

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
ARCHEOLOGICAL NEWSLETTERS

Oct 15, 1950 - Mar 11, 1973

Issued confidentially to members and friends

Date	Sender	Place
Oct 15, 1950	Robert Braidwood	Chemchemical, Iraq
Nov 20, 1950	Robert Braidwood	Chemchemical, Iraq
Jan 6, 1951	Robert Braidwood	Chemchemical, Iraq
Feb 18, 1951	Robert Braidwood	Chemchemical, Iraq
Mar 20, 1951	Carl H. Kraeling	Tell Kotchek, Syria
Mar 30, 1951	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
May 7, 1951	Robert Braidwood	Chemchemical, Iraq
Oct 26, 1951	Herbert Paper	Suse-Andimeshk, Iran
Nov 6, 1951	Donald E. McCown	Baghdad, Iraq
Nov 13, 1951	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Nov 22, 1951	Donald E. McCown	Nippur, Iraq
Dec 23, 1951	Donald E. McCown	Nippur, Iraq
Jan 26, 1952	Donald E. McCown	Nippur, Iraq
Jan 26, 1952	Herbert H. Paper	Susa, Iran
Feb 8, 1952	William F. Edgerton	Cambridge, England
Feb 15, 1952	Donald E. McCown	Nippur, Iraq
Feb 25, 1952	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Apr 8, 1952	Carl H. Kraeling	Baghdad, Iraq
Apr 18, 1952	Carl H. Kraeling	Damascus, Syria
May 31, 1952	Gustavus F. Swift, Jr.	Antakya (Antioch), Turkey
Aug 22, 1952	Hans G. Güterbock	Boğazköy, Turkey
Sep 15, 1952	John A. Wilson	Cairo, Egypt
Oct 6, 1952	John A. Wilson	Cairo, Egypt
Oct 27, 1952	Hans G. Güterbock	Beit-Yerah, Israel
	Carl H. Kraeling	Chicago
Sep 28, 1952	Hans G. Güterbock	Boğazköy, Turkey
Oct 26, 1952	G. E. von Grünebaum	Fes, Morocco
Dec 1, 1952	Carl H. Kraeling	
Dec 23, 1952	Carl Haines	Beit-Yereh, Israel
	Christmas Limericks	
Dec 26, 1952	John A. Wilson	Khartoum, Sudan
Feb 3, 1953	Carl H. Kraeling	Cyprus
Feb 16, 1953	Carl H. Kraeling	Jerusalem
Apr 2, 1953	Carl H. Kraeling	Baghdad, Iraq

Apr 10, 1953	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Jul 28, 1953	Charles F. Nims	Chicago
Sep 16, 1953	Carl H. Kraeling	Deer Creek Camp
Nov 19, 1953	Donald E. McCown	Nippur, Iraq
Dec 13, 1953	Donald E. McCown	Nippur, Iraq
Dec 18, 1953	Thorkild Jacobsen	Nippur, Iraq
Jan 19 to Jan 22, 1954	Margaret Bell	Luxor, Egypt
Jan 27 to Feb 4, 1954	Margaret Bell	Luxor, Egypt
Feb, 1954	Donald E. McCown	Afak, Iraq
	Margaret Bell	Baghdad, Iraq
Mar 4, 1954	Elsie D. Kraeling	Luxor, Egypt
N/D	Treasures of Tutankhamun Exhibit information	
Apr 13, 1954	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
May 28, 1954	C. F. Nims, C. H. Kraeling	Tolmeta, Libya
Jun 2, 1954	John A. Wilson	Chicago
Sep, 1954	Hans G. Güterbock	Boğazköy, Turkey
Oct 10, 1954	Carl H. Kraeling	Chicago
Oct 17, 1954	Robert Braidwood	Salehedin, Iraq
Nov 13, 1954	Robert Braidwood, et al.	Iraq, Jarmo Expedition
Dec 19, 1954	Robert Braidwood	Salahedin, Iraq
Jan 4, 1955	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Feb 7, 1955	M. Matson, R. Wright	Iraq
Apr 14, 1955	Robert Braidwood	Chemchemical, Iraq
May 18, 1955	Carl H. Kraeling	Chicago
Jun 19, 1955	Robert Braidwood	Jarmo, Iraq
Oct 18, 1955	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Nov 11, 1955	R. Carl Haines	Nippur, Iraq
Nov 20, 1955	R. C. Haines, D. P. Hansen	Nippur, Iraq
Jan 11, 1956	Charles F. Nims	Abu Simbel, Egypt
Feb 10, 1956	C. H. Kraeling, C. Haines	Nippur, Iraq
Feb 19, 1956	B. M. Borland, E. H. Seipp	Luxor, Egypt
Mar 2, 1956	C. H. Kraeling, C. Haines	Nippur, Iraq
Mar 21, 1956	Carl H. Kraeling	Luxor, Egypt (re: Syria/Jordan)
Mar 31, 1956	Albrecht Goetze	Nippur, Iraq
Apr 1, 1956	Carl H. Kraeling	Tripoli, Libya

Apr 27, 1956	Carl H. Kraeling	Tolmeta, Libya
May 21, 1956	Charles F. Nims	Tolmeta, Libya
Oct 2, 1956	Robert M. Adams	Baghdad, Iraq
Oct 22, 1956	Carl H. Kraeling	Chicago
Nov 1, 1956	Carl H. Kraeling	Chicago
Nov 3, 1956	Robert M. Adams	Iraq
Nov 23, 1956	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Nov 26, 1956	Carl H. Kraeling	Chicago
Dec 9, 1956	Robert M. Adams	Baghdad, Iraq
Jan 25, 1957	R. M. Adams, R. Fernea	Baghdad, Iraq
Feb 26, 1957	Robert M. Adams	Baghdad, Iraq
Mar 27, 1957	Carl H. Kraeling	Luxor, Egypt
Apr 30, 1957	Carl H. Kraeling	Tolmeta, Libya
May 16, 1957	Carl H. Kraeling	Tolmeta, Libya
Aug 16, 1957	Robert and B. J. Fernea	Iraq
Oct 10, 1957	Thorkild Jacobsen	Khafaje, Iraq
Nov 6, 1957	Richard C. Haines	Nippur, Iraq
Dec 7, 1957	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Dec 15, 1957	Vaughn E. Crawford	Nippur, Iraq
Jan 19, 1958	Vaughn E. Crawford	Nippur, Iraq
Feb 14, 1958	Richard C. Haines	Nippur, Iraq
Mar 3, 1958	Carl H. Kraeling	Luxor, Egypt
Mar 15, 1958	Carl H. Kraeling	Baghdad, Iraq
Mar 27, 1958	Carl H. Kraeling	Jerusalem
May 1, 1958	Carl H. Kraeling	Tolmeita, Libya
May 19, 1958	George R. Hughes	Chicago
Aug 14, 1958	Hans G. Güterbock	Boghazkoy, Turkey
Oct 1, 1958	John A. Wilson	Cairo, Egypt
Oct 22, 1958	Hans G. Güterbock	Ankara, Turkey
Oct 25, 1958	J. A. Wilson, M. R. Wilson	Luxor, Egypt
Nov 23, 1958	John A. Wilson	Luxor, Egypt
Feb 27, 1959	Robert Braidwood	Chicago
Jul 10, 1959	Robert Braidwood	Chicago
Jul 14 to 17, 1959	Carl H. Kraeling	Baghdad, Iraq
Sep 12, 1959	Hans G. Güterbock	Boghazkoy, Turkey
Oct 2, 1959	Robert Braidwood	Kermanshah, Iran

Nov 18, 1959	Robert Braidwood	Kermanshah, Iran
Nov 23, 1959	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Jan 18, 1960	Gene R. Garthwaite	Iran
Mar 6, 1960	R. J. Braidwood, B. Howe, E. O. Negahban	Iran
Mar 21, 1960	Keith C. Seele	Chicago
May 5, 1960	Carl H. Kraeling	Chicago
Apr 3, 1960	Robert Braidwood	Iran
Jun 28, 1960	Keith C. Seele	Chicago
Jul 15, 1960	John A. Wilson	Chicago
Aug 1, 1960	John A. Wilson	Chicago
Nov 8, 1960	Richard C. Haines	Nippur, Iraq
Dec 15, 1960	John A. Wilson	Chicago
Jan 6, 1961	Keith C. Seele	Beit el Wali, Egypt
Jan 30, 1961	Robert M. Adams	Iran
Nov 10, 1961	P. Delougaz	Shalgahi Sofla, Iran
Jan 12, 1962	Emery T. Filbey	Chicago
Dec 23, 1961	George R. Hughes	Serra East, Sudan
Mar 5, 1962	Emery T. Filbey	Chicago
Dec 25, 1961	P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Shalgahi Sofla, Iran
1961	Frank A. Hole	Iranian Prehistoric Survey 1961
	Robert Braidwood	Arch. Tour: Pakistan/India
Mar 22, 1962	George R. Hughes	Serra East, Sudan
May 25, 1962	Emery T. Filbey	Chicago
May 25, 1962	Robert M. Adams	Chicago
Oct 15, 1962	R. C. Haines, G. Buccellati	Nippur, Iraq
Oct 24, 1962	Robert M. Adams	Chicago
Oct 11, 1962	E. and C. H. Kraeling	Adana, Turkey
Nov 5, 1962	Carl H. Kraeling	Beirut, Lebanon
Dec 14, 1962	Robert Braidwood	Beyrouth, Lebanon
Dec 18, 1962	Robert M. Adams	Chicago
Dec 8, 1962	Carl H. Kraeling	Beirut, Lebanon
Feb 11, 1963	Robert M. Adams	Shalgahi Sofla, Iran
Feb 26, 1963	Keith C. Seele	Ballana, Nubia
Apr 23, 1963	Robert M. Adams	Chicago

Apr 6, 1963	Keith C. Seele	Ballana, Nubia
May 15, 1963	Robert Braidwood	Chicago
May 1, 1963	Herbert E. Wright, Jr.	Kermanshah, Iran
Jul 31, 1963	Robert Braidwood	Welland Canal
Sep 17, 1963	Robert Braidwood	Istanbul, Turkey
Nov 4, 1963	Robert Braidwood	Siirt, Turkey
Dec 16, 1963	Robert Braidwood	Arnavutköy, Istanbul, Turkey
Dec 30, 1963	George R. Hughes	Luxor, Egypt
Jan 1, 1964	Keith C. Seele	Ballana, Shellal-Wadi Halfa, Nubia
Jan 17, 1964	R. J. Braidwood, I. Hunter	Arnavutkoy, Istanbul, Turkey
Feb 27, 1964	Carl H. Kraeling	Beirut, Lebanon
Mar 8, 1964	R. J. Braidwood, C. Benedict	Istanbul, Turkey
May 25, 1964	Robert Braidwood	Ergani, Turkey
Jun 22, 1964	Robert Braidwood	Ergani, Turkey
Aug 29, 1964	P. P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Oholo on the Sea of Galilee
Sep 28, 1964	P. P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Athens, Greece
Oct 15, 1964	Hans G. Güterbock	Boghazköy, Turkey
Feb 25, 1965	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Mar 5, 1965	Janes Knudstad	Nippur, Iraq
Apr 6, 1965	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Easter, 1965	McGuire Gibson	Nippur, Iraq
Jun 28, 1965	Robert M. Adams	Chicago
Jun 20, 1965	David Pingree	Poona, India
Jul 15, 1965	David Pingree	India
Aug 18, 1965	John A. Wilson	Chicago (Breasted's 100 th B-day)
Nov 5, 1965	Maurits van Loon	Aleppo, Syria
Nov 11, 1965	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
N/D, 1965	P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Dezful, Iran (Choga Mish)
Dec 13, 1965	R. M. Adams, G. Scanlon	Chicago and Fustat (Cairo), Egypt
Jan 19, 1966	P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Dezful, Iran (Choga Mish)
Jan 31, 1966	P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Dezful, Iran (Choga

		Mish)
Feb 3, 1966	L. Greener, C. F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Apr 1, 1966	Robert Braidwood	Southwestern Asia generally
Apr 5, 1966	Robert M. Adams	Chicago
Jul 11, 1966	Charles F. Nims	Chicago
Dec, 1966	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Jan, 1967	John A. Wilson	Luxor, Egypt
Feb 15, 1967	James Knudstad	Nippur, Iraq
Mar 1, 1967	Roberta Ellis	Chicago
Mar 23, 1967	Robert M. Adams	Baghdad, Iraq
May 4, 1967	Maurits van Loon	Aleppo, Syria
May 15, 1967	Robert McC. Adams	Iraq
Dec 6, 1967	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Dec 10, 1967	Robert Braidwood	Istanbul, Turkey
Feb 15, 1968	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Mar 15, 1968	Louis V. Zabkar	Semna South, Sudan
Aug 31, 1968	Hans Güterbock	Ankara, Turkey
Oct 28, 1968	Robert Braidwood	Ergani, Turkey
Nov 11, 1968	Maurits van Loon	Içme, Turkey
Nov 28, 1968	Robert McC. Adams	Nippur, Iraq
Jan 27, 1969	Robert McC. Adams	Nippur, Iraq
Mar 1, 1969	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Aug 30, 1969	H. Güterbock, M. van Loon, Philo Houwink ten Cate	Içme, Turkey (Korucutepe)
Oct 11, 1969	H. Güterbock, M. van Loon, Philo Houwink ten Cate	Içme, Turkey
Oct 31, 1969	Maurits van Loon	Içme, Turkey
Jan 15, 1970	P. P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Choga Mish, Iran
Feb 2, 1970	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Apr 15, 1970	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Aug 15, 1970	H. Güterbock, M. van Loon, Philo Houwink ten Cate	Içme, Turkey
Oct 4, 1970	Robert Braidwood	Ergani, Turkey
Nov 1, 1970	H. Güterbock, M. van Loon	Ankara, Turkey
Nov 8, 1970	Robert Braidwood	Ergani, Turkey
Nov 27, 1970	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Dec, 1970	Program Registration Form	

Jan 4, 1971	George R. Hughes	Chicago
Apr 13, 1971	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Jan 12, 1972	Charles F. Nims	Luxor, Egypt
Mar 17, 1972	P. P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Ghaleh Khalil, Iran
Oct 18, 1972	John A. Brinkman	Chicago
Sep 20, 1972	Robert Braidwood	Ergani, Turkey
Oct, 1972	Lecture Invitation	
Oct 31, 1972	Robert Braidwood	Ergani, Turkey
Oct 27, 1972	Helene J. Kantor	Ghaleh Khalil, Iran
Dec 20, 1972	John A. Brinkman	Chicago
Nov 4, 1972	Andrew M. T. Moore	Aleppo, Syria
	Frederick C. Klein	Chicago
Jan, 1973	Lecture Invitation	
Dec 13, 1972	P. P. Delougaz, H. J. Kantor	Ghaleh Khalil, Iran
Dec 7, 1972	Robert Braidwood	En route, Istanbul to W. Europe
Jan, 1973	John A. Brinkman	Chicago
Jan 15, 1973	McGuire Gibson	Nippur, Iraq
Jan 22, 1973	Edward F. Wente	Luxor, Egypt
Feb 10 to Feb 20, 1973	McGuire Gibson	Nippur, Iraq
Mar 11, 1973	McGuire Gibson	Nippur, Iraq

Newsletter from Robert Braidwood
Jarmo Excavation
Iraq

October 15, 1950

Chemchemal
Kirkuk Liwa
Iraq

Dear Friends:

We reached camp at Jarmo on the afternoon of September 15th. The house was far enough along so that we could move right in - Abdullah, the Reverend Glessner, and Bob Adams for the ten days he had been here, had all done a remarkably good job. Felt downright smug about it - almost feel I could earn a living being an architect by overseas correspondence. You remember I drew the plans in Chicago and sent them on out to Glessner for transmission to Abdullah, and then simply held my breath. Of course a few minor details went wrong - like windows hung upside down, door-hardware reversed etc. - but on the whole it was unbelievably successful. We moved in immediately, but in sort of chaos too, as we still had a great deal to do, finishing carpentry, laying the wiring and plumbing, and unpacking all the mess of gear all at once. We stayed in this chaos for about a week. We had a break in a way, since the "Eed al-Kebir" (a sort of four day Mohammedan Christmas) came at the time, and we didn't have very many people about. It held up some things, but kept people from getting underfoot as well. Anyway, things got themselves into sufficient order within two weeks so we could begin to dig, which we did on September 30th. The shipment from the States arrived about a week ago, also a plumber with some pipe for the line from the well to the tanks. By tonight we will at least be able to get a shower. In the meantime, we have been bathing (somewhat irregularly) in a folding rubber tub, filled with blitz cans (plenty of hot water by night if you set them out full in the sun in the morning). The well, incidently, was a great success, and it is really a luxury to have fine and adequate water. Jeff Glessner blasted down only fourteen feet, and we get something over 200 gallons an hour.

Let me tell you about the U. S. shipment before I go on about the dig. It came through in fine shape, but three weeks late, due to a fuss with the papers in Beyrouth. Three of the twenty-six cases were shortlanded, and this of course reduced the total to twenty-three, and was obviously worth three weeks of argument (one case per week's argument!). Moreover, the missing cases were those containing the acetone, the ham and the bacon. Abdullah is not clear why the acetone should have been missing, but told me, in effect, what should I expect in trying to bring ham and bacon into Allah's countries.

We took on twelve of the trained Shargati workmen and about forty locals, a few from Matarrah village (where we worked in 1948), as they're bilinguals and the locals here are only Kurdish-speaking, and Abdullah's Kurdish is weak, and ours non-existent. We opened a 20.0m x 10.0m cut on the top of the north center of the Jarmo site and have been working down in it slowly ever since then, with spells of work in the old 1948 operation and in another new 5.0m x 5.0m cut, whenever we needed more time and less crowding for cleaning up delicate stuff in the big new cut. Most of the features in it are of stone - there is no mud walling, but this isn't surprising since we're still only about 30cm. down and just below the plow line. Save for the fact that our tents in 1948 were right where the new cut lies, and that a few broken tent stakes, and bits of glass turned up on the

Newsletter from Robert Braidwood - 2

surface, the area is remarkably uncontaminated. All of the stuff it has yielded has been of the Jarmo assemblage; just as in 1948, in the uppermost layer, there is also broken pottery here - of a very coarse and primitive-looking variety. No very remarkable antiquities yet, mainly milling stones, pestles, stone axes, and lots of flint and obsidian blades. Also enough grain to fill about half a dozen match boxes - much more than we got during the whole of the 1948 campaign. The area looks extremely promising, and if it develops as well architecturally as seems probable now, we'll really get good stuff from it.

As a kind of reservoir to throw workmen into when we wanted more time and space in the new cut, I had the cut-faces and old walls of the 1948 operation on the northwest corner cleaned out. When we got the area down into pay dirt again, we began to encounter more of those reed-floored areas. In the last couple of days, we've had to work at a very slow and painstaking rate here too (so I had to open a third small cut to put excess workmen into), and now it's beginning to look as if all the reed impressions may be of fallen-in roofing. We shied off this idea at first, since we get the impressions over the whole area of a room, within its walls, and essentially unbroken, and it didn't seem very reasonable that a roof would break in and whoosh down on the floor in one piece like that. As a matter of fact, we've had to leave our minds open on several other things, as well as this.

The whole thing is being very provocative - I must say it's exciting to be back at it again, and to have it act this way from the very start. It sure is a swell site. Bob Adams and Vivian Broman are both jewels, and are already in the routine like old hands. Nevertheless, the yield in small stuff was so great that I laid off about twenty of the locals for a week, so we can get ourselves caught up. This will be only a temporary situation, as there has still been quite a bit of settling down to do in the house. Also, we have sent for Elizabeth West to come on as a volunteer - she's the lass who finished chemistry at Vassar and went back to work in the museum in the American University at Beyrouth, where her father is a professor. We met her in Beyrouth, and like her very much, and we can certainly use her.

Linda and I simply haven't had time yet to go scouting for caves. The children and I went to Suleimaniyah a week ago, to shop for Linda's birthday, which was on the 9th. Sul is really a nice town - completely Kurdish, and with one of the most unspoiled bazaars I've seen - not as large as Aleppo, but pretty un-Westernized. The Children thrive; the Khaimakhan of Chemchemal, who is a very nice fellow, gave them a gazel which lay down beautifully, but I'm afraid the blighted beast is going to eat my garden. We gave the workmen a fantasia, killed two fat sheep, and got a drummer and piper from Chemchemal on the day work started. Think I got some good movies of the dances. We all thrive.

Greetings to all,

Bob

Newsletter from Robert Braidwood
Jarmo Excavation
Iraq

November 20, 1950

Chemchemal
Kirkuk Liwa
Iraq

Dear Friends:

Now that we're well into our stride at Kal'at Jarmo, we've gotten to that frame of mind where we wish we'd have a few days of rain. The place is yielding so well that it is all Linda and the girls can do to keep up even with the gross sorting of the stone objects and with the general registration. There have been days when the yield in flint and obsidian has been as high as fifteen hundred pieces. If we'd only have a bit of rainy weather, we could catch up on the inside work a bit. Of course it's some consolation that the winter rains will eventually come, but the 'museum' shelves are already crammed with sacks awaiting sorting. The only thing the weather does is to stay fine and get increasingly colder -- wonderful nippy days with scattered high white clouds and fine clear nights. It sure is a good thing we've finished the fireplace!

I suppose the best thing we've turned up so far has been a curved sickle set with four flint blades for the cutting edge -- the blades were set into some sort of haft (apparently of wood, although we didn't get much of its ghost) with asphalt. As you know, single flint sickle blade elements are a dime a dozen, but the things are not often found in their original alignment, and this is the first curved example from this part of the world, until much later times. Also, the asphalt for hafting shows that people were using the Kirkuk fields long before the Iraq Petroleum Co. got here. There have been a few more conventionally spectacular pieces -- several very well modeled mother-goddess fragments -- one markedly pregnant. Also some nice animal figurines. You probably know that Edith Porada, the seal expert, is now in Baghdad -- well, when we heard she was to come up with the Directorate General of Antiquities people for their official visit, Linda said it would be nice if we'd get Edith a stamp seal. We did, next day -- the thing is a high conical affair of clay with a very clear spiral stamp. The yield in stone bowls has been good too, also that of mortars, pestles and grinders, and such other elements of the beginning of agricultural economy as Jarmo shows. Grain itself has kept coming along too, and each day we've been getting some charcoal flecks, so that it won't be too long before we'll have enough for a run for the Carbon 14 dating project. I badly want this, since you know how uncomfortable Libby is about the 4757 B.C. -- 320 run on the Jarmo snail shells of 1948. It's really a very sweet site, all the way around -- you just couldn't dream one up which would be any better for the business of getting at the beginnings of agriculture and of animal domestication.

Last weekend, Dr. Naji al-Asil, the Director General of Antiquities of the Government and Fuad Safar, their top excavator, came up, bringing Edith Porada with them. Very nice visit. I've never seen Naji Beg so relaxed. He talked a good bit of the time he spent at Lake Success, of his conversations with General Marshall, etc., and seemed to be enjoying himself very much. He's full of his plans for a new museum in Baghdad -- they're hoping to get the same architect who did the Jerusalem Museum. I certainly hope they do get him, for that's a magnificent job.

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Newsletter from Robert Braidwood

We've been getting a carload or two of visitors from the International Petroleum Company practically every Sunday too, but they've all been pretty reasonable people, and we haven't minded having them - also, what with the Company having lend-leased us so much building material for the house, I suppose we are duty-bound to be a Sunday spectacle for bored Empire builders. A number of them are geologists too, and we wring odd bits of information out of them,

The children now have a kitten that is much wilder than the gazel the Khaimakhan gave them. The gazel is now fat, and there is neither lettuce nor radishes in my garden - the blighted goat! How does one keep an animal from not being domesticated? Pretty beast though, plays tag with Douglas every morning. So far, however, all attempts to wean the kitten from anti-socialibility have been futile. We also had a pet hedgehog for a while, but I don't know what's happened to it. I've been assigned Geography and Science in Gretel's fourth grade Calvert system course - Linda teaches her the other things - the system seems to be working pretty well.

We're all to go in for Thanksgiving to the Glessners', the American missionary's in Kirkuk; the Hotchkisses - he's head geologist for I.P.C. - and one or two other odd Americans will be there. We've provided the turkeys, via our workmen, at the exorbitant price of \$1.40 per bird - I trust you'll allow this on the accounts!

Can't think of anything more, and it's almost 4:00 o'clock, and I've got to go out and help Bob close down the dig! Send us some news of the great outer world - we get the B.B.C. news over the radio, in which cricket takes up about one-third of the time for the "world news".

As ever -

s/s Bob

Newsletter from Robert Braidwood
Jarmo Expedition
Iraq

January 6, 1951

Chemchemal
Kirkuk Liwa
Iraq

Dear Friends:

By the time this reaches you, the holidays will be long gone and news of them will seem stale, so I'll say little more of them than that we had a very Merry Christmas. The girls baked all the proper Christmas cookies, Ali powdered the sugar on mortars we'd excavated in the site, and I carved the Springerli moulds from old crating. We ended up with three Christmas trees, one from the American mission in Kirkuk, and two from the Government Experimental Farm. The last two came complete with roots, and have been planted down by our well. This year, Christmas was coincident with Mohammed's birthday (which is calculated by the moon!), so the men took a holiday too.

Since Christmas, we have only had two and a half days of digging, as the rainy season has now set in with a vengeance. Fortunately, we got the truck back from its overhauling beforehand, so that with the jeeps, we have remained reasonably mobile and able to supply ourselves. These four-wheel drive vehicles will move through a remarkable amount of mud when they have chains on all four wheels; our greatest danger is side-slipping off the hills down into the wadis (= gully), some of which are pretty steep-sided and a hundred or more feet deep. Hence, on very soupy days, we simply don't move at all. The situation will grow increasingly worse as the ground soaks up more and more rain. We've a lot of work to do in the house, however, and are pretty well stocked with absolute essentials, so we're not worried, and I rather gather the great outside world is not so overwhelmingly attractive at the moment that one minds being cut off from it.

Professor Herbert Wright, the University of Minnesota geologist for the American Schools of Oriental Research project on the Pleistocene survey, arrived day before yesterday, and is already out on survey on one of the coldest, bleakest and grayest days we've had yet. Herb is good-- we went over the mound with him yesterday, and all kinds of interesting hints about ways the soil profile can be made to yield climatic information came out of our talks. It is going to be extremely useful to have him here with us, and this sort of information will increase when Fred Barth, the young Norwegian paleontologist arrives, and we can begin wringing information out of the animal bones and shell. I have a very positive feeling that all kinds of useful and hitherto undreamed of types of information are going to come out as a result of having people like Wright, Barth, and Howe here - not only for the American School's project but for Jarmo as well. Bruce Howe, the Pleistocene archeologist from the Peabody Museum at Harvard, is due to arrive in a week or so, and if the weather isn't too bad, we'll doubtless soon begin to do what digging we planned for the American School's project. We've located several promising sites, which look as if they'd show what the level of culture was at the end of "stone age" times, just before the great burst came with the appearance of agriculture and domestic animals and the appearance of such sites as Jarmo itself. It's really tremendously exciting to have the whole thing coming out of the works at once, especially when one feels there is (I believe for the first time on such a job) this group of specialists of such varied competence at hand to make the job we do a complete one.

Newsletter from Robert Braidwood -2

The individual antiquities we find are relatively unspectacular, and the simple flints and a few kernels of charred grain and pieces of animal bones won't make much of a museum exhibit, but the amount of historical information we'll be able to wring out of Jarmo and the School's site together will be completely new stuff and will replace pages and pages of pure theory.

On Jarmo itself, before the rains set in, we had taken the old Number I Operation down into the 8th level, which seems to be its lowest, as the virgin decomposing rock is now just below us. The architecture doesn't amount to much, apparently, but some walls are appearing so that the place evidently had buildings in the area of Operation I right back to its beginnings. In Number II, the larger newer operation, we have cleared down through the second level and have also begun to expand toward the west, where Bob Adams had plotted the largest concentration of potsherds. We've now begun the treatment of these broken pottery bits in bulk, and have found that a great proportion of them is literally half-baked: they pretty well disintegrate if left in water, and the original intact pots and jars could hardly have held liquid. Hence we're expanding in the area of greatest yield to increase our bulk for study purposes. You'll recall that pottery - as proper portable vessels - only appears in the uppermost (latest) levels of Jarmo. And since pottery, as a craft product, was one of the very first in which men actually learned to alter the properties of a material in nature, we're interested in learning as much as we can about how this technical development came about. I would certainly not be so bold as to say that the potters craft was discovered on Jarmo itself, but we are able to observe, in the Jarmo levels, an example of how it evolved from the baked-in-place basin in a floor to a proper portable jar. In other words, we are getting a look at a single case, at its very beginning, of the whole great sequence of technologies which depend on the heat-treatment of materials.

Along in December, we hit the highest daily yield of flint and obsidian - 2119 pieces in one day. Pottery figurines, stone vessels, beads, and other odd utilitarian objects in bone and stone have continued to come out, and we're well over the requisite amount of charcoal necessary for the radioactive carbon dating method.

Various visitors are beginning to turn up - we've had a pair of journalistic photographers for over a week, who drove in just before the rains in a small British car, and haven't been able to get out until today. We put them to work labeling flints and helping the girls with photography. One did a strip of a day's digging routine for N.B.C. television.

Just before Christmas, I lectured to a mixed British-Iraqi audience of about 250 of the Iraq Petroleum Company's staff on the general subject of why strange Americans come all the way to a country so archeologically rich as Iraq and are happy on a site which yields no gold! The thing must have been very successful, as the Company kept us overnight in the presidential suite in its big guest house, with treatment number 1 (i.e., seven course dinner, liqueurs, Havana cigars, et al). As usual, Linda slept through the lecture!

Greetings to all,

Bob

Newsletter from Robert Briadwood
Jarmo Expedition
Iraq

February 18, 1951

Chemchemal
Kirkuk Liwa
Iraq

Dear Friends:

When I last wrote, Christmas was just over, and the winter rains had just begun to spit at us. Since then, it has been raining almost half of the time. It rains in three or four day spells every third or fourth day, so that the dig practically never gets dry enough to work, even in the short spells of fine weather in between. On the good days the effects of the rain begin to show up clearly, as all the hills with soil cover are turning a brilliant green with new grass. This, against the contrast of the deep red-browns of the exposed shales and sandstones makes for an extremely handsome landscape. But for the last three days, it has rained again, and what we see out our windows is grey foggy drizzle.

We've kept busy, rain or no rain, on the processing of the excavated materials, and all sorts of people have been arriving. First, a couple of guests turned up--completely out of the blue, in a little Hillman station-wagon--and identified themselves as Mrs. Helen Joy Lee of Stonington, Connecticut, and Mr. H. de Meiss-Teuffen of Zurich, Switzerland, and announced that they were the Bourne Brook Educational Films Company, and wanted to take our pictures at work. Mrs. Lee, who insisted on being called Gran'ma was one of the Detroit Joys with an undimmed wanderlust; she did some photography, but more in the way of journalistic writing. Hans: Meiss-Teuffen, who was the professional photographer of the team, turned out to be an incredible and charming guy who had knocked about from Alaska to Africa, sailed the Atlantic single-handed, been in the British Commandos, and half a dozen other things I have forgotten. He was on a free-lance commission from N.B.C. television, and for this reason, as well as for their general educational films business, they had come up to see if they could "do" us. It was almost dark when they arrived--how they found their way in through our wild road in that little car was a feat in itself--and they proposed if we would take Gran'ma in overnight, Hans would sleep in the car, and they could "do" us the next day and be off. Besides, they offered some old egg sandwiches and a bottle of Cinzano as keep. We took them in.

That night the heavy rains set in. To make a long story short, it was ten days before Hans could get the car back out to the main road. As one has to, with guests here, we suggested, and they went willingly to work--Hans on photography with Vivian and Liz, and Gran'ma on labeling objects. Besides, they insisted on paying their keep, and when Hans finally could get the car out, it was decided that we would keep Gran'ma on for a month or more while Hans went off to Kuwait to do a piece out in the desert on falcon hunting. Gran'ma actually stayed until last Sunday, labeled I would hate to say how many thousand microliths, taught the cook how turkeys are slaughtered, drawn, cleaned and cooked in Connecticut--and acquired all the knowledge required of a good field hand in archeology, including how to sass the director. The night before she left, we gave her a final oral examination, and then presented her with a diploma (with cum laude in director sassing). Anyway, so much for our paying, working guests.

Newsletter from Robert Braidwood - 2

The next arrival (on January 3) was Herbert Wright, Professor of Geology at Minnesota, who came on on the Viking Fund grant for the survey of the Pleistocene physiography of our area. Translated, this means that Herb is at work trying to understand the history of the landscape hereabouts for the last some thousands of years. His study will indicate what the landscape may have been like at the time when Jarmo village flourished, the general history of river-valley cutting, climatic change, ecology, and so on, of our immediate area, in relationship to the broader picture of such events in Iraq as a whole. Herb is a quiet but extremely merry lad. He misses his children, hence he monopolizes ours (which are about the same age as his), when he is in camp, and they love it. A good part of the time, he is off in the Jeep, however. He is tracing down as many of the main tributaries of the Tigris as he can, to see if the regimes of these rivers are the same as that of the Taur Chai which runs through our plain. At the end, he will do his detailed study and geological mapping here. I must say it is extremely interesting to have a live geologist in one's camp, but the more so because Herb is such a winning guy personally! What tickles me most is to see him go about doing whatever he wants to do, and going wherever he wants to go, without knowing a word of Kurdish or Arabic. I have no idea how he does it, but he always comes back grinning with what he wanted to do all done.

Early in February, Fred Barth turned up. You will remember him as the Norwegian lad who did his M.A. in physical anthropology at Chicago, and who married Professor Allee's daughter, Molly. Well, Molly stayed on in Oslo, but Fred arrived via a Norwegian air line in Abadan, Iran, untangled himself from Persian and Iraqi customs officials, and got up here on his own. Like Herb Wright, Fred fits into the formal staff of our project for the American Schools of Oriental Research, more than he does into the Institute's Jarmo dig. But while he was a student, he worked on the Jarmo animal bones of our first season here, and now--until we get things started on the earlier dig for the American Schools' project--Fred is again at Jarmo animal bones. The same general picture--mainly sheep and goat, some cattle, a few dogs and "equids" (i.e., he cannot tell whether horse or donkey or something related), and only a very few gazelle or other wild forms. It will be interesting to see how this picture differs in the earlier terminal cave-stage site we will dig for the American Schools. Fred is that much older and quieter than he was in his student days, and is a very effective and extremely pleasant field hand--we wish Molly were here too.

Last Monday, Linda and Bob Adams drove down to Baghdad to meet Bruce Howe, the specialist on cave-stage prehistory from the Peabody Museum at Harvard, who rounds out the staff of the American Schools' project. Bruce is an old friend of Linda's and mine, one of the very top American prehistorians, and an extremely nice guy. When I tote it up, I very much doubt if there has ever been a better rounded, more effective, and more pleasantly disposed staff in the history of Near Eastern archeology, from a field director's point of view, at least. Bruce and Linda spent their time going over the collections of flint tools in the Baghdad Museum, and Bob Adams got a suit made to replace the one he lost in the fire in the Zia Hotel Laundry last September. They all reached camp again late Thursday afternoon. Since then, we have been going through another (I hope only) three day rainy period with a vengeance, so we have not been able to take Bruce out to see the various early sites which Linda and I picked up on the survey for the American Schools' project. Bruce has been spending his time getting settled in, and in sorting through the collections we had made on the surface of the survey sites.

Newsletter from Robert Braidwood - 3

The rain cannot go on forever, although one of the locals told me smugly just yesterday that there is an old Arabic proverb which says that "March is the father of the rain". Other sages had assured me that late December, January, and February were the months to watch out for. My own passing experience with these parts suggests that no season is ever "normal", and that anything might happen-- I've my fingers crossed for fine weather following the next full moon.

In the meantime, we all flourish, and there's plenty of work inside to keep us out of mischief. Vivian is cataloging and drawing the clay figurines, but as soon as the carpenter in Kirkuk finishes off a glass-topped table for us, I am going to work with her on a routine for object photography. Dr. Robert Broman, Vivian's father may fly out to see her and the rest of us, in a few weeks time. If he does, he will be made to pay his keep by taking over Vivian's own duties with all blighted staff members, local Kurdish and Arab workmen, and the lame, halt and blind kinsmen of the latter who infest Vivian's clinic. Liz West is at home with her parents in the American University of Beyrouth for a month. Bob Adams has finished cataloging and drawing the pottery, is now working on the stone vessels, and keeps growling at the weather like a big bear because he is happiest out on the dig. His father, Mr. Robert M. Adams of Chicago, made us a special grant which will enable us to clear a very promising house in level 2 at Jarmo, which develops outside the area our regular budget will allow us to tap. This is especially appreciated since the inflation consequent on the general world situation has thrown my budget badly out of balance, and I am very much afraid we will not be able to accomplish all we had hoped for. Linda, after the thirteen years of our marriage, still amazes me with all the different things she can get done at one time--the kids are taught, the accounts are kept, the great mass of flint and obsidian tools from Jarmo are controlled, a balky husband is kept in some order, and she still has some energy left. She is very taken with her new camera, and is working at a series of sequences on activities in the villages near at hand, mainly in color film. The kids thrive happily without television, radio, or comic books--Gretel genuinely enjoys reading by herself; Douglas bubbles over the edges a bit more, as becomes a six year old boy. The stream and water-falls which have developed behind the house with the rain run-off has been a delight to both of them. In one clear spell of weather, we started the two of them at that simplification of baseball which as a youngster I knew as "one old cat". Several days later, I saw Douglas trying to organize Ali the house boy, and Sherif and Arif, the two Kurdish guards, into baseball players. I suppose this is a pretty pure case of what the anthropologists call "stimulus diffusion" at its beginning.

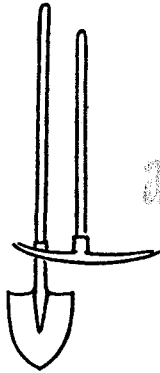
Well, so much for a not too dull rainy season. Next time I write, we will be digging again.

As ever,

Bob

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Tell Kotchek, Syria
March 20, 1951

Dear Friends:

Greetings to you all from Mrs. Kraeling and myself at the half-way point in our journey about the Near East. Actually we are seated at this moment in a second-class compartment of the Wagon Lit on the Taurus Express at the frontier between Iraq and Syria, waiting for something to happen. The Taurus Express is an element of that grandiose railroad structure that was originally supposed to link Berlin and Baghdad. Actually it is the train that runs from Baghdad to Constantinople. When I say "runs", or when the railway guides speak of it as an "Express", that is to be taken as a compliment, for strictly speaking the words do not apply. We have been two and one-half hours at Tell Kotchek, the border station, miles from everything but an imaginary line, waiting for the necessary formalities to be unfolded or whatever it is that happens to formalities. Prior to that we had puffed along over rolling hills at speeds that varied from a slow walk on the up-hill stretches to a rather good thirty miles per hour clip on the down-hill stretches. We have still to cross and recross the Turkish border before we really get into the heart of Syria, and each crossing involves two stops for inspection, so you can well imagine that we shall be spending a great deal more time waiting for things to happen. No wonder it takes a full twenty-four hours to make the transition from Mosul to Aleppo. But then, time is not a luxury in the Near East. It is the one commodity of which everyone has what he needs and consequently it is spent lavishly.

To us it seems a long time since we left Chicago and our friends of the Oriental Institute. Two months ago we were just one day out of New York on the SS Excambion sailing across placid seas under balmy skies bound for the Mediterranean. The first part of our sea voyage lived up to expectation, for, being on the southerly track, we enjoyed what was for that season of the year a pleasant, relaxing voyage. Reports of a bitterly cold spell back home tended only to add to our own sense of well-being. After passing the Azores and upon entering the Mediterranean we had a good taste of weather made up in the Labrador laboratory of old Boreas and things remained on the chilly side till we reached the interior of Egypt, where we visited Chicago House at Luxor and the men of the Institute's Epigraphic and Architectural Survey.

Both Mrs. Kraeling and I had been in Egypt at several previous occasions, but we had never had occasion to journey as far south as Luxor and therefore had a special treat in store for ourselves when we were introduced to Chicago House, its staff and their work. Chicago House is truly a magnificent establishment, not magnificent in its appointments so much as magnificent in the conception that is brought to expression in and through it. We hear much in these days

about the desirability of creating in the Near East "research centers" through which Americans can become familiar with all phases of Near Eastern life and through which also the people of the Near Eastern countries can become familiar with American ideas, ideals and procedures. Foundations and privately endowed institutions are racking their brains about how to bring such research centers into being. One look at Chicago House would give them the answer. We have it. You, we, the University of Chicago can pride itself on having here the finest American research institution with the greatest potentialities in the entire Near East. An excellent library, good study and living facilities and a really charming location.

During about ten days spent at Chicago House we had a real opportunity to become acquainted with the work which our Institute staff is endeavoring to accomplish from this base. The monuments upon which the staff is at work are, of course, staggering in their very physical proportions, - the greatest and most elaborate of the temples and mortuary temples of ancient Egypt. If their size and the intricacy of their courts, halls, and chambers beggar description, still more do the pictorial reliefs and the inscriptions that cover literally every wall, every chamber, every column, every pier, pedestal and podium, - inscriptions and reliefs that can only be measured in extravagant terms as regards their historical and artistic importance and in square acres of surface as regards their extent and coverage. These pictorial materials, then, the few men of your Epigraphic Survey staff are painstakingly and even heroically endeavoring to record for publication, pitting their strength, ingenuity and scholarly acumen against the industry of large guilds of ancient craftsmen working for many years as the servants of the Pharaohs and against the ravages of time and weather in the millennia since the inscriptions were cut.

An excellent team our Epigraphic Survey staff, the heir of a proud tradition created by the eminent Egyptologists of whom the Oriental Institute has boasted in the past and whom it still counts among its most distinguished members. Professor George Hughes as Director and Epigrapher, Professor Charles Nims as Epigrapher and Photographer and Messieurs Champion and Floroff as Artists, are recording, tracing, checking and rechecking the material for the preparation of the publishable line-drawings. At present they are endeavoring to complete the work on the mortuary temple of Medinet Habu, so many years in process and still so many years to run. A mere corporal's guard for a gigantic undertaking, but an excellent guard for all of that. More power to them in the years that lie ahead, and, hopefully at least, more associates to speed the work in hand.

After a quiet but instructive two weeks stay at Chicago House it was rather more fatiguing, but not for that reason any the less pleasant and important, to spend a week at Cairo, making the acquaintances of His Excellency the Minister of Education, Taha Hussein Pasha, of M. Drioton, Director of the Service of Antiquities, of Professor Zaky M. Hassan, Dean of the Arts Faculty of Fouad I University, of Dr. Fahor C. Labib, the new Director of the Coptic Museum, of the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Caffery, of Judge Brinton and of many other members of the American Embassy staff. Here were made the personal contacts that are so necessary for overseas operations and here were discussed also the various possibilities for utilizing to the full the potentialities of Chicago House. Finally one morning, long before dawn, we betook ourselves bag and baggage to the airport and boarded the plane for Iraq and the land of the two rivers.

Baghdad, city of the Caliphs, city of Haroun al-Rashid, city of palms and plantations provided some contrasts yet many analogies to Cairo. Again we were in the capital city of an Arab kingdom, a capital and a kingdom that are struggling mightily to administer their life in accordance with the demands and the patterns of the modern city. Here too our life was much like that in Cairo, for again we used the opportunity to meet the officials of the Iraq Government, the Minister of Education, Dr. Najî al-Asil, the Director of the Department of Antiquities, United States Ambassador and Mrs. Crocker and the members of the Embassy staff and many others. With them we discussed American policy with regard to excavations and co-operation in the intellectual exchange between East and West. All this kept us busy indeed for almost two weeks. Yet it was wonderful after the day's work was done to sit by the side of the ancient Tigris and to see the sun sinking behind the palms toward the west across the river. Spring was in the air and the breezes were warm and pleasant.

From Baghdad as a base we were able to visit between days devoted to official business certain at least of the antiquities sites of southern Iraq. For making these visits possible we are greatly indebted to Dr. Najî al-Asil, who in all particulars has assisted members of the Oriental Institute's archeological expeditions. Our chief interest in southern Iraq lay naturally in Nippur, most sacred among the cities of the Sumerian plain. It took all of one day to make the journey southward from Baghdad to Nippur and back and a long, dusty trip it was, lasting from sunrise till midnight. Official calls and the failure of automotive equipment accounted for some of the time spent, but most of it was devoted to the procedure of bumping over rough roads and swallowing the dust clouds raised by passing cars.

In spite of or because of its remoteness Nippur was most impressive, an almost endless succession of massive hills representing a buried city of huge proportions and a great complexity. What all lies buried in those towering masses of sun-dried brick covered with sand? We studied carefully the two areas which our joint Oriental Institute--University of Pennsylvania Museum expedition has been excavating, the area of the great Temple of Enlil with its lofty temple-tower and the area of the scribal quarters, where those who inscribed the clay tablets were schooled in their profession. Deep are the cuts that have been made here by the joint staff under the excellent direction of our Field Director, Professor Donald McCown, and important indeed the results of the work. Yet it is only a drop in the bucket compared to what still remains to be done. Is there any way of under-writing an operation that in the life-time of a generation would clear the entire site and give us for the first time a complete picture of an entire Mesopotamian city?

Other sites accessible from Baghdad also attracted our attention, ancient Babylon on the Euphrates and Ctesiphon on the Tigris, twin city with Seleucia, whose one great hall, still standing, reflects the architectural grandeur of Parthian and Sassanian days. But eventually it came time to leave Baghdad and we took the train northward to Kirkuk and its oil fields to visit Oriental Institute excavations in progress in that region. At Kirkuk we were met by Professor and Mrs. Robert Braidwood and transported by jeep ever closer to the towering snow-capped mountain ranges that fringe the border of Persia. Leaving the highway after several hours of travel eastward, we entered into the region of the deeply eroded foot-hills where travel is possible only for goats, donkeys,

and hard-bitten, heroic jeeps and after further hours of torturous travel over home-made so-called roads arrived at the Oriental Institute's Iraq-Jarmo mud-brick expedition house. Here we met the members of the happy family that form Professor Braidwood's staff: Dr. Bruce Howe of Harvard University, Professor Herbert Wright of the University of Minnesota, Dr. Fred Barth of Norway, Robert McCormick Adams and Vivian Broman both of Chicago, and Elizabeth West of Beirut.

Proudly they showed us the results of their work both at Qala'at Jarmo and at Karim Shahir, two prehistoric sites where this admirable company of anthropologists, palaeontologists, geologists, prehistorians and helpers are bringing to light the very earliest steps in the development of human civilization in the Near East. We saw emerging in the excavations the outlines of primitive house units and peculiar raised hearths (?) and in the study and recording room of the expedition house the flint tools, the remains of the crudest of all types of clay vessels, a stationary type that remains attached to the floor of the house or hearth where it has been moulded from a lump of clay, bones of domesticated animals and specimens of early grains. With the help of these simple materials, seen in their relation to the historical geology of the area, Professor Braidwood hopes to clarify the transition from man the cave-dweller to man the creator of an organized society, and to follow the distribution of such beginnings of human civilization throughout the uplands of the Near East.

From Jarmo itself Professor and Mrs. Braidwood at the end of our visit took us in a jeep northward again, through the fertile plains of Adiabene, past the ancient city of Arbela, to modern Mosul where we could catch (or better: await) the Taurus Express that leaves twice weekly from this busy Iraqi city. The ride was long but pleasant and most interesting for it brought me for the first time to a region about which I had read a great deal and which played no small part in the history of the Near East, both in Assyrian times and in the period of Hellenistic and Roman domination. We saw the remains of ancient Nineveh and the traditional tomb of the Prophet Jonah and used the occasion of our presence in the area to visit also the British excavations at ancient Nimrud, where we were most hospitably received by Professor Max Mallowan, the Director. Staying at the Railroad Station itself, which is both station and hotel, we had no trouble in "making" the Taurus Express and after bidding good-bye to our Jarmo hosts, settled back in our compartment waiting for enough things to happen through the combined energies of a German locomotive (built in 1912) and a Turkish conductor to bring us eventually to Aleppo and from there by car back to the Mediterranean and Beirut.

It has been important for us indeed to have made this journey. Because of it we shall be able to represent the Oriental Institute more effectively and to tell you the more fully about its work. Keeping your interest in the Institute in mind we have taken many pictures to show to you, but we shall not know till we get back whether they have turned out well. We have been impressed above all by two things. The first is the high reputation of the Oriental Institute in all countries of the Near East as an organization that represents the highest scholarly ideals and has put the most effective expeditions into the field. The second is the high level of aspiration at which the work of the Oriental Institute is pitched here as at home and the daring with which even the most difficult and expensive operations have been undertaken, given the impression that they are intrinsically worth while and significant. There is no

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NEWSLETTER

March 20, 1951

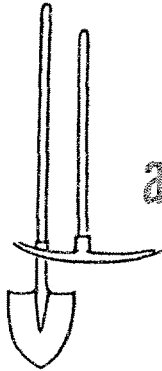
small element of "empire building", an empire of scholarly and scientific achievement, involved in the overseas operations of the Oriental Institute. The question is how can we continue this tradition in a period of contracting economy. To this question we must find the proper answer lest we fall short of the measure set for us by those who have gone before, and lest the Oriental Institute cease to be truly expressive of the high ideals that led to its foundation and of the Spirit of Chicago and of the University of Chicago that it has so nobly expressed in the past.

With kindest greetings to you all from Mrs. Kraeling and myself,

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling
Director

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House
Luxor, Egypt
March 30, 1951

Dear Friends:

A newsletter from a veteran expedition of some twenty-five years which is engaged in the long-term business of recording inscriptions and reliefs in an Egyptian temple sounds like prospectively dull reading even to me. By very nature it will lack the undercurrent of excitement that the prospect of uncovering something never seen by modern man gives life on an excavation. When I asked some of the members of the staff what the news from here should include, somebody answered, "We're still copying Medinet Habu." That is a familiar refrain to those who have been members of the Survey and to us who find it necessary to repeat it so often to casual visitors who drop in expecting to see an excavation, a museum or even reconstructed models of the monuments of Thebes.

"We're still copying Medinet Habu" needs some explanation itself. "We" are eleven people of the staff and household not counting two former colleagues who have been with us a good part of the season. Dick Parker, former director of the Survey and now of Brown University, has lived with us for two months and gone about pursuing his astronomical ceilings. Mark Hasselriis, a draftsman for the Survey in 1946-47, has been up here drawing the Tomb of Ramses VI for a Bollingen Foundation project.

Let me try to give an idea of what we have done this season by telling you what each member has been doing. To begin with, a place the size of Chicago House and as self-contained as it is has a lot of machinery and the whole concern requires a lot of maintaining. Our superintendent John (Tim) Healey has been keeping things in order since 1932. This year Tim has Doris and young Val along with him. Regardless of what your prejudices against mischievous boys of four years may be, I assure you that you would have them removed by busy, winsome Val who remains the delight of everyone right to the end of the season.

I couldn't begin to tell you, for instance, how many light fixtures or how much plumbing and other like equipment Tim has repaired as usual. Last fall we got a partial set of new plates and dividers for our batteries. Tim assembled and charged them. He overhauled the engine of the 1934 Chevrolet completely and after our arrival went to Alexandria and drove the new car back to Luxor. The launch's propeller-shaft bearing, acquired new with difficulty last spring, gave out again much too soon, so Tim decided the only thing to do was to make one on the lathe himself. We seem to have been jinxed on motors, for the cylinder head

of one of the diesel generators cracked and had to be replaced. Then the small electric motor that runs the heater for the library building developed armature trouble and had to be sent to Cairo three times. It ran perhaps two days all winter, but we were fortunate enough to have the mildest winter in years.

Next on the ladder of seniority are Charley and Myrtle Nims who have earned the director's heartfelt appreciation by helping close the gaps in our reduced staff. Myrtle volunteered to try binding some of the many unbound books in the library. She vows that she had only a little practice years ago, but to judge from the stack of beautifully and sturdily bound volumes that has come from her bindery she has developed amazing skill and artistry in a short time.

Charley took on the job of keeping up our new acquisitions for the library in addition to his half of the epigraphy. Since there are only two of us and every drawing receives two collations, his share of the epigraphy has had to be half. In addition to the usual processing of drawings, he has completed photographing the three flat sides of the sixteen Osirid columns on the east and west ends of the second Court and the faces of the four pilasters on the portico. Since each of these fifty-two faces had either two or three scenes each, one above another, the job resulted in 128 photos. The varying heights and lighting problems made it something of a feat. Charley has joined and mounted the separate photos to form the composites of the fifty-two faces for publication. We already see the twenty-two plates they will make in the next Medinet Habu volume. We are also painfully aware of the job lying ahead of us when we make the necessary epigraphic notes against the photos.

Charley also found some odd moments to begin an extra-curricular project: taking colored photos of the Theban tombs for the Institute's slide collection. It is a long-term job and he got 185 transparencies from one royal and four private tombs before exhausting the supply of film brought from the States. He did the developing himself and we have had a preview of the results. We are sure that you who will see and use them will be as pleased as we are.

To move along to the drafting division, Douglas Champion, now a veteran of four seasons, has developed not only a rapid pen but an instinct for Ramses III's reliefs and hieroglyphs. He has done some consistent drawing this season with an output of which he may well boast, and that even after I held him up for a considerable time by asking that he do an unpleasant job of finishing off some "cold" drawings of the Bubastite Gate at Karnak. He took the interruption philosophically, but then he has been let in for such jobs before. Last season he waded through a sheaf of crowded collation sheets to make the corrections on an earlier artist's drawings of the Opet Feast in the Khonsu Temple at Karnak.

Recently Doug said, "I can almost call that wall my own," and he meant the east wall of the First Hypostyle Hall at Medinet Habu. He has drawn the whole thing with the exception of the series of small scenes framing the doorway. He is whetting up a deft pencil for the doorway which he hopes to take home to England for inking. In addition he went around the corner of the south wall (the outside wall of the Treasury) to complete a detailed coronation scene, I think he may wish by this time that Ramses had fewer sons and daughters, for he has finished drawing the nineteen princes one behind another on the west wall of the Second Court to the right of the doorway and around the corner on the north wall to the edge of the Terrace. He is just finishing pencilling his enlargements

of twenty-six more princes and princesses extending in similar fashion to the left of the doorway. These too he will bring back from England in October inked and ready for collation.

This year Doug brought Irene along with him again and in addition little Geraldine. Geraldine has learned more than any of us this season, for she has learned to walk and is now learning to talk, but her problem is to decide whether it will be Arabic or English and, if English, whether British or American.

Alexander Floroff is the other half of the drafting department. Alex has lived in Cairo for about thirty years and for a number of years did surveying and drafting for the Harvard-Boston Expedition at Gizeh. Neither Egypt nor archeology is new to him. This is his first full season with us although he came up for two months at the end of last season to get a start. Alex has been deployed on mopping-up operations behind the line of farthest advance at Medinet Habu. He has done drawings here and there in the First and Second Courts: Scenes in the thicknesses of doorways, column bases and marginal inscriptions. He too is now busy pencilling a hefty bunch of enlargements for summer inking. This system whereby the men do concentrated pencilling at the end of the field season and do the inking during the off season helps boost output. It also gives the epigraphers several weeks of a workout in the fall collating the batch then catching up on dictionary and palaeography.

That about accounts for this outfit and why nobody finds time heavy on his hands. Nor have I forgotten the mistress of the house. I confess that I used to wonder occasionally how Maurine would react to the problems of running a sometimes complicated household. I know now that no new development is going to ruffle her and that amid any situation calculated to make one resentful and the job harder she will evenly steer her course among the endless tasks of seeing that provisions are in stock, riding herd on house servants, keeping accounts and menus, sewing and mending linens, and trying to see that the meals are not too bad. I haven't asked her but it seems that she has adopted the premise that no one maliciously wills whatever trials come her way so there is nothing to get hopped up about.

Chicago House would seem to be something of a wonder to the local people who pretty regularly drop in with their out-of-town friends to see and show off the strange outfit in their midst. Then, too, the sizeable number of tourists who drop in seem to tell other prospective tourists that they must call at Chicago House. Generally they have not told precisely why one must call so people are continually expecting to see a museum or almost anything except the home, workshops and products of a prosaic copying group. Still we would not have it otherwise. We frequently can advise people what to see in Luxor and why, as well as show them what we are doing and how we do it. And our Egyptian friends and their guests know that even though it may seem a bit odd that the inmates would want to do and would be supported in doing this work, there is really nothing mysterious and sinister going on within these walls.

We are proud to be a kind of Mecca for Egyptologists and Orientalists generally. Some twenty-seven persons have stayed at the house this season, most of whom would qualify as visiting firemen. We did not regard Dr. and Mrs. Kraeling as

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NEWSLETTER

March 30, 1951

mere visitors and only wished that they had been able to stay longer. You will understand me when I say, in understatement, that Dr. Kraeling was busy all the time. He got to know this place and what goes on, and I know that you will hear about it when he gets home.

We had the pleasure of having the dean of Egyptologists, Sir Alan Gardiner, with us for a few days. It was something of an event also for two would-be demotists like Charley and myself to have Professor S. R. K. Glanville of Cambridge University with us briefly. A catalogue of names does not do justice to the stimulus we all received from such persons of varied scholarly interests as Professor V. Gordon Childe of the University of London, Professor and Mrs. A. Rosenvasser of Buenos Aires, Professor and Madame Jean Sainte Fare Garnot of the University of Paris, Professor and Mrs. E. R. Goodenough of Yale, Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Tushingham of the University of Chicago, Professor R. B. Y. Scott of McGill University, and most recently Dr. William (Bill) Stevenson Smith of Boston Museum, Director of the American Research Center in Cairo, and Mr. P. L. Shinnie, Commissioner of Archaeology for the Sudan Government.

One more item of importance to us here is that we have recently welcomed back to Luxor Labib bey Habachi as Chief Inspector of Antiquities for Upper Egypt. We were sorry to see Zakaria bey Ghoneim go off to Sakkara after seven years in Luxor, but if it had to be so we are glad that his successor is our genial old friend.

That pretty well sums us up. The weather remains fine, not too hot, although the draftsmen have to shift from one drawing to another to keep themselves from being baked in the sun. We did have a few days earlier when India ink dried on the pen before it could be gotten on a drawing. Then we enjoyed a couple of fair-to-medium dust storms at night and the weather turned cooler.

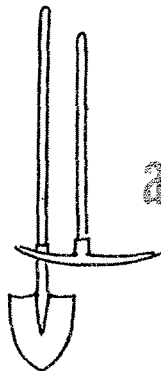
The pressure of season's end finds everyone putting on an extra burst of speed to get jobs finished or ready for the summer. Between April 16th and 20th the crew will be deserting! By the night of April 23rd Maurine and I hope we can leave without having forgotten to do something in the closing-up!

We look forward to seeing all of you in Chicago shortly after the middle of May.

Ma'a es-salama,

George R. Hughes

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Chemchemal
Kirkuk Liwa
Iraq
May 7, 1951

Dear Friends:

I last wrote you a long time ago, more or less at the end of the winter rains. Since then we have been having the spring rains which are more in the fashion of short term showers, so that they may wet us down but don't really interrupt the work too much. Also, since my last letter, we have had our hands so full - what with work both inside and outside - that there has not really been time to write.

The normal schedule resumed early in March at Jarmo, with our old workmen, and also with a new crew from the village which owned the land where Karim Shahir (the American Schools of Oriental Research site) is located. This was in order to give these new people some training before Karim Shahir was begun. Work started on Karim Shahir on March 14, and on the next day we also opened some exploratory trenches on Barda Balka, a site with Acheulean hand-axes (perhaps 100,000 years old) for the Schools. Bruce Howe and Herb Wright had decided that Barda Balka gave good promise of allowing the true geological position of the hand-axes to be fixed, and we arranged with Dr. Najj al-Asil, the Director General of Antiquities of the Iraq Government, that the site would be done for the Directorate of Antiquities, with the American Schools' staff doing the work, and the two organizations sharing the expenses and results.

I won't say much about the results of Barda Balka and Karim Shahir, as they are more the concern of the American Schools than of the Oriental Institute, beyond saying that they have both come absolutely up to **our** expectations. Karim Shahir is proving to be an open site of the very end of the "cave-dwelling" stage, antecedent to the cultural stage which Jarmo shows, and an extremely informative base-line from which the interpretation of the changes achieved at Jarmo can be reckoned. Barda Balka gives us a peek back at a much more remote past, in the same area as our other sites, and when its paleontology is studied, may prove to be the earliest group of in-place "Stone Age" material yet to be found in western Asia.

Jarmo has continued to be a place of surprises - in fact the site is exasperating in a nice way - since we had anticipated it could be adequately tested during this season, but such will not be the case. Our area of exposure in 1948 was far too small to do more than show the very broad outlines of the site's development. This year's much larger exposure has only proceeded to about one third of

the total depth of the mound in an area of about 250 square meters, against a total area for the whole site of somewhere about 10,000 square meters. We will need at the very least, to get that area of 250 square meters exposed all the way to virgin soil, and also to cut a long narrow trench across the mound to get some notion of the general concentration of houses and their arrangement in the village plan. Our 250 square meter area would have had to be given up for this year, at the base of the fourth level, had it not been for a special grant from Colonel Edward N. Wentworth, director of Armour's Livestock Bureau, whose interest in the problems of the origins and cultural consequences of animal domestication is as keen as our own. Colonel Wentworth's grant will allow us to clear the fifth level in the 250 square meter area, which we anticipate will be about the lowest level to yield portable pottery, and for which a somewhat simpler type of architectural construction is indicated. Near our large exposure, we have opened a narrow and deep step-trench all the way to virgin soil, and this shows there are approximately fifteen levels within the total depth of the mound, a depth of slightly over seven meters (ca. 23 feet).

Along with the digging we have had a variety of other things going on too. While Herb Wright was still here we made a number of survey trips with him, which combined archeology with geology. First, we visited the cave of Zarzi, which Professor Dorothy Garrod dug in 1926. This took a whole day by jeep up into the mountains, and then a three hour walk in (and out) beyond jeepable roads. Very nice tree-covered upland country, and the village of Zarzi itself was fascinating, being really remote. Since no foreigners had been in since 1926, the head-man of the village thought Linda was Dorothy Garrod returning, which Linda, reckoning the years quickly, took to be mixed flattery. We also tried to get up to Miss Garrod's caves at Hazer Merd on another day, but the wadis were too full of water. We only got as far as the Government's experimental farm, which at least netted us five pounds of grain pop-corn. We have been saving the return trip to Hazer Merd until strawberries are ripe, so that we can call on the experimental farm again - to further advantage. There have been many other day trips to see places where caves, mounds, or surface materials have been reported. Most of these trips have seemed to involve wading rivers too deep for the jeep to ford and with very cold mountain water. One always finds a village near at hand, however, and the Kurds take us in and warm us up again with many cups of strong sweet tea. Finally, just over a week ago, we took off three days and went up into northern Iraq to visit some of the older sites like Niniveh, Khorsabad, Arpachiyah, Gawra, and Hassuna, and also to see the present excavations at Nimrud and Hatra before the campaigns there were ended. Hatra, which the Directorate of Antiquities is doing, is a very large scale site of Parthian times, with still a considerable amount of monumental sized buildings more-or-less intact. Fuad Safar and Mohammed Ali are doing the Directorate's show there, with about two hundred men, and have been getting some pretty strange and wonderful sculpture, very much mixed Greco-Oriental in style, and with many details added in paint. The site is four hours fast driving out into the desert southwest of Mosul; Fuad told us it cost him the equivalent of about \$300 a month just for water transport for his staff and workers. Marvelous place though, and remote enough not to have been too much disturbed. The next day we went to Nimrud, where the Mallowans are working for the British Museum on the site of what was once one of the capitals of Assyria, and which is scaled accordingly. The site has been grubbed at for over a hundred years - Sir Henry Layard, Rassam, and Loftus "worked" there - in fair part by tunneling. Max Mallowan managed to borrow a bull-dozer from I.P.C. (Iraq Petroleum Company) to clear off some hundreds of tons of dumps which Loftus had left on the mound. Mallowan's people were finishing off their recording and preparing for the division with the Directorate of Antiquities when we

arrived, but were all in fine spirits after a season rich in a yield of exceptionally good ivories. Agatha Mallowan was all set up over the reviews her new book "They Came to Baghdad" has been getting. The trip was a good thing for my young archeologists, since having worked in the Near East only at Jarmo and Karim Shahir, they had no notion of the size and complexity of the great sites of later historic times.

We had some visitors, although nothing like what Max Mallowan told us he has to suffer at Nimrud - it is only twenty miles on good road from Mosul - and they had totaled over 1200 visitors for the season. The Kraelings were here for all too short a time; also Professor and Mrs. Pallis of Copenhagen, who were charming people. Kees Hillen, who did his dissertation in the Institute a year ago, turned up for three weeks of apprenticeship, and has now gone on into Syria; Gus and Eleanore Swift are to appear in a couple of days. We had an extremely informative visitation from the Government agricultural people since I had asked the Director General of Agriculture for aid in collecting specimens of wild grains and seeds from our valley. Four people from the experimental farm near Baghdad appeared in a jeep, two of them Ph. D.'s and two M.A.'s, in botany, and went to work on the area. They are getting modern specimens ready for Helbaek in Copenhagen, who is doing the botanical studies on our ancient specimens. I got one small shipment out to Helbaek, and he reports a sort of pea, the pits of some cherry-like fruit, and two kinds of wheat. Finally, as for visitors, we arranged an open-house for the employees of I.P.C. They told us afterward that there were eight hundred people who applied for the trip, but the company could only supply transport for eighty, and restricted its visitors to the people who had attended my lecture in Kirkuk last fall. We set up a little exhibit of the finds from Jarmo, Karim Shahir, and Barda Balka, and also took them over Jarmo while things were in progress.

About four weeks ago, Allah frowned on us for forty-eight hours - I strained my leg badly (did it cranking the jeep) and had to go into the I.P.C. hospital. The next morning enroute to Kirkuk, Mahmoud turned the jeep over, and Sabri Shukri (the Directorate's representative with us) shot himself in the arm while cleaning house. Fortunately, none of the consequences were serious. I have just about stopped hobbling around like an eighteenth century character with the gout; Mahmoud and the other workman in the jeep got out of the rolling-over with nothing more than a broken collar bone and a skinned shin, and the jeep was insured and is now fixed and running again. The police, however, got mixed up, and thought Mahmoud was running away with our jeep, and put him in the "clink" for two days, and Sabri and I had to go in and "spring" him. Sabri's shooting came from the fact that he had forgotten to take a little automatic pistol out from under his pillow when he was taking his bed out to air it. Sabri believes in bandits and dangerous wild animals, but I think now he will stop playing cowboy.

I think this may be my last newsletter of the season. We will be finished digging soon, but we have a terrific amount of antiquities to control, draw, photograph, and prepare for the division with the Directorate of Antiquities. We hope to be all packed and ready to break camp some time in June. Linda and the children and I hope to drive out over northern Syria with Gus Swift (Eleanor Swift will fly home earlier), going back into the Plain of Antioch to look over some of our pre-war work there which Gus is to prepare for publication. My staff will disperse from Baghdad - Bruce Howe has to fly on home to get things ready for further work in Tangiers; Liz West will go back to her job in the American University in the Beyrouth, Lebanon museum; Fred Barth hopes to stay on for a

a couple of month's ethnological study in one of the Kurdish villages, for the Ethnological Museum of the University of Oslo, Norway; Bob Adams is going to tour through Syria, Lebanon, Cyprus, Greece and western Europe; and we are trying to get Vivian Broman to join up with us. After we have finished in the Plain of Antioch, we may try to drive on through Turkey and Greece, as I want to do a bit of survey in Turkey and Thrace. Then we will hit Italy, Austria, southern Germany, Switzerland, France, and England since I have a small travel grant from the Illinois State Museum to collect material and arrange exchanges for them. I want to call on Professor Amscheler in Vienna who will study our animal bones from Jarmo and Karim Shahir, and if possible see Professor Helbaek who will do the studies of the grain, as well as stop at a publishing house in Munich which is interested in a German edition of my "Prehistoric Men". Mainly the trip will be a sort of busman's holiday seeing museum and archeological colleagues.

It has been a good season - we have gotten all we could have asked for and more. Even if the site is not yet adequately tested, it will take us all of the two intervening years to digest the bulk of material we have excavated this season. I shall almost hate to leave the place, even with the hot weather coming on; the staff has been so competent and so pleasant, and the countryside is so handsome - the grain is just beginning to ripen, and now it is time for the wild hollyhocks and poppies. It will begin to brown off by June 1, however.

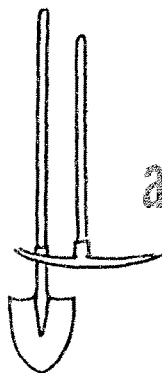
See you in September, I guess.

As ever,

Robert J. Braidwood

P.S. Linda says don't forget about the hoopoe bird. I won't - we saw one!

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archeological newsletter

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[Members of the Oriental Institute may be interested in the following letter just received from Dr. Herbert Paper, now in Iran. Dr. Paper has been for several years Research Assistant on the Oriental Institute staff and is now at Susa on a Fulbright appointment, studying modern Persian dialects and enjoying the privilege of the hospitality of the French archaeological mission to Susa, ancient capital of Elam. Carl H. Kraeling.]

Suse-Andimeshk, Iran
October 26, 1951

Dear Dr. Kraeling,

Your letter of October 17 arrived here yesterday and I confess that it was wonderful hearing all the latest news from the Institute. The speed with which your letter reached me has been the subject of amazement and wonder on the part of all of us here at Susa. It is simply "incroyable".

And now for news and impressions. The rains began in Teheran just before we left there on October 18 and our first day's journey to Hamadan was a trek through a veritable sea of the gooiest, stickiest mud I have ever seen. Our party consisted of five members of the Mission: Dr. and Mrs. Ghirshman, MM G. Heny and J. Jacquet (both architects from Switzerland), and myself. In addition, there were nine members of the domestic staff including some who have been with Dr. Ghirshman for about twenty years. We were distributed over three vehicles: a GMC station-wagon, a British Landrover jeep (which I drove), and a truck. In this order our convoy made its way west and south, first across the plateau to Hamadan (the ancient Ecbatana); and then across Luristan and the Zagros Mountains to Khorramabad.

Finally, on the third day, we reached our destination, Susa. I cannot refrain from commenting that this trip afforded me the sight of some of the most desolate, fierce, and difficult landscape it has even fallen to my lot to see. The road was in most places unbelievable and I had plenty of occasion to thank "whatever powers may be" for my bodily constitution and for second gear. The most overpowering landscape feature is the monotonous effect of the all-encompassing and ever-present color brown in a variety of shades. Brown everywhere with only occasional greens and yellows of vegetation and reds and blacks in mountainous rock formations. The bright reds and blues of the Lurish costumes were certainly welcome sights. We had the good fortune of spending a night at Hamadan and a night at Khorramabad in the guest-houses of the former Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The new owners have extended to Dr. Ghirshman the hospitality which the former had originated.

On the second day of our trip we stopped to make a surface inspection of Tepe Zogha, about 50 km east of Khorramabad. This was my first experience with archeology in the dust (the expression "in the flesh" just doesn't seem appropriate) and I must say that no amount of reading of archeological reports in the Institute library can compare with the experience of actually walking around a tell and picking up sherds, pot-handles, and baked bricks which are dateable to the early first millennium B.C. Similarly, my first sight of the tell at Susa was something I shall never forget. It is visible 20 km away as one approaches from Andimeshk to the north. The chateau which houses the "Mission archeologique" imposingly dominates the entire scene. Although I had seen and studied innumerable photos of Susa and of the chateau, it was quite another experience to stand upon the topmost battlements of the chateau and to survey, lying spread out at one's feet, the truly immense area which the ancient city of Susa encompassed. Just to the west, at the foot of the tell on which the chateau is situated, lies the modern village of Shush with its conical pineapple tower of the tomb of Daniel dominating the mud-walled architecture of the village. The tomb of Daniel and the hospital are the only buildings which know the blessings of electricity, and on Thursday evening and Friday evening, the entrance to the tomb is lit up with green and blue fluorescent tubes with a solitary blue bulb burning at the very top of the tower. Thus Edison comes to Shush. To the north, through the haze, one sees the first range of the Zagros which the ancient Sumerians called "the highlands;" and flowing right by Shush is the river Shaour, with the river Kerkha flowing a bit farther to the north.

We are now fully installed and settled in our quarters; and though living is reduced to a somewhat primitive level in terms of the gadget-surrounded environment one is accustomed to in America, there is much to keep one busy and to make one's stay interesting. The cuisine supervised by Mrs. Ghirshman is excellent and the atmosphere of a little bit of France in the middle of ancient Elam is charming. With no electricity and no radio, we manage quite well. The many years of experience which the Ghirshmans have in living out here and their knowledge of the language and of the people are assets which aid daily living in innumerable ways: They are certainly most gracious hosts.

The excavation plans for the coming season are divided into two parts. In about ten days, Dr. Ghirshman and MM Heny and Jacquet will leave for Tchogha-Zambil — about 50 jeep-bouncing km southeast of Susa. This is a site discovered about 1936 by British geophysicists working in the area and it contains the only ziggurat remains in all Iran: Dr. Ghirshman has identified the tell with the Elamite city Dur-Untashi, mentioned in Aššurbanipal's seventh campaign. He believes that it was the site of an Elamite royal residence, something on the order of a Susian Versailles. Excavation there will continue until about the middle of December.

The other day we all drove out to Tchogha-Zambil and almost had to spend the night in the desert because our battery suddenly went dead as we were attempting to get across a wadi. Luckily, the mechanical experience of M. Heny, garnered from his tour of duty with the Swiss Air Corps, saved the day for us. At that time we also paid a visit to a nearby Arab village from which Dr. Ghirshman will recruit workmen for the excavations at T-Z. We were very well received, though our party strained the village's total inventory of three tea-glasses. As each glass was finished it was refilled and served to the members of our party who had not yet been served — a most efficient arrangement even though the Inspector of Sanitation would probably not approve.

In December, Dr. Ghirshman plans to continue working in the Artisans' Village at Susa, a part of the tell which he has already partially excavated in previous

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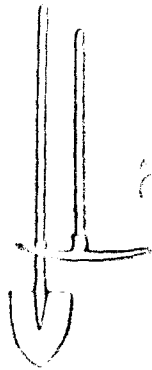
seasons: He is especially hoping to uncover the Achaemenid necropolis, the discovery of which should go far toward settling the problem of whether the Achaemenids were Zoroastrians or not.

This will have to suffice for the present, but I will keep you posted regularly on our activities and discoveries, if any. Please say hello to all my friends at the Institute. The Ghirshmans have asked me to send along their very best wishes as well. We're hoping to hear from you soon.

With fondest regards,

Herbert Paper

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archaeological news

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Baghdad, Iraq, November 6, 1951

Dear Friends,

A Newsletter from the field, written before digging actually begins, must deal largely with plans and preparations - plans made before coming out here and preparations just concluded during a busy ten days spent at Baghdad and Nippur.

This time I made the trip to the Near East by plane using the Royal Dutch Airlines for a change. It was a real pleasure to feel the plane settling gently on the familiar Baghdad airport on October 26, to see the city of Baghdad gleaming in the bright, hot noon-day sun and to cross once more the great, though always muddy, Tigris River, with its fringe of palm trees on either side. The air was warm, presenting quite a contrast to the brisk, tangy fall breezes that were blowing when I left New York two days before. Amsterdam, too, was autumnal when we stopped there for a few hours en route. But here it was warm again and fortunately it was a Friday on which I arrived, the Moslem day of rest, so I had time to relax in the comfort of the Zia Hotel and to accustom myself briefly to a new period of summer and to the thought of being back in the Orient.

Since that quiet Friday I have been busy indeed. There was equipment to buy and there were arrangements to be made in various quarters. Then, in the course of the last two days, the other members of the staff of our

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ment expedition arrived. Francis Steele, who labors over the decipherment of the inscribed tablets we find, and Harry Payne Whitney, who will study the objects, pottery and skeletons, flew in from London and will represent the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. Carl and Irene Haines and their children, Alice and Carleton, came in by the Nairn Bus Line, having crossed the desert in an overnight trip from Beirut in Lebanon, via Damascus in Syria. They are all flourishing and anxious to get down to Nippur, to settle in our village quarters and to begin work. Carl is my chief assistant and archaeological architect. He has been on more Oriental Institute excavations than anyone else on the whole Institute staff. Irene Haines manages the camp and has a busy time indeed, recording in preliminary fashion the finds we bring into camp each day from our work on the mound. Alice and Carleton romp over the mound of Nippur when they are not doing their lessons, and provide a homey touch that is most welcome in the middle of a desolate region.

Having met the staff, so to speak, you should know something about our home for the next four months. Over the last week-end, and while the other staff members were still on their way out, I went down to Afak, a day's journey to the south of Baghdad by car, to open our expedition house and to rent the additional quarters we need for the season. Afak is a village of a few thousand inhabitants some five miles south of Nippur. The houses are crowded together in an area of four or five American city blocks, but there is a pleasant canal on which our quarters front and here and there there are palm trees to give color and shade. Of course, all this is set in a great flat expanse, most of which is dry, hard earth, where the toil of the settled tribesmen and irrigation have not yet hewn out cultivated fields.

While at Afak I naturally drove out to Nippur to look over the site

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together now from two previous seasons of work. Nippur itself is surrounded to the north and northeast with barren sandy areas and I was anxious to see how much sand had blown into our excavations during the period of our absence. The wind was blowing fresh from the north while I was there and more sand was coming in. In the Temple of Enlil, which we finished digging in April 1950, at least ten feet of sand have blown in over winter to fill in the rooms of the Temple. At that rate, in another five years, it will be completely sand-filled and then the walls, as we dug them out, will be preserved indefinitely from weathering and the ravages of time. I am grateful that we have finished our work there. By contrast, neither of our two excavations in the Scribal Quarter are too badly sand-filled. Two or three days' work should see them clean and ready for digging.

This season our "productive" digging will be done in the Scribal Quarter. We will continue down through the various, superimposed cities in the two places where we have already worked. In the one place where we started from the surface of the mound in 1948, we have already penetrated through seven city levels back to about thirteen hundred B.C. Our next level should be from the time of the early Kassite Empire. Then below that should be two or three city levels from the First Dynasty of Babylon, after the time of Hammurabi. This should be our "gold mine" for the literary tablets of the Sumerians which are almost unique at Nippur and which give so much information about the spiritual life of Sumer. If we are lucky we may find more original editions of the Epic of Creation, new historical records, or other Sumerian epics and legends which are known only by title at present. From the more purely archaeological side, we will learn the material culture of this period at Nippur, so far only poorly represented in our previous excavations. So there is much of interest to hope for from our Upper Dig.

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The other excavation on the Scribal Quarter was begun in 1949 in the bottom of an area hacked out by the expedition of fifty years ago. Here we have already gone down through the first quarter of the second millennium to the very end of the last Sumerian empire, the Third Dynasty of Ur. The lowest city exposed dates from just before 2000 B.C. In it there was evidence that scribes were already living in this quarter, but there were only scant indications of school tablets, lexical lists and no literary tablets, the type of documents we value from the cities several hundred years later. The big question we will solve when we have exposed the next, Third Dynasty of Ur, level is, whether the scribes were already writing or collecting in their homes these types of tablets before 2000 B.C. If they were, it will be an exciting discovery. If not, we should find other interesting objects representing this prosperous Dynasty of Ur, and at least will trace back the earlier history of this part of Nippur.

The other phase of this season's work will be that of exploring the religious precincts of Nippur in a large area adjacent to the temple-tower of Enlil and his temple. Two problems complicate digging in this region: too many sand dunes and the huge walls of a Parthian fortress that were superimposed upon the earlier temple-tower and its environs after 200 B.C. All sorts of important buildings await discovery here: temples to Enlil's wife, Ninlil, to several of his sons and to a large number of other deities. There are two spots I would like to discover even more than these. One is the place where Enlil created mankind by driving his pickaxe into the ground, the place from which men sprouted forth like grain. The other is the chamber in which Enlil kept his Tablets of Destiny on which was written the fate of his Sumerian and Babylonian subjects. All of these places and buildings are known from ancient inscriptions. What we have to do is to make exploratory trenches on the mounds in which are buried

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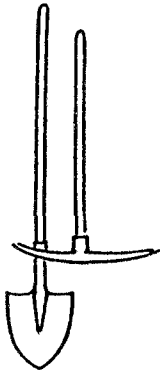
the religious quarters of Nippur in the hope of finding traces of some of these buildings. It was fun, therefore, to climb around these mounds looking for likely spots west of the temple-tower where there were no Parthian remains. The three and a half months of actual digging which will begin next Saturday or Sunday, thus promise to be most interesting and, we hope, profitable. We all drive down to Afak on Thursday and then will be settled for the season.

One of the pleasures of reaching Baghdad is seeing friends in the Department of Antiquities, especially the Director, Dr. Naji al-Asil, and hearing about their findings. The results of the Department's work last spring are no longer exactly news, but were truly remarkable. They were digging at Hatra, a big city of the Parthian period which lies in the northern part of Iraq. It was one of the caravan cities which fringe the desert in Jordan and Syria and as such was somewhat of a polyglot town with a mixture of western Hellenistic, Iranian, Parthian, and local elements. Sensational are the finds of sculpture, statues of kings of Hatra and relief plaques portraying various gods of the period, all found in small temples. The place is an archaeologist's dream come true. The temple plan is distinctive and now that it is known temples can be located by observing surface remains in the city. The Department has excavated three temples and has located another dozen, so they have the key for a series of interesting finds in the future.

In this letter, of necessity, I have written of what we hope to find. In the next you will know how our hopes have materialized. Wish us luck and hope with us that each next lower level we are about to dig will be even more interesting than the one we have finished.

Donald E. McCown,
Director of the Joint University
of Pennsylvania-Oriental Institute
Expedition to Iraq

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*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House, Luxor, Egypt
November 13, 1951

Dear Friends,

I am taking advantage of a couple of days of more or less forced inactivity to catch up on correspondence after an initial period during which we have been working like beavers and making real progress in our work.

The "more or less forced inactivity" arises from urgent friendly advice to stay indoors today and tomorrow during the celebration of Liberation Day. This advice we are following studiously. You have no doubt been wondering about conditions here, and as late as a week ago I would have written you not to give our situation a second thought, taking the position that all the disturbance was confined to a single area and that it had settled down to much talk. I am not really worried yet, but the events of the past week give pause for reflection.

A week ago tomorrow I received a billet doux posted at Luxor which provided the first suggestion of disturbance in our midst. The note read:

To the Director of the Oriental Institute

'The Liberal Battalion of Luxor' orders you to get rid of all the British subjects in the house as soon as possible and as a first step the English (name) plate on the outside door should be removed just now. We are not responsible for all the damages that will happen to the institute after that.

Of course I reported the matter to the Mamour of Luxor. He had already sent us a 24-hour guard in addition to our own men and to the regular government guard we have always had. He also offered to send a man with us wherever we went, but that seemed the most unnecessary of precautions. Well, last night, despite the two armed guards and three of our own men, our brass name plate on the front gate was removed. This morning I reported the removal and at the very time that the C.I.D. man was here investigating we were favored with a sound truck passing and repassing the house, feverishly blaring for English and Americans to get out.

As you may imagine, our English staff members are a bit edgy. The Healeys have moved from their little cottage into the big house. Tim talks of sending his wife and son home, but is fearful of the trip to Cairo, where they would have to board the plane. Our guests, Miss Moss and Mrs. Burney, have taken the barest notice of the whole business. Personally I do not believe that there is anything to get panicky about at the moment and shall not leave if there is any possibility at all of

going on with our work. Perhaps, if we can get the expected demonstrations of today and tomorrow over with, and the opening of Parliament on Thursday, we shall find the usual calm prevailing. The people of Luxor and the officials are our friends. Our difficulties are, I believe, induced from down country and stem from a small local clique responding here. Naturally I reported the receipt of the threatening letter to the American and British Consulates here.

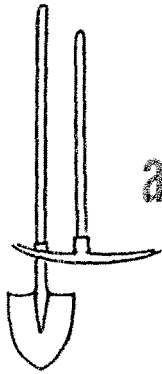
Champion, our British draftsman, is half through his work on the Shishak triumphal inscription at Karnak. It would break my heart if we should not be able to bring the material of that inscription home ready for printing in the spring. I suppose you saw the New York Times release on the importance of this inscription for Biblical studies. The reporter had the text of a release from the University Press Relations Department when he came to see me at the ship. I was very conservative in talking to him about Shishak and the appearance of his name in the Bible, but he really went to town after he got back to his desk and the results are not really half bad.

Our weather has cooled off, and we have the most delightful autumn sunshine and cool evenings. The annual Nile inundation is receding rapidly, especially from the area across the river near the model village, so that in a couple of weeks we should again be able to get to Medinet Habu by the short route past the Colossi, instead of having to go around by the Gournah temple and Deir el-Bahari. That takes more benzine and we have been warned of an impending shortage of petroleum by Socony-Vacuum. The boycotting of English goods also promises to present quite a problem, but will work most hardship on the common people.

Yours,

George R. Hughes, Field Director
Oriental Institute Epigraphic Survey

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archeological newsletter

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Afak, Iraq
November 22, 1951

Report on the Current Joint Nippur Excavation

We will have been in camp at Afak two weeks tomorrow and have been digging at Nippur the same length of time, so the first report is due.

The staff assembled in Baghdad by November sixth and we were ready to come on to Afak on the eighth but were held in Baghdad by an early rain that briefly closed the road south.

Work started on the tenth. A fair amount of sand had blown into areas TA and TB of the Scribal Quarters, which had to be moved before excavation could start, and the railroad had to be set up first thing. There is a large amount of sand in the Temple of Enlil and we are fortunate indeed to have completed its excavation. Real excavation began in area TA on the fourteenth, and Level VII, which was partly exposed last season, was dug within a week. In the meantime odd corners of area TB were being cleared to a common level (Level IV) and the upper part of the Level IV walls were cut off, so that we could start digging there whenever the work in area TA was finished.

Level VII proved no better than our introduction to it the previous season. Certainly there was in this part of Nippur no intensive occupation during the late Kassite period such as there had been elsewhere earlier and later. Still, various little finds were made which fill in the gap in our knowledge for this time and show that various features of the material culture, which have been considered typical of the Assyrian period, may have had their origin at this earlier time. But all in all the level was very poor.

In area TB, having completed our work of clearing and mapping Level IV, we finally began yesterday going down into Level V. There are already indications of several floors within this level and of a slightly different building alignment than in Level IV. Otherwise it is too soon to say what our prospects in the level are. There have been several good graves in areas TA and TB. In the latter area one of the skeletons had a fairly nice necklace with a number of attractive, fluted beads of gold. Some business documents are turning up in area TB, but we must wait a bit to see what Level V will yield.

Two search trenches have been started. The first, which we are calling SA, runs perpendicular to the south-west face of the temple tower (ziggurat) starting about five meters out from its face. A trench had been dug through here at an earlier time so we could start down from just a little above the lowest Parthian floor level. Until today had come out nothing but broken brick filling, but now a wall is coming to

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light which should be Assyrian at the latest. The purpose of this trench is to establish the line of the south-west wall of the ziggurat court, whether there is room between it and the ziggurat for a temple, or, if this is not the case, whether there may be important buildings just outside the ziggurat court.

The other trench, SB, is about one-hundred yards farther south-west of the ziggurat and outside the main line of Parthian fortifications. Here there was a low mound, close enough to the ziggurat to be of potential interest and yet low enough so that I had hoped there would be no Parthian levels. This last did not prove to be true, but today on the lower slope of the mound we are getting what should be early walls with a burned filling and we may be getting into a building of some interest. There will be more to tell you about this when I next write, in a week or two.

December 8, 1951

There is more to tell of archaeology in this report than in the last. Ten days of the last two weeks were spent in area TB, with not unsatisfactory results. The important question of scribal activity during the Third Dynasty of Ur was answered in the negative. Yet from the new Level V we have now a collection of over fifty tablets, mainly receipts and the like. One point of interest is that in this level we have tablets of the father of a man from whom there were a good many tablets in Level IV. The earliest dated tablets from the level are dated to Bur-Sin, so we should have another Ur III level below, belonging to the time of Shulgi and Ur-nammu. While on the subject of tablets one deserves mention for it is a copy of a votive inscription of Ishbi-irra of Isin and our first "historical" inscription. This and a few other scraps goes to show that we may find unusual tablets in these levels, but they will be the exceptional find compared to their frequency in First Dynasty of Babylon and late Isin-Larsa levels.

A good half of the area was disappointing as regards finds. Under a fine house of Level IV there was a very complex architectural situation which had disturbed the area and resulted in few objects of interest being found there. Elsewhere we made a good series of finds. The best is a small seated, headless statue in the Gudea pose. The workmanship is good but it is in a rather poor, white stone. There was also a very big, fine bronze sword, some gold beads and a head band in a couple of graves. We seem to have our own burial tradition at Nippur for the best graves have been in matting and there have been none of the brick tombs or inverted tubs typical elsewhere. Another find of technical interest was fragments of a large jar on whose neck and shoulder was inscribed its capacity, 175 silla. I think we have enough pieces to restore the shape and calculate its volume. As a whole the results from Level V in area TB have been quite satisfactory.

We have only worked three days on Level VIII in area TA but it promises better than the immediately superior levels. We are getting a series of houses and though the finds in general are not many, it is a relief to have architecture after the scrappy wall fragments of Levels VII and VI. We are getting more tablet fragments and have one very fine plaque. It is of the usual naked goddess but her pose is exceptional, from the hips down in frontal position and from the waist up in profile. It is a very artistic piece and a veil hanging behind the figure and her crown are painted in red. Belonging to the Kassite period, it is of a type already known from Akerkuf. This and the statue from area TB are our two good pieces so far. Area TA, Level VIII, will be finished when I next write so I can then give a complete report of it. It looks to be a deep enough level, so below it we should be in deposits representing the First Dynasty of Babylon.

The search trench running out from the ziggurat has revealed a temple and makes it practically certain that the inner court extended much farther on the south-west

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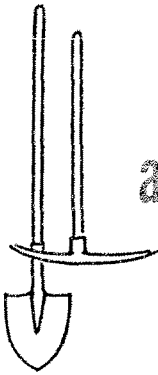
than it did on the north-east. We were lucky in the position of the trench for we descended on an altar of the same sort found in the Kassite phase of the Temple of Enlil. There is a second narrow room just east of the altar room and then the side of the building next to the ziggurat. A baked brick pavement in the second room contained only reused Ur-nammu bricks with their standard reference to the Temple of Enlil. But, in a few days, when we can remove the paving of the altar we may have inscriptions giving a more precise identification of the building. In the second trench we dug down to the earliest building level, the walls here too being directly superimposed as in the Temple of Enlil. Below the topmost Kassite level are two more, probably Isin-Larsa and Ur III, and then below them two probably Akkadian. This dating is based on the brick-work, for all the walls below the Kassite temple are sub-structures containing nothing but brick fill, except at the lowest level. The floors had all been removed at the time of each rebuilding. Finding a temple here is of real importance and significance but, in view of its lack of contents below the Kassite level, we must reserve judgement as to whether it should be excavated next season. The encumbrances in this area are not bad compared to those above the Temple of Enlil, one point in its favor.

The second search trench just to the west has not panned out. We are making a final sounding in it to see if there is anything toward the center of the low mound below the deep Parthian walls. The third, lying in a low area south-west of the north line of the ziggurat, has not gone below Hellenistic house levels, from which have come several inscribed Aramaic bowls. We are opening another trench on the mound covering the southern section of the two areas that appear in the eastern corner of the ancient map of the religious quarter of Nippur, and perhaps here can get away from the huge Parthian walls.

Miss Marian Welker joined us about ten days ago and is busily engaged drawing pottery and objects. At long last we will have all the equipment today and can then get busy with the tablet oven brought out by Francis Steele. From then on we can keep Kramer and Jacobsen better acquainted with the type of tablets coming to light. The winter weather continues good. It is turning colder and we have had two good rains, but they have not closed the road to Nippur. Yesterday we lost our first day of work because of rain. The staff is functioning well and I think our season is making good progress.

Donald E. McCown,
Director of the Joint University
of Pennsylvania-Oriental Institute
Expedition to Iraq

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Newsletter from Nippur

December 23, 1951

Christmas is almost here and six weeks of digging are finished since I wrote of plans and what we hope to find. The summer heat has gradually disappeared before sharp winds, cloudy days now and then, and occasional showers or rain storms. There are magnificent sunsets on the cloudy evenings and we are in Winter for the next two months. This we call it laughingly, when we think of the weather right now at home. The sun is warm when the wind drops or we are sheltered from it in our deepening excavations, but it is shivery cold when work starts in the early morning and when the shadows fill the digs in the later afternoon.

There has been plenty to keep us busy since we started digging November tenth. Our upper and lower digs at the Scribal Quarter have changed appearance since we first saw them again, partly sand-filled, in early November. We are now a couple of city levels lower in both, and where the surfaces of the mounds in the religious quarter were smooth and unbroken they are now pierced by trenches at a good many places.

At the Scribal Quarter in the lower dig we are still in houses from the time of the great empire of the Third Dynasty of Ur. But we are now forced to the conclusion that the scribes at this time were not writing or keeping in their homes the type of tablet we would like to find, Sumerian literary, lexical and school documents. Here we have dug down through one city and into a second level with good finds which when studied carefully will tell a story of life in the twenty-first century B.C. Our best find here is a small statue of a seated man, probably with a tablet lying on his lap. His head had been broken off and lost in antiquity, but as it is it is a good work of art. One of our curiosities was a perfectly preserved fish skeleton lying on a mat in the corner of a room. Our workmen insist that it is a type not found in the rivers and must have come from the Gulf, but, in any case, some one missed a meal long ago when they forgot their fish lying on the floor.

In the upper dig we have pushed back into the First Dynasty of Babylon, about 1700 B.C. sooner than anticipated. The Kassite level I predicted in the last news letter was represented by a period of non-occupation at this spot. We may bewail the "loss" of a level but are glad to have left the poor Kassite houses behind and to be in houses where the vessels and grinding stones still lie undisturbed on the floors of kitchens, reviving for a moment the scene of domestic activity which once was there. At this time, too, the better bowls and bottles were painted with simple designs which are a pleasant change from the usual drab pottery. Finding such things keeps you busy on the dig and makes supervising the work a pleasure. But what we want most are the literary tablets telling of the lives and exploits of the Sumerian gods and heroes. These are beginning to turn up, but not as often as we would like. On the other hand, there

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are a goodly number of other tablets, mostly of economic character, so our tablet collection is growing quite satisfactorily. One art piece has turned up here too. It is half a plaque with a winged and bird-footed goddess adoring a figure on the missing part of the plaque. Instead of the usual rigid frontal or side position the nude figure combines the two aspects in a graceful way, her red painted crown and wings adding to the attractiveness of the piece.

The search trenches in the religious quarter of Nippur are quite a different story. There the "finds" we are after are temples, shrines or administrative quarters connected with Enlil and the deities connected with him. We are not doing badly but it is slow going for this part of Nippur, once Enlil was forgotten and no longer revered, became part of the general city and was occupied for further hundreds of years. In one trench, on the opposite side of the ziggurat from Enlil's temple excavated last season, there is another temple, for our trench was luckily placed so we could dig down and expose an altar. We still don't know who this temple was for, since none of the baked bricks were inscribed, but it is certainly an important building. In another trench, some twenty feet below Parthian remains, we have found rooms which are in some way linked with a temple to Ninurta, Enlil's warrior son, as indicated by a tablet found there. Another trench is a flop, the levels there all being late. Two others in progress are located in areas indicated on an ancient, tablet plan as religious. I hope there will be good news of them when I next write.

With what we have been finding you can imagine that Francis Steele is busy with tablets, and Irene Haines and Harry Whitney with numerous objects. Harry is disgusted with most of the burials. At the deep level in our lower dig on the Scribal Quarter, some fifteen city levels down from the last on the mound, the huge weight of earth has squashed all the skulls flat. In one good grave, containing a wife with her arms around her husband, the gold frontlet on her forehead had been pressed together as if between the leaves of a book. The changing walls in the trenches and the new city levels at the Scribal Quarter keep Carl Haines and Mohammed Ali busy with architecture and surveying. Mohammed is representative of the Department of Antiquities and also on our staff; a very welcome member, too, for he has worked on all the excavations of that Department and knows much of archaeology that remains to be published. We have also been joined by Miss Marian Welker who was working with a University Museum expedition in Turkey before she came on to make most skillful drawings of our pots and objects.

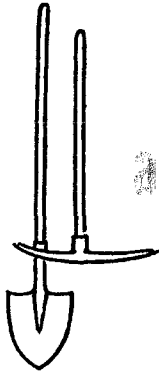
We have a good group on the staff which is most pleasant since we are too far from Baghdad for many visitors. We are pleased when school children and local officials come out and learn about our excavations, for indeed it is the past of their country which we are disinterring. But we have had only one English visitor, so far, from an oil survey party camped some distance to the east. We are taking Christmas off, of course. The turkeys which have been fattening and strutting around one of the courts of our house will then grace our table. Palm branches with Christmas bells will make our dining-living room festive for our celebration.

So we wish you all joy on Christmas day and a fine New Year ahead.

Sincerely,

Donald E. McCown
Field Director

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archeological newsletter

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NEWSLETTER FROM NIPPUR

January 26, 1952

All of you who wished the Expedition luck--as I hopefully suggested that you do in the first news letter of the season--certainly deserve and receive here--with our thanks. It is a fine time to be writing to you, for last week our luck arrived, and the digging has been of the sort I've been dreaming of and hoping for--especially this season, but also since we first started work in 1948.

As you know, we have been having a good season, learning a lot about the culture and personal religion of the inhabitants of the Scribal Quarter during the First Dynasty of Babylon, about the time of Hammurabi and his successor, and during the Third Dynasty of Ur. There have been a few outstanding finds from our upper and lower digs here, but most of our results were of the sort I think of as the small building blocks which build our understanding of ancient life and history. In our search trenches we had located one temple and were hoping for more luck elsewhere. But we still had not found a gold mine of tablets, particularly the literary tablets which give invaluable glimpses of the religion and philosophy of the Sumerians, nor had we located enough of the many temples and shrines surrounding Enlil.

Now we have both: a real haul of literary tablets, lexical and other types of school texts, and two more temples, one of which we have been able to identify! The temples were enough to make this a fine week, but it has been the procession of tablets coming out of one room in the upper dig of the Scribal Quarter which has been the most exciting! It started last Monday on little Carleton Haines' birthday. When I came back from the dig that evening I told him it wasn't just his birthday--we all had something terrific to celebrate! First the pickman found a bench along part of one end of a rectangular room. He dug into it, and it was filled with fragments of tablets and occasional larger pieces. Then alongside and against this was a smaller "box," the walls of which were built of literary tablets. As I wrote Professors Kraeling and Rainey that night, these were the most interesting "walls" ever dug at Nippur, even though they were only about ten inches high and the same length. In the next three days tablet after tablet came from the places where they had been discarded, lying at all angles, against one of the walls of the room. Literary tablets are so rare and the information they give so unusual that every time I visited this room there would be a new quiver in my stomach as another couple of these tablets lay exposed. Now all of them from that floor are out of the ground, though there are a couple of floors below till the base of the "tablet bench" is reached, and there are a dozen other rooms near-by to be dug to this level. But if we are fortunate enough to find another room like this it will be news for the next letter I write to you.

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At the moment we can't be quite sure just how good our good fortune is. I am not questioning it. It is only that the tablets have come in so rapidly that Francis Steele has not had time to catalogue them yet. They are still lying in tin boxes on cotton or sand. But I made a rough count this morning and there are over a hundred tablets, complete or in very big pieces. And I think about a third of these are literary, the other common type being big sections of lexical texts. Besides this there are many smaller fragments of the sort we have been more than happy to find before this. We must wait until Thorkild Jacobsen and Samuel Kramer start poring over the literary tablets and Professor Landsberger over the lexical texts to know just what the nature of the various texts is; but in a find of this size there are bound to be new texts of great significance.

As if the tablet find were not enough good luck for one week, on Tuesday we identified our second temple. It lies just west of the ziggurat court in the second search trench started this season. Here we had found a ten-foot thick outer wall with very broad buttresses and niches decorating its face. Then we had gone down inside, followed one wall of what is probably a small court twenty by thirty feet, discovered a door with rebated jambs, found inside it one uninscribed door socket (our usual luck), and then below that in place in its brick box another with an inscription of Shulgi, second great king of the Third Dynasty of Ur, dedicating this door socket to Inanna of Duranki. With that we knew we had a temple of Inanna, the goddess of the sky and fertility goddess. Her true home was to the south at Uruk, another great Sumerian city, but it is not unusual to find a temple to her at Nippur. This temple should be a good spot to excavate another season. With some more exploring we shall know just how big it is, though the buttresses suggest a structure of some size. In addition, in the small area dug out we found half of a lovely alabaster votive bowl dedicated to Inanna, a fragment of a Sumerian statue, an interesting clay plaque showing a divine couple, and several tablets. So there is a promise of good finds.

During the week, in our most northerly search trench (which Carl Haines tells me is three-eighths of a mile in direct line from our digs at the Scribal Quarter) a room or court of an Early Dynastic temple with offering benches and tables has been appearing out of the earth. We have more work to do here, but the feet of a Sumerian statue and a lapis and shell eye to fit a statue suggest what may be found. This lies inside a niched-buttressed wall with a baked brick facing, which probably surrounds an area shown on the ancient plan of the religious quarter, where it is named the "Orchard of the god Sin," according to Professor Landsberger.

With these fine discoveries so close to us, I have neglected to tell of the progress in the lower dig of the Scribal Quarter. Here we have dug down another two building levels and believe we have finally reached the reign of Ur-nammu, founder of the Third Dynasty of Ur. Finds here have been interesting but not spectacular, the floor levels being too close together to leave a lot for discovery by our picks. The most interesting discovery is a house chapel which is perhaps big enough to be called a shrine. Its walls are niched in part, there is a two-stepped altar with bitumen "feet" reminding of thrones on which gods are shown, and in the center of the room is a hearth or offering place rebuilt several times. If we can show this to be a house chapel, it will be the earliest yet discovered. It lies on the south side of a big building with a large square court and smaller rectangular court, both surrounded by ranges of rooms--a fine structure, but not enough in it to satisfy us!

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Aside from the excitement provided by the digs, our every-day life runs along prosaically enough. We had a nice Christmas, outstanding for the fact that we had a turkey for dinner, and then a new one for supper. The weather is perfect from our standpoint--no rain for almost a month now, and very little wind to blow sand in our faces. By way of exception, there was one day with a raging wind from the south which made the dust so bad in the excavations that work had to stop at ten in the morning. We have just had a very pleasant visit from Dr. Najj-al-Asil, Director General of Antiquities, accompanied by Mr. Beeley, who is counsellor at the British Embassy. In another five weeks digging will stop for this season. By then we should have found a lot more, and I will write you again at that time to tell you all about it.

Sincerely yours,

Donald E. McCown
Field Director

[The contents of this letter from Dr. McCown are transmitted to you without delay because of their exciting character. The tablets of which he speaks are inscribed with texts written in the cuneiform script. Their contents should vastly increase our knowledge of the world's oldest literature, giving new examples of ancient Sumerian myths, epics, proverbs, and legends.

- Carl H. Kraeling]

NEWSLETTER FROM IRAN

[We are happy to share with Oriental Institute Members this letter from Dr. Herbert Paper, until recently Research Assistant at the Oriental Institute and now attached for the season to the Mission Archéologique Française in southern Iran. The Mission, led by Dr. R. Ghirshman, is working under the Auspices of the French government's Commission des Fouilles.]

Susa — January 26, 1952

Dear Dr. Kraeling,

With the month of January almost over, the 1951-52 excavation campaign at Susa has passed the midway mark. As you may recall from my last newsletter, the Mission was engaged in excavating at a site some fifty kilometers from here most of November and December. Last December 23, in fact, all the personnel encamped out in the desert at Tchogha-Zambil returned to the château and the following week was spent getting people and equipment prepared for the commencement of work at Susa.

The excavations at Tchogha-Zambil were eminently successful. In addition to the large numbers of bricks with Elamite and Akkadian inscriptions which were found, a magnificent Elamite temple was unearthed at the base of the ziggurat there and a number of the ziggurat stages themselves were identified as well. As luck would invariably have it, the very last morning of work uncovered a part of the outer encircling staircase which originally mounted to the summit of the ziggurat. Last minute discoveries are evidently an old story to all archeologists. Happily though, Dr. Ghirshman, the director of the Mission, has already laid careful plans for next year's work at this same site, plans which include a broad and incisive strategy of excavation which should lay bare any secrets which the ziggurat must still hold. The architectural, historical, and linguistic information which should come from this Elamite settlement should fill in a very interesting picture of the reign and building activities of the Elamite king Untash-Huban (ca. 1300 B.C.) and of the character of Elamite civilization at that time. The texts which were found this season proved to be "right down my alley" as the saying goes and the experience I gained from working with the hundreds of inscribed bricks should prove to be invaluable for me.

There is every reason to believe that surrounding the ziggurat was a network of temples dedicated to various deities. The temple mentioned above was identified from the inscribed bricks found still set in their original walls as having been dedicated to the Elamite deity Ishnikarap. Another last day discovery was a text which indicates the existence of a temple dedicated to Nabu the Babylonian deity who has evidently been incorporated into the Elamite pantheon. Future excavations should

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bring a wealth of verification as to the importance of this site. The publication of the many new and hitherto unknown decorative techniques employed by the Elamite builders in this period will add a most instructive and clarifying page to the spotty record we have had until now.

The return of the Mission to Susa gave us the opportunity to celebrate the Christmas and New Year holidays here at the château. The little party with which Mme Ghirshman surprised us all Christmas eve with a nylon Xmas tree eight inches high and the decorations and candles - all of which she had to purchase and prepare last July in Paris - were a reminder that another year had drawn to a close and that we had reached the midway mark of our stay in Khuzistan this season. My personal wish was to be able to send some of our sunshine to Chicago in exchange for some of that snow I'd been hearing so much about. The beginning of 1952 also brought us our first real invasion of visitors from Tehran - a party of members of the Swiss legation who came south on a hunting trip. As a result our table was soon supplied with gazelle, wild boar, and rabbit - a welcome change from our usual diet of mutton and chicken. I am willing to go on record that young-Khuzistan-gazelle-steak is delicious. The local native population must have been grateful for the elimination of several wild boar since these animals contrive to do considerable damage to crops and are a constant menace to life and limb.

Excavation at Susa proper has now been going on for approximately one month in two separate areas. At one chantier, Dr. Ghirshman is peeling off another layer in an area which he began to excavate a couple of years ago in an effort to establish a sound stratification for Susa. This is the "Ville Royale" which you probably remember from photographs published in the Illustrated London News last year. Every day the evidence keeps coming in that the stratum now being cleared must be close to the Seleucid era. The pottery, coins, statuettes, sherds, etc. give indications of the early Parthian and Seleucid periods. Even occasional Achaemenid objects, which must have been reused in this period, are beginning to come to light with increased frequency. By the way, the system of rails installed for the wagons which remove the dirt would do credit to a stationmaster in the States. There are half a dozen switches (foot-operated) and the local boys who push and pull the wagons evince an understanding of railroading (without benefit of steam) that defies description. These are the same rails and wagons which were brought here over fifty years ago by boat from France and then on mule-back the last hundred kilometers from Ahwaz to Susa.

The second chantier is one that was started from scratch this season and is proving to be just about contemporaneous with the stratum described above. Actually, the site of Susa is so vast that even after fifty years or so of work it is relatively untouched. There remains considerable work to be done here at Susa for a number of lifetimes. The rich harvest which has been garnered these many years from the mounds of Susa justifies every hope for the future that Susa will continue to fill a good many blanks in the history of man in this part of the world. There is no shortcut to the patient stroke-by-stroke clearing of square inch after square inch of earth in order to satisfy our curiosity as to what lies beneath this ancient soil over which herds of water buffalo and sheep daily plod. There is little doubt but that the native population considers the farangi (European) who come to dig up the soil of Shush a species of madman. But the long tradition of work by the Mission here at Susa has established the "legitimacy" of archeology, so to speak. However, my inquiry into the local Persian dialect still meets with incredulous wonder. Why anyone should be interested in collecting words and expressions in Dizfuli evidently surpasses all comprehension.

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Winter at Susa is a relatively short season, indeed it is almost over. There have been some chilly nights though and a couple of mornings we awoke to find the mud roofs of Shush's dwellings covered with frost. By the time we'll be preparing to leave for Tehran in April, it should be getting quite warm. In fact, I have vision of being chased up north by tongues of searing heat, that is, if any credence can be attached to the weather stories I've been hearing from my native friends.

Last week M. Mostafavi, the director of the Department of Antiquities, arrived here to spend the next month and a half as annual inspector of his department. I am profiting from his stay by an arrangement with him whereby we exchange Persian and English lessons; and he tells me that many years ago when he was inspector for the Department of Antiquities attached to the Oriental Institute excavations at Persepolis he had the same arrangement with Dr. McCown. This almost assumes the character of an old Oriental Institute tradition in Iran.

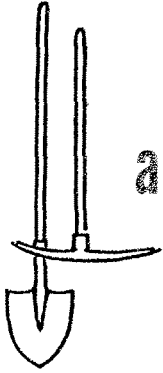
Some time ago I received the copies of the new brochure on Iranian art at the Oriental Institute, and I have now heard the French and Iranian equivalents of "three cheers for a job well done!" Everyone has been unanimous in expressing the most favorable opinions about this new booklet. Of course it made me just a little bit homesick for the Institute and all my friends there.

I know that any descriptions and accounts of the excavations and daily life at Susa that I send you are pale and meager beside the reality of seeing and living the excavation of an ancient city. Those who have been eyewitness to pick-and-shovel brush-and-knife archeology will agree, I think, that only a pale reflection can be transmitted in our letters. And yet I hope that I have succeeded in indicating briefly at least something of what's been occupying our time and energy this season at Susa.

Everyone at Susa sends warm regards and best wishes to everyone at the Institute. We're all looking forward to your impending trip to Iran, Dr. Kraeling, and we're hoping that you can manage to squeeze in a trip here to "Shushan, the capital."

Sincerely,

Herb
Herbert H. Paper



archeological newsletter

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1155 E. 58TH STREET • CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

NEWSLETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE

[Members of the Institute will enjoy the following communication from Professor W. F. Edgerton, our senior Egyptologist, who with Mrs. Edgerton is spending the year at Cambridge University and was able during the Christmas vacation to revisit Egypt where he had served from 1926 to 1929 and 1931 to 1933 as a member of the staff of the Institute's Epigraphic Survey.]

CHICAGO HOUSE REVISITED

Some years ago the editors of the Cambridge Ancient History asked me to write certain sections of the forthcoming revision of that work, including a chapter on the internal history of Egypt from Sety I to the death of Ramses III (about 1300 to about 1170 B.C.). My typescript, written in Chicago, was submitted and accepted long since but factors which neither the editors nor I can control have delayed the printing. Hence, revision is still possible. An invitation from the University of Cambridge, with a stipend granted me by the United States Government under the Fulbright Act, brought me nearer to Egypt during the present academic year than I had been, in peace time, since 1933. With additional help from the Oriental Institute and the Division of the Humanities of the University of Chicago, I was able to use the winter recess of the University of Cambridge to spend four weeks in Egypt in late December and early January, chiefly to study at first hand some of the evidence underlying this chapter. During three of these four weeks, my wife and I were guests of the Oriental Institute Epigraphic Survey at Chicago House, Luxor.

Both Cairo and Luxor at that time were thoroughly peaceful. We were received with the greatest cordiality and courtesy by all Egyptians with whom we came in contact, officially or otherwise, as well as by European and American residents. It was an unalloyed pleasure to us thus to revisit the beautiful valley of the Nile, where we spent five happy seasons long ago in the service of the Oriental Institute.

But my purpose in this brief visit was historical work, and the work which I had to do brought home to me afresh the incomparable value of the superb folio volumes which the Epigraphic Survey has produced. If all of the ancient monuments had been published in that way the historical research which I did in Egypt could have been done in Chicago, for the evidence which I was seeking would have been available to me in books.

The records of pagan Egypt in hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic cover more than thirty centuries, from near 3000 B.C. to A.D. 452. Throughout this long period, the language and the writing were constantly changing, as every living language necessarily changes. Egyptian writing records only the consonants, and these only imperfectly

The vowels are not recorded at all. This is unfortunate for us, since Egyptian inflections made much use of vocalic changes, as in woman, women, and sing, sang, sung, song. The bulk of the surviving writings is immense. From them we are gradually learning the unique history of the Egyptian people. But the workers are few, the funds scanty, and the task of interpretation has barely been begun. Champollion first succeeded in reading a hieroglyphic inscription in 1822. The first Egyptian grammar based on reasonably acceptable principles appeared in 1880 and dealt with the language used in literary texts of the thirteenth and twelfth centuries B.C. It was not superseded until 1933, and a wholly new description of that specific language is badly needed today. The language of the important historical and religious texts written before 2200 B.C. has never received systematic grammatical treatment in print, and several other forms through which Egyptian passed in its long life are scarcely better off. The state of lexicography is comparable to that of grammar. The great Berlin dictionary, begun in the 1890's and in course of publication since 1926, aims to cover the hieroglyphic and hieratic texts of all ages and is in fact a priceless boon to us, but needs important additions and revisions on almost every page. A dictionary of the texts written in demotic, a major part of the lifework of my teacher Wilhelm Spiegelberg, has been my own chief scholarly task since 1930. My present touch of duty in Cambridge is for the purpose of incorporating the late Sir Herbert Thompson's lexical materials into this project.

Both in language and in history, the foundations have been surely and correctly laid. Progress is not uniform. Sometimes mistaken views take root, become sanctified by much repetition, and are hard to eradicate. But on the whole, the background grows clearer and the outlines firmer decade by decade.

The greatest needs of the Egyptian philologist and historian now-a-days are more and better tools such as grammars and dictionaries, and more and better editions of texts. Translations, when thoughtfully made by competent philologists, are also useful to the specialist and not merely to the outside public. (Some scholars have said that all Egyptian texts ought to be retranslated every ten years in order to keep up with the progress of linguistic knowledge.) But no translation from any ancient language can take the place of the original text, for those whose duty is the increase and diffusion of knowledge. The unavoidable inadequacy of translations is far more serious in the case of Egyptian than, for instance, in Greek or Latin, because Egyptian is much less fully understood, and because Egyptian forms of expression, where we do understand them, differ more profoundly from those of English and other modern European languages.

My chapter on the history of Egypt from 1300 to 1170 B.C. will be substantially better because I could see with my own eyes-- and feel with my own fingers -- ancient inscriptions in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo, in the Temple of Amon at Karnak, and in the cemetery of ancient Thebes. Some of these inscriptions have never been published, others have been imperfectly published. This is no discredit to my predecessors. My generation builds on the foundations which our predecessors laid. A hundred years ago, the copyist's first duty was to publish as much and as quickly as possible, and many a word now vanished from the stone has been saved for us by the imperfect copy of some early traveler. Today, the highest degree of accuracy in publishing Egyptian texts is more important than speed.

For lack of publications, and especially for lack of complete and reliable publications, no Egyptological problem of broad scope can be thoroughly treated today without actually journeying to a whole series of places, usually widely scattered. Perforce, we sit at home and do our work as best we can in our libraries -- but a little experience teaches us that we must inevitably misunderstand much and overlook

much, because the existing evidence is either imperfectly available or not available at all. Conversely, the field worker in tomb or temple cannot fully understand the specific matter on which he works without constant reference to a good library. Unlike some products of excavation, tombs and temples cannot ordinarily be carried to Europe or America for study.

The amount of unpublished or inadequately published material which exists above the ground in Egypt is overwhelming. The few Egyptologists of the world could not possibly complete the urgently needed work of copying and publication for many decades to come, even if they all devoted themselves exclusively to that aspect of the subject and completely neglected such tasks as translating texts and writing grammar, dictionaries, and histories. Even in the temple of Ramses III at Medinet Habu — the first and primary responsibility of our Epigraphic Survey — there is still a great deal of important and interesting material which has never been published at all. An expedition of the present size (two Egyptologists, of whom one is the director and the other the photographer; two artists; and one engineer) devoting itself exclusively to that one temple, could scarcely finish this material in less than a decade. In addition, the expedition rightly began work in the temples of Karnak some twenty years ago — a task which has no foreseeable limit. Within easy working distance of the expedition house, there is work for many generations to come, and in other parts of Egypt are many other tasks of similar kind, some of them wholly untouched.

Meanwhile, the monuments themselves are constantly perishing, as they have been doing continuously throughout all the centuries since they were made. Probably everyone who has done epigraphic work season after season on our expedition has had the experience of observing that this or that detail which he himself had formerly noted has disappeared after one or two years. Both limestone and sandstone (the most durable of the general-purpose building materials widely used by the ancient Egyptians) are subject to gradual deterioration from purely natural causes, even when they have never been reached by the inundation. Furthermore, many surfaces to be decorated were only roughly smoothed in the stone by Pharaoh's artisans, then covered with plaster before being carved and painted. This is a very common phenomenon, familiar to every experienced epigrapher in Egypt. An example particularly fresh in my mind because I was recently working there, is the tomb of Queen Tausert in the Valley of the Kings, where many of the scenes and inscriptions are on plaster, and most of them entirely unpublished. Much of the plaster work in this tomb has already fallen, and is gone beyond recovery.

Monuments standing on the alluvium, such as the temples of Karnak and Luxor, are additionally subject to an entirely different kind of deterioration which grows worse by geometrical progression as the level of ground water rises century by century. The area annually dampened and desiccated rises higher and higher, and the water infiltrating through the debris of ancient dwellings carries with it salts which produce chemical and physical changes in the composition of the stone, eventually eating away the foundations and the lower courses of the walls until they become unable to bear the weight above them. In general, we have to assume that Pharaonic monuments standing on the alluvium will disappear within a small fraction of the time they have existed hitherto.

So far as I can recall, not a single building anywhere has survived complete from pagan Egypt. Some which were seen in good condition by Europeans a hundred and fifty years ago were totally destroyed in the nineteenth century: for instance, the unique peripteral temple of Amenhotep III (first quarter of the fourteenth century B.C.) on the island of Elephantine. The Egyptian Egyptologists who now staff the Department of Antiquities of the Egyptian Government are able, conscientious, and hardworking men. I believe they are protecting the monuments fully as well, on the

whole, as their European predecessors in office. But it needs no very profound knowledge of history to know that stable conditions do not last forever in any country. And the task of protecting the ancient Egyptian tombs and temples is simply beyond the power of human beings.

It is a matter of cold, grim fact that a great deal of knowledge about ancient Egypt which could be gathered from the existing monuments, will never be gathered because the scenes and inscriptions will perish, unrecorded and unstudied. This is as certain as tomorrow's sunrise, and no power on earth can altogether remedy it. But funds to build up larger staffs of efficient Egyptologists and to encourage students all over the world, could help immeasurably in recording and publishing what still exists.

Professor Breasted, the founder of the Oriental Institute, saw these needs and planned carefully and well to meet them. Approaching the task immediately after the first World War, he saw that the greatest concentration of large inscribed surfaces requiring publication was in the district of ancient Thebes (modern Luxor). Within this district, he saw that the best initial point of attack was the temple of Ramses III at Medinet Habu, the best preserved large building of its age (twelfth century B.C.) in Egypt and perhaps in the world. Beyond this limited objective, he saw that the greatest epigraphic task in the district lay within the temple precincts of Karnak, north of Luxor on the east bank of the Nile. Accordingly, when Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., enabled him to erect a permanent headquarters building, he wisely placed it on the Nile between Karnak and Luxor. Three or four Egyptologists and six or eight artists could be employed here for generations without exhausting the really important work which stares us in the face. The physical plant (land, buildings, and equipment) owned by the University of Chicago at this site is adequate for such a staff.

A unique feature of the equipment is the library. Begun in 1926 in a building given by Mr. Julius Rosenwald, it was rapidly built up through the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller and others until at Professor Breasted's death in 1935 there was scarcely a better Egyptological library in the world. Reducing the outlay for new books and periodicals is perhaps the easiest of all economies for a scholarly institution in years of penury, though it is also one of the most disastrous in the long run. The effects of the sharp drop in income which coincided with Professor Breasted's death can be seen on the shelves of the library, just as climatic changes can be read in tree rings. The file of the American Journal of Archaeology ends with 1936, Antiquity with 1940, Archiv für Orientforschung with 1936, Aegyptus with 1935, Journal asiatique with 1935, Archiv orientální with 1938. Nevertheless, the library is still an outstanding one. It is an asset which cannot be valued in money. It is an essential part of the foundation on which the uniquely accurate work of the expedition rests, and it is an international institution where scholars of all races and creeds increasingly come and work, as they increasingly realize that they are all equally welcome. Our Egyptian neighbors and our European colleagues alike speak of it with admiration and gratitude.

I mentioned the uniquely accurate work of the expedition. In my considered opinion, no one else has ever published ancient Egyptian reliefs and inscriptions with quite so high a degree of accuracy as has regularly been achieved here. Even some very eminent Egyptologists have not fully grasped this fact. Probably a generation or two must still pass before we can expect the recognition which the work really deserves. Let us hope that such recognition need not come post mortem!

Fortunately for ourselves, my wife and I left Cairo January 9th on our return

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Journey to Cambridge. The tragic events of the following weeks (shocking as they are) may, we hope, awaken the public conscience both East and West and thus help to hasten a solution satisfying Egypt's reasonable and proper desire for complete independence without endangering the cause of democracy in the world.

William F. Edgerton
King's College, Cambridge
February 8, 1952

EXCERPTS FROM A FIELD REPORT FROM DR. MCCOWN

Nippur
15 February 1952

One of the points of interest in the levels we have just dug is the amount of building activity manifested. Levels IX and X probably include three periods of rebuilding, and of the type we do not like. In each case deep foundations were dug frequently removing all but the foundations of the previous buildings. Room 205 and an adjoining small room were about the only ones of their particular time where this did not happen. That means that the corresponding floors in most of the rest of the southern area had been dug away, and you will recall that it was on these floors in 205 that we found so very many tablets. There is no knowing how many tablets we would have found if these floors had not been dug away elsewhere. So we were lucky that 205 was intact. The other fact about the tablets is that they were discarded as we found them, in some cases probably forming an intentional fill in raising a floor, used in chinking up blocked doors or filling in a hole in a wall, but in 205 on X² probably tossed along one side of the room while the floor was in use.

You have already had the big news of SE, the find of statues. We were lucky to find them on the second preserved floor of this Early Dynastic temple which elsewhere has been largely cut away. Further cleaning has given us parts of more statues. The fine big man is as I have described. But the others are now: a head only partially complete which is long and thin like those from Eridu; another preserved from skirt bottom to neck; a third from skirt to waist, a fourth with the feet and stand only, while the fifth the bust of a man with traces of beard and hair locks. Of the three preserved busts two are inscribed, the big man all over his back in a three column text, the other with a couple of signs on one shoulder, perhaps his name. The scientifically unusual facts of our find are the number of inscribed statues and the mixture of Diyalah and Eridu styles. From a promotional standpoint the important thing is that we can expect similar finds in the more intact lower levels of the temple.

And we are on the trail of another Early Dynastic temple east of SD. What is happening there is a good example of our prospecting for buildings. I started two 3 x 3 meter shafts in the plain somewhat east of SD. Both went down with identical conditions the first meter or two, sand and wash deposits, then a layer of earth full of charcoal, and practically no sherds. Then suddenly in the southern of the two, SK1, we started finding Early Dynastic sherds, soon had a band of them including numerous chalices of EDI,II type, and then a very thick, orange surfaced floor. At the same level in the other shaft, SK2, we encountered Assyrian and Kassite sherds and still

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have them at a level lower than the floor in SKI. And with that we can be fairly sure of where we are. In SKI we are on a mound or platform. This should be a temple of ED I or II since chalices are typical of those periods and in temples. We are inside it, for it is unlikely that such a good floor would have been exposed to the sky. So we are tunneling on this floor and, inshallah, will find walls soon. If all this works out according to present indications we will have located a temple with a minimum of effort.

The whole staff is busy processing the many tablets from the big find in TA. If only this were the "good old days" when they would all have been given on loan in one lot, they would have caused little extra work except to Francis. As it is we hope to have rubber molds made of all except the fragments. The processing is interesting in itself. Francis sorts and gives them a preliminary cleaning. Then they are baked and the oven is going nearly every day. We are pretty well through the literary tablets and are now doing lexical tablets and literary pieces. After that Marian mends those which require it, a considerable number. Our biggest improvement is in the subsequent cleaning. Harry had a wild idea that sand-blasting might do it. So he rigged up a bottle and using the tire pump on the truck experimented one Friday afternoon on some discards. When I came over from a bath at the other house, to my shock he was working on a registered tablet. I snatched it out of his hand in consternation for I had been sure that sand-blasting would ruin the surface. A short demonstration was convincing on a salt encrusted tablet I had feared to clean with soft brushing, and I soon gave him his first literary piece to clean. It is a real discovery, the soft blast of sand cutting the dirt and yet not touching chips in cracked surfaces which would inevitably be lost cleaning with needle and brush. It also speeds the cleaning greatly. We now have one of the Shergatis trained to do this, for it is a full time job. After cleaning, the tablets are painted with dilute ambroid and then somewhat thicker coats until they are hard. Ambroid films which fill the corner of wedges evaporate in a fine spray of acetone and the tablets are ready to have the molds made, which we have discovered can be quickly done by stippling on a thick solution of Ruberlin. It is a lot of work but the staff has pitched in and the job is going well.

Francis has given me an estimate of tablets from levels IX, X in TA. It is conservative since it is limited to tablets with enough text so they will give a substantial contribution if they are new. It, therefore, includes only part of what he classes as "pieces." On this base we have 220 literary and 150 lexical. I am delighted that the balance is so heavily with the literary texts.

* * * * *

The season is over, the digging finished, the house in Afak locked up and we are in Baghdad. The final seven weeks of excavations - we dug two weeks into April not originally planned - lacked the excitement of those two at the end of January and the beginning of February when we found all the tablets, identified the Inanna Temple and found the Sumerian statues. But so much event all at once is the exception in digging.

We have, however, rounded off the work nicely. At the Scribal Quarter we dug two levels below those with the quantities of tablets and thus linked the sequence between the Upper and Lower digs securely. In the latter there was time to dig a couple of levels of Akkadian houses below all the Ur III levels. As a result we have a sequence of some twenty superimposed cities between the Achaemenian and Akkadian periods (5th-24th centuries B.C.). This gives the best stratified sequence so far excavated during the history of the later Sumerians and the Babylonians.

With a series of pits we traced the north-west face of the Inanna Temple. Its size was a surprise, over sixty meters long on this face. Nor is it sure that this represents the length of the building. It could stretch even farther to the south, but this could not be checked in the remaining time. In any case it will be a fine structure when excavated. All indications are that it will contain a satisfactory number of objects too. And there is every chance when it, and Early Dynastic remains below, are excavated that important religious information will be recovered. Dr. Jacobsen writes me that it may be the place where Inanna celebrated her sacred marriage in Nippur to Ama-ushungal-anna, a form of Tammuz, the important and popular fertility god who has never been "localized" and is still essentially a literary figure. The prospects here are certainly exciting.

And they are no less so at the Early Dynastic temple at SE, which we now call the North Temple. The final two weeks of work were devoted to this area, since for purposes of planning the future work it was desirable to know its size. That is still unknown, for it just kept on expanding. We have now traced it over 25 by 50 meters and my guess is that its limits will be around 35 by 70 meters. That makes it an unusually big temple for the first half of the third millenium B.C. So it is an important place full of possibilities for learning about cults of that period and discovering other fine examples of Sumerian art. Only one more find of that sort was made and that on the last day of work. It is a sculpture in stone of a recumbent bull attacked by a lion. Two small cups on top show that it was used for temple offerings. A nice piece with which to close down the dig.

The division was good. We have some nice pieces to bring home. Carl Kraeling arrived in time to see the digs before we closed up. And now we are all looking forward to getting home and seeing you all there.

Donald E. McCown, Field Director.
Joint Expedition to Nippur of the
Oriental Institute of the University
of Chicago and the University
Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

NEWSLETTER

Chicago House
Luxor, Egypt
February 25, 1952

Dear Friends:

This outpost of the Institute has perhaps been in the thoughts of some of you this winter owing to your reading of the news. We have been a foreign group in a place and time in which one might expect us to experience difficulties. Since nearly half of the staff happens to be British we did not know nor did anyone else when we might have to shut up shop, yet scarcely an untoward incident occurred. Neither our work nor our well-being was affected in the least. Our always gracious and friendly Egyptian hosts, official and otherwise, have been even more solicitous for us. And now the gathering clouds have been abruptly rent and once more Egypt's Aton gleams upon her if not in full splendor at least in hopeful promise. We and our Egyptian neighbors are grateful for the firm action of H.M. King Farouk.

As for the work we have done this season, it has perhaps gotten as near the romantic as the work of a recording expedition can. Some of you may have read the handsome send-off which the New York Times gave us last September 14th, the day we sailed. It took this newspaper story, for which I had myself supplied some of the bare facts, to make me realize that the particular job we had planned for this season was not just another incident in the appallingly great task of recording the reliefs and inscriptions of ancient Thebes, but the very stuff of which the glamor of archeology is woven and which might make even the casual on-looker a bit starry-eyed.

First here are the bare facts. We have been drawing a triumphal relief which Pharaoh Sheshonk I inscribed outside the southern (Bubastite) gate to the large court which he built in front of the great Hypostyle Hall of the temple of Amon at Karnak. Except for an architrave inscription on the inside of the same gate, this is the only relief Sheshonk succeeded in putting on the walls of his court. It is a large, well-carved relief but in principle it is like a half dozen older ones within a few yards of it and still others elsewhere in Egypt.

The relief depicts the pharaoh in heroic size about to strike a group of pleading foreigners over the head with his mace. However, since pharaoh's figure seems to have been carved entirely on plaster applied to the stone and the plaster has fallen away, only ghostly traces of him remain and those are visible largely only under the sharply oblique rays of the early morning sun. Amon-Ra, the great god of Karnak before whom the king performs his feat, holds out to him with one hand the sword of victory. In the other hand Amon grasps ropes leading to rows of captured towns and localities each represented by the cartouche-shaped ring of a fortified city wall containing the name of the place in hieroglyphs. Each ring is surmounted by the head and chest of a foreigner with his arms bound behind him and Amon's robe about his neck. Beneath Amon stands the goddess Wast (victorious Thebes personified) holding the ropes of more

captured places. Both Amon's temple and his city have become beneficiaries of the king's conquests in prestige and perhaps in wealth. Amon's long speech carved each side of the upper part of his body merely praises his dutiful son for his valiant deeds.

The relief is one of the most famous in Egypt and even casual tourists are not allowed to miss standing a few moments before it. Egyptologists have partially recorded it numerous times beginning with the days of the earliest decipherment of hieroglyphs some 135 years ago when its nature could first be understood by modern man. The list of place-names has been assiduously studied countless times since. The reason for its fame is apparent when I say that this Sheshonk I was no other than "Shishak, king of Egypt" who was a contemporary of King Solomon and one of Solomon's fathers-in-law. The victorious campaign which the Karnak relief commemorates is the one which we learn from I Kings 14:25, 26 and II Chronicles 12:2-4 resulted in the capture of Jerusalem and the looting of the temple and palace including "all the shields of gold which Solomon had made." This happened in the fifth year of King Rehoboam of Judah (922 B.C.), five years after the death of Solomon and the division of his kingdom into Israel and Judah. Shishak did not record anything whatsoever of the incidents which were of prime importance to the Hebrew historian except as one would infer from the long list of conquered places the Chronicler's statement that "he took the fortified cities which pertained to Judah." The list of places once consisted of 175 or 176 names of which 165 or 166 were places in Palestine. Of these some 56 or 57 have never been seen by modern Egyptologists, for they had already been lost through defacement or the crumbling of the stone before informed interest could rescue them for posterity. Since then 10 more and parts of many others have completely disappeared from the wall, among them the name of Meggido deservedly famous in Oriental Institute circles. Four of these ten may still exist in the Berlin Museum where they were taken in 1845 by an early copying expedition if they were not destroyed in the bombing of the museum during the last war. It is not surprising then that no modern scholar has ever seen on this wall the name of Jerusalem, the only one of the conquered cities named in the Bible, for it may have been among those 56 or 57 lost names.

Thus we have this winter stood where many of those whose names are bright in the story of Egyptology once stood beginning with Champollion the father of Egyptology himself in 1828. We have attempted once again the task which they attempted: To record and preserve for posterity a valuable historical document. But we have done completely what our predecessors did only in part. We have done it with a precision to achieve as exact a facsimile as humanly possible, and this has never been done before. But we have stood on the shoulders of our predecessors and have built upon their efforts. By spending days and weeks with our fingers not to say our noses on every square foot of the relief, we have seen hieroglyphs and parts of hieroglyphs which escaped them, and we have corrected errors they made which have been the bases in some instances of erroneous topographical identifications. This we have done despite the fact that the passage of time has left us less to see than they could have seen. We do not deceive ourselves that scholars will not still come to search this inscription for themselves even when our facsimile is published, but we are reasonably certain that they will not find much more than we have given them and we are entirely certain that as time takes its toll they will see less than we have seen.

Frequently visitors, and among them occasionally even Egyptologists, when shown one of our correction sheets with instructions by two Egyptologists to the artist to make sometimes seemingly imperceptible changes in his preliminary drawing have asked deferentially whether we need be so meticulous. They mean to ask in short, "Aren't you wasting your time?" Well, we try to be discriminating, but there are two reasons from experience why we cannot relax our standards. When a person resolves in beginning a drawing or the checking of one that he is not going to be too meticulous but insist only on accuracy in "essentials," his resolution may work out in as many ways as the

human mind is unpredictable but the result will always be the same: inaccuracy. As a second reason, one never knows what slight, seemingly trivial detail will prove significant someday to someone. As an illustration let me tell you a minor saga of some birds' feet in Shishak's list of captured places.

On two visits in 1901 and 1904 W. Max Müller made the most recent and most accurate as well as first complete copy of the list. However, his copy is by no means an exact facsimile of the wall. His hieroglyphs are his own carefully made but conventional stereotypes perfectly understandable to any Egyptologist. Only in cases where a sign was unusual in shape or partially broken did he try to reproduce exactly what he saw.

Now, two of the most frequently occurring Egyptian hieroglyphs are the vulture and the owl each representing a very different consonant. When well preserved they are easily distinguishable even though carelessly carved, for the owl looks at you full-face but the vulture always appears in profile with a fairly long beak. Müller in his copy of Shishak's list shows another consistent distinction in that there is a spur on the feet of the vulture but none on those of the owl. In a few cases where only a bird's feet were preserved and in a few more where a whole vulture was preserved but without a spur he inserted "sic" nearby to call attention to the significant detail and to certify that it was precisely so on the wall.

In 1938 a Dutch scholar, Simons, published a very good handbook of all such lists of captured places and for Shishak's list he wisely followed in general Müller's superior copy. At a number of points he referred to Müller's criterion of the spur to distinguish a vulture from an owl and to determine upon one consonant rather than the other in reading a name. He even applied the criterion more widely than Müller had and in a few instances disputed older copies and accepted readings on this basis. When we began our work we expected to be able to use the neat distinction still more effectively at first hand and thus rescue some Palestinian place name from oblivion. However, after a few moments of work at the wall checking the preliminary drawing we discovered that we were not finding any vultures with spurs. After checking through the whole list we could count 40 indisputable vultures and of them just 5 had even the slightest visible spur; no owl had any at all. We have no explanation for Müller's "sic" in the few cases in his copy where the vulture has no spur except that he simply happened to notice in those cases that his own personal distinction between owl and vulture was not followed by Shishak's sculptor but that in the great majority of cases the fact passed unnoticed. As a matter of fact, the distinction was not a pure invention of Müller's, for there are well cut inscriptions where it is consistently made, but a glance in our paleography of Medinet Habu inscriptions shows that Ramses III's sculptors were even more inconsistent than were Shishak's. They sometimes carved spurs on owls and vultures and sometimes omitted them from both. At any rate, the sphere of application of the nice criterion to Shishak's geographical list has shrunk considerably. You may be certain that this detail will be precise in every instance on our drawing and we believe all other similar details will also be precise no matter who thinks we are wasting our time.

But now we must leave Amon-Ra to receive his captive cities and the ghostly figure of his valiant son Shishak to smite the pleading foreigners as they have been doing for 2800 odd years. Our first love is Ramses III's Medinet Habu temple where scarcely any of the reliefs we are drawing have ever been published before and our work has continued there throughout the season.

Thus far this season we have had just twenty persons stay at the house with us. We had expected quite a few more but this has not been a likely season for touring in Egypt. From among the friends and members of the Institute we enjoyed visits from Miss Elizabeth Essington and her aunt Miss Helen E. Hendricks at the end of October and Mr. and Mrs. George B. McKibbin in mid-December. When I say that we enjoyed their visits I am

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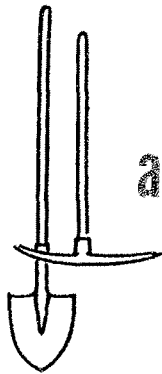
not merely employing a polite cliché. We also had the pleasure of welcoming back to Chicago House Professor and Mrs. Edgerton some 18 years after they had last left it. I believe they have written you about their visit. Among the outsiders who have used Chicago House as a base of operation for their work have been Miss Rosalind Moss and Mrs. Ethel Burney of Oxford University, Professor Hermann Kees of Göttingen, Dr. Elmar Edel of Heidelberg, and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Ricke and Mr. H. Vollers of the Swiss Institute. Dr. Ricke and Mr. Vollers have just completed an excavation at Karnak which had been begun before the war.

It will not be long before hot weather will drive us away from Luxor for the summer, and we hope the summer will not be hot in Chicago.

Yours sincerely,

George R. Hughes

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1155 E. 58TH STREET • CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

[We offer you as a newsletter excerpts from Dr. Carl Kraelings' letters from the Near East, where he is exploring new sites for excavation, accompanied by Gustavus Swift, Jr.]

Baghdad -- April 8, 1952

Well, I haven't yet really given you the frame-work of our trip. We drove north from Baghdad to Kirkuk and stayed at the "rest-house". Then we went to Mosul where we were elegantly quartered in the second floor of the R.R. Station and enjoyed the confusion of the departure of the daily train for Baghdad (at 9:00 P.M.). From Mosul we visited the British excavations at Nimrud and the site of the past glories of the Oriental Institute, Khorsabad. We spent some time seeing the new sculptures from Hatra at the local Museum and then drove to Hatra in the desert, where we camped for the night with the people of the Iraq Dept. of Antiquities and were greatly impressed by the site. Then we got back to the Tigris again, visited Assur and began the long trek home to Baghdad. Hatra is scrumptious, a dream city in a vast emptiness. Tried some pictures.

We made about 6-700 miles I guess, most of it the toughest kind of bone-shattering, crash-bang travel. The only really smooth traveling we did was when we got away from all settlements where there was no road at all, where we could breeze along without the slightest tremor over the wide-open, rolling countryside. This we did for parts of two days in the nomad country between Tigris and Euphrates where the world just seems endlessly open and all you see is occasional beduin encampments, a few flocks of sheep, goats, donkeys and camels, and where the only obstacles are shriveled up carcasses and skeletons of donkeys and animals that did not survive last summer's heat and drought. With the winter rains over, the rolling hills of the desert were still greenish, but there were only a few pools of water left maybe every 20 miles or so; and soon everything will be burned up again and no more water 'til next December. How they live--these nomads--you can figure out.

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On the morning of April 11, after many days of hot weather it turned clear and windy and a warm sun promised an auspicious beginning for our second trip. Everything was lovely as we made the familiar crossing from Baghdad to Fellujah, that is from the Tigris to the Euphrates. Having crossed the Euphrates, where the wind sweeps down from the uplands of the Arabian plateau, we found a new chill in the air. But we continued briskly along a well-paved road to Ramadi, the last major town on the road west and north along the Euphrates, and stopped to present our credentials and a letter of introduction to the Mutessarif there, who, however, was in Baghdad. So we continued along a road which had now become a very rough track past the

miserable town of Hit, where there are asphalt deposits used in the construction of the walls of old Babylon; and up onto the plateau, where the road degenerated into a series of tracks each seeking to avoid the next series of smash-bang crossings over the fissured limestone and gypsum outcrops; and finally descended to the plain again at a tiny village called Baghdadi. Here we bought some cigarettes and hubbes (large round, flat cakes of bread, that have the general consistency of the cardboard that goes into large cartons and tastes about the same) and headed on up the river. It was getting fivish. The river was in high flood and sometimes coming perilously close to the track, and the wind was blowing a cold gale from the northwest. So we looked for a place to camp, and soon found it behind some mounds of gravel just under the scarp of the upland plateau. We set up our cots and got out our sleeping bags and arched a tarpaulin as a wind break and tried our hand at the Primus stove. With the wind blowing, we could not get it to working properly, and after getting ourselves black all over with soot, gave up and consumed cold some of our luncheon, our hubbes and some dates. Then under the covers of the sleeping bags we crawled, with our eyes looking up at the stars coming out from the deep blue sky above the coal black of the towering cliffs marking the edge of the desert plateau. Old Orion was up there to the west, and I confess I have a much better picture of him than I ever had before, all the stars of his sword, hanging down from his belt, his hilt and the position of his feet and arms being clearly visible in the cold desert air.

The Euphrates is in flood and where tributary, normally dry, valleys joined the river the water backed up, covering the road to a depth of 2-4 feet. We had to stop and investigate in each case--taking a chance when the coverage was below hub height. Of course there was no other traffic on the road under the circumstances which meant that if we got stuck, we were stuck. Mostly we found ways around these wadis (valleys), which meant going inland as much as 10 miles, with many a stop to prospect whether the depth permitted crossing or not. Of course we had to clear not only the main valley but all the tributary lateral branches of each system. Going was mighty slow under the circumstances and we camped that night west of Anah with only 128 miles to our credit. It was again a camp without benefit of cooking but we enjoyed our dates, water and hubbes plus some of Mr. Kraft's cheese that we had picked up at Baghdad and that added the extra deluxe touch. We got better protection from the wind and cold that night by slinging the tarpaulin over the jeep and putting its farther end under the legs of our cots which were set with the heads right up against the side of the jeep. This was fortunate, for we had a brief shower during the night.

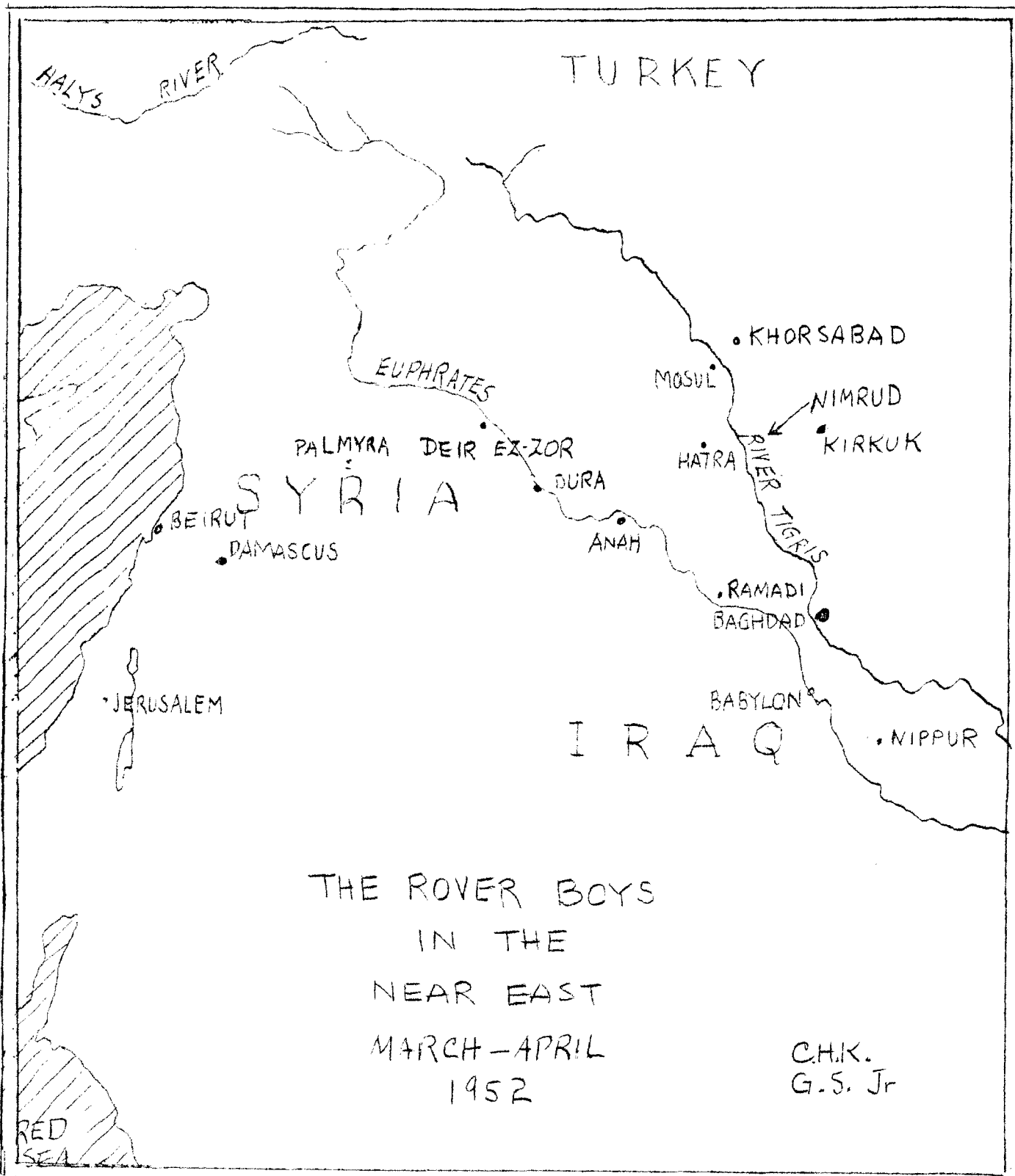
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Damascus -- April 18, 1952

We left Deir ez-zor early on Thursday and had a fine day's trip through the desert to Palmyra. No roads. Just tracks. It gets a bit exciting along these tracks that are rarely traveled. You go 3-4 hours worth into the blue without meeting a car and begin to wonder what would happen if the car broke down or if by chance you had been following a track that led where you did not expect to go. We came out all right, however, after a run of 7 hours (met one car all told) and found there was no room at the Palace Hotel Zenobie (named after the famous queen of Palmyra, but which means dump for short). We did arrange with the bellboy-waiter-concierge-proprietor to eat in and to put up our cots in a little shed effect alongside the main entrance for the first night, 'til a crowd of 42 Beirut natives vacated premises intended for a maximum of 20. The Roman ruins at Palmyra were clean and nice and we put in a full day visiting and photographing them.

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The first leg of our long journey from Baghdad to Damascus is now completed. It was a hard long trip and we arrived here looking like real nomads, with our faces and hands black with sunburn and dirt, a three-day growth of beard, much sand in and about us and our belongings, and even the trusty jeep showing signs of short temper and fatigue. Our equipment and we ourselves took quite a beating, but we came through and can report.



NEWSLETTER FROM ANTIOCH

Antakya, Hatay, Turkey
Friday, May 31, 1952

Friends of the Oriental Institute will have learned, from Mr. Kraeling's newsletter, what I have been doing from March until May 4, when we parted company at Tripoli, Lebanon. Up to the time of Mr. Kraeling's departure, we had been doing mostly things of particular interest to him: visiting the Roman and other "late" remains of Syria and Iraq. For about the last week, however, we worked on things and places that are nearer to my work, and these I have continued to pursue ever since.

One of the plans was to try to gain an on-the-spot knowledge of some of the important areas on and near the Syrian coast. We began by moving over from Beirut for three days at Baalbek, in the beautiful redsoil plain between the Lebanon and Antilebanon mountains. The plain flows with water, and seems to produce every sort of field and fruit crop. Ancient mounds are many; they sit out in the middle of the valley as if needing no other protection than the mountains which close them in. It would seem that only the Romans took the trouble to go up into the foothills to build. We ended our stay by photographing the Baalbek temple, and then moved along to our next area of interest, on the coast.

Our plan to make Tripoli by the direct mountain route via the Cedars was prevented by the late wet season, which kept the road closed. Instead, we followed the more usual way to Beirut and Tripoli. North of Tripoli the coastal plain widens out into a river valley that forms one of the main gateways to inner Syria, a passage that the Crusader "Crac des Chevaliers" a fortress, was built to hold. Again, many large mounds cover the plain, but one of the most imposing, both in size and situation, that I have seen anywhere, is Tell Arka, stuck in the mouth of a deep ravine coming down from the north flank of Lebanon. It is over a hundred feet high, and very steep. Terraces jut out from its base, and Roman buildings and rock tombs are easily found for a great distance around.

From there, Mr. Kraeling set forth on his separate way, and it was time for my next move northward. I chose Latakiya, farther north, as a base from which to visit the many sites, excavated and unexcavated, along this part of the coast. Among the former are Schaeffer's Ras Shamra, Forrer's Qalaat er Rus and Tell Sukas, and the two that Braidwood tested before the war. The unexcavated sites are as

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numerous as the streams that run down from the mountains; at the mouth of each one, there is almost infallibly a mound, large or small.

The goal of this northward progress was Antakya (Antioch), in Turkey, where I have been for the past three weeks. Mr Adib Ishak came up from Beirut, to meet me and proceed to Antakya, and with him came Mr. John Pictri, an American engineer, hailing from Nevada, who had much to tell of building an airfield at Deyarbelir in Eastern Turkey, an area where many an archaeologist would envy him his opportunity to look around.

Adib Ishak had spent over ten years with the Committee for the Excavation of Antioch, and it was now his sad duty to come back and close down the headquarters that had remained in a state of suspense during the war. He timed his trip to coincide with mine, so that he was able to give me a good start in the city, and to establish me in living quarters.

The main business of my trip was with and in the Antakya Archaeological Museum, a most satisfactory place to work and to visit, and, I think, one of the outstanding museums of its size anywhere. It was spaciouly and conveniently built by the French authorities before the war, and most carefully arranged and maintained by Director Rudi Bey Teken and his staff. The principal collections include the magnificent mosaics and sculpture of the Antioch Expedition, the finds of Sir Leonard Woolley's excavations at Tell Atchana and Al Mina, and the material of the Oriental Institute's Syrian Expedition of 1933 to 1938.

It was with these last that I mainly concerned myself, being interested in the publication of part of these finds. Braidwood has in press a volume on the early Nevals of five mounds dug by the Syrian Expedition, and, indeed, I found Rudi Bey very happy with long lists of identifications which Braidwood had just been able to send him, and which will enable him, for the first time, to arrange this part of the material systematically. I have the later material to work with. It is mostly of the early Iron Age, and with the Museum staff's kind help I was able to make a close study of all the objects in the collection, and to make on-the-spot comparisons with the things found by Woolley, which tie in very closely with the Chicago excavations.

Three weeks in Antioch have been very simple and tranquil. I can think of only one enlivening incident, which was an affair with the hot-water heater in the apartment's small Turkish bath. Having gone to supper one evening with a project for firing it up under way, I returned to find the water little if any warmer but the atmosphere vastly denser by reason of clouds of smoke pouring from the firebox. The cause was traced to a surplus of birds' nests in the ash pit and stovepipe, which had been overlooked in the enthusiasm of the moment.

The work for which I came is finished, and a few jeep trips into the countryside have been fitted in. A few new groans have come from the jeep from time to time, but I trust it will see me as far as Beirut again, for which I leave tomorrow morning. There it will be retired for much needed rest and repair.

Sincerely yours,

Gustavus F. Swift, Jr.

NEWSLETTER FROM BOĞAZKÖY

Boğazköy, Turkey
August 22, 1952

Dear Friends:

You may have been wondering what I did since I left Chicago on June 12. The reason for my writing to you so belatedly is that our work at Boğazköy, the Hittite capital Hattusa, began only last week. This, in turn, was due to the fact that the staff members from Germany had to wait for the end of their summer semester and also for their visas. Finally on August 10th our group was complete: Prof. Kurt Bittel of Istanbul University, Dr. Rudolf Naumann who had been the excavation architect at Boğazköy till 1939 and is now teaching History of Architecture in Hanover, his assistant Mr. Schröder who also does the photographic work, Dr. Heinrich Otten, Hittitologist in Berlin, two Turkish students of Dr. Bittel's (one girl and one boy), and myself. In Ankara, the pot mender whom the Turkish Historical Society was kind enough to lend us, Mr. Abdullah, joined the expedition. From Çerikli we went on by truck to Sungurlu, the center of the district to which Boğazköy belongs. Both Çerikli and Sungurlu are now linked to Ankara by a new road, so that there is a lot of motor traffic going through this little place and on to Samsun on the Black Sea. Another result of modernization is the existence of a truck at Boğazköy. It carries loads and people daily between Sungurlu and Boğazköy. Well, when we arrived at Sungurlu on Wednesday the 13th about 3 p. m. , the truck happened to have just left, so we waited for hours, drinking tea with the local authorities and Mr. Osman Sümer, the representative at our excavation of the Department of Antiquities, who had arrived ahead of time. Mr. Sümer studied "Sümeroloji" at Ankara with Professor Landsberger and is now keeper of the Oriental Department of the Istanbul Museum. We arrived at Boğazköy late that night, after a dinner at Sungurlu and a drive on the open truck under a lovely sky full of stars.

We are housed very comfortably in the school house. The head teacher, Miss Nefise, is extremely nice and helpful, and so are all our old friends in the village. The first day here, Thursday August 14th, was spent getting the school house ready and with a tour of the ruins where Bittel, Naumann

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and I discussed plans for this season's work. The main objective is, of course, Buyukkale, the royal acropolis, where most of the work between the two wars was done but which still shows some blank spots on the plan. Here, a trench extending west from the archive, where the top Phrygian layer was uncovered in 1939, is now being deepened. Apart from some stray tablets (including two liver models) and some fine Phrygian pottery, nothing special has been found here so far, but we are not deep enough yet to say anything about the Hittite layers whose uncovering is our main goal in this part.

Besides Buyukkale, we are planning to try some other spots and have already begun to do so in two places. One of these are the store-rooms of the largest temple (Temple I) where Hugo Winckler and Makridi Bey found one of the archives in 1907. Since the villagers constantly find some fragmentary tablets there, we wanted to check this place. This was done during the last three days, but to tell the truth with meager results. Since Makridi threw the dump from one room into the next, some of the archive rooms are completely filled with earth. The tablets found by the villagers come from Makridi's dump heaps, but for obvious reasons one cannot sift all that earth. Two of the store-rooms (Numbers 9 and 10 in Puchstein's temple plan) were dug down to the ground which is formed by a layer of huge stones upon which the whole building rests. About 30 small fragments of tablets were found here, and about a dozen more were brought to us by the villagers from the dump heaps outside. The majority is of gray color, but red ones and even fragments completely burned by fire also exist here. The result of this short checking which took five men less than three days may be summed up like this:

1. Two rooms have been dug down to the ground so that we now know their foundations;
2. From the tablets found there we get at least some idea about the kinds of texts stored here, although their small number is not sufficient to give a real cross-section of the whole archive;
3. The tablets found by the villagers "in the temple" really come from Makridi's dump; more fragments will be found there, but there is no use going through all the dump. ----

Last Sunday, August 17th, the whole staff made an afternoon walk to Yazili-Kaya (the beautiful rock temple half an hour east of the village). On our way we visited the rock where Makridi found cremation burials about which, however, a letter of Winckler's is the only information available. A shallow hole on the top of this rock was completely emptied by Makridi. But we found, under an overhanging wall of another rock just east of it, some cremation urns still in situ. You can imagine that we began to work here right the next day! This tomb excavation at "Osman's Rock" (as we call that nameless rock after the owner of the adjoining field) is now going on the fifth day and has already yielded the most rewarding results. More about it later; for the moment let me only mention that both deposits of ashes and burned bones in vessels of the New Empire period (1400 to 1200 B.C.) and buried bodies are found, in considerable numbers, in several layers all along the overhanging rock. The whole region is full of potsherds and of rocks equally fitted for this kind of burial, so we seem to have hit only one part of a large necropolis. It goes without saying that

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this find is the most exciting we have made so far. Not only does it enable us to see and record things which had not been carefully observed at Boğazkoy, but it also yields a great number of complete Hittite vessels including types not used in settlements.

So much about the dig. Among the items concerning life here which may interest you I may mention that there are two tractors in the village. Significantly enough one is owned by the "Bey", the descendent of the former feudal lord (the truck belongs to another member of the same family), and the other by the son of a former head teacher who had acquired a large estate; i.e. by the two biggest land owners of the place. One point about these tractors will surprise you just as much as it did us: the teacher's son uses his tractor for pulling the old fashioned threshing-sled round and round the threshing floor, thus introducing modern machinery directly and ingeniously into an ancient procedure!

For four days during my stay in Istanbul, my host, Mr. von Aulock, took me on a trip through Western Asia Minor in his car. On the third day I first looked at the new museum pavilion in the grounds of the Izmir Fair, and later in the morning we drove to the Hittite rock monument of Karabel near Kemalpaşa (Nif) where my wife and I found, in 1940, a hitherto unknown hieroglyphic inscription in the thick woods at the bottom of the valley. This time we took an ax, saw and garden shears with us and spent some hours clearing the stone and copying the inscription. In the late afternoon we went to Manisa (Magnesia ad Sipylum) where we visited the famous Hittite rock sculpture of the Mother Goddess. At the foot of the mountain, straight underneath the sculpture, there is a strong spring which has recently been cleaned and transformed into a pool with concrete walls. A restaurant has been opened there. It was strange and nice to have "shish kebab" and beer there, sitting near the cool water with the Hittite goddess in view. The municipality is building a pipeline to carry the spring water to Manisa so that in the near future the goddess will bestow her blessing directly to the town people.

So much for today. I hope to report more, once the excavations here at Bogazkoy are more advanced.

Love and greetings to you all!

Hans G. Guterböck

NEWSLETTER FROM CAIRO

(John A. Wilson, professor of Egyptology, and Mrs. Wilson, are in Egypt for the year on a Fulbright grant. We wanted to share his enthusiastic first letter with our members.)

USEF, Tagher Building
1, Sh. al-Shams
Garden City
Cairo
September 15, 1952

Dear Friends:

This is said to be "the hottest summer Cairo has had." It's high Nile, and the humidity leaves one gasping. If I can make two calls in the morning, I have done my day's work until teatime. On the basis of my 4-hour working day, may I never criticize those subtropical peoples who put in only a few licks every day. It is now 5:30 in the afternoon, and we shall go out to tea in half an hour; we have been lying inert for three hours. Fortunately, the only thing that the temperature and humidity can do is go down, so that happier days are in prospect. But we do admire the wisdom of Hughes, Nims, & Co., who do not arrive until mid-October.

Even when one's eyes are glazed with heat, it can be a great experience to be here in the midst of a social revolution. The hope and enthusiasm for the new regime are great. At last they have a government which is not directed toward power for enrichment; at last they have a government which does not stop with denouncing corruption but keeps on attacking corruption; at last they have a government which does not stop with promising reform but which demands reform right now. The new air of excitement is a refreshing breeze. I think of those young men in a government office who had to tell us of their high hopes and expectations. The words came tumbling out in a mixture of Arabic, French, and English, but they simply took joy in spreading their good tidings. The payoff in their sincerity was in the eyes: previously we have heard government officials praise a new regime, but they were carefully watching us to see whether we believed them and what effect their words had on us; these young men were not watching us; they were singing a psalm; they were opening their innermost joys whatever the audience. With such backing and with the masses of the Fellahin aware of the reforms which have been promised them, there is good prospect for General Naguib's success. It should be a most exciting year, and it promises to be a year of security. Black Saturday shocked the Egyptians themselves; they are very cordial and eager to work out cooperation.

2.

Fulbright is a state of mind. It is a part of the mid-20th century missionary urge. Some do it other ways. Our Peggy is with the Quakers in India. Horace Holmes, an American county agent, is doing a county agent business with the farmers of central India. The Point-4 people believe that they are bringing "the American way" to countries which need some of that way. We Fulbrightees are not quite clear of our mission - beyond the stated purpose to teach economics or study ancient Egypt - but we feel that we do have a mission in terms of communication with other peoples. We may not show that sternly devoted face which our missionary great-great-grandfathers wore, but we have a kind of washed alertness of expression which says: "We're nice people, and we think you're nice people. We want to talk with you, and we hope that we'll understand you when you talk with us." It is somewhat YMCAish, somewhat do-gooder, possibly somewhat superficial, but it is wistfully sincere. Given responsiveness, it can strike fire. And the Egyptians are responsive; sometimes responsive in a way which embarrasses us, when they entertain us more lavishly than they can afford. Looking us over, it seems that most of us were astonishingly ignorant about what we were going to get into. Barren poverty under our eyes or sanitary facilities which are different from those at home shock some of us. The good will, however, is there - on our part and on the part of the Egyptians. I think we'll get along all right. Excuse the moralizing.

(From a later letter)

October 6, 1952

We saw the great man, General Naguib, the other evening, when we were dining on the roof of the Semiramis Hotel and he was entertaining Dr. Schacht, the German financial wizard. The most significant thing I saw was a little thing, but of great importance in this country: when they were grouping chairs for a photograph, the General did not say: "Hatt Kursi - Bring a chair!" but he walked over and picked it up and brought it himself. Out of that action I have new admiration for him and new confidence in him.

Our "orientation period" is finally over. We have moved out to the Mena House at the foot of the Pyramid plateau. Right behind the Great Pyramid, my old friend Ahmed Fakhry has some exciting new finds, fragments of reliefs from the early 4th Dynasty and I hope he'll let me ponder over them.

If you'll just step this way, we'd be glad to show you why we love Egypt.

Sincerely yours,

John A. Wilson

3.

Turkey to Israel to Chicago:
AN EPILOGUE

October 27, 1952

After the excavations at Bogazk~~by~~, Turkey, I paid a visit to Israel, mainly to see my wife's relatives but also to meet our colleagues there and to get an impression of the site where Professor Delougaz is going to excavate for the Oriental Institute. It so happened that during the week of my stay (which was the Sukkoth or Feast of Tabernacles week) the Israel Exploration Society held a convention at Beit Yerah (better known to archaeologists under its Arabic name Khirbet Kerak) on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, i.e., on the very spot where the Oriental Institute excavation is going to take place. Professor Maisler-Mazer whom I knew from his guest year in Chicago, very kindly invited me to join the meeting. Since I had little time - being on my way home and having to split my time between archaeology and the family - I was able to join the convention at Beit Yerah for one and a half days only (Oct. 6-7). It was held in a group of beautiful buildings erected by the Histadruth for all kinds of meetings and situated on the very site of Beit Yerah. Attendance was very good; the Society has a great number of lay members, and many of them had come, not to speak of archaeologists of whom practically all were present. Apart from the Israeli colleagues I also met Professor Nelson Glueck of Cincinnati and Professor & Mrs. Delougaz of Chicago.

On Monday afternoon there was a guided tour of the excavations of Beit Yerah itself: the synagogue built over a large Early Bronze structure in the center and the well stratified deep dig in the south of the very long mound. The Oriental Institute excavation will concentrate on its northern end.

Professor Maisler kindly invited me to speak during the Monday evening session of the convention which was held in the open air. I gave a ten minutes English report on the main results of the Bogazk~~by~~ excavation (the other lectures were, of course, in Hebrew, including one given by Dr. Delougaz).

On Tuesday, several excursions were organized. I participated in one that included Beit Shan, Beit Alpha, the local museum at 'Ain Harod, and Beit Shearim.

In Haifa I visited the Archaeological Museum which has recently been newly arranged in the City Hall. It contains mainly objects from the Roman period but also some older material, all very beautifully displayed.

Hans G. Güterbock

Since these Newsletters are confidential and not for publication I feel free to communicate through their medium privately to you information about new discoveries in the Near East that have reached me privately and about which no mention has as yet been made in the press. The discoveries are being made in Palestine, in the Kingdom of Jordan, in the region just west of the Dead Sea and have again to do with Biblical manuscripts.

You may recall that a few years ago we had here at the Oriental Institute a brief loan exhibit of the "Dead Sea Scrolls" that are in the possession of the Syrian Archbishop of Jerusalem. At that time we showed four scrolls and a certain number of fragments of others. One was the complete Isaiah Scroll, a second was a commentary on the Book of Habakkuk, a third was a Manual of Discipline and a fourth, unopened, seemed to present an apocryphal Book of Lamech (Lamech being the father of Noah in Biblical story). These scrolls had been found by some shepherds in a cave near the Dead Sea and were the first to be reported as having been found in that area. Scholars were inclined to date them in the first century B. C., which made them the oldest Biblical manuscripts known to exist, and therefore very important.

You may also recall that subsequently the Oriental Institute Museum acquired for its permanent collection one of the jars from the cave in which the manuscripts had been found. The jar, which is slightly more than 71 centimeters high not counting its lid, was one of a group of 40 or more that had been brought to the remote cave to store manuscripts when the scrolls were originally deposited there. It is interesting not only because of its age and what it tells us about how books were preserved in antiquity, but also because with the rest it shows that the cave once housed a large library and not just a random collection of worn-out manuscripts. The jar is now on exhibition in our Museum and worthy of your attention. Acting upon our initiative in the matter, the Walters Art Gallery of Baltimore and the Zion Research Library and Collection of Brookline, Mass. have now also acquired specimens of such jars.

During the year 1951-52 beduin again began bringing fragments of old manuscripts to Jerusalem from caves in the same vicinity as the expedition was organized by the Palestine Archaeological Museum, the Dominican Ecole Biblique of Jerusalem and the American School of Oriental Research at Jerusalem to clear some of the caves in question. Over 40 caves were examined, much additional manuscript material was salvaged and a general picture obtained of the reason for the presence of such material in the caves of this desolate region. It appears that the clefted and fissured limestone ridges of this remote region were used as places of refuge whenever in ancient days there was a military threat to Jerusalem from the north. So in 66-71 A.D. and again in 132-35 A.D., during the course of the 2 Jewish revolts against Rome, the area seems to have been inhabited by refugees from northerly cities, especially Jerusalem. It was to this region that they brought their possessions and from this area that they organized the "resistance movements" of the time.

Letters that have recently reached me from the Kingdom of Jordan indicate that once again beduin have found caves with various types of antiquities in this region, including much manuscript material. This is coming only slowly to the Palestine Museum, but already the museum is swamped with new texts. It is reported that 75% of books of the Bible are now represented in the finds, which means in effect the opening of an entirely new era in our knowledge of the Hebrew Bible. At the same time it is reported that more entire scrolls are in the possession of the beduin, who have naturally saved the best of their finds to sell to the highest bidder and \$25,000 would be necessary to buy up what is in the beduins' hands. It would appear to me much more businesslike to send a small expedition into the region of these caves, to clear them systematically before the beduin loot them, to preserve their precious contents and to reduce the market value of the material already in beduin hands. This could be done at a much smaller figure, perhaps \$10,000, and might produce significant results.

Carl H. Kraeling

SECOND NEWSLETTER FROM BOGAZKOY .

Bogazköy, Turkey
September 28, 1952

Dear Friends:

The excavation at Bogazköy is nearly over, so this second newsletter will be the last. I shall try to sum up the results as far as this is possible at present.

Büyükkale, the royal acropolis: An area of about 30 by 30 meters southwest of the archive was cleared. Apart from Phrygian buildings at the top, it yielded a large structure of the time of the Hittite Empire. It stands at an oblique angle to the archive to which it is linked by a wall, its front running from NE to SW. It seems to have had a portico with seven openings along the front, looking out on a large open square of court. Underneath this imperial building there are three older Hittite building levels. The second of these is represented mainly by a large monumental structure which consists of a hall 14 by 8 meters with the door in the center of the long side and an anteroom of the same width of 14 meters, both paved. Below the three Old Hittite building levels a layer with hand-made pottery was reached in some spots.

Among the finds a fragmentary relief is of special interest because it was found re-used in a wall of the youngest pre-Empire level and thus may originally belong to the second level, perhaps to the monumental structure just mentioned. It shows a combat between gods, has traces of red paint and is the oldest Hittite stone sculpture known so far. Another important find is a fragment of a cuneiform tablet in Hittite, found in the foundation of the third pre-Empire level and containing an historical account of seemingly very ancient events: The 'man of Halap', the 'man of Meshshi' and the 'chief of the manda-warriors' fight 'the (sc. Hittite) king'. This is the first time that an Old Hittite tablet has been found well stratified in an Old Hittite layer.

Other tablets were found, too. Not to speak of the c.40 fragments from the Temple I mentioned in the last letter, there are c.100 from Büyükkale. Some come from the Phrygian debris, i.e., they were scattered from the near-by archive

after its destruction. Three liver models were among them. Others, including a bilingual Sumerian-Akkadian hymn, were found in the eastern part of the large 'Storehouse D' on the western side of Büyükkale the excavation of which had been left unfinished at the outbreak of the last war and whose east end we investigated this time.

The Tomb Rock (Osmans's Rock): Under the overhanging rock one layer of burials after the other was uncovered. The excavation was carried down to the bottom of the rock, about 3.50 m below the surface, almost entirely with small tools. All in all there were about fifty cremation and twenty inhumation burials. In the former, the ashes and burned remnants of bones had been deposited in all sorts of vessels, ranging in type from the empire back to a pre-Empire period. Apart from one stamp seal and a primitive little pendant consisting of two shells and a snail, they contained no gifts. Between the human burials, cut-off heads of horses had been buried, and on the lowest level even two complete horses. Horse heads are mentioned in the ritual for the cremation of a king. That cremation started among the Hittites even before the Empire is entirely new.

Büyükkaya: This is the 'Large Rock' on the east side of the eastern gorge, lying outside the city proper but linked to it by walls in the Empire period. It was known that the villagers had occasionally found tablets on its surface. Here we made a trial trench all across the lower and larger terrace, 70 meters long and 4 meters wide, with an extension, at right angles, of 20 by 2 meters. No tablets were found in the trench, although we ourselves picked up two fragments from the surface. So it is true that there are tablets on Büyükkaya, but our trench did not hit the place where they were kept. At first, the trench looked quite disappointing but in a considerable depth (up to 4m.) we came upon a pavement and a large canal. These structures are Hittite according to the pottery. The trench is, however, too small to say anything about their nature. The canal was cut into a layer containing very old hand-made pottery.

Visitors: On September 20, the President of the Turkish Republic, Mr. Celal Bayar, paid a visit to Bogazkoy, guided by Mr. Nuri Gükce, director of the Hittite Museum at Ankara. The President showed great interest in the monuments and the finds and visited the Great Temple and Yazilikaya.

From August 25 to September 2, Dr. Kampmann of Leiden stayed with us. He was good company, full of news and the impressions of his trip through Syria and Jordan. During his stay, the Kurban Bayrami, the highest Mohammedan festival, occurred (Sunday, August 31). We slaughtered a sheep and distributed the meat among our neighbors and friends in the village. When Dr. Kampmann left, Mr. Lemi, a student from Istanbul, went with him because he had to take an examination.

On September 16, Dr. Buchholz, fellow of the German Archaeological Institute, joined our staff.

Dr. Tahsin Özgüç and his wife, Dr. Nimet Özgüç, both assistant professors of archaeology at the University of Ankara, stayed with us from September 18 to 21, so that they were present during the President's visit. It was a great pleasure to discuss our finds with these two old friends, particularly with regard to their own excavations at Kültepe.

On Sunday, September 21, I left Bogazköy with the Ozgüçes in order to visit Kültepe. Whereas Mrs. Ozgüç had to return to Ankara (she took a direct bus from Sungurlu), Tahsin and I left the bus at Çerikli and went by train to Kayseri where we arrived the same evening. Next day, Tahsin showed me the excavation at Kültepe. We spent several hours there, in splendid fall weather, and saw the houses of Karum Kanish, very impressive and well excavated indeed, as well as the trench on the city mound in detail. In the evening we looked at the pottery from Kültepe in the Museum of Kayseri.

Since I had to settle my reservations for the trip home, I went from Kayseri to Ankara with Tahsin. The trip, by bus, took us all day Tuesday. We were delayed by a breakdown of the bus. The Ozgüçes kindly put me up in their home.

Next day, Wednesday September 24, after I had seen the airline people, I went to the British Institute of Archaeology where Mr. Seton Lloyd told me that Professor Frankfort was in town, invited me to a cocktail party given in his honor the same evening and very kindly offered me a seat in his car for the trip to Bogazköy where he was going to drive with the Frankforts the next day. I also saw Mr. Lattimore, cultural attache at the U. S. Embassy, in his office and again at the Frankfort party. He had met John Wilson on the boat; I was glad to hear that John had finally got to Egypt.

On Thursday, Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd, Prof. & Mrs. Frankfort and I drove from Ankara to Bogazköy in the 'Landrover' of the Institute. This is the British form of jeep, a little roomier than the original jeep. We did the 190 km from Ankara to Sungurlu in four hours (7-11 a.m.) on the new direct road, had lunch at Sungurlu and drove the remaining 33 kms to Bogazköy on the unfinished road in one hour after lunch. It was extremely nice to have Prof. Frankfort with us here. We showed him everything, new and old, the city on Thursday afternoon, Osman's Rock and Yazilikaya on Friday morning. About 11 a.m. on Friday they left us.

On Saturday we had two groups of visitors: Dr. Hamit Koşay, former Director General of Antiquities and an old friend of ours, came at noon with his architect, Mr. Mahmud Akok, and his photographer, from Hüyük where they intend to stay for some while to make additional studies, without, however, excavating this year. After lunch, the second group arrived, consisting of Prof. Laroche of Strasbourg (whom I had met at the Frankfort party), Mr. Mellart, fellow of the British Institute, who is studying third and second millennium Anatolia and told us a lot about his explorations in the South and Southwest of Turkey, and a few French people from the Embassy and the Banque Ottomane at Ankara. With Mr. Laroche we had very interesting talks about our common problems.

From last Wednesday til this morning, Mr. Nusret Suman, professor of sculpture at the Fine Arts Academy in Istanbul, who had been our 'commissair' in 1933, stayed with us. He came to Bogazköy both to see his old friends and for hunting and enriched our table by some very tasty partridges.

Return: The outdoor work is over. The staff is to stay another week or ten days to work on the finds. I myself shall not stay that long but leave next Tuesday, September 30, directly for Istanbul. From there, I plan to go to Israel for a week, in order to visit my parents-in-law in Haifa, our colleagues at Hebrew University in Jerusalem and, if possible, Pierre Delougaz in his dig. If I get the plane reservations as ordered, I shall arrive in New York on October 13, in Chicago one or two days later. I hope to see you all soon. Greetings and love,

NEWSLETTER FROM MOROCCO

(Members of the Institute will be interested in the following letter just come to hand from our colleague Prof. Gustav von Grünebaum. We are happy to add Morocco and Algiers to the list of regions with which we are able to keep you in touch. Carl H. Kraeling.)

Palais Jamai
Fes, Morocco
Oct. 26, 1952

Dear Friends:

I cannot, of course, cast myself in the role of the explorer; all I have seen has been seen by many before me; it is only the fact that I am the first of our Institute group to travel straight across the French North African belt which induces me to share with you some of my observations.

Almost before you land at El Aouina, the airport of Tunis, when the peasants' huts become larger as you approach the ground and you first discern the red caps on the heads of the small figures walking below, you are struck with the realization that you are back to an Oriental country --- the flatness of the agricultural land hemmed in by bare hills, the trees carefully set out by the narrow canals; the donkeys sauntering along in not quite genuine cheer, this is Egypt all over, or so it seems at first sight. For when you have been around you notice that the Arab and the French populations of Tunisia are at the same time much closer and much farther apart than the English and the Egyptians ever were. The Arab town and the "European" town live their separate lives. It is striking how few Tunisians have moved into the European city --- quite different this from modern Cairo. On the other hand, the French have for the past seventy years and without as much as envisaging the possibility of another procedure, implanted their own cultural tradition among the people with the result that those Tunisians who have been to school are familiar to a surprising extent with French history and French literature. Nationalism not only has not impeded but actually intensified the spreading of French; it is convenient as a vehicle of modern ideas and, in the words of a Tunisian friend, indispensable as a 'window to the West'. With all this, native learning remains, so to speak, passively intact. The Medersa at the Zaituna Mosque is still an intellectual center enjoying some authority even outside Tunisia; but its recent modernization (compelled by a prolonged strike of the students against the Tunisian, not the French authorities) does not seem to have revived its productivity which has been lagging both in our terms and in those of the development of the Traditional Muslim sciences.

The grand old man of Tunisian scholarship, Hasan Abdul-Wahhab Pasha, at one time governor of Mahdia and Minister of the Interior, member of the Arab Academies of Cairo and Damascus, is the only Tunisian Islamist who is known beyond the borders of his country. Abdul-wahhab Pasha represents to perfection a human type that will not survive --- his appearance and manners, the artistry of his conversation, the delicacy and occasional arbitrariness of his scholarship, the elegance rather than incisiveness of his statesmanship, they derive their unity from a primarily aesthetic orientation, a taste in shaping himself and his life that owes its certainty to the firmness with which it is rooted in a cultural heritage which his surroundings still possess but which only he has been able to articulate both in life and writings.

Strangely enough, nationalism has not, in Tunisia, brought in its wake a revival of interest in the national past. The able Inspector of Muslim Antiquities, H. Ubiss, who started excavations of great potential importance in Mahdia and Sabra (near Kairuan), has had to stop operations for lack of funds. In Mahdia (the first capital of the Fatimids, early 10th cent.), this interruption of research is merely regrettable; in Sabra, it is catastrophic; for the baked earth of which the walls of that Aghlabid residence (slightly older than Mahdia) consist, are being washed into by every rain and their disintegration can already be foreseen unless they are soon safeguarded by further work.

Tunisia is a French Protectorate; Algeria, a part of France. Its colonisation dates back to 1830 and Algiers will, for the most part, impress you as a French town in which there happen to be a great many people in various degrees of non-European dress and who are apt to speak Arabic among themselves. It is an important center of French learning, with a famous Law Faculty and a no less famous staff of French Orientalists. The process of assimilation of and to French civilisation has gone very far indeed, but has not excluded the growth of an Arab nationalism of strong religious coloring. In Algeria French is advancing rapidly; in the Arabic speaking areas as a second language; in the Berber regions (as in the so-called Grande Kabylie east of Algiers) to some extent as a substitute for the original tongue. There Arabic is important as the language of religion and of the political opposition.

The intellectual leadership of Algerian Islam (and perhaps also of Algerian nationalism) belongs to Tlemcen, a town of perhaps 70,000 inhabitants, some 500 km West of Algiers and barely two hours by train from the Moroccan border. Its Medersa reflects the conservative zeal of the semi-medieval atmosphere of the great Moroccan centers, above all, of Fes (the old Northern capital of Morocco), where in the famous academy at the Karawiyin Mosque about 8000 students are trained in a conception of their religion that is deliberately and unashamedly much less in tune with modernism than that professed at alAzhar in Cairo. Here the essential seriousness and sternness of Islam comes to the fore in every respect. To speak of externals only -- the visit of the mosques is rigorously forbidden to the non-Muslim; where the conservative women in Algiers and in Tunisia wear their Hayek, the white wrapper that serves as cloak, in such a fashion as to leave the face all but free and will cover themselves only occasionally more completely; in Tlemcen (and towns West) the wrapper really does cover the face in its entirety with only one eye left free; or else a ghaila is substituted for it which conceals hair and forehead under a hood while nose and mouth are protected by a special veil of thinner material whose color tones or contrasts rather handsomely with that of the cape.

If one closes one's eyes to the Coca-Cola signs and the European clothes of some of the younger men (and of almost all the children), the Medina, or Arab town, of Tlemcen is the most perfect medieval Muslim town imaginable. Its ancient walls still stand intact. Its monuments are not as effectively placed as those of other Muslim

towns. They are, in true medieval fashion, wholly surrounded by markets and other profane streets so that their structure never will become quite clear to the on-looker. The details which the Westerner is in a position to appreciate are challenging in their harshness and well organized, but less imaginative than comparable detail of Turkish or Persian mosques, and, in any case, nowhere near the unique and overwhelming grandeur of the Great Mosque of Kairuan (Tunisia), which, to me, is the most perfect sacred building which Islam has inspired.

Fes is a city of saints; it boasts of more than 2000 marabouts interred within its walls. And by the tomb of Mulay Idris, the greatest of them all, a living saint was pointed out to me --- a gentle-looking oldish man in a white cloak, who held up a spear before him and wore a rosary of very large wooden beads like a threefold sash. Look and demeanor suggested the majdhub, the enraptured one whose reason has left this world for unbroken contemplation of the divine.

I could go on and on, but luckily for you my train is leaving at an ungodly hour tomorrow morning and it is almost midnight now. My journey will take me West once more, but this time this means, out of the Middle Ages and into the modern towns of Rabat and Casablanca. But then one more plunge into the past: Marrakesh. And, incidentally, in what age shall I find the Institute when I come home in a few weeks?

Yours,

Gustave L. Von Grunebaum

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS
(Oriental Institute Copyright)

December 1, 1952

Dear Santa:

We know you are having your troubles, deciding what to give the boys and girls the world over and especially here at Chicago. We are having our troubles too, - our third budget cut of 5% in 3 years. So we thought maybe you would like us to help you by dreaming out loud about some of the "sugar-plums" we'd like awfully much to find in our stocking, come Christmas morning. We'd be satisfied with the sugar, if you can't find the plums.

Here's a little list I've drawn up. Perhaps Margie Bell has another, if you ask her.

1. Half a railroad. Not a toy one and not a Nickel Plate one, and not even a whole one, but just half a Decauville. We bought this RR jointly with the University of Pennsylvania for moving dirt at our dig at Nippur, and now that Pennsylvania is going to leave us to work elsewhere, in Afghanistan, we have to buy out their interest if we are to continue at Nippur. It will cost \$2,500, but that's cheaper than you can buy half a railroad anywhere else on this earth, isn't it. And it really runs, - by man-power. We'll stencil your name on the dump cars free.
2. A nice shiny new jeep, for the Orinst rolling stock out east. We have one old one that still wheezes along. Gus Swift and I used it last spring (and reconditioned it after we were through). But it is getting along in years. Jeeps are patient animals, more so than camels, and you don't have to feed them over summer, when they are not working. They are what make us mobile. We have always thought it would be a good idea to mate them and see if we could not get them to produce offspring, but we can't do that without having two, and we have to hurry before the one we have gets too old! It would cost about \$2,500 to get another and put it in the field. Don't you think it would be worth the price just for the experiment, not counting the use we would make of the new one?
3. Don't think all our sugar-plum visions are so expensive. Here's a nice little one. We need a portable beaded screen to use with the new projection equipment for colored movies that a good friend right here in Chicago made it possible of us to buy recently. It has to be a big one, so that we can show our films to large audiences. About 8 x 6 feet. I hear they can be had for \$68.90. We want very much to reach those larger audiences. It all helps.
4. We need a couple of acres (more or less, especially less) of beaver-board to begin to put on some temporary exhibits in our Museum. Some bright shiny letters for labels, and some colored tape and special light bulbs would come in handy with it. You know how they make up these modern exhibits by putting up big sheets of this beaver board at all different kinds of funny angles, punching big holes in the sheets to put the objects in for you to look at, sticking on large letters that tell you what gives inside and running tapes from piece to piece so you follow along the tape and don't get lost. It's all very educational, Santa, and it is

especially fine for the boys and girls who come to museums. A lot more lively for them. We hear that the beavers have formed a union, which is why beaver-board, etc. have gone up in price, but we think that if we get in the market early we can buy what we need for an exhibit this spring (we hope) for \$250. (with trimmings). We can provide the saw to cut the holes.

5. Metal Book Cases. This is strictly a professorial emergency. You see, professors are always buying and reading books, even when their bookcases are already jammed full. The result is that the books pile up on their desks 'til there is no room for them to write down all the wonderful ideas they have about the Sumerians and such like. Besides, when you come into their offices to introduce a visitor, you can't really tell whether they are there or not, the books on their tables hide them so. Any way they come and weep on my shoulder every so often and ask how they can get more bookcases and I have to say I just don't know. The cases come at \$50.00 a piece and we could use one or two or a dozen depending on how many you could get into that stocking. If it makes any difference to you they come knocked down and we have a screw driver with which to put them together.

6. While we are talking about books and things, Santa, there are those old scroll caves, down by the Dead Sea, in Jordan. You know we had an exhibit of some of the scrolls from those caves out at our Museum a couple of years ago. A manuscript of Isaiah from the first century A. D. and all that. The town really went for it in a big way. We had 11,000 people (counted) at the Museum in 6 days for that show. Well a great big bird has told us that the shepherds have found some more manuscripts and fragments in those caves, and since I am going to be out that way soon, I'd love to take some money with me to buy some of them for our Museum or to excavate for some in the caves (if they will let me), or both. I've got the jeep and a tent and an old shovel, but a couple of thousand dollars would set me up for what seems to be a real opportunity. You know we have a jar from one of those caves right in our Museum. That's what the manuscripts were kept in all these 2,000 years. Also we have some of the cloth in which the manuscripts were wrapped, but we don't have any of the manuscripts.

Now Santa, I hope you won't think I've been dreaming too hard. To tell the truth I've been taking it very, very easy, so as not to make it too hard for you. But if you would want me to dream REAL HARD, you would be surprised what I could do. Did you ever stop to think, Santa, what we could do with a genuine honest-to-goodness helicopter out in our work. How we could sail around and look at things (old things, I mean) from a little ways up? How different it would look and how many new things we could discover without even digging for them? It's never been done yet, but maybe Chicago ought to be the first to do it for archaeology. Or do you know Santa, that there is a real treasure, a gold treasure, out in Lebanon that we could get for our Museum. Lovely bracelets (like those Cleopatra wore) and finger rings with beautiful carved jems in them. Five pieces and they weigh a ton (almost). I've seen it and have the pictures of the objects. They're sort of expensive, I'm afraid, like all real treasures, about \$25,000. But they're scrumptuous, Santa, and we would put them in a special case in our museum if we had them. Maybe we could become the greatest American center for ancient gold treasures if we tried hard enough.

Only one more thing Santa, before this letter gets too long. If, to make transportation easier for you, you would like to give us even any little part of any of these things in the form of one of those lovely little colored slips of paper that are perforated at one end and have names and figures written on one side, be sure to see that they are made out to the Oriental Institute. Remember, you can deduct contributions on your income tax form (1040B) come March 15 next.

Love,

Carl H. Kraeling

NEWSLETTER FROM BEIT-YEREH, ISRAEL

(At this season it seems most appropriate that we can send you a newsletter from the Holy Land. Richard Carl Haines is the Oriental Institute's field architect. He has surveyed and charted architectural discoveries all over the Near East, Persepolis, Nippur, Syria, etc. We are happy to introduce him to our members. (Margaret F. Bell)

December 23, 1952
Kinnereth, near Tiberias

Dear Friends:

It's a little over a month since I arrived in Haifa and time for a report on 'back-in-the-field'. Since the Tell, Beit Yereh, has probably been described many times, I'll not go into that. It is big and filled with stones. We find stones that are walls, stones that were walls and have now fallen down, and still more stones that I feel must have been left lying around because the people then knew no more what to do with them than we do now. I never quite appreciated the convenience of mud brick architecture before - it is so easy to dispose of! But after the extraneous stones are rolled away, the buildings are not bad. The Arab stuff on top isn't much but the little church below is very nice. Not too large, not too complicated (so far) but with enough individuality to make an interesting place.

I'm afraid I shocked one of our visitors by saying that when the dig gets boring we can always turn around and admire the scenery. Working with so few men, the dig is slow at times and the view is magnificent. The Sea of Galilee is right at the base of the mound - sometimes blue, sometimes green and, when a strong east wind is blowing, covered with white caps and miniature waves rolling in on the pebbly shore. Small compared to those on our Jersey beach but high enough to be really dangerous to a little fishing boat caught in the middle of the lake when the wind changes. The Sea of Galilee doesn't look as large as it really is. The air is so clear that distances are deceiving. The hills of Jordan and Syria are just across the water from us and, looking northward, it's easy to pick out the groves at Capernaum. In the morning the windows in the village of Safad reflect the sun while we are still in deep shadows. Safad is something like 17 miles away but more than 1000 feet high and we are almost 700 feet below the level of the sea. The sunrises, sunsets, and moon light nights are often on the theatrical side and we like them that way very much.

2

We live in a semi-detached in Kinnereth Moshavah just a ten minute walk from the dig. A 'moshavah' is just an ordinary village where people own their own houses and fields and go their own way. In addition, there's the 'Moshav', a co-operative village and the Kibbutz which is a communal settlement. Just across the Jordan River from us is Degania one of the first Kibbutzim established over 40 years ago. Until we were settled, we ate breakfast and lunch with the children in the Degania grade school. Since it's all communal anyway, it seems to be more convenient to feed the children after they arrive at school than before. But now that we have our own place we eat all our meals at home. Mrs. Delougaz, with the help of a woman who lives near by, provides for us. There are the ordinary things that can be bought in any store - bread, wines, and cauliflower; there are the things we can get on our ration cards - fresh eggs and margarine; but we lean heaviest of all on the cartons we brought along with us. That means we have coffee and tea with sugar, pancakes and jello and catsup, and meat as long as the Spam and corned beef hold out. All of which means that we eat very well.

And on this note of a cup of hot coffee, I'll stop for this time. My best wishes and Christmas Greetings to all my Institute friends.

Sincerely,

Carl Haines

P. S. It's midnight December 12 with a clear star-filled sky and the thermometer at 66 degrees Fahrenheit.

C.

LIMPING LIMERICKS about LADDIES AND LADIES

at the ORIENTAL INSTITUTE

by

Rollicking Ralph

for the Christmas Party, 1952

There was a Director named Kraeling
Who saw that his budget was ailing.
So he sold his antiques
To some wealthy old freaks.
And the Institute now has smooth sailing.

There was a young scholar named Billy
Who thought that most studies were silly.
He liked the exotic,
So he studied demotic.
And he'll never get bored with it, will he?

There was a Gelehrte named Benno
Who never found use for a steno
Because his vocabul'ry
Brought out the constabul'ry
And made every steno say "N - O."

There is a young lady named Bell
Who knows lots of people quite well.
She invites 'em to lectures
And shows moving pictures.
So they think archaeology's swell.

There was a young man named McCown
Who thought Chi was a dirty old town.
So he got him a shovel
And built a clay hovel
In Nippur and there settled down.

There was a young lady named Schenk
Who dressed most awfully swenk.
And she changed her coiffure
Every week, month and year.
That was one thing on which you could benk.

The Braidwoods, named Robert and Linda
Look for objects of flint and of cinder
To unravel the mystery
Of all of prehistory,
And yet they take care of their Kinder.

There is a young linguist named Jay
Who searches eight hours a day
For Assyrian roots
Like poots and like qoots
And then shuts them up in a tray.

There was a smart lady named Abbott,
With whom reading books was a habit.
If she found an old diary
Among the papiary
She'd run through it fast like a rabbit.

There is a young fellow named Jake
Who puts old clay tablets to bake.
Then he studies Sumerian
Without ever wearyin'
Except when he cant stay awake.

As an editor old Horace Greely
Did not have much over Keith Seele
Who edits a journal
Autumnal and vernal,
In winter and summer₆ too. Really.

Old Nature once gave quite a lift
To a young man named Gustavus Swift.
With his head in the clouds
He looks down on crowds
And then looks away when he's miffed.

We have a young artist named Richert,
Who can skilfully paint any pichert.
As a sign of great talent her
Orient calendar
In the showcase downstairs has been fitured.

A young Hittite scholar named Hans
Was in Turkey just for the nonce.
His favorite harby,
The Hittite Kumarbi,
He will now in Chicago esconce.

An Arabist graceful and portly
Returned to Chicago just shortly.
Grunebaum is his name
And green is his fame
Because he is learned and courtly.

An affable fellow named Leo
Likes Akkadian - Old, Middle and Neo.
If you show him a tablet
He'll eagerly grab it
And proceed to translate it con brio.

We know a young scholar named Dick
Who thinks Elamite is just slick.
He is one of some five
Poor scholars alive
To whom the queer stuff gives a kick.

Here's to the absent John Wilson
And likewise to Harold Nelson,
The Hugheses and Nimses,
Both herses and himses,
We hope they'll all be back here real soon.

There was a young fellow named Pierre
Who was roundish rather than square
Because P. Delougaz
Liked caviare (belugas)
As a choice on the bill of fare.

And here's to the rest of the staff,
Of whom we have mentioned but half.
We hope that our rime
Is not all wasted time
And at least has provided a laugh.

NEWSLETTER FROM KHARTOUM, SUDAN

December 26, 1952

(The Dramatis Personae of this Sudan adventure are Mr. & Mrs. John Wilson, and Dr. Harold H. Nelson, professor emeritus and formerly Field Director of the Epigraphic & Architectural Survey of the Oriental Institute at Luxor.)

Dear Friends:

We feel that we are at one of the last outposts of Empire. None of the resident British can be sure that they will be here a year from now. The new Sudanese governmental political parties may make sudden and drastic changes in the set-up, so that this may be the last Christmas at which the Grand Hotel at Khartoum will have a gala Christmas Eve, a British children's Christmas party, and a gala Christmas dinner in the garden. Our train arrived at 2 yesterday afternoon, and at 9 in the evening, Mary, Dr. Nelson, and I, with an American couple, Dr. & Mrs. Martin Cooley, were at a table under an Oriental canopy in the hotel garden, along with a couple of hundred others. There were snappers with mottoes and paper hats, there was turkey and plum pudding, and so on. A Sudanese army band served as orchestra for dance music. Very correct Britishers were in evening dress, strapless gowns, jewels. Others, equally British in complexion and manners, were in ordinary dress, with a few even in shirt-sleeves and slacks. The British may have made up half of the diners. The rest --- even more elegant and correct in dress and manners -- were Egyptians, Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Italians, with perhaps a few Sudanese. As British colonials are more British than the English at home, so these non-British were more visibly correct in the British mode than the British themselves. The political Empire may be crumbling, but the manners and modes carried by Englishmen to such places as Khartoum have become a hard, thin veneer for all those dependent upon the pax britannica for their economic prosperity.

That gives me my analogy for ancient Ethiopia between the 3rd and 6th cataracts of the Nile and between 750 B.C. and 350 A.D. It was determinedly and superficially ancient Egyptian, and it remained determinedly and superficially ancient Egyptian after Egypt ceased to be ancient Egyptian. Yesterday morning at breakfast our train from Wadi Halfa to Khartoum passed no less than 50 pyramids just 125 miles north of here, pyramids dating to the final pre-Christian and early Christian centuries, but belonging to the Meroitic civilization. In temples in the same area, we shall see scenes of the Meroitic kings clubbing their enemies in the presence of a god, just as the Egyptian pharaohs did. But no one would mistake the fat, negroid Meroites for Egyptians. The words may be the same, but the tune is very different. They wer

using traditional forms, blindly inherited, to express a different culture.

At the Fourth Cataract, where we shall be in a week, they put up a fairly exact imitation of Egyptian in art and writing, down to 500 B.C., probably because they imported Egyptian artists and priests -- like the British "advisers" in some countries today. But at Meroe -- after 300 B.C. -- the memory of Egyptian was fainter and foggier. They served weird African gods, represented themselves as Negroes, and wrote a strange language which we really cannot read. The mighty Egyptian Empire had left no more traces than the mighty Roman Empire has left on modern Europe.

We shall know more about this -- and shall know whether the analogy is correct -- a month from now when our little "scientific mission" (so designated by the Sudanese government) has returned to Luxor. After all it was only four days ago that George Hughes saw us off on a very cold morning at the Luxor station. Seventy eight hours later, 930 miles farther south (215 by water, the rest by rail), and 40 degrees warmer, we were in Khartoum. We could hardly call our safari adventurous, although it was always interesting: the temple of Philae just barely visible in the waters backed by the Assuan Dam; the desolate stretches of Nubia where the higher waters have stopped all agriculture; the attempts by the Egyptians to reclaim land by pumping stations from the Nile; the tremendous temple of Abu Simbel looming up in the half moon light, with a hasty scramble ashore to see it by dim electric light; our fellow passengers, including the Coptic archbishop with his strong cigars and genial young Egyptian officers who kidded me about my Arabic, the shy and sad young couple whom we guessed to be dancers at some night club in the sticks, the roundfaced little Sudanese official with the loud checked sports jacket, and so on. Wadi Halfa customs was strange because they cleared all freight before they tackled passengers, but of course the two-day-a-week freight is higher priority than us run-of-the-mill passengers. Then came the railroad trip cutting across a sheer, howling, and uninhabitable desert from Wadi Halfa to Abu Hamad. Every 20 miles there was a "stop", consisting of a well, station house, 2 to 5 neat brick huts, and a siding. But really one felt that there was nothing, nothing, nothing! Level sands with desolate rock-pile hills of black. What a job to run that railroad across, when Kitchener was moving up to relieve Khartoum!

The train itself pulled 17 cars of all price ranges. Our part had heavy overhanging eaves and heavily tinted glass, to keep out the glare of the sun. Fine for 90% of the time, but we had unusually cool weather, with constant clouds. It was too dark and jerky to read in the cabins, so that most of the Pullman passengers gathered in the dining car, talked (noisily), and played cards. At every stop half of us filed out to stretch our legs and to see the desolation. A hot-box developed at Stop 10, and after long and loud debate, it was decided to repack the axle-box and put a man abroad with more grease and cotton waste, to stay just above that axle and smell for danger. We got through only two hours late.

Mr. Shinnie, the Director-General of Sudanese Antiquities, has been most cordial and thoughtful. He has booked us for the one-day-a-week train to the Fourth Cataract and arranged for our stay in the rest house there. (We shall see the New Year in en route in a "Mixed Train" somewhere between the Fifth and Fourth Cataracts. The grades of train are "Express", "Express Mixed", and "Mixed".) This morning Mr. & Mrs. Shinnie took us in a jeep over to Omdurman on a combined sight-seeing and shopping

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trip. In a little hole-in-the-wall leather goods shop I picked up a government booklet on the treating of crocodile hide. The first sentence ran: --- "The first thing to remember is to drag your crocodile into the nearest convenient shade.....". It's a different country here.

(That doesn't remind me, but I've got to tell it. Visiting at Chicago House is the vigorous Porter-and-Moss Egyptological Bibliography group. Mrs. Burney of that group told about her grandfather, a scholar of the old school. One day he stopped short in his going and said: "Dear me, I'm afraid that I've left my watch at home!" He then reached into his pocket, produced a timepiece, and consulted it: --"And I haven't time enough to go home for it!").

About the time you receive this, picture our "scientific mission" at its field work. Dr. Nelson and I will be arguing about the copying of the inscription on a broken stela in the storehouse at the Fourth Cataract. Mary will be "taking an impression" of a huge coffin. With Scotch tape she'll fix flimsy paper and carbon paper to the coffin. Then she'll gently pat the carbon with a rubber sponge, and the flimsy will receive the impression of the inscription on the coffin. We expect to be very busy and very happy.

Hope you are very happy too, for the New Year and beyond.

Sincerely,

John A. Wilson

NEWSLETTER FROM CYPRUS

February 3, 1953

Dear Members and Friends:

Your journeyman Director has once more taken to the road, and can now report on the first leg of his trip eastward. As always, it has been a strenuous journey, but pleasant and most rewarding.

As the sun was setting behind the skyscrapers of Manhattan, Mrs. Kraeling and I left New York on January 23 by TWA after several very busy days in and about the city. Via Gander and Paris, past Mt. Blanc in the moonlight while having dinner aboard, we finally came down at Rome close to Midnight. Here our ways, that is Mrs. Kraeling's and mine, parted unceremoniously to say the least. We suddenly found ourselves in two different rooms, she with the "Transito" passengers, since she at my request was going on to Cairo and Luxor, and I with the deplaning passengers, since I was to stay for a day at Rome and then go on via Athens to visit Pierre Delougaz's dig on the Lake of Galilee. I remembered only too late that she must have my health certificate (showing all those shots I had had) and have been apologizing at every frontier ever since.

In Rome I had a delightful time visiting with Miss Gisella Richter (formerly of the Metropolitan Museum staff) and Miss Lily Ross Taylor, formerly of Bryn Mawr, who was kind enough to invite me to dinner (it being Sunday). Both were old friends. Miss Richter was entertaining an Italian lady archeologist, Miss Margareta Guarducci, the lady who discovered the inscriptions on the tomb newly excavated under St. Peter's Church at Rome, about which you may have read in the newspapers some eight weeks ago. Miss Guarducci had the photos with her and we had a most exciting time pouring over them. The text, not yet released for publication, and transmitted in strictest confidence reads: "Peter, pray to Christ Jesus for the Christian saints buried near thy body". Belonging to the second half of the 3rd century A.D., the text is an important new witness to the tradition that Peter was buried on the approximate location of the church erected in his honor by the Emperor Constantine at Rome, the church that underlies and preceded the present St. Peter's.

I left Rome again after a 24 hour stay and after a brief stop at Athens about 3 a.m., came down at Lydda airport at about 7 a.m. The Department of Antiquities was there in force to greet me, both Drs. Yeivin and Ben-Dor having done me the honor to come down from Jerusalem at this early hour, and soon we were traveling in

the Department's car to the Holy City. Arrived there, I visited the Museum, was then called to the University where Drs. Maisler, Polotsky, Goithain and Bergman constituted a welcoming committee, was taken about to see the newest excavations and entertained at tea by Dr. & Mrs. Yeivin at their home, where a large company of guests including the Minister of Education were foregathered. All in all it was a busy day after a somewhat sleepless night.

Next day our always faithful "man of affairs", Harry Parker, came down from Haifa to take me first to the Oriental Institute excavation at Khirbet Kerak (Beit Yerah) on the old familiar Lake of Galilee. It was lovely indeed in the warmth of a fine spring day to cross the plain of Esdraelon, to see Megiddo in the distance, to pass through Nazareth and Cana (Kefr Kenna), to traverse the gently rolling upland of Galilee and then to drop down to 300 meters below sea-level and the ever-romantic Lake of Galilee.

I was happy indeed to be reunited with the members of our staff, Pierre Delougaz and his wife, and Carl Haines, and to meet both Mrs. Dothan, once a student at the Institute, and Mrs. Yehiel, whom the Department of Antiquities had assigned to the excavation personnel. There was much news to exchange and greetings to transmit. Also of course there was much to see -- how this expedition is managing on a "shoe-string" budget, how the neighbors are helping and helpful, and above all what the excavation has produced. Perhaps we have been too reticent with the discoveries but they are real and tangible and in due time (next fall) you will have from Pierre a full account of them. The really important thing is that Pierre and Carl have unearthed a complete, well organized Church. It is a basilica with a large apse at the end of the nave, two smaller apses at the ends of the side aisles, and a baptistry off the north side of the building. There is the usual porch (narthex) in front and (probably) a large courtyard (atrium) in front of that. Extensive pieces of the mosaic pavement remain, and among them fortunately one that gives most of the text of an inscription with the date (527/528 A.D.). I spent quite some time working on the inscription which probably reads about as follows: "Under the honorable Theodoros the Magistrate and his wife Theophila and (bishop?) Basil, there was undertaken the paving of the nave and the diakonikon under the supervision of Presbyter Elijah and (bishop) Basil in the 7th Indiction in the year 591 (of the Pompeian era = 527/528 A.D.)". The Church stands on a high mound, directly upon the lakeshore, properly oriented to the east and is altogether as fine and important a discovery as any "shoestring" excavation could have hoped to produce anywhere. Here in its lovely location it adds a welcome second to the discovery of the Church of the Loaves and Fishes, a few miles up the Lake, and further testimony to the continuance of the Christian faith in an area hallowed by the ever present memory of the founder of that faith.

Pierre Delougaz and Carl Haines were most generous in the amount of time they took off from their exacting work to take me about. They had arranged for me to lodge with a lady who had the good Biblical name of Zipporah. They introduced me to a charming household of the widow of a painter, a Mrs. Nussbaum. They took me out in the jeep to visit places familiar to me from of old and some quite new. All these journeyings, during the five days I spent with them had photographic purposes in view, which will, I hope, have contributed one important part to the film I am preparing to bring back and show to you at Chicago next fall -- if the pictures turn out! I won't tell you what the film is going to be all about. You will have to be patient and wait 'til next fall, just as I have to be patient to find out

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whether the labor invested produced results. But if it turns out, I think you will find it most interesting, and I have only begun.

Good things never last forever, and finally yesterday I had to leave the hospitable Institute establishment in Galilee and make for Haifa, so as to be ready to take the plane from there, bright and early today for Cyprus. So now I am back in the homeland of Aphrodite once more - but Aphrodite-less and looking forward to another period of wandering that will take me to Beirut (Lebanon), Damascus (Syria), Amman (Jordan) and so back to the other part of disjointed Jerusalem. In a couple of weeks time my own Aphrodite should join me there - with the missing health certificate, I hope - and I can once more look an immigration officer in the face without apologizing. It's really tough to be unhealthy, -- officially.

In another month's time I'll report to you again, about Jericho and the Dead Sea Caves and manuscripts. It all promises to be most exciting and I hope that with the good old jeep of last year's trip remobilized, it will develop according to schedule. Meanwhile on behalf of your faithful workers in the Near East and on my own behalf I send you all the best of greetings.

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling
Director

NEWSLETTER FROM JERUSALEM, JORDAN

February 16, 1953

Dear Members and Friends:

Whenever I go to the Near East I take two hats along, the one to use when I am representing the Oriental Institute and the other to use when I am representing the American Schools of Oriental Research. At the moment I am sitting in the living room of the American School of Oriental Research at Jerusalem in Jordan, but I'm wearing both hats, - to keep warm. It is still cold up here on the old Judæan mountain-tops at this time of year. A few almond trees are in bloom and over at the Museum a few daffodils are out. When the sun is shining it warms things up outside, but the winter's cold is still in the stone walls of the School building and in the well-polished tiles on its floors. But it is grand to be here at any time of the year, so let me tell you briefly about my trip and what is going on, especially at Jericho.

In Beirut I visited with the Seyrigs at the ever-hospitable Francais d'Archeologie. The Institut is in a very real sense the archeological cross-roads of the Near East and one never stops there without benefiting both from the kindness of Prof. & Mrs. Seyrig and from the opportunity for an exchange of archeological news items. At Beirut, too, I mobilized the Oriental Institute jeep that Mr. Gustavus Swift Jr. and I had used during the preceding year, and in it began the longish trip over Damascus and Amman to Jerusalem. It was a bit new to be making this trip solo, but everything went smoothly, especially the jeep.

At Damascus I had the pleasure of greeting again Selim Bey Abdul-Hak, Director of the Syrian Department of Antiquities, Dr. Yussuf Sabeh, Director of the Museum and Sayyid Shafik Imam, Director of the Ethnological Museum now taking shape under his hands in the Palais Azem. Of especial interest were the finds of the latest season at Mari, including a group of about ten Sumerian statues with inscriptions, one about 24 inches high, others in a descending scale. I visited also the Swedish excavations being conducted at Tell Salihyeh in the Damascus oasis, some 25 kilometers to the east of the city. Dr. Haldar of Uppsala was unfortunately laid low with typhus in December, leaving the work entirely to the competent hands of Dr. & Mrs. H. von der Osten, whom it was pleasant indeed to see. An Alishar-like step-trench had laid bare a succession of levels from Roman to Early Bronze, giving the first clear indication of stratification over Millenia of time in inland, southern Syria.

It was a blustery, cold rainy day when I left Damascus headed for Jerusalem, but I could not wait for better weather since my transit visa was expiring. My jeep had no door on the driver's side and the wind and rain and sleet pelted me unmercifully, especially on the last and more westerly leg of the trip, from Amman to es-Salt. But after a short stop for tea at the Jericho dig, I made Jerusalem safely by 6:30 p.m. and was most cordially received by Mrs. Tushingham, the guests and visitors at the School (Director, Fellows and Students were all at Jericho, of course) and by the help. It was certainly pleasant to be once more in solid, familiar quarters, in what I have come to know as "home" here at Jerusalem. Of course the lights went out that night, right in the middle of dinner, and the city was without electricity til next morning due to some factors connected with the storm, but that made it seem all the more like old times and besides it made the warm bed all the more logical a place to seek.

Since my arrival I have paid two further visits by jeep to Jericho and to the excavations being conducted there jointly by the British and American Schools under the direction of Miss Kathleen Kenyon with Douglas Tushingham as second in command. Miss Kenyon was kind enough to give me a personally conducted tour about the mound and I greatly appreciated not only her kindness but also the clear picture of the expedition's efforts that resulted from her interpretation of the structures and levels laid bare.

On the site of ancient Jericho, a lofty oval mound adjacent to the most copious spring in the entire lower Jordan valley, a whole series of probing operations are going on. The most important of these is a trench five meters wide running east and west and cutting through the zone of the city's defensive walls along the western perimeter of the mound. The trench has a length of about 30 meters, showing how extensive were the multiple fortification walls, but it is not to be supposed that more than one wall was in use at any one time. Rather the multiple walls attest successive phases in the development of the city and follow each other as a series moving ever outward from the center as the city grew and expanded. The innermost and earliest of these defensive walls belongs to the pre-pottery neolithic period of Jericho's history, one of the most important in the entire course of the settlement's development. Three succeeding walls belong to the Early Bronze Age, and one to the interval between Early and Middle Bronze. After that there follows the Middle Bronze system of fortifications which consisted of steep embankments laid in tiers and well smoothed on the outer surface to provide a minimum of footing for an attacker. Then, in this huge trench follows the corner of a building on the very outer periphery of the town, a building that belongs to the Iron Age. In all the various parts of the mound under examination no significant remains of the Late Bronze Age have come to light, a strange fact indeed because the Late Bronze Age is that of the days of Joshua and earlier British excavators had thought to identify at important points portions of the Late Bronze walls about which the Biblical narrative says that they were destroyed in the attack of the Israelite invaders. It would seem to follow from the most recent excavations that if there was a Late Bronze Age city on this site in the days of Joshua it was of inconsiderable proportions compared to those of the Neolithic and Early Bronze days and that it provided no great obstacle to Joshua and the Israelite invaders.

On the talus slopes running up to the great bastion of the Judean massif the expedition has been searching for and finding the tombs of Jericho's ancient

inhabitants. Some, of the Later Iron Age, are reached by horizontal passages while others, particularly of the Early and Middle Bronze periods are reached by vertical shafts often 10 or more feet deep. To locate these shafts is itself no small accomplishment. At the bottom of the shaft a large stone is normally found leaning against the side of the shaft wall and closing the entrance to a circular chamber some 10 feet in diameter and perhaps 4 or 5 feet high. This is the tomb proper. On the very day that I paid my first visit to Jericho another such tomb was opened, a tomb hitherto untouched and probably the most revealing as yet found in Palestine. You may have read an announcement of its discovery in the public press. The tomb was that of a person of no small importance. He was laid out on a wooden bier still well preserved. Alongside him on a fine wooden table were set bowls made of wood containing food, including a large joint of meat desiccated but still well preserved. The table was of interesting workmanship with three legs and a rail doweled to the rim of its surface. The wooden bowl had 4 hook-shaped handles carved from the original block as integral parts of the vessel and giving it something of a tortoise-like appearance. Besides there were wicker baskets with wooden combs in them, the remains of a wooden chest with bone inlay strips decorated with the circle and dot design. All these things could be seen through the narrow entrance together with a good array of pots stacked toward the back of the tomb. What else the gradual removal of the visible objects may reveal, remains to be seen. What is visible now gives a very complete picture of burial customs in the Middle Bronze period and a fine conception of the craftsmanship of the day.

The entire lower Jordan valley this year is humming with archeological activity. In the area immediately south of the Syrian and Israeli border an archeological survey is in progress under James Melaart and Henri de Contenson. This is in preparation for the development of an irrigation project that is to benefit by the construction of a dam on the Yarmuk. A new variant upon the proposals of the Clapp Report is involved here. The survey is being conducted with Point Four help.

At Khirbet Mefjer, just north of Jericho, Herr Gauer, who has been associated with mosaic work in Palestine for many years, is engaged in repairing the damages done to the mosaics of the great basin in the court of the Hisham Palace by the fall of the columnar decorations hundreds of years ago. The work here is a part of the undertaking of salvage, repair, stucco-assembly, drafting and publication being financed by a gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. under the auspices of the Palestine Archeological Museum.

Most important of all are the operations currently in progress along the western side of the Dead Sea, where the Ecole Biblique under the direction of Pere R. de Vaux is just beginning work in the area of the Qumran Caves and where the Belgians under Col. Lippens are tackling the site of Khirbet Mirt. In both cases the search is for more manuscript material and important discoveries may be expected. In the course of the next days I hope to visit the operations and to get a clearer picture of the geography and the possibilities of the region.

What has suggested these new enterprises in the arid region along the western part of the Dead Sea is of course the discoveries made there since 1947, beginning with the famous Dead Sea Scrolls. Since that time the Palestine Museum, the Ecole Biblique and the American School here have all participated in cave clearance

in the area. The results have been almost unbelievably good, providing material of an importance that can scarcely be over estimated. I have just had an opportunity to scrutinize hurriedly the manuscript of the volume which Mr. Harding, the Dominican Fathers de Vaux, Barthelemy and Milik, Mrs. Grace Crowfoot and Mr. H. J. Plenderleith of the British Museum now have ready for publication on the supplementary finds in the first Qumran Cave, the one that yielded the original Dead Sea Scrolls. No more important publication has been prepared for many years on materials produced by the spade in Palestine. Its comprehensive statement on the history of the discovery, on the pottery and the textiles and on the fragments of a wide range of manuscript material makes it eclipse even the American Schools' own work on the Dead Sea Scrolls in overall importance. Its appearance under the imprint of the Clarendon Press will be eagerly awaited by all students not only of the Old Testament but of the religious history of the first century of our era.

In the steel cabinets of the Palestine Archeological Museum repose even more extensive quantities of other manuscript materials, all of them highly fragmentary but all of them highly important, currently being investigated and analyzed and assembled by the scholars of the Ecole Biblique. Some of this comes from excavations conducted during the past two years. The largest single addition was made by purchase during the current winter and derives from clandestine bedu operations in the area. There are literally bushels of materials, all highly fragmentary, but often permitting of assemblage or association by the simple criterion of the color of the parchment and the nature of the script. The area from which this material came is now under such close military guard that even the archeologists have a time getting admission to it, so that hopefully clandestine excavation will be at an end or minimized. Meanwhile with the Dominicans and the Belgians actively working in the region it may be that some completely untouched deposits of literary materials will be found. Currently there is no one thing more important to do in Palestinian archeology than to see that the treasures of the region in question are put in safe keeping and there is no field of research of greater immediate promise than the study of the materials the region has produced.

Carl H. Kraeling

NEWSLETTER FROM BAGHDAD

April 2, 1953

Dear Friends:

Well we've made it-- Jerusalem to Baghdad by a long and circuitous route in the trusty old Institute jeep. Seems nothing short of a miracle, looking back on the eighteen days of hard plugging that lie behind us. Conditions for travel were most unfavorable this year with snow and bitterly cold winds, rain, seas of mud, washed out bridges and roads throwing ever new obstacles in our path. On the very last day of our journey it appeared as though the elements had conspired in a final attempt to keep us from our immediate goal, with a heavy rain and the efforts of overloaded trucks to negotiate difficult dirt roads turning the long, lonesome stretches of the Kirkuk-Baghdad track into an endless strip of butterscotch pudding. That was the ultimate test, but the jeep stayed by us, and with careful handling brought Mrs. Kraeling and myself, our heavy load of equipment and extensive quantities of the slicky soils of Jordan, Syria and Iraq safely to the city of Harun al-Rashid, for which we are unusually grateful. Perhaps you would care to have us give you a few highlights on this part of our journey.

We were laboring under all kinds of strictures and having to cope with all kinds of deadlines in this section of our travels. The very beginning of our adventure we had put off several times, each time for a couple of days hoping that the weather in the Jerusalem-Jericho area would improve sufficiently to permit the completion of some photographic work on which I was engaged, -- all to no avail. Meanwhile, with every day's postponement of our departure from Jerusalem, we were running greater danger of failing to make deadlines for the passage of the Iraq frontier, deadlines set by the expiration dates of our entry visas and of our jeep's triptych. The entry visas could conceivably have been replaced (given proximity of the city with an Iraqi consulate-- except that normally we were leagues away from the city), but if we had not crossed the Iraq frontier by March 31 the poor jeep would have been a homeless refugee and yours truly would have been out of an amount close to \$500 advanced last year as a deposit against the proper return of the car to its native Baghdad. Now of course we could have crossed directly from Amman, Jordan into Iraq by the desert track that runs through Rutbah Wells, but for Institute purposes I needed to try to visit a place called Ras el-Ain up near the Turkish border of eastern Syria, where we had done some excavations in 1940-41. Besides we

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had some important, unfinished business at Beirut in Lebanon and at Damascus in Syria so a longer and much more difficult route was indicated. Under the circumstances of repeated postponements and multiple deadlines there was a certain sense of urgency to progress along this longer, more difficult route and thus the obstacles thrown in our way by conditions of weather and track continued to heighten to the point of anxiety. We heaved a great sigh of relief, therefore, when the Iraqi frontier lay safely behind us and a second almost equally great sigh when we finally hauled up at the familiar Via Hotel of Baghdad on the banks of the Tigris.

It was actually on Sunday morning, March 15, that we left the hospitable premises of the American School of Oriental Research at Jerusalem to begin our journey. It was still cold and rainy, as it had been during most of the previous week when Mr. and Mrs. Everett Graff of Winnetka had been in town and we had had the pleasure of renewing acquaintances with them and meeting the members of the "cruise" party to which they belonged. But we just could not delay any longer. With the rear half of the jeep loaded to its canvas roof with cots, sleeping bags, water, gas and oil tins, tools, food and traveling-bags holding a minimum of presentable clothing (for city use) and of needed toilet articles, we duplicated Joshua's crossing of the Jordan in reverse and ascended to the level of the high Jordan plateau to begin the period of our Wilderness Sojourn. It was cold up there and the wind whistled into the open (driver's) side of the jeep from the northwest, but the clouds were breaking up and at Amman we had in the Hotel Philadelphia a right comfortable place of lodging for the night.

Monday proved fair, though continued cold, and by starting out at 6 a.m. we managed to get in a visit to old Mount Nebo, a couple of ruins south of Amman before beginning at noon the long but not too difficult journey from Amman north to Damascus in Syria. In our reversal of the Biblical narrative about the entry of the Israelites into Palestine it was wonderful indeed to stand on the advanced spur of the Transjordan plateau that is most likely to represent the Biblical Mt. Nebo and to see the panorama of the great Jordan valley spread clearly before us, with the uplands of the Land of Promise rising abruptly from the floor of the valley in the west. It was good, too, to pass the frontier between Transjordan and Syria safely and without more than the usual complications of five separate stops for inspection of passports, triptych, baggage and security risks. Crossing frontiers with the jeep was always something of a hazard since the triptych, obtained a year ago, was made out in the name of Gustavus F. Swift, Jr., my companion last year, rather than in my own. Since control and passing of the car was normally accomplished at one stop and passport control at another, I lead a double life at each crossing, being Mr. Kraeling at the passport office and Mr. Sweeft or Mr. Gustave or even Mr. Jr. (they had trouble pronouncing that one) in the triptych office. I have often wondered what would have happened if both control offices had been in the same room, or if someone in the triptych office had asked to see my passport. Fortunately my dual personality was never exposed but I still chuckle to think of impersonating the six foot two Mr. Gustave.

In Damascus, where we stayed for one day, there was much to be done. We inspected the installation of the new exhibits of recent discoveries from Mari (a large group of excellent Sumerian statues), obtained the official passes for admission to the eastern (military) provinces of Syria and enjoyed renewed contacts with former students in America and now staff officials of the local Department of Antiquities. Then on Wednesday, March 18, we crossed to Beirut in Lebanon on the sea coast. It was cold and snowing hard when we passed through the Anti-Lebanons on our westward course, and up in the passes through the Lebanons themselves the

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effects of the storms of the past month were in full view, in the form of great snow masses and land-slides through which cars crawled with great difficulty. Where they were cut vertically by the snow ploughs the drifts were often higher than the top of the fully loaded trucks that slogged along and delayed the heavy traffic. Winter was certainly real, and really late, here this year and conditions much worse than on February 7 when I had crossed the passes in the opposite direction.

Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, spent at the normally sub-tropical Beirut on the sea-coast, were disappointing in one respect for we had hoped to thaw out in Mediterranean mildness but had instead to cope with squally cold storms roaring in from the Anatolian highlands across the sea. But there was much to do in engineering the purchase and projecting the export arrangements for a magnificent collection of ancient objects which we hope to be able to show you at Chicago next fall, all of which took much time, care and consultation with experts and officials. When it came time to return eastward across the mountains to Damascus and we had made this long and torturous climb to the summit of the passes at about 5,000 feet, we found the road blocked by the new snows of the previous day and an overturned oil truck. A two-hours wait in the freezing altitude was of no avail so far as even the restoration of one-way traffic was concerned and in the growing dusk we returned to the sea coast and headed southward to ancient Sidon to begin the long five-hour trip across a series of lower passes that finally brought us back to Damascus at 9:30 p.m., again in the midst of snow-squalls. We were cold and tired but hopeful of the completion of a real "coup" so far as Chicago and its treasures are concerned.

Time was marching on and we could tarry but a single day, Sunday, March 22, at Damascus, which was spent provisioning the jeep with food and other supplies for this long solitary desert legs of our journey that stood before, and entertaining Dr. and Mrs. George Haddad, a University of Chicago Ph.D. now Professor at the Damascus University. Rain fell most of the day and toward night it turned very cold, so that on Monday morning when we looked out of the hotel window here it was snowing hard with lots of snow deposited on the tops of the mountains eastward through which we were to pass that same day. It looked forbidding, but a breaking of the clouds encouraged us to venture out on the first day of our desert cruising, the all-day trip Damascus-- Palmyra which we did complete that day though the winds chilled us to the bone.

A day was then spent at the great oasis city of Palmyra itself, mostly in photography and in the detailed examination of some towers of its fortifications, which I needed to know in connection with one of our forthcoming archaeological publications as comparative material. Fortunately it was clear that day, good for photographic work. We stayed at Palmyra at the greatest ruin of them all, the terribly run-down Hotel Zenobia. We were the only guests. The hotel staff consists of two people. We dove into our supplies of canned soup, oranges, bread, cheese, butter, tea and coffee and boiled eggs and Arak and these were served to us in the sitting room while we huddled in front of a little fireplace on which a few pieces of olive-wood burned hesitantly. It was almost like camping out.

On Wednesday, March 29 we tackled the second desert leg of our eastward progress, that taking us from Palmyra to the town of Deir ez-Zor on the Euphrates and we missed the fork in track where you turn off for Deir, so landed in T-3, the

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nearest of the pumping stations on the pipeline from Iraq and then cut half an hour northward till we picked up the eastbound track. It was about a five hour run from T-3 to Deir ez-Zor, and we met not a single car the entire time, only occasional beduin tents and flocks.

It was a nice clear day, and we were happy to think that maybe we had at last moved far enough eastward and inland to be out of reach of moisture from weather made over the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic. But the desert was full of puddles-- large ones-- testifying to the rains of the preceding month.

At Deir ez-Zor we managed to obtain lodgings for two nights at the American Mission Hospital -- a grand American outpost on a difficult, distant frontier. Mr. Carl Nelson who administers the institution and Dr. A. M. Bertsh who is the surgeon were most kind to us there. Deir ez-Zor we used as a base for the one-day trip southward along the Euphrates. Mrs. Kraeling had never visited Dura-Europos of which she had heard me speak so often, so we drove down there on a very hard-bitten, ledgy track, and on the way back climbed up in our jeep to the top of the desert plateau where it overhangs the river and the rolling country between Euphrates and Tigris, behind Meyyadin. Here I was again scouting for that lost stolen or strayed cenotaph of the Roman Emperor Gordian III, as in the previous year. We cruised quite a few miles along the deeply eroded edge of this desert plateau, but had to give up before exhausting all its possibilities and leave next day with the riddle of that cenotaph still unsolved.

Fair weather continued to favor us as next morning, March 27, we crossed the narrow Euphrates bridge and headed into the vast Jezireh, the region between Euphrates and Tigris bound as we thought for Ras el-Ain and the site of those Oriental Institute excavations of 1940-41 that are still unpublished, the site that solicited my inspection if I was to be of help in presenting the material. The extent of the puddles on the desert track was definitely increasing on the run inland to Hassatche, but the day was clear and balmy and we seemed to be over the worst of our travel. We cleared with the Security Police at Hassatche, as required by our papers, and at their insistence took along as supercargo a driver who was to guide us through the intricate tracks toward Ras el-Ain in the valley of the Chabur River, the only Mesopotamian tributary of the Euphrates. Well, he guided us all right as far as he went--about half way,--told us the rest was easy and left us to find out that a bridge we needed to cross had been washed out some weeks before, leaving us completely marooned, miles from anywhere. This was at about 3:30 p.m., and darkness was not too far off.

The boss of a little repair crew working on the rebuilding of some embankments explained that there was a succession of field tracks from farm village to farm village that we could follow and that would lead us to a place called Arrade (or some such) on the east-west road along the Turkish frontier. Some maps we had taken along from Jerusalem proved life savers in giving us a general sense of direction on this back country effort. We were in excellent farm land now with lots of natural water plus great quantities that had been brought in by rains during the past weeks, sweeping eastward along the southern face of the mountains of Turkey.

We made Arrade when the sun was getting low and found it just a wide place on a road, and without gasoline supplies. So, for better or worse we headed further east along the Turkish frontier (instead of west toward our goal Ras el-Ain) toward

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Derbasiyeh and more gasoline.

The main east-west road turned out to be a nightmare-- torn up when wet by truck traffic that meanwhile had ceased entirely. So it was dusk when we arrived at the collection of flea-bitten mud-brick houses that is Derbasiyeh and asked our way to the gasoline supply depot (no pumps, of course). The proprietor kindly offered to show me the way to the police station, so that I might ask whether we could lodge for the night in the guard room or lock-up or whatever they had. The police said of course it could be done but told us we would be much more comfortable at the gas station, whose proprietor had meanwhile offered to take us in since he lived directly behind his shop and had only his mother and younger brothers living with him.

We finally accepted the invitation to sleep in the back room of the gas station, providing our own bedding and food, and it was a good choice. The gasoline man had only a mother and a brother living with him, but he had aunts and nieces and nephews and relatives all over town who soon flocked into the living room where we were to camp out and set up our beds. We hauled candy and toys and favors (balloons, harmonicas, toy pistols) such as we carry for real emergencies out of our gear and soon had everybody in good spirits and a chance to cook some supper for ourselves on the primus stove. After the relatives left, a couple of Latur priests came in. They were most intelligent--one was educated in Italy and had interesting information about antiquities in the country side. I had to yawn visibly to get rid of them, and then we set up our cots and unrolled our sleeping bags and turned in. What a day it had been!

The next morning we had a difficult decision to make, whether to retrace our steps westward in the hope of reaching Ras el-Ain, or to continue eastward along the Turkish frontier toward the Iraq border. It was a difficult decision to make, because we had come up into this remote region especially to see the remains of the old Roman colony of Resaina at Ras al-Ain, but it was then already March 28, our visas expired that very day, and if we were to run into more difficulties and perhaps get bogged down somewhere, who knew whether we would get the jeep into Iraq by March 31. So we struck out eastward, abandoning the Ras el Ain project, but soon found that eastward progress along the road was also impossible since the maze of ruts carved in its bed by trucks and tractors and now hardened were all of two feet deep and could not be handled even by jeep. The shoulders and ditches were still water-covered and provided no alternative. So we returned to the gas station at Derbasiyeh and with the help of a native guide shook our way around on farm tracks to Oamishliyah, and from here on bumped our way over a cut stone sub-base to the frontier station of Tell Kotchek, where we arrived about 1 p.m. It took till 3 p.m. before we were cleared and then we rolled happily into Iraq, all papers in order, finally making Mosul by 7 p.m. where the Railroad Station offered good accommodations on its second floor and a chance to watch the excitement of the daily departure of the one train for Baghdad each evening at 9 p.m.

Mosul provided an opportunity to visit both the excavations of the British School at Nimrud and an ancient church at the monastery of Mar Behnan (probably fourth century A.D., rebuilt in the twelfth century) both of which we enjoyed greatly. The trip Mosul-Kirkuk, made on March 31 was not remarkable save that the roads and weather were good. We stayed that night at the Kirkuk Rest House, took occasion to say hello to the Rev. Jeff Glaessner, who has been so helpful to the Braidwoods in the past, and in a pouring rain left on the morning of April 1 for Baghdad. That day provided the final test of our mettle and equipment. It was

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tough going for almost 100 miles of the distance to be covered, but we came through plastered with mud and glory suffering only two minor casualties. The step on the driver's side of the jeep was wrenched off in ploughing through the mud, and the driver himself wrenched his back on one of his frequent descents from the stepless vehicle to explore the best way through the next fifty yards of goo.

So here we are at Baghdad, bag and baggage, tending to affairs of past and future digs at Nippur, and sending you the best of greetings.

Elsie and Carl H. Kraeling

NEWSLETTER FROM LUXOR

Chicago House
Luxor, Egypt
April 10, 1953

Dear Friends:

A busy season, seemingly busier than ever, is drawing to a close for the Epigraphic Survey. As usual, activity has increased in tempo as we try to polish off certain jobs for the season and get new work ready to do at home during the summer. Our delightfully mild winter has become a mild spring. One can't complain of weather that ranges from 60 at night to 90 by day when he is set for something about 15 degrees higher. However, there is no doubt that the end of the season is near even though end-of-season tempers have not gotten as short as they could. There is a scurry to find out how exit visas, which must be obtained in Cairo by anyone departing from Egypt, can be gotten in a day or two of stay in the capital. There is also the inevitable matter of getting censor's seal on all one's papers, photographs and drawings to be worried about as usual, and we are worrying as usual. It is a slightly jumbled life. For example, the American members of the expedition have long since made reservations and deposits in Chicago to return next September but they have not yet received their ship's tickets to go home.

This season has been one of great contrast to a year ago. The fear and tension of last season have seemed like an unreality so different is the whole atmosphere and outlook in Egypt now. There is great hope and expectation on the part of the masses of the people under the new government. The spirit even pervades us and we too feel that Egypt now has perhaps a better hope of improving the conditions of life than at any time in her long history. Probably not the smallest burden which the Premier, General Mohammed Naguib, has to bear is the limitless expectation on the part of his lowliest countrymen that he can immediately disperse all their troubles and change almost anything they may wish changed. Of course, hope and confidence of this sort, while inspiring, are charged with the dangers of impatience and hasty disappointment.

General Mohammed Naguib visited Luxor a couple of weeks ago and some of us had the opportunity to meet him. We were fortunate, for everyone else wanted to do the same. Like almost everyone else we hoped he would visit us, but this time he was devoting his brief stay to the schools, hospitals, churches and mosques. He made a special point of visiting the Coptic church and the American Mission School for Girls in Luxor. He does not miss an opportunity to state and act on his belief

that "All are Egyptians regardless of religious faith or other circumstances."

A number of small incidents occurred during the General's visit in Luxor which illustrate what a burden he carries and how unusual a man he is. Perhaps to Americans who recently passed through a presidential campaign, they may sound like usual bits of business from that show, but I can assure you they are very unusual and full of meaning here. They are incidents the people like to hear and tell about.

There was the occasion on the evening of his arrival in Luxor when the General had finished a brief address from the veranda of the Winter Palace Hotel for which it seemed all of Luxor had turned out. The crowd had been asked to make way for him to get to his car but no one had moved. An officer at his side threatened to order the police to disperse the crowd forcibly, but the General reprimanded him, "No, do not send the police. Let the people do as they wish." A way was promptly and voluntarily made for him. Next day in the course of his tour of the town there was a commotion in the crowd that had gathered at one point. The police were restraining a woman of lowly status who was wildly trying to get to him. When he saw what the trouble was he asked that she be permitted to come. She came in a burst and threw her arms about him. He asked what she wanted and she replied, "Please lower the prices of flour and sugar." With his diffident smile the General promised to do what he could. The prices of essential commodities had been lowered last fall and retail markups on all goods limited.

Another incident related to me by a friend in Luxor points up one of the phenomena which always attend revolutions in government. When the General visited a boys' school my friend's young son was chosen to come forward and exhibit his abilities by writing in the General's presence a letter of appreciation on behalf of the school. When he had begun to write the General jocosely interrupted him with the query, "Wait, you little rascal. Are you writing another complaint to me?" He receives hundreds of complaints a day worthy and unworthy by mail and telegraph, and they are turned over to the competent agencies for investigation. Sometimes they are a help in rooting out injustices and corrupt practices and officials, but very often they represent the attempt on the part of someone to get a knife into a personal enemy. Yours truly can testify that although as director he has been the target of a few complaints owing to the inflated ideas of our workmen led by a mal-content about what they could demand and get, he has been backed and helped by the harassed men of the regional labor office after they had made their investigation. The campaign to rid the government of corruption seems to be making a headway and has thrown a salutary fear into many corners, but not a small part of its larger effectiveness is due to the moral tone lent to government service by the General himself who quite obviously, even to his opponents, wants nothing for himself except the betterment of his country and the life of its people.

In this exciting modernity Chicago House has tried to keep its mind at least most of the time on antiquity, principally the antiquity of the early 12th century B.C. as represented in the one monument about which we dream at night by this time: Ramses III's mortuary temple, Medinet Habu. We have made solid inroads again into the job of recording the whole temple with a good block of drawings of contiguous reliefs in the rooms on both sides of the hypostyle halls. We have also spent some time gathering up loose ends in the shape of doorway, marginal and architrave inscriptions and the like. We are in the position of having more drawings and photographs than we can put into Medinet Habu, Volume V, to make it one of a size comparable to the preceding four without having succeeded in getting drawn all the related material which we planned for a coherent and orderly volume.

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This has been a good tourist year in Egypt. It seemed even late in the season that it would be a poor one owing to fear engendered by the Cairo riots of a year ago. However, the word got around that conditions were better than ever and people came from Europe and America. The situation was reflected and continues to be in the length of the list of callers who signed our guest book. Apart from the casual callers, thirty-six persons not of the regular staff have stayed at the house for varying lengths of time between November 17th and April 10th. They came from the U.S., England, Germany, Belgium, Canada and Australia. Most were Egyptologists going about their work or orientalists acquainting themselves with the monuments. Among them was also a number of friends of the University and the Institute. Thus we had the opportunity to show Thebes and our work to Mr. E.E. Quantrell, a trustee of the University, Mrs. Quantrell, and their friends Mr. and Mrs. Marwitz of Chicago, whom we of the present staff met and welcomed for the first time although Mrs. von der Marwitz had visited Chicago House before the war. Each of these friends flatteringly showed their interest in our work and our place by making their contributions to them. From "within the gates", hence scarcely coming in the category of guests, there were Mrs. Kraeling, Dr. Nelson and Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, each of whom not only helped buck up morale but lent a hand to some aspect of our life and work on much appreciated occasions. Mr. and Mrs. Chester D. Tripp and Mr. and Mrs. Everett D. Graff took time out of crowded schedules to become acquainted with us and the work although they did not stay at the house.

A year concludes in which most archeological work in Egypt was in abeyance for one reason or another. Only the Egypt Exploration Society and the Griffith Institute of Oxford have carried on work besides ourselves. From the Society Mr. Walter Emery has excavated at Saqqarah under the auspices of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities. For the Griffith Institute Miss Mose and Mrs. Burney were in Thebes working on the Topographical Bibliography, while Mr. Mekhitarian and Father Jarssen photographed and collated Norman de G. Davies' copies of thirty-three Theban tombs. The French Institute continued its enforced inactivity this season again, and the Department of Antiquities did not undertake much beyond the necessary work of caring for the monuments owing to changes in organization.

We are about to leave our home away from home after six months. That is our customary season but as seasons go for archeological expeditions it is a long one, and as always it has been a season entirely uninterrupted by any contingency. We wish more of you could dropped in on us and hope that more of you will next year.

Yours sincerely,

George R. Hughes

NEWSLETTER

The Oriental Institute
Chicago, Illinois
July 28, 1953

Dear Friends:

You all know that since 1924 the Oriental Institute has maintained in Egypt an Epigraphic Survey which is recording as much as it can of the great mass of scenes and hieroglyphic inscriptions that cover the walls of the Pharaonic temples. The procedure used in this work, based on the principles evolved by Dr. Breasted, result in the most accurate copies of the ancient reliefs ever made. Several steps are involved. First the walls are photographed scene by scene. Then an enlargement is made for the artist, who outlines each figure and hieroglyph in pencil as he stands before the original. In his studio he goes over these outlines with waterproof ink. When he is finished the photographic image is chemically dissolved, and a blueprint made of the resultant black and white drawing. The blueprint is cut into smaller pieces, which are pasted on sheets of blank paper. Each line is checked for accuracy against the original relief by the Egyptologists, whose profession is the reading and interpretation of the ancient inscriptions. Each drawing is checked separately by two Egyptologists to insure the greatest precision. The artist corrects his drawing accordingly, which is then ready for publication. Since photography is one of the basic and most useful tools in our work and since many of you are yourselves amateur photographers, we think that a description of the photographic aspects of our work would interest you.

Our cameras are large; most of our work is done with those whose film size is 8 x 10 and 5 x 7 inches. While smaller negatives may be enlarged to these sizes, usually this is accompanied by a loss in resolution which obscures the fine detail. Since we may make an enlargement up to 60 inches for purposes of our drawings, the use of smaller negatives becomes impractical. No single print for drawing is ever larger than 20 x 24 inches, however, and when the enlargement must be greater, sectional prints are made for ease in handling. The drawings are later joined together to make a greater whole.

For each size of camera there are a variety of lenses. The normal lens for the 8 x 10 has a focal length of 12-1/2 inches. One of the component parts of this Protar lens has a focal length of 26-1/2 inches, and is used for distance shots. But the space in the temples is usually so cramped, because of pillars and narrow rooms, that a 6-1/4 inch wide angle lens is the one most frequently used. An extreme wide angle lens of 3 inches focal length, covering 140 degrees, is available for use in narrow passages where the area to be photographed is sometimes two or three times

longer than the distance between the wall and the camera. This lens has a special whirling "star wheel" before it to insure that the edges of the picture receive as much light as the center, and requires careful manipulation. Except for this last lens, we have comparable lenses for the smaller camera.

Photographs are taken at a height ranging from ground level to fifty feet or more. Occasionally the long focal length lens can be used to photograph a high wall from an opposite part of the temple, but most of the time a scaffold must be erected. Scaffolding is heavy, takes considerable time to erect, and must be moved for each new photograph.

A few years ago the Epigraphic Survey acquired from another expedition the "Mond railway", an apparatus designed by the late Sir Robert Mond for use in photographing higher walls. The track is made in sections of three inch pipe, easily demountable; the car is about 2 x 3 feet, heavy and solid, and from its center rises a column of four inch pipe. The section of this can be built up to about 25 feet, and by setting the "railway" on a platform we have worked with the camera 30 feet above the ground. The "seat" which carries the camera can be moved up and down the column. However, the photographer must work on a ladder, and since 20 feet is the length of our tallest stepladder, the camera must be close to a wall on which an extension ladder can lean if it is to be used above this height. This apparatus can be erected and moved in from one fifth to one tenth the time of conventional scaffolding, and has been a great time saver.

No tripod low enough to photograph at ground level and sturdy enough to carry a large camera is commercially made, so Mr. Healey, our engineer, constructed one for us. He frequently is called on to make special apparatus for our peculiar needs. While there are but few times when an ordinary tripod standing on the ground is used, often mounting it on a low table will give the proper elevation.

When the sun shines directly on the relief, a person standing before it may not be able to make out the details. Similarly, in a faint diffused light little shadow may be cast, and the more delicate work may not be apparent. The rays of the sun striking obliquely best bring out the relief, though the play of light and shadow will always obscure some element. The photographer must know not only the time of day but also the time of year when the sun is right. However, time does not permit waiting for the optimum light for each photograph, and usually we must be satisfied with something less than we desire. In our volume now in press, Reliefs and Inscriptions in Karnak, III: The Bubastite Portal, the line drawings are supplemented by photographs with oblique natural lighting.

Many walls never receive direct sunlight fully or at all. Then we have to use supplementary lighting to show the fullest detail. This is usually done by using mirrors to direct the sunlight onto a reflector, a large board covered with foil that has been crumpled and then spread out. This breaks up the direct beam and enables us to "paint" with light at an oblique angle the area to be photographed.

To make full use of this method we keep out most of the extraneous light by use of black curtains. In photographing the scenes on the square columns in the second court at Medinet Habu we used five curtains, 4-1/2 x 9 yards, which we made from 140 yards of 54 inch material. These photographs will be published in Medinet Habu V, which we hope to have ready for the press next summer. These scenes are less complex and better preserved than most of the others on the temple walls, but

in using photographs only we must sacrifice most of the detail of the painted decoration, and we will have to add explanatory notes on the inscriptions which are damaged.

We always try to have the back of the camera parallel to the wall, an impossible task when, as frequently, the wall is not a plane surface. For photographs which will be published or used as the basis for drawing we "square up" the wall by use of spirit levels and plumb lines, but these time consuming operations are omitted when the photograph is for record only.

In the past three years we have experimented with color photography. It is our opinion that this medium is not feasible for copying the color on the walls of the temples in which we are working, as the paint is covered with grime, and the carving of the reliefs is deep into the stone. In the painted tombs, however, careful work will give an accurate facsimile of the original. There are now more than 500 color transparencies mounted in standard slides in the collection of the Oriental Institute in Chicago which we have taken in the Theban tombs.

All of our processing is done in our own darkrooms. This enables us to control the developing and printing to meet our special needs. Each subject and each negative presents its own problem, and we can never follow assembly line methods.

The epigraphic Survey, through the years, has completely photographed the temples we expect to publish and about 80% of the other temples in and about Luxor. Duplicate prints are in Chicago. This gives materials for study of Theban temple reliefs unequalled elsewhere.

Frequently we are asked why we do not publish by photograph only. The fact is that even the best obtainable photograph can be misleading and inadequate, and often only the closest personal evidence can recover the evidence of what was originally on the walls. This is particularly true where the original is damaged or where there are painted patterns. We use photographs as the bases of drawings because this is a cheap and accurate method of getting the correct shapes and relative positions of the parts of the scene. The fine detail that is seen in our drawings is due to the combined skill, observation and knowledge of the artist and the Egyptologists, for whom the photograph is a helpful guide.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Francis Nims

Mark your calendar for Wednesday, October 7th. Dr. Kraeling will open the 1953-54 Oriental Institute Lecture Series with a lecture and movie, "Where rolls the Jordan", at 8:30 in Breasted Hall. There will be a reception for members afterwards.

NEWSLETTER FROM DEER CREEK CAMP

September 16, 1953

Dear Members and Friends:

Oriental Institute Newsletters usually come to you from out of the way places, and even though the date-line is not Baghdad, Luxor, Jerusalem or Boghazkoi, this is no exception. It would be hard to imagine a place more "out of the way" than this family camp in the Adirondacks where a kindly providence saw fit to bring us late in August, before the heat-wave really set in, and where Mrs. Kracling and I are spending a brief, restful and cool vacation. I am writing to you from here not only to send you our greetings but also to tell you about the preparations that were made at the Oriental Institute during a busy late spring and summer for the new academic, archaeological and social year 1953-54 that now lies just ahead.

Two expeditions manned by Oriental Institute staff members will be leaving for the Near East during the course of this month, to resume their field activities. Dr. & Mrs. George Hughes and Dr. & Mrs. Charles Wims are returning to Luxor, where they will be joined by the two artists that make up the four-man team of the Epigraphic Survey. Dr. & Mrs. Donald Mc Cown, Mr. & Mrs. Carl Haines and Professor Thorkild Jacobsen are returning to Iraq where they will be joined by Dr. Vaughn Crawford of Yale in resuming work at Nippur. All our men are old campaigners and are anxious to be back in the field.

The interest shown in the work which the Epigraphic Survey is doing at Medinet Habu by visitors from Chicago, especially by Members and Friends of the Institute and by members of the Board of Trustees of the University, has been most gratifying to Messrs. Hughes and Wims. During the past summer their initiative has made it possible for us to go to press with an important volume recording the inscriptions of the Bubastite Portal of the Karnak Temple. The inscriptions, giving list of places captured by the Egyptian king, are of great importance for the knowledge of the historical topography of the Near East in ancient times. Another, still larger volume, recording inscriptions from Medinet Habu, is in preparation and should be ready in one or two seasons.

At Nippur, the old Sumerian metropolis, work will be resumed by Dr. Mc Cown's group under slightly modified auspices. You will recall that for three seasons we worked there jointly with the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, which eventually felt, however, that it would prefer to move its operations still farther east, to Afghanistan. We were saved from a rather embarrassing situation -- not having money enough to go it alone -- by assistance from a number of quarters. The American Schools of Oriental Research, more particularly the Baghdad School of

the A.S.O.R directed by Dr. Albrecht Goetze of Yale University, agreed to take the place of the University Museum for one season. Members and Friends of the Institute helped us to buy out Pennsylvania's share in jointly owned equipment -- especially the invaluable Decauville Railroad -- and provided a new jeep to replace the one belonging to the Pennsylvania group. So we are all set up for Fippur for the season 1953-54 and big things are expected from the further excavations of the North Temple and clearances on the site of the Temple of Inana. The new jeep -- a jeep Station Wagon with four-wheel drive -- is already on its way to Basrah and Baghdad by freighter.

While helping in sundry ways during the past summer to speed these expeditions on their way, we have not neglected to make preparations to provide also for our Members and Friends at home to whom we owe so much in the support and encouragement of our efforts. New exhibits are being prepared for your inspection, new lectures are being planned and social occasions also will not be lacking.

The lectures, to mention them first, will bring you reports on the newest activities and discoveries overseas by persons who have just returned from the field. It will be my privilege to lead off again, as in previous years. My offering, on the evening of October 7 will be a new color motion picture on the Jordan Valley which in the past seasons was the scene of much activity, both in Israel and in the Kingdom of Jordan. You will thus have a general introduction here to excavations on the Lake of Galilee, at Jericho and in the area of the Dead Sea Scroll Caves. Pierre Delougaz who has just returned from Israel will in the next succeeding lecture (Nov. 4) give a full account of the important church which he excavated on the shores of the Lake of Galilee. Dr. A. Douglas Tushingham, formerly on the staff of the University of Chicago, will report at a later date on the amazing new finds from Jericho. Dr. John D. Cooney of the Brooklyn Museum of Art, who spent last winter and spring in Egypt and to whose kindness we owe the reprints of the Catalogue of the Gallatin Collection recently distributed to you, will lecture (Dec. 2) on a subject in the field of ancient Egyptian art. Other lectures from overseas and from sister institutions in this country are on our list and the dates of their lectures will eventually be announced.

The Museum, we hope, will continue to play an increasing role in our relations to the community. It has great potential value not only for art lovers of all ages, but more particularly for our Great Chicago school population and we would like very much to expand its usefulness in this particular. Unfortunately the means needed to make it an effective instrument of co-operation with school agencies are not currently available to us, but we are doing what we can to implement its activities. A new illustrated plan of its lay-out and exhibits is being prepared for general distribution. In the so-called Palestinian Hall, most of whose objects are currently on loan at the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, a small temporary exhibit of ancient jewelry, prepared under Margaret Bell's supervision is on display. On Oct. 7 we hope that you will all have occasion to see the new Gold Treasure brought back from the Near East by Mr. Knudsen last spring. The Chicago papers should be carrying a release on the subject early in October. It has important associations with key figures in the social and political life of the Near East in the first century B.C. and is of outstanding artistic importance.

During the coming months we expect to lay the ground work for a further extension by Prof. and Mrs. Robert Braidwood of their explorations in the prehistoric phases of the development of civilization in the Near East. Many of you have read the reports of Dr. Braidwood's earlier efforts to trace the transition from cave to town-site as the place of human residence, and others may or should have read Mrs.

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Braidwood's interesting personal story called "Digging beyond the Tigris". The Braidwoods' work is of outstanding importance in their field and a matter of interest in wide circles at home and abroad. We may need your help in seeing that it is continued and developed on an increasingly wide scale as befits its general import. Other new activities for the Oriental Institute are still in the blue-print stage and will be brought to your attention as soon as we have the necessary guarantees that the undertakings are feasible and have the necessary official sanctions. We promise to keep you posted at all times and to transmit to you communications from those now leaving for the field as soon as they come to our hands.

Meanwhile, we look forward to seeing you this fall at the Institute and elsewhere about the city as occasion may develop.

Sincerely yours,

Carl H. Kraeling
Director

P.S. During the present month statements about membership dues payments for 1953-54 will be mailed to you by the Institute office. We trust we may again have the privilege of your support of our efforts. Membership income is a great help in taking care particularly of lectures, museum purchases and sundry lesser undertakings of the Institute. We report on income regularly to the Institute's Visiting Committee and obtain its advice in making the best possible use of funds provided by your help.

NEWSLETTER FROM NIPPUR

Iraq
November 19, 1953

To our friends in and of the Institute:

The first week of digging will be over today and a letter to you is past due, a letter to introduce the staff and tell you what we hope to find this season.

Nippur itself I do not need to introduce to most of you since this is our fourth season at the site of one of the great cities of the ancient past. Still every time I return to it I wish more of you could visit us and see the mounds of Nippur rise against the sky like miniature mountains in this flat land and stand in its 180 acres of weathered hills and valleys.

We have a good staff this season. Carl Haines is back with his wife Irene and their two children Alice and Carleton. Carl is my chief assistant and an unusually able architectural archeologist. He has been on more of the Institute's expeditions than any other man. Irene does all the preliminary book-keeping or recording of our finds. Then I have my wife and two small children along with me this time, Garnet back for the first time since our first season in 1948. She is managing our house and will photograph objects and do the darkroom work. The staff is completed by Thorkild Jacobsen and Vaughn Crawford who are yet to settle here since they will be in the south during another few days on an exploring trip which is separate from the work of the Expedition. I do not need to introduce Thorkild to anyone in the Institute, for he is our very distinguished Sumerologist. Vaughn is from Yale University and will assist Thorkild with the field epigraphy and in the work of the excavations.

We are settled in our field-season home at Afak, the nearest town of any size from Nippur. Here we have a house where our equipment is stored when we are not in the field. I wish you could have walked into it with me, a couple of weeks ago when I first came down, and seen the dust of the year and a half covering everything. But we are comfortably camped in it now and in addition have another house with more bedrooms for the staff across and up the canal which runs past the door and on which white geese idle while the village women scrub their pots and pans on its banks busily gossiping while they work away. The town has improved greatly since we were last here. Electricity and a water purification system have been installed and it is a tremendous advantage to have pure running water in our courtyard and to have good lighting without the clatter of a portable generator on

our roof as in past seasons. These changes are part of the improvements and progress being made all over Iraq with the increased oil revenues of recent years.

We have been here since the 11th and digging started on the 14th only, so I want to tell you more about what we are going to dig this season than what has happened in the first week of excavations. Our main objective is an early Dynastic temple of the Sumerians dating back before 2300 B.C. We call it the North Temple now since in discovering its location two years ago we did not succeed in learning to which god it was sacred, so in a sense it is a mystery temple right at the moment. It lies in the extreme northerly part of the religious area at Nippur at the lower edge of a mound which built up at a much later time. At the end of last season, after discovering it we dug away the later levels in the area where we thought the temple should lie only to discover that the temple was considerably larger than we anticipated. So we are now extending the area of the excavations, so that when -- in a couple more weeks -- we have dug down to the level of the temple we will have all of it within the limit of our excavations. Digging away the later levels superimposed on the temple is being pushed with all speed for they are not especially interesting or important. We have to go through a Parthian cemetery and then Achaemenian, Assyrian and Kassite levels before the topmost and last of the temples will lie before us. From then on we hope for good luck since it was in this temple that we found a cache of Sumerian statuettes last season.

Our other major discovery two years ago was a temple to the goddess Inanna which lies west of the temple-tower of the god Enlil whose worship at Nippur gave the city its unique importance. There will not be time this season to dig out the Inanna temple, for it is buried under the debris of ten to twenty feet of Parthian and Achaemenian fortifications. Our job this season is to dig away these encumbrances above the Inanna temple so it can be dug in the following season. As soon as the North Temple is exposed we will shift part of our workmen to what will essentially be a big dirt moving operation above the Inanna temple.

Our North Temple lies right in a great expanse of sand dunes that extend far to the north of Nippur. After seeing how much sand had blown in the excavations in the last two dry summers, it was perfectly clear that we are in for a race against time to complete digging out all the levels of the temple this season. Two years from now there will be so much sand in it that we would hardly want to start digging there again. So this year I end my first letter with the request that you wish us not only good luck in what we find but Godspeed in our digging.

Sincerely yours,

Donald E. McCown
Field Director

NEWSLETTER FROM NIPPUR

Afak, Diwanieh Liwa
13 December 1953

Dear Friends:

It is three or four weeks since I last wrote and much has been accomplished in our first four weeks of excavation. We have dug way down in a broad step along the western and southern side of the area of the North Temple previously exposed and are close to digging into the temple in most places. The amount of dirt moved in the last four weeks and the height of the western face of the dig witness the speed with which the digging has progressed. Still it has seemed too slow since we are eager to be down in the temple and to solve the mystery of which god it belonged to.

So far we have been piecing together the story of the temple area once the sanctuary had been deserted. This event seems to have occurred late in the Early Dynastic period, the Sumerian phase par excellence, or in the succeeding Akkadian period when Mesopotamia was first ruled by Semitic speaking kings. From then on the temple lay exposed to the elements on a high platform, gradually weathering away. During the Kassite period, late in the second millenium, some houses were built to the west of the temple area which seems to show some knowledge that the spot had once been sacred. By the sixth century B.C. even this fact had been forgotten and above the north-western part of the temple Neo-Babylonian or early Achaemenian houses were built, extending across the old line of the temple precincts to the west.

It is a lucky break for us that the quarter of modest Achaemenian houses spread over part of the temple area. True, they have to be dug out carefully and thus somewhat slow down our task of getting to the temple as rapidly as possible. But they also afforded the first protection to the temple from the winter rains which were gradually washing more and more of the latest levels of the temple away. In terms of our digging we expected to find the latest preserved remains of the temple much lower than they exist under the Achaemenian houses. So it was a most pleasant suprise last week when the temple unexpectedly "came up" to meet us, its walls directly below Achaemenian walls of some 1900 years later. The result is that we will learn something of the later stages of the history of the temple, preserved under the late houses only.

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Digging down to the temple has not been without its incidental rewards. It has taught us much that we had not learned in the contemporary levels on the Scribal Quarter about the archeology of the Achaemenian period. The best reward came from a much disturbed grave of the Achaemenian period. It had apparently been dug into at some time after the interment and all we found was a topsy-turvy skull and the arm-bones lying side by side. But near the skull were the remnants of a necklace of silver and some charming gold beads, while on the arms were two silver bracelets. They end in calves' heads and are splendid examples of the jewellers' craftsmanship during the Achaemenian period. How well they would look alongside the Achaemenian gold display in our Institute Museum!

Winter has come very early in these parts. For the last week it has been below freezing every night in Baghdad, and though not so cold here, it has been frigid enough in the early morning and late afternoon on the dig, particularly when the north wind is blowing. After strong winds and some rain during the first weeks of excavation, the wind and the sand it carries with it so bad they stopped work for one day, it has been fairly still recently. Whenever that happens you feel the full warmth of the winter sun and are glad for the winter at Nuffar rather than in Chicago.

Our small company has been supplemented, since shortly before Thanksgiving, by a visit from Bob Dyson, an anthropologist from the Peabody Museum at Harvard, who will be here until after Christmas. He has proved a most pleasant and useful addition to our group and we are sorry that his plans to participate in the excavations at Jericho and Susa will not let him spend the full season with us.

Everybody keeps pretty well and the Haines and McCown children flourish in the sun and fresh air. We had a good Thanksgiving dinner, highlighted by mince pies which Garnet and Irene baked, and now we are planning for Christmas.

So I close with best wishes to you all for the holiday season.

Sincerely yours,

Donald E. McCown
Field Director

(We thought you would be amused by Thorkild Jacobsen's comments on daily life in Afak, taken from a recent letter)

Afak, Dec. 18, 1953

We are having a very pleasant and enjoyable season so far. The house is on a canal, on the other side is our annex where Carl, Irene and Izzet Din our Iraqi inspector, live. What with palm trees and magnificent sunsets in unspeakable colours seen only in bad postcards, it is really something to look at. White geese swim in the canal or waddle in the street, oblivious to the fact that you want to get past them in the car, and if it is not geese it is

it is camels. I met one yesterday coming in from the dig. It just stood pat in the middle of the road until a quickwitted and helpful passer-by twisted its tail, which seems to be the accepted method of putting a camel in first gear. Even so it gave ground at a majestic pace only. They do actually look just as drunk and just as snooty in reality as they do in zoos.

My quick sketch of Afak would not be complete without mention of the children. They are bred in myriads here. They surround you or the car yelling in rapid succession "by-by!" "Good afternoon," what's your name." That represents the amount of English any self-respecting urchin should know. Even Izzet Din's children born and bred here, are greeted with these phrases. Probably their connection with the expedition make them acceptable targets. -Oh yes! I did forget one beloved sentence, central in the Afak vocabulary: "Give me a pencil, mister!" My room has two windows to the street-unlike any other house in the neighborhood--and every afternoon when I work at tablets there are on a rough count twelve urchins fighting each other to look in to see what I am doing and to get their chance to say, "Give me a pencil, mister!" I am partial to the little girls who do not on the whole do so well in the scramble--though I am past believing that they belong to the weaker sex. So I chat with them, whereas I lecture the boys on polite behavior to a guest in this country. Not quite fruitlessly; it does improve my Arabic a bit. When at last the electric light comes on--it is off in the daytime, for we have not got a lot of it in Afak--and I can draw my curtain, a wall rises outside. My audience would have preferred double feature length. Why it should be such fun to watch me look at tablets and write in a book I just cannot understand. If only it worked in Chicago we could charge admission and I should gladly look at tablets and write wrong numbers and questionable translations--as I am doing here--twice a day. But this is an appreciative audience beyond anybody's wildest dreams.

Today, Friday, has been a day of rest. We are doing as the Romans do--or rather as the Arabs do, for Mohammed, noting that Saturday and Sunday had been preempted by the Jews and the Christians, made Friday his own. Crawford, young Dyson and I spent it crawling around in sanddunes in a jeep looking for tells. Having toured and detoured and circled and gone back along our tracks we managed to cover half an inch on the map near Nippur! We know now a lot about what a jeep can not do in a sanddune--and also quite a few useful things about what, miraculously, it can do. We got stuck only once, really, and we got unstuck again under our own power. The tells--3 of them--proved to be Sassanian more or less so that was not overly exciting, but when you get into the spirit of it, hot and bothered in the sun, with no lunch except an orange and a cube of dates, you develop a marvelous stamina and speak fluently of "excellent negative results"--they weren't too bad either, really. There had to be Sassanian mounds somewhere in that region, so why not there?

Tomorrow I am expected to get up at six and get in on the early dig. In case you do not know: it can be done--even by me--and has been done quite regularly last week. It is cold, however, more so than a cold shower and it lasts longer. The sun gets up around seven, depending upon various factors such as my watch--which may be slow or fast. But it does not really get awake and settle down to work until ten o'clock. One unpleasant thing about early morning dig is that you cannot really get set to feel good and sorry for yourself because the poor workmen have been up even earlier--some of them have an hour or more to walk to the mound--and are conspicuously less warmly clad than you are. I have tried to persuade myself that they feel warm and cheerful because of this healthy and invigorating exercise, carrying

sacks of dirt from the dig to the railroad cars in the dump. But it does not work. Even without trying the exercise I know that it is but a fair illusion. So I shiver without even the comfort of self-pity.

The dig is nice! We are at the Early Dynastic Temple now. The walls of it are peeping up everywhere and that old tingling feeling that anything may be found now any moment is just around the corner: statues, golden calves--calfs? who is right?--or what have you? Anyway we are settling for no less than golden cows--there is a reassurance in size. You will love the Achaemenid necklace we found, one of the nicest I have seen, and even our turquoise blue Parthian "slipper-coffins." They are shaped exactly like a slipper, are made of glazed clay, and are decorated with rows of naked ladies distinguishable by their hairdos or lack of hairdos. The most impressive type looks like "Struvelpeter."

The edge of this page is moving up on me and in my description of Afak and the house I should have mentioned the fact that the house is owned--by squatter's right--by a red and more or less white cat that likes to sit on top of the tablet-oven. She is a very popular cat I gather, and the tablet oven is just outside my door. What I do not know about the vocal aspects of feline courtship by now is not worth knowing. Also we have a rooster that does not know that roosters should crow in the morning to greet the rising day. This one crows at night and all night. So everything considered I better snatch what sleep I can. Give my best to everybody in the office

Merry Christmas.

Yours,

Thorkild

Egyptian Headquarters

Luxor, Egypt
Tuesday, January 19, 1954

Dear People:

Oh I am happy to be here. It is a perfectly wonderful place, where I at once felt at home. Tuesday is market day, so all morning there was a stream of folk on the boulevard along the river, making such noise, shouting and presumably joking (Arabic like Italian can sound simultaneously cheerful and angry). It was difficult to make out just what they were taking to market - an occasional cow with tiny satellite calf would pass - and a few goats. But no large wagons full of easily identifiable cauliflower such as I saw so much of around Cairo. Later when the market was over I sat on the river bank and watched them go home. Silent now, and tired. The only noises the delicate pat pat of the donkeys' unshod hooves or an occasional wooden wheel. At the foot of the embankment, not a hundred yards from our landing stage, is where the dahabiyehs now must tie up and unload (it's just outside the city limits it seems). The mayor decreed that it was bad for tourism if all the produce boats tied up at the docks in the center of town (and therefore right in front of the hotels). So now the nest of incredible masts is very handily placed for those who want to sketch on the river front, and our gateman keeps watch over ladies like me to drive away beggars and bakshish hunters and the like. The dahabiyehs at the end of market day look empty and sad, though one of them, I noticed, was being loaded with large metal drums - gasoline? The sun was so warm on the river side yesterday that I sat and watched the passersby for an hour until it got too cold. There was no wind, and the boats were having a rough time getting upstream. Today there is a big wind from the north so they should be scurrying. The sun's warmth is going fast, and the natives are hurrying home to shelter. Their long robes look nice and warm, but they don't keep out the wind. Last night it was 44°F. and the night before 41. Full moon. The sun is the great furnace here and I am enjoying it to the full.

George Hughes took me first thing to call on Labib Bey Habishi, the local Inspector of Antiquities of the Luxor district. He is a gay and busy person who is the Hughes' best local friend. Egyptian civil service is not planned for delegation of authority so that Labib Bey has to supervise, sign and arrange everything himself. His life is one of constant interruption by a host of secretaries or assistants, and his only relief is to walk down the street to Chicago House to use the library, and stay for a peaceful cup of tea. He and George took me on a special sightseeing excursion to the Luxor temple, which is just about a half a mile from Chicago House - and a good temple to begin on because it is a simple one. George and Labib Bey had a big time reading inscriptions, as if they had never been there before, and I roamed about highly impressed with the great columns and pylons.

Wednesday, January 20, 1954

Luxor temple somehow gives an impression of greater majesty and soaring columns than Karnak - but perhaps only because it stands so free and open - uncluttered by the complicated courts and courts and sub-temples and super temples of Karnak. Luxor has its processional road lined with Sphinxes, its pylon with the four great statues of the King sitting in front, and then inside a great basilical hall with courts on either end. One can't make a triumphal entry through the pylon because built up against its inner face - and some 15 feet above the pavement level of the temple - is a little mosque complete with minaret. The whole temple had been covered with fifteen feet of the debris of 2,000 years of living, but the Dept. of Antiquities has been able to buy up and remove all the houses except five, and the mosque. There is a handsome new mosque to replace it nearby, but they still haven't moved the old one. Things like that move slowly in these countries, I expect. It is believed by the excavator Chevrier, that the avenue of Sphinxes originally ran all the way from Luxor temple to Karnak - the beginning and end of the avenue are evident, but the center mile or so is under 15 or 20 feet of town - so no one will know for sure. The Sphinxes are thought to be Ptolemaic - much, much later than the main building periods of Thebes. Near the Luxor temple just behind the Sphinx avenue is a tiny Roman shrine with a rather nice headless statue in it. Labib Bey hopes to reconstruct this little place - it's only about 8 feet square so that other sculpture that came from there can be safely returned to place. There is no museum here, so that treasures have to be removed out of sight altogether - or left in situ to disintegrate.

It is evident that one can explore these temples without being pestered by dragomen - but on the other hand they can mean little unless there's an Egyptologist handy to explain the details. Karnak is a temple one can visit purely for the aesthetic pleasure of lights and shadows, the processions of columns, the unexpected bits of color. Its very enormousness, both in square footage of sculpture, and in acreage, is a challenge to American eyes. The architectural rhythm is interesting - pylons are full stops, courts are full breathing spaces with noise and air, and the great columned halls are hushed and devious. They succeed each other in full solemnity, on all sorts of axes, one even leading off nearly a half mile to the side - toward a temple of Mut. Since this temple is a mortuary temple, the holy of holies is a small chamber which held the ceremonial Arc, or barque, on which the soul of the King would pass to the other world. On special occasions the priests took the Arc on excursions through the temple, sometimes even to other temples in the neighborhood. If you're going to have a parade you have to have something to parade in, and the temple was it. No wonder it had to be so grand and so complicated. More than one king is commemorated at Karnak - I can't remember who - and they all added something to the complex of the temple.

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Friday, January 22, 1954

Charles Nims escorted me through Karnak, via what he called the back door. The Khonsu temple which is part of the Karnak complex had a relief he needed to refer to so, with the aid of a ladder and fighting off some highly predatory bats called fruit bats - (about the size of hawks), - he investigated. Meanwhile I roamed about and found myself in a large stone yard - literally. The great open space (I don't know if it's called anything other than that) seems to be full of odd large pieces of inscribed building stone. And it has a Decauville RR running through it. On one side are stacks of white small stones, about twice the size of a loaf of bread. Prickly camel grass underfoot, and all bordered by either temple or a great fat mud brick wall. Here and there were little groups of men squatting over their tea I suppose - elevenses we call it in England. And against the famous Eubastite Portal, which the Oriental Institute will publish any minute now, was a wooden ramp leading off and up into the shadows and scaffolding of a pylon. The chugging of a little gasoline motor could be heard. I couldn't have been more mystified. It seems that the Department of Antiquities has gotten concerned about the safety of Karnak's second pylon, and is attempting to pull it down and rebuild it. Pylons are mighty thick structures at the base, maybe 40 to 50 feet thick, and tapering off to maybe 15 feet at the top. The outside casing is all carved and inscribed, but the inside is just miscellaneous stone, properly fitted, and solid except for the stairways and occasional guard rooms and galleries. In tearing down this pylon and another, M. Chevrier, the archeologist belonging to the Dept. of Antiquities, found that the fill of these pylons was cannibalized from earlier temples or shrines built by rulers who were despised by subsequent kings - mostly Akhnaton and Hatshepsut. In the third pylon Chevrier found almost all the pieces belonging to a handsome shrine of Hatshepsut, who, if you remember, was a lady king so disliked by her brother Thutmose III that when he succeeded to the throne he chiseled her name off every monument that bore it. Akhnaton was the king who tried to establish a monotheism, which failed to please the enormous priestly class, so that his temple structures were destroyed almost as soon as he was out of the picture. The second pylon is yielding large quantities of stones from an Akhnaton structure, as well as miscellaneous beautifully carved pieces of black basalt from another shrine of Hatshepsut, while the third pylon yielded almost every piece of a shrine built by Sesostris, which has been reconstructed within the Karnak precinct and is considered one of the great treasures of the Luxor region - largely because it is so well preserved, having spent some three thousand years snugly inside of an enormous pylon. I haven't seen it yet, but saw some photographs.

The stoneyard has all the courses carefully laid out, row by row so that the design won't get mixed up. The second pylon hasn't been entirely dismantled, and as we sat on top of the first pylon, getting a wonderful view of the whole precinct, we could watch the workmen prying out stones and rubble, and trying to move great blocks of stone with the same methods, no doubt, that their ancestors used. About ten of them pried and hauled on a large block, to move it onto some log rollers. They sang a song like the Volga Boatmen while they hoisted and pushed.

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The temple of Medinet Habu, in which the Oriental Institute has for many years been making facsimile copies of the reliefs and inscriptions, is on the opposite side of the Nile from Luxor town, and about a mile back from the river. It is the best preserved of the Pharaonic temples in Egypt, having served first as a mortuary temple for Ramses III (around 1175 B.C.). Later it was used as administrative headquarters for the whole Theban Necropolis, down to Ptolemaic times c. 300 B.C., so that it was kept in good repair, presumably. There was a Christian church built in one of the courtyards, which meant that some sculpture was defaced, and a whole row of 30 foot seated statues of Rameses were destroyed, but other reliefs along the retaining walls were merely plastered over, which preserved them better than ever. The thousand years and some odd years between the coming of Islam and the present saw some ten feet of rubbish accumulate all over the temple, which had to be dug out by the Oriental Institute in the thirties. Probably during that time the place was inhabited by peasants, as most of the other temples were, but the ceilings have not been blackened by smoke, as at Karnak, and the painted reliefs that decorate the ceilings and architraves look almost as bright and clear as they did three thousand years ago. The paint has, of course, fallen away from the lower parts of the walls where the rubbish had been, and the damp of the piled-up earth has in many places caused the stone to disintegrate, but it is remarkable how much of the original splendor of color can still be seen up high - beautiful colors, made even more brilliant by the white plaster background that covered so much of the area. The back (or innermost) part of the temple has suffered most, the stones removed to no one knows where. There is a horrible rumor that they were used to build the Luxor sugar factory.

Love from Margie (Margaret Bell)

Gelb

Luxor, Egypt
January 27, 1954

Egyptian Headquarters

Dear People:

The routine of life here is fairly simple. If we go to the temple -- and this is not necessary every day -- we draw in pencil in the morning -- or George and Charles collate, which means comparing the drawing to the sculpture and making corrections and noting omissions -- and in the afternoon we work at home, drawing with ink instead. The library is the work place and it is used occasionally by outsiders. As I write two unknown-to-me people are reading and taking notes there. One morning Douglas Champion and I went to the temple for a couple of hours, and then spent the last hour looking at four or five tombs nearby, where there are delectable wall paintings, many of which the Oriental Institute published in Ancient Egyptian Paintings. I find that I can't absorb very much sightseeing in one day, and these tombs, though beautiful, are thoroughly mixed up in my mind now. They're the kind of thing that one has to return to often, because there is so much subject matter to be aware of. What appeals to me most in all of Egyptian wall decoration is the "offering table" -- or still life one might call it. I think its pleasure derives from the fact that it is the one element where shapes and/or colors are massed -- considerably in contrast to the processional lines of human figures and animals. They are fairly formal piles of foodstuffs, painted in gay colors, presumably to demonstrate that the deceased was not niggardly in his offerings to the gods. The tombs we went into, and almost all the others in the neighborhood are tombs of nobles, not kings or queens. Some of the nobles have grander tombs than others, but in general there is a lightheartedness in the decoration of them -- and this is particularly evident in the painted scenes -- that contrasts somewhat with the stiffness of the king's temple sculpture. The king generally built himself a temple, so that the priests could continue to look after his spiritual welfare and do honor to the appropriate gods long after the king had died. The king's tomb, on the other hand, was only to hold his body, and the magic inscribed on its walls was especially potent and secret. The tomb was to be permanently sealed, and only the gods to be aware of its messages.

January 28, 1954

My little dissertation on tombs of the nobles is probably full of mistakes, although I did check a bit. It seems that up to the 19th dynasty they were simple tombs, memorials that surmounted a deep-dug burial place. Later they got fancier and fancier, involving temples, and all the magic formulae inscribed on the walls which previously had been the prerogatives of kings. Sculptured tombs versus painted tombs apparently means nothing other than personal preference or the availability of sufficiently gifted sculptors.

One noble's tomb, that of Ramose, is remarkable in two ways. One because it is large enough to contain, underground, a temple of sorts, which stands at the mouth of the deeply sunk chamber where the sarcophagus once was. The other way it is remarkable is that it shows a very clear transition between two artistic styles. It was started early in the reign of Akhnaton (approximately 1375 B.C.), before he moved the court to Tell El-Amarna, and before Akhnaton really got his monotheistic sunworshipping new religion properly established. As the new style, so-called naturalistic, which resulted from the King's revolutionary ideas, became popular, or if not popular at least de rigueur, Ramose caused his sculptors to change their tune and incorporate the new style with the old. So one side of a doorway shows the old style and the old God Amon, and the other side was started to show Aton the sun god, and the new style. The tomb decorations were not finished because the court was moved to Amarna. It interested me particularly to study the unfinished reliefs because all the stages of composition were visible -- the grid lines whereby the design was transferred from paper (?) and enlarged, the rough sketching for placement done in red paint, the firm and true corrections by the master artist done in black (guide lines for the sculptors), and the first cutting back of the background stone to form the shallow relief. The tomb is cut in what is commonly called the living rock, but I prefer the expression of my Cairo dragoman who referred to it as the "national rock", the word natural being an impossibility for him. This rock is a cream colored limestone, apparently without flaws, which can be carved with the uttermost delicacy. Sometimes it has the gloss of ivory, when it is not painted -- many reliefs are painted, including some in this tomb -- but I think I like them best uncolored. Ramose's tomb has a little bit of everything, including adequate light to see it by, since the temple part, or pillared hall needed a new roof when the tomb was excavated and so it now has a skylight. Often the single shaft of light that comes from the door of a tomb provides the best light for seeing the sculptures in corridors -- even a long way back, because the edges of the shallow relief pick up the light, making the relief even more effective than it would be if there were lots of light.

January 31, 1954

This is the Motion Picture Year in Luxor. Three movie companies have made films here. MGM nearly two years ago sent one its directors, a very charming fellow named Robert Pirosh, to the Oriental Institute to see what background material and film strips were available in the States for a projected film on Egypt. Mr. Pirosh was wisely wary of a historical picture, but he thought a melodrama with an archeological subject filmed in the Valley of the Kings would be a successful starting place. He looked at all the unused shots taken for the Oriental Institute film called the Human Adventure, and he picked the brains of our beloved Dr. Harold Nelson, formerly field director at Luxor (whose recent death has saddened so many of his friends both here and at home), of all the lore and superstition and fantasy and fact that it was possible to do. Well, lo and behold, Mr. Pirosh turned up here with a complete outlay of stars and cameramen and so on and made his picture this fall. I believe it's to be called The Valley of the Kings, and its star is that well-known archeologist Robert Taylor.

And Twentieth Century Fox is here right now, filming The Egyptian, a novel by Waltari. This is a historical picture, placed I think in the 18th dynasty or 19th, anyhow around the time of Akhnaton, the monotheist. I've heard lurid reports of a chariot race across the escarpment at the head of the Valley of the Kings, and we have seen the mock-up of the Barque of Amon tied up outside the Winter Palace Hotel, where the cast resides. The Barque of Amon is a holy of holies, a ceremonial boat, used in funerary worship, in which the deceased would travel to the other world, and representing the journey of the sun around the sky by day and under the earth by night. Anyhow the boat the movie people made has no relationship whatsoever with the sculptures I've seen. George looked a little dumbfounded and considerably amused when he saw it, doubtless for the same reason. Too bad they didn't try to imitate the sculpture more because those barques are very handsome, with heads of beasts at either end. The other day two "Fulbright" ladies, up from Cairo for the week-end, were intercepted on the dance floor of the Winter Palace and asked if they would like to be extras, dancing girls, in the scenes planned for the next day. I was told that the ladies were flattered but refused. Otherwise the only evidence I've seen of this film project is a very classy and chromium trimmed station-wagon which is kept on the west side of the river (there is no bridge across the Nile nearer than 50 miles) to ferry the cast and staff back and forth.

4

February 2, 1954

Today Myrtle Nims and I walked into the Luxor market, mostly just to see what was being offered for sale. The sellers squat on the ground with their little display spread out in front of them on a mat. Mint in moist and sweet smelling bunches seemed to be the product nearest the main gate. Apparently it is understood that products of a like nature are sold in a certain spot, because the 15 mint sellers were together, and the 125 onion sellers and so on. No one appears to have more than a basket-full to sell. Rather pleasant looking mats woven of grass, a faded greenish color. Round baskets of grass, with lids. Crude pottery for cooking and for using on waterwheels, unglazed and low fired. Knitted and crocheted beanies in interesting designs and colors are made from undyed sheep wool and camel hair yarn-- these beanies are worn by the men under their headwrappings or turbans. Various little household utensils made from old gasoline tins. Flutes of bamboo. Wooden clogs. These are the major products of local crafts. There are the usual trinket sellers, and some little booths where machine made yard goods can be bought. There are a great number of shoe repairmen, who are working on the most tattered shoes you can imagine. The women generally are selling their poultry or squab or vegetables. I saw no eggs, milk or butter. Perhaps it's just as well. The livestock market is in a separate compound next door -- we did not go into it. But there were lots of sheep, goats, cows, in evidence, as well as a few camels towering over the crowd. Everyone was very much aware of our presence, but no one bothered us at all. Two odd bits of information emerged. Carrots sown from homegrown seed are radish purple and small after a few seasons. And lentils here are bright orange. Brown sugar is sold in hard cone-shaped cakes the size of an icecream cone. And the contents of the mysterious baskets carried on the heads of most of the women is poultry. I'm so glad to finally know the answer.

February 3 and 4, 1954

I feel moved to write about the Library of Chicago House, since I put in a couple of hours' labor this morning on a library project. One of the indirect results of the Epigraphic Survey is the building up of several useful "tools" for Egyptologists. The most obvious tool to emerge is a dictionary. The usual practice in building a dictionary of this kind is to copy by hand units of inscription from the completed collated drawings. Then by means of blueprints as many copies of the unit as there are different words in the unit can be made. Each word is declined, transliterated and translated and then the sheet is filed away. Pretty soon you have 150 samples of what you thought was "cow", complete with context, and with study you find that 130 of them were rightly "cow" but the other 20 were probably "heifer". Words like "great" and verbs like "to do" have infinite variations which emerge from a packet of these cards. There's no end to making them -- it makes one wonder how a dictionary ever gets written and published at all. The dictionary here is made only from the temples of Karnak and Medinet Habu. Even so it fills something like 18 drawers of a file cabinet.

Another "tool" to emerge in the same way is known as the paleography. This is a study of all the forms which a hieroglyph can take. From dynasty to dynasty there is considerable variation in the style of the hieroglyph, and of course there is

variation from sculptor to sculptor, too. By cutting out a little drawing from the blueprint, and pasting it on a card, one can quickly build up a useful file. It is especially valuable for restoration of doubtful inscriptions, because all the little variants of a particular shape can be easily studied.

Dr. Nelson was working on a third "tool" before he died, one that was characteristic of his interest in all sorts of things. He called it an Archeological Index, and in it he was collecting all the variants in shapes of dress, armor and weapons, horsegear, ornament, marine equipment, household wares, everything of daily life that can change with fashion or with the introduction of new materials. Such a collection would have endless fascination, especially if one were able to trace the changes in, say, a horse's bridle through the centuries of Egyptian civilization. This index is also restricted to the evidence offered by the temples of Karnak and Medinet Habu. It is at present in Chicago, where Dr. Nelson was working, but meanwhile George Hughes and Charles Nims have been collecting material for it, and they hope to continue building it up until all the collation on the two temples is completed -- which is in the distant future.

The library proper is a fine collection of Egyptological works, indispensable here where the only comparable library is in the Cairo Museums, and hard to get at both geographically and curatorially. There are some 8000 volumes ranging from the reports of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt to the latest 1953 report on excavations at Giza. The Napoleon volumes are very impressive, considering that they were published in 1820 and were the first of any kind that attempted a real survey of the monuments visible at that time. We compared some of the old engravings with some of our Medinet Habu drawings, and found that the French artists were very much aware of the drama of the sculpture, but they clearly hadn't the time to get all the detail in. Actually the engravings must have been made from sketches, and the engravers I'm sure did some "improving" too. A map of the 1820s shows a much smaller Luxor town than now exists, and it marks the avenue of sphinxes which ran between Luxor temple and Karnak. This avenue has been covered by dwellings since then, and only the ends at each temple are visible now. Napoleon's men saw the temples when they were still full of the deep debris that has since been removed. Even so they were impressed by the monuments of Thebes. And who wouldn't be?

Love --

Margie (Margaret Bell)

[The following letters have come in from Baghdad during the last few weeks. One is from Dr. Donald E. McCown, Field Director of our excavations at Nippur. The other is from the itinerant Miss Margaret Bell, the scene of whose peregrinations has now shifted from Luxor to Baghdad.]

Afak
February, 1954

Dear Friends:

Spring is almost here, the air still cool but the sun warm and strong, as we approach the end of our season at Nippur. When we are finished, it will be warm, windy and dusty and by the beginning of April, when we are ready to start homeward, the hot breath of summer will already be upon the land.

The last news you had of us was around Christmas time and much has happened since then. We finally cleared away all the late houses overlying the area of the North Temple and were in remains dating from just after the middle of the third millenium. The highest of these early levels were fragmentary and puzzling, but by mid-January the third level was sufficiently exposed so we could judge its character.

In one way what we had was disappointing. Instead of a large temple or temple complex, the excavation area was filled with private houses surrounding the temple. We had found no large temple complex, but we had a fine temple in its natural environment for this time, the houses of the people who lived in this district of Nippur.

The name of the district very likely was Durtulsa, known from later texts as one of the city quarters in the region of the Religious Quarter. It was a narrow strip of houses, clustered around the temple of the quarter, with the Euphrates fairly close to it on the north. To its east lay fields. These also extended to the south where they were interrupted by the Idsalla canal which watered the farm lands of two other quarters of the city as well, Duranki lying just west of the present ziggurat, while Nippur was probably the name of the quarter east of the ziggurat. For later peoples around the beginning of the second millenium this was the locale for events in the lives of their gods recounted in mythical tales.

We still have not discovered which god was believed to live in and was worshipped at our North Temple, the temple of the quarter of Durtulsa. We hope to resolve this

mystery as we dig down to the earliest levels at this spot. So far we know three successive temples, of the Akkadian, late and Middle Early Dynastic periods, and there are at least three or four more lower down which we will excavate before the end of the season. By the latter part of the third millenium during the Third Dynasty of Ur, we know that the whole quarter was considered holy. Not just the North Temple but the whole quarter with its houses had been converted into a platform faced by a niched, baked brick wall. What lay on top of this platform will remain unknown, for structures of that period have weathered away. All we have are drains and a well penetrating far below, where the Third Dynasty of Ur buildings must have been. This was not the end of the history of this area, for its character as a sacred region was retained down close to the end of the second millenium, when in the latter part of the Kassite period the platform was refaced.

So much for the interesting history of this spot. What remains for us to do now is to trace the history of the temple back to its founding doubtless around the beginning of the third millenium, to see what it contains in these earlier levels, and -- if luck is with us -- to learn the identity of the god who was revered here over such a long span of time. Of this I hope to write you at the end of our excavations next month.

Cordially yours,

Donald E. McCown

Baghdad
February, 1954

Dear Friends:

The air trip from Cairo to Baghdad was without incident. It was cloudy most of the way. We could see the Mediterranean as we flew up along the coast of Palestine, and as we turned inland to fly over the Lebanons we had glimpses of the vine terraces on the mountainsides that looked most fascinating. We came down at Damascus, where we dropped most of our passengers, and then went up into the clouds once more. Two and a half hours later we dropped low enough to see the Euphrates, brown and meandering. Presently the Tigris came in sight, and there I was, at Baghdad. I like Baghdad in spite of the mises of its busy streets. Don McCown, field director of the Nippur dig, came to take me to call on Dr. Najj al-Asil, Director of Antiquities. He wasn't there when we arrived, so we waited in two offices that opened on the street and were so noisy that we almost had to shout. I presently had a nice interview with Najj Beg, who is a small calm man and works in a large quiet office. And he gave me what they call sour tea -- served in a small glass, very sweet, with lemon juice in it. I spent about an hour and a half in the Museum. The fullest exhibits of finds come from Khorsabad, the Diyala sites and from Ur. I was especially interested in comparing the Ur jewelry with the imitations I had made in brass for my little exhibit in the Oriental Institute. The Sumerian sculpture from the Diyala sites is the same as ours at the Oriental Institute, and we have had the advantage of better display equipment. The most beautiful items here are the gold helmet of Ur and the bronze head of a helmeted warrior, whose provenance I have already forgotten, but it's from about the same period.

The Department of Antiquities is at present conducting two excavations, one in the Islamic site of Kufa, and one at Hatra, one of Dr. Kraeling's cities of the later near east which is between Baghdad and Mossul. The installation of the finds from Hatra has been done with considerable dash -- four small niches lit from within and painted rosy red provide a fine background for small Roman statuary -- or rather I should say provincial Roman, because it is certainly not sophisticated sculpture. But it is all the more delightful to my mind. One large Sumerian statue, found last season at Nippur, dominates the new acquisitions room.

I asked what other expeditions were at work in Iraq and was told it was a very light year on the whole. A German group is digging at Warka, and we at Nippur and the Department at Kufa -- that's all. Najj Beg said that a Japanese University of Osaka expedition was interested in excavating here, and I think it pleased him to think that the representatives of so different and so ancient a culture should want to explore Iraq.

Next Day

Today was a sightseeing day and very pleasant. Dr. Faisal el-Wailly, who was a student at the Oriental Institute for five years until this last summer, is now teaching at the University here, and also serving in the Department of Antiquities. He and his American wife very kindly consented to take me sightseeing. Faisal comes from a strong Muslim family, so his acquaintance with Muslim customs and history is wider than that of our archeologists. We went to a mosque called Kathmiya,

which is just exactly the way a mosque ought to look. This mosque is of the Shia Sect and whether or not this makes any difference to the artistic style I was not able to discover. But because it holds the tomb of the leading "saint" of the sect, it is particularly revered, and also particularly elegant. A self-appointed guide said it was 900 years old, but I think Faisal doubted that. We were not permitted to enter without wearing the black veil of the women, so we could only look in the courtyard that surrounds the mosque, and which is a meeting place for the whole community -- actually this mosque is in a suburb of Baghdad. Anyhow the outside gates were just gorgeous, being decorated with colored tiles with ornate flower patterns looking more 18th Century French than Islamic. And through the gate we could see the exterior wall of the mosque-tomb, even more gorgeously arrayed. The effect is very lively since the tiles have white backgrounds with red, blue and green flowers and ornament. The doors of the mosque inside were equally flowered, and in addition there was ornament of mirrored glass, framing the actual door like a great icy series of stalactites (or mites). The glass was laid out in squinch form (q.v.) which is a characteristic feature of near eastern architecture -- one of the ways of making the transition from rectangular walls to round dome -- or a way to ornament the pointed arch. The domes of this mosque are all gold -- gold leaf it is said, but I should guess gold leaf fused into tile would be more like it.

Alongside this mosque is a souk, covered over with corrugated iron roofing, so it is dark and pleasantly mysterious. All sorts of goods were on sale, and in a way it was no different from the ordinary street except that it was a little more concentrated. There were nice smells of fruit and spices and cooking food, and the tiny shops sold shoes and socks and yard goods just like anywhere. We walked through one narrow street with wonderful tiny balconies overhanging it.

We dropped in briefly at the mausoleum for the king's family -- Feisal I, II, and their various mothers and relatives -- three domed rooms connected by breezeways through small simple gardens, built of the local burned brick, a pleasant yellow. No ornament at all, other than the pattern the brick made in the dome. It was a very impressive building by its very simplicity.

The Department of Antiquities is engaged in restoring a very interesting building on the edge of the river known as the Mustansiriyah (1234 A.D.). It is a mosque cum college, the mosque part being very tiny. The building was all brick, ornamented with carved plaster, or with tile that is like carved plaster. No visible color. There is a large open courtyard with a kind of 2-storied cloistered look on the long side. An Ottoman ruler added a little bit to it -- lengthened the handsome inscription from the Koran which decorates the river front and which is made of the same buff colored burned brick -- molded raised letters made before the brick was set in place.

For some years, starting no one knows when, the building gradually fell into disuse, until it was simply used for storage, and a souk spread into it. The yearly floods filled the brick with damp and salts, and weakened the lower courses of the walls most dangerously while smoke blackened ceilings of ornamental plaster-work, and roof leaks made salts come out there, too. The Turks also plastered over some fancy ceilings, perhaps in an effort to preserve them from further chipping. Anyhow the building was in a perilous state when the Department of Antiquities took it over in 1945. Almost all the brick in the lower courses has had to be replaced, and all the arches and cloisters strengthened. Where the ornamental tiles are still whole, they

are left in place, and new casts made from molds have restored the lacy surfaces. It is a really tasteful job of restoration -- nearing completion -- and it will certainly be an attractive place. Some of the classes of the faculté des arts meet in the restored rooms -- both Fuad Sofar and El-Wailly teach archeology there.

The rain of Saturday has swollen the Tigris so that it has raised about 3 feet over night. Its flood peak is in May, when the snows in the Turkish mountains add so much water to the river already loaded by the earlier melting snows of the Iraqi mountains that are drained by a number of tributaries feeding the Tigris. If the spring comes too fast there is a general inundation of all the lower half of the country -- occasionally even spilling into Baghdad and making streets and gardens a mess for a week or two. The normal inundation can be controlled by canals and dykes, and its only menace is that the floods can come before the end of the growing season, differently from Egypt. Here winters are colder, so planting time is January and February and harvest is April and May and even June -- just when the waters are highest. Egypt can have two crops, one planted in October and ripening in January and a second planted now and ripening in the early summer before the high waters come in August. There is far more arable land here than in Egypt.

February 25

What a day yesterday was! The expedition car called for me at the hotel at 7:30 and we started off to drive down to Afak, which is about 150 miles south west of Baghdad, and with good conditions about a 6 hour drive. However, good conditions did not prevail, since there had been two days of rain on Friday and Saturday. The road became bad and bumpy even inside of Baghdad, but one soon gets used to bumps and is very brave. The contrast of the countryside to what I was used to in Egypt was amazing -- there seems to be no limit to this land, which is flat, flat, flat, and arable everywhere where water can be brought. Villages are low, tent settlements almost equally invisible, and so only mounds and palm groves are seen to break the plain. The soil here is a more agreeable color than Egypt's, a light pinky beige, while Egypt's is really mud color. The crops are just beginning to show green, so I couldn't identify anything except for a grass-like stuff, which will probably turn out to be wheat. Inside walled enclosures the palm groves shared their water with fruit trees, apricots and peaches, all now in bloom and very beautiful and delicate against the coarse palm leaves. The few villages we went through were built along major irrigation canals, and had their groves of palms around them. The rains had laid the dust temporarily, but I could imagine how dense it could be where the main road passed down the main street of the village. The houses are usually set back fifty feet or so from the road and the area in front filled with children and dogs, or with wooden benches, usually painted light blue, on which the men sit, seemingly all day, in the sun outside the coffee shops. The little family groups of women and children tending goats, squatting by the roadside or by patches of fodder that is so characteristic of Egyptian farm living, is completely absent here -- probably plenty of food is available so they can graze larger flocks. There are many flocks of sheep visible, tended by 2 children, a couple of dogs who are apparently more companions than herders, and a couple of donkeys, for rounding up strays. Flocks of camels a-plenty -- wonderful silly beasts about twice the size of the Egyptian camels, and a rather unpleasant brown color.

The road was incredibly rough but hard for about fifty miles. But then trouble came. Because the roads are not built on dykes, they have no drainage from rainstorms, and large puddles -- nay lakes can form, which will only dry out by evaporation. The fine mud is very slippery, and with the churning of wheels of cars and busses that can manage to get through them, the bottoms of the puddles get slurprier and slurprier. Generally the puddles were not too difficult for the four wheel drive jeep to pass -- but oops, in one the wheels went into a hole where a previous vehicle had gotten jammed, and there we were stuck. The driver waded about trying to dig us out and spinning the wheels so we just went deeper. I took off my shoes and stockings and waded to dry land with a book to read and an orange to eat, and we waited. After about three quarters of an hour the road mending crew that we had passed a way back caught up to us, and the men tried to push the jeep by hand. No go. But lo, a fine pulsating sound of a heavy vehicle was heard and the road scraper hove in sight. With just a touch from him, and we were on our way. We would pass busses (which are really large Chevrolet trucks with wooden station wagon type bodies built on them) coming in the opposite direction, so we knew that we would probably be able to get through -- with luck. After an hour or so, however, another disaster -- this time in a puddle so deep that the water came into the engine. This was hopeless, as we couldn't even start the engine -- the battery was low anyhow -- so I again waded to shore and settled down. It was 12:30, so we ate some sandwiches and resigned ourselves. The driver speaks a little English but not enough for conversation! Peasants passed by on foot, women drove sheep and donkeys, the two children tending a flock of sheep nearby came and stared and stared. It was windy, so I tried to find shelter behind a low palm tree, which gave the shelter but which was too close to the edge of the puddle for real sitting comfort. Anyhow the day was beautiful and the sun warm, and I didn't worry about getting out -- not for a while, at least. Two R.R. trains went by, in good sight and I wished I had been on the train.

Occasional groups of laborers would walk by, discuss the affair, leave their spades and their cloaks on a palm tree and wade out to try to push the car. No luck. A police official appeared presently and with much palaver succeeded in assembling a third batch of laborers to try to push the car. At that moment another car -- a Ford V8, convertible sedan, containing about 10 passengers, splashed by, and one of the big rickety busses. No one could push by car because it was too deep -- actually knee deep. I think it took about 12 men, chanting a cheering song, and rocking the car up and down, to get it unstuck. With cheers and smiles and no backsheesh at all! So after 2 hours we were off again. We had only 2 more puddles to negotiate before we got to dry road again -- and in one of them the Ford got stuck. We pushed him out successfully and with a great wave of relief on my part were on our way again. I'd had visions of bedding down in the back seat of the station wagon for the night. We were still nearly three hours from Afak -- and it was 2:30 in the afternoon.

Perhaps that part of the road was extra wet because it runs along the main large irrigation canal of this region -- a good wide full canal. Once that road left its side, all was dry and hard -- but bumpy, oh my! With great enthusiasm I greeted the town of Diwanieh, a provincial town, obviously the district center. The same attractive balconies -- or rather overhanging second stories, in wood in patterns -- giving rather the same effect as the old English half timbered buildings do. Minas bought me a Pepsi Cola, and we got some gas, and struck off across the howling wilderness to Afak. There is very little cultivation in that 20 mile stretch, but

there could be -- it's mostly grazing land for camels and sheep -- but not real desert. In the distance presently we could see the mound of Nippur, and the palm groves of Afak. Soon welcoming servants unloaded the car, and I walked in to the Oriental Institute headquarters in Iraq.

The house faces on the canal, part of the usual row of housefront -- one story high in front, and two in back. Built of yellow burned brick with beams in the front room that are probably railroad rails. There is an attractive little shallow barrel vault of brick between each beam. Brick floors, and all the necessary furniture for dining and sitting in the front room. Behind it is the "museum" and work room -- facing onto the court which is washup place as well as passage. There is nothing elegant or convenient here at all, but it is surprisingly comfortable.

Irene Haines greeted me, with 2 children, Carleton and Alice, 9 and 11 respectively. Later Vaughn Crawford, of Yale University, showed up and Carl Haines, expedition architect, and Thorkild Jacobson. Don McCown stayed in Baghdad with his wife who was not feeling well. It was good to settle in for a gossip with old friends over a cup of tea, and to get introduced to my new home for a week. I'm settled in a room in the Haines' house which is on the other side of the canal. There is pure water here now, and electric light, and warmth from kerosene stoves. Grass mats on the floors, chests of drawers for clothes, and hot water available on one's own stove or ready on the primus in the morning. Camp beds with air mattresses and sleeping bags are very comfortable for me, and my first quiet, quiet night was good.

February 26

There was a feeling amongst the powers that be here that I should be broken in gently to life at Afak, so Irene Haines and I just had girl talk in the morning, and roamed about the village, looking at the souk and "dressmakers row", where sewing machines are busy making clothes, each sewer, always a man, in his own little shop. Nothing but knitted goods, underwear and socks is available readymade. There was a yarn shop where the very coarse yarn was dyed and made ready for home weaving of rugs. The local rugs are exceedingly gaudy in color, featuring orange and red and blue and green. The earth colors are naturally not so much appreciated by the people who live too close to the earth anyhow. What they want is the brightest possible contrast.

Vaughan Crawford was taking a photograph of an oven, on the banks of the canal, where only a few days ago he had seen some men repairing a boat by applying melted bitumen for caulking. This oven is really more like a built-in melting pot than an oven. There is a shallow mud-brick basin, about 2 feet by 3, heated from a firebox beneath. It is exactly the same as one found at Nippur, built some four thousand years earlier. Bitumen was the universal glue -- it was used as mortar, as waterproofing, caulking for mending broken sculpture, and anything else one can think of. It's fine black substance has kept its identity well through the years of burial.

In the afternoon Carl Haines and Thorkild took me the bumpy six miles in the truck (the jeep and the station-wagon being temporarily out of commission) out to the mound of Nippur. It is beautiful -- I was surprised at how much grandeur can remain in such a pile of rubble. The great mound that was the Ziggurat dominates the scene because its height, though not great in feet, is so enormous in comparison to the

dead-flat countryside. No wonder the Sumerians built mountains for their gods to live in. I won't attempt to describe the excavations because every one knows what they look like in general. A photograph can never show the delicate variations of color that can give dimension and life to an excavation. And nothing can describe adequately the sounds -- the busy delicate thudding of the picks, the quiet conversations, the whisper of the constantly blowing sand, and the occasional 20th century rumble of the U. of C. and McK railway cars in which the debris is dumped.

With the usual encouraging statement "you should have seen it yesterday" we proceeded to explanations. But at first view I couldn't make any sense out of the walls and doors and floors, so I just settled down to watch one or two pickmen hacking away, while Carl and Thorkild tried to figure out some odd architectural feature of the North Temple which seemed to be baffling. The pickmen were all destroying level 8, which had been completely mapped and studied, and were feeling their way down to a new level -- which in some cases meant they were finding a floor about 10 inches lower than the one they had already cleared. Often the pickman starts in the middle of a room to search for the new floor, which he discovers more by feel and by the way the chunks of mud break away than by any change in color or texture. Once he is satisfied with the new level, he works carefully toward a known wall, to see if the lower level of wall will be in the same position as the already exposed one. In many cases the walls are found easily where they are expected to be, and then the pickman moves along the wall to the corner. I imagine the sound that the pick makes as it strikes the mud is as important a guide to the experienced man as the look of the chunk as it falls away. Carl and Thorkild held much palaver about the way a wall and a door lintel were meeting. There is constant uncertainty about architectural features. "If we can make sense out of this, it will be very amusing", says Thorkild. There's no altar yet, and there should be. But one can't know until a whole new layer is peeled off.

They are moving down so fast in the North Temple that Carl is as busy as the well known one armed paper hanger keeping the mapping up to the pace of the digging. Normally a whole area is cleared down to a certain level and then every one gets out while the architect maps. Carl is so speedy that he can map a room at a time, even while the pickmen are starting down to the new level. Any miserable spoiled domestic architect at home should see what a field architect has to contend with -- not only a multitude of walls to map -- but floors on different levels, and the very bricks as they are laid in the floors and walls -- every find of size must be pinpointed on the plan -- both horizontally and vertically, and drains traced. And to make things worse, occasionally there is a burial of a later period that cuts down through the evidence of earlier days, and really bolixes things all up!

Shop talk at night gets very mystifying to me, but no one seems surprised at that.

It rained again a bit last night, and the trip home on the slippery mud was not much different from walking on ice. Luckily Thorkild had an extra pair of rubbers, so that I could take off my shoes and paddle home in Donald Duck flappy feet. The wind has shifted to the north, and the air is cold again. The sand blowing at the dig has discouraged me from going out there again today so I am improving the happy hour by typing the list of tablets found in 1949-50, with tiny descriptions of them, to be ready for "the Division" (which means the divvying-up) which Thorkild will supervise when the dig closes down in two weeks time. There are 700 odd tablets

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found in 49-50 and 900 odd in 51-52, so you can see I have a long way to go yet before the list is complete. This kind of hack work is just what an expedition always lacks, especially at the tail end of the season.

Irene has started to pack up pots and sherds to send to Baghdad for the division, and Vaughn is numbering the last batch of tablets before it gets too late. There is no time to assess any of the finds while one is on the dig. Finds can only be quickly registered and described, potsherds sorted only enough to find out which ones will be valuable for study later, and which are well known for type and so on. I have no notion of what you learn from potsherd, but learn you do. Don McCown, the field director is the potsherd expert here, while Thorkild of course supervises the tablets.

I'm hoping to get a chance to sketch a bit at the mound. When I look over my sketch book now, I see that it is very feeble indeed. Fun while it was happening, but surely not to be published.

Time to go to bed now. All well.

Love,

Margie (Margaret Bell)

[Members may be interested in reading also the following letter from Mrs. Kraeling which has just come to hand. Mrs. Kraeling, off on a cruise of the eastern Mediterranean, has just been introducing the members of the cruise party and other Chicago friends met at Cairo to the work and the archeological context of Chicago House at Luxor.]

March 4, 1954

Dear Friends:

Greetings from Chicago House at Luxor, base of Oriental Institute operations in Egypt. To be here is like coming home and seeing old friends again, but this time it took me a bit longer to get here than usual.

I left Chicago on January 26, New York on February 10 and arrived at Rome on February 20, traveling across the Atlantic on the SS Constitution. It was cold in Rome this spring, but with so many friends from the American Academy there to fall back on I did not lack opportunities for getting around. We visited several of the interesting hillside towns north and west of Rome, with me never ceasing to wonder how the houses manage to stay on their foundations and keep from sliding down into the valleys, and also had a delightful trip up the west coast to the ancient Etruscan and Republican Roman city of Cosa. The Academy has been excavating there for some years and the old Roman walls, the forum with its basilica and an old temple gave at least some idea of what Rome was like in its earlier days. Here on the coast the ground was covered with spring flowers while up in the hills snow was still in evidence.

When the Odyssey Cruise party arrived by plane from New York I joined up with them and we flew to Cairo arriving there in the early hours of February 28, in time to see the sun rise over the flat sandy plains east of the airport. Though the city was in turmoil when we arrived, there were no unpleasant incidents and surprisingly much of life went on as usual. Old Cairo was much the same, the Muski where one invariably makes so many wrong turns, crowded with people, the women with their blue gowns and veils, their ornaments of silver on their headdress and their bracelets, earrings and anklets and the henna marks on their faces colorful as ever. We did the usual sight-seeing at the Museum and the Pyramids and made a trip to Sakkarah to see Zachariah Gonem's excavations at the new step pyramid base, about which you have been reading in the papers, and then took the night train down here to Luxor.

Again our arrival was a sunrise affair but within a few hours we were ready for our first day of sight-seeing, Luxor Temple came first and then in the afternoon, with Drs. Hughes and Nims to interpret, the magnificent ruins of the Karnak Temple, with its avenue of rams, its pylons, its great hypostyle hall, the Temple of Mut and the Sacred Lake. Chicago House had arranged a tea for the cruise party of 26 and refreshing it was indeed in such hospitable surroundings to rest and relax after the hours of dusty walking and sightseeing.

Our second and third days at Luxor were given over to more ambitious trips. One was devoted to a visit to the Valley of the Kings (morning) and to the Medinet Habu

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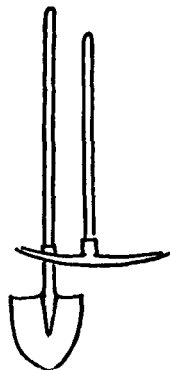
Temple (afternoon) where again Drs. Hughes and Nims proved incomparable interpreters and exhibited the work of the Oriental Institute. The other was taken up by a visit to Denderah and its famous Hathor Temple, still so well preserved that one can go up to the top and look over the complex and the countryside. Tomorrow we leave at 7 a.m. for Assuan by train and while I look forward to seeing the up-river sights again, it is in a way sad to have to leave the pleasant surroundings of Chicago House, where life is so purposeful and so many important things are being accomplished, and sahibs and servants alike are so kind.

Before I close may I add the greetings also of those friends currently staying at Chicago House itself, Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Dr. and Mrs. George Cheever Shattuck of Brookline, Massachusetts, Mrs. Dillingham from Hawaii, not to forget Mr. and Mrs. Will Donaldson of Hollywood, who came over from the hotel to join us.

Sincerely yours,

Elsie D. Kraeling

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1155 E. 58TH STREET CHICAGO, IL 60637



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Since many of you will visit the Treasures of Tutankhamun Exhibit this summer, you may want to know the admission procedures in advance. The special entrance procedure for members of the Oriental Institute and other general information are outlined below.

When visiting the Tutankhamun exhibit, you should present your membership card at the entrance and at the Tutankhamun information booth in Stanley Field Hall. (Additional identification may be requested by the attendants.) You will receive members' tickets for you and your immediate family and may proceed to the Exhibit to be admitted, without delay, with the group then entering the exhibition.

If your friends would like to take advantage of this priority admission to the Exhibit, they can do so by applying for membership in the Oriental Institute either by sending \$15.00 to the Membership Secretary or by visiting the Membership Office in person.

The general public follow another procedure. Visitors entering Field Museum proceed to the Stanley Field Tutankhamun booth where each receives a prenumbered ticket. Eighteen television monitors have been placed around Field Museum to flash the numbers of those who will be admitted next to the exhibit. In this way visitors may view other exhibits, dine, or do as they wish until their number is flashed on the monitors.

In addition, volunteers are manning special information telephones seven days a week from 9:00 A.M. until 5:00 P.M. The number is 922-9510. This number is Tutankhamun Exhibit Information. Since members do not wait for entry, it is not necessary to call regarding the waiting period.

Until the Treasures of Tutankhamun closes on August 15, Field Museum will be open as follows:

Monday-Wednesday 9:00 A.M. - 6:00 P.M.

Thursday-Sunday 9:00 A.M. - 9:00 P.M.

The Field Museum cafeteria is open until 3:00 P.M. on Mondays through Wednesdays and until 8:00 P.M. on Thursdays through Sundays.

DIRECTOR'S LIBRARY
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NEWSLETTER FROM LUXOR, EGYPT

April 13, 1954

Dear Friends:

This field director is the despair of the home office, for he manages to put together only one newsletter a season. Probably only the ladies who must type, mimeograph and address them appreciate his strong silence. But what if he wrote two dull letters a season? Would that be better?

The death of Dr. Nelson marked the end of a generation, so to speak, in the life of Chicago House. He had planned to come out with us again this year, but mercifully perhaps he had to cancel reservations owing to a temporary illness in August. We were as disappointed as he was at the time. Our last sight of him was on the platform of Englewood Station where he had come to bid us goodbye and to send his love to this place where he liked to be beyond all others. When the news of his death came there was many a tear-filled eye among the Egyptian workmen who grieved for the good man who had been "father" to most of them for more than twenty years. The mudir is gone and we miss him -- his hearty lift to the life of the household, his stories of the years past, his wide knowledge of the Theban temples and his willing counsel on problems of the expedition. As a former director on the scene he had often been a help when needed, yet severely aloof from interfering.

After an all too brief six months, summer is upon us again. It was a long cold winter as winters go here, but not quite as exceptionally cold as last summer was hot, we are told. Speaking of the weather reminds me that we commonly wonder why travel agencies, cruise companies and individuals seem to leave Egypt off their schedules in the delightful months of November, December and January and concentrate visits in late February and March. When I see tourists dragging themselves into Medinet Habu in mid-afternoon of a hot, windy March day, switching flies and wiping brows, I wonder why they don't go home and sue somebody. Perhaps it is all due to the upside-downness of the country in the minds of people who are confused by "up south" and "down north" and by the fact that summer is the agriculturally nearly fallow period, especially here in Upper Egypt, while the crops come in winter. We are just now in the midst of wheat and barley harvest. The sugar cane harvest is drawing to a close. The low level of the river and the impossibility of irrigating most of the land, not to say the burning heat of June, July and August will soon bring farming to a near halt. This Egyptian reversal of the seasons has been known to cross up European and American scholars when they were

learnedly discussing the fertility or the death and rebirth concepts of ancient eastern religions and their association with the cycle of nature.

The largest single source of excitement in these parts this winter, no matter what you may have read in the papers, has been the descent in force upon us of American film companies. Why four or five of them all in one season suddenly discovered Egypt we do not know, but Luxor came alive with dashing cars and trucks, many dashing people and considerable work and business for the inhabitants. It has seen, for example, tombs discovered in the Valley of the Kings, a chariot race near Deir el-Bahari, the barge of Amon on the Nile and large complexes of walls and gateways built at Karnak and Medinet Habu. One was even apt unexpectedly to come upon a photogenic pharaoh, Joseph being taken from a well in Karnak, or a segment of pharaoh's army at any turn and be asked to get out of the way of Hollywood's camera.

I suppose I ought to answer the question we are most frequently asked -- not by the membership of the Institute, however -- when we get home: "What did you discover this year?" Of course, the question is based on the assumption that anyone who comes out here must be digging up things. Even though we are not digging, it is a good question, primarily because we have thought up a good answer. We have made facsimile copies of quite a number of scenes and inscriptions in the temple proper at Medinet Habu, that is, in the area of the cult rooms and chapels. When we publish them it will be for the first time ever. The fact that they have been visible for many years, some of them since the temple was built, does not alter the fact that as far as the scholarly world is concerned they might just as well have been buried. Indeed, if they had literally been buried, I suppose somebody would have been eager to excavate them, they would have aroused interest and might already have been published. I say that they might as well have been buried, for it has not been unusual for a scholar to prepare a study of some facet of ancient life in complete ignorance of something of central significance to his work, something which is standing in the bright sunlight of Egypt but which has never been so much as referred to in any book. We have then or we shall upon publication have discovered for scholars a goodly amount of new material. But the battle of our small crew against the thousands upon thousands of square yards of this "buried" material is a long, long one.

On this realistic note we end the "news", and hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,

George R. Hughes

NEWSLETTER FROM CYRENAICA

Tolmeta, Cyrenaica
Kingdom of Libya
May 28, 1954

Dear Friends:

It all came about--as most good things do--because of the charms of a lovely woman. That goes for the first settlers of Cyrenaica, who came over here from Greece, and thus ultimately also for us of the Oriental Institute who are searching here for the traces of the Hellenistic civilization imported from Ptolemaic Egypt.

She was a nymph, we are told, this lovely lady who brought these southern shores of the blue Mediterranean into the cultural pattern of the ancient world. Her name was Cyrene and she dwelt originally in Greece but ultimately made her abode a cool mossy cave on the edge of the second step in the Libyan plateau, where a copious spring bubbled up through the rocks. The spring is still there at the edge of a sheer drop of almost a thousand feet of cliffs from which you look out across the wooded and planted first step of the Libyan plateau and on across the Mediterranean in the far distance. But the cave has long since been demolished to make room for such prosaic things as pipes, pumps and reservoirs to supply the water to the little town above.

As the ancients knew it, the world was peopled with many friendly spirits, dryads and nymphs, and like so many of her sisters the nymph Cyrene might have remained quite unknown to us had it not been for the "far-darting" Apollo who discovered her charms and brought her to this remote but lovely place, promising to make her the queen of a great city. And so it was that the Greeks of the Island of Thera were instructed by the Oracle of Delphi to plant a colony in Libya, rich in the tawny fleece, and ultimately came to settle near the cave of the nymph, calling their city Cyrene in her honor. Eventually the Ptolemies, the Hellenistic rulers of Egypt, also established colonies in the land and the cities united in a league of five (the Pentapolis) one of which was named Ptolemais, the modern Tolmeta.

What it was that the civilization of Egypt in the Greek period was like -- this remains one of the riddles of ancient history, for so much of what Hellenistic culture stood for in Egypt lies irretrievably buried under the modern city of

Alexandria. The colonies planted by the Greek king of Egypt provide one possible key to the solution of the problem, and Tolmeta is such a colony -- remote but relatively undisturbed during the many centuries since the end of Roman domination and the Islamic conquest. Hence it is that Dr. and Mrs. Charles Nims of our Epigraphic Survey at Luxor and Elsie and I are here at Tolmeta doing a job of prospecting or "making a sounding", as archaeologists call it, to see what the site has to offer. All told we shall spend about a month here and hope on that basis to form an intelligent judgment about the prospects.

Tolmeta lies directly on the Mediterranean just south of Greece, on that bump that projects from the coastline of North Africa between the Gulf of Syrte and Egypt. It was in its day a large city, occupying the full depth of the coastal plain to the very foot of the first step in the Libyan plateau. The row of hills, about a thousand feet high, marking the rise to the next higher plain are covered with green bushes and scrubby conifers but the coastal plain is tawny with fields of ripening wheat and barley. On the site of the ancient city one can trace the pattern of the gridiron of streets between the planted fields. Here and there large buildings, now jumbled ruins, rise along the streets among the wheat fields.

In the more prosperous days of Mussolini's regime, when Libya was an Italian colony, Italian archaeologists began an enterprising program of archaeological work here. They uncovered one of the main east-west thoroughfares of the city's street system and cleared several large buildings including one especially fine private house of Hellenistic design. At one point in their digging, where the major east-west thoroughfare intersects with another running northward directly toward the site of the ancient harbor, they uncovered the four well-fashioned piers that are the base of a triumphal arch constructed by the Roman Emperor Diocletian.

At the northeast corner of this important street intersection -- corresponding as it were to State and Madison Streets in Chicago -- stand the ruins of an important building that takes in about two-thirds of a city block. It is to the clearance of this building that we are devoting our energies during the time at our disposal, and an interesting -- if strenuous -- job it has turned out to be. Every morning (save Fridays, the Moslem day of rest) we are at the dig at 8 a.m. to call the roll of the twenty workmen who are our crew, and from then 'til 2 p.m. we supervise the moving of earth and large building stones and accumulated debris. In the afternoon while the workmen rest, we return to make measurements of walls and architectural members, to photograph and to plan the strategy of the next day's efforts.

So far our efforts have borne good fruit. We have had quite a problem on our hands trying to find our way into the building. It is bad policy, archaeologically speaking, to work one's way into a building from up above -- because it is hard to distinguish walls from debris when digging downwards. At first we looked for an entrance from the back -- this being the more convenient approach from the Decauville Railroad that we have inherited from the Italians and that we must use to dump -- at some distance -- what we dig up by way of dirt and debris. But the back failed to provide a way in, so we extended our activities to the west face of the building. Here we uncovered a well-paved terrace which was instructive in more ways than one. Not that it provided the door we were looking for -- a door

convenient to trackage, but that we found in the paving an inscription telling us that it was the "most honorable magistrate Paul" who had rebuilt the structure and provided the paved terrace. As soon as we get near some books we'll probably be able to identify this magistrate and thus to date the rebuilding. It will turn out to belong to the fifth century, I guess.

Well, we've put the front, the west side and the back of the building down on our scale drawings and are now running a railroad siding up to the east side, so in another week we'll have the place surrounded and under control.

I would like to tell you a great deal about the kindness of the local authorities from the ministers down to the mudir of the village, about our living quarters, about the way in which Mrs. Nims and Mrs. Kraeling keep house for us, about sand storms and Giblis (the hot winds that occasionally blow in from the Sahara to the south) and about the cool breezes from the Mediterranean and the sandy beaches and the translucent waters dissolved into creamy foam in the breakers that roll in upon our lovely shore. But all this will need to wait 'til next fall. Meanwhile we send our greetings to you all at Chicago and wish only you could be with us out here where it's so peaceful and where time flows by in its tranquil course undisturbed by the course of world events -- leaving us free to reconstruct the splendors of the past and even to let our fancy wander to the beautiful nymph Cyrene who was the cause of it all.

Cordially yours,

Charles and Myrtle Nims
Elsie and Carl Kraeling

THE "PERFUMED GHOST SHIP" OF CHEOPS

Chicago
June 2, 1954

On May 26th a young Egyptian architect and archeologist Kamal al-Malakh, made a discovery of a new and exciting kind at the Great Pyramid of Gizah. His workmen had chiseled a small hole for him into an underground corridor. He thrust his head through the hole and saw a great wooden ship, intact down to its oars and ropes since the days of Cheops (Khufu), builder of the Great Pyramid, 4500 years ago.

Of course the Great Pyramid, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, has been known ever since it was constructed. Therefore it was thoroughly ransacked by plunderers many centuries ago. The body of Cheops and the furnishings of his pyramid tomb had disappeared before the days of the modern archeologist. We know regrettably little about this great king. His pyramid has been minutely measured and tapped in the hope of discovering hidden passages. The rock plateau upon which it stands has been extensively excavated. Directly in front -- east -- of the pyramid there appeared two rock depressions which had once held "funerary boats" for the king, but these boats had disappeared long ago.

About thirty years ago the Harvard-Boston expedition made the brilliant discovery of the hidden tomb of Hetep-heres, mother of Cheops, some distance in front of the pyramid. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is now publishing the skilfully reconstructed furniture from this tomb. But that was all we knew in the archeology of the reign. Thousands of tourists visit the site every year and leave with questions unanswered. Now we have at last new information -- and probably new questions!

This is the story we get from newspaper and radio despatches. About four weeks ago the Egyptian Government set Mr. al-Malakh, the Director of Architectural Works for the Gizah Pyramids, to work at clearing out a road on the south side of the Great Pyramid, so that tourists might drive all the way around that monument. His workmen cleared away an ancient brick wall and a lot of fallen debris. Instead of a leveled stone surface, they found a constructed pavement, seventy-five feet south of the pyramid and parallel to it, with huge limestone slabs carefully laid and sealed tight with a pinkish gypsum plaster. This was obviously the ceiling for a corridor below ground, a corridor which proved to be 450 feet long. It had been cut out in relation to the pyramid, was of the same precise construction work, and the pink plaster was characteristic of Cheops' time.

On the basis of a previously known inscription, it was then hoped that this underground corridor might lead to a hidden burial-place of the king. (It is not clear to me that an Egyptian king would be buried outside of his tomb, instead of in the central burial chamber, but it is always legitimate to hope for something new and different.) At any rate, the workmen were set to the task of chiseling a hole through the limestone slabs, which proved to be a formidable job, as they were nearly six feet thick and each about fifteen tons in weight. This corridor was built with a care that showed its importance.

The hole was pierced, and Mr. al-Malakh thrust his head down into the corridor. While his eyes were adjusting to the dark, his nostrils served as his messengers. There was the fragrance of wood, as pungent as incense. The plaster sealing had kept the corridor tight down to the very odors of 4500 years ago.

When the young architect's eyes had become accustomed to the darkness of the corridor, he realized that he was looking down upon the deck of a large wooden ship, with a hull about 165 feet long. The rock walls of the corridor had been cut in a curve to fit the outline of the ship, which he estimated as about eighteen feet deep from its deck to its keel. Lying on the deck were oars and a great spear-bladed rudder sweep, coiled ropes, and sheets of linen stretched out for some purpose as yet unknown. He could see that the planking was joined with dovetails, rather than nails. He estimated that the vessel had at least six decks. (This needs explanation, both as to how he could estimate the number of decks from his peep-hole and how six decks can squeeze into eighteen feet.)

The pyramid plateau lies in the desert sands, but it is close to the fields which are annually watered by the inundation of the Nile. Wood, linen, and ropes do not normally survive for four and a half thousand years. Mr. al-Malakh looked for signs of disturbance. The deck looked just as it must have looked when the corridor was sealed up. There were no indications in cobwebs or the droppings of bats that any living creature had penetrated the burial. Above all, the fragrance of cedar-wood was so strong that it suggested that the air of the corridor must have been sterile and preserving to an extraordinary degree.

At one end of a 450-foot channel the discoverer was able to discern a 165-foot boat. He is convinced that there must be a second boat of the same size and kind at the other end of the corridor. The first guess is that we have here "sun barques" or "funerary boats", which always came in pairs at ancient Egyptian pyramids and tombs.

Now we already knew about these funerary boats before, both from texts and excavations. Beside burials of the First and Second Dynasty at Helouan, I have seen the ship outline in the sand, marked with the brown powder of wood which disintegrated centuries ago. I have already mentioned the rock-cut depressions to the east of the Great Pyramid, which we confidently call the emplacements of the funerary boats. The Chicago Museum of Natural History is fortunate enough to have the 32-foot funerary boat of a pharaoh who reigned about 750 years after Cheops. And many others have been recognized from the Old and Middle Kingdoms, even though they had disintegrated or were thoroughly stripped of their equipment.

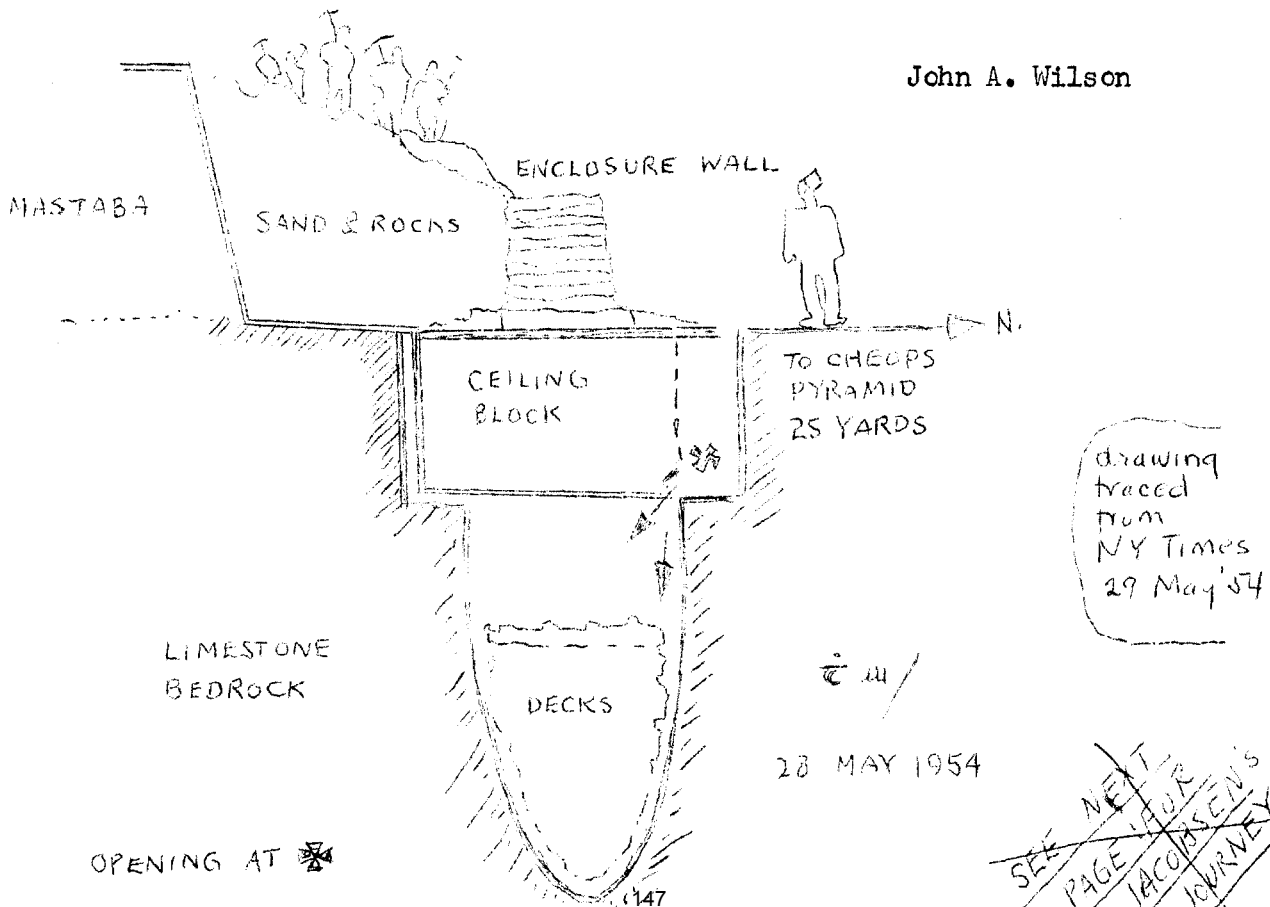
The ancient Egyptian idea was this. The sun sweeps through the heavens above by day and the heavens beneath the earth by night. The dead Egyptian went off to join the sun in the heavens and to share in solar glory. Therefore each pyramid and tomb should be provided with two ships, one for day and one for night. And of course

they would be outfitted with sweeps and yards and lanyards, and with food, drink, clothing, and ointment, and with -- for all we know -- musical instruments and game-boards.

We also know something about the wood. Egypt's trees, the acacia, the tamarisk, the palm, and so on, provide very poor timbers and planking for ship-building. But Phoenicia and Cilicia had fir and cypress and cedar. It is on record that the father of Cheops once sent a fleet of forty vessels to Phoenicia to bring back cedar wood and the following year had a ship built of cedar, 170 feet long. He called the ship "Praise of the Two Lands (of Egypt)". Its length is very close to that of the new discovery.

At this distance and with the limited information we now have, it would be safe to say that this looks very important and exciting and to let it go at that. We do not yet know what treasures, literally or archeologically, may be below decks. We do not know what may be at the other end of that corridor. But I can ask a question: Is this really a sun-boat? If there are two, which sounds likely, are they really sun-boats? What then was once in those two rock-cut depressions to the east of the pyramid? Why would sun-boats be sealed into a corridor to the south of the pyramid, whereas they should properly be to the east or sun side? Perhaps we are dealing here with pleasure boats or with boats for pilgrimage to the two sacred cities of Egypt, Buto to the north and Hierakonpolis to the south.

I don't know. I do know that the published evidence suggests strongly that the find goes back to Cheops' time, from which we have so very little evidence, that the set-up looks unparalleled and therefore important, and that it shows that Egypt's treasures are far from exhausted. And I wish that they had started that road for tourists last year when I spent about three weeks tramping around the Pyramid plateau!



(Members of the Oriental Institute will remember the two Newsletters from Boğasköy written in the summer of 1952 by Hans G. Güterbock. This summer Prof. Güterbock again visited Turkey with the project of photographing Hittite sculpture. Here he brings us up to date on the excavation at Boğasköy, the Hittite capital Hattusa, conducted by Prof. Kurt Bittel, director of the German Archaeological Institute at Istanbul.)

BOĞASKÖY REVISITED

September 1954

Dear Friends,

When I arrived in Ankara I found that the permission for taking pictures of Hittite monuments (both in the Ankara Museum and elsewhere) had been kindly granted, everything was ready and all the people there were very nice. While the Museum photographer took the pictures I wanted in the Museum halls -- one needs artificial light there and I had none of the equipment -- I was able to collate some Hittite tablets on which I had worked in my free time while in Frankfurt. (Collating means checking one's hand copy against the original, difficult for the scholar when the originals are not in one's home museum).

Luckily, Dr. Kurt Bittel had not yet gone down to Boğasköy, so I was able to join him for the trip in a taxi, over roads considerably improved over their state of two years ago. Work at the excavation had been going on for a week everything was, of course, still at the beginning, but the prospects were good. Crops in Turkey had been bad this year, so there was a great willingness to work, and the expedition had taken on about 180 workers, more than in any previous campaign. The archeological staff consisted of about ten persons - the old team Bittel, Naumann (architect) and Otten (Hittitologist) among them.

Excavation was being done in two spots: Büyükkale, the royal acropolis, with about two thirds of the workmen, and Büyük Kaya, the "large rock" on the east side of the eastern gorge, lying outside the city proper but linked to it by walls. The latter is the place where a strange tunnel-like structure was discovered in 1952. Traced further in 1953 it proved to run underneath an enormous enclosure wall. This wall was gradually removed while I was there, showing that the tunnel continues on down the slope where it peters out near the bottom of the valley. We judged it to be a drain or possibly a postern. A little farther to north another "postern" was just emerging when I left.

Excavation on Büyükkale, the Acropolis, involved penetrating the Phrygian layers (dated ca. first millennium B.C.), completion of the clearing of an imperial Hittite building (ca. 1400-1200 B.C.), and revealing the Old Hittite level (dated ca 1800 -1400 B.C.) with its sublevels. In the vicinity of the

-2-

archive building tablets were found in considerable number (over 160 while I was there) including many joins with fragments found previously. Clearing the outside of the citadel showed an enormous paved slope, and fortification walls of two Hittite and one Phrygian periods. Among the stones fallen on the slope there is a fragment of a limestone head in the round, about twice life size, of very fine workmanship and resembling the heads of the Yerkapu sphinxes.

I also visited the excavation at Kültepe, a project of the Turkish Historical Society conducted by Prof. Tahsin Özgüç. They had worked both on the city mound and the Karum, the settlement of the Assyrian merchants (20th - 19th cent. B.C.) On the mound they had found a large mudbrick building with plastered walls of the second Hittite level (dated ca 15th cent. B.C.), and after I left they found yet another large building under that. The Karum yielded the usual assemblies of dwellings with their inventory of pottery -- very rich and of fancy shapes --, stoves and ovens, and tablets. There was a workshop of a metal worker with many molds, some tombs with rich metal objects, and a fragment of a colossal basalt lion, only the jaw, the oldest large size sculpture of this area.

I visited a number of other monuments in Turkey, photographing Hittite rock reliefs, contending with the usual problems of travel, timetables, sunshine and cloud. Two short visits to Israel at each end of the Turkish adventure, introduced me to excavations at Beit Shearim and Naharia, and I just missed seeing Dr. Helene Kantor of the Oriental Institute who had been working in Israel through the heat of the summer. After such a busy and stimulating spring and summer I find it good to be back in Chicago.

Hans G. Guterbock

NEWSLETTER FROM CHICAGO

Chicago
October 10, 1954

Dear Members and Friends:

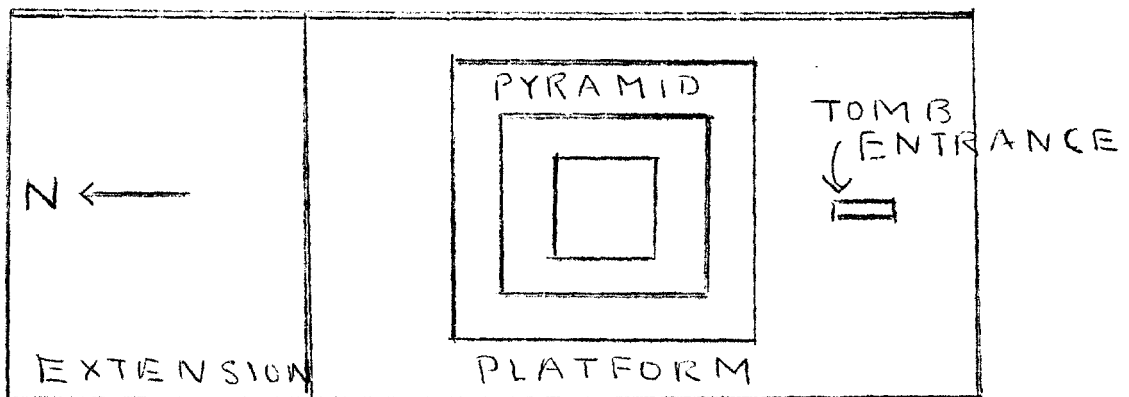
Greetings to you from Chicago. It is quite unusual for an Oriental Institute Newsletter to come to you from just across the railroad tracks, so to speak, and with our expeditions returning to the field it will not be long till you hear again from interesting and remote points in the Near East. Meanwhile, the opening of the new academic year and my own return to Chicago seemed to make this an appropriate opportunity for me to greet you myself and to bring you up to date on my own peregrinations.

When last I reported to you it was from Libya where I was doing a bit of prospecting, not for oil you understand, but for something the archaeologist tends to prize more highly,--the remains of an ancient buried civilization. Lots of things happened there after my initial report and have been happening since I returned, about all of which I shall be giving a full account to Members and Friends shortly. During the summer, after finishing our "sounding" at Tolmeta in Libya, Mrs. Kraeling and I moved on via Egypt to Syria and Jordan in pursuit of two other objectives, each of which had its own proper justification and interest. The first was the preparation, with the help of Dr. Charles Nims, of a set of ektachrome positives of the frescoes of an important tomb at Palmyra. The second was the visitation and photography of a group of Christian monasteries established in the Wilderness of Judea in the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, some now in ruins and some now in the last stages of their long historic career.

In passing through Egypt on our way to Jordan and Syria, we learned of the important discoveries made at the Gizeh Pyramids and at Sakkarah during the time that we were hidden away in Libya remote from all communications, and at the insistence of the Egyptian Director of Antiquities, Dr. Mustafa Amer, we agreed to come back to Egypt, after the completion of our work in Jordan and Syria, to inspect the new finds. So it was that in the heat of July we spent ten days in the Cairo area and had an unusual opportunity to see all the new things that Egyptian enterprise and scholarship had recently brought to light. About the discoveries at the Gizeh Pyramids you have already had a report by Prof. John A. Wilson (Newsletter of June 2, 1954). His report leaves nothing to be desired, and there is little that an eye-witness can add save the impression that the technological problems which will face the Egyptian Department of Antiquities in exposing the solar barks to view are very great, and that the length of the ships (there should be two, and there may be two more at the other side of the Pyramid of Cheops) are somewhat smaller than news reports originally indicated. Let me therefore tell you something about the new discoveries at Sakkarah, where the new royal tomb was brought to light.

Work in the Sakkarah area, just south of Cairo, has been going on quietly for a number of years under the able leadership of Dr. Zakaria Ghoneim of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities. The great undulating surface of this headland of the desert plateau, where it borders upon and overlooks the Nile valley is one vast burial field, containing the tombs of some of the earliest Pharaohs of Egypt. Outstanding symbol and monument of the region is, of course, the great step-pyramid of Zoser, embodying the work of Zoser's counsellor and architect Imhotep, with whom monumental construction in stone virtually begins in Egypt and whose inventive genius laid the groundwork for much of Egypt's architectural form and style. To the south and slightly to the west of Zoser's step-pyramid the surface of the plateau is marked by a cluster of low hills that to the casual observer might have been just natural eminences or at best mounds of chippings covered with sand. Studying a set of air-photos, Dr. Ghoneim believed he could see in the pattern of the cluster the outlines of a burial establishment of the Zoser-Imhotep type and made three soundings to verify his inference. One yielded the face of the wall marking the outer edge of a large rectangular platform, such as were built to set off monumental constructions. The second produced the corner of an unfinished step-pyramid set upon this platform and the third revealed the large rectangular well cut into the platform at the north of the pyramid, to provide access to a subterranean burial chamber. The success of the three soundings, which had indeed verified the inference drawn from the air photographs, constitutes the highest possible compliment to the skill of Dr. Ghoneim and to his knowledge of ancient Egyptian burial structures.

Our inspection of the site under Dr. Ghoneim's supervision was most interesting and gave us a clear picture of the structure. The platform of the tomb complex, rectangular in form, was built up of masses of stone excavated from the underground tunnels and passageways, and was at one time extended northward to increase its size by approximately one third, as the diagram shows. The platform was faced



with a wall of nicely dressed stones, with set-backs at regular intervals, the workmanship being that of the III Dynasty. Of the step-pyramid only the elements of the core of the first two steps were preserved or constructed. The outer facing was either never applied or was looted in later historic times. The rectangular well giving entrance to the tunnel leading to the subterranean burial chamber had splayed sides also built of nicely dressed stones and was sunk a distance of some 30-40 feet into the heart of the platform and the native rock. It was interesting

that in the stratification of the sand that during the ages had filled and covered this well to the very level of the platform a dip in the contour of each stratum over the center of the well gave testimony of the presence of the well even before the archaeologists had located its walls in the course of their excavation.

To locate the elements of the new royal funerary monuments was for Dr. Ghoneim the work of several seasons, and as much as a year ago we heard from our colleagues in Egypt and from reports in the daily press that he had entered the tunnel leading underground from the entrance well to the tomb chamber. The work was slow and very difficult and at one point so much of the ceiling of the tunnel had caved in that further advance was blocked till the debris could be removed. Penetration of the tunnel was at the same time exceedingly difficult and dangerous because of the choking clouds of dust raised by its clearance and because more of the stone from ceiling was continuously being jarred loose by the work. Finally there came the news that passage had been cleared all the way to the burial chamber itself, that an alabaster sarcophagus had been found in the chamber, and that the sarcophagus, when opened, proved to be empty. Pictures of the chamber and sarcophagus have since appeared in Life Magazine. (Issue of August 2, 1954)

Under Dr. Ghoneim's supervision we were permitted to enter the tunnel, which is still only dimly lighted and much too dangerous for the casual tourist to visit. The tunnel makes a rapid descent, somewhat like that giving access to the tomb of Seti I in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor, and leads the visitor down almost 150 feet below the level of the platform. While the floor of the passageway falls away at a steep angle, the ceiling is cut in step fashion, the builders having kept to the more solid layers of the stratified rock for ceiling coverage so far as possible. At the end of the first step in the ceiling a vertical "air shaft" at one time led upward and side passageways branched off, the latter intended for storage of ceremonial objects, but both are now blocked. There being as yet no means of air circulation, it became more and more oppressive and damp as we penetrated into the depth of the tomb and the dust raised by our feet irritated our throats and made us cough. By the dim light of a few electric bulbs and with torches in hand, we proceeded ever downward along the sloping tunnel, past obstacles that had not as yet been removed, to find ourselves finally gazing down at ceiling height into a roughly hewn chamber perhaps 30 feet square and high in the midst of which stood a single object of polished stone, the alabaster sarcophagus. A ramp had been contrived to make the final descent into the chamber and clambering down it we entered the room. With its rough, unfinished sides it seemed a veritable Fafner's Cave deep in the bowels of the earth. Dark splotches at three sides represented the beginning of debris-choked, unexplored galleries and passages running out at this deepest level in three different directions and forming no doubt, a grid with the tomb at the center. The appearance of the chamber suggested that the work of creating here a final resting place for a Pharaoh had never been finished, and the polished sarcophagus in the center of the room was thus in some sense an anomaly. The sarcophagus itself was a single large rectangular block of alabaster hollowed out from a hole cut into one of the two smaller ends rather than from the top. At the end from which the interior was accessible, the sides of the block adjacent to the opening had been deeply grooved to receive the projecting tongues of a slab of alabaster that slid down vertically and closed the opening completely. So neatly had the work been done that the closed sarcophagus had the appearance of a solid block of alabaster. The sliding door had, however, been raised by the excavators, disclosing a void interior, but a light placed in the sarcophagus made the stone gleam a pinkish red that added warmth and majesty to the room. A wreath or a palmfrond laid on the top of the sarcophagus at one time was the only indication that it had ever been used.

Who built the great burial complex is still a matter of guesswork. Whether the king who did so died before it was finished and was never interred here, or whether, if he was interred here, his mummy was stolen, is not known. More will become evident when the lateral passages are cleared and a collection of gold objects found in the entrance passageway has been examined.

Members will be interested to know that the discoverer and excavator of the burial complex, Dr. Zakaria Ghoneim, to whom we are indebted for our visit to the site, will be visiting the United States this month in company with Mr. Kemal el-Malakh, the discoverer of the solar barks at the Gizeh Pyramids. We had hoped to arrange for both men to lecture to the Institute audience, but the cost of obtaining their services from a New York lecture bureau seems to be prohibitive for us. Should the situation change in this particular you will hear from us. In any event we hope to welcome the two gentlemen at the Institute at some time in the course of their visit, and to return the kindness they have shown us.

Incidentally, I wish to remind our Members and Friends of the opening lecture by Prof. McCown on October 13 on the excavations conducted during the past year at Nippur in Iraq. The lecture will be followed by a reception in the halls of the Museum and we trust that many of our members and Friends will find it possible to attend. The second lecture of the year will be on November 10, when I shall give a report upon the soundings made in the Hellenistic site of Tolmeta (Ptolemais) in eastern Libya. Other lectures are in preparation and will be announced soon. We are happy that so many of our Members and Friends have renewed their membership with us by the payment of their dues. Moneys contributed to the Oriental Institute represent contributions to the work and welfare of the University of Chicago as a whole and are deductible for income-tax purposes. Our membership income provides a great help in supporting the enterprises overseas and at home for which the Oriental Institute has long and justly been famous and upon which its reputation is built. We appreciate your continuing interest in and support of our work.

Carl H. Kraeling
Director

NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

[Members of the Institute will welcome this season's first communication from Professor Robert J. Braidwood, Field Director of the Iraq-Jarmo Project. With his team of experts Dr. Braidwood hopes to explore the foothills along the Fertile Crescent looking for prehistoric sites, pitching camp wherever good sites are found.]

Salehedin, Erbil Liwa, Iraq
October 17, 1954

Greetings all:

Seems like no time at all since I wrote the last of my letters from the field-- actually, it was in May, 1951, from Jarmo, but the East doesn't change much. Not up in the hill country, anyway.

As you know, I left Chicago August 1st, cast my shadow on the doorsteps of some of the learned foundations in Washington and New York, gave a symposium on early agriculture for Dr. M. L. Wilson, in the Department of Agriculture, and sailed on the United States on Aug. 6th. I got to the boat on time: a week later, Vivian Broman and Pat Andersen got themselves caught in a traffic jam, and had to be put on the Exochorda by the tug boat! Had a little time in London and Paris, and was very flattered to have Kenneth Oakley of the British Museum of Natural History ask me if Jarmo could be used as their exhibit for the beginnings of agricultural village life.

I flew into Vienna--no high adventure anymore, didn't even see one Russian soldier-- to go over our 1950-51 animal bones with Professor Amschler. He and Frau Amschler took me immediately into their household, and Amschler was lyrical about the kind of light the bones would throw on the whole problem of animal domestication. He was especially lyrical about our hogs. Apparently the Jarmo ones were enormous, and Amschler felt very possessive about them, and felt I should, too--I guess I do!

From Vienna, I took ten days off at Mittersill in the Pinzgau, a Tyrolian retreat of Linda's and mine since 1938, where I had a fine mixture of feelings of both peace with the world and of homesickness for Linda and the children, whose ghosts haunted the place for me. This year for educational and personal financial reasons I have to go it alone, and I don't like it! From Mittersill to Rome, with Mayo and Bev Schreiber, who'd come to Austria to join me; then by Pan American to Beyrouth, where we put up in the French School of Archeology, another old haunt of the Braidwoods!

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At this point, I'd better introduce the year's staff, since nine of us gathered at Beyrouth. Patty Jo Andersen is the Chicago Department of Anthropology fellow for the year; she and Vivian Broman were the ones who almost missed the boat. Vivian is an old 1950-51 hand, and the single other person on the Institute budget besides myself. Mayo Schreiber is my nephew, who came as a volunteer general hand (at his own expense!) with his new wife, Beverly--as a matter of fact, they got married too soon before sailing to have passports as man and wife, and haven't gotten around to legalizing the situation yet. Fred and Margaret Matson of Penn State University were also on the Exochorda when she docked in Beyrouth Sept. 1st: Fred is on the environmental project, financed for us by the National Science Foundation for the Department of Anthropology--radioactive carbon samples and raw clay for pottery-making are his dish, as Fred is a hot laboratory man as well as a fine archeologist. Bruce Howe, Peabody Museum, Harvard, an old 1950-51 hand, and this year's Baghdad professor of the American Schools of Oriental Research, is our cave man--digging for the people who lived in caves being his specialty. The last to join us in Beyrouth was my faithful old friend, Abdullah Abdu al-Masri, excavation superintendent of every Institute dig I've ever worked on. After we'd reached Baghdad, Charlie Reed turned up by air from Vienna, where he'd also visited Amschler--Charlie teaches comparative anatomy at the University of Illinois, he is our animal man on the National Science Foundation grant, and he thinks bath tubs are to keep amphibia in. Last to reach us, at Salehedin, were the Wrights--Herb, Rhea, Dick (9 years), Pete (7 years), and Johnny (4 years)--Herb is the geologist, University of Minnesota, on Guggenheim fellowship, and another old 1950-51 hand. The Wrights drove the Land Rover (British equivalent of a jeep) through to Iraq from England. This is all of us for now, with Hussain Azzam, our representative from the Iraq Directorate General of Antiquities, and Yusof Mansour, representing the Iraq Natural History Museum. In the spring, Hans Halbaek, botanist of the Danish National Museum, will join us, and also perhaps an agronomist.

While I'm at it, too, I'll give you the rationale for this strange assortment of people. We've discovered, in the past two seasons particularly, that we archeologists alone can't reconstruct all of the circumstances which brought about the great change from the cave-dwelling stage to that of the settled village-farming community. Since understanding about this great change is our central problem, we've drafted natural scientists (and the aid of the foundations) to help us reconstruct the environment of ten to seven thousand years ago. There can be both natural and cultural aspects to an environment, and hence this teamwork of natural scientists and archeologists.

Well, it took us two weeks to clear our gear through customs and get it shipped from Beyrouth; we left Beyrouth early on Sept. 14th. At 8:15 p.m. on the 15th, very tired, and very dirty, we pulled up to the Zia Hotel in Baghdad, after a continuous 38 hour desert drive. I'd not done it directly since 1930--I guess I was too young then to have really remembered what a rugged trip it is, at about 120° in the shade (which ain't, on the desert!). Baghdad's pretty much as we left it in 1951, the same smell of a sewer at the foot of the steps to the Zia Hotel, the same openhanded hospitality by Michael Zia himself, the same cordial reception by H. E. Dr. Najj al-Asil and his staff at the Directorate of Antiquities. There's considerable show of building activity in the city; a new bridge being done by German contractors (who also have the Wadi Thartnar dam project), and much new German goods in the market. The floods of last spring did a great deal of damage, especially to street pavements, which are in awful shape.

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I sent my people north as soon as I possibly could, and finally left in despair myself on October 3rd, with the gear shipment still somewhere on a truck between Damascus and Baghdad. One always thinks he knows how to arrange it better this time, while still in Chicago: one fancies he's really an "old Near East hand" by now, and can anticipate anything. The more fool, he! Being an old Near East hand involves adjustment to a tempo of life which I always lose in my two intervening years at home--it always takes me a couple of months to adjust myself to being able to get only fifteen minutes work done in a whole morning full of negotiations. Our shipment finally arrived in Baghdad on Thursday (Oct. 13th) and may be cleared and up to us by November 1st--now it doesn't seem to matter so much, as we've adjusted ourselves to being without it, and we make do.

One of the compensations of the Near East is the wonderful complete improbability of how things do happen. With no tents, no gear, nothing, we had to find a place for all of us near the locality of our fall operations. Through our old friend Jeff Glessner, the American missionary in Kirkuk, I'd heard of a summer resort with bungalows and a hotel, run under contract for the Iraqi State Railways, by a certain Abdullah Effendi, the night club king of Baghdad. So the Reverend Glessner took me to Abdullah's, where we found himself, looking like a George Raft gone to seed, and with interruptions by his floor show (some of the girls were Viennese, with not bad legs!) we arranged for the rental of three bungalows at Salehedin, in the mountain flanks about 300 miles north of Baghdad. Everything included (linen, dishes, kitchen, etc.) save food itself, at \$270.00 per month for sixteen people, and there wasn't anything else we could do, anyway. So here we are among fine trees and gardens, on a low mountain ridge; now in a single low sort of ranch type fifteen room hotel (Abdullah gave up his contract on the bungalows) which we have all to ourselves. We're half an hour to two hour's drive from our survey locale; we have a magnificent zinnia garden and even a pint-sized swimming pool. The plumbing arrangements are erratic, one approaches the flushing of a toilet with a sense of adventure, and Bev Schreiber almost drowned when the cover over the cesspool caved in with her, but the view to the northeast, towards the high ridges of Persia, is magnificent. Salehedin is named for that Saladin who worried the Crusaders--he was a Kurd and supposedly was born on this ridge; his descendants are nice people, and we like it here.

We've been out on survey for a bit over a week now--tramping up and down valleys, looking for archeological sites in our range of interest. So far, we've not found any really strong probabilities for future excavation, but we're getting a good feel for the country, and learning from it. It's about a hundred miles north of Jarmo; we'll return to Jarmo to finish it off in the spring. My next to you will have more of our research progress.

An old friend of mine, Thorne Deuel, bade me goodbye by wishing "may your season seem too short". Thorne has the true field archeologist's feel for these things. So far, our season has seemed short.

Best of cheer,
Bob

(Robert J. Braidwood)

P.S. Just got wire from Herb Wright "leave Sunday night (Oct. 17th) inshallah perhaps with shipment." Herb's been in Baghdad finishing off his protocol, and apparently has been busy otherwise!

November 13, 1954

Greetings all:

My last letter, of a bit less than a month ago, brought you up to the point where we were at last ready to begin work--although actually we'd already done a week of survey when I wrote.

In the sense in which I use it here, "survey" means simply roaming around the most likely parts of the country, looking for promising sites to excavate. We'd moved over a hundred miles north of our old sites at Jarmo, Karim Shahr, etc., to put ourselves in a somewhat different environmental (and perhaps cultural?) zone. This much distance north plumped us right into the middle of the drainage of the Greater Zab River (there are two Zabs; the more southerly is the Lesser Zab). It comes out of the high mountains through a gorge at a village called Bekma, and meanders some forty or fifty miles through foothills, broken up by tributary valleys, to the Assyrian plain. The lower ends of the tributary valleys, and the more open portions of the Zab Valley itself, is the sort of open grass-land country one would expect to find early village sites in. The limestone ridges behind have caves, and Bruce Howe had his eye on these.

We cut our teeth walking the nearer tributary valleys: our feet suffered a bit to begin with, until the gear finally arrived, with our good field shoes. It took some days to get the "feel" of the thing, too. At first, I'd anticipated we'd find the kind of sites we wanted in slightly more rugged country than actually proved to be the case. Our best bets are located along the broader flatter terraces of the Zab and a major tributary, the Khazir.

Survey is a marvelous way to get the "feel" of the people, as well as of the topography. Usually we were in parties of three or four, including Abdullah or Hussain: two on one side of a stream, two on the other, with rucksacks and canteens. We'd come upon little villages, everyone out finishing the threshing, nice friendly people, some villages so completely isolated that we found no Arabic speakers at all, only Kurdish. We'd be given melons, grapes, tomatoes: I think we were looked upon as more crazy than suspicious. Part of the difficulty was that we kept asking for hill tops with flint chips, and natural flint is so common in the gravelly hills that what fool would come thousands of miles to look for it?

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Now that the survey phase is complete, I suppose we visited well over a hundred open sites and caves, of which about twenty-five were close enough to our range of interest to be recorded by us. The rest, we turned over to Hussain for the Directorate of Antiquities' records. My maps shows that our routes total to more than 400 miles and there was at least double that amount of zigzagging by us. We saw some wonderful country, and Abdullah and I capped our part of it by three day boat trip down the Zab, from Bekma gorge to the plain. This is a very unavailable stretch of the river, and has not been examined before. In anticipation of this sort of thing, I'd asked the Kate Maremont Foundation for a small folding boat--it works on the principle of a beach umbrella, and is not much bigger. We christened her Adele, and she took us through rapids about every mile of the voyage: she never swamped, but she was hardly what sailors would call a "dry boat". Actually we didn't find much, the country remained pretty rugged, but the trip is now done and won't have to be repeated. Also the two nights alone on the riverside, under the stars and a full moon, when Abdullah and I made a **campfire and reminisced** about old times and prewar digs, are things I shall never forget.

Now the survey phase is over, our permission to sound three groups of **village sites** and three cave groups has come through from the Directorate of Antiquities, and we begin moving earth on Monday. Next time, I'll tell you about what we've found. In the meantime geologist Herb Wright, Zoologist Charlie Reed, and radio-active chronologist and archeologist Fred Matson have been about their own affairs. Here are some notes they've given me, along with one of Bruce's on his cave survey:

Geological explorations this fall in the Kurdish Mountains of northeastern Iraq have been pointed towards determining the extent of pleistocene glaciation, as a record of climatic changes which might be pertinent to the archeological studies going on concurrently in the foothills. Although either present or past glaciation has not heretofore been reported from Iraq, there now exist not far away in Turkey small glaciers in favored locations, and the Pleistocene glaciers there extended down to elevations of 6000 feet.

The search for glacial features has been successful in these Iraq mountains. Many large valleys with heads above elevations of 7000 feet seem to have carried glaciers, some of which flowed down to 5000 feet. Farther downstream coarse gravel deposits were left by the glacial meltwaters, and in the foothills and plains in front of the mountains, broad gravel sheets were left along the major rivers. Dissection of these gravel deposits in post-glacial time has been accompanied by early habitation in these areas, and the relations of the gravel terraces to some of the archaeological sites will be studied as the next phase of the project after the mountain work has been completed.

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As the zoologist accompanying the Iraq-Jarmo Archeological expedition of the Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, I got off to a good start-- in London, a month before I reached Iraq. The animal bones from Ralph Solecki's "Shanidar Cave" had just arrived to be identified, at the British Museum (Natural History), and the busy people there were only too happy to turn them over to me for preliminary sorting and diagnosis. At the same time I had a valuable two weeks, working with animals from a cave dig in northern Iraq--~~exactly the kind of thing I would be expected to do when I got into the field.~~

From London I went to Leiden for another two weeks. Here the Rijksmuseum van Natuurlijke Historie and a magnificent skeletal collection, but unfortunately most of the skeletons are mounted, so that they are nice to look at, but detailed study is impossible. Since the recent war the Leiden museum has not been able to afford to mount their skeletons (a fat silver lining to an otherwise reduced budget), and so put them disarticulated into boxes, much better for detailed comparisons.

In Leiden I studied mostly the skeletons of domestic mammals, and concentrated particularly on the vexing problem of distinguishing between sheep and goat. Such differentiation can be done on the basis of some of the bones, but all of the answers will come only after detailed study of the skeletons of many wild and domestic sheep and goats, and as yet no museum in the world has such material. I hope that by the end of this field season we will have begun to acquire such a series of skeletons.

From Leiden I went to Vienna, where, unlike Bob Braidwood a month before me, I did see plenty of Russian soldiers (but had no trouble with them). In Vienna I had only three brief days with Prof. J. W. Amschler, who for thirty years has been a student of the history of animal domestication, and who at present is studying all the bones excavated at Jarmo in 1950-51. It would take a year or more for the genial Prof. Amschler to discuss all the information (much of it unpublished) on domestication that he has packed away over his years of research, and three days were only tantalizing. I must go back.

From Vienna I flew to Basra, then was in Baghdad for a few days before coming here to Salahedin in the hills of northern Iraq. Here I have been trying to get together a skeletal collection of all the animals that live here today, for presumably most of these animals also lived here when man first began to sow cereals and settle down in villages. If we know the animals today we can know better the biota--the animal environment--of that past period in which our archeologists are primarily interested.

Charles A. Reed

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Our Arab workmen think I am crazy because I slowly scrape thin layers of black dust and charcoal from the near bottom of exposed faces of famous excavated sites instead of digging for new finds. We shovel away the clay and sand that rain-wash and wind-blown dust have built up against the lower parts of deep pit faces so as to expose areas that have not been disturbed since the death of the civilizations of which they are the surviving evidence. It is a fascinating puzzle to relate the black streaks we want to sample to the original levels established by the excavators of the sites.

The charcoal from ancient fireplaces and burned houses can be used to date the period or level of the town from which it was collected, thanks to the technique for radiocarbon dating that Dr. W. F. Libby developed at the Institute for Nuclear Studies of the University of Chicago. We are trying to get charcoal from as many of the early sites in the Near East as possible this year, and have so far obtained material from several levels at Hassuna, Matarrah (Bob Braidwood's dig in 1948), Arpachiyah, and Tepe Gawra. These should go far toward establishing dates for the earliest periods in which man lived in settled villages in northern Iraq and will give us an idea of the length of time that the Hassuna, Halaf, and Obeid periods lasted.

Fragments of pottery are of course strewn on the excavation dumps, and they can tell us much about technological progress in the early farming communities, so Mayo Schreiber and I have collected as many potsherds as possible from the sites where we obtained the carbon samples. These sherds are now washed and are taking up a lot of table space in our quarters at Salahedin. A field study of them and of the pottery we will shape and fire from clays collected at the sites is underway and the work will be concluded with laboratory analyses when we get home.

Frederick R. Matson

I have concentrated my search for caves (where we all hope to get more and varied traces of the final stages of cave life and even some evidence overlapping with finds at the earliest village mounds, though this may be too much to ask) in the Harir, Diyana and Aqra districts of the foothills area. These are three sizeable plains enclosed by limestone mountains; mounds and open-air sites exist on the plain, and rock shelters and caves are visible on the ridges. I went out the first few days in long excursions just to cover as much territory as possible and get an idea of where the caves were. I did this mostly by car with parties bent on other affairs but could sometimes entice people to a spot I wanted to see, too. Then I made up a list of localities to visit and search in detail, with an eye to a well planned day's trip or 2-3 day itinerary. I set out after this on a succession of hiking, driving and searching trips in which I had the help of various members of the group as the spirit moved them. A total of 22 caves and shelters was investigated and 5 produced interesting surface material which is our only

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clue to what rests down inside the deposits. These finds formed the basis for our application to make soundings at some of these points. Most of the material is the sort of microlithic final stone age sort of stone industry that was found at Palegawra in the 1950-51 season but promises us some interesting variations, being 100 miles northward and possibly of slightly different date; one shelter has a different sort of assemblage and may give us a quite different stone age collection; and a third cave has such a large deposit of earth in front of it that one hopes it contains not only a plentiful series of the periods we want but perhaps also of earlier or later periods, though no trace of these last was found on the surface. This is not unusual, however, with old and successive deposits. Every cave excavation holds surprises and disappointments even after close preliminary scrutiny. A limited and still unproductive hunt has also been started in river terrace gravels up near Rowanduz on the edge of the Diyana Plain near the Iranian border because Herb Wright has found traces of Pleistocene glacial activity upstream from there and this might give us a chance to find Old Stone Age hand axes and flake tools in deposits linked to glacial fluctuations and gain an insight into even earlier human occupations in this part of the world. This sort of searching is not as exciting as the caves, where everything is nicely concentrated, and I find fewer helpers and need much more time than I dare take just now. Thus, it must be postponed a bit.

Bruce Howe

Of course Herb, Charlie, Fred and Bruce have all sorts of tales of the things they've run into on their own wonderings--if their and our tales all got put down here, this would be a book. The main thing that strikes me, to date, is that things are really beginning to open up. As far as I can tell (from my giddy heights as coordinating director), the staff is happy, and it certainly is yielding the kind of results I've hoped for. The American Philosophical Society has made me a grant to bring out Hans Helbaek, the Danish botanist, in January, and I think we will come out of this season with the evidence for the reconstruction of an environment--both natural and cultural--of a very important stage of transition in human history.

Next time I'll tell you about the test digs.

Best of cheer,

Robert J. Braidwood

Third Newsletter from Salahedin

Dec. 19, 1954
Salahedin
Erbil Liwa
Iraq

Greetings all:

A bit over a month ago, I wrote you about the completion of the survey phase of our Fall operations in the basin of the Greater Zab River. I ended by promising that my next letter would be about digging. This is it.

We had allowed ourselves a full month for the test digging phase, and decided to break this up into three ten-day operations apiece--open sites and caves. Ten day's work with a dozen men on an open site, and with half that many men in a cave, can expose enough to give a pretty fair indication of content. The three different operations would allow us to test the three sites which had looked best on our surface survey--Bruce called them our "three wishes". We telegraphed for our four favorite pickmen from Shargat--Halifa, Jassim, Nijim, and Saleh (whose picture is on the dust jacket of Linda's book), and Abdullah and I went up to Jarmo to get eight of the best pickmen we'd developed up there. By November 14th, we'd readied our tentage and gear, received permission for the soundings from the Directorate of Antiquities, packed the workmen into the truck, and were off to begin digging.

The first open site operation was on a pair of adjacent small mounds, called Gird Chai and Gird Ali Agha ("gird" is simply the Kurdish for "mound"), on the banks of the Zab about twenty miles north of Erbil town. The valley here has high rolling gravel hills, grass-covered, with lower terraces along the river, and the Zab itself is clear and swift and makes a pleasant rippling noise. Vivian Broman superintended the tests--she began on Ali Agha, and soon had clear indications of a phase of culture just later than Jarmo--heretofore a gap in the sequence. The Ali Agha people had made simple huts, subterranean in part, and had produced a very coarse pottery, used some obsidian for knives but flint they worked wretchedly, and had even produced some crude figurines. Gird Chai proved to be a much earlier site, in the range of our 1950-51 Karmim Shahir, but it had been badly pitted by farmers about five hundred years ago.

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Bruce Howe, meanwhile, was working---and living, most pleasantly, without tents---in a cave about 1100 feet above the mouth of the Zab from its gorge at Bekneh. Fortunately, Bruce had few visitors. To receive me, he had to scramble down that 1100 foot slope, assemble the ADELE, (our folding boat), paddle her over to the south bank of the river, get me aboard, and paddle back. We then both scrambled up the 1100 feet, saw the cave, scrambled back down, refloated ADELE, and delivered me to the south bank. Then Bruce had to paddle and scramble back up again to his cave! His tale of getting his workmen and gear over the river in the ADELE is a fine one. One of the Kani Sardi workmen, who had never been on the water before in his life, locked Bruce in a bear hug as soon as the Adele began to rock in the water. The cave yielded a material like that of our 1950-51 Palegawra cave: it is interesting mainly in that the operation established knowledge of a northward extension of the flint industry to the Zab.

The next ten day test period began November 26th in the plain of Diyana, which we reached after a three hour drive from Salahedin ending with the winding road up through the magnificent Ruwanduz Gorge. This is spectacular country by any comparison--somewhat smaller in scale than our more famous American mountain canyons and gorges, but pretty wonderful--rushing water, high vertical flanks, a shaggy and rather typically Kurdish wildness! The open site in the Diyana plain was a little mound called Gird Banahilk--Pat Andersen superintended it and will work up her Master's thesis on it. We had been attracted to it in the surface survey since it yielded the potsherds of the most glittering prehistoric painted pottery style, the Halafian. The Halafian phase has badly needed full definition, and the culture it represents has often been believed to have had highland origins. The remote upland plain of Diyana, surrounded by mountains many already snow-capped, seemed to us an ideal testing ground. Pat's operations at Banahilk were so satisfying that I hope we can obtain from friends of the Oriental Institute modest funds to return there in the spring. I'm not primarily a museum-minded archeologist, but we could contribute considerable new knowledge and add the sparkle of the very handsome Halaf pottery to the Institute's collections by a short campaign there in April, if we could get the extra \$1200 needed for this special job.

Bruce's caves, for his second test, overlooked the Diyana plain, and he was thus able to live in our single large camp, which Bev and Mayo Schreiber managed. Of three cave shelters he tested, the most interesting was Babkhal, with a flint

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industry of a developed "Mousterian" type, above which lay a scatter of later flint tools of the Palegawra type.

The last of the three ten day village-site tests began December 7th at two small mounds, M'lefaat and el-Khan, on either side of the main Mosul-Erbil road, just beyond the bridge over the Khazir River. The Khazir is a major tributary of the Zab, also swift and clear, and in 1942, the British army had surrounded the Khazir bridge approaches with a fabric of anti-tank trenches and gun emplacements against a possible Nazi advance from the northwest. In a way, the anti-tank trenches favored us--I've never enjoyed the luxury of such long sectional cuts through an area with archeological occupation. Vivian had charge of the Khazir tests, and began on M'lefaat. Within five days, she was able to show me our next must for full scale excavation, once Jarmo is completed. M'lefaat is a pre-Jarmo village, even more elemental, in every sense, than is Jarmo, yet still surely a settled village. With Karim Shahir, which had been so shallow, and architecturally negative, we had never been sure. M'lefaat, even on the basis of our short tests, is the new and earlier than Jarmo village of the Iraq-Jarmo Project--I only wish it's name weren't such a mouth twister! It has no pottery at all, a fine flint industry, including microliths but no obsidian, and a flourishing industry in heavier ground stone; architecturally it seems to run to pit houses, although other types of structure may appear when larger exposures are made.

El-Khan yielded material of typical early Hassuna type, a post-Jarmo sort of thing and well known. Its interest is primarily geological--Herb Wright thinks the heavy silt overburden was probably deposited naturally, after the Hassunan occupation. This is an indication of landform change at a later time than one would have imagined.

Bruce's last tests were near the town of Aqra, some fifty miles northeast of Mosul. Here, in a cave shelter called Barak, he found material again of Palegawra type, but with certain interesting variations.

The exciting result of the test sounding phase is clearly M'lefaat (since I seem to be in the business of discovering ever earlier villages), but Ali Agha is an interesting contribution in itself, and Banahilk has considerable interest

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because of its position in a remote mountain valley and due to the aesthetic appeal of its painted pottery. Here is a sketch of the now known pre-historic sequence of Iraq (before about 4000 B.C.), with our new sites in capital letters, and the other sites we've worked underlined; with most recent sites at top.

Halaf, Arpachiyah, BANAHILK

Hassuna (standard), Matarrah (upper)

Hassuna (archaic), Matarrah (lower), EL KHAN

ALI AGHA

JARMO

M'LEFAAT

Karim Shahir, CHAI

Zarzi, Palegawra, Shanidar B, FARAK

Shanidar C

Hazer Merd, Shanidar D, BARKHAL

Barda Balka

?

I'm sorry to bother you with all these details and strange names, but you'll at least sense the way in which we've been pushing backwards in time and reclaiming understandings.

As I write, the materials are being classified and packed for storage, Christmas is being planned for on a full scale, and by the first of the year, we'll have left for our archeological tour in the west.

I'll write again from the Lebanon.

Best of cheer,
Robert J. Braidwood

Newsletter from Luxor

Chicago House
Luxor, Egypt
January 4, 1955

Dear Friends:

The year 1954 will go down as a signal year in Egyptian archaeology. Certainly not since the discovery of Tutankhamon's tomb in 1922 have so many people read so much about the ancient monuments of this country as they have since last June about the discovery of the so-called solar boat beside the great pyramid at Gizeh and the base of a second step-pyramid at Saqqarah. However, I am not exaggerating or being partial to our own Thebes when I say that scarcely anyone has heard about the discovery which will occupy Egyptologists and historians most for years to come.

Last July while I was in Billings Hospital I received a long, excited and exciting letter from our good friend Labib Habachi, Chief Inspector of Antiquities for Upper Egypt. He and Dr. Mohammed Hammad, who has now succeeded Henri Chevrier as Director of Works at Karnak, had just uncovered in Karnak a large stela, relatively undamaged, inscribed with a text concerning the war to break the domination of the Hyksos foreigners over northern Egypt.

Since I have been back in Luxor the stela has been undergoing treatment for preservation and until very recently could not be seen. I have not studied it and, of course, would not abuse privilege by circulating my findings prior to publication if I had. However, Labib Habachi, although a very busy man, has given me a brief account of the content of the inscription with permission to pass it on to you. Needless to say, the inscription is not easy to interpret in many details and this account is based on but a preliminary translation.

First the story of the discovery. Habachi and Hammad decided early in the summer to re-erect a broken statue of the Priest King Pinozem I (about 1000 B.C.) which Chevrier had found last winter under the ruins of the north tower of the second pylon of the Amon temple in Karnak. To determine whether the original foundation on which the statue had stood on the north side of the gateway through the second pylon would support it again, they began investigating the blocks of the foundation. These blocks themselves turned out to be of considerable significance since they were re-used from buildings erected by Amenhotep III and his son Akhenaton (14th century B.C.). Immediately adjacent there are the remains of a

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colossal statue of Ramses II, so its foundation was investigated also and this was when pay dirt was hit. It was here that one of the blocks proved to be the remarkable slab now known as the Kamose stela.

This slab is a round-topped limestone stela over 7 feet tall, over 3 1/2 feet wide and nearly 8 inches thick. It was originally an inscribed part of a column in one of the Karnak temples of King Sesostris I (mid-twentieth century B.C.). It was later re-used by a high official of King Kamose (about 1600 B.C.) named Neshi to record a part of the story of the king's struggle against the Hyksos. Finally it was used once again over 300 years later, somewhat ignominiously face down, but with the happy result of near perfect preservation, by the great Ramses as a foundation block under a statue of himself.

On the rounded top of the stela appears the conventional winged sun-disk flanked by pendant cobras, and in the lower left corner is the rather small figure of Neshi. It was he who, he tells us in the text, was ordered by King Kamose to inscribe the king's exploits in the war of liberation on a stela which was to remain in Karnak forever. These exploits, or at least one campaign, are duly recorded then on the remainder of the surface of the slab in 38 long lines neatly but not elegantly engraved. However, this text does not begin as any good Egyptian stela, especially one bearing a royal record, should with the king's regnal year and titulary and other proper introductory remarks. It begins in the midst of a narrative. This might be a disturbing fact, good for reams of erudite discussion, if it did not neatly fall into place like a missing piece in a puzzle, but in this instance a piece no one knew was missing. The other parts of the puzzle are these.

In 1908 there was found by the Earl of Carnarvon and Howard Carter, later the discoverers of Tutankhamon's tomb, a schoolboy's wooden writing board in a tomb in the necropolis on the west side of the Nile almost directly opposite Karnak temple. The boy of long ago had been set the task of copying a text with some merit as a narrative and which dealt with a stirring episode, probably not more than 50 years in the past, in the struggle to liberate his country from foreign domination. The task was intended to improve his handwriting, his spelling, perhaps his literary tastes and his patriotism.

His text began soberly with the date "year 3" in the reign of "the powerful king in Thebes," Kamose. After the titles and usual laudatory epithets of the king, the narrative tells how the king who ruled only a middle part of Egypt with his capital at Thebes became disgusted with the situation and decided to do something about it. One day he called his council of noblemen together and said in effect,

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"Of what use is this power of mine? I sit here in Thebes ruling only a part of the country while an Asiatic chieftain in the Delta rules Lower Egypt up as far as Ashmunein and a Negro chieftain rules Nubia down as far as Assuan." His councillors advised the conservative course of clinging to the status quo which, they said, was not so bad after all. They had no trouble holding their part of Egypt. In it were good lands and crops and herds, and no one raided the territory. Of course, they said, if anybody should try to encroach on their part they would not stand for it, but until that time they advised letting well enough alone. But the king was fed up, he felt his strength and would have none of their advice, so he led his army in a campaign northward to attack the Asiatic intruders. After a march of less than 300 miles he came upon what was apparently a Hyksos frontier stronghold, captured and looted it. He then moved on to another place, --but there the schoolboy finished his assignment. One side of his board was filled and he quit in mid-sentence. On the other side he copied a different and more popular exercise text, the beginning of a famous book of proverbs.

The accidentally preserved schoolboy's tablet posed something of a problem. Was it a mere story or was it a copy of a bona fide, contemporary record which was true at least in the main? If it was "history" it told us a number of things about a sparsely documented but important period. Sir Alan Gardiner, who definitively edited the text in 1916, not only believed that it could be trusted but that it bore the marks of being a copy from a royal stela up in one of the Theban temples.

Now for another piece of the puzzle. In 1932 and 1935 there turned up in the clearing of the third pylon of the Amon temple at Karnak two fragments of the upper right side of a large limestone stela. Happily the two pieces fitted together and furnished the beginnings of 15 lines of text. This was not much, for even the longest pieces of lines consisted of only 5 or 6 words, but the text began with the date "year 3." In the second line was the name of King Kamose. There was enough to make certain that Sir Alan had been right. The schoolboy had copied this text verbatim even to some of its unusual spellings. Of course, he had made some mistakes of his own and even the small amount of text on the fragments helps correct a number of them.

And now in 1954 has come the largest and most unexpected piece of the puzzle, the piece no one could have guessed was missing. King Kamose's official Neshi had been ordered to place upon a stela a text drawn up by the royal scribes, and he says "upon a stela" not "upon two stelae." But obviously a text long enough to cover the surface of two stelae each 7 by 3 1/2 feet in not very large hieroglyphs, as we now know, must have seemed to him or his artisans better placed on the two stelae than on one about twice the size. In any case, we have now not quite three quarters of the whole text.

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The new stela continues the story of the campaign on the schoolboy's board and carries King Kamose with his army and fleet on northward. The narrative is largely told in the first person by the king himself with an aside now and then in the third person. He taunts the enemy, "the wretched Asiatic," in direct address and describes the terror that gripped the Hyksos king and his people down in Avaris because of the havoc he was wreaking on their territory in his push down river.

Kamose relates how he captured at one place 300 ships laden with valuable imports from Palestine such as gold, lapis lazuli, silver, turquoise, bronze axes, olive oil, incense, fats, honey and various kinds of costly woods. He took everything and taunted Apophis, "the wretched Asiatic, who had said, 'I am master without my peer as far as Ashmunein.'"

The most interesting part of Kamose's story tells of his capturing, while on the campaign, a messenger ~~whom~~ Apophis had sent to the king of Nubia. The messenger carried a letter which Kamose quotes in full beginning with both Apophis' names and the greeting. Apophis taunts his Nubian counterpart as being not much of a ruler, asks whether he does not see what Kamose is doing, and indicates that Kamose has attacked both of them and laid their domains waste. Then he proposes that the king of Nubia come down river behind Kamose while Apophis keeps Kamose from getting at him. Then, says Apophis, "we shall divide the towns of Egypt." Kamose simply sent the messenger back to his master to tell him what Kamose had done in middle Egypt to Apophis' territory.

Kamose then tells that he halted at Saka (near modern Minia) in the Nile valley directly opposite Bahria Oasis of the western desert and from there sent his bowmen to subdue the oasis. He thus kept the enemy from getting behind him and kept his archers from being cut off while on their mission.

Thereupon he began the triumphal march back up-river to Thebes amid joyous demonstrations on the part of the people. He specifically mentions being at Assiut at the time of inundation (probably along in September). When he and his victorious army finally reached Thebes there was the greatest of rejoicing.

The editing of the stela will be done by Labib Habachi and priority has been given by the Department of Antiquities for its early appearance in print. This expedition stands ready, I assure you, to render any assistance we can toward that publication should it be required.

Yours sincerely,

George R. Hughes

NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

[Lest you think that archaeology consists only of digging and that it is the exclusive prerogative of the male, we have asked two of the "girls" of Professor Braidwood's current dig in Iraq to give you an insight into camp life in the remote regions of the Near East. The "girls" have been extremely modest in what they have written about their part in the undertaking, but we think you will enjoy their report. C.H.K.]

February 7, 1955

Greetings all:

From Bob Braidwood's reports you know about the excellent progress made by the archeologists and natural scientists who constitute the professional staff of the Iraq-Jarmo project. This is a different kind of "progress report"--an account of adventures in housekeeping in Kurdistan.

The health and morale of an expedition depend in no small part on careful planning before the group leaves home. Throughout last winter and spring Linda Braidwood drew upon her many years' experience in the field to calculate food supplies needed for such a large hungry group, and in the early summer she and Vivian Broman did the actual purchasing. The trick was to fit costs of food plus shipping into the budget. Linda knew how the spirit and unity of the group might be nurtured by a steaming pot of beans and some corn bread on Saturday night. Her excellent planning and selection of food items and kitchen equipment made our task much easier.

In early October we took over a small summer hotel at Salehadin. True to its name, it turned out to be an icebox once the cold rainy weather set in--high ceilings, tile floors, cold plastered walls, no central heating made the occupants feel as if they were living in a deep freeze.

Through the good offices of the Glessners in Kirkuk, we hired an Assyrian cook, Guergis by name. His English was adequate and he was willing to learn the peculiar ways of Americans. He humored us in the matter of hot water and Tide for the dishes, measuring the ingredients for date-nut bread, and picking stones and debris out of the rice and apricots (most of the time) before cooking. Because he spoke Kurdish, he took care of all our transactions with the laundry man, wood man, and egg man; we also took him on shopping expeditions as he was always horrified at the prices we had to pay if we went alone. After listening to an outburst of Kurdish from a prospective seller, he invariably turned to one of us and said, "Memsahib, you know what this man say?"--as if we might have suddenly acquired a good working knowledge of Kurdish.

The houseboy, Achmet, was much more picturesque in his white khafyia and black aghal. He had worked as a pickman at Jarmo in '51 and obviously preferred that type of work instead of dishwashing and room cleaning. In characteristic

Near Eastern fashion, he responded to Bob's telegram about his job by bringing along his brother when he reported for work. Bob failed to take the hint, and the brother was sent back home. Along with the hotel we acquired a man to watch our cars, one to water the flowers, one to sweep the porches, and one to take away trash--all specialists. We also acquired a dog named Charlie--always referred to as Charlie Dog to distinguish him from Charlie Reed.

Electric stoves, mixers, and pressure cookers became dream-like memories as we learned to cope with an improvised kitchen on a back porch and with two kerosene stoves which had to be mastered. (Kerosene is a temperamental fuel and a slow one; for a seven o'clock dinner, preparations began at three.) All our operations took place in a semi-open space protected from the elements by a tarpaulin; this provided a refuge for birds, dogs, cats, and rain and wind. Scarves, mittens, overcoats, and even boots were in order on the coldest, darkest days-- plus a flashlight for the six a.m. breakfast detail. Vivian and Pat Anderson frequently made the sandwiches for ten to-be-carried lunches in the pre-breakfast darkness. The only time we could be really sure of electric lights was between nine and eleven a.m., when we didn't need them anyway. In all honesty we must admit that our cooking chores were much easier than those Beverly Schreiber undertook in the tent camps in November. Nevertheless, she still managed to amaze us with such delicacies as chocolate pies for lunch.

Frequently we made shopping trips to Erbil (biblical Arbela). It is said to be the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world, and the "old city" is built on top of a high mound which represents the debris of earlier civilizations. From the surrounding plain it looks like a giant layer cake. It was to Erbil that Darius fled after his defeat by Alexander the Great near the banks of the Greater Zab.

In the Erbil market area - the suks - we bought vegetables, bread, rice, flour, sugar, and other staples. Shopping trips were adventures, and we became well acquainted with Near Eastern or non-supermarket buying. Off we went with native baskets (zembeles) by the half-dozen, two large tins for the usual 40 flat discs of local bread, and a long list. After forty-five minutes of travel over a steep, bumpy, and very winding mountain road, we parked the car in Erbil and a crowd collected. "Our" boy, who attached himself to us on the first trip as basket carrier and interference runner, always appeared, and he and the curious local men and boys accompanied us from stall to stall in the suks. Occasionally a policeman dispersed the crowd, but as soon as he left we would acquire a new following. The suks--dark, dirty, and smelly, yet fascinating--consist of small open shops bordering narrow intersecting crowded alleys roofed with matting. The Kurdish costumes (baggy pantaloons, bright cotton print cummerbund into which a curved dagger in a goatskin sheath is plunged, and fringed turban worn over a skull cap) are wonderfully colorful, the people are friendly and helpful, and we thoroughly enjoyed being in a city of such great antiquity. Mayo Schreiber was our best shopper, usually combining the food purchasing with trips to Erbil for car repairs. He became expert at bargaining with his hands and in pidgin English; more often than not, he used the same gestures and same type of English in talking with all of us!

Once the food was home, the cook had the job of scrubbing the fruits and vegetables with Tide and grinding the meat--this we finally abandoned because of the dreadful connective tissue which set the cook's temper stirring and threatened to break the food grinder. We also were supplied with the animals brought home by our zoologist-hunter, Charlie Reed. In this way we acquired an ibex (ever try an ibexburger?), two rabbits, a pigeon, squab, and other birds. He gave us first choice as to cuts of meat but cautioned us to save and boil the bones for his skeleton collection. He expected us to be "reasonable" about giving him space in our refrigerator for dormant bats, squirrels (imagine reaching into a dark icebox for a piece of cheese and taking hold of a squirrel's furry tail), and mice wrapped in wax paper. In spite of his maxim that "Protein is protein", Charlie didn't insist on our serving his donkey meat or cooking up his dead dog, smuggled into the house for dissection.

Christmas and Thanksgiving were memorable feast days. On both occasions we went all out to provide the traditional turkeys (five of them for Thanksgiving), cranberries, mince pies, and plum puddings. Beverly struggled with her first fruit cake, with everyone's advice and help, and this masterpiece was iced and decorated to resemble a gingerbread house. For this feat the eminent professors awarded her a degree in architecture after an oral examination of the product. Christmas cookies were made out on the porch in the sunshine. For the Springerele, the molds were carved by the director and Bruce Howe; the anise seeds had been thoughtfully included in the food shipment by Linda. Our Christmas tree was decorated with sugar cookies in fancy animal shapes (cookie cutters brought from home) and many fine home-made tinfoil stars and paper chains. Then Christmas morning we had a grand opening of the presents we had bought last July and forgotten all about since then.

Although the housekeeping was time-consuming and routine we were also able to get intimate glimpses into the ways of the Iraqis living around us. Daily the Kurdish women and their small children would spend hours in our yard picking up acorns. We later learned these were used for making shoe soles or ground into a powder to be baked into a flat cake. The little children cracked the acorns with their teeth, as our squirrels do at home. Other women would pass by, driving donkeys loaded with firewood or goatskins filled with water. Once we witnessed the migration of the nomadic tribes from their summer camps in the mountains down to the winter pastureland. Far out in front came the straggling herds of sheep and goats driven by the small boys; the men followed with the donkeys and horses loaded with the household utensils (including the blue enamel teapot and bread baking discs), the black goats' hair tents, cerise colored comforts and quite often a few chickens. The women, colorfully dressed, knitted socks as they walked along usually bearing the tiny babies on their backs. We admired the gold jewelry many of them wore but did not envy the nose rings or the blue tattooing on the arms and face. We gave out endless numbers of aspirin for "the head", visited sick babies upon request, and served tea and popcorn to the shiiks and mudirs passing by. In return we were always greeted warmly and given food and shelter in the smallest villages no matter how remote or no matter at what time we arrived. We Americans can certainly learn from these simple mountain people how to make a stranger feel at home in a country basically different from his own.

From the beginning we felt inclined to congratulate ourselves on the cuisine; we didn't find anyone sneaking out to the local tea house for shish-kabobs. We were only slightly jarred when we read a letter our Director wrote inviting a friend to stay with us for a few days, in which he said, "We can give you fairly civilized food." We feel it was a great privilege to have been included in this expedition and hope that thru this letter we have shared some of our rewarding experiences with you.

Best of cheer,
Margaret Matson,
Rhea Wright

NEWSLETTER FROM JARMO

Jarmo
Chemchemal, Kirkuk
Iraq
April 14, 1955

Greetings:

I know it has been some time since my last letter, but one did come from Margaret Matson and Rhea Wright in between, describing the running of an archeological field party from the distaff point of view. I still owe you a description of our winter tour, and also of the beginning of work at Jarmo.

If you have an atlas at hand, or one of the National Geographic Society maps for example, you will be able to trace our itinerary. We left Salehedin on January 2nd, stored our gear in Kirkuk, and then drove north again through Erbil and Mosul. From Mosul, we turned westward on the road which runs toward Syria, going south of the mountain called Jebal Sinjar. We stayed overnight at the town of Belad Sinjar, with a very friendly police chief, who fixed our passports for exit from Iraq, and spent a portion of the day following in looking over ancient sites on the plain south of the mountain. Our friend in the police called ahead so that we could stay the next night in the final Iraq frontier post, a completely Beau Geste sort of fort called Sikaniyah (which I'm sure won't be on any map you have!), and the next day, we drove on into Syria. We finally got all our clearances at the town of Hassetsche, and began our visits of sites which were excavated previous to the War - Chager Bazer, Tell Brak, Tell Halaf, etc. Just at dusk on the third day, we reached the Euphrates at Jerablus, were ferried over the river in the most ramshackle ferry imaginable, and completed the run into Aleppo by about 9:30 P.M. - good food and a hot bath in the Hotel Baron! After two nights in Aleppo, we drove to Latakia on the Mediterranean, and thence down the coast to Beyrouth in Lebanon, arriving at the pension late that evening. The pension, in a mountain town overlooking Beyrouth, had been chosen as a reasonable and convenient base from which to do our winter's work in the west.

This work was a matter of revisiting as many as possible sites of villages and caves, which had been excavated previously or which were known to exist, and which pertained to our general problem - the understanding of the transition from cave to village life. My plan was to expose the natural scientists on our team to as many of the differing environments as ancient man is known to have lived in

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in these parts, and to benefit by their observations on the spot. We collected surface materials - potsherds and flints - and also took radio-active carbon samples wherever these were available. We covered the open sites and caves along the Lebanse coast, also those in inland Lebanon and Syria, and even down into Jordan (to a point well south of Jericho, in the Dead Sea valley), and we saw some very wonderful country and had exceptionally fine weather for it. I leave this part of the trip without much description of detail, since I sat it out myself - I contracted a small spot of jaundice somehow, and there's nothing for it but to rest quietly. So I was lazy, but the rest of the people had the fun. Hans Helbaek, the Danish botanist, joined us, so that aspect of the team was rounded out.

We finished our work about Beyrouth and in the south late in February, and started north again on the 28th. We camped the first night on the beach (of the Mediterranean) at Mantar, south of Tartous, where Linda and I had dug in 1938. The next night we were in Antioch, in Turkey, and went the next morning to revisit several of the Amouq sites, which were also pre-war Oriental Institute operations. Thence we drove on up into Cilician Turkey, as far as the mound near Mersin, where we got a C¹⁴ sample, and then we returned back by way of the Amouq and re-entered Syria on the road to Aleppo. The high point of the trip into Turkey, personally, is that we located many of our old pre-war workmen, and the reunion with the old survey boy, Yayah, now a successful grain merchant in Iskanderoun, was a great success. From Aleppo, we drove on to the Euphrates, thence down its right bank through Dier-ez-Zor and Abu Kemal to the I.P.C. (Iraq Petroleum Company) pipe line, and entered Iraq on the line. I had arranged with the general manager in Kirkuk that we might be put up in the company's guest houses in their pumping stations, and we thus made a very easy desert passage, staying two nights most comfortably on the way. We reached Kirkuk on the morning of March 8th, and slept that night in our sleeping bags at Jarmo.

In sum, we covered over 3500 miles, saw innumerable sites and different types of geographical and environmental situations, collected several dozen C¹⁴ samples and many samples of sherds and flints, overnighted in a variety of strange places (never more happily than in the open in our sleeping bags), and all got back safely and speaking to each other!

It took us a week to get our tent camp reasonably well set up and all aspects functioning - I had to make a trip to Baghdad during this week so Vivian super-intended the setting up - and by the end of it we were ready to dig. The site of Jarmo covers almost four acres. In our two previous seasons on the site, we had tested it in depth from top to bottom (that is, from latest to earliest levels) and had found thousands of flint tools, sherds, and small objects of one kind or another, but we had no idea of what the site looked like in breadth. Our previous exposures, while deep, had had to be narrow, and we could only guess most vaguely at how many houses there may have been in the original village, how different the houses may have been one from another, whether there were open areas or market places in the village, etc., etc. In fact, these latter are questions which are often asked but almost never answered. I do not know of a site in the Near East, for example, where an archeologist has set himself to finding the answers. The obvious reason is that no one can afford to excavate a mound completely - to do so at Jarmo would take more than my lifetime, and far more money than we could

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ever hope to find. What we are attempting to do, however, is the next best thing. It involves the setting up of a grid or checkerboard survey over the whole mound, and of digging a square (about six feet by six feet) within each grid unit. We decided on the size and orientation of the grid as best we could from previous experience. I'm proud to say we hit the sub-surface orientation of houses within about two or three degrees of what we'd anticipated and we now have about one hundred little squares opened up, covering the northeast half of the mound. There are traces of architecture in almost half of these squares, and the method is proving much more workable than I'd anticipated (I'd thought it would be frightfully messy, but Vivian and Pat have worked out a tight method of keeping control of it). Within the next month, we should be able to get another hundred squares into the southwest half, and also to enlarge at the places where the most promising buildings appear in the little squares. We will obviously not be able to expose everything that turns up in part in all of the squares, but we can follow the principal of extrapolation and make projected reconstructions from one square to another.

Whether seen from the nearby hills or from an airplane, Jarmo is now a remarkable sight - it looks as if a gigantic mole had gotten at the place, a mole who liked geometrical exactitude. We shall at least be able to say quite a bit about the upper (latest) levels of occupation of the village. Since the concentration has been architectural, we have not attempted to control the flint, obsidian, and potsherds in the thousands as we've done previously, but there have been a scatter of good examples of small objects. So far, nothing new in type has appeared, but Vivian is pleased by the wealth of figurine fragments which are appearing - they being her favorite category.

Bruce got started on the Palegawra cave about a week later than we did - unfortunately, he ran into a bout of dysentery, and the doctors in the I.P.C. hospital kept him in hand for awhile, but he is now in his cave at last, and has reached pay dirt. Yesterday, he found a chipped celt, a sort of axe, which is not considered characteristic of cave materials - if more appear, this may have important theoretical implications.

The natural scientists are all over the countryside, as they have to be. At the moment, Charlie Reed and Hans Helbaek are up near Ruwanduz, as Charlie had word that some hunters whom he had used last Fall had some animals for him and Hans wanted to check on reports of wild grain in the Ruwanduz district. Herb Wright is somewhere between Erbil and Mosul, following gravel beds.

As if I didn't have enough to keep me busy, we've had labor troubles. There is a great deal of construction going on in Iraq at the moment, and the main Kirkuk - Sulimaniyah road is being completely rebuilt so there are plenty of jobs available for the locals (where there have never been jobs before). Since we haven't too long to work before the hot weather breaks (and our overhead gets us anyway) and since I need the trained men, they have me over a barrel, and they know it - all very friendly but firm, and I can't afford to wait out a strike.

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Other excitements. We had a truly magnificent three hour flight over all of the sites - both here in the Kirkuk area, and up beyond Salehedin where we were last Fall - in the I.P.C. photographic plane. The company - the general manager of which has been most friendly to us - put the little two motored Dove at our disposal, and also a photographer. Herb, Vivian, and I also shot pictures and looked at things like mad - I had no idea that things happen quite so fast in an airplane, being used, up to now, only to sedate commercial flights! Day after tomorrow, I'm due to give a lecture to the I.P.C. personnel - little enough repayment for all their kindness. Next week-end, Life magazine is sending a couple of people here to do a story on Jarmo for a special series they are to do next Fall on human history. This will doubtless be a strenuous visit. Anyway, so much is going on that I literally never know whether I'm coming or going. This business of a big team is very fine, a great deal is being learned, but it's hardly a time of relaxation for the director, and I would like a minute or two now and then to relax with the architecture in my little squares!

I'll try to get you a final note when we've closed down at the end of the season.

Best of cheer,

Robert J. Braidwood

NEWSLETTER FROM FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

Dear Friends:

May 18, 1955

This is something in the nature of an interim report, to tell you about activities current and anticipated before the vacations begin. Let me start with our overseas activities.

Chicago House at Luxor has now once again been put in moth balls for the summer, since it is already much too hot there for work to continue. Several of you, including at least one member of the Board of Trustees, have visited Luxor during the past winter and have seen George Hughes and Charles Nims at work. There was even an unsolicited report in the Tribune about the undertaking. The Hugheses and Kinses are on their way home for the summer and are bringing with them more finished copies of the inscriptions and pictorial scenes of the walls of the Medinet Habu Temple. These will go into the next volume of our reports on that structure. Do you realize that after 150 years research by representatives of many nations no one Egyptian temple has ever been published completely, with full scientific accounts of the structure and accurate copies of all the inscriptions on its walls? What we of the Oriental Institute are trying to do in Egypt at present is to provide just such a complete publication of the great temple on which we hold the concession. Our idea is to show that it can be done and to provide a model for others to follow. The excavation reports are complete, with only two batches of ostraca still to be written up and within five years or so we hope that copies of all inscriptions and pictorial materials on the acres of wall surface will also have been prepared. A big undertaking, but greatly worth while.

The 'prehistoric' expedition of Robert Braidwood, about which you have been hearing in Newsletters during the past winter, is now in its final phase and Braidwood may well be much too busy at the moment to keep you posted from the field. The expedition is the most complete and ambitious we have undertaken since World War II, with natural scientists and archaeologists teaming up to give a comprehensive picture of man's transition from cave to open town habitation. What with the enterprises of so many different scientists to keep moving simultaneously, Braidwood has been writing to us that he was being torn in all directions, "fragmented", he called it. We thought it would be to his and our advantage to have the expedition wind up with a proper co-ordination of all its elements and to have Braidwood come back to us in one piece. So, with the help of Institute friends we sent Mrs. Braidwood over for the last month of the campaign to help in the administration and to pin him up at the seams, as it were. One of the factors complicating Braidwood's existence is the fact that

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LIFE magazine has sent members of its staff over to Jarmo, to make ready a 14-page spread on the earliest village life for one of their issues this fall. We naturally wanted to co-operate, because of the publicity value the spread will have. Braidwood will give a full report on his explorations next fall at the Institute, probably in November.

At home various things have been happening. With money supplied by the Member's dues, we have bought several important art objects to exhibit in our Museum. One is a small but very rare diorite Babylonian head of the Hammurabi period (c. 1800 B.C.). We had previously had no example of the advanced workmanship of that particular period in our collection. Another acquisition is an excellent medium-sized Roman head from a sarcophagus, perhaps of the second century A.D. It could be a Hercules or a Zeus or a philosopher. The head was brought over from London and I found the intensity and concentration shown in the features so appealing, that I bought it at once. You can see these new objects on display in the Museum now. Meanwhile our preparators in the basement have completed their work on a large Egyptian relief put together out of almost a hundred fragments and now exhibited at the farther end of our Egyptian Hall. The relief is a very rare specimen of inlaid work from the period of the Old Kingdom and comes from the tomb of Nefer-ma'at. It was excavated by Sir Flinders Petrie at Medum and given to the University of Chicago in exchange for dollar support of his operation. The reconstruction work done by our preparator, Hanson, is remarkable. By all means try to see the relief when next you are at the Institute.

Of equal importance with the progress made in the Museum is that being made in the workshop of the Assyrian Dictionary, on the third floor. You know that dictionaries are not written quickly, especially when they are the first in any given language. Actually we have been at work on this great Assyrian Dictionary for almost 30 years, compiling material that covers about 3,000 years in the history of the languages of the Semitic Orient. Now we are at the point where the work is beginning to show results. Our Dictionary staff expects to have the first volume ready for printing by September 1. It will contain the 1200 words that have to be listed under one letter of our alphabet. Each year we hope to have the words under another letter of the alphabet ready for printing. The work will provide a basic new tool for Assyriological studies, the greatest contribution any one institution could make to their development. We have investigated all different kinds of reproduction media and have finally come to the conclusion that we would do best to have the Dictionary printed from type in Germany, giving us also a sales-outlet overseas. We have already obtained from the printer a sample page of the printed text and an estimate of the cost of the first volume (227 pages). We need at this point just one thing, namely \$4,500 to cover the cost of printing the first volume, the income from the sale of which we believe will cover most of the cost of the second etc. To get the first volume out quickly would really mean a great deal not only to scholarship and the Institute but also to the men who have labored so faithfully to get this first volume ready. Unfortunately foundations cannot be approached on this type of project and the University Press is already overloaded with our products. Does anyone want to contribute to help us get the ball rolling?

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The coming fall and winter are going to see all kinds of interesting things happen in the field and abroad. You will hear more about this as time moves along. Our expedition to Nippur will again take the field in October and details of the staff and of the strategy are already being worked out. We would like next spring to launch a reconnaissance of the old Phoenician settlements along the coast of Syria, to see whether there be any one site especially promising for excavation, if we can get together about \$3,500 to cover the undertaking. The point here is that while we all know about the importance of the old Phoenician traders, we actually have no satisfactory picture of the mercantile establishments from which they launched the colonies and enterprises that once covered the entire Mediterranean basin. It is like knowing how important Chicago is for the manufacturing and mercantile life of the nation without knowing Chicago itself. Is anybody beside ourselves interested in the Phoenicians?

At home, during the coming year we are planning some new types of exhibitions that will include modern as well as ancient art, and are looking forward to the meeting in Chicago, of the entire corps of American archaeologists at Christmas time. The Archaeological Institute of America has designated Chicago as its meeting place for Christmas week of 1955 and we hope that the efforts of the local Committee on Arrangements to bring the visitors on campus will result in having one session at least at the Oriental Institute. On this assumption, we want to have the facilities and exhibits of the Institute at a level of excellence worthy of Chicago and of the University of Chicago. This provides an opportunity to improve the projection facilities of the J. H. Breasted Lecture Hall, something that will benefit us all. For illustrated lectures, it is necessary in these days to be able to show two pictures simultaneously. We are installing two new screens to supplement the one old one and want to have the latter changed over from a porous beaded type to the newer aluminum coated type that reflects more light. We are having the old arc-light projection machines, now completely out of date, removed from the projection room and want to install a new set for standard size slides, for the new 2 x 2 slides and for moving pictures at 16 mm. The University is doing the projection room over for us, but we need to provide the new equipment. It will probably set us back \$1,000, but will be a good investment.

The final lecture of the season is that scheduled for May 25. With this we sign off officially for the current academic year. If any further news comes in from the field, we shall send it on by Newsletter as quickly as possible. Our opening lecture and reception for the season 1955-56 is scheduled for October 12, and we hope to see you again at least at that occasion.

Carl H. Kraeling

FAREWELL TO JARMO

June 19, 1955

Dear Friends:

Greetings to you all and a short note, as promised, to tell about the end of the Jarmo season. When I last wrote, we were digging two meter test squares of this ancient village site like mad. We finished off 150 of them, pretty well gridding the whole surface of the mound. It looked from the air and was in fact something like a giant punch board - try here, and maybe you'll get the box of candy! We made our choices in the last week of digging - our digging money was due to run out by May 25th - and did pretty well on the candy. Got some large scale architecture with very handsome stone foundations, and - in a deep slit trench - intercepted a mud wall almost five feet in width. It rather looks as if our business at Jarmo isn't quite complete yet.

On May 28th, H. E. Dr. Najî al-Asîl, Director General of Antiquities of the Iraq Government, and his right hand man, Fuad Safar (who holds a Chicago degree) came for the division. In fact, they came a couple of days earlier than expected, but the girls entertained them and set the whole thing up. I had, previously, accepted an invitation by the Mutaserif (Governor) of Sulimaniyah to give a lecture on the evening of the 28th to the elite of Kurdistan. The lecture turned out to be great fun, but that's another story. Anyway, Bruce, Charlie, Mayo, Douglas and I got back after midnight, and felt slightly "bushed" the next morning, but the girls, Najî Bey, and Fuad had gone over everything in such detail that the division itself went like a dream. We got all we could possibly have hoped for and more, and Najî Bey himself was very pleased. It was flattering to have him come to do the division himself. Heretofore, he has sent his assistants and saved his own time for the big sites with spectacular material. I suspect this reflects the increasing importance he senses in our work. He also went out of his way to compliment me on the general success of the project and particularly the efforts of the natural sciences team. This pleased me very much, because it means that we all behaved ourselves comme il faut.

If anyone doesn't know it, the high point of the final months for me was that through Margaret Bell and two friends of the Institute (and certainly of mine!) it became possible for Linda and my son Douglas to fly out to help finish off the season.

After the division, we began the big push to get out - packing, trucking into Kirkuk, making final arrangements for storage of gear, etc. We made it by the evening of June 4th. Even then, the station wagon gave up completely in the

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big wadi, and it took us 24 hours to get all of us and our personal baggage into Kirkuk - a normal drive of two hours. The push continued in Baghdad - a mad rush to get our shipment home, cleared by the authorities and into a box car for shipment to Beyrouth where it will be loaded on board ship for home. With a great deal of red-tape cutting (and some palm crossing!), I saw the box car sealed at 1:30 P.M. on June 11th and we took the 6:00 o'clock plane for Beyrouth that evening.

Linda, Douglas and I have just finished five wonderful days at one of our favorite places in the world, Mittersill in the Austrian Tyrol, and feel cooled off at last, rested, and actually quite civilized. We're enroute to Paris for a little conference of Orientalists, shall get a week in England to see colleagues, then sail from Southampton on June 30th on the Maasdam.

All in all, a very fine field season.

Best of cheer,

Bob Braidwood

Note: Under the terms of the excavation concession granted by the Iraq Department of Antiquities, the excavator can take home half of the finds, with the exception of unique objects. Generally in preparing for a "division" the excavator lays out two columns of objects which pair off as closely as possible. The Department of Antiquities chooses one or the other of these columns and the excavator takes the remaining one. The excavator is obligated by the concession to publish the results of the expedition as soon as possible.

Chicago House
Luxor, Egypt
October 18, 1955

NEWSLETTER FROM LUXOR

Dear Friends:

We have been back in Luxor all of two days now. The entire staff is on hand as of this morning. The ladders and scaffolds are at the temple (Medinet Habu, of course). The station-wagon and its garage are on the west bank. Mr. Healey had everything in order except the motor launch for which a new reverse gear came along from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, in my luggage. Work has already begun at the temple. It always amazes me how this outfit gets going each year in a matter of hours with no gnashing of gears.

This year we were expecting to get to Egypt comfortably early, have three days in Cairo and arrive in Luxor well before the rest of the staff. We reckoned without the American Export Lines which serenely changed the Mediterranean itinerary without notifying us or Charles and Myrtle Nims until we boarded the ship. As a result, instead of landing at Alexandria on October 9th we landed on October 15th. It was a long voyage from New York, for we left there on September 23rd.

Owing to this change Maurine and I had our first visit to Beirut, Lebanon, with a three and a half day stop there. The first two of those days we used to make the drive by car to the mighty ruins of the Roman temples at Baalbek, joining up with a group of fifteen "tourists" who had come out with us on the ship. First impressions of Baalbek failed to convince me that it was the place of the pictures I had often seen. I kept looking for the six soaring columns of the Temple of Jupiter, and it was not until I saw them from the lower level from which I presume they are always photographed starkly against the sky (and from which point, of course, I photographed them too) that I knew I was in Baalbek.

From Baalbek we drove on to Damascus to spend the night. I had anticipated seeing something entirely outside our experience in this very ancient city, but I had reckoned without the U.S. and the products of its factories and the headlong rush of the Syrians to modernize. A swooping drive at evening along a modern highway and street to the ultra-modern Semiramis Hotel on the much confined Barada River was counteracted only by next morning's visit to the Long Bazaar ("The Street called Straight") and the Omayad Mosque. But a view of "St. Paul's Window" and the "House of Ananias" did not exactly inspire us with authentic antiquity. Frequenters of the Near East and archeologists should not take conducted tours, but how else could one get past two sets of stiff customs and immigration officials at the Lebanese-Syrian border in a hurry without previously acquired visas and re-entry permits?

2.

Of course, the most memorable occasion of the trip was the couple of hours we spent waiting in a Damascus brocade and rug shop while two members of the party, a husband and wife, chose in our brief tour of the town to look at and apparently to buy expensive rugs. They seemed to be relieved eventually at being extricated from the bargaining by the mounting ire of the other fifteen members. I was amazed and pleased that no incident occurred involving one of the ornamental daggers in the place and one of those fifteen impatient people.

The drive through the country-side over the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges and through the Beqa valley between them with a view of Mt. Hermon in the distance was memorable, and the mere mention no doubt produces nostalgia in a number of you. Even more exciting as a drive was the one we made from Beirut the third day over the good but tortuous mountain road to the Cedars of Lebanon. Brief stops at the mouth of Dog River and Byblos satisfied a sentimental desire to see the famous spots, even though we knew enough to disbelieve 90 percent of what the guide was saying. A visit to the small cluster of cedars, remnant of the once copious forests, is indeed a sentimental journey which one would not want to miss nor make again without a special purpose.

The long drive to the Cedars (over 6000 feet up) past the much terraced and farmed mountain sides and around the upper end of the great mountain amphitheater which is the Qadisha Valley is an experience of grandeur. It is an experience of something else also when one's driver keeps his left arm nonchalantly propped in the window of the car while negotiating sharp turns above precipitous drops and profusely honking with the other. I believe the weakest knees at each stop belonged to those persons of the party who had driven most themselves in the past. He was a "good" driver, I am told,---at least we are in Luxor now.

Arriving in Alexandria six days late and on the official opening day of the season, Maurine and I proceeded directly to Luxor with only a four-hour stop in Cairo between trains. Charles and Myrtle Nims stayed in Cairo a couple of days to meet the officials who are organizing the recording of the to-be-submerged monuments of Nubia. The new Record Center sponsored by UNESCO and the Egyptian Government is undertaking the work and expects now to begin at Abu Simbel about December 1st. Charles is to take charge of and initiate the photography during a month's leave from the expedition.

The train ride upriver each fall through the placid sea of the inundation, which will before long give way to green fields, still remains an occasion of marvel for us. We still peer avidly for the first glimpse of the great pylon of Karnak from the train window and that first glimpse spells home.

3.

Since reaching Luxor we have, so far as we know, accomplished all the preliminaries, and life has already assumed an even tenor. Inevitable courtesy calls have been made---the equally inevitable return calls are yet to come---and I have even gone so far as to do a bit of dragomaning at Karnak and Luxor temples which my ingenuity could not get me out of.

Luxor is even now well populated with tourists. All the **hotels** have been open for some time and we are told that European tourists have come all summer long. (The thermometer reached 100 today.) Anyone who contemplates coming to Egypt this winter had best be aware that all the hotels here in Luxor claim to be booked solidly until February, and I do not think they are exaggerating.

Already we have received letters from three Americans who want to stay with us within the next week or so. We have always in the past regarded the beginning of the season until December a quiet and carefree period, but tourists began dropping in the day of our arrival this year.

And so we're off for the season.

Sincerely,

George R. Hughes
Field Director

NEWSLETTER FROM NIPPUR

(Carl Haines, field architect of the Oriental Institute, left Chicago in October to assume his duties as Field Director of our excavations at ancient Nippur in southern Iraq. The expedition is being financed partly by the Oriental Institute and partly by the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research. Associated with Carl Haines as members of the staff are Prof. Albrecht Goetze of Yale University, Dr. Vaughn Crawford, graduate of Yale, and Mr. Donald Hanson, Fellow of Harvard University. The expedition uses the little town of Afak as its base of operation.)

Afak, Iraq
Nov. 11, 1955

Dear Friends,

No letter for such a long time and I'm afraid this is going to be a hectic and disjointed one. I haven't had time so far for sunsets behind the palm trees or the tidbits connected with setting up housekeeping in an Arab village. But I'll get to it.

I had a very enjoyable but uneventful trip over. (Boat to France, train to Venice, boat to Beirut). Everything went according to schedule- good weather, good food and easy connections. I went up to Cairo while the ship was in port in Alexandria and saw Bob Braidwood's faithful helper Abdullah. It was seventeen years ago that I had last seen him. In Beirut, I was thankful to learn that the trunks had been shipped on to Baghdad and that things had gone through without a hitch. During the one day that I spent in Beirut I was able to spend a little time with Goetze who was staying at the French Institute there. Seyrig, the Director of the Institute, was in Paris and I was sorry I didn't get to see him. I arrived in Baghdad on the morning of October 29th, glad that the trip was over. Both Goetze and Crawford arrived two days later. It was soon apparent that they were not going to attempt a survey trip before we started work on the mound so I hurried through my Baghdad obligations so that we could get down to Afak and cut down our hotel bill. The final bill doesn't look very much cut down but it was the best I could do.

Our trunks arrived in Baghdad about the same time I did and I was able to start custom's clearance right away. Our agent thought that, with a letter from Dr. Naji al-Asil, Director of Antiquities, we could get our materials exempted.

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He very willingly provided the letter and we didn't have to pay any duty at all- that is good news indeed. Hiring the servants didn't present any problems either. We have the same cook again, a new chauffeur (the one who did so well on the survey with Thorkid Jacobsen and Vaughn Crawford in the '53-54 season), a new houseboy who hasn't arrived yet, and of course our major domo and go-between Abdullah Sultan with his teen-age son. I have sent for 17 Shergattis (pickmen) who are supposed to be here and ready to start work on the 15th. Agoulian, our garage man at Baghdad, had the vehicles ready and all of them run as of today. The venerable blue jeep can't stand much more and will have to be put out to pasture before too long.

Our social life was not neglected- we had dinner with Bob Hicks, who manages the Fulbright appointees in Iraq, and later tea at his place to meet and talk with the current crop. They were a very pleasant group of people and I was surprised at the number who had studied at Chicago. One afternoon we went out to visit Father O'Callahan's grave and to meet the Jesuit Fathers. And as a send-off Dr. Najj al-Asil gave us a dinner at the Embassy Club which turned out to be a very enjoyable affair.

Yesterday morning we came, in two jeeps and a truck, to Afak. Nothing more serious happened on the way down than the breaking of three bottles of catsup, and we arrived at Afak at six in the evening. Abdullah Sultan greeted us at the door and had warm water ready to combat the dust of the road. The physical aspects of Afak have changed somewhat. Across the canal from the house they are constructing an elaborate garden and boulevard complex and we now have some fluorescent street lights- the first that I've seen in Iraq. Our expedition house presents its own problem. It is really two contiguous houses, one of burned brick and one of mud brick. The little mud brick one was in such a state that Abdullah didn't even try to clean it up. The lower parts of the walls have disintegrated from the salts in the mud brick and will have to be rebuilt. I believe it will be cheaper to fix it up than to give it up entirely and rent another house in town. Rents seem to be rather high and we have already done so much to this little place that is worth more than the rent we pay. It will probably take a week to get it into a livable condition- in the meantime our people are sleeping here and there. Only the three of us are down here so far. Our government Commissioner, Abdul Kadr, will arrive by train the day after tomorrow. He is a last year's graduate from the School of Archeology in Baghdad. We met him there and he seems like a very nice fellow. When Donald Hanson comes, I will probably go to Baghdad to meet him and take him around to the Department of Antiquities and help him with his residence permit application.

We visited the mound this afternoon. Part of the roof of the Shergatti's house has fallen in and needs repair. We have four men there now who are getting our dump railroad ready for work on the 15th. The mound is a sorry looking place. A lot of sand has drifted in and it will take extra men at least a couple of weeks to cart it all away. At the same time, we will start actual excavation. We are

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first going to try to establish the width of the Inanna Temple; not until then will we have any idea of the work involved in clearing the entire building. A few freshly excavated walls and a lot of nice moist dirt at the end of the dump will raise my spirits immeasurably.

The best of greetings to everybody at the Institute.

Sincerely, Carl
Richard Carl Haines

Second Newsletter from Nippur

November 20, 1955

Dear Friends,

We have been in Afak now for a little more than two weeks and that period of having to step over or around great piles of boxes and cartons in the courtyards and of wondering where the immediately needed things are stored and why there are so many extra wicks for those defunct kerosene heaters, is gradually turning into a semblance of ordered living. We were warmly received by the villagers on our return and almost gleefully informed that the house which we rent is to be torn down so that the street along the canal can be widened. But in the next breath we were assured that they would not do this until this year's digging is over. So with some misgivings, we made the necessary repairs to buildings which we knew were already condemned. One section of our house is built of adobe and the lower part of the walls had disintegrated from the dampness and the salt in the ground. Total collapse was too imminent to chance their lasting until they could have a dignified destruction so we called in a local mason who is used to dealing with such conditions. He blithely assured us that he could replace the lower courses without disturbing the upper part of the walls at all and, incredible as it seems, he did! But more incredible still, perhaps, is that he did it within the time limit and for the price that he first quoted. Our house is fixed now, those things which were needed have been found and those which are not have been stowed away.

Just the mechanics of starting work at Nippur is time consuming and not very exciting. The rails of our field railroad have to be carried up on the mound again and relaid. The dump cars have to be hauled by ropes with many men pulling and tugging and with much shouting of encouragement or caution. But soon, with a sufficiently intricate track layout, newly greased axles, and an abundance of enthusiastic horsepower, work began. Great drifts of sand had blown from the north into the excavation during the year and a half we were at home. A strong south wind would help us immeasurably right now but the days are still, sunny, and mild. So by shovel and woolen sack which the men carry slung across their shoulders, and by the rumbling of dump cars on the UC & McK railroad, we have reached the place where we ended our last digging season. Our expectations are high and our hopes are great for the weeks that lie ahead.

To those of use who have been in Nippur before, who have been in the Near East before, such things as collapsing houses and drifting sand are not too unexpected nuisances, but to meet such things for the first time might give a more positive reaction. First impressions of Near Eastern monuments and living are always interesting and Donald P. Hansen, the newest member of our expedition, gives us the following account of this, his first trip to the Near East. A graduate student at Harvard, he is spending this year abroad on a Sheldon Travelling Scholarship and has joined our staff for the duration of our excavations.

Dear Friends,

I was filled with excitement and expectation when I left New York for the Near East, for this was to be my first trip outside the United States. But above all I was more than anxious to begin work as a new member of the staff of the Joint Expedition to Nippur. I was hoping that all my romantic illusions of the people and lands of the Near East would not be too quickly shattered, and that I would find the monuments of antiquity which I had been studying as wonderful and magnificent as I had imagined them to be. Besides working with the expedition, my year in the Near East was also to entail travelling in Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, and Turkey collecting material for my thesis which I am preparing for Harvard University. So naturally I had reason to be excited for I knew that soon I was to see and experience so much that would be new.

Since the Nippur Expedition was not to begin until the middle of November I decided to spend the first two weeks of November and the month of October studying in Egypt and to save Syria, Lebanon, and Turkey for next spring. I booked passage on a freighter to Alexandria which left New York in the beginning of September and arrived in Egypt three weeks later. This was a long voyage, but since it was my first I enjoyed every day. Four ports before Alexandria - Toulon, Marseilles, Genoa, and Beirut - were only stop-overs for a day or so which meant a bit of hurried sight seeing at each. And so my short introduction to the Near East was via Beirut. Several of the passengers took a trip to the mountains of Lebanon for the day which are certainly very beautiful. I was amazed by the variegation of the colors and the contrasts of barrenness and cultivation. However, a day is certainly not enough time to form very definite opinions, and I knew that I would be back to Beirut again later in the year.

I did not know what to expect of Egypt. After listening to the stories of the seamen and to those of my Jordanian cabin-mate I wasn't quite sure what was going to happen. When I descended down the gangplank into a crowd of shouting people, about three of whom grabbed for my baggage, there was nothing for me to do but begin yelling too. I had not the slightest idea what was going on. But I managed to reach the customs office and soon left for Cairo.

Though I really had no reason to believe that Cairo would not be as modern as it was, I was still somewhat amazed. The month I spent there passed all too quickly. Each morning I worked in the Cairo Museum collecting material for my thesis and just wandering from one room to another viewing all the famous pieces which I had known only from books. Then there were the wonderful trips to the various monuments near Cairo - Gizeh of course was first. The pyramids were even more grandiose than I had imagined. Many hours were spent just watching the tones of the stone change as the light changed its direction during the course of the day. Egypt certainly has its charm, and I hated to see the days fly by. Abu Roash, Zawiet, Abusir, and Heliopolis were all on the itinerary. But Sakkara! Of all the monuments that I saw I think that I was most impressed by those of Sakkara. Its famous pyramid complex of the third dynasty is a feast for the imagination and no doubt one of the most beautiful examples of architecture of ancient Egypt.

Upon finishing my work in the museum I packed myself off to Upper Egypt and spent a delightful two weeks as a guest of the Oriental Institute at Chicago House. Probably I was one of those "three Americans" mentioned in the last Newsletter. It seems, as I write this, that I am using a great quantity of superlatives, but that is how Egypt appeared to me and particularly Upper Egypt. Who can help but be impressed by the picturesqueness of the cliffs of the Western Desert and the Nile sprinkled with the wonderfully curving sails of the fellucas. Practically every day I crossed the river to scramble from one tomb to another or to visit the many temples. Perhaps I tried to see too much at once, for I took several side trips to Abydos, Esna, Assuan, and Edfu. But then there is so much to see in Egypt.

It had rained the day I arrived in Baghdad, and to be sure this did not add any charm to Rashid Street. But I left the next day for Afak which I found to be much as I had expected after having seen several pictures in former excavation reports. The canal, the mud-brick houses, and the sukh were all there. From the roof of our house one can look out over the mud-brick houses of the rest of the village - a wonderful study of closely knit interlocking forms. I walked through the sukh one day and was sure that this was how the Near East should be, but upon hearing a tape recorder in a coffee shop blaring out oriental music I quickly remembered that this was 1955. But the most obvious example of Afak's "modernization" is the newly acquired fluorescent lights which line the street along the canal.

I have more than enjoyed my trip thus far and have found my experiences to be very rewarding. I am now looking forward to the many things I shall learn during this season at Nippur and to the spring when I shall continue travelling in the Near East.

Donald P. Hansen

Abu Simbel, Egypt
11 January 1956

Dear Friends:

For two weeks now we have been living on a boat in front of the Temple of Abu Simbel, quarried out of the rock of the mountain by Ramesses II. Here we are 250 miles from Luxor in a direct line, and 300 by the route of travel. You can think of our position as even with the latitude of Tampico, Mexico.

The Oriental Institute has given me a six week leave of absence from my work at Chicago House so that I may direct the photographic section of the start of a recording expedition at this temple. To give you the background of this enterprise, I must tell you something about the organization which is doing the work. It has, in full, the long name of "Centre de Documentation et d'Etudes sur l'Histoire de l'art et de la Civilisation de l'ancienne Egypte."

Some years ago the Egyptian government, recognizing the need for the preservation and recording of its ancient monuments, approached the UNESCO for help in obtaining expert advice. About eighteen months ago UNESCO, agreed to help in such a task, thus setting up the first agency of this sort under its sponsorship. For the UNESCO counselor of the project, Egypt nominated Mme. Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt of the Louvre, who has had long excavating and recording experience in Egypt.

At first it was thought that the subject of recording would be the private tomb chapels of the Theban Necropolis. However, the Egyptian government, planning its new high dam which will inundate all of the temples in Egyptian Nubia remaining above water, realized the need for immediate attention to these monuments. Because of this UNESCO accepted the task of the recording of Abu Simbel, and considerably increased its share of the budget for the new organization.

For this work UNESCO provides the working equipment and the scientific instruments, and pays the consultants from abroad who are to serve for short periods of time. The Egyptian staff and the expendable supplies are the responsibility of the Egyptian government.

However, the Abu Simbel recording expedition is the only one of this sort now planned. The real work of the Center will eventually be located in Cairo, where a building to serve it will be built shortly. There, there will be collected all documents, drawings, photographs and any other material pertaining to the records of antiquity. These will be filed and eventually their archaeological and cultural relationships will be analyzed. All of this material will be available to scholars throughout the world.

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For a fee covering the cost of materials one will be able to receive prints of photographs and reproductions of drawings. One can ask for and receive information concerning the details of scenes in tombs and temples, classified according to subject. There will be a library, a photographic laboratory, files and store rooms, conference rooms and a restaurant for staff and visiting scholars.

Of course the Center is only now getting started, and experience may make changes in plan. After due consideration, one decision was made which it is hoped will aid in making the Center effective. This was to make the Center an independent organization so that it might form its own traditions.

It should be emphasized that while UNESCO is acting as co-sponsor of the Center, it is an Egyptian organization, and the permanent staff members are to be Egyptian. The head is Dr. Mustafa Amer, who, when he retires from his position as Director General of the Service of Antiquities, will devote all of his time to the new organization.

As is often the case, the work of organization and of obtaining equipment and supplies took somewhat longer than was anticipated. When we arrived in Egypt the middle of October, it was hoped that the work could begin by December 1st, with all installations in order and all equipment complete. This was not realized, but since a start had to be made, I was asked to leave Luxor on December 23rd for Assuan, there to board the Sheikh-el-Beled, our present home. Because of the slowness of the shipment on the railroad, we remained anchored at Assuan until noon on Christmas day.

This gave us a chance to see the antiquities of Assuan, or at least, a number of them. High in the hill on the opposite side of the river are the tombs of the governors of the ancient frontier province of Egypt during the Old Kingdom. There are also some tombs of the next succeeding centuries. These were excavated about ten years ago by our friend Labib Habachi, now Chief Inspector of Antiquities for Upper Egypt, who lives just a short ways from Chicago House in Luxor. He had also found earlier on the island of Elephantine the shrine for the worship of Heka-ib, erected by his descendants. This is one of the few cases where private persons were deified and worshiped in ancient Egypt.

We were accompanied in the visits to these antiquities, and to the little Ptolemaic temple at Assuan, with its roof about level with the present surface of the ground, by Professor Donadoni, of the University of Pisa, and just now called to the chair of Egyptology in the University of Milan. He is the Egyptological expert for the beginning of the work, and will remain about two weeks after we depart. He is a grand person to be with. He has recently published a book, in his own tongue, on Egyptian art, which is refreshing in the use of new pictures, mostly of objects in Italian museums, instead of repeating the old ones to which we are so accustomed.

Christmas noon we were joined by Mme. Noblecourt and another party, and we started off. We had Christmas dinner passing through the locks of the Assuan dam. At Shelal, the rail head above the dam, we discovered that essential scientific instruments had missed the train, and we did not receive them until noon the next day. These safely on board, we set out.

The second party was a group of French experts in photogrammetry and Egyptian colleagues who were to learn this work. The French group of three scientists was headed by Professor Poiuilliers, Directeur de l'Ecole Central des Arts et Manufactures, accompanied by two geographical engineers. They came to apply the principles of aerial mapping to the planning of a building, a work which had been done previously only with one of the Parisian churches.

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M. Poiuilliers served as chief of aerial observation for the American forces during the first war, and has been close to the Americans in the following years. He is one of the pioneers in aerial mapping. The principle is to take two photographs from known points, and from these work out the complete measurements. It is really an extension of what is popularly known as 3-D photography.

This second group were on board an ancient steamer known as the Indiana, which once was leased by one of the tourist companies to wealthy private parties who wished to travel up and down the Nile. It was considerably slower than our diesel driven Sheikh-el-Beled, so the two were lashed together for the trip to Abu Simbel. Our boat takes its name from the Old Kingdom wooden statue of Ka-aper, which received this nick-name when discovered, because to the workman it resembled the "Chief of the Village" (the meaning of the Arabic name).

Along the banks of the Nile above Assuan there are many villages, but little vegetation until one reaches this vicinity. What was there once was covered by the waters backed up by the dam, as were many ancient temples. The villages are inhabited mostly by women, children and old men, the able bodied men working as servants in the great Egyptian cities, and visiting home about once every half year. These villages will be 150 to 200 feet under water when the new high dam is completed, and I understand that it is planned to resettle the people in the area between Edfu and Assuan, on land newly irrigated by the increase in water supply which the dam will make possible.

We went on until about ten at night, and then anchored until just after four in the morning. The second day we stopped for half an hour at the temple of Sebuia, whose avenue of sphinxes is under water. Here are Coptic icons from the period when the temple was used as a church. These, on mud plaster, it is hoped to remove, and UNESCO will probably send experts through the Center to do that. The recording of the temple will be undertaken by the Department of Antiquities.

The second night about 5:00 P.M. we anchored at Aniba, the markhaz (head of a district, with police-post) for Nubia. The town actually stretches many miles along the river. In the new part are the government offices and a boys' secondary school, with about 500 boarders, from all of Nubia. It seemed quite modern, and the headmaster, on whom we called, was proud of his establishment.

The start on the third day was again at four. By nine we could see Abu Simbel as we rounded a bend in the river, its four great colossi catching the morning sun. The temple faces almost directly east; at this time of year the sun does not quite come to the door. On either side of the entrance are a pair of statues, each more than 65 feet high, carved out of the living rock.

The first hall, 54 x 58 feet, with four columns flanking the central aisle on either side, has rather magnificent reliefs. The right side wall is devoted to the battle of Kadesh. This composite picture, beginning $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the floor reaches to the ceiling, almost 22 feet higher.

The photographing of this area, and of the scenes on the sides of the square pillars, which are close together, is my chief task here. I was not asked because I have any special knowledge of photography, but because at Chicago House the generations of staff members have developed a reputation for accuracy in the whole process of recording. As an Egyptologist who has developed some facility in photography as one of his tools, it was expected that I would apply the same principles at Abu Simbel. It is a great compliment to the work of the Epigraphic Survey at Luxor that its methods are the ones on which the recording at Abu Simbel are modeled.

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The first nights at Abu Simbel the fulness of the moon illuminated the facade of the temple as nothing else can. Those of you who have visited Karnak, at Luxor, on a moonlit night have some idea of what this means.

The first days were spent in organizing the work. A barge with eight rooms is anchored at the river bank, at the disposal of the expedition. Work is going on in making this ready for living quarters. However, until the permanent dark room is ready in a new building now being completed just to the south of the temple, we have made a temporary one in one of the rooms on the barge. Here, with curtains over the doors and windows, and with clean but not running water, we are carrying on our developing.

The photogrammetry team was here for only six days, and so they had priority in the use of the dark room and the flood lights. Thus until they left I could do little work except make test shots. But a week ago I had fairly well established my procedures.

The relief of the Battle of Kadesh is being cleaned and Abd el Karim, one of the experts of the Department of Antiquities, hopes to finish tomorrow. On the following day, which begins the second half of the period I am to be absent from Luxor, I hope I can begin the photography of the wall.

So as to preserve every possible bit of evidence against the time when the temple is no longer available, I will photograph this part only with a half overlap for each photograph. Then two adjoining photographs can have half of each used for 3-D viewing, giving a somewhat exaggerated depth to the relief. This is due to the fact that the distance apart of our eyes is, on the average, 65 mm, while the pictures will be taken with an ocular separation of about 200 times that.

Enlargements will be made of all the photographs so that, as at Chicago House, the artist may draw on them thus having a guide for the relative position and the shape of the reliefs. It will not be possible to give the intensive collation that we practice in Luxor, but the drawings will be more accurate than any other method can achieve. Of course, much depends on the skill of the artist, and I must educate those here in this manner of drawing.

This morning I finished the photography of the small side rooms, more than 100 photographs. We have as yet no facilities for making prints, so I can only judge from the negatives as to the results. It is hoped that a plan can be worked out so that I may use the facilities of our photographic laboratories in Chicago House for the first enlargements.

Mme. Noblecourt left with the party on the Indiana. She expects to return sometime early next month. She has worked in the organization of the Center with her usual abundant energy and with great and creative imagination. Dr. Mustafa Amer has surmounted many difficulties in Cairo, and through his administrative ability has helped to get the support of the Council of Ministers for the whole project. To both of these must go the greatest part of the credit for the future success of the center.

Our Egyptian colleagues are giving much of their time and skill. Mohammed Mahdi, Chief Architect of the Department of Antiquities, has spent much time in assembling supplies and equipment in Cairo and in making plans for the housing of the work at Abu Simbel. Mustafa Sobhy, the architect in charge, continually shows his abilities as an administrator on the spot. We expect Labib Habachi to join us in a few days as chief of the project here.

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I must not fail to mention that Myrtle, my wife, has taken over the housekeeping, and has proved a great asset to the expedition. It was by special dispensation, and with some raised eyebrows, that she was allowed to come. I think our colleagues now feel that she is a creditable addition to the group.

I have two observations to make which are pertinent to the Oriental Institute and to its friends. The first is in praise of the foresight of Professor Breasted. In the early part of the century he made photographic records in this and other temples in Nubia. Many of these are still today the sole copies of what he photographed. More than a quarter of a century ago he realized the need of just such a center as has now been organized, and planned for something like it in connection with a new museum. If others had had the same foresight and had accepted the gift from Mr. Rockefeller for this purpose, the present work would have long since been accomplished.

The second is my appreciation of the equipment at Chicago House. Where every possible tool is available, or can be purchased or made, one does not realize the thought and planning of the directors at home and on the field, past and present, which have gone into the organization. Here, where much needed equipment is still lacking, this now seems nothing short of marvelous.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Francis Nims

Third Newsletter from Nippur
(compiled by C.H.K.)

February 10, 1956

Dear Friends and Members of the Institute

During the past month reports and letters from Nippur in southern Iraq have been arriving in increasing numbers. The members of our joint expedition team there, - Messrs. Carl Haines (Oriental Institute), Albrecht Goetze (Yale), Vaughn Crawford (Yale) and Robert Hansen (Harvard), - seem somewhat excited, and they have every right to be so, because important discoveries are being made. It may be that Carl Haines will be sending us a Newsletter directly from the field on the subject of the discoveries, but we here at the Institute thought you might care to have us put together a few salient passages from the personal correspondence we are having with the men in the field, particularly with the Field Director, just to keep you informed.

The first news about the recent discoveries came in the routine bi-weekly report of Carl Haines, dated January 15. It is contained in the somewhat matter of fact statement:

In addition to our regular and rather scanty finds of seals, pottery and other objects, we have found the heads of two limestone statues. One, 4.5 cm. high, is a nicely detailed and well-preserved head of a woman. It was found in the fill above the temple (the Temple of Inanna, which they are digging), and can probably be dated to the Old Babylonian period (2000-1600 BC). The other, 9 cm. high, is a finely-modelled head of a man. It had been partially burned, but the surface is not damaged. It is about three-quarters complete and was found in a cut area which extended from the fill of the Achaemenian platform to well below the Ur III floor level (Ca. 2100 BC). The head can possibly be dated to the Ur III Dynasty.

The staff is in good health and the weather has been, until today, sunny and warm with little or no wind. Today there is a slight drizzle and a strong north wind, - the first winter weather we have had this year.

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Next came a letter dated January 17, which had a more sprightly tone. It begins:

Just a short note to tell you that we had a good day today. We found the first foundation deposit that I have ever seen excavated. Two courses of the foundation were preserved on the south side of the wall (forming the enclosure of one of the courts of the Temple complex) and the northern face was broken away about two meters west of the doorway (leading) to the corridor. We were following the broken bricks eastward and came across a few baked bricks under the bottom course of the foundations. We cleared the spot right away and found a rectangle of bricks 80 cm. x 97 cm. These baked bricks were laid in bitumen (asphalt) and the first course of the foundations (for the wall) was laid on top of them while the bitumen was still hot. So off came the foundation courses of the wall, and what we had was clearly a box built of baked bricks. The box had first been covered with a square of matting, and this had in turn been capped by three bricks forming a pyramid. The crowd (of workmen) was getting tense by this time and anxious for us to remove the covering, but we had first to photograph the installation and it seemed that the photography went terribly slowly. The box was all in the shadows and Vaughn Crawford had to send in to the expedition house for some reflectors. The afternoon wore on and then off came the first brick with an inscription of Shulgi, (second King of Ur III Dynasty), similar to the ones on the doorsockets (of the temple), except that no mention was made in the inscription of repairing the temple. The next brick and the third were like the first and there was now no doubt. The matting covering the box fell away and there, standing in the northwest corner of the little brick box, was the little bronze foundation figurine we had hoped would be there. The box was well made, for he has no more corrosion than could be called patina and his eyes, nose and mouth are still as expressive as they were years ago. His overall height is about 12 inches. He is carrying a basket (of dirt) on his head (the modern equivalent of laying the first stone), with his hands up at each side steadying it. He comes to a point at the bottom, with no details below the waist and no inscription. He even still had the remnants of the cloth he was wrapped in wrapped around his shoulders. He's a nice little fellow and a welcome addition to the family. With him in the bottom of the box was a stone plano-convex brick in miniature. Nothing on it, though, as far as we can see.

Next came a letter from Professor Goetze of Yale University, the epigrapher of the expedition, dated January 20. From it I quote the following paragraph:

Carl Haines has told you of our good luck and the gratifying find of two heads and of a foundation box of Shulgi. The very next day we found two more, with other sets of canephoric statuettes and stone bricks. The second and third boxes are underneath the two towers in the middle, near the southern limit of the excavated area. The spirits of both the staff and the workmen are perceptibly lifted. The credit goes mainly to Carl Haines, who cleaned the walls with meticulous care for mapping. How could we otherwise have found these boxes which are underneath the foundations of the Ur III walls. In this instance we benefited by the

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destruction wrought by the builders of the big terrace which we had otherwise to deplore so vividly. We begin to dig down into Early Dynastic layers tomorrow.

The last letter in the series to date is another from Carl Haines, dated January 25. It reads in part:

Goetze tells me that he has told you about foundation boxes nos. 2 and 3, so I'll not comment, except to say that the three little Shulgis look very nice nestled down in their cotton beds in the expedition house. As you can imagine, the finding of these foundation boxes set our minds wandering around the mound (thinking of where we might have missed others), and deed immediately followed thought. We tried again north of the main entrance of the Temple of Enlil. We had stopped there before we got to the bottom of the foundations, but our new digging was to no avail, and that was our first disappointment. Another try was made at the southeast corner of the Temple of Enlil and that yielded nothing as well. But our shaft down through the enclosure wall of the Ekur (the large court south of the Ziggurat), just east of the gateway, between the inner and the outer courts, produced. We found there another box, in the usual place below the very bottom of the foundations, and it was of the same dimensions as those found in the Inanna Temple. It's construction was the same and the only difference is that this had two cover bricks. Both bricks were stamped with the usual Ekur stamp inscription of Urnammu (first King of Ur III Dynasty). And he was inside with his stone libn brick. Both the stone and the skirt of the statue are inscribed with the same inscription as the baked bricks.

The bronze statue of Urnammu is an exceptionally fine one. It is not a "nail man" as the others are, but a full statue with feet and oval base. From the base to the top of the basket on his head he measures about 14 inches. He is in an excellent state of preservation. With a slight dusting off, he would be ready for anybody's museum. The stone brick is in a poorer condition. The salts coming out have raised the surface in several laminations, and it will be difficult to keep the inscription from going in places. Along with the statue and brick there are several blue frit beads and many pieces or chips of unworked stone in variegated colors.

This fourth foundation deposit is the best one yet and needless to say we are already looking for the fifth on the western side of the same doorway, between the inner and outer courts of the Ekur.

I'm sorry this letter is just dig and more dig - there's little else on my mind and that is scarcely worth mentioning. We talked at dinner tonight of having menus printed and Goetze thought they should be in French - so we arrived at this: Potage du jour, Plat du jour, Spécialité de la Maison for dessert, and ending up with fruit and café. Sometimes we don't think of things like that and just sit and eat.

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It looks as if our winter is behind us, - the weather is warm and the days are sunny and the winds are still no more than a breeze. I hope our weather will keep its best foot forward until after the first of March. Greetings and best wishes to all at home.

Sincerely yours,

Carl Haines

NEWSLETTER FROM EGYPT

(Mrs. Carl Kraeling is showing Mrs. Edwin Scipp and Mrs. Chauncey Borland some of her favorite places in the Near East. The two ladies have written reports on the first part of their travels, and we are proud to be able to send them on in the form of a newsletter to our members).

Luxor
February 19, 1956

Our ten day stay in Egypt is coming to an end and we are leaving with many happy memories of people we have met and things we have seen.

The TWA brought us safely from New York via Gander, buried in snow and as dreary as I remembered it when last seen three years ago, and Orly, (Paris Airport) where we were served a delicious luncheon and felt the cold from which all Europe has been suffering, then on to Rome, Athens and finally Cairo.

Our week in the capitol city has been busy and full of interest. We have visited the churches of all denominations--Muslim, Jewish and Coptic, and Royal Palaces and museums were not forgotten. The Aga Khan was staying at our hotel (the Semiramis) and his entourage lent color to the tea and dinner hour. He had come for an educational conference with his people, we were told, who gathered to meet him from all parts of the Moslem world. His Highness was also in Egypt to give some thought to his tomb which he is planning for himself in Assuan, a spot very dear to his heart.

On the social side we had coffee with Dr. Mustafa Amer, the Director General of Antiquities in his museum office, and luncheon with a charming Egyptian couple, Mr. and Mrs. El Aroussy. He is head of the Franklin Press in Egypt, engaged in translating and publishing English books in Arabic, a project in which Dr. Kraeling is interested. I was surprised at the list of books on which they are working-- "Peter Rabbit" for the children, "Little Women" and "Gone with the Wind" among others. We lunched with them at the Gezira Sporting Club, 300 acres situated almost in the heart of Cairo and offering every sport except those of ice and snow. Organized by the English who excluded the Egyptians, it is now a native club where the English are not welcome.

Another evening was spent with an Egyptian family of humble origin, and we were touched by their friendliness and generosity and interested in their way of life.

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After six days in Cairo we are here in Chicago House in Luxor for a short visit, where Mr. and Mrs. Hughes gave us a royal welcome and where we are so comfortable and happy. After a few days in Luxor and Assuan we shall be back in Cairo for a short stay and then on to the other countries of the Near East we plan to visit.

Of the many interesting things we have seen in Egypt, to my way of thinking, none can compare with the Tutankhamon find. His belongings as displayed in the Cairo Museum and his tomb in the Valley of the Kings never disappoint and can never be forgotten.

Mrs. Kraeling is untiring in her efforts to have us see and know and do the best in the most comfortable manner. Under such auspices and with charming travelling companions our journey should continue to be a modern Arabian Nights adventure.

Belle M. Borland

It does not take long for the traveller to succumb to the spell of Egypt. Flying down from the bitter cold and icy wind in Paris, over the towering peaks of the Alps, we were enchanted with the blue, cloudless sky, the cool nights and the delightfully warm days that always begin with the exquisitely delicate coloring of pink and blue and end with a glorious, rich golden sunset over the desert. As it is never quite the same as on the previous day, one always looks forward to this gorgeous spectacle with great interest.

As one becomes more familiar with the life and activities of the "man of the street" whether it is in the city or country, one feels the kindness and great friendliness of his personality although his theme song might well be the song from "Porgy and Bess", -- "I've got plenty of nothing and nothing is plenty for me". He seems to be patiently contented and happy. We are glad to see that the new government has accomplished a great deal to improve general conditions, education and cleanliness even in this short time.

Mrs. Kraeling gave us a week of sightseeing in Cairo, which was most interesting--a remarkable city, where the modern not only tolerates but blends in gracefully with the customs of most ancient times. Motor cars and caravans of camels, and donkeys make their way through the principal streets. The natives in their costumes of biblical times mingle with the business men in European dress and modern architecture harmonizes easily with that of ancient times.

From Cairo, she brought us to Chicago House in Luxor, where Dr. Hughes and Ibrahim met us at the railroad station and whisked us by motor car to Chicago House here on the outskirts of Luxor where we have enjoyed the warm and charming hospitality accorded us by Dr. and Mrs. Hughes. To assure us of their cordial welcome, we found a bouquet of fresh garden flowers in our rooms--a sweet attention which has our deep appreciation. A prominent visitor to Luxor always calls to pay his respects at Chicago House, and every afternoon, someone well known in the field of letters or science comes and adds interest to the day's activities.

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A visit to the temples and tombs with Dr. Hughes is a privilege given to so few, and we are so pleased to be among the fortunate ones. The accounts recorded upon the walls became remarkably clear when read so fluently by Dr. Hughes and the ancient kings and queens suddenly become alive and vivid personalities.

Always ready to show us as much as possible in a short time, Mrs. Kraeling brought us to Assuan to the Cataract Hotel. From there one gets a splendid view of the Nile with its Elephantine rocks and one marvels at the dramatic picture presented by these purplish rocks against the golden sand beyond.

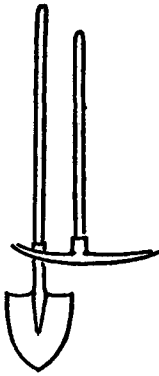
A visit to the granite quarry was most interesting, where the work of cutting the granite for another huge obelisk had been suddenly interrupted and the half completed task revealed the ingenious technique that was employed.

Modern times have also contributed a marvelous feat of engineering in the construction of the Great Dam, 3 kilometers long--with locks at the west end to permit navigation between the areas north and south of Assuan. This has also provided power for an important hydroelectric plant. The dam has been of such great economic benefit to Egypt that the great project for building another dam farther south, is about to become a reality. This will raise the water level again and flood an enormous territory. Some temples will then be entirely submerged and the description of their beauty will become a legend to future generations.

One wonders whether Egypt, in its newly found independence is entering a new cycle which will again bring it greatness and prosperity.

Sincerely yours,

Ellen H. Seipp



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FOURTH NEWSLETTER FROM NIPPUR

March 2, 1956

Dear Friends,

Greetings all from Afak. Today is Friday, the Muslim day of rest, so it is the day off for the archeological staff of the expedition as well for the pickmen and laborers on the mound. Actually, the work at the expedition house goes on as usual; only breakfast is later. So I, as visitor and early riser, am sitting alone in the high brick-walled living- dining- and business room, waiting for the others to show up.

I've been here now a day and a half, and an exciting and busy thirty six hours it has been. Only a few days back I was making preparations for departure from New York. Then came the quick and easy flight across the ocean and snow-bound Europe to Beirut in Lebanon. There I met Mrs. Kraeling and the two Chicago ladies with whom she is traveling. Shortly after they left for Jerusalem, I took off for Baghdad, where our plane landed in a terrific thunderstorm. The day-long trip from Baghdad to Afak was marked by difficult, bumpy roads, two punctures and a disconnected exhaust pipe. The second puncture came when the car was about four kilometers from Afak, so I struck out on foot to complete the trip, but was finally picked up by a local bus and joined the four people who were already crowded into the front seat, and was delivered in style at the front door of the expedition house.

It was pleasant to greet our old associates and friends, who were in good health and spirits when I arrived. What an exciting time they have had - especially when those bronze foundation deposits were coming out of the ground. The excitement has died down now, but not until a proper feast was held by the workmen, complete with a fatted calf. And the seven statues, the pride of the expedition, will be exhibited in Baghdad at the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the new National Museum, scheduled for April.

More important to me by far was the revelation of the work that had been done in uncovering one of the largest and most monumental temples ever excavated in Iraq of the Early Dynastic Period, (about 3000-2400 B.C.). The temple was constructed by Urnammu and his successor Shulgi, who were kings of Ur and it is they who immortalized themselves by the bronze statuettes that were buried as foundation deposits under the towers flanking the entrance gateways and under the corners of the massive structure. To date about one third of the building has been laid bare, buried as it was under an overburden of fill and of structural deposit that is no less than thirty feet deep. I was amazed at the amount of earth that has been removed and at the scope of the historical monument that was emerging. There

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is currently in the Near East, to my knowledge, no more extensive and ambitious undertaking anywhere in the field of archeology than the clearance of the Inanna Temple by the Nippur Expedition. It made me intensely proud of the skill and competence of Carl Haines, the field director, and at the same time I admired the smooth working of the expedition staff and the handling of the large labor force. Everything was moving with clocklike precision and with less noise and shouting than I have ever seen on an excavation.

Excavations have not only their triumphs but also their problems. Fortunately our problems are not those of relations to the Iraq government, which are most cordial, nor the problems of staffing, or supply or health, but rather they are run of the mill problems, small but distressing. Progress has come to the little town of Afak. The government is bent on improving the streets as they have already improved health and education. This means that the house we have hitherto used as expedition house must be vacated because it is to be torn down to permit construction of a street along the canal that brings water from the Euphrates here for irrigation. So our simple and rustic equipment will need to be placed somewhere until 1957, and safe storage is not so easy to find.

A more serious problem is that of compensating for the wear and tear on the transport equipment that we need at such distances from sources of supplies and communications. Today it is raining again and outside the door the ground is being transformed into the slipperiest kind of mud- as slippery as ice- through which the cars can move only with the greatest difficulty for the next few days. The cars take terrific punishment here in good days and bad, going out across the desert and around the fields to the mound six miles away, and trekking to Diwaniyeh and Baghdad on occasion. To say nothing of the miles of rough country they covered last season with Braidwood and company. The struggle to keep them in shape is unending and increasingly expensive. Every now and then we have to replace a vehicle. This we cannot do with regular budgetary expedition funds, because it would promptly break the bank, and here is where contributions and dues from Members help us over the hurdle. To all of you who by your help have made such replacements possible we are most grateful. You should see how well our Decauville dump railroad (the U.C. McK.R.R.)- also purchased with membership help- stands up and how hard it works.

The present expedition will wind up its work for this season in another month, but already we are planning for 1956-57 and are making representations for surveys to be conducted here and in Syria. These negotiations must be carefully prepared to insure success. You will hear more about the results at a later date, for several new and exciting prospects are opening up that will provide opportunities especially for some of the younger members of the Oriental Institute staff.

By the time you read this I shall probably be in Libya, getting ready to excavate another three months at Tolmeta.

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kracling

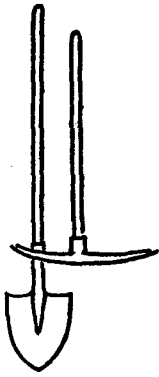
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(Excerpt from a letter from Carl Haines, February 22nd.)

Thorkild Jacobsen arrived here the 19th and we are all thankful that he is here. It gives me a nice 'as usual' feeling to have him in camp again. The whole village has been expecting him for several days and last evening the Kaimakan (the Mayor) came to welcome him to the village. (Of course, on each call he brings friends with him and, with local pride, points out the statuettes that Nuffar has produced.) Our social life has entered its spring season. If it doesn't rain, we are going down to visit Warka this Friday - going to Ur too and make it a two day trip.

(Time out to read the mail)

We are not going to Warka on Friday and it isn't going to be a two day trip. Mallowan and his architect are arriving on Thursday, and the Director General of Antiquities on Saturday, so that takes care of that.



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NEWSLETTER FROM SYRIA AND JORDAN

Luxor, Egypt

March 21, 1956

Dear Friends:

Greetings to you all from Luxor. It is a lovely spring morning as I sit here in Dr. Hughes' office at Chicago House. The air still has a bit of that freshness you associate with a beautiful June morning in Chicago, and the birds are chirping gaily in the shubbery, but the sun is bright and the sky is clear and the picture at my left as I look out the window is charming indeed. In the foreground the avenue of banyan trees, beyond that the Nile flowing quietly to the sea and dotted with the triangular sails of the fellukahs that move sedately along the river. In the background the tall grayish-brown cliffs of the desert plateau and their foothills, riddled with the tombs of ancient Egypt's kings, queens and viziers. What could be more enchanting?

It was from Iraq that I last sent greetings to you. Quite a few days and many miles separate me now from the intrepid band of the Oriental Institute American School expedition that is working hard in the land of the ancient Sumerians. Since leaving Nippur I have passed through Syria and Jordan and in each instance found not only many things to do that represent official business, but also many things to report to you that represent archaeological news.

In Syria my main job was to discuss with the Director of Antiquities, Dr. Selim Abdul-Hak, the proposal we had made to him for a survey of the coastal sites of Syria by Mr. Gustavus F. Swift Jr., a survey that is to take the field this summer. Selim Bey was graciousness itself and Mr. Swift will be able to proceed in accordance with the plans already developed at home. At Damascus I joined forces for a short time with Mrs. Kraeling, Mrs. Seipp and Mrs. Borland, and together we made the always exciting trip to the desert and caravan city of Palmyra. Many new discoveries in the last two years made a return to the site particularly important and thrilling to me. Out beyond the city with its massive temples and colonnaded streets, where the last foothills of the Anti-Lebanons give way to the inner-Arabian plateau, several new tombs with excellent funerary sculptures had recently been cleared. Some of these sculptures I have long since wanted for our lecture hall at the Institute to go with the Zenobia tapestries. The suggestion was made to me that the best way to get them was to undertake the excavation of such a tomb. I was told that the cost of labor involved was not more than \$2,000 dollars, which would indeed be the cheapest way of getting the sculptures, even though publication and travel might add to the overall cost of the enterprise.

At Palmyra the Swiss during the last fall excavated in the neighborhood of the Baal-Shamin Temple, and here surprising new results were achieved. It appears that the temple has been set secondarily into a succession of colonnaded peristyle courts and smack on top of a religious banqueting hall of earlier vintage. The earlier temple that went with these installations must be farther to the north, perhaps under the defunct and bedraggled Hotel Zenobia.

After leaving Syria I went to Amman and Jerusalem in Jordan. Here there was much for me to do in connection with the affairs of the Palestine Museum and of the Dead Sea Scrolls, and the few days I was able to spend in Jordan were crowded with new impressions on these important subjects.

I shall not tarry long on the magnificent Palestine Museum, where now the marvelous stucco-work of the Hisham Palace is beautifully displayed. Here the beginnings of Islamic art and its dependence upon Sassanian and Byzantine art traditions is now splendidly revealed. I told Mr. Yussuf Sa'ad, the secretary of the Museum, that I would be proud to have such an exhibit in the halls of the Oriental Institute Museum at Chicago, and I meant it. The work of the preparators in preparing and mounting the material is of the highest quality.

Contrary to my expectations, the Dead Sea Scroll pot was again in a state of boil and the information available was exciting indeed. If I communicate any of this information to you, it is entirely confidential and must not be reported to the press or other media of public communication. There are two important facts. The first is that a new cave with manuscripts has just been discovered. The cave has been given the number Eleven, and is currently being excavated by Père de Vaux of the Dominican fathers. It was found by the beduin who appropriated its most precious belongings. They are now negotiating for the sale of the material to the Palestine Museum. I saw the first lot they offered, the first time it was shown. The material is exciting and includes a fine Leviticus Scroll about five inches high (many of the scrolls have this handy small format) written in archaic script. There were also many fragments of some other manuscripts of larger format, but apparently the number of scrolls which the cave contained was not large. The beduin are reliably reported to be holding out from the finds in this cave one complete scroll, said to be like the Isaiah Scroll of the original 1947 discovery. If this is true, the cave is likely to receive more attention than any of the finds of the intervening years, even though its material may not be intrinsically as important as that coming from the more productive Cave 4.

The second item of strictly confidential information concerns the bronze scrolls, which have now been cut open and their contents studied. I am told that there will shortly be a BBC broadcast by Mr. Harding, the Director of Antiquities of the Kingdom of Jordan, on the subject of the new cave and the bronze scrolls, which may well make the headlines all over the world. This will help prevent misinterpretation of what I am told is part of the contents of the bronze scrolls, for the contents misinterpreted by avid amateurs might land us all in a sea of trouble. It appears that the bronze scrolls refer in part to the hidden treasures, the hidden national treasures, of the Hebrew people, and amateur archaeologists might well be impelled by allusions or statements about them to undertake immediate measures to dig them up. Actually, of course, the traditions about buried treasures, whether national and personal, are common in all times and places. Buried pirate gold and chests with pieces of eight are familiar parts of the romantic tradition of our own environment. We must

assess any statements in the bronze scrolls from the Dead Sea in the same way in which we deal with the traditions about Captain Kidd's treasures, and hopefully Mr. Harding will get the release on the contents of the bronze scrolls off on the right foot in that respect.

In the Museum the work on assembling the manuscripts from the Dead Sea is proceeding very well indeed. I was surprised to find how much had been done and how few are the tiny fragments which still cannot be assigned to a particular text. The body of the material available grows more comprehensive each year and we now have also good-sized fragments of the Greek Bible (Old Testament, naturally) and of a Greek author who dealt with Biblical material. Wonders will never cease.

From Jerusalem I flew down to Cairo and it was a relief to come into warmer climes, for the days in Syria and Jordan had been very cold indeed. Here I was happy to fall in with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Pomerance, Institute members from Great Neck, Long Island, and here I expect also to see Mr. Donald Abel, a member from Chicago. The visit of Mr. Carrol Suddler is expected but will occur after I have left. There is always much by way of official business to transact in Cairo and here at Luxor, paying calls on the government officials and permitting oneself the luxury of being entertained by them. Last night the servants of Chicago House joined in in the official entertainment by providing on the porch a fantasia that lasted from 7:45 to 10:30 P.M. It was highlighted with dancing to the tune of a four-piece orchestra. The orchestra consisted of a drum and three clarinet-like instruments. Tea and cigarettes were served during the entertainment. The music, the dancing and the singing were all of the native style and most entrancing.

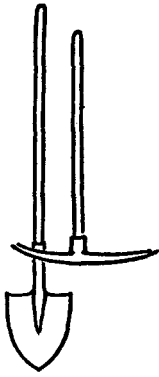
The greatest pleasure at Luxor, however, is to see the work being done by the staff of our Epigraphic Survey, Messrs. Hughes, Nims, Champion, Floroff and Healy. They and Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Nims deserve the greatest praise for the way the institution here is being run and for the fine results that are being achieved. I was delighted indeed to see how far back toward the inner rooms of the great Medinet Habu complex the artists are now working. It means that we are getting ever closer to the goal of our current operations, the complete recording of the tremendous body of its inscriptions. We have set 1961 as the tentative date for the completion of this enterprise and look forward to writing a "well done" finis to this monumental effort before launching out on new and different enterprises from this base of operations.

As for myself, I have been "on the road" now for a month, and leave on Friday from Cairo for Libya. From there I expect to report to you again on the excavations which we propose to make at Tolmeta, the ancient Hellenistic and Roman site on the coast of Cyrenaica. We have been fortunate in choosing to work currently in the late spring in Libya, for there things are more quiet than in any other sector of the Near East. What news we shall be able to transmit to you from there, remains to be seen. We hope it will be something interesting and worthy of your attention.

With the best of greetings to you all from everyone here in the Near East who represents the Oriental Institute and its growing circle of friends and members, I am

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling



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FIFTH NEWSLETTER FROM NIPPUR

(This newsletter from Professor Goetze was written for distribution to the membership of the American Schools of Oriental Research. We are sure that Oriental Institute members will enjoy reading a different version of the now-familiar discoveries at Nippur.)

March 31, 1956

Nippur

The season of excavations which the Baghdad School conducted in 1955-56 at Nippur jointly with the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago has now come to a close. Four and a half months of intensive work lie behind us, but all the members of the expedition are happy with the success that crowned our efforts.

May I introduce again those who took part in this year's work. There is first the field director and architect of the expedition Carl Haines (University of Chicago). Experienced by many campaigns in Turkey, Syria, Iran, and Iraq, he steered the expedition through all adversities. His magnificent equanimity must have been contagious; for at the end of the season, we discovered to our own surprise that we had not quarrelled a single time during the long period of close association. Considering the monastery-like atmosphere in which we had lived, this is quite an achievement. Vaughn Crawford (Yale University), a member also of the expedition of 1953-54, brought to this year's campaign not only proven stability, but also great resourcefulness in all things mechanical. Out in the desert this is an asset which comes in handy. He served as photographer. Donald Hansen, our baby or "chiko" proved his worth on this his first visit to the Near East. He kept the catalogs in good order and upheld the honor of the expedition when the occasion called for the manly game of drinking Arak with the local police chief (who detests all other beverages). For only a short period we had with us Thorkild Jacobsen (University of Chicago) when he was director of the Oriental Institute who had initiated the series of campaigns at Nippur. Let us not forget either Abd-ul-qadir, the commissioner of the Department of Antiquities who, shy at the beginning, learned toward the end to take part even in our little jokes; he may still find these Americans a somewhat queer bunch. Finally there is the writer of these lines who served as epigrapher; he must leave it to the other members to say a good word for him. The expedition lived in the village of Afak, and drove out daily to the mound six miles distant.

The main object was the temple of Inanna, the goddess of love and warfare, the site of which had been previously tested and delimited. When we began digging the common belief was that the assigned area, about 50 x 30 meters, was sufficient to yield a complete plan of the building. We ended up with the insight that even after enlargements had increased the excavated area to 60 x 45 meters this covered little more than one third of the original temple area. In our operations we distinguished seven levels, of which, however, only three yielded more or less comprehensive plans: the Seleucid level (II), the Ur level (IV) (ca. 2000 B.C.) and the Early Dynastic level (VII) (ca. 2600 B.C.). Each of these levels has its

fascination. The spectacular finds were made in the temple of the third dynasty of Ur which was built on a grandiose scale. They consisted of the foundation boxes of King Shulgi, of which no less than five were discovered and each of which contained a copper statuette of the king showing him carrying on his head a basket with mortar for the building of the temple. Once we had learned the secret as to where to look for these boxes we went back to the temple of Enlil at the foot of the Ziggurat, the most important sanctuary of Sumer, where the University of Pennsylvania had worked more than fifty years ago. And there we duly found two boxes with remarkable statuettes of Ur-Nammu of Ur, the father of Shulgi.

These foundation boxes were hidden not in, but below the foundations of the mud brick walls (2.50 to 3 meters thick) in prominent places like corners, gate towers, etc. They are built from baked bricks laid in bitumen (asphalt), with dimensions about 60 x 80 x 100 cm, in such a way that in the center a small chamber is left. In this chamber the statuette, and the small replica of a brick, often inscribed, are deposited. All of it rests on a bed of pieces of semi-precious stones. The small hole is then covered with reed mats and, after a liberal coating with bitumen, with baked bricks bearing the inscription of the respective king. These boxes are virtually watertight, if not airtight, a fact which accounts for the excellent preservation of the statuettes. The lowest course of mud brick of the wall rests immediately upon the top of the boxes. Wherever the wall is still standing up high it requires a considerable effort to penetrate below its foundations. The boxes in the Inanna temple were discovered only because the superimposed walls were completely, or almost completely, destroyed. In other places, and particularly in the Enlil temple at the foot of the Ziggurat, we had to make a laborious search and the discovery was actually dramatic. It may be worth while to tell here the story in some detail.

At the spot in question we had to set to work Mohammed Halaf Muzleh (who serves as foreman at the British excavations at Nimrud, but finds it possible to work under another foreman with us); those who have met Mohammed know that he is somewhat on the stout side, with a round face and large black eyes. His task was to pierce through quite a few meters of mud brick wall above, and we had not expected him to make quick progress. But the prospect of a good find must have inspired him to work twice as hard as usual. For, when Carl and I came out to the mound after lunch on the afternoon of January 23, we found the youngest of the Shergattis sitting beside the road on an old dump waiting for us with the exciting message: "Mohammed has just struck the box." And true enough one of its corners had been exposed. While Carl went back to the house to get the other members of the staff -- as is customary on such occasions -- and some needed implements, Mohammed called in some of his friends and, seized by a veritable frenzy, throwing off coats and headdresses, they carefully widened the hole and cleared the entire surface of the box in less than an hour, so that it was ready for opening. Our foreman, Halaf, was summoned for the occasion, and with everybody -- ourselves, Mohammed, and his friends -- squatting around in the narrow hole the covering bricks were removed. They showed the inscription of Ur-Nammu, king of Ur. All the workmen by that time knew Shulgi, whose boxes had previously been discovered. So I explained to them that we were now dealing with Shulgi's father: "abu Shulgi." In the meantime the

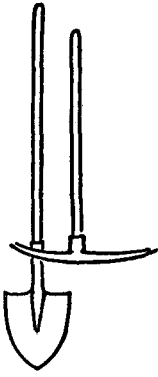
mat still covering the hole was broken and there appeared in the box, standing on its base, a magnificent copper statuette (ca. 35 cm high) of the king, resplendent in its 4000 year-old bluish green patina, and by its side the traditional replica of a plano-convex brick, also with the king's inscription. Halaf gingerly lifted the heavy statuette from its hiding place and placed it on the rim of the box. At this moment Mohammed, who had tensely watched the proceedings, could no longer restrain his emotion. With blazing eyes he jumped up, raised his arms several times quickly toward the sky, touched forehead and chest with his hand, and shouted: "Hallo, abu Shulgi! Hallo, abu Shulgi!" I am sure that in years to come he will show his children and children's children "his" Ur-Nammu in the Baghdad museum, the statue he once dug up from the hallowed soil of Nippur. In such moments the workmen show how deeply they identify themselves with their work and the pride they feel in digging up the great past of their country. The other side of this bond is revealed by the pickman who was close to tears because in his hole there was no box and no statue -- as though it were his failure and not our mistake that denied him success. The news of a good find spreads in no time through the excavation. When the first statue was found, some of the Shergattis danced joyously around and the statue had to be exhibited for all workmen to see. At home the season just past will probably become known to them as the season of the foundation boxes.

Every child in the village of Afak knows today the name of Shulgi. Little boys bring you cuneiform fragments and maintain that they were written by Shulgi. The name has captured the imagination of the people. When I return to Afak, as I hope I shall, I would not be astonished to meet among the little rascals and witches, who stand by the road shouting "goodbye, goodbye!" whenever we pass, a whole crop of little Shulgis.

March 31st, 1956

Albrecht Goetze

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1155 E. 58TH STREET • CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS



archeological newsletter

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NEWSLETTER FROM TRIPOLI

Tripoli, Libya
Easter Sunday, 1956

Dear Friends:

Lots and lots of things have been happening - or, if you look at it another way, nothing at all has been happening since last I reported to you from Luxor. What makes the two contradictory statements both true at the same time is the fact that once more I have been caught up in one of those amazing episodes that are part and parcel of the life in the Near East and that, if properly handled, would provide excellent background material for a new Arabian Nights. The only question as yet unsettled is who is to come out on top. By tomorrow, perhaps, or perhaps not, the Libyan Prime Minister himself may have decided the issue. But today - only Allah knows..

I left Luxor after a delightful visit with the Hugheses and Nimeses and after a fantasia put on for my special benefit by our Rais Ibrahim, on March 21. The next day was spent at Cairo in conference with Dr. Mustafa Amer, Director of Antiquities and in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Pomerance and Mr. Donald Abel, all Members of the Oriental Institute. On March 23, I left by plane for Libya, to begin the Libyan adventure, and was welcomed at the Benghazi airport by Mr. Wright, the architect of our Tolmeta expedition, and Mr. Mills of the American Legation. That was a Friday and so a Moslem holiday. On Saturday bright and early I visited the offices of the firm of Mitchell Cotts, the forwarding agents for our expedition equipment, to see what the status of our shipments to Libya might be and discovered that **all of** the things sent from New York, including the jeep we need for transport, were still reposing at Tripoli, a good 600 miles to the west for want of a little word in the bills of lading and in the absence of a bill of lading for the materials purchased from Scars Roebuck. So it was necessary for me to voyage on to Tripoli and clear the effects there, only there was no communication with Tripoli till Monday, March 26.

With the help of Mr. Wright and his small English car I put the intervening days to good use and visited Mr. Goodchild, Director of Antiquities for Cyrenaica at Cyrene to discuss plans for the Tolmeta Expedition. From Cyrene we came back via

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Tolmeta itself where we saw the "expedition house" prepared for us by the Libyan Public Development and Stabilization Agency and the new clearances made in the area where we had expected to find a villa to dig. The expedition house was all painted and whitewashed nicely and the toilet facilities might even be said to be luxurious by local standards if the water needed to make them operate was carried up each day by hand to the gasoline drums on the roof. But it was obvious that structural changes, including breaking a door through one thick stone wall, would need to be made before its transformation from an abandoned school to a dwelling could be thought to be complete. As to the villa (if it was such) this was shown by a test dig to be buried under a deposit of about 13 feet of debris (!) accumulated there in the course of events which had transformed the area into a stone-mason's chip yard when a Byzantine fortress was erected slightly to the west. I queried at once the possibility of excavating at this particular part of the site without the use of mechanical dirt-moving equipment.

On Monday, March 26, I flew on to Tripoli, and here began to play my little part in the saga of the unimportable imports. I had sheafs of inventories, invoices, bills of lading and letters to the officials on the federal level as well as to the Tripoli representatives of the shipping agents Mitchell Cotts. Also I had files of correspondence with our American Ambassador, the Honorable John L. Tappin, with officers of the U.S. Engineers and U.S. Air Force stationed here and with representatives of U.S. Government Agencies and Oil Companies working to develop Libya's economy. As it turned out they were all highly valuable and useful and a bushel or so more would have done no harm.

In consultation with the energetic representatives of the U.S. Ambassador's staff and with the local Mitchell Cotts agents we worked up the proper procedure for the clearance of my equipment reposing on the Tripoli docks. This involved three stages. The federal representative of the Department of Antiquities had first to receive and approve with a covering letter a petition compiled by me requesting entrance of my equipment. This took a day. The documents (with complete inventories of all items) had then to be submitted by the Ministry of Education to the Ministry of Finance, which had to add its covering letters so that the growing dossier could be submitted to the Director of Customs. This also took a day. Of course it made no difference that eight weeks earlier I had sent on a request for clearance to the Libyan Embassy in Washington (with complete inventories of all items) and that at my request the Libyan Embassy had forwarded the papers to the local Foreign Office in early February with request for clearance. After all, the local Foreign Office was not the proper agency (so it seemed) and how could the Libyan Ambassador and the local Foreign Office be expected to know or know what to do?

At this point it was already becoming apparent that I was going to have to dig in for a prolonged stay, and that I would long be dashing around town in these one-horse open carriages that one still uses to get from place to place - carriages that were the dernier cri in Rome when Victor Emmanuel I unified Italy. The horses seem to be of the same vintage. Meanwhile the hotel situation was in a bad way because the Libyan National Bank had just been inaugurated and the rooms were all taken up by representatives of the national banks of all the countries of western Europe who had been invited to come and help celebrate. So I landed actually in a glorified (?) Motel, and each morning the procedure was to appeal tearfully to the Concierge for another night's lodging, with the concierge in his old Prince Albert tearing his hair and pouring out a flood of Italian to tell all the world how terrible

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was his lot, what with a big German or Tunisian delegation slated to arrive and so many Americans from Point Four just camping in the hotel. Mrs. Kraeling and Miss Mowry of Wellesley were due to arrive from Rome at just about this time and I managed to cable over to them to explain the situation, but it was Holy Week in Rome and accommodations there were still tighter, so on they came willy-nilly. I managed to scrounge a double from the hotel and the airline got a single for Miss Mowry for overnight, and she (Miss Mowry) had perforce to go on to Benghazi next morning by plane where hopefully she is surviving while we continue our efforts here.

Everything blew up on Thursday, March 29. By that time all the papers had got to the Director of Customs, who summoned me for a personal interview and revealed that he would gladly provide provisional entry for all my equipment - save for one small item, namely the nice new jeep station wagon that was on the dock. This would have to go back to America because as of March 1 an ordinance advocated by him personally had come into effect banning the import of all jeeps. I suggested politely that the jeep had left New York on Feb. 17 by boat and that I was here by invitation of the Government to help develop Libya's resources, but it made no difference. March 1 was already past and there it was - no more jeeps could enter.

Well, this was something. Obviously the matter had now to be tackled at the diplomatic level, so on to the American Embassy for new consultations and the deployment of new strategic forces. As you know the situation in the Near East has become increasingly tense during the past months since the dismissal of Glubb Pasha in Jordan, and the Arab countries have been consolidating their forces in the effort to present a united front in the Arab-Israel controversy. The black-listing of jeep products is a part of this consolidation, and the problem at the diplomatic level was how far diplomatic representatives could or should go to make an issue over one marooned jeep station wagon that had got itself caught in the chain of events? So, the only recourse was to appeal to the Prime Minister. But the next day was Friday again, hence a holiday for the Moslems, and after that came Saturday, Easter Day and Easter Monday, all high holidays for Europeans. But the Ambassador and I each used Friday to write communications on the floating jeep to the Prime Minister, and if he saw the papers yesterday (Saturday) we may know by Tuesday what his verdict in the matter may be.

Naturally, during all this time, I have not been slow to fill in the blank spots of waiting. I've refused to go ahead with the import of any of the equipment unless all gets admitted. I've cabled to Mr. Goodchild in Cyrene that we might have to abandon the whole expedition and go elsewhere. These actions have been communicated to the Libyan authorities. Meanwhile Sir Arthur Dean of the Libyan Public Development Agency is trying to mobilize a landrover for my use if the jeep gambit fails. Meanwhile, also, I've been in contact with U.S. agencies here about the possibility of being flown over the site of Tolmeta to take aerial photographs for the benefit of a projected plan of the ancient city. Also I've been in touch with the U.S. Engineers about buying surplus equipment for earth moving, surveying etc. Finally I've fallen in, through diplomatic channels, with the members of the local Underwater Explorer's Club (where I had lunch on Friday), and have told them about the need of exploring the harbor of Tolmeta with their skin-diving equipment. They seem to think this would be a grand thing for them to do.

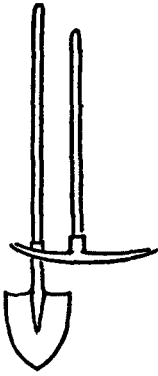
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So lots of things are going on behind the scenes, and all is a mass of plans and possibilities, but nothing is as yet tied down at any one point. Whatever happens, there will be exciting days ahead. Not the least exciting will be the 600 mile trip around the desert Gulf of Sirte famous even from the poems of the Latin poet Horace as one of the hottest driest places in God's creation. This trip Mrs. Kraeling and I and all our equipment will need to take if we are going to get east to Benghazi and on to Tolmeta. We'll be driving our own (?) car alone through this unknown region, a two-day journey with what water and petrol we can carry along. Perhaps there will be adventures along the road. Who can tell? But also who can tell what will happen here before we can leave. Hold your thumbs till you hear from us again.

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling

News Bulletin April ninth; Our hero has apparently overcome obstacles because a cable this date from Benghazi announces that he has free use of a car and will proceed with his excavation at Tolmeta. The poor jeep station wagon still languishes in its crate on the dock at Tripoli.



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NEWSLETTER FROM TOLMETA

Tolmeta, Libya
April 27, 1956

Dear Friends

It is Friday today, the Moslem day of rest which we observe here instead of Sunday. Since there is no work going on up on the dig and since things have by this time fallen into their more normal patterns once again, there is a bit of time to catch up with correspondence and to report to you from the field.

Goodness knows what or when I last reported to you. My typewriter had not at that time been passed by the customs officials, so I was writing long-hand and have no copy. All I remember is that the Chicago Archaeological Expedition to Libya was having rough going getting under way and that we were battling away with all the officials from the Prime Minister down to the simplest dock-clerk to get our personal and expedition effects admitted, so that we could get to work. The battle began in Tripoli and then the scene shifted across the Gulf of Sirte to Benghazi, where it continued for a second period of two weeks.

I won't bore you with all the details and will comment only on one, which is perhaps not typical. The customs laws impose a 50% import duty on exposed films. This is to take care of the products of Hollywood and of the Italian studios shown in the movie houses. You may recall that when I was here two years ago I made a movie of the antiquities sites of Libya and of the work done by us at Tolmeta. You saw the film last fall at our first Institute lecture. While still at Chicago I thought it would be a fine idea to bring the film along and to borrow a projector from the local U.S. Information Agency and show it to the workmen at Tolmeta, who could thus see themselves in action. Naturally we listed the film among the objects contained in our shipment of expedition equipment. It became a stumbling block for the customs people who insisted I must pay duty on it. I tried to explain what was involved, but no one dared to make an exception or see this as an amateur product. So finally I decided to send the film home again without bringing it in.

Now finally we are all set up in our "expedition house" at Tolmeta. We have here as our staff besides Mrs. Kraeling and myself, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Nims of our Luxor staff, Mr and Mrs G.R.H. Wright, he being the architect of the British School at Athens on loan to me here, and Miss Lucetta Mowry of the Wellesley College faculty. The Wrights inhabit a part of the house used by the Department of Antiquities as its headquarters. The rest of us have an old schoolhouse to live in.

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The schoolhouse was recently repainted and repaired by the Public Works Department and is roomy and showy on the outside, even if its few installations don't really function very effectively. With the help of some mail-order equipment Mrs. Kraeling and Mrs. Nims have made it quite livable and we have a good working mechanism and get three really square meals a day, so what more could we desire.

Our day begins at 5 A.M., for by 6:15 we are up at the site of our excavation and work is ready to begin. The working force consists of about 50 locals recruited from the tiny village near which we live and from some caves and tombs up and down the coast. There is a good scattering of old men and young boys, but the bulk of the force consists of tough middle-age characters who can swing a pick and wield a shovel with surprising regularity for hours on end, so that we are moving a good bit of dirt each week and have the sense of getting ever closer down to the floor levels that will tell us what we are digging our way into.

As you know we have inherited from the Italians of Mussolini's days a little Decauville railroad with large dump cars, and this year the government has even added a little diesel-engine that moves the cars through the city precincts for more than a mile to the dump on the seashore. The trick is to keep the railroad working on schedule so that the full cars get emptied and returned by the time the train of empty cars is filled at the dig. This is a special problem and is currently in charge of Charles Nims, who as traffic control manager of the Tolmeta RR is doing a marvelous job. Apparently it takes the good training as an Egyptologist and epigrapher that Dr. Nims has had at the Institute and during his long years of service at Chicago House in Luxor, to make a good traffic manager. Perhaps we ought to have more American railroads send their men to us for training in Egyptology before they tackle the problem of juggling freight cars. Of course we have our tie-ups, when a car gets derailed or the engineer of our put-put decides to take a five-minute nap on the way to the dump, and then there is much dismay on the part of us supervisors and much glee on the part of the workmen, but all in all our system works.

Tolmeta, as you may know is a beautiful site right on the southern coast of the Mediterranean. We have miles of good beach, translucent water in which to swim and wash off the dust from the dig, a coastal plain about a mile deep and a row of hills beyond that to the south, the hills being all of 1,000 feet high. The old city of Tolmeta occupies a stretch of the coastal plain about a mile square and was originally laid out in a fine gridiron of streets, with public buildings of various sorts and elaborate villas.

The city block we are digging is about two thirds of the distance inland between the coast and the hills. We spotted the stumps of a row of columns in a wheat field there a couple of years ago and decided to see what they represented. We are learning fast. The first thing we learned was that what we had taken to be the stumps were closer to being the tops, for by some set of circumstances the area acquired an overlay of about twelve feet of debris and soil. This means moving a lot of dirt but it may be that the heavy overlay will have provided a protection for something good underneath, and if so, the earth moving effort will have had its reward. If not, we will be spending more money than we ought, considering the result

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In order to find out what kind of a building we have before or rather under us, we are tackling it along one half of its northern frontage, and pushing our excavation southward. We choose to do half of the frontage because buildings of this type are fairly symmetrical and balanced in their appointments and we can penetrate twice as far over half the frontage as we could using the entire frontage, and so learn more about its character and promise for less money.

At the present time we are still in the early stages, getting the railroad track approaches laid down in most advantageous fashion and sheering off the top-soil which is dry as dust and hard to boot. Already in one area (W,1) an architectural feature has come to light, the walls of which are standing at a height of about 8 feet and which is accurate in form. The masonry is good and by sinking a test pit along the face of the wall we assured ourselves that there was a nice mosaic at the bottom. The room with its semicircular form, if room it be, could be a part of a private bath, such as was attached to the better villas, or it could be entirely ornamental but on a grand scale. In a couple of weeks more we shall be at closer grips with the building to which this feature belongs and will be able to tell you more about it. Meanwhile, hold your thumbs for us and perhaps we shall come up with something good.

Our climate here is a marvelous thing. Until about a week ago it was very cold. The Mediterranean is still cold. Since that time we have had six days in which the Ghibli blew great guns. The Ghibli, let me explain is a south wind that comes straight up out of the hot Sahara, carrying with it loads of sand. It blows with tremendous fury, so much so that on Ghibli days it is possible to load dump cars only by digging southwards from them. At night it roars around the house and the palm trees down by the town throw their fronds about wildly in the air. Then again we have quiet days when the air is still and the sun is hot, or we have cool winds from off the sea which call for a jacket even at mid-day. This is North Africa, strange and mysterious, near yet remote, just the place to seek and perhaps find.

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling

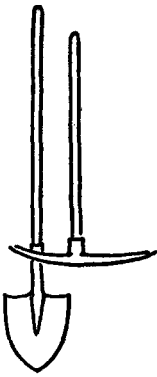
P.S. (The following extracts from Dr. Kraeling's letters to me are too good to be stored only in the files. MFB)

Mrs. Kraeling and Mrs. Nims are doing a major operating job at the house and feed us our three squares a day with many flourishes, including things they dream up with local produce (stew, roasts, salads) and things they maneuver out of packages (puddings, cake, Angel pies and what have you) and cans. Occasionally there is a bottle of the vin du pays (Beda Red) which sells at about 30 cents a quart. Currently there is a major bug-hunt going on, things the girls call earwigs or something like that. They seem to come out of the wood around the house and have gotten in all the Sears packing cases and cartons that we are carefully saving for repacking. Extermination is proceeding at a rate matched only by the Nagasaki bomb, but on they come.....

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We come home with our clothes shedding dust and our faces powdered as though we had on the make-up of the Old Man of the Sands. Only where the sweatband of our hats grabs hold is there a streak of the basic epidermis still clearly in view. It takes quite a bit of sloshing to get the powdery stuff off, and in my case it is the towel that takes the beating usually. But it's all in the day's work, and the dirt is clean. It ought to be, it has been lying there lo these thousands of years baking in the sun.

We make occasional runs to Barce (an hour away) to see whether anyone has written us. The little hamlet here has been quick to catch on to the idea that there is now available transportation to what is for it the great metropolis, and the number of people who suggest that they ought to go with us is enormous. We ought to run a jitney service. To date we have been limiting excess passengers to hamlet officials, the police sarge who claims he needs to buy some victuals, an old man whose wife is in the hospital at Barce, a man with a broken down truck here (it has been broken down since we came and has not stirred yet), and so forth.



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Tolmeta, Libya
May 21, 1956

NEWSLETTER FROM TOLMETA

Dear Friends:

What does an archaeologist do on his free days? Last week we had three in a row. The Moslem month of fasting, Ramadan, ended on May 10th, and the following three days (including the regular free day on Friday) the town celebrated the ending of the month with the Biram feast, and so there was no work on the dig.

So we took a busman's holiday. The idea started early in the season, before we arrived, when Carl Kraeling came along the coast from Benghazi in a plane, to get a view of Tolmeta from the air. Between Tocra and here he sighted a couple of ruins along the coast and decided that he should find out more about them.

We made a survey trip on the afternoon of Greek Easter Monday (the Orthodox Easter was five weeks later than ours this year) at the beginning of that week. With Elsie Kraeling doing the driving, we went along the coastal road from Tolmeta to Tocra. Before the new road coming down from Barce was built, a little over two years ago, this was the only approach to Tolmeta possible by auto. But in the intervening period it has not been kept in repair, and the winter rains pouring water down the wadies have played havoc with the track, and the thorn bushes are starting to take over the right of way.

In the party were the Kraelings, Mick Wright, our surveyor and architect, who is connected with the British School of Archaeology in Ankara, Turkey, and his wife Pauline, Myrtle and I. We jounced along in the Land-rover (the British version of the Jeep, which is now politically suspect in the countries of the Arab League). At times Mick, who rode most of the time at the rear, standing on the trailer coupling, ran ahead like an Indian scout to discover if the road continued around the next bush, and where one was to drive when a ravine cut across.

By keeping on the alert, we found four of the type of ruins Carl had seen from the air, but only one corresponded to those he had noted. On Friday we made a more detailed exploration. In the afternoon the Wrights started at the well of Sidi Abdullah, our fresh water point three kilometers to the west of here, while the Nimses were driven ten kilometers beyond, and abandoned, to work their way to the beach and then walk east until they met the Wrights, and then together to strike back to the road, where the car would be waiting. All in all there were discovered one small and one large ruin.

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Carl and Mick knew, of course, what these ruins were. Toward the end of the fourth century of our era the roving Bedouin tribes became quite determined in their opposition to the Roman colonists, and frequently raided their lands. There were not enough troops to defend the area properly, and with the wide desert to the south into which the raiders could retreat campaigning was useless. Yet the wheat fields along the coast, and in the Barce plain on the plateau above, were necessary for the provisioning of Rome, and could not be abandoned.

The problem was met by building forts along the southern frontier, and by having fortified farms along the coastal plain. Into these the farmers could retire when the signal came that raiders were approaching, taking with them their animals, to be safe until the raiders had gone away again.

On Saturday Carl, Mick, and I took off in the Land-rover at 7:45, (not early for us, for our usual rising hour is 4:30, with work on the excavation commencing at 6:00). With us went Mick's surveying instruments and the camera in my charge. Throughout the day we stopped at the forts we were able to find, Carl acted as rod man for Mick, while I took the photographs. Often all three of us had to handle the tape, for the wind was blowing strongly, as it often does here.

In all we located seven forts, and made plans of five as far as their present state allows. Most are merely hills of stones on first appearance, with few if any walls showing. The shape is generally about square, ranging in size from about 65 feet to 85 feet on the side. The walls were from 50 to 70 inches thick. On one side was an arched entrance, leading to the ground floor. As far as could be determined, this doorway led into a court, usually having rooms on three sides. Each building had an upper floor, with parts of the walls remaining in some instances. A feature of each was a tower in one corner, in which a watcher was stationed ready to give alarm when danger threatened.

Around three sides of one fort close by the sea there had been quarried a dry moat, with a deeper quarry by the sea. There was a slightly smaller fort near the beach, which may be earlier; thus advantage was taken of an already existing quarry for defense in building the second. Another, probably the latest we surveyed, was surrounded by a moat, with a counter scarp between this and the surrounding revetment, somewhat bowed out from the square.

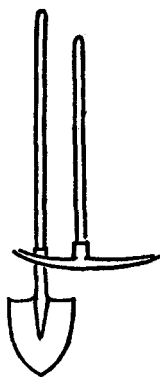
We reached Tocra a little before five in the evening, with just time to return on the military road via Barce, and the new black-top road down the wadi to Tolmeta, now finished to within about five miles of our door. From Tolmeta to Tocra via the coast road is 22 miles, and via Barce it is 40. Nevertheless, after two trips over the old road we are all agreed that it is no short cut.

The early part of May was cool, but now summer has really come, and the sweat is really pouring from our brows, and the dust of the excavation caking our faces. But for an account of our progress there you must wait for a letter from Carl.

Sincerely,

Charles Francis Nims

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NEWSLETTER FROM BAGHDAD

Baghdad, Iraq
October 2, 1956

To Members of the Oriental Institute

Dear Friends:

This is the calm before the storm, the inevitable delay while the field party assembles, while gear is purchased and unpacked and shepherded through Customs, while plans are laid and formalities attended to. It is thus a good time to take a deep breath and make my first Report; presently we should have some more concrete results to describe for you, but there will be far less time to set them down in a letter.

The purposes for which we are here, at least, can be described before the season gets underway. The concern of the Iraq Surface Survey is not primarily with the excavation of ancient sites, but rather with overall patterns of settlement which may be derived from systematic mapping and surface examination. Of course, the positions of many ancient mounds are already known, and a not inconsiderable number have been dug into on some previous occasion. But brief samplings indicate that a vastly greater number remain to be brought to notice, including most of the smaller tells that perhaps were villages; not surprisingly, then, we remain largely ignorant of the relation of simple peasant villagers to the great cities of the ancient Orient. In a word, it is the development of urban life that we wish to study in its broadest geographical context. Historians have been concerned for a long time with the interplay of changing political and social variables in the Near East. Now it seems worthwhile to re-examine more intensively the effects of this interplay on the utilization of land and water, and on community distribution, size, and plan.

The scene of our Survey is the fertile alluvial plain that begins in Central Iraq and extends southward between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers to the Persian Gulf. Irrigation is a prerequisite of agriculture here, and thus there is a further aspect to our study. Still today, this land is crisscrossed with canals; some are part of a modern system that the Iraqi government is working energetically to extend, but many others go back to the remote past and have long since been abandoned. Canals are a part of the settlement pattern here, if you wish, a condition of life in what would otherwise be a desert. So we hope to trace the ancient canal systems as they developed in different periods.

Even for a neophyte at the directing business, for whom all things seem possible in the absence of hard experience, this is clearly a program that is fraught with uncertainties. You shall hear more during the months to come of the obstacles we encounter and the delays we cannot avoid. How much of the job can be done this year I will not even guess at this time, but we shall begin near the town

of Musayib early next week and go on from there. A big resettlement project for landless farmers has been completed in that district, seventy-odd kilometers south of Baghdad, and it will be interesting to juxtapose one of the newest ways of life in Mesopotamia with some of the most ancient.

A word as to personnel. I've hinted at my own inexperience. My only previous fieldwork in Iraq was with Robert Braidwood at Jarmo in 1950-51. Fortunately, this is a joint enterprise, also involving the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research. And Vaughn Crawford, who will arrive in a few days' time to represent the Baghdad School, has participated with Thorkild Jacobsen (and Albrecht Goetze?) in short surveys with the same general objectives during earlier seasons. Finally, there is Robert Fernea, who joins the staff as Anthropological Assistant with the aid of a National Science Foundation Fellowship. He and I and "BJ" (Elizabeth) Fernea, his bride of last June, joined in Beirut to drive the balky Oriental Institute station wagon across the desert to Baghdad, a trip complete with an exciting look at the International Trade Fair in Damascus and an exasperating major breakdown west of Ramadi.

Vaughn and I will be working together on the program I have outlined, and you will be hearing from us most frequently. The Ferneas will spend most of their time off on their own, according to present plans, so that a brief summary is also in order of what they will be up to. Bob has done archeological fieldwork in the American Southwest, but his primary interest is in urbanization as a contemporary social phenomenon. In a way, he gives our historical study contemporary relevance, just as we hope to draw from him some better understanding of the relation of community life to a regime of irrigation than could ever come from the fragmentary texts and broken pottery of the remote past. Bob will work closely with us at first, but later would like to select one or a few representative social units for a more intensive study than the pace of our survey permits. He and BJ devoted the past summer to an intensive course in spoken Iraqi Arabic, and are anxious to settle down and try their hand at day-to-day conversations with townsmen and village-dwellers outside the increasingly cosmopolitan capital. Probably they can be prevailed upon to describe how their own work progresses in later Reports.

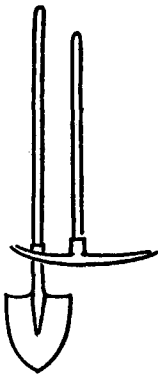
To return from the promised future to the present, we are making haste slowly. The Survey's baggage is still at sea, perhaps in part as a result of the Suez Canal crisis, and is not expected to arrive in Baghdad for another three weeks or so at least. Car repairs continue. There are maps and routes to be checked, sherd bags to be made, museum collections to be gone over. Perhaps our most concrete accomplishment has been coming down with a virus infection, all of us, that even the cool nights and not unpleasant daytime temperatures of an Iraqi Fall seem to do little to clear up. Our Baghdad headquarters is firmly established, at least, in the newly acquired center of the Deutsches Archäologisches Institut. Dr. Heinrich Lenzen, the Resident Director of the Institut, has graciously provided us with sleeping, storage and workrooms in his very charming and comfortable establishment for the intervals between sections of the survey when we will return to Baghdad to work up notes and collections. Our colleagues in the Iraq Museum have also been most helpful in the assistance and advice they have provided in the making of arrangements and plans.

In three weeks or so, with luck, we should be far enough along to report not plans but progress. I'll try my hand at a second Report then.

Sincerely yours,

Robert M. Adams

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DIRECTOR'S LIBRARY
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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

October 22, 1956

Dear Friends:

There is no denying it--the Near East is demanding more and more of our attention as time goes on. Not so long ago we were all taken up with the Gods and Graves supplied by the Scholars and the rash of historical novels and movies about the ancient Egyptians. Now it is the far more serious problems of Suez and the Assuan Dam, the Dead Sea Sectaries and Palestine that concern us. The more and more varied our involvement, the more we need some means of direct contact with the area and with the many facets of its ancient and modern life.

To fill this need you have an old-established Chicago institution at your disposal--the Oriental Institute. When you really come down to it, few people understand the Near East better than the archaeologists. Partly this is because their historical interest gives them the perspective that sound judgment always requires, and partly it is because they have such intimate contact with the plain folk who work with them on their digs and with the government officials and agencies under whose supervision they conduct their enterprises. Besides, in helping to recreate from the buried remains of the past in the Near East the birth of all higher civilization and the foundations of our own cultural heritage, they have a choice opportunity to interpret and emphasize at home and abroad the community of inheritance that ties East and West together.

Under the circumstances, we wonder whether you would care to become a Member of the Oriental Institute and to participate in what we learn and have to communicate? Our Members have various opportunities and privileges. We arrange lectures for them each month of the academic year, providing illustrated accounts of the newest operations and discoveries in the field. We have our field workers send in for distribution to Members informal and confidential reports on their activities--reports that everybody seems to read with great delight. We issue occasional publications of a more popular sort in archaeology and art. We have a reception or two a year at the Institute, where you can meet the members of our staff. We enjoy having you visit our Museum, and we are happy to help Members plan trips to the Near East and to have them visit our headquarters and field operations.

Our Member group is important to us because it provides an opportunity of outreach to the larger Chicago community to which we feel we owe a debt. At the same time the dues and gifts that come in from Members help support activities in the field and at home not provided for in our regular budget. With this letter we are sending you a copy of our Annual Report for 1955-56. It tells you what we have been doing in the field and at home, who among your friends

are currently Members and how we have applied income from Member dues and gifts. We would be happy indeed to have you join the Member group. One membership covers both husband and wife. There's a card enclosed to use in sending in your application.

Our next lecture of the 1956-57 season is scheduled for November 7. It will deal with our excavations in the old Sumerian city of Nippur.

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling

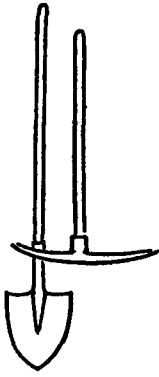
Carl H. Kraeling
Director

(P.S. "Bob" Adams has stated clearly the purposes of his expedition, which will be of great help to you in understanding the relevance of later Newsletters from him. I am tempted to expand his passing reference to his trip from Beirut and Damascus across the desert in the "balky Oriental Institute station wagon", and to the "major breakdown" that occurred just before he reached Ramadi, the first settlement along the Euphrates. In a letter to me dated September 25 he writes in part as follows:

"Our arrival in Baghdad was considerably delayed by difficulties with the rolling stock, and I feel sorely tempted at the moment to depend henceforth on buses and taxis alone. After shelling out an additional \$50 for storage and repairs in Beirut, we had trouble almost all the way over and finally broke down completely in the desert west of Ramadi with a broken rear spring and frozen brake-drum. By the time the thing is repaired "sometime Friday sometime Tuesday" we will be out another \$60, mainly for the expense of sending out a mechanic by taxi from Baghdad (Agoulian was in Mosul) while I stayed behind for a day and a night with the vehicle--fortunately not far from the only tea-house (or any other house, for that matter) within 50 miles. Then there is a cracked cylinder, bum starter, leaking radiator, and erratic voltage-regulator, all for another 10 dinars plus parts. As you can see, it was a great trip; hereafter, I think it might be cheaper to put the car on an airplane and fly it across. Finally, it seems that the blue jeep is not yet ready to go either, so that, with two cars, we are still walking and taxiing around Baghdad. At the moment, all of this is still moderately amusing ... but the humor will evaporate quickly if the same situation is repeated when we are ready to begin work."

I am sure you will appreciate the grim humor of these words. We are agonizing with "Bob" over the situation and are grateful to him that he has not once complained. It is a terrific problem to maintain automotive equipment in the Near East. Due to field conditions it wears out faster than we can afford to replace it, and with the kind of service available in the Orient we sometimes get caught badly when we try to stretch the life of a car that was last reported as being still in good running order.

Carl H. Kraeling)



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November 1, 1956

Dear Friends:

The entire country has been watching with growing anxiety the course of developments in the Middle East. We know you are concerned, and you know that we are concerned. Our immediate concern has been for the Oriental Institute staff members whose first reports you have already had in our earlier Newsletters and who are currently in Egypt and Iraq. Our long-range concern has been with the future of the archaeological enterprise of American institutions in the Middle East countries. It seems only proper to drop you a line telling you how we analyze the developments, what we have done and what our hopes and fears are at the moment. The risk we run in this connection is that anything we say may be completely out-dated by the impetuous course of events, before the ink is dry on the paper. But you will make the necessary discounts, we trust, in case our words are antiquated before they reach you.

The dangerous brew now boiling so violently in the Middle East caldron has many noxious ingredients. The first is, of course, the ten-year old dispute over the status of Palestine. The second is the Suez controversy, in which we seem to have thwarted the plans of the British and French for an immediate military intervention, which has left some elements in America disappointed with President Nasser's handling of himself and has left England and France frustrated in their efforts to maintain control over what they regard as their life-line. The third is the Algerian conflict, which the French have been unable to resolve and which they feel has been aggravated by Egyptian interference. The fourth is the developing rapprochement between Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia.

What precipitated the recent course of events was the impending election in Jordan, the election actually held on October 21. According to reports received by us this summer, there was a growing tide of feeling in Jordan that it must ally itself more closely with the Cairo-Damascus axis, which meant also that it must align itself against the British and follow up the dismissal of Glubb Pasha with a revision of all its British involvements. A token of this was the dismissal of Mr. Gerald Harding, as Director of the Jordan Department of Antiquities, which occurred in July, and which showed us the hand-writing on the wall. Incidentally I had reported this as a probable development writing from Luxor on March 23. The information was, however, not put into a Newsletter, since it concerned especially my relations to the Palestine Archaeological Museum established by Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr., Mr. Harding being at the time also Acting Curator of the Museum. In the post-Suez period the suggestion was openly discussed in the Jordan newspapers that the Palestine Archaeological Museum should be nationalized and its control taken away from the international board of trustees currently administering it.

As the time of the election drew nearer, there was fear that it might bring with it an attempt to overthrow the Jordanian monarch. Apparently on this account Iraqi troops were dispatched to the Jordan frontier by King Feisal of Iraq, the cousin of King Husein of Jordan. You will recall the stir created by these developments as a threat to the tender balance in Israel-Jordan relations. That some plot may actually have existed, though it was never consummated, is suggested by the erroneous report of King Husein's assassination that came from Paris after the elections in Jordan.

The election in Jordan brought victory to the socialist and communist-related elements and parties and served notice that the will of the people was for a close alliance with the Damascus-Cairo axis. King Husein recognized this fact and approved of the development of a joint military command with Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia, while at the same time indicating that he proposed to ask for a reinterpretation of his agreement with the British, the agreement that gave the British the right to maintain air bases in Jordan. This meant capitulation on the King's part to the socialist and communist-related elements and parties in his country and a complete reorientation of Jordanian political life. King Husein had given up his efforts to determine policy by the ties of kinship that bound him as a Hashemite to his cousin King Feisal of Iraq, who as we know was partner to the Ankara-Baghdad pact with the British. He went over officially to the Damascus-Cairo axis, which opposed relations to Great Britain. This he could do because Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt had guaranteed to provide for a ten-year period a subsidy to Jordan equal in amount to what the British had hitherto invested in return for the right of maintaining bases there.

It was obvious that given sufficient time the new alignment of Jordan would serve to contain and repel Israel in a way it had not been done previously. Hence the developments of October 21 were undoubtedly viewed with alarm in Israel. We foresaw the possibility of serious consequences in a discussion between the members of our Policy Committee and myself held here on the morning of October 29, before any untoward actions had been taken. We did not at the time foresee the speed with which the course of events would move, nor did we fix properly the sphere within which they would transpire. With only this limited perspective upon the impending developments we agreed to the desirability of cabling our staff members overseas at once. We felt we wanted them to know that we were thinking about them, but did not want to alarm them unduly. So we cabled, "See no cause for immediate alarm, but know you will use your best judgment should conditions change". They probably laughed, if they got the cables the next day, for the course of developments we had foreseen moved so fast that our best thinking had not been good enough. Only the fact that we had provided for unknown possibilities in the reference to changing conditions salvaged our self-respect the next morning and the thought that by cabling we had showed that we were alert to threatening circumstances.

What has happened since that time, you will have as clearly etched in your minds as we have. We have been left breathless and speechless by the rashness of British, French and Israeli action. On October 30, when the pattern began to emerge we cabled again to Dr. Hughes in Egypt suggesting that if Libya were open he might care to concentrate his staff members there, otherwise he might care to have them gather in Italy, where we could get in touch with them and plan for their needs. We felt then, as we continue to feel now, that Dr. Adams and his group in Iraq, being more remote from the scene of conflict, will be in a less exposed position. State Department officials assure us that care of United States citizens is not passive but an active pursuit of the consular

officials in the countries affected, but that they have no details as to the provisions made for the evacuation of individual persons. We have had no answer from Egypt or Iraq to our cables and in fact do not know whether they ever arrived. However, we know that our staff members are competent to handle themselves well in emergencies, and expect to hear from them soon, perhaps from Capetown and Karachi, or wherever they may have been directed. If word arrives before this leaves the office, we will add a postscript. It was not clear from Dr. Hughes' latest letters whether those members of our Luxor staff who are British subjects had actually put in their appearance in Egypt. If so, it was only the men themselves, for earlier this summer we had issued instructions that families were to be left at home in view of the uncertainties prevailing.

The future is not promising. The renewed emergence of colonialistic and imperialistic power-politics in the Middle Eastern scene, as represented by the aggressive acts of Britain and France, acts undertaken in concert with Israel, is an anachronism of the first order and by reason of its violence will leave marks that will not be erased for many years to come. The Arab nations have not yet shown their hands, so that we do not know how bitter and prolonged the struggle will be, but we may be sure that at best archaeology will be under a cloud in the Middle East for years to come and that the type of cultural co-operation our work represents and requires will be impossible in many of the areas where we have worked. How we shall determine our course of action for the future, we shall discuss here in proportion as the picture becomes clearer.

We walk today in the midst of ruins, ruins not only of American policy as it applies to the Middle East, but also of institutions that were created out of the hopes, we believed, of a western world. Will the United Nations be more than a ruin in days to come? Will NATO survive? Is an idealistic devotion to peace sufficient to determine our own course of action? Is there any alternative to power-politics other than passivism?

Carl H. Kraeling

ORIENTAL INSTITUTE NEWSLETTER

[This Newsletter from Robert M. Adams Jr., dated Nov. 3, 1956, was held up or lost when communications were interrupted by the hostilities that broke out in the Near East on Oct. 29. A second copy of it has just come to hand from Bob himself. The letter reflects the initial phases of an undertaking that has gathered momentum and importance as you know from the Newsletter of Dec. 9. We thought you would like to have it just the same. We at the Institute believe that Bob's work will prove to be of outstanding value for the knowledge of urban life and history in the land of the two rivers and the full story of the survey will rank as an epic of determination, clarity of purpose and understanding and sheer grit and sticking power wherever it is heard. C.H.K.]

November 3, 1956

Dear Friends,

At this writing, I am sure most of you are in closer touch with the state of affairs---even within Iraq---than we are. We returned only a few hours ago from a second eight-day period of survey in the Jezira of Central Iraq, and are only now learning of the rapid tempo of events during the past week in the Middle East and elsewhere. Here, everything is quiet at present, and I rather expect we shall be pushing off again within a few days to continue our work in the desert.

This letter is begun quickly---before the accumulated dust of the journey is out of one's ears, so to speak---as an alternative to the grim pile of potsherds that waits washing and analysis. There are some 60 or 70 bags of them from the last period of reconnaissance alone, and in many ways they constitute the real meat of our survey. This it will be our task to digest in the next few days, but it is easier for me to outline what we have been doing now---before the results of detailed study undermine my ability to generalize grandly.

To take up the thread of my letter of a month ago, Vaughn Crawford arrived on October 6th and we left for our first period of survey four days later. Since our baggage had not yet arrived it was not possible to work away from a fixed base as we had hoped, and we set ourselves up in the town of Hilla, 60 km. or so southeast of Baghdad. Quarters were kindly made available by the Rev. and Mrs. Harold Davenport in their home, formerly the Hilla YMCA, and meals could be obtained at the excellent Matam Isa, under the genial proprietorship of a former cook of the German Expedition to Warka. In retrospect, these were probably the finest living arrangements we shall encounter for the remainder of the field season. The weather, on the other hand, was still uncomfortably hot if one was in the sun all day, and I'm afraid Vaughn and I and Abdul Mun'im (the representative of the Department of Antiquities who has joined our staff) returned to Hilla late each afternoon at first feeling as soggy and bedraggled as we must have looked. With his fair skin, Vaughn suffered particularly. From a distance, he may have resembled a local farmer, clad in khakis and wearing the inevitable kaffia for a headdress. But closer up he was an unlikely-looking Arab, with only a blistered nose protruding from a kaffia worn virtually as a mask.

The party returned to Baghdad on the 19th of October, at about the same time our gear finally arrived from the States, having collected sherd material and recorded other data for thirty-seven of the forty-one sites visited. There followed a week of equally intensive work at our headquarters in the German Archeological Institute and at the Iraq Museum, for we had much to learn of the pottery of later periods before our own interest in early urban development could go forward. In addition,

there was customs clearance, a memorable three-day experience as a result of which it gradually dawned on me that these matters are best turned over by the shipper to a broker. Fully equipped at last, we set out from Baghdad again on October 26th. This time the objective was the ancient site of Uqair, and we set up our first tent-camp in the lee of a dump left after excavations of the Iraq government some years ago. Two unpleasant surprises followed: red ants in profusion, and a shift in the wind during the night. The former, to some extent, could be controlled by liberal applications of DDT. The latter, accompanied by the severe drop in temperature characteristic of the desert, left us darn near frozen by morning. Two blankets had seemed like ample provision in Baghdad, but we had reckoned without the coming of winter; promptly the next morning Vaughn and I sewed up our blankets into sleeping bags, while I wondered how I could ever have been so stupid as to leave the heavy sleeping bags in the Nippur storehouse. Slowly, slowly we learn, you see. The routine of camping is as much a part of this business as the interpretation of the Survey's results, but is only learned at the cost of considerably more discomfort

Our next base was the spare back-room of a tea-house near Imam Ibrahim, the large and impressive mound that covers ancient Cutha. With three cots, cooking gear, survey instruments, table, chairs, typewriter, suitcases, it was often a problem to find a place to put one's feet, but the place was neat, the tea good, and the substitution of a roof for a tent welcome. A recently bricked-up hole in one corner, inquired into near the end of our stay, turned out to be the route chosen some months ago by the murderer of a sheikh for his entry into the latter's sleeping-chamber. Our only disturbance, however, was the rumble of heavy trucks and graders all through the night as they continued the race with the shifting desert sands to finish the great Musaiyib canal network that honeycombs the area. Eventually we were able to shift our base again to more spacious quarters in the compound of one of the construction companies carrying on this work. Since most of our days were spent in trying to find detours around the great bridgeless ditches they are opening, it was probably fitting to bed down with them at night.

So much for the business of living. Now what of the results we have obtained to date? Let me begin with an idle computation made the other evening in our construction company camp. Most of our work had been concentrated in an area covered by a fine recent 1:50,000 contour map that has Imam Ibrahim as its most prominent feature. The sheet includes 645 sq. km., and I counted in all 284 tells that were shown---by no means a complete listing in light of our own findings. This is an average of 0.44 tells/sq. km.---or more than 24,000 tells in the alluvial plain of central and southern Iraq if our little area is roughly representative. [N.B. December 24th: within the much larger area now covered by the Survey a much higher density still, about 0.66 sites per square kilometer, has been found]. Assuming that a survey party like our own might devote fully two thirds of its effective six-month season every year to active field reconnaissance that averaged ten tells a day (a bit optimistic in the light of our own recent experience), a "complete" survey would thus require a full twenty years! Parenthetically, a further point may be noted, relevant to the occasional question of whether anything remains to be dug. Of the 284 sites on our familiar map, only one has been partially excavated and published. I don't doubt at all that this is fairly representative of other areas as well.

-3-

The idea of a complete survey, then, was beyond our means from the beginning. A more limited plan was accordingly prepared before we left Baghdad for the first field trip. We would attempt an intensive examination of an east-west band across the alluvium, out of which promising canal segments might be disentangled and later followed up. This notion died quickly, on one of the first mornings of survey as we toiled up and down the banks of some of the great abandoned Islamic canals outside Mahawil. There were simply too many tells in any band that was wide enough to be meaningful, too many hazards in trying to recognize dangling sections of canals that could not be identified as parts of a whole system.

Next, since we were limited to the area of Hilla by the absence of our equipment, it seemed profitable to survey the environs of two nearby cities of great ancient importance: Babylon and Kish. A complete survey was not envisaged, but several areas thought to be promising and representative around each were selected. This time the idea was practical but the results discouraging ("the operation was successful but the patient died" type of thing); aside from Kish, Babylon, and Borsippa, all long known, early sites simply were not found to exist. We returned to Baghdad from that first field tour with some forty tells visited, with the routine and limitations of a survey like ours well-established, with considerably increased respect for the achievements of Seleucid, Parthian, Sassanian, and Islamic peoples in this area---but without coming to grips with the early stages of urban growth that were our primary aim.

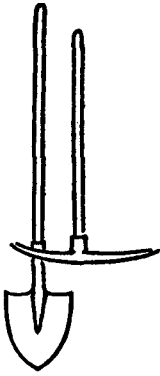
I am happy to report that prospects have been brightened considerably by the second field tour from which we have just returned. Plunking down our camp on Uqair, we surveyed out in all directions, finally locating first one and then another site not too far away that fell in line with Uqair, presumably indicating a line of settlement along an ancient river or canal. As its direction became clear it was possible to narrow the scope of our operations and move more rapidly, but we have kept our zone of examination wide enough to detect side-branches if these occur. In all at this time, we have nine sites located in the Ubaid-Early Dynastic range (roughly 3500 BC or a little before to 2500 BC), including Uqair and Jemdet Nasr. They extend over a distance of some twenty miles and fall in a suspiciously straight line for an ancient course of the Euphrates; on the other hand, there are very real difficulties in imagining that so extensive a canal system was already in operation as early as Ubaid times. In two cases there are adjacent sites, separated by only a short distance, which suggest rudimentary branch-canals; on the whole, however, the pattern of settlement is linear. It is too early to give their chronological relationships with confidence, but the upstream material (northeast of Uqair) shows some signs of lasting well into the Early Dynastic period, while Jemdet Nasr, in the opposite direction, seems to have been abandoned before the end of Early Dynastic I. If this impression is confirmed when we go over the sherds [N.B. December 24th: it was not!], it may be another example of the successive abandonment of sites beginning at the downstream terminus as a result of canal-silting---a process which Thorkild Jacobsen already identified some years ago in the Diyala region.

I should add here that this is a decidedly unspectacular little canal- or river-system. The largest sites on it, Uqair and Jemdet Nasr, are only on the order of twenty acres or so in extent, and the rest are apparently much smaller. Some are little more than salt-patches in contemporary fields on first inspection, and it is the despair of our local guides that we turn increasingly from the great named tells all around to the nameless little hummocks that are usually only approached on foot across irrigation ditches and through cultivation. Believe me, this survey rests on two main props: shoes and a prismatic compass. And the greatest of these is shoes.

Sincerely,

Robert M. Adams

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House
Luxor, Egypt
November 23, 1956

NEWSLETTER FROM LUXOR

(Members will be happy to have this letter from Dr. George Hughes, the first to reach us from him since communications were interrupted over a month ago. The letter gives a vivid impression of the reactions of an American in Egypt, observing directly and with many years of experience in the Near East, the events of the recent conflict. You can sense that his feelings are aroused, but with bombs falling on the Luxor airport (a fact of which I had no previous intimation), this is quite understandable.

CHK)

Dear Friends:

I had promised Dr. Kraeling that I would write you a letter by mid-November about our warm and courteous reception in Egypt this fall, about the beginning of our season which we were surprised to have begin at all, and about how Suez Canal traffic was flowing since the nationalization of the Suez Canal Company by Egypt. I knew that the Canal was operating well, thus discrediting the dire predictions made since July 26th, and I had contemplated writing to a friend in the Egyptian government asking whether he could supply recent statistics which might be of interest.

That promise was made obsolete abruptly on October 29th when Sir Anthony Eden's offended sense of prestige and his pique at the Egyptian President got the better of his judgment. We could scarcely credit our senses--and the same was true of the Egyptians--when we heard of Britain's ultimatum, and when the bombs began to fall, not on Israel but on Egypt. Britain bears the greater onus for the whole affair in Egyptian minds. Almost anything is expected of France and one scarcely bothers to rationalize the irrational. From Israel Egypt has long expected just what happened. Our shock as Americans was that Britain should have abetted Israel's aggression. I don't think anyone will ever convince the Egyptians that the whole thing was not a put-up job, well planned by the three countries.

My letter to you was never written. As you know the airports were closed on the night of October 29th and we could not send or receive foreign mail thereafter. Today, however, all of us received letters from our families dated in

the first week or so of November. We all had sent cablegrams to them on the evening of Nov. 3rd and I sent a longer one to Dr. Kraeling at the same time. We did not know whether they would go or not. We had heard the BBC and US Armed Forces Radio Service (the latter has been very good) announce that Luxor had been bombed, so it seemed advisable to send a reassuring word. It was a relief to us all to get Dr. Kraeling's reply on the following Thursday morning. The letters we got today reveal that all the cables sent arrived in the U.S. on Nov. 7th.

We had been in touch at the end of October with the American Vice Consul in Cairo who gave us President Eisenhower's advice to Americans to leave the Middle East. We had many moments of uncertainty and much discussion with the people of the American Mission here about what to do. We heard of the elaborate evacuation plans for Americans, but we all decided that there was no need to leave immediately where no children were concerned. After all we had just arrived and were peacefully at work so we didn't want to leave hastily for no good reason and look foolish. Then Ed Wentz, an Institute student of Egyptology and Fulbright grantee in Egypt, talked to the Vice Consul and phoned us on Oct. 30th to see whether we were staying and whether he could stay with us in Luxor. He left Cairo to escape the bombing and, of course, on the night he arrived, Nov. 1st, there was staged for us the first of a series of brilliant and noisy displays at our local airport. We have often idly talked of wanting to be safely in Luxor when "another war" broke out, but little did we imagine that we should one day stand on the roof of Chicago House or peer from the Osiris suite of Ramses IIIrd's mortuary temple to watch bombs drop and anti-aircraft shells burst over Luxor. Nor did we ever think that we should find that war to be such an exasperatingly irrational and trumped up affair, but I suppose that nearly all wars look that way when one is close enough to them.

Through all that has happened we gentlemen--Nims, Floroff, Wentz and I--have trekked daily to Medinet Habu to work. There was no reason not to and not much use sitting around worrying whether a bomb was going to miss its intended mark. Some did look as though they were headed for us. Everyone in Luxor has been friendly and solicitous of us. We and they have talked and commiserated much. We have all looked avidly to President Eisenhower and have listened to every possible news broadcast to see what the U. S. was going to do next. We have been proud of our country's stand. Of course, we have yearned now and then for a harsher stand against what we regarded as criminal irresponsibility, but all in all the stand has been firm and wise as viewed from here. And now the United Nations is making good sense. We were pleased to hear last night that the U.S. may use oil as a lever with which to induce some tractability, too.

As I began to say, through the troublous times we have been able to continue working in Medinet Habu. Fortunately for them and us our British draftsmen and superintendent did not arrive. Mr. Floroff, our draftsman who lives in Egypt, has gone on drawing and we have collated his drawings. However, our plan to finish Medinet Habu in 5 years appears likely to suffer. In the meantime, Nims and I have plunged into the tedious, time-consuming and much postponed but unavoidable task of tracing the remaining curved surfaces and other spots in the temple which cannot be photographed. We had to pause after using up our tracing paper on the vaulted ceiling of the room in the Osiris suite. Our necks needed time to get over the twisting we gave them there, but now we have gotten more paper and can continue. I guess that certain dealers in Cairo thought somebody was playing an elaborate joke on them when in the midst of a war they received urgent orders from some "crazy Americans" in Luxor for

tracing paper, shutter tape, piston rings and such other items. It took three weeks and a second letter to get them and some have still not arrived. After tracing the frightening ceiling we are earnestly looking for a barn with a side big enough so that we can assemble and tack up the traced strips in order to photograph the whole. There isn't such a barn in the grounds of Chicago House we have discovered.

Myrtle Nims has gone on steadily binding books and Maurine has begun a long needed shelf list of the library. They both spent a good deal of time perfecting blackout precautions especially after we were warned that as novices we were not doing so well. The rest of Luxor was blacked out from the light plant, but we as foreigners and with our own plant wanted to be particularly careful. We still sit after dinner in the evening in the lobby between the dining and living rooms. It is easiest to black out in this house of many windows. The ladies are now threatening in the dearth of draftsmen (when we expected to have more than ever) to get boards, pencils and pens and set about drawing. Of that I take an indulgent but not optimistic view.

The Season started out, I thought, auspiciously. Egypt was never more peaceful and friendly than in early October. We knew that our three draftsmen and superintendent would be delayed but expected them about November 1st. We had already planned to run until at least the end of April in compensation. To be sure, we had had the experience for the first time of having to get the water and light plants, launch and station wagon, scaffolds and ladders back in operation without the supervision of Mr. Healey who had always been here when we left and when we arrived to take care of everything of the sort. It speaks well for his orderliness that we were able with only a minimum of fumbling and searching to find the parts of every mechanical gadget without which Chicago House is an uninhabitable shell, it seems. Nims and I have replaced a spate of broken shutter tapes all over the place. They began going to pieces under the heavier use of blackout. I have learned to make washers and stop leaking faucets galore and today unstopped a water main. How the latter was effected I am still not quite clear. Wednesday evening I went so far as to tackle the electric blower in the kitchen oil range which began to make an infernal racket and threatened to sabotage the Thanksgiving turkey next day as well as all subsequent meals. Rarely has there been accorded me in life a more salubrious moment, a finer hour, than when having applied a little oil, having wielded sundry wrenches and having assembled many unnecessarily removed parts of the mechanism, I flipped the switch to hear a delightfully smoothpurr and a chorus of "kwaiyis, ya mudir" from the hitherto ominously silent ring of goggle-eyed servants who certainly expected no good to occur when the mudir got grease on his hands.

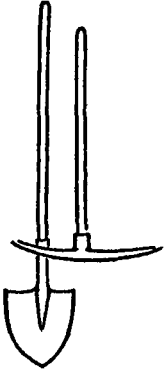
Be assured, all of you, that we are all well, in the best of spirits, well occupied and in the midst of a kindly people who look upon us and our country as friends in their troubles. We had a good Thanksgiving dinner, but did not take a holiday yesterday. The weather is and has been ideal. Maurine and I have not experienced so cool an October in our ten years here. However, the autumn was made memorable among other things by Maurine's open-toed slipper coming in contact with a business-like scorpion one evening as she toured the kitchen checking on locked doors. She had a painful night, to say the least, but the effects were gone next day. It was the occasion for numerous telephone and personal calls from friends in Luxor, however. That reminds me that we as aliens had our phone service cut off for a couple of weeks in November as a security measure.

We wonder whether we shall be receiving the New York Times again soon. We expect not to receive Time, the international edition of which is printed in Paris. In the meantime, I at least have caught up on a little neglected detective fiction. There was one aspect of being somewhat marooned which pleased me greatly: I could neither receive nor send mail and for once in my life-- a dissolute one as far as keeping up with correspondence has been concerned-- my conscience was entirely clear on that score for three weeks. Others in the house being less perverse were not so blissfully happy in the same circumstances.

May this discursive letter assure you that you need not be concerned about us. We are doing all right so far; we are only indignant and volubly so at the monumental stupidity of the three aggressors--and we know something about monuments.

Yours sincerely,

George R. Hughes
Field Director



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

November 26, 1956

To the Members of the Oriental Institute

Dear Friends:

When last you heard from us (November 1), we stood at the beginning of the current Near Eastern imbroglio and were trying hard to get in touch with our overseas teams in Egypt and Iraq. Since then (on November 7th) we had a cable from Egypt reporting that the Hugheses and Nimses had made arrangements to stay on at Luxor and were proceeding with their work, as reported in the daily papers. There has also been a letter (to Mrs. Adams) saying that Robert M. Adams, Jr. had had news of the disturbing events quite by accident in listening to a radio broadcast heard in a small village far down in southern Iraq, and had scarcely believed his ears or those of the interpreter. He is presumably camped out in the wide open spaces near Tell Ibrahim, and normally far removed from post offices and radio programs. Since this information reached us all means of communication have apparently been suspended for the time being and we are completely out of touch. If more word comes in, we will transmit it to you promptly.

We have confidence in the good judgment of our staff members in the field. They are remote from the scenes of conflict. They know how to handle themselves and will go about their business so long as the present status quo continues. If worst comes to worst, they can get out via Khartoum and Cape-town and via Karachi and Singapore respectively. We are worried about three other matters. The first is that due to the failure of communications we are unable to supply you with the usual Newsletters from the field. The second is the further course of events in the Near East, for the more recent developments are by no means as reassuring as they might seem to be. The third is how long we may be deprived of the services of our helpers in Egypt who are British subjects, and what to do about our Institute program if conditions in the Near East continue to be disturbed.

Anyone trying to forecast the future course of developments in the Near East would certainly need more than the proverbial crystal ball, but certain guide lines can be laid down with a fair degree of probability, or so it seems at the moment. The first is that the current phase of the developments is a lull in the storm and that when it comes to actually carrying out the proposed withdrawal of the British-French-Israeli forces from Egypt and to installing the U.N. contingent in its position as a cordon sanitaire around the Palestinian sore-spot, there will be complications. The various powers

concerned are already making reservations of all kinds, and the tangle that will result from trying to cope with them and still making progress toward the desired goal, will undoubtedly increase the ill-feeling and feed the flames of hostility. Fundamentally, of course, the situation that exists and will exist for some time--with the Suez canal blocked and with the pipe-lines producing but a dribble of oil at Mediterranean termini for European consumption--is ready-made for non-western powers to strike a blow at the West. Once the shortage of oil has really become acute in Europe, it will mean the utter paralysis of all types of motorized military equipment in England and on the continent, save what can be supplied with U.S. oil and gasoline. The question whether the non-western powers can or will take advantage of this situation depends upon a number of things. The first is the internal strength or weakness of Russia itself. The second is the extent to which the Arab states can or will be impelled by future developments to coordinate their plans, to sharpen their animosity to the West and to open their doors much farther to Russia. The third is the strength or lack of strength of the U.N. in carrying out its plans for the removal of the armed forces from Egypt and for the re-opening of the Suez canal. The fourth is the ability of the United States to steer a course that will not identify its policies with those of Britain, France and Israel in the present conflict. There is sufficient doubt on all of these points to make the situation extremely dangerous but also not quite hopeless. In all likelihood there will be efforts from European, Russian, Arabic and Israeli angles to capitalize upon the situation for immediate local advantage. The conflict may therefore well become more acute in the course of the next six months, no matter if Eden and Nasser both fall, and no matter how the intrinsic probabilities for the ultimate outcome may shift from time to time. If Russia is even partially adroit, it cannot fail to have added at least another group of sympathizers to its retinue of favoring states.

All this being so, what should the Oriental Institute do by way of planning for the immediate and the long-term future? Clearly it is not yet time to declare a moratorium upon operations in the field, to recall our field workers, put our overseas establishments in mothballs or write them off as liabilities. We still have some months of grace at the worst, and more to lose than to gain by overhasty action. Besides, in the delicate poise of the balances our continued presence in the Near East, and our failure to lose our nerve and to give up the ghost may play an infinitesimally small but none the less an important part in keeping the scales from tipping against the interests of the western world. We must stay with our program, even though it involves us in expenses from which we get less return than we would normally expect. This means carrying on in Egypt and Iraq and working in Libya this spring as heretofore. It means that the Director must do all he can to join his staff members in the Near East before too long and to supplement the information they can give with listening and observing as close to the centers of conflict and policy decision as he can get under the circumstances.

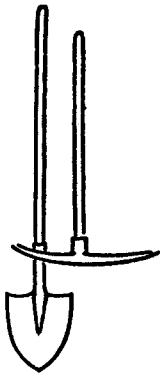
However, it also means one other thing, fortunately already within the range and pattern of the Institute's activities. This is a further emphasis upon new home enterprises that we have already adopted in principle and are taking through the blue-print and the experimental stages. Currently in the blue-print stage is the proposal to mobilize the vast amount of first hand archaeological information already available here around the question concerning the role of the cities in the development of high civilization. What Robert

Adams Jr. is currently doing in the field is intended to fill a known gap in this information. Our Institute Research Council has since early fall been laying the ground work for a symposium on urbanization that is to be held here in about a year's time and that is to give us an opportunity to exchange ideas with scholars from other institutions about the importance of the subject, the angles from which it can be approached and the part that the several sciences can each properly play in tackling it in its broadest outlines.

Currently in the experimental stage is the effort to link the Institute's program with the earlier stages of the educational effort, through the use of the Museum. Here we are having the help of Mr. Millet, as Docent in our Museum. One of these days I propose to have him write to you about his efforts and experiences. It seems there have been more school and high-school groups about in the Museum than I can remember for any of the past years. We enjoy having them and we wish we might be in a position to provide more extensive facilities for their use when they come. The galleries of the Museum are only one of the things the younger people should find here when they come. We wish we had some well arranged place where they could do things and have experiences with objects and processes and historical periods otherwise remote to them. Perhaps I'll write more about this another time, if you will be satisfied (as I fear you must), with non-archaeological Archaeological Newsletters.

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling



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NEWSLETTER FROM BAGHDAD

(Members will be happy to have this letter from Robert M. Adams Jr. Through no fault of his we have been cut off from "Bob" for some time. One intermediate Newsletter and several personal letters have failed to reach us. They are probably in the sacks at the bottom of the pile that must have developed when communications with the West were suspended early in November. Our attempts to reach him have not been particularly successful either, but he is carrying on magnificently.)

You will recall from Bob's letter of October 2 that he is making a Surface Survey. That is, he is mapping the location of the mounds that represent ancient villages and cities in a section of ancient Mesopotamia, and is using surface finds of pottery and bricks to determine the dates when these settlements flourished. This information he uses to determine the course of the ancient canals and the beginnings of irrigation. Incidentally he is discovering much about the periods of cultural growth and stagnation in the areas in question. CHK)

Baghdad
December 9, 1956

Dear Friends,

At my last writing, the line of ancient settlements we were seeking to follow seemed a comparatively simple affair. I supposed that we would reach its beginning and ending in a few succeeding periods of survey, and then shift to some other equally well-defined problem and area to carry our reconnaissance further. But in the past five weeks of work the original little line has grown like Topsy, in internal complexity as well as length and breadth. It hardly seems possible any longer to shift away from what we have begun, either conceptually or geographically. We can only tack on around the edges, like the original neatly rolled map which now has as many layers of additions as some of the mounds we are seeing.

The area covered by the Survey now extends from the Yusifiyah Canal, twenty miles or so below Baghdad, southeastward for sixty miles "out into nothing," as the barren and uninhabited country on its other end was once described for us by an engineer in the new Musaiyib irrigation project that is coming into use in the intervening region. The width of our coverage averages ten to twelve miles. Some 700 square miles, in aggregate, which we have jeeped over, hiked over, gotten stuck in, and fallen into, until there is probably no region anywhere we know better--and would less rather see again. That, of course, is exactly where we will be going on the day after tomorrow. Ten days to two weeks out, followed by four or five days of office work in Baghdad, is the rut I'm afraid we are in for the rest of the season.

All in all, we have visited and mapped 567 ancient sites within this area, so you can see that "out into nothing" was hardly as applicable at all times in the past as it is today. Instead of the nine sites which were pertinent to our major concern with the early growth of urban centers at the time of my last letter, there are now twenty-four. Most of them were already occupied during the Ubaid period, the earliest major horizon of occupation by agriculturalists that is known on the alluvial plain. Thirteen of them, all of small to moderate size, were still occupied during the early phases of the Early Dynastic period, not long after 3000 B.C. Only two survived the Early Dynastic period with settlement on any scale at all, and only one, Cutha, where Muslim tradition has Abraham being thrown into the fire by the tyrant Nimrod, continued for a significant period thereafter.

The next evidence of an extensive occupation within this region is of Old Babylonian and Cassite date, roughly a millennium later than that in Early Dynastic I. With the exception of Cutha alone (which must have been an important urban center by this time), all of the 23 sites we have located for this time range were again of village-size only. Confirming the hiatus between the earlier occupation and this one, perhaps, are the quite distinct overall patterns of the two. The later occupants made use of a mound that was previously an Early Dynastic settlement only at Cutha itself, and their tells suggest two separate watercourses that paralleled--but did not coincide with--the older one. Thus there seems to have been a period of about a thousand years during which the region was given over largely to migratory herdsmen while town life continued along canals and watercourses that had shifted toward its margins. I hope we may understand the dynamics of these shifts more fully as we ourselves continue to nibble away at the margins.

There follows a second hiatus which is at least partly artificial (the pottery types are simply too poorly known to assist us very much in dating within the interval), ending with the middle of the first millennium B.C. Only at that time did the real florescence of the region begin, for the remaining 520 of our 567 sites are all of Neo-Babylonian or later date. Perhaps the density of settlement that ensued is suggested by the fact that there are many places where we have had to walk or drive for miles on broken Parthian, Sassanian, and Islamic pottery. Above all, the remains of the former canal now called Habl Ibrahim (Rope of Abraham) which coil through the country like a great snake for virtually the entire distance we have surveyed, testify to the prosperity of the region during the first half of the Christian Era.

Turning again to the early periods in which we are primarily interested, I am confronted with the impossibility of presenting a coherent account when there are still so many loose ends. This much is clear: The bulk of our sites fall roughly into a northwest-southeast line, although by no means so straight a line as seemed the case at first. From their size and imputed population, and from comparative data that Bob Fernea has been able to provide on modern requirements for canal-building and -maintenance, it is almost impossible that we are dealing with a canal dug in the usual way. Instead, this must have been a population that lived along a natural watercourse, relying on smaller ditches at opportune places to carry off water into the adjoining fields. With such a regime, most subsistence problems probably could be dealt with adequately on a local basis, and relations between villages need not have required a formal political structure that embraced a number of them and their environs.

At this point the loose ends take over, helped out only by further speculation. On its northern end we have lost track of the watercourse, having surveyed six miles north and west of our last Early Dynastic sites without encountering another.

Perhaps the inclusion of a wider area will remedy this difficulty, but if not, how do we explain it? In the modern contours, at least, there is no evidence of a natural obstacle that would have hindered settlement. Again, we have assumed all along that this was a branch of the Euphrates, for it parallels so neatly the later Euphrates canals. But is this justified when the sites we have found furthest upstream (at the moment, at least) are only six or seven miles from the Tigris?

Most perplexing of all are the circumstances surrounding the abandonment of the system. Cutha and the neighboring site which continued into the later phases of the Early Dynastic period and beyond do not lie near the presumed inlet of the watercourse. Why were they not abandoned, as the others were, when the river shifted? Our work to date makes it rather unlikely that the new course of the river simply happened to lie in Cutha's proximity (a point to be nailed down next time out).

One way out of this difficulty--and I stress that it is not the only way--returns our seemingly narrow little problem to an area of larger debate. Cutha went on to become a substantial city; today it is an impressive half-mile square of ruins rising to a height of seventy feet above the surrounding plain. Suppose that it was already different, in size, in composition, in level of internal organization, from the contemporary settlements around it when the watercourse shifted westward in Early Dynastic times. It would be easy for the small villages to shift along with the water; the Musaiyib region is dotted with recently abandoned villages that reflect just such a practice. But in Cutha, moving toward cityhood, one can imagine a different answer. Here was greater wealth and population, here was a temple sanctified by long tradition and staffed with a priestly hierarchy that resisted uprooting, here, perhaps, was a city-wall, built at the enormous human cost that the Gilgamesh Epic reflects. Here were the resources, and the need, to change the natural river regime, to bring the water to the settlement by a canal. On this view--and I cannot overstress its present speculativeness--one might see large-scale irrigation not as prerequisite for urban civilization in Mesopotamia but as its consequence. Archeological reconnaissance of Aztec irrigation systems in pre-Spanish Mexico recently has led some of my Americanist colleagues to a similar conclusion.

This account of the directions in which the Survey is taking us has been overlong; "Stress the human element in those Newsletters," I was told before I left. Fact is, however, that there is nothing very human in what we are doing or the way we are living except for this kind of academic probing that comes out of it. "A picnic-type of operation," Thorkild Jacobsen once called it. The term has a misleadingly carefree ring to it. We generally are out on survey by eight in the morning, after a breakfast of oranges, stale bread, maybe a hardboiled egg. Lunch is oranges, dates, canned cheese, and cookies while they last. Sometimes an invitation to lunch with some local sheikh in his mudhif is couched in terms we cannot refuse; since it is hard to get loose on these occasions before mid-afternoon, we generally leave the jeep as far from villages as possible when the noon hour approaches. By dark we try to be back at our base, barring complications with flooded fields and the like. If we are based in a town, the supper problem is easily solved. One or several chai-khanas offer much hospitality, strong tea, and dubious food at extremely modest prices, to the accompaniment of cheap receivers tuned up full volume to Radio Damascus or Baghdad. Away from towns, faced with an ubiquitous shortage of water for dishes, we usually fall back on beans or canned meat heated over the primus and the familiar oranges. After supper, in either case, there are notes and maps to prepare, pottery to wash and classify. Bed comes early. Both Vaughn Crawford and I have invested in great sheepskin coats which double as bedcovers; by this

time of the year we need them badly before morning. Two weeks or so of this kind of thing and we all need an overhaul. The poor old jeep limps into Hillah with our mechanic, Yasin 'bas Ahmet, for attention to chronic weak spots like springs and carburation in his family's garage during the time we are in Baghdad. Vaughn and I turn up at the German Institute looking like a couple of mangy coyotes, expecting to "live to eat" for a few days, as Vaughn observes, instead of "eating to live."

So far, we have been extremely lucky in finding headquarters. Perhaps the nicest we have occupied was a spare house of the Murdock & Brooks Construction Co. in the Musaiyib project that even boasted an electric light, flush toilet, and hot water heater that worked. For this we owe thanks to the American resident manager, Mr. Kenneth Rogers. He has been promised a copy of whatever publication comes out of our work in return for his kindness, but was warned not to hold his breath waiting for it. After Murdock & Brooks came a base in the town of Hasswa, where a group of bachelor primary school teachers turned over to us a room in the house maintained for them by the government. Then we did a stint in the Rest House maintained by the civil government in Mahmudiyah, a much larger town an hour or so away to the north. Most recently, we were back in the spare house business, this time an extra officials' house in the Musaiyib belonging to the Miri Sirf Land Development Committee. Since these arrangements are always ad hoc and impromptu, we regularly carry a tent in the station wagon. But with the beginning of sporadic rains, and with present nighttime temperatures in the desert, I hope we never need to unroll it again.

There is nothing further to add at present of our own activities. Another month or so of survey should see at least a few of our present crop of loose ends tied up and disposed of, but I'll bet anything that a whole batch of new ones will have arisen to plague us. As news trickles in slowly of the protean world outside our present desert stamping-ground, it is both frightening and reassuring to realize that essentially all we are here to determine is the 5,000 year-old course of a distinctly second-class river. Further reports will follow in time of our successes and failures in doing just that.

Sincerely yours,

Robert M. Adams

January 25, 1957

Dear Friends,

Almost at sundown yesterday afternoon the last piece fell into place in our reconnaissance of the ancient course of the Euphrates in the wide area between Baghdad and the Shatt an-Nil. The piece, like all the others, was a tell; in this case an unnamed small, high mound off in an irrigated field of barley whose surface pottery tells us that it was occupied from the Ubaid period into Akkadian times (roughly, 4000-2300 B.C.). Vaughn Crawford and I have about six weeks of work left this season, in which to push one or several of our watercourses further south, and to explore a promising loose end farther east which may reveal a connection between our system and the Tigris. But these are different problems than the one to which the bulk of the past six weeks has been devoted. They can wait for another letter.

I suppose it is fitting that so nice a site should have turned up at the very end of our work in the northern part of the Mesopotamian alluvial plain. Frankly, I would have appreciated an earlier knowledge of the insights it makes possible. Had we failed to find remains of this age anywhere in the vicinity, a major obstacle would have been raised to the interpretation of our river system as a whole. Had we failed to reach this particular tell before sunset, a major delay was in prospect due to mechanical failures. (The station wagon is in the garage for a major overhaul. The jeep finished the day with a cracked battery and a pronounced list to port due to a broken spring; it would start fine in the heat of the day on the downhill roll from a tell, but frosty mornings were another matter altogether). As Vaughn knows well by now, my acerb disposition is not improved by either uncertainty or delay. Had we been forced to hole up for a spell at our temporary base in the little town of Hasswa, there would have been little to do but drink tea by day in the local chai-khana and shuck our excess supply of Early Dynastic goblet fragments at the yappy, mangy, and vicious breed of local dogs by night.

The six weeks of journeying since my last letter need a brief separate accounting from the results they have produced. Work from a particular base frequently takes us across the paths of several ancient lines of settlement in which we are interested; even our own paths of survey cross and re-cross the same ground occasionally as we become aware of previously unforseen gaps and problems. The period began, in fact, with a third stint near Imam Ibrahim, using the extra house of the Miri Sirf Land Development Committee which we had just occupied when I last wrote. From there, we moved to a vacant room in an officials' club in Mahawil, returning to Baghdad just before Christmas. Then followed a period of several weeks in which we were near enough to Baghdad to return at night to our main base in the German Archeological Institute. This happy arrangement finally expired on January 16th. It was followed by several days in an officials' club in Yusifiyah, and subsequently by a second stay with school-teacher friends in Hasswa. All in all, this has been a time of traditional Iraqi winter weather, and rain, mud, and frost combined to slow us down a little. About 640 new tells have been added, however, to the previous bag of 567 sites visited and mapped, and the span of occupation of 40 of the new ones has been determined by surface collections.

Always subject to the qualification that a surface collection just ain't no substitute for a properly dug hole, the picture that emerges from these peregrinations is something like this:

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The main course of the Euphrates seems to have remained relatively fixed from Ubaid times until at least the end of the Old Babylonian period between the great ancient cities of Sippar and Kish. We have, at any rate, fifteen new sites falling along the roughly NNW-SSE connecting line between these centers that extends for 65 kilometers. Particularly in the lower part of the watercourse, near Kish, several minor fluctuations are apparent, tending cumulatively to deflect the river farther westward. They presage subsequent larger shifts, for the contemporary channels of the Euphrates are all far to the west---and would have shifted even further but for installations like the Hindiyah Barrage. At only one site, incidentally, does the possibility of a continuous occupation need seriously to be reckoned with. Elsewhere, the span of occupation varies, but in general seems to change most abruptly at the beginning of the Old Babylonian period. With a couple of exceptions, the sites conform to the pattern of small size that we had observed earlier; certainly none even approach the dimensions of Sippar or Kish.

Iman Ibrahim (ancient Cutha), interestingly enough, was never on this channel directly. Prior to mid-Early Dynastic times it received its irrigation water from the watercourse with which my previous letter dealt. When that one dried up or shifted, the inhabitants of Cutha must have connected their city with the Euphrates by a canal. If my dating is right, this is the first serious canalization we can identify---apart from the short feeders and systems of minor ditches which must always have been necessary to spread the water over the agricultural land. For this area as a whole, large-scale, widespread canalization is traceable only in Old Babylonian times, hardly before 1800 B.C. or so. One wonders, and then puts the thought aside for a possible future season of survey, whether the same process may not have begun farther south some hundreds of years earlier---say in Ur III times.

Aside from Cutha's canal, we have another interesting exception to this generalization. The site of Deir has long been known, lying somewhat north and east of Sippar and almost equalling Sippar in size. In a hard half-day of collecting we found nothing here indicative of an occupation before the Akkadian period (ca. 2400 B.C.), although there is evidence of a settlement at Sippar already in Ubaid times, a millenium and a half earlier. Deir, then, was on a canal that must have been dug about the time of Sargon of Agade, and you can bet that we probed for other settlements along this line with more than the ordinary enthusiasm.

In working westward to the present course of the Euphrates, and then north a bit toward the modern town of Falluja we succeeded in locating only one---but I'm hoping it may be enough. Tell Abu Ghubur lies ten kilometers north-northwest of Sippar and a shorter distance west of Deir. Today it appears as a straggling and unimpressive group of unrelated mounds, but closer inspection shows that the plain now covers what was once a continuous city, submerging all but a few major summits where monumental architecture beneath the surface leaves its obvious traces in surface salt. Like Deir, our collection from this site ranges from the Akkadian period to Achaemenid times, supporting the inference from topography that both were once connected by a canal.

It would be nice, of course, if this ends the long search for Sargon's capital, Agade. Certainly our survey has produced no likelier candidate. But whatever the name of this site, its importance is undeniable as an illustration of the historical forces behind the development of this most ancient irrigation system. In the case of Cutha, a little earlier in time, I have suggested that a major canal was dug to bring water only after the local watercourse had been deflected away from the city.

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In the case of Deir and Abu Ghubur, a canal needed to be dug before the cities became habitable. Not suprisingly, this event coincides with the Dynasty of Agade, the first relatively durable and centralized imperial formation to emerge from the earlier welter of contending city-states.

I have purposely left out of this discussion all reference to the river-channel running through Uqair and Jemdet Nasr, with which we were concerned exculsively last Fall. If it were merely a subsidiary channel of the Euphrates that dried up not long after 3000 B.C., this would not have been necessary. At the moment (i.e., before we have done the necessary reconnaissance to be sure---the inevitable time for unfounded speculation!) the bets are that it represents instead a Tigris connection, or perhaps the early course of the Tigris itself. This whole problem obviously rates a good hard look, which I am hoping we shall be able to give it before our time runs out.

This letter returns, finally, to the particular tell of yesterday afternoon with which it began. That mound illustrates well the necessarily empirical character of all reconnaissance; theory and speculation like the preceding paragraphs may be the goad and fruit of our daily work, hut in the end nothing beats looking. Yesterday's tell violated the usual rules for early sites in its sharp, high contours and in its location adjoining a relatively recent canal-line; it could only be found by hiking in to every mound in the neighborhood. Only in retrospect does its position take on an inevitable quality. Only when we have shown it is there, does speculation become useful and reconstruction seem natural.

In a similar vein is our experience with guides (not employed after the initial weeks) and volunteered directions. Frequently we are told there are no sites in a certain section, or there is no road. From long experience now, we thank our informant for the advice and add "Nshuuf," we will look. Perhaps that is as good a description as any for this whole enterprise.

Sincerely,

Bob Adams

P.S. This narrative of the activities of the Survey has now continued for several letters since Bob and BJ Fernea were briefly introduced to you with the promise that they would have more to say for themselves at a later time. During the intervening months Bob has had perhaps a closer look than anyone before him at the interplay of social factors affecting the operation of an irrigation system at a local level. The full relevance of the study he is undertaking to the broader concern of the Survey with beginnings of urban life in Mesopotamia will only become apparent after further months of difficult field-work and a subsequent period for analysis of his results at home. In the meantime, however, a few valuable points of contact between the student of contemporary social organization and our own primarily historical viewpoint are already beginning to emerge. I'd best let Bob describe some of them in his own words:

"As I begin this letter I am at the same time enjoying a performance of the Beethoven Seventh Symphony that is broadcasted from Munich. Even on a little table radio it sounds very good. This radio has amounted to more than a luxury: Eden's resignation and Eisenhower's State of the Union message both came up for comment in the Sheikh's mudhiif (guest-house) today as we were having dinner! Mostly, however, I simply enjoy being able to listen to English broadcasts---to remind myself that

someone still speaks that language, if nothing else. I should back-up a bit, and tell you what I am doing in this rather isolated situation, and why.

"As you are by now aware, Bob Adams and Vaughn Crawford are concerned with settlement and irrigation patterns of the rather remote past. As an anthropologist, my interests are largely directed toward contemporary irrigation systems. Iraq has a large and currently expanding irrigation system directed by the Irrigation Department, under the Ministry of Agriculture. The importance of irrigation is still about as great as it was in Babylonian times. Oil production is its only serious rival, and the permanent place of irrigation agriculture in even the future economy of Iraq is fully accepted in all of the ambitious development plans.

"My primary concerns are not with the problems of irrigation on a national scale; these are better studied by engineers or agronomists than anthropologists. Instead, I am attempting to understand how an irrigation system operates on a very local level. In fact, I am most interested in what happens to water after it passes from the responsibility of the local government engineers and is received by groups of farmers whose job it is further to divide it among themselves and to maintain the small canals which run between and over their lands. These are some of the questions to which I hope to find answers: How do the informal arrangements arise by which farmers divide water among themselves? How do they share the responsibilities of digging and maintaining canal systems on their land? What can we say are the general effects of irrigation on the social lives of these people? (For instance men occasionally fight bitterly over problems arising from a scarcity of water; I think they also occasionally marry their neighbor's daughter for the same reasons.) I call my aspect of our study here "the social organization of an irrigation system." This title is probably a good one, for the answers to questions like the ones stated above seem to lie in a fairly complex analysis of the corporate lives of a group of agriculturalists.

"As friends of the Oriental Institute, you may rightly wonder about the connection between a contemporary study like mine and the traditional concerns of the Institute. There are at least two answers to this question: One is that Bob Adams hopes I'll be able to provide answers to specific questions arising from his work. Questions such as how large a working force does it take to maintain a canal of this or that size and length? How extensive a canal system does one associate with a given number of families? Since the Survey's work in tracing ancient river-and canal-systems is being done primarily through inference from patterns observable in the distribution of ancient village sites, you can see the relevance of these questions for the full understanding of their material. The second general reason why my study is associated with a historical-archeological one is a bit less concrete, a bit more rooted in the realm of theory. We suppose that there are general parallels between the social life surrounding ancient irrigation systems and lives of people presently dependent on irrigation. It is difficult to comprehend these parallels on a large scale today; the development of highly centralized national governments, the introduction of heavy-duty machinery all interpose variables between Then and Now which are very difficult to take into account. We are in a much better position to assume parallels on a grass-roots level. The effect of central governments on the day-to-day equation between the farmer, the soil, and the water must of necessity be limited and can be accounted for with greater assurance. Thus, with care and qualification, we may suppose that some of the social processes which I may isolate as associated with contemporary grass-roots irrigation may tell us something about the rural life we now know primarily through clay tablets and the excavations of urban centers.

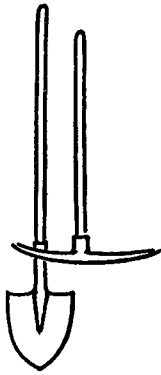
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"The progress of my study is less easy to measure than the areas and sites that Bob and Vaughn have surveyed. My study is above all dependent on the goodwill and cooperation of a group of people. While hospitality and a welcoming attitude are never lacking here, sincere, confiding friendship takes time and care to develop. This is as it should be, of course. However, it is not greatly enhanced by my cultural origins nor my brief familiarity with the Arabic language. I have no interpreter and, even with some formal training, fluent colloquial Arabic is slowly come by. But it is come by---especially when you have no one at hand with whom to speak English.

"I have selected a place for study after a general survey which took me to nearly every village in two Liwas, or states, of Iraq. The local sheikh here in Dagharah has loaned me a two-room brick and mud-plaster house, and the Arab community and I are in the preliminary stages of becoming not so strange to each other. One tribe here will be of particular concern, the El Shebaana. Many members of this group own property privately, though some work exclusively on the sheikh's land and some supplement their incomes by working for him on a part-time basis. It will be the relations between the private land-holders which will most concern me.

"At the end of January my wife, B. J., will come from Baghdad, where she has been living, to live with me here in Dagharah. I think you are all pretty familiar with the traditional position of women in Arab society, and this village is as traditional in that respect as any. Since we are not here to reform, but rather, insofar as possible, to conform, my wife's tasks will not be easy ones. Above all, she and I will have to adjust to completely separate social lives while we are here, hoping I can withstand the criticism which will stem from wanting to spend a few evenings a week alone with her instead of with the men. To the difficulties of adjustment to custom will be added those of adjustment to climate as the warm weather approaches. But not under estimating these obstacles ahead of us, there is on the other hand a growing acquaintance with people who could have originated hospitality, who seem ready to become our friends and who make allowances for differences of habit and belief in a way we would do well to emulate at home. As you may have noticed, I like the people and my work here very much."

Bob Fernea



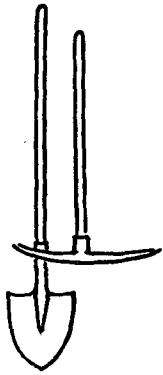
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NEWSLETTER FROM BAGHDAD

(N.B. The following has just come to hand from Robert M. Adams, Jr., as a further report upon his "Survey", which is being conducted jointly by the Oriental Institute and the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research, and has brought together the team of Bob Adams and Vaughn Crawford. Bob has added also a note by Robert Fernea, graduate student and Fellow in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Chicago, who is also in Iraq and will do a supplementary research enterprise of his own this spring. To make the references in Bob Adams' report clearer to the geographically uninitiate, we are adding a sketch-map to help you orient yourselves. C.H.K.)





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NEWSLETTER FROM BAGHDAD

(The accompanying letter from Bob Adams, his last of the season, goes out to you without the familiar "C.H.K." under its introductory paragraph since Dr. Kraeling is himself now in the Near East. Instead a few words from an Assyriologist, who is becoming increasingly intrigued with what Bob Adams is finding out. The exhausting nature of survey work, the tremendous energy Bob has shown, and the very real difficulties he has overcome in getting his results are impressive and clear as one reads his letters. But the extraordinary value of these results now also stands out clearly as the picture becomes more complete. He has entirely changed our ideas of the ancient courses of the major rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, and so of the lines of human occupation between them. This means that the ancient historian will now have to reconsider his materials basically and the meaning of the events of which they tell: for the theater in which he used to imagine them has become a very different one as a result of Bob Adams' work. As this present letter shows, Bob Adams is already turning his thoughts to applying his new results to what we know from other sources, inscriptions, texts, etc., in fact, to pointing up the ultimate historical meaning of what he has discovered. When he is finally ready to report to us on all that his survey implies in new knowledge, it will certainly give us a great many basic, new, and unexpected insights.

Thorkild Jacobsen)

Baghdad
February 26, 1957

Dear Friends,

This final account of the activities of the Iraq Surface Survey is necessarily brief. There is still a large slug of work to be compressed somehow into the remaining two weeks of the field season. And in the meantime, that happy state of certitude which makes letter-writing easy continues to lie beyond my reach.

In point of fact, however, the fieldwork that lies ahead will serve mainly a corroborative function. The outlines of our results are already clear, even if they need to be stewed over a bit longer before being confidently put forward. On the one hand, we have gone further - at least in geographical coverage - than seemed possible last Fall. But we have left behind a long trail of loose ends which demand further attention before the work of survey can be considered finished. Surface reconnaissance, moreover, is not a self-contained mode of enquiry. With luck, it can test certain kinds of historical insights derived from textual analysis. In turn it may provide leads to be checked in ancient records and modern excavations. For all that I think we have learned something worthwhile, we have also learned that survey is only a subordinate part of the broad, continuing effort to apprehend the ancient Mesopotamian social organism.

Within these limitations, the season's work has accomplished the following: Two major channels of the Euphrates have been traced from their point of bifurcation

northwest of the ancient city of Sippar. As I wrote previously, one ran down through Sippar and into Kish; from thence we have just completed tracing its apparent continuation still further southward to the site of Marad. In all, we have dated collections of potsherds from seventeen towns and cities that were occupied along this watercourse during the first two and a half millennia of Mesopotamian urban development. The second channel is both more complex and more surprising. Taking off, remember, near the northwestern limits of the ancient territory of Akkad, we have followed its course for 150 km. southeastwards into Nippur, the Sumerian religious capital where Oriental Institute excavations will be resumed next Fall. Something on the order of fifty towns and cities ^{that} were sustained by this watercourse have been mapped and dated during the course of survey; the exact number depends on what is interpreted as the shifting channel of the stream vis a vis subsidiary, artificial, canals. The latter, too, we have plentiful evidence for from the Old Babylonian period onwards (after ca. 1800 B.C.) - strings of small contemporary settlements extending out into the interstices between the relatively better-populated river-courses. At what seems to have been the point of bifurcation of the two major channels is the site of Tell Abu Ghubur, "Mound of the Father of Graves", of which I have written you earlier. Its location now seems so central that a brief sounding there is in the cards for a few of our remaining days.

As befits its length and the successive changes in its course, the greater part of the survey has been devoted to the river-course running down into Nippur. We began there, in October, without knowing it, along a part of the course that flowed through Uqair and Jemdet Nasr and went out of use not long after 3000 B.C. Seeking some kind of self-contained system - a ridiculous notion, in retrospect - I began with a neatly rectangular map and expected to find "upstream and downstream termini" close at hand. Well, with scissors and scotch-tape the map grew steadily, but the termini failed to appear. This was disconcerting enough, but a still more important flaw appeared already early last December. Taking advantage of a rare day of perfect weather, we made a long loop out past the fringe of cultivation and into the desert, locating several sites that clearly belonged on the line we were following but which lasted on until a much later date. What I had previously regarded as an ephemeral watercourse, possibly only a canal, suddenly became a river instead.

Two further chapters remained in the effort to nail this conclusion down; together they have occupied most of the month since my last letter. The first saw the Survey based in the bustling but quite isolated Tigris River town of Suweira, trying to locate the channel to which the river shifted after abandoning its earlier line through Uqair and Jemdet Nasr. We were successful in this, for night after night there were sherds from many sites to wash and classify - needless to say, not the most pleasant criterion of success. Success was bittersweet in other respects also. There was considerable mashing-about in irrigated fields at night as a result of broken-down vehicles (why always in the late afternoon?), and what seemed at the time like more than a just share of short landings in our favorite sport of canal-jumping. But to counteract the discomfort there was much hospitality, of a kind that brings a lump into your throat and makes you proud to be able to work in this country. A poor family of farmers, for example, unable to afford even a lantern but insistent on cooking up a chicken in the dark for three strangers stranded near their village by a balky jeep distributor. Or the civil paymaster in Suweira, vacating his office for our use as a headquarters and conducting his business for eight days on the outer steps.

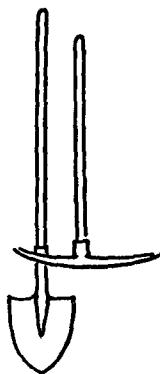
The second chapter carried the line on down into Nippur. In some respects, this promised easier running, since much of this section lay in what is now open desert. But with the jeep in its present state we had to depend on a large measure of luck; the prospect of breaking down forty miles out is something I still shudder to think about. Luck, as it turned out, consisted of that being the week for the generator and voltage regulator to give out; bad enough, but neither prevented the thing from being cranked up by hand and run out to safety. Although towns were far beyond reach, we were fortunate also in finding suitable bases. First in the Qalat of Sheikh Hamdan on the very fringes of cultivation east of Kish, subsequently in the house of Salman Hadi, a renowned hunting guide and antiquities guard who is stationed close to Abu Salabikh. In the former, obtaining food was something of a problem in spite of a stock of sugar and tea kept for barter, but there was no problem in the latter other than choosing between pheasant and gazelle for the entree to any given meal. Abu Salabikh being not far from Daghara, it was possible while there to spend two evenings with the Ferneas, and to meet Sheikh Mujid of the El Shebanna, the group that Bob is studying.

A final corrective is needed to this account which has traced progress exclusively along river-courses. We have surveyed along courses, and it cannot be denied that the ancient settlements were strung out along courses, but the unit of settlement was the town or city. Our lines, then, to some degree are abstractions only - and certainly our chief satisfaction has come not from surveying areas but from locating sites. As much as to desert barriers and lines of communication along streams, one must look to purely cultural, historical factors in order to understand the patterning of ancient occupation. Looking back now, with all but a fragment of the season behind, it is the long-abandoned but still-impressive cities that form the significant regional foci. I think of the great mound of Cutha, about which the Survey spun in widening circles for many months; there are no natural boundaries, but the surrounding plain seems somehow naturally to fall within its brooding orbit. Or of Abu Salabikh, low, sprawling, already very large in Early Dynastic times - perhaps linked, one may speculate, in some unfathomed political-religious duality with the site of Nippur a short distance further downstream. Or above all of Kish, with its vast size and hints of some extraordinary politico-military importance already at the dawn of history. These are the strategic units of study, and at best all the Survey has sought to do is to place them in a more adequate geographical focus.

We finished off yesterday below Kish, caught an hour and a half away from the car in a driving rainstorm that utterly soaked us and virtually sank the jeep. This, moreover, was the third such wetting in a total of four days spent near Kish during the season. Occasionally one caught glimpses of the Kish ziggurat through the scudding rain and sand, and it was easy under the circumstances to ascribe the place a personality: a vindictive old girl, if ever there was one. There was some small and chilly pleasure in thinking that she was just getting back at us a bit for cinching her down tight both upstream and downstream.

Sincerely,

Bob Adams



archeological newsletter

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March 27, 1957

NEWSLETTER FROM LUXOR

Dear Members and Friends:

It is summer here now on the verdant banks of the Nile, judged by our own climate and temperature range. The sun streams in through the open windows. The fronds of the great palms sway lazily in the soft breeze. Insects hum around the bougainvilleas that are gradually losing their blazing glory and all seems calm and peaceful here at Luxor where so many of the Pharaohs rest (or hoped to rest) from their mighty labors.

Dr. Hughes reported to you last fall upon the period during which the bombs fell on the local airport, and upon the black-out period that followed. It was not an easy time to live through, but for the casual visitor like myself who was not here then, it seems as though life here had never been thus rudely jarred out of its normal course. Naturally the visitors have been fewer and the men who wait across the river with their ancient carriages and rheumatic taxis for the tourist are both less numerous and less hopeful. But the burdened crowds still stream across to town on market days as of yore, the fellucas go serenely about their business, their vast sails spread to the wind, and even archaeology still proceeds methodically among the ruins of the ancient past.

Our group at Chicago House has been small this year, comprising only the Director, Dr. George Hughes and his wife, Dr. Charles Hims and his wife, Mr. Alexander Floroff, artist of the expedition, and Mr. Ed Wente, a graduate student in Egyptology from the University of Chicago. Four other members of the expedition, three artists and an engineer, all of them British subjects, were unable to come out. So work has proceeded on a reduced schedule, but with more for each to do, and achievement has by no means lagged in proportion to the size of the staff. Much has been done particularly on the troublesome columns of the second courtyard in the great Medinet Habu Temple. Their round surfaces make it impossible to use photography as a basis of recording the inscriptions with which they are covered from top to bottom. By dint of much labor Drs. Hughes and Nims have been able, in spite of the tricky wind-currents that move through these courts, to apply to the columns large squares of tracing paper and to record upon them the basic outlines of the inscriptions. These sheets could then be photographed in the laboratories of Chicago House and made the basis for the collation sheets and drawings that can become parts of the next Medinet Habu volumes.

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The Department of Antiquities, meanwhile, has also been very active here, under the local direction of Mr. Labib Habashi, and those of you who have visited Luxor will find many areas in which your enjoyment of and insight into the ruins is enhanced, next time you come this way. The great area of the Luxor Temple has been disencumbered of its ruinous mediaeval and Turkish brick buildings and now stands out clearly in its entirety. At Karnak the Department is disencumbering the face of the Third Pylon and clearing the courtyard between the Hypostyle Hall and the Seventh Pylon, where at one time all the statues from the great Temple were buried and where perhaps important discoveries are still to be made. Across the river behind the massive colossi of Memnon, the large courtyards of the Temple of Amenophis III are being laid bare and the remains of more colossi and of many other statues and stelae are being brought to light. So the colossi themselves take on meaning for the visitor as part of the monumental approaches to a vast structure most of which has been removed for re-use elsewhere, but which the imagination can readily reconstruct from the outlines that remain. All these are important undertakings and the Department of Antiquities deserves full credit for its initiative in the work, but its means are limited and in one area in particular it is faced with conditions and developments currently beyond its powers. This is in the area of the great tombs that burrow underground along the whole vast front of the Theban necropolis.

Two matters are troublesome here. The first is the disintegration of the exquisite murals and bas-reliefs of the tomb chambers, due to a chemical process that brings the natural salinity of the rock out to the exposed surfaces. This produces excrescences on the painted and carved faces of the walls and leads to the complete loss of the decorations. We saw a particularly pitiful example of this in the lower chambers of the Tomb of Nefertari, Queen of Ramses II. The second difficulty is that in all the Theban necropolis excavators during the past hundred years, in discovering and clearing more and more tombs, have merely moved from one place to another the vast masses of chipped rock overlaying the necropolis, thus making it a vast incoherent dumpyard and preventing even the best of tombs from being known and seen in the organization of their outward settings. A particularly bad example of this is the Tomb of Kheruef, whose inner chambers are still quite unknown, but whose outer face bears some of the most delicate carvings of Egyptian art in the transition to the new kingdom. Kheruef was an official of Queen Tiye, the wife of Amenophis III, who lived about 1,400 B.C. A narrow passageway was dug down to the face of the tomb in 1947, and small portions of the sides of a large open courtyard set in front of the tomb were also exposed, but the courtyard is filled with a vast peaked mound of stone chips piled up as the result of these clearances and the whole makes no impression at all, though it is one of the finest of the Theban tombs. Dr. Hughes and I have discussed with the Local inspector of antiquities for Upper Egypt, Mr. Labib Habashi, and with the Director of Antiquities at Cairo the possibility of a joint operation between the Department of Antiquities and the Oriental Institute for the clearance of this one tomb and the publication of its amazing bas-reliefs beginning in the fall of 1957. It would be a most important enterprise from every point of view but one for which we will not be able to provide entirely from our regular budget. If we could enlist your interest and have your help, we could really do something important here, not only in making a really magnificent tomb accessible to visitors but also in showing how tomb clearance should really be done, namely by removing permanently and not to the next adjacent spot the chipped stone masses that now surround and cover the site.

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Before coming to Egypt I had occasion to visit Lebanon, Syria and Jordan. Here archaeological activities were almost at a stand-still, so far as I could ascertain. The Lebanese officials were busy keeping up with the growth of cities in their thriving country, for many of these are built over ancient sites and every excavation that precedes the laying of foundations for a new structure requires that its yield of older remains be examined and registered. In Syria the great French excavations at Ras-Shamra on the coast and at Mari on the Euphrates have not been resumed and it is not all clear when they may resume. In Jordan Miss Kenyon of London University had been invited at a late date to resume her work at ancient Jericho, but the period of her stay was also one of heavy rains that undoubtedly interfered greatly with her work. On the Dead Sea Scroll front many new developments were in progress, but none of them had to do with the discovery of new materials or the development of new insights into the material already at hand, so that archaeologically speaking there is nothing to add to what you already know on this point. Perhaps if Mr. John Strugnell returns from Chicago to Jordan this spring, he may be able to provide further information on this subject for you.

Day after to-morrow Mrs. Kraeling and I are scheduled to leave for Libya, to resume our excavations at Tolmeita. We expect to be joined at Benghazi after a short time by Dr. and Mrs. Nims from our Luxor staff, Mr. and Mrs. G.R.H. Wright, he the architect of the British School at Ankara, and Miss Joan Farwell of Chicago. More news about our adventures and findings there at a later time and from another address.

Even in the context of an Archaeological Newsletter, you may, especially in this year, expect from me some word about conditions in the Near East as I have found them. This is not an easy subject upon which to embark, partly because my contacts have been brief and partly because things change with such rapidity. Moreover there are many subjects upon which I would be ill-advised to speak and write, even under the condition that what was said was "confidential and not for publication". But a few things at least I feel I can say, if you are interested.

The changes that are going on and have gone on since I visited all the several Arab countries of the Near East adjacent to the Mediterranean a year ago, are notable indeed. Lebanon seemed poised but a bit nervous, Syria grim, Jordan extremely jittery and Egypt morose. Of course the American tourists were missing almost everywhere, but this did not mean that the hotels (save in Arab Jerusalem) were empty. The hotels had not a few guests, but they were part of a new hotel population and one I had not seen about in previous years, --young men of central European or east European types, not a few Chinese and some thickset people whose origins I could only guess. Some talked among themselves, in groups, others with members of the local Arab population, but normally the conversations were in low tones and people held their heads close together while talking.

In Jordan, especially in Amman, the air was full of expectancy - apparently an expectancy of crisis. The week I spent there was punctuated by holidays celebrating various events that were symbols of national independence. There was dancing in the streets. There was shooting in the air. There were fireworks. I was stopped more than once by inquiries from children asking me "Inglesi?", while taking walks in the less-frequented areas. Driving in the American School's car from Jerusalem to Amman and being halted for a few minutes to wait till a group of dancing men had completed

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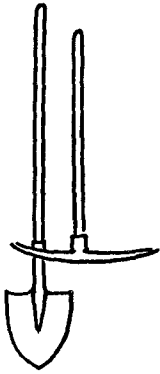
a particular round on the third day of the celebration of the break with England, I was told to tell Eisenhower: "We are poor", "We will defend our own country". Almost anything can happen in Jordan at any time, for the economic pressures there are the most intense, and this not really because of the Israel-Palestine situation.

It seems clear to me that the lines of relation between East and West are being drawn much more sharply in the Near East than ever before. Syria and Egypt are the new axis that is standing out against the West actively, resolutely and making no effective distinction between America and the west European powers. Lebanon, Iraq and Saudi Arabia are willing to be friendly with the West at least in part, and Jordan is being squeezed and is under pressure to determine its stand. In the cabinet the radical anti-Western element appears to be in the majority and the king has bowed to the will of this majority, but there are still some who wish that Jordan might ally itself with the West even in the higher circles. Each side seems to be watching the other for some mistake it might make and waiting for the opportunity to capitalize upon the error to gain complete mastery of the situation. The stage for the drama in Jordan is set east of the Jordan River, and meanwhile poor Jerusalem, Arab Jerusalem which has always had most in common with western civilization and traditions, is left stranded, economically paralyzed, empty, its voice unheard in the turmoil that pervades the Land of Ammon.

What the outcome of these developments may be, --who can tell. But we as archaeologists must go on with our work in the Near East under all circumstances, as long as doors remain at all open, for we come closest to representing the basic American attitude toward the peoples of the Near East, the attitude of interest and participation in their cultural heritage. May we be worthy of the special position that we hold in this particular and not fail our calling and our country in these important days.

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling



archeological newsletter

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NEWSLETTER FROM LIBYA

Tolmeita
April 30, 1957

Dear Members and Friends:

Merry Christmas to you all! This may seem a peculiar greeting under the date line of April 30th, but our workmen here are telling us it's Christmas and the whole town is celebrating the occasion with gusto. What they mean is that the month of Ramadan during which they neither eat, drink, nor smoke from sunrise to sunset is at an end and that today is the Feast of Bairam. When they speak of it in Arabic they call it "the Feast", using a word that sounds about like the combination of letters: l'aydh, but when they try to explain to us what it is they always say "Christmas", so Christmas it is for us here today in Libya. For some days, now, certain among the men have been bringing us presents, a quart of milk, a dozen eggs, some local honey. Today we can reciprocate by giving candy to the children and offering a cigarette (the local hay-burning type) to our friends. They themselves are all dressed up in their best clothes, drinking multiple cups of tea,--a syrupy tea with mint and peanuts mixed in,--and are enjoying besides what is to them the greatest of all pleasures, namely having their pay go on but not having to work for it.

We've been here a month now and the full staff for the season is assembled and has been working hard. In addition to Mrs. Kraeling and myself there are Dr. and Mrs. Nims of our Luxor group as second in command, Mr. G.R.H.Wright, architect, and Miss Joan Farwell of Chicago as field assistant. To date, during the month of Ramadan, we have been on winter schedule, beginning the day's work at 7 A.M. and stopping at 1 P.M. After the feast we shall presumably get back to summer schedule and begin work at 6 A.M., stopping at 1:30 P.M.

Results have been showing earlier this year than last because during the months December to March we had a group of 37 men engaged stripping the heavy overlay over a large part of the building we are excavating down to about a meter from floor level. This last meter we have been removing during the past four weeks with an enlarged crew and have thereby added

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materially to our knowledge of the structure we are investigating.

You may recall that we are dealing with a spacious building, in many respects like a luxurious country villa of the early Roman days, the rooms of which are distributed around a large central garden enclosed by a portico set out with tall columns. We now have cleared the entire portico and find that its southern side is swung on an arc, itself an interesting variation on the normal rectangular organization of such porticos. South of the two large dining rooms that we cleared last year, on the west side of the portico, we now have a group of four rooms that show how well these early Romans in Libya lived and knew how to live. There is a fine bedroom opening on a parlor that was open to the south and from which one looked out through an arcade presumably into a little private garden. The parlor is entered from the south portico via a square room in the center of which was a large pool, open to the sky. Four columns set at the corners of the pool carried the roof around it. The pool was surrounded by geometric mosaics with a pictorial panel on each of its four sides. One of the panels is complete. It shows a lion attacking a wild onager. One of the panels is completely destroyed. Two are fragmentary, but enough remains to show that one of them represents a cow with a garland around its middle and a fillet between its horns. Flower garlands are draped above it. Probably the animal does not represent the prize-winner at the local stock exhibit, but rather a sacrificial animal. Still we could not help thinking of the annual live-stock show at Chicago when we first saw it. Incidentally, all these living rooms had their walls tastefully decorated with colored paneling, some of which we were able to reconstruct in plan and organization. The style is probably immediately post-Pompeian.

To the south of the south portico, behind the curve in the colonnade, the first meter or so of a symmetrical group of three further rooms has come to light. The middle room has a formal doorframe to which two steps lead upward. This may be the most important feature of the entire establishment and the one that will reveal the purpose and meaning of the whole structure. We are all anxious to know more about these rooms and the men are now at work stripping the heavy overlay from above them. We shall let them do this preliminary work for another month and then supervise carefully the investigation of the last meter of the fill before work stops for the season.

On the east side of the establishment we have now its main entrance from the street. There is a large vestibule with doors leading to various parts of the interior. Outside the outer doorway in the street there are two large round bases (cippi, we call them) one of which has an inscription "To the August Gods". We wonder whether this shows the general religious interest of those who inhabited the premises or whether, perchance, it has something to do with the function and purpose of the establishment itself. In this street we are following southward the outer wall of the building, to make sure that the excavation of the overlay over the rest of the structure does not extend beyond the southern limits of the premises.

While the major part of our crew of 60 workmen has been clearing the rooms described above, a smaller group has been making preliminary clearances

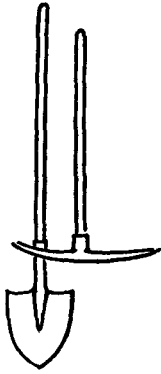
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at another site. This is a double-block in the very center of one of the most important east-west thoroughfares through the city. One of the problems is how to get at the place, for floor level here is a couple of meters above street level. We have been clearing the adjacent street so as to be able to get our railroad track and our dump-cars alongside the building. In addition we have been tracing internally the course of the walls outlining certain parts of the building, to determine in advance, so far as possible, where we should tackle it first. To date we have isolated an area about 100 feet square and have delineated inside of this a northern section of about 50 by 100 feet as the most readily available, for excavation. In another few days we can transfer more of the men to this site and get our first idea about what it contains. It should be interesting and indeed most of the pleasure of archaeological work comes from the whole procedure of staking out a job of work and then discovering what it is that one has staked out. It's always a gamble, but a bit of luck can turn a gamble into an important strike. Naturally we are hoping for such a strike.

We expect to be hereabouts until near the end of June and will report to you again on how things are progressing. Meanwhile we thought you would like to know that we are all well and working hard and thinking of you back at Chicago. With kindest greetings to each and every one of you from us all,

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling



archeological newsletter

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NEWSLETTER FROM LIBYA

Tolmeita, Libya
May 16, 1957

Dear Members and Friends:

It's only two weeks since I wrote wishing you a Merry Christmas and here it is the middle of May. The weather is getting appreciably warmer. The Greek fishermen from Crete, who haunt these waters each spring, have put in their appearance off the coast. The Mediterranean is reported getting warm enough for comfortable swimming. The grain is ripening in the field and we have about one more month of digging to look forward to. So let me give you another ad interim report before we get on to the last busy weeks of clearance, of division of finds, of packing up the equipment and of moving ourselves and our baggage out to where we can board the planes that fly westward toward home.

When last I wrote I could report good progress in the excavation of the villa that we started uncovering last year and was able to say that we were making a slow start on another building closer to the center of the ancient city. Since that time several (for us) important things have happened that promise to give definition to our enterprise and that hold out promise of real achievement. Of course, I may be a bit over-optimistic at the moment and am holding my thumbs lest my augury prove unreliable, but hitherto my diagnoses have not been too wide of the mark, so I'm willing to make another for whatever it may be worth in the end.

At the site of the villa the important development has been the appearance of what seems to be the southern boundary line and terminal wall of the establishment. We have been following this wall with great care through and under a deep overburden of earth (as much as 12 feet in depth), expecting at any moment to find a doorway that would indicate the existence of more rooms of the same building farther to the south. But to date it has continued solid and unbroken save where we seem to have the remains of a staircase mounting up to a second story of our building. This means that our villa occupied one half of a city block, rather than a full block as we had supposed, and that before work winds up this spring we shall be able to establish its plan and wrap up the discussion and analysis of the building. This may sound as though we had become impatient about the building and were glad to be through with it. That is not the case. We are glad that the period during which we have had to wait before tying the loose ends together is now coming to an end. We can now look

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forward to drawing the conclusions from our work. That is for us a real satisfaction and we hope to be able to report to you on this next fall.

At the new site which we tackled this spring and which lies in the very heart of the ancient city of Tolmeita, we have again been very fortunate. We had quite a time getting at the structure for it lies about eight feet above the level of the important east-west thoroughfare which the Italians cleared back in the nineteen-thirties. The problem was to run our railway lines into the structure. This our local foreman accomplished by building out of stones a veritable Poughkeepsie Bridge about which I was at the outset very sceptical. But it has held up and has done the business.

We are dealing here with the ancient counterpart of the modern men's club,-- the city bath. The part of the bath that we have penetrated at this writing is what corresponds to the lounge in our modern clubs. It is a large room some 90 feet long and 60 feet wide, with a colonnaded portico running around the interior and a fairly big octagonal water basin out in the middle. We had no sooner penetrated the room from the north via our railroad trestle than we came upon two statues fallen to the floor from pedestals set against a couple of column bases along the east side of the room. The discovery of these I reported by cable to Chicago in the hope that word about the discovery could be added as a postscript to my earlier Newsletter. It was a day of showers when the statues came to light and whether we succeeded in recording the event properly in photograph under the circumstances, remains to be seen. The details about the statues I reserve for communication at a later date, probably next fall, but the basic facts I need not withhold. One statue is that of a Libyan citizen presumably of the second century A. D., the other that of a lady of an earlier period. The lady is charming indeed and well preserved, save that her head is still missing. She and her citizen partner each stand a good six feet, but he got rather badly shivvered in falling and currently looks the worse for wear.

Since that time excavation has been proceeding farther along the east side of the room, where a series of large niches has gradually come to light. Their purpose is not as yet entirely clear, for we have cleared away the overlay of debris but have not brushed and swept away the remaining coverage of dust to reveal their architectural structure and function. In a week's time that will have been attended to.

In clearing away the debris from in front of the niches any number of scraps of marble representing fragments of statues has been forthcoming. All are being properly labeled as to their provenience, so that if necessary they can be properly associated with major sculptured pieces, should they turn up.

During the last two days such larger pieces have actually turned up. One was a section of the chest of a large, over-life-size male figure wearing a toga or at least a cloak. The piece showed sockets for arms and head, indicating that the figure was composite rather than carved from a single block. The part we found showed a heavy, curly beard carved as part of the section forming the torso. This means, I take it, that we are dealing with a part of a Father Zeus statue, but that is only a guess. More important still was a large statue base that turned up in one of the niches, but not in its original

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position. It was the base of another over-life-size statue, this time of Hercules. We can tell this even though on the base itself little more is preserved than the feet of the figure and the butt end of a tree trunk used to help support the heavy body. The reason is that at one end of the base we have the representation of the paws of the lion's pelt which Hercules usually has draped over his left arm and which in this instance falls from the crook of his arm to the ground alongside his left foot. Out in front of this base there subsequently came to light the thigh and part of the buttock of one of Hercules' legs, and what a thigh it is,--heavily muscled and powerful. With such a physique it is quite understandable how he could have overcome the Nemean Lion in the first place.

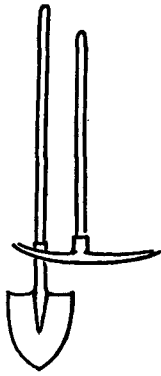
Perhaps the most interesting fact about the remains of this Hereules, so far as we know them to date, is that the pedestal has two inscriptions on it. One tells us that a certain Marcus Philippus Rominius had it made at his own expense and gave it to his native city. The second, still more important, tells us that the statue was the work of an artist the last part of whose name is "epiades" or "exiades". The writing is faint and will need to be studied from time to time with the sun in various positions in the sky so that we can get a variety of shadows to outline the remains of the letters, but no doubt we shall eventually succeed. Meanwhile, the salient fact is that we have here a work important enough to be signed by the artist and that by the discovery of even parts of it we will have added a significant item to the repertoire of ancient art.

Of course it is fascinating to have these things come out of the debris while you are watching what the pick and shovel are doing. All of us here participate equally in this pleasure and share in the excitement. Whether we shall get still other pieces of Hercules and Father Zeus as the clearance of this room progresses, remains to be seen. By all means keep your fingers crossed and wish us luck. And, if you want to help, you know what to do,--invite your friends to become Members of the Oriental Institute. The encouragement and support of our Members means a great deal to us and to Chicago. We are acting only as your and its right arm.

Greetings to all of you from all of us here, from Joan Farwell, "Mick" Wright, Mrs. Kraeling and myself.

Cordially,

Carl H. Kraeling



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

August 16, 1957

[The normal season for Oriental Institute Newsletters opens in the fall and reaches an end with the departure of field parties for home in April or May. It coincides with the long span of months that are relatively cool and favorable for digging, and explicitly avoids the searing heat of summer. Of course, life goes on in the Near East during this period, even in villages on the low-lying plains of Central Iraq which seems to bear the brunt of the burden of summer weather. The following letter from Robert and B. J. Fernea gives a brief account of this life and introduces a welcome continuity throughout the year into our Newsletter series.

Robert Fernea, you may remember, is an anthropologist who accompanied the Institute's survey of ancient settlement and irrigation patterns when it went out to Iraq last fall. With the aid of a pre-doctoral fellowship grant from the National Science Foundation, he was able to branch off independently almost at once into studies of contemporary communities, which are his major interest. His current work on "The Social Organization of an Irrigation System" promises to be of much interest not only to specialists dealing with the contemporary scene but also to students of ancient Oriental society. We salute the fortitude with which Bob and his wife are carrying on their study.
R. M. Adams, Jr.]

Dear Friends:

I said to B. J., "Shall this letter be formal and informative or chatty and informal?" In all seriousness she replied, "It might as well be chatty and informal because it's so hot." The notorious summer heat of Central Iraq is upon us and effects everything we do --- even governing our letter style. Certainly, in 120° heat, only an event or opportunity of the greatest importance is sufficient to tempt us away from our house, and most of our visiting and information-gathering is done after sundown or in the very early morning.

Recent events, however, have called us out in the daytime. We are in the middle of the religious ceremonies of Ashur, the ten-day period of annual mourning for Hussain. Hussain, one of the twelve important Imams of the Shi'a sect, was a son of Fatima, the Prophet's daughter. He was murdered not too far from where we live, in the city of Kerbela. Each year, during Ashur, ritual mourning services (Quira'at, or Qur'anic readings) are held several times daily for the

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women in various village homes and are held in the tribal guest-houses and the suq (market place) for the men as well as in private houses. On each of the ten days of Ashur a portion of the history of the killing of Hussain is recited and chanted. While the initiate of these ceremonies is startled by the sobbing and self-beating which accompanies the recitation, one quickly learns that these are highly socialized responses; pleasant social exchanges and an immediate clearing of faces follow the formal ceremony. In comparing notes, B.J. and I decided that we never have seen anyone "carried away" during this ritual, though the women are considerably more demonstrative than the men and follow a more complicated ritual procedure. The women also have more Quirā'at during the day than the men, though no woman has time to attend them all. Since the women normally are not encouraged to visit outside their circle of relatives or close neighbors, this provides one of the very rare occasions for general gatherings of village and tribal women. Thus, the Quira'at are probably somewhat more important to the women than to the men, for the men constantly visit in the suq, the guesthouses, and the coffee shops.

The Quirā'at are led by men or women qualifying as mullahs or, in the case of the men, by persons from the Sayyids (descendants of Mohammed) who have had some religious training. The expenses for the Quirā'at--hot or cold drinks and a donation to the leaders--are paid for by contributions from the congregation in the case of public Quirā'at or borne by the man in whose house a ceremony may be held. By sitting for two hours each day in the broiling sun with her heavy silk abbaya over her head, my wife earns special credit for attending these gatherings--in my book, anyway.

The heat also profoundly affects other aspects of the local life. The canal is five days on high and five days on low water supply. During low supply there is barely enough water in the canal for the women to wash dishes in, which precludes any irrigation. For this reason, and also because the land is generally not good enough, little rice cultivation or growing of vegetables is practiced in this area. Thus, during the summer months, only the old men are generally to be found in the clan settlements of our tribe. The able-bodied men have gone in large numbers to Baghdad where labor is in demand. This is relatively easy for them to do during hot weather as they can sleep in the city wherever they find themselves. As Abdul Amir, the Sheikh's brother, pointed out, "When they return here it is because the weather is cold and they need shelter." If they had to provide shelter for themselves in Baghdad, there would be little or no profit in going. Even those who remain behind do not ordinarily venture the trip to the local suq in the heat, so Daghara appears very de-populated at this time. This de-population is not all appearance, nor is it seasonal. I recently discovered that this liwa (state) has overtaken all others in decrease of population. At this time, there are almost twice as many women here in the Diwanayah Liwa as there are men, a further indication that this population movement is fairly recent and that the men have not yet been able to make homes for their families in the urban centers.

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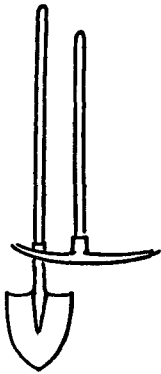
Sheikh Mujid, the head of our tribe, has been in Lebanon since the first part of July; we sometimes wish we were with him at his mountain hotel. He goes there alone, both to escape the heat and to put familial, tribal and governmental responsibilities aside for a couple of months.

The village is now suffering from an epidemic of what is apparently Asiatic influenza. If an epidemic occurs in America and is no more severe than the type we have had, you will have little to worry about. Unless a person is very old or has been weakened by other sicknesses, he rarely spends more than a couple of days in bed. B.J. and I have not yet taken the disease but we expect to catch it in good time. The flu may have been carried to Iraq by the large numbers of pilgrims from Iran and Pakistan coming to the religious centers of Najif, Kerbela, and Kadhamain during the past few months.

Barley, the largest of the winter crops here, is now being taken to market. It is sacked in the fields, brought to the tribal guest-house in late afternoon, and carried on by camel to more distant markets in the early hours of the following morning. This tribe has a traditional arrangement with a nomadic Bedu group called the Harakhsi, whereby the camel-owning nomads carry the crops to market for our agricultural, camel-less tribe. The Bedu get a percentage of the produce they carry, depending on the distance. This economic relationship between the settled and a nomadic tribe is paralleled, incidently, by marriage and hospitality reciprocities. The barley is currently bringing about \$2.80 a sack (100 kilos), but after taxes and transportation the farmers average about \$2.38 per sack. Shiekh Mujid's yield was about 1200 sacks this year. A sack and a half of barley per acre is considered good.

We are now contemplating a two-week vacation to the mountainous north of Iraq toward the end of August. We have waited till the end of the summer so that when we return we won't have to readjust ourselves to blazing heat here in the village. Bob Adams and his family will be coming to Iraq in September. It will be nice to see them. Our best wishes...

Bob and B.J. Fernea



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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

Khafaje on the Diyala, Iraq

October 10, 1957

Dear Friends,

This letter to you is not about archaeological results, not even about archaeology. It is about an unsung and -- I fear -- unsingable part of field-work: buying supplies and setting up camp.

The camp to be set up in this case -- functioning at last as I write this in it -- houses the Diyala Basin Archaeological Project, a venture into a new kind of archaeology with new methods and goals which the Oriental Institute pioneers. Our task is to find out about ancient irrigation and agricultural techniques and our Diyala Project is financed by the Iraq Development Board, more precisely by its First Technical Section, which is in charge of building dams, planning irrigation and drainage canals, and generally reclaiming lands which were once fertile but have become desert through centuries of neglect or through other causes less easily remedied. The purpose of our work out here is to locate and clarify the ancient systems of irrigation in the Diyala Basin, specifically the famous Naharwan system; when they were constructed and how they functioned; and while we are busy in the field a large staff of our associates on the "Ancient Records Program" of the Project is combing all written sources from as early as 2500 B.C. down to after the time of Haroun al Rashid to find out exactly how the ancient farmers operated, how they ploughed, sowed, irrigated, and what success their methods had in terms of yearly yield. We hope thus not only to enlarge our knowledge about the history of the earliest irrigation farming in the world but also to bring into focus points on which the accumulated experience of millennia of practical everyday concern with the problems raised by Iraq conditions for farming may be of interest and help to the modern scientists and engineers who are charged with reviving the famed fertility and prosperity which all sources tell us made Iraq outstanding in antiquity.

The scholarly responsibility for the project rests jointly with The Oriental Institute and the Iraq Directorate General of Antiquities, and from these two institutions all of the field-staff and most of the ancient records staff is drawn. The field-staff consists of Professor Robert M. Adams, whom you know well from last year's letters about tracing ancient canals in this country, and Mr. Fuad Safar, Director of Excavations, a high-ranking member of the staff of the Iraq Directorate General of Antiquities and an excavator of unparalleled experience. He is, too, an old friend of the Institute where he took his M. A. in archaeology in the late thirties. Both Mr. Adams and Mr. Safar are associate

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directors of the Diyala Basin Archaeological Project. Chief architect on the Project is Mr. Mohammed Ali, also of the Directorate General of Antiquities, well known for his successful excavations at ancient Kufa, and a close friend of ours who has been with us in several seasons of work in the Institute's excavations at Nippur. As recorders of the findings of our survey serve Mrs. Thorkild (Joanne) Jacobsen and Mrs. Robert (Ruth) Adams. Secretary of the Project is Miss Shirley Lyon, secretary of the Department of Oriental Languages and Literatures and -- we expect -- fervently missed by all members of the Department at home. Lastly, to see that our camp is a lively one, there are Pince, Beth, and Megan, the three Adams children, and their two white kittens, as yet unnamed. They take to life in the desert with great elan and it seems almost a pity that school in Baghdad is beginning to loom close. For the rest of us the work we came to do is also soon within reach, with our camp set up we should be able to start exploration and digging in earnest in a few days from now. As we get going we shall tell you more about the work and what it is about, but that belongs in a future letter.

This present one begins back on September 5th when Joanne and I arrived in Baghdad from a freezing Munich where we had attended the Orientalist Congress, to a Baghdad with temperatures around 130 Fahrenheit. Bob Adams flew in the next morning from Rome where he had discussed Project matters with people in Food Agricultural Organization, and we could settle down to a week of official visits, permits, signing of papers, more permits, and more signing of more papers, all so that we could get our budget made available to draw upon, and so we could get our various cars and trucks, which had been ordered in advance, checked, officially okayed, and delivered to us. As a particular blessing we counted number-plates written in blue and red pencil on cardboard which kept tearing and falling off the cars, but which saved weeks of waiting for the regular plates to be made and issued. And eventually we got those also.

That settled and with money in the bank our building and buying days began. Camp is the old expedition house at Khafaje on the left bank of the Diyala which the Oriental Institute built in 1930 and used for seven years when it was excavating in this area. Driving out from Baghdad on the road toward Kut one turns sharply left immediately after passing the Diyala Bridge and continues for some forty-five minutes along an incredibly pitted and dusty road which winds between farm houses and villages -- one deserted estate, almost a castle, through which the road now runs is truly an enchanted spot -- always with the river itself deep down in its clay canyon to the left opening up ever new fascinating vistas as one rides along. The country is unusually green and fresh for this time of year so the trip out is a very pleasant one indeed were it not for the bumps and for the dust which sometimes beats like waves against the windows of the car and for the knowledge that the road will become a deathtrap as soon as the rains set in to make it muddy and slippery, for it is perched on a high steep bund with a deep drop to either side. We have therefore already marked out a slightly longer, more drab, but safer desert road running along the edge of the cultivation on relatively flat ground. In addition we have plans for getting a boat to ferry us across the river from Khafaje. From there ten minutes' drive will get us to New Baghdad and hardtopped roads to the center of town.

We found the old house in fair shape after all the long intervening years. It needed a new roof, replastering, and some structural alterations, notably a large garage to house our four cars, but more than anything else it needed furnishing. Work on the house had already been started by our collaborators in the Directorate General of Antiquities and work on the spot was under the competent supervision of Carl Haines' foreman at Nippur, Khalaf al Beduwi. So all was moving briskly and well at Khafaje that we needed only occasional visits to note

progress and could spend most of our time on all the things we needed to buy. This was just as well, for buying proved a long and formidable task not easily hurried.

Economy dictated that we look for bargains and that good condition rather than newness or good looks be our guiding principle. Often it was less expensive to have a carpenter make rough unvarnished cupboards and tables which would serve our purpose than to buy even second-hand, ready-made furniture in the market. In other cases we hunted out chipped or slightly damaged items and soon developed an eagle eye for scratches and similar blemishes. Thus we got unsightly but very functional and good bathtubs, toilets and a sink at notably reduced prices. A used steel filing cabinet was had for five Dinars, a new one would have cost between thirty and forty, and when we had oiled our relic, it worked smoothly. The most spectacular coup was made by Bob who discovered a generator in excellent condition which could be had cheaply because the firm which used it now represented another make and did not consider it good advertising to use a competing model themselves. A further reduction was obtained because the railroad in shipping it down to Baghdad managed to drop it without doing too serious damage to it, and finally, to top it all, Bob took over the task of wiring the camp for electricity himself so that his buying record cannot be touched. Generator and lights work beautifully, too. We were not always so successful, especially when our Arabic proved insufficient and we had to illustrate what we meant. Our very intelligent driver was sent to buy mousetraps, and having -- since the Arabic word escaped us -- had the action of the trap demonstrated, returned proudly with six egg slicers!

The hunt for bargains took us to the Bazaar or, as it is called in Baghdad, the Souk. Here you are back in Haroun al Rashid's time. The half-light under the arches of the roofed, narrow lanes of the Souk is pierced by shafts of dusty sunlight, on either side are the old booths in which the merchants sit placidly among their wares or jump up at your approach to praise their quality and selection. Drivers of loaded donkeys and Kurdish porters carrying enormous burdens on their backs warn you continuously with their cry of "Balak!" to get out of the way and when you settle down to bargain and perhaps buy in one of the small booths, little boys with glasses of fragrant sweet tea or -- alas -- cold coca colas (for all that most welcome in the summer heat) appear from nowhere to show that business in the East is still not merely business but a friendly social occasion as well. Impatient as we sometimes were, and frustrated in our search for strange items, the charm of going buying in the Souk -- with Fuad's experienced hand to guide us and his quiet voice which made of bargaining a play of wit and a ceremony of great beauty -- is something never to forget.

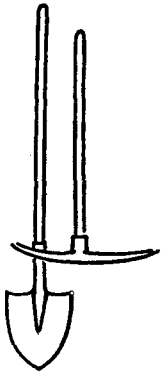
It is difficult to pick out any one buying adventure at the expense of all the others as particularly characteristic, so let me mention two at random: driving out to Khafaje one morning we noticed at the roadside on top of a low stone wall a pile of new beautiful white mattresses. We stopped and investigated. Behind the wall was a mattress maker who showed us his store of cotton which a boy was beating out with a stick, and adjoining rooms where the mattresses were stuffed and sewn. The ones we had noticed were not for sale but represented an order from a near-by hospital. We liked them so well that we ordered our own supply to the same specifications. A mattress was rolled up and placed in enormous scales which the mattress maker lifted from the ground to weigh with. The weight of the cotton for our mattresses was then calculated, the price of sewing them added, and the next day in the evening we could have soft hospital mattresses for our camp at a very reasonable price. "But pick them up soon, for they get dusty on the wall at the roadside!" We did.

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The other thing that sticks in memory is coming late in the day from the Souk, behind us a file of little boys with baskets carrying rolls and rolls of linen and curtain materials just bought, and stopping at the tailor's shop. A deep niche in the wall in the street near the bridge over the Tigris, just large enough to hold the kaftaned venerable whitehaired old tailor and -- not quite Arabian Nights -- his big Singer sewing machine. Scissors were produced, measuring tape, and pencil. All instructions had to be given slowly, one at a time, for our tailor held that haste made him nervous and anyway served no purpose. We complied and were rewarded by having a very fast and very accurate job done ready to be picked up the next day. It was his kindness and his dignity as he stood there measuring length after length of cloth in his white kaftan that made the transaction memorable. Such must have been the tailors and merchants with whom Haroun had such pleasant, friendly, and delightful encounters when he roamed these same streets.

That is all for now, I am afraid. I cannot close the letter, however, without mentioning the gracious hospitality which we received from the German Archaeological Institute in Baghdad and its leader Professor Lenzen. For all the latter half of September our little group were his guests in the Institute and not only hospitality but numerous occasions, advice, and active assistance in our work place us heavily in his debt.

Thorkild Jacobsen



archeological newsletter

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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

Joint Expedition To Nippur

November 6, 1957

Dear Friends,

We are settled once again in Afak in the Diwaniyah Liwa of Iraq and have started our sixth season of digging at Nuffar, the site of the once-important religious center of Nippur in ancient Sumer. Once again, the expedition is jointly sponsored by the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research and the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. We have been digging for less than a week - and stopped twice by dust storms in that time - so that there is little to report about the actual work that we came out here to do.

Our first aim is to complete the excavation of a large Parthian building which was constructed over an older temple to Inanna. About a third of these buildings were uncovered during the fifth season in 1955 - 56 and we hope to complete the job this winter. The character of the Parthian building is unknown. We now have only a hazy idea of the plan with a corner of a room or courtyard here and a possible doorway there emerging from the earth. From the size of the building and the width of its walls, we know it is one of some importance - perhaps a palace or a temple although there is no semblance of a temple plan at the present time. A few more weeks of digging should clarify the plan and give a few clues of the purpose of the building.

The expedition staff assembled in Baghdad on October 25th. Donald Hansen, our archaeologist, came by the way of London, Paris, Rome, and Athens. George Dales, our assistant archaeologist and photographer, came by the way of Italy and the Bahrein Island. James Knudstad, our architect, came by the way of Spain and Italy. I came by ship to Beirut and from there through Damascus to Baghdad by bus without interruption or incident. (Vaughn Crawford, our epigrapher, expects to arrive in camp about the first of December.)

We left Baghdad for Afak on October 27th. The intense road-building program that is being carried out all over Iraq made our trip an easy one and our 1948 jeep and 1953 jeep station wagon were equal to the task. We stopped at Babylon on the way down and saw the famous Ishtar gate and the enigmatic Babylon lion. We were fortunate in visiting the site before Professor Lenzen

of the Deutches Archaeologisches Institut at Baghdad had finished a short campaign there this fall. He received us most cordially and showed us over the excavations he had made. After a lunch beside the Hilla canal, we went on to Diwaniyah and from there over the now familiar road to Afak. We were expected and enthusiastically welcomed by the villagers as well as our own servants.

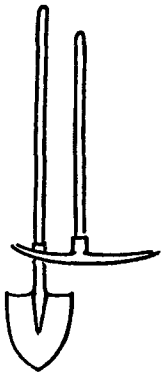
I had arrived in Baghdad two weeks before we came to Afak, in order to rent an expedition house, buy the supplies which could be obtained locally, hire the household help, and send notice to the central Iraqi village of Shurgat for those pickmen whom we wanted for this season's work. (Since the time that the Germans excavated Assur, the nearby village of Shurgat has supplied the pickmen for almost all of the archaeological work done in Iraq. Fathers teach their sons and we are now at least two generations removed from the original pickmen trained at Assur.) This year we have several older expert pickmen - some had worked at the Institute's dig at Tell Asmar with Dr. Frankfort in the 30's - but more younger men with various levels of experience. The shovelmen and the boys who carry the dirt out of the excavation are hired from the local villages. This week we are digging with less than 100 men but expect to increase as we gradually open up more of the area.

Our house help is headed by Abdullah Sultan who had worked in the expedition houses at Tell Asmar and Khorsabad as a young man and with us at Nippur since 1949. This year, we had difficulty in finding a cook - due, I imagine, to the great number of Americans in Baghdad and consequently the great demand for men who know western cooking. After my failure to find one, Abdullah suggested that he try. Not more than an hour later, as I was walking down Rashid Street, I saw Abdullah sitting in an open-air cafe and earnestly talking to a clean-looking young man who was later presented to me as Mahmoud, a cook from Basra who had come to Baghdad to find a job. He is so much better than the cook we had last season that we can only hope he will be willing to spend the winter in a small Iraqi village and forego the glamour and excitement of the capital city. In addition to Abdullah and Mahmoud, we have two houseboys for them to order around.

We have rented a large well-built house in the middle of the village. The neighborhood is noisy but that is to be expected. The roosters start to crow at eleven in the evening and the radios in the bazaar nearby are turned on full volume by six in the morning. The dogs sleep all day so that they can bark all night at the baying jackals who close in on the village after dark. A story goes that in olden times the jackals inhabited the villages and the dogs were outside. After much persuading, the jackals agreed to change places with the dogs for just one night but the dogs, once in the villages, decided to stay. And ever since, the jackals have been trying to regain their rightful place and the dogs have been vociferously repelling them. Except for a few petty annoyances - like giant cockroaches which must have been here before either the jackals or dogs, and the all-permeating dust - we are very comfortable indeed.

This is our beginning. As we settle down to life in Afak and the work on the mound of Nippur progresses, we shall become more and more occupied with archaeological matters and less and less, we hope, with household management.

Richard C. Haines
Field Director



archeological newsletter

Issued confidentially to members and friends

NEWSLETTER FROM LUXOR

Not for publication

Chicago House

December 7, 1957

Dear Friends:

This is a different kind of season for us than the last one was. A little over a year ago we witnessed nearby bombing and there were only five staff members in the house.

As you know, through the efforts of Dr. Kraeling and the Egyptian Ministry of Education, Egypt granted visas for our four British members to come this fall. That means we have Mr. Healey, superintendent, and Mr. Champion, draftsman, back with us after a season's absence. It was a great thing for me to arrive at Chicago House on October 8th to find Mr. Healey well in command of the situation. In addition we have Reginald H. Coleman of London and Richard S. Boberg of Capetown, South Africa, as new draftsmen. They were scheduled to begin drafting for us last winter but did not succeed in getting here. This household gets more international all the time: Four Americans, three British, one Russian and one South African of Swedish-English parentage. Everything went well with visas and transportation this year, so we were all assembled by October 13th.

Maurine and I spent 5 days in Cairo before coming to Luxor largely mending fences among people related in one way or another to archaeology. My chief worry was an unexpected one, for when I got to the Department of Antiquities, assuming that it was little more than a matter of form to ask for and receive a written agreement to proceed to the excavation of the tomb of Kheruef, no one seemed to know what I was talking about. Although the proposal for a joint operation with the Department of Antiquities had long since been made and accepted, a new Director General had assumed office, and, as I learned much later, new regulations had been made governing excavation in Egypt. However, on November 6th a letter setting forth conditions of operation arrived and required formal acceptance by us. Now we are awaiting permission based on that acceptance. We had contemplated beginning on December 1st but had to abandon that date.

This permission, if finally granted the Institute, comes close to being an exception to a recently promulgated regulation that no one can excavate anywhere in Egypt except in Nubia, the area south of Assuan. The regulation derives from the desire to excavate and record as soon as possible all antiquities which would be submerged by the building of the High Dam at Assuan. It was the United State's summary rejection of contemplated aid in financing this high dam which is usually credited with setting off a chain of international crises in the Middle East. The regulation is not an unreasonable one, but it will probably mean that scarcely any of the foreign expeditions which have been excavating in recent years will return to Egypt this winter. To excavate in Nubia is an expensive proposition, too expensive for groups who have operated on limited budgets in the vicinity of Cairo. It is not only expensive but difficult to mount and maintain an expedition far from any source of supplies and labor and where communications and transport are not easy.

Dr. Hanns Stock, Director of the German Institute in Cairo, recently told ~~us~~ that he hoped to be able to take a small expedition to Nubia this winter. The English cannot yet arrange financial matters for an expedition to Egypt since negotiations between the governments following last year's action have not been completed. As a result Professor Emery is excavating in the Sudan for the Egypt Exploration Society. The French cannot yet return to Egypt, and they had not been allowed to excavate in Egypt for about 8 years prior to last fall's attack on Egypt, so Clement Robichon, long a neighbor of ours at Karnak, is also excavating in the Sudan. Father Janssen is with him as Egyptologist.

To return to our own clearing of Kheruef's tomb, - - and let me make it clear that we are as of this date awaiting the signal to start - - it is regarded as the clearing of a known monument of its debris and not an excavation.

[FLASH: A cablegram from Luxor just come to hand advises us that clearance of the Tomb actually began on December 12th. C H K]

Most of you have probably heard of the tomb of Kheruef and that this recording expedition planned to clear it and prepare a publication of it. Our "involvement" derives, I believe, from this series of events. Some years ago Dr. Nims of the expedition made some excellent photographs of the accessible portion of the tomb for Zakaria Ghoneim, then Chief Inspector in Luxor, who intended to publish the tomb but was soon transferred to Saqqarah and assumed other duties. Labib Habachi replaced him and brought an enthusiasm for the fine sculpture in the tomb. Margaret Bell (now Cameron) on a visit to Luxor saw the photographs and then the tomb and heard much talk to the effect that it ought to be published. She returned to Chicago with a desire to do something about making the artistic excellence of the tomb available to the public through the photographs. From her interest and that of Dr. Kraeling has resulted the plan to clear the whole tomb, which is a large one, that a publication of it may be definitive.

The preceding paragraph is probably confusing in saying that the tomb has been photographed and yet must be excavated or - - to be legally correct - - cleared. Behind this situation lies a strange little tale of the fortunes of antiquities and antiquarians.

In 1885 the great German Egyptologist Adolf Erman on a visit to Luxor was taken to see an inscribed wall of a tomb apparently discovered by robbers that year. The wall bore a scene of the King Amenhotep III officiating in one of the great religious festivals and a text relating to the jubilee in the 36th year of his reign. Erman roughly sketched the scene, an unusual one, and copied the text. Thus the tomb of Kheruef became known to modern man, but it was apparently covered up and lost again within a year of Erman's seeing it.

In 1891 Heinrich Brugsch published Erman's rough sketch and copy of the text, and for over 50 years that was all the world knew of Kheruef's tomb. Despite much excavating in the area, just south and east of Hatshepsut's Deir el-Bahari temple, it was not found again. The late N. de Garis Davies lived in a house close to it for years and made efforts to locate it without success. The Metropolitan Museum expedition was housed for years also within yards of it and excavated in the region but did not find the wall Erman had seen although they did discover a widely separated entrance to the first court which had not previously been seen. It remained for the inhabitants of the surrounding village to find it clandestinely again in 1941 and apparently to begin cutting pieces out of the reliefs to sell. As a result the Department of Antiquities investigated and succeeded in finding the famous wall in 1943, but the big job of freeing the tomb of debris was not undertaken.

Kheruef himself was a high official and courtier in the XVIIIth Dynasty in the reign Amenhotep III (1410 - 1372 B. C.). He was the steward of Queen Tiy and he records his participation in the jubilees in the 30th and 36th years of the king's reign. In the entrance, which was decorated later than the famous wall, he pictures Amenhotep IV and Queen Tiy, thus showing that he outlived Amenhotep III. However, the cartouches of Amenhotep IV there indicate that he had not yet made himself Akhenaton and begun his revolution in religion and art. Hence, the tomb, unlike that of the Vizier Ramose who was a contemporary, shows no trace of Amarna influence - - at least in the known reliefs. Kheruef probably did not live long enough to be faced with the desire or necessity of conforming to Amarna style.

The royal steward lived at a memorable time in Egypt's history and his tomb was planned on a scale befitting a notable of a golden age. Its conception and decoration are worthy of its proximity to the Great Queen's temple at Deir el-Bahari whose benign feminine majesty has looked down upon it for some 3300 years, and they are equal to anything in the stone city, the Theban city of the dead. However, it had to be left unfinished at Kheruef's death and, so far as we know, only a relatively small portion of its large expanse was decorated. It must now be viewed - - and it is rarely seen by visitors - - in disconnected pieces widely separated by mounds of limestone chips. On November 11th we spent a morning prospecting at the tomb and crawled into various holes in the region behind the previously known colonnaded court. In one hole, with a space of about three feet in height in which to crawl, we found the top of a column with 32 flat sides similar to those of the colonnades in the court. This then seems to have been in a roofed and columned hall which is almost completely filled with debris owing to partial collapse of the ceiling.

We have the problem of removing the tons of loose stone to a proper distance from the tomb so that nothing else around it in the necropolis may be covered deeper than it already is. There are already high mounds close around the tomb from earlier excavations. This problem we hope to solve, if the permission is given for us to use them, by the use of two trucks belonging to the Department of Antiquities which will be more practical and faster than a Decauville railway.

While awaiting permission to proceed with the clearance we are not sitting with folded hands and pining, for the chief task of the expedition goes on at a greater pace than in any year since the early thirties. With four draftsmen at work in Medinet Habu we are once more making encouraging progress, but I am beginning to think I was a wild optimist when I told Dr. Kraeling a couple of years ago that if we had four draftsmen we would finish Medinet Habu including the High Gate in five years. I do not mean that I now think it will take longer, but that I was an optimist to say that Nims and I would alone manage the collating of the drawings of twice as many draftsmen. This I thought we could nicely manage although in our spare time we have also between us to be photographer, librarian, business manager, public relations officer and - - not least - - government regulations expert as well. We shall probably do it all right, but we are beginning to get knotted feet from standing on a ladder 8 hours a day. Of course, we have spent considerable time with the two new draftsmen and added care in checking their first drawings. I think rivalry must help the drafting department because the two experienced men, Champion and Floroff, seem to be turning in drawings at a faster clip than ever before. Nims tells me that he has blue-printed 35 drawings in these first two months of the season. This is a war of attrition, and if it goes on the Egyptologists are going to lose it. But this is what we have dreamed of and screamed for, so we are not complaining.

As a notable event in our cloistered lives we put down the visit for about 10 days at the beginning of November of Mr. William R. Boyd of Lake Wales, Florida, a member of the Institute. He made himself so completely a member of the family

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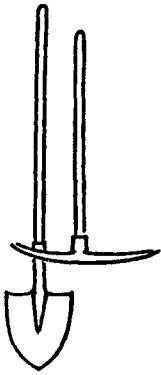
that we did not want to see him leave. He was even a participant in the preliminary crawling investigation of Kheruef's tomb.

On November 17th there occurred in Cairo the re-opening for the third time as the result of two world wars of the German Archaeological Institute. The event took place at a time when I could not leave Luxor, so we sent a telegram conveying the congratulations and good wishes of the Oriental Institute. Later we were privileged to receive a visit from Dr. Stock, the director, and a party of directors of other German Institutes in the Mediterranean area when they made a quick trip to Upper Egypt.

Somebody recently remarked that it seemed a bit pointless to say in Luxor, 'It is a nice day today', but as a matter of fact the weather this fall has been a fit subject of conversation. It was altogether too hot too long in October and now for the last three days we have had clouds, wind and temperatures down in the 40's which we would not expect until in January. Popularly the setting off of too many H-bombs is blamed for it in all seriousness. Nevertheless, nobody has been seriously ill although everyone in the house has had a bout or two with 'gyppy tummy', and the two new men wished they had never left London and Capetown as a result. I should say that everyone except yours truly has had these bouts, and he is grateful for his apparent immunity, his only qualification for the job he holds.

Life even in one's own country in this increasingly complicated world becomes increasingly troublesome, and the problems of a foreigner in an emerging nation which feels intself economically and politically embattled from without are bound to increase. We shall probably make out if we can keep up with the regulations.

George R. Hughes



archeological newsletter

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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

[The excavations at the ancient Sumerian city of Nippur in modern Iraq are again being conducted jointly by the Oriental Institute and the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research, of which last Dr. Vaughn Crawford is director. By previous arrangement with Mr. Richard C. (Carl) Haines of the Oriental Institute, field director of the joint expedition, Dr. Crawford joined the staff late in the season. This was feasible because his special competence as cuneiform expert was not likely to be put to use until the work had penetrated to the lower levels of the area under excavation. Dr. Crawford's letter provides an interesting side-light on the circumstances with which field archaeologists have to cope, and learn to cope with some measure of equanimity C H K]

Nippur, December 15, 1957

Dear Friends:

Although it took me a week, including stopovers and travel time, to reach Baghdad via Oslo, Copenhagen, and Geneva, even more time was required before I could complete the final 120 miles from Baghdad to Afak. Arriving in Iraq on December 1st, it was not until the afternoon of December 9th that I actually set foot in the expedition house. Any day I could have made the journey from Baghdad to Diwaniyeh, Afak's nearest rail point, but the final 20 miles of unimproved clay road from Diwaniyeh was either a long walk or a tiresome donkey ride until it had dried. The fact that the winter rains have been both early and heavy was, of course the deciding factor. Prior to my arrival no motor vehicle had made the trip from Diwaniyeh to Afak for more than a week. For some days there was no mail delivery and then it finally came by foot. Exhausted kerosene supplies had to be replenished from Diwaniyeh via donkey train and doled out by the local government to insure equitable distribution at fair prices.

My waiting time in Baghdad, however, was not entirely idle. My first duty as well as pleasure was to pay my respects to the various officials in the Department of Antiquities headed by H. E. Dr. Najj al-Asil. Then there was the matter of securing my residence permit from the police. A third and more acute problem concerned expedition supplies stemming from Chicago which had been tied up in customs in Baghdad for six weeks. Some of the items in the two big boxes were needed badly in Afak and it was most important to get the inspection finished and the duty paid. Actually I think the agent to whom Carl Haines had entrusted the matter worked first for the man at his elbow who was pressing to get an immediate job done. I went first to the office of the clearing agents and then to their desk in the customs house. Mr. Ayas did not understand what certain items on the list of contents were. We went through them together and in two hours the duty had been figured and the next morning payment was accepted! Any other member of our staff could have

achieved the same result, but all were busy at Nuffar. Once the boxes were freed from customs, they had to be placed on the train to Diwaniyeh. I had asked that they be sent on the passenger train express, but because of their size they were refused and had to go on the "goods" train. I was somewhat chagrined to learn that this was the case, because I had visions of the boxes not being put on the freight train for days. Mr. Ayas assured me, however, that he had insured their being loaded that very day. I had the paper with which to claim the shipment in my pocket. I could only hope that I would find the goods in Diwaniyeh when I arrived.

The delay also enabled me to make a very brief visit to the Oriental Institute team based in the rehabilitated former Khafajeh expedition house on the Diyala. There I found the Jacobsens, the Adamses, and Shirley Lyon comfortably situated and busily engaged. The survey maps which should eventually tie in with the work which Bob and I did last winter were of particular interest to me. Unfortunately lack of time did not permit me to observe the excavation program being carried out at a Sassanian-Islamic dam and sluice gates on the old Nahrawan Canal or at the large site of the same age some 3 - 4 kilometers south of the dam, because these locations lie quite some distance from Khafajeh itself. Nevertheless it was good to see friends and colleagues once more and to be informed concerning their activities.

Time also permitted me to pay a call on Professor Lenzen at the Deutsches Archaeologisches Institut. Not only did I have the privilege to meet the staff of the present Warka Expedition but to hear a detailed explanation of last season's work at Uruk and of the short season at Babylon this autumn where the Greek theatre was the object of investigation. The heavy rains were holding the Germans in Baghdad also. Their transport problem from Samawah to Warka is considerably more difficult than ours from Diwaniyeh to Afak.

Furthermore, I was happy to make the acquaintance of Dr. T. D. Stewart, a physical anthropologist from the Smithsonian in Washington. He is here for a period of three months making a detailed study of the remains of Neanderthal man found by the Soleckis at Shanidar cave near the Turkish border in northern Iraq. The skull which Dr. Stewart has been able to reconstruct almost puts ridges in one's brow just to observe it! While we here at Nippur think we have something quite old at 5,000 years, the Shanidar skull is approximately ten times that age! This fact only serves to emphasize how long is the span of human habitation in the Near East.

After one full day of drying sun with the promise of another to follow, Carl Haines finally reached me by telephone on the evening of December 7th saying that Jabbar, our driver, thought he could make it to Diwaniyeh the next evening at 11:15 to meet me. The following morning I was quick to secure a reservation for the night train. At 6:00 P.M. I climbed aboard with my personal luggage, groceries, books, and various other items for the expedition. This, my first trip by train from Baghdad to Diwaniyeh, was by far the smoothest ride I have ever had between those two points. Quite a reception committee awaited me. Yes, Jabbar was there accompanied by Said Wa'il, our commissioner, Mahmoud, our cook, and significantly by a local Afak bus driver. During the afternoon the first three had attempted to come to Diwaniyeh from Afak. About five miles short of their goal, while trying to skirt a long deep mudhole, the Jeep mired all the way down to the frame. All they could do was to abandon it and walk. The bus driver, however, with his old battered high-wheeled English Ford had successfully negotiated the whole distance. It was with him that we were to make the return trip the next morning. At the moment, therefore, we hired a horse drawn carriage, loaded the five of us plus my luggage, and headed for the nearest "hotel". Said Wa'il and Mahmoud shared a room with me.

The cots were comfortable and the sheets had only been slightly used. Being quite tired I removed my shoes and coat, pulled up the blanket, and was soon sound asleep.

Our first duty the next morning was to go to the freight depot to inquire about the two previously mentioned boxes. Although the car was still unopened, much to my surprise they had arrived. Inside half an hour the whole 300 pounds, the weight of the lot, had been pushed by manpower to the top of the old Ford bus. This was the only means of rapid transport to Afak. We drove to the other side of the river and parked in front of the Euphrates Cinema and the new, although uncompleted, primary teachers college. While waiting for additional passengers and freight to collect, we had an opportunity to visit the college and to admire the painting, both in water colors and oil, and the sculpture which was being done in one of its departments. Eventually at 11:00 A.M. or thereabouts, more than 20 passengers had gathered. The usual price per person when the road is good is about 100 fils (28¢), but the driver was asking and getting 500 fils that morning. The front seat was only partially filled. Two passengers, Said Wa'il and I, sat on the driver's left (the vehicle was right hand drive) and only one on his right. There was room for at least one more! Out of Diwaniyeh we went, ploughing steadily ahead. We encountered no serious obstacles until we reached the long mudhole where the Jeep had stuck while trying to go around it. Our driver plunged straight in. At various points the bus stalled, and had to be recranked, backed up and pushed by several men who were now outside in the mud. Perhaps their fare had been reduced in return for their assistance. The shouts of the driver did not bring the desired result, so off he jerked his shoes and socks and leaped out. Two minutes later he was back manning the clutch and brake pedals with his muddy bare feet. This time with the aid of loud cries to Mohammed, Ali, and Hussein we made it through and came to a halt on relatively dry and solid ground.

With sufficient manpower at our command it was now rather easy to rescue the Jeep. Bricks brought from Diwaniyeh for the purpose were now carried out to the mired vehicle. First the little car was pushed up on two wheels and the holes vacated filled with bricks and then the process was repeated on the other side. Now, at least, the Jeep was resting on its wheels rather than upon its frame. The only problem that remained was to get it started. Naturally the engine was damp, so it was first dried. The method was simple and direct. Around the straight end of the long crank for the car was wrapped a piece of cloth. This end was then stuck into the gas tank and the cloth was saturated. When it was pulled out, not before, a match was lighted to this home made torch. The lively flames were applied to the spark plugs, the distributor, coil, carburetor, and wires. Do not ask me why they do not burn more often! The crank was then employed for its legitimate function and after five minutes with ample choke being afforded by a hand clamped over the top of the open carburetor, the engine coughed and sprang to life. Now it was a simple matter to push the Jeep out of the mud and back to the road. We transferred our crew plus two others and luggage to the Jeep and made the remainder of the trip without incident.

We were given a hearty welcome at our house by Carl, Don, Jim, Abdullah Sultan, Salih, and Anoun. A couple of hours later the two boxes were delivered to our courtyard. In the evening we could listen to Beethoven's Emperor Concerto and other favorites, because our records had arrived along with the other supplies.

The next morning I made my first trip to the mound to see the remains of the large Parthian temple. That this was the function of the building now seems reasonably assured. After greeting old friends among the Sharqatis and local work-

men, I had hoped to take some photographs. By that time, however, the sand was blowing so badly that to try to take a good Kodachrome was impossible. They had to wait until another day. Where else in the world can one be stuck in a mud hole while a sand storm rages!

Perhaps a brief review of the work of the 1955 - 56 season (cf. Illustrated London News, August 18, 1956) will serve as an aid toward understanding what is actually going on now, because what we are doing is only a continuation of that year's work. You may recall that the main object of our investigation two years ago was the temple of Inanna built by Shulgi (ca. 2,000 B. C.) named Eduranki, 'house of the bond of heaven and earth'. This identification was established not only by inscribed stone door sockets but by inscribed bricks capping a series of five foundation deposits recovered there. We unearthed a temple a little more than 60 meters in width and were able to fix its length as about 103 meters from north to south. The northern wall had been rebuilt in many periods and only it had escaped the general razing in Parthian times which had left only stubs of the Ur III walls. These stubs, however, were sufficient to enable us to recover almost the complete plan of the northern 2/5 of Eduranki. The Parthians laid down a large platform whose libn facing reached almost to the inside face of the northern wall of the earlier series of temples. Inside the libn edging of the platform they packed a fill of debris from surrounding areas some 2 - 3 meters thick. Upon this platform they erected their own building only slightly smaller in dimensions than the Ur III temple. The northern portion of the Parthian structure was somewhat denuded and it was only near the close of our campaign that we began to get a plan (not at all intelligible then) of the building, whose walls were preserved as much as four meters in height.

This season, in order to reach the continuation of Shulgi's temple, our first task was to excavate and now to remove the remains of the Parthian structure before tackling the fill beneath it and ultimately once more the Ur III temple itself. The Parthian temple, as we now believe we are justified in calling it, is quite rewarding in itself. In dimension, as I have already broadly indicated, it is about 60 meters east to west and a little less than 100 meters north to south. The outside walls are nicely niched and the walls throughout range from 2 - 3 meters in thickness. They are made of the characteristic big Parthian libn (sun dried brick) with generous amounts of mud mortar between them. The walls must have been a continual problem, because due to salt action the bottoms of the walls were constantly disintegrating. This shows very clearly when the walls were exposed. In one of the main rooms, for example, there are six floors in roughly two meters of space. Just above each floor the breaking up of the walls is plainly visible. Examination of the walls shows that the temple was rebuilt twice and repaired often.

While the northern facade with the main doorway was destroyed long ago, our excavation clearly indicates the presence of such an entrance. The only other exterior door is preserved on the east. Originally the eastern facade was niched in the manner of ancient temple construction here, but in one of its rebuildings much of the exterior face is made with semi-engaged libn columns. In a reconstructed plan when entering through either door, one is introduced to an elaborate system of not less than six courtyards and approximately fifty rooms. The core of the temple consisting of two cellae and two antecellae can be reached only by a very bent axis approach. One very interesting feature is a long L-shaped corridor which permits a back entrance to the heart of the temple from one of the, or rather the, northwestern most courtyard. Next to the outside walls is a great series of small rooms perhaps devoted to storage or other purposes. In the main cella there is considerable ash for which, due to its peculiar character, we do not have a satisfactory explanation. Beneath the ash two low plastered podia have begun to appear and in opposite corners of the room, although not at the

same levels, two slabs of stone (which may have moved upward as the floor levels rose) in each served some unknown function. At one phase in its use a small animal, possibly a lamb, was buried beneath the door sill of the main antecella with three inverted bowls one upon the other beside it. Almost in the same spot, although at another floor level, the skeleton of a bird or fowl was found beneath a bowl. On the floor in this antecella just before the door to the cella were three bricks stamped with what resembles the Greek letter psi. While it must be admitted at once that the floor in this room is made of an assortment of reused bricks from all periods, we do not recall bricks with the psi-like stamp in our previous experience here.

Our objects are few consisting for the most part of pottery plus terra cotta human and animal figurines. The handle of a nice bronze ladle, approximately 10-1/2 inches in length, terminates in the head of an ibex or gazelle. A rattle in the form of a female bust made of terra cotta is so exaggerated in facial features, at least, that it suggests a caricature. A complete bone figurine of a nude Parthian goddess about 5-1/2 inches high and an incised Early Dynastic figure showing a dancing man came from fill. The small dancing figure perhaps served as a knife or dagger inlay.

The tablets recovered so far are also the product of fill. Of the approximately 50 pieces, few complete, all except three or four are of the Ur III period. The ones with dates belong almost without exception to the reign of Shulgi. At the moment we are in the process of negotiating for a location in which to build an oven for baking these, and we hope other tablets, before cleaning, repair, and study.

Nor should I neglect to mention the fact that while the remains of the Parthian temple are being torn down with big picks, our best pickmen are more profitably employed trying to clear up some of the problems which have long surrounded the wall of the Ekur around the ziggurat. It is still too early, however, to indicate any results from these labors.

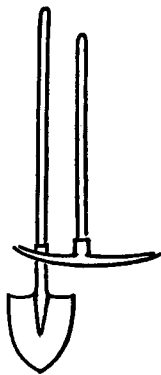
The season is off to a good start in spite of the rains. Our spirits are high and we look forward to the coming weeks with anticipation.

Oh yes, just one sour note! The old blue Jeep must be sent to Nejef not for a quiet burial as it may rightly deserve but rather for considerable repairs. It seems that it always takes two cars to keep one running most of the time!

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from Afak!

Cordially yours,

Vaughn E. Crawford
Director of the Baghdad
School
The American Schools of
Oriental Research



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

Nippur, January 19, 1958

Dear Friends:

The New Year has begun in a most auspicious manner, namely, with the discovery of a third Ur-Nammu foundation box like the two uncovered during the 1955 - 56 season. Search for the box began on the day before Christmas. The work was entrusted to Salih Hussein, one of our best pickmen from Sharqat. Salih is experienced in making tunnels and the effort to find the box required considerable exercise of this knowledge. Previously he had helped to locate the north corner of the wall of the Ekur, the big enclosure around the ziggurat. This had produced a big hole more than 15 feet deep from which dirt had to be carried by a number of hizza boys up rather narrow stairs. Before tunneling in from the southern side of this excavation, his first task was to cut new and better steps going down to the point of his departure. According to Carl's estimate Salih would have to go in from 10 - 12 feet while going down another 6 - 8 feet. The whole tunnel had to be cut from solid libn (sun dried brick). While this variety of brick is not nearly as hard as baked brick, it, nevertheless, makes digging slow and difficult. Since it is quite strong, however, it means that a tunnel will be very safe with no danger of a cave-in. Salih began and continued throughout the days ahead with a tunnel having a very trim pointed arch. He went down as he went in. After three days, or so, he was joined by Nejm Ishak, because the going was tough. When they had gone what we believed was the prescribed distance, they enlarged the tunnel making a small room like the apse of a church. Because they did not hit the box where we anticipated, from the apse they probed in every conceivable direction making a series of small chapels, shall we say, from the apse. Two of these side rooms had produced nothing. By the morning of January 1, the spirits of both Salih and Nejm were quite low. Salih told me that his heart ached and Nejm was no happier. By noon of that day we were ready to call a halt and to accept failure. Although quite discouraged, Salih and Nejm, however, wished to continue until the close of the work day - 4:30. They were working on the third room going off the apse. At 4:00 nothing had been found. Another fifteen minutes passed. Nejm's pick hit a baked brick. Was it the box? Hurriedly they enlarged the contact with the brick. Yes, this was it. Their perseverance had paid off! George, who was on the mound that afternoon, gave a vivid account of the excitement that filled the air. I may add that George was not entirely calm himself. That night Noor, one of the permanent guards at Nuffar, slept in the "cave" with his rifle. Salih himself said that he did not sleep at all.

Since the standard size of an Ur-Nammu box is about 3 x 2.5 feet, it took all of the next morning to dig out sufficient space above it for opening and photographing. By 2:00 P.M. on January 2 everything was in readiness. Photographs were taken. Khalaf, our foreman, removed the three capping bricks each measuring about 12 x 12 x 3 inches, a standard Ur III size. The first two were blank, but the third bore the usual stamp of Ur-Nammu. The bitumen saturated reed mat beneath the capping bricks was intact. When it was broken, up went a sigh of relief. One of the now

familiar cast copper statuettes, about 13 inches in height, stood in the small opening inside the box! Presumably the figure represents Ur-Nammu himself carrying the first basket of mortar for the new Ekur construction upon his head. The statuette is fully modelled having both feet and a base of its own upon which to stand. Both the skirt of the figure as well as the stone replica of a plano-convex brick enclosed in the box have the same inscription as that on the stamped capping brick. The other contents of the box were much as before - - numerous beads in stone and frit with three in the latter material being covered with gold foil, many chips of stones like carnelian and lapis lazuli, badly disintegrated fragments of both wood and cloth, and one new item, namely, date pits. While the more ritualistic minded will say that the dates from which the pits came represent a food offering, one could with as much certainty argue that the workmen who made the box simply wished to dispose of the less edible portion of the date. After George made photographs of the statuette in situ, Don made careful notes of the position of all objects in the box before anything was removed. Khalaf then took out the heavy copper figurine but not without difficulty, because its base was firmly embedded in bitumen, the mortar used in the construction in the bottom of the box. With this and the removal of the other objects, the ceremonies were completed. When we came back to Afak, we stopped at the houses near the edge of the mound where our skilled workmen, the Sharqatis, live. All of them quite naturally wished to see the small replica of Ur-Nammu resplendent in its green patina. This, therefore, is the account of the excavation of the first major object of the season at the beginning of the New Year

The eastern (really NE) wall of the Ekur with its N (whence the box described came) and the E (where a box was destroyed years ago) corners is now well defined. A series of rooms is developing at the point on the S where the Ekur joins the Ekiur, the outer courtyard. Because of huge dumps of earlier excavations, however, it may not be possible to pursue work at this spot to its logical conclusion. On the W (really NW) side of the Ekur we have moved mountains of dirt. We are finding rooms, perhaps next to the Ekur wall, on this side, but as yet neither a western gate nor the W corner have been attained. We hope to find both, if the time required is not beyond our limits. From such a gateway a street should go directly to the temple of Inanna which is the location of the major effort of this campaign.

The Parthian temple which I described last time has now disappeared and we are removing the fill (averaging more than 6 feet in thickness) of the platform upon which the Parthians built their structure. At a point on the NW we are now down to the level of the Ur III temple of Shulgi called Eduranki. The area where we have reached this level is at the moment both so small and so broken that we cannot yet say anything about how it enlarges the plan of the portion of the Ur III temple already dug. Objects in the fill itself are telling us what we can expect. The fill of the northern portion of the Parthian platform dug two years ago was brought in from the outside. Inscribed materials indicated the temple of Ninurta as a source of fill dirt. Tablet fragments being found in the fill now, however, show that the present portion of the platform fill comes from the Ur III and Akkadian levels of the temple of Inanna itself. Numerous Ur III tablet fragments mention either the temple of Inanna or officials of that temple. A macehead of Naram-Sin plus fragments of tablets which appear to be Akkadian suggest that the platform fill came from at least one earlier level as well. It would seem, therefore, that when the Parthians decided to build, they found earlier remains much higher on the S than on the N. They pushed these remains from the S as far N as their volume would permit and still maintain the height of platform that they desired. After that, the level of the N still being too low, they had to bring in dirt from the outside. Our tests at the S end of the Inanna temple two years ago lend further credence to this

hypothesis, because at the S limits the retaining wall of the Parthian platform goes down below the Ur III foundations. The Ur III temple belongs to Level IV. Although Levels V and VI in the portion already excavated are quite fragmentary, one or both of them must be Akkadian, because Level VII is definitely Early Dynastic.

While the Parthian fill has yielded only a few complete Ur III tablets, it has produced a multitude (several hundred) fragments both large and small. These came in great numbers beginning on January 11. On January 9 all the tablets and fragments acquired previously during this campaign were baked in a single firing of the oven. Tablets of that and succeeding days, however, have already required three additional bakings, and it will take two more firings before those now on the shelves can be completed. The new furnace is working quite well and is certainly an indispensable tool for processing tablets in the field. In between firings the business of cleaning tablets with our small sandblasting outfit goes steadily ahead. All tablets except those baked yesterday have been cleaned. After cleaning comes repair, some preliminary study, the making of latex rubber molds and cataloging. Lower down we hope to find tablets in situ. If we do, the chances for getting unbroken tablets are greatly increased. All that we can say, however, is inshallah!

In addition to the Naram-Sin macehead and the tablet fragments the fill has also produced the right shoulder of an Early Dynastic statue, originally perhaps 20 inches in height, made of a soft white stone. It is quite clear that the head of this piece was dowelled into place. We hope that the soft stone will harden a bit upon exposure to the air. If so, subsequent cleaning will be both easier and safer. Only after cleaning can the inscription which covers the piece be read. The nose of a stone lion a little less than natural size, a trickle of cylinder seals, and two or three pieces of very nicely incised Early Dynastic bone plaques complete the better finds so far obtained from the fill. From the surface has come a nice miniature ram's head in terra cotta.

The Department of Antiquities is undertaking a short season at Tell al-Willayeh which is located about half way on a line between Nuffar and Kut. Although terminal occupation at the site is said to be Old Babylonian, its extent, although not its height, is reportedly greater than Nuffar. A building of Shulgi has been found on the surface. No inscribed evidence which indicates the ancient name of the site, however, has yet been found. This excavation is really at the command of King Feisal II who is interested both in archaeology and in the region where Willayeh is located. Since Willayeh is less than two hours to the east of us, numerous members of the Department have come to us from there. First came Sayids Taha Baqir and Bashir Francis. They appraised the situation at Willayeh before the work began there. Some days later the excavators themselves, Sayids Tariq Madhlum, Khalid Ahmed, and Hassam Azam, came on a Friday to see our work. Within a couple of weeks we hope to repay the call.

Last Thursday H. E. Dr. Naji al-Asil, the Director General, and Sayid Fuad Safar appeared. They viewed the dig, saw our finds, spent the night, and returned to Baghdad the next day. We are very appreciative of the keen interest of the Directorate General.

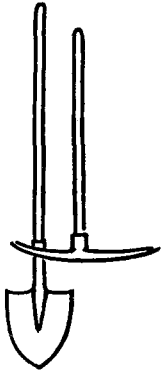
Visitors include Miss Helen Keiser, a Swiss reporter, who is doing a series of archaeological articles for a Zurich weekly magazine. Dr. Beatrice Goff from Yale University remained with us for a fortnight. Yesterday she went on to Warka

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for a visit with the German Expedition. Since we were to take Dr. Goff to Samawah, Don, George, Jim, and Wa'il took advantage of the occasion to pay a visit to Ur and Eridu. At Eridu they report that almost nothing can now be seen of the excavations there due to sand.

Sincerely yours,

Vaughn E. Crawford



archeological newsletter

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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

Joint Expedition to Nippur

February 14, 1958

Dear Friends,

The Nippur Expedition is now in the second half of its digging season and I think this might be a good time to look back over the last two and a half months and reminisce. The season so far has not been what you might call a normal one - if a norm for an archaeological excavation can be established. I remember visiting with friends in Beirut several years ago and the conversation turned to the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon rising from the blue Mediterranean. The lady of the house regretted the misty weather for, she said, the view from the terrace was a delightful one in full sunlight - but then, the weather has been so abnormal for this time of year. To this her husband replied that, although they had lived in Beirut for the last sixteen years, they had not experienced a normal season yet. And so it probably is with an archaeological excavation.

Normal or not, our season has been one of contrasts. In November, we were digging a Parthian temple built about one hundred and fifty years before Christ and, in January we were digging a Third Dynasty of Ur temple which antedated the Parthian one by a couple of millennia. In November, we had a succession of six to eight floors in a building whose walls stood up to fifteen feet high and, in January, we were lucky to find a little patch of floor or wall fragment that remained above the temple's foundation courses. The foundation itself tended to range from a couple of courses of mud brick to non-existence. This temple we are still excavating and shall continue to do so as long as any fragment of it is preserved.

The temple of Inanna, built by Shulgi during the Third Dynasty of Ur, is a large one and an important one and was repaired and rebuilt and revered for hundreds of years. A most satisfactory site for the temple the Parthians wished to build. Unfortunately, they decided their temple should stand on a platform with its retaining walls founded deep in the earlier temple and, for some parthian reason, they gutted the interior of the building and used that debris to fill up the void they had created. Fortunately, they dug in rectangular plots separated by narrow 'partition walls' and from them we learn a great deal about the floors, the location of doors, and other odd bits that help to give a picture of this temple which ended so ignominiously. We are thankful, too, for the occasional unambitious man who scanted his job and did not dig as deeply as his fellow workers -- his shallower plot has left more of the temple for us. At the bottom of some plots we found a rabbit-like hole dug under the 'partition wall' with a

single baked brick placed therein. It was evidently made by a Parthian workman - but why? I asked our Iraqi foreman and his answer should be a great consolation to any archaeological digger. "Why? I don't know. But we have a hundred men working for us on the dig and one of them is crazy. The Parthians must have used twice as many men to build the platform and at least one of them must have been crazy, too."

Since so little of Inanna's temple was preserved as high as the floor level, it is only natural that we find no artifacts in the rooms - they were all dug up a couple of thousand years ago and then dumped back again with the platform fill. However, I have a feeling that some things were not thrown back for the fill contains only a few good objects and it might be that the Parthians kept the nice pieces and discarded the bronze nails, the small beads, and the broken cylinder seals. Clay tablets they must have thought valueless for we find many fragments of them scattered about. Actually we are digging a two-layered area: in the top layer we find artifacts but no architecture, in the bottom layer we find architecture but little else. However, the building has given us one thing - a foundation box under one side of a towered doorway between an interior courtyard and the innermost part of the temple. We have not reached the other side of the doorway and a second box is still possible. The one we did find contained a solid bronze statuette of Shulgi - very like the five we uncovered last season and two of which are now owned by the American Schools of Oriental Research. We were lucky because less than a single course of mud brick foundation was left to hide the box's existence. Quite different was the discovery of an Urnammu foundation box which was under the northern corner of the Ziggurat court enclosure wall and was topped by twenty feet of adobe wall. We had to sink a pit that deep along the face of the wall and then tunnel some fifteen feet under the foundation to find it. We found two similar Urnammu statuettes last season and one of them is now in the museum of the Oriental Institute.

This year, since the old expedition house and the furnace in which we bake the clay cuneiform tablets had been torn down to make way for a boulevard along the canal, we had to build a new furnace as well as to find a new place to live. Renting a house was easier but building the furnace was more fun. There is no place in the courtyard of our present house for one so we rented a small shop across the street (from the man who owns the house we live in, who rents us space in his garage, and who sells the gas we use in our cars and the kerosene we burn in our stoves - Abdul Amir). We had already drawn up the plans of a new furnace when the heavy rains came in the first part of December and melted all the sun-dried bricks available in the village. So we went to Nippur and gathered up paving bricks that had been taken out of the excavations - three or four thousand years old and of much better quality than we could buy today. The mason was Afak's expert in laying different size bricks in mud mortar without a measuring stick or a plumb line. The firebox was laid out by eye and the mason started work. He was well supervised by two architects, an epigrapher, Abdullah our major-domo who has been on Oriental Institute expeditions since the early '30's - and by any of the idle male population of the village who happened to pass by.

The construction went well up to the oven floor. Abdullah remembered that the floor of the oven in the old furnace was about this high from the ground whereas the floor in the new one would be some inches lower. The fact that the old furnace had been built on a raised base and the new one directly on the ground made no difference, we were stymied. The mason stopped work and rolled himself a cigarette, his two helpers put down their mud pans and leaned against the wall in

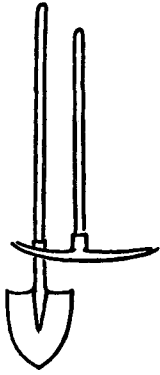
the sun, and we looked wise and studied the situation. We decided the firebox was high enough and that it was time to put in the oven floor, Abdullah shook his head and said the oven floor was this high before, the mason resignedly puffed his cigarette and waited. Finally, I said "If the furnace doesn't work, it's all on my head - I'll take the blame - put in the oven floor now." The mason, knowing I was wrong, got slowly to his feet; Abdullah, knowing I was wrong, slowly shook his head at such an unwise decision - but the building of the furnace got started again. Another hitch developed at the roofing of the oven. We wanted to corbel and Abdullah wanted to span the space with leaves of an old jeep spring, but since we had already erred on the height of the oven floor, what difference did one more mistake make? We corbelled after only a little hesitation. And finally the chimney - it had a slight lean to the north but this was counteracted by a slight twisting to the west, and the sight of crude jagged points and unexplainable overhanging ledges were all lost in a well-squared thick coating of mud. A trial run with tablet fragments was made, the furnace worked, and the differences of opinion faded away.

The household is running as smoothly as can be expected. Our cook had a setback the other day when I received a court order to grant him part of his wages to pay for the support of his first wife whom he had left but neglected to divorce. He is divorcing her now and hopes that the monthly payments will be reduced thereby. On the other hand, our 'houseboy' (very much a man with a black mustache) has become a father for the first time and, out of respect for his changed status, he is 'Anoon' no longer but 'Abu Kadthim' - the father of Kadthim - and is as proud as only the father of a male child can be.

So we stand at mid-season: birth and divorce, a new furnace in place of the old, architecture but no objects and vice versa, one temple well preserved and another almost destroyed. On second thought, maybe that's normalcy on an archaeological expedition and maybe the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon should be seen only on red-letter days.

Sincerely,

Richard C. Haines
Field Director



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NEWSLETTER FROM EGYPT

Luxor, March 3, 1958

Dear Friends:

The best of greetings to you from the banks of the Nile on behalf of Mrs. Kraeling and myself. It seems hard to believe that we have been gone from the western hemisphere only about ten days, - so many are the impressions that have crowded in upon us during the interval and so different is the world in which we find ourselves.

Our trip coming out was as uneventful as we hoped it would be, made in three hops by airplane. The first took us from New York over night to London, where we rested for a day from the exertions preceding our departure and caught up with the sleep that a night of sitting up in the plane did not provide. The second took us from London to Benghazi in Libya, where we spent one night, left a lot of equipment to be used later when we return there for our excavations and where we had preliminary conversations with the Director of Antiquities of Cyrenaica concerning our plans for the work of the coming season. The third hop took us to Cairo in Egypt, where again we spent only one night before coming down to Luxor.

Cairo was more impressive than ever, more tall buildings including the new Shepheard's Hotel, where we stayed, more people and more bustle of activity. Certainly Cairo is the greatest of the cities of the Arab world and of the Near East, and the Egyptian Government is proud of the fact and proposes to make it in all respects the heart or nerve center of as much of the globe as it can. In fact what happens in Cairo today is beginning to be more important than much of what happens in London or at Paris. The city was ablaze with lights the night we arrived. From public buildings to filling stations everything was festooned with many-colored electric lights, and ornamented with medallions and pictures and flags. What was being celebrated was, of course, the union with what was Syria and with Yemen and the creation of the United Arab Republic, from and about which we shall certainly hear much more as time moves on. At Cairo we made the appropriate call upon the new Director of Antiquities of Egypt, Sayyid Abd el-Fatach Hilmy, dropped in at Groppi's to buy a few cookies and confirmed our reservations for the next part of our trip, but otherwise kept close to the hotel. The new Shepheard's is really well done. It has a distinct character, shows good planning and a fine sense of taste in the appointments. We met there Miss Josephine Setze of the Yale Art Gallery and Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Museum.

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When the night train, complete with its traditional Wagon-Lits, dropped us at 7:30 A. M. on Thursday morning February 27th at Luxor, Dr. Hughes our Director at Chicago House, Sayyid Labib Habachi, Antiquities Inspector of Middle Egypt, and the rais of Chicago House, Rais Ibrahim, were there to meet us and soon we were installed in our pleasant rooms here and sitting at breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. Hughes, looking out across the Nile. Most of the staff were already at work in the drafting rooms or across the river at Medinet Habu, but we saw them all at luncheon or at dinner, Dr. and Mrs. Nims, the four draftsmen, Champion, Floroff, Coleman and Boberg, Mr. Healey, our engineer, with Mr. Haeny of the Swiss Institute at Cairo as guest. That evening, after dinner as we sat around the living room, I took occasion to report to the group about the work at the home base in Chicago and about the other expeditions in the field, so that we might all feel a part of the far-flung organism that this Oriental Institute really is.

Since then impressions have been crowding in upon us fast and furious. If I am to keep up with all my business correspondence, keep my diary going and do the expense accounting on my trip that is necessary to satisfy the Comptroller of the University and the tax officials, I shall have time to convey to you only a few of these impressions.

The first concerns our work in the Theban necropolis across the Nile, which we inspected yesterday. You will have a full report on this next fall from Dr. Hughes, but by way of a preliminary statement I can say that we are really going "great guns". The copying of the inscriptions on the mighty walls of the immense mortuary temple of Ramses III at Medinet Habu is proceeding at an increased tempo, thanks to the fact that we now have four draftsmen at work and thanks to the untiring efforts of Drs. Hughes and Nims, who as Egyptologists have to check every detail of what the artists draw, first in pencil and then after double correction in ink. It takes countless hours of effort on tall ladders, on scaffolds, under canopies and even behind curtains (when the direct light has to be excluded) to photograph, draw, check and recheck the acres of inscribed texts that cover every inch of the walls of this majestic ruin, but to do the work right, once and for all, is the aim of the expedition and the policy of the Institute, and it is getting done. Dr. Hughes estimates that the work of one more year will provide the material for the last in the long series of folio volumes we have been producing on the temple proper and that we can probably cope with the massive propylaea by the target date that we have set for the completion of the enterprise, namely 1961.

To the north on a line between the river and the mortuary temple of Hatshepsut our newest enterprise, the clearance of the Tomb of Kheruef, is making good progress. Here we are working jointly with the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, supplementing the recording of inscriptions already laid bare elsewhere with the production of new information about the Theban necropolis. Kheruef was the steward of the well-known and famous Queen Tiye. As befitted a man of his importance, he built himself, before his death, an elaborate tomb, of which only one wall and an outer door has been known hitherto. Just how elaborate the tomb was we are only beginning to realize, for the clearance has already revealed the existence of not one but two large courtyards, each set off with colonnaded porticoes, following each other in succession westward from the outer door. Great mountains of chipped and fallen stone encumbered these court-

yards and these are gradually melting away under the attack of 50 workmen. We have insisted that all the debris shall be trucked away to the edge of the necropolis, rather than moved to the nearest accessible site. This is because the entire area is a maze of tombs and because moving mountains of chipped stone from one part of it to the other has been the greatest curse of successive excavations and has continued to leave the area looking like a great ant-hill. Already the work accomplished shows not only the general outlines of Kheruef's establishment, but the existence of a number of intrusive later tomb chambers and galleries and has brought to light a number of interesting movable objects. It will be at least another year before we have completed the clearance of the two courts and until we can tell whether Kheruef was actually buried here and what the chambers provided for his burial may contain. The work is under the immediate direction of Sayyid Labib Habachi, Inspector of the Department of Antiquities for Middle Egypt, and is proceeding in exemplary fashion.

The second impression concerns the "fantasia" put on here the other night by Rais Ibrahim, the head of our local staff, in honor of the visit of Mrs. Kraeling and myself. It was quite out of this world and surpassed even those that had preceded it in previous years. Imagine, if you will, the large inner courtyard of our residential wing, with its tiled central fountain and its vine-clad arcades dimly lit under the arcades by hanging lamps of many-colored glass in the Arab manner and flooded with the pale light of the moon and the stars from the clear warm skies overhead. Along the north side of this court some twenty Egyptians in their long native costume and white turbans, some being musicians, some dancers, some singers, with the Rais presiding over them and the armed guard of the premises lingering with his rifle over his shoulder between rounds. At the opposite side is the entire Western staff of Chicago House, watching the performance and participating with rhythmic clapping of hands and with applause as required. Before us the performance unfolded, with four groups vying with each other for our attention. One group consisted of two players of stringed (single-stringed) instruments and a drummer. The second was that of a singer who was accompanied by a man with a high-pitched pipe and who accompanied himself with a drum. The third was an ensemble of five musicians - three reeded wind instruments of local character and two drums, not to forget two dancers who alternated in the performance of stately and intricate measures. The fourth was that of a service corps that distributed glasses of tea, sweets and cigarettes at frequent intervals.

The dancing, done by men, was restrained with much motion of the shoulders and hips and with graceful gestures of the hands that held a sash or a long stick. The singing was high pitched with the instruments providing interludes between stanzas that were invented on the spot and celebrated the arrival of the Mudir (headman) from Amerikiya and his Sitt (lady). The music was loud but altogether glorious, much of it melismatic, much of it endlessly repetitive but equally endlessly varied in its details, ever changing in tempo and rhythm, as Oriental music does and must. It engulfed us and carried us away out of the present into a timeless past, ebbing and flowing, stopping without benefit of dominants and subdominants, as if to emphasize that greater than beginning and end of anything is the continuity of which we are a part and in which we are caught up with nature and with the circling stars overhead. Here we were back in the halls of the Mamlouks, in the days of the Abbassids and of Haroun al-

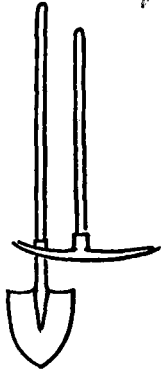
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Rashid, in the gardens of Shiraz and, in a glorified way, round the campfires of beduin tribes since the days when nomadism and the song of the bard began. Inevitably, we asked ourselves how long this could survive in a rapidly changing and depersonalized world, counting ourselves the happier to have been transported once again into a realm so unconsciously and so naturally human.

It has been summery here at Luxor with the temperature ranging in mid-afternoon between 90 and 95 degrees in the shade. New guests are arriving from abroad, Professor and Mrs. Cerny of Oxford and Mrs. Homer Thompson from the American School at Athens. It is good to see the visitors here and the library in constant use. Tomorrow we must leave again for Cairo to board the plane for the next leg of our tour. You will hear from us again, inshallah, from Baghdad. Our sincere greetings and all good wishes.

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling



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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

Baghdad, March 15, 1958

Dear Friends,

Again greetings to you from the Near East, this time from the banks of the Tigris and from the city of Harun al-Rashid. If the great Caliph of the Arabian Nights were to be brought back from the delights of his Moslem paradise, I think he would be impressed by what is happening to Baghdad today and would approve. For years Baghdad seemed destined to abide in the degeneracy of the old Abbassid capital that the period of Turkish rule superimposed or Mongol violence had produced. The glories of the old days were gone - and what had replaced them was sordid in the extreme. Now a new city is building. Not a rejuvenation of the Abbassid capital, but a new modern Europeanized city. I think that Harun al-Rashid would imagine the Genie of the Lamp was at work again, so fast are the changes making themselves felt. Perhaps one could write a new Arabian Nights about the wonder world now being created here. If so, there would probably have to be at least one story in which the Oriental Institute would play a part, for we too are helping ring in the new, strange as that may seem.

The Oriental Institute has two teams working in Iraq this year, and to familiarize myself further with their achievements seemed absolutely necessary. So Mrs. Kraeling and I left Cairo just 8 days ago, and a busy week we have put in here. We made the necessary formal calls on the various officials of the Iraq Government with whom and under whom we work, as well as on the representatives of our own United States Government here, and before we can leave will need to accept and will enjoy being entertained in return by those whom we have visited.

Most of our time, of course, we have put in renewing acquaintances with our own staff members in the field and seeing and hearing about their work. We went down first to see the excavations that are being conducted by Carl Haines at Nippur under the joint auspices of ourselves and the American Schools of Oriental Research. It takes most of a day each way to get anywhere near the great Sumerian cities and the land where Abraham grew up, but we had two days at Afak in addition, and pleasant days they were. The staff is a fine group and includes three young men of good promise - Donald Hansen, a Fellow at Harvard, Jim Knudstad, junior field architect now on the Institute staff and George Dales of the University of Pennsylvania. Yale is providing the epigrapher - Professor Albrecht Goetze, and our own Carl Haines is the field general and head of the works. The expedition has moved a tremendous quantity of dirt and what they

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have been uncovering Carl Haines has himself been bringing to your attention, so I won't repeat. The objects that the digging has brought to light so far are good and will provide fine additions to the Museum here and, we hope, to what can be exhibited in the United States. What pleased us most of all at Afak was that the members of the staff were living together in such obviously cordial relations to each other, a hard-working but always jolly company, and the fact that among the laborers and guards and domestic servants we found so many who had been in our service off and on for 30 years and to whom "Chicago" meant the Oriental Institute, meant fair play with employees and worthwhile enterprise and cordial relations between staff and workmen. Naturally Mrs. Kraeling and I made a special point of greeting these old retainers upon our arrival and of saying good-bye to them when leaving.

Returned from Nippur we next made an official inspection trip of the Diyala River undertaking, the plans for which were drawn by and the direction of which reposes in the hands of Professor Jacobsen. During Dr. Jacobsen's temporary absence, Dr. Robert M. Adams, Jr., second in command, showed us about. Our trip, I may say, was made in the company of Dr. Naji al-Asil, Director General of the Department of Antiquities of Iraq, and therefore in a very real sense official.

We were hospitably entertained for lunch at the field headquarters of the project - the old Oriental Institute Khafaje expedition house resurrected and rebuilt to serve our latest needs. Ruth Adams and children and Shirley Lyon supplied the pleasant homey touch and the assurance that all was working smoothly at the home base. After luncheon Bob Adams explained the part of the enterprise involved in recreating from surface surveys the lines of old canal systems and of settlement patterns in the various historical periods up to the Mongol invasion. Then we proceeded by station-wagon and Landrover to inspect the various excavations in charge of Mohammed Ali that are laying bare sections of canal beds, dams and spillways and evidence of shrinking population groupings in the area. It was a great variety of things that we were shown and it was good planning that was able to visualize in advance what evidence could be mobilized to bear upon the essential problem of the project. The most impressive single clearance of the project is what the newsletters have spoken of as a "weir". Undoubtedly the term is correctly applied, but it conjured up in my mind some modest water control gate such as one might find in punting up the upper Thames. Instead this weir, seen in proper perspective, is the Gatun Locks of Antiquity - a large construction about which you will hear more later.

We are due to leave friendly and hospitable Iraq day after tomorrow and expect to spend the next two weeks largely in Lebanon and Jordan where there are other matters that require my attention and concern. The one thing clear to me at the moment is that the lectures at the Institute beginning in October are going to present a rich fare of interesting reports and that an usually large number of reports will be by members of the Institute staff. We are really busy everywhere out here and it is only proper that we should be.

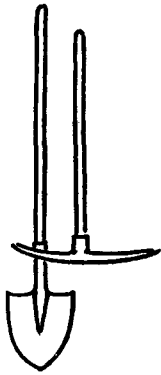
Mrs. Kraeling and I send our best greetings to you all. I hope to write again from old Jerusalem before we move on to Libya and dig in for a spell ourselves over there.

Cordially,

Carl H. Kraeling

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archeological newsletter

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NEWSLETTER FROM JORDAN

"CONFIDENTIAL"

Jerusalem, Jordan
March 27, 1958

To the Members of the Oriental Institute

Dear Friends,

From Luxor, Egypt, from Baghdad, Iraq, and now from Jerusalem, Jordan comes the news, presented by the world's foremost research institute, the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. So I might paraphrase the standard introduction of the Lowell Thomas broadcasts, but I won't spell out the "commercial," since I am confident that you already understand clearly the importance and value of our products.

Once again Jerusalem is filled with excitement, this time the excitement attending the coming of the pilgrim groups and the tourists who will arrive shortly to participate in the rites and observances of Holy Week. The city is cleaner than we have seen it for some time, there is a better supply of hotel accommodations and the taxi-drivers and shop-keepers who expect to thrive on the tourist dollars have everything spruced up and are ready to do business, - and to do the tourists - for them a happy prospect.

Our concern is not with sight-seeing or with observance and yet we have found ourselves caught up in a measure of excitement, the excitement of hearing about the newest archaeological discoveries, among the most important of which are those having to do with the Sectaries of the Dead Sea and with their writings, the famous Dead Sea Scrolls.

As you probably already know, the Oriental Institute has been involved in the affairs of the Dead Sea Scrolls unobtrusively but none the less immediately for the past five years. Thanks to the personal interest and the generosity especially of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., we have been helping to advance the technical work of processing and assembling the myriad fragments large and small of the eight hundred odd manuscripts that have been found in the Dead Sea caves since the original discovery in 1947. At the same time we have been instrumental in sending to Jerusalem, American scholars to participate in the still more difficult and carefully organized work of reading, interpreting and publishing the documents. Progress is inevitably slow, but within a year or two the long-

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awaited publications will begin to appear and scholars, at least, will have in hand the material that will open new insights into the history of the Biblical text and into the religious literature and ideology of Palestine in the immediately pre-Christian period.

Since I was here last year all kinds of things have happened or have begun to develop that bear upon the Dead Sea matter. These new developments are still in the confidential state and if I tell you about them it is only on condition that they be kept confidential. If anything of what I report were to get into the newspapers or be repeated over the radio networks, I should be in a most embarrassing position vis-à-vis my friends in Jordan.

The first thing I can report is that further new excavations have been conducted at the edge of the Dead Sea by Père R. de Vaux of the Dominican Fathers at Jerusalem. The immediate location of the dig was slightly south of the Qumran promontory, that is slightly south of the site of the Sectaries' headquarters building. In this vicinity there exists the spring, 'Ain Feshka, upon which the Sectaries depended for fresh water for themselves and for small vegetable gardens once located there. The excavations near the spring yielded the remains of the installations developed by the Sectaries to process the skins from which they made their writing materials. This is an interesting supplement to what we already know about the special rooms they had at headquarters for copying manuscripts, complete with benches, desks, inkstands, etc.

The second thing I can report is that there is reliable news of another new cave or - what is the same thing - that the Ta'amireh beduin of the area east of Bethlehem are reliably reported to have another batch of manuscripts in their possession as the result of their continuing exploration of the nooks and crannies of the "Wilderness of Judea". The fact that the members of the tribe have the traditional pasturage rights over the area, know it much more intimately than any European ever could and could make it most unhealthy for anyone "poaching" on their preserve, makes them the natural and necessary agents of scroll discovery. But since they are afraid to have their finds taken away from them by the Government and want to squeeze from the buyers the maximum payment for the materials, they are very secretive about their discoveries. But it is now established that a new strike has been made and once more things are ready to happen.

The third thing I can report, confidentially, is that in December - January we can probably look forward to the visit to America of the one man who more than any other has been in the very midst of the whole scroll affair - as excavator of the Qumran headquarters of the Sect and as prime-mover in the purchase and the study of the manuscript material, Père René de Vaux. A magnetic, captivating person, he combines Old World charm with brilliant scholarly abilities. We shall do our best to see that he has a place on the Oriental Institute lecture program for 1958 - 59. His purpose will be to raise money for the purchase and study of the new material, about which he, and probably he alone, will be fully informed.

There are other things I could tell about antiquities and archaeology in Jordan but I fancy that since we have now visited both parts of the United Arab Republic (Egypt and Syria) and of the Arab Union (Iraq - Jordan), you may want

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or expect me to say something about these new political organisms that are appearing on the horizon of the Near East.

There was a time, not so long ago at that, when people spoke of the "unchanging face" of the Orient. Those days are gone as surely as the arabiyyeh - the antediluvian horse-drawn carriage, properly a fiacre, whose last surviving examples, probably exported from Italy and France as unfit for local use about a century ago, are finally being outlawed in the larger cities east of the Nile. For over a decade now, we have been watching and witnessing the emergence in the Arab world of nationalism, industrialism, state supervised agriculture, planned social welfare, popular education and the development of both a mercantile middle class and a career officialdom. But hard-pressed as the Arab states were by the necessity of accomplishing a transition from medieval feudalism and a still older patriarchal pattern of operation to the modern industrialism almost over-night, economic stability and a proportional relationship between national aspiration and local economic potential have been slow to develop. Indeed so strong has been the desire for national self-expression that "vaulting ambition" has "o'erlept itself" regardless of the possible consequences of "falling back upon th'inventor".

The first to feel the effects of this assertive nationalism in the Near East were the "mandatory powers" - who had been given trusteeship assignments at the end of World War I. They have disappeared from the scene completely in the decade since World War II, and the example of their ejection is now being made the basis for the attempt to terminate also the colonial status of western North Africa.

But liberation from the control of mandatory powers was not enough, especially in those countries where national ambition outran the ability to afford its costs. Hence there followed a period in which more and more pressure was exerted by the Arab states upon western, particularly European, business enterprises, large and small, operating in the area. The nationalization of the Abadan oil refineries in Iran was the first demonstration of how successfully this could be done, and the nationalization of the Suez Canal was the logical consequence. At the same time hundreds and hundreds of lesser concerns, banks, insurance companies, shipping and merchandizing agencies, chartered overseas, were similarly "nativized" - their local assets being put in charge of native directors and managers.

Meanwhile three new factors appeared on the horizon - first the emergence of a popular leader Gamal abd el Nasser in Egypt, second the creation of the Baghdad Pact, a defensive pact against communism in the Near East, and third the military adventure of the British and French and Israelis against Egypt. These have set the stage for the development of an intensive "push" in the political sphere and the first manifestation of this was the proclamation of the United Arab Republic - uniting Egypt and Syria. The mystery in the development is how and why the Syrians let themselves be inveigled into this move. Probably we shall never really know, but here are a few suggestions. Syria has had difficulties internally in the past ten years in achieving any kind of unified national policy. It has moved in one direction and another but has been plagued with internal dissension and factionalism, and some elements have favored and others have opposed the developement of relations to the communist

powers. From all this uncertainty the one-party system of Egypt and the leadership of Gamal abd el Nasser promised escape. Perhaps when union with Egypt was first proposed it may have been suggested that this union was bound to grow and that for the Syrians to be the first to climb on the band-wagon (to use an American expression) would be of the highest possible benefit ultimately to themselves. The Syrians, on their part, being shrewd businessmen and noted for their ability to make the eagle scream, may have figured that they could penetrate the merchandizing procedures in Egypt and do "big business" instead of local small business. From Egypt's point of view the creation of the Republic is clearly a matter of political advantage - another coup to the credit of its adroit political leader Gamal abd el Nasser, and the opportunity to control the flow of oil through the pipelines that cross Syria, and to use this control to his advantage when and as circumstances may suggest.

The creation of the Arab Union, associating Iraq and Jordan and following so quickly upon the proclamation of the United Arab Republic, was a diplomatic counter-move of the highest order. Somewheres there must have been a "leak" as to Gamal abd el Nasser's plans, perhaps through Yemen to Saudi Arabia - as the vehemence of Nasser's declarations about the Saudi Arabian plot against Egypt suggests. As to who may have suggested the idea of the federation of Iraq and Jordan this will remain another mystery for some time at least, but it seems less likely that the two Hashemite Kings Feisal and Hussein conceived it or that King Saud had the inspiration than that ultimately British diplomacy has here once more been brought into play.

As compared with the United Arab Republic the Arab Union is much more of a "natural". The two kings are cousins; their territories are contiguous and Jordan desperately needs such a backhold as Iraq can give her in political and economic affairs. The Arab Union began, it is clear, as a federative movement, and only in this form could it have been made enticing by those who first suggested it to the Hashemite cousins.

But the context of the public announcement of its immanence, namely the organic union of Egypt and Syria, has increased the pressure for unification inside the Arab Union. At present the effect of these pressures is not entirely clear, and the draft of the proposed constitution for the Union is definitely on the conservative side. But King Hussein of Jordan, who a year ago had only a 50 - 50 chance of escaping assassination, has been quite willing to exchange his kingship for the position of commander - in - chief of the army plus untroubled slumbers (nothing would be gained by anybody assassinating him now), and as time goes on the economic dependence of Jordan upon Iraq may enhance the need for more and more unification of administrative procedure in government for the Union.

As to how these moves toward unification will work out and what their effect may be over the years - this is decidedly a crystal ball matter at the present time, but a few suggestions are worth making. Leaving aside Saudi Arabia, Iraq is currently the most solid of the Arab countries economically, and if with outside help she can carry Jordan and still keep her own Development Program going, she can make the Arab Union stick, providing her people are sympathetic to it. Jordan cannot lose by the deal, such is her state of dependence, but again the question is whether Jordan's people will continue to see the value to them of

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the support that Iraq can give. This question of popular support is so important for the Arab Union on one account, because in the entire Near East today there is one and only one great popular leader, namely Gamal abd el Nasser of the United Arab Republic. This holds true in Iraq - Jordan as well as in Egypt - Syria.

That Gamal abd el Nasser is bitter about the block thrown in his way by the creation of the Arab Union should be obvious from his attacks upon the Hashemites as stooges of imperialism (meaning of course Great Britain first and foremost). Like the Hashemites, he has his hands full momentarily working out the details and implications of the new state he has called into being. But it is obvious also that he knows the advantage of keeping the initiative in his hands, and that organizationally speaking he has an easier job than the Hashemites and can and is getting results faster. He may therefore be expected to assume the initiative again as soon as he has put his house in order internally, and about this initiative one thing seems certain. He can best weaken the rival Arab Union by advancing his own popularity in Iraq - Jordan, and anything he does that effectively reduces the influence of the West on the Near East now has a double value - it raises the banner of the United Arab Republic and threatens the popular support of the Arab Union. It is hard to believe that whatever Gamal abd el Nasser's next important move vis-à-vis the West, it will not somehow involve the flow of oil, now that the United Arab Republic sits astride both the Suez Canal and the pipelines. It is hard to believe also that it will not be political. Indeed if Nasser could bring back guarantees of economic security from Moscow, there is no telling how bold and ambitious his political moves might become.

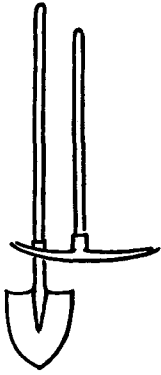
The unknown factor in the Near Eastern equation at this time is King Saud of Saudi Arabia. That he has no love for the Hashemites Feisal and Hussein, the descendants of the Sherif of Mecca, is well known, and if the "leak" that caused the formation of the Arab Union came through some members of his far-flung family, the recent decision to put external affairs in the hands exclusively of his brother the Crown-Prince Feisal, may be a step to guard against further developments of this order. What Saud's purpose may be, to throw his weight to the most successful of the two Unions, to sit it out and have no truck with either, or to wait and hope that eventually Mecca or Riyadh may be the capital of the Arab world, this it would be difficult to tell. What the chances are that Saud's intentions - whatever they may be - will vitally affect the outcome of developments, this may be easier to say. As of this moment it would seem that he may turn out to be just such a cipher as the Haj Qmin, the Grand Mufti, turned out to be a decade ago.

It is thrilling to be here in the Near East while history is thus in the making. Indeed it is only because we have been here year after year watching the picture change, that the nature and meaning of the changes is so clear to us. For that reason we could not forego the opportunity of giving you a quick general survey, even at the risk of emphasizing politics over archaeology.

From Jordan we go on now to Libya, and there we shall be so far from the centers of all political activity that we shall lose all contact again and when you hear from us it will be shop-talk of the purest water.

Cordially,

Carl H. Kraeling



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

NEWSLETTER FROM LIBYA

Tolmeita

May 1, 1958

Dear Members and Friends:

Greetings to you from North Africa. It's hard to realize that a whole month has passed since last I wrote to you. That month was spent making a rapid transition from Jerusalem via Cairo to Benghazi and getting the work under way here at Tolmeita. I won't say we haven't been busy, but things are beginning to fall into the regular expedition pattern, and this being Friday, hence rest-day for the men, I have a chance to catch up with such pleasant matters as reporting to you.

Our group here this year consists of Dr. and Mrs. Nims of our Luxor staff, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. H. Wright, he being our architect, Mr. James Knudstad, who has come to us from our Nippur dig as apprentice architect, Mrs. Kraeling and myself. We are a happy busy family. Everybody, including the ladies, has his or her own job to do and by all working together we keep the pot boiling and the goose hanging high.

On our arrival here we found that North Africa had shared with most of the rest of the Near East in the rain shortage of the past spring. The flowers were by no means as plentiful or as beautiful as last spring. But while Dr. Nims reported about temperatures of over 100° in the shade in Luxor before he left there, we have been having mostly cold weather and wind since our arrival. The only exceptions were the days when we had the still stronger Ghibli winds direct from the Sahara that were oppressively hot. We are still hoping that the north and south winds will strike a balance soon and that there will be a taste of summer and a chance of swimming before we have to leave.

Up the hill on the site we have 40 men working this year. They began digging in late February and had a lot of dirt moved before we came. We are cleaning up a very complicated structure that we struck in on two years ago, but let lie fallow last year while we were finishing up the Roman villa. The cleaning up has involved moving a great deal of dirt and fallen masonry, and now that we have the standing walls pretty well disencumbered, it is up to us to make something out of them. So far what we have been doing is largely scratching our heads and asking ourselves how all the several walls and parts of walls fit together? Remember we are dealing with half a city block and often have little more than foundations to go by. The place was built upon, then abandoned and used as a quarry for architectural materials and lime, then

rebuilt and then revised and turned around. No doubt we'll get the hang of it soon, it's just a matter of looking and looking again and thinking and looking some more.

We have another dig in the process of development; it is right alongside the one that yielded all the nice statues last year. Here we have been driving a trench into the heart of another city block to get into a room we want to explore. The trench has to be big enough to accommodate our railroad and the grade has to be such that we can push the cars in and out without too much trouble. We've had four good men on that for a month now and by this time the trench has reached the place where, by breaking through a wall at right angles to the trench, we can enter the room we are after. It is the steam room of a bath and may have some interesting features and furnishings. All we know about it is that it is about thirty feet square and chock full of rocks and dirt. We'll probably have to go 10 feet down to get to floor level, but that's the price of admission, so there you are.

Of course lots of things are going on that have nothing to do with the immediate job of digging. Dr. Nims has been busy photographing both the walls and levels we break through and those we leave standing for further study. He has been completing our record of mosaic designs and our record of inscriptions, not to speak of sculptures. 'Mick' Wright has been drawing plans of excavated areas and standing monuments and I have been writing up sections of material for the book we are preparing. We expect to make this the last season here and the book begins to loom pretty large at this point. Lots of things need to get tied up in bundles and lots of little facts have to be checked, so that we don't have to make a special trip back just to find out whether the letters of a given inscription were 6 or 8 centimeters high.

If Tolmeita had a newspaper, which happily it does not, you would have heard something also about the ladies of the staff, all of whom have and do their chores magnificently. The local paper would have had headlines (copied in Chicago I am sure) saying:

AMERICAN LADIES IN AUTO ACCIDENT
RETURN TO TOWN IN AMBULANCE

As a matter of fact they did return to town in an ambulance last week after leaving town earlier in the afternoon in our Landrover. The next day on the dig some of the men said, "Praise Allah, the ladies came back; as for the car, the loss is not irreparable". The men had put one and one together to make two. They had reasoned that since the ladies had left town in the Landrover and come back in the ambulance, there must have been an accident. If there was an accident the car must have been smashed up or turned over, but no matter so long as the ladies were safe. What actually happened, of course, was not half as drastic. The Landrover developed fuel-pump trouble en route to the post-office at el Marj, some 35 kilometers away; the ladies had had to walk several miles for help and had received it from a government doctor traveling in an ambulance to visit a patient in the hills. He had helped get their car pulled into the post-office town (where there is no garage either), had arranged to have it left there, and had brought the ladies home in his ambulance.

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So they arrived without bandages and splints, Praise be to Allah the Merciful and Compassionate, and all was well thanks to the Arab Red Cross, or rather Red Crescent.

Archaeologically speaking the most important news we have had has to do with the work being done in Egypt under the directorship of Dr. George Hughes. Dr. Nims gave us a full report about it and brought along the pictures to verify the story. You will recall that this year in Egypt we have not merely continued our work on the great Temple of Ramses III, but have also begun the clearance of an important XVIIIth Dynasty Tomb, the Tomb of Kheruef. The digging has been in charge of Dr. Labib Habachi, Chief Inspector of Antiquities for Upper Egypt. We saw some of the results of the work during our stay at Luxor, but the exciting developments came after we left. On that point I'd like to have Dr. Hughes report to you directly himself and since he is now back in Chicago, I'm leaving room at the end of this newsletter for him to tell you about it himself. For a full report of the discoveries, complete with pictures in color, you will have to wait until the fall lecture season opens. Meanwhile, the best of greetings from us here in Libya.

Carl H. Kraeling

[The following is the report of Dr. George Hughes mentioned by Dr. Carl Kraeling.]

Chicago, Illinois

May 19, 1958

Dear Friends:

In a newsletter dated December 7, 1957, I described Kheruef's tomb and summarized its ancient and modern history. At that time we were awaiting the authorization of the Department of Antiquities to begin clearing it of debris in a joint operation with the Department. Permission came and we began work on December 12th, with about 20 pick and basket men under the able supervision of Labib Habachi for the Department. By the time we discontinued work on April 16th, there were 80 men digging and two Department trucks hauling away the debris to the edge of the necropolis, which is also the edge of the cultivation. We are thus certain that we have not dumped on some other tomb in the vicinity.

We began by clearing the true entrance to the tomb, which faces east. This turned out to be a long, wide ramp dug from ground level in the limestone down to a huge doorway with decorated façade and a decorated passage behind it. One had been able for a generation to enter this passage from behind, through the door to a much later tomb, and to see the decoration with difficulty by

lantern light. Now one can enter properly and see the fine relief by day-light, and next season Dr. Nims will be able to photograph it under optimum conditions for publication.

The debris which filled the ramp entrance yielded only the usual fragments and small objects thrown away in antiquity and more modern times in the disturbing of nearby burials: fragments of painted tomb walls, pieces of inscribed wooden coffins, a jar containing what is apparently embalming materials and the remains of plants, several pots and numerous small funerary statuettes, some bearing the name of the owner of a neighboring tomb. Of considerable significance, however, were fragments of Kheruef's relief which had fallen from the walls of the passage and which were lying in the passage among fragments from other tombs.

The largest piece bore the lower part of opposing cartouches containing the names of Amenophis III and his son Amenophis IV, who was later to rename himself and become famous as Akhenaton of Tell El-Amarna. This find makes certain that a badly damaged scene on the passage wall represents Amenophis IV making a ritual offering to his father Amenophis III and his mother Queen Tiy. (Kheruef, in whose tomb it appears, was the steward of Queen Tiy.) Other fragments which we were able to fit together show also that the father wore a crown with two tall feathers, which was the crown of Osiris, the god of the dead. The simple explanation of the scene would seem to be that the royal son was offering to his already dead father, who was identified with Osiris. Consonant with this explanation would also seem to be the fact that the façade of the doorway bears reliefs showing, not Amenophis III, but Amenophis IV and his mother Queen Tiy making offerings to other deities. However, our finds have already captured the interest of Egyptologists who are concerned with the possibility or impossibility of a co-regency between father and son, and they are not content with this perhaps too simple explanation. The fragments and the scene may well be the subject of greater debate than any other data that the tomb may provide.

Behind this entrance passage lies a very large court about 30 yards square open to the sky, with colonnaded porticoes at front and back, that is, on the east and west sides. It has not yet been cleared and it is nearly full of debris. We decided to skip temporarily this forecourt, whose outline and nature were clear, to remove a huge mound of limestone chips above and immediately behind its west colonnade. The decision was a wise one, dictated initially by practical considerations, for now we know the extent and complete plan of the tomb, one of the largest in the Theban Necropolis.

Beneath the huge mound, the product of ancient and modern dumping, we found a large hall, cut in the living rock, in which 30 columns had been left to support the natural ceiling. The ceiling had collapsed from the weight above, and all the columns but one were broken. This remaining one is a well-cut fluted column of 32 sides. As the debris in the hall was lowered there appeared an unsuspected doorway in the west wall leading to still another subterranean hall, whose ceiling is supported by 22 smaller columns. This last hall is intact but is yet only about a third cleared of debris.

It was in the thirty-columned hall that we came upon the objects of greatest interest. There was a modest grave cut in the floor and under the north wall of the hall, and in it were six perfectly preserved wooden coffins of various sizes, neatly laid side by side. They probably date from the XXIInd Dynasty, in the region of 950 B.C., some 400 years after Kheruef himself. Four of the coffins bore the names of the deceased; the remaining two were uninscribed. One of the four is that of a lesser priest of Amon and another that of his daughter. We cannot determine the relationships of the other persons, but they were no doubt all of the same family. In the case of the larger coffins, there was a second wooden coffin inside and within that a gesso case closely fitting the much wrapped body. The gesso cases are brightly painted with the usual funerary motifs. However, these people of a relatively modest status bore no jewels or amulets of any sort to the grave with them. In addition to these burials there were two other graves cut in the floor of the hall. One contained two less well preserved coffins and the other a mat burial. In the midst of the debris of the collapsed ceiling of the hall, there was still another coffin of even later date badly preserved.

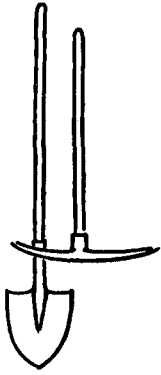
Of vastly greater significance than these late burials was the discovery of the lower part of a seated granite statue of Kheruef himself. We had wished but hardly dared to hope for just this. It lay beside the east doorway into the thirty-columned hall, almost in the place where it had originally been placed. It is broken off at the waist, and the upper part is gone. It is well made, and the pedestal and chair are covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions giving the titles and name of Kheruef as well as funerary texts. It was our hope that the debris would yield the remainder of this statue and a companion statue, which should have stood on the other side of the same doorway. That hope has dimmed but not entirely vanished, for the southeast corner of the hall has not yet been cleared. The debris in this corner was left to provide a ramp up which the basket men might carry the debris from the hall and the one west of it.

Besides a maze of later Ramesside and Saite tombs dug off of Kheruef's tomb, most of which had been seen and listed in times past, although some had been blocked off and been inaccessible for decades, we found two late tombs hitherto entirely unknown and unlisted.

Another season a little longer than this year's four-month one will see Kheruef's tomb completely cleared and accessible to visitors. In the meantime the main task of the Epigraphic Survey, copying in the Theban temples, went on and will continue at an accelerated pace; we brought home this season some sixty facsimile drawings of the Medinet Habu reliefs ready for publication.

Sincerely,

George R. Hughes



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

NEWSLETTER FROM TURKEY

Boghazkoy

August 14, 1958

Dear Members and Friends:

This first letter from Boghazkoy is meant to give you a general idea of our life here and of the aims of this year's campaign.

The excavations of Hattusa, the capital of the Hittites, were carried out under the joint auspices of the German Archaeological Institute and the Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft from 1931 to 1939 and again since 1952. From the beginning, Dr. Kurt Bittel, for many years now Director of the Istanbul branch of the German Institute, has conducted these excavations as field director. I worked here as epigraphist in 1933, 34, and 35 and visited the dig each year through 1939 while teaching in Ankara. Upon Dr. Bittel's invitation I joined the group again in 1952, and in 1954 and 57 was able to pay longer or shorter visits to the excavation. This year the Oriental Institute is, as you know, participating in the excavation at least to a limited extent, so my presence here has gained a more official character. Furthermore, the Director of the Oriental Institute has made it possible for me to take Mrs. Guterbock along.

Frances and I arrived in Istanbul on July 14th. In the plane we heard about the happenings in Iraq, and our first days in Turkey were overshadowed by the political crisis that followed. Fortunately the clouds soon disappeared, so that the expedition could start after only a short delay. While the excavation was getting under way, Frances and I took a few days off to visit the Turkish excavation at Kültepe and the museum of Ankara.

We left Istanbul on the evening of July 28th by train; after 24 hours we arrived at Kayseri, where we were met at the station by the director of the local museum, Mr. Halit Doran, and taken by car to Karahüyük, the village at the foot of Kültepe. Here my old friend and former student, Prof. Tahsin Özgüç (pronounced Oesgootch) of the University of Ankara, who conducts the excavation for the Turkish Historical Society, put us up very comfortably in his expedition house. He kindly showed us his dig, both in the quarters of the Assyrian merchants, where he had just found three more houses containing archives, and on the city mound, where he was uncovering five successive Early Bronze Age levels. As Mrs. Özgüç, who is also a professor at Ankara and works with her husband on the dig, was expected a few days later, we decided to wait for her and spent one of the days thus gained on a trip to the rock churches

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of Göreme, a place well known and much frequented by tourists. We took many indoor color slides of the frescoes, but whether they will come out remains to be seen. One day was spent in Kayseri, where modernization is done with much taste and care for the Seljuk monuments many of which have been cleared and are better visible than ever. The museum, which is housed in a Seljuk medrese (i.e., school), is still the same quiet and beautiful spot it used to be.

Mrs. Özgüç arrived on Saturday, August 2nd, and after a very nice reunion with this old friend we left Kayseri Sunday at 8 A.M. by bus for Ankara (reserved seats on a train were not available). The bus ride was interesting and relatively comfortable, though dusty; with 1 and 1/2 hour delay caused by a blowout--which luckily happened in a small town--we arrived in Ankara at 5:30 P.M. and spent three days there, Monday through Wednesday.

In the national museum of Ankara, which is still under construction, we noted a great progress since my visit of last year. Not only has the construction work advanced, but also the inner organization has been greatly improved. Most of the finds accumulated in Ankara since 1923 and stored in various temporary housings are being sorted and arranged in the basement. Although the work is still in progress, so much of it has been accomplished within the past year that virtually every piece from any site can now be found easily. The director of the museum, Mr. Raci Temizer (pronounce c like j), has really done a marvellous job! I also visited the new Director of Antiquities, Mr. Kâmil Su, whom I found very congenial and who was pleased to learn of the Oriental Institute's participation in the excavation of Boghazköy.

The Cultural Attaché at the German Embassy, Mr. Fr. von Rummel, invited us for lunch one day and asked whether his 16-year-old son, Eberhard, who was to work at Boghazköy as volunteer, could ride with us. On Thursday morning, August 7th, Frances, young Rummel, and I left Ankara by taxi and, after an easy ride of 3 and 1/2 hours, arrived in Sungurlu, the district town nearest Boghazköy. Following the example of the Pennsylvania expedition to Gordion, the Germans at Boghazköy are making Thursday their free day, so that the many week-end visitors would come on a working day rather than spoil the expedition's well-earned holiday. Thus, on that Thursday, they had come to Sungurlu on a little outing, where we met them by chance and had lunch with them. As they were going to Hüyük near Alaca after lunch and had space in their Landrover, Frances went with them and saw that famous site, too, while I proceeded with our taxi directly to Boghazköy.

Here we found the work well under way. The field director, Prof. Bittel, was delayed by illness and is only expected tomorrow, but the dig has started without him. The two architects, Messrs. Peter Newe and Rainald Neumann, had already come on July 12th to install the new decauville railway (until last year the expedition had been using the ancient one inherited from the Oriental Institute's Alishar expedition!). With them came the representative of the Turkish Department of Antiquities, Mr. Halil Ustün, a former student of mine. The next group consisted of Dr. Thomas Beran of the German Institute, who is directing the dig in Bittel's absence, Miss Jeanny E. Vorys, our former student

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at Chicago (now at Bryn Mawr), who was brought out by Dr. Bittel for this season's work, and another young boy, Albrecht von Graevenitz, the son of the German Consul General in Istanbul. They had taken the heavy luggage with them on a truck from Ankara while they themselves rode in the expedition's Land-rover, and arrived on Saturday, August 2nd.

Now for the program. Within the vast area of the Hittite city, which covers a mountain slope rising 1000 feet above the plain and 1-1/2 miles long, there are two spots presently under excavation. One is the residential area in the lower city, where tablets of Assyrian merchants of the Colony Age were found; work here is awaiting Dr. Bittel's arrival. The other is Büyükkale, the royal acropolis, where work has gone on ever since 1931 and where last year's campaign brought a new archive (in addition to those found in 1906 by Hugo Winckler and in 1931-33 by Bittel), overlaid by a Phrygian gate that was adorned with the most surprising statue of a Mother Goddess. Work on Büyükkale is in full swing, at present mainly in the Phrygian levels. It is hoped that the last section of this large acropolis may be cleared this year. Tablets are already appearing every day.

Prof. Heinrich Otten of Berlin, who has been the expedition's epigraphist ever since 1936 and with whom I shared the work on the texts in 1952, is expected to join us this year, too, but has been delayed by some red tape. We are still hoping that he will finally arrive. In the mean time the tablets are my job. Tablet work here is different from that in Mesopotamia, since all tablets are very well baked but mostly covered with a heavy lime incrustation. This is removed with a solution of hydrochloric acid, the ill effects of which are then neutralized by prolonged watering. After this process each tablet is catalogued and copied in transliteration. In addition it is photographed, but this work will only begin when the photographer, Mr. Peter Steyer, has arrived; he is expected tomorrow with Prof. Bittel.

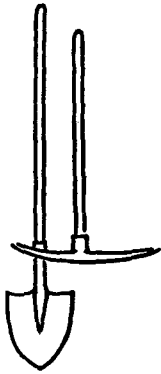
The expedition is comfortably housed in the mansion of the former "Bey" of the village, which has been rented by the Germans since 1953. The climate is agreeable, water is plentiful and good, and food is provided from the village and from Sungurlu, with a few special treats in cans brought by the expedition. Workmen number 80 now, but the number will be increased when the dig in the lower city is started. Many of the older men know me from the past, so there was a lot of handshaking when we arrived. Professor Jens Holt of Aarhus, Denmark, is here as guest for the first three weeks. So we are a large and lively crowd at table, and are talking the most awful mixture of German, English, and Turkish, the latter being used whenever communications between the first two fails.

I hope soon to be able to report on finds. In the mean time, greetings to all of you from Frances and myself.

Cordially,

Hans G. Guterbock

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archeological newsletter

Issued confidentially to members and friends

Not for publication

CAIRO, EGYPT, U.A.R.
October 1, 1958

Dear Friends:

Mrs. Wilson and I have just arrived in Egypt, and are making the round of offices in this capital city, before departing to start the season of the Chicago House at Luxor. For several years the Luxor expedition has been copying the monuments at ancient Thebes; and last year we, jointly with the Antiquities Service of the Egyptian Government, also took part in the excavation of the 18th dynasty noble Kheruef at Thebes. The Luxor expedition is regularly under the direction of Dr. George Hughes. This year Dr. Hughes will have a kind of sabbatical at home in Chicago, and I have a kind of sabbatical from Chicago by taking his place out here. Since change from stated duties is always a kind of recreation, perhaps we both will profit by the swap. As for me, I am blissfully happy in the thought of an academic year without committees, sub-committees, boards, sub-boards, panel discussions, or appeals to join in noble civic causes!

My first travel into Egypt was in 1921, which is a long time ago. The world has changed very decidedly in those years, and you cannot honestly feel that the total change is to the good. But here in Egypt, as I remember the 1920's and now look at the 1950's, I do feel that Egypt is better than it was - essentially in matters of the mind and spirit. Let me try to give you something of the contrast.

In 1921 Egypt was a British Protectorate. In every government office there was a moustached British civil servant, wearing a red tarboush. At every main square there was a British or Maltese or Indian policeman. That fantastically quaint meeting place, Shephard's Hotel, with its 18th century decor of lotus and papyrus blossoms, its overstuffed chairs, and its ancient plumbing and elevators, was a symbolic place: - a place where Europeans sat at their ease on a veranda, with cool drinks, overlooking a passing scene of camels, donkey carts, horse-drawn carriages, funerals, would-be guides, and sellers of fly-whisks and fake antiquities. Legally, the Egyptians in 1921 were being "protected"; effectively they were a servant people, whether at the lower desks in the government, or as looked down upon from the superior level of Shephard's veranda.

It may be significant that the newly constructed Shephard's has no veranda. It is an austerely white building, with outside punctuation of high and sharply pointed arches. Inside, there is no such gay profusion of color as in old Shephard's; simple lines of white are the essential. But the chief point is that the new Shephard's big lounge is filled with well-dressed and cultivated Egyptians. The gentlemen know the proper effect of mismatched jacket and trousers; the ladies are elegantly coiffed and sleekly gowned - even

though my masculine eye is offended by the persistence of sack dresses. Until the Nile Hilton is finished, until the Semiramis finishes its redecorating, the new Shepheard's is the meeting place in Cairo, and it is Egyptian, sophisticated, self-confident, and alert.

But let me go back to my landing in Egypt in 1921. The ship had come from Europe at the end of the summer, and it carried a number of Egyptian families, dressed European style. On the day of landing the men put on the red tarboush, and the women disappeared behind the veil and shapeless black dress. Today a few old-fashioned gentlemen wear the tarboush, but nearly everybody else is as hatless as in America. And the veiled woman is a rare anachronism. Indeed, as a grandparent, antiquarian, and New England Puritan, I am just a little shocked to see two unescorted Egyptian girls come into a restaurant for sodas.

Well, then, here I am still trying to land at Alexandria back in 1921. The boat is full of quarantine officials, customs officials, passport officials, hotel runners, porters, and salesmen of frivolous trifles. The dock adds carriage-drivers, would-be guides, and swarms of beggars. It is possible to get through customs in three or four hours, but it is a madhouse of misplaced goods and persons, and it is obvious that only financial lubrication of the wheels will bring prompt results. I forgot to mention flies and dust, because we came to take them for granted back in those days.

Contrast with that the ease and dignity of our landing in 1958. Only one person approached us, and that was a Corporal of the Tourist Police, who came aboard to help us out and who stayed with us until our train left for Cairo. He helped us fill out our forms, he got porters for us, he took us ashore to the office of the Colonel of Tourist Police. There we sat comfortably, with the inevitable and very good cups of Turkish coffee, while our state-room and hold luggage was being assembled in customs. Customs itself was efficient and courteous. Yes, of course, there were flies and there was dust, but compared to 1921 you could honestly say that it was clean.

Then we took the Diesel train to Cairo. Nobody tried to force his services on us, nobody tried to sell us anything, nobody made speeches at us. They gave us a passing stare as obvious foreigners, and then let us go our own way. At the Cairo station there was a minor outbreak of protest by porters: 12 heavy pieces of luggage deserved more pay. I appealed to a nearby policeman, and the outbreak stilled. I say that this is a better Egypt, more dignified, more self-confident, and self-controlled. Mrs. Wilson and I can walk in the streets with confidence, even on the eve of a big religious feast, the Birthday of the Prophet, when everybody is out milling around. I feel safer than in some corresponding sections of New York or Chicago. There are so few Americans here that we are stared at, and the inevitable schoolboy will practice his English on us, with a grin and a flippant "Hello, Joe. What do you know?". But it is good-humored, and, when one considers the strains of international politics, it is remarkably restrained.

As I make my round of governmental offices, for business and courtesy calls, the pace is of course as leisurely as in any warm country. The offer of coffee or tea or lemon-squash is certain. One great improvement I experience over five years ago is that they no longer feel it necessary to include Coca Cola or Pepsi Cola in the offer; these are no longer novelties, and they no longer believe that all Americans swim in a Cola Sea. Yes, the

-3-

pace is still slow, but it is pleasant to discuss ancient Egyptian law with an educated modern Egyptian; it is pleasant to exchange reprints of publications with him (including the experience of receiving his piece in English, and he receiving mine in Arabic). What I'm getting at is that I like human dignity and a sense of mutual respect. That is the biggest difference I feel in the interval of thirty-odd years, and I think it a vast improvement.

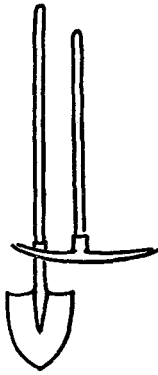
Our good Egyptian friends from past years entertain us, and we are on a first-name basis and we can kid each other. As soon as the pressure of my government calls lets up, these friends will be picking us up for a picnic at the Sakkarah pyramids. That may be hot - Cairo is running about 86° by day, and Sakkarah is still a bit warmer. But it hasn't been bad; I recall how we suffered from the heat and humidity here in September 1952. This year the cool north wind has been a blessing. But don't think that we go at the American pace; everything is closed up here from 1 to 4:30 every day until November 1st, so we also take a long siesta. Sitting in a series of government offices all morning is hard on the spinal column, which then has to be laid out flat for a couple of hours every afternoon.

When we shall leave for Luxor is still dependent on these preparatory business calls. We had expected to go upstream about October 5th. It now seems clear that we cannot leave much before the 12th. Don't let that worry you, however: - if you're passing Chicago House in Luxor any time we expect you to drop in and give us a visit.

Sincerely yours,

John A. Wilson

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Ankara, Turkey
October 22, 1958

Dear Friends:

I am writing this on my way back from the Hittite capital. This year's excavation at Boghazköy closed on October 21st, after a duration of a little over three months. It was a good season, very much favored by the Hittite Weather-god; it had good and rewarding results, even though they were not as spectacular as those of last year. As I wrote in my first report, the staff was a large and well-integrated group. With some comings and goings it averaged twelve to fourteen persons. Workmen numbered 130 at the maximum.

Boghazköy is now easily accessible by car from Ankara, so we had many visitors. Tourists came in great numbers but most of them only took a quick tour without much disturbing our work. Of friends and colleagues let me only mention, beside Prof. Holt of Aarhus, Denmark, who went out with us as already reported, and beside several members of the German Embassy at Ankara and the German Consul General at Istanbul, the following: Congressman and Mrs. John M. Vorys; Professors Julius Lewy of Hebrew Union College; Marshall Stone of the University of Chicago; B. Rosenkranz of Cologne; E. Laroche of Strasbourg; Krader of the American University, Washington, D.C., and Walser of Berne, Switzerland; Dr. Machteld Mellink of Bryn Mawr; and Mr. Kamil Su, Director General of Antiquities, Ankara.

Of the two main areas in the old city mentioned in my first letter, work on the first, Büyükkale, the acropolis or citadel, went on all the time, whereas in the second, the Lower City, it only started on September 1st.

In the Lower City an area of some 20 by 30 meters joining the excavation of last year was cleared. It yielded building remains of levels 1 (late Hittite Empire, 13th century B.C.), 3 (Old Hittite Kingdom), 4 (period of the Assyrian merchants) and 5. Level 4 was badly destroyed by the foundations of level 3, and no Assyrian tablets were discovered this year in contrast to 1956-57. A strange structure in level 5 with traces of intense heat seems to have been a kiln. The pottery of level 5 contains, beside wheelmade types, mainly handmade pottery of the Early Bronze Age known as Alishar I b.

On Büyükkale three areas were investigated. Miss Vorys dug a section adjacent to the archive building of 1933. It had several Phrygian building levels on top, was an open area in Hittite imperial times, and contained several building levels of the Old Hittite period, with fine pottery and other finds well stratified.

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In the south-east corner of the acropolis the excavation of the Phrygian gate of last year was completed. In the eastern part of its door chamber we found a good Phrygian trefoil-mouth pitcher, which will be useful for dating, and a crude stone idol, about one foot high, which forms a very strange counterpart to the elaborate statue of a goddess found last year outside the west part of the same gate.

Further west on the south side of the citadel the Phrygian fortification was cleared, mapped, and removed in an extension of some 40 meters. Under it appeared the Hittite citadel wall, upon whose débris the Phrygian wall was founded. When the Hittite citadel perished, the superstructure of the wall, made of mudbrick in wooden frames, burned and fell on the pavement of a street that ran along the inner face of the wall. This burnt débris was left in some places for future checking, removed in others, so that the street was uncovered in most of its length. It slopes down from east to west, and its incline leads exactly to the Hittite citadel gate excavated a few years ago. Thus the entrance way of the Hittite acropolis has become clear now at least in its southern part. Inside the fortification line there were again several Phrygian occupation levels, the foundations of houses in part cutting deep down into older strata. Among these, a well-built rectangular building of the Old Hittite period (IV b) is noteworthy by its own quality as well as by the finds that were made on its floor.

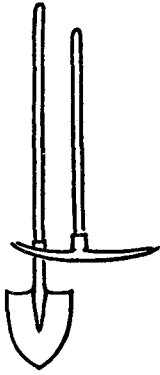
Cuneiform tablets were found as each year. This season's yield totals some 300 fragments. Most of them were found on Büyükkale near the archive building of 1933, from which they must have been scattered. Some others belong to the other archive discovered in 1957. In the Lower City some Hittite tablets came to light, too. In contents the tablets found this year represent the usual cross-section through the various kinds of Hittite literature, including, also as usual, some fragments joining texts found previously. Prof. Heinrich Otten, whose arrival was still pending when I wrote last, arrived on September 11th, very much to our delight. He and I shared the tablet work, and this division of labor enabled both of us to prepare handcopies in cuneiform of all fragments that are worth publishing.

Hoping to be able soon to report orally and with illustrations,

Cordially,

Hans G. Güterbock

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archeological newsletter

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Chicago House, Luxor, Egypt

October 25, 1958

Dear Friends:

This is a comment on "servants," a word which is becoming obsolete in the United States, but which is still valid in the Orient. Chicago House will have a western staff of eight or nine persons and about twice that number of Egyptian servants. The sacred dogma which states the relationship solemnly asserts that the masters govern the servants. This dogma is absolutely false. In the daily routine it is the servants who direct and redirect the masters. The higher one ascends in the organization chart, the more true this paradox becomes. Mary Wilson "runs the household," that is, orders the daily supplies and the meals, oversees the stocks and the household cleaning. She herself is governed by a long standing tarteeb (the word means "routine," but we might as well call it "ritual," because it is so holy), a tarteeb which is so accepted that deviation from it leads to neuroses. The room-men always draw cakes of a certain kind of soap on a certain day, no matter what might be left over. You can't do that today, it's Hassan's day off. Lunch is late today; Ahmed had to go to the law-court. And so on.

Wherever I go there is bowing and scraping, and I am addressed as "Your Honor, the Director." Yet I am preeminently more directed than directing. If I think up the notion of calling upon the civic administrator, the Chief of Police, I am held in place until my Rais, or Head Man, has arranged a suitable time and appointment. The Police Office is six blocks away, but I may not walk, or, on such an occasion, even drive the car. The Rais and the Chauffeur escort me. After a suitably dignified interval of call, I emerge from the office of the Chief of Police. The Rais, acting like a puppet master with some new and stiff puppet, seizes upon me and works me up a back stairs to call upon two other officials. I never quite learn their functions - they have to do with "bassborts," that is, presumably the arrival and departure of foreigners in town - and when I ask their names, the names fall into that common pattern of Ahmed Mohammed or Ali Ibrahim, which is impossible to remember because it is so customary. With them, I drink a glass of tea, because I had Turkish coffee with the Chief of Police. I return home in the stately loneliness of the back seat of the car. The puppet has made his dance.

Lest I be misunderstood, I want to say that I am very fond of these servants. In their flattering terms, I have become their father and their mother. Even though I reject this statement as mere eyewash, it has its effect on me, and I do assume a paternal and patronizing pose. But I am honestly fond of them, even because of their faults. A "ladder-man" whom I knew thirty years ago had to be retired as blind. I know that he was lazy and tricky, but I have a sympathy for his weaknesses, and I am impelled to take on his son on a trial basis, as a gesture to the old man.

-2-

They are all so different. Some of them strain so hard to understand our defective Arabic or make themselves understood; some make no effort. One of the gate-men has a broad, expressionless, dull face. Youssef, the darkroom man, has dark, live, intelligent eyes, in a face wrinkled with deep sadness and underlying humor. The gardener, Abd er-Rahman is a bright little squirrel of a man, who spouts a stream of Arabic at you. Because of the speed with which he talks and because of his false teeth, you catch one word in thirty, and you say to him: "What about onions?" and he goes over it again, with the same speed and unintelligibility. His assistant is quite the opposite in every way: tall, gangling, tongue-tied. He gallumphs about, slightly humped over and with shoes flopping, like a camel.

Ahmed Mohammed, a gate man, is known as Abu Shenab, 'Father of Moustaches,' for obvious reasons when you see him. He is rather a sweet old character, but not particularly bright. He always seems to be at the front gate in the late afternoon when visitors arrive. He has a genius for ushering in those non-descript gawkers who have no particular interest in our work but are simply inquisitive, and keeping waiting out at the gate the visitors you really want to see. Years of experience have not sharpened his judgment, but he still is a nice old boy.

For Selim Abul-Haggag, the ladder man, I have a special fondness, dating back to the 1920's, when he used to call me down from my work on a ladder, for a tea break in the middle of the morning. He is engagingly modest. He once said to Mr. Healey, our Superintendent: "I am not the same as Ibrahim Ali. I have no brains, and I know it. He has no brains, but he doesn't know it."

Our wages are not high by American standards, but they are good in Luxor, and they are steady. We have had some servants more than thirty years. They rarely leave us of their own volition, and they try hard to get sons and nephews onto the payroll of "the Company."

My Arabic is a travesty. I keep calling the motor launch a "licence," and vice versa. Trying to follow instructions, I wrote down my birth date as the date I entered Egypt and the date I entered Egypt as my birth date, thus effecting the miracle of being born 59 years after I came to this country. Let's hope I'm learning a little every day.

I lean very heavily on my Rais, Ibrahim Mohammed, a tall man with a loping-ly awkward grace, an intelligent face, with a slight cast in one eye. He is sleeplessly vigilant for "the Company." He is eternally patient with my inexperience and inability to understand. We had a dreadful fifteen minutes when I figured him about thirty-five dollars short on his summer accounts. The perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he writhed in an agony of trying to make me get my accounts straight. It was my mistake, and all I could say in apology was ma lêsh, "Never mind" - a fuller apology would have embarrassed him terribly.

The Rais brought his attractive wife and daughter to call upon us the second evening we were here. They were reluctant to come into our rooms and giggled in an agony of shyness. Yet it was a very pleasant call, and it shows that customs are changing, however slowly.

-3-

Payday is an ordeal. The pay is fixed, but the men are improvident and keep running into debt, or trying to run into debt. They always want advances on their pay, or, failing that, personal loans. They will cite precedents from the past, that the Field Director twenty years ago or two years ago did thus and so. They have not yet raised with me the question of salary raises, but they will do so, after the season is well under way. Some of them painfully ink their signatures on the payroll; others trustingly hand me their personal seals to stamp against their payment. It is not all an ordeal; I have gleaned something out of it. The chauffeur has a sonorous name, Sady Hassan Ahmed, but is commonly called by his nickname, al-Wa'ar (I haven't yet figured out what that means!). After he had signed the payroll, I puzzled and puzzled over what he had written. It didn't fit name or nickname; it seemed to be a meaningless Arabic scrawl. Then suddenly it came to be: with simple dignity, he had signed al-Arabagy, "the Chauffeur."

We couldn't get on without them.

Sincerely yours,

John A. Wilson
Field Director, 1958-59

[The following observations about running the Expedition House at Luxor were written by Mrs. Wilson]

The first requirement is to be able to know where your keys are at all times, for all stores are kept under lock and key and are doled out with care, daily or as needed. The lady of Chicago House is the sitt with the keys.

The second requirement is to keep in mind the eating likes and dislikes of the international household. At present we are four Americans, two British, and one Russian; later we shall be joined by an Australian. The British want white potatoes with both lunch and dinner; one of them will never touch cooked cheese, so that rules out soufflés, or sweet potatoes. Some one else doesn't like onions, and the Russian finds it against his religion to eat pigeons. The sweets or desserts are often skipped by the English.

Vegetables are scarce just at present, for some lands are flooded and the plantings are just commencing. We have a nice vegetable garden, and many seeds which Mrs. Hughes thoughtfully provided have just been planted, such as carrots, beets, kohlrabi, radishes, kale, lettuce, and waxed beans. The celery is up, and the tomatoes and eggplant are beginning to fruit, and the sweet corn is high.

Locally our fruits at present are sweet melons, dates, bananas, with oranges just beginning to come in from Esneh, up the River a ways. The local lamb, young gamousah (water buffalo), the Nile fish, chicken, pigeon, and rabbit do for the main dishes. Sweet potatoes are very plentiful and cheap.

At present rice and tea are scarce in Egypt, and we were unable to get either in Cairo. We get our staples, the dry groceries, from a house in Cairo, Maison Thomas, Service à domicile: macaroni, crackers (biscuits to them),

-4-

chocolate, canned fruits, oatmeal, table salt, brown sugar, and canned meats - the last for the men's lunches when they work across the River. Paper of all kinds is very scarce, Mrs. Hughes warned me, so we brought waxed paper out from America for the lunches.

The corps of servants, each coming to the storeroom wanting this or that, spouts a flow of Arabic to the bewildered sitt. Gradually the pattern is established as the days go by, and it all becomes a little less of a maze of incomprehension. Taya, the cook, is the best of the lot. He is calm, pleasant, understanding, loves to make cookies, puddings, or cakes. His three-layer chocolate cake, with chocolate frosting beautifully decorated with Happy Birthday in Arabic for a staff member, made our first Sunday tea here a memorable one. Taya's scullion, who served as expedition cook when Taya was in the army, is superb on soup and a willing assistant, though his dark piercing eyes and flaring black moustache are a bit frightening at first.

The headwaiter and buyer is my bête noir. He is far past his prime, but still just as skilful, we fear, at getting his squeeze. His eyesight is poor, and his memory failing. The dates he brought today from the sug were alive with insects. I have also to check the weight of everything he brings in. The struggle to get the sugar and tea I dole out into our bowl or our pot instead of his is an ever-losing battle.

The room-men or farash's are faithful cleaners. I am trying to learn the Arabic for dusters, brooms, beds, sheets, mosquito nets, towels, pillow slips, soap, napkins, clean - dirty, fresh - old, whole - mixed, and so on. The "washlady" is the only female servant. She hid her tattooed, one-eyed face behind her black head covering when she was brought to the storeroom for her soap by Hassan (my faithful room-boy when Peggy was a baby here twenty-nine years ago).

Abd er-Rahman, the little wizened-up gardener, who looks himself like a little dried-up pea, tells me all about the flowers and vegetables, most of which I don't understand, but when he points to his head, looking very sad, and asks for an aspereen, I get his point. I was forewarned to have a supply of aspirin on hand.

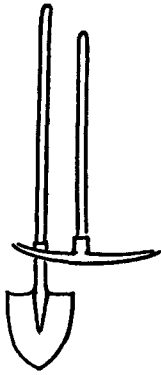
We've had our first formal local callers - in the house, that is, because I don't know how many John has received over at his office, though I occasionally hear a quick call from one servant to another for café Turque. The town's Evangelical Church pastor, Fareed Mangarius, and his wife, and two of his elders, paid their respects, in order to invite our household formally to a reception for Pastor Fareed, who has just returned from America.

And now the Counsellor of our American Embassy at Cairo and his family are coming to tea (just as I hope you will come when you visit Luxor), and we can say Chicago House is officially open for the 1958-59 season.

Cordially yours,

Mary R. Wilson

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Chicago House, Luxor, Egypt, U.S.R.

November 23, 1958

Dear Friends:

This is about the painstaking - or painful - process of epigraphy, carried on by our Luxor Expedition at Ramses III's temple of Medinet Habu.

Six days a week our motor launch sets forth at 7:30 in the morning to cross the Nile to the west bank. There we are met by Hajja, the small boy who has adopted the members of our expedition. He carries our papers or drawing boards and gives us the early morning gossip: today there will be sight-seeing by a wazir allemani, "a German Cabinet Minister" (that is a favorite of his); or in a few days the causeway will be completed to the river bank, so that motor cars may meet the tourists immediately (this is a perennial hope).

Our ancient station wagon noses out of its makeshift garage. (The other day a passing American tourist remarked idly: "It's years since I saw a wooden station wagon." This made our hackles rise because we are proud that Tim Healey has kept our motive equipment in such mobile condition, and we resent any slur upon our dignity. But it is undeniably ancient, and we dream that some day we may travel in something sleeker.) We load ourselves and our technical luggage into the station wagon and travel the two and three-quarters miles west to Medinet Habu, at the foot of the desert cliff.

There each of us goes off to his individual task. Perhaps Dr. Nims will set up his camera to photograph another scene or inscription. But the temple has been pretty well covered by photography, and it is more likely that the party will divide into the draughtsmen who make the copies and the epigraphers who collate the copies.

The draughtsmen carry enlarged photographs of scenes or texts, and on these they will pencil in the original carvings - and, in some cases, the original paint. Back at Chicago House in the afternoon they ink in their pencil lines. Later this inked-in drawing is reproduced in an inexpensive print, and the print is cut up and pasted on "collation sheets," foolscap-sized pieces of paper adequate for all the remarks which a persnickety epigrapher might be inclined to make.

The epigraphers are armed with these collation sheets, so that they may check each individual line drawn by the draughtsman against the carved wall surface. Since the epigraphers have had Egyptological training, they are equipped to read the hieroglyphic texts and to understand the composition of the scenes. Thus they often see evidence on broken wall surface because they

-2-

know what they are looking for. No entry of a line or a sign is accepted for the final drawing unless the draughtsmen and two epigraphers have agreed upon it. Accuracy in fine detail is bought by the agreement of independent witnesses: the camera, the draughtsman, and the two epigraphers.

Ultimately the photographic base of the inked-in drawing is bleached out chemically, leaving only the drawing as it will appear in the final publication. As you can see, it is a meticulously checked process, which aims at a permanent record. Of course, we do make mistakes. But we are faithful servants of a process which tries to guard against mistakes. Volume V of Medinet Habu has been published. When Volume VII finally appears, this temple can serve as a model of accurate copying, as well as an example of the organization of an ancient Egyptian temple.

Well, on this particular morning, we will say that the draughtsman Alexander Floroff goes to one of the rear rooms, where he will copy the decorative scenes and texts around a series of niches which once held statues of gods. He will need only 10 and 12-foot ladders. But his room has lost its ceiling, so that an improvised cloth awning is rigged up by our Egyptian "ladder-men," to shield him from the blazing sun. The draughtsman Reg Coleman is working on vertical texts which frame the Osirid columns in the Second Court. He has to have the 30-foot extension ladder for the upper reaches and a 12-footer for the bottoms of the columns. That keeps the ladder-men jumping.

The epigrapher Charles Nims is collating the inscription on an architrave, with a horizontal text just under the roof of the Second Court terrace. The 30-foot extension is the only ladder for this job, which is one of the meanest. Your face is jammed up against the ceiling, only seven inches away from the carved hieroglyphs, and your collation sheet is hooked to the top rung of the ladder and is only three inches away. Bifocal glasses are not exactly the answer, because both zones of vision are likely to be higher than your eye level. Charles has long legs, and he is able to hook one leg in and out of the ladder rungs and then push himself away for better vision. I am shorter and cannot accomplish this, so I spend a lot of time scrambling up and down three or four rungs, first to scan the wall above and then to drop down to a point where I can pencil what I see onto a collation sheet held behind the ladder at arms' length. It's hard on the eyes and legs of one who is in his sixtieth year.

Let us say that on this particular morning I am collating the "astronomical ceiling" in a rear room. Here a scaffolding has been quickly thrown up, and I lie on my back on a wooden table, which is precariously perched on the top platform of the scaffolding, so that I must move cautiously. The carved depictions of heavenly bodies, with their labels in hieroglyphic, are about eighteen inches above my face.

What are some of the problems we are working on?

Well, for the astronomical ceiling, we have something of a rarity, which, insofar as we can understand it, will give us a better notion of the ancient's ideas of the stars and constellations. Here we do know a close

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parallel from a nearby temple, the Ramesseum, so that the broken and patched ceiling must be carefully checked with what is visible elsewhere.

On his architrave Charles has a rare and beautifully detailed hieroglyph showing an angry bull. Pharaoh of Egypt has been likened in this text to a fighting bull in an arena. The key sign shows the infuriated beast with lowered head, snorting nostrils, and hoofs pawing up a shower of dust. Every detail is lovingly checked by the two epigraphers. A little further along on the architrave there is a broken stretch. Some highfaluting flattery of the king is here, but what? The signs at the beginning and end are clear, but in the middle there is uncertainty about the letter s, about a "strong arm" hieroglyph, and about a gap large enough for one or two signs. Charles and I discuss it at the temple, taking turns up the tall ladder. We agree that the "strong arm" is unlikely. In the afternoon we go through our "dictionary cards" back at Chicago House. Aha! Here is a parallel from another part of the temple: swesekh khepesh, "wide reaching of arm." Those traces that we thought to be the "strong arm" actually belong to the "walking legs" - and when you recognize it, you see it clearly!

In a room near the astronomical ceiling there is a scene which has lost its upper courses of stones. We can see the Pharaoh standing between a god and a goddess. The goddess is shown behind the Pharaoh, is preserved up to the breast line, but seems to have no arms. We read the remains of a text just in front of her: "I have set the crown upon thy head." We go back to the broken wall surface across her upper body. Aha! Here and here and here are faint but unmistakable traces of her shoulder, her upper arm, and her elbow. Her arms had been raised high, as she set the crown upon the king's head. Another scrap of text names the god, whose head is now lost in breakage, as Horus. Horus is normally falcon-headed. We check back and scan the figure of the god and see that the hair lappets falling down on his breast are those customary for Horus. No god's beard cuts across the line of his shoulder; a falcon head cannot have a beard. We cannot see the head of a falcon, but we now know that it was once there. Frequently the scene enables us to complete the descriptive text; here the text helps us fill out the scene.

In a neighboring scene the Pharaoh is making offering to a god. A table is piled high with joints of meat, dressed fowl, bread, vegetables, and fruits, and crowned with flowers. This lavish offering was carved on rather poor stone, so that it was originally given a surface of plaster, upon which the final carving was made. Now most of this plaster has fallen away, leaving the rather obscure traces on rough stone. What would the king offer the god? We do library work and consult analogous scenes. Ultimately it works out into cucumbers, squash, figs, and grapes, and the floral covering shows trumpet-like flowers and tiny buds. We add one more corroboration to the known flowers and garden plants of the ancient Egyptians.

Now it is nearly noon, time to pack up and return to Chicago House on the other side. Alex Floroff has one final complicated figure to pencil in, a winged sun-disc. While we are waiting for him, Charles and I pause - perhaps for the hundredth time in the history of this Expedition - on the terrace of the Second Court, to examine the row of Ramses III's princes. Some of them later became kings of Egypt, and then added to their depictions symbols of royalty and recarved their names to correspond to their new majesty. But the

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record is a tangled web, and no two scholars agree on the cadence and specific nature of the royal succession. Much of the evidence on a troubled dynasty is here before our eyes, but it must be treated consistently with evidence elsewhere, and it then becomes highly complicated. We still hope that the rationale of this carved and recarved surface may some day burst into our minds with a flash of light, so that we may know compellingly what happened after the death of Ramses III.

Well, now Alex Floroff is finished. Hot, dusty, and bone-weary, we climb into the station wagon and start for home. Only in times of urgency do we spend both mornings and afternoons at the temple. Everybody has afternoon work at home: the draughtsmen inking in the drawings which they pencilled at the temple, and the epigraphers doing the library work which will lead to greater accuracy and a closer understanding of drawings still in process.

Is it worth the effort? Well, the haughty pedant might say: if you have to ask that question, you wouldn't understand even if we argued with you! But let me try to answer anyhow. This is the highest form of archeology, because its sole purpose is rescue and preservation. Excavation is of course the very life blood of archeology, but excavation is a paradox: it rescues and preserves; yet it destroys. A monument lies buried for three thousand years; under its mound of sand and debris it holds its evidence safe and secure. Excavation rips that evidence apart: the record of the earliest monument may be overlaid with later usage by later people; this later material is quickly recorded and discarded - or preserved only in part. In the original monument itself the materials lie check by jowl in a significant association. This association is quickly recorded, and then the materials are scattered in a distribution: these good pieces to cases in a museum, these mediocre pieces to a locked storehouse, and these insignificant pieces to the dump heap. Never again can the assemblage be seen in its original state.

Further, excavation exposes monuments to destruction. When freed of the protecting mound of debris, they are at the mercy of wind, weather, and sand-storms, of predatory human hands, and of slow destruction from surface moisture. The water table of the Nile River is now so much higher than it was when ancient temples were built that the lower courses of stones are often soaked every year. Visibly the monuments of ancient Egypt are deteriorating, and at an accelerated pace because of excavation.

Our epigraphic work is an effectively organized attack against this erosion. We are trying to preserve "for all time" the record of a temple 3150 years old, and trying to suggest what it looked like in its day of ancient glory. James Henry Breasted's dream fifty years ago was "inscription salvage," and we are still devoted to that work of rescue and preservation. If we seem holier-than-thou in defense of our type of work, there is a reason. Some visitors go away from Chicago House feeling that we are missing a main chance; there must be important treasures still buried in ancient Thebes. So why not excavate? Why not dig out new material evidence on ancient Egypt, and thus enrich museums with fine pieces and offer new illustrations for the text books?

Our answer is that we are digging out important new evidence and that we are offering new illustrations for the text books - and are doing that from

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the very materials which have been visible and ignored for generations. In so doing, we are offering in archeology an example of dedication to non-material goals and an example of the most exacting faithfulness to high standards of research. That alone is well worth the effort.

Forgive me if I beat our Oriental Institute drum. I am freer to beat **this** particular drum than are the regular members of the expedition, because I am here for this year only. And very proud to be in this work!

Sincerely yours,

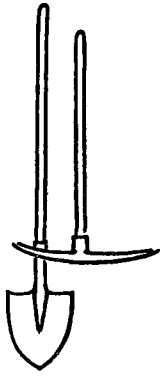
John A. Wilson
Acting Field Director

NOTE: The Institute has on hand a supply of paper-bound reports on the first season of excavation at the Tomb of Kheruef at Luxor. The report is written in English and was prepared by Mr. Labib Habachi, until recently Chief Inspector of Antiquities in Middle Egypt, who was in charge of the excavation. The booklet, "Clearance of the Tomb of Kheruef at Thebes, 1957-58" contains 26 pages of text, 22 plates and a plan of the tomb so far as it was cleared last season.

We shall be happy to send to Members of the Institute who apply (by postcard if you will) complimentary copies of this report.

Carl H. Kraeling
Director

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archeological newsletter

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CHICAGO

February 27, 1959

(Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute who hear so much in these Newsletters about the past may welcome, for a change, some information about the future. The plans of Dr. Robert J. Braidwood, Oriental Institute Professor of Old World Prehistory, for the field work of the 1959-60 season are now off the drawing-boards and every effort is being made to assure for them the necessary financial support. What follows below is an abstract, prepared by Dr. Braidwood, of his proposals for the next expedition. C.H.K.)

PREHISTORIC INVESTIGATIONS IN SOUTHWEST ASIA

A Program for 1959-60

For the fourth time since World War II, the Oriental Institute proposes to put into the field an expedition devoted to research in neareastern prehistory. Its purpose will be to extend and to develop further the investigation of the important transition from the cultural level of food-collecting to that of food-production, and of the appearance of the effective village-farming community way of life.

The locale of the investigation will lie within the zone of lower intermontane valleys and piedmont that make up the hilly-flanks of the Fertile Crescent. This zone is, in effect, defined by the south-central provinces of Turkey, the upper waters of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers and their tributaries, Iraqi Kurdistan and Iranian Khuzistan. The exact scene of our investigations, formerly centered in northern Iraq, will depend on prevailing political circumstances and the extent to which the antiquities laws of the several countries provide the circumstances essential to modern cultural historical and natural historical research.

As previously, the project will be under the general direction of Dr. Robert J. Braidwood, Oriental Institute Professor of Old World Prehistory and Professor in the Department of Anthropology, the University of Chicago; also as previously, an associated project of the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research will be under Dr. Bruce Howe, Peabody Museum, Harvard University, who will act as associate director of the general project. The junior staff personnel includes at least six archaeologists with previous field experience, two at the post Ph.D. level and four at the post M.A. level, drawn from Harvard University and the Universities of Arizona and Chicago.

The basic financing of the archaeological aspects of the project is already assured. But the character of the investigation projected demands the development also of an understanding of the ancient environment within which the great cultural transition was made. As previously, we hope to have with us a field team of natural scientists. A proposal is now with the National Science Foundation for the support of Professor Jack R. Harlan (agronomy and food-plants), Oklahoma State University and the U. S. Department of Agriculture; Professor Charles A. Reed (zoology and animal domestication), University of Illinois; Professor Herbert E. Wright, Jr. (Pleistocene geology and climatology), University of Minnesota; and for a graduate assistant for each of these workers. Dr. Albert Dahlberg, research associate of the Department of Anthropology, Chicago, already holds a U.S.P.H.S. grant for the field study of both contemporary and prehistoric dental conditions as these reflect the dietary situation. The natural sciences team will be oriented to the general prehistoric investigation, but will necessarily operate with respect to the contemporary scene. There is increasing evidence that the general environmental-climatic picture of ca. 8,000-10,000 years ago (the time of the great transition to food-production) was approximately similar to that of today, with allowable exceptions for some deforestation, erosion, and the extinction of certain animal species.

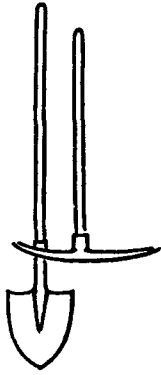
Thus the concern of the natural sciences team will extend to the increase of knowledge of contemporary Southwestern Asia. It is further anticipated that Dr. Patty Jo Watson (ethnologist) and Dr. Marvin W. Mikesell (geographer) will concern themselves with the contemporary cultural adaptations to the environmental scene. That even the archaeological aspects of the project may have contemporary pertinence is indicated by a recent study of two of our colleagues, Jacobsen and Adams (cf. "Soil and Silt in Ancient Mesopotamia Agriculture," Science, 128, 1958, pp. 1251-1258).

The overall concern of the project reflects the growth of interest, within the field of general anthropology, with the "archaeology of ideas" as contrasted to the conventional archaeological concern with artifacts. The questions asked are such as: How did mankind achieve, through the effective domestication of plants and animals, that level of culture without which the subsequent appearance of urban civilization would have been impossible? What was the environmental situation within which the effective village-farming community came into being? What is to be learned of human culture in general as it adapts itself to a revolutionary change in subsistence and settlement types? What changes in the social and moral orders (as well as in the technical order) attended the "food-producing revolution"? It has been maintained that within the whole half-million years of human history, there have been only two great technological-economic revolutions, the food-producing and the industrial revolutions. It is appropriate that research interest within a society making its social and moral adjustments to the industrial revolution should turn to the investigation of the same types of cultural change as these attended the comparable earlier revolution.

A summary of current understanding of the earliest appearance of food-production, which took place in Southwestern Asia approximately at 8,000 B.C. is to be found in the "Current Problems in Research" series in the journal Science (1958; vol. 127, pp. 1419-1430; Robert J. Braidwood; "Near Eastern Prehistory: The swing from food-collecting cultures to village-farming communities is still imperfectly understood.").

Robert J. Braidwood

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July 10, 1959

[Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute who received and read our Newsletter of February 27 may be interested to receive further word about the expedition which Professor Robert J. Braidwood is taking into the field. It was indicated in the earlier letter that whether the expedition could take the field and precisely where it might locate itself depended upon prevailing political circumstances and upon the extent to which the antiquities laws of the several near eastern countries might provide propitious circumstances for its work. As things have turned out a combination of factors made it desirable to send the expedition to Iran. Prof. Braidwood is currently in the process of packing his expedition effects and by mid-July he and Mrs. Braidwood will be headed for Khuzistan via continental Europe and Turkey. We wish him and the members of his party much success and look forward to following him in these Newsletters during the fall and winter. CHK]

ARCHEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS IN IRAN; THE IRANIAN PREHISTORIC EXPEDITION

September 15, 1959 -- June 15, 1960

In all of human history, the first experiment in urban and literate civilized life came about in the alluvial basin of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers about five thousand years ago. It was here, in ancient Sumerian Mesopotamia, that the Western Cultural Tradition had its birth. But in order that an urban civilized society might be possible, it had first been necessary that the domestication of plants -- especially the cereals -- and of animals be achieved. There is growing evidence that village-farming settlements, based upon the cultivation of domesticated wheat and barley and with at least the goat and dog as domesticated animals, were already flourishing at 6750 B.C. These earliest known agricultural settlements, however, lay not in alluvial southern Mesopotamia but rather in its surrounding arc of hills which runs from Palestine through Lebanon and Syria, Southern Turkey, Iraqi-Kurdistan to southwestern Iran. Through these hills the Tigris and Euphrates and their tributaries, and the lesser streams of the Iranian flanks break out onto the alluvial plain.

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In the previous field season since World War II, the prehistoric research of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago has been focused upon evidence for the beginnings of agricultural-village life in Iraqi-Kurdistan, in the hill country above the modern oil center of Kirkuk. Here, at Jarmo, the earliest now known traces of domesticated wheats and barleys were found. The associated excavations of the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research uncovered an even earlier open-air establishment at Karim Shahir. French, British, and Israeli archaeologists have excavated somewhat comparable early settlements on the Palestinian end of the arc of the hill-flanks.

The Oriental Institute and the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research are now sending a prehistoric expedition to Iran to examine the south-eastern end of the arc of the hill-flanks. The western slopes of the Zagros Mountains, between the modern cities of Kermanshah and Khiraz, do in fact overlook the classic alluvial plain of southern Mesopotamia where literate urban civilization began. So far, this important section of the Zagros flanks is terra incognita from the point of view of the appearance of the earliest village-farming communities. This area -- the effective drainage basin of Iranian Khuzistan -- must also have contained the environmental prerequisites for beginning experiments in agriculture and early village life. The expedition staff is therefore convinced that exploration and excavation along the Zagros flanks will yield much new knowledge of how, where, and when food production was first achieved, so that a new stage in human history became possible.

Because the problem is in large part one of understanding the ancient natural environment, as well as the human cultures which this environment sustained, the expedition staff will include both senior and junior investigators in botany, geology, and zoology. This is possible because of a substantial grant to the Oriental Institute from the National Science Foundation. The senior natural scientists are:

Perry Bialor, archeological assistant;
Linda Braidwood, archeologist;
Richard Ellis, archeologist;
Kent Flannery, physical anthropologist and zoologist;
Frank Hole, archeological assistant;
James Knudstad, architect;
Anne McKnight, botanist;
Elizabeth Morris, archeologist;
Patty Jo Watson, anthropologist; and
Richard Watson, geologist.

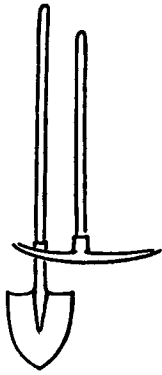
Iranian Khuzistan is, at the moment, the scene of significant developmental and reclamation projects as well as of oil production. On behalf of the Iranian Government the Resources and Development Corporation of New York and the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations

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are proceeding with plans for restoring and increasing the agricultural effectiveness of Khuzistan. Although the Iranian Prehistoric Expedition is primarily concerned with making a general contribution to understanding a very important phase of human history, the expedition staff also intends to make its own specific contribution -- in cooperation with the development agencies -- to a comprehension of the historical-geographical growth of an area of considerable contemporary interest. Modern problem - oriented archeology need not always live in an ivory tower. The two pronged attack of the Iranian Prehistoric Expedition upon the general culture history and the natural history of a region of great mid-twentieth century significance suggests an archeological interest of quite a different order from that of Carter at Tutankhamen's tomb.

Robert J. Braidwood

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Newsletter from Baghdad

Baghdad, July 14-17, 1959

Dear Members and Friends:

I imagine you will hardly be expecting to receive an Oriental Institute Newsletter from Baghdad with a July date line, and you may be sure that I never expected to be writing one, especially not this summer. Mrs. Kraeling and I had scarcely settled down at our camp in the Adirondacks, both of us looking forward to the first real vacation in ten years and I to the opportunity of putting a lot of scholarly words on paper, when I was suddenly invited by our State Department to serve as one member of a four-man delegation to represent the United States at the celebration of the first anniversary of the Republic of Iraq, beginning July 14. Our U.S. Ambassador at Baghdad, the Honorable John Jernegan, was to head the delegation and Mr. Saxton Bradford of Cultural Affairs and Mr. William Handley of U.S.I.S. and myself were to serve under and with him.

An invitation of this kind it is difficult to refuse under any circumstances. I thought it was an excellent idea of the State Department to include in such a group someone who knew Iraq but who was not in regular government service, and I regarded it as an honor to be thought of in that connection. Moreover, the Oriental Institute, which had been unable to put a mobile archaeological expedition into the field in Iraq this year due to the unsettled conditions prevailing this spring when the venue of the expedition had to be decided, could only benefit by my being on the delegation and by having an opportunity on the side to discuss with Iraq Government officials the prospects for the future. Above all, so much can be said to hinge for our western nations upon the outcome of the current developments in Iraq, that anyone conscious of his responsibility to his country could scarcely decline its call for his services, even though as in my case the heat of the Iraq summer and the nature of the program might place something of a strain upon him. So after clearing with Dr. Robert Page of Billings Hospital, who has taken such good care of me since the coronary attack I had last summer after my return from work in Libya, I accepted the invitation, making only this request that I be permitted to return to Chicago by July 20 for my regular prothrombin-time test. There followed hurried visits to Chicago and Washington and leaving New York on July 9 in the pleasant

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company of Messrs. Bradford and Handley I arrived at Baghdad on July 11 in the middle of a typical sand-storm. The storm abated but the heat stayed with us during the entire period of our sojourn, ranging each day between a maximum of 110-117 degrees in the shade and a minimum of 80-85 degrees in the hours before dawn.

In spite of the merciless glare of the sun Baghdad was definitely in a carnival mood. We could feel the anticipation of the festivities mounting during the first days of our stay there. In the midst of the typically confused traffic on Rashid Street, - now doubly tangled because it was compacted into the cooler hours of the day, - workmen with trucks, ladders, hammers, paint brushes and pliers were struggling to mount the decorative arches, bowers, banners, pictures, strings of colored lights and paper festoons that ultimately adorned every square, street, house and shop. Where public works were in progress, - new streets, new monuments, new buildings, - Herculean efforts were being made to finish the last details or to 'pretty up' the exterior and the site. Streets were closed to civilian traffic to permit the military to rehearse the opening parade of its mechanized units. Buses were bringing in loads of visitors from neighboring towns or loads of sheep for the festive boards, and trucks with melons piled six feet high rolled in in seemingly endless stream from the fields. There was tension in the air all right, but the tension over the edict suspending the activity of political parties and that caused by rivalry between "fronts" and "federations" and "associations" was overlaid with that of preparing for a three-day 'whammy' of a celebration that was to combine Army Day and May Day, the Fourth and Labor Day into one, and that was to exhibit to the world and more particularly to the delegations from some 60 countries the meaning of the revolution of July 14, 1958. As it turned out the celebration became one continuous ovation and personal triumph for one man, the "Savior of Iraq," the "Father of Liberals," the "Pious Son of the People" and "Sole Leader," the Prime Minister and Brigadier General Abdul Kerim Kassim. For he it was who, according to his own words, had put an end to the exploitation of Iraq and its people by a monarchy that had served selfish and imperialistic interests, who had created the new freedom of the "liberated democracy" and who by abolishing the last vestiges of feudalism and by focusing the Development Program on the needs of the common man proposed to bring well-being, happiness and a more prosperous future to his people.

There were parades, military and civilian; there were openings of this and corner stone layings of that; there were dedications and graduations, banquets, speeches, water sports, roadside theaters and 'fish-fries' (massouf, a Baghdad specialty of filleted fish roasted over an open fire), but every occasion was turned by the shouting, dancing, rhythmically clapping ecstatic surging masses of humanity into one continuous, tumultuous riot of acclaim for the one man Abdul Kerim Kassim, "tayyish, tayyish, tayyish" (may he live, may he live, may he live). The celebrations were hard enough on the delegations, for our normal schedule was to arise at 4:00 A.M. so as to

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be on hand at the exercises that began each morning at 6:00 A.M., that often lasted till noon and that, resuming at 8:00 P.M., went on till 2:00 or even 3:30 A.M. the next morning. How General Kassim lasted through it all is a wonder. But he was always the same, responding endlessly and vigorously to the acclaim, smiling but firm, his prognathous lower jaw giving strength of visage to a body of no heroic proportions, his words uttered with the clipped sharpness of a drill-sergeant, his eyes full of purpose, his sentiments bespeaking a high idealism, patient but not yielding, a man with a sense of mission but not either a neurotic or a demagogue.

It was interesting to observe the various delegations. Those from the western European countries were largely ambassadorial - consisting of the chief diplomatic representatives of the country already resident in Iraq and one or two members of his staff. Our own was also of this general type, - but with variations on the theme - myself in particular. Communist China and Mongolia had groups of five or more chunky solid men all wearing suits of the same cut and color, moving in a body with their eyes always fixed on one 'boss-man' in the group. Soviet Russia had the largest group to my knowledge, more free in their actions, taller of stature, different as to individual types but all business-like and quick in their behavior. Fraternization between delegations was typically only within the existing grouping of communist and western powers. Fraternization with Iraqi officials and by Iraqi officials was across the board though some ministers and Directors General were more often seen with the representatives of one set of powers than with those of the opposite camp. The Chinese and Mongolian delegations were in my judgment the most active and ubiquitous of all. You never really lost sight of them, it seemed.

It was interesting to follow the official schedule of events and to see what was receiving attention. Of course a great deal, the completion and inauguration of which was celebrated in triumph, was what the old regime had planned and begun - the Tabrir Plaza at the east end of the new bridge, the new Jumhuriyah Street (Independence Street) that runs parallel to Rashid Street currently through a maze of ruins, the Jumhuriyah Mosque begun by King Feisal, the Palace of the Republic begun as King Feisal's palace, and (I believe) the Safaraniyah housing development. But there were also new enterprises of the new regime - new housing developments, undertaken for army officers and civilians, a new fair-grounds with industrial and cultural exhibits in the Mansour district, a distinctly beautiful memorial arch over the tomb of an unknown soldier in one of the circular plazas on Sa'adun Street - an arch inspired by and copied from that of the Sassanian palace at Ctesiphon, - and so on.

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One episode connected with the official program may be of particular interest to you because it illustrates how other nations are wooing (and winning?) the Iraq people. On Wednesday evening we were invited to the al'Mansour Club gardens to attend an 'entertainment'. About 1500 people were there. On a stage constructed in the garden we were to hear Hungarian music and see Iraqi and Chinese dances. At 10:00 P.M., when the scheduled program was supposed to begin a chunky man unexpectedly appeared on the stage and read in Russian a message from the artists of Soviet states, extending their greetings to the artists and the artistically-minded people of Iraq at the anniversary of their liberation. This was followed by more than an hour's entertainment by a troupe of Soviet 'artistes,' whom the officials responsible for the evening's program had apparently permitted to take the stage. There was a good basso, a better baritone, there was a 'magician,' there were 'muscle-men,' there were ballet and cossack dancers, - a full-scale variety show. The occasion ended with the baritone singing songs in Arabic, one especially made up in honor of the Prime Minister General Kassim. It was excellent entertainment and it 'got across' at the level of the Iraqi officials and their families who were in attendance along with the invited delegations. Only one sour note may have disturbed the Russian delegation in its enjoyment of our situation. At one point the audience was so captivated by the rhythm of a musical number that it began to clap rhythmatically in time with the music. The moment was climactic, and could have marked the point at which the Russian troupe took over and ran away with the evening. But at this crucial moment some Iraqi, who must have been a lot more quick-witted than most of the rest of us, started chanting the name "Abdul Kerim Kassim" to the rhythm of the clapping and soon the whole audience had fallen in with his chant. The tide had been turned back from the Russians to the national hero of Iraq. It was really an interesting thing to have seen happen and symbolic perhaps of how continuously the struggle of forces in modern Iraq goes on and how in any given instance the outcome can be made to vary.

It was interesting to observe and hear the milling crowds that attended every event save those scheduled at places far outside the city limits. At the beginning they were always held behind solid files of soldiers at least near the viewing and reviewing stands, while we the delegates and above all the Prime Minister, General Kassim, took our places. But as the events moved on the crowds became ever deeper and the pressure from behind and the desire of those in front to see caused the front ranks to move irresistibly forward till finally they engulfed everything - shouting, howling, stamping, clapping "Abdul Kerim Kassim, Abdul Kerim Kassim," in endless repetition. On the first day at the end of the military parade the foreign delegations' stand was the scene of a special demonstration. We were rushed by a tightly packed mass of humanity that danced, clapped and shouted before us - completely imprisoning all of us for almost an hour. The next day, at the parade of the civilian groups of all sorts, our stand was infiltrated and ultimately just about taken over - especially by women and children, and the parade

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itself was immobilized. But demonstrators and infiltrators were curious and friendly, not hostile and the military guards handled them firmly but in good humor. Going through the crowds in the official cars assigned to delegations was perhaps the most illuminating of all. The cars crawled through seemingly endless lines of people all clapping, shouting or chanting slogans endlessly repeated, reaching their arms in through the windows to shake hands. But all were either curious or just having a wonderful time. There was no "Yankee go home," no mud-throwing. In the parades themselves national front groups had occasion to voice partisan sentiments. There were groups with the hammer and sickle emblem prominently displayed. There were groups who chanted "death to the traitors" - referring to the political prisoners from the Mossul "putsch" whose trial is currently in progress. There were banners against "imperialism" and a very effective float showing Uncle Sam, John Bull, and Mr. France playing dice, while the Palestine refugees were shown starving in their tents. But all passed in review before the Prime Minister, who remained the all-important factor in the equation.

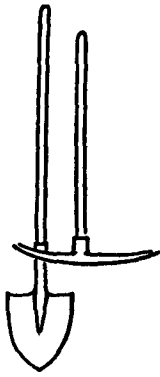
It was important above all to hear the major address of the Prime Minister, General Kassim on the night of July 14th. It was a long speech for the General had much to say about a myriad of internal issues including the restoration of the political parties on January 6 next, the election of a Constitutional Assembly and welfare and land-division programs. The important thing for the outside world was the moderation and friendliness shown to the nations (including other Arab nations) with which he has had open disagreement in the past. The speech was definitely on the kindly side, though by no means renunciatory of anything. It did single out the Soviets for special mention as states with which the Prime Minister expected to develop better relations, but he did not mince words when he said in that connection that while the Iraq wheel turns in concert with that of other liberated people, the Iraq wheel is a separate entity and will never be linked with another. Nor did he merely promise free 'pie in the sky by and by' to his own people. Rather he insisted that hard work and sacrifice were a most important ingredient in the achievement by the "immortal republic" of its destiny.

What then is the upshot of all this? It is clear that Prime Minister Kassim is under tremendous pressures from inside his country and from outside, the pressure of actually improving the economic status of his people, the pressure of organizing a program of public works and of land-reform that will help at this point, the pressure of financing the country's military, administrative and welfare budgets, the pressure to revise the oil agreements, the pressure of political groups wishing to pull the country into the orbit of radical socialism and communism. It is clear that he has specific points beyond which he will not let himself be pushed, for instance when he recently told the crowds at a Labor Rally that he reserved for himself and the law the right to say what "traitors" would be punished, and when, as we said above, he told the Soviets that the Iraq "wheel" was a separate operating unit and could not be geared to any other wheel. But it is also clear that he

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was pleading for a period of relaxation of pressure, for a chance to catch his breath and get things organized. He certainly needs it and, in my judgment, deserves it. Whether he will actually get it, is another question. The crowds who were giving their Prime Minister such acclaim at this occasion were made up largely of young men - twenty-five years or younger. They represent the generation that has grown up since the Second World War, that has through education, radio, and cinema heard of a fuller life, but lacks the opportunity and the means to experience it. They are at an impetuous age level and of a deeply sensitive disposition. This means that they can be played upon, and from the rumors we heard at Baghdad during our stay it seemed probable that they were continuously being played upon by various persons or cliques each with a separate formula for helping General Kassim remould Iraq. That they will continue to press him seems quite probable. Of the various groups who are trying each to assert their preeminence and to capture or impress General Kassim that representing the communist ideal is certainly pushing the hardest. It may well be that they are overplaying their hand. We should, I am sure, try to avoid this mistake, being ready nonetheless to help in Iraq's economic and social development when we are asked by it.

Carl H. Kraeling
Director



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NEWSLETTER FROM TURKEY

Boghazkoy, September 12, 1959

Dear Members and Friends:

It was good that I waited so long with this letter, because now I can report that the Braidwood expedition has been here! They arrived about 4:00 P.M. on Friday the 11th in three German DKW jeeps, having left their two trailers at Sungurlu, our nearest district town, which is on the road from Ankara to the Iranian border and about half an hour's drive from here. It was nice to see them all in good health and spirits and be with friends from Chicago, if only for an all too short time. I took them on a quick tour of the rock sanctuary of Yazilikaya, of the most impressive monuments in the Hittite city, and of the citadel where the excavation is in progress, though the time was too short to go into details there. Teshub provided the most spectacular setting for this tour, with a little sun, heavy clouds, brief showers and even a rainbow, so I had the feeling that our guests were duly impressed by the scenery as well as by the size of the site. There was just time enough for tea at the excavation house before they left, after dark, for dinner and a night in the hotel at Sungurlu, whence they planned to proceed eastward today.

The rain that the Hittite Storm god provided for our friends was typical of this year's weather in Turkey: the summer this year has been exceptionally short, with spring rains lasting into July and fall rains starting by the beginning of this month. We have had a number of rainy and chilly days already and are enjoying our kerosene stoves!

For me this is the last full day of my first stay out here in the excavation, where I have spent exactly two weeks now. As planned before, this year's campaign is on a somewhat limited scale. While the actual digging is restricted to Büyükkale, the royal acropolis, some staff members are working in the house on last year's pottery, and we philologists, that is, Professor Heinrich Otten of the University of Marburg and I, are mainly working on the tablets found here in previous years and now kept in the Museum at Ankara.

I arrived in Ankara on July 14th, after ten days in Germany, where I attended the Rencontre Assyriologique at Heidelberg and visited Professor Kurt Bittel in his home town in Württemberg, and ten days in Istanbul, where I collated some Hittite texts in the museum. I found living and working conditions in Ankara very agreeable indeed. The German Archaeological Institute at Istanbul has opened a branch in

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Ankara: a nice, modern, well furnished apartment, where I really felt at home. In the museum, the construction work has again made great progress. The section which houses the offices and storerooms is completed now, some offices including the tablet rooms have been moved to the second floor, and here I got a large room with two desks for Dr. Otten and myself and as many tablets as I asked for. You may remember from previous reports that in 1957 a small separate tablet room had been found on Büyükkale; Otten and I decided to concentrate on the texts from that archive and prepare their publication. This collection contains many large and interesting texts, some in fragments that we were able to join, so the reading and copying of these tablets has been very rewarding indeed. Prof. Otten arrived in Ankara on August 6, and we decided to go to Boghazkoy alternately for short periods. So Otten was here from August 9 to 18, and I came here on the 30th. This year's excavation yielded some 200 fragments of tablets so far, which the two of us have copied during these stays.

In Ankara I frequently saw the Northrops of Chicago. You may know that Professor Northrop of the U. of C. has been in Turkey this summer on behalf of the Ford Foundation. It was a special pleasure to meet these friends and to exchange impressions with them here in Turkey.

From Ankara I made a few weekend excursions. I went to Gordion twice, once alone by train and enjoying the hospitality of the Pennsylvania expedition for two nights, and once by car with my German colleagues. As usual, Professor Rodney Young and his staff were extremely kind to us and let us see and discussed with us their finds and the impressive Phrygian buildings they were clearing. --- Another time Mr. James Mellaart of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara let me join a group that he was taking to a mountain fortress some distance south of Ankara, a very impressive site where the surface pottery ranged from the Bronze to the Iron Age. --- Another British friend took me to a dam on the Kizil Irmak now under construction by a British firm. There a Hittite stone basin, found lying near the river in an area now flooded, was set up on a pedestal in the dam area. The monument may be identical with one reported from the same region in the 1920s or early '30s (I'll have to check when I can get at the publication), but it is good to know that it is well kept now. Professor Ekrem Akurgal of Ankara University plans to publish the piece, which may be taken to the Ankara museum in the near future; in the meantime I am glad to have seen it. It is an excellent piece, a large monolith trough with two spouts shaped as bulls' heads.

Here at Boghazkoy the staff includes Dr. Thomas Beran of the German Institute, who is directing the excavation in the absence of Prof. Bittel (who is expected here soon); two architects, Messrs. Peter Neve and Wulf Schirmer; Dr. Franz Fisher of the University of Tübingen, Dr. Jeanny Vorys, and Miss Andy Seuffert, the last three working on the pottery; the photographer, Mr. Peter Steyer; a Turkish technician who was trained at Gordion; and Mrs. Hatice Kizilyay of the Oriental Museum at Istanbul as representative of the Department of Antiquities. We had many guests, among whom I only mention Professor Machteld Mellink of Bryn Mawr and Gordion, who stayed for three days, and Dr. Annelies Kammenhuber of Munich, a Hittitologist

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who joined our work on the tablets in Ankara and is with us at Boghazkoy now.

The excavation on the royal acropolis, Büyükkale, has made good progress. In the NW corner one building in which Winckler found his first tablets in 1906 and which was further dug in the 1930s is completely cleared now. Work on the Hittite building next to it is still going on. On the south side of the acropolis, the Hittite fortification system and the entrance structures have been further cleared, and deep soundings revealed various Old Hittite levels, in places disturbed deep down by Phrygian intrusions. The tangle of superimposed walls, especially in the SW corner, looks both impressive and bewildering, but our architects are doing an excellent job of disentangling it. One burnt building with mud plaster has come out very neatly; according to the pottery found in it it must be very old. Pottery is abundant everywhere, it is carefully sorted and labeled and will be of great help in dating the various phases. So the prospects of finishing the acropolis excavation in this season seem good.

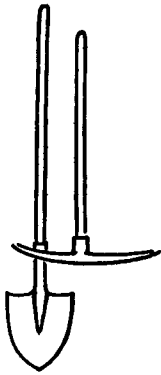
I am returning to Ankara now for more museum work. I hope to meet there Professor Bittel when he is on his way to the excavation, and I intend to come back here toward the end of the month while he is here, so as to be able to see the last stage of the dig before I have to leave Turkey and to discuss this year's work and future plans with Professor Bittel.

With best wishes and greetings to the Oriental Institute Family,

Sincerely yours,

Hans G. Güterbock

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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAN

Kermanshah, October 2, 1959

To the Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

Greetings. This first letter on the activities of the Iranian Prehistoric Project will contain little of archeology--or of the evidence from natural history for the beginnings of agriculture which we seek to recover. We only arrived in Kermanshah the evening before last, and are still heavily involved in the business of getting ourselves settled. However, since today is Friday (the Moslem Sunday), and little can be done otherwise, some of the younger staff have actually gone off in a jeep to look for village sites along the stream east of the town. Thus, field work began as of today, the date of the solar eclipse. I don't know whether this is a special augury or not.

Linda, our son Douglas, Liz Morris and I sailed from New York on the new Bremen on July 21. After several days in London visiting colleagues, we went on to Ingolstad, near Munich, to take delivery on our three German D.K.W. jeeps. By August 3, we were driving northward on the "Romantische Strasse" through the medieval towns of Rothenburg and Dinkelsbühl, on the way to collect our two trailers at Wiedenbrück. Thence we headed south again, to run along the Rhine and skirt the Black Forest, enroute to Strasbourg where we were to stay overnight with an old French friend and colleague, and pick up Frank and Barbara Hole and their son Stephen. The Holes had spent the earlier part of the summer digging with Professor Mivius of Harvard in the classic region of French prehistory at Les Eyzies. From Strasbourg, we drove on through Munich to Mittersill near Salzburg in Austria. We used Mittersill as a final staging point in western Europe.

I made a quick trip down to Rome to meet Bruce Howe, and to consult with people in F.A.O. (The United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization) who had worked in Iran. In the meantime, at Mittersill, Liz and Frank added some bright paint to the jeeps and had jerry-can brackets, etc. attached to them. The point of the painting was that after several letters to the D.K.W. people insisting that we did not want a military color, and trusting their word that "yellow sand would be most appropriate," we found on arrival at Ingolstad that the jeeps were of a fine bold khaki color. The effect--even as we began our drive in Germany--was obvious. Linda drove the first vehicle with Douglas holding the map, Liz the second, and I brought up the rear--thereby being able to enjoy the full range of facial expressions as our small but very military-looking convoy went through villages and towns, with civilian females in the lead vehicles! The form of our German customs plates is ovoid; as this is the standard form of the Swiss license plate, we were most often asked if we were delivering the jeeps to the Swiss army. Anyway, this inclined us to stripe each jeep in a bright primary color--they're now referred to as "the red," "the yellow," or "the blue," although they are still mostly all khaki.

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By the time we left Mittersill on August 25, Gene and Marjorie Garthwaite had joined us--Barbara Hole and Stephen were staying on at Mittersill until we could establish ourselves in Iran. It took us six days to cross Yugoslavia. Off the main highway, the roads were as bad as any we hit on the whole journey, but the countryside was most interesting and the people were curious but friendly, evidently seldom having the opportunity of seeing foreigners. Best of all, we liked the district about Sarajavo, with its heavy substratum of Moslem architecture and folk ways. There are apparently still in common use--since these were not feast days--some of the most brilliant folk costumes I have ever seen anywhere.

We crossed into Greece on September 2, picked up Perry Bialor in Larissa and saw the interesting pre-ceramic village materials in the museum there, and then bore northeast again through Thrace towards Turkey, passing first up the magnificent coast road under Mt. Olympus. We stayed two nights in Istanbul, and then--by a simple ferry ride--crossed over into Asia and arrived in Ankara in the early afternoon of the next day. We took four nights in Ankara, since there were colleagues to see and officials to call on so that I might assess the future possibilities for an interpretation of the Turkish antiquities law which would allow us to do our kind of research in Turkey. I was not greatly encouraged.

Patty Jo and Red Watson were waiting for us in Ankara, also Jean Perrot (a young French colleague, who had been in Chicago for a seminar with us), who had asked to join us for the ride through to Tehran. This made twelve people to spread among the three jeeps, and the two trailers were now both crammed with baggage and field gear. We followed the best road east of Ankara, which actually goes northeast to Samsun on the Black Sea, and along its green and rugged coastline to Trabizon, one of the most handsome littorals I believe I've ever seen. The fine profiles and bright colors of the fishing boats would keep a water colorist happy for years. The run back up onto the plateau from Trabizon to Ezerum was also through fine country. The eastern end of the plateau is quite treeless, and the road runs just south of the great cone of Mt. Ararat, which is still in sight at the Persian frontier. The roads through Turkey were all relatively very good.

The run from the frontier to Tehran took three days, and was incredibly dusty and bumpy. The roads are graveled, but never scraped; the country shows vast and continuous treeless ridges and plains, with clusters of poplar trees only along stream beds. By the time we reached Tehran, our speedometers showed 8400 kilometers (5000 miles), and we had a direct impression--in reverse order--of one of the main routes by which agriculture spread from the Near East into western Europe.

We had been prepared for the growth and modernization of the city of Ankara, but Tehran was a surprise for us. It now has about two million people, and a great deal of building activity. It is an expensive city; the Iranian wealth in oil makes itself especially felt in Tehran, and in the availability of all kinds of western merchandise--at a price.

It took us ten days to complete the "protocol run" in Tehran. This included calls on the officials of the University of Tehran which participates in our project, on the F.A.O. people, on various ministers, on the chairman of the Iranian National Oil Company, as well as on the Antiquities Service. All this took time, but the contacts are already beginning to pay off handsomely. The Antiquities Service, under Dr. Sadeq Samimi, has been most cooperative and friendly, and one of our greatest pleasures has been the reunion with the now professor of archeology in the University, Ezat Negahban, who was once a student and friend of ours in the Oriental Institute. Ezat will be with us for one or two fortnights of survey this

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Fall; and again for several months when we excavate next Spring. From Tehran we moved southward to Kermanshah.

Kermanshah is a most pleasant town on the lower slopes of the mountains; it has many trees and sufficient water to encourage handsome gardens. Our temporary base is in the Point Four rest house; we very much hope that we will be able to arrange rental for a vacant house in the Presbyterian Mission compound. The weather is excellent, blankets at night, and we are told we must prepare for snow in the winter. Our plan of survey will be to move our parties southwards as the weather closes in, and by January, we should have located a variety of open sites and caves along the western flanks of the Zagros for our Spring digging.

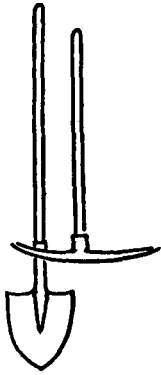
I feel my fifty-two years this morning. We were all bidden to two parties last night. The first was in the Oil Club of the big refinery. This is an entirely Iranian affair, with the upper personnel heavily westernized in outlook and definitely inclined to be friendly and helpful to us. Nevertheless, after Linda and I had been requested to begin the dancing (we're out of practice to put it mildly!) and western style dancing presently gave way to Iranian, Armenian, Assyrian, and Azerbaijani folk dances. I think we "won friends and influenced people"; anyway I'm rather pleased at the way we were able to join in the fun, but it was strenuous. After that, square dancing at the Point Four rest house was even relaxing, but I feel the loss of energy today! I'm assured that the social whirl in Kermanshah is not normally so active, and I certainly hope not, as we have work to do. Nevertheless, it takes more kinds of activity to get an expedition floated properly than people generally recognize, and Azerbaijani folk dancing appears to be part of it here.

Next time, I shall be able to tell you how the survey has progressed and of the housing we find.

Best of cheer,

Bob Braidwood

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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAN

Kermanshah, November 18, 1959

To the Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

Greetings. I ended my last letter (of October 2) on a note of how we were establishing ourselves in Kermanshah, complete with active participation in Azerbaijani folk dancing at the Oil Refinery Club house. This turns out to have been a politic thing to do. The oil people subsequently gave us the use of four very pleasant bungalows at their pumping station near Shahabad, the county seat of a valley where we had surface surveying to do. The timing was perfect. We finished off the Shahabad and its adjoining valleys just at the moment the missionary people decided to rent us a large house in their Kermanshah compound. We moved back to Kermanshah on November 9, used a couple of days getting ourselves settled, and are now at work surveying the much larger Kermanshah valley system.

For us surface survey means visiting all of the mounds (especially the little inconspicuous ones, so when our choices are made, we can afford to dig one or two next spring) and the caves in valleys which we take to be geographically strategic.

Our thinking is keyed to topographic, rainfall and vegetation maps, rather than to the accidents of modern political boundaries, since our concern must be with environment--as it is and was. The world's earliest farmers, whom we're seeking, were not worried by modern customs barriers and border police. Day before yesterday, we drove up into one of the tributary valleys of the Kermanshah drainage, crossed an easy divide, and were within 96 miles of Bruce Howe's 1955 cave at Palegawra and about 110 miles from Jarmo. We are in the same country, environmentally speaking, although Palegawra and Jarmo are in Iraq and we are in Iran. It would be, our maps show, an easy enough journey on foot, from where we drove, to Jarmo via Sulimaniyah, or even on up to the Turkish obsidian beds. The strike of the Zagros ridges is from northwest to southeast, and the valleys lie between the ridges. The whole country is well watered, there are some oak trees, and plenty of wild sheep and goat. Jack Harlan will check the wild grains next spring.

Even the little Shahabad valley--a sort of backwater from the Kermanshah system,--proved very rich for our purposes. Of approximately a hundred sites--covering all of the later prehistoric and historic periods--we found at least half a dozen which we shall have to consider very seriously when we come to making our choices for excavation. With allowances for some regional differences, Bruce and I feel there must be approximate counterparts here for our Palagawra, Karim Shahr and Jarmo phases of Iraqi Kurdistan. Bruce is taken with the

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relative excellence of the flint tools, and I'm especially intrigued by two occurrences of surface potsherds which strongly hint at the origins of a rare painted ware we found in the lowest pottery-bearing strata at Jarmo. You will note my susceptibility to that old illusion of the field archaeologist, the illusion that wherever he happens to be working at the moment is the center of the universe. Actually, of course, we do not know whether this area or that about Jarmo was a focus of greater cultural intensity some eight or ten thousand years ago. It is at least clear, from the presence of obsidian, that both areas had contact with Turkey.

From our beginning so far in the Kermanshah valley, I would guess it will prove even richer than the smaller Shahabad valley. I would expect that the whole range of time during which the valley has been inhabited runs continuously, from that of a fine Acheulean hand-axe (ca. 100,000 years old--the oldest artifact we've yet located, and probably the oldest yet found in Iran) down to the present. My only worry is how we'll possibly be able to choose sites for excavation next spring--I expect such an embarrassment of riches.

Incidentally, we are not the first Oriental Institute staff to do survey in this area. If you have access to Erich Schmidt's Flights Over Ancient Cities of Iran, look at his maps and especially at Plate 97, showing the mountain of Taq-i-Bustan overlooking the Kermanshah plain. While Dr. Schmidt's aerial survey was not particularly concerned with our range of perhistoric time, we find his magnificent photographs most useful, and recommend them for your own enjoyment.

I'll have one of the others on the staff send you a letter a bit later, on our household establishment, and will close with a story of how the mysterious East still goes on in its own mysterious way. After two inconclusive visits, much tea drinking, and the securing of a required letter of introduction from the American Consul in Tehran, the manager of the local bank finally got himself set to arrange a checking account for us. Bruce and Linda went with me, and I had had the American Consul request that they--and Carl Kraeling at home--all have access to the account, in case of accident to one or more of us. The manager first liquidated Carl Kraeling. If he was not here to sign, how could he possibly be a signatory? I again made my point--suppose an earthquake swallowed up Linda, Bruce and me, how could the University reclaim its money? The manager waved this aside easily. Wasn't the American Consul's letter already in the file? Wasn't the American Consul all of America, the University of Chicago, everything? Obviously, Carl Kraeling and even that far away University weren't going to get in on this thing.

Next, endless forms were brought in, and more tea, and the bank manager's niece. Since there is almost always a counter theme in these affairs to blur the main issue, I have to bring the niece in, however parenthetically. The niece, a bouncing Kurdish girl of about twenty, had married an American engineer of one of the construction companies here. But when he took her back to Seattle, she discovered he had already been married before, had a fifteen year old son, a roving eye, and wasn't really an engineer at all. So she'd left him, and had only been back in Kermanshah two months. She'd loved America, but that man!

Now you'll get a picture of Bruce, Linda and me in the manager's office, stacks of forms and a litter of tea glasses, the manager and two clerks hovering to help us, and the niece chattering about her love life. It took us half an hour to get everything signed. I seemed to be giving Bruce and Linda all kinds of powers of attorney, and--as director--was clearly being inscribed as owner of the account, but I sensed something was wrong--I couldn't see just what. I kept

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repeating that any one of the three of us must be able to sign a check, alone, and have it negotiable. The bank manager kept nodding and saying, "Is good, I fix all." Finally the check book was produced and we seemed to be finished.

"Now," I said, again, "we can each of us draft a check, any one of us signing it?"

"No," said the bank manager, "not you. You own account for that University. Dr. Howe or Mrs. Braidwood sign, but not you. You own, they sign."

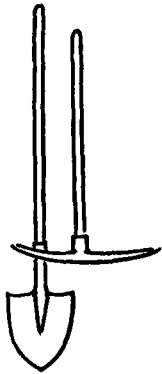
Linda says she would pay a great deal for a photograph of the expression on my face. But I simply couldn't face another attempt to untangle it. So Linda and Bruce sign, I own, and I guess the American Consul in Tehran is the effective director of the Oriental Institute and probably chancellor of the University, too.

We all thrive mightily!

Best of cheer,

Bob Braidwood

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GREETINGS FROM CHICAGO HOUSE

Luxor, Egypt
November 23, 1959

Dear Friends:

It seems like a much longer time than about two months since Mrs. Hughes and I left Chicago and were treated to a red-carpet reception on our arrival at Cairo airport after a year and a half's absence. The weather too added to the welcome by being as cool as any October we could recall.

We arrived on October 1 just in time for me to attend, as a representative of the Institute, a meeting of Egyptologists and other specialists called by UNESCO and the Egyptian government to discuss the problem of saving for posterity in one way or another the ancient remains in Nubia which will be submerged when the new high dam is built at Assuan. I understand that work on the dam will begin in December. The government is seeking the assistance of institutions abroad which could carry on excavations and otherwise contribute to the rescue task. I see that Time magazine of November 23 now reports on the meeting and the task.

The other members of the staff of the Epigraphic Survey arrived in Egypt from various parts of the earth and by various routes in the second week of October and all were in Luxor by zero day, October 15. It is a large staff this season and we come closer to filling the house than in many a season. You are accustomed to seeing the names of the regulars, some of them of long-standing, in the newsletters issuing from Luxor: Nims, Healey, Floroff and Coleman. This year we have some new faces among us.

Last season Leslie Greener of Tasmania, who had been a draftsman for the Survey in the 'thirties, returned to us again. This season we have in addition a brand new draftsman, making a full complement of four. He is John F. Foster who is already, in just a month's time a solidly integrated and congenial member of the family. Besides,--and this also has its points--he can draw well and rapidly, and he seems even in the beginning to be able to divine remarkably well what the ancients put on the walls. Draftsmen frequently come to believe that what they must divine is not what they can plainly see but what some Egyptologist thinks they should see.

Another new-comer to the staff this season is Dr. Edward F. Wente who received his doctorate at the University in August. Ed is scarcely a stranger to Chicago House, for as a Fulbright grantee and a fellow of the American Research Center in Egypt he has in recent years spent considerable time with us. Thanks to the good offices of Dr. Kraeling Ed forms a triumvirate with Charles Nims and myself on the Egyptological side.

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Still another though temporary member is James Knudstad whose presence with us we also owe to Dr. Kraeling. Jim has been lent to us until about March when Bob Braidwood and his Iran-Jarmo expedition will presumably require him. He is hard at work surveying the Tomb of Kheruef which the Institute and the Egyptian Department of Antiquities jointly excavated in the two preceding seasons and about which you have heard a good deal. Jim's expert work will provide the plans and elevations as well as architectural observations for the publication of the tomb and its reliefs.

We have indicated to the Department of Antiquities our readiness to provide for a limited amount of additional clearing in the Tomb of Kheruef. A small amount of debris, particularly that upon which a wooden structure had been built some years ago to protect one of the decorated walls, ought still to be removed. There are also remains of late mud-brick walls which the Department indicates its desire to remove, especially those standing upon considerable debris. A few others resting on the floor of Kheruef's open court are fairly well preserved and form small courts before the doors of later tombs. Those we expect to leave as they are. The Department promises shortly to decide upon and provide for another proper protection over the decorated wall so that the present one can be removed. We are still discussing how much we ought to do by way of removing the debris from the numerous later tombs which used the walls of Kheruef's spacious court as their facades. These largely Ramesside tombs, though not our immediate concern, are interesting in their own right and contain inscriptions of importance.

In the enumeration of the inmates of the house as a means of describing what is going on we may be permitted to claim Dr. Donald P. Hansen, a new member of the Institute staff, who was with us for about two weeks. Don was on his way from his summer's work on the excavations at Sardis to the Institute in Chicago. He and Jim Knudstad arrived in Luxor together and shortly thereafter made a trip up river by train and boat to the Sudanese frontier town of Wadi Halfa. They could not obtain visas to go beyond that point into the Sudan as they had planned, but they were able to visit near Halfa the remarkable remains of the Middle Kingdom fortress at Buhen which is being excavated by Professor W. B. Emery for the Egypt Exploration Society of England.

As a guest in the house for the season Miss Elizabeth Thomas of Princeton, New Jersey, is pursuing her explorations of the royal tombs at Thebes under the sponsorship of the American Research Center in Egypt. Miss Thomas is scarcely an outsider either, for she has spent at least two previous seasons with us since 1946. She is engaged in investigating all the royal tombs she can find whether inscribed or not in the expectation of tracing the changes in plan and type of the tombs.

The majority of the staff, four draftsmen and three Egyptologists, are in hot pursuit as usual of what Ramesses III's sculptors put upon the walls of his mortuary temple at Medinet Habu. After having been away from the expedition enjoying last winter's weather in Chicago I was impressed on my return this autumn to see with some initial detachment how near we are to completing the record of all the inscriptions in this huge structure. That is not to imply that there are not still a good many square yards yet to get down on some kind of paper. As soon as we have caught up on the draftsmen a little we Egyptologists plan to begin organizing the material for Volume VI of the Medinet Habu series so that it may be turned over to Dr. Kraeling and the editorial staff next summer--with our blessing, of course. This volume will not conclude the record of the temple itself, but another one will.

I have asked the staff to provide me with startling or at least newsworthy bits that may have escaped me. Thus far no one has spoken up except Mrs. Hughes who

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reminds me that a couple of turkeys who made a racket in the backyard for a week are now reposing in the refrigerator. This only reminds me that Thanksgiving is at hand and that the season is as usual going much too rapidly.

The tourists whose coming means so much to the livelihood of so many in Luxor have been coming constantly and in large numbers since our arrival. It is reported that they came all summer long. This is a most unusual situation so early and the hotels report themselves booked for months in advance. The largest of the hotels, the Winter Palace, is going to construct an additional wing and it will be air-conditioned for the hot weather trade.

Chicago House has been honored by calls from numerous visitors to Luxor but perhaps the best known who came to tea were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lippmann, who need no further identification, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilger van Scherpenberg, Secretary of State in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Bonn government.

As yet we have heard of no other archaeological groups arriving to begin work, but Dr. Mohammed Abd-el-Qader, Chief Inspector of Antiquities for Upper Egypt, has just begun recruiting workmen to continue clearing away the high mound in front of Luxor Temple. (I learned of his recruiting quickly because I was besieged by our own workmen who wanted me to write letters of recommendation to Dr. Abd-el-Qader for their sons, brothers and nephews who needed work.) Until recently a central and very old portion of modern Luxor was built on this mound, the accumulation of centuries of occupation, which covers many yards deep the Pharaonic avenue of sphinxes that led from the Karnak to the Luxor Temple. The government is leveling the area to create a public garden around Luxor Temple and along the corniche. -

The local news is no more exciting than the silence of staff members on the subject of newsworthy items would indicate. We do read in the Cairo paper that a bridge is to be built across the Nile here at Luxor. This would greatly change life in Luxor by doing away with the motor boats and sail boats which now ferry natives and tourists across. It would also render unnecessary our daily journey in our launch and the garaging of our station wagon on the west bank. Some of the romance would be going out of seeing the Theban necropolis as a tourist and out of Chicago House archaeology, but we bear this announcement in the press with some scepticism not to say much equanimity because we have heard several times since 1946 that a bridge would soon be built at Luxor.

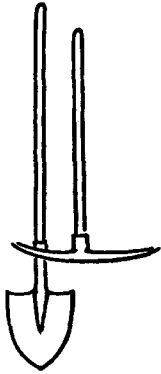
When more exciting news is made Chicago House will report it. Since I write shortly before Thanksgiving it is fitting that I wish you bon appetit. In view of the inevitable time-lag between my writing and your receipt of this letter it would perhaps be still more fitting if I add also our best wishes for the Christmas season that looms ahead.

Sincerely,

George R. Hughes

Field Director

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAN

January 18, 1960

[Members and Friends of the Institute may be interested in the following which has just come in as part of one of those heavily stuffed letters that come in every now and then from Prof. Braidwood in distant Kermanshah. The writer is Gene R. Garthwaite, a graduate student at the University, who joined the expedition at the last moment as general factotum and handyman.]

Salam aleycum . . .

Since Bob's last letter to you the expedition has survived the holiday season, finished its initial survey, and has begun to plan excavations for the spring. Christmas began quietly Christmas Eve with a family celebration around our tree, but the pace began to quicken with our open house on Christmas afternoon and with numerous parties throughout the week in the western colony. Our open house gave us an opportunity to thank all of the Iranians and Americans who have helped us, and it also gave us further opportunity to show them some of the flints and sherds that we have collected on survey. I am not sure, but I believe that many of our guests looked at us with skeptical eyes. They could understand why somebody would excavate Persepolis or some site which yields gold or bronze articles, but bits of pots and chips of stone--that is something else again.

Joining the expedition and prehistoric archaeology at the last minute I, too, was at first skeptical. On our first survey, during the memorable trip through southern Yugoslavia, I was initiated into the game, found it stimulating and decided that prehistorians had free-running minds which could fabricate a tale out of any bit of stone that they picked up. But since then, and after the survey of 197 mounds and caves, I am a little wiser,--they do know what they are doing. It does not take too many survey trips before a novice begins to feel and to understand the excitement of finding a site which contains fine blades, sickle blades, blade cores, burins, stone bowls, and obsidian.

Survey begins in the evening over a map and a discussion of specific things to watch for. And in the morning, breakfast over, the survey team loads up a jeep with empty specimen bags, maps, field glasses, shovels (just in case there are muddy fields), and lunch. The survey group then drives to the pre-selected area to begin the actual work. Slowly they drive through the area, over irrigation ditches, streams, bogs, and rocks, scanning the ground for the telltale mounds. Mounds are usually ashly in color and vary from a few feet in height to a hundred. A mound is spotted, and everybody jumps out bag-in-hand and begins to examine the ground closely. If the cries of "flint," "cores," or "painted pottery" are heard, the site will probably be called "interesting." Frequently a mound and its

artifacts will provoke the derisive remark of "modern." I always thought that modern was modern, but I now know that for the prehistorian modern means the entire period of time since prehistory.

Invariably a mound is close to a village, and as soon as the village men,-- who have been sunning themselves on the roof tops,--spot the jeep, they investigate along with swarms of gaily dressed children. Frequently they all help gather flints and sherds, and their old and wizened leaders are willing to reveal the location of other mounds, to give the names of the mound and village, and to complain of village problems. One mound was near a recently decayed village. There the problem had been the ghosts living in the adjacent cemetery.

I probably have the expedition's most pleasant job; not only do I join in the excitement of exploration on survey, but I also have the fun of going to the bazaar to bargain for and to buy all of the items that the expedition needs--from eggs to hair pieces. The new queen's coiffure, the "Diba-do," created a stir not only among the Iranian women in Kermanshah but also among the women of the Iranian Prehistoric Project. Before making the final selection, the little, old, and bald wigmaker gleefully modeled some of his rattier-looking wigs for us. Usually I make more vital purchases.

Shopping is a game of wits; the customer tries to outwit the shopkeeper and vice versa. The shopkeeper has the advantage, because not one article in all of Kermanshah has a price written on it. These salesmen have fabulous memories, because they must remember the prices of the hundreds of items which they sell. Bargaining has a set ritual and I learned the ropes and correct prices from a master, Richard Corley, who manages the Christian orphanage next door, and who bargains for the price an Iranian would pay. You are shown the article, and you examine it minutely and then ask the price. It is given, and if you speak Farsi (Persian) you immediately criticize the object and tell the shopkeeper that he is a liar, that there is water in the vinegar, that the price is this at another shop, and that the price should be this. And your protagonist immediately puts his right hand over his heart and looks piously to the heavens as if to say, "How could a righteous man like myself lie to you?" Having an extremely limited Farsi vocabulary I can only exclaim, "Neist!", after hearing the price. This handy little words means approximately, "It couldn't be!" And then I offer what I think to be a fair price. This is seldom accepted the first time unless my price guarantees them a ridiculously high profit. If my price is too low, they will usually repeat the wholesale price and their margin of profit, and if I still look skeptical they pull out a stack of invoices to show me that they are telling the truth. Of course I cannot read Arabic script. If I don't get my price I leave, and if the man really wants my money I soon feel his little apprentice tugging on my sleeve indicating that I should return. (At the end of the bargaining the apprentice always expects a toman [ten cents] for luck.) As you pay the shopkeeper, he whispers, "For you, my friend, only this price."

Bargaining is a time consuming practice, because it must be done in every shop for every item and for every time that you buy, and it is particularly so when one shop sells vegetables, another fruit, another dry fruit and nuts, another dry groceries, ad infinitum. Gradually I am learning that the man who sells nails does not sell screws. And at regular stops the shopkeepers are beginning to save choice items for me, or they give me good prices with less bargaining, or they give me a little baksheesh in the form of a pear, an apple, or a glass of tea. At certain stops I can always expect tea; when I walk by the cotton man's shop (the cotton man is an enormous man, renowned for his healing abilities), when I buy anything from

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the haji who is perhaps the most, if not the only, honest man with whom I deal, and when I go to the Post Office.

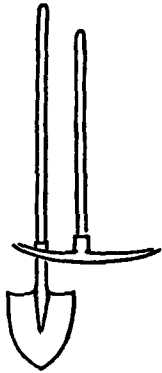
The Post Office is like a nightmare; you have to pinch yourself to make sure that you are not dreaming. We seldom receive mail in our box; therefore, I check a corner of the floor behind the green steel chest in the sorting room, I check several piles of letters on the sorting desk itself and an empty apple box at its end, and I check the translator's desk downstairs, where I usually help decipher a number or an address written with Roman characters. The sorting room itself is something of a social meeting place with much tea drinking and smoking. Time is unimportant, because the letters themselves do not complain. Actually our "place" on the sorting room floor is a select one; I don't know what one box holder did to merit the space under the broom.

The expedition has also been a unique experience for the Post Office. The stamp tellers simply could not cope with a request for one hundred air letter forms. Didn't everybody know that the limit was eight to a customer? Even the Post Office manager was overwhelmed when I asked for "sahd" (one hundred) air letters. Incredulously he repeated the number over between sips of tea, and he finally said that the limit was eight. But I explained that more than one person was going to use them, and that Americans wrote many letters. After listing all of the members of the expedition who would be using air letters, he rang for the "sahd" air letters. The Post Office manager is actually extremely helpful and solicitous; he always sends his greeting to our director, Professor Brainwood.

As camp manager I have one other area of major activity, and that is the kitchen with its kerosene stoves and Mohammed. The stoves require a deft touch and a steady temper. To complicate the unpredictable stoves and ovens is the 4,700 foot altitude of Kermanshah. Since our month at Shahabad last fall Mohammed, our cook, too, has learned how to control the stoves and thus to prevent small but dramatic fires and worried cries of, Mister Gene, Mister Gene! Mohammed, who speaks Farsi, Kurdish, Turkish, Hindi, and English, but who can neither write nor read any of them, never ceases to amuse us with his own English idiom; "Pepsi doors," "dead pudding," and "too terrible;" i.e., bottle caps, date pudding, and anything bad, evil, or difficult.

And so to all of you with gas or electric stoves, regular mail, and super markets the best of cheer from the mysterious Middle East.

Gene R. Garthwaite



archeological newsletter

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March 6, 1960

NEWSLETTER FROM IRAN

(The following report on a "seminar" held in Tehran as a joint effort of Iranian and American scholars has been prepared by Prof. Robert Braidwood for publication in the periodical Science and is distributed confidentially to Members of the Oriental Institute with the permission of the editors of Science. It should be of interest to Members because it reflects the scope and objectives of the Institute's prehistoric expedition to the Kermanshah region of Iran and because it exemplifies the close co-operation in which our scholars work with those of the countries where we work. C.H.K.)

A seminar on "The Early Appearance and Development of Agricultural Communities in Iran and Southwestern Asia" was held at the Institute of Archeology of the University of Tehran, February 15-25, 1960, under the chairmanship of Dean A. A. Siassi, with Robert J. Braidwood and Ezat O. Negahban as co-chairmen. The session was organized to take advantage of the presence, in or near Tehran, of a number of prehistoric archeologists and natural historians, both foreign and Iranian, and to consider new evidence bearing on Near Eastern prehistory. Background papers were submitted by Pierre Bessagnet (UNESCO), Linda and Robert J. Braidwood (Chicago), M. L. Dewan (F.A.O.), M. H. Ganji (Tehran), R. Ghirshman (Delegation Archeologique Francais en Perse), Bruce Howe (Harvard), Indu Shekhar (Tehran), Ezat O. Negahban (Tehran), H. Pabot (F.A.O.), Charles A. Reed (Illinois), E. H. Rieben (F.A.O.), D. Sheikhnia (Tehran), M. L. Smith and L. Aksoy (CENTO Inst. of Nuclear Science), L. Vanden Berghe (Ghent), P. J. Watson (Chicago), R. A. Watson (Minnesota).

In the general sessions, beginning with the appearance of Acheulean type hand-axes (in Iran as well as in southwestern Asia generally) about 100,000 years ago, Howe described a trend towards increasing cultural complexity and variety as time went on. Following Acheulean types of tools of wide distribution and uniform type, there came the Mousterian industry which begins to vary regionally. A date might center around 60,000 years ago. Next came the even greater variance in industries of the Upper Palaeolithic blade tool tradition, ending in a flourish of microlithic tools. This stage covered the remainder of the last glacial period, from about 40,000 to 15,000 or even 12,000 years ago. For the next two thousand years, Howe considered the archeological traces of the very interesting transitional range, for which little open sites yield traces of intensified food collection. In a theoretical sense this transitional period must contain the incipient phases of plant and animal domestication. However, the archeological evidence for this period is so slight that its elements of food production cannot yet be defined. Indeed, the artifactual material appears still to be a part of the previous tradition associated with food collectors. It is rather by hind-sight from the next

stage that we postulate this incipient stage.

In his account of the first bona fide traces of the village farming communities Braidwood wondered if a reversal of the trend towards regional intensification might not now be observed. In considering archeological evidence for the earliest village farming communities these factors must be borne in mind:

- 1) Increased size and depth of accumulation, including house structures,-- indicating permanence,--stability and at least eventual population increase. Ethnological data suggest there may be a few exceptions to a general rule that these features imply food production.
- 2) The so-called "Neolithic" traits,--ground stone, e.g. celts and milling stones, pots, weaving, etc.,--probably suggest new species and genera of tools which attend the established village farming community. Various of these traits now appear to have entered the record at different times, either before or after the achievement of food production; but Braidwood asked, "Would a constellation of these traits have been possible without a) an assured and surplus food supply, b) circumstances which allowed the rise of specialist craftsmen, c) a blurring of Howe's regional specialization as trade and even idea exchange now begin to be evidenced?"
- 3) Obvious proof of the village farming community stage depends on the contextually certain traces of the plant and animal domesticates.
- 4) Slightly weaker evidence of the village farming community stage would be artifacts for which the simplest explanation suggests techniques of food production.

Along with the immediate consequences which the above four points suggest, there must have come vast changes in other realms of human culture. Matters of art, religion, politics, law, the moral order are at issue, but we have much more to learn before significant reconstructions of these can be made.

Next Negahban approached the question of whether the formative and earliest stages of the village farming community way of life may be identified on the Anatolian and Iranian plateaus. Strong typological suggestions of this early stage have been gathered from the Iranian plateau, but their serious study is impeded by lack of excavation into deposits of this stage. He next explained the archeological evidence of the well-formed village farming communities known from some eight sites in two subdivisions of cultural development, a northern and a southern one. He then posed certain questions regarding factors in the transition from food collecting to food production. He asked:

- 1) What was the effect of climatic change, if it occurred, on the activities of man in developing this new way of life?
- 2) What was the effect of a deterioration of plant and animal resources, if it occurred, and did it impel man towards a new type of food quest?

Considering these points, one asks, to what degree had man as an increasingly successful food collector become a destroyer of the natural environment.

Indo Shedhar then painted a picture of the brilliant achievement of a later, and urban, civilization in the Indus Valley. Again, lack of information prevents

our knowing what were the antecedents of this civilization. The question of the formation of the Indus Valley civilization is one of the great challenges facing archeology today, and work in India, Pakistan and Iranian Baluchistan will be required before it is met. The available materials from both northern and southern Baluchistan suggest directions for further research.

Next, as the seminar turned its attention to the palaeo-environment, P. J. Watson took up the artifactual and non-artifactual traces of food production in southwestern Asia. This discussion was based upon her ethnological investigations into present-day non-mechanized agricultural procedures as well as on her knowledge of the archeological record. Such artifacts as digging stick weights, stone sickle blades, grindstones, and wheat and barley were singled out. The point was made that these last two items as domesticates were, in fact, artifacts and no longer non-artifactual material. Combining her impressions of present-day non-mechanized procedures with the implications to be drawn from the artifacts, she arrived at a reconstruction of early food production that shares many elements with today's practices of planting, reaping, threshing and winnowing. Such items as the animal-drawn plow, the rotary quern, the metal sickle, etc. are, of course, not present in the earliest stages.

Further exploration of the palaeo-environment followed in Reed's consideration of the animals of the pertinent area and time range. Provocatively describing man's place in nature from the zoologist's point of view, Reed emphasized the importance of the natural habit of social behavior among those animals which became domesticated. The cat appears to be a single exception. Reed defined domestic animals as those whose reproduction man controls. It follows that they also are artifacts. Since the social behavior of the potential domesticates must be assumed to be some millions of years old, it is striking that, with this pre-adaptation, domestication was so long delayed. Reed favored the uplands about the Fertile Crescent as the locale for early domestication and, on the archeological record to date, showed that the dog and the goat were present in domesticated form at both Jarmo in Iraq and Jericho in Palestine at a date which he took to be about 8500 years ago. On present evidence, Reed rejected both the notion of climatic change and changes in human physical type as determinative factors in animal domestication. He saw the achievement of a necessary but unspecified level of cultural evolution as the requisite for domestication, thereby throwing the problem back upon the archeologists. He also concluded that animals were domesticated after permanent human settlements were achieved and that plant domestication may well have preceded animal domestication.

Next followed a joint consideration of the physical factors in the palaeo-environment by R. A. Watson, Dewan and Ganji. Watson supposed that archeologists expect aid of geologists in geochronological dating and in the reconstruction of past climate and physical environments. Before adequate geological aid can be given, he averred, two things would be needed. Much further study and description of the general geomorphological features of southwestern Asia will be necessary. This will also involve re-assessment of the older simplistic generalizations on such features as end-Pleistocene lakes, sand dunes, fluvial and marine terraces, glacial and periglacial phenomena.

Dewan emphasized that of the whole range of soils to be found in southwestern Asia, those most pertinent to early agriculture would be the alluvial soils and the brown soils. He described their characteristics, properties and distribution. These data he covered in much more detail in his very useful background paper.

In elaborating on his own useful background paper, Ganji also emphasized the limitations of present climatic data in arriving at a detailed picture of present climate for southwestern Asia. Thus, the projecting of climate into the past is that much more difficult. However, it is clear that gross climatic change is not evidenced within the last 10,000-15,000 years, although frequent minor cyclic variations can be traced. Ganji urged attention to the palaeobotany of grains as a clue to understanding of past climates. He summarized his observations on Iran in the form of two detailed maps, one of rainfall and one of his adaptation of the Koeppen system for delineating the climate as applied to Iran.

Although diffident about discussing palaeobotanical matters, Pabot made stimulating contributions to the central question of the seminar. He suggested that the wild wheats may have a distribution slightly further to the southeast of the Kermanshah area than those shown on Helbaek's map of 1959. He also stated that he had never observed wild wheat throughout the country of the Syrian saddle except below the latitude of the Beirut-Damascus road. Southern Turkey is not under consideration here. He further stated that he would not expect the plant communities of the lush East Mediterranean strip or those of the Caspian or Black Sea littorals to have included the wild wheats, although he added that, in his opinion, the presently suggested prototypes of wheat are not yet proved to have been the ancestors of the domesticates. Pabot was firmly convinced that the present natural habitat of the wild wheats lies above approximately 1000 m. He also had stimulating comments about how the wild grains may have been taken into domestication and first utilized. He remarked that the wheats under primitive conditions may have been rather rare grains and are adapted to areas of disturbed soil conditions. Furthermore, the reaping process could have involved plucking plants out by the roots. Interestingly, Pabot concurred with the notions of Reed and of the archaeologists that the transition to cereal domestication may have taken about 2000 years.

Sheikhnia then emphasized the importance of the forest trees and of fruit trees and viticulture in the development of the village farming community way of life.

Rieben knowingly posed a very interesting problem not immediately relevant to the purpose of the seminar but, nevertheless, one of potentially great importance. He described nearly horizontal layers of mud and gravel just east of Tehran. These features might represent either an extinct lake beach or the trace of a more recent large artificial canal.

Smith discussed in general terms the potentialities for aid to archaeology from the physical sciences, considering matters of identification, utilization of materials and physical chronologies. He clearly described the radioactive carbon method of age determination, noting the degree of physical and statistical error which is necessary in expressing the age determination. Even more important is the possibility of contamination of samples in situ which might result in larger degrees of error than those expressed by the statistical formula. The still remote possibilities for dating baked in place pottery features by means of the earth's magnetism were discussed. The possibilities for identification of materials by neutron activation and Beta ray back scatter were also considered.

Bessagnet introduced the subject of the pertinence of social-anthropological studies to archaeological interpretation, noting the cautions necessary in extrapolating backwards from present day tribal behavior to a reconstruction of past social organization.

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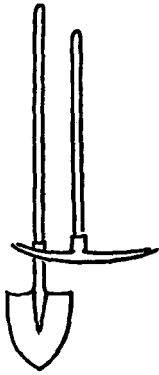
In originally proposing the seminar the co-chairmen had hoped that it might clarify understandings of how and under what circumstances man--for the first time in all of human history--achieved food-production and settled community life in southwestern Asia. One of the most important challenges in any scientific research being a sense of how to pose the questions properly for any further research, it was the firm conviction of the organizers of this seminar that the questions had become more clear. The proceedings of the seminar will be published by the Institute of Archeology of the University of Tehran.

Robert J. Braidwood

Bruce Howe

Ezat O. Negahban

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archeological newsletter

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Chicago, Illinois
March 21, 1960

Dear Friends:

All of you have probably been reading about the imminent submersion of the ancient temples and other monuments in Egyptian and Sudanese Nubia which will be caused by the completion of the new Assuan High Dam.

I am certain that especially the friends of the Oriental Institute will have noticed the world-wide appeal by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) on behalf of the governments of the United Arab Republic (Egypt) and the Sudan Republic to save the monuments from destruction.

We at the Oriental Institute are appalled at the enormity of the cultural loss which the world will suffer from the submersion of Nilotic Nubia. But we are also very much excited at the UNESCO appeal and the challenge it offers to our University and our Institute. Why, even before the formal organization of the Oriental Institute, our great founder, James Henry Breasted, sailed in a dahabiyeh through the Nile cataracts in order to explore this very land, and his reports of the monuments was an impassioned appeal to record them and to save them from the slow destruction which threatened from the blowing desert sand and hands of vandals. He never dreamed that by 1965 they would be totally and forever submerged in the bottom of a man-made lake.

This lake will be the largest ever achieved by man. It will cover the entire Nile Valley for three hundred miles above the Dam, spilling back over some of the highest cliffs into the desert, and it will even change the climate of Nubia. It will hoard the water for more effective irrigation of arable land in the Sudan and Egypt, and the dam itself will produce twice as much electric power as our great Hoover Dam in the west. We Americans believe in engineering achievements of such dimensions and imagination and we rejoice at the increased prosperity which the new Assuan High Dam will bring to the dwellers on the Nile.

No one could possibly doubt that the Oriental Institute would respond to the UNESCO appeal to save the monuments. Our founder was a student of these monuments and others like them and upon them based the best history of Egypt ever published. We have devoted nearly forty years to the recording of Egyptian temples at Medinet Habu and Karnak through the activities of our Epigraphic Survey in Luxor, which many of you have visited. And, of the thirty Oriental Institute books published in the last ten years, under the directorship of Carl H. Kraeling, seventeen are concerned with ancient Egypt. The very destiny of the Oriental Institute is linked with the fate of the monuments of Nubia and the study and interpretation of the civilization which produced them.

Thus without a dissenting voice the Oriental Institute has organized its Egyptian Assuan High Dam Program, and I have the honor of writing this letter to you as its Program Director. The program is in the hands of a committee of five; in addition to myself they are Pierre Delougaz, Curator of the Oriental Institute Museum; Richard C. Haines, Field Director of the Nippur Expedition; Thorikild Jacobsen, Oriental Institute Professor; and John A. Wilson, Andrew MacLeish Distinguished Service Professor.

The Institute Program is distinctly an emergency operation, for the High Dam will be completed in five years, and the water behind it will rise higher and higher each year, submerging a new level of antiquities from season to season. We shall be limited in what we can do by the financial assistance which we can obtain. We wish to put several teams into the field, including archaeologists to specialize in the excavation of new sites, photographers and draftsmen to record inscriptions and written or painted records of all sorts, of which thousands exist, and anthropologists with every type of specialized training to cope with the manifold problems, no matter how unexpected they may be, with which we shall be confronted.

I am taking a plane for Cairo at the end of this week, in order to discuss the preliminary steps of our Program with the Minister of Culture and National Guidance of the United Arab Republic (Egypt) and to make an extensive exploratory visit in the elongated area to be submerged. I hope on this trip to locate a few sites which will become the objects of our efforts in the coming excavation season. Nubia is excessively hot and forbidding in the six or seven months after the first of March, and archaeologists usually depart for cooler climes when "spring" begins. We may find, however, that some of our recording operations will have to be carried out under unfavorable summer conditions, owing to the fact that certain imperfectly recorded monuments, especially temples and rock inscriptions, are only "high and dry" at that season, when the reservoir of the present Assuan basin has been lowered owing to the annual inundation. Under present circumstances, because of this phenomenon, "high Nile" is "low Nile." When the new High Dam is completed there will never again be a "low Nile" on that three-hundred-mile stretch of Nubia.

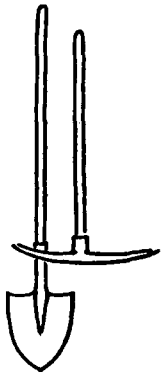
It is too soon for us to know the extent to which the world will respond to the universal appeal of UNESCO. Of one fact, however, we can be perfectly certain: the success of the Oriental Institute Egyptian Assuan High Dam Program will ultimately depend upon a relatively small group of selfless and devoted scholars, technicians, and assistants. We wish to avoid undue involvement in a complex, scattered effort burdened by bureaucracy and fettered by red tape. We are going to need an enormous amount of encouragement and moral support, and we do not anticipate that there can possibly be too much financial assistance for the tremendous salvage program which must be achieved in the next five years. I will upon my return from Egypt report to you again and hope in that connection to be able to suggest how you can help us.

No one knows what the civilized world lost in the burning of the famous library at Alexandria. Now, far up the Nile, at the other end of the ancient Egyptian Empire, cultural treasures of inestimable value and extent face destruction by water. This time it is the link between Africa and the Mediterranean world which must forever be broken off. There the races first met and mingled. We hope that we can trace some of these contacts, at least, before the water comes to drown them forever. The harvest is great, the workers few, and time is running out. We have a lot of work ahead.

Sincerely yours,

Keith C. Seele, Professor of Egyptology
Oriental Institute Egyptian Assuan
High Dam Program Director

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

May 5, 1960

To the Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

Never a dull moment! Things happening all over the map. This brief note is coming to you with a Newsletter from Iran that you will find on the following pages and that will keep you posted as far as Prof. Braidwood's expedition is concerned. The particular purpose of a separate introductory statement on my part is to bring two other matters to your attention.

On March 21 you had a Newsletter from Prof. Keith Seele telling about the Nubian salvage enterprise and about the proposals of the Oriental Institute to take a hand in it. Since then Prof. Seele has left for Egypt and the Sudan, to study the possibilities for Institute action at first hand and to have the necessary conferences with Egyptian and Sudanese officials. He was joined there by Mr. William Boyd of Lake Wales, Florida, an interested lay Member of the Institute, and has already made his visit to Nubia in company of Dr. Hughes and Mr. Boyd. This week we received a telegram from Dr. Seele saying:

Nubia trip successful. Detailed report on return. Probably visit Khartoum with Boyd.

Keith Seele

We expect Drs. Seele, Hughes and Nims to return to Chicago in another ten days time and to have a full report on Nubia at that occasion.

The second matter about which you should be informed is that on July 1, 1960 Prof. John A. Wilson will assume administrative responsibility for the Oriental Institute as its Director. I have submitted my resignation effective June 30, so that I may devote myself during the remaining two years of my academic tenure to my own research, and am happy that the administration has agreed to release me from all other responsibilities, which were in fact placing a severe strain upon my physical reserves. Prof. Wilson has agreed to take over for one year. His previous experience in the directorship gives us all a sense of security in the knowledge that an "old hand" will be at the helm and the importance of the new enterprises in the Sudan make it particularly appropriate that a professional Egyptologist should take command at this time. There will be a notice about this in the daily press soon.

I take this opportunity to thank you all for the interest you have shown in the Institute during the years immediately past and for your many personal kindnesses. I know your interest in the Institute will continue and that, under Prof. Wilson's administration, the Institute will with your interest and help continue to prosper. Mrs. Kraeling and I will be leaving in August for the Near East to be gone until a year from now, if all goes well. While we shall therefore not be directly in touch with you here, we hope to be able to report to you occasionally from the field through these Newsletters. With kindest personal greetings,

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling

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April 3, 1960

NEWSLETTER FROM IRAN

To the Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

Greetings. My last letter on our field operations was sent off while we were still doing surface survey; in the meantime, you will have had Gene Garthwaite's description of the complexities of archeological base-camp management. Here is a bit more on our activities since the survey phase was temporarily ended about January 15.

The primary purpose of archeological surface survey in an unknown area is usually the identification of promising sites for excavation. By January 15, we had about two hundred candidates on our log and maps of the valley plains of the Kermanshah environs. This put us in a position to do three things:

1. We made our formal proposals to the Iranian Antiquities Service for permission to dig the most promising sites whose surface yields fell within the range of our central problem--how did man achieve the domestication of plants and animals and establish the village-farming community way of life. Since we had been told it would take about two months for the Council of Ministers to complete action on our proposals, January 15 was a deadline if we were to get full advantage of the fine spring digging weather.
2. As soon as our proposals were in, we began a series of five-day test digs on open sites and caves of general promise. The Iranian Antiquities Law generously permits such short "sondages" without formal action of the Council of Ministers. We expanded our knowledge of the prehistory of the region substantially during these five day test digs.
3. Our time and staff for surface survey had not been sufficient to allow us to cover all of the lobes of the valley plains. Thus, while we had promising sites in profusion, we had not yet a basis for the secondary purpose to which a surface survey can be put--the over-all mapping of the geographical distribution of sites, period by period, in one natural environmental unit. I thus made a proposal to the American Philosophical Society for a grant-in-aid to allow us to complete this distributional aspect of our survey this spring. Happily, the grant has been given, and the survey is to be resumed.

On February 15, we took up a pleasant responsibility in connection with our Iranian partner in this whole effort, the running of a fortnight's seminar at the Archeological Institute of the University of Tehran. Professor Ezat O. Negahban, director of the Institute (and an old Oriental Institute student of ours) and I were co-chairmen of the affair, and Bruce Howe (prehistory), Charlie Reed (zoology), the Watsons (ethnology and geology) of our staff, as well as Linda and myself took part. The idea was to capitalize on the presence of the interested natural historians in F.A.O., K.D.S., the University of Tehran, etc., as well as the available archeologists (foreign and domestic), and to attempt to pool our information on how the agricultural way of life first appeared in Iran and in Southwestern Asia generally. I was very pleasantly surprised at the flow of ideas which did

come forth. The affair was really well worth the effort, and the University of Tehran a most gracious host.

We came back from Tehran with two necessary elements for good spring digging, (1) the formal permission of the Council of Ministers and (2) my old Egyptian field superintendent, Abdullah Said Osman al-Sudani. Carl Kraeling once said the Oriental Institute could save itself money by leaving Braidwood at home and simply letting Abdullah go dig--I resist this idea, but there's an element of truth in it. Abdullah has been on every Institute dig I've had part in since 1933; he knows my routine perfectly and I'd be lost without him.

Bruce started off on the most likely of his caves, Warwasid ("war-wah-seed"), which he had already tested and found to have a final "upper paleolithic" blade tool industry quite close in type to that which he found at Palegawra in 1951 and 1955. But Warwasid is a much more commodious rock shelter than was Palegawra, and has since proved to have a much deeper and more complete sequence. Bruce is now down over five meters (ca. sixteen feet), has a yield of Mousterian flints of ca. fifty thousand years ago, and is still going strong. I'm getting worried as to when he'll move to his next site, Tepe Asiab, a little open-air encampment ruin that should have material of the range of Karim Shahr, Bruce's incipient agricultural phase of 1951 in Iraqi-Kurdistan.

I had also already tested the most promising nearby site with clear surface indications of early Jarmo-like village type, a low mound called Tepe Sarab. We started our formal digging there early in March, and now have about four hundred square meters exposed to depths variously approaching one to two meters. Sarab has many connections with Jarmo, especially in its flint, obsidian and ground stone industries and in its figurines of "mother-goddesses" and animals. Its pottery, on the other hand, is much more varied, and colorful than was Jarmo's, and the site is giving us something new architecturally--although, as yet, I'm not quite sure what.

One remarkable thing about this area is the relative softness of the earth fill (making for easy digging and less breakage) and the relatively high degree to which bone, vegetable remains, etc. are preserved. Our great excitement of the season, so far, first appeared in Bruce's test digging on Tepe Asiab (which he moves to for formal digging as soon as I can get him out of that cave), but the same materials have since appeared both in the cave and on Sarab. These materials are coprolites (you can save me both embarrassment or a relapse to four-letter unmentionables if you'll try "coprolite" or "scatology" in your dictionaries), and we think they are human. If so, they're a gold mine for the study of the diets of the people who were shifting from a food-collecting to a food-producing way of life during the time range which our sites bracket. We have sent samples to Hans Helbaek at Copenhagen (who includes scatology among his many competences, and was an old Jarmo hand), and Hans will fly out for a fortnight in May if the things prove to be what we think they are.

So it goes! In the old days, when archeology was a reasonably clean and certainly romantic sounding affair--complete with sun helmets-- we spent our time digging for palaces and sculpture and royal tombs full of treasure (sometimes we even found some!). Now my camp crawls with natural scientists. Herb Wright and his assistants, Ann Bent and Red Watson are off making pollen cores on the beds of little lakes in the mountains, hopping for clues to past climates. Charlie Reed was just here crowing over a bag full of live Helix salamonica--the species of snail the people of Jarmo and Sarab ate--which he collected after last night's rain.

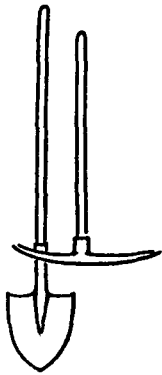
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Dr. Al Dahlberg, his wife Thelma and his Iranian assistant Dr. Khamesi of the University of Tehran Dental School, are well into their study of the dental anthropology (living and dead) of the area, with its bearing on human diet and genetics. Jack Harlan, the botanist, gets into Tehran by air today and will soon be with us. The wild wheat and barley plants are beginning to appear, and-- incidentally--the wild tulips are in bloom on the hills and make a fine show. All of these people are here to help us understand the natural environment within which man first achieved food-production and a completely new way of life. I'm sure few people would think of the things we do and find as having anything to do with that popular Hollywoodian image of the sun-helmeted archeologist, but we're learning important things about a period of history without which civilization could never have been achieved. I think I have never been so pleased with a field season as I am with this one.

Best of cheer,

Bob Braidwood

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Chicago, Illinois
June 28, 1960

Dear Friends of the Oriental Institute:

In my Archeological Newsletter of March 21st, written just before my departure for Egypt, Nubia, and the Sudan on behalf of the Oriental Institute Assuan High Dam Program, I promised to report to you on my trip and on developments of the Program which might interest you.

As soon as I arrived in Cairo I called at the Ministry of Culture and National Orientation for Egypt to discuss Oriental Institute participation in the vast project to save the monuments of Nubia. These conversations resulted in the assignment by the Minister of a steamboat -- without charge to the Institute -- in order that I might make a ten-day cruise on the Nubian Nile for a survey of the threatened area and the selection of one or more sites at which the Institute might establish a field expedition.

Immediately upon arrival in Cairo I had joined forces with Dr. William K. Simpson of Yale, and we were agreed that a cooperative effort for the tour of inspection made more sense than rival and independent requests for boats in Nubia, which are very scarce articles just now.

By April 15th, from my base at Chicago House in Luxor and with the untiring assistance of Dr. George R. Hughes, Director of our Epigraphic Survey there, we were ready to set off for Shellal above the present Assuan Dam, to board our little steamer. We had to carry all food and supplies for the ten-day voyage for our party of six, plus three servants from Chicago House whom we needed to serve as cook and as pick-and-basket men on our shore operations. Dr. Hughes accompanied us, and we had a third representative of the Institute in the person of Mr. William R. Boyd, whose generous friendship, indeed, had made the trip a possibility; Dr. Simpson represented Yale and the University of Pennsylvania, as did his guest, Nicholas Millet, former student at the Oriental Institute and now Fellow of the American Research Center in Cairo; the party was completed by Dr. Zaki Youssef Saad, Director of Inspectorates and Excavations of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, whose official status provided us with the authority to visit whatever sites we wished and to examine them by test-digs whenever desirable.

We proceeded upstream with some deliberation, making frequent stops to go ashore in order to seek out remains of ancient settlement, usually betrayed by cemeteries and tombs, less often by temples of stone or rock-hewn sanctuaries -- of which Abu Simbel is the outstanding example -- and occasionally by intricate mazes of mudbrick walls. We enjoyed collecting the broken pottery of every style and every type of

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painted or incised decoration -- sure index of all the peoples who once inhabited these desolate spots -- but numerous tracks of horned vipers pleased us less and made us wary where to set our feet and place our hands.

For 185 miles we cruised along, with strenuous shore excursions under the blazing sun and cooler breathing spells aboard the steamer. We saw here a few courses of masonry -- the topmost stones of a great temple already submerged; there rows of sphinxes in the water -- soon the temple behind them would join them on the bottom of the lake; here a rock-cut temple at the river's edge -- its forecourt and entrance causeway were already beneath the water; there again palm trees and noble sycamores with their heads still above the Nile -- they marked the site of some Nubian village thrice drowned out by the building and raising of the present dam; soon its inhabitants will have to abandon their fourth successive village and leave Nubia forever. We reflected on these things as we rested on deck for the next adventure ashore. If the bank was low-lying we knew that the future lake would flood the land as far as the eye could reach. Whatever traces of ancient man still lay there would soon be out of our reach forever. We looked up at the lofty heights of Kasr Ibrim and Gebel Adda -- two of the mightiest ruins in Nubia -- and marveled to realize that even they would soon disappear beneath the flood and their mudbrick walls melt away. Who will be able to remove them or to record them adequately before they are gone?

There was once a Nile cataract below Kalabsha. The cliffs are close to the river, and the narrow passage is called Bab Kalabsha ("Gate of Kalabsha"). This gate may have been a barrier easy of defense against encroaching peoples from the south; at least there was an important settlement there which continued to flourish even under Roman rule. It is the only site in Nubia marked by two major temples from two widely separated periods of Egyptian history. The earlier one is the exquisite rock-hewn temple of Beit el-Wali, the work of Ramesses II (1304-1238 B.C.); the later is the largest free-standing temple south of Philae and dates from the reign of Augustus Caesar (63 B.C. - A.D. 14). The big temple is already under water most of the year; Beit el-Wali stands just above the present high-water mark. Both are threatened with early destruction, unless quick measures are taken.

Thus I came to the decision that our Oriental Institute Egyptian Assuan High Dam Program should send an expedition to Beit el-Wali. We made an offer to the Egyptian Government -- and our offer has been accepted -- to excavate an area from Beit el-Wali ten miles to the north on both sides of the Nile, in order to investigate every locatable vestige of ancient man in the region and also to make and publish a complete copy of the colored reliefs and inscriptions of the Beit el-Wali temple. The latter is a task which will demand a supreme urgency of effort, for the Antiquities Department intends to saw the complete temple free from the cliffs in which it is cut and to remove the resulting blocks for erection elsewhere. This work must be done in the season of 1962-63, after which the site will be permanently submerged. We are fearful that extensive damage may be done to the monument in the attempt to cut it free from the surrounding rock, and we are convinced therefore that our salvage work at Beit el-Wali may indeed "save" the temple more truly than removal. The Oriental Institute's long experience in the copying and publication of temples at Karnak and Medinet Habu will be put to good use here and gives assurance that our publication of Beit el-Wali, like those of the other temples where we have worked, will be a model of its kind. But the task must be completed in two short seasons of work!

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Our excavations will begin at cemeteries above Beit el-Wali which appear to be both extensive and promising. If we are disappointed, or when they have been exhaustively investigated, we have twenty miles of territory in which to extend our operations. Furthermore, in view of the Oriental Institute's outstanding leadership in Near Eastern archeology and the expectation of its broad participation in the Nubian emergency, we offered to excavate an even larger area north of Abu Simbel. This could turn out to be exceedingly important, but our expansion in this region will depend entirely upon the resources which we can muster.

Since the lake behind the new dam will engulf more than eighty miles of shoreland in the Sudan, I flew to Khartoum at the conclusion of the Nubian trip in order to take the measure of the crisis in Sudanese Nubia, which has been almost completely neglected in the publicity given to Philae, Abu Simbel, and the territory we had just covered. What I learned there left me with the most desperate feeling of my Egyptological career. For, in the doomed area of the Sudan, there are over a hundred important sites most of which have never been touched by the archeologist's spade, and preliminary surveys show that they promise far richer results to the excavator than Egyptian Nubia, which was repeatedly excavated -- before each raising of the present dam. Those sites positively must be investigated; they are certain to be rewarding in information about the meeting of the races, the transition from the Old to the New Stone Age, and the extension of Egyptian power toward the heart of Africa. The Oriental Institute can confidently be expected to do some of the most important work of its entire history, if its friends will come to the rescue with financial assistance. I tentatively selected several promising sites in the Sudan in which to begin operations as soon as the means can be obtained.

And how much will all this ambitious program cost? We contemplate the bill to be not less than \$2,000,000 for the five-year program. If you have read the Reader's Digest article, "SOS from the Temples of Nubia" (July, 1960), you will have observed that \$30,000,000 to \$60,000,000 will be required to save Abu Simbel alone. Probably millions of dollars will be contributed for that purpose, and we at the Oriental Institute earnestly hope that they will, for Abu Simbel and Philae are two of the grandest monuments on earth and they must be saved. In contrast, our Oriental Institute Egyptian Assuan High Dam Program is a relatively modest one, yet we believe that its objectives are to some extent even more important than the saving of Abu Simbel and Philae. We are not engineers but specialists in the quest for the evidence of the expanding spirit and unfolding aspirations of man. We know that much of this evidence still lies buried under the earth in the Nile Valley between the First and Third Cataracts. Some of it has already been discovered; more of it is waiting for us in Egyptian and Sudanese Nubia. We have five years in which to find it before the final advance of the destroying flood.

By the middle of October we must be ready at Beit el-Wali to begin our first season's work. We wish to have a houseboat for living and working headquarters (perhaps two, if we have a staff adequate for the immensity of the task). We need a fast cabin cruiser to maintain contact with Assuan, nearest source of supplies, for in Nubia itself there is absolutely nothing -- not a board, a nail, a pin; neither bread nor any other food; not even drinking water except that mixed with sewage which can be pumped from the Nile, if we have the pump! (A water purifier might be a good idea, also.) We need an engine and a generator (plus a spare for emergency use) to make our electricity for photography and household use. We need cameras and photographic supplies; surveyor's equipment; tents to house the native laborers

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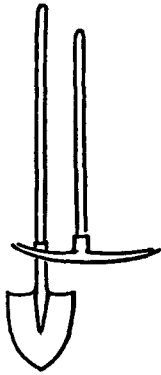
(all of whom will have to be imported from Egypt); refrigerators to store the food brought from Egypt; a jeep with tractor attachment for use in excavations. In short, we need every conceivable object to set up camp in a desert land as bare as the South Pole. We shall have to buy most of this equipment in America and ship it to Nubia (the Egyptian Minister of Culture and National Orientation has promised us release from customs duties). And we believe that we can make a good beginning of the five-year program if we can start the first one with \$200,000.

I wish that an archeological expedition might consist of two or three eggheads armed with a spade apiece and a sandwich in a paper sack. (Flinders Petrie almost did it that way, too, seventy-five years ago.) This may still do for digging an Indian mound ten miles from Chicago, but it isn't adequate for Nubia. The bill for the first season will be close to \$200,000, and the Oriental Institute believes that its many friends will help to pay it as we start off to do our share in saving the monuments of Nubia.

Sincerely yours,

Keith C. Seele
Director
Oriental Institute Egyptian
Assuan High Dam Program

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archeological newsletter

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Chicago, Illinois
July 15, 1960

Dear Friends:

Carl and Elsie Kraeling have packed up, climbed into their DeSoto, and started east. Ahead of him Carl has a year of doing just what he wants: pursuing his personal lines of research in the east and the Near East. No matter how much we may miss him, we must agree that no one ever so clearly earned his right to his own program.

It is difficult to write about Carl Kraeling without some emotion. He gave himself devotedly to the Oriental Institute. He was able to do the two different things of bringing the Institute budget into stability and developing the Institute's work, and this was a great achievement. He greatly advanced our public relations, with his membership program, his lecture series, the system of guidance through the museum, newsletters--and, above all, his own outgoing personality. His devotion and his unflagging purpose invigorated our publication program, our Assyrian Dictionary, our field expeditions, and ourselves.

This is the second time that I have been able to stand on the shoulders of a predecessor: in 1936, when I succeeded Dr. Breasted, and now when I succeed Dr. Kraeling. As before, I cannot promise to do everything as my predecessor did, but I do feel deeply bound to carry on the good things I have inherited.

Thank you, Carl Kraeling! The best of luck in your new adventures!

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Many things will be the same under the new Directorship. We shall have our newsletters and lecture series through the year 1960-61. The Assyrian Dictionary will continue to grind out volumes at a steady pace. The Epigraphic Expedition will return to Chicago House in the autumn. About the same time, the Nippur Expedition and Dr. Adams' survey expect to return to Iraq. Messrs. Swift and Hansen have joined the work at Sardis in Turkey. These are familiar activities. Further, some of us will have the interesting experience this August of attending the Twenty-Fifth International Congress of Orientalists in Moscow. We hope to maintain a dignified manner at this academic jamboree. Dr. Braidwood will be back in a few weeks from his highly successful expedition to Iran.

So you see that the year is busy. There would be no time for us to sit in the shade of our ivory tower and sing Sumerian hymns. We have enough to do. But if you have followed the newsletters from Dr. Keith Seele, you know that we have undertaken to pile a last big bundle of straws on the old camel's back. This spring

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Unesco issued an international appeal to save the monuments along the Nile from being flooded, and the Oriental Institute sprang forward to respond to that appeal.

What a spring it was! Last winter Dr. Seele saw the looming challenge even before Unesco issued its appeal to the world to rescue the monuments which might be flooded in five years by the new High Dam at Assuan. The rest of us may not have been so quick, but we all saw that this was a great testing in our field of archaeology. Could our consciences let those twenty-one temples go under the water, let those three hundred miles disappear without closer study? Because this country now has the internationally famous scholars, the eyes of the scholarly world swung around to America, and those eyes seemed to be asking: Who will take the initiative except the Oriental Institute? It was the kind of brilliant challenge which would have delighted Dr. Breasted. Indeed he personally insisted upon salvage of these monuments nearly sixty years ago.

It also is an adventure that excites Americans of every age and grade. The July Reader's Digest had an article on saving these monuments, ending with an appeal to send money to me. In fifteen days' mailing 262 responses came in, with checks of various denominations. For example, seven school-children wrote in their own individual spelling: "We, of are street, are sending what money we can to help save the temples. It is not very munh but it all counts. We raised the money at a hobby show we had. P.S. I that almost all the people that but in money collect stamp and a U.A.R. stamp or cover would be liked." They enclosed \$.65. They got their U.A.R. stamps. That is the spirit we like, and the wonderful letters of the other 261 persons.

As Dr. Seele has written you, he went out and surveyed those miles of Nile bank, deserted save for the ghostly monuments of the ancients. Shortly after his return in May, I set out for Cairo, to sit with the International Committee of Experts. That was a rare experience: twelve persons from eight countries in a Cairo room for ten days, working out principles for the whole international program in Nubia, considering thirty offers of action from seventeen different nations, and making our recommendations to the Government of the United Arab Republic. I am reminded of the legend about the seventy-two different scholars who went into seventy-two rooms to translate holy writings. When they came out they all had identical translations, because, of course, holy writings cannot deviate from the true. Our results in Cairo were not exactly a miracle, but you could call them a marvel of pleasant unity.

I found the standing of the Oriental Institute awesomely high in such an international setting. In the world judgment we have an exceptional regard because of our continuous series of publications and field work over nearly forty years. Again Breasted and Kraeling deserve the greatest credit, but ultimately such regard could only be gained by a group of good scholars known as a team.

The Cairo Committee will meet again in January, but there is a distinct possibility that I may go back again in the autumn, after the engineers have made their estimates on the costs of protecting the temples. I feel like a yo-yo, bobbing back and forth across the ocean.

Of the thirty offers made to the Advisory Committee, the most carefully drawn proposal was that of Dr. Seele on behalf of the Oriental Institute. Since this was accepted, we hope to put an expedition into Nubia in October--only three months away! Actually we were granted both our first and second choices, but we may want to concentrate in the first field season on the first choice alone. We want to do

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three things: examine twelve miles on each side of the Nile for any evidence of valuable material; copy the 3300-year-old temple of Bet el-Wali, and excavate a cemetery near that temple. For the copying, we shall benefit from the experience of our Luxor Expedition. For the survey and excavation we are as inexperienced as everybody else: for thirty years there has been no field work in Nubia. Everybody starts this race against time from scratch.

So Dr. Seele will lead a party into Nubia this autumn, and we are rather astonished to find ourselves all dressed up and somewhere to go, but with no carfare in our pockets. Archaeologists, who deal with thousands of years, suddenly have to deal with an emergency of months.

But there is no denying the brilliance of the chance. The institutions of America and of the world were looking to us for leadership. The generous new field terms offered by Egypt point into the future, so that here is the biggest opportunity for archaeology since the discovery of the Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amon in 1922. If we did not embrace this challenge, we should be unworthy of further research in the Near East. Further, we are in a position to benefit American scholarship outside the Institute. In my two other capacities (it is not always easy to know which hat I am wearing) as a member of the International Advisory Committee and as the Executive Secretary of the National Committee for the Nubian Monuments, I must work for American scholarship in general. American museums already have excellent Egyptian antiquities, but these are located in six metropolitan centers only. If we can put our plans over, other museums and universities should be able to receive Egyptian materials, to the great benefit of American education.

In spite of our high sense of adventure, we are not going off on a seven-month picnic. Nubia has the weird beauty and emptiness of a nightmare. The broad surface of the Nile may be empty of boats for miles. Russet sands run up to powerful cliffs with a great range of colors, including purple shadows. The sun may blaze so intensely by day that one cannot see, yet at night the cold may climb into bed and clamp its arms about you. Raging sandstorms can drive through every crack of door or window. Not a donkey, camel, or chicken in sight--only, way off there, two old women and a girl. And day after day rigorously the same plodding jobs. Nubia is grim!

What will this cost, and where is the money coming from? There is nothing in Nubia. We have to remember generators and out-board motors and cooling machines for kitchen and dark-room. We have to remember that practically all of the food must be brought in. For the five years a capital outlay in field equipment might exceed \$250,000, and field expenses would average about \$90,000 a year. Before we are through, we shall need something like \$700,000.

For the money I am working on a formula with a bit of legerdemain. You have seen a magician with an empty hand--and behold! there is an egg. He whirls his hand, and there are two eggs. He whirls again, and there are four. An American institution--and let's call it the Oriental Institute--raises \$55,000 from its clientele. Then, through foundation grants, this sum may be matched, and thus double. Then the American Government funds which are already in the United Arab Republic are invoked, to match the money which comes from home, so that the original \$55,000 becomes \$220,000. There may be many a slip 'twixt the outstretched cup and the lip. In particular the Government funds may not become available before next spring. But it is a working plan for the financing.

We do have assets to start with. Out of existing personnel and services, the Oriental Institute will be putting in at least \$20,000, which will not appear on

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the books. Several other institutions have expressed their interest in joining with us, and we shall be happy to have their aid in funds, personnel, and encouragement. Above all, we put in a vigorous and unified spirit.

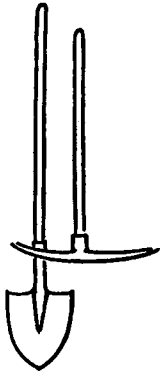
Yet we need money, and we need it now. We should like that \$55,000, or any approximation of it. We can run you up budgets in different sizes, because the task ahead is a great one, and we shall do as much as we can. But a sensible and relatively modest approach would divide the \$55,000 into 30% salaries, 12% travel, 40% expense and maintenance, and 18% local labor. And that does not count the capital equipment like boats, motor car, jeep, generators, refrigerators, cameras, and so on.

In the depth of the Depression it was my task to put the Oriental Institute budget on a firm basis. In the post-war inflation it was Carl Kraeling's task to find a new firm basis for that budget, and he succeeded admirably in that task. He left a set of well balanced books. It is then ironic that my first formal responsibility as Director is to ask for added funds. I can only plead that the emergency was not of our making, whereas the opportunity ahead is brilliant.

Won't you give and give generously, so that Dr. Seele may start off confidently this October on this big rescue work?

Faithfully yours,

John A. Wilson
Director



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

August 1, 1960

NUBIAN PATCHWORK

The new High Dam in Egypt will flood three hundred miles of archeological territory in five years' time. We want to protect the monuments in Nubia, and we want to excavate and copy inscriptions there.

People have been very much interested in this crisis on the Nile. They ask a lot of questions. What is Nubia like? Are the temples really as wonderful as they say? How do you get to Nubia? May I go along and help you dig?

It would take a book to answer all the questions. Instead we offer you here a patchwork of separate odds and ends of information and anecdote. Don't try to read it through as connected text; browse here and there as you find something which strikes your interest.

* * * * *

WHAT IS NUBIA?

Nubia is southern Egypt and northern Sudan, the area south from the First Cataract on toward the Third Cataract of the Nile. It is inhabited by people who are not quite Egyptians and not quite Africans, and who have spoken a language called Nubian.

Here is a mileage scale for some of the names we use here and others. Start at the Mediterranean with Alexandria as 0 miles.

0 - Alexandria	715 - Bet el-Wali	862 - Ballana, Qustul
130 - Cairo	716 - Kalabshah	877 - <u>Egyptian-Sudanese frontier</u>
550 - Luxor	785 - Wadi es-Sebua	900 - <u>Wadi Halfa</u>
680 - Assuan	805 - Amada	902 - Buhen
684 - old Assuan Dam	825 - Aniba	912 - Second Cataract forts
685 - Philae	840 - Toshke	990 - <u>Limit of new flooding</u>
<u>693 - new High Dam</u>	860 - Abu Simbel	

THE DROWNING OF THE TEMPLES

With the present Assuan Dam, the high water level is 121 meters above sea level, and low water in the summer goes down to about 100 meters. The new High Dam will ultimately raise the water to a constant level of 182 meters. Here is the time

table for the drowning of the Nubian temples, if they are left in their present locations, unprotected.

- 1960 - Philae, Taffeh
 - 1961 - Debod, Kalabshah, Maharraqah, Dakkah, Ellesiyah, Ibrim
 - 1963 - Qertassi, Dendur
 - 1964 - Bet el-Wali, Gerf Hussein, Wadi es-Sebua, Derr, Aniba
 - 1965 - Amada, Abu Simbel
 - 1968 - Gebel Ada, Abu Oda, Ballana
- After that, the deluge.

THE DESERTED LAND

The new High Dam at Assuan is not the first barrier there. A first dam was built between 1898 and 1902, then heightened between 1907 and 1912, and heightened a second time between 1929 and 1934. Thus successively it formed a lake 70, 90, and 105 feet deep. The progressive result of these heightenings was to take away the agricultural land of Nubia and to move the water level up to the desert hillside. So the able-bodied men of Nubia left and went off to Cairo and Alexandria to be household and hotel servants. They left their wives, children, and old folks back in Nubia, and regularly they send money back to maintain their families. This strange land shows very few mature men. At a fair-sized village an excavation wanted to hire forty men. They were able to find only five.

LAND OF GOLD

Nubia was important to Egypt as a source of gold. Back in the hills ranging the Nile the gold dust could be mined and washed out. So richly did the mines provide Egypt with value that 3400 years ago an Asiatic prince wrote enviously to Pharaoh of Egypt: "In my brother's land gold is as common as dust." The Egyptian High Commissioner for Nubia was also called "governor of the gold-country of the god Amon," as one of his chief responsibilities.

There is a superficial similarity between the ancient Egyptian word for gold, mub, and the name Nubia. But, alas, no connection can be established between these two words.

THE NUBIAN COIFFURE

Some years ago the Metropolitan Museum found at Thebes some "paddle dolls" 4000 years old. "In these wooden figures the female form is reduced to the shape of a flat paddle, with rudimentary arms and a tiny neck and head, topped by a great mop of hair made of strings of little beads of black mud ending in elongated blobs....The method of dressing the hair is still prevalent along the Upper Nile, above the First Cataract, and may be seen not only on the present-day women of Nubia, but also on the rather similar wooden dolls which are made and sold in the Nubian bazaars."

IVORY, APES, AND PEACOCKS

Out of Africa, through jungle and desert, there flowed a stream of luxury products dear to the heart of the ancient Egyptian. This was the "ivory, apes, and

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peacocks" trade, although "peacocks" do not appear in the ancient scenes or texts. There were ivory, apes, greyhounds, giraffe's tails, ostrich eggs, leopard skins, ebony, gum, incense, aromatic woods, cattle, and pygmys. Occasionally this trickle of exotic stuffs assumed larger proportions, as in a Nubian inscription telling about 2,667 men in a commercial expedition more than three thousand years ago. This flow out of Africa into the Mediterranean world reaches down to our day, since our words for "ebony, ivory, gum," and perhaps "baboon" are derived from the ancient Egyptian. Even the Egyptian word for "the Nubian," Pa-nehsy, is still in use today as the name Phinehas.

THE DANCING PYGMY

More than four thousand years ago an Egyptian commercial agent made trips into Nubia and the Sudan and brought back incense, ebony, leopard skins, and ivory. From one of his trips he brought back a special present for the king of Egypt, who was only a small boy at the time. This was an African pygmy, who would be used at the Egyptian court for serio-comic dances. The letter of delight which the boy king wrote to his agent still survives. One extract from it runs: "If he goes into the boat with you, appoint careful people, who will be around him on the two sides of the boat, guarding lest he fall into the water. If he sleeps at night, appoint more careful people, sleeping around him in his tent, and inspect ten times a night. My majesty wants to see this pygmy more than the products of the mine region or the incense land." The fact that the agent had this letter carved on his tomb at the First Cataract shows that the pygmy must have reached the palace.

JEWES AND BALKANS

In 1893 an American businessman by the name of Charles E. Wilbour was at the First Cataract looking for antiquities, as was his annual pleasure. He recorded in his notebook: "All these pap. from kôm shown me by 3 separate women." Thus casually he noted the acquisition of seventeen papyri from the mound of Elephantine. Fifty-four years later his daughter presented the still rolled and unexamined documents to the Brooklyn Museum. When opened and examined, they proved to belong to a celebrated group of documents, the records of a garrison of Jewish soldiers stationed at the First Cataract as frontier guards, under the Persian Empire some 2500 years ago. Such foreign mercenaries throughout the Near East are constantly coming to our notice. In Nubia proper there was a lonely fortress on a craggy rock called Qasr Ibrim. Here, four hundred years ago there was a garrison of Bosnians, that is, soldiers from Yugoslavia. We tend to think of the Near East as broken into closed cultures, Egyptians or Mesopotamians and so on. The ancient presence of a community of Jews at Elephantine or the recent presence of Bosnians at Qasr Ibrim shows how complicated the picture was.

Writing eighty years ago, Miss Amelia B. Edwards tells about the mixture of peoples at Ibrim: "There are 'fair' families, whose hideous light hair and blue eyes (grafted on brown-black skins) date back to Bosnian forefathers 360 years ago. These people give themselves airs, and are the haute noblesse of the place. The men are lazy and quarrelsome. The women trail longer robes, wear more beads and rings, and are altogether more unattractive and castor-oily than any we have seen elsewhere."

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"KILROY WAS HERE"

The epigrapher is the scholar who pursues the ancient inscriptions. They include the original carvings in tombs and temples and the graffiti scratched by passers-by over ten thousand years--prehistoric drawings on cliff sides, records of ancient Egyptian commercial agents, Christian monks, Muslim travellers, and modern tourists. On the doorway of the temple of Isis at Philae, a French inscription of the year 7 of the republic records that one of Napoleon's generals pursued the fleeing Mameluke troops thus far in 1799. Beside the temple of Abu Simbel a marble tablet written in English and Arabic tells about the British battle against the Dervishes in 1889, and nearby is the grave of a Major Tidswell, resting forever in the pagan precincts of Ramses II.

Even that impulse of the travelling soldier to record his "Kilroy was here" appears in the graffiti of ancient times. Twenty-five hundred years ago a brigade of Egyptians and Greek mercenaries came to Abu Simbel, and two of the Greeks climbed up to the leg of a colossus of Ramses II and scratched in Greek: "When King Psammetichos came to Elephantine, they wrote this who came...as far as the river allowed. Potasimto led the foreigners, and Amasis the Egyptians. Archon, son of Amobichos, and Pelekos, son of Udamos, wrote this."

PHILAE, "PEARL OF THE NILE"

A traveller to Egypt about 1830 wrote about Philae: "The beauty of the scenery around this enchanted isle compensated us for all our toil from Alexandria to the cataract; it was indeed the only spot in all our travels whose scenery deserves to be called sublime. The granite rocks, in a thousand majestic forms, rise from the isle at its western extremity and are beautifully contrasted with the picturesque effects of the stately palm-trees and magnificent structures of Philae; indeed, the whole island seems to be a delightful garden, studded with obelisks and temples."

On the island of Philae about 1818 the Italian adventurer Giovanni Belzoni picked up for sale two small obelisks, each only six tons in weight. In those days the problems of shipping were serious, but Belzoni's workmen gave it a try, and built a wooden loading pier out into the Nile. Under the weight of an obelisk, the pier promptly collapsed and dropped the monument into the river mud. Belzoni was tenacious of purpose, there were palm-fiber ropes and levers to pry the obelisk out, and the two monuments finally reached an estate in England, Kingston Lacy, Wimborne, Dorset. One of the obelisks had the name of Cleopatra in Greek and hieroglyphic, and that enabled Mr. W. J. Bankes to read this name in the picture writing six years before Champollion made his general decipherment of the language.

The island of Philae may have been the last stronghold of the ancient Egyptian religion. The Roman Emperor Theodosius in 379 A.D. decreed that Christianity should be compulsory throughout the Empire. But the priests of Philae, secure on their remote island, went on worshipping the goddess Isis. It was a hundred and fifty years later that Justinian cracked down and suppressed the ancient paganism. Thereafter, with no swarms of pilgrims, with no revenues, the island shrank in importance and soon became nearly deserted.

"SEVEN LEAN YEARS"

The Greek writers stated that the stretch of twelve leagues south of the First Cataract was the Dodekaschoenos, or "Twelve-League." We wish that we knew just how long an ancient "league" was. The area was consecrated to the god of the First Cataract, Khnum, and an ancient text tells us why. The legend is that, under a king named Djoser, Egypt experienced seven lean years, in which the Nile failed to flood satisfactorily. In a dream, the god appeared to the king and stated that he controlled the flow of the Nile. When the king awoke, he dedicated the income of the twelve-league stretch to the temple of the god Khnum. Of course, thereafter the years of good Niles came. The tradition of the seven lean years has a very interesting parallel in the Joseph story in the Bible.

TRIBUTE OF THE NEGROES

On the walls of Ramses II's temple of Bet el-Wali is depicted the tribute of the Negroes about 1280 B.C. Prominent among the ebony, fans, leopards and leopard skins, and decorated shields are elephants' tusks. About 3150 years later, Amelia B. Edwards saw a camel train reaching the Nile only a little north of Bet el-Wali.

"I shall not soon forget the Abyssinian caravan which we met one day just coming out from Mahatta. It consisted of seventy camels laden with elephant tusks. The tusks, which were about fourteen feet in length, were packed in half-dozens and sewn up in buffalo hides. Each camel was slung with two loads, one at either side of the hump. There must have been about eight hundred and forty tusks in all. Beside each shambling beast strode a bare-footed Nubian. Following these, on the back of a gigantic camel, came a hunting leopard in a wooden cage, and a wild cat in a basket."

Negro Africa raised and still raises cattle. Cattle are among the tribute brought to Ramses II in the temple of Bet el-Wali. One of the oxen is shown in a peculiar way, with a little Negro head set between the horns and with the horns depicted as arms stretched out in a plea to the king for mercy. We never know how seriously to take such pictures. Is this a symbolic sort of picture writing, stating that all Nubia, human and animal, surrendered fully to the pharaoh? Or did they actually decorate the head of an ox with this little arrangement, to try to soften the heart of pharaoh with a visible symbol of surrender?

BUT NO PIGS -

The temples of Nubia today lie deserted and melancholy in their loneliness. It was not always so. About 248 A.D. the temples became crowded in so unfitting a way that a formal decree in Greek was carved in the temple of Kalabshah: "will the owners of pigs please keep their animals out of this holy place!"

ROBBING RAMSES TO PAY PETER

The Temple of Wadi es-Sebua was built by Ramses II some time after 1300 B.C. In Christian times it was partly made over into a Coptic church. The most striking result is in the sanctuary at the rear of the temple. There a wall in the central niche was plastered over, and a figure of the Apostle Peter, armed with a huge key, was painted on the plaster. Flanking him on each side are two figures of the pharaoh Ramses II offering bouquets--so they are now offered to St. Peter!

SO PERISH THE ENEMIES OF THE KING!

In the delightful little temple of Amada there is a grisly reminder that the Egyptians were not simply gentle lovers of art. In an inscription Amen-hotep II (about 1440 B.C.) tells how he captured seven princes in the region of Damascus in Syria. He ceremonially killed them before the god in the capital city of Thebes, and hanged six of them on the wall of Thebes. The seventh was taken upstream through Nubia and on to the Fourth Cataract, where he was hanged on the wall of Napata. The grim pharaoh was giving notice to the world that his enemies had better beware, but his advertising methods were forbidding rather than captivating.

THE KING'S STATUES

About 1150 B.C. Ramses VI had a commissioner in Nubia by the name of Pen-No. This official built his tomb at Aniba, where he served a statue of the Pharaoh and administered the lands which provided the income for the service of the statue. This we know from the scenes in Pen-No's tomb.

In 1934 the Oriental Institute found at Megiddo in Palestine the base of another statue of Ramses VI. Dr. Breasted then wrote: "It is interesting to observe that, besides our statue at Megiddo, in the northern region of his Asiatic empire, Ramses VI likewise erected another statue of himself in Nubia, the southern extremity of his African empire."

We do not possess either statue, only the base of the northern one and the depiction on a tomb wall of the southern one.

"FUZZY-WUZZIES"

Archeology in Nubia may come down to the past century, if one so desires. Seven miles into the desert behind Toshke, in August, 1889, there was a battle under the blazing summer sun. The "Fuzzy-wuzzies," those fanatical dervishes who gave the British so much trouble for more than a dozen years in the Sudan, were met and defeated here in a great battle. Only two generations ago the field was white with bones, strewn with water jars, cartridges, and various camp rubbish. It was already an ancient ruin.

ABU SIMBEL

John Lewis Burckhardt was a Swiss explorer, who rejoiced in the traveling name of Sheikh Ibrahim. On March 2, 1813, he discovered the temple of Abu Simbel. It is almost incredible that a facade of 100 feet should not be clearly visible, but here are Burckhardt's words:

"Having, as I supposed, seen all the antiquities of Ebsambal (Abu Simbel), I was about to ascend the sandy side of the mountain by the same way I had descended when....I fell in with what is yet visible of four immense colossal statues cut out of the rock;....they stand in a deep recess, excavated in the mountain, but it is greatly to be regretted that they are now almost entirely buried beneath the sands, which are blown down here in torrents. The entire head and part of the breast and arms of one of the statues are yet above the surface; of the one next to it scarcely any part is visible."

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In July and August, 1817, the Italian adventurer and former circus strong man, Giovanni Belzoni, with his men working in an average daily temperature of 112° in the shade, cleared away the sand slide which concealed the facade and entrance to the temple of Abu Simbel. A slender little fellow, a Levantine mercenary soldier called Hajji Muhammad, squeezed through the first hole. He must have been the first to enter the temple in more than a thousand years.

"A CATHEDRAL IN A SINGLE BLOCK OF STONE"

The facade of the great rock-cliff temple at Abu Simbel is nearly 110 feet high, and the four colossi who sit, impassive through the ages, in front of the temple are 67 feet high. If they were to stand up, it has been calculated that they would be 83 feet high and might comfortably look into the window of a seven-story building. But it will do them no good to stand up, when the waters of the new High Dam flood the valley--they will still be 100 feet below the surface.

The temple of Abu Simbel cuts one hundred and eighty feet back into the hillside. It was skillfully laid out with a dramatic plan. Eighty years ago the famous traveler, Amelia B. Edwards, described it:

"It is fine to see the sunrise on the front of the Great Temple; but something still finer takes place on certain mornings of the year, in the very heart of the mountain. As the sun comes up over the eastern hill-tops, one long, level beam strikes through the doorway, pierces the inner darkness like an arrow, penetrates to the sanctuary, and falls like fire from heaven upon the altar at the feet of the Gods.

"No one who has watched for the coming of that shaft of sunlight can doubt that it was a calculated effect, and that the excavation was directed at one especial angle in order to produce it. In this way Ra, to whom the temple was dedicated, may be said to have entered in daily, and by a direct manifestation of his presence to have approved the sacrifices of his worshippers."

"OZYMANDIAS, KING OF KINGS"

Inside the temple of Abu Simbel, Ramses II carved scenes and inscriptions of his great battle against the Hittites in north Syria shortly after 1200 B.C. No record of ancient Egypt occupies so much wall space at Abu Simbel, at Thebes, and at Abydos. The young king made it his greatest boast. Yet the "victory" was a colossal fraud. Ramses II brashly walked into a Hittite ambush at Kadesh on the Orontes. The Egyptian army was sent helter-skelter into a disorderly rout. Only the personal bravery of Ramses and his bodyguard held off the Hittites from a overwhelming victory. When the Egyptians were able to regroup and retire in good order, Ramses was much relieved. By the time he returned to Egypt some weeks later, the engagement had developed in his divine imagination into a glorious success.

Ramses II's throne name was User-maat-Re, which descended into Greek as Ozymandias. He earned the title to colossal arrogance which we ascribe to the name Ozymandias. In the temple of Abu Simbel he appears as one of the four gods of the Egyptian empire. There are even reliefs showing him as king making sacrifices to himself as god. In the scene on the stela recounting Ramses' marriage to a Hittite princess, the pharaoh is shown solemnly consulting himself as a god, to discover whether he had the divine consent to marry the girl. A very useful bit of schizophrenia!

THE BREASTED FLAG

In January 1906, while the dahabiyah (house boat) of Breasted's expedition was anchored off Abu Simbel, the mail arrived, and he learned that President Harper of the University of Chicago had died ten days earlier. That night he wrote in his journal: "I have put the flag at half-mast with my own hands, and it will remain so during the rest of the voyage."

That flag, with its thirty-seven stars, is still one of the treasured mementos of the Oriental Institute. The number of stars shows that the flag was made between 1867 (Nebraska) and 1876 (Colorado). When Breasted was provisioning his expedition, it would seem that the shops in Cairo had nothing very new in American flags.

"SNOW" IN NUBIA

In January 1906, Breasted was working on a hieroglyphic inscription at Abu Simbel, telling about the marriage of Ramses II to a Hittite princess. The text said that the queen-to-be would come marching across the mountains in winter time and on the way might be held up by "rain and seleg." The latter was an unknown word. Suddenly he realized that it must be Hebrew sheleg, Arabic thalg, "snow." It is a paradox that the earliest occurrence of a word for "snow" was established nearly half a century ago in rainless, snowless Nubia.

THE LOST TEMPLE

Since archeologists came to Egypt they have been tantalized by native rumors of unknown temples out in the desert. After the first few generations of discovery, most of these rumors have proved to be false. In 1906, when Breasted was copying at Abu Simbel, he decided to follow up one such report. With camels, the Breasted party struck into the desert for two hours. Then there loomed up a large shape, with an apparent doorway cutting through it. As they came near, the shape became only an isolated rock cliff, pierced with holes, which had given the illusion of doors. Yet all was not lost effort. One of the openings had prehistoric drawings, with two boats, two giraffes, two ostriches, and smaller animals. This had been something of a holy spot to prehistoric man.

DESERT WARRIORS

The nomads who wander around the dreary deserts which flank the Nile are very skilled in finding their way through the uncharted wilderness. In modern times they have been engaged to serve as desert trackers in Egypt. Their skill in following the faint traces of runaway camels or of smugglers has become fabulous.

Ancient Egypt used them in the same way. About 2000 B.C. a frontier clerk at the Second Cataract wrote a series of reports. He constantly refers to the desert peoples, the Medjai, who came in to the frontier fortress and wanted to be enrolled as Egyptian soldiers. Many of them were enlisted and served so effectively that in the course of time their tribal name, Medjai, was used as the ancient Egyptian word for "police."

The settled people in the Near East have always been in terror of the desert warriors. In Roman times one group of these desert people, the Blemmyes, became aggressive, both against the Candaces of Ethiopia to the south and against the Romans to the north. The Romans established fortresses against them in Nubia, but finally had to withdraw north of the First Cataract after two centuries of fighting. It was not until 451 A.D. that the Romans won a real victory over them.

North of the Second Cataract at the sites of Ballana and Qustul, great mound graves have been found of a strange people, who gave respectable burial to their horses. It is possible that these intrusive strangers were the warlike Blemmyes.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS KING

The beautiful little temple of Buhen near the Second Cataract has records of the most famous family quarrel in ancient Egyptian history. About 1500 B.C., a strong-minded queen, Hat-shepsut, forced her way into masculine ranks. Discarding her queenly titles, she proclaimed that she had been born a king and thus had a divine right to sit upon the throne as a man. She thrust her male relatives into the background, appeared at ceremonies in male dress, with a beard tied at her chin, and had inscriptions carved about the "she-king," "she-god," and "she-Horus." Eventually young Thut-mose III overcame her, and his agents painfully went through Egyptian temples, such as the one at Buhen, hacking out her name, the feminine endings and pronouns, and inserting the name of Thut-mose in their place. She may not have been the first feminist in history, but she was one of the most determined.

FRONTIER FORT

When the Egyptian Empire moved into Nubia shortly after 2000 B.C., a series of fortresses were built along the Nile to hold the newly conquered land. One of these, Buhen at the Second Cataract, has recently been excavated. It was a massive structure, with walls more than sixteen feet thick, perhaps more than twenty feet high, strengthened by round bastions sticking out into a dry moat. Double rows of loopholes in the fortress wall could be used to shoot arrows or sling stones at various angles. It looks too strong for capture. Yet the evidence shows that it was captured in between the Middle and New Kingdoms, when Egypt was weak. Even the strongest fort cannot support a weak government.

THE LIBERATION OF EGYPT

In one of Egypt's weaker ages, about 1575 B.C., the Pharaoh at Thebes was the unwilling vassal of the Hyksos, Asiatic rulers in the north of the land. And he was the unwilling ally of a Nubian to the south. In frustration, he cried out: "Here I sit, associated with an Asiatic and a Nubian! Each man has his slice of this Egypt, dividing up the land with me." The Hyksos king sent a secret messenger to Nubia, inviting the southerners to make common cause with him against the Egyptians. The Pharaoh happened to capture this messenger in the western oases and thus thwarted the plans for putting Egypt into an Asian-African vise. There was no united action between the Hyksos and the Nubians, Egypt started a successful war of liberation, and went on to set up her own empire in Asia and Africa.

"THE BELLY OF STONES"

The Arabs call the forbidding stretch of water at the Second Cataract the "Belly of Stones," and they avoid it because navigation is dangerous. There are scarcely any boats in the region at all. In 1907, Breasted heard a report that there was an inscription on an island in the Cataract. Yet he could find no boat anywhere in the district. Then a native appeared with two long bundles of dried reeds, each tied in cigar shape, and the two lashed together into a raft. Breasted sat upon this ancient contraption, while the native swam behind and kicked the float across to the island. Just so, we read in the Pyramid Texts of forty-three hundred years ago, the dead kings would be brought across celestial waters to their homes in paradise--on a float of two reed-bundles.

THE MISPLACED STELA

So desolate are the stretches of shore in Nubia that even so precious a commodity as wood may not be noticed for years. At the Second Cataract a German expedition in 1844 found a large inscription broken in two pieces. They were boxed for shipment, but when the boxes reached Berlin, only the lower part of the stela could be found. It was more than forty years later, in 1886, that a second expedition found the wooden box still lying intact upon the shore at the Cataract region. No one had broken up the boxes for fire-wood or building wood; perhaps no one had really seen them. The wheels of bureaucracy began to grind, and by 1899 the two pieces were reunited in Berlin.

THE NILE WATCHERS

Four thousand years ago Egyptian commissioners were posted in the rocky stretches of the Second Cataract to watch and record the height of the annual inundation. That was vitally important to Egypt's prosperity, so that from this lonely outpost two hundred and fifty miles away from Egypt proper, word could be sent ahead of the inundation that a good or a poor Nile flood was expected, so that the state would know how to use the coming waters. More than a century ago an expedition noticed that the records of Nile heights were carved about twenty-five feet higher than modern maximum heights. It was objected that we could not know that these levels were carved exactly at the water mark. Since these outposts would be blisteringly hot in the summer when the Nile was high, perhaps the Nile watchers made their records at some breezy spot higher up. In 1907 Breasted noticed a series of pot-holes consistently running about two feet below the recorded levels, thus showing that the Nile about 2000 B.C. had been higher than today. Probably the rock barrier at the Second Cataract has been cut down over four thousand years.

A PROPHECY

In 1906 Professor Breasted wrote: "Probably there are few Egyptologists who do not realize that the monuments of Egypt still in situ are rapidly falling to ruin....While the structural decay and barbarous demolition of the monuments are sufficiently well known, the invisible but steady disintegration of the surfaces of intact walls...is not generally understood....One need only examine a series of photographs...and if the negatives have been made at intervals during the last twenty years, the surface of the wall from photograph to photograph may be seen slowly dissolving and the record upon it fading into blank masonry before one's eyes....It is evident that the work of making permanent records of our fast-perishing inheritance in Egypt cannot begin too soon." How right he was!

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MAY I GO ALONG AND HELP?

The call of field work and the fascination of archeology are strong magnets. Geologists, housewives, photographers, retired draftsmen, and school children say: "I haven't much money to give, but I can give myself. I'd do anything in the field and without pay. May I go along and help?"

We have to say three things to these people who offer something more precious than dollars. First, nobody should go to Nubia and spend a season unless he realizes that the place is completely cut off. No books, no magazines, no movies, no music. In one week you will have seen the local scenery, and there will be no new place to go. After awhile the loneliness and the lack of relief get on everybody's nerves. A person really has to have a professional devotion to the work in order to stand the seven months of monotonous isolation.

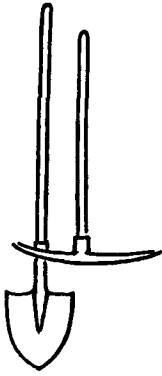
Second, Nubia offers almost no living and working quarters, so that expeditions usually operate from a dahabiyah or house boat. These can accommodate six to eight persons. The professional staff of experienced people must be at least six persons. This leaves little space for the eager volunteer.

Finally, even if we took a volunteer without any salary, it would cost about \$1100 for round-trip travel between Chicago and Cairo and another \$700 to maintain the volunteer on a seven-month season. Under field conditions, even the most willing volunteer is a gamble. When you need every cent for the work, you cannot afford to gamble.

So--to all those whose hearts went out to the archeological adventure and who wanted to give us their services--won't you give us what money you can, and won't you organize interest in your own communities to spread the word of what we are trying to do?

Thank you!

John A. Wilson
Director



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

NEWSLETTER FROM IRAQ

Nippur, November 8, 1960

Dear Friends:

After an absence of two and a half years, the expedition to Nippur, sponsored jointly by the American Schools of Oriental Research and the Oriental Institute, is back in the field. There are only three of us here at the moment: Don Hansen who came directly from a summer's digging at Sardis in Turkey, Jim Knudstad who was in Egypt and Iran last winter and is back again after less than a three-month stay in the States, and myself. On the first of December we will be joined by George Dales, who is now in Pakistan, and, in the spring, we are expecting Vaughn Crawford, the Field Director of the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research. With the exception of Professor Goetze of Yale, who could not come out this year, it is the same staff that was here during 1957-58. Our objective is also the same--the excavation of the temple of the goddess Inanna.

Luckily, we were able to rent the same house (at a higher rent) in Afaj, a small village not too far from the mound. Like most tenants, we wanted some redecorating done but, unlike most tenants, knew we would have to do it ourselves. A quick trip to town and we came back with boxes and boxes of distemper in old rose, powder blue, opaline green, and old gold. This painting activity so enthused the interested owner that he contributed a light tan for the courtyard walls and a bright green for the shower room. Much to our dismay, a new coating of distemper was no deterrent to the termites. Within twenty-four hours a little mud tunnel was being hurriedly built down the living room wall. Termites are determined beings and the one little lizard who came in the evenings to feast at the mouth of the rivulet of mud was not equal to the task. Although the tunnel is completed now from ceiling to floor, the little lizard still comes--so we break the run each evening and he picks off the confused ants running around trying to repair the damage. What the termites hope to gain, I'm not sure. The walls are solid brick, the floors are tile, and the present runs miss the doors and windows, the only wood in the building.

Despite the mud tracteries on the walls, we are comfortably installed. Some of our furniture dates back a quarter of a century to the University of Pennsylvania's expedition at Tepe Gawra, and the dishes and linens (augmented) to the Institute's expedition at Megiddo in Palestine. Our latest acquisitions include metal tables and chairs and a fine refrigerator from Professor Kraeling's dig in Libya. Everything has been washed and scrubbed and we now await a class A sand storm to put down its unifying layer of dust and the first good rain to create a mud so adhesive that any amateur Sherlock could read the comings and goings of our household staff with no trouble at all.

-2-

Meanwhile at the mound....

Inanna and her abode at Nippur are old friends of ours. In 1951-52 a deep trench located the building, and exploratory tunnels provided a door-socket with a dedicatory inscription. In 1953-54 we were busy working on another part of Nippur but found time to dig out a couple of rooms--just as a foretaste of things to come. In 1955-56 we started excavating the temple in earnest but miscalculated. What we had thought to be the length of the building was actually its width and we were faced with a huge mound that we had hoped would not need to be touched. In 1957-58 we started from the top again and excavated temples from the Parthian period (ca. 200 B.C.) through the Third Dynasty of Ur (ca. 2000 B.C.) that covered more area than a football field. Below we found a smaller temple (about 80 by 275 feet) dating to the end of the Early Dynastic II period (ca. 2700 B.C.). By this time we were more than 25 feet below the top of the hillock which covered the temple.

This season we are back to pick up the threads again and excavate the temple down to its prehistoric beginning. From a test pit dug last season we know we are still more than 35 feet above the water table.

To pick up the threads again wasn't easy. While we were away Enlil's winds had covered the entire temple with sand dunes--some of them eight to ten feet high. More than once I've felt that the god Enlil is peculiarly successful in protecting his home town from the prying eyes of later-day inquirers. We wanted to bulldoze the sand out of the area but no available bulldozer was to be found. So we fell back on a method we knew well--an unending procession of men who carry the sand up to the dump cars on our field railroad and return to do the same thing again and again throughout an eight-hour day. It works. Now, three weeks after the beginning of work, the area is free of sand. As soon as we had part of the temple cleared, we fastened manila locus tags to the walls, in order to establish the precise place of everything, and were ready to start the excavation. But Enlil had allies who, it seemed, also resented the intrusion of men and noise. Many of the tags were torn from the walls during the night by foxes who have taken over the tunnels below the ziggurat as their very own. I think we have won, however, for fewer and fewer of the tags show teeth marks now. Maybe it was a game the foxes played in the moonlight, I don't know.

In the excavations we have been clearing the temple level exposed last season to its lowest floors. In most rooms nearly a meter of thin clay floor coverings had been laid during the life of the building. Each floor layer had an accompanying thin mud plaster on the walls so that, as the floors rose, the walls became wider and wider. Some minor changes were made, but essentially the plan remained the same. In another week the level should be completed, mapped, photographed, and then destroyed. We will dig down to the next level of the temple and it will be cleared, mapped, photographed, and destroyed. The same process will be repeated over and over until we reach the first temple built on the site. With luck, we hope to do this before we run out of either of those two ever-present constants: time and money.

Usually the first weeks of digging provide little excitement in objects found. We have been fortunate this year. Just over a week ago, we were digging through the lowest floor of a small room when we uncovered a whole collection of temple objects that had been discarded when the temple was rebuilt. Most of the objects are made of marble or alabaster. There are small box-like bases or

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stands, some undecorated but others with bands of mother of pearl and bitumen inlay and bas-reliefs of humans and animals; there are insets in the form of the forepart of a ram and a bull; there are fragments of limestone plaques and small statuettes; there are beads, shells, and flints. This collection must have provided us with the necessary impetus, for, since then, each day we have found a few objects that we are proud to have on our workroom shelves.

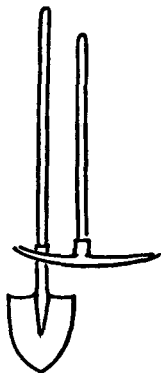
The season has started very nicely and, without undue optimism, we are looking forward to digging out the successive temple constructions and the objects they contain. It will take time. There will be rains and the roads will be muddy, there will be winds and the sand will blow, there will be spring sunshine and the flowers will bloom before we have reached the original Inanna temple at Nippur.

Very sincerely,

Richard C. Haines
Field Director
Joint Expedition to Nippur

P. S. The termites have failed to repair the last break we made in their tunnel. It's too bad, in a way, for the lizard has gone somewhere else to look for food. However, the animal participation in our camp life has been kept at an even balance by a gazelle bought from a local policeman.

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

December 15, 1960

Dear Friends:

As the year 1960 makes its final bows, the Oriental Institute makes its seasonal bow to you who have taken such a cordial interest in our work. Shortly after Christmas I shall leave for Cairo, to attend an international meeting there and to inspect our expeditions in that country. Three round trips by jet 'plane across the Atlantic make me feel something like a human yo-yo, but that is the measure of the excitement of this year. By the time I return in the latter half of January, we should be reading Newsletters from the field.

Carl and Elsie Kraeling left the States about a month ago for a season of study in Rome and the Near East. It is good that Carl's doctors have encouraged this quiet return to his own work in the Near East, and I know that you will all join in wishing them well.

Our other field activities are starting with excellent auspices. It is a tribute to the standing of the Oriental Institute and to Dr. Kraeling's patient efforts for the Institute that we have four expeditions in the field and that they were cordially received by local authorities.

After an absence of two seasons, the Nippur Expedition, under the directorship of Carl Haines, returns to its excavations in that ancient city a hundred miles south of Baghdad in Iraq. The objective of this final season is the temple of the Goddess of Love and Warfare, Inanna, upon which the expedition had been concentrating three years ago. Of course, the first work of the expedition was to clear away eight to ten feet of sand which had blown into the previous excavation. Then under the floor of a small room Mr. Haines found a rich collection of sacred temple objects, which had been given pious burial 4500 years ago, an "incredible flood of sculpture." There are rectangular stone bases for some kind of temple activity, some inlaid with bitumen or mother-of-pearl, some sculptured with humans and animals; fragments of small statues; limestone inlays depicting ram and bull; beads, shells, flints, and a cuneiform tablet. "We already have a finer collection than we had at the end of last year's digging." It is always a wonderful feeling to start out a season with such rich and interesting finds.

You will remember that three years ago Robert M. Adams was carrying out a surface survey of ancient settlements in the Diyala region of Iraq northeast of Baghdad. Thus he located, identified, and dated ancient mounds, providing a pattern of settlement based on irrigation over many centuries. Such a study of the use of irrigation for human location has of course been of great interest to modern governments facing similar problems. Dr. Adams is again in the field, has just completed a surface survey in Iraq, and by this time will be extending his observations into neighboring Iran. The charting of old settlements in Iraq this autumn has been in two areas: former branches of the Euphrates lying north and northwest

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of Nippur, and a second area lying generally between Nippur and Kish. As in previous surveys, dozens of sites were visited and examined on the basis of surface evidence; twenty-six could be formally dated and mapped in terms of relative location in space and time. The government officials and citizens of Iraq have been cordial and cooperative.

Now, at the invitation of the Government of Iran, Dr. Adams moves over into that southwest part of Iran which continues the alluvial plain of Mesopotamia, and which therefore will provide comparable evidence to that found in Iraq. This kind of surface survey was devised by Dr. Jacobsen several years ago. Its results are highly interesting for economics, human geography, and politics. Ancient governments provided canals, so that outlying districts might have irrigation waters, and villages sprang into being where agricultural life had formerly been impossible. This can now be seen as a slowly changing process over thousands of years. You will understand why we feel great pride in these results.

Things are also happening in Egypt. The Epigraphic Expedition returned as usual to Luxor, to start work on the final volume of copying the temple of Medinet Habu. The season started with operational difficulties. You can nurture along a physical plant for many years by constant care. But when an automobile is twenty-six years old, or when an electric plant and refrigerators are thirty years old, you may have to tinker with them every day to keep them going. Dr. George Hughes and our good engineer, John Healey, are loyally putting up with obsolete mechanical equipment, at the pain of having to run out to the engine room at midnight and doctor a dying motor. Since spare parts are not easy to acquire for ancient motors, particularly in that economy, this skill in keeping things going seems almost miraculous. We do need a lot of new mechanical, refrigerative, and automotive equipment. Yet the staff does go ahead with the scientific work day by day, and the final copying of the temple of Medinet Habu, begun in 1924, is now only a couple of years away.

Then there is the Nubian Expedition, a formal enterprise of the Oriental Institute, new and therefore financed outside of the regular budget. That is our response to the emergency created by the new High Dam at Assuan and the threat that the archeology of Nubia would be flooded over. Our work in Nubia has three parts: exploration of a stretch of twelve miles on each side of the Nile River, excavation of the most promising indications from that exploration, and copying the temple of Beit el-Wali. The last named operation has already begun. By this time Dr. Hughes and Dr. Charles Nims have probably finished their preliminary photographing and studying in the temple, as the basis for the formal and definitive copying of this monument of Ramses II, before it is moved away to higher ground. These two scholars have visited Beit el-Wali under living conditions of primitivity and privation. We acknowledge their devotion with deep gratitude.

The exploration and excavation side of the Nubian Expedition should begin before Christmas. That has of course involved more detailed planning and organization, under the spirited direction of Dr. Keith Seele. We have had the very good fortune to gain a partner, the Swiss Institute in Cairo. Its Director, Dr. Herbert Ricke, is an experienced excavator, so that we feel that we have about the best field man available. Nubia is such a desert backwater that practically every element of the expedition, including the spade and shovel men, has to be gathered in the north and transported to the site. This has been effected, and the steamer houseboat, with the motor launch, are now on their way south toward Beit el-Wali in Nubia. Dr. Hughes writes that no houses are available in the village of Beit el-Wali. The houseboat will have to be both living and working

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quarters. Certainly the staff will be cramped, but they have the professional attitude that a job has to be done and they will do it no matter what the conditions may be. The motor launch provides both the necessary communications for food and supplies and the vehicle for the field survey of these twelve miles. This participation in an international effort is an important activity on the Institute's part. Very clearly both the American scholars and those abroad were looking to the Institute for leadership. And, despite delays to assemble equipment and personnel, we seem to be the first new expedition in the field. A world reputation has its responsibilities, but it will also have rewards. Let us wish this newest enterprise great good fortune in its new task.

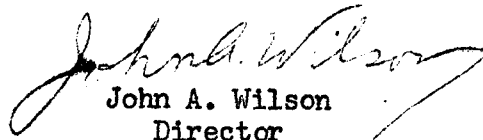
So much for the pain and glory of work in the field. Work at home may be less glamorous, but it is of course the very heart of the affair. Dr. Robert Braidwood is back from his season in the hills of Iran, full of new questions about the origins of settled life. His staff is very busy in the basement, assembling and studying the field results. Books continue to grind out of the Oriental Institute, including successive volumes of the Assyrian Dictionary. I was startled the other day to be told about Oriental Institute Publications No. 90, and the Publications are only one of our series. A new volume is just out, "City Invincible," edited by Carl H. Kraeling and Robert M. Adams, giving the proceedings of the December 1958, symposium on urbanization and cultural development, which Dr. Kraeling organized and ran so admirably.

Classes continue to meet, and professors "too numerous to mention by name" continue to build up their scholarly contributions. It is a good place to work.

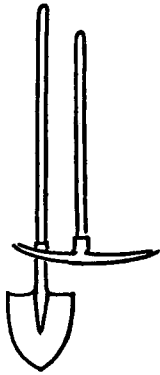
This year I am the Director. Next year we should have a younger man, with a vigorous idea on new attacks on the old problems. It will still be the Oriental Institute.

You have been generous in your support of the Institute in the past. We are worthy of your continued support. Will you look again into your purses and see to what extent you can send us a special gift for the Institute work? Thank you, and from all of us warm wishes for the Christmas season and the new year.

Cordially yours,


John A. Wilson
Director

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archeological newsletter

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Beit el Wali Headquarters,
Oriental Institute Egyptian
Assuan High Dam Program
January 6, 1961

Dear Friends:

After trying difficulties and disappointing delays, the Oriental Institute's newest expedition is at last at work in the field. We have even entertained our first guest, the Director of the Oriental Institute, who was with us from New Year's Day until January 4.

The difficulties and delays were connected with obtaining boats, both for our living quarters at Beit el Wali and for a communication and supply line to Assuan, 31 miles to the north. The expected availability of boats proved a false hope, and we were obliged to spend time and effort in seeking them. Since they are indispensable for work in Nubia, this was a challenge of considerable proportions. Thus, soon after arrival in Cairo on October 28, I was looking at just about every boat in sight on the Nile at Zamalek. Zamalek, incidentally, is the home of the Swiss Institute for Architecture and Archeology, which is collaborating with us in a joint expedition. Partnership with the Swiss Institute's Scientific Director, Dr. Herbert Ricke, has rendered us the assistance which alone has brought us where we are.

The list of boats handed to us by the Nubian Bureau contained only one that was available--the other on the "list" had been purchased for another expedition. Thus we immediately started off to see what we could find on our own. Valuable footwork was done for us by Nicholas Millet, Oriental Institute M. A. in Egyptology, who actually located the boat which we eventually rented. This is the "Memnon," a former Cook tourist steamer, later the property of a former Prime Minister. We examined it and thought that what was fit for a Prime Minister ought to be suitable even for an Oriental Institute expedition. We rented it for \$3000 a year, an expense which was increased by another thousand for insurance of boat and personnel and still more later for fuel oil to keep the "Memnon" moving.

After we had obtained the big boat, our troubles began. She had not been in operation for more than a decade, so that machinery had to be overhauled. Inspections had to be made for the owner, government, insurance company, and ourselves. Permits had to be secured for her navigation. Supplies and equipment had to be obtained and brought aboard for the kitchen and for the archeological and epigraphic work. A crew had to be assembled, including a pilot capable of directing the steamer up hundreds of miles of ever-changing Nile shoals and shallows, through narrow locks, and among the rocks of the cataract at Assuan.

The climax of all was the passage through the great Assuan Dam, whose locks we knew to be only a few inches wider than the "Memnon" herself, and then into the stormy waters of the Nubian Nile. The chief of the locks told us that it was impossible for the steamer to pass through the locks at all, but we did! The "Memnon" burns crude oil (mazout), and we found virtually none of this precious stuff south of Cairo, thus our supply of it had to be sent at great expense by truck to meet us at prearranged stations along the Nile. Once the steamer ran out of it between stations and had to wait two days for a special load. Delay confronted us at each loading because the viscous mass refused to flow through the supply hose into the tanks. Once we built a fire under the tank truck to warm up its contents and speed the flow. Meantime we waited, just as Dr. Ricke and I had waited in offices in Cairo.

Our superb motor launch, built for the U. S. Navy in 1942, I found and purchased in Alexandria. Our ambassador in Cairo had recommended it to me, for he had gone sea fishing in it. She is a gift to the expedition of our good friend, Mr. William R. Boyd, of Lake Wales, Florida, who accompanied me on my survey trip to Nubia last April. She is equipped with two 87 horse power General Motors engines (diesel) and with her power and speed is the ideal craft for our communications with Assuan. I named her the "Barbara" in honor of Miss Barbara Switalski, a student of Egyptology at the Oriental Institute, who had been one of the first to stir up interest in saving the Nubian monuments, even before the Institute was formally committed to the project. With a boatman from Abukir, near Alexandria, whom I took over from the previous owner of the launch, and several pilots, I had the delightful experience of accompanying the "Barbara" as captain and sole passenger for 625 miles from Cairo to Beit el Wali, a truly memorable though sometimes almost terrifying adventure.

The "Memnon" left Cairo on the morning of December 9. The "Barbara" and I followed on the afternoon of the 13th, for she had not yet reached Cairo on the 9th and was delayed by formalities now becoming almost routine. But I overtook the "Memnon" at Assiut, half-way to Luxor, where I found her slowly imbibing mazout through an all-too-thin drinking tube. I proceeded ahead of her to Luxor and beat her by two days. She deserted me on Christmas day at Luxor, where I had to wait for the replacement of a broken generator belt, but I overtook her again at Assuan on December 27.

Finally, on Wednesday, December 28, our little fleet steamed off from Assuan. The beautiful motor cruiser "Barbara" led the way, resplendent in her red and white paint, manned by my engineer, pilot, and myself. The dignified old Cook's steamer followed, flying the Stars and Stripes (only 42 stars!!), the Swiss cross in its red field, and the flag of the U. A. R., and bearing the remainder of the staff of the Oriental Institute-Swiss Institute Expedition to Nubia. We proudly "steamed" through the tortuous First Cataract of the Nile, amidst gigantic boulders of granite, some polished glassy smooth by a thousand centuries of rushing waters, others bearing fascinating and exquisitely carved hieroglyphic inscriptions. It was a grand sight--and I was proud to realize that, in spite of our frustration and despair in Cairo, we were actually the first expedition of the season to bring our boats to Nubia. But excruciating hours were still ahead that day--it required the whole day to pass through the seven locks of the cataract and the great dam--for the "Memnon" was as snug in the locks as a finger in a glove. What pushing and breathless shoving were required to keep the steamer parallel to the granite sides of those mighty "steps" of water! High winds prevailed that day, it was difficult to keep the "Memnon" moving, but the climax was

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reached when we were inching along through the last of the locks, seemingly the narrowest of all, with a hand's breadth between the "Memnon" and the rough masonry, with storm winds blowing and wild waves dashing against the granite of the dam and the rocky shores beyond. But the passage was completed! We had been lifted nearly 200 feet above the channel below the dam! How gallantly then the "Barbara" and the "Memnon" sped through the stormy "seas" to their first mooring place in Nubia, beside Heisa Island and close to the submerged pylons and colonnades of beautiful Philae. The storm had subsided with the passing of that night. The next day, after the "Barbara" had replenished her oil tanks at Shellal, our little fleet moved off among the granite boulders rising grotesquely above the flood. We passed the site where the new High Dam is being built, moved between rocky shores, virtually without sand, vegetation, or inhabitants, through the "extinct" cataract of Bab Kalabshah, and on for 31 miles. At length, at four o'clock we moored at the goal of all our efforts, immediately in front of the rock temple of Beit el Wali. At sunset we shifted to a safer place in the submerged quarry of Kalabsha, where we still are, and spent our first night at our headquarters.

Early next morning, December 30, Dr. George R. Hughes and three of his Chicago House artists marched off to Beit el Wali temple to begin the recording of this exquisite little sanctuary, hewn in the rock in the first months of the reign of Ramesses II. Dr. Hughes had been here twice before our arrival, once in October, and again in November-December. The second time he was accompanied by Dr. Charles F. Nims, who flew specially out from his teaching duties in Chicago to photograph Beit el Wali and make the enlargements on which the artists do their work. That preliminary activity now paid off. Today, one week after our arrival, these faithful veterans of our copying work at Luxor have completed the pencilling work on more than three-fourths of the scenes on the walls of the open court of the temple. Next week they will move inside to finish in pencil the interior rooms of the sanctuary. Thereafter they will return to Luxor to complete the ink work on their drawings, and we expect that it will be possible before the end of the season to collate and complete the major portion of the entire temple. We are optimistic enough to believe that, despite the lateness of our start, we shall have finished the recording of Beit el Wali before the time next season when it is scheduled to be cut free from the surrounding rock, to be removed to higher ground in a nearby "oasis" beside the lake-to-be. Similar progress has been made on the definitive plan of Beit el Wali by Dr. Ricke of the Swiss Institute and his assistant.

During the visit of Dr. Wilson, he accompanied Dr. Ricke and our archeological consultant, Mr. Labib Habachi, on a survey of the country to the north of Beit el Wali, in order to prospect for excavation sites. Another excursion for the same purpose was conducted today, when we discovered several cemeteries which show some promise. We expect within a few days to determine the character of these burials and the nature of a strange settlement of stone houses surprisingly distant from the original channel of the Nile. There is mystery here; we wonder whether we may be able to unearth any clues to its solution. We have time enough in the months ahead to search for the clues and to fit them together. But there is always the air of urgency about us: we know that the waters behind the new High Dam are coming. We wish that we had more resources so that we could throw more local laborers into the work and be certain of complete exploitation of this vast but forbidding area between Beit el Wali and Dehmit which we have chosen to explore.

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As we anticipated, our supply-line to Assuan is absolutely vital. All our food has to be brought from there. The selection is not wide. The obtaining of meat is most critical; by the time we reach Assuan with the "Barbara" the meager supply in the butcher shops has been sold to Assuan customers. But our able hostess, Mrs. Ricke, only lady on the expedition, has had long experience on archeological expeditions and she works prodigiously to meet our needs with the limited supplies brought from Cairo and obtainable in Assuan.

One of our greatest needs is a generator which we could connect up with the 110 volt lighting circuit of the "Memnon." Our ship's lights went out when we moored at Beit el Wali and dismissed our crew. For we cannot obtain or afford to keep a full crew when we are not moving or a supply of the scarce mazout to run the big engine. We have a supply of dim oil lamps, of course, also several of the brighter pressure affairs so familiar in the east. But lack of light shortens our working hours, and the early sunset and sudden darkness of the desert hampers our efforts and wastes our time. And how we would all enjoy the luxury of a hot bath in one of our numerous bathrooms which looked so inviting in far-away Cairo, when we still thought that mazout was as abundant as the waters of the Nile!

While our season this year will necessarily be a short one--the heat and other circumstances will force us to close about the middle of March--we anticipate a successful one, and we already know that our season will probably be the longest of any of the expeditions at work in Nubia this year. I shall write again when I can report in greater detail on the results of our excavations. If we can equal the progress of Dr. Hughes and his artists in the little temple, we shall really have something to boast about.

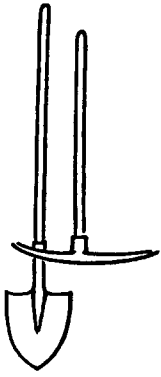
Sincerely yours,

Keith C. Seele
Director

Oriental Institute Egyptian Assuan
High Dam Program
Oriental Institute-Swiss Institute
Expedition to Nubia

P. S. It seems a pity to be flying a 42-star flag; that's all we were able to find in Cairo!

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NEWSLETTER FROM IRAN

January 30, 1961

Dear Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

With the inauguration of the New Frontier, America's relations with the less developed countries of the world are due for renewed public scrutiny. Rates of growth, capital investment, and technological change are all very much in the news--as much in a country of the underdeveloped category like Iran as in the United States itself.

In few places are the needs and potentialities of a better life more apparent than on the fertile plains of Khuzestan in southwestern Iran. With the truck driver, the school teacher, the foreign engineer as its advance agents, what has been called a revolution of rising expectations is truly under way here in village after village of impoverished peasant agriculturalists. Assuming that this is a representative example, the rapidity and extent of the changes that are due leave little doubt that on a world-wide scale they will become increasingly the central fact of our era.

Yet this is also an old country, which is why I am working here on behalf of the Oriental Institute. The new high dam that is rising in the gorge of the Dez River at the upper end of the Khuzestan plain is not far above the remains of an earlier one constructed by the Sassanian king Shapur I shortly after 260 A.D., using captured Roman legionnaires. Below the dam an elaborate pilot program aimed at increased agricultural output is under way, in fields over which dozens of ancient village mounds stand as mute witnesses. Elsewhere in the region, a gleaming modern sugar refinery is nearing completion in an area where the first discovery of refining techniques may well have taken place more than twelve hundred years ago. Thus the evidences of the great periods of Iran's past are as omnipresent as those of the need for--and beginnings of--efforts of even greater magnitude in the crucial period ahead.

The contemporary problems of development, at least in the agrarian sector, are in many respects also problems which have been faced repeatedly in the past. Farming procedures involving year-round intensive cultivation and cash-crop emphasis are largely new, but the essential features of constructing and maintaining an irrigation system have a high antiquity. The remains of ancient canals crisscross the Khuzestan plain, sometimes even coinciding with those now under construction. Water control, silt removal, the prevention of erosion, field salinization all have had to be dealt with--with varying success--by farmers here over a period of perhaps seven thousand years. Thus it is not altogether inappropriate that an itinerant archeologists should be found breaking bread in construction company resthouses with engineers and agronomists--learning of the concrete, perennial

problems of land and water management that they have to grapple with, and perhaps contributing a bit of historical perspective in return.

Distant as this may seem from humanistic studies generally, it is not a new approach for the Oriental Institute. Thorkild Jacobsen pioneered in the discovery of early Mesopotamian canal and river networks by means of archeological surveys during the 'thirties, and resumed the reconnaissance of ancient river courses during a season of excavation at Nippur after the war. With Dr. Vaughn Crawford of the Metropolitan Museum, I mapped settlement and irrigation patterns during 1956-57 in that territory further north which was anciently known as Akkad. The following year a much more comprehensive study of ancient Mesopotamian agriculture was undertaken for the Iraq Government's development program under Professor Jacobsen's direction. The field aspect of this study--in the basin of the Diyala River, where the Oriental Institute had earlier carried out extensive excavations--for the first time threw us into direct contact with the work of modern irrigation planners and soil scientists. I learned there the immense value for our own discipline of such research aids as aerial photographs and soil classification studies, aids which are beyond the usually modest scope of an archeological field budget. Therefore, it is a distinct pleasure for me to find them available once again for the ancient land of Elam around its great ruined capital at Susa.

The Institute's work here is being carried on with the assistance and continuing cooperation of the Khuzestan Development Service (K.D.S.). This concern, an Iranian arm of the Development and Resources Corporation of New York, has been given charge of the long-term program of regional development for the entire Khuzestan plain. Already last year, several members of its staff collaborated with members of Professor Robert Braidwood's expedition. The latter, you may recall, probed the earliest horizons of agricultural life in the Kermanshah region, about 450 miles into the mountains to the north. This year, dealing with a later time range, I am working in the heart of the K.D.S. area. As an incidental advantage, many basic environmental and economic studies of the region that have been prepared by D.K.S. personnel are directly available in neat files and reports. Moreover, authoritative technical advice is easily come by. Among many others, thanks are due in particular to Mr. Lee L. Anderson, Director of Agricultural Development, for his continuing interest, encouragement and counsel.

The procedure of this study is relatively simple. Periods in the K.D.S. headquarters in Ahwaz alternate with longer periods of field survey. Traces of ancient canals and settlements on the aerial photographs are carefully noted and mapped during the former, later to be visited, confirmed, and assigned a date where possible. The actual survey advances slowly, by foot and jeep, seemingly always in recent weeks through mud left by heavy rains or irrigation. Lately I have been joined on this part of the enterprise by Mr. M. M. Moshirpour of the Iran Antiquities Service, who concedes that he now favors excavations to surveys as a less amphibious type of activity. But gradually through reconnaissance, whole patterns of irrigation and settlement emerge, seeming to have changed decisively from time to time under the impact of both historical events and changing natural conditions. Then, with the K.D.S. staff of specialists to draw upon, one can tentatively put forward hypotheses on how and why some of the observed changes occurred--to have them deflated or encouraged in subsequent discussions as the case may be. Frankly, it is often an exciting business as well as an educational one.

It is too early to describe any general findings without risk of having to eat my words upon returning home two months or so hence. Admitting that risk, the dense settlement and prosperity of the region during prehistoric times (particularly from perhaps 4000 to 3500 B.C.) is strikingly evident. But a subsequent

sharp decline seems to have been arrested only after 2000 B.C., and then to have been precipitated once more on a very wide scale by the Assyrian campaigns in the first third of the First Millennium B.C. Still later came the great irrigation programs of the Sassanians, bringing entirely new levels of urbanization, prosperity, and population density throughout the region--levels, however, which did not long outlive that dynasty.

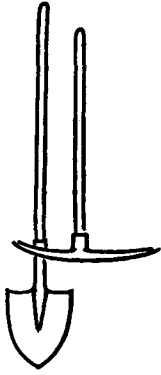
Brief and tentative as it is, perhaps this sort of synoptic sketch of regional history will suggest ways in which archeological surveys can supplement the findings of excavations in strategic urban localities. The latter, of course, continue apace. French excavations at Susa have been going on intermittently since 1884. Many members of the Institute may recall a lecture by Professor Ghirshman in 1959 on his work at the Elamite religious center of Chogha Zanbil; he is conducting excavations there again at this writing.

In the dramatic setting that Khuzestan offers, both past and future seem tantalizingly near at hand. Snow-fringed mountains ring the plain on three sides, and in the foreshortened light of early morning the ancient mounds and primitive villages fuse with modern derricks and high tension lines into a single image against this rugged backdrop. Perhaps the excessively sharp present contrast can be traced to an accelerated tempo that began only with Industrial Revolution, but it would appear that winds of change that were almost as strong must have been blowing here before the rise of urban life and again in king Shapur's time. The disinterested study of only those past winds is the Oriental Institute's province, of course. But it is a privilege to be simultaneously so close at hand to an example of their modern counterparts which both threaten and encourage us all.

Sincerely yours,

Robert M. Adams

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

NEWSLETTER FROM IRAN

Shalgahi Sofla near Dizful
Khuzestan, Iran
November 10, 1961

Dear Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

When our former director, Carl H. Kraeling, initiated the newsletters from the field, I thought the idea simply marvelous. It gave me, as I am sure it gave all of you, great pleasure to read those letters and share through them in the work and excitement of our colleagues in the field. Little did I think at that time of the great difference between being on the receiving end of such communications and of writing them and trying to convey the crowded first-hand impressions and excitement of new sights and new discoveries, especially when time for doing this has to be found somehow during a working schedule in which the day's work begins around 5:30 in the morning and lasts well into the night.

While I have tried to keep our director informed about our progress, this will be the first field report to you from the Institute's Archaeological Reconnaissance Expedition. Since the Archaeological Reconnaissance Expedition is not one of the long-established, recurring projects of the Institute, some of you may even not be aware of its existence, so let me first introduce it to you briefly. Its purpose in the broadest terms is to obtain at first hand, an up-to-date picture of archaeological activity and potentialities in certain parts of the Near East, especially in those where the Institute has had no permanent or long-range projects in the recent past. We preferred the term "Reconnaissance" to "Survey" because surveys in archaeological parlance have come to mean the exploration of definite areas in terms of locating ancient sites, sampling those sites by means of surface finds, especially pottery, and plotting the results on maps as preliminary to future research. Our aims were not to duplicate such surveys, though we intended to take some of them into consideration together with the results from early as well as the most recent excavations and with archaeological materials in museums and collections. In addition, we intended to take notice of the background and specific conditions of archaeological work in the various areas, considering all factors that might affect such work. Actual collecting of sample materials from a few sites and even small-scale excavations are not the aims in themselves, but rather parts of the general purpose of the Expedition.

Secondly, let me introduce our staff, which is both very small indeed and not permanent for the whole duration of the Expedition. It has included so far, in addition to myself, Professor Helene J. Kantor, our expert on comparative archaeology, who arrived in Ankara directly from Chicago on September 14; Professor H.G.

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Güterbock, the Oriental Institute Hittitologist, who came out to Turkey in July to join the German expedition in Boghazköy and who promised me earlier in the spring to join the Archaeological Reconnaissance Expedition from the middle of September to October 20th; Mr. James E. Knudstad, Field Architect with the Nippur Expedition, who earlier, together with Dr. Donald Hansen, brought out the Institute's Landrover from Nippur to Ankara and came out again to Ankara in August. I arrived in Istanbul in the middle of August for the study of early Mesopotamian materials in the museum there in connection with a forthcoming publication and went on to Ankara a few days later.

The broad task of this Expedition requires a multi-phase program, but each phase could not be planned very rigidly in advance and enough alternatives had to be provided to fit the circumstances as they might develop. Unknown variables that might seriously interfere with our plans could be those of climate and the permits from the local governments to travel and carry out archaeological work in certain areas. To reduce the risk of the first to a minimum, we planned to start our expedition late in the summer in the milder climate of western and northern Turkey and to move gradually south and eastward so as to reach Khuzestan at a time when the excessive heat in that region is over and before the heavy rains begin. In this I am happy to report we were entirely successful, and, except for having to omit from our itinerary the region bordering the Caspian Sea in Iran, where rains of flood proportions were falling by the time we reached Iran, we suffered no real hardship because of climate. As to the permits, the permission to travel freely and visit archaeological sites in the "Protected Zone" of Turkey (that is the region between the Euphrates and the Iranian border) was granted to us in time to allow nearly a full month of archaeological exploration in that region, and the permit for archaeological reconnaissance in Iran and, more specifically, to undertake excavations at the sites of Chogha Mish and Gundi Shapur in Khuzestan, were approved by the Council of Ministers just a few days before we reached Tehran on the sixteenth of October.

Now that we have started digging one of those sites (Chogha Mish), the time has come to report on the first phases of our work.

The preliminary phase included visits and thorough studies of materials in museums and trips to sites in central Anatolia while awaiting our permit in Ankara. In Istanbul I was able to examine all the material of interest to me within a brief period of a few days owing to the kindness and efficiency of the museum's staff. All of us had a similar experience in Ankara, where, in the absence of Dr. Raci Temizer, Director of the Museum, his assistant, Mr. Burhan Tegcan, most kindly showed us not only even those parts of the museum generally closed to the public, but also all the basement storerooms, which, by the way, are spotlessly clean and have the materials arranged in such an orderly fashion as to compare favorably with actual exhibition rooms in some other museums. Apart from its superb collections, the Ankara Museum itself is an interesting architectural monument, being a restored ancient caravanserai. To us of the Institute it was yet of special interest since its conception and the first arrangement of the sculptures in it were for the most part the work of our colleague, Hans Güterbock, while he was professor at the University of Ankara before and during the war. Visiting the Ankara Museum under his guidance is an experience never to be forgotten.

While awaiting our permit to travel in the "Protected Zone," we visited Museums in Istanbul and Ankara and undertook a number of archaeological trips from Ankara. First we visited the excavations at Gordion directed by Professor Rodney Young under the auspices of the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, but

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unfortunately missed the excavators by only a few days. Next we paid our first visit to Boghazköy, including the famous rock-cut temple at Yazilikaya, and a few days later, in the company of the British orientalist, Professor Gurney, made a trip to see excavations at Kara Hüyük near Konya conducted in a very competent way by Professor Alp. This was indeed the first of a number of excavations directed by Turkish archaeologists which we saw.

In the meantime the permit, for which I had applied early in the summer through both the Turkish Ambassador in Washington and the Turkish Director of Antiquities, was being processed by the various authorities concerned. Archaeologists with many years of experience in Turkey had warned us that recently it was very difficult to obtain such a permit; subsequently when it was granted without much delay, we received many congratulations and favorable comments on our success. Actually, all credit for our success in the matter is due to the various officials in the Turkish Government (in the Department of Antiquities, the Ministry of Education, the Military, the Ministry of Information) for the enlightened and efficient way in which our application was handled. Also our thanks are due to our numerous friends, both American and Turkish, who showed a great interest in our plans and a most constant willingness to be helpful in every possible way. Special thanks, however, are due to personal friends of Hans Güterbock, some of them now in very prominent positions, who undoubtedly greatly furthered our cause. With the receipt of our permit, we could finally on September 19th be on our way East, beginning the nomadic phase of our work which could well be called, "Four in a Landrover."

On our way from Ankara to the Euphrates we passed through the most varied terrains, from the great mountain-rimmed upland plateaus where once the Hittite empire had its center, through the steep wooded slopes and the narrow "Cilician gates" of the Taurus mountains, to the steaming, flat banana and palm-tree growing coastal plain of Cilicia, and on through the rolling plains and valleys of southern Turkey. One could cover page after page just in describing the great variety of landscape so characteristic of Anatolia, but we are an archaeological expedition and should limit ourselves to archaeological experiences. Yet even this is not simple, for how could one adequately convey the experience of seeing for the first time in moonlight and later in the sharp shadows of a kerosene pressure lamp the weird, fantastic reliefs of Karatepe even without paying homage to the human side - the devotion of Mme. Halet Cambel and her husband to their work and the charming, easy-going hospitality with which they received us when we appeared unannounced late one evening on their lonely mountain-top. How is one to single out a "high point" in our journey? Was it the overwhelming sadness among the ruins of Harran, a once great city now harboring a small cluster of mud huts (where, by the way, we were served by Arabs with the best "Turkish" coffee we had in Turkey), or the majesty of Mount Ararat at sunset, or was it the majesty of the rock-carved citadels of the Urartean kings at Van Kale and Toprak Kale on the shores of Lake Van? At present I can attempt no more than a summary of our route, "time-table" fashion as it went, in the hope that some of the places' names alone will evoke significant associations and images with most of you. Our main "stopovers" between Ankara and the Euphrates were as follows.

Boghazköy: a second visit to the capital of the Hittites;

Alaca Hüyük: an important early Anatolian and Hittite city, the finds from which form an important part of the treasures of the Ankara Museum;

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Kültepe: capital of an early Anatolian kingdom and site of the Assyrian merchant colony whose numerous tablets are the earliest written records known from Anatolia; we were lucky to find Professor Özgüç in town just before he closed the excavations and had the privilege of visiting the excavations under his guidance;

Tarsus: there we stopped briefly at the mound in homage to Miss Goldman's work, although we knew that there was little to be seen there now;

Karatepe: in addition to the reliefs, the gates have bilingual Phoenician and Hieroglyphic Hittite inscriptions, which make the decipherment of the latter script certain;

Tilmen Hüyük: a new excavation directed by Professor Alkim of Istanbul University, who has discovered an important palace of about 1700 B.C.;

Zenjirli: excavated for many years by the Germans, but now sadly neglected so that its stones are being broken up by villagers;

Gaziantep: a fine, modern town in a fertile plain with many unexcavated sites, which were being studied by a large and lively group of young archaeologists directed by a good friend of ours, Jean Perrot, so that we had a very enjoyable archaeological reunion.

At Birecik we reached the Euphrates, which already is a great river, broad and glistening bright blue in the sun. It separates the large fertile plain of Gaziantep, which we were leaving behind, from the forbidding, desolate, rocky country to the east, through which we had to pass to reach our first Town in the "protected area," Urfa. This town is dominated by a high citadel which the crusaders made by a really astounding feat of moat-cutting in living rock when under the name of Edessa, it was the easternmost of their principalities. Urfa contains important monuments in its antiquities depot and also has building remains of medieval times, but in addition its present-day life much impressed us--the throngs of people crowding the narrow streets and dressed in many different gay costumes, the great spring-fed pools which provide much of the water for irrigating the nearby countryside and which harbor such herds of sacred carp that when one feeds them the fish on top are pushed out of the water by the solid mass of writhing bodies below. But our main aim in Urfa was to spend a day in the adjacent plain of Harran, which is unbelievably crowded with ancient mounds (one, Sultantepe, has been tested by members of the British Institute at Ankara) and also contains the ancient and medieval city of Harran, whose city walls, some 5 kilometers in circumference, still stand.

Our next stop was another fortified city, but this time one which still contains a living community, the famous, black-walled city of Diyarbakır, ancient Amida. The town has still preserved many important Islamic monuments, some of which we had the pleasure to see in the company of a group of young archaeologists from the University of Istanbul who were on a field trip headed by Professor Aslanapa. They had just triumphantly uncovered in the citadel of Diyarbakır the earliest-known Turkish mosaic, dating as early as the 12th century. (We were actually unaware of the presence of our Turkish colleagues in Diyarbakır till we made our official call on the Governor and it was his happy thought to bring our two groups together.)

The eastern and southern sides of Diyarbakır are built on high bluffs over the Tigris river, but this second of the two great Mesopotamian rivers is here much

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closer to its sources than is the Euphrates at Birecik, and is proportionally less impressive. We crossed it on our way eastward in the morning and by the end of the day we reached the shores of Lake Van, and thus the center of the ancient kingdom of Urartu, which revealed the Assyrian empire in power and high civilization.

Until recently, Urartu has been little known, but now it is a center of archaeological investigations, both in Turkey and in Soviet Armenia, for modern political boundaries now divide the ancient kingdom. Our original plans called for a drive along the western and northern shores of the lake, for a brief stay at the modern town of Van, and visits to current excavation in the area. We had already reached the northern shore, exhilarated by the glorious views of the blue lake in its setting among the bare brown-red mountains and by the thought of being in Urartu, when, on a stretch of level road, beside an abandoned Christian cemetery, the hitherto faithful Landrover suddenly would not move. Thus began an unexpected five-day delay, which considerably changed our plans, as it eventually turned out, for the better! By the end of the day, by dint of towing and then a truck-ride, we managed to reach the small town of Patnos, where our good friends, Professor Kemal Balkan, who spent several years at the Oriental Institute, and Raci Temizer, Director of the Ankara Museum, were conducting very important excavations. They gave us the warmest of welcomes, put us up in their own cramped quarters and together with the local notables, thoroughly considered our problem and came to the conclusion that it would be best for us to stay with them for a day or so while the Landrover was brought from where it was left, and then to proceed to Erzurum, which would be the nearest place where it could be repaired. Consequently, we had opportunity to visit their most interesting excavations: an Urartean temple atop a mountain, with wall paintings and inscriptions, and, in the plain on the other side of the town, a great audience hall with two large kitchens, their equipment preserved intact, adjoining it. Then, with the Landrover being carried piggy-back fashion on top of a truck and some of us inside it, we proceeded to Erzurum, where again we were most cordially and hospitably received by the Rector of the University. While the car was being repaired in the University garage attached to its Agriculture Department, we were busy visiting local collections and the excavation of Dr. Hamid Koşay (former Director of Antiquities and the excavator of Alaca Hüyük) at the nearby site of Güzelova.

The materials of the Erzurum plain so far discovered belong to the Chalcolithic and Early Bronze periods and were very interesting and, indeed, most exciting, especially for Helene Kantor to see, since during her trip to Soviet Armenia in the previous year, she was able to examine materials from the northern part of the same cultural province, that extends from Soviet Armenia into the Erzurum valley and exerted influence in Syria and Palestine.

On the way from Erzurum back to Van, where we were to resume our interrupted trip in Urartu, we took roads that we did not plan originally to travel, in particular that around the southern and eastern sides of Lake Van. Here we enjoyed some of the most beautiful scenery of the entire trip through Turkey. Here the mountains were partly wooded, and while some trees were still green others were in bright yellow fall foliage; the fresh green winter wheat patches alternated with straw stubble and brown earth, and at times the bright blue and purple hues of the lake appeared. So we reached the town of Van, our center for visiting Urartean sites, including the spectacular twin citadels of the Urartean capital, Van Kale and Toprak Kale; Çavustepe excavated this year by a Turkish Expedition, and several unexcavated sites surveyed and described by Professor Charles Burney of the University of Manchester. From Van we retraced our way back to the main highway running from Erzurum east, passed within sight of the great snow-clad peaks of the greater and lesser

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Mounts Ararat at sunset, and reached the Iranian border in the evening of October 9th.

The first few days in Iran were actually a continuation of the mode of life to which we became accustomed in Turkey, the difference, however, being that instead of depending on Hans Güterbock's numerous acquaintances and friends we began to profit from the connections established last year, by Helene Kantor and by the experience gained by her and by James Knudstad during their stays in the country in 1960. Thus in Tabriz we were most cordially welcomed by our own consul there, Mr. Eagleton, who was kind enough to send one of his Iranian staff members as interpreter with us on our trip to Hasenlu and Bukan. Mrs. Poppelstone, whom Helene chanced to meet in our hotel in Erzurum, invited us to her home at the British Council in Tabriz, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Poppelstone, as well as Professor and Mrs. Burney, whose excavations at Yanik Tepe, a few miles from Tabriz, proved to be most interesting. After a few days visiting sites in the vicinity of Lake Urmia, we finally reached the tumultuous, traffic-filled metropolis of Tehran in the evening of October 16, exactly a month and over five thousand kilometers after leaving Ankara.

Again guided by Helene's experience last year, we did not put up in one of the Tehran hotels, but went directly to the compound of the American Presbyterian Mission in Tehran, where she and her father stayed last year. We were lucky enough to find accommodations there, which were very pleasantly home-like and only a stone's throw from the museum, where our interest and work were focused while we were in Tehran.

In addition to our work in the museum and in its library and numerous conferences with the staff of the Department of Antiquities, I had the pleasure of meeting the Chancellor of the University of Tehran and the Dean of Humanities whose division includes the newly-established Institute of Archaeology--our partner for work in Iran.

In Tehran we were also entertained by our German and British colleagues in their respective institutes, where we had the opportunity to catch up on the most recent developments in Iranian archaeology but also had the occasion to regret the lack of a similar American Institution where we could have reciprocated their hospitality.

Together with German colleagues we visited the prehistoric mound of Cheshmeh Ali and the Islamic city of Rayy on the outskirts of Tehran, which were excavated by Professor Erich Schmidt of our own Institute. These are but samples of Erich's important role in Iranian archaeology. The results of his surveys (Flights over Ancient Cities of Iran) have provided the leads for the majority of the excavations going on here now: the Germans at Takht-i Suleiman, the French at Turang Tepe (a site which Schmidt picked out as an appropriate one for the Oriental Institute to dig in Northeastern Iran), the English at Pasargadae, and even to some extent for the University of Pennsylvania's dig at Hasenlu, for it was Schmidt's work that showed clearly the importance of the Solduz valley. When walking through the Tehran Museum with its many exhibits derived from Erich's excavations and contemplating recent developments in archaeology in Iran, we felt that the Institute can be justly proud of Erich's great contributions.

While in Tehran I paid a courtesy call on our ambassador there, Mr. Julius C. Holmes, at the initiative of our cultural attaché, Mr. Thomas A. Wertine. He felt that the ambassador would wish to talk to me about certain archaeological problems in Iran. After a full discussion of these problems I feel greatly encouraged by the

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fact that our present ambassador in Iran has the thorough knowledge of our problems and a most sympathetic attitude toward our work here. I feel confident that in his person American archaeology has a great friend ready to extend us all the possible help in case of need.

The main task of the Reconnaissance Expedition in Tehran was, however, to make the necessary preparations for small-scale excavations at two important sites in Khuzestan: Chogha Mish and Gundi Shapur, as a joint undertaking with the University of Tehran. At this point a few words ought to be said about the two sites and the background of our interest in them. The larger of the two is adjacent to and partly covered by the modern village of Shahabad. It is an enormous site covering more than five square kilometers and containing very many mounds of differing shapes and sizes. It has been known for centuries, having been visited by many travelers, and there is every reason to believe the traditional identification of it as the great city of Gundi Shapur founded by the Sasanian emperor Shapur I as a camp for Roman prisoners, which developed into one of the principal urban centers of the Near East in Islamic times. It was famous as a seat of learning, especially for its great medical academy, as well as for practical scientific discoveries such as, it is believed, the discovery of the refining of sugar.

The second site, Chogha Mish, is of a very different character. It consists of a series of high, much eroded mounds and lower terraces, and it is covered with innumerable potsherds of prehistoric and protohistoric periods. Both sites, among others, were mapped by the Mission archéologique Française, which for many years has been digging at Susa and other sites across (that is the western side) the Ab-i-Diz. In 1946 I obtained a concession from the Iranian Government for excavations in Khuzestan with the purpose of trying to clarify the various phases of transition from preliterate to literate societies. Several excavations in the Diyala region and other excavations in Mesopotamia, but much remains to be learned about crucial aspects of this development in the eastern part of the alluvial plain north of the Persian gulf. Although unable in 1946 to proceed with the work in Khuzestan myself, I remained convinced that excavations there at a properly selected site would be one of the most productive lines of investigation for the Oriental Institute to undertake. Last year during Dr. Robert Adams' survey in Khuzestan in connection with the irrigation canal systems he noticed and was much impressed by the two sites of Gundi Shapur, notable for its tremendous extent in Islamic times, and Chogha Mish, as the highest and most distinctive mound with early pottery east of the Ab-i-Diz. In view of Dr. Adams' enthusiasm and having full confidence in his scholarly judgment, we applied for a permit to dig at these two sites in partnership with the University of Tehran. It is that permit that awaited us in Tehran.

From Tehran Hans Güterbock had to return to Turkey, so that there were only three of us that set out in the Landrover to drive to Khuzestan. We spent several days on this trip, visiting archaeological sites wherever possible. We went first across the northwestern plains of Iran, then turned south across the mountains until we reached the high plateau in the center of which lies Hamadan, once the city of Ecbatana, the capital of the Medes and, incidentally, the source of the gold ornaments in the Oriental Institute Museum. The mound of Ecbatana by modern thoroughfares, which lay bare some of the ancient ruins, but nothing monumental is to be seen. The site is largely covered by the mud houses and narrow lanes of the modern town. After two short days in the Hamadan area, during which we visited Behistun, Taq-i-Bustan, and Professor Braidwood's dig, Sarab, near Kermanshah, we continued our way to Khuzestan. The trip, which took two more days, provided some vivid illustra-

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tions of the contrasting terrains and ways of life to be observed in Iran. Broad and, when irrigated, fertile valleys rimmed with hills brought us to the range of the Luristan mountains, some completely barren and rocky, some with low scrub. The road follows along the edge of a rocky gorge of a mountain stream. At times the going was slow, indeed, for it was the time of the fall migration of the Luristan tribesmen from the mountain summer pastures where now the chill of winter was setting in, into the lowland wintering spots, and the narrow, winding road was jammed with flocks of sheep, goats, cattle, donkeys and mules, loaded with tents, household equipment and occasionally with large wickerwork baskets containing newborn lambs and kids too young to walk. The women wore bright multi-colored robes, and many of them, and the men too, were extremely handsome. Seeing them brought to mind many other nomads who have gone through Iran before, particularly of the Iranian tribes--the Medes, the Persians, the Parthians--who remained to settle and to found great empires.

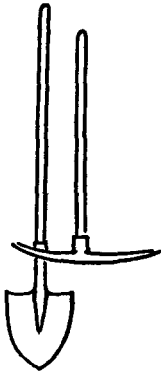
After many hours on the tortuous mountain roads, it was a great contrast to come down into the flat and still hot plain of Khuzestan, I suddenly had the feeling of being "home again" in the limitless alluvial plains of southern Mesopotamia. Not without difficulties we found accommodation for the first few nights in the Railroad Rest House in Andimeshk. Soon, however, we established contact with Mr. Leo L. Anderson, Chief Representative of the Khuzestan Development Service in Ahwaz. He is still greatly interested in archaeological work to which he was so effectively introduced last year by Professor Robert M. Adams. He kindly put at our disposal many of his organization's facilities and introduced us to several members of his staff, who have been most helpful to us in many ways. Our present headquarters when we "come to town" (that is Ankimeshk) and our mailing address are indeed the KDS Guest house there. However, in one of our first trips to have a look at "our sites" we were fortunate enough to meet one of the leaders of the Bakhtiari tribe, Mr. Amir Bahram Samsam, who is mentioned in Supreme Court Justice Douglas' book, "Strange Lands and Friendly People," I believe. In characteristic fashion, he at once offered us hospitality in his country house which is located about midway between Gundi Shapur and Chogha Mish, and so we are now ensconced in Shalgahi Sofla, from where we commute to work at Chogha Mish every sunrise.

We have paid several visits to Gundi Shapur, which is on the way from here to Dizful and Andimeshk, but have decided that it would be impossible to disperse our minimum forces in working on both sites simultaneously, until at least, our colleagues and partners from the University of Tehran come here. Professor Negahban promised to join us with some of his students within a few days after we left Tehran but in the meantime, as you may have seen in the press, a spectacular treasure was found at Marlik Tepe in the province of Mazanderan, which apparently at the moment demands Professor Negahban's full attention. As to the results of our own small-scale dig at Chogha Mish, I hope to report to you in another Newsletter shortly.

All best wishes,

P. Delougaz

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archeological newsletter

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Not for publication*

January 12, 1962

Dear Friends:

The letter below received from Dr. Hughes impressed us with its new letter-head and official stamp. Both were acquired very recently in Cairo by Dr. Zabkar and, according to Dr. Hughes, expressly for the purpose of impressing--even dazzling--officials of every magnitude in two sovereign and independent countries. George Hughes said: "It seems that we had to have someone's very deliberate permission for every move we contemplated making, and even so we found that, innocents abroad on the Nile as we were, we had failed miserably to equip ourselves with certain lists and papers or had failed to supply them in advance for still more deliberate approval."

Emery T. Filbey

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE NUBIAN EXPEDITION
The University of Chicago

Aboard the "Memnon"
Serra East, Sudan
23 December 1961

23 December. Many an event has occurred in our small world since the above paragraph was written, and I hasten to add in comment upon the paragraph that the officials of Egypt in Assuan and those of the Sudan in Wadi Halfa were most considerate and were lenient in the matter of the many regulations which could easily at several points have immobilized this fleet and entourage of ours for days instead of hours.

To begin our progress up the Nile from Luxor, we got a truck loaded and off to Assuan on the evening of the 8th. We saw Dr. Zabkar as his train passed through Luxor and assured him that we would be on the train the next night to join him and Labib Habachi in Assuan. And so we did--Charles and Myrtle Nims, Jim Knudstad and myself, attended by Hassan Ibrahim of Chicago House, who was to be our interim cook, and Taya Dowie, who had been Jim's helper in surveying the Tomb of Kheruef two years ago.

We spent the night in Assuan, to be able to set off as early as possible next day, Sunday the 10th, for the Sudan. That was not to be before noon, because we had to visit the Egyptian immigration officials to regularize the departure of twenty-seven of us, all told. By about 11 a.m. we commandeered three taxis for nine of us and much luggage and made the rough trip of perhaps six or seven miles from the hotel to a new "port" just above the site of the new High Dam, which is now blocked by a huge pipe floating on pontoons across the river. The workmen had preceded us and were waiting to depart for Wadi Halfa on the regular passenger steamer at 3

that afternoon. The launch and hired tug were awaiting us loaded with the stuff we had sent by truck from Luxor.

With proper fanfare and tooting we set off on launch and tug for Kalabsha, where the "Memnon" was moored. The Nimses, Hassan, and I had not expected to see the "Memnon" again this winter, when we and others of the Epigraphic Survey had finished our task of recording the Beit el-Wali Temple and left for Luxor on November 14th. Nevertheless, we were back aboard on the late afternoon of December 10th, too late for the tug to set off pushing us the 200 miles up river. We could not travel by night, and the eight-hour day came to Egypt last summer in any case. The English word "overtime" is on everyone's lips now in varying degrees of understandable pronunciation, but the idea and the extra pay are unmistakably clear.

There was another reason why our slow moving train of boats did not reach Wadi Halfa until December 15th. We could not in good conscience pass by the temples of Gerf Hussein, Wadi Sebua, Amada, and Abu Simbel and thus deprive some of our number of perhaps their only chance to see them. Besides, we had unexceptionable reasons for stopping briefly at each place. Gerf Hussein had been my choice of a temple for the Epigraphic Survey to record in Nubia because it had never been recorded in any form. That was before I had ever seen it; then in April 1960 Dr. Seele and I saw it. I ceased abruptly to advocate it, for it was one of the dirtiest, most incomprehensible messes of carved wall in existence. Since then it was carefully cleaned by the Center of Documentation in Cairo. Reports were that the results were remarkable and the reports were not exaggerated. It is clean, decipherable and shows considerable expanses of painted detail still preserved. Ramses II's atrociously bad reliefs--probably the worst of his 67-year reign--are now almost bearable.

We could scarcely pass by Wadi Sebua and not call upon our good friends of the French Institute, who were excavating there. We saw their excavation and admired a few of their finds. But I for one felt as near like the ugly American as I ever have. Here we came steaming into their port with a spacious houseboat, a twin-motored power launch behind it, and behind that a small, sleek aluminum craft with outboard motor. They had been unable to get their one modest motor launch above the dam and the obstructing pipe. They had hitchhiked with their equipment on the deck of a tug-boat, were living and working for weeks in native houses, with no means of communication or supply. They were hoping that their boat would arrive in time to take them with their equipment and finds back to Assuan by Christmas. We must have looked to them, as they stood on the shore bidding us goodbye, like the Pacific fleet on a courtesy cruise.

At Amada Dr. Nims and I had the opportunity to check and make a tracing of a bit of text which Dr. Wente had discovered to be a possible parallel to a broken and puzzling bit at Beit el-Wali. We can now read for the first time both broken texts at these points.

Our last stop in Egypt was prompted neither by pleasure or the pursuit of knowledge, but so that Egyptian customs officials could check on our possessions and currency and so that we could fill out some more declarations. This was at Ballana. Our improbable outfit may have non-plussed the official, for he generously passed us through in short order.

It was not far then to the frontier, where the tug-boat captain assured us we had to stop or get shot at. The Sudanese border post was at mid-afternoon lunch, it seems, and were in no hurry to come out and see us or what we wanted. By the time Labib Habachi had chivvied them into activity and they had telephoned Wadi

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Halfa to find out what to do with us, well over an hour had passed. The reply from Halfa was, "send them on to us but don't let them stop anywhere until they get here." Our captain said it was much too late to hope to get to Halfa before dark, so there was nothing to do but spend the night on the frontier. Next morning we made the non-stop "dash" to Halfa and the immigration, customs, and health officials. We could not get off our "Memnon" until it, we, and all our goods had been checked in, inspected, and declared. This is where we learned that we should have submitted a list in triplicate of our "scientific equipment" long in advance to assure its free clearance. Nevertheless, all the officials were eminently kind and bent on helping us meet all the requirements with as little trouble as possible. We had sent telegrams to the antiquities offices in Khartoum and Halfa and phoned from Ballana so we were expected and welcomed by all. Chief Antiquities officer Nigm-el-Din Mohammed and Mr. William Y. Adams of the U.S., UNESCO's representative, were down to meet and help us. Both have made trips down to Serra the past week to see how we were getting on and to offer their help. They are an efficient team and are closely concerned with each of the seven or eight national groups now working in their area--British, Scandinavian, Spanish, French-Argentinian, Polish, Ghanaian--and we were the last to arrive.

After borrowing some Sudanese money to pay port dues, baksheesh our tug-boat crew, and buy a few necessities, we were ready on Saturday morning to back-track the 20 miles northward from Halfa to Serra, where we were to work. Nigm-el-Din, Adams, and their general factotum and trouble-shooter, Gamal Ahmed Hassan, were very helpful in getting us needed supplies and facilities.

December 27. Well, we have now been at Serra East 10 days at work. We have had the telegram from our Alma Mater "Orinst" informing us of the successful operation Dr. Seele had undergone and wishing us a Merry Christmas. We spent it working, although it and New Year's are national holidays in the Sudan and the workmen informed us of it. Tomorrow we expect Dr. and Mrs. Ronald J. Williams of the University of Toronto, who supposedly arrived in Egypt December 20th and spent Christmas at Chicago House in Luxor. No word from them at all, for it has taken two letters from Mrs. Hughes 6 and 8 days respectively to reach me, and we do not get telegrams until we go in, unless one of the Antiquities people happens to bring them when they come this way. We looked for newspapers or anything available to let us know what was going on in the world since we left Assuan on December 10th. We looked on the 19th and the only thing available were two much used Cairo papers in Arabic dated the 5th; I think they were 1961. So on the next trip to Halfa we blew ourselves to a small transistor radio, and we are once more au courant, but there is a difference. We are unbelievably detached and objective up here at Serra; a lot of the breathlessly transmitted items seem rather unimportant, not to say silly.

We began work with our $\frac{1}{4}$ expert diggers from Egypt on Sunday morning the 17th, as I telegraphed. The news probably seemed less than momentous in Chicago. Each day local men have come seeking work and so far we have taken them all on and today had 63 of them carrying dirt.

Our concession at Serra is a rather large area, triangular in shape, with the river forming the west of the three sides. We haven't combed it yet, but we knew before our arrival what the major spots requiring investigation were. We are moored precisely below the compound enclosed in massive mud-brick walls sloping down to the river. The enclosure wall is supposed to be that of a pharaonic fortress dating back to the Middle Kingdom according to our predecessors and what they found. Apparently practically nothing except the enclosure wall remains of the fortress, for inside it are now the remains of a Christian Church and other edifices of the same vintage. The church at least is built on bedrock, so there is nothing

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pharaonic beneath it. There are two more small churches outside the walls, one on the north and the other on the south. The frescoes in the churches are extremely fragmentary and damaged, painted on mud-plaster over the mud-brick walls. We do not expect to find much of anything here except the hordes of broken pottery that we find on the surface and in the rubble--so far late Christian. But we find, as we clear the girdle wall, that our predecessors at the site misunderstood it and nobody cleared and properly surveyed it. The same appears to be true of the churches, for the treatment given them by Moneret de Villard in his monumental study of the churches of Nubia is remarkably sketchy and his plans poor. This at least we can correct.

Simultaneously with the clearance of the wall of the fortress we have been shoveling the rubble, left by F. Ll. Griffith and the Oxford excavations 50 years ago, from around the deep rock-cut shafts of some tombs behind the fortress. We have cleared two entirely and found interesting mud-brick superstructures. A third has a different sort of loose stone superstructure, and it is partially cleared. Under Griffith's dump beside one of the superstructures, we found the undisturbed burial of a small child and recovered 33 small hand-made clay pots in one batch. They seem to be mavericks, and we can't fit them into the corpus of Nubian pottery yet, but our library at the spot is sketchy.

It is not inspiring to dig over somebody else's dump of long ago, but that can yield at least definitive plans. We will start in a day or two to excavate a cemetery of about two dozen graves on the extreme southern boundary of our concession. The circles of loose stones surmounting them signify a well-known type of grave, that of a people or culture still known only as C-Group, dating somewhere around 2200 B.C. We keep hoping, of course, even though we know that apparently not one grave of this type has ever been found unlooted.

Habachi, Zabkar, and I expect to carry on this cemetery project and incorporate Dr. Williams into the works. Dr. Nims is here, there, and everywhere, with a camera at the optimum moment if possible. Jim Knudstad has these walls and the surveying of them to himself, since we can't help him much at it. Dr. Zabkar runs a pottery laundry aboard ship, and everybody takes a hand at sorting and pitching the useless bits out. We reorganized the ship so that we have some honest-to-goodness working space, and we feel orderly. If anybody had told me six weeks ago that I would ever be associated with an excavating outfit, not to say pinch-hitting at heading it, it would have either amused me as the impossible often does or given me nightmares. But I'm only supposedly directing it; these people know what to do and get it done. The only useless person in the group is myself, and they can go on without me in a couple of weeks, I'm sure. The people in Chicago House are no doubt doing perfectly well without me, too, as they did for a month or more at a time last year, but this almost complete dispensability is terribly hard on the ego.

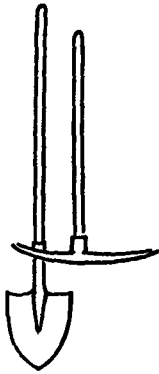
All is well on this front, at least at the moment, but then it is 12:30 a.m. December 28th. And we set off tomorrow in the launch for Halfa at 6 a.m. It takes 2½ hours to go up and all shops and offices close at 2 p.m. The list of wants is long and re-entry visas are involved. Money to meet this long payroll is urgently needed, and we hope we find the Williamses arriving from Luxor by air at 9:45 a.m. A couple of SOS's preceded them to Luxor to have them bring various items we need on the job and cannot find in Halfa.

Best wishes to you and all our friends for 1962.

Yours sincerely,

George R. Hughes

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

March 5, 1962

To the Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

On December 20, 1961, we were able to send you the first newsletter which we had received from Professor Pierre Delougaz, who, with Professors Hans G. Guterbock, Helene Kantor and Mr. Jim Knudstad, had begun excavating at Choga Mish in Iran. His second newsletter, written on Christmas Day and mailed on January 2, actually arrived in Chicago about the same time that the staff returned to home base. Late though it is, we think you will find Mr. Delougaz' second newsletter interesting and include it herewith.

At the same time that this work was going on at Choga Mish, Dr. Frank A. Hole, formerly on the staff of the Oriental Institute and now Assistant Professor at Rice University, and his assistant, Mr. Kent Flannery, undertook further survey work in Iran under the joint sponsorship of Rice University and the Oriental Institute. Dr. Hole received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago's Department of Anthropology and Mr. Flannery is a student in that department. They surveyed prehistoric settlement patterns in the Karkheh river headwaters between the area originally examined by Professor Braidwood and the area examined by Professor Adams in 1961 out on the flood plain, and then did some work at Azerbaijan. Mr. Hole's report also follows.

Professor Robert J. Braidwood was invited this fall by the Indian Government to participate in a conference on Asian archeology and a celebration of the centenary of the Archaeological Survey of India. We enjoyed his account of the tour and thought you might too.

Emery T. Filbey, Acting Director
Oriental Institute

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Shalgahi Sofla
December 25, 1961

Dear Friends and Colleagues:

Under the blue skies and the warm sun of Khuzestan, with tangerines ripening in the garden below our terrace and larks singing loudly in the fields, the approach of Christmas has seemed far off and unreal. Now it is Christmas and yet unbelievable. But we are thinking of you at home and in our thoughts wish you all a very Merry Christmas and regret that it was

impossible to send you our greetings earlier so that they could reach you before this day. Actually, for us here it is a working day not different from any other, for, although we stopped excavations a few days ago, it is still necessary to do a great many things before we can leave here and head homeward. Before leaving we will try to send a report to you from here.

In our previous newsletter our settling in this village was mentioned. the hospitality which was extended to us by Emir ~~Bahman~~^{man} Samaam Khan, one of the leaders of the Bakhtiari tribes, made it possible for us to begin excavations without the delay that would have been necessary for finding, renting, and cleaning a house in a villa. Our "headquarters" are now in the castle-like country house of the Khan - a rambling two-story structure with a big walled orchard adjoining it; quite different from the ordinary mud houses which form the actual village. Through huge iron-studded oak doors, which are securely bolted every night and through a high vaulted corridor leading into a fortress type arched stairway with small barred windows, one reaches the living quarters of the house located on the second floor. These consist of a large central reception room with smaller eating and sleeping rooms on either side. A wide terrace on the northeast and a balcony running across the front offer views into the orchard on the one hand and on the village with the irrigation canal (jube) and the vegetable garden on the other. In the orchard the tangerines and the oranges are turning gold among the dark green leaves; at the jube, which is the source of our water supply, the village women come to scrub their pots and pans and to take their water home while the men ride their animals into the stream to drink. Beyond the jube is the not-always dry river bed which we have to cross on our way to the ~~pepe~~ and whose pebbly edge serves as the communal meeting ground where village men squat for hours and the scantily dressed children build their rock castles (apparently the women are always busy with their household tasks).

As we are the Khan's guests for a relatively short time, it was not appropriate to set up a household of our own, with our own servants, in his house, and so all the household chores, including preparation of meals, dish washing, kerosene lamp maintenance, etc., is part of our daily routine in addition to the normal tasks of an archaeologist in the field. So we literally never have any spare moments for anything else, including letter writing. Moreover, we suffered a severe reduction of our forces here, when Mr. Knudstad, our architect was called away to Egypt to join the Nubian Expedition earlier than expected. With the departure of Jim we lost also our faithful Landrover and now have to depend on a rented jeep from Dizful for our transportation.

Our "castle" in Shalgahi is about ten minutes drive from Chogha Mish--first across the wide, pebbly river bed, which can become deep with water after rains (not so much because of the rain water, but because the no-longer needed water from the irrigation canals is emptied into it), then by small bumpy track through the fields, across irrigation ditches, towards our site, which looms up high even from a distance, and as we approach it, usually at sunrise, it would be silhouetted against the glowing clouds of early morning.

When we had first driven down into the alluvial plain of Khuzestan from the mountains, the contrast seemed very great and in favor of the mountains. Now, the early drives to Chogha Mish have taught us otherwise, for the wide fields, dotted here and there with villages and green orchards or punctuated by usually uncultivated ancient mounds, and the surrounding mountain ranges display countless variations of shapes and color in the constant shifting of shadows and lights. Now we gradually learn to appreciate the subtle beauty of our immediate surroundings. To the north and east behind Chogha Mish rise up four series of mountains, some jagged and some long flat ridges, the highest of which one day gleamed with freshly fallen snow. All around us the earth that was dry and filled with stubble and thorn bushes when we arrived has now been transformed by the first rains (one was an all day downpour that chased us away

from the site to the refuge or our house), which have brought a spring-like atmosphere. Plowing began far and near, each family plowing a long, narrow allotment reminiscent of medieval field systems. Plowing and sowing are simultaneous operations, the seed being scattered first and immediately plowed under. The work went at a surprisingly fast pace, the soil turning first rich brown and after a while a tinge of green began to creep over the brown earth.

Unlike many mounds in the Near East, Chogha Mish lies a considerable distance away from a modern village. The nearest village, after which the mound is named, is some twenty minutes walk away. It is from it and from Shalgahi Sofla that our workers are drawn. Through the season they varied in number from a minimum of six to a maximum of twenty-five. Some men would turn up sporadically for we arrived at a time when the annual harvest was still in progress and soon afterward the plowing began, and the agricultural work has the priority in each family. There was a mixture of languages on the site. Though all of the men speak Farsi and were eager both to teach us some phrases in that language and then to mock our attempts to repeat them, a few of them knew Arabic as well. By dint of both languages communications progressed. None of the men, however, had ever worked in excavations, nor, indeed, handled the digging tools of the types used in archaeology, nor could they imagine until we arrived that one could earn real money simply by carefully digging up mere potsherds that are to be found in great numbers in the fields. Consequently, there had to be much education, mostly by actual demonstration, and some weeding out of the completely hopeless workers at the beginning. Yet as things stand now, we have made quite sizable dents in Chogha Mish, in particular by cutting two deep trenches in the main mound. From these most of our material derives. Though it is still too early even for a preliminary interpretation of this material, it is obvious that we have acquired substantial amounts of data for the protohistoric and immediately preceding prehistoric periods of this region. While the magnificent gold finds from Marlik Tepe near Rudbar now justly dominate the archaeological scene in Iran, our humble stone implements and pottery will contribute their share to the understanding and reconstruction of crucial periods in man's development, when following the late preliterate societies with their sophisticated artistic development represented by very imaginative painted pottery, came the protoliterate periods with the earliest cities, the invention of writing, the construction of monumental buildings, and the creation of monumental art. Among the sites which dot the countryside nearby, Chogha Mish stands out as a large center. For a prehistoric site its size is enormous and there is reason to believe that it played an important role in the significant changes which brought the first fully-fledged civilization into existence. One may expect also that it will throw some light on the interactions and the varying role of lower Mesopotamia and of Iran in this process. But in our brief trial season, which amounted to no more than a few weeks of small-scale digging, we could only begin to penetrate into the mound. Though in places our trenches are quite deep, going down to more than twenty-five feet below surface, we did not reach virgin soil anywhere. Because of our minimum staff and because our Iranian partners, representing the University of Tehran, were unable to join us at this particular time, it was not feasible to make the tests that we had planned in the lower, promising terraces of the site. Thus, although we begin to understand the history of the site, it still retains many problems and many mysteries to be solved.

The opportunity to discuss some of our own problems, as well as general problems of archaeology in Iran with the famous French archaeologist, Professor Roman Ghirshman was one of the greatest pleasures of our stay in Khuzestan. Ever since our arrival there we had been inquiring unsuccessfully whether he had yet arrived from Paris, but after settling in Shalgahi we became so isolated from the rest of the world, that news of his arrival was late to reach us. Visitors were very rare here and our main link with the outside has been Dr. F.G.L. Gremliza, whose magnificent work in Khuzestan has been the subject of a recent article in the New York Times (Nov. 24, 1961) by Harrison E. Salisbury. When Mr. Leo Andersen, Chief Representative of the Khuzestan Development service (KDS) received us so cordially upon our arrival, he introduced us

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among other members of his staff also, to Dr. Gremliza as the person most thoroughly acquainted with the area. Dr. Gremliza took an immediate and most friendly interest in us, in our work, and in our practical problems. He was with us on the exploratory trip during which we found and met our host, the Khan, and ever since was immensely helpful to us in a variety of ways. In a recent reception for his Majesty, the Shah of Iran, on the occasion of the official opening of a sugar mill and refinery constructed by KDS not far from here, Dr. Gremliza met Professor Ghirshman and was the one to inform him of our presence and us of his arrival. The result was first a visit, together with Dr. Gremliza, to Professor Ghirshman's famous site, Chogha Zambil where we were received most cordially by Professor Ghirshman and his wife. After an excellent meal (which, together with the well-appointed though modest expedition house and staff contrasted strongly with our own more spartan mode of life), we spent several hours inspecting the site under the guidance of Professor Ghirshman. It is indeed a most extraordinary place. No publication and no illustrations on paper, good as they are, can convey its grandeur. It was a great Elamite religious center dominated by a towering ziggurat and included various encircling walls, many temples, and palaces. At present work is concentrated on the third palace, which the day before our visit had yielded a hoard of large, gracefully carved stone vessels. No one can visit this site without being most strongly impressed with the immense amount of careful work which Professor Ghirshman has achieved in a relatively short time of only eight campaigns.

While at Chogha Zambil we invited, of course, the Ghirshmans to visit us at Chogha Mish. Because of a temporary indisposition, unfortunately Madame Ghirshman was unable to come, but Professor Ghirshman spent a day with us. He was naturally greatly in our work. When he asked why we picked a certain spot at Chogha Mish for testing, the answer was close at hand, for on the table was standing one of the beveled-rim bowls typical for the Protoliterate period, which, as mentioned in the previous newsletter, is the focal period of our interest in the site. Though happening at the moment to be serving as a convenient receptacle for eggs, the bowl, one of the many thousands once used at the site, was a good opening with which to begin to answer his question. Later we spent considerable time walking over Chogha Mish with Professor Ghirshman, discussing the problems of the site, and regretting the lack of better communications between the two. Professor Ghirshman expressed his regrets that our tight schedule left us no time for a lengthy visit to Susa also, which he would have liked to show us in detail. However, he expressed hope that we would be able to do it in the near future. Among other things brought up by Professor Ghirshman was the idea of a close archeological co-operation between us and himself in Khuzestan.

With virgin soil not yet reached, with the first anemone leaves appearing, with wild geese honking in the sky and the fields, it seems rather premature and somewhat sad to be closing a season of field work here, but Christmas in Khuzestan means also the end of the Autumn Quarter and the approaching New Year in Chicago. So we hope soon to see you all again and in the meantime send you our best wishes for a happy New Year.

Pinhas P. Delougaz, Field Director
Reconnaissance Expedition

Helene J. Kantor, Associate Professor
of Archaeology

* * * * *

Summary Report on the Activities
Of the Joint Rice University - Oriental Institute
Iranian Prehistoric Survey 1961

The field activities of the joint Rice University - Oriental Institute Iranian Prehistoric Survey centered on a survey in western Iran during the months September through December 1961. Originally conceived to be a survey of prehistoric settlements in the Karkheh river headwaters, the aim was to try to clarify two related problems. First, it seemed probable that a survey of valleys at different altitudes might shed some light on whether there was a climatic change of importance at the end and following the Pleistocene. The reasoning was that if settlements of the early agricultural villagers were found at elevations which were outside the present natural habitat of the plant and animal domesticates, there must have been some sort of ecological change, probably climatic-based. A second aim was to test the hypothesis following the establishment of the early village farming community in the mountains, the farmers moved downslope and out onto the alluvial plain where civilization rapidly ensued. Again, by plotting distribution of sites we hoped to learn where the earliest villagers settled and whether, in fact, they moved downslope or whether they might have moved upslope as well. Had there been no climatic change, agriculture must have moved downslope, but had there been climatic change, movement could have been in either direction. The reason is that the area most affected by such change would be at the margins of the natural habitat, that is, the upper alluvial plain. In conjunction with the survey we planned to test-dig key sites to supplement what we could learn from surface survey only.

Survey work, especially for prehistoric sites, is greatly facilitated by good maps and reliable studies of rainfall, soil, ecology and contemporary agricultural practice. It was our good fortune to have such studies available to us through the good offices of Mr. Leo Anderson, Chief Representative of Khuzistan Development Service, an American firm charged with planning the agricultural development of Khuzistan. In addition, talks with agricultural experts in the company greatly added to our understandings of the problems of farming in the Karkheh headwaters.

The survey began in the valley of Sar-i-Pol, on the road to Baghdad between Kermanshah and the Iraqi border. Mr. Abdulgafar Viziritabar, Director of the Kermanshah refinery of the National Iranian Oil Company, kindly allowed us to stay at two of the company guest houses while we worked near Shahabad and Sar-i-Pol. The Sar-i-Pol valley, first mentioned prominently in Assyrian accounts dating from the 7th and 8th centuries B.C., yielded us no prehistoric sites except for a cave, Kal-i-Daoud. In our brief sounding we found a good Mousterian deposit at Kal-i-Daoud. Our next survey effort was in the Deh Luran area on the fringes of the upper Khuzistan plain, about 60 miles by road west of Digful. The hot, dry and often barren plain surrounding Deh Luran is spotted with sites, the most prominent of which is Mussian, sounded by the French archeological mission to Iran some 60 years ago. In addition to eleven sites with prehistoric pottery we located the preceramic site called Ali Kosh, about one and one-half miles west of Mussian. Owing to jeep trouble, lack of fresh water and the scorching heat, we abandoned further work in Khuzistan and returned to the mountains to do the Karkheh survey.

In contrast to the great abundance of prehistoric sites located in the Kermanshah and adjacent valleys on 1959-60, few early sites were found as we worked our way south west into valleys at successively lower elevations. It soon became apparent that however good a valley might look at first glance, concentrations of early prehistoric settlements were limited to the Kermanshah and upper Khuzistan valley plains. Closer examination of such valleys as Rumishgan (where Dr. Schmidt tested Chagga Sabz) and

Tarhan showed that at present, because there is no surface water, settlement is impossible without digging wells. We soon discovered that even though soil conditions and rainfall are suitable for dry farming over most of the mountain region, in the areas we surveyed, Kermanshah and Shahabad are unique in having numerous springs and good-sized permanent rivers. We thus found that the Kermanshah and Khuzistan regions were separated by vast areas of mountain valley pasture, especially suitable for nomads on a seasonal basis, but that these areas were apparently not well-suited to the early settled peoples. By the very nature of our surface survey we were unable to demonstrate traces that might have been left by any prehistoric nomads whose refuse would have mounded up.

Because we found few sites, the survey of the Karkheh headwaters did not give us the kind of information we had sought regarding climatic change and population movement.

Having some extra time, we decided to push north through Kurdistan and into Azerbaijan which is today the most densely populated region in Iran. Aside from locating prehistoric settlements we wanted to learn more about the different ecological zones within western Iran and the potential of each zone for early agriculturalists.

North of Kermanshah the mountains are extremely rugged, leaving little room for valleys. None of the mounds that we located in this, the heartland of Iranian Kurdistan, had prehistoric pottery. Intensive survey in such country must be done on foot or horseback, a time-consuming task that we did not attempt. Pushing farther north we found the valleys widening as the rivers headed toward the Lake Rezaiyeh depression. For the first time in the mountains we found extensive irrigation systems, some of which rival in size those found on the Khuzistan alluvial plain. Though we located no prehistoric sites as we drove through Bukan and Miandoab, we are told by Mrs. Dyson of the Pennsylvania University Museum that his group, which has done the definitive work in the region, did locate some prehistoric sites in these valleys. Our main survey around Lake Rezaiyeh was centered in the valley which includes Hasanlu and the other sites excavated and tested by Pennsylvania. Considering the size of area involved, the concentration of sites in Solduz rivals that in the Kermanshah valley system. It was interesting to note, however, that the Solduz sequence begins with well-developed pottery and villages, but apparently does not include preceramic village sites.

Three seasons of survey, including that done by Dr. Adams in Khuzistan, have demonstrated that three valley plain systems in western Iran, Khuzistan, Kermanshah and Solduz, were important centers of regional prehistoric developments. Survey around Persepolis in southern Iran, by L. Vanden Berghe, has defined a fourth center. We further learned that much of Iran is more suitable for seasonal aspects of migratory life than for permanent settlements. This was especially true for earliest villagers who had neither the population or political pressure to force it, nor techniques to exploit areas whose resources were not optimum for year around settlement. The relation of the herder to farmer, always important in historical accounts, is not known for the range of time considered here. Neither is the precise nature of the factors determining where the earliest settlers were likely to live. Such things as availability of surface water, temperature, rainfall and soil conditions are obvious limiting factors. Other factors that must be considered are such things as size of game reserve, for peoples whose agriculture was rudimentary, location of summer and winter pasturage for keepers of flocks, and access to other groups of settled people and trade routes.

Though we are able to distinguish four centers surrounded and separated by rugged valleys and mountain blocks, we are not yet able to demonstrate the chronological priority of the sequences in the various regions. At the moment it seems that Kermanshah and Khuzistan, having preceramic villages, are earlier than either the Solduz or Per-

sepolis areas. To help understand and date these preceramic developments we decided to test-dig the site of Ali Kosh near Deh Luran in Khuzistan. Once again the good will of Khuzistan Development Service is acknowledged. For our sounding they generously provided us with a Dodge Power Wagon and water trailer, both of which were essential to our success.

Because of rain and shortage of time, we were forced to leave the site without having plumbed its total depth, but we now know that it contains at least four successive occupations. Beginning with the uppermost we have a Susiana b-c occupation, a type well-known from Khuzistan since the work of Dr. Adams. Lying below is an occupation which has pottery, of types as yet undescribed, figurines, flint and stone bowls much like those found at Jarmo and Sarab, both excavated in recent years by Dr. Braidwood. Lying still lower was the uppermost of two preceramic occupations. Substantial unbaked mud slab walls faced with plaster, and floors from five successive building levels were exposed in the small excavation. Lying alongside a wall, in association with the bones of wild animals, was an impressive array of kitchen utensil including large stone meat cleavers, slicing slabs, grinding stones, mortars, pestle and knives. In-the-field analysis showed that the goat may have been domesticated but that the bulk of the meat diet came from wild animals. A large brick-lined hear sunk into one of the floors was certainly not an oven but it may have been for roasting animals. Still lower we hit the edge of what is probably a pit house. Work was forced to a halt before this had been completely cleared but we do know that the flints are very different from the levels above and that none of the animal bones recovered was from a clearly domesticated animal. From this level we extracted a large fragment of an asphalt-coated mat of a type also found in the levels above. Typologically the pit house occupation is similar to Karim Shahr, excavated in northeast Iraq by Dr. Howe as part of the general Jarmo area operations.

Aside from the intrinsic interest in such a long sequence at an early site, we were most interested in the evidence we finally got for an ecological change. The variety of animals whose remains occur in the lower two horizons at Ali Kosh could not exist in the Deh Luran area today. Whether the implied ecological change can eventually be construed to be climate-induced or whether it depends on other natural or man-made factors remains to be seen.

It will be necessary to return to Khuzistan for more extensive excavations because Ali Kosh or a similar site may hold a key to some of the factors lying behind the spectacular rise to civilization which occurred in the area a few thousand years later. At Ali Kosh we do not claim to have an unbroken sequence from a hunter's camp to an agricultural village. We can say, however, that the four successive occupations exposed in our small sounding represent, in one site, a development unprecedented outside of Tell-es-Sultan, the Jordanian site said to be the Biblical Jericho.

Frank A. Hole, Assistant Professor at
Rice University

Archeological Tour in Pakistan and India

I set down what follows on the chance that my field colleagues - and perhaps a few others - may be interested in my archeological tour of Pakistan and India. The occasion for going was an invitation by the Indian Government to be the American representative at a conference on Asian archeology and a celebration attending the cen-

ternary of the Archaeological Survey of India - their official antiquities service under the ministry of Science and Culture. Supporting grants from the American Council of Learned Societies (on the nomination of the Archaeological Institute of America) and by the University's South Asia committee not only made the trip possible, but gave me adequate time for site-seeing (sic!) in both Pakistan and western India before the conference began.

I left home on November 19th, had professionally oriented stop-overs in London, Frankfurt, Istanbul, Beyrouth and Teheran before reaching Karachi - a stop-over in Baghdad was also intended, but there was Iraqi visa trouble. In Karachi, Dr. F.A. Khan and Mr. S.A. Naqvi of the Pakistan Antiquities Service had already made arrangements for my stay and itinerary in visiting major sites in the lower Indus basin. In comparison with lower Mesopotamia, I was surprised to find how relatively much vegetation cover the Indus alluvium supports - for all that it certainly has a semi-arid climate. Further, I was absolutely bowled over by the size, architectural monumentality and complexity of Mohenjo-daro, the larger of the two great city mounds of the "Harappan complex," of - say - ca. 2250 B.C., plus or minus a few hundred years. I did not see the other of the two, Harappa itself (a somewhat smaller and more pitted mound), which is far up-country. Before visiting Mohenjo-daro, I visited the new French excavations at Amri, a smaller site with pre-Harappan as well as Harappan and later levels. M. and Mme. Casal kept me over night in their wonderful little base-camp in a village house in Amri - boy, did the old nostalgia for camp life ever hit me hard! At Mohenjo-daro itself, the Sir John Marshall (the original excavator, in the 1920s) house is now a guest house - I rather think I slept in Sir John's bed and used his tin bath tub - gave me the odd sort of feeling one would have if he were actually put up in Mt. Vernon. As well as guiding me over the great complexity of the site, the bright young custodian, Mr. Taswir Hussain Hamidi, also took me on walks to the Indus itself (about three miles away) and to a village nearby where a Harappan-like pottery is still being made.

When I returned to Karachi, the Antiquities people had next laid on a day's visit to two Islamic sites, and their Islamic expert, Dr. Abdul Ghafur, went with me in their jeep. The two sites, Tatta (a fine architectural complex of ca. 15th century tombs) and Bampur (an 8th century post) were both impressive to see, but the high point of the trip for me was our early jeep breakdown and the fact that within half an hour we'd been taken up again by a passing engineer, Mr. M.G. Bari, who - it developed - had worked in the Kirkuk and Abadan oil fields, and who presently decided to scuttle his own day and do our trip with us! These things simply happen in that part of the world - Allah takes care of his favorites, I guess! Also, when you go to Karachi, please patronize the "Popular Auto Service Burmah-Shell Stations" - Mr. Bari owns them.

My afterthoughts about Mohenjo-daro and the Harappan complex generally - there is a great deal more of both of the big sites to dig - is that they have never been frankly faced, problem-wise, for what they are: cities. They have simply been quarried for their antiquities plus their architectural monumentality. Were it ever decided to continue work on them, I would hope first for a working conference by a variety of people who think about what it takes to make a city a city, with subsequent campaigns of excavations planned in this framework of problem.

I left Karachi by air on Dec. 5th and Professor Sankalia of Deccan College, Poona, met me at Bombay; we went up to Poona that night and spent all of the next day there, going over the collections in his museum - soon to be replaced by a fine new museum and training institute which is now being built. I was most pleased to learn that Sankalia's anthropological colleagues, Professor and Mrs. Karve, will also be housed and intellectually part of this new institute. Sankalia and I returned to

Bombay by an early morning train, did a bit of shopping (I needed a bed-roll, necessary for Indian travel, kept a firm hand on myself otherwise in spite of temptations save that I splurged on a fine Kashmir shawl in lieu of an ordinary blanket), visited Dr. Chandra and his fine collections in the Prince of Wales Museum, and also the University of Bombay. Later that afternoon, we settled in - until the time of the late night train for Baroda - with Sankalia's nephew's family, and I presently found myself with his seven year old grand niece, Geeta, on my lap, hearing her read her first grade English. Am sure it was the same book Gretel and Douglas had; "Here is Rags. Rags is a dog," etc. Bob Hope was right, in many ways, you never leave home!

Early next morning, we were met at the station in Baroda by Professor Subbarao, the other Indian colleague (beside Sankalia) with whom I had been in closest touch beforehand, if only through correspondence. The more time I spent with these two colleagues; the more my fondness and respect for them grew and again - intellectually - I found I hadn't really left home. The tour we made together will always be a memorable one for me. The M.S. (after the Maharaja Sayajirao, a princely philanthropist, whose descendant is ex-officio chancellor) University of Baroda reminded me of Stanford. Subbarao has a very well set-up new institute and museum, a bright young staff and a number of students. I gave a lecture there, and was entertained by the vice chancellor and dean of the faculties, and kept most comfortably in the University residence. From Baroda, we first made a two day run in the institute jeep to the site of a very impressive town, Lothal, north of the gulf of Cambay, and also to a site one dug by Sankalia and Subbarao called Langhnaj, which yielded microliths. Lothal was in work when we arrived, and its director, Mr. S.R. Rao, took us over it and subsequently gave us a fine lunch. Although not on the scale of either Mohenjo-daro or Harappa, it has the same suggestions of care in planning, of sophisticated architectural details in baked brick, a large ship basin, and the same general artifactual assemblage (even to the characteristic Harappan seals and script) as do the Indus sites. When India and Pakistan were partitioned, it appeared there were no Harappan sites within the Indian borders; now the Harappan assemblage is known to have reached well down into the Ganges basin, and well south of the gulf of Cambay. So far, as I understand it, Lothal is the largest town yet exposed in a more "pure" Harappan sense.

After a final night in Baroda on Dec. 10th, we left again by the jeep for a run down to a site on the Narbada river, Navdatoli, and to link up with the train for the final trip into New Delhi on the 13th. A good part of the run was through a portion of pagan tribal India inhabited by the Bhil people, who absolutely fascinated me, as did also the hill country in which they live. Many of the men still carry bows-and-arrows, and I have two further sets of color slides of local potters for Fred Matson too. The road we used went from Baroda to Dohad, Dhar and Maheswar (on the Narbada with Navdatoli site across the river), thence via Mhow, but missing Indore, to Ratle. Maheswar absolutely knocked my eyes out - Hollywood couldn't have dreamed up so perfect an image of temples and fortress and grand staircases down to the river, with all the color of the people bathing, washing clothes, the boats and all of it. Sankalia and Subbarao had worked Navdatoli several years back; its yield was a derived and later aspect of the older Harappan assemblage, and the job had clearly been done very competently.

The conference in New Delhi began on the morning of the 14th, with Mr. Nehru opening the sessions; it was a far larger and grander affair than I had anticipated. Commemorative postage stamps were issued, we all were given medals, a very fine outdoor exhibit had been set up with the best pieces from each of the provincial and university museums, and there was a registered attendance of over 250 people. Most of the countries of western Europe, also Greece and Turkey were represented. The U.S.S.R. had sent Professor Tolstov of the Soviet Academy; perhaps one of the high

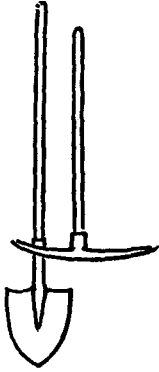
points of the affair for me was this first opportunity to come to know one of the respected Russian colleagues and his wife personally. Asia was of course very well represented, save for China; there were three Pakistani representatives who seemed both relaxed and well received by the Indian colleagues. Strangely, there were no Arab colleagues save for an Egyptian to felicitate the new Indian participation in the Nubian salvage operation, and no one from Iran (but this was explainable in terms of the necessity of Dr. Negahban's remaining at his remarkable new cemetery site, where gold objects are flowing out like water, but the local security is not good).

My reactions to the conference were very positive. The Director General, Shri Ghosh, and his first assistant, Mr. B.B. Lal - certainly with enthusiastic aid from their Minister, Professor Humayun Kabir, laid on a very fine affair in all details. As is probably quite understandable in a new country, there seemed to me to be some overweighing of attention on the details of the Harappan complex and its connection (or lack of it) with the Aryans and the Vedic writings. On the otherhand, I also sensed very heartening signs of curiosity - especially among some of the Indian colleagues, often the younger ones - in what is going on outside of India, and of concern with general scholarly trends in culture-historical interpretation. There was an attempt, although it unfortunately partially miscarried, to break away from the older terminological and conceptual framework which was transplanted directly from southwestern Asia and Europe, and which does not - to my mind, at least - fit the Indian scene too well. The signs of intellectual restlessness and curiosity are there, however, and I also feel that the conference will have a strong effect in increasing this tendency.

Hence I felt it all a most worthwhile excursion for an old Near East hand. I did, as Linda had ordered, just manage to fly into South Bend airport at 4:30 on the afternoon of Dec. 24th, in time to help finish decorating the tree! I am left with one small feeling of outrage, however. Jet air travel is an absolutely cruel and inhuman thing. I left Tokyo at 3:00 p.m. on Dec. 23rd, arrived in San Francisco at 9:30 a.m. on Dec. 23rd (not a misprint - figure it out!), and never even saw the Pacific, the biggest ocean in the world!

Robert J. Braidwood, Professor of
Anthropology

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archeological newsletter

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THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE NUBIAN EXPEDITION The University of Chicago

Aboard the "Memnon"
Serra East, Sudan
March 22, 1962

Dear Friends:

It has been a little over three months since December 16th when we moored the "Memnon" at the foot of the rocky slope on which rise the long abandoned ruins of early Christian churches and the massive weather-worn walls of a Pharaonic fort. Serra East seemed a forbidding and depressing sight on that December day and on succeeding days, but last night as we sat on the deck of the same "Memnon" on what would pass for a hot summer's night in Chicago and spent our last evening with Professor and Mrs. Ronald J. Williams of the University of Toronto the same Serra East looked very different. To be sure, last night's full moon limned the jagged wind-worn walls of the old fort into majestic contours towering over us and the blank little windows, the multiple domes and monotonous arches of the Christian buildings into a harmonious profile intricately oriental, but it was more than the bright Nubian moon erasing 2,000 years of time between Pharaonic and Christian that transformed Serra East in just three months into something almost fondly ours instead of something with which we were stuck. It still looked vastly different in the hot light of this morning's sun.

Goodness knows, it was not the magnificence or multiplicity or historical significance of our finds that had made the difference, for they are meager compared with the riches of beautifully preserved Christian frescoes found by our Polish neighbors at Fares on the north or the great variety and embarrassing quantity of the fortunes of our Scandinavian neighbors at Dabeirah East or the startling array of Old Kingdom royal jar-sealings of the British at Buhen. But we have found a lot of things, too many it seems as we try to find sufficient boxes and packing material to which the U. S. Department of Agriculture will not object in order to ship them to Chicago. Some of the red and black incised bowls from the C-Group cemetery and the painted bowls of the Christian period look good in any setting and they will look a lot better in Chicago where, insofar as we know, there is nothing of the sort. Our kind friends of the Sudanese Department of Antiquities gave us everything we found except a half-dozen small pieces: One of three ivory bracelets found together, one of three alabaster bracelets, one each of two pairs of shell ear-pendants, part of a string of gold beads, one of several stone pendants, one red-ware Christian pitcher with painted vine motif and our page of Christian parchment. Only the last two are unusual, and we have been given many a prized piece that we thought the Khartoum Museum would be justified in keeping.

-2-

When we began work we began on the fort, and I think Jim Knudstad, Field Architect and Supervisor of the dig, wished he hadn't come. Said he, "It is one thing to dig a nice, relatively level, well stratified mound in Iraq but how do you lay out and proceed on a rocky, benched hillside where every level goes down to bed-rock and all the material has slid down the hill in a jumble?" And Professor Louis V. Zabkar of Loyola in Chicago, our jealously possessive pottery custodian said about the same thing and gave the expedition its password in "Everything is bouleversé." But Jim developed his scrupulously careful methods or adapted them to Serra, and the cleared and dusted details of the great wall and fosse, the large area of cleared interior, the huge dumps of sand and debris attest to a big task well advanced. And Professor Zabkar's long rows of closely sorted and pondered sherds are evidence that all is not ultimately bouleversé. It seems clear to us and to others that Serra and Dr. Zabkar's work on it have produced even in this first season a corpus particularly of Nubian Christian pottery never before assembled. We have been telling him that he is about to sink the "Memnon" with broken pots all over the deck and on the roof. The only problem seems to be enough boxes to take them back to Chicago for his further enjoyment.

The C-Group cemetery, out of sight from the "Memnon" along the southern boundary of our concession, appeared on January 9th to consist at most of 30 to 40 graves identifiable by the loosely laid slab-stone circles surmounting them. By February 15th the cemetery was only a complex of 142 shallow oval holes in the ground. The 30 or 40 circles had become 63 as the sand was removed and there came to light 79 more graves with no stone circles over them. The burial equipment and offering bowls were not rich as compared with those of the Scandinavians in their numerous cemeteries but better than those of others of our colleagues. We have a good collection of attractive unbroken offering bowls as well as a small collection of bracelets, rings, ear-pendants, palettes, kohl rods, a scarab and a wide variety of beads of many types and materials including gold. We hope that detailed study of the material may reveal something new about this faceless indigenous culture which has as yet to be designated by a letter of the Alphabet.

This cemetery represented a big job the execution and painstaking records of which were the almost single-handed work of Professor Williams with the assistance of volunteer David Weston. Dave is a young Mormon from Seattle who stopped in Cairo on his way home from two years' missionary work for his church in Australia. He heard about the archeological emergency in Nubia and conceived a desire to help out and add to his varied experiences. He met Nick Millet in Cairo and Nick telegraphed me at Serra about him. I don't know what we would have done without him, desperately short-handed as we have been all season. Dave was versatile with a camera and at plotting and sketching. Besides, his cow-boy hat, dress, guitar and songs made a great hit with the local youngsters who were sure that they had seen him in the movies in Halfa.

By another---for us---lucky chance Mr. and Mrs. W. Herman Bell became impromptu members of the expedition on February 16th just after Dave Weston left. Mr. Bell is an American from Virginia and Mrs. Bell is English. They had been scheduled to join Prof. P. L. Shinnie's University of Ghana expedition at Debeirah West across the river from us, but they were delayed by Herman's D. Phil. thesis in Egyptology at Oxford. Then the Shinnies found their work concluding and decided to leave earlier than expected. I do not know how we would have fared without the Bells either, for both have drawn pottery with a will and have completed the task. Now that Vivien Williams, the best possible of mistresses of the boat menage, has left, Ann Bell has taken on the job with amazing enthusiasm and efficiency.

Besides the major operations on the fortress and the C-Group cemetery the expedition has scouted its concession and found smaller spots for investigation. Ron Williams supervised clearance of a C-Group house---and they are not a common occurrence---as well as an X-Group house, both south of the fort. North of the fort Labib Habachi found and cleared a cluster of four X-Group houses or shelters and has a similar spot in reserve for next season.

Contrary to what we had been led to expect, the expedition has enjoyed good labor relations with 110 to 120 local Sudanese basket carriers from near-by villages and has found a helpful friend in the Omdah of Debeirah just south of us. He threw a tea party for all of us foreigners complete with band at his house at the end of Ramadan, the Muslim month of day-time fasting, and we gave a "feast" for the workmen on the last day of work, March 15th. The workers were good and orderly, but much of our success was due to Labib Habachi, old friend and neighbor of ours as Chief Inspector at Luxor, who, whatever else he may have contributed as Archeological Consultant, has met and solved countless problems of every sort for the expedition. Then, our Egyptian foreman Abdullah El-Sudani, who has worked for the Institute in Iraq and Iran and for many another archeological group over 30-some years, as well as our 13 professional Egyptian diggers from the towns of Quft and Illahun have been not only good spearheads in the work but good ambassadors.

The staff has enjoyed day-off (Friday) excursions to Abu Simbel and our other concession in Egypt at Qasr el-Wiaz and to Sudanese sites from the Egyptian border to the fortress of Sennah at the Second Cataract. It has especially looked forward to visits to and from other expeditions at work here: The Polish at Faras, the Argentinian-French at Aksha, the Scandinavian at Debeirah East, the Ghanaian at Debeirah West, the Spanish at Argin, the British at Buhen and the Sudanese at Mer-gissa. These visits and return visits were ostensibly social diversions but I soon discovered that every member went and received with an ulterior motive and a head full of questions. Notes and problems and materials were mutually compared, and I found Dr. Zabkar packing along a small bag of prized sherds on one occasion. It was a pretty green crew as far as Nubian archeology was concerned---but so was almost everyone else up here---on December 16th, and I thought it still looked a bit verdant when I flew back to Luxor on January 24th but on my return to Serra on March 6th the savvy acquired in the meantime was impressive.

Inaccessible as the Sudan and especially Serra East would seem to be, the expedition has enjoyed visits from a number of persons from the "outside" world. Mr. William R. Boyd of Lake Wales, Florida, long-time friend and benefactor of the Luxor and Nubian expeditions, stayed with it for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Knudstad Jim's parents, got to see their son in action in his unnatural habitat for a few days also. Mr. and Mrs. William Y. Adams, UNESCO Archeologist with the Sudan Department of Antiquities, spent a day and night on the "Memnon." Prof. and Mrs. Richard A. Parker and Beatrice, alumni of Chicago House in Luxor where they have been spending some weeks, dropped in for a day while they were in Wadi Halfa. Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Martindale stayed for a few days at Serra also. Bob Martindale was once an artist on the Luxor expedition and later Cultural Attaché of the Embassy in Cairo, and is now U. S. Information Officer for Africa and Spain. Ties with the grandmother expedition in Luxor has been maintained by these friends, for all have also stayed at Chicago House before or after their stays at Serra and have carried films, supplies and news back and forth. (Communication with Luxor by mail from here takes about three times as long as with the States.)

We were also honored at Serra to have the Commissioner of Archeology of the Sudan, Mr. Thabit Hassan Thabit down from Khartoum, have Christmas dinner with us

On January 7th--Labib Habachi's Coptic Christmas. (We celebrate all possible occasions at Serra. For example, Vivien Williams and I celebrated our mutual birthday on January 12th with a wing-ding to which the Argentine expedition came--- by accident. The one piece of the band or perhaps orchestra was made of an enameled wash basin. And we really rejoiced when our beloved colleague Louis, Father Zabkar, received notice that he had become Associate Professor of Ancient History at Loyola.)

Detached sort of references at various points above to Chicago House remind me of the Luxor expedition which has been feeling something like a step-child with its director absent more than half the time. It is mercifully a well-established and smooth running organization, and Mrs. Hughes and Tim Healey had preparatory experience last season in keeping things on an even keel while I was away, also in Nubia but at Kalabsheh, for a month at a time.

Chicago House has been privileged to see a number of you in these last two seasons. It counted as a high spot of this one the two-day visit to Luxor of the tour organized by Mrs. Ward of the Women's Board. That every one of the group should have come to Chicago House for tea and a look after a long day in the Theban Metropolis was a compliment greatly appreciated. No less pleased were we that Mr. and Mrs. Glen Lloyd went to considerable trouble to stop off for a few hours at Luxor on their return from Abu Simbel to give Mr. Lloyd his first glimpse of that part of the University campus.

The House was also happy to be host for a few days in January to the amiable gentleman who is U. S. Ambassador to Egypt, Mr. John S. Badeau, with his brother and sister-in-law.

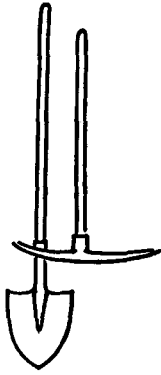
The Epigraphic Survey at Luxor has accomplished an astonishing amount of recording this season and last. When I left Luxor on March 6th the Beit el-Wali temple of Ramses II in Nubia which we had photographed and drawn on the spot last season and in November of this season was almost completed to the last jot and in the case ready to go to Chicago for publication. The seventh volume of photographs and drawings completing the record of the Medinet Habu temple of Ramses III at Luxor was finished except for a couple of master plans which Mr. Floroff was making to locate all the plates in the seven volume series. Dr. Nims, since his return from a month at Serra on January 15th, and Dr. Wente were well up on checking the drawings which Mr. Floroff and our new artist, Michael J. Barnwell, have made on the High Gate at the entrance to the Medinet Habu compound. Mr. Coleman had begun to draw the difficult salt-damaged reliefs in the Tomb of Kheruef about the excavation of which you may remember hearing in the 1957-58 seasons. Mr. Greener was expected to join him on that job shortly.

Some of you have probably read Leslie Greener's High Dam Over Nubia (Viking, 1962) which is a good account of Nubia and the monuments threatened by the dam as well as Mr. Greener's experiences as a member of the Luxor expedition recording the Beit el-Wali temple last season.

This has been a somewhat trying season but I believe it has been an eminently successful one both at Serra and at Luxor. We hope that it has been rewarding to all the good people of both staffs who have made it a success. Those at Serra have been wonderful and have maintained their sense of humor through a monetary crisis that threatened to bankrupt us individually, a wind-storm that threatened to blow the "Memnon" ashore on top of the two smaller craft, sand-storms, clouds of gnats, cold and heat (it is 111 degrees in the shade as I write this), and they are better friends now than when they began. Most of us, temporarily on leave from elsewhere, will not be back for next season's concluding campaign here but we shall never forget Serra East.

Yours sincerely,
George R. Hughes

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archeological newsletter

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To Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

The long period of uncertainty over the directorship has ended. On May 4, 1962, Professor Edward H. Levi, Provost of the University, announced that President George W. Beadle had appointed Robert M. Adams Director of the Oriental Institute as of May 1, 1962, for a period of three years. President Beadle stated at that time that he was "confident that the new Director, who has demonstrated his understanding of this unique tradition of scholarship and research, will continue to carry forward the Institute's expanding exploration of the nature and course of human civilization." I would certainly agree with this statement and add that I believe Mr. Adams will provide the Institute with the strong, vigorous and foresighted leadership it needs. As you know, he actually succeeds Carl H. Kraeling who resigned as of June, 1960, after having given the Institute ten years of extremely successful administration. As you also know, John Wilson and I provided the administration for the Institute during the time a new Director was being sought.

I am sure that Bob Adams is no stranger to most of you, for he has held an appointment in the Institute and the Department of Anthropology since July of 1953, and is currently Associate Professor. He received his Ph.B. in 1947, MA in 1952, and Ph.D. in 1956, all from The University of Chicago. His field investigations in Iraq and Iran have shown new techniques and valuable new results in the analysis of where man lived and why. It is now a pleasure indeed to hand the torch to Bob.

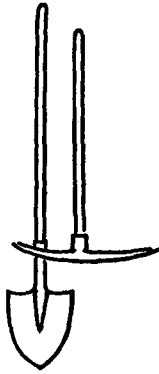
Of course, I want also to take this occasion to thank you for your interest in and support of the Institute's activities during these trying interim years. We would have found it difficult to function without your generous spirit.

Sincerely yours,


Emery T. Filbey

May 25, 1962

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Dear Members and Friends:

One cannot assume the directorship of the Oriental Institute without a mingled sense of opportunity and trepidation. We embody a rich on-going tradition of scholarly research, whose momentum and continuity must at all costs be maintained. Yet we also face changing circumstances, both in the academic world we occupy at home and in the Near Eastern centers of our interests. New directions, where they must be struck, will emerge only with much thought and discussion, and not only among members of the Institute staff but in the many interlocking intellectual and social communities that as scholars and laymen we all share. The work of this Institute over the years has always been a common enterprise, and I can only promise at the outset to work toward that further growth of communication and sense of relevance which might continue to merit your interest and support.

On behalf of the entire Institute staff, I would like to tender our thanks and regards to Mr. Filbey for having stepped in as Acting Director during a critical juncture. His deep understanding of the University's administrative needs and processes, developed during a lifetime of service to it, has been invaluable to us again. We join in wishing him and Mrs. Filbey well on the resumption of their often-interrupted retirement.

Presently we have some exciting news for you. The Oriental Institute and the Chicago Natural History Museum are participating jointly in bringing to Chicago for your appreciation a collection of treasures from the Tomb of Tutankhamun. These treasures have never been seen outside of Egypt previously and the Government of Egypt is allowing them to be shown in this country in order to draw attention to the necessity for safeguarding the treasures of Nubia for future generations. Originally we had planned to show the treasures here in our own Egyptian Hall but the problem of providing parking space for large numbers of people was insoluble and we therefore decided to accept the Natural History Museum's offer to participate jointly with us.

The Tutankhamun Treasures exhibit opens at the Chicago Natural History Museum on June 15th, 1962, and continues until July 15th. There will be a preview, to which you will be invited, on Thursday, June 14th, probably from 6:00 until 10:00 p.m. The handsome catalog of the exhibition enclosed is sent to you with our compliments. You will find it a useful guide to the collection.

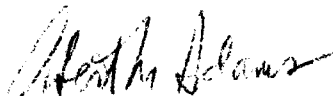
Professor Ahmed Fakhry, an old friend and currently Professor of History of Ancient Egypt and the East at the University of Cairo, is accompanying the

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exhibit. He and Mrs. Fakhry plan to arrive in Chicago about June 3rd and we hope Professor Fakhry will be able to accept our invitation to lecture at the Oriental Institute on Wednesday, June 20, at 8:30 p.m. The title of the lecture is "Abu Simbel, the Pearl of Nubian Temples," and it will be illustrated. As you know, this is the great temple which must be moved if it is to be saved from the rising waters behind the Assuan Dam which is now under construction.

Early in the fall you will receive a copy of our Annual Report, together with a letter apprising you of our plans for 1962-63. In Nubia and elsewhere, we think some highly promising fieldwork is in prospect.

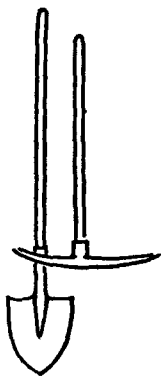
Sincerely yours,



Robert M. Adams
Director

May 25, 1962

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1155 E. 58TH STREET • CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Afak, Diwaniyah Liwa, Iraq
October 15, 1962

Dear Friends:

To those of us who are returning to Nippur and the neighboring village of Afak in central Iraq, the event holds a mixture of nostalgia and expectation. The mound of Nippur looks much like it did twelve years ago -- one has to wander far over its hilly surface and often look under the drifted sand to find the places where the past winters' excavations were. Even last season's large area of the "Inanna Temple in Depth" has abandoned its crispness to the invading dunes. The village of Afak, however, progresses yearly -- it has long had electricity and now a Coca Cola stand. The fifteen hundred volumes in the public library even include a translation of "Gone With the Wind." But the stars have receded deep into the sky with the passing of the kerosene street lamps in their little wall niches and, during an eclipse, the children are now too wise to beat pans and blow horns and so scare away the whale who is trying to eat the moon.

This is the nostalgia part of coming back. The new season at Nippur and the expectations are expressed very well in the following letter by a new member of the expedition, Giorgio Buccellati. He holds a degree from the University of Milan, is now a graduate student at the University of Chicago and a Fellow of the American Schools of Oriental Research. This is his first visit to Iraq and his first exposure to archaeological digging.

Cordially,

Richard C. Haines
Field Director
Joint Nippur Expedition

* * * * *

Dear Friends:

The beginning of the 8th season of the Joint Expedition to Nippur had been set at an earlier date than usual, for the end of September. The several members of the Expedition had to meet in Baghdad. I had the good fortune to arrive with Donald P. Hansen and to spend with him the first days of my stay in Iraq. He had served as staff archaeologist during the last three seasons and had been requested to do some preliminary work for the new season; in his company I had the best possible introduction to Iraq and its way of life. We landed at the airport of West Baghdad the night of Sunday, September 16. Monday morning we were already at the Department of Antiquities, where we contacted the Iraqi authorities and arranged with them, among other things, the appointment

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of several expert workmen (known as Shirgati) who would be needed on the dig, and who work during the year for the Department of Antiquities. There were then tasks of a somewhat more menial character, for instance, we had to find a cook and buy food and other provisions. But we also had a chance to take a very interesting trip to Basrah, at the extreme South of the country, where we had to get the Land-Rover of the Expedition, that had been garaged there by other members of the Oriental Institute at the end of a trip in Iran in the Spring 1962. On our way to the South we stopped at Afak (the town near the mound of Nippur where the headquarters of the Expedition are) and we had to bargain over the price of the house we wanted to rent. I could but admire how successfully Don conducted the bargaining; he did everything in perfect Oriental style, and certainly lived up to the title of Sheikh Sami by which he is best known among our Arab workmen. While in Afak we drove to the mound. It was sunset, undoubtedly the best time to see Nippur for the first time. Both the sight of the dig and the great quiet of the landscape - the desert, which I saw then for the first time - made a profound impression on me, such as could not have been anticipated, nor spoiled, by anything I had previously read or seen about Nippur.

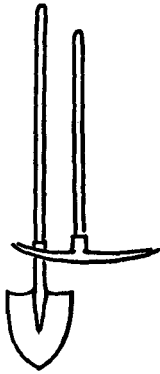
By Thursday, September 27, everything was ready, the members of the Expedition were all in Baghdad, and so we could leave for Diwaniyah and Afak; the Commissioner of the Department of Antiquities, Behnam Abu al-Soof, was accompanying us. The period of preparation had taken ten days, which is very little, especially according to Oriental standards. In Afak, the house was ready to receive us; Abdullah, the major-domo of the various Iraq expeditions of the Institute over the past thirty years, was at the door to greet us. The house is a beautiful country house, large enough to give each member of the Expedition a single room, besides a dining room and a workroom or "museum" where the finds are stored and studied. Mr. Haines had talked about the house and about our type of life in a modest and unpretentious way when engaging the new members of the Expedition, and it was a beautiful surprise for us to find more than we expected. But the old members too found more than they expected: in Afak, they found that most of the streets had been paved giving the town quite a modern look, and at the mound they found a huge layer of sand deposited by the wind over the remains of the Inanna temple that had been cleared in the preceding seasons.

Work began on Saturday, September 29 (Friday being the Muslim day of rest, our week begins on Saturday). The dig is concentrated around the Inanna temple. At the end of the second week, we have just about finished removing the sand brought in by the wind. Here and there the true dig has already started, and we begin to see the first results. Our main project is to clear the front part of the temple as it was in the Early Sumerian period, around the middle of the third millenium B.C.; the inner part of this temple had been dug in the last season. Other soundings will be tried in areas immediately adjacent to the temple. The dig will last until the middle of January. So far the weather has been very beautiful, and not as hot as we expected.

One last bit of information. On the road to Nippur, just outside of Afak, the Department of Antiquities had a sign set up which indicates the way to "Nufar," as the Arabs call the mound. Who knows? Maybe this will draw some tourists to the dig, and we will have to set up a stand with drinks and postcards.

Giorgio Buccellati

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

October 24, 1962

Dear Friends:

Appropriately enough, our first newsletter of the 1962-63 field season comes from Carl Kraeling, for many years Director of the Oriental Institute and well known to many of you in that capacity. When ill health forced him to resign his administrative post in 1960, he continued his scholarly research from his home in the hills north of New Haven, Connecticut, at the same energetic pace we have all come to expect from him. This led him, as the letter below mentions, back to geographic problems whose answers lay in the field rather than in the library, and with his convalescence visitors have reported him champing at the bit to be off once more.

Carl is scheduled to retire in January, and probably regards his current trip as one that he has successfully sneaked in under the wire. Those of us who know him will be more prone to regard approaching retirement as merely an excuse for advancing his schedule. In fact, he plans to take up a research appointment at Dumbarton Oaks immediately thereafter. We hope and expect to be hearing from him, and to be bumping into him and Elsie in odd corners of the world, for many years more.

Cordially,

Robert M. Adams
Director

* * * * *

Adana, Southeastern Turkey
October 11, 1962

Dear Members and Friends:

What do you think, - the hard-traveling Kraelings are at it again. It must be something in the blood, something derived from those Norsemen in whose old records the name Skraeling appears for the first time to my knowledge. Or else it's just something we picked up from the example of our Chicago friends and associates. In any event after a quiet year at Bethany, Conn., that did wonders for my physical condition and posed some interesting problems in my research, here we are completing today a month of intense and fruitful, if difficult, travel in Turkey and are ready to move over into northeastern Syria for some more of the same before the rains set in. That provides an opportunity to send our greetings and to report to you, as we have always done with pleasure in the years gone by.

My work during the past year at my desk in Bethany made it important for me to know something at firsthand about the several Roman roads running

into the Tigris-Euphrates basin from Syria and down to the Persian Gulf. Therefore, we left New York on September 4th and after stopping at London so that I could talk with a Prof. J. B. Segal there, who has done some exploring himself out in this remote corner of Turkey, we reached Istanbul on September 11th. We've been moving diagonally southeastward in Turkey ever since. There was a longish interlude at Ankara while we did what is called "making the formalities," which means seeing the officials who are supposed to give the word to anyone's efforts supposedly remotely under their jurisdiction. The ones I had to see did not feel at all like nodding. All they did was to shake their heads negatively to my requests for permission to visit the areas of Turkey east of the Euphrates River. The reason is that the Kurdish people over in Iraq, who are at odds with the Kassim regime, have been the occasion for several serious border incidents in the area where the Tigris River comes down from the Turkish mountains, and going was not safe thereabouts. Only the fact that, through Ambassador Hare's kindness, the U.S. Embassy got into the act, produced a sotto voce "perhaps," but no document, nothing in writing to show to anybody in authority back in the remote provinces.

In any event, we moved on from Ankara diagonally southeastward and have spent a good part of the past month traveling by hired car up and down and between the several natural water drainage systems of the Anatolian upland, in which the old Roman roads ran, fanning out from northern Syria, particularly from Antioch, the capital of the Roman province of Syria, which lies today in Turkey.

In trying to give you an idea of what its been like I could do any one of several things: -- provide a learned discussion of the development of Roman road-building, tell you about interesting and important incidental discoveries, or relate anecdotes of incidents that turned out to have a humorous note in them. I'll try to do a little of all three, if I don't bore you, for life is like that in the aggregate, a serious effort with a measure of the unexpectedly novel appearing occasionally and some ludicrous elements thrown in.

Now as to those Roman roads running over into and down the Tigris-Euphrates basin, there are basically four of them fanning out arcwise from northern Syria. The most southerly goes via Homs and the caravan city of Palmyra right down the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf. The next goes east from Antioch (in Turkey) through Aleppo, crosses the Euphrates at Thapsacus (that's where Alexander the Great crossed) and cuts diagonally across the big Mesopotamian plain to Seleucia-Ctesiphon, just below Baghdad on the Tigris. The third went northeast from Antioch up the creek called the Afrin River (now partly in Turkey and partly in Syria) to the Euphrates crossing at Zeugma, where they had a pontoon bridge in Roman times. The fourth which makes the biggest arc, runs north from Antioch way up into the foothills of the Taurus Mountains to modern Marash (Roman Germaniceia) and then turns eastward and southward through the Taurus, across the Euphrates near Malatya (old Melitene) and over to the upper Tigris at Diyarbakir (old Amida) from where you could go right down the Tigris to the Persian Gulf if your shoe leather lasted or you were willing to risk a trip in a reed or goatskin boat.

Well, I knew the first and southernmost quite well, so far as the lay of the land went, and had cruised along the southern end of the last, but I needed to get the right perspective on the other two and particularly on the big arc of the upper end of the fourth, where it crosses the Euphrates at

Malatya and makes the transition to the upper Tigris at Diyarbakir. This, of course, lay in the forbidden zone and Diyarbakir was for us a "forbidden city," but we did manage to get there by good fortune using the Ankara "perhaps" as an excuse. To get there we had first to go to far-off Malatya, where life is very simple and living and hotel conditions just about as terrible as anyone could imagine. It was a thrilling ride through the wilds of the Taurus that finally deposited us there and dumped us on the doorstep of a collection of rooms that have neither light nor running water nor European toilets, called the Sheker Palas Hotel (every hostel is a "palace" by definition.) We got a room finally for one night. Next morning we scouted the town for some breakfast and landed in a lunchroom that the locals seemed to be patronizing. The breakfast was the strangest I've ever had, bread in huge hunks and barley soup. But it tasted good. Next we scouted the R.R. station and the airport from which last, as I had previously ascertained, the once-a-week plane was due to leave that day to fly to Diyarbakir and back. We took all our luggage along so that if we landed in the "jug" at the forbidden city we could use the sleeping bags and blankets and plastic jerry-can with water that had served us so well in the hotel. The Turkish Air Lines were happy to sell us tickets and so off we went. It was a gorgeous and most informative flight from way up the Euphrates in the heart of the Taurus Mountains to Diyarbakir on the Upper Tigris. Arriving at the airport (really a U.S. military airfield, I suppose) we expected to be picked up by the Security Police, but we managed to escape meeting them by getting on the Air Line bus and riding into town to check in for the return flight. It was great to see the old walled city with its powerful fortifications, originally built by the Roman Emperor Constantine, and to ride in through the old triple gateway at the north (the Harput Gate) and to buzz around the town for an hour or so. Upon returning to the airport on the Airlines bus we finally were checked by the Security Police, who were quite at a loss about our being there without a residence permit. But since we were on the way out, instead of in, we were obviously no longer a threat to local security, and so finally they shrugged us off and we climbed back aboard. Having meanwhile made the camera accessible to ourselves we had a field day photographing the territory save for the great Nimrud Dagh panorama, where we were caught in a sudden thunderstorm that was gorgeous to have been in.

As to comical experiences, the one that we laughed most over was the one that happened the evening of the night we spent in the "Sugar Palace" Hotel at Malatya. When it was already late there was a sharp knock on our cubby hole door and a voice that said, "Are you Americans in there?" I opened and there stood a U.S. Air Force Major and a buck private, who wanted to know whether we knew of any Air Force base or personnel in this blankety-blank place? It seems the major had received orders at Washington to report here at Malatya, had spent all the previous day flying from Washington to Adana, all that day coming by car from Adana to Malatya, had found no one to report to, no one who could speak English or understand him, had no Turkish money and now had found there was no room in the hotel and what the blank, blank was he to do? I tried to get him to see the funny side of the predicament and suggested that people did sleep in cars sometimes and that I could lend him some Turkish money and show him where they served good barley soup for breakfast, but he was too mad. I guess that he won't be in the service much longer, because he started growling about what he was going to write to his Congressman, which, I venture to say, is not the best way to get ahead in the armed services. He finally stalked away and for all I know he took the next plane back to Washington and is now there, if he has someone there to report to.

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As for discoveries that were quite unrelated to my basic purpose but important in themselves, I can report two. One is a new inscription from Antioch that I saw in private hands at Iskenderun which mentions the Seleucid king Antiochus III (the Great) of the early second century B.C. The other, potentially more thrilling, but needing a further check on references in Beirut before I can describe it in detail, may be the site of an important Roman sanctuary whose cult, already old in southeastern Anatolia, was carried by legionaries all over the Ancient World.

Well, I could go on like this for pages, but it's time to close. We leave tomorrow for Beirut to wash and clean and rest up after a really strenuous enterprise. We are planning a similar exploration journey in northern Syria from Aleppo as a base and perhaps there will be something interesting to report from there. If so, I'll write again. Meanwhile, Mrs. Kraeling and I send our cordial greetings to all members and friends of the Oriental Institute. Your personal kindness to us is among our most cherished memories and we know that the interest which you have shown in the work of the Institute will continue.

Cordially yours,

Elsie and Carl H. Kraeling

Marble Court

David Mitten

Gymnasium
(Bldg B)

Outer Court

SYN

Byg. shops
Roman color
maded street

Modern highway

Byg. House of
Berges

Lydian Trench
(Swift)
1960 FT 1962 FT

newsletter FROM
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South

Tunnels

Pactolus
North

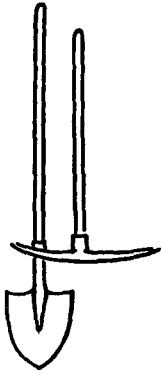
(D. Hansen)

Mr. Pinhas Delougey

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Acropolis
(Hansen formerly)

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Beirut, Lebanon
November 5, 1962

To Members and Friends of The Oriental Institute

Dear Friends:

Greetings again from the cruising Kraelings. You never can tell where and when they'll turn up. We have another phase of our current exploring expedition behind us and are doing a bit of resting up and getting patched up after the exertions of the past three weeks, so this provides an opportunity to report to you again.

I wrote to you last about our travels in southeastern Turkey which, together with northern Syria, covers the old Roman provinces of Syria, Cappadocia and Mesopotamia. Interested as I am currently in avenues of communication and of cultural exchange between ancient Syria and the upper section of the Tigris-Euphrates basin, I naturally cannot let the boundaries of modern Turkey and Syria stop me. But since crossing and recrossing them is feasible readily only if you have your own car, which I don't, the thing to do is to do what you can on the one side of the frontier and then go around and connect up on the other side of the frontier. That's what we did, flying out from Turkey to Lebanon and then going from Lebanon into Syria.

In Syria our first job was to get the necessary documents from the Security Police to show to any curious guards along the Euphrates and on the Turkish border, to prove that we were not subversive or bent on smuggling. The Syrians don't have the Kurds to worry about, but they have problems of their own in the area of the Euphrates and in the general field of economy. So the situation is for an outsider who wants to go into remote areas very much like the situation we confronted at Ankara. The application for the travel permits had to be made at Damascus, with the help of the American Embassy, and in this case the response was favorable, only of course, there was the necessary waiting period for the chaps in the office of the Police to check the files. We used the waiting period to catch up with developments in the life of Damascus itself and to renew our acquaintances with old friends. Damascus is being steadily beautified and is today largely a modern city. But its old monuments are not being neglected and the Department of Antiquities is doing one job of no mean proportions and size that will make its older remains more impressive.

Those of you who know your Bible will remember that in St. Paul's day the city had a "street called Straight." It is still there, though it runs at a level of from 3 - 5 meters below the level of the present one. Those of you who have been at Damascus and have traveled down the Street called Straight know that at its eastern end it passes through the old Roman

city wall by way of a low single arch. This is the passageway known as the Bab esh-Sharki (East Gate) to the mediaeval and modern inhabitant of the city. Coming toward it along the Street called Straight you could, if you looked carefully and around corners, always see the vousoirs of two other arches in the city wall at the right of the one open for traffic. These archways were walled up in late antiquity, but represent the central and side passage of what was originally in Roman times a triple gateway such as the Romans loved. Well, the Department of Antiquities is tearing down the houses that once partly obscured the two closed arches and is opening them up and rebuilding the entire structure. It will be a nice thing to see when it is all done.

Once we had our "permissions," complete with passport photos stapled on, we rented a car and drove up to Aleppo, which was to be our base of operations. Aleppo has grown prodigiously over the past years and is far and away the largest city in Syria, being Syria's commercial and industrial center. Much of this stems from the time, not so long ago, perhaps 7 or 8 years, when Syria began planting cotton in the plains of the lower Orontes and upper Euphrates rivers. The harvesting season was on and the place alive with huge trucks bringing the elephant-sized bags full of cotton and taking them on to the port of Lattaquieh. The noise and bustle on the streets was positively deafening, day and night, where we were bedded down, namely at the old familiar Hotel Baron. The Baron was built in 1911 to fit in with the scheme of the Berlin-Baghdad railroad, has housed "greats" from the King and Queen of Sweden to that other persistent traveler, now retired, Gene Tunney. The hotel hasn't changed much since I first stopped there in 1934 and I doubt it ever has. Some of the waiters and chambermaids look as though they've been there since opening day, but for all of that it's still the best place to stay because the staff knows how to run a hotel, which is not true of the tall new rivals that have been built close by.

From Aleppo we made a series of excursions into the hinterland, west, north, northeast and east, by rented car, by Landrover where there were only tracks and by Dodge "peek-up" truck where they were poor but passable. Landrover and "peek-up" were supplied by the local branch of the Department of Antiquities.

The first excursion was toward the west, to connect up with what we had seen in Turkey in going inland from Antioch to Rehanli. This was the line of the old Roman road heading east to Aleppo, then called Beroea, and on to the Euphrates. There is a nice section of the old road left, complete with paving, which we photographed. At the frontier itself the lieutenant in charge was very amiable and when I explained that we'd like also to photograph an old Roman gate, the Bab el-Hawa, now in "no-man's land," he took over from our driver and drove us there and back. Mrs. Kraeling, as always, had along a bag of hard candies and a box of sweet crackers, to make a party of the event. The result was that he lent us one of his uniformed underlings to go with us on two side trips, one to the south, where from a high ridge we could overlook the great Amonq plain that we had made a circuit of in Turkey, the other to the north to the high spiny ridge of limestone that became a sacred place through old St. Simeon Stylites. The structural remains on that spiny ridge are enormous and well preserved. What made it important for me was the opportunity the place afforded to look down into the lower end of a river valley up which a Roman road ran northward, the valley of the Afrin River. We'd seen the river in our swing around the plain of Antioch in Turkey, where it circles the road at Chatal Hüyük, and were to follow its upper course in our next expedition northward.

The second excursion took us some 65 km. northward up the plain of Aleppo, and then westward across a low pass into the Afrin river valley just mentioned. We first worked south in it over worsening roads as far as a gorgeous spring called Ain Dara. Nearby was a tell and here Dr. Feisal Serafi, director of the Aleppo Museum and head of the local Department of Antiquities section, was digging. Dr. Serafi was one of the students under my charge while I was chairman of Neareastern Languages at Yale. We had a happy reunion, one of many, and he proudly showed us the important sculptures of the 7-9th century B.C. palace that he has coming up. Moreover he agreed to lend us his Landrover for the balance of the day so that, reversing our direction, we could go up the Afrin valley to the Turkish border on the north, thus again linking up with our earlier travels and giving us an opportunity to see the remains of the old city of Cyrrhus that was an important place on the Roman road that followed the river.

The trip to Cyrrhus was really something. No roads, only tracks that jounced their way over bumps and into sloughs. It took about three hours each way, and so it was pitch dark before we hit the paved road again (still some 50 km. from Aleppo), but it was most worthwhile to have seen the remains of this once magnificent and today completely isolated city whose ruins do not even have a name.

Our next trip was in a northeasterly direction from Aleppo. This was by Dodge "peek up," and took us over to the Euphrates at the next crossing below Zeugma (Birejik) which last we had seen in Turkey. The journey took us to the second of the great holy sites of pagan Syria in Roman times, the site of the city of Hierapolis ("holy city"), where stood the famous temple of the Syrian Goddess. The Temple and cult were described in antiquity by the Greek writer Lucian, who tells among other things of the large basin near the temple in which swam the sacred fish whom the priests kept decked out in gold leaf. The region is utterly barren, the modern town of Membij on the site of the old Hierapolis a confused collection of decrepit houses and no structural remains of the famous temple visible above ground. Coming in from the west we saw elements of an ancient underground water tunnel of the type known as a foggara. This led toward the city and must have supplied the water also for the sacred fish pond. We looked for any traces of the latter in the appropriate location and believe we found such in a large circular and quite regular depression currently serving as a small soccer field. In the town pieces of columns, molded stones and sarcophagi used now as water troughs were lying about here and there, and outside the town to the east there was the great ancient cemetery in the deep tombs of which illicit digging has been going on for years.

The last excursion was directly eastward from Aleppo to the Euphrates at the site of old Meskene, where there was still another crossing in antiquity. We visited the site of the old town, which had the most important period of its structural history in Islamic times, and watched the operation of the ferry that today carries loads of cotton across the river nearby. A combination of cable, flat-bottom barge and small motor boat does the job adequately while the water is low.

This wound up our cruising in northern Syria, so we said good-bye to our friends in Aleppo, thank-you to the officials at Damascus and came over to Lebanon again for some repair work and a lot of rest. It looks as though my next appointment will be at Baghdad and you may hear from me again after I've kept it, but meanwhile we propose to go to the American School at Jerusalem,

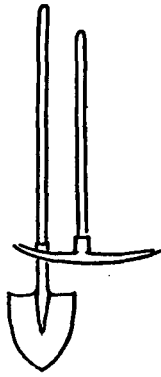
-4-

where I can settle down with library facilities near at hand and write down the implications of what I've seen. That's the right thing to do now, for the rainy season is at hand.

With kindest greetings to all from Mrs. Kraeling and myself,

Cordially yours,

Carl H. Kraeling



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Beyrouth, Lebanon
December 14, 1962

Dear Friends:

This fast trip of mine through the Near East is an example of how an archeologist arranges to dig if he thinks he knows where to dig. For a number of years, the senior archeological staff of the Oriental Institute's Prehistoric Project has had its eyes on southern Turkey -- on the southward facing flanks of the Taurus Mountains between the upper courses of the Euphrates and Tigris. These foothills have the same general environment, rainfall, vegetation, etc., as do the Zagros slopes further to the south-east where we worked the early sites of Karim Shahr and Jarmo (in Iraqi Kurdistan, in 1948, 1950-51, 1954-55) and of Asiab and Sarab (in Iranian Kurdistan, in 1959-60). The indications are very good that the Taurus slopes also contain traces of the great transition from a level of food-collecting to that of food-producing and of the earliest appearances of stable village-farming community life. The rub has been that this very region, in Turkey, is a restricted military zone, and especially now -- with the Kurdish revolution in Iraq spilling over the border a bit -- the Turks are sensitive about having foreigners go there.

Early this year, I made a proposal to the National Science Foundation for a grant-in-aid to continue our field work during the 1963-64 year, but I could not be very specific about where we might use the grant if we received it. The Foundation countered by giving me a modest travel grant to make this trip and to see if we could be more specific. I left the States on November 20th, had a day in Copenhagen to go over field affairs with Hans Helbaek, our ethno-botanical colleague, thence for two days to Jerusalem on affairs of joint interest to the Department of Anthropology and our French prehistoric colleague, Jean Perrot, thence to Istanbul.

For many years, we have known our Turkish counterpart in prehistory in the University of Istanbul, Professor Halet Cambel, a woman of about forty years of age, who (with her husband, Nail) has done distinguished field work. We had, in fact, last visited with Halet and Nail during our latest summer's trip to the prehistoric congress in Rome. On arrival they put me up in their charming old yali (villa) on the Bosphorus. I gave lectures to two of Halet's classes and met a variety of Turkish officialdom. Then, for two days, we were in Ankara -- much more officialdom, including a Minister of State and certain mysterious gentlemen of power -- in fact, the whole affair had a curious cloak-and-daggerish character. I do not understand all of the reasons for this, but felt that if we're to carry it off, I simply had to trust Halet and Nail. In sum, I believe we have carried it off. The plan will involve full cooperation with Halet and her department in the University of Istanbul, and if all the details work out as we plan, will have many very positive advantages for us as well as for Halet. She, incidentally, has some very

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promising students in hand and I look forward to the degree we can aid in providing for their field training. I feel very satisfied with the whole prospect, especially with the ministers blessing of it, and of Halet's firm commitment to a full-bodied participation. We did not, however, get a trip down to the Taurus slopes themselves but only saw maps from locked cupboards in the ministry. I'm not worried about what we want being there, however--the big problem of how to get there now appears to be solved.

I had some other business of anthropological interest in Turkey as well, and this involved pleasant visits with Eugene Northrup (an old Chicago colleague, now regional head of the Ford Foundation in the Near East), with our new Department of Anthropology colleague, Professor Nur Yalman, himself a Turk and with a new and most charming American wife, and finally with Lewis Thomas and Bob Hardy, Turkey hands who are both old Oriental Institute personnel. Istanbul is a really wonderful city, the area where we will work is completely virgin territory from the point of view of our problem, and I certainly look forward to 1963-64 in Turkey.

Nevertheless, since one must always have more than one string to his bow in the face of the realities of Near Eastern politics, I continued on to Iran and had a wonderful nine days there. This involved talks with Embassy and University of Tehran people, a lecture for the U.S.I.S., and a perfectly magnificent four day motor trip with our old student and friend, Professor Ezat Negahban, down through Kermanshah, Sanandaj and the Marivan lake country. This is Persian Kurdistan at its very best, there was quite a bit of snow and the scenery was breath-taking. A specific point in this trip was to make the contacts and smooth the way for our geological colleague, Herb Wright, and his team, to return to the Marivan Lake this next spring for further pollen-analytical study. Herb already (in the spring of 1960) began to recover evidence for the climatic and vegetational history of the Zagros flanks region, and this study is now ready to be developed in detail.

One of the great pleasures of the Persian visit was my last two days as house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Abbas Parkhedeh. Mr. Parkhedeh is one of the directors of the Naft Melli (the national oil company); his wife is of a famous Persian family and is herself both a hadjiyah (she having made the pilgrimage to Mecca) and a marvelous cook. I also had the opportunity of seeing Ezat Negahban's magnificent yield of gold objects from the site of Marlik (see the November issue of Horizon magazine); it even broke down a bit of my prehistorians impatience with "modern spectacular stuff"--it does date to sometime in the earlier first millennium B.C., after all, and it is pretty wonderful to look at.

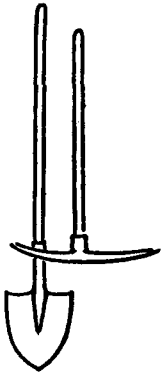
Now I'm in Beyrouth, in the good hands of old French friends and colleagues. Tomorrow, one of the younger ones (Henri de Contenson) and I will make a three day run; up the coast and to Aleppo, down to Damascus, thence back to Beyrouth via Baalbek. I'll of course see Syrian and Lebonese antiquities officialdom also--just in case!

Leave here next Tuesday (December 18th), have a stop-over in Holland to see our Dutch pollen analytical colleague Willem Van Zeist (of Herb Wright's team) and thence home for Christmas.

A very merry one to all of you.

Bob Braidwood

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

December 18, 1962

To the Members of the Oriental Institute:

The enclosed newsletter from Carl Kraeling records his representation of the University of Chicago early this month at the millenary celebration of the city of Baghdad and of the great 9th century Arab philosopher, al-Kindi. As he notes, it is perhaps the last general communication from him that we will receive prior to his retirement in January. I can only regard it as entirely fitting that he should conclude his services to the University by speaking in its name before a world gathering which, for all of its contemporary political overtones, stands as an affirmation of our humility before the enduring intellectual values of the past.

Carl assumed the directorship of the Oriental Institute during the lean years after the end of World War II, having at first to maintain a sense of administrative direction and integrity in the face of rising costs and an annually declining budget. Gradually the corner was turned during the mid-'Fifties, a process consummated by two generous grants from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., which have enabled us not merely to proceed with the remaining backlog of publication from earlier excavations but to embark on major new directions of research as well. His resolute defense of the Institute during those difficult days as a priceless research instrument---a staff, a library, a field program, a museum, a scholarly tradition---in time created the conditions for its employment under his leadership with a renewed sense of purpose. Directly and heavily in his debt, we are faced today no longer with the elemental problem of regaining the initiative but instead with little more than the need to choose from among the many alternative courses of growth which seem capable of our attainment. I am sure his many friends among you will join with the entire Institute staff in wishing him and Elsie Kraeling well as this phase of their career draws to an end. Other chapters of a distinguished scholarly career remain to be written in the research post at Dumbarton Oaks which he will presently take up.

Some evidence of the enlarged range of alternatives which looms before us may be provided by the number and variety of field activities which are underway this season. In addition to Carl Kraeling's reconnaissance of the towns and trade-routes of Upper Mesopotamia through which early Christianity spread, Bob Braidwood is in Turkey at this writing concluding the arrangements for another broadly based attack on the beginnings of agriculture seven to nine millennia earlier. Carl Haines and his staff are back again at work in the early Sumerian city of Nippur, not only rounding out their study of the temple to the city goddess Inanna but excavating a series of exploratory trenches which may point the way to a whole series of future projects at that extraordinarily vital and creative religious center. George Hughes and the staff of the Epigraphic Survey are back in residence in Chicago House at Luxor Egypt, completing the recording

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of the priceless historical inscriptions in the mortuary temple of Rameses III at Medinet Habu. After unavoidable delays in outfitting and arranging for pilotage, the Nubian Expedition under Keith Seele is moving southward up the Nile toward that part of the antiquities to be inundated by rising waters behind the new High Dam at Assuan which the Oriental Institute has accepted as its responsibility to record and salvage.

To these activities, already numerous, still others will be added presently. Pinhas Delougaz, Helene Kantor and I will journey to Iran shortly after Christmas, both to resume excavations at the prehistoric town-site of Chogha Mish and to do a preliminary reconnaissance of the nearby Sassanian capital of Gunde Shapur--a noted intellectual center of the early middle ages. Then in the spring Professor Delougaz will go on to Israel, both to conduct soundings in the Early Bronze Age town of Khirbat al-Kerak and to examine other prospects for an enlarged future scale of operations. At least in terms of areas covered and chronological periods represented, it is difficult to imagine a more widely ranging field program than that in which we find ourselves engaged at present.

Lest this picture be regarded as one of unrestricted opportunity, however, it is important to note some deficiencies which remain as the taxable year draws to a close. Our basic field budget, to begin with, has remained practically static for many years. And while we have been able with increasing frequency to patch it out with grants from foundations or foreign governments for special projects, these generally have the defect that they do not permit long-range planning of an integrated research program. One feature which tends to be excluded, for example, is the regular provision of student travelling fellowships. To conserve funds for field operations we generally must restrict our field staffs to fully qualified professionals, thus all too often depriving graduate students of actual excavation experience as a part of their training.

A second major deficiency arises from the rapidly expanding volume of excavated materials which is being returned to our basement laboratories for processing and publication. Of the eight field projects scheduled this season, five will return with shipments of antiquities requiring not only work-table space and storage facilities but a whole time- and space-consuming battery of procedures directed toward restoration, drawing and recording of the objects preparatory to exhibition. Until very recently this intensified demand for processing simply could not have been physically housed in the available space. Now that problem has been solved with the departure of the Far Eastern Library from extensive quarters it formerly occupied in our basement, but we are left with two large, potentially attractive work-rooms which at present are entirely without facilities or furniture. We will make a start, of course, with tables of the door-on-sawhorse variety, but we would welcome any gift that would help to permit a more comprehensive and planned approach to the whole processing problem--a problem that is certain to get worse and not better.

Whether to meet these specific needs or others of a similar order, it is our hope and belief that the Oriental Institute's program merits your continuing interest and support. With every good wish for the holiday season,

Sincerely yours,



Robert M. Adams
Director

P.S. The following lectures have been scheduled during the winter and spring. While this listing is possibly still subject to change, and almost certainly will be added to, some of you may wish to reserve the dates indicated:

January 16 - George Hanfmann, Harvard University, on excavations at Sardis, Turkey.

February 27 - Robert H. Dyson, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, on excavations at Hasanlu, Iran.

March 27 - Thorkild Jacobsen, Harvard University, on Sumerian myths and epics.

May 29 - Carl H. Kraeling, on the eastward spread of early Christianity from the Mediterranean basin.

* * * * *

Beirut, Lebanon
December 8, 1962

Dear Friends:

Mrs. Kraeling and I have just returned to Beirut after a strenuous week spent at Baghdad. The occasion of the journey was an invitation extended to the University of Chicago to send a representative who would be a guest of the Iraq Government at the occasion of the Millenary Celebration of the City of Baghdad and of al-Kindi. Naturally, I was happy to serve and so was Richard Haines, our Field Director at Nippur, who came up for several days and Don Hansen of our Nippur staff who replaced Haines later in the course of the proceedings.

It was a real occasion. The great circular city Medinet er-Salam (the City of Peace), of which no trace remains but which is the ultimate ancestor of Baghdad, was founded by the Caliph al-Mansur in 762 A.D. It lives in story throughout the world as the city of the Caliph Harun al-Rashid and as the setting for so many tales of the Thousand and One Nights. Actually, it became during the early centuries of its history a hearth of culture, of the arts, the letters and the sciences, and at the middle of the ninth century, about a thousand years ago, boasted the philosopher-scientist al-Kindi as one of its "greats." The celebrations were planned on a national and international scale and were ably directed by an old friend, Dr. Naji al-Asil, now President of the Iraq Academy and formerly Director of Antiquities of Iraq, who was assisted by Sayid Naji Ma'roof, Dean of the College of Arts. Invitations were sent to both states and individual institutions, and delegations attending represented either countries (e.g. USSR, Communist China, the Arab states) or cities (Athens, Bokhara, Pekin, Moscow, Samarkand), or universities (Oxford and Cambridge, the French Academie, Un Deutsches Archäologisches Institut, University of Chicago). The United States did not have a national delegation, but besides ourselves from the University of Chicago, there were on hand representatives from Princeton (Prof. Hitti) and USC (Prof. Newman).

This was actually my third "celebration" in Iraq, so I knew in general what to expect---a very full and rich schedule of events. The events were of several kinds. One type was plenary sessions of the delegates at al-Shaab Hall, where greetings were presented, speeches were made and learned communications

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delivered. Another type was excursions to localities in the general neighborhood, to Suwaira, the birthplace of the Leader and Prime Minister, General Abdul Karim, to Babylon, to Samarra which had been the seat of the Caliphate at one time for a period of fifty years, and to the Military College at Rustamiya. Interspersed between these were official acts such as "signing the register" at the Sovereignty Council (the audience hall of king, formerly), visiting the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and partaking of state "banquets." Nor were divertissements lacking -- to wit, concerts and performances by a troupe of entertainers. We spent a good deal of our time dashing about from one occasion to the next, in cars placed at our disposal and with a guide and mentor who took care of our needs. The American group had two cars and as its helper a very kind young gentleman of the Foreign Office, Mr. Abdul-Wahab al-Ahmadi.

I attended all the plenary sessions at al-Shaab Hall, but made only one of the excursion trips, the one to the Leader's birthplace, since I knew the other sites from of old, and found it advisable to go easy on the "banquets." Stand-up affairs at which one loads a plate with delicacies spread temptingly on long tables, these "banquets" are an invitation to over-eating and indigestion, partly because of the enormous variety of dishes (stuffed lamb baked whole, grilled fish, mountains of rice with saffron flavoring, sausages, stuffed gourds and eggplant, chopped and grilled meats, salads innumerable, fruits, nuts, dates) and partly because of the hours at which they are partaken of (luncheon 3-4 P.M., dinner 11 P.M.).

The addresses at the several plenary sessions, usually two a day, were to us the most interesting and stimulating part of the occasion. Here was an amazing display of persons of note, of learning and erudition and of the inevitable interplay of national and international politics. The political angle came to the fore especially at the outset in the greetings of the mayors of cities with which Baghdad had been in antiquity or is at the present time closely connected, and in the addresses of the representatives of the national delegations. The most brilliant of these, without doubt, was the impassioned address of the Minister of Information of Algeria, Sayid Ahmad Taufiq al-Madani, who brought a message of "solidarity" from the "blood-drenched" fields of North Africa to Iraq where, as he said the harvest is already springing rich from the land cleansed by the deliverance of the Revolution of 1958. The more scholarly angle predominated in the papers and utterances of the delegates from the west, Professors Mallowan and Creswell (England), Parrot and Bercq (France), Nyberg (Sweden), Pallis (Denmark), Bittel, Lenzen, Falkenstein (Germany), Gabrieli (Italy). But there was also a lady representing the Russian Academy, a Madame Petrovskaya, if I have her name right, who read an excellent paper on the Kindi tribe, and there were also Arab scholars who followed the scholarly line (Dr. Selim Abdul-Hak, Director of Antiquities of Syria, and Prof. Mohammed al-Fasi, President of the University of Morocco.) Addresses and greetings were in a wide variety of languages, but ear phones that could be plugged into any one of three sockets at each seat always made it possible to listen to an Arabic or French or English translation in the most approved modern style. All the sessions were recorded by tape and many of them were transmitted by television.

You will be interested not only in this general account of the proceedings but also in some of the little asides and coincidences that always help to make occasions like this memorable to the participants. Perhaps the most interesting and important thing was the way the Leader, General Abdul Karim Kassim, warmed to the assembly as time went on. He opened the celebrations with a formal address in which he contrasted and compared the Mongol capture of Baghdad (the event that put an end to Baghdad's ancient glory) with the events of the Revolution of 1958

which he had led. He came down by helicopter to his birthplace Suwaira, which he is transforming into something of a model town, to meet with us and formally open a large school and a rest house. But he also showed up at a surprisingly large number of the plenary sessions, for a man of such multiple commitments, and soon abandoned his "box" in the balcony and sat with the rank and file of delegates in the orchestra. We all liked this, and so did the television johnnies.

The University of Chicago had occasion to profit from the Leader's tendency to "drop in" on the proceedings. The Secretary of the University had placed in my hands a document inscribed, sealed and signed by President Beadle, which it was my privilege to read and tender to the assembly. When my turn came, I stepped to the microphone on the stage in the glare of the flood-lamps that served the television camera and prefaced the reading of the document with two minutes worth of the "well-chosen" variety, leading over from this into the preamble of the document: "On the occasion of the celebration of the Millenary of the City of Baghdad, etc., the University of Chicago extends" --. At this point there was an interruption. Hand-clapping began in the foyer and continued in the hall as the Leader came down the aisle and took his seat. I naturally paused and joined in the applause, and after the television cameras had got themselves readjusted I was able to continue reading with a slight repetition, most auspiciously: -- "the University of Chicago extends its expression of esteem to His Excellency the Leader of the Country, General Abdul Karim Kassim, Prime Minister and Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, the Patron of the Millenary Celebration," and so on. There was a round of applause at the propriety of the wording of the text prepared at Chicago and at the circumstances that gave their reading so opportune a context. The Leader returned my bow with a salute and smile. Carl Haines reported later via Don Hansen that the episode had been followed in the cafés at Afej (base of the Nippur Expedition), where television has succeeded the blaring of the radio, and that one or another of the local devotees had claimed they recognized the former "mudir" of Chicago.

Pleasant asides from the routine of the celebrations were courtesy visits we paid to the headquarters of the German Institute, where Prof. Lenzen received us most hospitably and to the British School of Archaeology where the Mallowsans and the members of the British group were also most cordial. The American chargé d'affaires (we have no ambassador in Iraq at present) Mr. Melbourne, had us all for lunch at the new Embassy building on the west side of the river. Naturally we did not let the occasion of our presence in Baghdad pass without saying hello to our host of earlier days, Michael Zia of the Zia Hotel and his bar-keeper Jesus, nor did we miss paying a call on the little old Persian rug dealer Kashi, who once also dabbled in antiquities and has now moved his shop out on Sadoun Street. All three were gracious and hospitable as ever, though the changing course of events has left them stranded, high--if not necessarily dry.

Mrs. Mallowan, Agatha Christie to all the world, came with her husband, Prof. Mallowan, but did not go to the sessions since she has quite a bit of trouble with arthritis. But news of her presence did get around so that people were looking for her. This was the occasion of Mrs. Kraeling's being repeatedly asked whether she was not Agatha Christie. Some of the inquirers refused to take her denials seriously and asked our guide and mentor Mr. al-Ahmadi whether Mrs. Kraeling was preserving an incognito. He said he could have made a good thing out of providing introductions and opportunities to take photographs, using the incognito angle.

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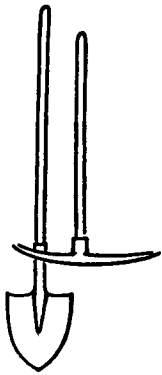
It was already cold at Baghdad when we arrived, and during the course of our stay there were at least two days when the wind whipped up a sizable amount of sand into the air. It would have been nice to take a trip down to Nippur and see Carl Haines' work going on. But I felt that my place was at Baghdad, where the University had sent me, and Mrs. Kraeling, who had hoped to go down, desisted because a cold in the head made it inadvisable to risk the additional aggravation that exposure to flying dust and sand would have represented. So we came back here at the end of the Millenary festivities, rather more tired than we had realized and have taken an extra day to rest up and for me to write this report before returning to Jerusalem. Here too winter, that is the rainy season, has come. It is cold and blowy and dark and showery. The hotels are empty. The old friends of course, are still here.

Christmas time is not far off, neither is the New Year that will see us moving westward through Europe to the U.S.A. With this letter Mrs. Kraeling and I therefore send the seasons' greetings to all the Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute as in previous years. The end of January will also mark my retirement from the academic ranks at the University of Chicago, so that this will also be presumably the last Newsletter that it will be my privilege to write in the series that I began some twelve years ago. For the new year and for the years ahead all our best wishes to the Director, Prof. Robert M. Adams, to the members of his academic and his administrative staff and to all of the growing circle of friends of the Institute, whom one and all it has been such a pleasure to know.

Cordially as always,

Carl H. Kraeling

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archeological newsletter

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Shalgahi Sofla
February 11, 1963

Dear Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute:

Returning to Khuzestan a fortnight or so ago after an absence of nearly two years, my first impression was one of little change. To be sure, the ambitious development program being carried on in the province by the Plan Organization of the Iranian Government had continued to go forward, but it was proceeding essentially in accordance with outlines established long ago. The high tension lines radiating southward from the new high dam in the canyon of the Dez River above the Khuzestan plain, the new roads and public works, the public health, fertilizer and crop improvement programs, the new sugar factory belching smoke on the south horizon--all these are dramatic physical features introduced within a hearteningly short span of time, but taken in isolation their consequences have been smoothly predictable. Particularly as archaeologists, largely confined in our reconstructions to the material conditions of life, it might have seemed possible at first for us to look out from the brooding ancient mounds which dot the plain and see only another cycle of economic prosperity grafted onto a core of technological improvements. There is nothing new about such cycles here; in fact, it is our business again this season to deal with the buried remains they have left.

But on closer inspection it turns out that the change is immensely more swift, profound, complex and unexpected than the physical improvements would suggest. It is nothing less than an ongoing revolution in human aspirations, a revolution which has taken command of the processes of economic and social advance on which we usually tend to think it passively depends. The central issue is land reform, always the pivot of basic reform in the Iranian social fabric, but a pivot from which until recently there has emerged more noise than genuine movement. Under Dr. Arsanjani, an energetic new Minister of Agriculture, it is now proceeding with seven-league boots. Overwhelmingly supported in a national referendum two weeks or so ago, the demand for the breaking up of large holdings has now raced ahead of the available governmental controls and credit facilities. A thoughtful Western diplomat recently likened the situation to that in France after the convoking of the Estates General in 1789. He could only hope that on this occasion the logic of events would not outrun the institutions which initiated them.

Our perspective, of course, is that of a particular slice of rural countryside rather than that of the capital. We have taken up residence in the house of a Khan of the Bakhtiari tribe, not misleadingly described locally as a castle, with a rough private airstrip along the canal in front and a lovely, decaying garden out behind toward the mountains. Professors Pierre Delougaz and Helene Kantor were recipients of the Khan's hospitality here once before, during their previous season of work at Chogha Mish in 1961. Then, as now, local villagers

bowed to him from the waist even when he passed at a considerable distance. He flew in from Isfahan just as we were arriving and they assembled en masse to greet him, just as has always been the case for the great landlords of traditional Persia. But these same villagers voted to a man in support of the land reform program, and also are withholding the landlord's share of this year's harvest to cover the costs of their admission to the promised but still unformulated program of agricultural cooperatives. While no steps have yet been taken to survey his lands and arrange for their reallocation, his de facto control has shrunk to little more than this house and garden. The old forms may remain, but their content changes.

Many of the Khan's followers are numbered among our working force, and the imprint of their current concern with agrarian reform does not end even when we descend five thousand years and more in time into the Chogha Mish excavations. The mound rises northward into a high lonely promontory, permitting an excavated sequence of nearly eighty feet of superimposed house-ruins and living debris--virtually all of it laid down earlier than 3000 B.C. When work began early last week Pierre and Helene resumed cutting an awesome step-trench into the side of this promontory, a project begun in their first season here and now nearing completion. But the promontory serves other purposes as well: it has become a main survey point in the land redistribution program, and workmen carrying earth up from our deep pit can look up at the solitary figure of a civil engineer with his theodolite high upon its summit. Even the mound itself is sprouting wooden stakes which mark the newly divided plots, a potential embarrassment to our own work since land containing antiquities is supposed to be exempted from the program. Regrettably, wooden stakes are about all that is growing this year on the dry-farming lands around Chogha Mish. It has been a cruelly rainless season, and the parched fields and starving flocks belie the promised plenty of any program devoted only to reforms in tenure. In the fall of 1961, a good season, Pierre and Helene had difficulty finding workmen. Last week we were besieged with them; this year there is nothing to cultivate, and soon will be nothing to eat.

In addition to the work at Chogha Mish, we will make a beginning this year at the nearby ruins of the Sassanian and Islamic city of Gunde Shapur. A noted intellectual and commercial center of the early Middle Ages, Gunde Shapur is apparent to the visitor today as more than a square mile of tangled low mounds interspersed with cultivation. Only in air photographs, that new and increasingly important technical adjunct of the archaeologist, does the rectangular plan of the city become intelligible. This year we lack the resources--staff, time and funds--to undertake any sort of comprehensive program with regard to the city as a whole. But with the aid of the same aerial photographs we have been able to select certain critical points (major public buildings and the like) for preliminary soundings. Dr. Donald Hansen and I will begin these tomorrow, somewhat delayed by the unexpected problem of having to decide whom to compensate for damages in the midst of the impending transfers under the land reform program.

Don arrived from Iraq a week ago, bringing with him Dr. Robert Biggs who is currently the Baghdad Fellow of the American Schools of Oriental Research and who joins the staff of our Assyrian Dictionary next September. Last night we received our first news of the recent coup d'etat in Iraq, reflecting with relief on their unknowing, narrow avoidance of the attendant disorders. How substantial the changes will be which will accompany the new government are not clear at this writing, although there is no reason to believe that they will adversely affect our cordial relations with members of the Department of Antiquities and our long-

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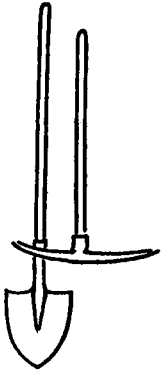
term interest in excavations at Nippur and elsewhere. It is, of course, incongruous to think that Carl Kraeling's televised speech on the occasion of the Al-Kindi millenary was followed within two months over the same station by what I assume is the first televised execution of a Head of State; like the first, the second must have been watched by some of our Nippur workmen sitting in the tea-houses of 'Afak. Well, such are the ways of politics when the stakes are high and the means of establishing consensus ill-developed. It is important to understand, however, that the occasional spate of news on a coup does not exhaust the processes of change which are at work in these lands. On the final day of excavations at Nippur we held a "fantasia" for the workmen, a feast followed by dancing and singing in which they combined the old bedouin tunes--in all good humor and apparent friendship for us as individuals--with new words directed against the feudal lords and their putative imperialist supporters. For better or worse, the rural countryside of Iraq is awake and moving too. And in both Iran and Iraq it is a gigantic process to watch even by archaeological standards.

Our scholarly concern here is with the origin and later development of cities. Chogha Mish was an unusually large town for its time, which inexplicably came to an end just as the first Mesopotamian city-states were making their appearance. Hence it provides an opportunity for us to study this process unencumbered by the usual massive overburden of later periods. Gunde Shapur was a national capital during the Sassanian period, a planned urban entity in whose cosmopolitan environment influences from Classical civilizations of the Orient and Occident were freely exchanged and carefully cherished. This was a different kind of city from the early city-state, one closer to our own in some respects and yet in others far more dependent upon the autocratic will of its sovereign. But cities of any kind may seem to stand in curious contrast to the preoccupation of this letter with contemporary rural problems. To that I can only reply that crops and water and land are not really so far removed from either the origin of cities or their survival. Moreover, it would surely be premature to deal with the substantive themes of this field season before even the first week of excavations has been completed. Hopefully, Pierre and Helene will supplement this highly subjective and impressionistic account with something more solid in the way of a report as their work here draws to a close in late March or April.

Sincerely yours,

Robert M. Adams

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archeological newsletter

Issued confidentially to members and friends

Not for publication

Ballana, Nubia
February 26, 1963

Dear Friends of the Oriental Institute:

In this, the third season of the Oriental Institute Nubian Expedition's field work, the pace has been so fast and the finds so numerous that we have hitherto been unable to find the time even to report to our best friends the magnificent success which has attended our efforts.

It was necessary this year to find a new boat to house our expedition, owing to the expiration of our lease of the "Memnon" for the past two years. Thus the writer purchased for use during the remainder of the program another former steamer of Thomas Cook & Son, the "Fostat." This had to be remodeled to serve our needs. I came to Cairo to supervise this task, and we put 160 tons of steel plate and 25,000 rivets into the new hull. In addition we bought a fine new tug with which to take the "Fostat" up the Nile and to move us whenever we had to shift our field of operations.

After four months of preparation in Cairo, where various problems had to be solved and difficulties surmounted, the expedition departed up the Nile on December 14, spent Christmas at Luxor with the Oriental Institute Epigraphic Survey, and arrived at Qustul on the morning of January 6. The expedition "fleet" (four boats in all) is equipped and supplied for nearly independent existence here in the desert, almost in sight of renowned Abu Simbel, but far from "civilization," supplies, or even communication with the outside world.

Last summer in Chicago, when contemplating the prospects for the new season in Nubia, I was convinced that the Qustul area, opposite Ballana and in the center of our vast concession, offered the best promise of a fruitful campaign. It was a happy choice. In a cemetery considered exhausted after the excavations of two previous expeditions, we entered into our catalogue of finds in the first ten days a total number of objects equal to the total of last year's entire season at Serra East in the Sudan. At the present writing, this number has increased to more than 950, and the season is only half gone. We have built fifty wooden boxes for packing and shipping our finds and have no idea how many more will be needed to take care of future results.

Our excavations have been conducted around and among the great tumuli erected some 1500 years ago by kings and nobles or chiefs of the Nobatai. These tumuli had been considered natural mounds by most travelers in the region, but many of them were discovered to contain the rich burial equipment of royal personages when investigated by Emery and Kirwan thirty years ago. While our graves belonged to humbler persons, they have yielded objects which in general are quite comparable with the rich finds of our predecessors.

We began operations at the south end of the half-mile long cemetery, near one of the giant tumuli. The graves were of two distinct types: (1) shafts containing leaning mudbrick vaults over the burial, and (2) vertical shafts with burial in a side niche at the bottom. Both types belong to the "X-group" people who were probably contemporary with the builders of the great tumuli. Their owners were hunters or warriors, for we have found their leather quivers, iron arrowheads, "finger looses," etc. In one grave we found a warrior with bow and arrow beside him--the hasty character of the burial pointed to the possibility that he had been killed in action. There are many women in our cemeteries, and we are convinced that there was a large settlement in the vicinity. Many of the bodies were wrapped in "winding sheets" of various colors and patterns. We have even recovered several pieces of carpet of Oriental style, woven in geometrical designs in bright colors. So numerous are the fabrics coming from our excavations that I believe we can make a significant contribution to the history of textiles, when the material is studied by experts.

At one time in the course of our work we were puzzled by the discovery of two long rows of mudbrick enclosures, each of but one to three courses in height. So far as we know, nothing similar to them had been reported in the past. Now we have progressed by subsequent finds to the belief that they are cult places where offerings were made, similar in theory to mortuary temples of the ancient Egyptian kings, which are separated from the actual tombs (at Thebes) in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. The cult places are not in any direct geographical relationship to the graves to which they belong. That they belonged to the X-Group people was eventually proved by the presence in them of X-Group pottery and offering tablets and then again, to our great gratification, by the fact that they directly overlay and even cut into some entirely different graves of the earlier Meroitic period. Thus we have stratigraphic proof of the relative place in history of these two human strata in Nubia. We hope to bring back to the Oriental Institute a fine collection of extensive and perfectly preserved material for the reconstruction of the history of Nubia. It will fill a significant gap in our collections.

One of the most gratifying features of our work is the excellent state of our finds. We have discovered literally hundreds of complete X-Group cups, bowls, jars, and other vessels of clay. The Meroitic graves are all badly plundered, but they have rewarded us with a few complete pots of characteristic decoration, including several interesting sieves used in brewing beer. We have also a growing collection of toilet implements, including a beautifully decorated and fashioned gold tweezers of ingenious design and a splendid cosmetic jar of ivory.

Even accidents have been propitious for us. When excavating in a new cemetery which we had discovered several miles farther south, our jeep one day fell into a completely unsuspected grave. It turned out to belong to the Egyptian New Kingdom, two thousand years older than the X-Group graves with which we had been dealing. Thus we located a New Kingdom cemetery, and we have already found a number of fine clay vessels and several beautiful scarabs. So we have made soundings in the past few days into two millennia of Nubian history.

The Oriental Institute Nubian Expedition is facing a tremendous challenge in this drowning land. Even for us at Qustul it is almost impossible to realize that practically everything that we see will soon be covered with the

waters of the new lake. This year we have the advantage of a large force of faithful and hardworking Nubian basket carriers. They are all to be moved away to Kom Ombo, north of the Assuan Dam, next October. Where shall we find workers to replace them? Of course, we have our veteran Guftis and Illahunis, who do the actual "digging" for us, some carefully with their bare hands. (Some of these devoted men worked with Flinders Petrie, Brunton, Grenfell, and Hunt, and other great excavators of the past.) We shall have to depend on them to recruit workers in Egypt, to be brought for the last desperate campaign in Nubia, in 1963-64, before the monuments now lying under the ground are forever lost.

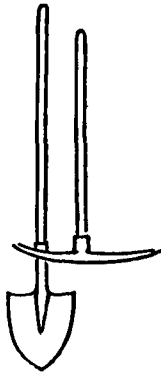
Thus our small staff is working hard and long hours, each wishing, doubtless, that we had twice the staff to accomplish all that lies before us. One member of the group alone, Mr. Labib Habachi, leading Egyptian Egyptologist, has served the expedition for all of the three years of its existence. (The writer was obliged to remain in Chicago last year for reasons of illness.) Dr. Louis V. Zabkar has recently joined us for a second season, having been generously loaned to us on leave from Loyola University in Chicago. Mr. James E. Knudstad is with us again as Field Architect and Draftsman. Mr. Mourad Abd El-Razek, on leave from the Ministry of Agriculture of the U.A.R., is serving as Assistant to the Director and has been indispensable in making arrangements for the organization and maintenance of the expedition. Our valuable Field Archaeologist is Mr. Alfred J. Hoerth, who is sacrificing much of his field skill and experience in supervising all our vital records. Mr. Otto J. Schaden, graduate student at the Oriental Institute, is taking care of much of the photography of the expedition, a responsibility which he shares with Mr. Hoerth. Our hostess, who works hard at recording and preserving fragile and delicate objects from the field, is Miss Sylvia Ericson. The roster of our expedition is completed by our very genial, modest, friendly, and scholarly Egyptian Inspector, Mr. Fouad Yakoub, who represents the Department of Antiquities and whose presence on the expedition we consider a very rare and coveted privilege.

We have other important sites yet to investigate this season and hope to report again when the results are known.

Sincerely yours,

Keith C. Seele
Director
Oriental Institute Nubian Expedition

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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April 23, 1963

Dear Friends:

Many of you were present at Thorkild Jacobsen's lecture on April 3rd, when the following brief but exciting telegram from Keith Seele was made public shortly after its arrival in Chicago:

"HAVE RICH NEW KINGDOM TOMB MORE THAN SIXTY FINDS INCLUDING ALABASTER AND COPPER OBJECTS OF EXQUISITE QUALITY."

Since mail to and from Nubia travels in a very leisurely fashion, the sequel to that message has been slow in arriving. Dated April 6th, the further information contained in this letter only came into our hands on the 22nd. Although not written as a formal communication to friends of the Oriental Institute, I have taken the liberty of abstracting the following account from it in response to the many inquiries we have received.

Our heartiest congratulations are due to Professor Seele and his staff for an unexpected and highly important discovery which serves as a suitable culmination for this season's long and arduous Nubian campaign.

Robert M. Adams
Director

On board the "Fostat"
Ballana
Shellal - Wadi Halfa
April 6, 1963

"Do you (R.M.A.) recall how we attempted to obtain for you a passage (in mid-March) on the S.S. "Delta" when the S.S. "Nefertari" failed to turn up in Abu Simbel? Well, a later arrival of the "Delta" coincided with the most exciting day of our clearance of the "rich" New Kingdom tomb which was the subject of my cable to you. The skipper of the "Delta" had invited Mourad, Louis Zabkar and me to dinner that evening, and he carried my cable off to Aswan in order that it might be sent in English--an impossibility at Ballana.

"Actually, the discovery was made several days earlier. We had finished work in the New Kingdom cemetery which you visited and moved farther north, where we hit upon several others of the same period, rather modest and unpromising. Then we struck upon one with a precisely cut rectangular shaft, which, like some in the other cemetery, was filled with seven or eight layers of burials. We obtained several nice objects from this shaft, including two

or three scarabs, one especially significant because of its probable date, and, most important of all, the inscribed coffin of a lady who was called merely the "House Mistress" Wer. Happily, even before we cleared out all the bodies in this shaft we detected that the west burial chamber leading off from it was blocked with an intact wall of mudbrick. (At the east end there was a second burial chamber, but the disturbed state of its entrance betrayed less luck when we should start to clear it.)

"When we had cleared the shaft and removed the mudbrick blocking of the west chamber we realized that we might well have hit the jackpot. It was intact. There was a wondrous array of pottery. There were several burials in wooden coffins. There were the usual heaps of unidentifiable debris, besides the sand and traces of fallen gebel from the roof of the chamber. The pottery was much the same type that had become familiar in recent weeks because of its abundance in other New Kingdom tombs, but it was distinguished from earlier finds by bands of white painted decoration which in the darkness of the tomb lent to it a certain indefinable grandeur. It required considerable time to remove the pottery and all the layers of debris which had been deposited around it during the three thousand years it had lain there. But at last, once Dr. Zabkar had recorded and sketched each object in place, we began the search for the remoter "treasures" of the tomb. There was a graceful jar stand of copper or bronze, several small bowls of the same material, one with U-shaped handle and hooks attached to brackets shaped like a human hand. The bowls appeared to have been plated with a yellow metal which showed up brightly between the patches of greenish copper. We found a knife of copper, perfect in preservation, and a fine copper pitcher, well made for pouring. Then there was the shining whiteness of alabaster, first a beautiful jar once with a handle now broken off, then a wide-mouthed jar of the best Eighteenth Dynasty pattern. Next was a charming alabaster situla, so rare in this material that we had visions of losing it in the final division of finds with the Department of Antiquities. Then, while we were pausing for breakfast, our faithful Ali greeted us with the happy announcement that another of the same type had appeared, smaller but more elegant than the first. But the climax of the morning came with the finding of an exquisite bronze (or copper) mirror 29 cm. long, with handle in the form of a slender, graceful nude girl, hair, facial features, necklace, fingers, toes, all delicately engraved, with outstretched arms, her hands touching the down-curved tips of a papyrus umbel in the center of which the flattened disk of the mirror was attached. (A much inferior one, of rather poor workmanship, is illustrated in Steindorff, Aniba, II, Plate Volume, Pl. 62, 3, a copy of which you will find in my office.)

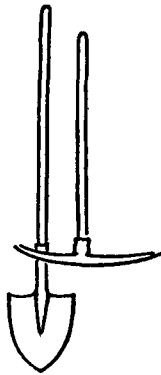
"When, on the following day, we came to the clearing of the east burial chamber of the same tomb V-48, we were rewarded with three more copper bowls of precisely the same style as the others, an admirable ointment jar of black granite, perfect in form but lacking a small piece of the rim, another fine alabaster jar, as well as more pottery decorated with white painted bands, which we had recovered in the west chamber. And in this room we found something which is perhaps most important of all, from the historical point of view. This was another inscribed coffin, belonging also to a "House Mistress." Her name was Sensenbu, but there were additional words which said that she was also called (in one column of hieroglyphs) Tibu or (in another column) Tabi. We feel certain that this is a Nubian name, that the variant spellings indicate that the Egyptian scribe had difficulty in rendering it in hieroglyphic, and that we thus have in this burial of a Nubian woman evidence of the Egyptianization of Nubia. Perhaps this Sensenbu was the Nubian wife, originally named Tibu, of an

Egyptian official, who had provided her in her lifetime with beautiful "treasures" dear to a woman's heart from the homeland, some of which she desired to take with her to the eternal world of Osiris.

"I have reluctantly decided that we must bring the actual work of excavation to an end this week or next. We have excavated some 800-900 graves and now have recovered more than 2200 objects. I am really hoping to bring home the bacon.

"The dreadful last days lie ahead. Tempers must inevitably fray a little, the heat is awful, the duties of packing will be trying. In a couple of weeks we shall transfer to Aswan, and I to Cairo, probably to Khartoum, and, some day, home."

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archeological newsletter

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May 15, 1963

Dear Members and Friends:

The major field effort of the Prehistoric Project for the coming year is being planned for Turkey. We hope to provide you with a letter describing these field plans in about one month. In the meantime, here is a newly arrived letter from Herbert E. Wright, Jr., Professor of Geology at the University of Minnesota and a member of the Projects' natural sciences team on three previous expeditions. Dr. Wright and his associates are already at work in Iranian Kurdistan, thanks to a new grant to the Project from the National Science Foundation. It is often suggested that things must have been better, or worse, or at least different in ancient times because the climate or environment was better or worse or different. In fact, it takes field work of exactly the sort Dr. Wright's letter describes to discover what the climate or environment really was like.

R. J. Braidwood

* * * *

Kermanshah, Iran
1 May 1963

Dear Friends:

The Iranian branch of the 1963-64 Turko-Iranian Prehistoric Project of the Oriental Institute has now been in the field for several weeks, and the time has come for some kind of a report to indicate objectives, accomplishments, and plans. No archeologists are involved in this field party, but two of the principal objectives remains archeological: the delineation of the climatic and ecologic environment at the time of the development of food production in southwestern Iran, along with the determination of the effects of early man on the vegetation through forest clearance and similar disturbances. For me this approach to environmental archeology goes back to 1951, when I first joined the Braidwood project at Jarmo in Iraq and surveyed the mountain region of Kurdistan for geologic signs of past climate. This was continued in Iraq in 1954-55 and enlarged to include some botanical and zoological surveys. In 1959-60 the scene was shifted across the border to southwestern Iran, again with the same general plan. But here the geological features were not so susceptible to paleoclimatic analysis -- most of the country was too low to have borne glaciers during the last ice age, the soils were poorly developed, the river terraces provided little pertinent information about past conditions. So instead I started a program of studying the only materials that can give a continuous paleontologic record through the time range of our interest: lake sediments. Lake sediments are a medium for the preservation of pollen grains that are blown from the vegetation of the surrounding terrain. This vegetation reflects the two main factors in which we are interested, the climate and the human interference. In 1960 we

were able to visit most of the dozen or so accessible lakes or groups of lakes in the Zagros Mountains of southwestern Iran from the Sandandaj area southeast to Ahwaz on the Khuzestan Plain. From most of these we were able to obtain sediment cores ranging in length from a few meters to 18 meters, usually using a raft made out of truck-tire inner tubes. In conjunction with the coring operations we collected flowering plants rather widely in order to obtain their pollen for the preparation of pollen-reference slides with which the fossil pollen of the sediments could be compared and identified.

The preliminary pollen analysis of the lake sediments during the following two years proved to be sufficiently promising at a few of the sites so that it seemed worthwhile to return for more material and additional vegetational surveys. Thus the present effort. Besides the botanical work we decided also to investigate other aspects of the lakes, which themselves are somewhat sensitive to climatic and terrain conditions. They record these conditions through the nature of their contained invertebrate fossils and the chemistry of their sediments. Certain invertebrates are well preserved in sediments, whereas most of the organic detritus is rapidly decomposed. The most informative group of animals are the Cladocera (water fleas), which are micro-crustacea about the size of a small sand grain. Again in order to make sense out of the fossil remains we must determine the modern distribution of the animals in the lake and the modern chemical and physical conditions in the lake. This requires the field work of a limnologist (a specialist in the study of lakes) who lowers thermistors into the lake and collects bottles of water and makes determination of the content of oxygen, carbon dioxide, calcium, chlorides, and other chemical materials to delineate the present environment in which the creatures live. He must also collect the animals from a wide range of lakes at different latitudes and altitudes to determine the distribution with respect to the principal climatic provinces.

So we have a party of six, operating generally as three pairs, but frequently changing combinations in order to equalize the work and keep an efficient schedule. Dr. Willem van Zeist of the University of Groningen, who did the pre-pollen analyses (during the last two years), is making vegetational surveys to determine the distribution of major plant types with respect to different climatic regions in southwestern Iran and with respect to different types of vegetational disturbance by the present-day and recent human population (and their domestic animals). He is being assisted by Marius Jacobs of the Rijsherbarium at Leiden, who is concentrating on making a careful plant collection so that van Zeist will eventually know (after the plants are fully identified by various specialists) precisely what plants he is dealing with. The limnologist and Cladocera specialist is Dr. Robert O. Megard of the University of Minnesota, who has assistance from his wife on occasion (when the raft isn't losing air too fast to prevent the flotation of two persons). I myself am concentrating on the careful coring of the lake sediments, using rafts, platforms on pilings, floating sedge mats, or any other convenient method of establishing a stable base from which two 1-ton chain hoists can be operated to push down and pull up a long string of connecting rods with a meter-long sampling tube at the end. On this job I have the assistance of my son Dick, who managed to get away from Dartmouth for the spring quarter to come along as drilling assistant and general manager of logistics. The latter job takes a lot of his time, for there are many little modifications to the coring apparatus and other equipment that have to be made by the metal workers and other artisans of Kermanshah. In the process of negotiation and price-bargaining there ends up an appreciable interchange of Farsi and English: Dick is striving for at least the language proficiency accomplished by Gene Garthwaite on the 1959-60 project -- a sort of pidgin Farsi that all of the merchants in the bazaar could understand and respect.

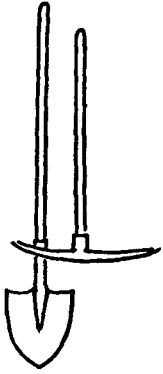
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So after the preliminaries in Tehran, where Dr. Ezat Negahban of the Antiquities Service was helpful in providing Maison with our official sponsor-- Dr. M. H. Ganji of the Iranian Meteorological Service and of the Geography Department of the University of Tehran--we made our way to Kermanshah, where we have the use of the Point Four guest house while we are in town. Kermanshah is rather central to our area of interest, and is a nice town with enough of the facilities available for most of our needs. So far we have managed excursions of some length southward across the mountains to Ilam and beyond to the Mesopotamian piedmont, southeast along the mountains to the area of Korramabad and Andimishk on the Khuzestan Plain, and then to some spring lakes in the Kermanshah valley itself. Now we are about to set out for a stay of a few weeks at Lake Zeribar near Marivan, about 150 miles northwest of Kermanshah, which is the most promising site of all those investigated in 1960. Then the plan is to try our luck at the great Lake Urmia in Azerbaijan, or in a few smaller lakes nearby. With these several sites we'll have a distribution from relatively low elevation near the lower tree line, to the heart of the oak forest, to the margin of the Iranian Plateau, to the heart of the plateau. Our preliminary results with Lake Zeribar showed that distinct vegetational changes occurred about 15,000 years ago and then about 5,000 years ago (the time scale being determined by radiocarbon dating). The Lake Zeribar area was probably not intensively inhabited in prehistoric times --nor is it now. The sites in the Kermanshah valley, however, are in rich agricultural land, and here especially we hope to pick up the traces of human interference with the vegetation.

We have been lucky with the weather so far--there has been lots of rain (after the driest and mildest winter in years), but fortunately most of it has been during uncritical times as far as field work is concerned. Today as I write, on the first of May, Kermanshah is being treated to a driving rainstorm, the jubes (gutters) are being flushed clean, people are dashing about with big black umbrellas, taxis are racing through the sheets of water to spray everybody within sight--and fresh snow comes down to 8000 feet on Kuh-i-parau. But tomorrow we start out on a fresh journey, the roof racks loaded to the sky with plant presses, coring equipment, and boxes of burettes, and shall hope that the floods of today will have subsided to fordable dimensions. South West Persia is spectacular country in the fresh spring, when the grain is green and is sprinkled with poppies, thistles, and a tremendous variety of other colorful weeds. The winter sheep pens have been cleared, and cakes of next winter's cow manure fuel are being stacked high or plastered on the sides of houses to face the sun. The nomads are on the move up from Qasr Shirin to Shahabad, and we should see them here in a very short time. Occasional days of cloudless skies and hot sun and dust-filled air give warning of the season ahead. As with almost every other place, spring is always too short.

Herbert E. Wright, Jr.

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archeological newsletter

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July 31, 1963

Dear Members and Friends:

I begin the first of this field season's series of letters to you from the deck of the M. S. Topdalsfjord, between Locks Four and Five in the Welland Canal. Perhaps it is properly symbolic of the international character of this year's field effort of the Prehistoric Project that both we and our gear have been shipped out of the international Port of Chicago.

The Prehistoric Project's field problem remains the reclamation of understanding of the beginnings of plant and animal domestication and the establishment of a village-farming community way of life in southwestern Asia some ten thousand years ago. This goal took us to Iraqi Kurdistan and the sites of Jarmo and Karim Shahir in 1947-48, 1950-51 and 1954-55, and to Sarab and Asiab in Iranian Kurdistan in 1959-60. Since our start at Jarmo, other colleagues -- working in Palestine and Syria and in west-central Turkey and Iranian Khuzestan -- have added to the sum of knowledge on how the food-producing revolution began. This new way of life, which terminated the Old Stone Age and laid the foundations for civilization, appears to have made its beginnings in the foothills of the great mountain arc surrounding the drainage basin of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, and in the more fertile parts of the Iranian and Anatolian plateaux adjacent to the "hilly flanks of the Crescent." We do not yet know, in fact, the exact boundaries of the optimum environmental zone in which food-production first appeared. What has been clear for some years, however, is that the stretch of country in southeastern Turkey which forms the keystone region of the arc is badly in need of investigation.

For one reason or another, this region -- the headwaters of the Euphrates and Tigris -- has been under tight Turkish military security, and all efforts of archeologists to obtain permission to work there have been discouraged. That we now have this permission depends primarily on the enthusiasm and very hard work with which an old Turkish friend and colleague of ours, Prof. Dr. Halet Çambel of the University of Istanbul, met our invitation to participate jointly and equally in the project. At this writing, I still do not know quite how Halet, and her husband, Nail, carried the matter off so successfully, especially in the face of the serious political unrest south of the border in Iraqi Kurdistan. Halet sent me an addition for our joint press-release in which she wrote:

"The realization of this research project, which necessitated the solution of a series of delicate problems, could only have been rendered possible through this [joint] form of scholarly cooperation and [is due directly to] the keen and warm interest in scientific research and the helpfulness shown personally by Turkey's Prime Minister, H.E. Ismet İnönü, [and by] the military and civil authorities involved."

- 2 -

We have had earlier field expeditions which were nominally "joint" in an international sense, or in which the various national antiquities departments have "cooperated," but there is nothing nominal about either Halet's or our intent in this one. The Prehistory Section of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Istanbul, wherein Halet holds her professorial chair, has joined us in committing funds, equipment, staff and graduate students to the project. In fact, Halet's students and ours will be more or less paired off; Halet and I act as co-directors of the project. Turkish law forbids the exportation of antiquities, but our finds will be processed in the laboratories of the Prehistory Section at Istanbul, and Halet has added one of our senior graduate students, Peter Benedict, to her staff for the academic year following our field season, so that Peter (and his wife Cordelia, also with an M.A. in anthropology) may aid in the training of Istanbul students while the processing of the excavated materials proceeds. I have myself been elected to a visiting professorship at Istanbul during the winter months of this coming field year, when the rains would prevent field work in any case.

Thus there are two highly exciting aspects of the coming field year. We shall be part of a full-fledged effort in international scholarly cooperation, and we shall be able to work within the region of the keystone of the arc -- the headwaters country of the Tigris and Euphrates basin. We shall begin with surface survey, and I cannot tell you yet exactly where we shall be because I do not yet know myself -- somewhere within the provinces of Urfa, Diyarbahir and Sirt.

I cannot close without a word about the Topdalsfjord, the sweetest ocean-going vessel it has ever been our pleasure to sail on. We found her through the Norwegian America Line's Chicago office, which manages her passenger business. She carries twelve passengers most commodiously and happily, her food is excellent, her crew most agreeable, her captain a story-book character. Of course freighters are not for passengers who go to sea for movies, dancing and "horse races," nor for those who have a tight schedule. We were twelve hours later than our announced sailing in leaving Chicago, we then went up through the Soo Locks to load grain at Port Arthur and Duluth, took on trucks at Detroit and heavy machinery at Cleveland. The passengers have the run of the ship and are allowed to function as "sidewalk superintendents" in all her activities -- I had a very exhausting day yesterday seeing that two twenty-five ton cases of machinery got safely aboard! Most of our passengers will leave the ship at Montreal, but Linda and I -- with two of the Project's International Harvester "Scouts" -- are listed for "First Port of Call in Norway." From there, we'll drive through to Turkey, with a final gathering of further staff and vehicles at Mittersill in Austria. We should reach Istanbul during the last days of August. More when we get there.

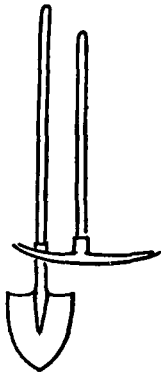
Cordially,

Bob Braidwood

P.S. As well as to the Oriental Institute membership list, copies of this letter are being sent to many people -- both within and outside the University -- who aided us in a great variety of ways in getting the expedition mounted. The logistics of an expedition of this character and size are extremely complicated -- we could not have mounted the expedition without the advice, generosity, interest, patience and often time-consuming aid of many people. Our very sincere thanks.

Mr. DeLonguey - 2

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archeological newsletter

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Istanbul
Sept. 17, 1963

Greetings:

Since my last letter the Prehistoric Project staff has crossed both the Atlantic and all of Europe--in the Braidwoods' own case from Bergen, Norway to Istanbul, Turkey, with Asia now in plain view out my window beyond the narrow Bosphorus. Our Norwegian freighter, the Topdalsfjord, remained wonderful every minute of the time. We even had the head of the Sagunay River, Greenland's icy mountains, icebergs, whales and a runaway floating mine for good measure. The drive through Europe was a highly pleasant one, but not very different--I suppose--from what thousands of other tourists were doing at the same time. Almost all of the freeway through Yugoslavia is now completed, so that there are very few tough roads left to complain about. We crossed the Turkish frontier and reached Istanbul on August 30th.

Our colleague and my opposite number as co-director, Professor Halet Çambel, was still hard at work in Ankara on the formal papers for our clearance, permissions and so on, but her assistant, Mark Glazer, met us at the frontier. Mr. Mehmet Isvan, the head International Harvester agent in Turkey also sent his service truck to receive us at the border. Since both Mark and the Harvester people had arrived a couple of hours before we drove into the frontier post, the customs people were already alerted and we were finished in minutes. This was the first tangible trace we had--in Turkey itself--of the prestige we enjoy through our association with the University of Istanbul. The ease of the crossing fooled me, however. I began to think that our hopes of finishing all formalities, customs clearances, etc., within a week or ten days would really eventuate. I should have known better! As things stand it does look as if everything might clear up for us by about the 25th. of this month, but even that date may be too optimistic. I will, however, guarantee that without the University of Istanbul's interest and involvement in the matter, and the really great amount of time which Halet and her assistants, Mark Glazer and Ufuk Esin, have put into the affair, we'd still be here until Christmas.

The happy thing about getting a show like this on the road in Turkey is that everyone is very good-willed about the whole matter, there are few holidays to interrupt the progress of things, and our affairs do move forward--little step by little step--in spite of the almost inextricable web of rules and regulations we have to fight through. I of course doubt that the Turkish bureaucratic mind is anymore complicated or devious than any bureaucratic mind. I quake at the thought of having--as a foreigner--to accomplish all the unusual and exceptional things we seek, against the American bureaucracy. The normal citizen seldom has occasion to face such things at home.

-2-

Here is only one example of the kind of thing we do face. Our "expendable" camping equipment is being treated--for purposes of customs exemption and to give Halet a future supply of field gear, which we may also use when we return--as a gift to the University of Istanbul. We found last June that our best buy in small cot-sized pillows was at Sears Roebuck's. Sears called them "baby pillows." In the flurry of our final packing and box-list making, we simply listed them as baby pillows. The Turkish customs officials now ask (and not without a certain logic), "What goes on here? Why is the University of Chicago giving baby pillows to the University of Istanbul? The University of Istanbul has no babies!"

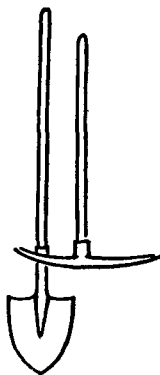
For the first three days here, we used a good second class hotel, but as it was nicking our budget too keenly, we moved to a considerably less expensive lower second class hotel. We took about a week of it, but the dirt, smells and animal life finally got us down. Since now is the time of year when people are moving back into town from out along the Bosphorus, and since we need a base in which to store gear and to live in during our winter term in the University of Istanbul, we have now rented and are already in an old furnished house in a suburb. Setting up housekeeping (even temporarily) in Arnavutköy is an experience I'll leave to the description of ladies in a later letter. I want only to give you our procedure for going out of the house--firmly impressed upon me by our landlord, a nervous, hypocondriacal, old windbag who speaks what he thinks is French. First, we shut all shutters and lock all windows. Next we lock and bar (with a six foot steel bar) the main front door. We exit through an inner side door and hide its key--eight inches long--in a laundry cupboard. We pull the nightlatch on the outer side door and get into the garden. We lock and bar the garden gate. We unlock the side door of the garage, lock it again, and hide its key under a pile of bricks in the end of the garage. We finally exit through the folding car door of the garage, making sure its night lock is well set. In order to get back in again, we have of course to reverse the whole procedure. Bruce remarks that while he's never had a "key hole complex" before, he sure has one now.

Nevertheless, the Bosphorus is lovely, so is our terrace and garden overlooking it. We do seem to be making headway and hope really to be off to the southeast within ten days. I sense that the staff is happy--at least, the way it eats, it's certainly healthy.

More later,

Bob Braidwood

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Siirt, Turkey
November 4, 1963

Greetings:

I believe I last wrote just before we had left Istanbul and Ankara for the southeast, somewhat over a month ago. We had it underlined to us in Ankara that for the authorities to allow foreigners to enter the restricted southeastern region really is exceptional. The Minister-Councilor of the U.S. Embassy (the Ambassador was on leave) told us we'd caused him considerable agony and distress. It seems that as soon as newspaper accounts of our plans appeared, six different American archeologists immediately put pressure on him to secure permission for them as well. The Turkish authorities turned him down politely but firmly; he was subsequently roundly chewed out by a Senator acting for one of these archeologists. Of course, the whole thing wouldn't have worked for us either, had it not been for Halet Cambel's monumental efforts and very good connections, and the fact that it is a fully joint affair of the two universities, Istanbul and Chicago.

We crossed the restricted frontier at the Euphrates with no trouble whatsoever, since the security police had been alerted all along the line. At each provincial capital (Vilayet), we called on the governor (Vali), were inspected and noted by each security office, all with the utmost friendliness. Our first night in the southeast was at the walled town of Diyarbakir. The next night we reached the new oil town of Batman; on the afternoon of the third day we reached Siirt. Siirt sits in a niche in the lower folds of the Tauros at ca. 3,000 ft. elevation; it has 26,000 people, eleven mosques and innumerable loud speakers. Since all the tea houses blare, the newer mosques also "pipe" the call to prayer from their minarets. Add truck horns and barking dogs, and the decibal count is something out of this world. Nevertheless, its a nice town. The older houses are tall and have slightly battered walls (said to be safer during earthquakes!), and the place is famous for its shaggy goat-hair rugs--which even reach the markets of Baghdad and Beirut.

After several vain attempts to solve our problem of lodgings otherwise, we finally settled into the top floor (i.e., the second) of the premier hotel in Siirt. Double rooms cost from ten to twelve Türk Lira (there are nine Lira to the dollar). We also have possession of the broad flat roof of the hotel for washing and sorting our collections; we've converted one room into a kitchen, and there is a long hall in which we eat and sit. The building is of stone and there is no heat--we're in winter underwear already!

Siirt is just at the oak tree line, and--this far north--seems to be a bit high for the environment we're looking for. The sites we've found, so far, have come in valleys a dozen or so miles to the west and south, which are about 750

-2-

feet lower in elevation. So far, our largest and most interesting yield has come from the valley of Kurtalan, a town at the head of the southeastern railway line (which doesn't quite reach Siirt). The road to and beyond Kurtalan happens to be a good one, this being an issue because the rains have already hit us twice in 2-3 day stretches, and mud hampers off-the-road work for several days thereafter. As far as I can assess it, the Kurtalan and adjoining valleys have been fairly densely occupied at least as far back as the beginning of the sixth millennium B.C.; there is a dark-faced burnished or polished pottery along with earlier aspects of a brilliant painted pottery style called the Halafian. We also have several varieties of even cruder pottery which I can only place earlier, however, and the amount of chipped stone work in obsidian (a natural volcanic glass) is much greater than I've ever experienced before. No caves, so far, unfortunately. We've had reports of many and have visited them--they turn out to be rock-cut tombs and chambers (probably of some early Christian phase in the region) and are not what we want at all.

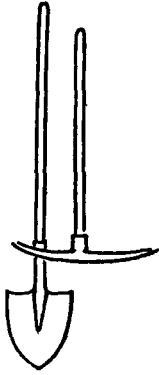
The Turco-American acculturation process has gone ahead very successfully; there are eleven of us and Halet and her group also make eleven. The students were a bit stand-offish on either side, at first, but this seemed to be due mainly to the language barrier. Halet is rotating her students so as to give experience to a greater number; four went home yesterday and five new ones arrive tonight. Some are really very good, indeed.

In about a week, we should shift back west about a hundred miles, to Diyarbakir again. This will give us direct stretches of the upper Tigris valley itself to survey -- as of now, we're working in the upper basins of tributaries called the Botan, Garzan and Batman.

Halet tells me that the last archeology done in these parts was late in the last century, when a German, Lehmann-Haupt, interested in Urartian inscriptions, was able--through the interests of the then Sultan--to pass through here with a company of cavalry as escort. Certainly, at least, we haven't been bothered with tourists or guests. We would even be happy to put up a few, if they'd arrange to cut down the decibal count!

Best of cheer,

BOB BRAIDWOOD



archeological newsletter

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Arnavutköy, Istanbul
December 16, 1963

Greetings:

I've been postponing a letter myself because of the pressure in winding up the fall survey phase of our activities, and had hoped that Irma Hunter (who runs the household and accounts) would get off this next letter from the field. But Irma had first Thanksgiving preparations, then the demounting and packing of the fall camp and now (with our arrival back in Istanbul two days ago) Christmas preparations to cope with. She'll write later. I'm sure this letter will not reach all our friends until well after Christmas - our tardy best wishes, in any case, and thanks for many cards and personal greetings. We only wish we had time to respond individually.

We left the Siirt vilayat (province) on November 16th with the surface materials from 51 surveyed sites logged into our records. At least a half dozen of these certainly reached back to the early time range and relative simplicity of our particular problem focus - the beginnings of cultivation, animal domestication and village life and its immediate antecedents. But since the region has had, in effect, no up-to-date archeological attention at all, everything we collected (of each successive period), and now have here for further processing and identification at the Istanbul University laboratories, is a contribution to knowledge.

Our base in the next westward vilayat, that with the great black-walled town of Diyarbakir on the Tigris as its capital, was at a boys' school near Ergani on the lower slopes of the Tauros. We fitted - with bulging at the seams - into three small houses. The plain which stretches north from below Diyarbakir to Ergani is generally flat and covered with a pattern of small water courses which feed eastward into the Tigris. This far north, even the Tigris itself is a quick-running stream of modest size, coming little above the knee if one wades it. Our surface yields were best on mounds along and at the heads of the tributary water courses. In all, we logged in 63 sites in the Diyarbakir vilayat. Bruce Howe and three of the students made a quick four day run still further west into the Urfa vilayat, and logged in 20 more sites. This means that we've surface materials for study from a total of 134 sites in the southeastern region of Turkey, where literally nothing had been recorded before. Our reckoning is that to do a detailed survey of all of the three vilayats would take 25 years, but at least a beginning is made.

In fact, two of the most promising Urfa sites were places we'd learned about several years ago through an interesting correspondence with a Mr. Walter Higgins, a field geologist of Mobil Exploration Mediterranean, Inc. The story, too long to tell here in detail, is a classic instance of how useful an amateur's interest may be in leading professional archeologists to pay dirt. Furthermore,

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the personnel of Mobil have continued their interest in the expedition's affairs and have helped us in innumerable ways. We have heartfelt reasons for plugging Mobil!

Our in-the-field and off-the-cuff impression of the results of the fall survey hints at a curious situation. For Siirt, the easternmost vilayat, we had expected the apparent linkages and similarities to be most strong with Iraq and the Zagros flanks. To the contrary, however, they seem to have been more strong with northwestern Syria and even with the Syro-Cilician littoral. For our central vilayat, Diyarbakir, however, the strong linkages - if they are in fact strong - appear to have been with the Anatolian plateau (my uncertainty is in part an aspect of how poorly the plateau itself is known, this far east). For the westernmost vilayat, Urfa - the one instance in which our pre-field guesses were obvious and right - the linkages were of course most strongly with northwestern Syria and the littoral. I believe we comprehend the environmental reasons for the situation, but will of course know better after we have done some excavation.

We think now - before the laboratory processing begins in earnest - that the best sites for Bruce Howe's American Schools of Oriental Research examination of the threshold upon which agriculture was to appear (the "final paleolithic" phase and the Karim Shahirian or Natufian-like phase) lie in the Siirt vilayat and in the Urfa vilayat. Primary village-farming community sites, on the other hand are certainly available among the places we visited in both Siirt and Diyarbakir, and probably in Urfa as well. Now our problem is to make proper choices for our spring excavations.

We left Ergani just in time. The weather news tells us that four feet of snow fell two days after we left.

I should remark on the really profound impact President Kennedy's assassination had on the Turks. We were still in the unbelieving stage when nearby public officials and the faculty of the Ergani boys' school began to arrive with their condolences. All Turkish flags stood at half-mast until after the funeral. I sensed a warmth of feeling, as well as a realization that a valued and friendly nation was in trouble, in a way I'd never had anywhere before in the Near East.

On the way north, Halet (Prof. Gambel, our Turkish co-director) and I were driving in the lead car of the convoy. About an hour after nightfall, blinded by the bright lights of an oncoming truck, we almost smashed into an unlighted overturned truck on our side of the highway. I both braked hard and tried to steer myself out of it, but the Scout overturned. International's sturdy top and my seatbelt left me completely unscratched. Halet, who has steadfastly refused to wear a seatbelt (she insists it would impede her freedom to jump!) received a slight scratch on her left hand. Although our argument about the value of seatbelts is unresolved, we feel Allah laid his helping hand on us both - actually the affair was tougher on the rest of the people in the convoy as they drove up and helped us untangle.

In Ankara, Halet arranged that she could take Bruce, Linda, and me to call upon and thank the Prime Minister for his interest in the expedition's affairs. Mr. Inonu struck us all as a most alert old gentleman. I believe he's 83; he does wear a hearing aid, but one got the impression that very little indeed gets by him unnoticed. Hamit Bey Batu, the chief of the cultural affairs section of the Foreign Office was also at the meeting and we spent half an hour in his office afterwards - a most impressive man who, I'm convinced, comprehended the whole spirit of the kind of archeology we're trying to do.

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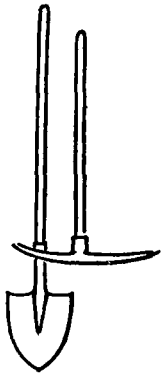
A final note of real satisfaction. Halet assured me that none of her students wanted to come back home! There were, to be sure, petty annoyances on both sides, but the experiment in making the thing work internationally really seems to have gone remarkably well. Halet had a sequence of more than twenty students with us (not all at one time), I sometimes had to remind my kids to adjust themselves to behaving like a minority, but the success of the this part of the effort will - I'm sure - pay dividends for future work in Turkey.

Our teaching at Istanbul University begins on Friday and I look forward to it. Today is sunny, our view of the Bosphorus and its ship traffic is lovely, and Christmas is astir in the kitchen.

Very best of cheer to you all,

BOB BRAIDWOOD

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archeological newsletter

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Luxor, Egypt
December 30, 1963

Dear Friends:

As of January 1, 1964 the Luxor expedition, properly and weightily known as The Oriental Institute Epigraphic & Architectural Survey, will have a new field director and Chicago House a new mistress, Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Nims. Charles and Myrtle Nims need no introduction to members of the Institute, for Dr. Nims came to the new Oriental Institute building in 1931 as a student in the Department of Oriental Languages and took his doctorate in 1937. He and Mrs. Nims first came to Chicago House in Luxor in the winter of 1934-35 for a briefing period before becoming members of the staff of the Saqqarah expedition which was recording the Old Kingdom Tomb of Mereruka. After the close of that expedition they were back again as regular members of the Luxor staff from 1937 to 1939. Following the war, during which the Luxor expedition was also closed, they returned in 1946 to be members continuously to the present except for the winter of 1960-61 which they spent at home base in Chicago. They have also been members of Oriental Institute expeditions in Syria, Libya, Egyptian Nubia and the Sudan as well as of a UNESCO expedition to the great Abu Simbel temple.

In the reorganization of the Luxor staff following the war years 1940-46 Dr. Nims was asked to take on himself the job of being expedition photographer. With a background of amateur photography he applied himself to the task of acquiring the necessary knowledge and skills. The professional quality of the photographs published in the expedition's volumes as well as the many more which were the basis of the enlargements for the line drawings in those volumes attest to his success in adapting himself to the dual role of full-time Egyptologist-epigrapher and photographer.

Since 1950 Mrs. Nims has also filled a need of the expedition by learning to bind books. She has exercised her native ingenuity in the use of rather primitive tools on the many books and periodicals that come to the library in paper covers so proficiently that the shelves at Luxor, part of the U. of C. Libraries, sport some of the most handsome and durable bindings to be found anywhere.

Such are the new field director at Luxor and the new mistress of Chicago House. The Oriental Institute is fortunate to have them.

It will be 40 years next autumn since the Epigraphic Survey came to Luxor in 1924, established itself, and began recording the reliefs on the walls of the Theban Temples. The expedition was the implementation of a long held and still valid conviction of Breasted's that the most important obligation facing his generation was to "make a comprehensive effort to save for posterity the enormous body of ancient records still surviving⁴⁶⁰ in Egypt." His was not altogether a

voice crying in the wilderness even then, but the proportions of the task were so formidable and the resources so inadequate that any hope of a "comprehensive" effort that would also do the job definitively in a manner commensurate with the demands of the XXth century had been overwhelmed. If one who departs the fray may seem to boast for those who began the effort, that effort at Luxor has been more nearly comprehensive than any other ever made if for no other reason than that it has been continuous and single-minded, and it has been more nearly adequate to the XXth century in its unsparing care and unremitting insistence on the utmost fidelity to the old inscriptions that human agency can muster. Nor has the Epigraphic Survey's continuity and the caliber of its work been without influence. There now exists an internationally launched repository in Cairo with a program for both making and collecting records of the surviving monuments, and, I believe, the Oriental Institute in Luxor has served as goad or inspiration and, in some degree, as model for the enterprise.

The Epigraphic Survey itself in these nearly 40 years has not been unaffected by depressions and international crises, but I think one can safely say that even when the effort was drastically reduced in the number of workers it has never slackened the standard of uncompromising accuracy, the techniques and procedures for achieving it, and---perhaps most importantly---the tradition of achieving it as they were developed and established in the first years by William F. Edgerton, Caroline Ransom Williams and John A. Wilson under the direction of Harold H. Nelson. To my mind those were the crucial years. There were years of testing to come in the late 30's, 40's, and early 50's when it was doubtful that the Epigraphic Survey could be continued financially or, if it could, there was the question whether it ought not adapt itself to the cold economic winds and, with its reduced staff, find a way to do its job, not so well perhaps, but less expensively in time and money. But the standard and tradition were there and those who then had or had ever had anything to do with the Survey could not conceive of lowering the standard by cutting corners and producing volumes more rapidly.

It is a temptation for me at this juncture to name all those who in these nearly 40 years have had a part in making the Epigraphic Survey what it is, but even a list of names would be long and would have to begin with the Directors of the Oriental Institute in Chicago from Breasted to Adams, with a special bow by this departing field director to Carl H. Kraeling. It would include a goodly number of Egyptologists, several photographers, many artist-draftsmen with a sprinkling of names from the twenties and early thirties under such headings as librarian, business manager and housekeeper. It could not omit an accolade to Harold H. Nelson, the first and for 23 years field director. Near the top of the list would have to come the wives of field directors, mistresses of Chicago House, by reason of their resourceful saintliness and a superintendent-engineer (1932--) by reason of his saintly resourcefulness. Nor could the list omit a long series of names of faithful native employees, a number of whom have stoically served the bewildering succession of foreigners for 30 years or more and who now regulate the lives of us latter-day upstarts, not we theirs. And at least one rais (foreman) would deserve an asterisk in lieu of a halo for these last 20 years.

The chronicle would be long but, after all, even the present Chicago House was completed in 1931, the year in which the Oriental Institute building in Chicago was first occupied, and another house with the romantic address of "The Colossi of Memnon" had already existed for 7 years before that. This is probably the longest continuously operating archaeological expedition, as distinct from national archaeological institutes and schools of research, that now exists or, for that matter, has ever existed.

The chronicle ought to survey the completion of the record of two temples of Ramses III and of the Bubastite Portal⁴⁶¹ at Karnak in three volumes, the

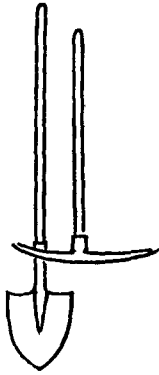
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completion of the record of the great temple at Medinet Habu in seven, and the complete one-volume record of the Beit el-Wali temple in Nubia, not to take credit for associated efforts: The excavation of Medinet Habu and the architectural study of the temple, the recording of the graffiti at Medinet Habu, and the clearance of the Tomb of Kheruef. And the recording still goes on apace at the High Gate of Medinet Habu and in the Tomb of Kheruef, both of which should be nearly finished and ready for incorporation in two more volumes by the summer of 1965.

For the Hugheses, who came along in the midst of the years, these eighteen years (seventeen of them in Luxor) have been good years and these fifteen since we unexpectedly took up responsibility for the Epigraphic Survey on January 1, 1949 have been rewarding beyond measure despite the discouragement of the limited operations in the first years and the frustrations of almost every week of all the years. It is not without nostalgia that we shall leave in April for the last time nor without misgivings that we face a sedentary life in Chicago and learn to accustom ourselves to unrelievedly efficient western civilization. We shall miss the Nile flowing past the front gate, stately Chicago House and its inhabitants of varying backgrounds, the out-door life in winter, the limestone cliffs and Deir el-Bahari always on view across the river, the roses and poinsettias and green garden in January, the casual visitors and house guests from almost every country, the Arabic of Upper Egypt, the kindly retainers who speak it and who have learned to understand it as spoken almost any way, the Egyptian friends who have been generous beyond belief. We shall miss the ride across the river in the launch in early morning and the tea-time visitors at the close of day. We shall even miss trying to feed a household amidst unpredictable shortages and collating drawings against hacked and eroded reliefs in nearly inaccessible places or by fitful reflected light. We shall miss the impending disaster to our splendid isolation occasioned by the building of a Luxor Hilton Hotel right next door. We shall miss Egypt, Luxor, and the Epigraphic Survey.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE R. HUGHES
Field Director
(for one more day)



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

On board the "Fostat"
Ballana, Shellal -
Wadi Halfa
January 1, 1964

Dear Friends of the Oriental Institute:

From the "Mountains of the Moon" in desert Nubia, greetings and best wishes for a Happy New Year.

A year ago today, in the third season of its existence, the "fleet" of this expedition passed through the locks of the Aswan Dam to begin a campaign of excavation in Nubia which was destined to be almost sensationally successful. Many of you have seen the results of our efforts in the exhibit which opened in the Oriental Institute Museum on October 2. Now, on this New Year's Day we have already completed nearly two months of our fourth season.

It has been a gratifying two months, too. Last year we excavated areas reported to be "unworthy of further investigation." The results encouraged me to persist another year in the stubborn policy of digging plundered sites despised by our predecessors. We chose a Meroitic cemetery in the desert behind Ballana, on the west side of the Nile, which was not only "completely plundered" but which had been intersected also by an incompleated irrigation project later abandoned. In three and a half weeks we unearthed 650 objects, including some of the most interesting painted Meroitic pottery ever to be recovered in Nubia, much of it superior to the finds of last year. Some of this pottery is decorated with exquisite patterns of the highest order, others with amusing and fantastic designs: crocodiles, frogs, fish, birds, humans full-faced and in profile. All exhibit the profusion and versatility of the Meroitic mind and enhance our admiration for this extraordinary negroid-caucasoid race who inhabited the banks of the Nubian Nile two thousand years ago.

If the Department of Antiquities in Cairo extends to us the same generosity which we were privileged to enjoy last year, we expect to show our friends some of these treasures (and others not less beautiful and interesting) at our next exhibit. During the past few days, for example, we have been excavating more "plundered" cemeteries, one of the so-called "C-Group (2000-1500 B.C.), and an adjoining New Kingdom cemetery, hitherto unsuspected. From these we already have some fine black incised pottery and a number of remarkably interesting scarabs.

There is a certain romance in archaeology, of course, as everybody knows. Much of this lies not only in the finding of our "treasures" but in the effort of seeking them out. This effort involves the labor of many people and most of all of the Egyptian and Nubian workmen who do the actual digging and without whom we could accomplish nothing. These men are the unsung heroes of archaeology. But they not only do most of the work of digging; they also do a great deal of singing as they work. And, since archaeology is song it seems to me appropriate in my first news letter of the season to conduct all our friends through the stage door,

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behind the scenes, to enjoy a glimpse of our faithful workers who can sing (and even dance) the whole day long as they recover the treasures of Nubia.

The following lines are not the work of the director of the Nubian Expedition. He is very happy indeed to give the floor to Mr. Boleslaw Marczuk, Oriental Institute graduate student serving the Expedition this year, who, with the able assistance of the director's assistant, Mr. Mourad Abd El Razek, and the Inspector assigned to the Expedition by the Department of Antiquities, Mr. Fouad Yakoub, has composed the inspiring account which he has entitled:

"THE SONGS OF THE DESERT"

"When the sun in red glare was rising over the Nubian desert, an old Arab stood motionless on the stern of his boat, his face to the east, toward Mecca, saying his morning prayer:

"Hay ala salat, hay ala falah.
Es-salat hair min el-noum.
Allah akbar, la illah illa Allah.'

"Come to prayer, come to worship.
Praying is more important than sleep.
God is great. There is no god but Allah.'

"In the meantime, at the edge of the desert at Ballana a group of Egyptian workers, from Quft, El-Lahun, and Gurna, started their daily task excavating an ancient village site. The oldest and most experienced experts traced the mudbrick walls and filled their baskets with sand. Younger workers, recruited from nearby Nubian villages, lifted the baskets to their shoulders and carried the sand away from the excavation site for dumping.

"One of the oldest workers began to chant the daily song of morning:

"Salli al-nabi, salli . . .'

"Glory to the Prophet, glory . . .'

and the whole choir repeated the pious invocation. Then the singer began the long story of the pilgrimage to Mecca, the dream of every Muslim, and after every sentence the entire choir praised the Prophet:

"Salli al-nabi, salli . . .'

"Glory to the Prophet, glory . . .'

"En-nas tu zurak marra,
wa ana azurak sannau.'

"People visit you only once,
but I visit you every year,'

boasted the old singer, at which the whole gang sounded again:

"Salli al-nabi, salli . . .'

"The sun grew hotter. The wind raised clouds of sand. The sand penetrated the eyes and throat and clung to the skin. The heat seemed unbearable. Then a

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worker began to sing of an Alexandrian bath. Actually the song related all the pleasures of normal living: the cool breath of the Mediterranean, the palms and gardens and villages, the sweet Egyptian country girls. One worker kept improvising new words to the old song, while the whole gang repeated with delight: 'Hammam, ya Skandarani' (which means simply), 'Bath, ye Alexandrian.' And thus the boys carried the heavy loads of dirt on their shoulders through the sandy dunes beyond the excavation area.

"As the hours passed a little more of the mudbrick wall showed through the sand, but little else appeared. The heat grew more terrible; boredom and drowsiness threatened to overcome the workmen. Then Abdul Fadil leading singer of the gang, began:

"'Umya naim, sah-el-noum . . .'

"'Wake up. I hope you slept well . . .'

and the whole choir responded:

"'Umya naim, sah-al-noum.'

"Then Abdul Fadil proceeded alone with a favorite little ditty of his in the form of a jocular monologue of a young mother to her baby:

"'Aklik manein, ya batta . . .'

"'I would eat you, my little duck . . .

Your lips are like two cherries,
Your lips are so tasty,
Give them to your little mother . . .
Your mother would eat you, little duck . . .'

at which words Abdul Fadil quacked like a real duck, and the gang laughed out with joy. Then other workers added their own short verses to the song about a little duck, singing and improvising, joking and teasing one another, as the time passed on toward noon.

"Working hours are six to two--no one could stand to work longer in the noon-time heat. Ten minutes to two Abdul Fadil sounded off the polite reminder:

"'Ulli, ya effendi, es-sa'a kam?'

"'Tell me, sir, what time is it?

And the song proceeded about the setting of the sun, about meal time and pretty eyes waiting at home, while, after every sentence the choir repeated the query:

"'Ulli, ya effendi, es-sa'a kam?

"Then there was another rebellious little song with its refrain:

"'. . . wa na mali, ya habibi, wa na mali . . .'

"'I don't care any more, brother, I don't care.'

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"This song usually started at three minutes to two, just in case effendi should forget to blow his whistle. But effendi is always very prompt; the workmen know this and do their best, working to the last minute to the rhythm of the rebellious tune. Then, after two o'clock, only the very best and the most trustworthy workers proudly carry the finds of the day to the tent of the director of the expedition."

Yes, even the most arduous labor of archaeology is filled with poetry and song and drama. We wish that we could convey to you the whole of it, the sights we see, the sounds we hear, the pleasure of the finds, everything but the dust and the flies and the heat (and the cold of winter nights). I am deeply indebted to Mr. Marzcuk for his record and to those who assisted him to make it. It is a much better record than any description of the objects we are finding. You will see some of the best of them before another New Year's Day.

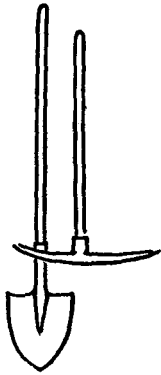
Sincerely yours,

KEITH C. SEELE
Director
Oriental Institute
Nubian Expedition

Mr. Delougay

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Arnavutkoy, Istanbul
January 17, 1964

Greetings:

When I last wrote, we had just reached Istanbul from our field base at Erzani in the southeast. I promised that the next letter would come from Irma Hunter who manages our expedition household affairs and our accounting. Irma and her husband, Don--a retired architect and ex-Navy Commander--have lived in various parts of the world before, but this is their first archeological expedition. Irma is keeping a journal and I have prevailed upon her to set down more or less what amounts to "My Day" for her.

As ever,

BOB BRAIDWOOD

On Tuesday morning of this week, our French colleagues Jean and Eva Perrot left us after a very short visit. Their arrival had been eagerly awaited and we were all sorry they had to hurry on. The weather was delightful. We picked roses from the garden for their room and Gretel was able to show Eva some of Istanbul's sights in dazzling sunshine.

Today we wake to find heavy snow covering everything and still falling. We hurriedly light the kerosene stoves we bought over the landlord's protests, as he assured us his furnace heated this big house adequately. Our house boy gets up at five to stoke the furnace, but in order to have a comfortable breakfast at 6:45 the extra heat is necessary. Today all the warmest clothing appears and after each person has made his lunch sandwich from materials laid out on the sideboard, the crowd troops off to the boat landing at the foot of our hill, carrying a big coffee pot of soup to be reheated at lunchtime. Small flurry follows as a good big lunch is discovered left behind and while Don is getting on his overshoes to carry it down to the ferry the bells on our front door jingle and the forgotten lunch is called for. Our group's destination is the University of Istanbul, where the materials gathered in the fall survey are being washed, sorted, classified and analyzed. The walk up to the University from the boat landing in the old part of the city leads them through the Spice Bazaar. Linda takes pleasure in ferreting out spices we may want, using her sense of smell and taste to locate them.

Our day begins. House boy, Receb, is already on the phone calling his friend, Halet Cambel's houseboy. Receb is fresh from village life, the telephone is a wonderful new toy, and he loves to use it. As Dr. Cambel lives in a beautiful old yali on the Bosphorus just below us we think our boy's bellows could easily be heard there if he would just open the window. RJB is not happy when this goes on while he is working in the study, where the telephone lives. Receb is an industrious boy and when he cleans a room he means it to stay cleaned. The furniture is all stacked in rows with no eye for its possible use; waste baskets are

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always put just inside the door where he can easily reach them. He is very much annoyed when he finds the morning after he has cleaned that ashtrays are filled and bits of paper, cookie crumbs and knitting yarn are left around. He can't understand why I insist on his tidying up two days in succession. My adding machine holds him spellbound and I must be careful to clear it before using it, as he is likely to idly punch a few figures in passing.

The laundress hasn't come at ten o'clock, presumably because of the weather so Don goes for her in a Scout. He brings her and her two children part way up the steep hill when another car slows him down, he gets stuck, and even the four-wheel drive can't get him any further. So passengers are unloaded and the Scout eases its way down to the waterfront road and is parked on the hospitable American Girls' College grounds nearby.

A consultation is held with the cook. He has been with us for only a week, having come from Adana. Dr. Cambel had him on her dig at Kara Tepe and he is frugal and trustworthy, and can adapt himself to large numbers of people who have to be fed. He was in a panic the first day or two at having to work for someone he thought he couldn't talk to. Receb, who has been with us for three weeks, interpreted for me, as he and I understand each other fairly well around the house. Now Cook has relaxed and we make little jokes over the food preparation. At present, while we find out what he can cook, we alternate days; he cooks what he wants on one day and I get his help in turning out a dish more familiar to us on the next. His frugality caused us trouble the first few days, as he bluntly told me I had bought too much meat and then cooked only half of it after I was out of sight. I was not very popular with our big boys those evenings.

Fish is wanted for this evening by the cook. The weather is too bad for him to go out with his varicose veins, and select the fish, so we bundle up well and presently trudge up the hill through the heavy snow carrying a big basket (made and bought in Ergani), two full net bags, and a flat crate of fish right out of the Bosphorus. Cook shakes his head over them--there are too many, he thinks, although by now he should be aware of the fact that we throw nothing away, but make some of our best dishes from left-overs. We use them for lunches or to make soup. Cordelia calls it our "Soup Toujours," as we put in it everything left over, including the breakfast oatmeal.

Cook is working in the kitchen, cigarette drooping from lip, peaked cap which must be glued at that jaunty angle, on his head. He is never seen without it. At that we prefer it to the small knit cap worn by the cook we had on the survey, which I once found boiling merrily away in the pot of dishtowels I was bleaching.

Footsteps sound overhead so I go up to see if Receb is in the Whallon's room again. (The floors are thin and when I want to speak to Nadia I can call her by throwing a slipper against the ceiling of my room.) Receb was in there yesterday for an hour and a half, cleaning. The room fascinates him as there are so many books and interesting things around and Nadia's big purple quilt which rode with her from the Netherlands in the Landrover looks so gay with the orange rugs. However, Receb is helping the laundress hang the washing in the attic and the footsteps are heard through two floors. Bruce will have to duck under the laundry lines as he goes to his attic room. Once in it he has the most attractive room in the house, small but with a big balcony from which he can watch the ships go up and down the Bosphorus for miles.

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It is Friday and some of us will take off after dinner for an evening at the Dutch Chapel manse. This English-speaking Protestant group which holds Sunday services at the Netherlands' Chapel, welcomes a great mixture of people every Friday evening--Russian, Bulgarian, and Yugoslav refugees, as well as many Turkish and Jewish friends. We can't talk to many of them but it is a heartwarming evening.

Now to check off whether the week's assorted jobs have been attended to: the locksmith was found and brought to work on the front doors; the furnace man was finally corraled, shanghied, and persuaded to clean the furnace, and a good job he did of it; the gas man was prodded into coming to find out what made our kitchen stove explode a few days ago, scattering soot everywhere; the "geezers" in our two bathrooms were inspected, but their peculiar functioning is declared incurable. We are lucky to have hot running water, even if we can't always count on it, and once back in the field we will remember only the times the "geezers" worked. The copper pots which needed re-tinning have been finished in three days' time; three pairs of trousers whose seams need to be expanded are picked up finished in two days; the hopelessly worn flatties taken to the cobbler have been made to look like new; the leather handbag beautifully copied from a favorite worn-out bag is called for; the old jacket has been relined with material found in a little Bazaar shop, the thread to match having been painstakingly selected by a shopkeeper and his two assistants. What a joy it is for us to experience this kind of service.

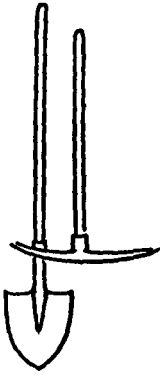
Each day has its surprises, each day its small crises, every day is wonderfully exciting. To top it all, we have the daily contacts with the Turkish people, unfailingly courteous, kind, and helpful in every way. No one here ever seems too busy to lead you to a shop you are trying to find, or to see that you are put in touch with the one person who can help you solve any problem you may have. We hope some of this courtesy from the heart rubs off on us.

Best wishes for the new year from all of us.

IRMA HUNTER

Mr. Delougey 2:

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Beirut, Lebanon
February 27, 1964

Dear Members and Friends:

Robert Adams has kindly provided the occasion and the opportunity for me to send greetings to you by this Newsletter. My greetings come once again from the Near East, where I have spent so many and such delightful days in years past. Only, this time I've gone 'farther out' than previously--down to the Persian Gulf in fact--and so perhaps you'd like to have me tell you how we fared down in that remote part of the world. The "we" in this instance includes two traveling companions, Mrs. Kraeling and Mrs. Theodore Tieken, both seasoned campaigners.

Familiar ground to oil men, the Persian Gulf is one of the under-explored areas of the ancient world so far as prospecting for the remains of ancient civilization is concerned. It matches in that particular the Red Sea and the adjacent parts of the east coast of Africa. Nobody thought much about either region until ancient history began to be studied in social and economic terms some thirty years ago. When that began it became evident that the Persian Gulf formed the trade route for the importation of tropical fruits, spices, wood and animals into the Mediterranean as the Red Sea and the east African coast provided the route for the importation of ivory, jungle animals and black slaves. Just how early these routes were developed commercially has long been a mystery. It is not known whether Hatshepsut's famous trip to Punt had commercial sequels and if so how long. But by the third century B.C. the Greek kings of Egypt (the Ptolemys) were establishing colonies along the Red Sea and down into Eritrea and that by the second half of the first century A.D. merchants from Palmyra left their camel caravans at the mouth of the Euphrates or Tigris and traveled by ship to what they called "Scythia" (i.e. India). The discovery of the periodicity of the monsoons in Roman times did a great deal to encourage trade in the Indian Ocean and throughout the middle ages. Arab sailors in their dhows carried on extensive traffic here, until the Portugese made their appearance.

A few years ago a Danish scholar, Professor Gløb of the University of Aarhus, obtained permission from the sheikhs of Kuwait, Bahrein and Qatar to explore the west coast of the Persian Gulf for ancient remains. Denmark not being suspect of imperialist or other ambitions, he was the more readily able to do this and brief preliminary reports of his finds have been appearing in a hard-to-get Danish annual called KUML. These were so important for my field of interest that a 'look-see' at the sites and finds was indicated, limited in this instance to the area of Kuwait.

Our stay at Kuwait was delightful. Kuwait is a welfare state created with income from the sale of crude oil and administered with a high degree of intelligence and long-term planning. What such a state can do in handling matters large and small with a minimum of fuss and feathers is truly remarkable, especially when seen against the background of the complications we encounter

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continually in other parts of the Near East. Having made myself known to the Director of Antiquities, Sayyid Tariq Rajab, whose second assistant Imran Abdè was an old acquaintance of mine from Jordan, and having told him what I had read and what I wanted to see, I was shown every courtesy and so showered with kindness as to be almost embarrassed.

Of course the local museum, its laboratories and its storage bins were exhibited in full detail and proved most interesting. Not the least impressive were large-scale models of the various kinds of dhows. At the museum 5x7 and 8x10 prints of objects exhibited were forthcoming in quantity without my having to ask for them. As I had inquired of the Director of Antiquities about exploring the northeast coast of Kuwait, he took me to the Assistant Minister of Education where the matter was settled in ten minutes. The next morning a land cruiser with driver, short-wave radio and box lunches for all was on hand punctually to take me where I wanted to go. We lost our way in the desert and came close to a tragic accident on the way back, but everything else worked to perfection. The next day we were taken by motor launch for a two-hour cruise to the island of Failaka, where overnight lodgings and excellent meals were provided and where we had a chance to inspect the Danish excavations of the preceding seasons. These were very interesting and reflected two different periods. Two mounds had revealed extensive remains of settlements of what the Danes called the "bronze age," but which probably deserve some more familiar designation in terms of Mesopotamian stratigraphy, perhaps Early Dynastic. One other mound revealed a carefully laid-out Greek fortress inside which was found a Greek temple to Artemis, with an inscription on a stele recording a deed of gift by the Seleucid (?) king consisting of funds for priests, sacrifices, athletic contests and prizes as well as of privileges of tax-exemption and long-term leasehold for those farming the temple property. The inscription is dated 73 Seleucid Era that is 239 B.C.

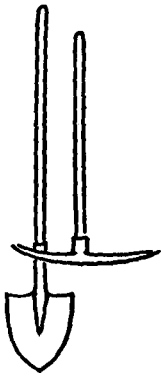
The stamp seals from the early sites, the coins, figurines, and architectural fragments from the Greek site are very important and seems to me to show in both cases a strong Iranian influence. In addition they show the existence of shipping and trade across and probably also along the Gulf at much earlier times than previously documented.

More details would be burdensome. Suffice it to say by way of summary that the importance of the Greek element in Mesopotamia is becoming much clearer at the present time, from discoveries along the Persian Gulf, in the Elamite area, at Babylon and very recently also at Hatra. It is shortly going to make an important picture and add significantly to our understanding of history. To me it has been most valuable to obtain on the spot a vivid impression of the evidence upon which the new insights of the future will rest.

With kindest greetings,

Cordially yours,

CARL H. KRAELING



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Istanbul, Turkey
March 8, 1964

Greetings:

February being a month of examinations and vacation in Istanbul University, we turned our junior staff loose for three weeks. What follows below is an account of the trip Cordelia and Peter Benedict took during their time off. Now our final month of teaching has commenced, and we have the paper work for official permission on the places we would like to excavate well under way. The University of Michigan and the natural sciences members of the team will begin to turn up in a week or so, so we'll soon be pulling up stakes again. Heavy snow in the southeast will have delayed our start. However, friends who write us letters for arrival here after ca. April 15th (air mail takes about a week) should presently shift from the Mumhane Sok., Arnavutköy address back to c/o Bay Mark Glazer, Galipdede cad. 37/2, Beyoglu, Istanbul.

Best of cheer,

BOB BRAIDWOOD

"Hoş Geldiniz" (You are welcome here). Peter and I were to hear this many times during our recent trip along Turkey's west and south coasts and overland to Konya. And each time we were able to reply with sincerity, "Hoş bulduk" (We find welcome here). During the three weeks we spent travelling in Turkey by boat, train, bus, and truck, we gained a deep appreciation for the beauty of this country and the hospitality of its people.

Our ship, the Turkish liner Giresun, left Istanbul on a snowy February 7 and spent the next week travelling along Turkey's Aegean and Mediterranean shoreline, stopping at some fourteen ports before reaching Iskanderun. Unfortunately we passed through the Dardanelles in the dark of our first night out, but the next morning dawned sunny and warm and we were soon in Izmir. In Izmir, a group of us from the boat hired a microbus to drive out to Ephesus during the afternoon. After stopping at the Basilica of St. John, we drove on to the old Hellenistic and Roman town of Ephesus. Excavations continue to be undertaken there and within the past year the marsh which covered the old Arcadian Way has been drained and the street is now very much a part of the visible site. Before returning to Izmir and the ship, we also visited briefly the Panaya Kapulu, where Mary, mother of Jesus, is believed by some to have lived her last years.

The following days were filled with good food, fresh air, sunny skies, and interesting excursions off the boat at various ports. For a boat trip we certainly received enough exercise. At Bodrum, the ancient Halicarnassus, we climbed around the Crusader castle of St. Peter and looked through the small but excellent archeological museum on the castle grounds. The next morning we tested

our mountain legs by climbing up to see the interesting rock-cut tombs at Fethiye, the former Telmessus. And the following day we walked around the site of Perga, near Antalya.

One week after leaving Istanbul we arrived in Iskenderun, where we had three free days until the boat was to return to Istanbul. It was also Valentine's Day and the end of Ramazan, the month of fasting--a heady combination! Packing our toothbrushes in Peter's camera case and leaving the rest of our luggage aboard the ship, we took a bus to Antakya (Antioch) for a two day visit. The museum in Antakya is well worth a visit for anyone travelling in the area. The mosaics for which the museum is famous are beautiful and their presentation excellent. We also saw archeological materials from Orinst's Syrian Expedition in the museum, although I must confess we looked in vain for materials from Tel Judaidah until we realized that quite logically it is written Tel Cudeyde in Turkish spelling. We spent the night in a hotel in Antakya and the next morning climbed the hills overlooking the city. At noontime we bought bread, cheese, and oranges and took them to the park to eat our lunch. Because this was the first day of the Bayram holiday, the park was filled with happy children, and we attracted a group of six little girls while we ate our lunch. When we finally got up to leave, our young friends followed. Then an amazing thing happened. We began to collect children. Peter, who by this time refused to be recognized with me and was walking ahead, estimated the crowd of children following me to be close to 100. Only the fact that we were approaching the front gate where the children would have to pay another fee to reenter the park kept us from draining the Antakya park of children that sunny afternoon. We said goodbye to our six little girls and returned to Iskenderun to see more of the Bayram festivities.

In Iskenderun, stores and shops were closed for Bayram, but in their stead villagers had come to the city for the holiday. Therefore Peter and I had a very enjoyable time sitting by the water's edge and watching the brightly dressed villagers who also were sitting by the water's edge and most likely watching us.

Our boat trip back to Alanya was enjoyable and we were sad to leave the comfort and good food we had experienced on the ship. At times it pays to be a student. Thanks to our Foreign Student Reduction cards, giving us a 50 percent discount, the entire boat trip with first class accommodations cost us the grand total of \$43.00 for the ten days we were aboard the Giresun. However, at this point we did not know of the delightful experiences still in store for us. Our debarkation in Alanya began the overland part of our journey, which was to bring us into even closer contact with the Turkish people than had our shipboard days.

We had not been in Alanya for over an hour when we had made a fast friend of a young high school student, Mehmet, with whom we spent a lovely afternoon climbing around the ruins of the Seljuk fortress perched high above Alanya on a rocky promontory. We had planned to spend several days in Alanya before going on to Antalya, but the weather turned cold and wet enough the next morning to make us decide to leave that afternoon instead. Upon arriving at the bus station, we were obviously the only foreigners there, and as such subject to great attention. Wouldn't we please come inside to wait, and wouldn't we care for a glass of tea. Two hours, two glasses of tea, and much conversation later, our bus was ready to leave. Then the horrible mistake was realized - the seats which had been sold to us on the bus had been sold twice over. The other occupants had prior claim to the seats, but the bus driver insisted they give up the seats to us and sit on chairs in the aisle. No amount of pleading that we did not mind the aisle took effect. So, feeling somewhat like thieves, we settled uncomfortably into the coveted seats and began the lovely ride along the coast to Antalya. But not for

long. About six kilometers out of town the bus broke down. Turkish bus drivers are amazingly good at fixing buses, so we had faith that in good time we would be on our way again, and in the meantime we talked with the other passengers. At first, only Peter was successful at conversation, the men being more apt to speak to him. The women were more reticent, although no less curious about me, and after a while we women began to speak also. We had a delightful conversation, full of pantomime and pauses while I looked up words in my dictionary, but after a couple of hours it was obvious that the bus would be going no farther toward Antalya that night. The shaft and universal joint had broken - a predicament to tax even the most resourceful of bus drivers.

It was at this point that Şükrü came along in his truck. Earlier in the afternoon at the bus station we had met Şükrü and joined him in a glass of tea. Of Negroid ancestry, he lives not far from the town of Manavgat in the village of Sarılar, where there is an isolate of people of Sudanese descent. He saw the predicament of the bus and stopped his truck. Wouldn't Peter and I please accept a ride with him? The two of us climbed unceremoniously into the rear of the truck, which we shared with nine men, a crate of oranges, and a goat and her kid. After bouncing along for about ten minutes, Peter leaned over and confessed to me "I have no idea where we're going." But the evening was lovely, the baby kid asleep in my lap, and we would end up somewhere. At Manavgat the last of the other riders left the truck and Peter and I began watching out for hotels for the night. But this was soon dispelled when Şükrü announced "Tonight you will sleep in my village."

And a rare treat it was. Never before had we had the opportunity to sleep in a villager's home. At dinner we took our cues from Şükrü, who sat with us on the floor before a tray containing the various foods. When he folded up a piece of thin yufka bread and used it to scoop up beans or fried eggs from the communal dishes, we did the same. Soon we were on our own and eating with great relish. When dinner was finished, village men who were in the room began to adjust the radio. Within a few minutes we were listening to the 8 p.m. BBC news broadcast, found on the band solely for us as none of the others in the room understood English. After having tea, greeting two of Şükrü's five children, and viewing Şükrü's album of photographs and calling cards, arrangements were made for sleeping. More wood was added to the stove, the kerosene lamp placed on the floor for us, the household's best satin quilts put on the bed, and Şükrü and the other village men bade us goodnight.

The next morning, after a walk around the village, Şükrü drove us in to Manavgat to get transportation on toward Antalya. We spent part of the day visiting Side, on the way to Antalya, where some of our colleagues from Istanbul University have participated in the excavations of the Greek and Roman site.

We found Antalya to be a delightful town and we were only sorry that cold February rains hampered us from visiting the many archeological sites nearby. While waiting at a local bus stop that first day, we met Ordu, a high school student, who became a good friend and devoted the next two days to showing us around the town, rain or no rain. Sunday morning Ordu was at the bus depot to see us off to Konya, and we were on the next lap of our trip.

The bus trip from Antalya to Konya took us through the lovely Taurus mountains and up onto the great Anatolian plateau. Throughout most of the twelve hour bus ride a boy, hired specifically for the job, played phonograph records of Turkish music over a loud speaker for everyone's listening pleasure. The bus arrived in Konya around 9 that evening - and we discovered another friend. A

captain in the Turkish army who had ridden on the bus with us took it upon himself to find us proper hotel accommodations. The following morning the captain called upon us at the hotel. His bus for Ankara, where he lives, did not leave until noon and he thought perhaps he could show us the Mevlana museum. We spent a couple of hours at the Mevlana Museum, home of the Whirling Dervish order and one of the outstanding points of interest in Konya and would like to return to Konya in December when the dances of the Dervish Order are presented for a ten-day period.

Besides the usual sightseeing which all visitors to Konya must do, we spent many delightful hours poking around in rug shops for kilims (woven rugs) and cuvals (embroidered storage bags). We were interested in a particular cuval and revisited that shop. The portable ember fire was drawn closer to our chairs and tea ordered for us. One of the men in the store had been reading a Turkish newspaper and now pointed out an article to us about the new U.S. 50¢ piece to be minted with the late President Kennedy's likeness. And, as is usual in all American currency, the words "In God we trust" appeared on the coin. The Turkish newspaper article emphasized this last feature, mentioning that Allah'a güveniyoruz (In God we trust) was to appear on the coin also. These words appear on all American currency, I said, and pulled out an American dollar bill I had with me. There it was, written boldly across the bill: In God we trust. The men shook their heads slowly. America certainly is a fine country. A pencil and paper were found and the English words laboriously copied down. Some men came into the shop at that point, and the entire tale of how in America the name of Allah appears on all money had to be retold. By this time the buying of the cuval had become secondary, but while the newcomers discussed this remarkable thing, we quietly completed the transaction with one of the men.

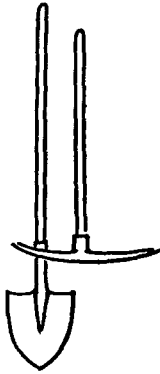
Our trip was now drawing to a close. Regretfully we made our return train reservations, and on Thursday, February 27 we boarded a diesel train for Istanbul. Twelve hours later the train pulled into Istanbul and two weary, but happy, travellers made the final lap of their trip: the ferry across the Bosphorus and a bus out to our home in Arnavutköy.

Hoş geldiniz. Hoş bulduk.

Cordelia Benedict

Mr. DeLong
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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Ergani, Turkey
May 25, 1964
(Lost letter)

Greetings:

My own last letter came to you at the end of the Joint Prehistoric Project's last autumn's survey phase--Irma Hunter and Cordelia Benedict have filled in on some of our activities since then. My lectures at Istanbul University were finished by the end of March, following which I made a short trip to Holland for a conference on the spread of agriculture into Atlantic Europe, and returned to help wind up our affairs in Istanbul and get us packed for the field. We arrived here May 1st, began to dig on May 11th. The two digs now go very well, indeed.

These are the bare facts. The details, delays and exasperations make a longer story than I can possibly write now, but here are a few highlights.

Teaching at Istanbul was a very worthwhile experience. The students ran through the usual spectrum--good, indifferent, a few who were actually dull--but on the whole I think they appreciated me as I did them. Mark Glazer, one of Prof. Halet Çambel's assistants, interpreted remarkably well for me, too. A final observation would be that faculty meetings in Istanbul are just as tiresome as they are in any American university. As an earlier American visitor said, Turkish professors are just as long winded as American professors, only they are more eloquent.

Before I'd completed my lectures, Prof. Art Jelinek of the University of Michigan--our field superintendent--and his three graduate students arrived. As soon as they were settled, they began some surface survey runs on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus--found several paleolithic and early village sites, too. Bruce Howe, the associate director, flew down to Baghdad to restudy some of our old Iraqi materials and to represent the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research, whose annual professorship he holds. The first of the natural sciences team began to arrive, and to make contact with their own Turkish colleagues and get their work underway.

By early February, we had reached our decisions on the most promising sites for excavation, and permits were applied for. Here the first delay began. It was evidently decided at some high official level that all our security clearances for travel into these restricted provinces should be reviewed. This reviewing took an interminable time, and Halet Hanam (co-director Prof. Halet Çambel) had to make several new determined assaults on Ankara. In part, government officials were preoccupied with a new land reform law, in part there was doubtless some bureaucratic procrastination, but I'm also inclined to believe that some of the heel dragging was linked to the whole Cyprus affair, and the general feeling here that the U.S. policy in the matter is a spineless one. But Halet Hanam bulldozed

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the thing through, finally (we'd never have gotten to first base, from the beginning, without her, bless her!) and by the end of the third week in April we knew we were cleared. Some of us remained packing, a few of us left earlier for official calls in Ankara and to proceed here to Ergani.

To save time over box-car shipment of our gear by railroad, we hired a truck to make the journey in three days--to arrive here on the morning of Friday, May 1st. That truck took ten days, and all our camping and working gear was aboard it. Halet Hanam organized the search on this one too, a country wide police radio call went out, etc., but we did not really lose valuable time. I did not really understand the words of the dressing down the trucker got from Halet when he finally did turn up, but I sure understood and applauded the spirit of it. The delay lost us more valuable digging time, however, and this is critical since most of the staff have other commitments by mid-July so we'll have to close the digging and pack off from Ergani the last week of June.

That we were not more seriously inconvenienced is due to the hospitality of the Dicle Öğretmen Okulu, a provincial normal college at one end of whose small campus we have been given a large four room house. We spill out into a green pasture beyond it in fifteen magnificent U.S. surplus tents which Halet was able to borrow from the Red Crescent (i.e. Red Cross!) society. The site lies in view, about two miles away, across the fields to the west, in one of the most pleasant green mountain-rimmed valleys I've ever known. The site is a low mound called Kote-ber-çam "the mound on the other side of the river."

Once things finally got under way here, Bruce and his smaller crew left for our second site, some 120 miles west of here, at Bozova near Urfa. Linda and I spent overnight with them last Wednesday. They are also well set up in a small unused tea house and with three more of the Red Crescent tents, beside a small pond in handsome green rolling hill country.

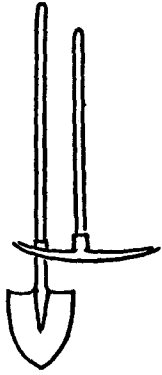
In both Kote-ber-çam and Bruce's Bozova mound, we're not yet at the point of knowing quite what we have. So few early village sites have yet been dug in southwestern Asia that what may have been "standard" for any major environmental province is not yet known--moreover, we're in a still unknown province. I can't speak for Bruce's site since much can have happened since we last saw it, but for Kote-ber-çam, we already know enough to guarantee it will be just as exciting as Jarmo was, but also different. In fact, I write now at that titillating phase in any new excavation when one does not yet know exactly what he's got, but has enough clues to assure him that he did not make a bad guess for surface indications.

Barbara Lawrence (Harvard, zoology), Jack Harlan, (Oklahoma State, agronomy) and Marvin Mikesell (Chicago, geography) are all here at work; Herb Wright (Minnesota, geology) and Willem van Zeist (Groningen, palynology) are expected momentarily. The region certainly has the wild grains, animals and climate we anticipated and the collections grow daily.

I shall have more to tell you in a month from now, as the digging phase of the season is drawing to a close. We all thrive, our spirits are high and also beyed up for the moment when the pieces of the Kote-ber-çam puzzle begin to fall into comprehensible places. The black week of the lost truck is now almost forgotten. During that week, incidentally, I had word of my election to an American and a German honorary society and of a nice grant to the expedition by the Wenner-Gren Foundation. None of this news lifted my low spirits in the least until that damned truck turned up, but thanks to people who wrote me in the matter.

More in late June. Best of cheer,

BOB BRAIDWOOD



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Ergani, Diyarbakir Vilayet, Turkey
June 22, 1964

Greetings:

Three days ago we ended digging for this season on the Ergani site (we'd first called it Kote-ber-çem but have now decided on Çayönü Tepesi). Bruce finished his two sites near Bozova (Biris Mezarlığı and Söğüt Tarlası) two days earlier. Now we're at the final sorting and packing stage, a rented road grader is refilling Çayönü, and we should leave here on Thursday, the 25th. Hence this will be my last letter from the field, and--if all goes well--we'll reach Chicago in mid-August on our much loved TOPDALSFJORD.

Bruce will be reporting directly to the American Schools of Oriental Research, which supported his work, on the Biris and Söğüt sites. In brief, he evidently has some new variety of blade-tool industry, including microblades, of a very late phase of the intensified food-collecting era. A guess-date for this, until we can have radiocarbon age determinations done, would be about 12,000 years ago. At Söğüt, this late blade-tool horizon was overlaid by terminal materials of the Uruk phase of ca. 3000 B.C.

In my last letter to you*, I said that Çayönü (Kote-ber-çem) had us puzzled. We are still somewhat puzzled, but very pleased. In the first place, it has--basically--an early village-farming community type of inventory. There was some crude pottery in our side-cut through the talus of the river slope, but our main operation on the crest of the mound yielded no pottery below the superficial zone of modern plowing. The flint and obsidian industry, the coarser and finer ground stone objects, and a few clay figurines are of the same general type as those of Jarmo (or other comparably early village materials), although the Çayönü inventory has a definite complexion of its own.

Excavations of the last decade or two have shown us that early village-farming community sites may exhibit an exuberance in one or another category of their inventories. At Çayönü, this exuberance is expressed by the site's architecture. Several of the buildings we exposed are surprisingly imposing affairs. One building has a broad paving of smoothed flagstones above which thick stone wall bases rise to a yard or more above the paving. At one corner these walls are provided with a low kind of base-board of upright stones. Spaced on the long central axis of the paved room are the butts of two large once upright stone slabs or "megaliths," and at least one (still more-or-less intact) "megalith" stood against a corner facing out along the long axis of the room. The "megaliths" spaced on the long axis have buttresses facing them in the stone wall which flanks them. Since this building lay on the river slope below the talus in our side-cut,

*Editor's note: Bob's "last letter" never arrived in Chicago, which is not surprising in view of the very remote area from which it had to be mailed. We have asked him for a copy and will send it out to you when it arrives.

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It has suffered somewhat due to erosion and we may never be able to recover its full plan.

Our larger upper exposure (a ca. 35 by 50 foot rectangle, taken down to more than three yards depth in some places) yielded the partial plans of several other large buildings on several of the six (plus) floor levels we encountered--not have we yet reached virgin soil. One building, at the 4th level, was also provided with two upright "megaliths." It is clear that we shall have to expose much broader areas in this part of the mound to get the whole plans of these buildings.

We shall not take the conventional easy way out and call these buildings "temples" or "shrines." We still know far too little of the site to do this. What impresses us is that all of the portions of buildings we exposed appear to have been very substantial affairs, but we cannot conceive of villages made up entirely of "shrines."

There is a second remarkable thing about the Çayönü yield. From the surface downward--in the main and pottery-less exposure on the mound crest--we encountered bits of the bright green mineral, malachite. Once we had dug past the 4th level, we began to encounter proper artifacts of malachite; beads and an un-bored but carefully worked ellipsoid. Next came one end of a small rounded-square sectioned drill or reamer of native copper, obviously dressed into shape by abrasion. Finally came three bits of "wire pins" abraded on at least one end to a point, and in one case double-ended but sharply bent. Opinion differs as to whether these "pins" are of completely oxidized copper or of oxidized natural rods of malachite--obviously the delicate analyses which this material calls for cannot be undertaken by us or in the field.

For the moment, exact analysis does not matter. Malachite is a copper mineral which occurs along with copper ores and native free copper. All of these occur in the great Maden lode which lies only 12 miles upslope in the Tauros to the north of us. To the best of our knowledge, this Çayönü material is the earliest available evidence of a persisting fascination--on the part of ancient man--with the complex of minerals which appear in a copper lode.

The Çayönü people were at least fashioning tools by abrasion from two of these minerals--malachite and free copper. If metallurgy is properly taken to imply the pyrotechnical skills involved in smelting and casting, this Çayönü material is not evidence of metallurgy. What we would insist, however, is that Çayönü shows us--on the doorstep of a magnificent source of raw materials--a moment where man might first have begun to "feel" the properties of metal as metal, rather than as stone. Reflecting on this from the full daylight of our metal age, those first faint streaks of dawn are an exciting thing to think about.

I may also tell you that we did not expect to find these hints in quite so early an archeological context. Çayönü has yielded us generous amounts of charcoal for radiocarbon age determination; our tentative guess date for the site is that it flourished about 9000 years ago.

I also need a few words about the work of the natural sciences team. Jack Harlan, the agronomist (Oklahoma State) was highly pleased with the variety and the flourishing condition of the wild cereals hereabouts. He made large collections and also experimented at reaping with flint blades as sickles, with roasting wild wheat to "pop" the glumes or shucks, and with various other means of threshing. Barbara Lawrence, the zoologist (Harvard) managed to get skeletons of most

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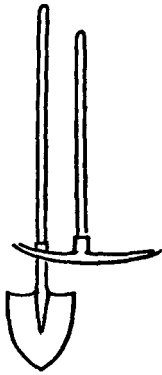
of the still extant wild animals of the region, also the skeletons of a pair each of domesticated sheep and goats--nicely "mature" as Barbara wanted, but hence tough eating. Çayönü itself yielded bones in considerable quantity. Marvin Mikesell, the geographer (Chicago) made a number of journeys back and forth over the slopes of the "hilly flanks" country, with an eye open especially for what has happened to the natural vegetation cover. Unfortunately illness prevented Fraser Darling, general ecologist (The Conservation Foundation) from joining us. Nevertheless, our National Science Foundation grant allowed us to bring out here both Herb Wright, geologist (Minnesota) and Willem Van Zeist, palynologist (Groningen) to continue their pollen boring work of last spring in Iran. Hence a pollen diagram--climatic change sequence is in process for the first time for this region of southwestern Asia. Both Jack Harlan and Barbara Lawrence had assistants assigned to them on the N.S.F. grant, Bob Stewart, general biology (Parsons College) and Jesse Robertson, zoologist (Florida) respectively, but--through some imponderable boggle in getting their security permissions through--Jesse got down to join us only in the last two days of digging and poor Bob had to return for summer teaching before the permission reached us. They kept themselves very busy up in the next province to the north of us (where security permissions are not needed), and we shipped up materials for them to work on, but it was in no way as good as if they had been at hand. On the whole, however, the naturalists made a very considerable step forward in understanding the details of the present environment and in setting a basis for understanding the past environment.

Well, so much for a very fruitful field year. It will be wonderful to get home again, but leaving the many good friends we've made in Turkey has already begun and this is a melancholy business. If we'd done nothing more than prove that--with good will on both sides, and an absolutely marvelous co-director, colleague and good friend like Halet Hanim--a full-blooded venture in international scholarly cooperation can work, I'd have been satisfied. As matters stand, I'm doubly satisfied and anxious for the next time.

Best of cheer,

BOB BRAIDWOOD

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Oholo on the Sea of Galilee
August 29, 1964

Dear Friends and Colleagues:

When we set out on our way to Israel to resume excavations at Khirbat al-Kerak (Beth Yerah) on behalf of the Oriental Institute, we were firmly resolved to contribute our full share of newsletters in the best tradition of Oriental Institute field expeditions, but here we are with the season drawing to a close and our first report to you yet to be written. The reasons are that we have been very busy and also somewhat affected by the knowledge that Chicago is rather quiet at this time of the year and that many of you are probably away on holiday. The nearest we have come to a holiday were the first four days of July when we stopped over in Paris in order to participate in the XIIIth "Recontre assyriologique internationale." But even those days were rather hectic. The Recontre, as its name indicates, was originally planned as an Assyriological, that is chiefly philological, meeting. However, this year archaeology took over the stage to a great extent with many first-hand, exciting reports on recent excavations in various parts of the Near East. Our own report on the 1963 excavations at Chogha Mish was received with great interest and was followed by animated questions and discussion. The meetings were so interesting that we hardly missed any, but we did manage to revisit several museums, where thanks to our friendly colleagues, we had access not only to the public exhibits, but also to the storage magazines that were of special interest to us.

After Paris we spent a few days in Jerusalem making the necessary arrangements before settling down here at Oholo for the season. Oholo could be an ideal place for a holiday. The landscape here is one of the most beautiful imaginable and inspired with many historical and religious associations. We are living in relatively civilized surroundings, among the trees, grass, and flowers of this cultural center built on the tell. There are, however, a few things which distinguish our stay here from a holiday. First is the time of the year-- at the height of the summer the Jordan Valley, some 700 feet below sea level, is not a place one would normally choose for a rest. Secondly, our working schedule does not allow much relaxation. The two of us are getting up somewhere around four o'clock in the morning to meet the workmen, who arrive punctually at 4:30 to begin their day's work, which lasts until 12:30 with half an hour's break for breakfast. After the workmen's departure we have lunch, followed in principle by a rest period; in practice this is often prevented for both of us, since the early afternoon has turned out to be the time most convenient for local neighbors to call on us and also the time when archaeologists from the cities in the south (Jerusalem, Tel Aviv) frequently reach Galilee. Around 4:30 work (mostly indoor classifying and recording) resumes and lasts as late into the evening as individuals can manage, with about an hour's interruption for supper at 6:30. So not much leisure is left to write letters or to admire the extraordinarily beautiful surroundings. In fact, while we arranged for several weekend archaeological and

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sight-seeing excursions for our two University of Chicago student staff members (Miss J. Bartels and Mr. R. Dornemann) and while most Israeli staff members go home for the weekends, we feel that a seven-day work week is far too short. Our local staff this year consists of a varying number of students and the two part-time archaeologists, members of Jordan Valley kibbutzim, who already worked with us last year.

Our general aim in digging at Khirbat al-Karak, as mentioned in the "Oriental Institute Report 1963/64," is to establish the detailed stratification of the early periods and the varying character and extent of the settlement. Khirbat al-Karak, one of the largest sites in the Near East and located in a strategic spot, is of great importance for understanding the rise of urban centers. The great area of the site and the fact that it is now largely covered with modern buildings and vineyards preclude the possibility of contiguous large scale excavations over the entire site. We are continuing the more economical method of past seasons, that is placing sounding trenches at strategic topographic points on the site. To our previous trenches we have now added seven more. In addition, we are excavating a number of smaller "stations" along the western edge of the highway which bisects the tell and which is to be widened soon by the Department of Public Works. We are obtaining many complete stratigraphic sections of the tell and the material to answer many of the questions which we posed some years ago.

American Schools of Classical Studies
Athens September 28, 1964

As you see, we never had a chance to finish this newsletter at Khirbat al-Karak since as work developed, the pressure grew progressively. When digging there are no particular difficulties if one has either a set goal of work without a strict time-limit or a time-limit without any specific goal to be reached by the end of the season. The trouble arises when one has to meet a deadline and at the same time tries to bring the excavations to a point where certain decisive information has been obtained. This was the case with us, since we have been planning to reach Chicago for the beginning of the Autumn Quarter and, on the other hand, felt it necessary to reach virgin soil in as many of the areas under investigation as possible. By continuing digging until almost the very last moment and working not only seven days a week but also through the nights, on the sorting, recording, and packing of the finds, we were able to bring the excavations to an appropriate conclusion, having reached virgin soil in all but one area.

Our 1963 results already hinted at the existence of a large settlement in Early Bronze I, a time contemporary with the later predynastic periods of Egypt and the earliest civilization of Mesopotamia. This summer's results strikingly support our previous impression. Again, wherever we have dug on the tell we found Early Bronze I remains. This season we are wealthy in wares that were very sparse last year and we expect to be able to reconstruct the detailed development of the ceramics, our most useful cultural yardstick. Early Bronze II deposits, which show clear links with Egypt and Syria, are widespread and often represented by a number of building levels. On the other hand, the scarcity of Early Bronze III remains, from a period characterized by the famous black-red Khirbat Kerak pottery derived from Transcaucasia and eastern Turkey, is even more striking than last year. In other words, we have at the beginning a settlement of amazing size, so that we may consider it one of the earliest "urban conglomerations" of the ancient Near East. Apparently this settlement continued in undiminished importance in the following period. In contrast, the occupation of Early Bronze III was confined to much smaller areas and one may speculate that the decay of the city was related to the arrival of invaders from the northeast.

Luck was with us in the placement of our trenches. Frequently features of great interest occurred right in the middle of them. In Trench G, for instance, we located a pit dug through the coarse lake sand and virgin clay--a pit containing some types of pottery which antedate Early Bronze I, and such as have never yet been reported from Khirbat al-Kerak. This pottery is earlier than the grey-burnished or Esdraelon ware, which used to be called Late Chalcolithic. The relatively small square trench L at the edge of the lake neatly enclosed at the bottom a complete round structure built of stone, which had inside very interesting and reconstructible vessels of Early Bronze I. In another trench near the lake we found a long series of superimposed Early Bronze buildings, the lowest of which had contained plastered floors painted bright red and dotted with small plastered holes, whose purpose is as yet inexplicable. Large flat stones in rather regular alignment and a stone door socket of huge proportions seem to bear witness to monumental architecture of the Early Bronze period in this area. In the middle of yet another trench, J, we came upon the limits of a large pit dug in Hellenistic times down through the far more ancient Early Bronze accumulations into virgin soil. Incidentally, the large amount of Persian-Hellenistic pottery recovered in this and three other trenches aroused great enthusiasm among some of our Israeli colleagues, for it may elucidate important problems concerning those periods.

The vintage season prevented us from digging in that section of Khirbat al-Kerak covered with vineyards, so that there still remain some areas to be investigated before our program is completed and we can fit the final segments into our reconstruction of the development of the successive settlements at this pivotal site. The huge amount of material produced by Khirbat al-Kerak kept us so busy with classification and recording that we thought it unwise to split our forces and undertake the trial trenches at Kadesh Naphtali on the northern frontier of Israel as originally planned. However, we were able to continue the work begun last summer in the Nakhl Tavor (Wadi Bira) about 15 km. southwest of Khirbat al-Kerak. This hill site is an outcropping of soft white rock honeycombed with shallow tombs, which are being damaged both by the elements and local enthusiasts. To the tomb dug in 1963 we added five more this summer. As at Khirbat al-Kerak, our choices were lucky; except for one tomb of the Late Bronze period which we felt duty-bound to clear since it had been disturbed recently, the others were Early Bronze I, exactly that phase of major importance to us at Khirbat al-Kerak. Hence the Nakhl Tavor material contributes to our reconstruction of the cultural evidence from Khirbat al-Kerak and its excellent series of smaller vessels complements the predominantly sherd material from our main site.

That we were not detained in Israel for the formalities which usually follow the conclusion of excavations is due in the first place to the sympathetic understanding and the courtesy of the Director of Antiquities of Israel, Dr. A. Biran, and his staff, who allowed us to export our pertinent finds on loan for study and publication, postponing the actual division until a later date, and also to the unremitting devotion of some of our Israeli colleagues, especially Messrs. Magen Broshi and Jacov Luzi, who after our departure completed the packing and took care of the shipment of the materials. Without such cooperation from the Department of Antiquities and such aid from our working associates, our two-month season at Khirbat al-Kerak and at Nakhl Tavor could not have been as successful as it was.

Our stopover here in Athens is a very brief one. We are consulting our colleagues at the American School of Classical Studies on various aspects of our Hellenistic finds. It is very valuable to have this opportunity to exchange information and views with them. With this stop, we are well on our way home and anticipate returning to Chicago in a few days.

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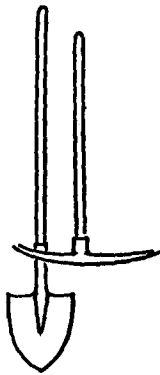
P.S. in Chicago
October 14, 1964

After completing this report to you, we received news from Mr. Broshi that twenty-one cases containing our selection of the summer's finds were loaded on the S.S. Yehuda, which was to sail from Haifa directly to Chicago on October 9th. Thus, we hope to be able to show you fairly soon some of the tangible results of our work.

P. P. Delougaz
Helene J. Kantor

Ms. Delany

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archeological newsletter

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Boghazköy
October 15, 1964

Dear Friends:

The 1964 excavation at Boghazköy, the capital of the Hittites, is nearing its end. As you will recall this is an old project with which I have been connected, in one way or another, for many years. The original plan for this season was that Professor Kurt Bittel, the President of the German Archaeological Institute and for many years director of the Boghazköy Expedition, wanted to conduct his own campaign and invited me to join him. Unfortunately Professor Bittel was prevented by sickness from carrying this plan out; but since my trip had been planned, and since the Oriental Institute had set aside a sum as its share in the excavation, I came out to Turkey despite the change. The expedition, which started about August 1st, is headed by the architect, Mr. Peter Neve, as field Director; as archaeologists there are Dr. Winfried Orthmann of the German Institute at Istanbul and Dr. Ruth Opificius of the University of Münster, aided by a technician, a photographer, and two draftsmen. As in former years my colleague, Professor Heinrich Otten of Marburg, and I share the philological work, splitting our time between the Ankara museum and the excavation. For the first month Prof. Otten worked at Boghazköy while I stayed in Ankara; on September 2 we exchanged places, so that I have been in charge of the newly excavated tablets since then.

Activities this year are concentrated on Büyük Kale (The Great Fortress), the royal acropolis. The goal is to "finish" this outstanding part of the city, on which work went on ever since 1931! To "finish" it means mainly three things:

1. to complete the plan of the Empire Period (13th century B.C.) acropolis, especially in its south-western part including the access way;
2. to probe beneath the Empire buildings in order to complete the stratigraphy of the earlier periods;
3. to restore the acropolis to a state in which the Empire buildings are preserved and clearly visible.

Although time is running short now it seems as if these goals would be reached--the first two at least. The plan of the imperial acropolis is really complete now. The deep soundings yielded well preserved houses of the Assyrian Colony Age and several building levels beneath them. And the restoration of Empire buildings together with the filling in of the deep pits and the leveling of dump heaps is in rapid progress. It will require some additional weeks of simple earth work after the official close of the excavation or, if this is not feasible, some tidying-up next year. The present (mid-October) picture of Büyük Kale, with deep pits next to high reconstructed rooms filled with the dump from

-2-

these pits, is perhaps somewhat perplexing for the uninitiated, but in reality bears witness to excellent planning by our field director.

Tablets were mainly found this year in the upper part of Büyük Kale (east of Building D) and contained a high percentage (about 70 out of 300) of fragmentary letters. All are broken, so that it looks like letters destroyed and dumped at one time. But even in their deplorable state these letter fragments are valuable, because it is the first time that they have been found in such numbers and they give us some glimpses of the routine of Hittite administration.

During this time the following excursions were made:

In early September the entire staff visited Professor Tahsin Özgüç at Kültepe.

I visited Miss Theresa Goell at Samsat, the ancient Samosata in Commagene, where she was conducting a test excavation on the mound. Thanks to her hospitality I got a good impression of this tremendously large and very important site on the Euphrates and its surroundings.

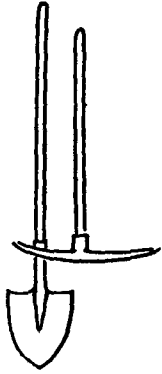
Together with Dr. Orthmann I visited the region on the lower Kizilirmak that I had only seen across the river in 1961 with Pierre Delougaz and Jim Knudstad. This was a beautiful trip, but the result was that the site I was hoping for is not at the place where I looked for it--a negative result, that is.

I am returning to Ankara today for more work on the tablets in the museum, but I hope to return here once more before the close of the field work. Hope to see you back home some time in November.

Greetings to all,

HANS G. GÜTERBOCK

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Chicago House, Luxor, U.A.R.
25 February 1965

Dear Friends:

The 1964-65 season of the Epigraphic Survey opened on October 15th, marking the 40th anniversary of its founding. Almost simultaneously there was published *Medinet Habu VII*, completing the recording of the scenes and inscriptions from the Mortuary Temple of Ramses III. This volume, as the previous ones, is the product of the cooperative effort of Egyptologists and artists, a team led for 15 years by George R. Hughes. He and Maurine Hughes, who bore the burden of running the household, gave inspiration and direction to the members of the staff. Their absence leaves us deeply appreciative of the thought and care which both gave to the scholastic work and to the comfort and well being of the members of the expedition.

The Director of the Oriental Institute recently has pointed out that the efforts of many of our scholars are being turned to the unpublished cuneiform tablets filed away in museums throughout the world. Papyri from ancient Egypt, because of their fragility, have not been preserved in such great numbers, though many are still unknown and unpublished. However, the great repositories of documents revealing ancient Egyptian culture and history are the temples and tombs in Egypt itself. Because most of these stand open it is generally assumed that they are well known. The contrary is true, and it is for this reason that the Epigraphic Survey continues its program in Luxor.

We are now copying two unique ancient monuments in Thebes which have been mentioned often in previous newsletters and in the Oriental Institute Reports, the High Gate at Medinet Habu and the tomb chapel of the Steward of Queen Tiy, Kheruef.

The eastern High Gate is the only remaining one of the two which gave access to the compound, surrounded by a 60 foot high adobe temenos wall, in which stood the Mortuary Temple and other buildings. Patterned after the *migdols* of Syria, it served both as a fortification and as a pleasure pavilion for the king. On the outer walls Ramses appears in all his majesty, a monarch victorious over all his foes and a priest-god serving the ancient gods of Egypt. On the fronts of the two towers the king, a figure 25 feet high executed in the boldest bas-relief in pharaonic Egypt, performs the traditional ceremony of smiting his enemies in the presence of Amon. Below each scene are the bound chiefs of the peoples who warred on Egypt, on the south the Libyans and negroes, and on the north bedouin and sea peoples of the eastern Mediterranean whom Ramses defeated in the first pictured naval battle.

On the walls of the passageway leading to the doorway Ramses offers to the chief gods of Egypt and makes further presentation of the enemies he has captured. In one great ikon there is "Ptah who hears prayers," a figure worshiped by the common people, who could come this far into the sacred precinct. Once the hair of the head and beard were inlaid with blue glazed tiles and the posts of the shrine were covered with gold sheets.

Such scenes can be paralleled elsewhere, but there are no duplicates for the pictures on the walls of the rooms high up in the towers and over the doorways.

-2-

Here Ramses appears very human as he is attended by the scantily clad girls of the harem. Some play draughts with him; others feed him sweetmeats while he chucks them under the chin or puts his arm around their shoulders.

The central parts of this structure have long had great cracks and there is danger of its complete collapse. Whatever repair may be possible will cover or damage some of the reliefs, and the published record of the scenes will make available documents mostly unknown and perhaps soon to be lost.

One of the exquisite reliefs in the tomb chapel of Kheruef is known to the members of the Oriental Institute from the cover of a recent Report. The artistic merit of this chapel justifies its careful publication. The chief subjects of the reliefs and inscriptions are incidents in the celebrations of the first and third jubilees of Amenhotep III in his 30th and 37th years. In the early years of this century Professor James Henry Breasted, the 100th anniversary of whose birth is this year, studied the reliefs in the temple at Soleb, in Nubia, showing the opening ceremonies of the first jubilee. Events of the last days of the festival, in which Kheruef took a leading part, are shown on the south side of the portico.

Following the panel with the graceful figures of the daughters of grandees bringing libations to Amenhotep III there is a long series of dancers, musicians, and other performers in the ceremony, the movement of the actors an outstanding achievement of Egyptian art. The section of the wall above these scenes has been badly damaged by ancient defacement and by the exudation of salt from the stone. The recovery of the content of these scenes is one of the most difficult epigraphic problems the expedition has faced and is also one of the most important.

In the celebration of the king's jubilee the Egyptian people recalled a time in the dim past, it is believed, the length of reign was limited to 30 years. In the damaged scenes in Kheruef's tomb chapel the king rides in the bark of the night sun as it passes through the underworld, a symbolic dying in the evening and rebirth with the dawn. Through this regeneration the king's reign was extended and his authority renewed.

Kheruef became involved in the Amarna controversy and it would seem that the patronage of Queen Tiy did not allow him to escape disgrace. He was never buried in his unfinished tomb and his enemies removed his figure in all but one place in the tomb chapel. The Amarna zealots erased the name of Amon and other inscriptions in several places, and for reasons not yet understood several hymns to the sun were destroyed. In the reaction against the Amarna revolution the figures of Amenhotep IV (not yet called Akhenaton when this chapel was decorated) in the entry to the court were hacked out. Much of the erased text can be recovered, but only through careful study.

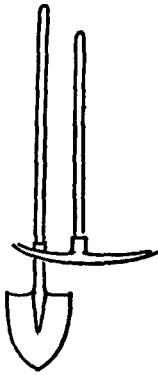
The tomb chapel suffered from later vandalism, both ancient and modern. The first excavators found many fragments of the walls in the debris. The original location of the greater number of these has been determined, and our drawings will show them in position.

The work of the epigrapher and the artist is, like that of the excavator, one of extreme care as to detail. We do not have the moments of excitement at some new find, but we do take satisfaction in the definitive publication of ancient monuments. There are many gaps in our knowledge of ancient Egypt which may never be filled, but some can be by such publications. The Epigraphic Survey is devoting its efforts to such an end.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Francis Nims

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Afak, Diwaniyah Liwa, Iraq
March 5, 1965

Greetings:

News of the Oriental Institute's ninth expedition to Nippur will be of interest to its members and friends perhaps as a tale of renewed intentions rather than as another one of still more excavations. Such renewed intentions, born in Chicago, mean of course frank beginnings in the dust and clamor of the field. The sixth, seventh and eighth seasons of Nippur excavations each in turn had been attempts to complete and close a program begun in 1948. The fact that we of the ninth are here and building and digging with fresh intent at Nippur should be indicative of its central importance in things Mesopotamian, of the lure of the place. It may also speak for a sense of possession not easily relinquished to the sands and other hands.

Excepting the visit of Layard who spent two discouraging weeks here in 1851, Nippur has been American ground since first excavated systematically by the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania in 1889. The Pennsylvania excavations, extensive and respectable in their day, still provide us with what little image we have of the tell as a city in working in it today. As a result, Institute excavations have thus far focused on the mounds in that half of the tell to the east of the ancient bed of the Euphrates which are considered to have been essentially the religious and scribal quarters of the city. The Institute excavations of Tablet Hill, the North Temple, and the succession of temples to Inanna and the Ekur wall enclosing the ziggurat are found in this area, and have been made familiar to you in the newsletters and reports of previous seasons. Across the Euphrates, however, lies the vast west mound of Nippur, rising out of the dunes nearly to the height of the ziggurat and still awaiting Institute exploration.

Among those things prerequisite to a new attack on such a site were two field considerations: a house, and some program of excavation. Both have materialized to some extent out here this winter. The house, a revival and adaptation of a proposal made early in Institute work at Nippur, now stands on the tell as an investment something more than transient. The program of excavations, a priority list of knowns and unknowns buried in the hills and gullies and old holes, was produced in conversations and speculations between Prof. Thorkild Jacobsen, who as Institute Director picked Nippur in the first place, and Carl Haines, who has directed so many of the subsequent excavations here. Number one on such a list can hardly be other than the fuller and final examination of the ziggurat and surrounding Ekur ground. Even after all of the attention it has absorbed it remains only sketchily excavated.

I suppose we began with my arrival in Baghdad in early November to join Mac Gibson, Tarik Al-Janabi and Jabbar Al-Nasr for our first sally out on the plain to Nippur. Mac, an Institute student of archeology and assyriology, had been studying, exploring and acclimating to Baghdad ways since September. Tarik, a

-2-

Baghdadi and our Iraqi representative-designate, had been showing him how. Jabbar had been virtually sleeping under the stored Landrover for the past month to make clear to the new boss who should again be its driver this year. As far as I know no westerners have more than camped out overnight on Nippur since the Babylonian Expedition abandoned its mud house in 1903. Ruins of the house still stand tall and an earlier compound can be traced in the sands east of it. The Institute expeditions had worn out a succession of crumbling houses rented in the overgrown village of Afak, six hard miles away. We came determined to make a return to the tell at the outset, armed with two borrowed tents, dusty suitcases and an inventory of expedition tools and hand-me-down furnishings dating from as far back as Tell Asmar which we knew to be stored in sheds on the tell. We proceeded to move in with the stuff for the next two months, acquired a "cook" and boy, and revived the Tolmeita (Libya, 1957) refrigerator.

The highest of a chain of low peripheral mounds lying detached to the southwest of Nippur was chosen the following day for the site of the new house. It lay midway between canal water and the Nippur works, nicely high and dry and enjoying a view over the Pennsylvania ruin and the Afeji plain. While vain negotiations went on with a local contractor, a municipally lent road grader gave us access roads and carved the top off of our hill exposing a nearly solid and presumably Parthian mudbrick foundation for the house. It was a beautiful machine. Mac would follow behind it tracing walls and doorways and counting the shallow graves. With the collaboration of Tarik and Abdulla (ancient money-wise houseboy Abdulla--come down to us from Khorsabad times) we became our own contractor, and engaged the local firm of Messrs. Shehide, Shehab and Hekmet to begin foundations. In a matter of days they became uncomfortable, outspoken. There had been no killing of an animal. The whole effort was in jeopardy. For such a house as this it must be a calf--soon--on the fast rising foundations. The matter became sufficiently embarrassing; we strangers were obviously ill bred, inept. In the lee of the western slopes of the city, suffering the contemptuous stare of countless gods, we lay a hog-tied indignant young bull at the front gateway; Abdulla officiated and our guard Naji flourished the knife. The animal died hard for those gods; he also proved tough on the plate. Shortly afterward mudpuddlers working to the side of the house stirred up a good omen: a very handsome Middle Babylonian stone duck weight, number ten, i.e., the size of a cantaloupe.

In going after the Ekur--or nearly anything of an early period at Nippur--one must first stop and consider the massive mudbrick remains of the Parthians, which in some places, particularly around the ziggurat, contributed a final twenty feet or more to the height of the tell. Add to this the great grand hand-made dumps of the Babylonian Expedition and the ziggurat barely dominates the scene. Just such a dump overlay the area guessed to contain the south quarter of the Ekur courtyard. The quarter beneath is of interest as it, the Enlil Temple and perhaps the ziggurat were major elements left to us by the Pennsylvanians. With the house building seemingly assured, the dump mentioned above was attacked in late November with forty men and seven dump cars on rails. Seeing the last of it redeposited somewhere else took the following two months. November also saw our first scare with premature showers (building a mudbrick house), the collapse of tents and the switch from summer to winter.

With the arrival of Bob Biggs, on leave from the Assyrian dictionary, preparations began in December for a short expedition (in the true sense of the word) to Tell Abu Salabikh, the nearby early site being tested by Don Hansen for the second time. Preparations meant calling on the local village authority, a well dressed (well armed) tribesman named Bedr, being fed and entertained, and finally contracting with him for the construction of two sarifas or native reed huts of antique design on the site. This was followed by a real rain and the onset of weeks of

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mud versus construction logistics for both camps, of mired truckloads of brick and squashed irrigation canal bridges, of overflowing canals and cold.

Two expedition staffs and one expedition eventually materialized in January with the arrival of Prof. Jacobsen, Diane Taylor--a student of his in Sumerian--Carl Haines and Don Hansen. Ramadan, the month of fasting, also arrived. Work began in a morass of Early Dynastic mud at Tell Abu Salabikh with Hansen, Biggs, Taylor and Selma Al-Radi (the Institute's first lady representative from the Department of Antiquities) crouched amidst the wet bedding of what they soon referred to as the "Wind Tunnel." The expedition lasted twenty-three days and through another rain. In that time the plan of a provocative formal building was completed and the fragments and whole examples of over one hundred Farah Text tablets were found. Their discovery and cautious recovery is a success easily overshadowing anything to be anticipated at Nippur this season. Their keeper and protector, Bob Biggs, is lost to us for the balance of the season in his effort to bake, clean and record them. For a while horse and cart supplying of either camp became a daily necessity as Jabbar, very much the hero, chewed up the mud track between us from dawn to dusk ferrying tablets, glue and aspirin.

The end of camp at Tell Abu Salabikh was followed by the end of Ramadan, the holidays, February and a regrouping of most of us at Nippur. A move was made from the old huts into one end of the still noisily progressing new house and the beginning of actual digging was made here in a stratified test hole intended for the septic tank as well as up at the ziggurat. Prof. Jacobsen and Don Hansen had left with the ending of Tell Abu Salabikh; Carl Haines returned to Chicago more recently after having given most generously of his time--and his very practiced hand.

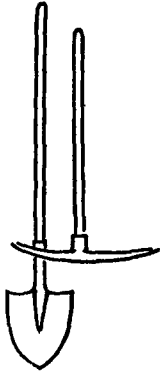
At present spring is howling at the windows. The flies are back. The house is being terraced and plastered; the plumbing went in last week. It is a long utilitarian affair in mud and baked brick, enclosing a succession of three courtyards, the final court surrounded by eight bedrooms. Farther forward are work rooms, living and dining rooms, kitchen, servant quarters and entry court. Much fuss went into choosing a roof; the cheapest and most indigenous won out. Mahogany beams and poplar cross poles support a sandwich of reed matting and straight reeds which in turn support four inches of earth and mud plaster. In fact the whole exterior has been mud plastered by hand. Visitors will be surprised to find behind this flush toilets and, someday, a generator.

Fifty laborers, eight skilled Shergati diggers and two eager students or archeology have made grand holes now in the Parthian complex. Given the scale of Parthian architecture, they are having to. What we have under excavation is a part of what the Babylonian Expedition rather summarily traced of what they called the "Parthian Fortress" around the "Temple of Bel" (the ziggurat). We have to deal with their holes as well as natural erosion before and since. The fortress does appear to be a fortress, containing an organization of apartments and courts, but it is turning out to be not one but several, each an enlargement of its predecessor. Finds are mostly pottery although we have found some interesting things missed and dumped by the Pennsylvanians. Typical of our luck recently was the encountering of a very Danish looking bit of ceramic whimsy in the form of a glazed "pot" portraying an overblown and prickly hedgehog--found in situ in an arched niche in the side of an intact mudbrick double-arched doorway seven feet high. The Department of Antiquities people will never believe it.

Sincerely,

JIM KNUDSTAD

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House, Luxor, U.A.R.
6 April 1965

Dear Friends:

The first summer heat came early to Luxor this year; for five days, centered on the first Sunday in March, the temperature reached 100° or more; the sun beat down; all work was difficult. Effects unexpected by one who has not experienced this dry heat plague us. During the winter the epigraphers find a 4H pencil almost too hard; in the heat a 6H pencil becomes too soft. For the artist the ink dries rapidly on the nibs and thickens in the bottles, adding to the difficulty of the skillful rendition of the reliefs.

The greatest sufferer from the heat this season was John Healey, our senior staff member. Though his name does not appear as a contributor to any of the publications of the Epigraphic Survey, no volume in the past thirty years was published without his help. Since 1932 "Tim," as he is affectionately known to the staff, has been superintendent and engineer in charge of the plant and all of the physical operations of Chicago House. It is he who has kept the motor cars and launch in repair, the plumbing in working order, and the electrical system running.

The present "Chicago House" was built and equipped in 1931. Some of the equipment came from the old Chicago House across the river, behind the Colossi of Memnon, an adobe structure built and enlarged between 1924 and 1928. Among such materials was a tank re-installed on top of an outbuilding here for the storage of water from our deep well, serving the water system for the out-buildings and for the irrigation of the garden. After forty years of use and repair, this tank was beyond patching. Last season another steel tank, of 1500 gallons capacity, was slid down a great timber ramp from the roof of the residence building, where it had not been used for many years. It was then repaired, but it was not possible to install it as a replacement for the old tank last spring.

However, it had to be put in place this season, as the old tank would not have lasted the summer, when a tremendous amount of water is needed for the garden. Tim had worked out a schedule so that men would be available for the work and he would have no other pressing tasks barring emergencies. The time coincided with the heat wave, and in temperatures of up to 104° the tank was pulled twenty feet up timber inclines by the use of a chain hoist which the late Professor Hölscher used to lift great stone blocks in the excavation of Medinet Habu. With Tim carefully timing this operation so that the garden would be without water for the shortest possible period, the old tank was dismantled and the replacement installed. But this tank, too, has had considerable use, and within not many more years it must be replaced by a new one.

Another steel tank has been used as our landing raft. Often patched, it was swamped and sunk during the great wind storm of the night of Nov. 16th. It took more than a week to raise it, patch the new holes with more concrete, and put it back in use. A replacement for this is in prospect.

Other problems of aging equipment faced us this season. Our electrical plant, a 110 volt D.C. system, was put in during 1932 when the city current was undependable. The diesel engines which drove the generators were becoming difficult to

repair; the acid batteries, which had to be replaced about every three years, are no longer regularly manufactured and required a special order, and much of the 110 volt D.C. equipment is no longer made.

Last season we planned a change over to the municipal 220 volt A.C. system, requiring replacement of all light bulbs, most of the motors, and the use of transformers for some of our electrical equipment. We ordered a generating set for use as a standby in emergencies. Until we were assured that the motors and generating set would clear customs the shift could not be made. With his usual careful planning, Tim installed new fixtures where available and needed, laid out new light bulbs, and during the daylight hours of November 30th changed more than 320 of these. Since often high ladders were required, it was no mean feat, but by night-fall everyone had light. Since we could not get in Cairo some of the fixtures nor any of the motors, except fans, on which we had planned, there is still work to be done next season before we are again in full operation electrically.

At the beginning of the week after this had been accomplished, late Sunday afternoon, the underground cable between the generator room and the main building shorted, throwing the place into darkness. Reis Hagg Ibrahim found two reels of heavy insulated wire in town and, after several hours of hard work, Tim cut out the old line and strung a temporary one so that, though dinner was prepared by candle light, it was eaten by electric light. Fortunately, the break was near one end of the cable and after several days work the main line underground was working again.

We must search for more equipment, and as everything is in short supply in Egypt, we are not certain just when we can get all of the replacements we need. Within the next two or three years there are many things which must be attended to simply because after more than thirty years use things are wearing out.

As we approach the end of the season, we can report that the major portion of the work of copying the reliefs on the High Gate at Medinet Habu and in the Tomb Chapel of Kheruef is behind us. Still, there are many odd bits which will take some time. We believe that by the end of another season both projects will be practically finished.

Leonard Lesko, a graduate student in Egyptology at the Oriental Institute, who served us as an Epigrapher this season, returned to Chicago at the end of March to continue his studies. He has been a valuable addition to our staff and we were sorry his term could not be longer. Next season Carl DeVries, a recent graduate in Egyptology, will join us. John Hacker, who joined us at the beginning of the season as an artist, has decided that our sort of life is not to his liking, so we are looking for a replacement. He often was most astute in discerning the Egyptian style, and we had hoped he would stay longer.

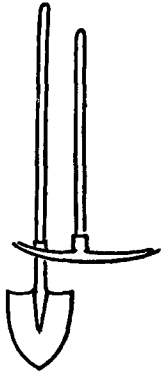
By the beginning of the week after next, the house will be closed and the members of the staff will have departed for another summer. All will take work with them. Everyone will be glad to get away and everyone will be equally glad to return in October.

The heat wave mentioned in the beginning of the letter had not been repeated, and as of this date we are suffering from the coolest weather since the early part of February. Since most of us had stored our heavier clothing, this unexpected chill is not entirely pleasant, especially in the wind or in the shadow. But a year ago it was 107°, and the low 70's is preferable to that.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES F. NIMS

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Afak, Diwaniyah Liwa, Iraq
Easter Sunday 1965

Dear Friends:

It is Easter Sunday, and we sit here in a raging sandstorm. It's been going on all day. Occasionally, we could glimpse the old Pennsylvania expedition house across the road. Luckily, we no longer have work to do outside. All day long we have sat inside drawing pots, piecing together tablets from Abu Salabikh, etc. Having had a houseful of guests from Baghdad last Sunday, we anticipated a quiet day of work. At about 1 P.M., however, the wind blew us two carloads of visitors, members of the German community in Baghdad. After picnicking in our grand but empty living room, they went out to the excavation with Jim Knudstad. An hour or so later, covered with sand, they returned to the house, looked over our finds, and faded into the haze a hundred yards distant.

Dusk was just falling when Abdullah, the houseboy, came in to announce more guests, this time two priests studying in Jerusalem. They came on motorscooters. They've been on motorscooters all the way from Jerusalem and are going as far as Shiraz before they return to Jerusalem in a week or two. We welcomed them and shared dinner with them (complete with Easter eggs colored by Diane Taylor). They retired early because they're going to Warka tomorrow. Since we got delightfully lost on our way to Warka last month, and since motorscooters are fairly useless in sand, their trip tomorrow should be material for a saga.

I mentioned our guests of last weekend. Well, yes, we had them--14 in all, including Jeffery Orchard and three lovely girls from the British School of Archeology. The British School came on Saturday night after having missed the turnoff in Diwaniyah and going south about 50 miles. I've forgotten to mention the other person at the British School, named Richard, who's a photographer and had a thing about Lawrence of Arabia. Richard came out of the School's Landrover with three different sets of Arab dress including a gold agal. We had a fashion show that night.

Sunday, the rest of the guests arrived under a cloud. Drizzle threatened all morning, but the afternoon was clear, so we began a round of camel riding. We'd promised Richard we'd get him a camel. In fact, we got 6. Off our guests went bobbing around the mound through the belt of dunes that gives Nippur its special charm. This camel ride was, of course, not as ambitious as the twelve mile one Tarik al-Janabi (the former government representative) and I took to Abu Salabikh in January. That trip was supposed to take three hours, but took six just to get us there. Nor was it as eventful as the one we took to Drehem, a mere five miles away, in company with Mrs. Tieken and her daughter. This one was in mating season, my camel was a bit upset, and I was thrown three times before I finally gave up and led the beast and the party to Drehem. Mrs. Tieken undoubtedly tells the story better than I could. She had a better vantage point, swaying majestically on the back of the king of the herd and saying, "This is just great." We went into Afak from Drehem, right into the market itself. Along the way, the camel driver had to answer various questions, such as Who are they, Why don't they use their car, or, more usually, Where did you find them? I don't know whether or not

-2-

to commiserate with Mr. and Mrs. Livingood who arrived just a few days too late to go on the ride.

But, back to last weekend. After the camel ride, we relaxed a bit, and waited for the coming of the night and the Kawaliyah. These are gypsies who make their living by entertaining. They arrived at about 7, we gathered around the living room on mats, and they began to play. There were three drummers and a rababa player. A rababa is a cello-like instrument made of horsehair and an oil can. It is amazing what a variety and quality of sound can be made to come out of one of these things. The star of the night, however, was the man who played the dumbuk, a long cylindrical drum made of pottery or wood, one end covered with skin. This drum produces a stacatto, sharp sound that is startling and beautiful. The drummer had great virtuosity, changing rhythms with split-second ease. The dancers were two women and a small, beautiful little girl dressed in a gold-fringed dress. They danced and the two women sang, one with a rich, throaty voice, the other with a cold.

The spectators sat and clapped in time to the music. Jabbar the driver stood on the side and directed the whole thing. At about 9, we called a halt, with Jabbar shaken by the song about the seller of roses, and had supper. Afterwards, we had about an hour more while the little girl slept behind the musicians on top the hidden tape recorder microphone. End of concert.

The next day, between showers, the British School and I went to Isin, one of the last unexcavated important capitals. It is a beautiful site composed of a main mound with five smaller mounds near it. On four of these mounds, strung along an ancient canal, we found dozens of beautiful Medieval Islamic sherds.

We said goodbye to the last of the guests at about three and settled back to work. The weekend was not a typical one. We have had about one hundred guests during the season, including the German expedition at Warka, and many American friends from Baghdad, but never in such numbers, nor with such fanfare. I almost forgot, one workday, we were descended upon by well over a hundred black-clad, screeching high school girls from Diwaniyah. They poured into the dig, leaped over walls, and came to a screaming halt at the very top of the ziggurat. The sky was black with them. Finally, they went away.

Besides the splurge this last weekend, and occasional trips to tells nearby on Fridays, our season has been one of work in a winter of unusually frequent sandstorms, so we're told. However, we lost few days, moved a lot of dirt, and found some interesting architecture and small finds. Our finds are not spectacular (no statues, only one gold leaf, one gold button and about a dozen tablets found in fill). However, our results are not without importance. We were digging a wing of a large Parthian fortress which Pennsylvania dug out in 1889 and then used as a dump area. We were faced with a large mound of debris about 40 feet high. Starting in November with our Shergati foreman and local workmen, we chewed away at it, fairly quickly at first because there were no walls under the outer edge. After two or three weeks, we were about half way into the dump and were hitting walls on both wings, but not in the center. The center had been a street in Parthian times and a wadi when Pennsylvania dug here. We began to go slower, being careful to preserve walls, taking out what was dump and leaving what was ancient fill. It became apparent very quickly that Pennsylvania had not completely excavated the building. Many rooms were only partially dug and a few were untouched. The block northwest of the central street (which we found later to be a succession of well-laid baked brick pavings) was virtually untouched. It also became clear that the plan of the building as published by the earlier excavators was inaccurate. The inaccuracy is to be accounted for by the fact that the building was not mapped until 14 years after it was excavated. By the time the full complement of Shergatis and the dismantled Abu Salabikh expedition arrived in early February, we had cleared out most of the Pennsylvania debris. We immediately put the Shergatis to work in the rooms which had never been dug, and were preserved to the greatest height.

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At first, we found only puzzles. For instance, a small square tower with a small square room with no sign of a door or stairs. Then the room was found to have an overlarge arch taking up about three quarters of the space on one wall. This arch then began to seem an absurdly large niche in an entrance-less room because it was blocked by a solid wall. However, lower down, we found a small arched door within the blocking wall. Within the large arch were two niches, one containing our best find, a green-gray glazed pottery hedgehog. The hedgehog is about a foot long and about eight inches in diameter. He is well made and extremely photogenic.

Digging continued through February and March. We began to find that the building is far more complex than had been thought. Instead of its being of two periods, the older one having small libn and the later one having large libn, we find that the fortress was originally of small libn, rebuilt with big libn, then rebuilt again with small libn. In some places it seems that both sizes were used together. Besides this, there is an even earlier large building under the lowest floors we have found. The complexities will not be made clear until we dismantle the building and go deeper.

We also have an odd situation where one room will have been used for a time, then will have been filled to a depth of three meters to reflect a period of massive rebuilding. However, an adjacent room will show as many as 15 floors, meaning continuous occupation and no period of rebuilding. In the rooms with many floor levels, we found, mostly in the last week of digging, a dozen or so whole pots which are very graceful, well-made, and, in a few cases, glazed. We also found masses of potsherds, mainly from three rooms, which Miss Selma al-Radi, the government representative, and I have worked on for the last three weeks, piecing together about 30 vessels. We have large, ugly, bullet-shaped storage jars; large, stipple-decorated round-bottomed water jars; many graceful pitchers; a dozen small bowls glazed various greens, blues, and grays; and extremely delicate eggshell ware. The latter we found almost whole, in the shape of a high necked jug; fragmentary in the same shape but with a green glaze, and in hundreds of small fragments which form large, flattish bowls. Miss al-Radi is unique as a representative, spending countless hours making minute joins both in the pottery and in the Abu Salabikh tablets. Without her completely voluntary help, there would not now be anything like an end in sight to the work on Dr. Biggs' tablets.

We have a fine selection of glazed vessels; one large jar with a deer-headed decorated spout near the base. We have another, as far as I know, completely unique specimen in the form of a bowl with a greenish-blue glaze and in the bottom a cameo-like bust of a lady in high relief. It is hard to believe it is Parthian. It's the kind of thing you'd expect from Victorian England. Then, of course, there is the hedgehog which is basically a vessel meant to pour from the mouth. We also have one interesting unglazed pot cover with a fish incised on the top and a swirl cut into the under side.

Among small objects, we have a delicately carved bone pin head with a small, nude lady on it. We have several baked clay female figurine fragments. These show surprising artistry and individuality. One looks like everyone's idea of the mother-in-law. We also have a baked clay bulla with eight different oval stamp seal impressions on it. One has a woman in pleated dress, perhaps seated on a throne.

A bonus for this expedition is the collection of over 100 Seleucid, Parthian and Islamic coins picked up by us or the men on the mound. One prime source for these has been old Abdullah, our link with the Institute digs of the '30's. Although these coins have no direct bearing on the fortress itself, they are useful for dating the Parthian domination of Nippur. The Parthians conquered Mesopotamia in 141 B.C. The earliest coins we have found (of the Parthians) date from about 1 A.D., but the majority are from after 100 A.D.

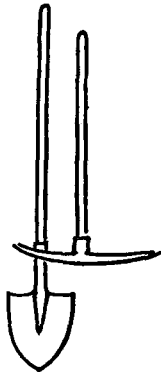
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Besides the Parthian coins, we have many Seleucid coins dating as far back as 300 B.C., and several Islamic coins of the Ummayyad Period. We also have one curious little copper coin which seems to be Spanish and from the galleon on it, it seems to be late Medieval or Renaissance.

I have hit upon a few of the highlights of the season. It is over except for the work on the Abu Salabikh tablets, which have taken more than three months just to bake and clean. They must now be given one final sand-blast cleaning, then the hunt for joins will begin. (We speak of tablets. Actually, up to this point, we should speak of fragments.) Then, the assembled tablets must be glued together, hardened, and photographed. Finally, a latex mold will be made of each tablet. It is a long, slow, painstaking process, and as the mosquitos swarm, and the dust seeps in and piles ever higher, we begin to wonder.

Sincerely,

McGuire Gibson



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

June 28, 1965

Dear Friends:

Oriental Institute "field" work is not all confined to excavations in the Near East, nor is the building up of "tells" out of fallen ruins an exclusively Near Eastern process. The following letter from Dr. David Pingree strikes many other reminiscent chords as well in describing some of the vicissitudes of his archival research in East Germany, and hence may be of interest to many of our Members.

Dr. Pingree, whose special field of interest is the development and transmission of astronomical and astrological science from the Babylonian world to the Arabs by way of the Greeks and the Persians, has just completed a year of specialized research at the American University of Beirut. Following brief studies at a number of European museums and libraries, he is now continuing his work in India. We hope to pass along further word from him there later in the summer.

Robert M. Adams

Greetings:

Poona
20 June 1965

The station at Friedrichstrasse, which is the first subway stop within East Berlin, is a vast maze of subterranean passages, exceptionally crowded at the time of our arrival on June 1st because the Whitsunday holidays are one of the few occasions during the year when the authorities of the DDR allow West Berliners to visit their relatives across the Wall. But, after much meandering, we finally found the Passport Control Office for foreigners, and were soon told (politely) to sit down and wait. This, as all other official delays we encountered in East Germany, was not motivated by any hostility towards us as Americans, but rather by uncertainty as to which regulation or combination of regulations might be applicable in our case. For it seems to be rather through a fantastic proliferation of rules and counterrules than through direct police control that the government maintains its position; no one dares attempt anything different or out of the ordinary because he can never be sure that he is not violating some fiat or other. Of course, the authorities also are frequently uncertain, so that the application of the rules is rather arbitrary and haphazard; but this situation only adds to the cautious citizen's fear and confusion. Eventually we were rescued by our friend from the German Academy of Sciences, and safely conveyed to our hotel.

At the hotel we learned one of the other basic laws of a Peoples' Democracy. This is that the class-system is as far as ever from being abolished, even in pretense. Only those on top now are a different group from those who were on top before. We also learned that the natural antagonism of the dispossessed towards the new elite has not in the least softened after 20 years. We heard plenty of criticism of the regime in East Germany, and there seemed to be much justification for it.

Outside of the hotels crowded with foreign delegations, the center of East Berlin still gives the strange impression of being that of an almost deserted city--something approaching what the Roman Forum must have been like in the 8th century. Pedestrians (except when the West Berliners arrive) and cars (mostly ancient pre-war models) are scarce, and taxis even rarer. Large areas, the remains of bombed-out buildings cleared away, are new plots of grass; other, more monumental structures stand as shattered ruins, trees and shrubs sprouting from their crumbling roofs. In 20 years they have reached the stage of decay where they will require an archaeologist rather than a building contractor to restore something of their past splendor.

But the scholarly purpose of our visit was not to investigate the tells of 20th century Germany, but to explore the manuscript collections of Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and Erfurt for material in Sanskrit, Arabic, Greek, and Latin relating to the history of astronomy and astrology. The manuscripts of the State Library in Berlin were largely dispersed for safe-keeping during the war, and only a small percentage has found its way back home. Therefore, the spacious former manuscript reading room has been converted into a Library for Party Ideology, and the impoverished Department of Manuscripts assigned a tiny room in back of it. None of the Arabic or Sanskrit manuscripts I wished to see had returned; they are now in West Germany, divided between Tübingen and Marburg. But at least one valuable Greek manuscript was still in place, the product of the school of astrology which flourished on the island of Lesbos at the end of the 14th century and was instrumental in copying and preserving many Byzantine translations of Arabic works.

Dresden, the former capital of independent Saxony, was, of course, also terribly damaged during the war; but much reconstruction has taken place, and the royal palace will be allowed to stand, unlike its imperial counterpart in Berlin. The famous art collection has come back from Russia, though it is suspected that several of the more important pieces have been returned only in copies. But no one dares question the benefactors from the East.

The Saxon State Library was buried in an abandoned mine during the war. This was a sensible precaution, as its building was totally destroyed during the bombing. However, the mine developed a leak and many valuable codices--including a beautifully illustrated Carolingian Aratus--were turned to pulp. I spent a morning examining these sad remains in the building which now houses the library --a part of the quarters provided for the billeting of Russian soldiers and their families. But there still survive, in fairly legible condition, two Greek and a number of Latin astrological manuscripts.

We made a short side-trip from Dresden to the marvellously medieval town of Meissen, whose bishopric is a 10th century granddaughter of the great monastery of Fulda. Meissen is also still the place where the famous china is hand-moulded and hand-painted. About 1,000 artisans are involved in this intricate work, and there are at present some 60 young people being trained to carry on the tradition at the factory's school. But one cannot buy a new piece of china at Meissen or at Dresden, and only a few of the simpler designs are sold at Berlin; the production is all intended for export--and for the influential.

The Fair has made Leipzig a relatively modern and cosmopolitan city, though it also continues to have many charming old public buildings and churches. But I was especially interested in its second-hand book stores, for which the city was once justly famous. Now most of the best items are snapped up by a government agency which exports them to the West. A visit to their obscure offices,

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made possible only by a friend from the publishing house of Teubner, produced some results; but the best buys, and the most interesting character, were found at Kohler's. The proprietor, now 81 years old, learned his English at Blackwell's and his French at Guethner's before the First World War. He lost over 200,000 books in bombing raids during the last war, but still, chomping on his unlit cigar, he was able to lead me through various back-alleys to a series of store-rooms filled with tens of thousands more which he has slowly accumulated, in the worst possible circumstances, since 1945.

The University Library at Leipzig, which has a splendid collection of Arabic and Sanskrit manuscripts, is still intact. But unfortunately there are no Orientalists to use these treasures. In fact, when I asked for some of the Sanskrit manuscripts, the librarians were unable to locate the collection. Finally, they let me go into the stacks, and we eventually discovered the manuscripts neatly stored in boxes, of which only one had a label--in Sanskrit. But the effort was well worthwhile as I found several important texts both in Arabic and in Sanskrit which the cataloguers had not been able to identify.

From Leipzig we made a one-day excursion to Erfurt. For there, in the early 15th century, had lived a doctor named Amplonius who built up a large manuscript library in Latin on medicine, astronomy, astrology, and theology, and left it on his death to a local college. It now is the most impressive possession of the Erfurt Municipal Library. And it indeed contains, as we had anticipated, an extremely rich collection of those 12th and 13th century Latin translations of Arabic scientific works which formed the essential background of Renaissance science. But I was particularly pleased to discover an unrecorded manuscript of the amusing anecdotes related by Abū Saʿīd Shādhān about his charlatan teacher, the greatest astrologer of the 9th century Baghdād, Abū Maʿshar al-Balkhī.

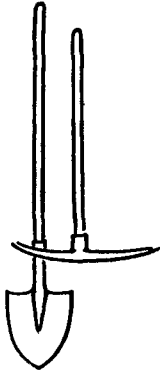
The government of the German Democratic Republic has officially banned astrology as a dangerous superstition. It is fortunate for scholarship that the officials know no Greek or Latin or any other ancient language, to be able to discover how many of these subversive texts are still honorably granted the protection of state-supported libraries.

Sincerely,

DAVID PINGREE

Mr. [unclear]

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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July 15, 1965

Dear Friends:

The first storm of the monsoon season struck the island of Bombay on a Monday evening; the plane from London landed at Santa Cruz airport very early Wednesday morning. But already large areas on either side of the road leading into the city were flooded, and hundreds of mud and mat dwellings were rendered uninhabitable. The pavement-dwellers, however, were in a worse plight, as they had to try to survive the torrential rains without any pretense of shelter at all. The flooded streets and the tremendous downpour provide both relief and discomfort after the unbearable heat of May and early June.

But the generally abominable weather is the least of the experiences to be endured by a visitor to India. Far more disturbing are the recognition of the gap between the living standard that the majority of Indians have attained and that which an American might regard as the minimum tolerable, and the subsequent realization that it is still a problem as to whether or not this vast sub-continent will succeed in achieving the economic breakthrough that it so desperately needs. In conversing with a very enlightened school-master from Rajkot during the train-ride across the desert-like plain of Kathiawad, or with a disgruntled Anglo-Indian steel executive in a Calcutta hotel, or with a young, non-political Air India employee from Kerala at the Madras airport, I found a common sense of pessimism, a feeling that the tempo of development is not fast enough. But I also saw the new office buildings and apartment houses and factories that did not exist when I was last in India, some seven years ago; and I met optimists, like the two recent graduates in veterinary science on the crowded train from Jabalpur to Allahabad who told me enthusiastically of the program gradually to replace the diseased and underfed cattle who roam the streets of every city, town, and village with a new breed of superior cows.

My three weeks in India, however, were to be spent in learning of collections of Sanskrit manuscripts on astronomy and astrology, and in obtaining copies of some of the more important texts, not in investigating the problems of this, the last, or the next Five-year Plan. So, after a day in Bombay at the University Library and the Asiatic Society of Bombay, I took the next morning's train for Poona, which was once the capital of the Mahratta Empire, then became renowned as the place to which British colonels of the Indian Army retired, and now advertises itself as the "Oxford of India." Here is located one of the best Indological research centers in the world, the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, depository for the more than 25,000 manuscripts collected by the Government of the Bombay Presidency between 1866 and 1915; the Institute's greatest work has been the nearly completed preparation of a critical edition of the world's longest epic, the Mahābhārata, of which one volume was edited by the American Sanskritist, Franklin Edgerton, brother of Chicago's Egyptologist, William Edgerton. Also in Poona is the Ānandāśrama, a traditional Indian institution where Brahmins learn to chant the hymns of the

Ṛgveda in the correct fashion; it has a collection of some 8,000 manuscripts, on the basis of which its pandits have published over 150 volumes of Sanskrit texts. The final place I visited in Poona was the Deccan College, which was the custodian of the Government of Bombay's collection of manuscripts till it was transferred to the Bhandarkar Institute in 1919, and has since built up a library of over 10,000 manuscripts on its own. The Deccan College also houses the American Institute, which is supported by rupees accumulated by our government under the provisions of P.L. 480.

But, after four days in this rather pleasant city meeting old friends and exploring the rich libraries and bookstores, I returned to Bombay to catch a flight across a small arm of the Arabian Sea to the peninsula of Saurāṣṭra; we landed at its southwestern tip, in the city of Porbandar. It was here, in a community now bursting out of its barren torpidity to become a center of India's new chemical and cement industries, that Mohandas Gandhi--the Mahātmā--had been born. But the whole Saurāṣṭran peninsula, inhospitable as it appears from plane and train, possesses one of the richest historical heritages in India. Outposts of the Indus Valley Civilization, whose contacts with Sumeria are well known to members of the Oriental Institute, once dotted its coastline; under the Mauryans, who were strongly influenced by the Achemenids, its governor was a Persian by birth; and it formed the core of the Empire of the Ksatrapas, a Scythian group which ruled Western India for the first four centuries of the Christian Era and introduced many elements of Greco-Roman civilization (including Greek astronomy and astrology) into India.

From Porbandar, the overnight train took me past the ancient strongholds of the Ksatrapas to the relatively modern city of Ahmadabad. Here, after several hours of searching through the souks (which reminded me of those of Sidon or Aleppo) I finally located my destination: the manuscript library of the Gujarat Vernacular Research Society, housed temporarily in the building of a century-old historical society called the B. J. Institute of Learning and Research. Here the director, who was very eager to be helpful, insisted on showing me through the cluttered library, in introducing me to all the graduate students he could find, and in dragging out the small archaeological and numismatic collection for my inspection; he would also have led me off to the leading astrologer of Gujarat had I not protested (as politely as I could) that I must get back to work on the manuscripts before my time ran out.

From Ahmadabad I took the morning train to Baroda, former capital of the Gackwads and now the home of a justly famous Oriental Institute. The Deputy Director, an old friend, made this an extremely pleasant day, spent in looking at rare manuscripts of the works of the seventh century astronomer Brahmagupta (which, incidentally, form the foundation of early 'Abbāsīd astronomy; in discussing the impact of the Ksatrapas on what is usually termed India's "Golden Age"--the Gupta Period (from the fourth to the sixth century); and in talking of the problems of editing several medieval Sanskrit scientific texts.

That evening I left my friend to travel to Ujjain, the city which was once the Ksatrapas' capital and whose meridian therefore defines 0° of terrestrial longitude in Indian astronomy. Ujjain is now neglected, and impoverished; but the tradition of astronomical studies was kept alive there down to the end of the eighteenth century, and fully a tenth of the Scindia Institute's 14,000 manuscripts contain astronomical or astrological texts. It was in Ujjain that I made my most exciting discovery: two manuscripts (the only ones known) of Bhaṭṭotpala's invaluable tenth century commentary on Brahmagupta's Khaṇḍakhādyaka.

From Ujjain to Benares the trip by train takes a day and a half, and is not pleasant; I shall describe it no further. The city of Benares is also unpleasant; aside from the dirt and the oppressive poverty, the monsoon was late and the sun incredibly hot. But within the city is the largest library of Sanskrit manuscripts

in existence, whose foundation goes back to 1790; the Benares Sanskrit University owns about 100,000 manuscripts. About half of this collection is still uncatalogued, but of the other 50,000 some 3,600 are related to my field of study. This was indeed a rich haul.

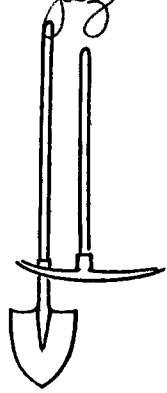
After Benares the airlines quickly bore me across the parched plains of Bihar to Calcutta, where I again was greeted by the monsoon. In this partly modernized city with crumbling sidewalks I first visited the new building of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, founded by the great poet, jurist, historian, botanist, and linguist, Sir William Jones, in the 1780's and the oldest of all societies in the world devoted to the study of the Orient. Thence I went to another venerable institution, the Calcutta Sanskrit College. And, having finished my business at these two places I sought out the house of one of my favorite book-sellers, the descendant of a long line of distinguished Sanskrit scholars of Bengal. For the next day and a half, while it incessantly poured outside, I sat beneath the portrait of his great-great-grandfather, happily combing through his vast collection of rare and curious tomes.

From the rains of Calcutta it was just a three hour flight to the scorching sun of Madras--in many ways a very comfortable city, but also the home of more beggars than I had met anywhere else in India. In Madras, for one week, I had the great privilege of working with one of India's best Sanskritists, who, over a period of more than thirty years, has been laboring on a project to catalogue as many as possible of the more than two million Sanskrit manuscripts which exist in the world today. Through his generosity I was able to obtain information on dozens of inaccessible libraries of Mahārājas and former princely states available nowhere else.

At the beginning of the three weeks I had known of 18,000 Sanskrit manuscripts on astronomy and astrology; at its end, of almost 30,000. And I had acquired or would soon acquire microfilms or transcripts of some 200 manuscripts which promise to throw much needed light on the obscure history of the development of the exact sciences in India and their relation to those of Babylon, Greece, Iran, and Islam. But these three weeks had also reinforced my admiration for those hardy scholars who, in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, had toiled in the Indian mofussil in the most difficult circumstances, preparing the ground for increasingly easier harvests.

DAVID PINGREE

Ms. DeLongaz



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archeological newsletter

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August 18, 1965

Dear Friends:

To mark the 100th anniversary of the birth of the founder of the Oriental Institute I set myself the task of looking back over our work in the light of his ambitions. This was a great man, and we owe the character of our work to him. We thought that you might be interested in the statement which has emerged. It is of course sketchy and much more might be said, but I think that we would reach the same conclusions.

John A. Wilson
Professor of Egyptology

JAMES HENRY BREASTED (1865-1935)

On August 27, 1865, James Henry Breasted was born in Rockford, Illinois. As we salute the hundredth anniversary of his birth, we might take a new look at that lengthening shadow of his vision and his planning, the Oriental Institute. That "laboratory for the investigation of the career of early man in the Near East" is itself nearly half a century old. Perhaps it has set into the middle-age doldrums and has either become dully repetitive or lost the vitality of its high purpose. Perhaps that question might be better answered by younger men, but I do find myself one of the bridges between the earliest years of the Institute and the present day. If I remember those exciting days, do I feel that we have changed direction after forty-six years? If Breasted was our prophet, our Moses, have we now become a rigid priestly class, who delight in delicate refinements of the law and in the numbering of the people, but who have forgotten that the first tablets of the law were written by the finger of God?

Anyone who remembers the high optimism of 1919 and of the 1920's will agree that the 1960's are very different times. We live little lives of doubt and desperation. It is difficult for us to talk or write about "the rise of man," "the dawn of conscience," and "the earliest transcendental vision of social idealism." In presenting the history of the ancient Near East we tend to emphasize "process," rather than "progress." Even though we are creatures of our age, we are the poorer thereby. We are priests without a prophet.

Are we good priests? That is difficult for persons to know about themselves. Perhaps the answer should be sought in what the Oriental Institute is doing, to see whether that seems to be fulfilling the purposes of its founder.

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The record is quite impressive. The death of Breasted, the Depression, and the Second World War made up a low period, during which we were groping for expression. Now there is a renewed vigor.

Let us take some home activities first. One of the first enterprises of the Oriental Institute was the Assyrian Dictionary, started in 1921. For more than a generation the work of collecting material went on, but the mass of more than two million cards seemed to be more than could be properly digested. There were increasing materials for a dictionary, but there was no dictionary. Then, under Carl Kraeling's directorship of the Institute, new commitments of purpose were made, and soon the dictionary began to grind out about one volume a year. Now there are eight volumes out. Like any new organism, the dictionary is somewhat tentative and uncertain, but scholarship at last has a strong and flexible tool, to use and to improve. Breasted would have handled these volumes with joy.

He also saw the dictionary cards as "organized materials . . . of the greatest value in the study of the history of civilization." And indeed they are being put to such use by our scholars on the third floor. As only one example of such usage we might cite Professor Gelb's studies in the society and economy of early Mesopotamia and his conclusion that private economy played a very important role in the third millennium B.C. That is the type of conclusion that Breasted would have delighted to weave into his talks and writings.

Breasted would have been unhappy in an ivory tower, and he gave himself over to an active program of writing and lecturing. It is good to note that the Institute's publication series adds triplets or quadruplets every year, that there is now a regular annual lecture program, and that the museum has more change and liveliness than it has had since the installation in the early 1930's.

Dr. Breasted told his secretary that he was never too busy to see a student. That was characteristic, but it has to be admitted that students of Egyptology were not numerous. A new aspirant appeared in 1923 and found himself the entire beginning class in hieroglyphic. After three months of translating Egyptian into English with the aid of a grammar written in German, this student was added to the second year class, which boasted two students. Dr. Breasted's genuinely inspiring teaching and his personal attention were great experiences. One wishes that the classes of 1964-65 might have enjoyed them, when the beginning class numbered seven and the second year class six. In other fields there were similar increases, as young people said to themselves: "I am going to study at the Oriental Institute."

On his first field trip to Egypt, Breasted formed definite ideas about the primary responsibility in that country. For him, further excavation to bring new monuments to light was far less important than the recording of the monuments already exposed, on which scenes and inscriptions were visibly deteriorating. Thus was born inscription salvage." It is a pleasure to state that the Oriental Institute has now completed the recording of a massive and typical Egyptian temple, Medinet Habu, in seven great volumes of a quality never surpassed. These tomes are big enough to constitute a monument in themselves.

Following up his concern for inscription salvage, Breasted headed two expeditions into Nubia from 1905 to 1907, pioneering the technique of photography, draughtsmanship, and collation as it was later applied to Medinet Habu. The Institute followed that trail-blazing in the 1960's, when we took such an

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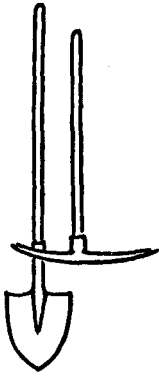
active role in the Nubian salvage program, copying the beautiful little temple of Beit el-Wali and excavating five different sites in advance of the flooding by the new lake. This was a great success; it would have been even more so if fanned by his enthusiasm.

He was intensely interested in the origins, and he held high hopes that the prehistoric survey of Egypt which he organized would provide clear evidence on man's first settled life in the Nile Valley. He hoped for an ultimate chain of evidence from the first primitive villages down into historic times. It would be a disappointment to him that the Institute has done much more toward supplying links in that chain in the Mesopotamian area -- Braidwood's "hilly flanks of the Fertile Crescent" -- than has been possible in Egypt. He still would have relished the story as it developed and taken a great pride that the Institute had played a major role in finding some of the primitive spots which will fit into a long successive story from the hilly flanks down into the Mesopotamian plain.

Breasted was consulted by foreign ministers and prime ministers. It was a logical heritage of that trust when Jacobsen and Adams of the Oriental Institute were consulted by the Government of Iraq about the ancient use of irrigation, so that modern programs might be improved. Breasted believed in his ancients; it would have seemed perfectly normal to him that they would have something to say to the present.

One might go on, but this is probably enough to establish the point. Our writing is flatter and less luminous; few historians commanded Breasted's easy pen. But the work is still essentially the same, and it still has enthusiasm. Breasted invented the term "Fertile Creseent." We trust that we work in a kind of fertile crescent, with fertility of thought and increase in knowledge.

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Aleppo, Syria Nov. 5, 1965

Dear Friends:

On Thursday, September 30, at 6:30 a.m., I drove off in the Land Rover, all by myself for once, to pick up my wife in Damascus. I don't know if it was the fine weather, or the prospect of seeing Ghislaine again after three months, but something opened my eyes to the countryside in which I had already been working for two weeks.

It was market day at Deir Hafer, a cluster of country stores along the road from Aleppo to the Euphrates, and the early morning sun lit up the colors with almost painful intensity: the spotless white and black of the hooded, robed men riding donkeys or horses, and the brilliant blue or yellow gowns of the women, as they regally strode along with babies and other loads on their backs. From all over the treeless, trackless steppe this stream of humanity converged upon the tiny hamlet. There, traveling merchants had rigged acres of cotton cloth on frames to tempt the women and the men with even bolder gold-tasseled fantasies of color. Among the milling crowds huddled countless sheep, goats, and chickens in various stages between freedom and slaughter.

For once I saw this part of Syria not just as an endless source of flint and animal bones, but as a blend of carefully balanced, perfectly adapted elements, human, animal, vegetal and mineral. Wherever there is too little of one, nature provides an abundance of the other. This blaze of colors seemed to burst forth from the dreariness of the dun-colored plains according to the same miraculous law which makes the dusty desert nourish sheep and goats or parched fields bear water-melons and grapes. On the margin of the arable land, where life is hardest, prematurely aging its inhabitants, they still go clothed in trailing draperies of an ideal life of leisure, and savour the dignified formulae of a highly literate past.

Already the last two generations here have undergone a profound transformation from a nomadic life of tribal self-defense, based on animal husbandry, to a settled life policed by the government and based on agriculture. The introduction of motor pumps enabled the sheykhs, and now the government, to irrigate the flood plain of the Euphrates throughout the rainless summer and to grow several crops of cotton, one of which is still being harvested at the moment.

Now this newly found balance between man and nature is about to be swept away by a total upheaval, ultimately calculated to improve the lot of these people and to benefit the Syrian economy as a whole. The government plans to build a \$400,000,000 dam in the Euphrates, which will satisfy Syrian needs in electric power for years to come and add 1,400,000 acres of irrigated land.

The plans for the dam are ready, and if it should be completed within seven years in spite of present difficulties, then this village and over a hundred others will be engulfed by a lake 60 miles long and 6 miles wide. In a few years the inhabitants will desert their one- or two-room houses, taking the valuable wood of roof, doors and windows along. Soon the mud bricks of the walls will melt and spread over the mud floors as earlier walls have spread over earlier floors for eight thousand years now.

Only this last layer of debris, and with it all the layers underneath, will be sealed off by the waters of the Euphrates. Before it is buried for good, we are searching this debris for its tell-tale inventory of broken or discarded implements. The villagers pity us because we haven't found any gold, but actually our glamorous finds--bits of stone, animal bones, bags of charcoal and charred seeds--are what we were after in our quest for clues to long-lost phases of human development.

As it straddles the 200 mm rainfall line (the bare minimum for dry farming), our area has been particularly sensitive to changes in climate. Even a slight decrease or increase in rainfall would shift the frontier between cultivation and desert, between law and lawlessness, from the Middle Euphrates to Aleppo or vice versa. This is probably why the record of human occupation we have so far is interrupted by several blanks.

For six weeks last summer I made a survey of this area, criss-crossing the terrain by Land Rover and picking up the pot sherds and flints which betray not only the presence, but also the approximate date of ancient sites. The area was apparently thinly inhabited between now and the Middle Ages, again between Roman times and the Late Bronze Age, and once again between the Early Bronze Age and the Pre-Pottery Neolithic.

The very existence of a stage of village culture preceding even the invention of pottery was unsuspected until the middle of this century, when the term "Pre-Pottery Neolithic"--hitherto considered a contradiction in terms--was coined for a level reached deep down in the excavations at Jericho, and dated to the seventh millennium B.C. approximately. Subsequently a dozen or so comparable sites have been discovered over an area stretching from Greece to Iran, some of them unexpectedly sophisticated and all of them holding valuable answers to questions uppermost in many scholars' minds: when, where and how did man turn from hunting and food gathering to animal husbandry and cereal growing, a step which revolutionized human existence like none other before the onset of the industrial era? I don't need to elaborate this theme, which must be familiar to anyone who has heard of the Braidwoods and their work for the Oriental Institute.

When we suspected that the prominent mound of Mureybat was to a large extent built up out of pre-pottery material, we made a sounding then and there in the form of a stepped trench. As we finished last year digging the fifth step, two thirds of the way up the mound, we were still in pre-pottery levels, and just beginning to hit stone architecture.

The preliminary results we brought back--mostly information on the chipped and ground stone implements--seemed significant enough to colleagues and to the board of the National Science Foundation to warrant two months of excavation at Mureybat this fall. Flints are not my specialty, and we expected them by the thousands, but to my relief I was joined by Jim Skinner, a fellow Ph.D. from Columbia University, who wrote his thesis on the Middle Palaeolithic flint industries of Southwest Asia.

Our research proposal, as accepted by the National Science Foundation, included soundings at some sites less ancient, but still of respectable age. This aspect in

particular persuaded Rudi Dornemann, a graduate student at the Oriental Institute, to join our dig.

Finally Ghislaine (my wife), though still somewhat diffident about her abilities as a photographer, allowed herself to be torn away from our ten-month old Philippa long enough to take and develop most of the object and other photographs which are our only exportable record. In addition, she has manned the Land Rover and provided us with a life-line to Aleppo, through which we get everything from paper, wood and string through milk, lamps and blankets to our mail!

The various representatives of the Syrian Antiquities Service, in particular Ali Abu Assaf and Dr. Toufic Solyman, have proved invaluable as dedicated, full-time excavators as well as labor trouble-shooters. Even so, we have been desperately understaffed. As a result, we had to give up any ideals of presenting a complete picture of an early village on the Euphrates. All we could do was to use the available time and manpower to provide reasonably reliable answers to some of the questions most likely to be asked.

The seventh and last week of digging came to an end yesterday, leaving all of us moderately pleased with the results achieved. The earlier and greater part of the cultural sequence at Mureybat is now clear from Jim's four 5 x 5 m squares on the west slope alongside last year's stepped trench. From the bottom up, he had:

1. "virgin" river gravel.
2. an average 1 m of human occupation remains (flints, animal bones, etc.) without architecture.
3. remains of a burned clay structure, overlaid by 1 m. of occupation remains. --So far, the finds include only one quern, no obsidian, at first sight no sickle elements and no truly tanged arrowheads.
4. within a total depth of 1-1/2 m, three superimposed levels of oval stone-paved structures, up to 4 m long (no burials underneath, in case you thought so!). One of them had a wall foundation of querns turned upside down (querns and mortars are frequent from here up). All had traces of floors and walls in red clay, but there is no evidence of mud bricks being used. Finds included plates carved out of limestone and bone needles.
5. partly sunk into the trash of the previous and the following layer, Jim found 13 perfectly round and vertical pits within a total depth of 2 m. Lined with baked clay and filled with ash and split pebbles, they were immediately identified as bread ovens by the workers. They may be right--about a hundred charred grains were found in the vicinity. A stone bowl fragment decorated with a hatched zigzag and a number of poker-shaped stone objects also come from this level.
6. finally, Jim had three superimposed levels of rectilinear structures, built of loaf-shaped pieces of limestone set in red clay.

At this point the sequence is carried on (correlated through the stepped trench which I continued uphill this year) in the square which Toufic was lately digging. What looked at first like a hopeless tangle of melted red clay and disintegrated limestone developed during last week into our most spectacular building--a palace compared to the other structures we've had, even though in size it seems suited only for midgets. It is square, measuring 3.50 by 3.50 m and divided into four square rooms each measuring 1.50 by 1.50 m. The walls are standing up to a height of 1 m (eleven courses) and have peep holes, too small to crawl through, from one room to another and to the outside. The floors are paved with limestone flags, sunk in some corners as if to form hearths. Near one such corner were a small pierced mill-stone (diameter 16 cm), a large carnivore jaw

stuck into the wall, a long sharp flint blade and some stone "pokers." The area outside is paved with large flagstones and near a wall butt which could be one side of a doorway lies a flagstone pierced with a conical hole.

All this still belonged to item no. 6 in the sequence described above. In Toufic's square (supervised before him by Ali Abu Assaf) and in my trench we had as

7. 1-1/2 m of ash, animal bones and other trash, from which came one of our most significant finds: a bowl rim of soft dark brown stone decorated with a wavy band, comparable to one found by Braidwood in seventh-millennium B.C. context.
8. within the top 1/2 m of the pre-pottery deposit were two more superimposed levels of limestone and red clay structures as described in item 6. A one-room structure, completely excavated, measured 2 x 3 m and contained two partial burials close to the walls. One consisted of a skull by itself, covered with stones. Both of these levels had been destroyed by fire, which had baked the clay parts into hard, brick-like chunks, preserving the impressions of poles, slats and reeds.

During the last week Rudi and I dug adjoining squares which were badly chewed up by early Islamic pits, so we removed the intervening balk and got another complex of small rooms on a grid plan. The top pre-pottery level included a clay wall with a horizontal cylindrical hollow, presumably left by a burned beam, and the level immediately underneath yielded a similar wall with a vertical hollow, apparently left by a post.

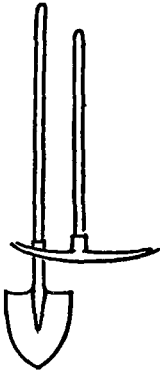
Another bit of news since last week is that Jim's pickman, Sha'bān, has developed into a seed specialist. He turns out to be even more short-sighted than I am, and goes around all the balks of the excavation with a spoon and a magnifying glass, discovering charred seeds which have defied even the sharpest eyes among us. Altogether we now have eight samples, in addition to the samples of miscellaneous vegetal matter (mostly wood charcoal to the naked eye), floated from two baskets of soil out of every level in every square.

I already wrote before that all our animals are wild, or at least look like wild ones, according to Dexter Perkins. The Mureybatians of about eight thousand years ago relied almost exclusively on wild cattle, onager and gazelle for meat. Van Liere, who likes to throw out challenging ideas, asked: "How do you know the cattle wasn't tame already? It must have taken many generations of malnutrition to change the bone structure of cattle to its present size." He has a similar problem at his site lower down on the Euphrates.

The remaining ten days will be devoted to drawing plans and sections, and to a preliminary sorting of flints from those loci which seem most significant (the total is well over a 100,000). I will draw some of the most outstanding objects and flint types, while Ghislaine will take photographs and Rudi will reduce the material from our sounding at Selenkehiye to manageable proportions. He hopes to return from Jerusalem to Damascus later to study this material more fully.

Two professional cartographers have spent two Fridays mapping the mound and have come up with a very adequate contour map, showing both natural features and the location of our dig. Toufic has made arrangements for the pickup and storage of our equipment and finds in the Aleppo Museum, of which he is the new curator. One problem that remains is preservation of the sites. Already since last night children have kicked stones off Toufic's "palace" and ripped tags out of the balks, in spite of the watchman's presence. We now plan to appoint our faithful factotum Mamduḥ as a permanent watchman, and to equip him with a big black dog.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1155 E. 58TH STREET • CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS



*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House, Luxor, U.A.R.
November 11, 1965

Dear Friends:

The Egyptologists of the Epigraphic Survey, Edward Wente, Carl DeVries, and I, with my wife, reached Cairo at the end of September, on the eve of the reorganization of the Egyptian cabinet. In order to ease the great burdens on Dr. Abd-el-Kader Hatem, Deputy Prime Minister for Culture, National Guidance, and Tourism, three ministers were appointed to work under him. The two who will be most concerned with our work are Dr. Soliman Huzayyin, Minister of Culture, and Dr. Aziz Yassin, Minister of Tourism and Antiquities.

Early last week I had the opportunity to meet both ministers. Dr. Huzayyin, who was Rector of the University of Assiut before his present appointment, recalled that when he was concentrating on his studies in pre-history before the war he was a frequent visitor at Chicago House. He was deeply appreciative of the Oriental Institute's program for the documentation and publication of the ancient monuments in the Luxor area.

Dr. Yassin came to his present post from a very successful managerial career. Trained as an engineer, he headed the cement industry until his new appointment. He is anxious to increase the efficiency of the services offered to tourists. He has heard of the famous library of Egyptology at Chicago House, and hopes he may visit us later in the season.

We were in Cairo at the opening of the new John F. Kennedy Library on October 3rd. Dr. Hatem gave the address for the United Arab Republic and the American Ambassador Lucius Battle that for the United States. Charlton Heston, in Cairo for a film on Gen. Charles George ("Chinese") Gordon, read parts of the inaugural address of the late President Kennedy. The new building is one lent by the U.A.R. pending the construction of a new American Information Center, and President Nasser presented a large number of books to the new collection. There are still considerably fewer volumes in the new library than there were in the one destroyed by the action of African students a year ago, but it is expected that it will grow rapidly. Mr. James Halsema, in charge of the United States Information Service activities in the American Embassy, hopes to have a special exhibit showing a cross section of the work of American scholars and writers in Egypt, and we hope that our publications will be represented.

The American Ambassador laments that while the destruction of the library was headlined in almost every newspaper in the United States there was, as far as he knows, no news item about the Kennedy Library reopening, nor about the improvement in the relations between the two nations which made this possible and which it is promoting.

The season began as usual on October 15th, with the return of our artists and wives, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Coleman, Mrs. and Mrs. Michael Barnwell, and Mr. Leslie

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Greener. John Healey, who is in charge of our operations, is the veteran member of our staff, having begun his work at Chicago House in the spring of 1932. Our new members are Carl DeVries and Eric Morby. The latter has just finished his course at the Royal College of Art in London. He is making an excellent beginning in learning our methods and is showing a keen power of observance. We look forward to having him on the staff for some years to come.

While the Epigraphic Survey ordinarily does not excavate, we are alert to such work in this area. At the end of last season two excavations were substantially completed. Technically, they were "clearances," such as we conducted at the Tomb Chapel of Kheruef a few years ago. A "clearance" is the removal of debris from a known monument, while an "excavation" is on a virgin site. From the personal observations of the staff at Chicago House we can report something of the results of these two projects and draw some tentative conclusions.

The German Archaeological Institute, with Jurgen Settgast as Field Director and Dieter Arnold as his assistant, has, in the past three years, cleared a tomb chapel not far from that of Kheruef. It is that of the General Intef, who lived under Montuhotep II, ruler in the second half of the twenty-first century B.C. On the square pillars of the portico at the west end of a sunken court are well preserved paintings showing agricultural and fishing scenes of a type well known, and others which are unique, one of warriors in boats attacking shore troops and another with a siege tower, with wheels, against the wall of a besieged town. If those latter are not actual events in Montuhotep's conquest of Middle and Lower Egypt (which led to the reunification of the country), they are at least typical of the military action which ended the chaotic disunion which followed the Old Kingdom.

Perhaps the court of this chapel had already begun to fill up with debris following the Middle Kingdom. Whatever depression remained was built up to the level of the floor of the valley when Thutmosis III built across this area his causeway, which went more than two-thirds of a mile from the desert edge to Deir el-Bahri. Tombs built into the floor of this causeway in the Saite Period, about the middle of the seventh century B.C., penetrated into the portico of Antef's tomb, and apparently some of its chambers were then reused for burials. Much of the court has not yet been excavated.

The causeway of Thutmosis III, and several ancient remains associated with it, should remind all Egyptologists that their prescience has not always been equal to the later discovered actuality. In the early part of this century Naville found, tucked behind the northwest corner of the platform of the mortuary temple of Montuhotep II, a small chapel for Hathor, built by Thutmosis III, and now in the Cairo Museum. It was to this chapel that the causeway was believed to have led. The shrine was identified with the temple of Amon which was named "The Holy Horizon." In 1922 Winlock found near the chapel several ostraka which recounted building operations on this temple by the Vizier Rekhmire in the forty-fifth year of Thutmosis III. The amount of stone delivered was rather great for the small chapel, but the discrepancy passed unquestioned. Nor did anyone seek an explanation for the beginning of a ramp midway between Montuhotep's and Hatshepsut's mortuary temples.

Early in this decade the Polish Government sent the architect Leszek Dabrowski, and later the Egyptologist Mme. Yagoda Lipinski, to cooperate with the Department of Antiquities in the reconstruction of Hatshepsut's mortuary temple. It soon became evident that in order to discern the architectural details at the southern end of the structure some clearance would be necessary. In the process of this

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investigation it was discovered that there had been, to the west and south of the queen's temple, and above it, a temple of Thutmosis III. Though badly destroyed, blocks fallen from the walls proved that this was the temple of Amon of "The Holy Horizon." The restoration, in the Nineteenth Dynasty, of the figure of Amon erased by the Amarna fanatics is the finest in the Theban area. The full excavation of the temple proves that the causeway and the ramp led to it, and that the Hathor chapel was only an adjunct.

Several statues of Thutmosis III, in poor to good condition, were found. More interesting than these was one of Senmut, Hatshepsut's confidant and architect, whose memory was believed to have been persecuted soon after his death and while his patroness was still alive. This statue, showing the official holding a shrine of Hathor, once had a cartouche on either shoulder. One subsequently was erased; the remaining is that of Thutmosis III. The erased cartouche must have been that of Hatshepsut, and it seems that this statue still stood, probably in the Hathor shrine, after the memory of the queen was dishonored.

The wall blocks and pillars have on them graffiti from the reign of Ramesses IX indicating that by this time the visitors honored Hathor therein, though none of the remaining wall decoration shows any such change.

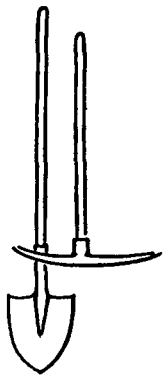
There is enough data to make a plausible hypothesis about this temple. The writer has the belief that the destruction of the monuments of Hatshepsut at Karnak and the erasure of her name and figure from her reliefs did not take place until after Thutmosis had completed his last military campaign in Syria in his forty-second year. Following this conclusion, it seems possible that the mortuary temple of Hatshepsut at Deir el-Bahri was destroyed about this time. This destruction left no shrine for the yearly celebration of the Feast of The Valley when the bark of Amon came from Karnak. On this interpretation the feast still took place in the Valley where it was founded in the time of Montuhotep II.

Thus it was necessary for Thutmosis III to build a new temple for this celebration, and it was under construction in his forty-fifth year. In the Nineteenth Dynasty the procession of Amon, who was by then joined by Mut and Knonsu, his associated deities, went from Karnak to the mortuary temple of the reigning king. Thutmosis' temple was no longer needed for this purpose, and it became identified with the nearby Hathor Shrine.

A number of friends and members of the Oriental Institute already have called at Chicago House this season. A few days ago we were visited by the Edward de Loaches who had spent their honeymoon in old Chicago House more than thirty-five years ago when Mr. de Loach, now an oil geologist in Libya, was on the staff of the Architectural Survey. Not every one will have such romantic association with Chicago House, but we are certain that our friends will find a visit here most pleasant, and the staff will be delighted to see them.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES FRANCIS NIMS



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Dezful, Khuzestan

Dear Friends:

Before leaving Chicago we resolved to share with you as much as possible of our work in the field by writing frequent newsletters. Once away, with so many things to do, it is always harder to write than anticipated, but the heavens have come to our aid by starting the rainy season in Khuzestan a month before it is normally due. In fact, torrents of rain and hail poured down the very first night that we arrived, at four o'clock in the morning, by train from Tehran. That was the first rain of the season and when later that day we drove out to Chogha Mish, the landscape and the fields were still parched and yellow--the color of the end of the summer. Now we are rained in for the second day after making a good start on the tepe, so we can try to carry out our good resolves.

To begin at the beginning. We made two brief stops on the way out to Iran. The first one was in London, where we had matters to discuss with our colleagues at the British Museum, Barnett of the Department of Western Asiatic Antiquities and James and Shore of the Department of Egyptian Antiquities. It is always most helpful to talk over subjects of mutual concern, such as the latest news and problems of the museum world and of archaeological work in the Near East. London is a focal point where scholars come and go, and always full of news. One of us (HJK) stayed on in order to represent the Institute at the opening ceremony of the exhibition "Land of the Bible" in celebration of the completion of the first centenary of the Palestine Exploration Fund and of the progress of Palestinian archaeology. It was most successful. Groups of full-sized figures in native dress and an alcove devoted to the geology and ecology of Palestine (complete with samples of thistles, different grains, and a cage teeming with live locusts) provided a colorful introduction. Photographs, newspapers, and many other documents were devoted to the founders and early history of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Large contour maps of Palestine studded with colored pins representing excavated sites provided a striking and extremely valuable survey of settlement patterns, a knowledge of which is basic for the reconstruction and understanding of the archaeology and history of Palestine. These introductory materials were followed by alcoves arranged chronologically, from the Palaeolithic to the Islamic period, filled with objects from Palestine Exploration Fund excavations and supplemented with significant pieces from other sources. Altogether, the exhibition was both attractive and highly instructive. Already from the beginning it was a great public success.

In Israel the two main tasks were to attend to various matters in connection with the Institute's expedition to Israel (Khirbet Kerak) and to obtain supplies, especially

printed pottery recording forms, for the Chogha Mish excavations. As usual, there were all sorts of archaeological news to catch up with, and, in particular, the pleasant task of visiting the great new museum complex for the first time. Last April the combined Art, Archaeological, and Dead Sea Scrolls Museums were opened, so that for the first time the Israeli collections could be adequately displayed. Despite all the world-wide publicity and praise published at the time of the inauguration, we were still surprised to see how much outstanding material has been collected and were greatly interested to learn how the complex problems of arranging such an ambitious museum are being met.

On October 12 we flew to Tehran and, though it was midnight, were met by Professor and Mrs. Negahban. Tehran was then very full of people temporarily evacuated from their stations farther east, so that we were disappointed in not being able to stay at the Presbyterian Mission, where we have always been so kindly received. But instead we enjoyed very much the generous hospitality of the Negahbans, and later of the German Archaeological Institute, where we moved after all members of our group (in addition to ourselves: two students, Miss Elizabeth Carter and Father Stanislaw Loffreda) had gathered and where we received much assistance in our last-minute packing for the field.

In Tehran our activities were two-sided. On one hand there was the official business to be arranged. All this was greatly facilitated by Mr. Pourman, Director of Antiquities, and by Mr. Khorramabodi, who is in charge of excavation arrangements. Our permit to excavate was ready for us on our arrival, and very shortly Mr. Imani was appointed commissioner to accompany us. There was, of course, also much to be done in connection with visas and, since we shipped no provisions or camp equipment from the States, shopping for various expedition supplies not obtainable in Khuzestan without great difficulty or at all. One of the most important of such items that had to be ordered was our camp "furniture", namely nests of wooden boxes which first served to ship our tools from Tehran, which now serve us as closets, bedside stands, and kitchen and working tables and eventually will be crates for shipping antiquities.

The other aspect of our stay in Tehran was centered around archaeological and social activities. The American cultural attache, Mr. Reinhardt, was very friendly and helpful; he and his wife asked us to dinner to meet various members of the American community. Our Ambassador, Mr. A. Meyer, invited us to a cocktail party and urged us to remain for a quiet talk after most of the guests had left. We were happy to make his acquaintance. In addition our arrival in Tehran coincided with the return of the Ghirshmans and the arrival of Professor and Mrs. Mallowan, so that there was an impromptu miniature archaeological congress, with two lectures by Professor Mallowan, a showing of a film based on Professor Negahban's work at Marlik Tepe, and various meetings. Altogether, a great deal of activity was crowded into our short time in Tehran.

The two of us came down to Khuzestan a few days ahead of the students in order to solve the transportation and housing problems while they were still studying in the German Institute's library and visiting the Archaeological Museum. In Khuzestan

we found many of our old friends missing--the whole Dutch group of engineers and surveyors (some of whom made the contour map of our site in the second season) are gone, as well as many Americans. But several of our good friends remain, particularly Mr. Rashidian and Dr. Gremliza, and they have been of tremendous help in innumerable ways.

Even before leaving Chicago, we had known that the house which was put at our disposal during the first two seasons would not be available and that new housing arrangements would have to be made. The very first afternoon in Khuzestan we went out to Dowleti, the village closest to the site, to examine the possibilities of living there. Villagers always gather when they see a car approach, so we were soon recognized and the news of our return speedily spread in the village. Many of our former workmen came running to meet us. Soon we were ushered into the courtyard of the village headman's house to talk and to drink tea surrounded by a large audience. After a while we broached the subject of renting a house. We were immediately offered that very house, one of the best in the village, plus, if we wished, part of an adjoining house. Thus we could begin to estimate what alterations would be necessary in order to make it possible to live and work there. The rooms have no windows, only small doors through which one must go stooping, and low ceilings of sticks and brushwood covered with mud outside. In addition there were the problems of good water and light to be considered. Altogether, even the most indispensable changes would have taken several weeks to carry out and we were eager to settle down and begin digging as soon as possible. So, after much deliberation of the pros and cons of time needed for remodeling versus the time spent on commuting, we decided, very regretfully, to take a house in Dezful. Once that decision was made, we were lucky in that friends found for us a brand-new, well-planned house, almost ready for occupation. We had to wait only a few days in the Andimeshk guest house. In fact, we moved in and began digging before our Tehran shipment arrived and before we could set up proper "housekeeping." Ever since then we have been very busy. Despite our commuting we reach the tepe before or at sunrise, which means getting up no later than 5:00 a. m. and leaving the house around 5:50. We stop for about a half-hour lunch at 10 and begin signing off the workmen around 3:00 p. m. The return trip, washing up, and a little tea make a break in the day, a break which is very full usually of practical arrangements to be made with the driver, the cook, or others. After dinner around 6:30, we try to catch up with some of the recording work before bed. Somehow, there never seems to be enough time.

On our first visit to Chogha Mish after our arrival, we were most happy to see that the villagers had kept their promises to us and that everything on the site was intact, though we had left no guards. Not only was there no man-made damage, but even the rain had not greatly eroded our previous work, nor was there much blown-in dirt or sand in the former excavations. Practically every sherd-yard was intact, with the painted notations of proveniences still visible on some of the stone markers. Even some sherds which we had mended in the second season, but had decided we could not carry away, were still there, with the glue still holding after two and a half years of Khuzestan winters and summers. Could there be a better testimony to the quality of a product?

Just as we were to begin work on the tepe, the news of the sudden death of Miss Carter's father, Mr. John Stewart Carter, the noted poet and novelist, came

as a great shock to us and greatly marred the happy beginning of the season. For a while we were even afraid that we might lose Miss Carter, but she learned that it was one of her father's last wishes that she remain to take advantage of her opportunities for fieldwork, and she has been carrying on most bravely and efficiently ever since work began, and has proved to be a very dependable and valuable member of our small staff.

You probably remember that since the fall of 1961 we have had one short and one long season of work at Chogha Mish, the most prominent mound in this corner of Khuzestan. In the two previous seasons we established that the entire mound of over sixty acres was occupied during both the prehistoric and Protoliterate periods, and we located some very interesting traces of architecture. However, we had not been able to follow these on any large scale, in great part because our workmen were completely new to archaeological digging and were unable to cope with the extremely difficult work of tracing badly destroyed unbaked brick walls, many of which are in addition much decayed because of being directly below the modern surface of the mound. But this year some workmen have two seasons behind them, and we have begun at once to concentrate on the best architectural traces located last season, with the aim of opening up relatively large areas. We have started to trace completely the thick round wall of Trench V and to dig down in the adjoining areas. The wall is too thick to be that of an ordinary private house, but it is still too early to identify the structure. Undoubtedly it was rebuilt more than once and in part it contained a truly monumental accumulation of animal bones. We have materials to keep a zoologist busy for a long, long time.

We have also begun to work in the Trench IX area, where we are getting into a maze of architectural complication, with a large number of pottery end brick drains and the lowest courses of wall. Eventually the complicated stratification will become unraveled, but it will take time and patience.

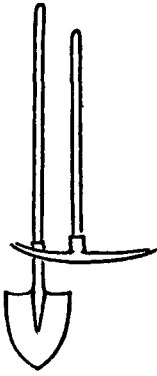
We have already some small finds, such as seal impressions, a few stamp seals, and, above all, incredible masses of pottery. This year's sherd yards already dwarf those of the previous season, which at the time seemed so large to us. Chogha Mish is really remarkable for its pottery yield, and we tell our students that they should not consider this a normal situation.

P. S. The rainy spell ended before this letter was finished--in fact the weather has been too dry for agriculture, so we are all praying for rain, our workmen because of their wheat and we because of our backlog of "home work." It is high time for this first newsletter to be on its way to you, and we hope soon to send another with a further report. All the best wishes of the season to you all.

Cordially,

PIERRE DELOUGAZ
HELENE KANTOR

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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December 13, 1965

Dear Friends:

With this newsletter, our field responsibilities under the UNESCO-sponsored program of emergency excavations on the lands being flooded by the new High Dam at Aswan draw to an end. Its author is Dr. George Scanlon, Director of the Cairo Center of the American Research Center in Egypt and an Oriental Institute Research Associate. Our first campaign at the site he describes, Kasr al-Wizz, was carried on by Professor Keith C. Seele just as the navigation channel up the Nile was being blocked by the High Dam's construction, and was forced to close prematurely in order for our boats to escape down-river without being permanently trapped. Dr. Scanlon, who is currently directing excavations for the A. R. C. E. at the medieval Arabic city of Fustat (ancient Cairo), undertook to finish them for us this fall, using an A. R. C. E. houseboat that was kept above the dam for continuing excavations at Gabal Adda. As his letter indicates, it is heartening to report that our long and exciting chapter on Nubian fieldwork closes with several important discoveries.

The closing of the fieldwork chapter, however, finds us only at an early and still highly uncertain phase in the long task of preparing our Nubian findings for publication. Without publication they will remain meaningless, and yet neither the blocked currency (Public Law 480) program under which excavations were conducted nor the fanfare of publicity about the salvaging of Nubian treasures made any allowance for this essential activity. Archeological field excavations, as I am reminded again every time I see Professor Seele's massive collection of Nubian pottery awaiting study in our basement laboratories, is only that part of the archeological iceberg which is visible above the water.

To conclude on a note more in keeping with the spirit of the holidays, it is a pleasure to announce the opening of a new exhibit in our Museum on December 21st. Prepared under the joint guidance of archeologist Carl Haines and Sumerologist Miguel Civil, it presents the story of our excavations at the Sumerian city of Nippur in southern Iraq. Beginning at 4:30 that afternoon we will be serving punch before a fire in the Director's Study (Room 235 on the second floor). Some of you may wish to take in the new exhibit and then join the Oriental Institute staff for an exchange of holiday greetings on this festive occasion.

Sincerely yours,

Robert M. Adams
Director

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The wind rose this evening; the recurrent edge of the Nile lapping the shore like breakers through the night. There had been three days of penetrating heat, a sort of Nubian "Indian Summer", when there wasn't a ripple on the river, and the shores has become littorals of scum. Perfect weather for cleaning and photographing an excavated site, for bodies to imbibe this last taste of Nubian warmth, and for our cook and one of the camel patrol to take a felucca across to Adindan and find themselves stranded. Perhaps it was the decline of the fierce sun which presaged the onset of honest Nubian winter.

The Nile is forming Lake Nasser, against her will, mayhaps, but relentlessly, and she has had to rob this land of those elements which haunt the heart: clean villages with an unstudied geometricity to placate a Cezanne, groves of palms where sands and shore mingled fruitfully, a people of seperate temper living lives of a stately tempo and at one with the landscape. Now these are gone, but there yet remain the daily solar accidents, the confluence of sands and lunar rocks, and the thousand regrets of those who worked to rescue and record the monuments and modes of her existence.

One of these monuments is the small Coptic monastery (dair) of Kasr al-Wizz, the Palace of the Wild Goose, or more poetically, of the Heron. The six weeks' campaign ends today, but one would wish for more time to explore further, towards the west where there must be a continuation of those A- and C- Group cemeteries revealed immediately to the south in the Faras area. Wizz stands on a promontory now fifteen to eighteen meters above the Nile, on the west bank, eighteen kilometers south of Abu Simbel. The Sudanese border is less than a kilometer to the south. The monastery is built on an undulant platform of the hill, it measures approximately sixty meters N-S, and thirty-five E.-W. There was a church (12.5 x 22.5m) attached to the monastery, once filled with frescoes only pieces of which we were able to rescue. There were obviously two periods of church construction, one we believe to be 8-9th century, from some pages of Coptic parchment found beneath the pavement of the room just beyond the baptistery; and the rebuilding dates probably to late 10th through early 12th centuries. These two eras collate with the two great building epochs of Faras, the bishopric to which Wizz was subject, whose buildings were plainly visible up river from her height, which today is totally engulfed. Though Griffiths and Mileham hinted at a church, Monneret didn't look too carefully, and from the vaulted remains of the monastery refectory (which in his time were not totally filled) and from the name of the place in local parlance, he assumed Wizz to be a "Palais". Towards the end of his 1964 season, Keith Seele visited Wizz and did some sounding and clearing. He proved definitely that there was a church, uncovering parts of the nave, apse and podium.

We know it was a typical three-aisled church, originally with three pillars on each side of the nave. The entrance was originally from the West, and there was a simple arched divide between the baptistery and tribunal. Later, the piers were bricked up and a haikal of five steps installed in the nave against it's new north wall. The original western entrance was filled in, and an

entrance formed coming from a new southern courtyard, directly into the old narthex. Additional rooms were added to the east, in two of which we found crypts, hewn into the gabal platform. The baptistery now had a sunken tank, on two faces of which we found inscriptions in Nubian. All the aisles were vaulted, and probably frescoed. Additional ornament was provided by carved mauve sandstone lintels, tympana, capitals, capstones, etc. all painted with white plaster, and all carrying motifs related to other Nubian Christian buildings. One lintel, however, was exceptional, since it contained five different motifs, any combination of which had appeared before but not the carved composition of all five. In rooms immediately adjacent to the church on the south side we found two magazines of mud-brick and the place where they were made, with enormous remains of the grey mud and chopped straw. Within the courtyard was a porter's "apartment" and one room filled to the brim with sherds. We extracted ninety baskets of these, and confirmed through our typology the later rebuilding from the incidence of what William Adams has termed "Classic Christian", "Late Christian Fine-Line", and "Late Slapdash". We now have the complete ground-plan of the church, and enough evidence for an attempted section through the nave.

Keith Seele had found four graves hewn side-by-side into the escarpment below the church, one on the same axis. It was decided to clean the escarpment, both to investigate the possibility of more tombs, and to make cleaning the monastery proper that much easier, since the fill could be tipped over the escarpment. Along a front of seventy meters, the rock was cleaned eighteen meters down towards the river. One more tomb did show up, but it had been plundered, and the outlines of another never hewn. But two very interesting rooms, hewn into the gabal but with bricked walls, came through below the monastery. One of these contained a cache of very early Christian lamps and sherds of the same fabric and decoration denominated "Early Christian" by Adams. It is impossible to ascertain the function of these rooms; the remnants of a terra-cotta pipe were in the path coming from a point directly under the platform and leading to the southern of the two rooms. A cistern? Possibly, but was there need for one with all the flowing Nile fronting one, and was there ever so much rain water? I doubt if they could form a cesspool. If they were tombs and the lamps seem to point that way, then they were a shape unlike any in the vicinity and were plundered beyond recognition.

Excavating the monastery proved much more difficult. (It measures roughly 33 x 35 m.) First it was packed with sand; and in some cases removing this sand meant sacrificing weakening vaulting. Then there was obviously a second floor, but when it was constructed, why, and the plan of it were impossible to adduce. Lastly, this whole area had been occupied after the dissolution of the monastery, for in many sections we found the occluding sand packed down, and hearths erected. Many of the cells were blocked; other rooms were very clearly used for the stabling of animals, particularly camels and goats, whose droppings and forage were found throughout, and at depths of a meter and a half into the fill. It is a problem yet to deduce the number of

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monks accommodated by the buildings. However, we can give the complete ground plan, complete with refectory (though this has lost most of the vaulting noted in Monneret's plate), latrines, kitchens, and a small courtyard opening to the east, on three sides of which there may have been open arcading, giving a charming aspect to the monastery from the river and eastern bank. Below the flooring of the courtyard and directly adjacent to the kitchen, we found a vault hewn into the platform, about a meter and a quarter high, and a meter and a half in round width, with an opening to the courtyard. This was a cold cellar, undoubtedly for storing wine, and the opening an air shaft.

Opening from a corridor whose egress was the refectory we cleaned what can only be considered seven monk-cells. Originally these were plastered and had elements of frescoes, some fragments of which we found in the fill. In one of the rooms towards the floor we discovered our finest and most important object: - a complete (17 leaves) Coptic prayer-book, with illustrations and decorations in red, green, and black on whitish parchment. Among the illustrations was a most amusing crocodile, his mouth agape, intoning a psalm methinks, rather than in anticipation of jolly mastication. Also some ostriches eating grapes and a very strangely, almost abstractly, drawn human face. This proves a tradition of book illustration to parallel that of fresco painting. It is my belief that this dates from the rebuilding, sometime in the 11th century, since this cell also contained a letter in Nubian and on paper, addressed "Marianos to Marianos": one of whom must be the Bishop of Faras who died in 1039 (cf. Kush, XIII, in the report of Prof. Micaelowski on his third season at Faras).

A latrine next to the kitchen was filled with pottery sherds, again most of them pointing to a "Classic Christian", "Late Christian Fine-Line" context. We were able to reconstruct an almost complete vase, with splendid paintings of birds and an antelope in panels; it is the most beautiful piece of slip-painted Christian ware from Nubia that I've seen. Companion pieces, alas not so complete, attest the artistic quality of the potters in the Faras area.

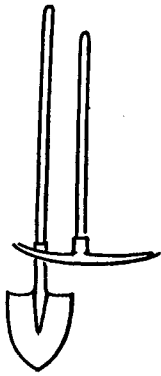
Thus, because of the parchment fragments beneath the pavement in the church, the prayer-book and the vase from the monastery, what we had thought to be merely an interesting building in the litany of Christian Nubia proved to be rather important. True, the monastery as a whole is roughly built and its decor may be thought "provincial", but it does relate directly to the history of Faras, paralleling its history almost exactly, and when one thinks of the two churches formerly at Adindan right across the river, one can think that this triangle (Wizz-Adindan-Faras) formed a cluster of continuing importance in Nubian history; one that can be much better comprehended now that Wizz is available for comparative study. That it is so has been due to the efforts of a most conscientious staff, with whom it has been a pleasure to work: Mr. Voyiech Kollontay, Architect and Assistant Director; Mr. Marek Marciniak, Epigraphist (both on loan to the Wizz Expedition by the Polish Center of Mediterranean Archaeology with permission of its distinguished Director

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Prof. K. Michaelowski); Mrs. Elinor Pawula, Artist; Mr. Neil MacKenzie, Field Archaeologist; Mr. Gordon Holler, Photographer; and Mr. John Semple, Pottery Supervisor. Our work force of eighty Quftis accomplished the cleaning of site and escarpment in twenty-eight work days under the vigilant supervision of Ra'is Hamid Mahmud. The Antiquities Inspector for the U. A. R. Government was Mr. Fahmy Abdal-Alim, who was most cooperative. All conspired to make my direction minimal, if not most unnecessary.

George Scanlon

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Dezful, Khuzestan
January 19, 1966

Dear Friends:

It is time to begin another letter to tell you of progress. Since we wrote last there has been a whole cluster of holidays and local official memorial days to which our workmen paid little heed and we have proceeded uninterrupted. On our, western, side there was Christmas and New Year's which would not have seemed very real in Professor J. R. Kantor (Miss Kantor's father) had not come all the way out from Chicago, bearing a sack full of presents like a proverbial St. Nicolas. He stayed with us for three weeks, during which he became quite acclimatized to the expedition atmosphere, to the point of mending pottery. We were sad to see him return to his work in Chicago. At leaving he gave us a handsome contribution to the Expedition's expenses. Now he writes about the rigorous winter weather in Chicago and we hope that you are not all suffering from it a great deal.

News of the outside world hardly percolates through to us and we learned about the feats of our astronauts in a roundabout fashion through a letter from England. However, local problems and situations take on great importance. Together with our workmen, we have been watching daily for rain and have been sorry to see the green fields of sprouted wheat all around Chogha Mish turn yellow-brown. Also on the tepe itself, the vegetation shriveled; the wild calendulas have stayed green and bloomed only in some of the depressions left over from last season's work, where a little moisture was still retained. Because of the apparent failure of this year's crop, which is especially serious for the farmers around Chogha Mish, who still rely only on rain since they have no irrigation, the villagers have been very anxious to work for us; fending off eager, would-be workers, many of them not very promising, has been quite a chore. It is obviously impossible for us to employ the several thousand men and boys in the neighboring villages, but each individual always pleads: "just me, just one more!" In this connection we have had only serious problem so far; disgruntled young men who were not employed or who were dismissed have three times come to the tepe after working hours to damage drains and pottery and to try to disarrange our sherd yards. Twice we warned the workers and the responsible men of the nearest village, but when it happened for the third time, we actually stopped work for a few days, explaining

to our workers that it was impossible to continue in this fashion. They understood, were very disturbed, and told us the names of the two culprits. When our commissioner put in a complaint, the two young men were brought by gendarmes before a judge in Dezful and some of our workmen undertook in writing to guard the tepe after work without pay. While we were waiting for some satisfactory action to be taken in the matter of the damage (which fortunately had caused no serious losses of objects or information), we were able to stay home a few days to work on the backlog of recording which has accumulated in the absence of rainy days.

Since our first letter we have made great strides on the tepe itself. According to plan we have concentrated our efforts in three major spots.

- 1) On the east side of the lower mound, along Trench V of last season, we have opened up a wide expanse, which is enabling us to trace the entirety of the round room whose walls in both its stages are monumentally thick, but built of unbaked mud brick so bad and so disintegrated that they are of the utmost difficulty to trace. We know that there are baked bricks, presumably forming a pavement, running underneath the round room, but we have not yet been able to get down to this depth in a wide area. First we must deal with the tremendous deposit of beveled rim bowls and other pottery which was laid down against the round wall on one side, and also with the many pits and kiln-like structures which stretch away toward the southeastern edge of the tepe. These have greatly damaged the architecture of the upper layers of the Protoliterate period, but on the other hand they are crammed full of Protoliterate pottery and sometimes contain good seal impressions. So we are happy to have this material and anticipate that the architecture of the earliest Protoliterate occupation below may have remained more coherent.
- 2) On the opposite, western side of the lower mound we have connected Trenches VI, IX, and Sounding C of last season into one coherent area. This is the area where we have the largest array of drains, both of baked pottery and of baked bricks, running in various directions at various levels. The disentangling of these and their attribution to proper strata (some of which have disappeared, having been above the present ground level) is a long and complicated job. Though it is still too early to say that we have solved all the problems, we are making good progress. For one thing, it is clear that even those very well-built brick drains which at the beginning we thought must be "late" are actually also Protoliterate. For another, the intrusive nature and the date of the late occupation is now clear. There was never an extensive settlement or real "layer," but a certain amount of outlying structures dug down into the early levels some two millennia after the Protoliterate period. We have a pottery kiln, a very nice one with the plastered floor of the firing chamber full of holes to bring in the heat from the furnace room below. The kiln was crammed with pottery and there are many very similar large storage jars all around. Those of you who know us well will realize that we were not exactly overwhelmed with joy at this sudden access of PARTHIAN pottery, but the group is going to provide such

a good corpus of types, that our hearts have softened and we are treating all this material with the same care as if it were Protoliterate.

- 3) We have now also tackled the high, main mound. We approached it by a series of deep soundings; in none of these have we yet reached virgin soil, but we are getting a fine sequence of prehistoric Susiana pottery, exciting not only for all the archaeological questions which we hope will be answered, but also because the sherds themselves, even as fragments, are so attractive. On the main mound itself we began on the southwest corner, and first hit at the base what we believe to be solid mud brickwork of the Protoliterate period. We have been gradually working our way up by tracing individual bricks and now have cleared the top layers of brickwork over a large part of the southwestern spur of the main mound. Outwardly this part of the site now looks very much like the core of one solid ziggurat. However, we know that this is probably not the case for the bricks vary in dimension and are somewhat differently oriented at different heights. Possibly we have a monumental Elamite structure which capped a Protoliterate one and was in turn cut into by some Parthian brickwork and even later stone and plaster structures. However, only at the top do we find some Elamite and Parthian potsherds; otherwise all the pottery associated with the brickwork is Protoliterate, and we even have at the base two well-built brick cesspools or pits which were brimming over with beveled rim bowls and other Protoliterate pottery. So there are many indications that substantial Protoliterate constructions existed on the "acropolis" of Chogha Mish and we are very eager to do our duty in clearing and recording the later brickwork as quickly as possible so as to be able to penetrate underneath and ascertain what is left to us from the Protoliterate period.

January 31, 1966

There are many other things to write about, such as the way in which comfortably empty new sherd yards fill up in a few days or the growing skill and pride of some of our pottery boys in ferreting out joins and building up vessels (we have professional looking sand boxes of baked bricks in several of the biggest sherd yards), but all this must wait for another letter. Two events cannot be passed over, however. One is the dinner which we gave on January 21st for our colleague and old friend, Professor Roman Ghirshman (now one of the "Immortals," having recently been elected to the French Academy), Mme. Ghirshman, and their party (Pere M. J. Steve; H. Gasche; Professor L. de Meyer of Liege, and Mme. Holmes-Frederic of Brussels) Mme. Ghirshman said that it was only the second time in all the years of their work at Susa that they had gone out to dinner. But even more pleasant and encouraging was to have Professor Ghirshman, after all his long experience in Iran, say that a number of our pottery types were quite new and exciting to him. The other event is the arrival, almost one and a half months late, of real soaking rain, which has kept us home and given us the chance to catch up with some of our home work (registration, mapping, and pottery drawing) and also to finish this letter. Now the fields around Chogha Mish will turn green

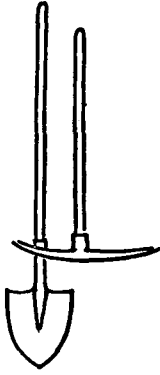
a gain and we hope some of the wheat crop will still be saved. One of our pickmen who brought a sick child into town stopped at the house to report that all the tepe is soaking wet and the trenches are full of water. It is raining steadily outside at the moment, so that it looks as if we may be able to catch up a little more with our work in the house and will not have to get up before 5:00 A. M. tomorrow morning.

Our best greetings to you all,

P. Delougaz

Helene J. Kantor

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House, Luxor
UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC
3 February 1966

Dear Friends:

The latter part of last month, two members of the Epigraphic Survey went south to the edge of Nubia, or beyond. The first account of these trips is from Leslie Greener, an artist on our staff whom many of you know.

Asswan, the last town in Egypt, four hours by rail to the south of us, holds memories for expedition members passing through on several visits to Nubia during our participation in the Saving the Monuments campaign there. In late January I went there on a visit.

It is no longer the little town of charm that we remember, with its quiet river front and quaint bazaars. It is rapidly becoming the second city of Egypt and the largest industrial center of the country, on account of the electric power that will be generated at the High Dam now nearing completion. The riverside road has been torn up, trees uprooted, buildings demolished to make place for a wide boulevard along the Nile. Mud-brick houses of old Asswan, seldom more than three floors high, are being replaced by multi-storied sheer white buildings containing government departments, offices, and wealthy apartments. At the back of the town rows of tall blocks are going up to house workers and technicians.

The old Cataract Hotel is still there, with its low mass of comfortable, disorganized architecture, but a New Cataract, gleaming white, soars above it. And on the northern tip of Elephantine Island an immense hotel that looks like the Tower of Babel is being built. It completely blocks the famous view of the tombs in the desert hill across the river.

The streets of Asswan today are dusty, noisy, and perilous, with buses tearing along bearing designation-plates in Russian. For there are three thousand Russians living in Asswan at present. It was to Russia that Nasser turned for finance and technical help to build his High Dam when it was refused by Western powers. There is little sign, however, that the Russians are turning the opportunity of their presence to any propaganda purpose beyond the prestige that naturally accrues to them for doing a big job well. They keep very

much to themselves, and do not fraternize to any extent with the local population outside of working hours on the job. There is a Russian town on the opposite bank of the river, and there they have their own substantial houses, shops, clubs, and movies.

My visit to Asswan was in company with Polish archaeologists who are neighbors of ours at Luxor, and therefore I had the unusual experience of having a Russian car with a Russian driver call for me at the hotel and take us on a conducted tour of the High Dam works. The Russian Consul himself was our host, and it was amusing that the conversation had to be entirely in English--not because of me, but because it was the only common language between the Consul and the Poles. He spoke it well, and was charming and informative. He also spoke Arabic fluently, something our western diplomats seldom do.

The High Dam was vast and almost frightening by its immensity, and the huge volume of water already beginning to stack up behind it in a lake that will be three hundred miles long and two hundred feet or more deep. The Consul said that if it were to be broken a wave forty feet high would sweep Cairo and Egypt out to sea. There is no chance of its breaking through weakness: it is half a mile thick, of piled granite and sand, with a waterproof core. But we agreed that the High Dam rendered Egypt totally vulnerable to an enemy with nuclear bombs. It should be completed by 1969, one year before schedule.

After inspecting every part of the works, taking any photographs we liked, we were driven right across the Nile on the dam, to a hilltop where Kalabsha temple stands, re-erected after being moved from its original site some 30 miles upstream. The work has been so beautifully done by the West German engineers--the move was a gift of their government--that the very air of antiquity seems to have moved with the stones. Nearby I was delighted to see "our" little rock-cut temple of Beit el Wali, saved from the flood and brought up here by the Egyptian Service of Antiquities. In 1961 a Chicago House team spent weeks in this temple in Nubia, copying its reliefs and inscriptions. They await publication with impatience.

Asswan is changing rapidly, yet the charm of a sailboat trip among the rocky islands of the cataract has not been spoiled by changes. It is to be hoped that it never will be.

Sincerely yours,

Leslie Greener

Just before New Year's day, 1956, a group of Egyptian and guest scholars arrived at Abu Simbel. The High Dam at Asswan was still in the planning stage, and no one knew what would be the ultimate fate of the great temples of Rameses III. However, the Department of Antiquities, joining the newly formed and UNESCO supported Center of Documentation, then began the complete documentation of these monuments so that the records would be preserved no matter what might be their eventual disposition.

This writer was a member of that first team ten years ago. With very simple equipment he began the photographic recording. The French "Institut géographique national" made a photogrammetric

survey. Others began copying texts and making line drawings of the reliefs. The great enthusiasm and energy of Mme. Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt, the UNESCO Consultant for the Center of Documentation, was the driving force behind this and the subsequent work of recording in Egyptian Nubia.

Since that day the name of Abu Simbel has become a household word. The world became aware of the need to preserve these monuments, and responded to the appeal. In fact, the publicity from Egypt has so much dwelt on Nubia that a great number of people, including potential tourists, are unaware that in the Nile Valley there are still great, important, and spectacular monuments not endangered by the gathering flood.

In the spring of 1963, the United States sent Mr. Wendell Johnson, a civilian engineer in the Army Corps of Engineers, to inspect the temples of Abu Simbel. In his report he recommended the adoption of the present, Swedish, plan of moving the temple to a new site. With the American contribution of one third the preliminary costs the work of removal was begun at the end of that year.

Many of us wondered whether the start had not been made too late. However, with great efficiency the Joint Venture of a number of companies went on with the work, first building a coffer dam to keep out the water up to the 1966 inundation. After that the process of cutting out the reliefs and statues began.

On January 26th, as Field Director of the Epigraphic Survey, the principal and oldest American archaeological enterprise in Egypt, I was one of the delegates to the ceremony of placing the first blocks of the reconstructed temple in their new site. The other American delegates were Mr. David Nes, the American Minister, Mr. James Halsema, USIS Director, Mr. Robert Bauer, Cultural Attache, and Mr. Donald Edgar, representing the present American Nubian Committee, which is seeking to raise part of the still needed seven million dollars.

The three tourist hydrofoils (large speed boats) bearing the names of the ancient queens Hatshepsut, Cleopatra, and Nefertiti, were used in the trip, the first going on Tuesday morning with the correspondents. Among them was Mr. Richard Driscoll, Director of the Voice of America for the Middle East. The other two left from Asswan about five in the morning, one with the diplomatic corps and the other with members of Egyptian and foreign archaeological institutions.

The five hour trip each was in some ways exhilarating as one realized the continuing progress of the High Dam, behind which the great lake already is forming. The needs for food and power will be assuaged by this great reserve of water, and the Egyptians can justly be proud of the project.

Yet when the delightful Nubian villages are recalled there is also a feeling of depression. In this 175 mile stretch there is little sign of life. Occasionally there was one of the boats supplying the work at Abu Simbel, and toward evening we passed a flock of pelicans sitting on the water. At Beit el Wali the temple site is under water, and only a few of the well remembered houses remain on the hill above. Some villages are completely covered. Here and there a minaret above the water is the only sign of a vanished settlement. It would seem appropriate to hear, as one passes, the doleful strains of Debussy's "La Cathedral engloutie."

At Abu Simbel the rising waters are now about 43 feet above the highest point of the flood with the old dam. From the path along the coffer dam we looked down into the hollows before each temple. From the small temple the ceiling and some of the walls have been removed. At the left, before a great gouge in the mountain, the feet of the colossi are all that are seen of the great temple.

As the buses were waiting to take the delegates to the plateau above, we had no time for closer inspection. Once on top of the cliff we stopped at the area where the great blocks cut from the temples are stored. The faces are placed close together to protect the color from the direct rays of the sun. Small cracks have been filled and splinters fixed in place. Each piece is numbered for identification. The work has been done with great skill and care.

A village has been built on the plateau for housing the workers and their families. Such facilities as a swimming pool and a cafeteria, built on the brow of the cliff to the south, have helped to make pleasant the several years stay of the personnel. Perhaps when the work is completed and the waters of Lake Nasser have reached their height this village will become a vacation center for those seeking the sun, bathing, fishing, and a visit to the reconstructed monuments.

At the site for the re-erection of the great temple of Abu Simbel, approximately above its original place, and with the same orientation, the delegates and also the workers, both Egyptian and foreign, and their families gathered for the ceremony. There were appropriate speeches by the Governor of Asswan, the Deputy Director-General of UNESCO, and the Under Secretary of State for culture. After boxes with papers were deposited in the base by the Minister of Tourism and Antiquities, the upper part of the sitting statues of Ramesses II and the three national gods of Egypt, from the sanctuary, were lowered into position. During one of the speeches two tow-headed children played in the sand in front of the delegates stand.

It is now expected that the deadline for the removal of the temples, August 15th, soon after which the waters will flood over the coffer dam, will be beaten in four months. The reconstruction of the temple, which will now continue without halt, is expected to be completed by the end of 1969, a year before the target date.

There still will be work of minor restoration of the reliefs under the direction of Dr. Anwar Shukry, the recently retired Director General of Antiquities, and the landscaping under a committee headed by Professor Kazimierz Michalowski, of Warsaw.

The saving of Abu Simbel is well on the way to becoming an accomplished fact. The Oriental Institute can take great satisfaction in the help it has given this project and in the major work which its scholars, supported by its members, have accomplished in the archeological exploration of Nubia.

Sincerely yours,

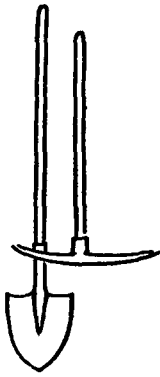
Charles Francis Nims

P.S. In Chicago, Dr. John A. Wilson asks permission to add a cautionary note. Abu Simbel will be rescued from the waters; its blocks will be stored on higher ground, for ultimate rebuilding. However, there is not yet enough money for that rebuilding. That is why Dr. Nims mentions an American committee which is seeking to raise a part of the needed millions for the final rebuilding of the temple.

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(The enclosed bookmark with bibliography on Ancient Egypt is the beginning of a series we are preparing for our Members on each country in the Ancient Near East. We hope that they will provide a useful guide for your own reading.)

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Southwestern Asia generally
April 1, 1966

Greetings:

Since this is neither an expedition nor a full-bodied field survey, what I set down here is mainly for your amusement. Linda, Bruce Howe, our Turkish colleague Halet Çambel and I have been together out here for a month. The occasion is the opportunity which the University's reading period affords us to be away from lectures for over four weeks. As we did last March, this opportunity has been used to work on the materials of the Joint Prehistoric Project in Halet's laboratory in Istanbul University. But different from last year, we have been able--with the aid of a grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research--to spend part of our time here in an archeological tour. It is now ten years since Bruce, Linda and I have seen Iraq and parts of Lebanon, Syria and Iran. Some places we've now visited for the first time. New prehistoric materials have been recovered, new personalities have arisen on the various local scenes, and we felt we needed bringing up-to-date. Furthermore, Halet--although she is most cosmopolitan and widely traveled as to Europe and the United States--had never before been out her own backdoor to the south and east.

What I set down, then, is snatches of impressions, as I say mainly for your amusement. We'll probably be back in Chicago about the time this reaches you.

March 3rd - Disappointment in Istanbul. One of the things we love most about Istanbul is that for a city of its size (approaching two million, counting environs) one still commutes in and out of town in a most civilized way. Being strung along the Bosphorus as it is, up and down stream ferries take people to and from downtown Istanbul. The high hills to the east are Asia, those on the west Europe and the channel is full of international shipping. Always something to see in any weather.

Two days before we arrived, a Russian freighter collided with a Russian tanker. The oil from the latter spread out over the main port and up into the Golden Horn, in places to a depth of almost a foot. Naturally, someone was impelled to discover whether this oil on the waters would burn. It did, and so did most of the ferry dockage. No ferry rides.

March 13th. On seeing the Crac des Chevaliers and the Aleppo Citadel on successive days. The most glorious and best preserved Crusaders' castle is certainly the Crac, and the Aleppo Citadel began as Saladin's answer to it. Both are magnificent buildings. The Crac sits high on a mountain guarding the pass from inland Syria to the sea, the Aleppo Citadel crowns an ancient tell of enormous size and secures the hinterland. Both show, in their own different ways, how architecture may reflect in a perfectly self-evident way, the purpose for which a building was constructed--

in this case, of course, defense. Perhaps because I have known it for longer, I still prefer the Citadel. But Halet, for all her Moslem upbringing, seems to have been tainted with Scott's Ivanhoe. She preferred the Crac.

March 20th. Ur Junction at 4:30 A.M. Since the early 1920's, the train from Baghdad to Basra made the run overnight. Ur is about two-thirds of the way down and one is dumped off a warm and comfortable sleeper at 4:00 in the morning. The train on the branch to Nasriyah does not start until 7:00 A.M. One could get a hotel for the rest of the night there if the branch train started earlier, but no one ever thought to fix the schedule that way. Hence this dusty grubby little station is full of archeological ghosts, waiting for the dawn to walk the two miles to the great site of Ur of the Chaldees when day breaks.

The station-master puts us in his small cramped office and disappears. Linda sleeps with her head on the station-master's desk, Halet usurps his bed-roll and occupies the floor under our feet, Bruce and I nod in hard chairs with nails protruding from their seats. It's cold and the air is full of dust as the wind rattles ill-fitting old casements.

At 5:30, the station-master comes in with small glasses full of sweet hot tea, some roosters begin to crow somewhere, and Bruce and I will soon start off for the mound to find Henry Wright (a graduate student in Anthropology who is conducting a survey on the Institute's behalf in the desert south of Ur) and get him to come collect the girls and luggage in the Land Rover.

March 29th. On not being prepared for what one is to see. None of us had ever seen Isfahan until today. Nor had we ever seen Persepolis (now spelled "Perse Police" on some Iranian maps and road signs!) for that matter. But Linda and I, at least had heard much of it from Carl Haines, the Institute is full of pictures and objects from it. What we got out of our visit to it was a true sense of its setting, scale and monumentality. Most impressive, but I thought those reliefs got a bit monotonous. As for Isfahan, however, none of us were in the least prepared for what we saw.

Most specialists have a degree of snobishness about things outside their specialty, and prehistorians can't be expected to know much about Islamic fine arts and architecture. I'd heard that someone said "Half the world is Isfahan" and knew vaguely that the place had nice tiled buildings--Bruce, Linda and Halet were no more informed. Hence we hit it cold and with a wonderful guide, Jabareh Parkhideh, the wife of one of the Iranian Oil Company officials. Hadjiyah Jabareh (she herself has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, hence the "Hadjiyah") says that Shah Abbas, who planned the whole complex, had an American mind--that is, he planned on a large scale and had the drive to carry through in detail. I know of no American planning concept which can touch it, however.

But our lesson, really, was not to know about Isfahan--just hit it cold--so I won't write anymore about it.

Try it yourself sometime.

March 31st. Tehran airport. Believe it or not, we did see a fine variety of new prehistoric materials, and also discover some promising young colleagues on each local scene. But that's business, and I'll not bother you with it, either.

Best of cheer,

BOB BRAIDWOOD

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO · ILLINOIS 60637

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE

Cables: ORINST CHICAGO

1155 EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

April 5, 1966

Dear Member:

Over the years there have been numerous requests that we broaden the focus of the Oriental Institute lecture program. Some have proposed that we include archaeological and historical themes related to our work but stemming from areas outside the Near East, others that we treat not merely the ancient but also the contemporary Near East from a greater variety of viewpoints. Without abandoning our traditional approach, both suggestions are decidedly worth pursuing.

As an auspicious first step in this newly broadened series, it is a pleasure to announce that Professor John S. Badeau has agreed to speak to us on Friday evening, April 29th. Dr. Badeau is a leading authority on the modern Near East, and currently is Director of Columbia University's Middle East Institute. As many of you may know, he was formerly U. S. Ambassador to the United Arab Republic, and earlier had served as President of the American University in Cairo and of the Near East Foundation. His topic on this occasion will be "American Foreign Policy toward the Arab World."

As a further innovation suggested by the interest in the speaker and his topic, arrangements have been made for this lecture to be given in a location that perhaps is more accessible to the greater number of our Members than the Oriental Institute itself. Space has been set aside for this purpose by the University Club, 76 East Monroe Street, beginning with cocktails and a cash bar at six p.m. in the College Hall and continuing in Cathedral Hall with dinner at seven p.m. followed by the lecture.

Reservations may be made for dinner by returning the enclosed card to the Membership Secretary of the Oriental Institute. The lecture is open without charge to all Members and their guests, including those who may not have attended the dinner. We request that you return the enclosed card even if you plan to attend only the lecture, however, in order to assist us in preparing a door list and arranging for adequate seating.

Cordially,



Robert M. Adams
Director

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
The University of Chicago
1155 E. 58th Street
Chicago, Illinois 60637

ARCHEOLOGICAL NEWSLETTER

(Issued confidentially to members and
friends. Not for publication.)

Chicago, Illinois

July 11, 1966

Dear Friends:

The season at Chicago House ended, as usual, on April 15th, and the staff members departed in the next few days. When many of the staff were gathered in Cairo prior to their departure from Egypt, a trip to Sakkara was arranged by John Keane, a member of the Oriental Institute who has spent much of the past several winters in Luxor.

At Sakkara a natural wadi, going generally eastward from the site later chosen for the pyramid of Unis, led down to the valley. The causeway of Unis followed this. The south side of the wadi was honeycombed by the tombs of officials of the Fifth Dynasty prior to the reign of Unis. The stone was so poor that the walls of the chapel chambers were lined with limestone blocks or, in some cases, covered with mud plaster on the surfaces of which the scenes were painted. Several new tombs have been discovered in the past two years. These are being carefully studied, the surfaces preserved, and the fallen lining stones put back into place.

One of the most interesting was that of Nefer, chief of the embalming establishment of funerary ceremonies. In a pit about nine feet below the floor of the tomb, in a niche at the east side, the excavator Ahmed Mousa found a wooden coffin containing the mummy of the owner. The body was lying half on its side, facing east, the back against the near lower corner of the coffin. It is the best preserved of the few Fifth Dynasty mummies found.

Nefer was about five feet five inches tall. The outer bandages of his mummy had been impregnated with a gypsum wash, stiffening the whole surface. Limbs, fingers, and toes were wrapped separately. The only visible hand, the right, was clenched. The wrappings had been moulded to the features of the head, the hair, eyebrows, and moustache painted, and a short, thin truncated triangular painted wooden beard affixed to the chin. On the chest the nipples were painted. The sexual organs were simulated by unpainted wooden pegs. The body was adorned by a beaded collar and wristlet. The muscles of the limbs were rather heavily moulded, giving an excessive size to these members. Whether the padding was of linen or of plaster, as was found in another mummy of the period, it is as yet impossible to say.

It is planned to make a glass cover for the coffin and leave the mummy of Nefer lying as it was found. We were greatly privileged to see it, as this was only the second time since discovery that the lid of the coffin had been lifted.

In the latter part of May I returned again to Egypt to serve on a committee sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution. This group made an inspection of the cultural monuments of the country and drafted a recommendation for the use of United States P.L. 480 funds in Egypt for the preservation and rehabilitation of

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certain monuments of the Pharaonic, Roman-Christian, and Islamic periods. We found great interest among the government officials of the United Arab Republic in this project. It is hoped that the report will result in further cooperation between the two governments in the preservation of the rich cultural heritage of the Western world which these monuments display. Because the report cannot now be given public circulation, I can only write about matters which were incidental to our tour of inspection.

In the delta the major sites are now made more accessible by black topped roads in excellent condition. Our visits were made at the time of the grain harvest and we could observe the material progress of the peasant. Since his plots are small and his income meager, it is not yet possible to use much modern machinery in reaping and threshing the wheat. The former is still by hand and the sledge is still used on the threshing floor. While this is usually pulled by draft animals, in a few instances the farmer was pulling the sledge by tractor! A considerable number of mechanically driven winnowing machines were in use.

We noticed a number of patches of straw spread out across the road. At first I thought that this was used instead of sand to keep the passing traffic from picking up fresh asphalt used in repair. But as more and more of these patches were passed closer observation was demanded. I discovered that each patch belonged to a gleaner, whose total pickings were too small for the usual threshing methods. What she had recovered in following the reapers was spread on the road to be threshed by passing vehicles. Beside each patch was a girl or woman with a brush whisk, sweeping back onto the road an unthreshed grain blown away by the breeze the vehicles created.

At Bubastis there are still lying on the ground many of the blocks of the Jubilee Hall of Osorkon excavated by Naville about 75 years ago. It was interesting to note that some of the scenes were the same shown in the reliefs in the Tomb Chapel of Kheruef depicting the first jubilee of Amenhotep III. As Naville's publication leaves something to be desired, it may be that the Epigraphic Survey will find it advisable to make a collation of the parallel material at Bubastis during the coming season to properly comment on the scenes shown by Kheruef. As the researches of Edward Wente have shown, some of these scenes are as early as the Fifth Dynasty.

While at Giza the committee was honored by admission to the temporary structure housing the boat of Khufu (Cheops). This had been completely reassembled, a model made, and then disassembled so that those timbers which had in part decayed might be strengthened and restored. Hagg Ahmed Yousef, whose skill and devotion to this task is of the highest order, allowed us to hold in our hands some of the smaller pieces, such as oars and poles. The dessication of the wood through more than four millennia has made it unbelievably light. To those who have complained of the rather obtrusive red brick structure at the south end of the west side of the great pyramid we can give assurance that this is temporary. A new structure of stone more in keeping with the surroundings is in the process of erection at the west end of the south side. It will be several years before the restoration of this remarkable boat is complete and available for public viewing.

At Giza also we descended into the burial chamber of the pyramid of Khafre (Chephren) which had been reopened only a few months before. On the wall was the name of Belzoni writ large; in 1818 he was the first to enter the pyramid. Also there are the names of other early visitors. Such graffiti have become part of

the historic record, to be distinguished because of their dates from the vandalic scribblings of the many who write their names on the ancient monuments today. While in the tomb chamber the power failed, giving us the awesome experience of being in the great room below the center of the pyramid in stygian darkness. We were guided to the exit by the help of one small flashlight another member of the committee always had ready.

At Sakkarah two of us descended into the passageways below the Step Pyramid. These are low, narrow, and steep, and the quality of the rock is poor. In some cases there are fissures which may be warning of future collapse. The best of the blue tiles from the ancient architectural elements have been removed for restoration elsewhere. The galleries with the broken alabaster sarcophagi are in poor condition; it is questionable whether these can be brought out or completely protected from the falling rock.

A two day trip to Middle Egypt included visits to Beni Hassan, ~~Ashmunein~~, and Tunah el-Gebel. At Minyeh, a bit to the north, there is an excellent new hotel built with the hopes of attracting tourists. These hopes have up to now been only poorly realized. The tourist department will arrange from Minyeh trips to Beni Hassan, Amarna, and Ashmunein-Tunah el-Gebel, for which two or three days are needed. This area may not be able to compete with the more accessible Memphis, Luxor, and Assuan districts, but for those who have a special interest in the Pharaonic monuments the time and effort spent would be well worth the while.

At Beni Hassan there are about 40 Middle Kingdom rock cut tombs rather high up on the cliff, of which three or four are well worth the visit. Unfortunately, the smoke from the fires of the squatters who made their dwellings within in later times has made the paintings difficult to see. However, it is planned to make a start this autumn on cleaning the walls of the chapel of Khnum-hotep II, the most interesting and the most begrimed. When this has been accomplished, by the end of the year if all goes well, the colors will again be bright.

The area of the ancient town of Hermopolis Magna, now Ashmunein, vies in size with that of Memphis and of Tanis. During excavations by a German expedition in the thirties were found a large number of reused limestone blocks, averaging one by two feet on the surface, having reliefs certainly coming from the buildings of Akhnaton at Amarna. More than two hundred were taken out of Egypt at the beginning of the war, and over seventy of these are now in collections in the United States, one at the Oriental Institute. These have been published by John Cooney.

At Ashmunein, as elsewhere, the water table is high, and the new irrigation projects may heighten it still farther. The Ministry of Antiquities has plans to excavate drainage canals about such areas, a procedure which has been quite successful at Karnak.

Such large sites are in considerable disorder due in part to the excavations which have centered on interesting buildings. Until extensive **planning** and work is undertaken none can be general tourist attractions. At Ashmunein the standing columns of an early Christian basilica, built on foundations of fluted columns of a Ptolemaic temple of Greek Architecture, signal the outstanding monument. Fragments of four fifteen foot high granite **baboons** of Amenhotep III have been discovered, and two of these are in the process of restoration. The baboon and the ibis were sacred to Thoth, the god of wisdom and writing, whose seat Ashmunein was.

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Tunah el-Gebel has extensive underground galleries used for the burial of thousands of ibises, and also of some baboons and other animals. The most notable objects recovered in the excavations of Sami Gabra, sometime exchange professor at the Oriental Institute, are now being installed in the lovely provincial museum at Mallawi. Similar catacombs recently rediscovered at Sakkarah by W. B. Emery have received extensive publicity.

The above ground tomb chapel of Petosiris, priest of Thoth, at Tunah has on the walls reliefs of traditional scenes of daily life, with the people all in Greek costume. The nearby chapel called Beit el-Masri (the Egyptian home) had painted funerary scenes with the owner, a woman, shown in traditional and Greek dress. These will not be available for viewing until the planned extensive restoration has been accomplished. At Tunah is a pleasant cafe where cold drinks and light meals are available.

There remains to be mentioned only the six day visit to Luxor at the beginning of June, when the temperature climbed to 110° or more each day. We began our work before seven and ended it by noon, retiring to the air conditioned rooms in the Luxor Hotel for the afternoon hours. The Karnak area is being kept in excellent condition and the local inspectors deserve great praise for the orderliness and cleanliness of the site.

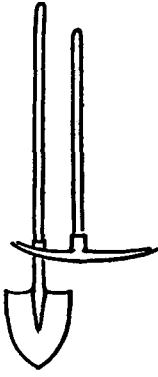
During the past two seasons the west tower of the Ninth Pylon, built by Haremhab, has been dismantled to eliminate the danger of complete collapse and with the view to its eventual reerection. Within the pylon were discovered blocks of Amenhotep III and Tutankhamon, and at the end of the past season the inspector in charge, Ramadan Saad, came upon a layer of blocks with Akhnaton reliefs. These apparently extend down twenty feet or more. Some thirty thousand of similar blocks were removed from the foundations of the north columns in the great Hypostyle Hall and from within the inner ends of the Second Pylon when these were reconstructed a few years ago.

Both the Ninth and Second Pylons were built by Haremhab, so the destruction of Akhnaton's buildings at Karnak took place a few years after his death. Since this ruler, while still Amenhotep IV, finished the decoration of the ^{South} outer wall of the porch of the Third Pylon built by his father Amenhotep III (the south outer wall is not available for comparison), and built a temple dedicated to Re-Harakhty, with conventional sized slabs with conventional 18th Dynasty decoration, his building enterprises in Thebes were extensive in the few years he dwelt there. Perhaps the use of small blocks, the same size as those from Ashmunein, enabled the work to proceed more rapidly.

At Chicago House, locked and sealed until our return in the autumn, the grounds were in excellent condition, thanks to the supervision of Reis Hagg Ibrahim. During the past two seasons three of our older servants have gone, one retiring and two having died. Without the corps of retainers Chicago House would not run as smoothly. I hope to say something about our local staff in a future letter.

CHARLES F. NIMS.

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House, Luxor, U.A.R.
December 1966

Dear Friends:

As I write, it is about half way between Thanksgiving and Christmas. All of you are used to having these holidays fixed to a season, and all other holidays except Easter, which wanders within fixed limits. It is a bit disconcerting for us to get used to the Moslem calendar which, because it has lunar months of twenty-nine or thirty days, has a year which is eleven days shorter than ours.

Thus the great local festivity, in honor of the saint Abu-'l-Haggag, the missionary who brought Islam to Luxor, had its culminating celebration the Sunday after Thanksgiving, though three years ago it occurred at the end of the year. As many of you know, this feast is of great interest to students of folkways because the parade on the last day of the feast features boats pulled through the streets. This most probably harks back to the Feast of Opet, when the gods Amon, Mut, and Khonsu came, each in his own bark, from their temples in Karnak to the Southern Sanctuary, now known as the Temple of Luxor.

These boats are only part of the long procession. Usually there is a detachment of police or army, often a band, men on horseback, camels bearing howdahs behind whose gay curtains children are concealed, and, following the boats, cart after cart decorated with arched palm branches and each full of children. Children, too, pack the boats. Up to two years ago there were two boats, each mounted on wheels and pulled by donkeys. Since then there have been three boats, pulled by men. Above each boat are set brightly colored sails. As the boats are paraded about the area in which the Temple of Luxor stands, the wheels are invisible because of the sea of people in which the boats seem to float. This year a clown and a fire-eater joined in the procession.

In the time of Hatshepsut the records tell only of the bark of Amon going to the Southern Sanctuary in this feast. By the time of Tutankhamon the barks of the other gods, and that of the king, were included in the festival. Each of these was borne forth from its sanctuary on the shoulders of priests. Outside the precincts of the temples the barks were set on barges which had on prow and stern the heads of the representative god or king, as had the barks. Each barge was towed by a ship manned by rowers, assisted by ropes extending from the barges to the hands of worshipers who walked along the banks of the river or canal. Troops, musicians, singers, and the crowding public accompanied the river procession on land. Heaps of food were prepared for the feast, including choice cuts from fatted cattle raised on the temple estates.

In a minor way the Feast of Abu-'l-Haggag yearly repeats the Feast of Opet. We are ignorant of the manner of celebration in the Christian period, but certainly this faith accommodated the ancient festivity. There was a church in the first court of

the Luxor Temple within the ancient walls of which the foundations of the mosque of Abu-'l-Haggag were laid. The boats are now explained by the story that the saint, when on a pilgrimage to Mecca, was on a ship which was foundering in a storm, and was saved by the prayers of the saint to Allah to still the waves. So, like other feasts which have continued, with new interpretations, through religious change, the Vestige of the Feast of Amon is still with us.

There is another American archaeological enterprise in our neighborhood. Mr. Ray Winfield Smith and his wife Bonnie, under the sponsorship of the University Museum of Philadelphia, are recording the individual blocks from the temple of Amenhotep IV-Akhnaton which were found by the thousands reused within the structure of the Second Pylon at Karnak and as foundations for columns of the Hypostyle Hall. These blocks average one by two feet, and are one foot thick. Similar blocks were used in other buildings in the area, and now a great many are appearing in the core of the Ninth Pylon. This pylon, which had appeared in danger of collapse, is being dismantled by Ramadan Saad, Inspector of Antiquities for Karnak, in order to re-erect it in a safe condition.

Each block is photographed to a single scale. Various notes are made on the spot. Later each block will be coded on cards and the cards fed into a computer in an attempt to rejoin the blocks and eventually, it is hoped, reconstruct the building, at least on paper. It presumably was this building in which the grotesque statues of Amenhotep IV once stood. If so, it was situated to the east of the eastern gateway of Karnak. Since the scholars working with Mr. Smith have the rights of first study of these blocks, we must not publicly anticipate their conclusions. These should give us exciting information on the early years of the reign of Amenhotep IV.

These early years are much on the minds of the staff of the Epigraphic Survey in connection with the tomb chapel of Kheruef. In the entry way, with reliefs in traditional Eighteenth Dynasty style, the ruler is Amenhotep IV. One scene shows him offering to his father and mother, Amenhotep III and Tiy. Here the decoration has suffered much from the Amarna zealots who erased the texts connected with the traditional faith of Amon, and by those who restored this faith and considered Amenhotep IV a heretic. His figure was expunged in the entry-way, but not above the doorway before it.

Since the problem of the co-regency, if any, between Amenhotep III and his son is still in a fluid state, we regularly discuss again the evidence as each new bit of information appears, and try to fit in the evidence of Kheruef's reliefs into the pattern. Unfortunately, we are far from clear about the ancient situation, and perhaps never will be. However, the occurrence of the traditional representations of Amenhotep IV in the same tomb chapel with the depictions of the first and third jubilees of Amenhotep III, in the latter's thirtieth and thirty-seventh years, must be taken into account in any theory about the co-regency.

You may feel that these letters tell little about the day to day work of the expedition, but we can hardly describe each individual scene we are recording. We believe that the final drawings of the High Gate at Medinet Habu will be made this season, and we hope that all but a few minor, though difficult, bits of Kheruef's chapel will be drawn. Between now and Christmas we hope to resume the copying of the scenes at the temple of Khonsu in Karnak, concentrating on these which were carved during the lifetime of the High Priest of Amon, Herihor. This official, who also was Generalissimo, proclaimed himself king while Ramesses XI was still alive. Scenes showing Herihor as Pharaoh are on three walls of the court of the temple. He seems to have died before Ramesses, and the whole situation is another puzzle for historians of Egypt.

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This season we have two new artists. One, John Romer, who brought his bride with him, just graduated from the Royal College of Art in London, where he studied stained glass design. The other, Grace Huxtable, has had a career as an illustrator. One of our students, David Larkin, is with us as an Egyptologist.

There have been some improvements at Chicago House. Between the arrival of the Healeys, early in October, and the middle of November, we decorated all the residence rooms. Staff members in turn had possessions moved out and piled up and it looked as if we had been dispossessed by the sheriff. The dining room, for instance, had not been decorated since the house was built in 1931. Even other rooms decorated since the war had soiled walls and chipped plaster. Now all the rooms seem much lighter, and we no longer must hide defects behind furniture and pictures.

We brought from the United States a new set of china after we had failed to find what we needed in Egypt. The table service we were using was first purchased when the expedition was housed across the river, and was supplemented shortly after we moved to the present building. After the war a smaller service was obtained from the Metropolitan Museum expedition when its house was closed, but this was not large enough to meet all our needs. The new dishes were delayed by customs and they arrived in Luxor just in time to be used for the Thanksgiving dinner. When we checked on the original service, we discovered that of the dinner plates only four were intact.

A number of years ago we had, on the land south of us, an open grain store. This attracted thousands of sparrows who roosted and nested in our trees and vines. While the stores were removed three years back, the sparrows have remained. Lacking the plentiful supply of food, they now eat the green shoots in the garden, devour the tassels of the sweetcorn so that the ears do not properly mature, and pick at the blooms of flowering plants. We should welcome any suggestions as to how to rid ourselves of these pests.

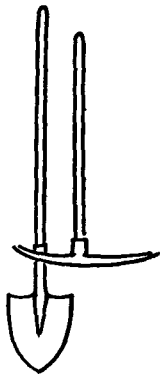
But the trees and garden attract many other birds, and if one had time he could have an interesting avocation in bird watching. Several years ago a small flock of European gold finches were attracted by our zinnias, and there are about two dozen vying with the sparrows (whom I fear the finches taught) for the seed. Many of the birds which we see are in migration and stay only a short time, but others, like the finches, winter here. There also are many native species.

The members of the staff of Chicago House join together in wishing all the members, friends, and staff of the Oriental Institute a joyous holiday season.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES FRANCIS NIMS

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House
Luxor, Egypt

January, 1967

Dear Friends:

This winter Mary and I have come out to Luxor, and we find ourselves the oldest members at Chicago House. When we were making the official rounds in Cairo, I was once honored by being called the "Father of Egyptology." This translates back into Arabic in a fine complimentary sense, but it did give me the feeling of a greybeard, and I was conscious of Champollion, Mariette, and Petrie rolling over in their graves. Here at the house, the younger members of the staff are open-mouthed at our tales of Luxor in the 1920's. I do have to allow for the possibility that I have put them to sleep, but that does not stop me from reminiscing.

You see, in 1926-27 Mary and I came to "old Chicago House" as the youngest members of the expedition. In the evening our elders sat around the living room, beaming in tolerance to see the bride and groom dancing around the room, while the phonograph played "Valencia." Then we were open-mouthed and not asleep, listening to such giants from the past as Breasted, Griffith, Gardiner, Lacau, and Steindorff. Now we return, in conformance to Ezekiel, 29:13: "At the end of forty years will I gather the Egyptians from the peoples whither they were scattered."

Forty years was a good long time in the Bible. It is a good long time today. We have seen changes. In 1926 Egypt had been nominally independent for three years, but the British were in firm control. King Fuad "the First" was a puppet, squeezed in between the British High Commissioner and Zaghlul Pasha, head of the nationalist party. We westerners were not exactly foreigners in the land, because we enjoyed legal extraterritorial rights and privileges. In 1966, there have been fourteen years of republic, ten years of complete independence. We now are definitely foreigners sojourning in the land. In a sense of comfort and assumed prerogative, we have lost a great deal. In a sense of superior authority, the Egyptians have gained a great deal. I happen to approve the change, because I believe in human dignity; I hope that both sides now enjoy dignity.

Through wars, riots, and revolutions, Chicago House has remained the same, never threatened with closure, never the focus of a hostile demonstration. This is a proud record; probably only a few foreign institutions here have enjoyed the same acceptance.

Old Chicago House was a sprawling mud-brick structure on the west side, behind the Colossi of Memnon. It was one story high, and it grew by accretion, as the staff increased. Scorpions and termites were the banes of mud-brick buildings, but that was a fact of life, and we lived with it. The plant was out in the country. At the end of the day, after the tourists had crossed the River to their hotels, it was wonderfully quiet and peaceful. We had it all to ourselves.

I am certainly not complaining about the comfort and convenience of the present Chicago House, but it is not so intimately ours, when visitors may drop in just before

dinner time or when we may drop over to a hotel in the evening. We live now on the edge of the busy town, instead of being off in the desert.

That expedition forty years ago came from the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. English became the common language, but often there was incomplete understanding and always there was a courteous formality instead of an intimacy. The present staff is entirely Anglo-Saxon, and relaxed friendliness is easier. It is, by the way, about the pleasantest fourteen persons who were ever gathered on an expedition.

Back in those days the field director made a call upon the Egyptian inspector of antiquities, drank a few cups of coffee, asked after the inspector's health, and departed. The inspector then returned the call, drank coffee, asked after our director's health, and departed. That concluded the social amenities for the season. Just the other evening some of us from Chicago House had a turkey dinner with the Egyptian who is reconstructing Karnak. Conversation was lively, first names were in play, and jokes in English and Arabic were traded. Jokes repeated out of setting are never as funny as when they are told. One of them ran that a member of our staff when frustrated or provoked always exclaims: "Oh nuts!" So his Egyptian helper finally asked another staff member what "nuts" were in Arabic. He was informed that the Arabic was ful Sudani, "Sudan beans," their term for peanuts. The poor Egyptian is now puzzled why his boss always wants peanuts when he is annoyed.

Our neighbors over on the other side were the simple village people of Gurneh and our Egyptological colleagues. Near us Bruyère was digging Deir el-Medineh for the French. The German House was only used when a visitor like Steindorff or Borchardt came. Near Deir el-Bahri a tiny house held two marvelous British copyists of the tombs, Norman and Nina de Garis Davies. Then there was the Metropolitan House, headed by the brilliant Herbert Winlock, digging at Deir el-Bahri. Farther north was the house from which Howard Carter emerged, still clearing the Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amon, and aided by the admirable archeological chemist, Lucas. We had exciting neighbors. Today we see something of the Germans and the Poles, who are digging across the River. Otherwise, most of our archeological contacts are with Egyptians. At both ends of the stretch of time I feel that there has been mutual interest and mutual respect.

We no longer fear the water and avoid uncooked vegetables. Sanitation has improved, and the vast swarms of flies and gnats have dwindled to single marauders. On the other hand, it used to be possible to buy Australian beef, Jaffa oranges, Washington apples, and British biscuits and lime juice. Today there are no imported foods or drinks, and there are often shortages of staple items in the market. Myrtle Nims provides a wonderful table in the face of far greater difficulties

Our old guestbook recorded Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, Julius Rosenwald, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Gertrude Bell's father, and John Masefield. Sometimes they could stay for tea, but every visitor had to be back on the hotel side of the River by sunset. Our guest book today is less sensational, but broader in coverage: a page with fourteen names has four Egyptians, four Americans, and the rest from Denmark, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Canada and Scotland. Join the Oriental Institute and see the world.

Forty years ago, the thirty to fifty minutes after tea were for recreation. We had asked for permission to make a tennis court, but the severe answer came back from the Antiquities Department: "Tennis and tennis parties are out of place in the necropolis." So we asked no questions, scraped off a stretch of sand, and played badminton. Or we went donkey-riding. We had our two donkeys, Barud and Filfil, "Gunpowder" and "Pepper", and it was exciting to gallop across the desert. Mary once rode to the ruins of the palace of Amen-hotep III and Queen Tiy, and picked up a fragment of a vase glazed with a feather pattern and carrying the name of the Princess Sit-Amon. We might go walking and find a dozen mummy beads scattered on the sands near the Ramesseum. Another walk would take us to a place where we could "fox hunt". That means we could watch the western hillside just at sunset and perhaps spot a fox coming down for his night's hunting. At the bottom of the hillside he would freeze until it was dark, and then make a dash for

the cultivated fields. It was a great pleasure if we could see him all the way. He was foxy.

These simple rural pleasures have gone in the new Chicago House. The time between tea and dinner might be spent on the river bank if there is a particularly exciting sunset. But it might be spent on the terrace of the Savoy Hotel, having a drink with friends.

The work of the expedition is both more complicated and more professional. We are still at Medinet Habu, the great temple of Ramses III, but we are also copying the tomb of the noble Kheruef on the west side and a temple at Karnak on this side. In the winter of 1926-27, Dr. Breasted came out, with his former student, Mrs. Williams. They tested the drawings made at Medinet Habu in the two preceding seasons. Suddenly everything that had been copied in those two seasons was junked. The former process was not sufficiently controlled, and the product was too small to give the detail which we were finding. We began the laborious step-by-step system which we now have: photograph, drawing on photograph, careful check by two Egyptologists, and corrected drawing. At that time there was some jeering at the Chicago system by other scholars. "Dr. Breasted has built a house with eight bathtubs and electric light; his people may take two months to copy one scene; this is ridiculous". If our colleagues visited the work and saw the process in action, they began to respect the accuracy of copying, so much more careful than any before. Today when one of the volumes appears, the man who reviews it in a learned journal does not have much to say. What can you write about the ninth volume in a series, when each one has emerged from a system of devoted accuracy and endless study?

The staff today is more competent than we were forty years ago. I say that with pride, because the four Egyptologists here were all students of mine. It is a poor teacher who cannot turn out students who will be able to reach higher than he. Back in the old days Harold Nelson, Billy Edgerton, and I were finding our way in a new profession, that ugly sounding word "epigrapher," where the accent is on the "pig." Today the system has been fully tested, and each new epigrapher learns the procedure more readily. Further, there is a far more effective use of the wonderful Chicago House library than we could make. In our day the library was in the process of accumulation, and there were serious gaps in the holdings. One of the present epigraphers, meeting something unexpected or difficult on the carved wall, knows pretty well where he wants to start his library research to find similar phenomena which might solve his problem.

I wish that you could have seen them the other day, gathered in the library to discuss a knotty problem. I say "see them," rather than "hear them," because they were talking the jargon of the trade. Why did Amen-hotep IV, before he changed his name to Akh-en-Aton, build a temple at Karnak for his jubilee? If that makes very little sense to you, it made a contradictory sense to the Egyptologists, and they were all happily pitching in with suggestions and theories. They may have become professionals, but they still have the joyful relish of the amateur.

Those youngsters of 1926-27 had the great excitement of coming to live in the field of their professional studies, in western Thebes, with a dozen temples stretching over 2000 years, and something like 500 tombs, every one of them a little different from another. What a place to work!

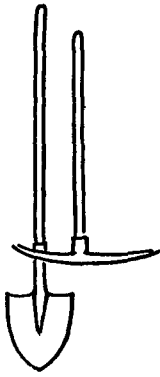
The oldster of 1966-67 has also satisfactions: a work that has gained respect of scholars and artists and the friendship of foreign visitors and of Egyptians; a record of dedicated activity in terms of preservation of the ancient record, instead of search for treasure; and a fidelity year after year in a world where change is more normal than fidelity.

It is an honor to be associated with an enterprise like that.

Sincerely yours,

John A. Wilson

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archeological newsletter

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February 15, 1967
Nippur, Iraq

Dear Friends:

We really should begin somewhere near the beginning.

Once upon a time we have the Third Dynasty of Ur. A fellow by the name of Ur-Nammu is king. His eye is on Posterity. At Nippur one fine day, he ceremoniously lifts the first basket of earth to his head and thus contracts for the making of, say, 24,000 mud-bricks for the erection of one each, ziggurat, kitchen temple, enclosure wall and forecourt with standard fittings for the greater glory of Enlil. Here our troubles begin.

Fourteen hundred years and one hundred and thirteen Assyrian kings later we find Assurbanipal still manfully responding to a tradition. He restores the backsides of the ziggurat and tidies up the place. So far, so good. He might have been the last, leaving us troubles merely intriguing. But we are very sorry. Some century or two short of the Christian era, along comes someone (invader from the east? -from the west?) who takes one look from the top of this magnificent heap and our troubles suddenly take a leap.

A mudbrick wall eight feet wide and forty feet high is laid squarely upon Ur-Nammu's now tumbledown wall, one hundred yards to a side, each side bearing perhaps alternate round and square towers. Great holes are dug in the surrounding ground and the resulting mix of mud, potsherds and brickbats is piled up on both sides of the wall to form a grand platform twenty feet high with an outer face of baked brick handily pinched from the ziggurat. For whatever it was used, the wall in time proves too flimsy for our newcomers (by now dropping a few sherds, a coin or two and revealing their Parthian origin) who next try rebuilding it with mudbricks sixty pounds a piece to contain an organized interior of streets, courts, apartments and formal rooms. More of the ziggurat face is needed and some drastic surgery beneath provides the foundation for its total face-lifting in sixty pound brick with great wings protruding from each side. Don't ask us why. Whatever, it gets pretty old and perhaps it is a change of administration, or the growing heap of trash, that calls in the next gang of bricklayers. More holes are dug out back (now down to Early Dynastic levels) and the fill is dumped into most of the streets, courts, apartments and formal rooms to form a level on which our Parthians find themselves stepping through doorways standing on the arches of those buried beneath. But it is just not big enough. Around the outer wall goes more platform and even further outer walls to encompass an area now five hundred feet by seven hundred feet, including two large halls in the shadow of the sometime ziggurat, also fattened by a new terrace fifteen feet broad on all four sides. With this, then, the Parthians rest content,

live awhile and then slowly retire (perhaps to suburbia out west across the river?), only returning to honor the place with their dead. To think that our troubles might at this point have been merely financial!

17 January 1851. Enter Austen Henry Layard on the hunt for portable monuments. He spends two weeks in fruitless potting amongst the coffins, comes down with swamp fever, leaves in disgust for Nineveh. A close shave, that.

31 January 1889. Enter John Punnett Peters and his University of Pennsylvania Babylonian Expedition, on the hunt for portable monuments. The Pennsylvanians stick it out. Eleven years, four campaigns, three directors and 25,000 clay tablets later both excavators and excavated have had it. The ziggurat stands free again, dog-eared, tunnelled and trenched. Nearly the whole east quarter of the Parthian complex is gone, piled up in reverse order beyond its walls almost to the height of the ziggurat. The rest, so hastily exposed to the elements again, is given another fifty years to close its wounds. Our troubles now are frankly archeological.

3 October 1966. Enter Marilyn and Giorgio Buccellati, Diane Taylor, Judy Franke, Yasin Mahmoud and the author, followed shortly by Edward Keall, for the tenth season of excavations by "Chicago" at Nippur. Now the tenth is a renewal of the work of the ninth and our focus continues to rest on gaining some better understanding of the Parthian occupation and the labyrinthine ruin still resting heavily upon the fallen house of Enlil. The south quarter was reopened in 1964 and the architectural remains found in that area fell neatly into what we felt to be three construction phases for a large, fortified complex of Parthian date, perhaps one of the larger ones to have been examined in Mesopotamia. We call it a "complex"; we really don't know what it was, precisely. With the three phases in mind, we tackled the high standing halls in the north quarter early this season, thinking them to be of the last phase and thus first in order of business. At this writing, we find ourselves still grappling with the north quarter, or the whole northwest half for that matter. The place is colossal--and involved. Clearly the Parthians and the Pennsylvanians have conspired against latter day invaders. They have left us an oversize three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle with a third of the parts missing. Such troubles are all in the game, yes, but digging out someone else's holes makes for a curious field strategy and endless embarrassment over the appearance of our "work." Now, in addition, because of its striking size and preservation in part, the site has gained the attention of the Department of Antiquities, they working in an era of greater and greater emphasis on the salvage and reconstruction of these graphic reminders of the past. In our respect for this we have a new game: of how to take a mudbrick puzzle apart without really taking it apart, all the while quietly agreeing on the greater glories lurking beneath our feet.

Such scratching about takes manpower. We are assisted this season by about one hundred men from the farms surrounding Nippur (many of them boasting more seniority than the boss) and seven Sherghatis, practiced men from the north who do most of the actual digging and enjoy a jealously guarded status of their own. The Sherghatis in fact have managed a closed shop for years and a gentle effort has been made at Nippur this year to spread the wealth by training seven local men from the ranks in the arts of using pick and trowel. So far the experiment has been peaceful--and successful. One thing surely welds them all together on occasion: the "cold wave" just past. Water froze for several mornings in succession, and then of all things, we had sleet. When arriving at the dig on the first cold morning, the staff was greeted with a scene reminiscent of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Tattered bundles of numb humanity huddled together in the pits and in the lee of ruins beating their arms or warming their

souls over a shaky cigarette. It was of no use to suggest what the weather was doing at that moment in Chicago. We all went gladly home.

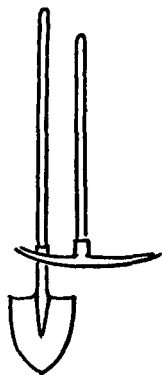
As for home, it's hardly spartan, dank, quaint or laughable anymore at Nippur. In a way, that's rather sad. We are so well heated, lighted, up-holstered (plain spoiled, in fact) that we have difficulty keeping the shaikh from moving in with us. The girls, indignant at finding themselves in such a man's world in the East (at the persistence of the boys in the trenches in addressing them as "Mister") have sought refuge in the exotic after too many days on the mound in jeans and boots. Taking to Arab dress, they now know all about hashmis, dishdashas, kaffiyas and abayas. Strictly in the house, of course. They have taken a peculiar liking to the cut of a type of tapered white cotton pants worn by all the farmer boys, have furtively bought the required material in colors, anything but white, and then, somehow have coerced Edward into handling the matter with the tailors in Suq al 'Afak. Suitably attired and lounging about the hearth on our collection of local rugs stroking imaginary leopards, they still talk of why not an article for House Beautiful.

Well, what else? How about such diversions as: A very determined circumnavigation of the mound by camel on Christmas morning, in the rain. Teaching the shaikh how to drive a Landrover. Invitation to a wedding out on the plain on a dark night, under a great black tent, with rifle fire and dancing in the dust. Luncheon with the shaikh under his black tent. Noisy parties at the home of the mayor of Afak. We bear witness to the sociability of the Arab. There is only one respectable way to return such hospitality, of course. In kind, No way but to stage a "fantasiyah", complete with gypsy entertainers, and invite everyone. The mayor, the police chief, the doctor, the irrigation engineer, the shaikh, the Sherghatis, the Nippur guards and their sons, the boys in the back room, everybody. We did and they all came and it was a roaring success only because they all came. Conjure up a scene if you will of a carpeted room lined with mixed oriental and western dressed ladies and gentlemen in various attitudes of ease, agitation and excitement. At one end a band of five men manipulates tragic sound from an assortment of battered instruments in dark accompaniment to long black hair being twirled by two overdressed and tattooed women while their very young and pretty daughters sway and sing shrilly of tragic love. Allowing a short interruption for dinner at nine, they and their audience maintained warm rapport until two AM and became the talk of the town. The town, of course, being extremely conservative and viewing gypsies in one's house with respectable alarm, would never sanction such delightful impropriety within its limits. We discover that sanctions at Nippur, enjoying a five mile distance from those limits, are if anything tribal. It was with great pleasure that we were able to offer our guests neutral ground and a show of American hospitality for an evening. In fact, that it was the second occasion in as many seasons now establishes it in the Arab mind as a tradition. Not a bad idea, that.

Ahlen wa sahlen,

Jim Knudstad

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archeological newsletter

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March 1, 1967

Newsletter from a Novice

Dear Friends,

The story is told of Robert Benchley taking an exam at Yale University. The class was requested to write a minimum of 1500 words on "The Industry of the Newfoundland Fisheries." At the conclusion of the period the students turned in their papers--all except Benchley, who continued to write some time longer. Intrigued, the professor waited patiently, anticipating an erudite dissertation. Finally, Benchley arose and turned in his paper, which consisted of many closely written pages. It began, "Many books and papers have been written, from many points of view, on the Newfoundland fisheries, but so far none from the point of view of those most concerned, namely, the fish."

Now I won't go so far as to suggest that the lay membership of the Oriental Institute is the most concerned in our excavations in various parts of the Middle East, but I do think members should and could, for their own pleasure, explore and take advantage of the possibility of seeing those excavations first hand. I have spent a few days at Nippur in Iraq and want to share that experience with you, especially now, when many of you are planning future trips.

I had been visiting in Amman and, since Baghdad is only an hour and a half away, decided to accept Bob Adams' suggestion that I visit the Oriental Institute Expedition, which boasts our recently built "Chicago House." You have all read Jim Knudstad's excellent newsletter of Feb. 15, and so, not being a professional, I, like Mr. Benchley, will tell you of Nippur from my untutored, nonetheless enthusiastic, point of view.

Bob met me in Baghdad, having come up from his survey at Warka, some 300 kms south, on business with the Iraq Museum, and in five minutes his enthusiasm for Nippur took hold of me. I had been timorous of going, only having just met Jim Knudstad, the head of the expedition, and not knowing any of his team, but in no time flat I was prepared to go--assured of a warm welcome. My interest was indeed keen though my knowledge nil. This is, at the present level, a Parthian dig (earlier levels must hold their secrets for another year).

Because of heavy rains I had to stay three days in Baghdad--well spent in the fabulous new Iraq Museum (the knowledge gained there was of inestimable value later on) and touring to famous sites within a day's drive to and from Baghdad--Ctesiphon, Tell Harmal, Samarra. The rains did not affect the hard-topped highways, but those excavations in the desert were difficult to reach even by Landrover, of which we boast one through sheer necessity. Finally the sun shone gloriously and I was off with Abdullah-taxis are plentiful, but I love those Landrovers.

It is a three-hour drive, with a stop at Babylon, and though not through the most breathtaking landscape, the sight of Arabs and shepherds with enormous flocks of sheep and goats and long camel caravans gave me plenty of photographic material.

At Diwaniya, 188 kms from Baghdad, we left the highway on a dirt road across the desert for Afak, some 25 kms away. The road is easily navigable by car, but after the rains a Landrover, though bumpy, was more certain.

The sun was setting in a gold and orange sky and in the east there were dark, rain-laden clouds, the combination of which produced the most glorious rainbow I have ever seen: a very wide band of the complete color spectrum, shining in a bright unbroken arch earth to earth (my slides turned out heavenly!).

Afak (Afaq, Afaj on maps and in Arabic pronounced Efech) is a good-sized village on a canal. This is our "local village"--our nearest point of civilization--our market, post office, police, doctor, and even our Sheik, who owns most of the desert land in which we dig. Ten kms further and we arrived at (for lack of a better name--any suggestions?) Chicago House at Nippur, where I received a warm welcome from Jim and his crew, who were about to sit down to dinner. I had brought a bottle of wine and by the end of that first delicious meal felt as if I belonged.

The house is beautifully planned (like a fort) for comfort and protection against heat in summer and sand storms and cold in spring and winter. It is a rectangle built around a divided court. On the first court opens the living room, long and comfortably furnished with camp chairs and home-made benches covered with colorful saddle blankets of the country and a fireplace at one end; the dining room and its kitchen beyond; the photography room with home-made but adequate apparatus; and the conservation and storage rooms, where finds are measured, recorded, and reconstructed.

The connecting second court is the living area, with 8 bedrooms--5 for Jim and his team and 3 double guest rooms--all comfortably though sparsely furnished with 2 good beds, a table and chair, a clothes rod, and a table with a beautiful copper wash basin and cold running water. There are three lavatories with good modern plumbing, a wash room with tub, and a shower room. A kerosene heater provides a delicious hot bath or shower.

Jim Knudstad and Carl Haines have designed and built this with their own hands and whatever help could be found. I believe two years ago Betty Tieken and her daughter did a mean job of plastering and some painting, too. At any rate, the results are tasteful and, in the middle of the Iraqi desert, sumptuous.

The Oriental-Institute-in-Nippur team this year consists of Jim, headman and friend of many of you; a young Englishman named Ed Keall, conservator and Parthian specialist; Judy Franke, photographer and OI student of Delougaz'; Diane Taylor, who has her B.A. from Chicago and is now working on her M.A. under Dr. Thorkild Jacobsen. She is a dear and runs the house. Her specialty is Sumerian. Then, last, but by no means least, Yasin Mahmoud, an Iraqi student from Baghdad working on his thesis on predynastic figurines.

Two guards keep an all-night vigil against desert prowlers, a cook renders the most delectable mouthwatering dishes, a houseboy serves and sweeps away the ever accumulating sand, and a driver hauls water and supplies from Afak and us to and from the dig some half mile distant.

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Breakfast for the working team is at 7 and they are off to the excavation site by 7:15 or so, home at noon for lunch, and back to the dig til 4:00, when we all assembled before the fireplace for tea and to discuss the day's doings, workings, and usually findings.

As a guest I had breakfast after they left, leaving them free to sort and tackle the day's problems. This allowed me to sleep later or read (the library could stand some gifts!) or roam the desert with camera.

I always went to the excavation once a day to photograph and follow their progress, frequently walking home over the old Pennsylvania University dumps searching for treasures (hope springs eternal) and then on home across the heavenly dunes. The desert "gets" one, like the sea.

Dinner is a lively affair, as no one on this team lacks for a bon mot. It is like a house party with every day a circus and always something interesting and to me exciting. Our Sheik (in Arabic Shaikh) often stops in for tea and stays on for dinner. Sometimes he brings a couple of his Arabian horses for us to ride. He is one of the family, a status to which he is entitled as a generous friend.

Early to bed and ready for those 8 to 10 hours of sleep I seem to have packed away nightly.

Friday is their Sunday and spent in many ways, from work on records, photography developing (pretty good prints Judy puts out!) to camel rides to nearby mounds for telling.

And so comes time for departure, sad but warmhearted. What happy days those were and what wonderful hosts and teachers!

From Nippur one can go south some 250 kms to Nasiriya, which boasts an exceptionally good Rest House on the Euphrates. En route one can go off from Samawa over the desert to the famous German dig at Warka (Uruk), where Bob Adams was engaged this year in an important surface reconnaissance. If they have room and know ahead of time, they will most cordially invite you to lunch, and the run to Nasiriya is a little over one hour with Larsa en route.

From Nasiriya one can visit Ur, 20 minutes away, cradle of Sumerian history, with its famed ziggurat. Many of you have seen one of the Ur harps at the British Museum--an amazing job of reconstruction. From Ur it is a few minutes to Tell al-Ubaid and another half hour to Eridu. One can return to Nasiriya for the night or push on back to Baghdad arriving in plenty of time for dinner.

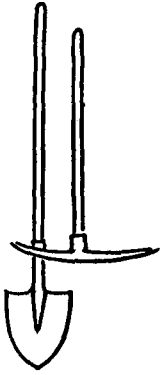
There are many wondrous sites to the north of Baghdad--Hatra, Nineveh, Nimrud, etc, etc., but I must leave that to next year, where and when I hope we shall meet.

Ahlen wa sahlen

Roberta Ellis

Member of the Oriental Institute

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archeological newsletter

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(Robert McC. Adams is currently Annual Professor of the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research.)

Baghdad, Iraq
23 March 1967

Dear Friends:

The annual Ede heralding the Islamic New Year is upon us, and the camp of the German Archaeological Institute's Warka Expedition is quiet and partly deserted. Many of its staff have gone off to Baghdad for the holidays, and the two hundred and sixty workmen employed on excavations here have returned to their black tents and scattered herds in the desert. High clouds of dust from yesterday's storm still cut off those of us who are left from the great flat dish of barren plain outside, and the relative height of the twisted mass of ruins of this ancient city give the impression of the dark flanks of a mountain now enclosed by mist. It is a good time to take a leisurely, not very collected look at the way in which my current reconnaissance is going, and to try to summarize for you some of the questions for which it is seeking answers.

The usual first principle of archaeological work is that of the layer cake, the piling up at a long-occupied ancient site of later phases of occupation over earlier ones. Careful peeling away of these remains, with due attention to pottery, architecture and other associated finds, provides a chronology based on changing types of artifacts and assembles evidence of changing patterns of behavior that can contribute to history in the broader sense. Many of the objects found are intrinsically interesting, valuable or lovely to look at. They grace the world's museums--not least our own.

In many ways, surface reconnaissance takes a diametrically opposite approach. It depends essentially on the fact that the layer-cake principle operates only imperfectly at best, so that traces of early periods are almost always brought to the surface of later sites by a variety of forms of disturbance. Hence, careful searching--based, to be sure, on knowledge of changing styles that largely stems from excavations--can provide information not only on the last years before a town or city was abandoned but on all phases of its history. Then, too, the objects found in survey are seldom of any great importance in themselves. The current

-2-

season has been somewhat unusual in this respect, for masses of largely intact pottery have turned up on isolated tells in the desert that the moving dunes (and illicit diggers) have temporarily abandoned. One find in particular, a small model of a tripartite temple dating to around the beginning of the third millennium B.C., would be a not insignificant acquisition for any excavation where it might have been unearthed instead. But the general rule holds true that objects of intrinsic value are to be found only below the surface. Our aim is largely to skip the intervening stages of typological and artifactual study, and to grapple instead with the evidence of broadly changing conditions of ancient human life.

In a still more fundamental way, the aim of this undertaking contrasts with that of excavations generally. For an archaeologist on a vast, highly complicated mound like Warka or Nippur, the field of study is largely bounded by the ruins of its walls. A survey, by its nature, is concerned instead with systems of settlement, with patterns dividing or binding together whole bundles of communities into larger regions. The special qualities of religious activity that set major centers like Warka and Nippur apart remain a datum that the surveyor cannot ignore. But his primary task is to delineate not the unique but the general--the relationship of the peasant cultivators who in the end built the monuments to the land that sustained them.

Methods of survey differ, hopefully responding not only to local archaeological circumstance but to cumulative improvements in technology. The basic core is simplicity itself: cover a delimited area more or less completely and systematically, identify what archaeological sites can be found, describe and seek to date them by means of surface collections, and then relate them to the larger context within which alone most of them will ever acquire meaning by means of study of the networks of canals and similar features linking them together. My current variant of these practices is centrally dependent on air photographs, as are all acceptable surveys wherever this inestimable research aid is available. In addition to the standard coverage--boxes containing hundreds of overlapping 10" x 10" photographs--we are also experimenting with a little low-level photography of our own to elucidate special features. For this purpose, we have hooked a Polaroid camera with provisions for remote control to an elaborate new form of kite (technically, a "Jalbert Parafoil") that constitutes one of the first bits of spin-off from our rocket program to have some relevance for archaeology. But gadgetry such as this aside, the days' activities for the most part differ little from those followed back in the 'thirties when Thorkild Jacobsen was pioneering with ideas of survey in the Diyala basin east of Baghdad. Mostly, that is, they consist of bumping up and down over the unbelievable varieties of rough terrain that are to be found on the Mesopotamian "plain," visiting the low mounds that signify ancient sites wherever and however you can find them, repeatedly digging whatever your vehicle may be out of the twin hazards of mud and sand dunes, and...walking, walking. At the moment, with the weather just beginning to turn warm, this is still a fine, healthful, energetic activity that can be recommended to all. After another month or so, I will prefer not to write about it.

Coming to the Warka region from previous reconnaissances in less remote areas, I was unprepared for the uninhabited, almost lifeless aspect of great parts of it. Large areas of dunes and uncultivated steppe exist elsewhere in Iraq, but there is seldom no herd of sheep and goats in the distance and no curious passer-by to press you with questions. North and east of Warka we sometimes have gone for days without seeing a living thing. In among the endless dunes or out on great interior plains among them that resemble a moon landscape there are just the heaps of rubble of a vanished past slowly being turned to dust and blown away by the wind. Even the great canal levees, so prominent a feature of the topography further north, here are almost gone. Here one traces canals by the shells too heavy for the wind to move that were thrown up on their banks in ancient times by the men who cleared them annually.

Yet in among these barren wastes are enclaves of nomads, pitching their tents in low places where ground water comes close enough to the surface to support sparse vegetation for their herds and to permit a few brackish wells. The major enclave of this sort which I have encountered is along the Shatt al-Kar, a now dry and largely drifted-over watercourse which once carried the overflow from the swamps around Nippur southward to rejoin the Euphrates not far from Ur. There one finds, at least at this season, literally scores of family encampments, generally with a fine horse tethered close by, with camels, sheep and goats scattered out beyond under the watchful eye of herdsmen, and with each tent carefully screened by the piles of dry brush that are also a source of firewood. The ancestors of these people, we are told, once were engaged in cultivating this same land when the Shatt al-Kar ran full and frequently enough to be relied on as a source of irrigation water. The banks of the Kar still are sprinkled with the ruined forts and watchtowers of those days, and most of the old canals disclosed by the air photographs had at least a final phase of use during that period ending only a half-century or so ago.

Having been in the field since early January (interrupted by a week of business in the States during the following month), some results from the Survey have begun to take shape. Naturally, they are still highly tentative, but perhaps even a brief account of them may be of interest to you. Some two hundred and seventy archaeological sites have been mapped and logged so far in this region, at least nine-tenths of them unknown previously. They reflect two distinct climaxes of settlement. One was in late prehistoric times, the Uruk and Jemdet Nasr periods, and in fact a full hundred of our sites were villages and small towns of those periods widely distributed throughout the area wherever the banks of rivers and canals and the margins of swamps offered favorable opportunities for permanent settlement. Warka, then known as Uruk, must already have been a larger center than any we have encountered, but its relations to these scores of other settlements on the surrounding plain are more likely to have been those of a pilgrimage and cult center than of a political capital. Political domination came later, in the Early Dynastic period, and with it the all but complete disappearance of the pattern of settlement primarily in villages which heretofore had been the prevailing one. Uruk swelled in size to become the first and greatest of Sumerian cities, cultivation in the surrounding region probably being redirected largely towards fields under the close protection of its battlements.

The second climax came in Parthian times, perhaps extending into Sassanian times as one moves further north and away from the environs of Warka itself. Although no longer a capital, Warka remained a major urban center. But now the entire plain was again dotted with other settlements, including not only self-sustaining villages but quite substantial towns as well as outlying private villas. Deep behind Parthia's disputed frontiers with Rome, this appears to have been at that time a prosperous, stable, densely settled, peaceful region. The Parthians left few written records (being known, in fact, mainly through the writings of their Roman enemies), and have been correspondingly ignored by historians. Surveys like this one suggest that this is a gap in our knowledge urgently in need of correction. Fortunately, the Oriental Institute's current campaign at Nippur is directly serving toward this end.

Another result of our work to date that may be of some interest concerns the tracing of the ancient course of the Euphrates southward from Nippur to Warka. As far as Fara (ancient Shuruppak), this course has long been known or at least taken for granted, but then follow fifty kilometers or so of what the maps call "unexplored desert" until the walls of Warka emerge among the dunes on the horizon. Working northward from Warka, that gap is now down to less than ten kilometers, its place taken by a string of ancient towns, many of them of considerable size, following a former bed of the Euphrates that can itself be traced for part of the distance on the air photographs. This course appears to have remained in use no later than the Old Babylonian period, and both our surface collections and the evidence of stamped bricks found on these ancient townsites clearly suggests that its major importance had come somewhat earlier.

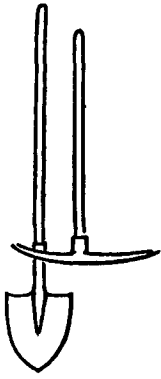
I should stress that these are the tentative results of work still in progress, certainly subject to modification in detail with more prolonged and careful study. More importantly, their interpretation will change as the area systematically covered grows larger before work comes to an end in May. Reconnaissance and excavation share in at least one characteristic, however important their other differences: each new site or each spade of earth turned over constitutes a ruthless empirical test of all of the pet theories and premature generalizations emerging from previous work. In practice, final results are always somewhat unpredictable. Hopefully, this tempers imagination with caution and inculcates a certain humility.

In closing, I must express warm gratitude to the Warka Expedition, not only for graciously permitting the use of its field headquarters as the Survey's base but also for directly contributing to the project in numberless other ways. Dr. Hans Nissen, Sumerologist and archaeologist on the Warka Expedition staff, was a joint participant in many weeks of reconnaissance and hopes to resume this again as soon as the pressure of other duties permits. He and others on the staff continue to process the baskets of pottery with which the Survey Landrover returns heavily laden almost daily. It has only been with the direct participation of the Warka Expedition, in fact, that the current campaign of reconnaissance has been possible at all. On behalf both of the Oriental Institute and the American Schools of Oriental Research, it is both a pleasure and an obligation to admit this important scholarly debt.

Sincerely yours,

Robert McC. Adams

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archeological newsletter

Issued confidentially to members and friends

Not for publication

c/o Direction des Antiquites
Aleppo, Syria

May 4, 1967

In the Euphrates valley east of Aleppo, where we have been digging since March 4, rain has been an almost daily occurrence, carried by high winds from the Mediterranean. On most days they did not hamper us too much as they reached their peak after two o'clock, leaving us free to work from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. Local rainfall during the past winter has amounted to almost 1½ times the average of 10 inches (no rain falls during the summer).

As a result our village is surrounded by lush stands of wheat, interspersed at first with tulips and iris and now with poppies and daisies, which little girls gather and bring us. At the same time, melting snow and rain in Turkey caused a rise of 10 ft. in the Euphrates. Water surrounded the neighboring village in the valley bottom, driving its inhabitants with their bedding and flocks up the river terrace to our village of Selenkahiye.

A recent 400-mile trip back and forth to Resafe and Palmyra has left one impression dominant in our minds: the contrast between lush, inviting pastures here and hostile, barren wasteland there. Part of our team (archaeologist Rudy Dornemann from the Oriental Institute with Frenchman Pierre Ducos and Dutchman Willem van Zeist, specialists in early animals and plants respectively) took off from Palmyra to carry out a sounding at Kowm, a well-watered little oasis halfway between the Euphrates River and Palmyra.

The uplands south of the Euphrates, normally semiarid, were covered with grass and appeared from afar as bands of solid yellow and purple, so full were they of dandelions and other flowering weeds. Many flocks of sheep and goats were grazing on the gently rolling country, which was dotted with the black goats' hair shelters of the pastoralists. South of the early Christian shrine of Resafe -- now a ghost city brooding over an empty plain -- the carpet of green consisted mostly of sedge, harmal and other weeds which tend to replace the grass wherever land has been overgrazed. Camel silhouettes replaced the sheep on the horizon.

Sporadically patches which collect the winter rain had been sown with catch crops and were now dark green with waving ears of barley. After a few mirages two real lakes appeared in the salt pans north of Kowm, with flamingos bathing in their shallow water. South of the mountain chain known as the Jebels Abyad, Abu Rijmeyn and Bishri, the ground was almost vegetationless for ~~355~~ long stretches, until the date

palms of Palmyra hove into sight. No rain had fallen there since November, bringing the total for the winter to 3 inches instead of the normal 6.

We are particularly aware of the behavior of nature and man's reaction to it because it has a bearing on the questions we are trying to answer by digging. While domestication of the camel, which opened up the inner desert south of Palmyra, is an Iron Age feature, the existence of donkey-borne sheep and goat herders is well documented for the Bronze Age. During the transition from Early to Middle Bronze Age (about 2400 to 1900 B.C.) many cities in Syria and Palestine apparently suffered destruction, while documents of the subsequent period show elements originating in or near the Syrian steppe in control of many parts of southwest Asia. Some blame a tide of invading nomads who had previously been confined to the semiarid zone. Others, on the contrary, assume expanding commercial and military ventures on the part of the cities, because other cities flourished in spite of repeated destructions and settlement even expanded into the steppe.

The life of the Syrian sheep herders consists of a series of sorties which is never predictable with certainty. When the rains come in fall and especially after the cold winter in springtime they deploy swiftly over large areas to cash in on the pastures and sow catch crops in one or more of a series of alternative grazing zones available to them by tradition. For the rest of the year they fall back on their home base in the cultivated zone around the cities of Syria, where stubble and other fodder is available and dairy products can be bartered against grain.

Although this implies an intimate familiarity with terrain, climate and vegetation of the steppe, the modern sheep herder does not feel at home until he is surrounded by radios, cars, traffic circles, neon lights, loudspeakers and crowds, symbols of urban civilization which enables him to survive. Such a seminomadic element of the population is likely to remain economically and politically weak if left to itself.

In an effort to get evidence on the relations between settled zone and steppe in the late third and early second millennium B.C., we are carrying out a full-scale excavation at a city site not far from the steppe and a small sounding at an oasis inside the steppe. In particular, we are looking if the animal and plant remains point to sheep, goat and donkey husbandry or cereal cultivation as the mainstay of these settlements. Architecture of obviously impermanent character might imply seasonal rather than year-round habitation. A change from open to fortified settlements and a great increase in the use of bronze weapons could signify growing militarism.

At the city site, Selenkahiye, each of us from the Oriental Institute chose a different task. Rudy Dornemann excavated the mud brick city wall, 20 ft. thick and founded on stone blocks 5 ft. long. Its outer face had been rebuilt at least once. From an adjoining room a shaft went down 15 ft. to two tombs, one of which contained a host of bronzes and pottery as gifts to the dead.

Stanislao Loffreda and the Syrian government's representative, Abdurrazag Zaqzuq, are working at the intersection of two cobbled streets near the center of the city and getting a large hall on stone

foundations. Streets, floors and foundations were often renewed, with layers of black ash in between.

I myself cleared a large portico building which had been destroyed at least twice and rebuilt as many times. On the floor dating to the first destruction the skeletons of several victims, one of them armed, as well as jars with charred grain, etc., were found.

Al Hoerth dug 16 graves, which have given us a fairly complete picture of burial habits. The dead were usually laid flexed on their sides, facing south, wearing bronze ornaments and weapons and accompanied by many pottery vessels for food and drink. Sometimes they had a silver frontlet on their forehead. At times a second, once even a third body had been inserted by removing the mud brick blocking and pushing the first body over to one side. Stone markers and additional pottery groups placed several feet above the grave prove that care for the dead lasted on after the funeral.

To the state of our knowledge the excavations at Selenkahiye have added the following:

1. A well-built and, to judge by the graves, prosperous city managed to flourish on the margin of the dry farming zone. Possibly this was due to trade between the Euphrates valley and western Syria in bitumen, haematite and other commodities commonly found among the ruins. Barley, apparently imported from the irrigated lower Euphrates valley, was the staple food. Animal bones are not numerous enough to suggest that pastoralism was a major feature.

2. Despite repeated destructions and rebuildings there is little change in the material culture. In pottery and metal types, for instance, there are clear links both with the preceding Early Bronze and with the following Middle Bronze Age of Syria.

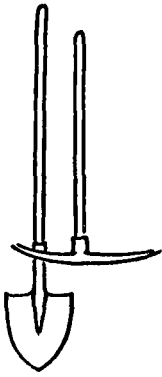
3. Bronze weapons are plentiful and of sophisticated workmanship, but most of them were found in graves and may have merely served as "status symbols."

4. Extremely crude stone figurines found in graves might suggest relics of a non-urban, tribal religion, but other hints in this direction are not forthcoming. Clay figurines of "goddesses" and "gods" on bull- or horse-drawn chariots, common in houses and public buildings, are simplified (much as in Steinberg's cartoons), but not more than contemporary ones from the centers of civilization.

Selenkahiye went down in a time when city states tried to wrest political and commercial control from their rivals and Amorites -- from Amurru, the Syrian steppe -- suddenly gained wealth and power. The two phenomena may not be unconnected if the steppe dwellers grasped the opportunities of wartime as quickly as those of a rainy spring.

Maurits van Loon

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archeological newsletter

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15 May 1967

Dear Friends:

May is the normal season for the beginning of summer sandstorms in southern Iraq. The winter rains are over, and even the fleeting spring drifts into memory as the temperature climbs daily. It is a month when people of all ages join to complete the arduous toil of the harvest, pitting their endurance against the flat white heat of the sun and the growing hosts of insect predators. Archaeologists, too, are a seasonal phenomenon in these parts, although their coincidence with the winter growing season rests on common sense and does not have the same hoary antiquity as the agricultural cycle.

So it is written, but practice is another matter. The Euphrates is reportedly driving thousands from their homes with record flood levels, fed in part by a savage series of storms whose effect on local crops awaiting harvest is also devastating. In partial compensation, it has been relatively cool; today, for example, is a pleasant 99°, and last night in nearby Afak there was even hail. And while the German Expedition at Warka has heeded the traditions and retired for the season, the Oriental Institute's Nippur Project is still wrestling manfully with the complex stratification of the enormous Parthian buildings superimposed on the Temple of Enlil. The sandstorms alone remain true to form, seemingly abated for only minutes by even the heaviest shower. James Knudstad, whose experience as field director here must qualify him as an expert, explains it graphically: the rain ends, the wind shifts, and the dunes "flop over" and keep right on moving. Under the circumstances, he and his co-workers have been faced almost daily with the depressing mixture of mud underfoot from last night's rain and sand trickling down their necks and covering over the walls and floors patiently exposed by the pickmen the previous afternoon. Add to this the difficulties of competing with the demands of the harvest -- our crew is down to less than half of what it was a fortnight ago -- and you will see what they are up against as the summer begins in earnest.

With the closing of the Warka camp at the end of April, the reconnaissance that Hans Nissen and I had been conducting together shifted its base to Nippur. Now our fieldwork is finished for the season. There remain many tedious details of mapping and recording; what is left, however, are only office tasks, free from the increasingly precarious logistics of summer desert transport. From my window at Nippur I can see the outlines of the dunes begin to blur on the horizon as the wind rises. Now that problem has ceased to be a daily reality and is becoming an abstraction, just as the visual images of the 460-odd tells we have recorded are merging with their symbolic representations on the maps that I am making. What is gained are communicable scholarly findings; what is lost is the vividness of a known landscape.

Let me concentrate on changes which have occurred since the time of my earlier letter. The increased number of recorded sites primarily reflects a northward and eastward extension of the surveyed area into the districts around ancient Shuruppak (modern Fara), Umma (Jokha), and the equally impressive but still nameless remains now known as Tell Jidr or Imam Dahir. Working in this area, we have gradually become aware of several broadly contrastive patterns of land-use which have alternately replaced and coexisted with one another. Two were already known to us when I last wrote: a prehistoric pattern of irregular clusters of villages and the intensively urban pattern dominated by the city walls of Uruk. Now a third has appeared, in which the central feature is a string of sprawling towns along a straightened natural watercourse or artificial canal. First in evidence at around 3,000 B.C. in the hinterlands of Umma, this form of settlement is shortly swept away -- presumably by the greater military effectiveness of concentrated urban populations behind their walls. But it repeatedly re-emerged in later times when conditions were relatively stable and the entire area was under the hegemony of a single ruler. On the other hand, it had no early counterpart in the vicinity of Uruk. Uruk, too, sprang from a nest of villages, but as a major cult center, its process of gestation was different.

The "prehistoric" pattern, however, has also turned out to reassert itself. There are striking similarities between those groups of tiny villages and the ruined villages among the Shatt al-Kar that were inhabited in Ottoman times. Since Turkish suzerainty was largely nominal during the latter period, it may be that political conditions reverted to essentially their prehistoric state in the absence of any imposed exterior controls over the petty tribes and sheikhs struggling for the dwindling supplies of water. This in turn opens two further avenues for thought and speculation. First, it invites us to consider more carefully the type of adaptation which might be called semi-sedentism, as an alternative to the better-known "ideal types" of peasant and nomad: it may well have played as crucial a part in the original achievement of civilization as it did in the nineteenth century. And second, the disparity between the numerous small remains of the Ottoman period and the extremely small population reported by European travellers through the area at that time warns us of the limitations of our data. Settlements can and did move frequently; yet unless the intervals were long enough for pottery styles to change perceptibly, the archaeologist has no way of distinguishing between successive villages and contemporaneous ones.

These and similar findings suggest one set of emphases in our work. Another, difficult to deal with here in the absence of illustration, involves tracing the actual courses of some of the ancient Euphrates branches across the area through remnants of meander patterns which still can be followed on the air photographs. This is a matter of increasing skill in the interpretation of subtle clues. Our earlier doubt that much of this could be done gradually has given way to increasing confidence; there seems little doubt any longer that we have been able to follow and plot at least a few significant sections of 5,000 year-old watercourses. On still other aspects of our work it would be premature to comment at this time. Dr. Nissen, a Sumerologist as well as an archaeologist, is following up a variety of indirect leads to the identification of some of the larger ancient sites we have visited. Having conducted stratigraphic tests in private houses at Uruk itself, he is also seeking not only to tie the pottery brought in

-3-

by our survey more closely to the Uruk sequence but also to amplify that sequence but also to amplify that sequence with our voluminous material.

Each of these lines of attack produces its own results and satisfactions, but of course they have their greatest meaning when assembled together into the integrated study of a lost and yet present landscape. At that point, they begin to merge with the vignettes of our experience into a communicable whole. The crowing, scurrying chickens and lost sheep of "desert" nomads making their way from a night encampment engulfed by a sudden rise of the Euphrates become components of the prevailing instability of life in the area. So also does the desperate striking-out of men, women and animals for distant, unknown desert ranges where they can only hope there will be fodder to replace that which has been consumed. In a different sense, one thinks of the strong, old tradition of Arab hospitality of which we have been beneficiaries, of the slow talk in the guest-house over fresh bread, sour milk, ghee, and endless little glasses of tea. That hospitality, too becomes a part of the pattern by which life is sustained. So also does the vividly remembered day when the persisting importance of tribalism was underlined for us by the desert suddenly coming alive with armed horsemen riding to the sound of the guns in distant Rumaitha, in spite of the jet fighters overhead that had been sent to deter them. Or, finally, one thinks of how closely Islam is intertwined with all of these features -- for example, of the imâms or shrines that serve as the only universally accepted places of safe-keeping and refuge. Our last night camp was in the lee of Imâm Dhâhir, a centuries-old structure falling into ruin and overlooking a sea of sand from the brooding north lip of Jidr. There, in that utter desolation, was a dish of offerings left by passing camel-drivers.

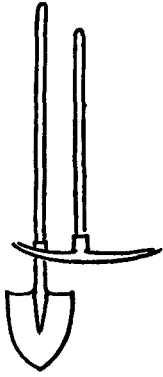
As an anthropologist, my intellectual predisposition is to argue that the pattern is always the goal of analysis, the evidence being of value only as it confirms or disconfirms that pattern. But in moments of scepticism one cannot help but wonder whether observations like these have a life and value of their own. Perhaps instead it is the clues to the pattern that are indelible, while the pattern we think we can discern by piecing them together is always only ephemeral.

With all best wishes,



Robert McC. Adams

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Chicago House, Luxor
United Arab Republic
6 December 1967

Dear Friends:

Early on the morning of November 10th, our staff artist, Grace Huxtable, was at Orly Airport, Paris, awaiting the T.W.A. plane for Athens. The previous evening she had come from London, since there was no T.W.A. connection from there to the Near East. While waiting for her flight to be called she heard a voice from behind saying, "Fancy meeting you here," and turning, found John (Tim) Healey, who also had come from London the previous day, but on a different flight. Together they went to Athens, where it was necessary to make another change, to a Lufthansa plane, to get to Cairo.

There they were surprised to find in the transit lounge, Edward Wente and Carl DeVries, who had only just arrived on an overnight flight from New York. Both had experienced some moments of anxiety before leaving the United States. Carl had picked up the passports the day before, after a worrying wait of several days for the Egyptian Embassy to return them with the necessary visas. At O'Hare his flight was late, so he was put on another airship which itself was delayed in reaching New York. Thus there was only enough time for him and Ed to get their flight to Athens.

In Cairo these four were met by Beth and John Romer, who had come in that afternoon, and Myrtle and me. The Romers had been spending a vacation in Turkey, daily waiting word to come on to Cairo. Myrtle had arrived only the previous midnight, coming directly from Chicago and bringing the expedition supplies which it had seemed wise to leave behind until the situation was clear. On the 12th Reginald and Marie Coleman joined us, and the staff for the season was complete.

Behind this reunion were months of concern and unusual activity. All Chicago House foreign personnel had left the United Arab Republic the latter part of April, as usual, when there was as yet no apprehension of the hostilities to come. With the break in diplomatic relations between the United States and the United Arab Republic, and the absence of western news people in Egypt, we found it difficult in Chicago to get authentic information about conditions in Luxor, or the land of the Nile at large. But the only question in our minds was how soon we could return to our work. We ordered the necessary supplies and made our plans as if we would return near to the usual time of early October, but there was no definite assurance that this would be true.

At the International Congress of Orientalists in Ann Arbor during the third week of August, I met Dr. Ali H. Abdel Kader, the charming Director of the Islamic Center in Washington. Throughout the next few weeks he was of great help in assisting us in the matter of our visas for Egypt. Cables were sent to Cairo requesting permission to return, but these remained unanswered. I discovered later that this was because no policy in regard to foreign archaeological enterprises had yet been decided.

Toward the end of September we received in Chicago information which Dr. Ray Smith had sent through the State Department following an interview with the Deputy Minister of Culture in Cairo. This indicated that our application to continue work in Luxor would be favorably considered. Immediately I went to Washington and conferred with the persons concerned with our problem at the Smithsonian Institution, which is the intermediate source of our grant of P. L. 480 funds through the American Research Center, the U.A.R. section of the State Department, The Egyptian Embassy and the Islamic Center. There I met in Dr. Abdel Kader's office, His Excellency, the former Minister Plenipotentiary of the United Arab

Republic, Hassan Hosny, who had remained in Washington after the diplomatic break because of an invalid wife. Mr. Hosny has served Egypt in Washington almost thirty years, and may resume his post as the chief of the mission of the U.A.R. under the recently announced arrangements.

The personnel at the State Department, from the head of the section, Mr. Richard B. Parker, to the Assistant Secretary of State, Lucius Battle, were happy that we intended to resume our work at Chicago House. However, as they were as yet uncertain as to our reception, they asked me to go to Cairo alone so that I might see whether the Egyptian authorities were sympathetic and would give us the necessary permission for our projects to be continued. For this purpose I was granted permission to travel to the U.A.R., and both Dr. Abdel Kader and Mr. Hassan Hosny advised me to travel on my re-entry visa.

I reached Cairo at midnight on October 5th, and after visits to non-governmental persons and friends the following day, Friday, and on Saturday, started my rounds of official and semi-official visits, which took much of the next three weeks. Also two weeks later I went to Luxor to see our local staff and to inspect Chicago House.

Whatever our apprehensions about our reception may have been, they were groundless. From everyone I received a cordial reception and an expression of appreciation for the work which has been done by the Oriental Institute in Egypt. I learned that Chicago House was not considered just an American enterprise, but an international one. Our great library of books on Ancient Egypt is much appreciated, especially because both Egyptian and foreign scholars are always free to use it during the season. At the height of the resentment against the United States, our friends in Luxor, especially the Chief of Police, Major Fouad Awar, and the Inspectors of Antiquities, Dr. Abdul Hafeez Abdul Al and Mr. Ramadan Saad, took particular care to see that Chicago House was not molested. In order to insure that the importance of our work was understood, the property was put under protective guard until our return. We owe a great deal to these friends for their concern that everything remain intact. Because of their help and the usual good care of our local staff, Chicago House was in excellent condition on our return, with only the usual deterioration of age.

I must not forget to mention that among those who have helped us are Mr. Donald Bergus, the chief of the American Interest Section of the Spanish Embassy, who is a Chicago alumnus, and who has been putting in long hours as the chief U.S. State Department representative in Cairo. Mr. Z. Misketian, better known as Toto, the Business Manager of the American Research Center office in Cairo, has always been of assistance when needed. Mr. John Dorman, Director of the American Research Center office, arrived a day or two before me but left after a couple of weeks. We worked together on many problems. Nor should I forget our good friend, Dr. Labib Habachi and his wife, Attiya, the latter also a member of the A.R.C.E. office staff.

In the next three days after our arrival all of the staff came up to Luxor. Usually Tim Healey gets here three to two weeks before the season officially opens, and the Field Director and his wife arrive ten to seven days before the others. Thus many things which must be made ready are taken care of. This season, with all arriving together, we have been a little slower getting started. However, all of us are full at work at all of the sites of our interest; the High Gate at Medinet Habu, the Tomb Chapel of Kheruef, and the Temple of Khonsu at Karnak. The delay of a month in the start of the season, and the shortage of one artist, will mean that all of our goals of this year will not be fully realized. The artist who was to replace Leslie Greener, who retired at the end of last season, rightly felt he could not give up his present position when, at the middle of the summer, our future was still uncertain.

The Epigraphic Survey was one of the first archaeological expeditions in Egypt to receive permission to continue its work. Simultaneously Ray Smith also received permission to continue his researches on the blocks from the buildings of Amenhotep IV which were reused in later buildings. Last season he photographed more than 15,000 of these, which have an approximate measurement of 10 x 10 x 20 inches, with one side decorated in relief as part of a scene. During the summer, his staff of dedicated young Egyptian Egyptologists coded the contents of each section of relief so that this might be entered on IBM cards. Now the staff is about to start trying to match blocks so as to build up the scenes as they were originally. Without the help of the computer this would be impossible, but this help does not obviate the need of careful scholars in using the data the computer turns out. Ray has made several visits to Karnak to collect new photos and check or add to previous data, and now has returned to his home, to come back to Egypt early in the New Year.

A new enterprise, or perhaps it should be described as the taking up of an old one, is a team of French archaeological architects who will work at Karnak. Professor Serge Sauneron will be their Egyptological advisor. This is not a French Institute project, but a separate group financed by the French and U.A.R. governments. The object is to preserve and reconstruct Karnak, which, like all ancient monuments in Egypt, is gradually deteriorating. While we have not yet been told of the complete program, it appears that it will continue the tradition of the great French engineers who have done so much at this site, Legrain, Pillet, and Chevrier. Excavation is not the primary purpose, but in order to explore the needs and possibilities, some excavation must be done. The full team has not yet arrived, but work has started by the exploration of the area where the work shops will be built.

Later in the season, the French Institute will resume work on the area about the ruins of the temple of Montu, left untouched since the Suez affair of 1956. The German Archaeological Institute expects to return to Gurna after Ramadan, but will not excavate further until the studies of the areas and objects discovered so far have been fully studied.

We are now in the month of Ramadan when every Moslem fasts during the daylight hours. Since the Moslem month is lunar rather than based on a division of the solar year, the year is about eleven days shorter than ours, and the feasts come earlier each year by our calendar. This year, Ramadan falls entirely within the month of December. Two weeks before it begins the local feast of Abu el-Haggag, usually culminates in the procession about the Luxor Temple in which two or three boats are pulled through the streets. This is a direct descendant of the feast of Opet in ancient Egypt, when the gods of Karnak went by boat to the Luxor temple. This year, in mourning for the defeat of last June, the procession was not held. A record on a wall at Karnak tells that in about 1000 B.C. the ancient feast was not held because of Amon's rising anger at corruption among the temple bureaucrats shown up in an investigation.

The town of Luxor is sad. There are almost no tourists, and people whose living has depended on them are in distress. Everyone is hoping that things will soon change, although perhaps this is too optimistic an attitude for this season. But there are signs of improvement. By the time this letter reaches Chicago, full diplomatic relations will have been resumed between Great Britain and the UAR. American and Egyptian relations have not reached that point. However, at the very end of October, permission was given for the families of all American men working in Egypt to join them, and later in November, the ban on the travel of Americans in the U.A.R. was removed. Now our countries are to be represented in the opposite capitals by ministers, and we hope that this leads to a better understanding of Egypt's aspirations and needs.

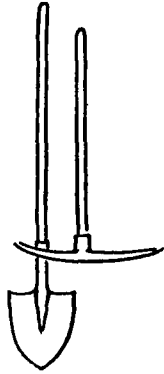
Several Institute members had to cancel their plans to visit Egypt because of the travel ban on the part of the USA. We hope that with the opening of Egypt for American tourists, some may yet come. If any of you do, you can be assured of a welcome and cordial treatment by the government and people of Egypt.

While the lateness of this letter may prevent it from reaching you by the holiday season, may all of you know that each and every member of the staff of Chicago House, both local and foreign, appreciates the interest of the members of the Oriental Institute, and will be remembering this over Christmas and New Year's day.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Francis Nims

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Istanbul - December 10, 1967

Greetings:

Again, a note on the Prehistoric Project's concerns in the field, but not on excavations--merely on how we get ready to undertake them.

My wife Linda and I left Chicago on November 1st. We stopped overnight in Paris to consult with our old friend and colleague, Jean Perrot, then two nights in Rome where I have a graduate student working a year with Italian colleagues. We timed our arrival in Istanbul to coincide with that of Bruce Howe (associate director of the Prehistoric Project since 1951). Our Turkish counterpart, Professor Halet Cambel, met us at the airport, and within an hour we were all about the big table in her yali (waterside villa) on the Bosphorus, setting the schedule for all that must be done before excavations can be resumed in southeastern Turkey next autumn.

Neither the present overall state of the world, nor the regional Near Eastern situation makes for simple planning. I'd go to bed at night muttering "the best laid plans of mice and men ...". We don't yet know quite where we are financially--cut-backs in Washington are hurting the National Science Foundation, our real hope for funds for a sequence of four autumn seasons beginning next autumn. There is some general Turkish nervousness about the present U.S. stance on world politics, especially as regards Viet Nam, although our welcome from individuals was as warm as ever. Fortunately, the Cyprus matter seems now to have been settled, at least for the moment, but it made us nervous while it lasted. There were, also, a number of personal matters which unhappily distracted Halet, including her father's serious illness (he died just last night, and we must leave before the funeral). Nevertheless, we did manage to make contact with all the necessary people and now have our plans and alternative plans as well sketched out as is possible. I have learned gradually, ever since that first field season in 1930, that one simply has to go ahead in his planning in the Near East and not let himself be disturbed by loud background noises, alarms and excursions!

Istanbul is as wonderful as ever and had fine weather for us the first ten days. The ferry docks are all back in order after that fire of two years ago, and we used the boats most happily. I went to Ankara, about ten days after arrival, for the first run of appointments there, and also to get an Iraqi visa. The Institute is to aid a modest British effort on some early village sites northeast of Baghdad, and I was to go down, lend a hand, also take care of one or two things for Bob Adams. But first, I had to get a visa, and since Iraq and the U.S.A. have had no diplomatic relations since the Arab-Israeli war, I was refused a visa at the Istanbul Iraqi Consulate. Our old friends in Baghdad received me most warmly, and the British colleagues, David and Joan Oates (she is an American born, and an old student of mine) took me

-2-

out to see the proposed early village sites and went over the surface collections with me. Formal permission for the excavations came through two days after I left, so they should be at work by now. For the first time, the late pre-historic sequences of the hill country of northern Iraq and the first developments in alluvial southern Mesopotamia will be linked together, when Joan's sites are excavated. It was fine warm weather in Baghdad, roses were still in bloom and the oranges and pomegranates had already begun.

On my return to Turkey, Halet, Linda and I made the second trip to Ankara, made the remainder of the official calls, and also--through a combination of circumstances too complicated to explain--found ourselves involved in a program of archeological salvage for sites which will be flooded by the pool of a large dam to be constructed on the upper Euphrates. This ended off in over an hour's audience with the President of the Republic--quite a show in itself. We also made an overnight run by airplane to Diyarbakir and Ergani, to arrange for the base camp for the continuation of work at Cayonu, our own early village site which we'd tested in 1964 and to which we will return in the coming autumn. Unfortunately, the bad weather was so bad we could not revisit the site itself.

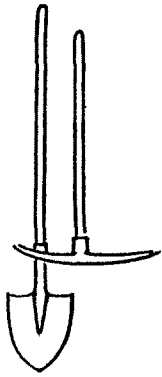
We start home tomorrow, loaded down with Christmas things stuffed into odd pockets to beat overweight baggage charges on the airlines. We plan a two night visit, en route, in Budapest, with Dr. Sandor Bokonyi and his wife. Sandor is a zoologist, interested in the problems of animal domestication, who was with us in Chicago last year on a Ford fellowship.

Final note on the diffusion of cultural motifs! In the middle thirties, at the old Amouq camp, I learned a fascinating little Turkish song from a local chauffeur we then had. One evening during our present stay in Istanbul, Halet had a famous Turkish folk singer-musicologist in for the evening with us. At once point, I asked whether he had ever heard "Chiki Chiki Cha Cha." He had not, insisted that I sing it, ended off by working it out and transcribing it to paper, warns that he will doubtless record it. The song seems to come out of me naturally, after a sufficiency of beers, and has--on one occasion or another--been sung with gusto from New Mexico to Sweden to India. Now it is back in Turkey again, where it belongs.

Red hot season's greetings,

Bob Braidwood

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Luxor, Egypt, U.A.R.
15 February 1968

Dear Friends:

The American Research Center in Egypt, with which we are associated, has asked me for a newsletter about our activities. Because many of them know little about our efforts, I tried to give a little background in regard to our current projects. I thought that the newer members of the Oriental Institute might appreciate this information, so I am sending the same letter to Chicago. I hope that those who have been reading our letters for several years will not find this one too repetitive.

On an archaeological excavation there is always an air of hopeful anticipation of an exciting discovery. In an enterprise such as the Epigraphic Survey has been conducting for more than forty years, there is little expectation of finding hitherto unseen evidence. Most of the monuments we have been documenting have been known for generations, and scholars have made copies of what they have considered important. Such records usually have been incomplete and have not always been accurate. Seldom have they given a full picture of the available information from a given monument.

There have been notable exceptions. Many of the tomb chapels of the ancient officials have been fully published. The Egypt Exploration Society still is continuing the publication of the temple of Seti I at Abydos, and the French Institute of Archaeology in Cairo has through many years been concentrating on the temples of the Ptolemaic period.

The Epigraphic Survey began its work with attention to the monuments of Ramesses III in the Theban area. It has published epigraphic material from the reign of this king both at Karnak and Medinet Habu. For the later complex an associated expedition also has published an architectural survey. So far ten folio volumes of inscriptions have appeared, half of them of elephant size. The next volume in our series will contain the records from the High Gate of Ramesses III at Medinet Habu.

This eastern entrance to the temenos was sixty feet high, joined to massive mud brick walls of the same height. It combined the functions of a fortified approach to the temple area and a pleasure pavilion for the king. On the exterior walls is depicted the majesty of Ramesses III as a conqueror and a priest-god. On the walls of the rooms within, which are in the upper stories, are scenes of the ruler with the girls of his harem. According to an inscription copied last season, these were his daughters. They entertain their father with music, play draughts with him, and feed him sweetmeats. With the exception of some Amarna depictions there are preserved no other records of the kings in their moments of relaxation.

Painted decorations showing baskets of fruit and formal bouquets once covered the reveals of the windows of the High Gate. During the three millenniums since they were executed, the designs have suffered greatly. A straight photograph was found to have too little contrast for reproduction, and a line drawing did not adequately represent the pattern. We chose to emphasize the design by a pencil reinforcement of a photographic print to show what still could be discerned on the walls.

Another project approaching completion is the recording of the Tomb Chapel of Kheruef, Steward of Queen Tiy. Here are some of the finest Eighteenth Dynasty reliefs in the Theban Necropolis. Several scenes were seen by the German Egyptologist Adolph Erman in the beginning of 1886



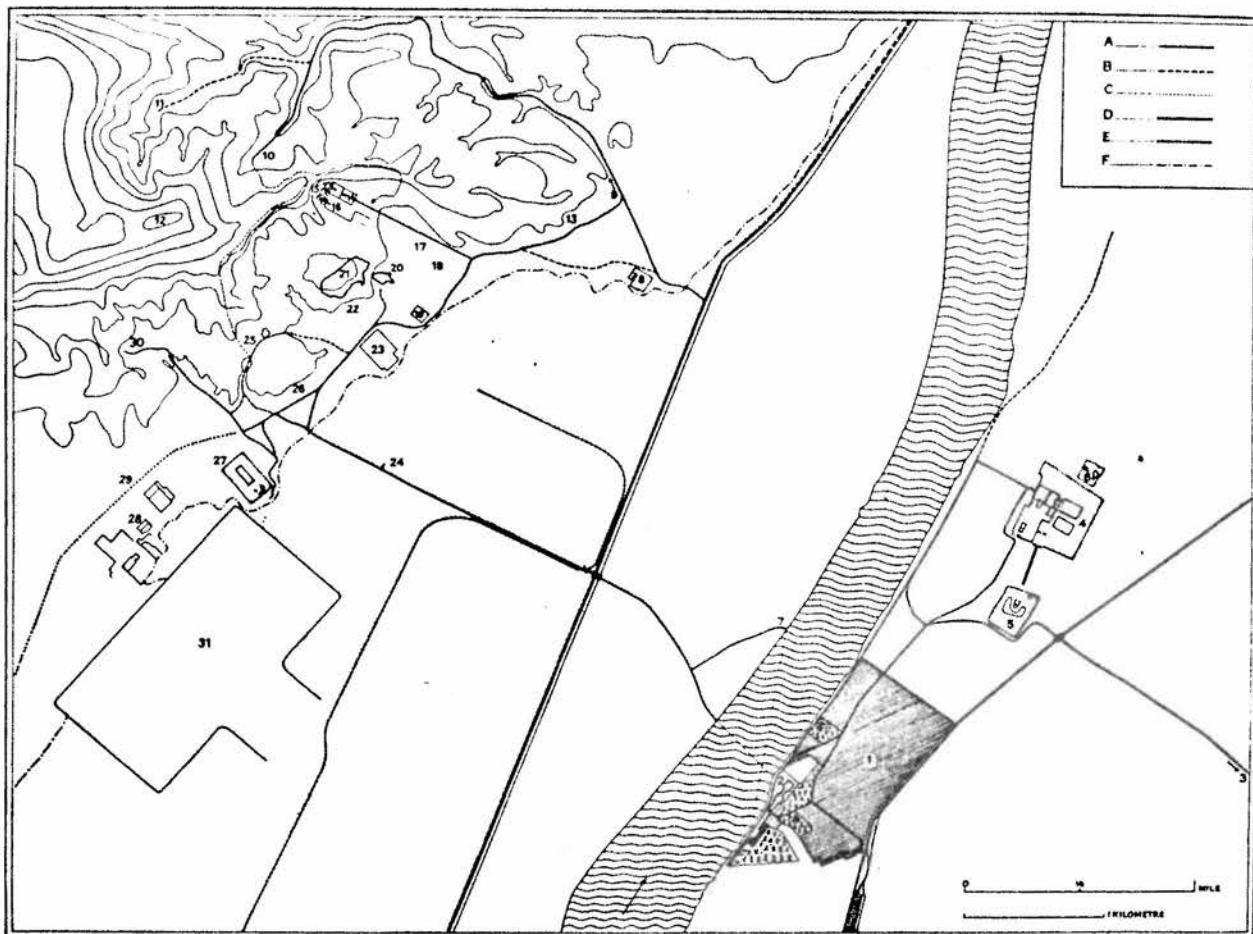
Forecourt and pylon of Dynasty XVIII temple at Medinet Habu, Thebes, Egypt.

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when he was led through labyrinthine tunnels by his donkey boy. Sometime before the first world war, Alan Gardiner and Norman Davies saw the same reliefs, but in the twisting passages through which they crawled they lost their sense of direction and had little idea where the tomb lay. When the entry way, which we now know led to a sunken court, was found later, Davies believed that it was part of a second tomb of the official. During the second world war the back portico of the court, which has most of the reliefs, was rediscovered by Ahmed Fakhry with the help of Zakaria Goneim, and an excellent report was published by the former.

In 1957–59 the Epigraphic Survey and the Department of Antiquities cleared the debris from the court and the rear rooms. Except for an inscribed seated statue, the upper part lost, almost no new records were found. The large hall, the unfinished passage behind, and the entrance to the burial chamber are parallel in plan to the contemporary tomb chapel of the Vizier Ramose, but the latter had no court in front.

The limestone in this area is exceedingly friable, and all but one of the pillars of the hall had collapsed under the weight of the roof and the debris above it. Also many of the reliefs have been damaged seriously. The natural salts in one section of the rock have been extruded in crystals which have raised blisters and even pushed off sections of the reliefs. The zealots of the Amarna period erased most of the mentions of Amon in the text, though they did not touch the god's name where it appeared in the cartouches of Amenhotep III and IV. We believe that the erasures of the depictions of the owner of the tomb and the accompanying texts were done at the same time. Later two of the four figures of Amenhotep IV in the entrance were destroyed. In modern times, probably soon after Erman saw the reliefs, the part then accessible was subject to the vandalism of local tomb robbers who attempted to cut away the heads of the king, queen, and princesses. Probably most of the heads were destroyed in the attempt; only the upper part of the figures of two of the princesses, which have been in the Berlin Museum since early 167 the century, have been located. Fortunately, Erman made sketches of what he saw, and this has enabled us to restore most of what has been lost.



MAP OF THEBES

- A Black-top road
- B Dust Road
- C Foot Path
- D Main railroad
- E Local railroad
- F Edge of cultivation

- 1 Luxor
- 2 Luxor Temple
- 3 Road to airport
- 4 Temenos of Amon
- 5 Temenos of Mut
- 6 Temenos of Montu
- 7 Landing on west bank of river
- 8 Mortuary temple of Seti I

- 9 Road to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings
- 10 Valley of the Tombs of the Kings
- 11 West valley
- 12 The peak, el-Gurn, "The Horn"
- 13 Dra Abu-el-Naga
- 14 Deir el-Bahri, mortuary temple of Hatshepsut
- 15 Deir el-Bahri, temple of Thutmosis III
- 16 Deir el-Bahri, mortuary temple of Mentuhotep II
- 17 Asasif
- 18 Khokha
- 19 Mortuary temple of Thutmosis III, in ruins

- 20 Sheikh Abd-el-Gurna, Lower Enclosure
- 21 Sheikh Abd-el-Gurna, Upper Enclosure
- 22 Sheikh Abd-el-Gurna, plain
- 23 The Ramesseum
- 24 The Colossi of Memnon
- 25 Deir el Medineh
- 26 Gurnet Murai
- 27 Medinet Habu
- 28 Palace of Amenhotep III
- 29 Ancient graded road
- 30 Valley of the Tombs of the Queens
- 31 Lake or harbur of Amenhotep III

The Amarna erasures seldom went deep into the rock, and the remaining traces of inscriptions and figures have been recovered through careful study. In the entrance three prayers offered by Kheruef, seeming at first to be completely lost, have been restored almost in their entirety through the attention and cooperation of the Egyptologists and the artists. Another erased inscription above one of the prayers, long thought to have been a list of offerings, has proved to be the earliest example of that rare form, the word square, often called a "cross-word puzzle." The words are arranged in squares to read both horizontally and vertically. The erasure here was very thorough, and while we will not be able to reconstruct the content completely, we have discovered enough to show the nature of the text. With the completion of this drawing, and several others already under way, the documentation of the tomb chapel will be finished and ready for the compilation of the text which will accompany the photographs, plans, and drawings.

Because it was begun by Ramesses III, the Temple of Khonsu at Karnak engaged the attention of the expedition many years ago. The need to complete the documentation of Medinet Habu caused the work to be suspended in the late 1940's. In the intervening period we have cooperated with the Chicago Nubian Expedition in recording the small temple of Beit el-Wali, built by Ramesses II, as well as undertaken the work at the Tomb Chapel of Kheruef. Since the three other projects are being published or nearing the final stages of field work, it was possible for us to return, in December 1966, to the Khonsu Temple. Shortly this will have the full attention of the whole staff.

Though the temple is now within the temenos of Amon, it once may have had its own enclosure wall. An earlier building which stood on the site was razed in the latter years of Ramesses III. We believe that no new blocks were quarried for the present building, but that the builders used stones from older, demolished structures. Re-used in the walls are parts of structures of all rulers from Thutmosis III to Amenhotep IV, and of Haremhab and Ramesses II. Statues found in the temple, which must have been in the earlier one, were made by Hatshepsut, Tutankhamon, and Seti I.

Since all of the walls of the temple are bonded, it is impossible for a person untrained in architecture to discern any building periods. We do not know, then, how much of the structure was completed under Ramesses III, but only a few of the rear rooms were decorated in his reign. Ramesses IV continued the reliefs, but the work was suddenly suspended, perhaps at his death, leaving some of the scenes unfinished. No further decoration was added until the latter part of the reign of Ramesses XI. Then the work was resumed in the first hypostyle hall by the First Prophet of Amon, Herihor, following instructions from his king. Then on the doorway to the sanctuary Herihor entered his name in cartouches, thus proclaiming himself king, though Ramesses XI was still alive. In the reign of Nekhtanebo II a priest, Ahmes, whose offices included several connected with his temple, carved new inscriptions on this doorway, but copied those of Herihor which were on the jambs, preserving the older records. In the court of the temple the scenes show Herihor both as First Prophet and as Pharaoh, with the first office appearing in a cartouche as his prenomens.

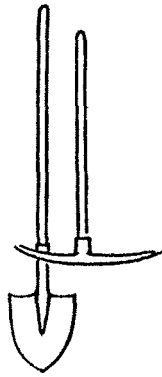
Since many of the reliefs of Herihor were copied in the earlier work of the Epigraphic Survey, we are concentrating on the reliefs in the hypostyle hall and the court. We hope within the next several seasons to complete this section and publish it in a single volume. Unfortunately, the original work on the walls of the hypostyle hall was crudely done, and the surface of the stones was not well dressed by the ancient artisans. Later every face and limb of the figures of gods, king, and priest was defaced, probably by the early Christians. It is much more difficult to make facsimile drawings of this sort of representation than of one which was well executed.

Jaroslav Černý has been telling me of his first visit to Egypt in 1926, when the Epigraphic Survey was quite new and beginning to work out its methods. Since then many Egyptologists have cooperated in the enterprise, and through their efforts and those of a great number of able artists and draughtsmen, standards have been established by which similar efforts are judged. We are doing our best to live up to the reputation of our distinguished predecessors.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES FRANCIS NIMS

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Semna South, Sudan
March 15, 1968

Dear friends,

A six-hour flight took us from Washington to London, where we paid a brief visit to the British Museum in search for specimens of glass and bronzes similar to those found in our first season at Semna South.

Another six-hour flight took us from London to Khartoum. We found the city festively decorated with Sudanese and Zambian flags; the president of Zambia, Dr. Kenneth Kaunda, was paying an official visit to the Sudanese capital.

We paid our first visit to the Antiquities Service where we found out that the Commissioner for Archaeology, Mr. Thabit Hassan Thabit, was in the Omdurman civic hospital; we were glad to see him rapidly recovering from a broken leg.

There are some fine new hotels in Khartoum, "Sudan," "Oasis," etc., but in order to get well informed about the most recent archaeological work in the Sudan, one goes to the old "Grand Hotel."

It was there that we met Prof. Michalowski, the well known director of the Polish expedition at Faras. An entire wing of the new Khartoum Museum will be occupied by the frescos discovered at the Christian basilica at Faras, and according to most recent reports, another site, rich in Christian and pre-Christian antiquities, is now being investigated by the Polish expedition at Old Dongola.

We also met at the "Grand Hotel" Professor Hintze of Humbolt University in East Berlin, who is conducting his seventh and last excavation at Mussawarat Es-Sufra, a site rich in Meroitic architectural remains. A few days ago he and Prof. Michalowski obtained a Sudanese Antiquities Service license to jointly excavate at Naga, a Meroitic site known for its "Roman Kiosk." They plan to begin their work at Naga in 1970.

We were fortunate in being able to pay a visit to Prof. Shinnie's camp at the site of ancient Meroe, the capital of the civilization about which so much information has been obtained during this third Nubian campaign. Prof. Shinnie is excavating at Meroe for the Sudanese Antiquities Service and the University of Khartoum where he presently holds an appointment as Professor of Archaeology.

Two days before leaving Khartoum we met Professor Leclant, egyptologist from the Sorbonne, who had just returned from Soleb, where he had spent two months working with the Schiff Giorgini expedition. The expedition at Soleb this year was working on the second volume of Soleb, which will deal with the Meroitic cemetery at that site and will also include a study of the Meroitic human remains. The four remaining volumes of the Soleb project will be devoted to the study of the famous temple of Amenophis III at that site. Having completed his work at Soleb, Prof. Leclant continued for Egypt where he joined Prof. Lauer at Sakkara.

We found Khartoum's shops well stocked with Russian and Chinese canned goods; the economy there does not seem to have suffered from recent political complications. American products however, can still be seen and purchased on the market at prices somewhat higher than those in the American shops.

The town of Wadi Halfa is in a constant flux. This year it has moved to its third location, and soon the new and permanent Wadi Halfa will be built. Work has already begun on the railway station and

a snack bar, both being built of stone. There will be a canal dug from the Nile to this new railway station, and the steamer will take the passengers right to the station from which they can continue for Khartoum. The new town of Wadi Halfa will be built by Egyptian engineers, who are surveying the entire region of the second cataract, and marking the new, progressively rising levels of the Nile, in connection with the work on the New Dam at Sad Ed-Ali, near Assuan.

We left Khartoum February 1, and began our second season at Semna South February 4.

As all of you certainly know, we are excavating an Egyptian fortress, and a large cemetery, predominantly Meroitic, with a small percentage of X-group graves.

As far as the cemetery is concerned, the old story repeats itself: most of the graves have been disturbed and badly pillaged. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," said ancient Latins, "(say) nothing but the good about the dead." We do not know what these ancient Africans sincerely thought about the dead, but they certainly respected neither their own nor those of other periods. Dismemberment and mutilation can be traced from tomb to tomb, having been perpetrated by the people, not animals.

In spite of this dismal situation encountered in the cemeteries, there are almost always some rewarding moments awaiting Nubian archaeologists. Such was one our anthropologist described for us: an intact burial of an adult female and an infant, both placed in the same coffin. The relation of the two was indicated by the presence of the anomalous fusion of the second and third cervical vertebrae, in both.

Our anthropologists discovered quite a number of pathological and anomalous features in the human remains, which will be of some importance for the study of these populations when the third survey is completed. You will also be interested to know that we found a few examples of tattooing on the Meroitic skeletons; one of these, executed on the feet of a young Meroitic lady, is quite elaborate and elegant.

In another Meroitic tomb with vaulted burial chamber, a young female and six children, ranging in age from one year and less up to fourteen, have been found. This tomb has been disturbed, but the robbers either failed to see or were not interested in a metal, disk-shaped, groove-engraved object with a chess-figure-like handle in the center. We discovered an identical object last year, but the handle was detached, and we spent a great deal of time studying this object, looking in various publications for something resembling it, visiting museums, and consulting other archaeologists about it. No one ever reported anything similar to it in Nubia, nor were our colleagues able to identify it. Then, this year, this second object of the same kind, and material, and decoration appeared in the above-described tomb. The tomb was disturbed, but this object was found as archaeologists say "in position," and next to it, also undisturbed, was found a cosmetic case, still filled with the black eye-pigment, a spatula-like applicator for eye-pigment, and an unusual iron object, a combination of a small razor and knife; all of these objects were found "in position" near the skull of the adult female. The disk-shaped object is made of copper, and on some spots on its flat side is still shining bright. It is a mirror. There have been reported some similar mirrors in other cultures, such as one from the Sassanid period exhibited last summer at Ann Arbor, Michigan, at the occasion of the International Congress of Orientalists, but no example of this kind has been found on any Meroitic site — to our present knowledge. We hope to bring to the Oriental Institute at least one of these two unusual mirrors, which can be said to be more unique than beautiful.

The work on the fortress progresses steadily, and the most important feature revealed this season is a Middle Kingdom house situated between the inner fortification walls and the outer walls on the north side, a house with a kitchen, storage jars, and other contiguously arranged rooms.

But the most important finds this season thus far came neither from the fort nor the cemetery, but from a dump outside the fort, on its North-West side.

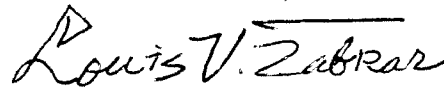
The dump is thickly covered with sherds of remarkably uniform types. A trench cut through one of its kom-like hillocks or piles of sherds revealed it to be a dumping place of the fort during the Middle Kingdom. At a depth of 90 cm of the trench a Middle Kingdom axe was found resting on a thick deposit of ashes. Pottery and other objects found in the dump will be of great help to us in relation to a whole range of subject matters to be studied in connection with the fort and its history.

Among these "other objects" found in the dump in an unexpected large quantity, are seal impressions, official and private, decorated and inscribed, which we consider of great interest. Here we wish to single out only one of their many important aspects.

You will recall that a well known papyrus from the Middle Kingdom found near the Ramesseum (The Ramesseum Papyrus) and studied by Gardiner and others, contains the names of the Egyptian fortresses between the first and the second cataracts. By now most of these fortresses have been identified. But the southernmost of the series of fortresses of the second cataract remained thus far unidentified: the Ramesseum Papyrus, having mentioned the first part of its name, suddenly breaks off. Well, we have put that most southern of the second cataract fortresses on the map, beyond any doubt. Where the Ramesseum Papyrus breaks off, our seal impressions take over.

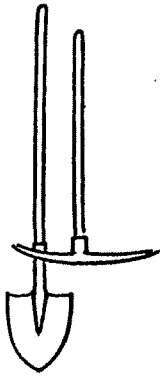
Reisner's notes on the excavations in this area in the nineteen twenties, speak of an inhospitable region where the temperature in March sometimes reached 115^o Fahrenheit. We have already had a few days of such high temperature, but our dedicated staff and workers are plying along. This is the most impressive part of the Sudanese Nubia, rugged and majestic. In a year it will be completely submerged, and become a part of the "Nubia sparita" — that is, perhaps, why it is so beautiful.

To our many friends, and to all those who wrote us in the field, our cordial greetings. Because of our limited field facilities, we could not answer them individually, but we are thinking of them here at Semna South, now Semna rediviva.



Louis V. Zabkar
Field Director
c/o Antiquities Service
Wadi Halfa, Rep. of the Sudan

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archeological newsletter

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Ankara
August 31st, 1968

Dear Friends:

After four weeks at Boğazköy we are back here in Ankara for a short interim before going to the area of the Keban Dam Salvage Project, in which we are to participate on the team of Istanbul University directed by Professor Halet Cambel and Dr. Ufuk Esin. I may use this opportunity for a brief preliminary report.

Boğazköy or, as it is officially called, Boğazkale has changed a bit since I last saw it. It was promoted from village to town (*belediye*); water has been brought to three or four public fountains in the town; and the expedition house is getting electricity from its own generator (courtesy German government) which was in the process of being installed when we left. The badly-run hotel opposite the museum burned down last year. In its stead there is now a small "otel" of only three rooms on the market square, said to be clean though primitive, and there is an excellent new motel on the main road just outside Sungurlu, twenty miles away, which is in need of patrons in order to survive (hint to potential visitors!).

The changes most interesting to members and friends, however, are those brought about recently in the ruins. At Yazilikaya, which the participants of the Oriental Institute Trip in 1966 saw in a badly "dug-up" stage, a man-made chamber was found during the 1967 season in the north-east corner of the Small Gallery, adjacent to the isolated royal name, thus raising speculations about possible connections between the chamber and the name. Needless to say, the holes dug in 1966 are filled in and the appearance of the sanctuary is quite dignified.

In the ancient city, the Royal Gate was restored quite expertly by the expedition's technician, Mr. Röhe-Hansen, who spent about six months in 1967 on the job with a few local workmen. The huge monolith door jamb which Makridi Bey had laid flat in 1911 in order to cut off the relief, was re-erected on a carefully prepared foundation; a cement cast takes the place of the relief, which is in the Ankara museum; and the portion of the wall adjacent to the jamb, which had fallen down when the latter was laid flat, and whose stones had subsequently disappeared, was rebuilt from local stones shaped according to the originals shown in old photographs. Mr. Röhe-Hansen for this purpose used the local type of stone-mason's hammer which, according to his experience, is the only tool to produce the same hammer traces as its Hittite counterpart from which it probably differs only in being of steel while the latter was of bronze.

The main area of excavation in 1967 was the Great Temple, and here the results are most impressive. The paved street running around the temple itself was cleared of old excavation dumps, and the storerooms surrounding it were completely excavated on the east and north sides and in the northern part of the west side. They yielded more tablets, rows

and rows of huge storage jars (*pithoi*), and much information about the architecture of the complex. Several ramps were found which gave access to the storerooms directly, and the differences in level as well as the remnants of stairs and inside ramps clearly indicate that the storerooms had two and in part even three stories. Also in 1967, the area immediately south of the temple complex was partly excavated. It consists of a system of very well built small units about whose purpose and character it is too early to make a statement. Thus, already at the beginning of this year's season, the aspect of the temple area had greatly changed, and this will be even more conspicuous by the end of this campaign. Work this year has been going on in the southwest section of the temple storerooms and in the western part of the (preliminarily so-called) South Area, with the aim of completing the clearance of at least the storerooms. These now give an idea of what was meant when vassals had to deliver their tributes to "the Sun-goddess and the Storm-god of Hatti!"

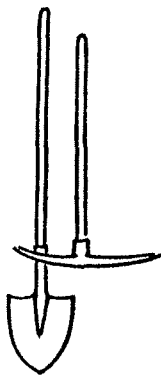
The staff of the German expedition is relatively small this year. Professor Bittel arrived on August 21st, whereas the actual excavation had begun a month earlier under the direction of the architect, Mr. Peter Neve. As archaeologist there is a Ph.D. student from West-Berlin, Mr. Kühne. Mr. Röhe-Hansen continues to serve as technician and with conservation work, and just now a draftsman and a photographer arrived. As in other years, Professor Otten of the University of Marburg and I take turns with reading the tablets on the spot: I have done it so far this season, and Professor Otten who, during August, worked on texts in the Ankara Museum, now takes my place while I go to the Keban area.

Frances and I are looking forward to the experience of working in a region new to us with a team of Turkish colleagues and in "easy visiting range" of other teams. We are delighted that all excavation permits have been granted by now and hope to see Maurits van Loon and his team soon and the Braidwoods at their slightly more distant site at a later date. We also hope to visit the other Turkish and foreign teams working in the area. During these past five weeks we were happy to have the company of our older son, Walter, who was released from the Peace Corps in Senegal and came to see us here before returning to the States where he is due early in September. We shall divide our time between Keban and Boğazköy as circumstances may require, and hope to report soon on developments on both ends.

With greetings and best wishes to all,

Hans Güterbock

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Ergani, Diyarbakir Vil., Turkey
October 28, 1968

Greetings:

You will recall, I trust, that in 1963–64, the Oriental Institute's Prehistoric Project joined with Prof. Halet Cambel's Prehistory Department in Istanbul University to become a joint Istanbul-Chicago field expedition in southeastern Turkey. This writing finds us back in the field again, near Diyarbakir, with excavation finally resumed at the site of Çayönü.

Çayönü is a small low mound by Near Eastern standards, although its area is about that of a city block in Chicago. We made two exposures on it in the spring of 1964, found it to contain the remains of a very early village-farming community (with a radioactive carbon age determination of around 7000 B.C.). This C¹⁴ determination and the relative simplicity of Çayönü's "Sears Roebuck catalogue" suggest that its occupants were peoples who had only recently passed the threshold of effective plant and animal domestication. Since re-claiming understanding of this "food-producing revolution" is the overall research goal of the Prehistoric Project, we were very pleased with our first season's results at Çayönü.

Early this year, the National Science Foundation made us a substantial grant for the resumption of field work, which — taken with our Oriental Institute field budget for the year and Istanbul University's share in the effort — sees us back at work. I cannot claim that our pathway has been strewn with roses so far, however. Indeed, we have been plagued by more than the usual number of delays which always afflict work in this part of the world. Where I had hoped we could at least begin excavation by September 15th, we did not actually begin to move earth until October 22nd. Where I had hoped we would have a simple but efficient expedition house far enough along so we could move into it in early September, the last of the foundation work is only now being done — walls, windows, roof, etc. still to go! The difficulties are all part of the web of interdependent circumstances which one simply has to get used to in working out here — until all our security papers were cleared (a process which was begun last March!) — we could not, as foreigners, begin to build a building, nor would our permission to excavate be issued until we were declared "secure." In fact, if one stands back from it all and looks at the whole situation rationally, anyone who remains an archeologist ought to have his head examined! And the colder it gets in our tents at night, as the season goes on, the more firmly I will say this.

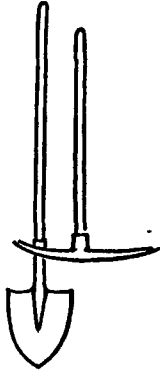
At the same time, however, one does keep coming back (I first went to the field in 1930) and there are compensations. This time, we have a fine crew of youngsters and also a selection of seniors who are getting to be old hands and who act wisely and usefully on their own. The senior botanist is Bob Stewart, a Sam Houston State College agronomist,

who was aboard on our 1963-64 year here, and who has had a good deal of field experience in Ethiopia. The senior zoologist is Barbara Lawrence Schevill, Museum of Comparative Zoology, Harvard, also a last season's veteran here and with broad experience elsewhere. Together, they consider the evidence of plant and animal domestication, so important in understanding the new way of life the Çayönü people were developing. Red Watson of Washington University and Gary Wright of Western Reserve are doing a geological survey for raw sources of obsidian – an important raw material for artifacts in the early villages – and Red's wife, Patty Jo, an old Ph.D. of mine, has this as her third Prehistoric Project field season. In several weeks, Patty will open a new site, Geri Keyhacian, a still early but more developed aspect of the village-farming way of life. Where Çayönü has, for example, no trace of pottery making save in the last gasp of its occupation, Geri Keyhacian yields surface collections of a very handsome painted pottery style.

Hence the compensations – good field companions, a pair of very promising sites and (by no means to forget!) great luck in the choice of a cook. Next time, I will say a bit more of what we have been finding in them.

Best of cheer,

BOB BRAIDWOOD



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Euphrates Valley Expedition
Içme, Elazig, Turkey
November 11, 1968

Greetings:

If we could whisk you on a magic carpet to join us here at Içme you would rub your eyes to see if it were true that this little paradise could house an Oriental Institute excavation.

Intricately modulated Turkish melodies mingle with the gushing of a spring and the quacking of ducks in the pond below while birds sing in the poplar groves that drop steeply down to the Altinova (Golden Valley) in the distance. At night the stage seems set for an operetta. The whitewashed facade of our house is dimly reflected in the crystal clear pond. Kerosene light filters through the curtains which veil the windows of the girls' and of the Buccellatis who chaperone them. Candles stuck in crevices of the surrounding rock cast a glow over the figures gathered near the general store in our basement. At night the mustachioed storekeeper caters mostly to the raki-drinking set, who may not be the most representative, but certainly are the most vocal and at times the most violent among the villagers.

This "never a dull moment" atmosphere also pervades our household, on which Libby Griffin keeps an eagle eye in between her normal digging and recording duties.

To take orders and keep to a strict schedule is basically repugnant to the mountaineer spirit of the villagers and we have had quite a turnover, with the cook's 15-year old helper ending up as chief cook. He naturally delegates the lowlier tasks to an even younger assistant, but delivers his goods after the necessary prompting.

Another fairyland touch is added by the casual presence at the dinner table of Karagöz, Ayşe Daher's baby donkey, and Jim Knudstad's kittens, İkinci and Birinci.

At six in the morning the storekeeper's old blue bus goes rattling downhill. The roof of our Volkswagen minibus offers an exhilarating ride to villagers who have missed the bus as we push our way between the overhanging boughs to Korucu Tepe (the Forester's Mound). The minibus is beginning to wheeze ominously. It misses the loving care that Ron Glaeseman used to lavish on it (Ron came down with hepatitis and is convalescing at his home in California after an Odyssey that included the Bosphorus and the British Museum). Now the minibus sits from 6 to 2 next to our tool shed (formerly a chicken coop), visited only by Turkish cows and a Swiss bull.

The cattle belong to the Elazig Sugar Factory, which owns our site and lets us drink its yoghurt for our 10 a.m. break at the pool on top of the mound. Yes, we even have a swimming pool through no merit of our own — we simply found it here, sunk deep into the human occupation remains when the Sugar Factory laid out its farm. Before our 2:00 p.m. picnic we used to dive out of the surrounding willows into the icy water, pumped from the ancient well north of the mound.

As at all ancient sites the water supply was the prime factor which caused people to settle here. Subsequent settlements, ever increasing in size, spread further and further from the well, covering earlier deposits at the north but encroaching upon virgin soil at the south side. Thus a vertical cut, made into the north side when

the farm's barn was built, reveals the interior of houses that burned about 3000 B.C. The beautiful shiny sherds of black pottery, characteristic of the third millennium B.C. or Early Bronze Age, spill out of the whole north flank up to 40 feet above its base. There Juris Zarins and Diane Barbolla work under the watchful eye and loaded barrels of the guard Ali Bey. Juris and Diane are uncovering the tiny mud brick structures with horseshoe or rectangular hearths, where the inhabitants cooked beef and mutton and baked bread from 2-rowed barley around 2300 B.C. Stylized bulls' heads in relief occasionally decorated their handmade, expertly burnished jars and pots. They were also masters at chipping obsidian (volcanic glass from Lake Van) into sharply barbed arrowheads, but used copper only for pin shafts, as far as we can tell.

Our attention and that of the other expeditions working nearby is focused mainly on these enigmatic Early Bronze Age inhabitants of Eastern Anatolia. Their indigenous culture was remarkably homogenous and independent of outside influence. Yet traces of this culture (black burnished pots with incised or raised lozenges, etc., occasionally enlivened with animals' horns and also horseshoe-shaped hearths with extremely stylized human faces) have been found in a number of water-logged or lakeside areas of Western Asia: near Kermanshah and Tabriz in Iran, near Erevan in Soviet Armenia and even at Beth-yerah (Khirbet Karak) in Israel.

Two problems especially ask for a concerted attempt at clarification: what natural or man-made factors permitted the great population growth in our Golden Valley (estimated at 17,000 in 2500 B.C., up 15,000 from 2,000 in 3000 B.C.) and what movement, peaceful or warlike, caused these people to settle among alien and often technically more advanced populations as far as 550 miles away?

South of us, over the Taurus mountains that stand guard above our valley, stretch the plains of Euphrates and Tigris, which witnessed the emergence of urban life and mechanization as early as 3400 B.C. It must be from there that our townspeople imported the wheel-made, very highly fired gray to orange goblets and jarlets we find along with the native hand-made ware of about 2400-2200 B.C. The tenacity of local styles and techniques was thus not due to isolation.

Wheel-marked light gray ware of a type possibly developed out of the one just described was still much in use when the ancient town was surrounded by a double ring of stone walls, each 5 feet wide. Packed with yellow loam, these walls may well have carried a mud brick wall 18 feet thick. The much larger fortifications at Bogazköy (the Hittite capital) are similarly built.

At the east foot of the mound we have at last found a challenge for architect Jim Knudstad's talents: a complex of at least 27 by 36 feet with walls 5 feet thick of stone, wood and mud brick, which had burned and toppled sideways. Like most destructive fires we encounter, it probably resulted from an act of war. This fire apparently put an end to the first massive occupation of our site by the Hittites, to judge by the large orange burnished jugs strewn among the debris.

The fiercest burning took place in a basement passage leading straight out of the mound between two structures with floors built high up on artificial fill. This arrangement recalled to a recent visitor, architect Rudolf Naumann of the German Archaeological Institute, certain buildings on the citadel at Bogazköy. We cannot yet tell whether our burned building was inside or outside the town wall or whether it possibly formed part of it.

The structures found well inside the town wall at a slightly higher level are on a more modest scale, but as they did not burn, we often find wooden slats still fairly well preserved in their position along the walls at the seam of stone and mud brick or sticking at right angles into the wall. This middle zone of our Hittite levels is best characterized by huge deep flowerpot-like bowls with outrolled rims, one of which has been painstakingly put together by our girls.

Our upper Hittite levels are badly destroyed by pits apparently dug shortly after that occupation ended, for both on the preserved floors and in the pits we found lots of coarse orange ware plates like those used at Bogazköy about 1400-1200 B.C. That our town was an eastern outpost of the Hittite Empire is now proved by the seals we will mention later. The rest of our finds, however, show that this region retained many characteristics of its own.

The next level of our layer cake may still have been laid down in living memory of the Hittites. Here we find some plates together with many red burnished bowls decorated with grooves below the rim, jars with incised bands and smaller buff burnished vessels with dotted bands or zigzags in red paint.

Finally, the mound lay waste for many centuries, to be reoccupied once more in Seljuk times (1000—1300 A.D.) by people who used and perhaps made locally the fine green glazed bowls that are strewn on the surface.

In three years Korucu Tepe will be gone altogether — not dug away by us (that would probably take 100 years), but submerged in the Keban Dam reservoir which is to provide power to Turkey's cities as far away as Istanbul (770 miles). Answering an appeal by Turkish scholars and authorities we are here through the generosity of the National Science and Ford Foundations to unravel the past of a hitherto unexplored part of Turkey. Three Turkish, two American, one British and one German team have converged on our golden valley for a first digging season that is now drawing to a close.

The German expedition has found at nearby Norsun Tepe a sequence of levels comparable to ours, but with a more important Hittite citadel capping the Early Bronze remains. The Germans are a gay group of young people, well equipped with good tapes of dance music and lots of energy to spare for frugging after 9:00 p.m. (bedtime for those who sleep eight hours). Our Diane is much in demand not only as a dancer but also as a star in a movie they are making on the Keban Dam archaeological salvage project.

Diane also performs stalwart services in supplying us with such unobtainable items as plastic bags and magic markers through her PX privileges. Her adventurous spirit carried her all alone to the army post at Malatya two hours from here.

On another occasion we combined a trip to the army post at Diyarbakir (this time for a supply of coffee) with a visit to the Braidwoods at Cayonu not far from there. At the same time we acted as part of a shuttle service which has been carrying Bob Braidwood's natural scientists (see below) and messages between him and his co-director Halet Çambel at her other site of Tepecik in our golden plain.

The Istanbul University excavation at Tepecik was also host to Chicago's Hittitologist Hans Guterbock and besides enjoying the delightful company of him and his wife, we were lucky to have him at hand when we began to find our bullae. These are pieces of unbaked clay which had once sealed containers (or documents?) and which were stamped with the sealing device of the despatcher. Most of the devices show "Hittite" hieroglyphs. Occasionally these surround the killed and booted figure of a god with a bow over his shoulder, minutely rendering a motif well-known from Hittite rock sculpture.

Dick Magnus has been photographing these and many less unique finds and is now preparing the four prints of each which are required by Turkish regulations. Giorgio Buccellati has been registering the finds, over 500 in all, and making a movie on our dig as well as sharing with his wife Marilyn the supervision of part of the excavation. Our next photographic venture will be the "shooting" of the dig from the air — this, as well as many other privileges, we owe to Ayse's charm, which worked magic on the local Air Force team. On the mound, her gifts as a prehistorian have been regrettably but unavoidably misdirected into some particularly tangled Hittite walls and floors. There, as elsewhere on the mound, Jim was in constant demand to disentangle the stratigraphy.

Marilyn Buccellati doubles as our sherd czarina — in sherd yards stretching to the horizon her subjects slave away sorting, counting and partly marking thousands of sherds for the ultimate good of Mother Archaeology. It should eventually be helpful to know, e.g., that in our area an assemblage with 30% of gray and black wheel-made sherds among other Hittite-type wares probably dates to the early second millenium B.C.

Another extremely helpful function is that of pot mender. Anne Olson shows great promise in this direction but we are giving her a little taste of digging with a team of workers before the inevitable pile-up of repair jobs at the end of the dig will also demand her efforts. She already has saved a crumbling Early Bronze Age hearth and a Hittite dog skull.

Dogs especially delight sociologist Barbara Lawrence, whom Bob Braidwood lent us for one week. She identified all the bones we had saved for her, giving us a good preliminary idea of the animals kept and hunted. In the Early Bronze Age cattle were a mainstay of the economy along with sheep and goats. The few pigs may have been wild. In the second millenium B.C. pigs were definitely kept, but sheep and goats had degenerated to unusually small sizes.

Returning Barbara Lawrence to Çayönü, we kidnapped Bob Stewart and Bill Robertson instead and they set up a "floating" operation: two workers shake the excavation dirt through sieves in running water and scoop off the floating carbonized vegetal matter. This should⁵⁷⁹ give us a reasonably complete sample of the plants eaten

and collected. In addition some rich samples – including emmer wheat, 6-rowed barley and possibly flax seed – were available in accidentally exposed early levels, dated by radiocarbon to about 3000 B.C. By about 2500 B.C. – the level to which our excavation has penetrated – common bread wheat and 2-rowed barley were being cultivated here instead.

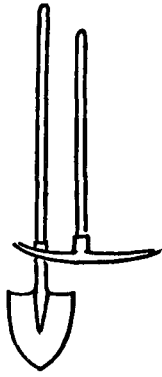
By the end of our first season at Korucu Tepe we will have made only a small dent in the eight acres of human occupation remains which are piled up to 50 feet above the present level of the plain (and probably more above the ancient level). We have opened up two percent of the surface and even there dug down to an average of only ten percent of the total depth. It would be unwise to draw any far-reaching conclusions on the basis of such limited material. At this stage in our research and that of our colleagues – among whom I should mention Bob Whallon of the University of Michigan – we can say that the distinctive Early Bronze Age culture of Eastern Anatolia had local roots, although it was obviously in contact with Soviet Armenia and Iranian Azerbaijan. Besides dry farming, cattle grazing in the well watered valleys was an important factor. Sheep and goats may have been taken up into the mountains in summertime, but a settled, rather than nomadic, pattern of life is indicated.

In the course of the third millenium B.C., possibly owing to contacts with the irrigation civilizations south of the Taurus mountains, there was a change in types of cereals grown, the thicker-grained types being preferred. As in Mesopotamia 1000 years earlier, the population became concentrated in urban centers, perhaps owing to increasing warfare between neighboring groups. In our Early Bronze Age deposits, destruction levels succeed one another with monotonous regularity.

At Korucu Tepe there is a gap in the record around 2000 B.C. It may reflect a general breakdown of the high level of prosperity previously achieved. From then on the fate of the Altinova was decided in faraway Bogazkoy, as it is now in Ankara, even further away. In another three years this golden valley will have brought its ultimate sacrifice to the urban society it helped to nurture.

Maurits van Loon

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Nippur Expedition
Afak, Diwaniyah Liwa, Iraq
November 28, 1968

Dear Friends:

The few weeks of excellent fall weather in Iraq are slipping by all too rapidly. Not far ahead are chill winds and quagmire roads, not to speak of the greater uncertainties that winter rains bring to the traveller in the desert where there are no roads at all. Hence there is a powerful urge to postpone this report, to press ahead with archeological survey in the Nippur area until the weather itself enforces idleness. This is reinforced by the sense of novelty that comes with each new day's findings. With only a little more than three weeks of fieldwork yet accomplished during the present season, a pattern in even the grosser aspects of our findings has simply not yet jelled to the point where I can manage much confidence that what I say about it today will still remain valid tomorrow.

The reverse side of the coin is that the pressure of time will not lighten but only increase. This is to be a composite season, more or less evenly divided between a reconnaissance and a sounding. It now appears that the available time, while easily adequate to complete either of the two activities so confidently projected last spring, is only marginally adequate for both. Moreover, a reconnaissance at its best is never an exercise in the stately unfolding of certainties. As in the air photographs to which I return a hundred times in different lights and circumstances, the results continually take on new meanings as new questions are asked of them.

Those of you who read my newsletters from Warka during the winter and spring of 1967 may recall the outlines of an undertaking closely similar to this one. Even the best maps of Iraq record only a minute and capricious fraction of the ancient mounds or tells with which particularly its southern plains in places seem to be covered almost continuously. Maps, after all, are exercises in interpretation; their primary purpose usually has been to represent current land use, or to provide a guide from one inhabited destination to another. Having yielded up a few prominent, named landmarks, the desert usually has been left in peace by survey parties.

Our task of interpretation is different. Beside myself and Jabbar, our driver, our survey party regularly consists of Sayyid Riyadh al-Qassi, the very able and dedicated representative of the D.G. of Antiquities, and occasionally also includes my wife and daughter. It is not only a matter of recording as many of the individual ancient sites as we can reach, small as well as large, but of attempting to date their periods of occupation through study of the dense surface litter of potsherds and other artifacts. Having established the spatial relationships and contemporaneity of ancient settlements of different sizes, maps then become expressions of a progressively refined analysis of the changing networks of relationships between them. In Iraq at all periods, these networks have principally involved the use of canals and rivers for transport and irrigation.

Here the air photos are the absolutely indispensable tool. At first glance they are only swirling abstractions in black and grey, in which the great areas of dunes alone stand out as sharply etched and intelligible. Upon closer scrutiny, the traces of the great trunk-canals of the more recent past begin to emerge. Then, very gradually, it becomes possible not only to trace many of the quite minor offtakes but even to disentangle overlying systems of different ages. This sort of "stratigraphy" from aerial photographs continues to have an elusive quality not usually associated with archeology of the dirt variety, but it nonetheless can be the basis on which archeological interpretation goes forward.

In fact, one important focus of study this season arises directly from a discovery that only the aerial photographs made possible. In the course of our surveys around Warka last year, Dr. Hans J. Nissen and I became progressively more uncertain about the uniformity and rate of the process of alluviation. Generally, the mud carried down by the Tigris and Euphrates has been thought to have added many meters of silt to the land surface as it was known by the ancient Sumerians. But in our work a number of features turned up — for the most part, unfortunately, somewhat isolated and ambiguous as to date — suggesting

portions of meandering river courses leading to long-abandoned Sumerian and Babylonian towns. If the deposition of alluvial sediments was indeed the dominant geological process here, such channels ought to have been deeply buried. To this was added our own growing awareness of the power of the wind, not only as the continual re-shaper of the ubiquitous dunes but as an erosive agent. Then, at the very end of the 1967 season, cursory examination of aerial photographs of the Nippur area disclosed a much longer, more conspicuous meandering course of apparently much greater size. Located some fifteen kilometers northeast of the great mound of Nippur and the present frontier of cultivation, sections of this course lay between the main trunk-canals of classical and later periods. Hence it could be traced with far greater certainty than anything of the kind I had encountered previously. Moreover, from the size of the meanders it is clear that a major portion of the Euphrates once followed this channel. But what was its age?

Well, there are more precincts still to be heard from, but it looks as if its primary – and perhaps sole – period as a meandering river course (as distinguished from the straight lines left on the air photographs by smaller, later, artificially maintained canals) was more than five thousand years ago. Lining its banks at numerous points are sites of both the Early and Late Uruk period – but so far not a single sherd of either Ubaid painted pottery or Early Dynastic wares, and only a tiny handful of Jemdet Nasr wares as well. It is also striking that the same pattern of an abrupt termination of settlement after the Uruk period (ca. 3500 B.C.) occurs elsewhere on the desert plain to the north of Nippur, although later remains obscure all but small sections of the channels and leave us groping for a riverine network from the position of the sites alone. Since Nippur itself was surely important by the beginning of the Early Dynastic period (ca. 3000 B.C.) if not earlier, one clear possibility is that its growth accompanied the depopulation of the countryside around it at the end of the Uruk period. In fact, such was our interpretation of a similar phenomenon around Warka, although there the process reaches a peak some centuries later.

Such an interpretation dovetails almost too neatly with the central position of Nippur in Sumerian theology even though in later, proto-historic and historic, periods the city never occupied a position of political supremacy. In brief, its preeminence in religion may be a reflection of political conditions preceding the use of writing for historical records, conditions which had receded from memory into myth before such records began to be kept. One major flaw in this explanation is that it finds no support in the many seasons of archeological work conducted at Nippur since Pennsylvania first carried out its still-impressive work on the site in the 'nineties; evidence of an important occupation before the Early Dynastic period simply has not yet been found. Equally important, soundings in recent years at Abu Salabikh by Donald Hansen and Robert Biggs – both actively involved at this writing in exciting new excavations at al-Hibba – have disclosed another important town that continued to prosper through most of the Early Dynastic period even though it was no further from Nippur than some of the area I have described.

This suggests that at least a considerable part of the explanation is natural and not social. There may have been a change, for example, in the distribution of Euphrates water into its various channels, such as has occurred repeatedly in more recent times as a result of both natural silting up and destructive floods. Abu Salabikh and Nippur then may define another channel with its villages, towns, and later cities, a channel that took on greater population and prominence as the one I am now tracing was abandoned. The full test of this hypothesis will only come when it is possible to examine the intervening area in detail. In the Nippur area, unfortunately, most of it lies well inside the present frontiers of cultivation, so that it is crossed and re-crossed by depressingly wide canals. A new Allis Chalmers all-terrain vehicle was ordered last summer to help cope with this problem, and I had confidently expected to have some results by now to show from its deployment. Instead, quite typically, the thing seems to have been lost on a railway siding after having been landed in Basra some weeks ago. Hopefully, it will turn up soon. I would not want to dangle from one or another of these somewhat opposed conjectures for a whole year or more while waiting for another chance to test it.

Perhaps because we spend so large a proportion of our waking hours in a landscape devoid of evidence of any substantial human activity for the last millennium or more, natural factors that have helped to shape the course of settlement come in for a large share of our attention. One such factor, already mentioned in passing, is the wind. In purely personal terms, the drifts it brings have already twisted the differential in our landrover into shapeless junk on one occasion. But we need not think only of its effects on foreign archeologists. Our road out to the desert takes us through the fields of a local tribal leader, Sheikh Duweich, who is waging a small-scale, modern version of a struggle that must have gone on for millennia. Year after year, his field canals finger out into pockets of cultivable land among the great dunes bordering his holdings. Year after year, the dunes move with the wind and smother most of them. If he and his successors are persistent, they may succeed for a while in their efforts to extend cultivation and better feed their followers. If some disaster diminishes their resources or if their attention is diverted elsewhere, all that has been gained in decades of effort may be lost. Small wonder, then, that many of even the fully sedentary folk hereabouts retain a stake in another way of life in the form of ownership of camels. The way of life of the Bedouin may be scorned in most respects by villagers and townsmen, but it stands for a flexibility, a freedom to respond to setbacks by picking up and moving elsewhere, that remains vital.

Swamps and seasonally filled depressions in a sense are the negation of the dune-covered desert, although the areas lost to both probably have declined whenever the frontiers of cultivation have advanced. Last year in the Warka region, we found

evidence for a general abandonment that moved progressively northward after the Parthian period, and that persisted until only a few centuries ago. Presumably this was a consequence of the growth of the Great swamp as it was known to the Classical Islamic geographers and to early European travellers, although given present contours, it is difficult to see how much of it could have been actually submerged even seasonally. In any case, around Nippur the problem is different. At least to the northwest, north and east of it, this region (somewhat more than a hundred kms. north-northwest of Warka) remained highly prosperous at least until the later ^cAbbasid period and probably later still. In that area, for example, is located a handsome, well preserved residence – possibly it might even be called a palace – of about the eighth century that may provide a suitable locus for the soundings we are to undertake next month. Yet here too abandonment then followed, to be reversed only in the last century or so as what had become known as the ^cAfak Swamp gradually drained away as mysteriously as it had originally formed.

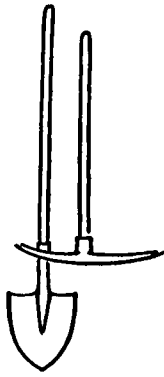
Parenthetically, conditions during the time of those old Pennsylvania expeditions bring us closer to the way in which the environment traditionally has affected human life in this area than anything currently to be seen. To look at ^cAfak now, with its clean, well-lit streets, potable water, clinics, high schools, is to find the ^cAfak of Peters' 1897 account ("Nippur or Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates") almost prehistoric. Even the old levees of tribesmen called out by the sheikhs to clean the canals of their annual deposits of silt now have been largely replaced by the heavy dredgers of the Ministry of Land Reform. And with these economic improvements go other, equally impressive changes. There is an increasing number of schools, for example, that serve entirely rural areas. Whose curious partisanship does it reflect that the one almost within the shadow of the ancient temple of Enlil at Nippur is called "Akkad"?

To return to natural processes, the problem of swamps and drainage is closely related to Iraq's perennially most crucial agricultural problem, salinity. Over-irrigation and inadequate drainage, it would seem, have always been linked with the local emergence of saline conditions that first cripple agricultural output and ultimately often lead to the abandonment of field after field. The historic occurrences of this process in central and southern Iraq first received systematic scrutiny a decade ago, in the Diyala Basin Archeological Project which was conducted under the directorship of Professor Thorkild Jacobsen. One who worked closely with us at the time, collecting the terminology of traditional agricultural methods and implements, was Adnan Hardan. He was then a promising student of Soils at the Abu Ghraib Agricultural College. Afterwards he went on for graduate work, ultimately receiving his doctorate as a specialist in soils from the University of California at Davis, and now is a professor in his original alma mater. It was most heartening to visit with him last weekend, and to find that many of the old questions the Diyala Project generated were continuing to bear fruit. His research recently has demonstrated in the laboratory that the problem of salinity need not have been a consequence of salts left behind by the sea or brought down over the ages by the Tigris and Euphrates. Instead, he has shown that the decomposition of vegetation under anaerobic conditions can produce the same results in situ. As best I can recall the process he describes, this decomposition leads to a reduction of sulphate ions to sulphides, with the consequent formation of almost insoluble carbonates. In turn, this leaves behind free sodium ions which are especially deleterious to soil structure and hence to agriculture generally. Having satisfied himself that this **can** occur, his current work is directed toward showing that it **does** occur in undisturbed soil solums. From there, he hopes to go on to work with similar undisturbed samples from archeologically dateable horizons – and I hope to be able to help him.

Sincerely,

Robert McC. Adams

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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27 January 69

Dear Friends:

Hanging on the wall of my study in the expedition house at Nippur are a series of maps outlining the results of a series of campaigns of archeological reconnaissance. A number of them summarize our analysis of occupational periods in the desert to the north, completed just before Christmas, and among this group the one that strikes the eye most quickly is of the Sassanian and early Islamic periods. There were other times when the region hereabouts was comparatively prosperous and densely settled; Nippur itself, after all, had become an important town more than three thousand years before the Sassanians ever had been heard of. But the maps make clear at once that nothing before or since has remotely approached the dense array of cities, towns and villages that occupied these plains from roughly the third through the ninth or tenth centuries A.D.

There is nothing very surprising about this discovery. It falls into the same pattern as similar findings elsewhere in Iraq and Iran during the last decade or more. But it underlines the presently unsatisfactory state of our knowledge of later Near Eastern archeology as a whole. Particularly in Islamic archeology, the methods and data tend to remain those of the art collector, tied to intensive studies of the iconography of individual specimens of whose original place and circumstances of use we are often ignorant. Thus those of us who conduct surveys, and who are driven to speculate about their meaning, find our course deflected by a yawning contradiction. Our concern is only rarely with the great metropolises of the ancient world, or with the luxury products that were produced and largely consumed in them. We deal instead with the way of life of great masses of ordinary villagers and townsmen. Yet we have little else with which to study the nature of (and changes in) the mundane ways of life they followed than the findings of art historians who have largely ignored them.

This in turn leads to the enterprise on which we are now engaged. As the Survey went forward I kept an eye open for a site that would be promising only as the representative of a large class of similar settlements and not at all as an intrinsically important major center. Ideally, such a site needed to be small enough to sample adequately in the limited span of two months or so that was available. Moreover, it should be high enough, and with the right succession of types and wares displayed in its surface pottery, to give promise of a good stratigraphic sequence. In the end, of the slightly more than four hundred mounds of tells examined during the fall and early winter, the possibilities narrowed themselves down to two or three. I opted for a nameless little mound that was unusual only in its height, six and a half meters, and for just under a month we have been slicing away sections of it in the search for a stratigraphic sequence tied to the ceramics of everyday life.

Since our site lies some fifteen kilometers or so out into the desert from Nippur, the first requirement was a workable (if always transitory) road out to it through the dunes. Then, in short order, followed some truckloads of reed mats, kerosene burners, water containers, blankets, and all of the implements of excavation. With them came our crew of slightly more than thirty, who set out at once to convert the mats into small, crude but reasonably effective (if not exactly impermeable) shelters of the type that used to be referred to a war or two ago as Quonset huts. Sarifa is the local name, and from this in turn came a name for the mound which shows every sign of sticking: Tell Abu Sarifa. A recent visitor, seeing all of the colorful bedding in its accustomed place on the roofs of the huts after one of our almost nightly storms, commented drily that already we had become the most distinctive landmark in this part of the desert. Hopefully there is more to our effort than this, although not a few of the pickmen, accustomed to richer findings on other digs elsewhere, have expressed bewilderment over our apparent satisfaction at finding not gold or valuable objects but only potsherds.

Then came the excavations themselves. Our principal problem, the delineation of a chronological sequence embracing both the glazed and common pottery, tended to dictate an approach more typical of prehistory than of Islamic archeology generally. What seemed to be most needed (and in any case, what alone was possible with a limited budget) was not massive clearance but limited, careful probing. Only this approach would permit the necessary attention to stratigraphic sections and to the tabulation of the entire body of recovered pottery. Accordingly, a small rectangular grid was laid out on the summit of the mound, its component squares separated by a baulk. The bulk of our effort has gone into this area, with the resultant trench now cutting through almost four meters of Sassanian and Early Islamic pottery, building levels and superimposed floors.

Meanwhile a smaller trench was cut in steps into the lower side of the mound in order to provide an early and supplementary indication of the complete sequence. The latter now has been terminated, upon reaching virgin soil under a massive sherd deposit of Sassanian date. If time permits us to reach the core of the mound in our summit trench, however, there are indications that we may find there a small underlying occupation of the Parthian period.

All this may sound very routine and uncomplicated, but the facts have proved to be otherwise. Ancient storage pits are particularly deep and numerous at Abu Sarifa, badly mixing the debris in some of our levels. Sometimes we can find and excavate them with the floor to which they belong, but all too often it has been possible to detect these pits only in the section of deeper levels. Then too, the confirmation of the uncommonness of glazed pottery — upon which most chronological studies have been based — creates dating problems of a different sort. When the glazed wares are found to constitute only from five to ten percent of our total sherd bulk, there is a serious prospect that many of the individual glazed vessels were retained as heirlooms, perhaps for generations, while the common pottery with which they were first associated was quickly discarded. And in fact, virtually all of the finer glazed vessels that we find (thus far unfortunately, all in fragments) give evidence of having been painstakingly restored many times with copper rivets and bitumen. Finally, the coins thus far found have been neither numerous nor well-preserved enough to provide an effective dating substitute.

Such are the obstacles that archeologists may always encounter, and we are not without resources in trying to overcome them. Resources mean people, principally, and this is a good point at which to enlarge upon the editorial “we.”

Douglas Kennedy, on leave from the Centre Nationale de Recherche Scientifique in Paris, is an assyriologist who currently is transferring his epigraphic skills to the meticulous recording of much of our architectural data. He is also dealing with the Parthian and Sassanian numismatic data from the Survey, while still awaiting usable coins also from the soundings. And to compensate for the absence of other dating criteria heretofore, he has begun an intensive study of changing pottery stamp motifs and “turban” embellishments on handles.

Roberta (Mrs. G. Corson) Ellis brings a different set of skills to the common effort. For many years a Volunteer in the Oriental Institute's restoration laboratory, she has taken over the supervision of an essentially similar operation here. Each night the daily haul of sherds and other objects is brought to her for sorting, labelling, mending, reconstruction. Sometimes the returning field party finds her in the midst of many little tea-glasses with Rochelle Salts and sulphuric acid, seeking to remove the corrosion from copper coins and similar artifacts. At other times we find her continuing a long-term, delicate reconstruction project on the “green goddess” — a beautiful but badly shattered and incomplete Islamic glazed bowl.

My wife, Ruth, having given up her position as editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* to return to Iraq after a ten-year interval, has taken up a new career as the expedition's photographer. The results are gratifying, but the process of self-instruction in virtually total isolation has been an arduous one. Moreover, added to all her other problems have been the unreliable supply of certain photographic materials, the difficulty of controlling temperature in an unheated field camp during an Iraqi winter, and the ever-present threat of sand in the canal from which the darkroom water comes.

Beth Skinner, on a Bennington College winter work-period, devotes part of her time to measuring and recording in the excavation plots. For the rest, she joins me in the continuing struggle to maintain a running tabulation of types in the heaps of sherds that have been placed in an especially cleared area at the foot of the mound. Charles Redman brought many-faceted archeological skills to us after the close of Professor Robert Braidwood's prehistoric expedition in Turkey. A graduate student in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Chicago with long and widely varied field experience, he was forced to return home on personal business a short time ago after only a month in Nippur — long enough for us to discover how much we shall miss him. As Representative of the Directorate General of Antiquities we are fortunate in continuing to have Riath al-Qaissi, who was with me during the Survey, and the Directorate's 'Afak officer, Abdul Emir Zaidan.

Certainly in terms of skill and training, I should add the name of our foreman, Abed Khalaf al-Angoud, to this list of professional staff. He is the senior among the five pickmen from Qalat Shergat who are with our crew (as many of my readers know, these are among the Shergatis, as they are called, on whom most excavations in Iraq depend heavily). Abed's qualities include not only an unexcelled sense of organization and tact in controlling the flow of excavation labor, but also a comprehensive grasp of the intricacies of ancient mud-brick architecture. There are frequent little discussions during the course of a day over the priority of this floor or that wall, or over the bonding of bricks at this or that corner. Douglas, myself, and Fadhl Mohammed, the next most senior Shergati and an acknowledged master of mud-brick, may be participants individually or together, but Abed is always the central figure.

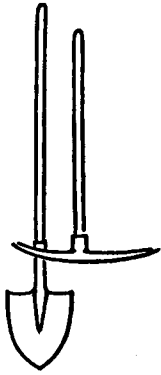
Problems of logistics can receive only passing mention here, although inevitably they occupy a large share of our attention. Our Landrover is three years old and has 75,000 of the most rugged kind of kilometers on its odometer. This is the perilous lifeline on which thirty men in the desert depend for all their needs. To make things more difficult, it has been a wet winter. Yet the hauling of water remains the main and most urgent task, a nice irony that helps very little as the water-trailer jolts and slides through a sea of mud. Our driver, Jabbar, may be unable to read and write: nevertheless he manages to carry in his head not only the running account of most of the expedition's shopping but also the individual chits of the thirty-odd men on the crew during the fortnightly intervals between paydays. Today he is off in Diwaniya repairing broken springs, and incidentally adding to the supply of reed mats for the covering of the sarifas at Abu Sarifa. This seems to be the only available response every time rain from a new direction soaks the men's bedding again. However, it leaves open the question of whether we will indeed achieve a reasonable standard of protection from the elements before we finish, or whether instead of the slender, arched columns of reeds that support the structure will collapse first.

Perhaps a note of suspense like this is as good as any on which to close, with all best wishes.

Sincerely,

Robert McC. Adams

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Chicago House, Luxor
United Arab Republic
1 March 1969

Dear Friends:

The Oriental Institute is about to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. For forty-five of those years the Epigraphic Survey has continued its work in Egypt. After the first two years when the methods of recording the ancient records were established the work has gone steadily onward. The keen eyes and steady hands of the artists and Egyptologists, trained first in schools and further practice, and disciplined by the experience gained on the expedition, have made possible the production of many volumes of accurate documentation. The latest of these is *Medinet Habu, VIII, The Eastern High Gate*, now in press.

This long term work does not produce much spot news. Occasionally some particular scene will give unexpected new evidence, but the importance of our efforts is in the accumulation of material. A scene which seems ordinary in itself takes on added meaning when studied in relation to other scenes in the same temple and in comparison to similar scenes in other temples. Thus each new volume in our series has a cumulative value in helping to interpret the ancient culture.

The volume now in press completes the documentation of the buildings built and decorated by Ramses III at Medinet Habu. By the end of the season all the drawings and photographs for the *Tomb of Kheruef* will be in hand. The preparation of the manuscript has begun. We believe this will be one of the finest publications of an Egyptian tomb ever issued.

Now our efforts are concentrated on the Temple of Khonsu at Karnak. The recording of this temple was begun in the nineteen-thirties, going on at such times as the work at Medinet Habu was temporarily impractical. A considerable amount of recording was done in the two seasons after the war, but none thereafter until December 1967.

John Wilson, who with Mary is at Chicago House for the first months of this year, remembers that in 1935 the artists told him that the walls at the Temple of Khonsu were the most difficult subjects with which they had dealt. In recent years the damaged areas in the Tomb of Kheruef have presented even greater problems. However, the defacement of the faces and limbs of all the figures on the walls of the court and first hypostyle hall of the temple does tax the abilities of both artist and Egyptologist. Together they strive to recover the last trace of original relief. Moreover, the sculptors' work is so irregular that it is often problematic as to just where the lines should be drawn. Certainly the final drawings are clearer than the wall itself; this end is our purpose.

The greater part of the reliefs in hypostyle hall are now recorded. There still remain the doorways, the architraves and the abaci above the columns. On the latter, which are round and tapered, we traced the outline of the relief. The tracing paper we had brought for this proved too opaque and we resorted to clear plastic sheeting. To draw on this we used up our small store of lithographic wax pencils which were left over from the tracing work we did at Medinet Habu. The reliefs on the eight columns in the first hypostyle hall have been traced, but there are twenty-eight in the court yet to be done.

Somewhat less than half the reliefs on the walls of the court were drawn previous to the resumption of our work. At the left side of the axis the decoration of the walls is in low raised relief while that on the right is in incised relief. I have speculated that this follows the pattern of the great Hypostyle Hall of the Temple of Amon nearby. On the left wall especially there is still ~~887~~ preserved much of the painted detail with which the re-

iefs in Egyptian Temples usually were embellished. This is obscured by grime — smoke, mud, and the droppings of birds and bats. Some of the soil comes from the mud brick houses which once stood in the court. It takes the artist considerable time to clean the reliefs with the judicious use of brush and water, and the work is too delicate to trust to unskilled hands.

Fortunately, we have just obtained the services of Abdel Karim Medhat who was the expert in such cleaning in the Department of Antiquities until his recent retirement. In the week he has been working the results are spectacular. Until further dirt collects on the wall something of the original brightness of the color will be seen. Many of the details are so small that they must be viewed at close range. Adding to the difficulty of our artists is the practice of the ancient painter to ignore the shapes carved by the sculptor and to use his own judgement as to where the lines should go.

In the last annual report we mentioned our discovery that, contrary to the accepted opinion, there is no evidence that Herihor's successor as High Priest of Amon, Piankh, was his son. Herihor, who proclaimed himself as king while Ramses XI still lived, had nineteen sons shown on the temple wall. The names of a number of them were deliberately effaced and others are damaged. At least six of the names were Libyan. Since there are few patterns for these, the discernment of the damaged names is difficult. We have been able to make out most of them. One, commonly transliterated as Osorkon, seems to be the earliest occurrence of this name and has an orthography previously unattested. The names may give some clue on the origin of Herihor's family.

This season there have been several changes in the staff. John Romer and his wife Beth felt the call of positions in England and the establishment of their home. In his place we brought Richard Turner whom we had interviewed two years earlier but who had been unable to come then. Last summer he was available and came with his wife Cathy. She went back to England January 10th to await the expected arrival of their first child the latter part of February. When their son was born a month earlier the telegraph strike in England prevented Rick from learning of the event for over a week. All is well with the two in England.

Last season Martyn Lack had expected to join us, but at the time when he had to give his resignation from the position he held it was still uncertain that we could work here, so he had to postpone his coming. His wife Phyllis was able to join him a month ago. Martyn was with the Sakkara Expedition in 1934-36 where I first met him.

Grace Hustable and Reginald Coleman continue their excellent work as artists. The Colemans' son, Graham, who was at Chicago House for several seasons, is spending the first half of this year on a fellowship at an animal preserve in Uganda. He begins his university studies in animal behavior in the autumn.

David Larkin, a graduate student at the University of Chicago who was here the season before last, joined Carl DeVries and the Field Director as our third Egyptologist. We are hard put to keep up with the work of the artists.

As usual, the maintenance of Chicago House has been the responsibility of Tim Healey. At the end of the last season and the first of this he supervised the laying of concrete driveways and walks. This has in part ended the menace of dust which covered these ways before, and is a special boon to the artists, whose studio windows open onto the driveway. When we began to use the heating system in the library and studios at the onset of cold weather we discovered that the main pipes had disintegrated. Originally they had been laid in sand beneath concrete. The salt in the sand rusted through the pipes from the outside. Fortunately the winter weeks were milder than usual, and we suffered only minor discomfort in the month or more it took to replace the pipes.

This winter there are a number of archeological projects in the vicinity. The excavation of the mound of old Luxor, carried on by the Department of Antiquities, has reached the Greco-Roman level. On the west bank Mohammed Saleh, the Inspector there, is consolidating the tomb of the late old kingdom monarch Unisankh which he found two seasons ago. The German Institute, under Drs. Settgast and Arnold, is putting the finishing touches on the excavating and recording of the tomb of the Eleventh Dynasty general Intef and the Twenty-sixth Dynasty intrusive tombs. Dr. Arnold is undertaking a new study of the reliefs and architecture of the mortuary temple of Mentuhotep II under whom Intef served. He will publish all known fragments of the relief which are now scattered and mostly unpublished. He probably will upset some of our cherished notions about the architecture of the tomb.

The French Institute, with Jean Jacquet as Field Director, has returned to the investigation of the buildings within the precinct of Montu at Karnak. The Franco-Egyptian Center for Karnak, jointly sponsored by the

Ministries of Culture of France and Egypt, which is entering its second year, is a truly scientific approach to the excavation and consolidation of the area and structures at Karnak. The University of Pennsylvania Akhnaten Temple Project, under Ray Smith, is making steady progress in matching many of the 30,000 blocks they have photographed. These stones, about 21 inches long and half as wide, were reused in the structures of Haremhab and his immediate successors. There seem to be many more within the Second Pylon at Karnak, and the Franco-Egyptian Center is removing more from the Ninth Pylon.

In November the re-examination of the mummy of Tutankhamon was reported in Cairo and London papers and perhaps also in America. The work was under the direction of R. G. Harrison, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Liverpool. Several years ago he had examined the remains of a body found in a tomb in the Valley of the Kings in 1907 which had been variously identified as Queen Tiy, Akhnaton, and Smenkhkare. The results of that examination make the latter identification the most probable. The principal object of the exhumation of Tutankhamon was to discover whether the skeleton of the king resembled the one previously examined. The skull and other parts of the body were X-rayed, and Oriental Institute member F. Filce Leek, who assisted in the work, gave special attention to the teeth and jaw.

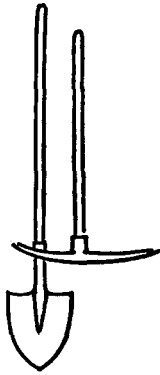
The sarcophagus had not been opened since Howard Carter closed it after his examination of the mummy more than forty years ago. The skull was found to be detached from the body. From the photographs this was already so in Carter's time. It is still in excellent condition, and shows the imprint of the beaded skull cap on the head. The limbs were detached from the torso and were disarticulated.

What has been discovered will be known only on the publication of the report. If the skeletal examination makes it seem probable that there was a close relationship between the two young kings they may have been brothers. However, even if this becomes certain we still will be little further in solving the perplexing problem of their parentage.

Despite the disturbances in the Middle East all continues normally at Chicago House and about us. Our relations with the Department of Antiquities have never been more cordial. Our library has been used extensively this season by both Egyptian and visiting scholars.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Francis Nims



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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İçme Posta Memurlugu
İçme, Elazig, Turkey

August 30, 1969

FIELD REPORT ON THE FIRST AND SECOND WEEKS OF EXCAVATION AT KORUCUTEPE, 1969

Since August 18 our team, composed of faculty and students from the Universities of Chicago, California (Los Angeles) and Amsterdam and assisted by 36 local workers, has resumed the excavation of Korucutepe in the future reservoir of the Turkish Euphrates Dam. In 1968 most of our effort had gone into vertical excavation, which yielded us all-important information on the sequence of occupation levels and the artifacts (mostly pottery) characteristic of each. The north part of the settlement was apparently founded in the 4th millenium B.C. and intensively inhabited through about 2200 B.C. In the first half of the 2nd millenium B.C. (perhaps about 1750 B.C.) the south area was added and enclosed by a fortification wall. Here occupation went on until the end of the Hittite Empire about 1200 B.C. After two more stages of habitation, one in the Early Iron Age (maybe 1000–800 B.C.) and one in the Middle Ages (1200–1400 A.D.) the mound had grown to its present height of 16 m. and diameter of 160 m.

This year our aim is to gather more knowledge about these successive cultural phases by extending the excavation horizontally at various levels. In this way we should get some complete house plans with what remains of their inventory.

At the northern foot of the mound, below the early and mid-3rd millenium B.C. levels reached last year, a square (O 9) was laid out for Roelof Brandt (U. of Amsterdam) and Brooks Koopman (Case Western Reserve U.) to supervise. Instead of yielding the expected 4th millennium B.C. materials, however, it has turned out to contain a deep layer of wash with sherds showing that in the late 3rd millennium some people had settled nearby, at the foot of the earlier ruins. Besides some sherds of the characteristic "Early Bronze III" painted pottery, the most interesting finds from O 9 were two clay pawns or figurines; the complete one had a bird's head.

At the northern top of the mound Diederik Méyer (U. of Amsterdam) and Ingrid Christensen (U. of Michigan) are extending into N 11 the area where a small house of about 2200 B.C. was found last year. It has been a schoolroom example of the puzzles confronting those who expect to find a neat layer cake: pits modern and ancient have had to be traced and emptied and a thin early 2nd millennium B.C. level with spectacular pottery peeled off until at last the burned 3rd millennium structures are beginning to appear. To save every trace of the plant materials used in this prehistoric culture, we are again setting up the flotation system used last year.

At the southern foot of the mound we are tracing the early 2nd millennium B.C. fortifications both westward and eastward. The first of these operations (N–O 24), led by Dr. Philo ten Cate (U. of Amsterdam) and Carol Bier (U. of Chicago), has already yielded the dry stone foundation of a tower measuring 5 x 5 m. inside (8 x 8 outside). Its yellow clay fill was still in place, although destruction by fire had caused not only the mud brick superstructure but also part of the stone foundation to collapse.

In tracing the city wall east (S-T 24), Mitchell Crites (U. of Chicago) and Ayfer Aker (Turkish Directorate-General of Antiquities) have uncovered what seems to be another tower, 39 m. from the first. If there ever was a third tower in between, it would have been destroyed by a pit recently sunk at this point. Much the same features of construction and destruction (fill remaining while brick and stone collapsed) can be seen at the eastern foot of the mound (U 12), where Bruce Williams (U. of Chicago) and Elizabeth Griffin (Columbia U.) are continuing the clearance of a burned structure started last year. An enigmatic feature here is a passage between two parallel walls used for domestic purposes and seemingly interrupting what might else be considered part of the fortifications.

One of the most significant finds made last year was a group of seal impressions on unbaked clay lumps (*bullae*), which had secured shipments (or possibly documents) and then had been discarded in a rubbish area behind a Hittite Empire house. The persons whose seals were stamped on these *bullae* included two local kings or viceroys of about 1250-1200 B.C., to judge by the hieroglyphics carved alongside the image of their favorite god.

Last year only half of the oval rubbish area was excavated. This year we first probed underneath and established that the yard-like area adjoining the house had existed for a long time (enough for ½ m. of rubbish to accumulate) before the sealings were discarded there. Three well-made stone spindle whorls of a type that is typical for this period were found during this probe. Now Shan Winn (UCLA) and Harriet Osborn (U. of Chicago) have opened up the adjoining square (O 20) where we expect to find the other half of the rubbish area and in it, Inshallah, some more seal impressions.

Finally, our architect Lionel Bier (U. of Chicago, formerly NYU) will spend part of his time digging a new square on the west slope (H 18), where Early Iron Age sherds are prominent on the surface. We hope he may find architecture and artifacts which will illuminate us about the fate of this area after the fall of the Hittite Empire.

We have not mentioned yet the material well-being that we enjoy thanks to the Turkish authorities who put an 18-room house with electricity and running water at our disposal and thanks to Mrs. Frances Guterbock, who keeps the servants on their toes and everyone in good health and spirits.

Hans Guterbock

Maurits van Loon

Philo Houwink ten Cate

JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE UNIVERSITIES OF CHICAGO, CALIFORNIA (LOS ANGELES) AND AMSTERDAM

1155 EAST 58th STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637, U.S.A.

(NOT FOR PUBLICATION
OR CITATION)

İçme Posta Memurlugu
İçme, Elazig, Turkey

October 11, 1969

FIELD REPORT ON THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH WEEKS OF EXCAVATION
AT KORUCUTEPE, 1969

The unequal fortunes of archaeology have provided some of us with rich rewards, others with prospects of several more weeks of patient plodding.

The operation aimed at uncovering 4th-millennium B.C. remains (J11-1 2) did reveal the corner of a burned mud brick house, but to get more of it Roel Brandt and Brooksie Koopman have had to start higher up the slope to remove 5 m of 2nd- and 3rd-millennium material from K 12. A huge stone retaining wall of Hittite (perhaps 14th century B.C.) date was one of the features encountered here.

The extension of the excavated area on the 3rd-millennium part of the mound (N 11-12) is beginning to yield results: here Diederik Meijer has cleared what one would like to call the dining area of an Early Bronze II establishment, with several bowls and small pottery containers lying on a table-like plastered part of the floor, and more bowls stacked nearby. The ceiling of oak beams, rushes and clay had burned fiercely and fallen on or among the crockery. To judge by the scarcity of mud brick walls and the presence of three post holes, some at least of the walls may have been built of wood or wattle and daub.

In our far-flung city wall tracing operations seven out of an estimated ten towers have appeared to date. Carol Bier is searching for the floor of a passage that interrupts the defenses in S 24, and sinking deeper and deeper between perilously overhanging walls. The presence of a sloping, corbeled postern gate, suggested jokingly at first, is now becoming a serious possibility.

Lonny Bier has what he believes to be the easternmost tower of the defenses in Y 21, founded on relatively high ground at a point where the Early Bronze III remains underneath rise well above ground water level.

In W 13 Philo ten Cate found the last but one in the series of towers we hope to trace. In the yellow and brown mountain clay fill which the builders banked against the stone foundations an early 2nd-millennium B.C. stamp seal turned up. It confirms the date in the second quarter of the 2nd millennium which we had assigned to the city wall on the evidence of the associated pottery.

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Up the slope from the last in this chain of towers (U 12-13), Bruce Williams and Libby Griffin are clearing the middle of three superimposed residential complexes of probably 14th-century B.C. date. A stone-paved street is lined by stone foundations supporting wooden cross-beams, longitudinal beams and finally yellow-plastered mud brick. One court contains a fired clay oven, another has a work area consisting of a stone slab, a rectangular mud-brick platform and a fired clay horseshoe hearth with pottery ash disposal jar sunk into the floor.

Harriet Osborn's and Ayfer Aker's efforts on the contents of the large 13th-century B.C. pit in O 20 have at last been crowned by the find of a Hittite hieroglyphic seal impression. Although part of it is damaged and the remaining signs are hard to decipher, it is clear from the title that the seal belonged to a member of the Hittite imperial family.

The area opened on the west slope and supervised by Mitchell Crites and Shan Winn (H 18) continues to give representative samples of pottery in their architectural contexts: on the lowest level reached here an ovoid juglet of Hittite Empire date has appeared near a retaining wall of large stones; on the middle level one can still see the Early Iron Age stone-walled room with rounded corner which yielded twelve red burnished and other pots. These are now being put together by our restorer, Mehmet Emir. Finally, among the 13th-14th century A.D. ruins high up in the square recently added to this operation (H 17), Mitchell and Shan have found a new type of glazed jug with white spirals painted on a brown background.

On October 4 the palaeobotanist Dr. Willem van Zeist (University of Groningen) came to join us for four weeks. This collaboration of natural scientists in our archaeological salvage effort is one of the aspects supported by the National Science Foundation. Willem is identifying our abundant plant remains--mostly charred bread wheat and two-rowed barley from the 3rd-millennium B.C. levels--and will take pollen samples from ancient sediments in the area, which should give us valuable information on climate and vegetation in antiquity.

Hans Guterbock

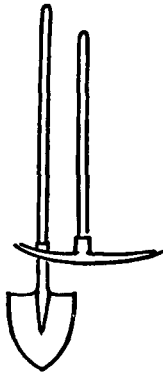
Hans Guterbock

Maurits van Loon
Maurits van Loon

Philo Houwink ten Cate

cc: Director, Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago
Chairman, Department of Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations, UCLA
Presidium van de Universiteit van Amsterdam

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

İçme Posta Memurlugu
İçme, Elazig, Turkey

October 31, 1969

ARCHEOLOGICAL NEWSLETTER

Greetings:

On Halloween, officially the last day of our dig, the departed kings of Ishuwa finally punished us for disturbing their peace: their ghosts tampered with the alarm clock so it went off at 4 instead of 5 a.m. We took one look at our watches, cursed in various languages (9 of us are American, 3 are Dutch and 1 is Turkish) and went back to sleep, with the result that our workers stood around in the soggy soil until 6:30 waiting for us to arrive.

Our lunch baskets have been growing bigger and bigger, hot soup is brought to the mound at noon time, blankets disappear from beds because they are needed for protection against the fierce wind. Obviously, the forces of nature are putting an end to our campaign of 1969.

Today we had the workers' farewell party, called a *dügün* – the same word is normally used for a wedding, as both involve music and dancing. We celebrated it around the willow-shaded reservoir on top of the mound in which we used to cool ourselves after work during the long hot summer. Today all 50 of us huddled in a large circle in the weak sunshine and consumed 2 sheep, 20 lbs. of cracked wheat and 50 loaves of bread, washed down with stewed fruit.

Thus we officially closed a very successful season which enriched our pottery repertory with many fine samples, including a Hittite bathtub. It may come in extremely handy on days when the hot water does not function, either because *emir gelmedi* ("no order was given") or because of general failure of the electric power plant. Other items which might be handy in our damp concrete building are the various ashpits found all over the mound (especially wherever Harriet Osborn digs). Now that a lovely but crisp fall is upon us, the workers immediately put the pits to good use as wood-burning braziers. We could use a few in the house, where we have managed thus far with little electric heaters and two coal stoves which have seen better days.

On October 23 we had the pleasure to receive the visit of George Hughes, Director of the Oriental Institute, and his wife Maurine, who had braved the logistics of travel by local airline and bus like real troopers. Although sorry to see them go on October 25, we were grateful that they had stayed long enough for a dinner to be given in their honor. Wearing coats, ties and dresses for the first time in months, we greeted the governor of the province of Elâzığ, Zekeriya Bey, and both he and George Hughes gave after-dinner speeches in which the unique cooperation of Turkish and American archaeologists in our Altinova ("golden valley") was especially stressed.

Fortunately our cook, who is given to the bottle, stayed off it long enough to cook a superb dinner worthy of his reputation as a master of his craft. On other occasions, when the "spirits" got the better of him, we had to lock him up in his room until he calmed down.

We are a happy and creative group. Out of the shared joys and sorrows of dirt archaeology have come such pearls as our camp song, to be sung to the melody of "My bonnie lies over the ocean," with the finale

*It fills me with great trepidation
To think I'm destroying the mound,
For Müdür* complains I'm confusing
My ash with a hole in the ground.*

Refrain: Sort sherds, sort sherds, etc.

And with this random sample of what we are doing we all greet you from Korucutepe in the ancient kingdom of Ishuwa.

**Turkish for "director"*

Frances Guterbock.

The above message from Frances Guterbock will assure you that the home front is well under control. On the work front we are now taking stock of this season's results.

For the second time in two years we have spent almost three months digging at Korucutepe, one of the eight major prehistoric sites to be submerged by the building of a dam at Keban on the Euphrates. The Turkish government has encouraged foreign teams to help in this salvage effort and so German, British and American (University of Michigan) teams have worked closely together with three Turkish groups in piecing together the material record of eastern Anatolia's past.

More even than last year students have been involved in our effort. Thanks for this are due to the Ford Foundation, which provided traineeships for six students of the Universities of Chicago and California (Los Angeles), and to the generosity of the University of Amsterdam. The latter provided two students together with a faculty member (Philo Houwink ten Cate) and shared the other expedition expenses as well. The National Science Foundation, which has been involved in our archaeological salvage work in the Syrian and Turkish Euphrates valleys since 1964, enabled the senior staff to come out for instruction of the students and direction of the operations.

After the departure of Hittitologist Hans Guterbock, palaeobotanist Willem van Zeist, registrar Philo ten Cate and volunteer photographer Isabelle de Vallois, this staff is now reduced to two members, Frances Guterbock and myself. For the first time this year, our architect, Lonny Bier, and our photographer, Brooksie Koopman, are students. Since Philo had to leave, Shan Winn and Roel Brandt, both students, have taken over the registry of artifacts and samples. Student Ingrid Christensen set up the sorting and tallying of our plentiful stone tools and by-products before she returned home. The laborious task of classifying, counting and identifying or drawing every bit of pottery found is coordinated by Libby Griffin, the only student with previous experience at our site.

Under the circumstances my task consists mostly of seeing to it that the students who run the various operations use the same system of digging and recording. All our methods are based, ultimately, on Sir Mortimer Wheeler's system and are calculated so as not to miss the fine detail of the archeological record which is there for us to read, if we only know (or knew) how to read it. "Better subdivide than lump together" is our motto.

I would not have been able to accomplish this task without the long-distance help of Marilyn Buccellati, archeologist wife of Giorgio Buccellati (UCLA). Giorgio was not able to join us this year but got us the support of his university and one of his students, and Marilyn sent us the fruits of her work on last year's pottery finds in the form of a complete catalog of wares and shapes, with tally sheets to be filled out in the field. Only newly occurring wares and shapes now need to be defined and drawn.

Dreary as it may look most of the time, broken pottery is the archeologist's most trusted tool, because people from the Stone Age until the Plastic Age have been leaving it around in greater quantities than anything else that wouldn't rot. Once we can translate some combination of color, texture and finish into centuries B.C. (or A.D.), we can place all the rest of our finds in their chronological context.

How results of wider significance can be gleaned from all these detailed activities may become clear in the following account of our finds. Adding some fancy to the facts, we might give the successive occupations of our site the following names: 1. the village community; 2. the military stronghold; 3. the administrative center; 4. the lordly manor.

1. The Village Community (about 3000–2200 B.C.).

In squares N 11 and N 12 (see the accompanying plan) Diederik Meijer has gradually revealed the domestic part of a large prehistoric village establishment. East of the mud brick walls that we think enclosed the residential quarters, a walled patio measuring at least 27 x 21 ft. contained a spacious array of clay and mud-plaster household appointments that must have been the dream of a 3rd-millennium B.C. housewife: three or four rectangular hearth platforms of up to 10 x 5 x 1 ft.; circular sunk fireplaces; a circular fireplace raised like a table top, with traces of

a portable horseshoe-shaped hearth; a fixed horseshoe-shaped hearth and two grain bins. Holes filled with charcoal near the corners of the rectangular platforms mark the spots where posts held up the roof. Over all of this a ceiling made of oak beams and rushes had burned and collapsed, burying the inventory of the patio. Toppled walls and subsidence along cracks in the soil suggest that for once an earthquake and not warfare may be to blame.

As roofs are nowadays made of cultivated poplar trees and the wild oak stands of eastern Turkey have long been reduced to scrub, the use of full-grown oaks hints at richer natural resources available in the prosperous 3rd millennium B.C. The rushes indicate that marshy conditions may have prevailed at the time. It seems quite possible that the early settlers of our area were faced with the double challenge of draining a swamp and cutting down the primeval forest – a task for which they had not been equipped until the advent of the Bronze Age about 3000 B.C.

I owe this speculative brainwave to botanist Willem van Zeist, who spent most of October identifying our plant remains. He found the local villagers of the 3rd millennium depended heavily on agriculture (we had learned before that cattle-grazing was another mainstay of their economy). Many thousands of charred grains of bread wheat and two-rowed barley were recovered from in and around the storage jars and cooking pots crushed by the roof fall just described.

Part of these hand-turned black vessels as well as the red or brown eating and drinking bowls found on the "table" nearby have been painstakingly mended and give us the complete, very limited range of Early Bronze II pottery shapes. With all these highly burnished vessels we found one piece of the red on yellow painted ware with a design of hatched triangles. On the burned floor there was an almost complete goblet in the dainty, technologically much more advanced ware that was made in northeast Syria and north Mesopotamia from 2500 to 2100 B.C. approximately.

In the Early Bronze Age tool kit one can also see a survival of early village techniques, which produced spectacular barbed arrowheads of obsidian, side by side with pins made by the new process of copper or bronze casting.

To judge by the development of the local pottery the fiery destruction of our Early Bronze II settlement must have come about 2200 B.C. By the next, Early Bronze III phase the range of local pottery shapes had become less restricted and overlapping chevrons were the favored painted decoration. In a sense this phase was still a prosperous one, to judge by the palatial storehouse that our German colleagues are bringing to light on nearby Norsuntepe. At the same time the number of villages in the valley had dwindled and the population apparently clustered around the stronghold of a local ruler.

This phase came to another violent end about 2000 B.C. and was followed by a Middle Bronze I phase that we are only beginning to recognize. By this time the pottery shapes were several steps removed from their Early Bronze prototypes, and decoration with wide parallel bands in black on white had become fashionable. Human figures (worshippers? deities?) were curiously portrayed as large-nosed pawns with applied eyes and necklaces. Our German colleagues were responsible for finding Monsieur de Gaulle, then our Turkish friends found Madame de Gaulle at their site, Tepecik, not far from here. Now we have our brood of little de Gaulles.

At Tepecik the black on white decoration occurs on shapes known from the Old Assyrian merchant colony at Kültepe and through this link with written history we can now date it about 1950–1750 B.C. From sporadic finds we know that the southern extension to our mound was resettled in that time, but it was only between 1750 and 1500 B.C. that Korucutepe (whatever its ancient name) took on importance as a fortified town.

2. The Military Stronghold (about 1750–1500 B.C.).

An area with a diameter of 500 ft. was surrounded by a double stone foundation, packed with mountain clay to support a mud brick and wood city wall 19 ft. wide. At intervals of 48 ft. Philo ten Cate and Lonny Bier found square towers 24 ft. wide (N-T 24, U-W 23, X 22, Y 16-21, W 13-14, U-V 12). At two points such towers flanked a sloping passage which may have served as a sally port. In the best preserved of these (S 24-25) Carol Bier is now working between perilously overhanging walls standing up to 10 ft. on a floor that slopes down into ground water and off toward the fields beyond the mound.

The pottery Carol and Libby find in the city wall system consists mostly of wares not known outside of eastern Anatolia, such as the technologically very perfected "gray wheel-marked" ware. Only occasional finds like that of a graceful "lentoid flask" of Old Hittite type h⁵⁹⁶ helped us assign it a tentative date between 1750 and

1500 B.C., which finds some confirmation in a seal and seal impression encountered nearby.

Excavating toward the inside of the mound at the other passage (U 12-13), Bruce Williams and Libby Griffin were a little disappointed to find that the town area was not built up right away. By the time of its destruction in the middle of the 2nd millennium B.C., the charred beams, burned mud bricks and calcined limestone of the fortification fell into an empty space behind the city wall. Subsequently the mound lay abandoned during a period long enough for 5 ft. of wash to accumulate.

This destruction may be connected with any number of known or unknown historical events. One of these is the weakening of Hittite power and the strengthening of their Hurrian enemies, organized in the kingdom of Mitanni, in the 15th century B.C.

3. The Administrative Center (about 1400-1200 B.C.).

Soon afterwards, in the 14th century, Hittite power reasserted itself. Our area (the country of Ishuwa, governed by elders) lost its independence and became a vassal kingdom under the Hittite Empire (about 1400-1200 B.C.). This historical situation is reflected in the archeological record at our site. The possessions which the new inhabitants of Korucutepe broke, discarded and lost down their drains or between the stones of their pavements do not differ greatly from those found, for instance, at Tarsus on Turkey's south coast, another Hittite Empire stronghold.

Within the levels strewn with Hittite orange pottery we think we can now distinguish a 14th-century B.C. occupation from the terminal Hittite Empire phase of the 13th century B.C. The first is represented by a house-lined street which was built after the period of abandonment in U 12-13 and kept Bruce and Libby busy for most of the season. In J-K 12 Roel Brandt and Brooksie Koopman are digging through yellow-plastered stone houses with similar pottery. This is usually finished with a slip or a burnish. Bronze pins and needles are another common find.

The 13th-century complex is known from the trash pits that Harriet Osborn and Ayfer Aker emptied so patiently in O 20-21. They contained quite a few decorated marble spindle whorls and much pottery without surface finish, such as "miniature bowls" and "platters". These resemble modern salt cellars and dinner plates, and their purpose must have been an everyday one, to judge by the quantities in which they turn up.

The organic remains from the Hittite trash pits merely showed a continuation of the same agriculture-based economy as before. Our grubbing in Hittite garbage had an ulterior motive. 13th-century B.C. officials would secure shipments by stamping their personal seal, containing their name and title, on conical lumps of clay and upon receipt these *bullae* would be discarded. To our collection of 12 examples from last year Harriet and Ayfer's efforts added another two this year. . [Among the persons whose seal impressions were found there is a royal couple: "Ari-Sharuma, the King, and Kilush-Khepa, the princess." He is known from Hittite sources as King of Ishuwa; his wife may have been a Hittite princess. - H.G.G.]

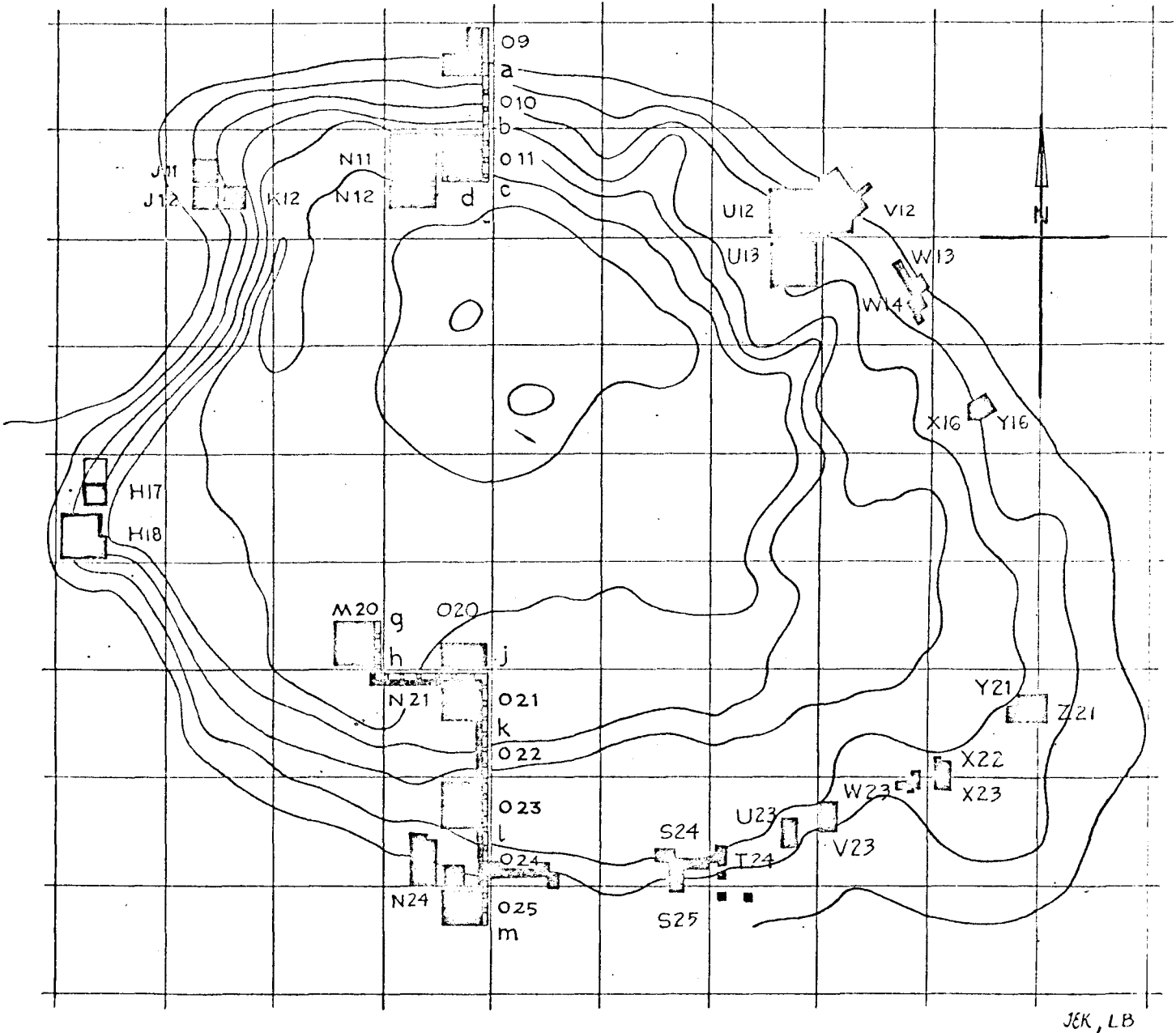
4. The Lordly Manor (about 1150-800 B.C.).

Mitchell Crites and Shan Winn's square, H 17-18, has given us some fascinating insights into what happened after the fall of the Hittite Empire about 1200 or 1150 B.C. Into soil still thick with Hittite "platter" sherds, a monumental mud brick building with inch-thick plaster was sunk. Its red and gray mud bricks on stone foundations can be followed around the mound edge for 30 ft. The top courses of brick had burned and fallen, covering an iron knife or sickle and some of the most interesting storage jars we have had thus far. Some were turned on the fast wheel according to Hittite mass-production methods, others are slow-wheel or even hand-turned and decorated with diagonal incisions or with pairs of "breasts." This "BB" ware is a hallmark of the subsequent Early Iron Age level (about 1000-800 B.C.). By the looks of it Shan and Mitchell have hit a stage that fills the gap between 1200 and 1000 B.C. and quite substantial remains of it must survive inside our mound.

Over its top lie two more levels. The first had low stone foundations and a bathtub-shaped oven. The second contained high stone walls with rounded corners, enclosing another hoard of pottery -- this time all slow-wheel or hand-turned pieces with red burnish or other finishes typical of the Early Iron Age (about 1000-800 B.C.).

What was the origin of the technically backward people who supplanted the Hittites at Korucutepe? On one of our Sunday trips we sherded the citadel of Palu, which was conquered about 800 B.C. by Menua, king of Urartu and prince of Van, according to an inscription he carved on the rock. Mitchell and Shan instantly recognized some of their wares. The gradual or sudden replacement of local populations by people from the eastern mountains or beyond would parallel events in more recent history.

KORUCU TEPE



JEK, LB

0 ————— 100 METERS

CONTOUR INTERVAL 2 METERS

Future archeologists will have worries of a different kind. Over sherd yards of unparalleled proportions, strewn with 20th-century A.D. polaroid film and cream cheese wrappers, they will find the lake sediment that is to cover the Golden Valley. Only the crops grown in the surviving mountain villages, like the famous "Ice Vineyard" grapes, will go on depositing their pollen in the lake sediment and enable future botanists to determine where the Plastic Age people got their calories.

After 200 sunrises and sunsets we have grown attached to our valley and to the decent, unspoiled people who will be displaced by the dam. Where will they go, how will they live? These questions evoke more misgivings in us, who have seen urban blight. For them Ankar and Istanbul are gilded promised lands, destined to grow bigger and more industrialized with power from the Euphrates.

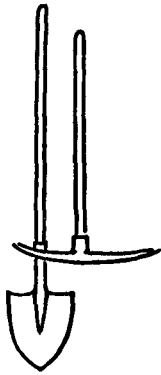
Maybe the artificial lake, added to our valley's natural beauties, will attract vacationers and if the Elâzig museum, enriched through our finds, helps to draw them we will have done something to help our living villagers as well as reviving the memory of those long forgotten.

Maurits van Loon
Field Director

cc: Director, Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago; Chairman, Department of Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations, UCLA; Presidium van de Universiteit van Amsterdam

newsletter FROM

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO 37 * ILLINOIS



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

*Chogha Mish near Andimeshk,
Khuzestan, Iran*

January 15, 1970

Dear Friends:

The early western explorers of Khuzestan in the nineteenth century noticed a great mound standing close to the line of the Bakhtiari mountain ranges about midway between the points where two of the important rivers of the Susiana plain, the Ab-I-Dez and the Karun, break through the mountains. On an early map of the French Archaeological Mission to Iran this mound of Chogha Mish (Hill of the Ewe) is marked second in size only to the huge historical site of Susa itself. However, being occupied with the enormous task of excavating Susa, the French archaeologists never touched Chogha Mish. It remained intact until eight years ago when the two of us began the first scientific excavations of the site under the auspices of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. Our first brief exploratory campaign in 1961 was followed by two longer seasons in 1963 and 1965/66. This work made it clear that Chogha Mish was an important city already at the time when the earliest writing was being developed and the foundations for the high civilizations of the Near East were being laid. It was for the purpose of gaining new insight into this Protoliterate period, one of the most significant turning points in human development, that we had come to Khuzestan. In addition, Chogha Mish turned out to be a major site for the study of the preceding, prehistoric, periods, with an occupation going back thousands of years before the Protoliterate era. A site of this magnitude requires many seasons of excavation. The broadening of the sponsorship of our research by the formation of the Joint Iranian Expedition in which UCLA joined forces with the Oriental Institute now gives us the possibility of planning more regular campaigns of work than heretofore.

In addition to the broadening of the sponsorship, this season at Chogha Mish is distinguished from the preceding ones by another innovation; Archaeological Traineeship grants from the Ford Foundation have enabled us to bring out and support in the field a number of graduate students in archaeology. This innovation has affected the character of our campaign since with the students we have brought to camp the teaching functions of the universities, not only training in the methods and techniques of fieldwork, but also two formal courses. Furthermore, for the first time the Expedition has a home of its own.

The Expedition House. We are writing this newsletter in an expedition house built of unbaked mud brick with ceilings of poles and matting protected by a layer of straw and mud, a normal village type of construction. Despite the rain and mist outside, which for several days have prevented us from working on the mound, we feel comfortable and relatively cozy. The mud roof has developed no leaks and the doors and windows are **fairly** watertight. In fact, there is hardly any damage to the house except some washed-down mud plaster and the sinking of our small "circular garden" in the center of the courtyard into what used to be a large refuse pit. It is sometimes difficult even for the two of us to visualize this spot on the edge of the small village of Ghaleh Khalil as we first saw it some six months ago, overgrown with thorn plants in and all around the pit.

One of our major reasons for coming out to Iran last June was to solve the problem of an expedition house near the site. This season, in contrast to previous ones when we were either alone or had a small staff, we have to accommodate ten people or more. The previous arrangements, when we lived either in a village a few miles away, thanks to the hospitality of a generous friend or commuted every day from a rented house in Dez-ful, an hour's drive, were impractical. Furthermore, the problem of storage (furniture, equipment, study collections, etc.) between seasons had become acute. Accordingly, at the beginning of June, 1969, we came to Khuzestan after an absence of three years to seek out the best site for an expedition house. We were warmly welcomed by our workmen in all the villages close to Chogha Mish and asked to settle in each one. Finally, we selected Ghaleh Khalil as the most suitable since, in addition to being nearest to the tepe, it has a "spring" (irrigation canal percolating up through gravel). At the edge of the village facing the mound we noticed an empty plot of land adjacent to a narrow irrigation canal, a considerable asset allowing brickmaking on the spot.

The negotiations for the lease of this plot were fairly simple compared to those with a local builder. The design and detailed plans for the house (adjusted to the plot), and the specifications were prepared by PPD on the basis of his previous experience with expedition houses (Khorsabad, Tell Asmar, Khafaje). We spent several days going over these plans in detail and drawing up a contract with the help of our trusted friend of long standing, Mr. A. K. Rashidian of Andimeshk. When the documents were finished the local builder exclaimed that he had been tied hand and foot, but upon signing the contract we drank tea and ate sweets together in a friendly manner according to time-honored custom.

Throughout June we stayed in Khuzestan to supervise the early stages of the construction from marking the plan in white chalk on the ground, through the digging and filling of the foundation trenches, to the laying of the mud-brick walls. The weather here at that time of the year is excellent for building in mud. Cloudless, bright days, their brilliance marred only by occasional dust storms or heat hazes, with temperatures of 110-120°F. in the shade are perfect for drying mud bricks, which become ready for use after only two days.

We remained until the walls had risen to the height of the window sills. By that time we were certain that the plan was being followed closely, with rooms, doors, and windows of the correct size and location. We then had to return to the United States, where much work still remained to be done in preparation for the coming season. In our absence Mr. Rashidian made regular trips out to the village to inspect and direct the progress of the work, for which the Expedition is extremely grateful as without his supervision the house would not have been ready on time or as well made.

The Beginning of the Fourth Season. At the end of September HJK entered Iran by way of Abadan, about a four-hour drive from Andimeshk, the little town with the railroad station nearest to Chogha Mish and the post office where we rent our Post box. While staying in Andimeshk HJK drove out every morning to supervise and hurry on the finishing of the house. Meanwhile PPD flew into Tehran and began the round of official calls and the arranging of many practical details. HJK joined him there and we were happy to fulfil an earlier promise to give a series of four lectures on the "Emergence of Civilization in the Lands around the Persian Gulf" at the University of Tehran. Together we completed the official business and the purchase of essential equipment and supplies not available in our provincial area.

After returning to Khuzestan we spent a hectic week, together with our "domestic staff," a cook and houseboy from a neighboring village whom we have known since our first arrival here, moving into the new house, setting up the equipment (e.g., a bottled-gas stove, kerosene-burning refrigerator, and lamps — electricity is beyond our reach), and, in general, arranging the rooms so they would be as comfortable and pleasant as possible.

The Staff. During the autumn quarter the students were Mrs. Cynthia May Sheikholeslami (UCLA) and Messrs. Charles Martin Adelman, Edward Joseph Brovarski, Yousef Magidzadeh, and Sadeqh Malek-Shahmirzadi (all UofC). Mr. Magidzadeh has had a double role here since after his return to Iran he was appointed the official representative of the Iranian Archaeological Service.

All the students flew into Tehran and two of the Americans, Mr. Adelman and Mr. Brovarski, had immediately the privilege of enjoying typical Iranian hospitality, being invited by their friend, Mr. Malek, to stay with his family. This chance of spending their first days in the country with a gracious Iranian family rather than staying in a hotel or foreign institution is certainly rarely enjoyed by visiting students. They and the Expedition owe Mr. Malek, his mother, and his stepfather a great deal for this opportunity.

From the beginning we have tried to plan the most profitable archaeological experiences for the Ford Foundation trainees, including visits to museums and sites in various countries, especially the Near East and Iran, on their journeys to the excavations, as well as some field trips during the campaign. In Tehran the specific archaeological program included the Muze Iran Bastan (where at our request they were shown recent unpublished and unexhibited finds from Haft Tepe) and two important sites on the outskirts of the city, Cheshme Ali and Ghara Tepe. Instead of the overnight railroad trip from Tehran to Andimeshk they came here by car, a three-day trip via Kasvin, Hamadan, Khorramabad, and smaller towns, passing through some of the spectacular mountain landscapes of the country.

About two days after the arrival of the students our first guests, Professor George R. Hughes, Director of the Oriental Institute, and Mrs. Hughes arrived. On the first day of their visit we took everyone to see the great Elamite sites of the province: Susa, the capital of Elam, Chogha Zanbil with its huge ziggurat, and Haft Tepe. During the following night and morning violent rain turned the fields into mud, flooded the "spring" so that our donkey-based water system broke down, and confined us all indoors. Thus all the newcomers had a taste of the primitive side of our existence here. In the afternoon we were able with some difficulty to cross the sodden fields in order to take Professor Hughes on a tour of the tepe.

After the brief visit of the Hugheses we settled down to work on the site, taking much time to instructing the students about the work of previous seasons and the huge task of pottery classification and analysis. We also began classes, sometimes meeting twice a day in prolonged session to take advantage of the time when there was not yet the continual pressure of the excavation routine.

During this period of settling in one other member of the staff arrived, Mr. Donald D. Bickford, who has collaborated for years with Professor Keith C. Seele on the Nubian excavations of the Oriental Institute and was to make a great contribution here with his architectural sketches in the field and pottery drawings in the house.

The Dig. Excavation started on November 12th and by the end of a week we were digging in four areas. We are continuing the work of previous seasons in disentangling the complex sequence of phases in two large areas of the Protoliterate city, located respectively on the west and east sides of the northern part of the "terrace" section of the mound. Frequently house walls are preserved only one or two courses high or are for the most part destroyed by large pits, also of the Protoliterate period. So far this has been a "year of kilns;" they are turning up wherever we dig, both in the two large sectors and elsewhere.

Our third area consists of an extension of Trench XXV, located in the lowest part of the terrace, where last season we had a relatively small Protoliterate deposit and penetrated almost immediately into very early prehistoric phases, the lowest of which yielded a type of pottery, "archaic," unknown in central Khuzestan before our excavations. Trench XXV also had very good prehistoric mud brick walls which there was no time to uncover completely last season. Accordingly, we enlarged the area and, as so often in archaeology, found the situation more complicated than expected. The Protoliterate occupation is dense, with a very interesting kiln and several of the typical ash and sherd filled pits, some dug deep into the prehistoric levels. Nonetheless, we have now reached a depth where archaic painted ware is appearing and the early prehistoric house walls are beginning to emerge.

Our fourth area is in the center of the terrace, somewhat higher than the east and west sides. In the second season we made a small test trench (XIII) which contained late material outside our central interest at that moment. Now it seemed that the time had come to explore the center of the terrace on a larger scale, so we laid out a trench 10 by 20 meters, with the old Trench XIII in one corner. The results have been of great interest. Up until now the only late period for which we had clear evidence of occupation was Parthian, but the enlarged Trench XIII demonstrates that the situation is more complicated. Occupations traceable so far are, from the surface down, as follows:

- (A) Close to the surface was a cemetery with extended burials in irregular postures (about thirty graves were excavated), each protected by a wall of large, vertically-placed mud bricks. Grave goods are absent in contrast to the Parthian burials found elsewhere on the site so the burials can presumably be attributed to the Sasanian epoch.
- (B) Underneath one of the upper graves was the skeleton of a rather large individual over six feet tall. Across this skeleton lay that of an animal, apparently a sheep or goat. A small band of gold foil was at, or inside, the mouth. Fragments of a few corroded silver rings were found among the bones. The burial contained also two corroded copper vessels, a bundle of three-sided arrow heads, a fragmentary iron weapon, a large, undecorated agate bead, and pottery. The presence of the animal skeleton and weapons suggest that the burial may be that of a hunter with his weapons and prey. The pottery of the burial is similar to that found on a nearby occupation floor. The latter yielded, in addition, a small bull protome of clay naturalistically modeled in Achaemenid style. Similar types of pottery occur occasionally in some spots of the east sector and accordingly it becomes clear that Chogha Mish had a sparse occupation in the second part of the first millennium B.C.
- (C) The later materials were dug down into remains of the Protoliterate period, which are now very near the surface. Between the Protoliterate period and the first millennium B.C. this area of the mound must have lain unoccupied for thousands of years.
- (D) Before the Protoliterate period the Trench XIII area also lay unoccupied for a long time for the next materials are prehistoric – mud-brick walls, kilns more modest than the Protoliterate ones, and an ash deposit full of sherds. From these we can reconstruct a splendid series of Middle Susiana pottery vessels, large and small. Among them are large, elaborately painted plates, a deep open vessel with a frieze of very geometricized flying birds, and small eggshell vessels with geometric or representational ornament (particularly striking are friezes of elegant tiny ibexes and a bold composition of double birds).

We still have a long way to go in Trench XIII and hope for equally interesting finds from the lower levels.

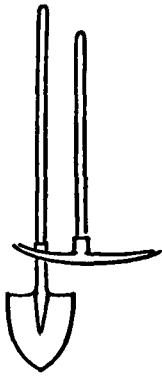
The other trenches, too, have yielded their share of exciting individual finds such as a large, painted terracotta bull-head pendant of the Middle Susiana period, cylinder seal impressions and a remarkable group of tokens of the Protoliterate period, part of a shapely bituminous stone bowl from the Achaemenid period, as well as a Parthian burial with egg-shell ware bowls and glazed vessels.

On the Sidelines of Archaeology. If this letter so far may have given the impression that we can, and do, live by "archaeology alone" this is emphatically not so. We live among people with whom we have constant contacts on various levels and whose problems affect us also. Not only do we happen to be during the season an important source of additional income for several villages, but rain and drought which affect them, affect us also.

The soaking rains of the last week have given us a chance to catch up with some of the archaeological work in the house and to dispatch some urgent communications, including this newsletter, to our home bases. Today, too, the skies are grey and lowering, but we hope that tomorrow the clouds will break and our wet trenches will begin to dry, enabling us to return to work and begin the second part of the season. The drenched fields are turning green with wheat and a few days of warm sun now will push the stalks higher and bring out the first spring flowers as we enter the last months of the Iranian year 1348. Meanwhile the western year 1970 has begun and we send to all our colleagues and all the friends of the Joint Iranian Expedition our warm, albeit somewhat belated, best wishes for a very happy New Year.

P. P. Delougaz
Professor of Archaeology
(In res.), UCLA
Director
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Helene J. Kantor
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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Chicago House, Luxor
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2 February 1970

Dear Friends:

The early copiers of ancient Egyptian scenes and inscriptions chose those which seemed to them the most interesting. As a result, historical and other long inscriptions were emphasized while religious scenes were neglected. The ones copied from the Theban temples often were only isolated scenes. It was only with the publications of the Epigraphic Survey that equal attention was given to all the reliefs on the walls of a single temple.

As one turns through the plates of the later volumes of *Medinet Habu* it may appear that there is a monotonous procession of pictures of the king offering to some deity. When the depictions and their accompanying inscriptions are examined more carefully it will be discovered that there is a great deal of differentiation of subject. The careful consideration of certain individual scenes helps to fill the gaps in our knowledge and to explain facets of ancient history and culture which had not been well understood.

In the Temple of Khonsu, which is now the object of the Survey's attention, many of the reliefs have elements not known from earlier periods. One such scene on the south wall of the court helps, we believe, to make clearer the history and the use of a building complex at Karnak which has puzzled many scholars.

Here the Pharaoh, Herihor, is offering to deities who are within a shrine. Two are identified as Amon and Amunet (the female counterpart of Amon) "who-are-in (the building) 'The Hearing Ear,' within Amon's domain," while between them stands a small royal figure called "Amenhotep-of-the-Date-Palm." Before the shrine stands an obelisk which was not apparent until the temple wall was cleaned last spring.

This relief was carved about 1090 B.C. We pick up the story into which it fits almost four hundred years earlier, when Thutmosis III came to Thebes after his first campaign in Syria. At that time he inspected the temples in the city. To the east of the Temple of Amon he found a building in poor condition. The surrounding walls of mud brick were crumbling. He razed the building and the walls and erected on the site his famous jubilee hall.

While we have no exact information about the earlier building, we know that it was of considerable importance. When Thutmosis I enclosed the Twelfth Dynasty temple within a court, and erected what we now call the Fourth and Fifth Pylons before this, he left a corridor between the southern wall of the court and the temenos wall surrounding it. This broad passage now leads to the jubilee hall, and must have led to the earlier eastern building. Flanking this building's eastern entrance Hatshepsut placed two obelisks. These are the ones who transport she pictures on one of the terrace walls of her mortuary temple at Deir el-Bahri. She had commissioned them shortly after she had become regent for the boy Thutmosis III. Before they were inscribed and erected she had proclaimed herself a collegiate king, holding the senior position until her death.

Thutmosis built a new surrounding wall for the Temple of Amon, close against the obelisks, closing the eastern entrance to the temple. Between the obelisks, abutting the wall, he constructed a small shrine. The naos and the two figures within it were hewn from a single block of alabaster. This is now broken off at arm pit level, and scholars are in disagreement about the identity of the figures and even of the sex of one.

Thutmosis III had commissioned a single obelisk to stand before this shrine, in the "upper court," i.e., the rear court, of Karnak. Though the inscriptions on it had been finished, it was not erected during the king's lifetime. It was found by his grandson, Thutmosis IV, in the shop of the stone masons to the south of Karnak where it had lain neglected for thirty-five years. The younger monarch erected it in its intended place, at "the Upper Gateway of Karnak, opposite Thebes."

Only the foundations of the base are still in situ. The obelisk was removed to Rome and erected at one end of the Circus Maximus in 357. Long afterwards it was dug out of the mud into which it had fallen and re-erected in the Piazza of St. John Lateran in 1587. It is over 105 feet in length, the tallest obelisk known.

Under Ramses II the shrine was extended to the east. The construction was under the supervision of the venerable First Prophet of Amon, Bekenkhons. On one of the walls is the figure of "Amon-who-hears-prayer," but Bekenkhons said it was the shrine of "Ramses II-who-hears-prayer." From the name of the priest the entrance became known as "The Gate of Beki," but on the monument itself it is called "The Upper Gateway." Some 100 feet to the east Ramses II erected another pair of obelisks.

Thus we know that in the Nineteenth Dynasty this shrine, with its five obelisks, was a special place of prayer. It seems certain that it was so intended by Thutmosis III, who told that he "erected a proper place of hearing, . . . the naos therein of a single block of stone." The main temple of Amon was not accessible to ordinary people but they were given this shrine to which they could repair.

The relief in the Temple of Khonsu certainly shows this shrine which at that period was known as "The Hearing Ear." The obelisk probably was the one of Thutmosis III just in front of the naos. The figures therein were, at the end of the Twentieth Dynasty at least, identified as Amon and Amunet. From other sources we learn that there was in the Ramesside period an established priesthood of "Amon of the Hearing Ear."

The shrine was further enlarged by Taharka, and Nechtenebo I built a monumental gateway just behind the obelisks of Ramses II. In the Greek period an inner doorway was redecorated by "Euergetes II-who-hears-prayer" (170-116 B.C.). This mention of two of the rulers as the ones who heard the prayers of the people leads to the conclusion that at some times, and perhaps all, the king was identified with Amon in this place.

Since the building removed by Thutmosis III was important, and since it is known that it was the custom of Egyptian kings to provide places where the common people might pray, we can speculate that it, too, was a place of public prayer. We have no knowledge of its antiquity, but it was at least as early as the reign of Thutmosis I. So, for a millennium and a half the residents of Thebes who were not of the priesthood could in their own chapel pray to the two primeval deities of their city.

But the mystery of the identity of "Amenhotep-of-the-Date-Palm" remains unsolved. This certainly was a figure of Amenhotep I who became the patron deity of the Theban necropolis. A chapel of "Amenhotep-of-the-Garden" was in the vicinity of the workmen's village of Deir el-Medineh, and one of "Amenhotep-of-the-Open-Court" was south of the tomb of the Eleventh Dynasty ruler Intef I. A portable statue of "Amenhotep-the-Favorite" had a resting place in a room south of the sanctuary of the bark at Karnak and there probably were other chapels occupied by the statue as it was carried about. But "Amenhotep-of-the-Date-Palm" is, as far as we can tell, unattested elsewhere.

The particular relief in the Temple of Khonsu is only one of the many still unpublished which help to throw light into the dim spots of Egyptian history. Within a few years we will be able to make these available for study.

The scientific staff is the same as last season. The artists, Reginald Coleman, Grace Huxtable, Martyn Lack, and Richard Turner are producing drawings of the reliefs faster than they can be collated. We are falling behind in the Egyptology because, at the beginning of the second week of the season, the Field Director descended too suddenly from a ladder, fracturing both heels. For two months he had his legs in casts, and began to move again only on Christmas eve. By the end of January he was walking with some facility and hopes that by the time you read this he will be at work again at the temple and in the dark room. While he has been able to carry on the administrative details with the help of his wife, the burden of the Egyptology has fallen on Carl DeVries and David Larkin, who have ably taken charge of most of our scientific work. Reg Coleman has just finished tracing all the scenes on the twenty-eight columns in the court of the Temple of Khonsu and Carl DeVries has photographed the tracings. Now we must make enlargements so that the artists will have work on which they can continue.

Most of you will recall that John (Tim) Healey has reached retirement after being in charge of maintenance since 1932. Though his name does not appear as one of the authors of our publications, to no other person does the Epigraphic Survey owe more for its efficient operation. To carry on this work Werner Fliege has come with us so that in the overlapping year he may become acquainted with some of the problems which might baffle one who was entirely new.

Five of the staff members are accompanied by their wives this season, Marie Coleman, Phyllis Lack, Cathy Turner, Carlotta Fliege, and Myrtle Nims. We have been joined, too, by Christopher Turner, whose first birthday party was on January 23rd. The servants, finding his given name too much of a mouthful, have turned it into "Mustafa."

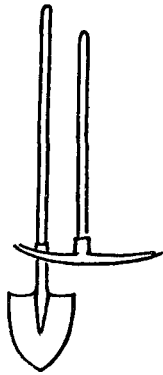
The tenseness which the news media indicate exists in the Middle East is little felt here. Our relations with the government are excellent and our friendships with the members of the Department of Antiquities continue close.

Because most areas not tourist centers are closed to foreigners for security reasons, many archaeologists contemplate excavations in the Theban district. As far as we know, the only new enterprise actually started is by the Austrians under Manfred Bietak in Asasif. The number of continuing expeditions, however, is large. The Franco-Egyptian Center under Jean Lauffray, Pierre Anus, and Ramadan Saad is in its third season of work in the exploration and preservation of Karnak. The French Archaeological Institute has Jean Jaquet at the head of its work in Karnak-North, and will resume work in Deir el-Medineh shortly. Dieter Arnold continues the work of the German Archaeological Institute in Asasif and the mortuary temple of Montuhotep II at Deir el-Bahri. The Polish expedition has resumed the restoration of the temple of Hatshepsut at the same site. Herbert Ricke has returned to the examination of the architectural plan of Amenhotep III's mortuary temple. Mahmoud Abdel Raziq and Mohammed Salah are going ahead with work at the site of medieval Luxor, before the Luxor Temple, and tombs in Khokha, in the necropolis, respectively. Most of Ray Smith's Akhnaten Temple Project, sponsored by the University of Pennsylvania, is being carried on in their Cairo headquarters, while the same university's documentation work in Dra Abu-el-Naga, under Lanny Bell, with two graduate students, Janet Johnson and Thomas Logan, from the Oriental Institute among his assistants, is expected to be resumed within the next few days.

What we think are the most interesting monuments of antiquity, and certainly the best preserved, are all open. They are well worth a visit.

Sincerely yours,

604 Charles Francis Nims
Field Director



THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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Not for publication
The Epigraphic Survey
Chicago House, Luxor
United Arab Republic
15 April 1970

Dear Friends:

In recent years the disturbed conditions in the Middle East often have rated headlines in American newspapers, and the families and friends of the Oriental Institute archeologists in the field have been apprehensive. This has been especially true when communications have been interrupted. The home office has always trusted the abilities of the field personnel to handle themselves according to the information they had, which was far better than was available in Chicago. This confidence has always been justified, and we haven't lost a man, or a woman, in a political crisis.

Those in the field in the years leading up to the Second World War also worked and travelled in time of political troubles. Now the memories are rather dim. Perhaps the most exciting experience was that of John (Tim) Healey just thirty years ago. I have written down the account as he remembers it with the minimum of editing. This is his story.

LAST TRAIN OUT OF PARIS

The war in Europe had begun in August, 1939, but Dr. Nelson had decided to carry on the work of the Epigraphic Survey during the season which began in October. Everything went well. The other members of the staff had left by the end of April, 1940, while I stayed behind to close the buildings.

It was about the middle of May when I reached Alexandria to board the El Nil, an Egyptian ship bound for Marseilles. On board I met a couple of times in the bar another Englishman. He was at least six feet tall, solidly built, and muscular. His name was George Ackroyd, a Lancashire man from near Bolton. I think he had been working with cotton ginning machinery. Since we both were heading for England, we decided to stick together.

We crossed the Mediterranean as usual. At Marseilles, the customs were very easy, and as usually they were a bit sticky, I thought this was very funny. As we were drinking coffee in the station cafe while waiting for the train there came an announcement over the radio, in French of course. I made out that the "phoney" war was over; the Germans were attacking in force, and Paris had been declared an open city.

Ackroyd asked me, "What are we going to do now?"

"It's no use trying to get back on the ship," I told him. "We might as well use our tickets and go to Paris, and take our chances there."

All was normal on the train, and we would not have known that we were riding into danger. In Paris we took a taxi across the city to the Gare du Nord and discovered that there were no trains running to the channel ports. It was expected that there would be some, but no one knew when. We went out on the Rue de Dunkerque (a name we were soon to know too well) and along to the Hotel Gare du Nord. When we were settled there, we went back to the station and tipped a porter to come to the hotel and tell us when a train would be going.

In Paris one would hardly have known there was a war. All the lights were on at night; shops were open; business seemed to be as usual. But we did discover that many were leaving the city for the channel coast, though not by train then. The service at the hotel was wonderful. We wandered about the nearby streets, and back of the station found a market. There they were selling women's clothes, from lingerie to fur coats. Some of these had been sold by people leaving, and were dirt cheap. I had enough luggage with one bag and was only interested in getting home, so I didn't buy anything.

But George Ackroyd said, "I'm going to take some of these home to my wife," and bought a great armful of clothing, including furs. He had to go out and buy a new bag to hold it.

The first and second days we kept going to the station to see if there were any news, but there was none. Then about 10:30 on the morning of the third day the porter came rushing across to the hotel and said that there was a train leaving for Calais in half an hour.

We threw our belongings into our bags and hurried to the station. We thought we might have to stand, but the train was only comfortably full. Maybe people hadn't found out that the train was going.

At eleven we pulled out from the station and went slowly through the countryside. On the sidings at the left of the tracks, as we went along, there were long rows of grey hospital cars with red crosses painted on the sides. This wasn't a very good sign for us. We began to hear cannon in the distance, the sounds getting louder as we progressed. When we were somewhere near to Amiens the shells were passing overhead. The train stopped right in the middle of it.

There seemed to be no hurry to get started again. We tried to find the conductor, but couldn't find him at all. Then Ackroyd said to me, "I'm getting tired of this. Let's go along to the driver and see what's happening."

We went forward on the train to the end of the corridor, then got down on the ground and walked alongside. The shells were still passing over, and we wondered when they might range in on us. When we got to the engine, we climbed up on the foot plate. George had no trouble; he was big, and could get his leg up, but I wasn't his size and had a bit of a struggle. The driver was a fairly old man, but the fireman was young and husky, and he got a bit nasty.

Ackroyd picked up a shovel and said to me, "grab something, and if he gets funny, hit 'im."

Then he asked me, "Can you drive one of these things?" I said, "Well, I've driven a steam roller a little way, but I could have a good try."

He said, "Right! Do you know any French?"

"A few words."

"That's a few words more than I know. I don't speak any. What do you say for 'Go on! Move!'"

"I think it's 'Allez, allez,' or something like that."

When the driver and fireman saw that I meant to drive the train, they decided to go on, with us holding shovels in our hands ready to bash them if they wouldn't go. The driver was frightened and gave me no trouble.

They got the train moving, and pretty soon, gosh, there were some shells going over again, and what did they do but stop the train again. We really did have a fight then. I couldn't have tackled it by myself, but Ackroyd could handle the fireman. I know when I'm too small. We tried to explain to them that it was best to keep going rather than to stop there. Eventually we got started once more.

At Amiens the railroad branches, left to Boulogne and right to Calais. We took the right track, and before long we stopped again, for there were a lot of British soldiers. We shouted down to a Guards sergeant and asked him what the position was.

He yelled up, "It's no good coming along here. We're fighting a rear-guard action. Back up the train and take the other track. You might get out of Boulogne."

We backed the train up, took the left track, and got into Boulogne. A French channel ferry, the New Haven, was waiting there. We managed to get on that, but I've never been in a thing so packed in all my life. We were just squashed together, on deck and below. As we crossed the channel, we could see dog fights between British and German planes off toward Calais.

At Folkstone the ship had to go in stern first. The captain of the ship must have been excited, as he rammed straight into the jetty, and shifted a couple of big piles out of it. There was a shouting match between the captain and the Harbor Master, who was pulling his hair and yelling at the captain and cursing him in French.

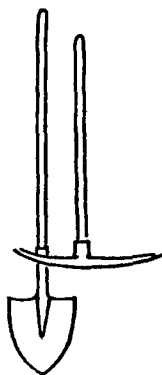
I went to the letter H in customs and cleared rather quickly. As I went out to the train I looked across to A. Ackroyd had all his ladies' lingerie and furs which he had bought in Paris laid out on the bench and was fighting with the custom's official. I never saw him again.

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Today Tim leaves Luxor for the last time in the service of the Oriental Institute. For thirty-eight years he has taken care of the buildings and equipment, and seen that the Epigraphic Survey has kept running. No one else has served the expedition as long, and no one else deserves more thanks from the Oriental Institute for what he has done.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Francis Nims
Field Director



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

İçme Posta Memurlugu
İçme, Elazig, Turkey
August 15, 1970

FIELD REPORT ON THE FIRST AND SECOND WEEKS OF EXCAVATION AT
KORUCUTEPE, TURKEY

For our third season of excavation at this Bronze Age mound in eastern Turkey we hired workers, as planned, on August 3 and started digging on August 4. By now we have 62 villagers working on the site.

In our first season we had established the various occupation periods during which the mound had built up to its present height of 50 ft. In the process, we had found 12 seal impressions which firmly linked our area to the Hittite Empire of the 13th century B.C.

During our second campaign we cleared several architectural complexes along the periphery of the mound: (1) a domestic area, the burned contents of which yielded a date about 2650 B.C. and testified to the lush vegetation in that era, known as the Early Bronze Age of eastern Anatolia; (2) a fortification system on parallel stone foundations, interrupted by square towers at every 50 ft. and by semi-subterranean passages at two points. It was destroyed by fire about 1650 B.C.; (3) a residential quarter of Hittite Empire times (probably 14th century B.C.) with its washing and drainage facilities; and (4) an establishment of the colorful but technologically regressive Early Iron Age of eastern Anatolia (after about 1150 B.C.).

In spite of all this digging activity, the center of our 5-acre mound remained intact, potentially hiding the most important buildings of these successive occupation phases. Consequently our program for this year was to cut a trench right through the heart of the mound and extend sideways wherever a building of some importance would appear.

Only two peripheral operations continue: in one of them (K 13) Roelof Brandt (U. of Amsterdam) hopes to establish the character and date of our earliest settlement. Its friable pottery occasionally shows simplified human figures in relief. A horned figurine may also represent a human being. Slightly higher upslope (K 12) Carl Vikstrom (U. of Texas) is working his way down through 3rd-millennium levels to reach the top of the "Chalcolithic" level, consisting of a group of two-room plastered mud brick houses which burned early in the 4th millennium B.C.

Eight of our twelve students are concentrated on a north-south swath that our architect James Knudstad has laid out over the highest part of the mound and is continuing to mastermind. In O 12 Diederik Meijer (U. of Amsterdam) is finding the familiar hard-plastered floors and low mud brick wall stubs of the early 3rd millennium B.C., with their clay "andirons" or portable hearth rims and black burnished pottery. The adjoining O 13, supervised by Harold Wolff (U. of Chicago), contains particularly hard-packed material of the same type, including a partly domed bread oven with ash channel.

In O 14 Hendrik Stoepker (U. of Amsterdam) has the north end of a complex of yellow-plastered red, yellow or gray mud bricks. Its walls, at first 3 ft. wide, were later doubled in thickness and linked to a partly circular clay structure (diameter 6 ft.), which widens at the top. O 14 is being extended westward in order to investigate this enigmatic feature. Michael Desrochers (UCLA) is getting the central part of the colorful mud brick complex in his square O 15. A yellow-plastered doorway is beginning to appear. The Pottery found at this level (black burnished with grooved rims) indicates a date later in the 3rd millennium B.C. Bird-headed human and cored animal figurines confirm this date. In O 16 Alfred Simms (City University of New York) has the southern part of the multicolored wall system, with large storage vessels high up in the debris. The hump sitting on the center of our mound, long thought to be a recent feature, is thus turning out to predate the year 2000 B.C.

In O 17, at a point where bulldozers had scraped away later levels, another burned room of the early 3rd millennium B.C. has appeared. Willem Douwes (U. of Utrecht) has worked overtime to clear, consolidate and record its rich inventory: clay trefoil-mouthed andiron, two jars with the familiar "ladder" and "quartered lozenge" patterns in relief, two pot stands, grinding slab and pebble, and numerous bowls.

The adjoining O 18 should soon be yielding similar material, but thus far Ayse Daher (our draftsman's Turkish-born wife) has come upon the stone-founded houses that were sunk into the southern and eastern slopes of the mound in Hittite Empire times. Predominantly orange pottery made by mass production methods characterizes this occupation. Dr. Govert van Driel (U. of Leiden) has found similar remains, including two stone walls 3 ft. wide and 3 ft. high, in his square O 19. Bronze pins and needles and decorated spindle whorls are characteristic of these Hittite Empire levels. Finally, we have opened the undug part of O 20 in order to obtain an uninterrupted north-south section through the mound. This square, which yielded two additional 13th-century B.C. seal impressions last year, is alternately supervised by our registrar Dr. Philo ten Cate (U. of Amsterdam) and by our draftsman George Daher.

The other ongoing peripheral operation aims at clarifying cultural changes accompanying the fall of the Hittite Empire in the early 12th century B.C. In H 18 "Shan" Winn (UCLA) is seeking the extent of a huge stone-founded mud brick complex associated with mass-produced Hittite pottery but reused, after its rooms had filled up with debris, by an alien element. These "squatters" used iron and fashioned, by hand or on a slow wheel, burnished, incised or painted pottery reminiscent of much earlier periods. Subsequently they built some flimsy stone structures of their own and finally they constructed rubble walls with rounded corners, faced inside and out with large stones. In the adjoining H 19 Daniel Shimabuku (UCLA) is working his way down through newly found remains of the latter type, which have again yielded a rich haul of complete but lime-encrusted jars, pots and bowls.

Roberta Ellis, our volunteer pot mender, gets up at night to check whether the pots are not being eaten by her lime-removing acid. She also roams the sherd yards on the mound to find joins between the thousands of pot fragments found scattered in the debris.

Susan Wineberg, another volunteer (previously a member of Dr. Robert Whallon's University of Michigan expedition), is to coordinate the dreary but essential processing of the bulk of our finds: pot sherds which need to be classified and counted by ware and shape. In this we are greatly helped through the preparatory work done by Marilyn Buccellati, wife of our UCLA co-director, and by Elizabeth Griffin (now continuing her studies at the U. of Chicago).

Another roaming element of the staff is our photographer Jean Grant, who divides her time between excavation shots (some precariously taken from a portable tower), object shots in an improvised studio, and developing and printing in an improvised darkroom.

Finally we should reveal the jealously guarded device that makes an expedition of this unwieldy size function successfully: locally known as Madame, it is Frances Guterbock, who works from before breakfast to long after dinner at feeding, clothing, healing and generally supplying the expedition and its members with all necessities.

Hans Guterbock

Hans Guterbock

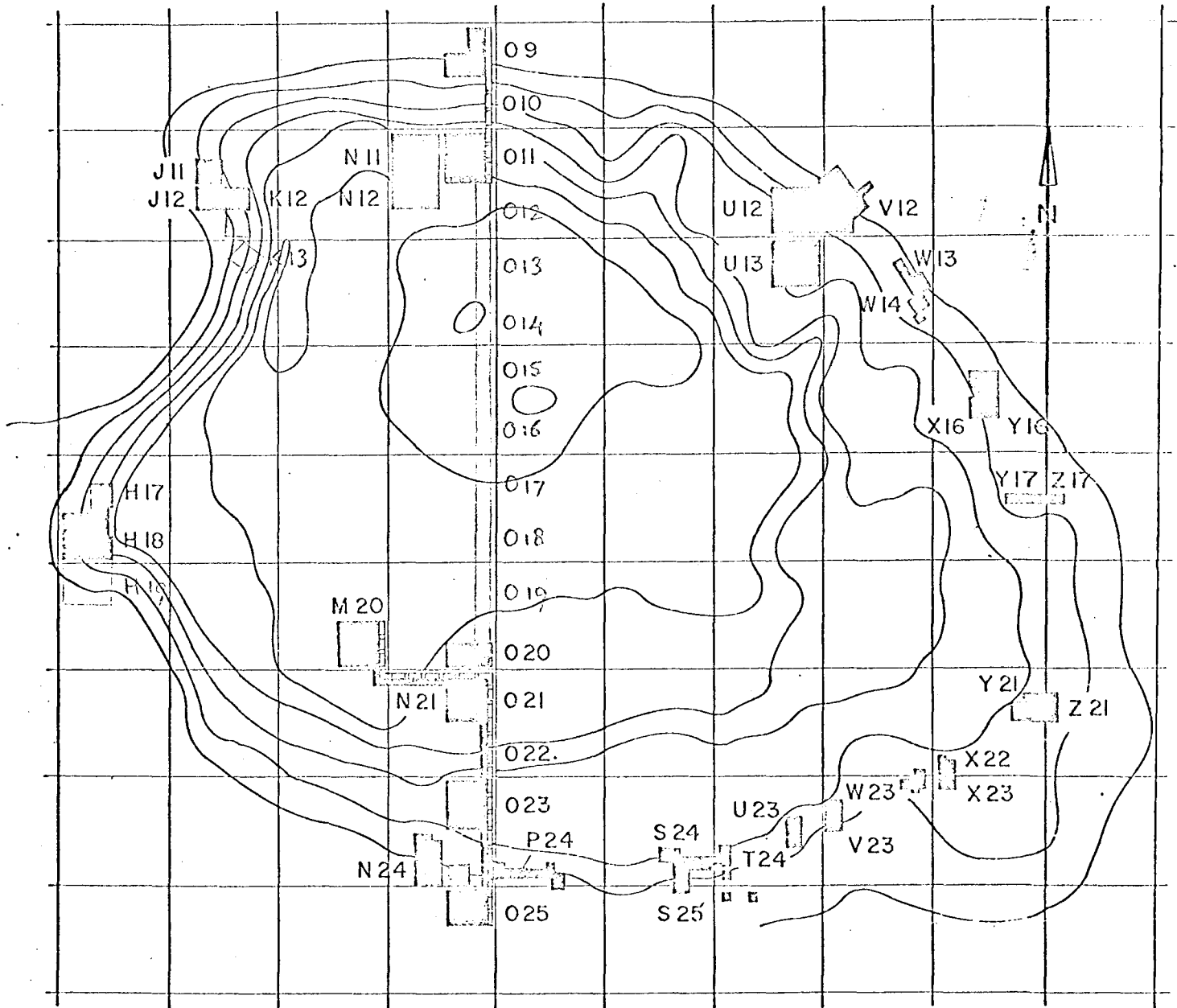
Maurits van Loon

Maurits van Loon

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Philo Houwink ten Cate

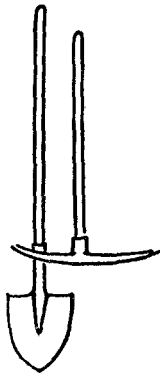
KORUCU TEPE



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CONTOUR INTERVAL 2 METERS



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Ergani, Turkey
Oct. 4, 1970

Greetings:

This, being Sunday, is the first day of relative peace and quiet since we arrived here on Sept. 20th. Our Joint Istanbul-Chicago Prehistoric project thus begins its 3rd field season in southeastern Turkey, this time – most happily – in a house of our own. But the house was far from finished when the first of us arrived (we're 26 in all), and just to complicate matters most of our new hands were so anxious to get going that they turned up ahead of schedule. For the first three or four days, it was really a hectic scramble getting unpacked, setting up eating and sleeping facilities, untangling the gear and supplies we had left here but for which no inventory of contents – box by box – could be found. It is always a rude shock each time I return to the field (I tend to forget it in between) to find myself much more a sort of combined tour-guide, hotel manager, carpenter, plumber and jack-of-all trades than an archeologist. Linda feels the same, although her responsibilities trend in the direction of kitchen, laundry and account keeping. I suppose that over the years (it's also a rude shock to recall I had my own first field season just 40 years ago!) we have learned to judge just how long it will take to train local household help and just how much competence we can expect of local craftsmen and how much it is far simpler and quicker to do for ourselves. It has taken us all this time to even begin to shake down; there still isn't hot water for baths, but there **is water**; there still isn't anything but smelly kerosene lamps but **there will be electricity** by next Thursday; there still are not adequate shelves, counters, tables and closets, but the carpenter has gone north to get lumber and promises to have his adequate supply by Tuesday, etc., etc., etc. Nonetheless, we are now eating, sleeping and generally living quite happily.

Last Thursday, we began to dig at the later of our two sites Gerik-i-Haciyan (ca. 4750 B.C. or a bit earlier), because Dr. Patty Jo Watson, who will superintend excavations there, was short-changed last time due to early rains, and also because we thought that arrangements for the use of the land would be simpler there. Not so. Since our last (1968) season, an incipient feud in the village has broken into the open; the village headman and his party vs. the man who owns the land where the Gerik-i-Haciyan site sits. It took Halet (the Turkish co-director, Prof. Halet Çambel of Istanbul University) a total of about ten hours talking (in three sessions) to iron things out. As well as village politics, the situation is complicated by the fact that there was a drought this year, the people are very poor, and are over-eager (even demanding) to be given work. But by yesterday afternoon Patty had things well under control and her routine was functioning smoothly.

- 2 -

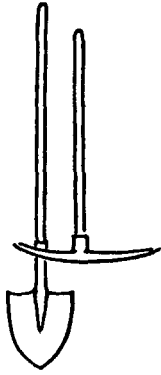
We will shift to the earlier (ca. 7000 B.C.) and nearer site, Çayönü, in about a fortnight. In this way the work on both sites will be assured of at least a beginning spell of clear weather, also each site's crew will have time at the house to properly clean, register and record their yields. At the moment, the crew assigned to Çayönü is clearing away some hold-overs from the last season. Getting the yields of our excavations processed is, of course, a bit more complicated in Turkey than it has been elsewhere in the Near East since no antiquities may be sent back to Chicago for work in our basement laboratory in the Institute. Turkish regulations also forbid us to work two sites at once, hence another necessity for this alternating fortnightly plan of excavations.

For all its complications, it's wonderful to be back at work again in southwest Asia. The ill winds from the south have not bothered us at all up here – were it not for B.B.C.'s nightly radio news, we would not have known anything was happening. The weather is lovely – ca. 80° by noontime, 45° at night. Next time, I should be able to say something about what we are finding.

Best of cheer,

BOB BRAIDWOOD

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Ankara, November 1st, 1970.

Hans and I are back in Ankara from the excavation at Korucutepe near Elâzığ and are fast recovering from the last hectic days when everything converged: accounts, dismantling and shipping of equipment to the Technical Academy at Elâzığ, and the cholera threat that made last minute shifts of travel arrangements necessary.

We had a delightful, if at times exciting season. As a group, it was a pleasant experience in international living. Kemal Can, the representative of the Turkish Department of Antiquities, contributed greatly to this harmony, as he helped us in all local difficulties and became a real friend to us. Our seven Dutchmen represented the European sector of our group and had not only brought vast quantities of Dutch cocoa and instant pudding but a tremendous capacity for dedicated work coupled with detailed knowledge of the conservation of objects, the making and firing of pottery, and the identification of charred grain. Of the Chicagoans among the American members of the team, Jean Grant, our hard working photographer, became famous for her candid camera and for her collection of Syrian rugs with luscious representations of harem ladies, but also because she was allowed to go up in the helicopter of the local army camp to photograph our mound. Harold Wolff of the University of Chicago made history because of his picturesque straw hat and his fabulous Turkish vocabulary consisting of three words with which he covered all situations: *yok*, *çok*, and *lazim* ("there isn't, very much, necessary").

We were at one time 26 members at Korucutepe, as we had interested scholars staying with us during the season. Charles Reed with son Allen and his assistant, John McArdle (U. of Illinois Circle Campus) had to be farmed out to a nearby dormitory including their bone collection just at the time when the President of the Turkish Republic was expected for one night to stay at the guest house of the old sugar factory on whose premises we occupied another dorm. So they had to share their quarters with eight soldiers from the President's guard. Another visitor was Bill Lazarus, a student of the U. of C. College, who hitchhiked through Turkey with a backpack and was viewed by our two servants, Haydar and Hasan, with great pity because they thought he must be very poor for having to carry all his belongings and to ask for car rides. They had the expedition bicycle to ride on, which they used so thoroughly that it had major breakdowns of tires and pedals almost every day, so that they were always found fixing it rather than washing the dishes.

By that time Roberta Ellis had left us to resume her commitments with Lyric Opera which she had farmed out in order to mend our pots, fold and mend our laundry, and help us through difficult decisions during a strike of the workers on the mound. The *büyük teyze* (big aunt, in contrast to *teyze* "aunt" alone as they called me) got the greatest compliment from our laundress who said with admiration of her "This is a woman with a head on her shoulders."

Our "*múdlir*", Maurits van Loon, held all this together with patience and understanding. The vicissitudes of camp life like missing tools, flat tires, empty bottled-gas containers, no water, no electricity, could never deter him from the main purpose of his mission, archaeology. He could be seen at all times, giving advice, examining finds and notebooks, with occasionally a cluster of grapes in hand or eating a very large slice of the local bread (*pide*) for sustenance.

We, Hans and Frances Gúterbock, can only say that we enjoyed our role of liaison officers between the camp and the local authorities and the villagers, and that we are very sorry to leave the beautiful valley of Altinova, our excavation at Korucutepe, and our friends for this time.

Frances Gúterbock

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The 1970 season of Korucutepe lasted from August 3 to October 22; up to 60 workers were employed on the mound. The expedition included students from various American universities whose participation was made possible through grants of the Ford Foundation, as well as Dutch students supported by the University of Amsterdam. On the technical staff, supported by the National Science Foundation, were our architect, Jim Knudstad, who patiently aided the students in their problems with mudbricks and profiles beside his own task of mapping and drawing; Jean Grant, the efficient photographer; and George Daker, who drew immeasurable pots and objects with precision and skill. Professor Philo Houwink ten Cate headed the Dutch contingent and worked with great patience as recorder of finds besides digging his own square.

In order to gain an overall picture of the settlements, a trench was dug along the north-south axis of the mound, connecting the areas dug in 1968 and 1969 at either end. Intersecting it at about the widest point of the mound a series of intermittent short trenches was laid from east to west in order to test the extent of the second millennium occupation. In addition, two areas on the west edge were excavated: one (in K 12-13) to clear levels exposed by the bulldozer years ago, the other (H 18-19) in order to continue last year's work.

Virgin soil was reached by Roel Brandt (U. of Amsterdam) in K 13 at 63 feet below the summit of the mound. Above it the earliest architectural level appeared, consisting of two yellow-plastered mudbrick walls enclosing a room with a plastered floor. The pottery is of the black-burnished local "Early Chalcolithic" ware. Some Halaf-like and Ubaid-like sherds indicate a date between 4500 and 4000 B.C. for this first settlement at our site.

This house was covered by 6 feet of water-laid deposits, above which the area was reoccupied by a mudbrick structure twice rebuilt. Among the pottery associated with it there are types apparently imported from the south.

Above another accumulation of ca. 12 feet of occupation remains, Shan Winn (U.C.L.A.) in the adjoining square K 12 reached the house previously visible in the section. As mentioned in earlier reports, this level is dated by Carbon 14 to around 3500 B.C.

Above it, belonging to the "Late Chalcolithic" phase of the end of the fourth millennium, two brick-lined adult graves were found near an infant burial in a pot. In the first grave, cleared by Carl Vikstrom (U. of Texas), lay a lady richly adorned with hundreds of tiny limestone beads which once formed a belt, bracelets and anklets, a silver diadem as well as a crescent-shaped gorget and a pair of

hair spirals of the same material. When Carl left bets were taken as to whether another grave would turn up, and those in favor won: Shan found a double burial of the same type close to the first. The man had a mace with iron-ore head, a silver wrist-guard and a copper dagger; his lady, whose head had been cut off by a later pit, still had a unique silver bracelet-stamp seal engraved with a wild goat near her arm.

Of the next phase, "Early Bronze Age I", only a few sherds were found in our excavation though it is quite common at neighboring sites. "Early Bronze II", however, is well represented both north and south of the hillock sticking up on top of the mound. In O 12 Dan Shimabuku (U.C.L.A.) reached the burnt complex of c. 2500 partly exposed in 1968. An idol and high-fired pottery connect this culture with Syria of Early Dynastic to Akkad times. South of the hillock, in O 17, Willem Douwes (U. of Utrecht) found on the floor of a room about thirty hand-made black or brown burnished storage jars, cooking pots, bowls, lids, and potstands. Three of the large jars are decorated in relief with complex geometric patterns including very stylized quadrupeds.

The next phase, "Early Bronze III" (c. 2300-2000), is characterized at our site by a different type of occupation, apparently limited to a single, heavy-walled building the ruins of which left a conical hillock on the center of the mound. Much of our effort has gone into clearance of the main phase of this yellow mudbrick structure, which was subsequently rebuilt with red mudbricks. Its central feature is a whitewashed hall measuring 18 x 24 feet and accessible from the south. Against the east wall a podium 3 feet high had been erected and in front of this, on a plastered circular platform, there were three semicircular clay "andirons", the largest one 9 feet in diameter and each one holding a smaller version of itself between its "arms". Their triangular façades are framed by double grooves and taper downward, creating an unsurmountable conservation problem. Only the "child" has been transported to the Elâziğ Museum storeroom, "mother" and "father" were covered up by plastic sheets and earth to protect them against winter rains. Next to this triple feature stood a large pottery stand, and into a clay strut supporting it from behind a copper dagger and an antler had been incorporated. Otherwise the hall had been cleared of its contents and filled with bricks before its rebuilding at a higher level, which had almost completely eroded away. This feature was cleared for the most part by Henk Stoepker (U. of Amsterdam), while Mike Desrochers (U.C.L.A.), Harold Wolff (U. of Chicago), Al Simms (City U. N. Y.) and Ayşe Daher dug, at different times, the adjoining sections.

Since we did not dig in the area of the city wall of the Middle Bronze Age found last year, only scattered finds of this period were made this year. The Late Bronze period, in time corresponding to that of the Hittite Empire, was mainly represented in the southern part of the mound. In O 18-19, Ayşe Daher and Govert van Driel (Leiden) found that the "Hittite" buildings were built in terraces on the slope of what must then have been a high mound of Early Bronze remains. The stone foundations of the houses were adapted to this slanting ground. The southernmost house of this type, partly uncovered by Philo Houwink ten Cate (U. of Amsterdam) in O 20, contained a ridged jar painted with a red lattice band. Further south Diederik Meijer (U. of Amsterdam) linked this year's north-south section with that obtained in 1968. Unfortunately this area is much disturbed by pits. Whereas the largest of these pits had yielded hieroglyphic seal impressions on clay "bullae" in 1968 and 1969, no more of these turned up this year, but two disc-shaped seals of Middle Bronze Age type, one with a wheel design, the other with a long-necked bird, had found their way into these late pits.

One of the surprises of the season was the appearance of another, western postern gate, this time of the Late Bronze Age, in H-I 19. The huge, sagging platform of red mudbrick that had us puzzled for a long time was found by Libby Griffin (U. of Chicago) to be L-shaped in plan and to cover up a corbeled stone passage, into which we have only been able to peer. It seems to run from

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the settlement west into the platform and then to emerge from the platform going south, having made an angle similar to that in the platform above. The period of use of this fortification corresponds to the Hittite Empire (1400–1200 B.C.). A contemporary sloping passage in N 7–8 may be all that is left of a northern postern gate. Miniature pointed-base jugs were found in both places, and a bone pin decorated with a sitting hawk was found in I 19. It would seem to date to the Hittite Empire as well but turned up in an area pitted by settlers of the Early Iron Age (1200–800 B.C.) and Late Seljuk/Early Mongol times (A.D. 1200–1400). Vestiges of the same three periods appeared in Harold Wolff's square L 18 without indicating any major Hittite structure there.

Specialists who stayed with us for limited periods at different times were the following:

Dr. (Miss) Ömür Bakirer of the Middle East Technical University at Ankara, who studied and drew our Islamic pottery of the last two years as well as this year's up to the date of her visit.

Professor Jan Kalsbeek (U. of Leiden), a creative ceramicist himself, who studied our pots from the potter's viewpoint and taught us many valuable aspects of pottery-making.

Prof. Willem van Zeist (U. of Groningen) and his assistant, Johanna Heeres, studied our plant remains, and Professor Charles Reed with his assistant, John McArdle (U. of Ill. Circle Campus) identified our animal bones. Both these teams divided their time between our excavation and that of Halet Çambel and Bob Braidwood at Çayönü near Ergani, south of us.

The invaluable help of Roberta Ellis was mentioned in the more personal part of this letter, but she deserves recognition here as a real specialist in pot-mending, trained in the Oriental Institute basement.

Henk Stoepker's wife Marijke spent the second half of the season with us and helped with registry and photography; and Al Simms' wife Leila, who could only come for the last few weeks, made drawings of our decorated sherds.

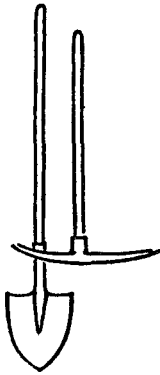
The finds were delivered to the Elâzığ Museum on October 23, and as of this writing all members who went by plane have left, while those who have to drive the expedition car back to the Netherlands are still waiting for the Turkish border to be reopened.

Greetings to all,

Hans Güterbock,

Maurits van Loon.

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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November 8, 1970
Ergani, Turkey

Greetings:

In my last letter of just over two months ago, I wrote that we were then just beginning to excavate at the site of Gerik-i-Haciyan. This is a little mound between here and the town of Diyarbakir, where Dr. Patty Jo Watson had a brief test excavation in our 1968 season. The yield seemed then (and proves to be now) pretty well restricted to the Halafian phase. So far, the Halafian has consisted of a partial inventory of materials representing a culture which flourished about 7000 years ago along the flanks of the Tauros and upper Zagros mountain ranges and which has heretofore been identified mainly by the handsome style in which some of its pottery was painted, by a few unusual bead and pendant types and by a peculiar house plan which resembles a keyhole or the plan of an Eskimo igloo. In fact, a fair part of the reason for our interest in Gerik-i-Haciyan was indeed that it is apparently a one-period site, which means that we could get directly into the levels we wanted without having first to remove tons of overburden of later materials. And it is working out this way. From the three weeks which Patty Jo and her crew have had on the site, they will be able to give some real precision to the description of a Halafian inventory, at least for this particular area of its general region of distribution. The handsome painted pottery is present but in only a relatively small proportion of the total ceramic yield. The keyhole-shaped (*tholos*) house plan is present also, as well as the fancy beads and pendants, but now we know much more of the total yield, both artifactual and non-artifactual (i.e., plant materials and animal bones, etc.). One curiosity appeared in the form of several examples of smoothed bones with what seem to have been counting marks on them. A recent study of counting marks on upper paleolithic objects has suggested the possibility of lunar notation, but Patty's bones appear to go well beyond thirty marks.

We shifted from Gerik-i-Haciyan to the much earlier (*ca.* 9000 years ago) site of Çayönü just three weeks ago. Work on Çayönü began with very promising test excavations in 1964 but yielded rather undistinguished results in 1968 (due first to bureaucratic delays and then to an early onset of the rainy season). We came out this time with a feeling that the site must yield satisfactorily now or never — and I'm most happy to say that it has been a most resounding NOW. First, we carefully stayed away from the portions of the mound which Chuck Redman's surface survey showed to have been affected by a later pottery-using occupation. We laid on twice as many men as we've worked with here before (in fair part because this season we have about double the number of graduate student supervisors, both Americans and Turks, almost all with previous experience), and this has resulted in a far greater area exposed than we have ever had. Probably most important has been our luck — in absolutely fine weather, in a fine and eager crew of supervisors, in the fact that at least some of the local workmen have now had two previous seasons' experience, but most of all, just plain good luck in the areas we chose to expose. A full description of the yield will have to wait until we come home and can show color

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slides. In brief, Çayönü has continued to be full of technological and architectural surprises for its time and expected level of cultural development.

You'll perhaps recall that our real goal is understanding of the early achievement and first consequences of plant and animal domestication - what went on as the so-called food-producing revolution took place. Thus, we've been concerned from the beginning of the Prehistoric Project's work with the kinds of plant and animal remains present. This season, Prof. Charles A. Reed (University of Illinois, Chicago Circle) has been handling the animal bones and Dr. Willem van Zeist (University of Groningen, The Netherlands) has been on plants. With much better contexts now exposed than in the earlier seasons, there is much material for them both to work on. Charlie is just finishing the study of the bones from Patty's site (sheep, goat, pig as sure domesticates, plus the bones of large cattle, which may hint that on this Halafian site only wild, i.e., hunted, cattle were known), so he cannot yet say what this year's study may add to Barbara Lawrence's 1968 Çayönü list of sheep, pig, dog, and possibly goat. Willem is now sure he sees emmer wheat, peas, lentils and possibly a vetch as domesticated plants, on Çayönü, plus another vetch, pistachio, almond and acorns as collected foods.

This food complex (some domesticates, still much wild food), plus the radiocarbon age determinations (ca. 7200 B.C. as a rough average), plus the lack of pottery would suggest that Çayönü was at an early phase in the course of the food-producing revolution. Already from the 1964 season, however, we knew that Çayönü held some surprises, for its architecture was considerably more elaborate than we would normally have guessed, and the appearance of copper pins, a drill or reamer and several copper beads were completely unexpected. This year, bits of copper have continued to come. Yesterday, fragments of a curious sort of gypsum plaster "pottery" turned up; simple low bowl-like forms of this material are known to have preceded normal pottery in appearance along the Levantine littoral and on some middle Euphrates sites. Two and probably three further examples of a still unexplained grill-like stone foundation type have turned up, and below one of these a further wave-like floor surface with what appears to be a light plaster coating is now being cleared. We first encountered such a thing at Jarmo in the 1950/51 season but have never had an adequate explanation for it. Hopefully we may yet get one.

The real architectural stunner so far, however, is the fragmentary but still reasonably comprehensible plan of a large structure with a hard floor of such construction that one must use the word terrazzo for it. Most of its fine stone chips are of a salmon color (possibly a hard, naturally ochre-stained limestone), but there are also lines of white marble chips and occasional chips of stone of other colors. These had been spread over a tough mortar (full of egg-sized limestone chips) while the mortar was still soft, then smoothly polished once the surface had hardened. Were such a floor to appear in a building of Roman times, I would not bat an eyelash; yet this building and its floor were clearly overlaid in part by a well-preserved stone foundation of a succeeding building phase, and there were absolutely no traces of the pottery and lamp fragments or coins or other items of a Roman inventory which should have been there were it an intrusive building. In fact, as I said above, the yields from all of our operations this season are of a consistent inventory, potteryless and heavy on flint, obsidian and ground stone tools which do fit with the Sears Roebuck catalogues of eight or nine thousand years ago, as we understand them. The building with the terrazzo floor has other odd features, too. Its walls were provided with inner buttresses; there is a well-made low bench or step along what we take to be the back wall;

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there is a curious half-round curb of dressed stone; there is even a smoothed slab of stone with a shallow basin-like top and what appears to be a half-life-size human face in full-face low relief. I have a congenital aversion to archeological explanations which refer any unusual type of building feature to some sacred purpose, but I've never found a building which I have such a difficult time assuming to have been a normal domestic structure.

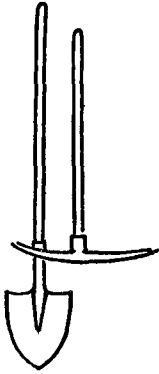
In sum, Çayönü gives us every assurance of having been occupied by people who lived not too long after plants and animals were first domesticated in the Near East. At the same time, its yield appears to be telling us that these people were far from being fumbling beginners in at least some of the crafts and technologies which we've heretofore believed to be much later achievements. Among other things this can mean that our earlier understandings of how cultural change proceeded just prior to, with and immediately following mankind's great shift to food production were faulty understandings. I suspect this is indeed so, and it also feels pleasant to be correcting one's own earlier misconceptions. A great historian (I can't recall who) once said that every new generation must write its account of history anew. I guess it follows that after every new field season, an archeologist must rewrite the history of the site he's digging.

See you soon after Christmas, and we out here all hope you'll have a fine one.

As ever,

BOB BRAIDWOOD

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Chicago House, Luxor
United Arab Republic
27 November 1970

Dear Friends:

We arrived in Cairo on September 28th, in the hours between the death of President Gamal Abdel-Nasser and its announcement. It was nearly midnight when we heard the cries of the people in the streets about our hotel. As we could see no police about, we judged that this was not a political demonstration; only early in the morning did we turn on our radio and learn the sad cause of the people's lament.

The people of Egypt, and most of those who live about the shores of the Mediterranean, are more demonstrative in their grief than we of western traditions. For the next two days the streets were crowded with the old and the young, men and women, many weeping openly. Some carried pictures of the late president draped in black, and signs proclaiming their sense of loss and their loyalty to Nasser and his programs. As they went along the streets they sang songs and dirges which the mourners composed as they marched.

By Wednesday evening traffic was in chaos, taxis difficult to find, and an estimated two or more million people in the streets. Throughout the two days every train had been crowded with people from other parts of Egypt coming to the capital. The hotels which housed the foreign dignitaries who had come to pay homage were surrounded by security troops. Nothing which happened proved these to have been necessary, but the government felt its responsibility to assure the safety of these distinguished visitors, as it always has.

It is often forgotten that before the revolution of 1952 Egypt had long been under foreign domination of one kind or another. That then, for the first time in more than two thousand years, the Egyptian nation was headed by a man of Egyptian blood, and a common man at that, was one of the things which endeared Gamal Abdel-Nasser to his people.

We had accepted the invitation of Mrs. Scarzella, of Garden City House, to view the funeral cortege from a window of her pension. Our vantage point was about 200 yards from the eastern end of the Kasr-el-Nil bridge, on the fourth floor, with no intervening buildings. Early comers had mounted the lions which flank the bridge and the towers beside them, and the crowd was growing. A photographer hopefully set up his movie camera in the middle of the road, pointing it down the bridge. Long before the mounted generals at the head of the parade appeared, this position had been engulfed by the mass of people. I don't know what happened to the photographer.

The cortege moved slowly through the pressing crowd, and when the flag-draped coffin appeared only the white middle stripe of the flag was visible. The visiting dignitaries were forced to leave the procession early because of the mass of people. One American diplomat was caught in the slowly moving parade and could not extricate himself until he had crossed the bridge; another American walked with our minister back to the latter's home at the north end of the island from which the parade started; this island is known by the Arabic word, the "Gezira."

As soon as the coffin had passed the end of the bridge and turned northward, the crowd at that point quietly dispersed. Though it took several hours for the procession to reach the mosque where the body of the President was laid to rest, by noon the center of Cairo was relatively quiet. The mosque is not far from the home of Labib and Atiya Habachi, and a week later the boulevard by it was blocked by the people coming to pay homage to their beloved late President.

It will be several years before his position in history can be rightly assessed. Probably even then the conclusions will be colored by the political views of the writers. Perhaps many will come to agree with the words of a British diplomat broadcast the day following Nasser's death. Speaking of the Suez crisis in 1958, he said, "In the ensuing months we treated him as an enemy when we should have sought him as a friend."

Now two months have passed, and all things have been normal. The work of the expedition goes on as usual. The Flieges and ourselves came to Luxor a week before the beginning of the season to get Chicago House ready for others. The remaining members of the staff, the same as last season except for John Healey, who retired, had difficulty in getting transportation, but were able to book on the early morning plane from Cairo on October 15th.

As most of you know, the first stage of the documentation of the scenes and inscriptions is the taking of photographs of the subjects. The Field Director has been the photographer since 1946, and this is still part of his work. Most of the photography necessary for this season must be done at considerable heights. A news letter of 1953 described our photography and told about the equipment we use for high places. Since many of our members never saw this letter, and others may have forgotten it, I can do no better than quote the description I wrote then.

"A few years ago the Epigraphic Survey acquired from another expedition the 'Mond Railway,' an apparatus designed by the late Sir Robert Mond for use in photographing higher walls. The track is made of sections of three inch pipe, easily demountable. The car is about 2 x 3 feet, heavy and solid, and from its center rises a column of four inch pipe. The sections of this can be built up to about 25 feet, and by setting the railway on a platform we have worked with the camera 30 feet above the ground. The "seat" which carries the camera can be moved up and down the column. However, the photographer must work on a ladder, and since 20 feet is the height of our tallest stepladder, if the camera is to be used above this height it must be close to a wall or column, on which an extension ladder can lean. This apparatus can be erected and moved in about one tenth the time of conventional scaffolding, and has been a great time saver."

The particular scenes to which we first turned our attention for photography are just under the roof of the portico of the court of the Temple of Khonsu. There is little room between the wall and the inner of the double row of columns. In one corner a ceiling block is missing, letting in some light, but very unevenly lighting the relief. The others are quite dark, and a photograph of them as naturally lit would show almost nothing.

Therefore we covered the hole in the roof with curtains, hung curtains between the columns, and blocked out most light which fell on the reliefs and flattened them to the eye and camera. With

mirrors and reflectors we brought in the sun, and painted the scenes with an oblique light. Thus we were able to bring out the features of the reliefs and make them sharp and clear enough to register well on the negative, which was the source of enlargements for drawing.

The newsletter of early last February mentioned a scene showing Amon and Amunet of the "Hearing ear," with a small royal figure named "Amenhotep-of-the-Date-Palm." Only in the past few days, when collating the drawing with the wall, did we discover that this badly damaged figure was that of a royal child. In his left hand he holds a bird, grasped by the wings, and from the bend of his right elbow we feel certain that he was shown with his finger in his mouth. So much of the relief was effaced that we cannot tell whether this child wore the sidelock, which should be part of the conventional representation of a male child. All this becomes, to quote Alice, "Curiouser and curiouser."

The deliberate effacement of most of the figures of the king and the deities, and of the hieroglyphs which represented living beings, and the elaborate painted patterns in the preserved sections, slow up the completion of the drawings. The painted patterns often are at variance with the relief, and sometimes rubbed so badly that their exact lines are in doubt. We wish to record all that is certain, but try to avoid being misled by traces which seem to indicate a pattern quite different from that which probably was drawn originally.

The most active of the other archaeological expeditions in the Luxor area is the Franco-Egyptian Center in Karnak. In order to prepare for the expected "Son et Lumiere" program for Karnak, this team worked through most of the summer. For the first time the great complex of Karnak is receiving the scientific attention that has been long lacking. And if the new issue of the journal *Kemi* is evidence, we may expect prompt publication of the results.

Dieter Arnold, of the German Archaeological Institute, is working on the publication of the tomb of a general named Intef which the Germans have excavated, and the great number of fragments of relief of the mortuary temple of the Mentuhotep generally designated the Third. These fragments are now widely distributed. Under the corners of this temple, late last season, were found deposits missed by the earlier investigators. Some of the objects seem to be unparalleled and the interpretation of them will take considerable investigation and imagination.

Sergio Donadoni of the University of Rome had a short season of excavation about a Saitic tomb which was intruded into the causeway of Thutmosis III just to the east of the road which crosses it. Herman De Meulenaere and his colleagues, of the Fondation Egyptologique of Brussels, excavated just over a fortnight about the entrance of the Tomb of Kheruef. Their most important find, buried just beneath the surface, was the empty inner wooden coffin of the well known Saite official Ibi, who was buried nearby.

At the close of this season the dean of foreign Egyptologists, Herbert Ricke, Director of the Swiss Archaeological Institute, retires. The short excavations in the area of the west portico of the second court of the mortuary temple of Amenhotep III, have been carried on by his long time assistant and Director designate, Gerhard Haeny.

The Polish team working on the restoration of the upper terrace of the mortuary temple of Hatshepsut, Deir el-Bahri, arrived a few days ago. So far no other American archaeological expedition has taken the field this season, but we understand that David O'Connor, of the Pennsylvania Museum, hopes to start work on a site in this area in the near future.

There are few visitors, but there is no reason within this country why they should not come. We hope to see some of you before the end of the season.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
CHICAGO • ILLINOIS 60637

Cables: ORINST CHICAGO

1155 EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

December, 1970

Dear Members:

Since the fall series of lectures on Egyptian history and civilization was so successful, this winter the Oriental Institute is having an eight week course of one lecture a week on "The Art, Archaeology, Religion and Cultural History of Egypt". These would be illustrated lectures and Thomas Logan, B.A. and Ph.D. Candidate in Egyptology, has again consented to do this series for us.

The series would start on Tuesday, February 9th, and continue on each Tuesday thereafter through Tuesday, March 31st. The lectures will be held at the Oriental Institute from 5:30 to 7:00 P.M. The price is \$30.00 for members and \$40.00 for non-members.

This will be a study program and it will be necessary to have a minimum of thirty participants. If you are interested in this series of lectures on Egypt, will you please fill in the form at the bottom of the page, tear it off, and mail it to me at the Oriental Institute with your cheque.

Thank you for your interest.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John Livingood, Museum Secretary

I would be interested in the series of lectures on Egyptian History - Art, Archaeology, Religion and Culture - to be held at the Oriental Institute, February 9th through March 31st, 1971. I enclose my cheque for _____

Signature _____

Address _____

Telephone _____

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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CHICAGO • ILLINOIS 60637

Cables: ORINST CHICAGO

1155 EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

4 January 1971

Dear Friends of the Oriental Institute:

This is to announce a meeting, on Wednesday evening, January 20th, for all of you who may be interested in the Oriental Institute's 1971 Study Tour of Iran. The meeting will be held at The Fortnightly of Chicago, 120 East Bellevue Place, at seven-thirty.

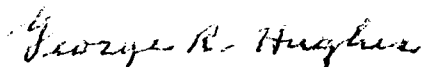
I hope that all who are thinking of joining the Tour, whether you have yet signed up or not, will join us there. Carl and Irene Haines will be there. We will offer you dessert and coffee, and then Carl will talk about details of the Tour, and answer questions. You can count on an early adjournment.

To refresh your memory about the Tour schedule: it will leave Chicago on April 5th and return on April 28th, but arrangements can be made to depart from other points, or to join in Rome or Teheran. The itinerary makes the most of ancient archeological sites in the areas of Ahwaz, Persepolis and Hamadan, as well as the cities of Shiraz and Isfahan and the shore of the Caspian. Carl Haines, who will be the leader, has been the Oriental Institute's Field Architect (at Persepolis among many other sites) and Assistant Professor of Archeology for many years.

You may obtain full information about travel arrangements from Mr. H. Juergen Krenzian, Paul L. Klein Travel Service, Inc., 100 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60603, Telephone (312) 782-5343.

I hope to welcome many of you on January twentieth. Please fill out the enclosed card if you plan to come.

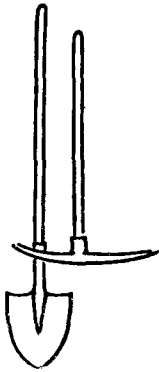
Yours sincerely,



George R. Hughes
Director

gfs:m

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Chicago House, Luxor
United Arab Republic
13 April 1971

Dear Friends:

"There's a prancing horse on the wall where I'm drawing," Reg Coleman told us. That seemed very strange, for in the religious scenes there should not be a horse. We went up and looked at it, and sure enough, there it was. But it was not in a scene from the time of Herihor; it was on one of the blocks reused from another temple. When it was set in the wall it was placed at a slight angle and the surface was smoothed off in plaster. Some of this plaster had fallen away, taking with it Herihor's scene in this spot and revealing a little of the earlier inscription which is on the stone. It proved to be part of a conventional inscription which frequently occurs over the horses of the king's chariot, "The Great First Span of His Majesty." But the name of the span, if preserved, is under the plaster, and we can only guess as to the king to whom the inscription belonged.

As we have mentioned before, there probably is not a newly quarried block in the whole Temple of Khonsu. Often traces of earlier scenes and inscriptions appear as ghosts and baffle us, for the surface in these cases has been cut back so that there is little pattern discernible. When we can make out any of the details, we draw them in a very light line, but should we be unable to make any sense out of the traces, we tend to ignore them. As reused blocks were not built into the temple in their original order, each block with traces of earlier work is by itself and bears only a small segment of one scene or inscription.

In the northeastern corner of the court is part of a chariot scene with figures of the fallen enemy. It was first noted by Champollion and published about a century ago by Prisse d'Avennes. The latter drew on his knowledge of horses in Egyptian reliefs (the Smithsonian Institution published a paper on Egyptian horses by him in 1904) to supply the missing parts, and von Bissing, looking for the whole picture, was unable to locate the relief.

Some years ago Borchardt published an account of the reused blocks of Amenhotep III and Amenhotep IV which were reused in the pylon of this temple. These have been restudied by Gerhard Haeny of the Swiss Institute and will be published by him. Many of the Amenhotep III blocks show parts of episodes of the Jubilee Festival, and will give us information which I do not believe is to be found elsewhere. The two known blocks of Amenhotep IV, or at least in the style which is associated with the new art which came in about the fourth or fifth year of his reign, are both of considerable size, reaching back into the pylon from their decorated surfaces about a yard. These are much different from the *talatat*, blocks three spans long and half this length wide and thick with which the temples decorated with the new style art were built. I doubt that these large blocks ever have been taken into consideration in the description of any of the building enterprises of the king who changed his name to Akhenaten.

- 2 -

The present temple of Khonsu was begun by Ramesses III and continued, at least in its decoration, by Ramesses IV. Then the decoration and probably the building came to a halt, to be continued again in the latter part of the reign of Ramses XI under the supervision of the First Prophet of Amon, Herihor. In a marginal inscription which David Larkin has translated for our dictionary cards he appears to have built the first hypostyle hall and the court.

Who built the temple that this one replaced we do not know, but there is in the Cairo Museum a statue of Khonsu, said to come from here, sculptured in the reign of Tutankhamen. There are preserved parts of two statues of baboons, dedicated to the combined names of Thoth-Khonsu-Moon, which have on them the cartouches of Seti I. A very damaged statue of good limestone now set in the first hypostyle hall shows what I think is a female figure of a ruler, probably Hatshepsut, with Khonsu and a goddess. Probably all these rulers contributed to the predecessor temple.

The reused blocks are from buildings of various rulers. A large red granite slab belonging originally to Amenhotep II was reversed and used as part of the doorway of the sanctuary of the bark of Khonsu decorated by Ramesses IV. The cartouche of Thutmose IV shows on one block, and another may have belonged either to him or to his grandfather Thutmose III. In the central room at the rear of the temple is a small block built into the wall which originally had the cartouche of Haremhab, later usurped by Ramesses II. A much larger block with similar origin and usurpation is over the doorway of one of the rooms off the second hypostyle hall. Other blocks of Haremhab are built into the sanctuary of the bark of Khonsu, and some can be found elsewhere in the temple. His damaged cartouche is on a slab built into the back of the pylon near the gateway, and the "prancing horse" may have come from his temple, or that of Amenhotep III.

Professor Hölscher concluded from the fragments found by him in the Mortuary Temple of Haremhab, just north of Medinet Habu, that the columns from Haremhab's temple were reused in the Temple of Khonsu. This season David Larkin found part of the cartouche of Haremhab on the capital of one of the columns, confirming Hölscher's judgment.

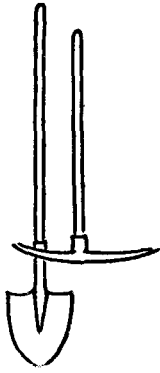
We are almost finished with the walls and columns of the court and of the first hypostyle hall. We have started drawing one of the three large gateways. Most of the architraves and some of the marginal inscriptions have yet to be photographed; this will be one of the first tasks of the next season. By the end of the season of 1971-72 we should be well into the drawing of all of the remaining scenes and inscriptions of these parts of the temple and about ready to edit their publication.

In spite of the scare headlines in the newspapers at home which we ourselves know only by report, a few members of the Oriental Institute have visited Luxor this year. There has been a rather heavy influx of tourists this spring, taxing the transportation between Cairo and Luxor. As this is written we are in the third day of a sand storm which has prevented most planes from flying. This situation delayed the visit of Carol DeVries, the wife of Carl, for two days. Because of the transportation problems some of the members of the Survey are having difficulty in getting to Cairo at the close of the season. By the time this letter reaches Chicago the books in the library will be wrapped in newspaper, the blankets and linens stored away, and, with the doors locked and sealed, the buildings will be under the supervision of our able and loyal Reis, Hagg Ibrahim Mohammed Abd-el-Rahman until our return in October.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Francis Nims
Field Director

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Luxor, Egypt 12 January 1972

Dear Members and Friends:

Most of us have learned from Han Christian Andersen or Danny Kaye that the "Emporer's New Clothes" were a bare-faced fraud. In copying the scenes in the Temple of Khonsu which are about the gateway at the rear of the pylon we have discovered that the First Prophet of Amon (High Priest) Paynedjem was given new garments in his reliefs. The problem before us is to discover which clothes are the new ones.

In the temples of Egyptian Thebes the recarving of reliefs in the reign of the ruler who had them executed, as distinguished from a later usurpation, is commoner than most scholars realize. The reasons for such changes are not always evident. Apparently sometimes it was to better the composition of the scene or the proportions of the figures. In other instances it may have been a matter of style.

A case of the first was discovered by the earliest epigraphers at Medinet Habu. In the famous scene of the naval battle on the north wall of the Mortuary Temple of Ramses III extensive alterations were made. The two versions were carefully separated and drawings of them published in the first volume from this temple. In the final volume from this temple, VIII, the private apartments of the Pharaoh in the Eastern High Gate have reliefs of the king with the young women of his harem. In some of these the head of the ruler and other matters were recarved. The Egyptologists were not confident that in every instance they could tell which version was the earlier. On the back of the High Gate the position and size of the battle axe carried by the king, and other details, were altered, but the plaster in which the alteration had been made had fallen away long since, and now we have neither version complete.

In many of the reliefs of Seti I within the great Hypostyle Hall at Karnak the head of the king was enlarged and many of the other details altered. Only a small bit of plaster remains in position in one scene to attest that the larger version was final. Otherwise it might seem that this was the original relief. In the Tomb of Kheruef the skirts of the acrobatic dancers owe their present shape to additions made in plaster. At first we thought that the changes were dictated by prudery, and that the skirts covered the nudity of the dancers. Further study showed we were mistaken; originally the girls wore close fitting skirts ending just above the knee; the new ones were slightly looser and extended to just below the knee.

The most extensive recarving of reliefs was in the south end of the Hypostyle Hall at Karnak. The decoration there was at first in raised relief, begun by Seti I and continued by his son Ramses II. Midway in the work the latter monarch decided to use incised relief instead. Instructions were given to change the reliefs already finished to the new style, and to replace the cartouche of Seti by that of Ramses. The changes were done rather crudely and not always intelligently; in two similar scenes on either side of the southern doorway Ramses was shown offering to Amon, behind whom stood his deceased father Seti. The workmen changed cartouches of the latter to those of Ramses!

When changes were to be made in a relief the designated area was covered with a coat of plaster to the proper depth and the new design cut in this. When a figure in raised relief was made smaller, or one in incised relief made larger, plaster may not have been necessary. In many instances of change the plaster has fallen from the wall, and even though the outlines of one of the versions may be visible in the stone, it is difficult and occasionally impossible to tell which version was the final one. The same problem is present in the usurpation of cartouches, where usually most if not all of the plaster has disappeared. Where the order of succession is in doubt, the evidence of usurped cartouches is not always clear. While some scholars feel confident they can tell which royal name is earlier, disagreements among them indicate that taking a positive stand is hazardous.

We must return to the matter of the new clothes of Paynedjem. In one version of the decoration he wore a royal kilt, had on a royal head-dress (but no royal ureaus on his forehead as far as we can determine), and had a protective vulture or sun disk over his head. In the other he had on a loose garment with kimona-like sleeves and a flowing, sometimes flounced, skirt, while over his head was a hieroglyphic inscription.

Now, Paynedjem was the second successor of Herihor, the First Prophet of Amon who, in the Temple of Khonsu, had proclaimed himself Pharaoh. While still First Prophet he continued the construction of the Temple of Khonsu, left unfinished by Ramses III and IV, at the instruction of Ramses XI. We know, from an inscription of Payankh, father of Paynedjem and successor of Herihor, that Ramses XI was still alive after the disappearance of the latter. Of Payankh we know little else than that he was in charge of the reburial of several of the kings, that he led the Egyptian armies in a campaign in Nubia, and that he was the father of Paynedjem.

Paynedjem, who almost always puts his father's name after his own, accepted the suzerainty of Smendes, the Pharaoh who ruled from Tanis after Ramses XI. This First Prophet did use, at the beginning of his string of titles in a few inscriptions in the Temple of Khonsu, both the royal "Horus name" and the title we translate "King of Upper and Lower Egypt," but he did not enclose his name in a cartouche. In the latter years of his life he claimed full kingship, with royal prenomen and nomen.

Thus it would seem logical that he was first shown in priestly garments and later in those of his kingship. One scene in which he wears an unaltered royal kilt would then be the last relief executed, subsequent to his elevation to the kingship. A careful examination of the changes, with special attention to the plaster over the original reliefs, has convinced David Larkin, Charles Van Siclen, and me that the opposite is true. The earlier reliefs showed Paynedjem in royal regalia; later these were covered with plaster and the First Prophet donned his priestly robes. The one untouched relief must just have been overlooked.

For the strange state of affairs that our investigations have revealed there could be many explanations. At one extreme it could be supposed that Paynedjem had overreached himself and political necessity had required a retreat. But there is no evidence of any diminution of his great power as First Prophet. At the other extreme it could be argued that his artists, insufficiently instructed, followed the style of the reliefs of Herihor close by. Then when Paynedjem discovered the error, he had the reliefs corrected. But such conjecture is not the primary purpose of our work; it is rather to copy accurately, study, and publish the evidence so that others may use it in full confidence.

Grace Huxtable has been agonizing over the first two drawings of these scenes, with the lines of the two versions hardly separable and so, even more to her than to us, enigmatic. Reg Coleman has the trying task of drawing the scenes on the frame of

the great doorway going out of the hypostyle hall into the inner parts of the temple. The reliefs of Herihor were recut under Nechtenebo II, with no trace of the original except for the name of the king, while the lintel was further recut by Ptolemy X. The coarse sandstone is a poor medium for the small and often strange hieroglyphs, which at times are almost shapeless. We now understand why the French Institute reproduces Ptolemaic inscriptions by type rather than by drawing. Martyn Lack is working at the doorway between the court and the hypostyle hall, almost as difficult as the other.

We had intended to photograph the architraves in the court this season, but discovered that we could not get the camera into position. So, early in December Ric Turner, who has taken over the photography as well as continuing as artist, began to trace the large-scale linear inscriptions on plastic strips, covering four meters at a time. These tracings are photographed, and the eventual prints will be joined, re-photographed, and the drawing made in the usual manner.

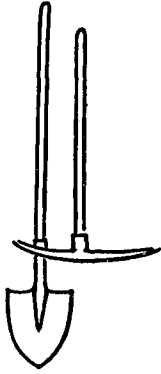
These architrave inscriptions were copied by Richard Parker and me in 1938-1939 into a notebook. In several areas which were then decaying the hieroglyphs have now disappeared. Often our artists find that small parts of a relief shown on the photo made in the 30's have now vanished. This slow but continuing deterioration of the monuments is one of the reasons that James Henry Breasted planned the program of the Epigraphic Survey.

We are happy that, before the onset of cold weather, Werner Fliege installed the new automatic oil burner in the boiler which generates the heat for the library building, with its offices and studios. While the weather is mild by Chicago standards, this is not a tropical climate, and the winter so far has been colder than usual. Without the heat the efficiency of the staff would be greatly impaired.

Within a few days Edward and Leila Wente will arrive, and very shortly Myrtle and I must begin the sorting and packing that precedes our final return to Chicago after more than twenty-five years at Chicago House. We thank the members of the Oriental Institute for their interest in the continuing work of the Epigraphic Survey, which we expect will continue into the distant future.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Francis Nims



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*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Ghaleh Khalil
March 17, 1972

Dear Friends and Colleagues;

When we left the United States on the last day of December the next three months loomed ahead of us as a reasonably long stretch of time during which many projects could be accomplished, including regular communications with our friends back home. Once we arrived in Iran and started work all such illusions vanished. So much has to be done under pressure of limited time that there is never a free moment, not even when it rains and the work on the Tepe is interrupted. Now, while it rains for the second day and the season is drawing to a close we must make time to give you some idea of how things have been going with us.

The staff members of this sixth season of excavations at Chogha Mish, the third of the Joint Iranian Expedition, assembled in Tehran at the beginning of January, precisely according to schedule. This year, in addition to ourselves, the staff consists of: Mr. Donald D. Bickford, A.I.A., the architect and artist who has already contributed so much to a former season at Chogha Mish and to the Institute's Nubian expedition, Miss Johanne Vindenas, for many years the Librarian of the Oriental Institute and our close colleague, and two students on Ford Foundation grants, Mrs. Barbara Elder of U.C.L.A. and Mr. R. G. Hassert of the University of Chicago. We arrived in the early hours of the New Year and were delighted to be able to complete all official business (the obtaining of the excavation permit and the appointing of a government collaborator) the same morning, thanks to the extreme kindness of the Director General, Mr. A. Pourmand, and the courtesy and efficiency of his staff. Our new Persian collaborator, Mr. Reza Memar Zahedani, at once offered his assistance by guiding the students through the Museum while we were making courtesy calls and some purchases. Then the students went off, according to the program arranged for them, to visit Isfahan, Shiraz and Persepolis while the rest of us came down by train to Andimeshk. We were met on the railway platform in the pre-dawn light by our faithful driver, Mohammed Bezirifar, who drove us directly to the Expedition house at Ghaleh Khalil.

We found the house in perfect order. After a few hours of unpacking and settling in we began work on materials in the storeroom. After their visit to the great Iranian cities, the students reached Abadan and drove on to Andimeshk by a small local bus. This experience and the drive from town out to the Expedition house in the dark with the car spinning wildly in the mud after an all-day rain provided them a sample of contrast between the internationalism of Tehran and life in our village.

Two factors greatly affected the course of the present campaign; first, the weather and second, the temporary increase of the staff by the participation of archaeologists from the University of Tehran. First, the weather. Already in Tehran we were surprised one morning by a snowstorm and as our train was pulling out of the railroad station new snow was falling. Later in Khuzestan we learned that severe winter weather, which took many lives, had set in over most of the Iranian Plateau. Deep snow blocked highways, stranded motorists, and marooned villages. In some places, we were told, helicopters were sent to throw out food in the forest for the wolves, to keep them from descending upon villages. For us in Khuzestan this unusual weather meant incessant rain during January and into February, with little opportunity for continuous digging. On several mornings the cold was such that ice formed over the rain puddles and the ground was frozen. The difficulties of digging in such weather are obvious.

The second factor has to do with a long-standing agreement that our excavation would always welcome collaboration with the University of Tehran. This time, Professor Yousef Majidzadeh told us that he and several of his students would be able to join us for about three weeks at the beginning of our season and again for a while at the end. We were very happy to make this arrangement and thus implement this understanding. Professor Majidzadeh and

three of his students arrived on schedule, as did our government collaborator. Digging started the next day. During the frequent interruption of work on the mound by rain we all kept very busy in the house working on recording, drawing, sorting and mending, thus advancing the material nearer to publication. In the evenings we frequently held "seminar meetings" to demonstrate our methods of work, to discuss the historical problems with which we are dealing here, and to answer more general questions. Sometimes the house almost seemed to be bursting with the din of lively bilingual discussions. We are now looking forward to the return of our Iranian colleagues, who are to come down in the New Year's holiday during the vacation at the University of Tehran.

One of our main goals this season was to expand our knowledge of the prehistoric Susiana sequence, the complexity of which has become more and more apparent during the course of our previous work. This knowledge is important not only in itself but for the understanding of parallel developments in Mesopotamia.

We found out early in our work that the latest of the prehistoric periods, Late Susiana, exists only on the high part of the site. Our efforts in the last seasons have been devoted to the preceding periods, Middle Susiana, Early Susiana, and Archaic, which are more easily obtainable in the lower part of the tepe. In the past two seasons we obtained in Trench XIII an excellent stratigraphic sequence of architectural remains, the best-preserved ones belonging to an early phase of Middle Susiana. One of our aims this season was to continue in this area down through the Early Susiana levels and to check whether Archaic remains also exist in this central part of the mound. During January, when the whole site was water-logged, it was quite impossible to resume work in Trench XIII. Accordingly, we had to shift our activities to dryer areas near the surface.

Last season Trench XXI was developed into a relatively large area with Middle and Early Susiana architecture on the upper and lower levels respectively. This season we began at the surface on all sides of last season's area. The biggest extension was to the north, where in fact we linked up Trench XXI and our old Trench XII (the trench where we, for the first time, discovered the Archaic period in 1963) into one major area. The relatively simple stratification of last season has now become much more complicated with an intricate maze of superimposed walls, hearths, and floors, dating from early Middle Susiana back to the late Archaic period. We are now working against time to record all the architectural remains; their analysis and disentanglement must be done in the United States later. The Trench XXI area did "disgrace" itself this season by yielding a number of burials of the late, presumably Sasanian, type as found in the last two seasons in Trench XIII. They are without grave deposits but a few sherds of late pottery occurred in their vicinity. An unusual circumstance was the discovery of about seven children's skeletons, apparently of the same period, but buried deeper than the adults and with red stained skulls.

Trench XXI continued to yield remarkable finds. This year we had two deposits. One consisted of a large stone with a depression around which were grouped several small typical Early Susiana bowls, a complete cylindrical bituminous-stone vessel and rim sherds of another, a typical Early Susiana bowl with a potter's mark and a remarkable painted vessel. The other deposit consisted of massive layers of sherds. We reached the first section and then saw that the deposit continued into undug areas beyond the limits of the trench. There was nothing to do but to enlarge the trench down from the surface until we had revealed what appears to be the entire deposit. When the pickmen had done this we called in several of the best sherd-boys to do the final cleaning and the actual removing of the sherds. We wish you could have seen the glee with which these young men moved in on those sherds, armed with finer digging tools, soft brushes and pencils to mark joining sherds *in situ*. Early Susiana vessels often consist of a particularly friable sandy fabric, very difficult to remove and mend. But by putting the pieces of one vessel into marked plastic sacks and baskets the sherd-boys kept the parts of individual vessels together. Then they moved to the sherd yard where we had to add a second sand box and since then there have been glorious days of mending. Vessel types which formerly we knew only by small fragments we now have in relatively complete form. Outstanding examples are the lids, which are distinguished from ordinary bowls in that they always have their most elaborate decoration on the outside. Now we are able to see the sophisticated composition of the circular areas of such vessels and have the first certain representational Early Susiana motif, namely a very abstract flying bird. In addition, the deposit has given us a number of new forms such as a graduated set of oval basins, a rectangular lid, and a rectangular bowl with a plastic animal's head projecting from the front. Furthermore, some of the storage vessels, though in shape related to vessels found in previous seasons, are so large that they could have easily accommodated one of Ali Baba's thieves. It may be difficult for anyone at a distance to appreciate how exciting such vessels are for their discoverers, but a few days ago we had some archaeologists visiting us, including one who has been working with the French at an Early Susiana site near Susa. They were most impressed by our finds.

In addition to pottery we have three striking objects from Trench XXI: a heavy polished stone "tomahawk"; a stone hoe with its complete original bitumen hafting; and the head of a terracotta figurine related in style to that found last year but with a character of its own, (*see cover of the 1971 Oriental Institute Yearly Report*).

Last summer P.P.D. analyzed the architecture found in Trench XXV during the fifth season and was able to distinguish, despite the great destruction caused by deep Protoliterate pits, several architectural units of the Archaic period. These are built of the typical finger-imprinted, meter-long bricks and are of very substantial character – straight walls running for some twenty meters. At the eastern edge of last season's trench was a corner of Archaic brickwork varying slightly in orientation from the other walls and apparently the beginning of another Archaic structure. Our aim in Trench XXV this season was to open up an additional area to the east in order to verify this possibility. We didn't quite expect the complicated stratigraphic situation which we have in fact met there. It is true that we have not had to cope with the devastating deep pits of the Protoliterate period that exist to the west, but instead we have Middle Susiana installations penetrating down almost as low as an adjacent undisturbed Early Susiana pebble pavement. In the middle of the Trench XXV extension is one of the finest kilns we have ever discovered at Chogha Mish – oval with walls curving up towards a now-destroyed dome and with an opening on one side. It appears to be Middle Susiana in date. This kiln is not yet completely cleared since we still have to remove some higher brickwork and walls. In some portions of the trench we have penetrated below both Middle and Early Susiana down to the Archaic levels and are tracing last season's walls to the east.

So much for the "architecture" of Trench XXV. And now let us tell you about the finds. Almost from the very first hour that we started down from the surface, sherds with animals appeared. This is indeed "the year of the zoo." The menagerie occurs on Middle Susiana sherds, some of them of eggshell thickness. All the biblical categories are present: "every beast after his kind: every creeping thing . . . and all the cattle . . . and every fowl . . . every bird of every sort." Indeed, we have fish, snakes, a large turtle covering the bottom of a big dish; delicate birds with cross-hatched bodies and open or closed beaks, a wader with long, outstretched neck, abstracted bird's wings strung along median lines; twisted-horned antelopes; bull-heads and entire bulls, their heads turned full view to show both horns and the white forehead triangle (paralleled in the round by a terracotta bull's head pendant), a file of spotted panthers encircling a delicate bowl, and, to our immense surprise, what we consider to be unmistakably donkeys. Not only are these designs in themselves important as works of art, but also as documents. For example, our sherds may well be the first evidence for the domestication of the donkey (this, of course, will have to be checked against other finds and the precisely documented animal bones which we have.) Other exciting motifs are sherds with human heads or masks, a motif already known from Chogha Mish but now occurring in striking variants. A few very small sherds are exciting because of the human representations which they bear. Then also we have, in addition to the geometric patterns, abstract variations on representational motifs, for example, the tiered designs on an eggshell bowl which can be interpreted either as birds or human torsos.

In the lowest parts of Trench XXV pottery of the Archaic period is beginning to appear, including a large red-washed jar broken *in situ*. We know that there is much more waiting for us in the lower parts of the area we have opened up but it becomes apparent that we will hardly have time this season to go down to the Archaic level in all places where we are close to it.

During the rains of January, when each new area that we started in turn collected water, we were constantly forced to shift work to higher ground. We opened up an addition to Trench XXXI, which was so productive last season. We did the same in Trench XXXII where Archaic material is relatively close to the surface. However, we were forced to stop in both areas and now there is no time to return to develop these very promising spots. We have, however, returned to the "Gully Cut", where we were about to clear Archaic levels at the end of last season. The Gully Cut is at once producing very remarkable Archaic pottery.

Early in January, as a short-term investigation we opened up a ten-meter square, Trench XXXIII, immediately below one of the big dumps of the east area of Protoliterate houses. Our intention was to conduct a quick test at this spot before using it as a dumping ground. The finds in this trench turned out to be so interesting that we have had to continue it as a full-fledged operation. True enough, the top meter and a half contained nothing but washed-down and salt-encrusted Protoliterate sherds without any architectural context and obviously outside of the regular Protoliterate quarters. Below, there appeared in one corner of the trench a great slag heap sloping drastically downwards toward the periphery of the mound as if thrown out from an area still covered. On one side of this was a rough pebble "pavement" with some Middle Susiana sherds embedded in it. In much of the trench the pickmen encountered an extremely hard-packed area the earth of which was filled with straw imprints. In other words, the consistency of this material was like that of brick but no individual bricks could be articulated, suggesting we are dealing here with a *pisé* type of construction. This mass of hard material continues downwards for a depth of some two meters until finally we reached a point where this structure is founded upon a dark ashy sub-stratum. Throughout the sherds were good Middle Susiana types, mixed with Protoliterate in the higher levels. By the time the pickmen reached the foundations of the *pisé* structure, they were working deep below the surface in cramped quarters.

It is, of course, somewhat early to speculate as to what we may have discovered in Trench XXXIII. We have to dig out, literally, some more facts. Accordingly we have narrow search trenches (XXXIV and XXXV) running from the periphery of the mound in towards Trench XXXIII to test whether, indeed, we have hit upon a fortification of either the Protoliterate city or the great Middle Susiana settlement at Chogha Mish. At this time we cannot be certain and we may have to wait until next season to open up a wide area to solve this problem.

This sums up the work we have been doing during our brief campaign. As you can see we have not had much time for anything but the mound or the work in the house. In contrast to last season there are fewer expeditions in our vicinity and our "social life" is more restricted. Some friends have come to visit us: Mr. and Mrs. Stronach of the British Institute of Persian Studies in Tehran, our own former colleague, Professor Hans Nissen, now of Berlin, and Dr. R. Boehmer of Warka, Professor S. Malek-Shahmirzadi now of the University of Tehran, and Miss Sema Baykar from the University of Istanbul. Non-professional and most welcome visitors have been Mr. Heck, the Chargé d'Affaires at our Embassy in this country, and Mr. and Mrs. Clement, our Consul-general in Khorramshahr accompanied by Mr. Snyder, Vice-consul at Khorramshahr and Mr. J. E. Forinash of Bowen-McLaughlin-York Company of Masjid-i-Soleiman. All these visits have been most welcome but only too short. We have been expecting to exchange visits with M. Jean Perrot and his staff at Shush but in both expeditions we have been so rushed that neither has been able to cross the river separating us.

Each time that we return here we feel more closely integrated into the life of the villages from which our workmen come. We provide them with work close to their homes that is much appreciated and an additional source of income. We, on our part, are very proud of the skillful work which many of them do. Those who have been with us for some time and who are interested have gradually become quite versed in the sequence of periods at Chogha Mish. Though we are not very often walking in the streets of the village, we often see villagers when they come to our house for simple medical advice and first aid and we learn more and more of the circumstances of their life. By now we have seen some of the young boys grow up into young men starting their own families. We first rejoiced with them at all the rain early in January; then began to worry because there wasn't enough sun, and now today we are rejoicing again that after a dry spell of several weeks we have had a fine rain which will ensure a good wheat harvest. It is, as one of the sherd-boys said working in the house today (it's much too wet to go out to the mound), a New Year's gift from above. In a few more days the year 1350 will end and the new year, 1351, will begin. We will spend it on a mound more covered with flowers and blooming clover than we have ever seen it before, rushing to wind up the season. In the West it is another Spring holiday that is approaching and we send you all combined Now Ruz and Easter greetings.

* * *

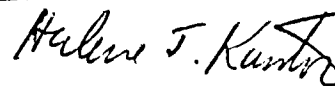
While we have been engrossed here in our own work in an isolated corner of the world, only dim and seemingly unreal echoes from the outside reach us from time to time. In contrast, painfully real and shocking has come the news of Professor Gustave E. von Grunebaum's untimely passing. Both of us and the Expedition have lost in him a faithful and generous friend. We share with his numerous friends all over the world in expressing the deepest sympathy to his wife and family.

* * *

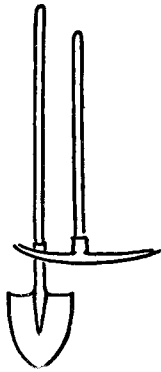
Cordially,



P. P. Delougaz
Director



Helene J. Kantor
Co-Director



archaeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 1 (1972-1973)

October 18, 1972

As the Oriental Institute opens its fifty-fourth year, several archaeological expeditions have already taken to the field or are planning to do so shortly. Last month, Bob Braidwood reopened his dig at Çayönü in southeastern Turkey; and a letter from him from the field is enclosed. This month, Helene Kantor and Pierre Delougaz commence work again at Choga Mish in southwestern Iran; and we hope to be hearing from them before long. The Institute is also co-sponsoring (with Oxford University, England) an excavation at Tell Abu Hreya in Syria – another rescue operation before the new Euphrates dam floods an archeologically unexplored region.

In December, Mac Gibson will resume the Institute excavations at Nippur in southern Iraq. For those members interested in a preview of his project there, Carolyn Livingood has kindly organized a dinner and informal talk at the Quadrangle Club on November 6. Her invitation for this event is enclosed.

Research work abroad during the summer included investigations in Istanbul, Ankara, and Baghdad by Bob Biggs, who worked on tablets from Fara, Boghazköy, and Nippur. Hans Güterbock returned at the end of September after teaching during the spring quarter in Munich and working during the summer in Turkey.

Our evening lecture series will continue on November 29 with Prof. Stuart Struever of Northwestern University, who will discuss his continuing excavations on Indian mounds in southern Illinois. While the full schedule of lectures for the 1972-73 season is not yet completed, a tentative list of future speakers includes Profs. George Hughes (Jan.), Ahmed Fakhry (Feb.), and Thorkild Jacobsen (May).

Corrections to the Annual Report 1971-72: (1) mention should have been made on p. 40 of the generous support given by the Suq for the tipping of plates for the new Medinet Habu volume (\$1800); (2) Mr. and Mrs. Edison Dick of Lake Forest and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McNally III of Chicago should have been listed as "Associate Members" (not "Annual Members"). We apologize for these oversights and are grateful that they were called to our attention.

Members may be interested to hear of two recent book publications. John A. Wilson's *Thousands of Years: An Archaeologist's Search for Ancient Egypt* was published by Charles Scribner's Sons in April; and Bob Adams and Hans Nissen's *The Uruk Countryside* was released during the summer by the University of Chicago Press.

Ergani, Turkey

September 20, 1972

Greetings:

I write this on our first day of digging again on the prehistoric village site of Çayönü in southeastern Turkey. That there's time to write on the first day is due to our having done our housekeeping and rearranging well before beginning to dig and also to the fact that it's still so hot that we'll only work on the site from 5:00 to 11:00 A.M. for awhile. Thus, with nothing yet to describe from the site, here are oddments of impressions received along the way until now.

Continuing Praise of Crossing the Atlantic by Boat. It seems to me that everyone of the student generation, as well as many well past it, have forgotten that water is buoyant and that vessels are still available to transport people and things over oceans. Nonetheless, a few of us still persist in finding ocean voyages highly pleasurable and relaxing ways to travel. The *Raffaello* from New York to Naples didn't let us down nor did the *Truva* from Brindisi to Izmir. Of course, all this took time but after our frantic spell of "gearing up" at home just before leaving (purchasing and packing), we needed the time to wind down. The whole idea of an eighteen hour flight from Chicago to Istanbul immediately after gearing up and then of having to plunge into all the details which await arrival in Turkey is shattering. [Linda and I continue to thank our lucky stars that if we arrive in Turkey during the tourist season with the expedition pick-up truck loaded with our gear (in innocent looking old trunks and footlockers), the customs people wave us through duty free. This saves us far more in customs duties than the added cost of the ocean passage for the truck and ourselves – and gives us exactly the excuse we need.] One wry note – the Lindborgs, who watch over our place in Indiana while we're away write that Linda's vegetable garden is now maturing most handsomely. Boat travel does take extra time.

Canada in Southwestern Turkey. From Izmir (Smyrna), we drove down to the extreme southwest where the Aegean islands lie scattered off the coast of Turkey. The husband of our Istanbul University co-director (Prof. Dr. Halet Çambel) has built a most handsome small house in the traditional local style, fronting on the gulf of Kerme. This gulf is a long deep bay of the Aegean, it has many small inlets and islands and is bordered by pine covered mountains. Halet had gone there, a few days before we arrived, to rest before we began work in the hot southeast, and we were to pick her up. Her husband, Nail Bey, kept us on several days for swimming, walking and resting. One of these days we spent on a little boat exploring the gulf. One deep narrow inlet is called the *İngiliz liman* (English harbour) – units of the British fleet hid out there during the Nazi airborne invasion of Crete in World War II. The tall pines, the rocks and the clear water make it very difficult to believe one is not in the Canadian woods rather than in Turkey, in these inlets. I was perfectly prepared to see a moose along the water's edge, but there weren't any.

The Bosphorus Bridge. We next drove back up to Istanbul with Halet. Here, Europe and Asia face each other across the Bosphorus, which in places is less than half a mile wide. The Dardanelles, the other strait, lies to the west at the other end of the Sea of Marmara and is considerably wider. The Bosphorus is both deep and swift and I believe there is no early record of attempts to bridge it, although the Persians are said to have made a bridge of boats over the Dardanelles when they invaded Greece in classical times. Now, however, the cables are almost complete on the new suspension bridge over the Bosphorus at Istanbul. When it is finished, perhaps late in 1973, Europe and Asia will be linked together. I suppose there's something symbolic about this, even if the bridge itself will be far shorter than the Golden Gate or the Mackinac. It will undoubtedly be a handsome structure when finished; the piers are tall and slender and the curve of the cables most graceful against the skyline, but I'd bet it will only encourage more Istanbulis to buy automobiles. The traffic in Istanbul is already well past the level of madness. But – hopefully – the up-and-down-channel Bosphorus ferrys will still run and some people will remain sane.

The Quantities of Tea We've Drunk. Official visits began modestly enough in Istanbul – Halet's dean and a bank director. The frequency increased in Ankara – central government and antiquities authorities. The high point came the first few days after arriving here. In one day in Diyarbakir alone: first a bank director, next the *vali* (civil governor), then the military governor (a nice three-star general with good English), then some air-force people, then the heads of the security police and of the civil police. The next day, the *kaymakan* (sub-governor of our district) and the mayor of Ergani town, the agricultural commission who assess the rental we must pay for the site and finally the village elders of Hilar village on whose land the site lies. At each visit, Halet charmed them all and I sat smiling, doing my best to throw in the few polite Turkish phrases I know at the right place. Halet said I made a great hit with the *vali* by saying I was so glad to be home again. These visits are all part of the game and are by no means unpleasant but they do require an inordinate amount of tea

drinking. Fortunately, I like tea but even more fortunately, Halet is good at assessing my absorptive limits and takes the trouble to point out hidden mens' rooms when she thinks I've reached it.

One Typical Linda Problem. Along with everything else she does to keep this expedition afloat, Linda keeps the books and has to render all the accounts to the University and the government grants people when we get back home. Since last season and at Halet's hinting, the *vali* has built us a fine new gravel road, over six kilometers long, out to the site – this will save us considerable time and wear-and-tear on the vehicles. In return, a fine large and very expensive box of chocolates was provided in Istanbul for presentation to Mrs. *vali*. Problem where does Linda account for this? Probably under medical supplies.

* * * * *

It is indeed good to be back in the field again. The crew this time seems an especially good one. The political situation seems calm although there's a whacking great inflation. Next time, I'll write about what we've begun to find.

Best of cheer,

Bob Braidwood

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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CHICAGO • ILLINOIS 60637

Cables: ORINST CHICAGO

1155 EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

October 1972

Dear Members:

We hope you will join us for an arm chair trip to Nippur, the ancient holy city of Sumer and Akkad. The Oriental Institute is reactivating its excavations at this site in Iraq in December, and the Field Director, Dr. McGuire Gibson, will give an illustrated lecture about Nippur on Monday, November 6th at the Quadrangle Club of the University of Chicago.

Cash bar from 6 to 7 P.M. in the Solarium
Dinner at 7 P.M. (\$5.50 per person) in the Library

This lecture will contain discussions on the importance of the city in ancient times, as a focus of religious activity, as a political entity, and as a center of economic relations. The rediscovery and identification of the site in the late nineteenth century will be outlined, and the excavations of the University of Pennsylvania (1889-1900) will be discussed with slides of remarkable photographs from that time. The involvement of the Oriental Institute with Nippur, beginning in 1952, will be described and the place of the current campaign related to it.

Dr. Gibson observes that "in many ways the work of both the Pennsylvania Expedition and of the Oriental Institute will be continued. In other ways, new facets of the city will be explored in the hope of bringing to bear on the ancient remains new techniques of excavation and analysis. Archaeological interests are changing, and, at Nippur, it is hoped that new questions may be asked of old material for a more complete picture of ancient society".

Since the excavations of Nippur are a major research effort of the Oriental Institute, it is thought that the membership would be interested in an over-all view of the project, beginning with the lecture on Monday, November 6th, on what has happened in the past at Nippur and what will happen this winter season and in the future. Letters will be sent from the field to keep the members *au courant* with the dig and Dr. Gibson will make a report to them when he returns in the spring.

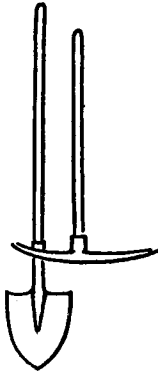
We hope to see you at dinner and the lecture, November 6th. Please remember that there are only 100 reservations available for members and their guests at the Quadrangle Club.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John Livingood, Museum Secretary

RSVP by November 1st
to Mrs. Livingood
753-2573 or 753-2471

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 2 (1972-1973)

Ergani, Turkey
October 31, 1972

Greetings:

My last letter gave a series of impressions of things on our way here to resume work at Çayönü. Perhaps you'll remember field letters of our previous years here and that our Joint Prehistoric Project is a venture the Oriental Institute shares with the Prehistory Section of Istanbul University, and that I share its directorship with a wonderful lady, Halet Çambel, professor of prehistory at Istanbul. This is our fourth season of excavation at the early village site of Çayönü, which flourished (and indeed it did!) about 7000 B.C. The research problem we face is the reclamation and interpretation of evidence for what happened in the Near East when people first learned to domesticate plants and animals and of the cultural consequences of this great step forward in human history.

Various sites of about the same time and level of achievement have been excavated along the Iraqi and Iranian flanks of the Zagros Mountains and along the Syro-Palestinian littoral (we dug one of the first of these, Jarmo, in Iraqi Kurdistan in the late '40's and early '50's). Çayönü is the first such site to be excavated on the Tauros mountain piedmont, the Tigris river headwater country, the keystone of the arch of Breasted's "Fertile Crescent." The inventories of each of these now known sites has characteristic peculiarities; Çayönü's inventory stresses an architectural sophistication remarkable for its time and the use of copper before the invention of pottery.

Çayönü is a broad low mound with a surface scatter of ancient materials which cover an area of about 11 acres. We have, so far, exposed slightly over 3% of the mound, not an insignificant area of excavation as early village exposures go and considering the care necessary in digging for prehistoric materials. There appear to be four or five subphases of the main prehistoric occupation. The deepest level or subphase appears to consist mainly of trash pits into virgin soil and these may only have been the result of some activity which the people of the next subphase undertook.

This second subphase yields the traces of curious "grill plan" foundations of stone, of which we now have at least seven more-or-less complete examples. These plans call for a rectangular structure of about 18 x 22 feet in size. The "grills" are of parallel stone foundations within the rectangle, spanning the shorter dimension, so that the whole affair looks like the joists we use in supporting floor-boards in our own wood-built houses. We do not clearly understand the structural function of these grills — perhaps indeed they did serve as joists for the construction of floors which would have been warmer than any floor bedded directly on the ground.

The next subphase (if indeed its buildings were constructed only after all of the grill plan buildings had gone out of use) yields traces of excellent rectangular floors — of well fitted flag-stone or of pink terrazzo with white stripes in the case of the two best preserved examples. Another feature of these buildings was the use of upright stone slabs, probably as columns for the support of roof-beams.

In the next to uppermost subphase, we have encountered a number of rectangular house plans, with stone foundations rising to a height of about two feet above their floors, the remainder of the wall height having been of mud brick. It appears that this subphase must have ended with a fire for in the different operations in which we have exposed it, we have found quantities of tumbled and burned mud brick. Such a situation is an archeologist's delight (Pompeii is the classic example!), where a quick and thorough destruction left everything non-burnable in place. We, I may say, take great delight in the "burned brick" subphase; it has yielded much of the original Çayönü inventory.

The uppermost subphase has been much disturbed by recent plowing, but we have one good large rectangular building from it.

I have always done my best not to take the conventional way out by explaining exceptional building features, such as the terrazzo floor and the upright stone slabs, as having some original sacred or otherwise specialized intent. So far, I've not been too tempted in this way, but Çayönü presses me hard. For nine thousand years ago, and given the general character of the small object inventory – no pottery vessels, no metal save the simple pieces of beaten native copper (although this is remarkable enough in itself), great bulks of chipped flint and obsidian and of ground stone tools – the Çayönü architecture is pretty astounding. Furthermore, we've enough area exposed now to be able to sense how close together many of the buildings seem to have been set, hinting at a rather densely populated settlement.

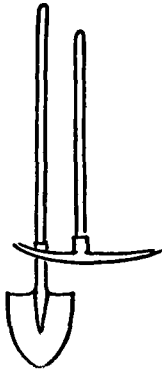
Well, enough for today's lesson and I apologize for loading you with so many details. It is an exciting site, however. And by no means least, it is also paying off well for Barbara Lawrence in the animal bone department and for Bob Stewart's botanical work (he identified the earliest known grape pips just yesterday!). Also this has been one of the best general field crews I've ever had. Chuck Redman, assisted by Mike Davis, has done a fine job in general field superintendence and all junior hands – American, Turkish, German, French and Swedish – have been most agreeable and competent. This has been especially good since Halet and I have spent considerable time in the dig house pushing a series of our preliminary reports toward completion.

We'll probably break camp sometime early in December – and I'll try to get off one more letter before things wind up.

As ever,

Bob Braidwood

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Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 3 (1972-1973)

Ghaleh Khalil
October 27, 1972

Dear Friends,

Amid the mosquitoes and gnats which form thick clouds about our kerosene lamps, and with mice scurrying over our feet, I am writing some lines to bring you up to date with the work of the Joint Iranian Expedition. This season we are working in Iran during the autumn quarter rather than during the winter. On returning to our house in the village we have found that the summer heat and the summer insects are remaining rather longer than we had expected.

The "first stop" of the expedition was in Oxford, England, where the Sixth International Congress of Iranian Art and Archaeology was held in September. Professor Delougaz was unfortunately unable to attend the congress, and I delivered both our papers, which summarized the results of our recent seasons at Chogha Mish. Many of the archaeologists now directing excavations in Iran were present, so that there was an excellent opportunity to catch up with the latest discoveries. Among the Iranian colleagues attending the congress were two former students at the University of Chicago who are now teaching at Tehran University, Messrs. Yousef Majidzadeh and Sadeq Malek-Shahmirzadi, who presented excellent and well-received papers on their excavations near Ghazvin.

On my arrival in Tehran after the congress, I was joined by Dr. Mary C. McCutchan, who has worked with us briefly in previous seasons during the vacations of Damavand College in Tehran. We are fortunate in having her with us for the entire season this year. As usual, the authorities of the Archaeological Service of Iran have been extremely cordial and helpful. The government representative who was with us last season, Mr. Memar Reza Zahedani, was again assigned to the expedition, and it is a pleasure to have him with us.

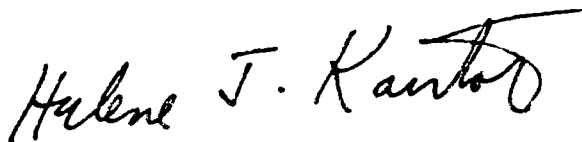
Aside from arranging official expedition matters and making some purchases, the only major task in Tehran was to redeem a promise made last winter. Then we had been requested by the Iran America Society to deliver a lecture on our work at Chogha Mish. At that time it was necessary for us to return as quickly as possible to the United States, and we promised to give the lecture on our return.

Accordingly, I lectured on "Chogha Mish and the Beginnings of Civilization in Khuzestan." It was gratifying to see that such a subject attracted a considerable audience. Afterwards Mr. Phillip W. Pillsbury, Jr., the recently arrived new director of the Iran America Society in Tehran, and his wife had a dinner for me and several other guests. I was happy to have the opportunity to meet him and to see again Mr. Lite, the deputy director of the IAS. Dr. Jerome W. Clinton, the new director of the American Institute of Iranian Studies in Tehran, and his wife, as well as our old friends Professor and Mrs. Ezat Negahban, were also there. In addition it was a special treat to have my Chicago colleague, Professor W. Madelung, present. This occasion made a pleasant last night in Tehran for Dr. McCutchan and me. The next day we gathered our goods and chattels to board the train for the overnight journey to Andimeshk. We were met at the station there in the predawn hour by the expedition driver, who brought us directly out to our village.

Summer in Khuzestan is *hot*, with temperatures sometimes rising to 130 degrees, and there is no rain at all from early spring until late fall. Since little of our immediate area is irrigated, we have returned to a brown and dusty landscape. One cannot imagine a greater contrast than that between the present condition of Chogha Mish and the mound as we left it at the end of last season. Then everything was so soaked that it was hardly possible to walk in the trenches for essential surveying without damaging floors or pushing over walls. Now these same features are baked almost as hard as stone – hence Dr. McCutchan's comment that if only there were electricity available on the mound to power a jack hammer, we could start digging right away! We were amazed to find the trenches almost completely filled with windblown thorn bushes and thistles, the dried remains of the unusually prolific vegetation produced by the inordinate rains of last winter. Two of the senior workmen are removing and burning them in spectacular bonfires beside the trenches, revealing again our prehistoric architecture.

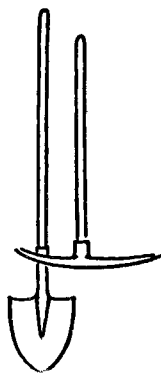
This is a study season in which our emphasis is more on the analysis and interpretation of accumulated data than on the opening up of large new areas of excavation. On the mound we are recording potsherds still in place in the sherd yards, but we spend most of our time working on the masses of sherds and vessels brought into the house at the end of last season. The detailed analysis of pottery wares, shapes, and decorations, as well as of their stratigraphic context and distribution, though sometimes tedious in the doing, is one of our main means of reconstructing the complex prehistoric development of this pivotal area of the ancient Near East.

Work is interrupted briefly from time to time by our neighbors coming in to see us or by workmen from this and other villages who come to welcome us back. Many of them have just returned from summer jobs in other parts of the country to tend to the autumn's agricultural work. Most of the wheat has been planted and only moisture is needed to turn the fields green and bring up the fall crocuses. We expect Professor P. P. Delougaz, accompanied by his two students from UCLA, to arrive soon, along with the first rains, which will make digging possible.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Helene J. Kantor". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, sweeping flourish at the end of the name.

Helene J. Kantor

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*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 4 (1972–1973)

December 20, 1972

Dear Friends,

As the year draws to a close, many of our staff are either en route to or coming home from the Middle East. Bob and Linda Braidwood completed their excavations at Çayönü around December 2 and are now in Europe on their way back to Chicago. Helene Kantor will soon be finishing her work at Choga Mish and should be here around January 2. Our joint rescue operation with Oxford at Tell Abu Hreyra in Syria has just closed its first season; and the enclosed newsletter from Andrew Moore, the director, will tell you something about the success of the dig. Mac Gibson and his staff, including Miguel Civil and Carl and Irene Haines, have just left — or, in some cases, are planning to leave soon — for Baghdad preparatory to beginning excavations at Nippur around the end of this month.

We are enclosing for your interest a clipping from the *Wall Street Journal* of Nov. 30, 1972, containing a story about our Assyrian Dictionary project. The dictionary was also the subject of a short news item on WLS-TV here.

Because of an unforeseen conflict in scheduling, George Hughes' lecture has been shifted to Wednesday evening, January 17 (from January 10). The next lecture will be "Recent Discoveries in the Western Oases of Egypt" to be given by A. Fakhry, Cairo, on February 14.

We are grateful to our members for their continuing interest and support. Your assistance has meant a great deal to the success of our projects throughout the past year.

With best wishes for the holiday season and for the coming year,

Cordially,

John A. Brinkman
Director

Tell Abu Hreyra Excavation,
c/o National Museum,
Aleppo,
Syrian Arab Republic

4th. November 1972

Dear Mr. Brinkman,

We have just ended the sixth week of excavation, with two more to go, so I thought you would like to know about our progress to date. The slight difficulty over our permit had been resolved by the time we arrived so that we were able to start work at once. The Antiquities' Service gave us a warm welcome and has been most cooperative throughout.

The site consists of four mounds, partly separated by erosion gulleys. We have dug a trench in the centre of each of these mounds to determine the sequence of occupation across the site. A fifth trench has been sunk towards the edge of one of the mounds to see how far out the occupation extends. These trenches have shown that the site is much larger than I had originally expected with substantial occupation deposits in each mound. The site is approximately five hundred metres long and its greatest width is two hundred and fifty metres.

In three trenches we found the remains of recent mudbrick buildings and many Muslim burials near the surface which had disturbed the pure Neolithic levels underneath. In the upper layers of two of these trenches there were several Neolithic pits and in these we found a few shards of typical dark-faced burnished ware. Beneath these pits and in all the other trenches we are in undisturbed levels of the aceramic Neolithic.

We have not reached the natural soil in any trench yet and so have not ascertained the character of the earliest deposits on the site. In general what we have found so far suggests that the site was occupied in one cultural phase, though some slight difference in flint typology and building techniques point to evolution within that phase.

We have found architectural remains in all the trenches. These consist of walls of rectilinear buildings, some of which must have been houses. A building now being excavated consists of several rooms, one of which has a plaster floor with implements in situ. We have also found part of another building with a flint core and waste chips on the floor, clearly a flint knapping workshop. Two trenches have yielded a sequence of structures on the same alignment, while another trench has a series of floor levels with occupation debris on them, indicating continuity of occupation over a long period of time.

We have recovered a rich haul of artifacts from the site. The flints occur in large quantities and will provide ample material for study. The industry is characterised by blade tools that are usually very well made. Many of the implements are found on floors or in association with other objects which will give us some idea of their function. The most prolific tools are the arrowheads and these must indicate that hunting played an important part in the economy. We find obsidian tools and blades also, together with cores and waste chips, so that we know that the raw material was imported and fashioned on the site. The other artifacts show considerable craftsmanship also. These include fragments of polished stone bowls and tools and ornaments made of bone. We have found a number of polished greenstone winged beads that are unique as far as I know. There is also one small cup of the white plaster ware ("vaisselle blanche") known from other Neolithic sites in the Levant, together with two clay figurines.

We have quite good evidence for burial practices, having uncovered several skeletons. These are usually headless, the skulls being buried elsewhere. We are now digging out a burial deposit with at least three skeletons and thirteen skulls buried together. Some of the burials have red ochre scattered on them while others have grave goods, in one case three of the winged beads and in another a string of small coloured stone beads.

We are recovering ample evidence for the economy of the site's inhabitants. Animal bones occur in considerable quantities. I have been able to identify bones of sheep or goat, gazelle, cow, equid and birds so far, together with some bones of the wild *Bos Primigenius*. Some of these animals were no doubt hunted but certain species may have been domesticated. The resources of the Euphrates were also used as we find plenty of fresh-water mussel shells; a bone fish hook and a few fish vertebrae confirm that fish were eaten.

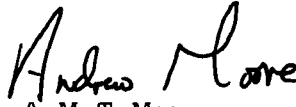
We brought out a flotation machine of the type developed by a team at Cambridge to process samples of soil on the spot for plant remains. This has proved to be a great success as we have been able to wash considerable quantities of soil and so recover a large number of seeds and charcoal for the archaeobotanist, who is with us now to examine some of the material. He has been able to identify grains of emmer and other domesticated wheats together with domesticated barley, which demonstrates conclusively that agriculture was practised. There are seeds of other cultivated leguminous plants also, including chickpeas. This is very important because it indicates that cultivation was practised here at a very early date in an area which has been thought too arid for primitive farming to be possible. The charcoals show that at least poplar and oak grew in the vicinity and we know from impressions in plaster that reeds were used in building. All this suggests that this region carried a very different vegetation cover in prehistory from today.

The only other excavated site in Syria that has closely comparable materials is Bouqras, further down the Euphrates. The date of that site is about 6,000 B.C. and all we have found so far suggests that Tell Abu Hreyra was occupied about then, or back into the Seventh Millennium B.C. Abu Hreyra is clearly a very important site and the results of this season's work have exceeded our original expectations. It is perhaps the largest mound of its date known in Syria and is adding substantially to our knowledge of the earlier Neolithic in the Levant. It certainly justifies further excavation.

I think that your students have found that the dig has been a useful experience. They have had some formal instruction on excavation techniques such as trench layout and surveying and all have acted as site supervisors with a trench of their own. This has given them plenty of actual digging and experience in plan and section drawing. They have also done some field conservation of objects that have been discovered. The work has been arranged so that everyone could spend part of the day sorting through his own material. We have had several instruction and seminar sessions, including topics such as the Neolithic background and a class on flint typology. Our archaeobotanist has also given a talk on his own work. We have made several field trips to interesting sites in the region and everyone has taken the opportunity that the excavation has provided of seeing some of the famous ancient sites in Syria.

I will write again when the excavation is over.

Yours very sincerely,


A. M. T. Moore

Assyrian Dictionary Is Actually Akkadian, But . . . Well, Read On

* * *

After 51 Years' Work, Scholars
Have Turned Out 10 Volumes
On Tongue That Nobody Uses.

By FREDERICK C. KLEIN

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

CHICAGO—Looking for a Christmas gift for the person who has everything? Consider, then, the Assyrian Dictionary, a handsome set of volumes setting down a language that hasn't been spoken for some 2,500 years or written for about 1,900.

The dictionary has much to recommend it as a Yuletide extravagance. Besides its detachment from any use (unless you are a linguist, archeologist or something like that) it is suitably expensive; a set of the 10 volumes that have been published to date would set you back \$236.60. It also would solve your gift-giving problems for some years to come, because the folks at the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute, which has shepherded the project since 1921, say that the last of the hoped-for 21 volumes won't be out until around 1980.

And even then, they admit, digesting the whole thing wouldn't necessarily mean that you could converse with an Assyrian, should one appear. "We don't know how a lot of words actually sounded; we've deduced many sounds by comparing the language with others of the same period," says A. Leo Oppenheim, the dictionary's Austrian-born editor-in-chief. "However, we feel we could come to understand him fairly quickly."

The Assyrian dictionary wasn't conceived with the idea of speaking to Assyrians or furnishing a novel Christmas gift, of course. Its customers have been university libraries and individual students of the ancient world, of which the nations that occupied what now is Iraq were a dominant part. For this group, the dictionary is serving its purpose admirably.

Civilization's Roots

"Its value is immense," says Thorkild Jacobsen, professor of Assyriology at Harvard University and a former editor of the dictionary. "With it, we have greatly broadened our understanding of a culture whose concepts of religion, law, mathematics and administration form the roots of Western civilization."

Those in charge of the dictionary hasten to point out that the title of their work is something of a misnomer. The language they are studying isn't Assyrian but Akkadian, and it was used by ancient Babylonians as well as Assyrians. The Assyrian tag has stuck partly because the earliest records of the region were unearthed in what was once Assyria, and partly to avoid confusion with Acadians, the French-speaking people of Nova Scotia and Louisiana (where they're called Cajuns).

Some modern-day Iraqi Christians still call themselves Assyrians, but their links with that



Translation: "May you be in good health."

ancient nation aren't any stronger than those of other Arabs.

There is no doubt, though, of the enormous difficulty of composing a dictionary of the long-dead tongue. For one thing, Akkadian has some 600 distinct word and syllable signs, far more than most other ancient or modern languages (modern English, for example, is based on a 26-character alphabet). For another, the language underwent vast changes over the 2,500 or so years it was in use. Words came and went, and their meanings changed. In one period, sentences were composed vertically, with the text proceeding from right to left; in another, they were arranged horizontally from left to right, as in the sample shown here. Some tablets have been found to be divided into small squares, with the symbols arranged in no discernible order. Punctuation is erratic or non-existent, and some of the ancient scribes had sloppy handwriting.

Mummies Are More Glamorous

Deciphering the clay tablets that served as the "paper" of the period and cataloging the results are painstaking tasks with little glory at the end. "We are fortunate that the project was started back in the 1920s when scholars were more amenable to that sort of thing," says John Brinkman, director of the Oriental Institute. "Our young graduates aren't much willing to give themselves to a long-term, common enterprise like the dictionary. Digging for mummies' tombs is far more glamorous."

The dictionary staff thus is composed largely of older, European-born scholars, but for them the work is interesting enough. Translating the venerable tablets (or reproductions thereof) has uncovered insights into the nature of the ancient world, they say. They assert that the Assyrians, in particular, have been ill-treated by history and weren't the barbarians they have been made out to be by such as Lord Byron, the English poet whose "Destruction of Sennacherib" begins: "The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold—And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold. . . ."

"The Assyrians have become known for their cruelty to conquered peoples, and they surely talked a lot about impaling their victims

and similar things, but all Orientals did that. I suspect the Assyrians just bragged about it more," says Ignace J. Gelb, a member of the dictionary staff since 1929 and a former editor-in-chief.

"Assyria and Babylonia were comparable in many ways to Greece and Rome," he continues. "We admire the Babylonians and Greeks because of their contributions to philosophy and learning in general, and we tend to downgrade the more practical contributions of the Assyrians and Romans. Actually, the Assyrians' achievements in law and administration were tremendous, and survive to this day."

What's more, the tablets reveal that Assyrians and Babylonians of 3,000 or so years ago were just folks, with many of the same concerns as people today.

Wrote an Assyrian creditor to a debtor: "Thirty years ago you left the city of Assur. You have never made a deposit since, and we have not recovered one shekel of silver from you, but we have never made you feel bad about this. . . ."

Wrote a Babylonian to a friend who had just been appointed "governor of the inland region": "I was very pleased when the god Marduk elevated you to high office. I said to myself: 'A man has been elevated who knows me; he will do for me what I want.'"

Wrote one Babylonian sister to another: "Why do I never hear any news from you? . . ."

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Cables: ORINST CHICAGO

1155 EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

January 1973

Dear Members:

A series of eight illustrated lectures on "The Art of Ancient Egypt" will be given by David Silverman, a doctoral candidate in Egyptology. The lectures will begin on Tuesday, February 6, 1973 and continue on consecutive Tuesdays through March 27, 1973, and will be held from 5:30 to 7 P.M. in Room 208 on the second floor of the Oriental Institute. The price is \$30.00 per person for members and \$45.00 per person for non-members.

In this series of illustrated lectures the development of the art of ancient Egypt will be traced chronologically from the Pre-Dynastic to the Late Period. Painting, sculpture, and architecture will be discussed as well as some of the minor arts such as, furniture, jewelry, and pottery, in order to portray the artistic accomplishments of the people of ancient Egypt. The role of art in this ancient civilization will be investigated by examining its relationships to other elements of Egyptian culture.

If you are interested in this series, will you please fill in the form at the bottom of the page, tear it off, and mail it with your cheque made out to the Oriental Institute to:

Mrs. John Livingood, 1155 East 58th St., Chicago, Illinois 60637.

We hope that you will be able to join us for this interesting series of lectures starting on Tuesday, February 5th.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John Livingood, Museum Secretary

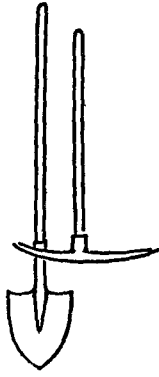
I ___ We ___ are enclosing a cheque for \$30.00 _____, \$60.00 _____ for the illustrated lecture series on "The Art of Ancient Egypt" to be held on February 6th through March 27th, 1973 in Room 208 of the Oriental Institute at 5:30 P.M.

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____ Zip _____

Thank you.

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archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 5 (1972-1973)

Ghaleh Khalil
December 13, 1972

Dear Friends,

Our present season, the seventh of our excavations at Chogha Mish and the fourth of the Joint Iranian Expedition, has fallen into two stages, during the first of which all the preliminary preparations, formal and practical, were completed. The pioneers were Helene J. Kantor of the University of Chicago and Dr. Mary Caroline McCutchan. They arrived in Tehran at the beginning of October and moved to Khuzestan a few days later. The story of this first phase has already been reported on by H. J. Kantor in the first newsletter of the season.

After the completion of official arrangements in Tehran, H. J. Kantor and M. C. McCutchan began work on the recording of the extensive materials (especially potsherds) stored in the Expedition House from last season (January-March, 1972). The Expedition house itself needed to be readied for the rainy season by replastering weak spots on the roof and walls, and by repairing windows and screens warped during the heavy rains of last spring. Endless practical arrangements, for example, additional shelving, made it possible to bring the storage of antiquities into better order and thus to facilitate the work with new finds. The household was put into good working order and in some ways we are independent of the outer world. We no longer have to bring our water from the village spring, which becomes flooded and unusable after every big rain, but have dug our own well.

Our program for this season calls for threefold activities. First is the "study" aspect - to make further progress with the recording and analysis of the architectural remains and the finds in preparation of or the publication of the results. This can be done without digging at all and we have made tremendous advances. Second, of course, is to continue with the actual excavation so as to accumulate more basic data. The third, and new, aspect of a more practical nature, has been brought about by general changes in this part of the country and deserves some explanation. Large-scale agricultural developments planned for this part of Khuzestan are bringing far-reaching changes in the utilization of the land and in the life of the people. The process of preparing huge tracts of land for industrialized agriculture and constructing new canals and roads obviously means major changes of the topography, greatly affecting archeological remains. As in the cases of the building of dams in other parts of the world, here, too, major archaeological salvage efforts are needed. The Archaeological Service in the Ministry of Culture and Art is, of course, fully aware of this situation and has appointed a competent archaeologist with a team of assistants to list and mark the sites that need protection. Much must be done for the archaeology of central Khuzestan in general and we are naturally also concerned with the preservation of our own sites and Expedition house. There is a maze of authorities and officials responsible at various stages for different aspects of these developments and we have been in touch with many of them. We have found them all very co-operative and understanding of our concern for the preservation of sites and of our headquarters here. As to the wider "salvage" plans we feel that a concerted and coordinated effort for this purpose is indicated in the near future.

Now we can begin the chronicle of events since the newsletter of October 27. The main body of the UCLA contingent, P. P. Delougaz and two advanced students, Mr. Daniel Shimabuku and Mr. Shan Winn, arrived in Abadan about midnight on November 9 after a short stop-over in the Netherlands. The new international airport at Abadan saw the happy union of the two branches of the expedition. H. J. Kantor and M. C. McCutchan together with two faithful workers of longstanding, Mohammed Basirifar, our driver, and Ali Reza Ansari, pickman and general assistant,

(over)

were waiting to sweep the rest of us into a car. The arrival was made most comfortable and convenient by the generous hospitality of Mr. Carl Clement, the American Consul-General in Khorramshahr, and his wife. They put us all up for the night in the fine old consulate house on the avenue fronting one arm of the Shatt carrying the Tigris and Euphrates waters into the Persian Gulf. The next day saw us back to the house at Ghaleh Khalil, the road between Khorramshahr and Ahwaz passing through wide shallow lakes filled with water birds, including cranes and huge pelicans. Shortly thereafter the group was completed by the return from Tehran of our friend and colleague, Mr. Memar Reza Zahedani, the representative of the Archaeological Service of Iran and the arrival of Mr. Paul Gaebelein, the third student from UCLA.

Since then the days have passed very rapidly. We have had many visitors, both from this area and from Tehran. Our first visit, appropriately, was that of the Honorable Mr. Douglas Heck, Minister-Counselor of the United States Embassy in Tehran, accompanied by Mrs. Heck and his aunt, Mrs. Tompkins. Despite Mr. Heck's extremely demanding schedule he had arranged to spend the night of November 13 with us. The next morning the visitors witnessed the start of regular digging. Since then we have had many other visitors. The day after Thanksgiving we had 23 persons from the Khuzestan irrigation project for tea in the house after having shown them around the mound for some time. Early in December we had the pleasure of showing the dig to 45 students and faculty from the Demavand College for Women in Tehran. Just recently Prof. Wilfred Madelung, a specialist in medieval Islamic literature and religion at the University of Chicago, together with Mrs. Madelung and their two-year-old son, spent a few days with us. Fortunately, this was between rains, so we were able to arrange a field trip to Chogha Zanbil, Haft Tepe, and Susa for them and our students.

After fourteen days of uninterrupted digging we have been stopped twice by heavy rainfalls after which we have to wait for the mound to dry out. Before describing this season's work, it may be well to summarize our aims here. You will recall that our project is one of longstanding and is devoted to the documentation and understanding of the emergence of the first elaborate literate civilization, Khuzestan being one of the primary areas in which this development took place.

The Protoliterate city at Chogha Mish was preceded, it now becomes clear, by many centuries of cultural development. Our work here has proved the existence of a settlement of a major size previously quite unexpected for the prehistoric periods preceding the invention of writing. We have also discovered an important addition to the prehistoric Susiana sequence, a period earlier than any known previous to our work at Chogha Mish. The preliminary report on our first five seasons of work, the manuscript of which is in the final stages of preparation, will give many details of our finds.

On the site we have been working in three areas. One is on the southwestern part of the terrace, known only from a few small, shallow trenches dug in the second season. The new Trench XXXVI is about 60 meters long and reaches a depth of some 7 meters in a well of the Middle Susiana period. With luck, we may reach virgin soil in some spots of this trench. In the meantime, it has already taught us much. On the highest point is a pit of the Protoliterate period, proving that the city extended to this area at that time. Most of the trench, though, is on the slope of the mound, so that the Protoliterate remains are eroded and our latest extensive finds are of the Middle Susiana period. These include one of the finest small kilns we have ever found, its domed top consisting of several layers of plaster. Most exciting in this area has been what started out, we thought, as a more or less ordinary pit of the Middle Susiana period, however, after two meters it narrowed into a regular circular well going down at least another four meters. It is filled with pottery which the specialist "sherdboys" are mending up into first-rate specimens of a phase of Middle Susiana for which previously we had excavated relatively little evidence at Chogha Mish. The finds from this well will be important in distinguishing the two later phases of Middle Susiana and thus in clearing up some major problems of the prehistoric sequence which came up during the International Congress on Iranian Art and Archaeology in Oxford last September. Since in the deeper parts of Trench XXXVI, we are finding Early Susiana pottery, this operation is going to contribute also to one of the main yet unanswered questions – namely, the extent of the occupation at this time. It is hard to believe that in the Early Susiana period the settlement could have been so very extensive, but after all our evidence for the size of the Middle Susiana town also came as a surprise to everybody.

Last season we left off at very interesting points in the trenches on the eastern side of the terrace (XXI, XXXII, and Gully Cut). We have re-opened these and are having good results, particularly with the appearance of Archaic walls and Early Susiana and Archaic pottery. The Early Susiana parallels with the Eridu period in Southern Mesopotamia are becoming more numerous and stronger.

After the lapse of two seasons we have returned to the area of Protoliterate houses on the higher eastern slopes of the terrace. The remains in this area are very complicated and in short season our activities there must be

relatively modest. Moreover, the rain interrupted us after only the second day, but we had by then found the remains of an elaborate kiln of a type new for the Protoliterate city. We hope still to have the opportunity to go down to some of the earlier Protoliterate floors. We have a fair accumulation of small objects and, as usual, great masses of pottery for all the periods in which we are digging and these are being dealt with efficiently by members of the staff.

Such then is our progress report up to the present. We hope this newsletter will be distributed in time to bring our best wishes for the approaching holiday season and the new year to you all.

Cordially,

P. P. Delougaz
Director, JIE

Helene J. Kantor
Co-Director, JIE

Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 6 (1972-1973)

En route, Istanbul-western Europe
December 7, 1972

Greetings:

I write this as Linda and I watch the Balkans roll by from a Wagon-Lits compartment on the once famous Simplon-Orient Express. Carl Haines and I used to use it in the mid-1930s. Then it really had the tone Agatha Christie suggests in her Murder in the Calais Coach. Now it consists of one sleeping car on a local and no diner (bring your own lunch basket!). Nonetheless, its pace and scale are human, one enjoys observing a human landscape from it, and--given the increasing delays and exasperations of air travel--we still find the old Calais coach a great pleasure. We're not being chicken. We will fly home from Paris, but several recent hijackings of Turkish planes and the consequent flurry of controls, examinations of baggage and persons, and of completely fragmented schedules prompted us to consider old fashioned travel again. I heartily recommend it!

The autumn's excavations at Çayönü ended in fine form in late November. As usual, however, the more one learns of a site, the more problems and questions one uncovers. In my last letter at the end of October, I wrote that the main Çayönü occupation had four or five sub-phases. In our last week of digging, it became apparent that we'll doubtless have to consider adding yet another sub-phase. This is one of the major consequences of our having increasingly adequate portions of the total site area exposed. Incidentally I wrote last time that we have about 3% exposed. Chuck Redman, the field superintendent, has convinced me that I reckoned on too large an overall area for the site by allowing for the extent of surface scatter into fields surrounding the base of the mound. If Chuck is indeed right, our proportion of exposure to overall site area reaches about 5%.

This season underlined other obvious reasons for our concern with adequate exposures. Excavations in different quadrants of the mound (over seven acres in overall area) showed significant differences in detail in the artifactual yields of at least two of the sub-phases. One broad area in the center was essentially without structures in the upper three sub-phases, but areas immediately adjacent to it showed an elaborate succession of architectural changes for the same time range. Again, within the same sub-phases, some trenches yielded much plant material but little animal bone; others showed exactly the opposite. Were our exposures restricted to one or two modest-sized trenches, we could have no real comprehension of the complexity of life in the original village as a whole.

As we knew would be the case from three previous field seasons, the Sears-Roebuck catalogue of Çayönü represents too early a period

(ca. 7000 B.C.) for really spectacular objects in the fine arts sense. Nevertheless, the quality of workmanship and of man-hours obviously necessary for the production of many of the items of daily use is most impressive, and analyses of these objects will tell us much of the way of life on Çayönü. Architecture makes up the spectacular category for Çayönü. By the next to last sub-phase, that of the "burned brick" or (better) cell-plan horizon, it appears that the houses were probably story-and-a-half affairs (with basement-storage crawl-spaces) and one example may have been a "split-level."

Bob Stewart's botanical and Barbara Lawrence's animal luck also held good to the end. Emmer and einkorn wheat (the two basic wheats for domestication) and certain pulses--bitter vetch and chick pea--were present at Çayönü as domesticates from the start, but peas proper and lentils came as domesticates in the later sub-phases. Curiously, just as Willem van Zeist had noted in 1970, barley was essentially absent. This poses a problem since it must certainly have been available as a wild plant along with wild emmer and einkorn wheats. As to animals, the dog appears to have been the only domesticate at the beginning. Barbara's still incomplete analysis suggests that sheep (and possible goat) were probably in Çayönü as domesticates by the next-to-last (cell plan) sub-phase. Pig bones were abundant throughout, but their analysis still awaits Charlie Reed's critical eye. The bones of giant wild cattle and of red deer were relatively common in the early sub-phases, but decreased markedly as sheep and goat bones increased in the later sub-phases. Had there not been subsequent deforestation in the Çayönü region, our catalogue of plant remains (both domesticated and wild) would be perfectly at home in the valley today. The animal bones, on the other hand, suggest a broader variety of ecological niches. We suppose that this means little more than that the plants were collected or cultivated immediately at hand (by women?) while the hunting patterns (of men?) ranged both up and down slope, covering a broader environmental spectrum. As food production became increasingly effective, the hunters may have increasingly tended to stay near home-base. Nevertheless, "home-base" had been a very substantial affair, architecturally, from early on, for a group much concerned with hunting. How and why did they commit so much time to architectural permanence? There are many things we can't explain about life in Çayönü.

Forgive my excursion into details, but it may remind you that many archeologists no longer concern themselves very much with royal tombs!

This will doubtless reach you after the holidays (by which time, we'll be home too). Hence, belated holiday Wishes..

As ever,

Bob Braidwood

Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 6 (1972-1973)

Dear Friends,

The New Year begins on a sad note with news of the death of Elsie Dittmer Kraeling, widow of Carl H. Kraeling, former Chairman of the Department of Near Eastern Languages and Literatures at Yale and Director of the Oriental Institute from 1950 to 1960. Mrs. Kraeling died in Pittsfield, Mass. on January 18 at the age of 76. [Address of Mrs. Kraeling's daughter: Mrs. Norman G. A. (Ruth) Day, 166 Kemble St., Lenox, Mass., 01240.]

Our new season of excavations at Nippur opened on December 23. Mac Gibson reports that an enormous sand dune, standing as high as the expedition house, had to be cleared away from next to the building. He promises to write a newsletter soon.

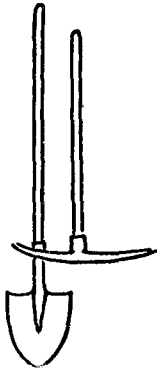
The seasons at Çayönü and Chogha Mish closed in December, and the Braidwoods and Helene Kantor are now back in Chicago. The last newsletter from the Braidwoods is enclosed herewith.

With best wishes for the New Year,

Cordially,

John A. Brinkman
Director

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1155 E. 58TH STREET • CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS



*Issued confidentially to members and friends
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Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 7 (1972-1973)

Nippur, Iraq
January 15, 1973

Dear Friends,

The eleventh season of work at Nippur is well under way. We are now in the middle of a major holiday, and most of the staff is on a trip through the north (Nineveh, Nimrud, Hatra, and Erbil). Miguel Civil and I have remained on the site with Carl and Irene Haines, who arrived in Iraq a few days ago.

About half the staff arrived shortly after me in the middle of December. We found everyone friendly and helpful. Permits and other papers were obtained with ease. Only the long period during which we have not worked here has produced headaches. I found that I had to pay for four past years of license plates and insurance for the Landrover that has sat on blocks in the garage. I also had to appear in traffic court in Hilla to release our driver, Jabbar Nasr, from arrest. On my orders, he had resurrected the Landrover somehow and got it to run. He was driving it to Baghdad and was stopped in Hilla because his plates were dated 1968. Repairs on the car brought on another headache. Maybe a migraine.

Arriving at Nippur on December 22, we found a large dune on the south side of the house and a gigantic one on the north. One could jump from the northern dune onto the roof. Several of the windows were blocked by the sand. However, little sand was actually inside the rooms because the house had been sealed with bricks and mud mortar when it was last closed. The inner courtyards, however, were knee-deep. It took about a week to clean out the interiors and set up the rooms for occupancy. A road-grader sent by the local governor took down the outside dune in two days.

In case all this mention of sand makes one think we are destined to work forever between dunes, let me give you the good news. The dunes are moving away from Nippur. Whereas, in 1964, when I first saw the site, the mound stood in a sea of dunes, with only about a quarter of the surrounding area in fields, today more than three quarters of the area is cultivated. It is easy to drive around the mound, even without four-wheel-drive. There are substantial dunes on the mound in places, especially in the ancient channel that cuts through the site, and sand will continue to be a problem, but it will be much less so from now on.

The landscape seems rather familiar to some of the staff. Five of the twelve are students from the University of Arizona. They came expecting rather Spartan accommodations and found the expedition house startling. Perhaps it is just as well that for the first week we were unable to use the running water and indoor toilets. The sand dunes made it impossible to open drains, traps, etc. Also, in the first week, customs still held our shipment with the spark plugs that were necessary to produce electricity with our generator.

Our work in December and early January was somewhat hampered by the fact that this is a time of holidays. There were six days off in the first eighteen, plus three Fridays, which are also days off. If we work on these days, we must pay double. If we hire Sherqatis, the trained pickmen who are essential, we must pay their way to the site, then back to Sherqat for the major four-day holiday, then back to Nippur. Since a good part of two weeks are used up in any dig getting a routine fixed, and railroad laid, I brought in only one Sherqati to oversee the laying of track and to do some limited digging. I also hired only twenty local men. Any local men must be paid for the holidays. When the holiday is over, in three days, we will hire about fifty men and our full complement of six or seven Sherqatis will arrive. In short, our first three weeks of work have brought us to the following position: we have our railroad in place, we have

cleaned the site we intend to dig, we know something of the stratigraphy in the area, and we can get to work full scale without a lot of preliminaries.

As I was able to indicate to some of you in an after-dinner session before I left Chicago, we are concentrating this season on the West Mound of Nippur. This is an area that has not been touched by Chicago. We have chosen one particular spot, the "Court of Columns" that was uncovered by Pennsylvania in 1889-1890. This building, of Seleucid date, is supposed to lie directly over Kassite (Second Millenium B.C.) levels. A short distance to one side of this building Pennsylvania found more than three hundred Kassite administrative tablets. It is our hope that by cutting below the Seleucid building, we can discover a major Kassite administrative center. Relatively little is known of the Kassites, and anything we can add will be very important.

Our first look at the Seleucid building, or rather the large rectangular hole (about 50 x 100 meters) that Pennsylvania left, gave us nothing but a lot of drifted sand and some stumps of walls emerging from it. We have removed the sand, which was in places more than ten feet deep, and have found that Pennsylvania removed almost all vestiges of the Seleucid building. We also found that the extensive trenches shown in various publications did not go as deep as indicated. Thus, we seem to have a situation in which the late building is not in our way and we have relatively undisturbed lower levels to deal with.

During the last week, the Haineses and the remainder of the student staff (most from Chicago), flew into Baghdad. I look around the dining room occasionally and am appaled by the number of people here. Then, I balance off the grocery bill with the amount of work we will be able to do, especially in the various specialized fields some of us are trained in. I also remember that it has rained only once since we got here, and there is no sign of a change in the weather. The farmers might be able to pray us out of work for some days, but the next two months should be very productive. This is a good, enthusiastic crew, the workmen are the best in Iraq, we are in a place that is not overlaid by Parthian, and we have a secret ingredient in Carl Haines, who knows everything there is to know about Nippur. I expect that in about two weeks, I can write a newsletter with real news.

Sincerely yours,

McGuire Gibson

P.S. By the way, Iraq is at present very enthusiastic about tourists, and you will find a cordial welcome wherever you might go.

Dear Members:

Mid-season is the time when the field director must sit down and take stock of the progress of the work of the expedition over the past three months and also look ahead to determine how during the remainder of the season work outstanding can best be completed. One of the requirements of the American Research Center in Egypt – Smithsonian grant, which supports so much of our operations in Egypt, is an interim progress report, the writing of which affords the field director the opportunity to reflect about problems and their solution. To be sure, the recording of individual scenes and inscriptions of a monument as vast as the Temple of Khonsu daily provides all sorts of epigraphic puzzles that must be solved as part of the routine of copying and collating the material. Especially during the first half of the season the mechanics of down-to-earth epigraphy occupy most of the Egyptologists' time so that reflection about broader problems must await mid-season.

With the material for the first volume of the Temple of Khonsu just nearing completion, it is now possible to survey the mass of the documentation bearing upon the kingship of Herihor at the very end of the New Kingdom, about 1100 B.C. The initial publication of the wall and column scenes from the court of the temple will include almost all the representations of Herihor as king that are extant, so that it will now be possible for the first time for scholars to assess the iconographic import of the documentation on a quantitative as well as a qualitative basis. Many of the scenes in the court are at first glance run-of-the-mill depictions of King Herihor offering to a god with hieroglyphic inscriptions giving often uninspired speeches of the deity to Herihor. In the temple there are over one hundred representations of King Herihor, and some interesting observations can be made regarding the iconography associated with his claim to kingship.

In only three scenes does Herihor wear a crown or headdress that is of non-ecclesiastic nature. In 97 percent of the scenes his headdress is a close-fitting skull-cap that is worn by a king when his function as high priest is emphasized. In the Great Hypostyle Hall of Karnak, for example, the pharaohs Sethos I and Ramesses II are shown wearing this skull-cap while they stride beside the sacred bark of Amon. In nine of the scenes at the Temple of Khonsu the priestly aspect of Herihor's kingship is conveyed by his wearing the leopard-skin, often found cloaking figures of non-royal High Priests of Amon. The weight of this iconographic evidence, together with the fact that Herihor's prenomen always remained "High Priest of Amon", strongly suggests that when Herihor became king, he did not abdicate his position as High Priest of Amon.

The three scenes where he wears other crowns or headdresses can easily be explained, because in these scenes he is not functioning in his priestly role. At his coronation he wears the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, while at his baptism he has donned the so-called Nubian wig, commonly worn by pharaohs of the New Kingdom. The third scene, in which Herihor wears the Red Crown of Lower Egypt, shows him in a royal dance or run carrying staves and a bird. This is a type of ritual that is definitely royal and is not known to have been performed by a high priest. It is interesting, however, that two related royal rituals, the *Vasenlauf* and *Ruderlauf*, are transformed in the reliefs at Khonsu into priestly rites. Instead of Herihor wearing a distinctly royal headdress and boldly running the vases or ship's gear, he wears the high priestly skull-cap and adopts the quiet stance of an officiant before the god.

The significance of this evidence for the nature of Herihor's kingship becomes especially apparent when one compares the decoration of the court of the Temple of Khonsu with what is found in earlier temples of the New Kingdom. To be sure, there are innumerable scenes of pharaohs serving a god, but only occasionally in such ritual scenes, and not before the reign of Sethos I of the Nineteenth Dynasty, is the king shown with the skull-cap. Rather a wide variety of royal non-ecclesiastic crowns and headdresses characterizes representations of the officiating king prior to the time of Herihor.

This iconographic evidence from the Temple of Khonsu tends to support the view that Herihor always remained high priest and never ruled independently. In fact, the last Ramesside king, Ramesses XI, appears to have survived him by a number of years. There are, however, two inscriptions in the court, one on a architrave recently recorded by us, that speak about Herihor's construction of the riverine bark of Amon of cedar of Lebanon. These two inscriptions together with what we know from the famous account of Herihor's envoy Wenamon and his trip to Byblos to secure lumber for this very barge do present some chronological problems with regard to the decoration of the court of the Temple of Khonsu and the length of Herihor's reign. There are some reasons for believing that his claims to have built a new bark were perhaps inscribed in anticipation, especially since one of the text occurs within the context of the great Feast of Opet that is por-

trayed on the west wall of the court. From several earlier versions of the Feast of Opet there are similar texts relating to the construction of new barks, and the possibility exists that Herihor may have been anticipating his achievement of the task on the basis of earlier patterns. Indeed in going over the texts of Herihor's version of the Feast of Opet, we have recently succeeded in locating some earlier textual parallels that enable us to complete some of the lacunae. One is from an unstudied text accompanying a procession of the bark of Amon under Ramesses II in the Great Hypostyle Hall, while an earlier block of Tutankhamon, extracted from the core of the Second Pylon at Karnak, supplies another textual parallel. Apparently under Tutankhamon two versions of the Feast of Opet were carved, one at Luxor and the other at Karnak.

In determining the date of the scenes from the fill of the Second Pylon, we have benefited from discussions with two of our house guests, Mr. Bernard Bothmer of the Brooklyn Museum and his assistant Mr. Patrick Cardon, both here to advise on the display of objects in the new Luxor Museum. Consideration of the Tutankhamon material at Karnak and of a puzzling scene on the rear of the Third Pylon, where the figure of a second king behind Amenhotep III has been erased; has led us back to reliefs in the Temple of Luxor. The problems of changing art styles beginning with the last years of Amenhotep III and into the post-Amarna period are especially evident in the much neglected reliefs of the entrance to the Tutankhamon colonnade. Observing two specialists in Egyptian art at work on the problems of dating has been especially instructive. One gets the impression that the resolution of some of the recalcitrant problems in Egyptian history may rest with those concerned with the minutiae of Egyptian art history and iconography. In the work of our expedition we strive not only to make accurate copies of the textual material for philologists and historians but also to render the subtleties of Egyptian relief so that stylistic analysis can be made by the art historian. Although Egyptian relief superficially appears two-dimensional, it does possess three-dimensional plastic qualities which are of interest to the art specialist. How best to render subtle nuances in the carving on a two-dimensional drawing is a matter of concern to those engaged in the recording of monuments.

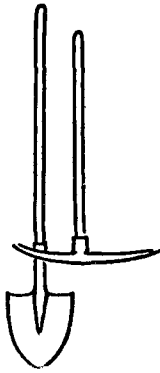
We do not want to leave the impression that the staff of Chicago House is no longer involved in the recording of longer hieroglyphic texts. The Temple of Khonsu does contain some rather lengthy inscriptions. Much of the work this season has been concentrated upon the collation of the drawings of the dedicatory texts of the architraves in the court and first hypostyle hall as well as an oracular text of the Twenty-first Dynasty. Unfortunately there are many lacunae in this inscription of fifty lines and the traces of signs are often difficult to interpret, but Mr. Charles Van Siclen has succeeded in obtaining very good readings through his careful study of the text and his reconstruction of lost portions will enable one to understand what is going on in the oracular proceedings surrounding a property settlement. Our other Egyptologist, Mr. William Murnane, has been especially active in the collation of the architraves and in brining our dictionary files up to date. Both Chuck and Bill are currently working on their doctoral dissertations. Chuck is gathering material pertaining to the reign of Amenhotep II, parts of whose shrine were reused in the Temple of Khonsu, and Bill is checking the temple walls for evidence of coregencies, the subject of his dissertation.

Among our visitors this season we were once again privileged to have Professor and Mrs. John A. Wilson. Professor Wilson, who is the new president of the American Research Center in Egypt, is also an advisor to the Akhenaton block project of the University of Pennsylvania. While John was busy with his research, his wife Mary served as a good will ambassador for Chicago House on her frequent visits to the many little shops in town.

We wish we could send you some of the sunshine and warmth of Luxor at this time of year.

Sincerely yours,

Edward F. Wente
Field Director



Archaeology *Journal*

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Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 9 (1972-1973)

Nippur
February 10, 1973

Dear Friends,

Since my last newsletter, we've moved a lot of dirt and have a much better idea of where we are. As planned, this eleventh season at Nippur was supposed to concentrate on Kassite remains in an area where administrative tablets were found by Pennsylvania in 1889. In this place, we have our main operation, a large rectangular trench under what had been a large Seleucid Pillared Hall. Nothing remains of the Seleucid building, having been taken apart sometime after 1928 to build somebody's house, or some bridge. No one knows what happened to the building, but Carl Haines tells me it wasn't there when he first saw the site in 1948. Our excavation is in only the central part of the building. To give you an idea of the size of the original structure, it is no exaggeration to say that it was about three times larger than the Oriental Institute.

In some notes of the Pennsylvania expedition, the Kassite levels were said to be about two meters below the level of the Pillared Hall. We're down five meters in one square, and are still in Neo-Babylonian. But, we're finally hitting some Kassite pottery, and the end may be in sight. On another side of the trench, we have come upon a real surprise. This is a temple of Achaemenid date. Apparently, one cannot escape temples in this city of temples. The structure, which is really only a chapel, was preserved to two courses of mud brick and the finds in it were meager, but one was important. This is a white stone plaque with a female figure in Egyptian style, with a head of Bes above it. On the reverse is an inscription in Egyptian hieroglyphics. Miguel Civil, who has abilities not suspected, tells me this is an incantation.

We have proceeded to go down in the temple area and have found an earlier, much larger building, perhaps another temple of Neo-Babylonian date. So far, we have the outside walls with two large buttresses and about a foot of plaster.

A little to the south of our main excavation, we have a stratigraphic pit going down more than six meters. After thick layers of Seleucid, Achaemenid and Neo-Babylonian date, we expected to get Kassite. However, we came to a sterile sand lens, and under it was Old Babylonian, Ur III, Akkadian and Early Dynastic. We are currently puzzling out a complex mess of cuts and walls built of plano-convex mud bricks. We are well above water level, and hope to find earlier material before we are forced to end the operation. So far, this one trench has given us most of the graves found, as well as thousands of pot sherds, and two very interesting Neo-Babylonian medical commentaries.

Over a ridge, on the southern end of the West Mound, we have a third trench. Here, in an area much investigated by Pennsylvania, the surface was littered with Kassite pottery. A more like spot could not be asked, and the site for the trench seemed undisturbed by Pennsylvania. However, on the first day, we found no less than four tunnels. Penn was coming in from the side. After about a meter, we began to find the walls of a large house. However, this proved to be Old Babylonian. The Kassite had eluded us again. We found much Old Babylonian material. We discovered Ur III tablets in Pennsylvania debris. This is some six meters above the level of the plain. Early material so high up comes as a great surprise, and a welcome one indeed. There is even some chance of finding Ubaid levels on this end of the mound, since sherds and other material of this date are found in some numbers.

At the moment, at midpoint in the dig, it would seem that we've ended up with a non-Kassite enterprise. But we are going to be able to add substantively to the history of glazed pottery from Neo-Babylonian to Seleucid.

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We seem certain to expose a large Neo-Babylonian building, perhaps a temple, under our Achaemenid chapel. We may even find a Kassite version under that. Of course, if things go as they often do, we'll find the interesting things just as we have to leave.

We've been visited by the officials of the Directorate General of Antiquities, who seemed pleased with the work and expressed the hope that we would continue to work on the West Mound. They would like us to return every year. We suggested that for the next season we continue the main area and put search trenches in various parts of the mound to give a better idea of the material available. We also want to look for the city wall in places where it is not visible and to investigate the lower parts of the mound, where there may have been private houses, gardens, etc. We are, in short, proposing a concerted program of excavation to make clear the history and growth of the city. Meanwhile we continue our work and await developments. As they occur, I'll inform you of them.

Sincerely yours,

McGuire Gibson
Director, Nippur

Additional Notes

February 16, 1973

I must add to this letter a touch of sadness. Two days ago, a religious holiday, we did not work. That night, at about 10, I was awakened by one of the Sherqati pickmen, saying that one of them, Saleh Hussayn Dakkhil, was very ill. I sent our driver to take Saleh to the doctor. A little later, the driver returned saying that Saleh had died of a heart attack on the way into Afak. I closed the dig for the next day and, with the Sherqatis, saw to the issuing of official papers. The Sherqatis then left for Sherqat, a town in the north near Mosul, with the body.

Saleh Hussayn was a very special Sherqati and I feel his loss greatly. He was one of the old Sherqatis, about seventy, and he had begun digging at Khorsabad as a young man. He worked in the Diyala with Frankfort and Delougaz. He was at Jarmo. He was at Nippur many seasons. He was one of the really good, first-class pickmen, and one of the few remaining men of his generation. He talked a lot, had many stories and strong opinions. Among a group of men known for their discretion, Saleh stood as a man who said pretty much what he thought. He could cause a bit of trouble for this way, but the fun he brought to a dig, plus his expertise, made up for that. He was a marvelous, wilfull, self-appreciating man who refused to be old. He, more than other Sherqatis, was a clearly defined personality. Anyone who ever knew him must miss him.

February 20, 1973

This one can be a little happier. Today, in the trench on the southern end of the mound, we found a Kassite tablet in a building of impressive size. This structure has baked brick pavements in places. The tablet, actually a fragment, is a list of garments. We are expanding this trench and hope that Penn's tunnels have not cut up the building too much.

Oriental Institute Newsletter No. 10 (1972-1973)

Nippur
March 11, 1973

Dear Friends,

The Nippur season is drawing to a close, and it is probably just as well. We're starting to repeat stories and the weather is getting warmer than necessary. Three months is an optimum season. You're just on the brink of getting tired of it all, but you've been digging long enough to know really what is happening in the holes.

In the last letter, I was finally able to say that we had gotten to Kassite levels. Now, we can say that we are in Kassite levels in about four places, and that in our main operation we have buttressed and niched walls that indicate either temples or palaces in five different periods. I wrote before of the Achaemenid temple in which we found the Egyptian stone plaque or amulet. Below that building, we found one wall of a massive Neo-Babylonian building, hopefully a palace or administrative center. We have dug below that wall and now know that there are two earlier versions of that building, the earlier being Kassite. We're still trying to find foundation deposits, or something inside a room, to determine the exact nature of the building. Our main difficulty is that the structure, or rather the three versions of it, lie almost entirely under the huge dune that borders our working area. We have been able to cut down into the end of one room within the walls. In the next two days, we will know whether the room can tell us anything.

In our other large operation, on the south end of the mound, we have unearthed a large Old Babylonian house built of baked bricks. In the courtyard, we were lucky enough to find a fireplace and many whole and fragmentary pots lying as they were left. Everything was mapped in place and we hope to be able to work out the functions of different parts of the court from the types of vessels and other utensils found. We have also collected soil samples from the floor for analysis. In following the floor through a doorway, we came into a small room. Here we found several fragments of cuneiform tablets. Some of these were Sumerian literary texts, which made Miguel Civil happy. Along with the Sumerian tablets were found two economic texts dated to the 34th and 35th years of Hammurabi and one from the 13th year of Samsuiluna. These items date the other tablets, the pottery, and the building. Vernon Grubish, a graduate student from Northwestern, has been in charge of this operation and hopes to work up the pottery in a detailed fashion not normally done in Mesopotamia. The dating of this building between the years 1758 and 1736 B.C. gives him a firm anchor on which to tie his sherd sequence.

Our work in this last phase of the season is a bit schizophrenic. We're trying to find out as much as possible in the little time left, while thinking of shutting down. Thus, while the potsherds pour in by the hundreds, and new walls show up every day, we're already bagging things for shipment, putting objects in boxes, making up an inventory of furniture and tools in the house, and so forth. We want as many men as possible working on the site, but at the same time must take some off to begin making repairs on the sheds in which we store the railroad and on the dig house. These buildings are of mud brick with mud plaster, and every eight or ten years, they must be replastered at least in part. The dig house is now eight years old, and there are many places where the mud brick shows. It will take six wagon loads of dirt that must be brought from a special place where there is no salt in the land, two wagon loads of straw, and five men about three days to replaster the house. We must also brick up all the windows to protect the house from the elements as well as theft. This sort of work will be done from about the eighteenth to the twentieth. Actual digging will stop on the eighteenth, although we may keep one or two pick-men working for a day or so to resolve little problems. Most of the men will be busy hauling the railroad back over the half-kilometer track of sand dunes to the sheds. The actual hauling will be done by hand, using ropes, and will take only a day, I think. Once at the sheds, each car, each rail must be bathed in oil and stored. This will use up at least another day. We expect, however, to bid our workmen goodbye on the twentieth or twenty-first.

While the house is repaired and the railroad put away, we'll also be busy finishing pot drawings, making latex molds of tables and objects, and packing things. We should be in Baghdad by about the twenty-third.

It's always a bit sad to end a season. We've enjoyed ourselves, and have gotten a lot of work done in a friendly atmosphere. Conditions for work are as good as I have ever experienced here. We've ended up leaving a lot of big questions unanswered, and must look at our excavation in terms of four or five seasons of work. You just can't untangle all those building levels and a complicated stratigraphy in a shorter time. This season has shown us

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what some of the possibilities are and we now know where productive work can be done next season. It is clear that we must turn to machinery to solve some of our problems, such as the big dune. The days of readily available, cheap labor are past.

The dig staff has worked out very well. Although from different backgrounds and universities, we have been able to work together with a minimum of difficulty. We have taken various samples for analysis and the work of the season will continue in labs at home. We had the good fortune to have with us for a week a pollen specialist named Peter Mehringer, who is a professor of Earth Sciences at Washington State University. Dr. Mehringer was on a dig in Nubia and consented to join us to look the situation over. He visited some of the swamps near Nippur, looking for a good site to take core samples. With the right sort of sample, a pollen man can determine ancient climates. The swamps turned out to be dried up and blown away, or the wrong sort. However, Mehringer did take about a hundred samples from levels in our excavations and should be able to tell us a great deal about the Nippur area through time.

We also enjoyed visits from about twenty five people from the various embassies in Baghdad, from the new German expedition to Isin, just twenty miles away, and many others. Most of all, we enjoyed having Betty Ticken and the Livingoods. Also, Bob Adams was able to take one day from a crowded program of research in the Baghdad Museum to visit the site. He brought with him one fine story. As you know, Bob brought out with him in 1968 a Terratiger. This yellow fiberglass all-terrain vehicle is specially adapted to run over dunes as well as float. For survey it is very useful. In order to save money on customs, the vehicle was brought in not as a car but as a steamboat! Now, it turns out that Bob owes a good deal of money to the government for a steamboat license. You can't win! We have christened the craft The Delta Queen and can no longer view it without thoughts of gentlemen in white suits, ladies in crinoline, and buckets of mint julep.

Sincerely,

Mac Gibson

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
CHICAGO • ILLINOIS 60637

Cables: ORINST CHICAGO

1155 EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

December, 1973

Dear Members:

A series of eight illustrated lectures on "The History and Culture of Ancient Anatolia from the Late Third Millennium to the Persian Conquest" will be given by Paul Zimansky, a doctoral candidate in Near Eastern Archaeology". The survey lectures will begin on Tuesday, February 5, 1974, and continue on consecutive Tuesdays through March 26, 1974, and will be held from 5:30 to 7:00 P.M. in Room 208 on the second floor of the Oriental Institute. The price is \$30.00 per person for members and \$45.00 per person for non-members.

In these illustrated lectures, the cultures of the Late Bronze Age as epitomized at Alaca Hüyük and Kültepe and the impact made upon them by the Assyrian Trading Colonies, ca. 1950-1750 B.C., will be discussed. These cultures were followed by the assumption of power by the Hittites, an Indo-European speaking people, whose rule encompasses the so-called Old Kingdom and Empire Periods, ca. 1650-1190 B.C. The Late Hittite Period, 1190-700 B.C., saw the rise of the Phrygian kingdom in the west and the Urartian culture in the east of Anatolia. Also to be examined is the political organization, architecture, art, and language of these various periods, their interconnections, and their relations with other civilizations of the ancient Near East down to the Persian conquest.

If you are interested in this series, will you please fill in the form at the bottom of the page, tear it off, and mail it with your cheque made out to the Oriental Institute to:

Mrs. John Livingood, 1155 East 58th st., Chicago, Illinois 60637.

We hope that you will be able to join us for this interesting series of lectures starting on Tuesday, February 5th.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John Livingood, Museum Secretary

There are still some reservations open for the
ORIENTAL INSTITUTE'S MUSEUM TOUR
TO Berlin, Leningrad, Moscow, Florence
Turin, Paris, London, and Oxford on
May 2 to 23, 1974

If you don't have a brochure, please write!

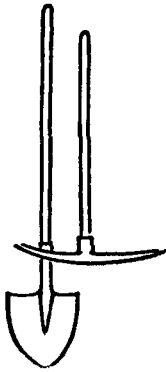
I ___ We ___ are enclosing a cheque for \$30.00 ___, \$60.00 ___, \$45.00 ___ for the illustrated lecture series on "The History and Culture of Ancient Anatolia from the Late Third Millennium to the Persian Conquest" to be held on February 5 through March 26, 1974, in Room 208 of the Oriental Institute at 5:30 P.M.

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____ Zip _____

Thank you.

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1155 E. 58TH STREET CHICAGO, IL 60637



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

No. 4: January, 1974

Baghdad, December 23, 1973

Dear Friends,

The 12th Nippur season is over. We stopped actual digging on the 15th, took down and stored the railroad and other equipment on the 16th and 17th, and finished work in the house by the 20th.

Those of you who have followed our progress through the last campaign and this know that we are concentrating our efforts in two locations, WA and WB, on the West Mound at Nippur. Last season (1972-73) at WA, in looking for the building that would have housed a major archive of Kassite administrative tablets, we came upon the outer wall of a major niched and buttressed structure. Being hampered by a huge sand dune, we were unable to investigate much of the building last year, but did recover from part of a room several excellent cylinder seals and an inscribed stone axe dedicated to a deity whose name began with Nin-x. On the basis of this find, we concluded that the building, or rather the series of rebuildings dating from pre-Kassite to Neo-Babylonian times (c. 1800-500 B.C.), was a temple. The findspot of the Kassite archive, reported as lying farther to the west by the University of Pennsylvania Expedition of 1889, was not reached.

Area WB, some 200 meters south of WA, yielded Old Babylonian private houses, several interesting economic tablets, and a good series of pottery.

This season, beginning in late September, we resumed work at WA, clearing as much of the sand dune from above the temple as we could. When we arrived we could barely see the outer wall of the temple. Road construction in the district made it impossible to rent earth moving equipment, so we had to proceed with hand-powered railroad cars and the steady, enduring labor of Afak workmen. By the end of the season, we had exposed an area more than 20 meters by 20 meters. An idea of the height of the dune at this point can be gotten from the fact that a small shrub high up on the dune turned out to be growing on top of a Seleucid wall that rested on our Neo-Babylonian temple and was over ten meters high.

In the area cleared of dune, we exposed eight rooms of the uppermost (Neo-Babylonian) building. Careful excavation made it plain that there had been two major fires and rebuildings of this space. On the plaster floors, we found almost no objects and very few sherds. Even after the fires, evidenced by charred roof beams six feet long, all objects had apparently been removed.

We thought we had reached the sanctuary of the temple when we discovered black and white striped paint on the walls of one room. However, the expected sanctuary plan and installations did not materialize and we found yet another room with similar painting. It is clear from the plan thus far known that the building is very large and that we have exposed perhaps one fourth or less of it. We still do not have an outside door. The general communication lines tend to suggest a focus farther under the dune, of course.

A meter below the Neo-Babylonian temple we found evidence of a version of the temple that was to have been built some time after Kassite and before Neo-Babylonian times but was never finished. We cannot be more precise in dating this non-building because there was no floor, no foundation deposit, no distinctive pottery, and not even walls. What we have is a mud brick platform laid down inside an older, assuredly Kassite temple. At the time the platform was laid down, the walls of the Kassite building were cut back about a foot to allow the new builders to lay in a new face and plaster it over. But that is as far as the project went.

The Kassite temple (c. 1400-1300 B.C.) was a well laid-out building, but again we found little from it because the later builders had cut away or disturbed the floors.

Under the Kassite temple was a thick layer of ashy debris, in places a meter deep. In these ashes we found numerous fragments of school tablets. Miguel Civil dates these to Kassite times. The pottery found with them, however, looks like Old Babylonian (c. 1800 B.C.). We may have a very early Kassite level, going back to say 1600 B.C., with pottery that is transitional from Old Babylonian. If this dating is true, it is extremely important. Very early Kassite material is rare and almost unknown.

Under the ash levels there is an earlier version of the temple on a very different plan

from those above. It was at this level that we found the seals and stone axe last season. Clearing more of the room in which those objects had originated, we found four more cylinder seals, several copper crescents, beads, a bronze dog figurine, and the head of a stone statue. The pottery associated with these finds fits best in the Isin-Larsa period. The room in which these finds were made is a long rectangular chamber. The doorway leading into the room is doubly recessed, an indication of special importance for a room. Outside the chamber there is a courtyard paved around at least two edges with baked bricks. We were not able to expose much of this court, but in the debris we found a fragment of a baked clay human foot, more than lifesize.

In another room of this phase we found a cache of beads, jewelry, copper ornaments, crescents, and cylinder seals thrust down into a door socket as if hurriedly concealed. The doorpost, of wood, was found charred inside the doorsocket with the objects around it.

The burning of the doorpost is associated with a fire that left burned debris on a floor in two other rooms of this building. Among charcoal remains of roofbeams and reed mats were whole pots and dozens of stone, shell, and gold beads, strewn at random as if dropped or fallen. Also, and more important, were a bronze dagger, a superb cylinder seal, and a fragment of stone vase dedicated to the god Nin-Shubur. Our hope of naming the god to whom the temple was dedicated is not, however, realized in this find. The deity Nin-x from last year cannot be Nin-Shubur. It may be that this temple is dedicated to more than one deity, or that these bits of stone were collected from earlier temples for recutting and reuse in a more important god's temple. The finding of more than eight crescents in various levels might suggest that we have the temple of the moon god, but this evidence is too slim to work with. We looked for foundation deposits, inscribed pivot stones, and the like, but none were found. When we return and find the main entrance and the sanctuary, the name of the deity should be clear. What is evident is that the Isin-Larsa level is extraordinarily productive, and that if we can get permission to remove the later walls, which the Department of Antiquities has an idea of restoring for the tourist trade, we may obtain information of a quantity and quality gotten from only a few sacred structures such as the Early Dynastic levels of the Inanna Temple.

In our other working area, WB, fine results were obtained. Here we more than tripled the horizontal exposure done last season in order to get down to Old Babylonian houses. In clearing the upper levels, badly cut by Pennsylvania in the last century, we made the single most spectacular find, the hoard of more than a hundred letters and other tablets placed around a jar burial. Consensus among the cuneiform people at Chicago seems to put them at about 700 B.C. In further clearance, hundreds of fragments of other cuneiform tablets were found, mostly from Pennsylvania backfill, that is, dirt tossed aside as they worked. These fragments are certainly Kassite, bearing dates of the kings Kudur-Enlil (1264-1256 B.C.) and Shagarakti-Shuriash (1255-1243 B.C.) and are records of commodities held or disbursed from central stores. Judi Franke, working closely with John Sanders, our architect, was able to reconstruct from the bits of wall left by Pennsylvania part of a very large Kassite building, of which we have touched only a small portion. Looking at knolls of the tell close by, it is possible to suggest that this building may have been as much as 80 meters along one side. Surely we are dealing with a major Kassite administrative building; not the one we expect to find at WA, but another, maybe more important one, too badly destroyed to understand fully.

Judi, whose area this was, completely exposed one unusually large Old Babylonian house, with several courtyards, many bread ovens, and a complicated history of use. Doors were blocked and unblocked, rooms changed through time. The functions of individual rooms may, hopefully, be reconstructed by a careful study of such changes in the architecture itself, plus analyses of pottery and sherds found in the rooms. Many soil samples were collected from various floors and rooms, and these will be analyzed to give some clue as to use. They will also furnish evidence of environmental conditions and changes. In WB, and also in WA, latrine samples were taken and will be analyzed to give indications of ancient diet and disease.

It is our hope to return to Nippur next year to continue our work on these areas, and also on other locations. A lot is still to be learned about the history of settlement at the city, the location of the city wall, functions of various areas within the city, and so on. But this will take years and a concerted program. Your continued support makes planning of such a project possible. This last season, being notified suddenly that we could return to Nippur in September and being short of funds, we made a special request for emergency aid from some members of the Institute. That aid was generous and allowed us to work. As mentioned in my last newsletter, we designated specific days for these particular donors. The days and work are as follows:

- Oct. 4 Anonymous Donor. Moved a lot of sand, began to get into two rooms of the Neo-Babylonian Temple in WA, found a burial in WB. Temperature over 120°Fahrenheit.
- Oct. 7 Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Donnelley. This ⁶⁶²is the day we were in Baghdad being told we had

48 hours to leave Iraq. At Nippur we had left the men under the foremen to move Pennsylvania dump. During lunch, one of the workmen touched the side of the trench we made last year and dozens of tablet fragments fell into his lap. This was the beginning of our find of more than a hundred letters and other documents dating to about 700 B.C.

- Oct. 17 Mrs. G. Corson Ellis. Still more sand removed. Uncovered an ancient Achaemenid trash pit in WA, from which came whole pots, beads, and a superb unbaked clay plaque of a woman holding a basket of dates (?). Certainly Egyptian in origin.
- Oct. 22 Anonymous Donor. In WA, while removing Achaemenid debris, found two Seleucid burials, one in the shape of an elongated baked clay bathtub with a cover. Several whole vessels. Next day, near this burial, found inscribed stone vessel with Greek inscription. In WB, still trying to understand the mess above the Old Babylonian level.
- Nov. 5 Mr. and Mrs. Theodore D. Tieken. Still moving sand. In WA, removed most of debris from above the Kassite level in two rooms. Found yet another latrine drain. Discovered two snakes, which the men insisted are examples of the snake with two heads. They are blue and fat and about 10 inches long. In WB, found about a dozen fragments of Kassite administrative tablets, which had begun to appear a day or so before.
- Nov. 11 Anonymous Donor. Sand moving almost done. In WA, working in ash levels below Kassite temple, found tablet fragments and whole pots.
- Nov. 14 Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Donnelley. In WA, clearing fill from below Neo-Babylonian level, going to Kassite. In one room, just clearing to floor of Neo-Babylonian, found some glass and a few beads. In WB, removing Kassite walls from above Old Babylonian house. In all, not the greatest day.
- Nov. 15 Mrs. G. Corson Ellis. In WA, a lot of sand fell into one of the rooms next to the dune and had to be removed. In one place, excavating ash layers under Kassite temple, few tablet fragments. In WB, a copper vessel found in an Achaemenid drain cutting through earlier levels.
- Nov. 17-22 Anonymous Donor. A very good week, especially for WA. Here, in Neo-Babylonian temple rooms, found many stone, metal, and other beads and ornaments, including crescents. In a Kassite level, found an object of cast iron, very early for appearance of iron. In Isin-Larsa level, found dozens of stone, gold, silver, bronze beads and ornaments on a burned floor. In WB, still preparing to investigate the Old Babylonian level, removing some of upper levels. Some tablet fragments.
- Nov. 26 Mrs. G. Corson Ellis. In WA, well into Isin-Larsa temple level in one or two rooms. Found a very fine Akkadian cylinder seal impression, a very odd stone statuette, many beads. In WB, more Kassite tablet fragments along with whole vessels.
- Nov. 27 Mr. and Mrs. Glen A. Lloyd. In WA, working in four or five rooms on Neo-Babylonian, Kassite, and pre-Kassite levels simultaneously. Few beads, one gold. In WB, several Kassite tablet fragments, some Old Babylonian fragments from inside the house, which is now being dug, finally. Small baked clay statuette of mother and child, one of finest pieces for the season.
- Dec. 1 Mr. and Mrs. Daggett Harvey. In WA, working in levels below and above Kassite. In a doorway of the Kassite temple, found a very unusual cylinder seal impression in Kassite style. Some tablet fragments from below the temple. In WB, finding whole vessels in place where left on floors, alongside walls.
- Dec. 3 Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Byron Smith. Work going very well in both areas. In WA, working three rooms of Isin-Larsa temple, find cylinder seal of Early Dynastic date. Good charcoal samples for Carbon 14 dating. In one room of Neo-Babylonian level, found figurine of dog nursing pups. Found Seleucid bathtub-type burial in upper levels. In WB, work continues inside OB houses. Beginning to understand circulation patterns, blocking of doors, etc. Keep finding small bowls buried alongside walls under floors, some sort of foundation offering or incantation?
- Dec. 5 Mr. and Mrs. Harvey W. Branigar, Jr. A very good day, although temperature below freezing in morning. In WA, work continues in Neo-Babylonian levels on edges of area, and in Isin-Larsa temple. Find in one room, on a burned floor, bronze dagger, superb Akkadian cylinder seal, fragment of stone vessel dedicated for Ibbi Sin, 24 beads. In a Seleucid pit, high up, find glazed frit lion pendant. In WB, work continues on OB house, with many whole vessels, two seal impressions.
- Dec. 8 Dr. and Mrs. C. Phillip Miller. In Isin-Larsa temple, WA, found doorsocket with cache of bronze, stone, and other jewelry, plus two cylinder seals, one being Akkadian, the other Isin-Larsa. In WB house, continue to take down floor by floor, still finding groups of bowls and other pots on floor. Fireplaces, ovens, etc.
- Dec. 9 Mr. and Mrs. Theodore D. Tieken. Very cold day. In WA, working in Neo-Babylonian levels

as well as in Isin-Larsa. In sanctuary of Isin-Larsa building, a whole Early Dynastic seal. Outside the temple proper, in a Seleucid cut, found two Hellenistic seal impressions and an Egyptian frit eye. In WB, more whole vessels on floors along with ovens, and other fixtures.

- Dec. 13 Mr. and Mrs. Chester D. Tripp. Working against a deadline knowing we are at burned level in sanctuary of Isin-Larsa temple in WA. Find a fragmentary copper and gold star-shaped ornament, fragments of stone vessels, four bronze crescent ornaments, two Early Dynastic cylinder seals, one stamp seal dating to about 3500 B.C., baked clay figurines, bronze dog statuette, and a head of a stone statue. All from the burned floor of the sanctuary. In WB, finishing up work in OB house, finding yet more whole pottery vessels.
- Dec. 15 Anonymous Donor. Last day of digging. Little to report; WB was closed down on the 13th and in WA, we're just finishing up loose ends. Did find a curious stone paving in the lowest floor of the Isin-Larsa sanctuary and in the courtyard, the baked clay foot.

You may have noticed some skewing in the distribution of these dates. They do tend to clump at the end of the season. This was a result of the fact that the break in the season, when we almost had to leave Iraq, caused us to reassign several days.

I hope you can all join us for a lecture I'll be giving at the Institute some time after the New Year. The slides should make clear how the finds fit into the general layout of levels. I still have to turn over objects to the museum and ship out soil and carbon samples, along with the bones, so I don't know when I'll leave Baghdad.

The city is undergoing a winter chill, colder than Nippur, and the stores have Christmas decorations, cards, etc. The Kurds are wearing their long, black sheep-skin coats, and the sug is full of activity. We've got invitations from American, British, Austrian, and Czech people for various festivities. It's not a bad place to spend the holidays.

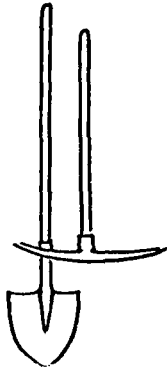
McGuire Gibson

newsletter FROM

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO 37 * ILLINOIS



archeological newsletter

*Issued confidentially to members and friends
Not for publication*

Nippur, Nov. 4, 1973

Dear Friends,

We've been at Nippur since September 22, and I would have written a newsletter before this, but there have been local and international disturbances. For two chilling and frantic days, back in early October, I thought I would be writing "Like Bob Adams' kite, the 12th Nippur season got off the ground then came crashing down." Due to a small mistake and a lost piece of paper, four of the staff of seven, including me, were told that we had 48 hours to leave Iraq. This happened before the war broke out and had no connection with it. There were a couple of days of rushing back to Nippur to try to close the dig, or reduce it to an expedition of three persons under Judi Franke's direction, or something, all very crisis-like.

On getting back to Baghdad, we found that the war had just broken out and our troubles were rendered minor by comparison. We did find, however, that our snarl could be unraveled and that even with the war on, we would be allowed to stay and work. The Director General of Antiquities was able to straighten the matter out. On hearing this, we reprieved four rushed back to Nippur to stop the dismantling of the railroad and the shutting down of the dig. Due to the continuing of the war we worked with the idea that we should be ready to quit the site at any time. Needless to say, just before we heard the original news that we had to leave Iraq, we had found a cache of unbaked cuneiform tablets numbering more than 150. Anyone who has dealt with unbaked tablets knows the time and care involved with such a find. It takes months to bake, clean, glue, copy, photograph, and make molds of tablets. There we were with that pile of fabulous mud and a prospect of 48 hours to work on them. And Ray Tindel, our tablet man, was one of the expellees.

We got the tablets baked, and they are almost all cleaned and repaired. Photographs and molds have been made of many of them. The tablets are almost all letters from one man, apparently his business documents. There are also a few lexical tablets, one or two that look mathematical, and one large one that may be literary. The date seems to be Neo-Babylonian. The context of the cache was very peculiar. First, we found a large jar, and in the earth around it were about forty fragments of tablet. These fragments, when baked, cleaned, and glued, made up five large practice and lexical tablets. In cleaning around the other side of the jar, we came upon a pile about a foot high and a foot thick of unbaked tablets, the 150 letters, etc. It was clear that the tablets from both sides of the jar had been put into a hole with the jar, and the jar contained a burial. We conclude that the tablets were being used as fill, just so much trash like old ledger books.

In the time since early October, we have made some visible progress in digging. In our larger area, WA, we've been removing an estimated hundred cubic meters of sand each day with the railroad and local shovel men. We found that bulldozers or power shovels were either unavailable or extremely expensive to rent and had to resort to manpower to move the mountainous dune lying over what we want to dig. The temple we touched last season turns out to be much larger than imagined. We've about doubled our exposure and still seem to be in only one corner of the building. The rooms are large, rectangular, and for the Neo-Babylonian (c. 500 B.C.) level, were repaired and replastered numerous times. The building was burnt twice, and we found charred roof beams, mud plaster from the roof, and large sheets of wall plaster. While we wait for our railroad men to open more space to look at more rooms, we are going down inside the exposed rooms to investigate Kassite and Old Babylonian (2nd millennium B.C.) levels which last season yielded interesting and important objects. We expect to be in these strata in about a week.

In WB, the area of Old Babylonian houses found last year, we've been clearing later debris in order to expose a fairly sizeable expanse of houses. We have found the going rough because Pennsylvania, in the 1890's, tunneled here extensively. We did find the abovementioned cache of tablets in this area, and continue to find chips, fragments, and whole tablets, mostly in Penn's backfill. We are hoping that the Old Babylonian level is not as badly disturbed as is the later material. One of Penn's tunnels goes down about ten meters and has little galleries opening off it. You could almost stand in the main shaft. Even with the tunnels, however, we are getting a good series of pottery, which Judi Franke is working on. She does this not only because WB is her particular area, but because she is our "pottery person." Before she came out, she put together a corpus of Mesopotamian pottery. It may be the only *usable* corpus for Mesopotamian pottery in existence, and we're adding new types and hope to refine the time periods indicated by sherds. In putting together the corpus, Judi had the help of many volunteers, whose names should, I think, be mentioned. Most came from the ranks of the docents. They include Jill Maher and her daughter, Lynn Schroeder, Mary Naunton, Bill Crum, Lynne Buss, Alice Mulberry, Calla Burhoe, Charlotte Loverde, Muriel Cooney, Kathryn Kimball, Carol Meyer, Cathy Cushman, Wendy Keeney, and Judi's mother. We want to thank all these individuals for their time and interest. The corpus wouldn't exist without them, and it has been a great success.

There are other supporters of the expedition who must be thanked for their emergency financial aid, but I will hold that for a second newsletter. We have chosen specific days in the course of the season, by lot, and have named a day or a number of days for specific persons. The days have ended up scattered through the season. On one of them, we found the cache of tablets. On another, we found a drain, moved a lot of sand, and found two deadly snakes. But more of such wonderful things next time.

Sincerely,
McGuire Gibson