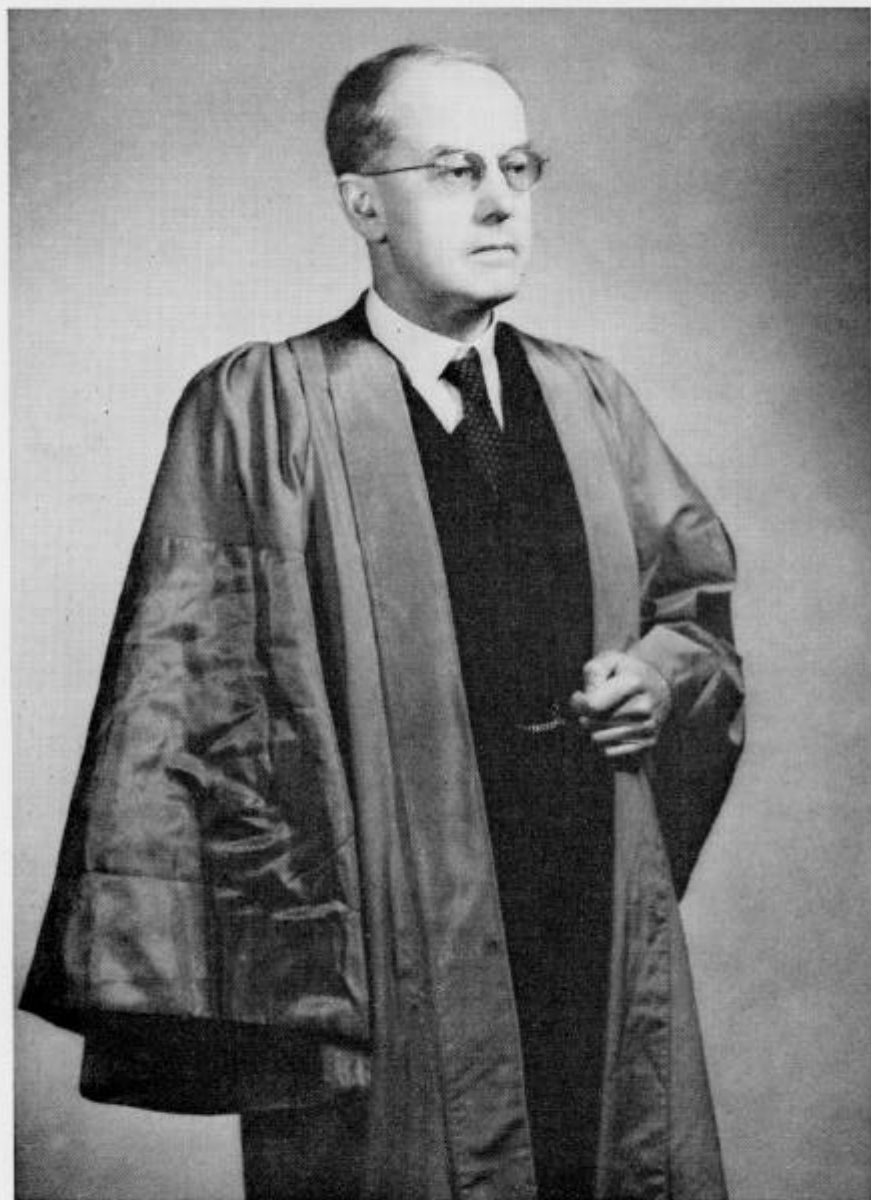


PLATE XXIV



*Photograph by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum*

CYRIL JOHN GADD, C.B.E.

# CYRIL JOHN GADD

1893–1969

## I. CAREER AND ACADEMIC ACTIVITIES<sup>1</sup>

CYRIL GADD was born at Bath, Somerset, on 2 July 1893; he died in retirement, aged 76, at Bury St. Edmunds on 2 December 1969. The most distinguished Sumerologist of his time in this country, he was also second to none in Akkadian studies. For five years, until his retirement, he occupied a Chair at the School of Oriental and African Studies in the University of London, but for the greater part of his working life he was associated with the British Museum.

His father, Samuel Gadd, a Solicitor's Head Clerk, was a gifted musician and organist at Percy Chapel; the son inherited a love of music, played the pianoforte well, had a good baritone voice and sang in choirs, he was sensitive and artistic, deft with his hands, and a natural scholar. On holidays abroad he learnt French, and later was able to make faultless public speeches in that language.

His mother, who lived to a great age, was a Victorian type of lady with very clear ideas of right and wrong, and to her he remained truly devoted and dutiful. The loss of his brother at the age of nineteen or twenty, from tuberculosis, cast a permanent

<sup>1</sup> This obituary has been divided into two parts: I. Career and Academic Activities; II. Diaries—Extracts and Commentary.

I wish to express my indebtedness to many friends whom I have consulted while writing this obituary. I should mention in particular Professor D. J. Wiseman, Dr. E. Sollberger, and Dr. R. D. Barnett, all of whom have written shorter obituaries on C. J. Gadd elsewhere. I have also consulted Dr. I. E. S. Edwards and Monsieur Henri Seyrig, who have kindly answered questions that I have put to them; the former was one of Gadd's closest friends. Finally, I am deeply grateful to Emeritus Professor S. N. Kramer, whose knowledge of Sumerian is unrivalled. I have quoted extensively from a letter which he wrote to me, dated 13 September 1970, explaining in detail his long collaboration with Gadd, and expressing profound admiration for him. Kramer writes: 'Gadd was undoubtedly the leading English Sumerologist of his days, and it is not without good reason that I dedicated *The Sacred Marriage Rite* to him as the "ummia" of London. Without his Sumerological contributions, many a Sumerian literary work whose text is now available wholly or in large part, would still remain a closed book.'

shadow on the rest of his life. To a friend he once confessed that much of his unhappiness was due to his having no religion, but that he felt he had to see life through because in the long run he could not dodge his fate.

Educated at King Edward VI School, Bath, he left in 1912 and was awarded a Junior and later a Senior Hulme scholarship at Brasenose College, Oxford. He was also elected to a Craven award but, fortunately for Oriental scholarship, did not take it up, for this might have diverted him to Cypriote Studies, a subject in which he had then become interested.<sup>1</sup> His time at the University, where he obtained a first class in Honour Moderations in Greek and Latin Literature, was interrupted by the First World War, he was exempt from Finals by War Decree and the B.A. degree was conferred on him in 1917.

In 1915 he joined the Worcestershire Regiment and was soon transferred to the Royal Engineers where his ingenuity and manual skill were put to good effect in developing new searchlights in the defence of the Home Counties against the Zeppelin raids. Throughout life his versatile talent enriched and informed his scholarship. Although he had all the benefits of good schooling and talented tutors at Oxford, he was essentially a self-educated man and he once remarked to me that nobody had really taught him anything. All that he knew he had learnt from books. This impersonal way of acquiring knowledge remained with him I believe throughout his life, although he was always receptive to the exchange of information with learned colleagues.

After demobilization in 1919, on his return to Oxford, he began the study of Sumerian and Akkadian under Stephen Langdon, then Shillito Reader in Assyriology. There could have been no better foundation than the classics for this enterprise and Gadd was a performer of the first class, both in Latin and in Greek. The love of these two ancient tongues and their literature never left him, and a natural turn of wit was frequently enlivened by his skill for esoteric and apt quotation. In the same year, 1919, he applied to the British Museum for the vacancy left by the death of L. W. King in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, and was set to work under the Keeper, Sir Ernest Wallis Budge; his immediately senior colleague was

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted to Dr. I. E. S. Edwards for this information which was given to him by the late Professor S. R. K. Glanville. As Gadd did not take up this award the Oxford University Registry has not been able to trace any record of it.

Sidney Smith. There he was left to continue his studies as best he could, in consultation with his colleagues and he was soon copying *Royal Inscriptions and Sumerian Hymns* (C.T. 36) which he published together with *The Early Dynasties of Sumer and Akkad* in 1921. Of the former contribution S. N. Kramer writes:

As early as 1921, when still under thirty, and long before any of today's Sumerologists had any inkling of Sumerian literature, he published excellent copies of ten Sumerian literary tablets in the British Museum (C.T. 36, pls. 26–50) together with brief descriptive notations of each that even at that early date gave evidence of high Sumerological competence.

He was thereby launched on an unrivalled career of publication, only partially interrupted by the Second World War during which, even in 1940–1, he continued to get some articles into print. One solid basis of his learning was provided in his contributions to the British Museum series of Cuneiform Texts, known as C.T. In a legible clear hand, his copies in the conventional British Museum style convey his highly trained and sensitive understanding of the originals. Over a period of fifty years he became a monument of erudition, his learning was informed by common sense as well as scholarly discrimination, and his scholarship was esteemed at home and abroad, wherever Assyriology was practised.

Early in his career he devoted himself to the copying of a long series of Omen Texts in the British Museum (C.T. 38–41) all published between 1925 and 1931. This interest in divination never left him, he was fascinated by the 'science' of the Babylonian *'haruspices'* and their Sumerian forebears. The extraordinary, learned logic of the tortuous minds which sought the will of heaven by anatomical examination of the deformation of animal entrails never ceased to exercise his ingenuity and to satisfy his penchant for the fantastic. It is perhaps no longer a breach of confidence to reveal that during the interview for the Chair of Ancient Semitic Languages and Civilizations at the School of Oriental and African Studies in the University of London in 1955, when asked what line of research he would pursue during the five possible years of tenure in office he replied that he would devote himself 'to the study of liver omens'. Never was a Vice-Chancellor more surprised. In spite of, or because of this reply, he was appointed to the Professorship and although he had virtually no pupils he produced a series of learned publications including his memorable

work entitled *The Harran Inscriptions of Nabonidus* (1958), an historical document of incomparable interest, which recounted *inter alia* the life of the mother of the last king of Babylon and her death at the age of 104. His published work during that period was perhaps not as considerable as might have been expected, but much of his time was taken up in administrative matters when he became Acting Head of the Department of the Languages and Cultures of the Near and Middle East (1955–8).

A full list of his publications will be found at the end of *Iraq*, xxxi (1969), a volume dedicated to him in honour of his seventy-fifth birthday. The list includes nearly 100 items—books, as well as dozens of learned monographs.

His association with the periodical *Iraq* was constant. He contributed an article to the first volume: 'An Egyptian Game in Assyria', *Iraq*, i (1934), and discussed the 'Game of Fifty Eight Holes' as he called it—a game which was also played in Babylonia and could be illustrated by many boards, mostly fragmentary. Subsequently, after the death of R. Campbell Thompson, he became editor, from 1941–8. He contrived during the war to issue two supplements which were concerned with the Kassite site at 'Aqar Quf (1944–5) and remained editor till 1948, having also produced vols. viii–x during his term of office. That journal is fortunate to have received no less than sixteen articles from his pen, the last of them entitled 'Some Contributions to the Gilgamesh Epic', in *Iraq*, xxviii (1966).

In his second publication (1923), at the age of thirty, he wrote a relatively short monograph entitled *The Fall of Nineveh, The Newly Discovered Babylonian Chronicle No. 21,901 In The British Museum*, and this important work immediately established his reputation as a scholar of the first order. Gadd had an unerring nose for a promising scent and when browsing in the vast K Collection (the tablets from Kouyunjik, Nineveh), lighted on this one which he immediately recognized as a primary historical document. As Sir Wallis Budge wrote at the time, in the Introduction:

The information given by this Chronicle is of very special interest, for it supplies the date of the Fall of Nineveh in B.C. 612 and other Assyrian strongholds, and the fact, hitherto unsuspected, that the Assyrian kingdom actually survived this disaster and, under the rule of king Ashur-uballit, who is mentioned for the first time, was transferred to the city of Harran further westward. This chronicle throws a flood of light on a period otherwise very obscure, and supplies most valuable historical details concerning it in abundance. As a contemporary

record, from which explanatory comparisons with later classical traditions can be made, it must always rank as an invaluable historical authority with the famous 'Babylonian Chronicle' (No. 92,502) and the 'Synchronous History' (K. 4401a and Rm 854).

The style of the work, the short, apposite, and wide ranging notes, which showed an awareness of learned writings in several different languages, and especially also the display of classical Greek and other traditions concerning the Fall of Nineveh, in support of the cuneiform, set a standard of presentation which became expected of him for the rest of his days.

The news of this Ninevite discovery even stirred the excitement of *Punch* which published a poem in its honour, entitled the 'Instability of Things'.<sup>1</sup>

'They taught us how in six-o-six  
(B.C.) that godless town fell flat;  
And now the new-found records fix  
A date anterior to that;  
It fell, in fact, in six-one-two,  
So what they taught us wasn't true.'

A nucleus of Gadd's work continued to be Assyrian, in spite of many other interests. He was an acute observer and recorder of *The Assyrian Sculptures*, British Museum (1934, 1938) while his monumental work on the subject *The Stones of Assyria, The Surviving Remains of Assyrian Sculpture, their Recovery and their Original Positions*, London (1936), will remain a classic source of information so long as the subject is pursued. Here we have an account of the gradual recovery of the Assyrian reliefs, statuary, and other monuments, from the time when Layard first set to work at Nimrud in 1845 and much else that had preceded it, until the latter part of the nineteenth century. The account of the rivalries of the early diggers from France and England is amusingly written, and the catalogue of the sculpture and its location is a mine of information. It is a pity that this scholarly but rather rambling book was never provided with an index—a task which some young student might find worth undertaking.

There are also many scholarly asides about Assyria in Gadd's brief and invaluable Schweich Lectures, delivered in 1945 to the British Academy, *Ideas of Divine Rule in the Ancient East*. Two Appendices on 'The Assyrian Cone-Smearing Ceremony', and 'The Writing of the Constellations' contain esoteric learning concerning Assyria to which scholars have frequently alluded.

<sup>1</sup> This is the penultimate one of six verses.

Another notable work of Assyrian scholarship was his editing and preparation of R. Campbell Thompson's posthumously published work, *A Dictionary of Assyrian Botany* (1949). The death of Campbell Thompson in 1941, a dear friend, was a heavy blow to Gadd who tended to walk alone. Two more opposite temperaments could not be imagined, for C.T. was a hearty, athletic, powerfully built extrovert, but many a happy hour the two spent together sailing on the Thames in C.T.'s boat *Thisbe*, quoting Dickens by the yard and exchanging learned quips in many languages. Campbell Thompson was the nearest approach that Gadd could find to a living Layard whose robust and overbearing temperament would again have been poles apart from his.

The other nucleus of his work, which occupied most of his life, was concerned with Babylonia and its ambit, and centred around Ur from which so many cuneiform texts, Sumerian and Akkadian, have emerged. In passing we may note that *A Sumerian Reading Book* (Oxford, 1924), was the first work of the kind to be published in this country. In the Introduction he wrote:

The object of this book, therefore, is to present, in a single volume, and in a form adapted to the learner, all the materials which he will need in his earlier studies, and to indicate from the beginning that Sumerian differs nothing from any other language in the point that it can be intelligible only as a grammatical structure.

He never found the time to revise and expand this invaluable little work. It is clear that although Gadd had all the equipment of the professional philologist and grammarian, his interests were too wide to allow him to keep his work within such confines. His real concern was with the progress of civilization as illustrated both by art and artefacts and by the ancient literature, historic, religious, and economic—especially the 'business' texts.

He had a first-hand knowledge of Ur from his participation in the second season's excavations 1923-4—see the extracts from his diaries below. A spate of learned publications illustrate his preoccupation with the site: *Ur Excavations Texts*, I, *Royal Inscriptions*,<sup>1</sup> with L. Legrain (1928), *U.E.T.* VI. 1, 2 with S. N. Kramer, 1963 and 1966. These two works in collaboration with his friend the great American Sumerologist, in the closing stages of his career, included copies of rare documents that are an indispensable source for the study of these abstruse subjects;

<sup>1</sup> Hereafter abbreviated as *U.E.T.*

the volumes are illuminated by informative introductions which will reach a wider public than the specialist.

On his collaboration with S. N. Kramer I have kind permission to quote as follows:

His copies in *U.E.T.* VI. 1, 2, made possible the restoration of several Sumerian myths and epic tales, of a large number of hymns relating to the Kings of Ur III, Isin and Larsa: of several lamentations (above all, the 'Lamentation over Sumer and Ur'): of numerous wisdom documents, such as 'disputations', 'dialogues', precepts and proverbs. All in all he copied just over 400 Sumerian literary tablets and fragments, and many of these, even those whose contents are still obscure and unidentified, will be of inestimable value to Sumerological scholarship.

'Cyril Gadd', Kramer continues, 'was a dedicated straightforward, meticulous, clear-headed scholar, and, as is true only of great scholars, generous and unpretentious.'

No account of his books and articles would be complete without reference to his *History and Monuments of Ur* (1929). This was the first authoritative history of that city from its foundation until the last days of Nabonidus and the advent of Cyrus. Well illustrated, written in a learned scribal style, it is on almost every page informed with a first-hand knowledge of texts, royal, political, and economic, and often illuminated with flashes of wit and sardonic humour. He was adept at seeing the relevance of minor as well as major documents. Writing about an Elamite usurper and his take-over of Ur he notes: 'So peaceful was his entry that the same tradesmen sent in a bill for beer supplied both to Silli-Adad [the ejected king] and Kudur Mabug.' In describing the murder of Rimush (twenty-fourth century B.C.) in a palace revolution, he aptly quotes two lines of Chaucer. Woolley's sometimes over-imaginative archaeological accounts of Ur were here checked by the brake of written documentation. However much some of the information in this book has been increased and overlaid by subsequent discovery, it will, like so much else of Gadd's work, remain a primary source of reference and is invaluable for the long continuity of periods which it covers.<sup>1</sup>

Closely relevant to his work at Ur was his editing of *Ur Excavations*, I, *Al-'Ubaid* (1927) to which he appropriately contributed a chapter on the inscriptions, for as will be seen below in the extracts from his diaries, most of his time during

<sup>1</sup> See also the reference to this book in the part concerned with Gadd's diaries, below.



the season of 1923-4 was spent in the field at 'Ubaid itself. A curious footnote on page 170 illustrates, I believe, his pique with Woolley at that time. Woolley had correctly stated that 'the only objection to connecting the painted wares with the Sumerians is that we have no material evidence to justify us in so doing'. This was flatly contradicted by Gadd because of his erroneous association of the 'Sumerian' tablets with the painted pottery, which he wrongly compared with the ceramic of Jamdat Nasr. For once Homer nodded, but Woolley's preceding pages and what he considered to be the unfair burden of editorship of this volume were much resented.<sup>1</sup>

All Gadd's earlier work on Sumer and Akkad was moreover lavishly supplemented by his industrious contributions to the revised editions of the *Cambridge Ancient History*, Vols. I, II from 1961 onwards. In view of the long, inevitable delay in the publication of these volumes, the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press very properly decided to issue chapters in fascicules, thus making amends to many learned authors who would otherwise have experienced unjustified and indeed intolerable delay after they had completed their tasks. Gadd's five chapters have therefore fortunately already appeared: *The Cities of Babylonia*, I, ch. 13 (1962), *The Dynasty of Agade and the Gutian Invasion*, I, ch. 19 (1963), *Babylonia c. 2120-1800 B.C.*, I, ch. 22, *Hammurabi and the End of his Dynasty*, II, ch. 5, *Assyria and Babylonia c. 1370-1300 B.C.*, II, ch. 18. No better author could have been chosen to perform these difficult and arduous tasks. On matters of economy and wealth, social and cultural conditions, religious practices, his knowledge was second to none. Perhaps deliberately, he showed little concern with archaeological and architectural evidence, but some of these gaps were made good in chapters written by more archaeologically minded colleagues. His familiarity with legal and business topics comes out in the chapter on Hammurabi and reminds us of the important article entitled 'Babylonian Law' which he contributed to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.<sup>2</sup> Not the least

<sup>1</sup> See also below in the section concerned with Gadd's diaries.

<sup>2</sup> Omitted from A. R. Millard's admirable 'Bibliography' in *Iraq*, xxxi, as well as various other contributions which I note here. The articles on Babylonian Law and Sumerian Language first appeared in the fourteenth edition (1929). The former article was dropped from the encyclopaedia in the 1963 printing (Professor Gadd contributed in its stead an article on the Code of Hammurabi), and the latter was rewritten by another scholar for the 1961 printing. Gadd also contributed articles on Adab, Akkad, Berossus, Semiramis, Shuruppak, and Syria (early history). For this information I am

valuable portions of these and the companion chapters in the *C.A.H.* is the comprehensive Bibliography, a permanent reference guide, published at the end of each. Some of these as well as contributions by other authors appear to read as foot-notes to history, rather than history, and perhaps we know too much as well as too little to write with the confident sweep of an earlier generation, but where the evidence allowed it, Gadd could write a flowing narrative: his chapter on Hammurabi is a model of fluent exposition.

In this connection we should not omit to mention the gallant task which Gadd shouldered after the resignation and the death of two former editors. But for him the Western Asiatic portion of the task might never have been completed. No editor could have been more helpful to contributors, or more conscientious in preparing copy for the Press. Many a time I watched him in the library checking authors' references. It would not be possible to allude in detail to the near hundred articles that he wrote. It is only permissible to touch on a very few more.

Not the least important were his studies entitled 'Tablets from Kirkuk', *R.A.* 23, 49-161 (1926) wonderfully informative on questions of land tenure and social life in the Hurrian community living at the city of Nuzi in central Mesopotamia, in the middle of the second millennium B.C. This work began at Ur in 1923, when Gertrude Bell first brought to him for examination tablets that had been surreptitiously excavated, and resulted in the initiation of rewarding excavations at Nuzi by Chiera, and to the opening of an altogether new field of cuneiform studies. It was one of Gadd's many merits that he had a wonderful eye for picking off the plums from the Tree of Knowledge, and this was but one instance of many.

I personally had every reason to be grateful for the work that he did on the tablets discovered at the sites of Chagar Bazar and Brak in northern Syria. His work on them transformed our knowledge of life in the Khabur valley during the third and second millennium B.C. and incidentally justified a complaint of Shamshi Adad, king of Assyria, that his younger son was wasting his substance on women and horses instead of attending to the defence of the realm. (*Iraq*, iv. 178-85 (1937) and *Iraq*, vii. 22-66 (1940).) A single article, on one of his favourite subjects, was a memento of his participation in Leonard Woolley's expedition to Atshana in the Orontes indebted to Mr. O. S. L. Low, Editorial Offices of the Encyclopaedia Britannica International Ltd.

valley (see the diaries below): this was a contribution entitled 'A model liver for divination' in C. L. Woolley, *Alalakh* (1955).

His interest in the Spring (*akītu*) festival and other aspects of Babylonian religious practice is evidenced in S. H. Hooke's *Myth and Ritual* (1933). Another example of his happy gift for elucidating the history of religion may be found in his article entitled 'EN-AN-E-DU' which elucidates a Sumerian inscription on a clay cone found at Ur, *Iraq*, xiii (1951). From this we learn about the career of a lady who was, as sister of the king, Rim-Sin, appointed high-priestess of the Moon-god at Ur and held office till an advanced age. The appointment was a traditional mode followed alike by Sargon of Agade and Nabonidus. Once again we have from his pen a classic commentary which has much to reveal about an obscure subject.

Together with R. Campbell Thompson he performed a remarkable technical feat in resolving a series of cryptograms, secret recipes written into 'A Middle Babylonian Chemical Text', *Iraq*, iii. 87-96 (1936). He was equally happy when describing 'A visiting Artist at Nineveh in 1850', *Iraq*, v. 118-22 (1938). The drawings by S. C. Malan illustrate sculpture at Nimrud and Mr. Layard at 'Kooyoonjik'. There is a fascinating view of the masonry on the north side of the Nimrud ziggurat which one day deserves re-excavation and restoration.

Nothing better illustrates his wide range of knowledge and eye for the significant than his article entitled 'Seals of Ancient Indian Style found at Ur', *Proceedings of the British Academy*, 18, 191-210 (1932) (also printed separately). This has rightly been described by Sir Mortimer Wheeler as a 'classic paper' and so it was, for it set going fresh studies of Indian and Indianesque seals found all the way up the Persian Gulf, even as far afield as W. Syria, and to a whole series of subsequent studies and indeed excavations concerned with trade between Babylonia, Elam, and the Indus valley.

We may take leave of his academic studies by reference to his very last contribution, written when he was a dying man, 'Ebeh-il and his basket seat', *R.A.* 63. His mind had already begun to fail in practical matters, not so for the academic. Here to the end we have all his acute powers of reflective learning, this time concerned with the 'bushel', the Latin *modius*, and the Mesopotamian basket carried on the king's head as a symbol of the royal measure. Most ingeniously he related to it the Egyptian basket worn on the head of the god Serapis. Only one who had been Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian

Antiquities in the British Museum was likely to combine such widely separated facets of knowledge.

In the British Museum he served for thirty-six years, first under Wallis Budge, subsequently under H. R. Hall and Sidney Smith, finally becoming Keeper in 1948, an office from which he retired in 1955, when, as we have mentioned above, he was translated to a Chair in the University of London. He was of course in every aspect of the work a first class Museum man, and his day-to-day contact with the antiquities and solid relics of the past, gifted as he was with a wonderful visual memory, made him a living exponent of Western Asiatic lore and civilization. Given the limited opportunities available to him in the Department at the time he made the best of the facilities available for exhibition and display, and one could not fail to observe his artistic eye for an appropriate setting. In this connection a strange accident led to a very fortunate result. A big plate glass which covered one of the Ashurnasirpal reliefs was accidentally damaged and the sculpture was exposed. For the first time since installation one could see the sculpture with the naked eye, free of reflection, and more than one of us urged Gadd to give the same treatment to the remainder of the reliefs. Even though the larger sculpture had long been exposed without protection, it was many months before he could summon up the resolution to remove the glass from the remainder. No one was happier than he, when at last he made up his mind to take this drastic step.

In spite of his orderly mind and his competence in exposition, he did not feel happy when confronted by the personal trials of administration, he found it hard to come to a decision, and was reluctant to do so in dispute. It was unfortunate that it fell to his lot to decide on the allocation of space between the new and now separate departments of Egyptian, and Western Asiatic Antiquities, which owing to the vast growth of these two collections, as well as to the increase in knowledge, had to be re-organized. A stronger, more determined and ruthless character would have suffered less in carrying out that unenviable task, but he accomplished it skilfully and with a minimum of friction.

It fell to him, among others, to shoulder the task of supervising the safe removal of many of the treasures from his Department to the country during the war.<sup>1</sup> Some of his time in the caves near Bath he occupied both copying and writing cuneiform.

<sup>1</sup> During the Second World War he volunteered for mine-sweeping, but on account of his age and rather frail health was not eligible.

He was fortunate to see the same treasures carried back again to the Museum after the war.

He was always a charming colleague and accommodating to those in office above him. Many marks of esteem were inevitably conferred upon him: the C.B.E. for services in the British Museum; an honorary Fellowship of Brasenose College, Oxford, 1952; D.Litt. (honoris causa) Oxford, 1953; Deutsches Archäologisches Institut, Korrespond. 1938, Ordentl. 1953; Professor Emeritus, 1960; and finally Corresponding Member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, Paris, 1968, among many other distinctions. This last honour gave him especial pleasure, for he had many friends and colleagues in France, and had taken a prominent part in the annual *Rencontres Assyriologiques* of the Groupe Thureau-Dangin, in Paris and in other cities of Europe. His contributions to debate were lively, witty, and always authoritative. But however much he may have enjoyed these congresses, many will remember how, on his 66th birthday he was suddenly absent; when he returned next day he confessed that he had taken leave to celebrate that occasion by himself, in a 'bateau-mouche', on the Seine.

## II. DIARIES—EXTRACTS AND COMMENTARY

Gadd kept a diary at all the archaeological expeditions on which he served as a member of the British Museum staff. The first of these records begins on 2 October 1923 when he left Victoria Station for Ur of the Chaldees to join Leonard Woolley.<sup>1</sup> He travelled through Cairo where he met Quibell whom he described as 'rather an uninfectious person'. Thence to Jerusalem where he met P. L. O. Guy, John Garstang, and W. F. Albright who made flattering references to the recently published *Fall of Nineveh*, a work which brought him immediate fame in the world of scholarship. Jerusalem aroused the poet in him. 'We looked at stars through a large telescope after dinner. The night, the moonlight, and Jerusalem under it were almost indescribably lovely—the surrounding hills were lit as if by daylight, and all in peace and gentle radiance that one could not forget.'

<sup>1</sup> I wish to express my gratitude to Mrs. G. C. Turner, principal legatee under C. J. Gadd's will, for approving that I should quote extracts from the diaries and also to Professor D. J. Wiseman, literary executor of the will, for giving his assent. The diaries have been deposited by him in the British Museum.

ἐκ τ' ἔφανε πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρῶνες ἄκροι  
καὶ νάπαι οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερρώγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ<sup>1</sup>

A gift for apposite quotation of the classics never left him throughout his life. On Mount Ophel he saw the dig conducted by R. A. S. Macalister and heard the workmen chanting, 'before our prophet came, all was darkness'. On the same journey he met Thureau-Dangin and Dhorme. On 30 October he reached Baghdad via Damascus after travelling on the Nairn convoy and there heard Clay, who 'lectured to an enthusiastic audience in the evening, but it was a pity they were not given something more coherent'.

He reached Ur on 2 November, exactly a month after leaving home, having travelled at the relatively gentle pace which was the good fortune of all travellers fifty years ago. He was soon at work unpacking stores and making the expedition house habitable—a welcome member of an archaeological team, for he was practical and a handyman. In the first few days he was already beginning to read esoteric inscriptions of Nabonidus, the archaeologically minded last king of Babylonia, who left an immemorial mark at Ur. It was in that season, Woolley's second expedition, that the greater part of al 'Ubaid was excavated and yielded its unique Early Dynastic temple, decorated with friezes and columns of shell mosaic and endowed with great copper bulls and other reliefs. As Woolley was busy excavating the Ur Ziggurat much of the work at 'Ubaid was conducted by Gadd who spent many hours, day-in, day-out, lying prone while he extricated the delicate copper work from the brick-hard soil that encrusted it. His hands were bruised and sore from continuous combat with the clay.

Monday, 26 November:

Went over to 'Ubaid, where we were at once busy on the bronzes. A very beautiful little calf's head was soon out, in perfect condition, and we have another, this however joined to the body in high relief. This was carefully prepared with glue, and should be successfully lifted tomorrow. Meantime, a part of a pillar, copper plated over a palm-trunk has also come out, only to be dropped from a board and damaged by two clumsy workmen (who got the push for it!). There are also at least three other copper things in various stages of coming out. Some obviously large and very important, white 'flowers' and stone 'inlay'

<sup>1</sup> Homer, *Iliad*, viii, 557–8. When the air is windless, and all the peaks appear, and the tall headlands and glades, and firm heaven breaketh open the infinite air.

bulls turn up at intervals. Most of all today has produced the foundation tablet of A-annipadda son of Mesannipadda, thus triumphantly introducing the first dynasty of Ur (!) and presumably settling the authorship of the bronzes, as well as the nature of the site of 'Ubaid—namely, the temple of Ninḥursag. Certainly a red letter day!

Eleven days later, on 7 December, Gadd noted:

Brought in today from 'Ubaid a wonderful gold scaraboid with name of A-annipadda. Remarkable object—(what price Egypt now) and even more remarkable the honesty of finder, who simply had the thing as a regular gift—nobody there, and a tiny object, and gold to boot! We are lucky indeed, and as the man got 15 rupees (about 26s.) instead of the 2 he expected, he also was pleased enough.

Here indeed was history being unearthed from the soil and the stage set for the unfolding of another great strip from the canvas of Sumerian civilization. On 13 December he was still in the thick of it. 'From 'Ubaid a very fine inlaid panel of pastoral scene; human figures straining and storing wine, and milking cows, on either side of a cattle byre of tall woven reeds girt with cables.'

This same season was enlivened by a visit from a squadron of R.A.F. which was based at Ur Junction in the course of operations against recalcitrant tribesmen at Samawa. Gadd visited Kish where Langdon and Mackay were not seeing eye to eye, and the work was suffering from 'divided counsel'. It is typical of Gadd's reticence that even in the privacy of his diary there is no other reference to the personnel. There were difficulties in reaching the site owing to the heavy rains which made the going very difficult even for the old T Ford and obliterated the track. 'At this point our driver made a remark which deserves to become classic—"I know the road—but where is it?"'

The diary notes that 17 January 1924 was

signalled by arrival of Miss Bell, early in morning, without any particular notice. Brought a number of antiquities, including one or two very dud things, and also a few inscribed things of a rather obvious kind. She went to 'Ubaid in the afternoon, and helped us to spend a strenuous evening of wit and wisdom.

On 1 March the season at Ur came to an end and Gertrude Bell, who had then assumed the office of Director of Antiquities for the Kingdom of Iraq, came for the division of antiquities.

Awakened about 5.30 a.m. by the arrival of Miss Bell, J. M. Wilson and

Abdul Kader Chelabi, for the division. We thought they would be comfortably asleep in their carriage at the station, but instead it was we who were thus uncomfortably awakened. The division took all the morning and most of the afternoon, and followed, on the whole the anticipated lines, our principal losses being the gold bead (of A-anni-padda) and (alas!) the long pastoral panel. However, we have compensations and, given the conditions, have little ground for complaint. The 'source of energy' was as dynamic as ever and we found ourselves with jobs neatly distributed all round! However she left the same evening . . . The wrath of Hamoudi (the celebrated Syrian-Arab foreman) at this ravishing of our hard won objects was quite moving.

It is worth remembering how conscientiously the British officials then in charge of the Antiquities of Iraq strove to see that the newly founded Museum received a fair share of the antiquities which were being currently discovered, and it seems perverse when we consider the present trend of nationalistic possession that the aggrieved party was a Syrian whose pride on discovery would have been best satisfied through the housing of ancient Mesopotamian treasures in the British Museum, rather than in Baghdad.

There followed the customary strenuous days of closing the house and packing and crating the antiquities:

really hard work with a lot of rough carpentering. The nuisance is that the Arab is totally incapable of performing the simplest feat with tools of any kind, and the result is that one has to do every smallest or most laborious job by oneself, which is a serious hindrance.

Finally on 8 March 1924:

work definitely ended today and there was a certain amount of leave taking with the men. Particularly the three foremen who left the same evening amid a shower of salutations. Hamoudi a little sad at the end of the season. One was quite sorry to see the last of three very good fellows.

Thus ended a memorable season in which Gadd himself played a memorable part, both in the field and in the decipherment, and later in the publication of the inscriptions. Perhaps he was never happier than on this, his first expedition, when he enjoyed the companionship of Leonard Woolley, Newton, and Fitzgerald, the three other members of the expedition. This good feeling for his companions one senses in his diaries, but he was characteristically reticent about them, as about all the human beings with whom he came into contact. In later years he tended to become impatient with Woolley's cavalier methods,



and he resented being saddled with the task of editing the big volume on 'Ubaid. There was also tension at the time of Gadd's publication of the 'History and Monuments of Ur' when Woolley tended to think that his colleague had stolen a march on him, but the matter was resolved by the wisdom of Frederic Kenyon who was then the Director of the British Museum. However that may be, Woolley always spoke with gratitude for Gadd's services and looked on him as 'a very nice fellow'.

For the workmen at Ur, Gadd had a considerable regard. Not unaware of their many failings, he noted how well disciplined and well-behaved they were on pay-day, and how every man knew exactly what was due to him, and was quick to stake his claim if he did not receive his due. On the other hand he was not a little impressed by the way in which these poor tribesmen unfailingly pointed out an overpayment and readily returned any money beyond their due.

Gadd returned home via Hit, Palmyra, coastal Syria, Athens, and Mycenae in the Peloponnese, thence by ship touching at the Albanian port of Santi Quaranta on the way. Although his digestion was delicate, he was a good and hardened traveller who enjoyed living on native fare. His personal observation of ancient architectural monuments and his wide interest in ancient art enriched and influenced all his subsequent writing. On 4 April 1924 he was home almost to the day six months after he had set out on his first missionary journey.

The next foreign diary was written ten years later, between 14 August and 15 September 1933.

At that time he was granted special leave of absence by the Trustees of the British Museum, because he was editing the Ur texts series, and wished to examine whatever might be relevant in the Museum at Istanbul. The time for undertaking this task was opportune for, as Professor Sidney Smith has reminded me, the Department was then being pulled to pieces on the upper floor and he suffered. . . . Gadd had a neurosis about noise and extreme discomfort. The special leave was a welcome relief to him, and to me—and was granted on the ground that he should study and use all such material from Nippur as would assist his editorial work on the Ur texts.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from a letter sent to me by Professor Sidney Smith on 30 July 1970.

It was a coincidence that S. N. Kramer travelled to Istanbul in the same year in order to study the tablets excavated at Fara by the Germans in 1902–3, for Kramer had recently been a member of Eric Schmidt's new expedition to Fara. The results of this mission are recorded by S. N. Kramer in 'New

It is, moreover, evident from the diaries that Gadd examined as much as he could of the objects excavated by Woolley at Carchemish, and that Unger who was then acting curator, encouraged him to do so.<sup>1</sup> The diaries several times display irritation at the very large number of potsherds which confronted him, and out of nine boxes he felt that only one was worth checking and photographing in detail. 28 August: 'I finished looking through 9 boxfuls and can summarily reject nearly 8, the usual excavators' folly or vanity, the rest must now be put in order and photographed.' There is no trace anywhere in the Carchemish publications of Gadd's aid in this matter and this reflects a lack of liaison at the time between Woolley and the staff of the Department in the British Museum who could have helped him in supplementing the records for his final publication.

In the course of his journey to Istanbul he travelled through Germany, met Andrae and Moortgat in Berlin and was shown *inter alia* small antiquities, and 'gold from Sinjirli, as well as

Tablets from Fara', *J.A.O.S.* 52 (1932). At that time Kramer had no idea that he would ever become involved in the restoration of Sumerian literature, although he did in fact begin this study in 1934 following the death of Edward Chiera in the previous year, for he was then asked to edit Chiera's posthumous volumes entitled *Sumerian Epics and Myths*, and *Sumerian Texts of Varied Contents*. Gadd and Kramer did not in fact meet till 1954, but as Kramer writes, 'Sumerologically, and in spirit, I had already made his acquaintance in 1936 when I was beginning the preparation of the monograph, "Gilgamesh and the Huluppu Tree" (*A.S.* 10, 1938); it could never have been written but for the appearance of Gadd's article in *R.A.* 30 (1933) pp. 128 ff., with his superb copy of U. 9364 (now republished in *U.E.T.* VI, no. 56). It was Gadd's publication of this tablet, too, that showed beyond reasonable doubt that the twelfth tablet of the Accadian "Epic of Gilgamesh" was a literal translation of the second half of the Sumerian epic tale, "Gilgamesh, Enkidu, and the Nether World".' (Cf. 'The Epic of Gilgamesh and its Sumerian Sources', *J.A.O.S.* 64 (1944), pp. 7-23.)

'Since 1954 the scholarly relationship between Gadd and myself became ever more friendly and intimate, and in the late 1950's he invited me to collaborate with him in the publication of the Sumerian literary texts on Ur, most of which he had copied before the Second World War. For being a true scholar, he realized that because of his administrative duties and other interests, he was no longer fully attuned to the new advances in Sumerian literary research, the area to which I was devoting virtually all my energies. Needless to say I accepted eagerly and gratefully, and the result was the publication of *U.E.T.* VI, parts 1 and 2 (1963 and 1966). Gadd, with typical generosity, insisted that these volumes be published under *joint* authorship.' All the copies of the texts had been the work of Gadd.

<sup>1</sup> Gadd also recorded the Assyrian sculptures in the Museum at Constantinople (Istanbul), and incorporated the information which he had obtained there in his *Stones of Assyria* (1936).

ivories (few and not very good, but in the now familiar Nimrud style) and a lot of bronzes', all of which were being looked over for publication by Andrae and resulted in the great series known as *Ausgrabungen in Sendschirli*.

In the Berlin Museum he met many colleagues whose kindness he appreciated—especially friendly was Ehelolf, the epigraphist, but with his severe British Museum training he was disturbed by what he considered to be excessive reconstruction especially of the Ishtar Gate from Babylon and of the Pergamon altar.

I am staggered by the enormous amount of 'restoration' which they permit themselves here. Even the Pergamon altar must be at least 7/8th rebuilding, and the other rooms even more so. I suppose it is again the architect-element which has been all powerful in the German digs, and the architect's penchant for a beautiful elevation, combined with the ordinary German delight in the imposing. Only I fancy it would all seem very disconcerting to those who insist at home on a broken nose for Demeter.

He was referring to the uproar which occurred when the Demeter of Knidos was made whole in the British Museum; one of the foremost complainants was the sculptor Jacob Epstein. It was characteristic of Gadd that he could not suffer the histrionic in any form, whether of persons or things—indeed an excessive modesty and a gift of understatement sometimes devalued the currency of his scholarship.

Before leaving Berlin on 20 August 1933, he did not fail to observe the alarming signals of preparation for war:

the huge parade of the Berlin schools, all marching along the Unter den Linden, apparently to the other end . . . They were a fine looking lot of Youngers, about 17 downwards. Here they were, all singing 'patriotic' and aggressive songs, and the boys had their own drummers and pipers, and many more packs of the regular Reichswehr patterns. Swastika and national flags and inscribed banners, with the usual pompous canting sentiments, in enormous profusion. Poor little devils, to be in the hands of such wicked devils!

After some days travelling by train through central Europe he reached his destination, the Hotel de Londres in Istanbul, where he was given an excellent room overlooking the Golden Horn, for the sum of about £1 a day. One of the British secretaries (Mr. Ravensdale) helped him with introductions to the Museum, while the Ambassador (Sir George Clerk), who had received warning of Gadd's visit from Sir George Hill, the Director of the British Museum, watched with a kindly eye.

26 August.

Soon after 10 the letter of introduction arrived with the cavass, who turned out to be a large man with a certain restrained splendour of uniform, blue, but gold epaulettes. So I live up to all this. I had a taxi called, and climbed into the back with what I hoped was dignity worthy of the occasion and the largish knot of spectators. Arrived at the Museum we proceeded with some impressiveness up a long walk of cypresses, cavass in front on one side, me in middle of path, and another porter or menial of some kind an equal distance behind on the other side. This seemed too good to last, and it didn't for I soon found they'd brought me to the wrong shop, Top Kapu, instead of the Antiquities, so we had to change our direction and walk over to the other (not far) with rather less grandeur. Arrived there, found that the Director, Abd ul-Aziz, was away, but arranged with his second-in-command, Arif Bey, about my look at the Carchemish pottery. Afterwards he took me through some of the rooms, very rich in classical sculpture of most periods, and a great many Byzantine things, naturally. The 'high spots' are of course the Sidon sarcophagi, especially 'Alexander', the 'Satrap', and the 'Pleureuses'. These last are very lovely indeed—they need long looking at. Colours on 'Alexander' remarkably well preserved. The Persians wear a lot of purple. After this he took me over to the Oriental antiquities, and I was soon with Unger, who was so pressing with information and showing his collection that I got no lunch, for it was half past three before we noticed the time. He left at 4 and came up with me to Pera when we went into a place called Novotni (near the Pera Palace), predominantly German, I should think, and there we feasted on beer and rolls with a layer of melted cheese and a slight almond flavour, which I must presume to be a German delicacy, though I don't like it much. So back to the hotel for dinner and nothing much after: there's nothing to do in the evenings, especially alone. A few mouldy-looking cinemas in the Grand Rue, but they don't 'bite' me, though I daresay they contain a number of organisms which would. At the Embassy (incidentally) I enquired and found to my pleasure that it is the house that was built about 1840, and consequently the very building in which Layard used to work upon Stratford Canning, and listen to a nightly canto of his epic upon King Alfred—when he was longing to go to bed. The thought of this continuity pleased me, and, as the Ambassador had returned the card I left, I rather hope he will ask me to see him. It would be just a little like the past, nearly 100 years ago, over again, (though I do not fancy myself a second Layard—nor I imagine, Clerk a second Canning). A very different Stamboul then, too! Still a great oriental city, while now it is a comico-pathetic occidental ape.

Not long after he received an invitation to luncheon at the British Embassy. 'The Ambassador (Sir George Clerk) soon to

be translated from here to Brussels, is a very distinguished-looking figure with a monocle, and, I gather, is popular if not brilliant. (I don't know what there is to be brilliant about here, or suspended between here and Angora.)'

In this judgement he did scant justice to an able diplomat who astutely gained the ear and the friendship of Mustafa Kemal and thus played his part in inducing the Turkish government to adopt a more friendly attitude to this country. That change, incidentally, was carried a stage further by the succeeding ambassador through his ability to sit playing poker with the Ataturk through the night and keep his head in his cups. George Clerk ended his career, in the coveted post of ambassador in Paris. Afterwards as it happened, I served in a humble secretarial capacity under him, and used to think of him as George Clerk, who has 'bite and no bark'.

Gadd's main task in the Museum progressed effectively. Besides recording the Carchemish material he examined the fragments of Assyrian sculpture. The Turkish officers were both kindly and helpful, but at that time the Museum administration was less efficient than it is now and the diary has some caustic comments on the humbler members of the hierarchy.

### 3 September.

I worked in the Museum in the morning, and finished collating the tablets in a room full of the conversation of three Turks—2 of the assistants and a friend. The last seemed to do all the talking, and all the others had to say was 'Evet Efendim' at very frequent intervals. They don't seem to do any work at all: if they do it is most effectively concealed. Unger then began showing me things and rather inopportunistically suddenly took me to see the 'Kleinkunst' of Carchemish, some 50(?) small articles of the later period of whose existence I have previously heard nothing, and so I shall now have to make a list of them and photograph, if necessary, which is rather annoying as I thought my job was now done.

Outside Museum hours which, luckily for him, were as long as from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Gadd, who was a great walker, diverted himself with rambles all over the old city and pottered about the mosques and the walls, and almost always in solitude.

The most moving spot is where the great assault and breach was made in 1453. The whole region of these walls must be one of the most unspoiled, indeed untouched, sites of any great event in history and must arouse even in the least sensitive no little emotion. But I must admit it didn't seem to affect my companion very much.

It is in character that on this occasion and a few others he suffered ill the enforced company of an American lady, and indeed he had made the same complaint about a Swedish lady who was one of the rare visitors to Ur. He was not a misogynist and indeed enjoyed the friendship of several women, intellectual and artistic, but otherwise had little time for feminine company. His own marriage was a disaster, as he freely admitted, and the union did not outlast a year. This episode was a sad one in his life and affected him for many years.

In Istanbul he was happily occupied, and delighted in his journeys up the Bosphorus. His learned and thoughtful comments about what he saw are often entertaining.

I took the steamer up to the last station on the Bosphorus. (Incidentally, this is amazingly cheap: it was about 2 hours each way and the return fare was only 38½ piastres.) The two most impressive parts are the narrows between Roumeli Hissar and Anadolu Hissar where the current is such that one wonders how Darius' bridge of boats kept in place, and secondly the sight of the Black Sea spreading out, and the thought that its only communication with the oceans is by this absurdly small passage hardly wider, if at all, than the Thames. You see the Euxine first from the landing stage of Kirec Burnu. Thespia filled me with memories of Layard, but the old Embassy building which he knew is burnt down, and the place is now dominated by Tokatlian's huge hotel, which, all the same, must be very pleasant to stay in, right on the water's edge, in a wonderful situation.

The journey to Istanbul which began on 14 August 1933 came to an end on 15 September of the same year and was a memorable one in his life. As far as Carchemish was concerned the results of some of Gadd's work should have been incorporated in Part III of the final volume entitled *Carchemish* (published in 1952), a volume in which Woolley and Barnett were the principal contributors and it is regrettable that in the preface written by the former no reference was made to Gadd's efforts while collating material in Istanbul.

The next foreign diary begins on 1 March 1946 when Gadd set sail in company with Shinnie (later to become Professor in the University of Khartoum) to join Leonard Woolley at Atshana-Alalakh. It is clear that he found Shinnie an agreeable travelling companion and a good colleague. There is no evidence of any warm regard for Woolley from whom one senses he had tended to become estranged over the years since the first happy companionship at Ur. Indeed the journey began on a disgruntled note, for on the eve of departure to join ship at Cardiff

he was unexpectedly saddled with transporting  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of baggage in the shape of photographic plates and paper—a burden which was to cause him infinite pains at every customs post. As it turned out Woolley had left his half-plate camera at home and all that ‘confounded photographic stuff’ which had caused such a nuisance was not wanted after all! At Beirut they stayed at the Regent Hotel and received some assistance from the British Military Office which was still functioning after the war. Once again Gadd watched with a discerning eye for anything that reminded him of the past and made apt and learned comment. They dined in an Arab restaurant on the native food which he always enjoyed sampling, ‘rather nice food, little gherkins in sauce and a rice dish (these we split and mixed up), followed by a plate of rather tough fragments of meat, and with them a feature I have never seen before, a small centre dish called *hemes* of herbs and a creamy sort of oil. In this you dipped or smeared fragments of the usual flat bread, and it occurred to me that this was the dish of herbs at the Last Supper, when Christ spoke of him “that dippeth with me in the dish”’.

In Beirut they met, among others, ‘a young Frenchman’, M. Curiel, at present running the local wireless station, but soon to leave with a mission to Afghanistan, also Henri Seyrig, with whom he had a cordial meeting. Gadd says: ‘Seyrig has returned to Syria for some purpose not wholly clear’: in fact he had made plans for the foundation of a French Institute of Archaeology in order to safeguard the scientific material that had accumulated during the period of the mandate—a few months later he was appointed to be its Director. After visits to the Museum, Byblos, and the Nahr el Kelb, Gadd and Shinnie left for Aleppo before joining Woolley.

In Aleppo the Director, Abd-el-Aziz Osman (a pupil of Contenau), and his assistant, Subhi Sawaf, were both helpful and courteous and showed him a recent discovery which they had made in the citadel—the end of an inscription containing the usual curses against any destroyer of the monument, ‘apparently the first cuneiform inscription found in Aleppo itself’.

The difficulties of setting to work on the recently created Sanjak of Alexandretta were exhausting and frustrating, and there was infinite trouble over procuring money, residence permits, inoculation certificates, and other formalities at frontier posts, for none of the party spoke more than a few

words of Turkish. 'Very unflattering', Gadd notes on leaving Syria for the Turkish zone, 'that nobody ever seems to mind your going out of their country, but every sign of much disliking your coming in.' Thus he recorded:

So to the frontier: not much trouble with the Syrians, though our exit permits were out of date. (On the Turkish side) the frontier officials consisted of soldiers (no trouble), police and customs men. Not one of these gentry could speak a word of any language but Turkish—not even Arabic. The police boss was a very Mongolian type who had the peculiarity of being able to write without being able to read, and each letter had to be dictated to him by somebody else—and the form he had to fill up (for each) was very lengthy.

21 March 1946 was the first day of work at Atshana. Hamoudi and his two sons Yahya and Alawi were the foremen, the father was now an old man, he had begun service for the British Museum at Carchemish in 1911. The expedition was reasonably comfortable but rather cold in a two-storeyed house, which was said to have cost us £400 to build; the rent of a room for 10 workmen was 7/6d a month. 'Not a high rent, but about right for the accommodation.' There were about 100 workmen in all, some from nearby villages in the Orontes Valley, others from Woolley's former dig at Suediyeh, about 50 miles away.

#### 1 April.

Some very good finds made in the dig today, a wing, neck, and tail of a bird in bone or ivory, and particularly a very fine little flask in blue glass almost complete, an outstanding object in beauty and interest. Also I've found that the three pieces of Hittite tablet are all parts of one, and that it is a divination text, closely related to one published by Güterbock which, by singular fortune, is the one Hittite publication I have at hand here.

It was a singular prescience on Gadd's part to have equipped himself so well, but most of this season unfortunately was barren of inscriptions and when many years later Gadd came to join me at Nimrud he quite unjustifiably warned me that he might be a Jonah.

On the next day, 2 April, Woolley was again in his lucky vein, a very fine little figure of a goddess opening her robe, lapis lazuli once lavishly ornamented with gold, also a good bronze dagger of the well known type with inlaid handle: this was found with other little things embedded in the solid brickwork of the very thick wall at the back of the 'temple'.



[Gadd's inverted commas express his instinctive distrust of digging dirt and his reluctant acquaintance with mud.]

The dig has gone below the massive but very uninformative buildings of the upper levels and has now got down to a series of holes and trenches said, with varying degrees of convincingsness, to be rooms.

When the dig was unproductive of anything but purely architectural evidence Gadd's enthusiasm waned. 'W. seems to find great satisfaction in constructing plans, but I do not scruple to confess that this unproductive digging bores me vastly, and there is simply nothing else to do here.' Moreover the continuous rains tended to dampen his spirits.

But 19 April was to revive him:

As I was looking over some boxes in the pottery room in the evening I heard a very sweet sound of a pipe being played, and going outside I saw it was a herdsman, who, with one or two others, was looking after a herd of cows in the plain below. The distant sound of his pipe was quite indescribably beautiful, and the whole scene of the herdsman, their charges and their music was perfect Theocritus still in being. One of our foremen who had come out beside me said he was playing to the cows so that they should be 'mapsut' (satisfied), and indeed it could be for no other audience. After a while they came nearer, and at last we called to the herdsman who came up the hill and showed us his pipe: it was double, the two fastened together into one, and both were pierced with six holes, the player covering both with the same finger. His method of blowing was the same as I had seen in the piper a week or two ago; he kept his cheeks blown out all the time, and seemed to breathe with his stomach, which worked in and out all the time he played. I then understood that the distended cheeks were for the purpose of keeping up a continuous drone, such as is done by the bag of wind in the bagpipe. This drone was the essential part of the music, and the notes, made by moving the fingers, were embroidered, as it were, upon the top of it. The music was, of course, that wild, formless (to us), and yet very moving medley of hardly-separated notes which becomes so familiar and yet remains so utterly strange in the east. We sent him back to the cows with a small present; but I shall not forget the wild distant pipe down in the plain, the cows and the group of herdboys in the sunny evening.

The music and poetry of this passage reminds one of the lovely scene in the last act of *Tristan* when the solitary shepherd on the mountain top blows the horn at his flock of sheep while looking out to sea.

On 26 April the dig was coming to an end, for funds were beginning to run out: the price of commodities, petrol and the like, was at the time inordinately high and the rate of exchange

for sterling unfavourable. For Gadd the finds and the weather had been disappointing, rich as Atshana proved to be in the course of the seven seasons of work directed by Woolley between 1937 and 1949. Gadd's was the last season but one and he noted: 'I anticipate, only another prehistoric pottery excavation, which would have very limited interest for me, a point to be borne in mind.' On the last day of the season, 27 April, he wrote

... Of course it is plain that the resumption of work here was premature and not sufficiently prepared, and that it has encountered costs at their highest, which have partly crippled us. But apart from this the spots upon which we have worked have been sadly uninformative, and more barren of remains than one would think possible in a place of such long ancient habitation. Herein we have had pure bad luck, a new experience indeed for W. who has always been a fortunate as well as a skilful excavator. Much as I am disposed to criticise some of his methods, and wholly as I disbelieve his architectural divinations, I am truly sorry he will have so little to show for his brave effort to get excavation going so soon again after the war. What I have seen here, however, has convinced me that methods of excavation in the East are due for a complete overhaul, which on the side of mere operation, will in any case be enforced by high costs—the old hand-basket system becomes hopelessly wasteful when labour has to be paid almost upon European standards. But it is not only operation that seems to me outmoded: I think W.'s way of digging strangely haphazard by present standards. But that is not a subject for a diary.

There was some justification in this criticism which however also reflected an innate tendency to pessimistic defeatism. There is no question that Woolley, brilliantly perceptive of the soil, undertook more than was warranted by his lack of sufficient supervision and control; sometimes he overlooked, at others he exaggerated the evidence. In his architectural plans he did not always sufficiently distinguish the actual from the conjectural. But when we look at the massive weight of evidence in Woolley's final account of the excavations at Atshana-Alalakh, and remember the extraordinary sequence of buildings, from the middle of the third through to the end of the first millennium B.C., and are able to visualize a resurrected city in western Syria, illuminated by hundreds of contemporary documents and crowned by the statue of king Idrimi on whose back was inscribed one of the earliest of romantic tales, we can hardly do other than forgive the sins of omission and commission attributed to the genius that discovered these things.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Woolley's chronological conclusions, and especially his early sequences,

At the close of the season the party paid a visit to the village of Suaidiyyah, a large village at the mouth of the Orontes near the ancient Greek entrepôt of Al-Mina which Woolley had previously excavated. Here there were fields and gardens where 'olives, figs, oranges, bananas, pomegranates—were all in leaf and some in flower, the bright red of the pomegranate caught the eye everywhere and sometimes contrasted with a mass of blooming gorse'. Some miles further along the coast they sat down to a picnic luncheon looking at the great peak of Mt. Casius which bounded the bay to the south.

Just before us, right on the beach, was a little square whitewashed building with a dune and a fence around it, a well of sweet water (right near the edge of the sea!) before its entrance, and two broken fragments of classical sculptured panels forming the step into the enclosure—a brush stood there for the pilgrims to keep the entrance swept of sand. This tiny place in its wide and splendid setting was the shrine of an Alawite saint, known as Al-Khidr, the Lord of the Sea, who, in such a place, looks like the descendant of a pagan god. This is a place of general pilgrimage at certain seasons, and there are two lines of bare houses or sheds in which those lodge who have come from a distance to pay their vows. We watched several visitors to the saint while we lingered there—they were mostly women, and the rails of the little shrine had fastened to them in several places cloth bags containing women's hair, which had evidently been cut off and bestowed upon the shrine in fulfilment of some vow, or to accompany some petition. There was no entrance to the little building, which might have been solid for all that one could tell. But at each corner there was a little blackened niche containing a small charcoal burner. The pilgrims as they arrived went to a box which stood near the gate, dropped a coin into it, and took out a few grains of resin or incense. They then walked round the little building sometimes stooping to kiss the ground and often the walls; at each corner they would cast their pinch of incense upon the brazier and no doubt repeat a prayer. It is hard to convey how impressive all this was—not the shrine or the ceremony, it was rather the contrast of this tiny simple shrine with its poor and humble adorers, coming in ones and twos, against the impressive beauty of sea and mountains, and the understanding that here one was in the presence of a local cult such as all the ancient world was full of. Very

have been freely criticized, for he certainly overestimated the antiquity of the site and some of his identifications of seals were erroneous. See the review by M. Mellink in *A.J.A.* (1957), pp. 357 f. and (on the seals) by Briggs Buchanan in *J.C.S.* ii (1957). As regards the second millennium sequences, other experts were at variance with one another, e.g., W. F. Albright and Sidney Smith who published an account of the statue of Idrimi (1949) and of its inscription which is of absorbing interest.

likely it had gone on in this place too, perhaps in honour of a succession of gods or saints, from quite ancient times. And how purely Theocritean seemed the little sanctuary on the shore, the home of some protecting divinity of the sea. I must stop writing about this—I could never put into words the profound stirring of all my imagination that came from this whitewashed speck on a lonely beach under the mountain of Baal.

This was Gadd in his happiest, idyllic vein, watching the sad pilgrims that passed in unbroken procession before his eyes, ghosts of a past to which he had devoted his own profound and original learning. Excursions such as these made up for the tedium of his last days on what had been to him a disappointing season.

30 April.

Cataloguing still and turning over baskets of awful potsherds, which a few men are still kept washing. Yahya spent whole day in Antioch developing miniature photographs. Results very indifferent: he very clearly doesn't know how to use this kind of camera. Nor does anybody else here. Our photography would be rather a disaster if there were anything really important to photograph. As there isn't much we are to that extent saved. Beastly day as to weather—gloomy, some rain, a strong cold wind. Climatically this place is decidedly a fraud.

A few days later he was however cheered by a delicious luncheon which the Vali of the province offered them all in Antioch. 'The Vali and his wife were by far the most human Turks we had met', but it should be mentioned that the expedition was also on excellent terms with the kindly and friendly Turkish commissioner who lived at Atshana with them, and that three Turkish members<sup>1</sup> of his staff subsequently became distinguished archaeologists in their own right. On that happier note we may take leave of Atshana whence Gadd returned by a devious route through Turkey and Egypt to England, which he reached on 30 May, exactly three months after his departure from it.

Six years were to elapse before Gadd joined, for the last time, yet another archaeological expedition. He records in his diary that on 19 February 1952, not without some trepidation, he was flying out to Baghdad 'in acute discomfort, from a terribly noisy plane (B.O.A.C. "Arion" of the Argonaut class, four roaring engines and ubiquitous rattles) at a height of 18,000 feet'. This journey was the result of three years of persuasion on my part, ever since I had directed the series of archaeological

<sup>1</sup> They were Dr. Bahadir Alkim, Dr. Tahsin Özgüç, and Bay Ahmed Donmez.

expeditions to Nimrud which had begun in 1949. It seemed most appropriate that the author of *The Stones of Assyria* (1936) and the acknowledged authority on *Assyrian Sculptures* (1934 and 1938) should join us and visit the spot where his hero Layard had a century ago resurrected for posterity the long forgotten capital of the Assyrian Empire. At the time Gadd was Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities Department, as it was then known, and consequently very busy at home. He agreed that he must come, and at last what had been a vague half promise, was, under pressure, made good.

Although he enjoyed an open-air life he suffered much in the roughness of an expedition camp, during a season when there were raging storms and the expedition camp was twice all but blown away. He had a poor digestion, and the damp and the cold were a severe trial to him. March 1952 was a terribly wet month, and all over again he had to experience, as at Atshana, a perpetual feeling of clamminess, this time under canvas, for we slept in tents though we lived, like Layard, in a leaky mud-brick expedition house. He was a light sleeper and through the watches of the night suffered from the braying of donkeys, the barking of dogs, the clanking of the chains on the policemen's horses, the awful gobbling of the turkeys that we kept in our miniature Nimrud farmyard. It says much for his character that he rarely complained, but bore all these things with fortitude. The only source of relief was his diaries.

In Baghdad he rejoiced in meeting for the first time the many Assyrian monuments and other relics of Mesopotamian civilization which were so familiar to him at second hand; the urbane Naji al Aşil then Director General of Antiquities, and his colleagues, received him with honour.

Before setting forth for Nimrud we paid a visit together to the ancient Sumerian city of Nippur which was then being excavated by Donald McCown. There on 25 February 1952 we witnessed from the expedition housetop an eclipse of the sun, 'which was said to be 95 per cent complete in this latitude, and complete somewhat further south towards the Persian Gulf. At its height, about 1 p.m. local time, only a tiny rim was visible outside the shadow. We were surprised how little apparent diminution there seemed to be of daylight (though the birds began to twitter for dusk), but it was the quality of the light which was most affected—everything became of a dull, bloated, vivid hue, very ghastly and uncanny looking—it soon passed with shadow . . .'. In the course of this visit he read

Sumerian tablets with Steele and was impressed by the furnace which had been built for their baking. The experience gained in this way was invaluable, for it guided us in the building of our own kiln at Nimrud, which, after some trial and error, proved to be most successful.

I returned to Baghdad ahead of him and a comic incident occurred when he returned two days later, by himself.

On the train from Diwaniyah he was

accommodated in a compartment with four rather grand officers of the Iraqi Army. They proved very agreeable, and we talked as allowed by a poor Arabic of mine and a little English of theirs. At the proper time they produced out of baskets the best efforts of the regimental cooks, consisting mainly of very good, cold roast chicken, salads and flaps of bread, to all of which I contributed the lunch which the Afaq cook had put up for me: we spread it all out on a suitcase, the most superior officer offered me in fingers a choice morsel of chicken, giving the whole spread the air of a shaikhly meal under a black tent, and we feasted contentedly. After this pleasant experience, and clearing away the debris by a porter ordered in from an indefinite stop (being a very slow train) the talk between the officers became animated—I was not understanding much of it and the train was hot—I became drowsy and must have fallen asleep. Well, the train stopped at a large station and my officers were all getting out—this must be Baghdad; my suddenly awakened mind made no doubt of it, so in turn I got out and made my way with the crowd through the exit. Arrived outside, the place looked rather unfamiliar, but then I don't really know Baghdad station, and there at a short distance was a river and a bridge, as one finds at Baghdad. But reaching the said bridge I began to feel sure that something was indeed wrong, so I asked a policeman, and discovered I had come to the wrong bridge over the wrong river in the wrong town! In short I was at Hillah instead of Baghdad, and far from being 'sent on to Crewe' I had stopped much short of Birmingham.

There were still 70 miles to go to finish the journey, but Gadd's guardian angel came to the rescue. A policeman directed him to a cafe where taxis when filled with a quorum of four persons were driven to Baghdad for the sum of 10s. a head, and in fact he beat the train to it by half an hour. This incident put me in mind of the French saying 'aux innocents les mains pleines'.

When he reached Nimrud the rain soon began to fall—11 March was a bad day.

The dawn was hopeless, for it was raining hard. Got up for breakfast in the house to find that its apparently solid roof was less protection than the stout canvas tents, for the rain was dripping into the living-room

everywhere, and we made the meal surrounded by gallipots catching drips, even on the table, and spent the meal-time shifting chairs round to dodge the falls of water. Men put on repairing the roof all the morning, no excavation of course, but the weather improved though the wind was cold. John Reid and Joan Lines arrived at lunch-time after a journey from Baghdad by train, half dust, half downpour. Mound in a fine afternoon delightful sight, covered with grazing cattle, but alas, tea was interrupted by a fevered messenger to report serious dispute about perennial grazing rights, in which (so Mallowan tells me) it is best not to give a final and definite judgement, for nobody really wants it, preferring to have an interesting subject to quarrel about, and not to have a ruling which it would be almost a *casus belli* to infringe.

18 March was the day of our weekly outing—an excursion to Sherif Khan, the Assyrian Tarbisu, and we met for the first time Ausho our faithful ‘Assyrian’ (Nestorian) taxi driver. ‘He speaks English, Arabic and apparently Turkish and Kurdish too, being one of those multilingual phenomena who prove that linguistic ability really has nothing to do with education.’

About this time, 20 March, we received a visit from Dr. Rainey and others from the Philadelphia Museum, and Gadd engaged in gloomy discussion about the future of the Ur publications, ‘I could only say that I fully understand the improbability of getting any scientific work published much longer by the ever more expensive process of conventional printing’. This discouraging attitude was characteristic of a certain defeatist approach to life which never altogether left him. Happily his prognostications have not been fulfilled; indeed in the last two decades scientific publication has if anything erred in the opposite direction. Had I listened to his discouraging response in 1947 when I was considering the digging of a big site in Iraq in order to resume operations after the Second World War, Nimrud would never have been attempted.

Gadd’s first visit to the Mosul Museum was on 22 March.

There is only one large room arranged, and this consists wholly (or almost so) of Nimrud and Hatra. Nimrud means, in essence, the great Ashurnasirpal stele found last year, of yellow limestone like the pair of bulls in Baghdad. It is much thicker (a rectangular block) than I expected and is a very fine monument. Greedily, I found it sad to think how Layard missed it by only a hair’s breadth a century ago—otherwise it would long have been a treasure of the British Museum.

This comment scarcely does justice to the circumstances of

the discovery, for Layard had in fact missed it from his comparative lack of experience in the stratigraphy of mud-brick. A century of digging had enabled us to see that we were confronted by a fallen mud-brick wall that might have fallen on top of something, and that an unexcavated chamber outside one of the main entrances to the king's throne-room was still awaiting clearance.

23 March was a particularly interesting day for Gadd: in the Burnt Palace good ivories were coming up

and a very nice Assyrian bronze, a kneeling figure of an elaborately bearded Assyrian at the top of a short, thick rod, not a pin, with a perforation near the base: I take this to be a linch-pin to secure the wheel of an Assyrian chariot. This fine object had been missed by the pick and shovel men, and was noticed by a basket-boy in his load, reward for him and vast discredit to his superiors.

Gadd's knowledge of western Asiatic sculpture was invaluable in enabling him to recognize at once that its function could be determined from a stone relief at Persepolis where a male head appears on the hub of a chariot-wheel.

A few days later, on 27 March, a great concourse of visitors appeared at Nimrud to celebrate the millenary of the famous physician Ibn Sinna, an honour claimed alike by Iraq and Iran. We were scared that our watchman's savage dog would bite the legs of the Minister of Education, then Khalil Kenna, who was the most important guest on this tour. Gadd who had suffered from the arrogance of this watchdog was much amused when in the vernacular idiom understood by the peasants I assured the dog's master that if any 'meat' was removed from the Minister's leg, a similar quantity would be removed from the watchman's. The visit proved to be a success. Naji al Aşil gave a sumptuous spread for the large party in Mosul which in the afternoon arrived at Nimrud

in about 25 cars and an incredible smother of dust, as may be imagined. The affair went off very well—refreshments held out nobly, and were even mostly accessible in spite of the crush—the party headed by his Excellency the Mutasarrif of Mosul Province, with official armoured car escort. However, everybody got a look in somehow, amounting to about 100 guests, and of course all inhabitants of neighbouring villages standing about the mound (as well as our 220 workmen) to see the grandfolks and the doings in general. They went off gradually after a composite conducted lecture-tour round the excavations and palaces, and we were left to the rural quietude of Nimrud.



The wet weather was at last over, and Gadd noted on 28 March a visit of five very pleasant French Dominican Fathers from Mosul (led by the Father Provincial, recently on a tour of inspection from Paris). About this time Gadd observed that very little was coming out of the soil in comparison with the quantity of earth moved. 'By this time I am fairly well convinced that making finds in excavations is almost sheer luck.' He who had so much patience in the copying and decipherment of the ancient cuneiform scripts had none of the archaeological tolerance for those prolonged periods of unexciting labour when there is nothing spectacular to observe. Like most of us, he had his blind spots and was unwilling or incapable when it came to reading the signs in the soil. Thus on 16 April he remarks: 'The supposed quay-wall is certainly a vast and impressive work of huge masonry . . . and I do not feel satisfied that the stone foundation is not really that of the temple or palace.' This was a strange obtuseness of observation, for at the foot of the wall we had observed the sandy deposits from the swirling river-bed, the battered construction designed against the force of the current, the erosion by water action of the wall below water level, and indeed had excavated the old bed of the Tigris clear for the eye to see. Finally aerial photography had revealed as plain as could be the old bed of the river. Moreover he had failed to observe that some of the buildings above the quay-wall were not palaces, but private houses. The fact that no baked bricks remained on the quay (unlike Assur) distressed him and he did not reckon with the fact that these valuable building materials, like much of the masonry, had long been plundered in antiquity.

On 1 April he recorded that one member of our team, Joan Lines, set off on the Taurus Express for Aleppo. 'We shall miss a very agreeable and at the same time sensible and capable companion, who must be a very good specimen of the American girl', this was about the only comment on any of the persons in our entourage that he ever allowed himself, and illustrates his rather impersonal approach: a person that he well liked was treated much as a specimen moth in a Victorian collector's chloroform bottle.

2 April.

Except for one or two gangs clearing up we today abandoned the sadly disappointing 'Burnt Palace', where we have shifted so many tons of earth to so little purpose, and went back to N.W. Palace and centre of the mound: in both places we at once began to find sculptures,

Layard's leavings indeed, but some pieces well worth keeping in Mosul Museum, and in the centre of the mound I should rather hope to clear up some of the mysteries of the Shalmaneser buildings, which are left very obscure by Layard's and Loftus's plans.

He was right in appreciating that more work needs doing in the centre of the akropolis and one day no doubt another generation will turn to that task and to the complete excavation of the base of the ziggurat—three or four seasons' work for which neither the time nor the money was available. The comment again reveals his state of mind which was mainly interested in sculpture and major inscriptions and in illuminating the plans of the earlier excavators. But he was strangely unperceptive of what had been achieved in the 'Burnt Palace' where we had made great additions to the architectural plan, and subsequently were to obtain an understanding of the stratification of Nimrud as far back as its foundation in the Middle Assyrian period. Not a few tablets which contained information of considerable political interest—they related to the Assyrian administration of the North Syrian provinces in the eighth century, and of their enemies—turned up there, together with many fine ivories.

On 1 April we took our day off and visited Zakho. Gadd experienced some tense moments as we negotiated the hairpin bends in the mountain-side and recalled that George Smith had come through the same pass in 1874, taking two days from Zakho to Mosul. This was the famous discoverer of the 'Flood Tablets' at Nineveh, and the memory of him long persisted, for in 1931 while excavating Arpachiyah I met an old man, Daoud Saachi, the landlord of the house that we rented opposite the Nebi Yunus, who remembered George Smith, dressed in black, doubtless a frock coat, as he walked every day from the Khan Rassam where he was lodged, to Kouyunjik, in order to direct the excavations at ancient Nineveh.

Gadd in his diary is at his best in describing the weavers and spinners of Zakho.

The most interesting thing was a group of the people who gathered round the cars, mostly women and girls; not at all shy and many good-looking, in fine coloured and worked costumes, and all of them spinning wool as they stood, gazing and talking. The hank of wool is held upon a distaff in the left hand, this being a split cane through which the hand is passed. The wool is teased out by the right finger and thumb and winds itself by the usual wooden spinning bobbin—when this has exhausted its spin the women 'wind it up' by a swift reverse motion up their thigh. Being interested in this work which seemed to be done by all

the women, from small girls upwards to a wonderful wild-looking old crone with a row of gold teeth we were taken by her into one of the houses across a most picturesque courtyard full of junk, hens, donkeys and the usual clutter to a dim earthen room where a weaver was seated at his loom, with his feet in the weaver's pit, and much primitive but practical equipment, weaving a length of the patterned cloth from which the Kurdish wide baggy trousers are made—the whole outfit and surroundings a complete lesson for archaeologists, since it has obviously changed very little indeed since antiquity, and any of the objects he used or had round him might be found in an excavation—even to a characteristic recess in the mud-wall, stuffed with this and that, so like what constantly appears in ancient rooms.

Two days later we were cleaning two rooms U and V in the N.W. Palace where Layard had found many ivories and left behind for our recovery not a few beautiful fragments.

Cleaning of room U continued: the entrance inscription is double as thought, Sargon over Ashurnasirpal, and the purport of this inscription shows that (1) Room U was at least part of the 'Juniper Palace' (Ekal (is) daprani) and was perhaps the room where he kept the talents of gold and silver: in the entrance slab there is a great round bolt hole big enough to take a scaffold pole, a suitably impressive security measure; (2) the presence of the ivories in close adjoining rooms W and V suggest both a date and origin for at least some of them—Pisiris of Carchemish, from whom Sargon says that he captured the treasures which he stored in these rooms of the palace.

This was indeed a valuable historical commentary: we learn from it that the Syrian city of Carchemish must, after being captured by Sargon in 717 B.C., have parted with a choice collection of ivories in the Egyptian Phoenician style and that this treasure cannot have been later than that period, though it may be that some of these specimens were already antiquities at the time and may be dated to the latter part of the ninth century B.C.

4 April. Gadd was now suffering from the heat instead of the cold. 'The heat was stifling and it was a wonder that the men could work at all, though they did, languidly enough indeed! . . . Visit of Kraeling and Swift of the Chicago Oriental Institute and much archaeological talk over luncheon.' While we had many welcome and interesting visitors, Gadd notes that we suffered from an excessive number of curious tourists, indeed in one season we had over 1400 of them, but they had come from afar and we had to do our best to provide them with conducted tours.

A few days later we took another excursion to the river Zab.

We drove eastwards, looking at the very high mounds which stand on the city's enceinte about the E. corner, which are actually taller than anything but the ziggurat in Nimrud *tell* itself, and must conceal a very important Assyrian installation, perhaps military, which has never, I think been seriously explored. It would, of course, be very laborious, but might have much interest—the usual gamble in fact.

Gadd's 'gamble' was one that I had long looked on as a certainty, but it took five years of gradual negotiation to gain the confidence of the landlords before we could obtain permission to excavate. These high mounds, known locally as *Tulul el 'Azar* were named by me Fort Shalmaneser before ever we came to dig them, and Fort Shalmaneser it proved to be. Here we recovered the plan of the greatest military installation in ancient Assyria and within it a collection of ancient ivories far richer than any hitherto known.

From the second week in April until the end of the season the excavations became highly productive and Gadd was kept very busy. Tablets, many of them, as he remarked, riddled with salt and in very poor condition, came up in abundance—in the administrative wing of the N.W. Palace—and Gadd set about making arrangements for the building of a kiln in which to bake them. He was also helpful in assisting us with the setting up of a heavy steel tripod, generously supplied by the I.P.C. for winching up the mud and water out of the well (NN) which we were digging in the same Palace. This rather 'Heath Robinson' contraption, modern adapted to ancient, and manned by primitive workmen unaccustomed to mechanized industry provided us with much anxiety, but was made to work and miraculously we suffered no serious accidents even though one day the pulley wheel snapped. On 14 April Gadd noted:

A curious discovery made in mud at the bottom of Shalmaneser's well—the greatest part of a wooden pulley-wheel from over the well, doubtless Assyrian, retaining its round form and external groove, which is still distinctly polished from the ancient rope. Interesting that there is a perfect Assyrian illustration of such a well-pulley on the Assyrian sculpture (118906 in the B.M.).

Not less interesting to my mind was the fact that the workmen instantly recognized that this object was made of mulberry wood, as at all the village wells today, and this was later confirmed by the Forest Products Research at Princes Risborough.

About this time also he noted:

the tablets still coming out, from a most absurd-looking place, the filling of a narrow doorway between two of the usual vague mud-brick walled rooms, in a quite undefined building. They must be a throw-out, but the occurrence illustrates again the chanciness of digging, and the comparative helplessness of archaeological method.

His logical and rather puritanical cast of mind resented the unpredictable, indeed digging must sometimes have seemed as unrespectable as entering a casino. This attitude seems to have prevented him from reflecting that the completed excavation yielded a coherent architectural plan and a building in which the original setting of the tablets could satisfactorily be deduced.

On 15 April we paid a visit to Balawat where later we were to establish the fact that this comparatively small mound was indeed the source of the famous Bronze Gates of Shalmaneser III. Here on a delicious Spring day we found the landlord, Hajji Muhammad al Najafi sitting in his tent in blissful solitude.

He was a fine-looking old man, about 80, and received us courteously, summoning his attendant with an air of ancient authority to produce the usual little cups of coffee . . . the old man talking away, with his legs tucked up under him on his cushions like a pasha. Outside, on the plain were tethered 2 or 3 fine looking horses. Strange how the desert tradition persists, in very changed circumstances, but I reflected to myself what an empty life it must be for the old fellow out there—nothing to do or to think about, in an out-of-the-way place where nothing but custom, presumably, led him to spend his time.

To me it seemed that this old man, a figure of awe in the district, who under the Ottoman Turks had led successfully a life in wild country at times when only the most forceful and courageous character could prevail, was here happily finding his quietude, while his nephew lived at Nimrud, perhaps for the same reason that had led Shalmaneser III to build a little summer palace and temple to the god of dreams at Balawat, away from the cares of Calah-Nimrud.

17 April.

Much of today taken up with the well and plans to drain it, for it gains so much in the night that some hours each morning are spent in catching up again, and being able to work in the sludge. But it is proving a rich deposit and today yielded a splendid ivory head of a girl, the whole half-circumference of the tusk, and almost perfect except for a slightly broken nose—much colour, black on the hair, still pink at the lips, and the rest of the face natural ivory, now of a beautiful olive colour. The astonishing thing is that it was fast embedded in the hard, grey

salty mud, and that which came away bore a perfect impression of the ivory.

This was the famous ivory mask known as the Mona Lisa which is now one of the finest trophies in the Iraq Museum, Baghdad. Gadd continues:

With it also two fan-shaped ornaments of ivory, concave, with principal figures of a lioness (?) overcoming a man (?) rather like the 'Lion of Babylon', with much of the gold-fleck ornament still preserved in place. Also another large 'ace of spades' shaped ivory (part of) with Egyptian motif and probably a cartouche with hard mud on the handle. To come down to earth, entirely, considerable upset caused yesterday by sudden walk-off of (our) admirable Goanese cook.

Unfortunately for us, the poor fellow, who was found wandering some miles down the Tigris, was suffering from hallucinations and had to be relieved of his duties. Among his delusions was one that made him think of me as the 'Creator', from whom alone he could take orders. Unfortunately no command of mine would induce him to return to the kitchen. The rest of the season was a culinary disaster and Gadd's already weak digestion suffered further deterioration.

About this time our water-pump broke down, and we were forced to pump all night in order to catch up with the water which was continually seeping up from the bottom of the well, but against all odds we gradually reached bedrock, as I have recounted in *Nimrud and its Remains*. On 19 April Gadd noted more good ivories

and the usual pots and string (round their necks) but also a most interesting (copper) figure of a horse from one side of a horse-bit, almost the exact 'original' of the unique representation of Sennacherib's horse on the sculpture in the Nineveh Gallery, B.M. Another find of tablets also began appearing from another room in the so-called ZT (the northern administrative wing of the N.W. Palace) very well baked and preserved Assyrian contracts, some from the latest period after the end of the eponym lists.

On 20 April we were at work building the tablet kiln and Gadd recorded that picturesque operation.

The morning began with a line out of ant-like men carrying the thousand bricks from their drying-place across to the site, which is S. of the House, on the town wall, hoped to be the most convenient and least objectionable place, but experience will show! The gang of mudlarks made a large pool of mud mortar in which they delved and paddled, besmeared up to the knees, and others laid the large, unsubstantial bricks as directed. The building in mud brick is most convenient—if

the bricks chosen do not fill the space required, simply eke out with more mud and straw to the length required—it is all the same material when dry. If too long take a rough hatchet and chop off some of the superfluous brick. It is a wonderful way of getting quick results, but it is really no more than piling earth in a shaped and portable form, and so of course ‘earth to earth’ rapidly returns—most of the grandiose constructions of kings in this country have had this florid and unsubstantial character.

He might have added that because Mesopotamian buildings were earth, earthy, many of them, especially the most capacious ones, have survived in perpetuity to await the excavator’s pick.

On 22 April the British Ambassador and his wife, Sir John and Lady Troutbeck, paid us a visit accompanied by John Burgess, the hospitable Vice-Consul in Mosul. We were glad to show them the wonderful discoveries from the well, for this was an ‘annus mirabilis’ for ivories—and as we found subsequently nothing exceeded in quality the ‘Mona Lisa’, ‘the Ugly Sister’ and the miraculously preserved pair of chryselephantine plaques. It was characteristic of Gadd’s reticence and understatement that at home in the British Museum some members of the staff of his Department had the impression that there was nothing ‘sensational’ in the season’s discoveries, but he was not feeling well at the time. ‘All today I was practically *hors de combat* with a very sick stomach.’ This was hard on him, for our earth closet was situated behind matting walls high up on the Assyrian ramps.

My first adventure was having to get up at about 5.30 a.m. and ‘climb the hill’ in a storm of wind and rain which blew directly into the ‘convenience’, but even before reaching this ‘refuge’ the ground and few bricks were slippery and I slithered about half-way down the outside slope of the town wall, watched by the ubiquitous donkey! Most of the middle day I just slept in my tent, and ate almost nothing, which seems the best cure of these attacks.

The next day he was feeling much better and valiantly coping with the tablets and seeing to the kiln. H. W. F. Saggs was giving him invaluable aid, but none the less he recorded ‘myself rather overflowed with tablets’. More than 200 were catalogued on the season’s register and they included the remarkable cylinder of Merodach-Baladan the wily shaikh, who from his lair in the marshes of southern Babylonia was a thorn in the side of four Assyrian monarchs; and the great fragmentary prism of Sargon with its extraordinary description of Babylon laid waste, and the lions that infested the scrub in its deserted

suburbs. Gadd later wrote brilliant accounts of these two historic documents in *Iraq*, xv (1953) and xvi (1954). His promptness and thoroughness in publication must remain a model to all epigraphists.

Much of the rest of this season's diary is devoted to the difficulties of baking, which were eventually overcome by improved flues and chimney, by the use of a clear kerosene instead of bitumen, by the more even distribution of heat over the kiln, and by avoidance of baking on windy days and nights. On 3 May he reported:

the most successful bake—we had a beautiful clear glass (the spy-glass through which we looked into the kiln) and a fire cherry red inside the oven before turning off last evening and the result was not only an oven and pots 'clean as a whistle', no trace of soot, but the tablets were done to a turn, really comparable with the best tablets baked in antiquity. This good result, I think due to the smallness of the load—there was no solid wall of pots to keep the heat from the front of the oven: but it may also have had something to do with yesterday's being windless. The greatest want in these field ovens is certainly a heat-gauge, as the Americans said at Nippur.

[This was an improvement which was introduced in the following season.]

'Rest of the day', he says, 'spent first in completing catalogue of tablets against time, and directing Subry Shukri's Arabic translation of it, then all the evening packing till dinner (9 p.m.) and after it, almost usual, drenching rain and thunderstorm in evening.'

Three days later on 6 May the party left Nimrud, after a very fair division of the antiquities, directed by Naji al Aşil which, while it kept for the Iraq Museum the lion's share, nevertheless allocated some fine pieces to the expedition—rewards that enabled it to encourage the support of museums in Europe and in the U.S.A. and to dig at Nimrud for eleven years more. Our most valuable reward was one of the two little chryselephantine plaques which had been found in the well. On this happy note we may end the account of Gadd's participation in the Nimrud expedition except for one important incident in the sequel. One of the two superb ivories which we have just mentioned became the property of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq and was destined for the U.K. Its ultimate fate was decided by a toss of a coin. Donald Harden of the Ashmolean Museum, Cyril Gadd, and myself, after a luncheon in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, decided to spin for it in the subway to the London tube. Suddenly Gadd turned optimist.



'I always win the toss', he said, as I spun the coin for them. Win he did, and thus the plaque came to its final resting-place, in the British Museum.<sup>1</sup>

It is unusual to have in our hands the foreign diary of a scholar of such distinction and thus to be able to relive with him the days that he spent on missions overseas. The gentle ghost of Gadd flits through these pages, and for all his reserve reveals a mind of rare distinction, a pretty wit, and an impatience with pomposity. He was modest to the point of self effacement, and though apparently pliable and unready for opposition, he had a hard core of resistance that would not be overborne. Beloved by his colleagues, approachable, affable, and courteous, he was a frail, lonely man, acutely sensitive to the rebuffs of life and not without a streak of bitterness for its unfairness.

He had a strange and unexpected feeling for formal ceremony, and was moved by the tributes paid to him in his last birthday volume. His last letter, to me, dated 4 August 1969, was written with affectionate gratitude for all the written tributes that had been published in his honour. 'For myself', he said, 'there is, I fear, not much of me left, particularly since I have to try to live alone . . . But I still look forward to November 28th, if I am destined to live so long.' He was indeed determined to live for that day, his fortitude carried him through. On that afternoon in the Secretary's room at the British Academy we had ready for him a copy of the morocco leather-bound volume in his honour, to which twenty-two scholars from England, France, Belgium, Germany, and the U.S.A. had contributed. We made a very brief address which ran as follows:

Dear Cyril: some of your closest friends and contributors to the volume of *Iraq* in honour of your 75th birthday are gathered together here in deep affection and gratitude for all that you have done for them and for scholarship. Your fame is assured, and your work will live so long as Western Asiatic archaeology is pursued. By your skill and devotion to our studies you have brought renown to yourself and honour to this country. We give you our profound thanks for all that you have done, and hope and believe that you will be pleased by this token which we now present to you.

He replied briefly, bid us farewell and returned to his home where he died peacefully in his sleep, four days later.

MAX MALLOWAN

<sup>1</sup> The Metropolitan Museum, New York, which in the season of 1952 was generously supporting us for the second time, was allotted the 'Ugly Sister' a magnificent head, second only to the 'Mona Lisa' which remained in Baghdad.