

Editorial

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

☞ This editorial is begun while I am staying in the Disneyland Hotel, Anaheim, California, whose Vice-President tells me in a mini-mission statement in the room, 'My staff and I want your visit to be a dream come true. All of us believe that **Disney Resort Experiences Are Magic**' [bold in original]. Different my Disney experience certainly has been, and it could be useful comparative material if my research interests more concerned monopoly capitalism, infantilization and the subtler mechanics of social control, but not what I would call an Experience of Magic. A pity that 'mission statements', useful devices to remind organizations just what they are for, have turned into absurdities. Many, most of the societies that archaeologists study are so remote and strange they would seem quite unnatural if we were to be translated into living inside one; staying at Disneyland may fall under the useful category of 'secondary fieldwork'.

I have been summoned to Disneyland by the Annual Meetings of the Society for American Archaeology, at about 2000 head surely the largest of the annual gatherings of the thundering archaeological herd. The usual zoo of simultaneous sessions; you sit through one indifferent paper knowing that somewhere on the programme, in some other meeting-space, there is likely a first-rate paper you are missing — if only you knew *how* to figure out which one it was. No wonder the canny prefer to 'surf' from one star paper in one session to another in another to another in yet another, rather than sitting through the whole of a symposium; tough on the fellow without reputation who stands up *after* the star performer, and watches most of his audience walk away. Or they instead devote themselves full-time to practising the skills of social archaeology in the bar (I name no names).

Meeting in Disneyland, emblem of the treating of the past for such popular pleasure and private profit, has been a reminder to me that archaeology is an idealist business, of no or slight utilitarian benefit. And it chances that the SAA has this year been thinking hard about its ethics, not just the high or petty crimes and misdemean-

ours which archaeologists may inflict on each other or on the stuff we work with, but by reminding ourselves what are the ideals that direct the whole venture, and distract us from the better-paid lives we could spend in something more practically useful like cost-accountancy. A mission statement, in short. And the Society's membership has this year chosen as its President-Elect Professor Bill Lipe, whose memorable call to a true spirit of conservation archaeology, made a generation ago in the *Kiva*, is still an ideal far ahead of what most of us actually practise, and surely ahead even of what his own Chaco Canyon research centre is able to do.

Here is the opening to the ethics statement, from a draft that pretended to rhetoric on the old American model (before it was toned down into more contemporary idiom):

'The archaeological record is the material memory of our human predecessors on earth, by which we may come to know them. It is a common good, to be held in public trust.' (If the Disneyland Hotel uses bold, then so may we.)

Much — not too much — follows in discussion papers* addressing a variety of ethical aspects, that reach as far as an obligation to public education and to fair dealing with colleagues in publication. All of it follows from this short and splendid statement of the driving ideal: the stuff of archaeology is not an asset to be possessed and exploited, but a responsibility to be looked after in trust. This is true and this is simple; it should underlie most of what we do, and explains why our ideals do not provide for appropriation of the stuff of archaeology from the common good into private possession.

'Material memory' is a striking — and perhaps a new — statement of just what the stuff of archaeology amounts to, and the purpose of coming to know our predecessors underlines the human factor. Then 'common good', an interesting and unfashionable phrase. We live in an era where things which were once public

* Intended to be published by the Society later in the year.

I admit an interest; I was on the working group which sewed this together.

are being divided and made private. Once there was the shopping street, kept in order by its public users and a public police force; now there is the shopping centre or mall, a private place controlled by a private security force. Things cannot, we have come to believe, be held in common, and that is 'the tragedy of the commons'; whatever the common resource, individual private interests will take from it, and the common will be left with nothing. That is why the green bicycles provided in Cambridge for free common use all disappeared straight away, and why fish stocks in open oceans everywhere are pursued to extinction by individual competing boats or national fleets. The 'tragedy of the commons' may be true of human nature in our late century, but it was not always so and need not be. Common holdings, with common rights held over common land has been a good system of land tenure for centuries.

Perhaps the problem is that things held 'in common' have increasingly come to be held by the state and its agencies. The state, elected by the people for the people, *should* stand for and carry out the common cause, but in reality seems too often concerned to invent and to protect its own bureaucratic interests. State ownership becomes just another appropriation, the taking of something which should be a 'common good held in public trust' into the possession of some remote agency, which is theoretically public but acts as if private.

Peter Fowler and I, worrying a few years ago about the style in which Stonehenge is looked after, asked for an effective *local* management; the place needs — we thought and we think — to be run by someone available, accessible and on the spot, not by a remote style of 'telephone-line management'. This is a real challenge to English Heritage, present proprietors of Stonehenge on behalf of the British people, and to all those state and quasi-state bodies that control archaeology in most countries. Avebury, sister site to Stonehenge, has been owned half by the National Trust; now English Heritage, following its controversial policy of divesting some of its monuments to local or community-based groups, has transferred its portion to the Trust. The Trust has its critics — sometimes for the same reasons of centralized directions and remoteness — but it seems to be to have the right essentials for an archaeological custodian: a voluntary non-profit association, independent of state control, with a mass membership, a genu-

inely democratic structure, broad and deep expertise, a proven and effective management method that is regionally organized and in touch with local concerns. Somewhere in this middle ground, neither state monopoly nor private commerce, business-like but not profit-motivated, is the ethos that has served museums and archaeology well in the past, and remains the directing need for the future.

☞ Up the freeway from Disneyland is the J. Paul Getty Museum at Malibu, one of the most striking museums of the 1970s and quite the best of those I have seen. I first spotted it in perhaps 1987, from a jumbo jet on the long non-stop from London to Los Angeles; after hours above the cloud, we came down, down, down through blowing rain. Suddenly, already low, we came out through the cloud. Close below was the California coast, the Pacific Ocean a sullen blue, and the purple-red hills of the coast sodden with water. Long streaks of dark red sediment running offshore from the canyon washes showed where the soft soil of Malibu was going. Then, under the wing on one of the slipping hill-tops, a crisp and perfect building, with long symmetrical court, white walls, red roof, against intense green plantings. It could only have been, and was the Getty. (An equally audacious second centre for the Getty complex of art institutions is now being built on the mountain immediately north of Los Angeles, a mass of buildings which will cascade down the canyon slope like an Italian hill-village; accessed by a tramway, it will hang above — this *is* Los Angeles — the concrete ribbon of the San Diego freeway.)

The famous eccentricity, when the Getty Museum was opened in 1974, was the single-mindedness of the design, an adapted reconstruction following the Villa dei Papiri at Herculaneum, buried by Vesuvius AD 79 and explored by Karl Weber in the mid 18th century; his plan, of 1754, provides the model. Mr Getty, not shy in his feelings about modernist architecture, wanted nothing to do with a 'tinted-glass and stainless-steel monstrosity' or 'one of those concrete-bunker type structures that are the fad among museum architects.'^{*} He went instead for a full pastiche:

The notion of putting an art collection into an elaborate house designed partly for that purpose seems to have been a Roman invention, and indeed the original Villa dei Papiri, like many other country

houses, was a kind of private museum. In the villa the owner and his guests, having escaped the business of the crowded city, could refresh their sense and their intellects. Sculpture, portable paintings, and murals were placed where they could give delight in concert with the gardens, peristyles, fountains, vistas through rooms, and other pleasant contrivances of the builder. By adapting a villa for his collection, Mr Getty was reviving an older and purer form of the house-as-museum.

Changing taste and the return to classicism and classical revivals of the 1980s swiftly took the museum building, as the *Getty Guide* happily notices, 'from retrograde to prophetic'.

The approach is marvellous. First a rising hill, with glimpses of a high building through the trees. The road is paved with irregular blocks of an *opus reticulatum*, modelled on the lava blocks of Herculaneum streets and widely spaced to catch your foot unawares. A tall screen. You mount the stairway at the screen's end, and emerge in the peristyle. A breathtaking long space, bounded by a white colonnade; central pool; geometric plantings of box and evergreen; shaped trees; bronze statues of fawn and athletes; along the colonnade, spaced busts on tall plinths, *trompe l'oeuil* paintings with swags and pretend columns; painted coffered ceilings. I was lucky when I visited, a still April morning; cool and a little misty early on, then hot as the sun burned a clear blue sky: California, but just as one knows to expect from Italy.

At the end, the villa. A vestibule entrance, intense rich designs in marble geometry, more wall-paintings, carved spiral-fluted columns; another courtyard, smaller, with water and plantings and antique bronzes again. Around it the museum's classical galleries, grand-domestic in scale, mostly rather small rooms. It is full-blooded classical in manner: not the restrained classical, grand but cool, undecorated and reticent, which is the routine setting for classical pieces in the 20th-century museum; but the works, with lots of marble and strong colours. When looking at the Classical painted pots in a gallery, your eye strays out through the doorway to the central garden, to the water and its serene guardian women in bronze, and

beyond to the bright white and washed-out colours of the villa courtyard colonnade.

The whole is a triumph of original-cum-replica-cum-pastiche, melded and reflecting each other; it seems to me wholly to follow and to represent the spirit of Greek classical as it has been known in the West since Roman times — the high ideal to be collected, revered and emulated. The special point of Classical is in how we have re-made it and how it has re-made us over so many centuries. Many of the pieces, Roman after the Greek, encapsulate that history, especially the Lansdowne Herakles, one of Mr Getty's favourites; found in Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli in 1790/1, it went to an aristocratic British collector, the Marquis of Lansdowne, until Getty acquired it in 1951. From Greece to Rome to northern Europe to America, each time leaving an Old World and going to a New World. (And in the next millennium it may move westward with the money to a yet Newer World: Singapore, say?)

Good displays at the Getty, too. Not too much *stuff*. Well and discreetly lit, really good labels. The Cycladic figures are displayed upright, in the modern affectation, but there is a plain statement that they probably lay down in antiquity, and one of the larger ones is allowed to lie down so you can see how different it looks that way. Good and fair-minded account, with casts and an identified fake shown alongside for reference, of the Archaic *kouros*, bought from Switzerland in 1983; either genuine and of a most unusual hybrid kind, or a brilliant and compelling fake.*

Los Angeles was not quite back to normal after the Northridge earthquake of February. The Santa Monica freeway had just re-opened with new bridges; two canyons north of the Getty Museum are the platforms of the many houses burned in the Malibu fires of last year; there have been floods too. The whole sprawling city is a fitting modern evocation of a civilization's con-

* The J. Paul Getty Museum, *Guide to the Villa and its contents* (Malibu (CA): J. Paul Getty Museum, 1988). First rate, marvellously illustrated and printed. Its companion: The J. Paul Getty Museum, *Handbook of the collections* (2nd edition, revised; Malibu (CA): J. Paul Getty Museum, 1991). Ditto.

* *The Getty kouros colloquium: Athens 25–27 May 1992* (Athens: Kapok Editions for The J. Paul Getty Museum/Nicholas P. Goulandris Foundation • Museum of Cycladic Art, 1993). Obligatory reading for all with any interest in these matters. The experts were divided; if one abridges their considered comments into a single vote, the election then goes: for authenticity 8, Sismondo-Ridgway, Holtzmann, Kleemann, Guralnick, Triantis, Rockwell, Podany, Preusser; against authenticity 6, Harrison, Lambrinouidakis, Marcadé, Dontas, Trianti, Delivorrias; abstaining 4, Boardman, Kyrielis, Kozelj, Baer. The authentic have it, and they may be right. Another view on this most instructive little book in Cyprian Broodbank's *Among the New Books*, below page 430.

suming acquisition of fine things from the known world over and of the precarious basis for Roman civic wealth; remember what happened to the Herculaneum villa on which the Getty is modelled. California museums need their earthquake precautions, not just in the buildings, but on the shelves which have padded guard-rails so the stuff doesn't just bounce off when they shake. A tiny incident at the Getty reminded me of a more original terror of Californian life, the peril of liability law-suits. I had put my notebook down, leaned neatly against the wall, out of the way in the very corner of the room, so I could photograph the Getty *kouros*. An attendant approached. «Was it my notebook? Would I move it please? Yes, it was small and right out of the way in the corner. But someone *might* slip and fall. Then there would be liability. We have to be careful, you know. They are looking for opportunities.» Somewhere in California is, or might be, that person whose specialized way of life depends on contriving to slip and fall in prosperous museums, and then suing the heck out of them.

Locally famous is the practical eccentricity of getting to the Getty. When it opened, the streets round were packed with visitors' cars, so it now promises to cause no parking near by. If you plan to drive, then you must book in advance — and usually that needs to be several days in advance (a colleague at the Getty Conservation Institute kindly arranged it for me). There is no charge, and therefore no discrimination by ability to pay, which I like. And it is fitting, too, to the conception of museum as country house that you are an expected individual, known to the staff at the gate-house by your name on the day's guest-list. If you cycle, your bike is proof you did not park and walk. If a taxi or a friend drops you, the gate-house staff see the car in which you came. If you come on the bus and then walk up the drive, you show a little ticket from the bus-driver to prove you came that way. If you actually *walk* all the way to the Getty — and I did enjoy walking in some parts of Los Angeles as the best way to see the domestic architecture — then how are you to prove to the admission staff you really *did* walk, and not just park sneakily round the corner? I must try another time.

📷 Although the Getty's collecting has diversified into many new fields, such as photography, and much of its huge endowment goes into other ventures such as the Conservation Institute, the heart of the collection remains in Clas-

sical and therefore in a dilemma. How is a new museum to build a collection of first-rate Classical antiquities that are of good history? Most first-rate Classical is in museums and permanent collections inside or outside the countries of origin, and will never be for sale. New finds from legitimate excavation are not permitted to leave their country of origin. Only a little of the best stuff is nowadays in private hands, long exported from the country of origin and therefore of good title. How often does a *kouros* of good history come on the open market? The Getty's came from Switzerland in 1983 with documents to show it was from an old collection there; they were fake.

The many problems of private antiquities collections were on show in London from January to April when the Royal Academy staged *In pursuit of the absolute? The George Ortiz Collection «Art of the ancient world»*. This is part of what I wrote about it in a piece intended for the monthly *Art Newspaper* early in the year:

The George Ortiz exhibition at the Academy is a remarkable show, 282 most beautiful ancient objects, chosen with exquisite taste by a collector of discriminating passion, and handsomely presented with exceptionally good lighting in the Academy main galleries. There has been nothing quite like it in London before, and may never be again.

Mr Ortiz has been collecting since the 1940s. Like many collectors of antiquities, he began with the familiar, with arts of the Classical world, perhaps hoping that by acquiring ancient Greek objects he would imbue the spirit, the essence behind them. Over the decades, his taste broadened, to include the precursors and kindred cultures to the Classical world, and ethnographic objects which declared the same classical and human feelings. So this is a show defined not by academic criteria, or by some bracketed period or region, but by Ortiz' canny connoisseur's eye. It offers those things he regards as so fine and special that their artistic genius reaches beyond the particulars of their time and place, those rare things which deserve a place in his private collection that has been formed, as he puts it, 'in pursuit of the absolute'.

The largest piece is a stone lion, under half life-size. Many are small, a few inches or less. I could list many that engaged my eye and admiration: a little frog just a centimetre high in gleaming silvery haematite (Babylonian, 2nd millennium BC); a coiled cast-bronze snake with outstretched head (Greek, 5th century BC); a little bronze statuette of a warrior youth, naked except for helmet and boots (also Greek, 6th century BC). Many of the subjects are human or animal; they include many subjects and

types — a Villanovan miniature bronze horse, a blue faience hippopotamus from Egypt — one has seen before, but rarely in such compelling examples.

The majority, presented in the central group of six rooms, are from the Graeco-Roman world or its neighbouring domains. I have rarely in an exhibition been so taken with so many individual pieces, even when they are battered or broken, like the astounding handsome marble bust, perhaps of Prince Siddhartha, which is the show's only piece from the classically influenced Gandharan tradition of the Indian continent in the early centuries AD. That compulsion is tribute to the consistency of vision evident in the collection and in its display, which Mr Ortiz supervised himself.

The full catalogue, illustrated with superb colour photographs of every piece, is also written by Mr Ortiz, who offers a little of his own insight and vision alongside scholarly accounts of each piece. He has a high ambition for the art in his collection:

'The collection you will see is a message of hope, a proof that the past is in all of us and we will be in all that comes after us. Let these works of art speak to you, hopefully some of them will move you by their beauty and reconcile you to your fellow men however different their religions, customs, races or colour.'

The objects themselves know and share the Ortiz vision and mission, he says:

'Objects came my way, and some of them unquestionably because they had to do so. It is as though, imbued with the spirit of their creator, they came to me because they knew I would love them, understand them, would give them back their identity and supply them with a context in keeping with their essence, relating them to their likes.'

As an archaeologist, I am not convinced by this mystical story, either for the collection as a whole or for individual pieces. When Mr Ortiz calls three Mycenaean chairs, modelled in ceramic at a miniature scale, 'thrones', or a Neolithic terracotta woman 'a representation of a goddess', he is offering a modern interpretation, not a statement of ancient or eternal certainty. The old connoisseur's tradition, and some trends like Jungian in 20th-century psychology, pretend that the deep meaning of an object, the thrill it must once have given to its artistic creator, will reveal itself to the gifted and sympathetic eye however removed in time and cultural separation. I do not believe that. The real contexts and ancient purposes of these pieces, as we can best divine them from ambiguous evidence, are much more varied, exotic and — often — more to do with the darker side of human societies. The artist as timeless creative genius is the particular and peculiar fancy of our own recent culture. Indeed,

the whole feel of the collection — these small things, so exquisite, so lovingly conserved, so graciously presented, so very civilized in their *haut-bourgeois* refinement — is dismayingly congruent with the cartoon vision held in rougher and poorer European lands of the other-worldly elegance of moneyed life in Switzerland, where Mr Ortiz and the collection are domiciled. There are figures in the show of strong young warriors, but not one tells me of the force, brutishness, violence which is central to the ancient soldier's trade; there are figures of savage beasts in the hunt, but not one conveys the blood and the killing.

When Mr Ortiz talks of his 'pursuit of the absolute', I fully believe that is how he sees his vocation. But I see also how much in the choice seems to speak to us either because it comes from a central place within our own cultural tradition or because its ancient aesthetic happens by simple chance to coincide with what we revere in the art of our own century; in these ways, our eyes are already attuned when we look at these ancient objects for the first time. Another collector or visionary in another time — a Hadrian, an Alberti, a John Ruskin, a William Morris, a J. Paul Getty (or, come to that, this reviewer) — when asked to define the eternal in 282 objects would select some very different things. 'In pursuit of the absolute' turns into 'pursued by the relative', as perhaps it always must.

The *Art Newspaper* sensibly spiked my piece when a public controversy immediately enveloped the show and some of my points were quickly made by others. Mr Ortiz was eloquent in his belief that he is a saviour, rescuing pieces that are usually found by chance and would be discarded or destroyed if they had no market value. Colin Renfrew, in an energetic confrontation on television, made the opposed case, that it is the market which fuels the destruction. Others showed not much sign of having thought through the issues. Piers Rodgers, Secretary of the Royal Academy, explained his fidelity to the interests of the original artists whose art was being celebrated. But if respecting the motives of the makers of ancient things was the point, why was his Academy exhibiting in its secular rooms objects made for and placed in ancient graves and sanctuaries, which have been taken from them with no regard for ancient intent? I agreed with Renfrew's closing remark: may Mr Ortiz be the last of the great private collectors of Classical antiquities as well as the latest.

Two notes in this number, by Peter Cannon-Brookes (page 349) and by Cornelia Isler-

Kerényi (page 350), further address the many points that arise.

Jeremy Milln organized a session at this year's Institute of Field Archaeologists conference on another element of the heritage which can be looted without digging: the 'furniture' of the historic landscape. Its individual papers noticed what has been happening to boundary stones and boundary markers, Cornish wayside crosses, sundials, public statues, ornaments and statuary in parks and gardens. All these, not intended to be portable, are movable given a man with a van and sufficient collectors' demand for them to be worth the shifting. One could add another dozen kinds of this quasi-portable heritage that now seem to be at risk — lamp posts, burial markers, saddle stones, horse troughs, querns, street signs, wrought-iron gates, mile-posts, mounting blocks, drinking fountains, benches, plaques. As more and more objects join the spreading category of 'collectable', so is more liable to be removed from that common good which is held in public trust.

A final point from the editorial bonnet, where this bee has buzzed loudly through several issues of *ANTIQUITY*, before the beast is made to stay silent for a while. It seems to me that two extreme positions are widely held. On one side, that all this stuff should move freely about in a market which admits no responsibility for the looting, destruction, smuggling, faking and deception that have followed from the market-making. On another side, that it belongs to the people of the state of origin; fair enough and true in principle, but unhelpful when this ownership becomes an exclusive possession; in practice it justifies everything disappearing into exclusive and excluding museums, as if confiscated, there to sit indefinitely in overcrowded store-rooms. There is actually much good precedent for happier compromise. A recent one is on show in the travelling exhibition, *Royal tombs of Sipán*, a Peru–USA collaboration to present the astounding Moche treasures, especially in precious metal, rescued before the looters got to it in an exemplary excavation by Walter Alva's team in 1987–90 from coastal Peru.* Once travelled, it will form the basis of a permanent exhibition in Peru. A museum like the Getty, with its enormous resources and conservation expertise, has so much to offer. It is absurd that we have no framework to link its opportunity — and the showcase it

offers for Classical archaeology — with the accumulations that overwhelm the reserve collections of the central museums in the countries of origin. One could do worse than look again at the deal that was talked about a few years ago; the Classical countries of origin would make long-term loans of major items to major museums in the acquiring countries; and the museums would renounce the habit of buying from the marketplace objects of unknown history whose possible or likely source was illicit export from the country of origin.

☞ Not many readers of *ANTIQUITY* may know, or care much, just how the outfit is structured, just who owns *ANTIQUITY*, and just how the financial arrangements work. Some formalities are printed at the end of each number in the Editorial notices (page 476, this issue), but it is right that we should sometimes say a little more to inform readers.

ANTIQUITY was founded in 1927 by O.G.S. Crawford who edited it continually until his sudden death in 1958. From that sudden crisis, the happy outcome was a new non-profit proprietor, the Antiquity Trust, a registered charity. Its trustees are a group of senior archaeologists (current chaired, Professor Barry Cunliffe, Oxford University). The business operations are run by Antiquity Publications Ltd, a company owned and controlled by the Trust, with its own board (current chair Professor Anthony Snodgrass, Cambridge University). Day-to-day business as well as editorial matters are the responsibility of myself, Christopher Chippindale, as the journal's editor, with the help of Cyprian Broodbank as assistant editor responsible for the review section, and of Anne Chippindale as production editor. (The editorial staff are paid, and work under fixed-term contracts.) Any surplus the company may make in a year goes towards the Trust's capital reserve, and that reserve is drawn on when the company operates in deficit. Oxford Journals, part of Oxford University Press, market and distribute the journal under contract — which is why subscribers receive it from Oxford — but have no involvement in editorial matters.

In some recent years, the company (whose annual turnover is about £100,000) has made a small surplus, so we are returning the benefit to the archaeological community in three ways. We do not know how long this happy state will continue, for financial reverses can

* See the catalogue: Walter Alva & Christopher B. Donnan, *Royal tombs of Sipán* (Los Angeles (CA): Fowler Museum of Cultural History, 1993).

be abrupt, and we therefore can make no promise as to whether these innovations will be — as we hope — permanencies.

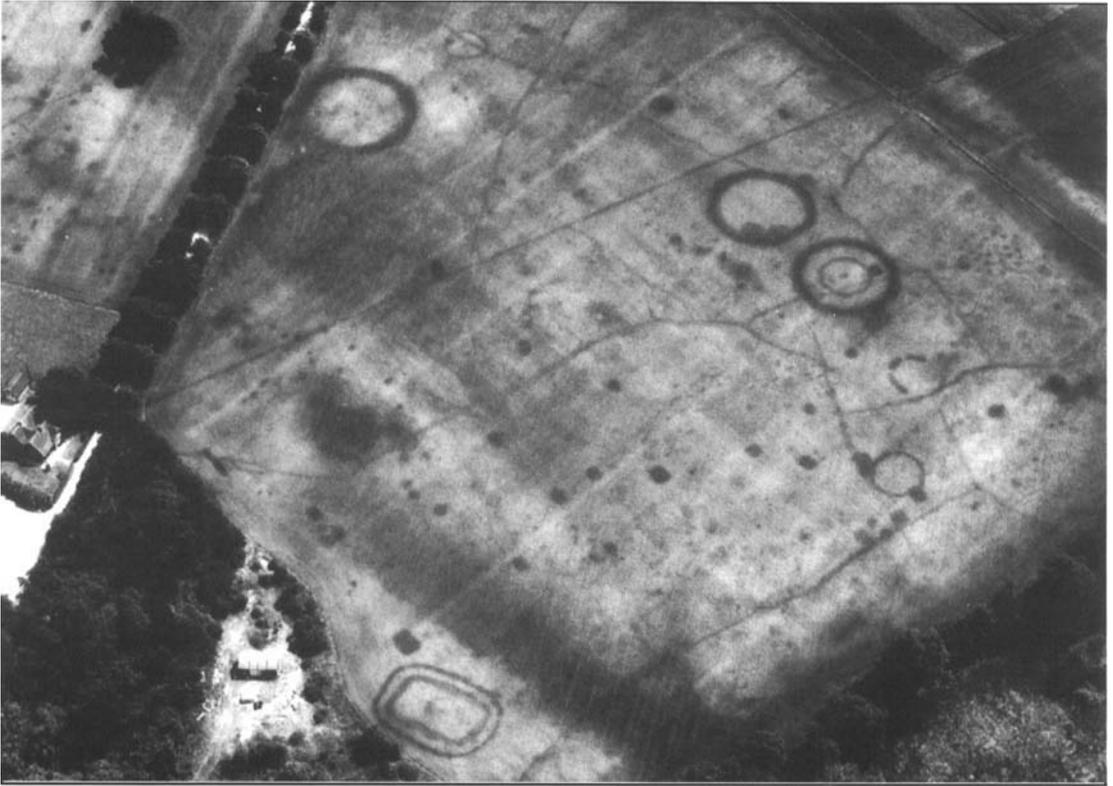
We have a reduced student subscription rate (this year of £19.99/US\$39.99, rates we will hold constant for 1995) to benefit new and future members of the profession.

We are supplying free copies to libraries in university departments and other institutions in countries whose resources or availability of foreign currency do not permit them to buy a paid subscription. Most of these copies are going to central and eastern Europe, to Africa, and to South America, where the need seems greatest. A friend of *ANTIQUITY*, hearing of this, has kindly paid for another of these special subscriptions, and we would welcome gifts to provide for more, either to add to the general list or intended for a specific institution.

And finally, we are creating an *ANTIQUITY PRIZE*, which for 1994 will be of £1000. Research funding is more fought over than it was, and time to write is harder for most of us to find; yet really good writing is as rare and as precious as ever. The prize is intended to respond to these facts; it will be awarded to the author(s) of a contribution to each volume of *ANTIQUITY* which is chosen for its special merit. The prize-winner may be in any part of the journal; commissioned reviews are eligible as well as papers and notes, for one of those may equally be of special merit beyond the obligations of a reviewer. The choice will be made at year's end by a group of four (the editor, assistant editor, a member of the trust board and a member of the company board). The first winner, for this volume 68, will be announced in the March 1995 issue.

MP



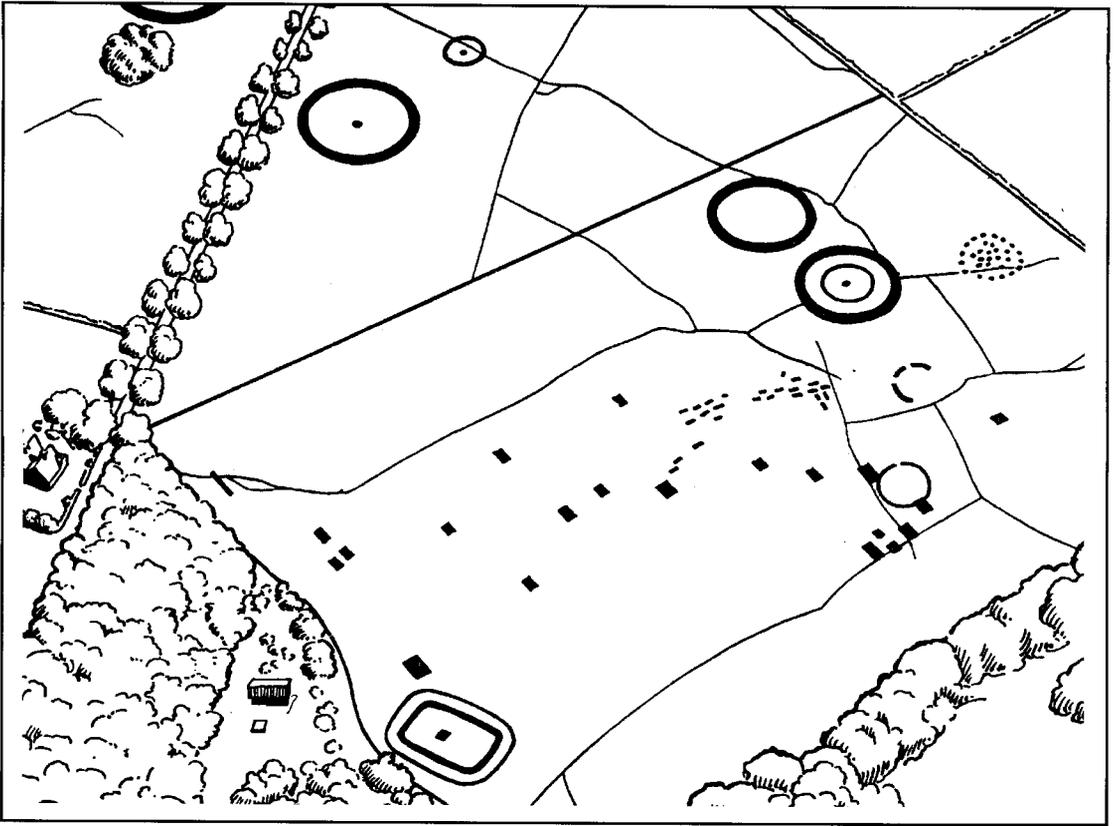


Crop-marks at Radley, Berkshire, photograph of 1959 (reproduced by courtesy of the Cambridge University Collection. Crown Copyright) and explanatory drawing.

ANTIQUITY does not carry obituaries; it is invidious to notice some of those in our community who pass on, like Marija Gimbutas this quarter, who ‘deserve’ a mention, and to overlook others, like Christopher Raven who do not. Who is to say who matters, on the long archaeological time-scale of these things? One wishes each spirit well, feels for those who are left behind, and hopes every archaeologist is buried in an archaeologically useful manner, interred with informative grave-goods and certainly not burnt and scattered in a manner calculated to leave a slight or ambiguous blur by way of archaeological trace. And as Glyn Daniel robustly said at the passing of Margaret Murray in her 101st year, it would be a terrible world if all archaeologists lived to be a hundred.

Another loss this year is J.K.S. St Joseph, master air-photographer at Cambridge University, heir in the field to O.G.S. Crawford the founder of ANTIQUITY. I wish now I had paid more attention to his undergraduate classes, the way one does when it is too late. From 1964 to 1980, he contributed a series of 50 reports of recent air-photographic discoveries to ANTIQUITY, and we reprint one classic photograph from that series here, together with the interpretative drawing that was published alongside (ANTIQUITY 34 (1965): 60–64, plate XIIIa & figure 1). It was taken in 1959 of crop-marks on gravel south of Radley in Berkshire, where Major Allen had in an earlier aerial generation recorded ring-ditches. Time moves, knowledge grows. The round features are still read as ring-ditches of ploughed-out barrows, and the curious shape like a double pie-dish at bottom right is indeed a prehistoric feature. The feature at top right — 15 marks in a good circle, with more dark marks inside — was identified by St Joseph as a possible henge monument of pits or post-holes like that at Dorchester; it is now recognized as something else, the holes made for tree-planting when the landscape was emparked in the early modern period, and relating to the planted avenue of trees to the left.

I asked David Wilson, the present director of air photography at Cambridge, if the English landscape is now so smashed by development and deep cultivation, its faint ancient features so smoothed and buffeted, that the golden age of aerial opportunity is at an end. Not so, he thinks; air photography is a



chancy business, depending so much on the character of each season, and some classic areas, like the Welland valley are so well covered now that most of what is seen is not new, but there are many more life-times to be spent in the business. And in other regions like central Europe, where military suspicions prevented air-photo work, the opportunities are just beginning, as Martin Gajda reported from Bohemia in *ANTIQUITY* last year (67: 869–75).

Noticeboard

Conferences

The Archaeology of Dartmoor: a conference to celebrate the Centenary of the Dartmoor Exploration Committee

University of Exeter, England, 23–6 September 1994.

Dr V.A. Maxfield, Department of History & Archaeology, Queen's Building, Exeter EX4 4QH, England.

Heritage, education and archaeology: British Council seminar

Southampton, England, 12–19 October 1994.

Application forms from British Council offices, or International Seminars Department, The British Council, 10 Spring Gardens, London SW1A 2BN, England.

New professors

The University of Nottingham, said to be the most popular with undergraduates of all British universities, is strengthening its archaeology department by creating a chair in archaeology. The first Nottingham professor is Roger Wilson, Roman archaeologist of Sicily, formerly at Trinity College, Dublin.

Eva Margareta Steinby, student of the Roman brick industry and the topography of Rome, Director of the Institutum Romanum Finlandiae, is appointed Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Empire in the University of Oxford.

Roland Smith (New York University), author of *Hellenistic royal portraits* and *Hellenistic sculpture*, is appointed Lincoln Professor of Classical Archaeology and Art in the University of Oxford.

Nicholas Postgate, archaeologist of Mesopotamia, is appointed to a personal professorship in Assyriology at the University of Cambridge.