

A LIFE OF LEARNING

Phyllis Pray Bober

Charles Homer Haskins
Lecture for 1995



American Council of Learned Societies

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by

Phyllis Pray Bober

Introduction

The Haskins Lecturer in 1995 was Phyllis Pray Bober, Leslie Clark Professor Emeritus in the Humanities, Professor Emeritus of History of Art, and Professor Emeritus of Classical and Near Eastern Archaeology at Bryn Mawr College.

While a young scholar, she was chosen to be the archeologist for a monumental project, *The Census of Classical Works of Art Known to the Renaissance*, which remained the focus of her scholarly life for many years and which has been a vital resource for the scholarship of many others. She is now completing a two-volume work on *Culture and Cuisine*, which explores connections between the visual and the culinary arts.

Professor Bober's address depicted her life of learning in circles of collegueship at several institutions, including Wellesley College, the Institute of Fine Arts and the Washington Heights Campus, both at N.Y.U., the Warburg Institute in London, and Bryn Mawr College. Through these circles she has drawn from and contributed to an unusual number of disciplines, including archeology, art history, classics, medieval studies, and cultural studies.

Her address stressed the contingencies and unexpected surprises that particularly can shape a woman scholar's life, but also demonstrated how adroitly intellect and character can take advantage of unexpected circumstances. Print on page cannot capture the extraordinary vitality of her presentation, but we are delighted to present it to a wider audience.

On this occasion when I feel somewhat miscast I would like to emulate after-dinner speakers who put themselves and their audience at ease by relating an anecdote or a clever joke. The trouble is that, as my sons never fail to inform me, I succeed at humor only when I don't intend to be funny. Tonight, however, I borrow the inimitable wit of Casey Stengel: "If I had known I'd live so long, I'd have taken better care of myself." And if I had known that I would deliver the Haskins Lecture one day, I would have taken better care of my academic life. (Better yet, I would also have kept a personal archive to counteract an aging memory and onomatamnesia.)

As it is, current ACLS embrace of diversity and intellectual pluralism means that you will hear an uncanonic life of learning this year. Mine more resembles a "pilgrim's progress" than a prospering cursus. Although there is no Slough of Despond — at least in professional life — I have won through to the Delectable Mountains perhaps in the way in which so many false starts, changes of direction, and impossible dreams have culminated in a retirement career that unites all the humanities and even a few sciences. "Networking" in a new field with non-academics for the most part — where I am gaining a bit of *kudos* makes me feel about thirty-five years old again and removes any sense of closure. The fresh area of research and writing is not only newly embraced by me, but is a rising star among the disciplines which will surely find learned society status in future: the History of Food and Gastronomy. This parergon currently absorbs much of my energies.

Let me count the ways in which I feel that I have not met the usual qualifications for a Haskins Lecturer. I have been powerfully affected by hearing a good many of them in the past and have read others, ever filled with admiration for productive scholars whose mark on their disciplines could be read not merely in their writings, but in the achievements of those they had guided through the doctorate and beyond. In many cases they surmounted daunting obstacles. I think especially of the racism met by escapees from Hitler's Germany as well as indignities heaped upon John Hope Franklin in libraries of our South. On my path any obstacles were of my own making.

I have not trained legions of graduate students, although I am proud of those I have converted to history of art (and we know from numerous exemplars that converts make outstanding protagonists). My publications were reduced by devotion for quite a spell to competition as “super-Mom,” not merely raising children, but a menagerie that included undemanding fish, two demanding cats, gerbils, turtles, parrots (Panama blues with a male who could clearly articulate “Where’s dindin?”), an architect of a kangaroo rat named Lollipop (whose glass cage *did* serve as TV for the cats), an affectionate squirrel (my first grandchild), who believed she was human because she never saw her true parents to teach her the spectacular feats of their tribe, and Balboa, a boa constrictor whose alimentary demands I refrain from describing. All professional mothers go through similar distractions, yet my home-making drives meant fairly untypical culinary activities as well as sewing, upholstery and interior painting. One scholarly endeavor I did maintain, thanks to a Research appointment at N.Y.U.’s Institute of Fine Arts: the *Census of Antique Works of Art Known to the Renaissance*. This, my signal contribution to the world of scholarship, is housed today in computers located in several institutions and few people even connect my name with its founding or development. A notable exception is the University of Rome, which has cited the *Census* in awarding me an honorary doctorate.

But of that enterprise, more anon. To go back to the beginning — I may suffer vastly reduced mnemonic capabilities at this stage of life, but my visual recall is less impaired. I have total Proustian recollection of the genesis of learning when I first taught myself to read somewhere between the ages of two and three. I remember vividly the frustration of being forced to rely on grown-ups to read to me and of having to correct them when they tried to skip passages or change a word in some favorite bedtime story. My determination to find the secret of those letters means that I can still summon up today a vision of my nursery table: white enamel top with blue letters of the alphabet in an arc above a ruler-straight row of numbers from one to zero.

It has always been clear to me in modern debates about methods of teaching literacy that phonics is the proper path to reading skills. Thanks to mimetic sounding out of the signs on that little table I could

soon read anything, even parents' books. This led to certain disquieting moments for my family, however. First, when I read at the tender age of seven a novel of out-of-wedlock sex and birth by Viña Delmar called *Bad Girl* (I still have the relic, rescued after my parents' deaths, inscribed on its first page: "Fifi" — my family nickname given by a much younger sister who couldn't pronounce "Phyllis" — "not for you.").

Later, concern that my arithmetical skills never matched the verbal caused great anguish to a father who was a lightning calculator and came from a long line of amateur mathematicians and astronomers, his own grandfather having taught math in a New Hampshire high school and his uncle having had a comet named after him by the Harvard Observatory. For me — since the ideographic method that had worked for letters was not suited to numbers that must remain abstract symbols — problems were compounded by being instantly promoted on my arrival in first grade because I *read* so well; from that point on through grade school I had a father who wondered how he could have sired a child so "dumb." And I regret that, though I excelled in geometry, I have never gained recognition of the philosophic beauty that lies in mathematics, save at second hand, so to speak, in music.

Back to the first steps on a life of learning. Because I constantly asserted the sort of independence that led to my conquest of reading, I so tended to wander off to explore the world that my mother set me outdoors to play tied to her clothesline. I do not remember except in family tales the day when she found my "leash" cut through by a sharp rock and the prisoner gone! This, again, at the toddler stage under three. Search through the neighbourhood brought no clue. Police were ultimately called. Patient questioning elicited the fact that I continually talked of going to "schoo." The law discovered me in a classroom at the nearest public school where a perceptive teacher had let a baby not only wander into her class but sit in the front row until the mystery appearance might be resolved. I should mention for friends who know me as an ardent Mainiac chauvinist that this happened, of all places, in Minneapolis and the heavily trafficked road I had crossed to get to "schoo" was Hennepin Avenue; I often wonder how drivers reacted when they sighted the tiny solo pedestrian crossing their path that day.

What was my New England family doing in Garrison Keillor country? For much of my youth Maine was only a refuge in summertime. When my father got out of the Army at the end of World War I he joined the Brown Paper Company at their main office in Portland. Although I was born in Portland and had my first “swim” in a Casco Bay that still proves restorative to me, his work soon led to constant moves about the country until we moved back to Portland early in 1934. Until that day I grew up in a constant succession of changing environments, different schools, traumatic removes from friendships just beginning to be sealed, and daunting prospects of starting all over again. Perhaps it is these moves every two or three years that explain continual shifts of focus throughout my scholarly life: from Roman provincial sculpture to the Italian Renaissance; from architectural theory and city planning — underwritten by sustained concern for the afterlife of classical culture in figurative capitals of antiquity and their influence upon Romanesque sculptors — to the history of collecting and antiquarianism; and now to that story of “Culture and Cuisine” to which I have referred. All have left projects promised but not completed as many of you who have supported them are well aware. Patience! Perhaps I may live to one hundred like my maternal grandmother. I have enough enterprises to fulfill.

Vicarious adventures through books deeply influenced my life during the 1920s. Because my parents indulged their omnivorous reader with a subscription to the Junior Literary Guild, I found teachers in the next decade who thought me gifted in several subjects. Historical novels were the favorites of the Guild’s Board of Advisors. So I knew about Robert Owen and utopian nineteenth-century communities like New Harmony, or the New England Transcendentalists and Brook Farm; the history and culture of Mexico was not foreign after reading *Ramona*, nor was the social history of colonial America for one who had met the indentured servant-girl who was the heroine of *Calico Bush*. I won’t multiply examples, but I must cite the Damascus road light that served as my beacon from the age of nine. Tutankhamen mania of 1979 was as nothing to obsessive media coverage back in the days of his tomb’s discovery. Under that influence I borrowed Breasted’s *History of Egypt* — the big one, not the epitome — and became forever “hooked” by archaeology.

My focus gradually shifted to Greece and Rome, yet all my dreams and ambition would have been in vain if it had not been for my Latin teacher in Maine. Henrietta Page had just received her B.A. from Wellesley College when she came to teach Latin and Ancient History at Cape Elizabeth High School where I was enrolled from 1934 to 1937. (How wonderful to be back in my native state where boys were man-size to meet my height, unlike seventh- to ninth-graders in Glen Ridge, New Jersey!) When I graduated in 1937 the University of Maine at Orono was the logical choice for college. I had no conception of the fact that the strengths of Orono did not lie in the classics and archaeology. Miss Page set me straight. No nonsense about multiple applications!— a single one to her alma mater. And, on her recommendation I was accepted. (Many years later when I sat on Wellesley's committee on admission or scholarships, I marvelled at the entire process.)

Wellesley was an education in more ways than one. I still hung back from participating very openly in class, but it was no longer due to reluctance to compromise one's popularity with the opposite sex. The cause was now diffidence in an environment in which other girls seemed sophisticated, super-intelligent and more articulate than I; some had traveled widely or grown up in foreign lands. I must also admit that I was not a devoted student in terms of class assignments — enough to get by but not to truly excel. The wonder of learning to me was vested in the best library that I had ever encountered. Most of my reading had nothing to do with course work, but rather with topics I had never met before: natural history, new horizons of literary criticism, and all the literature I could find on Buddhism. The best book of all was an elephant folio published by editors of the American Bible Society; it reproduced a passage from the Evangelist Matthew as a sample of every language or dialect into which they had translated the Bible. There were hundreds of them, spurring an ambition to learn to read as many as possible in a lifetime, and I made a start on ancient Greek, Italian and Hebrew.

Ancient Greek contributed to the subversion of my father's plans for my future. When I went off to college he advised me about the best course of study and expected me to follow it. Since he was paying the

bills, I tried to. He claimed to know a woman who was private secretary to a Fortune 500 executive, a sort of Girl Friday who wrote letters, edited speeches and the like, and who earned \$40,000 a year. A princely sum, indeed, in those days when, as I recall, Wellesley tuition was about \$1,100! He said, "You've been editor of your high school paper (a once-a-week page in the Portland evening newspaper) and you write very well. You must major in English Composition." Typically for men of his generation, the highest calling imaginable for a bright and personable daughter was serving the interests of a male achiever.

I tried to follow the prescribed course of study, but when I enrolled in introductory history of art my academic performance was transformed, intellectual juices flowed, and I set about creating my own concentration in archaeology. I majored in art, minored in Greek, then integrated two sciences required for distribution into my program. Geology seemed sensible for one, and I managed to persuade a dean to permit me to enroll in Comparative Anatomy (I who had never had any biology). You see, at that time the study of Greek sculpture was dominated by methodology shaped by the Metropolitan Museum's celebrated curator of ancient art, Gisela Richter. One traced archaic sculptors' progressive realization of anatomical details in order to place their works on a self-fulfilling chronological scale. In an evolutionary pattern of the development of styles and periods there was no allowance for retardataire masters or reactionary trends, only "progress" based on the imitation of nature.

Serendipity contributed other tesserae to my planned mosaic of study. Alexander ("Sandy") Campbell, Field Director of Princeton's excavations at Antioch, became a mentor who let me catalogue a big hoard of Roman coins from their dig. Sandy was a romantic figure to all of us because he had once been a "Wobbly" on the West Coast and had a Lawrence of Arabia aura, owing to his recent undercover activities to assure oil supplies from the Near East during the war. Another boon came from the fact that he taught a course in Oriental art that united with the superb collections of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to light an abiding passion in my heart.

Equally enduring have proved two features of the curriculum peculiar to

Wellesley. Still today courses offered there in the history of art require a laboratory practicum. Even an inept student is directly engaged by the ways and means of an artist, whether that involves learning how to produce a fresco or a mosaic in a medieval course, how to chop away at a salt block (made for cows to lick) in lieu of coarse-grained marble to render part of a Greek sculpture, or how to mimic the difference between oil glaze technique employed by a painter like Jan Van Eyck and that which characterizes Venetians such as Titian. I would never have dared to elect a studio course, so I am eternally grateful for this enforced introduction to the media of art and enhanced appreciation of artistic style.

Alas, the second enduring value of learning at Wellesley is no longer required of all sophomores. A year of Biblical History was an education in itself, bringing together students of every possible religious persuasion and prejudice in concerted study of both Old Testament and New within the historical and cultural contexts of their creation. I still treasure my Bible with its margins marked out in colored pencils to distinguish the work of an original scribe from revisions and various later intrusive passages.

Wellesley also provided extraordinary “role models” — women of international renown as scholars, yet dedicated to the nurture of female undergraduates of whom few were apt to follow them in academic pursuits. One of these paragons determined the next shock administered to my long-suffering father: GRADUATE SCHOOL! The contingency that transformed my future from sherd-scrubber and “gofer” at some ancient dig was a seminar on Byzantine Art with our noted authority, Sirarpie der Nersessian. This diminutive enthusias not only urged me to continue my education, but was equally persuasive on the topic of where. Not at Harvard — except for an intensive summer course in German — where I could have commuted from home (yes, my family had moved again by this time), but at New York University’s Institute of Fine Arts, where it would be possible to study Greek and Roman archaeology with a scholar who approached the subject as the history of ancient art and in full context of the history of ideas: Karl Lehmann (then still -Hartleben).

You may imagine my father's reaction to the idea of his daughter persisting on this — to him — incomprehensible path. To what? Archaeology he knew only as a “sport,” as it were, of lords and kings (the Earl of Carnarvon in the Valley of the Kings or the King of Denmark and his Etruscomania). I doubt if I would have prevailed if it had not been for intercession by my mother. She knew the pain of ambition denied. An autodidact and history buff, she had been forced to leave school after the fourth grade to help her own mother care for newborn twins added to fourteen other children.

It also helped that I was offered a tuition scholarship by N.Y.U. Neither I nor my father was aware that the Institute of Fine Arts was apparently then offering tuition remission to almost any plausible applicant, thanks to the wisdom of an administration which recognized a nascent jewel in N.Y.U.'s crown. Brought into being through the vision and enterprise of Walter W.S. Cook, the Institute had only recently moved from an apartment in a brownstone, via the mezzanine of the Hotel Carlisle, into a mansion of the Warburg family on East 80th Street, close to the Metropolitan and its Library. As Walter Cook boasted throughout his life, “Hitler shook the tree and I picked up the apples.” The result was a stellar cast of professors: chairs from major German universities — and one distinguished refugee from Franco's Spain — who were to transform the history of art in America, as some of their colleagues from the Warburg Institute in Hamburg were to redirect the nature of the discipline in their move to London.

Karl Lehmann, of course, but also Walter Friedlaender, Alfred Salmony, Jose Lopez-Rey, Richard Krautheimer (borrowed from Vassar), and Guido Schoenberger, former curator of the Staedel Institute in Frankfurt, joined Richard Offner, A. Philip McMahon and Dimitri Tselos as staff of the new research institute. Erwin Panofsky chose to accept the art history post at the Institute for Advanced Studies, but not without agreeing to offer a course each year for N.Y.U. All these stars among art historical constellations, plus visiting professors like Junius Held from Columbia or Herbert Spinden, the Meso-American authority, made awesome (to legitimately apply current parlance) that institution I entered in the autumn of 1941.

Even more awesome for me, embarking on this new venture, was my very first class. It was conducted by a guest lecturer invited to present Paleolithic Art as a beguiling introduction to Dr. Cook's survey of the art and architecture of Spain — an “elective” mandate for every entering graduate student. The lecture was given by an advanced Ph.D. candidate who was teaching at City College and was the most brilliant I had yet encountered, on a topic I had until then believed that I knew well. What is more, the lecturer asked me out to dinner after class: Harry Bober, a man of immediate response and decision. I almost refused, but my budget urged “yes.” There, as they say, hangs a tale for a different reminiscence.

Then came Pearl Harbor and our entry into the war. By the following summer Harry and I were engaged and he had completed air combat intelligence training as an officer in the Navy. When Panofsky heard that I was to marry his favorite graduate student, I found myself invited to lunch at the Princeton Club. I cannot describe the terror I felt at the idea of dining with Erwin Panofsky, whom I had heard lecture at Wellesley and whose work with Fritz Saxl I knew. Whatever could I talk to him about? As you may imagine, it turned out that there was no need to make conversation! And my learning experience took a quantum jump forward on a good many frontiers, not least a way of looking at motion pictures in unaccustomed extra-narrative mode. When he discovered that I had never seen René Clair's *Sous les toits de Paris*, Pan later introduced me to his favorite Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village, on the same evening remedying that dreadful gap in my education.

Learning at the Institute brought new discipline to my studies, while a diversity of topics and novel methods of dealing with them fed intellectual appetites that had not been satisfied by an undergraduate curriculum. And there was the sheer joy of discovering through Lehmann's commitment the expressive richness and seminal qualities of Roman art. He was not merely a spellbinding lecturer, but a challenging interlocutor who brought broadly ranging knowledge of ancient thought and deed to bear on fresh questions to replace canonical views that confined artistic contributions by Rome to architectural structure,

historical relief and portraiture. I was enthralled by his approach to every subject by setting its historiographic context, a lesson I have always tried to impress upon my own students. There is never solely an issue to be investigated, for its history and that of its antecedents in scholarship are part of the topic at hand.

Lehmann's life-long research into the art of the common people, the vernacular as it were, of classical expression, led him to discover the beginnings of Late Antique style in public monuments of the Roman State much earlier than others had detected its elements, combatting ideas of influence from the East that were current at the time. Under his impact, I found Roman visual rhetoric — its adoption of different media and formal devices of style to suit each message — to be of more compelling interest than the unitary inflections of Hellenic artists of a given period. A thesis on the Arch of Septimius Severus at Leptis Magna in Libya was one result. Once the war ended and I was able to visit the site and to add more dislocated reliefs from museum storage to the Arch, the head of the British archaeological survey team at the site, J.B. Ward-Perkins, announced in his own writings that I would soon publish the results. This introduces but the first *culpa* in my "Life of Learning"; the study has never appeared. Because my analysis of the sculpture attributed its Late Antique characteristics to developments in the art of the capital, Rome itself, rather than as received opinion had it, to the Near East and sculptors from Aphrodisias who were otherwise active at Leptis, I intended to wait until excavations undertaken by N.Y.U. at the latter city in Asia Minor might reveal more ammunition for my argument — as it ultimately did, but many years later when my attention had turned to other concerns.

With research abroad ruled out by the war, the focus of my dissertation became Roman provincial sculpture, resolved into three studies of Gallo-Roman iconography: one which reflected the official art of the capital, another illustrating diffusion of classical Greek prototypes in imagery of Mercury carrying the infant Bacchus, and a third which examined the origin, meaning and afterlife of representations of a Celtic divinity, Cernunnos. I look back on this as a simple accomplishment compared to what final doctoral examinations meant in that day. No problem with my major field in classical, yet two other day-long examinations comprised Romanesque Art (here lies my

elective affinity within the entire history of art) and “Prehistoric, Pre-Colombian” and what was then deemed “Primitive,” i.e. African and Oceanic. Today, given an “information explosion” — that, incidentally, we must be certain to distinguish from enhanced knowledge — the mind boggles.

The year 1946 made for an extraordinary widening of personal and professional horizons — the end of the war brought my husband of three years back to me and to dissertation research with both a G.I. Bill and a Guggenheim Fellowship; my first article was published in the Harvard Theological Review; and Harry and I were fortunate enough to be admitted to E.A. Lowe’s seminar on palaeography at the Morgan Library, an offering so precious that our fellow students included authorities such as Meta Harrsen, curator at the Library, Helmut Lehmann-Haupt from Columbia, and a sampling of priests from Fordham. I simply must interpolate something of the dear qualities of that venerable master who loved his uncials and half-uncials so profoundly that he not only introduced us to the most outstanding manuscripts in the historical evolution of medieval scripts but had us buy lettering-pens to appreciate their morphology in hands-on shaping of the letters.

Best of all in that special year, the awarding of my Ph.D. brought an invitation to join a scholarly colloquium that had been founded a few years earlier by Lehmann at N.Y.U. and Westermann in ancient history at Columbia. The Ancient Civilization Group counted among its members outstanding scholars in the New York/New Haven/Princeton orbit, plus diverse “visiting firemen”; their expertise covered a host of disciplines concerned with the antique world from Egyptology to Neo-Latin literature of the Middle Ages. My learning developed apace, especially in recognition of the importance of philology in any solid investigation into whatever period of recorded history. One went around the table and each member brought a query, a snippet of work in progress, or newsworthy item of which he or she might have advance notice. I think that these specialists were far ahead of what is seen today to characterize the *Annales* School in France in devotion to the details of daily life in antiquity (happily, with less statistics). Among others, there was M.I. (Moe) Finley before the witch-hunt era drove

him off to England and knighthood; also Bill Stahl of Martianus Capella fame; Naphtali (Toley) Lewis who introduced the most fascinating papyrological questions; Lionel (Jimmy) Casson with all kinds of lore concerning ships, travel, and warfare; Bluma Trell engaged with problems of the representation of buildings and cult images on ancient coins, pursuing an *Architectura Numismatica* project that Lehmann had initiated; and nothing could be more enthralling than to hear Arthur Schiller and Jacob Hammer discuss some arcane point in a case once before an ancient law court, unless it was Morton Smith and Theodor Gaster apply their vast learning to some contententious issue of cult ritual in the ancient Near East.

More splendid learning experiences commenced in that same wondrous 1946. Harry's Guggenheim was to take us both abroad — me for the very first time — to Paris, then to Brussels so he might gather material for his dissertation on early printed books, and finally to London where Fritz Saxl at the Warburg Institute had invited him to complete a catalogue of astrological manuscripts in British libraries which had been brought up short by Hans Meier's death in an air raid. Again contingency served me superbly. My scholarly future seemed assured as the summer in France gave me access to local archaeological society publications of Gallo-Roman material and for the first time I could examine in the flesh sculptures I only knew through photographs. I met young French scholars working in the field like Paul-Marie Duval, subsequently to edit *Gallia*, and we made other close friends who welcomed us into the art historical and cultural scenes of liberated Paris — an introduction to what avant-garde artists had been up to during the war and to collections of Chinese art or folk art on the part of the Guignards (he the curator of rare books at the Bibliothèque Nationale, later Director of the Arsenal); the salon cultivated by Jurgis and Helène Focillon Baltrusaitis; the hospitality of Jean Adhémar and his wife and invaluable help with access to graphic material in his charge at the Bibliothèque; a trip to Chantilly with the curator of manuscripts, Jean Porcher, to marvel at the *Trés Riches Heures* while turning its pages (merely a facsimile is on exhibit there).

This was all heady learning for me and I even forgot how hungry and deprived of cigarettes we felt as we lived by our ration cards and tried not to deal with the black market. Besides, in that “été des puces

agressifs” — as newspaper headlines proclaimed — Harry gathered all the fleas. (And I had a moment of exhilarating glory on the 14th of July when a crowd of French soldiers applauded me for what each of them had failed to accomplish, when I rang a gong and activated twenty automata with a dreadful rifle to win a bottle of equally dreadful champagne from a fair booth; “une véritable Annie Oakley,” they exclaimed.)

Research aid and comfort as well as friendship were just as forthcoming in Belgium that late autumn and early winter. And lack of rationing thanks to all the credits amassed during the war from resources in the Congo meant splendid meals and chocolates we could send back to deprived friends in Paris. A helpful assistant in the manuscript collection of the Bibliothèque Royale where we both pursued projects, stayed on after the Library closed to give us conversation lessons in the newly harmonized Flemish/Dutch language. I found manuscripts of two seventeenth-century Jesuit scholars who wrote on Gallo-Roman monuments and history, the brothers Wiltheim, and plans to edit their work gained active support from M.E. Merien, who had first published the funerary sculptures of Roman Arlon. One manuscript was particularly remarkable for its drawings of Arlon monuments embedded in an exhaustive description of the sixteenth-century palace and art collections of Count Mansfeld at Clausen in Luxembourg, which vanished under a well-known brewery. I settled into tracking down maps and views of Mansfeld’s lost pleasure dome, decoding his plans for display of Gallo-Roman remains in the gardens, and reconstructing the picture galleries of famous battles and statesmen of his age, willed at his death to Hapsburg Spain. Little did I realize that this absorbing task would prove to be only my first encounter with Cinquecento sculpture gardens of antiquities.

First steps toward that future enthusiasm, unrecognized at the time, came with our move to the Warburg Institute in January, 1947. Fritz Saxl, on his visits to America in 1945 and 1946, had found cooperation on a number of scholarly projects, among them two which have become international corpora: an illustrated Bartsch, his *Peintre graveur* brought up to date, and a *Census of Classical Works of Art Known to the Renaissance*, sparked by the enthusiasm of Lehmann, Krautheimer and Panofsky. Cavalier suggestions of classical influence

on Renaissance artists were common in art historical literature, with this or that work brought forth in comparison even if it had been discovered in the eighteenth or nineteenth century; some felt it didn't truly matter, since the sculpture of antiquity was an art of types and of multiple copies. Discussions led to the idea that an archaeologist was required to test the possibility of accurately documenting specific works known to the fifteenth and early sixteenth century in Italy — that is, in a period before the development of reproductive engraving and mythological compendia of mid-Cinquecento. Why not that new Ph.D. whose husband was the perfect candidate to complete the English catalogue for Saxl's astrological manuscript project? It seems to have occurred to no one that this acceptable archaeologist had only an undergraduate survey knowledge of Renaissance Italy, having taken one graduate course from Richard Offner, whose connoisseurship had not allowed us to progress beyond the Trecento dynasty of the Berlinghieri.

Thus, it came about that we spent the worst winter in British memory, back under rationing and with chilblains, but happily ensconced in the Imperial Institute home of the Warburg, the British Museum (where, many days, one could not see the other end of the North Library for the fog), or traveling about England. We were prepared by our experiences at N.Y.U. for encountering once again polymath Jewish scholars from Germany who had learned Latin and Greek, sometimes Sanskrit, from tender ages of early childhood, but nothing could have prepared us for the familial warmth of our reception at the Warburg. Fritz Saxl was almost a legend for his creative “tilling [of] the soil on the borderstrip between art history, literature, science and religion” (to use his own words) and for his prescient rescue from Hamburg, in the earliest days of Hitler's rise to power, of Aby Warburg's Library and the Institute Saxl himself made of it. He and his partner, Gertrude Bing, represented the most direct heritage of Warburg's vision of an historical psychology of expression devoted to antiquity's persistent strains of knowledge and image affecting both Orient and Occident. Yet their house in Dulwich came to mean spiritual nurture for us that matched their intellectual parenthood. Time does not permit allegiance to all the enduring friendships formed that winter, the Wittkowers, Gombrichs, Buchthals, Enriqueta Harris (later Frankfort) and the young *enfant terrible* from Oxford, Charles Mitchell, who would decades

later prove a factor in my move to Bryn Mawr.

Possibly my delvings into Roman provincial sculpture, one of his many enthusiasms, stimulated Saxl's interest in my work, just as my article on Mithraic cult devotion to images of Mercury with the infant Bacchus surely suited his own attention to the Persian sun god. But both he and Bing exhibited what could be called parental concern for us both — our plans for the future and for family as well as the fate of our researches. As for the *Census*, preliminary soundings indicated that it would be possible to setup objective criteria to identify antique models, a start was made in systematizing work initiated by nineteenth-century archaeologists, and I agreed that I would continue to collect data for a trial period.

Return to New York after our year abroad coincided with an invitation from Wellesley for me to become an instructor in their Department of Art. I had at no time considered teaching as part of my future life; rather I optimistically envisaged excavation, research and writing as a pattern of professional activity, possibly with some sort of museum affiliation. But Harry quite rightly insisted that I must accept the offer and support us until he would have completed his doctorate. I returned to my undergraduate *chantier* with mixed emotions, not least in fear that professors in a number of other departments might remember, from the recent past, a less than sterling performance on the part of a new colleague.

There were new professors in the Department who proved wonderfully helpful in introducing me to what proved to be the joys of teaching. Sidney Freedberg and John MacAndrew both proved immensely supportive in building the confidence of an apprehensive and fundamentally shy novice. John had particularly reassuring dicta: "The time to worry is when you go into class without butterflies in your tummy; then you will just be running on autopilot"; and "Don't despair when you think you've led a class poorly — you are never as bad as you think you are, but also never as brilliant." I grew to love teaching and discovered that I was a success at this satisfying profession with the motto "learn while we earn."

However, after two years of telegamy with only long weekends with

my husband in New York, I could not resist an offer from H.W. Janson to transfer to the preeminent department he was shaping at N.Y.U.'s Washington Square College. I resigned from Wellesley regretfully, helped them find a splendid successor (Diether Thimme, with long pre-war experience in Greece that I had lacked), and entered into what would prove an almost ludicrous game of academic musical chairs. After my first year at N.Y.U., the Institute wished to hire Harry when he finished his Ph.D.; the post at Washington Square made part of the package. At least the bibliographies and other mimeographed items for Ancient Greek Art marked "Professor Bober" at the top, did not have to be changed.

The next irony in this interplay came with the new decade when Harvard decided that it wanted Harry as an Assistant Professor. Contingency after contingency shaped our lives — for me, in two modes, because Wellesley, fortunately, wanted me back. Yet they now had a superb ancient specialist. Thus, I became a Lecturer and Curator of the Farnsworth Museum, a new learning experience in collaborating with John MacAndrew, replacing him during leave as acting director for a year and a half, organizing exhibitions, helping to select new acquisitions, cultivating donors, bidding at New York auctions and getting to know the art market and its dealers. To make metamorphosis complete, I turned into a medievalist, contributing to the survey and being made responsible for a course in medieval architecture and an advanced offering in Northern Painting. You may imagine how grateful I felt for having had the sense to work with Krautheimer and Schoenberger at the Institute as well as having taken a course with Panofsky while he formulated his magisterial *Early Netherlandish Painting*.

John MacAndrew, who had a keen eye and knew everything and everybody, was a generous and inspiring person to work with. He soon became the agent of the most rewarding educational post I was ever to encounter. Added to my program at Wellesley was a job as Teaching Associate at M.I.T.'s School of Architecture. I gave some lectures in John's course on history of architecture and conducted weekly discussion groups with young men who were eager to build things and bitterly resented the fact that they had to study useless history in order to pass part of their licensing exam. The challenge of

gaining respect for Greek and Roman architecture excited me. Le Corbusier's expressed admiration for Greek temples of Sicily was of considerable help. In preparation for Rome I gave them a sketch problem in design for the following week. Without identifying the site but outlining all its characteristics, I asked for a complex with all the myriad functions of Trajan's Forum in Rome — shopping mall, commodity exchange, law courts, libraries, commemorative war monument, area for popular exhibition and assembly, the works — to be roughly drafted using all their ingenuity with modern concepts and technology. What inventive solutions they brought in! But their respect for Trajan's architect Apollodorus was not grudging when we studied *his* solutions and adaptations to site. In retrospect I only wish that Paolo Soleri's adaptation of the Forum for his city of the future in Arizona, Arcosoli, had already been under construction.

My archaeological self rejoiced when Lehmann invited me to join N.Y.U.'s excavations of the Sanctuary of the Great Gods on Samothrace, which had been interrupted by the war. The summers of 1948 and 1949 fulfilled every great expectation I held concerning Greece and field work. It seemed that professional life could not be more perfect, given a precious balance between direct engagement with ancient initiates in this mystery religion, uncovering their beliefs and practice in the structures of their cult, and indirectly discovering their civilization through its reflections in the Renaissance. For I continued to build a file of antiquities which could be securely documented for the putative *Census*. Saxl's premature death in March, 1948 removed its most enthusiastic champion, but Bing and other supporters assured its formal adoption in 1949 as an official project of the Warburg Institute.

Soon it would absorb all of my research initiatives, because my Samothracian euphoria died when I had to write a letter of resignation from the 1950 season of excavation (and I was not to take part again until the summer of 1972). In what would today be termed "patriarchal decision-making," my husband understandably felt that I should spend summers with him rather than on some Greek island. Happily, his summer venue generally meant the Warburg, even if it served ultimately as a jumping-off spot for the Continent. In this way the die was cast for my subsequent fate concentrating on Renaissance uses of antiquity.

Writing farewell to my brief career as a field archaeologist was not only made less painful, but gained a positive thrust from the fact that Saxl's successor as Director of the Warburg was Henri Frankfort, the noted Near Eastern archaeologist and interpreter of ancient cultures. Until his tragic death in 1954, in some curious recess of my psyche, his presence as much as his encouragement eased the transition to revised self-identification.

The *Census* grew apace with our return to New York in 1954, when the Institute of Fine Arts enticed Harry back for good. N.Y.U. appointed me as a Research Associate at the Institute and became co-sponsor of the enterprise. This immensely furthered its development, because N.Y.U. not only paid for my trips to England, but subsidized summer travel to search out "drawings after the antique" in museums throughout Europe. (You may imagine how thwarting it was to sit in great drawing collections like the Louvre, the Albertina in Vienna, or the Museum in Budapest, owning works by the hand of the greatest Renaissance masters and to spend my time ordering cartons of anonymous drawings or those by lesser artists known as useful recorders of the antique.) In London Enriqueta Harris Frankfort used my duplicate documentation cards to order supporting photographs of ancient monuments and their offspring, likewise in duplicate. When she became curator of the Photographic Collection at the Warburg in 1955, she made the decision to integrate, in specially colored folders, resulting *Census* dossiers into its regular iconographic files. Enriqueta also enlisted from time to time the support of a number of assistants, including, from 1957, Ruth Rubinstein, who has truly represented the *Census* at the Warburg ever since Mrs. Frankfort retired in 1970. Together, in 1986, we published a handbook of several hundred sculptures we deemed the most influential of thousands in the *Census*. It has become a fundamental reference work in the field.

Over the years of devoting myself to family rather than students from 1954 to 1965, two days a week at the Institute proved a lifeline to the academic world. I learned not to mind when some people who came with problems forgot to credit how they had "found" the antique source for their Renaissance creation *all'antica*. There were very satisfying rewards such as being elected a Corresponding Member of the

German Archaeological Institute for supplying Friedrich Matz with so many drawings after the Bacchic sarcophagi he published in their Corpus. For the most part, however, archaeologists were slow to recognize how useful the *Census* might prove for early records of works since lost or restored.

I rejoiced that I was learning a great deal about Italian art and antiquarianism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, so I was liberated in the research from being simply what Charles Mitchell — borrowing the terms from anthropology — used to describe as a “tribe man” as opposed to a “concept man.” Ratification came with publication in 1957 of my study of two sketchbooks after the antique by Amico Aspertini. In addition to cataloging, my introduction considered broad issues of the contrast between Quattrocento and Cinquecento approaches to the antique, as well as the role played by Late Antique sarcophagi in influencing the crypto-Mannerism of artists like Aspertini. Pride in my formulations, together with consternation, came soon afterwards when entire passages on these topics were plagiarized with only a change of verb tense by a Harvard professor in his book on the classical tradition in Western art (his apology when a reviewer pointed out these and other borrowings, was that he had written the volume from lecture notes!). In any case, the development of my own capacities hand-in-hand with the *Census* earned enhanced collegiality through shared interests with both Craig Hugh Smyth, then Director at N.Y.U., and Ernst Gombrich, heading the Warburg Institute (who at the start had feared lest a systematic census might destroy all the “fun” of searching out antique sources).

The *Census* was envisaged as a pool of research which would stimulate new scholarship in studies of relationships between Renaissance and antiquity, provide a corpus (today, a database) of documented antiquities, and at the same time grow from the contributions of those using its resources. Ever since the fifties the *Census* has succeeded in bringing new responsibility to studies of classical influence upon Renaissance artists. It has stimulated monographic publication on individual artists, on drawings and sketchbooks after the antique, and on Renaissance collections.

My own volume on Aspertini initiated a new series of sketchbook

publications in *Studies of the Warburg Institute* which brought forth important contributions by Charles Mitchell and Erna Mandowsky (Pirro Ligorio, 1963). Norman Canedy (Girolamo da Carpi, 1976), Gunter Schweikhart (Wolfegg Codex, 1986), and Arnold Nesselrath (Fossombrone sketchbook, 1993). The last named has been in charge of the computerization and updating of the *Census* from 1983–84, expanding it to include architecture and to enter later materials which had originally served as corroborative data. With a grant from the Getty Art History Information Program that endured for the next ten years, and with the collaboration of the Biblioteca Hertziana in Rome, the project has flourished mightily, with much enriched photographic documentation. Although the N.Y.U. files languished for some time after I moved to Bryn Mawr in 1973, the *Census* now has found an additional and permanent home in the Humboldt University, Berlin, where its database will continue to be updated and attention given to offering access to a broader research audience. I continue to spend a month or so at the Warburg each year, adding occasional monuments to the card file — not the computer — and generally serving as “the grandmother of the *Census*.”

But I am getting ahead of my story. From 1954 to 65, the satisfaction of aiding visitors to the *Census* and graduate students with questions on classical sources did not fill for me the loss of classroom teaching. When in February 1965 Peter Janson asked whether I would be willing to take on the survey course in Fine Arts that he had been staffing at University College, N.Y.U., from Washington Square, I did not need Harry’s urging to accept. It is impossible to express how vibrant campus life seemed again after so many years, how stimulating it was to have new colleagues in other disciplines than history of art, and how engrossing was the return to the entire span of my own. Students were hungry for learning about the creative expression of other cultures in space and time, while I found it exciting once more to teach a subject that had always seemed to me the most integrative in a curriculum and one so effective in combatting ethnocentrism. Soon students petitioned for more art history — led, I believe, by those in the College’s Theatre Department who were particularly visually aware, engaged, and engaging — and I became a mini-department in myself, following the introductory course with semester offerings in

Ancient, Medieval, then Renaissance and Modern. I even bound and labeled slides for a while until I gained a work-study helper.

Learning had never been so mind-expanding as in teaching that modern course. After years of tunnel vision, focused on antiquity in the Italian Renaissance, I had to get in touch with some neglected areas of modern life; I read Brecht plays and Existential philosophy, and explored contemporary offshoots of surrealism: happenings and the work of John Cage. When they graduated, two men — one had been the head of college government, the other editor of the Heights newspaper — came to thank me for the Modern course. They admitted that it was the only course they had each taken in college which they never cut; I took this as a high compliment indeed, until they added: “we didn’t ever know what was going to happen next!” It was a good course — for all of us.

A change in administration brought a wonderfully supportive Dean and Associate Dean, Sidney Borowitz and Jay Oliva. When the Bronx campus was sold and University College rejoined Washington Square, Borowitz became Chancellor of N.Y.U. and you all know what happened ultimately to Jay Oliva. With their help I was able to hire additional faculty and develop a veritable department. The late Marianne Martin took over nineteenth-century and modern art courses, and Richard Stone brought his scientific and conservation expertise to a senior course for majors on the “Ways and Means of the Artist.” This was an offering of primary importance on my wish list because I had learned as an undergraduate at Wellesley how important it was to understand by hands-on experience stylistic effects conditioned or transcended by painting with tempera or oil glazes, how mosaics or frescoes were prepared, and so forth. I wheedled a small laboratory from Chemistry, a binocular microscope from Biology, an annealing oven and equipment for bronze casting from a Metals professor in Engineering, and, thanks to Dick Stone and trips with him to the Metropolitan Museum, twelve majors received a solid grounding in historical techniques as well as history.

The encouragement of our deans also fostered a project that I succeeded in having funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, with a matching grant from the Kress Foundation. Titled

“Architectural Ecology,” it was designed to utilize the urban resources of N.Y.U. to deal in cross-disciplinary modes with problems in the environment of cities, from changing social needs to the physical milieu. The planning program initiated in 1971–72 was not directed towards formulating a specialized education for students who might become architects, civic planners, or architectural historians, but rather, in true liberal arts tradition, for voting citizens who must be informed advocates for sound decisions affecting the complex life of cities as well as potential members in future of school, hospital, or other planning boards asked to make architectural decisions.

An exciting year of workshops had the participation of members of almost every department at the Heights campus from Aeronautical Engineering to Anthropology and English, with visiting specialists from visionary architects like Paolo Soleri and Moshe Safdie to a political representative from a New York City Community Planning Board, James Wines of S.I.T.E., or Krafft-Ehrlicke, an engineer from North American-Rockwell’s Saturn project, actively engaged in planning self-sustaining communities for space and recreation facilities for the moon.

I had been able to enlist the expertise of a German architect, Bernard Leitner, in this enterprise and our grant enabled him to attend a congress of city planners in Europe, where it was more normal to find collaborative teams of lawyers, sociologists, and economists working together with architects. Leitner’s own work was of immediate relevance for he was experimenting with the architecture of sound waves and planned a monumental invisible gate for the campus. Alas, this was never constructed and the development grant we won next from the N.E.H. went with Leitner to flourish under the aegis of Carol Krinsky at the Square. The Heights campus had to be sold in 1973; in the same year, my marriage came to an end and I opted not to remain at N.Y.U., but to accept a providential offer to become Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Bryn Mawr.

Those very years which saw my academic renaissance were also, of course, a period McNamara brings freshly to our minds when our campus was not spared the tensions and turmoil that engulfed the country and every institution of higher learning during the Vietnam War.

It is still painful to go into the varieties of learning experienced at that time. I was very much involved; first, because our house in the South Bronx was within five minutes drive of the campus, I was put on a committee to ensure that protests remained peaceable, and second, because I was elected to represent University College on the N.Y.U. Senate from 1969 through 1972. These tasks led to emergency meetings of many kinds, and to one extraordinary confrontation with a few S.D.S. members trying to usurp leadership of a take-over of the Dean's Office which had nothing to do with them. When they tried to cross a barrier that I had been given to man and taunted what they called my "mindless obedience" to the Dean, I learned the effect of rage and physical lack of power. Astounded at myself, when they started to climb over the barrier, I shouted "no you won't, you m-----f-----s"; they were as stunned as I and melted away. If some thought me a heroine for this breach of decorum, one early morning summons made for a dreadful fault which haunts me still. A fire set in the lower reaches of our magnificent Stanford White version of the Pantheon, which served as Library and Chapel, left stained glass windows by John Lafarge lying on the ground in shards. Unforgivable guilt in an archaeologist — it did not occur to me until after all the debris had been cleared away that every fragment should have been saved for possible restoration.

Two positive outcomes of those times: I learned to negotiate a route from the Heights campus in the rocky foothills of the Berkshires — geologically this is a correct designation for the western spine of the Bronx mainland — the length of eastern Manhattan to reach meetings at the Square in twenty minutes! And a Dean seeking innovative ways to combat student unrest gave initial impulse to the next major shift in direction for my life of learning.

Planning a series of mini-seminars outside the normal curriculum, Fred Ulfers managed one spring to promote ten offerings on "Pornographic English Literature," "Non-Euclidean Geometry," and the like. Learning of my experiments with ancient Roman dinner parties inspired by London friends, Elizabeth Rosenbaum Alföldi and Barbara Flower, who edited the ancient cookbook attributed to Apicius, he persuaded me to give "Ancient Roman Culinary Arts," for freshmen and sophomores closed out of courses most heavily elected by upper

classes. With his budget and nine pairs of hands, it was possible to try ambitious recipes that once demanded a kitchen full of slaves. After classroom work on the transmission of sources, we shopped together one evening a week and cooked a banquet in my basement kitchen — large enough to shelter ten of us, a camera crew of three and an interviewer from CBS Evening News when N.Y.U.'s Director of Public Information got wind of our doings. I was proud of my students, who had voted by a small margin to allow this televised intrusion into our serious undertaking, when they testily rebuked the cameraman who tried to direct them, “This is a *class!*”

The following year, N.Y.U. scholars, privileged to plan extracurricular colloquia if they could find a willing professor, asked me to join with them in a practicum that we focused on Amerindian cookery of five different cultures, and on ancient Chinese regional cuisine, in addition to the Roman. Once again I failed to recognize that a new scholarly career was in the making — my third. I considered historical cooking to be an avocation until my sixtieth birthday. I then vowed to set a new goal for myself, even if never achieved, rather than to gradually slowdown on a path to retirement. The years between the end of the sixties and 1980 contributed to my new resolve through progressively transformed modes of historical analysis as well as innovation in anthropological and archaeological research. But as the academic world came to embrace studies of foodways that had previously been left to ethnologists, and scientific methods such as palaeobotany or the study of coprolites that afforded insight into prehistoric diets, Bryn Mawr became the proving ground for my new venture.

I arrived at Bryn Mawr in the summer of 1973 rather bruised in spirit following an inimical divorce and with a frightening lack of knowledge about how to become an effective graduate dean, particularly in an institution so different from others I had served. There was much to learn at this liberal arts college for women — so much smaller than my own alma mater, yet sustaining at that time twenty-plus coeducational doctoral programs of what I would call apprenticeship quality and intensity. For each of two among the most widely known, History of Art and Classical and Near Eastern Archaeology, I was to conduct a graduate seminar in alternate years, a new experience for me after

cumulative years of undergraduate teaching. I do not intend to go into my successes and failures as a dean, in building cross-disciplinary thrusts intramurally and consortial relationships with the University of Pennsylvania and Princeton, only to acknowledge the splendid aid and comfort I received from Harris Wofford, Pennsylvania's erstwhile senator who was then our President, from "Pat" McPherson, the present head of Bryn Mawr, at that time Dean of the Undergraduate College, and from Bernard Ross, Dean of the Graduate School of Social Work and Social Research. The most significant lesson learned was how necessary it is for administrators to subtly plant their best and most innovative ideas in ways that make faculty feel they have come to the relevant conclusions by themselves.

A wonderfully efficient Associate Dean, Phyllis Lachs, as well as a seasoned "Exec" freed me to concentrate on policy issues and to become involved with the wider world of graduate education. In seven years of my tenure I acted as President of both the Association of Pennsylvania Graduate Schools and the Northeastern Association of Graduate Schools; shared in the work of the Board of Directors of the Council of Graduate Schools in the United States; headed its Service Committee while on the Board of the Graduate Record Exam; and served on the Executive Committee of TOEFL (the Test of English as a Foreign Language). I learned so much from more experienced deans that I immensely enjoyed serving on the National Board of Consultants established by the N.E.H. in 1974 to aid institutions of higher learning which hoped to revitalize their humanities. In consultancies I learned how soul-satisfying it is to immerse oneself over a semester or a year in the life of a college or university not one's own, to come to know intimately its virtues and shortcomings, and then to help its members plan constructive change.

Though I had long lamented the strength of American naive pragmatism when it comes to education, during these ventures I came to understand more profoundly than ever how precious is our heritage of a liberal arts tradition and how threatened the humanities are by misguided vocationalism on the part of parents and students. Today, when servile seems to dominate the liberal in the arts, and the N.E.H. itself stands threatened — even by those once supposed its advocates — the failure of that Board of Consultants to last more than a handful

of years is all the more to be regretted. I am pleased to be on the Board of a medical school (since 1979) that honors the humanities in a professional curriculum: The Medical College of Pennsylvania, founded before the Civil War as the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania in order to provide an education from which women were otherwise excluded. In the current transforming environment for health care I relish serving on a Task Force to continually reevaluate goals and methods in our programs.

To close my decadal life, in 1979–80 I was fortunate enough to win a Guggenheim Fellowship to complete a modern annotated, illustrated edition of Ulisse Aldrovandi's *Statue di Roma*, a youthful work by the great sixteenth-century naturalist. Whiling away the time in 1549 and 1550 as he waited for the judgment of ecclesiastical authorities on some "Lutheran" follies, Aldrovandi demonstrated his bent for taxonomy by describing all Roman collections of antiquities he could visit — over ninety of them. Long devotion to the *Census* meant that I was able to identify a major proportion of these sculptures to a degree that had never been possible before. Once again, I must admit my culpability in a matter of publication: the book has not yet appeared. Spending the year in Italy with access to Vatican Archives and those of the Roman State, I uncovered so many additional genealogical and testamentary clues to the fate of certain collections, that I put off completion until I could incorporate this new material. Further, study of Aldrovandi manuscripts in Bologna brought new light to bear on his antiquarianism for my introduction, just as, for the same purpose, renewed engagement with research made me determine to develop my ideas concerning programmatic installations by collectors. I continue trying to bring this huge project — truly it is by now a "life's work" — up to date and publication, easing my conscience with the knowledge that, at any point, it is possible to enter it into the *Census* database.

In the interim my avocation in historical cookery has taken charge of immediate responsibilities. If N.Y.U. provided the original impetus, Bryn Mawr added fresh incentives when it sponsored a community outreach program called "The Bryn Mawr Forum." A series of lectures on "Culture and Cuisine" over eight weeks during 1981 launched my public test of the viability of my resolve. Each lecture of an hour and a

half featured an historical feast illustrating a specific period from ancient Egypt to the Romantic epoch, while the series culminated in a Roman banquet that gave me the novel opportunity to serve up a 102-pound roast boar. By popular demand, a new series in 1982 was devoted to the art, science and politics of food, including its sacral aspects, and the concluding banquet was Amerindian before colonists allowed so many of our so-called “wild” plants to escape from their gardens.

By the late eighties I was teaching “Culture and Cuisine” as a General Studies course for undergraduates. That in turn led to a series of papers for the Oxford Symposium on Food and Cookery (including such curious tidbits as a study of cannabis in recipes from antiquity, the Renaissance, and the sixties); participation in numerous international conferences organized by Oldways Preservation and Exchange Trust; friendships with numerous cookbook authors, chefs and restaurant owners here and abroad; and a book contract with the University of Chicago Press. In March I submitted the first volume which starts with prehistory and concludes with Late Gothic International style in my integration of the culinary with the visual arts. The second will consider Renaissance to Modern, ending with John Cage’s macrobiotic breakfasts.

If I leave you with an impression that I am a bit of a gourmand who loves to cook, your perception may not be amiss, but I wish you to understand more fully my attraction to this burgeoning new field in cultural history. Milton, setting forth his ideas on an ideal education, insisted upon the importance of reading Latin agricultural writers in order for the young to learn how best to care for our earth and leave it in better health than they found it. In similar fashion, I am not merely fascinated by recreating Cato’s cheesecake and *libum*, or Aldrovandi’s *mirause catalane*, but find in foodways of the past lessons for today residing in conservation of energy, nurture of our environment, and elimination of food wastage. This is over and above the values of scholarship deployed to make mere data of human memory into history, into what the French might call either *entendement* or *étendement humaine*.

I began with a quote from Casey Stengel. I would like to close with another from Bob Hope: “If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn’t

have time!”

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