

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

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[Arnold J. Toynbee], *Two Ruined Cities. Ancient Ephesus & Modern Aidin*, in «The Manchester Guardian», Tuesday, March 22, 1921, p. 6. Signed «From our Special Correspondent in Smyrna». Special Article.

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

TWO RUINED CITIES.  
ANCIENT EPHESUS & MODERN AIDIN

By Arnold J. Toynbee

I approached ancient Ephesus from the slopes of a limestone hill spangled with crimson anemones, gashed with the quarries from which the stones of the city were hewn, and crowned with the remnants of towers and curtain walls. I had chosen my direction so as to descend upon the theatre from above, and the view, suddenly disclosed, of the vast cavity, with the seats still in place and the stage buildings standing, was as impressive as I expected it to be. Beyond it the great central thoroughfare of the city, a streak of marble pavement showing up against the green of the plain, led down to the ancient harbour, now a reed-bed, yellow and brown. Parallel to the thoroughfare on our left stood the mountain of Koressos, with Lysimachus's fortifications on the sky-line. Beyond, on a separate and lower hill of limestone, stood the "Prison of St. Paul", a tower in a salient of the city's defences. Beyond that again lay the sea, deep blue against the horizon. And to our right stretched the plain of alluvium which has choked the harbour and driven the sea away. The river Cayster, which built the plain and co-operated with the folly of man to the city's undoing, would like a snake in spiteful loops and curves through the feverish levels which it has laid down.

The Austrian archeologists who were excavating Ephesus before the war have only laid bare the main outlines, but the view from the top of the theatre – and still more the view from the summit of Koressos, which I climbed next day – gives one an impression of how the great city was. The vast circuit and finely cut masonry of Lysimachus's walls, the immense circumference of the harbour, an artificial basin dug in defiance of the Cayster's malice, record the ambitions of the founder. In this same spirit the Germans built the port of Haidar Pasha and the Bagdad Railway, and the price they strove for was the same – the conquest of a commercial hinterland extending into the heart of Asia.

## The Former Greatness of Ephesus

Lysimachus was one of Alexander's general and heirs, and he laid out Ephesus at a moment when all Asia, from the Aegean to the Pamirs, had been opened to Greek enterprise by the conquests of Alexander. From Ephesus the caravan-routes led up the three rivers into the interior, as the railways lead up them from Smyrna now. But Ephesus was greater than Smyrna has ever been. In the time of the geographer Strabo (about the beginning of the Christian era) the economic hinterland of Ephesus had spread into the provinces of Sivas and Kaisaria, diverting their exports from the ports of the Black Sea, and it was a more prosperous as well as a wider hinterland over which Ephesus ruled. As I stood in the orchestra of the theatre and thought of the crowd shouting "Great is Artemis of the Ephesians", and the city clerk standing perhaps where I stood and trying to calm them down, my eye caught an inscription on the base of a vanished statue: «To the Emperor and God Caesar Augustus Vespasianus, in the proconsulship of Lucius Maestrius Florus, the townspeople of Simav, for the temple of the Emperors at Ephesus (...)». «The townspeople of Simav»! I had seen their modern representatives the other day, coming with their strings of camels to market at Kula, inside the Greek lines – veritable types of primitive man, with wild faces and outlandish costumes. The modern Simavlis do not erect monuments in Smyrna. Civic organization, art, and all that the marble base and its inscription imply must be things utterly beyond their horizon. The contrast is a measure of the difference between Anatolia now and then. Modern Anatolia could not support so great a city as Ephesus, and when the crimes and blunders which ruined ancient civilization had reduced Anatolia from its former to its present condition, the city deserted Lysimachus's ambitious site and retreated to the little hill at the back of the plain where the original settlement had been. Here, out of touch with the sea (a dangerous rather than a lucrative neighbour in times of anarchy and decline), stood the Byzantine Church of St. John and the citadel walls, and below the citadel there still stands the shell of the fourteenth century Seljuk mosque, the latest and in some ways the most beautiful monument of all. Except where a few masses of brickwork rise above the soil or where the excavators have laid marble pavements and foundations bare, Lysimachus's city has disappeared. Its extent is only indicated by the fine-ground fragments of bricks and

masonry that strew the fields. Could Smyrna, the modern Ephesus, be blotted out as completely if statesmen in London and Paris and Rome co-operated with the alluvium of the River Hermus to destroy it? I speculated on this as I walked along the ridge of Koressos and heard the Lewis guns popping a few miles away over the hills, where the economic hinterland of Smyrna is at present cut short by the boundary between the Greek and the Italian zone. Next day I went on to Aidin, and saw how the process could be begun.

### **The Sack of Aidin**

The Greek quarter of Aidin had been a miniature European city. It had its finely placed church, its well-equipped hospital, its school, its theatre, its kinema, its electric light, its flour mills, its factories for crushing olives and making soap. There were doctors and lawyers, merchants and manufacturers, a municipality and a club. This life and prosperity were a recent growth. It was one of those Greek colonies which had sprung up along the railways built from Smyrna into the interior. It had survived the Committee of Union and Progress and the European War. Destruction overtook it nine months after the Armistice, in July 1919, when the Greek forces after landing in Asia Minor made a premature advance up the Maeander Valley, occupied Aidin, and were temporarily driven out. When they reoccupied the town a few days later, this was what they found. It does not matter for the moment who began the destruction. I have heard the most conflicting accounts and do not propose to deliver a verdict, especially as one has been delivered already, I believe, by an inter-Allied commission which examined and reported not long after the events took place. Anyhow, whether in reprisal for previous provocation or not, the Greek quarter was reduced to a ruin and the Greek community partly massacred and partly carried away into captivity beyond the Maeander.

The work was deliberately done. The buildings were not destroyed in the heat of battle but burnt one by one, and there is a sudden sharp boundary between the gutted Greek houses and the intact Turkish centre of the town. Here were twisted bedsteads, there safes with holes knocked in their sides, here a shred of clothing or a boot. I was shown gardens

where people were killed wholesale, and a gulley where individuals, entered on a written list, were taken out and slaughtered one by one. I visited these ruins in the late afternoon of a fine day. Below us stretched the plain of the Maeander, covered with olives and fig trees, one of the most beautiful views I have ever seen. Above us the setting sun was turning the spurs of the mountains to purple and crimson, and my boots were grinding a rubble of brick and masonry which reminded me suddenly of the fields on the site of Lysimachus's city.