

THE HELLENIC

The Richard Stockton College of New Jersey

Co-Editors:

Kiki Glikerdas • Ginny Kramvis • Tula Christopoulos



Fall 2002

Modern Presentations of Ancient Greek Culture

by
Kevin Hutchins, Stockton Student



Kassiane Chorus of South Jersey.

The Richard Stockton College of New Jersey recently provided its students and many Atlantic County residents a unique opportunity to experience full immersion baptism-not a baptism performed with water by one clothed in the priestly garb of religious office, but one in which the participant is immersed in the culture of Greece. With an eye toward an authentic replication of the Greek cultural experience, "Greece in Story and Song: Myth, Music and Poetry" sought to provide its partakers with a genuinely Greek musical, culinary, literary, and religious encounter. Presented by The Friends of Greek Studies at Stockton College, this effort was largely successful.

An event such as this registers on many levels: emotional, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. "Greece in Story and Song" made its impact felt in each of these spheres of human influence.

Before considering the uniquely human dimensions of this event, the more vivid memory of this day is the opportunity one had to sample authentic Greek cuisine. As expected, the requisite Greek salad was in position to lead the charge to the pastisio-a type of Greek lasagna, which was, oddly, situated next to the vegetable lasagna, Italian style. Also at the buffet tables were tender filets of chicken in a rich marinade, the Greekness of which could not be immediately identified, but was attested to by event coordinators. Topping this feast off was the absolutely authentic baklava prepared by Minos Bakery. With dozens of delicate layers of thin, baked pastry dough surrounding its select core of delightful internal elements, each savory morsel swam in a lush bath of honeyed pleasure awaiting its anxious recipients. This is to say that the culinary portion of this event could possibly have been improved upon with the welcome substitution of a grape leaves dish for the chicken dish, but a remembrance of the baklava instantly overwhelms any thoughts of disappointment regarding menu choices.

Of spiritual interest was the liturgical music presented by the Kassiane Chorus of South Jersey. The chorus was small in number, but large in its appeal to God to, in the words of one of the songs that it sung, "Grant us courage and strength from above." Its appeal, as explicitly stated by the chorus director, was in light of the immense loss of life experi

Friends News

Eleni Ginis of Hamilton Square, NJ, a History Major at Stockton, was the most recent recipient of a Scholarship from the Stockton's Foundation Hellenic Heritage Fund.

We are pleased to announce that the American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association (AHEPA) Chapter 95 of Wilmington, DE by unanimous decision decided to donate \$1,000 to the Hellenic Heritage Fund of Stockton in memory of John Katsimatides, a young man of much promise, who died at the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001 in New York. We are grateful to the AHEPA Chapter 95 for its donation.

Dr. Peter N. Yiannos, Chairman, AHEPA Chapter 95 Scholarship Committee attended one of our meetings and wrote that "I was very impressed with last week's session of the Hellenic Studies Committee meeting at Stockton that both Dr. Staikos and I were pleased to attend."

In addition in March 2002 Stockton hosted a guest lecturer, Dr. Demetri Conostas, Professor of International Relations, Panteion University and Director of the Institute of International Relations, Athens, Greece. Professor Conostas is an internationally known scholar. He has been the guest and delivered lectures at the Woodrow Wilson Center, Washington, D.C., City University of New York, Harvard, George Washington, Princeton, Rutgers and Boston Universities as well as several other major universities in New York, California, Michigan, Florida, and Europe. He is the author of several books and proficient in several languages including English. The series of lectures were on several topics of interest, such as "The New International Crisis: European Perspectives"; "Democracy and Human Rights in a Europe of 43 States"; "Conflict and Cooperation in Post-1990 Balkans: The Greek Experience" sponsored by the Alexander A. Onassis Public Benefit Foundation (USA Inc.) and organized by the Faculty and Friends of Hellenic Studies at Stockton.

enced in New York City and Washington on September 11 and the struggle that this nation now faces in response to those events. The courage exhibited by this ensemble was admirable, indicating a unity of spirit evident in the Greek community akin to that seen throughout America.

A performance of Greek music was enlightening and sentimental. It included two guitars, which were played like, and sounded like, mandolins. Three voices those of Professor Alexander Alexakis, Mrs. Georgia Alexakis, and George Plamatouras brought vocal harmony to the ensemble. The experience had-as one might expect-an old world, Mediterranean feel to it. The atmosphere that the voices and plucked stringed instruments generated was reminiscent of the wedding reception scene in *The Godfather*. The singing of the songs in Greek also made this writer remember the many Polish weddings he had been to, where the well-wishers-somewhere around the cutting of the cake-spontaneously begin singing *Stolat*, the Polish folk song that pronounces a blessing of one hundred years upon the newly married couple.

The Greek literary experience was delivered by two presenters. The first was the storyteller Eleni Constantelos. Her articulations of a number of ancient Greek myths were skillful and absorbing. When telling the story of Pandora's Box, she introduced the subject with the words "It started with Prometheus." Ms. Constantelos then managed to touch on Zeus, Athena, Apollo, Hera, Hermes, Festus, Pandora, and Epimetheus (brother of

Prometheus), deftly weaving each element together into a tapestry of Greek mythological colors. But beyond her ability to elucidate mythological content, she was able to breathe life into the essence of the story. This was apparent in her description of Pandora's box, which evoked another narrative where one woman was warned not to partake of what was set before her-the story of Eve (and Adam) in Eden, which contained the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Pandora presumed "it's the secret of immortality." The serpent said, "God knows that when you eat of it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God..." (Genesis 3:5). In each case, a yielding to temptation brought about all of the plagues that have been inflicted upon mankind.

Greek literature was also presented by the readings of the poet Nicholas Samaras. His contemporary and short stories were not description of places or events that were uniquely Greek. Rather, they considered the modern settings and events that might be experienced by any of us-as seen through a Greek lens. His descriptions were more than just literary gestures-they were riveting, emotional representations of the experiences of the characters in his mind.

Greek and non-Greek alike were all able to relate on some level to the messages contained in the stories shared by Mr. Samaras. An example of this is the last story he read, entitled "The Shell of a City Cathedral", in which a decrepit cathedral, about to be torn down, is discovered. This story contains the message of how



Eleni Constantelos

time and experience can be made to stand still within the walls of our cultural endeavors-in this case, an old church. The story brought me back to the days when I would take the PATH train to the World Trade Center, walk to the street named Liberty, cross over and walk one block south alongside a small, austere Greek church set in a parking lot that precedes the pedestrian bridge leading to the World Financial Center. With vivid memory of the crumbling of the World Trade Center intact, I must grieve for that barely visible center of worship and know that it has become but a shell of the City Cathedral that it once was.

The Greek event of October 21 was enriching on a cultural level, but also served to enlighten the mind and pull at the heart. As alluded to by Stockton's President, Dr. Vera King Farris, an understanding of classical Greek history and literature, as well as its enduring legacy, is essential to gaining a fuller comprehension of Western civilization. Events such as this enable the inquiring mind to more fully grasp the meaning of Greece's enduring legacy. And events such as this are an excellent means of introducing the uninitiated to what it means to be Greek. ■



Dear Friends of Hellenic Studies:

It was so wonderful to participate in the Greece in Story and Song: Myth, Music and Poetry event and Dinner. The tremendous effort you put into this celebration made it an outstanding success. It was a magnificent evening!

It was obvious you had all put much heart and soul into the event only to make it more wonderful for me by your thoughtful gift of yellow roses. It was so sweet of you to think of me in the midst of so much hard work. Thank you!

Sincerely,
Vera King Farris
President, The Richard Stockton College of NJ

New York City's St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church - A Casualty of Terrorism

by
Tula Christopoulos

"Gee, I wonder if St. Nicholas Church survived." My brother, Chris', query brought the conversation to a sudden halt. It was September 12, 2001 and we were at my home in Absecon discussing the events of the day before.

That previous day of September 11, I had awakened in New York City to a bright and sunny day. My husband, Jeff, rather than doing his usual routine of taking the E train to the World Trade Center (WTC) and walking to his office on Broadway, had taken the ferry to New Jersey to drive to a company project in New Brunswick. From the ferry, he saw the entire catastrophe as it happened. He called to tell me.

Confused and incredulous, I ran down the apartment stairs not waiting for the elevator. I stood there stunned, watching plumes of smoke where the beautiful view of the towers once was visible. People were walking like zombies, glassy-eyed and in disbelief. The usually quiet neighborhood of our city home was filled with "refugees," people who had walked uptown from the trade center area because all trains had stopped. About fifty people gathered around a car radio that announced the news, similar to a scene out of a World War II film or documentary. When the ferries started running again, I escaped to New Jersey where, more than five hours later, Jeff and I found each other in Newark and drove home to Absecon.

So it was that, on the following day, my brother's inquiry raised yet one more dark question to ponder in the stark reality of this horrific event: What had happened to St. Nicholas? As we discussed it, we relived the details of the visitors we had taken to the WTC on their first trip to New York City.

The first time my cousin Niko and his wife Kiki came in from Athens, we visited the observation deck. On their second visit, we took them to dinner at Windows on the World. Each time, we would point out the little chapel of St. Nicholas Greek Ortho-

dox Church which, already diminutive, could easily be missed in contrast to its mighty neighbors. When seeing it for the first time, people often did a double take: "Wow! A Greek church. I never would have noticed it on my own." Yet, this tiny church was as much a landmark as were the Towers. An odd juxtaposition, it was part of the landscape, and it was comforting to see it there each time we went downtown. It belonged there.

Built in 1832 and initially serving as a residence and later a tavern, the building was purchased by Greek immigrants and converted into a church in 1916. Only twenty feet wide, fifty-six feet long and thirty-five feet tall, it was a spiritual sanctuary to Greek Orthodox and other residents and workers of the Financial District neighborhood. On September 11, 2001, it crumbled as Tower One collapsed and fell on top of it. One employee who was in the church ran out just in time. Father Romas, the church's pastor, remarked to reporters that it was one thing to see it on TV and another to see it in person: "St. Nicholas is buried under debris. It is the worst thing." Within the church were icons bequeathed by the last czar of Russia, Nicholas II, as well as holy relics of the saint.

Its parishioners are, currently, raising money and working to find a new home for their church. St. Nicholas is the patron saint of Bari, Italy and that town recently sent a surprise donation of \$500,000 to help rebuild the New York City parish. Greece has offered a \$500,000 donation, the Patriarchate has given \$50,000 and the American Jewish Interfaith Committee has donated \$10,000.

Fittingly located close to the waterway, one can imagine St. Nicholas watching as the events of September 11 unfolded and wanting us to know that, whatever else evil can do, it cannot kill faith and hope. Faith and hope built the WTC and St. Nicholas and it is those two principles that will rebuild them once again.



Photo: Chris Christopoulos from the lobby of the WTC, 1996

PLEASE SAVE THE DATE!
For The Friends of Hellenic Studies "Big Surprise" Annual Event
Please join us on Sunday, October 13, 2002

The Greek-American Journey

by
Sophie Prodromos Nestor

On March 4, 2000 Saint Nicholas Church in Atlantic City, New Jersey celebrated its seventy- fifth anniversary. At the reception, the County Executive was to present a Proclamation congratulating the members for attaining this milestone. He was unable to attend the function and the church chose one of its longstanding members to read the proclamation. A young man of the community stood before the audience and said, "The person who will read the Proclamation for our seventy-fifth anniversary needs no introduction. Everyone knows her. She came to Atlantic City when she was 18 months old from Bridgeport, Connecticut. She was six years old when the St. Nicholas Greek Community was established and has been a part of St. Nicholas Church from its inception. When the music is playing she is the youngest at heart. She is the undisputed historian of our community. Not only does she know the history of our church but of every church member. She is none other than Sophie Prodromos Nestor."

My Personal Journey

My father, Prodromos Prodromou, was born in Sozopoli, Bulgaria on the Black Sea. He left when he was nineteen years old with his two brothers and went to Athens. After a short time, he left for America. In New York, he met a hat cleaner, from whom he learned the business and from there he decided to move on to Bridgeport, Connecticut where he started his own business.

My mother, Argyro Petrakis, was born in Athens, Greece. My grandmother died, giving birth to my mother's younger sister and the family was raised by an aunt. Later her father, Pavlo Petrakis, a candy maker, took her and her siblings to America. My mother worked in a clothing factory during the day and tried to attend night classes. She became active in the Greek Orthodox Church in New Haven, Connecticut, and it was there that she was introduced to my father, a hat cleaner from nearby Bridgeport. They were married in 1917 and in 1919 moved to Atlantic City, New Jersey

I remember starting first grade with no knowledge of English. A friend reminds me of how the other students stood around not understanding me and how they made fun of me. I often wondered about this, since I do not remember any of it. I enjoyed my school years with my mother encouraging us to participate fully in all school activities. In eighth grade, my parents rented a traditional Greek costume and at our annual school concert I recited a translated version of "The Oath of the Athenian Young Man." I was extremely proud of my Greek Heritage and always sought to portray it. I also attended the St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church with all the benefits of Greek school and choir.

During my high school years the Great Depression caused my father to close his store. He left for Florida, to find a job, where he was paid ten cents for each hat he cleaned. The money he earned was to feed us. In the meantime, we moved in with my father's sister as we could not afford the fuel to heat our home. I remember wearing a yellow sweater that had shrunk and I was teased because it was too small for me. I did not have anything else to wear. I graduated with honors and was Vice President of the graduating class of Atlantic City High School of 1936. I discovered sports in my sophomore year and making the team became my goal. I captained many of the teams and won a silver medal for 1,000 points. Upon graduation, I was awarded the Statuette of Life Award, which is awarded to a few chosen outstanding athletes. We formed the Alumni Statuette Association which continues to sponsor sports for girls

and women. Although I graduated school with honors I could not afford to attend college. I appealed to the principal for a scholarship but to no avail. I attended a business school but since I was unable to pay tuition at the start of the term I had to stop the classes. My career began with a series of jobs in a Five and Ten Cents store, a department store, a bank and finally the Bell Telephone Company.

During these years, I played the piano for the choir at St. Nicholas. I stayed in the choir for many years even after we raised money for the organ and later a better organ. Early in 1937 I directed an American play "College Humor." The play was open to the public and it was held at the local Jewish Community Center. The evening was very successful and the church raised enough money to pay the mortgage of the church. Some time later I started teaching Greek Dances, Kalamatiano, Tsamiko and Hasaposerviko. After twenty-five years of teaching all the youth of the community we could do over twenty different traditional dances. We raised the money for the costumes. We performed free at schools, churches and clubs as we wanted the Americans to appreciate our culture. One winter season, the Music Group of the Atlantic County brought the Parthenon Dancers to perform at Haddon Hall in Atlantic City. The group offered me a percentage of the sale of each ticket. In this manner we raised money for new costumes. I loved the costumes from Kerkira. We continued to raise money, by charging for the seats for non participants on the buses we traveled in. The dancers were always free. Our name was Hellenic Dancers of Atlantic County.

I met my future husband, George, for the first time when I was eleven years old. His aunt brought him with her to my father's hat cleaning business where I helped my father at the cash register. George Panayiotopoulos was born in Akrata, Greece in 1916. He came to America through Ellis Island at eleven years old traveling alone. His name appears on the wall with those who entered through Ellis Island. His relatives in America adopted him. Shortly before his arrival, his uncle had chosen to shorten his name from Haralambos Panayiotopoulos to Charles Nestor. That is how my husband became George Nestor.

On arrival in Atlantic City, he entered first grade at 11 years old, with no knowledge of the English language. It did not take him long to move up in his grades. While attending St. Nicholas Church, the priest asked him to help out at the Greek School in the afternoons. It was here that he helped me with my Greek. He graduated from Atlantic City Vocational School as President of his class in 1937. After graduation jobs were scarce, and in 1940 George enlisted in the United States Army. When he found out that his outfit was sailing for Europe, he decided we should get married. It was a difficult situation, because our parents would not give their consent. St. Nicholas Church was without a priest at this time, so we asked the pastor of the Methodist Church, who had welcomed the Greek boys to play basketball on their team, to perform the ceremony. We were married on the fourth of July, 1942. We returned to Atlantic City for a couple of days until George returned to camp. His outfit sailed for England on the Queen Mary in August, 1942 from New York. In England, they trained until they landed on D-Day in Oran, Africa, on November 8, 1942. The United States Army suffered no casualties the first day. Oran fell to the Americans the second day and the battle lasted three days in all. They continued fighting across the desert. They landed in Sicily, and fought walking across Sicily. He received a Silver Star Medal for the first day of battle in Oran, Africa. They returned

continued on page 9



In 8th grade, my parents rented a traditional Greek costume and at our annual school concert I recited a translated version of "The Oath of the Athenian Young Man." -Sophie Nestor

Nicholas Samaras: A Greek-American with a Universal Voice

by Prof. Tom Papademetriou
Assistant Professor of History



Nicholas Samaras

Most of us in America came from someplace else. Whether we can identify the village or house in Greece that we, our parents or grandparents came from, or, whether we can identify our ancestry from around the globe, we all have a sense that we came from someplace other than here.

We became Americans. The long and often difficult process of immigration, and acculturation into this land has made us into Americans, a realization galvanized most recently by the violent events of September 11.

As Americans, we shape our personal identity in various ways, but almost always with a sense of richness and diversity of culture. Many of us are conscious of this diversity, and are able to celebrate our cultural distinctiveness.

Yet, when it comes to trying to identify who we are, what do we say? How can we step outside of ourselves to

examine who we are in relation to the world around us, and be able to explain it clearly? This is where the voice of a poet comes in handy.

Nicholas Samaras has lived all over the world, and came from many places to read his poetry and to celebrate with us **Greece in Story and Song**. Of Greek parentage, Nicholas Samaras was born in Foxton, Cambridgeshire, England and was adopted as a child by Father Kallistos Samaras. He was raised in Woburn, MA by his father and grandmother. As the most important figure in Nicholas Samaras' life, his father deeply influenced him and inspired him to attend Seminary studies and dedicate his life to the Church. Currently, he serves as the priest in the parish of The Archangel Michael in Lecanto, Florida.

Having the gift and love of language, Nicholas Samaras pursued advanced studies in poetry, earning a Ph.D. in English and creative writing from the University of Denver. He has studied with numerous luminary poets, including Anne Sexton, Nobel Prize winner Joseph Brodsky, Allen Ginsberg, and Richard Stockton College's own Pulitzer Prize winner, Stephen Dunn. His book of poems, *Hands of the Saddlemaker*, (Yale University Press, 1992) was published by the *Yale Series of Younger Poets*, a series that historically has published the work of the nation's most renowned poets. He produced a second book of poetry, *Survivors of the Moving Earth*, (University of Salzburg, 1997), and is working on other numerous projects. His individual poems have been featured in *The New Yorker*,

The New York Times, *The Paris Review*, *Poetry*, *The New Republic*, and *Kenyon Review* among others.

Being from many places, both literally and figuratively, has shaped Nicholas Samaras into a "metaphysical internationalist," someone who can pass through countries and cultures giving voice to that which is beautiful and touching. He is able to help us understand what it means to be from America, and from Europe, and can help us come to terms with our own questions of identity. For this reason, Samaras' poetry reaches out to all Americans, and in particular to Greek-Americans.

In his poems, Nicholas Samaras gives voice to the particularities of the Greek experience. His poetry embodies deeply the emotions arising from the personal connection to Greece, the ancestry, the people, the landscapes, and history. In search of personal understanding, Samaras has traveled the world often as an eternal exile, yet was able to experience a strong sense of belonging when he returned to his family's village in Kaparelli, Tripoli. The following poem details this experience, and offers a wonderful example of his work.

continued on page 6

What Grandfathers Leave

Kaparelli, Tripoli, 1979

This is the gorse land left me
by my grandfather, the one
I never knew, the one
I learned of from yellowed photographs:
soft moustache, the eyes painted-in,
the one I resented for dying
before I could tell him my name.

Samaras from *Samara*:

Saddle-maker.

I imagine him under a Peloponnesian sun,
young, soaping hides
till they bend with a boy's hand,
stain in sepia-
the smell, reassuring as work
in a village with no grades past six-
taking the *inia* in his mouth,
working those straps with his teeth,
learning the trade from his own father.

These were my evening stories:

Ellis Island, the tanneries of Woburn,
a grandparent's slow death in the Choate Memorial
where hushed nurses tended patients
like water over pebbles,
unable to understand the *Thee mou, pare me*. . .

I reach the age of documents,
come back to a place on no map
where old peasants point to a cleft of hills,
a village where the same house stands.
I come from Boston, a stranger
to cracked leathers on the wall,
with familiar cheekbones to call back lineage,
resemblance of a gesture.

Birds I have no names for fold the air.
Theio tethers his braying jenny,
remembers my great-grandfather,
the dark hide of his hands.
His legs are stilted, faster than mine.
My shoes are new.

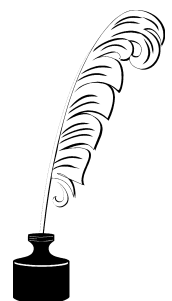
He laughs at my halting language, hobbles
me to the taverna, tries
to buy me an imported drink.
But he is eighty-three
and the blunt arch of his bones alarms me.
I can't take his money.
I defer, tell him
next year. Next year,
he says, he'll be dead,
glad to go before his wife
who married him at fourteen.
We drink caramel water-
before the moon rises
to an owl-call,
before one's eyes are thumbbed shut.

Tonight, he says, he will mark my land
where the olive tree, gnarled as a hand
by labor, uproots to a cloudless sky.
*Your hair is the color of smoked hazel, you
have your father's mouth, you are
too polite for a Greek.*

He squeezes my wrist under kerosene glow.
*Your bones are hard enough to marry.
We can choose a bride tomorrow,
thicken your blood.
Here, they are strong for crops or children.*

There is a glimmer of fine earth
in the crease of my palms.
I turn them over, finally see
my grandfather in them, in this land.
Fotis, Samaraki: I chant the music of my name.
The taverna closes. Crickets scissor the dusk.
We dust ourselves off and hobble home
to a house smelling of bread,
where daguerrotypes hang
in straps of cracked leather, look toward
the sepia slats of the cupboard,
measured by hand, supine.
Each stanger's expression and
cheekbones, a mirror of mine.

*(Hands of the Saddlemaker,
Yale University Press, 1992)*



Greece: Book Publishers & Distributors

Book Stores are useless for finding anything of depth about Greece. Check these sources out instead:

Cosmos Publishing Co/Greece in Print

Cosmos, a book distributor has a 70 page catalog of books in both Greek and English. They stock books on the range of aspects of Greece, both ancient and modern, fiction and non-fiction. They are a source for various travel guides published in Greece, maps, modern literature, etc. They have an extensive web site. They are also a key backer of the Hellenic Literature Society which publish a twice-monthly internet newsletter about Greek books called "Greece in Print." They also are a sponsor of the "Greece in Print" show in New York each September.

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She was gracious to host me on a visit to Toronto. And her daughter was nice enough to explain Brittany Spears to me.

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Faculty News

Reverend Dr. D. J. Constantelos read a paper on "Byzantine Philanthropy and its echo in the Medieval Latin West" at the twenty-fourth International Conference on Byzantine Studies held in Paris, France, last August, 2001. He delivered a series of eight lectures on Byzantine history and civilization at the University of South Florida, Tampa between March 18, 2002 and March 29, 2002. These lectures were sponsored by the Alexander A. Onassis Public Benefit Foundation of New York. On February 3rd he lectured before the Greek American Teachers Association of New York on "The Classical Greek Learning of the Cappadocian Fathers." He was the guest of World Hellenism Association of North Jersey and spoke on "The importance of the Greek Language for the Humanities" in Clifton, NJ., April 21. His essay "Byzantium Today: Steven Runciman's contributions to Byzantium's new image" was translated in Greek and published in *AKTINES*, VOL. 64 (2001). And his study "Witnesses on the identity of the so-called Byzantines in Greek Sources" was translated in Greek and published in *PEMPTOUSIA* (Dec.-Mar., 2002). He wrote book reviews for *St. Vladimir's Seminary Quarterly* and the *Greek American Review*.

Dr. Anne Fairchild Pomeroy received her B.A. degree from Connecticut College in 1981 magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa with a double major in philosophy and music. During her college years she played flute professionally, gave private flute instruction, and tutored in music theory. She worked in educational administration at the Columbia University Law School and received her M.A. degree in philosophy from Columbia University 1989. She received a Presidential Scholarship and a prestigious fellowship to attend Fordham University and, while pursuing the doctoral degree, taught as an adjunct instructor at Pace University and at Fordham University. In 1997 she was chosen to be the recipient of a Fordham University Dissertation Fellowship and in 1999 was awarded the Ph.D. degree.

Dr. Pomeroy has published articles and presented papers in the areas of Sartre studies, critical theory, Hegel, Marx, and process philosophy. She has just completed the manuscript for her first book entitled, *Marx and Whitehead: Process, Dialectics, and the Critique of Capitalism*. She is taking notes in preparation for writing a second book on *Time and Consciousness*.

Dr. Pomeroy has been Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Richard Stockton College since 1999. She specializes in metaphysics, process philosophies, social and political philosophy, and existentialism. She teaches courses on Plato for the Hellenic Studies Program.

Dr. Alexander Alexakis

Presentations:

- 1) Talk at the XX International Byzantine Conference in Paris, France August 28, 2001, Title: "Some additional problems related to the transmission of eighth century Theological Texts." Part of the communications delivered in the course of a Round Table entitled "Papyrus or Parchment?"
- 2) Lecture with slides in Washington, D.C. for the Society

PROMETHEAS, "The Glory that was Byzantium" (Jan. 25, 2002).

- 3) Lecture in Wilmington, DE, "The Christian Church Fathers and Classical Education." (Feb. 3, 2002)

Articles:

"The Epistula ad Marinum presbytri of Maximos the Confessor. Some Remarks on its History and Meaning," in *Byzantinische Zeitschrift* 94/2 (2001), 455-464.

"The Greek Patristic Testimonia Presented at the Council of Florence (1439) in Support of the Filioque Reconsidered," in *Revue des Etudes Byzantines*. 58, (2000), 149-165.

Two book reviews were published in the *Religious History Review* (October 2001) and one in the April 2001 issue of the same journal.

Other Activities:

Taught the Dumbarton Oaks Byzantine Greek Summer School. An intensive four-week course I gave at Dumbarton Oaks (an institute of Harvard University in Washington, D.C.), to graduate students from Princeton, Harvard, Catholic University, Yale, etc.

Dr. Chris Long

My paper entitled "Dancing Naked with Socrates: Pericles, Aspasia and Socrates at Play with Politics, Rhetoric and Philosophy," was accepted for presentation at the Ancient Philosophy Society, 2nd Annual Conference, University of Colorado at Denver, Denver, CO, April 19-21, 2002.

I was invited to teach a summer seminar on Plato's *Sophist* at the Collegium Phaenomenologicum which takes place every year in Citta di Castello, Umbria, Italy. The Collegium, which will convene its twenty-seventh annual session, is organized and run by an international group of philosophers interested in gathering together for three weeks to investigate and study a single philosophical theme or text. This year, the Collegium will focus on the philosophy of Plato, the specific theme is "Beginning Anew in Plato."

Two articles of mine have recently appeared: A) "Between Reification and Mystification: Rethinking the Economy of Principles," *Telos* 120 (2001): 92-112, co-authored with Richard A. Lee. B) "The Rhetoric of the Geometrical Method: Spinoza's Double Strategy," *Philosophy and Rhetoric* 34, 4 (2001).

Board Member News

Tula Christopoulos is currently teaching conversational Greek to a group of Columbia University international business graduate students (at N.Y. campus) through Berlitz on Saturdays. Her email address is: tegeal@email.msn.com ■

where my husband was promoted to Sergeant. His outfit continued with more training in England until they invaded Normandy on June 6, 1944. Fighting across France and Belgium, they crossed the Rhine River in Germany. He was a forward observer and was wounded in March, 1945, when they sent him back to England.

After his return to England, he sailed the Queen Elizabeth to America. He was sent to Tennessee. I went to the Commanding General of England General Hospital, and told him about my husband. He told me to inform George to put in for a furlough and when he got to Atlantic City to check into the England General Hospital. He was discharged on November 7, 1945, and remained in the United States Army Reserves until 1977. He retired as a major.

He received the Purple Heart Medal when he was wounded in Germany. His other medals are: Silver Star (1st day in Africa) another Silver Star in Sicily. In Europe he received four Bronze Stars. He was awarded a Battlefield Commission to Second Lieutenant in the Battle of the Bulge. On his return home, he received the second highest award, the Distinguished

Service Cross. As a result of these awards he was offered a job with the Atlantic City Fire Department.

While George was in the army, I joined the Red Cross Gray Ladies. The air force had taken over all the hotels in Atlantic City and Haddon Hall was the Base Hospital. When the amputees were sent from the battlegrounds of Africa, Sicily and Normandy, Haddon Hall became a General Hospital, known as England General Hospital. As a Gray Lady, I visited the wounded soldiers, wrote letters, shopped for them and pushed them in wheelchairs on the boardwalk. I used to keep a notebook, where I would record their name and outfit. When I met a soldier in the same outfit as another in my book, I would introduce them to each other. Some of these men still correspond with me and my husband.

A year after George came home we welcomed our first child, Peter in 1946. By 1954 our family consisted of two boys and two girls, Peter, Bill, Nicoletta and Argera. Our children are all married and we have seven grandchildren currently in college, elementary and high schools. In my commitment to my

church and the Greek American neighborhood I grew up in, I became a liaison and a cultural representative, sharing the customs and contributions of my heritage with the Atlantic City community. I became a positive role model for hundreds of youth, organizing ethnic dances, basketball games, and always guiding them with the highest expectations of myself as well as the youth. In 1998 I had the extreme honor of being inducted in the Atlantic County Women's Hall of Fame. In June, 2002 I will be 84 years, and July 4, 2002 my husband and I will celebrate our sixtieth wedding anniversary. ■

Sources:

First Infantry Division in World War II "Big Red One" Authors: Clift Andrus, the late Major General Barbera Satura. Turner Publishing Company copyright 1995.

World War II in Photographic History by David Boyle.

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