

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

Friday, August 24, 2001. What should have been a simple trip from Atlanta to Kennedy turned out to be stressful when the people in the Delta Business Elite Lounge sent me to the wrong gate and I had to rush quite a long distance back to get to the correct one. I was one of the last to board and then I found they had given me a window seat even though I had booked an aisle. I don't do window seats. The only saving grace was that it was a flight headed for Tel Aviv and thus had the business elite seats. My seatmate was headed to Stockholm, an attorney who has been doing business in Mississippi. He found Mississippi much too hot. The change in Kennedy for the flight to Istanbul was also somewhat stressful since we came in one terminal and I had to go to the end of the other for my flight. Fortunately a speedy cart with driver took me around. My seatmate to Istanbul was an interesting American woman who lives in Istanbul and teaches handicapped children.

Saturday, August 25. Arrived Istanbul about 10:30 and was met by our guide, Süleyman Karaz. He brought me to the Golden Age Hotel, which has a modern lobby, but my room is quite small and dreary. There is no place to sit except the bed. Singles are often discriminated against even though they pay more. The worst problem is that the lights and air-conditioning only works when the key is placed in a slot and the room must have been 100 degrees when I walked in. I decided to take a Turkish bath. Süleyman recommended the Cagaloght Haman, a 300-year old bath that has been visited by Kaiser Wilhelm, Franz Liszt and Florence Nightingale among others. I caught a cab to the bath, which was in the old quarter. The traffic was terrible and the driver drove like a kamikaze pilot. We had a number of near misses of fender benders but fortunately got there in one piece. For \$20 US you get a bath, including hair and massage. The front entrance of the place faces the street but the ladies entrance and bath is around the corner and up an alley. I was taken to a room where I could disrobe and wrap myself in a towel. Then I was told to put on wooden clogs, which proved the most difficult part as Turkish women have much smaller feet than I do. I tottered into the steam room, a wonderful black and white marble room with a high dome and Corinthian columns holding up the roof. There was a marble bench around the exterior and about every ten feet a washbasin. In the center was a raised marble platform. I was told to give up my towel and start pouring water over myself. Then I was left alone for about 20 minutes. I've never been much for saunas but this was so atmospheric sitting there pouring water over myself that I found it very nice. Finally a large woman with pendulous breasts came in, wearing only a pair of briefs. She got herself all wet, poured several buckets of water on the platform and then told me to come and lie down. First she scraped me all over with what felt like a wire brush and then she started the soaping and massage and soaping and massage. It was wonderful and she scrubbed and scrubbed me. The only other time I ever felt so clean was after the flower bath in Bali several years ago! Meanwhile three young women came in wearing bathing suits. One did take off her halter-top but they were obviously embarrassed tourists. Three other women came in to bathe and massage them, partially clad. The whole experience was delightful. What a way to get rid of the aches and pains of a long flight! Apparently the locals no longer use the Hamans much since their homes all are equipped with plumbing, but in the country the baths are still patronized by the locals.

I caught a cab back to the hotel and found a nearby cafe where I ordered an oriental chicken salad but the only thing oriental was that the chicken had been marinated in soya sauce. I had an interesting view of the 'trafik' police impounding cars that were improperly parked on the narrow street. Then back to rest in the hotel and wait for Mac and Scotti to come on their Lufthansa flight at 5:15. I was so happy to see them.

We met Süleyman at 8:00 and walked several blocks to Hacı Baba's restaurant, where I had gone with the group last September. This is on the site of a supposedly 500-year old Ottoman Soup kitchen. Süleyman and the proprietor made suggestions about appetizers and my main course was a beef dish with a superb eggplant puree. A lot more food than I could handle.

Sunday, August 26. My room never got below 80 degrees last night and every time anyone flushes a toilet in the building I can hear it. In other words the room is not satisfactory. Süleyman is going to try and change it today, but if it's just another dreary single room I am beginning to dread what I will find when we leave Istanbul and head for the country.

Our tour started out at the Hippodrome, which Constantine built in the fourth century when he moved his Capitol from Rome to Byzantium, renamed Constantinople. Not much is left of the

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

hippodrome but you can imagine the chariot races on what is now the surrounding street, although the stands are long gone. An obelisk from Karnac is there as well as the remains of another obelisk which once was covered with plates of gold.

We toured the nearby Akmet Mosque better known as the blue mosque because of the tiles decorating the inside. Even though I saw this last year it is interesting to hear another guide describe it. I hadn't realized the Muezzins actually sing their call to prayer, I had thought it was a recording blasted over the microphones. Muezzins are astronomers so they can figure out the exact time for each call to prayer. Akmet wanted six minarets on his mosque which was the same number as the ones on the sacred Kabah in Mecca. To satisfy him a seventh minaret was added to the Kabah so he could have his wish for six. There is no congregation for a mosque and the mosque is supported by donations. Many of them run businesses or have farming income. The Imam is not really in charge but he does conduct the prayers. Turkey has been a secular state since the days of Ataturk. While 95 percent of the country is Moslem only a small percent actually practice the religion.

Next we took a boat trip up the Bosphorus. It was jammed with people, so many we wondered if it was safe. Scotti found me a seat, thank goodness. It was in the midst of an enthusiastic Italian group. A three-piece band entertained us and the Italians joined in with clapping and dancing. Behind us was a French group and Süleyman pointed out that everyone in these two countries seems to go on vacation in August which is why the boat was so crowded. We got off at a stop almost to the Black Sea to find our minibus waiting. We were driven back to a buffet restaurant where we could have anything we chose. I was delighted to not have to face a three-course table d'hote meal and had a ground beef dish topped with mashed potatoes and cheese.

We went to the Museum of Turkish and Islamic Art, which was housed, in an old palace across from the Blue Mosque. It had been the palace of a Grand Vizier at the time of Süleyman the Magnificent. The Grand Vizier had started out a slave but had been promoted to this post where he took care of business affairs for the Sultan. Unfortunately he angered the Sultanas and was beheaded. The Sultans were ruthless. Once one became a Sultan he had all his brothers killed so there would be no challenges to his rule. The collection had some interesting dioramas showing how people had lived from long ago in yurts furnished with Turkish Klim rugs. The Klim rug is easy to make and is lightweight. As the population became more modern they still furnished their homes with carpets on which they sat and slept. The last two dioramas showed a Turkish home from Victorian times and then a modern one. These looked very much as our homes would have looked. There were many fragments of ancient carpets and there were huge candlesticks that had come out of mosques. The museum collection to my mind was most memorable for its beautiful pieces of calligraphy.

We then walked to Haggia Sophia, built 1500 years ago by Justinian, the oldest building still in existence. It had been converted to a mosque at the time of the Ottomans but is now a museum. Lovely gold Christian mosaics were found that had been covered with plaster when the church was converted. There is also an off-center Mihrab, for of course the church was not oriented to Mecca. Every mosque has a mihrab to tell the people which way to pray.

We were all getting very tired and when Süleyman took us back to the hotel, after he had moved me to a very nice room on the front of the hotel, I crashed for several hours, only coming to in time for our dinner engagement.

Our young driver (the car wasn't big enough to also take Süleyman) took us back up the Bosphorus to Fuat Pasha the converted home of a Pasha. We had a lovely dinner, which started with a sort of shrimp cocktail and progressed to a popular native sea bream. The driver introduced Mac to Raki the national drink. This is Ouzo in Greece and Arak in other parts of the Arab world, but we were assured that the best variety was the Raki from Turkey. It is 90 proof and is usually cut with water, which turns it white. I have never been found of its licorice taste and stuck to my wine.

Back at the hotel I found my room had a couple of flaws such as the fact the toilet didn't flush and the air conditioning stopped at 10:30. When I called the desk I was told they were having "technical difficulties" with the air conditioning and nothing could be done. I think they just turn it all off at night to conserve on costs. At least this room had a large window that could be opened, so while the room was hotter than I would have wished at least I could sleep. Since we were

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

leaving the hotel the next day at 5:30 AM, I didn't want to stay up the extra time to get the toilet fixed.

Monday August 25. I slept through the alarm, coming to at 5:20 and had to throw myself together to meet the others. Our plane was to leave at 6:30. Of course, it was delayed almost an hour! The flight to Kayseri is over mountains and as we landed we had a great view of the extinct volcano, Erciyes, second highest in Turkey after Ararat. The flight took about 1 1/2 hours. Our driver, Ömer, pronounced oomer, met us having driven the van ten hours to get here from Istanbul.

Cappadocia means land of the beautiful horse, and is very arid. Treeless hills and mountains, and in the valleys they grow sunflowers and apricots, sugar beets and grapes (for this is the wine producing part of the country). It gets its water from snowmelt and occasional Rivers like the Red River, one of the major rivers in the country. Turkey is one of only six countries of the world that grows all the food it needs.

As we drove into the low hills it got more and more interesting as the lava stone rock has been eroded into wondrous shapes. Some look like people, and there is a great camel!

We came to the Zelve Open Air museum, which consists of two valleys where for thousands of years people have carved out caves in the cliffs in which to live. The cliff dwellings were so reminiscent of the Anazazi cliff dwellings in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. Starting with the Hittites 3000 years ago, it wasn't until the fourth century that the population really began to grow as Greek Orthodoxy spread in the country. The community flourished with a church and later a mosque. Ataturk came into power in 1924 and completely changed the country to bring it into the western world. However, it was decided to send the Greek Orthodox back to Greece and bring expatriate Turks back to Turkey. Since the Greek Orthodox people had been living many generations in their adopted country they really didn't fit in in Greece (shades of Bosnia), while the repatriated Turks didn't fit in in Turkey for the same reason. Finally the town was deserted. It is great fun to look into the houses, some of them 2 stories high. I used my Ugandan walking sticks, which were a great help in the slippery terrain. Süleyman was ready to go on and on, but by this time it was one o'clock and we had had practically nothing to eat since we got up at 5:00.

All that scrambling raised a good appetite. We went to the Tashan restaurant where a huge buffet tempted us in many directions.

Next we visited the underground city of Derinkuyu. Almost all the ancient cities had an accompanying underground city, used as refuges from the marauding Turks from the 7th to the 10th centuries. Only a handful have been discovered but there must be many more to be found. These were not for living, just for refuge, and while they would store food and water in them they were not even divided into individual ownership. Building the city was a major achievement. A deep shaft was used to bring the buckets of dirt to the surface and smoke from the fires was disbursed through many air vents so the smoke wouldn't give the city away. This city would have offered protection to a large population. Fortunately electricity has been brought in for the climb down does not always afford full headroom. Down and down we went into the labyrinth and all I could think of was that this might end up being my tomb! After 150 feet we reached the bottom and started back up. It turned out to not be as big a problem as I had feared and it was with a feeling of triumph that I made it back to the daylight. Süleyman told me I was in great shape. Little does he know that two weeks ago I was in great pain from arthritis and my heart cant always provide the oxygen I need.

We stopped to admire Ushisar Castle, a large hill with many dwellings carved in it. Nearby was the Kocabag vineyard where we had a wine tasting. Unlike other wine tastings your glass was liberally filled and after about 5 glasses (some of which I only sipped) I was finished. I spent 5 million Turkish Lira on a bottle of Misli wine (about \$4). Misli is type of grape and all the wines were generic in name.

We finally came to our hotel Yultok near Avanos. It was completely modern with swimming pool and toilets and air-conditioning that really works! I crashed for a couple of hours. I don't know why I am so tired at the end of the day. In the gift shop I found some turquoise and gold jewelry and bought a pendant and earrings. We had a buffet dinner and headed for bed.

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

Tuesday, August 28. Scotti and Mac's second wedding anniversary! We left the hotel at 8:30 to go visit the deserted city of Çavusin. It was a steep and rocky climb and I didn't get all the way to the top, but it was obvious that there was more architectural detail in these houses than the ones we saw yesterday.

Then we paused at Acilar for a magnificent view of the volcano and a whole Disneyland valley of erosions, many of them like upside down ice cream cones, big enough to have a small house carved in them.

Süleyman told us about Turkish coffee and how in the days of arranged marriages the girl's ability to make good coffee influenced her prospective groom. Nearby was a tree covered with small bits of paper. The legend is that if a girl wishes to find a husband she makes her wish by tying small bits of paper to the tree. I tied one on but doubt it does much good! I found some lovely silk scarves to take home as gifts. Turkey is the fourth largest producer of silk in the world and its silk cocoons are white in color.

All of this led up to our stop at Carpedocia, a rug manufacturer. I have never been to this part of the world without a stop at some rug merchant. We were given a very informative show of how the silk is produced, dyed and spun. Then they rolled rug after beautiful rug out in front of us explaining the differences. A small silk rug takes a year to produce, which is why it is so expensive. A wool carpet is easier so you can get much more rug for the money if you go with wool. The best rugs are woven in Hereke, which was badly hurt in the earthquake two years ago. Many of the weavers were killed or stopped producing so Hereke rugs are becoming very scarce. Scotti and Mac liked a wool on cotton Hereke runner for their hall and I made a donation to them for it to be a wedding anniversary present.

And at last we came to Goreme. I had been impressed at how extensive the formations were in Cappadocia. I was surprised at how small the Goreme area was. In the fourth century Bishop Basil, later to be Saint Basil, came here and a religious center was started with churches and chapels carved in the tufa stone, mostly used for burials. In the eighth and ninth centuries, the church, in an iconoclastic period, decided to destroy the early icons painted on the walls. Thus the present frescoes date from the tenth century. Many are in very delicate condition, some even ruined with graffiti, but you can imagine how lovely they were in their heyday. The area became a park in 1952 and a lot of restoration is going on, using tufa plaster to repair the walls.

After this stop we made another photo-op stop of some formations with balance rocks on their top that looked as if they could fall off at any minute. And on to a ceramic factor, where we saw the pottery being made before visiting the showroom. Back to the hotel for three-hour nap before dinner. Sightseeing can certainly be strenuous.

Wednesday, August 29. We drove to Antalya on the Mediterranean Coast. First we crossed a monotonous arid plain where wheat is grown. We passed the second major volcano in the area, Hasan, which created the fertile soil. We are traveling on the ancient Silk Road, which starts in Sian, China, and at regular distances (the distance a camel can travel in a day) were ruins of old caravanserai. These were self-contained fortresses where the caravan could find shelter, food and water. Many of them are now ruins but we did stop at Agzikarahan built in 1231, remarkably well preserved, with carved lintels. The camel section was large with slots in the walls for ventilation (imagine how it must have smelled). The area where the people slept was not nearly as grand. In the central courtyard was a small mosque.

And finally we came to Konya, ancient capitol of the Selcuk Turkish Empire in the twelfth century. The main reason for our stop is to visit the museum to the Whirling Dervishes. Melvana was a 13th century poet and scholar who came under the influence of the mystic, Semsî Tebrizi. When an angry crowd of his own disciples killed Semsî Tebrizi, Melvana withdrew from the world to meditate. He learned to whirl on one foot to flute music and to transport himself into a mystical state where he concluded he was one with Allah (or even more so became Allah himself). A cult sprang up around him, which lasted until Atatürk banned all aberrant sects in 1924. There are still a few Dervishes in other parts of the Arab world but no longer in Turkey. The former mosque museum is a mystical place where flute music accompanies you as you first pass the sarcophagi of the leaders of the order, each decorated with a turban. Mulvane's sarcophagus is under the main dome. The sarcophagi are only for decoration as the bodies were placed in the ground underneath them where they can most quickly be recycled by nature. It is all a very moving

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

place. The rest of the museum is devoted to some wonderful old Korans with elegant hand written calligraphy. And then we had lunch at a nearby buffet restaurant before driving south into the Taurus Mountains, which are beautiful, and pine covered. As we descended onto the coastal plain it became much hotter and humid.

It was a long tiring day before we got to the Hotel Kislahan in Antalya. We all promptly lay down for a nap, but were awakened at sunset by a very loud call to prayer. Next door is a mosque with all its loud speakers trained on the hotel! The buffet supper was on the open-air terrace of the hotel and afterward Scotti and I went for a walk, covering most of the pedestrian mall street. However it was very hot and humid and I was glad to get back to the hotel.

Thursday, August 30. It is a National Holiday the anniversary of Turkey's victory over the Greeks in 1922. There are lots of flags displayed and some streets are blocked off for a parade we did not see. We set out at 8:00 for a walk in the old city of Antalya. Since Hadrian came here, you enter through an old arch and the narrow streets are lined with interesting old atriumed buildings many of which have been lovingly restored. The smell of jasmine is everywhere from these private gardens. There is the remains of a Roman Temple, which was converted into first a Christian church, then a mosque, before burning down. Our walk took us to a point here we could look down on the ancient harbor. Many of the other ancient harbors were silted over but the high cliffs on each side of this one has preserved it. After walking through a large park area we were glad to find Ömer and our van. It got very hot and humid after 9:00 AM. We went to the archeological museum, which is full of wonderful statuary from Perge (probably the largest collection of marbles from one spot I have ever seen). Perge was abandoned and then covered with sand and silt so the statuary was only rediscovered in the excavations of the 20th century, still ongoing Süleyman took Scotti and me (Mac is a little under the weather) to a local restaurant so I could sample a delicious lamb, pita bread and tomato sauce mixture served with yogurt called alinazik. It was so nice to get away from the monotony of buffet meals! I took a siesta but it was hard to sleep because the room was too hot.

At 3:30 we set out for Aspendos, which has the best well-preserved roman theater in existence. It is magnificent with a three story stone backdrop for the stage once decorated with statuary. This produces wonderful acoustics. Atatürk decreed the theater be restored and then used. Tonight a dance performance is going to be held. I wish we could have seen it although those stone seats might have been a little hard. Then it was on to Perge, which is wonderful Roman city, sort of a miniature Palmyra as in Syria. Thought to have been founded in 3300 BC by the Trojans, Alexander the Great was responsible for much of the Hellenistic city, but then the city expanded and new walls had to be built with a Roman gate. St Paul came to Perge and met St Barnabas. Unfortunately the baths and theater are being restored and we could not see them but we went through the Roman Gate and then between the two towers that marked the Grecian entrance to the smaller town to see the long street still marked with the chariot wheel ruts and divided where a stream of water once went down the middle. On each side were columns supporting roofs for pedestrian walkways and beyond those were the old shops. The old mosaics are supposedly still there but covered for protection. Earthquakes and silting over of the harbor caused the city to be abandoned. It was very hot and I was glad to get back to our air-conditioned van.

Friday, August 31. We set out about nine, climbing back into the lovely Taurus Mountains. We passed many semi nomads, with their black felt tents and herds of goats. In the cooler months they move into more permanent dwellings along the coast. We drove through the town of Korkutchi, which was all decked out for a festival featuring the national sport, wrestling. This is done with the body oiled with olive oil. We stopped for a midmorning snack at a very friendly roadside restaurant and had Homcoklek Gozlemeci, a crepe filled with the local goat cheese and washed down with Ayran a yogurt drink. For lunch we stopped in Denizli at the Mantar Restaurant, which features a baked mushroom (mantars) and cheese dish.

And at last reached our destination:Pamukkale. Pamukkale, which means cotton castle, is a long cliff, which looks more like a misplaced glacier. Mineral springs over the ages have spread their calcium deposits over the mountain, causing a white frozen cascade. People started building hotels at the top to take advantage of the springs and when the springs could no longer sustain

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

their flow, some of the formations turned gray because of it. But now restoration is under way. The hotels have been torn down and the flow from the springs now controlled.

You drive to the top and enter through Hieropolis, which has a huge cemetery, the largest from ancient times, which flourished from Hellenistic times until earthquakes forced people to leave in 1334. The Romans developed the town into a spa town because of the thermal springs and the city was considered holy so that people wished to be buried there. The cemetery is still a jumble of overturned sarcophagi and broken tombs, but the city itself has been excavated and you can see the Roman gate and main avenue. Far beyond is the theater, which has also been restored. The only part left of the modern development is a small pool with toppled columns from an old Roman bath, where it was tempting to pay for a swim, but since the pool was filled wall-to-wall with tourists the temptation did not last long. Across the road you can wade along where the water comes out to fall over the cliff, and I did this for a short while, but it was hard walking on the calcified surfaces and it was also very very hot in the sun.

I was glad to reach our hotel, the Richmond, part of the same chain as the Richmond in which we stayed last year in Istanbul. This is a resort hotel with huge swimming pool and thermal baths (not the same mineral water as the endangered supply from above). I was tempted to go for a swim but since the air-conditioning only works in my room when the key is inserted in a slot, it seemed more important to wait in my room until the room cooled down a bit. Later Süleyman pointed out that you can detach the key from the part that goes in the slot, but I wasn't clever enough to work that out. So I stayed in my room and worked on my journal and read until time for the buffet dinner in the enormous outdoor dining room. The heat and humidity has been really terrible since we came down from the mountains and I hope it will be better on the boat tomorrow.

Saturday, September 1. Left at 10:00 to drive across the plain of the Meander River, a rich fertile valley that runs from eastern Turkey to Ephesus. Here they grow vegetables, cotton, olives, and figs. We made a pit stop at the Anatolia restaurant, which, according to Süleyman has the nicest restrooms in Turkey. The ladies room was open to the sky in the middle like an atrium and all was very clean and nice. The owner of the restaurant likes animals and there are two small Australian parrots in residence. The red one was not very friendly but the colorful green red and yellow one was wonderful, would sit on your hand and talk.

We went on to Aphrodesias, a wonderful archeological site that was dug by a Turkish archaeologist, Professor Kenan Arim with New York University and National Geographic backing. He really loved this site and was allowed to be buried here. At the time the dig began, there was a small modern town Gayray Village in the ruins, which an earthquake in the 50s had caused to be abandoned and relocated nearby. Prof. Arim kept some of the old buildings and the village square. Grass was planted in the open parts of the ruins and the whole effect is of a park. The first thing to view is the wonderful gate to the temple of Aphrodite, the goddess of love and fertility, now reconstructed. Praxiteles made a statue of Aphrodite in the nude, which was considered shocking at the time but which later was considered of great beauty. Then we went on to the large stadium where games were held in honor of the goddess every four years. This was an important religious center being at the intersection of three regions. At first they didn't believe walls were needed but these were added later in the post Roman period. The stadium is closed at both ends and was used for foot races. Later a small area was turned into a small amphitheater for other athletic events. The body beautiful was admired in ancient times and the athletes performed nude.

Nearby marble quarries made it easy for a lavish use of marble and the whole city must have been beautiful. Some believe that further excavations will find it is bigger than Ephesus.

There are Roman baths and a small beautifully decorated Odeon, which was originally roofed, and was used for musical events. At one end of the city is an acropolis, a huge mound, whose origins go back to Calcolithic and Bronze Age times. It is thought an ancient meteor was here which the ancients considered sacred. One side of the mound was later used to create the Roman theater.

When Christianity came in and displaced the Romans, much damage was done to the city. The temple was converted into a church. They named the city Stavropolis, city of the cross. In the 4th 5th and 6th century earthquakes destroyed much of the city.

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

Then it was back to the Anatolian Restaurant where we found our parrot friend had many talents. He took a wonderful bath and then danced and sang while the owner gave us a concert. I had a meatball dish for lunch.

We drove on to Marmaris where we had real cultural shock. Everything in English and very touristy. Here our Gulet (goo-let), the Gelidonya. Waited for us. Gulets are wooded sailing vessels, originally built for freight, but now cater to the tourist trade. Our boat is beautiful, 75-foot long and all bright work and teak. Captain Mustapha designed and built her three years ago. She has six passenger cabins, each with private bath. For meals a table sits on the after deck under a big blue awing and on the taffrail is a cushioned divan for lounging. There are also places to lounge forward.

The other passengers are an attractive Italian woman named Roberta (who works for P. & G's Pampers division) and her friend Maximillian who is very quiet but probably doesn't speak any English or Turkish. Then there is Esra and her husband Metin with their 11-year old son Gamberd, pronounced Jambord. Esra and Metin both speak some English. To complete the passenger list we have a pair of Turkish newlyweds who will join us tomorrow. They all seem very nice. Our Captain is Mustapha and there is a crew of three.

We set out to explore Marmaris. Loads of Restaurants and bars line the waterfront and beyond is a large covered bazaar. The rug merchants are not overpowering. Mustapha takes off when we are all aboard, and we go out in the middle of the large bay for the night where the noise from the soccer games on TV, bands and other carousing are somewhat muffled.

Sunday, September 2. Day comes early and after a Turkish breakfast of cheese, bread, jams, honey, olives, and hard-boiled eggs we get under way. We motor about three hours to Ekincik, a tight little bay with a small village and hotels. There was time for a swim before lunch. We sign up for a trip up the Dalyan River. This has become very silted up and sandbars mark the entrance and acres of reeds create a labyrinth. Up the river we see 4th 5th and 6th century BC tombs carved in the cliffs, high to protect against grave robbers. As the river silted up and became a swamp, malaria mosquitoes (now gone) moved in by the time of the Roman occupation. At Dalyan we came to the mud baths where sulphur thermal springs are supposed to be very healthful. People go into the mud and rub it all over themselves, then let it dry a half hour until dry. They look like something coated with gray armor from another planet when this happens. It is supposed to do wonderful things for your skin. I didn't try it but Scotti, Roberta and Max did. Well see if they have improvement. On the way back down the river we stopped a crab fisherman and bought blue crabs for everyone on the boat. This area is known for its crabs. They were so good and a welcome relief from the monotonous food we have been given. Our last couple come aboard, a honeymoon couple. Osra speaks excellent English having gone to an American University in Istanbul. She is an architect as is the other Turkish couple.

Monday, September 3. Motored for three hours across a wallowing sea. Some on the boat didn't feel too hot. We should have sailed to give a more comfortable ride but our captain merely says, "later" when we ask if we are going to sail. We anchored near a small island at the entrance to Fethiye Bay. In Turkey they drop an anchor then tie the stern to a tree or rock on shore. This allows many more boats to use an anchorage but since the boats cant swing to the wind it also means the boat doesn't get the advantage of a breeze. I found it to be a long afternoon, since I could swim a short while and then I spent the rest of the afternoon trying to find a shady spot with a breeze. After tea we moved the boat to a tight little harbor where we spent the night. Being moored the way we are no breezes gets below and most slept on deck under the stars. I tried it but a beautiful full moon made it as light as day so I ended up in my cabin with no covers and the windows and door wide open. It was bearable and had the advantage of being close to the bathroom.

Tuesday, September 4. A beautiful day. Süleyman talks Osra into making Turkish coffee to see how good a bride she is and it was very good. His own wife is an American although she has never lived in the United States. Her father was in the diplomatic corps. They both escort tour groups so it must be hard to have much family life. After a lunch of stuffed eggplant, the captain anchored us out where we could swing with the breeze and everyone had a nice nap. Underway

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

again, we made a rescue of a fender that had gone adrift and then raised foresail and genoa. Everyone on board was so pleased and we sailed downwind for a couple of hours to another small anchorage near Fethiye. An American couple from St. Petersburg is anchored near us, the first Americans we have seen. The cook came up with chicken for dinner along with the same tomato and cucumber salad and rice that come with every meal. Even breakfast includes tomatoes and cucumbers. The caterers for the boat did not put much variety in the food they put aboard.

Wednesday, September 5. We moved to Fethiye, a tourist town and it felt good to be ashore. Fethiye dates from the 6th Century BC and was known as Telemessus. After earthquakes in 1950 and 1957, which leveled it, the town was rebuilt and has grown ever since. Until 1950 there were no road connections with the rest of Turkey. The first organized tour came by boat in 1963. Restaurants line the waterfront and the center of town is lined with tourist shops of all kinds. We passed old Lycean sarcophagi, but did not stop, as Süleyman led us to the modern town to buy such things as camera batteries and I cashed some money. We walked through the wonderful market with the foods all laid out in well arranged displays and even priced a lobster but it would have been \$36. Did buy some of the wonderful dried figs. Then we separated and Scotti and I shopped while the men did their own thing. Scotti found a lovely small cast silver camel to add to her animal collection and then I found what I most wanted, a beauty shop, and for 10 million lira (about \$7) had a manicure and pedicure. We had lunch at a restaurant on the dock. The calamari and shrimp shish were delicious. Back on board we watched new food being brought aboard. Süleyman had called the company to complain about the boring and skimpy (particularly for Mac) meals we have been having.

We left at three and had a wonderful sail with all four of our sails up back up the bay. It felt so good to have a sailing boat under my feet again after a 15-year or more hiatus. And 75 feet of boat is magnificent to sail.

We anchored in a small cove back near where we had entered the bay, and the cook put on quite a dinner with dishes of eggplant and yogurt, even steak. We all applauded him. Süleyman gave him a hard time over the mustache he was growing and the poor man shaved it off that night.

Thursday, September 6. The captain got us all up at 6 by turning on the engine. When I asked why he said, "we have a long way to go". Our captain never talks much, so I settled down for the three hour motor back to near Ekincik where we anchored for the day in an airless uninteresting cove. It even had the added pleasure of bees, which came from nearby honey growers. I didn't understand it and spent the day reading and napping. I have decided not to swim again since it is difficult and painful for me to get back up the ladder again. In the afternoon storm clouds appeared and cooled everything off. The captain tried to move the boat but after getting under way, found all the nearby sheltered anchorages full so we went back and anchored in the same spot. Fortunately the storm blew over with no rain.

Friday, September 7. After watching the bees munching away at the bologna we wondered what kind of honey that would produce! We off loaded at Akincik where a van awaited us and drove north through the mountains, where beehives lined the road, and passed a large fresh water lake, which empties, into the Dalyan River. In Aydin we stopped for lunch and found a nice cafe with small garden where Scotti and Mac enjoyed hot shish and I had a most delicious pizza, also hot with green peppers. Next door was a mosque and the Imam had a lovely voice, not too amplified, calling the faithful to prayer. Because it was so close to a mosque, Mac's beer was served in a coffee cup to make it less conspicuous! Because it was Friday, the call to prayer was longer than usual.

And so we came to Seljuk where the lone remnant of the famous temple to Artemis stands, a reconstructed column. I had had this pointed out to me before and been told that is all that remains but that is not so. The temple had been built between 550 and 460 BC and was one of the seven ancient wonders of the world, the largest marble structure ever built, four times larger than the Parthenon in Athens. As the harbor silted over a new town of Ephesus was built closer to the sea. With the growth of Christianity interest in the pagan religions died and the temple declined until it was razed for building material for other buildings such as the Basilica to St John,

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

built over his supposed grave, in the fourth century. But a wonderful surprise awaited us when we stepped into the nearby mosque of Isa Bey, built about 1360-1390, before the Ottoman empire, the mosque completed the quarrying of the temple until nothing was left. Corinthian columns stand in the courtyard and other pieces from the temple can be found in the building itself. This mosque was in ruins but now has been partially restored and prayers are held there. The jolly imam himself presides over the entry and if you buy his postcards with give you a blessing from Allah and your name in Arabic as well as his own. The mosque is lovely with its reconstructed marble mihrab and assorted rugs on the floor. It is much more graceful than the later ottoman mosques. I almost felt as if I had seen the ancient temple itself.

Next stop was high on a mountain where the Virgin Mary is supposed to have lived. It is thought that John brought her here, for there is some biblical reference in the Book of John that Jesus bequeathed his mother to John and they may have come here to escape persecution. No proof exists but they found a spring and ancient foundations of what could have been a house from that time. A small chapel was built in the third century and is maintained by the Franciscans who hold services each Sunday. Pilgrims can drink from the water, one faucet for health, one for wealth and one for beauty. People were filling huge bottles with the sacred water. I took a sip of the health offering.

Driving down the mountain we came to the entrance to Ephesus itself. Even though it was my fourth trip, the last just last year, Ephesus never fails to amaze. Some people believe the Amazon Queens founded it. It is the best restored Roman city anywhere and the remnants of temples and fountains along its marble streets are beautiful. We sat in the Odeon while Süleyman explained this was the third location for the city, the first two having been deserted when the port silted in and the city moved closer to the bay. Today the bay is several miles away as the silting continued.

Ephesus was a trading city and for that reason was very peaceful and accommodating to all who came there. These people were Greek but they accepted the Roman occupation. To my great surprise the same cat that had made friends with me last year appeared out of nowhere, ignored the others, and came and sat in my lap. I don't understand my charm! We walked down the sacred way to where a narrow gate kept the chariots from intruding into the sacred precincts and came to a main street lined with columns and statues. Behind the columns would have been covered sidewalks of mosaics and behind that the merchants would have had their shops. We entered the baths of Scholastica where you can see the ancient tile plumbing that circulated the hot water and nearby to the complex was the latrine where forty men could sit on marble thrones and discuss the affairs of the day.

Across from this was a large covered area, recently opened to the public, where they have uncovered the remains of patrician houses behind the shops. We climbed up through them and you could see mosaic floors and the remains of frescos on the walls. These people had running water and private baths. Then we went on to admire the magnificent library facade, the third largest library of scrolls in the ancient world and beautifully restored. Across from this is a large building that could have been an important man's dwelling but it is speculated that this could also have been a brothel giving you a handy choice of books or broads! Along the marble road leading away was a carved ad in the marble of a foot showing the way.

At the theater, which holds 23,000 people, they were preparing for a folk dancing contest and while Süleyman described what we were seeing we watched the young girls rehearsing. At last it ended and we came to the shop area by the car park. One merchant reopened his doors just for me, and what could I do except buy something. A gold and turquoise harem ring will help me to remember this halcyon day. Aside from Süleyman's great explanations, the day had been perfect for the fact that we got there so late the huge crowds were gone and the breeze and cool weather made it all so enjoyable.

Our Hotel the Pine Marina in Kusadazi is lovely and new and I have a view from my balcony of the harbor and beyond. For dinner I ordered al la carte calamari to embellish the buffet selections.

Saturday, September 8. We rented a car and Süleyman drove us to Didyma where there is a magnificent ruin of a temple to Apollo. Columns perhaps six feet in diameter were used to support a marble roof now long since gone. Beautiful fluted Doric columns, carved friezes; the

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

huge temple was surrounded by two rows of outer columns, 120 in all. Didyma had an oracle, which dated back to the seventh century BC started by the Branchidae family who had come from Delphi. This is the oracle to which King Croesus came to see if he should battle the Persians. He sacrificed and gave his question to the prophetesses who deliberated and went into trances and finally came back with the answer from Apollo that a great empire would be destroyed. Croesus went into the battle but it was his own empire that was destroyed. The Persians destroyed the temple in the sixth century BC and by Alexander the Great in the fourth century BC. But Seleucus, King of Syria, started rebuilding it about 300 BC and the building continued for more than 500 years never being fully complete. Some of the columns have been rebuilt and you can walk among them, dwarfed by their four-story height. How the ancients ever managed to put the temple together is amazing. Behind the main area was another open area where the prophetesses lived and made their predictions and here was the statue of Apollo long since gone. The whole site was so impressive in its present condition that you really feel they should leave the rest of the fallen pieces where they lie.

Back in the car we passed a parade with a boy, elaborately dressed, on a camel on the way to his circumcision. The Moslems believe that a boy should be old enough to remember his circumcision, which marks his entry into manhood. Süleyman says he remembers his!

We drove on to Bodrum stopping for lunch at a roadside cafe called Berkey Pitrik where we had a delicious Turkish dish called Saq Kadwerma, lamb and tomatoes cooked with spices in a sort of wok. Bodrum is a seaside resort with many gulets for rent either by the day or week, a waterfront lined with cafes and a bazaar area behind, much like Fetiye, but not as nice. We've come here to see what is left of the Mausoleum of King Mausolos, which was one of the wonders of the ancient world. Not much remains since the Crusaders quarried it when they built their castle but a museum area has pictures which speculate on what it looked like, Four stories high, Mausolos and his wife, Artemisia were in a chariot on the top and the various levels had carvings of animals and events from the king's life. It must have been spectacular, dwarfing all the other monuments in the cemetery in which it sat. You can still see the foundation stones and make out where the burial chamber was. A drainage system around the site took care of excess water. I hadn't expected anything so I wasn't disappointed and now I can say there are only two more ancient wonders I haven't seen: the lighthouse at Alexandria and the Temple to Zeus on Olympia. Maybe if I live so long I'll round out the list.

We decided to check out the fort, built by the order of St John. It was impossible to find a place to park but Süleyman dropped us off, promising to be back at 4:30. The fort was well equipped with descriptions in English so we didn't really need a guide. The fort is used as a museum of underwater archaeology and the first level shows amphorae from ancient times. There is a small chapel, which contains a reconstructed bow of a ship, and on higher levels are other exhibits. The open courtyard had various craftsmen demonstrating glass blowing and pottery making. I climbed to the next level where there was a room of glass from ancient times, but then I gave up. It was very hot and I was tired. Scotti and Mac went on to the top and said the view was wonderful and they found out that the Gelidonia was a 12th century BC shipwreck, brought up to the surface in the 1960's. I dozed most of the way back to the hotel. We decided to eat a la carte and had calamari and sea bream out by the pool.

Sunday, September 9. Up very early to drive into Izmir and the plane to Istanbul. The young driver Oos who had transferred us before met us and Süleyman had him take us to a local market with displays of many spices and as it was also a meat market, also meat carcasses hung so people could buy whatever cut appealed to them. Then he dropped us at the Topkapi Palace and after a long wait in line we got our tickets and went in, only to stand in another line for the harem section tickets. When I was first here, we had come to Istanbul about 1960, on a charter trip with the Texas Medical Society Ev's brother-in-law was a doctor in Texas. Today we were sort of processed through in a group of some 50 people it is still magnificent with the beautiful tiling and marble baths. The sultan lived very well with his harem. Then we went on to the Konyali Restaurant there at the museum where we had lunch with a great view of the Sea of Marmara. Back in the palace we did the treasury, which had beautiful jeweled gifts that had been given to the sultan. I told Mac and Scotti to wander on by themselves and I would be near the exit in a shady spot waiting for them. I found a lovely long bench and took a nap and at 3:00

2001 TURKEY REVISITED

woke up and moved to the exit and waited and waited, but they never came. By 5:30 I figured either they weren't coming. We had missed connections. Got a taxi with a very unpleasant driver who wouldn't even take me to the door of the hotel and walked three blocks to the Golden Age to find a very concerned Scotti waiting for me. They had looked for me at 3:00 and not finding me went back to the hotel. At least the park at the palace was a much nicer place to spend the afternoon than the hotel. But the Golden Age gave me a lovely room with twin beds so I had time to freshen up before Süleyman picked us up at 7:30. He had arranged our farewell dinner at the Balıkçı Sabahattin Restaurant, which actually was out on a narrow street and the lovely old residences around made you think you were in a stage setting. Another treat was that he brought along his very attractive wife, Claire, who also guides tours. Dinner was wonderful. Mac had seconds of shrimp.

Monday, September 10. At breakfast I sat at a table with a scout who has been here for the European Basketball Championships. It has been very exciting for Turkey was an underdog and got to the semi finals. In the finals they met Yugoslavia in the finals and lost, but it was still a real victory for Turkey. Süleyman has been so excited. The man at breakfast was from Denver so I was glad to introduce Scotti and Mac to him.

And so we came to the end. Ooos, a nice young transfer agent for the company, took me to the airport and saw that I got checked in for the Delta flight to New York. There I will connect to Atlanta.