CLARA CHRONICLE 2018 No. 1

Morgantina Revisited: An Architect's Recollections

Ingrid Edlund-Berry

The ancient Greek site of Morgantina in central Sicily is well known to students of architecture, city planning, numismatics, and other related fields in Classical Studies. It was first settled on the Cittadella hill in the Bronze and Iron Ages. The arrival of Greeks in the early sixth century BC resulted in the creation of a settlement also on Cittadella with a shrine (*naiskos*) decorated with brightly colored architectural terracottas and with houses. Imported Greek pottery found within the settlement and in the tombs bears witness to extensive trade, and Morgantina also minted its own coins.¹

The next phase of Morgantina's history witnessed the attack in 459 BC by Ducetius, a native Sikel ruler, who may have been responsible for the foundation of a new settlement on the Serra Orlando ridge where the new city was laid out according to a grid plan.² After a few years, the city came under the control of Syracuse, then Camarina, and again of Syracuse. It flourished first under the reign of Agathokles (end of fourth century BC) and later under Hieron (third century BC). The city blossomed, and private houses dominated the hill slopes on either side of the large agora, equipped with monumental public buildings, *stoas* and granaries, a theater, and sanctuaries.

At the death of Hieron (215 BC), the alliance of Syracuse with Rome shifted to that of Carthage, and the city was taken by Rome in 212 BC. Morgantina had sided with Syracuse, and lost out to Rome in 211 BC. As a result, the city declined and was settled by Spanish mercenaries as a reward for their loyalty to Rome. Many buildings were abandoned, and a new market, *macellum*, was built in the agora. The identity of the mercenaries is manifested in the minting of bronze coins with the legend *Hispanorum* ('of the Hispani'). By the end of the first century BC the urban center of Morgantina ceased to exist, and the population was dispersed throughout the countryside.

Although the site was known already in the 1500s, and some explorations were carried out in the late 1880s and in 1912, formal excavations were not begun until 1955 under the direction of Professor Erik Sjöqvist and Professor Richard Stillwell of Princeton University. First known by the two names of *Cittadella* and *Serra Orlando*, the site was later identified as Morgantina, mentioned in Greek and Latin texts, through the evidence of coins.³ The results of each season were published as preliminary reports in the *American Journal of Archaeology* (*AJA*), and

¹ Sjöqvist 1973; Edlund 1985; Bell 2010.

² The foundation could also be attributed to the city of Camarina, for which see Bell 2006 & Walsh 2011/2012.

³ Erism 1958.

as work has continued until today, the publications range from general overviews to monographs and articles on a variety of topics.⁴

While the scholarly aspects of the excavation are well covered in the publications, the first footnotes in the early preliminary reports reveal the names of students and staff for each season, and it quickly becomes clear that Morgantina is one of the sites that allows us to create an archaeological family tree with some of the most respected names in twentieth century classical studies in the United States.⁵ Parallel to this family tree is the list of Scandinavian participants at the excavations, beginning with the director, Professor Erik Sjöqvist, well-known through his archaeological experience at the Swedish Cyprus Expedition and his position as Director of the Swedish Institute in Rome during the Second World War and later as Professor at Princeton University.⁶ Because of Erik Sjöqvist, the Morgantina project was quickly recognized by the King of Sweden, Gustaf VI Adolf, who not only visited the site, but also provided funding for Swedish students to participate.⁷ In addition to the students, many of whom were to rise to prominent positions in the Swedish archaeological world, a number of distinguished Swedish architects and photographers became part of the Morgantina staff.⁸

For all of us who have met or studied with previous Morgantina excavators, it has always been a special treat to hear stories of the early years of the excavation, ranging from the modest living conditions at Villa Toscano, to the unforgettable experience of the Easter procession at Aidone, the small town closest to the ancient site, and the excitement over unexpected finds of coins or small objects. Black-and-white (occasionally also in color) photographs illustrate the archaeological discoveries, but occasionally also include views of Erik Sjöqvist and Richard Stillwell, students and visitors, and the workmen from Aidone and nearby Piazza Armerina.

While at times such memories have been recorded or written down,⁹ the account of Røyne Kyllingstad is unique in that it provides the account of how a young architect from far-away Norway found himself working with a team of American and Swedish colleagues at Morgantina in the Spring of 1961.¹⁰ The demands on his expertise and time were heavy as the work progressed quickly in the many areas of excavating on Cittadella and Serra Orlando. At the same time as Kyllingstad provides accounts of the actual excavation and documentation of important archaeological features such as the well on Cittadella, his keen observations of people and nature and everyday life make us aware of the history of now almost sixty years ago, a period of much hardship and economic struggles for the people of Aidone. The archaeological discoveries at Morgantina in 1961 are featured as exciting additions to our understanding of ancient as well as modern Sicily.

I am grateful to Røyne Kyllingstad for his willingness to share his memories of Morgantina with readers who may or may not have a previous Morgantina connection but who would like to experience the world of archaeology as part of daily life in a historically fascinating location that continues to attract our attention. The text was first written in Norwegian, and to the extent possible the English version maintains the observant and informal style of the original.

⁴ Bell 2010; Maniscalco 2015.

⁵ Stillwell & Sjöqvist 1957; Sjöqvist 1958; Stillwell 1959; Sjöqvist 1960; Stillwell 1961; Sjöqvist 1962; Stillwell 1963; Sjöqvist 1964; Stillwell 1967; Allen 1970.

⁶ Edlund-Berry 2003; Whitling 2010; Billig et al. 2015.

⁷ Lindhagen 2014.

⁸ Edlund-Berry 2015.

⁹ Shoe Meritt 1995-1997; Holloway 2015.

¹⁰ Kyllingstad received his degree in architecture from Norwegian Technical University (NTH) in Trondheim in 1959 with an independent project in architectural history (Kjerringøy handelssted). In addition to regional planning in Kristiansand and Hamar, his work experience includes consulting in Addis Ababa, and research at Norwegian Institute of Urban and Regional Research (NIBR). Between 1980 and 1997 he taught at Oslo School of Architecture and Design (AHO) as Assistant and later as Professor. His publications include books, research reports, articles and reviews. His many life experiences as carpenter and seaman are included in his account of working at the Morgantina excavations.

Notes and comments have been added to direct readers to further information on the site and to thank colleagues who have generously provided names and facts as needed.¹¹ Unless otherwise noted, the illustrations are taken from Kyllingstad's archive, which includes images taken by him or by the excavation photographer, Åke V. Larsson.¹²

Rome, 29 June 2017

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¹¹ The task of identifying names and places was greatly facilitated by Eva Fredriksson (Karlstad, Sweden). Many thanks also to Mary Hollinshead (University of Rhode Island) for reading the manuscript and for her helpful comments.

¹² Michele Mazeris and Julia Gearhart of Research Photographs, Visual Resources Collection, Department of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University, provided helpful assistance in correlating the images from the Kyllingstad collection with those of the Morgantina archive at Princeton. For scanning and preparing the images for publication I am grateful to Suloni Robertson and Bethany Wong (STA program, University of Texas at Austin) and for financial support the Department of Classics (University of Texas at Austin).

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Memories from the Excavations of Morgantina (Sicily) – 1961*

Røyne Kyllingstad

Our lives are often formed by accidental circumstances. So also the phone call from my sister that led to my participation at the seventh season of Princeton University's excavation project at Serra Orlando (Morgantina) in central Sicily.

To be exact: In mid-January 1961 I received a call from my sister, who was working at the Norwegian Technical University in Trondheim (NTH, part of today's NTNU, where I had finished my education as architect in 1959). There, one day in the lunch room, she observed that Professor Bjarne Louis Mohr was asking my former professor in the History of Architecture, Erling Gjone, if he should happen to know anyone who would be suited – and willing – to join an excavation project in central Sicily as architect, responsible for surveying and recording the discoveries. Professor Mohr had just been on a visit to the Norwegian Institute in Rome and there found out from the Director, Hans Peter l'Orange, that Erik Sjöqvist, the Director of the Morgantina excavations, was still in search of an architect for the upcoming season from April 1 to June 30, 1961. Maybe not an easy post to fill, because the payment he could offer was just at a 'summer-job-level' for a student. Erling Gjone, however, was at a loss as to whom to suggest – until my sister simply asked: 'Why not ask my brother?'; his immediate response was 'Please, call him'.

The next day I received the phone call. As I did not feel particularly comfortable with my present job, it did not take me long to say 'Yes', and so I left a regular, well-paid, but rather boring, job, for something that seemed much more like an adventure. I was young and not yet married, so I did not care too much about the money as long as I could make ends meet.

A few weeks later I left Oslo for Rome by train, third class, and without a sleeper as we did in those days. Going by air would have been far too expensive for ordinary people.¹

* NB! Notes by Kyllingstad are marked with [RK], by Edlund-Berry with [IEB].

[RK] As part of a research project on the Scandinavian participants at the excavations at Morgantina, Ingrid Edlund-Berry (University of Texas at Austin) knew my name from the publication on doorways and thresholds (Kyllingstad & Sjöqvist 1965) and contacted me through the Norwegian publication *Arkitektmytt*. She encouraged me to write down my personal memories from the excavation season of 1961, first in Norwegian and now in English, as a document of times past in this fascinating part of Sicily.

¹ [RK] The following text contains my personal experiences from the few but very interesting, and even amusing, months I was working at the *Scavi Americani* at Morgantina. For more professional reports from my participation please refer to: Røyne Kyllingstad & Erik Sjöqvist 1965, 23-34.

Newspaper articles: *Dagbladet*, Oslo, 7 August 1962: 'Sicilia. Paradiso del Mediterraneo'; *Fædrelandsvennen*, Kristiansand, 30 March 1963: 'Morgantina. En by i rik vekst, for 2250 år siden'; *Fædrelandsvennen*, 13 December 1963: 'Sicilia. Middelhavets Paradis'; Drawings and maps in Sjöqvist 1962, 66: 2, Pl. 29, fig. 2; Pl. 31, fig. 8: Pl. 32, figs. 12, 16 and 18; Pl. 34, fig. 38 (and n. page 135); 'Prospective of the Morgantina city center' in Hauge & Økland 1962, 48; Reference in a note in *Aftenposten*. *Aften*, Oslo, 23 July 1961: 'Oldtidsby funnet på Sicilia'.

The journey to Sicily

This was before the times of mass tourism. Even a short trip abroad was a dream for most of us. Imagine then, what it felt like to travel towards an unknown goal, destined for several months.

From Copenhagen to Rome

After an uneventful train journey from Oslo, in Copenhagen I gained the company of a Swede who was going to participate in an IBM-congress in Milan. For this reason, he had taught himself English with the help of a *Linguaphone* course (on gramophone records – remember this is a long time ago!). The fact that he traveled in third class on the train suggested to me that he did not rank very high in his company, but unlike me he had reserved a bed, a ‘couchette’, for the coming night, whereas I was confined to sitting in my seat all night long. Unlike me, he wore a suit, with a white shirt and grey tie, as one would expect of a Swedish businessman.

When evening came, we were the only two left in the compartment. But my traveling companion simply did not dare to leave for his couchette in another compartment so he stayed. When we crossed the Swiss border, a new passenger joined the two of us.

Our new companion was a vigorous country woman who was using the international *Scaniapilen* as a local train to visit her family just across the border of Italy. Wearing a headscarf and apron she carried a big basket covered with a white cloth. She greeted us in a friendly manner in a language neither the Swede nor I understood, and sat down.

I was occupied with mending one of my socks with needle and yarn. The newcomer immediately observed my less than professional work and with a broad smile she resolutely grabbed the sock out of my hands and finished the work fast and neatly. Before she was ready I had found the other sock of the pair and started the mending process. She laughed and took over that sock as well, as soon as the first one was finished.

Then she uncovered the basket, containing homemade bread, butter and cheese, and a big bottle of wine, as well. She held the bread against her breast, or rather between them, and cut a couple of slices, made a sandwich with butter and cheese and offered it to me. – Delicious!!

The Swede received the same offer, but tried to say in his newly acquired English that he was not hungry. He was also offered wine, but claimed not to be thirsty.

So, like mother and son, my new friend and I shared a wonderful meal together, eating her delicious sandwiches and enjoying her wine consumed directly from the bottle. Our cheerful conversation was conducted in a kind of international finger and body language.

Our Swedish companion on the other hand was completely silent and stared at us in disbelief. But he stayed in the compartment because leaving for his couchette must have seemed even more frightening to him.

After a while I brought out my own travelling provisions: crisp bread (a common type of bread in Norway and Sweden), butter (kept in a glass jar with an outside cover of aluminum to keep the butter from melting and spilling) and Norwegian brown cheese. I offered my new friend a piece. She was skeptical, but took a bite. Nodded her head with a big smile – and ate the remaining piece. Our Swedish friend was not as courageous!

At dawn we reached Chiasso at the border between Switzerland and Italy. In those days the train had to stop there for a long time because of the passport and customs control. The station area was crowded with sellers everywhere shouting: *Cioccolati! Gelati; gelati Motta! Vini rossi; vini bianchi! Vermouth! Grappa!*

The Scandinavians jumped off the train to make some purchases. I accompanied the kind woman who had reached her destination, took a hearty farewell and moved towards a booth for wines and spirits. There I observed my Swedish companion who was trying to buy some liquor. His English was of no use and the salesman seemed slightly impatient. I could not resist the temptation of subjecting him to a modest practical joke.

Fig. 1 Erik Sjöqvist, Røyne Kyllingstad and Donald White. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

I lined up beside my friend, pointed to a bottle and asked in Norwegian –*Hva koster den?* (How much does it cost?) A finger gesture is sufficient in situations like this. In addition, *koster* (Swedish *kostar*) is very similar to Italian *costa*. So, I immediately got my bottle, and the price noted on a paper, paid and left, with a glance at my friend's face. His expression of having lost every ounce of self-confidence was painful. Ever since I have regretted that joke.

Well, it was a done deal. He changed trains for Milan a little later. And I reached Rome.

Health problems in Rome

As a student I had joined an excursion to Rome for a couple of weeks in 1957, so the arrival gave me a happy feeling of 'coming home'. And the big smile of one of the American staff members at Morgantina, Ross Holloway, who met me at the Stazione Termini, told me I was welcome.²

So far so good. But my heart sank when I met the director of the excavation, Professor Erik Sjöqvist.³ He told me that my first, and most essential job, would be to correct the current maps of the excavations (Fig. 1). I, who had no knowledge of mapping...(!)

At the same time, I got terrible back problems. Recurring back pain has haunted me ever since I hurt my back as a sailor while in the harbor in Freetown, Sierra Leone, 1951. A bizarre event, but sometimes really disabling! So, I was sent to the *Ospedale Internazionale* where I was diagnosed as having calcification of the spine and some compressed disks. The physician

² [IEB] As a graduate student at Princeton University, Ross Holloway participated in the excavations at Morgantina 1958-1962. For his career as a university professor and scholar, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/R._Ross_Holloway (accessed 18 May 2017). In connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the excavations, he contributed an article, 'Memorie di Morgantina', published in *Maniscalco* 2015, 15-17. While a fellow at the American Academy in Rome in 1961, he was asked by Erik Sjöqvist to find an architect for the upcoming season at Morgantina and contacted the Norwegian Institute (personal communication, May 2017).

³ See above, 'Introduction'.

Fig. 2 Map of Sicily. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

prescribed sulphur baths and drinking sulphur water, and wanted me to stay a few days for observation.

The problem of surveying and mapping, however, was not solved! I had only some experience with levelling and alignment of building sites, but I knew nothing about mapping!

First, I tried to get Ross Holloway to buy me a text-book on land surveying. As an American he spoke fluent English and, I thought, also rather good Italian. But all he found was a book of tables, *Tavole Trigonometriche*, for road engineers. Totally useless! He had no idea of what I needed for the job. Nor had Erik Sjöqvist, who assumed that as an architect I should be well trained in this and in other matters, which I clearly was not.

Then I got in touch with someone at the Scandinavian Airlines System (SAS) administration in Rome, who was just leaving for Norway. I gave him some money and a note with instructions on the kind of book I needed, and he promised to find a textbook in Norwegian and send it to the company office in Rome. As an extra precaution I also sent an airmail letter home, asking my parents to try to find something. Students of today should realize that in those days an international phone call was very expensive, and often the connection was bad. Computers and mobile phones, of course, did not even exist!

Days passed, however, and without any answer or a book I had to leave for Sicily.

From Rome to Aidone (Sicily)

I took the overnight train from Rome to Sicily (Fig. 2) and this time I paid for a couchette, a decision I should soon regret.

In the berth above me, a large man was asleep. He was muscular, and he also had a voluminous stomach and a large moustache. He snored like a stone-breaker and sweated garlic. Time and time again he also turned on the heating system by accident with his feet. The other five passengers in the compartment repeatedly tried to turn it down to zero again, but in vain. In

short: he was the only one of us who had any kind of sleep before we had to get off the train in Catania.

I was not the only one of us longing for a shower and clean clothes. But there was no sign of such a treat. First, I went to the bus station to buy a ticket to Aidone, the town closest to the excavation site, or to be more specific, to *Scavi Americani*, just east of Aidone. It was obviously a well-known stopping place.

Then I proceeded to the harbor, hoping for at least a small breeze of cool air, and some shade.

There I happened to get involved in a discussion between some guys about a business proposition. One of them pretended to be a sailor who had smuggled a roll of fine British wool fabric, which he now wanted to sell for very little because, as he said, his ship was at the point of leaving so he did not have much time for negotiations. He spoke English, the potential buyers Italian, so I was invited to assist as an interpreter. I accepted (!). My English was a mix of school-boy and sailor's English, not used since 1951, and a few Italian words I had just picked up in Rome.

After time-consuming negotiations, the Italians finally bought about half of the roll. As soon as they had disappeared, the sailor offered me the leftover fabric for an even lower price. I had already checked the label with the name of the factory and guarantee of quality, and decided to use my last money to make the purchase. Of course, I discovered later that I had been swindled, but had to admit that I had been part of a cleverly arranged show!

I had a few coins left, just enough to buy some bread and a few tomatoes. But I had my bus ticket and figured that I would surely get a substantial meal at the excavation house.

The rest of the day I spent at the harbor and tried to rest as best I could, watching the people and diverting myself with dry bread and tomatoes.

At two o'clock I got on the bus. The ticket collector resolutely gave me a seat next to a priest in full attire so that he could have both of us under full control. Me, because he immediately appointed himself as my host and guide. He pointed right and left and gave explanations in something I after a while understood was not Sicilian but was supposed to be German. A word or two I did actually understand. The other passengers were impressed and I believe that was the most important part of the performance.

The poor priest, however, was harassed almost continuously in local dialect. I understood the topic to be politics, since words like *comunismo* – *capitalismo* – *chiesa* – *partito* – *mafiosi* were repeated frequently. My fellow passenger was left with no chance of defending himself or his church, and got no support from the others if he tried. They participated eagerly and loudly in the chaotic discussion, or rather, discussions. The driver was also involved, with one hand on the steering wheel, and the other gesturing and with his face turned more towards the passengers than towards the road. But we survived.

After a while the priest got off the bus. Many passengers did as well, and the mood became more gentle and comfortable as people became focused on giving their attention to me. As they spoke to me, the ticket collector provided a translation in his version of 'German'. Luckily, nobody expected an answer from me, and when I got off at my destination, we had just become old friends.

A month later I was again taking the bus from the excavation headquarters to Aidone. The same ticket collector was on the bus. He jumped out and offered me a free ride. As he said, we were old friends.

Today I would most likely have taken a plane directly from Oslo to Catania, and traveled by car to the *Scavi*. Measured in time and effort that way of traveling would have been far more efficient. But what about the fun and the experience?

Fig. 3 Villa Toscano. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

Scavi Americani

The headquarters

Two members of the excavation team, Ross and Nancy Holloway, were waiting at the bus stop, gave me a hearty welcome and helped me down to the Villa Toscano (*Fig. 3*), which served as our headquarters. I was assigned a big room. According to the original plan, I was supposed to have shared it with Åke V. Larsson, the excavation photographer from Sweden.⁴ He spoke only Swedish, and between Swedish and Norwegian we had no trouble communicating with each other. But he had decided to sleep in a small closet next to the bathroom. Not because of me, he explained, but he had to work at night since the bathroom also had to serve as his darkroom, and the closet could also serve as a storeroom for his equipment.

The bathroom was a combined toilet and washroom, rather primitive. The toilet looked normal at first glance, but lacked a mechanism for flushing. So, there were some buckets filled with water that were lined up on the floor. After flushing we had to fill up the empty buckets at the well in the courtyard. This water supply also served for our personal washing and for Åke Larsson's work with developing photographs at night. This meant that during the night we had to be careful not to empty the last bucket too early, as the front door of the excavation house was carefully locked at ten p.m. and not opened again before seven a.m.

⁴ [IEB] Åke V. Larsson (1926-2006) was a prominent photographer from Västerås in Sweden. He was primarily known for his perceptive character photographs of people of all ages, and a commemorative exhibit of his work was held in Västerås in 2014 (<https://tervalampi.wordpress.com/2014/08/05/vykort-vastmanland-gatufotografen-ake-v-larsson/> [accessed 26 May 2017]). It is not known how he was invited to be the excavation photographer in 1961, but he was highly respected, and his work was excellent. A few of his photographs from Morgantina appear in Eriksson 1992, 76-79.

Fig. 4 Erik Sjöqvist and workmen. Photo: Morgantina Archives.

I should here point out that Erik Sjöqvist had established the practice of having all of us go to the elegant Jolly Hotel in the nearby town Piazza Armerina every Saturday. There he rented a sufficient number of rooms for the day, so we could have hot showers and shave. Afterwards a splendid dinner followed at the hotel.

As soon as we returned to the excavation house, the main double door was again shut. It was made of three-inch planks of oak and splendidly furnished with bars, iron pins and hooks. It was impossible to enter if you were too late for the curfew, something I happened to experience one night when I had been out walking in the spectacular moonlight and was late returning. The noise of me entering the terrace outside their bedroom must have frightened Erik and Gurli Sjöqvist, but Erik very kindly let me in.

The staff

During the 1961 season at Morgantina, almost half of the staff was Swedish.⁵ The Director was Erik Sjöqvist (*Fig. 4*). He had been the Director of The Swedish Institute in Rome during the Second World War and was now Professor in Classical Archaeology at Princeton University. His wife Gurli served as the secretary of the expedition, as she had done also at the Swedish Institute in Rome. They both had tough jobs, as they were responsible not only for our about one hundred locally hired workers and the staff, but also had to cooperate with the local authorities.

Carl Eric Östenberg, a graduate student from Lund University, was running his own project, the study of the city wall of Morgantina (*Fig. 5*). His wife, Maja, did the drawings of the objects, and they also brought their three-year-old daughter, Eva.⁶

⁵ [IEB] See Sjöqvist 1962 and above, 'Introduction'.

⁶ [IEB] For Carl Eric Östenberg, see https://sv.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carl_Eric_%C3%96stenberg (accessed 27 May 2017). His widow, Maja Östenberg, has kindly shared her memories of daily life at the excavation in 1961. His daughter, Eva Wiberg, has recently been appointed President of Gothenburg University (2017).

*Fig. 5 Ross Holloway, Donald White, Røyne Kyllingstad and Carl Eric Östenberg.
Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.*

As mentioned earlier, the photographer, Åke W. Larsson, was also Swedish (*Fig. 6*). Except for me, the rest of the staff was American: Nancy and Ross Holloway (*Fig. 7*), Donald White (*Fig. 5*)⁷ and Barbara Carmel. Both Ross Holloway and Donald White were graduate students at Princeton University and served as trench masters. Nancy Holloway (Bryn Mawr College) was the cataloguer, and Barbara Carmel was in charge of conservation.

⁷ [IEB] Donald White, now Professor Emeritus of Classical Studies at the University of Pennsylvania, excavated in Cyrene (Libya) and was also Chief Curator of the Greek, Roman and Etruscan Galleries at the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

Fig. 6 Åke V. Larsson. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

Fig. 7 Ross Holloway, Nancy Holloway and Røyne Kyllingstad. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

Fig. 8 Erik Sjöqvist and Gino Filipetto. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

In addition, we sometimes had guests. I especially remember Gino Filipetto, librarian and managing director at the Swedish Institute in Rome.⁸ During the war Erik Sjöqvist had saved his life by giving him the job he still had, and his gratitude was without limits (*Fig. 8*).

The theodolite and me

So back to my first day at the excavation. Everyone seemed friendly and the work room I was offered could not have been better. But, there was one drawback: in the midst of the floor stood a shiny big, and for me, strange instrument resting on a tripod. All I had was a faint memory of having heard the name before, *tachymeter theodolite*. It looked like something not unlike a leveling instrument, which I had used before, so maybe...?

As soon as I had washed my face and hands, and had some food – all great – I started examining the instrument. My hope was that I should be able to understand how to use it by combining intuition and intelligence or, God knows, what else I hoped for. Åke, who in his youth had been an aircraft mechanic, tried eagerly to help me. The result was that both of us were convinced that the instrument was not working properly.

That assumption was not something Erik Sjöqvist was willing to accept. He had personally taken the instrument to Rome the previous year for maintenance at a reputable company, and had brought it back with a written guarantee that he showed me. And as an architect, should I not know how to use it?

⁸ [IEB] See Nylander 1989, 16.

Fig. 9 Morgantina view towards Cittadella. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

The situation was definitely not in my favor. What was I to do?

I had great difficulty falling asleep that night. In addition, I fell ill, and woke up in the morning with a thirty-nine degrees fever. Luckily, I could blame the previous night on the train, and I got excellent care from Åke, who not only brought me good food, but also frequently sat by my bed and talked to me. Since he did not speak any other language than Swedish, he felt a little lonely and the four other Swedes were too busy to take time off from their work. So Åke and I developed quite a close friendship, a great support for me in my desperate situation!

I had to stay in bed the whole day, until the following afternoon. When the mail arrived, Åke brought me a thick envelope with Norwegian stamps. It was a textbook in surveying! My family had responded to my letter from Rome!

I did not hesitate for a second before starting to read intensely. Åke did not leave me alone at this crucial moment, and we soon understood that we had good reason for believing that the instrument was not working. It needed to be adjusted, and that was the duty of the operator.

Without any hesitation I jumped out of bed and started the job, trying and failing and re-reading the book, until I was sure the adjustment was completed. Åke confirmed the results. Only then, happy as a clam, did I notice that the fever was gone too. Ever since I have suspected that I had a nasty attack of a psychosomatic disease!

I studied surveying most of the night, and the next morning I felt prepared for my first day in the field. What a joy!

The job

I do not remember who took me to the site on the first day. We were a rather large group that set out in the morning. Of course, someone had to show me where to start at this immense site, and what my task should be (*Fig. 9*). The fact that my back was still painful was noted, and the next day I was offered a donkey to ride to and from the site.

Fig. 10 Røyne Kyllingstad and Giovanni Parrino. Photo: Morgantina Archive.

A few days later Donald rented a horse for his own pleasure. He rode before me in the morning and I followed, much like a Sancho Panza following his master Don Quixote. Riding the donkey had a miraculous effect: after a few weeks my back did not hurt any more, and I could walk again like a young man.

At the site I also was assigned an assistant, Giovanni Parrino (*Fig. 10*). We remained companions for the whole season, and after a while also rather good friends. Although he was a native Sicilian, he managed to teach me some Italian! This skill was really helpful to me when a few years later I worked as an architect in Addis Ababa, where Italian still had a dominating position as the *lingua franca* after the Italian occupation 1936-1941, much like English today.

In mentioning Giovanni I should also add the next chapter on my purchase from Catania. I asked him to find me a tailor in Aidone. My intention was to transform the wool fabric I had purchased into a suit. I had already heard in Rome that the tailors of Aidone were considered reputable as well as inexpensive. Giovanni returned the next day, telling me that I had been cheated. As a proof he demonstrated the difference between my fabric and a small piece of good quality wool by lighting a match. The real wool would only glow, whereas my stuff just melted. In bright sunshine it also was easy to observe that the so-called woven trade mark and guarantee was just printed on the fabric.

But Giovanni got himself some inexpensive trousers, good for outdoor fieldwork. And I got a lifelong memory of an excellent play with professional actors!

To my great joy, and, I must confess, somewhat to my surprise, within a reasonably short time I succeeded in establishing a polygon net over the whole excavation area, and was thus able to transfer all the excavation areas correctly onto the official map of the area. As I was lacking common tools such as a table of logarithms (remember this was long before we had even heard of electronic instruments, not even calculators), I had to produce a large number of calculations manually. But the results were acceptable.

Fig. 11 Morgantina theater. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

I did not have enough time to finish the final version of the maps before I had to concentrate on recording the areas of the ongoing excavations. With one hundred men digging, that was not an insignificant job.

This part of my job was less demanding, but far from boring. It was sometimes also challenging, as for example measuring the theatre, where extreme accuracy was required, since not a single stone was in plumb or level (*Fig. 11*). Or the deep well on the Cittadella hill that was really complicated to survey. Was it a well, a cistern or, maybe, an escape tunnel?⁹ Very special were also the *necropoleis* in the steep hillside. What impressed me most was the water supply and sewer/storm drain systems (*Fig. 12*). Similar systems did not occur in European cities until more than two thousand years later.

The result of my work is documented in numerous reports from the excavations, so I will here only mention my work with the threshold blocks that frequently were used as decorations in local gardens around the site, and which first sparked the interest for a possible excavation site as a training ground for students at Princeton (*Fig. 13*). I took the measurements purely as a private interest in my leisure time, and finished the work in Rome later. As an amateur I am very proud that the results were accepted by professionals and published and continue to be used as a reference tool by many even today (*Fig. 14*).¹⁰

Because of all the work at the site, I had to complete the site map after the excavation season was over. Erik Sjöqvist, who was then back in Princeton, wrote to tell me that he was pleased with the results, and he added, I was the first architect who had worked so fast that I could leave the *Scavi* together with the rest of the staff. It was a happy ending for both of us, for him who had invited me, and for me who had experienced such a troublesome start. For sure: a dubious case!

⁹ See, below.

¹⁰ Kyllingstad & Sjöqvist 1965.

*Fig. 12 Drainage pipes.
Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.*

*Fig. 13 Threshold block from ancient Morgantina.
Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.*

FIG. 2.

Fig. 14 Drawing of threshold block by Røyne Kyllingstad.

‘Garibaldi’

In spite of great differences in culture and social status I somehow felt a close contact with the workmen in the field. I do not know why they gave me the nickname ‘Garibaldi’ but I regarded it an honor. At least, I received a lot of nice words and friendly hugs at the big feast we had at the end of the season. The workman who had taken the lead in digging the well in the eastern part of the site even swore that, if necessary, he would be willing to risk his life for me. He was heavily drunk at the time, but, as the saying goes, I suppose only children and drunks are likely to tell the truth.

I was also given the title *ingegnere* (engineer). When I protested, the men just shook their heads and smiled with an enigmatic expression. But one day I finally got the explanation: in their minds an engineer ranked far above an architect, so the title was surely to be understood as a compliment.

How the Sicilian workmen judged me, I will never know. But the appreciation I felt they showed me may have been based on experiences in my childhood and youth: I grew up at the Hadeland glassworks and before I started at the university I had some four years’ experience as a farm worker, carpenter’s apprentice and sailor. To some extent, therefore, I knew their ‘language’, a language set apart from that of words, one that to me seems more or less similar among manual workers all over the world. You are respected on the basis of what you can do, your ability to collaborate and your solidarity with your fellow workers.

Sometimes I dream of writing an essay on this matter, based on the Greek myth of Daedalus and Icarus...

An incident related to the language of workers, but also to the stories from my train journey from Copenhagen to Rome, had to do with the negotiations between our blacksmith, don Tindaro, and me, when I needed a broken tripod repaired. We communicated in Norwegian, Sicilian and hand gestures. While we were speaking, I noticed that I was being observed by an Italian colleague from Rome who was visiting Erik Sjöqvist. At the evening meal, Erik, with a twinkle in his eye, told me that the professor was very impressed by my ability to speak Sicilian! That was more than he could manage. Erik admitted that he let his colleague remain in his belief. The day after I got the tripod back, neatly repaired.

It was impossible for me to speak in Sicilian, but I liked to sing, in Norwegian, of course. With the help of Giovanni, we managed to translate the story of one of my ballads into Sicilian prose. The end of it contains the order from a supposed widow, discovering that her seemingly dead husband was rising up from his coffin: ‘But how do you behave? Return to your coffin! Immediately! Remember that the doctor knows better than you!’ – ‘Yes! That’s the way it is: the bosses always know better than we do, the common people!’

In return, they taught me a lullaby. That was a little tricky, because men in Sicily definitely did *not* sing children’s songs, so I had to promise not to tell anyone who taught me...

But here it is:¹¹

*Ciovi, Ciovi, ciovi / La iatta fa’ li provi
Lo’ sorci si marita / Cou’ ‘na coppola di sita*

¹¹ [IEB] <http://www.culturasiciliana.it/Page/Rosa%20Balistreri/canzoni%20edite/chiovi%20chiovi.html> (accessed 27 May 2017). English translation by RK: It’s raining, raining, raining/the cat is sneaking all around/the happy mice are marrying/underneath a hat of pure silk.

A Sunday walk

Sometimes I felt there were too many people around me. So, it happened that on Sundays I took a stroll just to be alone. The site was completely empty of people on Sundays, so the choice of terrain was easy.

One time the path I followed passed not far from the custodian's house. I was, of course, noticed, and all of a sudden a young lad came running towards me. He very politely offered his company, but I declined. His body language and face told me that he was disappointed, even offended. Luckily his father intervened by calling him back, and before I continued my walk I observed, partly by the few words I understood, partly by their body language, how the father comforted his son: 'You know, my son, it is not that he does not like you. But, believe it or not, the Americans are like that: They *like* to stroll around all alone!'

That was an everyday lesson about cultural diversity!

Donald White

Among the participants in the excavation team, Donald White distinguished himself because of his extraordinary ability to deal with animals, in particular horses, something that gained him much respect from the workmen.

His dream was to get himself a set of riding boots, a saddle and other necessary equipment. Since Aidone was well known for competent, but at the same time underpaid, craftsmen, he realized that he could afford to realize his dream.

Maybe the shoemaker and the saddler were the same person. But I happened only to accompany Donald to the shoemaker. He was illiterate, but could read the numbers on his measuring tape. He measured Donald's feet, memorized the numbers in a low mumbling, and suggested a day for testing the boots before he did the final stitching. Two days later I went along once again. The boots fit perfectly, each one adjusted to Donald's right and left leg. In addition, the price was much lower than the factory-made equals.

And so the day came when the saddle and other equipment were to be tested on a real horse. The owner came according to the agreement reasonably early before we set out for work, so we were waiting in the yard to observe the event. In this part of the world horses were only used to produce mules, so this was a mare that somewhat reluctantly followed her owner who lead her with a solid grasp of her forelock. The mare had never carried a saddle, never had a bit in her mouth!

Donald asked us to keep some distance. Standing in a respectful line around him and the horse, we could now observe a performance I will never forget: first Donald just stood there very calmly, caressing the horse tenderly along its neck while he was talking to her in a low, warm voice. And, in a surprisingly short time, he managed to bridle her, and shortly afterwards he sat comfortably mounted in the new saddle placed on her back. And he rode away like a professional cowboy with full control over a resilient and cooperating riding horse who raised her head proudly (*Fig. 15*). Pure magic power! The owner shook his head and smiled with disbelief.

Among our workmen Donald immediately rose many steps on the ladder of personal respect.

When he returned in the evening, we could observe the opposite transformation. When the owner took the mare back, it just seemed to sink down, back to being a hollow-backed Sicilian horse. The same change took place every morning and evening as long as the rental contract for the horse lasted.

I am quite sure Donald must have grown up in the countryside. His ability to handle horses is only one indication. His interest in different lifestyles was another. An example of this was his comment 'typically rural' when one of our workmen repaired a broken clay jar used to transport water to the site. 'Why do you consider this repair job to be typically rural?' I asked. 'If

Fig. 15 Donald White on horseback. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

Fig. 16 Luigi Giustra from Brooklyn. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

he had been a city boy he would only have apologized for the accident and asked for a new one!' was the answer.

Twenty-five years later I interviewed the Attorney General of Minnesota, Hubert Humphrey III, who made the statement that 'Farming is the backbone of American culture'. That sentiment reminded me of Donald White.¹²

Both Donald and Ross were fascinated by the fact that one of the workmen spoke English with a pre-war Brooklyn dialect (*Fig. 16*)! His name was Luigi Giustra, and although born and raised in Brooklyn he had gone to Sicily before the war and ended up serving in the Italian army. As a result, he lost his American citizenship but was ultimately able to be reinstated and returned to Brooklyn to become a barber.¹³

I who grew up in a German-occupied Norway was well aware of how Big Politics often affect the fate of ordinary people. That is why I also remember what I was told that the Americans did as soon as they had taken over Sicily: they released all the Mafia gangsters whom Mussolini had managed to put in prison. In gratitude for that service, the Mafia soon got Sicilia back under traditional Mafia power and rule. And things have not changed.

Åke V. Larsson

As I mentioned earlier, Åke was at somewhat of a disadvantage in that he spoke only Swedish. In addition, a photographer's work is a kind of 'loner's profession', partly because behind the camera he is an onlooker, not a partaker, but also, as in the case of Åke, he had to work during the night.

In addition, he had brought no books or other texts in Swedish, and was in desperate need of something that he could read. I had brought a Danish translation of Morris West, *The Devil's Advocate* and that was better than nothing. But even as a Nordic language, Danish is not so easy for a Swede to comprehend. So, every morning Åke came in, woke me up for breakfast and sat down next to my bed, giving me a resumé of the very few pages he had managed to read the night before. As a rule he managed to get through one or two pages, but one morning he entered with a big smile: 'Now it got so exciting that I learned Danish last night!'

We developed a strong friendship. Later I visited his home in Sweden, and we kept in touch as long as he was alive.

Carl Eric Östenberg

Carl Eric and his family lived in a house by themselves, so I did not have as much contact with them as with the others. But let me re-tell an event that Carl Eric told me about when I later visited them in Lund.

Poverty reigned in Aidone as well as in the whole province of Enna, and the children at the farm where the Östenberg family lived had to work more or less all year round. Time for school was sporadic and time for a trip outside the immediate neighborhood was out of the question. Not even a dream.

So, one Sunday Carl Eric put all the children in his car aiming for the coast to show them the sea and a real town as well. Both were phenomena they had never experienced. But it was their meeting with the sea that demonstrated how small their world really was. At the very first place where they could enjoy the scenery of the open sea, Carl Eric stopped the car and let the children out. There was a brisk breeze and at sea the waves were peaked with white foam as far as one could see. All of a sudden the oldest boy cried out with great excitement: 'Look! What a huge number of sheep!'

¹² [RK] The quote is from my article 'Det gjelder vår livsform' in *Norsk Landbruk* 1986: fasc. 20.

¹³ [IEB and RK] We thank Donald White and Ross Holloway for identifying this man whose command of English made a great impression on them (personal communication June 2017).

The Aidone community in 1961

The importance of hierarchy

My experience with Sicilian hierarchy is based only on my observations at the excavation site. But I believe that it is fairly representative of Sicilian social culture at the time. Of the around one hundred men hired to work at the excavation, ninety came from Aidone, and ten from the nearby larger town of Piazza Armerina. The men from Piazza Armerina had experience from the well-known excavations of a Roman villa there, and therefore served as foremen (*capi squadra*). As in all types of societies across the world, the Piazza men did not show much respect for the Aidone people – and vice versa.

All the same, let me tell about a soccer game between Piazza and Aidone. It somehow reminded me of the first match played after the end of the war, in my home village, Jevnaker, in Oppland county. There the players were English soldiers and local amateurs who had not played a game in five years (it was forbidden by the Nazis). Now the match was between ‘rich’ townsmen and poor country ‘peasants’.

It was Sunday. There were only a few spectators. I was the only one from the *Scavi*.

Both teams played in their regular work clothes: ordinary shirts and long trousers, both well worn. But the Piazzesi had real soccer shoes. Also, they well worn, but still a lot better than the Aidonesi’s more or less worn-out canvas shoes. Some of our guys even played barefoot. During the match I obviously supported the Aidonesi, rather loudly I guess. It was like going back to my childhood: bad equipment and playing field, but endless enthusiasm and drive. Aidone lost the game with zero to ten, but I did have a wonderful day!

Back to the excavation

Ordinary workmen were addressed only by their first name. The foremen with *don* added as a title before their first name. When Giovanni was appointed to be my special assistant as an *operaio speciale*, he was also automatically addressed as ‘don’ (the only one from Aidone). At the same time, he let the nail of the little finger of his right hand grow long, as a visual sign of his new position. By this he indicated that he would not have to dig in the dirt. But I did not allow him to call in other workers whenever it was necessary to clean up some sand or dirt from the measuring points. I believed that this much of Norwegian good manners he had to accept. (If I had done the job myself, he would have interpreted it as an insult.)

Two of our employees were appointed by the Sicilian authorities: Don Tindaro (Sidote) and Signor’ (Antonino) Giucastro. Don Tindaro was the director of a local museum in the small town of Tindari, but his position was temporary. Signor’ Giucastro was a draftsman at the museum of Syracuse, but in a permanent position. Therefore, he had a higher rank, and demanded the title of *signore* and as a result the two men could not, according to the Sicilian code, address each other with the informal *tu*. Not until don Tindaro eventually had achieved a permanent position and would have the right to the title *signore*. It should also be noted that the use of ‘don’ combined with a family name, ranks above the ‘don’ and first name of an *operaio speciale*.

But they were good friends, shared the same room, and ate their lunch together in a tent at the excavation site. What the other staff members did, I do not remember, but Giovanni and I had our lunch outdoors all around the site, according to where we were doing our survey.

The workmen’s insistence on addressing me as engineer, although they knew that I was an architect, should probably be included in this system of cultural hierarchy. At the time, an engineer was the hero in people’s minds, all over Europe. But an architect?

An incident with our cook, Dino, a key figure in the excavation project, provides another glimpse of this culture of hierarchy. Dino was an excellent cook, considering the conditions under which he was working. King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden had given him a commemorative

medal as an acknowledgment before he left the *Scavi* after his visit the last time Erik Sjöqvist had been the director of the excavation season.¹⁴ The King had a passion for classical archaeology, and was a longtime friend of Erik.

Like most of the Sicilian population at that time, Dino was illiterate. So on Sundays, when I had some spare time, and Dino was free between lunch and dinner, I often spent an hour or two in the kitchen trying to help him to follow a teaching, or self-guided, program for illiterate students published by the Sicilian education authorities. It was based on simple crossword puzzles. Even if I as a rule did not understand the questions, I was able to read them aloud in a manner that was sufficiently understandable for Dino. He then corrected my pronunciation and suggested an answer that I helped him to write down. We had many a joyful time together, and we both learned something, he about reading, I about speaking, until Erik Sjöqvist one day took me aside and told me that I had to stop this activity. Immediately. Because I was ruining the reputation of the *Scavi*.

I believe it was our host, who lived upstairs in 'our' villa, who had discovered that I was spending time with a low-ranking cook, in *his* villa. It was not explained to me quite as directly, but I learned a new lesson about proper behavior.

I have a feeling that Erik, too, was a bit uneasy about the situation, but he was well aware that the expedition was dependent on good relations with the local authorities and the men of power behind the scene, not least those of our host.

In a confidential chat a little later Erik told me a story from his own life, that may place his action against my friendship with Dino in a special context: Erik himself belonged to a noble family, but when he married Gurli, he was excluded from the family. His bride, who at the time was his secretary, was not considered 'good enough'. He could also add that the legendary 'king' of entertainment in Sweden, Povel Ramel, belonged to the same family. He suffered the same fate in that to be an entertainer was not 'good enough'.

Both Erik Sjöqvist and Povel Ramel would, according to the standards of Swedish nobility, be a disgrace to the family. But, now we are far from Sicily...

20 minutes a day

Signor' Giucastro served as a kind of stop-watch accountant in that he was responsible for checking the correlation between the amount of time our workmen had been at work and the time for which they claimed payment.

Sjöqvist discovered by chance that for some mysterious reason Giucastro's watch was always too fast every morning, at the start of work and at lunch, and equally too slow at the end of lunch and the end of day. Erik called attention to the matter. 'But, dear professor', was the offended Giucastro's response, 'five minutes multiplied by four, that gives you twenty minutes every day. And, with a hundred men at work, you get thirty extra hours every day!'

The clever Signor' Giucastro had expected praise, and not complaints. And, we should add that not a single workman had gotten the idea of even hinting at anything like dissatisfaction with the situation. In their world, those few minutes were not worth bothering with.

I got a better understanding of their patience with Giucastro when we had a visit from the commander in chief of the American forces in Sicily. His comment was, 'Do you really understand how revolutionary you are?' 'You pay your employees the same amount of money as what is stated on the receipt' He clarified his statement by explaining the normal situation in Sicily: jobs like those we offered would without exception be put up to auction. Those workers who were willing to bid the lowest amount below the official tariff got the job. But, they had to sign (usually with a fingerprint) a receipt of payment that corresponded with the official tariff. In

¹⁴ As indicated in the published excavation reports, Erik Sjöqvist and his colleague at Princeton University, Richard Stillwell, took turns directing the excavation seasons at Morgantina.

families where the need was great, the bidder could go down as low as thirty percent of what he signed for as having received. A sum that also was reported to the authorities. And further to the International Labour Organization (ILO), which calculates the international statistics about people's income in different nations. While the Mafia cashed its seventy percent, free of tax.

The same commander in chief also, with a certain glint in his eyes, told us about the American officers' wives who were so afraid of interacting with the local inhabitants that they did not dare to eat Sicilian oranges, but instead had them ordered directly from California. Was it really better to eat oranges treated with pesticides and picked by Mexicans, but stamped with USA, than oranges picked by Sicilian hands?

A couple of years left to live

As I have noted earlier, people were poor. But how poor is almost impossible to understand when you live a life that allows you to have enough food to eat every day.

I noticed that our men on their way home in the evenings always kept their eyes on the ground along the path they were walking, and that they picked any edible plants or insects they could find, including snails. They tried to hide their activity if they noticed me, as if they were ashamed. But edible is edible, and this was free food that they took home for sharing with the family.

One day I happened to mention my observation to Erik. His comment was unexpected, and brutal: 'Do you see the two men there?' He pointed at two of our men. 'They have only one, or at the most two years more to live!' 'Why?' I asked. 'Well, even if they have worked with us for more than a month now, they have not gained a gram of fat on their scrawny bodies. That is a sure sign'. His explanation followed: most of our people have no other cash income throughout the year than what they earn during the three months that they work for the *Scavi*. Therefore, during the winter they live extremely close to the level of starvation. When they get a new contract with us, they can also get credit at the local grocer's, and can afford to have slightly better food. But some are so far gone that they are not able to restore their strength. Those men have lost all their resistance, and so they will die of anything. A bad cold can be enough. The real cause is not the illness, but simply hunger.

The explanation given by Erik gave me something to think about: how shall we interpret international statistics on matters like dying 'by hunger' and diseases? When a few years later I lived in Ethiopia, I met many Italians from southern Italy who had accepted Haile Selassie's offer to Italian soldiers to stay after Mussolini's capitulation in 1941. They simply had a better life there than what they might have had if they returned home.

Starvation and a high mortality rate characterized the whole society in the Enna region. Health care was completely dependent on your ability to pay. I remember a mother in Aidone who walked around with a whitish, sweaty and sickly calm baby, wrapped in a man's jacket and cap. The clothes had once belonged to a man whom the people in the district had claimed to be a Saint. The hope was that his clothes would cure the sick child. The mother could not afford a doctor.

I have a feeling that it was the conservator, Barbara Carmel, who took an interest in the child and mother, and she shared the story with her companions at the *Scavi*.

From granary to land of starvation

In the Hellenistic period the presence of large granaries suggests that Morgantina was an area of high agricultural productivity (*Fig. 17*). According to the written sources Sicily was known as the

Morgantina, prinsippsskisse av agora. R.K.-62.

Fig. 17 Sketch of Morgantina Agora by Røyne Kyllingstad. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

Fig. 18 Harvesting. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

main producer of grain, and both in antiquity and during the Renaissance the area of Morgantina was known for its high quality wine.

In the 1950s and 1960s grain was still produced. But the yield was extremely low, only three-fold, with one harvest a year. A picture the photographer Åke Larsson took during the harvest season shows old-time harvesting with a multitude of men using sickles (Fig. 18). The men seemed happy: singing and drinking water from small jars they had brought from home. But if you examine the picture closely, you will clearly see that every sheaf contained more wild oats (Norwegian ‘floghavre’, *avena fatua*) than grain.

Some years after my return home I sent a copy of Åke’s photo with a short comment to the *Norsk Landbruk* (Norwegian Farmer’s Journal). But the editor took no notice of my comments on hot climate and lack of water. Nor did he notice the ‘floghavre’ in spite of the fact that his journal at that time had a campaign against just that kind of weed. Instead he wrote a comment about the happy people basking in the sun, singing happily, while enjoying cheap wine. ‘Wish we were there!’

The incident is a good example of the problem of understanding what you see. You see through glasses colored by your own knowledge and your own dreams. Tourists and journalists often fall into that trap...

As for the dry climate of all of southern Italy and Sicily, I can add that the Italian army maps give clear notations of all-year water sources. I learned this from when groups of soldiers sometimes stopped at the well outside ‘our’ villa to fill up their canteens with water. This they had a legal right to do at every well that was marked on their maps.

About the ‘cheap wine’ commented on by the editor of *Norsk Landbruk*, American readers should note that wine and spirits are heavily taxed in Norway and therefore quite expensive. Therefore, as a young Norwegian, I was intrigued to observe men getting so drunk that they felt themselves ‘masters’ and would show it by using a little more money than they had to offer rounds of Coca Cola! Wine was the poor man’s drink. – But Coca Cola!

So, back to the long-term changes of climate in the region. As far as I was told, I do not remember by whom, the reason for founding a city like Morgantina so far away from the coast was to provide the coastal cities with timber. Around the time of Morgantina's foundation, the coastland around the Mediterranean was lacking in timber fit for ship-building. In the hinterland of Sicily there was still plenty of high quality timber. In addition the city was placed at a location well suited for strategic control of the main inland transport network. With time these forests also disappeared, due to excessive exploitation.¹⁵

According to what I was told, the deforestation changed the water supply. A similar development took place also in North Africa. The results we see today: Great areas of desert and semi desert in all Mediterranean countries, compared to Greek and Roman times.

These were my first lessons in ecology, long before I learned the name of the science.

The problems of farming in Sicily had other, more current aspects as well. During an excursion just outside the neighborhood of Aidone, I once observed a mile-long concrete water conduit, with some broken sections here and there. It was planned and built with money from the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno* (the Italian state program for improving the conditions of southern Italy and Sicily) but never finished as I was later told. Not a single drop of water had ever reached the fields for which the water conduit was planned. But the Mafia had secured its deal of the investment!

Aidone

The municipality of Aidone had some ten thousand inhabitants, I was told. The majority lived in the village, or town as it would have been called in Norway (*Fig. 19*). The first impression one got of the town was streets without any cars and that the few women you saw outdoors were dressed in black, very much like Muslim women in a Near Eastern village. If you were there in the evening, you saw no women.

The town had one bar, one restaurant, one cinema and two cars. I never saw the cars, only heard of them. In addition there were churches, some public offices, a police station and a pharmacy. Most of these businesses were located around the town square.

The bar had a jukebox. But since very few people could afford both a drink and to play the jukebox at the same time, the jukebox was placed outdoors when the bar was open.

The first time I visited the bar, the owner refused to accept my payment. *E' pagato, signore!* ('It has already been paid'), was his short comment. At later visits I looked cautiously behind me and noticed a discreet sign with a finger, always from one of our workmen, as an indication that he would pay. I got a feeling that inside the village I was *their* guest. I suppose the other members of the *Scavi* got the same treatment as I did, if they should happen to visit the town.

What it meant to be the guest of Aidone, Donald White, Åke Larsson and I experienced in a way that I have never forgotten (and it is now 2017).

It was near the end of the season. Donald, Åke and I had decided to invite Giovanni and Filippo for dinner at Aidone's only, but reasonably modest, restaurant. They were good representatives of the whole group of Aidonesi working for us. We simply wanted to show them our appreciation.

They accepted the invitation with a smile. We had a nice meal and enjoyed ourselves. Until the time came for me to pay the bill. Immediately our two Aidonesi insisted on paying. Compared to their wages it would cost them a lot more than it would for us. In addition, there were two of them, and three of us. All of a sudden, the situation was turned around: now they demanded that we be their guests, not the opposite.

¹⁵ [IEB] See Judson 1959; Crouch 1984; Bell 2010.

Fig. 19a-b Aidone. Above, houses. Below, the piazza. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

The three of us ‘Americans’ did not feel comfortable, to put it mildly, and it ended with a not very pleasant dispute. Donald suggested that we should put the question to a vote, but our friends were not stupid: the result would be two against three. So, the proposal was unacceptable.

Luckily, I was the one who had invited our friends on behalf of the three of us. So I had an idea and took Giovanni aside for a brief ‘man to man talk’ and explained that now the two of us had gotten ourselves into a situation that was painful for both. ‘I now understand that in some way I have offended you by asking for the bill. But, please, accept my point of view: in my country the custom is that if you want to pay someone special respect, you invite him to your home for dinner. Or, if you are too far from home to make this happen, you invite him to a restaurant. And it is always he who invites who pays the bill. You know what you can afford, but you have no reason, whatsoever, to suggest what your friend can afford. And remember that I was the one who invited you. So, please, accept my explanation and allow me to pay! For this one and only time: I beg you!’

He did not answer, either ‘Yes’ or ‘No’, but just left the party. A short time later I could see him walking back and forth in the town square. He was obviously thinking hard about the situation. Filippo had experience as a guest worker in Germany, so he knew that different countries could have other customs and ideas of correct behavior. At least he did not comment on Giovanni’s unexpected disappearance. Luckily Åke and Donald did not either. It remained a matter between Giovanni and me.

After a while he came back, smiling as usual, and informed me quietly that he accepted my explanation.

We ended the dinner with an extra cup of coffee and a drink. And best of all, as good friends.

A few days later the story continued in a most surprising way: Donald, Åke and I received invitations, first to Filippo’s home, and the next Sunday to Giovanni’s. This must have been the chess move he had figured out when contemplating the situation in the square. They obviously wanted to restore their lost honor, in accordance with Norwegian customs.

Filippo’s letter to Germany

But before I tell about our visit to the homes of Filippo and Giovanni, I will insert what is to my mind an amusing note about my role as letter-writer for Filippo. As mentioned above, he had been guest worker, *Gastarbeiter*, in Germany. Just before the excavation season at Morgantina started, he had applied for and received a leave of absence, since his wife was soon to give birth to their fifth child (but she actually had twins, as discussed below), with a promise to return within a reasonably short time. Once home he had fallen for the temptation of seeking employment at the *Scavi*.

Some weeks before our season ended, Filippo received a letter from his German employer who threatened to fire him if he did not return immediately.

Filippo pleaded with me to help him write a letter to his employer telling about unexpected (and invented) difficulties with the birth of the twins, begging to be forgiven and promising to return soon, as long as he could keep his job.

My German was far from perfect, to put it mildly, so I went to Gurli Sjöqvist with my first draft, asking if she would help me. Her massive corrections told me that my knowledge of German was even worse than I had thought. After a while, she gave up and returned the draft to me with a smile, shaking her head gently: ‘I give up. But let Filippo send it the way it is. At least it sounds authentic...!’

I guess it did. He kept his job and returned to Germany as soon as the excavation season ended.

Visits to the homes of Filippo and Giovanni

Filippo was a happy unhappy man. Happy because he had a nice wife and many children, but unhappy because all the children were girls and he saw no possibility of ever earning enough money to pay a large enough dowry for everyone to get married. This last time his wife even had twin girls, numbers five and six, and not the son he was hoping for. He also needed a son to help him earn enough money to save a sufficient amount of money for the dowry. So strong were the social demands in most of Sicily that no boy was allowed to marry as long as he had unmarried sisters. ('Our' don Tindaro was not married for that reason.)

Filippo's home was according to our standards extremely small: not more than two and a half x seven meters, with a window and front entrance directly facing the street. In the one area there was a sofa bed, a coffee table and an armchair. In addition they had two wooden chairs and a baby carriage in which the two babies slept. Above the sofa bed Filippo had installed a rather large shelf where the four older daughters had their sleeping accommodations.

In the other area there was a kitchen counter with a water faucet and a sink with a garbage pail underneath. The pail was emptied in the street. There was also room for a narrow cupboard and a small chest of drawers.

But there was room enough for all of us: Donald, Åke and myself on the sofa, Filippo in the armchair and his wife on a chair, when she was not standing at the kitchen counter. The four girls stayed on the shelf above the sofa, and the twins in the baby carriage.

As far as I can remember, they served cookies, vermouth and coffee.

After a while I needed to pee. There was no bathroom, so I was directed to a public urinal. It was free of charge. But if you were on a 'heavier errand' or a woman, you had to pay. I wondered about the economic consequences for a poor family, but, of course, did not dare to ask.

Anyhow, we had a splendid time with much laughter and chatting with the girls above our heads.

Giovanni had no children. Whether he was newly married or still only engaged I do not know, but the couple shared a double bed. The room they lived in was rather large compared with Filippo's but it had originally been a storeroom located in a backyard. There were no windows, so you had to open the front door to get some daylight inside.

Other than this, I don't remember much from our visit. I have a faint memory of being served the same menu as at Filippo's, sitting on the double bed.

But just as during our visit to Filippo, I had to find a place to pee. And so I found out how Filippo as well as many other Aidone families solved their toilet problems. The place I was directed to this time at first glance looked like a romantic park in bright moonshine with a lot of overturned antique marble columns and other ruins. But soon I learned that its main function was to serve as a lavatory for that part of the town. As needed, you simply sat down on a column.

I can here add that when I lived in Addis Ababa a few years later, I observed that most of our neighbors solved their problems in a similar manner, on a grazing field just outside our house. But unlike the Aidonesi, they had no marble columns to sit on. In 1965 I happened to be involved as a consultant in an American 'Survey of Housing in Ethiopia'. In the final report I could read that of Addis' then half a million inhabitants only five percent had any kind of organized latrine facilities, four and a half percent had a pit-latrine, a half percent a water-closet. From the latter everything was drained directly into the ground. In other words, compared to Addis Ababa in 1965, ancient Morgantina with its drainage system would have been really modern.

Fig. 20 Drawing of
'The well' at Cittadella
by Røyne Kyllingstad.
The figures are added
on a copy of the original
drawing. Photo:
Kyllingstad Archive.

The excavation season ends

'The well'

Whether it was a well, or something quite different, for example, an escape shaft, I am not sure (Fig. 20). Our workmen were digging and digging until the very last days of the season, but we found nothing to suggest that they were near the bottom of the shaft or close to water.¹⁶ At the top the well was closed with half of a large terracotta *pithos*. The bottom was broken so it was possible to slide through it. But such a construction seems very rare if the shaft were to serve as a cistern... Underneath the *pithos*, steps were cut in the side of the shaft of the well, in two rows, across from each other, which made them rather easy to climb, as I did during the survey of the area. In addition, I was told a local story about an escape tunnel that was supposed to lead from the *Cittadella* hill down to the slopes of the nearby Gornalunga river.

We had to fill the shaft before finishing the season's work to avoid animals or people falling into it. And before that, to conduct the survey, my last field work at the site.

I showed up in the morning together with the men who were responsible for the digging. The first thing their *capo squadra* wanted done was to strengthen the primitive lift the workmen had been using, because, he insisted, it was not safe. 'If it has been safe enough for your men, it will work for me as well' I commented rather sternly. Well, I was young. Maybe a little arrogant as well. But

I had spent a couple of years as a carpenter in the building industry and I was not afraid of heights. In addition, I did not like the foreman, so it gave me some malicious pleasure to observe how I crushed his somewhat inflated ego. And, I can add, to observe the happy smiles of his subordinates.

I hung a plumb line and a tape-measure in the lift gear, as much as possible in the center, and let myself be lowered to the bottom. I brought with me a pencil, millimeter drafting-paper, a small piece of plywood (to serve as a drafting board), a meter-stick and a compass. Well down I asked for the lift rope and seat to be lifted up and away, in order to get the maximum amount of light down in the shaft.

So the survey started. The plumb line served as an axis and the compass gave me equal direction when I, by going step by step upwards, measured the distances from the plumb line to the shaft wall. In this manner I got rather precise horizontal and vertical sections. The steps, cut into the sides of the shaft, functioned extremely well as support as I moved slowly upwards.

When I needed both hands free, I just put my feet in a hollowed-out step on one side of the shaft and pressed my back against the other. I was then a young man, and in addition I had the pleasure of observing tense faces above me, following every movement of my body through

¹⁶ [IEB] According to Carla Antonaccio (personal communication, March 2017), the structure was a well, not a cistern, located in Trench 15 on Cittadella and excavated by Donald White. Kyllingstad's drawing was published by Crouch 1984, 355-356, fig. 2. It is also mentioned by Allen 1976-1977, 484, fig. 4 (where the drawing is attributed incorrectly to George Hartman, excavation architect during the 1960 season). Recently, the evidence for the well has been studied by G. Bruno, and is discussed in his publication, Bruno 2017. As Kyllingstad points out, however, he is the only person (other than the workmen) who has actually examined the well first-hand, and his conclusion is that without a complete excavation it is not possible to interpret the well and its function with certainty (personal communication, June 2017).

the little opening of the *pitbos* closing the top of the shaft. Sometimes I had to cry out a warning that the men were blocking the much needed light for me... But it was fun!

When I was almost finished, just below the bottom of the *pitbos*, I could not resist a temptation. I locked myself in a position with my back pressed against the shaft wall, picked my tobacco bag from my pocket, rolled a cigarette and gave myself the pleasure of smoking it before I did the final measurements. It was eleven meters deep.

Willing hands helped me through the bottom of the *pitbos*, and later also kept a secure grip around my ankles while I was hanging upside down to take the final measurements of the *pitbos* itself.

The excitement from the workmen was loud and heartfelt. Unforgettable! I even got hugs and kisses on both cheeks from the man who had had the unpleasant job of digging alone down to the increasingly deeper bottom. Only the *capo squadra* did not join the happy group. He strolled around all by himself, far from the rest of us.

Later, during the feast that I will describe next, the man who had kissed me also declared that if at any time in my life I needed someone who was willing to risk his life for me, I could call on him. He was drunk when he made this promise, but it was still a gesture appreciated by a young man whose self-confidence was rather low.

The feast

There were some indications that the city we were uncovering was Morgantina, a town known from ancient literature. In a moment of excitement, Ross Holloway had promised to put on a feast for everybody if this turned out to be true.

Then the inscription *Morgantina* was found cut in stone in the theatre! What a fabulous discovery!¹⁷ There was no question about that, but for Ross it caused a big problem: lack of money for the party!

How Erik Sjöqvist found a solution and was able to pay for the feast with excavation funds, I do not know. But, we had the feast, and it was held in the theater.

A sheep (or was it two?) was purchased. It (they) was slaughtered on the spot and attached to a grill frame forged especially for the event by don Tindaro, and a fire was lit underneath. The sheep was slowly turned around to get it evenly roasted all the way through (*Fig. 21*). The men standing around the grill provided necessary seasoning by picking wild spicy plants which were placed inside the sheep through slits cut with their knives. The grilling lasted a whole day.

A big cask of wine was also purchased, and placed sideways on a frame. A rubber hose, placed in the opening, served as a siphon (*Fig. 22*). Everybody enjoyed the wine, to put it mildly.

¹⁷ [IEB] In the early years of the excavation, the site was commonly referred to as Serra Orlando, for which see Childs 1979. The identification of the site as Morgantina was based on Kenan Erim's study of the so-called *HISPANORUM* coins, for which see Erim 1958. But, in spite of the hope of finding an actual inscription in stone with a reference to Morgantina, there is little evidence that the block found in the theater contains such a text. Richard Stillwell refers to the block from the theater, found in 1961, and suggests that the 'urge to restore *M/ORGAN[TINA]* [letters transcribed into English] is wellnigh overwhelming' (Stillwell 1963, 164). According to Malcolm Bell (personal communication, March 2017), the block is now in the storeroom at the House of the Arched Cistern, but there is no clear evidence for the existence of the inscription (see also Bell 2010, 725). Better documented, however, is the dedicatory inscription in the theater which refers to a dedicant, Archelas, son of Eucleides, and the recipient, Dionysus (for which see Sjöqvist 1962, 138). Ross Holloway describes the excitement of the discovery of this inscription in Holloway 2015 (referred to as found in 1959 rather than in 1961). Also found in 1961 was a fragmentary stele, found reused on Cittadella, Area III, Tr. 20-7. It was excavated by Ross Holloway who suggested that the badly damaged lettering could perhaps be restored to read at least part of the word *MORGANtina* (personal communication, March 2017). For a discussion of the stele and the inscription, see Antonaccio 1999.

Fig. 21 Roasting of meat at end of season banquet in theater. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

Fig. 22 Wine cask at end of season banquet. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

But the real feast was not the wine, but instead the meat. Very few of our workmen tasted meat more than two or three times a year.

As part of the festivities, our cook Dino played the accordion. All the men danced with each other, as there were no women present. They had to stay home and nobody even imagined that they would be invited. But fun we had, and drunk we were! The Sicilians drink like Scandinavians. The *Scavi* had two Fiat 600 Multiplas. They were used to transport the men home to Aidone and Piazza Armerina. It was unbelievable how many Sicilians it was possible to cram into a 600 Multipla to avoid having to make too many trips up the hills to Aidone. But it went slowly!

However, spirits were high! Everyone shouted loudly: *Viva gli Scavi!* and *Viva il professore*. Waving arms and even legs appeared through the windows. Safely back in Aidone the vehicle was parked in the town square, where the police inspected the group and commanded those who were still able to walk without support to help those home who could not make it on their own, and then return to the square to report that the mission had been accomplished. Only then were they given permission to leave for home.

The fact that the drivers were also drunk caused no comments.

As a Norwegian, I had believed that people in the Mediterranean countries did not drink to excess like this. It seemed like such a Scandinavian custom. The behavior of the police, though, was more in line with what I had expected.

Maybe the drinking habits are dependent on genetic factors? Something inherited from the time of the Norman rule over Sicily? A heritage you could also observe in the fact that about ten percent of the inhabitants of this area have fair hair and blue eyes. We Nordic people (including Russians) are worldwide known for our somewhat special drinking habits. But, to observe the same custom in Sicily was really unexpected!

Honorary citizen

Shortly before the end of the excavation season, the Aidone Municipality invited the whole *Scavi* team for a reception in the town hall. Erik Sjöqvist was made an honorary citizen and that needed to be celebrated. There were ceremonies and speeches of which I understood next to nothing. But the event was full of warmth. And one could sense a deep affection for *il professore*. He was their friend and hero.

That the police were called in to serve drinks seemed somewhat strange in the eyes of a Norwegian. It was also somewhat of a novelty to him to notice that empty glasses were immediately taken back to the provisional bar counter, and refilled for new guests without being washed.

A photo from the event shows my *operaio speciale*, don Giovanni, properly dressed and standing on a podium, obviously ready to give a speech. As he was among the very few of our workmen who was literate, and in addition, as the only one of the Aidonesi, had 'advanced' to the title of *don*, I feel quite sure that he was appointed to represent them (*Fig. 23*).

The honor awarded Erik Sjöqvist was a clear indication that the *Scavi Americani* were popular. But, in particular, how popular he was. People almost worshiped him.

The farewell

Our two *Fiat 600 Multiplas* needed to be returned to the American Academy in Rome. I am not sure of how many of us were part of the return trip. But I believe that it was Ross who drove our car, with Nancy next to him. Åke Larsson and I sat in the back seat. As I remember, he took a great many photos, mainly slides, and I learned a lot from observing him in action.

The journey from Sicily through Calabria to Rome was, in brief, like a nice holiday trip.

But we had to keep strictly to the route we had planned and reported to the police before we left Aidone. They in turn reported our plans to the Mafia. The Mafia 'milked' our suppliers

Fig. 23 Don Giovanni makes a speech in honor of Erik Sjöqvist. Photo: Kyllingstad Archive.

and subcontractors and it was therefore in their interest to see to it that the Americans could finish their project. Otherwise the Mafia would be deprived of their real income from our activities. If we strayed from the route that had been secured in this way, we could risk attack from robbers outside Mafia control.

Somewhat in the same mood was the farewell message from our host: he had now discovered someone who could deliver bulletproof window glass. So, when we came back next year, there would be daylight in the entrance-hall. In other words: we were welcome back.

Finishing the work in Rome

As I mentioned earlier, I was able to complete the work I was responsible for in time before the excavation season ended. But during my free time I had also worked on measuring the curious blocks of stone that had been interpreted as thresholds. But how did they function? That was the job I also wanted to finish!

As luck would have it, Erik Sjöqvist was also interested in this material. I believe it must have been he who found a place for me to work and to sleep, the architect's studio at the Swedish Institute in Rome, and a bedroom at the Norwegian Institute. At the time the Norwegian Institute was moving to their new building at Viale Trenta Aprile, but the move had not yet been completed. Both offers were free of charge. But food and other expenses I had to pay for myself, and I received no money for the job. Well, I was not doing it for the money, and the result was instead the article published in 1965.¹⁸

Before continuing I must admit that I spent a couple of interesting months learning about Rome. And I fell, so to speak, in love with the city.

¹⁸ See Kyllingstad & Sjöqvist 1965, and above n. 1.

The Swedish Institute was almost empty as it was the vacation season. The only person I came into some contact with was the architect, Börje Blomé, whose office I borrowed.¹⁹ He was occupied with measuring the growing cracks in the walls of Pantheon, probably caused by the steadily increasing automobile traffic. He was really, I dare say, nervous, about this, because the cracks were getting larger and larger and he was simply afraid that the whole building was destined to collapse. He repeated over and over again that the traffic on the streets around the Pantheon had to be stopped to save this marvelous building.²⁰

A few years later this actually happened. But what role my friend eventually had played in the decision I do not know. But every time I visit *La Rotonda* I remember him.

All in all, it gave me a special feeling of belonging to the institute, and to Rome, to have a job to go to, and to having my own key. I felt so much at home that I also made some, albeit half-hearted, attempts at looking for a job in Rome as an architect. But the salary would not be enough to live on. People simply assumed that as an employee I should supplement my living expenses by bribes and tips from the clients. To work under such conditions is not my style, to put it short.

But the Italian system was like that. And presumably still is.

Memories from my stay in Rome

Swearing upon command

The first few days Åke Larsson was also staying in Rome. I suppose he had to organize his photographs and hand them over to the appropriate people. We were often together in the evenings. How it happened that we once mingled with a group of students from a school for conservators of historical monuments and artifacts I do not remember. The majority of the group came from Iran. The Iranians invited me and Åke to a party at the school the following evening.

One reason for going was to learn about this kind of education and to get a look at the school. (I really would have liked to go there myself, but too late now!). What I remember best was the, to me totally unexpected, desire of the Iranians to hear me and Åke swear Scandinavian-style! They had an idea that Scandinavian swearing was like a kind of strange music, or so they said.

Åke refused, but I accepted the challenge.

I had a fair experience of swearing as a carpenter, sailor, farm worker and having grown up at a glass works, so I was not lacking for words. In addition, I was rather excited because I had gotten lost on my way to the school and had been running a fair distance to get there on time. So, I was in the mood to accept the students' request. Believe it or not, the performance ended with rejoicing and applause! Except from Åke. Only a faint smile and a glint in his eyes told me that he had somehow enjoyed himself as well. In his own way, since he was the only one who really understood what I had said. Bad language it was, to say the least!

But perhaps this meaningless stream of words was an adventure to the Iranians, not unlike our experience when listening to someone reciting the German Dadaist Kurt Schwitters' *Ursonate*?²¹

Never since have I been asked to do anything like this. Nor have I tried to repeat the performance on my own initiative. But the event is still at the back of my mind whenever I read or hear anything about Iran...

¹⁹ [IEB] See obituary by Carl Nylander in *Dagens Nyheter* 6 November 1998. (<http://www.dn.se/arkiv/familj/dodsfall-borje-n-j-blome/>) [accessed 6 June 2017].

²⁰ [IEB] See Blomé 1962.

²¹ [IEB] For Kurt Schwitters, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kurt_Schwitters (accessed 6 June 2017).

Staale Sinding Larsen

The first nights at the ‘Old (Norwegian) Institute’ I had to share a double bed with Staale Sinding-Larsen, later Professor at NTH and Director of the Norwegian Institute in Rome 1983-1986.²²

He once invited me to a tavern where the ‘fan-club’ of the (until then) only native Roman poet since Antiquity had a meeting. Most of them were elderly men. The spirit was good, and also the food. At some point Staale had a chance to explain to me what the program and discussion were all about, but nothing of that stuck in my memory. Nor the name of the poet.²³ But somehow I got interested in the question of *why* such a big and interesting city had not given birth to more than *one* poet worth mentioning? During my studies I had been taught that cities were the cradles of creativity.

Staale also taught me a lesson about Italian every-day corruption: he had finished the necessary requirements for getting a driver’s license and went to the appropriate office. The clerk demanded a ‘gift’ for the service. According to the law, the service was supposed to be free of charge, and Staale refused to pay. At the end of the day, Staale therefore had to leave the office without his license. But he did not give up. The next morning he was back. No license. He kept on like this for one whole week in sheer defiance. Finally, the clerks got so tired of him that they gave him the document just to get rid of him. One - zero to Staale! In what we could refer to as a Norwegian-Italian cultural match (in the lowest division!).

I heard a rather similar story from Hjalmar Torp who was then assistant Director of the Norwegian Institute, and who had been responsible for moving the archives and furniture from the old to the new address of the institute.²⁴ It had been quite a tough job. Afterwards, Hjalmar and his Italian assistant stood looking out of the window towards Corso Vittorio Emanuele, happy to know that the job was done. Then a Ferrari passed. You could hear a deep sigh from the assistant, and: ‘If you had been an Italian, we would have had one of those now – each of us!’

Hans Peter L’Orange

After some three weeks had passed, my old, now newly-married friends, Ragna Thiis and Bjørn Wærenskjold, came to stay in the old institute. We agreed on having a joint household. We knew that Hans Peter L’Orange (the Director of the institute) was at that moment alone at home since his wife was travelling, so one evening we invited him to have dinner with us.²⁵

Ragna prepared delicious food, and we all ate well. And enjoyed our wine as well. The latter could have been the main reason why L’Orange addressed me with two speeches that night. Two speeches! A memory I am still really proud of. Otherwise the evening was characterized by an intense discussion between Wærenskjold and L’Orange about the value of taking care of everyday artifacts and not only the exquisite art work and monumental buildings. Wærenskjold advocated for the value of every man’s culture. L’Orange asserted the opposite. Ragna and I did the dish-washing, made coffee and had a pleasant time listening to the discussion.

Let me add that it was L’Orange who got the article on thresholds at Morgantina printed in the *Acta* of the Norwegian Institute (*ActaAArtHist*). Later, Sjöqvist told me that the *American Journal of Archaeology* (AJA) had not been interested.

²² [IEB] https://no.wikipedia.org/wiki/Staale_Sinding-Larsen (accessed 6 June 2017).

²³ [IEB] Most likely, the poet in question was Giuseppe Gioachino Belli 1791-1863, famous for his poems in the Roman dialect, Romanesco.

²⁴ [IEB] https://no.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hjalmar_Torp (accessed 6 June 2017).

²⁵ [IEB] [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hans_Peter_L%27Orange_\(academic\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hans_Peter_L%27Orange_(academic)) (accessed 6 June 2017).

At the taverna and bar

In those days, going out to eat in Rome was really fun. Almost without exception you were treated like a family guest. Once I was even invited to sit together with the family running the taverna.

It was on Piazza Navona, at a place I had eaten a couple of times. I was too late for lunch. The family had made a long table outside in the shade by using a number of smaller tables from inside the tavern. I must have looked very unhappy, I suppose, because after a few minutes' whispering among the members of the family, I was offered a place at their own table. An extra chair was brought out, plates, glasses and whatever else was needed. My seat was on the corner next to the head of the family, that is the grandmother, who resided at the end of the long table. The food was excellent and I was treated like an old family friend. A magnificent way of experiencing Piazza Navona!

What I remember best, however, was grandmother's attempt to get the youngest family member, a one- or two-month-old baby, to swallow beer. Yes, beer! The baby was small enough to fit in grandmother's big left hand. He or she cried and was spitting repeatedly, but sometimes had to swallow, so as not to drown. Every time some beer went down the baby's throat, the whole family applauded. It was hot. Grandmother, who took her job seriously was sweating and quenched her own thirst – with milk!

I have later learned that in Italy beer was supposed to be good for babies, but what an impression the scene made on the young Norwegian!

It was also interesting to learn that I was not allowed to give any tips. 'That', Cis Rieber Mohn (a Norwegian lady who ran a *pensione* in Via del Corso) explained to me some years later, 'is due to the fact that you were served by the owners. Tips are only for employees'.

While I was living alone in the old institute's apartment, I used to eat my breakfast at a bar close by. It still exists today (at least in 2009, when I was last in Rome). Hundreds of tourists strolling along Corso Vittorio Emanuele come here every day. For a couple of weeks I was one of them.

A year later, I returned to Rome on my honeymoon. One day my now wife and I entered the same bar. Immediately the barkeeper's face lit up with a big smile: 'It has been a long time since I saw you! Where have you been?' 'Home in Norway and to get married. May I introduce my wife?' Immediately the barkeeper left his seat at the cash register, opened a passage through the counter and came outside together with the bartender. Both shook hands with us and the barkeeper waved his arm towards the shelves: 'This we must celebrate! What do you want? It's on the house!'

If this had happened in a small village far away in the countryside, I would not have been so surprised. But here in the big metropolis of Rome, in the midst of the hordes of tourists!

No wonder I love Rome!

Home again

As I mentioned earlier, I had quit my job before leaving for Sicily, and was uncertain about what to do now. In addition, I had also contracted typhus in spite of a previous vaccination. Slowly I lost my strength, and therefore my incentive to work, so I decided to take a break. Since I was still not married, I had time enough to wait before looking for new employment.

While I had the time, my first action was to get on my motor-bike and visit my new Swedish friends from the *Scavi*. Carl Eric and Maja Östenberg welcomed me in Malmö and, among other activities, invited me to a very interesting tour of the famous Lund cathedral. The next time I saw them again was in Rome in 1974. Carl Eric was at that time the Director of the Swedish Institute of Rome and I was in Rome as a tourist together with my eldest son, then ten years old. We were invited to celebrate Midsummer at the institute. I remember being served

home-made pizza and *spettkaka* (a delicious sugar-cake from the district of Skåne in southern Sweden).

My next stop was to see Åke Larsson and his family in Västerås and I spent some time with them. We made several nice trips in good weather, and I enjoyed the countryside around Västerås. I should add that Åke and I later corresponded by mail until he died some years ago. But we never saw each other again, face to face, something I deeply regret because he was a very interesting person.

On my way home I visited Erik and Gurli Sjöqvist at their country house, Murens gård, in Seglingsberg in Västmanland.²⁶ In my eyes it was a small castle! The property was about hundred hectares (two hundred and fifty acres), located in the midst of large industry-owned forests. Erik's father had cleared an open alley down to the river, where Erik now had a small quay and a boat. He also told me that he had outlawed hunting of elk on his property. 'That's why I never see a single elk except during the hunting season. Then they gather in large numbers, a day or two before the hunt starts. And leave again the same day as the season ends. Very interesting to observe!'

Erik's summer resort was a perfect frame for an event I happened to witness: Erik and I were sitting on the verandah chatting. Then, all of a sudden, Gurli called: 'Erik! The King is on the telephone!'²⁷

A few letters indicate that we had some contact afterwards. After leaving Princeton they lived at Drottningholm outside Stockholm.

Later, I gave a lecture on Morgantina to students of architecture at NTH. I also spent a couple of weeks in the hospital, but nothing could be done to cure my typhus. I had to wait until it healed on its own.

On 2 January 1962 I started a new job. This time as a regional planner in Kristiansand. And so, for the rest of my life, I changed to the career of regional planning!

Furnes, October 2015

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(Translated in February 2017 by the author and Ingrid Edlund-Berry)

²⁶ [IEB] bygdeband.se/plats/313919/sverige/vastmanlands-lan/surahammar/ramnas-forsamling/gammelby/muren/ (accessed 7 June 2017)

²⁷ [IEB] Erik Sjöqvist had served as the Handsekreterare (Personal Secretary) of the King of Sweden, Gustaf VI Adolf, who continued to take a personal interest in Erik's projects, including the excavations at Morgantina.

Postscript, or Homage to Erik Sjöqvist

The year is 1978 and I am on a visit to Rome. This time with my nine-year-old daughter. One day as we were strolling through Forum Romanum, we observed a group of students sitting in an area fenced off with red-and-white plastic tape cleaning pot-sherds. Tale, my daughter, stopped to look at them, obviously very fascinated. As usual, my back was hurting, so I found a pine tree, suitable to lean against while I was keeping an eye on my daughter.

As soon as the students, most of them young women, took notice of Tale they invited her to join them. She was happy to enter the area and sat down among the students with a water-bucket in front of her and a brush in her right hand, enjoying life, as only a happy child can.

She was sitting there when the professor in charge of the project arrived to check on the progress. He asked for an explanation of why this child was included in their activity. So, I got up and went to the restricted area and introduced myself as the father of the child. During our talk, if you could call it that, he in rather poor English, I likewise, combined with my limited Italian, he realized that seventeen years earlier I had worked under Professor Sjöqvist at the excavations at Morgantina.

It was like magic: all of a sudden I was treated with great respect. Tale was even invited to open the only Roman bronze door still in its original position in the so-called temple of Romulus. Tale has long ago forgotten the honor of opening the door. But not her father! The girls washing pot sherds she still remembers. And for years afterwards, she dreamt of becoming an archaeologist herself.

There is no doubt that we were shown this kind of respect because we knew Erik Sjöqvist: a great name known worldwide in the field of classical archaeology.

Furnes, February 2017

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