

Biography of Claireve Grandjouan*

Marjorie Susan Venit

“I have wanted to be an archaeologist, although with varying conceptions of the work and its responsibilities, ever since I was seven years old,” Claireve Grandjouan wrote on her application to the doctoral program at Bryn Mawr College, and despite these “varying conceptions,” she remained steadfast in her commitment to employ the most mundane objects to illuminate the lives of ordinary ancient people. Her talents lay in her ability to collapse the distance between the present and the past and to breathe life and contemporary relevance into peoples from ancient worlds long dead.

Claireve Grandjouan was born in Paris on October 10, 1929 and died Memorial Day Weekend, 1982 in New York City. She received her BA and PhD from Bryn Mawr and went on to publish articles, short stories, reviews, and two books—one on terracottas and plastic lamps and the other on terracotta molds from the Athenian Agora. Yet, she was an oral poet—a term that she applied with amiable acceptance but teeth-gnashing frustration to others—and, despite the uncontested value of her two Agora volumes, her greatest service to the field lay elsewhere than in her published work. She was a creative and generous administrator, serving as General Secretary of the Archaeological Institute of America and then as Chair of the Classics Department of Hunter College of the City University of New York, a premier public lecturer and spokesperson for archaeology to lay audiences who crowded auditoriums in New York City and elsewhere on the East coast, and—most importantly—an innovative and inspiring teacher.

Claireve Grandjouan’s early life was one of displacement and estrangement. By her fifteenth birthday, she had lived in or travelled through Egypt, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia,

Lebanon, Syria, Guadeloupe, Martinique, France, Switzerland, and the United States. She suffered an adolescence charged with the uncertainty and terrors of the Second World War. At the War's end, she returned to the United States and thereafter was to make New York her home. Until her admission to high school for a senior year, she had been educated entirely by her parents. These early experiences—and this early education—were instrumental in the formation of her scholarly personality.

Both of Clairève's parents were educators active in the European Scouting movement. Always eager for new experiences and foreign lands, they left Europe after their marriage and spent several years working in educational posts in North Africa—mainly in Egypt and Morocco. It was merely fortuitous that Clairève was born in Paris on a rare trip by her parents back to France. Her father, Jacques-Olivier—a great bear of a man, suitably nicknamed Baloo after the bear in Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*, then a scout guiding text—was a linguist by education, who read at least twenty languages, among which were Latin and Greek. He was employed, at different times, as professor, headmaster, dean, and director in schools of the former French possessions. Clairève's mother, Renée Nora Kruger Grandjouan—called Louv'a, also a Scout nickname—occasionally taught kindergarten classes and wrote for scouting magazines and other publications. She wrote poetry, as well, and a collection of her poems was published as a highly successful children's book, *Les Bêtes Que J'aime*. Partly because of their peripatetic life, but mainly because of their antipathy toward the French educational system, the Grandjouans took complete charge of their children's education. Clairève escaped formal schooling until a senior year in high school; her sister, nine years Clairève's junior, was home educated until her high school entrance.

Despite—or perhaps because of their employment by the French school system—

Claireve's parents considered the official French educational system detrimental to the development of the child, believing that a repressive system that stressed rote learning stifled a child's creativity and hindered emotional adjustment. Baloo, who labored throughout his life to improve the French educational system, belonged to a number of educational associations that promoted its reform. In 1989 he published a short book, *Enseigner le français aux étrangers*,¹ and he was working on a major manuscript on educational reform when he died at the age of eighty-seven. Louv'a, as an early-childhood teacher, was influenced by the ideas of Piaget, Montessori, Faucher, and liberal British and German educators.

One of their goals in home-educating their daughters was to nourish the children's natural thirst for knowledge, which the Grandjouans thought formal schooling diminished rather than fulfilled. There were certainly set lessons in "dictée"—writing and reading—at "zécôle" when the children were young, but they were also given the motivation and the tools to acquire knowledge on their own. As a college student at Bryn Mawr, Claireve spent a summer reading ancient Greek and earned credit by examination in the first-year's reading course in Plato.

"Miss Grandjouan is something of a prodigy," wrote Rhys Carpenter, Claireve's archaeology professor at Bryn Mawr, who recognized both the value and the limitations of Claireve's home-schooling. "No doubt this is due to her school-less private education, which has made her reliant on her own resources in reading and acquiring information, but has also left her unguided, with enormous empty spaces in her knowledge...." In response to an educational system that advocated memorization, the Grandjouan children were encouraged to become active learners, to observe closely, to think for themselves, and to develop their own creative solutions to problems. This methodology, instilled in her as a

youngster, informed all Claireve Grandjouan's archaeological undertakings. Yet home-schooling also deprived her of peers in the numbers found in formal classes, and until the birth of her younger sister she remained the focus of her parents' pedagogical attention. Her parents' goal of giving their child a "perfect" education and the intensity of their intellectual concern had later negative, as well as positive, repercussions.

Claireve's education was essentially Classical, centering around eastern Mediterranean traditions and languages. In high school, the adolescent Claireve took the two-year Latin New York State Regents examination with no further preparation than her home instruction. An essay written for her high school art class, while indicating the breadth of her early education, yet best reveals its bias. Covering civilizations from Greece and Egypt, through Western Asia to China and Native America, with a quick curtsy to French porcelain on the way, the essay privileges "Greek ceramics" above all others. Its writing shows mature insights and astute aesthetic evaluations, if a somewhat conflated chronology and an occasional disdain for fact:

...The Medes, the Hittites and the Persians were people who lived with clay as some others live with wood or sea. They were bricklayers, clay-workers, tile-makers. They even adapted their alphabet to their clay medium (cuneiform inscriptions, Hittite inscriptions)....

Egyptian ceramics are negligible. Their country was not a country of clay and they preferred to work in wood and stones. The few examples of pottery that we have entirely lack originality and breadth....

The partiality of her early schooling rings clarionlike when she finally tackles Greek pottery:

We come now to Greek ceramics, in my opinion the peak of

ceramics' influence and the highest point of perfection it could reach.

Before Greece itself... another people was working exquisitely in clay: the people of Crete. Their vases, original and varied in form, skillfully painted

and glazed were already a high form of ceramics (The Octopus Vase).

Statuettes of priestesses, acrobats, people in the street were among the things that they did. Then came the Greek invasion. The Greeks, that most

intelligent people of history, picked up rapidly the knowledge of the

"Cretois" and having this knowledge began to invent new things. Several

new forms of vases were created. Pottery became one of the chief

industries of ancient Greece. The "Lecythoi" of Athens fetched incredible

prices in the art-hungry barbarian countries.... Greek statuettes were also

renowned.

Her manuscript here is accompanied by exquisite effortless drawings.

A town in particular (Tanagra) specialized in the making of feminine

statuettes that are a masterpiece of grace, taste, spirit, and life. Before

marble, bronze, or wood, Greece has worked in clay and the clay work

perhaps more than any other represents the spirit of Greece....

Then, cavalierly shrugging off the contributions of Rome and "Byzance" with a mere two sentences, her historical overview concludes with a mirror of her own journey:

Time and my supply of ink and paper, and the teacher's patience is running out. Goodbye, French porcelain! Goodbye Delft, Limoges, Sèvres,

Nancy, towns of scintillating, white, frail wonders; mock architectures of

light arches of white, bending over some peasant girl with an apronful of

flowers. We are arriving in America.

Claireève Grandjouan maintained this early interest in Greek ceramics and, especially, an interest in terracottas; she, sustained, too, a lifelong joy in objects, like the Minoan “priestesses, acrobats, people in the street,” that articulated daily life. The book, *Plastic Lamps and Terracottas of the Roman Period* (volume VI, *The Athenian Agora* 1961), that grew out of her dissertation, also celebrates the common person, privileging the ordinary over the extraordinary. Discussing the range of subjects, she writes:

Among this motley throng..., we see only a few ordinary Athenians: students, hawkers, priestesses, slaves, children. But even through the changing representations of goddesses, we witness the evolution of ladies’ fashions from the Hellenistic veils to Byzantine banded tunics; we also watch the development of a remarkable array of feminine coiffures.

Utensils, jewelry, armor; pets, furniture, amulets; magical practices, letter forms; many different aspects of daily life can be observed in the terracotta microcosm.²

The mature scholar retained her aesthetic eye, but no longer denigrated objects on this basis. She found their greater value by looking beyond their artistic worth:

Minor products of ceramic workshops, these figurines and plastic lamps often bear witness merely to the mediocrity of the artistic taste of their age.

But they also afford us revealing glimpses into the life of Roman Athens....³

Although Claireève’s high-school essay expresses the Classical seduction of her early education and augurs much of her later scholarship, a corollary testament to this home-schooling—which emphasized the continual acquisition of knowledge—is that more than half of the topics that Grandjouan presented in public lectures between 1970 and 1981 chose subjects from the periphery of the Classical world and particularly from its western

and northern borders.

The Grandjouans embraced Montessori's philosophy of learning through play, and Claireve, who fully internalized these values, later made her Hunter College classroom as lighthearted as the Grandjouan "zécole." Her formal scholarship also pursued concepts ultimately traceable to these early influences. Her talk on "Aegean Leisure" at the Temple University Aegean Symposium, later published in the journal of the same name,⁴ was a call, not to arms, but to hoops and flutes:

...But we should also demand that charts and theories take proper cognizance of playfulness, and superfluities. The importance of, say, pepper or lapis-lazuli, superfluous but desperately sought after, begins to be solidly recognized. Playfulness is harder to account for because of its nature and of our training...

Grandjouan set herself the task of reconstructing how second millennium people spent their time when they were engaged "neither in sleep nor in the acquisition of food, clothing, shelter or the tools and utensils thereof." Her evidence for Aegean leisure ranges from archaeological artifacts in the circummediterranean world (a term she favored, reflecting her wide and varied interests) to Classical texts. It is not her methodology that is especially innovative, but rather the questions that she chose to raise. For playfulness to Grandjouan was a concrete and palpable component of daily life and of scholarship.

M. and Mme. Grandjouan's interest in Scouting—especially its French emphasis on camping—brought Claireve into contact with the wilderness as a young child. At five, she joined her family and her father's *lycée* students in the bush outside Casablanca, hiking fearlessly with a small hatchet stuck through her belt, and earned the responsibility of carrying the group's flashlight. Their comfortable response to nature would serve Mme.

Grandjouan and her daughters well during the War. This familiarity with nature, too, would later inform Claireve Grandjouan's work.

In November 1978 she wrote:⁵

...[she] says she saw saffron crocus blooming in snow pools on mountains—we'll see if it *is* saffron. It should be *crocus sativa* v.

Cartwrightiana or some such thing, I found some in flower book [last year] at [the] School & also I think British council...

and in December:⁶

Crocus slide came and is NOT saffron. Ha.

This quest for saffron crocuses was an outcome of her early recognition of the crocuses in the fresco in the building called Xeste 3 at Thera as saffron crocuses and the girls in the painting as saffron gatherers, an interpretation that is now commonplace. She also instantly connected the shape of the mallow fruit she saw with the Greek cake (*πλάκουντες*) that bore its name. And groupings of slides in her Hunter classes were always punctuated with the glowing flower portraits that her steady hand and discerning eye had captured.

In the fall of 1935, Baloo Grandjouan accepted the position of Director of the Lycée Français in Beirut, and the family moved from Casablanca to Beirut. Beyond the city, on the Beirut river, rose the ruined arches of a Roman aqueduct; forty miles north, Maurice Dunand had brought the Phoenician, Hellenistic, and Roman levels at Byblos to their last stages of excavation; and, since field trips and excursions were an integral component of the Grandjouans' home-schooling program, the family also visited the impressive ruins of Baalbek. Claireve spent her sixth through ninth years in Beirut, and it was here that she first decided to be an archeologist. The archaeological sites and museums of North Africa

and the Levant were the playgrounds of her youth, and, in a childhood short on age-mates, the ancient peoples that surrendered these remains were as real to her as playmates were to other youngsters.

After three years in Lebanon, in the summer of 1938, soon after the birth of their second daughter, Florange—now called Fleur—, the Grandjouans returned to France. But, once back in Europe, they could see the gathering clouds of war. Seeking to avoid the impending storm and recognizing the folly of returning to the Levant or North Africa, M. Grandjouan assumed the position of administrator of public schools on the island of Guadeloupe in the Caribbean—one of the French possessions in the western hemisphere—, where the family arrived in January 1940.

France fell to the Nazi war-machine in June 1940, and the French possessions in the western hemisphere were immediately brought under Vichy rule. In 1941, the Grandjouan family moved to Fort-de-France, the capital of the nearby island of Martinique, where two warships lay at anchor in the bay, diverted there when France capitulated, in order to assure that the American warplanes and the gold they carried would not fall into German hands.⁷ Although Guadeloupe and Martinique did not suffer the ravages of war, they were cut off from France by submarines roaming the Atlantic, and the inhabitants had to depend on their own resources.

Baloo Grandjouan had to return to France, but Louv'a remained in Fort-de-France with her two young daughters, freelancing for newspapers and radio, while her mother, who lived in neutral Switzerland, managed to send money to aid them. The British blockade on shipping in the Atlantic made food supplies erratic. Coconuts, sugarcane, and cassava grew well on the island, but it did not produce wheat for bread, and very little milk or other protein was available.

The shortage of food became much more acute when Mme. Grandjouan and her two daughters took refuge in the high savannah beyond Fort-de-France. Louv'a and the toddler Fleur sheltered in an A-frame building and eleven year old Claireve bivouacked in a canvas tent nearby. The Grandjouans lived virtually off the land and bathed in pools provided by daily tropical showers. Under other circumstances it would have been a halcyon life: forests and jungles, a pond with frogs, cattle roaming free in plains of tall grass, and fences hiding nests with hens' eggs; for Claireve Grandjouan responded intimately to nature and the natural world.

Years later, in a letter to Dorothy Burr Thompson from Athens,⁸ she revealed her sensitivity to the changing seasons :

... it is about the weather I should like to talk: this is the season when I begin to wish twice as fervently that all the people I know who like Greece or the idea of Greece were here. Anemones, freesias, almond blossoms in enormous bushes everywhere. The air smells so good and new. The nettles are still tender and green, the rain is light and makes you feel like a plant, the sun is welcome and makes you feel like a cat.

The Martinique savannah was lush and wild, but despite the machete that Claireve learned to wield, sources of food were scarce, and she later remembered subsisting primarily on coconut and sugarcane. Had the Germans invaded, Claireve later confided, she had planned to take her machete and first kill her little sister, then herself.

In 1943, Baloo Grandjouan joined De Gaulle's Free French government in North Africa as head of the Bureau for Educational Research. As part of his duties he travelled to the United States, and he arranged for his wife and daughters to join him. Mme. Grandjouan and her daughters left Martinique in a convoy of French ships. At one point, when the

ship's crew expected a torpedo hit from a submarine, Mme. Grandjouan and the two girls were lowered into a lifeboat, but the danger fortunately subsided before they had been set adrift. They met M. Grandjouan in Baltimore and soon left for New York where they stayed for three months.

On their first day in the United States the family went to a cafeteria, and Mme. Grandjouan, who had not seen bread for months, was astounded when asked what kind of bread she wanted for her sandwich. "What kind of bread?" became a symbol of American abundance for the family and, because of this wartime deprivation, food became the most notable simile for Grandjouan in her classroom: mudbrick houses in the rain were like chocolate ice-cream cones in the sun; Tiryns was lamb-chop shaped; the Mesolithic was opening a can of tuna fish (denoting its lack of large animals as human food and the ingenuity that created new tools necessitated by the smaller, fleeter game and fish); and the Neolithic was a hamburger (domestication of plants: the bun; and animals: the burger) and later, when the franchise had invaded New York City, MacDonald's take-out (which added the container).

Her interest in food also pervaded her scholarship. Her investigation of Hellenistic molds produced an after-tea talk at the American School of Classical Studies (accompanied by slides of a phyllo factory in Athens and inedible cakes) and a posthumous article, "The Food of the Heroes," in which Grandjouan identified the cakes on the *τράπεζαι* of heroes and revised "the accepted meaning of one Greek and one Latin word, and the translations of several passages."⁹

The wartime deprivation probably also contributed to the weight problem Claireve Grandjouan endured throughout her life. Her efforts to be a perfect child to her intellectually demanding parents and the stress of the responsibilities she undertook and

the separations she suffered during the War also took a physical toll. Her heaviness was to raise eyebrows at various stages in her career, and she endured much thoughtless probing, but she was able to filter out this inappropriate concern to become an outstanding public figure.

Early in 1944, M. Grandjouan brought his family to Meknes, Morocco, where he had been living before his dispatch to the U.S. In Meknes, fourteen-year old Claireve organised other children to stage "Antigone" in the nearby Roman ruins of Volubilis, early revealing two strong interests—Greek literature and theater—that she would later cultivate. But here their play was interrupted by the ominous maneuvers of French troops, again casting the shadow of war over the children. Food was a recurring problem in Morocco, too: Fleur, aged five, suffered a broken leg from lack of calcium, and Claireve gave up her milk rations for her younger sister.

Finally, the children were accepted as refugees in neutral Switzerland. Accompanied by their mother, they left from Algiers and traveled to war-ravaged Marseilles and thence to Geneva, where their mother, who did not have refugee status, had to leave them to return to the war zone. The girls lived with their maternal grandmother in Geneva, where Claireve wrote an essay that was published in a Swiss newspaper. When she heard that an atomic bomb had been successfully exploded at Los Alamos, Claireve, thinking of Marie Curie, exclaimed, "And it's all thanks to a woman!"

War in Europe ended, leaving devastation in its wake, but the Grandjouan family had survived. M. and Mme. Grandjouan had always dreamed of reforming education in France. In 1945, Louv'a Grandjouan was charged by the French Ministry of Education to visit the United States in order to study its educational system. She packed up Claireve, Fleur, and a nanny, and the group arrived in New York in January 1946.

She found an apartment on the upper West Side, and Claireve was enrolled in the High School of Music and Art. In her first experience in formal schooling, Claireve achieved fully respectable grades and was soon president of her homeroom, president of the Language Club, and winner of the inter-scholastic contest in French. Mme. Grandjouan had hoped that Claireve's attendance at an American high school (albeit for only five months), would provide the paper credentials necessary for her acceptance at Bryn Mawr, which had already produced distinguished women archaeologists, but Claireve's application so late in the school year prevented her consideration for admission to Bryn Mawr for the fall of 1946.

During the summer of 1946, Baloo Grandjouan was seconded by the French government as translator of written texts in the Secretariat of the nascent United Nations in Lake Success, New York. When the family moved to Long Island closer his work, Claireve enrolled in Long Beach High School for a final semester.

Claireve learned English from her French-speaking parents, especially her mother, who had become fluent in the language while teaching kindergarten in England and spoke with her mother's flutelike tone and crystalline enunciation. Within a year of her arrival in the United States, Claireve's English teacher at Long Beach High School noted that "for maturity of outlook and power of analysis her work is distinctly above that of any other student in [my] three sections.... Her written work is almost wholly free of mechanical errors, reveals an extensive vocabulary, and an unusual capacity for clear, independent thinking."¹⁰

Claireve's childhood experiences inspired the sentiment expressed in her high-school essay on country life:

There is very much to say about a country education, but I will try

to be concise. A child needs—at least until he is about 12—air, and sunshine, and space. In my opinion children should, as much as possible, stay in the country. Life in the country provides: a keener understanding of Nature, brings patience, fortitude, appreciation of beauty. More contacts with animals, healthy amusement and moral lessons than the city can give. I think that every man begins by being a cave-man and that before going into the stain-causing civilization of our cities, the child should be given a chance to appreciate Mother earth. Nothing is of more value to a child than his garden, nothing provides him with more character-building and observation-sharpening experiences.

Seventeen-year old Claireve's ingenuous belief that nothing is of more value to a child than "his garden" is now progressive child-rearing theory.¹¹

Claireve's early environment in which both parents shared the economic and social well-being of the family and her strong ethical views are reflected in another high school essay that asks, "Who should be the head of the family?":

In my opinion: either, or, neither. This question of "who wears the pants" is ridiculous. It is a sequel from the Dark Ages to picture the man "Lord and master", and a sequel from the Matriarchal epoch to see the woman as "Queen of the House". The matter with our world today, in my opinion, is that it cannot "keep up" with its mechanical or, material inventions because its moral standards have stayed the same, if not lowered. Why two human beings, supposedly in love, I mean love, and having decided to consecrate it by marriage cannot live together in a civilized world without having to argue which has the right to sock the

other on the head, leaves me baffled. I know that I do not have any experience, I know that everybody will shake his head and mutter "you will soon change your mind", but I still affirm that it is possible, reasonable and right to believe that a man and a woman can work a very happy family combination, reaching decisions together, both making concessions, both respecting the other, and with a reasonable amount of common sense, understanding, and a sense of humor. If we must need have a "Head" in that family, it just shows how backward, unbalanced, immature we are.

The prescient wisdom of the teenaged Claireve is echoed by the mature scholar's treatment of an entirely different subject two years before her death. Although generally laudatory, her review of Barry Cunliffe's *The Celtic World* written in 1980,¹² well before Classical academics suffered attack for their centrism, advises:

There are, inevitably, in a work of this scope, infelicities. Cunliffe seems to see the Celts from a resolutely Classical point of view...the word "barbarian," for example, is used no less than four times on the first page of the first chapter.... The chapter on religion begins "The Celts were a superstitious people," a statement at least controversial: less than the Romans, surely.

Claireve Grandjouan received her diploma from Long Beach High School in February 1947. Of the possible 800 on the Verbal section of the Scholastic Aptitude Test which she took in December 1946, less than a year after her arrival in the United States, Claireve scored 698. She did not attempt the Math SAT. As noted by Rhys Carpenter, her home-schooling left vast chasms in her training: due to both parents' dismal knowledge of mathematics, she had had only rudimentary arithmetic. Notwithstanding, when Claireve

Grandjouan reapplied in 1947, she was admitted to Bryn Mawr College.

In May 1947 the Grandjouan family moved from Long Beach, Long Island to a rambling house in nearby Glen Cove, which was to be their New York home thereafter. It was an old Victorian house with bay windows and an immense kitchen, surrounded by over an acre of land, part of it a well-planned garden and part a steep wooded hillside. It included an old barn, which would later serve Clairève as a summer theater.

At Bryn Mawr, Clairève Grandjouan's adjustment from home-schooling to rigorous college courses was nearly seamless, and the Grandjouans' educational philosophy bore fruit. Her English teacher noted that "...She seems to have a real 'thirst' for knowledge, and reads exceptionally widely. She is mature and self-confident, and her mind works in a fresh and unpredictable fashion," and another professor remarked that "Clairève loves her studying, not in a pedantic way, but as one to whom everything she learns about is vivid and alive. She combines a highly creative imagination with good basic common sense, and maturity with the naïveté of a person for whom every experience brings something that is new and fresh." Grandjouan's ability to see the world as fresh and new was one hallmark of all her later scholarly life.

Socially, Grandjouan's adjustment from a solitary life to a communal existence in Bryn Mawr's Merion Hall was also seemingly effortless, although many remark on the distance she established between herself and her classmates. Whether her reserve originated in her weight problem or the paucity of age-mates in her early life, it did not keep her from enjoying college. The theatrical penchant that she had indulged as a fourteen year old in Morocco served her, too, at college, where she directed the Freshman hall play, and where, as a sophomore, she helped the subsequent class develop theirs. Her later scholarly interest in festivals surfaced during her college years: in her first year at Bryn Mawr she

argued eloquently for a Big May Day “for the simple joy of pageantry and for such a mammoth group endeavor for the sake of beauty.”¹³ During the summer of 1952 she and her closest friend, Lolah Mary Egan (Burford), arranged a summer playhouse at her parent’s house in Glen Cove. The “Midsummer Players,” twenty students from Bryn Mawr and other nearby colleges, lived for a month with Claireve’s family and produced three plays in the Grandjouans’ barn attended by the U.N. community and the family owl.¹⁴

Claireve was accelerated, graduating from college in three years, *Cum laude* and with Honors in Archaeology. (A family joke is that she missed out on *Summa* because of her distaste for footnotes.) Her undergraduate honors paper on Roman hairstyles continued her active interest in the ordinary people of antiquity. Upon her graduation in 1950, she was accepted for regular membership at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens and, after a summer spent touring northern Europe, she arrived in Athens.

Among the regular members of the School in 1950–1951 were Emily Townsend (Vermeule), Betty Lyding (Will), Fred Will, Jess Vorys (Canby), Rebecca Wood (Robinson), Peter Topping, Eva Cataphygiotou (Topping), Ed Brown, Charles Fleischman, Ruth Fiesel, Ted Doyle, and Sue Blaicher (Dembrow). The fall semester was spent on the long trips to Central Greece, the Corinthia, the Argolid, and the western Peloponnesus. But, because of the recent civil war, Northern Greece was still off-limits and papers still had to be produced to cross the Corinth Canal and carried continuously for frequent police checks. Each student prepared a report for each trip. Rebecca Robinson remembers: “Claireve’s reports were always marvelous; she could evoke what it had looked like, and who had walked along the (no longer visible) paths, and what they had been chatting about.”

After a semester with her fellow students, Claireve Grandjouan captured each of them on lined notebook paper in glorious visual and verbal caricature. In gentle self-mockery, she sketched herself seen from the back, her left hand raised, her lowered right holding a drawing, addressing her colleagues, "There's something so...so fierce about ashlar, don't you think? There's little evidence, but I have a little reconstruction here....".

While in Athens, Grandjouan applied to the doctoral program at Bryn Mawr and was admitted. "[The] ability is undoubtedly there. Miss Grandjouan is talented and artistically inclined. If she can make up her mind to do the solid research to back up her good ideas and prima facie criticisms," wrote one of her referees who had *not* seen the drawing, "she may write an excellent PhD thesis."

During the Spring semester at the School, Rebecca Wood, Emily Townsend, Ed Brown, and Claireve Grandjouan excavated at the Agora, dizzy with the delight and excitement of it. Claireve was responsible for two wells near the Stoa of Attalos.¹⁵ Her supervisor was Dorothy Burr Thompson, who was to become her mentor and friend, and who was to exert the greatest influence on her life second only to that of her parents. Claireve's focus on terracottas was due to her association with Dorothy Thompson, and her two books were written under Mrs. Thompson's guidance (although she thought Claireve seemed too virginal to have to deal with the scatological and sexual content of some of the terracottas in her dissertation). Grandjouan's elegant turns of phrase, already evident in her early writing, were also further nurtured by Dorothy Thompson. We see her delight in language perhaps most clearly in the manuscript she left unedited at her death, *Hellenistic Relief Molds from the Athenian Agora*,¹⁶ in which Susan Rotroff and Eileen Markson preserved observations that Grandjouan might otherwise have edited out. An excerpt from her discussion on griffins gives some idea of her rhythmic prose, her sensitivity to objects, and

the range of her vision:

It is only for a short period that griffins turn pantherish, with yet something reptilian about the erectile crest and broad, interlocking neck plates, and with a great shadowing of wings above them, such wings as were not seen in Greece since the magnificent griffins of Mycenaean days. Before this short period, griffins can be angry and decorative; after it, they first turn elegant and attenuated, then settle in Roman times into something like airborne St. Bernards. But during a brief moment in the 4th century griffins are believable and dangerous, as on the great gold collar from Tolstaya Mogila, or the Boston Etruscan sarcophagus. And fragmentary as the Agora molds are, it is clear that they take their inspiration from just that moment.¹⁷

The student who (according to family lore) didn't make *Summa cum laude* for lack of footnotes exacted revenge in her last work. *Hellenistic Relief Molds* is a source-book of critical bibliography on every aspect of iconography and daily life the Agora molds could possibly evoke.

Grandjouan spent a year in Bryn Mawr for coursework, before returning to Athens in 1952 to write her dissertation. She never became an enthusiastic excavator, but she delighted in the streets of the Plaka, and her modern Greek became so good that she later reveled in traveling through Greece with a kerchief on her head, passing for a Greek peasant. As well as Greek, she spoke fluent French, English, Spanish, and Italian, passable German, and fragmentary Arabic and Creole. When the Stoa of Attalos was formally dedicated as a museum in 1956, John Caskey stationed Grandjouan and Brunilde Ridgway at the two points of entry to the Agora because they could converse with the foreign

dignitaries in their native tongues.

Claireve loved the life of the Plaka and the folk customs of modern Greece which she often related to aspects of antiquity. One Easter she invited the students at the School to her room where they sat on the floor and stuffed themselves with roasted lamb. Claireve—remembering that meat was eaten primarily at festivals in antiquity—observed, her eyes alight, that “after a long fast one could get drunk on meat.” And in a short story she published under the nom-de-plume Magnus Ludens in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*,¹⁸ the foreign agitator is unmasked by his ignorance of Greek Easter customs.

She received her PhD degree from Bryn Mawr in 1955 and with the aid of fellowships from the Agora, the Institute for Advanced Study, and the Bollingen Foundation, she turned to reworking her dissertation into a volume that was to be *Agora VI: Plastic Lamps and Terracottas from the Agora*. In her room at the School she experimented making clay lamps and was dismayed at how little time it took to make lamps in contrast to how much time it took to write them up.

Terracotta figurines of the Roman period in Greece had previously received little attention: thus Grandjouan found herself a pioneer. Her publication became a model of its kind. Instead of lamenting the fragmentary condition of her material or its appalling lack of beauty, she emphasized the importance of the figurines as documents for the study of a significant period in the long history of this branch of Athenian art and their value for illuminating daily life. For comparative material she visited over 100 museums from Göteborg in Sweden to the mouth of the Danube, and from her observations in these northern museums she was able to relate previously unrecorded evidence for influence from as far afield as Gaul and Germany.¹⁹

Because of her parents' immersion in educational theory, Claireve rebelled, insisting she

would never want to teach. Therefore, when Homer Thompson suggested her as General Secretary of the Archaeological Institute of America, she accepted the position, and she remained at the AIA from 1962 to 1968. The national AIA was headquartered at New York University—where Jotham Johnson, then President of the AIA, was Chairman of Classics—and Claireve rented a studio apartment on Waverly Place in Greenwich Village which was to be her home for the rest of her life.

Membership in the AIA, as well as that of the New York Society, increased dramatically during her years as General Secretary, and in the 1967 *Bulletin*, Grandjouan summed up the state of the AIA:

The General Secretary is the editor *ex-officio* of the *Bulletin*, which means that at least one member of the AIA reads this informative but inelegant periodical from cover to cover. As the compilation of statistics for this issue advanced and reports thickened the *Bulletin's* manila folder, the mass of figures and small print resolved itself into a startling piece of information: the Archaeological Institute has nearly doubled in the past ten years.

She then lists the achievements during her five years of tenure:

...the Institute has added two prestigious activities to its permanent program since 1962: the Annual Award for Distinguished Archaeological Achievement and the Olivia James Traveling Fellowship....

Our extensive counseling program distributed J.H. Rowe's *Archaeology as a Career* starting in 1961. In 1967, it added *Archaeology in American Colleges*, in answer to frequent requests for lists of colleges offering archaeology; an adjunct, *Fieldwork Opportunities*, will help those

who want to participate in excavations.

During 1964 and 1965 the Institute was one of the ACLS constituent societies most active in the creation of the National Foundation for the Arts and the Humanities. The President [Margaret Thompson]'s timely and far-sighted launching of the Double Six drive in 1966 brought a new burst of activities, including archaeological tours, a handsome new book and archaeological Christmas cards.

The central office's efforts to keep from being swamped by added programs provides an obbligate of small triumphs and near-disasters to this sturdy paean of achievement.

In 1962-63 we move to a new office, create a membership brochure, new application blanks, receipt forms and subscription forms; we straighten out what files we can, put them in new file cabinets and top the whole thing off with an electric typewriter. In 1963-64: a major effort to encourage new societies (which was to bear fruit in this and the following years) includes the creation of a carefully thought-out presidential letter on the formation of societies, with accompanying promotional materials. Membership cards are introduced. Another major effort is directed at improvement of our lecture program by the addition of new names and new fields. This is the year when the office totters, with its staff away in turns, either miserably ill or happily having babies. 1964-65 sees the reorganization of lecture groups and of the Norton lecture circuits; the surveys from which the AIA is still compiling counseling booklets are also conceived, designed and sent out. 1965-66 finds us boldly launching the

Drive; but for the office it will remain the year of the ZIP code: we all look up, write, emboss [on the metal addressograph plates], proofread and chant five-digit numbers continually.

1966–67 adds a staff member [Eileen Markson] for our multiplying lecture program: more than two hundred and ten separate lecture dates, uneasily harnessed in groups of four or five, have to be arranged to the satisfaction of both lecturers and societies, who conduct an unending tug-of-war (the lecturers insist that their five-day tour must fit inside a single week; the societies point out that Mondays and Fridays make for poor audiences). The year also sees the publication of counseling and Drive-inspired books, booklets and cards....²⁰

Grandjouan herself, presented few papers at AIA Annual Meetings, but the peals of laughter ringing through the corridors and the standing ovation that greeted her spoof, “The Glassware Folk,”²¹ are warmly remembered by those who attended the 1970 Annual Meeting. As in *The Weans* before her and *The Motel of the Mysteries* after her, in “The Glassware Folk” Grandjouan forced us to view ourselves and our approach to archaeology by imagining archaeologists of the future as they confidently, but absurdly, reconstructed our contemporary world from its physical remains.

Despite her intention never to teach, Grandjouan was soon drawn to the classroom. From 1963 through 1968 she taught undergraduate courses at NYU, not far from the AIA offices. She also team-taught a graduate course in Pastoral Poetry at NYU and, in 1966 with Peter von Blanckenhagen, a graduate seminar in Greek Minor Arts at NYU’s Institute of Fine Arts. In the seminar she translated Montessori into graduate education; handing each of the participants a lump of clay, she demanded that each of them (including

Blanckenhagen) make a loom-weight.

Grandjouan was offered a course in Greek archaeology by Classics Department of Hunter College for the Spring 1968 semester, and she resigned as General Secretary of the AIA to assume a full-time position in the Department in September. Almost immediately, during the summer of 1969 upon the retirement of Thelma de Graff, she was elected Chair. Her first act was to buy two gallons of paint, commandeer a ladder, and paint the departmental offices; her second was to revamp the Classics curriculum. Courses were added and course descriptions rewritten. The description for Greek Civilization, for example, that had read:

Lectures, readings, reports, and discussions, on special topics illustrating the chief elements of art, literature, and material civilization derived from Greece. Visits to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

became, with Grandjouan's flair, more specific, lively, relevant, and elegant:

Life in ancient Athens; Greek city-state government; religion, education, athletic and theatrical festivals; aspects of art and literature, studied with special attention to their influence on our civilization. Museum visits.²²

New faculty were attracted and each new professor asked to propose a new course; besides a full complement of Archaeology courses, by 1974 the course offerings expanded to include Religion of Ancient Greece, Comparative Background of Classical Mythology, Hellenistic Civilization, Pagans and Christians, Women and Slaves in Classical Antiquity, and Research Methods in Classical Studies. In 1969 the department added a Minor in Classical Archaeology and a certificate in Honors in Classics, and by 1974 a Classical Archaeology Major had been adopted. The Classics Department had initially included the Russian Division, and in 1968 the Chinese Division, too, found a home there. In 1977, in

an effort to further enlarge the department, Hebrew was added and the department officially changed its name to the Department of Classical and Oriental Studies.

Or—according to Grandjouan—the “Department of Funny Alphabets.”

Grandjouan excelled at administration, and she was devoted to Hunter College, which benefitted from her talents as she served on important university, college, and divisional committees. Unlike her parents, who were involved in educational theory, she stressed practicality and effectiveness. She served as Chair of the City University’s Task Force on Foreign Language Instruction and was the driving force behind the Humanities Division NEH Grant Project for curriculum development. It was her vision that the other members of the committee helped express in the proposal and her tenacity and skill that won the College a million-dollar grant in mid-1970s dollars. Her service to Hunter College left little time for other administrative activities, but in 1980 and 1981 she found herself a nominator for MacArthur Foundation “Genius Grants” and, shortly before her death, she briefly served as a member of the Selection Committee with—she admitted awestruck—Jonas Salk.

Despite her administrative responsibilities, Grandjouan taught between five and six courses a year: a full-complement of upper-level Old World Archaeology courses from Anatolia and Iran, Mesopotamia, Eastern Mediterranean, and Egyptian, through Aegean, Greek, Roman and Western Mediterranean, to Celtic, as well as courses in Greek and Roman civilization, theater, and myth. Remembering the AIA Local Societies’ problems filling Friday evening lecture halls, she scheduled her evening archaeology course on Friday from 5:30 to 8:30 “so only really serious students would take it” and nevertheless drew nearly fifty students each semester plus auditors and visitors. Her teaching was marked by total dedication—to the material, to her students, and to the process. At one

point during the student unrest in the 60s she canceled her scheduled class and held a special one on *Antigone*—a favorite heroine since childhood—focused on civil disobedience and the laws of god and man.

Grandjouan's teaching methodology mirrored her own early education. Students were encouraged toward active learning by the problems she posed in interpreting the evidence and by her impeccably organized lectures, which allowed the slides themselves to make the point and the students to draw the conclusions. She constructed a vast slide collection to which she constantly added images. She spent her summers visiting museums throughout Europe and recorded their holdings on film, augmenting the slide collection of sites and objects that she had begun as a student.²³ She added slides taken from books: plans and charts and site photographs; others were images from magazines she used as contemporary comparanda; some provided her with visual puns. Often she set up still lifes of objects: "the Mediterranean triad" of grape, grain, and olive; threads of saffron and white muslin dipped into its solution; three mounds of sand. Each visually illustrated her verbal point: the muslin showed the saffron's use as dye; the sand, a conjecture that the slope of the pyramids of Giza were based on natural forms. She pictured thoughts as images and she captured them on slides. In March 1977 she scribbled on a postcard in self-conscious mockery:²⁴

...Bronchitis long gone, last straw for it trip to Delphi, site *carpeted* in
wildflowers, red anemones on tender green fields under silver olive trees by
Itea breathtaking in filtered gold afternoon light, next slide please.

She had always wanted to be an actress, but felt that her weight would typecast her, and although she lectured in a conversational tone, her theatrical inclination lent her exquisite pace and timing. These elements, and her delight and wonder, allowed the students to

believe that she was experiencing the material as fresh and new as they. Her greatest gift, however, which informed all her work and transformed the learning process, was her ability to extract the essence from a morass of material and to construct a broad intellectual framework within which each component added a unique piece: she was able to talk of forests, because she could name each leaf on every tree. She called her parents weekly, and her father contributed linguistic richness to her classes, advising her, for example, of Turkish pronunciation; in turn, she added further texture to his work, providing him the names for the figures on Greek pedestrian stoplights—Grigoris and Stamatis—, for example, for his *Enseigner*.²⁵ They collaborated on a paper, “The Two-Bean Method at Delphi,”²⁶ that combined his interest in divination with her interest in the realities of life in antiquity.

It is as teacher, and as premier lecturer, that Grandjouan is best remembered in New York. Her entry into the public forum occurred when the New York Society of the AIA chose her as an alternate lecturer, and on January 9, 1961, in place of Phyllis Lehmann who was forced to be abroad, she spoke on “Roman Terracottas: Neglected Documents for Roman Popular Belief” in the auditorium of the Junior Museum of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Eve Harrison, who introduced her at that inaugural event, remembers the talk as superb, and it stands as the first of many eloquent lectures that Grandjouan would deliver at the Met.

Seven years later, in 1968, however, concurrent with her appointment at Hunter, Grandjouan’s career as a wildly successful popular lecturer began in earnest, when she presented single lectures and lecture series on the ancient world for New York University and the American Museum of Natural History. Then in 1974, under Grandjouan’s direction, three members of the Hunter College Classics Department—Jean Bram, Tamara

Green, and Bob White—conspired with her as “The Gang of Four” to flood the lecture circuit with aspects of antiquity: in that single year, Smithsonian Institution members heard *Lost Cities*, with Grandjouan speaking on Entremont, a Celtic hill fort; New York University received *Archaeology and Archaeologists*, including Grandjouan’s contribution on the Celts; and the American Museum of Natural History audiences were treated to eight lectures, all by Grandjouan, on *The Ancient Celtic World*. Until 1980 the Gang of Four worked these venues, as well as the Metropolitan Museum, the Katonah Art Gallery, and the 92nd Street YM/YWHA with series that ranged from the inventive and wide-ranging *Grand Delusions*, *Mediterranean Mythologies*, and *Lost Gods and Heroes*, to the substantive and focused *Mysteries and Rites of Initiation* and *A Day with Alexander*. Meanwhile, Grandjouan was also giving single popular lectures and lecture series at the same institutions on topics more specific to her own interests—archaeology and ancient daily life: *The Archaeology of the Western Mediterranean*, *The Archaeology of Western Europe*, *The Bronze Age Mediterranean*, *Daily Life in Ancient Greece*, and *Seaside Cities of the Levant*. It seemed that all New York knew who she was. Her cousin, Sophie Grandjouan, who was identified by name-tag when a visiting researcher at a New York hospital, was asked by at least twenty patients if she were related to Claireve.

Grandjouan’s evaluation of two 1978 lecture series is preserved in a letter.²⁷

Met series absolutely smashing success (standing ovation at the end), made me feel a bit guilty about pitching lectures so effectively to audience. All of technical bits went right: all slides right side up & moving together (double projection). First slide of series bluegreen water (“we take a bold *plunge* into Mediterranean etc”) and very last slide foamy ripple on sand (“it is now time to let Med. *wash* over Bronze Age...”). Mus.Nat.Hist. also good

in quiet kind of way, only 350–400 people (Met was packed, even Wednesday before Thanksgiving) but people very earnest and happy to sit looking at Big Stones for megaliths lecture for an hour and a half. Finishing tonight. Hallstatt, very cheerful with new tomb at Hochdorf coming to perk it up.

She was a populariser in the very best sense of the term—creating a mass audience for intellectual activity. The standards she set for herself remained rigorous, although she was generous with others' attempts at popularization. Her introduction in a gentle, but penetrating review of the first three volumes of a series, *Universal History of the World*, which sold in supermarkets in the mid-sixties for \$.49 through \$2.99 a volume (depending on the binding), captures her benevolent tone.²⁸

There is something peculiarly attractive—and American in the best Ben Franklin tradition—about the sight of a multiple volume *Universal History* sandwiched between apple pies and chopped meat, and like them intended to offer hearty sustenance, albeit of a less ephemeral nature. The check-out packer slipped my three volumes between a sheaf of celery and a box of detergent and said: “They’re terrific. I’m buyin’ the whole lot myself.” Those were the first words he had spoken in three months of attention to the judicious disposition of groceries, and should not be underestimated.

“It is easy enough to find fault with these volumes,” she concedes but, after a paragraph noting the most egregious blunders, she continues:

On the credit side, the volumes are sturdy and pleasant in size and heft, and provided with an abundance of robust color illustrations... The

text is clear, offered in self-contained, boldly-labeled chunks that proceed in logical sequence. It seems to represent a confident position taken about 1950, with excursions (a hint of Linear B, a whiff of Olduvai Gorge, a glance at Anatolian Chalcolithic) into the early sixties. The well-documented Romans seem on consistently safer ground than the elusive Greeks, and the text of *Early Civilizations* is considerably more modern than its illustrations.

Better than any other vehicle, her incisive spoof, "The Dormouse Caper"

Claireve Grandjouan's views on teaching, scholarship, and life and reiterates to that she held most strongly. It deserves to be printed in full:

"You put me in a very, very difficult position vis-à-vis the Review Commi-

The Crack of Doom. No promotion, and under the fanatical up-or-out policy, that meant out. Unless he could show "substantial evidence" of publications within the next six weeks, before the Review Committee's annual meeting.

But he had written nothing, and had nothing to write. His Assistant Professorship brought him surprising and renewed pleasures: he enjoyed teaching, and freed from deadlines, reading—furiously, omnivorously, endlessly, in one of the creaking library carrels, on his broken-sprunged couch, on the bus. His lectures grew not only sparkling but challenging, his seminars deeper and more sensitive, his student ratings ecstatic; but his mind still ran to absorption: whatever transmutation wrought within him, whatever need arose to add his voice to the great, grave chorus of scholars remained larval.

Meanwhile, he had better finish reading Varro's *Res Rusticae* as background for Vergil's *Georgics* in the pastoral course. Strangely, Varro failed to hold his interest. Possibly the Review Committee interposed a ghostly image between him and the page.

Conceivably it was Varro's topic that paled, descending as it did from weightier matters of sheep and olive groves to the recondite subject of dormice and how to fatten them in dark jars with unlimited supplies of nuts.

It occurred to him that he had never seen a dormouse; a vague connection with Mad Hatters suggested itself. As the bus flung him on a streetcorner he reflected that here yawned every scholar's dream: an untrodden field of research. The time was 5:43 of a particularly bleak February afternoon. In order to have the Crack of Doom interview he had foregone the cafeteria's creamed chipped beef on toast. One might perhaps ascribe the demented impulse that shook him to prolonged fasting, but it was noticeable that a substantial dinner served only to confirm it.

The excellent university from which he had received his doctorate stressed methodical approaches. It was therefore without further research, except for a rigorous analysis of Varro's passage, that he was able to mail a somber, scholarly note, "The Dormouse House," to the *American Journal of Archaeology* the next morning, alerting scholars excavating *villa rustica* remains to the possibility of finding dormouse-fattening jars—which as Varro explains, are made with unusual ledges and grooves—in their *glirarium* or dormouse-house. He attached pen and ink drawings suggesting shapes and sizes.

A classical civilization sourcebook on his shelf spoke obscurely of dormice as luxury items forbidden in Roman sumptuary laws. Following up that lead produced a crisp, incisive commentary on the difficulties inherent in legislating morality, "Dormice vs. Senatus Populusque Romanus," that hit the mailbox on its way to the *Harvard Law Review* the morning after, freighted with the double meaning he had wreathed around both "consensual" and "herbivorous" to establish a modest avant-gardism.

But the morning after was also Friday, seminar day, and dormice had to wait for the weekend for a major effort. However, the seminar (on Elizabethan drama) had paved the way: Levidulcia, in Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedy* exclaims, "Why sure their generation was asleep When she begot those dormice." It was but one step thence to *Twelfth Night* and two identical short articles—in matter but not in manner—airmailed on Monday morning. "Dormouse Valour: Varro's Influence on Some Aspects of Later English Literature," densely written over a snowstorm of irrelevant footnotes, went to the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*. "Dormice and the Absurd," written in a consciously brilliant, angular style, bristling with symbolic puns and neologisms, marched off to *Dissent* after uneasy consideration of *Partisan Review*. Both used Tourneur, Shakespeare, and Varro, with Skelton ("Dormat in pace, like a dormouse") thrown in for good measure and Lewis Carroll floating mysteriously on top. His dormouse in a teapot obviously caricatured Edward Lear: not only did the wily Mr. Dodgson pun on Lear's mane (cf. Fr. *loir*, Sp. *liron*, dormouse), but the propensity of Lear characters to retreat into utensils ("There was an old man who when little Fell casually into a kettle") and even fatten there, precisely as Varro's dormice in their *glirarium*, together with Lear's known rotundity, make the caricature inescapable and explain at last why Lear did not greet the publication of *Alice* with cries of delight, an omission that continues to baffle scholars.

The next week proved only slightly more arduous. Tuesday's dawn saw "Darkness and Confinement as Factors in Psychosomatic Obesity," a thoughtful extrapolation of Varro's method to induce dormice to fatten, on its way to the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*; and on the anniversary of the interview, "Hieronymus Bosch's Dormice," making an unfounded but intriguing stab at identifying several of the pot-bellied, unpleasant *grilli* Bosch painted emerging from eggs, bubbles, barrels, and pods (*vide*

Varro's jars again), flew off to the *Art Bulletin* complete with numbered tracing paper overlays on cheap reproductions of the triptychs of the "Haywain" and the "Flood," together with a Vienna "Last Judgment."

By now creative fever had him firmly in its grip. A tunafish sandwich eaten while reading the *Satyricon* resulted in a contented, Burgundy-chuckle sort of article for *Gourmet Magazine*, "Dormouse Dinner *alla Romana*," demonstrating how to cook dormice in honey and poppyseed as served to Trimalchio's Roman guests. The recipe's proportions were authoritative if inaccurate, readers were guided to Lekvar-by-the-barrel in New York if poppyseed was unavailable in their area, and alternate ways of serving dormice (from Apicius' 1st c. A.D. cookbook) as well as suggested complements to the main dish (lingonberry sherbet) masked the lack of any indication of where to purchase dormice.

"Le Loir dans le Lutrin" proved a distinctly labored Thursday effort, but Boileau's *Lutrin* rarely excites scholarly discussion, and even though the poem nowhere mentions dormice the main character is fat and sleepy. Besides, *Le Lutrin* being a church satire, "Église" and "Glis"—the dormouse's Latin name—could be placed in interesting, though unwarranted, juxtaposition. He shipped the whole mess out to *PMLA*, stopping for a glancing footnote swipe at the curious black and white dormice in the 13th c. French *Barlaam et Josephat* for luck, and prepared his Friday seminar.

Linguistic Review was to receive, elegantly titled, "Siebenschläfer," a few pages of exploring, courtesy of a battery of dictionaries, the vagaries of dormouse nomenclature in and out of Indo-European languages. It poked gentle fun at folk etymologies and was tossed off with considerable brio on Saturday despite a momentary stumble caused by Portuguese's refusal to follow either *glir*- or sleeper-lines and stubbornly calling its

dormouse *arganaz*.

On Sunday, realizing that he had sent out nine articles, he decided that he might as well make it a round dozen and turned to the university catalogue for a list of departments whose fields he had not yet touched on. He toyed with the idea of making something musicological out of dormouse snores then realized finding out if they did snore would entail field work and wrote, "Ancient Manipulation of Circadian Rhythms To Alter the Metabolic Storage of Lipids in *Glis* sp." for the *Journal of Cell Biology* instead, still based on Varro's recommendation. His thick fringe of knotted footnotes came from the last two or three of a surprising plethora of articles on circadian rhythms.

A giant dormouse, he was horrified to discover, had roamed Pleistocene savannas, no doubt sleeping a massive sleep while the Pleistocene oozes swallowed it up. Unfortunately he could think of no way to parlay this solitary fact into anything except a particularly revolting science fiction story that he put away half-imagined together with any hope of breaking into either the *Journal of Paleontology* or *Galaxy*.

The mental noise associated with scraping the bottom of the barrel began to grate its paralyzing way into his brain on the Monday morning beginning the third week of dormouse studies, fostered no doubt by the potations resorted to on Sunday night to help erase some of the most lurid details of the aborted giant dormouse story from his mind. Two more. Two more. What about the play in which two characters sit in ashcans throughout and could one get dormouse symbolism from that? Too much work, and doubtful if *Theater Survey* would bite. That suggested philosophy, though, and surely....

"Dormouse Eschatology" was a cinch. Every work of religious or philosophical crystal gazing that he could remember stressed waking, awakening, and watching through the night. Sloth, sleep, indifference, and apathy were so universally decried ("A swashbuckler

against the Pope and a dormouse against the Devil," roars Milton) that the dormouse emerged as a potent, one might even say seminal, symbol of ignorance and *accidie* leading straight to Outer Darkness. The article slipped hot off the Xerox machine to the *Review of Metaphysics* Tuesday afternoon, a flipped coin having rejected the *Journal of the Scientific Study of Religion*.

During the fight for Xerox machine precedence with a shrill and bony colleague, he caught himself wishing guiltily that she were soft, curved, and biddable. The odalisque eidolon shimmered for a moment before his eyes, then burst into coruscating, triumphal fireworks as his mind reached for and grasped his twelfth and best dormouse. "The Dormouse Syndrome: Sociological Implications of Subjection in Cultural Ideals of Female Plumpness." The article took the rest of the week, during which he more than once wondered uneasily whether he might not be making a real contribution to knowledge. With the precision of tap dancers swinging into line for the finale his facts dipped and clicked into place. Fatted calves, stalled oxen and harem women: Victorian opulence and palaeolithic females crouched like termite queens in their caves. Personality replaced by fertility, human response blunted by the cuddly comfort of cushioned coition...a little alliterative for the *American Sociological Review*? He mailed it before second thoughts intervened.

It was with twelve acceptance letters that he confronted a newly enthusiastic Chairman, well before the annual meeting of the Review Committee. Assured of promotion, he walked across to the dark welcoming library, settled in his carrel, and reached for another book.

Notes

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1. Aix-en-Provence 1989.

2. pp. 5–6.

3. p. 1

4. *Temple University Aegean Symposium 2* (1977) 31–33.

5. Letter to the author.

6. Letter to the author.

7. See, e.g., Edward T. Follard, "Martinique, Carribean Question Mark," *The National Geographic Magazine* 79 (January 1941) pp. 47–55

8. In the Spring 1956. Quoted by Homer Thompson at Grandjouan's memorial service in 1982.
9. Published as Appendix 1 (pp. 57–67) in *Hesperia*: Supplement XXIII; the quotation is from p. 57.
10. In a letter of recommendation.
11. Susan Miller, a professor of early childhood education, for example, remarks that “Free play outdoors involves ‘almost every competency one can imagine: observing, inventing, problem-solving, decision-making’...” *The Washington Post*, Monday, 22 April 1996, p. C5.
12. In *The Classical World* 73, 3 (1980) 370.
13. Note by Frances Croft, Fall 1947.
14. See Elsie Kemp's article in *The College News*, October 8, 1952, pp. 2; 5–6.
15. See Agora Notebook ΣΑ XII, pp. 2370–74 (Well Q12.1 near Pier III of the Stoa of Attalos); pp. 2384–88 (a double well at the east entrance to the Square Peristyle Building).
16. *Hesperia*: Supplement 23 (Princeton 1989), completed by Eileen Markson and Susan I. Rotroff.
17. *Hellenistic Relief Molds*, 12.
18. “The Red Eggs,” *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, August 1962, 56–65.

19. Homer Thompson, Memorial Service at Hunter College, Sept. 23, 1982.
20. *Bulletin of the Archaeological Institute of America* 58 (November 1967) 9–10.
21. See *AJA* 74 (1971) 203.
22. *Hunter College Bulletin. College of Arts and Sciences* 1969–1970, p. 149
23. For a description of the slide collection and its organization see D. Napoli, “The Slide Collection used at the Classics Department at Hunter College,” *Picturescope* 22, 3 (Fall 1974) 45–51.
24. Postcard to the author.
25. p. 5.
26. In *Society of Biblical Literature 1976 Seminar Papers* (ed. G. MacRae) 10 (1976) 330–33.
27. November 28, 1978
28. *Archaeology* 19 (October 1966) 302.
29. Reprinted with permission from *Academe. Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors*, Spring 1974, 27–28.

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