

Institute for Research in the Humanities
University of Wisconsin-Madison

1401 Observatory Drive
Madison, WI 53706

608 262 6118 / Fax 608 265 4173 \ email ebennett@facstaff.wisc.edu

Emmett L. Bennett, Jr.
746 W. Main St., #309
Madison, WI 53715
608 257 2279

9 Oct. 14. 17
Am.

19 Nov.

Dear Tom,

20 June 1995 - since I have about 3 - 4 hours to w-- to spend productively until I am taken down to Termini to retrieve my big luggage and catch my train, I decided it wouldn't hurt to begin the sequel of the letters (plus CARD) that I sent illegibly. This, of course, won't reach you until sometime in August, when you are at that happy point when most of the problems of spring 1995 chairing are waning, and those of 1995 fall are just beginning to stir. So, I won't work too hard at it, since I fully expect to add various pieces as they occur, and even revise when I get back to Madison.

So, I will start right now and work back (and forth). I'm sitting in the office of M. SALVINI, director of the ismea (if it's still called that. It's 3:58 pm, and I'm left alone in the building. No, MS is up in his office Working Office as opposed to this Directing Office. I came by train to Roma Termini at 8:30, facing the prospect of a 14 hour wait for the train going from Roma towards my goal. So I thought, why not call up Vassili, and ask him a question or two (REAL ones). He's obviously changed his number. So after I nibble a couple of biscuits and drink some of the 7up I brought, I suddenly decided I'd see if the Istituto would be hospitable. I walked (slightly long way around, since I've forgotten the instinct of some years ago,) and got here. I was let in, recognized, and effusively greeted by M. Rocchi and E. Scafa, and promised I could have a place to work a bit, and to rest. Presently M. Salvini joined in the politeness, and installed me here. At lunchtime MR and ES took me to lunch next door (very nice - I won't need to eat any supper except a cracker or two). And now MS is going to take me down to Termini at about 9:15 (21:15), which will give me plenty of time to cool my heels waiting for the train.

So, while I've been here, I finished copying into this machine the transcriptions I had made of Pylos Daybooks' tablet-pertinent notices, which I brought along with me. Doing this, which I started shortly before I left Madison, reminded me to ask you whether you have the copys of the notebook films that I had in Madison. I wasn't sure, and a couple of times looked where I thought I might have them, but didn't feel alarm when I didn't see them. ?? If so, I might spend some time when I come to Austin correcting this copy, which pointed out some conspicuous errors in the copy I had made.

I also straightened out my moneys a bit. I've turned my remaining bills of England, Sweden, Norway, and Austria into DMarks, so I have left only a few French, enough Italian, some Greek, the German, and some USD, which ought to get me safely home.

I left Copenhagen Sunday evening late, on a beautiful train in a 2nd class compartment that happened to sleep 4. And it was headed toward BERLIN (Absolutely the first time, but only part of a day, and burdened by luggage, so I saw very little indeed). Then on an even fancier train, 1st class, all the way from Berlin to Muenchen. On the map it is plain that it zigged and zagged at a prodigious rate, and must have covered almost twice the bee-line distance. Even ate supper of the train in the dining car. From Muenchen to Roma was not on a fantastic train but an Italian one, once the state of the art, now crowded and not comfortable, ut FAST. 2nd class, in a compartment for 6 = 2 German couples, one Italian fellow, and I. But it wasn't too bad, and we all got here.

So, continuing backward, there were Friday and Saturday in Copenhagen. On Thursday evening I called up Joergen (I can't remember the code to put the line through the o - let me try ø - I think that's it, so Jørgen) in response to his invitation to call on him when I got to C. He

had apparently a very good time in China. He arranged to meet me about noon, we'd take short walking tour of the city center and visit the best pastry shop. He showed up promptly, by bicycle. We walked to cycle to the very center, and he tied it up. We first sat down, and he took a reading of his blood sugar, and took the indicated dose of insulin. Then we looked at lots of University buildings, including that tower with the wonderful rebus-like writing. Then we went to the pastry shop, and each had a piece of very fine cake, and some coffee. Then we looked at some other places, rather different, and certainly at a different pace, from the guided tour, and he arranged to come the next day, about ten, to go out and look at Louisiana (which several members of the tour were greatly disappointed about, because there was absolutely no time for them to do it), and at Elsinore, the castle, not the dream-girl. He showed up about 11:15, partly in arranging to use his mother's car. We started out through the city streets, and onto the slower, narrower route than the new highway that gets to the same place. It quickly became apparent that the car was acting very strangely. Mostly it had a tendency to slip to the right, and threaten to get up on the curb (known on country roads in Scandinavia, and in Iowa), and when it corrected itself seemed to do it with a jerk, and perhaps jerk too far. Less often, but quite often enough it seemed to be ready to cross over into the oncoming lane, especially when some big thing was coming at us. Eventually we did ride up onto the curb about three times, with loud noises, but no serious problem. A little bit of trouble about getting into a parking place, either a matter of aim, or an over-generous rate of travel. But we got there safely, and on the way in to the museum he got out and ate a sandwich. We went through a few rooms, and then went to the lunch room and had something, and sat a bit. Then we went through the other rooms, much of it interesting some of it just fairly pleasant and some just incomprehensible. Then we drove up to Elsinore, and the car seemed, even on the same sort of road, to be perfectly well behaved. On the way back to the city, he seemed to me to be going awfully fast, but just about not quite what everybody else was doing, but there were no steering problems or any other.

I've gone into all of this because of Sunday. I had nothing especial to do on Sunday except wait. So about ten I deposited my big heavy new (but already the rolling handle is spasto) suitcase, and went out with my backpack (including computer, and battery, so sort of heavy, and my canvas shopping bag, sort of heavy itself, to walk around and try to amuse myself. It wasn't raining, but it did sprinkle a little from time to time. I started out with the inside of the Planetarium, and then since the sun was nice decided to explore the lefthand territory on one of the principal roads I had previously explored on the righthand the other times. This was fine, eventually I stopped and decided I'd get back to the center, have some supper, and pick up my bag and wait the rest of the time in the station.

Interruption to go upstairs for some coffee, meeting a Hittitologist from Paris & Firenze. Urged to write something for SMEA. Well, I ought to do other things first. But gee.

I should say that I was down to my last krone?? (small plural number), and so was hoping to use credit cards for conservation. So, I set out and got where I was headed, saw what I expected, and started back toward the center. At that point my backpack started getting extraordinarily heavy, and my steps slowed down, and I perceived threats by my backpack to topple me over. So I turned in the direction I knew to be straightest, and started looking for familiar landmarks. Pretty soon I found myself not in the park I expected, but in another. So I changed direction, and wandered through unfamiliar spots expecting even wilder scenarios. Then, there was a very familiar spot right in front of me, and an even better one, so that I could sit down in view of the Planetarium (right next to my picked out restaurant). So after a while I went to the restaurant (I was sure I had used a card there before) and had a nice supper, only they wouldn't take my cards. Eventually he decided he'd take DMarks. And I had some, so it came out alright. And since I'd had something to eat, my steps weren't slow, and not so wobbly.

It was on Thursday before that the group flew into Copenhagen to catch their planes to Chicago and elsewhere. I said goodbye to some of them, and last of all to Loretta, and went off

to catch a bus, Not a tour bus, nor even an Airport bus, into town, as a beginning of adaptation to self-directed travel instead of the kind that I shared throughout Scandinavia. But even then there were times when I automatically turned out to be a sub-assistant to the tour leaders instead of just being sheep-like. Not that I didn't sometimes get involved in my own thoughts and have to be rounded up by the sheep-dogs.

I'll come back to today. At lunch I asked if the telephone of Vasili was known (he apparently changed from what I had down from LONG ago). So it was looked up, and rung up by MR, with Giulia answering, and to the surprise of all, with Vasili not only in town but right there. So I asked about my two young colleagues who wanted to come and help me look at the Thebes tablets - and when and how they show up, and whether they can have some satisfactory experience I don't know - and I asked about possible hotels in Thebes, and was given the name. So I'm all set. I think now, I'll stop until the next time. The chair and the table are tall and short, but the wrong way around, so my back is beginning to complain. But I have to write just a this little bit more so that the name I've given this file tells the truth. Since I'm in Roma, CIAO!

today is 30 July 1995, and I've just found this beginning of a letter, so I'll clear it up by addition and sending it off. By now I've seen an excellent Yeomen of the Guard, last night, I've partly restocked my larder, I've got the UTACNL yesterday, I've still got a very disarranged surrounding whether I'm here or at the Institute, I called you and reported (so I'll probably sound repetitious.

I told you about the stone pebbles of Olympia. My confidence in wonderful luck at finding what I found where I found it is waning a bit. I washed the nine pebble/stones I brought back, and they look quite different from the rosy dust covered things I picked up. So my letter to Louis, which may eventually circulate farther, is going to be less definite in its conclusions, but equally wishing for some attention to be paid to the possible sources of the stone, and the instrument which can make markings on it.

I've written to Louis&Vassili about writing a short (but seminal) note about my revised view of the problems I addressed (frivolously?) in Oriolo and (seriously!) in Naples.

From Roma, so I don't forget, I took a train to Brindisi, luxurious compared to the München-Roma one, and caught a ferry to Igoumenitza, a bus to Iannina, and another to Patras. A day there, getting a map of the Peloponnese and a very new edition of the AutoClub Guide. Then to Pyrgos (there are thousands of them) for my exploration of Olympia. Then to Thebes. Vassili was very helpful, though I felt rather rushed since I was sitting in his office and he was very busy. So I'm not sure I got very good transcriptions. I'm sure I forgot to write some commas, though I was pretty good on comments. Pretty soon I'll have them transcribed into a file, and send them off to Vassili and Louis, with perhaps the omission of some of the comments. I did talk to Vassili about them, and he was sympathetic. But whether their publication will follow the COMIK style or mine I cannot tell.

Then back to Athens (3 times in Athens this trip = taxi from train to bus station on a very hot day, which turned out to be taxi from train station station to Thebes + taxi from bus station to the train for Kyparissia + hotel from 11:30 pm to 6:00 am near the airport). The Kyparissia train was luxurious, I ended up all by myself in the comfortable first class. So I took a taxi to Chora, and after asking where the Americans were, set out in the right direction intending to ask at the restaurant I knew best for more precise directions. I got there, and they were having supper, and invited me to join them. I was sufficiently hungry too. What I wanted to do, hoped to do, in the way of looking at the edges of the chasm, depended on permission. That came in a limited form the day before I left, so I worry about what they did, and anxiously wait for a report (and for the photos and drawings of 95-1, 95-2, 95-3) and hope for report of even greater numbers. I should add that while I was in the Palace, G Korres came by, and so did Ka Arapogianni. And that I

had supper two days with the rivals I worked with last year, PRAP, whose report I look forward to from John Bt when he gets back.

Going back meant going by bus to the Kalamata airport, waiting about 7 hours for the one plane, which was spent in part talking to a couple of the agents on all sorts of subjects, even (in English) elements of Academic Politics common to Greece, and even Austin, I suppose. Then a nice flight to Athens-Iraklio and a bus ride down to Pitsidia for a day's observation of what goes on at Kommos. Karageorgis happened to be coming by, so I heard him and saw him, and somebody else too. Then a bus back to Iraklio and a taxi to the airport expecting to go to Athens stay the night and go out the next morning. (Oh no, it was 4 times in Athens - walking directly from the one flight to the other one, Athens-Patras, which boarded five minutes later.) Two nights there, which ought to have let me see museums &c., but I spent most of it trying to find the office where I was to get my ticket for the catamaran to Brindisi. But I by chance had lunch at a cafe near where I was staying (I was walking to see what was up and down the road), and looked up from my plate to see that I had in front of me Pontikonisi! Looks just like its pictures, only more realistic.

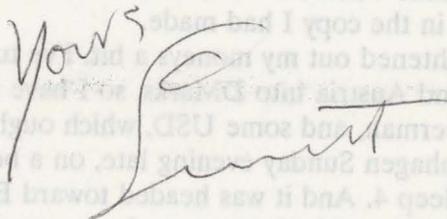
Except for the unscheduled length of the catamaran's trip to Brindisi, which left me only 15 minutes between my arrival at the train station and departure so that I got no lunch, the rest of the trip was just fine. Well almost. The train was excellent from Brindisi to Paris, and I had a comfortable compartment to myself.

I found a hotel by getting from the Lyon station to the Nord, and walking around to see a reasonable one a block away. I saw something of the Louvre, and spent most of my second afternoon there, after I'd checked out of the hotel, with the big bags in the station's left luggage. Then about 10 pm on the train to Hamburg, again in a good compartment by myself. In the morning I ran up the stairs of the Hamburg station, along to five tracks away, and down to the Danish train, which was waiting for us, though we were 25 minutes late.

In Copenhagen I got into a new hotel, nearer and nicer and more expensive than my original one, nearer and much cheaper than the one I stayed in with Loretta's tour when they arrived. Looked for music, which had been copious on my earlier visit, but there was nothing. Sometime after that I dug up my key and opened my apartment door. So here I am. And I'd better get to work at something or other, and not waste this pretty hot day.

Greetings to Carolyn and the toddler.

30 July 1995

Yours


So who cares what
order They're in