

Due to software changes and other issues, the original formatting of some newsletters has not been preserved.

The December 2001 CSAAR Newsletter text-only edition follows here.

Susan Hopkins at the AAR Summer Session, 1927

By Bernard Goldman

Susan Mary Sullivan Hopkins wrote almost daily to her family in Wisconsin describing her experiences at the 5th annual Classical Summer Session of the Academy held in 1927.¹ A twenty-seven year old Latin and Greek teacher, graduate of the University of Wisconsin, she had come to Italy to attend the Summer Session and then go on to the Fall lecture series at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. This was her first trip outside the United States, accompanied by her husband Clark Hopkins.

Very probably, Professor Grant Showerman at Wisconsin had prompted her to come to the AAR. He had been a Fellow at the Academy, served as Annual Professor, and initiated the summer program which he continued to direct in 1927, its fifth year.² The brilliant emigré classical historian, Michael Rostovtzeff, also at Wisconsin before moving to Yale, was a friend of her husband and would have seconded her choice.³ Today, three-quarters of a century later, one may be amused by how much Susan's course of study at the Classica School – to include Roman history and culture, readings in the classics, lectures, and field trips – remains basically unchanged, while the social and physical environment has moved on. Equally interesting is to see the program and Rome through the eyes of a relatively unsophisticated young woman from the American Midwest. (Passages from her letters are in *italics*).

The Director of the Academy lived in the Villa Aurelia, while Showerman put up at the Pensione Girardet on the Piazza dell'Esquilino 12 that accommodated many of the classical scholars visiting Rome. The Summer Session male students were housed in the Academy, which had no facilities for the women. They were boarded out, some at the sizable Pensione Girardet, others at the Villa Sforza Cesarini, located behind the Acqua Paola. Susan and her husband rented the corner room on the top floor of the Villa, offering them a splendid panoramic view of Rome.⁴ Every night, Susan's bedtime was hailed by the sound of the bugle echoing from the barracks below the hill. To get down from the Janiculum to the center of the city, the students surrendered themselves to a bone-jolting trolley ride that frequently was stopped or reduced to a snail's pace in deference to the high-wheeled carts and herds of goats that clotted the narrow roadways, or the occasional donkey taking its afternoon siesta on the tracks. Royal guests in Rome, such as the king of Egypt during Susan's stay, brought public transportation to a complete halt until the foreign Pooh-Bahs waved a formal goodbye to Rome.

A stranger in a foreign land, Susan was determined to come to terms with, if not to approve

¹ Happily, her letters were preserved by her family. Susan and Clark's daughter, Mary Sue Hopkins Coates, has generously allowed me to read and quote from the correspondence. I am in her debt as I am to Katherine Geffcken who answered all my queries with an alacrity unusual in academia.

² A prolific writer, today he is best known for his *Monuments and Men of Ancient Rome*.

³ Affectionately dubbed by his students "Rough Stuff," he had just published (in 1926) his monumental *The Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire*.

⁴ Professor Geffcken kindly informs me that in the early 1920's the Villa became a pensione when Esther Van Deman, a noted expert on Roman construction techniques and field worker in the Roman Forum, "knocked on the front door and said the Fersens, who owned the Villa, should take paying guests. The suggestion no doubt was made because she tired of the long commute between her housing, near the center of the city, and the Academy. So Miss Van Deman became the first of the 'guests,' as the 'tenants' continued to be called."

of, Italian living standards and customs. She brought with her the strongly conservative virtues and xenophobic burden of small town middle-America in the 1920's. In Rome, she was dazzled on the Piazza Venezia by the magnificence of the Victor Emanuel II monument, its two crowning chariots still under construction. St. Peter's she pronounced unimpressive when compared with St. Paul's Outside the Walls on the Via Ostiense. *Italy*, she wrote to her parents, *is all that has ever been said of it, and more, more wonderful and yet dirtier and more unpleasant . . . I hate the smell of garlic, wine, and dirt, and above all I hate the fleas which are everywhere except in our hotel.* She was appalled during a visit to Turin by the contrast between its women, *dressed as smartly as the foreign millionaires who swarmed Paris*, and those she saw in the back streets of Rome and small villages nearby, still living in Medieval squalor. *The stink of garlic and cheese, the mire and dirt in the streets, flies and fleas – I don't see how the people survive.* At first she would not venture on the street alone, frightened by the swarthy men with their bold, staring eyes and heavy mustaches, sitting at dirty little tables with drinks, although, she informed her parents, she was told that they adored their children. *The claustrophobic alleys of Trastevere . . . are inhabited thickly by poor people, the greatest breeders of babies in the world, says Mr. Showerman.* The Italian diet made her ill: every meal with garlic and macaroni, too much olive oil and cheese, not to mention such curious vegetables as zucchini and a type of small green bean. Breaks in the water pipes would leave the city dry in the summer heat for hours, sometimes days. Once they suffered twelve days without fresh water. The price of a bath, when you could get one, was 30¢.

She noted that the streetcars . . . *carried a sign saying it is a proof of good breeding to give your seat to a woman and the old.* *Mr. Showerman says that five years ago a man would have been made fun of, as being a crazy foreigner or as acting like an American, if he gave up his seat.* And . . . *One of the most peculiar things about Italians is that they are forever attempting suicide on account of some love affair or other.* Her husband, a New Englander, had been to Europe before and enjoyed fully the city, even to swimming across the Tiber and back, his wife anxiously watching from the bank. However, she shared in the common opinion of Mussolini . . . *who must certainly be a very wise and fore-sighted man. I have an idea that if he can carry on he will go down in history as one of Europe's great men.* (So much for her taking the auspices!)

The Fifth Summer Session opened on 4 July with a class of 31 women and nine men, high school and university teachers, as well as some high school students. They walked from the Academy, led by Showerman, the few blocks to the Garibaldi park. Under the giant equestrian statue of the hero, Showerman introduced the class first to the modern historical significance of the area, and then oriented them to the earlier major monuments in the city spread out below the Janiculum. From there they continued on down the hill into the city, . . . *past the church where Tasso is buried, through St. Peter's . . . no small hike, and around the Vatican wall where finally they rested out of the sun while Showerman read to them his papers on the funeral of the last Pope, and the coronation of the current Pope, Pius XI (1922-1939) . . . the first since 1870 to bless the multitude from the outer balcony of St. Peter's.* *The current rumor is that he is taking up aviation with the intention of traveling, providing he can do it without setting foot on Italian soil.* (Secure, with absolute authority within his own precinct, he would not enter and be subordinate to another state).

The days were divided typically between visitations to the museums and ancient remains in the city, nearby or as far removed as Pompeii, and lectures on the history and monuments of Rome. The regimen began at eight in the morning, when the class foregathered at the site or building under discussion. The afternoons were left free until Showerman gave the day's summary lecture before dinner was served at eight. He set down three basic class requirements: attendance, note taking, and assigned papers . . . *with heaps of Latin to read and a topic to write on plus notes on every imaginable subject. We may live through it, but I seriously doubt whether we shall ever get the work done, particularly as we are spending considerable time on our Italian.* All was to be capped with a final examination the day before the summer session closed on 12 August.

A morning tour of the monumental structures of Imperial Rome almost overwhelmed Susan . . . *gigantic buildings quite beyond anyone's ability to imagine, I think. The marble is mostly gone [having been recycled for use in later building projects] but the heavier stonework remains, although bored into in various places by the Middle Age searchers after metal [the 'T' and 'U' shaped cramps used to bond the masonry]. We went from temple to temple to the Arch of Constantine, and the Colosseum.* A later visit to the church of San Clemente, that had been under Irish priests of the Dominican order since 1667, was guided by a friend of Showerman, Brother Fleming . . . *very nice and exceedingly intelligent, and so we had a very illuminating hour. He showed us first the church on which the 11th century structure was built – another, much larger church of the 4th century, decorated with excellent frescoes dating from the 4th to the 10th centuries. At a still lower level we saw what is supposed to be the house of St. Clement of the 1st century. St. Clement, we learned was St. Peter's second successor [martyred St. Clement is also referred to as the third successor of St. Peter]. The supposition of the excavators is that the building was the meeting place of Christians until the 2nd century when Mithraism became very strong and drove out the Christians. There is, consequently a perfect Mithraeum or temple with an altar in wonderful preservation showing Mithras in various symbolic acts, and with the stone couches on which the worshipers reclined for the sacred meal, the pit for the baptism of blood, and symbols of the various grades of membership. It was perfect, and all the while we could hear the gurgling of what the Brother says are called "the mysterious waters of Rome," waters which are everywhere underground.*

The visit to the Catacombs was not equally pleasant . . . *Ghastly places with niche above niche hewn out of the rock with only a narrow passage between them . . . All of us carried candles, which added materially to the impressiveness of the occasion . . . but on the whole they were just a succession of damp dark, rather terrifying gaping black spaces where the bodies had lain.* On the Via Appia, they inspected . . . *the tomb of Cecilia Metella of the 1st century, still almost intact. The other tombs lie in ruins . . . it was a wonderful walk on old pavement with little trips into the ruins to see the inscriptions on the niches in the old columbarias.* The class examined an old paving block with . . . *the footprints of Jesus though a bit too well imprinted to be true.* A rickety train took them on a jolting ride to Tivoli and Hadrian's villa. Husband Clark pronounced the train . . . *proof of Roman efficiency in that they were able to keep the thing going.* A trolley of equal vintage and resilience carried the class fifteen miles to Frascati . . . *the first clean town I've seen but thick with flies.* From

there they walked to the Romans' ancient resort area of Tusculum and struggled up the hill to the remains of Cicero's house. The day was blistering hot, and Susan smugly noted that even Showerman began to wilt. Pastries and ices taken at an open-air café revived them. Back in Rome, they found mementos of their outing, fleas in their clothes.

The trip to the ancient port city of Ostia was made on a more comfortable train. Susan was most impressed with the apartment houses, the laundries, the line of merchant stalls with mosaic-labeled entries, with the great jars sunk into the ground by the wine merchants, and happiest of all . . . *the ancient soda fountains, exactly like ours!* At day's end they rested in the half circle of Ostia's ruined theater, a tired audience of an imagined drama. On returning to Rome they found . . . *the streets blocked by a procession of the Madonna, a large statue under a gleaming canopy being taken to a church in Trastevere.* The head in early August brought several of the students back to Ostia and a refreshing swim in the sea, followed by a 'cassata' . . . *Neapolitan wafers and ice cream, and the whole class cheered when we found doughnuts "just like home."*

The climb up the Capitoline hill rewarded the class with the church of Sta. Maria in Aracoeli . . . *the inside very attractive although made up of materials from all parts of old buildings; almost no two pillars are alike, and the outside is perfectly atrocious, being of plain brick with holes in it.* Tea was had at the Russian tea shop, run for the Russian refugees, and with marvelous food. Equally enjoyed was . . . *some excellent chocolate drink the Trappist Fathers make.*

The initial enthusiasm for a trip to Etruscan sites by rail and bus was considerably dampened by the intense late July heat, the clouds of dust, and omnipresent insects. However, Susan gave the Etruscan landscape a second chance when she and Clark made the journey by private car with the Rostovtzeffs, who had come to spend a month at the Villa Sforza Cesarini. Susan felt her long paper for Showerman on the Etruscans, whose origins and language were being hotly debated in the 1920's, was inadequate . . . *The worst trouble is that everything has to be done in the Library which is a perfectly impossible place, very warm and oh so stuffy* . . . But Showerman had no complaint, evidently mentioning the class's work as excellent in his report on the Summer Session.

The final examination . . . *was rather bad, three hours in the heat of the day, but we survived enough to sit up rather late that night playing bridge with a bunch of people at the Sforza, including the son of one of America's foremost painters who lives in New Haven. We had had such a good time all during the session that we just didn't want to see it end and everyone leave.* Showerman handed out certificates that the course of study had been successfully completed, and in the garden of the Albergo Sole in Rome, he ceremonially closed the Summer Session with a reading of Pliny's letters.

Susan and Clark Hopkins stayed on in Rome, moving from the Villa, which charged \$2.50 each a day, to less expensive rooms with a Roman family at \$1.90 apiece . . . *the meals delicious and much more abundant than at the Sforza. Furthermore everything is spotlessly clean, and we sleep between sheets heavily hem-stitched and embroidered. Our breakfast is brought to our room in the morning* . . . In late August, when the summer heat had broken,

they drove north again with the Rostovtzeffs to see the tombs at Cerevetri and explored Palestrina (ancient Praeneste). Before moving to Athens, they toured Sicily, and worked a few weeks at David Robinson's newly opened dig at Olynthus to prepare them for a first full season of excavations at Dura-Europos, where Susan was to serve as epigrapher. Thus, she appears to have been the first woman to be engaged professionally on an archaeological dig in Syria.

Cauda

Susan Hopkins was the first scholar to have worked at both the American Academy and Dura. That ephemeral connection was followed a few years later by two young classicists who cut their teeth on field archaeology at Dura Europos before becoming Academy worthies: Henry Rowell, who followed Showerman as long-time director of the Classical Summer Session, and Frank Brown, who headed the Academy's dig at Cosa.

News and Notes

by Katherine Geffcken

Goodbye to an old friend: Antonella Bucci leaves the Academy

In December, 2000, Antonella Bucci resigned her post as Associate Librarian at the Academy, after 26 years of devoted service. Her departure is a great loss to scores of Academy readers who for so long turned to her for advice, support, and friendship. We depended not only on her knowledge as acquisitions librarian, but also on her diplomatic skills. Antonella dealt graciously and firmly with even the most difficult or demanding readers. Throughout, she maintained warm contacts with both American scholars and our Italian colleagues. Good at organization too, she was a leader in the URBS cataloguing project.

A true Roman, she grew up in Rione Regola at Piazza de' Pellegrini, and has nurtured always an intense interest in everything Roman. About her native neighborhood she knows details one acquires only by long familiarity. When I first told her I was moving into an apartment on Via Cappellari (also in Rione Regola, and just a ten-minute walk from her home), she responded, "The street of the *ladri!* My mother would never let me go there!" And indeed, in my building one summer, we did have a thief living under house arrest, but his constant, often obstreperous presence seemed to protect us from other thieves!

Really important to me was discovering that Antonella shared my interest in the Janiculum and the events of 1849. In her desk, she had a special drawer filled with materials on the Risorgimento, which she unstintingly lent to me. When a source was hard to come by, she could often suggest just the right bookstore. That is how I acquired Emilio Dandolo's memoir about 1848-49, after she said I just might try Godel, near the Trevi. I will miss her generous counsel.

As news of Antonella's departure from the Academy spread around Rome, she was offered many opportunities by other libraries. She chose a post at the British School, where she is organizing the photographic archive. By chance, in August, I told her I was interested in the photographer of the old American School of Classical Studies in Rome, J.H. Ten Eyck Burr. I have long wanted to find more of his photographs beyond the handful I inherited from my

Wellesley predecessors. Antonella responded that she thought she had seen his name on backs of photographs in the archive of Thomas Ashby at the BSR. I look forward to learning what she finds!

On August 7, Antonella stopped by the Academy to greet many friends and colleagues. Accompanying her was her close friend and house guest Lucy Marks, cataloguer at the Academy Library from 1978 to 1981, and now a librarian in the rare book collection at Drew University.

Stay in touch with us, Antonella!

And a warm welcome to a new friend: Denise Gavio

In May, Antonella Bucci's replacement, Denise Gavio, arrived in Rome just in time for the summer wave of returning scholars and planning for the Academy's summer programs and their library needs. She comes to the Academy from the Marquand Art Library at Princeton, as does her husband James Weinheimer, who arrived later in the summer.

Denise has a wide international background. She was born at Milan, a descendant of interesting and notable Genoese and Piemontese families. Get her to tell you about her grandmother the *contessa* who stunned the family by leaving home and becoming a pianist on a transatlantic liner and then marrying a waiter on the liner! Her father, after working in the airline business, became a member of the Italian Ministry of Tourism. He was stationed at Montreal, then in south America, and finally in the States. Denise mostly grew up in Montreal and holds a BA in Art History, and a Master's in Library Science from McGill University. She is quadrilingual, in English, Italian, French and Spanish.

Now that Denise has her Italian *documenti* finally straightened out, her furniture off the dock in Naples and placed in her convenient flat on Via Vascello, we hope she has many rewarding days working with Christina Huemer's Library team.

Photographic Archive (Fototeca)

By late spring of 2001, the Photographic Archive of the Academy (the *Fototeca*) was almost completely installed in the little building behind the Via Angelo Masina 5B, and was ready for visitors. Sometimes called the Maronites' "Bishop's Palace," this structure turned out to have no foundation and had to be extensively reconstructed by the Academy. Now fresh and bright with new plaster and the fragrant wood of newly installed shelves and furniture, the Archive houses the collection of the Fototeca Unione and many photographs belonging to the Academy, such as the Parker, Moscione, and Van Deman negatives, Georgina Masson's photographs of villas and gardens, the Academy Fellows' work, the Askew Collection, and many others. Eventually, all the collections will be catalogued into the URBS system. You can already look, for instance, at a listing of the Van Deman photographs on URBS.

Head of the Photographic Archive is Alessandra Capodiferro, assisted by Lavinia Ciuffa and Francesca Romoli. As the staff are part time, it is helpful to call ahead for an appointment, if you wish to visit the Archive. Alessandra expects that this fall, when Lavinia returns from maternity leave, everything will become organized and service prompt.

On the days when I visited the Archive in July and August, I saw spread out on the table downstairs piles of Van Deman photographs. Alessandra was in the process of choosing

which will be included in a new exhibition of Esther Van Deman's work at CUNY. She had already chosen several never before displayed, in splendid new prints produced from the negatives by the skilled photographer Ortolan.

Via Angelo Masina 5B

As Ferragosto approached, the large building at Via Masina 5B was almost ready for new Fellows and their families, who were due to arrive for the Academy's opening on September 17. The outside and inside were handsome with new surfaces, the large arched entrance had been paved in a tight stone pattern, the sidewalk on the *vicolo cieco* redone, and the furniture moved in. I was especially glad to see that wherever possible, the nice gold and gray floor tiles had been kept. I remember them well from my own summer of living in the building, in 1975, and from visits to friends there over the years. Still under discussion this summer was how to arrange the Archaeology section on the first floor, and the basement awaits movable shelving for the periodical sections of the Library.

It has always been evident that the Maronites' Middle Eastern background lay behind many architectural characteristics of their buildings on the Via Masina. But I have wondered about the large arched entrance with three arched windows above. Wayne Linker tells me that what we see is the facade of a large church the Maronites never completed because the Academy objected to the structure in that location.

Letter from Gunder Varinlioglu

I have an aerial photograph of Rome on my wall illustrating the amazing palimpsest of the antique, medieval, renaissance, baroque and modern city. Before the Classical Summer Program at AAR, I could only point out major ancient monuments, late antique and medieval churches, but all the rest was a mystery to me despite the many documentaries I watched, photographs I had seen and drawings I had studied. I was unable to reconstruct in my mind's eye the experience of the modern visitor vis-à-vis the juxtaposition of the modern city and the remains of the past. Although I had calculated the distances between monuments using plans and maps, however many reports I had read about the topography of the city, when I looked at the aerial photograph of Rome, I saw curious blocks of reddish-brownish buildings covering the urban space between the baths, theaters, palaces, churches, mausolea, churches and what have you. Moreover, although I could find 'the seven hills of Rome' on the map, I could not help seeing these buildings and streets as if they were all located on a flat plain. My expectation from the Classical Summer program was to put an end to this lack of physical perception, which was impossible to compensate for without actually being in the city.

I always wanted my first visit to Rome to be a memorable experience. By pure coincidence, my entry to Rome through Aurelian walls at the back seat of a white cab was even more spectacular than I wished it to be: this was the first day of the championship celebrations of Rome's soccer team. While passing by the Baths of Caracalla, the Colosseum and the Mausoleum of Hadrian, I was accompanied by great festivities, by horns and chants, which I would be hearing for another two weeks. The celebrations of the championship in the streets, in the piazzas and finally at the Circus Maximus where thousands of Romans gathered, were a fascinating demonstration of the pride and love that the Romans felt for their

city. After this almost processional entry, I was prepared for a somewhat less spectacular first day at the American Academy. However the welcoming courtyard of the Academy and our first meeting at the Gianicolo overlook beneath the Garibaldi statue was a good omen about the coming weeks that I would spend at the Classical Summer Program.

The program was designed to give us a first-hand understanding of topography, urban space and architecture. But this was not simply the overview of Rome's urban development, but also the study of the formation of a political, social, religious system, mythological, literary, historical and historiographical tradition. The summer school's program extended beyond the boundaries of the Aurelian walls. Through the visits we made to the surroundings of Rome (such as Cerveteri, Veii, Cosa, Sperlonga, Tivoli, Palestrina) we were offered a larger perspective about the relation of Rome with its immediate and further hinterland. We read histories, poems on Rome, we looked at reliefs and frescoes depicting Rome, we saw walls, foundations, revetments, floors, bricks and concretes of ancient Rome, we met archaeologists trying to make sense of the complicated stratigraphy of Rome, we listened to the great scholars and lovers of Rome such as Paul Zanker, John Bodel, Larissa Bonfante, Albert Ammerman, Helen Nagy. This was an intense, many faceted and exceptionally rich exposé of the city of Rome and its surroundings.

The weekend breaks and some free afternoons, gave us the chance to visit monuments that were not included in our schedule. I had time to pursue my interest in early Christian and medieval Rome, visiting several churches like SS.Cosma and Damiano, S.Stefano Rotondo, S.Maria Maggiore, S.Pudenziana and catacombs like those of Priscilla, Domitilla and S.Callisto. During our four-day break, several members of our group visited Pompeii, Herculaneum, Florence, Milan, Genoa and Perugia. I preferred to travel north to see the Byzantine buildings and mosaics in Ravenna and Venice, which I have been studying in the past years.

The efficient and well-thought planning of the program allowed us to walk, read, and learn extensively without losing our interest and energy. The rich variety of subjects and fields of study presented to us by Prof.Vasaly, the director of our program, Karen Kleiber, her assistant and many valuable scholars, stirred the interest and enthusiasm of each of us and taught us about subjects and sites with which we were not familiar. For a classicist, there was ample opportunity to explore the material culture. For an archaeologist or art historian, the program provided a deep understanding of the contribution of written sources to our knowledge about Rome. We learnt in what manner several disciplines like classics, history, epigraphy, numismatics, archaeology, and architectural history collaborate for the study of the city of Rome. We were acquainted with the issues related to the display of ancient artifacts, the presentation of archaeological sites and the decision-making processes in the urban development of a modern city like Rome, having such a symbolic value and diversity of architectural remains. The last but not the least, this was a very didactic experience and insightful example of teaching *sites* and monuments *on site*.

Ann Vasaly very wisely finished our trip at S.Clemente, a structure that bears testimony to the overlapping strata of Rome and the continuity of settlement in the eternal city. At the point where we ended our program, instead of having a feeling of completion, I

rather had a feeling of commencement, of having made the first step into the post-antique history of Rome. This was further enhanced as I flew to Istanbul, the *nea Roma* where eastern Rome rose upon the legacy of ancient Rome.

While visiting monuments, museums and sites, we did not only learn about the past but also experienced for ourselves how the inhabitants of modern Rome interact with the remains of the past and how they integrated them in their daily routine. The program was not only about visiting Rome, it was about living Rome. Now, when I look at the aerial photograph of Rome on my wall, I see it in a completely different fashion. I can easily find the many paths we trotted. The once blurry reddish-brown insulae are now identifiable for my eyes. The piazzas, largos, streets, museums, remains, parks as well as cafés, trattorias and gelaterias became visible.

In one of her e-mails she had sent to me in May 2001, Ann Vasaly had written about the long-lasting friendships that she had established when she was a scholar at AAR. I was lucky to be with a very lively and friendly group of people. Even at the end of an overwhelming day, we were filled with joy and energy. Ann Vasaly's dynamism, enthusiasm, sense of humor and the warm smile on her face however tired she was, gave us all the courage and energy to climb up the winding roads of Cosa, the cobbled paths of Horace's villa. Karen Kleiber, her assistant, the fastest walker in the whole group, helped us in everything and made our trips in and outside Rome even more enjoyable and comfortable. The scholars, whom I cannot name one by one here, shared with us not only their deep knowledge but also their inexhaustible enthusiasm and answered with great patience all our questions. I present my warmest thanks to the Classical Society of AAR for giving me this unique opportunity to become part of the American Academy, a temporary inhabitant of Rome and get to know great professors and friends.

Report of the Director of the AAR

For this issue of the Newsletter, my report consists of a real letter, mailed to Chicago at the end of March. While it deals mainly with the elimination of the Classical Studies Department at Loyola University of Chicago, a secondary theme is the reorganization and renaming of our own School of Classical Studies. The original notice about the Loyola situation identifies Dr. Braskamp as the key decision-maker in this affair, and Father Garanzini as the incoming president of the university, who has now taken up that position.

March 29, 2001

Dr. Larry Braskamp
Senior Vice President for Academic Affairs
Loyola University of Chicago
25 East Pearson, Room 720
Chicago, IL 60611

Dear Dr. Braskamp,

I am astonished to learn that you intend to eliminate the Classical Studies Department at Loyola University of Chicago. The proliferation of academic disciplines and shifts in student interests are realities that all universities must face, realities that undoubtedly include, upon occasion, the cutting back or cutting out of academic programs. Even so, your plan astonishes me because classical studies constitute the very foundation upon which all western humanistic learning is based. For the sake of your university and of the Humanities, I respectfully ask you to reconsider your plan.

Even though it is with great reluctance that I enter the discussion of another institution's internal affairs, the American Academy in Rome is not a disinterested party in this matter. There are many ties and common interests that link our institutions. To start with, Loyola of Chicago is one of about a hundred American colleges and universities that contribute annually to the Academy and that, in recompense, play a critical role in the governance of Classical Studies in this institution. Perhaps the most important ties are those on a personal level, and of these I'll mention just two, namely that the current head of your history department, Prof. Anthony L. Cardoza, is a Fellow of this Academy, having held a Rome Prize here in 1976-77, while one of the junior members of that same department, Prof. Leslie Dossey, holds a Rome Prize in Classical Studies and is thus in residence here for the current academic year.

This Academy was established in 1894 by Charles Follen McKim as the American School of Architecture; that name was changed to American Academy in Rome three years later when fellowships in painting and sculpture were first offered. Meanwhile, the American School of Classical Studies in Rome was founded in 1895, and it merged with the American Academy in 1913. This joining of the arts with scholarship has remained the hallmark of the Academy to this day, still seen in its division into two "schools" (for administrative purposes only, since no formal instruction takes place here), the School of Fine Arts and the School of Classical Studies.

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Each has expanded its range of interests over time: that of Fine Arts to include, for example, musical composition and literature, and that of Classical Studies to include post-classical humanistic studies, a catch-all term that embraces everything from late Roman times to the present. My work as a medieval historian falls under post-classical studies, but so also does that of Prof. Cardoza, who specializes in modern Italian history.

Clearly I face some problems with these labels. On the one hand, the post-classical designation obscures the simple fact that we offer fellowships and sponsor research in Medieval Studies, Renaissance and Early Modern Studies, and Modern Italian Studies. And

since these three easily recognized areas are included along with Ancient Studies in our School of Classical Studies, this latter name is obviously a misnomer. Nostalgia may argue for keeping it, but accuracy and clarity call for a change.

I've risked trying your patience by writing you so much detail about an institution not necessarily of any interest to you in order to assure you that I am sensitive to the need for institutional change (and to the possibility that I'll be denounced for de-emphasizing Classical Studies by wanting to change the name of one of the "schools" within our Academy). But even while making changes of nomenclature, the substance of our commitment to humanistic scholarship remains unchanged. It includes the fellowships we offer annually in Classical Studies and Archaeology as well as maintaining the traditional strengths of our library, which are in Classics, archaeology and art history.

In this age when universities encourage interdisciplinary studies and try to foster the humanities, it is an odd message for a university to disseminate that it intends to disband its Classical Studies Department, an area that was interdisciplinary from long before the term was coined, and that is fundamental to all western historical, literary, artistic, and philosophical learning. Once again, with respect, I ask you to reconsider.

Yours truly,

Lester K. Little
Director

cc Rev. Prof. Michael J. Garanzini, S.J.
Dr. William A. Yost
Dr. John Smarrelli, Jr.
Prof. James Keenan
Prof. Barbara H. Rosenwein

LKL/ml