

News & Notes

The Oriental Institute

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AN EXCHANGE WITH THE BRITISH MUSEUM: HELP NEEDED

by Gustavus F. Swift, Curator, The Oriental Institute

The British Museum and the Oriental Institute have agreed on the general terms of a significant exchange of antiquities. The British Museum will receive one of the Oriental Institute's two Persepolis column bases, and has offered in return two pieces of Assyrian relief from the North Palace of Nimrud (ancient Kalhu), of the time of King Ashurnasirpal II, 883-859 B.C. The completion of arrangements, the actual transfer, and installation of the reliefs in the Oriental Institute's Assyrian Hall are expected within the present year.

The help of Institute Members and friends of the Museum in meeting the expense of transportation, insurance, and installation will be greatly needed and gratefully appreciated. These costs are expected to run in the neighborhood of \$2,500. May I implore your assistance in making this exchange possible?

The larger of the two reliefs is a panel three feet eight inches high and one foot ten inches wide, from Room Z of the North Palace. It shows, facing left, the figure of a Winged Genius, a minor deity in the religion of Assyria but a familiar feature of its art.

The smaller relief, twenty-six by twenty-five inches, was found in Room G of the Palace. The head of King Ashurnasirpal himself, known by his royal tiara, faces right. It comes from a full-length, over life-size portrait.

Both pieces are of high quality and in very good condition. They will make an addition of exceptional value to the Institute's Assyrian sculpture, inasmuch as all of the present collection comes from Khorsabad, the palace of King Sargon. Being over a century and a half earlier, works from the reign of Ashurnasirpal II show distinct differences of style.

Marked as a deity by his horned headdress as well as his wings, the Genius remains an uncertain figure both as to function and identity. On the whole, he appears to be protective and beneficent. He is often found in facing pairs, with the king or a "sacred tree" in the middle. He carries in one raised hand something resembling a pine



British Museum



British Museum

cone, and in the other a bucket. A portion of the king's Standard Inscription, summarizing his career, is written across the upper part. There is no example of a Winged Genius in the present collection of the Institute.

Ashurnasirpal II is a very significant figure in the development of the Late Assyrian Empire. In addition to his long reign and his many military achievements, he is known by the plentiful cuneiform records of his career and by the sculptured reliefs which he was the first to erect in quantity, and which illustrate his activities in vivid detail. In the early years of his reign, he gave first attention to the suppression of the hill peoples to the east of Assyria proper—the first problem of all her kings—and then turned toward the northwestern mountains and the western plains. A campaign into the lands west of the Euphrates, that took place in his sixth year or later, is of special interest. After traversing the whole of Upper Mesopotamia, he crossed the river in the vicinity of Carchemish, whose rulers still claimed a connection with the Hittites. He moved on to the kingdom of Hattina (the region of the Oriental Institute's Syrian Expedition of the 1930's), then crossed the Orontes river and eventually made his way to the Mediterranean,

marching "along the side of Mount Lebanon." There he received the tribute of the kings of Tyre, Sidon, Byblos, and other cities of the Phoenician coast.

The reliefs we are about to install and many others were recovered by Sir Austen Henry Layard in his first excavations at Nimrud in 1846, and their travels were as adventurous as any of the king's own. They were rafted down the Tigris to Basra, whence they were loaded en route to England in December, 1847. At Bombay they were unloaded to await another ship, but the European community there opened many of the crates and held an exhibition in the dockyard. In April, 1848, the crates were reloaded on another British sailing ship. This one was dismantled in a great storm and nearly foundered, but after refitting in Ceylon it was finally able to complete its journey. Layard himself unpacked the shipment at the British Museum.

If all goes well, Ashurnasirpal's next trip will be by air. Transatlantic flight can now deliver him and his winged companion to O'Hare Airport free of the hazards of the sea, and even at lower insurance rates.

The column base which the Oriental Institute will give in exchange comes from the Hall of a Hundred Columns at Persepolis, which was built by Xerxes I and Artaxerxes I in the first half of the fifth century B.C. Two such column bases, practically identical, came to the Institute from its excavation of the Persepolis Terrace under the direction of Professors Ernst Herzfeld and Erich F. Schmidt. They were transported to Chicago in 1936; their size—they weigh some three tons each—and the limitations of our facilities have prevented their being exhibited here in the years that have passed. Should an opportunity arise to exhibit a pair adequately in the future, it is felt that modern methods and materials would enable us to make a very satisfactory replica of the remaining example.

Discussion of the present exchange dates back a number of years, to the time of a visit to Chicago of Dr. R. D. Barnett, until recently Keeper of the Department of Western Asiatic Antiquities in the British Museum, when he expressed an interest in the column base to Professor P. P. Delougaz, former Curator of the Oriental Institute. Interrupted by the retirement of Professor Delougaz, and renewed during a visit to London by the present curator, the negotiations have been concluded with Dr. Edmond Sollberger, the present Keeper.

An exchange of this kind not only appears to be beneficial to both institutions in diversifying their collections and exhibits, but is felt also to be very fitting in the present atmosphere of concern over the preservation of the cultural heritage of many nations and the high level of the commercial trade in antiquities. Surely exchanges between museums from their existing collections seem to be an effective means of reducing these pressures.

Once again, may I ask for your help in the form of contributions to make this exchange possible? Please make out your contributions, in any amount but as large as possible, to the Oriental Institute, and mention the Assyrian reliefs. You will be helping with the Institute's most notable acquisition of recent years.

The Oriental Institute Museum tour of Europe has now returned and had several weeks to recuperate. From all reports it was an unmitigated success; from my point of view as guide-lecturer, at any rate, it was. I have to thank Dr. Brinkman, Mrs. Livingood, and the Membership not only for the opportunity to see the outstanding collections of Near Eastern art in Europe but also for the chance to make the acquaintance of the twenty-four enthusiastic and informed members of the tour. They asked all the right questions! I even had the opportunity to get a morning or afternoon's studying done in the Egyptian Departments of most of the museums. I would also like to thank Mrs. Jane Imberman for her help in planning the excursion and especially Mrs. Linn Buss, the courier of our trip, for running it so smoothly that we only vaguely realized the difficulties that she had to deal with. When Bernie Lalor asked me to write a newsletter about the tour, it was with great relief that I was able to persuade Mrs. Joan Rosenberg, a museum docent and tour member, to allow us to use a journal, really written for her children, which gives as concise a picture of our whirlwind three weeks as I can imagine possible.

Edward J. Brovarski

Thursday, May 2. Linn's pralines and the champagne at the airport lounge give the Oriental Institute Museum Tour a gala send-off.

Friday, May 3. The avenues of horsechestnut trees in bloom driving to the hotel from the airport in West Berlin. To sleep or to explore the city? The prosperity of West Berliners—the high prices.

Saturday, May 4. The feeling of apprehension as the guide tells us not to take pictures at Checkpoint Charlie. The Wall, anti-tank barricades, radar towers with guards and guns. We change our West Berlin guide for one from East Berlin at the checkpoint while our passports and bus are inspected—even the undercarriage of the bus is inspected by a large mirror on wheels! The desolation of the streets in East Berlin. The huge extent of the Museum Island where we meet David and Melanie Silverman, Institute Ph.D. candidates in Egyptology, on their way home from Cairo. Ed plunges in and deals with material he has never seen except in slides and pictures. The cone-mosaic wall reconstruction from Uruk. The wonderment of the Babylonian Processional Way and Ishtar gates—their vastness and vivid colors. The trompe l'oeil of the frescoes on the walls of the museum copied from famous architectural sites.

Back to Museum Island after lunch for a tour of the Egyptian (Bode) Museum by the curator, Dr. Stephen Wenig. Many galleries are closed but Dr. Wenig unlocks them all, even the Amarna room where we see plaster death masks from sculptors' studios at Akhenaten's Palace. Also the new exhibit on Meroitic art—instructive and comprehensive. Ed's selecting pieces from the 25th Dynasty on, and introducing us to Late Egyptian art and its archaizing tendencies—until at the end of our trip, he could test us on Old Kingdom versus Saite copies in the British Museum.

Then to the Pergamon again where we heard of the famous altar and its representation of the struggle between civilization and barbarism. Relief at crossing to the West again—flowers, throngs of people, coffee, pastry shops, and life again.

Sunday, May 5. The beauty of the Charlottenburg Museum (Ägyptisches Museum) in West Berlin—its use of modern displays and lighting. The first impact of Nefertiti—a moving experience for many of us! The 6th Dynasty tomb painting of a hunt in a papyrus swamp with brilliant greens, reds, and yellows (touched up a little). Seeing objects from the Amarna period we first saw in Detroit. The realization of the inadequacy of illustrations in books—the disparity of scale between the object itself and the picture. Some visit the Charlottenburg Palace. A city tour of West Berlin with Turkish neighborhoods. We are not allowed to stop at the Brandenburg Gate as some tourist "misbehaved" the previous day. We never did get the full story. The poignancy of seeing small crosses marking the graves of people recently shot trying to swim to the west. Last date—May, 1973! The magnificence of the Pre-Columbian and Oriental art of the Dahlem Museum—a bonus of time remaining on a Sunday afternoon. Cold, drizzling weather—this is when we each start wearing our one set of warm clothing daily until we get to Florence.

Monday, May 6. Our third breakfast of hard-boiled eggs since leaving home. We cross again from West to East at a different checkpoint where twelve-foot-high anti-tank barricades are stark against the cultivated fields. A mined no-man's land between the two sectors.

The Berlin-Schoenefeld Airport Duty Free Shop carries liquor, men's shirts and women's wigs! The airport clean and busy. Lots of military including a soldier who dropped his net bag of booze, eliciting great laughter from his buddies. Women are equals here—the soldiers pushed their way ahead of others onto the East German prop plane first. A smell of disinfectant, but better food than TWA, with complimentary wine and chocolates before landing in Leningrad.

A mere 25 minutes to go through passport control after which we meet our blonde middle-aged guide, Mussa, who demonstrates her ability to turn aside our questions without offending but with firmness—a rare talent, we discovered later. Our large, undistinguished hotel is a trolley-ride away from the Nevsky Prospekt. Linn begins her constant and effective coping with schedule changes by Intourist. She is firm and gains experience for combat in Moscow! She even picks up a young Yugoslavian from Canada who will teach in Leningrad. He arrived that morning but that night acts as an impromptu tour guide of the city's fabulous subway stations.

Dinner is better than expected but we now start the eternal greasy fried potato circuit. We are amazed to see a stout, plain woman in the ladies' room holding her wig on her lap and teasing its shiny locks.

Tuesday, May 7. Our hotel is far away from the Hermitage and everything else, but our drive there is a good sightseeing tour. The government forbids changes in architecture in the older sections of Russian cities; they can only renovate inside. One minute one thinks of Tolstoi and the Rostovs; the next, of Dostoevsky and Raskolnikov. Because life moves slower in the USSR than in the USA, the group decides to skip lunch; to eat would deprive us of at least two hours museum time. We walk two blocks from the bus to enter the Hermitage. First, the Mesopotamian collection, mostly from the French Expedition to Susa, but a superb collection of cylinder seals of the Persian Empires. Then a quick unguided tour through room after room of Impressionists where a few familiar canvases which had been shown at the Art Institute leap out at us, but there is no time as we have an appointment with the Director, Dr. Petrovsky, in his huge panelled office with Aubusson tapestries on the wall, a 15-foot desk, and a large portrait of Lenin between the windows. We are weak with hunger but listen with interest as he tells us through a translator what a high opinion he has of the Oriental Institute and its faculty. Lunch is a piece of candy and a piece of cheese saved from the last flight so our indefatigable Ed can give us a fast but thorough tour of the Egyptian collection (including a small but choice Middle Kingdom portrait of the aged Amenemhat III and a remarkable Late Period small bronze of the goddess Neit suckling two crocodiles) before our appointment to see the Scythian Gold from the 8th century B.C., granulated, hammered and cast pieces of exquisite design and delicacy, and the Jewels of the Romans. These are kept in a locked gallery and are shown to groups of ten persons by intelligent, almost charming guides.

Our Leningrad night on the town is going to the Circus, which plays every night. The group enjoy it to varying degrees. We are lucky to meet a group of Americans who have a bus to the circus

and back and they gladly share it with us—transportation is not easy when you are away from main thoroughfares, the alphabet is unfamiliar, and no one speaks English.

Wednesday, May 8. The old section of Leningrad is beautiful and Mussa does a good job on Russian history with an emphasis on “since the Revolution.” She again demonstrates her prowess at gracefully turning aside questions which “have no bearing on the USSR today.” A wonderful statue of Peter the Great on horseback trampling a snake—his enemies, we are told. It reminds us of the Pharaohs and the nine bows. A chance encounter with a woman professor of English at the English section of a large book store on the Nevsky Prospekt. Her English is good and she is quite charming, though plainly dressed. We realize that just being a “housewife” makes one lose face in Russia so we say we are Museum Guides, neglecting to mention it is once a week and a volunteer job. It has the desired effect and she escorts us to the tram, discussing English and American literature and asking how we like Russia. One of the few personal encounters we have in Russia. We discover we are going to Petrodvorets on the Gulf of Finland even though the fountains are not in operation. (We were scheduled for the Catherine Palace.) Leningrad spreads out with lots of block housing, each with its own drab shopping area. It is hard to spot stores—no advertising or signs. Even the trucks have nothing but numbers on them. We don’t know if they carry steel or cucumbers. The latter item must be grown on small private plots of ground as there are kiosks in the city with women selling them on the streets. Women line up for them. Once on the outskirts we see the romantic dachas of Russian literature; they are run down with faded paint and overgrown yards. Could it be that people are not allowed the money to keep them up? Petrodvorets has been restored by the government since World War II. It is overgilded and the colors are harsh, making the contrast between it and daily Soviet life startling. The architecture and layout of the palace and grounds are huge in scale—no wonder there was a revolution. Guides stress the amount of money spent by Tsarist rulers—Catherine had 1400 dresses and left one ruble in the treasury! We don’t feel slippers over our shoes to protect the parquet floors and are escorted through the lavish interior. The grounds are filled with people sightseeing—we wonder what the reaction of today’s Soviet citizen is. Teenagers sidle up to us, offering to trade USSR commemorative pins and buttons for a pack of gum (67¢ on the black market), cigarettes, or ballpoint pens.

Because we missed lunch the previous day Linn arranges a caviar and champagne party at dinner later that evening to use up our prepaid rubles. The hotel is evidently a night spot for the locals and had a good New Orleans Jazz band—decadence! After caviar, the main course is garlic croquettes, but that doesn’t deter the Russian men from asking ladies in our party to dance with them. Shortly before midnight the crack Red Arrow train pulls out for Moscow. We call it the Oriental Carpet Express—our coach has one down the corridor and a small one under the table in our compartment. The chrome samovar for tea in a mahogany alcove is presided over by a sullen female. A good road bed, a fair amount of sleep, and a glimpse of countryside early in the morning with suburban platforms filled with people going off to the country for May 9—the USSR’S V-E Day. Both Leningrad and Moscow are decorated with red flags and pictures of important officials.

Thursday, May 9. We are met by Valentina, our assigned Intourist guide, who firmly announces that after breakfast in our hotel, we will tour the Economic Achievement Museum. Outrage to varying degrees on the part of the group, especially Linn. Our hotel, the Leningradskaya, is one of four towers built during the Stalin era. It looks like a bad design for the Tribune Tower. Frequently a 30-minute wait for an elevator. Again the bowl of boiled eggs for breakfast but beautiful thin china in both hotels. We drop Linn off near the Intourist office to contend with getting into the Pushkin Museum for the Tutankhamon Exhibit here from London, a bonus surprise we learned about from David Silverman in Berlin. We can’t go—it is all booked and only Russians are permitted, says our hard-lined

Valentina. And, anyway, “if we want to see Egyptian Art we should go to Cairo.” We have a quick sightseeing trip to Red Square and the Kremlin. Meet a victorious Linn. She has done the impossible by running up and down streets, from Intourist to the Pushkin, and we have tickets for the Tutankhamon show. Russians have an intelligent approach to museum crowds: there are appointments for viewing and only a certain number of persons are admitted. We choose 3:30 p.m. so we can rest in the bus after a night on the train, but we placate Val by touring the subway stations while we wait. “How can you learn about Russia if you only go to Museums?” she asks. The Pushkin galleries closed except for the Tutankhamon show—wonderful things!! One of the most impressive pieces was a gilt statue of the young king poised in a papyrus skiff at the moment of hurling his harpoon into the nostrils of a hippopotamus (the animal sacred to the god Seth) which portrayed unusual observation of action and movement. The exquisite inlaid furniture (circa 1350 B.C.) shows the great sophistication of life-style. The atmosphere in the galleries is like Egypt in summer—hot and steamy. Many, many people so it is hard to hear Ed lecture. After sweating it out to the end, we reverse direction and find the galleries fairly clear of people so we can discuss, learn from Ed and take pictures. We are exhausted but after dinner we are off to the Bolshoi. On the way to the Palace of Congresses we pass long lines of people visiting Lenin’s Mausoleum and the Eternal Flame of the Soldiers’ Tomb on V-E evening. There are fireworks during intermission. We check our coats (it is impolite to go inside with them on in restaurants or theatres). As we enter the hall, which seats 6,000 people, the house lights go out and come on, and, we guess, the national anthem is played, before we can find our seats. A nice young usher tells us in good English “sit here for now.” He is not an usher but a student, and is waiting for us at intermission so he can practice his English and visit with us. We ascend the fastest escalator we’ve ever been on to the fifth-floor huge buffet hall as we had no dinner. There had been time only for a ten-minute rest and a drink in our rooms, as the ballet begins at 7:00 p.m. People are better dressed than those we have seen on the streets, even though the tickets are cheap. The ballet is called *Legend of Love* and is magnificently staged in Arabian Nights style, and powerfully danced. Our student “usher” has a state grant. Doesn’t everyone? He is more curious about us than interested in giving us the party viewpoint, a contrast to Valentina. He offers to show us the way home via subway. He rejects our offer of a small box of candy received on Interflug Airlines. “You don’t give things to Russians in public.” He accepts in the darkness of the street, and asks for American magazines. He will not come into our hotel—porters and night personnel could be police. One of us gets our last magazines, a *New Yorker* and the TWA flight magazine, walks with the young man to a dark part of the street and smuggles them from his topcoat to the student’s. He vanishes into the night. Will the magazines be circulated? Will they be mimeographed? We can’t think of anything we’d rather give or have taken from us.

Friday, May 10. Off to the Armory Museum inside the Kremlin. A reverence and enthusiasm for the past—artistry as well as craftsmanship and history. We see lavish Royal carriages, household appointments and costumes, and the usual collection of ambassadorial gifts as in museums of Turkey, Persia, England, and France. Today governments exchange pandas and musk oxen! Visit three icon-filled churches within the Kremlin. Opera at the Bolshoi Theatre in a box next to the Royal one, which is always vacant. Box crowded with eight people. An East German business man and his Russian interpreter are behind us. Both speak English, so we learn the opera is Prokofiev’s adaptation of Dostoevsky’s *The Gambler*. Tremendous production using life-size dummies to fill in the sides of the huge stage. The East German says things are much better there than ten years ago. Wonderful small rooms off foyer with memorabilia of the Bolshoi Ballet Company, its sets, dancers, and producers, where we promenade during intermission. We manage to “sight-see” every important building in Russia but it is a fight to get inside a museum. Those who wanted to did go to the Tretyakov.

Saturday, May 11. Off to the country to visit Tsar Peter's village and little summer palace on a cold day. Everything is muddy, nothing is restored, and the damp museum has average memorabilia. After lunch we have an excellent tour of the State Museum of Eastern Culture. Their collection of Chinese, Turkish, and Iraqi objects is lovely. This is the day our hotel has restaurant inspection and we are bussed to the Intourist Hotel for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Our final evening's entertainment in Russia is a performance of *Don Quixote* danced by the Bolshoi.

Sunday, May 12: Mother's Day. We arise at 4:30 a.m., get tea from the floor woman, and have an orange. The lobby is dark. The airport is quiet—hardly any traffic. The government takes a cut of the rubles we change into hard currency. More boiled eggs at the airport. A "show" Aeroflot plane with good food—all uneaten, it is tucked into airsick bags for emergencies. We are so used to them, they aren't emergencies any longer. A good flight. Italy looks green, clean, alive and vibrant. A quick view of many tourist attractions in Rome on the bus from airport to train station. Luncheon reservations aboard are fouled up so out come the airsick bags and we drink wine poured from bottles into jiggers. Spring is in full bloom and the countryside covered with red poppies. A walk from the train to our hotel in Florence, directly to the shower for a scrub and shampoo. A quick, sentimental journey to the Ponte Vecchio and an aperitif at a sidewalk cafe in the Piazza di Signoria. Was the food and service at dinner really divine or was it the contrast? A regular bed (not a shelf with a thin mattress)—turned down—heaven and sweet dreams!

Monday, May 13. Our first really free day, as all museums are closed on Mondays in Italy. Some go to Bologna by train, some explore Florence and Fiesole, some sleep and loaf. Four of us drive to Ravenna. Beautiful, mountainous country drive with nature's colors equalled by the handsome, well-preserved mosaics in the churches and basilicas.

Tuesday, May 14. The trip to Florence's Archeological Museum with its beautiful sculpture garden is a first for most of us. The walls and pillars of the galleries are painted in Egyptian motifs and there are even simulated cartouches of King Victor Emmanuel and his family! Most objects are from the Tuscan Expedition headed by Rosellini and Champollion; many objects from Dynasty XXV and later. The small 18th Dynasty relief of four scribes bending over to take dictation shows an unusual amount of realism and the wooden chariot of the same dynasty is memorable. Several of the group enjoy a performance of Mozart's *Magic Flute* that evening—beautifully staged and sung.

Wednesday, May 17. Again the enjoyment of a relaxed train ride from Florence to Turin with a glimpse of the Leaning Tower of Pisa en route. We are all geared for a gourmet luncheon on the Italian dining car. When Linn announces there is no diner on the train everyone pools their caches of cheese, crackers and wine and the Oriental Institute tour copes once again. Industrial Turin is a beautiful surprise of seventeenth-century arcaded buildings and an air of prosperous stability—handsome shops and so many pastry stores that it is hard to make a choice. Some dine at San Giorgio, a recreation of a medieval castle on the river overlooking the mansions and gardens of wealthy Turinos.

Thursday, May 16. Again the stature of the Oriental Institute unlocks doors of closed galleries in the vast Turin Egyptian Museum and Professor Alexander Roccati is our host. The contents of a prosperous citizen's tomb, that of Architect Khay under Amenhotep III (Dynasty XVIII) is extraordinary—stacks of linens, reed baskets filled with dom-palm nuts and carob beans, sandals, a wig stand, bronze and copper razors, many shapes of bread loaves, inlaid furniture, and an elegant wooden statuette of Khay—a testimony to the sophistication of Egyptian life during the Empire. It is the only collection of a tomb's complete contents. There are so many remarkable artifacts we cannot absorb them all, but we are impressed by the monumental black granite seated statue of the young Ramesses II with his wife and child carved at his feet in relief, the famous ostrakon of the ballet dancer, and the Royal Papyrus of Dynasty

XIX (King List). Our Italian guide, a striking, elderly blond woman, reminds us of our Institute docents—always eager to learn more. Signora Ada has taken work in hieroglyphics and Egyptology and listens attentively to Ed's comprehensive explanation of materials. She is our guide around the city, including the renowned Turin Shroud.

Friday, May 17. Our last early morning departure (before breakfast), to Paris, where our hotel is so well located we can walk to the Place Vendome and to the Louvre where Professor Amiet, curator of Assyriology, addresses us briefly at the entrance to the galleries. We see the only monumental royal Akkadian statues, several of Gudea of Lagash, as well as the original stele of the Hammurabi Code, and the pastel-glazed brick reliefs from Susa which continue the tradition represented so magnificently by the Ishtar Gate. Despite the extent of the Mesopotamian period collection, the Oriental Institute's group of Sumerian votive figures remains outstanding. The Reverend Father Bourguet, Curator of Coptic Art, shows us the Coptic textiles and artifacts, illustrating the development of Christian symbolism from Egyptian art. He is especially proud of the reconstruction of an early Christian church in the new installation.

Saturday, May 18. The Louvre is our tenth museum but its Egyptian collection is the climax for us. We enter by walking up a wide staircase lined with huge canopic jars designed at Memphis for the viscera of Apis bulls. Our time is limited but our two charming Louvre curators, Ruth Antelme and Diane Harli, guide Ed to objects he may overlook in his haste to cover the spacious galleries. The Old Kingdom mastaba of Akhetotep's funerary chapel is arresting and we wait our turn to enter after several groups of school children. Its complete repertoire of bas reliefs shows scenes from the Fifth Dynasty. Other outstanding objects are the seated painted anonymous scribe (Dynasty V) with rock crystal eyes, the treasury from Tod, especially the silver vessels and lapis lazuli jewelry, the fragments of the rose granite colossus of Amenhotep III, and a grotesque colossus of Akhenaten from the Aten temple at Karnak.

Sunday, May 19. As we prepare to land at Heathrow airport, we see dense clouds of black smoke. "A bit of a bomb," the customs official tells us after we land. It was an IRA bombing of a parking lot, severe enough to quarantine everyone in the airport for over two hours. Our intrepid transport guide walks one and a half miles from our bus beyond the barricade of the road leading into the airport to reassure us and to see that we get lunch. It is not our last delay! If the Louvre is the acme of Egyptian exhibits, the wonders of Ur and the Assyrian wall reliefs at the British Museum climax the Mesopotamian collections we have seen. The "Standard of Ur," the gold, silver, and lapis lazuli goat in a tree are eclipsed only by the bronze-sheathed wooden gates of Shalmaneser III from Balawat.

Monday, May 20. After a free morning, we return to the British Museum and the Assyrian galleries. The enormous scope of the reliefs from Nineveh, Nimrud and Khorsabad seen in the gloom of the museum's lower floors are almost intimidating; the horror of the siege and battle scenes, colossal bulls being dragged by captives, lion-hunting, and the scenes of conquered peoples and cities. In the Egyptian galleries the Theban tomb paintings (Dynasty XVIII) add more to our knowledge of Egyptian life and customs; a fowling scene in the marshes with a hunting cat and the census taking of animals, fowl and crops. The Nina de Garis Davies paintings from tombs are old friends: The Oriental Institute has a folio of the paintings. From the Rhind Papyrus we learn the Egyptian value for π was very accurate! From the Satirical Papyrus we know they had a sense of humor. Most of us attend theatre in the evening.

Tuesday, May 21. The final visit to the British Museum is to the halls of monumental Egyptian statuary. We see more statues of Sakhmet, Osiris and Hathor—we know them from Florence, Turin, and Paris, but we pause at the unique granite statue of Mutemuia, wife of Thutmose IV, represented as Hathor and seated in a boat. Also noteworthy is the statue of Horemheb with the ithyphallic Min-Amon. Of course, we pay homage to the real Rosetta stone! Another evening of good theatre.

Wednesday, May 22. Our final museum trip—to the oldest public museum in Europe, the Ashmolean. Our bus guide is knowledgeable in agriculture and history, adding to the enjoyment of our excursion to Oxford. We are greeted by Dr. Morey, who worked at the Oriental Institute in the fall of 1973. We are surprised when he shows us Powhatan's beaded hide mantle and other Indian objects from the "New World." We see the small but choice Iranian and Mesopotamian collection; the Jericho Skull from circa 7000 B.C.; the Amlash Bull Vases, a covered wagon modelled in clay, the Sumerian King List, and an outstanding collection of Hittite seals. The Egyptian gallery probably has the best collection of Pre-dynastic and Early Dynastic artifacts in the world: the red crown of Lower Egypt on a potsherd from Naqada in Upper Egypt, the Narmer and King Scorpion mace heads, the Dog Palette and the MacGregor Man. The latter, from Dynasty I, is the earliest piece of stone sculpture extant and shows a bald figure with a phallic sheath. Also from Dynasty I is the ithyphallic god Min with both male and female fertility symbols carved on his body. The inlaid lintel of Princess Nefermaat (Dynasty IV) is known to us—the Oriental Institute has a door jamb on display and the other half of the lintel in storage in the basement. An outstanding piece of Amarna art is the fresco of the Princesses, showing them only as large as Akhenaten's heel. A nap on the way back to London prepares us for more theatre in the evening.

Thursday, May 23. Last minute shopping and packing before we leave for Heathrow, where our plane is two hours late in departing. Two more hours out over the ocean, the captain announces that an engine is out of commission and we are heading back to London. Food and drink placate our fears slightly, and we land safely in a London rain and are bussed to an airport motel for the night along with 125 other passengers. We regret that our extra day can't be spent in a museum, but a rest prepares us for the long and happily uneventful flight the next day.

We were a dedicated and compatible group, capably and efficiently cared for by Linn Buss. We look forward to a future Oriental Institute travel adventure. Ed Brovanski was not only an expert in Assyrian as well as Egyptian material, but also a delight as a companion. His ability to read hieroglyphs in Old Egyptian while simultaneously translating them into idiomatic English was astonishing. His ability to get along with all kinds of people, be they tired tourists or museum directors and curators, was remarkable. I know I speak for all of us on the Tour when I wish him great success in his new job as Curatorial Assistant at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. They are fortunate to be getting such a talented person.

Joan G. Rosenberg

There was glitter, there was gloom,
 Treasures from a Royal Tomb.
 In Leningrad the trees were bare,
 But oh, the sights that we saw there!
 When Moscow's elevators proved too risky
 We soothed our nerves with some Scotch whisky.
 Over dinner we dared not dally—
 Otherwise we'd miss the ballet!
 Who'll forget our Russian guides,
 Excitement on some long train rides?
 How even with museum-hopping
 We found time for Florence shopping.
 While to some the greatest was the Louvre,
 Others Britain's treasures did most approve.
 Though this poet's skill be lacking,
 Tour members' spirits showed no slacking,
 Until homeward-bound at last,
 A day's delay—now all is past.
 Perhaps another time another tour,
 Ancient wonders have such allure!

—Linn Buss

The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago is sponsoring a tour of Turkey leaving from Chicago May 8, 1975 and returning May 24, 1975. Highlights of the trip will be visits to Hittite, Phrygian, Lydian and Hellenistic sites. The trip will begin in Ankara and return from Istanbul. Lecturer-guide for the tour will be Mr. Paul Zimansky, doctoral candidate in Anatolian Archeology. Those interested in further details should contact Mrs. Jill Maher, 753-2471.

DISCOVERING A CHAPEL THAT ISN'T THERE

by Charles C. Van Siclen III

During the last decade of the nineteenth century the Temple of Khonsu (located within the temple complex of Karnak on the northern edge of the modern town of Luxor, Egypt) was cleared of its centuries' accumulation of debris. One of the results of that clearance was to uncover hundreds of fragments of red granite which came from blocks that once served to line the interior of the bark chapel (housing the boat-shaped portable shrine containing the cult image of a god) of that temple. When the temple fell into disuse, these blocks served as a ready supply of stone suitable for the production of grinding stones, thus accounting for their current ruinous state. No attempt seems to have been made by the modern restorers of the temple to reassemble the fragments except for the joining of three of them. Most of the smaller fragments were removed to a room in the rear of the temple, while the larger decorated pieces were left in the area of the bark chapel. This granite lining had been installed in the temple under the reign of Ramesses IV (1166-1160), but rather than quarrying new stone, he had simply expropriated blocks from a monument of one of his predecessors (a not uncommon practice in ancient Egypt). In the case of the granite blocks, they once belonged to a structure of Amenhotep II (1450-1425). When the blocks were installed in the temple, the exterior faces were recarved for Ramesses IV, but those faces hidden within the walls retained their original decoration. With the destruction of the room this original decoration has become evident.

During the season of 1971-2 and 1972-3 I was a member of the Epigraphic Survey in Luxor. Concurrently I was starting work on a study of the reign of Amenhotep II. I therefore began an examination of that king's monuments in my spare time. With the permission of the Field Director, Dr. C. F. Nims, I started to study the blocks of Amenhotep in the Temple of Khonsu.

What concerned me most during 1971-2 was the examination of one segment of an offering list made by Amenhotep II for the god Amon-Re. Part of this had already been published, and I hoped to use the opportunity to check the accuracy of the original publication. I was in fact able to correct some readings and to reorganize the sequence in which the lines were read. It then occurred to me that additional pieces of the offering list might exist in the as yet unexamined piles of fragments. Spending isolated hours over the course of several weeks, I was able to locate 12 additional fragments of the text, including one fragment which completed a broken line of the part originally published. Once the pieces were located I began the laborious task of producing an accurate copy of the text. By the end of the season the original three columns of text had been expanded to eight, although some of these contained only one or two hieroglyphs.

During the summer of 1972 I began to realize that the full significance of the offering list could be assessed only if the exact extent and nature of the original monument to which it belonged were known. Thus when I reached Luxor in the fall of 1972, I set to work on a far more ambitious project: the locating and copying of all the granite fragments of Amenhotep II in the Temple of Khonsu. Although the broken fragments contained reliefs of both that king and Ramesses IV, the scale of the relief and the style and workmanship were so dissimilar that pieces could be assigned to the correct king. The first problem was isolating the relevant fragments. This involved examining the hundreds of pieces of red granite in the vicinity of the temple. In all 56 of them ranging in size from a few square centimeters up to pieces 1½ x 2 x 1 meters were found. The next stage required the copying of the fragments. Since many of them could be neither moved nor photographed in place I was forced to use a less precise means of copying. Each fragment was drawn to scale on squared paper, and the resulting drawings were cut to the shape of the blocks and fitted together. These paper "joins" were then tested wherever possible by moving together the more portable bits of granite. Once the joins were made, a composite drawing was completed for each assembled text or scene.

It was possible to reconstruct four scenes and the jambs of two doorways from the fragments assigned to Amenhotep II. At present it has not been possible to reconstruct the plan of the building in its entirety. The fragments seem to come from a chapel with an interior volume some 3.7 meters high, 3.5 meters wide, and perhaps 5 meters deep, with a large door at one end. The fragments of the second doorway found probably came from a secondary structure.

Unfortunately, nowhere was there preserved the name of this hitherto unknown chapel, and I can only speculate as to its original location. In the tomb of Sennefer, Mayor of Thebes under Amenhotep II, is a picture showing a garden which I associate with a pair of granite doorjambs found at Karnak which describe the *Set-Kebekh* or "pleasure-garden" of Amenhotep II. In this garden is depicted a granite chapel with three adjacent chambers, and it is quite possible that the granite fragments from the Temple of Khonsu could indeed come from the right-hand room of this structure, with the extra doorjamb coming from one of the other structures in the garden. If this is the case, the physical remains of one of the larger monuments of Amenhotep II may have at last come to light, although there remain other possible explanations for the monument.

At present work on this project is still incomplete. The preliminary drawings are ready, but reconstructions are still to be made and the drawings need to be completed in ink. Additional research on the nature of the building is required. Once all this is done a preliminary publication can be made. Final publication of the temple must wait until the physical rejoining of all the fragments is undertaken and the scenes of Ramesses IV are also analysed.

4 An organization of laymen interested in the Institute's work at **Nippur** is now being formed. Volunteers in Chicago will keep the field expedition in contact with members who would like to know more about the work than can be given in an occasional newsletter. The organization, tentatively called Friends of Nippur, will sponsor various social events and offer information and aid to members who might like to visit Nippur. As part of the first year's program there will be a set of lectures on Mesopotamian Civilization, to be given in the spring of 1975 by McGuire Gibson. A fee will be charged, and proceeds will go to the support of the Nippur Expedition.

The organizing committee will approach prospective members during the next few weeks. Anyone interested in joining or volunteering service should write to Friends of Nippur at the Institute.

The opening **Members' Lecture** of next year will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Epigraphic Survey in Egypt. Dr. Kent Weeks, the field director of Chicago House at Luxor, will deliver this lecture on Wednesday, September 25th, at 8:30 p.m.

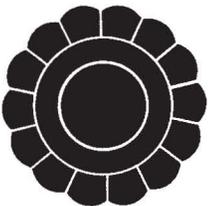
Because of the anniversary celebration, the Institute has reserved the main dining room of the Quadrangle Club for dinner before the lecture. The menu will feature the Club's prime rib at \$5.75 per person, and there will be a cash bar in the solarium for cocktails before dinner.

Those who wish to make dinner reservations for that evening may write or call the Membership Office of the Oriental Institute before September 1st. Please make your reservations early since seating is limited.

This fall Mr. Charles Van Siclen will deliver for members an **eight-lecture series** discussing topics in Egyptian Civilization. The lectures will be held on Tuesdays, 5:30-7:00 p.m., from October 1 through November 19. The fee for the series is \$30.00 per person (\$45.00 for non-members to include membership fee), and checks made out to the Oriental Institute may be sent to Mrs. David Maher, at the Institute.

Mr. Van Siclen is a degree candidate in Egyptology, a former member of the Epigraphic Survey in Luxor, and is presently in charge of the Research Archives. This series, like previous ones, allows qualified advanced graduate students to lecture and offers members current views and reports of research on aspects of ancient civilization.

This is the last News & Notes for 1973-74. The first issue for next year will come out in October. We would appreciate your comments on the newsletter—what you liked or disliked about it, and how News & Notes could be improved.



The Oriental Institute

The University of Chicago

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