Nota Bene

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Notes from the Chair, *by Jan Ziolkowski*

The Department has experienced important transitions since the summer. Administratively, Richard Thomas ceased to chair, after six years of serving with equal zeal and success. This semester he has enjoyed a well-deserved reprieve from the manifold stimuli of Harvard at All Souls College in Oxford. Since his departure yours truly has attempted to keep operations on track, with the adroit guidance of Kathleen Coleman as DGS and Christopher Krebs as DUS (fall). Soon David Elmer will join us as DUS (spring), while another extremely happy arrival will be Emma Dench, expanding our tenured ranks and strengthening ties in ancient history. With us for both fall and spring as visiting lecturers are Emmanuel Bourbouhakis, who received his Harvard PhD in Byzantine philology, and Scott Johnson, who like David is also a junior fellow in the Society of Fellows. Last but most definitely not least, we have also been enriched by the arrival of six graduate students.

To turn from joyous to sad passages, Classics has been hit hard in the ranks of its emeriti. First Herbert Bloch passed away in September, then in quick succession Wendell Clausen in October and his wife Margaret Clausen in November. Bloch and Clausen were Pope Professors of the Latin Language and Literature Emeriti. Another blow was the death of Rodney Dennis, former curator of manuscripts at Houghton, who since retiring had indulged a lifelong passion for Latin and Greek. These lost colleagues and community members will remain unforgotten, partly because of their publications and teachings, but even more because of their humanity. Classics will change, as it has always done, and we would be foolhardy to seek to imitate the inimitable, but, *mutatis mutandis*, we can try our best to live up to the ideals set by these exemplary predecessors, humane humanists.

What's Inside:

Χαίρετε!

Rob Cioffi

Originally from Barrington, New Hampshire, Rob Cioffi has returned to Harvard from a year-long sojourn at University College, Oxford, to begin a PhD in Classical Philology. While at Oxford, he studied Thucydides, Horace, Greek Papyrology, and Latin Palaeography. In his spare time, he played plenty of soccer (which he quickly learned to call "football" or, colloquially, "footie"), discovered "queues" (both of the visible and the invisible variety), and tried to figure how to wash his hands without the luxuries of the so-called "combined tap." Although he will miss Oxford, he is very excited to be returning to Harvard and (the good) Cambridge.

http://www.vedantacentre.org/

Andrew Johnston was born in Barrington, Illinois, and grew up through a pendulum-like series of moves between Illinois and Virginia, which culminated in a BA in History and Classics at the University of Illinois. A fan of the Chicago Cubs by the cruelty of fate, he was first exposed to Latin and its hortatory subjunctive as a youth in the vain plea of "eamus Catuli" so prominently displayed at Wrigley Field. A curiosity in things only slightly more historically remote than the Cubs' last championship was piqued when he discovered Caesar's *Bellum Gallicum* in high school, after the reading of which he was inspired to pursue the study of classical antiquity. His main spheres of academic interest are cultural identity and exchange, especially in the context of ancient empires and their periphery; epigraphy; and linguistic change. In his free time, when he is not encamped in Smyth library, he enjoys playing the guitar and mountaineering.

Andrew Johnston

Erika Nickerson

Erika Nickerson grew up in Benton, Maine, a place of little fame but many cows. While attending the local high school, she learned to loathe French and took up Latin instead—when she fell under the sway of the bizarre yet charismatic Latin teacher. At Bowdoin College, she briefly considered a potentially lucrative career in almost anything else, but chose to follow that rosy path of content and enlightenment: classical scholarship. At Bowdoin she also wasted precious time—in which she could have been memorizing Greek verb forms—by playing for a nationally ranked basketball team. Eventually she discovered rugby, a far more violent (and far more satisfying) sport, which remains her favorite pastime. Many days find her working out in the gym, pretending she's still in shape. She also finds endless entertainment in various low forms of modern film and literature, none of which she wouldn't be ashamed to admit to. Where the Classics are concerned, she enjoys everything and refuses to limit herself at this time, though she does have a certain penchant for Latin prose.

Salvete!

Ryan Samuels

Born and raised in sunny Southern California**,** Ryan Samuels graduated from snowy Dartmouth College with majors in Classics and Government. After an aborted foray into American politics, like Sallust before him, Ryan returned to the studies in which he plans to spend the rest of his days. His academic interests focus on palaeography, ancient literary criticism, the formation of canons and genres, and the allusive technique of the poets of Alexandria and Rome. Most recently, Ryan taught Latin for two years in Orlando, Florida, where he developed a nasty golf habit and met the girl of his dreams, who will join him in Cambridge shortly. If anyone knows of an accessible driving range in the greater Boston area, they would both like to know.

Daniel Tober grew up in southern Vermont. After finishing high school, he spent some months tending, rather unsuccessfully, several sheep on Crete and decided thereupon to study Greek (and then Latin) in college. He left Brown and spent two years at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he pursued an MPhil in Greek history, dissertating on the fragmentary Greek historians of the fourth century BCE. Afterwards he realized that he had never read Horace. So he moved to New York City and taught high-school Greek and Latin for four years, three of which were at Collegiate School, where at last he read some Horace.

Daniel Tober

John Tully

John Tully's credit card bills are sent to Salisbury, UK, so that, as much as anywhere, counts as home. Even before these started arriving, though, he took as much time as possible away, mainly in Portugal, where he spent far too many idyllic holidays for his own future sanity. Having switched, the day before starting A-Levels, from double Maths, Physics, and Chemistry, to continuing the Classics, he went on to spend four blissful years "studying" Greats at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was also a clerk—one of that strange breed of people who actively like singing daily candlelit services, and undertaking the yearly ritual of walking up foundationless towers before dawn to welcome the merry month of May, preferably champagne glass or two in hand. Now safely over the age of twenty-one, he looks forward to inculcating and promoting a similar culture among the graduate choral fellows at Memorial Church, while reacting to the stimulus provided by the Department at Harvard and developing his skill base. The five o'clock starts are strictly optional, though.

New Faculty

Emma Dench

I am delighted to be returning to Harvard on a permanent basis in January 2007, after spending a year as Visiting Professor of the Classics and of History in 2005-06. I am leaving Birkbeck College, University of London, where I have taught ancient history since 1992. I did my undergraduate degree in Literae Humaniores (i.e., Classics) at Oxford, so that my early training was quite traditional, but when I started to work on ancient Italy while writing my doctoral thesis I became very interested in material evidence and its interpretation. I am looking forward to catching up with everyone I worked with last year as well as to seeing lots of new faces. My appointment is split fifty-fifty between the Classics and History, so I'll once again be teaching one course within each department. Within the Classics, I'll enjoy reading some Julius Caesar in Latin, and within History I'll be teaching a conference course on Roman Imperialism, based on material sources as well as literature in translation. Meanwhile, I'll be getting on with my own research projects, most urgently a volume on Culture and Imperialism in the Roman World for the Cambridge University Press series "Key Themes in Ancient History," and, in the longer term, a study of the retrospective writing of the Roman Republican past in the Imperial age.

Returning to the Classics Department after several years with other affiliations feels like a homecoming. To many of you it doubtless seems as though I never left after I received my BA in 1998, but I assure you that in the intervening years I've seen something more of the world (as an affiliate of the Institut za etnologiju i folkloristiku in Zagreb, Croatia in 1998-9) and of Harvard (first as a student in the Department of Comparative Literature, where I received my PhD in 2005, and most recently as a junior fellow in the Society of Fellows). Aside from the fact that I won't have to disturb the layers of dust in my study at home, taking up residence once again in the Department pleases me for a number of reasons. First and foremost, of course, is the opportunity to deepen my relationship with a very dear community of scholars. In particular, I look forward to sharing long-standing interests (principally in Homer and Homeric models of poetic tradition) and exploring new ones (lately in the Greek novel) with colleagues and students. I am also grateful for the opportunity to continue serving as assistant curator of the Milman Parry Collection of Oral Literature, which is going through an important period of development. I invite all members and friends of the Department to stop by Widener C for a closer look at one important moment in our department's history. Finally, I hope that in the coming years I will at last be able to visit Fenway Park. I may call Cambridge home, but there are still a lot of new things to see and do!

David Elmer

Nota Bene comes out twice a year, in fall and spring. Send typed copy to Lenore Parker, *Nota Bene* Editor, Department of the Classics, 204 Boylston Hall, Cambridge, MA 02138; fax: 617-496-6720; e-mail: lparker@fas.harvard.edu.

Visiting Faculty

Emmanuel Bourbouhakis

I return to Harvard's Classics Department from three years of doctoral fellowships with a PhD in my suitcase and a tattered passport. Nothing quite so propulsive as *nostos* to describe my return, although the dog who guards the entrance to Classics was first to recognize me despite my longer hair and beard. Three years of new faces to meet. Maybe a sign-up sheet for lunch or coffee outside my door to ensure thoroughness. Anyway, there's many more of you, so please, do come a'knockin'. I'm here as a temp, so there isn't much time. You may use any of the following areas of interest as a pretext to start a discussion: Byzantine reception of classical literature and culture, the Second Sophistic, Greek novels, Greek historiography, seventeenth or twentieth century opera, sailing, the likelihood of the sky falling on our heads.

Delighted to be on board this year, Scott Johnson is teaching Aristophanes and Greek H this fall and in the spring will be teaching Latin Bbm ("Late Antique and Medieval Latin Poetry") and a Classics course in translation, "Biography and Autobiography in the Classical Tradition." During his tenure in the Harvard Society of Fellows he published *The Life and Miracles of Thekla, A Literary Study* (CHS/HUP, 2006), an edited volume entitled *Greek Literature in Late Antiquity: Dynamism, Didacticism, Classicism* (Ashgate, 2006), and various articles and reviews. He is continuing to research and write a book on geography, travel, and the organization of knowledge in late antique literature (Greek, Latin, and Syriac).

Scott Johnson

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Faculty

Carmen Arnold-Biucchi
participated last October in a Conference in Honor of Hélène Nicolet in Paris and presented a paper on a hoard of Athenian tetradrachms at the Kelsey Museum found in the Fayoum in 1934, which she has been asked to publish. In the spring she attended the meeting of the INC Council in Stolberg, Germany, where the medieval mint is preserved as a museum. She taught "Greek Art and History through Coins" in the spring and she is currently teaching "Myths and Legends on Ancient Coins."

Kathleen Coleman
enjoyed a restorative sabbatical in 2005–06, well-timed to enable her to see her commentary on Martial, *Liber Spectaculorum* (Oxford University Press, October 2006) through the press. This year she is teaching "Roman Games" in the Core, a new undergraduate course on Martial, and a graduate seminar on Cicero's speeches against Verres. She has resumed the post of director of graduate studies. The third volume in the series that she co-edits with Richard Rutherford, Oxford Approaches to Classical Literature, has just appeared: *Caesar's Civil War*, by Will Batstone and Cynthia Damon, with a very striking painting by Joan Miró on the cover.

John Duffy
is on leave in the fall term and is busy working on a critical edition of the homilies of Sophronius, the seventh-century patriarch of Jerusalem. During this past summer he gave a paper at the International Byzantine Congress in London on the topic of "Faith and Fantasy in John Moschus: The Stories of Abba Palladios," completed a Festscrift contribution with the title "Proclus the Philosopher and a Weapon of Mass Destruction: History or Legend?" and began work on another Festschrift article to be called "New Fragments of Sophronius of Jerusalem?"; both are in honor of colleagues in Germany.

Susanne Ebbinghaus
was appointed George M. A. Hanfmann Curator of Ancient Art at the Harvard Art Museums in early 2006. After a busy spring filled with trips and conferences, she spent the summer settling into the new position—and her new office in the Sackler Museum. She is taking a break from teaching this academic year, but won't lose touch with Classics thanks to thesis advising and the presence of two wonderful graduate student interns (Dreya Mihaloew and Valeria Sergueenkova) in the Ancient Art Department. Last year saw the publication of articles on the Mykonos Pithos, and oriental imports at Samos.

Albert Henrichs
is teaching a fall course on Herodotos and a seminar on embedded "autobiographies" in Greek poetry. He is also directing senior theses on Aristophanes, on lameness in Greek myth, and on the tragic chorus in German criticism from Schiller to Nietzsche. After his Oxford lecture on "Missing Pages: Papyrology, Genre and the Greek Novel" in September, he visited Berlin, Chicago, and again Oxford. Recent publications include articles on perversions of the ritual process in tragedy (2005), Nietzsche's views of tragedy and the tragic (2005), and sacrificial violence in Greek art and literature (2006).

Christopher Jones
published the third volume of his "trilogy" on the Pythagorean wonder-worker, Apollonius of Tyana, in spring 2006 (*Letters of Apollonius*, *Ancient Testimonia*, Eusebius' *Reply to Hierocles*). During his sabbatical at the Institute for Advanced Study, he wrote half a dozen articles and completed about half of his book on *New Heroes in the Ancient World*. This year he is co-teaching the History Department's introductory course, History 10a, in the fall. In the spring he will be giving a graduate seminar on Ammianus Marcellinus, the fourth-century historian, and wonders if Ammianus has ever been taught in the Department before.

Christopher Krebs
looks back on his first year as DUS—which passed smoothly thanks to Teresa, Lenore, and Ivy—and a summer spent in Widener, where he worked on his commentary on *Bellum Gallicum vii*, and intermittently in Germany, where he watched soccer, rummaged through archives, and hosted a conference; now in the thick of his second year as DUS, he looks forward to his leave in the spring, when after a series of lectures on Sallust at the ENS (Paris) he hopes to finish a first draft of his second book on Tacitus' *Germania*. Most recent work includes a paper on "Cato and Herodotus" (BICS) and "Tacitus and Seneca" (RhM).

Nino Luraghi
is on leave this fall, finishing his notorious book on the ancient Messenians and editing two other books, on the crisis of the Spartan hegemony in the early fourth century and on the social dimension of the past in ancient Greece. In November he gave two lectures at the University of California at Berkeley, on archaic Greek alphabets and on Greek tyranny seen from the perspective of folklore studies. In the spring he will teach his introduction to Greek civilization, and introduce graduates and undergraduates to the joys of Thucydides' style and thought.

Highlights

David Mitten
lectured on three study trips for Harvard Alumni Association this summer: Central Mediterranean, Black Sea, and Istanbul and the Aegean Turkish Coast. He continues to teach LAB-21, "The Images of Alexander the Great," with an enrollment of 225 students. He is working on several projects concerning the records of objects in the Ancient Art collections in the Sackler Art Museum and labeling Polaroid photographs taken at Sardis in the early 1960s. He is starting research on a handbook of Late Antique and Early Byzantine Bronzes.

Gregory Nagy
published "The Epic Hero," *A Companion to Ancient Epic* (ed. J. Foley; Oxford, 2005, 71-89). Also "Homer's Name Revisited" in *La langue poétique indo-européenne* (ed. G.-J. Pinault and D. Petit; Paris, 2006, 317-330). A book based on his 2002 Sather Lectures, *Homer the Preclassic*, will be published by the University of California Press in 2007. He continues his normal weekly pattern of alternating between the Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington and teaching at Harvard.

Jeremy Rau
is teaching "Archaic Latin" and "Introduction to Indo-European," and is on leave in the spring term. He has recently published articles on the Greek *ad*-stems, the Greek adverbs of the type *boustrophedon*, and the word for 80 in Vedic Sanskrit. He also recently figured out how the numbers from 20 to 90 were created in Indo-European, and has developed an obsession with primary adjectives and their behavior in Greek and Latin.

Betsey Robinson
has returned from sabbatical in Greece, and has almost completed *Histories of Peirene* for the American School of Classical Studies. She is delighted to be back in the classroom, enjoying also opportunities to share new work in stateside venues. "Greek Springs and Roman Fountains" for *The Romans and Water* (Columbia University) examined modern hydraulic management problems to better understand the challenges faced by ancient engineers. The Society of Biblical Literature meetings offered lively debate on gender and religion in Roman Corinth. In the spring, she looks forward to hosting a Radcliffe Advanced Seminar, "New Discoveries from Old Excavations."

Panagiotis Roilos
published his book *Amphoteroglossia: A Poetics of the Twelfth-Century Medieval Greek Novel* with Harvard University Press last year. His third book, *C. P. Cavafy: The Economics of Desire*, is due out from University of Illinois Press. Other forthcoming publications include the following articles: "Ekphrastic Semansis and Ritual Poetics: From the Ancient Greek Novel to the Early Modern Greek Romance," "Orality, Ritual, and the Dialectics of Performance," and "Cultural Memories and Figures of Nostalgia: Descriptive Strategies in the Short Stories of Alexandros Papadiamantis, 19th-20th c." He is currently working on a book on the reception of classical antiquity during the period of the Greek Enlightenment (late eighteenth to early nineteenth centuries).

Mark Schiefsky
is enjoying his sabbatical during fall term at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, where he is continuing research in ancient medicine (especially Galen) and mechanics.

Francesca Schironi
is spending her sabbatical at the Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington, DC. She is working on a monograph on Aristarchus of Samothrace and on an interesting lexicon on papyrus with misspelled Persian and Semitic words transcribed into Greek. While thinking what to do next, she is enjoying the international life of DC and is going on a Harvard alumni cruise to Greece, Turkey, and Egypt.

Gisela Striker
was on sabbatical last year and free to go by the seasons—fall in America, spring and summer in Europe. Apart from catching up on books she had long wanted to read and seeing more than usual of her children and grandchildren, she continued to work on Aristotle's *Prior Analytics I*, sending off a first complete version of translation and commentary to the series editor in July. With one more round of revisions, it may eventually turn into a book. This year she seems to be teaching Plato, Plato, and Plato; but there will be some Aristotle, too, in the spring semester.

Richard Tarrant
is finishing his commentary on *Aeneid* Book 12; only the introduction remains to be written. His next projects are a set of lectures on Latin textual criticism and editing to be given at the Scuola Normale in Pisa and perhaps subsequently to become a volume in the series Latin Literature and its Contexts (Cambridge University Press), and a book on Horace's *Odes* for the series Oxford Approaches to Classical Literature (co-edited by Kathy Coleman). Also planned are a volume of textual notes on Ovid's *Metamorphoses* to serve as a companion to his OCT text and, just conceivably, a translation of the poem.

Plus Nuntiorum

Richard Thomas
is enjoying his status as a *privatus* and on sabbatical, for the fall as a visiting fellow at All Souls College, Oxford, where he is required to wear "respectable shoes (i.e., not trainers)" for dinner, but is otherwise free to do as he chooses. This involves spending the day in the Bodleian finishing, he hopes, a commentary on Book Four of Horace's *Odes*, and enjoying the wonderful hospitality at All Souls. Blackwell has just published a volume, *Classics and the Uses of Reception,* co-edited with Charles Martindale, and he is also co-editing a volume on *Bob Dylan's Performance Artistry*.

Ben Tipping
spent the summer at Harvard, after a ten-day vacation in Europe, revising the manuscript of his book on Silius Italicus' *Punica*.

Jan Ziolkowski
was at the Netherlands Institute for Advanced Study in 2005-06. While there he toiled on *The Virgilian Tradition: The First Fifteen Hundred Years*, co-edited with Michael Putnam, which has still not appeared. Other completed projects are a study of Medieval Latin equivalents to "classic" fairy tales, a monograph on musical notation of classical texts in the Middle Ages, an edition—with Bridget Balint—of a twelfth-century anthology in a Houghton manuscript, an edition (with trimmings) of a dialogue between the biblical Solomon and a peasant Marcolf, and a translation of letters (but not to Heloise) from Peter Abelard.

Emeriti:

Margaret Alexiou
worked on ongoing projects associated with Modern Greek Studies, including her commentary on Ptochoprodomos. Her translation of Apokopos (the first English translation of this text) appeared last year. She also cared for her one-hundred-year-old mother (who died in November) and her ninety-one-year-old mother-in-law. Her two autistic sons, Dimitris and Pavlos, are now well established in their respective care homes.

Ernst Badian
gave a lecture on coins of the Roman Republic at Rutgers in September 2005, trying to base it on their small collection, which they hope to expand. In October he attended a Congress of Thracology held at Komotini and Alexandroupoli (named not, as one would expect, after the Great, but after a King of Greece). He was on a panel discussing international conflicts over Thrace and he spoke on Persians and Milesians in Thrace. Members went on guided tours of the sites of Maroneia and Abdera and saw objects from those and other Greek sites in Thrace at the museum in Komotini. Since Istanbul is perhaps the nearest international airport, and a comfortable bus connects it with the two congress towns, he took the opportunity of spending three days there in a pleasant and inexpensive pension, within walking distance of the Archaeological Museum (he was pleased to see the so-called Alexander Sarcophagus) and of the remains of the Hippodrome and its monuments, and he was able to see some of the most important monuments of the Byzantine and Ottoman periods.

Gloria Pinney
enjoyed an all too brief visit to Rome in June to check out the new installation of the Ara Pacis. This October she was the Harvard Lecturer at Yale. Her essay on the Greek sanctuary has just appeared in *The Artful Mind*, edited by M. Turner (OUP). She has completed an interpretive study of Alcman's Louvre Partheneion, provisionally entitled *Alcman's Cosmos*, which is being published by the University of Chicago Press. Projects on the back burner include revising a long article on the Miniature Frieze from the West House at Thera and writing a shorter one concerning the puzzle of Pericles' admonition to the war widows (Thucydides 2.45.2).

Ihor Sevcenko
is continuing to work on the Prolegomena to his edition of the *Vita Basilii* and has completed the List of Works Consulted for this edition. He spent September and October of 2006 in Warsaw, where he worked, and also spoke at an international conference in Sejny (NE Poland). In May of 2006 he delivered a paper at the plenary session of the International Conference held in Sofia on Cyril and Methodius. In late August his paper for a plenary session of the International Congress of Byzantine Studies held in London was read *in absentia*. In October he lectured on a new find concerning the forgeries of the Byzantinist Ch.-B. Hase (d. 1864) in Cologne and in Cracow.

Calvert Watkins
returned to Harvard in April of this year to deliver the first Joshua Whatmough Memorial Lecture, "The Golden Bowl. Thoughts on the new Sappho and its Asianic background." Recent publications include "The Erbessos Blues, and other tales of the semantics of case and the semantics of love among the Western Greeks" (*Langue poétique indo-eur.*, Paris). He presented in July a paper at the thirteenth World Sanskrit Conference in Edinburgh, and served as examiner at a doctoral thesis defense at the Scuola Normale Superiore, Pisa, in September. A current project, destined for a conference next year in Kyoto, is "The Milk of the Dawn Cows, the etymology of the Insular Celtic words for 'dawn,' and Homeric *en nuktos amolgoi*."

Noteworthy

Gregory Nagy and CHS Win Onassis International Prize

The Center for Hellenic Studies has been awarded the 2006 Onassis International Prize for its ongoing commitment to the promotion of Hellenic Studies throughout the world. The president of the Hellenic Republic, His Excellency Karolos Papoulias, presented the award to Professor Gregory Nagy on October 18, 2006, at the Athens Concert Hall. This year's International Prizes are especially significant, as 2006 marks the thirtieth anniversary of the Alexander S. Onassis Public Benefit Foundation, and the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Aristotle Onassis. Professor Nagy's acceptance speech follows.

"It is a great honor for me personally to receive this distinguished reward. And it is a great honor for the *idryma* that I proudly represent, Harvard University's Center for Hellenic Studies. This *idryma* is located in Washington, DC, but it now has a *parartêma* located in Nafplion in Greece. The symbolism of this choice of space for the *parartêma* is most significant, since Nafplion was not only the first capital of the modern Greek state but also the seaport of the Mycenaean empire in the Bronze Age. This place, then, symbolizes the continuity of Hellenic *politismos*, in all its beautiful variations, for almost four thousand years.

"Our *idryma*, the Center for Hellenic Studies, is dedicated to the study of all these variations. It brings together a vast variety of research and teaching interests centering on Hellenic civilization in the widest sense of the term 'Hellenic,' encompassing the evolution of the Greek language and its culture as a central point of contact for all the different civilizations of the ancient Mediterranean world. A fitting metaphor for the mission of the Center is the lighthouse of Alexandria, the Pharos, as envisioned in the dream of Alexander the Great. The story of this vision, as retold in Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*, was meant to become a permanent 'charter myth' that captured the ideal of Alexandria-in-Egypt as the ultimate Greek city and—more basically—of Hellenic Civilization as a universalized concept of humanism, transcending distinctions between Europe and non-Europe.

"This humanistic vision remains the driving force of the Center for Hellenic Studies. I have dedicated my life to this vision not only in my capacity as the director of the Center but also as the Francis Jones Professor of Classical Greek Literature at the Harvard campus in Cambridge, where I commute from Washington every week to continue my research and teaching as a professor.

"Combining the roles of director and professor, I hope to be more effective in maintaining the Center as a focal point for the diffusion of Hellenism as a universal model for the humanities. This humanism is at the heart of the Center's research and teaching goals. As one of the world's premier research institutes with its own specialized library and information technology, the Center for Hellenic Studies is committed to 'give back,' as we say in American English, all that it owes to Hellenism and to all the Hellenes of the world who represent that Hellenism.

"Although philhellenes like me are not Hellenes by birth, we hope to be Hellenes in spirit, because we feel at home here. Every time I come to Hellas, I experience a *nostos*. Or, to say it in the words of Nietzsche, 'One is no longer at home anywhere, so in the end one longs to be back where one can somehow be at home because it is the only place where one would wish to be at home: and that is the world of Greece.'"

HSCP 103 Due Out

To be published in the winter of 2007, *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* volume 103 will contain the following articles: Renaud Gagné, "Winds and Ancestors: The *Physika* of Orpheus"; Jonas Grethlein, "The Poetics of the Bath in the *Iliad*"; Daniel Turkeltaub, "Perceiving Iliadic Gods"; Ruth Scodel, "The Gods' Visit to the Ethiopians in *Iliad* 1"; Alberto Bernabé, "The Derveni Theogony: Many Questions and Some Answers"; Herbert Granger, "The Theologian Pherecydes of Syros and the Early Days of Natural Philosophy"; Olga Levaniouk, "The Toys of Dionysos"; David Wolfsdorf, "*Philia* in Plato's *Lysis*"; Vayos Liapis, "How to Make a *Monostichos*: Strategies of Variation in the *Sententiae Menandri*"; Stanley Hoffer, "The Use of Adjective Interlacing (Double Hyperbaton) in Latin Poetry"; Alan Cameron, "The Imperial Pontifex"; Llewelyn Morgan, "Neither Fish nor Fowl? Metrical Selection in Martial's *Xenia*"; Christina Kokkinia, "A Rhetorical Riddle: The Subject of Dio Chrysostom's First Tarsian Oration"; Andrew Turner, "Frontinus and Domitian: *Laudes principis* in the *Strategemata*"; Miriam Griffin, "The Younger Pliny's Debt to Moral Philosophy"; Gregory Hays, "Further Notes on Fulgentius"; Wayne Hankey, "Re-evaluating E. R. Dodds' Platonism"; Seán Hemingway and Henry Lie, "A Copper Alloy Cypriot Tripod at the Harvard University Art Museums"; Maura Giles, "Odysseus and the Ram in Art and (Con)text: Arthur M. Sackler Museum 1994.8 and the Hero's Escape from Polyphemos."

Anna, Charley, Katherine, and Clem take a break from studying Latin to enjoy the view in the Colosseum in Rome

Aestas Aeterna, *by Anna Bonnell-Freidin ('08), Katherine Mackey ('07), Charley McNamara ('07), and Clem Wood ('08)*

"I got on the #44 bus today—in Piazza Venezia, you know—and since the air conditioning was out of order, we sat there sweating like pigs until an old lady yelled, '*Aiuto*!' and the driver finally switched it on. Say that in Latin. Faster!"

Every day of June and July, Reggie plunged his students into the entire sweep of the Latin language, from Plautus to Pope John Paul II. One minute we would be rendering (*magister noster* says, "You don't *translate*; you just tell us what it means") Reggie's colloquial English into our own spoken Latin, another we would be reciting the opening sentences of Cicero's *De Oratore*, and next we would be reading the inscription on the tomb of Raphael in the Pantheon. Along the way, Reggie treated us to many of his own soundbite judgments of Latin literature. Bemoaning the "years" that American students spend on "Dido's tears," he would periodically remind us of the mantra, "You could live with Horace. You couldn't live with Virgil. He was a grey old buzzard."

We absorbed Reggie's unconventional pronouncements in the company of a motley crew of Latinists, including but certainly not limited to an octogenarian lawyer from Zurich; a Byzantine law specialist from Hong Kong; an Australian priest/surfer/motorcyclist; and the liberated wife of an Austrian count. At 2 p.m. every day, we all converged on the auditorium-lunchroom of a parochial elementary school at the top of the Janiculum. For the next five and a half hours, Reggie would build the class around his morning adventures—bribing taxi drivers on strike; bickering (in Latin) with his colleagues; navigating the Vatican's labyrinthine bureaucracy. After a quick trip to pick up such essential provisions as Pan di Stelle cookies and €.59 boxed wine, we would reconvene in the garden of Reggie's Carmelite monastery for the more relaxed *sub arboribus*.

The time spent conversing or reading "under the trees" embodied the spirit of the summer. Lubricated with a little wine, we cast away all inhibitions and dove into conversational Latin—sometimes Reggie would introduce a topic, other times a courageous student would begin, and soon we would all be talking *latine* about the lizard that had crawled down Chris' neck or about Susan's three different, equally unsuccessful, marriages. The conversations would last until the bugs became unbearable and we could no longer see each other's faces, and then we would wander home, dispersing into the *nox romana*.

Our first homecoming in Rome was to "Casa Zaira," which featured a toilet emblazoned with the brand "Tenax," and the toilet, in turn, featured a flushing temperament to match its intimidating title. After one week of attempting to subdue the indomitable plumbing appliance, we took the #75 bus across the Tiber to the heart of Trastevere, where the streets were lined with loud street vendors, mumbling Italian grandparents, and family-owned bakeries. Just two blocks from the rhythms of the piazza, our second apartment and

Beloved Magister *Reggie Foster at Horace's Villa in the Sabine hills outside of Rome*

first home, Casa Margot, sat quietly and invitingly on the other side of an iron gate. Every night, the warm glow of its wooden floors welcomed four tired Latinists. And yet the apartment's real hospitality was shown not in any feature of the real estate, but instead in our classmates, or, rather, friends, whom we entertained with pasta, *lingua latina*, and, of course, the "occasional" bottle of *vino bianco*.

Despite the disparate interests and ages of Reggie's *discipuli*, the class enjoyed a strong spirit of camaraderie. Anyone who declaimed a passage from Caesar or Vitruvius would elicit choruses of *sodalis ille iucundus*, "for he's a jolly good fellow," and Reggie himself would lead us all in (stumbling) efforts to sing Horace's *Odes* and Gregorian chants in Sapphic meter. Beyond the classroom, the weekly outings provided opportunities for bonding: we cobbled together picnic feasts among the *piazze* of Pienza, endured cramped and hot bus rides throughout Lazio, and splashed our feet in the *fons Bandusiae* up the hill from Horace's Sabine villa. For each of these Sunday excursions, Reggie put together comprehensive reading packets that seemed to contain every text in which the place at hand had appeared. We read Pliny the Elder, Suetonius, Livy, and Tacitus as we gazed at the three standing columns of the Temple to Venus Genetrix in the Forum Iulium and acted out lines of Plautus in the remains of a bar in Ostia.

Without the generosity of the Charles Segal Fellowship and the help of the Classics Department, we would not have been able to watch the World Cup finals in the Circus Maximus, cultivate a friendship with a local café proprietor, and experience this bizarre and exciting world of Fosterian Latinity. And for perhaps the longest period of time since we declared Classics as our concentration, no one asked us why in the world we study "dead" languages.

Summer in Taiwan, *by John Schafer (G8)*

I went to Taiwan this summer and taught Greek at Fu Jen Catholic, a university on the outskirts of the capital. I brought my pregnant wife and my wanderlust and my long decayed college-taught Mandarin to the beautiful island, which I always supposed to be *Insula Formosa*, Latin, but which is really *Ilha Formosa*, a later and sweeter thing, a lilting lovely formula. It's hot there in July and I'd wonder, was the experience and the six weeks of deliverance from dissertation duties worth it, worth the heat and the foreignness, worth missing the beauty and the peace of a Cambridge summer, maybe our last, and the way the green of JFK park and the blue of the Charles play off the tan trees on Mem Drive, worth the sound of all the Xinzhuang motorbikes peeling off at the turn of green, the ones that make you, in spite of yourself, think *swarm*, and *teem*, and *bustle*. Yes, it was: Liu Jie, the aspiring cinematographer, the cool kid with the spiky hair, the devout Christian who had already taught himself biblical Hebrew and wanted a head start on *koine*, who never confounded *lyseie* with *lyseian*, he made it worth it; and so did Longlin, Christopher to me, who explained purpose clauses to Therese/Lin Tzu during break by writing equivalent sentences in French, in enviable cursive, on the blackboard; and Feiling, with her acute bullshit meter, which occasionally let her contradict even the honored foreign *laoshi*; and Yuanzhu, who struggled mightily with my English but still learned the Greek I taught—I wouldn't have given up teaching Yuanzhu for anything. (And they *all* giggled when I would try to say something in Chinese in class, those guys, those *eminently* scrutable Orientals.) And my Julie, teaching English under the table, leaning her laptop against the windowsill of our room to pick up the faint signal of the school's outdoor wireless network, in our room in the empty women's dormitory guarded by an elderly German nun who spoke the funniest Chinese you'll hear, Julie, worrying about the baby, waiting with me for the sun to go down to pick up a cab and go downtown to eat, I admit it, at American chain restaurants we wouldn't think about patronizing here, or to go up to Shilin and the Café of India with the gruff Maitre D' we found there (I mean, really?), Julie, and the vague idea we had, that twenty years on, after dropping little Madeleine off for her freshman year at Harvard we'd head straight to Logan, and thence to Chiang Kai Shek International Airport, and thence to the little French bistro (don't laugh) on Anhe Lu, *Peace Road*, and remember ourselves green and nearly certain of immortality, and order the soup with the leeks, and then take the Metro to *Ximen*, the Western Gate, to see if David Bowie is still blaring from the humongous TV screens that light up Taipei's answer to Times Square, Julie, she made it all worth our while, yes.

In front of Taipei 101, the tallest building in the world

Mt. Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples

Two Weeks in the Bay of Naples,

by Swift Edgar ('07)

Thanks to a generous fellowship from the Charles Segal Fund, I was able to spend two weeks in August in the Bay of Naples looking at villas destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in AD 79. I was intending to write a senior thesis under the direction of Professor Coleman about the Villa dei Papiri, where over seventy sculptures in marble and bronze have been discovered in addition to a library of philosophical texts. I wanted to visit that villa and comparanda to write a more informed thesis.

Entrance to the Villa dei Papiri is not possible without advance tickets, so I went online to book, but was informed that the site was sold out of tickets for the month of August. Such enthusiasm in the villa seemed unlikely, so I made frantic phone calls to the Friends of the Villa dei Papiri and to the office of the villa itself, and, the day before I left, I found out that the whole staff had gone on strike to protest the August heat.

Only slightly daunted, with Professor Coleman's help I rearranged my plans and opened myself up to thesis topics that might focus on Roman dwellings of the same time-period, but not necessarily the Villa dei Papiri.

The trip started with a stay in Naples five hundred yards from the Museo Archeologico Nazionale, the excellence of whose collection is matched only by the shoddiness of its display. Despite the fact that so much of the staff was on strike that only about half of the museum was open at any one time, I managed to see some of my favorite sculptures from the Villa dei Papiri, sadly excluding the explicit Pan with Goat, then on display in Germany, and many of the most glorious mosaics extracted from their contexts around the Bay of Naples by the opportunistic Ferdinand of Bourbon.

After Naples, I headed south to the charming hamlet Vico Equense, which afforded easy access to many villas around the bay. I saw the beautifully preserved Villa Oplontis, said to have belonged to Nero's wife, whose excavators uncovered wooden shutters in several windows. Attached to a natural history museum in the town of Boscoreale is a middle-class farm, also destroyed by Vesuvius, where an ancient tree is carbonized. In this villa, on the wall of the peristyle, is a niche lararium with a roof that resembles the pediment of a temple.

In most of the dwellings I saw, from the country estates to the one-room houses in Pompeii, lararia were preserved, shrines to household gods of varying degrees of opulence. The ubiquity of lararia and the descriptions of Lares from extant literary sources attest to their important religious function, but their frequent opulence and positioning in rooms accessible to almost anyone suggest that owners self-consciously displayed their *pietas* on a grand scale to strangers. I intend to investigate the role of religion in the Roman house across social classes as evidenced by lararia discovered in Pompeii and around the bay of Naples and how religion interacted with the Roman concepts of intimacy and privilege, if at all.

Thanks are due especially to Teresa Wu and Professor Thomas for approving my project—although it turned out to have such a different focus from the original proposal. Also, Professors Coleman and Ebbinghaus were both extremely helpful in the planning stages of the trip. Although I didn't do Father Foster's program, I had a wonderful, enlightening time, and I know that everything I saw will stay with me during the thesis-process and for a long time afterwards.

Lararium in Pompeii

Looking down at the ancient theater at Syracuse

The Sicilian Expedition, *by Daniel Mach ('07)*

When I besieged the archives at the Palazzo Greco, seat of the Istituto Nazionale del Dramma Antico (to study contemporary Italian reception of Sophoclean tragedy), the Syracusans met my arrival with their characteristic hostility. The doorman, Michele, brusquely sent me away with the words, roughly translated, "You cannot come in. What is your name? Maybe tomorrow. Today go see the quarry, where thirty thousand Athenians died."

I thought it was seven thousand, but was not prepared to argue. I crossed the bridge from quail island and onto mainland (main-island) Syracuse with Thucydides on my mind. *Tous d' en tais lithotomiais hoi surakosioi chalepôs tous prôtous chronous me-techeirisan*. Maybe my little Sicilian expedition wasn't such a good idea.

This wasn't the first time I was treated harshly in Sicily. When I had arrived by train in Palermo two weeks before, the taxi drivers had all refused to take me—they were busy discussing Italy's victory in the World Cup semifinals. "Southern hospitality" is a very different thing when you are in the south of Italy.

So I descended into the enormous stone pit that sits next to the ancient theater. Here I found the epiphanic experience you can expect in any student travel essay. At the bottom there was a lemon orchard. Big, yellow, beautiful lemons in the sunshine, probably delicious. I did not eat them—they say the Athenians who could recite Aeschylus were rescued from the pit by the Sicilian intellectuals, so only the dumb ones were left to rot and fertilize future quarry orchards. Like a high school girlfriend, these lemons were pretty, but perhaps lacked the right substance. But in both cases that was beside the point; in the moment, pretty was good enough.

Now Theocritus, not Thucydides, entered my thoughts. A small pond stretched out into the orchard from the Ear of Dionysus, a tall cavern uncovered by the ancient stone-cutters which sits directly below the ancient theater. In this idyllic setting I sat on the grass and, pulling out the small bottle of limoncello and the large volume of the Marquis de Sade I carried in my bag for just such occasions, began to enjoy myself.

My trip soon became more fruitful in its academic purposes as well. When I arrived the next day, I found that Michele had consulted the director and my contact at the center, Sebastiano Agliano, who had informed him that I was no Athenian general, but an American friend.

Once I was in the door, conditions improved rapidly. As I poked around the center's library and collection of artifacts, Sebastiano was an enthusiastic and helpful guide to the archive as well as to the contemporary theater scene on Ortygia. He also proved an invaluable friend, putting me up for a week when expensive lodgings had exhausted my funds.

During my stay Sebastiano became interested in my research, in our Classical Club, and especially in last year's production of *The Birds*. When I left, he asked me to extend an invitation to all members of the Department to visit Syracuse next June, when the *Istituto* runs its annual productions of ancient drama. I encourage anyone interested in classical theater to attend the festival.

Tauta men ta peri sikelian genomena.

The old cloisters at Monreale

The Hofburg in Vienna

Kaffeebestellungsangst, *by Liz Engelhardt (G2)*

As students of Latin and ancient Greek, we struggle with a constant and unavoidable problem: the native speakers of these languages are, for the most part, dead. Thus, we often have no one to clarify obscure words, provide us with speaking practice, or tell us, without a doubt, what sound *zeta* makes.

On the other hand, nobody is ever going to force us to order a cup of coffee in Arcado-Cypriot, either.

This advantage was not one I fully appreciated until the generosity of the Classics Department and the Segal Travel Fund allowed Paul Kosmin, Dave Camden, and me to spend this past August living in Vienna, learning German, and spending many, many hours sitting in cafés. Sometimes, we thought of Freud and Klimt, Schnitzler and Herschl, Lenin and Trotsky sitting in such cafés in times gone by, and we dreamt of art and revolution and a number of things that probably point to our subconscious desires to marry our mothers.

Other times, we were too busy feeling daunted by the grammatical and etiquette complexities of ordering. Was *Kaffee* masculine or neuter? If one wanted to be polite and use a modal verb in requesting said *Kaffee*, where did the main verb go? How to tip, and how much? Would the waiter look down on us for getting a whipped cream-laden *Eiskaffee* rather than a more sophisticated-looking *Kleiner Brauner*? And what, precisely, was *Topfengolatscherl*?

When our thoughts were not filled with coffee, pastry, or the niceties of Konjunktiv II, we spent time wandering the city and its environs. We traveled to the resort town of Baden, northern districts of the city at the edge of the Vienna Woods, and the ruins of Carnuntum, a Roman settlement sixty kilometers east of Vienna that dates to 6 CE. Among other things, Carnuntum currently enjoys the distinction of being the only first-century Roman site we know of to offer children's birthday parties. (Just €13 per child. *Römerjause* included.) The site also features—in addition to a small amphitheater and a sizeable collection of Mithras cult statuary—a "reconstructed Roman house" that sheds new light on the liberal use that Antonine-period Roman provincials made of Pier 1 wicker furniture in decorating their homes.

We wandered through countless museum galleries, from the massive collection of Egyptian antiquities at the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna to the less-known Kaiser Franz Josef Museum in Baden, which boasts perhaps the finest collections of nineteenth-century wagon spokes in all of Niederösterreich. We went to the opera. Fueled by some vague desire to broaden our horizons and experience the infrastructural difficulties left in the wake of communism, Dave and I visited Budapest one weekend. The less said about this weekend, the better.

Through our Department-funded language study, we eventually became better at speaking and reading German. Through experience, we learned how to order coffee without embarrassing ourselves. And through tireless research, I learned that the *Topfengolatscherl* is God's own gift to the class of pastry commonly known in the United States as "cheese Danish."

Mannequin of a Roman soldier at Carnuntum

Summer in Sardis,

by Paul Kosmin (G2)

The inland road from Izmir winds past the fields and brick-factories of the Hermus flood-plain, and up into the foothills of Lydia. Orhan Bey, a large, sweating, and moustachioed school teacher, and my Dolmuš (literally, "stuffed," like the peppers and vine leaves) companion for the journey to Sardis, rubbed his two index fingers together, and said "Your Queen … my Ataturk … kardešlar"— brothers. So began two months of cultural interaction, dramatic excavation, and adventure in the ancient city of Sardis.

After the settling in, site tour, and a brief lesson in driving a 1957 aluminium "Desert" Landrover (double clutching, no power steering, top speed circa 25 mph) were over, I opened a trench in the previously unexcavated Roman theatre at Sardis. This was my home for two months; the view unparalleled: Mt. Tmolus looming behind, and, just visible, flickering in the distance on the far side of the valley, the humped tumuli of Bin Tepe, "Field of a Thousand Hills," the royal mausoleum of the kings of Lydia—Candales, Gyges, and Croesus.

The local villagers employed as diggers were characters: three Mehmeds ("He-Man," "Silly," and "Old"), two Alis, Alim, Builder Orhan, Jelaal, Mevlut the Mongolian, Suleiman, Yahyah, and Fat Zeki, all under the watchful eye of Ivrahim Çavuš—village godfather, moral hero (honor stabbing a few years back—no one talked about it), and sombrero-wearer (complete with "Total Protection Against Cancer" sticker). We got on quite well, first bonding by shouting footballers' names at each other ("David Beckham!" … "Aha, David Beckham"), and then, once the World Cup started, over scores and predictions. They were warm and hospitable: I was welcomed into homes, overfed, and driven back balancing precariously between the fresh vegetable and pastry parting gifts in the motorbike sidecar. I was even invited to He-Man Mehmed's wife's cousin's wedding, in the town square at Sart-Mustafa, where I was obliged to dance by myself, Turkish-style (i.e., hip-thrusts), before the entire village.

Foot-soaking with co-workers (above)*; collapsed scene building at Sardis theater* (below, left); *in chardak behind trench at Sardis theatre* (below, right)

Several weeks of excavation, interrupted only by snake nests, scarp collapses, large balls of thorns, exposed graffitoed seats, inscriptions, and parts of the collapsed scene building: broken spiral-fluted columns and several levels of interesting architectural moldings, similar in form to the reconstructed Marble Court. Excavation of the theatre's western cavea uncovered a Lydian-period kitchen, violently destroyed, and full of smashed pottery. The process of reading, occasionally tasting, the pottery and compiling the archaeological report was truly beneficial.

I was fortunate to have had time to travel around Turkey. The entire compound made journeys to Aphrodisias, Midas City, and Ephesus, as well as into the Tomb of Gyges at Bin Tepe via a Roman robber tunnel. For the mid-season break, with fellow diggers, I drove to Ankara, a fun city (especially after weeks in Sart-Mustafa), with a fantastic archaeological museum, and then onto the Hittite sites of Hatussas, Acalahüyük, and Yazalikaya.

At the beginning of September, all was over, and I caught the Dolmuš back down to Izmir as the sun set over the Adriatic and the headland of old Smyrna.

With my students in the Luxembourg gardens in Paris

Punting, Paris, Pasta, and Feta,

by Emily Allen (G4)

This past summer, I spent the month of July teaching as an Archaeology and Classical Studies instructor on a summer program in Oxford, Paris, and Tuscany (yes, it was rough). The goal of the course was to familiarize students with the ancient Romans via in situ excursions to sites and museums, and various readings. I was left entirely to my own devices, which proved to be challenging but agreeable, as the program provided me with the opportunity (and a generous budget!) to take the students to places of my choice. I should mention that this was a "pre-college" program, with a group of ninety teenagers, aged sixteen to eighteen, and eighteen instructors. Fortunately, the nature of our field being what it is, the Archaeology and Classical Studies major I was in charge of attracted twelve curious and intellectually engaging young minds.

While at Oxford, there was no shortage of places to visit and things to see pertaining to Roman Britain, both in and around town. The director of the Institute of Archaeology at Oxford, Dr. Gary Lock, showed us around the site of Marcham Frilford, an Iron Age settlement overlain by a major Romano-British religious complex a few miles outside of Oxford. Both he and his students who were working at the site gave us a warm welcome, along with a first exposure to the complex use of computer applications and quantitative methods in archaeology (for more information about the site, see http://www.stokearchaeologysociety.org.uk/frilford/index.html).

I had never been to Bath. Despite the torrential rain, we were charmed by the town's harmonious layout and elegant architecture. After a good three hours spent in the Roman baths and museum, we exited just as students from the University of Bath began pouring out of the adjacent abbey in full graduation gear. My group was so enthused, they agreed to dash up to the Royal Crescent and then across the bridge to Jane Austen's house before running to catch our train, despite their squishy flip-flops and soaked jeans.

The program only allowed for a one-day excursion to London, which meant making some difficult choices. The British Museum was an obvious tool to arouse interest in the group, especially its "daily life" section on the second floor, where various aspects of the Greeks' and Romans' existence were grouped together thematically in separate vitrines. We were stunned by the recently discovered Roman amphitheatre (1988) under the Guildhall Art Gallery, which effectively recreated the atmosphere of Roman popular spectacles (to get a sense of the site with its elaborate lighting and virtual gladiators, see http://www.cityoflondon.gov.uk/Corporation/leisure_heritage/libraries_archives_museums_galleries/guildhall_art_gallery/ampitheatre.htm). In Oxford itself, the Ashmolean Museum had closed most of its collections because of ongoing renovations, but some "treasures," such as the Parian marble, were set aside.

Paris was a three-day whirlwind, leaving scarcely a moment to breathe between two crêpes eaten on the go. The *auberge de jeunesse* we were staying at was within easy walking distance of most of the sites pertaining to the Gauls and their Roman conquerors. It is difficult to say whether Notre Dame's archaeological crypt and its exhibition on "*Le Boire et le*

Walls and foundations of ancient Arkesini

Manger à Lutèce," or the Berthillon ice cream we got in the Luxembourg gardens on the way to the Thermes de Cluny, won the day.

We spent the remainder of the trip between Florence and Fiesole, in an ochre-colored villa straight out of *A Room with a View*, surrounded by lavender bushes, olive groves, and cypress trees. The cafeteria food was better than any restaurant in the North End, and made me reconsider where I wanted to spend the rest of my days. This convenient location enabled us to go on various trips, including to the nearby Fiesole Roman theater, baths, and museum. We then mused about Etruscan funerary urns over a prosciutto and *taleggio* picnic on a terrace by the fourteenth century monastery of San Francesco, with a breathtaking 180-degree view of the Arno valley.

After the program ended, I decided to prolong my stay for a few days. I rented a Vespa to go and visit some of the Etruscan sites and museums of Northern Tuscany (and however many trattorias I might come upon along the way). Even the smallest towns had exquisite collections of antiquities. One was the medieval town of Colle di Val d'Elsa, its Etruscan remains carefully kept within the fresco-covered walls of a Renaissance palazzo.

With some help from the Department, I spent the month of August in Athens doing research and preparing a course I am currently co-teaching on "Women in Ancient Greece." I rented a flat near the American School, where I had been a member in the summer of 2002, and spent my days at the various sites and museums I wished to see, reporting to the Blegen Library in the evenings. Everyone—tourists and Athenians alike—had fled Attica for the dog days, so I found myself blissfully alone in sites such as Brauron (where I ate juicy figs right off the trees, near the so-called "tomb of Iphigeneia") and Eleusis; even in the Kerameikos in Athens, there was not a soul in sight (no pun intended). Aside from a few newly-made canine friends who knew the place well, the Acropolis was also deserted at 8 a.m., except for a troop of eight military men marching around the Erechtheion (quite a sight in itself).

The Roman theater at Fiesole

When a brutal heat wave hit towards the middle of the month, I left Athens for a few days and headed for Amorgos, the closest of the Cyclades to the Turkish coast. There I discovered ancient Arkesini, near modern Vroutsi. I reached it after a two-kilometer walk down a rocky path. By then the sun was setting on the little peninsula jutting out into the sea, overlooking the "great blue" (Luc Besson's movie *Le Grand Bleu* was filmed on the island of Amorgos). As night fell, the orange moon and semi-wild goats showed me the way back up to the church square where I had parked my moped. Only the moped decided it would not start. In the middle of the island of Amorgos. By night. But that is a whole other story.

The stoa at Brauron

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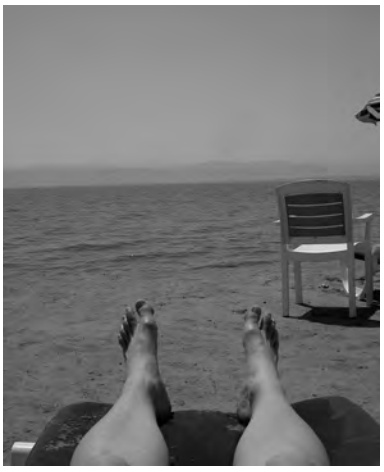
A Summer Excavating in Jordan, *by Dreya Mihaloew (G4)*

During the summer of 2006, I participated in excavations at el-Hemmeh, Jordan, a Neolithic site located to the southeast of the Dead Sea in the Wadi Hasa. While in Jordan, I had the opportunity to see Amman, Jerash, Petra, the Dead Sea, and a number of other cities, sites, monuments, and museums. Below are photos of some of the highlights of the trip.

top, left: *A view along the Cardo Maximus at Jerash;* top, right: *The Monastery at Petra;*
center: *The Dead Sea north of Amman Beach;*
bottom, left: *Temple of Hercules on the Citadel, Amman;* bottom, right: *The Excavations at el-Hemmeh*



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