EUGENE VANDERPOOL
August 3, 1906—August 1, 1989

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The Institute for Advanced Study
October 28, 1989
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Speakers

I. James R. McCredie, Chairman, ASCSA Managing Committee; Sherman Fairchild Professor of Fine Arts and Director, Institute of Fine Arts, New York University

II. Homer A. Thompson, Professor Emeritus, Institute for Advanced Study; Trustee Emeritus, ASCSA

III. Joan Vanderpool Gayley

IV. C. W. J. Eliot, President, University of Prince Edward Island; Member, Managing Committee

V. John S. Traill, Professor, Department of Classics, Victoria College, University of Toronto; Director, Athenian Project, Victoria College

VI. Josiah Ober, Professor of History, Department of History and Philosophy, Montana State University; Member, Managing Committee

VII. Doreen C. Spitzer, President Emeritus, Board of Trustees; Chairman, Friends of the ASCSA
Foreword

The man whom so many of us knew as EV lived in Athens and was associated with the ASCSA for an almost unbroken span of fifty years. Devoted to Greece, devoted to his chosen field, devoted to the School, he became, for generations of students and scholars, identified with the institution, with the city and with the country.

EV arrived in 1929, just before the opening of the Agora excavations, and except for the war years, he lived in Athens until his death on August 1, 1989, two days before his 83rd birthday. He was buried in the First Cemetery of Athens, in a simple ceremony attended by dozens of friends, from the School, from the Greek Archaeological Service, and from the Athenian community as a whole.

EV’s death brought great sadness to his family and friends. He had always been there for us, an integral part of the Athenian landscape, through the years when our own lives and careers bounced us back and forth between continents—generous of his time and his scholarship whether in his office, at tea, on walks, or on School trips.

Many of us were not able to attend the service in Athens, so we decided to gather here in the U.S. to share our memories; in Princeton because it was from here that he set out, as a student at the university, on the journey which led to Greece; in Princeton because here he lived and worked those few times he returned to the United States.

Of the speakers, Homer Thompson knew EV the longest and perhaps the best, as close friend and as colleague. Jim McCredie excavated with EV at Koroni in Attica, and later worked closely with him during the years when Jim was Director of the School in Athens. Willie Eliot, as friend and fellow scholar, shared EV’s passion for Greece in all her manifestations. Joan Vanderpool Gayley, the eldest of the four Vanderpool children, was born in Athens just before World War II; although she eventually settled in the United States, she and her siblings maintain close ties with Greece, where EV’s widow, Joan, still lives. John Traill and Josh Ober represent the dias­dochs, so to speak. They, along with John Camp and Merle Langdon, who could not be in Princeton on October 28, are among the heirs to EV’s epi­graphical and, above all, topographical tradition, sharing his love for the living Greece. Doreen Spitzer, as a student at the School before the War and then as Trustee and Chairman of the Friends of the ASCSA, represents the many others whose lives were touched briefly, but profoundly, by EV.

In planning our gathering, we were guided by another thought as well—would EV himself have wanted to come? On October 28, amid friends and family, in the atmosphere and kífi of warm απόψεις, EV was very much with us still.

I

My name is James McCredie. As Chairman of the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies, I am happy to welcome you to this gathering to remember Eugene Vanderpool.

Eugene Vanderpool was born in Morristown, New Jersey, on August 3rd 1906 and died in Athens on August 1st last, from a long illness. After graduating from St. Paul’s School and from Princeton University, he became a member of the American School in 1929, joined the Agora Excavations in 1932, and, with few interruptions, devoted the remainder of his life to those institutions. As Professor of Archaeology from 1949, Professor Emeritus from 1971, his was the greatest influence on students of the School, and, therefore, on American and Canadian students of Greek studies, in the second half of this century.

I knew Eugene Vanderpool for some 30 years, actually a bit longer, since I first met him out of context, in Cambridge when I was an undergraduate. Although our acquaintance was shorter than some who will speak, I knew him in many capacities: as my teacher, my mentor, a collaborator in excavation, as a member of my wedding, as my deputy when I served as Director, as a colleague, a travelling companion, and friend. In all of them, he was the best.

To a student just out of college, his knowledge was awesome. He knew everything, as, in fact, had my Germanic masters, but he bore that knowledge lightly. If one asked him a question, as he sat at his place in the School Library, he would first say, “I don’t think I know anything about that,” then, contemplating the ceiling, he would add, “but there might just be something in BCH for 1927.” Of course, there was.

I was never so mindful of his intimacy with the land of Greece as when I tried to emulate it. Caught once in a blinding blizzard with a troop of students on the pathless route from Bassae to Mt. Lechaion, I could only think how he would not have been lost. Imitators require landmarks.

He never failed to encourage the young student, and when we conceived the idea of excavating Koroni, which we then wrongly thought a deme center, he readily signed on, obtained, in those easier days, a permit, and negotiated with the Markopoulo Wine Cooperative their leave to work. I remember him standing on the windy peak of that site, saying, “We are having fun.” And fun it was; he relished both the new knowledge and the controversy that three-week excavation engendered.

Fun was, I think, a key to his intense pleasure in the study of antiquity and of all things Greek. He delighted in their quirks, like the phallic altar in Komotini inscribed “Altar of All the Gods,” which produced an extended chuckle whenever he thought of it, almost as much as he enjoyed their sublime moments. He was a connoisseur with unfailing taste, for prose and poetry, for sculpture and painting, for inscriptions and texts, for landscape and people, for birds and flowers, and for retsina and kokkineli. The range of
his knowledge was unmatched, because he enjoyed quality wherever he found it.

His integrity was absolute, in scholarship and also in life; nothing irritated him more than cheating, whether it was an unethical or unreasonable publication or someone who had paid steerage fare but rode on the first-class deck of an island boat. "It costs very little more to go first class," he would quote, "and they can afford it." And he was unable to understand how, during the German occupation, a former colleague, now in uniform, could snub him on the street.

His knowledge, taste, range and intellect combined to make lasting contributions to many areas of Classical studies, for which he received honors from such institutions as the Archaeological Institute of America, the Deutsches Archäologisches Institut, and the Archaeological Society in Athens. But his most significant contribution, like that of Socrates, in whom he had developed a keen interest, was to mould all of us who knew him, teaching us, painlessly and by example, better to appreciate and to understand things Greek and especially Greek antiquity. His reward here was less concrete than I trust, fully as satisfying, a legion of lifelong friends and admirers, of whom we here today are representatives.

The next speaker is Homer Armstrong Thompson, Professor Emeritus in the School of Historical Studies at this Institute and Director Emeritus of the American School's Excavations in the Athenian Agora.

James R. McCredie

II

The proposal to gather in the Institute for Advanced Study to exchange memories of EV was a happy thought. It was from the older sister of the IAS, Princeton University, that EV received his BA in the spring of 1929. On two occasions, 1944 and 1955, EV was a Visiting Member of the IAS, working on material from the Agora Excavations. Almost from its beginning, the IAS has enjoyed a fruitful symbiosis with the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, the institution with which EV was closely associated throughout his professional career. For many years, for instance, the Institute has been host to one of the principal departments of the School, viz. the Publications Office. EV and I first met in Athens in the summer of 1929. We were among the first group of students of the ASCSA to inhabit Loring Hall, the newly built residence. Over the following years, I regarded EV as one of my closest and most congenial friends. I shall miss him greatly.

On this occasion I should like to focus on just one of the many facets of EV's career, viz. his role in the excavation of the Athenian Agora. I had been appointed to the excavation staff as one of the young archaeologists under T. Leslie Shear in 1929. EV joined the team in 1932. For both of us it proved to be a life-long involvement.

EV soon proved to be a born excavator. A keen observer, endowed with a strong practical sense, he could read stratigraphy with extraordinary sureness. Speaking Greek easily, he developed a close rapport with his workmen, many of whom returned season after season. His field notebooks are models of lucidity and precision. I have just finished reading the manuscript written by Rhys Townsend for the definitive publication of the series of earlier buildings, that preceded the Stoa of Attalos on the east side of the Agora. Much of the deep digging in this area had been done around 1950 by EV. Most of the remains have since been covered over in the rebuilding of the Stoa. Now the field notebooks are the chief primary source for the restoration, the dating and identification of the early buildings, which prove to have been lawcourts dating from the 5th/4th centuries B.C.: the golden age of Athenian forensic oratory.

This one example, chosen from many, will illustrate the vital importance of EV's "gift of the spade" for our knowledge of ancient Athens.

Many of you who have taken EV's "walks" over the Greek countryside will have marvelled at his sense of direction and his feeling for topography. Those same instincts served the Agora excavations well when it came to relating the newly discovered buildings to the monuments mentioned by ancient authors, especially by Pausanias who did his "walks" around the Agora about the middle of the 2nd century A.D.

Of all the movable finds from the Agora Excavations, those that interested EV most were the ostraka, the potsherds used as ballots in deciding whether or not to banish a man suspected of dangerous political ambition. Their appeal lay in the fact that they bring one so close to the people of Athens in the 5th century B.C., both the great figures whose names appear on the potsherds, Aristides, Themistokles, Perikles, et al., but also the individual citizens, rich and poor, who inscribed the ballots. EV had a great advantage over earlier students of ostraka. For the first time, the Agora Excavations yielded groups of ostraka bearing various names but usually all discarded after a particular balloting. EV exploited this advantage to the full. Among his many publications none is more fascinating or characteristic than the published version of the lectures he gave on ostracism in the Semple Series at Cincinnati in 1969. Here you have the classical archaeologist at his best, combining as he does the resources of the three sister disciplines, History, Philology and Archaeology, to enrich our picture of an ancient society.

EV loved the anecdotes connected with ostracism, notably the one told by Plutarch of how Aristides learned that he was being voted against by someone because that someone was tired of hearing Aristides called "the just." Let me tell a modern tale about ostraka. In the summer of 1932, EV's first season in the Agora, he was clearing a huge ancient well on the hillside in front of the Theseion. The well had proved a failure as such and was used in the late 6th and early 5th centuries B.C. as a dumping place for waste from potters' shops; but it also yielded a few ostraka, the first to be found in the Agora. The first to appear in the well led to a loud altercation between the man handling the windlass above ground and the man doing the digging...
deep down in the well. When the archaeologist asked what the shouting was about, the windlass man replied that his partner was disobeying rules by writing his own name on sherds. As he spoke, he held out a sherd on which was scratched the name “Aristeides.” “That,” said the windlass man, “is the name of the workman down there.”

EV’s preference for finds involving literary associations by no means meant that he was insensitive to the visual arts. Black-figure was his favorite medium. Of his ceramic studies the most substantial was the publication of the vast mass of late archaic and early classical pottery from the well that yielded the ostraka. The discovery of datable ostraka in stratified context with Black-figure and Red-figure pottery enabled him to tighten up ceramic chronology over a long period.

If you wish to sample EV’s sensitivity to fine sculpture, I recommend his publication (Hesperia 6, 1937, 426-441) of the Kneeling Boy, a terracotta figurine of ca. 540 B.C., arguably the most distinguished piece of sculpture yielded by the Agora Excavations.

The average visitor of today who looks down on the Agora from the balcony of the Stoa of Attalos may well say to himself, “What a dreary business it must have been, removing 5-45 feet of earth from an area of 30 acres.” And the honest excavator must admit that some days were indeed dull. But EV and his fellow members of the Agora staff were satisfied with the conviction that they were adding to our knowledge of a great ancient city and its people.

But let me add that there were bright as well as dull days, and I would like to mention a few outstanding discoveries with which EV was directly involved. These will add highlights to an otherwise illustrious career.

In the spring of 1940, it fell to EV to find and excavate on the north slope of the Areopagus the largest, most richly furnished and altogether most interesting tomb of the Mycenaean Period (14th century B.C.) yet found in Athens. Already in 1933/1934 he had found and excavated the Tholos: the modest round building that was at the core of the city’s administrative establishment. In 1953, deep beneath the Stoa of Attalos then being reconstructed, EV came on what has since been commonly known as “the ballot box.” Containing as it did a half-dozen bronze ballots of the 4th century B.C., its presence marked the building in which it stood as a lawcourt of that period, the first to be convincingly identified in Athens. Finally, a word about the discovery that undoubtedly moved EV most deeply. A very ruinous public building of the 5th and 4th centuries B.C. had been excavated already in the 1940’s. But its purpose remained problematic until in 1975 EV announced his proposal to identify the structure with the State Prison of ancient Athens, the building in which Sokrates spent the last month of his life in 399 B.C.; the identification now seems very little short of certain. It may be taken as one more example of the brilliant combination of archaeological with literary evidence by which EV has so enriched our perception of ancient Athens and her people.

What I have said seems much too programmatic for EV, who once remarked, “I seldom make plans and I never announce them.” Let me close on a less formal note. EV, by his very personality, contributed greatly to the pleasure and the profit of life as lived by the excavators of the Agora. He kept closely in touch with his colleagues in the field. I remember him as one of the few visitors who was always welcomed by even a harried colleague. His cheerful presence and his helpful observations on current programs made his visit a bright spot in the day. Around the tea-table at the close of the day, as the day’s developments were talked about, EV’s comments were likely to be few, but they were always pithy and thought-provoking.

Such qualities as these are hard to describe, but they were very real to those of us who were privileged to work with EV in the Agora, as elsewhere, and they will be treasured among our memories of him.

Homer A. Thompson

III

First of all, I want to say what a wonderful father he was. All four of us have magical memories of endless Sunday excursions and weekend trips with him. There was always a purpose to these trips, sometimes archaeological, though mostly not. Sometimes we were looking for sherds, sometimes birds, sometimes caves or ruined castles, or just wildflowers, or mulberries or blackberries to eat. At night he would point out the stars to us and the planets, look at shooting stars, and he was always alert for the sounds of nearby owls.

When we were older, he took us individually and all four together on long summer trips through Europe: one time in the Loire Valley the hotel manager looked at us and then looked at him, shook his head and asked “Vous êtes le Père de tout ça?” He laughed, and later often repeated the phrase to us, but sometimes I think he found it a bit unbelievable too that he had so many children so close in age. Another summer we went down the length of the Ognon River looking for the Castle of Othon de la Roche and asking farmers along the way if they had heard of it. We never found it but with him the search was what counted.

On a trip through Switzerland a year or two later, we went to Meiringen in search of the Reichenbach Falls, where Sherlock Holmes had his final showdown with Professor Moriarty. Holmes, after all, was, in his mind, very much an historic figure. He took his Conan Doyle very seriously. On a trip through Holland the next summer we stumbled upon a minor painter in a back room of a museum, called Egbert Vanderpool. He really enjoyed that discovery, and later on always referred to him as “Uncle Egbert.”

All these trips involved walking...lots of walking. And even as a young man he loved to walk. Once, according to Uncle Bill Cochran, while they were both at Princeton, he talked poor Bill into walking with him all the way from Princeton to Morristown, and then back to Princeton the next day.

I guess Bill was willing because he was courting Poolie Vanderpool at the
time. We found some old letters that Granny Vanderpool had saved, written during his first year at the American School as a student. He wrote quite casually about walking from Athens to Eleusis to catch a train to Corinth, 15 miles, he said. Then he mentioned another walk he took with Rodney Young that year from Sounion to Glyfada. The walk took 8 1/2 hours and he guessed it might be 30 miles. He later walked all over Crete and Euboea, this time alone... (Rodney was smart enough to have made other plans!).

He told Granny in another letter: “If you are asked to tell in one word where the American School goes on trips, the answer is UP! Acropolises are the bane of our existence. Today we climbed the highest fortified acropolis in Greece, over 3,000 feet!” In another letter, he wrote: “We climbed every acropolis in the countryside. No bit of polygonal wall or battered tower was too insignificant. One day we climbed 5 acropolises, all very high, no path to speak of, just rugged, rocky country covered with thorny bushes.”

His description of Greek trains in 1930 is quite funny: “The Greek train is in a class by itself. In the course of one hour it travels about 15 miles. It stops about 10 times in that space. When going uphill, a slow walker could keep pace with it. It goes down the main street of almost every town and there is often time to jump off the train and get coffee, chocolate, fruit or that sticky stuff.”

When the School group went to Crete, he and Rodney decided to fly on the hydroplane, and surprise everyone by being there first. However, the time to jump off the train and get coffee, chocolate, fruit or that sticky stuff: “If you are asked to tell in one word where the American School goes on trips, the answer is UP! Acropolises are the bane of our existence. Today we climbed the highest fortified acropolis in Greece, over 3,000 feet!” In another letter, he wrote: “We climbed every acropolis in the countryside. No bit of polygonal wall or battered tower was too insignificant. One day we climbed 5 acropolises, all very high, no path to speak of, just rugged, rocky country covered with thorny bushes.”

His description of Greek trains in 1930 is quite funny: “The Greek train is in a class by itself. In the course of one hour it travels about 15 miles. It stops about 10 times in that space. When going uphill, a slow walker could keep pace with it. It goes down the main street of almost every town and there is often time to jump off the train and get coffee, chocolate, fruit or that sticky stuff.”

When the School group went to Crete, he and Rodney decided to fly on the hydroplane, and surprise everyone by being there first. However, the plane was delayed for several days due to bad weather, and they were the last to get to Crete, which explains one of his favorite sayings when we were children: “Time to spare? Go by air!”

He loved to read to us when we were growing up, and I think he enjoyed it as much as we did. *Alice in Wonderland*, *Through the Looking Glass*, the *Penrod* books, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huck Finn*, those were his and our favorites. And of course the *Complete Sherlock Holmes*. He must have read the “Canon” at least a dozen times. He also loved and often quoted the Limericks of Edward Lear.

He stayed close to his family in Morristown, visiting every other year when Granny was alive. And he was especially close to his younger brother, Wynant, who died just two years ago. They corresponded regularly, just short notes dashed off quickly, “Dear Bro... Yrs Bro,” with a funny one line message inbetween. Wy and Ann used to visit Athens regularly and they all had a wonderful time together, laughing at old jokes, new jokes and family jokes.

When I think of him now, I always picture him laughing. In one of his letters to his mother he wrote: “I laughed so hard I was actually stiff the next morning.” He never changed. The last time I saw him he was in gales of laughter listening to an old Noel Coward record that my brother Gene had taped for him. He had heard those songs hundreds of times, knew all the words by heart, but they were still funny to him.

Being with him was fun, funny, an adventure; something was always in the wind. As Sherlock Holmes used to say to Dr. Watson: “Quick Watson, the game’s afoot!” Well, the game always seemed to be afoot for us growing up with him, and Mummy and the four of us will miss him very much.

Joan Vanderpool Gayley

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**IV**

Jano, by reading from those letters you have created a miracle: for a few moments we have listened to your father’s voice, his excitement undimmed. The thrill of that flight to Crete Gene never lost, for I was told of the flying boat and the take-off from a rippled Suda Bay. Moreover, he was always to be a watcher of planes no less than birds, and I well remember in his company my first Comet and an irresponsible drive from Athens to Hellenikon to catch a sighting of a Concorde. And one other thing by way of preface: you ask whether students still walk the fifteen miles from Athens to Eleusis? The answer is simple: if Gene were to lead that walk, this whole room would follow.

Some weeks ago when I mentioned to a friend in Charlottetown, one who had attended a summer school nearly a decade past, that I was going to Princeton to participate in this memorial gathering for Eugene Vanderpool, he replied: “Yes, I remember him; he came to tea at Loring Hall, he had one tooth, and you and he sat together and laughed for an hour.”

For a third of my mature life, I have been privileged to work alongside Gene as student, colleague and friend, and I have happily, if you will laughingly, walked in that long shadow, in autumn and winter made taller by a brown fedora which with the brown raincoat put you in mind of a character from Eric Ambler or Gary Cooper, in spring and summer by a silly white hat, much sweat-stained and repaired, taken from his father’s locker in Morristown. Who can forget that photograph of Gene together with Sterling, both in silly hats, with the caption: “Gertrude Stein and Alice.” And as we worked and walked, so we talked, and I learned much about Gene, much more about Greece, and much more still about myself.

Three things in particular Gene taught me—to be a traveller in succession to those explorers we call “early,” a Jeep instead of a horse; to be a Philhellen, one of those who with Byron have lived “that Greece might still be free,” and to be a humanist, to use one’s scholarship in imitation of Herodotus and Gibbon to expound the achievements of man. For he was a peerless traveller who not only read the land but loved it; his skills as a topographer would have brought praise from Colonel Leake; his attachment to nature would have pleased George Wheler; and in the presence of an ancient monument, Cyriacus of Ancona would have saluted his understanding. For me, and I recognize the danger of the conceit, Pausanias was a supplement to Gene, but in one significant way less satisfactory—there were periods of Greek history that did not attract Pausanias. For Gene, the traveller and Philhellen, all history claimed his eye. From an almost infinite number of examples I choose one as illustration, a visit to Phyle, one of those Friday trips. But this time the weather was stormy, and we were defeated by the snow, the same defence that had rescued those freedom fighters of old who had seized...
the fort as prelude to the return of Athenian democracy. That day Byron was recited part way down Parnes:

Spirit of Freedom! When on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?

Those of us on that failed ascent laughed our way home, for we had relived the many meanings of Phyle, white no less than green, even if we had not stepped foot within.

You learn much about a man walking the hills or relaxing in Michael's very fine garden. Thus I have mental snapshots of a boy growing up in a many-storied house with a laundry chute for occasional excitement; a university student coming to Princeton with his friend Rodney, both wearing fur coats at football games, an admission of preppiness that Gene reluctantly provided; that first visit to Greece with Louis Lord; of sharing an apartment in Athens with Jim Oliver; marriage to Joan, and family; the early years of war in Maroussi, the later in Germany teaching and discovering Gibbon; and then among the first to return to what had become and was ever to be his home, whether in Athens or Delphi or Pikermi. But he never forgot that he was from New England, that one of his great-grandfathers, Nathaniel Parker Willis, born exactly a century before him in 1806, had been a traveller who saw Greece in the early 1830's and had met Byron's Maid of Athens, now become less romantically Mrs. Black, delighted in scenery and writing, and died a Bostonian worthy and poet, carried to his grave among others by Samuel Gridley Howe, that most celebrated of American Philhellenes.

I pass over the years between my arrival in Greece in 1952 and now, a time bridged by so many warm memories of a man who stayed young, by short letters, clippings and postcards. I tell of three, the first the shortest of summer letters: "Today I have seen the Royal Stoa. I wept." And now for my last two cards to Gene: a year and a half ago I stood from Istanbul on the 29th of May this year, to tell him that I had read the right lesson from Gibbon—the 68th chapter—at the right gate on the appointed day. He would have understood, for to every traveller in classic lands, and to every Philhellene and humanist, the fall of Constantine's city is a dies neras to be remembered in sorrow. And this was a lesson I had learned from Gene as early as 1953, on the 500th anniversary.

Among the many shared times of good humour, Gene and I used to walk in the first Cemetery with a keen, amused, and at times sardonic eye for the monuments and those commemorated. Inevitably we would stroll through the Protestant section, now become a Pantheon of the School's heroes, past Director Richardson, Professor Merriam, the Hills, Blegens and Stevens. Then we would walk further up the slope and, to the right, beyond the elder Dinsmoor, stop at the tomb of George Finlay, a favourite of us both, a man of Gene's humanity and breadth of learning and dedication to Greece's cause, one who had known Byron, Howe and Willis. Homage done, we would return to the School.

When next I am in Athens, to that sacred slope I shall go alone at the time of tea, find Gene and for an hour we shall laugh together.

Now it is my turn to give way to John Trail, one who with greater application than I has crowned Gene's interest in the Deme of Attica in ways which our mentor would acknowledge as magisterial.

C. W. J. Elliot

V

Lucy Shoe Meritt describes Gene as "Mr. American School." My memories of Mr. Vanderpool, later "EV," later "Gene," go back to my first meeting, in 1965. He was exactly as Lucy describes in her History of the American School: "The modest, self-effacing man of fewest possible words who with those words shares one of the widest knowledges and most sensitive understandings of Greece and Greeks, countryside, monuments, birds, flowers, people of all ages." My memories also go back to trips to Delos, and Central Greece, and the Mount Lykaion walk on which we were fogged out and Gene went ahead to retrieve the bus, which, against our orders, had gone ahead. Two vehicles passed us, the electric company truck and a taxi with Werner Peek, the German epigrapher! And it was more trouble for Gene to fish Hardy Hansen and myself out of the little taverna in Kato Kotilion than it was to retrieve the bus.

My memories go back to the Saturday rambles, to which we have had a number of references: northwest, northeast Attica, and south Attica, and especially Marathon, which was Gene's special territory. And to the Deme Horoi, which keep accumulating in number—we are now up to thirty-one. Gene was always keenly interested in the antiquities of Attica, and I received from him an enormous amount of help, all manner of help, first on foot, and when he could no longer walk, ex cathedra, and, finally, ex lege. We would have briefings in advance, and then debriefings after, in many, many conversations in the salon and the office. . . . And my last meeting, which, of course, was on the 29th of May, for the reading of the same chapter of Gibbon that Willie described (I received corrections, I might say, on my pronunciation of some of the Turkish names).

The Attic Rambles, a particularly distinctive quality which Gene introduced to American School life, reminded me of the Epicurean School in which wives and children were especially welcome. He enjoyed the presence of the children. They had the sharp eye that he admired and had himself, "ein echtes Auge," he used to say, and it was a child that picked up an ancient coin at Marathon on one of those walks. There was a great clarity of mind under this modesty, and lack of pretension, a great perception which penetrated the human mind and human motives. He was never taken in by, what shall I say,
sophisticated, extended theory. He always had his feet well-grounded in the choma, the soil of Attica. I use Gene as an example to my graduate students (whenever I am lucky enough to get one) of how to write an article. But I also use a few examples that Gene gave me, of others, of how not to write an article. He had a supply of these which he dispensed. He had great sympathies with the late Georges Daux, as opposed to the great Louis Robert, and he particularly enjoyed the ‘Tontenoros’ article of Georges Daux which caught the great man napping. He had much admiration for Sterling Dow, and he enjoyed the reference to him as ‘the Sterling Hudson.’ He recalled times when the great historian Wade-Gery would go out into Attica and bring back handfuls of what Wade-Gery thought were materials for chronological dating, but the handfuls inevitably were of stones and pottery so damaged you could not tell if it was roof tile or pottery. And he loved to recall how Wade-Gery would say: ‘Oh, that’s Beazley stuff.’ His advice on responding to criticism was: forget it, ignore it. He loved particularly a remark that Ben Meritt made with reference to an article that rearranged the archon list, ‘I am not unaware of so-and-so’s work.’

I recall the openness of Gene, the approachability, the trips in the jeep back and forth from the Agora to the Epigraphical Museum with inscriptions—when we could do that. That valuable jeep! I recall his own definition of inscriptions, one of his most valuable statements: ‘You have to know what they say before you can read them.’ Now Gene, in later life, became very hard to understand, and I used to kid him, ‘we have to know what you are saying; Gene, before we can understand you.’ And there was the time when the young German topographer, Hans Lohmann, was visiting the School a few years ago, and he was quite embarrassed because he could not understand what Gene was saying, and he made up the excuse, ‘I’m sorry, Mr. Vanderpool, I’m hard of hearing.’ And Gene responded, ‘I’m hard of speaking.’

He had a wonderful knowledge of all things Greek, of every level of literature, the society, and the birds and trees and flowers. He used to talk of Mitos in the Epigraphical Museum, sitting there loading shotgun casings, and how he had quite a different view of birds from Mitos’. Nevertheless, they remained very solid friends and shared a number of articles together.

Gene Vanderpool has no book to his name, though he has many articles, and the lectures on the ostraka could well qualify as a book. But, in another sense, he has many books to his name: two of mine, and several others I know, he could easily have produced himself. EV’s office, his desk, his mind, his filing system, and so on, seemed all, at first sight, confusion, yet underneath there was an organization. He knew exactly where something was. He knew exactly where it was in his mind, and he could cite passage and verse whenever you asked for a reference. I remember him, working on articles, putting the footnotes together; it reminded me of Vergil composing lines, licking each word into its proper place. I remember him, discussing Marathon, or the location of some other deme, going over the details again and again and again. There was a great love of culture, of wit, of humanity under all this. He was as interested in our children’s progress in the Greek schools as he was in the number of names in the ATHENIANS project.

Underneath it all, there was that great sense of humor, that divina commedia of the ironies of life, and I shall cite very briefly four or five of them. When Laura Gadbery found an inscription on the very steps of the Tholos, that Gene had stepped on, we had all stepped, and looked, on—it required the raking light of the winter solstice to see it—he was very much amused. When Merle Langdon recovered the horos first seen by the Reverend Christopher Wordsworth on Lykabettos, which he had passed hundreds, if not thousands, of times, he was even more amused at the irony of the situation. He particularly enjoyed one reference from Poly (secretary at the Agora). Ben Meritt was anxious that it was getting toward the end of the year and no squeezes had come of the most recently uncovered inscriptions. Poly wrote back and said: ‘There are no squeezes, Professor Meritt, because no inscriptions were found.’ ‘Well,’ Gene said, ‘If you’d only told me, I would have gone out on the 31st of December and brought one in from the marble pile.’ Inscriptions were so prevalent in the Agora! One of the reviewers of a work I did on the Attic demes pointed out that we now knew less rather than more about the situation. Gene brought to mind the words of Mark Twain, which I have cited in another context: ‘the many antiquarians have already thrown much darkness on the subject, and it is probable, if they continue, that we shall soon know nothing at all.’

Finally, several years ago, when talking with him, as we did regularly in the little salon... He was always interested in the aqueducts, the Acharnian aqueduct, of which he had published some very important evidence many years ago, and, of course, the modern Mornos aqueduct, which is now the chief source of Athens’ water. And I pointed out to him that it was too bad that the generals had not got going on the subway before they were removed from office. His reply was as succinct as any—from someone who had seen the vicissitudes of government and history—‘They’ll be back.’ He’ll not be back.

It is my pleasure to introduce the succeeding topographer from the younger generation—Gene took a great deal of pleasure in the succession of the students of the School, and believed that the younger people coming along should be treated in the same way as we elders—Josh Ober.

John S. Traill

VI

Compared to previous speakers, I knew Gene Vanderpool for a relatively short while, only about a decade, near the end of his life. Most of my time in his company was spent in the field, in the rambles across the hills and dales of Attica, the land that he certainly knew better than anyone ever has, and, I suspect, better than anyone ever will.
EV's place in the history of Greek topographical studies is unquestioned. As John points out, he taught several generations of students to approach problems of topography in the most basic, simplest way possible, and that means on foot. I think that in many ways we should think of EV not only as a great excavator, a great epigrapher, a great philologist, but also as the father of a new and fast-growing approach to archaeological methodology: the field survey. The people doing intensive field surveys in Greece today really owe their methods to EV.

Sometimes EV would invite one or another of those of us with particularly intense—some might say fanatic—topographical interests to go out individually, in search of a particular site or perhaps a few rupestral inscriptions. But more typical of his time in the field, at least in the years that I knew him, were the Saturday rambles, open to everyone. Any student or visiting friend of the School was free to come along. I think that these casual fellow-ramblers who never knew him intimately, never had a chance to become his close friend, are also nonetheless his students, and owe a great debt to him.

The way the rambles worked, at least in 1978, usually went as follows: On Wednesday or Thursday at tea, the itinerary would be discussed, and decided upon, with anyone who was interested (so you see, he actually did occasionally make plans in advance!). Then the rendezvous point would be announced. Now these were after the years of the jeep, and so the rendezvous would invariably be at a bus station: the word would quickly go around to us ramblers—"Theseion Stathmos, 6:30 AM, Saturday." We got to know the topography of modern Athens from hunting out bus stations!

In 1978, the first few rambles were fairly small affairs, usually just a half dozen old friends and a couple of us newer students would show up. We would take fairly easy walks across the hills to Marathon, to the place he liked to call "White Plains Junction," to the deme site of Onoe. There was time on these early walks for a leisurely lunch; picnic spots were just as important, really, as the sites we were finding.

By mid-winter, however, word of the rambles had spread around the School and soon there were at least fifteen or so regulars going along every Saturday. No one was ever turned away. The only requirements were a can—ten, a little bit of lunch, and a strong pair of shoes. There was not such thing as special equipment. It used to irritate me that I couldn't get E.V. interested in fancy equipment. I was very keen at this point on Vibram-soled hiking boots, and I would try to persuade him: "Look, these are what you should be wearing." And he'd always look at me and sort of squint and say, "Let's look at the bottoms of those. ""Look at these lugs, look at how sturdy they are," I said. "Pick up a lot of mud, don't they? ... I'll stick with mine."

While the early walks were sometimes easy, by mid-season we were getting a lot more ambitious. Ultimately, we went on what was perhaps the toughest ramble of '78/79, a spring hike across Parnes to the Limikos Tower and the Boiotian town of Avlona. It was on this hike that we learned that EV was not only our gentle teacher but a platoon commander of grit, daring and resolve.

The logistical complexities of getting to this place were incredible—three buses, a fleet of taxis, and finally the funicular took us to the top of Parnes. Now we were ready to start walking. However, the way had been greatly complicated since his last visit by many newly-cut dirt roads. His inimitable topographic sense got us through the maze, and we arrived at the Tower a couple of hours before dusk. A beautiful tower it was; we took photos, talked, had a little bit of very, very late lunch. But it soon became clear that we weren't going to get off Mount Parnes in the light, and we didn't have just six hard and seasoned hikers: we had about fifteen people who were along for a nice little stroll through Attica. EV switched into commander mode. Scouts were deployed to the ridges to scope out the best way down. Stronger hikers were assigned to the weaker and less experienced to make sure that they got out of the brush when they (invariably) wandered into it. Through it all, EV forged ahead, deciding on the route and keeping his troops together and in good spirits. Of course he got us down in good order. We hiked the last few hours under the stars, being given a lesson in astronomy, and celestial navigation. We must have walked about fifteen miles, about as far from Eleusis to Athens, that day and night. Our leader was a man who was 73 years old, whom the uninitiated would sometimes offer to help up the stairs of Loring Hall!

Very few of the people on these rambles cared much about where we were going. They didn't really care whether the Tsoukrati Tower had a drafted corner or rabbed blocks in its lower course, or how many switchbacks the Panakton Road had in its middle stretch, or how exactly those were designed. But I dare say that even those who were not fanatical learned as much from him as those of us who were, because although there was always a goal to these rambles, the end never took precedence over the means; getting there was always, in fact, most of the fun.

In his minimalist, quiet, socratic way, EV taught us all how to pay attention to the world we are walking through, to notice birds and flowers and geology and the way a field was plowed, as well as how to read the scattered remains of antiquity along our way. The lesson he taught seemed so simple on those Attic mornings. It's only in retrospect that I realize how profound was the lesson, and that it formed the basis of an entire pedagogical tradition. It is the lesson that Greece is a complex and living land and that the events of classical antiquity took place in this living context, and that Greek history didn't end with the passing of the Golden Age. It is this lesson, I believe, that has come to inform the whole way that the American School of Classical Studies does business. And so, there are (and will be) hundreds of Gene Vanderpool's students among those who never had the privilege of meeting him.

John already mentioned EV's first rule of epigraphy, justly well-known, but his two rules of topography are perhaps less commonly cited. The first was, "Any path is better than no path at all." The second: "Once you find it, remember that the path is wider than you are." These two rules got us off Parnes in the dark, and as I think about it, I guess these two rules have gotten a lot of his friends and his students down a lot of mountains both real and metaphorical, over the years, because we came to realize that Gene
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Vanderpool's path was about as good and about as wise as any path we're ever going to find.

I would like to introduce the next speaker, Doreen C. Spitzer, who was a student at the School in the '30's, and is a longtime Trustee and Chairman of the Friends of the ASCSA.

Josiah Ober

VII

I was a student over fifty years ago at the School, and even though I did not know EV as well as many here today, he had a profound effect on me. My recollections go back to Christmas of 1936 and the warm hospitality I enjoyed in the Vanderpool's house, where a huge Christmas tree nearly hid infant Jano in a basket beneath. Some 20 years later, I brought my fifteen year old son to Greece. Nor he nor I will ever forget a wild ride with Gene, debonair at the wheel of his open Jeep, through the Plaka at night; nor our two-day ascent of Parnassus from Delphi, with Eugene Jr., Charlie Segal and Niko the guide.

On June 16, 1989, I went to see EV in his apartment on Kleomenous. I suppose I did most of the talking, telling him about our recent "On-Site" School trip through Northern Greece, about his colleagues who were so helpful to us throughout, about our mutual friends over the years, about our grandchildren. His eyes seemed to speak the words he could not say. It was for us both, I think, a wonderfully companionable hour, for which I am eternally grateful.

I would like to read a couple of letters that have come from people who could not be here today. One is from Sterling Dow, who writes, "Among the many qualities of EV that we all enjoyed and learned from, and which we now treasure in memory, was one that perhaps is likely to be overlooked—what might be called his 'Comfortable Indifference.' An easy, light-hearted indifference to many things that would cause others a struggle. A movie was to be made of Classical Greece, with 800,000 prospective viewers. EV was invited to advise on what they wore—in return for a sum which Hollywood might call 'a princely emolument.' EV waved it aside. 'I'm not sure,' he said, 'that it matters much whether 800,000 viewers get a wrong idea of Classical clothing.'"

Finally, a letter from Bob Pounder, who is a member of the Classics Department at Vassar College and has recently been named Assistant to the President. He is unable to be with us this afternoon, but his letter conveys so well what EV meant to us.

"I first got to know EV on an American School trip, to Acarnania and Epirus and points en route, in the fall of 1968. His reputation for topographical infallibility had preceded him, of course, but only when one saw him in action was the full force of his brilliance felt. In that quiet way of his, he pulled difficult battle strategy out of the gloom, made trade routes simple and clear, explained why this hill, not that one, had been settled, and read (and translated) the most illegible of eroded inscriptions. His way with simple shepherds was something to behold, as with a courtly, collegial respect he elicited directions and other information from them, a fellow roamer of the mountains and valleys of Greece.

Back in Athens, in the office, in the library, in the seminar room, his consistent interest in everyone's work, and his selfless concern about how to make it easier and better, made him without peer as a teacher. He had the reserve of the aristocrat, but none of the airs, and he set a standard of professionalism that few of us can achieve but to which we all should aspire. Some years ago, I sent him a postcard from Princeton, written while I sat on a bench on Nassau Street one autumn afternoon. The following summer in Athens, he said, with his grin, 'Thank you for the card. I could picture exactly where you were.' That remark may be a key to his genius—he could picture where things were, he never forgot them, and he helped others bring them, and the past that surrounded them, into a vivid present."

"I feel as though this is almost like a Quaker Meeting, which is appropriate since Gene's mother was a member of the Society of Friends. We have voiced our 'concerns.' We have, so to speak, reconstituted this extraordinary man through our thoughts, our rememberings, our words. Isn't this, perhaps, the best kind of immortality the human being can hope to achieve?"

Doreen C. Spitzer

A fund in EV's memory has been set up to provide endowment for The Vanderpool Fellowship, and The Topographical Research Room in the new wing of the Blegen Library will be named for him. Contributions may be sent to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, 41 East 72nd Street, New York, NY 10021.