpa Day and make it affluent to the brim and you would have in Ani a miniature Istanbul, embraced by an inland Marmara and Golden Horn and with a land-wall running from water's edge to water's edge. The land-wall of Ani can, indeed, bear comparison with the Theodosian triple land-wall of Constantinople. It is not less impressive. But the loveliest building in Ani is the cathedral, with its magnificent masonry and its noble perpendicular lines. Byzantine Greek architecture surpassed Ancient Greek architecture in the subtle beauty of its form, but it is, for the most part, lamentably shoddy in its structure. Mediaeval Armenian architecture combines a Byzantine subtlety of form with an Urartian standard of masonry that equals the Ancient Greek. When you stand at the center point of the cathedral of Ani and gaze upwards, you become overwhelmingly conscious of our Western mediaeval ecclesiastical architecture's debt to its Armenian forerunner on this eastern verge of the Christian world.

BLACK AMID

by Arnold J. Toynbee

«Black are the walls and black the dogs and black the hearts of Black Amid». I had read this English rendering of a famous line of verse in a book of Gertrude Bell's during the Paris peace conference of 1919. Her description of the city in this book is illustrated by an entrancing photograph of a long stretch of black curtain-wall and black towers. Ever since then, I have been longing to see this black city with my own eyes. Meanwhile, I had read the Antiochene-Greek Roman soldier Ammianus Marcellinus' eye-witness account of the days-long siege of Amida in A.D. 359 by the Persian Emperor Shahpuhr II and his ally Grumbates, the King of Ephtalite Huns, and at the second hand in Guy Le Strange's *The Lands of the Eastern Caliphate*. I had acquainted myself with the description of Amida by the early mediaeval Arab and Persian geographers. But I had had to wait nearly half a century for my Pisgah sight.

At last I was going to set eyes on Amida. Now we were crossing the Batman Suyu, which had become the frontier between the Persian and Roman Empires after A.D. 362. Now we were having lunch in Heifarakin, I mean Martyropolis, I mean Silvan ı. Diyarbakir would soon be in sight, but, as so frequently happens in the present-day world, the actual approach was disconcerting. The road-sign "Diyarbakir" disclosed, not black towers and black curtain walls, but filling-stations and factories, and we were not, as we should have been, on the Bitlis road. We had crossed the Tigris over a new bridge upstream, and had turned into the coming in from Elaziğ. I was beginning to feel confused and even upset when I suddenly found myself passing through the Harput Gate. After all, the black towers and walls were still standing.

These were just as black as they ought to have been, but I did not find any black hearts. The place, where I gave my lecture (I was lecturing on the city's history) was a training-school for hospital nurses outside the Harput Gate, with a magnificent view up and down the Tigris from a balcony on an upper floor; and then, in the fading light, I was taken on a tour of the walls by a most un-black-hearted connoisseur of the city's historic monuments. This kind friend also took us, the next morning, to visit the Ulu Cami – a counterpart of the Great

Mosque at Damascus – and the citadel: a man-made mound within the inner fortress (İç Kale) which was perhaps the original city before the larger perimeter was built in A.D. 348 by the Roman Emperor Constantius II and was then extended, after A.D. 363, to house the population of the formerly Roman frontier fortress of Nisibis (present-day Nusaybin), who migrated to Amida *en masse* after their home town had been ceded in that year to the Persian Empire.

The great circuit of the walls exceeds all expectations. You have to see it for yourself in order to realize how skillfully it has been sited. Along a considerable stretch of its length, it skirts the brow of a line of bluffs with a ravine falling away, just below, to provide a natural moat. At the foot of the citadel, though, I suffered a disappointment. All eyewitnesses, from Ammianus onwards, describe, in ecstatic language, the copiousness of the spring that pushes out from the citadel's foot. The presence of this spring determined the location of the fortress. But today the water trickles out through a tap. Most of the flow has been impounded by the Turkish Army to supply the barracks by which the citadel is now defaced.

However, when I walked on past this trickle to the outer wall and looked down the sheer drop to the market-gardens that cover the fertile low ground between the foot of the cliff and the bank of the Tigris, I was consoled by a tale that my kind guide told me while I was gazing at this arresting view. He told me that when the Arabs arrived at the walls just about three centuries after these had been built by the Emperor Constantius, they were discouraged by the manifest difficulties of capturing this apparently impregnable fortress. At dead of night, however, their commander reconnoitered this corner of the walls where the fortifications were at their strongest, and luck favored him. He had come with a loaf of bread in his hand, and, when he put the loaf down, a dog sprang out of a hole in the wall, took the loaf in his mouth, and stole back through the hole again. This dog was not black-hearted, and he may not even have been black-haired, but innocently he had done a black deed. He had revealed a postern gate, and the leader of the Arab army crept through it at the head of a band of dare-devil volunteers. Many of these were killed on emerging inside the inner city, but enough of their number survived to seize and hold the nearest gate (the Harput Gate?) on the outer circuit and to let in the main body of their comrades. Unwittingly, the Christian dog had delivered the fortress into the hands of the Muslims.

The conquerors were followed by settlers. Diyarbakir, which is Amida's present name, means "the ranges of the Bakr", an Arab nomadic pastoral tribe who occupied the upper basin of the Tigris under the aegis of the Arab Caliphate. They had been anticipated in the last millenium B.C. by an earlier wave of Semitic infiltration from the south, who had been not Arabs, but Aramaeans.

On the evening of the previous day, at a dinner-party given for our party by the governer of Diyarbakir and his wife, I found myself sitting next to to the regional air-force commandant and he made my mouth water by telling me casually that he had spent that day on the Nemrud Dagħ among the monuments, erected on those hardly accessible heights, by King Antiochus of Commagene. The air commandant offered to take me there in his helicopter if I would stay a day or two longer, and I had been gravely tempted to shoot our exacting itinerary to pieces by accepting his kind invitation and play truant. Next morning I compromised, after having visited the citadel and the Ulu Cami of Diyarbakir, by persuading my companions – all but an experienced couple – to make for Egil.

Here a dramatic castle overhangs the Tigris, which, this far up, flows along the bottom of a gorge. The air commandant had assured me that Egil was within easy reach, and indeed the map showed that almost the whole of the route lay along the straight well-metalled road that leads from the Harput Gate of Diyarbakir for Elaziğ across a level plain. Just a short stretch of side-road and we should have arrived, but, at this point that wary pair of seasoned travelers parted company with us. They had to catch a plane at Diyarbakir airport at 3.30 p.m., and they must not miss it. It was now only 10.00 a.m., so I thought their caution excessive. But the event proved them right. If they had accompanied us they would have failed to keep their appointment for that evening in Ankara.

The side-road was short only in terms of kilometres (no more than twenty-two); it was not short in terms of hours. Mud, ruts and boulders saw to that. When we did arrive, the castle proved indeed to have been worth the time and toil, but we learnt also that the air commandant had seen this spectacular monument, as he had seen the Nemrud Dagħ, with a minimun of trouble. He had landed on the summit of Egil's castle rock in his helicopter, and I daresay the flight had taken him no more that about eight minutes each way. For the

people of Egil, the descent of that helicopter had evidently been the most sensational local event of the century.

MARDIN BY NIGHT AND DAY

by Arnold J. Toynbee

When we drove out of the Mardin Gate of Diyarbakir on 27th October, 1968, it was still early afternoon, and the distance from Diyarbakir to Mardin is only 96 kilometres, but we were not going to reach Mardin before dark. In the latitude of Diyarbakir, Turkey is nearly 1000 miles long from east to west; the whole of Turkey keeps East European time; even Istanbul and Izmir are on the eastern edge of the East-European time-zone; Diyarbakir lies further eastward than Rostov-on-Don and Archangel, and Mardin lies still further eastward than Diyarbakir. At what point on this journey was the last glimmer of visibility going to fade into total darkness? I had been eager to see the lie of the land between Diyarbakir and Mardin, because the road that links them crosses the watershed between the mountain-girt upper basin of the Tigris and the basin on the River Kabun, the lowest of the tributaries of the Euphrates. The watershed is the crest of Mount Izala. This is not so lofty a mountain as its northwestern neighbor the Karaoa Dag, from which the basalt blocks of Diyarbakir's black walls were hewn. Yet Mount Izala must be high enough, and rugged enough, to have provided an effective natural barrier for the Armenian nationalist insurgents in the turbulent year 522 B.C. Along this line the Armenians checked first one lieutenant of Darius' and then a second. The Persian breakthrough was not achieved till Darius himself arrived at the head of the main body of his marvellously mobile army.

Well, here is a last glimpse, through the back window of the car, of the black walls of Diyarbakir. We are skirting the right bank of the Tigris, round the elbow in which it changes direction from southward to eastward; and here comes the lovely old bridge, now superseded. It was better sited than the new bridge, upstream, to be in full view for the watchmen posted on Diyarbakir's black towers. It is still broad daylight, and we have now sheared away from the river into rolling country in which the river is lost to view. Are we, after all, going to reach Mardin, or, short of that, the Tigris-Khabur watershed, before nightfall?

My hopes were damped by the flaming out of fiery streaks, on the southwestern horizon; for this was the onset of one of Eastern Turkey's melodramatic sunsets. The terrain was hilly, but it continued to be tame, while the sunset ran its course, which, in this latitude, is swift. But now we are ascending a valley with, in its bottom, a northward-running stream that must be an affluent of the Tigris. Must not the watershed now be near? No, the valley runs on; and though I can still just make out the point at which our road at last begins to descend, it is too dark by now for the landscape of the watershed to be discernible. Nor is the watershed on the threshold of Mardin. It was pitch dark by the time when the lights of Mardin suddenly shone out, round a sharp corner, far below us. The road now twisted and plunged, and in a trice, those self-same lights were far above us. Mount Izala must be far steeper on its south-eastern flank than on its undramatic north-western approaches.

We mounted on to the city; ascertained our billets; and descended again, as steeply, to the guest-house of a state boarding-school on the Mesopotamian plain. Even at night-time, the beauty of Mardin's masonry shone out, but the overwhelming beauty of the city as a whole did not greet us till we gazed up at it, from below, in next morning's daylight. «A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid», and Mardin is set on a hill which is crowned by another, to carry the citadel. The houses of the lower city cluster, like swarms of bees, in horizontal lines along the hill's steep slopes – white bees that glisten in the sunlight.

Mardin's hill is a miniature mountain; for Mardin stands almost exactly twice as high as Diyarbakir stands above sea level, and the altitude of the upper basin of the Tigris is, at Diyarbakir, about 2000 feet, whereas the great Mesopotamian plain, which stretches away south-eastwards from the foot of Mardin's mountain to the head of the Persian Gulf, is so nearly flat all the way that it is not much above sea-level even here at its northern edge. Next morning, after visiting Nuseybin and Dara in the lowlands, we ate our lunch on a parapet above the garden of the monastery ("pre-Calcedonian in its own church parlance, "monophysite" in the West's) which stands on the next miniature mountain to the east of Mardin's. Far below us the vast plain spread itself out like a giant carpet, with the Jabel Sinjar (once the Roman Empire's outpost) just faintly visible far to the south-east. In June 1957 the Jabal Sinjar had been faintly visible far to the north-west, when I had been travelling through

Assyrian cornfields to the east of the Tigris; so, in this quarter, I had now filled in a previous blank in my arduously pieced together first-hand visual map of the World.

What is the most beautiful city in the world? In my fallible aesthetic judgement, it is still Kyoto in Japan. But what is the next most beautiful one? Since 28th October, 1968, I declare for Mardin, and I shall remain faithful to Mardin unless further wanderings of mine round the globe bring some even more beautiful city within my horizon (an unlikely possibility, considering that I am now seventy-nine). Mardin's beauty and Kyoto's are, of course, incommensurable. Kyoto nestles in a huge rectangular hollow, with protective walls of wooded mountain overhanging it on three sides. By contrast, Mardin is an eyrie overhanging a boundless plain on one side and backed on the other by a beetling row of crags. On the morning of the third day, just before my reluctant departure from this lovely city, I saw at last, by daylight, the rugged southern of Mount Izala at the point where the Armenians had fought to a standstill those two flying columns of Darius' in 522 B.C. I saw now that Mardin itself is one of Mount Izala's crags – a crag split off from the rugged mass of the mountain by some stroke of Syrian Jupiter Delichenus' thunderbolt. Even when Mardin was temporarily under Greek rule, and the plain below was officially labeled "Mygdonia", Mardin would have been beyond the reach of the Greek earth-quake-god Poseidon's trident. Mardin lies close to the Sumarian cradle of civilization in the Old World. For the last five thousand years, the road that leads through Mardin, and on over Mount Izala, from Susa and Hamadan and Mosul to Diyarbakir and Harput and Malatya has been trodden by a series of marching armies and migrating peoples: Hurrians, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Armenians , Persians , Greeks , Romans , Arabs , Kurds , Turks. But , through all these military and political vicissitudes, this exquisitely built city set on a soaring hill has continued to be its own beautiful self.

NUSEYBIN AND DARA

By Arnold J. Toynbee

Sometimes a spectacle that one has been longing to see falls dismally short of one's expectations; sometimes it thrillingly surpasses them. On rare occasions a severe disappointment is more than compensated for by an unexpected windfall on one and the same expedition on the same day. This rare experience was mine on the morning of 26th October, 1968, when I visited both Nuseybin and Dara from a base of operations at the foot of Mardin.

If I had not made my unrewarding visit to Nuseybin first, I might not have gone out of the way to visit Dara on the chance that this detour might prove rewarding. You cannot miss Nuseybin. The present-day road carries you southward from Mardin to the railway station at Kızıltepe, and then a left turn at a right-angle carries you on to Nuseybin – but not beyond, because there you now run up against the frontier between Turkey and Syria. No, you cannot miss; for, all the way from Kızıltepe to Nuseybin, you are skirting the railway, and a barbed-wire fence, put up to keep smugglers out, intervenes between you and the rails, which run just inside the Turkish territory till, beyond Nuseybin, they race across a ribbon of Syrian territory into Irak. In contrast to Nuseybin, though, you can easily miss Dara. It does not lie even on the old road from Mardin to Nuseybin, which cuts across country, giving Kızıltepe a miss. Nor is Dara visible either from the new road or from the old one. You have to know the point – this is at a police-post where, on the old road, the traveller making for Dara must turn off to the left on a track across rough broken ground.

If you have known Dara and Nuseybin, so far, only from maps and books, without yet having seen either place with your own eyes, you are bound to make Nuseybin your first priority. Both places were historic fortresses, but Nuseybin (in Greek and Latin, Nisibin) was the more famous and the more highly prized of the two. From the close of the second century of the Christian Era till A.D. 363, Nuseybin was the Roman Empire's frontier-fortress in North-Eastern Mesopotamia. In the latter year the Emperor Jovian – the Julian's easy-going successor after Julian had fallen in battle – ceded to the Persians Nuseybin, and much

else besides, as his ransom for being allowed to extricate his retreating army from Persian toils. The inhabitants of the surrendered city could not reconcile themselves to the change of sovereignty that has been negotiated over their heads. They withdrew *en masse* to Amida, the present-day Diyarbakir. They were forty thousand strong, and, to accommodate them, the circuit of Amida's black walls had to be considerably extended. As for the Roman Imperial Government, it took 142 years to face the bitter truth that Nuseybin was lost to it forever. For all that time, the Romans left the great north-westward road to Amida and the great westward road to Edessa uncovered by any first-class fortress. It was not till A.D. 505-7 that, at long last, Dara was built by the Emperor Anastatius I as a substitute for Nuseybin – a substitute that was held, by Romans and Persians alike, to be a poor second-best.

The Persians valued the possession of Nuseybin as greatly as the Romans lamented the loss of it. Nuseybin remained in Persian hands till the Persian Empire was liquidated, and the Roman Empire was mutilated by the invincible Muslim Arabs in the seventh century. Meanwhile, this ex-Roman fortress had become, under Persian rule, a centre of pre-Chalcedonian Christian theological studies. From the middle of the fifth century onwards, Chalcedonian Christianity – from which modern Orthodox, Catholic, and Protestant Christianity all derive – was the established religion of the Roman Empire. Other forms of Christianity were persecuted within the Roman Empire's frontiers; but, since 363, Nuseybin had lain just beyond the reach of the Roman Government's arm. Obviously it was the ideal seat for a school of polemical anti-Chalcedonian theologians. Accordingly, I approached Nuseybin with great expectations – only to find that there is virtually nothing visible there; just the upper parts of a cluster of half-buried columns and a church in the early Byzantine style. Presumably this church must have been built by the local Christian community of pre-Chalcedonian dissenters. I had expected to see at Nuseybin a citadel that would surpass Mardin, and Diyarbakir and Van and Ani and Kars. But Nuseybin sprawls over a featureless plain. Even the Tur' Abidin, on Nuseybin's northern horizon, is tame-looking, in spite of its romantic-sounding name and its historic role as a fastness in which some pre-Chalcedonian Christian villages still survive. The Tur'Abidin cannot compare with the jagged deep-blue mountains that bound the northern horizon of the upper basin of the Tigris. The Tur' Abidin is merely a low flat tableland. Nuseybin had played me false. Should I now seek out Dara?

Or should I try Kiziltepe? Kiziltepe; this is the Turkish for "red hill", but in Arabic it had been called Tell Erman; the tell on this spot is a large one, rising as conspicuously from the Mesopotamian plain as the citadel of Nuseybin is conspicuous by its absence. It has been conjectured that Kiziltepe-Tell Erman is the site of Tigranogerta – the new capital for a new empire, extending from the south-west corner of the Caspian to the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, which the Armenian king Tigranes was building in the year 69 B.C. when the Roman war-lord Lucullus summarily put him back in his place. Shall we head, then, for Kiziltepe, which is as impossible to miss as Nuseybin is? No, let us make, after all, for Dara. The Director of Public Education at Mardin, Sayin Musa Dingel, is with us; he has given up a whole day to showing us his domain. He knows the way to Dara. Let us go to Dara under Sayin Dingel's guidance. We did, and the reward was great beyond all hope.

On the left of the track across that piece of rough country off the old road from Mardin to Nuseybin, we suddenly found ourselves passing an immense quarry – as clean-cut still as if the blocks had been hewn out of it only yesterday. Travelling on, we rounded a hill, drew up on the slope of a higher one, and there we were right in the middle of Dara, both ancient and modern, looking down on a copious stream which is a veritable miracle in this parched landscape. This stream flows out of a gap in the line of bare hills to the north; thence, winding over level ground, it irrigates an oasis of brilliant green fields; it then dives through the city-walls and squeezes its way between the two hills on the west and the single hill on the east along whose crest the fortress-walls run.

Just inside the stream's entry-gate into the fortress there rises a triumphal secular counterpart of an Eastern Orthodox iconostasis or a Western Catholic rood-screen. The stream babbles as it pours under this monument through an arch. A flock of sheep and goats were in the act of fording it; an idyllic scene. We, too, forded the stream over some widely spaced and slippery stepping-stones and mounted the hill beyond, along the climbing city-walls, to find another group of quarries – here close enough to the walls to serve as an extra limb of the fortress' defences.

Dara? The village was called that, before the Emperor Anastatius I built the fortress and named it Anastasiopolis. Today the sign-post carries a Turkish name, but Anastatius' name should be immortalised there by rights; for it was Anastatius who found the site and also

found the money for doing the work – the same Anastatius that built the Long Wall from the Black Sea to the Marmara which, in later times of troubles, became Constantinople's outer line of defence. Anastatius was a professional civil servant – a treasury official who unexpectedly became emperor when he was middle-aged. This able administrator doubled the strength of Constantinople's defences, gave the Roman Empire a new a new eastern frontier to replace the one that Jovian had lost, and left in the Imperial treasury a handsome balance which Justinian I subsequently squandered on less well-judge enterprises.

A fifth-century B.C. Persian grandee called Chalcedon «the city of the blind» because its founders had settled there when, just across the Bosphorus, the site of Byzantium still lay vacant. Negabasis was less than just to the founders of Chalcedon. What they were after was, not a commercial harbour, but good agricultural land, and, for their purpose, their choice was right. But if Nuseybin had been called the «city of the blind» by some seventh-century A.D. Muslim Arab conquistador, he would have been hitting the mark; for both Nuseybin and Dara were picked out as sites for frontier fortresses and I cannot understand why the site of Nuseybin should ever have been chosen when the site of Dara was at Rome's disposal.

How did Septimus Severus and Diocletian ever come to overlook Dara's copious stream wending its way between hills that were so many natural fortresses? Why was the choice of this site left to be made by Anastatius? Why, when Dara was still on the right side of the frontier, was the loss of Nuseybin ever regretted? Amazed as I am at the blindness of Anastatius' long line of predecessors, I admire Anastatius' perspicacity in proportionate measure. He was one of my heroes already before I saw Dara. Now that I have set my eyes on his masterly handiwork there, my admiration for him has become at least twice as great as it was before that, for me, most memorable day.

OSRHOENE

by Arnold J. Toynbee

It happens that a sight that you have longed for years to see, does not surprise you either thrillingly or disappointingly. What you are now seeing at last is exactly what you had expected. I had already had this experience when I had first set eyes on Syracuse: Ortygia, the harbour, Euryalon it was as if I had seen them already in some previous life. The same thing happened to me at Urfa at sunset on 29th October, 1968. We had started that morning from Mardin, had sped through Viran Şehir – no “ruined city” today, but a live one crammed with people pouring out of buses and forming up in a procession in honour of Ataturk and the Republic. We had then sped on past Urfa, made a dash for Harran, and were now back in Urfa just in time to visit before dark, the city’s lovely features that were so familiar to me from countless photographs. But could this large and sordid modern city, with its congested traffic, really be the city of the Abgars, the city of the Mandyllion, the city of the Syriac school of theology, the city of the pool of sacred carp, the city of the twin pillars crowning the citadel? The modern city of Urfa is expanding eastwards into the Mesopotamian plain; it cannot expand westwards into the mountain against which the citadel leans. The Turistik Hotel, at which we had checked, *en passant*, has naturally been planted at the eastern-most and modernmost edge of this expanding town. The whole length of modern Urfa lay between us and our objectives; threading our way through the traffic was slow work, and the sun was sinking. Urfa-Orrhoe-Edessa: was the historic city a myth? As we approached the wall-like mountain while the unattractive modern city still ran on, I had begun to wonder whether those photographs that were engraved so sharply on my visual memory had been hallucinations, when suddenly we found ourselves there, in another world than the modern one through which we had been pushing our way.

Here was the great pool, with the elegant arcades along two sides of it. There was the citadel, once held for a spell by truant French Crusaders. There were the two columns, crowning the citadel, just as all the photographs had displayed them. The one thing that photographs could not show was the density of sacred carp per cubic foot of water in the magic pool. Little boys were selling snacks for feeding the carp. (At Syracuse at the Arethusa

spring, nowadays, the little boys have been eliminated. You buy the snacks for the water-fowl there by putting pennies in a slot).

Toss a handful of snacks into the pool at Urfa: you will trouble the waters as mightily as at Jerusalem the angel used to trouble the waters of the pool of Bethesda – the pool that had five porches. As the myriad carp contend for your largess, the waters of the pool at Urfa swirl and boil as if they had been stirred by some superhuman hand.

Standing at the pool's edge below the Frankish fortifications of the citadel with the twin columns on its summit, I could believe at last that I was in the city whose palladium had been the Mandyllion. This is the cloth, which according to the legend, Jesus had sent, with a letter to one of the King Abgars of Osroene who was Jesus' contemporary. The cloth had a portrait of Jesus miraculously imprinted on it; and this story looks like a variant of the story of the Veronica: the kerchief with which, according to another legend, a tender-hearted woman named Beronika (Anglice, Veronica) had wiped the sweat from Jesus' face on his passage along the Via Dolorosa. The imprint of Jesus' features was said to have been communicated miraculously to Veronica's kerchief too. Urfa, the capital of Osroene, was at any rate an appropriate home for the Mandyllion, considering that Osroene had anticipated Armenia and the Roman Empire in adopting Christianity as its established religion.

The Mandyllion survived the conquest of Osroene by the Muslim Arabs in the seventh century; and, when, in the tenth century (the year was 944), the Byzantines bore down on Urfa in their long-delayed, but potent counter-offensive, the local Muslims cajoled or coerced their Christian fellow-townsmen into surrendering the Mandyllion to their menacing Byzantine fellow-Christians as a ransom for the town. In Byzantine eyes, this was a very good bargain, and the solemn entry of the Mandyllion into Constantinople was one of the most magnificent of the many imposing pageants that have been staged in this imperial capital. The surrender of the Mandyllion only postponed Urfa's fate. The Byzantines took the city, after all, in 1032, and, after an interlude of Seljuk Turkish Muslim rule, Urfa was in the hands of truant French crusaders from 1098 to 1144.

Urfa-Orrhoe-Edessa: the name Urfa is the name Orrhoe (the Greek rendering of Ananic Ruha) in a recognisably distorted form. But whence Edessa, the name by which Urfa-Ruha was known in the centuries in which it played its most important role in the World's history?

"Edessa" means, in Thracian, "watertown", and the original Edessa is the city in Macedonia on the brow of a cliff over which a river tumbles in cascades down to the "Gardens of Midas". The Macedonian conquistadors of the Persian Empire were victorious, but they were homesick, and they re-named places in their Asian dominions nostalgically after familiar and well-beloved places in their homeland. The new names were suggested by some common feature, and Urfa's welling spring was, for Macedonians, reminiscent of their native Edessa's cascades. At Urfa the new name has been as pathetically ephemeral as the Macedonian regime itself.

And what of Harran, the Mesopotamian city that was Abraham's halfway house on his trek from his home-town Ur in Sumer to Hebron in Canaan? There is no bustling sordid modern city here. The vast circuit of this ancient city's walls, filled with the ruins of successive ages of civilization, houses today a village of mud-made sugar-loafed huts of the same queer shape as the "trulli" in a patch of Apulia. The patron god of Harran was Ur's moon-god Sin, and one might fancy that the square brick-built minaret of the ruined mosque had been a Babylonian astronomer's observatory. At Harran, the Babylonian gods were still being worshipped in the age of the Arab Caliphate, and the Caliph tolerated this idolatry for the sake of the astrology with which it was bound up. The Babylonian pantheon was saved by the devotees' expertise in casting horoscopes. What sights have been seen by the watchers on Harran's walls! One day, before Islam had been heard of, they saw a mass of Roman infantry being shot down by Parthian horse-archers armed with an inexhaustible supply of arrows carried by a train of camels.

And now our thrilling journey marches toward its close, which is to overtake it at the airport at Adana. We cross the Euphrates at Birecik – the historic crossing-place, though the junction between the mighty river's two banks is no longer made by the bridge of boats which the Greeks called "Zengma". At Nizib, where Ibrahim Pasha, representing France, once defeated Sultan Mahmud II, representing the other four European powers of the day, we turn south and make a dash for Carchemish, the capital of the refugee Hittite state whose citadel overhangs the Euphrates. Here we are on the frontier once again, and from the citadel's summit, looking down-stream, I can see, in Syria, the bluff that is crowned by Qal'at-an-Najm, "the castle of the Star", the point at which I swam across the Euphrates in the

summer of 1929. I should have hesitated to try to repeat that performance in the autumn of 1968, but at least, in the act of espying Qal'at-an-Najm from Carchemish, I have filled in another blank patch in the mosaic of my visual map of the World that I have been piecing together, on and off, in the course of the last sixty years.